

The WORTH RECORD



CONTENTS

	Page
FROM THE HEADMASTER	49
THE CAT	by P. J. Lord ... 52
DANCE YE FAIRE SEA-NYMPHS	by J. P. N. Concanon ... 52
TO DEATH	by A. D. Kennedy ... 52
MORNING AND EVENING	by P. C. Norton ... 53
THE RELIEF OF DAWN	by R. J. Wadla ... 53
NIGHT AND DAY	by P. H. St. C. Kehyaian ... 54
SEASONS	by W. R. J. B. Cross ... 54
WINTER	by R. C. M. McGouran ... 55
IF	by D. C. M. Bell ... 55
THE BOY WITH ALL THE TOYS	by C. J. Setter ... 55
THE DAY'S END	by J. C. Van Den Bosch ... 56
DUSK AND DAWN	by J. A. Neville Smith ... 56
SNOW AT NIGHT	by M. F. Thomas ... 56
THE STREAM	by D. P. C. O'Hagan ... 57
THE JOKER	by M. A. Hoyle ... 57
THE OLD CARAVAN	by G. C. Gleadell ... 57
A COLD WINTER	by G. C. Grant ... 58
THE SNOW	by M. E. Agius ... 59
A HIGHLAND SCENE	by M. A. de Navarro ... 59
BILTON'S CIRCUS	by R. T. Carr ... 60
A DAY IN THE SNOW	by P. R. C. Johnstone ... 61
THE SELFISH BOY	by J. A. Walford ... 61
THE BEACH	by P. E. Rundall ... 62
GYPSY ENCAMPMENT	by M. P. K. Bruning ... 62
FOR THE 'WORTH RECORD'	by N. J. M. J. C. Branden ... 63
WE WENT TO THE CIRCUS	by M. A. C. Guiver ... 64
LAST DAYS	by J. M. Finn ... 64
FLIGHT	by P. M. Rutherford ... 65
LAND OF THE HINDUS	by M. G. A. Wilkinson ... 65
SHACKLEWEED	by P. D. Byrne ... 66
BIRD WATCHING	by H. J. Rose ... 67
DOGS	by D. E. J. A. Arrigo ... 67
SOUTH STACK LIGHTHOUSE	by R. W. G. Hayes ... 68
END OF TERM	by R. G. H. Holmes ... 68
OUR MAMMALS AND BIRDS	by N. Sirkett ... 69
THE RAGGLE TAGGLE GYPSIES	by D. J. M. Hall ... 70
RESCUE	by A. M. Buckley ... 71
A WET BOXING DAY	by D. E. Chambers ... 71
THE LAND OF EVERYTHING	by E. M. C. de la H. Jousselin ... 72
THE ROUGH BOY	by G. W. A. Cottle ... 72
AUSTRALIA	by S. A. Richey ... 73
I PAGLIACCI	by F. J. Lucas ... 73
SHAG, THE PONY	by C. F. Gleadell ... 74
THE THREE MICE	by A. F. R. Boys ... 74
PETER PAN	by R. J. C. Turner ... 75
THE JOURNEY TO SWITZERLAND	by C. V. Neville Smith ... 75
ST. GREGORY'S FEAST	by D. E. Walker ... 76
AT LOOE	by P. A. R. Clarke ... 76
VENGEANCE	by D. M. D. McCann ... 77
MY LAST HOLIDAY IN THE ISLE OF	
WIGHT	by P. J. Pavry ... 78
RECORDS	by J. M. Cook ... 79
MY HOLIDAYS IN SPAIN	by P. A. A. Thomson ... 79
JERSEY	by M. A. Shelmerdine ... 80
IN A LAND WHERE EVERYTHING IS	
BEAUTIFUL	by C. J. Patten ... 80
WHERE I WISH I COULD GO	by T. S. C. Delany ... 80
MY JOURNEY TO EGYPT	by D. M. Savill ... 81
THE AFRICA COUNTRY	by S. G. Slaughter ... 81
RUGBY FOOTBALL — 1st XV	... 82
2nd XV	... 84
UNDER 12 XV	... 85
UNDER 11 XV	... 85
THE CROSS-COUNTRY RACE	... 86
CUBS	... 86
PARAGRAPHS	... 86
INWARDS	... 88
UPWARDS	... 88
REWARDS	... 88
OUTWARDS	... 88

The

WORTH RECORD

VOL. VI No. 2

SPRING TERM

FROM THE HEADMASTER

It was in May, 1940, that the mother of M. J. C. Harvey gave me a Radiogram for the School. It was a notable gift. Jeremy Harvey — God rest his soul — was killed on a motor-bicycle ; but his mother's gift lingers on usefully in the Old House, as a radio set dispensing B.B.C. programmes to the sick after sixteen years. What is more, Mrs. Harvey's present was the beginning of our musical evenings. By 1946 we had collected about three hundred records, and I could ring the changes throughout the year.

From 1940 onwards I invited boys to come to my own room once a week for music. They came, in the evenings, in dressing-gowns and pyjamas, and learned to listen to great music played on a fine instrument. Those meetings went on all the time we were living at Downside during the war, and there must have been a hundred meetings or more, of which I am sorry to say I have no record. When we came back to Worth in 1945 there was a short interval ; but meetings began again on October 2nd, 1946. I have a book which gives details of every meeting since then, the date, the programme and the names of the boys who came. Many of them have told me that their interest in music dates from their evenings in my room. I think one reason for this is that we have always had ideal conditions for listening. Boys come down with a pillow each and dispose themselves where they will ; the lights are dimmed, and the firelight dominates the room. I have always encouraged boys to relax and even to sleep if they will. You have always been wonderful listeners, and the number of times in sixteen years that I have had to remind anyone that he is in some way interrupting could be counted on the fingers of one hand. I have often told you how in one of our big northern cities, in the Philharmonic Hall, while the conductor was piling instrument upon instrument and sound upon sound until he held it with his baton to a sudden climax of silence, two ladies in a box were caught out neatly and were heard saying in loud voice, ' No, dear, I always prefer them baked in their jackets.' That could never happen at Worth. Music is something special to be listened to in silence and appreciation, something which flows over us and into our senses : there is no place for whispers or distractions.

Now we are the Music Society. Two things have happened which have helped us to better listening. One is the provision of a very fine new radiogram, and the other is the invention of the long-playing disc. One

may add to this the occasional variety provided by television in programmes such as 'The Conductor Speaks,' or introduction to opera. Greater comfort has been provided by limiting the numbers—all volunteers, too—to sixty. In this term, as we reach the 150th meeting since the war, the average attendance is fifty-five. Anyone is free to leave at any interval, but few have done so. I am proud of the Music Society. Long may it continue!

Some may wonder what kind of music has been provided. Quite naturally, we begin the year with music that is easy to listen to. For example, last September we began with Ravel's *Bolero*, for rhythm, and the Tchaikovsky *Nutcracker Suite*. The next week introduced César Franck's *Symphonic Variations* and Dohnány's *Variations on a Nursery Theme*. Mid October saw us listening to a varied programme consisting of Beethoven's *Turkish Maid*, The Eton Boating Song, Moussorgsky's *Song of the Flea*, Messager's *Alcala*, Stanford's *Drake's Drum*, Bach's *Air on the G String* and the Brahms *Hungarian Dance No. 5*.

From there we got on to Symphonies, Mendelssohn's No. 4 *Italian*, Mozart's No. 40 in November, with Dvorák's *New World* later in the same month: Beethoven's Seventh in January with Mozart's *Haffner*; Schubert's Great C major in February.

Concertos have played their part during the last two terms: the Schumann Piano Concerto in A minor in October, Beethoven's Violin Concerto in D major with Mozart's Clarinet Concerto in November, the Vivaldi-Bach Concerto for four harpsichords and strings in January and Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No. 1 in March. Great variety here. Beethoven's Violin Concerto was greatly appreciated.

Other items have included Saint-Saëns' *Carnaval des Animaux*, part of Borodin's *Prince Igor*, Brahms' *Academic Festival Overture*, the *Missa Papae Marcelli* of Palestrina, the first part of Handel's *Messiah*, Mendelssohn's incidental music to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Brahms' *Variations on a theme by Haydn*.

Provided with stencilled copies you boys listened with interest to Ravel's *L'Enfant et les Sortilèges*. It has been a varied year. I should have mentioned that Gilbert and Sullivan makes a regular appearance, especially *Trial by Jury*.

I have always been struck by your interest in modern music. It is understandable in Ravel who so closely touches the real authentic jazz; but it is not so easy to understand in the cases of Debussy, Delius, Frank Martin and others like them. Spanish music seems to be much liked: in fact Chabrier's *España* is one of the favourites.

Favourites? Well, the *España*, Ravel's *Bolero*, the Grand March from *Aida*, Handel's *Water Music*, Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony*, all these are favourites. Wagner is tolerated. Chamber music, curiously enough, has little appeal.

Our audience is very mixed and includes piano-learners, jazz enthusiasts, and several who can never produce a note. The latter are some of our

best listeners. Those who learn the piano because they love it are not always born to appreciate. However, on looking through the programme of a recent concert at Downside, I see that three of the four soloists learned the piano here and also came on Friday nights to listen. The programme gives details of a concert in the Gasquet Hall on 11th March, 1956, which was to celebrate the bi-centenary of the death of Mozart. A section of the B.B.C. West of England Orchestra joined with that of the School. The third item gives Peter Campbell and Andrew Marsden playing the Rondo from the Concerto in E flat for two pianos and orchestra. In the second half Barry O'Meara was playing the instrument in the second movement of the Concerto for Clarinet and Orchestra. It was a proud moment for me when I read this, and a proud moment for those here who taught them.

There has been a great Renaissance in the art of listening to music, a new birth of interest in music since the last war. It is no longer unusual to profess an interest in music, and for those who really love it the air is ringing with it now, ready to be translated into sound on our radio sets. What we try to discover here is what to listen to and the right way to listen. Sir Hugh Allen, under whom I sang in the Bach Choir at Oxford, was always ranting against people who pretended to be musical and beat time with their hands and feet to the destruction of true Art. Incidentally, I remember him saying too that anyone who heard the first verse of a hymn tune he did not know and was unable to sing the second was a fool!

After these 150 meetings, added to the 100 or so in war-time, I do sincerely hope that this great work of listening to music will continue always as part of the great Worth tradition.

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

MAURICE BELL.

THE CAT

by P. J. LORD*

I had a little cat which lived on a mat,
And I gave her some fish on a little dish,
And she ran away and came back next day
With another fish in her mouth !
I gave her a mouse which I found in the house
And she said ' Meaow, meaow ! '

DANCE YE FAIRE SEA-NYMPHS

by J. P. N. CONCANON*

Dance ye faire sea-nymphs,
Dance on the sea waves crest ;
Till the sun appears on the horizon,
Right away in the east ;
Then ye shall go to sleep
During a day for men.
But, sprites, do not weep,
For night shall come again.

Chorus : Then we shall make merry,
And go to sup on the shore ;
And drink the wine of plenty,
Till we do not want any more.

TO DEATH

by A. D. KENNEDY*

O Death who has taken my friend from me,
Who has cast me into eternal sorrow.
I shall repay thee for this deed you have done,
Even if be today or tomorrow.

Thou accursed beast that roams in the night
You have robbed me and I lay a curse on thee.
You may conquer men for ever
But thou shalt never conquer me.

*PETER LORD, born 13 February, 1946 ; entered Worth, September, 1954.

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

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

MORNING AND EVENING

by P. C. NORTON*

The sun is up,	The cock crows clear
The moon sinks down,	Above the air,
The children wake	Maids milk the cows,
In farm and town.	And feed the mare.

The day is o'er,
The night draws near.
Across the moor
The moon shines clear.

THE RELIEF OF DAWN

by R. J. WADIA*

With all the world wrapped in a black sheet,
When one can hardly see one's feet,
And everything is still and dark,
Except for some wild dog's bark,
We walk along the misty way,
And just hope and long for day.

Every inn is well filled up ;
At each table quite ten men sup ;
There is no rest for a tired, weary man,
He must get along as well as he can.
One must walk and journey on,
And just hope and long for dawn.

What is that fluttering in the air ?
Why ! It is only a night bat there.
My own shadow haunts my mind ;
Everything frightens me, I find.
I must turn and flee and run,
And just hope and long for the sun.

The sun arises on that hill,
Sending its rays upon the mill.
The long cold black night is now well past,
And I have reached my home at last.
I am back where I was born,
And I need no longer hope for dawn.

*PETER NORTON, born 11 July, 1944 ; entered Worth, September, 1952 ; Choir.

