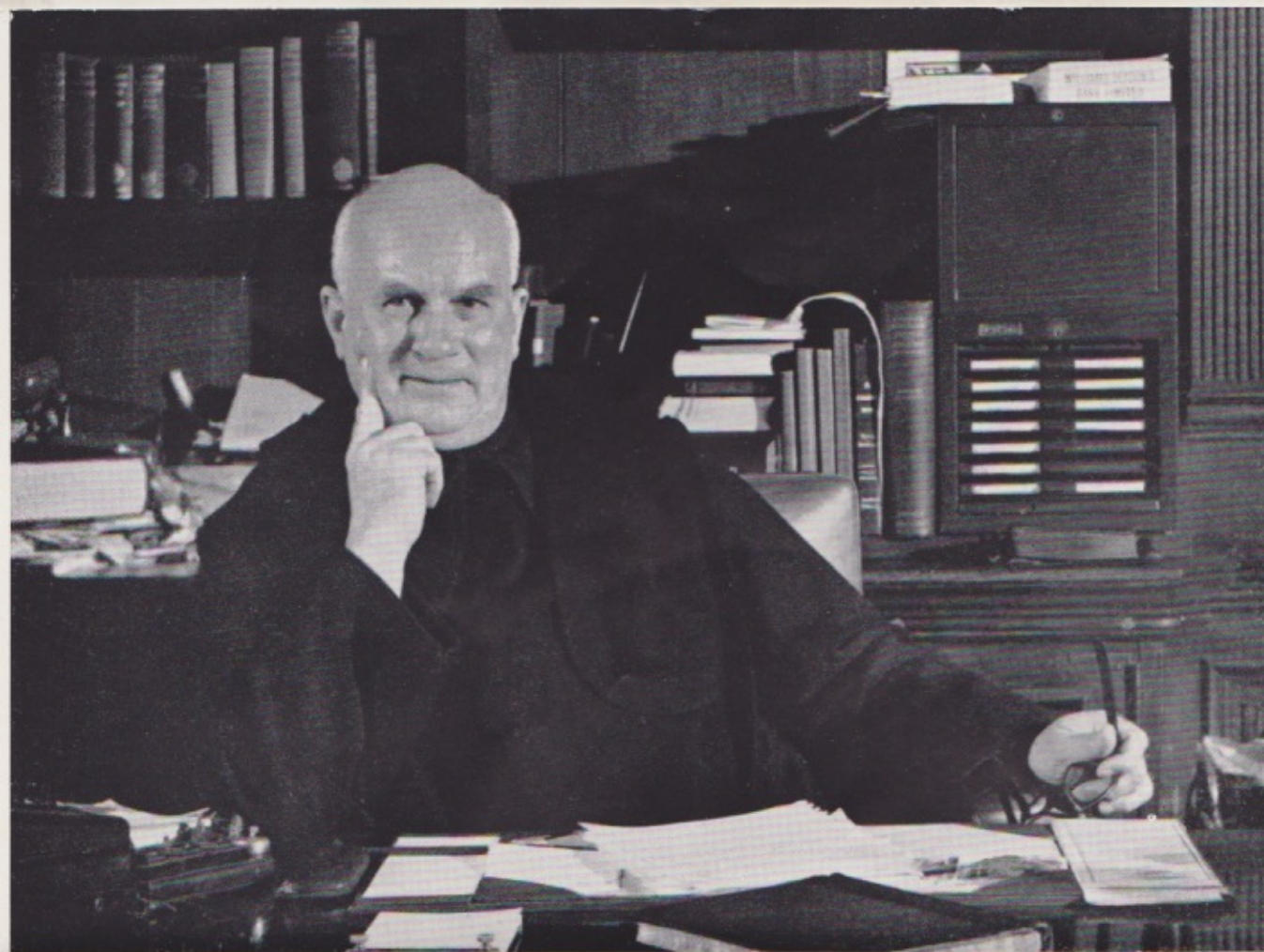


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DOM  
MAURICE  
BELL, M.A.  
HEADMASTER  
OF WORTH  
PREPARATORY  
SCHOOL  
1940-1959

*The*

# WORTH RECORD

VOL. VII No. 6

SUMMER TERM, 1959

## FROM THE HEADMASTER

By the time you read these words I shall no longer be your Head Master. However, after a good rest, I have every intention of being back at Worth by the beginning of the Summer Term, 1960, full of travellers' tales about cannibals and sea-serpents. From then on I shall expect to live at Worth in the monastery and I have every intention of doing all I can to help everyone in every way I can.

I do not intend to look back any more, but to look forward. I have a big store of memories ; but they are my own. The future school at Worth is the big thing that stretches from one horizon to another. I pray that it may grow and prosper, and that those boys who start their life as Upper School boys in September, will carry on the great traditions in which they have been nurtured, and teach them to other boys who come here at thirteen years from other schools. One does not want to see Worth change, but only to grow up ; and, at the end of that growth, to see in the features of the Upper School everything that was there in days long ago.

If I were asked what was the chief characteristic of the School, as I leave it, I would say Straightforwardness. No one expects a boy to make public all his innermost thoughts. All the same, your honesty about damage and breakages is something quite splendid. Only two minutes elapsed before a boy, who had been in the loft, was in my room to tell me how his whole leg had gone through the ceiling of the room below. Again, I once asked a boy in 1941, whether he had done any work at all during the previous half-term, and he replied, without hesitation—"No, sir !" And, while I detested his laziness, I admired his honesty. John Ruskin says somewhere, "To make your children capable of honesty is the beginning of education". I know that nearly all of you are good honest boys, and that you hate slyness and subterfuge, theft and lying, and cheating in class. A boy who regularly does any of these things is, by that fact, less a Worth boy than the others.

I have already thanked you all for making me so happy all these years, and for keeping me young in spirit. Thank you too for what you have given me as presents ; and your parents as well for so generously making possible the holiday of a life-time ; the Worth boys at Downside for a desk ; the Staff at Worth for a set of new Breviaries ; Mr and Mrs Bergl for a cine-camera to keep a record of the journey ; Sister Edey and Miss Hollins for a wonderful



new rug to replace the one I took away to school in 1911 ; and for countless other gifts for which I shall always be grateful : and finally, God bless you all, Worth boys, past and present, all over the world.

MAURICE BELL.

### RETURN OF THE FISHING FLEET

by J. C. W. MCENTEE\*

Sun was setting over the sleepy village, bathing the harbour in its soft red. The breakwater, stark and functional, was awash with pink sea. Everything seemed peaceful except for the hard boom of the tossing waves. A few people were waiting at the pier, walking up and down or merely sitting on the bollards dotted up and down the quay. It was growing cold and an occasional thrashing of arms and stamping of feet showed that these people were not unaware of the fact. Soon they were all getting to their feet and I presumed that they had heard the boats returning. I rose, too, and walked along to the tip of the breakwater where I had a better view of what was about to happen. As I went, I heard the hollow thuds of the diesels' exhausts, a sound which conveys to me all the sea has to offer, and saw specks enlarge into boat hulls growing rapidly nearer.

Soon I could see them quite clearly, rolling almost to their beam ends in the heavy oily swell. The flat glistening waves slapped against the wooden sides and sucked back again. The wireless aerials swayed and bobbed, weaving fantastic patterns in the ever darkening sky. Some switched on their masthead and navigation lights as it grew darker and the effect was even more wonderful, a faint silhouette with little to associate it with the ever-changing lamps. The leader now slowed to navigate the narrow channel between the breakwaters. Its exhaust became a soft purr as with barely steerage-way it emerged in the calm waters of the harbour. As it glided up to the quay a thrashing of phosphorescent foam rose from the propeller, now going astern, and gradually retarded the boat until it ran alongside the quay with a soft grinding noise.

Then began the task of unloading. Floodlamps on the mast were switched on, and illuminated the whole of the front deck and hold in a harsh glow. The windlass and capstan stood out firm and black and their shadows seemed even more remote compared with the soft browns of the deck and of the net. All over the deck floats, buoys and ropes were littered and slightly behind were the fish. As soon as the lights had been put on they had glowed brightly in their different colours as they did now. They were rapidly off-loaded to the shore where they were to be cleaned, gutted and prepared for the tables. When this was done the fish were transferred to the tables where they were to be sold in the busy morning market. Yet another fishing fleet had come home.

\*JOHN MCENTEE, born 15 Feb., 1946 ; entered Worth, Jan, 1957 ; School Prefect ; *Puer Cantor*.

### MY LAST TERM AT WORTH

by M. A. C. GUIVER\*

My preparatory school career is nearly at its end. Then I must pass on to my public school. I have been at Worth for five years and I have enjoyed it. The end, however, is now only about ten days off, and after that time I may not see Worth again, although if I can I shall come down if Downside break up before Worth.

These last days pass the same way as any other normal day in your first year, but I think the atmosphere is somewhat different. As always we look forward to the holidays and to the new experience of Downside. As always at the end of a term the days pass slowly and as you get inside the last week you say to yourself ' Well, I won't have that day again here.' One finds that everybody is kind in your last term in letting you do things that possibly you wouldn't be allowed to do in any other term unless for a special reason.

As the term draws to the end we think of all the miserable good-byes which we are going to have to say on the last day. To all the friends whom we may not see again and whom we have had so much to do with over the last four or five years. But we will still have some friends and we will make plenty of others when we reach Downside to make up for the ones that we have lost.

So as my last term draws to its conclusion and the final days pass happily away we say our good-byes to everybody in the school.

### THE DERELICT CASTLE

by E. G. P. DEARMAN\*

Suddenly the old derelict castle looms up at me through the misty rain. Everything is quiet and still, the only sound is the twittering of some birds which have built their nests in the many cracks and crevices in the walls. The large grey stones lie in disorderly heaps, serving no purpose now, except as a seat for some weary traveller. There are only two towers, for the other two collapsed the previous winter and now lie in the courtyard. But now I have to pass on and leave the old castle to its solemnity and gloom.

### THE TOWER OF LONDON

by J. A. J. RABY\*

On a sunny Monday morning my mother took me to see the Tower of London. My father drove us there in the car. He gave me some money to buy something. Then he left us. We went under the

\*MARK GUIVER, born 22 Feb., 1946 ; entered Worth, September, 1954 ; 1st XI Hockey ; 2nd XI Cricket ; 2nd XV Rugger ; Dormitory Prefect.

\*GUY DEARMAN, born 24 Feb., 1946 ; entered Worth, September, 1956 ; 1st XV Rugger ; 1st XI Hockey ; 1st XI Cricket ; Captain of Tennis ; School Prefect ; Sacristy.

\*JULIAN RABY, born 18 July, 1949 ; entered Worth, September, 1958.

archway and we saw the Traitors' Gate. That was used to bring traitors to the Tower by boat. We then went into the room where the Crown Jewels are kept. There I saw a fascinating sight. It was a pure gold wine-fountain used for the Coronation. Out of all the crowns we decided we liked Queen Victoria's best. We then went to the armoury and saw the clock and axe. Two kidney knives drew my attention. They were used by some men to steal the Crown Jewels. We then saw the Chapel of St John where an Archbishop of Canterbury was murdered. A guide showed me where Guy Fawkes' dungeon was. It was an archway, about a yard square. Next to it was the main cell. On the other side was the Torture Chamber. We saw the Bloody Tower where Raleigh wrote the "History of the World" and where the Princes were murdered. We then had to go home. When we left we were leaving behind a very famous place as I think you will agree.

### MEMORIES OF THE LOUVRE

by B. H. ELKINGTON\*

The Louvre is a large building in Paris, and about the biggest in the world. As you drive to it a feeling of history comes about you. When I went to the Louvre I immediately thought of it as it must have been as a palace. Round about were lovely flower beds with drives in between them. These drives, I imagine, were where the French Royal Family used to walk and play: they are now roads, and these roads, with busy traffic on them, spoil the beauty of the old and famous Louvre.

The first thing we did as we entered was to buy tickets and then wait for a guide on the ground floor which consists of a huge room where postcards are sold.

Our guide arrived. We went through a hall full of bronze figures and up a magnificent flight of stairs. There at the top of the stairs was a huge bronze angel. This angel was headless, and in her arms was a shield. As you look below the stairs you see, to your right, Egyptian mummies. Then you walk up many more stairs until you come to a gallery.

This gallery is full of the most valuable and beautiful paintings in the world. As you walk down the gallery you see artists copying paintings such as 'The Virgin and Child.' Another artist was copying 'Mona Lisa'. This painting is beyond price. The 'Mona Lisa' follows you everywhere with her eyes. In front of the famous painting many tourists usually stand admiring her wonderful eyes.

\*BERNARD ELKINGTON, born 11 Nov., 1945; entered Worth, September, 1954; 1st, under 12 and under 11 Rugger XV; 2nd XI Cricket; 1st and under 11 Hockey XI; Seven-a-side Rugger; Tennis Team; acted in *Rose and the Ring*, *Christmas on the Common*, *Stations in Mime*; Head of the School.

Then we went into a very large room covered with large pictures. One of these was the painting of 'The Empress Josephine being crowned by Napoleon.'

Next we went to see 'The Statue of Venus'. Venus is a no-armed, one-footed woman. I touched all of her five toes. Venus stands in a large gallery. As you walk in through the door there she stands radiant in the sunlight.

As we walked through the gallery of bronze figures, which was swarming with policemen and guards, I thought to myself, what would happen if something fell down and broke in the famous, wonderful and huge Louvre.

### MEETING

by R. F. C. HALL\*

It is rather hard to be away from one's parents from the time one leaves home for school till one leaves school, with only monthly intervals every two years or so. Nevertheless one gets consoled by the thought that it is God's Will.

The other day a friend (I will not say who) told me how he was staying for his holidays with his parents after not seeing them for two years. At the end of them his mother fell ill. He left with half a heart attack. A few weeks later, at school, the Headmaster broke the news to him that his mother had died. It all came to him in a matter of weeks: leaving mother ill, mother dies. Nevertheless he stood up to it and wrote to his father, trying to console him. Then about two months later things were half forgotten and normal affairs were again taken up. A year after this his father wrote to say he was coming on leave. This was great news for this boy for he had not seen him since his mother's death. Then came the slow moments from the time of the letter till the arrival of his father. His father later wrote to this boy's Headmaster asking for his son's leave the night before he arrived. He said that if this was granted he would let him know beforehand when it would be. The Headmaster agreed, of course, without any argument. Then came the time of his father's embarkation. From then on the boy counted the days, minutes and seconds. Finally his Housemaster told him his father was arriving on a Friday and would be over to see him on the Saturday. On the Friday itself, he was telephoned and told that the ship had been delayed and would arrive on Sunday morning.

This was rather aggravating news but nevertheless it was made better when the Headmaster told him his brother was coming at 3 o'clock on Saturday to meet him. This was great. After lunch

\*REGINALD HALL, born 28 Dec., 1945; entered Worth, May, 1956; Boxing, Tennis, Gym, Rugger and Hockey Teams; 3rd XI Cricket; acted in *Stations in Mime*; Prefect; Sacristy.

he packed the necessities and waited for the arrival. It came and they were off. That evening was dedicated to preparing the house for his father. It was a long time since their last meeting. They went to the docks and they found their father.

