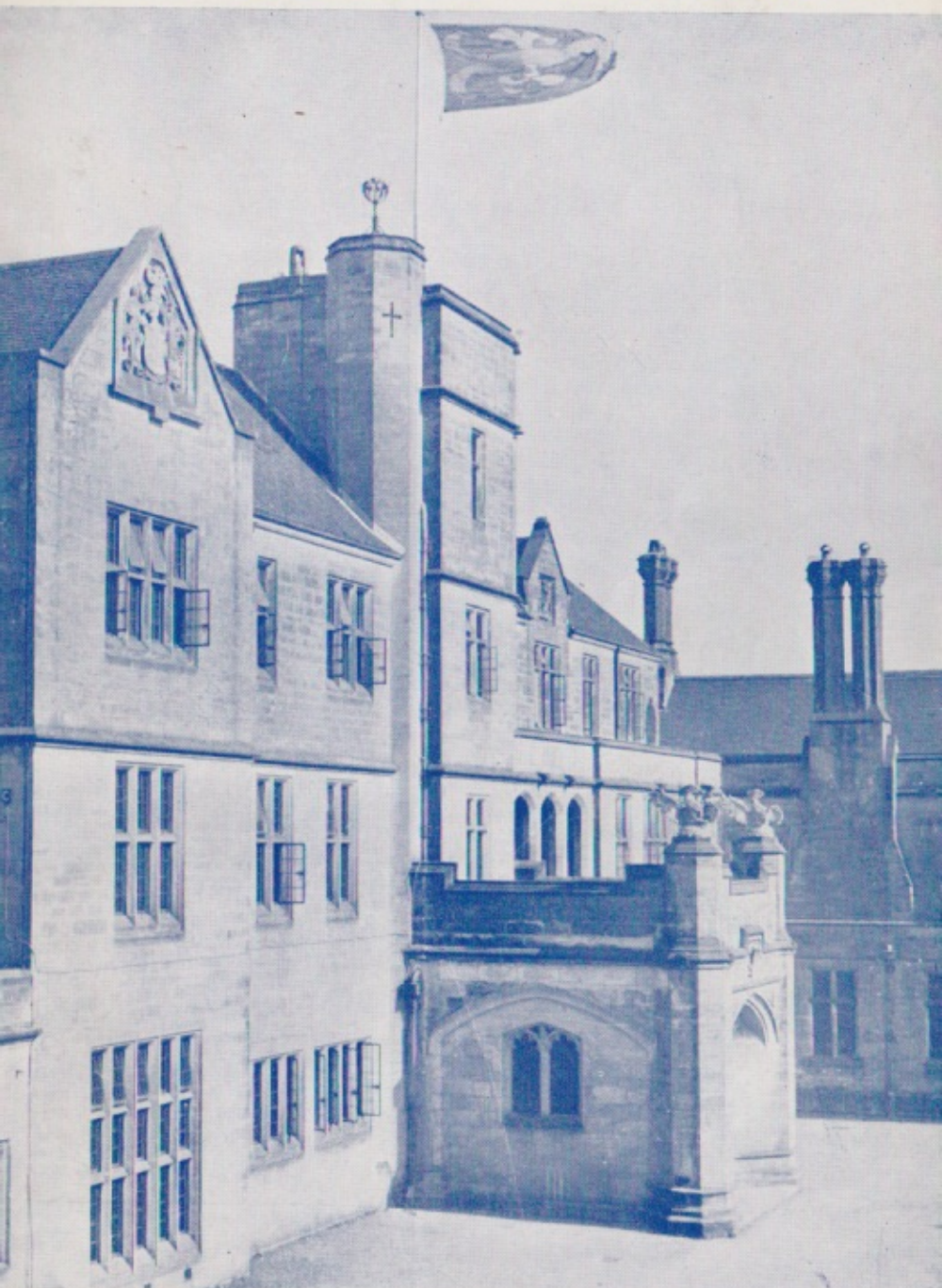


The WORTH RECORD



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The

WORTH RECORD

VOL. VII No. 2

SPRING TERM

FROM THE HEADMASTER

'Have you heard the latest?' I suppose it will always give you a thrill, rightly or wrongly, to hear the pipe of Rumour playing the tune of spite and jealousy and leading you on in ever-increasing numbers like the Pied Piper of Hamelin? For those who are at Worth such Rumour, even if it turns out to be News, must be funny or shocking; and it must be local, in other words something that has happened here.

One or two of our mushroom-like magazines that spring up each term have tried to publish gossip; but it has generally been so wide of the mark that the Editors have had to withdraw it. The Worth Record prints your work and records school events—apart from that, the books in the school library, and a few comics, what news do you read? None at all. There are no newspapers available; no one feels their loss.

Older people generally like to have a newspaper—some read it thoroughly in the morning, while others skim over it in the evening. But of what use are newspapers? You can get the news on the radio at regular intervals; but you would find it dull. Certainly as you get older you must not neglect the news, because people will want to talk it over with you wherever you go. You should have an opinion of your own, for example, about the way in which this country is being governed. Where will you get it from? From talks on the radio by people you can trust; from the Catholic Press; and from reliable newspapers like *The Times*, which is cautious enough never to print news where the facts are uncertain. Then there are one or two weekly papers like *The Tablet* whose opinion is well worth having.

What else do you get from newspapers? When I use the word I mean the newspapers of highly-educated people—*The Times*, the *Telegraph* and *The Sunday Times*. Most papers after giving the news in the most exciting possible form are then filled up with Rumour and Gossip. I do advise you, when you have a paper of your own at your Public School, to start with the *Telegraph* and gradually work your way up to *The Times*. You will never regret it.

In the Worth Library you are now getting the interesting part of the news in picture form from *The Sphere* and *The Illustrated London News*. There you will get everything you need, details of the new

L.M.R. Diesels, of the latest 2,000 miles-an-hour plane ; pictures of prehistoric animals, of the Queen's latest state visit, of the consecration of the huge new church at Lourdes, of owls caught by flash photographs, of the Grand National and of the latest films or plays. What more do you need ?

Only when you get older do you need to form an opinion on the rightness or wrongness of using atomic bombs, for example. Here a simple knowledge of the fact that you may not do evil that good may come of it makes the whole thing quite simple. You can use a nuclear bomb in war on the enemy's troops ; but you may not use a hydrogen bomb to wipe out those troops together with thousands of innocent men, women and children. However, I have put this at its simplest : it is not really so easy as all that, as you will see.

Meanwhile my advice to you is, do not worry about the newspapers. If you do read them you will find them fascinating ; but for every paragraph that does you good there will be twenty that will do you no good. Is it really profitable to read sordid stories about murders, gangsterism, Teddy Boy razor slashing, Bank robberies and so on ? You will only set down your newspaper with the feeling that the world is very evil.

Take my advice : do without them as long as you can.

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

MAURICE BELL

DEATH OF A HERO

by M. F. THOMAS*

There was a clang of keys, the sound of a bolt turning in its lock and the door was pulled rudely open. A man walked briskly across the darkened cell stumbling over a stone in the dim light. He muttered a curse and fumbled on. He bumped into a wooden bed just below a window where the first light of dawn was showing and bent over the bed. He felt for the sleeper he knew would be there and with a push woke him. 'Only an hour more, sir, better get ready.'

The man in the bed sat up lazily and rubbed his eyes just as the other closed the door behind him. Only half-awake his mind wandered on to the words : only an hour more, only an hour for what, he thought. And then suddenly the full significance of the statement struck him. The pang of knowledge went through him like a knife. He had only an hour more to live !

He sprang out of bed like a man possessed and then suddenly pulled himself together. Carefully and calmly he dressed. After

*MICHAEL THOMAS, born 29 Oct., 1944 ; entered Worth, Summer 1954 ; 1st XV Rugger ; 1st XI Cricket and Hockey ; Squash Team ; acted in *Stations in Mime* ; School Prefect ; Choir.

pulling on a pair of tight breeches, a silk shirt, and a close-fitting jacket he washed, brushed his hair and then taking his Bible sat on the edge of the bed.

The light was streaming through the window now and lighting up all but the dark corners of the room. Shifting his position on the bed he thought deeply of his past life, in this, his last hour. He had lived a life of adventure if not of charity. He had had his faults and had become 'the best hated man in England' whilst the most brilliant. But he had had his virtues and they had taken him to fame. He had been a soldier of brilliance, a sailor of distinction. He had been an explorer and founded colonies in the New World. And he smiled to himself in the gloom of his cell as he thought of his dearly beloved America. He had become a courtier and a favourite. And in his later years won fame as a writer and a poet. And it was this last power to which he now resorted. What, he thought, would be suitable for the time and his thoughts. And he scribbled a line on the fly-leaf of his Bible.

Gradually it came to him as it had come in the years before. That indescribable inside power which all poets must have to an extent enabled him to put together the following lines :

Even such is time, which takes in trust

Our youth, our joys and all we have,

And pays us but with age and dust,

Which in the dark and silent grave

When we have wandered all our ways,

Shuts up the story of our days ;

But from this earth, this grave, this dust,

My God shall raise me up, I trust.

He sat musing over this for a while until he was interrupted by a sudden grating of the door as it was pushed open. 'Time to go,' said the jailer's gruff voice. 'Just a minute, please,' said the prisoner.

He knelt down reverently and said his last prayers while a little band of officials waited at the door. 'Thank you,' said the man rising. 'I am ready now.' And he strode out towards the door at the end of the long corridor—the door from which he would never return. It was hurriedly opened for him and he stood at the entrance surveying the scene.

One step would take him on to a raised platform around which stood a large crowd. On the platform stood the Warden of the Tower, two soldiers, a jailer and . . . a masked man, standing by a block with an axe. Raleigh shivered as the icy morning wind hit him and he drew his coat more tightly lest they should see him shiver and think wrongly it was from fear. Bravely, his head in the air, he walked out on to the platform. A murmur went up from the crowd. Refusing to be blindfolded he knelt down and said some more prayers and then unflinchingly laid his head on the block.

But here the axeman's nerve broke. With the murmurs of the crowd rising he was afraid to kill such a man, but the prisoner was unafraid. Raleigh gave his last order. 'What dost thou fear? Strike, man strike.'

Amid groans from the crowd it took two blows. And above the tumult rose an unknown voice: 'We have not such another head to cut off.'

So died Sir Walter Raleigh who in his death triumphed so greatly that he is now regarded as one of the greatest of the Elizabethans.

PEREGRINE FALCONS

by H. J. ROSE*

'I saw a falcon today,' was my opening sentence when I saw my bird-watching friend. 'I bet you didn't, it was probably just a pigeon' was his immediate reply. I had just come back from Brighton which is in the middle of a great falcon-loving area.

It seems to me that if a bird is not common like an owl or lapwing, it is generally considered very rare. Even if I tell someone that I saw a teal, which is reasonably common, in these grounds at Worth, he will immediately say I am telling an untruth. It seems an irresistible temptation to a boy who knows a bit about birds to say that I didn't see that teal as it is a bird rarely seen here.

The peregrine's food is largely made up of seabirds and waders. Therefore it likes to be by the sea. But the resident peregrine's natural habitat is on the coast, cliffs and mountains. It is rarely seen on the mountains unless they are near the coast where it can get its food. Now, being a cliff bird which likes to hide behind some protruding pinnacle and suddenly dart out on some unsuspecting pigeon flying past, it makes its nest and breeding regime in a precipitous cliff area. What would be better for a falcon than the Brighton area, with its great tall cliffs, the falcon's paradise, plenty of food, as Brighton is a collecting place for pigeons (its favourite food) and seabirds, and all the downs to hunt over, yielding many fruits for their young—larks, peewits and rooks? There are usually eight to twelve falcons here but their numbers vary according to the good or bad summer. Each falcon has an area of about eight miles, so the coast is taken up from Brighton to Dungeness in nesting sites and areas. If there is a very good summer many falcons, who nest in this area, have to go to the disused quarries on the downs because the cliff areas are overcrowded. One can often see falcons hunting on the downs during the nesting season as the young eat and grow very rapidly.

Its skill in catching its prey is quite unique. It warns its prey and

*HOWARD ROSE, born 20 Feb., 1945; entered Worth, September, 1953; 1st XV Rugger; 1st XI Hockey and Cricket; Choir.

then overtakes it by very powerful wingbeats, or soars very high and comes down on its prey cutting off its head or ripping open its back with its beak, which is the usual thing; the impetus of the swoop stuns the victim immediately, then it lets it drop to the ground. This very fierce and courageous bird is renowned for its skill in flight. When near the ground it looks large and clumsy but when it is doing its beautiful swoop I think no bird of prey can compete with it in grace.

