

The WORTH RECORD



CONTENTS

	Page
FROM THE HEADMASTER	189
THE PEDLAR MAN	191
IN AN INDIAN CAMP	191
A COUNTRY WALK IN SPRING	192
BLEAK WINTER	193
OLIM	193
MY UNCLE'S BOX ROOM	194
A VISIT TO BIRDHAM	194
THE OLD BARN	195
MY STAY AT THE VICTORIA FALLS	195
THE ESCORIAL	196
A COURSE OF A RIVER	196
THE DERELICT CANAL	197
EVENING	197
EVENING IN THE VILLAGE	198
PETROL RATIONING	198
A COUNTRY HAMLET	199
LORD NELSON	199
SPRING	199
THE SEA	200
MY LIFE IN MALAYA	200
WINTER QUARTERS	201
BULLFIGHT	201
BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE	202
TREVOSE AND TREVONE	202
THE SNOWSTORM	203
SHIPWRECK	203
THE RAY	204
HIGH ADVENTURE	204
A VILLAGE STREET AT 5 A.M.	205
THE SEASONS	205
THE JACKDAW	206
MOVING HOUSE	206
A SEAPLANE	207
THE LOST TICKET	207
AN UNLUCKY DAY	208
MR. POMEGRANATE GOES SKATING	208
AMERICAN CIVIL WAR	209
THE INVESTITURE	210
YORK MINSTER	210
SENNEN COVE	211
A TRIP WITH THE WILSON FAMILY	211
A MODEL RAILWAY	212
BIRDS	212
AN ENGLISH BOY'S HOLIDAY	212
A DAY OUT	213
ST. GREGORY'S DAY AT WORTH	213
MY LOST DOG	214
THE GIPSY	214
SUMMER	215
THE STREAM	215
MY HOUSE	216
LAST DAYS OF THE HOLIDAYS	216
LOST AT NIGHT	216
WILD BIRDS	217
THE SALE	217
THE ROMAN CONQUEST	218
OUR FARM	219
THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS	219
THE LAST SUNSET OF SUMMER	220
BOB	220
THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS	220
SPRING IN SCOTLAND	221
A GHOST	221
SCOUTS	222
CUBS	223
RUGBY FOOTBALL	224
STAMP CLUB LETTER	226
PARAGRAPHS	228
INWARDS	229
UPWARDS	229
REWARDS	230
OUTWARDS	230
SCHOOL STAFF	230

Cover iv

The

WORTH RECORD

VOL. VI No. 5

SPRING TERM

FROM THE HEADMASTER

I commend to you this letter which was written to his parents by an old Worth boy, Reginald Harding-Klimanek, eight days before his death in action over Norway, on Good Friday, 1945. He was just twenty-one. His influence lives on among those who knew him. We are proud to be allowed to publish the letter.

'I have asked this to be posted to you if I am missing because I want to have a few words with you both in your great trial. I am not afraid to die. There is no reason to fear death, for we all have to die some time, and if I had a choice this would be the time that I would pick to meet my God, in my twenty-first year, with all the prospects of life before and all the happy years and memories of youth behind me. I am not old enough for unhappiness and disillusionment. I am ending my life at the high peak of youth and am dedicating the years of my manhood to God instead of to myself.

'I don't know what I am to face in my new world—no one on this earth knows, but I am not afraid of it, and for your own sakes, my darlings, you must not be afraid of it too. For I am beyond the bounds of fear and death and defeat—I have conquered them all, and you must conquer them too. Yours is the harder task; mine is easy; for death and tears are behind me and far away, they are with you and you must fight them.

'You must realise that I am not dead—nothing in this world dies, I am with you always, and in not so long a time I shall be seeing you both again. Your memory of me will be a happy one, a young man who loved you both with all his heart and who loved life as well and made the most of his own small contribution to it. Maybe I might have been a success and your memory of me would have been a fat-bellied middle-aged man; maybe my life would have been a failure; maybe I might have turned out a rotter or a saint; most probably I should have been just an ordinary bloke. But whatever I would have been your memory couldn't have been a happier one than it is now, for who in his twenty-first year and glorying in the promise of his life can deny that this was his 'finest hour.' That is the memory I would wish you to have of me. I have ended this little span of life on the high note of happiness, and no one could ask for more. Can you understand? You must for your own sakes understand. I wish I could send on a message for all the bereaved of the world, that death is not the end of life: it is somehow,

in this queer jumble of creation, the fulfilment and the goal. I do not believe in a terrible God or an angry God. I believe in a God of laughter and tolerance and common sense and courage. May this God of mine be a father to you, may He show you how to conquer death with His qualities of laughter, tolerance, common sense and courage, and may He bless you both.

'For Mums I have no message—it would be an impertinence, for she is so much better than I have ever been. I am proud to have been her son. I just want to tell Dad that I would have liked to have been like him, because for him no one has had a bad word. For my S. I could wish no man better than to have her as wife, because she has the qualities of both her father and her mother. She will be of more value to the world than I could ever have been . . .

'To Father "X" I have no dedication and no legacy but my gratitude, for in your absence he has been father, mother and brother to me. And, in ending, all I can say is that I am glad and grateful to have had so many good friends. I hope they may remember me in my better moments.

'So far death has not called for me, but one day—next week, next month, next year—he may; he'll come, the kindly old god of death, the brother of the lazy old god of sleep, and he'll take my body to the worms and my soul and life into the new world. Then you will get this letter. A scrappy letter, but a letter straight from my heart, on the greatest day of my life (so to say), and I hope so much that it will make things easy for you as it will be for me. If it will fill the gap in your lives just a little I am glad; please make me glad.

'Be seeing you again, my darlings. Cheerio! I am now folding up this letter without reading it, and I am forgetting it because I am aware of its scrappiness! But you understand me and you will understand my message.

'God bless you! I am now in the hands of God—I will see that He does not forget you all!'

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

MAURICE BELL.

THE PEDLAR MAN

by A. P. TEMPLE*

Once upon a time there lived a pedlar man.
He went around places selling pots and pans.
Everyone knew they were very good
Because they were made out of metal and wood.
He made clothes pegs too
And stuck them with glue.
When it was very cool,
He would whistle and sing as he rode on his mule.
He ate lettuces, potatoes and radishes,
Buying them with money old and new.
He was very kind and he had a smile
And gave people fruit and talked with them awhile.

IN AN INDIAN CAMP

by N. J. HUTTON*

During my Christmas holidays with my parents in India, it was at my sister's wedding that the Maharaja Holkar of Indore invited us to his shooting camp in Central India. We motored by De Soto station-waggon from Bombay to Bhesla Camp, a distance of over 600 miles in one day, leaving at 6 a.m., and arriving at 1.15 a.m. the next morning. Fortunately we had two drivers but even they were exhausted.

The camp was beautifully situated on the edge of a lake and surrounded by jungle. There was bright sunshine during the day but the weather was cool and at night the temperature dropped to 40°. It was a large camp and the Maharaja had a staff of about 200 people. Everything was very well organised. The Maharaja's son Richard, who was about my age, and I, had tremendous fun driving a jeep into the jungle where we had shots at birds. Richard was a very good shot both with rifle and shot gun.

One night after I had been with my father sitting over a tiger kill unsuccessfully, all of us were driving back through the jungle in a shooting van with three moveable electric lamps shining, when my mother spotted three Sloth bears. Richard was on the right side and succeeded in killing them with three shots. That was very good shooting.

Another night after a picnic in the dark around a camp fire, we drove again through the jungle and suddenly in the headlights was saw a panther right in our path. My father quickly sighted his 30.06 rifle and put

*ANTHONY TEMPLE, born 9 March, 1948; entered Worth, September, 1956.

*NICHOLAS HUTTON, born 4 October, 1944; entered Worth, September, 1954; under 12 Rugger XV; Boxing and Swimming Teams; acted in *Stations in Mime*; Sacristy.

paid to it with one shot. It was a female and not large but with lovely markings. All the villagers say "the only good panther is a dead one."

The most disappointing thing about the whole week we were in camp was that my father did not succeed in getting his tiger. This is always a chancy thing. I sat with my father for three days, early morning and late daylight watching a magnificent tiger. The tiger guarded his kill from behind the trees but never exposed himself. We called him "the reluctant tiger."

One evening after we had been shooting partridge, rock grouse and quail, we, as usual, had tea round the camp fire. A villager helped to make up the camp fire and apart from tea and sandwiches we baked sweet potatoes. The Maharani asked the villager about himself. He said how lucky he was as he had six sons and it was all due to the Maharaja. The Maharani asked why, and the villager replied: "Many years ago I murdered my first wife and was sentenced to life imprisonment, but when His Highness got married I was one of the lucky ones who was freed, hence my six sons."

All the ladies round the camp fire didn't feel a bit comfortable after that, but nobody asked the villager how and why he murdered his first wife.

It was a wonderful week and I was sad when we had to return to civilisation.

A COUNTRY WALK IN SPRING

by A. H. M. ASHFORD-HODGES*

When you leave the house you see the birds flying in the sunshine and you know that spring has come. Soon you are walking along a country lane. The buds are growing considerably on the trees. Violets are growing in the hedges, and by the road. There are small woods here and there, and you see hundreds of daffodils. You come to a big wood which is covered with bluebells. In the fields there are crocuses showing their brilliant colour. In the distance is a farmhouse and a tractor ploughing a field, and also a cornfield swaying in the wind like a sea of gold, and there are cows dotted about on a distant hill.

As you walk on, you come to a stream trickling under a little bridge. It attracts you so much that you feel you must lean on the railing and watch the running water. By now it is getting late so you start walking home. Somehow the village catches your eye. The great tower of Downside rises high above the surrounding countryside and suddenly the clock begins to chime. It is six o'clock. You now begin to run as it is twilight and you soon reach home.

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

BLEAK WINTER

by H. J. VON KNORRING*

A murky mist hangs over the ice-bound sea. Cold snow glides gently from the grey heavens and falls on the thick ice. Dirty ice-breakers chop and grind the gritty snow as they plough and fray their passage through the encumbered sea. Blaring ships' horns fill the fog-bound bay with their hoarse voices, echoing and re-echoing their monotonous sounds. One can hardly distinguish one thing from another. Coal black cargo steamers hiss and quiver as their rumbling engines begin to work.

Bleak, black outlines of factories stand eerily on the shore. They add their smoke to the already increasing mist. Feeble lights flicker along the streets as cars splash through the slushy snow. Trams clatter and shake through the lamp-lit streets. A few pedestrians pass by walking quickly to keep away the cold. The trees which line the roads have long since shed their leaves and now they stand frozen and dead, ready to be removed for others to take their places.

OLIM

by C. D. YEO*

When kettles and saucepans were alive,
And bees did never have a hive,
And there never was a window pane
For the flies to run up and down again,

Pencils did never have a point
They always had a sort of joint,
The joint was made of lead and wood,
But the bees thought this was very good.

Pens did never have a nib,
They always had a sort of bib.
And never dipped in an ink-pot,
The bees thought it a good shot.

Sponges were always made of paper,
And ran as fast as they could caper.
For when the bees used them with water,
It always made them feel like mortar,
But the bees thought this was very good.

*HENDRIK VON KNORRING, born 20 December, 1944; entered Worth, September, 1952; 2nd XV Rugger; Chapman House Prefect; Choir.

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

MY UNCLE'S BOX ROOM

by C. G. H. MANN*

My uncle's box room is an old dusty room at the top of his three-storey house. It is often not opened for weeks, and is just used as an old junk room. One day when I was there, and it was raining, I decided to go and explore it. When I got to the top, it was terribly dusty, and as I disturbed the dust, it went up in clouds and made me sneeze. As I went in I realised how bad a state the room was in. Cobwebs hung from the ceiling in thousands, and there was hardly any light at all, while the breeze whistled through the cracks in the wall. In the corner of the room was an old rickety chair with a scooter leaning beside it. On all sides of the wall hung pictures, and an old parrot cage hung from the roof. After exploring everything from back to front I decided to go, so I went downstairs to leave the old dishevelled boxroom to itself once more.

A VISIT TO BIRDHAM

by M. E. AGIUS*

One evening during last Summer Holidays my parents, sisters, brother, uncle, aunt, cousins and myself went to a small quay called Birdham. It was a very sunny day and it was quite hot. We left the house where we were staying at five o'clock in the evening. We went four miles in our two cars and we were there.

