

The WORTH RECORD



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Cover iv

The

WORTH RECORD

VOL. VI No. 4

CHRISTMAS TERM

FROM THE HEADMASTER

I am not quite sure what a bugbear is, but people say that it is an old word for a bogey or a goblin. We certainly use it of something for which we have a wholesome respect. Our old friend Shakespeare in the third part of *King Henry IV* uses the word in this way:

Warwick was a bug that feared us all. In other words, 'Warwick was a bogey of whom we were all afraid.'

It is in this sense of bogey-bear that some of you are afraid of Latin. Be clear in your own mind that Latin is half our language, even if it did come in with the Normans. For centuries Roman soldiers roamed the English countryside: they have left their Latin names everywhere from one end of the country to another, along the roads and in the towns. It is true that they did not leave much mark on our ancestors or their habits; but that is because we have always shown a sturdy independent spirit.

But Latin did not disappear with the last Roman in the fifth century. It has, since then, always been the language of the Church in England. It will always be the original international tongue, spoken wherever there is a Catholic priest, spoken perhaps with varying accents; but always the same language, the meaning of whose words never changes, since it does not have to keep up to date. No translation of the Missal can ever give us half the flavour of the original Latin. We ought to be at home with the Mass in its own language before we start our life in a Public School. If you are thinking that you might be a priest, remember that you will have to be able to read and listen to Latin while you are in training.

And here is another fact: Latin is the mother of all the Romance languages from France to Sicily and from Portugal and Spain to the furthest limits of Rumania, itself a Roman colony. The study of these languages will greatly be helped by a knowledge of the Latin you learn at school. If you see the words:

Los monumentos y las iglesias son magnificos. You already know through your knowledge of Latin that the monuments and the churches are magnificent. Latin is the gateway to many of the world's great languages.

There is, however, one thing about Latin which will neither appeal to you nor interest you. It is that Latin makes you careful and accurate in what you say or write. A Latin sentence needs much more thought to compose than an English one, and you have to stop and think before you write it down. One hopes that you will do the same before you write down anything in English. People who are trained by the Latin language

have a great advantage over those who are not; it can even be argued that the Latin-bred boy will become a better scientist, a better doctor or even a better inventor if he has been trained in the way some of you now unwillingly follow.

And think of the pleasure Latin will give later on! When Napier had completed the conquest of Scinde, he is said to have sent home a telegram with the one word *Peccavi*, which I am sure you realise means, I have Scinde.

Before you have done more than cross the threshold of English literature I hardly dare tell you what delights await you when you can read Latin books with ease. Virgil's *Aeneid*, the works of Horace and Catullus, all haunt one's memory. The more you know of the Latin world, the more you will grow to love English books.

All I have said about great and wonderful books applies even more to Greek. Once you have been beguiled into starting up the steps to Parnassus you are lost for ever, for your heart will be charmed and enchanted by the mysterious attraction of Hellas. (Find it on your stamps if you collect them.)

I do not expect you to believe a word of all this. The time will come when some of you will say that I was right. By that time I shall be out of sight and out of mind. Believe me that you will come to see it. You too, many of you, will fall under the mysterious enchantment of the Classics. I wish you good fortune.

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

MAURICE BELL.

THE FARM KITTENS

by C. D. YEO*

There were once three kittens who lived on a farm,
At day they had breakfast, at night a barn.
All of them could mew and all of them could purr,
Two of them were hims and one was a her.
Two of them were black and one of them was brown.
Their mistress was the Queen, and she wore a golden gown.
The boys were bad and the girl was good.
The boys first had meat, but the girl first had pud.
All the fish they ate, always it was cod.
Both the boys were usual, but the girl was odd.
And their mistress used to wonder what had happened to the cod.

*CHRISTOPHER YEO, born 7 July, 1948; entered Worth, May, 1956.

THE WORTH BUILDING FUND

We print below a third list of those who have contributed towards the new church. The Prior and Community would like to express their gratitude for the generous help they are being given. Since the Fund was opened nearly two years ago it has risen by an average of just over £100 each week. Please help us to maintain this average. Forms may be had from Dom Edward Cruise for those willing to enter into a seven year covenant.

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LETTER TO THE EDITOR
FROM THE EARL OF LYTTON

The Editor,
The Worth Record.

LILLYCOMBE,
PORLOCK,
SOMERSET.

Dear Sir,

About your Church. I note with respect that it is to be an Abbey Church and therefore an important building.

I have been looking with astonishment, with pleasure and relief at the three pictures in your last issue.

It so happens that of late I have been called upon to study the problem of Church building and to think very hard and to make comparisons; this has brought me into some conflict with others; I recognise that we live in an age of architectural confusion and that the confusion is as deep in the English Catholic body as it is everywhere else. Some of us denounce everything that is of today; others cling with passionate longing (how I sympathise) to those stirring cathedrals Chartres and Lincoln; many would willingly worship in a military fortress if only it resembled the Norman of Durham Cathedral; the thought-saving solution is the one which rests content with the Romanesque (call it Byzantine if you wish) of Westminster or the neo-Gothic of the Scott brothers. Thus it is that your postbag probably holds a mixture of letters that are in praise, like mine, and others, maybe, in denunciation! Have you been charged with a blasphemous spirit, or with treason against nature? Architecture is like polo, it is more famous for the strong language of the players than for their skill.

How then can I dare to congratulate?

First I look at the ground plan and at once it seems to me admirable; the shape, the grouping, the comparative closeness of everyone to the heart of it, the absence of obstruction to vision, the 'opening out' of the brethren, the 'gathering round' of the school, the more central position of Our Lord. These things must assuredly appeal to us all and there seems to be the footprints of genius in this part of the plan. Of course I sympathise with the young woman who looked up from the plan with every sign of appreciation but added 'you must admit that it does look just a little like the section of some enlarged beetle: look at its bulging eyes!'

Now as to the manner in which this model ground plan is to be covered in; I am amongst those who hold that this cannot be done by using traditional materials unless you are prepared to tolerate large obstructive supports and a cost multiplied by anything up to ten; if you insist on sticking to tradition you are moreover forced to apply ideas and techniques long obsolete in the building trade; you are in fact driven to sponsor an inconvenient and most expensive revival of ages past; you are a pre-Raphaelite!

Now you have a sterling design rising from a base that approximates to greatness, but about the exterior I would like to hold up my opinion until you have produced a model; you see, I too have graduated in spirit from the haunted darkness of shadows in Chartres cathedral and it is not all at once that my heart leaps to a new version of Peter's bark where all is dazzling white!

But pray do not be deflected from your purpose. The plunge has been taken where I had most hoped for and least expected it!

On grounds of expense alone we are guided towards contemporary techniques and away from those which are obsolete and ten times as expensive. Yet apart from expense we have a better reason for choosing contemporary techniques; has not the Church a function to take hold of the instruments of the day and compel them to serve their Maker to His greater glory! How slow we have been in the past! The vision of Michael Angelo was never fulfilled by his successors, Christopher Wren was thwarted in his own lifetime, and the very great conception of Lutyens has been brought to an end at ground level! We cannot expect a masterpiece on the threshold of a new age; but you have a very good thing when you can start with a ground plan of genius and a shell which is true and free from fraud; it is on floor level, within, that men obey the first commandment and it is just there that your design is most perfect; perhaps the rest of it has not yet reached its final form; perhaps the artistic impressions fail, as I suspect them of doing, to reveal what is really there; whatever you do you must go forward from that splendid 'arena' and I shall much look forward to seeing the model when it is ready.

Yours faithfully,

LYTTON.

THE FOSSIL HUNT

by J. HENDERSON*

The cliffs looked as if a giant had been practising downward cuts with a sword, leaving great clefts in the wall of chalk. Three years ago there was, in the corner of the new moon-shaped quarry, a natural arch in the chalk, about ten yards long and five yards wide above a small scree. The centre of the arch became thinner and thinner, until one day it fell down, making the little scree into a very large one. I was very surprised at the amount of chalk in the arch.

Two years later when I came back from Spain, where I had taken a liking to geology, I remembered this quarry and the chalk arch. I had read in a book that chalk is a fossil, made of the tiny bones of the things whales eat. And sometimes there is an occasional large fossil to be found. I went to the quarry with two friends. The large scree was becoming weather-worn, that is, instead of its being shining with whiteness, as it had been after the arch crumbled, it was becoming brown and green, and looked very different.

I knew what a fossil would look like and some likely place to find one. After a minute or so we found a suspicious-looking crack in one of the boulders on the scree. I prised it open with the sharper end of my hammer. It suddenly gave way showing that the chalk was flaking. One of the flakes had a streak of something looking like rust in it. We took the flakes off, to reveal, embedded in the chalk, a large number of bits of broken shells some of which we kept.

Having exhausted it of its worthwhile contents, we went on to another boulder, that stood out amongst the others because it had broken off the cliff at a later date than the scree, and was therefore whiter. It had a slight crack in it that could be opened with a bit of persuasion. We set to work and in a short time I managed to get my fingers into the crack. At this moment one of my friends discovered something that I found out was a sea-urchin. Immediately we left what we were doing to search the spot where it was found, revealing another sea-urchin, and a round stone with what looked like very fine coral inside. That stone is still a mystery to me.

I looked at my watch, and seeing it was nearly time to go home, I told my friends and we set about collecting all the fossils we had gathered. After a while, having done my share of the collecting, I wandered towards the boulder we had left to search near the sea-urchin. Absent-mindedly I started to hack at the crack with my hammer. In a short time the stone came apart, to reveal some fossilised shells. Near the centre I saw a thing that looked like part of a Roman pillar seen through the wrong end of a telescope, tapering off at the ends. The fossil is quite small

*JOHN HENDERSON, born 21 August, 1945; entered Worth, June, 1956.

being one centimetre long. The ridges have rough edges, and they are very clear. None of us had, or have, any idea of its origin.

We left the quarry and struggled homeward across the Pewley Downs carrying the sack of fossils between us. The only worry I have about them is how I am going to take my share into the plane when I join my parents in Spain.

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS

by R. V. TAYLOR*

Bold William of Normandy
Looked at the Saxon host,
And said: 'Those dogs shan't bar my way
And live after to boast.'
And turning in his saddle
He bade his knights attack.
'Let Saxon blood flow rich,' said he,
'Go, charge and beat them back.'

But Saxons are a hardy race,
Each man behind his shield,
They fought like wounded elephants,
And none of them would yield.
An axe would swing, and sword would flash,
And from his horse's seat
A knight would fall down with a crash,
To be trodden under feet.

But then, as brave King Harold
Looked up with growing pride,
An arrow fell into his eye:
He dropped on to his side.
And then the Normans formed a plan,
And pretended to flee.
The Saxons, cheering, followed them,
Laughing in their glee.

But they themselves had broken
Their carefully held ground,
So then the Normans turned and fought
As savage as a hound.
And William the Conqueror
Was crowned on Christmas Day.
But we still remember those
Who tried to bar his way.

*ROGER TAYLOR, born 3 June, 1944; entered Worth, September, 1953;
2nd Choir.

WORTH

by J. F. J. SHERRY*

It's always fun at Worth,
Especially when it snows,
For then you run about and play
With faces all aglow.
It's always fun at Worth,
Even when it rains,
For then you play at Minibrix
And lots of fun and games.
It's always fun at Worth,
When it is very fine,
You go and play on dinkylands
And dig up sandstone mines.
It's always fun at Worth
When on Wednesday nights
You all have films upon a screen,
And then you have no lights.

WINGS

by P. M. H. C. RICHEY*

If only I had a pair of wings
Just a pair of those glorious things,
I'd fly in and out of the trees
Trying to catch bumble bees.
I'd fly right up into the sky
And sit on aeroplanes going by.

But if it started to rain
I'd fly down to earth again
And shelter in a house nearby,
And when it stopped, up I would fly,
I'd circle round and round and round
And then return safely to the ground.

In summer I'd dive into the sea
And cool myself off before my tea.
When night fell I'd fly home
And give my dog his daily bone.
Then I'd go and sleep all night
And in the morning I'd go for another flight.

*JAMES SHERRY, born 3 October, 1947; entered Worth, September, 1955.

*PETER RICHEY, born 18 July, 1945; entered Worth, September, 1953;
2nd Choir.