During the winter many passage falcons come to England and are found all over the country, especially on the Northern and Western hills as the better sea places are used by the residents.

Its plumage is not unlike the others of its clan although it is the king of the smaller birds of prey. It has grey slate upper-parts and a buff breast with darker streaks and barred under-parts. Its hall-mark, shared only by the hobby, is a white cheek and a conspicuous black moustache-like marking under the eye. It is easily distinguished from the hobby or kestrel by the stubby tail and pointed wings.

This account, I hope, has shown that the peregrine, although not common, is not a very rare bird to see.

THE GYPSY ENCAMPMENT

by P. L. S. BRADSTREET*

As the sun set behind the trees in the meadow opposite my house, I could hear the guitars and the castanets and the laughter. There was a gypsy encampment down the road. I lay in bed thinking what it would be like to be a gypsy. It would be a hard life. But, on the other hand, it might be quite exciting. Since I was not able to get to sleep, I got out of bed and looked out of the window. I saw a lovely sight—there were about five caravans in a circle. I could just see what was going on inside the circle. There was a large fire and round it sat women and young men clapping their hands to the tune of the merry guitars. In the middle, by the fire, stood a woman singing. Round her moved a few dancers with castanets attached to their fingers.

Suddenly I heard footsteps in the passage outside my room. It was my mother. I dashed back into bed. My mother must have heard me getting back into bed because she came and sat on my bed. I told her what I had seen. And I also told her I wanted to be a gypsy. I was very much under the influence of what I had seen. Eventually my mother left me and by that time the music had stopped and all was quiet. I got to sleep. Next morning I found that the gypsies had gone.

*PHILIP BRADSTREET, born 14 Aug., 1946; entered Worth, September, 1955; Captain Under 11 Rugger XV and Cricket XI; Under 11 Hockey XI.

WINTER LANDSCAPE

by N. V. READE*

Looking out of the window a truly beautiful sight meets the eye. The trees are covered in snow and ice, and stand majestically over the rest of the land—especially the oak, one of whose naked branches has broken under the strain of the snow. The road to the house is covered in snow, three feet deep. Some men are working hard to clear it. A few more are clearing a path. Small boys are happily throwing snow at each other, their faces red with snow and happiness. As far as the eye can reach the snow conquers everything; all the ground, houses, trees, bushes and ponds are covered in it. As few people are up there are few footprints about, so the snow is untouched. Down the hill, to the left, the snow is as smooth as an ice-pond. It is snowing softly. Everyone is happy and the sight is enchanting. The mountains to the west are covered in the majestic snow, their tops disappearing into the heavens above. It all looks like an iced sea, with a few waves frozen in action.

CHEDDAR GORGE

by P. BUTLER*

During my holidays, my father decided to go to Cheddar Gorge which is in Somerset, not far from our home. So at midday, after a short snack, we were travelling through the countryside of Somerset. The journey was very pleasant, and everywhere we went there were many herds of different animals. We passed an occasional farmhouse and inn; everywhere it was very quiet. After some forty-five minutes we entered a quarry with a road running through the middle. Above us lay rocks and boulders, which at first sight looked as though they would start rolling at any minute. As we travelled onwards we saw to the side of the road people and cars: we were nearing our destination. Ahead lay about seven coaches lined up side by side, in an alcove to one side of the road. As we rounded a bend, ahead of us lay the Gorge. It looked very crowded. Slowly we ploughed through the road. People walked regardlessly in front of our car, as if they hoped to get run over. On each side of the road lay shops, some of them selling things about the countryside, and the Gorge itself. Others sold articles as if it were Blackpool: 'Dinky Toys' and other fooleries. Then we came to the limit: old cars were being sold! The Gorge itself was very beautiful, with a stream flowing down the right side of the road, and the rocks piled up on either side. After five minutes we left the noisy crowds and started home, leaving behind one of the most beautiful sights in England, Cheddar Gorge.

*NICHOLAS READE, born 22 July, 1945; entered Worth, January 1957; 1st XV Rugger; 1st XI Hockey; Swimming Team; acted in *Stations in Mime* and *The Rose and the Ring*; Assistant Librarian.

*PATRICK BUTLER, born 9 Nov., 1946; entered Worth, September, 1954; Under 11 Rugger.

WORTH TRAMWAYS

by N. ASPREY*

Down in the cellar are three model trams. One is red and the other two are blue. The red tram is separated from the two blue ones. The two blue trams are on a single track which opens out into two tracks in places, allowing both trams to pass. There is a tram depot where the blue trams go when they are not working. At each end of the double track are red and green lights. The trams cannot pass when the lights are red. When one tram has passed, it makes the light green and both trams go on. There are also bells which ring when a tram is near a tram stop. The tram is supposed to stop then. Father Benedict has made the controls very easy. The red tram is different from the others. It has a trolley pole and runs in a circle on a single track. It has a siding instead of a depot. Also there are lights in case the points go wrong. Like the blue trams, it stops before a red light. Then, when the points are put right, the light goes green and the tram goes on.

THE GREAT AUK

by P. H. KEANE*

This bird has now become extinct owing to its great handicap that it could not fly, although some people are said to have seen it within the last few years in one of the islands in the North Atlantic. The largest of its family, which includes puffins and guillemots, it measured between thirty-two and thirty-six inches. Its wings were perfectly formed, but they were much too small to lift themselves off the ground. Great Auks moulted twice a year, the change only taking a few days. Their summer plumage was a brownish-black with a big white patch between its bill and eye. The hen only laid one egg a year, this being five inches long and three inches in diameter at its largest part. Large groups of these birds would huddle together as penguins do. As they could not move very fast on land they were easy to kill in groups. They were killed for their down and meat. Their food was fish and perhaps sea plants. Although they could not fly, they were very fast in water, their wings being a great help. The sailors of the seventeenth century used to nick-name these birds 'pinwings', hence the modern word 'penguin'. Their eggs were worth their weight in gold; in 1887 one was sold for £160. The last specimen of this bird in the British Isles was shot at Waterford in the year 1834. The last recorded specimen was shot in Newfoundland and presented to the British Museum by the Bishop of Newfoundland. There is one other Great Auk in London at the

NICHOLAS ASPREY, born 28 Nov., 1945; entered Worth, September, 1954; Worth Billiards Champion, 1958.

*PAUL KEANE, born 25 Jan., 1945; entered Worth, September, 1953; acted in *The Rose and the Ring* and *Stations in Mime*; Dormitory Prefect; Choir.

Natural History Museum. For a full list of eggs, specimens and skeletons (whole or in part) consult Morris's *Book of British Birds*, Vol. VI, p. 13.

ST BERNADETTE SOUBIROUS

by R. T. CARR*

Bernadette was one of many children. Her family were very poor and lived in a small room above the town prison of Lourdes. She was the eldest in the family and was born on January 9th, 1844. Before the apparitions Bernadette had two serious illnesses. When she was six she had a bronchial infection which made breathing difficult, and when she was ten she had an attack of cholera; these illnesses left her very weak.

The first apparition was on February 11th. This happened when Bernadette was looking for firewood in the grotto at Lourdes. Suddenly a light descended from heaven and Our Lady appeared to her. As the number of apparitions grew so did the crowd watching her. By March 4th over twenty thousand people were gathered outside the grotto. February 18th was the start of fifteen successive apparitions. On February 21st the Abbé Pene sent for her and questioned her. She described the visions to him and he took it down. 'She described them', he wrote, 'in a natural and unembarrassed manner, without fear or boldness and with the indifference of one fulfilling a duty.' Another person questioned her and was convinced that her story was true. Bernadette and her family were offered many gifts and lots of money during the time of the apparitions but they refused them at Bernadette's command. Bernadette could have been very well-off if she had accepted these gifts.

Bernadette had a vocation and was told to enter the Convent of the Sisters of Nevers. There she became Sister Marie-Bernard. On Easter Sunday, 1909, she became seriously ill and on the Wednesday of Easter week she died in the Lord. In 1925 Pope Pius XI beatified Bernadette. A few years later she was canonised. This year is the centenary of the apparitions and many pilgrims will visit Lourdes in April.

BRISTOL CENTRE

by D. P. C. O'HAGAN*

The Centre is rather like an oval arena. Round the outside runs the road. Inside the arena lie some gardens. Cutting in at about the centre is a large taxi rank. The road is surrounded by shops which stretch all the way round the arena. There are a lot of bus

*RICHARD CARR, born 14 April, 1945; entered Worth, September, 1953; 1st XV Rugger; 1st XI Hockey; Librarian; acted in *The Rose and the Ring*.

*DAVID O'HAGAN, born 20 Oct., 1944; entered Worth 26 June, 1955; School Prefect; 1st XV Rugger; 1st XI Hockey; Gym Team; Choir.

stops round the gardens and often the buses are three abreast, one stationary and two moving, leaving little room between the outside bus and the pavement. All the signposts round about in the near countryside direct the traveller to the Centre. When it says 'Bristol 15 mls' it means it is fifteen miles from that signpost to Bristol Centre. The shops are of every possible sort you can think of, including Building Societies and Assurance Offices. At night the lights go on, the advertisements go round and round and flicker on and off; everything is lit up.

There are about twelve roads leading away from the Centre. Quite a few of these roads are old and one well-known one, King Street, leads to Bristol's famous theatre, the Theatre Royal. There are two other theatres near the centre, the Hippodrome, and Colston Hall.

At one end is the statue of Neptune which overlooks the Centre with his back to a section of the docks. Originally what is now garden and road was a continuation of the docks and stretched a good quarter of a mile, but now it is all arched over. The opposite end to that of Neptune's statue is near the Old City of Bristol. Most of the important buildings, such as Bristol Cathedral and the Council House, all the newspaper offices and gas and electricity board buildings, as well as Government and Municipal offices, are in or adjoin the Centre. It is the heart of Bristol, the place where a good deal of Bristol's industry and commerce is controlled from.

If you happen to pass through Bristol you must certainly visit the Centre and its surroundings.

BUTTERFLY COLLECTING

by R. J. C. TURNER*

Butterfly collecting is a hobby hardly seen nowadays, but there is no reason why it should not become more popular in days to come. There are many private collections which are very valuable, but those butterflies which you see pinned down in glass cabinets, were caught long ago. But the hobby still exists, and I myself collect butterflies. You may walk down some main road in London, see an obscure door between two shops and walk in. In that shop they have all the equipment for butterfly collecting, nets, glass cabinets and so forth. Once you have bought the equipment you wait till some sunny day in summer when the butterflies begin to fly about; then, net in hand, you try to catch the first butterfly that comes your way. You will probably swipe with your net, miss, then wildly run after the butterfly till it disappears. That is fatal; hardly any butterfly is caught that way; it is far too tricky. You should wait until the butterfly settles and then try to catch it. Once you have caught a specimen you quickly kill it, putting it in a special jar with

*RICHARD TURNER, born 2 Jan., 1945; entered Worth, September, 1953; 2nd XV Rugger; Squash Team; acted in *The Rose and the Ring*.

some poisonous fluid. Then comes the complicated business of setting it. Once this has been done, a pin is stuck through some part of the butterfly's body and the butterfly is left for two or three weeks. Then you can put it in your glass cabinet or anything else you have bought and the first butterfly of your collection is ready. Don't worry if it is a bit damaged, practice will improve that. This hobby has many attractions and is a delightful pastime. I find it is a very enjoyable one and everyone who intends to start collecting should do so right away and I am sure they will get the fullest enjoyment out of this hobby.

CAVES

by N. J. HUTTON*

I have never thought that I would like to live in a cave as the early inhabitants of this world did or perhaps had to.

During my last holidays in India I motored with my parents to see some caves which exist near the ancient town of Aurangabad some 200 miles due east from Bombay as the crow flies. Here the great Mogul Emperor Aurangzebe lived, died, and was buried. These were rather special caves and are known as Rock Temples and the earliest date back two centuries B.C. However, most of them go back to about the seventh, eighth and ninth centuries.

