

The WORTH RECORD



CONTENTS

FROM THE HEADMASTER	Page
I HAD NO WEDDING GARMENT FOR GOD	245
THE KINGFISHER	247
THE ISLES OF NOWHERE	248
DAWN IN THE HIGHLANDS	249
THE PYRAMIDS	249
WORTH	250
THE BIRD	250
THE SEASONS	251
IF I WERE KING	251
THE COUNTRYSIDE	252
SUMMER	252
GUNPOWDER, TREASON AND PLOT	252
CALENDAR MONTHS	253
SUMMER	253
IF I WERE A RACE HORSE	254
EVENING	254
PORTHURNO	254
DEMOCRACY	255
THE WAGON SHED	256
WHEN I WENT TO THE ZOO	257
THE KANGAROO FAMILY	257
SEA GULLS	257
BUCKINGHAM PALACE	258
REFLECTIONS ON THE GENERAL ELECTION	259
ATLANTIS	260
DIARY OF A PILGRIMAGE	261
TACT	262
MY DOG	263
DAWN	264
THE FRENCH REVOLUTION	264
CAVES	265
THE TOLPUDDLE MARTYRS	265
A DRIVE TO THE MOUNTAINS	266
THAT CRUEL MOUNTAIN	266
A FAITHFUL MISTAKE	267
THE HOLIDAY HOUSE	268
HORNBLLOWER TAKES COMMAND	268
SALVAGE	269
THE BATTLE OF MEJON	269
SHIPLEY WINDMILL	270
GOING TO IRELAND	271
THE GENTLEMAN OF THE CENTURY	271
LAUNCHING THE KATRINA	272
TWO PAINTERS	273
BOOKS	273
THE FIELD MICE	274
THE GHOST OF MILLING TOWN	275
A DAY BY THE SEA	275
AN OLD MANOR	276
MY JOURNEY TO WARWICK CASTLE	276
MY TRIP TO GERMANY AND AUSTRIA	277
A BICYCLE RIDE	277
THE CITY OF KHARTOUM	278
THE LONDON ZOO	279
GAME RESERVE	279
A DAY OF THE HOLIDAYS IN CORNWALL	280
HOW I FOUND MY PUPPY	280
FARMING	281
THE HARVEST	281
PRIZE DAY	282
ATHLETIC SPORTS, JULY 2nd, 1955	282
THE STATIONS OF THE CROSS IN MIME	283
THE CUBS	283
SWIMMING	284
GYMKHANA	284
MUSIC	285
PARAGRAPHS	285
WORTH BUILDING FUND	287
INWARDS	287
OUTWARDS	288
UPWARDS	288
REWARDS	288

The

WORTH RECORD

Vol. V. No. 6

SUMMER TERM

FROM THE HEADMASTER

When the new Catholic Cathedral at Liverpool was begun, the Archbishop said that a large part of the money needed came from the pennies of the poor. Indeed, for example, women were selling hot soup at a penny a plate and giving the profits to the building fund. Do you know what it means to build a big church to-day? Seven hundred years ago it was done for the glory of God and for small payment: architects and stonemasons vied with each other for the privilege of erecting some part of a building set up in His honour. Nowadays you cannot expect such persons to do these things for nothing, however much they would like to do so. They have to live — and it costs a lot to live and send your sons to Worth and Downside. Then again the cost of building is very high because of the wages of quarrymen, the price of petrol and the use of lorries to bring the stone, and the wages of those who build.

We have got to the point, here at Worth, of needing a big Church. You know that only three boys out of five can attend the High Mass on Sundays, and that numbers of people come from outside and use what little space is left at the back. I remember our church so well when we first came here twenty-two years ago. It had a glass roof: there were wooden pillars down the middle and there were statues of . . . I do not remember exactly, but ancient people like Hercules and Venus. It was full too of palms, ferns and aspidistras in pots. Just as St Benedict overthrew the grove of Apollo at Monte Cassino when he was going there to build a monastery in the sixth century, so did we turn everything out, fill in the skittle alley, put in roof girders, and use the pillars for the sanctuary and the high altar. When the organ was brought in from the corner of the Day Room where the grand piano now stands and we had set up the old stalls from Downside Abbey Church the Worth Priory Church was complete.

But it is not big enough. Not only do more and more people need to use it, but we have a new town at Crawley more than five times as big as it was in 1933. Before long some of the Catholics who live there will hear about us, and will want to come to High Mass and Vespers. Ours is the first foundation made by Benedictines in Sussex since the Reformation. It must be something of which you will always be proud. You will want the very stones to cry out in memory of Richard and Michael and John who put them there.

Your fathers and mothers and many friends of Worth have sent us money to help to build the new Church. Now it will be the right time for

the pennies of the poor. When you come back do please give something to God every term. If you all give sixpence a term, the new church will get six pounds : in ten years it would be one hundred and eighty. In God's sight your offerings have equal value with those who have more to give. If you give up something to subscribe, their value will be very great indeed.

There is one more great thought. We are now allowed to begin to have novices. Perhaps a chosen few of you will want to come back here some day and be novices and then monks of Worth. How proud you would then be of the new church when you remembered that you played a part, however small, in putting it up !

I do not know yet exactly where this new church is going to be. You may depend upon it that it will be very close to our present buildings — possibly at the other end of the monastery garden. How I look forward to seeing it there and saying Mass in it ! One last word : pray that we may begin it soon. An Our Father and a Hail Mary a day for this intention will make it certain that you yourselves will see it before long. Let us all get busy for the greater glory of God, and for the Mother of Jesus, whose house this is !

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

MAURICE BELL.

I HAD NO WEDDING GARMENT FOR GOD

by P. G. WOODWARD*

This is the story of my final days :

'The night before the last of earthly days,
The last of earthly nights for roaming ghouls
And Satan's mighty bids for mortals' souls :
The visions dark of that oppressive night
Reveal with soundless eloquence its might :
The dusk is swirling round with shifting shades
Which deepen blackly as the twilight fades.
As constellations circle heaven's ways,
Mysterious, winking with all-knowing rays,
So restless men on evil errands tread :
Their souls will soon be spiritually dead.
I rise to hear the gibber, squeaks and patter
Of disinterrèd dead ! In awe I shudder.
The phantoms of my conscience sprout for me,
As shadowly they swirl and flit, to see.
Depression wallows over me in fogs
I look to hell for help, and Satan nods.

Fork lightning leaps, twists tortuous, scars the eye ;
Mad claps of thunder roaring split the sky ;
Strong gales loud shriek and scream, through alleys plough ;
Rain's torrents drum tattoos, off roof-tops slough.
My tortured spirit pleads for Satan's lusts ;
My sobs and mirth come in alternate gusts.
I rave with storms for company, all rent
By devils' madness, my depression spent.
I lurch inside a drinking den and drink ;
'Midst thunder, gin, in Satan's depths I sink :
'Midst sway of forms, and swirl of skirts, disgust
And beat of feet, smoke-laden air and lust.

I revel thus until grey dawn bleakly
Transfixes night ; I see through Satan's lie,
For trumpets blare with morning's rising sun
And far proclaim the coming of God's Son.
"Too late, too late, 'tis all in vain." Yet vain
Contrition rends my heart with fear insane :
"My God, why, Lord, have I forsaken thee ?
I beg of Thee : forgiving, smile on me,
Oh Lord, my God, my God, my God, my God !"
I had no wedding garment fit for God.

*PETER WOODWARD, born 30 March, 1942 ; entered Worth, September, 1951 ; left Worth, July, 1955 ; Dormitory Prefect.

THE KINGFISHER

by T. M. JENKINS*

Where the river Yealm glides by,
Upon whose banks pale willows lie,
A streak of blue, a flash of gold,
The bird whose beauty is untold,
Has passed as does a dream.

All along the river's way
Against the dying lights of day,
Motionless they sit and wait,
Plotting some poor salmon's fate
That lurks there in the quivering stream,

Short of body, high of crest,
Swift of flight and gold of breast
This bird can conquer any foe.
And when you watch him perched low
He is sure to be
The finest thing you'll ever see.

THE ISLES OF NOWHERE

by C. J. DEACON*

He came from the Isles of Nowhere,
The lands beyond the great Pacific Ocean.
None had known whence he had come
Before he was seen by an old tramp
Wandering through the hills of Somerset.

He travelled many weary miles
From one country to yet another.
Though he had come from far-off islands
He had not come to stay in England,
For one day he left, not to return.

Though he stayed for a very short time
I got to like the man from Nowhere.
I was sorry to see him leave this land
For now I am alone in the world
Waiting for him who will never return.

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

*CHARLES DEACON, born 22 May, 1942 ; entered Worth, September, 1950 ; acted in *Aladdin* ; Choir.

DAWN IN THE HIGHLANDS

by A. D. KENNEDY*

The sun creeps slowly up at dawn
Tipping the silent mountains,
Revealing the fishes in the stream,
With the sun glowing on their silver fins.

The dark, green valley
Wakes at the sign of the dawn,
Throwing off the shadowy darkness,
With its sleep all over and done.

The birds arise and twitter,
Glad with the start of the day ;
And the rabbits crawl out of their burrows,
To feed their young on hay.

THE PYRAMIDS

by G. C. GLEADELL*

Up, up, towering into the clear blue sky :
Like dull brick walls they lie ;
Never heeding wind, rain or sun
Until their earthly work is spent and done.
Built by slaves to be tombs of kings,
They reach above all their surroundings.

Triangular shapes, which scrape the blue,
Trembled as Zeus his lightning threw.
Older than Pompeii, and older than Rome,
They stood there when Caesar from Britain came home.
Even Cleopatra faded away ;
While she is dead, they still stay.

The old hills of Babylon wait for their doom,
For they know the Father, from heaven, will come.
But pyramids wait not for the eternal word,
For they dwelt with pagans, who lived by the sword ;
They lived by the sword, and died by the spear,
But their tombs are reminders to their comrades dear.

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

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

WORTH

by P. A. DE CHAZAL*

Oh, Worth! how beautiful and majestic thou stand'st,
Thy firmly built walls that wind cannot break
Stand forth, so that every soul that passeth
May thee admire and him that thee did make.

Thy grounds, thy buildings are all watched
By that dominating tower thou possessest;
So to thee every soul is chained
By all the charm thou producest.

Oh, Worth! how little I wish to leave thee,
Thou wert the one who always taught'st me.
But now I leave that watchful eye of thine
And live a life restricted just to me.

THE BIRD

by T. A. CUMMINS*

There was once a little bird,
With the sweetest voice you ever heard.
When he flew, he flew so high,
He nearly seemed to touch the sky.

When he was young he had a mother,
And a father who was her lover.
He ate for breakfast a big fat worm,
Which all the time would wriggle and squirm.

Just before migration time,
He saw in a field some grazing kine.
Thought he, "They'll never be my pals,
They are such great big animals."

When migration time had come he flew
With parents to Africa and America too.
When he and his parents got there,
Said he "I hope we stay here all the year."

*PAUL DE CHAZAL, born 25 September, 1942; entered Worth, September, 1951; Boxing Team; 1st XV; 1st XI Cricket, Squash and Tennis Teams; acted in *Stations in Mime* 1955.

*THOMAS CUMMINS, born 1 January, 1945; entered Worth, May, 1953.

THE SEASONS

by P. J. SANDAY*

Oh! at last the spring
With it doth now bring
The lovely flowers and leaves.
The bats have left their eaves,
Where they slept during the cold,
And the hedgehogs will unfold.
Oh! at last the spring!

Oh! at last the summer!
The birds you will discover
Are singing gaily all around.
All the red squirrels bound
Up and down the burdened trees.
And from this everyone sees
That summer has come at last!

Oh! the winter has come.
And all the sleepy animals run
To their homes away from the cold
Except for the furry rabbits bold.
The snow does very lightly fall
Covering white the ground and all
With its soft and fleecy flakes.

IF I WERE KING

by T. P. J. RADCLIFFE*

If I were king of animals, happy I would be,
I'd have all the fishes that swam in the sea,
I'd have all the monkeys to help me along,
I'd have all the tigers, big, bold and strong,
I'd have all the birds to bring me the news,
I'd have all the animals, and me they'd amuse.

But

If I were a tiger I'd spring at you,
If I were a lion I'd live in the zoo,
If I were a bird I'd sing a song,
And if I were a fish I'd swim along.

*PETER SANDAY, born 5 January, 1943; entered Worth, September, 1952; acted in *Aladdin*; Choir.

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

THE COUNTRYSIDE

by N. J. M. VAN DEN BRANDEN*

The leaves are green,
And trees are swaying in the breeze,
And the waters of the river Lee are calm
While people have a stroll upon the farm,
And the birds sing their morning song,
And the church bells strike twelve, ding-dong, ding-dong.
And the sheep bleat to their master's call
While boys play cricket with a ball.

SUMMER

by P. D. BYRNE*

Summer has come,
The bees and flies hum.
The lakes are blue and clear
And the harvest time is drawing near.
In the high grass creep lizards and frogs
And in the fields play nice little dogs.
The meadows are covered with bright wild flowers
And the country lanes are edged with briars.
But, as with all things, I'm sorry to say,
This wonderful season will soon pass away.