### THE PRIVILEGE HOLIDAY

by P. M. RUTHERFORD\*

On 7th July there were many boys in high spirits. It was the day long sought after : the Privilege Holiday.

This holiday is designed for boys who have had to put up with rehearsals, practices and other boring things. Boys in the 1st Choir, Mime, Play, Sacristy, and School Prefects and Dormitory Prefects get this outing.

The day of days began at 9.15 when the two buses rolled into the quad, the drivers busily taking aspirins. Shouting and cheering the boys tumble into their buses. A quick roll-call is taken and then they are off. Boys, as you can imagine, will not be found sitting still and talking quietly. We were no exception, and the choir leader was made to sing. Anyhow, after one and a half hours, the buses turned into the car park of the Chessington Zoo. Boys went off in twos and threes to see the excellent variety of birds, animals, fishes and lions. There was some candy floss for sale and a very small fair. At the time appointed, boys gradually returned to the buses. The sun was blazing down and no cloud was to be seen. Soon Hampton Court was in sight and, having arrived, the boys were divided into groups which would swim, have lunch and go boating on the Thames. The swimming pool was large and spacious with two chutes, two spring boards and a high, high-diving board. The lunch was delicious with lots of drink, food, cherries and such like delicacies. The boating on the Thames was very popular for every now and then something exciting happened, like a pleasure cruiser bearing down on you full speed. Boys were allowed to go to Hampton Court itself and to visit the Maze which was very good except that you could see through the bushes. In the evening a tea was prepared which was eaten with relish. The tea ended at about 5.30 and we could do what we liked until 6.30 p.m. Many boys brought drinks for the journey home. At 6.45 the buses left and boys were reading evening papers or talking or singing. Finally the buses rolled into the quad with boys singing 'What shall we do with the drunken sailor.' The boys went away feeling pleased. So ended a day which proved so marvellous, thanks to the organising of Dom Fabian.

\*PETER RUTHERFORD, born 4 Aug., 1946 ; entered Worth, September, 1954. Sacristy.

### THE CHOIR'S OUTING TO THE DOWNS

by R. BRECH\*

It was arranged by Dom Alban that this term the choir should go and sing several motets and madrigals at an Old Folks' Home on the Downs. On 21st June the coach, complete with choir, arrived a little late at the Home which was near Hassocks.

After a swift practice, from which we were dragged half way through by one of the organisers of the Home who said that the old folk were getting impatient and couldn't wait much longer, we made our way to the main hall where about twenty people were sitting.

Having assembled on the stairs we began with Psalm 42 by Gelineau and ran right through a series of songs, motets and psalms which Mr Paul Johnson, the choir master, had arranged beforehand, while the old folk looked on with pleasure. (It was obviously the highlight of their week.) After the singing the president of the Home delivered a speech thanking us very much and having acknowledged his thanks, we made our way to the kitchen where we had a very nice tea. Then, having explored the extensive grounds, our photo was taken with the old folk and we made our way back to Worth, finishing a very enjoyable afternoon with a swim in the school bath.

### I AM THE ONLY WITNESS AT A ROAD ACCIDENT

by J. C. PAVRY\*

Early at about three o'clock on a Saturday morning I was walking along a country lane thinking to myself whether it would be a nice day, when I heard a car coming along the road at top speed. In the car there were two people, a man and a woman. They were obviously tipsy because they were driving the car in a zig-zag pattern. Suddenly the man who was driving seemed to lose control of the car, and it started to go much faster, heading straight towards a huge oak. A few seconds later there was a grinding crash as the car went right into the tree. I ran back to the car, which was now in pieces, and found both the man and woman dead. I left them and ran home as fast as I could. When I got inside I felt suddenly sick. I phoned up the police who said they would have a look at the crash. The next morning a police car arrived outside my house and a policeman got out and went to the door. He said that I would have to go to the inquest at about eleven o'clock that morning. He said it would be held in the Town Hall. At eleven o'clock I put on my best suit and went to the Town Hall. As I went in I noticed a judge was sitting at a desk, which was

\*ROBERT BRECH, born 14 Sept., 1946 ; entered Worth, January, 1957 ; Assistant Librarian ; *Puer Cantor*.

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



scattered with papers, at the end of the room. He asked me all I knew about the accident. I gave him the whole story as near as I could.

### THE CUB WOODS

by J. M. N. AMBLER\*

On a sunny Sunday morning on the 10th of July the Red and Tawny Sixes went down to the woods for lunch. At ten-fifty we had to be waiting in the Junior House backyard with our loads of spades, saucepans and so on. At a quarter past eleven we were approaching the woods. As you approach it you see a field with some corn. There is a fence that has just been put up between the wood and the corn field. Between the fence and the wood there is a path. You go down that path a little way and then you turn right. There is the Cub kitchen and that is where you cook the food for lunch and do the jobs. In the kitchen there are ovens and a fire-place. The ovens are made out of square tins. The kitchen has also got three tables to put things on. One is for serving out the food. The second is for cutting the meat or making sandwiches and the other is for stacking the plates and saucepans after you have finished using them. As you leave the Cub kitchen you come upon an oak tree. You go down a path there passing some oak trees and some younger trees and you come to a stream dug out by the Cubs. You turn right and go down, following the stream, and you come upon a fence. If you follow the fence, you come out near the Cub dens. You turn right again and you go through some barbed wire and then you see some steps and on your right you can see the 'Grey' den. You go down a few more steps and you come across their bridge with a dam underneath it. You go on and you come to the 'Tawny' den. There are some steps also leading up to the den from the dam. In the undergrowth you see the 'White' den and to your right there is a 'Brown' dam with a den and a watch tower. As you return by a different path you can see the 'Red' den and in a small valley you can see their dam. There is a path leading from the Red Six to the Black Six and there the path joins up with the first one, and you can go back the way you came.

### CASTLES I HAVE BEEN TO

by J. R. A. G. ABERCROMBIE\*

Lewes Castle is situated on a large double mound, one half of which is the main mound on which Lewes is built. It is fairly large, about thirty yards long, fifty wide and thirty high. Altogether, with the grounds, it covers about six acres. The barbican is a large archway covering the street on the east side of the castle.

\*JASON AMBLER, born 19 Aug., 1948; entered Worth, September, 1956.

\*JOHN ABERCROMBIE, born 7 Sept., 1949; entered Worth, January, 1958.

It is seen immediately one has gained permission to enter the castle. There is a vestige of a portcullis in the barbican; obviously this used to be a way of cutting off the back of the street to stop attack from behind.

Outside the entrance to the castle is seen a large plank of wood set on edge with holes in it. There is also a rather crude bench beside it. This is seen to be an ancient form of punishment. The criminal is forced to sit on the bench while the supposed plank, which is split down the middle, is opened. Then the criminal puts his legs in the notches in the lower part of the plank, and the top half is brought down and locked to the other, so that his legs are firmly fixed into the holes. His hands are then tied behind his back.

Inside the castle there is a large winding stairway leading up from some storerooms to a large room, probably once a bedroom. On the other side of that is another room, probably a bedroom also. To get to the third storey one goes up another one, not a winding one this time. Once there, there is seen a large room which could well be an attic. Then one steps out of the room on to a balcony, about ten yards long. It is about eighty feet up and it makes one quite giddy to look down from it.

Another castle I have been to is Pevensey Castle. It is about twice as large as Lewes Castle and is about half a mile from the South coast. It has a large moat round it, about a quarter of a mile round. On the west side of this is a drawbridge, on one of the widest parts of the moat, about forty feet wide.

The moat was formed by a long ditch dug right down to the sea so that the water came right up to the moat and filled it. Then the ditch was filled up again, but the vestige of it still remains. When one gets into the castle, one goes through an archway about sixteen feet thick. It is then that one most notices the actual shape of the castle, square, with its four high towers at each corner. One finds oneself in a courtyard, with a lawn on it with many crude tombs.

There is a large gallery cutting off the ancient place of worship, an old abbey, from this. Underneath the gallery are some dungeons, about twenty feet deep. The well tower is in the southern part. It is about eighty feet high, and at the top is a deep hole, penetrating far below the tower. This is where water was kept.

### THE END YET THE BEGINNING

by P. BUTLER\*

The heights of Worth loom into the dark grey skies; there are many heights: towers, buildings and chimneys. But now, in this year of 1959, many have gone, gone with time. Destruction looms by the Clocktower; the Granary, the Stables and the old Chimney

\*PATRICK BUTLER, born 9 Nov., 1946; entered Worth, September, 1954; under 12 Rugger XV; 2nd XI Cricket; Sacristy.

are no more. Many things are going, among them some of the trees in Conker Avenue. The boys regret this because of their fun with conkers, and the dear old little man who lives at 'Nursery Tops', Worth, Dom Thomas, no more can he write or paint or put to music the beauty that was once there.

But in the place of what has gone rise new buildings, and instead of the Granary a large new building has arisen, with more beauty than the old; this is for the new school. And in the place of Conker Avenue a new farm is growing, although we would prefer the chestnut trees.

That which has gone has been replaced, maybe by something better. Of the future we know nothing, we can just hope that all that which has gone will be justified, if not more than justified, by that which is coming. This is the end of the old Worth, but it is the beginning of a new Worth.

### THE LITERARY SOCIETY

by R. G. H. HOLMES\*

This term, despite both the Common Entrance and Scholarship exams, the Society has been able to hold seven meetings.

Perhaps the greatest achievement was the reading of the whole of *Twelfth Night*. This was done in three meetings and, as one of Shakespeare's greatest comedies, the Society feels, and rightly so, rather pleased with themselves. It was genuinely enjoyed, and a slight lack of vocabulary did little, if anything, to forestall this.

A slightly unusual meeting was spent in listening to poems set to music by Benjamin Britten. As most of the Society were familiar with them, it was interesting to listen to what was really a musical commentary on them.

Early in the term the Society went to West Hoathly to see a play, namely *Uncle Edward's House*. This was an amateur effort based on facts known about West Hoathly in the eighteenth century. It was generally agreed to be absolutely first class.

An extremely interesting meeting was a lecture on Bibliomania. It told the Society a lot about books in general and also such technical terms as 'double deckers', 'foxing' and 'furniture' books. This lecture coupled very well with the one during the term before on book production.

At the last meeting the Society heard a recorded talk by Ezra Pound which included his reading of Cantos 1, 13, 45, 49.

The Society has enjoyed this year a total of 23 meetings. We, the Society, would like to thank the three senior members for making these meetings possible. And finally I am sure that those leaving the Society will join with me in wishing the members good luck.

\*RICHARD HOLMES, born 5 Nov., 1945; entered Worth, September, 1954; acted in *The Rose and the Ring* and *Christmas on the Common*; School Prefect; *Puer Cantor*.

### A GREAT FIRE

by C. G. H. MANN\*

The day was still. The air shimmering and quivering. Out of the distance a large mountain sprang up from the little settlement of Wakuru, in Kenya. It was covered with dry, yellow grass and dotted by an occasional tree or shrub.

Suddenly, a thin spiral of smoke rose from the side of the mountain, supported by hungry flames which were greedily devouring the grass. An ever widening circle of black smudged the pattern. Slowly the fire began to take hold and was soon raging with all its might. The fire brigade had been called but were unable to reach the spot, and so had to jump out and gather bunches of branches to beat the fire with. However, the heat was too great for them and they had to retreat, hoping that the fire break would work, for if it did not, a great many gardens, and perhaps houses too, would go up. A wind now sprang up, and with the help of this, the great heat, and the carelessness of the workers, the fire swept across the fire break with the greatest of ease.

At the time we were in our house and the way in which the fire approached gave us very little time to prepare. The windows were now too hot to touch, a sign of how hot the fire was. We began watering the grass nearest our fence, hoping that this would stop it. Our efforts were in vain. With a crackling and wheezing the fire approached, and was upon us. The fence was soon roaring merrily, and all our efforts could not stop it from approaching our bonfire heap where three dead eucalyptus trees lay. These are highly inflammable because of the oil in the leaves, and once these were reached we would have a very hard time of it. "Whoosh!" With a rush, the fire was upon them. Flames leapt high into the air, and blinded by smoke, we ran for it. Other trees around now caught fire, some small huts at the bottom of the garden went up in smoke, and the fire engine arrived, too late to stop most of the destruction. Water gushed from its pipes and, after a great fight, the fire round our area lay dead. Our garden, trees and huts was a smouldering wreck. The only surviving thing was the house, dirty and blackened. Ashes lay everywhere, the heat was still great.

The fire had now approached the top of the mountain, and was burning fiercely among the trees which crowned the summit. The area round the golf course was blazing, while even the short grass of the fairway itself was licked by flames.

All that night and for the rest of the next three days it blazed, until on the afternoon of the fourth day, a heavy thunder shower

\*CHRISTOPHER MANN, born 25 April, 1946; entered Worth, Summer, 1956; acted in *Christmas on the Common*; Dormitory Prefect; *Puer Cantor*.

extinguished it. The mountain, the forest on it, and our neighbours' gardens lay charred and ruined.

The cause of the fire was never discovered, but it was thought to be the work of natives, trying to destroy snakes and insects.

### WALK IN THE DARK

by J. W. N. MEDLAM\*

One day, when the dusk was falling on the countryside, I stepped out into the cool night air. As I walked towards the wood, which stood nearby, an owl swooped past me hooting loudly. When I passed an old barn, I could just see bats of every kind coming out in waves of twenty or so. As I reached the wood the rain started to fall gently; I could hear the pitter-patter of the drops falling on the dry leaves; so I stopped to rest and listen to the night birds singing in the trees.

About five minutes later I got up and decided to walk towards the little brook in the middle of the wood. On my way I came to a little clearing where some baby rabbits were dancing in the faint moonlight. When I reached the brook I could just see the faint outline of a badger drinking on the other side of the brook; so I decided to follow it to see where it went. After drinking its fill, the badger waddled away with me following it. After some five minutes walking we came to a tiny clearing with an old oak in the centre; this was obviously his home. The badger then climbed up a bank behind the oak and waddled off down a little track in the heather. After another five minutes' walking we came out into the clearing where the young rabbits had been dancing, but now they were scurrying into their burrows. I left the badger sniffing and scratching around one of the burrows.

Sometime later I stubbed my toe on something hard; it was a snare. I let it off with a strong stick and went home thinking I was very lucky not to have caught my foot in the snare.

### THE GREAT DISASTER

by T. F. WRIGHT\*

It was a hot summer's day in the middle of July. The sky was blue and cloudless and the sea sparkling and green. Out in the bay small boats bobbed about on the waves. The rocks were brown and the cliffs yellow with gorse. A man called Bob lay, staring at the sky, on the beach.

\*JOHN MEDLAM, born 12 March, 1947; entered Worth, January, 1957; acted in *Stations in Mime*, 1959.