MY HOLIDAYS IN SOUTHERN RHODESIA

by R. T. CARR*

It was drizzling. My father and I had arrived at London Airport. I was going abroad for the first time. We waited for about a quarter of an hour before getting into a small coach which took us to the plane. We stopped at Rome, Cairo, Khartoum, Nairobi and Salisbury. We were three-quarters of an hour early at Rome but we had engine trouble at Khartoum. I did not like flying at all. We arrived an hour late at Salisbury. My mother arrived several hours later as she thought we would arrive at 7.30 p.m. We drove to a hotel in Salisbury for the aerodrome was a mile out of the town. I had a shocking headache and I still thought I was in the plane. We had the table nearest the bandstand which made my head ache even more.

Next morning we had breakfast early as we had a two-hour drive in front of us. The scenery was wonderful. We saw huge rocks balanced on very small ones. When we arrived at the farm I saw someone with a big hat on; I thought it was one of my cousins but instead it was my sister. The next few people I met I could recognise. I went on the swing for a bit afterwards until I saw my other sister and someone else. Later on I found it was my first cousin; she had changed terrifically. The rest of the day I spent finding out who was who. Several of my aunts and cousins I had never met before. That night all my aunts and uncles came to dinner. They came every Saturday, but this was a Sunday. Nothing much happened until we went to the Victoria Falls.

We went to the Victoria Falls about two weeks from the end of my stay on the farm. We went to a very nice hotel which had its windows covered with thin netting so that no insects could get in. We did not go anywhere that day. The next day we went on a trip up the Zambesi. We saw some hippopotami submerged and some elephants crossing the river. I took several pictures of the elephants but none came out. Next day we went through the rain forest. We took several good pictures of The Falls. The next day we went on another trip up the Zambesi. We saw a hippopotamus at close range and some elephants in the distance. In the afternoon we went to Livingstone and brought some curios and films. Lots of apes and monkeys used to come into the hotel grounds. Once we saw two big apes and a very small one. The next day we flew back to Salisbury. It was very rough and I was sick. When we drove back to the farm there was a big storm with thunder and lightning. The next day was Sunday and as there was no polo we played softball. In a week's time we flew back to England. It was very rough and bumpy.

On our arrival we were met by one of my aunts and uncles. We were going to go back home by train, but there was a new Bentley for my mother waiting outside. It was a very smooth ride back home. It took me over a week to get used to the grass and the trees again.

*RICHARD CARR, born 14 April, 1945; entered Worth, September, 1953;
Under 12 Rugby Team; 2nd Choir.

THE FISHERMEN

by C. DELMAR LINDLEY*

The fishermen on the coast of Portugal are very strong and weather-beaten with very dark skins. They have small fishing boats and they go very far out to sea. They often travel hundreds of miles a week and every night they hang lamps on to the side of their boats to attract the fishes because they like lights. They paint their boats many bright colours and they also paint a big pair of eyes on the front of the boat because they think the eyes will lead them to the shoals of fish. Their main port, Nazane, has a long beach and faces the Atlantic. The fishermen come back on Friday morning to sell their fish and they get money to repaint their boats, mend nets, clothes and rods. Some of them have wives who go around the town with baskets on their heads selling the fish which their husbands have caught. When they arrive after the week of fishing they go in as far as they can and ground their boats and fetch men and oxen and even their wives to pull in the boat which takes more than half an hour because the boats are very heavy. By midday most of the boats would have come in and there would be so many boats on the beach that there is hardly any room to walk on the sand and every few steps you meet with another boat.

Near Lisbon there are some motor trawlers which are always dirty with smoke coming up all over the place. But they have great speed and get around the sea very quickly.

DIRGE FOR HUNGARY'S DEAD

by R. W. G. HAYES*

The Russians attacked them unarmed,
And mowed them to the ground.
The wounded lay in the streets,
The dead in a lifeless mound.

Many families fled from their country
As far as their carts could go.
Many have come to England
Seeking refuge from the foe.

What will happen in the years to come,
Will Hungary's people hold out still?
Now they're on strike and will not work.
How long will the Russians be bent to kill?

*CHARLES DELMAR LINDLEY, born 29 May, 1944; entered Worth, September, 1955; 2nd XV Rugger.

*ROBERT HAYES, born 22 February, 1944; entered Worth, Autumn, 1952; 1st XI Cricket and Hockey; Squash Team; 1st XV Rugby (Captain); acted in *The More the Merrier* and *Stations in Mime*, 1955 and 1956; School Prefect; Sacristy.

PRO AND CON

by N. SIRKETT*

We all have our own views on various subjects but I want now, to specialize on one particular subject. I have chosen tipping as it is one of those things which some say is a very good thing whilst others are definitely against it. Let us now consider its pro side. I am making a journey of perhaps two hundred miles. I drive to the station and I find that my cases are too heavy. A porter immediately comes to my aid. I give him a shilling and he departs. This happens two times out of three but I now arrive at the end of my train journey. The ticket collector sees my plight. He calls to a porter who puts my luggage on to the next boat. I get on to the boat and two minutes later we set sail. This is only a short boat journey so that we arrive at our destination in half an hour. I then wait for my luggage to come from the boat, but no luggage comes. After enquiring at about seven places I am directed to the station master. (All this takes about an hour and I have a dog pulling at the leash all the time.) The station master phones the other side and after a long discussion finds that my luggage has been sent to the lost property office as it had been left on the quay. I found out later that this was because I had tipped the ticket collector and not the porter. As I did not see the porter I do not see how I could have been expected to tip him. Well, that's what I have to say about tipping. I wonder how many others have had my experience? But I do not think I am entirely against tipping; on the contrary I think it is a very good thing but *only* if the person being tipped really does his job properly and does not grumble if he is not rewarded. After all he is paid like the rest of us, and is paid to carry parcels and generally assist the public.

SNOW

by J. C. VAN DEN BOSCH*

Snowballs? Snowmen? No!

A raging blizzard blows up the hill;
Not soft flakes of tender wool,
Nor a breezy wind blowing at will,
But like bits of ice they drive.

The snow is falling softly now,
The trees are covered;
A foot deep of snow lies on the grass,
The young acorn is smothered,
But on it falls . . . falls . . . falls . . .

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

*JOHN VAN DEN BOSCH, born 1 January, 1945; entered Worth, September, 1954; 2nd Choir.

MY DAYS AT BADMINTON

by P. BUTLER*

I have been to Badminton three times, twice for show jumping and once to watch a cricket match between the Duke of Edinburgh's XI and the Duke of Beaufort's XI.

The first time I went it was only a little show. Pat Smythe was jumping. She came second in the finals. My father thought that the juvenile jumpers and the younger jumpers were better than the older jumpers. Half-way through the show a grey called 'Country Boy' shied and cantered off into a car and injured a girl in the back. The girl was immediately taken to the B.R.I. in Bristol. The rest of the show went on very nicely.

In the summer two years ago I went to watch the cricket. There were several good cricketers there; most were from the Gloucester team. There were even two from the South African team. These were Cheetham and McGlew. Cheetham played for the Duke of Edinburgh and McGlew on the other side. Tom Graveney played for the Duke of Beaufort's XI. The Duke of Edinburgh's team won the match, the Duke himself was out for 22 runs. The wicket-keeper for the Duke of Edinburgh hit three sixes, one after the other. There was a prize of a bottle of sherry for the first bowler on either side to have a six hit off him and a prize for the batsman who hit a six.

On the third occasion it was a three-day trial and H.M. the Queen was present. We went to Badminton on the third and final day for the jumping. The day before there had been a seventeen mile cross-country race. We were lucky, for when we had just finished our lunch we were walking over to the stalls when we saw the crowds form up and we had a beautiful view of the Queen when she arrived in her Land Rover. But there was one disappointment: we could not see the jumping itself, so we watched the horses in the collecting ring. Kilbarry came first and Highland Might second. We also saw the Queen's horse, Countryman III and we tried to get a photograph of it but we did not succeed.

THE FOUR SEASONS OF THE YEAR

by D. McGRATH*

There are four seasons in the year and they are liked very much. The first season is the winter. Everybody looks forward to the beautiful snow. Most important of it all is Christmas. Everybody enjoys it very much. A lot of people go to countries where there are a lot of high mountains, as it is good for ski-ing. The world Olympic Games are held in Switzerland where the snow is very deep.

*PATRICK BUTLER, born 9 November, 1946; entered Worth, September, 1954; Under 10 Rugby team.

*DERMOT McGRATH, born 9 March, 1944; entered Worth, September, 1952.

The second season is the spring when all the flowers come out and give the earth a beautiful appearance. This is the time when the animals and birds have children and multiply their number.

The next season is the summer. This is the hottest of all the seasons. Since it is so hot, a lot of people go to the seaside for a holiday and the swimming sports start.

The next season is the autumn, when all the leaves fall and make a beautiful colour on the ground. All the animals and birds make ready for the oncoming winter. Quite a few of them store up food for themselves, and then go to sleep for the winter.

A JOURNEY TO SWITZERLAND

by P. J. PAVRY*

It was a frosty December evening at about 7 p.m. My two younger brothers were reading quietly to themselves in their bedroom. Though I said my brothers were reading quietly, I did occasionally hear a scream from the youngest and when I went to see what had happened, I found him sitting in or on his bed with a pillow on top of him.

This evening was the night before we were going to Switzerland. My parents, my elder brother and I were helping to pack the things that had to go last, like dressing gowns, etc. By the time we had locked the trunks and put them down in the hall, it was getting on for 8 o'clock. We all went to bed to have a rest till my mother called us at midnight. We got up quickly and got into our ski clothes. We had to travel in our ski clothes because they weighed such a lot that they might not get all the luggage on the plane.

At 1 a.m. we went to the B.O.A.C. bus rank in London and then got the bus to London Airport. We got to the Airport about 2 a.m. and went straight to the customs office where we were weighed. We waited in the hall for about three-quarters of an hour. At 2.45 a loud speaker said, 'Will all passengers for Zürich please take their seats and be ready for take-off in ten minutes.' We walked out to the plane and went inside. It was the first time I had ever been in a big plane and it was a great thrill. There was room for forty-five passengers and their luggage. It was about 3 a.m. when we took off and I was a little bit afraid when I first looked out and saw the houses of London dropping further and further down. Soon I got used to the strange feeling and began to enjoy watching the stars and moon. At about 6 a.m. we landed at Zürich Airport.

After going through the customs we caught the 6.30 train to Lenzerhide. It took an hour by train to get there. We were relieved by a beautiful cup of coffee when we got there.

*PETER PAVRY, born 7 December, 1944; entered Worth, September, 1953; 1st Choir.

WHAT IS MAN ?

by R. A. FARQUHARSON*

Man is nothing except for dust.
He may be holy, he may be kind,
But in God's eyes he is blind
— Blind as the blindest bat could be,
God is everything, we are nothing,
God is sinless, we have sinned,
And unto this a man is pinned.
But God loves us and we love Him,
And God forgives us for everything.
All my days God has loved me
And will love me till the day I die.
And at the Judgement He will take my soul.
And I hope He will do just as I have told.

THE LOST BOAT

by A. F. D. DOHERTY*

Once long ago there was a boat called *Ladybird*. One night when all was quiet, a shadow was walking along the beach and suddenly it stopped near the *Ladybird*. Then quietly and slowly the shadow moved towards the *Ladybird*. There was a little noise, then all was quiet again. By now the shadow was in the boat and he was sailing away. When it was dawn everybody was up and about. The owner of this boat was called Mr Jenkins and he went down to look at *Ladybird*. Imagine his surprise when he discovered it had gone!

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

by M. J. SHERATON*

Mary bore a child sweet,
All the Angels began to meet.
They sang a song of joy
To Jesus in the crib.

A star shone over the stable,	Three kings came from afar,
As bright as it was able,	Following the bright star.
For Jesus Christ was born	Some shepherds came with a lamb,
In the early morn.	For the Son of Man.

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

*ANTHONY DOHERTY, born 27 November, 1945; entered Worth, September, 1953.

*MICHAEL SHERATON, born 6 September, 1943; entered Worth, September, 1955.

H.M.S. TRIUMPH

by J. P. N. CONCANON*

One day I went on board H.M.S. *Triumph* with the Commander. It was berthed alongside a big jetty at Devonport Dockyard. It was an aircraft carrier and had four Fairy Gannets on it when I came aboard. It had the new angled flight deck and steam catapults. It had four main decks and the bridge. We will start off with the hangar. It was very spacious and had a helicopter in it. There was a lift down from the flight deck and the planes were steered on to this big lift as it was level with the deck, and the lift went down until it was level with the floor of the hangar, and the planes were then pushed off into a part of the hangar.