Birdham is a very beautiful place like all the other quays round there. It is especially nice when the sun is shining on the water. At one end is a road and at the other there is a boat-house. About a quarter of a mile further down there is a wall separating the quay from the river. The quay holds about a hundred boats, some motor launches and some yachts. If you stay by the lock you can see Goodwood and Trundle Hill with its three wireless masts on the top. If you stand by the lock, which is hand-worked at high tide, you can see the boats going out of the lock into the river. At low tide all the boats are at the quay because outside the lock there is about a fifty foot drop, as the river bed is dried up.

At high tide it is quite a sight to see the yachts sailing gracefully round the bend of the river, which is heavily wooded. The river comes down through Chichester, Dell Quay, Birdham, Itchenor, and out into the sea. The yachts might be leaning right over if there is a strong wind but they always look gay. The boat-house is a big black house which can easily be seen from Dell Quay. The country is very beautiful and so are the quays, decorated with boats and yachts.

*CHRISTOPHER MANN, born 25 April, 1946; entered Worth, September, 1956.

*MICHAEL AGIUS, born 26 December, 1944; entered Worth, 22 September, 1951; under 12 Rugger XV; Choir.

THE OLD BARN

by R. J. G. RIVERA-SCHREIBER*

Down in the south-west of Surrey, about half a mile away from the newly-built church, in the corner of a field, near a farm, is a very old barn. Once, when the barn was new, there used to be cows there in winter, but now it is too old and crumbling to be used. In the roof there are large holes and when it rains the water comes pouring through, as if there were no roof there at all. The mangers are still there, old and rusty, and in some of them there is still a bit of hay. Attached to these mangers there are some old and rusty steel rings with a rope hanging from one or two of them where, presumably, when the barn was new, cows used to be tied. There in the corner of that field it will stay, till one day it will collapse and the walls will cave in, and, maybe in ten years time, no one will ever know that in one corner of that field in Surrey, there was, at one time, an old barn.

MY STAY AT THE VICTORIA FALLS

by R. T. CARR*

At the end of my stay in Rhodesia my parents, my sister, my first cousin and I went to the Victoria Falls. We went by plane from Salisbury to Livingstone and from there by car to the Victoria Falls Hotel. From the car, going over the bridge, you saw one of the best views of the Falls. Unfortunately we were not allowed to stop and get out of the car. That afternoon we bathed in a very nice open-air swimming pool and then looked around the grounds. As we were going down a slope a whole troop of monkeys went by into the woods. There were about forty of them. The hotel was built in a rectangular shape and had two fish ponds and a beautiful garden in the centre. The grass was kept very green by constant watering which was not done at the farm. Next morning we prepared for our trip up the Zambezi. We went by a trolley which consisted of two seats on a truck with a canopy above them. It was worked by hand. It was all downhill to the first stop which enabled the trolley to go quite fast. The rest of the journey was fairly even. On the way to the island where we stopped we saw a herd of elephants leaving the island. Most people took photos of them. When we landed we went round the island. I collected a lot of vegetable ivory which had fallen from the palm trees. There were some monkeys which we fed with cake. In the afternoon we went down to the Devil's Cataract.

Next morning we went shopping in Livingstone. My cousin bought a nice set of ivory bucks and we bought some ivory cocktail sticks among

*RICHARD RIVERA-SCHREIBER, born 12 March, 1944; entered Worth, January, 1955; acted in *The More the Merrier*; Choir.

*RICHARD CARR, born 14 April, 1945; entered Worth, September, 1953; under 12 Rugger XV; Choir.

other things. That afternoon we hired some mackintoshes so that we could go through the 'Rain Forest.' It is called this because of the spray from the Falls which rises and comes down like rain. My mother had put a colour film in her camera and the rainbows came out very well in the photos. Next day we went on another trip up the Zambezi. We saw a hippopotamus at close range and some elephants in the distance. I took several pictures of the tame monkeys which came out well. We went to a shop and saw what was said to be a live crocodile but we thought it was stuffed. The next day we had to leave to go back to the farm. It was a pity as we had not nearly seen everything. The journey was very rough and bumpy, and going back to the farm a storm broke out and lasted all night. When we got back there was no water as the bore-hole had gone wrong. I enjoyed my stay at Victoria Falls very much indeed.

THE ESCORIAL

by J. A. HENDERSON*

In the cellars of the monastery,
In the bowels of the earth;
There he put the cemetery,
Of the Royal Family.

In it he placed some paintings,
And statues and tapestries,
And a few thousand old books,
To lessen the gloom.

Many are settling there, now,
Since that battle in France;
Now it is a thriving village,
Old in places, new in others,
All round El Escorial.

THE COURSE OF A RIVER

by R. P. SHAW*

A river starts in some hills, or in a mountain or in a valley. First of all it starts by trickling down a hill. Then it develops into a small stream, which rushes along the countryside growing bigger and bigger. Then at last it becomes a river. Small streams join up with it. In some places the river becomes weedy and dirty. There are lots of locks in the river. At each end of the lock there are gates made of wood. When the river draws near to the sea it becomes bigger and bigger, and with some rivers you cannot see the other side because it is so wide. The rivers then go into the sea.

*JOHN HENDERSON, born 21 August, 1945; entered Worth, July, 1955; 2nd XV Rugger.

*RICHARD SHAW, born 9 December, 1945; entered Worth, September, 1954; Choir.

THE DERELICT CANAL

by J. A. BELSEY*

Some fifty years ago, the Mersey and Avon Canal was a busy scene of trade. The narrow boats with their gaily painted hearts, castles and roses would slowly splash down the canal, drawn by horses. Why it was called the Mersey and Avon Canal nobody knew, for it was a twenty mile stretch between the two cotton towns of Shipton and Portester in Lancashire. The narrow boats travelled from five o'clock in the morning till six o'clock in the evening. They started from Shipton, went through five locks and then through the Gorge Fell Tunnel, one mile long, and then they arrived at Portester. Then the next day they would return to Shipton and so on.

But now the canal lies disused. Every day lorries go by and they cross the humped canal bridges. They carry in their holds what the merry narrow boats ferried till thirty years ago. The tunnel is feared for its darkness and because one night, twenty-one years ago, there was a huge roaring as the uncared-for roof fell in. Mothers do not let their children near it. But at one stretch, between two locks, the canal is even merrier than before, because children, with their rafts and canoes, paddle along. One boy found an old lock windlass and one lock was put to use. Some boys even take their canoes and rafts into the locks and the water level descends as they go down into the lock, and they come out at the other side, laughing. But the other locks are beyond repair and lock-gates are covered in grass and the wood is rotten. Nature has taken over the canal now, except for the children's stretch, and the kingfishers dive from the willow trees. The woods near the bank are full of song and a lonely pigeon wings overhead.

The canal is content. As its water slowly seeps by it is happy to think of all the families that enjoy playing on it. It is proud of its pure natural beauty.

EVENING

by S. A. RICHEY*

The trees and the wind were both still, as the sun faded down behind the horizon, and the nightingale sang its tune. The moon was now out, and the sky was dark. All one could hear was the soft noise of the badger's footsteps coming down the path looking for its midnight feast. Now and again you would hear the owl hoot from its oak, but after that there was not a sound to be heard for all the beasts and humans were asleep.

*JAMES BELSEY, born 27 June, 1944; entered Worth, April, 1955; Choir.

*SIMON RICHEY, born 25 November, 1946; entered Worth, September, 1953; Under 10 Rugger XV.

EVENING IN THE VILLAGE

by J. C. W. McENTEE*

In the little village of Arncliffe, in Yorkshire, the evening was on its way. The village green was growing slowly darker, and the old oak tree was becoming a distant silhouette against the sky. From my vantage point on the second floor of my house, I could see the river, a broad band, winding its way under the church bridge, and on to the sea. I could also see the houses, becoming ever darker, and the golden squares of light, which were windows, added a romantic effect to the scene.

In the rosy sky, there seemed to be utter peace, with the clouds, like red, woolly blobs, travelling serenely on. The church, its towers stabbing the sky, looked solid and almost awe-inspiring in the red evening light. I could just see the grave-stones, bleak and forbidding, projecting above the churchyard wall, and the village school, with its quaint old roof and its walls covered with lichen and moss. Then the bridge, about two hundred years old, raised above the river. It looked strong, and at the same time, almost grim in that peculiar light. In the village's only shop the light was on and Mrs Armstrong the owner, was looking over her stocks. I could see her plainly in the bright light inside the shop. I looked at my watch and found it was seven o'clock. I shut the window, rather reluctantly, and went down to the library to begin my evening's study.

PETROL RATIONING

by P. D. DAUTHIEU*

The petrol rationing has affected almost everyone. We all have to have coupons which enable us to buy about ten gallons a month and for most people this is not nearly enough. But for people who have their own business it is slightly easier for they can get extra petrol for their vans. Farmers are allowed as much petrol, as they need. In Switzerland they keep the consumption of petrol down by not allowing any cars on the road on Sundays. I think that is a far better idea than having all this coupon business, which makes things much harder for people. Bicycle firms are probably doing very well and making a profit from men who have only a mile or two to go and decide to buy a bike for that purpose. Taxi men are probably making quite a profit too, although they cannot take as many people as they would like. The railways are almost certainly making money out of the petrol rationing as more and more people are travelling by train, so that it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good.

*JOHN McENTEE, born 15 February, 1946; entered Worth, January, 1957.

*PETER DAUTHIEU, born 5 May, 1944; entered Worth September, 1954; Choir.

A COUNTRY HAMLET

by C. R. CAVENAGH-MAINWARING

Once one holiday I went to our family home for a few days. The house was a big one and was in the little hamlet of Whitmore in Staffordshire. The hamlet had only one shop, but if you went inside to do some shopping you could name anything and you would get it. The shop was also the local post office. Most of the people of Whitmore are farmers and when the harvest is being gathered I go and help as practically everybody in the village does. After a tiring day it is great fun to ride back on top of the hay wagons. The farmers go into Newcastle which is the local town to buy and sell their livestock. The one disadvantage about Whitmore is that the main road runs right through the hamlet and vehicles come through very fast making the road a very dangerous one. But all the same I think Whitmore is one of the nicest hamlets I know.

LORD NELSON

by J. A. NEVILLE SMITH*

The sound of the triumphant trumpets,
The waves of the cruel sea,
And the song of the sailor
Is like heaven to me.

I am but a poor sailor
Whom God made;
But my sea-deeds have clothed me
With coral and jade

I have fought many battles,
And lost my right eye;
But I will serve England
Until I die.

SPRING

by M. B. BOND*

Wakening are the flowers,
With the sun and April showers.
Spreading are the leaves,
Into shady summer bowers.

Brighter is the sun,
Clearer is the sky.
Nobody's looking sad,
When the swallows start to fly.

But when the clouds begin to form,
And it begins to rain
The children start to go inside
And play some indoor game.

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

*JAMES NEVILLE SMITH, born 11 January, 1946; entered Worth, September, 1955; acted in *Stations in Mime*; Boxing Team.

*MARTIN BOND, born 24 February, 1944; entered Worth, September, 1954; 2nd XV Rugger; Gym Team; Choir.

THE SEA

by J. J. A. COWDRY*

I lie upon the beach, and look at the sea,
And there an image I see,
Not of Nelson, Drake or Raleigh,
But it is of me.

I wish that I could roam like Nelson,
But I am only a little boy, a fisherman's son,
I love to steer by the stars, the moon and the sun,
And I have great fun.

Nelson, Drake and Raleigh,
I will roam with thee,
And I too shall be buried in the sea.
O sea, O sea, I love thee.

MY LIFE IN MALAYA

by P. A. A. THOMSON*

Altogether we were in Malaya for three years. We were in three houses as well. All three were by the jungle. Part of the jungle had been cleared away at the first house and had been made into a parade ground. Every morning I used to be woken at six o'clock and I got dressed and went outside to watch the parades. Our cook used to go down to the jungle with a knife in his mouth and bare feet; he climbed up a cocoanut tree and cut down the cocoanuts. One day my mother came to put my brother in his playpen and she saw a lot of baby snakes in it. So she called the cook and he came with a long bamboo cane, with some bait on the end. The snakes came on to the bait and were hurled into the jungle. This went on for a day or two with the other members of that family of snakes. We had some orange bushes and the monkeys used to take the oranges before they were ripe. Once I went for a walk with the cook's children. We saw a green snake about five feet long and it had red spots about an inch in diameter. So we called the cook and he got rid of it in the same way as above. About every six weeks some Tamil men came to cut the long grass in the jungle. After they had finished they formed a circle round with me in the middle and chanted together in Tamil. I could speak Tamil, English, Malay and Malay Chinese.