There are two main sets of Rock Temples. One set is called Ellora and the other Ajanta and they are separated by about 90 miles. I liked the Ellora caves better than the Ajanta caves. They are both interesting because they are hewn out of the sides of mountain ranges and contain some wonderful carvings as well as ceiling and wall paintings. The paintings have suffered from the effects of time and, personally, I could not understand them. The Ellora Rock Temples had more about them. They were dug deep into the hill-sides—some were nearly 150 feet deep, 100 feet wide and 50 feet high—and were carved by Buddhist, Brahmin and Jain priests many hundreds of years ago and used as monasteries by them. The Ajanta Rock Temples were rather dull because after we had seen two or three caves (there are 24 of them) they seemed all the same although their sizes were different. In each cave at the far end was a huge carving of the Gautama Buddha surrounded by the same frieze in every case.

What I thought interesting was that from the fourth or fifth century A.D. these caves seemed to disappear altogether. I believe Buddhism in India declined then. The caves were lost until a battalion of British soldiers accidentally discovered these Rock Temples in 1819. After that, many European scholars, mostly British, took a great interest in them. But I am still glad that I don't have to live in a cave or even a Rock Temple.

*NICHOLAS HUTTON, born 4 Oct., 1944; entered Worth, September, 1954; 1st XV Rugger; 3rd XI Cricket; Captain of Squash, Swimming and Boxing Teams; Sacristy; Head of the School.

SNOWSTORM

by J. J. COOK*

The snow came down softly at first. Then it began to fall quickly and you could see only a foot in front of you. It was like a blizzard. Later it began to clear up a little and then it stopped. In ten minutes, everywhere you looked you saw people snowballing and tobogganning. Avalanches were coming off the tops of houses and covering people with snow. When people were tobogganing they sometimes fell off into the snow which was great fun. Some children had made a track for their toboggan by stamping down the snow on a hill. They would stand on the toboggan and go down the hill, steering by leaning to whichever side they wanted to go.

Other people were lying on sledges and going down a track. Some were sitting on their sledges. Snowballing went on until the very end of the snow. After a week the snow started to go powdery and then slushy. Then everyone put away their sledges, sad that the snow had gone.

ROCKET DOG

by J. F. AHEARNE*

My name is Rinio. I am a Corgi. I live in Moscow with my master, who is a scientist. I have had a very happy life but now it is all coming to an end. Tomorrow, Tuesday, January 11th, 1960, I am to be sent up to the moon. I know that I shall probably die on the way there. Even if I do reach the moon, I am sure that I shall die of starvation because I do not like green cheese.

I was born two months ago in Moscow. I led a very happy life there until a week ago. It was then that I was brought here to the Moscow Space Flight Centre. I was put in a small room with another Corgi. I was fed very well and was not at all afraid until, two days later, two men in white clothes came and took me into a smaller room. That is where I am now.

Yesterday I was told what was going to happen to me. It is Monday. I have one more day to live. I have said my other good-byes and now I say my goodbye to you.

*JEREMY COOK, born 26 Dec., 1946; entered Worth, September, 1955.

*JULIAN AHEARNE, born 16 Feb., 1946; entered Worth, September, 1953; Under 12 Rugger XV.

YANGTSE INCIDENT

by G. A. INGR*

The film YANGTSE INCIDENT was made scarcely four miles from where we live. We live in Suffolk at a little town on the coast called Aldeburgh. We have a yacht club on the River Alde and on that river the film was made. H.M.S. *Amethyst* sailed up the river from the North Sea.

The place where the conferences with General Peine took place was a large room in Woodbridge. We heard about it in this way. One night my mother and I heard guns going off, so we wondered what it could be. When I woke up the next morning, I told my mother that I thought the noise was coming from down the river. So, after breakfast, I went down to the garage, got out my bike and cycled to Woodbridge. When I arrived there I cycled along the river bank. I had not gone very far when I saw H.M.S. *Amethyst*. It looked very good.

I stayed there quite a long time looking at what was going on (I do not think I was meant to be there!). Then, about after half-an-hour, I went home. When the film came to our town, my mother and I went to see it and recognized many things.

THE OLD SHEPHERD

by T. W. BAILEY*

One day Sam had just woken up when he saw that it was snowing. He dressed quickly, hurried downstairs and rushed out without having breakfast. He found his collie and went in search of his sheep. In the old manner, he said to himself: 'Oh, if only I had got up earlier I might have had a chance to find my sheep.' Sam walked hurriedly to the field where he had left them the night before. He arrived in the field and saw footprints in the snow and followed them until he came to another field and he saw them. His heart suddenly began to beat with joy. He ran to the field and rounded up the sheep with his collie. Sam then took out a sandwich which he had kept from yesterday and ate it with delight, watching his flock. He walked back with his flock and left them in the field where he had put them the night before. He then took one last look, returned home and gave his collie his dinner.

*GEORGE INGR, born 16 Mar., 1946; entered Worth, September, 1953; acted in *The Rose and the Ring*: Choir.

*TRISTAN BAILEY, born 6 Aug., 1947; entered Worth, September, 1955.

ESKIMOS

by P. A. GIVEN-WILSON*

The Eskimos live up in the far north in countries like Greenland and Iceland where it is generally very cold. They wear thick warm furs to keep out the cold. Day and night is completely different up there for they have six months light and six months darkness.

During the six months of light in the summer they make things like tents, shaped rather like Indian tepees. These tents are divided up into a living room and a bedroom. The beds are made of earth and fur skins. The tent outside is weighted down with a row of rocks to stop the gales from taking it away. The Eskimos also build little one-man canoes which are very cleverly made to keep out the water.

When the six months of darkness come the Eskimos pack up their tents and go to a suitable spot to build an igloo. An igloo is a little round hut made out of snow blocks. To make an igloo the snow has to be just right: not too hard and not too soft. Some people would think that an igloo is very cold, but in fact it is very cosy. When the gales are over they take their teams and sledges and go out hunting seals. Some months later the light returns and summer is there again.

DRAWING AND PAINTING

by S. A. RICHEY*

Drawing and Painting I suppose you might call brothers. When you draw a thing you get the shape; when you paint it you get the colour and the shade. Drawing and painting are both great gifts from Our Lord.

The difference between a person who can draw well from a book and another who can draw well from his head is great. Take for example Michael Angelo and other famous artists. They all drew their wonderful paintings from their heads, which were overflowing with Nature. But an artist who draws everything from a book is rather like a person who knows how to write and yet copies. It is good to start from a book and go on drawing things from Nature later.

But never keep to a book.

*PATRICK GIVEN-WILSON, born 26 Aug., 1947; entered Worth, September, 1955.

*SIMON RICHEY, born 25 Nov., 1946; entered Worth, September, 1953; Under 11 Cricket and Rugger Teams; acted in *The Rose and the Ring*.

THE CHAPMAN PRINTING PRESS

by F. M. CARTER*

Chapman House have their own printing room. They print the School Programmes and the CHAPMAN CHAT. (We do not print with a Duplicator but with a real Printing Press.)

Setting the type in the Composing Stick is quite easy. The difficult part is tying it up in the galley. It looks like a solid lump of steel letters when it is tied up. But if you pick it up and you do not know how to hold it, it will all fall through and make a heap of type. Then it is called 'printer's pie'. The next step is to put the blocks of type into the Chase, which is a frame. The blocks of type are assembled in the galley and the metal frame is put round it. Then blocks of wood, called Furniture, are put in with it. Then it is locked up with 'quoins', which are little blocks of metal. These expand when the hole in the centre is turned with a key. The Chase is now secure and, if it has been locked up properly, the type will not fall through. The Chase is then put in the Printing Press and a copy is printed. After this, you should read the copy to find out the mistakes of which there are usually about ten. Then you take out the Chase and correct the mistakes by changing the letters. Make quite sure you have done them all. Then put the chase back in the Press and print all the copies you want.

DUCK SHOOTING

by T. F. WRIGHT*

The morning was silent; the only noise was the fish jumping in the lake and the wind through the trees. I waited for an hour or so. Many birds came over me, tits, thrushes, and crows. The far-away sound of a nightingale broke the silence now and again. I went on waiting. Suddenly a sharp whistling sounded across the lake. I kept still. Against the light, I could see ten or so black things. They circled. I slowly raised my gun. As they came past I shot at the first one. They all turned in panic; but two fell. Many other shots followed. There was a splashing of oars as the daylight swept on. Half an hour ago we had had our first shot. On the water was an outline of ducks—twelve in all. Out I went and picked them up. We had been lucky that morning, as it was the first shoot of the season. Many preparations had been made for it. We had got ten duck and two geese, which had come later on. When I fired at the first one and hit two it was because the shot spread out and some missed the first and hit the other.

*FRANCIS CARTER, born 19 Jan., 1947; entered Worth, September, 1955.

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

WITH THE SCOUTS

by K. R. JILLARD*

In the Summer, when we were out with the Scouts, we suddenly heard the cry of a lamb. We stopped playing our game and found the lamb lost in the woods. Further on we found a trail of blood. We followed it and found the mother crying for her baby. We took her to the baby and it drank some milk. The mother kept near us, meaning to thank us. But we did not need thanking because we have to do our duty. We all took the mother and the lamb to the School and the farmer put them with the rest of the sheep and lambs.

MY FLIGHT TO JAMAICA

by D. M. VEIRA*

My flight to Jamaica started at London Airport. When I got on the plane I met two friends who were from Jamaica. They were coming home for the holiday. When the plane took off we were supposed to be going to Bermuda, but I learned that we were going to Iceland. I never knew why. When we landed in Iceland I did not leave the plane because it was too cold. When we left we headed for Newfoundland but because of bad weather we had to go to Canada. We stopped for forty-five minutes and were allowed to get off. Our next stop was Bermuda. We stopped for the same time as in Canada. I had a drink at Bermuda. After we had taken off we headed for the Bahamas. When we landed at Nassau I got off the plane and wandered about. My next stop was Montego Bay, Jamaica. Whilst still in the air I could see my father's car. When we landed I had done 5,555 miles in 24 hours 32 minutes. The food was very good. The plane was a B.O.A.C. Stratocruiser.

MY PET BUDGERIGAR

by E. G. P. DEARMAN*

Charlie is the name of my pet budgerigar; he is about three months old, and is a lovely cobalt blue. I bought him at the beginning of January when he had just come out of the nest. On the same day I was able to stroke him, and he would perch on my finger, which was rather remarkable as the man in the shop had said that he would sulk for at least a day. After about a week I gave Charlie his first flight; he soon got tired as his wings were still not very strong. Later I gave him a flight almost every day, and

*KEITH JILLARD, born 24 May, 1947; entered Worth, September, 1955.

*DOUGLAS VEIRA, born 20 Sept., 1946; entered Worth, January, 1957.

*GUY DEARMAN, born 24 Feb., 1946; entered Worth, September, 1956; Under 12 Rugger XV; Under 11 Hockey XI; 1st XI and 2nd XI Cricket.

now he so likes his flight that he is let out for the whole day, and he can go back to his cage when he feels like it. He is very cheeky now and pecks you and sits in your hair. When I go home in the Easter holidays my brother, my sister and myself are going to try and teach Charlie to talk.

THE OASIS

by B. JOHNSON*

The Oasis is in the desert. I went to the Oasis last holidays, and we went to a town called Bon-sada. The first thing my father, mother, sister and I did was to take a small walk round the town. We passed the market place which was in the centre of the village. We also passed by the blacksmith's and asked him if he could make some iron table legs for us. After that we decided it was time for us to go to the hotel where we were staying for the weekend. But we lost our way and we took a little path thinking it would lead to the hotel. Instead it took us right out of our way. Luckily we met an Arab boy who told us how to get back to the hotel. By the time we arrived it was dark. The next day we drove to another town called Jelfa where we had lunch. Afterwards we had a ride in the Oasis and we saw some camels and then we went back to Bon-sada, and started to pack up. That evening I had a little walk in the sand dunes and I found a ram's horn which I have at home.

A HERO

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

Once upon a time there was a dog called Kim. He was a mongrel and he lived in the slums of Manchester. His master was cruel and whipped Kim so much that he made up his mind to run away. So one night when his master was asleep he went round the house trying to find an open window, but he could not; so he ran downstairs where his master could not hear him and "crash!" he jumped through the window-pane and ran off down the road. Soon he came to a railway station; but of course he had no ticket. About half an hour later a goods train went through the station. Suddenly Kim had an idea; he ran along the platform and jumped into the last truck which contained coal. After about three hours the train stopped at Manchester and Kim jumped out. When he got to the town centre he saw a little girl in the pond in the park. He tore

*BRADISH JOHNSON, born 27 June, 1947; entered Worth, September, 1956.