We did not go into the engine room because some repairs were being done. I saw where the cadets ate and I saw their hammocks and the places where they put them up to sleep in. The bridge was the nicest part of the ship. It had some guns. I was allowed to raise one. You had to turn two handles to do this. You fired the gun with a bar at the bottom which you pressed with your foot. I also went up to where the Captain watches all the time when the ship is sailing. There were various gadgets including a big compass and a fog horn. There were also copper pipes which you spoke into if you wanted to speak to someone down below. I went to the place where the motor life boats were. Then I went back down the gang plank and went home.

THE STORM

by D. P. C. O'HAGAN*

Now the wind fast whirls around,
Howling the long night through.
In the distance the thunder rolls
While in bed I lie safe and sound.

The windows creak in their rickety frames;
While the lightning hurls its blinding flare.
A barn owl utters a lonesome cry
As it spots a rabbit in a snare.

But when dawn breaks, cold and grey,
Some of my fears will fade away,
And in their places joys will come
To console me throughout the day.

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

*DAVID O'HAGAN, born 20 October, 1944; entered Worth, September, 1954; Under 12 Rugger XV; 1st Choir.

AT SEA

by H. J. BERRIDGE*

It was a cold blustery night, the wind howled round the corners of the cabins, seeking a place to scream through inside the boat. Captain Shannon was in the wheel-house with the first mate and the coxswain. They were huddled up in seaboots and oilskins, trying vainly to steer the huge ship, the *Spindrift*. Men were clustered around on the deck, waiting for an order to adjust the huge sails.

Lightning jumped across the sky and immediately there was pandemonium on deck, men rushing hither and thither, ropes trailing in the water, the mast half down, the sails torn, everything was in an utter mess. The lightning had struck the mainmast and this, in its turn, had brought down the mizzen mast. The men rushed round trying to get all the sails down. The tiller was lashed to a post, all hands were on deck, striving against the storm.

By now the weather was tempestuous, the hail beat against the deck, the lightning and thunder crashed, the waves beat against the wooden hull, almost as it they would cleave the boat in two. The Captain had dropped a sea-anchor, that is, a large canvas bag full of rocks.

Eventually the seamen managed to stow all the mess neatly in the hold and on the deck. They then rushed to the stern, only to find the sea-anchor broken and the tiller unlashed.

The storm stopped as quickly as it had started, leaving the channel tranquil except for a slight fresh breeze. 'Hard to Port,' shouted Captain Shannon, for he had seen the coast near at hand. They missed the rocks by only six feet. They hoisted their spare sail and at a very slow speed, made Falmouth harbour, only three days late.

THE LIFEBOAT

by D. M. P. LOFTUS*

During the holidays we stayed in a little fishing village in Cornwall called Sennen. It is about a mile from Land's End. One night we were sitting in the hotel when, all of a sudden, some people dashed to the window. We followed them, and saw the lifeboat go out. It went out into the bay and turned towards Land's End. We then went up on to the cliffs. There we saw a white yacht drifting near the rocks. The lifeboat took some time to reach it. The lifeboat had some difficulty in getting it in tow, but after a while it managed to do so. They then towed it round Land's End to Penzance. The next day we saw the lifeboat coming back. The rest of our holidays passed peacefully.

*HUMPHREY BERRIDGE, born 8 April, 1944; entered Worth, September, 1955; Sacristy.

*PETER LOFTUS, born 10 September, 1944; entered Worth, September, 1955.

A PICTURE

by M. R. WHINNEY*

In our classroom we have a picture of Austria. It is a lake with mountains in the distance, and a valley coming down to the lake. At the bottom of the valley there is a little village, with some boats on the lake. The village is scattered about the valley, it has a little church and a few houses. On the valley sides there are many trees. The lake is a dark blue and the valley sides have much green grass on them. The sky is a lovely blue with only three clouds in it. It looks very happy and peaceful there.

1066 AND ALL THAT

by B. P. CROSSLEY*

William the Conqueror
Ten sixty six,
Said to his companions
'I mean to affix
England to Normandy;
Go out and borrow
Some bows and some arrows
We're starting to-morrow.'
So William went conquering
All hither and thither,
Till Angles and Saxons
Were all of a dither.
He conquered so quickly
You couldn't keep count
Of the countries he conquered.
I think the amount
Was ten or a dozen or even a score,
And I haven't a doubt
He'd have conquered some more,
So full and so proud
Of these conquering tricks
Was William the Conqueror
Ten sixty six
But death put an end
To his tactics, thank heaven.
William the Conqueror
Ten eighty seven.

*MARTIN WHINNEY, born 23 September, 1947; entered Worth, September, 1955.

*BERNARD CROSSLEY, born 19 July, 1945; entered Worth, September, 1954; Under 11 Cricket Team; 1st Choir.

THE TWO KINGS

by J. A. NEVILLE SMITH*

I know two kings in the desert
Who were mighty in days of old;
But now they are just old statues,
Made out of nothing but gold.

When Sirius the Mighty was kind,
They killed old Basil the Bad;
But now they are just old statues,
And with sand and dust are clad.

In days when they were rich,
Golden garments they wore;
But now they are just old statues
Of men we see no more.

But under their changeless statues
A priceless treasure lies;
While all that is left of their bodies,
Is covered with worms and flies.

A terrible storm arose,
The wind clutched them with mighty hands;
And all that is left of their bodies,
Is buried in the stretching sands.

AN AIR FLIGHT

Going for your first air flight is quite an exciting thing. It is nothing like going up in a balloon because when you get into a balloon you have not the faintest idea where you are going except into the sky. But in a plane it is different, because when you get into the plane you know exactly where you are going, and ninety-nine times out of a hundred you get there.

When you get into the plane you settle down to read but suddenly you look up to the pilot's cabin as you hear the air hostess say something and you see this notice: 'Fasten your safety belts' and underneath that notice: 'No smoking.' Then you realise that you are smoking and so you hurriedly take the cigarette out of your mouth scorching your fingers at the same time. Then you hear the motors starting up and then you feel a bumping and you are off the ground.

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

SUBMARINE

by H. J. ROSE*

After putting my diving suit on I was ready to submerge. I lowered myself into the water up to my neck. Then flapping my flippers a little I went under. I found the bed 20 feet below. I swam around looking for something to photograph. Suddenly I came face to face with a porpoise. He had come from the Island race heading for the two rivers' estuary to eat salmon, trout and grilse. Seeing me he fled. In the gravel below me a school of salmon were hiding, obviously from the porpoise. I took my second photo of them, the first being of the porpoise. Their leader, a fifty pounder bolted, as did the others. These were early spring salmon going to the estuary too.

I swam further along the bed until I came to a wrecked steamship. I was suspicious; but after swimming round it twice I was satisfied. I went below deck into the engine room where I saw Garroo the cannibal eel, as he was nicknamed. He darted for me, so I turned and fled. Having lost him I came upon a shoal of trout. I noticed before they fled that one of them had fungus growing on its tail fin where a porpoise had taken a bite out. I returned to the surface being satisfied with my exploits.

MY PONY

by R. C. M. MCGOURAN*

If I had a pony I would keep him at home.
He'd have plenty of pastures and meadows to roam.
And he'd sleep in a stable with plenty of straw,
There I'd keep him all winter till the snow began to thaw.

I would call my pony Misty and I'd ride him every day.
I would walk him in December and I'd trot him during May.
We would have some fun together and I'd keep him very well,
And round his brown and silky neck I'd tie a little bell.

So that early in the morning I would know where he would be,
Then I'd whistle very softly and he'd canter up to me.
I would take him to his stable and I'd saddle him again,
And I'd feel around his neck and legs to see he had no pain.

Then I'd bring along his breakfast of apples, mash and hay,
Then I'd let him drink some water and I'd quietly go away.
I would have my breakfast early and then I'd be back once more.
Then I'd rub his legs and brush him and clear away the floor.

*HOWARD ROSE, born 20 February, 1945; entered Worth, September, 1953; 1st Choir.

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

THE GLADIATORS

by J. A. WALFORD*

It is a great feast day and the crowd is flocking to the arena. Everyone wants to see the gladiators. There is a fight between two well-known ones, Homa and Scuta. The Emperor Claudius is in his grand box and he gives the signal for the fight to start. It is a fight to the death. Homa is armed with a net and fork and Scuta is armed with a shield and a sword. The fight starts. Homa makes a thrust with his fork but Scuta defends himself with his shield.

The fight goes on for a quarter of an hour but they still cannot find an opening. Then Homa gets Scuta off his guard and throws his net. It lands on Scuta but he manages to cut a hole and slash at Homa's hand. He drops his net but still fights. on Then he trips and is at Scuta's mercy.

Scuta looks at Claudius. Claudius is a cruel Roman and so he puts his finger down; than sign means death. The crowd agree with him. Scuta puts his sword in Homa's heart and Homa rolls over dead. He is beaten on the head with a stick and is taken out.

CAT TRAPPERS

by T. A. DAY*

Once a tabby cat went down a long alley looking for titbits. All he found was a small open window, so he crept in. Inside he found a long damaged hall with old hunting trophies on both sides. As he walked down the passage he found a vacant board for another trophy. He wondered what this was for. When he left it was dark. He soon fell asleep. Then he found himself in a long hall lined with cat's heads. At the end was a reserved space. Then there was a bang and a gun went off. Mice appeared. He felt a hit on his head! Then he woke up! It was all a dream and wasn't he glad!

THE DUCKS

by G. A. HIGGINS*

Mother and Father ducks
Had some little ducklings.
Upon a sunny day
They all croaked quackings
Having a lovely play.
Diving, swimming, playing around
Till mother heard a nasty sound.
Into the coop they run
To dream about their lovely fun.

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

*THOMAS DAY, born 1 January, 1948; entered Worth, September, 1955.

*ANTHONY HIGGINS, born 4 December, 1948; entered Worth, September, 1956.

A FETE

by E. J. COOKE*

One day I was thinking of something to do when my mother came upstairs and said, 'Would you like to come to a fete today?' I immediately dressed and off I went at once. I arrived at 10 o'clock. I looked around for a little while till I found a stall which had a lot of different things to eat and drink. So I bought a packet of crisps and a bottle of orangeade. Next I went to a roundabout which had been put up for the fete. The church which was holding the fete had said they were raising money for the black babies in Africa and that they would send the money to some missionary in Cape Town. I just had time to go to a stall which had a few toys so I bought a doll for my sister, and a toy boat for my brother. Then I had dinner. When I had finished I went out and bought something for myself, and for my father and mother. Then I walked home. When I came to a butcher I bought a bone for my dog, and a tin of fish for our cat. Then I walked straight home.

THE VILLAGE GREEN

by C. D. CRONIN

About three years ago I went to stay with my old grandfather who lived in the village of Sandime which is in the north of Derby. He lived a little bit away from the village itself, but he could see most things from his thatched house on top of a little hill. On the first day I looked down on this village, and from what I could see it was nothing but small modern houses, which lined the small river and all the rows of trees near it. There was a small number of shops here and there but what surprised me most was that there was no village green at all, no matter how hard I looked. I asked my grandfather why this was so and this is what I got as an answer:

'When I was a small child of your own age there used to be one of the biggest greens in all England, right there,' he pointed to where stood the biggest block of modern houses, mostly scattered around the place. 'There we used to have the greatest fun at Christmas and Easter. There was a lovely pond where we used to sail pieces of wood and logs, but now that, and all the trees which used to form a large boundary round it have been removed by these people who seem to want to ruin the nicest pieces of land in their own country.'

'We all used to know each other so well, in those days, that nothing but friendliness used to pass between us. There was a beautiful little church, standing half-way up that slope, which used to be "alarm clock"

*EDWARD COOKE, born 13 August, 1947; entered Worth, September, 1955.

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

here. Everyone went to Mass there each morning. It is now in complete ruin, since these monsters have used its bricks to build their own ugly houses.' Here he paused for a moment and showed where he lived in 'the good old days,' the church, and also the site of the village hall. Then he said:

'Then after the First World War they all went out of big cities and this was where some of them came. We could do nothing to stop their huge lorries coming with the cement and sand to build the houses. The first ones are not too bad, then they came again after the Second War and built these ghastly ones right on our precious village green. Many of the old people of my age, left to go to some other peaceful spot, and now there are only three of my generation left here and I always try to speak to them only.'

After that he sat back in an old comfortable arm-chair, and I continued to look out of the window, and I could imagine from his words how the village used to be in his boyhood, friendly-looking, green trees everywhere and fertile countryside surrounding it. But now, like so many other English villages, it had been overrun by these modern houses which completely destroyed the lovely village, together with its green.