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

NIGHT AND DAY

by P. H. ST. C. KEHYAIAI*

One night the sky was clear
And all you could hear
Was a little bird singing,
And a few church bells ringing,
Dong, ding, dong.
The clear night was nearly day,
And happy folk were up early and bright and gay,
And another bird was singing,
And the church bells were ringing,
Dong, ding, dong.
Then supper time had come
And all children safe in bed
And their mothers and fathers reading,
And the children all prayers said,
*'In the name of the Father,
And of the Son,
And of the Holy Ghost. Amen.'*

SEASONS

by W. R. J. B. CROSS*

Winter is a cruel season
With snow and ice it comes and goes,
The wind howls round the houses,
And beats down upon the window panes.

Next comes the season of spring
That brings glorious sunshine,
And all the sky does whirl with birds
And the trees are all a-rustling.

Next comes the summer
With splashing, bathing and boating,
In the lovely bright blue sea
And children all a-digging
Sand castles high.

Autumn comes with the winds
And all the leaves fly to the ground,
With the smell of the bonfires
Autumn dies away.

*PHILIP KEHYAIAI, born 22 April, 1947; entered Worth, September, 1955.

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

WINTER

by R. C. M. MCGOURAN*

In winter when it's very cold,
And everywhere is snow,
You sit in a cosy armchair
In front of the firelight's glow.

And you think of all the year gone past
And the places you did roam,
The strenuous time you had at school,
And the lovely time at home.

And then you think of the coming year
And the things you're going to do,
And the wonderful joys of Christmas,
While the owl cries twit-twoo.

IF

by D. C. M. BELL*

If I were lord of Asia
I would sit under an acacia,
I would have my meals from a bowl
And go to dinner on a mole.
I would rise and meet my guest
Riding in a large bird's nest.

THE BOY WITH ALL THE TOYS

by C. J. SETTER*

There was a little boy who had a toy.
He had a fish, and his only wish
Was to make it float like a boat.
He had a dog of stone which had a bone
(Which was also made of stone).
He had an eel, made of steel.
He had a box in which he kept a toy fox.
He had a knight with a sword
(The knight stood on a board).
He had a band which played in a stand
And was very, very grand.

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

*DAVID BELL, born 30 September, 1946; entered Worth, September, 1954.

*CHRISTOPHER SETTER, born 4 October, 1946; entered Worth, September, 1954.

THE DAY'S END

by J. C. VAN DEN BOSCH*

The sun has sunk ;
The moon has arisen ;
The day its light hath shone,
And darkness cloaks the skies.

The birds have sung their song ;
The flowers have closed their petals ;
The day its light hath shone,
And darkness on the skies doth settle.

DUSK AND DAWN

by J. A. NEVILLE SMITH*

The red sun disappeared under the curtain of the day,
On the lake, the moon sends its silver ray.
The birds search their nest for the night,
The rabbits disappear out of sight.
The lilies close their petals,
On the ground the night dew settles.
The wind blows on the roofing tiles,
The hoot of the owl you can hear for miles.
At the break of dawn the wild birds sing,
In the early morning the church bells ring.
The branches swing in a gentle breeze,
The skylarks sing among green-leaved trees.

SNOW AT NIGHT

by M. F. THOMAS*

Snow flakes are falling, falling, falling,
While the village sleeps upon the hill,
The old moon is up,
The cold night is still.

The wood is dark and dim,
Shadows wander to and fro,
On a frozen carpet,
Of soft, white snow.

An old owl goes hooting,
A fieldmouse scampers away.
But I know, as the snow falls,
That it has come to stay.

*JOHN VAN DEN BOSCH, born 1 January, 1945 ; entered Worth, September, 1954.

*JAMES NEVILLE SMITH, born 11 January, 1946 ; entered Worth, September, 1955.

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

THE STREAM

by D. P. C. O'HAGAN*

The stream doth flow like a swallow in air
The cows wallow in ones or pairs.
The fish lie still beneath the green rushes tall
And all is still but the young otter's call.

The willows quiver in the morning breeze
And the stream's banks in its twists and turns
Are edged with green and yellow ferns.
And then a kingfisher comes out of its home 'neath some great oak trees.

The kingfisher dives into the deep waters cool
And a fish darts away, but a moment too late
The kingfisher ups and calls for its mate
And they eat it with relish beside their home pool.

THE JOKER

by M. A. HOYLE*

Here comes the joker,
He's absolutely mad,
He juggles with pokers,
And throws them at the lads.

He sometimes turns a somersault,
Or takes our parents' glasses,
He even drinks bottles of malt,
And runs away from classes.

Up in the big old barn,
That's where he sleeps,
He spins himself the funniest yarns,
Before he falls to sleep.

THE OLD CARAVAN

by G. C. GLEADELL*

The sun was setting and had changed from a yellow ball of fire to an orange taper, lighting up the vast hall of the dark sky. The old caravan, with its queer caricatures painted with many gay colours, creaked to a halt, while the old man who sat in the front tugged at the reins so as to stop the burly mass of horse-meat and muscle pulling it.

It was a gypsy caravan, one of the old types which one could see only in the forests or the vast stretches of moorland and heathland. From

*DAVID O'HAGAN, born 20 October, 1944 ; entered Worth, September, 1954 ; Under 11 Rugger XV and Hockey XI ; Second Choir.

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

*GILES GLEADELL, born 3 September, 1942 ; entered Worth, May, 1951 ; acted in *Stations in Mime*, *Aladdin* and *The More the Merrier* ; 1st XV Rugger ; 1st XI Hockey ; Boxing Team ; Choir Leader.

the back, after flinging open the door and scurrying down the steps, a little girl ran up to the old man, took the harness and hung it on the back of the door. A woman, rather young, and obviously the mother of the girl, and the daughter of the old man, climbed down and, while the old man was tethering the horse, began to gather dry wood with her daughter.

The man took two flints from his pocket and rubbed them together until a spark leapt out and clung to a piece of newspaper which was lying under the pile of wood in the middle of the clearing. By now, the sun had disappeared over the horizon, the moon was just coming up, and the woman was cooking some sort of soup, while the girl was roasting a few chestnuts.

They ate their supper in silence. Then the man suggested a song, so they sang the song of the Wandering Gypsy. It was a beautiful sight from the edge of the clearing. It was all black, except for the ruddy glow of the fire. The three silhouettes were thoroughly enjoying a life of knowing nature face to face, and throwing aside their troubles to meet God's creation in so far as they could.

A full moon was now out. The fire had died down, and there was just the winking of the embers. Three figures crept into their hay-bags, which they covered with a few rugs, never fearing the dew, for they were hardy people. One small flame licked the log on the fire, while the dying embers breathed their last. The moon smiled down upon God's vagabond creatures who lay in quiet repose under the canopy of the star-studded sky, the Gypsies.

A COLD WINTER

by G. C. GRANT*

This year the winter has been the coldest since that of 1947. The snow in some parts of Sussex mounted up to four feet deep. Traffic found the going on the roads extremely difficult. Children, of course, had the time of their lives, tobogganing down hills, skating round ponds, and having plenty of snowball fights. The old folk do not like the cold weather very much. They grumble they have had quite enough of it. Some people who live in far away countries have never seen snow before, and they are quite startled when they see a carpet of white stretching away far into the distance. But they soon get to like it. Snow, though, can be very dangerous. For instance, someone is walking down a narrow lane, when all of a sudden, he slips backwards and breaks his collar bone, and about half an hour later he finds himself in hospital. Well, you just have to be very careful. This year, it began to snow just after the beginning of February and has been terribly cold ever since. Some days have been so cold that they have been the coldest in the century. A lot of people have been down with flu because of this cold weather.

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

THE SNOW

by M. E. AGIUS

The snow comes down
On London town,
In silvery flakes,
And animals take to their bounds.

The birds to their nests take winter stores,
And the rats bring food to the barns,
The squirrel takes nuts to the big green tree,
While the owl on the tree looks as wise as can be.

All school children take sledges to school
And spend the time joyfully running down to the pool,
Where ice is thick
And as hard as brick.

Day by day the snow grows thicker
And the chug, chug, chug of cars is rare,
While the cottager shovels
The snow from the cobbles.

The day is dark and the sky is black,
Firewood is homeward brought in sack,
From the snow-covered world outside,
Where the trees have withered.

The snow covers the trees and bushes,
And the ground is covered with slush,
Everything is so hushed and silent,
As the snow settles over London town.

A HIGHLAND SCENE

by M. A. DE NAVARRO*

In the morning, about seven o'clock, the train drew into Aviemore, and looking out of the window I saw Craigellachie, that massive rock that stands near the station. Recognising this, I took my luggage out of the train and put it down on the platform. I took a taxi to Carrbridge, where

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

*MICHAEL DE NAVARRO, born 11 May, 1944; entered Worth January, 1953; acted in *The More the Merrier*.

I was staying for a few weeks, and immediately I arrived I went for a walk on the moors.

I walked over the golf course and up a nearby hillock, then along its ridge until I came to the beginning of a little glen. Here I looked along to my right and saw in the far distance the dark blue shapes of the Cairngorms, and the beginning of that long pass, the Larrie Grue. 'Good, clear weather,' I thought. Looking northwards I saw a hill dotted with black rotting tree stumps. The foot of the glen I was at had once been a river-bed. It was lonely and desolate here, with the purple heather everywhere. From my position, high-up on the north side of the glen, I saw all the 'river's' twists and turns.

That evening at five o'clock, I again went there, this time solely to see the Scottish sunset. When I got there the crimson glow of the sun had already lit up the whole place. The sky turned first pink, then red, then orange, and the scene before me looked magnificent. With the last rays of the sun the whole place turned to a gorgeous dying purple, which after a few minutes turned to darkness.

BILTON'S CIRCUS

by R. T. CARR*

The circus had arrived at Billington-on-Sea. Everybody was at work on the big top. Mr Brown, the odd job man, was wanted everywhere. There was rush and shout all about that village field. The circus liked it there by the sea and everyone was happy. They hoped to make money the next day when the circus opened. The big top was nearly up and a lot of benches were being taken out of big wagons and put in the big top. It is a huge arena and can hold a lot of people.

That night you could hear far away in the distance the roar of lions, the yapping of dogs, and a lot more noises. Next day the horses were groomed whilst the other trainers trained their animals in the ring. That night, when everything was ready, people flocked from far and wide to see the circus. Then suddenly there was a hush as the trumpets blew and the parade began. It was a noisy evening, but they took a lot of money at the gate. Every one was tired that night as they went to bed.

Two weeks later the hustle and bustle began again as the big top was slowly taken down. Mr Brown was busy again taking down the lions' cage in the ring, then pulling ropes and doing various other jobs. Then, at the count of three, the big top fell carefully and the great mass of canvas, poles, ropes and iron bars were neatly put away in some big wagons. Then we say goodbye to Bilton's Circus as it goes on its way to Manchester. They also say goodbye to the sea and the sun, burning heather, and finally to Billington-on-Sea.

*RICHARD CARR, born 14 April, 1945 ; entered Worth, September, 1953 ; Under 11 Rugby XV and Hockey XI ; Second Choir.

A DAY IN THE SNOW

by P. R. C. JOHNSTONE*

One day all the children in the village of Putfield woke up and saw the ground was covered in snow. After breakfast most of the children of the village who had toboggans went to look for a suitable place to toboggan on. They took it in turns to go down the slope on their toboggans. Meanwhile the older children, who had not got a toboggan, had a snowball fight. There were two equal teams. Before the fight began each side built a fort and made snowballs. Some children were appointed by the rest of the team to guard the fort while others made more snowballs, and the others attacked the other side's fort and tried to capture and break it. The smaller children built snowmen and made big snowballs and enjoyed themselves. When it was time for lunch the mothers looked for their children and called them home. After lunch most of the children had a rest until half past two, and then came out again to play. A group of boys made a slide along a bit of the pavement and had great fun. After half an hour a lady came along ; all the children ran away and the poor old lady fell down on the slide and shouted angrily after them. At three o'clock a lorry came along with sand in it and men who were on the back of the lorry threw sand on the snow. When it was five o'clock in the afternoon most of the children went home to tea and quickly to bed, for they had had a very active day.

THE SELFISH BOY

by J. A. WALFORD*

There was once a boy and he was very selfish. He had one brother ; his name was John. The selfish boy's name was Anthony. His brother was much younger than him. He was twelve and his brother was seven. John asked every day if he could borrow some toys but Anthony would not let him. When he had his bath John asked Anthony if he could borrow his boat to play with in the bath, but Anthony said no. Their next door neighbour asked Anthony if he would lend her a penny and he refused. Nobody liked him in the village. His mummy and daddy asked him every night to try and be better, but he refused. So one day, when everyone had had enough of him, every time he asked them to lend him something they refused. That evening when he got home he went to his mummy and told her what had happened. So the next day, when his brother asked him for some toys to play with, he lent him some, and whenever anyone asked him to lend them something, he did so.