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

across the road, leaped into the water and pulled the child to safety. Quite a crowd had formed and the girl's mother and father were there. They took Kim to their house and put him by the fire while the little girl's mother got him a meal. Then the little girl came downstairs and asked her mother if she could keep Kim. Her mother said she could; and Kim barked and was very happy and jumped all over the place. So he lived very happily there.

THE OIL TANKER

by S. P. FISHER*

One day we were out sailing with some friends of ours, when we passed an oil tanker some miles out. She was anchored at the time and we could see nobody on board except an old man with a beard. He was leaning on the rails smoking a pipe. Our friends said they knew him and would ask him if he would show us round. He said he would so we drew alongside. We climbed up a big ladder which went up the side of the ship. It was very high up and our boat looked very small. The man then showed us round. It was a very big ship indeed. Most of the buildings were at the back. The rest of the ship was just big tanks where the oil was kept. He showed us the crew's quarters and the captain's cabin. They were all very well furnished with a bed, washstand, desk and a bookshelf. The only light came from a small porthole. The most interesting part I thought, was the engine room. It was very big indeed, and there was a terrific noise. You had to shout to make yourself heard. It was very greasy and we were each given a rag to wipe our hands on. When we had seen everything we had tea with the captain and then went home.

WHITE TIGER

by V. G. DAVIS*

In India there is a Rajah who once asked some men to capture a male and female tiger for him. They got the tigers for him because they would do anything for money. He bred the tigers for some years, until one day one of his servants came running into his room and the Rajah said, 'What is the matter?' and the servant said, 'Nothing is the matter but a tiger has had three babies, two ordinary ones, but one is white.' The Rajah nearly jumped out of his skin when he heard this, and he went straight to the enclosure where the tigers were kept and sure enough there was the white tiger. A lot of zoos are offering a King's ransom for it but the Rajah said, 'You keep your money and I will keep my tiger.' It is the only one in the world. My uncle has taken a film of it and I have seen it. I think the white tiger is still alive. (This story is true.)

*SIMON FISHER, born 17 Mar., 1947; entered Worth, September, 1955.

*VINCENT DAVIS, born 23 June, 1947; entered Worth, September, 1955.

SEA CROSSING

by R. BRECH*

It was at the beginning of August ; we were going to Austria for our holiday. We had decided to take the Dover-Ostend crossing which takes four and a half hours. So we started from home at about ten o'clock in the morning and arrived at Dover three hours later. After going through the customs we drove on to the car ferry, *Princess Josephine Charlotte*. Another half an hour's wait and then the ship gave a loud hoot and we were off. Quite soon the white cliffs of Dover disappeared and there was nothing to be seen except one or two ships in the distance. After about two hours a fog came up and the ship's foghorn sounded. My parents went down into the lounge and since I had already explored the ship I went forward to the bows of the ship. I got quite a fright when a big tanker loomed out of the fog not more than a couple of hundred yards away. Soon the fog cleared and, using my father's field glasses, I was able to make out the Belgian coastline. An hour later we were sliding slowly into Ostend harbour. The sailors threw ropes which were made fast on the shore and our voyage was ended. We drove off the boat and passing through the customs without trouble set off for Austria.

DEER-STALKING

by J. C. W. McENTEE*

One afternoon in the Highlands of Scotland my father said to me, 'Would you like to go deer-stalking?' I immediately said 'Yes', so one day the next week we set off in our car towards a celebrated spot for deer-stalking. The back of the car was full of hired equipment such as clothes, boots, ammunition and rifles. My father hired me a Mannlicher .303 sporting rifle, while he had a bigger .410. My rifle was about the smallest calibre of any use, but still I found it much too heavy. When we reached the moor, we got out and put on all our equipment and set off.

We walked cautiously and silently for about a quarter of an hour, and then suddenly came on a herd of deer in a depression. Luckily we had approached upwind, but the stag leader sensed trouble, and, as deer are more afraid of an unseen danger than of a seen one, he gently led the herd away. My father whispered, 'Be quiet and follow me.' He tested the wind with his finger. Satisfied, he crawled forward until he reached the top of a small knoll, overlooking the spot to which the deer had gone. A gleaming cartridge was put into

*ROBERT BRECH, born 14 Sept., 1946 ; entered Worth January, 1957.

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

the breech and he set the sight to two hundred yards. I did the same, with hands quivering with excitement, and aimed at a large stag.

We both fired together. I missed, but my father wounded his stag. The stag soon recovered and bounded off. Disappointed we watched the herd run off, and, as it was getting late, we trudged towards the car. My mother had a tremendous supper ready which we ate greedily, tired, hungry, but happy.

THE FOREST AT NIGHT

by M. I. PATERSON*

The quiet solitude of the night was harshly interrupted by the cry of a hunting owl. The smaller creatures shrank back in terror as the ghostly shadow glided through the trees. When danger was past, the animals crept out of hiding. Soon rabbits and hares were playing happily among the tall grass and ferns. Mice scampered about the forest floor, searching for food. The nightjars began their songs again. Bats flitted over the meadows. The dainty deer stepped warily along the paths, their slender ears twitching, their soft, silky skin quivering, feeding on the tender shoots of grass or nibbling leaves.

The hunters of the dark, the owl, fox, weasel and stoat, slipped silently along, searching for possible prey. There would be a cry of terror, a whimper and then silence as another rabbit or mouse would fall victim to the fangs of a hunter. The trees stood watching it all, yet revealing nothing of the secrets of the forest at night.

BOXING DAY MEET AND HUNT

by J. H. P. M. CARTIER*

The Surrey Union, of which I am proud to say I am a member, was, as usual, held at Bear Green. The crowds numbered up to nine hundred people including three hundred riders. The meet was very colourful and gay. All the hunt staff and community wore their scarlet coats, and among them was my father. When all the drinks and sandwiches were eaten and drunk the field moved off at eleven o'clock.

At the first covert, for ten minutes nothing happened, then there was a halloo and away streamed the hounds with Tim Goddard, our huntsman blowing the "Gone Away". This first run was a good fast one with many jumps and by the time we checked the field

*MICHAEL PATERSON, born 2 Mar., 1946 ; entered Worth, September, 1953 ; Under 12 Cricket XI ; Choir.

*JACQUES CARTIER, born 31 Oct., 1944 ; entered Worth, September, 1952 ; acted in *Stations in Mime* ; Sacristy.

had subsided considerably. My friends and I were grateful for the rest because our ponies were blowing hard.

We were now in a big wood where we went round and round, obviously quite lost. Then one of the hounds picked up the scent and away we went again. This run ended shortly and we found ourselves in a small copse. Here we lost the fox so we moved to a new covert. Quite soon the hounds picked up a new scent and away we went again. This run was long and had big jumps and once we saw a very proud lady on a big grey which refused and sent her in a heap to dear old mother earth! At the end of this run we were rewarded by the kill of this fox; and I am happy to say that I was given the mask (fox's head). We packed up after this at five o'clock after a very enjoyable day.

MY TWO FRIENDS

by E. P. DURWARD-BROWN*

I had just gone home for my Summer Holidays. As I got out of the car, I heard squeaks and howls from the cage where my two pets are kept. The Bush Baby's name is Kujo and the monkey's is Sally. They were howling with delight at seeing me and were trying to get out of the cage. Just at that moment my mother opened the cage and Kujo leaped right into my jacket to get warm. Sally perched on my head and started pulling at my hair to see if any food was there. Finding none, she began searching in my pocket, pulled out an elastic band, sniffed at it and threw it down in disgust. I waited for a time to see if she would notice that I had put two or three pieces of sugar in my pocket. Then it happened. Sally jumped on to the ground, circled me three times, then stopped still to eat the sugar. Kujo had seen the merriment of Sally and held a hand out to her for some sugar. Then, finding none in his hand, he leaped at Sally and pinched a lump. She did not like it. I then put five bananas in the cage and they both started scrambling for the food. I shut the door of the cage and went to my room to change my jacket and to collect more food for my two friends.

ROBIN HOOD

by M. H. V. PHILLIPPS*

Once upon a time there was a man who lived in a forest, and his name was Robin Hood. He had some friends and his best friend was Little John. He was really big and strong. One day the Sheriff of Nottingham heard one of his men say a man wanted him, so the Sheriff said, 'All right, let him in.' So the man came in and said, 'I

*PAUL DURWARD-BROWN, born 23 Feb., 1945; entered Worth, January, 1956.

*MICHAEL PHILLIPPS, born 14 Jan., 1949; entered Worth, September, 1957.

want my castle back', but the Sheriff said, 'I will not give it back'. Then the man said 'Will you give me my castle back if I catch Robin Hood?' So the Sheriff said, 'All right, but how can you catch him?' The man said, 'We will go to my castle'. The next day they went to his castle. When they got there they wrote a letter to Robin Hood telling him to come to the man's castle. The Sheriff had brought some of his men. When Robin Hood came to the castle, the man asked him in. When he got into the room, the man said, 'All right men, we have got him.' So the Sheriff's men came out and got him by the arms; they took him to a tree to hang him, but just as they were going to put the rope round his neck an arrow broke the rope and Robin Hood was free and the Sheriff was caught.

THE OLD SHIP

by M. B. HIGGINS*

One day a boy was walking along the beach when he saw a bottle. He ran to pick it up and saw there was a ship inside it. He was in such a hurry to show it to his mother, that he dropped the bottle, the glass broke and the ship fell out. He picked the glass up and put it in the rubbish bin. The boat had not broken, but it looked very fragile, so he handled it carefully, when he showed it to his mother. She said, 'You may as well keep it'. Then the boy brought it to his bedroom to have a good look at it, it was very dusty. There were even small sails on the mast which made it look quite real. When he tapped it something fell out. He showed it to his mother and she said 'I think it is a diamond'. When his father came home and saw it he said, 'Yes, I think it is a real diamond. You are a lucky boy'.

MY HOLIDAY IN SWITZERLAND

by C. L. P. D'ARENBERG*

When I went to Switzerland last year with my brother we went by the Swiss Airways which was fun. At four o'clock we arrived at Berne; after an hour's travelling we got out and took the train to St Moritz, sixty miles away. We were shown our rooms in the hotel and told that nearby there was a little village where we could buy ourselves some skis and a sledge. It was a fairly small one with old cobbled streets and small chalets; we bought ourselves some skis but there was no sledge. That night I slept a lot and dreamt that I was world champion skier but the next day I found I was nothing like it. We had lots of fun skiing and snowballing though I never had a cold. After two weeks we had to go away. I was very sorry because I had enjoyed it very much.

*MARK HIGGINS, born 2 Mar., 1949; entered Worth, September, 1957.

*CHARLES, PRINCE D'ARENBERG, born 20 Feb., 1949; entered Worth, September, 1956.

END OF A FOX

by P. R. C. JOHNSTONE*

I like hunting and try to go to every hunt if it is physically possible. Being free, I managed to go to a meet last holidays on my horse, "Ginger", a thoroughbred of very high quality, who was very anxious to start the hunt. The hat went round for the collection and, at last, we started with the hounds running round in circles trying to catch a scent.

We were hunting in huge fields surrounded by low wooden fences so that the hunt was moving at a very fast pace ; but there were no accidents through horses not clearing the fences properly. The hounds soon caught the scent and, with the noise of the hunting horn mingled with the barking of the hounds, we set out at a very fast gallop. The fox led us a merry chase, first of all by sheer speed, then by cunning as he began to tire, by back-trailing, running along streams and many other tricks to try and throw the hounds off the scent ; but they held on resolutely. Gradually we began to close in on the fox, but it took time and the fox was not the only one who was tired. However we eventually caught him and the hounds fell upon him with great vigour as they were clearly not happy about being led such a long chase ; and the huntsman could only just rescue the tail from them.

After our first kill we sought to catch another ; but we had made so much noise in our first hunt that all the foxes in that vicinity had left pretty quickly at the first sound of the hunting horn and the hounds. So that was the only kill that day.

ADVENTURE

by J. C. PAVRY*

Once upon a time there lived in a castle on the top of a hill, a very bold knight called Sir Avon. One day a very wicked baron came and captured him. The baron said, 'If you can kill the monster that lives on Mount Rendon I will let you go free'. Then Sir Avon said he would do it. So next day he put on his armour and sword and went to the stables to get his black mare. In a minute he was climbing up the mountain. When he was near the top there was a tremendous roar and down came this terrible monster. With one sweep of his sword, this gallant knight cut off the monster's head, and carried it to the baron who let him go free.