LAMBING

by P. E. RANDALL*

When I arrived at the little Scottish farm where I was going to spend the last week of my holiday I was rather disappointed by its looks. It somehow wasn't quite how I had pictured it. I am not a 'city-slicker' but neither am I a country bumpkin. Where I come from there aren't any farms of any size nor is there a town bigger than an English market town and there are only two of those.

I soon settled in; but next morning instead of being woken up as I expected by a cock in the early hours of the morning, I was woken up by a voice telling me that breakfast was ready. As soon as breakfast was over it became clear that there was work for me to do. Later that morning I found out why no cock had ruined my beauty sleep. The reason was that the chickens were still in deep litter in a building about half-a-mile away. I spent most of that morning standing knee-deep in bad turnips: it wasn't pleasant. We loaded them into a truck and then unloaded them into a field where the ewes were recuperating after having had their lambs. Lots of them had had twins. It was great fun watching the lambs on their unsteady legs. One slipped and fell in a drainage ditch that run across the field. We ran to see if it was hurt, but it wasn't even trying to get up; it was just lying there eating. One had hurt its back and could not stand up. I expected the farmer to have it destroyed but he let it die of its own accord. I was rather sorry when I had to leave for I had had lots of fun.

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

A CHRISTMAS DAY

by P. H. KEHYAIAN

I get up in the morning, don't bother to make my bed, and see what there is in my stocking. I then dress quickly, perhaps putting my shirt on inside out or not bothering to put on my shoes. I would sneak out to my parent's bedroom and see what there is for me. We usually have a great box, quite high, and put all the presents inside. Then, when it is Christmas Day we deal the presents out but most of them are for me! We have an egg and some toast for breakfast. Sometimes we paint different kinds of faces on the eggs, some like clowns, and other funny faces. The best part, though, is dealing out the presents. I would say, 'Mother from Mrs Smith' or whoever it was. Then I might have a Christmas party. But supposing I did not, well, my mother would ask a friend over and invite him or her to Christmas Dinner. I would show the visitor my presents. Then we had a lovely dinner, roast chicken, vegetables, chips and Christmas pudding. I do not have any Christmas pudding for I do not like it. Anyhow I would have something just as good. Then we would go out for a walk or go to a friend's house. In the evening I would stay up for supper. We would have the remains of the roast chicken, now cold but that doesn't matter. I would stay up for television and watch different programmes. I like television for I see a lot in the afternoons.

My mother soon afterwards sends me to bed and I have a bath. When I am in bed I think about everything that happened on Christmas day. I long for the next one. In the night-time I might hear some carols outside my window.

THE DEAD BIRD

by A. J. P. MATHER*

A twang of the bow
And this hiss of the arrow
As it whizzed through the air
Through to the mark.

A rustle in the leaves
As a bird falls dead,
With arrow straight through
The small black head.

The huntsman draws near
To the bird on the ground.
He picks it up and draws
The arrow from its head.

Half an hour later
The hunter is fatter,
The bird is inside him
As dead as a hatter.

And that is the end
Of that little bird
Who chirped in the morning
And fell dead in the evening.

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

*JOHN MATHER, born 1 May, 1944; entered Worth, September, 1952.

A DAY IN COWES WEEK

by W. R. J. CROSS*

Cowes Week is one of the best known weeks of sailing in England. This year it started on 11th August and went on until 19th. The Duke of Edinburgh was there as usual. I went and saw the racing on the Tuesday of Cowes Week.

The racing started at half-past ten, but we did not arrive until eleven-thirty. The first race we saw was the 6-metre class which are very big yachts and have a very big sail area. Next came the 5.5-metre which are slightly smaller, though I find it hard to tell the difference when they have their sails down. This race was followed by the Victory class which is an open boat, about twenty-one foot six inches. They are clinker built unlike the X.O.D. which followed; they are carvel built, though about the same length as the Victory.

Following the X.O.D. came the Y.O.D. which have a little less keel than an X.O.D. even though they have slightly more sail. The last race of the morning was the West of England Redwing class, which are also like the X.O.D. From half-past twelve till two o'clock there was a pause in the racing while the officers of the day had their lunch.

When I sat down after my swim I saw so many yachts that I realised I should not be able to count them. There was a cluster of craft around 'The Royal Yacht Britannia' which was anchored in the background with H.M.S. Grenville.

At two o'clock the National 12-footers and the Fireflies started their race followed by the flying fifteens which were designed by Uffa Fox. Following this came the whalers, followed by the Scows.

It was lovely to watch the yachts ambling along to a light wind. But all good things have to come to an end and every one thought it was a most successful day.

WINTER

by H. D. R. WALFORD*

The summer has left us,
And now cold winds blow.
The winter is coming
And we shall have snow.

The children are happy
For they shall have fun.
But old folk are sorry
Because there's no sun.

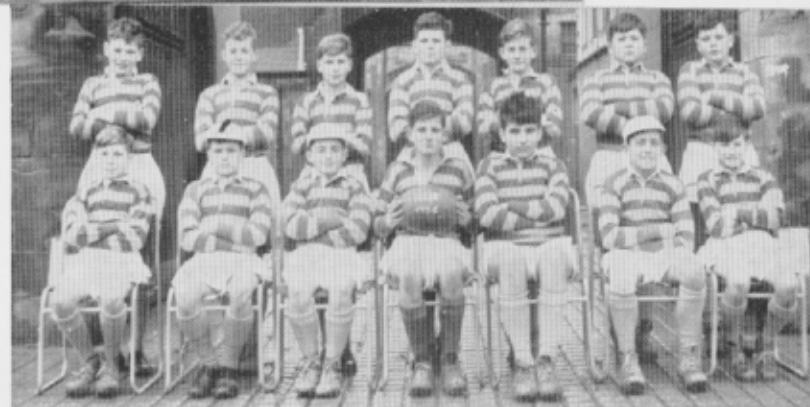
The roads will be icy,
And north winds shall blow,
Oh poor little birds
Who have no-where to go!

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

*HUGH WALFORD, born 9 December, 1944; entered Worth, Autumn, 1951; acted in *Mother Goose* and *Stations in Mime*; Choir.



THE GYM TEAM
(Standing): LINTNER, I.,
MICHELL, BOND,
O'CONNELL, RIMMER,
GILES, AGIUS, STEPHENS.
(Sitting): O'HAGAN,
ROSE, S., NORTON,
WOOD, O'DONOVAN.
(In Front): PITT, BOYS.



THE 1ST XV.
(Standing): CUSS, O'CONNELL, ARRIGO, MATHER, LYSONS, D., BRUNING, LITTLE.
(Sitting): NORTON, VANDER, LUCAS, F., HAYES, URQUHART, R., RIMMER, BARRERE, D.



THE UNDER 11 XV.
(Standing): MADDOCK, SHELMEKDINE, DEARMAN, ELKINGTON, PATERSON, SHERIDAN, HOYLE.
(Sitting): BARRERE, S., CROSS, J., BRADSTREET, HASLAM, FITZGERALD. (In front): PITT, WYNNE,
JILLARD, R., GUIVER, CARR, T.



THE FORD HOUSE PARTY: BALLOONS.



THE FORD HOUSE PARTY: SOME OF THE DRINKS AND PART OF THE FOOD.



CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS IN ROBERTS DORMITORY: HEALING, BIGH, POWYS-LYBBE, KANE, BEST, PLUMMER.



DURING THE LEAGUE GYM COMPETITION.

THE GHOST VILLAGE

by M. P. K. BRUNING

In a valley in Wales there used to be a pretty country village. It had picturesque little cottages and the women wore the national costume. But one bleak winter night an avalanche started up in the mountains; soon huge boulders were dislodged. The little village was dead in its way. The people hearing the rumbling and roaring came out of their houses and scurried around in the darkness. But none knew what was happening. Soon the avalanche was upon them. It swept down the village street smashing all in its path. There was horrible shrieking and screaming as the poor inhabitants were crushed and flattened by the boulders' devastating force. Indeed it was a black blotch on the few survivors' memory.

Now it is a ghost village and the few houses left are mouldering and crumbling in their decay. Mosses and grass grow on the damp walls and few have got their roofs on. An occasional tramp or gypsy goes there leaving a heap of smouldering ashes in the former dining room of a shepherd. There is a soggy damp patch by the village pump which drips away as it always used to as nobody bothered to turn off the main. A stranger would wonder why there is so much rubble and stones where no houses are; but they do not know the history of its past. At night-time it looks weird and ghostly and, indeed, many gossips of the local villages around have tall stories to tell about the ghost of the above village.

One summer afternoon a party of cyclists come along. They stop and look around. They say what a muddy old place it is. But the houses just seem to smile among themselves...

* Fools, for we also had our hour
One fast, fierce hour and sweet'

WAVES

by P. D. BYRNE*

The waves creep further up the shore,
Further, further than ever before.
Now they are crawling past the fishermen's boats,
On their foamy crests strange wreckage floats.
They batter the cliffs which are blown with spray.
They pound on the rocks out in the bay.
Then one day the sun shines bright,
The little boats venture out once more.
The fishermen all feel happy and light
And life goes on as before.

*PETER BRUNING, born 16th February 1944; entered Worth, September, 1951; acted in *Aladdin* and *The More the Merrier*; 1st XV Rugby Team; School Prefect.

*PHILIP BYRNE, born 11 September, 1944; entered Worth, September, 1952; 1st Choir.

DO IT WITH THY MIGHT

by D. E. BENNETT*

I am a very poor man. My name is Anthony Wright. My profession is a simple one — I make small model boats and put them into bottles. I then sell them for a few shillings each. One day I thought to myself, 'I am weary of working all alone like this, and, though I am hard up, I must have an assistant.' The next day I hung a notice outside my little cottage: 'Assistant Wanted. For details apply within.' For a week I waited watching all sorts of people walking past glancing at my notice: but nothing happened! I was very upset. Then, after about ten days, a lad of seventeen or eighteen stopped and had a good look at my notice. He stood looking at it for about five minutes wondering whether to apply for the job or not. He then walked up the path and knocked on my door. I was already down there to open it.

I received him with a 'Good morning.' I took him into my sitting room and asked him to sit down. We went straight to business. I told him all about the job and asked him if he was willing to take it on. He asked how much I would pay him. I said that for a five day week I would give him thirty shillings and his dinner. He agreed and accepted my offer. He proposed we should start the following day.

The next day he arrived ten minutes late. I asked him to make sure he arrived in time in future. He made no reply. That day he did not get through much work. To me he seemed rather lazy. I thought that I had better not say much to him as he was obviously very new to the job. The next day he was five minutes late. His work was no better. He had only managed to make half a boat in two days. I thought that if his work was no better the next day then I should speak to him very sharply about it. I was already feeling very annoyed with him. The following day he was again five minutes late. He came into the workshop looking very off-handed as he always did. His work was just as bad so I let out to him: 'For goodness sake make something, even if it's only a mistake!' He went red, muttered something in an undertone, and marched out. The next day he arrived on time. He said: 'Good morning' cheerfully and respectfully, and during the day he indeed took my word literally. He made a big mistake. He was walking about the workshop rather clumsily when he tripped up over something and went headlong into a table that had seven bottles containing the finished article standing on it. I rushed in and when I saw the mess on the floor I shouted: 'I've had quite enough of this. You're sacked!' He begged me to give him one more chance and said that he would make up for the ships he had smashed. I replied that if he was going to go on like this he was useless to me, but I would give him one more chance and that would be all.

From that day on he was a changed fellow. He made up for the loss in no time; and from that day onwards we were the best of friends.

*DAVID BENNETT, born 25 April, 1944; entered Worth, Summer, 1952; 1st Choir.

OSTEND

by M. F. THOMAS*

I was staying with some friends in Belgium when, one day, after I had been some time in Brussels, the Belgian capital, we decided to go to Ostend, the main Belgian port and holiday resort. So we drove out of Brussels along a long straight road which stretches all the way to the coast, with the flat Belgian countryside on either side.

We drove along the front, when we reached our destination, and as I looked I thought there was something different about it from an English beach. Then I realised what it was: there was no pier. As we drove along we looked for a nice piece of sand to stop at. At last we found something we liked, so we got out. After walking down some steps we came to the beach. It was a rather windy day and the wind lifted the sand into our eyes and drove it along the beach in waves which smacked against our legs and hurt. The beach stretched as far as the eye could see in both directions. The tide was creeping in over the sand, bit by bit, taking its time as though it had all day. Perhaps it had. We had a swim in spite of the cold water. There were two little girls who splashed about to the left of us, laughing and shouting to each other in their Flemish language. The wind was dropping and the sun was growing hotter, pouring its rays down on to the sand and giving it a golden touch.