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

Then suddenly clouds raced across the sky. The wind blew hard. The sea roared and became white with foam. People crouched under the white sea wall for shelter. Others ran off the beach. Then the storm broke. Thunder boomed and crashed. Lightning flashed every few seconds. People ran for cars and tried to drive off through inches of water. Everywhere there was panic. Then without warning two cars met head on. Both rolled over the cliff and on to the rocks below. Screaming and shouting and thunder was all that could be heard. Then a tidal wave swept up the beach taking with it people and food and the remains of the two cars.

Without warning there was groaning and rumbling and the sea wall collapsed and rolled into the sea. With it it took five cars, two small houses and most people of the front gardens. Then there was silence. The roaring and thunder stopped. The sun came out.

Then Bob woke up and thought of what an awful nightmare he had had.

### ALONE THROUGH THE WOODS

by M. J. SHERATON\*

I have often passed the wood but never at night. To-night, as the moon is new and shining brightly, I will take the lonely path. The trees are quiet and the moon silhouettes them against the dark, once blue, sky. An owl hoots as it flies overhead in search of food and the moon disappears behind a cloud. Twinkling stars, like diamonds, light up the heavens. The ground beneath is covered thickly with dry leaves which crunch under my heavy foot. The moon now reappears once more to light up my path. A small stream runs through the wood and I cross over the rickety bridge to get to the other side. A hill I now have to climb and at the top a large oak provides me with a staff to rest on. As I look down the slope I can see a small, old tumbledown cottage. There I will rest my weary limbs until dawn appears once more, and I set out back to town, alone through the woods.

### THE GLASGOW GALLERIES

by P. A. A. THOMSON\*

The Glasgow Galleries comprise not only an art gallery but also a museum. The museum consists of almost entirely Scottish exhibits. One does not really know where to start so let us start at the armoury. As one enters there are mostly suits of armour of different kinds. Towards the middle one finds swords, rapiers, pikes and old pistols. In a cabinet at the end of the room are muskets and, to go back still further, ancient shields and longbows.

\*MICHAEL SHERATON, born 6 Sept., 1946; entered Worth, September, 1953; acted in *Christmas on the Common*; *Puer Cantor*.

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



As one leaves the armoury one enters a large chamber with model ships. As you go in you see models of the history of the Clyde steamers. In the midst of the models is part of the engine of one of them. Towards the end of the room are models of the largest liners of many countries, many of which were made by the Clyde shipping industry. Coming out of the model ship section we come to a Natural History department.

The first thing that catches one's eye is a working model. One presses a knob and looks through a disc. There one sees models of a hare, a rabbit and a couple of birds. Snow is on the ground, the little silver birch tree has no leaves and the stream is frozen. Then suddenly while you watch the scene changes to summer. The tree has leaves, the stream is running freely, the rabbit and the hare have changed the colour of their fur and the birds have changed their plumage. Let us leave this colourful scene and move on. All round the walls are stuffed animals of which only a few can be found in Scotland. In the centre on two large pillars stand a lion and a tigress.

In the next chamber are to be found Scottish stuffed birds. In the case of some also their eggs and nests. There are also sections devoted to Archaeology, Musical Instruments, National Costumes and Pottery. So far I have only talked about the museum so let us go upstairs and see the paintings. Now I know very little about it but I am sure some of the pictures are masterpieces. Here again we have sections but in this case for paintings from different countries. The greatest of all the paintings is that of our crucified Lord suspended above the sea of Galilee. This is by Salvador Dali and was bought by the Glasgow City Corporation for £50,000. As one leaves the building one feels a desire to come again and revisit it.

### THE ROBIN

by D. B. McN. COOK\*

I was walking along one snowy winter's day. The trees were covered with a little sprinkling of snow. Then suddenly I heard a loud clear song. I looked up into the trees and there I saw a robin. I stopped to listen. It was the only sound in the air, it was a beautiful song. It was a wonderful sight to see the robin's red breast shine against the pure white snow. Then I was attracted by another wonderful song. It was the robin's mate. I love the robins' song and I also like the bird. They are always very friendly.

There was once a robin who came to my bedroom window every morning and tapped on my window until I gave him some crumbs. But after a while he disappeared and I missed him very much.

\*DAVID COOK, born 15 Oct., 1946; entered Worth, Summer, 1953; 1st XV Rugger; Swimming Team; Sacristy.

### HOW I SAILED THE IRISH SEA

by T. W. BAILEY\*

It was a sunny morning with fair wind when I started on my adventure. I was about to sail the Irish Sea, a good 500 miles. I set course for Ireland. I had behind me a good wind and was making good progress. There were only two of us in the boat, myself and Scamper, my dog. During the afternoon I was very busy on deck. By 8 p.m. we were eighty miles nearer our goal with a strong wind driving us at fifteen knots. It looked as if a gale was springing up. By 9 p.m. a gale was up and the boat rocking heavily with me at the wheel. I did not sleep that night but stayed at the wheel keeping the ship on course. At one time it looked as if we were going to sink but the ship kept going. By 5 a.m. it was all over and there was practically no wind. I ate a quick breakfast, after which I went to my cabin and slept till noon. At noon I repaired the damage and then set sail once again. We made good progress throughout the afternoon.

I decided that I would continue to sail until midnight when I would turn in for a sleep. During the night I did that. Next morning I set sail at 8 a.m. and making a good 13 knots. During the morning I also found that I had travelled four hundred miles. At 2 p.m. I had sandwiches and plums for lunch. I spent that afternoon at the wheel with Scamper at my feet. Suddenly Scamper barked and I jumped up and saw land ahead. I changed course and soon found myself in Ireland. I had sailed the Irish Sea.

### THE OLD HOUSE

by M. D. SANDAY\*

One evening I was walking along an avenue of trees when suddenly, it seemed out of nowhere, an old house rose up above the trees. I had never seen this particular house before, it was dark and gloomy and covered with ivy and other climbing plants. I noticed that all the windows were shut and it looked as if no one had lived there for years and years. I went across a field toward it and as I got nearer it got bigger and bigger. I reached the front door; it was thick and tough. I heaved with all my weight and it eventually opened. I went in; inside it was all dirty. As I walked over the boards they creaked and groaned beneath me. I went into some rooms that were all bare, dirty and covered with cobwebs. Then I went upstairs and went into a bedroom and there I saw the first piece of furniture, a bed, on it were some blankets. To my horror I saw them move up and down as though someone was breathing. I backed towards the door but it was shut. I tried to open it

\*TRISTAN BAILEY, born 6 Aug., 1944; entered Worth, September, 1955; acted in *Christmas on the Common*.

\*MICHAEL SANDAY, born 14 Dec., 1946; entered Worth, September, 1956.

but it wouldn't move, I was locked in. I began to get frightened and shivery. I went towards the bed. Suddenly blankets and all came hurtling towards me, and it wasn't till then I found out it was my brother and his friends playing tricks on me.

### SCOTTISH SCENERY

by H. N. M. THOMSON\*

The Scottish scenery is simply lovely ; for instance you can look from the top of a small hill by Loch Lomond and on a nice day you can see right through the wood on the other side and into a very small village. If you want a rest, Loch Lomond is the place as although it is rather famous, it is never very crowded, funnily enough. From Glasgow it takes about half an hour to get into the country which is very good, as Glasgow is a very big city. From Newton Burns to the road going to Ayr is about 1,700 feet away. It is a lovely view on a summer's day. If you are a mountaineer it is great fun to climb rocky hills !

### STORY TOLD BY A CAT

by R. F. VILLAVERDE\*

I lived in a ruin with my mother and brother. One day my mother said to me 'I am going to get some food'. She left the ruin and crept up a stone, but scarcely had she got to the top when the stone slipped and rolled down, then I saw my mother lying under the big stone. I realised she was dead. My brother was staring at my mother. Now we were alone we had to get our food and everything. The day after my mother's death I saw a big rat. I went after him but I didn't get him because he went into a hole in the ground. The next morning I was awake and I saw the rat come out. I jumped and went after him. He did not see me run to him and then when he saw me it was too late. I killed him and took him to the house and ate him with my brother. The next day, September 3rd, 1939, the Second World War broke out. In the morning next day a bomb fell and killed us all.

### LONDON DOCKS

by M. E. P. ST GEORGE\*

My brother and mother and I went down to London Docks. At first we went to the pier. When we got there the first thing we saw was a Pilot cutter going out to the great liner *Mississippi*. This

\*HAMISH THOMSON, born 15 Dec., 1949 ; entered Worth, April, 1958.

\*RAFAEL VILLAVERDE, born 23 Jan., 1949 ; entered Worth, September, 1958.

\*MARK ST GEORGE, born 28 Oct., 1949 ; entered Worth, September 1957.

huge liner has a yellow funnel and it is going out to Asia. Beyond the *Mississippi* is a cargo ship which brings big crates of pepper from the Spice Islands. On the *Mississippi* there is a very big swimming pool because on these long hot trips passengers might want a nice cool swim. Beside the *Mississippi* is a smaller ship. I cannot see its name because it is quite far away, it has a bluey-grey funnel with black at the top. This boat carries about 50 passengers and has a smaller swimming pool. A fishing boat has come in and the men are unloading their big catch. A nice man called Captain Hilton let us have a close-up view of the *Mississippi*, it was the most beautiful boat I had ever seen. We saw a private launch go into the docks. There were lots of seagulls and we saw some children in a dinghy so we got one. Some people were having a better view of the *Mississippi* on a river bus than we did. Soon we had to go home. When we got home we had tea and we were chattering about the exciting London Docks.

### THE COUNTRY

by L. O. S. MEDLAM\*

The country is in most respects the place where I would like to live. In the summer holidays if the weather is good and you live quite near the sea you can go bathing. There are many other things to do like cycling, hiking or just staying at home. In the winter if there is snow you can go tobogganing, have snowball fights and many other things. With the snow there comes the job of clearing the path from snow. Then during the night all the snow melts and you just think of all the hard work you did clearing the path.

There are of course snags about the country. You may live about ten miles away from a town which has good shops and it is a waste of petrol having to go ten miles practically every day. If you live in a big industrial town the roads are always crammed with cars and the smoke comes gushing out from all the factory chimneys. But you do of course live nearer shops than you do in the country. Diseases occur much more often in towns than in the country. Many people are sent to the country by their doctors on account of their health. I personally think that the country is a better place to live in than a town.

### THE CONDEMNED MAN

by M. D. MILMO\*

'The hour has come,' said the prisoner as he heard the tramp, tramp of the soldiers coming down the corridor. He heard the key of the lock being turned and the bolts pulled back. 'Follow me,'

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

\*MARTIN MILMO, born 25 Dec., 1949 ; entered Worth, April, 1958.

said a soldier, scornfully. He marched the man up the corridor and then up some steps. 'Fresh air,' said the prisoner, 'on my cheeks is lovely. To see the flowers and birds and dogs and cats!' Shouts arose from the crowd. 'Kill him! Kill him!' Other people threw rotten eggs at him and said, 'Take that!' He went up the scaffold steps gazing around. 'Get your head on the block and look your last upon the world,' said the executioner. He did so, saying his prayers. Everybody was silent when the executioner raised his axe. The axe came down and the noise of the head on the wood was really terrible. Shouts arose again until a loud voice said, 'Return to your homes for the murderer is dead.'

### THE HARVEST

by J. A. VALLS\*

In a little field there is some harvesting going on. I like to watch the men on their tractors and lorries. Sometimes I hide in the hay and play Hide and Seek. The men pick the crops and put them in a machine. I often play with the harvest mice and chase them around. In a barn there is a little nest which belongs to a swallow and his baby. Once I saw a stoat chasing a little mouse round the field and up the path until he came to his little hole. There is a cottage nearby, it is owned by Mrs Pinker, she has a son named Patrick. This boy I do not like because he has a dirty little dog named Tinker. He always was angry and never liked anyone not even his master. One day the little boy brought his dog to the harvest. He went to the barn when suddenly he saw a rabbit and chased it under a tractor and got killed. I thought I would have some peace now his dog was dead, but I was wrong because that afternoon he brought a monkey to the cottage. It was a dreadful nuisance because it ate all the fruit in the garden.

### A DOG'S LIFE

by M. R. B. MATHESON\*

I am a Labrador called Sammy. I am a poor cur dog. I wander round the countryside begging for food. I am very thin and mangy but sometimes a kind person throws a bone out to me. I catch it in my mouth and chew it hungrily. Now one day I was walking along longing for some food when I saw a man rush across the road and get knocked over and killed by a bus. The man was a crook with lots of money which he had stolen. The bus screeched to a halt, the conductor jumped out, he saw the trusty police dragging him from under the bus. 'Serves him right,' said one policeman,

\*JOHN VALLS, born 29 June, 1949; entered Worth, September, 1958.

\*RAWDON MATHESON, born 20 Aug., 1949; entered Worth, September, 1958.

'dirty crook.' I walked up and sniffed him, there was something familiar about him, yes, there was no doubt about it he was my old master who had deserted me seven dog years ago. I didn't know whether to be glad or sad that now he was dead. So that is how my adventure ended.

### SUMMER HOLIDAYS

by J. P. M. S. KNEBORTH\*

When we go for a summer holiday we are very busy packing things like spades, buckets, little boats, clothes, bathing suits and quite a lot of other things. We take rugs to sleep on for we have to travel a long way. Then we jump into the car and Daddy starts up the engine and off we go. Soon we come to the main road where there is a lot of traffic and it is very dusty. On the way we stop for a picnic lunch of sandwiches, lettuce, tomatoes and lemonade. Then we pack up the lunch things and drive off. Soon along the long dusty road we fall asleep because it is hot in the car and it makes us drowsy. When we wake up we find ourselves in a village. It was lucky that Daddy did not go to sleep otherwise we would have gone into the hedge. Soon we stop outside a little house where we stay for two weeks, swimming and making sand castles, but soon we have to go home because we cannot stay for ever.

### EXECUTION DOCK

by D. J. SUGAR\*

One day my sister and I asked Daddy if we could go to one of London's docks and he said 'Yes', so we went down to Greenwich in our car and then we got into a river bus. On the way down Daddy asked us if we wanted to go to Execution Dock and he told us why it was named that. It was because a long time ago the people used to execute the pirates by tying them to a stake and letting the tide wash over them three times. Captain Kidd was the last one to die like this. Also on the way down we saw a liner called the *Explorer*. It is very big and has a yellow funnel and had just come back from Australia. Behind it there was a tramp steamer which had arrived here a few weeks earlier with pepper from the Spice Islands. It is going back for more to-morrow. There is also a passenger ship with a blue funnel. Then we got off the river bus and hired a small rowing boat to get some fish to bring home. After this we went to get some lunch. It was mushroom soup and rolls, then chicken, beans, roast potatoes, cabbage and carrots, followed by blackberry pie, cheese, biscuits and tea. Next we went out to our boat again

\*JOHN, VISCOUNT KNEBORTH, born 7 June, 1950; entered Worth, September, 1958.

\*DAVID SUGAR, born 28 April, 1950; entered Worth, September, 1957.



and saw a fishing smack unloading, then we went home. That night I went to sleep very quickly indeed, but even so I woke up at about 5 minutes to 7 and started reading.