GUNPOWDER TREASON AND PLOT

by S. O'REILLY*

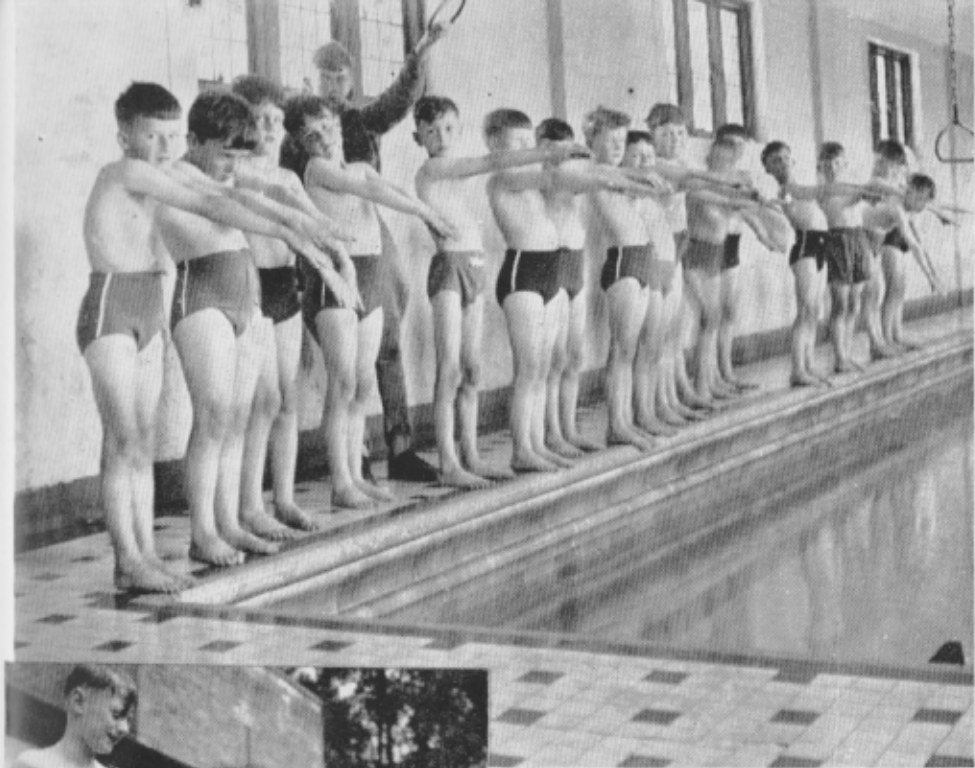
I unlocked the door's locks,
And with my box
Full of dynamite,
I crept through the night.

I lit a fuse,
And ran, for there was not a minute to lose.
I opened a big door,
And fell into the clutches of the law.

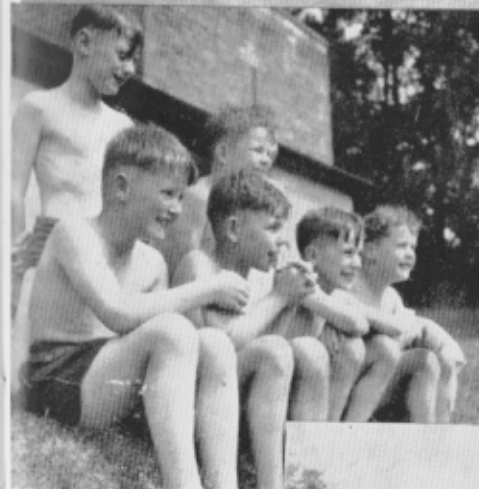
*NICHOLAS BARON VAN DEN BRANDEN DE REETH, born 15 December, 1944 ; entered Worth, September, 1952.

*PHILIP BYRNE, born 11 September, 1941 ; entered Worth, September, 1952.

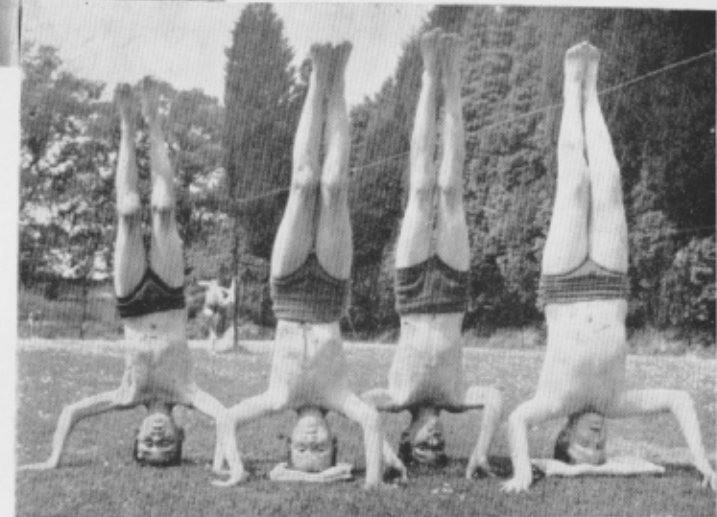
*JAMES O'REILLY, born 4 November, 1945 ; entered Worth, September, 1954.



TOWER HOUSE SWIMMING LESSON.



ACROBATS.





THE GYMKHANA: (Top) R. J. FOLEY on *Burnt Sugar*. (Centre) R. J. FOLEY on *Burnt Sugar*, T. MADDOCK on *Joker*. (Bottom) Pairs: H. WALFORD and R. WYKES, R. LYSONS on *Taffy*.

CALENDAR MONTHS

by M. A. HOYLE*

(concluded)

I am July —
Birds are whistling
In the trees
In great company.
"Oh" — isn't it wonderful?
"Oh" — isn't it nice?

I am August —
The year grows old,
Autumn is coming
And it's getting cold.
Reeds do shake
On the lake.

I am September —
The winter's come,
I can remember
Last winter's days
When storms arise
And thunder bellows.

I am October —
It's very cold,
I am in my house
By the warm fire,
How warm it is inside,
How cold outside.

November I am —
Cooking my dinner,
All in the frying pan
Without a stove
Nor a fire
But just a candle.

I am December —
When Our Lord was born.
Christmas is here
And we have good cheer.

SUMMER

by P. M. H. C. RICHEY*

The summer has come
With the bright shining sun.
The trees are green,
By the bright blue stream.
All day the birds sing
And the church bells ring.
Squirrels on the trees
Sway in the breeze.
The clouds are white
And a wonderful sight.
When the birds sing so gay,
You know it's a summer day.

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

*PETER RICHEY, born 18 July, 1945; entered Worth, September, 1954.

IF I WERE A RACE HORSE

by R. E. WOOD*

If I were a race horse,
So light and so fast,
I would win all the races
And never come last.
My jockey'd be clever, skilful and tall
And if I stumbled, he'd never fall.
And when I grew old he'd treat me with care,
For he would be proud of his famous old mare.

EVENING

by M. F. TEMPLE*

The dust had settled on the road,
The carts had gone away.
A boy was sobbing in the ditch,
Very much afraid.

The fires no longer gave their warmth,
The ashes cold by now,
The houses' lights were out,
The people gone to bed.

The sun had set far in the west,
Like a ball of flame.
The houses' lights were off,
And the windows latched and shut.

PORTHCURNO

by D. A. F. MURRAY*

Now the waves are thrown upon the beach,
And are drawn back with a roaring screech ;
Now the seagulls soar up into the sky,
And little rowing boats pass by.
Men are fishing off the rocks nearby,
Waiting very patiently for a bite,
Perhaps staying there till late at night.
People are diving into the swirling foam,
While waves leap into cliff-caves with a loud moan.

*RUSSELL WOOD, born 23 September, 1945 ; entered Worth, September, 1952.

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

*DAVID MURRAY, born 19 November, 1942 ; entered Worth, September, 1950 ; Dramatic Society ; under 12 Rugger XV.

DEMOCRACY

by P. G. WOODWARD*

A quarter of the world is ruled by the Soviet Communists, another quarter is ruled by miscellaneous dictators or by other countries as colonies, and the other half is ruled by democratic governments : democracy is evidently "in vogue," and kingdoms are now as scarce as republics were in the Middle Ages. What is the theory of democracy ? In the words of Abraham Lincoln, democracy is government "by the people, of the people, for the people," at least that is the democratic ideal. It was formed in modern times, in the last century, when some intellectuals wanted to see the oppressed working classes in control of countries' governments. "The greatest good of the greatest number" was the Benthamite slogan. But who will guarantee that the working classes will not turn upon their former masters, forcing out of them more wages and making them pay all the taxes ? Mr R. A. Butler's last budget shows ominous signs of the beginning of the latter, recurrent strikes the beginning of the former. But the upper classes run the State and the country's industry : how can the Trade Unions do without them ? The fact that an increased number of efficient machines, easy-to-run and dependable, are being used in industry instead of high paid workers, ready to go on strike at the slightest opportunity, further complicates the problem by forming larger unemployment figures. Will there be another General Strike in a couple of decades ? What will be the outcome ?

The shortcomings of democracy are easy to see. One is that it is surely unfair that an educated man should have an equal vote with a man who sells matches. The answer is equally high education for all ; but surely, a universally equal and high standard of education for everyone can only be had in Utopia. Partial, bad education is worse than none at all : a half-educated man is bloated by pride, and is a perfect target for idealistic nonsense, such as Socialism and Communism. In the words of Pope :

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."

Now politicians, trying to sway the ignorant electorate, tempt it with a pacifist policy in the face of aggression by autocratic countries : Imperial and Nazi Germany, Fascist Italy, Imperial Austria and Imperial Japan. The results are two world wars, which might have been averted by a strong foreign policy executed by a government that did not have to worry about retaining favour with the electorate.

Socrates compared different forms of governments to different men. A democratic state to him was a man ruled by varying passions. An aristocratic state he compared to a man with a strong will and unquarable resolution.

*PETER WOODWARD, born 30 March, 1942 ; entered Worth, September, 1951 ; left Worth, July, 1955 ; Dormitory Prefect.

For hot-blooded Latin races autocracy seems the best form of Government. There is anarchy in democratic France and many South and Central American states, but the autocracies in Spain and Portugal are stable and successful ; Germany does not take kindly to democracy : Germans naturally need a strong-willed man in the reins of Government ; on the other hand, dictators in powerful countries tend to grow an appetite for acquiring territory. They agree with the Roman maxim : " Shorten your swords and lengthen your frontiers." Strong autocracies in weak countries, surrounded by powerful but peace-loving and unambitious countries are very efficient and successful : they retain all autocracy's good points without its land hunger. The main defect in autocracies is the problem of succession : as often as not, there is internal strife at the death of a dictator. Aristocracies, things of the past, are efficient but known for their corrupt and extravagant tendencies.

England is a conservative country, and its constitutional development has, since the Civil War, proceeded slowly and comfortably. How long it will be a democracy we do not know, but we live in a Silver Age, and, moreover, the worn out fag-end of a Silver Age : perhaps it will not be long before a world wide cataclysm will bring about the beginning of another Primitive Age. Then Monarchies will again come into use.

THE WAGON SHED

by R. P. BLIGH*

Once we went to the wagon shed,
A wonderful swimming pool it was said.
We went for a swim, and used every limb,
All over the swimming pool bare.
There were lots of people in the pool,
Because the water was so cool.
There were not many people on the lawn,
Because the dew was left from dawn.
There was a fountain, cool and clear,
And at the stall we had some beer.
We had a picnic by a ditch,
And we were near a cricket pitch.
We had a lovely lunch of cheese,
And salad and delicious peas.
When we had to go back to school
We were all so grumpy and sad
Because of the lovely day we had had.
It did not take long to get to sleep,
And soon we were dreaming of things in a heap.

*RODNEY BLIGH, born 2 May, 1946 ; entered Worth, April, 1954.

WHEN I WENT TO THE ZOO

by P. S. POLLARD*

One day I went to the zoo.
I thought I'd see the kangaroo.
Then I went to see the lion,
Who was chewing a piece of iron.
Then I went to see the polar,
Who was drinking coco cola.
Next I went to see the horse,
Who was lying on some gorse.
Then next I visited the hog,
Who was standing in a bog.
And, last of all,
The grand old hippopotamus dressing for a ball.

THE KANGAROO FAMILY

by W. R. J. CROSS*

There was a kangaroo,
That lived at a place called Timbuktu.
Her hair was rough,
And her paws were very tough.
She had a baby called Roo,
She had a husband too.
He was so like his wife
That you could not tell who from who.

SEA GULLS

by I. J. K. LINTNER*

The rippling waves are on the shore
And up above the sea gulls soar.
We thrown them pieces of delicious bread,
While on the sandy shore they tread.

On the sea they ride,
And gracefully they glide.
They build well-built nests
And white are their chests.

*PAUL POLLARD, born 14 September, 1946 ; entered Worth, September, 1954.

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

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

BUCKINGHAM PALACE

by M. K. O'M DEWAR*

Towards the end of last term I went up to London to see my father awarded the Order of the British Empire by Her Majesty the Queen at Buckingham Palace.

My parents fetched me from Worth and we drove up to London, where we stayed the night in a hotel. The next morning we got up early for my father had to put the finishing touches to his leather belt and boots for, as you have probably guessed by now, he is in the army. We got a taxi and drove to the Palace. We had to be there at 10.0 o'clock. An amusing point at this stage of the story I would like to tell you is that when we got into the taxi we were slightly early and we told the taxi driver where we were bound and his answer was, "They don't let 'em in till 10.30," as if we were animals.

We arrived at the Palace where there were a few hundred other servicemen or civilians to be decorated. They, also, had their families with them. We walked in through the gates and through the second gate that leads to the centre courtyard. There, we happened to look up and saw Princess Margaret looking out of the window at us. We walked in through a big door at the other side of the courtyard and then walked up a passage with footmen and beefeaters lining the walls. We were conducted into the throne room. It was enormous, the walls were covered with statues and tapestry and everything was gold. There were big chandeliers hanging from the roof and at the back was a balcony with a band playing there.

