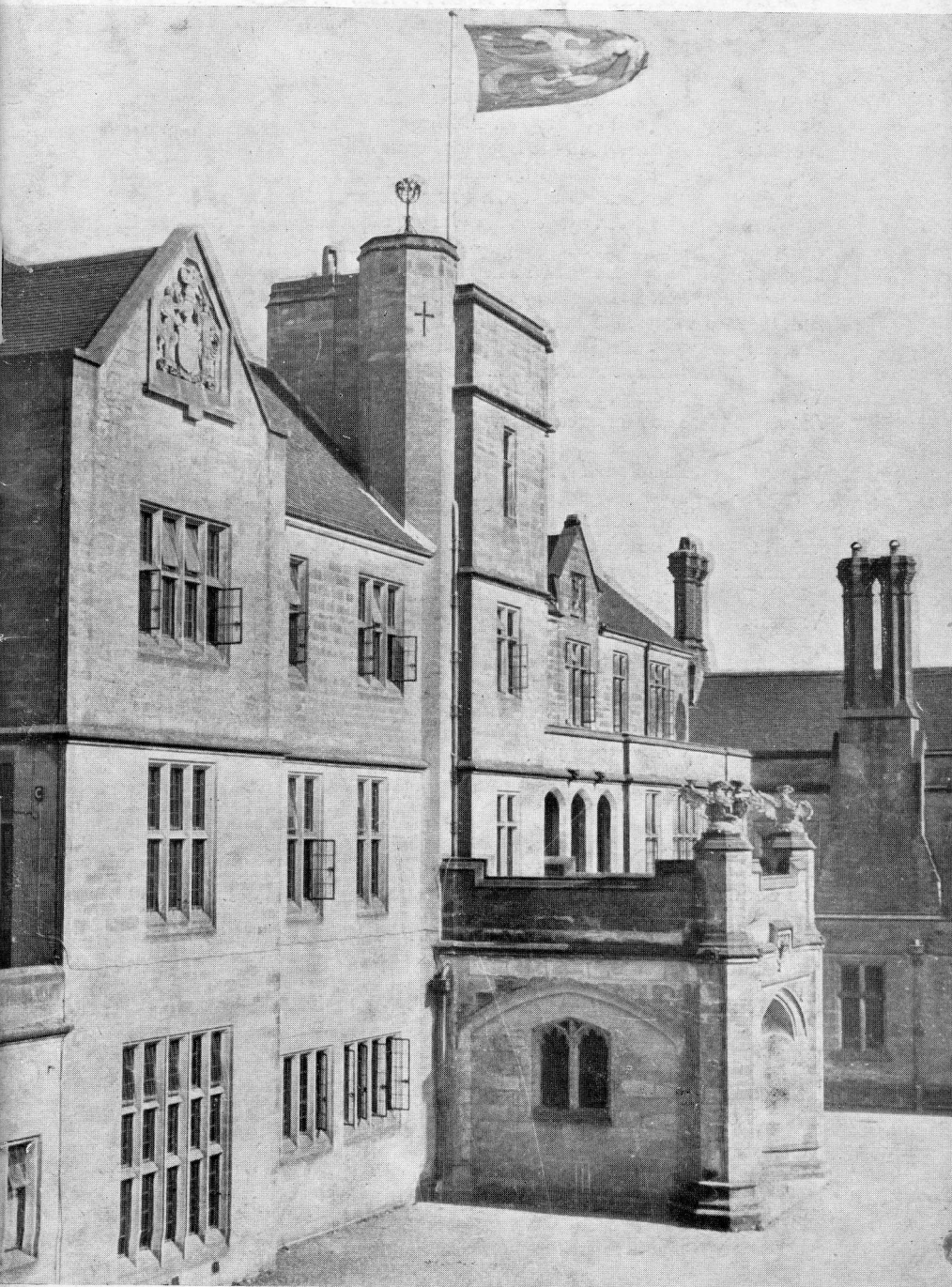


The WORTH RECORD



CONTENTS

	PAGE
HEADMASTER'S LETTER	115
ARTICLE: The Red Lion by R. H. G. P. French	118
STORIES: The Secret of the Violin by T. J. Warriner	118
Nightmare by M. T. Abbott	119
Professor Inkywinky by Paul Leake	119
An Unusual Accident by R. Walker	120
VERSES: Day and Night by A. T. Marsden	120
STORIES: Adventure in the Dark by Patrick Milmo	121
Aber Mawr by M. Paine	121
The Cruel Otter by A. V. Rowbotham	122
The Last Voyage of the Warsome by Edmund Falkiner	122
ARTICLE: Christmas Shopping by H. D. Plunkett	123
STORIES: From an Explorer's Log by L. H. W. Williams	123
Puss in Distress by Gerald de Lacey	124
ARTICLE AND VERSES: Stamps by Philip King-Ross	125
STORIES: From Professor Crew's Diary by C. B. Thomas	125
A Day's Fishing by E. F. Howard	126
VERSES: Winter by E. F. Maynard	126
ARTICLES: The Marionette Show (1) by Michael Kennedy	127
(2) by L. H. W. Williams	127
VERSES: Rhapsody by T. C. Markes	128
STORIES: Peter and Tim by C. C. F. Moysey	129
I went Seal Shooting by W. P. Dwyer	129
VERSES: The Bonnie Scotsman by D. J. Monico	130
ARTICLES: Up the Mountains by J. B. O'Meara	131
What I See and Hear by A. I. Mallett	131
VERSES: The Christmas Tree by T. Griffin	131
Christmas by J. A. Lesser	132
Christmas Eve by A. Muirhead-Gould	132
ARTICLE: With the Scouts by Edward Charnaud	133
STORY: Billy Bumble-Bee's Adventure by Michael Church	133
LIMERICKS: (1) by A. Fitzgerald and Guess Who	134
(2) by A. J. B. Brown	134
STORY: Important Mission by P. R. Chapman	134
JUNIOR HOUSE PLAY: by H.H.	135
TENNIS AND SQUASH: by B.M.S.	135
CRICKET SEASON AND RETROSPECT: by R.L.C.	136
THE SCOUT GROUP: by B.M.S.	137
ATHLETIC SPORTS: by B.M.S.	138
RUGGER: by B.M.S.	139
SWIMMING SPORTS AND RIDING: by J.D.A.	142
CHANGES AT WORTH: by A.M.B.	143
WORTH FARM AND GARDENS: by A.N.H.	144
PARAGRAPHS	145
STAMP CLUB LETTER	147
SCHOOL PRIZEWINNERS	149
SUCCESS OF WORTH BOYS AT DOWNSIDE	150
UPWARDS, INWARDS	151
OUTWARDS, REWARDS	152

WORTH RECORD

Vol. II. No. 4.

CHRISTMAS TERM, 1949

FROM THE HEADMASTER

It seems almost modern to hear Shakespeare make King Henry V say:

'I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
'Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
'Follow your spirit'.

Could I not say that of a line of forwards on a winter's day waiting to follow up behind the kick-off? Why do we make such a fuss of games in the British Isles? If you go to a foreign school you will probably find one soccer ground among five hundred boys, used all the year round. Here at Worth you have seven Rugger grounds and nine or ten Cricket grounds. And look at all the equipment, from games clothes to corner flags and Rugger boots to Cricket bats! And yet, even so, many of you do not count yourself lucky. You perhaps do not like games. You do not like changing into games clothes: you hate changing back: you dislike misty winter days and the pain that comes in your chest when you run. Why then do we do it? I shall try and answer that question in this letter.

Games after all are games, and should be for enjoyment; but team games have a deeper meaning. It should not matter whether you win or lose. You are there to do your best. That is where professional games are all wrong. Let me explain. We are amateurs or lovers of the game for its own sake. All Rugger players are amateurs; but there is a form of Rugger called Rugby League which is played by professionals, by men who are paid to play; they are perhaps fitter and faster than the men who only play at week-ends; but where money creeps in something is lost. When it comes to Soccer (and here again there are Amateurs and Professionals), Professional Football suffers a great deal because the players have to be paid. You will often see in the newspapers how well-known Soccer players are bought and sold by one club or another, sometimes for thousands of pounds. A club which bears the name of a district, let us say the Barchester Wanderers, may only have a small handful of men from Barchester; the rest are brought in from all parts of the British Isles to bring glory and reputation to the city, and the citizens expect value for the money they pay for their seats. Their darlings of the Barchester Wanderers are paid to give them pleasure and show how skilful Soccer can really be.