### POINT-TO-POINTS

by S. M. KITTOE\*

Point-to-Points are great fun, each interval is about a quarter of an hour long. It is used up by the spectators looking at horses going round and round the paddock and then going to place their bets. Then the riders ride up to the start, when they get there they ride round and round until they get in line. Suddenly off goes the starting gun, then everyone starts screaming 'Come on Scallywag!' 'Come on Specialist!' The rest come galloping over the jump then after this a riderless horse comes with the reins dancing all over the place. Then a horse breaks its leg or neck but often the rider does not get hurt, but they always have stretchers in case of an accident. Once I saw a boy running across the track when a horse came over a jump and missed him by about one yard; it was very frightening. Quickly he was taken to the Control Tower where there were loud speakers to say 'Please could the parents come and collect him'. In the end Specialist won the race. After that everyone started heading for the Bookie, there is always a scramble to get there. When you get there it is almost time for the next race. It is most infuriating when you have put about £2 on a horse that fell at the first jump or came last in the race. There are millions of marquees, including an ice cream shop, beer bar and everything you can think of. When you see the horses being taken back to their horse boxes you can see them steaming where their saddle has been. I always tell the riders by their colours, not by their numbers; so do I tell if it's likely to win by its withers and quarters, their blood veins always stick out from skin, also their manes are cut and their tails. I think it is rather cruel.

### FROM MY DINGHY

by C. de B. GRIFFITHS\*

I usually go out in my dinghy with my father but Mother stays at home and cooks the lunch for us. She brings it down and we have lunch on the beach. I am in my dinghy with my father and Mother this time and I wave good-bye to John and Paul the twins, Mrs Sims' sons. As we go out fishing we see an ocean liner but we cannot see the name. It is going down the Thames and out to sea,

\*STEPHEN KITTOE, born 31 March, 1949; entered Worth, January, 1959.

\*CHARLES GRIFFITHS, born 6 May, 1949; entered Worth, September, 1957.

the pilot cutter has come away from the liner and you can tell it is going out. Passing the liner is a smaller tug which is going to the other side of the river. Passing the liner is a smaller ship which is going out also, it is called the *Trimmer*. John Paul's father is going out in his dinghy, I think he is going to catch up with us. No, he is not, he is going to have a look at the tramp steamer and we are going to go there. We passed the motor boat belonging to Anthony, the spoilt boy; also on the way we saw a fishing smack which has finished fishing for the day because he is unloading the fish to another dinghy. There is another smack coming into the pier to unload also. There is another rowing boat a bit bigger than ours.

### BRUNO THE MONGREL

by D. J. GLEESON\*

My name is Bruno and I am a mongrel. I was born in a street in a very busy part of London where if you were not very careful you would be completely trampled. My mother was a fairly big dog and was always ready to protect me from any danger, but I did not have her to care for me for long. For when I was about one month old she said she could see a bone at the other side of the road and if I liked she would get it for me. Of course I said I would. So she started to cross the road to get it but she was hardly half way across when from round a bend a motor cyclist appeared and before my mother knew what was happening, the cyclist knocked her down and killed her and I don't think the cyclist cared for what he had done for he did not even stop but just went on. At first I did not understand why my mother was lying in the middle of the road, but when she never got up I realised I would never be able to speak to her again.

After my mother's death I wandered round London looking for all the scraps of food I could get, until one winter's day a small girl who was with her mother saw me and said to her mother, 'Look at that poor little dog over there, he looks awfully hungry. Can I take him home?' 'He's only a mongrel, dear,' said her mother, but the little girl begged so hard that in the end her mother gave in and said, 'If she could catch it she could have it.' So the girl raced after me but for some reason I felt scared of her and as she drew near to me I turned and ran as fast as I could. I had not run far though when I reached a small house with the door wide open. So I ran into the house and hid under a table by the door where I stayed for about a quarter of an hour, until I heard the girl running away sadly. When I got out of hiding I walked out of the door and began to walk down the street but I had not gone far when I heard a growl

\*DERMOT GLEESON, born 5 Sept., 1949; entered Worth, September, 1957.

and then suddenly a bulldog appeared from behind a bush chasing the small girl who had tried to catch me. At first the bulldog did not notice me but then he seemed to sense another dog was nearby and he stopped and turned round and saw me. For a while the two of us just stared at each other occasionally growling; then the bulldog pounced on me and soon we were biting each other and fighting as hard as we could. The fight lasted about ten minutes after which the bulldog got up and ran. (I don't know why to this day but I think it was because I had given his ear a bite which must have been agonizing.) Then from behind a tree came the little girl who had tried to catch me. I was too tired to run away so she found no difficulty in picking me up and taking me to her mother who was getting rather worried about her little girl (who I later found out was called Angela). She brought me to her home which was a fairly big house in St Georges Square, and I live there happily to this day.

### MY BIRD LIFE ON THE FARM

by J. F. DAVIES\*

It all began when I was an egg in the nest. There was always a fluttering of wings when my mother returned with a nice lot of food for me. I was happy in our barn. The children were happy too because it was harvest time. Then I saw them no more. A month went by and I now had a nice lot of glossy feathers, I was a swallow. Every morning it was busy and every night silent. One cold morning my mother said to me, 'Come, we must go to Africa.' 'What?' I said, so mother repeated her words. I had to leave my home and go off to Africa, leaving behind my country for a long, long time. I said, 'What if I do not recognise England when I come home?'

### THE SNAIL

by R. E. CHURCH\*

The snail is a tiny little creature, and he carries his home on his back so he does not have to go back home. He has got plenty of enemies, if he wants to be safe he tucks up in his shell, but that is not much good because the thrush and other sorts of birds would crack the shells on stones. The snail has 15,000 teeth. In sixteen days he can walk one mile with one leg! As he walks along he leaves behind a trail of slimy stuff; this stuff is very useful to him because when he is up high he can slide down it. This interesting animal has two horns on his head with black spots at the top, these are his eyes. He is a great nuisance to flowers and vegetables because he

\*FRANCIS DAVIES, born 8 June, 1950; entered Worth, April, 1959.

\*RICHARD CHURCH, born 23 June, 1950; entered Worth, September, 1958.

eats up the roots and that kills them. He sleeps nearly all the winter. You usually find snails sticking to rocks or big stones in the summer.

### A HORSE

by P. S. A. EASTER-BRUCE\*

Once upon a time there lived a horse, her name was Star, she was a race horse. She would gallop up to her master who would bring a tit-bit or an apple. One day he came with an apple but my horse did not come up to me as she had done. I got into the field and went up to her; she had a foal next to her and I jumped for joy. The foal was black and brown and was quite big. The foal grew very quickly and was soon very big for now the foal was not one any longer but a horse. I went in for lots of races and won the Grand National and now I am in my field.

### A RAINY EXPEDITION

by N. A. H. BALL\*

One day Robert decided to go camping with the scouts for about a week's holiday. He left on a Thursday when it was raining badly. He had to hike up a big hill all wet and covered in mud. When Robert and the scouts had reached the top they found a place to camp. It was not a very nice place, it was damp and not very well sheltered. When it came to building a fire it was too wet for the wood to burn. When they had to wash their clothes there were no places to dry them. This went on for nearly a week. Then the scouts and Robert decided to come home. Robert never had a worse holiday in his life.

### AN EVENING IN LONDON

by G. A. ROSER\*

'Go to Platform Three for trains to Brixton, East Penge, Beckenham, Shortlands and Bromley South. Leaving in five minutes.' We had arrived at Victoria Station at five twenty-five for an evening out. We had come up to see the *Merry Widow* and I was very excited. We had come by train so that we didn't have to rush round looking for a car park. As we drove through the streets in the front, upstairs seat of a double decker, we divided our thoughts between looking in the shop windows and wondering where to go for dinner. We stopped wondering when we went through Trafalgar

\*PHILIP EASTER-BRUCE, born 30 June, 1949; entered Worth, September, 1958.

\*NICHOLAS BALL, born 12 Nov., 1947; entered Worth, January, 1958; Sacristy.

\*GERARD ROSER, born, 6 Sept., 1948; entered Worth, February, 1958.

Square to look at the illuminated fountains, and if we looked the other way we saw the lighted globe of our destination, the Coliseum. The show was lovely. As we had decided to go to the Corner House we walked leisurely down the little alleys and streets to the building and had a very expensive meal. That night we arrived home at midnight.

### SCOUT FETE

by A. G. C. L. GARTON\*

Yesterday I went to the Scout Fete. It is very good for the Scouts to do it themselves without any help from Dom Michael who is their Scout master. They had a shooting range, in fact there were two shooting ranges. They also had two dart boards and you could climb a tree and the tree had a big branch which had a rope hanging from it and a boy down below swung the rope to you. By then you were up in the tree at the top, then when you had done that you had to swing down on the rope. There was a thing rather like that but instead you had a ladder to climb up. There was a cable which was tied to a tree and from another tree which had a cable and in the middle they were both tied together. On that there was a wheel which rolled down the hill to the bottom. I rolled down the wheel, it had a stick tied to it. There were lots of other things too, it was very good and very interesting and exciting, we all enjoyed ourselves. If we were thirsty there was a Scout who would sell you a drink. There was a telescope which you had to look through. About half a mile away there was a flag, it was red, it was very hard to see through the telescope, hardly anybody could see it, well, anyway not many could see it. As well as that there were two buckets of water with a two and sixpenny bit in each of them. You had to put a penny in and if it landed on the two and six you would get the two and six. As well as that there were two German hats left from the war which you had to get a tennis ball in by throwing, from a distance away.

### THY SERVANT A HORSE

by G. J. M. HAMILTON-FLETCHER\*

When I was a horse in 1759 I was ridden every day, and tired I was when I got home in the evening and when I got into the field straightaway I fell asleep. In the morning I got up at 6 o'clock and master came into the field and caught me and then I was given a feed and at 7 o'clock my master was riding on me to London

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

\*GARETH HAMILTON-FLETCHER, born 16 Aug., 1948 ; entered Worth, September, 1957.

which took us two hours. When we got to London my master went into a shop where he worked and I was in a stable till 5 o'clock, then we went home. One day I got loose and I went to one of the big gardens in London which was near the River Thames, but when I got into the garden I ate all the flowers and green things and the people in the garden tried to catch me, but I went into the river, but then a boat which was going down the river caught me and I was taken to my master again.

### SUMMER AT WORTH

by A. R. BERGL\*

I think that the summer term at Worth is the best term. On occasions the weather gets rather hot and one longs to stop the game of cricket and plunge into the cool swimming bath. But I think I prefer hot weather to cold weather at any time. As well as this, one is allowed to wear ankle socks and to discard one's blazer which gives you a sense of freedom. The time passes much more quickly and it is a pleasant feeling to come from the thought of having just started the term to that of being two weeks from home.

### A SAD DAY

by D. C. M. BELL\*

The door opened with a slight creak. Two guards tramped in, each wearing a scarlet tunic and holding a long pike. The man inside the room rose slowly from his chair. The two guards fell in round him and tramped out. The day was January 30th, the year 1649. The morning was cold and the man was wrapped up well in a long cloak. The route was lined with people and many officials were waiting for him. Slowly the man, his escort and the officials moved off. The procession wormed its way from St James' Palace to Whitehall. The guards surrounded the man and the escort numbered about one hundred men. The drums beat solemnly and the crowd became quieter. The man entered through the door into the dining hall where he walked up the heavy oak stairs and out on to the scaffold. This great man was King Charles I. He forgave all and received the ministrations of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Then he laid his head on the stone block and arranged his hair in the right place. The executioner raised his axe and suddenly it had done its work. There was a great roar from the crowd.

\*RODNEY BERGL, born 23 April, 1947 ; entered Worth, Summer, 1956.

\*DAVID BELL, born 30 Sept., 1946 ; entered Worth, September, 1954 ; acted in *Stations in Mime*.



## TESSA

by A. P. M. BOYD\*

Tessa was a lovely furry dog, she was born in the year 1784. When she first opened her eyes she looked up into the lovely face of her mother who, she thought, was the loveliest living thing in the world. Tessa loved milk but she soon had to eat meat, she was rapidly growing up and discovered there were other living things in the world besides her mother. She learnt to come when she was called, she learnt to walk and other things. Soon Tessa learnt about the great world, she liked people but she was afraid of cars and trams. The worst thing that she knew in her doggy life was when her mother died. It happened one day that her master had a quarrel with a nasty man, and in the middle of the night this man slipped through an open window and started up on the first step of the stairs with a gun in his hand, when my mother sprang and bit this man in the neck, but just as he died he pulled the trigger of his gun and the bullet hit Tessa's mother in the head. Disturbed by the noise her master came down, he guessed what had happened and was very grateful to Tessa's mother. Next day he buried my mother. Soon Tessa was sent to another man, this man had a farm, and Tessa had lots of adventures and was very obedient. She died happily in the year 1795. She lived 11 years and Tessa's master said she was the nicest and most obedient dog he had ever known.

## THE STORY OF SAIL

by P. G. SCHICHT\*

Thousands of years B.C. when man lived in caves he nearly always lived near a river or lake because he needed water just as we do to-day. Quite soon he discovered that wood floated, so before long he tried pulling down a tree and got it to the water and he rode on it and it floated but he got his feet wet. So the next thing he did was to hollow his tree trunk out and when he got into it he found out that it was much better. One day another man was doing this and he may have felt a bit hot so he took off his bear skin clothing and while he was doing it he noticed that he was going a bit faster so he held them higher and the wind caught them and he went a lot faster. Next day when he went in his boat he got a large piece of skin from his wife. He got a long stick which he fixed in the bottom of the boat and tied the cloth to what we now call a mast. This idea spread from place to place and country to country until sails and boats eventually became large and complicated. One example of beautiful sailing ships were the great Roman galleys which were

\*ANDREW BOYD, born 10 Dec., 1949 ; entered Worth, September, 1957.

\*PETER SCHICHT, born 6 March, 1949 ; entered Worth, September, 1957.

long slim ships with one great sail and about fifty oars. They were used when the Romans came to conquer Britain. Another example was the great Spanish and Portuguese galleons which were sturdy four masted ships but not half the size of the *Queen Mary*. And later still Nelson fought and won the Battle of Trafalgar in quite a big long three masted ship called the *Victory*. And now to-day that steam has been invented people often sail for sport.

## A DOG'S LIFE

by E. J. S. HOOGWERF\*

My name is Jimmy and I live in a kennel on a farm. The farm is nice because it has lots of rabbits. One day I went out with the farmer to chase rabbits and pheasants. They thought that I was a rabbit because I am grey and white. The farmer likes me because I do a lot for him so he feeds me and looks after me well. My kennel is a big one and it is red and white with rabbits on the wall because I like rabbits. The day came for me to go out hunting with the farmer and a nice little boy called John. One day John said, 'Let's go and fetch rabbits instead of pheasants.' So we went to fetch rabbits but we had no luck, then suddenly I saw a rabbit hole so I went down it but I could not get back. So they had to dig me out. When they had dug me out they saw in my white mouth a rabbit. When we got home I had a lovely bone with lots of meat because I got the only rabbit. I had a happy time chasing rabbits until I died.