We went up to a little cafe on the promenade for lunch and then we went down to the beach again for another swim. We played games on the sands. As it became cold later on in the afternoon we left and made our way through streams of traffic back to Brussels having spent a day at the sea.

THE RIPPINGAL CUP

by M. A. DE NAVARRO *

Last holidays my father and I went to Blakeney, a small village on the north coast of Norfolk, quite near Cromer, for the regatta. On account of holiday plans, we could only stay a week there. Our plan was as follows. On the first day my father would go round the course (6 miles) to get the feel of everything. The next day was our big race for the Rippingal Cup. Five boats entered, but only four started because the crew of one didn't arrive in time. The next day I would do some sailing, the day after we would have another race, the one after that was a Sunday and we would go to Mass. However we couldn't get out till the afternoon. On Monday we would both have a sail, and the next day we had to leave.

Our boat is a twenty-footer, and when we are racing we have a crew of four. For this race we were lucky enough to get the two best sailors

*MICHAEL THOMAS, born 29 October, 1944; entered Worth, Summer, 1954; Under 12 Cricket and Rugger Teams; 1st Choir.

*MICHAEL DE NAVARRO, born 1 May, 1944; entered Worth, January, 1953; acted in *The More the Merrier*.

in the village, father and son, who looked after the boat when we were away, to race with us. The race was handicapped, and we gave seven minutes to the *Jolly Roger*, who went third, but a surprise entry gave us five minutes.

Practically from the start the *Jolly Roger* led, and we soon got into second place, overtaking the other two in front of us before we reached the North Buoy. From there we had an almost clear run down to the Scarp Run Buoy, for we were sailing close hauled. The *Jolly Roger* had to tack up to the Mark Buoy, while again our boat, the *Hermione*, managed to run up to it without tacking. When they rounded it they were only twenty yards ahead of us, but owing to a fault while jibing, we lost another seven yards. On the way back we were catching them up very fast, for it was just the day that suited us. When there was about 300 yards to go, as they entered the cut which leads into Blakeney we were about 10 yards behind. At this point their jib seemed to have lost control, while we got a beautiful puff. At this point we had to cut across a sandbank which we might, if the tide had been higher, have cleared completely, but we just touched it, and at that moment we were level, and about to go ahead, when they got a puff which took them past us, and then they won by half a length.

THE DESERTED TOWN

by F. J. LUCAS*

Far from anywhere, high up in the mountains, there is an old town. It is large but for many years has been deserted, and by now all the buildings have probably been destroyed by the lightning, the rain and the winds.

A few days ago I visited it with my friend. Slowly we made the ascent on the backs of donkeys which had been given to us for this purpose. The beasts were slow but it was better riding than climbing. We had got about three-quarters of the way up when dusk came, followed by night. That night was one of the most pleasant I have ever spent. The moon was full and every star in the dark heavens shone brightly. We built a fire, had our supper and then sat talking together in the tranquillity of the night. Soon we fell asleep and the next morning we again began our steep climb.

No one had visited this town for many years and we were most desirous to see it. Soon we came in sight of it. It was an enormous city, in a valley and bordered on each side by terrific rocky mountains; the highest of these was probably at least twelve thousand feet. Ours was the only entrance and we considered ourselves very lucky to have found it.

We approached the huge gate, swung it gently open and entered. Everywhere there was a tense silence except for the occasional song of a hovering skylark looking for food. From where we were we could see a large

*FRANCIS LUCAS, born 11 March, 1944; entered Worth, Autumn, 1952; 1st XI Cricket and Hockey; acted in *The More the Merrier*; Head of the School.

building built of solid stone, white in colour. There was no door but a small entrance through which we entered. It was dark inside and even our light steps on the stone floor echoed through the whole building. At the end of this great hall in which we were there was another entrance to a little room. In this room there was a revolting skeleton which sent a dreadful shiver down my spine. We approached it and in its hand we saw a note. Reading this I was amazed. It was the body of a very great man, Fan Pazo, the man who in the 14th Century had revolted against the great usurpers to the Spanish throne. This was a great surprise for me and I went happily back home again feeling a somewhat great discoverer.

JOURNEY OUT EAST

by N. J. HUTTON*

I was picked up from school at about 3 p.m. I stayed the night at my aunt's house at Weybridge, as my plane was leaving at 8 a.m. next morning. I got up next morning at 6 o'clock and had breakfast. Having had my breakfast and got everything packed and ready we got all the luggage into the car. We had to be at London Airport (North) at 7.15 a.m.

After getting my passport stamped and my embarkation ticket given to me, the departure was announced over the microphone. The plane is an Air-India International Super Constellation. I said goodbye to my aunt and uncle and proceeded through the customs. I found my place on board. It was a window-seat. Sitting next to me was another boy also going to Bombay for his holidays. I soon made friends with him and we talked a lot on the way.

Our first stop was Düsseldorf. From London to Düsseldorf takes two and a half hours. We got off at Düsseldorf for an hour. We were served drinks in the airport restaurant. During that time the aircraft is refuelled and is given a check over. The next stop was Geneva at which we stayed another hour. Then from Geneva to Cairo which is a hop of two thousand odd miles. It took us seven and a half hours. At Cairo it was midnight.

Our final lap was from Cairo to Bombay which takes about eight and a half hours. My parents were, of course, at Bombay airport, Santa Cruz. It is not a very big airport and does not have much traffic. The plane was continuing its journey to Calcutta, Bangkok, Singapore and Tokyo.

I spotted my parents straight away behind the barrier. I was so pleased to see them again. I had to go through all the Government Regulations: Health, passport, checking and immigration. I got into the car to go to our house which is about eleven miles from the airport.

*NICHOLAS HUTTON, born 4 October, 1944; entered Worth, Autumn, 1954; Under 11 Rugger Team; Boxing and Swimming Teams; Sacristy.

LOURDES

by I. J. K. LINTNER*

We arrived at Lourdes at midday and found a camp site. We had lunch and after lunch we erected a canopy to keep the sun off. My father was lying on a rug on one side of the caravan and he saw that three springs had broken on one side of the caravan and four springs had broken on the other. He took the springs off and then went into Lourdes to see if he could get them mended.

After that we had a look round. Then we went up a mountain by a railway which hangs down on a very strong wire. Then we went back to the caravan. The next day during the afternoon we all went to the Basilica and the Grotto where St Bernadette saw Our Lady. At the Grotto you can see walking sticks and crutches hanging up on a piece of rope. They belong to the people who have been cured. Also there are lots of taps where the water from the spring comes from.

We went inside the churches. They get more beautiful as you go up. The town itself is spoilt by the souvenir shops all along the streets. We went back at about five o'clock. The next day we collected the springs and fitted them on. Then we carried on our journey through the Pyrenees.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH

by J. B. J. O'DONOVAN*

Last summer holidays I went to Salcombe in South Devon. It was a sailing holiday. On a Tuesday in my holidays some Frenchmen came to look at some of the types of sailing dinghies and racers in our club. Beforehand we had been tidying up the breakfast and meal boat and also the accommodation boats. In the afternoon some of the club members volunteered to take on the Frenchmen in two swordfishes. The course was a fairly long one. I should think about half a mile. They had to start at the meal boat (*Ilton Castle*), past the North Point, bear right to the lifeboat, circle it and come all the way back past the *Ilton Castle*, up into the estuary, round a buoy and come back to the *Ilton Castle*. They had to do that twice. Two 13-footers were included in the race.

The gong was sounded and they were off. The English took the lead. They rounded the North point and we watched the rest do the same. When they were all out of sight we had to wait for about half an hour before we sighted them again. The English were still in the lead and easily too. But the French were coming up fast. They passed the *Ilton Castle* and went

*IVAN LINTNER, born 18 June, 1945; entered Worth, September, 1953; Under 12 Hockey, Rugger and Cricket Teams; Gym and Boxing Teams.

*JEROME O'DONOVAN, born 27 June, 1945; entered Worth, September, 1953; Under 12 Rugger Team; Under 11 Cricket, Hockey and Rugger Teams; Gym Team.

out of sight into the estuary. We had to wait for another half hour before they came in sight. We were very disappointed to see the French in the lead. They kept the lead all the time we saw them until they passed the North Point. They came back still in the lead but only two yards or so behind were the English. Soon afterwards they were in the lead again. They were in the lead for a long while because the wind dropped. Then the wind came again in gusts. They completed the estuary very quickly and the French were in the lead. They won in about five minutes and were very tired.

SCOUTS

By the end of the Summer Term the number of Proficiency Badges won during the school year was brought up to 51 when Zamoyski, P. J. Murphy, H. J. Rose and D. Barrère won the *Designer* Badge, and D. Barrère, D. R. Lysons and P. J. Murphy the *Swimmer*. Meanwhile preparations went on steadily for the Expedition to Austria. Through Countess Zamoyski we had been able to get in touch with Countess von Larisch-Moennich, who invited us to camp on her estate in Styria. She and her son, Count Edward, did an enormous amount for us, both before and during our Camp in Austria, and we shall always be ever so grateful to them both for their thoughtfulness, kindness and generosity. The Expedition was in many ways the most successful that our troop has ever had.

During the few days between the end of term and the start of the great adventure, Dom Denis very kindly helped to entertain the scouts by taking them to Crawley to a cinema, and to the Birch Hotel for a bathe. He also took some nice photographs in the quad as we prepared to leave Worth for the Continent on July 26th. We left at noon, by road, for Dover, crossed calmly to Ostend in the 'Prince Baudouin,' and had a long train journey on the 'Karnten Express,' through Belgium and Germany to Bischofshofen, in Austria, where we changed, and again at Selzthal, and finally we arrived at Hiefiau at 8 p.m. on the 27th. Count Edward met us with a lorry and a car, and in these we went twelve miles through the darkness to our camp site. That night we slept at the *Gasthof Eschau*, which had been put at our disposal by Countess Larisch.

We pitched camp the next day in a level meadow, 1,500 feet above sea level, surrounded by mountains and deer forests, with the swift River Salza below us. We often bathed in this river, though the water was very cold! We explored the neighbourhood by short walks, and always had a wonderful view of mountain scenery. On the first Sunday we went to Gams in the afternoon to attend a celebration which was accompanied by the brass band from Palfan. On another day we met, at Palfan, some members of a canoe team from East Germany who were practising for an international race on the Salza. We saw this race on August 5th: competitors from nine countries took part in it. Once we went for an all-day walk, and the best of us covered about 25 miles. We went up a beauti-

ful valley which is marked on the map, 'Way through Paradise.' We reached Mount Hochkar (over 5,000 feet high), but had no time to climb to the top of it.

Twice we had whole-day expeditions. The first was to the large Benedictine Abbey of Admont, to which our local parish priest, Pater Thiemo, belonged. We were very kindly shown round by Pater Benedikt Schlömacher, and we were most impressed by the famous library and natural history museum, and the up-to-date smithy. During a meal in the open air, at a hotel, some of us were introduced to *gulasch*. We did a little shopping, and on the way home Pater Thiemo told us stories about the mountains which we saw as we passed through the wild Gesäuse gorge.

The second day-excursion was to the pilgrimage centre of Mariazell. Thanks to our good friend Franz, the shoemaker of Palfau, we managed to hire a coach for the day, and his friend Hartmann accompanied us. We started at 7.15 a.m. and went through some breathtaking mountain country, stopping for breakfast at Wildalpen. On arriving at Mariazell we went to the basilica to pray at the shrine, and then spent a long time, before and after lunch, shopping. Most of us also went up the 4,000 ft. Bürgeralpe by cable car, to enjoy the view from the top, and have divers refreshments. On returning to the town we went to a nearby lake and bathed and boated. We returned home by a different route, the road rising to 1,070 metres above sea level at the Lower Austrian border, and had supper at an inn at Göstling. We arrived at Eschau, tired but happy, at 10 p.m.

The next day we struck camp in leisurely fashion, and were delighted to receive a visit from Countess Larisch who inspected a Guard of Honour formed by the Scouts, and then looked round the camp. We had just moved all our equipment into the *Gasthof Eschau* when the evening's rain came down. We walked to Gams to have our supper at an inn. We slept at the *Gasthof Eschau* as we were to rise at 6 a.m. the next day to begin our long journey to England.