*PATRICK JOHNSTONE, born 13 Dec., 1944 ; entered Worth, September, 1952 ; 1st XV Rugger ; School Prefect.

*JOHN PAVRY, born 6 Feb., 1949 ; entered Worth, September, 1957.

MY KITTEN

by A. G. S. L. GARTON*

My little kitten is pink ; that is why I call him Pinky. I brought him all the way from Wales. He was a very good little kitten on the whole. He was half-asleep all the way. At home he often goes out in the early morning to catch mice or rats. One morning I found Pinky with a little tiny mouse. I said, 'Pinky, put it down at once'. I took it from him and let it go free. It could hardly walk. It was really dead so I let Pinky have it. He enjoyed it very much. After lunch I went fishing. I caught a fish and gave it to Pinky. He liked it very much.

SHREWSBURY

by M. C. E. MATHIAS*

Shrewsbury is quite small but very nice. It has lovely big houses which are usually farm houses. It is not as busy as all that. There are quite a lot of memorials, because Shrewsbury had quite good soldiers in the First and Second World Wars. In the Second World War all Shrewsbury Light Infantry were blown up. The worst thing about Shrewsbury is there are so many one-way through roads and even some of the main roads are one-way through roads. Our family can't get round town although we have been in Shrewsbury for five months. There are nice shops and the people are very nice, and my brother soon found friends to play with, although they are six and five, and my brother is just eight ; but he plays with them every day. Shrewsbury Castle is still standing and you can see the very small windows which Normans or early soldiers shot their arrows from. It is in rather an odd place because instead of being just outside the town, it is right next to the station.

MY FIRST FLIGHT

by P. J. WILLIAMS*

Every day as I came home from school I used to stop at Leatherhead Fighter Training School. I watched the planes with fascination as they looped the loop, turned and twisted. One day the skipper of a Hawker Hunter came over to me and said, 'Hallo, son, you watch the planes every day. Was your father in the Royal Air Force ?' I said, 'Yes, he was killed in the second World War. He was in Squadron 164'. He said, 'Was he John Waleson ?' 'Yes',

*MICHAEL MATTHIAS, born 25 July, 1947 ; entered Worth, September, 1956.

*CHARLES GARTON, born 19 May, 1949 ; entered Worth, September, 1957.

*PETER WILLIAMS, born 26 April, 1947 ; entered Worth, September, 1956.

I said, and he said, 'I was next to him when he went down. I heard all about you, Peter. You would be fifteen years old now'. 'Yes', I said. 'Your birthday is on April 26th in two days' time.' I was still bewildered at his knowledge about these things. After a pause he said, 'I must visit your mother. By the way where do you live?' I said, '17, Bridge Street, Leatherhead'. 'Will you tell your mother I will visit you tonight?' After I was in bed asleep Mr Williams visited my mother. The next day I was in bed but on my birthday my mother said, 'Go to the airport; they have got a surprise for you'. When I arrived they said, 'Put this flying kit on, Peter'. Then with pride I was led to a two-seater fighter and taken up for my first flight. I was allowed to bring the plane down and land it with quite a lot of advice.

FISHING

by D. D. BARDER*

We have a pond near us and we have two fishing rods. My friend and I do not catch much, but we have a very good time, although our rods sometimes catch in reeds. I remember my friend fell in once, poor chap. There are some ducks there. We dig worms from our garden all day. We get about two hundred. I go and see my Granny sometimes. She lives at Birchington-on-Sea. You get a lot of eels and crabs there. My sister went in my Grandpa's motor-boat once, and she got a dog fish. There was a terrible row about it because it was found in the house next door. We go shrimping at night, with gigantic nets. Sometimes we catch a lobster if we are lucky. In Cumberland there are great lakes with salmon in them but I have only been there once.

KELVIN HALL CIRCUS

by P. A. A. THOMSON*

The Kelvin Hall Circus consisted of a number of acts from other circuses. We had booked seats for the west wing which was six shillings for adults and three shillings for children. Before we could get into the actual arena we had to get into the Carnival. After we had spent some time in the Carnival, it was time for the circus to begin. First of all there was a march round the ring by the clowns while the grand orchestra played an overture. When that was over there was a wonderful act performed on horses. Both artists were brilliantly dressed. Then there was a very good act which I think

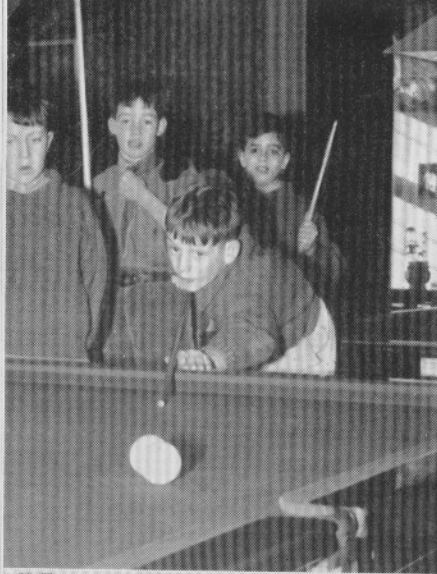
*DAVID BARDER, born 22 Sept., 1946; entered Worth September, 1954.

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



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MENT
MATCHES.



was the best ; it was another acrobatic act. There were three men in it, dressed in light and dark blue. They could both lean forwards at an angle of about forty-five degrees. They had a piece of apparatus on which they did some amazing tricks. After that there was a juggling act which was very good. Then there was a wonderful acrobatic act and a Japanese cycle act. Then came a mixed act ; it had four beautiful chestnut-coloured horses, four palaminos, four zebras and four Shetland ponies. They all kept in very good time. There were also the elephants which did all the usual tricks. Then, last but not least, came the seals, which did some very clever tricks. That ended the circus and it was time for us to go home.

NOTRE DAME

by E. DE LA HAYE JOUSSELIN*

Notre Dame is situated in the middle of Paris on a small island on the Seine. That island is the place that Paris grew from. In front of the Cathedral there are two towers and in the middle of them there is the main door. Inside there are many altars, one main one in the middle and many small altars round the sides. There are three big, round stained glass windows, two of which were taken down during the two World Wars for fear of their being spoilt. There are many more, but most of them are not old, for they have been redone. On the top there is one big Gothic steeple with saints at its foot. There are many stone arches used as props to keep the two inside walls from falling apart. Most of the church is built of sandstone and there are men working the whole time for the stones are continually crumbling. Of course the church has many treasures.

WINTER SPORTS IN SWITZERLAND

by C. A. L. D'ARCY*

In Switzerland this year the snow was about three feet deep. It was much better than last year's snow which all went half-way through the holiday. The ski lifts were all working and the queues were very long. I myself went up one which was opposite the hotel. It was a red wheel which had a long iron cord which came from an oblong object which hung on the rail overhead. When you got to the top of the ski lift there was a wooden platform which was the place where you got off. You let go of the wheel which was between your legs. It went up and you were left alone. You had to get out of the way quickly because of the other people who were coming up.

*EDMOND JOUSSELIN, born 25 Sept., 1946 ; entered Worth, September, 1946 ; Under 11 Rugger XV ; Choir.

*CHRISTOPHER D'ARCY, born 7 May, 1947 ; entered Worth, September, 1955.

The other ski lift had a wooden anchor on which two people could sit. At the top of this one there was a shack and men to help you off. There were other places to toboggan. I did that too. There was a big tennis court which people skated on and each morning you could see the men spraying it with water.

POMPEII

by J. N. A. ADDERLEY*

Pompei was an old Roman city up on a hill. One day there was an earthquake. Soon that was over but some days later there was a volcanic eruption which shot up pieces of hot lava and earth which went up hundreds of feet. When it came down it killed quite a lot of people. When the remainder of the people saw that it had all come down they went out to leave the city but the fumes and the poisoned gases came down and they were all killed. But today people have found old lamps and parts of walls. They did not often have pictures on the walls but they had them on the floors, mostly in mosaic. In one of the ruins of a shop there was a till of money all stuck together.

ROME

by E. J. COOKE*

Rome besides being the capital of Italy is one of the nicest cities in the world. St Peter's dome rises high above the city. St Peter's is very big and grand and here the tomb of St Peter is thought to be but nothing certain is known yet. To reach the dome first you have a lift ride but you have to walk the rest of the way. But when you reach it you think it well worth it. It is the custom to kiss the toe of one great statue of St Peter and now it has been worn down. All round the city there are volcanic lakes which used to be alive and active. In one square there is a church with the steps where Jesus walked up before going to Pontius Pilate. Only pilgrims go up on their knees. The Vatican took 450 years to build. The Colosseum is very wonderful but all the marble on it was stolen and now you can see all the little passages under the arena.

THE PLEASURE CRUISE

by D. C. SANDERS*

It was a stormy day, the wind was howling, it was raining very hard, and everything was soaking wet on the ship. My friends and I were sitting down in the lounge of the pleasure cruiser with the captain, wondering when the storm would finish. Although the

*JAMES ADDERLEY, born 2 June, 1947; entered Worth, September, 1956.

*DAVID COOKE, born 15 Oct., 1946; entered Worth, April, 1954.

*DAVID SANDERS, born 15 Feb., 1949; entered Worth, January 1957.

storm was raging outside there were lots of things to do inside. The storm went on for all that day. But the next day there was a calm sea and very sunny weather. The first thing I went to do was to go and have a swim to refresh myself.

PRIMAVERA

by R. G. H. HOLMES*

Winter days have gone for good :
 the spring is here.
 Saplings, buds and leaves are new ;
 the skies are clear.
 Squirrels, moles and mice awake
 from winter's sleep ;
 Pretty lambs are born today ;
 they jump and leap.
 Summer's sun is rising high ;
 the sky is blue ;
 Weather's warm, and rain is scarce ;
 the clouds are few.
 Rabbits run and jump and hide ;
 the robins sing ;
 Longer days and shorter nights—
 hurray for spring !

VALE ULTIMUM

by J. P. MADDOCK*

I will leave you now,
 Though my heart is sore.
 I will leave you now,
 But I do implore
 That you pray for me
 As I turn the key,
 As I pass the gate,
 As I enter the kingdom of God.

I will leave you now
 Though my heart knows not how.

*RICHARD HOLMES, born 5 Nov., 1945; entered Worth, September, 1954; acted in *The Rose and the Ring*; Choir.

*PETER MADDOCK, born 28 Oct., 1945; entered Worth, September, 1954; Under 12 Rugger; acted in *The Rose and the Ring*.

THE PASSING OF THE DAY

by P. J. PAVRY*

The sun has sunk behind the crimson west ;
The young birds fly unto their homely nest ;
The cows have bedded down in their soft straw,
And Farmer Giles has shut his kitchen door.
The stars from their soft blue velvet on high
Shine down upon this world beneath the sky.
The moon is bright and shines like silken lace,
While ghostly figures cross its silver face.
The bats in their tall belfry hang and look
Upon the village by the running brook.
The sheep are winding down the hillside lane,
And slowly come to pasture in the plain,
While Jim the shepherd plods the wayside path.
Meanwhile the cat sleeps on the fireside hearth.
And as the farmer goes upstairs to bed
He thinks about the day that lies ahead.

LA COTE SAUVAGE

by J. A. NEVILLE SMITH*

During many a night and many a day,
A ship has been wrecked at ' La Côte Sauvage ' .
Although once calm and without affray,
The wind strikes out like a child in rage.

The waves are dashed against the rocks ;
The sea is turned to spray and foam ;
The wind whistles and brutally treats
The tossing breakers which lap the shore.

The moon sends its silvery shadow
Across the disturbed waters ;
Thunder and lightning break the melody
Of the dancing waves as they toss and turn.

Soon the light of dawn begins to appear ;
The pouring rain hushes ;
The waves are now gentle ripples
Pushing the pebbles up the beach.

*PETER PAVRY, born 7 Dec., 1944 ; entered Worth, September, 1953 ; acted in *The Rose and the Ring* ; School Prefect.

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

NIGHT

by D. M. P. LOFTUS*

And as I stood near the glistening stream,
I saw the last of the sun's red, red gleam,
Dropping down behind the great mountain peak.
From red, the gleam changed to a purple streak.
As the dark shades of night set in once more,
And the bright moon shone down in a silvery hoar,
A single light shines from a solitary farm-house.
So still is the night that even the little grey mouse,
Peeps out from beneath the haystack to scrounge and to feast.
Soon the streaks of another day appear in the East,
And for man, bird and beast
Another day is born.