*PATRICK JOHNSTONE, born 13 December, 1945 ; entered Worth, September, 1952.

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

THE BEACH

by P. E. RANDALL*

Not many people know much about Bermuda and its beach resorts, and in this essay I am going to try to describe one of the latter. It is summer, so that the beach, although it is not very big, is covered with people of all descriptions and races.

The beach is shaped like a horseshoe, about two hundred yards from tip to tip ; it is sandy, trailing off at each end, getting rockier and rockier, so at last there is just a sheer cliff dropping straight into the sea. The cliff is there actually, but in most places there is a fairly wide strip of sand between it and the high water-mark. Perched dangerously above the cliff there are a few houses, the commonest colours for the walls being pink or yellow with green shutters, and white roofs that look like sheets that have just come back from the laundry. Each of these houses has its own small garden, a rock garden usually, for the soil is poor and it has to stand the full force of the Atlantic gales. The grass is coarse and brown as a result of being exposed to the powerful elements. Here and there a rock sticks out of the sand, and with the wind piling up sand there it makes an excellent hunting ground for anybody who collects sea-shells.

The beach is crowded with people, some of whom come here for their honeymoons. Large families play in and out of the rocks, while here and there a lone business man lies, combining pleasure with business. On our left as we look down the beach towards the rocks a figure crouches on an outcropping rock, fishing. Nearer, a group of boys are playing with goggles and flippers ; one of them has a spear gun and they have already speared three fishes of small size. On our right, there lies a portly old gentleman asleep ; his wife, who is much younger than him, is playing with their two children. Among the rocks somebody is taking his pekinese for a run.

GYPSY ENCAMPMENT

by M. P. K. BRUNING*

One quiet summer's afternoon, in an unknown Yorkshire village, the tranquillity was disturbed by the creaking of wheels. Then up the main street came a party of gypsies in gaudy-coloured horse-drawn caravans. The tatty-clothed boys and girls were running along behind, sticking their tongues out at the passers-by. The leader of the party went up to a farmer and after gesticulating and shouting at him for a while, came back with a radiant smile on his face, obviously having procured a field for the night.

*PETER RANDALL, born 16 June, 1944 ; entered Worth, September, 1953 ; Second Choir.

*PETER BRUNING, born 16 February, 1944 ; entered Worth, September, 1951 ; Under 12 Rugger XV ; acted in *Aladdin* and *The More the Merrier*.

The summer dusk is falling fast on the mist Yorkshire moors. In an outlying village field a merry fire is blazing, on which is a simmering pot of savoury stew, which is being stirred by an old crone. At last it is ready, and it is poured out on to wooden plates. After sipping quietly for a while, one of them produces a guitar and starts playing a tune. Then it becomes more jovial and a young couple jump up and start dancing, while the older ones clap their hands. It becomes quicker and quicker and the gypsies dance round with perfect rhythm and amazing lightness on their feet. At last after an exhausting half-hour they sink to the ground amid the cheers of the others. Then the guitarist plays a lively solo. It tells the story of a young couple who eloped from a far away Spanish city to a life of wandering, thus starting the gypsy race, until it is late into the night.

The next morning the gypsies' field is empty. The picturesque caravans, the quiet dapple ponies and the mangy-coated dogs have all gone. The ashes of the fire have been kicked into the tall grass so that only a black patch remains. Everywhere there is an air of quietness and peacefulness. What was this ? Just an extract from the merry, happy-go-lucky life of the gypsies. Not the 'sly thieves,' as they have often been described.

FOR THE 'WORTH RECORD'

by N. J. M. J. C. BRANDEN*

While you are sitting in your desks to start work you hear the clatter of horses' feet. Boys are going out for a ride in the woods.

At Worth it is very wooded and there are thousands of little paths leading somewhere ; no wonder boys like riding so much. There are at Worth about sixty boys who do riding and most of them enjoy it very much. There is every type of pony, from the slowest to the fastest ; there are big ones and small ones, for every different sized boy. Sometimes you have fast rides, sometimes slow ones. There are in the stables Shetland ponies, New Forest and half thorough-breds. The riding stables are run by two ladies. Unfortunately there are some ponies that bite and kick, but fortunately they do not do much harm. The stables are very well equipped with buckets, spades, pitchforks, wheelbarrows and old brooms to make the ponies' beds. There is also in the riding stables a saddle room where the boys' caps are kept, and where the bridles and saddles are also kept. The ponies in the stables never starve because they eat bran-mash, oats and hay practically every day. In the summer, the horses sleep out of doors and in the winter they sleep in the stables. Here are the names of the horses and ponies : Shandy, Lassie, Robert, George, Banner, Ariana, Fudge, Taffy, Flicker, and last of all, Burnt Sugar. In the summer term there is a gymkhana in which any boy or girl belonging to the school or not may compete in any event.

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

WE WENT TO THE CIRCUS

by M. A. C. GUIVER*

One day we went to the circus. Soon we were sitting in our seats watching the parade. After that the horses came into the ring tossing their heads ; they also walked on their hind legs. Then, while they were changing the ring, the clowns came in. When they had changed the ring, in came the trapezists, who swung on a pole backwards and forwards. Then came the sea-lions, who walked up a ladder with a ball balanced on their noses. After they had done that they were given a fish each. Then they caught rings round their necks. By then it was half-way through the circus, so they had an interval of ten minutes while they put up the cage for the lions, leopards, and tigers. Soon it was all up, and the lights went on. In came the trainer, followed by the lions, leopards, and tigers. The trainer put one leopard on a ball and made another push it. They did a lot more tricks as well. Then in came the clowns, which we had all been longing for. They were dreadfully funny. They pretended to be in a ghostly castle, and every time anything moved they stepped out of bed and gave the thing a knock. But very soon the clowns' act came to an end, as all nice things do. After them came the men who jumped about on a springy bed. One man sprang right up onto a bar and caught another man by the legs. Last of all everybody came in to bow, and that was the end of the circus.

LAST DAYS

by J. M. FINN*

On the last few days of the term there are no classes, and consequently everyone wanders around very aimlessly, thinking of home.

This long, dull period is broken by the packing session which incorporates fetching garments from the Changing Room. Now all there is to do is to read the once interesting books in the library.

The last day soon arrives and, after we have washed and are dressing in the dormitory, we are allowed to talk.

After breakfast we strip our beds completely and pack our hand-cases if they have not already been packed. Then we collect our belongings, fetch our coats and caps and assemble in the Day Room, where we receive our tickets. Now we leave the Quad in buses and catch the train to London.

Father Edward usually accompanies us to London to make sure that we behave well in the train. At London we are met by parents or relations who will take us on the completion of the journey home.

*MARK GUIVER, born 22 February, 1946 ; entered Worth, September, 1954.

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

FLIGHT

by P. M. RUTHERFORD*

People were trying to fly clinging to umbrellas, but they found out one thing, they came down at an enormous rate and were killed. Then they realised it would not work, so unless they wanted to commit suicide they would not do it. They then came to the conclusion that a toy balloon might take off but it only got a little way, so they made a very big balloon, pumped up with gas, and tied it on to a basket. The man got into the basket and it went off. Cheers and cheers came from below. Someone then discovered that wings were useful. Someone made a plane (a glider) which flew well. It was made of cloth and glided a bit. Then there really were cheers, cheers and cheers when it crossed the English Channel. A motor was fixed in and it flew the Channel twice over. This was great. Steel planes were made, then they were put in the newspapers. The air was conquered ! Many planes were made and were called aeroplanes.

LAND OF THE HINDUS

by M. G. A WILKINSON*

At the beginning of last summer holidays, my sister and I boarded a B.O.A.C. Constellation on our way to our parents in India. We arrived at Dum-Dum Airport, Calcutta, about thirty flying hours later. When we got out of the aeroplane the sun was shining brightly, and the tarmac glistened like glass. Then we walked to the collection of buildings that were the Customs offices. We were through in a few minutes and then we walked out to our car, and got in for the twelve-mile drive through the suburbs of Calcutta to our house. I remember I sat in the front seat with our Bengali driver as I was feeling a little groggy after the long flight.

As we drove through the barrier at the entrance to the airport I looked ahead and saw what looked like a new land after the airport. The streets in the suburbs of Calcutta consist of a not sufficiently wide road, covered in pot-holes. The main part of the road is the dirt-track which stretches for several yards on either side. Here the bicycle rickshaws, with gaily coloured wheels, are doing a roaring trade among the hundreds of Indians who live in this country district. The rickshaw wallahs are working away at their pedals with their brown faces covered in sweat ; animals are everywhere, pigs, that look almost like wild boars, sheep, goats, pie-dogs here and there, and black water buffaloes, sweating like the rickshaw wallahs, pulling wooden carts, or tied up in a muddy field, and wallowing in their mud-holes. But perhaps the strangest thing are the

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

*MARTIN WILKINSON, born 24 April, 1943 ; entered Worth, April, 1951 ; 1st XI Hockey and Cricket ; Squash and Tennis Teams ; 2nd XV Rugger ; acted in *Stations in Mime* ; Choir.

cows, the sacred animal to the many millions of Hindus who live in India. These are nothing like the cows you see in England, they are practically all white, and it is very rare that one should turn up that is not that colour. But the odd thing about them is that they have a hump like that of a camel, only much smaller, over the place where the withers of a horse would be. Then another strange thing, which is a mark of Calcutta, is that all these animals are loose, as if they hadn't any owners.

Gradually the country begins to fall away and you are soon in Calcutta proper. Then you come to a long bridge at one end of which is a Bhuddist monastery for novices. This is a beautiful building built of red and white bricks. It looks out of place among the dirty huts which surround it. It is built in Indian style, with domes and pagodas. It brings back also a vivid memory of Brighton Pavilion. Now we are going along the main road of Calcutta. The Red Road, one-time runway for roaring Spitfires. This is at the beginning of the Maidan, a huge park with no houses which is situated in the middle of Calcutta. Then we leave the Maidan behind, and come to the old British Viceroy's house. The building is all built of yellow stones. At the head of the drive there is a gatehouse with two panthers carved in stone lying on the top. Further down the drive you can see the rows of steps that lead up to the front door. This is one of the biggest reminders of the time when the lion of England ruled India. Then a few hundred yards ahead we come to our house. I am home after five years away from India. It seems like a new land to me, although for the first seven years of my life I lived in India. But Calcutta has a very different way of life from Bombay, where there are no animals wandering all over the place.

Two months later I board a B.O.A.C. Argonaut at Dum-Dum and say goodbye to India after a very enjoyable holiday.

SHACKLEWEED

by P. D. BYRNE*

Once it was called *Glenways*, though now it's just called *Shackleweed*; a rambling old place with ivy-covered walls. The garden gate creaks in the wind to and fro on its rusty hinges, and no wonder, the house has not been lived in for seventy-two years.

There is a good picking of mushrooms in the cellar, it's so damp. A frog lives in the kitchen sink, amidst some ferns, and mice just haunt the place. The garden could be called anything up to a jungle. The attic is all puddly, and the few slates that still hang on the wooden beams above it could hardly be called a roof.

But still, there it stands, and there I think it will stand for many years to come.

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

BIRD WATCHING

by H. J. ROSE*

One of my favourite hobbies is bird watching. A very good place for watching water birds is on the Norfolk Broads. You will find many interesting birds there, especially the heron and the coot. The coot builds its nest of reeds and lives on fish and other water animals. It lays its eggs in the summer and they hatch in the autumn. A great time to watch the mother coot is when she is with her babies. She shows them all the various things and the good places to find fish. It is surprising how quickly the babies grow. In less than a month they are nearly as big as their mother.

Now the heron is a lanky bird with big wings. You would think that the heron lives like the coot. Oh no, there is a great difference between them; firstly, a heron builds its nest in a tree, whereas the coot builds its nest in the reeds; secondly, the heron does not swim but it wades; thirdly, but not lastly, the heron hasn't webbed feet but the coot has. There are many more differences which I am not going to mention now. A heron can fly long distances at a time because of its very big wings. If a flock of herons is flying together a lovely music can be heard.

DOGS

by D. E. J. A. ARRIGO*

Dogs originally descended from wolves and, perhaps, foxes. Nowadays dogs are kept as pets, but many years ago dogs travelled in packs of hundreds.