Then again in the United States games are often taken very seriously. Men give their lives to be good Baseball Players for huge sums of money. The spirit of the game is bound to suffer. Before the war the late Adolf Hitler was always angry to see Germans beaten in games. Germans were the salt of the earth and they must always win because they were Germans. So much was this the case

that Germans used to go to the mountains to climb impossibly dangerous precipices, and, if they died in the attempt, they were hailed as heroes of the Fatherland, instead of foolish young men taking unnecessary risks.

Games are not wars to be fought to the bitter end. They are contests between groups of men which should be played in a friendly spirit. When the game is over victors and vanquished should pass the rest of their time together in friendly company and not leave each other with nasty remarks on their lips. This is what I mean by a sporting spirit—the spirit that never questions the decision of a referee or an umpire—the spirit that gets a group of men or boys to work as a team and win or lose with good grace and cheerfulness.

Not all of you are good at games. Some of you have no eye for a ball in the air and will never be able to catch it or hit it with certainty whether you are playing Cricket, Squash or Rugger. So long as you know this all is well. Try your best, and laugh at yourself and your mistakes and others will laugh with you with good temper. Rowing Schools have an outlet for such as you who miss the ball. At Downside there are always the Beagles when you are older. There, when you are really an older member of the school, you will be able to choose what form of exercise you will take.

Meanwhile, why do we make such a fuss of games at Worth, and why do we all have to play? I will give you some reasons.

First, however good or bad you are, there is the Team Spirit. You do not play Cricket, Rugger or Hockey for your own glory, even though you may win a cap for your prowess. You play for a side, a league or the school. It is not much good counting the tries scored by one boy in a match, because the making of those tries was in the skill of others who passed the ball to him in the right place at the right time so that he could carry it over the line and fall on it. Who scored that try? One boy. Who made that try? Anyone of five or six persons, from the scrum-half who started the movement to the wing three-quarter who scored by the corner flag. When you play cricket you may go out as one of two men intent on increasing the score of your side, in spite of all the efforts of eleven eagle-eyed fielders and bowlers to knock down your wicket. When they get you in the end you go in pleased at having raised the score of your Eleven by five or ten or fifty or sad at having let it down by getting a duck.

Then, secondly, there is the making perfect of your body. While you are growing you can do wonderful things with it. If you do your best at ten or eleven you may yet be young when you are old. I know a man who, after riding to hounds nearly all his life, at last bought a motor-bicycle at the age of seventy-two. Developing your body is an insurance for the future. If you are a lumbering dolt on the field now, following the forwards at a safe distance, and hoping you will not be noticed, you will be a lumbering old cart-horse in the forties.

Do not forget that, even if you are not good at games, you can do a lot to make yourself better. Intelligence counts. Hand and brain can work together even if your speed is low. You have noticed how the Worth First Fifteen plays with its brains as well as its bodies: the ball is not passed anywhere, but backwards and forwards to the boy who can find an opening. And just a word to

those who are good at games—remember that success in games is brief and glorious and seldom lasts beyond thirty. Do what you can while you have time, and before middle-age gives you a reminder that all is not so well as it was.

There is a third point. There is an old Latin tag which reads: *Mens sana in corpore sano*. For those whose Latin is not yet up to it, I should say: A healthy mind in a healthy body. At your age, and especially from eleven to nineteen you are over-full of energy which has got to be burned up somehow. Later on you will understand this better. It is true to say that a boy or man who takes healthy exercise ought to have a healthy mind. The one who neglects his body and fails to train the animal part of him is often an unpleasant creature with a head full of beastly bats and cobwebs, which one good game would shake out. It is rather the same with the boy who goes to the games ground and does not try; but at least he has to make some appearance of attending to the game. That is one reason why games for all, except those who are unfit, is the rule.

Then lastly there is the training for endurance given by a hard game in the rain, with a slippery ball, a field of mud and pools of water. We do not like it, any of us; but we put up with it and make the best of it. Some of you will have read the story of Scott of the Antarctic; others may have seen the film. That party of explorers was full of men of great endurance, who fought on to the end, until their bodies were worn out and the flame which had kept them alive, flickered and went out in a great blizzard of snow. We admire it, do we not? That was a triumph of mind over body. They set their teeth and carried on; but they could never have done what they did if they had not been the boys they were many years before.

Dreams play a great part in all this. Who has had day-dreams or even dreams at night about being the brilliant and successful three-quarter or spin-bowler? You may never be what your dreams drive you to try to be; but try and try again, and laugh when you fail. Never give up. Some men get there by sheer determination.