*JEREMY COWDRY, born 4 July, 1944; entered Worth, May, 1954; Gym Team, 1955; Choir.

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

WINTER QUARTERS

by P. D. BYRNE*

As the evenings grow shorter,
Showing Autumn has come,
It is time for Ceres' daughter
Down beneath to go,
Where in the gloomy caves
She'll find the great King Pluto.
Then for six dead months of the year
She lives with her 'Iron King,'
Until it's time to reappear
With all the flowers and joys of spring.

BULLFIGHT

by I. J. K. LINTNER*

It rained all Saturday night and most of Sunday. (The bullfight was to be held at Barcelona). In the camp where we were staying people were digging little trenches for the water to run into. If it is still raining two hours before the fight it is cancelled. (We had booked seats in the shade). The fight was to be at 5 p.m. on Sunday. At 11 a.m., we left the camp for Barcelona. We had lunch there. It had stopped raining during lunch and the sun was trying to break through the clouds. At 4 p.m., we parked our car near the arena. We found our seats which were concrete slabs. After ten minutes the fight began. All the people who were going to take part in the fight walked round the ring. When they had all left, the bull came charging in followed by four toradors. They waved their red capes and when the bull charged they ran for cover. After a time the picadors on horseback came in. The horse was padded on one side and the picadors had to keep that side facing the bull. They were armed with spears. They prodded the bull and went out again. After that the bandalleros came in and stuck darts in the bull. These darts are covered with raffia paper. After they had all been stuck in the bull the matador came in. After having some fun with the bull the matador tried to kill it but did not succeed. The bull charged and the matador dropped his cape and ran for the barrier. But while he was doing so the bull tore his trouser leg. He killed the bull after that. It was pulled out by four horses. The next two fights were nearly the same. The fourth fight was the best one. The matador killed the bull the first time. He went round the ring picking up flowers and things which had been thrown in by the crowd. During the seventh fight the matador was

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

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

tossed. He got up and carried on fighting but he was tossed again. He was carried from the middle of the ring to the barrier and another matador came in and killed the bull. During the eighth fight the bull would not die. After about ten minutes prodding the matador eventually killed it. As usual it was carried off by four horses.

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

by A. J. P. MATHER*

Bonnie Prince Charlie landed one day
In the Highlands of Scotland in Borradale Bay.
He hoisted his flag at Glenfinnan Loch,
The Highlanders came to him in a great flock.
He set out for Edinburgh taking the city,
All but the castle—which was a great pity.
Then Bonnie Prince Charlie grew far too bold,
Disaster befell him,—as was foretold.
He re-crossed the border in disordered flight,
And at bay in the Highlands he fought his last fight.
Bonnie Prince Charlie then fled in disguise,
And on his head was set a large prize.
But at last he escaped from Scotland so fair,
And sailed off to France where he died in despair.

TREVOSE AND TREVONE

by D. C. M. BELL*

For the summer holidays we went to Trevone in Cornwall. One day my father asked me if I would like a walk to Trevose Head Lighthouse. So we set out. We made our way out of the village and on to a cliff path. We walked for about half a mile and we came to a stile. On one side there was a rock precipice and on the other a ploughed field. We soon came to another stile. We walked on and on until we came to a caravan site where, while getting over a stile, my sister dropped her camera case. We came across a gravel mine still in use. We walked over fields and ditches until we came to the lighthouse. It was on Trevose Point and had a huge fog horn. At night the light can be seen twenty miles away. We went up to the lighthouse and saw the light. Then we walked across Constantine Beach to Tregarnon. We hitch-hiked to St Merryn, where we had a cream tea, and then to Trevone Hill and walked home to supper.

*JOHN MATHER, born 1 May, 1944; entered Worth, May, 1952; 1st XV Rugger; under 12 Cricket and Hockey XI's; Dormitory Prefect.

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

THE SNOWSTORM

by H. R. WALFORD*

When the clouds darken in the evening breeze
The snowflakes filter from the trees,
Softly whirling round and round
Down to the hard and icy ground.

And then the cold North winds do blow,
The sky lets loose a rush of snow;
In a tumbling mass the snowflakes fall,
Covering everything, whitening all.

At last when comes the morning light
All the countryside is bright
The mist is slowly lifting now
Revealing the beauty of the snow.

SHIPWRECK

by M. P. K. BRUNING*

The ship tossed and turned as the storm grew worse. The masts and rigging creaked and groaned under the strain of the biting wind. The lightning rent and tore the sky with her jagged fingers. "All hands on deck," roared a hoarse voice, "Man the rigging and take in sail." Weatherbeaten faces appeared in the hatches and the quick thudding of sea boots echoed on the deck. Soon all that could be seen of the crew were vague forms 'hallooing' each other from the rigging. One solitary person remained at the wheel—the captain, a tall, bearded figure screwing up his eyes as he looked into the mist. Then there was a jarring scrape, the whole ship shuddered. They had struck a reef. Now the ship began to list over to one side. The Captain yelled commands to the frightened crew who had descended from the rigging and were huddled together amidships, but no one moved. "Man the boats," roared the captain in despair. At last the stricken men moved, but alas, too late. The ship gave a sickening lurch—and went under.

"David! David! Hurry, we have got to go home now." A young freckled-face boy stirred from beneath the shade of an old wreck. He rubbed the sleep from his eyes and began to run. Then he stopped and gave the old wreck a last look, murmuring to himself, 'I wonder.' Then he raced away leaving the *Majestic Sailor* to rot and crumble in her final resting place.

*HUGH WALFORD, born 9 December, 1944; entered Worth, September, 1951; acted in *Mother Goose*, *The More the Merrier* and *Stations in Mime*; Assistant Librarian; Choir Leader.

*PETER BRUNING, born 16 February, 1944; entered Worth, September, 1951; acted in *Aladdin*, *The More the Merrier* and *Stations in Mime*; 1st XV Rugger; School Prefect; Sacristy.

THE RAY

by T. F. WRIGHT*

A fisherman was out fishing with his mates. Their catch had been little. Suddenly they caught a sting ray, and put it on the floor of the boat. It flapped about a lot while they were pulling up the nets. It stung one of the men in the leg. The other two mates got him back to harbour as quickly as they could. As soon as they were home they rang up the hospital and an ambulance was sent along. When he was in hospital he was given a lot of X-rays and a ward to himself. Two inches of the ray's tail was taken out of his leg and all the poison was cut out. About six months later he was up and about again.

HIGH ADVENTURE

by R. W. G. HAYES*

High Adventure, written by Edmund Hillary, is an autobiography of the first man to reach the summit of Mount Everest. His family owned a bee farm and, at an early age, he decided to carry on his father's business. He writes one chapter on his boyhood and first mountaineering.

The book is well-written and always gives an impression of suspense. His description of Camp IX at 27,000 ft. is truly admirable and the extreme sense of isolation is well put across. Hillary's own thoughts are well-expressed and this is typified in his wishing that the Swiss Party must not reach the summit. He has an undying admiration for the Sherpas and puts in a very amusing bit about a game of cards. He describes an Indian day very well and, I think, the fertile country at the base of the Himalaya Foothills. Through his mountaineering career he has made many friends, among them, George Lowe, who, I think, is his favourite, Tom Bourdillon and the famous Eric Shipton. His book is dedicated to Eric Shipton and Harry Ayres, who both really taught him his mountaineering. The successful attack on Everest is well described and his climaxes well set. I think his actual attempt on the summit was rather brief and a bit vague and not as good as I expected it to be from the rest of the book. In the latter half of the book he gives me the impression of neglect of his home as he is always describing his various expeditions.

John Hunt's book *The Ascent of Everest* is rather technical for the reader who does not know very much about mountaineering. Here Hillary's book is decidedly better. The author is not at all selfish and puts over an impression of friendship among the members of the team very well. For an account of a mountaineering feat I think this book will be hard to beat.

*TIMOTHY WRIGHT, born 30 July, 1947; entered Worth, September, 1955.

*ROBERT HAYES, born 22 February, 1944; entered Worth, September, 1952; 1st XI Cricket and Hockey; 1st XV Rugger; Squash Team; School Prefect; Sacristy.

A VILLAGE STREET AT 5 a.m.

by D. E. WALKER*

Down a dusty road walks a tramp, yawning, but taking in the scene before him. On either side, well-kept houses surrounded by beautiful gardens with fancy-trimmed hedges are just beginning to wake up and enjoy the sun. All the roofs are either thatched or covered in moss. The tramp walks on. A cobbler, even at this hour, is working away at some shoes. A baker, having baked his bread, is sweeping his part of the pavement. A smithy with smoke wreathing out of the chimney is not awake. The wine merchant, chemist, grocer, and other shops are waiting till a later hour to open. An antique shop, its windows filled with little trinkets, jewelry, Georgian spoons, and brooches, looks dark except where the sun has crept in and is making the dust rise. Inside there are some fire-guards, chairs, tables, carpets, rugs, pictures, some very beautiful, but others not so. A hotel, with a swinging placard hanging outside, is only just awake, with women shaking dusters out of the windows. An archway, in the wall, leads through into a cobbled, ivy-strewn courtyard. Two swinging doors then lead through into a low raftered room with massive beams running across the ceiling. A few seconds later the tramp's eyes light up, he has seen what he wants—a field with clucking hens pecking at the ground. This tells him that he is approaching a farm. He trudges wearily on; he knows he will find it—a quiet barn where he can rest in comfort.

THE SEASONS

by J. B. J. O'DONOVAN*

Spring is the season when flowers are blooming
And birds in their nests, with the season are nesting.
The trees with buds, are now reaching leafing,
Causing the trees to flutter with leaves.
In summer the hotness is brewing
And the gardener with his seeds is sowing.
The roses are leaning, the bonfires are burning
And the horses are eating the turf.
In Autumn the leaves fall off the trees
And the farmer is reaping the corn.
The assistants around him, are talking about him,
While the milkman is filling the churn.
In winter the snow falls down
And Christmas comes to village and town.

*DOUGLAS WALKER, born 29 June, 1944; entered Worth, September, 1952; acted in *Aladdin* and *Stations in Mime*; Choir.

*JEROME O'DONOVAN, born 27 June, 1945; entered Worth, September, 1953; 2nd XV Rugger; Gym Team.

THE JACKDAW

by M. J. CUMMINS*

There was once a jackdaw
Who would give a great caw,
When he saw his lover
From the tower,
Where he lived with his aunt.

He would catch some mice
Which tasted very nice
For his wife and he
When they ate their tea
In their old nest.

In the tower they had a nest
Made of the very best
Sticks and moss
Which would always toss
In a big wind.

MOVING HOUSE

by N. SIRKETT*

Moving house is a very laborious business indeed. It involves a great deal of mental, as well as physical, strength. For instance: "I want that cupboard there, even if you don't." "I don't care if you do want it there; it is going *here*." The physical side often needs much less exertion than the mental. Father ponders over the proposed plan, and, becoming more and more excited (although he tries not to show it!) as the days draw on, he thinks of it during work time, lunch time and when he comes home in the evening—in fact it's all: 'The new house.'

In moving house one has to be very brave, for you have to throw away many things that you would have liked to take. This, of course, involves certain difficulties: "I want to take this, and I don't want to take that." The younger members of the family want to take all their toys, all their pet mice, all their old tin cans, old bits of wood, oddments; in fact the children won't part with any of their belongings. Father tries to persuade the household to throw away everything, but to little avail.

Eventually the removal van comes to collect the usual 'rubbish' as 'they' in the business call it. Everything is loaded on and nicely fitted when: "Miaow." Grandma, who is staying, exclaims in an excited voice: "Oh, my poor Tiddles. I put him to bed last night and forgot to let him out. He's in that box, driver, under the wardrobe and bed, at the far end of the lorry; it's the box which is stuck between those chairs, you know." The driver utters a few curses and sets to work on

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

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

the rescuing of the cat. He climbs into the lorry and rumble, bang, crash—the settee has fallen through the floor. The driver's mate repairs this so that it will last for the journey and no further. After about a quarter of an hour the driver reaches the box. He grasps it in his hand and: "Par'n me, ma'am, but where's the cat." "Oh, it's all right, driver, I should have told you before, he isn't in that box but this one here; my hearing isn't quite right, you know." At this the driver explodes. He manages, however, to control himself, and jumps into the driver's seat, starts the engine and sets off.

