

The WORTH RECORD



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The WORTH RECORD

VOL. VII No. 7

CHRISTMAS TERM, 1959

THE UPPER SCHOOL

The Upper School assembled for the first time on Tuesday 22nd September, 1959, and thus there began a new adventure for Worth. We trust that it will grow, with God's grace, into a vigorous and flourishing school which will serve the needs of the country and the Church.

The minds of the older members of the Community may have gone back to the 29th September, 1933, when the first monks arrived in charabancs from Downside to open the new Priory and Junior School, not knowing what the future held. So likewise, we hope that when the Foundation members of the Upper School look back, in the years to come, to the day on which they arrived, they will be equally pleased and proud at the growth and developments that will have taken place since then.

Small beginnings are part of the Downside traditions we inherit, for when in 1814 St Gregory's Community moved to Downside, then a remote and small manor house, the School numbered less than the 28 boys who came to Worth this September.

After the first few days, in which the boys had to get used to new conditions or new surroundings, the School began to settle down and take shape. In this they have been skilfully helped and guided by Dom Kevin Taggart, the Prefect of Discipline, who, in the absence of school prefects (the oldest boy in the school was aged 14 years 2 months at the beginning of term), has had to be, as far as humanly possible, omniscient and omnipresent.

The Upper School occupies the top floor of the main building and it has its classrooms in the Quadrangle, and its Refectory on the ground floor in what was formerly the Masters' Common Room. The Library is on the second floor and its remarkable growth under the care of Dom Edward Cruise is described below. A Music Room has been provided and equipped with a stereophonic gramophone which is greatly used by lovers of every kind of musical sound.

The attic with its concrete floor (formerly the Scout Loft) has been given over to Arts and Crafts, and various activities already flourish there.

Accounts of the different societies and clubs are given elsewhere and our thanks and gratitude have been truly deserved by the monks and members of the staff who have worked so hard to found them.

Before the term began some anxiety was felt over games. But the enthusiasm and hard work of Dom Peter Beazley and Dom Kevin Taggart (with the aid of a scrum machine) have fashioned out of

numerically limited material a rugger team which plays with great zeal and some skill.

Dom Kevin Taggart came down from Cambridge and took up the new post of Prefect of Discipline in the Upper School in September. We welcome Mr M. Cardwell, Mr J. Elton, Mr D. Cox and Mr F. Fellows who joined us in September.

The Science Laboratory is nearing completion and it is expected to be ready for next term.

The Upper School has been entirely separate from the Preparatory School in its activities and timetable, though they have played rugger against each other.

It is encouraging to experience the growing and sympathetic interest in the new School which is being shown on all sides, and it is expected to more than double our numbers next September.

We would like to record for posterity the names of the Foundation Members of the Upper School :—

D. C. M. Bell*, J. P. Best*, R. P. Bligh*, C. M. Bowlin, N. J. J. Byrne, P. M. Campbell, A. T. S. Carr*, M. A. Clarke, P. Clegg, G. B. Dancer, T. S. Delaney, A. F. D. Doherty*, B. H. Elkington*, V. J. Ellis-Brown*, P. W. Esmonde, A. H. O. Fellowes, S. P. Goodsir-Cullen, P. S. G. Haslam*, J. F. K. Lee, M. J. P. Lewen, J. J. C. P. Muscat, P. L. Nivelles, J. R. P. Pontifex*, C. J. Setter*, M. A. Shelmerdine*, S. G. Slaughter*, S. J. D. Urquhart*, S. N. Wynne*.

* These boys came from the Preparatory School.

The Upper School Sacristy Team is as follows : *Master of Ceremonies* : B. H. Elkington ; *Thurifer* : S. J. D. Urquhart ; *Acolytes* : A. F. D. Doherty, S. P. Goodsir-Cullen.

A DAY IN OUR KINGDOM

by B. H. ELKINGTON*

All is peaceful ; the small Kingdom of Worth sleeps on. Suddenly a bell, like a bell from Heaven, sounds ; sleep is broken, dreams are forgotten. Like a multitude of ghosts we walk to the wash-house. Hurriedly we dress, then down we troop to Mass. Mass finishes about 8 o'clock ; now for the first meal of the day—breakfast. As we walk to the refectory the world around begins to stir ; cows begin to munch grass ; sheep roam about, and the birds sing in the early morning cold.

Breakfast is a noisy meal ; first we have porridge, then bacon and fried bread, and finally bread, butter and marmalade, all washed down by a cup of tea. Masters sit at the heads of our tables—where are their faces ? Why, in the papers ; the *Financial Times* brings great interest to all, even in our little kingdom of Worth.

*BERNARD ELKINGTON, born 11 November, 1945 ; entered the Upper School, Worth, September, 1959.

Before classes we have to make our beds. At first many beds were not well-made, but now we have all got the knack. And then down to classes. At 11 o'clock we have a twenty-minute break for milk and biscuits after which we go back to the grindstone and at 1.00 we have lunch. In the afternoon we have games.

At Worth we play rugger. It is a fast-moving game and can be very exciting. For our first team at rugger we have quite a good team. The forwards are good and robust, the three-quarter line is fast. At 3.30 we finish games and then work till 3.55, when everything stops for tea ; we English love our tea. For tea we have bread, butter, jam, cakes and tea. Classes begin again at 4.55 and end at 6.55.

At about 7.0 we have supper, followed by prep for half an hour. On Saturday we have no prep and on Wednesday we have a film. After prep some boys do carpentry and others do shooting. For the boys who have no extras there is music to be played, stamps to be stuck in, books to be read, and, last but not least, work to be indulged in.

At 9.0 we go to Prayers in our dayroom. We then go to bed and our lights are turned out about 9.30.

ONE THRILLING EXPERIENCE

by R. P. BLIGH*

The dawn was just breaking, the sunrise blazed in a glory of purple and gold away in the East. It rose, banishing the darkness of the night, to begin its majestic patrol of the heavens. The first golden bar of light pierced the cold mist of the early morning, upheaving it to reveal nothing, not a sign of life anywhere. That is, except the houses, which, in the cold-grey light did not look very convincing. But wait, along the bank of the river are two lonesome fishermen. They are sitting on their baskets, rubbing their hands in the cold and huddling up in their overcoats. Their lines can just be seen, hanging slack in the water.

Suddenly one line tautens with a twang. One angler jumps up and, taking up his rod, is nearly pulled into the water as the great unseen force exerts such a pull on his line. His rod bends almost double, looking as if it will break at any moment. The line, taut as elastic, moves frantically this way and that. Suddenly more of the line becomes visible, and on the surface there is a great foaming and splashing. Again the monster fish bores deep, leaving ever-widening ripples on the surface from his rise. He makes for some half-submerged roots on the farther bank, the angler turns his rod, exerting an almost impossible strain on his tackle. Still the monster rushes for the roots, but, at the last moment, is forcibly turned by

*RODNEY BLIGH, born 2 May, 1946 ; entered the Upper School, Worth, September, 1959.

the great adverse strain on the line. All at once, everything goes slack. The angler immediately believes that the fish has shed the hook. But no, it is only a desperate ruse; again the exhausting battle begins, a battle to the death.

Slowly the fish begins to tire, his desperate lunges are now only half-hearted, like those of a drowning man. The line, instead of singing its way off the reel, is now regained, slowly but surely. The fish only ten yards away now, visible as a giant shadow below the surface of the water, is drawn slowly towards the waiting net. Slowly now, the giant is played out, and the more he gasps for energy.

At last he is in the net! Only a few anxious moments now, as the net creaks and stretches under the strain of such a weight. Ah! Now he is on dry land, while the angler searches for his fish scales. His scales only weigh up to twenty-five pounds and the fish is placed on them. The pointer immediately crashes down to the limit, leaving the straining spring gradually extending. The angler now kills the fish with a savage blow with a piece of log, and it falls lifeless to the ground. And now another angler hurries up, with much more formidable scales. The fish is placed on them; it is a carp, a huge carp. The needle goes down nearly to the end, reading 40 lbs. 8 ozs. A near record.

THE HANDGUN

by P. L. NIVELLES*

The handgun has been throughout history a favourite sporting piece. The glamour of the handgun has been greatly increased by the unending succession of 'Westerns' in which the good guy knocks out the bad guy with a well-aimed shot from his trusty six-gun; but the idea of sport has always been connected with the handgun. Good shots, really experienced ones, can hit a vital spot in a human target at 100 yards. Handguns are often preferred to rifles because they are so compact and can be carried without their being noticed. Police prefer handguns because they are so easily portable and can be produced easily. The Americans prefer the revolver to the automatic, whereas most other countries prefer the automatic. This is probably because the revolver has carved itself such a niche in American history.

The Westerners' skill with a six-gun became legendary. Skilled shots were supposed to be able to pick off an Indian hiding in the sagebrush a hundred yards away while galloping at a dead run. Americans are the most handgun-minded people in the world, probably because of their remarkable history. There are many kinds of handguns varying from a light .22 to a heavy Luger magnum

*PATRICK NIVELLES, born 1 April, 1946; entered the Upper School, Worth, September, 1959.

.357. Percussion single-shot pistols are so simple that most of their working parts can be seen, whereas modern double-action Smith and Wesson revolvers have 62 different parts. This is a completely different proposition to the single-shots.

Handguns are often used in the fields for killing pests, such as snakes and woodchuck. Handguns are used for killing deer also, using a heavy Luger .357 magnum. They are deadly to deer at 100 yards. Woodchuck are a favourite target for outdoor sportsmen as they are regarded as vermin.

LUDI CIRCENSES

by M. A. SHELMEKDINE*

Like all people the Romans had their national holidays. These were either in honour of the Gods or in honour of some great victory or occasion. As the Romans became more and more rich so they became more and more lazy, until they were just about forcing the priests to make holidays. Eventually about a third of the year consisted of holidays. On these holidays the Roman populace expected to be entertained. One of their main entertainments was the Circus.

In Rome the main circus was called the Circus Maximus. On holidays, at the Circus Maximus there were always games and sports to be seen. They were sometimes put on free by some Roman trying to gain the people's support for power in the Senate or Army. They went to great trouble and expense to please the Roman people and make them contented. Pompey, in an effort to get support, slaughtered elephants to satisfy the Roman lust for blood. At first he was jeered, but before the decline of the Empire, it was quite a common sport. The Coliseum was the main place for the slaughter of animals and gladiatorial fights, although the Circus Maximus also saw a certain amount of bloodshed.

The most popular of the sports at the Circus Maximus was the four-horse chariot race. There were various stables in Rome called the Reds, the Greens, the Whites and the Blacks. They could be hired out and raced against each other. Betting took place and there was great rivalry between the teams. They raced round the spina which runs through the centre of the Circus. The corners of the spina were extremely dangerous and if taken at great speed often resulted in crashes killing the charioteer.

It has been said that Nero had Christians covered in tar and burnt for the charioteers to dodge. On the whole, though, the Circus Maximus was used for enjoyable purposes; but it had blood spilt there as with all Circuses, when the Christians were persecuted.

*ANTHONY SHELMEKDINE, born 10 March, 1946; entered the Upper School, Worth, September, 1959.

AN OLD FISHING FAMILY

by P. W. ESMONDE*

In the reign of Henry II, a certain baron was given by Henry the land which is now called Co. Wexford. It consisted of some 580,000 acres. The baron came over from Normandy, and his family was to live on until the present day in Ireland. He had a great mansion built, which was to be the home of his descendants until the time of Cromwell, but more shall be said of this later. In the thirteenth century his family were to yield two bishops, one of whom knew the Pope of that time very well, as he sometimes had quarrels with him.

For generations members of the family were to carry on the title of baron. During the persecution of the Catholics a certain priest, who was a member of this family, went over to England on missionary work. After a few years he was captured and locked up in the Tower of London, under sentence of death. He was one of the very few people who escaped from the Tower. He did this by means of a rope, which he slid down. He bore the marks of the rope on his hands for the rest of his life, but continued his work and died a peaceful death. Now came the last baron but one of the family. He possessed county Wexford and as he did not want to lose his land he had to become a Protestant. His wife, a very good French Catholic, fled to France with their son, leaving this lord behind. She brought up her son as a good Catholic, and he later fought with distinction under Buckingham. When his father died, he, the last baron, took the title. A few years later when Cromwell invaded Ireland at Drogheda and advanced south, murdering priests and civilians, ransacking churches and abbeys, he, as an older man, heard of this invasion. He knew that there was no hope of saving the house and the great property he owned from an invading army well-equipped, so he planned to light a fuse to some gunpowder under the house, before the soldiers broke in. This he did and all the 'Roundheads' who entered the house were blown up. He and his household escaped by means of a ditch. His descendants in turn bore the title of baronet.

The next interesting thing known to have happened to this family was in June, 1855, when a member of the family and of the 18th Royal Irish Regiment won the Victoria Cross. This was during the Crimean War. The V.C. came out in June, 1856, and he was the third to be awarded this supreme medal. In 1898 a member of the family was executed by the English for fighting against them as an Irish rebel. One must remember that this family was very Irish and at that time it was quite right for them to do this. He had committed no crime and was a very good Catholic. The English officer in charge of the unlawful execution, received a letter

*PETER ESMONDE, born 4 August, 1945 ; entered the Upper School, Worth, September, 1959.

telling him not to go through with it, and that he should release the prisoner, but this officer refused to read the letter until the execution was over. And so he had, through his own fault, killed an innocent man.

A few years previously the family moved to Borrisokane on the banks of Lough Derg in Co. Tipperary. The large house there was called Damina. Here the next generation was brought up in perfect surroundings. The husband married twice, as his first wife died, leaving four children. He died about 1914, leaving nine other children by his second marriage. Of the first lot there was one girl and three boys. One of these was killed in the First World War. The second lot, half-brothers and sisters to the first group, did not come into any wars until the Second World War, when a famous Victoria Cross, which was the second of the family, was won on 12th February, 1942. I would probably give away the family name if I went further into this. Another is now a missionary priest in Kenya, another a doctor, another living in Australia, and more in Ireland and another in England. The family still has a baronetcy and one of the brothers living in Ireland is the 16th baronet. And so ends the story bringing it to the present day, from the reign of Henry II to the reign of Elizabeth II.

GLADIATORIAL FIGHTING

by A. T. S. CARR*

A deafening cheer arose as the pairs of gladiators entered the arena ; for one of each pair it was to be the last time. They bowed to the Emperor, said, " Morituri te salutamus," and without delay with great courage started their fight to the death. They were from rival schools and had been imported perhaps from Gaul or Britannia. One would have armour, sword and shield, while the other had a net and a trident. Some say it was unfair that one should have a full set of armour and the other only a net and trident ; but it was all a matter of skill and speed.

There was not only one fight at a time but about ten or twelve, going on in the arena. The Romans' love of blood only grew stronger as they saw these poor wretches fighting and being killed. The crowd would cheer and shout as one was about to die. The victor would be cheered and sometimes booed if he had fought badly. The Emperor would be asked by the victor if he wanted the loser to die or live. There would be silence while the Emperor made his decision. Whether the Emperor said the man should be killed or spared a loud cheer arose. The sight of a good fight gave the populace of Rome great satisfaction.

It is hard to believe that fights sometimes took place as often as

*TIMOTHY CARR, born 30 January, 1946 ; entered the Upper School, Worth, September, 1959.