In playing games you are building up an interest which may take you out of yourself once a week when you are following a dull, monotonous profession. By joining your local Rugger or Cricket Club later on you will share your enthusiasm with others. It is infectious.

Meanwhile let your interest in games increase if you have it: kindle it if you have not got it; but never say to yourself: 'I'm no good'. That is the way to the wrong sort of middle-age.

Yours affectionately
MAURICE BELL

THE RED LION

by R. H. G. P. FRENCH*

It is a great pity that such a pretty little village as Oakbridge should have her picturesque village green spoilt by such a vile inn as the 'Red Lion'. 'The Red Lion' does not deserve to be named with the name of this animal. It is a dirty unwashed, unpainted and bare building, such as one would expect to find in the 'Commercial Road'. It is not frequented by the old boys from the village, and only the passing visitor uses it, as it is the only establishment in the village that offers accomodation, if one can call it such. The proprietors are one Jones and his wife. As one enters one is greeted by Jones a fat flabby mass of flesh who waddles about like a polar bear in the Zoo. The main room is the Dining room which contains one long and extremely ancient table, half-a-dozen assorted chairs, a rotting card table and a carpet minus all the pile. There are also two broken-sprung easy (but how uneasy) chairs. This with one or two grim paintings on the wall is all that the dining room contains. The bedrooms, there are three of them, contain a chair, a broken bed and a cupboard between them. There is no bathroom; but who, who wanted a bath, would go there?

THE SECRET OF THE VIOLIN

by T. J. WARRINER*

Once there was a dealer who kept a small shop in East London. One day, he was arranging his little window, when a bent old man came hobbling along the road, carrying a beautiful violin. He watched him as he entered the shop. The dealer asked him what he wanted, still eyeing the violin. The old man said, in a quavery voice: 'How much would you give me for this violin?' The dealer asked him what he wanted for it. The old man replied: 'Twenty pounds'. The dealer thought for a moment, then answered: 'Will you leave it with me till tomorrow while I think about it?' 'All right', said the old man 'Good-bye'. And he left the little shop. The dealer went into his window to see how it would look, when a large Bentley drove up, and a well dressed gentleman got out. He caught sight of the violin and stopped to admire it. Then he entered the shop and said to the dealer: 'That's a fine violin you've got there. I should think it's worth about five hundred pounds, as it is a Stradivarius.' Then the gentleman bought a gaudy lampshade and left the shop. He left the dealer looking very thoughtful. 'A Stradivarius,' he murmured, 'Well, well, well!' Then he took the violin and locked it in up in his back room. Next day, the old man came along at about the same time, and asked if he had decided yet. The dealer went to his back room, unlocked the violin, and brought it back to the old man. 'Yes, I'll buy it for twenty pounds,' he said. The old man fingered the violin lovingly, but just as he was giving it back to the dealer, he dropped it! The dealer rushed round the counter and picked it up, examining it carefully. Then he gasped! For at the back of the violin a thin panel had slid back, revealing the inside all

*HUGH FRENCH, born 20th November 1936; entered Worth, September 1945; First XV Rugger 1948-50; Sacristy; Head of the School, Autumn 1949.

*TIMOTHY WARRINER, born 18th August 1936; entered Worth, September 1948; School Prefect.

stuffed with pound notes. So the old man became rich and the dealer had the marvellous violin displayed in his window, attracting many customers. Eventually a rich gentleman came and bought it for £1,000, to add to his antique collection.

NIGHTMARE

by M. T. ABBOTT*

It had been a very hot and sticky day in West Africa. A 'big game' hunting party of English were just coming back to the hunting lodge at dusk. After a light meal they turned into bed. One of the younger men had a frightening dream during the night. All about being in the dense jungle at night. With a yelp of pain, he looked down at his foot which showed up dimly in the darkness. He had rammed his foot against a tree root sticking up in the middle of the path. The place was buzzing with mosquitoes, and they enjoyed having an extra feed on man for a change. Huge African ants or leeches were crawling about the place and continually stinging him. Frogs were croaking loudly at a nearby marsh; the distant roars of hunting lions were the only creatures disturbing the peace of the night. He went a little further on and rounded a corner in the path and the sight that met his eyes nearly made him scream. A leopard was feeding hungrily on a newly killed antelope; the animal let off a blood-curdling snarl of rage on being disturbed from his food, and launched an attack on him. He ran for all he was worth with the leopard just behind him. He was tripping over fallen tree trunks and many other obstacles. The animal was quickly catching up and the man was nearly dead with exhaustion. He ran to the nearest tree and climbed up. The leopard thinking the man had had enough, slouched away into the undergrowth fearing that some other animal might go off with his supper. Having found that the leopard had gone, he ran into a fresh peril. He had disturbed a sleeping gorilla! It got up at once and tried to grab him. He slipped and slithered along a branch towards the edge of the tree. The branches were a mass of leeches which kept on stinging unceasingly. The gorilla swayed the flimsy branch on which the man was perched. He lost his balance and fell headlong down into the swamp below. Bump! He woke up to find himself on the floor with the sun streaming in through the open window. It was day.