Why does a dog chew up bits of paper all over the house? Well, in their wild life they used to hunt just for the fun of it, not only for food like the cat family. And from instinct they do it to this day, or at least do the nearest to it that they can. Most dogs do other queer things which somehow and somewhere go back to their wild life in packs.

Nowadays poodles, in Britain, are about the most popular dogs. They are very intelligent. But a poodle needs much care and hard work. He has to be combed every day otherwise his hair will become matted, which will be uncomfortable for the dog. A poodle should be clipped and washed about once a month. If the dog is kept in a hot climate he should be clipped about once a fortnight. A dog needs much exercise. He wants to go out for walks and run across fields with a stick or something in his mouth. It is cruel to leave a dog in the house alone especially at night, for a dog is like a small child.

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

*DAVID ARRIGO, born 8 August, 1943; entered Worth, September, 1953; Under 12 Rugger XV; Gym. Team; acted in *The More the Merrier*.

SOUTH STACK LIGHTHOUSE

by R. W. G. HAYES*

South Stack is situated on the south-west of Holyhead Island. It is very small and is joined to the mainland by a miniature suspension bridge. Years ago there used to be a rope bridge with a few rotting planks, and one can imagine the poor lighthouse keeper who had to cross it on some stormy day or night. In the summer many people visit the lighthouse, and it is said there are over five hundred steps.

Halfway down the steps which lead down to the suspension bridge there is a small crack in the rocks through which one can see a crevasse, with the water raging and tossing below. Then you arrive on the suspension bridge, which is about fifty yards long. It rocks sickeningly from side to side when the wind is fresh. Down below there is the green mass of water with the rocks jutting out menacingly. On the mainland cliff there is a wonderful pattern on the rocks which the sea has formed through the years. After we have crossed the suspension bridge we come to the long white shacks where the machinery for generating the power for the lighthouse and the living quarters is. Past these one comes to the fog-horn, which consists of two large boilers and a small funnel on top.

The lighthouse, which is painted white, is in between the two ; it stands about twenty to thirty feet high. In the summer it is possible to be shown around the lighthouse by the keeper. Once inside the lighthouse the keeper shows you the various rooms and then comes to the top floor. The actual light is over one million candle power, and the mechanism makes the light flash on and off every five seconds. Then there is the auxiliary gas lamp which he showed us, and I thought it was about half the power of the electric light.

However, one must not think a lighthouse keeper's job easy. In fact, it is one of the most interesting and dangerous jobs nowadays.

END OF TERM

by R. G. H. HOLMES*

You wake up in the morning about 6.45. You rejoice wildly that it is the last day of term but at the same time you curse the extra day. It is a sleep morning and you lie in bed thinking of home and of your parents, and your sister and her hamster and various other things. Suddenly your thoughts are smashed by the heavy thump from the dormitory above you, and one of the matrons opens the door and calls : ' Get up ! ' Everything goes fast and furiously and you hardly have time to think until breakfast.

*ROBERT HAYES, born 22 February, 1944 ; entered Worth, September, 1952 ; acted in *Stations in Mime*, *Aladdin*, *The More the Merrier* ; Choir.

*RICHARD HOLMES, born 5 November, 1946 ; entered Worth, September, 1954.

You talk madly till grace and afterwards you dash up to Junior House and make your bed for the last time. You read till nine o'clock and then race down to classes. You spend most of your time giving in books, cleaning out desks, etc. Lunch and rest are a combination of talk of home, thinking of home, and calming your mind with a book you have just started. After rest you walk around by yourself idly kicking stones around. In the end the bitter wind drives you into the main school. Here you wait until the bell goes for buns. You take one and make it last the longest space of time possible, and then you decide to have a game in the day-room. This goes on (punctuated with frequent drinks of water). Supper comes and goes. There is a film after supper, and after the film you go to bed tired, exhausted, but happy.

OUR MAMMALS AND BIRDS

by N. SIRKETT*

This is the story of the pets that our family keeps. First there is the dog, aged seven years, and we have had him for about six and a half years and is now one of the family. He is a black and white cocker spaniel with brown eyes and very long ears. He is about a foot high and about two feet long. He delights in chasing cats up trees and going on long walks in the country for about seven miles. He is very keen on his food and will eat anything except fruit and dry bread. He only costs us about five shillings a week to feed.

Next, there is the cat. He is about half a foot high and about one and a half feet long from tip to tail. He is black and white with dark green eyes that shine in the night if shone upon. He is about one and a half years old and he was seven weeks old when we bought him in a pet shop in Folkestone for the reasonable price of two shillings. He only costs us about three shillings a week to feed. The cat's name is ' Smoky,' although he is not completely black.

After Smoky we have some mice. We started off with only two of them, and called them ' Chips ' (the female) and ' Chester ' (the male). Chips was black and white and Chester was fawn and white. After we had had them for about three weeks we found to our great delight that they were having babies. There were four of them, and since then we have had another clutch on the 12th January and those babies are now big enough to feed themselves, and all our mice thrive. A good food for mice is bread soaked in water for about twenty minutes and then wrung out. This bread should be about two to three days old, and if the female is going to have a clutch a few drops of milk should be added. If it be of any interest to the reader our first clutch of baby mice are now full grown and soon (if not now) will be breeding. If anybody is looking for pets, mice are very suitable, but of course they have their snags. They smell

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

after a day or two if you have four or five but if you only have two they don't smell (if not given cheese) until about two to three days have gone by, but two males would smell more than two females. If you want two, and only two, get two females, because if you get a male and a female you will soon find you have eight. The last thing is, with two females clean the cage out at least twice a week and do it with disinfectant once every month or so.

Last, but not least, we have two budgerigars, one is a female and one a male. If you fancy these love birds and want to teach them tricks get them young. A young and an old budgerigar can be distinguished by the rings on top of the head. If these rings come down nearly to the beak, the bird is a young bird. If the rings are not visible below the top of the head it is an older bird. The difference between male and female can be distinguished by the top of the beak ; the male is brown on the top of the beak and the female is blue on the top of the beak. It is very hard to distinguish male from female when the birds are very young.

If you want to breed these birds you must have a breeding cage. If you want to teach them tricks it is much easier to have one bird.

THE RAGGLE TAGGLE GYPSIES

by D. J. M. HALL*

It was a starry night. The air was soft and fresh. All were asleep in the town, but about six miles away there was the tune of a guitar being played by the skilful fingers of a gypsy. And mingling with guitar, a bubbling stream, and the crackle of a huge fire, which from a distance looked like an enormous red ball, were the gypsies' voices echoing down the mountain on which they had their camp. If you were out that night listening you would probably soon be lulled to sleep by all those mingled sounds.

Next morning one of the gypsy boys would go out with his friends and a horse and cart to buy some meat, eggs, butter, cheese, milk and other things the camp would need during the day. While this was going on the rest of the gypsies would be clearing up the camp and preparing the lunch. When the boys came back the young girls would unload the cart while the boys would cut twigs and make clothes pegs and other articles which they could sell in town.

In the afternoon they would load the cart up and harness the horses and go to town to sell things. Meanwhile the camp would again be cleaned. The horses would be groomed, fed, have water given to them, and be exercised. Then when the boys and men came back they would be tired and so supper would be served. Then there would be singing again . . . And so on, every day, even when they were only staying in a place for one night.

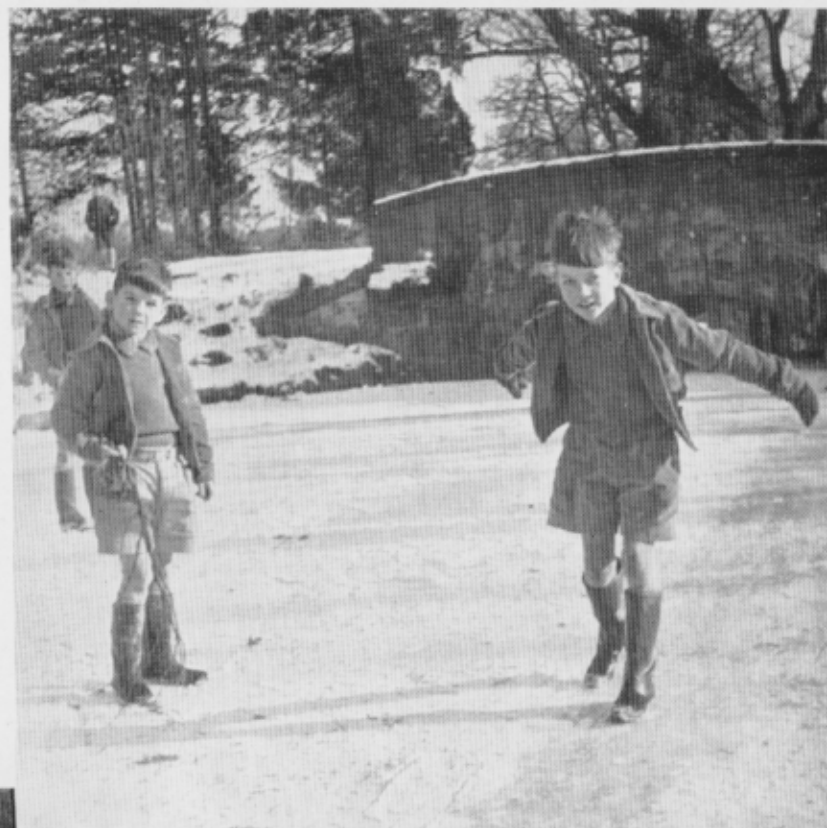
*DENNIS HALL, born 26 January, 1946 ; entered Worth, September, 1954.



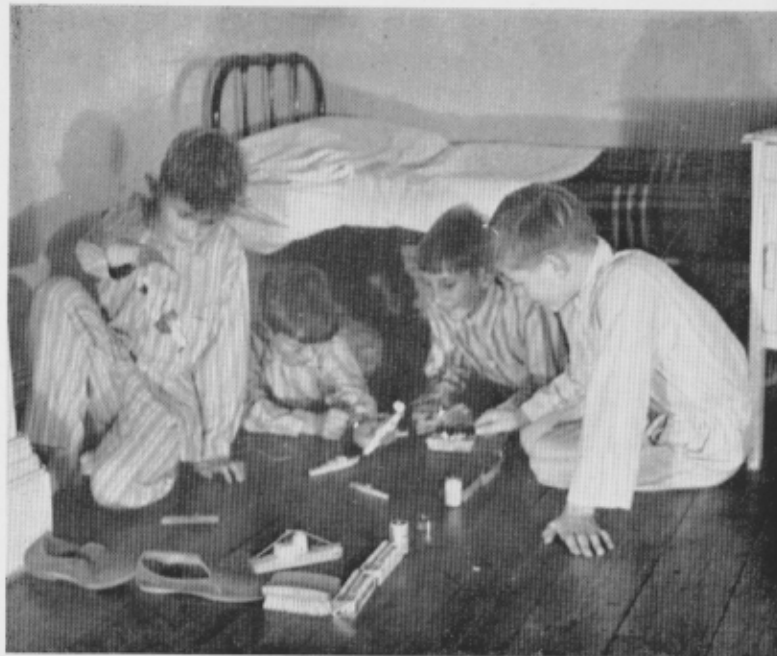
The Stations of the Cross in MIMÉ.
P. O'SHEA AS Christus
(Below) THE MODEL OF OUR LADY
OF WORTH, BY A. F. CRAMPTON



TOBOGGANNING



SLIDING AND SKATING ON THE ROCK GARDEN POND



MULBERRY HARBOUR
(T. RADCLIFFE, M. ADLER, H. HODGES, T. MATHEW)



ME AND MY SNOWBALL
(P. BRUNING)

RESCUE

by A. M. BUCKLEY*

Slowly, in the stillness of a mid-July afternoon, a small rowing boat came out of the harbour of Myrodlyn, in Wales. It carried a man, a woman and a dog. The couple were going for a picnic on Craven Point, a craggy rock, about half a mile from the shore. Soon the little craft reached the rock and out got the couple and the dog. They took the picnic hamper around to the other side of the rock from where they couldn't see the boat. They talked a bit and then they opened the hamper and tucked into a good tea. After their tea the man threw a ball into the sea and the dog fetched it. By now it was beginning to get a bit dark. They got up and packed the hamper and when they came round to where they had left the boat, it was gone!

After a pause in which the eyes of the horror-stricken couple roamed around, the man made out the boat which, having drifted out, had been taken by the strong currents to the shore. Unfortunately neither the man nor the woman could swim so, after a discussion, they decided to send a message, via the dog, to the shore. The young man tore a leaf from his diary upon which he wrote the following: 'Help! Are marooned on Craven Point.' They fastened this to the dog's collar and tried to persuade the dog to swim to the shore. At first the dog disliked the idea of leaving his master, but in the end it plunged in and swam off.