170 times a year. The Romans by the time of the later Empire had become lazy and loved these games. These games were held by young men who wanted to become Prefects or even Emperor. If the young man was a great success in the games, he would gain the popularity of the people. The people who mainly did this were the aediles. When the fights came to an end, the Roman people returned to their homes greatly satisfied by a good day's fighting.

A TYPICAL WELSH BARBER

by A. F. D. DOHERTY*

The room was a bit crummy and it looked as though it could be done up. As you entered there was an old bench on which you sat. By the fireplace was an old gas burner and by the side of it was a dilapidated black kettle. The barber was having a good chat with the man whose hair he was cutting. Meanwhile outside, the rain was pelting down on the pavement. The barber, who had by now lit a cigarette and started to brew a cup of tea, remarked quite amiably, "It's an awful bad day in' it, Mr Williams?" "Oh, it's been comin' down for days." And so they went on.

During the time they had been gossiping the kettle had boiled over. The barber seeing this, quickly took it off and poured some water into a cup on a side table. Then he proceeded to take a biscuit from an old crumpled bag and dipped it into the tea. With the cigarette at the side of his mouth he started to eat the biscuit. One could hear the crunch, crunch of the biscuit in his mouth; and so it went on.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE

by J. F. K. LEE*

At 12.00 noon on 21st October, 1805, Collingwood's squadron attacked Villeneuve's fleet. The Battle of Trafalgar was joined. Nelson had been ordered from Portsmouth on September 15th, with three sail of the line and arrived off Cadiz on 29th September, his 47th birthday. During the next few weeks he collected his fleet which had at one time 34 ships but when he joined battle he only had 27, because six had been sent to Gibraltar to re-victual, while others had been sent on various duties. Villeneuve had returned to the Mediterranean from the West Indies and was hiding in Cadiz. He had 33 ships—15 of which were Spanish. On the 19th October Villeneuve put to sea because Napoleon was sending another Admiral to replace him and Villeneuve was determined to make one

*TONY DOHERTY, born 27 November, 1945; entered the Upper School, Worth, September, 1959.

*JULIAN LEE, born 17 July, 1945; entered the Upper School, Worth, September, 1959.

last attempt at smashing Nelson's fleet and getting round to Brest, to join the rest of the fleet preparing to invade Britain.

Nelson called his captains on to the *Victory* and explained his intentions. He was to create some completely new tactics which were to revolutionise naval warfare. Up to this time ships had always drawn up broadside to broadside and just blazed away at each other. Nelson was to order his ships to go in a straight line through the enemy line and cut their fleet into two halves.

Nelson arranged his fleet in two lines, Collingwood commanded 15 ships and Nelson 12. Collingwood's job was to cut off the last 12 ships of Villeneuve's line; in actual fact he cut off 15. Nelson's job was to protect Collingwood from Villeneuve's rearguard and then to engage the rest of the French line.

Collingwood's ship, the *Royal Sovereign*, the fastest sailer, was the first to break through the French line. Nelson led his force into the centre of the French and seeing a ship astern of Villeneuve's ship, the *Bucentaure*, he raked it from stem to stern with grape shot. Nelson's 12 ships were matched with 7 French which could only mean one result. After a bitter contest, in which Nelson was killed by a French sharpshooter on the *Redoubtable*, the battle of Trafalgar was won.

The victory was complete for out of 33 French and Spanish ships Nelson's fleet had taken 20 prizes. But in some ways it was not such a complete victory, for Admiral Lord Horatio Nelson, the British Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, had been killed. So died the greatest British, if not the world's greatest sailor. By this memorable battle the tide was turned against Napoleon.

A DAY'S SAILING

by G. B. DANCER*

As my father and I rowed out to our sailing boat I thought what a trim little craft she was. There she lay, bobbing up and down upon the waves with our flag fluttering gaily from the masthead. She was clinker-built, gaff-rigged, and undecked as yet.

We reached the boat, and climbed aboard. Our intention was to sail to Cowes and back, and from Southampton to Cowes is about seven miles. However, we had all day to do it in, and a stiff breeze from the west, which would help us both there and back. While my father set up the mainsail I attended to my favourite part of the boat—the jib or foresail. Soon we had both sails up, so we cast off and started down Southampton Water. As the wind was in the west, and we were going south, we ran a zig-zag course, nautically known as 'tacking'.

*GARETH DANCER, born 5 June, 1946; entered the Upper School, Worth, September, 1959.

At about half-past eleven we cleared Calshot spit, and now set course straight for the Isle of Wight. It was Cowes week, and a great many races were taking place between different classes of boats. Here a Dragon-class boat race, there a Catamaran 'Jumpahead' race was in full swing. We beached at Cowes at about two o'clock and ate a picnic lunch. After this we strolled around the town and watched the races until it was time for us to start back home.

The breeze had lessened slightly, and we did not make such good progress as we had going to Cowes. We were now in Southampton Water, and passing the great Fawley refinery with its jetties and tankers on either side of the water. My father invited me to take the tiller, while he kept a look out for other boats. We now picked up a bit of speed, and got about a mile from home when the breeze suddenly failed us. There was nothing for it but to row. Now and then a faint breeze would come and help us on again, but we still had to row.

At about six o'clock we reached the mooring and made fast. Then we took down the sails, and wrapped them around the gaff and the boom securely. We took away the tiller-bar, main-sheet and various items of clothing. Leaving the boat we rowed ashore in the dinghy, and went home. I looked back as I left the shore, and there the boat was, with the sinking sun almost behind her. It was a lovely night, and a good finish to an exhilarating day's sailing.

MODERN FARMING

by J. J. C. P. MUSCAT*

There are few countries in the world which do not rely on agriculture for their survival; the few that do not, rely on hunting and fishing, but this life is far from easy. Once you have to leave your home and travel many miles on foot, or maybe horseback, you first have to make sure you have got all your supplies with you otherwise you may find that you have to stay a day or even longer without food. Then, when you leave your home, you have to make sure you will be back by night or you will have to take some rugs with you and these take up room besides hindering you, as you cannot leave them alone lest someone or something steals them.

For these reasons most people prefer to build farms from which they do not have to travel large areas of land in the hope of finding something. On a farm, if it is large enough to meet the need of a car, you can have a car as there is no chance of the animals running away and if they do they can soon be rounded up.

But farming has its troubles too. In some places you may not

*JOHN MUSCAT, born 15 July, 1946; entered the Upper School, Worth, September, 1959.

be able to grow wheat, in others wheat is plentiful and there is no market so you have to export it fairly cheap; the same applies to other crops and animals. In one or two places cows and other animals are said to have been tested against tuberculosis, but once they had been exported and tested again they were found to have the disease. Thus the guilty farmers and veterinary surgeons were not trusted and no trade was done with them. Moreover, neighbouring farmers suffered too.

Farmers in the United Kingdom and France and Italy own very small farms compared with those in America and Australia because land in Europe is less fertile and there are many more people to be fed.

INVASION DAY: 55 B.C.

by D. C. M. BELL*

The sun shone down on a little town somewhere in Gaul. Yet all was not quiet in the little town. Eighty transports were moored to the little quay, soldiers tramped, horses neighed and children screamed. Caesar the great Roman General was everywhere. This was his first invasion by sea and he meant it to be a success.

After ten days the horses had been stowed on board, while the ten thousand men, comprising two legions, tramped on board. It was August, 55 B.C. One of the world's greatest invasions was about to be launched.

After a while, and incessant storms, the transports arrived at the shelving beach between Deal and Walmer. On the cliffs above were assembled the might of the barbarous islanders with their chariots, their slings, and their hideous screamings. The Britons on chariots and horseback bitterly contested any attempt at landing.

Suddenly the Eagle bearer of the Tenth Legion vaulted into the water carrying the sacred emblem. Watching from his ship, Caesar saw the hesitating Romans spring from the transports on to the beach. The Romans were able to gain a bridgehead. But a great storm blew up, the great transports were dashed against the jagged rocks. Even the ships containing Caesar's cavalry, moored offshore, were carried away.

After this calamity Caesar was forced to withdraw from Britain, leaving behind him many of his troops. So ended the greatest invasion in history, in failure, not due to Caesar but to the great forces of nature. Caesar was, however, not defeated; Britain was far too good a country to leave just like that. Since that time there have been invasions of our island but no invaders have ever had such an influence on our island as the Romans.

*DAVID BELL, born 30 September, 1946; entered the Upper School, Worth, September, 1959.

THE UPPER SCHOOL LIBRARY

It is hard to realise that this library has been in existence for only a term. It is already classified and has 2,061 books in it and a fairly wide selection of periodicals. For a great deal of this we are indebted to the many Worth friends who have either given books or money to buy books. For instance, Mr Shaw has given a £10 a year covenant; Mr and Mrs Elkington £10 and about 60 books, Mrs McPherson about 200 books, Mrs Gleeson 60 books; and so it goes on over some fifty benefactors who have given us such a wonderful start and to whom we are very grateful. I wish they could see the enthusiastic way the boys have appreciated the new library. Needless to say, Fr Edward, the Librarian is like all librarians, never satisfied. He still has many empty shelves and many very inadequate sections in the library, and he would much appreciate continued support and help from parents and friends.

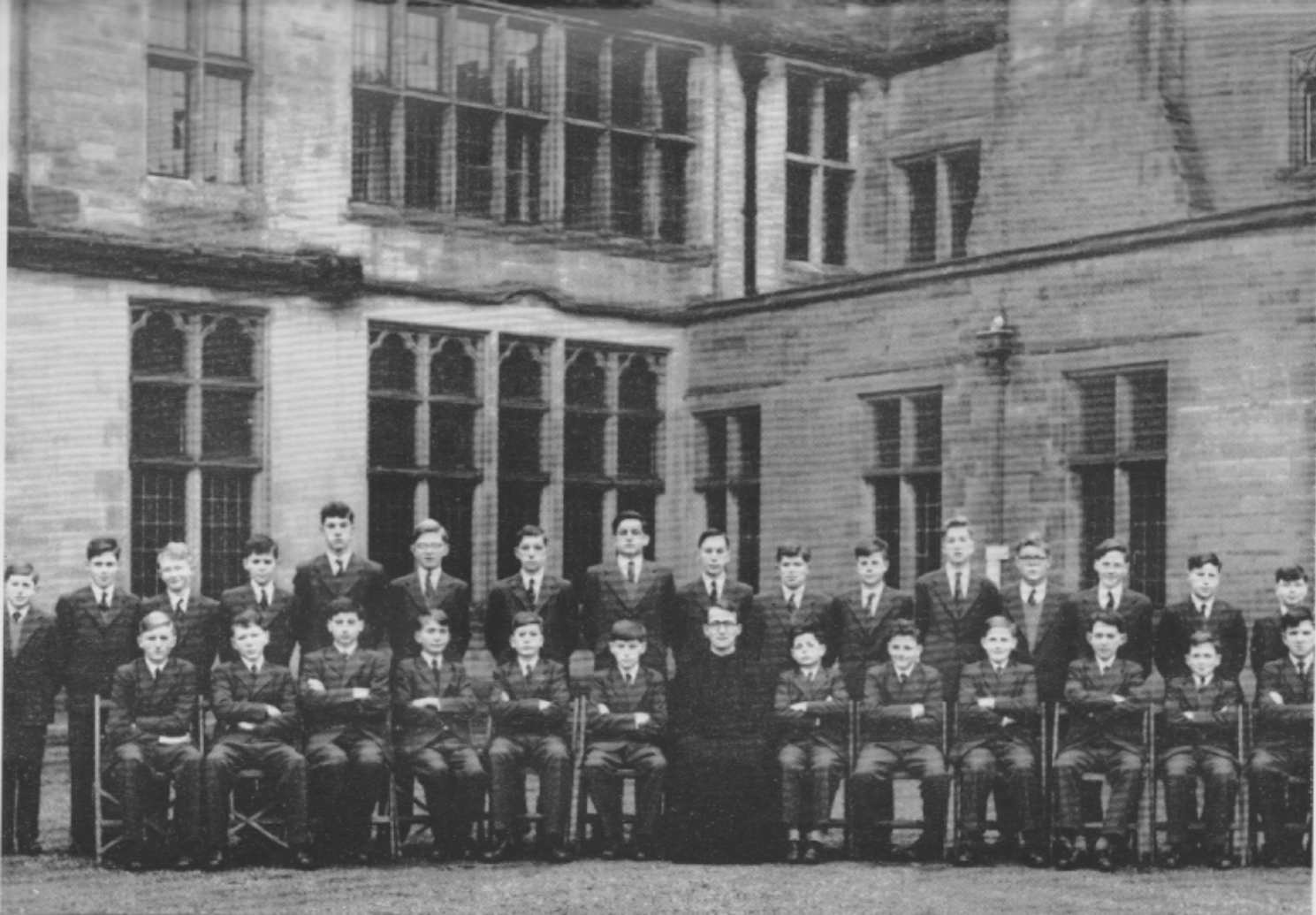
J.E.C.

THE ANGLING CLUB

President : The Headmaster ; *Vice-President* : Dom Edward ;
Hon. Secretary : R. Bligh ; *Hon. Treasurer* : N. Byrne.

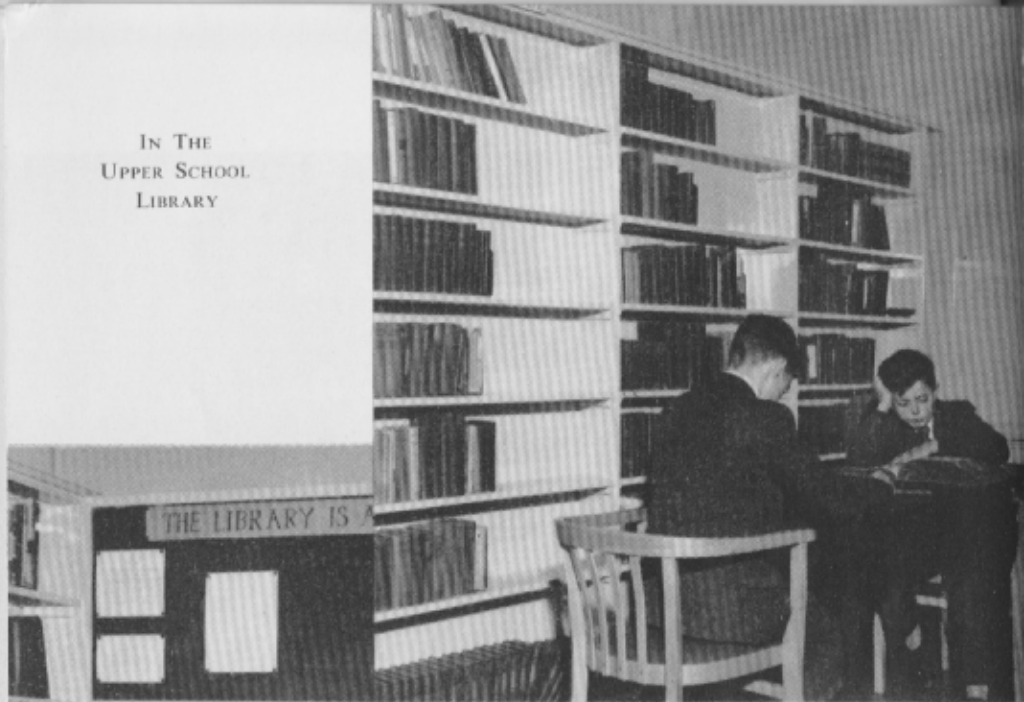
The Club which has twelve members, has got off to an excellent start, largely owing to the enthusiasm and knowledge of the Secretary and Treasurer. Mr Hayworth-Booth has allowed members to fish his mill-pond at Balcombe, a privilege which has been made very full use of for coarse fishing (with considerable success). Mr J. B. Hutton, an Old Boy, with a son in the school, has generously presented the Club with a wonderful collection of tools and materials for the making of flies. Part of the inner section of the one-time Scout Loft has been given over to this and a number of members have been learning the art. During the last weeks of the term some fifty flies have been made, not all of which, it must be admitted, would be recognised as having a prototype in the insect world. Mr Hutton also gave a talk to the Club on fishing. It was followed by questions for over half an hour, an indication of the interest that he aroused. We are much indebted to him for his support and help.