AUTUMN

by J. P. BEST*

Autumn is here. The leaves do blow
And the snow does make our fingers glow.
No longer does the warm sun shine
But rain and cloud pull down the blind.
No longer do the boys go out to play
But work inside or go and pray.

SPRING

by G. W. A. COTTLE*

In Spring time, when the sun is out,
All the small birds run about.
High in the tree tops the blackbird sings
And the church bell in the village rings.

The day is warm and the tits do tweet
And run about on their spindly feet.
The new-born birds are in their nest
And the watching mother is doing her best.

The sparrow is a greedy bird
And always trying to make himself heard.
The cuckoo makes a pretty sound
But throws other eggs upon the ground.

*PETER LOFTUS, born 10 Nov., 1944 ; entered Worth, September, 1955 ; acted in *Stations in Mime* ; Junior House Prefect.

*JEREMY BEST, born 14 Aug., 1946 ; entered Worth, Summer, 1955.

*GRAHAM COTTLE, born 19 April, 1947 ; entered Worth, September, 1955 ; Under 11 Cricket and Rugger ; Choir.

THE TRAMP

by M. E. AGIUS*

Let me walk along all day
Until night falls upon me,
Then let me rest in the hay,
Or a barn by the wayside.

Then at the rise of the sun
Next morning, I set off,
To find what food I can,
And to take the road once more.

But this life must always cease,
And in time we have to part
From this world, friends and ease,
And leave for another life.

I have travelled far and wide,
Both with pleasure and sorrow,
But now I lie by the wayside
To rest in silence for ever.

SCHOOLBOYS

by M. ADLER*

The sun comes up over the stately downs,
The trees cast their shadows over the grounds,
The boys arise from their comfortable beds,
And go from their rooms to wash sleepy heads.

After this comes their offering to God,
Then they go to breakfast to eat their food,
Then they depart and to classes they go,
Sometimes they like them, sometimes they say 'No !'

During the break some go to the school shop,
Others work because they want to be 'top',
Break ends. The bell loudly begins to ring,
Some boys will do geometry, others will sing.

*MICHAEL AGIUS, born 26 Dec., 1944 ; entered Worth, September, 1952 ; 1st XV Rugger ; Gym Team ; Dormitory Prefect ; Sacristy.

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

THE HUNTER

by P. A. B. LAURENCE*

When the hunter enters the wood with his gun
Every hare and rabbit starts to run.
And then the hunter loads his gun and fires
And a rabbit leaps and rolls and dies.
The woodland rings with the echoing sound
And rabbits scatter, or fall dead to the ground.
Soon the hunter tires, shoulders his gun,
And collects the rabbits lying in the sun.

THE FORGOTTEN LAKE

by S. O'REILLY*

The dark grey water ripples with the wind,
And the water lilies are a-gleam with the sun.
The tall dark willows surround the forbidding lake,
Nearby an otter whistles for his mate.

An old deserted house borders the waterside,
Where the owls and ravens glide.
The old massy roof hangs broken and destroyed,
And twilight spreads a soft grey cover over the water.

At night the stately owls begin to hoot,
And bats dart around the old forgotten lake.
But now, nobody goes there at all,
For reed and marsh have undone it again.

DREAMS

by M. J. SHERATON*

As I sit by the fireside,
Cosy and warm,
I think of Tomorrow
And when it will dawn.

And I fall slowly off to sleep,	I wake to hear my mother call,
Dreaming of the future,	So I get up very quickly,
And then I take a tiny peep	And wander into the sunlit hall
Back into the past.	Still half in my dreamy sleep.

*SHAUN O'REILLY, born 4 Nov., 1944 ; entered Worth, September, 1954 ; Stage assistant in *Stations in Mime* and *The Rose and the Ring* ; Assistant Librarian ; Sacristy.

*PETER LAURENCE, born 2 Mar., 1944 ; entered Worth, September 1955 ; acted in *The Rose and the Ring*.

*MICHAEL SHERATON, born 6 Sept., 1946 ; entered Worth, September, 1953 ; Under 11 Rugger XV.

THE RUINED MILL

by J. C. VAN DEN BOSCH*

No life stirs the ruined mill
No bird does rest upon that hill,
Only ghosts wander there
But man has left it in despair.

Slowly, slowly age creeps on,
That once hard-working wheel sleeps on
Now left to crumble, to rot,
For death to enclose that spot.

Twittering its call
A chaffinch flutters past the wall,
But shuns the rotting wheel
Beyond any power to heal.

TRIOLET

by R. C. M. MCGOURAN*

There's a dog in my room,
Oh I think it will bite.
It is chewing the broom.
There's a dog in my room,
Now he's tangled my loom.
Oh it does look a sight.
There's a dog in my room,
And I think it will bite.

THE CRUSADER'S CHARGE

by C. D. D. HIGGINS*

On, on, on we must go,
Heed not the bullet, thistle and thorn,
Bravely ! bravely meet the foe,
Sound the charge, blow the horn.

When dusk comes nigh,
Then rest shall we,
Many dead shall lie,
But fear not ye.

For ye have no reason to shy,
When soldiers shalt thou be,
In Our Saviour's army on high,
Where glory shalt thou see.

*JOHN VAN DEN BOSCH, born 1 Jan., 1945 ; entered Worth, September, 1954 ; 1st XV Rugger ; acted in *Stations in Mime* and *The Rose and the Ring* ; Librarian ; Choir.

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

*CHRISTOPHER HIGGINS, born 26 Sept., 1946 ; entered Worth, September, 1955 ; Under 11 Rugger XV ; Choir.

SPRING SNOW

by M. J. CUMMINS*

The snow has arrived !
Thick and deep.
It came slowly, softly
While we were asleep.

It covers the ground
All still and white,
It lies there so peacefully
And looks a lovely sight.

It has started again
And comes with a rush,
But soon to be trod on
And turned into slush.

THE POPPIES

by R. H. S. DILLEY*

The sun is shining very bright,
From out the clear blue sky,
And one can see the large green fields,
In which the poppies lie.

The poppies sway from side to side
All with their petals red,
But all around them lie the flowers,
Whose petals now are dead.

And when the poppies also fade,
And to the ground do go,
I look back with regret to when
They wavered to and fro.

IF

by G. N. D. ROLLO-WALKER*

If I was a cat I would run like a cat,
If I was a bat I would fly like a bat,
If I was a rat I would eat like a rat,
But I'd rather be a boy like me.

If I had a dog I would keep my dog,
If I had a frog I would like my frog,
If I had a hog I would feed my hog,
But I'd rather have a horse to ride.

If I saw a bear I would feed that bear,
If I saw a deer I would follow that deer,
If I saw a hare I would shoot that hare,
But I'd rather see a monkey in a tree.

*MICHAEL CUMMINS, born 22 Oct., 1946 ; entered Worth, April, 1953 ; Under 11 Rugger XV ; acted in *The More the Merrier* ; Choir.

*ROBERT DILLEY, born 23 April, 1946 ; entered Worth, May, 1956.

THE POSTMAN CAT

by F. X. A. F. SEMPRINI

There was a postman cat,
And he hated old Rat,
He likes to deliver post,
Every day along the coast.

He went for a walk one day,
And he met old Rat on the way,
He challenged postman cat to a fight,
In the middle of the night.

So postman cat met Rat at night,
All ready for their fight,
Postman cat gave him a blow,
And it made him puff and glow.
And that is the end of Rat.
('Ha, ha, ha' said postman cat !)

THE SCOUT TROOP

The Michaelmas and Lent terms have been a period of slow but steady progress for the Scouts. Eight recruits have been enrolled in the Troop, bringing our number of enrolled Scouts on March 31st up to exactly eighty—four more than there were at this time last year. The 1st Class Badge has been awarded to T.L. S.H. Rose and P.L. J. S. O'Reilly (Swans), and Sec. P. C. Norton (late of the Peewits). The 2nd Class Badge has been won by C. Lucas (Swans), M.D.P. Bullen (Eagles), N. P. Carter (Peewits), J. A. Henderson and N. V. Reade (Pheasants 1), D. W. M. Delany (Cygnet), I. J. K. Lintner, M. Adler and T. P. J. Radcliffe (Pheasants 2) and M. A. Shelmerdine (Owls). And Proficiency Badges have been gained as follows: *Marksmen*, R. J. S. Bullock-Webster; *Designer*, R. J. S. Bullock-Webster, M. Adler, T. A. Cummins; *Hobbies*, R. J. S. Bullock-Webster; *Rider*, M. J. Cummins, D. M. Savill; *Stamp Collector*, J. S. O'Reilly, P. A. A. Thomson; *Jobman*, W. R. J. B. Cross; *Master-at-Arms*, K. G. Sheridan.

The usual activities in the Scout Zone in the woods have been varied by two exploring expeditions to the South Downs, both of which were carried out in bitterly cold weather—in fact, snow fell on several occasions during the second expedition. On December 9th a few Scouts walked from Ditchling to Ditchling Beacon (813 ft.) and the two windmills near Clayton. On March 12th a larger party went to Wolstonbury Hill (677 ft.) and Pyecombe.

B.M.S.

CUBS

This was not, at first sight, a very successful term for the Cubs—at one time it seemed to be an assured fact that if Akela wasn't going to be away, then it would be sure to rain on a Sunday, or something equally frightful would happen. However, stiles only exist in order to be crossed, and we reached the end of the term with morale unimpaired. We had a visit from the District Commissioner and the District Scout Master in February, who came to an Enrolment before going on to inspect the Scouts. Of the two Cubs due to be enrolled on that occasion, one was ill on the day, and had to wait—which he did with exemplary patience—for a whole month. Later that day the Cubs acted as hosts to the Scouts in the matter of refreshments after a Gull Hunt.

The cooking season opened inauspiciously: the St Gregory's Day party had to be cancelled. Still, Nicholas M. and Tristan B. decided to brave the rigours of the weather, and spent the afternoon in the company of some equally hardy Scouts, till forced in. And then on St Benedict's Day the weather was alternately sun and snow. But we were prepared for the latter, and our new fireplace was successfully used for the first time. It should be useful next term—it can hardly be expected to snow in May (or could it?).

RUGBY FOOTBALL 1957-1958

First of all, something about the Rugger in general. This year there was a return to an old practice of Dom Austin's in the 1920's. The team Backs throughout the school had regular practices in the Half. It is gratifying that the handling by Backs was remarked on as reaching a standard unprecedented at Worth. In these practices the technique of hip-swing was well learnt by several boys and all learnt to some extent to step away as they passed and to take the pass on a burst of acceleration. Another crib from Downside was the introduction of Junior League Matches. This gave 112 boys who were not in school teams the chance of playing six match games during the Xmas term. These were a great success and the strong partisan feeling that was raised by vociferous touch-line support ensured that every game was hard fought if not always skilful. These games gave non-team boys the taste of serious representative battles at their own level and a chance for coaches to spot talent.

The 1st XV had an interesting season with an unusually full fixture list, which included four schools that we had not played before. Against them in three cases the results were close and in all cases the games were open and very enjoyable. St Dunstan's College were unfortunate in having six of their best players missing in their first match against us, but they had their revenge in a very close match later in the season. It was a great pleasure to have

fixtures against Hazelwood, Gate House and St Martin's. We did not do ourselves justice against Hazelwood, but had the consolation of defeating them in the Sevens. With thirteen matches played it is not possible to describe them all and so both the season and the play must be described in general.

The team were unusually small and light and, except Gate House, by contrast their opponents looked extraordinarily big. There was no outstandingly dangerous player in the side; the sort of person who, it might be thought, could carry the side and score whenever he got the ball. So the team had nothing to distract them from trying to play classical Rugby Football. As a result they became an effective side and an attractive one to watch.