About two hours later the cargo and family reach their destination. We all get out and the driver and his mate unload the luggage. The family all sit down to tea which is cooked over an oil lamp. The children explore the house, screaming, jumping and altogether being rather a nuisance.

After the family have been at 'Tovene' for six weeks, Father says: "Look, darling, that's a lovely house isn't it?, Shall we go over and look at it tomorrow?"

A SEAPLANE

by K. W. ROSE*

There was a little seaplane,
Which flew above the sea,
And it sometimes landed gaily
Just like a busy bee.

It had two pairs of guns,
One propeller and two wings,
Which were very big,
With lots of other things.

Two floats did support it
When on the lovely sea
I stand on the cliff and watch it
And the pilot watches me.

THE LOST TICKET

by F. M. NOEL-HUDSON*

Last term when we went back home, I had to take a train. When I was in the quad looking for a bus with some room in it, I lost my ticket. I told Father Edward about it when we were all at the station. I was told not to worry and to look all over the train by myself. I did not find it. It was a bother. At last we came to Victoria. I had to stay at the side of Father Edward until my father came. There was such a crowd at Victoria that the collectors did not bother to collect the tickets so that my father and I went through the gates without trouble at all. It was a very lucky thing!

*KEITH ROSE, born June, 27 1948; entered Worth, May, 1956.

*FRANCIS NOEL-HUDSON, born 20 September, 1946; entered Worth, September, 1956.

AN UNLUCKY DAY

by W. R. J. B. CROSS*

One day last August I decided to go racing in my sister's 'scow' which is a racer of about eleven foot six inches. It was a calm sea in which I raised my sail and rowed up to the starting line, where I dropped anchor. Immediately I started to drag because of the very fast running tide. The anchor caught on something just as the starting gun went, and this held me up for about 10 minutes. Then there came a little wind which helped me back to the starting line where I dropped the anchor again. Once again I started dragging. The pier which was about fifty yards from the starting line gradually came nearer and nearer. Just as I was putting my oars into the rowlocks, the anchor rope snapped and I was whisked away by the tide and hit the pier, though luckily not breaking my mast. After about five minutes the Club launch came up and towed me away from the pier. I decided I would carry on with the race. I asked for the tow-rope to be let go and I thought I would anchor. When I went to drop it I found that it had broken away. I started to pull on the main halyard, but when the sail was half-way up the halyard snapped and the sail came toppling into the boat. So after an hour and a half I was finally out of the race. The damage was a lost anchor and a snapped halyard. I discovered afterwards that only two boats passed the starting line for a short time.

MR POMEGRANATE GOES SKATING

by H. J. BERRIDGE*

It was a cold, frosty day; snow was on the ground and people well wrapped up were walking to and fro. Mr Pomegranate was a rather plump red-faced man ever anxious to try out something fresh. This day he was leaning out of the window of his bedroom in his nightshirt. Underneath, a crowd of small boys carrying skates was trotting gaily down towards the woods. It was the custom of the village to go skating whenever the pond in the centre of the woods was frozen over and solid enough to bear one's weight. A peculiar glint appeared in the elderly man's eye as he watched these boys.

An hour later found Mr Pomegranate standing on the edge of the pool. Beside the lake on the opposite side a man was standing near an ancient bridge, roasting chestnuts. Occasionally he would cry out: "'Ot chestnuts, 'ot chestnuts. Four fer a penny.'" Around him many skaters stood warming their hands and eating hot chestnuts. Mr Pomegranate walked over to this bunch and soon he was indulging in

*JASON CROSS, born 15 November, 1945; entered Worth, September, 1953; under 11 Rugger XV.

*HUMPHREY BERRIDGE, born 8 April, 1944; entered Worth, September, 1955; Assistant Librarian; Dormitory Prefect; Sacristy.

this new amusement. As he ate he watched an elderly man skating very well indeed, for, in spite of his age, he seemed very agile. At that moment Mr Pomegranate saw a stall where a thin man was hiring out skates for four shillings an hour. With great decision he walked over to the stall, hired a pair, strapped them tightly on and stepped on to the ice.

He stood for a moment wondering what to do next. He took a step forward in great style and went heavily down. He stood up with much exertion, and beaming, bowed to the people watching. Now this was a bad move for no sooner had he done it than he found himself shooting at top speed across the ice. Having knocked about six people over he arrived at the opposite bank where he gracefully, but not intentionally, sat down. By this time all the people watching were in fits of laughter. Never before had they seen a more novel way of skating. Mr Pomegranate, however, was not to be beaten. He tried again. This time he skidded smoothly round the lake, but not for long. His legs shot from beneath him and he did a nose dive on to the ice. This considerably hurt him for now he skated, if one can call it that, far slower.

The sun had come out and the ice did not look so strong as it had been. Mr Pomegranate (Sid for short among the schoolboys) decided it was time to go so he moved towards the side where he slowly descended up to his waist through the now thin ice. With much shouting and laughter Mr Pomegranate was hauled clear while the skate hirer came forward. "Sir," he said, "you now owe me precisely five shillings. Four for the extra hour you have been skating, and one for the disgraceful way you have treated the skates."

Mr Pomegranate paid the money and slumped off to his house where he sat beside the fire in his dressing gown and dried his clothes. Never again would he go down to that fatal place in the woods!

AMERICAN CIVIL WAR

by R. V. TAYLOR*

Cannon and gunshot were heard in the west,
Dense volumes of smoke from the fray did arise,
Men were shot dead, or they died by cold steel,
Amidst screams of terror and groans and hoarse cries.

The North fought the South, and the South fought the North,
Nothing was seen but the dead and the dying.
The land was laid waste by burning or battles,
With men fiercely yelling and flags gaily flying.

But then, in the end, the South was defeated,
The North was victorious, at peace once again.
No more split in two by the hatred and fighting,
And no more devastated by sorrow and pain.

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

THE INVESTITURE

by M. A. DE NAVARRO*

The Investitures are held in the glided ballroom of Buckingham Palace. At one end of this the royal thrones stand beneath a crimson canopy on top of a platform. At the other end is a gallery in which the band plays. The band is made up of ten men and a conductor. All round this the guests of those to be decorated sit in comfortable chairs. The whole place is lit by chandeliers. There are three huge ones on each side, great masses of glittering, colourful glass, and at each end there are two brackets of ten lights each, every light being in the form of a candle. On both of the long sides there are pictures of Roman scenes.

The Beefeaters enter at the bottom of the platform, march up the steps, and stand in front of the thrones, two of them on each side and one in the middle. Then two African soldiers came in and stood between the outside beefeaters. Then the Queen, in a beautiful red velvet cocktail dress, entered with her gentlemen-in-waiting, and the ceremony began. First the Knights were dubbed, and then the various other recipients were given their rewards. After it was over the Queen and her entourage left by a side door and the recipients and their guests made their way out of the palace, avoiding photographers.

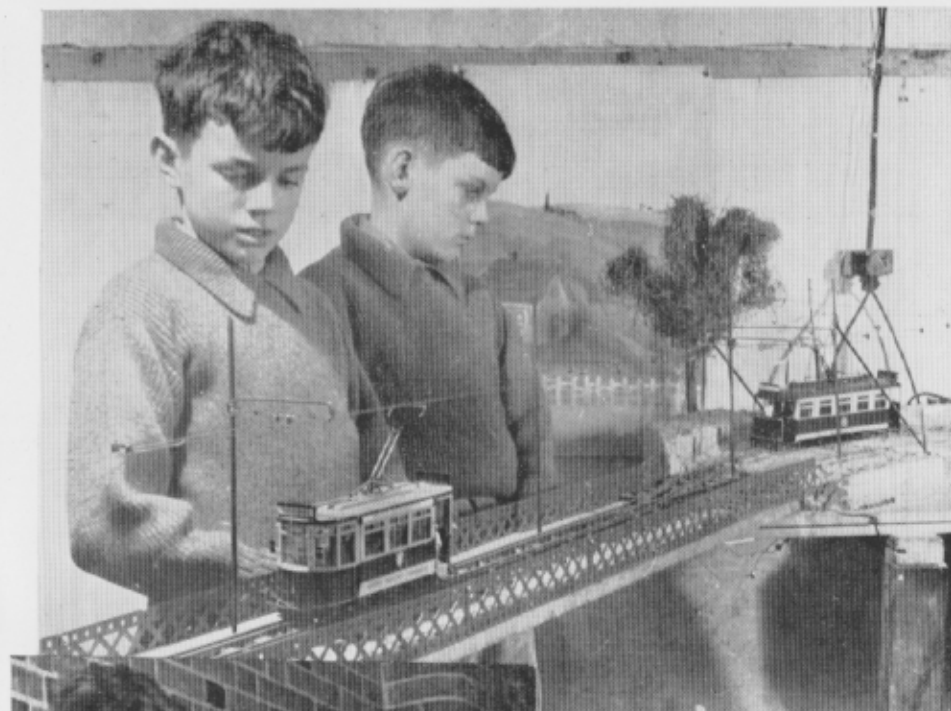
YORK MINSTER

by R. J. C. TURNER*

One day when we were staying up in Yorkshire for the holidays we decided to visit York Minster and spend the day there. We set off for York early enough to get there about half past twelve, and soon we arrived at the suburbs. We made our way to the Cathedral in the old city surrounded by walls. I was particularly struck by the stained glass in the East window which is one of the finest bits of glass in the Minster. After we had entirely satisfied ourselves with the Cathedral we went to the car and had lunch. Afterwards we decided to walk round the walls of York which extend, apart from the breaks in the walls, for four miles, with six towers dotted along their length. In one of the breaks we went to the Kirk Museum which has a marvellous collection of Victorian and Georgian style including a wonderfully detailed cobbled street enclosed in the building. Luckily we were allowed to walk round it. There was also a building next to it with a collection of Victorian toys and clothes. Then we returned to the car. We visited some antique shops before we went back, in the hope of finding a Mah Jong set. It was a marvellous day out and I shall never forget it.

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

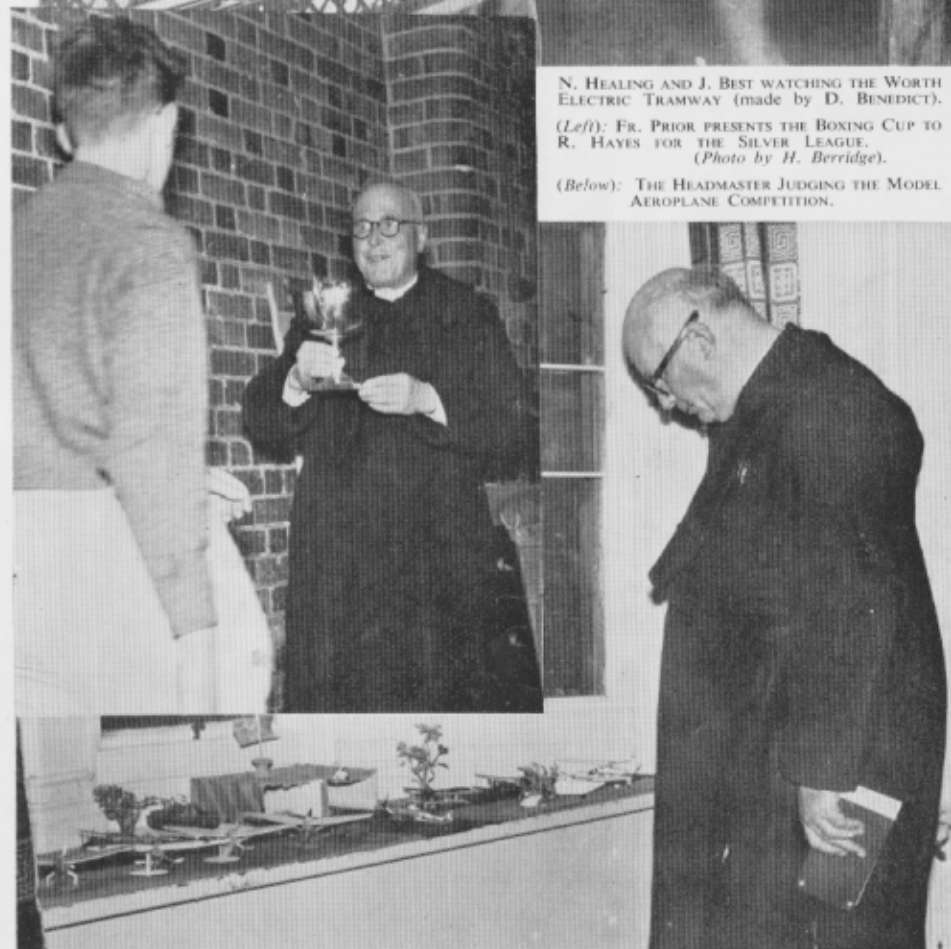
*RICHARD TURNER, born 2 January, 1945; entered Worth, September, 1953; under 12 Rugger XV.