Plans are under way for stocking the Rock Garden Pool with trout. It was suggested to us by the Earl of Lytton who has stocked a pool of his own of about the same size and who has told us things we must do and avoid. We hope it will give opportunities for practising casting and fishing on short afternoons, when it is not possible to go further afield. The idea is that the fish, when caught, should be returned to the water. Before us in the spring we have the prospect, through the kind permission of Mr Medus, of trout-fishing in the 7-acre lake as well as in a small stretch of the Medway.



THE
UPPER
SCHOOL :
SEPTEMBER
1959

IN THE
UPPER SCHOOL
LIBRARY



THE UPPER SCHOOL LITERARY SOCIETY

President : The Headmaster ; *Committee* : Mr Whigham, Mr Elton, Dom Bernard ; *Hon. Sec.* : J. F. Lee ; *Hon. Treas.* : P. W. Esmonde.

The aims of this latest offspring of Worth are many and various. For the time being, it combines the activities of a literary society, a debating society, a dramatic society and almost anything else, except fishing, astronomy and music, which are provided for elsewhere. It is intended that the society should, in time, bifurcate into several societies with more specific aims.

The society's meetings were inaugurated with a ' Brains' Trust ' at which the Headmaster presided. Miss Matthews kindly consented to be the guest on the panel. She was ably assisted (except on the question of corporal punishment) by Messrs Bell, Bligh and Dancer. At the end of the session, Mr and Mrs Whigham produced a splendid concoction with which the health of the society was drunk. After being thus launched, the society read a play by Berthold Brecht, ' The Exception and the Rule ', at subsequent sessions, and also ' Macbeth '. After a poetry reading at East Lodge came the highlight of the term, a talk on " The Stock Exchange " by Mr Montford-Bebb. The talk was very much more than the title suggests, for the society was given a fascinating account of the growth of the ' City ' and its markets. We would like to record our gratitude to Mr Montford-Bebb for this talk and the film that followed it, and also to Colonel Vredenburg who was the society's guest at its last meeting.

D.B.M.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY

President : Colonel H. Vredenburg ; *Hon. Sec.* : P. S. G. Haslam ;
Hon. Treasurer : T. S. Delaney

At a Meeting on October 15th, 1959, it was decided to form an Astronomical Society. To foster the interests of Astronomy, membership is open to all interested in that subject. A number of meetings were held, the first on November 21st, in which a film on General Astronomy was shown and discussed. The last Meeting of the term was held on December 8th, when two new members were elected. At the same meeting the Secretary and the Treasurer gave short talks on the planets and the stars. Unfortunately the term's observations were hindered by bad weather, but some observations were carried out with the aid of the Secretary's 3 inch achromatic telescope.

Future activities for next term were discussed and decided upon. These will include, if possible, a visit to the observatory of Mr Patrick Moore.

MUSIC SOCIETY

At the first meeting of the Society Mr Richard Gibbs gave a lecture on woodwind instruments. He brought with him a flute, a clarinet and an oboe and demonstrated each in turn. At the end of his talk, Mr Gibbs went behind a screen and members of the Society were invited to guess which of the three instruments he was playing. At our second meeting, a concert was given by the Neri Orchestra under its conductor, Michael Bush. For many of us the most memorable item in the programme was Purcell's *The Blessed Virgin's Expostulation*, sung with exquisite poise by Miss Soo Bee Lee. Mr Bush introduced each of the items: Elgar's *Serenade for Strings*, Warlock's *Capriol Suite* and Malcolm Arnold's *Clarinet Concerto* (1st movement) which was first rehearsed in public so that the audience could get to know its unusual themes.

ART

Members of the Upper School have taken a great interest in Arts and Crafts this term. Much enthusiastic work was done in the evenings in printing, sketching and in discussion.

The new pottery kiln attracted quite a number and Ellis Brown, Lewen and Byrne met with some success. Scrapboard, too, proved popular.

It is to be hoped that Goodsir-Cullen and Clegg will continue seriously with their painting which shows promise.

Next term, when the Upper School Art Room comes into full use, we hope there will be increased activity.

Miss Spottiswoode deserves congratulations for the way she has stimulated interest in Art.

UPPER SCHOOL RUGBY FOOTBALL

The next number of the WORTH RECORD will contain a full account of the season's rugger as there are still three matches to be played in February, 1960.

The twenty-eight boys have been divided into two Leagues for purposes of internal competition. Each League fields two VII's and, at the conclusion of six matches, the League with the highest score will be awarded the Rugger cup. It was decided at the outset, and the boys supported the decision, not to combine with the Preparatory School for games and to face the season unaided. But we would like to thank the members of the 40 Club and its founder, Mr Lazarus, for the opportunity they gave us of playing most enjoyable games once a week.

The most satisfactory feature of the term's rugger was the remarkable spirit the boys showed despite their limited numbers, their disparity in skill and experience and the injuries that three of the better players sustained. The team's courage was rewarded by winning the last two matches.

Of the team itself, Urquhart made an efficient captain, but he has not yet developed sufficient qualities of leadership on the field to extract the very best out of his team during a match. His play improved steadily throughout the season, as did that of Carr and Delaney; these three could always be relied upon to play a spirited game, no matter how our fortunes stood.

The main scoring power outside lay in Elkington who is a powerful and skilful runner and an effective tackler in defence. Doherty made himself into a useful and courageous scrum half, and Wynne outside him could play a useful game, though his performance tended to be unpredictable.

All the players are to be commended for their spirit and courage and it is on these qualities that the future will be built.

We take this opportunity of thanking the well-established rugger schools for the help they have given us and the sympathy they have shown.

STAMP CLUB LETTER

My dear young Philatelists,

While Julius MocStooge is in winter quarters, arranging his stamp collection and writing up the story of his life, with the assistance of Semolina, Countess of Stooge (his cousin in the third degree of relativity), I must try to give you some idea of my old friend as wit, philosopher and philatelist. His wit can best be judged from some of his favourite aphorisms; speaking of music, for instance—for many years he had sung *vibrato* in his local choir—he used to insist that 'the modern fashion of producing rhythmic noises instead of music, bleak astringencies instead of robust sonorities, was bound to have a *brutalising* effect on concert-goers'; and he dismissed as unethical 'our novelists' invariable use of the adjective *crashing* in relation to chords played on the piano by their heroes and heroines'; moreover, he was of opinion that 'as only the critics know *exactly how* the works of the great composers should be rendered, and as only the instrumentalists are able *actually to play* the stuff, these works never have been and never will be worth listening to under any conductor or in any concert hall.'—Of progress in painting and sculpture he would say, whimsically, that it was 'nothing more or less than a swing of the pendulum from the *representational* Art of the Old Masters to the merely *representative* Art of the moderns'.

As regards the Pleasures of the Table, he declared that 'whereas a whole flagon of Turkish Delight *exhilarated* him, one good draught of Edinburgh Rock fully *integrated* him'.—Botanically, he 'favoured the lofty *Elkingtonia*' beyond all other trees: the 'loveliest of trees' was built, he thought, on 'too small a scale for a person of his calibre'. As a historian, he once made the telling remark that, 'in the reign of Henry VIII, the monks and the monasteries were not so much *dissolute* as *dissolved*'.—Of himself, since the proper study of man is Man, he had much to say on every possible occasion. But his chief title to fame as *homo sapiens* was, he stoutly maintained, a modest and self-effacing character. As no-one who knew him could possibly have guessed this, his own judgment on the point is of peculiar weight.

Passing now to the consideration of the MocStooge as philosopher and philatelist, I must content myself with presenting you with the most powerful poem that he ever wrote—a skilful translation of *The Melting Pot*, a work by one or other of the two greatest Oriental sages known to us, Nah-Pooh and Noh-Bong. Here it is:

On the long platform—Platform Two—
I heard 'All change for Crawley and beyond.'
And all changed for Crawley and beyond
Without knowing what was beyond.
And I remembered the saying of ouden time:
That all life is change.
For these are what men who are dust
Lust for: change and range of scene,
Of deed and of method-madness.
—Not so much that all changes
As that all is *being* changed;
Not so much that all is being changed
As that all is being changed by cranks
And mountebanks.

Green lawns I walk, velvet.
Glad, heart-singing. Bathe, drenched,
Drunk, in a sunbeam. . . . Oh, sudden!
Flame of my sun quenched:
Light of my heart burnt out:
Darkness where light was.

A crank is in sight.
One who will set things right.
Set us all right. Tell us where
We get off. Burn the old tunes of childhood
(My *Peascods*! Oh, my *Greensleeves* on *Dargason*!)
Man's customs uproot planted centuries gone.
Destroy, down-level, work of genius deface.

Give us new gifts, cheap, shoddy smart: gifts
Up to date, with outside but no inside: gimcrack.
Give us new ways of doing old things, faster, easier—
Not that things will go faster or easier for speeding:
In the long run they will go slower, for they will have further
to go.
In the long run life will be harder, for there will be more to do.

I seek commonsense hid away: find
Crankiness dominating the open spaces: see,
For St Paul's Cathedral, blocks of flats, scraping the clouds;
For golden, for sovereigns, abundance of printed paper.
For Paddington Station (with Kings and with Castles and
Counties,
With Saints heading westward and panting towards sunset
horizons),
An Air Port, gigantic (with liners to no-man's-land sailing).
For Dockland with ship going to China 'ship laden
with' (burthen begins with your choice alphabetical letter),
Mastodon depots with Space-ships ('wards lunacy routed—
the larger).

Into the melting-pot, white-hot, the cranks
Cast all your treasure (nothing of good
Can survive the degree of temperature usual
In melting-pots, hotter than Babylon's furnace-fire,
Seven times heated)—measureless loss. Only dross
Remains: gains for the cranks: thanks
To the melting-pot, white-hot.

All change. All change on Platform Two
For Crawley and beyond—
Unknown. . . .

It's rather a long poem, but isn't it nice? It make one think, too.
Your loving little Diogenes Philatelist.

SPRING

by T. E. CLARKE*

Hark! Hark! The Spring is here;
Whilst through the shimmering, budding boughs
Flows sweet the breeze of some heavenly wind.
In the fields of daisies lie the cows,
And in the forest the buck and the hind
Are romping and playing, no cold to fear.

*TIMOTHY CLARKE, born 16 January, 1948; entered Worth, 17 September, 1959; Puer Cantor.

NOEL

by P. J. M. KAUFELER*

As the bells sing high,
In the evening sky,
All go to church,
To celebrate the birth
Of the Holy Child, Christ the King.

Where the mistletoe hangs
Upside down from the wall,
In the entrance hall,
We all make merry
With the holly leaf and berry
To celebrate the birth
Of the Holy Child, Christ the King.

The Christmas tree's ablaze
With a candle type of haze
And the children dance round
To the lovely sound
Of the bell's fading far away
To celebrate the birth
Of the Holy Child, Christ our King.

BIRDS

by J. F. SHERRY*

They swoop and soar and dive on high
Or sing together in the trees.
At night they snuggle in their nests,
Rocked softly by the breeze.

The owl, a bird who hunts at night,
Grows restless as the eve draws near.
He sees a mouse, and leaves his perch—
A muffled squeak is all you hear.

The robin never leaves his home,
In winter he is near at hand,
When swallows, skylarks, cuckoos too
Fly in flocks to warmer lands.

The birds, the heralds of the morn,
Bring joy unto the saddened heart.
They're always there from morn to eve,
And only with the night depart.

*PETER KAUFELER, born 1 October, 1948 ; entered Worth, September, 1956.

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

THE SEASONS

by M. W. SCHOLL*

Spring comes first,
And as you know
It is when all
The flowers grow.

Summer is,
Or ought to be,
The nicest time
For you and me.

Autumn is
The time of year
When winter snows
Are coming near.

Long and dark
Is a Winter's gale,
Where nothing is seen
But sleet or hail.

CHRISTMAS CAROL

by M. R. WHINNEY*

Long ago in stable dark
A horse and ass did neigh,
And there in a manger
The Baby Jesus lay.

For on that night
An Angel did appear
To some shepherds on a hill
And they were filled with fear,

He said ' Fear not '
For to-night
A Saviour is born
And He is the Light.

And out there to the East
A host of angels in the sky
Came and sang for all the world
To the Lord God on high.

And that night three priests did come
To the manger in the town
With gifts of gold and myrrh
For them to lay them down.

And now at Christmas
To celebrate this Feast
We all go to Mass
Like they do in the East.

*MICHAEL SCHOLL, born 16 May, 1948 ; entered Worth, September, 1957 ; under 11 Rugger and Cricket ; under 10 Cricket.

*MARTIN WHINNEY, born 23 September, 1947 ; entered Worth, September, 1955 ; under 10, 11 and 12 Rugger Teams ; under 11 Hockey Team ; acted in *Christmas on the Common* ; Puer Cantor.

DAY AND NIGHT

by J. F. MURRAY*

On a summer's day, when children play
And swimmers swim in the bay,
While bees suckle honey from flowers,
And the farmer cuts the corn
All around the field from morn.
The sun sets at the end of the day,
The donkeys lie down and bray,
And the birds fly to their nests,
While it begins to get dark,
And the dogs begin to bark.

VERSES

by C. R. NEELANDS*

I

The sea she surges around ships' sides,
To drive them on the rocks
Where sharks do bide.
She wishes to kill all seamen bold,
The sea, treacherous and cold.
Many ships lie on the great sea-bed :
Masts broken, and sails torn to shreds.
Sailors' coffins, too, lie there,
While fish swim about them.
Oh, 'tis the work of the sea, treacherous and cold.

II

The swallows have left us,
And autumn has crept in.
The mist lies low,
The frost glitters on the ground.
Flowers droop,
Leaves fall,
All is quiet but for a pigeon's call :
The autumn has set in.

*JOHN MURRAY, born 22 January, 1949 ; entered Worth, September, 1957.

*RUPERT NEELANDS, born 17 November, 1948 ; entered Worth, September, 1957.

HORSE RACING

by S. P. FISHER*

Round the bend the horses sweep,
Over the jumps all of them leap.
Some of them small, some of them large,
Thundering on like a cavalry charge.

The people shout till their throats do ache
As their favourite horse, the lead will take.
Anxious betters watch hard and true,
As their horses go thundering through.