PROFESSOR INKYWINKY

by PAUL LEAKE*

Once upon a time there was a fine big fat professor. He was very very fat and brainy. So he thought, 'If I could make a rocket I could go up and have a cup of tea with the man in the moon', so he made a nice big rocket, let it off and went up to the man in the moon. But the man in the moon only had half a head so he had only got half a brain. I knocked on the door. The man in the moon said Good-bye. But I knew it was all the wrong way round up in the

*MICHAEL ABBOTT, born 3rd December 1936; entered Worth, May 1944; Sacristy; School Prefect.

*PAUL LEAKE, born 18th April 1941; entered Worth, Easter 1948.

sky. There I went into the moon. There I saw a tiny weeny bit of cheese, I picked the bit of cheese up. 'Leave me alone' said the little bit of cheese. I felt all around me for I did not know who was speaking to me. At last I put my ear closer to the little bit of cheese. And I heard the bit of cheese was speaking to me. I was very surprized at the way he behaved to me. Then I sat down on one of the logs and had a chat. At last I said 'Good-bye.' 'Hallo' said the bit of cheese. I went down in my rocket. I saw a big lake with the shadow of the moon on it. I switched off and I dived down to the lake, I clapped my hands. 'First on the moon,' I said. There was an old man; he said 'First on the moon indeed. Julius Caesar and his companions were here before you.'

AN UNUSUAL ACCIDENT

by R. WALKER*

During a motor-cycle race at Exeter yesterday, a cow strayed on to the track. It collided with the leading cyclist, James Manners, 26, of 27 Castle St. Exeter. Neither was hurt, but the motor-cyclist was tossed on to the cow, which bolted for the winning post. It crossed the line first, but, after a committee meeting, Manners was disqualified. The motor-cycle was smashed out of recognition, and Manners is to sue the farmer for damages. Gordon Peterson, of Wobster, Somerset, who owned the cow, had been auctioning his herd, and the cow was being bid for when it escaped, so the question arises as to whom the cow belongs, and against whom the action for damages lies.

DAY AND NIGHT

by A. T. MARSDEN

The sun arose in the speedwell blue
The Queen of the Night went away;
With streaks of alchemy it came,
With streaks of gold it went.

The aspen shivers,
The pine tree quivers,
The oak tree quakes,
The poplar shakes—
All in a shade of green.

The beautiful day is over now,
Apollo has come and gone;
The Queen of the Night rides into the sky
Accompanied by the stars.

*ROBERT WALKER, born 17th April 1938; entered Worth, September 1946; acted in *The Night of His Coming*, Christmas 1947.

*ANDREW MARSDEN, born 15th March 1939; entered Worth, October 1949.

ADVENTURE IN THE DARK

by PATRICK MILMO*

As soon as I stepped inside the front door I had a strange foreboding. I rang the bell and a small and dark maid came and answered the door. 'Shall I show you up to your room', she asked in a cockney voice I answered 'Yes please'. I was on holiday in Cornwall and had come to stay in an inn the other side of Launceston. The next day I came down to breakfast early to find everything deserted. I thought this was rather queer and started searching the house. I had searched most of the house when I came to the attic. Up the stairs I went and into darkness. I started groping about for the switch, but I soon found there were no means of illumination. I let out a terrific yell as a mouse started running up my leg and nibbling my socks. After this incident I started once more the exploring of the dark. It was like a Ghost house, my face covered with cobwebs, and tripping over various articles of junk. At one instant I thought I was going head first into the cold water tank, but I just managed to check myself in time. I was just going to make my way back when 'Slam', the door of the attic was shut. I was in a hopeless mess, I thought myself a fool that I did not bring a torch. I started on the journey back when my head came in contact with a trap door. I soon found that there were steps leading downwards. I thought that this may lead to the way out. I started on my downward journey making sure that I did not slip, one step, two steps, three steps, and then my foot stepped into space. I could not save myself, I was falling. I woke up to find myself in hospital with a few nurses by my side. I asked why was I here. One of them said that I had forgotten that the clock had been put back an hour. The house had previously been inhabited by smugglers. They brought the smuggled goods up to the attic and dropped it down through the trap door. The ladder had rotted away and that is the reason why on the fourth step I fell into space. After searching the house they found me unconscious in the store-cupboard and brought me to hospital. After a few days I was allowed to go back and resume my holiday.