N. HEALING AND J. BEST WATCHING THE WORTH ELECTRIC TRAMWAY (made by D. BENEDICT).

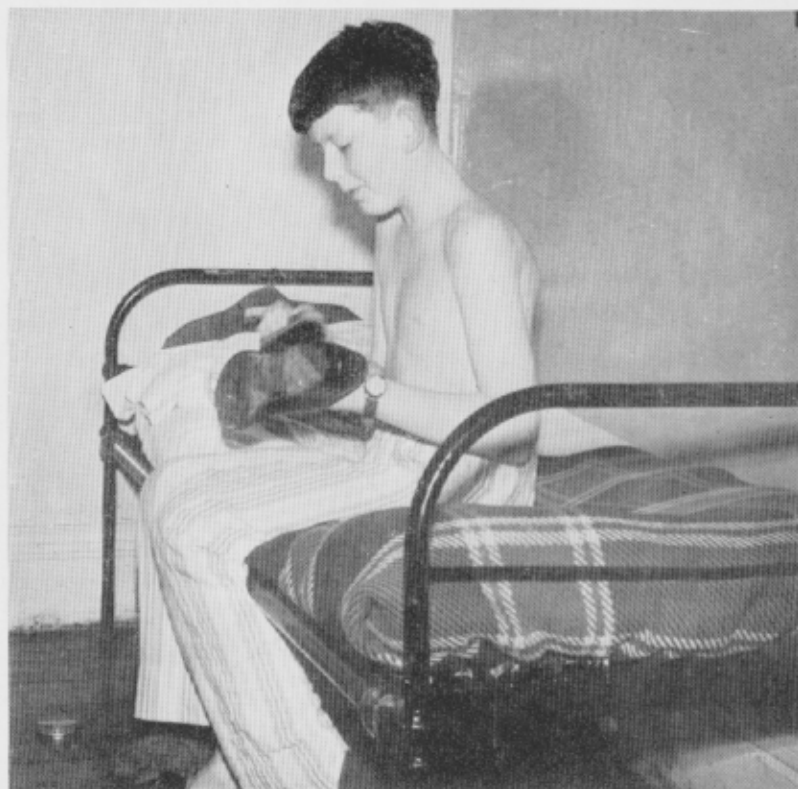
(Left): FR. PRIOR PRESENTS THE BOXING CUP TO R. HAYES FOR THE SILVER LEAGUE.
(Photo by H. Berridge).

(Below): THE HEADMASTER JUDGING THE MODEL AEROPLANE COMPETITION.





BED-TIME STORY
(J. BEST, R. BLIGH AND R. KANE.)



SATURDAY SHOESHINE.—S. PLUMMER. (Photos by H. Berridge).



C. MOCKLER WINS THE CROSS-COUNTRY. (Photo by H. Berridge).



T. DELANY AND E. DE LA HAYE JOUSSELIN.



ST. BENEDICT'S DAY WITH THE SCOUTS.

SENNEN COVE

by P. A. R. CLARKE*

Sennen Cove is a little seaside place near Lands End. On the coast of Sennen Cove you can see some caves, but it needs a motor boat to see them properly. The Cove has no beach huts, but it has lovely, golden sand, where you can build sand castles. It also has a big life-boat, because there are sharp pointed rocks around the coast and ships may get wrecked on them. On the other side of the life-boat station are beautiful rock-pools where you can catch grey mullet. To catch these fish you need a bent pin and a long piece of cotton. For bait you knock a limpet off a rock with a stone, take the inside out, and put it on the bent pin. You can also catch prawns, shrimps, crabs and bullfish. There is no church at Sennen Cove, but there is one at St Just, four miles away. The best hotel for food and bedrooms is 'Old Success.' If you would like to go for a walk after tea, you can go along the cliffs, for the scene is beautiful. There is also a little shop, where you can buy toys, films and shrimping nets, but the better shops are at Penzance, sixteen miles away. There is also lobster and crab fishing at Sennen Cove.

A TRIP WITH THE WILSON FAMILY

by P. A. B. LAURENCE*

The Wilson family were bowling along the Dover Road in their Standard 8. They were extremely happy for they were due to join the *Royal Daffodil* for a day trip to France. When they arrived they were a little surprised to find a long queue of other chattering families waiting to board the *Royal Daffodil*. Having eventually got aboard the Wilsons joined another long and chattering queue for lunch. They were having soup when the engines of the boat were started and little David Wilson was so excited that he spilt his soup. They eventually arrived at Boulogne. They visited a restaurant and there they ordered snails for Mr Wilson, vin rosé for Mrs Wilson, frogs' legs for Miss Wilson and Mr Wilson junior had a double course of French fried potatoes. As they walked along the street they became involved in an argument with a very excited French policeman. Mrs Wilson had bought two dresses and a hat to match, Mr Wilson had bought a pair of very elaborate light brown shoes; as for David Wilson he had got a dozen recipes of how to fry potatoes.

Now it was time to return to the boat. As they hurried along the quay-side Mr Wilson who was carrying everything tripped and fell in the water. So when the *Royal Daffodil* arrived at Dover it brought home a mournful Wilson family.

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

*PETER LAURENCE, born 2 March, 1944; entered Worth, September, 1955.

A MODEL RAILWAY

by N. B. M. KITTOE*

A model railway is a complicated thing. On a big one there are so many points to be changed. All the rails have to fit together and the curves have to be gentle. An electric railway is a maze of wires. But the worst thing of all is keeping everything straight. A model railway isn't difficult to construct. A big one usually cost about £4 to make. All you need to know is how to saw, put in nails and solder. A big one is easier because you have more room to manage in. At a good second-hand shop rails and steam engines can be bought quite cheaply, so that it is quite easy to make a model railway. Once you have constructed it, the next thing is to work it. You can have great fun changing trains from one line to another. One of the nicest things is shunting because it is so simple. So altogether it is terrific fun.

BIRDS

by M. A. SHELMEKDINE*

Little birds love the spring
Because they all come home on the wing.
They drink the cool water from the stream
And eat the grass on the green,
And watch the mice from the air
With caution and care,
And hide when the hunter draweth near.
And when the winter comes
They fly to kingdom come.

AN ENGLISH BOY'S HOLIDAY

by T. A. DAY*

Once an English boy was on holiday in the American foot-hills. On Monday he had nothing to do, so he wandered into a cavern. As he walked he thought he saw daylight, so he went on. He came out by a sloping path. As he walked he went through cracks in the slope. Finally he reached a deserted village. On the walls were strange carvings. He thought he should bring his father. When his father arrived he said that it was an ancient Indian village. They found gold and very old jewelry. They received much money for the gold and the Museum accepted the jewelry. What a grand adventure the English boy had had!

*NICHOLAS KITTOE, born 7 April, 1947; entered Worth, April, 1956.

*ANTHONY SHELMEKDINE, born 10 March, 1946; entered Worth, April, 1954; under 11 Rugger XV; Choir.

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

A DAY OUT

by E. J. COOKE*

One day I went out to the Tower of London. I first caught a bus, then from there I went down the Thames by boat until I reached Tower Bridge. Before I walked to the Tower I had a bar of chocolate which I bought from a shop by the riverside. Finally I reached the Tower. I went to see the Crown Jewels, where I saw the Crowns which the Queen wears and all the lovely jewels. Secondly I went to the Armoury gallery where there was the armour of the old Kings and the old muskets they used to use in battle long ago. After that I went to the dungeons where there were names of the old prisoners. Then I went out into the fresh air again and caught the boat. When we were half-way there the boat caught on a sunken ship so another launch came and took us back safely. I went on a bus and arrived home at about 1 o'clock.

ST. GREGORY'S DAY AT WORTH

by P. J. PAVRY*

I woke up about 7 o'clock on a sunny Tuesday morning. Suddenly I realised that it was a whole holiday. For three quarters of an hour I lay in bed thinking what I was going to do during the day. At 7.45 I got up and went to Mass with the other boys. Then we had breakfast which consisted of shredded wheat and boiled eggs. After that I made my bed. At 9.30 the bell rang and the whole school went to High Mass. Afterwards I ran up to the Scout loft and joined the rest of our patrol in getting the equipment for having lunch in the woods. I then took the haversack up to the changing room, to change into my games clothes. Rose, our patrol leader, had to fill the water cans so he joined us later.

I made my way down to the Scout Woods with two other boys. As soon as we got to our dens we started to collect wood for the fire. After about a quarter of an hour Rose joined us. Then we lit the fire. It did not take long because the wood was very dry. After lighting the fire we lit the hot plate, which was a tin with a fire in it. At about noon we started to peel the potatoes and make them into chips. After having made the chips we put them on the hot plate. Then in turn we made ourselves two fried eggs and a piece of fried bread. After that we had two apples each. We then tidied up and dug a pit for the garbage. Then we started to pull the den down as it was not standing straight and it was on the point of collapsing. We piled the wood up. Then one boy started to clean the place while another dug some holes 18 inches deep to put the boundary

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

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

posts in. While all this was going on I relit the fire in the oven and passed my fire lighting test. During the rest we baked some potatoes. Then the Patrol Leader and another boy started to chop a tree down, while I took them some baked potatoes. After that we all carried the tree up to our den area. We chopped it in half and used one half for the boundary post at the back of the area. It was then about 4.30 so we all went back to school.

MY LOST DOG

by C. D. HIGGINS*

Is my dog not yet found,
Has not anyone seen him?
He's a lovely brown hound;
His name is Tim.

I roamed the countryside,
And now I'm worn out.
Oh! where could he hide?
I've been round and about

I heard a bark but!
Could it be he?
I ran towards the hut—
He was up a tree.

I would give a reward,
If he was found;
I would not be so bored
If he was safe and sound.

It was very nice to have him back
But all the same
I gave him a little smack
Telling him not to roam again.

THE GYPSY

by S. G. SLAUGHTER*

Down the lane was a horse and caravan. Beside the lane is the forest and on the hill is a windmill. It was evening when Greasy Joan reached a small clearing in the forest. The horse stopped and Joan, the old woman, got out of the caravan and hung a lantern beside it. She collected a few sticks and made a fire on the ground. She hung a large tin pot over the fire and put in it chicken broth. Far away there was a stream where Joan got water in which to boil her eggs. She sat on the step of the caravan and played the guitar while the broth was cooking. When she had eaten her supper she went to bed in a little old wooden bed. In the morning she left the clearing and went to Brookmoor to buy food and sell things.

*CHRISTOPHER HIGGINS, born 26 September, 1946; entered Worth, September, 1955.

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

SUMMER

by D. M. P. BARRERE*

Summer has lovely weather,
In the woods grows heather.
All the birds are nesting.
While we are resting,
On the seaside beaches,
All the children are eating peaches.
People swim all day,
While farmers cut the hay.
Up in the mountains
Are beautiful fountains.
Down in the valleys
Lie towns with their alleys.

THE STREAM

by B. M. LITTLE*

By the house, near village tower,
Stands a thick and leafy bower.
Through this bower flows a stream
Like a shimmering, gold sunbeam,
Through the glorious countryside,
By the heather in its glory,
Telling of England's ancient story
Of battles long ago.
Through the meadows and pastures green,
Where God paints a handsome scene,
Through the open countryside
Where the country folks abide
After day of work and toil;
Through the town and flowing over
Weirs and rapids on to Dover,
Near where it joins a flowing river
Till it reaches open sea.

*DAVID BARRERE, born 4 March, 1944; entered Worth, September, 1952; acted in *The More the Merrier*; 1st XV Rugger; under 12 Hockey XI; Gym Team; Tower House Prefect.

*BERNARD LITTLE, born 13 April, 1943; entered Worth, September, 1951; acted in *The More the Merrier*; 1st XV Rugger; Captain of Gold League; School Prefect; Choir.