The Bookies are shouting and chalking up odds.
One horse is down, and slowly he plods
Back to the start ; but the others are gone
Thundering fast, on and on.

They are near the finish, the leader is pressed,
Now is the time to see who is best.
Past the post, and now it's the end,
People are leaving—with money to spend ?

CHRISTMAS DAY

by D. C. SANDERS*

On Christmas Day in the morn
A babe in Bethlehem was born,
And Mary His Mother was to call
Him Christ the King and Life of all.

And there were shepherds on a hill :
To Jesus Christ they all did come,
And they all bowed down at His will,
And as they knelt a hymn was sung.

And Wise Kings from the East did come,
And they did pass by Herod's Palace.
Herod gave word for them to come,
And said he'd give a very big sum.

And wicked Herod the king did ask
Of where this Christ the King was born,
His soldiers to kill Him was their task
Which would make his mother mourn.

*SIMON FISHER, born 17 March, 1947 ; entered Worth, September, 1955 ; acted in *Christmas on the Common* and *Stations in Mime* ; 1st XV Rugger ; under 11 Hockey XI ; Puer Cantor.

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

DREAM ALPHABET

(Or 'Ode to an ant dreaming about learning his alphabet' !)

by C. D. D. HIGGINS*

A for an *ant* a-crawling on the floor,
B as it *bumped* its head against the door.
C as it *caught* its tail in a crack,
D as it *dumped* its tail on its back.

E as it *eat* a morsel of bread,
F as it *found* it wasn't even fed,
G as it *gazed* upon a shoe
H as it *heard* it thumping too.

I as it *interviewed* another friend,
J as it *jumped* clean round the bend !
K as a man tried to *kick* him in the side,
L as he *leaped* and the kick went wide !

M as it *mounted* up the stairs,
N as it *nibbled* at some pears.
P as it *pinched* a bit of snuff,
R as it *realised* it had had quite enough !

S as it *supped* snow white milk,
T as it *tripped* on some slippery silk,
Y as it *yelled* in a terrible scream,
W as it *woke* from this horrible dream.

OUR MAID AND THE INSECTS

by R. BRECH*

The dragon-flies hum around the ponds,
The bumble bees settle on large lily-fronds ;
The black fly buzzes around the house,
The male makes friends with the female louse.
But our maid doesn't care, no, our maid doesn't care—
For our maid is going to town today,

The spider scuttles across the floor,
Making for safety behind the door ;
The ant struggles for life in the sink,
For somebody has poured over him a bottle of ink.
But our maid doesn't care, no, our maid doesn't care—
For our maid is going to town to-day.

*CHRISTOPHER HIGGINS, born 26 September, 1946 ; entered Worth, September, 1955 ; under 12 Hockey ; Tennis Team ; House Prefect ; Puer Cantor.

*ROBERT BRECH, born 14 September, 1946 ; entered Worth, January, 1957 ; Head Librarian ; Dormitory Prefect ; Puer Cantor.

JOURNEYS

by P. BUTLER*

It was my fifth crossing to Ireland. The bunk was small ; I was cramped. The sea was rough and I was not enjoying the crossing. The steamer was the *King David*, a sturdy ship, on which I had crossed before, but I did not think she was particularly sturdy this time—she rolled, tossed and swayed. I loathe ship journeys.

Smoke, noise and cramp always travel with me when I journey by bus. The seats, though they look soft, are usually rough and rather uncomfortable. Coach journeys are always long and tiresome. I loathe coach journeys.

Cars are so small, so low that you cannot look over the hedges and there are so many cars on the roads. Cars are wonderful for short journeys, but for long journeys . . . Oh ! they are unbearable, with traffic jams and other hindrances. I always want journeys to end and be done with, but because of the above hindrances they are always lengthened. I loathe car journeys.

I absolutely loathe journeys, whether by car, coach, train, ship ; I loathe journeying.

EARLY MORNING IN THE WOODS

by M. J. CUMMINS*

The spring sun comes gliding over the horizon. From a high tree, where the sun has already come into full view, there sounds a chirping as the little nestlings, woken by the heat of the sun, are crying for food. Their mother flies off in search of a few earth-worms with which she will attempt to ease their hunger. The worm, her staple diet, is digging for all he's worth to get himself out of sight of her prying eyes.

Meanwhile the other occupants of the woods come out of their sleep and start the search for food. The squirrels scurry around looking for a heap of acorns they buried last winter, and which they have long since forgotten. Whilst most animals are busy the owls and badgers go grumpily to their homes. The bats are flitting in and out of the trees on the way to their cave where they hang themselves from the roof like pieces of old cloth on nails.

The sun rises higher and smiles down on the little birds singing joyfully in the trees. The sun rises yet higher into the sky and gives warmth and light to the habitants of the woods playing together in the leafy shade of old weather-worn trees. There they shall play and frolic until the shades of twilight draw near when they will return to their homes and sleep till the day.

*PATRICK BUTLER, born 9 November, 1946 ; entered Worth, September, 1954 ; 1st XV Rugger ; under 12 Hockey ; 2nd XI Cricket ; School Prefect ; Sacristy.

*MICHAEL CUMMINS, born 22 October, 1946 ; entered Worth, May, 1953 ; under 12 Hockey Team ; 2nd XV Rugger ; Swimming Team ; Assistant Librarian ; acted in *The More the Merrier*.

STORM

by C. F. GLEADELL*

Pallid clouds enfold the sky
Shimmering water turn and swell
'A storm brews', the shepherd knows full well.
'Take shelter lest the lightning wreck
The tree that you sit under.'
He hears the boom of threatening thunder.

A series of cracks and flashes of lightning,
A booming of thunder and spitting of rain.
Little boys may run to their mother, 'It's frightening,
This storm that has brewed'.

DRIVING ALONG A ROAD

by S. W. DEVAS*

Driving along a road on a cold starry night ;
Driving through a town, oh ! what a lovely sight,
Driving through a wood, it's very, very nice,
Driving is more than good, it's just tops !
Driving round a bend, looking all about you ;
Driving never seems to end.

WINTER

by G. F. RITCHIE*

Winter is here ; and lots of other hardships are here. In these modern days of electricity and gas they are very slight. But there is one thing that these moderns can't hold back—*cost*. Electricity, gas and coal are expensive, and so are the pills and medicines needed for colds and pneumonia which are often caught in winter. One also has to buy winter clothing which, because of its thickness, is more expensive than summer clothing. Sometimes one's pipes freeze and crack and then one has to call a plumber and one loses a lot of water also. There is the inconvenience of having snow and

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

*STEPHEN DEVAS, born 21 Dec., 1949 ; entered Worth, September, 1957.

*GRAHAM RITCHIE, born 11 March, 1948 ; entered Worth, January, 1957 ; Puer Cantor.

rain leaking in all over the house. Fog sometimes hangs in the air, especially on high places like the moors.

Of course there are nice things as well as bad things. For the child there are snowballing, sleighing, skating and plenty of other winter sports. For the adult there is the wonderful scene of the snow and the robin and other winter birds flying and twittering through the snowflakes.

Now let us turn from domestic matters to nature. Nearly all the animals are in their cosy hibernation holes and tunnels. Those that are not hibernating have grown a thicker winter coat, and in some cases, a stoat for example, they grow a white coat to match the snow so that birds and animals that prey on them can't see them so easily. Most trees have finished shedding their leaves except, of course, the conifers.

If one went out on a winter walk, which I have often done, one would see tracks of hares, badgers, birds, foxes, rabbits and many other animals who venture out of their holes to hunt or be hunted. The few birds that are left are twittering happily in the skies. Other birds are on or have finished their long migrating journeys and are cheeping to each other in a new world of joys and happiness.

On the farm, the farmer and his hands are getting the horses and other animals into their hay-strewn stables. He is putting corn and winter foods into their buckets where they will munch the new foods with gusto.

Winter is here. I suppose that all beginnings of seasons are happy. This is a hard one, but nevertheless it is joyful.

SOUTH AMERICAN THREE-BANDED ARMADILLOS

by C. A. MASON*

The South American three-banded armadillo is a scaly little animal. His shell is made of many chunks of hard skin with hair poking out of the cracks. He is able to roll himself into a ball with his pointed head inside and his tail outside to protect his eyes. When he is opened out he toddles along on his pointed toes making a 'click clack' sound. His chest and underneath are covered in coarse hair.

In captivity he will feed on raw eggs, minced meat, fruit of many kinds and raw brains. In the wild he lives on insects and raw meat when he can find it.

He is called three-banded because he has three little bands of hard skin over his back. They are used as hinges to enable him to fold up.

*CRISPIN MASON, born 12 December, 1948 ; entered Worth, January, 1951 ; under 10 Cricket XI.

BLARNEY CASTLE

by T. F. J. BROOKE-HARTE*

Last Easter holidays I asked my mother if I could go to Blarney Castle. So later on in the day we packed a few sandwiches and a bar of chocolate for each of us. There were my mother, my sister and myself. We all got in the car and went towards Cork. There we looked for a signpost to Blarney Castle. There were plenty of them. In about five minutes we were well out in the country, and beautiful country, too, with blooming flowers and trees all over the place. Later we came to a place with bog on either side but this was only for half a mile or so. After a few minutes we saw a sign saying 'Blarney Castle' and we found a car park. We got out and saw a little round box office with a man inside. He said we must pay 2/6d. for adults and 1/3d. for children of fifteen years and under.

Inside the walls you could see how thick they were in those days as each wall is about four feet thick. My sister suggested we should go and kiss the Blarney Stone. We started to climb. About half-way up I began to feel nervous so I started to descend. When I reached the bottom I found a lot of old ruins. While I was looking round them I suddenly got a fright as a bird flew out of the ivy over the ruins. Soon my mother and sister came down and we explored the dungeons. When we came to our last match we turned round and went back. On our way we saw a notice: 'To the Druid Stones'. We went along the narrow path with a very steep bank on one side and a sheer drop on the other. . . .

THE MERSEY

by K. W. ROSE*

Standing on the quayside of the Manx steamers, I gazed upon the scene before me. Anchored in mid-stream, the proud *Empress of Scotland* swayed with the swell of the tide. She looked a beautiful craft as she lay there, with her white hull and chequered funnels. Steaming along beside her was a filthy dredger returning to harbour from a day's work further upstream.

A lorry drew up behind me and customs officials appeared, porters came running down the quay and taxis and coaches drew up outside. I enquired what the bustle was for. Apparently the *Isle of Man* boat was just about to enter the river. Looking out to sea I perceived the vessel rapidly approaching its destination, the Port of Liverpool. The clock on the Liver Building chimed, telling the world it was five o'clock.

*TIMOTHY BROOKE-HARTE, born 16 April, 1949; entered Worth, May, 1958; under 10 and under 11 Cricket and Rugger.

*KEITH ROSE, born 27 June, 1948; entered Worth, May, 1956; under 12 Rugger; under 11 Cricket and Hockey Teams; Sacristy.

Meanwhile the *Saxonia* was being hauled out, near to the *Empress of Scotland*, by two pairs of tugs with a pilot to guide it. But by now the *Isle of Mona*, as I later discovered was the name of the boat, was preparing to dock. Sailors appeared on deck with ropes all ready to throw them to their fellow seamen, who, in turn, coiled them round the bollards. The gangplank crashed down and passengers crowded on to the quayside. Cranes creaked under the weight of the large crates of herrings. Slowly they lowered them on to the waiting lorries.

Gradually the bustle calmed down and once more the ship was ready for another voyage.

CAIRO AT NIGHT

by G. A. ROSER*

On our second visit to Egypt we went to Cairo for most of the time. A French-Egyptian friend of ours very kindly let us stay in one of his hotels. He and his wife showed us all the places of interest and one night he rang up to ask us if we would like to go out. He had booked a table at the best night-club. We said we would and soon he came round with his huge car and off we went. Our hotel was situated on the bank of the river Nile, and so we saw the Nile every time we went out. The night-club was on the other side of the river and we had to travel half a mile or so to the nearest and biggest bridge over the Nile. It was brilliantly lit with thousands of lights which made the river look very murky. The other bank of the Nile is where all the rich people live and the club we were going to was very expensive. . . . It was called 'Le café de Pegonne', and the pigeons were very nice, though small. When we arrived we were led to our place, which was right beside the Nile, by the head waiter. In our places were garlands of jasmine and we all had to wear them.

The food was very good and we had pigeon, salads, soups, mangoes, and a host of other foods. We also had a lot of champagne. While we were there we dimly saw a barge being punted along the river, its black bulk making a great contrast to the flood-lighting of the bridges and hotels on the opposite bank.

After we had eaten we went for a drive around Cairo and the Pyramids. The city was really like London at night, except that there were a lot of trams. When we got out at the Pyramids though, it was all different. The Pyramids and Sphinx made huge masses against the deep blue night sky studded with white, glimmering stars and a great, round golden moon, striking dark shadows on the yellow desert sands.

The next morning we went to the museum to see the fabulous

*GERARD ROSER, born 6 September, 1947; entered Worth, January, 1959.

treasures of Tutankamen. He was the youngest Pharoah and died at the age of seventeen. His treasures are magnificent. We saw a large collection of queer-shaped things, but one of the attendants came and told us that they were animals mummified to represent the gods. There were also a lot of solid gold gods and goddesses. At the beginning of the room in which the greater part of the treasures are, there are two guards in black and gold bearing the staffs of authority.

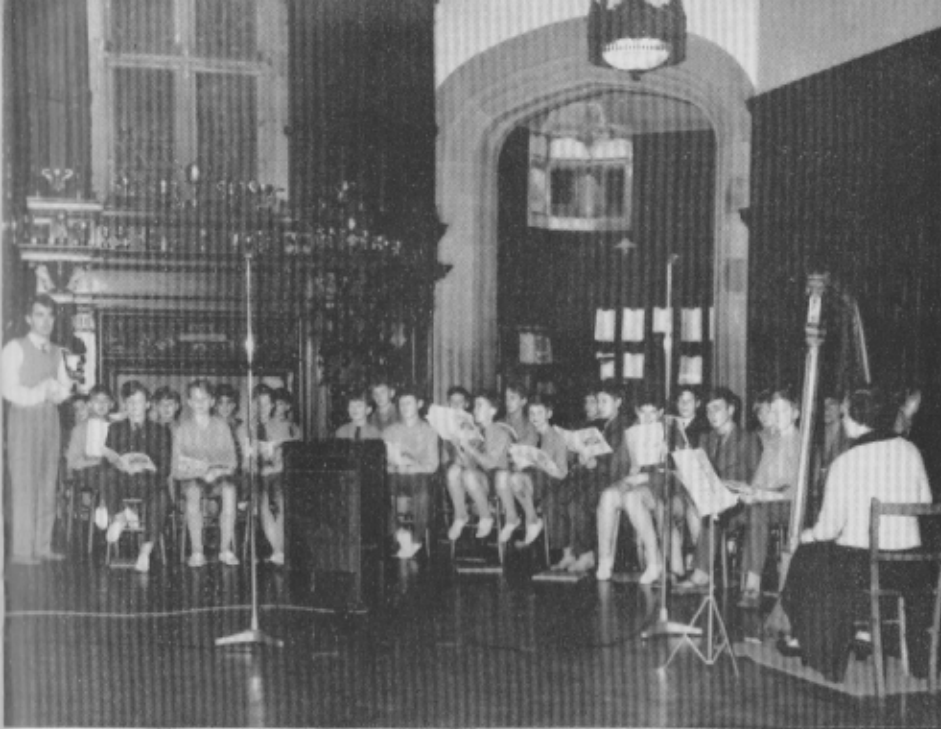
There are four gold chariots and two great couches and his throne and foot-stool and a lot of shrines to the gods. The tomb in which the sarcophagus of the king was put was of beaten gold and there were nine or ten of these tombs inside each other and at the very centre was the sarcophagus and then inside that, which was of solid gold with the eyes and eyebrows in topaz, were nine more until the mummy was found. The jewelry was in open cases and anyone could have picked up a priceless object and walked off with it without anybody knowing. But our stay in Cairo came to a close all too soon and we had to return to Cyprus where we lived.