A long period of waiting followed and after three-quarters of an hour the woman was giving up when from the direction of the shore a rowing boat came into view. In it was Jim, a friendly fisherman, and the dog. Jim apologised for not having come sooner but he said that he had been preparing some sandwiches for them.

A WET BOXING DAY

by D. E. CHAMBERS*

It was raining softly when my father and I set off down the drive to the Boxing day fox-hound meet. We went about three miles to the meet, which was held at a place called Shillinglee.

When we got there, we were amazed to see that the rain didn't seem to make any difference to the crowds, there were still just as many people as on any other Boxing Day. The meet was at eleven o'clock, and it went on about twenty minutes.

At about twenty past eleven, we moved off, and started drawing a cover nearby. We found a fox in the cover but the people on foot made

*MARTIN BUCKLEY, born 23 April, 1943; entered Worth, September, 1951; Assistant Librarian; acted in *The More the Merrier* and *Stations in Mime*.

*DENIS CHAMBERS, born 26 April, 1943; entered Worth, Summer, 1954; 2nd XV Rugger; acted in *The More the Merrier*; Choir.

such a noise when they saw the fox that it got frightened and ran to ground.

Gradually, as the day went on, the crowd slowly dispersed. We hunted in the direction of a place called North Chapel. It was about lunch time, it had been raining quite hard, and we hadn't been doing much in the way of hunting. In the afternoon we got the scent of about three foxes, but although we didn't catch a fox, we had a very good hunt.

I went home at three o'clock because my pony was getting a bit tired and I was pretty well soaked, but my father went on hunting. Apparently I reached home just in time, because there was a heavy downpour of rain about five minutes after I got back, and when my father came back at about five o'clock he was soaked through to the skin.

THE LAND OF EVERYTHING

by E. M. C. DE LA H. JOUSSELIN*

Once upon a time I was told to think of the land I would like the best. So I said the land of Everything. When I arrived there I saw trees of all kinds; they were as tall as the clouds. I reached a big town called the Wonder Town. It was on top of a great hill. The things one ate were all the good things one could think of. The houses were made out of marzipan and the chairs out of sugar. The weather was always warm. The birds were as big as men but very tame. There were all kinds of animals. In the great forest, where all the kings had their palaces, one could find everything one wished. In that land there were never any wars and once a year the whole of the country went to the palace of the Head King and had a great feast.

THE ROUGH BOY

by G. W. A. COTTLE*

Once upon a time there was a boy called Tom. He went to school in the village. But one day a naughty boy thought it would be fun to make Tom late for school, so he made him say his seven times table, then he made him say it again because he said it wrong. His teacher asked him why he was late and he said, 'I am sorry I am late.' 'I will give you some blue paper,' said she. 'Write out "I must not be late for school" twenty times.' Every day the same thing happened and Tom was scolded. But one day Tom brought his dogs and the naughty boy ran away and the dogs ran after him and the naughty boy was late for his lunch and his mother scolded him. The next day the teacher wondered why Tom was on time, but she did not ask him.

*EDMOND JOUSSELIN, born 26 September, 1946; entered Worth, September, 1954.

*GRAHAM COTTLE, born 19 April, 1947; entered Worth, September, 1955.

AUSTRALIA

by S. A. RICHEY*

I would like to visit Australia by yacht or plane, as it is so sunny and bright. I am half Australian myself. We have pictures of some parts of Australia in our classroom and they look very lovely. The trees are green and tall, and the sea is blue, the sand is yellow and the sky is a heavenly blue.

A boy in our class has been to Australia many times, and he tells us what it is like.

When I am in Australia the first thing I would go to see is the Great Barrier Reef, which is one thousand miles long. There are little koala bears and suchlike which I would like to see, too. I would like to see the big kangaroos with their babies in their pouches. I would like to have a ride on the back of a tortoise. I would like to see a bush baby with its long tail and smooth back.

I PAGLIACCI

by F. J. LUCAS*

I Pagliacci is a very famous and well-known opera. It was written by Ruggero Leoncavallo in the 1880's and was first performed at The Theatre dal Verme, Milan, on May 21st, 1892. Usually it is acted with *Cavalleria Rusticana*, a tragic opera by Pietro Mascagni. It is very short and there are only five characters. Nedda ('Columbine' in the play), her husband Canio ('Pagliaccio' in the play), Tonio ('Taddeo' in the play), Beppe ('Harlequin' in the play), and Silvio, Nedda's lover.

The first scene opens in a small Calabrian village, Montalto, on the feast of the Assumption, August 15th. A gay crowd await the arrival of the Pagliacci, the wandering actors. Tonio, a clown, arrives before the other actors and soon Beppe appears riding on a donkey, which draws a cart in which Canio and Nedda are sitting. After beating a large brass drum Canio declares that a play shall be held. Tonio wishes to help Nedda down from the cart, but the jealous Canio strikes him over the head. Then a villager warns Canio that perhaps Tonio may now have an opportunity to pay court to Nedda. Canio then warns him that perhaps he had better not. Canio is deadly jealous and Nedda shudders. Then Nedda is left alone and she sings 'The Bird Song.' Tonio enters. He tries to make love to her but she (seizing a whip) whips him and he hobbles away roaring his revenge. Then on to the stage comes Silvio, Nedda's real lover, and together they plan to run away after the show. Meanwhile Tonio, who has been watching the two lovers, tells Canio, who

*SIMON RICHEY, born 25 November, 1946; entered Worth, September, 1953.

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

runs at Silvio who just gets away in time. When Canio comes to Nedda he asks her who her lover is, but she refuses to betray Silvio. He is about to kill Nedda when Beppe runs up just in time. Then everyone leaves to prepare for the play.

The play begins and all goes well. In the play Harlequin plans with Columbine to run away from Pagliaccio and a few minutes later Pagliaccio enters. He demands of Columbine her lover, and at that moment Taddeo pops out of a cupboard and says that she has no lover. Suddenly Pagliaccio forgets his part and instead of continuing the play curses Columbine and demands her to tell him her real lover. Columbine tries to bring Pagliaccio back to the play but in vain. Then Harlequin appears and is about to hit Pagliaccio when Taddeo stops him. Columbine cries out: 'I will never betray my lover.' At this Pagliaccio, furious with rage, produces a large knife from his pocket and thrusts it into Columbine. She, dying, calls for Silvio, who rushes on to the stage and is stabbed by Canio, who turns to the audience and sings broken-heartedly, 'The Comedy is over.'

SHAG, THE PONY

by C. F. GLEADELL*

Once upon a time in a farmyard there lived a pony named Shag, because he was very shaggy. He lived with his father and his mother on the farm. One day Shag kicked his stable door open and ran away into the nearby wood. Shag had a wonderful time in the beautiful woodland. But, Shag was very curious. He one day saw some onions, some delicious onions, and he touched one to see if they were real. Alas, it was a trap. As soon as Shag picked one onion up he found a lasso round his neck and he was caught. He kept his curiosity on the farm till it had gone.

THE THREE MICE

by A. F. R. BOYS*

Once upon a time there was a little boy called Rupert who had three mice, two were black and one was pink. One day he came in from playing and found the cage open. He wondered what had happened to them so the house was full of people running about and getting in each other's way. Mary found in the chimney the three little black mice. One of the mice was supposed to be pink but the three were black. Rupert had to wash the three mice to find the pink one.

*COLIN GLEADELL, born 17 December, 1946; entered Worth, Autumn, 1954.

*ANDREW BOYS, born 24 May, 1947; entered Worth, September, 1955.

PETER PAN

by R. J. C. TURNER*

One day we were invited to the Scala Theatre to see *Peter Pan*. Our father had a friend in the theatre, so he gave us free tickets to see it. It was a performance for an invited audience so we were lucky to see it then.

I slept in the afternoon for about an hour and a quarter, because the performance ended very late. We arrived at about twenty minutes to seven to find that we were twenty minutes early, but we got our programme and settled down. When the curtain went up, the scenery showed the bedroom of the Darlings' house. When the act ended there was a terrific amount of applause which died away as refreshments were brought, and maids were selling programmes again.

The acting was very good, especially Peter Pan, who was acted by Peggy Cummings, Captain Hook by Frank Thring. One act which I thought was one of the best was the one in the underground cave where the Never-Never Land children lived with Peter Pan and the Darling children which was very funny and there was a lot of applause.

At the end of the show there was a lot of clapping so the curtain went up again and again. After that we went home and arrived at about twelve o'clock, very tired and sleepy, to have a lovely bath and go to bed.

THE JOURNEY TO SWITZERLAND

by C. V. NEVILLE SMITH*

In a house near London lived two boys. They were very excited because they were going to Switzerland for the winter sports. The night before they left they packed their clothes. Next morning they got up very early. When they had finished dressing they went downstairs to have a quick breakfast. After they had had breakfast they put the luggage in the car and went to say goodbye. On the way they collected some skis, sledges, boots and equipment. One of the boys was ten and the other was nine. The eldest boy's name was Sean and the other boy's name was James. James was very sea-sick on the boat because he had eaten too many sweets. They had a little room for two people. They had bacon and eggs for supper and then they went straight to undress and then to bed. Next morning was very misty and the fog horn blew and woke up James, but it did not disturb Sean in the least. James felt like talking so he woke Sean up. Sean did not like this at all so he said he would play a nasty trick on James. After this their mother came in and said, 'We have arrived.'

*RICHARD TURNER, born 2 January, 1945; entered Worth, September, 1953.

*CHARLES NEVILLE SMITH, born 16 June, 1947; entered Worth, January, 1956.

ST. GREGORY'S FEAST

by D. E. WALKER*

This whole holiday turned out to be a very bright and sunny day. First there was High Mass and then most boys set out for the woods with masters or monks. All this had to be settled beforehand with the headmaster. Food was collected from the school kitchen and then we started. Most boys had to carry something and a few things were dropped on the way.

A very nice part of the woods had been chosen by the master in charge and there we made a roaring fire with many little ones around it. Toast was the first thing that was made and then meat, eggs, sardines, and other queer concoctions made up by boys were cooked.

A den had been begun by some boys and left, and some of our party had made it their headquarters and were shoving boys away if they came in sight. This was stopped and peace was restored. All trees near us that were climbable were climbed and used as hide-outs.

A stream near us was being dammed and one boy had fallen in. Most of the other boys were covered in mud. In one place on the banks a bridge was being made by placing logs from one bank to the other.

When the time came to go, all fires were stamped out and all of us returned covered either in mud, water, charcoal or earth, but very happy and tired.

AT LOOE

by P. A. R. CLARKE*

When I came back from Worth for the summer holidays my father said to me, 'We are going to Looe for our summer holidays.' So we packed our bags and went to the station. After two or three hours on the train we arrived at Plymouth and there we stayed at a hotel. In the morning we boarded another train and in the afternoon we arrived at Looe and went to our hotel. When we arrived there we unpacked some of our bags and went down to supper. My father thought the dinner was awful, so in the night we packed our bags and went to one of the other hotels. There we settled down nicely. In the morning we went down to the rocks and played in the pools and had a swim. Then, after an hour, we packed up and went back to the hotel and had lunch. Then we collected our things and went down to the beach. After two weeks had nearly gone we started to think about going back to Manchester. So the next morning we rose up about six o'clock in the morning and boarded the train for Manchester.

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

*PIERS CLARKE, born 3 July, 1946; entered Worth, September, 1954.

VENGEANCE

(A sequel to *The Last of the Teviotdales*)

by D. M. D. McCANN*

Death and desolation lay all around me. I had returned to the village, where once I and my clan had lived. This was now little more than a heap of smouldering chunks of what had once been wood. In a flash I realised the redcoats had been to this, the chief village of my clan, the Teviotdales. My father, who had fought for liberty, both in the risings of 1715 and the one which was still going on, had gone with all my friends to—I did not know where. At first I thought that he and all those who had not been killed in the sad but glorious battle a month ago that had ruined our clan, had gone to one of our other villages. But then I realised the English would have gone via our other villages to reach this one, for this village was at the end of a long valley, so I sadly resigned myself to the idea that they had all taken an even shorter road—death.

With all my heart I vowed vengeance on the men who had done this—nay, not only on them, but on all the English race. I was coldly mad with fury now that my first sorrow had gone and, drawing my sword, I swore that while an Englishman remained in Scotland I would not rest. I set off on my mission with no particular aim except to carry out my oath.