ABER MAWR

by M. PAINE*

If you stand on Struble head on the North coast of Pembrokeshire and look round the countryside, sparsely populated, and the coastline desolate and dangerous for shipping you will see a break in the coastline about four miles to the West where there is a shingled bay called Aber Mawr which is surrounded by woods. Behind the beach is a spring which flows under the beach into the sea. During the last war a boy from there was taken prisoner by Germans. One of his guards asked him where his home was, and when the boy told him he exclaimed 'During the Great War I served in a U boat and very often we used to anchor in that bay at night and come ashore in a dingy and fill our water tanks from that very spring'. This guard was always very good to the Welsh boy and afterwards stayed with the boy's people in their small farm.

*PATRICK MILMO, born 11th May 1938; entered Worth, September 1945; Choir; First XV Rugger 1949.

*MICHAEL PAINE, born 18th March 1939; entered Worth, May 1948.

THE CRUEL OTTER

by A. V. ROWBOTHAM*

One day Mr Otter looked out of his hole in the river bank. He was very hungry. His usual meal was two big salmon. He suddenly saw a big salmon coming swiftly down the river. 'I will have this one', he said to himself. He got ready to pounce on the unexpected salmon; then he jumped. It was a very good jump indeed. He landed just by the poor fish. 'Now I will get him', said Mr Otter. The salmon said, gasping, 'O please spare me, Mr Otter'. 'No I wont', said the cruel otter. Then he bit a big piece out of the salmon's back and let him go on. The salmon soon died because all the dirt got into his wound. Now one day this same otter thought he would be very clever and try and kill a small puppy which looked pretty weak; and so he landed right by the puppy. But the puppy snarled and pounced on the otter and killed it. 'Good boy', said his master, 'That otter killed a lot of salmon.'

THE LAST VOYAGE OF 'THE WARSOME'

by EDMUND FALKINER*

It was a clear day in July 1781, and George Jameson was walking along the pier with his hands in his pockets. Suddenly up walked an old seafaring man. 'Ah, this is George Jameson I see, isn't it?' he said, 'Well, George I've got a job for 'ee'. 'What is it' put in George, all eagerness. 'I've got ye a job on a ship; the Warsome by name', he said, 'Her captain is John Briggs, the most honest man I know'. 'Thank you a thousand times'! said George wringing the other's hands as he did so, 'I've always wanted to be a seaman; where's the ship'? She's over the other side of the yacht said the man, 'see her'? 'Yessir, I see her' yelled George running with all his might, 'Good-bye'. When he reached the ship it seemed empty. He stopped and yelled 'John Briggs, are you in your ship'. Suddenly a tall muscular man appeared on the bridge of the ship. 'What is it you want', he called, 'if it's a job, I've got one for ye.' Three weeks later George had got the job and was well on his way to America. Then a large Turkish warship hove in sight, the captain sprang to the bridge, and started giving orders right and left. 'Joe take the starboard gun, Horace take the port, Jim, take the after gun, Bill look after the wounded, George take the fore gun, Jock, Sandy, Harry and Wally, you all help Bill.' Everybody rushed to his post and called his powder monkey. Then the battle begun. George put in a cannon ball and fired. BOOM! A huge hole appeared in the Turk's side 'Good shot give her another,' yelled Briggs; George fired again; another gash appeared. The Turk was low in the water. Then the Turk started firing Boom! Crash! Roar! The Warsome started sinking, the deck caught fire and everybody tried to put it out. Soon the fire was out of control and everybody took to the life boats. As the last boat left George arrived at the side and saw the boats had gone. He dashed to a raft, got some provisions and the ship's cat and sailed away. After a month of sailing and drifting he reached an island and died there fifteen years later.

*ADRIAN ROWBOTHAM, born 18th September 1941; entered Worth, September 1948.