On August 8th we went by Post-bus and lorry to Hieflau, had breakfast at the station restaurant and began our train journey at 9.40 a.m. We changed at Selzthal, and thence the 'Tauern Express' took us all the way to Ostend. We arrived there late, but caught the 'Konig Albert' to Dover at 10.15 a.m. on August 9th. Our coach was waiting for us at the harbour, and at 6 p.m. we arrived back at Worth, where Terry Black and his staff had prepared a lovely meal to make a fitting end to our great expedition.

The members of our party were:— Dom Michael, Dom Bruno, Dom Kevin, Dr. B. Bourke, Jim Bourke, David Barrère, Paul Bruning, Peter Bruning, Charles Cavenagh-Mainwaring, Anthony Concanon, Maitland Cook, Jeremy Cowdry, Peter Dauthieu, Michael Hoyle, Anthony Lamont, Monty Little, John Mather, Peter Norton, Gerry O'Brien, Stephen Plummer, Derek Rose, Michael Temple, Michael Thomas and Klemens Zamoyski.

CUBS

At the end of the Summer term, a chosen band of ten pitched camp in a field to the south of Conker Avenue. We spent three nights there, and were fortunate in having splendid weather the whole time. The only mishaps were the collapsing, on the first night, of the exceedingly old bell tent that held our stores—no very great disaster, as it was soon replaced—and the slight burning of the porridge one morning. We received invaluable help and encouragement from Col. Vredenburgh and Mr Crossley; from D. Bruno and D. Roger; from D. Denis and Brother Maurus, who tackled the unrewarding task of striking camp for us. Several of the Scouts staying on till their departure for Austria came and helped, and to all these we owe a great deal. Memorable occasions were the two Camp Fires, at which we welcomed many visitors, and the supper on the last evening. Chops cooked over a really hot fire were its *pièce de résistance*—but then it is very hard for a meal one has cooked oneself to be anything but appetising (at least, you'd better not say it isn't in front of the Cubs or Scouts who've cooked it). At the second Camp Fire an Arab headdress, presented by Colonel Vredenburgh, was awarded to the best Cub on the camp—the recipient being Nicholas Asprey. The next day we set forth for Eastbourne, where we enjoyed sea bathing, a trip on the boating lake, and rides on the newest (and smallest) trams in the country. It was the first Camp for all of us, and we hope it will be the forerunner of many more successful Cub Camps. We are very grateful to all who made it possible for it to take place, and who contributed to its success.

Shortly afterwards Akela went off to Gilwell Park and learnt a bit more about Cubbing, and in September the new year opened with a Pack consisting of sixteen of last year's Cubs, and thirty-seven new arrivals. Thus the numbers remain at last term's high level. The new kitchen in our zone has already proved its usefulness; we had two lunches there, and a high tea. On this last occasion we used for the first time some new camp cutlery purchased out of a generous donation received during the term from Mr Bergl. Some of last term's dens are still standing, particularly the substantial wigwam erected by the old Grey Six. There has been another Makarios-hunt—'Makarios' and his two assistants spent an entertaining ten minutes listening to one of the search parties at close range. We also hunted—and caught—another highly unorthodox clergyman, His Enormous Immensity the Archimandrite Akelatos, laden with 'dynamite' (to sabotage the Worth Railways). Only one First Star has been achieved this term—there should, one feels, have been a few more. The Sixers were Delany 2 (Red, Senior Sixer), Jousselin (Black), Savill (Grey), Cook 2 (Tawny), Fisher (White), and Cook 3 (Brown).

B.S.

1ST XI CRICKET, 1956

The 1st XI played nine matches, of which five were won, two drawn and two lost. This was quite a creditable record, but at the same time the season was a little disappointing as much of last year's promise was unfulfilled. This was not always the fault of the players: four matches had to be cancelled, and during June there were so many interruptions due to rain and other causes that the team had very little chance to practise together. Andrews and de Chazal headed the batting with averages of 19.0 and 16.1 respectively, but they might both have scored more runs had not four or five very promising innings been curtailed by the close of play. de Chazal seemed rather nervous as compared with last season, but once he was well set he could become very aggressive. Moorsom played only four completed innings, but ended with an average of 13.8 and was nearly always reliable. Wilkinson was very much improved, and gave several exhibitions of hard, straight driving; Gibson and Lucas were solid if not very inspiring. Of the rest one or two looked quite promising but never succeeded in doing very much.

Wilkinson bowled almost exactly the same number of overs as last year and had the same number of runs scored off him; but he took only 17 wickets as against 29 last year. He was always difficult to play, but he hardly ever produced the inspired bursts which characterised his bowling last year. Andrews too was rather disappointing; on the slow, rain-sodden pitches of the latter half of the season he allowed batsmen to play back and watch him off the pitch when he could so easily have had them in trouble if he had made them play forward. de Chazal, on the other hand, was most successful, taking 16 wickets for 46 runs. He has none of the outward appearances of a good bowler, but he studies the batsman and is quick to exploit any weaknesses. Towards the end of the season Urquhart got into top gear and at times was able to make the ball do unpredictable things off the pitch.

The fielding and catching were as good as last year; in particular Moorsom and de Chazal close to the wicket and Norton and Urquhart in the deep distinguished themselves; the one serious flaw was the throwing-in. Murray appeared to be developing into a competent wicket-keeper and had taken some good catches, but towards the end of the season he lost his form and his place had to be taken by Apsion, who acquitted himself with great credit. Apart from the match against Whitgift it was almost impossible to find fault with Moorsom's captaincy; he was always alert, he kept a tight but unobtrusive control over his team in the field, and he was always on the attack. He set a good example in every way, and it is a tribute to his unselfishness that although quite a competent bowler he put himself on to bowl only once.

The first match against Ardingly nearly ended in disaster; four wickets were down for 14 runs when Gibson and Lucas came together to give respectability to the innings. Lucas continued to occupy one end with a dead bat, scoring every now and then with little pushes and tickles

while each of the lesser batsmen added his quota until the score reached 85. Ardingly were fairly well contained but could not be got out, and eventually stumps were drawn with the score at 74 for 3. The second match against Ifield Grammar School also nearly ended badly. Thirty-five runs were scored for the first three wickets, thanks to some powerful driving by Wilkinson, but the whole side was out for a miserable 48, and defeat seemed certain. Fortunately Wilkinson was in an aggressive mood, and with the help of three fine catches by Kennedy, Amhurst and de Chazal he took six wickets for nine runs, and Ifield were all out for 34.

A few days later we visited Beaumont. St. John's resisted stoutly for nearly two hours, but the fielders were in good form and they could score no more than 46. de Chazal took four wickets and each of the other bowlers one each. The opening pair, Wilkinson and Urquhart bowled 14 overs between them and conceded only one run. Our innings started off unfortunately: Lucas was caught, Gibson run out and Wilkinson pulled a full-toss onto his wicket. However, Andrews and de Chazal soon rectified matters with an unbroken stand of 62, all but four of which were in boundaries.

This was followed by the return match against Ardingly, which proved to be the best of the season. We batted first and scored 87, of which Moorsom contributed 29 and de Chazal 22. Ardingly were soon four wickets down for 29 runs, but there followed a long stand and the next wicket did not fall until 64 runs were on the board. With only 24 runs to get and five wickets in hand it looked as if Ardingly were well set for victory, and one of their batsmen gave expression to this view by driving Wilkinson straight back over his head for six. Fortunately Wilkinson reacted in the right way; retrieving the ball, he started his run several yards beyond the boundary and let loose a bombshell that caused the batsman and close fielders to scatter in all directions. The battle was on! Three wickets fell in quick succession, then there was another stand as the minutes ticked inexorably by. The ninth wicket fell at 71, another four was scored, and then with five minutes to go the last batsman swung hard at Wilkinson and the ball shot high in the air in the direction of mid-on. Fielders began to scurry to and fro, but Moorsom quickly arrived to take charge of the situation, and a moment later we had won. This was a particularly satisfying victory as our opponents had played so well.

Shortly after this the summer began in earnest; rain caused the cancellation of several matches and much practice time was lost. We did manage to fit in one match against St. Joseph's, Beulah Hill, which we won quite comfortably. Gibson and Lucas made a stand of 35, and Andrews and de Chazal had once more got into their stride with 42 runs to their credit when stumps were drawn. The annual match against the Turners Hill C.C. was a great success. Our visitors batted first and scored 94 for four, which might have been considerably more but for some splendid fielding by Norton at cover-point. In the remaining hour we scored 62 for four. The old firm of Andrews and de Chazal made

another good stand, and when eventually de Chazal was stumped Moorsom carried on the good work. One cannot praise too highly the pleasant atmosphere which the Turners Hill cricketers brought to this game; while they were not playing at full stretch they were never condescending, and paid our boys the compliment of making them fight for their runs.

After this came complete and utter disaster: Whitgift scored 139 for two wickets and we were all out for 31. The ineptitude of the team was so unanimous and whole-hearted that one can but record the ghastly facts and omit all attempts at excuse or explanation. However, one of the tests of a team's spirit is its reaction to defeat. The affair at Whitgift produced a general pulling-up of socks and much hard fielding practice on the Sunken Lawn; so that when the Parents' match came round the team, although beaten by three wickets, acquitted themselves very well. In the morning session they scored 35 for five wickets, and they were some of the best runs of the season as at one end Mr. Fitzgerald was bowling some extremely accurate inswingers. In one particular over he employed every artifice of flight and change of pace, but Moorsom at the other end refused to be taken in. The school were eventually out for 58; some very vicious bowling by Wilkinson and Urquhart had the Parents in difficulties to begin with, but Mr. Andrews brought the score up to 40 before he was dismissed. Another quick wicket fell, but eventually the Parents passed the school's total with seven wickets down.

On the last Sunday of the term D. F. Barnett brought down a team which included several Old Boys supplemented by Dom Peter and Dom Kevin. Urquhart and Andrews were in good form and soon had five wickets down for 12 runs, but Dom Kevin, after giving a hard chance to mid-wicket off his first ball, settled down and was 47 not out when the visitors declared at 79 for 8. In the later stages he was ably assisted by Dom Peter who was also undefeated. The school lost two quick wickets, but Wilkinson and Andrews brought the score up to 50. When the sixties were reached the visitors decided it was time to turn on the heat. An attacking field was set, but the wickets did not fall fast enough and Moorsom made the winning hit when six wickets were down.

Results of Matches: Worth 85, Ardingly 74 for 3 (drawn). Worth 48, Ifield G.S. 34 (won by 14 runs). St. John's 46, Worth 67 for 3 (won by 7 wickets). Worth 87, Ardingly 75 (won by 12 runs). St. Joseph's 36, Worth 84 for 2 (won by 9 wickets). Turner's Hill C.C. 94 for 4, Worth 62 for 4 (drawn). Whitgift 139 for 2, Worth 31 (lost by 108 runs). Worth 58, Parents XI 68 (lost by 3 wickets). D. F. Barnett's XI 79 for 8, Worth 80 for 6 (won by 4 wickets).

THE 2ND XI

The 2nd XI, under the leadership of Kennedy, played attractive cricket, winning two of their matches and drawing the other when in a favourable position. Sanday, with an average of 19.3, was the most successful of

the batsmen; and towards the end of the season he and Eugster began playing in a manner quite unsuited to the 2nd XI and had to be sent away to the 1st XI. Gleadell wielded his bat with fine, rustic vigour, while by contrast O'Connell played most correctly and with more confidence should become a really good batsman. Kennedy was by far the best of the bowlers, taking 17 wickets at an average of 4.2, but Sanday and Buckley gave him good support. The fielding improved steadily, and Apsion gave a very good account of himself behind the stumps.

Results of Matches: Ardingly 71, Worth 79 for 7 (won by 4 wickets). Worth 103, Ardingly 62 (won by 41 runs). Whitgift 94, Worth 82 for 6 (drawn).

UNDER 12 XI

CAPTAIN: R. J. RIMMER

The Under 12 XI played three matches this season, winning two easily and losing one fairly narrowly.

The team's greatest strength lay in their fast and accurate opening bowlers, Lysons and Rimmer. Lysons took all 10 wickets for 8 runs in the first match against Christ's Hospital, and for this feat was awarded a bat by the 'Star.' Against Ifield, it was Rimmer who did most of the damage, with 7 for 18. In the return match against Christ's Hospital at Horsham these two were perhaps tired: they did not bowl consistently at the stumps, and Christ's Hospital, helped by one or two missed catches, were able to put together 89 runs, which was 16 more than Worth could muster. Mather and Giles were useful change bowlers, but were seldom called upon.