THE CLEARING

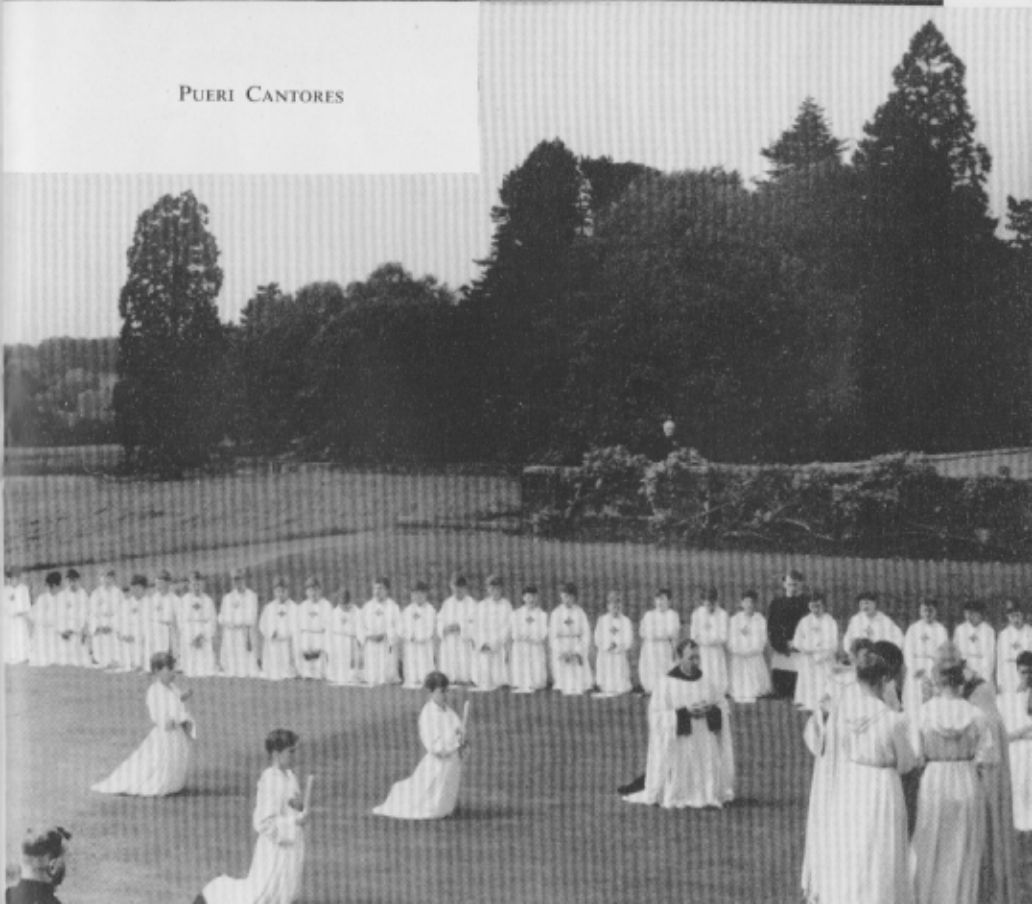
by T. A. DAY*

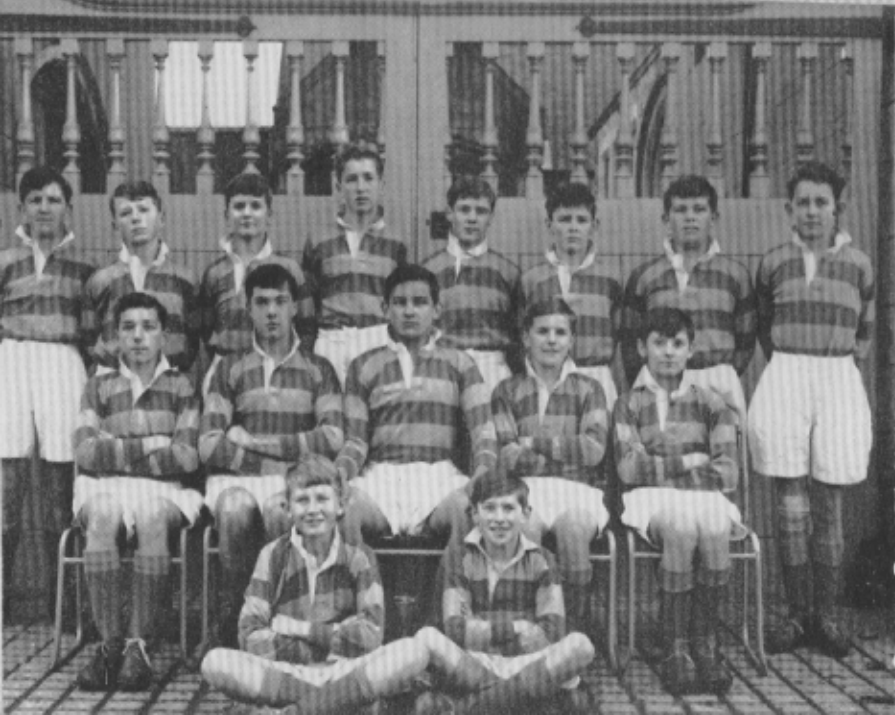
The sun beat down on the clearing in Canada, throwing dark shadows behind a little log cabin which stood near the centre of the scene. Lying on the thick curtain of soft pine needles just under the trees was an old man. He was watching the ever-changing scene before him. Out in the clearing a chipmunk was adventurously creeping towards the cabin. His bushy tail and his two black stripes stood up picturesquely against the small patches of green grass dotted about the cabin. Suddenly another jumped from the roof of the cabin and dashed away, with a large fir cone in his mouth. Then began a chase, over the porch, around the gaily-coloured flowers, through the woodpile and back into the forest. They had just disappeared through the trees when a humming bird settled on one of the flowers nearby. He was outlined by one of those beams of light which dodged through the overhanging branches. It hung, seemingly suspended in air, its small green body and wasp-like wings hanging over the flower as it sucked the pollen. The birds seemed quite quiet, as though in awe of the queen of birds. High up above, the golden eagle soared, for once at a loss for a victim. Out of the trees came a small fawn, whose dappled coat almost concealed him from view. Suddenly a shot was heard; the fawn bounded off, and into the clearing came a young man. Up got the old man and together they walked into the cabin. The spell was broken.

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

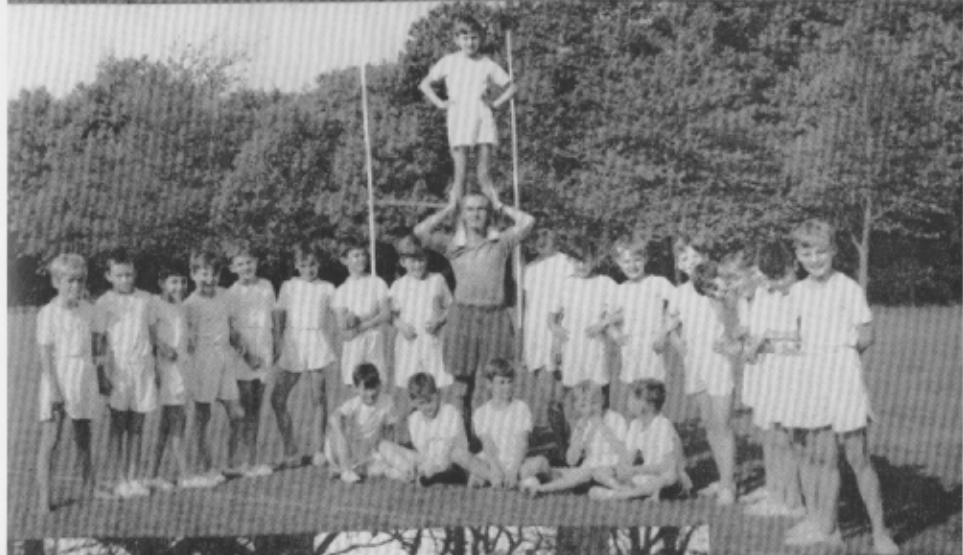


PUERI CANTORES





Below :
THE
UPPER
SCHOOL
RUGBY
TEAM





"ANGLO-SAXON
ATTITUDES"

WHOLE
HOLIDAY



THE LAST MORNING AT SCHOOL

by A. P. NOLAN*

The last few hours at Worth are very busy. When we get up in the morning everyone is much quicker than usual. When we have washed and done our teeth we bring our flannels, tooth brushes and tooth paste into the dormitory and pack them in our suitcases. When we have dressed we strip our beds and fold all the blankets tidily. Then we get our caps, put them in our overcoat pockets, drape our overcoats over our suitcases, and go down to breakfast. During breakfast the pocket money we have left over is given out (if it wasn't given out the night before) and when breakfast is over we get our overcoats, caps and suitcases and go into the day-room. There we line up along the walls and wait till about 9.10. Then the Headmaster gives out the tickets to the boys who are not going to London, or are going further. Then everybody piles into the buses and sit down. When the buses start everybody begins to count. By the time we have reached the gates we have counted up to fifty. When we go out of the gates everybody gives a great cheer.

We arrive at the station and rush up to a gate. Everyone gets into a line and the tickets to Victoria are given out. After that we go up a slope and wait for the train. When it comes we get in and look for a seat. Usually there aren't enough seats for about three boys. They have to go into another compartment. But, after a lot of bother, we arrive at Victoria and everybody goes happily home.

BEAUTIES IN NATURE

by A. G. McEWEN*

You wake up to the crowing of a nearby cock, the sun is streaming into your room through the window ; you look out, and to your utter amazement you see a fox running across the lawn to the woods which are about half a mile away. The birds are singing ; the sky is blue, as clear and cloudless as a lake of blue paint.

You wander aimlessly towards the woods. In the hedge you spot a chaffinch on its nest, its beautiful breast panting with pride. It chirps as if to say, " Look at my beautiful nest." Quietly you step away so as not to disturb the little thing. Farther up the road you suddenly spot a clumsy old hedgehog walking slowly and heavily across the road. At last you realise that you are at heart with nature ; you want to stay with her. So you move on more cautiously then ever.

You cross the stile that leads into the woods. You find a little-used path and follow it. On either side primroses are blooming ;

*ANTHONY NOLAN, born 14 April, 1948 ; entered Worth, September, 1956 ; Gym Team.

*ANTHONY McEWEN, born 17 November, 1947 ; entered Worth, September, 1958 ; under 11 and 12 Rugger Teams ; under 11 Hockey Team.

suddenly there is a rustling and a grass snake followed by its young wriggles across in front of you. The leaves are quivering and bowing as if to some lost king. Maybe they are, but who knows? Only God.

Soon you come to a merrily bubbling little stream. The reeds are growing in patches at the edge. If you look carefully you may see a few newts or tadpoles and maybe even an ugly old frog. Suddenly there is a deep "Crowk" behind you; you turn round and discover a big toad just in the act of swallowing a fly.

You return home humming this song:

What nature contains only God knows,

But some of it I and you know too.

On the lawn you see a few rabbits sniffing at the lettuces. In the distance the sun is setting, sending off golden rays. The sky is turning to pink, to red, to mauve. Slowly the sun disappears. You go to bed with the knowledge that Nature is with you.

THE CHOIR

by R. M. H. KANE*

This Christmas Term, the Choir has been very busy, not only with motets earlier in the term, but with rehearsals for 'A Ceremony of Carols'. For this we divided up into 1st and 2nd trebles, and altos, and some of it was very hard and modern, but as we got used to this the carols grew on us. This work lasts for 25 minutes. We also did the traditional carols which are sung by everybody. These are magnificently written and really bring out the different moods of Christmas.

We first sang these carols on Sunday, 6th December, in the day-room, and all the parents came to listen. Miss Ann Ross came down to play the harp, which was the centre of attraction for us. She was very nice and said, "It takes a lot of pluck to play the harp." We had to rehearse and record between 11.30 and lunch, which kept us very busy.

The second time we sang them was at Crawley on 7th December, at the new Franciscan Church of St Francis and St Anthony. There was a small 'snippet' in the *Crawley Courier* and a picture of the choir with our Choirmaster, Mr Paul Johnson, conducting us. I think that it must have gone down very well with the two hundred people who came to hear us.

This was our second 'live' public appearance (our first—the Albert Hall, 1957) and I hope we will have many more. This was the last appearance in the Choir for some of us and it made an exciting finale to our Choir career.

*RODERICK KANE, born 16 May, 1946; entered Worth, September, 1954; acted in *Stations in Mime*, *The Rose and the Ring*, *Christmas on the Common*, *When Knights were Bold*; Assistant Librarian; Dormitory Prefect; Leader of the Choir.

PRIDE COMES BEFORE A FALL

by C. D. YEO and R. A. SEELEY*

Once in the town of Nombredios there lived a fair senorita, Sozoano, who wished to marry Senor el gaie Cavaliero, a guard of the town. Now Senorita Sozoano had an uncle, Barono Bagwash, who was very proud and could not bear to think of his niece, a noble girl of ancient blood, marrying a simple cavaliero, who had nothing to show that he had any nobility in him!

One day the senor went to see his fiancée. She came out to him and he said: "My dear, let us go to the woods for a picnic. I have our wedding ring with me, and I can barely wait to show it to you!" "Oh, thank you," the senorita answered gleefully. "I will pack a basket straight away. I, too, will find it a strain to wait and see it."

So off they went to the wood together, joyfully singing. When they got to the wood they had lunch, the senorita begging to see the ring. After lunch they were about to open the box when there was the sound of galloping horses and a shout. "Oh dear," exclaimed the senorita, "That's Uncle's voice. A message came this morning that I mustn't marry you since you are not a noble, but..." The senorita broke off, as Bagwash, Baron of Eastern Catille came galloping up, roaring, seizing the senorita and knocking over the senor with his horse.

"Why do you want to marry that scum of a vagabond of common muck?" he roared, pointing a filthy thumb at the senor.

"Oh, Uncle," said the senorita in a pitiful voice, "Oh, Uncle, he isn't that bad. In fact he's a perfect sweetie, aren't you, dear?"

"Of course I am," said the senor huffily.

"Bosh!" roared Bagwash. "Hey you, come here, you warhorse of a dog, take my niece to my castle; treat her well, give her everything she wants except her freedom and that horse," said he roaring and pointing at Senor el gaie Cavaliero, "and put the horse in dungeons." Then he took the ring as they went off, laughed and put it on his own finger and went along with the others, roaring all the way.