*EDMUND FALKINER, born 24th June 1938; entered Worth, September 1947.



*'Belt upon belt the wooded, dim
Blue goodness of the Weald'*



Dom Jerome's Model Railway

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

by H. D. PLUNKETT*

Last week I went Christmas shopping with my mother. We went up to London by train, taking the number thirteen bus to Hamley's where we were going to get presents for the children. Hamley's is a fascinating shop where you could spend hours without seeing half the things. First we went to get a train for my younger brother; then a walkie-talkie doll for my sister: we were having a party soon so we had to get quite a few little presents for the guests. When we had finished buying them my mother told me to go and buy presents for cousins Marmaduke and Arabella while she got my present which she did not want me to see. Cousin Marmaduke, not long ago, had asked my mother whether it was Christmas on January the 1st, November the 5th or December the 25th (in case she should forget to get him a present). I do not believe he knew anyway, because he's only five. We got him a humming top which I believe he never stops playing with. Cousin Arabella wanted sweets; she always wanted sweets, she never stopped eating sweets; so we got her some sweets—lots of them. Next we went to Selfridge's to get gifts for the grown-ups. Auntie Georgia had been giving large hints lately that she wanted a tea set, with such remarks as 'It would be a God-send if somebody gave me a tea set', or, 'A tea set is just what I want for Christmas'. So we went down to the basement where they sell such things, and we got her quite a nice one. Uncle Horace had complained to my mother the other day that he couldn't find a decent pipe anywhere, but we knew that he had not been out for about a month and that it was just a trick to let us know that he wanted one. We found him a very nice one which was wrapped up and put into our shopping bag. Grandma and Grandpa wanted a fire which needed no fuel but would burn for ever. We couldn't supply this, so mother, who is very fond of them, scraped together money from herself, my brother and sister, myself and my father to get them each an armchair. Great Aunt Elizabeth wanted peace, quiet and a warm shawl. Since she kept a dozen chickens we couldn't supply the peace and quiet, but I think she was very pleased with the sheepskin shawl which we gave her.

FROM AN EXPLORER'S LOG

by L. H. W. WILLIAMS*

15th May, 1943. We trudged on all day, seeing nothing that even suggested water all day. We were overtaken about noon by a sandstorm, during which we lay flat on the ground, covering our faces with anything we could lay hold on. I wonder how much longer we can hold out. Our water is down to one half skinful now. Dick Flowers is down with the fever, and has to ride one of the camels, forcing John Ibrahim our Bedouin guide, and myself to carry its baggage. The Bedouin, who until now has been as sure of the way as a Londoner going from Hyde Park Corner to Marble Arch, is now in the lowest of spirits,

*DUDLEY PLUNKETT, born 14th September 1937; entered Worth, September 1948; Gym Team 1949.

*LAWRENCE WILLIAMS, born 9th April 1938; entered Worth, May 1946.

sometimes walking silently, otherwise bewailing his certain fate in a long, dismal moan.

16th May. About mid-day we thought we saw an oasis on the horizon, but as we draw near it dissolved before our eyes. We had buried Dick early that morning, for he could not bear the torments of yesterday's heat and flies, combined with the cold of last night, and passed away about one o'clock this morning. We have hopes of reaching an oasis soon, for now we can go faster without our dear invalid, God bless his soul! I fervently hope we do soon, for we have but half a pint of water left.

17th May. Safe at last, but how narrowly safe. We crawled into the Saki Waterhole about five this morning, but how that last day had dragged! We were tormented by hosts of flies, and, owing to several quick skirmishes with the Dust Devils, our eyes were blinded with grit and sand. We had been in the desert for over ten days, living on two camels we had been forced to kill, and four skins of water; and only one of our comrades, Dick Flowers, succumbed.

PUSS IN DISTRESS

by GERALD de LACEY

One day in the Christmas holidays my mother told me to go into town and get some pumistone. Just as I went round to the garage to get my bicycle, I heard a lot of splashing, and mixed up with the splashing I heard a cat mewing. I turned round and looked about, then ran across to the water butt. I looked in, and saw a poor cat splashing about in the water. I recognised her for our neighbour Mrs Jones' cat, and then pulled her out, and rushed to the kitchen. There I asked my mother to see that the cat did not try and get away, while I got a basket, some rags and a saucer of hot milk. When I came back I wiped her down with the rags, gave her the hot milk, got a cushion and put her in a basket under the stove. Then I told my mother where I had found her and said it was Mrs Jones' cat. When the cat was asleep I went over to Mrs Jones and told her what happened. That night I gave the cat to her, and she thanked me very much. The next week I received a surprise, Mrs Jones had given me a Kitten for saving her cat's life.