We luckily got a seat in the front row and had a good view of the Queen when she walked in with many officials. The Duke of Edinburgh was not there. My father had left us earlier and he was getting ready, with many other men, to walk in by a side door to receive the medal. My father's turn came and he walked out, bowed in front of the Queen, and had his medal given to him. The Queen spoke a little to him, then he backed away and walked out of the door the other side of the room, to join us later. At the end of the presentations "God save the Queen" was played and we all walked out, down the same passage and, after talking to some friends, we walked out through the door into the centre courtyard.

After we had crossed this courtyard we came to a second gate and out into the space in front of the Palace; then we walked out through the gates and the guards presented arms. The gates shut behind us. It was all over so quickly.

We celebrated by having a good lunch at my father's club. It had all been great fun but I could hardly realise that it was over. It was the first time I had seen the Queen at close quarters. I will probably not see her again for some time either!

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

REFLECTIONS ON THE GENERAL ELECTION

by A. D. H. WINDER*

In any election in this country, everyone has a vote, one vote, which they may or may not use. As a result of this, every vote is equal and worth the same as every other vote. And so the vote of a well-educated man who is intelligent enough to be able to weigh up the pros and cons of the parties, and who considers all aspects of their relative merits, is worth exactly the same as that of an uneducated workman, who considers that, say, the Labour party is the one to be voted for, simply and solely because that party promises to reduce the price of tea by 3d. a pound, and who goes to the polling booth, anxious to make use of the power he possesses by being an Englishman, though in fact he has only been persuaded by the rhetoric of some soap-box speaker in his town. In this recent election, one person out of every four did not vote — either because they were not in the least interested in the government of the country, or, possibly, they were too lazy to bother about going to the polling stations. In this election, five per cent less voted than in the last election, of 1951, which shows that less interest was taken in this one, although one possibility is that some Socialists were so certain that the Tories would be returned that they did not bother to vote.

Some months ago the Boundary Commission revised, and in some cases radically changed, various Parliamentary constituencies. Thus in some constituencies several thousand new electors were added to the electorate of that division. This means that if, before the revisions were made, everyone voted, and likewise in the same way after the revisions had been made, the result might be very different. Does this, then, give a true picture of the people's wishes?

In the early decades of the last century, only the rich landowners possessed the franchise, and if they owned enough "rotten boroughs," they were virtually able to control the rule of the country. That was obviously unjust. But, on the other hand, perhaps the political power has gone too far the other way, for today much of it has passed to the Trade Unions and to the working classes.

Glancing rapidly through our constitutional history, we can see that the political power has gradually passed down the scale. In the early Middle Ages, the king was the absolute ruler. Then the barons became powerful, and then the rich land-owners. After that it was in the hands of the commercial middle classes, and finally it is slowly seeping into those of the working classes.

These are only a few of the unfortunate results of our democracy, which, if they were to be recorded in full, would fill a volume. It is interesting to consider carefully our democracy which has so many abuses, and which is often thought to be so fair and so just, but which, on a closer inspection, can be seen to be far from a perfect form of government.

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

ATLANTIS

by J. D. N. CLIBBORN*

The idea of Atlantis, a continent situated where the Atlantic now is, can be traced back to Plato when, in about 374 B.C., he planned the trilogy, *Timaeus*, *Critias* and *Hermocrates*. The *Timaeus* was finished and the *Critias* half-finished but the *Hermocrates* was never started. The action of the *Timaeus* takes place about 410 B.C. when Socrates and Critias go to Egypt and start talking to the Egyptian High-priest, Sais. They start talking about Atlantis. Thus the first story of Atlantis is begun.

According to the story Atlantis was a huge island continent situated west of the Straits of Gibraltar. Beyond it lay an archipelago of smaller islands. The priest, Sais, says that Atlantis was a civilization which had flourished 9,000 years before. It had been the size of Asia Minor and Libya united. Its armies had conquered all the Mediterranean lands, the ancient Athenians being the only people to resist with any success. In the end the sea had overwhelmed Atlantis. The island was surrounded on all sides by mountains, forests and villages except in the south. In the centre was a plain 250 miles wide and 325 long. This was surrounded by a canal which flowed out to the sea at the south side. At this place the main city was situated. The city, Atlantis, was circular in shape. In the centre were the temples and barracks. The distance from the centre to the outside walls was about one-and-a-half miles.

After the death of Plato the tradition of Atlantis was passed on to the Arabian historians, who, in their turn, passed it on to the mediaeval writers. Atlantis now became a place of mystery and magic such as Avalon and St Brendan's Island. In the present day few people have come to be interested in Atlantis mainly because of the mediaeval historians who rather gave the story a tinge of mystery.

Against the fact that Atlantis existed the main fact is that before Plato Atlantis had never been heard of. It has been proved that Plato used Atlantis as a model for his Utopia. Therefore it can be said that before Plato Atlantis did not exist. But the ancient Egyptians and the Incas had a certain amount in common. An example of this fact can be seen in that pyramids are only found in South America, Egypt and the near East: a fact which links South America with Southern Europe. It can also be said that Mexico was once called Adlanta. If Atlantis ever existed Mexico was undoubtedly part of Atlantis. In folklore all over Europe traces of Atlantis are found, such as the Greek Islands of the Blest, the Portuguese Island of Seven Cities and the French Green Island. In fact it is more than possible that Atlantis did exist. If it did it existed and flourished 11,500 years ago.

*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.

DIARY OF A PILGRIMAGE

by P. F. MITCHELL-HEGGS*

On 30th March this year I landed in France for the first time in my life. With my parents I crossed the Channel via Lydd (Ferryfield) airport and le Touquet. We were soon through the Customs and, pushing on through Etaples and Beauvais, we reached Paris on the first evening. We could not see everything there but passing through it we spent the night just outside. On the second day we went on through Fontainebleu, Sens, Auxerre, Maçon and nearly got to Lyons but we spent that night six kilometres outside it. We saw a lot that day; the most magnificent sight was, I think, that of Fontainebleu. It was really impressive. The next day we passed through Lyons, a very beautiful town, and pushed on to Avignon via Orange where a Roman triumphal arch still stands. We arrived at Avignon about 3.30 p.m. and after admiring the "Palais des Papes," an old palace built in the shape of a fortress, we went on to Marseilles. Here we travelled along street after street before finding a hotel. We did at last find a very pleasant one where we spent the night. Again we pressed on, the next morning, to Toulon, a large naval base, and passing through smaller places on the Côte d'Azur we stopped at Hyères for lunch. After some hard driving we got to Nice at about 6 p.m. There, having passed the air port, we drove down the Promenade des Anglais, the front at Nice, and then found the house where we were to stay. The next day we went to Monte Carlo by the coast road and saw the Italian frontier at Menton. The next day I left by train for Italy with a group of French boys. We arrived at Pisa having kept to the coast until just after Genoa when we had turned inland. Florence was our goal and we arrived there later in the evening. I spent ten days in Italy and during that time I saw many places of interest. While in Florence we did not forget to pay a visit to the Uffizi gallery and the other museums and churches. We went to Assisi, a small mountain town which commands a marvellous view of the valley with Perugia in the distance. We visited this town the following day when we went to Lake Trasimene. The time passed very quickly and soon we had to say goodbye to Italy but in a way I was glad to set off again. We spent the evening at the pictures at Pisa from where the train left. However we first visited the tower and cathedral there. The train for Nice left at 2.30 a.m. and we got on board and had a very pleasant journey. We left Nice the next day, my parents and I, for the north of France. The return journey was not really a sight-seeing one but we saw some very interesting things all the same. When we got to Soissons, north-east of Paris, we made a detour through Cambrai, and St. Pol. We arrived at le Touquet late at night and tumbled wearily into bed. The next day we took the plane from le Touquet to Lydd and so ended a very pleasant holiday.

*PETER MITCHELL-HEGGS, born 6 September, 1942; entered Worth, May, 1950; Librarian; acted in *Stations in Mime* 1954 and in *Aladdin* 1954; Choir.

TACT

by D. C. SIRKETT*

Tact is one of the very few things which can justly be called a "phenomena." When I say this, the reader will think that, with my inferior knowledge of the Grecian tongue, I have muddled up my declensions, in thinking that "phenomena" is singular; but I may assure him (or her) that the plural is intended, for the one word "tact" means something with so many sides and facets that it can, and, if I may go so far as to wound the dignity of the compilers of the English language, it should be, a plural word, and only plural. But, since it is singular, and only singular, for one cannot say "tacts," I am forced to believe that, with all due respect to them, those old sages must have been somewhat lacking in intelligence not to notice this misnomer.

But we are wandering from the point. Let us get back to the original subject and define a few of the countless categories of "tact." The first one which comes to our minds is, obviously, genuine tact, for people do not usually think of tact as a many sided figure, but rather as one good, genuine quality; and it is my task to slit open the tarpaulin of virtue which covers up its myriad aspects.

There are few people in this world who are capable of really genuine tact; one reason for this is that it has to be devised on the spur of the moment. Of course sometimes one just has to say "Yes" or "No," (usually the former), but this is not a complicated form, and even a novice can fairly soon (with practice of course) master the art of saying "Yes" or "No" with conviction. Another species of tact is often known under the heading of "white lies." This shows us that a high value is put on tact, for when one tells a "white lie," one is sacrificing the high ideal set upon not telling lies and is setting a higher value on tact. Wherefrom we learn that, being so highly valued, and, at the same time, being, as we shall learn, a base thing, for we are not discussing what the word "tact" means, but what it actually is, it needs the film of virtue skimmed from its surface.

Yet another kind of tact is used for biting, sarcastic, and derisive ends. This is a subtle figure of speech, so subtle and inevident that there is not even a term with which to specify it. Supposing that a person (whom we shall call A) has a "friend" whom she loathes the sight of (whom we shall call B), and that the very dear sister of this "friend" (whom we shall call C) runs a grocery shop in a town D. One day B telephones A, telling her that she (B) is planning a party; now A, knowing what a bore B's parties are, replies that she has some shopping to do in D. Really she has no shopping at all to do, but when B asks if she had a good time shopping she replies in the affirmative. By this time A is getting in a temper with the annoying and boring B and so, when B asks her if she

*DAVID SIRKETT, born 9 November, 1941; entered Worth, May, 1950; Boxing and Gym Teams; 1st XI Hockey; Dormitory Prefect.

went to C's shop (A knowing that C is B's sister, but B not knowing that A knows) she says, "Oh no, I went to E's; I can't stand that awful shop C's." This is another example of the low uses to which tact can be put, and, to my mind, the worst.

This is another example of the low uses to which tact can be put, and, to my mind, the worst.

The final form of tact which I will expose here is the rather pathetic one which I call "unsuccessful tact." Unfortunately there is no neat phrase or oligosyllabic word with which to describe it. Again, I doubt the intelligence of the sages, and will therefore have to continue calling it by the rather unoriginal, but, nevertheless, true, title of "unsuccessful tact." Those who are adept at this kind of tact are usually the "poor dears" of this world or those who are inclined to be childish. Of course, in this statement, I mean no offence to the "poor dears" or to those who are inclined to be childish; on the contrary, they have my heartiest sympathies, but they merely happen to be good examples for this discourse.

I hope the reader will forgive my poor powers of authority (if there is such a word, and if there is not, I will refrain from making the obvious subsequent remark which I would like to make, since I feel that I have already greatly injured the dignity of the gentlemen of whom I have made previous mention) in reverting again to an example:

A sends to B, a "poor dear," a parcel of biscuits, which go mouldy in the post. On receiving them B does the only sensible thing to do with them, and throws them into the dustbin. When they next meet A asks if B enjoyed the biscuits. B replies, with very little conviction in his tone, "Oh, yes, they were delicious." And A thinks to himself, "Poor chap, he's trying to be kind and tactful, but something must have happened to the biscuits; they probably got lost in the post."

Now having finished my little account, I will bid adieu to you, dear reader, hoping that I have enlightened you on, and given you a deeper insight into the ever-changing, ever-misleading "virtue" of tact. And, as an afterthought, I might add my desire not to have pierced too deeply into your characters when I described its baser aspects and its more subtle uses.

MY DOG

by R. A. FARQUHARSON*

I have a little dog,
We live by the river Mogg.
He jumps around all day
And is never done with play.
He never does bite
And never does fight.
So, long as moon and sun do shine,
That little dog is mine.

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

DAWN

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

The dark clouds of morning stand out silhouetted against the silver skyline of dawn. Nature rouses herself for another day. The moon dips out of sight, and the light of the waking sun casts shimmering trains of light upon the tranquil pond... It is cold, and a fire burns in the High Priest's courtyard. The motley gathering around the fire concentrates upon a certain man, by name Simon Bar-Jona. Thrice he is accused, thrice he denies the Man in question, and the cock crows, once, twice, thrice!... Hearing the third crow he rises quickly, tears fill his eyes, he bursts through the gathering, head buried in his hands. He pauses, looks into the eyes of the Man being led along, bound, by the temple guards to the palace of Pilate... Forgiveness is in those eyes. Simon turns away. He runs through the gate of the courtyard weeping. There may be sorrow in his soul but he has been forgiven.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

by J. D. E. ROSE*

Traitors! traitors! these words rang out stridently as the wheels of an old farm cart rumbled slowly along the cobblestones of Paris carrying in it a wealthy family of aristocrats to the guillotine. Suddenly there was a hush amongst the mob clustered around the guillotine. There was a dull thud and the severed head fell into a basket provided for the purpose. The blood flowed profusely painting the woodwork a vivid red as it went. Citizen Samson, the headsman, had beheaded the first aristocrat. In these troubled times men, women and children in whatever station of life, whether they were thieves, pick-pockets, murderers, kings, queens, dukes, duchesses or merely the ordinary wealthy aristocrat, all came to the same end, side by side, on the guillotine. This was the way it happened. You heard a rapping on your door. When you opened it, a band of the National Guard armed with bayonets walked in. Your house was searched thoroughly, and they would pretend to find clues. You were arrested and taken to an already overcrowded prison. On the next day you were tried on a trumped-up charge of treason; the trial never lasted more than ten minutes. You were then pushed into a cart and taken to the guillotine amidst the shouting and cheering of the common people, who did not know who you were or what you had done. Nevertheless they cheered and shouted till they were hoarse, men, women and children alike. The men were half-naked, starved with lean faces and lank hair. They were completely covered in grime, while the women could hardly be distinguished from the men.