Senor el gaie Cavaliero found himself locked in a dungeon. The first thing he did was to feel the walls. All firm. Then he felt the floor. He felt a loose stone. He spent half an hour pulling at it. He got it up and looked below. He saw a hole about six inches—anything else?—no. Senor nearly gave up. Then he saw a key sticking into the wall. He turned the key and behind him he heard a slide. He saw a hole and went through it. After about five minutes' walk, he found a hole with a light beside it. He ran up it and found himself in his own home!

*CHRISTOPHER YEO, born 7 July, 1948; entered Worth, May, 1956; acted in *Stations in Mime* and *When Knights were Bold*.

*RICHARD SEELEY, born 2 May, 1948; entered Worth, September, 1956.

Within five minutes he had collected a force of five, a box of matches and some gunpowder. They hurried along to Bagwash Towers and put a match to a fuse in the gunpowder in a spot far from where the senorita was. They caused a distraction to get everyone over there. Just then the gunpowder went off, blowing that part of the castle up! What an explosion. Then they rushed to get the senorita who had become nearly hysterical at the explosion. You can guess what comes next. They got married and the story ends with Senor del Barono Bagwash-Cavaliero and his Lady.

WILD ANIMALS

by J. F. PAVRY*

I love wild animals. And this story is about some of the wild animals I have seen. One day as I was walking along in a forest, I saw a beautiful little squirrel. He had a wonderful orange coat and looked so nice on the ground. He was collecting nuts for the winter. I think rabbits are very nice, when they skip, hop and jump. They look so sweet indeed. One night I went to a common and saw hundreds of rabbits. I had to go very quietly in case they might hear me. I nearly caught one, but he was too quick. Moles have very silky coats and people make waist-coats out of them. They are very clever. I am fond of all animals and like to keep pets.

CHINA

by P. A. GIVEN-WILSON*

At the moment in China there is a terrible conflict (if it can be called a conflict, for it's really a rout) between the Communists (unfortunately by far the stronger party) and the Nationalists. The Communists have occupied all the Chinese mainland which is called Red China while the Nationalists have been driven to the numerous little islands round the mainland which is called Nationalist China.

Red China, as I have said before, is Communist and is just as hostile to Christianity as Russia is, if not more so. A striking fact is that a few years ago there were six thousand priests in Red China and now there are only ten. These ten live in great fear of their lives and the sad thing is that all the bishops are in prison or dead. It is not only the Church but the people who are being afflicted in this way, and the stream of refugees into Hong Kong (still a British possession) is about one thousand per day! There are not nearly enough jobs for all these refugees and this means poverty, misery, starvation, disease, and even death. This is one of our chief problems now in Europe and America and I think that something will have to be done about it very quickly.

*JAMES PAVRY, born 4 October, 1950; entered Worth, September, 1959.

*PATRICK GIVEN-WILSON, born 26 August, 1947; entered Worth, September, 1955; under 12 Cricket.

ARE SCHOOL RULES NECESSARY?

by A. R. BERGL*

This is a very important question for schools and is a subject deserving careful debate. Many people have diverse views as to whether rules should be tightened, slackened, or even stopped altogether. The following are my own views:

First let us look on the *pro* side of school regulations, and take an example. Let us look at the history of a country, say, Paflagonia. Almost at the beginning of its existence there were nothing but a few cave-men and a couple of caves. They could do whatever they liked; but after a while, when there was a certain amount of stability and a peaceful stationary community, most people became tired of having their huts burnt down and their silver stolen every other Monday. So laws were made saying that you were not allowed to burn other people's houses, kill the occupants and other things like that. Eventually, after 2,000 years, the modern state of Paflagonia has the best code of laws in Europe.

Enough of Paflagonia; but a school is really a self-contained country of its own and if it had no regulations, there would be chaos just as soon as in any country. The following is one point *against* school rules. People may argue that a school is not a country, but just an institution attended by dirty, grimy little boys. Even if they do say this they can never say a country is not a country, and it is necessary for it to have laws. When one leaves school one enters into a country where one is automatically under a code of laws, so it would be best if one were taught to live by laws and regulations from the beginning. But no-one can say a school is not a country in *parvo*, which therefore decides in favour of school rules.

FAUNA

by N. J. ADDERLEY*

Animals are very nice, although the grey squirrel steals from the red squirrel; but that is his nature. The badger comes out at night with his family; you can recognise his sett by the mound outside; he is a timid creature and if you are lucky to get near a badger you will see the white stripe down its back and nose. The fox is very sly; he may jump into a hole and another fox may come out; he may come to a stream and start swimming under water and you would not know where he had gone. He eats the farmer's poultry, but that is his nature. If I was an animal, I would like to be a badger; I would come out at night with my family and play.

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

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

THE UNSEEN CASTLE

by H. N. M. THOMSON*

Last holidays my mother said, "Let's go to see Gulzane Castle." She made some sandwiches and a salad for a picnic lunch, then we all got into the car and started off. At about eleven o'clock we got to the Ayrshire coast and saw Robby Burns' cottage. A mile before Prestwick Airport we got ourselves in a most frightful traffic jam, and when we got to the front we saw two little Morris Minors joined by the bumpers and some policemen trying to unhitch them.

At two o'clock we reached our destination. Then we went to look at the times of tours around the castle, and we decided that the 4 o'clock tour would suit us best as we wanted to go round the grounds before going to look round the outside.

First we went on what was called the cliff walk. We had to go through a sort of arch with trees meeting overhead. After walking for an hour we found ourselves in a park, with swings, a shute and a see-saw as well as a house woven out of straw. Two swans were floating about on the river and ducks were plentiful.

Next we went to Happy Valley, which is a very good name for it as there was wild rhubarb over six foot high and some acorns of a tremendous size. Then we started back, but it was too late to see the castle as it was time to go home.

HOLIDAY IN IRELAND

by D. J. GLEESON*

Last summer I went to Ireland for my holidays. We flew from London to Dublin in an Aer Lingus Viscount. When we arrived we drove straight to Portmanock, a small village on the sea and north of Dublin. We stayed at a hotel called The County Club. It was very nice and among other things it had a table tennis room and I played there nearly every day. The beach was lovely, stretching for miles on end. There were sea-birds everywhere; some were very timid and would fly away as soon as they saw you; others would come right up to you, looking at you curiously. At the hotel

*HAMISH THOMSON, born 15 December, 1949; entered Worth, May, 1958.

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

there was a boy of about two, which whom I used to play. It was amusing to see him stare at the sea as though it were a mighty giant.

After we had been at Portmanock a few days I got a very nice surprise; I was sitting in the lounge when I saw some people arriving at the hotel and among them was a boy from Worth called Nicholas Marriot. We were both very surprised to see each other, but before long we were playing table tennis together. The next day when we were down by the sea we saw a plane flying over us, with a long piece of cloth attached to its tail and woven on to it were the words, 'Omo adds brightness to whiteness.' This I thought was a silly way to advertise, as there was hardly anybody on the beach.

Quite often we used to go over to a place called Ballbrigan to see an aunt of mine; it was very nice there and I enjoyed going. One night there was a terrific gale and it was even difficult to shut doors because the wind blew at them so strongly. After we had been at Portmanock about a week my parents took me on a tour of Dublin. We passed the Bank of Ireland, Trinity College, The Mansion—where the Lord Mayor of Dublin lives—and many other places including St Patrick's Cathedral, which I was surprised to hear is not Catholic. Unfortunately, though there was a church in Portmanock, we did not know where it was. So we had to go to Malahide, the town next to Portmanock, for Mass. The Malahide church was a big one with a fairly high spire. Inside there was a great statue of St Antony and people used to put their hands on the feet of the statue and then make the sign of the cross. There was a lovely statue, near the altar, of Our Lady, and round the head of the statue there was a halo of electric lights.

After we had been at Portmanock quite a long time, we went to Galway, which is in the west, and as Dublin is due east, we had to travel right across Ireland. It took us a full day to get there and then we discovered we could not stay at the hotel where we had wanted to. However, we managed to find a place called the 'Santa Maria'. While we were in Galway we went out to a town called Clumore where my grandad's farm is. There I saw a lovely foal. We stayed in Galway and then drove back to Portmanock after a few days. The journey back did not seem nearly so long as it had seemed going. I was glad, as the Irish roads are very bumpy indeed.

One day we went to a place called Blackrock, to see some cousins of mine called Gerard and Jim, and on our way, we went through Drogheda where there is a church in which Blessed Oliver Plunket's head is. When we reached Blackrock I had a long game with Gerard and Jim and I really enjoyed my day.

The rest of our holiday we spent in Portmanock and we were very sorry when we had to return to England.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

by J. P. BLENKINSOPP*

It was nearly two thousand years ago when the First Christmas occurred and this is what happened. It was when the Governor of the land around Bethlehem wanted to know how many people there were. Mary and Joseph had to go to Bethlehem to put their names down, so off they went with about one hundred other people. It was very early when they set off; they had to go a long way and it took them nearly two days. Joseph and Mary only had one donkey so Joseph had to walk and Mary rode on the donkey. When they got to Bethlehem all the inns and hotels were full and when they asked the last man he said: "I am full," but when he saw Mary's tired face he had pity on her as she sat down patiently and said, "Oh! I know where you could sleep, but it has a hole in the roof, and sheep, hens and so on, in the stable; but I could put some clean straw in it and push the hens into the open." But Mary and Joseph said, "No, you need not do that because they will give us heat." So they went into the stable and there Joseph and Mary rested.

That night Jesus was born and Mary said: "What shall we lay him on?" and Joseph said, "I know; we could get that old crib from the corner and lay him on that." Well, Mary and Joseph wanted to spread the news, but they could not, so an angel did. Some shepherds were guarding their sheep up on the hillside just out of Bethlehem and an angel appeared to them and said, "Fear not, for I bring you good tidings. In a stable in Bethlehem there is the Saviour of the World, Jesus Christ, and I want you to go and worship him," (because in the book it said that Jesus would one day come to the world). But the shepherds said, "How are we going to find Jesus, Mary and Joseph? We do not know which stable it is." The angel said, "You will find him all right but another clue is, he is at the back of an inn."

So the shepherds went to Jesus, bringing their flocks of sheep. When they got to Bethlehem they looked around for Jesus and at last they found him and left their flocks, just outside the stable, and they saw Jesus and worshipped him. Now there were three wise men who wanted to see Jesus, but they lived about three hundred miles away, and the way they got there was by following a new bright star. When they got near the end of their journey they asked people if they knew where Jesus was. A lot of people did not know. However Herod heard of this. When the three wise men got to Herod's house (who was the Governor of the places around Bethlehem) they asked him if he had seen Jesus and he looked up in a Book of Prophecies and saw that Jesus was to be born in a stable in Bethlehem; but he was born already. Now, King Herod wanted

*JAMES BLENKINSOPP, born 7 January, 1950; entered Worth, May, 1958; under 10 Cricket XI.

to kill Jesus, but he did not say so because they wouldn't do what he wanted if he had told the wise men. So he said to them instead, "Go to Bethlehem and find Jesus and come back to me so that I can worship him."

So they went to Bethlehem and found Jesus lying in the crib; and the three wise men gave Jesus gold, incense and myrrh—gold because he is king, incense because it makes a nice smell and myrrh because it is going to anoint Jesus when he is in his grave. That night they slept in Bethlehem and they meant to go back to Herod in the morning, but that night they had a dream which told them not to go back to Herod because he was going to kill Jesus. When Herod found out that the three wise men had not come back to him he grew very angry and said to his soldiers: "Go and kill every baby under two years old." But Joseph had a dream from God which said, "Go, and flee from Bethlehem because Herod's men are going to kill every baby under two years old." So that night they went on their way to Nazareth and all the other babies were killed.

When Herod was dead, Mary, Joseph and Jesus went back to Bethlehem, after being at Nazareth for seven years.

THE FIREWORKS DISPLAY

by J. M. N. AMBLER*

It was on a Monday evening at a quarter-to-seven in the main school that the bell rang for an assembly for the fireworks. The Housemasters said one or two things and then Ford, Butler, Granary and Austin went out of assembly and ran to the fireworks. When they got there the bonfire had been started so we went anywhere outside the ring to watch the fireworks.

There were all sorts of fireworks: Roman candles, rockets, Catherine Wheels, helicopters and parachutes. When the rockets went off they were watched eagerly because everybody wanted to find the stick when the rocket split up into different colours. Some brought penny bangers which they hid and let off or threw near people.

Altogether there were about three hundred fireworks. The bonfire was quite big because there was a big farm cart about ten to fifteen feet long and a smaller cart of about seven feet. There was also a tree in the bonfire. The fireworks were exciting too. A boy made Guy Fawkes' wife out of a sack and a dress, a mask, and hair. The fireworks lasted for three-quarters of an hour. Afterwards the boys went back to their houses and had their supper.

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

A DAY IN THE VINEYARD

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

Slowly the buttercup shrivelled as the sun rose high in the heavens. It was mid-day and all the people in the vineyard ran into the shelter of the eating house to have their lunch and to rest until later when the sun's rays would be cooler. Up and down went the workers plucking large bunches of grapes off the branches of the vine. One of the men transports a large basket of grapes to a huge tub and empties his basket into it. When the tub is full of grapes, men with bare feet jump in and start pressing the grapes.

Soon night fell but the workers went on working under the light of oil lamps. Row after row of grapes were gathered in and pressed—all by man power. Terrace after terrace brought in until the whole of the vineyard was gathered. The workers finished their work at dawn when they tramped wearily towards their homes dragging their share of the grapes behind them.

BIRDS

by M. J. K. AULT*

Birds are the most common creatures in the whole world. Once, when I was in Malaya, butterfly-catching with my father, we heard a strange noise coming down the side of a cliff. We first thought it was a tiger, but when we looked we saw it was a hornbill; it was at least as big as me. My father said it was a Great Hornbill. Suddenly it flew away, making a noise like a train with its wings. Next day I had to go to school and we had Nature Study for our first class and our teacher said that we would study kingfishers. About the middle of the class I saw a brightly coloured kingfisher go into a hole in a bank, near a bush. I told my teacher and she said "We will watch it". Then it came out and flew away, but in a few minutes it came swooping down with a fish in its beak and went back into its hole again. In the afternoon my sister and myself went climbing trees when we saw an eagle caught in a hedge and I tried to get it. I called the gardener who got it out with his gloves on and it flew away.

*EDMOND JOUSSELIN, born 26 September, 1946; entered Worth, September, 1954; under 11 and under 12 Rugger and Hockey; 1st XV Rugger; Gym Team; Head of Preparatory School.

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

ACROSS THE PACIFIC

by R. E. CHURCH*

When Kevin Smith was twenty-five he made up his mind to be a sailor, but he didn't pass his exams. However, the captain of the ship said, "You are a very strong man, you will do fine. You can join the Navy if you cross the Pacific in a rowing-boat." So in the year 1950 he went over to America to start his five thousand mile journey. Two weeks later he started from Santa Maria to Hong Kong. His boat weighed two tons. It had a little oil stove, ten gallons of water, and lots of food. His boat was called *Lucky*. He waved goodbye to the captain and said, "I'll meet you in Hong Kong." It was June 1st when he left. After three days there was a horrible storm, most of his food was washed overboard and his water was turned to salt. After the storm was over he made his way to a deserted island and shot wild creatures for food. He repaired his boat and set out in the afternoon.