The tactics adopted at the beginning of the season were very simple: to hold our opponents in set scrums and beat them to the ball in the loose with quick heels to the backs, whose job it was to launch attack after attack as quickly as possible with orthodox three-quarter movements. It says much for the side that as the season progressed they succeeded in doing this. In the first two matches 8 tries were scored by forwards and the other by the scrum half. In all the remaining matches the forwards only scored 5 tries, but they made a far more useful contribution to their victories by giving the backs endless opportunities of attack, who, in all, scored 29 further tries; of these 7 were on one wing, 8 on the other. Of the forwards Rimmer was outstanding, Rose always played a robust game, McGouran developed very well, Stephens played with fire and Johnstone hooked well. The team was very fortunate in its halves: Agius, though at present a little on the slow side, always delivers a strong and accurate service and his defensive play is dogged; Lintner, at fly half, took the ball on a tremendous burst of acceleration and had quite exceptional hands. He was the brains of the side, an excellent captain, and is without doubt a footballer of real promise. At their best the Backs ran hard and straight and, apart from O'Donovan, who had a disappointing season, handled the ball with tremendous zest and confidence. This aspect of their play was frequently praised by expert touch-line critics. So good was their handling that they successfully played open rugby in the worst imaginable conditions. O'Hagan at full back was excellent at times, but he will probably come into his own as a wing forward.

The worth of the team may best be judged in its successfully holding St Benedict's to a draw on two occasions. St Benedict's reckoned to have a quite exceptionally good team. When we played our first match against them they had already scored 100 points and only 2 tries had been scored against them. We scored one try against a penalty goal in a fast ding-dong battle in which neither side released the pressure for a single moment. The return match was played at Worth and was the last match of the season. The last

ten minutes were unforgettable. Ealing was playing down hill with sleet driving into the faces of Worth. The ball was like soap and the ground a mud bath. St Benedict's had just scored a second forwards try to make it 2 tries to 1. At the drop-out Worth were very quickly onto the Ealing forwards—Worth heel and Lintner gets in a beautifully judged diagonal kick for Delaney to fight for, 10 yards from the Ealing line. A loose scrum, Worth heel—Cartier, at scrum half (Agius was in the Old House), tries to go over, is stopped—loose scrum—Worth heel—Lintner tries to go over, is stopped—loose scrum and Worth heel, Cartier tries to go over again, and again is stopped. Loose scrum and Worth heel, Lintner tries to go over on his own by running outside the covering defence—is held. Some loose play—set scrum and Worth heel, Lintner tries blind side, passes back to breaking forwards, a maul develops St Benedict's heel, ball goes out to their open side wing who is tackled—loose scrum and Worth heel. The ball goes down the line and Elkington is given yards of room to score on the wing. 6—6 and No-Side!

If the 1st XV was not an outstanding side it was a thoroughly good side and included a very large proportion of boys—who, at their best, had the hearts of lions. They deserve every credit for their successes.

The Team was: D. P. C. O'Hagan,† H. B. Elkington,† J. O' Donovan,* R. E. Wood,† D. M. W. Delaney,† I. J. K. Lintner† (captain), M. E. Agius,† N. P. Stephens,* R. T. Carr,* H. J. Rose,† N. V. Reade,* J. C. van den Bosch,* R. J. Rimmer,† P. R. C. Johnstone,* T. P. McGouran.† The following also played: M. F. Thomas,* J. H. P. M. Cartier, B. P. Crossley, C. G. Mockler, N. J. Hutton, R. J. C. Turner, M. D. P. Bullen, T. A. Cummins.

The Results: The Abbey (A), Lost 8-14; Hazelwood (H), Lost 3-6; Gate House (H), Won 27-3; Gate House (A), Won 22-0; St Benedict's (A), Drawn 3-3; Whitgift (H), Won 6-5; St Dunstan's (H), Won 18-0; Kings College J.S. (A), Lost 0-27; St Martin's (A), Won 20-10; The Abbey (H), Won 15-8; St Dunstan's (A), Lost 0-3; Gate House (A), Won 27-3; St Benedict's (H), Drawn 6-6.

P.B.

PREPARATORY SCHOOLS' 7-A-SIDE

Wednesday, 12th March, at The Old Cranleigh Club, in a biting wind. We entered two VII's. The 2nd VII was the first to play. They drew Hoe Place 1st, who were a strong fast side, and were beaten 9-3. Wood and Rose especially played with great spirit but nothing availed against a better side. Reade scored the try.

Results: 1st round v. Gate House 1st, Won 18-0; 2nd round v. Belmont 1st, Won 16-0; Quarter Finals v. Caldicott 1st, Won 6-0;

† denotes Cap. * denotes Colours.

Semi-Finals v. Hazelwood 1st, Won 6-3 ; Finals v. St. Martin's 1st, Lost 3-6.

The last match was the most thrilling game I have ever seen. To the biting wind were now added sleet and a slippery ball. Worth were dwarfed by the giants of St Martin's, three of whom were very fast. Their Captain was Prep. Schools' 440 champion of last summer, and it was he who scored 2 tries straight off. Worth were then stirred into transcendental action and did all the attacking for the rest of the game. With the response typical of an English crowd who always support a good little 'un when he takes the fight to a good big 'un, the 300 odd boys in the grand-stand all shouted : Worth ! WORTH ! WORTH ! Worth heeled and Lintner and Delaney drew the two fastest defenders and Elkington ran well and just scored at the corner flag—Again Worth heeled and again Lintner and Delaney drew their fast opponents and again passed to Elkington—another try ? Alas ! the slippery ball—a knock on. Rose, with the ball at his feet, made a rush which took him over the St Martin's line but it was a touch down. From the drop out at the 25, Worth again took the ball to within 2 or 3 yards of the St Martin's line and spent a full two minutes there. Twice scrums were awarded in this position and once Agius went over to touch down for a try but the ball slipped from beneath his hands and a 5 yards scrum was awarded. All the time to the compelling cheers of Worth ! WORTH ! WORTH ! and then the whistle blew to save a great, but rattled, St Martin's from a last minute defeat.

Afterwards the handsome Runners-Up Trophy was presented to Lintner and it is now in a place of honour above the Headmaster's fireplace where it stays till battle in 1959.

The Teams were : 1st VII—Elkington, Delaney, Lintner (Captain), Agius, McGouran, H. J. Rose, O'Hagan.

2nd VII—O'Donovan, Wood (Captain), S. H. Rose, Bradstreet, Reade, Stephens, van den Bosch.

2nd XV

This was a side with a fair amount of talent and quite capable of playing good rugger at its own level. The pity was that its 4 fixtures against 2nd XV's were all cancelled owing to 'flue or mumps or snow, and the fixtures left were against an overwhelmingly strong Douai 1st XV and Ardingly 1st XV with a great advantage in speed. However, against the latter the 2nd did brave battle and deserve credit for their performance. The best footballer in the side was Rose, who made an excellent captain ; the most improved player was Henderson.

The Team was : Donaldson, Crossley, Henderson, Hutton, Marcar, S. H. Rose (Captain), Cartier, Thomas, Turner, Bullen, Mockler, Dwyer, Bullock-Webster, Thompson, Walford.

Results : Douai Junior School 1st XV (H), Lost 0-44 ; Ardingly Junior School 1st XV (A), Lost 0-17 ; Ardingly Junior School 1st XV (A), Lost 6-20.

P. B.

UNDER 11 RUGBY FOOTBALL

The Under 11 XV lost their first match against Christ's Hospital 12-0, being completely outshoved in both the tight and loose scrums. Thereafter a lighter, but more compact and mobile scrum was substituted ; and in the remaining six matches they scored 84 points against their opponents' 11. They were a good average team, possessing no match-winning individuals, but having no serious defects. Given time to think and act they could play very correct rugger ; 10 of their 26 tries came from the wings, 5 from the centres ; and most of the tries originated from scrums or quick heels in the loose. If they can quicken their reactions by that vital fraction of a second they may become a very good team.

The foundation of the side was the pack. Aston, Fisher, Walton and Mathias worked and tackled hard ; Butler, Richey, Jousselein and Cottle were often seen rampaging across the field in support of the backs. Their defensive covering rarely failed ; and a former Welsh International who watched them in one match remarked that they were a very intelligent bunch of forwards.

The scrum-half, Barder, was a little slow at getting the ball away ; but he nearly always managed to extricate himself from difficulties, and had a very good understanding with Gleadell, who, at fly-half, was perhaps the most mature player in the side. He took the ball very well and was full of ideas ; a quarter of the tries scored originated from excursions round the blind side of the scrum. The three-quarters could all pass and handle well, and their chief fault was that they did not make full use of this ability. Delany frequently punched holes in the centre, Lysons was not such a powerful runner, but he fed his wings well. The latter, Cook and either Sheraton or Higgins, all had good runs for their money ; while at full back either Boys or Jillard performed calmly and competently.

As many people as possible were given the chance of a match, so that in all 23 individuals played for the team at one time or another. I should like to add that they were one of the most pleasant and enthusiastic groups of boys I have ever had to coach.

J.J.T.

Usual Team : K. R. Jillard ; D. B. Cook, Lysons, T. S. Delany, Sheraton ; Gleadell (Captain), Barder ; Walton, Butler, Fisher, Aston, Mathias, Cottle, Richey, Jousselein.

Results : v. Christ's Hospital, Lost 0-12 ; v. Hazlewood, Won 34-0 ; v. St Benedict's, Lost 3-6 ; v. Christ's Hospital, Lost 3-5 ; v. Whitgift, Won 6-0 ; v. Hazlewood, Won 32-0 ; v. Ardingly, Won 6-0.

During the Michaelmas Term the under 12 Rugger XV won five matches before conceding a single point. After Christmas they won only twice and lost three times. The team was as follows : Dearman, J. P. Maddock, Pitt, Barrère, R. F. C. Hall, Doherty, Bradstreet (Captain), Sheridan, Fitzgerald, Paterson, Wynne, R. F. Jillard, A. T. S. Carr, Urquhart, Hoyle. *Results* : v. Abbey 2nd—won, 32-0 ; v. Hazelwood 2nd—won, 21-0 ; v. Gate House 2nd—won, 55-0 ; v. Whitgift under 12—won, 3-0 ; v. St Dunstan's under 12—won, 6-0 ; v. Whitgift under 12—lost, 6-11 ; v. Abbey 2nd—won, 6-0 ; v. St Dunstan's under 12—lost, 3-6 ; v. St John's Beaumont—won, 12-6 ; v. St Benedict's under 12—lost, 11-0.

The Senior League Rugger was won by Gold, with Silver as runners up ; the Junior by Gold, with Blue as runners up.

STAMP CLUB LETTER

My dear young Philatelists,

Since my last letter, in which I told you that Julius MocStooge was lodged in the Marshalsea with nothing to do but play ducks and drakes with diamonds and rare stamps, I have received from my old friend an essay entitled *Your School Magazine*. How this essay came to be smuggled out of prison and how I managed to decode it—to deceive the authorities it had been incised in Amharic characters on a bar of prison soap—will be told on a fitting occasion. Here you must be content with the following citations from this remarkable work : . . . Of all School activities—and I am not forgetting the Arts and Crafts, Record-breaking, Stamp Collecting and Romping about—the most important is *Writing for your Magazine*. It is also the easiest. There is no charge, no entrance fee, nothing to alarm the most timid. The gain is purely intellectual (the only person to reap any sordid advantage from the printed page being the Editor).

Equipment is, of course, essential. You will need one roll-top desk with pigeon holes (and pigeons, if you like), a battery of coloured fountain pens, three or four pints of ink (or other suitable fluid : writers differ vastly in their choice of liquid nourishment), MS paper (galore, or by the ream), a stick of sealing-wax, an Anglo-Saxon Dictionary, an Almanack, the Diary in which you may have recorded beautiful thoughts, an Ordnance map and an Alphabetical List of the world's most famous authors. Add to this a supply of Edinburgh Rock and you can get cracking. Once you begin you will be unable to stop until your material is exhausted—some of us cannot stop even when we have finished ; but that is a special gift.

As regards subject-matter : don't write about the Satellite (or Satellites) and don't bring in the dog either—Jester or Biggles or Rinio, if you like, but not Laika. And avoid all reference to chimps

in this connection. All other subjects are open to you, especially Lepidoptery, Ornithology, Autographology, and—most enthralling of all—Beetleography . . . The contents of a boy's pockets, too, might provide endless inspiration : regular cornucopias, boys' pockets are. Empty them out, my dear, good, kind, nice, sweet young satellites, and let each treasured article (or portion thereof) tell its joyful story. That conker ! That sixpenny bit (sorry, it must have slipped through a hole in my pocket—'There's a hole in my bucket, Eliza ')! That piece of bent wire out of Dom Thomas' top drawer ! That old cog-wheel out of my watch !—You see what I mean ? You can go on for ever. One thing leads to another, and before you know it you have gone right through the Stanley Gibbons Simplified Catalogue.