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

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

CAVES

by B. A. R. CONCANON*

Towards the end of the holidays, I went to Torquay, a beautiful seaside resort in South Devon, with its hotels built on a steep rock overlooking the blue sea. I am now going to describe caves in general and in particular the one I went to see at Torquay. Caves are immensely interesting. They are generally formed by rivers or streams running through them many thousands of years ago. The most peculiar shapes, I think, in a cave are stalagmites and stalactites. These are easily distinguished by the "g" in stalagmites. This is the first letter of the word "ground," so stalagmites form themselves from the ground and stalactites from the roof. A stalactite is formed by carbonate lime and water dripping from the roof. The soil in Devon is bright red-brown because of the rust made by the tin found there. Caves were used as places of refuge, tombs, or as the dwelling places of man. In the cave I went to there was an animal, now extinct, which had four teeth weighing twenty-eight pounds each. The only things which are modern in caves today are the electric lighting and the gravel on the path leading around the cavern or cave.

THE TOLPUDDLE MARTYRS

by S. O'D. MCCALL*

In the 1830's down in a little country village in Dorset called Tolpuddle, there was a very ruthless bailiff. He made the local farmhands under him work hard from dawn till dusk. The farmhands decided to band together against the bailiff. Every day he became more and more ruthless and brutal. Banding together in those days was a punishable and very serious offence. The bailiff did not want to lose his workers and so he did not bring them before the law. He tried to break them up by keeping them apart for weeks on end. In the end they were forced to leave the village to gain their freedom. After a few weeks of being stalked and pursued, they were finally hunted down and rounded up. They were then taken to the local magistrate and having been found guilty by a unanimous jury they were condemned and sent to London. Afterwards they were put on a ship and sent to Australia, a sentence quite common at that time. On the journey they were made to work like slaves. On arrival in Australia they were bought by a local farmer. On this farm two-thirds of the band died of malaria and other tropical diseases. The rest were permitted to return home after a heart-breaking three and a half years. On their return they were gladly received. They started all branches of Trade Unionism which is known so well to us all today.

*ANTHONY CONCANON, born 2 March, 1943; entered Worth, September, 1951; acted in *Aladdin*.

*SIMON MCCALL, born 8 May, 1943; entered Worth, January, 1953; acted in *Aladdin* and *Stations in Mime*.

A DRIVE TO THE MOUNTAINS

by A. B. S. JACKSON*

Last Christmas holidays I went up to the mountains of the Bernese Oberland. We weren't able to leave as early as we had hoped as I had a bout of 'flu. So we left a week late. It was a cold day with a blue sky and a sharp wind. The five of us all crowded into the car. It was a long drive and we had a game of cats and dogs. We were about five kilometres out of Berne when we saw three small deer eating out in a field. There were some men watching and I suppose some of them would have liked a shot, but since the hunting season was over, they could do nothing. Soon we came to the lake of Thun, with the cliffs and pine-covered slopes, and the lake blue and lovely in the sun. We climbed up. We went round a mountain and the lake was no longer visible. It was getting colder as we went up, and soon we passed the snow-line. The snow got deeper and deeper and the roads were covered in black ice. The car skidded dangerously towards the 60ft. drop on one side, with only a wooden fence for protection. The mountain roads with all the curves, corners, zig-zags and hairpin bends made driving a hazardous business. A very dangerous moment was when a very wide car was coming down and we met at an ice-covered bend. Normally the car coming down gives way, but since he had the drop on his right, (his side of the road), we went into some snow and waited while he went past. We were approaching a waterfall and the noise was very loud. The trees were coated with snow, and the birds were singing loudly. We went across a small bridge and we were there. A very nice drive. I stayed up in the mountains for two weeks and learnt to ski. I was very sad when I had to go back home.

THAT CRUEL MOUNTAIN

by P. W. P. MOORSOM*

O Vesuvius, destructive mountain, destroyer of Pompeii. Glad am I that you are now extinct and have not the power to wipe out Naples, which stands at your feet. Think of the misery you have caused. You are indeed a murderer. Why were you created? To kill must be the answer. There are, however, a few things to thank you for. You have preserved for us a Roman town, which shows the way in which Romans lived. They were lazy and so are you; they were cruel and you are even more so. You must be clever to preserve a town for two thousand years, but still you are a murderer, a clever murderer. O Vesuvius, cruel beast. The devil must be with you. How I hate you!

*ANDREW JACKSON, born 28 August, 1943; entered Worth, September, 1952.

*PATRICK MOORSOM, born 30 October, 1942; entered Worth, September, 1951; acted in *Mother Goose*, *Stations in Mime* and *Aladdin*; Squash Team; Tennis Team; 1st XI Cricket; Choir.

A FATEFUL MISTAKE

by M. V. FOWKE*

On the bridge of H.M.S. *Jupiter* I eagerly scanned the horizon, with my binoculars. I had recently got my commission as a Captain. Already it was evening and in a few minutes a mere youth came up to me, awkwardly saluted and continued the watch. He was a new sub-Lieutenant, rather imaginative, but he was the only man I could get.

I climbed into my hard bed and had just dropped off when a timid voice woke me. It came from the voice pipe. "Captain," it said, "enemy ship has just challenged us." I pulled on my sea-boots, raced up to the bridge and looked around. "Where's this enemy ship," I roared angrily. "Over there, sir," said the Sub-lieutenant. "That's only a star twinkling as it rises. Don't make another mistake," I said. I hoped I had sounded impressive. I had been sleeping heavily for some time, I should think, when I was again woken by the timid voice which said, "Captain, on the bridge, three aircraft approaching, believed to be hostile." This is action, I thought, as again I pulled on my boots and raced up to the bridge. "I can't see any aircraft," I said. "There they are, sir," said the Sub-Lieutenant, pointing to some stars. As the time was twelve o'clock I told the Sub-Lieutenant that he could go to bed and wake up the next officer who was a Lieutenant. "But give him this message," I said, "tell him not to call me until something very definite happens." The sub-Lieutenant left and a few minutes later a sleepy-looking officer made his way to the bridge. "You got my message clearly?" I asked. He nodded. Satisfied I got into bed again. Some time later I was awakened by some crashes. The ship shuddered and I was thrown to the floor. Furious, I made my way to the bridge. In the darkness I could see stabbing flashes. "Open fire," I roared. The 6-inch guns fired, but I was unable to tell where the shots fell. All the time we were under heavy fire so to confuse their gunnery I slowed speed. This helped, for I was able to give my men the instructions they needed. When I ordered the "Open fire" signal I was gratified by seeing a blinding flash, a muffled explosion and then darkness. By this time all enemy opposition had ceased and we closed in on the enemy. Powerful searchlights played on the enemy ship. It proved to be a cruiser, about our own size and hit in the magazine. It was sinking fast and in a second it had gone. I ordered the men to bring in survivors. After that had been accomplished I turned to the damage of our own ship. The damage proved slight. One of the gun turrets was out of order. As the men worked hard to mend the turret I turned to the Lieutenant of the watch. "Why didn't you rouse me," I said angrily. "Your orders were not to call you until something very definite happened," he said. For a moment I turned away feeling an absolute fool.

*MICHAEL FOWKE, born 12 November, 1942; entered Worth, September, 1952.

THE HOLIDAY HOUSE

by R. J. WADIA*

When one is going away one always thinks of the house where one is going to stay. You ask yourself all kinds of questions, such as, "Does the house face the sea?" or "Has it got a big garden?" Let us now imagine we have just entered the house late in the evening after a long car journey. In the hall there is a dim lantern, and we are greeted by a kind old lady who takes us up the dark stairway and shows us to our rooms. Our room is small but comfy. It has a big Queen Anne bed and a delightful little dressing table on which is a many-coloured toby jug. Soon we get into bed and sink into a deep slumber. The next morning we wake early and look out of the window. Just leaving the harbour are a few small fishing boats, while far out at sea we can see a trawler coming in, having been out fishing all night. In the dining room are four ancient chandeliers. On the walls are a few pictures, most of them being remote scenes in Scotland. Later on, having read the newspapers, we have a look around the outside of the house. The front garden, being on the sea front, is very small, but the back garden is large and spacious. There are rows and rows of beautiful flowers and some beautiful peach trees just beginning to bear fruit.

HORNBLOWER TAKES COMMAND

by A. P. C. GIBSON*

This book is divided into two sections. Each section comes from one of C. S. Forester's "Hornblower" novels. The author takes a long time to get going. At the beginning he stresses Hornblower's feelings too much. When the ship lands in a foreign harbour, he wastes too much time on the history of the place in question. One has to be a good seaman to understand the orders given by the officers of various ships. The author is very fond of describing things in detail, specially the manoeuvres in a battle. He doesn't show much humour in describing funny incidents, etc. He likes using his naval adjectives in ordinary speech and it is sometimes very hard to follow them. I like his descriptions of people and things very much, for you are able to imagine yourself in those clothes quite easily.

The author likes having an anti-climax very near the end of the story, which enables him to build up his last climax very well; although it is still rather obvious when he is going to have a climax or anti-climax. Altogether the book is written quite well with the author trying to impress on you the whole time what it was like to be a naval officer in those days. Once he gets going the book grips the reader very well.

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

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



PRIZE DAY : THE GYM DISPLAY.





THE LEAVING BOYS.

(Back Row) M. MANDEVILLE, C. DEACON, P. TRIBE, A. BUENO, J. KELLEHER, J. WOOD, A. BABINGTON, I. AUBEPIN, R. PAVRY, C. DAY, A. WINDER.
(Middle Row) W. GARNETT, J. EGAN, R. CHICHESTER, J. CLIBBORN, R. PRENDERGAST, S. WALSH, A. HOPE, P. M-HEGGS, R. FOLEY, D. SIRKETT.
(Sitting) T. JENKINS, J. CHAMBERS, J. CICCONI, A. RADCLIFFE, R. WEBB, M. DEWAR, C. MORTIMER, A. EYRE, P. WOODWARD.



THE 1ST XI

(Back Row) A. BABINGTON, B. ANDREWS, J. CICONI, M. WILKINSON, A. BUENO, M. HANNAFORD,
(Sitting) P. DE CHAZAL, J. CHAMBERS, R. WEBB (Capt.), I. AUBEPIN, P. MOORSOM.

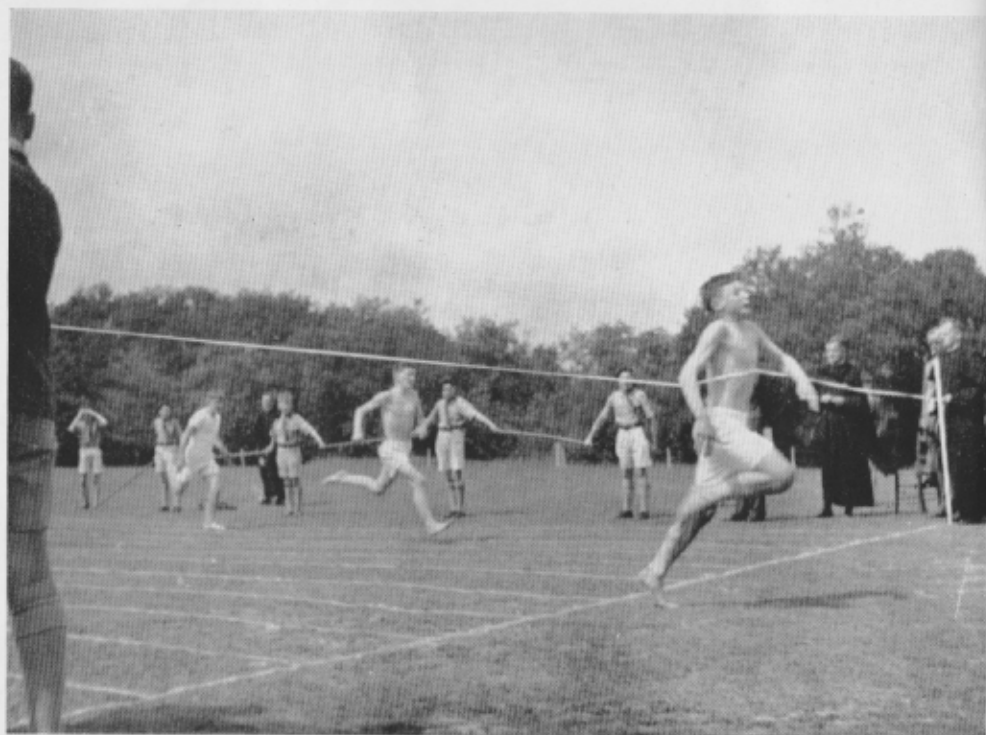


SET 1, GREEK.