The fielding was keen on the whole, but runs were sometimes given away by a failure to bend quickly, an indefensible fault at this age. Several fieldsmen were posted in 'silly' positions in support of our fast bowlers, and this attacking field paid dividends in the shape of some smart catches by Stephens and Marcar.

Despite a certain amount of individual talent, they never looked a reliable batting side. This was because too few of them were capable of sound forward defensive play. Anyone who wants to score a decent aggregate of runs in a season must acquire the ability to play good length straight bowling by coming right forward to the pitch of the ball with a sharply played stroke, in which the bat is brought backwards straight and comes down straight along the line of the ball's approach, with the front foot finishing up close to the bat. This has to be practised assiduously in the nets and elsewhere until it becomes practically automatic.

Rimmer was easily the most prolific scorer, with 36 against Ifield and 26 against Christ's Hospital. He has a good eye, but is impatient and gets himself out by wild strokes. Norton had the creditable average of 14 in school matches. He played some attractive strokes, especially off-

drives, but is inclined to lift his head. Thomas had the same average as Norton. He is not yet a fluent stroke player, but he watches the ball carefully and is difficult to get out. His long stand with Norton in the first match against Christ's Hospital turned the tide in Worth's favour after our first four wickets had fallen cheaply. Towards the end of the season Vander showed ability to play good bowling correctly and safely.

An exciting match was played by an Under 12½ XI against Whitgift on July the 4th. The Worth team consisted of five of the Under 12 XI plus Hayes, Cronin, P. J. G. Murphy, M. P. K. Bruning, Cuss and Stroud. On a firm pitch with short boundaries Whitgift scored 110 for 6 wickets, and then declared when a heavy downpour began. Rain was falling during most of the Worth innings, and stumps were drawn at 91 for 7, with Mather and Vander not out and batting confidently. The chief contributors were Cronin with 22 and Cuss with 17; both batted with great determination against some very good fast bowling. Hayes and Murphy had fielded very well.

The following played for the Under 12:—R. J. Rimmer, D. R. Lysons, P. J. Vander, P. C. Norton, A. J. P. S. Mather, P. E. Giles, M. F. Thomas, H. J. Rose, N. P. Stephens, S. H. Rose, E. S. P. Marcar, R. E. Wood. Scorer: J. J. Cowdry.

Results: Ifield 39, Worth 61 for 6 (Worth won by 5 wickets). Worth 64, Christ's Hospital 29 (Worth won by 35 runs). Christ's Hospital 89, Worth 73 (Worth lost by 16 runs). Whitgift 110 for 6 decl., Worth 91 for 7 (Drawn).

LEAGUE GYMNASTIC COMPETITION

The Inter-League Gymnastic Competition took place on Saturday, December 15th. Marks (out of 200) were awarded as follows: Silver League 127, Red League 124, Blue League 120, Gold League 112.

Each League entered a team of twelve under its own commander. A feature of the competition was the excellence of the commanding and especially that of H. Walford and Hayes. Each team performed a series of exercises which included Marching, Free Standing, Ground work, Horse work, Rope-climbing, and a Tableau. Of the six somersaults over the horse, those of Norton and Wood were beautifully high in the air; of the seven hand-springs over the long horse, two were unlucky and did not come off: five were bent-back lifts and two hollow-back lifts; of the latter, Norton's was again outstanding, Murphy's dive (beneath the arched back of Donaldson perched on the horse) into a front roll was a great popular success.

The judge was Sergeant Instructor Phillips, who is in charge of Physical Training at Downside. He had judged these performances by the highest standards and congratulated the teams on the results of their efforts and on the great amount of hard practice which they must have gone through in preparation for the competition.

Fr Prior, after again congratulating the teams, presented the cup to the Silver League. P.B.

SWIMMING SPORTS

A hundred and thirty three boys had swimming lessons during the summer term, and over 90% of the boys in the three senior Houses had passed the swimming test by the end of it. It was therefore decided to have the Swimming Sports on a more elaborate scale than usual, with Free Style, Breast Stroke and Back Stroke events for each division, and all races for Division I increased from one length to two. Again, however, it was obvious that those boys who had learnt their swimming abroad were in a class apart from the native product of our chilly isle, and Gleadell and the Jillards from Malaya, Wilkinson, Hutton and Rimmer from India, Rose and the Delanys from Egypt, and Arrigo from Malta won nearly all the first prizes between them. From England only Cuss and Hayes won first prizes. The results were as follows:

	<i>Division IV</i>	<i>Division III</i>	<i>Division II</i>	<i>Division I</i>
<i>Free-Style</i>				
1. Jillard, R.	1. Hutton.	1. Zamoyski.	1. Gleadell, G.	
2. Jillard, K.	2. D-Brown.	2. Lysons, R.	2. Wilkinson.	
<i>Breast Stroke</i>				
1. Walford, A.	1. Farquharson.	1. Hayes.	1. Rose, D.	
2. Cook, D.	2. Norton, P.	2. Wadia.	2. Webb.	
<i>Back Stroke</i>				
1. Jillard, R.	1. Delany, D.	1. Cuss.	1. Wilkinson.	
2. Jillard, K.	2. Lintner, I.	2. Arrigo	2. Rose, D.	
<i>Diving</i>				
1. Delany, T.	1. Hutton.	1. Arrigo.	1. Wilkinson.	
2. Higgins, C.	2. Delany, D.	2. Lysons, R.	2. Gleadell, G.	

STAMP CLUB LETTER

My dear young Philatelists,

There are two ways of using a wireless set. You may have it turned on from morning till night and pay not the slightest attention to it, or you may turn it on for this or that specially selected programme and *listen* to it. The first, or commoner, method puzzles *me*; the second (which I favour) seems to puzzle *you*. But the world is full of puzzles. Thus, some of you amass stamps and even decorate your albums with them; but, judging by your attempts to describe supposedly mislaid specimens, you haven't a clue to what your stamps look like. Wiser ones among you use their eyes and examine minutely each stamp they get, noting country, currency, design, colour, shape and the rest. When such as these mislay a stamp they are able to furnish me with an exact description

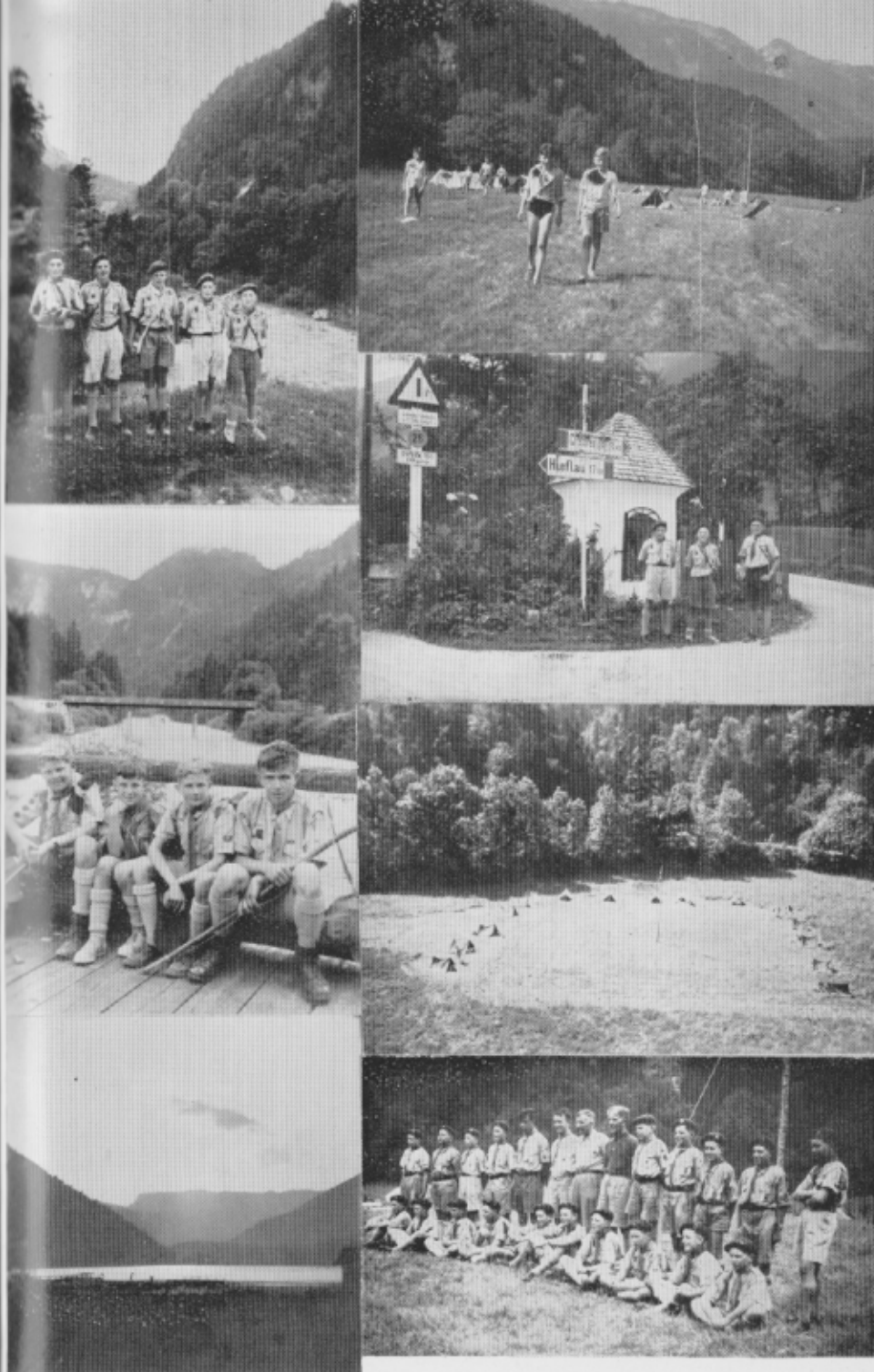
of their loss, with the result that I have a sporting chance of helping them in their search into every nook and cranny.

These remarks take us straight to the MocStooge of that ilk. No detail ever escaped *his* gaze, no sound could get past *his* ear. So keen was he that people should *listen* that it was a common practice with him to enter a person's room, turn the wireless off and insist on that person's listening to the story of his — MocStooge's — life. He did this once to me at the most exciting part of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

It was undoubtedly his powers of concentrated sight and hearing that enabled MocStooge to rise to the position of an acknowledged man of letters, with an enormous correspondence, a prodigious fan-mail and a fantastic telephonic activity. It was this, too, that established his reputation as a Shakesperian critic. Well do I remember the address he gave to the Worshipful Company of Stampmongers in 1861. For four hours on end he discoursed on the vexed subject of the rude forefathers of Hamlet. He had the entire pedigree at his fingers' ends and on the tip of his tongue. The enthusiasm of his audience was so terrific that MocStooge had to be smuggled out of the Albert Memorial Hall by a side door, disguised as a Music Festival Adjudicator.

This reminds me that I once looked into MocStooge's well-thumbed copy of *Hamlet* and found, on the last page of the volume, written in schoolboy characters, the words: 'of all the feeble endings!' I was greatly struck by this. It was MocStooge at his best: terse, authoritative, unambiguous. One could see at once what he was driving at. And yet I was puzzled. For, while admitting that his summing-up of what must have cost the poet hours of inspiration was both daring and acute, I could not help wondering if MocStooge's mighty brain had done full justice to the extraordinary sequence of fatalities with which Shakespeare's tragedy ends. Naturally I longed to debate the point there and then. But MocStooge was away, serving one of his terms at Newgate for theft — actually stealing short runs in a cricket match (Philatelists v. Stamp Collectors) at Lord's. It was a curious match, by the way, since MocStooge succeeded in running out every batsman on his own side, himself excepted — a record, I should think, not likely to be broken in our day. People said at the time that but for this spirited, if original, action on MocStooge's part the Philatelists would have won easily. Strangely enough the spin bowlers of the winning side were quite peeved at having things taken out of their hands in this way — they had hoped to dismiss their opponents by a series of hat-tricks — and it was largely on their evidence that the Jury brought in a verdict of guilty against MocStooge.

Six years later, MocStooge broke prison. Some say that the prison chaplain came to visit him and, attracted by the amenities of cell life — higher standard of living, ample time for reflection, security from telephone calls and so forth, stayed on. MocStooge, of course, went. It was as simple as that. Another story is that MocStooge's favourite aunt sent him an apple-pie, under the crust of which a Scotch costume, complete



THE SCOUT CAMP IN AUSTRIA, SUMMER, 1956.