By nightfall, I had reached a secluded cave on the heights of Ben Dolis, but I found I was not alone, for in the opposite corner of the cave stood a cloaked figure. A hoarse voice rapped out: 'Who are ye, ye varmint? I'll let you know I'll as soon skewer your miserable body to yonder wall as let you put one finger on me.' 'I am Robert, now chief of the Teviotdales of the valley of Teviot, and have vowed vengeance on accursed English in Scotland for the foul murder of our clan. I will pierce you, for a start,' I answered hotly. The voice answered: 'Och, ye've nought to worry about with me then. I have only just returned from England. But I believe it was on the 4th December, it was a Friday, when owing to some cowards (I didn't think a Scot could be a coward before) we turned back, and on the 16th April, last Saturday, we were routed by "Butcher" Cumberland. However, I hear King Charles has escaped.' 'Then the Lord be praised,' I answered. 'Look, I am no other than Angus McClaine, of whom you have no doubt heard. We both have our grievances to settle. What could be better than to set fire to the Scottish traitors' camp, on the other side of the mountain?' We agreed to this, and set out.

It was a cold night and one could easily see the stars shining brightly through the clear sky. Hundreds of red pin-pricks signified where, thousands of feet below, a town and military camp nestled on the foot of the mountains. Running quietly, but swiftly, we reached the anti-Jacobite camp. The camp was in a horse-shoe shape, on one arm of which

*DESMOND McCANN, born 28 September, 1943; entered Worth, September, 1954; Under 12 Rugger XV.

a farm was situated. We took a bundle of hay from one of the farmer's ricks and using a string of the dry bracken as a fuse from a tent to the camp fire, the tent was soon a red blaze. We gave the alarm and in the confusion we rushed to the other toe of the horse-shoe and lit a fire there also. By the time it was noticed, it was too late, for with our hay the horse-shoe had become an oblong and the people were trapped inside, rather in the same manner Wallace had trapped the English nobles in the famous Barns of Ayr. After this I lived as a fugitive, until on 28th September, I met a man I knew.

He was no other than my father. He told me how all had been slaughtered in the village but he had escaped. He also told me how he had written an account of his adventures and the slaughter of our clan during the rising. I put pen to paper, now, to correct my father, saying he was the last of the Teviotdales, for I, his son, still live on now.

My father is dead and I am the head of a clan that no longer exists, but I would rather be a Teviotdale than chief of any other clan in all this bonny land. Long may the Teviotdales live and may the glory that was once ours return so that once more we shall hold sway o'er all the clans of Scotland.

MY LAST HOLIDAY IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT

by P. J. PAVRY*

Last summer holidays I went to the Isle of Wight. I helped to carry the luggage to Wimbledon Station where we got the train to Waterloo and then to Portsmouth. When we got to Portsmouth we queued for two hours waiting for the boat for Ryde Pier in the Isle of Wight. We were the first on the boat and got a seat right at the back. The boat also stopped at Southsea.

When we arrived at Ryde we got a taxi and went to Seaview, where our hotel was. We left our belongings at the hotel and my brother and I went to play on the quay rocks. This all happened on August 6th, and we read later that the biggest crowds ever had gone to the Isle of Wight on that day. My father only came down at the weekends. I went for about two swims every day and sometimes swam off a rowing boat. It was also a lot of fun watching the liners like the Queen Mary and the Queen Elizabeth going by.

We spent two weeks in the Isle of Wight of which I think the last week was the best, because we had a beautiful firework display on the beach and in the sea which lasted two hours. The journey back to London was very much the same as coming, so I need not describe it.

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

RECORDS

by J. M. COOK*

Nowadays, most countries are trying to outwit each other. America and Britain are the chief countries. Lately, Mr Twiss has broken the air speed record, travelling at a speed of 1,132 m.p.h. and capturing the record from the Americans. Now, of course, the Americans will try to regain the record. Mr Twiss regained the record in the Fairey F.D.2.

During the summer, Mr Donald Campbell broke the world water speed record in Bluebird, going at about 202 miles an hour.

There are other things which have records attached to them. The climbing of Everest, for example. It was considered a very difficult thing to do, as indeed it is. But it was conquered by a British team. This was a great feat. As well as these competitions which happen on or near the ground, there are the altitude records: in this I think the Americans have kept the record, going to a height of 70,000 feet in a balloon. British competitors have gone to a height of 68,000 feet.

John Cobb broke the world land speed record in his car, clocking about 324 m.p.h. Unfortunately he was killed later when his boat exploded in Scotland when he tried to break the world water speed record.

Most of these records will be broken again. At the present these records remain unchallenged.

MY HOLIDAYS IN SPAIN

by P. A. A. THOMSON*

Our main home is in Gibraltar where our grandmother lives. We go through the customs into Algeciras. We go into a garden called Sunicyo. We cannot have it in Gibraltar because it is too rocky. We go into the garden and change into our bathing costumes and go to the sea. Once some people found a ruin and we went to see it but it was in a museum, so we did not see it. We walk along the beach and look for shells until we are tired, and then put them in the car. We have a lovely bathe in the morning and go home. Later we go to another beach where there are not so many shells. It is by a rifle range. Once we went to Buller's Beach; it was so rough that the younger ones like myself did not bathe in the waves. There was a pool of water with the sea going through a tunnel and we bathed in that. There were bits of cliff and hundreds upon hundreds of shells.

*MAITLAND COOK, born 2 January, 1944; entered Worth, September, 1952.

*PAUL THOMSON, born 11 May, 1947; entered Worth, September, 1955.

JERSEY

by M. A. SHELMEKDINE*

Jersey is a small island just off the coast of France but it belongs to England and the people speak English, but a few speak French. It is about five miles in length and about three and a half in breadth. It is lovely in the summer time. It has many bays. One of them is called St Bralard's Bay. It has a great deal of sand on the beach. Some people hire boats and rafts. There is another bay called Cor Bay. It has many rocks and there is a very big lighthouse. There are other bays as well. It is a good fishing part in St Obins for crabs. The main part of the town is near St Helens Bay but there are a few other little towns as well. There is a very big pub called The Old Barn. It is very popular at night. There are eleven counters there for drinks, sausage rolls and crisps. Outside it has a garden which is lit with lights, and benches are placed here and there under trees for people to rest and sit.

IN A LAND WHERE EVERYTHING IS BEAUTIFUL

by C. J. PATTEN*

Once upon a time I lived where everything was beautiful and when I wanted a bathe I could have one and every day I would go down to the sea and go to a boat-house and get out a speed boat for about two hours every morning. In the evening I would go out at a speed of sixty knots an hour. I would come home for my lunch. I had fish and chips, tomato sauce, and for pudding I had treacle tart and cream. Then I had a game of tennis or badminton or some other games too. I have wonderful times looking at paintings all over the house and at the sixty-seven posters on the staircase.

WHERE I WISH I COULD GO

by T. S. C. DELANY*

I wish I could go to a place where there were lovely mountains covered with snow. I would like the sea to wash the shores in the summer and I would like to be able to ski and swim and have picnics on the mountains. In the summer time I would swim in the sea and have an oxygen outfit and explore the bottom of the sea bed and see all kinds of fish. It would always be very calm water and fine weather. There would be colourful birds which would be very tame and sing tunefully, and I would put out

*MICHAEL SHELMEKDINE, born 10 March, 1946; entered Worth, May, 1954.

*CHRISTOPHER PATTEN, born 11 April, 1946; entered Worth, January, 1954.

*TERENCE DELANY, born 5 October, 1946; entered Worth, September, 1954.

crumbs on my hand so that they could come and pick them up with their beaks daintily. I would have a house with lovely old-fashioned drawings in the rooms and tiles for the kitchen floor and walls. We would have a large garden with everything we wanted in it, fruit and vegetables and nut trees, and rubber trees. I would buy a tent and sleep out one summer night with my brother and go camping on the hills.

MY JOURNEY TO EGYPT

by D. M. SAVILL*

When I went to Egypt I had to go all the way in a ship called the *Empire Ken*. I boarded the ship at Southampton. The next morning we sailed and reached the open sea. It was very exciting playing games on the deck, and watching films. When we reached the Bay of Biscay the sea was very rough but it calmed down again when we came to the Atlantic. We went through the Straits of Gibraltar and we passed so close to the rock we saw birds, and guns hidden in the shrubs. The captain invited us on to the bridge to view the scene. Then we went through the Mediterranean Sea and at last early one morning we saw Port Said and entered the Suez Canal. Later on we went ashore where there was a car waiting for us. It was all most exciting.

THE AFRICA COUNTRY

by S. G. SLAUGHTER*

I would like to hunt and shoot tigers and elephants in the jungle in Africa on a sunny day, where the big bananas grow. I would have three guns. Later I would skin the dead animals and keep their tusks for carving. Once when I went through the tall palm trees I came to a little village on a high hill and as I was admiring the view, I saw a lovely waterfall, with the stream below and the trees hanging over. I saw a little boat floating down the stream so I ran down to capture it and I jumped onto it. I was very hungry and in the boat there were some bananas. As I went along I heard a shot. I looked around and saw a man, who said, 'That is my boat.' He came into the boat and we made friends. When we landed on an island in the river we made a hut and lived happily ever after.

*DESMOND SAVILL, born 28 November, 1946; entered Worth, September, 1955.

*SIMON SLAUGHTER, born 15 January, 1946; entered Worth, September, 1954.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

1st XV (Captain : B. J. P. ANDREWS)

There was an abundance of good players at the top of the School this season, as is shown by the fact that both the 1st and the 2nd XV's were unbeaten. The former scored 153 points in seven matches, and had only 9 scored against them. By the middle of the Christmas term they had become an excellent team, and played confident, skilful, open, aggressive, mature rugby, even in wet and cold weather. After a shaky start, the backs developed into a powerful attacking force, with de Chazal (who scored seven tries altogether) as stand-off, and Hanbury as wing-threequarter. The latter scored eleven tries in the end, but at first he only just kept his place in the team. The other threequarters each scored three tries, and the scrum-half two.

The forwards were magnificent in the loose, showing any amount of fire and energy. Eugster and Bruning were often to the fore in foot rushes. Eugster and Diez brought off many crashing tackles. The latter had an uneven season, but played superbly in several matches, and his eight tries showed how he could play when he tried. In the tight and loose scrums, for all their size and weight, the forwards were outplayed in every match, so that it was lucky for us that the height of Mellotte, Gleadell, Diez, and especially Church, enabled us generally to dominate the lines-out.

The first match was played at Mayfield on October 5th, and was a rather scrappy affair. Worth began very shakily, and the opposing stand-off and captain made some good runs and easily sold his dummies. He soon scored two tries, and would have added more had not Moorsom tackled him firmly. Moorsom throughout the season played a neat and confident game at full-back. We at last found our form, and some good passing led to Maddock going over for a try near the corner flag. Andrews intercepted a pass and won a race to the line to level the scores, and de Chazal weaved his way to the line to enable us to lead at half-time. In the second half we did better, and following some pressure the forwards scored a push-over try which Amhurst converted. Thus we won, 14—6.

The return match seventeen days later showed an improvement in both sides, and Worth won more easily than they had done in the first match. Tries by Maddock, Hanbury and Diez in the first half, and by de Chazal and Diez in the second half, enabled us to win 15—0.

On October 29th we played St. Benedict's Middle School. Worth never really settled down to accurate rugger, and though we won by 22 points to nil, it was not an impressive victory. At half-time we led with tries by de Chazal and Diez. The latter ran stolidly when he had the ball, but showed a disinclination to enter the scrums. In the second half Amhurst kicked a penalty goal with a drop-kick, and then scored a try which was made for him by Diez and converted by Maddock. Gibson

scored a try, and finally Diez scored again, far out, Maddock converting with a fine kick.

There followed a gap of four weeks before the next School match, and in this period the league matches took place. They were all hard matches, extremely close, and two of them had to be played again. They enabled several members of the 1st XV to improve tremendously, so that the team was really good in the remaining matches. On November 26th our Under 13 XV went away to beat Wimbledon College 16—0. First Hanbury finished off a nice passing movement, and Amhurst added the extra points. Then Diez came up outside the wing-threequarter following more good passing, took the final pass and strode majestically to the line. In the second half de Chazal scored after a fine run. Finally, Andrews flipped the ball off the ground, on his own twenty-five, to Amhurst, who passed in one motion to Hanbury who raced down the touch-line and under the posts for Amhurst to convert.