## THE FARM IN JULY

by N. L. P. BERNIER\*

'Hullo, Mummy,' said Dick, 'Can we go to Aunt Fanny's farm to-morrow?' 'Yes,' said Mummy. 'We will go to-night and sleep there, and we will go back the following night. Please could you tell Jack.' There was a lot of work to be done, but at last the night came. Daddy was waiting outside for them in his new car. Soon they were off speeding along in the country. Jack who was the youngest soon fell asleep. When they were there they had to wake him up. Aunt Fanny was very pleased to see them and took them to see their rooms which were very nice. In the morning they had a lovely breakfast of cream, milk, fresh bread, lovely ham and toast. Aunt Fanny had a daughter named Janet who asked them to watch the Combine Harvester. They went to a field where they saw the machine. Then they went into the barn where Janet

\*EDWARD HOOGWERF, born 31 May, 1949 ; entered Worth September, 1958.

\*NICHOLAS BERNIER, born 17 March, 1950 ; entered Worth, January, 1959.

pointed out a swallow's nest. They watched the Harvester for a long time. Then Dick glanced at his watch and said 'Hurry up or we will be late for lunch.' They had a lovely lunch and went to the shops to buy some sweets. When they came back munching the sweets they went to see George one of the farm labourers who let them look over the Combine Harvester. Soon dark came and they went to bed. In the morning they had another good breakfast of the same menu and a piece of fruit cake. At ten o'clock they had to go. After breakfast they had a game of ball in which Jack got hit in the face and cried. Soon it was time to go home, they all said 'Good-bye'. Then Janet went into the kitchen and when she came out was carrying a beautiful kitten. Soon they got home and went to bed dreaming.

### IN THE WOODS

by D. C. A. MATHIAS\*

One day as I was taking my dog for a walk he suddenly began to bark and look up in the trees and there I saw a little squirrel hopping about. It stayed up there for about five minutes and it went up another tree where its friend stood on a bough. The first one I saw went to a fork in the tree. In the fork were lots of nuts which the squirrel feasted on. They seemed to talk as they cracked and ate the nuts. As I watched the first one went amongst the leaves in the tree. But the second came down the tree and played with me. After a while I went on my way home and he came home with me.

### THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER

by J. G. MANSI\*

A sweep used to have a black face. He had brushes that fixed together and they got very dirty. I should not have liked to have been a sweep then. Nowadays a sweep comes in a white coat and brings his brand new machine. He does not get at all dirty and you would not even know he was a sweep. The job takes much less time with the machine and he gets much more money because he cleans such a lot of chimneys in one day. I would not mind being a sweep like that.

### SNAKES

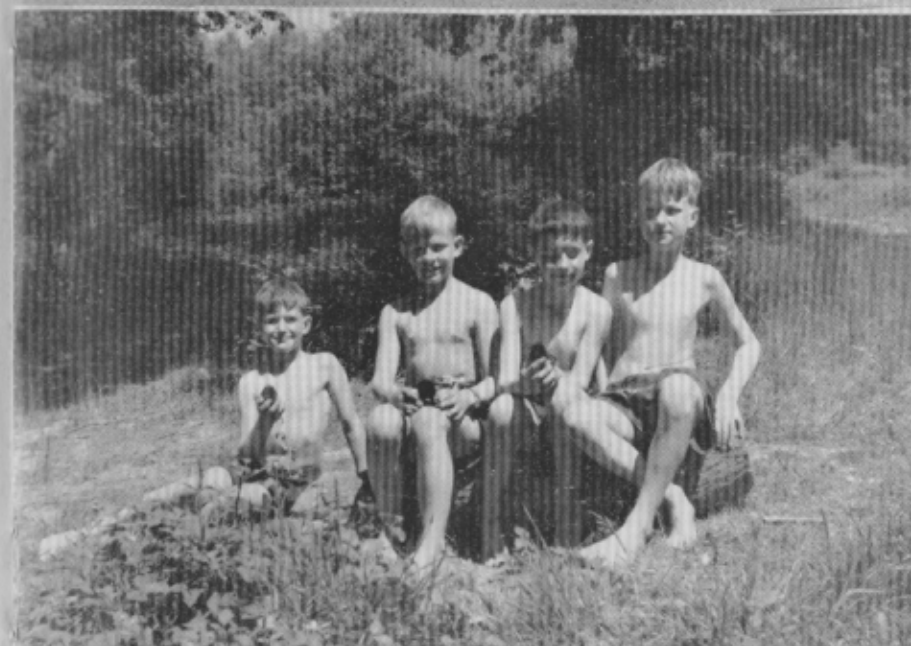
by C. A. MASON\*

The snake is an odd reptile ; he is usually long and scaly. In England the two most common snakes are the viper (or adder) and the grass snake. The grass snake lives chiefly on frogs, lizards,

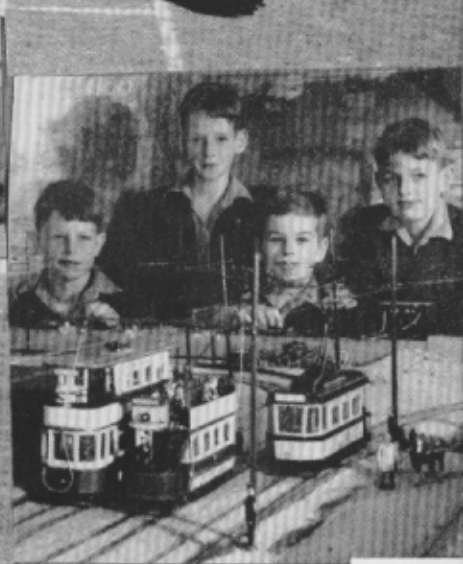
\*DERMOT MATHIAS, born 19 Oct., 1949 ; entered Worth, September, 1956.

\*JOHN MANSI, born 14 July, 1949 ; entered Worth, January, 1959.

\*CRISPIN MASON, born 12 Dec., 1948 ; entered Worth, September, 1957.







VARIOUS  
WAYS  
OF  
"GOING  
PLACES"

PRIZE DAY : THE HEADMASTER INSPECTS THE SCOUTS.  
SPORTS DAY : THE HEADMASTER DISTRIBUTES PRIZES.  
A CORNER OF THE SPORTS FIELD





SEDES SAPIENTIAE—BY THE LATE MARK SYMONS  
(Photo by Dom Joseph Marshall)

beetles and other small animals. His bite is not poisonous, but it can hurt for it is one of his chief defences. He is a greeny yellow colour which is very good camouflage. The Viper is poisonous and can kill you. He lives on the same kind of food as the grass snake. He likes very much to bask in the sun like many other snakes so when you sunbathe in the woods, beware of him. Snakes bite in a strange way: they have two teeth in the front of their mouth. When they bite, these stick into you and poison runs through you from them. Snakes have a forked tongue with which they pick up insects and bits of earth or whatever they happen to be walking through so they have a better sense of where they are.

#### THE TRAIN

by M. J. K. P. AULT\*

The train goes puffing along the track  
I see it every day.  
It goes to London and then comes back—  
What a long way!

The driver waves as he goes by  
Then round the hill puffs he,  
Often and often I wonder why  
He couldn't take me!

#### PUSSY KIN

by A. C. O. McGRATH\*

Of all the cats  
Both fat and thin  
My favourite one  
Is Pussy Kin.

His coat is soft,  
His eyes are yellow,  
He's got big claws  
But is a very nice fellow.

#### THE TRAMP

by R. MOORE\*

One day as I was walking,  
I saw a tramp along the lane,  
He looked so happy in the sun,  
But was he happy in the rain?

His hair was long, his nose was short  
His teeth were white as snow,  
He had a sack upon his back  
Which bent him over low.

\*MICHAEL AULT, born 13 Dec., 1949; entered Worth, September, 1958.

\*ANTHONY McGRATH, born 10 Nov., 1949; entered Worth, September, 1958.

\*RICHARD MOORE, born 1 Jan., 1950; entered Worth, September, 1958.

I spoke to him and asked him why  
He tramped the roads and lanes,  
He answered that he hated having  
To go in cars and trains.

I gave him a silver sixpence,  
Then I waved him good-day,  
He thanked me and wished me good luck  
And went on his way.

### THE FAIRY

by A. D. FAURE\*

A'rowing down the river,  
On a bright summer's day  
I met a little fairy  
Coming my way.  
As soon as she saw me  
She skipped out of sight  
But round the next bend  
She was there all right.  
Sitting on a lily leaf  
I saw her there  
Then, flash she was gone  
I know not where.

### THE SUSSEX DOWNS

by B. J. ASTON\*

The sweeping, chalk-lined Sussex Downs,  
The glory of the wooded weald  
And unconceding sea coast crowns  
With splendid slope and open field,  
With peaceful wooded valleys,  
With villages and farms,  
Where everyone stays and dallies,  
For they can rest there and be calmed.

### YORKSHIRE MINERS

by D. M. SAVILL\*

The sun sets o'er the purple moors,  
The village pub opens its doors  
The Yorkshire miners come home for the night  
Each goes to his cottage and turns on the light.

\*ANDREW FAURE, born 8 Nov., 1948 ; entered Worth, September, 1956.

\*JOSEPH ASTON, born 26 Nov., 1946 ; entered Worth, September, 1957 ;  
Under 12 Rugger XV ; Sacristy.

\*DESMOND SAVILL, born 28 Nov., 1946 ; entered Worth, September,  
1955 ; acted in *Stations in Mime*.

Early each morning they go to the pit  
Taking with them their mining kit,  
And then when evening comes again  
Home they trudge up the winding lane.

### SONG

by J. P. N. CONCANON\*

The sky is dark and rain falls  
To the ground, soaking the trees.  
Small torrents race down the road,  
Braving the dangers which lie  
In their paths. Sullen houses,  
Black with the passing ages,  
Stand tall and gaunt. By the old  
Stands the new : here a mansion  
Built by Elizabeth to  
House the great adventurers  
Of her reign. Next to it lies  
The river, one of the most  
Famous in the world. On it,  
A dirty tug, pulling barge  
After barge, laden with coal.  
London, the metropolis  
Of England, one time capital  
Of the world. England was once  
Truly the greatest country.

### NIGHTFALL

by P. H. ST C. KEHYAIAN\*

The setting sun on the horizon,  
And the clouds in the sky :  
Oh ! What a brilliant moonlight  
On the sleeping earth doth lie.

The children and grown-ups are sleeping,  
And the birds go into their nests :  
The moon is almost appearing now,  
And the world is all at rest.

No stir from the trees outside the house  
Where the mayor of the town doth live :  
And the moonlight falls on the ancient church,  
Where the priest is living, and money doth give.

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

\*PHILIP KEHYAIAN, born 22 April, 1947 ; entered Worth, Jan., 1956 ;  
under 12 Hockey XI ; 1st XI Cricket ; Tennis Team.

### CHARLES' LAST FAREWELL

by R. C. M. MCGOURAN\*

I know I soon must leave you,  
I know I soon must die,  
Though God above, and Cromwell,  
Only know the reason why.  
But I shall pray for England  
For her lands and people free,  
For God above, not Cromwell,  
Can bring them home to me.

### AN UNSUCCESSFUL TRAVELLER RETURNING HOME

by R. H. S. DILLEY\*

Only ten more miles to go  
Along this rough and winding lane  
And I must still keep on  
Although I wish to rest again.

But I have still some way to go  
Before I reach the very end  
Of my wanderings for riches and  
Till then I for myself must fend.

Across five more rivers  
Over one more hill  
Then I will have reached  
My home, a lonely mill.

I have travelled many miles  
In search of wealth and riches,  
But as I have found none  
My beds have been the ditches.

But what really does it matter  
If I did not attain  
The things that make  
Men proud, jealous and vain ?

For money can't buy happiness  
Which is had even by the poor  
So I am glad that I  
Have got, what I now work for.

\*RORY MCGOURAN, born 22 Nov., 1945 ; entered Worth, September, 1954 ; played in 1st XV Rugger ; Squash Team ; School Prefect.

\*HOWARD DILLEY, b. 23 April, 1946 ; entered Worth, Summer, 1956 ; Chess Team ; Sacristy.

### THE WINDS

by N. H. SCOTT-BARRETT\*

I am the wind of the North  
Nobody likes me at all,  
When they come running forth  
I make them shudder all.

I am the wind of the South  
I bring all the wet rain,  
And people get it in their mouth  
And run for home again.

I am the wind from the East  
I am about the coldest,  
While people think me a beast  
I think I am the boldest.

I am the wind from the West  
I also bring the rains,  
I think I am the best  
As I help to grow the grains.

### THE SEASONS

by N. J. A. ADDERLEY\*

When the summer is over  
The autumn comes,  
The trees are bare,  
A heavy wind is blowing.

Then the snow begins to fall  
Like silver from the sky,  
The lake is frozen  
Like a sheet of glass.

But when the winter is over  
The spring comes again,  
The lambs are born  
And the daffodils are waving in the breeze.

And next in the year  
The summer comes again,  
The strawberries ripen  
And the warm weather is with us once more.

\*NICHOLAS SCOTT-BARRETT, born 7 July, 1950 ; entered Worth, September, 1958.

\*NIGEL ADDERLEY, born 30 March, 1950 ; entered Worth, January, 1959.



## THE SUMMER HAS COME

by C. R. NEELANDS\*

Oh, the summer has come, And the swallows do fly High, high In the sky.	The leaves on the trees, They are so many Wavering in the breeze Shivering on the trees.
The violets are blooming, Roses are red and white— Look so beautiful In the golden sunlight.	Oh, the winter is gone With the snow and ice, And the summer has come, The weather is nice,

## TYPICAL CATS

by F. X. A. F. SEMPRINI\*

Typical cats, typical cats,  
Some like sitting on cosy mats,  
Some like catching scrumshase\* rats,  
Some like playing with carpet tacks,  
Some like sleeping in cosy cracks,  
Some like chewing ladies' macs,  
Some like hiding in large haystacks,  
Some like squashing men's top hats,  
Some like jumping on people's backs—  
Trust those typical cats !

## PEOPLE AND I

by M. J. CUMMINS\*

Shakespeare was a famous writer  
Montgomery an ardent fighter,  
Benjamin Britten is a composer,  
Me, well I'm just a dozer.

Men are famous for their words,  
Others for their knowledge of birds,  
Others for their writing of books  
Me, not even for my looks.

Many are known for discovery of land,  
Others for conducting a band,  
Many are known for keeping of peace,  
Me, not even for going to Greece.

\*scrumshase =delishous

\*CHRISTOPHER NEELANDS, born 17 Nov., 1948 ; entered Worth, September, 1956.

\*FRANCIS SEMPRINI, born 2 March, 1949 ; entered Worth, September, 1957.

\*MICHAEL CUMMINS, born 22 Oct., 1946 ; entered Worth, Summer, 1953.