MY HOUSE

by L. O. S. MEDLAM*

I live in Suffolk. My house is quite big. It has a wall all round it. The garden has a little pond in it. The garden has a lot of little trees and bushes. There is also a bench in the garden. Inside the house there is a kitchen which is quite small. It has a very nice cupboard for putting plates and things in. It has a door leading into it from the drive. The drawing room is small and has a glass door leading on to the garden. The sitting room is also small. The greenhouse is just outside this room. There is one bedroom on the bottom floor. When you go upstairs you come to the bedrooms. They are joined together by a door. The greenhouse is big. Outside there is a chicken run. We live in a village called Knodishall. It is just five minutes walk from our house. In the village there are shops. The nearest town is Leiston. The house is called Hunts Barn. There is a sign outside of some people and horses outside a barn.

LAST DAY OF THE HOLIDAYS

by P. H. KEANE*

On January 17th when I woke up I could hardly believe that I was going back to school. As soon as I was fully awake I got up and dressed. I had a quick breakfast with my mother and afterwards my father drove us to the station. We arrived just in time to catch our train to London which left at 8.30. When we arrived there we went sight-seeing. We drove round Trafalgar Square, down the Mall past Buckingham Palace and then to Downing Street but I thought it was unimpressive. From there we went to the Victoria and Albert Museum where we had a quick look round and went on to the Natural History Museum. I saw a reproduction of a dinosaur which was one hundred and twenty feet long. I saw many skulls of people's heads who lived thousands of years ago and a part of the trunk of the biggest tree in the world. We had lunch there and then spent another hour looking round. At 3 o'clock we left and went to Victoria where the school train was waiting. At 3.25 the train pulled out. We were going back to school!

LOST AT NIGHT

by J. P. BEST*

One night I went for a walk. The sun was just going down. The woods looked lovely under the red sky. I thought to myself that I would

*SIMON MEDLAM, born 22 December, 1946; entered Worth, September, 1955.

*PAUL KEANE, born 16 May, 1946; entered Worth, September, 1954; acted in *Stations in Mime*; Choir.

*JEREMY BEST, born 14 August, 1946; entered Worth, April 1955.

walk through the wood. I knew one way through the wood very well but not the other way. I was walking along quite happily and I took the wrong way. I did not notice it until I came to a view where I could see all the country around me. I could not remember if I had seen this before. I took the turning to the right and found a road which was the A23 London to Eastbourne Road. I got on a bus and went to London and slept at a hotel for a week. Then I caught a train to Three Bridges and went home.

WILD BIRDS

by A. T. S. CARR*

The robin is a pretty bird. Its breast is red and its back is brown. It is one of the smallest of the wild birds in the British Isles. It makes a very small nest, made of moss and bits of fur which it finds in the hedgerows. It lays about three to six eggs. The black bird is a common bird. It is black with a yellow beak. It is about six inches high. It lays four to six eggs. It builds a fairly big nest, made of dried grass and mud. It nests in hedgerows. The pigeon is a game bird. It is grey and light black with a white band round its throat. It nests in trees or in holes in trees. It lays two eggs at a time. It lays three times a season. Its nest is made of twigs and leaves and perhaps a bit of fur.

THE SALE

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

One day I passed by a big cattle sale. The cattle were mostly young calves and a few young bulls. Also there were three or four little ponies. All were owned by Monsieur Hervieux who is the best cattle dealer in the district. The bidding was very high for it is good quality cattle. The sale itself was near to the stables so that the cattle had not far to be transported. Most of the farmers at the sale only went there to see the other farmers and the cows' stables. The stables were very big and contained about two hundred cows. They were made in concrete and heated. Also they were full. The cows were not milked by electric machines but by hand. At about five o'clock all the people went home.

*TIMOTHY CARR, born 30 January, 1946; entered Worth, September, 1956; under 11 Rugby XV.

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

THE ROMAN CONQUEST

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

In 55 B.C. the Roman eyes turned to our little island stronghold, which was at that time separated into many different tribes with different chieftains. These tribes were hostile to the Romans when Julius Caesar landed in Britain with two legions. They drove the Romans away back to Gaul. The following year, 54 B.C., he returned with 27,000 troops but although he gained a foothold he still did not feel strong enough to establish a garrison and he soon withdrew his troops. Julius Caesar's attempt to conquer Britain failed. It was not till nearly a century later in 43 A.D. that the Romans again undertook the conquest of Britain under the Emperor Claudius. Caractacus and Boadicea were the chief opponents of the Romans.

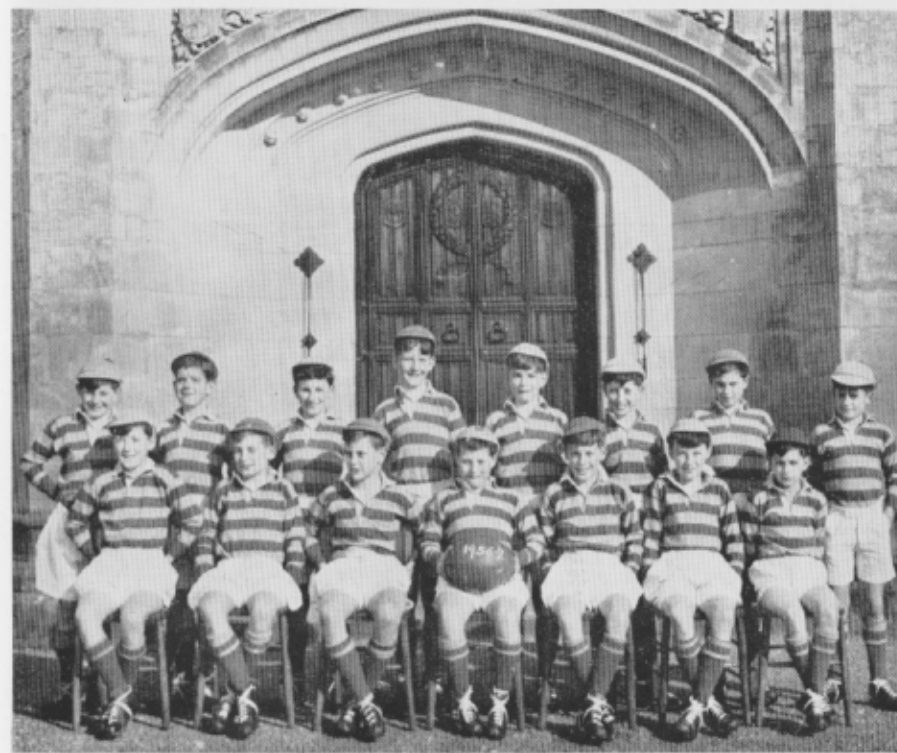
Caractacus was a British chieftain who had a number of earthenwork forts in North Wales. The Romans took five years to capture him on the Island of Mona (now called Anglesey) where he had sought refuge. He broke through the Roman lines but was eventually captured and was brought to Rome to be punished. When he got to Rome he asked the Emperor "Why should you wish to take over our little wooden huts when you have all your beautiful buildings here in your capital?" The Emperor was so impressed that he allowed Caractacus to live in Gaul with a Roman villa and slaves.

Boadicea or Boudicca was a widow of a British chieftain who was killed by the Romans although he had given them half his wealth. Her two daughters were badly treated, and to get her revenge on the Romans she summoned the whole country to battle against them under her leadership. She led 120,000 of her people to fight. In 61 A.D. she massacred 73,000 Romans, captured London, St Albans and Colchester. She was captured the following year but escaped punishment by taking poison.

The Romans finally defeated the Britons in 78 A.D. and our island was made a province of the great Roman Empire. Agricola was made governor and he brought peace with him. Peace was not altogether there, however, because in Scotland the Picts and Scots were making border raids. In 121 A.D. the Emperor Hadrian came to England to settle this problem that was breaking the peace in the north. He had two choices: he could make a full-scale attack or build a wall to defend the border. He chose the wall. Hadrian's Wall, as it is called, is 73 miles long and stretches from Newcastle to Carlisle. It was 8-10 feet thick and 20 feet high. There were 17 major forts and smaller ones every mile. Remains of it are still to be seen today.

The Romans brought civilisation to England: they introduced central

*NICHOLAS, BARON VAN DEN BRANDEN DE REETH, born 15 December, 1943; entered Worth, September, 1952; acted in the 'Revue' and *Stations in Mime*; assistant Librarian; Choir.



THE "UNDER 12" XV

(Back Row): H. ROSE, M. BULLEN, M. AGIUS, T. MCGOURAN, P. JOHNSTONE, D. O'HAGAN, R. CARR, R. WOOD. (Sitting): M. THOMAS, J. O'DONOVAN, R. BULLOCK WEBSTER, I. LINTNER (Capt.), D. DELANY, K. DWYER, E. MARCAR.



P. VANDER SCORES THE FIRST TRY FOR WORTH AGAINST LADYCROSS.



A MEAL IN THE WOODS: J. NEVILLE SMITH, J. O'DONOVAN, R. HOLMES.



THREE SCOUTS: A. MATHER, Z. ZAMOYSKI, P. NORTON.

heating, baths, villas and roads. The biggest road that they built was Watling Street, which stretched from Dover to Chester and was also part of a series of roads that were built by the Romans to link the whole country with London. These roads were used by the Roman legions, officials and for commerce. They were finished at about the end of the first century. Watling Street was the road that formed the border between Wessex and the Danelaw in 878 A.D. under King Alfred.

The barbaric chiefs that the Romans conquered became citizens of Rome and they had villas and slaves and lived in luxury. They all went to schools, which the Romans founded, and learned Latin, the great universal language at that time. The population of most towns was 5,000 except for Londinium which had about 15,000 to 20,000 inhabitants. We owe a lot to the Romans as it was they who brought civilisation to Britain. It was only gradually that the Roman way of life gave way before the invasions of the Angles and Saxons following the year 450, when Rome was sacked and the Romans had to withdraw their legions from Britain.

OUR FARM

by D. C. TURNER*

Our farm is a large one with a lot of animals on it. It has ducks, cows, pigs, horses, hens and sheep. It also has tractors and ploughs and other farm tools. We have one house to live in and another to keep the animals in. One day my brother and I were walking on a hill and a large mist came up. We had never been in a big mist before and did not know what to do, so we walked on. Soon the mist faded and we found we were lost. We waited for some time and a boy passed us so we asked him the way to our farm. He showed us the way and we soon got home. We found everything was all right.

THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

by P. J. BAYNHAM*

The Christmas holidays are very exciting. On Christmas Eve we are all very excited and we go to bed about seven so that I shall not be too tired for Midnight Mass. We wake up at 11.30 and after Mass we go back to bed. We wake up again about seven and unwrap our parcels and play with them. We get dressed and have breakfast and give our presents to our parents. We play until lunch when the turkey is brought in and then the Christmas pudding alight and we all try and find sixpences. We are very tired and go to bed early. A few days after we hope to have some snow and bring out our toboggans and have lots of fun.

*DAVID TURNER, born 4 January, 1947; entered Worth, April, 1955.

*PATRICK BAYNHAM, born 15 January, 1947; entered Worth, February, 1956.

THE LAST SUNSET OF SUMMER

by F. J. LUCAS*

On some tranquil, peaceful, rockbound English shore I look out to where the sun is for the last time setting. Behind it lies the darkening blue sky clothed in the mist of a dying summer's eve. A few clouds hover calmly above the blazing sun while the waves dance softly up and down the sandy beach. Everything is silent except for the twittering of an occasional sea-gull, and the lapping of the waves on the shore. The sun is shining on a ship making it look like a band of beaten gold. Crimson in colour and glowing like a terrific mass of burning gold it begins to sink slowly beneath the distant horizon. Now only the sun's last rays are showing and now the sun vanishes and the summer ends.

BOB

by L. P. HIRSH*

There was a little dog and his name was Bob.
He was always in mischief on sunny days.
He always wanted life to be in his own ways.
He loved chasing birds like a black scarecrow.
He loved running races like an arrow from a bow.
He was spoilt more than any other little dog,
But his master never beat that clever little dog.
His master said that he was the best dog of all,
And Bob loved playing games with an indiarubber ball.

THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

by R. L. D. J. MORE O'FERRALL*

In the Christmas holidays I went to an all-night party. My sister did all the cooking, and my father and myself gave out the drinks. First we had turkey in rice and a sort of tart made out of cheese and mushrooms with pastry round the outside. After supper the guests did Rock and Roll. I danced with my sister. Then at midnight we all sat in the drawing room. The first lot of people went home. I had taken on a bet with my father that he would go to bed before me. At 2.30 a.m. he went to bed and at 3.0 I went to bed. One of the visitors stayed all night.

*FRANCIS LUCAS, born 11 March, 1944; entered Worth, September, 1952; 1st XI Cricket and Hockey; 1st XV Rugger; Squash Team; Head of the School.

*PAUL HIRSH, born 3 September, 1948; entered Worth, September, 1956.

*RORY MORE O'FERRALL, born 27 May, 1947; entered Worth, September, 1954.

SPRING IN SCOTLAND

by T. P. J. RADCLIFFE*

The spring comes round again,
To do its job without pain,
To make the flowers that are just sown,
Look as though they have nearly grown.
Up in the mountains where it's cool
Young and old children go to school,
Through the meadows rich and green,
Through the beautiful mountain scene.
O for Scotland for to play
In the soft, warm, brown hay.
To climb in the mountains cool
And then to bathe in a refreshing pool.

A GHOST

by T. J. F. HEGARTY*

Far over the mountains far away from the sky,
Rather extraordinary, not very ordinary,
I saw a ghost go by.
Far over the mountains, too near the sky,
I bumped my head and began to cry,
As the ghost went by I gave a sigh.
Far over the mountains far away from the sea,
I had no food left but one split pea,
But that was quite enough for me;
And one day I was full of glee,
Because in a mountain was for me
A treasure chest from the sea.
Far over the mountains far away from the sea,
Rather extraordinary, not very ordinary,
I saw a ghost go by.

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

*TIMOTHY HEGARTY, born 16 November, 1947; entered Worth, September, 1955.

SCOUTS

1957 is the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Lord Baden-Powell, and the fiftieth anniversary of the beginning of the Scout movement. As if to celebrate this important year in the history of Scouting, the number of boys in our Troop, including recruits, is now greater than it has ever been. By a recent decision of Imperial Headquarters, boys may now become Scouts at the age of 10½. Many boys of Chapman House have taken advantage of this new rule, and by the end of March, 1957, there were ninety-six Scouts and recruits in the Troop. We expect some more to join in the Summer term. And we hope to have a Camp in Ireland again, at the end of that term, as a special celebration.

During September, October and March, lunch and tea were cooked at the patrol dens in the Scout Zone on every possible occasion. In the intervening months we had to be content with tea, consisting usually of buttered toast and jam or cheese, washed down by coffee. During these highly enjoyable hours spent in the woods the scouts have passed many tests, and indulged in their perennial business of taking down their old dens, and building bigger and better ones, with look-out ladders and tree-platforms to give variety.

Two whole day walks have proved very successful. On October 16th sixteen scouts went with the G.S.M. to Pease Pottage, going through Worthlodge Forest and past Tilgate House, and returning through Worth Forest and past the pool in Oldhouse Warren. On December 8th a small party walked to Haywards Heath via Turner's Hill, West Hoathly (where lunch was eaten at the Cat Inn) and Ardingly.

At the beginning of December ten recruits were enrolled, and the ceremony was followed in the afternoon by the traditional "Gull Hunt." On this occasion the Scouts and Cubs numbered about eighty. Three of the 'gulls' were inexperienced, and allowed themselves to be cornered in a single copse. The rockets announcing their capture to the rest of the hunters went off in quick succession. All the five 'gulls' were caught in just over an hour.

Meanwhile T.L. John Mather has gained the 1st Class Badge, after doing the necessary Twenty-four Hour Journey in Austria last summer. P.L.'s. Simon Rose (Eagles), Denis Hall (Ravens 2), Robin Bullock-Webster (Cygnets), and Seconds Shaun O'Reilly (Swans) and Howard Rose (Eagles) have gained the 2nd Class Badge. P.L. Richard Schreiber has won the *Linguist* Proficiency Badge in Italian and German as well as in Spanish: he has also won the *Rider* Badge, with Hugh Walford (Wood-pigeons), thanks to Miss J. Matthews. Reginald Hall (Ravens 2) has passed the *Linguist* Badge in Spanish. After training for a long time with Dom Peter for the School and League gym teams, and after taking part in School or League boxing contests, the following have been awarded the *Master-at-Arms* Badge: S. H. Rose, M. D. P. Bullen (Eagles), P. J. Murphy (Owls), R. J. S. Bullock-Webster (Cygnets), B. H. Poett,

D. P. C. O'Hagan, D. L. C. Pitt (Doves), I. J. K. Lintner, A. F. D. Doherty (Pheasants 2), R. E. Wood (Peewits), D. M. W. Delany, N. P. Stephens, R. H. S. Dilley (Woodpigeons). And, thanks to the assistance of Colonel H. Vredenburg, Shaun O'Reilly (Swans) and David O'Hagan (Doves) have gained the *Starman* Badge, which has never been awarded to any of our Scouts before.

B.M.S.

CUBS

The Cubs have been lucky in the first two months of the term: only once did a rainy afternoon keep us indoors. True, some of us regretted the absence of any proper snowfall: to hit Akela fair and square with a snowball brings a satisfaction all its own. The outdoor activities included the usual hunting games: the new senior Sixer, Desmond Savill, started the term well by 'shooting' Akela before the other could 'shoot' him. But on another occasion some Cubs were so enthusiastically following the Mekon's trail that they quite forgot to notice either some very obvious bootmarks or an even more obvious 'Mekon' quite inadequately hidden a mere five yards from them.

The howls of rage that went up when it was found that local vandals had wrecked the great dam that had stood for eleven months, and all the other dams and bridges, had to be heard to be believed. Reconstruction was at once undertaken, and the big bridge is now even better than before, with its surface paved with old bricks.

The White Six deserves especial praise for its acting talents: one Sunday they were told to become 'Red Indians hunting whatever it is that Red Indians do hunt.' Well, with R*ch*rd H*p* in that Six it was pretty obvious that their quarry was going to be buffalo, but the realistic way in which the lumbering beast was caught, cooked and eaten was a surprise to many of us. Then on St Gregory's Day (which was very properly celebrated with a lunch in the woods) they entertained us with some incredibly Ruritanian military drill. Earlier in the afternoon light relief had been provided by Michael M. who fell (all of him) into the stream: and as if this were not enough, Patrick B. laughed so much that he followed suit. Their ardour, if nothing else, was in no way damped, and after suitable 'jury rig' had been contrived they were observed to carry on as if nothing untoward had happened.

There have been two new Sixers made this term: Colin Gleadell now heads the Black Six, and Colin Ritchie the Reds. Desmond Savill replaced Terence Delany as Senior Sixer, and Jeremy Cook has become Chief Washer-up and Quartermaster.

B.S.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

1st XV (Captain: R. W. G. HAYES)

The 1st XV had a disappointing season. The team was on the whole smaller and slower than of recent years. The halves were good; Hayes at centre was an outstanding player in defence and attack; the wings were speedy and elusive runners, but a little frail. Unfortunately these backs seldom had an opportunity to show their ability in attack, as the forwards rarely obtained the ball for them, from either set scrum, loose scrum or line-out. At the beginning of the season, moreover, the forwards were surprisingly lacking in fire and tackling power. Father Victor eventually inspired some enthusiasm into them, and Urquhart, Stroud and Mather became respectable members of the side. Apart from Hayes, who covered and tackled tirelessly, Rimmer, and Vander, who improved tremendously as the season progressed, the tackling of the side as a whole was below standards in some matches, but was very good in others.

Until the last match of the season, in March, the team was mainly called upon to defend its line against the attacks of bigger and more powerful opponents. This defence failed badly against the Ifield Grammar School 1st XV (who included one boy aged 15 and two or more aged 14 in their team), and Whitgift, who had an outstanding pack this year. But it rose to great heights against King's College, Wimbledon, Junior School, St. Wilfrid's Under 13½ XV and St. Benedict's.

In our few attacks in these early matches, Hayes was always a menace to our opponents. He scored four of our five tries—Barrère scored the other after some good passing by the backs—and also kicked a penalty goal. His place-kicking was always good, and he won our Cup for place-kicking later in the season. In the last match of the season, against Ladycross, we at last obtained a fair share of the ball in a very even and enjoyable game, and all our outsides were impressive. Only good tackling by our hosts kept us from their line on several occasions. Vander scored a try in the first half, following an excellent blind side movement in which several players handled quickly and cleanly in the width of a few yards. In the second half Hayes kicked two fine penalty goals before Ladycross scored a well deserved try from a scrum near the line, after a period of sustained pressure.

To end the season we sent two teams to take part, for the first time, in the Preparatory School Seven-a-side Competition organized by the Gate House School on the Old Cranleighans' ground at Thames Ditton. Our 2nd Seven was overwhelmed 21-0 by the Homefield 1st Seven. But our 1st Seven played very good rugby to beat Papplewick 3rd by 21 pts to nil, and Allen House 1st by 11 pts to nil. We then met the Abbey School 1st who beat us 12-3, and went on to win the Cup. Hayes' try (scored under the posts after a run from his own twenty-five) was the only try scored against the Abbey in the whole competition.

The 1st XV (with asterisks denoting the award of Caps) was:—R. J. Rimmer*, P. C. Norton, R. W. G. Hayes*, D. M. P. Barrère; C. D. Cronin* (or B. M. O'Connell); F. J. Lucas*, P. J. Vander*; A. J. P. S. Mather, D. Stroud, D. R. Lysons, B. M. Little, R. A. D. Urquhart*, D. E. J. A. Arrigo, M. P. K. Bruning, T. A. Cuss. Also played, I. J. K. Lintner, H. J. Rose, M. F. Thomas, D. E. Walker, C. A. Delmar Lindley, J. P. Harrison, B. H. Poett, Z. K. Zamoyski, H. J. von Knorring, P. E. Giles, M. B. Bond, G. C. Grant.

Results of matches: v. Mayfield Under 14, home, lost, 3-15; v. Ifield Grammar School 1st XV, away, lost, 0-36; v. King's College Junior School, home, lost, 3-6; v. Wimbledon College Under 13, home, lost, 6-9; v. Abbey School, away, lost, 0-14; v. St. Wilfrid's Under 13½, home, drawn, 3-3; v. St. Benedict's Middle School, Ealing, away, lost 3-6; v. Whitgift Junior School, away, lost, 0-34; v. Ladycross, away, won, 9-3.

2ND XV

Like the 1st XV, the 2nd XV were also smaller and lighter than usual, this season. But they also seemed to lack spirit, and they did not tackle well when playing superior opponents. They had little chance of giving a good account of themselves this year against other schools' 1st teams, but they gave a very creditable performance against the Whitgift Junior School 2nd XV when they first met them. After being nine points down they did not give up hope. Ivan Lintner scored a fine try and then kicked a penalty goal, and so we almost drew. In the return match we did not do so well, but Zamoyski scored a good try after an interception.

Those who played for the 2nd XV (with asterisks denoting the award of Colours) were:—C. D. Cronin*, I. J. K. Lintner*, D. R. Lysons*, Z. K. Zamoyski*, M. B. Bond*, H. J. Rose*, M. F. Thomas*, R. G. L. Apsion, A. M. R. Pontifex, C. A. Delmar Lindley, P. J. G. Murphy, M. F. Haydon, A. Lamont, H. J. von Knorring, G. C. Grant, J. M. Cook, P. E. Giles, A. E. Mackay, J. P. Harrison, J. O'Donovan, D. M. W. Delany, B. H. Poett, W. R. Donaldson.

Results of 2nd XV matches:—v. Abbey School 1st XV, home, lost, 0-64; v. Whitgift Junior School 2nd XV, home, lost, 6-9; v. Douai Preparatory School 1st XV, away, lost, 0-51; v. Whitgift Junior School 2nd XV, away, lost, 3-19.

The Seven-a-Side teams were, 1st:—R. W. G. Hayes (Captain), D. M. P. Barrère; F. J. Lucas, P. J. Vander; P. C. Norton, D. Stroud, C. D. Cronin. 2nd:—M. B. Bond, J. O'Donovan; I. J. K. Lintner (Captain), P. J. G. Murphy; H. J. Rose, C. A. Delmar Lindley, M. F. Thomas. Reserve:—D. P. C. O'Hagan.