If, despite what I have said, you cannot even *begin* to write, I don't know what to recommend ; unless you would care to sit down and have a good cry (as I, Julius, man of iron, am not ashamed to do on occasion). Alexander—who could not compare with the tow-row-row of a British Grenadier—wept at least once in his life ; but that was when he had *finished* doing things, so perhaps his case was different. Still you might give the thing a try. Your tears might suggest Swimming Sports or Angling or that Adventure in the Rock Garden when Cornelius pushed you into the pool (by accident) ; and, hey presto, you would have the makings of an article. Indeed, the very expression 'Hey presto' might inspire you to write on Conjuring Tricks or Black Magic or Prestidigitation or Legerdemain or Schubert.

All you now need to know is how to end, and I am jolly well dashed if I can tell you—no earthly power can stop the flow of real inspiration ('Nor no mortal man can cause the Amazon, the Congo, the Bongo, the Yank-Tse-Kiang and such-like mighty waters to stay their ceaseless flow') . . . Nevertheless, give me another draught of Edinburgh Rock, and I shall do what I can to help you.

If you wish to stop a machine you must—apart from throwing a spanner into the works—shut off power and apply brakes. If you do this too abruptly there will be trouble—your car will shoot its occupants out into the open spaces ; you will go over the handlebars of your Raleigh bicycle into the hedge ; your steam-engine will run into the platform buffers at the terminus. No—you must stop gradually, with a nicely-timed *rallentando* and *diminuendo* . . . There are, of course, a lot of useful dodges by means of which one can end without arousing needless suspicion. Moreover, certain formulas (such as 'they lived happily ever after') can be fitted in at almost any satisfactory situation in a story of hair-breadth adventure and will serve to prevent any further unpleasantnesses happening to the principal characters. Some authors throw all caution to the winds and take your breath away with some such remark as 'There goes the bell : I must now close' ; or 'That's all. Now for my Stamp

collection'; or 'Then I woke up'; or 'My tale is ended'. You see what I mean? No approach at all: utter disregard of the niceties of rounding off. On the other hand there are writers whose endings are so skilfully contrived that they give the impression of a polite bow, a wave of the hand and a graceful departure (with, perhaps, a promise to come again).

If you still can't stop, just put a period at the close of a sentence and leave it at that. Or write, in brackets, 'To be continued'; no one will mind if you fail to honour a commitment of this sort; if anyone notices the matter at all he will be content to assume that you have gone to your account... One last word: should you doubt the advisability of offering your work for publication, take out your lucky penny and toss up. The penny, if it is all it pretends to be, will fall with the head of the Sovereign uppermost. I, MocStooge, have spoken.

Thus far MocStooge's essay: isn't it nice? Two more bars of soap have just arrived from the Marshalsea, but I have not yet had time to decode them. Goodbye.

Your loving little

Diogenes Philatelista.

MUSIC NOTES

We have to thank Mr Beagley for producing a delightful Carol Concert on December 16th. The following Carols were sung: *God rest you merry Gentlemen*, *A Virgin Unspotted*, *In Dulci Jubilo**, *The Noble Stem of Jesse**, *Verbum Caro factum est*, *Shepherds in the Fields abiding*, *Sweet Baby sleep*, *The Son of God is born for all**, *This Child Our God**, *The Coventry Carol**, *The Holly and the Ivy*, *Ding Dong merrily on high*, *Adeste Fideles*. Carols marked with an asterisk were sung in parts.

The Concert given on March 23rd marked a definite advance in Worth Music. The tone, balance, attack, expression and general effect of the part-singing bore ample witness to the hard and enthusiastic work put in by the Choir under Mr Beagley's training and direction. The Bach Chorales and the Worth Songs were accompanied on a Hammond Organ hired for the occasion. The programme was as follows: Motets: *Rorate Coeli* (Tye), *O Sacrum Convivium* (Farrant), *Ave Verum* (Carissimi), *Ave Maria* (Arcadelt); Chorales from the St Matthew Passion (J. S. Bach): *O Lamb of God all spotless*, *Beloved Jesu, how hast Thou offended*, *Yes I! Lord show compassion, I too will stand beside Thee*, *Whate'er God wills is best alway*, *On Jesus lay thy sorrow*, *O wondrous love*, *When life's last hour shall call me*. Motets: *Filia Sion* (Shebbeare), *Ave Maria* (Symons). Worth Songs: *Sing we ever proudly of Worth, There in beauty lie before us* (Symons).



BED TIME

PARAGRAPHS

We had the honour and pleasure of welcoming His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop O'Hara, for two short stays at Worth—March 20th to 23rd and March 30th to April 1st.

Sub-Lieutenant V. F. Coward (1945-1951) has been presented at Dartmouth with the Queen's Sword and Telescope. This Sword is awarded each term to the midshipman who on passing out has achieved the best results in work and leadership. We offer him our heartiest congratulations. A photograph of the award is reproduced opposite.

Patrick Firino-Martell (1954-1956) is at the Ecole des Roches, Verneuil, Eure, France and writes happily from there.

Engagements : J. B. Hobson-Matthews (1939-1941) to Miss M. Sinnott ; M. F. Donovan (1942-1944) to Miss E. Heron.

Marriages : H. A. Caillard (1934-1940) to Miss M. A. Crawford ; Dr P. J. Crosland-Taylor (1933-1937) to Miss E. Cossins ; Lieutenant E. L. S. Norfolk, R.N. (1941-1944) to Miss Janet Sykes ; M. J. A. Zawisza (1940-1942) to Miss B. M. Hausen.

We present our sincere congratulations to them all.

The Strathallan Prize, for the best contribution to the current WORTH RECORD, was won in December by Michael Thomas and in April by John Henderson.

Andrew Boyd, Julian Concanon, Stephen Devas, Gareth Hamilton-Fletcher, Mark St George and John Young all made their first Communion this term. James Neville-Smith made his on 1st March.

Patrick Quinn-Young (1950-1954), whose address is 3 Wentworth Place, Wicklow, Eire, left here for H.M.S. *Conway*. He has finished his course successfully and has been accepted by the P and O Shipping Company. They required him to do the course at the Outward Bound Mountain School in Eskdale. By now he must be at sea.

We thank Mrs Declan Dwyer for the gift of a Rola-Bola board for the gymnasium. It has given a great deal of fun to large numbers of boys, some of whom are already fairly expert at using it.

One expects any stage production run by Mr Johnson to be a success. His Christmas Pantomime, *The Rose and the Ring*, was, if anything, the best we have seen. We offer our thanks to him and to his able cast and assistants.



The Stations of the Cross in Mime, once again beautifully produced, will be noticed in the next number of the WORTH RECORD.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of *The Ampleforth Journal*, *Douai Magazine*, *Priorian*, *Raven*, *Corbie*, *Prior Park Magazine*, and *Einsiedlner Raben*.

The Chapman Play, though hardly an unqualified success nor a very good play, gave a lot of pleasure besides a lot of hard work to the players. With greater knowledge of how to talk on the stage and of the importance of learning the parts, the next venture should be good. The main parts were played by Fisher, C. V. Neville-Smith, and Milmo.

Worth lost the first of two Boxing Matches (February 1st) against the John Fisher School by four fights (won by Pitt, S. A. Richey, R.F.C. Hall and Stephens) to seven. The Second Match (March 1st) resulted in a victory for Worth by seven fights (won by Holcroft, Hoff, Denaro, Barder, Stephens, O'Hagan and T. P. McGouran) to five.

In the League Boxing Finals the winners of the ten divisions were, respectively, T. P. McGouran, Cartier, I. J. K. Lintner, Agius, Wood, Gleadell, Pitt, St George, S. H. Rose and K. W. Rose.

The Cross Country Run against Gate House on January 25th was won by Worth with 25 points for the 1st VIII (Gate House 61) and 24 for the under 11 VIII (Gate House 56).

INWARDS

The following boys joined the school on January 16th, 1958 :

J. A. R. Abercrombie, N. A. H. Ball, A. Brotherton-Ratcliffe, A. P. Dillon, M. W. Scholl.

UPWARDS

Head of the School : N. J. Hutton.

School Prefects : M. F. Thomas, R. J. Rimmer, P. R. C. Johnstone, R. E. Wood, P. J. Pavry, I. J. K. Lintner, H. R. Walford.

Dormitory Prefects : (Ford) J. H. M. P. Cartier, D. P. C. O'Hagan, P. A. B. Laurence. (Butler) D. M. W. Delany, M. D. P. Bullen, J. S. O'Reilly. (Chapman) T. P. McGouran, M. E. Agius, J. O'Donovan, R. J. C. Turner, S. H. Rose. (Junior) K. F. Dwyer, D. M. P. Loftus. (Tower) R. J. S. Bullock-Webster, T. P. J. Radcliffe

Captain of Rugby Football : I. J. K. Lintner.
Captain of Hockey : R. J. Rimmer.
Captain of Squash Rackets : N. J. Hutton.
Captain of Gym : S. H. Rose.
Captain of Cross-Country : C. G. Mockler.
Librarian : H. R. Walford.
Assistant Librarians : J. C. van den Bosch, J. S. O'Reilly, E. S. P. Marcar, A. T. S. Carr, C. G. Mockler, T. A. Cummins.
Leader of the Choir : H. R. Walford.
Master of Ceremonies : N. J. Hutton.
Thurifers : R. J. Rimmer and W. R. Donaldson.
Acolytes : M. E. Agius, D. M. W. Delany, D. M. P. Bullen, J. H. P. M. Cartier.

REWARDS

The following boys were top of their forms in the Michaelmas Term :

H. R. Walford (1A), J. O'Donovan (1B), M. Adler (1C), J. C. W. McEntee and R. C. M. McGouran (2A), C. G. H. Mann (2B), W. Barker (2C), E. M. C. de la H. Jousselin (3A), M. P. Kelly and M. P. de Albuquerque (3B), E. J. Cooke (3C), K. W. Rose (4A), D. A. J. D. Stirling (4B), N. H. Clarke (4C), J. C. Pavry (5A), H. M. A. Nicholson (5B), M. E. P. St George (6).

OUTWARDS

The following boys left the school in December, 1957 :

P. D. Byrne (Downside), P. E. Giles (Downside), D. McGrath (The Oratory), P. S. Pollard (St George's, Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia).

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.

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SCHOOL STAFF

April 1958

- Dom Maurice Bell, M.A. (Oxon.), *Headmaster*
Dom Thomas Symons, A.R.C.O., *Organist*
Dom Alban Brooks, B.A. (Cantab.), *House Master of Butler House*
Dom Theodore James, M.A. (Cantab.), *House Master of the Junior House*
Dom Aldhelm Dean, *Choirmaster*
Dom Jerome Tomlins
Dom Bruno Grogan
Dom Edward Cruise, M.A. (Cantab.), *House Master of Ford House*
Dom Michael Smith, M.A. (Oxon.), *Master of Ceremonies*
Dom Peter Beazley, *Games Master and Physical Training*
Dom Roger Bacon, *House Master of the Tower House*
Dom Fabian Glencross, B.A. (Cantab.), *House Master of Chapman House*
Dom Benedict Sankey, M.A. (Cantab.)
Dom Hugh O'Neill, M.B.E., M.A. (Oxon.)
M. A. Johnson, M.A. (Cantab.)
P. G. Whigham
Lieut.-Colonel H. Vredenburgh
S. J. Bostock, M.A. (Cantab.)
E. C. Beagley, A.R.C.M.
P. J. Foley
M. L. Keane, B.A. (Cantab.)
D. F. Kane
J. A. B. Tucker, A.K.C.
P. A. Kavanagh
Miss H. Garnaud
Mrs. M. Jennings
Miss M. Y. Kent
Miss S. E. Spottiswoode, *Arts and Crafts*
Mrs. M. F. A. Beard, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M., *Piano*
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 A. Hollins, *Senior Matron*
Miss M. O'Gorman, *Ford House Matron*
Miss C. Bocanegra, *Butler House Matron*
Miss A. Sanchez, *Chapman House Matron*
Miss F. Rhatigan, *Junior House Matron*
Miss E. H. I. Anne, *Junior House Assistant Matron*
Miss M. P. Budd, S.R.N., *Tower House Matron*
Miss H. A. Sweetman, *Tower House Assistant Matron*
Miss D. M. O'Hagan, *Assistant Matron*
Mrs. Witham
T. G. Higgins, *Secretary*