## THE POLICEMAN'S NIGHTLY LOT

by C. F. GLEADELL\*

Past the old antique shop,  
Over the dreary cobbled way  
Again and again yet never to stop  
The village policeman goes his way.

The night is black, and the moon yellow  
Casting grey shadows into the street.  
The policeman stands still in the mellow  
Light that he will often meet.

When the day does break at last  
The policeman's nightly lot is done ;  
The time passes ; it goes so fast . . .  
The sun goes down, he has another night.

## THE SNOW

by P. A. GIVEN-WILSON\*

Hark ! As I look through my bedroom window  
I see the snow come down,  
Pittering, pattering on to the roofs  
Of buildings in this town.

The river will soon be coated with ice ;  
While at the snow I stare,  
The snow hangs on to hedges and bushes,  
Peace lingers in the air.

Now the cold grey dawn breaks through the darkness  
Snow is everywhere,  
Even through this cold grey night I can see  
That dark patches are rare.

The clock strikes seven : a hurry is heard  
As people are woken ;  
Breakfast is eaten and people walk out,  
Ah, that spell is broken.

\*COLIN GLEADELL, born 17 Dec., 1946 ; entered Worth, September, 1954 ; under 12 Rugger XV and Hockey XI ; 1st XI Cricket ; Boxing Team ; acted in *Stations in Mime* ; *Puer Cantor*.

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

### A FARMER'S LIFE

by S. P. FISHER\*

A farmer's life is the life to lead,  
Ploughing the fields and sowing the seed.  
His work is hard, his hours are long,  
But he works with a will and a cheerful song.

At an early hour the work he will start,  
He cleans, he scrubs, he loads on the cart.  
He works all morning, he works all day,  
He tosses and loads and stacks up the hay.

At times the farmer his work will scorn,  
For sometimes he cannot harvest the corn,  
For if it rains and it never stops  
It just simply ruins and scatters the crops.

The life of a farmer some people will say  
Must get rather dull just stacking up hay,  
But ploughing the land and sowing the seed  
I can tell you, my friend, is the life to lead.

### MARSTON MOOR

by G. W. A. COTTLE\*

The famous Whitecoats lie in heaps  
As over the hill the red sun creeps ;  
Newcastle's Whitecoats did their best  
To carry out their king's request.

They strove and fought while others fled  
Till the dying sun had gone to bed ;  
The Whitecoats fought till they could no more  
This cruel night on Marston Moor.

\*SIMON FISHER, born 17 March, 1947 ; entered Worth, September, 1955 ; Under 11 Hockey and Rugger ; acted in *Christmas on the Common* and *Stations in Mime* ; *Puer Cantor*.

\*GRAHAM COTTLE, born 19 April, 1947 ; entered Worth, September, 1955 ; 1st XI Cricket ; Under 12 Rugger and Hockey ; Boxing Team ; Gym Team ; *Puer Cantor*.

### THE SLUM STREET

by N. B. M. KITTOE\*

Dirty little houses,  
Dingy yellow curtains,  
Filling in the windows  
Where the fug comes out.

These are the houses,  
These are the slums  
Full of little kids  
With dirty torn clothes.

Narrow cobbled streets  
With half decayed fruit  
Which the little guttersnipe  
Promptly gobbles up.

This way and that  
Dart little children black—  
Covered in the grime  
From the tall factory stack.

This is the street  
Where the slum folk dwell,  
This is the road  
Where all is far from well.

### A TRAMP

by J. J. COOK\*

I am a tramp of the best.  
My life I like and live with zest ;  
The life of a tramp is all I need  
Except that I must be able myself to feed.

Out in the country all day long  
I plod around, maybe, singing a song ;  
I pick from an orchard nice ripe plums  
And sleeps under a haystack if one comes.

People may scorn when they see me all damp,  
But I tell you there's no life better than that of a tramp ;  
I am out in the fresh air all my time  
And I never go to a hotel, not even to dine.

When the time of death is near,  
I'll go back home with no fear ;  
When I leave this earth behind me  
I do not know where God will find me.

\*NICHOLAS KITTOE, born 7 Apr., 1947 ; entered Worth, Summer, 1956.

\*JEREMY COOK, born 26 Dec., 1946 ; entered Worth, Summer, 1955 ; acted in *Christmas on the Common* ; 2nd Choir.

## PRIZE DAY

Prize Day, Sunday, July 5th, was perhaps the hottest day of a very hot Summer Term ; and as the heat was greater than usual so the marquee was larger and the guests more numerous—well above the thousand mark. The event, too, was more noteworthy than usual, since it was the last of many Prize Days to see Dom Maurice Bell as Headmaster.

Shortly after lunch things began to move ; and punctually at 2.30 The Very Rev. Dom Victor Farwell, Prior of Worth, rose to speak. He began by announcing the impending retirement of Dom Maurice from the Headmastership of the School ; he then spoke in the most appreciative terms of Dom Maurice and of the work done by him at Worth and particularly as Headmaster. (Most of what Fr Prior said in this connexion will be found *verbatim* in the article on Dom Maurice to be found on p. 285). Fr Prior went on to tell the assembly that Dom Theodore James would be returning to Downside, there to take up the position of Housemaster of one of the new Houses. (Fr Prior's actual words will be found in the notice on Dom Theodore to be found on p. 287). Next Fr Prior announced his appointment of Dom Dominic Gaisford as Dom Maurice's successor : he was confident that the School would go far under his leadership. Then, having explained various details of School development, Fr Prior turned to the subject of the Worth School Development Fund, giving its *raison d'être* and expressing his gratitude for the generous response made by the parents. He concluded by pointing out that parents, no less than schoolmasters, played a vital part in preparing a boy for life : 'a boy', he said, 'will get his individuality from his parents, his instruction from his teachers and such things as leadership, ability to mix and unselfishness from his companions'.

Dom Maurice Bell began his speech with a short resumé of the history of the School and an appreciation of those associated with him—with special reference to Dom Theodore—in his work. He then reviewed the scholastic and athletic achievements of the past School year ; spoke of the fine work of Dom Michael with the Scouts, of Mr M. Johnson with the Dramatic Society, of Mr P. Johnson with the Choir, and paid a warm tribute to Miss Garnaud who is leaving Worth to undertake new duties elsewhere. Dom Maurice went on to discuss the difference between Benedictine and other schools. He pointed out that the former was the school of a number of monks all and each of whom are part owners of the whole ; that, while the chief officials for a Benedictine establishment are given all necessary freedom, they are appointed by the Prior who is kept fully *au courant* with all matters of importance. With this in mind, he had always regarded the school as a family and had acted accordingly. He summed up by saying that most boys left Worth

with a love of, among other things, the graphic arts, music and horsemanship and with the realisation that Worth had been to them in some sort a second home. Lastly he spoke of the pleasure it was to him that he should be succeeded by one of his own pupils who, he was sure, would lead the School to further successes.

Dom Dominic Gaisford's speech followed. He said that he fully appreciated the gravity of his task that lay before him. He then enumerated his advantages : he was an Old Boy of Worth ; he had had intimate contacts with Dom Maurice ; he belonged to a Community whose experience, joined to that of a most efficient and loyal lay staff, would support him. He would give his undivided attention to the School. He outlined his aims and asked all to remember him in their prayers that he might justify Fr Prior's faith in appointing him Headmaster.

The speeches over, Fr Prior distributed the prizes. The Scout Parade and March Past followed, at which Dom Maurice took the salute. The parents were then treated to a very fine display of advanced gymnastics—Tableaux, Tumbling, Box Horse and Trampoline exercises—carried out by the Gymnastic Team (trained and directed by Dom Peter Beazley) and most enthusiastically applauded.

After tea, the Choir, under Mr P. Johnson, gave a programme of Songs and Madrigals in the marquee—an entirely new and delightful departure. The parents then went to the Auditorium to see the latest edition of the Worth Colour Film. Plenty of time remained during which various displays were visited : the Exhibition of Arts and Crafts, consisting of oils and watercolours, drawing, modelling and every sort of artistic object—all provided by Miss Spottiswoode's pupils ; an impressive selection of woodwork and carpentry, reflecting the greatest credit on the instruction of Mr Stanford and Mr Masterson ; and a most effective array of brightly coloured maps—the work of Mr M. Johnson's Geography classes.

As usual, Prize Day was in every respect another of those happy occasions to which we are now accustomed ; and our thanks and appreciation go out to every one of those responsible for the efficient organisation which made a heavy programme run so smoothly and pleasantly.

## DOM MAURICE BELL

Dom Maurice Bell was one of the original members of the Community at Worth, having come here in July, 1933, with the first Prior, Dom Anselm Rutherford, to prepare for the official opening. From 1934 he was—except during illness—Second Master in the School, and in 1940, when the School was at Downside, he became Headmaster. Now, after nineteen years, his retirement has been announced by Fr Prior.



Our feelings towards Dom Maurice cannot be better expressed than by the following excerpts from Fr Prior's Speech to the parents on Prize Day :

'The measure of Fr Maurice's achievement can be simply expressed in figures—for twenty-six years (since Worth was officially opened) he has been at the heart of its life and activity, and for close on twenty of these years he has been Headmaster.

'Many people have, in their particular way, contributed to Worth's growth and progress, but surely no single person deserves as great a share of credit for it as Fr Maurice : the present good condition of the School, material and spiritual, is in a very real way a testimonial to him. And it should not be forgotten that in addition to the heavy daily routine and responsibility that every Headmaster has to carry, he has had to face a number of added difficulties—Worth's temporary stay at Downside during the war years, its return in 1945, its rapid growth and its organisation into Houses . . .

'I should like to single out specially two of his qualities, and would mention first his *steadfastness*, his perseverance. Term after term, year after year, he has plugged away at the day-to-day details of his job, uncomplaining, unremitting and, seemingly, unperturbed. His instinct has always been to get on with his work without troubling others ; and in all the years I have known him, he has never let anything slide, no matter how trivial. . . . The second quality in Fr Maurice that I wish to mention is his breadth of culture. He has a multitude of rather unique interests, from surnames to mountaineering ; from music to rowing ; from horticulture to painting ; now broadcasting has been added to the list. There is no subject which he cannot teach well. And he has that blessed gift of being interested in anything that interests those whom he meets . . .

'But with all his gifts and interests, I have no doubt in my own mind that Fr Maurice has exerted his influence most by his own personal example. . . . It is not without interest when I tell you that a Worth boy was once inspired to make the following simple statement of fact, to his Housemaster, on the subject of being good-tempered—“In the five years that I have been in the School, I have never seen Dom Maurice in a wax.” Surely the view expressed by this boy about Fr Maurice being even-tempered is the greatest compliment any Headmaster could be given. . . . It is no exaggeration to say that Fr Maurice *is* always calm, kindly and unperturbed, so that the boys very soon discover for themselves that they can go to him for advice in time of difficulty. . . . It is with these qualities that he has succeeded in winning the lasting respect and affection of a countless number of boys.

'And now he is to be relieved of his exacting responsibilities. I am sure, knowing him, that he has no intention of asking to go into

idle retirement. But meanwhile, thanks to the remarkable generosity of his friends, it is possible for him to have an extended holiday abroad, every moment of which he has earned. I do want, in this connection, to thank those who have given so freely to his presentation. Mr M. Johnson, the senior lay master, who kindly thought out and organised the whole thing, tells me that the sum collected amounts to £670. It is far more than he ever dreamed of and will make possible a thoroughly lengthy and adequate holiday for Fr Maurice.'

'And so, Fr Maurice, we wish you every grace and blessing. May you be with us many years, to live in happiness ; to advise and help us.'

#### DOM THEODORE JAMES

Dom Theodore James first came to Worth in September, 1934, staying here until January, 1939. In December, 1950, he returned to Worth as Housemaster of the Junior House. He now relinquishes his work here, having been recalled to Downside, as a member of the Community, to become Housemaster of Ullathorne, one of the new Houses there.

Our appreciation of Dom Theodore can best be shown by again quoting from Fr Prior's Speech on Prize Day :

'Worth owes Fr Theodore a great debt of gratitude, not only for his valuable services, but also for unselfishly volunteering to remain here to help for a further period after Worth's independence. . . . For as long as I have known him, Fr Theodore has lived in the background—out of the limelight, and with never an axe to grind. Although at Worth he has been hidden away in the *House on the Hill*, he has ever been open handed with his many remarkable gifts and talents. . . . Those who know him will have come to value his lucid and quick-moving mind, his judgement and carefully thought out advice.'

'In his relation with the boys, he has little use for the so-called modern methods of upbringing. I suspect he would even like you to think that he believes in the old maxim : *boys should be seen but not heard*. But . . . it can never be said that he is disinterested in their welfare. He knows the boys extremely well, has a remarkable insight into their characters and cares a great deal about them and for them. His influence on the boys in his House has always been a thoroughly good and civilizing one. . . . He will be sadly missed at Worth, but the large number of boys from here seeking to become the founding members of his new House (Ullathorne) will keep him closely connected with us for many years to come.'

'I know that you re-echo my views, that we all wish to express our profound gratitude for all that he has done to help Worth and that we offer him our affectionate good wishes in the important task that lies ahead of him at Downside.'

## CUBS

Our activities this term really began in the Easter Holidays : on the last Sunday in April nine London Cubs marched in the Diocesan St George's Day parade at Southwark Cathedral. Then just two weeks later, on the 10th May, we entertained some guests at a Cub Lunch in the woods : Father Revet, the Scout Master of the 1st Lens (Pas-de-Calais) Group of the Scouts de France, with two French Scouts. In the afternoon we taught them the words of our own Cub Song about the woods being on fire—they already knew the tune, which is not surprising in view of the fact that it was from the 1st Lens Scouts that Akela had learnt it himself. Nothing much happened after that for a while ; it is perhaps worthy of record that we never had to cancel a Cub Lunch on account of the weather. On Prize Day six Cubs bravely stood at attention in the sunshine as Markers for the Scouts' Marching Display, and a few days later three spent a long afternoon laying a line of hose to supply water to our kitchen—thus eliminating the very long walk made necessary by certain new barbed wire fences.

Three First Stars were gained : rather a disappointing result when compared with last year's number. However, that is perhaps all the more creditable to T. Barton, R. Neelands and R. Cross. Of these, Barton and Cross gained the Swimmer Badge, while B. Mooney acquired the Swimmer and First Aider badges. Barton also succeeded Yeo as Black Sixer.

At the end of the term a successful camp was held in the Cub Woods. With two brand new tents we were prepared to face the worst the weather could do, but in fact it was very kind to us. It began to rain, after three days and a half of splendid weather, just after we had struck camp and come indoors. We had two Camp Fires, and our usual outing ; this year we went South again, to Eastbourne. We couldn't do much bathing there, as quite a heavy sea was running, but there was the boating pool to row on, and we had longer rides on the miniature trams, because they have extended the line since the visit we paid after the 1956 Camp. Special thanks are due to Dom Bernard who came and did most of the cooking, and to those members of the kitchen staff, and the Junior House Matrons, who did a lot to make the Camp a success. And to Mrs Wright, for her excellent cakes and for teaching us a new Camp Fire turn. The Camp prize went to R. Neelands, who looked after the store tent with the same efficiency that he showed as Q.M. during the year.