SCENES AT THE
CUB CAMP,
WORTH, 1956.



CHAPMAN HOUSE OUTING TO LEWES CASTLE,
NOVEMBER 1ST, 1956.

LASSIE AND ANOTHER BEGINNER (C. MANN).

with *skean-dhu*, was cunningly concealed. Arrayed in the garb of Old Gaul, MocStooge was taken (or mistaken: he never knew which) for a Highland chieftain by the prison officials and was actually given a drink of Scots Whisky before being ushered out of gaol to the strains of bag-piping from the magician's gallery. Whatever the truth of either story, escape he did; and one of the first acts of his newly recovered freedom was to write a letter of apology to the Chief Gaoler—anonymously, of course, so as to leave no clue for any amateur detective who might be hot on his trail.

As soon as MocStooge's escape was noticed, the august machinery of the law was set in motion and the chaplain was indicted on three charges: unlawful breaking into a nationalised institution, fraudulent conversation and living under false pretences. He was awarded a life sentence but, by exemplary conduct, obtained some years' shortening of his term and thereupon resumed his former occupation. I forgot to say that within a few hours of his being thrown out of prison a sensation was caused by the publication of his *Refutation of MocStooge's Genealogical Tree of the Rude Forefathers of Hamlet*.

There you are, my dears! You may remember that when I invited you to contribute to the Worth Record I told you to blow up the balloon with gas — the best gas or at least the best you had. This I have tried to do myself (on the principle that physicians sample their own medicines in order to know what they taste like). Needless to say, I did not tell you the whole secret (on the principle that a man must save his breath to cool his own porridge): had I done so *you* might have concocted this nice letter and *I* might have been a mere copy-cat or a plagiarist or a superlatively sincere flatterer. As it is, I am, as I shall always try to be,

Your loving little

Diogenes Philatelist.

PARAGRAPHS

Engagements: G. S. Capes (1938-1942) to Miss C. E. Bilney; G. R. Green (1941) to Miss C. M. Early; M. J. Poole (1939-1943) to Miss A. N. Cowper; R. L. Barford (1940-1944) to Miss J. King; D. C. Scott-Gatty (1934-1939) to Miss P. J. C. White and B. J. S. Hogan (1934-1938) to Miss M. R. McAreevy.

Marriages: P. J. Geering (1934-1940) to Miss J. M. Draper; P. H. Filmer-Sankey (1936-1938) to Miss J. Griffin; J. F. Phipps (1942-1946) to Miss C. A. Quick; H. C. A. Campbell (1942-1946) to Miss P. Moghtader; D. J. C. Beattie (1933-1934) to Miss E. Graves; M. G. Motion (1939-1944) to Miss J. Wells; A. C. M. Harrison (1937-1941) to Miss J. Gayer.

Among other things we are glad to record the award of State Scholarships from Downside to the Universities to A. W. R. Burton, P. D. T. Galvin, A. T. Marsden (all in Classics) and P. G. Kennedy (Modern Languages).

C. J. Ahearne and C. C. F. Moysey have passed into the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst; and A. A. Walker (son of "Walker, R.N.") has obtained a Naval Cadetship.

I. A. Condon made his Simple Profession as a Benedictine at Quarr Abbey, Isle of Wight, on the 11th July this year.

Miss Ann Venn, once Matron at Worth, is now at Mbeya School in Tanganyika. There she finds herself three hundred miles from the nearest railway. When the boys play matches they travel to the nearest school (500 miles away), on Friday; play a cricket match on Saturday, a football match on Sunday; then they return home on the Monday. The father of Ashford-Hodges is the School Doctor.

Ninety-seven boys were confirmed by the Bishop of the Diocese on the 19th May last.

R. J. Wadia won a Scholarship to Downside: A. P. C. Gibson and D. M. D. McCann obtained Exhibitions.

Special prizes won last term were:

Latin: George Wadia.	Geography: George Wadia.
Mathematics: George Wadia.	Acting: John Webb.
French: Paul de Chazal.	Music: Nicholas Carter.
History: Patrick Moorsom.	Head Master's: Derek Rose.

The Prior's Prize: Paul Bruning.

Handwriting Prizes were won by Derek Rose, Nicholas Hutton and Simon Fisher.

The Greek Prizes went to Anthony Gibson, Robert Hayes and James Neville-Smith.

The Cup for Individual Prowess in Games was given to Paul de Chazal and the Fielding Cup to John Norton.

The winner of the Asprey Cup for Shooting was Dominick Daly, even though Richard Schreiber, who was third in the competition, had done well during the term.

The Elocution Prizes, in the three divisions of the School, were won by Hugh Walford, Roderick Kane and George Lintner.

Congratulations to F. J. Lucas who passed grade I in the Piano Examinations of the associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music.

Our congratulations in full measure go to Mrs. Keir (once Miss D. Bryett). She has been presented with a pair of fine twin girls. Her address is: 12 Altyre Road, Croydon, Surrey. She is very much missed. However her place has been taken very ably by Miss D. Keilthy, who came this term.

Mr. J. S. Moggridge has left to be Senior French Master in one of the Winchester Prep. Schools. He had been here a long time and did sterling work for the School. We hope he will make a great success of his new work. We have also said good-bye with regret to Mr. Hill and Mr. Molony.

There are at present fifteen boys in the *Oratory School*: Andrews, Bayne, Chambers, de Lacey, de Limburg-Stirum, Donnelly, Fitzgerald, Hill, Howard, Kelleher, Mandeville, Miles, Sant Fournier, Thorold and Winder.

At *Ampleforth College*: Fanshawe, Haydon and Davis.

At *Douai School*: Jones, Marquand and Hawkins.

At *Belmont Abbey School*: Reid and d'Apice.

At *Portsmouth Priory, Rhode Is. U.S.A.*: Stebbins.

With so many boys at Downside it is easy to keep in touch with Old Worth Boys; but perhaps the time will soon come to form an Association, especially for the benefit of those who go to other Public Schools?

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of: The Ampleforth Journal, The Belmont Abbey School Magazine, The Corbie, The Mbeyan, The Oratory School Magazine, the Priorian, the Raven, the St. Mary's Convent School Magazine and The Cornelian.

We welcome Dom Aldhelm Dean, Dom Fabian Glencross and Dom Julian Webb, who joined the Worth Community in September.

Dom Aldhelm Dean has been appointed Choirmaster in succession to Dom Francis Little.

Our best wishes to Dom Francis Little who has been appointed Choirmaster at Downside; and to Dom Kevin Taggart who has gone up to Benet House, Cambridge.

INWARDS

The following boys joined the School on September 21st, 1956:

J. N. Adderley, J. M. N. Ambler, W. Barker, M. I. M. Boyd, A. T. S. Carr, C. N. Court, R. E. B. Cross, C. L. P. d'Arenberg, P. A. Davis, E. G. P. Denaro, G. R. D. A. de Stacpoole, W. A. Donaldson, G. A. Douglas, V. J. Ellis-Brown, J. R. Faure, A. D. Faure, M. R. Greene, G. A. Higgins, L. P. Hirsh, P. R. Holcroft, B. Johnson, P. J. M. Kaufeler, C. G. H. Mann, M. C. E. Mathias, R. M. Measures, J. R. A. Michell, R. C. Neville Smith, F. M. Noel-Hudson, A. P. Nolan, A. J. O'Reilly, J. A. Pam, J. R. P. Pontifex, L. A. E. Rivas-Lara, M. D. Sanday, R. A. Seeley, K. G. Sheridan, A. P. Temple, M. D. Tomlins, P. H. Walton, P. J. Williams, P. B. A. Young, on October 14th C. N. Y. Dobson; and on November 12th P. Wykes.

UPWARDS

Head of the School: F. J. Lucas.

School Prefects: R. W. G. Hayes, D. J. A. M. Daly, D. R. Lysons, J. M. Cook, B. M. O'Connell, M. P. K. Bruning.

Dormitory Prefects: (Ford) C. D. Cronin, A. J. P. S. Mather, R. A. D. Urquhart; (Butler) P. J. G. Murphy, P. E. Giles, P. J. Vander, B. M. Little, R. J. Rimmer; (Chapman) D. Stroud, S. L. Plummer, A. E. Mackay, A. M. R. Pontifex, H. J. von Knorring; (Junior) G. C. Grant; (Tower) M. F. Haydon.

Captain of Rugby Football: R. W. G. Hayes.

Captain of Squash Rackets: R. W. G. Hayes.

Captain of Gym: P. C. Norton.

Captain of Boxing: R. J. Rimmer.

Librarian: C. D. Cronin.

Assistant Librarians: H. J. J. Berridge, N. J. M. J. C. Branden de Reeth, J. M. Finn, P. E. Randall, R. V. Taylor, H. R. Walford.

Leaders of the Choir: B. M. O'Connell and P. Norton.

Masters of Ceremonies: D. J. A. M. Daly, R. W. G. Hayes.

Thurifers: M. F. Haydon, A. J. P. S. Mather.

Acolytes: H. J. J. Berridge, J. M. Cook, P. E. Giles, N. J. Hutton.

REWARDS

The following boys were top of their Forms in the Summer Term :

P. W. P. Moorsom (1a), D. A. F. Murray (1b), P. J. T. Hill (1c), F. J. Lucas (2a), H. J. von Knorring (2b), N. Sirkett and H. J. J. Berridge (2c), D. Stroud, P. D. Dauthieu and P. J. Vander (2d), M. F. Thomas (3a), P. J. Pavry (3b), J. J. P. M. Cartier (3c), M. I. Paterson and R. C. M. McGouran (4a), R. M. Kane (4b), P. J. Lord (4c), C. D. D. Higgins and E. M. C. de la Haye Jouselin (5a), T. J. F. Hegarty (5b), J. F. Sherry (6).

OUTWARDS

The following boys left the School in July, 1956:

A. F. L. Amhurst, B. J. P. Andrews, M. P. W. Bruning, A. M. Buckley, D. A. Cane, P. J. Cauldwell, D. E. Chambers, B. A. R. Concanon, P. A. de Chazal, C. P. P. de Westenholz, T. B. E. Eugster, A. P. C. Gibson, G. C. Gleadell, T. P. Hanbury, F. J. T-Hill, M. F. Hoyle, A. B. S. Jackson, A. D. Kennedy, J. X. W. Lake, S. O'D. McCall, D. M. D. McCann, J. M. W. McCosh, N. R. V. Miles, S. P. H. Milmo, P. W. P. Moorsom, J. P. D. Murphy, D. A. F. Murray, J. C. Norton, G. T. F. O'Brien, M. S. O'Geary, J. D. E. Rose, P. J. Sanday, M. F. Temple, R. J. Wadia, M. F. G. Walford, J. S. Webb, M. A. Wilkinson.

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SCHOOL STAFF

DECEMBER 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 Denis Agius M.A. (Cantab.), *House Master of Chapman*
Dom Aldhelm Dean, *Choir Master*
Dom Jerome Tomlins, *Games Master*
Dom Bruno Grogan
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 Fabian Glencross, B.A. (Cantab.)
Dom Benedict Sankey, B.A. (Cantab.)
Dom Hugh O'Neill, M.B.E., M.A. (Oxon.), *House Master of Butler*
Dom Philip Jebb
M. A. Johnson, M.A. (Cantab.)
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. Vredenburgh
S. J. Bostock, M.A. (Cantab.)
E. C. Beagley, A.R.C.M.
P. J. Foley
Miss G. Garnaud
Miss E. Joyce
Miss A. Lambert
Miss A. Keithly, *Arts and Crafts*
Miss J. Moore, *Riding School*
Dr. R. Matthews, M.A., M.B., B.Ch. (Cantab.), M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.,
Medical Officer
Miss J. Edey, S.R.C.N., *Sister-in-Charge*
Miss J. O'Brien, *Infirmary*
Miss A. Hollins, *Senior Matron*
Miss M. O'Gorman, *Ford House Matron*
Miss S. Hawes, *Butler House Matron*
Miss M. Wiesel, *Chapman House Matron*
Mrs Mander, *Junior House Matron*
Miss F. Rhatigan, *Junior House Assistant Matron*
Miss A. Daly, S.R.N., *Tower House Matron*
Miss S. M. Holmes-Siedle, *Tower House Assistant Matron*
Mrs Witham
T. G. Higgins, *Secretary*