(Left to right) T. JENKINS, J. CLIBBORN, A. WINDER, P. WOODWARD, P. MITCHELL-HEGGS, D. SIRKETT.



ATHLETIC SPORTS : J. CICCONI SETS A NEW HIGH JUMP RECORD AT 4FT. 9IN.



J. CLIBBORN WINS THE 100 YARDS, DIVISION 1.

SALVAGE

by A. M. BUCKLEY*

I belong to a salvage firm at Portsmouth. The director had asked me to go down to where a Gosport-Portsmouth ferry had sunk the previous day. I changed into my diving suit and fitted on my aqualung. I descended the steps on the Portsmouth side and soon reached the bottom. After the summer heat on land I found it very cold. It was green and murky down there and I felt cut off from the world. Having made sure that my aqualung was in perfect order I set off on a slightly downhill slope. In the slimy mud there were old pipes and pots and pans all covered in rust. After a few minutes walking I saw the marker buoy and the salvage boat on the surface above me. Then ahead of me I saw the great bulk of the ferry. When the ferry sank the engineer had gone down with his boat. I crawled on the sloping deck and slowly made my way to the engine room. I went down four steps and, there, in front of me, was the body of the engineer. I brought the limp form up the stairs and tied it, not without difficulty, to the rope suspended from the salvage boat. I gave it a tug and it slowly went up to the surface. I then got a much wider rope from above; this I tied to the hull of the ferry. This would, in time, be hauled up to the surface by a trawler. My mission completed I made my way back to the Portsmouth side by compass. I reached the steps and wearily climbed them. I had been under water for one-and-a-half hours. I took off my diving equipment and put on my ordinary clothes before reporting to the director. That was the end of my job.

THE BATTLE OF MEJON

by D. M. D. McCANN*

As the sun rose to disclose the position of the French to the English, I heard John Braise say to his fellow-archer, "Well, I wonder how the battle will fare today; we are about even in numbers but their cavalry are well-armed and have more armour." At that moment a trumpet blew and the French cavalry came pouring down the hill, one of them bearing a silver mace and chain and a great vizor with the three lilies of France on the metal at the foot of his plume and also on the great shield he bore. By his side rode his herald dressed in blue and also wearing the white lilies. The glittering array of silver, blue and gold swept nearer to us. The early morning sun glittered on their bright armour. Lances lowered, swords clanking, plumes flying, they clashed into our lancers who, though their front two rows were shattered leaving only three, remained firm. Our few cavalry charged as soon as we archers had fired two volleys

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

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

from our longbows and crossbows. There was a resounding thud as the two parties met. The French, already spattered by the hail of arrows, nevertheless broke and dispersed our resolute band of horsemen whom we never saw again. But the remainder of the French cavalry returned to their lines. Once again we sent them a gruesome gift of goodwill: an arrow in the chest. Slowly but relentlessly our pikemen moved forward little knowing that few would ever breathe the fresh spring air again. The enemy pikemen did likewise. A few moments later both sides made a furious charge and the once peaceful farmer's field became a seething, grappling mass of humanity. Our Commander seeing that their cavalry were about to charge again, ordered us to shoot at this fighting mass of men and thus make the way impassable for horses, for while the men remained alive all the French horsemen had to do was to raise their swords and charge, and the men would move. Whereas if the men were dead, the horses would slip on the dead bodies and fall. So this bloody massacre proceeded and actually more French than English were killed. Another volley of arrows was sent, this time into the French horsemen who were slipping over the dead bodies. The horses to the fore were wounded, and bucking and rearing caused havoc. We charged before they could recover and sent them running for their lives. Many men would never eat or walk again, but the battle was won.

SHIPLEY WINDMILL

by S. P. H. MILMO*

Shipleigh Windmill was owned by Hilaire Belloc, who died about a year ago. It is now owned by the Jebb family. The mother of the Jebb family, who is the daughter of Hilaire Belloc, is, I suppose, the real owner. The Horsham Rural District are now trying to collect money to repair it, in order to get the windmill working again. Shipleigh windmill is one of the most well-known landmarks in Sussex. The windmill used to work towards the end of the nineteenth century. It broke down about the year 1905. Now it is not very well balanced. The windmill has about six floors. It is very dangerous going up the stairs because the floors are giving way. Some of the machinery is still there. A lot of it was sent for repair and it was probably not sent back again. There are lots of old sacks lying about. The sacks were used for putting the ground oats in. There are also tobacco leaves left, hanging on the wire. There are two wheels, one big one and one small one. In the autumn, when the starlings collect together, you can see a flock of them lined along the windmill. From far away they look like black dots. In the summer the roof of the windmill has a lot of birds' nests in it.

*SHAUN MILMO, born 30 May, 1943; entered Worth, September, 1951.

GOING TO IRELAND

by K. W. O'SULLIVAN*

My mother, father and I have to get up about 3.30 a.m. on the morning of departure. We leave home at 4.30 a.m. by car. We leave my mother at the airport, as she is going by plane, and my father and I carry on to Fishguard in Wales where we get a ship for Rosslare in Ireland. I read the map for my father, as he is driving the car and cannot read it himself. We get to Abergavenny near the border of Wales and England, for breakfast. We pass through many interesting places on the way. I think the most beautiful town on the way is Gloucester. We get to Fishguard at about 6.30 p.m. Here we go through the customs and on to the ship. When we get on board we go down to our cabin and leave our hand-cases there. Then we go up to the dining saloon and have a good dinner. After dinner I go up on deck and watch the cars being loaded into the hold by a huge crane, while my father sits down in the lounge and has a well-earned rest. At about 9.30 p.m. we go to bed but I am always too excited to sleep so I stay awake until 11 p.m. and look out of the porthole as we move away from the harbour. We are woken at 5.30 a.m. the next morning with a cup of tea and told that we have arrived at Rosslare. We get up at 6.00 a.m. and go upstairs to the dining saloon for breakfast. Then we watch the cars being unloaded. In about an hour-and-a-half we are through the customs and on the road to Kerry, where we meet my mother. Then we go to our hotel in Ballybunnion. I am very excited to see my old friends again and I am happy that we don't have to go back for three weeks.

THE GENTLEMAN OF THE CENTURY

by T. P. MADDOCK*

Winston Churchill, son of Lord Randolph Churchill, third son of the Duke of Marlborough was born in the year 1874, and christened Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill. At the age of twenty-one, shortly after finishing his education at Harrow, he joined the army. He served in Cuba, the Tirah, India and Egypt, and was war correspondent at Spion Kop and Diamond Hill. Fighting in France he was a Lieutenant-Colonel, and about this time he wrote several books, his first being written in 1898 and called "The Malakaland Field Force." Then he wrote in 1899 "The River War." In 1900 he completed the amazing feat of writing several books, firstly "London and Ladysmith via Pretoria," secondly "Ian Hamilton March" and thirdly a novel called "Savrola."

He was Under Secretary of State for Colonies in 1906-1908. During these years he wrote two books, "Lord Randolph Churchill," and "My

*KENNETH O'SULLIVAN; born 16 April, 1942; entered Worth, September, 1953; acted in *Aladdin*; Choir.

*THOMAS MADDOCK, born 5 March, 1942; entered Worth, September, 1954.

African Journey." After that he became President of the Board of Trade and the same year he wrote "Liberalism and Social Problems." In 1910-1911 he was Home Secretary. It was then he married Clementine Hozier. He then rose to the high offices of First Lord of the Admiralty which he held from 1911-1915, Secretary of State for War from 1918-1921, Secretary of State for the Colonial Office 1921-1922, Chancellor of the Exchequer 1924-1929.

At last he achieved his life-long ambition and became Prime Minister of Great Britain. And how marvellous he was ! His leadership in time of war was tremendous, but nevertheless he was rejected in the elections after the second world war. But in 1945 he was re-elected and in 1952 he received the K.G. In 1955 he retired from being Prime Minister, the reason not being made known to the public.

LAUNCHING THE KATRINA

by J. M. FINN*

During last Easter holidays, on the last Saturday, my parents and my aunt and myself went in the car to a boat shed where we keep our 20-foot sailing boat, when it is being re-painted and overhauled. When we arrived at the tractor all the launching equipment was there, and the four men who were going to get the boat down to the edge of the water were already getting it on to the trailer. At last we arrived at the water's edge ; at this stage my mother and my aunt left us with our lunch and went off to collect two uncles who were going to help at the launching. The four men who had brought the boat to the water's edge were now turning their tractor round so that they could let the boat and the trailer into the water. Then the boat could slide off and get away under motor. After this we had our lunch on board and then started to put on canvas. When I say this I do not mean that we actually started to sail, but we fixed the foresail and the mainsail on to the boom and gaff and on to certain ropes. At roughly 2.30 my uncles arrived and my father rowed ashore to fetch them. When we were settled we started the engine and motored over to the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club to moor her. Mid-way to the yacht club we had a spot of engine trouble ; the filter had become clogged, and instead of water coming out of the waste pipe at the side of the hull there was steam. This delay took the best part of half an hour to clear up, but in the end my uncle Monty cleared the filter and we set off again. When in about half-an-hour's time we reached our destination, we could not find our mooring-buoy, so we picked up somebody else's. (I think that affair is all cleared up now though.) At eight o'clock that evening the whole family, including me, were guzzling to our heart's content and watching television.

*JOHN FINN, born 1 January, 1944 ; entered Worth, January, 1955.

TWO PAINTERS

by J. X. W. LAKE*

William Blake was born in 1757 and died in 1827 ; during his life of seventy years he won his place in the world as a great English painter : at least most people think him very fine ; certainly I do. He started to study art at the age of ten and when he was fourteen he was apprenticed to an engraver, until 1778. He then did engravings for magazines. He also wrote poetry of the same mystical nature as his paintings, which, one will note, are very strange. He illustrated the Book of Job when he was nearly seventy, and these twenty-one engravings-are considered to be perhaps some of his finest pieces of art. He was engaged in illustrating Dante when unfortunately he died. William Blake, as I have mentioned above, painted very strangely. He conceived an art whose source was found in dreams. He painted chiefly on extracts from the Bible, such as his painting of David being delivered out of many waters. He expresses things on canvas in a most weird and unusual way. He seemed to think of things in a completely different manner from any ordinary person. His paintings should be appreciated as very wonderful art ; he has fully shown that he was an unusual person.

Henri Rousseau, also called "The Douanier" was born in 1844 and died in 1910. He was French and went to a French school. He began life as a customs officer and was much attracted by painting. When he retired in 1886, he took painting seriously and devoted most of his time to painting. (He was also a musician and writer). He founded an Academy, where he taught painting and music. From 1886 onwards, he frequently exhibited at the Salon des Independents. He was appreciated by many artists, including Picasso, whom personally I do not like. Rousseau painted almost entirely from imagination, and his paintings are full of poetry. One of my favourites, although I admit I have not seen many of Rousseau's works, is the "Cart of Father Juniet." It has, in my opinion, a most charming tint of childlike simplicity and delicacy. Rousseau's "Woman with the Serpent" is an example of poetry.

BOOKS

by A. F. L. AMHURST*

Books are very interesting when you are about seven years old and have just begun reading stories and not comics. You start to read Enid Blyton. Some of her best books are "Secret Seven" and "Famous Five." Then when you are nine years old you start to read W. E. John's books which are : for boys, "Biggles" and "Gimlet" and for girls "Worrals."

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

*ANTHONY AMHURST, born 8 October, 1942 ; entered Worth, January, 1952 ; 1st XV Rugger ; 2nd XI Cricket ; under 12 Hockey XI ; acted in *Stations in Mime* 1954 and 1955, and in *Aladdin* 1955.

They are all very exciting books. After that you start to read war books and "The Saint" books. Many girls read books on the ballet.

In this essay I am writing about what the usual boy of twelve reads. At Worth we have a school library which is bigger than most school libraries; it has over a thousand books. War books are very popular. Some of the clever boys read P. C. Wren and Baroness Orczy. This term I have seen that the most popular books have been the war stories: "Dare to be Free," "Dunkirk," and "Tail Gunner."

The other day I was reading a book called "I Sank the *Royal Oak*"; it is by a German called Gunther Prien and is a very gripping and remarkable biography. Another series of books which I have known grown-ups to read are the "Saint" stories by Leslie Charteris. There are from fifteen to twenty of these books. They are about a man who is a menace to the police and hated by all "crooks." Agatha Christie is liked by all people, young and old. You often find that a stupid boy has never read a book in his life. Often this kind of boy has read extracts from a book but never sees it through. I have noticed that most boys do not read magazines; if they do not read books they read comics. Also I see that lots of boys read books about hobbies such as model ships and stamp collecting. I am surprised that lots of leaving boys like reading history books. I think that only about a quarter of the history books which are written have any really good facts and they are so boring. Geography books are very interesting. Nature study books and books about birds are very interesting also. Encyclopaedias are very useful and most interesting. Homer's *Odyssey* is a marvellous bit of writing. It is one of the best stories in the world. C. S. Forester's "Hornblower" books are very good. The Dom Camillo books are some of the most humorous books I have ever read.

THE FIELD MICE

by J. A. WALFORD*

One day a little mouse was born and his name was going to be thought of later. He was a field mouse, his mother was called Mrs Eliam. The baby mouse was a boy. His name had been thought of now. He was called Tom. Tom was a very mischievous mouse. He played tricks and this was his favourite one. He got a toy gun and put a pin in for a bullet. He fired it at people in the back. One day he was out on a walk and a cat was in the same field. She all of a sudden pounced on him and he called for his mummy. She came out with a whole army of mice and they chased the cat away. Then she turned round and spanked Tom hard and he was a good mouse ever after.