Four days later the team gave one of the best performances ever given by a Worth side, when the Whitgift Junior School visited us. The ball was slippery, the fog so thick that it was difficult to follow the game on the far side of the field. But the Worth handling was wonderful. The Whitgift side lacked the final thrust in attack, but was neat and clever, and hooked the ball consistently from the scrums. At one period in the first half they attacked our line for many minutes, the centres selling many dummies, and the blind-side wing-threequarter coming in to make the extra man. But our defence held out, Moorsom tackling well, and de Chazal once gathering the ball on his own line and kicking to touch. At other times the Whitgift attacks were stifled at a safe distance from our line by terrific tackling. Meanwhile we scored a try near the posts when Bruning was up to finish off a passing movement : Maddock converted. Then de Chazal picked up an awkward pass and dived through a gap near the scrum. This caused a tightening of the enemy defence in the centre, so the next time we had the ball it was passed like lightning down the line to Hanbury on the left, who twice ran round the opposition and under the posts. When he was guarded, Andrews jinked through in the centre to score — for Maddock to convert — and he then dribbled over to score again. In the second half we maintained our pressure. Diez scored, Maddock converted, and then Maddock scored on the right. Next Amhurst intercepted and scored under the posts for Maddock to convert. Gibson scored an opportunist try from a scrum near the line, and Diez finished the scoring with a typical try. In spite of our large score, no single player had scored more than two tries — a sure indication of a team dangerous at all points.

On December 10th we received the Ifield Grammar School for the first time. They were big and fast boys, and tackled well. We could only score one try in the first half, through the speed of Hanbury. Maddock converted this try, and then kicked two penalty goals awarded for off-

side. In the second half Hanbury demonstrated that a wing-threequarter must run with skill as well as speed. He thrice outwitted the defence, once following a blind-side break and perfectly timed pass by Gibson. Diez scored, and also Hayes, playing in his first game for the 1st XV. One of these tries Maddock converted, and thus brought his number of points for the 1st XV this season up to 33, a total later equalled only by Hanbury. Ifield scored near the end of the match after sustained pressure.

On January 28th St. Benedict's came to Worth and we beat them 15—0. They tamed Church in the lines-out, but luckily our hooking was better than usual. Hanbury finished off a good passing movement before half-time. Afterwards de Chazal scored under the posts, then Amhurst, then de Chazal again, and finally Hanbury put the finishing touch to a fine bout of passing.

The team (asterisks denoting those to whom 1st XV Caps were awarded) was : P. W. P. Moorsom*, T. P. Maddock*, A. F. L. Amhurst*, T. P. Hanbury*, B. J. P. Andrews*, P. A. de Chazal*, A. P. C. Gibson*, T. B. E. Eugster*, F. B. Carter, G. C. Gleadell*, C. F. W. Church*, R. T. W. Mellotte*, M. P. W. Bruning*, W. C. R. K. Diez*, J. D. E. Rose. Also played : A. D. Kennedy, M. R. M. Hannaford, M. G. A. Wilkinson, D. A. F. Murray, J. C. Norton and R. W. G. Hayes.

Results : v. Mayfield College Juniors, away, won 14—6 ; v. Mayfield College Juniors, home, won 15—0 ; v. St. Benedict's Middle School, away, won 22—0 ; v. Wimbledon College Under 13 XV, away, won 16—0 ; v. Whitgift Junior School, home, won 43—0 ; v. Ifield Grammar School, home, won 28—3 ; v. St. Benedict's Middle School, home, won 15—0.

2ND XV (Captain : A. D. KENNEDY)

The 2nd XV played spirited and attractive rugby to win their five matches, scoring 81 points against 12. Several members of the team would, in any average year, have found places in the 1st XV. Among the backs, Norton and Hannaford were clever and speedy in attack, but not so sure in defence, while Concanon and Stebbins ran with determination on the wings. The forwards were a lively lot in the loose, but they were reluctant to take part in the loose scrums. O'Shea's punting was most useful, and at the end of the term Borg won the School place-kicking competition, easily beating, on that day, both Amhurst and Maddock. Perhaps the best tribute to the 2nd XV is the fact that by the end of the Christmas term they were giving the 1st XV, in practices, harder games than other Schools were giving them in matches.

The team (asterisks denoting those to whom 2nd XV Colours were awarded) was : S. Borg : T. A. N. Stebbins*, R. W. G. Hayes*, B. A. R. Concanon* : M. R. M. Hannaford* : J. C. Norton*, S. P. H. Milmo : J. P. D. Murphy, P. J. O'Shea*, M. G. A. Wilkinson*, R. J. Crockett*, D. E. Chambers, P. J. Sanday*, D. A. F. Murray*, A. D. Kennedy*. Also played : S. O'D. McCall, R. A. D. Urquhart, R. J. Rimmer and M. P. K. Bruning.

Results : v. St. Wilfrid's, Crawley, Under 13 XV, home, won 14—6 ; v. Douai Prep. School 1st XV, home, won 21—3 ; v. Whitgift Junior School, away, won 6—0 ; v. Whitgift Junior School, home, won 8—3 ; v. Ifield Grammar School, home, won 32—0.

League Match results : *Senior* : Blues beat Silvers, 8—6 ; Golds beat Reds, 6—6, 6—3 ; Golds beat Blues, 3—3, 13—0. *Junior* : Golds beat Reds, 15—0 ; Silvers beat Blues, 3—3, 3—3, 11—5 ; Golds beat Silvers, 6—3. B.M.S.

UNDER 12 XV

The team played three matches this season, of which they won one and lost two. This is not a very impressive record, but it is only fair to say that they were rather unlucky ; in the match against St. John's Beaumont, although the team played rather sluggishly until half way through the second period, it was two or three members of the opposition, who were almost 13 years of age, who did most of the damage ; and in the last fixture against Wimbledon we had the misfortune to be penalised under our posts for an off-side infringement within two minutes of no-side.

The strength of the team undoubtedly lay outside the scrum, and by the end of the season the threequarters were running strongly and launching many good, attacking movements, although the passing was sometimes at fault. Vander, playing in his first season as a scrum half, was disappointing against Beaumont, but later on his passing improved steadily and by the end of the term showed definite promise. Lucas, although very small, is a very fast runner and has a good rugger sense, and the same can be said of Hayes, who was perhaps the most improved player on the side. He played a grand game against Wimbledon and looked very dangerous. Rimmer is an excellent tackler but rather slow on his feet.

The forwards lacked co-ordination, and must therefore learn to play as a pack if they are to be of full use to their side. Bruning deserves mention for his hooking, as well as Cuss and McCann, who could always be relied upon to play with great determination.

Results : v. St. John's Beaumont, lost 3—16 ; v. Whitgift Junior School, won 12—0 ; v. Wimbledon College, lost 9—11.

The following played : Rimmer, P. C. Norton, D. M. P. Barere, Hayes (Capt.), Wykes, F. J. Lucas, Vander, Cuss, Mather, Giles, Arrigo, McCann, D. R. Lysons, Knorrning, M. P. K. Bruning, Poett, Zamoyski.

UNDER 11 XV

The Under 11 XV started their first match disastrously by having six points scored against them in as many minutes. However, the team showed its resilience by rapidly taking command of the situation, and the forwards, led by Rose and Bullock-Webster, soon had the ball down the other end of the field. Our opponents' score had soon been passed, and for the rest of the match the issue was never really in doubt.

Our two matches against Christ's Hospital were both lost this year, as we could produce nothing to match their fast threequarters. The first match was lost 11—0, but in the second we managed to keep the score down to 3—0, and for long periods were within a few feet of their try-line.

The last match, against St. Benedict's, saw the appearance of two new and promising players in the centre of the threequarter line, Hutton and O'Hagan : both ran fast and determinedly when they got the ball.

Of the team in general, Lintner, the scrum-half, and Wood, his partner, formed an aggressive combination who worked well together ; O'Donovan has speed, but must learn to pass at the right moment ; while, of the forwards, Rose and Bullock-Webster worked hard in every match, and Carr was undeterred by adversity and was a useful weight in the back row of the scrum.

The following played : Delaney : N. P. Stephens, Agius, O'Lonovan, Hutton, O'Hagan, Ramsden, Thomas : Wood (Capt.), T. J. K. Lintner : Johnstone, Carr, R. J. C. Turner, Cartier, Michell, Carter, Bullock-Webster, Mathew, Rose.

THE CROSS-COUNTRY RACE

During the practice runs it became evident that the ultimate winners would be either the Silvers or the Blues ; but on the actual day the Silvers, with four out of the first six, won comfortably with 75 points ; Blues were second with 116 points, Golds third with 144 points, and Reds fourth with 193 points.

The individual winner was F. J. Lucas, whose time of 13 minutes 11 seconds beat by 2.5 seconds the record set up by J. G. Wells in 1950.

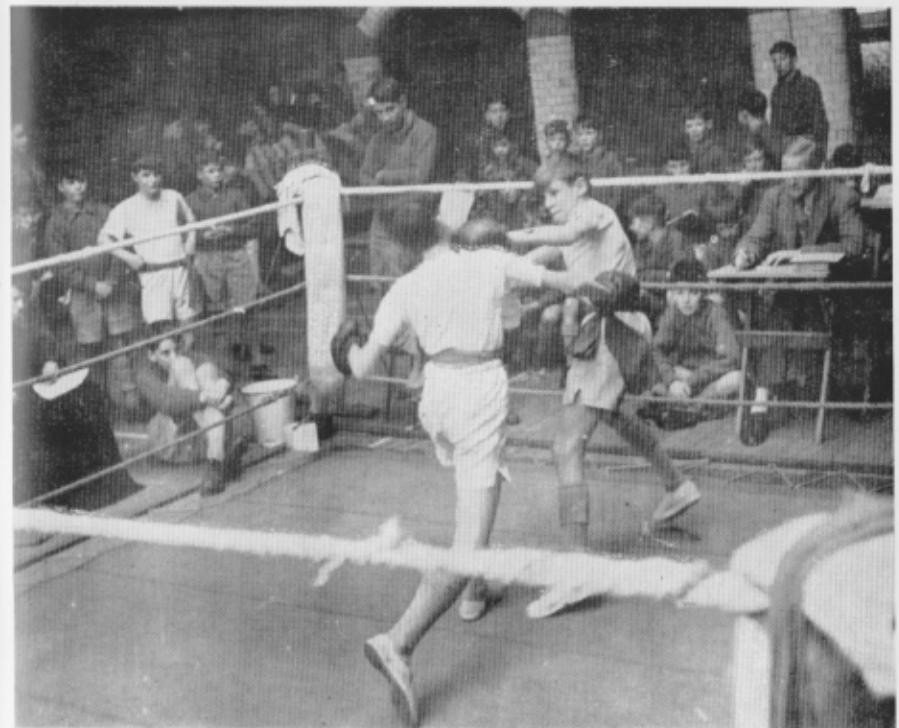
CUBS

The Pack can look back on another successful term. On the 4th of March we welcomed ten new Cubs, and on the same occasion said ' Goodbye ' to Dom Roger with three cheers and an extra special Grand Howl. The Pack owes a great deal to Dom Roger, and the succeeding Cub-master and, we feel sure, all those who were in the Pack under him would wish to associate themselves with this sincere, if inadequate, tribute to his past services.

Our outdoor activities were successful and enjoyable — a snow fight, hunting for Makarios, dens and dams, and a day out, first for a selected twelve, then for the whole Pack. And by the end of the term, ten Cubs had earned their First Stars.

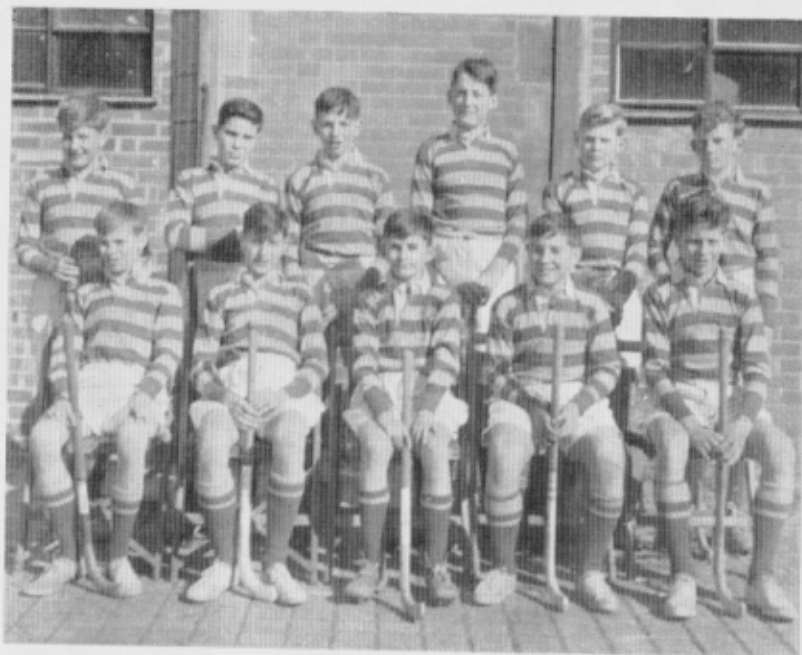
PARAGRAPHS

On December 8th Jeremy Cook, Andrew Boys, Graham Cottle, Andrew Lysons, Colin Ritchie, Larry Scott, Martin Whinney, Christopher d'Arcy, David Turner and Peter Witham made their First Communion.