After one month he found he was going north; the wind had changed. Every day the wind got stronger and he ran short of food. He went north for about a thousand miles. One night the wind changed again and he started going west. On July 30th he had gone 4,000 miles and had 1,000 to go. That night he saw dark thundery clouds in the distance. It started pouring but his boat held out against the waves. He caught fish and ate it. It was August 30th when he sighted China but he had to travel south 1,000 miles to base. At last he arrived on September 20th. Everyone cheered him. He was given £1,000 and joined the Navy.

GRANARY

by M. D. MILMO*

On the outer wall there is a fire escape. Going up a few steps you can see the second floor passage. Up more steps you come to the top floor, where the classrooms are, named A, B, C, D and E. Inside these rooms there are green blackboards, going right across the room. At the end of the passage there is a stairway, which is very modern. Going down these stairs, and then turning right, a dormitory called John is seen. (I do not know much about this dormitory because I do not sleep there; but having sixteen to twenty beds in it, it makes rather a big dormitory for the prefect to cope with.) Looking out of the door you go straight down a corridor. The first room you see is Dom Fabian's room, where the

*RICHARD CHURCH, born 23 June, 1950; entered Worth, September, 1958; under 10 Cricket XI.

*MARTIN MILMO, born 25 December, 1949; entered Worth, May, 1958; under 10 Cricket XI.

boys read comics and play games. There is a door leading off his room, to a much smaller room the other side. In this room there is a comfortable arm-chair and a small table. Of course there is another way round, and that is out through Dom Fabian's room and then left, straight on until you come to some swing doors. Pushing these open there is a wonderful ping-pong table where the Granary boys play table tennis. Through yet another door you can see a kind of Aero Club, where the boys make planes, midget planes, small boats. Going out of the door leading into the table tennis room, through the swing doors and down the passage to the next flight of modern stairs, down the stairs, then looking round you see the main door. It is a swing door like all the others. Then you see the boys' cape and windjammer pegs. Next to these is another swing door, with a passage going a short way to the right, with a long turn to the left.

Going right and opening another pair of swing doors on your left is the wash-house with five baths and many more basins. Going out of the room you find yourself in a long passage leading to three bedrooms called Matthew, Mark, Luke. There is a piano in Matthew, and here boys who have extra music come either to practise or play old tunes and songs they know. Each of these dormitories leads into the other. Almost at the end of the passage there is a wooden door. Going out of it we see a greenish patch of grass. We are not yet at the end of our tour for there is one more thing to tell you about. Now going back down the passage we see a small passage with changing rooms on either side. At the end of the passage turning left and left again we see the fire escape. Here our tour of the granary truly ends.

GINGER IS A JOB HORSE

by J. P. D. HIRSH*

One day Ginger, my horse, was going along a country road carrying an enormous basket of turnips, when I saw another horse with a man riding on him. And I said to him: "Will you sell me your horse?" He thought and said: "For how much?" I said: "For five hundred pounds," and he agreed. "I will do it next Tuesday," and he said: "Okay". Days passed till Tuesday and I went over to the man's house and I gave him five hundred pounds and he gave me the horse. It was black with a white star on its forehead, so I called him Black Star and he thought it was a good name. I said goodbye and went home, and I gave the horse bran, oats and sugar beet and put him to bed. The next morning I wanted to see if the horses were friends, so I tied one to a pole, and the other to another pole, and as they both seemed to struggle to get to each other I was certain they were friends.

*JOHN HIRSH, born 4 January, 1950; entered Worth, September, 1958.

A DOG'S LIFE

by N. H. SCOTT-BARRETT*

I am a very young mongrel, half-*Alsation*, half-*Labrador*. I was born in a little alleyway in *Crawley*, in *Sussex*. My mother was a beautiful young *Labrador*, owned by some humans called the *Casett-Jonasons*. My mother's owners lived in *Bedfordshire*. My father was a police dog but he got an illness and was let loose. He wandered round the country until he found my mother in *Bedford*.

They ran away from my mother's home until they came to *Crawley*. My father died of a very serious illness the day before I was born. My mother's owners soon put a notice in the papers about my mother being lost. One day some humans were walking along with a dog, when they saw the glint of the sun on my mother's collar. They grabbed us quickly and put us in a car. The next thing we saw was the country slipping along behind us. Then the town of *Bedford* came into sight. The car stopped and my mother's owners came out of the house. They tried to make me go away but after a time they found they could not. They showed us the house and all its rooms and the small garden behind. They took us on a walk three times a day.

GOING HOME FROM SCHOOL

by A. P. M. BOYD*

We are all very excited when it is the second last day of school. Everybody tries to get parties of boys to share a carriage with. Soon the last lesson comes and everybody is happy. Then we have supper, and go up to our Houses; we clean our shoes and go to bed. We dream of seeing our home, and then we are rudely awakened by the matron. The stampede of boys soon dies down as we dress and clatter down the stairs, and try and get first in the queue. After church we go down to a breakfast of porridge, fried bread and bacon, milk and bread and butter. After breakfast we say grace and go into the dayroom and sit around the walls. Then the Headmaster gives us our tickets and we climb into the waiting bus, with our little cases. We soon get out of the bus into the train with our parties of boys. In the train we can read comics or look at the view; it is very nice going down tunnels. Soon we get off the train and we are home!

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

*ANDREW BOYD, born 10 December, 1949; entered Worth, September, 1957; Captain of under 10 Cricket XI.

THE DOG

by O. J. W. PAWLE*

Animals are very nice, especially the dog. I like dogs very much because you can train them when you have nothing to do and make them do things like jumping through a hoop. They are very helpful in the night because when a robber comes they bark, if you have trained them to do so. It is best to train dogs when they are young. The kind of dog I like best is the Alsatian. If you have a young dog it is best to give it only one meal a day, that is if it is a small one. You should not give it too many tit-bits or it will get fat. I prefer dogs to any other kind of tame animal.

OWLS

by M. R. G. HIRSH*

Screeches and howls proceed from the owls That live in the mill at the top of Owl Hill.	They fly like a flash and for a mouse they dash; They give it a slash and eat it with mash.
They dive for the kill with their very sharp bill ; One dives for a rat, and one for a bat.	The old wise owl is a very fine fowl ; But oh ! what a scowl for a very wise owl.

FIREWORKS

by J. RABY*

Hurray for the fifth of November,
The day that the fireworks are,
The month of November is the one to remember,
When the fireworks go up to a star.

When the Catherine Wheels go round and round,
And on the fire goes the guy,
And the rockets all shoot off the ground,
Then boys and girls give a joyful cry.

When jumping jacks are all around,
And burst right under the ladies' feet
To make them jump right off the ground,
So under their feet there is a lot of heat.

*OLIVER PAWLE, born 24 June, 1950 ; entered Worth September, 1958.

*MICHAEL HIRSH, born 4 Jan., 1950 ; entered Worth, September, 1958 ; Puer Cantor.

*JULIAN RABY, born 18 July, 1949 ; entered Worth, September, 1959.

SHIPWRECK

by J. P. NOLAN*

A ship was tossing up and down,
And all the sailors thought they'd drown.
The poor old lads they could not sleep,
for fear of sinking in the deep.

It really was an awful storm,
For all the sails were nearly torn.
And masts were cracking one by one,
And made a noise just like a gun.

A reef at last came into sight,
And gave the lads an awful fright.
For crack ! She hit it right full toss,
And the Captain said : " Oh, what a loss ! "

And in the sand she will lie there,
Until a sailor, young and fair,
Will come to claim her from the deep,
And into her will take a peep.

THE TRIP

by J. E. STEWART*

I'm going on a trip.
To the bright blue sea,
And I'll see my friend the fisherman,
He will ask me in to tea.

He'll show me all his nets
And lots of other things,
The strange thing about him is
He wears ear-rings.

After tea I shall go home
To go straight to bed.
And then I'll write a poem
And nod my sleepy head.

*JOHN NOLAN, born 4 August, 1950 ; entered Worth, September, 1958.

*JOHN STEWART, born 13 December, 1950 ; entered Worth, September, 1959.

THE SCOUTS

For our Camp this year we went about 575 miles away, and made our first exploration of the Scottish Highlands. On the last day of the Summer term a bus took us to King's Cross, where Dr and Mrs Cummins helped us to have a very merry beginning to our long railway journey to Edinburgh, and then to Glasgow. From there we had an enthralling route past the Clyde, sea lochs, land lochs, such as Loch Lomond, and many mountains and moors and rivers to Spean Bridge. Thence two large cars took us through thirty miles of the Great Glen, past the Commando Memorial, Loch Lochy and Loch Oich, to Fort Augustus, on the edge of Loch Ness.

The Abbot of Fort Augustus very kindly gave us permission to use the grounds of the Old Convent, and in these we quickly set up a comfortable camp. The monks of "The Fort" were at all times most friendly, helpful and hospitable, and we are most grateful to them for everything they did for us, especially during a period of rainy weather. We are particularly thankful to Dom Edmund Carruth and Dom Vincent Pirie Watson, and we were very pleased to welcome them often to our camp. We received other pleasing visits from Dom Andrew McKillop, Brother David Brooks, and Dom Oswald Vanheems, of Ampleforth. Camping near us were Dom Fabian, Michael Paine, an old member of our troop, and, for a few days, Peter Lazarus. All of these helped at different times and in various ways, and we were very pleased to have them with us. Mr. Lazarus took us for delightful drives in his car, and once he drove a party a long way up Glen Garry in an attempt to climb a mountain. Lack of time and bad weather prevented us from succeeding, but we saw three lots of deer, and had a wonderful time.

There were always many things to do, and the days passed quickly. Swimming in the School bath and in the Canal; boating on Loch Ness; fishing in the River Tarff; walking for hours up Glen Tarff, and down Glen Doe (with ever a mountain torrent sounding in our ears); following one of the old military roads over the mountains; playing stalking games on the nearby mountains; driving to Torgole, in Glen Moriston; watching a pipe band playing on the School cricket field; lunching once in the monks' refectory as the Abbot's guests, and being photographed with him and by him afterwards; watching traffic in the locks of the Caledonian canal; camp fires in the evenings; buying souvenirs in the village and in the monastery shop; visits to Inverness, and to Fort George as the guests of Major Thomson. These are all delightful memories.

In addition, no less than ten boys went for a strenuous twenty-four hour journey, as one of their 1st Class tests. They went in pairs, seven miles up Glen Tarff, and camped for the night at a lovely spot where the Alt Laggan à Bhainne joins the River Tarff. The next day they cooked their breakfast in the rain, made their way

up the mountain until they came to General Wade's Military Road over the Corrieyairack Pass, and followed this down to the Great Glen.

On the first of these days of the journey, Dom Fabian, Michael Paine and Peter Williams went to Fort William by bus, and climbed Ben Nevis (4,406 feet), the highest mountain in the British Isles. The next day the same feat was performed by Dom Michael, Dom Kevin, John Mather and Howard Rose. They found it very windy, rainy and cold on the summit, but at least it did not snow, as it can do at that time of the year!

The members of our party were:—Dom Michael, Dom Kevin, John Mather and Howard Rose (from Downside), Michael Cummins, Paul Thomson, Francis Noel Hudson, Joseph Aston, Nicholas Medlam, Kenneth Thompson, Peter Lamont, Rodney Bligh, Simon Barrère, Peter Williams and Michael Sanday.

Following his journey up Glen Tarff, Paul Thomson was awarded the 1st Class Badge in December. This Badge was also won, in September, by Dennis Hall, who made his Journey from Dom Benedict's Cub Camp. In the Michaelmas Term Pepe Villaverde gained the 2nd Class Badge, Kenneth Thompson the Tenderfoot Ki-Ro Badge, and Peter Lamont the 2nd Class Ki-Ro Badge. During this term we had two lunches in the woods, and two most enjoyable "Gull Hunts". About a dozen boys passed their new 2nd Class Journey test, and we had three Troop hikes, one of which took us to Pease Pottage in order to see some of the Old Crocks' Race from London to Brighton, another to the South Downs, Ditchling Beacon and the two windmills, Jack and Jill.

B.M.S.

CUBS

Our activities this term were limited by circumstances not entirely under our own control. In particular we had to forgo the Sunday lunch parties which in other years have continued throughout October. Thus it is that our outdoor activities have chiefly taken the form of games—Stalking, Sentry-go, Romani et Barbari, and the like. (No doubt the improved state of affairs in Cyprus is the reason for the disappearance of our old friends Makarios and Akelatos). There was one very good Gull Hunt in company with the Scouts.

The Enrolment took place very late in the term, and at the same time, new Sixers were appointed. There are to be no more Senior Sixers, so Thomas Barton won't get a third stripe to wear; the new ones are Christopher Mould, Gerald Knowles, Edward Hoogetwerf and John Fox.

B.S.

1st XI CRICKET, 1959

The 1st XI had a most successful season, winning eleven school matches, drawing two and losing two, and scoring at the rate of 17.0 runs per wicket against our opponents' 6.3. In addition they lost by two wickets to a very strong but generous Old Boys team and drew in a favourable position with the Parents. The strength of the team lay in the fact that not only did we hold three aces in the batting of Bradstreet and the bowling of Paterson and Urquhart, but the rest of the hand was made up of court cards.

Nine batsmen ended up with averages of over 10; and in fact we had more batting than we needed, for in the 15 school matches played we used only 82 wickets. Bradstreet topped the averages with 356 runs at an average of 29.7, almost the same number as scored by J. Bourke in 1954. No doubt this time next year we shall be reading of him, as we read of Bourke, that "He is technically still so unsound that he is desperately vulnerable against hostile length bowling". Bradstreet certainly has a number of technical faults; but he has a far greater number of technical virtues together with a thoroughly aggressive outlook. Gleadell was not a batsman to catch the eye of the casual onlooker: he had not the power nor the grace of some of the others; he merely scored 319 runs. His virtues were unspectacular: an unruffled temperament, a pair of watchful eyes and a good brain. While others drove the ball straight to a fielder with beautifully executed strokes, he would coax it into the open spaces with the unhurried ease of a woman arranging flowers in a bowl. In the 16 innings he played he failed only twice, and thus made an ideal opening batsman. Cottle began the season quite out of touch, but towards the middle of June his bat seemed to grow two or three inches wider and he played several very good innings. Asprey and Haslam were both lusty hitters and rarely wasted any time; Dearman and Lysons both had bad patches in the middle of the season, but otherwise played very attractively. The remaining four: Urquhart, Paterson, Sheridan and Kehyaian batted in less than half of the matches, but they all did their stuff when it was required of them, and Urquhart had the satisfaction of coming third in the averages with 111 runs at 18.5.

The bowling was mainly in the hands of Paterson and Urquhart, both fast-medium outswingers: the former having a late outswing which made him very difficult to play. Urquhart with 39 wickets at 6.9 could be more devastating; but Paterson with 51 wickets at 4.9 was consistently good. A great deal was owed to these two, because in 12 of the 17 matches played they took the first four wickets for less than 30 runs. Gleadell took 28 wickets at 6.5; he was not very accurate, but every over contained at least one really good ball, and one suspects that some of his loose balls were not so much accidents as preludes to the good ones. The hard wickets

did not suit Bradstreet's slow left-arm spinners; but Cottle's off-breaks and Lysons' leg-breaks took several quick wickets, and these two might well have been used more.