*JAMES WALFORD, born 25 March, 1946; entered Worth, September, 1954.

THE GHOST OF MILLING TOWN

by G. C. GRANT*

In the north of England there is a little town called Milling. Long ago there lived a very important person in that town called Earl Harry. But he is dead now and in his grave. But people said that they had seen a dreadful apparition walking along the streets. They said also that it had come from the graveyard. My friend and I were going for two weeks to Milling. We already knew about this apparition but we did not mind.

We arrived at the little cottage where we were going to stay. It was a pretty little cottage with a front and back garden full of flowers. Three days passed, sunny, warm and pleasant with plenty of fishing, and lovely walks through green woods. Then the next day was cloudy and rainy and dull. So I thought I would not go out that afternoon. After supper I played games with my friend, listened to the news and then I went to bed. I slept soundly until about one o'clock. Suddenly I woke up full of fear. Everything was dark and silent. All at once, a dreadful cry echoed through the buildings. It was shrill and it sent a shiver down my back. I got out of bed and crept to the window. I looked out and I saw a ghastly devastating figure with a terrible face. His clothes were white, and they shone. He walked slowly along the street with a heavy plod. His eyes were like balls of flame, and his lip was all twisted. This, I said to myself, was the Earl Harry.

I stood there petrified and then, all of a sudden, the apparition vanished. I nearly fainted with fright, but I managed to control myself. I looked at the clock beside my bed. It said ten past one. I staggered back to bed and tried to get some sleep, but I just tossed and turned with fear that I should hear that cry again.

In the morning I told my friend what I had seen, but he would not believe me. We stayed another week at Milling, but I never saw the apparition nor heard the cry again.

A DAY BY THE SEA

by M. J. CUMMINS*

When we go to the sea we have lots of fun. We have a swim and sunbathe and make sandcastles. We pick up shells and push them into the walls of the castle. We try and catch fish in a net. We go for a trip in a boat and have a picnic on the beach where we dig holes in the sand and try to keep water in them. We go on to the pier and have a lot of fun at the games there. We go for a walk along the beach and dive off a raft into the water. We have a lovely time altogether.

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

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

AN OLD MANOR

by F. J. LUCAS*

Once as I went to Scotland I passed a gateway just by the road. I went up the drive to see the old Georgian manor. On the top balcony of the manor was a flag indicating the arms of the family. It had many beautiful and dazzling colours on it. Through the windows I saw chandeliers and ancient tapestries on the walls. The furniture was made of dark brown oak. I came up on to the second floor where there were mainly bedrooms. In every one there were one or two four-poster beds with curtains hanging by the side of them. There were also special dressing rooms by the side of the bedrooms which looked out on small balconies. Then I went on to the top of the manor and looked down on to a most beautiful garden below. In the centre was a small sundial and around it two ponds, which were filled with goldfish. Around this was a lawn and beyond was a glade of fir trees. Beyond the fir trees there was a farm where I saw cows and pigs. By this time it was five o'clock and the sun began to disappear behind the trees. And the clouds seemed to be mountains through the setting sun.

MY JOURNEY TO WARWICK CASTLE

by M. A. DE NAVARRO*

It was last summer holidays when I went to Warwick which is about twenty-five miles from our house. We soon arrived at Warwick, parked the car, and walked up a lane about 200 yards, which had places for archers to shoot from, at the enemy. The moat was just an empty ditch about fifteen feet deep, and instead of the drawbridge, there was a narrow stone one. We saw that the portcullis was still there, as we walked through the passage to the Inner Court. On our right and straight ahead was the old ruined castle, rising in triangular shape with grass leading up to it. On our left were more parts of the old castle, then the new and old living quarters. It was towards the latter that we walked, and joined a party of sightseers. We first went through the old curtain wall which had been made into a sort of armoury, with suits of armour, daggers, swords, battle-axes, pikes and rifles, one of which was five feet long, made for the purpose of sticking through the curtain wall to shoot enemies with. From there we went to the hall, which had a huge cauldron, about two or three feet wide, and more shields and armour, the dining-room, the sitting-rooms, the ballrooms, the bedrooms, one of which had a four-poster bed, for the king (or queen's) use. From there we proceeded to a little room, where the guide made a joke, saying that Sir Richard something-or-other's ghost appeared at four o'clock on a Saturday afternoon. We then walked to the cars, ate some sandwiches, which we had brought for tea, and drove home.

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

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

MY TRIP TO GERMANY AND AUSTRIA

by M. P. K. BRUNING*

I was very excited on the day I was going to Germany to stay with some friends. We got up early and took a train to London where we had lunch and stayed a night with my aunt. The next day we went to Northolt Airport and eventually, when we got through the customs, we saw a plane waiting for us, going to Munich where we were to meet our friends. When we had been travelling for a few hours the plane came down to re-fuel at Dusseldorf, occupied at that time by the Americans. We were able to buy things with our English money. Then, after about an hour, we went back to the aeroplane and flew to Munich without stopping. From Munich we travelled by train to a village near the Austrian border where we stayed with some friends for about a week. We enjoyed it very much. Then we took a trip to Austria by car. On the way there, we went on one of those famous roads of Hitler's called autobahns and it was good fun tearing along at a great speed. After travelling for about three hours we arrived at Salzburg where we had lunch. There is a big castle there, looking round down on the city. From there the cars and people looked like tiny midgets. The two weeks holiday went very quickly and soon it was time to fly back to England, and after another exciting trip we arrived home and all agreed that we had had a very enjoyable and exciting holiday.

A BICYCLE RIDE

by C. D. CRONIN*

On the tenth of August we set off on a lovely day on our bicycles, with the sun shining brilliantly on the hedges and pools, making them shine like silver. There was not a cloud in the sky and there was every chance of it being a very good week for our ride. We made sure that our bits and pieces were strapped on safely and then shouted goodbye to our parents and set off down a side road which we hoped would lead to the distant mountains where we were going to camp for the next day or two.

At first we had to go up a very steep hill and with our heavy camping outfit we had to get off our bikes and walk up. We then came to a little cottage on the side of the road and shouted "Good day" to the old lady sitting on the doorstep. My brother and I were getting very thirsty, so we took some bottles of lemonade out of our knapsacks and sat down in the shade. We looked up the road and saw that we were about ten miles from the nearest mountain. So we got on our bikes again and rode very fast down a hill but at the bottom my package suddenly slipped, and I lost my balance and fell off my bike and cut my knee very badly. We

*PAUL BRUNING, born 1 November, 1942 ; entered Worth, September, 1951 ; 1st XV Rugger ; under 11 Hockey and under 12 Cricket XI.

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

got a bottle of T.C.P. out of the knapsack and put it on and it was soon all right. We then fixed the rucksack on the bike and set off once again.

Nothing very exciting happened in the last nine miles and we started searching for a place in which to camp. We found a very suitable place between two rocks, so we took the tent off my brother's bike and looked around for a long straight stick to put in the middle of the tent. When we had successfully put up the tent we began our supper of fried eggs and bread. We walked over to a stream which flowed about a hundred yards away and filled our mugs. Then we prepared to go to bed. As it was a lovely starlit night we slept outside the tent in our sleeping bags and in the morning we found that we both had colds, so we made up our minds never to sleep outside the tent again.

For lunch we had some cold meat and potatoes and in the afternoon we started climbing a nearby mountain. When we reached the top we saw a very big fire about a mile away, but after about half-an-hour it died away. So we came down and prepared our last supper for which we had corned beef and eggs and bacon and eggs which tasted lovely.

In the morning we tied our belongings on to our bikes and went home by a roundabout way and arrived at about eleven o'clock without mishap.

THE CITY OF KHARTOUM

by H. J. ROSE*

In the centre of Khartoum there stands a handsome statue of General Gordon; he sits upon a camel with head well up. To the right of this statue are the Royal Post Offices, standing high above Gordon's statue. On the bank of the river there is the palace just like the ice cake the Queen's cook made for her at the Coronation. The palace gardens are tremendous; there are long stretches of grass and lots of rose beds. To the right of the palace stands the statue of Lord Kitchener and behind this is his college, a grand building. Further along the river is the Alzera Alsaki: the ministry of health where my father used to work, and yet further along is the Khartoum North Bridge. Just next to it is the Blue Nile Sailing Club (B.N.S.C.), of which the gunboat is the *Melik*, Lord Kitchener's boat. Opposite to this is General Gordon's boat, all burnt out. It used to stand outside the palace as a memorial. Back to Gordon's statue south of that is the green of Khartoum; to the right of this is the *soock*, the eastern market. At about 12 o'clock all the Sudanese go to their mosque to pray. The Sudanese are most religious, they pray five times a day, once at sunrise, once in the morning, at 12 o'clock, in the afternoon and at sundown. There are more Greeks in Khartoum than English. The Greeks like the climate very much indeed. If you know the history of Sudan you cannot really think the Sudanese are very nice. There are four churches in Khartoum, a Catholic one, a Protestant one, a Greek one and another.

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

THE LONDON ZOO

by R. V. TAYLOR*

I have always loved visiting the London Zoo, because it is always so lively. As I go in by the main gate, I usually make my way towards the monkey house. It always gets things "warmed up" for the day. It is, probably, the noisiest part of the zoo, but I think that I like it best of all. The penguins are different in nearly all respects, but they are very amusing to watch. At the London Zoo they have a kind of curved slide, and it is very nice to watch them sliding down it. On one side of the zoo there is a huge, rocky hill, about fifty-feet high, in which there are about five bear pits. I often see them beg for food, and they often get it. They would make a good photo. There are also mountain goats on this huge hillside. The lion house is very amusing; I like it almost as much as the monkey house. It is nice to hear the lions roaring in their cages. Elephant and camel rides are very popular with the children and there are always queues for them. The reptile house is very crowded usually, and there are notices saying: "Beware of pickpockets," all over the place. The snakes and crocodiles in the reptile house are often very big but, unlike most of the other animals in the zoo, are very still. They cannot always be seen, however, for they are often so like the branches in the strong glass case in which they are kept. Giraffes often act rather queerly, and at the London zoo I have seen them rub noses together and so forth. Every time I go to the London zoo I always look out for the rhinoceros, but I have never seen a hippopotamus there. I once saw a kind of black blob floating (as it seemed) down the lovely river which runs through the zoo, but whether it was a hippopotamus or not, I'm not sure. But although the zoo is a very amusing place to visit I cannot go on for ever, but I hope to visit it again and I am sure that I will.

GAME RESERVE

by J. P. HARRISON*

One day my father said to me in the term, "Would you like to go to Johannesburg before us?" We were going for the Christmas holidays. At the end of term I had to have a few injections, then we left London on a B.E.A. aeroplane. We went to Paris and stayed there for four hours. Then we got into a U.A.T. plane and flew first to Nice and then on to Tripoli. We got to Tripoli at one o'clock in the morning. Then we flew on to Brazzaville and from there to Johannesburg. When we got there my mother was there to greet us. We stayed at Johannesburg for about two weeks. Then my father suggested we should go to the game reserve. So we packed our things and our cameras and motored down to Swaziland.

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

*JOHN HARRISON, born 5 April, 1944; entered Worth, May, 1953.

On the way down we were going along a small road when I saw a stick in the road. It started to move. We then realised it was an African cobra. When we got to the camp we asked if we could go out. The man in charge said only until nine o'clock. So we went out but we only saw some hyenas. So we thought we had better go back. The next day we were told there were some hippos at the hippo pool. We saw some babies and a father and mother. We saw some cheetahs and we heard a lion roar. My father said we had to go home so we packed our things and left Swaziland.

A DAY OF THE HOLIDAYS IN CORNWALL

by J. G. CARTER*

In the morning, after breakfast, I went fishing. I may say that I am not a good fisherman. I got hold of the fishing rod and put some bait on the hook and then whirled it over my head. I let go the winder and it spanned out into the water. The best time for fishing is when the tide comes in. Five minutes later I felt a pull on my rod. I said to myself, "This is going to be wonderful." I was pulling with all my might and the rod was nearly breaking. When I pulled it up at last, I found it was only a whole lot of seaweed and stones. I felt very angry. After I put the rod in again I felt another pull and I pulled it out again and found it was a salmon. I ran up to the house and found it was nearly lunchtime. At that moment I heard my father's car so I ran to the gate and asked him where he was going. He said he was going to get some fish and I told him I had caught one. So my father put the car away and we had my salmon for lunch.

HOW I FOUND MY PUPPY

by R. J. G. R. SCHREIBER*

It was on a Sunday morning when my mother, my brother and myself were ready to go to Mass, that I opened the door and there I saw a little white dog nearly dying of hunger. I went to the kitchen with my brother and got some bread. We went out and when we wanted to give her the bread she walked away, nearly falling over every step she took. Then I had an idea; we hid behind the door. She didn't see us, so gradually she walked trembling up to the door and stepped in. We immediately closed the door after her and carried her into the back yard. She stayed there for a few days and gradually she grew a bit fatter, but not very, because she is of a very thin race of dog. She has big ears and is very small. She is frightened of Poncho our big dog. We kept her for months and she grew accustomed to us and is very playful. She had been at the door for three days and my mother said she thought it was the gardener's dog. It looks as if God wanted her to live in our house.

*JOHN CARTER, born 12 December, 1944; entered Worth, May, 1952.

*RICHARD RIVERA-SCHREIBER, born 12 March, 1944; entered Worth, January, 1955.