THE BOXING COMPETITION. B. ANDREWS V. A. AMHURST.
F. J. LUCAS WINS THE CROSS COUNTRY IN RECORD TIME

(Photo by H. Berridge)



1ST XI

(Back row) : T. HANBURY, M. HANNAFORD, P. SANDAY, M. CHURCH, P. BRUNING, A. GIBSON. (Sitting) : B. ANDREWS, A. AMHURST, P. MOORSOM (Capt.), P. DE CHAZAL, M. WILKINSON



THE UNDER 12 XI

(Back row) : R. RIMMER, P. VANDER, R. LYSONS, J. MATHER, N. SIRKETT, G. GRANT
(Sitting) : P. BRUNING, F. LUCAS, R. HAYES (Capt.), D. BARRERE, P. NORTON

Stephen Borg won the Chess tournament last term, and in another sphere the Place-kicking Cup.

Christopher Long (1947-1949) has been awarded a Scholarship at Balliol College, Oxford.

Our sincere thanks go to Mr Cuss for the gift of a splendid stop-watch for the Sports.

Thanks to the energy and initiative of Colonel H. Vredenburg, every boy was provided with a collecting box when he went home in December to ask for presents for our new Church. The amount that came back at the beginning of term was surprising. It amounted to £202 11s. 11½d.

Form VA collected £21 9s. 1½d. in a jam jar last term. To this sum they have now added another £5 5s. All this is to help to build the new Church.

Our most sincere thanks go to Mr and Mrs Brenninkmeyer, with Paul and Tom, for their most generous gift of long-playing gramophone records. We have thus added to our library the Beethoven Symphonies 2, 4 and 7, and his Violin Concerto in D major ; Handel's *Messiah* in full ; Ravel's *L'Enfant et les Sortilèges* ; Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* ; Schubert's Ninth Symphony ; Brahms' *Variations on a Theme by Hadyn*, *Academic Festival* and *Tragic Overtures* ; Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No. 1 ; and Saint-Saens' *Carnaval des Animaux*.

We should like also to thank Lt.-Col. S. J. Borg for his gift of a beautiful silver cup, which is to be the League Swimming Cup.

Engagements : J. A. H. Jowett (1945-1946) to Christiane de Laforcade ; Peter Lethbridge (1939-1944) to Elisabeth Ann Brooks ; A. C. M. Harrison (1937-1942) to Miss J. Gayer ; A. Mears (1942-1944) to Miss M. Buzetti. *Marriage* : P. F. G. Hanbury (1933-1936) to Miss R. Summers. Our congratulations to them all.

In succession to Dom Thomas Symons, Dom Francis Little has taken over the School Choir and now has entire charge of all the Church singing.

Five of Dom Thomas's unison songs have just been published under the title *Some Songs of Worth*. They may be obtained from the Composer.

Your prayers are asked for the repose of the soul of Frederick Arthur Farwell, father of Dom Victor Farwell, who died on February 2nd, 1956, in his eighty-second year.—R.I.P.

INWARDS

The following boys joined the School on January 18th, 1956 :
N. H. Clarke, N. A. Cook, E. P. Durward-Brown, P. H. St. C. Kehyaian,
T. P. Milmo, C. V. Neville-Smith.
P. J. Baynham on February 19th, 1956.

UPWARDS

Head of the School : M. P. W. Bruning.
School Prefects : J. D. E. Rose, G. C. Gleadell, P. D. de Chazal, C. F. W. Church, A. D. Kennedy, P. J. O'Shea, M. R. M. Hannaford, D. A. F. Murray.
Dormitory Prefects : (Ford) A. F. L. Amhurst, P. W. P. Moorsom, B. J. P. Andrews ; (Butler) J. P. D. Murphy, M. F. Temple, T. A. N. Stebbins, M. G. A. Wilkinson ; (Chapman) B. A. R. Concanon, M. F. Hoyle, A. M. R. Pontifex, P. J. Sanday ; (Junior) B. M. O'Connell, R. J. Wadia ; (Tower) M. R. M. Hannaford, P. J. O'Shea.
Captain of Rugby Football : B. J. P. Andrews.
Captain of Boxing : W. C. R. K. Diez.
Captain of Hockey and Squash : P. W. P. Moorsom.
Librarian : P. W. P. Moorsom.
Assistant Librarians : M. F. Hoyle, M. F. Temple, M. V. Fowke, J. X. W. Lake, A. M. Buckley and P. J. T. Hill.
Leaders of the First Choir : C. F. W. Church and G. C. Gleadell.
Leaders of the Second Choir : A. D. Kennedy and T. B. E. Eugster.
Masters of Ceremonies : M. P. W. Bruning and P. A. de Chazal.
Thurifers : W. X. R. K. Diez and A. F. L. Amhurst.
Acolytes : M. F. Hoyle, A. P. C. Gibson, D. J. A. M. Daly and B. A. R. Concanon.

REWARDS

The following boys were top of their Forms in the Michaelmas Term :
P. W. P. Moorsom (1a), M. V. Fowke (1b), M. A. G. Watts (1c),
R. W. G. Hayes (2a), R. G. L. Apsion (2b), H. J. J. Berridge (2c), R. J. Rimmer (2d), M. F. Thomas (3a), M. Adler (3b), J. H. P. M. Cartier (3c),
R. C. M. McGouran (4a), J. A. Walford (4b), J. M. D. R. Schreiber (4c),
D. C. M. Bell (5a), P. A. Given-Wilson (5b), J. F. Sherry (6).

OUTWARDS

The following boys left the School in December 1955 :
S. Borg, T. A. Brenninkmeyer, F. B. Carter, R. J. Crockett, N. J. T. A. de Piro Inguanez, M. F. J. T. Dix, T. P. Maddock, R. T. W. Mellotte, T. J. Smyth, M. A. G. Watts.

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

INWARDS

The following boys joined the School on January 18th, 1956 :
N. H. Clarke, N. A. Cook, E. P. Durward-Brown, P. H. St. C. Kehyaian,
T. P. Milmo, C. V. Neville-Smith.
P. J. Baynham on February 19th, 1956.

UPWARDS

Head of the School : M. P. W. Bruning.
School Prefects : J. D. E. Rose, G. C. Gleadell, P. D. de Chazal, C. F. W. Church, A. D. Kennedy, P. J. O'Shea, M. R. M. Hannaford, D. A. F. Murray.
Dormitory Prefects : (Ford) A. F. L. Amhurst, P. W. P. Moorsom, B. J. P. Andrews ; (Butler) J. P. D. Murphy, M. F. Temple, T. A. N. Stebbins, M. G. A. Wilkinson ; (Chapman) B. A. R. Concanon, M. F. Hoyle, A. M. R. Pontifex, P. J. Sanday ; (Junior) B. M. O'Connell, R. J. Wadia ; (Tower) M. R. M. Hannaford, P. J. O'Shea.
Captain of Rugby Football : B. J. P. Andrews.
Captain of Boxing : W. C. R. K. Diez.
Captain of Hockey and Squash : P. W. P. Moorsom.
Librarian : P. W. P. Moorsom.
Assistant Librarians : M. F. Hoyle, M. F. Temple, M. V. Fowke, J. X. W. Lake, A. M. Buckley and P. J. T. Hill.
Leaders of the First Choir : C. F. W. Church and G. C. Gleadell.
Leaders of the Second Choir : A. D. Kennedy and T. B. E. Eugster.
Masters of Ceremonies : M. P. W. Bruning and P. A. de Chazal.
Thurifers : W. X. R. K. Diez and A. F. L. Amhurst.
Acolytes : M. F. Hoyle, A. P. C. Gibson, D. J. A. M. Daly and B. A. R. Concanon.

REWARDS

The following boys were top of their Forms in the Michaelmas Term :
P. W. P. Moorsom (1a), M. V. Fowke (1b), M. A. G. Watts (1c),
R. W. G. Hayes (2a), R. G. L. Apsion (2b), H. J. J. Berridge (2c), R. J. Rimmer (2d), M. F. Thomas (3a), M. Adler (3b), J. H. P. M. Cartier (3c),
R. C. M. McGouran (4a), J. A. Walford (4b), J. M. D. R. Schreiber (4c),
D. C. M. Bell (5a), P. A. Given-Wilson (5b), J. F. Sherry (6).

OUTWARDS

The following boys left the School in December 1955 :
S. Borg, T. A. Brenninkmeyer, F. B. Carter, R. J. Crockett, N. J. T. A. de Piro Inguanez, M. F. J. T. Dix, T. P. Maddock, R. T. W. Mellotte,
T. J. Smyth, M. A. G. Watts.

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)

WITH PITT'S :: 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

Service that excels

What do you require of an insurance company? You need to know if it is of good standing. *The 'General' has long been recognised as a first class Company for all classes of insurance.* Its rates and terms must be competitive. *The 'General' is independent and offers advantages usually unobtainable elsewhere—the BONUS SCHEME on fire and household policies is an example.* Above all, it must provide you and your clients with a prompt and efficient service. *The 'General' has been built on a reputation for SERVICE THAT EXCELS.*

General

ACCIDENT FIRE AND LIFE ASSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.
CHIEF OFFICES: PERTH (SCOTLAND) & LONDON

Applications for Agencies are invited

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

STATUES
OF
OUR LADY OF WORTH
IN PLASTER

are now available for sale, 18in. high,
Ivory finish, £5. Coloured £6.

All profits will ultimately be devoted to
the Building Fund for the New Church
at Worth.

Old boys have expressed the desire to
have this Statue in preference to any
other, for it is through her image at
Worth that they have for years learned
to express their devotion to the Mother
of God.

Please send your orders to the Reverend
Headmaster, Worth Preparatory School,
Crawley, Sussex.

April, 1956.

SCHOOL STAFF

MARCH 1956

- Dom Maurice Bell, M.A. (Oxon.), *Headmaster*
 Dom Thomas Symons, A.R.C.O., *Organist*
 Dom Theodore James, M. A. (Cantab.), *House Master of the Junior House*
 Dom Simon Van Zeller, *House Master of Butler*
 Dom Denis Agius, M. A. (Cantab.), *House Master of Chapman*
 Dom Jerome Tomlins, *Games Master*
 Dom Bruno Grogan
 Dom Francis Little, *Choir Master*
 Dom Edward Cruise, M.A. (Cantab.), *House Master of Ford*
 Dom Michael Smith, M. A. (Oxon.), *Master of Ceremonies*
 Dom Peter Beazley
 Dom Roger Bacon, *House Master of the Tower House*
 Dom Benedict Sankey, B. A. (Cantab.)
 Dom Hugh O'Neill, M.B.E., M.A. (Oxon.)
 Dom Kevin Taggart
 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
 W. R. Graham, B.A. (U.C.D.)
 Lt.-Colonel H. Vredenburg
 S. J. Bostock, M.A. (Cantab.)
 F. J. S. Hill, M.A. (T.C.D.)
 P. J. Molony
 Miss G. Garnaud
 Mrs Keir, *Arts and Crafts*
 Miss E. Joyce
 Miss A. Lambert
 Miss J. Moore, *Riding School*
 Miss J. Matthews, *Riding School*
 Dr R. Matthews, M.A., M.B., B.Ch. (Cantab.), M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.,
Medical Officer
 Miss J. Edey, S.R.C.N., *Sister-in-Charge*
 Miss J. O'Brien, *Infirmary*
 Miss P. Moloney, *Senior Matron*
 Mrs Mander, *Ford House Matron*
 Miss S. Hawes, *Butler House Matron*
 Miss J. Murphy, *Senior House Assistant Matron*
 Miss M. Wiesel, *Chapman House Matron*
 Miss A. Hollins, *Junior House Matron*
 Miss F. Rhatigan, *Junior House Assistant Matron*
 Mrs Lake, *Tower House Matron*
 Miss Hewitt, *Tower House Assistant Matron*
 Mrs Witham
 Miss M. K. Young, *Secretary*