The fielding was as good as, if not better, than most of our opponents', but it was not up to the standard of the batting and bowling. What was lacking was the ability to sustain a "cold war" atmosphere for more than an hour at a time. The tendency was for the last six batsmen to score more than the first five, and this cannot be accounted for entirely by Paterson and Urquhart getting at the openers with the new ball. Of individuals Dearman was outstanding at silly mid-off and Haslam, while showing little inclination to stump, took the fast bowling very well.

The season opened with a match against the Balcombe Juniors in which we scored 117 for 9 and got them out for 35, thanks mainly to the bowling of Urquhart and Bradstreet. Against Ardingly we saw the shape of things to come when Paterson and Urquhart, bowling unchanged, got them out for 57. We started badly, but with 44 from Bradstreet we passed their score with four wickets down. 40 runs from Gleadell helped us to score 121 for 6 against the Abbey, but in the remaining hour and a quarter we could get only 6 wickets for 49. After this match it was decided that our best policy would be to put our opponents in first whenever possible, so that the two opening bowlers should have the advantage of the new ball. This plan worked well against St Martin's who scored 73, while we passed their score with two wickets down. Examinations prevented Bradstreet, Dearman, Paterson, Urquhart and Asprey from playing against St John's, Beaumont; but Gleadell obliged with 5 wickets and 30 runs so that we won by 5 wickets. An Under 13 team, which was practically the same as the 1st XI, dismissed St Joseph's for 35, but when we came to bat we found ourselves up against one of the finest fielding sides ever seen at Worth, and lost five wickets scoring the necessary runs.

Against the Old Boys, Gleadell, Asprey, Haslam and Urquhart all made good scores, but 70 and 67 from Anthony Chignell and Simon Turnbull enabled them to pass our 165 with 8 wickets down. In the return match against Ardingly we were well and truly beaten. We scored 89, but the two Ardingly openers played Paterson and Urquhart with such skill and sense that they scored 90 for 2. In the next two matches St John Fisher's and St Benedict's scored 67 and 65, while Gleadell, Cottle and Asprey scored sufficient runs to beat them for the loss of Cottle's wicket only. The Ladycross match was a repetition of the one against the Abbey; we scored 120 for 6 with 50 from Bradstreet, but in spite of four catches at first slip by Bradstreet we could only take 5 wickets for 51. Paterson and Bradstreet dismissed Epsom College for 31, so it was decided to give the tail-enders a chance by reversing the batting order. Urquhart (37), Sheridan (14) and Paterson (11) seized their opportunity to show the

accredited batsmen how it should be done. Although the match was officially over we went on to score 82 for 5, and then Gleadell and Paterson got them out a second time for 27.

The match against Whitgift was handed to them on a silver plate. Paterson and Urquhart bowled magnificently to get 9 wickets down for 55, then they were allowed to put on 40 for the last wicket. Bradstreet and Asprey made a valiant bid to get the runs; Urquhart carried on the good work, but ran himself out when we were 10 short. Against Gate House Gleadell, Cottle, Bradstreet and Dearman all made scores in the twenties and we declared at 112 for 3. Gate House resisted stoutly, but Urquhart, Paterson, Lysons and Cottle all took wickets and they were all out for 77, with 10 minutes to spare. Bradstreet (45), Lysons (30), Cottle (28) and Gleadell (20) enabled us to declare for 175 for 8 against the Parents. Four of their wickets fell cheaply until Cmdr. Boys and Mr Whinney appeared; eventually a minor cloudburst put an end to play when they were 141 for 9, so that both sides were able to claim, with various degrees of conviction, that their opponents had been saved by the rain.

Gleadell and Cottle got off to a brisk start against the Abbey with 26 runs in the first quarter of an hour; but when Bradstreet replaced Cottle things really got moving. 100 runs were scored in three-quarters of an hour. Gleadell was eventually run out through sheer exhaustion for 47, and Bradstreet followed a few minutes later, having scored 87 in 49 minutes, with every shot along the ground apart from one mis-hit over the top of the slips. The last match of the season promised to be very exciting. Hazelwood came to us with the reputation of having scored 208 for 2 against the Abbey. However, Paterson and Urquhart had clearly defined ideas on the subject of anyone scoring 208 off their bowling, and they soon had six wickets down for 9 runs. Hazelwood are not the sort of people to be put out by this kind of thing, and they recovered to make 60. Our batsmen proceeded slowly but steadily against some very good bowling and scored the necessary runs with 5 wickets down, the only item of interest being two magnificent on-drives by Dearman that must have caused our coach, Mr Harry Lee, to glow with honest pride.

This was probably the strongest team since Anthony Chignell's side of 1952. Bradstreet's captaincy lacked experience and cunning to begin with, but he learnt rapidly and his enthusiasm and example brought out the best in his team. They were a cheerful and friendly lot, and the only real criticism that can be made of them is that if their fielding had been consistently up to the standard of St Joseph's, Beulah Hill, their record in school matches would have been 14 wins to one loss.

1ST XI RESULTS, 1959

Worth : 117 for 9	Balcombe Juniors : 35	<i>Won by 82 runs</i>
Ardingly : 57	Worth : 91	<i>Won by 6 wickets</i>
Worth : 121 for 6	The Abbey : 49 for 6	<i>Draw</i>
St Martin's : 73	Worth : 74 for 2	<i>Won by 8 wickets</i>
St John's : 68	Worth : 72 for 5	<i>Won by 5 wickets</i>
St Joseph's : 35	Worth : 43 for 6	<i>Won by 6 wickets</i>
Worth, 165	Old Boys : 215 for 8	<i>Lost by 2 wickets</i>
Worth : 89	Ardingly : 90 for 2	<i>Lost by 8 wickets</i>
St John Fisher's : 67	Worth : 68 for 0	<i>Won by 10 wickets</i>
St Benedict's : 64	Worth : 65 for 1	<i>Won by 9 wickets</i>
Worth : 120 for 6	Ladycross : 51 for 5	<i>Draw</i>
Epsom College : 31	Worth : 82 for 5	<i>Won by 8 wickets</i>
Whitgift : 95	Worth : 85	<i>Lost by 10 runs</i>
Worth : 112 for 3	Gate House : 77	<i>Won by 35 runs</i>
Worth : 175 for 8	Parents : 141 for 9	<i>Draw</i>
Worth : 163 for 4	Abbey : 22	<i>Won by 141 runs</i>
Hazelwood : 60	Worth : 88 for 5	<i>Won by 5 wickets</i>

2nd XI CRICKET

The 2nd XI played six matches, winning one, drawing one and losing four. Shelmerdine, Doherty and Boys, when available from the Under 12 XI, batted quite respectably; but apart from Carr there were none of the hearty, village-green type of batsmen who are usually such an entertaining feature of 2nd XI cricket.

Most of the wickets were taken by Wynne and Shelmerdine, although Doherty bowled very well for the few overs he was allowed. Shelmerdine and Boys stood out as exceptions in a team whose fielding was below standard. In general it was a very immature side with little enterprise or common-sense.

RESULTS

v. Ardingly : lost by 48 runs.	v. The Abbey : won by 26 runs.
v. Balcombe Place 1st XI :	v. Whitgift : lost by 25 runs.
drawn	v. Whitgift : lost by 68 runs
v. Ardingly : lost by 20 runs	

PARAGRAPHS

In September (17th to 24th) Fr Prior went to Rome to attend the six-yearly Benedictine Abbots' Conference.

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On Sept. 20th Brothers John Egan and Martin Hawkins were clothed in the Benedictine habit ; and on Sept. 27th Brother Vincent Blackie made his Simple Profession.

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The re-designing of the interior of the church, carried out by Mr Philip Jebb, A.R.I.B.A., which was completed before term opened, has met with approval on every side.

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The following boys made their First Communion on the 8th December : Jeremy Davies, Dominic and Emmanuel de la Rochefoucauld, Philippe de Vilmorin, Robert Kaufeler and Anthony Kane.

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The conversion of the Granary was finished just before term opened and there is general agreement that it is a very successful and pleasing addition to Worth's architecture. It houses 49 boys under the care of Dom Fabian Glencross.

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The Junior House is now known as Austin House.

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K. G. Sheridan and R. M. H. Kane passed the Common Entrance Examination into Downside in November.

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On Dec. 6th the Choir, under Mr P. Johnson, gave a splendid Carol Concert in the Day Room before a large audience of Parents and boys. The first part of the programme was as follows : *Once in Royal David's City* (Gauntlett) ; *Verbum Caro Factum est* (Tradit.) ; *Ding ! Dong ! Merrily on High* (arr. Wood) ; *Only a Stable and Sweet Baby, Sleep* (Symons)—soloists : J. McCormack, G. Cottle, M. de Albuquerque and C. Gleadell ; *In Dulci Jubilo* (arr. Pearsall). The second part consisted of Britten's *Ceremony of Carols* (op. 28), in which the harp accompaniment was played by Miss Anne Ross ; G. Cottle, M. de Albuquerque, C. Gleadell, J. McCormack and M. Kane were the soloists. On the following day the concert was repeated at Crawley, in the Church of the Franciscan Fathers.

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The following boys passed in the Piano Examination of the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music : *Grade I*—C. V. Neville Smith and J. P. Jonas ; *Grade II*—F. M. Carter ; *Grade III*—J. R. A. G. Abercrombie (with merit).

* * *

In the I.A.P.S. Art Competition, 1959, J. Wheeler won the 1st Prize of £1 10s. 0d., for his *Bull in a China Shop* (ten entries), and K. Thompson won 1st Prize of £1 10s. 0d. in 'Competitors' own Choice' (63 entries over 12). We congratulate them.

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From time to time we get news from Dom Maurice Bell, who is in the Americas ; we look forward to a full account of his travels when he returns.

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The cover of this issue, repeated from that of last Summer, was chosen for its 'historic' interest. It shows Abbot Trafford, then Prior of Worth, as host at the Meet of the East Surrey and Burstow Hunt at Worth in 1936.

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We would like to record our grateful thanks to Mr and Mrs M. B. W. Bergl for their handsome gift of a grand piano ; Mr B. H. Elkington for kindly presenting a Rugger Cup ; Mr and Mrs A. W. H. Bradstreet for presenting a Cricket Cup and Mr and Mrs J. K. Lintner a Challenge Cup.

* * *

Robert Hayes (1957) was chosen to play this Summer for the Schoolboys of England against the Schoolboys of Scotland at Golf. We congratulate him on winning his match on the last green.

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Mr D. Kane, Mr M. While, Mr P. Greig and Miss A. Branson have left Worth to take up posts elsewhere and we wish them every success.

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Our sincere thanks to all our contemporaries for sending us their School Magazines.

* * *

We congratulate Mr M. Johnson and the Worth Dramatic Society on the production of *When Knights Were Bold*. The third performance, on Dec. 6th, was for the Parents.

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Marriages : T. W. G. Chetwynd and Mdle H. de Bosmelet ; K. Wylie to Miss M-J. Hare ; J. C. Monsin-Demetre to Mdle M. Rens. *Births* : The Earl of Lytton—a daughter ; R. Brandt—a daughter ; J. C. S. Hallinan—a daughter ; M. F. Ball—a daughter.

INWARDS

A. C. Berry, N. P. Best, P. G. A. Cantopher, T. E. Clarke, D. L. G. de la Rochefoucauld, E. R. de la Rochefoucauld, P. A. de Vilmorin, D. G. Greenland, C. G. Higgins, H. St. J. Holcroft, J. V. P. P. Hutton, R. J. M. Kaufeler, T. A. F. Leary, D. F. Loughborough, S. H. Lunn, J. M. Lewis, D. A. L. Maclure, M. G. McGouran, G. A. Moseley, C. M. J. P. Mould, M. E. R. Parkinson, J. F. Pavry, P. A. M. Revay.

UPWARDS

Head of the Preparatory School : E. de la Haye Jousselin. *School Prefects* : K. G. Sheridan, J. J. Cook, D. B. McN. Cook, P. Butler, B. J. Aston, M. P. de Albuquerque. *Dormitory Prefects* : (Ford) : G. W. A. Cottle, C. F. Gleadell, C. G. Higgins ; (Butler) : R. Brech, R. M. Kane, T. S. C. Delany ; (Granary) : F. M. Carter, M. P. Kelly, P. A. Given-Wilson ; (Austin) : K. O. Thompson, T. F. Wright ; (Tower) : P. J. Baynham. *Captain of Rugby Foot-ball* K. G. Sheridan. *Captain of Gymnasium* : A. F. R. Boys. *Captain of Squash Racquets* : C. F. Gleadell. *Librarian* : R. Brech. *Assistant Librarians* : R. M. Kane, J. P. Jonas, M. J. Cummins, P. H. St C. Kehyaian, L. O. S. Medlam, S. H. Richey. *Leader of the Choir* : R. M. Kane. *Masters of Ceremonies* : P. Butler, D. B. McN. Cook, N. A. H. Ball. *Thurifers* : B. J. Aston, T. F. Wright. *Acolytes* : T. S. C. Delaney, A. F. R. Boys, K. W. Rose, N. A. Cook.

OUTWARDS

J. F. Ahearne, S. M. P. Barrère, J. P. Best, P. L. S. Bradstreet, A. T. S. Carr, N. P. Carter, J. P. N. Concanon, E. G. P. Dearman, R. H. S. Dilley, A. F. D. Doherty, B. H. Elkington, V. J. Ellis-Brown, M. O. S. Fitzgerald, R. C. J. Fraser, M. A. C. Guiver, D. J. M. Hall, R. F. C. Hall, P. S. G. Haslam, R. G. H. Holmes, M. A. Hoyle, R. F. Jillard, C. G. H. Mann, J. C. W. McEntee, R. C. M. McGouran, T. F. M. Nicol, M. I. Paterson, J. R. P. Pontifex, P. M. Rutherford, J. M. D. Rivera-Schreiber, C. J. Setter, R. P. Shaw, M. A. Sheldermine, S. G. Slaughter, S. J. D. Urquhart, J. A. Walford, P. H. Walton, S. N. Wynne.

REWARDS

The Gold League gained 48,919 marks in the Tests for Work this term and were placed first.

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(late C. A. Jones)

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SCHOOL STAFF

DECEMBER 1959

- Dom Dominic Gaisford, B.A. (Cantab.), *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 Granary House and Master of Ceremonies*
Dom Benedict Sankey, M.A. (Cantab.), *House Master of Austin House*
Dom Charles Hallinan, B.A. (Cantab.)
Dom Hugh O'Neill, M.B.E., M.A. (Oxon.)
Dom Bernard Moss, B.A. (Cantab.)
Dom Kevin Taggart, B.A. (Cantab.), *Prefect of Discipline, Upper School*
M. A. Johnson, M.A. (Cantab.)
P. G. Whigham
Lieut.-Colonel H. Vredenburg
J. A. B. Tucker, A.K.C.
P. A. Johnson, M.A. (Cantab.), *Director of Music*
P. A. Lazarus, F.R.G.S.
M. Cardwell, M.A. (Cantab.)
J. F. Elton, M.A. (Oxon.)
D. Cox, M.A. (Cantab.)
F. Fellows, B.Sc. (London)
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*