FARMING

by C. P. P. DE WESTENHOLZ*

One day I got a picnic lunch and went down into the field with a workman called John to repair a fence and put up another so that the cows which were going to go into the field could not get out. When we had repaired the fence we went back to the farm to get some wire to put up a new fence. It was a hot day and the ground was very hard so I had to hold the stakes firm, so that they would not fall out of place. I was a bit frightened because I thought John would miss the stake and hit me instead, but he did not. When we got to the end of the field we put a halfpenny and a nail on the line of the railway which ran at the bottom of the field and after the train had run over it the halfpenny looked like a penny. The wire was electric and John told me to put a bit of wire against a bit of electric wire. I got a shock and he laughed because he knew what would happen. A little later I drove the tractor back to the farm and went home.

THE HARVEST

by S. H. ROSE*

It was nearly the middle of summer. The days were nice and hot. Farmer Giles was going to get the combine out. It was about five o'clock in the morning. He and his family lived in a little village called Woodbury. Other farmers were getting their combines out too. Soon the combine will be away working in the fields. He had three small fields and one very big one. He first set to work on the big one, so that he wouldn't be too tired to do it at the end of the day. About eleven o'clock he had a drink of cider, so he wouldn't be too hot. After a long five hours work he stopped and had a few sandwiches. He had the three little fields to do yet. The sun was beating down on him in the combine. A farm helper came to help him and he took over the combine for a quarter-of-an-hour. You could see the corn disappearing somewhere into the combine. The leaves of the trees were yellowish green, some were green and the countryside was very nice. The grass was green but in some places it had been browned by the sun. Farmer Giles after a long time now had only a quarter of a field to do. When he had finished he loaded his trucks and went off down to his farm. There he unloaded the trucks and put the corn into a big room. The straw he unloaded in the field. After that he went down to the village. Suddenly he heard a voice say, "Come on, Bill, come and join our merrymaking." So there he had a good drink and a good time for the village harvest was over. And Farmer Giles had a good harvest after all.

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

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

PRIZE DAY

Prize Day could have been warmer ; but, happily, the rain kept off until everything was over. The relay races in the morning were thrilling, more thrilling in a way than the individual events of the day before because of not knowing for such a long time (six legs !) who was going to win. Actually the Red League won the Senior and the Silver League won the Junior. Naturally, not many parents had arrived by then. They mostly came after lunch, in time for the gymnastic display ; this was excellent and introduced us to a new feature, rope-climbing, which was quite spectacular. The next thing was the Hunter Trials, up near the Junior House. These were most impressive, though some of the horses were disobedient when they came near the jumps ; perhaps they were unused to so many visitors watching. In between times parents visited the Art show. What was so good about this was that practically every boy seemed to have something on view. There was a great crush at the Exhibition of Carpentry where, again, a large amount of excellent work was to be seen — step ladder, collapsible table and, since the boys now possess a lathe, such things as lamp stands, fruit bowls and so forth. Tea was held in the marquee. At the actual Prize-giving which followed, the prizes were distributed by the Subprior, the Prior, the Very Rev. Dom Dunstan Pontifex, being absent through illness. Speeches were made by the Subprior, by D. Wilfred Passmore, Headmaster of Downside, and by D. Maurice Bell. Fr Subprior welcomed the parents on behalf of Fr Prior and gave them a message from him about the Worth Church Fund, thanked Dom Theodore James (who acted as Deputy Headmaster during Dom Maurice Bell's illness) and all those who had been working for Worth and congratulated Dom Maurice on his recovery and return as Headmaster. Dom Wilfred spoke wittily and forcefully on the subject of the Public Schools Entrance Examination. Dom Maurice, in a general review of the School year, pointed out how strong was the position of a school in which, in his absence, all went so well and smoothly. This, he said, pointed to the right degree of decentralisation.

ATHLETIC SPORTS, JULY 2nd, 1955

July 2nd was an almost perfect day for running, the ground was firm and there was a cool but gentle breeze. All the winners' times were good and records were broken by T. Hanbury (100 yds., Division III, 12.4 secs.), J. Maddock (80 yds., Division V, 10.5 secs.), S. Wynne (60 yds., Division VI, 8.2 secs.) and A. Babington (440 yds. 62.5 secs.). The highlight of the afternoon was when J. Cicconi jumped 4ft. 9ins. to break the high jump record set up by J. Bourke last year. With regard to records it is interesting to note that with the exception of the long jumps and the senior throwing the cricket ball every record has been broken during the last four years.

The League Competition was much more even this year, the Golds

winning with 48 points, Blues second with 41, Silvers third with 40 and Reds fourth with 36.

In view of the fact that the Reds were unplaced in the Division I 100 yds., some people were surprised when they won the senior relay race the next day. The junior relay was won comfortably by the Silvers.

J.J.T.

THE STATIONS OF THE CROSS IN MIME

The Worth Dramatic Society presented the Stations of the Cross in Mime on Passion Sunday. It is said that the Mime produced at Worth is done every year according to established custom and tradition. Be that as it may, to one who has never seen it before the production this year was quite especially striking for its freshness and competence. Surely it is in a class well above the average.

The grouping, the colour, the musical timing and the restraint and underlying emotion all combined on a very high level and it was hard to realise that the participants are actors of necessarily limited experience on a Preparatory School stage.

Giles Gleadell was quite outstanding as Our Lord ; while Alba, Lake and Eyre were impressive in leading parts. The Roman soldiers were all good, and so were the Women of Jerusalem. It would be invidious to pick out individuals for special praise but Mortimer and the two children, Kane and Jouselin, stand out in one's memory. But the whole team deserve unstinted praise. The Reader seemed a trifle nervous but managed to carry off his unusually difficult part, though perhaps the range of his voice was not quite suited to the calls he made upon it. The work, and the effort and forbearance entailed in getting up a performance in the Lent term when illness makes such sudden and unpredictable inroads on the dramatis personae are a cause for wonder and congratulation. In this case all congratulation should be given to Mr Johnson, who was responsible for this excellent achievement.

THE CUBS

Early in May, eleven new recruits joined the Pack and only three passed on to different hunting grounds. After their enrolment, the new members have been eagerly making up for lost time in the " first star " tests. Five " first stars " have been gained this term and it is still possible that three or four " second stars " will be won by the end of term. H. J. Rose is the only holder of both stars at present, in addition to his " Collector " and " Swimmer " badges. S. H. Rose and Keane also qualified for the " Collector " badge. Stephens and Van den Bosch also got " Swimmer " badges, and Mathew and Carr the " Team-player " badge. Bullock-Webster was made Head Sixer last May and H. J. Rose now leads the " Blue " six. During the term, there were several whole day expeditions

to the woods. In this way the Pack got some practice in open-air cooking. Our zone in the woods has been the centre of much enjoyment. Cubs have been specially active in den-making.

The Pack has planned a camp from July 21st to July 25th and fifteen boys will take part in it. This will probably be Akela's last act in Cubbing ; for him too, there are other hunting grounds.

D.B.M.

SWIMMING

This year we were able to use the new filter for the whole of the bathing season. It has proved a great benefit, as we not only had clean water to bathe in, but the bath never had to be emptied, cleaned, and refilled, and bathing stopped for a week, as under the old system. A result of this was that many more boys learnt to swim than before ; by the end of the term all the boys due to leave could swim, and over 85% of the rest of the school, not counting the Tower House.

In the clear waters a new feature could also be introduced into the Swimming Sports — Diving for Pennies. This is to encourage " subaqua " swimming, goggles and flippers being essential to success. It was won by two boys from Malta, who claim to have shot an octopus in this manner last summer. Owing to the increased number of swimmers, there were five divisions instead of the usual four ; and the Novices Race attracted a large entry. Results were :

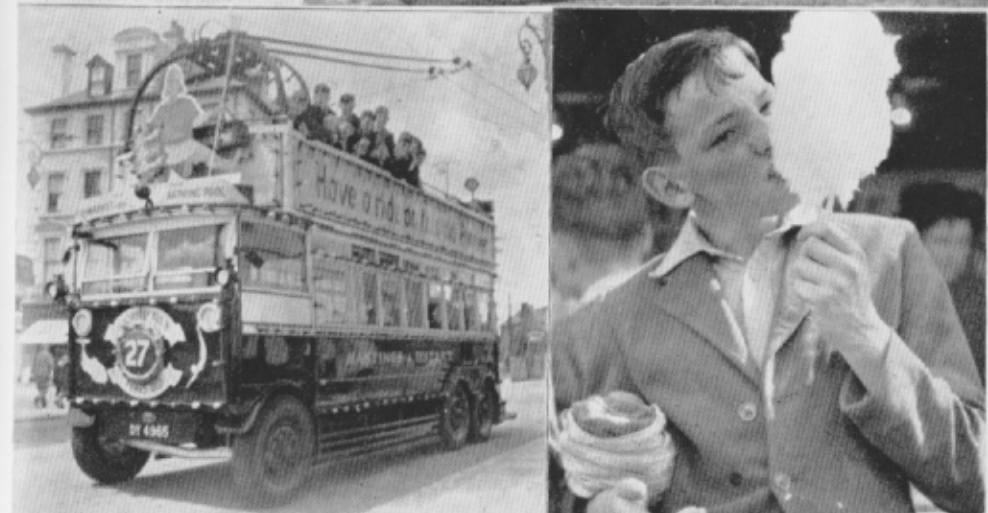
ONE LENGTH, *Division 1* : 1. Mortimer (11.3 secs.), 2. Day ; *Division 2* : 1. G. C. Gleadell (11.4 secs.), 2. Hope ; *Division 3* : 1. Diez (15.7 secs.), 2. Urquhart ; *Division 4* : 1. Hutton (12.8 secs.), 2. Poett ; *Division 5* : 1. Van den Bosch, 2. Farquharson. TWO LENGTHS, *Division 1* : 1. Day (26.6 secs.), 2. Mortimer ; *Division 2* : 1. G. C. Gleadell (25.7 secs.), 2. Hope. NOVICES RACE (1 length) : 1. Apsion (18.5 secs.), 2. R. E. Wood. DIVING (maximum 40 points), *Division 1* : Mortimer (34), Garnett (31), Cicconi (28) ; *Division 2* : Gleadell (27), Hannaford (22), Crockett (21) ; *Division 3* : D. E. Chambers (24), O'Geary (21), Hanbury (17) ; *Division 4* : Poett (30), Rimmer (25), Hutton (24) ; *Division 5* : Delaney, Farquharson. DIVING FOR PENNIES : Mortimer (18), Arrigo (10), Garnett (8).

GYMKHANA

This year the competition from outside was less than usual owing, perhaps, to the events taking place on a Wednesday (July 13th).

Eighty of our boys and the same number of outside competitors took part, all the Worth ponies winning rosettes. Among these, special mention should be made of " Burnt Sugar," ridden by R. J. E. Foley and H. R. Walford, and " Tom Thumb," ridden by D. J. Daly, winning eight each.

We should like to congratulate Miss J. Moore, the riding instructress, for the results achieved and for her unceasing work during the year, both in cross-country riding (we abhor that deplorable but



CHOIR OUTING TO HASTINGS.



Above : ASSEMBLY IN THE DAY-ROOM.

Below : OUTSIDE THE CLASSROOMS.

(The two photographs on this page are reproduced by permission of Photo-Reportage, 161 Strand, W.C.2).



fashionable word equitation) and the instruction given in the indoor school. "Shandy" was adjudged the best Riding School pony in the show. Perhaps the happiest person on the field was our original riding instructress, Miss E. Fleming. Her yearling Anglo-Arab filly, "Just Suppose," was placed first in a very strong class by no less a judge than Lady Anne Lytton. The other judges were Mrs Joan Nelson, Mrs. Scott, who helps us every year, and Mr Robert Blacky. Mr Barnett very kindly did the announcing as usual.

MUSIC

On July 19th the Choir gave one of their delightful Concerts in the Day Room. Among their songs we would single out for special praise "*I attempt from love's sickness to fly*" (Purcell), "*In praise of Neptune*" (John Ireland), "*Where'er you walk*" (Handel), "*Who is Sylvia*" (Schubert) and "*The Sailor and his Nancy*" (Folksong). There were also *vetera* as well as *nova* in the programme, and we congratulate the Choir on their ability to draw on a very large repertoire at short, or, if need be, immediate notice. While there is always room for improvement in a good Choir, it can be said that the term's singing has been uniformly tuneful, vigorous and efficient ; indeed, there have been most appreciative comments on it from various quarters. It remains for next year's Choir to sing as well or better : The leading singers in the back row are all leaving boys and, as the Headmaster said after the Concert, "a new back row must be trained and pushed to the front."

Last March the following boys passed their Piano Examinations (*Associated Board of Royal Schools of Music*) : A. D. H. Winder (grade 4 : with "merit"), A. J. Radcliffe (grade 4), P. W. P. Moorsom and M. F. Hoyle (grade 2), P. C. Norton and D. A. F. Murray (grade 1). In July the following passed, each with "merit" : J. M. Chambers (grade 2), K. W. O'Sullivan, N. P. Carter and D. Powys-Lybbe (grade 1). Special mention must be made of A. D. H. Winder who, in three or four years, has passed grades 1 to 4 inclusively, each with "merit" (*i.e.* 120 marks or over). Moreover, in July of this year, he also passed grade 2 in Musical Theory, with 94 marks out of a possible 99. O.M.C.

PARAGRAPHS

Christopher David (Worth 1934-1938) was ordained Priest at Monmouth on 12th April. Dom Kevin Taggart (Worth 1940-1944) was ordained Priest in Downside Abbey Church on 3rd July.