## SCOUT TROOP

In April the scouts did their duty satisfactorily in Bob-a-Job Week. Those who earned most were Sherry (30s.), Hely (27/6), Mellish (24/-) and D. C. M. Bell (20/9). Towards the end of the month a

token force of scouts and cubs represented the Group at the Catholic St George's Day Parade in Southwark. The Bishop took the salute as 1,880 cubs and scouts and scouters marched to the Cathedral for a service.

During the summer term every opportunity has been taken of spending the whole day in the woods, and some of the recruits have made good progress in their test work out of doors. Unfortunately the huts which the scouts have erected, and the Lock Bridge which was completed last term, have been sabotaged by unauthorised visitors. One day we helped two visitors to find an expensive camera which they had lost in the woods, and for which they were searching in the wrong place. On another day a party of our scouts walked through the forest to Pease Pottage and back, having lunch on the way. A night's camp has also been held in the woods, for ten boys who had never camped before. An interesting and enjoyable experiment was an elementary "survival course" at which fourteen volunteers cooked their lunch of egg, potatoes and sausages without any cooking utensils, and lit one fire without any matches—with the help of a magnificent magnifying glass !

On May 6th we celebrated the 25th Anniversary of the Troop's foundation. The G.S.M. said Mass in the morning, and the Troop attended it, to thank God for all His blessings up to now, and to ask Him to continue to bless us. In the evening the Troop sat down to a wonderful celebration dinner, most kindly given to us by the Bursar and his staff. Flagons of cydrax had a very hilarious effect on those present.

On May 25th the Scout Fête took place in the Hydrangea Garden. The weather was cold, but at least it did not pour with rain. The aerial runway was higher, and more scaring than before, and proved very popular. This, and especially three different "casinos", enabled the Scout funds to improve by £14.

On June 2nd the G.S.M. took fourteen scouts to London to see the Royal Tournament at Earls Court. This helped us, on Prize Day, to put on an impressive Twenty-Fifth Anniversary Parade at which the Headmaster took the salute and inspected the Troop. In July the scouts assisted at the Athletic Sports finals and at the Gymkhana, and at the end of the term the annual Camp took place in the Scottish Highlands. An illustrated account of this will appear in the next number of the WORTH RECORD.

Meanwhile the 2nd Class Badge has been won by E. de la H. Jouselin, S. Fisher, P. Lamont, R. Bligh, and S. Richey. The Catholic Ki-Ro Badge, Grade I, has been won by F. Walford, R. Bligh, M. Cummins, T. Day and N. Mellish. And the following Proficiency Badges have been gained : *Rider*, J. Aston : *Swimmer*, M. Clabburn, R. Hoff, K. Thompson, N. Medlam, M. Mathias, R. Bligh : *Linguist* (French), R. Bligh : *Bookman*, R. Bligh : *Stamp Collector*, R. Bligh : and *Hobbies*, R. Bligh.



## ATHLETIC SPORTS

The brilliance of the weather at the Athletic Sports this year was matched by some of the results. Especially worthy of praise were the records gained by B. Elkington in the 100 and 220 yards, both of them being unusually good times for a boy under 14 years. A. Denaro also gained two records, in the Junior Long Jump and in the 220 yards. In the Junior Throwing the Cricket Ball, J. St George not only beat the existing record by 8 ft. 3 inches, but also beat the distance gained in the Senior Throwing the Cricket Ball by over 12 feet. J. St George is only 11 years old. R. McGouran gained a sixth record for the day in the 880 yards. The League Competition was fairly easily won by the Blue League.

*Results :* 100 yds. Div. I—B. Elkington (12.2 secs., a new record) ; Div. II—D. Cook (12.4 secs.) ; Div. III—A. Denaro (13.4 secs.) ; Div. IV—J. St George (13.8 secs.). 80 yds. : Div. V—E. Hoogewerf (10.8 secs.). 60 yds. : Div. VI—G. Walton (9.2 secs.). Senior High Jump—R. McGouran (4 ft. 4 ins.). Junior High Jump—A. Denaro (3 ft. 10 ins.). Senior Throwing the Cricket Ball—K. Sheridan (170 ft. 4 ins.). Junior Throwing the Cricket Ball—J. St George (183 ft., a new record). Three-legged race, Div. V—D. Gleeson and M. Mattheson ; Div. VI—A. Brotherton-Ratcliffe and C. McEwen. Senior 220 yds.—B. Elkington (25 secs., a new record). Junior 220 yds.—A. Denaro (29.8 secs., a new record). Senior Long Jump—P. Bradstreet (14 ft. 8½ ins.). Junior Long Jump—A. Denaro (13 ft. 8½ ins., a new record). Wheelbarrow race, Div. V—D. Gleeson and M. Mattheson ; Div. VI—T. Saunt and C. Wykes. 440 yds.—B. Elkington (66 secs.). 880 yds.—R. McGouran (2 mins. 32 secs., a new record).

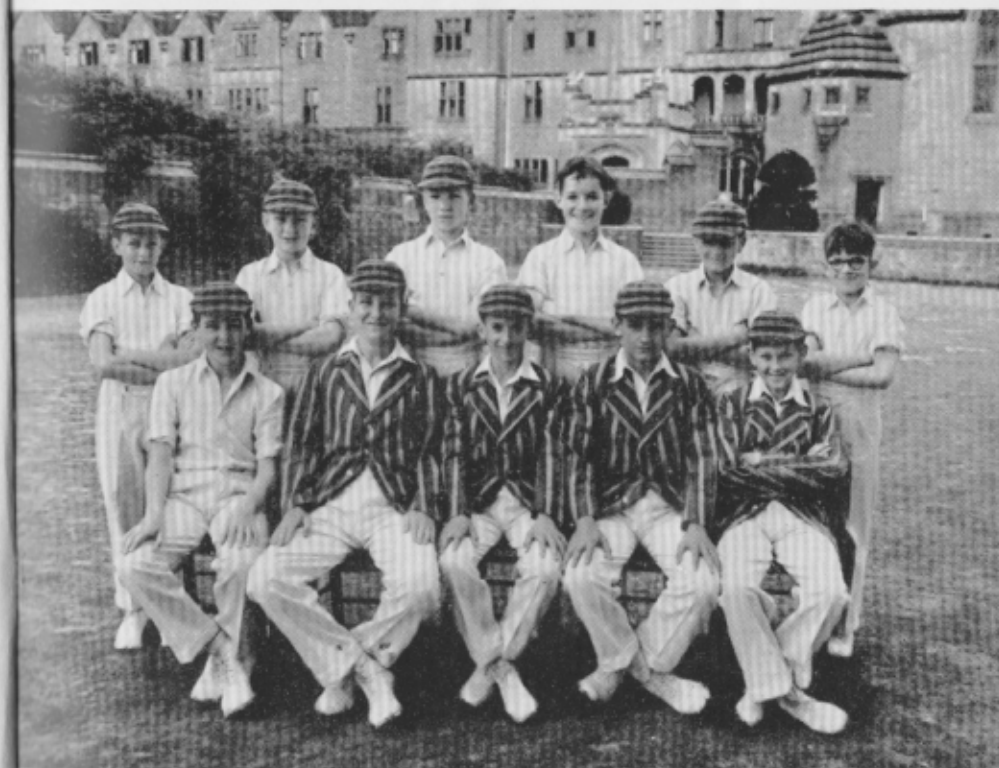
## HOCKEY

As so often, the Hockey season was spoilt by rainy weather and illness, but all the players greatly enjoyed the time that we were able to devote to this game. Two School matches were played, and each ended in a draw. We did well to share two goals with the Whitgift Junior School at Croydon. Our opponents had the better of the game, and our goal had some lucky escapes. Against the Notre Dame High School from Pound Hill we had much the better of the game, and the girls gave away many penalty corners. The boys failed to take any advantage of these, however, and in the end we had to fight hard to make the score level at 2—2.

Our forwards showed promise in their approach work, but in the circle they sadly lacked a quick and powerful shot at goal. Shelmerdine, who scored two of our goals, was our most useful forward, and Guiver would have been good if he had moved more quickly and controlled his shooting. The half-backs were good, especially Paterson, but even he became uncertain when pressed. The backs



THE GYMNASTIC TEAM



THE CRICKET 1ST XI





SCOUT CAMP (NEAR FORT AUGUSTUS)



were safe and calm—too calm at times, for over-confidence induced the slowness which resulted in the girls' two goals. Against the Worth Wizards, too, who won easily, there was a noticeable failure to mark their men and tackle firmly, on the part of the boys' defenders.

Those who played for the 1st XI were : F. R. Walford ; K. G. Sheridan, E. G. P. Dearman and S. J. D. Urquhart ; P. S. G. Haslam, M. C. Paterson (Captain), A. T. S. Carr ; S. M. P. Barrère, P. L. S. Bradstreet, M. A. Shelmerdine, M. A. C. Guiver, S. N. Wynne and R. F. C. Hall.

The League Hockey Cup, which was last year shared by the Blues and Reds, was this year shared by the Reds and Silvers. The Reds beat the Blues 4—1, and the Silvers 'beat' the Golds by the toss of a coin after drawing with them 1—1.

## STAMP CLUB LETTER

My dear young Philatelists,

I am going straight on with MocStooge's adventure... he was held, you remember, in the grip of a terrible fear ; he felt like a mouse in a trap, or, as he preferred to say, like a lion in a cage. But the man of iron never so much as blenched (if he turned a kind of purple colour, if his hands began to tremble and his knees to knock together—what of it ? *That's* not blenching). 'There's naught to be afear'd of', said a voice at his elbow—it was the Man in the Moon again—'except that you won't never get away from this here.' 'But,' said my old friend, with just a suspicion of a sob, 'I have a very important appointment at home in an hour's time'; thinking quickly, he added, 'I could go now and return here tonight.' 'Don't talk nonsense,' replied the other. He took MocStooge by the arm and brought him to the top of a little eminence. 'There,' he said proudly, 'look at *that* !' MocStooge looked in the direction indicated and saw what he took to be hundreds and hundreds of gravestones. 'Charming view', said he politely. 'That's not a view ; them's notices,' rejoined the Man in the Moon. MocStooge looked again. To be sure, as far as the eye could reach, there was nothing but notice-boards to be seen : *Desirable Crater, to let furnished or Valuable residential property for sale : apply to Ministry of Housing*—and the like. 'Ah,' said MocStooge, 'you want me to buy land' ? 'Wassail !' was the hearty response, 'You've hit it. And what's more you've *got* to. We're ready for your Space Men, and, when we've sold all this here, we intend to take charge of *Terra Firma*. You bin there long enough and we bin here long enough. Time we all had a change. It's all fixed. As your space ships arrive, we shall commandeer them. Not that we haven't got any of our own—flying saucers, you know' (MocStooge winced—he had never hitherto believed in them). 'With these,' went on the

Man in the Moon, 'we have already surveyed the land—earth is no *terra incognita* to us—and taken millions of miles of measurements. The documents are all in the hands of the Ministry for Terrestrial Affairs.' 'Delighted to hear it,' said MocStooge, controlling the vocal chords as best he could, 'dashed interesting. I always used to say to my housekeeper, "Mrs Loveypet, you mark my words; these flying saucers mean business." Now, Sir, I'll write you out a cheque for that plot over there.' MocStooge pointed to the nearest *Valuable Estate for sale*, 'then I'll go back to *Terra Firma* to pack a few books I shall need, and return to-morrow to take over the property.' 'You needn't bother about your books; we've got some here,' replied the other; but MocStooge had already taken out his cheque-book. 'So *that's* what that is,' said the Man in the Moon, 'I've always wondered. But,' and here he winked wickedly, 'I'd prefer ready money. Do you have any?' 'I'm rolling in it,' replied MocStooge, surprised at the other's Americanism, 'but I haven't got any with me.' One half of MocStooge's elegant sentence was a pious untruth, but he salved his conscience with the internal resolution that, if he ever got back home, he would take to uttering false coin (he had a friend in the business), and if he wasn't rolling in the stuff in a few weeks he would eat his new hat. 'Entonces,' said the Man in the Moon (Golly! The chap was an absolute linguist), 'I shall let you go back to Earth after all. But,' he added, 'only this once, and I shall come with you myself, to make sure you don't give me the slip.' 'Not the slightest need for that,' said MocStooge, stiffly, 'my word is my bond' (another pious untruth but, under the circumstances, forgivable). But the Man in the Moon was adamant: 'That's settled,' he snapped; 'And now take a look at the view.' He led my friend to the brink of a sort of precipice—Gorgonzola, I think it was. 'Careful,' he said, 'if you fall over you'll never know what bit of space you'll hit.' MocStooge peeped cautiously over the giddy edge and saw what looked like thousands of islands, brilliantly lit up, suspended as it were in a sea of deep blue. 'Try this,' said his companion, offering him a magnifying glass. MocStooge adjusted the instrument and trained it on the prospect. The effect was miraculous. He could distinctly see *Terra Firma* itself: he recognised North Borneo, Cap Juby, and a thousand other familiar bits of geography: he could see the Pacific Ocean full of coral islands. 'Naught of hym fadyth that ycorall isle madyth,' he quoted softly (he knew the *Stamp Club Letters* by heart) . . . 'naught of hym fadyth'—that's a good omen, he thought. 'Very pretty,' he said aloud to the Man in the Moon, 'and now, what about setting off?' 'Easy now,' answered the other, 'what's the hurry? Have some more cheese.' He began nibbling a hunk of Mousetrap. 'When we *do* get there,' he went on, with a wolfish glare in his eyes, 'I shall insist on having one of them Things you tole me about'—'Chops', said MocStooge; 'Aye,'

said the Man in the Moon, 'Chops, and if you try any funny stuff, I'll chop you.' MocStooge shivered, and bit off a large piece of Stilton to cover his confusion, putting some in his pocket. Things were looking black again. He must temporise, dissemble—anything.

'Excuse me, Sir,' he said, 'I've forgotten to take my tonic.' He strolled back to *H.M.S. Moonbeam*, followed by his sinister acquaintance, rolled out the barrel once more and transferred its Elysian contents to his interior. Edinburgh Rock always made a new man of him. But now there was none left; he must act swiftly, before any further demands were made on his powers of resistance. He was just about to try a new approach when his train of thought was interrupted: the music of the spheres blared out again. Whoever the composer, Beethoven at his latest, Britten or even Symons, there was a frightfully disquieting note of suspended animation in the music; every emotion was suggested, but *obliquely* and largely by means of a basic something or other—ambivalence, most likely—brought about by a meticulous insistence on the fiercely extravagating competition of chords, unrelated yet dangerously adjacent, resulting in a harsh, diagonally cruel melancholy. . . .