League Matches. Senior:—Silvers beat Blues 39-0, Golds beat Reds 12-0; Silvers beat Golds 8-3, Blues and Reds drew 3-3. Junior:—Silvers beat Blues 12-0, Reds beat Golds 3-3, 3-0; Reds beat Silvers 12-3, Golds beat Blues 12-3.

B.M.S.

STAMP CLUB LETTER

My dear young Philatelists,

I often wonder if you fully appreciate the fine catalogues you possess. Do you realise that practically every stamp missing from your collection is to be found in one or other of the volumes of Gibbon, and that even though some of these stamps may never be in your albums *they will always be catalogued*? Does it not follow from this that the next best thing to having a stamp in your collection is to see it in your catalogue? You may perhaps understand better how to enjoy your nice catalogues if I tell you of the satisfaction obtained by Julius MocStooge (of that ilk) from the study of musical scores and menu cards.

My old friend would never risk the dangers of the Concert Hall. Instead, he would purchase an orchestral full score, retire to his sound-proof atom-bomb shelter and simply *read the score*. In this way, without fuss or noise, he was able to hear the music properly conducted, perfectly played and wholly free from the countless blemishes which, as we know from press reviews of concerts, every music critic finds in every professional musical performance. Just fancy!

But, he told me, he could do even better than that. He could *read a menu* and thus enjoy a meal cooked to perfection—his own meat, as one might say, not another man's poison. All he had to do was to enter some eating-house and, by a trick of legerdemain, acquired in his youth and perfected by years of practice, palm or pocket the menu of the day, thus obtaining a wonderfully varied fare.

Now and again, feeling the need of something quite special, he would board the restaurant car of some long-distance express and secure a menu card at the nominal price of a platform ticket. Occasionally, it is true, British Railways would let him down. Once, for example, just as he was adroitly possessing himself of a menu from the dining car of the Cornish Riviera, the train started—he had misread the timetable—and he found himself speeding westward before he was aware of what had happened. Deterred by the £5 penalty from pulling the communication cord, he took refuge in the remotest compartment he could find and there regaled himself with his delicious menu, hoping against hope. But it was not his lucky day. The inevitable guard appeared and my friend had to explain (a) that he was not really bound for Cornwall, (b) that the railways, since nationalisation, surely belonged to him and (c) that he should therefore travel free. Alas, all three concepts were challenged by the guard—himself no mean casuist—who insisted on seeing the colour of his passenger's money and forcing him to pay the first class fare, the sole concession being that he might alight at Exeter, the first stop. Needless to say, MocStooge took the next train back from Exeter, 'joining' (as they say in railway-ese) it with his accustomed economic caution, again however with disappointing results. The financial loss—Paddington

to Exeter first class return—was grievous; but at least he was the richer by two B.R. menus, enough to last for several days.

MocStooge did not, of course, live exclusively on menus. When menus were in short supply, he ate his commons as heartily as the next man. Unlike the next man, however, he obtained most of this type of sustenance from friends. Sometimes he was an invited guest. Failing an invitation—he was a great believer in hospitality—he invited himself, utilising for this purpose an infallible technique which delivered him at the friend's house and thence to the friend's dining-room (or sufficiently close to it to render the result certain) just as the gong sounded for the early morning, the mid-day or the evening repast (for tea he had little use).

You must not imagine that he frequented only the Baronial Mansion or the Stately Home. Of all men the least snobbish, MocStooge was at his ease in any society and could meet anyone—Duke or potman—on his own ground. Hence it was often in some simple tavern that he acted his part of guest; and not only I but most of the habitués of various Red Lions and Blue Boars have in our time been privileged to stand MocStooge a dash of whiskey or a tankard of ale whenever he showed up in our company.

But I must tell of an adventure that befell my friend on the occasion of his attempting to get hold of a British Airways menu. All went well on the outgoing trip, but on the return flight things began to happen. First, all the menu cards disappeared so that lunch had to be abandoned. Then the stewardess dashed in and said 'Sorry, but the children will have to take their whiskey neat, as the Major (a form of incognito under which MocStooge sometimes laboured) has drunk all the soda-water.' All eyes were at once focussed on my friend, and things began to look ugly. Happily, at that moment the situation was saved by the plane which suddenly assumed a terrific list to port and began to fly sideways (MocStooge assured me later that it was only some technical defect: possibly a loose wing). There was a certain amount of confusion but, luckily, no one was hurt and the only person to suffer any loss was MocStooge whose suitcase fell hurtling into space. His first reaction to this disaster was to wonder if he might borrow a parachute in order to go to the rescue, but on second thoughts he dismissed the idea as unworthy of him. Besides, a rapid mental calculation soon convinced him that the plane would be flying over his own home in a matter of seconds and that, if the shot had been anything like well timed, his suitcase would already have landed in his back-garden. His confidence was not misplaced: on arrival at the airport he transferred to a helicopter and landed in his back-garden just in time to prevent his housekeeper from laying hands on the suitcase—obviously for her own purposes.

This, of course, is where the story really begins. For, inside the suitcase were not only his air menu-cards and the priceless stamp collection which he had picked up in a back street in the *Quartier Latin*, but also the Ventimigliadiavoli diamonds which were all that stood between him

and the Bankruptcy Courts on the one hand and, on the other, were more than sufficient to land him in Newgate for good if they were once recognised. He was on the horns of a frightful dilemma—two frightful dilemmas, to be accurate. For, he asked himself, dare he take his housekeeper—an able fence—into his confidence in exchange for her professional assistance (at a price)? Or had she already suspected the worst and was she now bent on blackmail? There was nothing for it but—and I am not ashamed to admit it—to sit down there and then and have a good cry (which he did—that man of iron!). This of course is exactly where, in books, the good fairy comes along to do her good deed for the day. On this occasion—hullo! It's time for me to say goodbye! If you doubt any of the details recorded in this nice letter, let me assure you that I have had them all at first hand—I may almost say straight from the horse's mouth—the MocStooge himself being my informant.

Your loving little
Diogenes Philatelista

PARAGRAPHS

Engagements: A. H. Douglas-Dufresne (1944-1946) to Miss S. A. Allen; C. L. Mallet (1940-1945) to Miss S. C. Butterworth; Sir David Reynolds, Bt. (1933-1937) to Mlle M. E. Matic von Dravodol of Salzburg; M. E. Orme (1943-1947) to Miss H. P. de Domenico; K. G. Stirzaker (1944-1947) to Miss P. F. Johnson; A. J. Bateman (1943-1944) to Miss E. F. Elsworthy; H. A. Vaughan Wilson (1944-1946) to Miss I. M. M. Cavallin.

Marriages: D. C. Scott-Gatty (1934-1939) to Miss P. J. C. White; M. V. Worstall (1943-1947) to Miss J. I. Turnbull; G. R. Green (1941) to Miss C. M. Early.

Michael Boyd, Charles Court, Rupert Cross, Carlos d'Arenberg, Paul Davis, George de Stacpoole, Peter Kaufeler, James St George, Michael Sanday and Christopher Yeo made their First Communion on 8th December, 1956.

Boys took home collecting boxes for the New Church at Christmas-time and brought back £133 12s. 6d. Last term Form 5a produced £8 5s. 9d. out of a jam-jar. All these boys who have helped us in this way have done a wonderful work.

Dom Philip Jebb (1942-1945) was ordained Priest and Dom Raphael Appleby (1941-1944) Deacon at Downside on 22nd September, 1956.

M. H. Cronin (1947-1949) and P. G. O. Birch (1945-1950) were clothed with the Monastic habit on 23rd September. Brother Finbar Murphy made his simple profession on 26th September.

Ad multos annos!

We must apologise for the strange appearance in our last issue (p. 183) of a certain Dom Julian Webb. The welcome extended to that figment of the imagination was intended for Dom Philip Jebb.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of *The Ampleforth Journal*, *The Pylon*, *The Raven*, *The Hall Magazine* and *The Priorian*.

The Strathallan Prize was awarded in the Michaelmas Term to Roger Taylor.

This term the Place-Kicking Cup has been awarded to R. W. G. Hayes and the Cross-Country Cup to C. G. Mockler.

There are now six old Worth Boys at the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst: C. J. Ahearne, C. J. Hope, C. C. F. Moysey, M. C. L. Owen, D. C. Shaw and N. C. Thompson. At Dartmouth is A. A. Walker (son of Walker, R.N.). At Cranwell is A. Mumford.

INWARDS

The following boys joined the School on January 17th, 1957:

B. J. Aston, R. Brech, P. S. Dicks, M. P. Kelly, E. G. Maddock, N. A. Marriot, C. A. Mason, J. C. W. McEntee, J. W. N. Medlam, N. V. Reade, G. F. Ritchie, D. C. Sanders, P. G. J. Schicht, D. McG. Veira.

UPWARDS

Head of the School: F. J. Lucas.

School Prefects: R. W. G. Hayes, D. R. Lysons, J. M. Cook, M. P. K. Bruning, C. D. Cronin, B. M. Little.

Dormitory Prefects: (Ford) A. J. P. S. Mather, R. G. L. Apsion. (Butler) P. J. G. Murphy, P. E. Giles, P. C. Norton, P. J. Vander, R. J. Rimmer; (Chapman) D. Stroud, S. L. Plummer, A. E. Mackay, H. J. von Knorring, H. J. J. Berridge; (Junior) G. C. Grant; (Tower) D. M. P. Barrère, N. Sirkett.

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. Berridge, N. J. M. J. C. Branden de Reeth, J. M. Finn, R. V. Taylor, H. R. Walford, M. A. de Navarro.

Leaders of the Choir: P. C. Norton and H. R. Walford.

Masters of Ceremonies: M. P. K. Bruning and D. R. Lysons.

Thurifers: A. J. P. S. Mather and R. W. G. Hayes.

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 Michaelmas Term:

C. D. Cronin (1a), G. C. Grant (1b), J. A. Belsey (1c), B. M. Little (Remove), M. F. Thomas (2a), P. J. Pavry (2b), N. P. Stephens (2c), M. I. Paterson (3a), J. F. Ahearne (3b), C. G. H. Mann (3c), P. A. Given-Wilson (4a), L. O. S. Medlam (4b), A. F. R. Boys (4c), M. R. Whinney and J. F. Sherry (5a), P. R. Holcroft (5b), L. P. Hirsh (6).

OUTWARDS

The following boys left the School in December, 1956:

D. E. J. A. Arrigo, D. E. Bennett, T. A. Cuss, D. J. A. M. Daly, G. A. Douglas, M. F. Haydon, A. Lamont, T. Mathew, B. M. O'Connell, R. G. A. Pearse, A. M. R. Pontifex, P. E. Randall, R. A. D. Urquhart.

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

Single Rooms from 30/- per day.

Double Rooms from £2/10/- per day.

With Private Bathroom : 5/- per day extra.

For Brochure apply to the Hon. Secretary,

MISS V. M. GORDON

HIGHLEY MANOR, BALCOMBE

Tel. : Balcombe 379

L. G. WICKENS

(late C. A. Jones)

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visits the school regularly.

D. H. EVANS

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SCHOOL STAFF

MARCH, 1957

- 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, *Physical Training*
Dom Roger Bacon, *House Master of the Tower House*
Dom Fabian Glencross, B.A. (Cantab.)
Dom Benedict Sankey, M.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
Lt.-Colonel H. Vredenburg
S. J. Bostock, M.A. (Cantab.)
E. C. Beagley, A.R.C.M.
P. J. Foley
D. S. Gildea
Miss G. Garnaud
Mrs. P. G. Whigham, M.A. (St Andrews)
Miss A. Lambert
Miss A. Keilthy, A.T.C., *Arts and Crafts*
Mrs. M. O'Kane
Miss J. Matthews, *Riding School*
Dr. R. Matthews, M.A., M.B., B.Ch. (Cantab.), M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.,
Medical Officer
Miss J. Edey, S.R.C.N., *Sister-in-Charge*
Miss J. O'Brien, *Infirmiry*
Miss A. Hollins, *Senior Matron*
Miss M. O'Gorman, *Ford House Matron*
Miss S. Hawes, *Butler House Matron*
Miss M. Wiesel, *Chapman House Matron*
Miss F. Rhatigan, *Junior House Matron*
Miss M. Crowther, *Junior House Assistant Matron*
Miss B. Ibbotson, *Tower House Matron*
Miss S. M. Holmes-Siedle, *Tower House Assistant Matron*
Mrs. Witham
T. G. Higgins, *Secretary*