An old Worth boy of long standing writes, after a visit : "I find I just cannot follow the fashion and bemoan the fact that 'things were different in my day.' Things were different ; they were not so good. We never played Squash, let alone win the Schools Championship. I do not remember the School Magazine. Perhaps we never had one." Indeed we did not.

Congratulations to D. C. Scott-Gatty (1934-1940) on his engagement to Miss M. E. Trendall and to F. I. Fairlie (1936-1938) on his engagement to Miss D. Sheil. Also, with sincere good wishes to J. A. Jennings (1938-1943) on his marriage to Miss M. Hollis and to J. MacLachlan (1940-1943) on his marriage to Miss A. Capel-Dunn.

For the benefit of those who have not seen the figures of Scholarships gained at Oxford and Cambridge, out of the forty-three schools listed with five or over, Downside School won 18 and was fifth in order. In the last issue we listed seventeen.

In addition to the four Open Scholarships referred to in the paragraph *Rewards*, the boys who took the Downside Entrance Examination did very well this year. If 22 candidates from Worth be compared with 44 from other schools, and the first figure is doubled, an absolute comparison can be made :

	Worth	Others
English, over 80%	4	2
over 60%	36	20
History, over 80%	16	1
over 70%	26	5
French, over 70%	16	8
over 60%	26	22
Latin, over 70%	8	8
over 60%	24	17
Maths., over 500/ out of 600	12	2
over 400	30	7

We offer our congratulations to the Headmaster, Dom Maurice Bell, on his recovery from illness and return to Worth, and our thanks to Dom Theodore James, who, during Dom Maurice's absence, acted as Deputy Headmaster.

Fr Prior's illness prevented him from presiding at the Prize-giving on July 3rd. We are glad to say that he is back again at Worth and well on the way to a complete cure.

The Choir and Sacristy Outings took place on July 4th in lovely weather. Dom Edward had charge of the Choir party, and a wonderfully happy day was spent at St Leonards-on-Sea.

We offer our prayers and best wishes to the Right Rev Dom Charles Pontifex, brother of our Fr Prior, on his election as first Abbot of Ealing.

We have to thank the Abbot of Downside for *Sedes Sapientiae*, by the late Mark Symons. This picture was for long hung in the Chapel of St Isidore, in the Abbey Church at Downside, where it was a centre of attraction for visitors.

The thanks of the Dramatic Society are due to Tom Brenninkmeyer who, through the kindness of Mrs Brenninkmeyer, has provided us with the beautiful material with which to make the new curtains forming the background to the mime.

WORTH BUILDING FUND

By the end of July, approximately £4,000 had been contributed to the Worth Building Fund. The Prior and community would like to convey their sincere gratitude to the following for their generous donations :

Lt-Col. D. M. L. Adler, O.B.E., R. J. Agnew, J. F. Ahearne, F. Amhurst, P. R. Asprey, J. E. Ball, J. H. Barder, Mrs T. Barry, J. Beach, Mrs J. Bell, E. W. Bennett, Dr B. Bourke, T. Brenninkmeyer, Mrs R. G. B. Brown, Mr and Mrs G. P. Brutton, C. L. Burton, B. J. Byrne, C. J. Byrne, F. C. Caillard, J. A. Carney-Smith, J. J. Cartier, Col. A. E. R. Chichester, I. D. Chisholm, Maj. G. B. R. Cook, M.B.E., W. S. Cook, Mrs M. M. Cross, J. E. Crouzet, Dr D. V. Cummins, D. L. Daly, L. D. d'Arcy, Mrs A. Davis, C. de Chazal, R. S. Deacon, R. de Stacpoole, Mrs M. E. Duncan, B. H. Elkington, P. Finn, M. Focke, G. J. M. Geoghegan, G. W. Giles, Brig. P. Gleadell, R. Blantyre Gowlland, Mrs M. Grindley, Group-Capt. C. R. J. Hawkins, R. G. T. Hawkins, N. P. Healing, Dr G. M. Herriott, Mrs N. Ingr, B. R. Jackson, Col. G. W. D. Jennings, Capt. H. S. Jerome, R.N., D. G. Kennedy, J. F. Kelleher, C. A. Kidd, Maj. M. B. Koe, F. A. Lesser, Dr J. V. Lucas, D. Lysons, W. M. Mackay, Mrs McGouran, A. Mears, the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Mexborough, Mrs L. Michell, Mr and Mrs Vernor Miles, A. S. Mortimer, P. H. Moseley, Wing-Comdr J. E. M. Mould, P. S. Murphy, Mrs J. Murray, J. K. B. N. Nicholas, J. H. Ortiger, L. Ortuzar, A. Pam, Mrs I. W. Paterson, Dr G. F. Peters, J. M. R. Pollock, Mrs P. Preedy, Reddy's Ltd., Sir J. Reynolds, Br., Brig. G. R. Rowbotham, Dr R. D. Rutherford, J. Sainsbury Ltd., J. M. Schroder, Don Juan March Servera, R. Sheldermine, P. W. Simpson, Maj. G. F. S. Sirkett, A. G. Skelton, Col. J. C. Sleeman, Col. R. B. Sleeman, Mr and Mrs J. Smyth, Baron Snoy, A. A. Sugar, C. J. Sugrue, J. Sweet, Mrs C. Temple, P. S. Turnbull, C. I. Vander, J. J. Walford, Lt-Col. T. K. Walker, D. A. Wheatley, J. A. J. Wigmore, R. Wild, P. G. Wilson, E. R. Wood, Lt-Col. Count Stefan Zamoyski.

INWARDS

The following boys joined the school on 28th April, 1955 :

J. A. Belsey, J. P. Best, W. H. J. J. Chichester, J. J. Cook, C. A. L. d'Arcy, J. F. Dillon, D. C. Turner.

OUTWARDS

The following boys left the school in March, 1955 :
C. Alba, H. T. A. Bourne, D. A. Bradley, J. S. E. Hammerstein,
D. M. Murphy, D. A. Plunkett, J. J. M. F. L. Walford.

UPWARDS

Head of the School : R. E. A. Webb.
School Prefects : M. K. O'M Dewar, A. J. Radcliffe, C. F. B. Mortimer,
A. J. Eyre, T. M. Jenkins, J. P. L. P. Cicconi, J. M. Chambers.
Dormitory Prefects : (Ford) A. P. Hope, S. J. F. Walsh, N. J. T. A.
de Piro Inguanez ; (Butler) A. C. Babington, C. J. Deacon, R. T. W.
Mellotte, P. G. Woodward, D. C. Sirkett ; (Chapman) R. J. C.
Prendergast, A. I. Aubépin, J. M. Wood ; (Junior) J. D. N. R. Clib-
born, R. J. E. Foley. (Tower) S. Borg.
Captain of Cricket : R. E. A. Webb.
Captain of Squash : S. Borg.
Captain of Tennis : J. P. L. P. Cicconi.
Librarian : A. D. H. Winder.
Assistant Librarians : A. C. Babington, P. F. Mitchell-Heggs, R. J. C.
Prendergast, W. J. Garnett and A. de P. J. M. Bueno.
Leaders of the Choir : R. E. A. Webb and A. J. Radcliffe.
Masters of Ceremonies : A. J. Eyre and C. F. B. Mortimer.
Thurifers : M. K. O'M Dewar and W. C. R. K. Diez.
Acolytes : R. J. E. Foley, J. P. L. P. Cicconi, A. P. C. Gibson and
M. F. Hoyle.

REWARDS

The following boys won their Form Prizes in the Lent term :
P. G. Woodward (1a), S. J. F. Walsh (1b), R. C. Donaldson (1c),
A. D. Kennedy (2a), J. M. W. McCosh (2b), C. F. W. Church (2c),
M. A. de Navarro (3a), M. J. M. J. C. Branden de Reeth (3b), B. M.
O'Connell (3c), M. E. Agius (4a), A. H. M. Ashford-Hodges (4b),
B. P. Crossley (4c), D. A. Bradley (5a), M. A. C. Guiver (5b) and P.
Butler (6).
Special Prizes awarded on Prize Day :
Classics, P. G. Woodward ; French, P. G. Woodward ; Mathematics,
A. D. H. Winder ; History, A. D. H. Winder ; Geography, R. J. C.
Prendergast ; Elocution, D. C. Sirkett, P. W. P. Moorsom, P. D. Byrne,
M. I. Paterson ; Acting, P. F. Mitchell-Heggs ; Music, A. D. H. Winder ;
The Prior's Prize, R. E. A. Webb.
Further awards were :
The Strathallan Prize, A. D. H. Winder ; Handwriting Prizes, S. J. F.
Walsh, G. C. Grant and E. M. C. de la Haye Jousselein.
Scholarships to Downside were awarded to :
A. D. H. Winder, £100 ; P. G. Woodward, £100 ; D. C. Sirkett, £80 ;
P. F. Mitchell-Heggs, £80.
The cup for Individual Prowess in Games was awarded to J. P. L. P.
Cicconi.

On Your Next Visit Why Not Stay or Have a Meal

at

Old Plaw Hatch

NEAR EAST GRINSTEAD, SUSSEX

Telephone : Sharpthorne 17

35 MILES FROM LONDON

Friendly, Comfortable & Good Food, Club License

*Highley Manor, situated in Balcombe Forest, only
two miles from Worth Priory, is now open as a Residential
Country Club. This enables the management to cater for the
Parents and Boys of Worth Preparatory School to a greater
extent than in the past, and, as always, they are especially
welcomed visitors to Highley Manor.*

Single Rooms from 30/- per day.

Double Rooms from £2/10/- per day.

With Private Bathroom : 5/- per day extra.

For Brochure apply to the Hon. Secretary,

MISS V. M. GORDON

HIGHLEY MANOR, BALCOMBE

Tel. : Balcombe 379

L. G. WICKENS

(late C. A. Jones)

WITHY PITTS :: TURNERS HILL

CAR HIRE

AT REASONABLE CHARGES

Telephone ;

TURNERS HILL 233

This is the

NEAREST TAXI

TO

WORTH PRIORY

only five minutes away

PHONE : CRAWLEY 271

G. Barker

Motor Car Proprietor

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

FOX HOTEL GARAGE
THREE BRIDGES : SUSSEX

FOR ALL
CLASSES OF INSURANCE

*

General

ACCIDENT FIRE AND LIFE ASSURANCE

CORPORATION LIMITED

Associated with

THE GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

Chief Offices:

General Buildings, Perth, Scotland

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

Branch Offices and Agencies throughout the World

*

ASSETS EXCEED £64,000,000

Where the comfort of the guest
comes first

YE OLDE
FELBRIDGE HOTEL
East Grinstead, Sussex

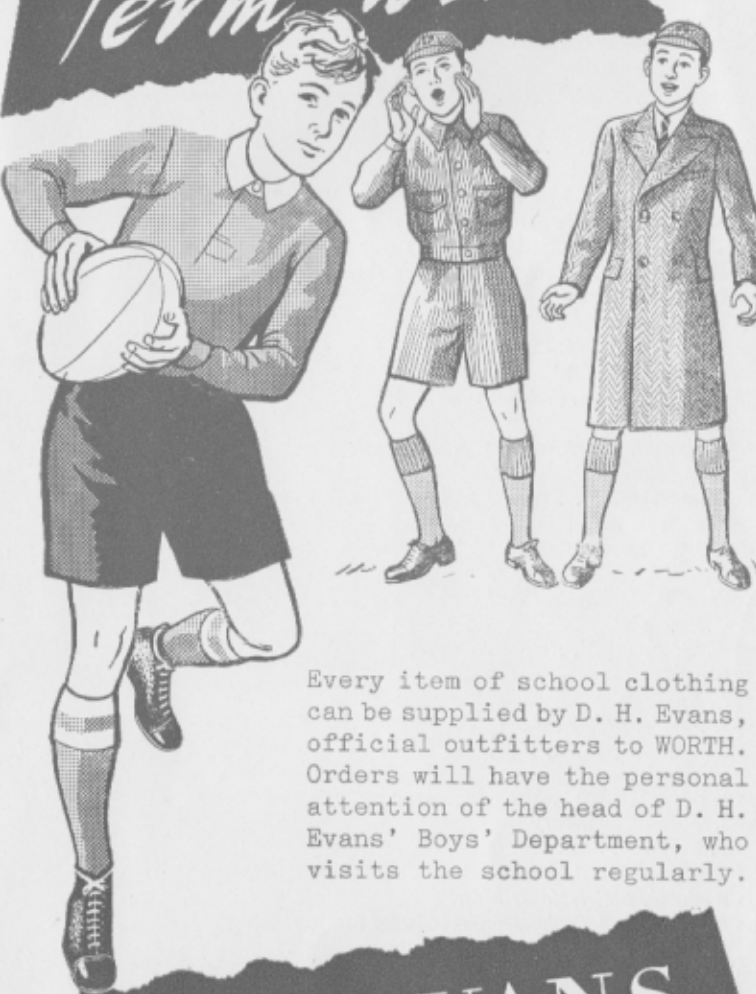
Telephone: East Grinstead 223

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

TARIFF

From 25/- per day and £8 8s. per
week

Term wise



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

D. H. EVANS

CXFORD STREET LONDON W.1

SCHOOL STAFF

JULY 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. Vredenburgh
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*
Mrs Mallett, *Tower House Assistant Matron*
Miss Hewitt, *Assistant Matron*
Mrs Witham.
Miss M. K. Young, *Secretary*.