In a few moments all Pan broke loose; it was too much even for MocStooge whose hand strayed to his waistcoat pocket (where he kept a couple of *boules de silence* ready for emergencies of this sort) and then stopped short; for the Man in the Moon was standing as if spell-bound by the wealth of sound. Swiftly my old friend strode to *H.M.S. Moonbeam*, hopped in nimbly, slammed the door and touched the controls. As the machine began to move, the Man in the Moon came out of his trance and ran alongside, dog and lantern in his grasp. "*Corpo di Bacco!*" shouted the man of tongues, 'I'm coming too: let me in'. Never had the MocStooge thought so swiftly, never had he shown himself so coolly daring—he knew that the door was fast shut—'What about that thornbush?' he thundered, 'where is it?' As he spoke, *H.M.S. Moonbeam* began to pick up speed and the Man in the Moon, though swift of foot, was being rapidly out-distanced, only a few scraps of what he was bawling being borne to MocStooge's ears on the lunar breezes . . . 'No existence in *rerum natura*' . . . 'can't believe everything' . . . 'Shakespeare' (*piano*) . . . 'utter humbug' . . . 'stop thief!' (*pianissimo*—just a breath of sound.)

But *H.M.S. Moonbeam's* speed was supersonic by now and the fickle moon was rapidly dwindling in MocStooge's driving mirror; presently it was a mere argent round, no larger than a Dutch cheese; then it disappeared behind a cloud.

All was well but for the mist. Suddenly, however, the weather cleared and *Terra Firma* appeared in all its worldly majesty. MocStooge could see South America, laid out as flat as was humanly possible: if he wasn't careful he would miss the Earth altogether.



Glancing at the magnetic compass, he altered course a few points and was soon hurtling towards his goal. He pin-pricked first England, then Sussex, then Paddockhurst and finally his own dwelling (or 'ilk'). And then, just as he had shut off power and was reaching for the foot-brakes, it all happened!—The steering-wheel jammed and MocStooge lost control; all he could do was to repeat over and over again, 'Mother, I cannot mind my wheel' alternatively with 'naught of hym fadyth.' He was beginning to tire of this when there came an appalling crash, accompanied by the fortissimo strains of the Tonic and Dominant harmonies of the Fifth Symphony (last movement) plus the forty-eight or so final chords establishing the key of C major. . . . As the music and the shouting and the stars died away, MocStooge began to come to himself. . . .

There was no need to ask where he was: he was back again in his armchair in his study. For a few moments he was frankly puzzled. Where was the Man in the Moon? Gradually his memory recovered: of course the linguist had been left behind. MocStooge switched on the light and looked at his watch, which was still ticking; the hands pointed to 12 (p.m.), exactly two hours since he had set out on his space journey! In that short time he had covered an astronomical mileage and had seen the major lunar monuments. . . . Had he really been there? Or was it all lunacy?

He glanced round; the floor was littered with odd-shaped bits and pieces of wood and metal, lengths of wire, tools, nails, scientific gadgets—evidently the remains of *H.M.S. Moonbeam*. He put the barrel of Edinburgh Rock to his lips: it was bone dry—of course he had emptied it just before his escape from the moon. He felt in his pocket: in it were some bits of crumbled Stilton—he remembered that he had broken off a chunk of lunar cheese.

Taken singly, these facts might leave room for doubt, but their cumulative evidence was conclusive. And now, what was he to do about it all? *Should a space-man tell?* He fell a-musing. Then, with a sigh, he rose and went to his cupboard to seek the answer to his problem. Alas, he had run out of Edinburgh Rock and must make do with Turkish Delight. He poured out a couple of fingers of the stuff and looked round for the soda-water; but the syphon was empty, so, filling the tumbler to the brim with the strength-giving waters, neat, he took a deep, deep draught—and then another. . . . Waves of relief welled up over him. . . . Overwrought nature asserted itself. . . . The man of iron sat down and had a good—a jolly old Boo-hoo.

Aren't you glad he got back safely?

Your loving little

Diogenes Philatelist.

## PARAGRAPHS

Meiert Avis, Edwin Bailey, Nicholas Bernier and Nicolas Scott-Barrett made their First Communion on May 28th, the Feast of Corpus Christi.

\* \* \*

*Engagements*: J. K. Buckenham (1940-43) to Miss J. D. Hughes; M. G. P. Chignell (1943-47) to Miss S. P. G. Anstey; P. F. J. Bede-Cox (1941-44) to Miss B. Walton; I. M. Nicolson (1937-42) to Miss M. Y. Cooke; D. B. Monier-Williams (1940) to Miss W. K. Holmes. *Marriage*: J. N. Antrobus (1945-47) to Miss M. C. Anderson.

To all the above we send our hearty congratulations.

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Following on the success of John Coward, A. A. Walker (son of "Walker, R.N.") was given the Queen's Gold Medal by Admiral of the Fleet, Earl Mountbatten, at Dartmouth on 6th April this year.

\* \* \*

Between December 1958 and March 1959 these Worth boys at Downside have won awards at Oxford and Cambridge: J. D. N. d.R. Clibborn—Classical Exhibition, Oriel College, Oxford; W. J. M. Gissane—Major Scholarship: Natural Sciences, Exeter College, Oxford; D. St J. Keane—Scholarship in History, Wadham College, Oxford; A. D. H. Winder—Williams Exhibition in Mathematics at Balliol College, Oxford; P. G. Woodward—Charles Oldham Classical Scholarship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford; P. A. R. Leake—Classical Exhibition at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge; A. J. Staveacre—Classical Exhibition, Queens College, Cambridge; J. J. Walford—Modern Languages Exhibition at Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

\* \* \*

Places at the older Universities, which are now very difficult to obtain, were won by: *Oxford*—M. J. Alexander: Trinity College; C. D. Crosthwaite: Exeter College; W. G. Herriott: Magdalen College; J. E. Howard: New College; R. E. A. Webb: Pembroke College. *Cambridge*—M. J. McEnery: Downing College; P. F. Mitchell-Heggs: Christ's; R. J. C. Prendergast: Trinity College.

Furthermore, A. M. Buckley and M. F. Hoyle have won Scholarships to the Britannia Royal Naval College, Dartmouth; and G. C. Gleadell a Scholarship to Sandhurst.

\* \* \*

M. C. L. Owen has passed out of Sandhurst into the King's Regiment, and C. C. F. Moysey into the Royal Army Service Corps.

We offer our congratulations to all the above boys and to Downside on their success.

\* \* \*

James Wigmore was ordained Priest in Rome on 5th July, 1959.



On May 29th—30th we had the pleasure of entertaining the Abbot Primate, accompanied by the Prior of Buckfast, on an informal visit.

The following boys passed in the Piano Examinations of the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music: *Grade I*—S. A. Richey (with merit), J. H. A. Concanon, J. F. Sherry, N. W. Carter; *Grade II*—C. D. Higgins; *Grade IV*—N. P. Carter.

On Sunday, June 21st, a broadcast was given from Worth in the 'Morning Service' series. Addresses were given by the Prior and by Dom Maurice; hymns, a Gelineau psalm and the motet *Jesu dulcis memoriae* (Palestrina) being sung by the Choir. A Hammond organ was hired for the occasion.

Under Mr P. Johnson the Choir has had another most successful Term. Among additions to the polyphonic repertoire the *Gloria* of Palestrina's *Missa Brevis* and Victoria's *O quam gloriosum* must be singled out for special praise. In addition to the Church Music a number of Elizabethan Madrigals, including Orlando Gibbons' *The Silver Swan*, have been learned, and have been sung on various occasions.

The Choir will greatly miss Dom Maurice, who for long has 'fathered' the Altos with his rich falsetto, and Dom Theodore, hitherto the rock and mainstay of the Basses. We hope that Dom Theodore's flute, formerly so often heard and enjoyed at Worth though of late, alas, silent, will be heard again at Downside.

Three Scholarships of the value of £60 a year have been awarded to R. H. S. Dilley, R. G. H. Holmes and J. C. W. McEntee, tenable at Downside School. Rodney Bligh has won an Exhibition to the Upper School at Worth.

The Worth Gymkhana took place in brilliant weather on the last Saturday of the Term. The organisation was notably smooth and efficient. Worth boys—all of them pupils of our Riding Mistress, Miss J. Matthews, showed to excellent advantage, Simon Richey gaining the Cup for the best Boy Rider, open to all comers. We were pleased to see Miss Jacqueline Moore, our former Riding Mistress, on the field. We heartily congratulate Miss Matthews, who was assisted by Miss Spottiswoode and others, on a most enjoyable and successful Gymkhana.

Patrick Henault has passed his First Year in the Institut de Sciences Politiques at Paris, 44th out of 700.

Larry Scott won the Asprey Shooting Cup on July 14th with a score of 88.

## INWARDS

The following boys joined the School on April 28th, 1959: M. J. Avis, J. F. Davies, T. F. M. Nicod and C. M. Williams.

## UPWARDS

*Head of the School*: B. H. Elkington.

*School Prefects*: G. P. Dearman, N. Asprey, R. G. H. Holmes, R. F. C. Hall, R. C. J. Fraser, J. C. W. McEntee, R. C. M. McGouran.

*Dormitory Prefects*: (Ford) P. L. S. Bradstreet, K. G. Sheridan, A. T. S. Carr; (Butler) A. F. D. Doherty, J. F. Ahearne, M. O. S. FitzGerald, M. I. Paterson; (Chapman) P. S. G. Haslam, M. A. Guiver, R. F. Jillard, C. G. H. Mann, R. M. Kane; (Junior) D. J. M. Hall, R. H. S. Dilley; (Tower) J. M. D. Rivera-Schreiber.

*Captain of Cricket*: P. L. S. Bradstreet.

*Captain of Gym*: S. N. Wynne.

*Captain of Tennis*: G. P. Dearman.

*Captain of Swimming*: R. F. Jillard.

*Librarian*: N. Asprey.

*Assistant Librarians*: A. T. S. Carr, J. F. Ahearne, M. O. S. FitzGerald, J. A. Walford, R. Brech, J. M. D. Rivera-Schreiber.

*Masters of Ceremonies*: G. P. Dearman, D. B. McN. Cook.

*Thurifers*: R. H. S. Dilley, B. J. Aston.

*Acolytes*: R. F. C. Hall, P. Butler, P. M. Rutherford, T. S. C. Delany, A. F. R. Boys.

*Leader of the Choir*: M. A. Hoyle.

## REWARDS

The following were top of their Forms in the Lent Term: J. C. W. McEntee (1A), C. G. H. Mann and R. P. Bligh (1B), M. A. Sheldermine (1C), P. A. Given-Wilson (2A), T. S. C. Delany (2B), J. R. A. G. Adderley (2C), J. F. Sherry (3A), A. G. McEwen (3B), G. A. Roser and J. J. Yardley (3C), T. T. Barton (4A), M. B. Higgins (4B), G. Tate (4C), D. J. Gleeson (5A), R. E. Church (5B), C. A. McEwen (6).

## OUTWARDS

The following boys left the school in March, 1959: W. Barker, W. R. J. B. Cross, A. J. Garton, A. J. Gordon, R. A. Hope, G. A. Ingr, J. F. McEnery, J. A. Neville-Smith.

## MISS GARNAUD

Miss Germaine Garnaud, herself the daughter of a French professor at Stonyhurst, came to Worth—war-time Worth—in 1941. She has taught French, and the piano, with marked success during the eighteen years she has been with us. She has become an

institution, in the best sense of the word ; and generations of Worth boys will enquire about her and hope to see her again in years to come. A stern disciplinarian she has been, but we all know that she has a heart of gold. She always spoke kindly of the boys she taught, but, at the same time, she exacted from them every ounce of effort of which they were capable. For this all sensible boys and young men will be increasingly grateful ; young men because her earliest pupils here will now be over thirty years of age. And now the time has come for her to take life more easily. We shall miss her very much ; but we shall look forward to many visits in the future.

#### PRIZES AWARDED ON PRIZE DAY, 5th JULY, 1959

Other than those given for class-work in English subjects, these special prizes were awarded :

History : Richard Holmes. Geography : Rodney Bligh. Latin : John McEntee, Patrick Given-Wilson, Paul Hirsh and Rupert Cross. Greek : Philip Kehyaian, Patrick Given-Wilson, Paul Hirsh. Mathematics : Howard Dilley, Christopher Higgins, George Higgins. French : John McEntee, Edmund de la Haye Jousselin, Keith Rose. Handwriting : Michael de Albuquerque, Richard Knyvett Hoff, Charles Griffiths. Highest Averages in the Public Schools Common Entrance Examination : Christopher Mann, Reggie Hall. Strathallan Prize : Rory McGouran. Music Prize (Piano) : Robert Brech. Acting Prize : George Ingr. Carpentry Prizes : Christopher Mann, David Cook, Howard Dilley, Neil Cook. Elocution Prizes : Richard Holmes, Colin Gleadell, James Sherry and John Nolan. Riding and Jumping Cups : Mark Guiver. Art Prize : Kenneth Thompson. Handicrafts Prize : Francis Noel-Hudson. Best Beginner in Riding : John Hawkins. Fielding Cup : Paul Haslam. Individual Prowess in Games : Philip Bradstreet. Prior's Prize : Bernard Elkington.

The Asprey Shooting Cup was won by Larry Scott.

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## SCHOOL STAFF

JULY 1959

- Dom Maurice Bell, M.A. (Oxon.), *Headmaster*  
Dom Thomas Symons, A.R.C.O., *Organist*  
Dom Alban Brooks, B.A. (Cantab.), *Housemaster of Butler House*  
Dom Theodore James, M.A. (Cantab.), *House Master of the Junior House*  
Dom Jerome Tomlins  
Dom Bruno Grogan  
Dom Edward Cruise, M.A. (Cantab.), *House Master of Ford House*  
Dom Michael Smith, M.A. (Oxon.), *Scoutmaster*  
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 and Master of Ceremonies*  
Dom Benedict Sankey, M.A. (Cantab.)  
Dom Charles Hallinan, B.A. (Cantab.)  
Dom Hugh O'Neill, M.B.E., M.A. (Oxon.)  
Dom Bernard Moss, B.A. (Cantab.)  
Dom Dominic Gaisford, B.A. (Cantab.)  
M. A. Johnson, M.A. (Cantab.)  
P. G. Whigham  
Lieut.-Colonel H. Vredenburg  
D. F. Kane  
J. A. B. Tucker, A.K.C.  
P. A. Johnson, M.A. (Cantab.), *Director of Music*  
M. J. While  
P. J. Greig  
P. A. Lazarus, F.R.G.S.  
Miss G. Garnaud  
Mrs. J. M. Whigham, M.A. (St Andrews)  
Mrs. M. Jennings  
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 E. Barrett, *Butler House Matron*  
Miss H. A. Sweetman, *Chapman House Matron*  
Miss F. Rhatigan, *Junior House Matron*  
Miss E. H. I. Anne, *Junior House Assistant Matron*  
Mrs. Loney, S.R.N., *Tower House Matron*  
Miss A. Branson, *Tower House Assistant Matron*  
Miss R. P. P. Skellon, *Assistant Matron*  
T. G. Higgins, *Secretary*