STAMPS

by PHILIP KING-ROSS

This term I went to D. Thomas and asked him if I could join the stamp club, and he said yes. So I gave him sixpence, that is how much you have to pay to join. And I looked over stamps with him, and I have got at last a fare number now just this term. It is fun looking up the Stamps in a catalogue. Lots of people do this and have quite a lot of Valuable Stamps. This term we have got a new secretry called Mallet he is a cean Stamp collector and has at least 1,000 Stamps now. Why don't you become a member, it is great fun. One day there was a great rush to Fr Thomas' room because that day some new Stamps had come out so we asked him if he had them and he said no, but luckily father Maurice's Brother had a set of mint (not used) ones. You know: those Universal Postal Union ones. Here is a poem about stamps; it is called

*GERALD DE LACEY, born 11th February 1939; entered Worth, September 1947

*PHILIP KING-ROSS, born 10th December 1938; entered Worth, September 1946.

THE TRAMP

If a tramp,
I would collect a stamp.
Even if I was mean,
I would keep it clean
In its gay colours
All the hours.
If I had it twice,
I would keep it thrice
And 'put them away for a rainy day'
All very gay.
Goodbye my friend
That is the end.

FROM PROFESSOR CREW'S DIARY

by C. B. THOMAS

23rd Aug. 1939. As we left Gatwick Airport bound for the Amazon and the Matto Grosso, we felt as if we would never see home again; for we were picked explorers going to an absolutely premevial forest alive with danger and redolent of death.

26th Aug. We are now on Port Natal Airfield, standing by the long range S.1. mark 1.A. Amphibian aircraft. We have flown the last lap from Dakar, on the west coast of Africa; the date is the 26th August 1939 and all England is expecting Hitler to invade Poland. We here feel in a clime, miles from the troubles of Europe.

1st Sept. We are now 4,000 miles from the nearest point of civilization, in the heart of the Brazilian jungle following the course of the Amazon. We have just heard that Germany has invaded Poland.

3rd Sept. We are flying over hills which lead up to the mighty Andes and the capital of the Incas is not far off, but here is a modern settlement and the flag is the black Swastika; over the radio comes 'The Prime Minister has this morning declared war on Germany'. We land on a field, and pitch camp in a well-fortified place.

4th Sept. 3 a.m.—1 p.m. We have now pitched camp and fortified it well, our arms consist of: six rifles, six automatics and two portable machine guns. We built two pill-boxes for the machine guns, and a wall with six loopholes for the rifles. Our party consists of twelve, counting the native porters armed with blowpipes and spears. We cleared a runway for the Aircraft in case a quick take off was needed. The enemy were approaching to take us in the rear.

1 p.m.—3 p.m. The machine guns opened fire and the Germans broke and fled. The rifles were now supported by the machine guns and we drove the enemy into the Jungle, where the natives put poison darts into their camp and equipment. Then we hit the breeze for home.

10th Sept. We are now in London, sitting in the Savoy Hotel. We have received the thanks of the whole nation for clearing up the German aircraft.

*BEN THOMAS, born 17th August 1938; entered Worth, January 1947.

A DAY'S FISHING

by E. F. HOWARD*

One day Mr Hobbs the Baker decided to go fishing. It was a very fine day and the sun was shining very brightly as it was summer time. He knew of a near at hand river and so he decided to go there. So putting on his clothes and getting his fishing tackle he set out. To get to the river he had to walk about half a mile, which is not too far for an old man to walk. He arrived at the river at about midday and he started to attach his line to his rod. He had fortunately brought his lunch with him, and so after he had thrown out his line he set to work to tackle the ham sandwiches in his basket. Every now and again he would throw out crumbs to make the fish come close at hand. Soon however, the float went under, and jerking up the rod he found a small fish attached to the end. 'That won't be of any use to me, it does not even equal to one mouthful', he muttered, so saying he threw it back into the water without hesitation. Soon he pulled out the line again to see if the worm was alright but he was very surprised to find that he had hooked an old pair of trousers from the bottom of the river, and what he thought were the Butcher's. So he put them on the ground beside him, munching as he did so, and threw out his line. Soon he thought he would pull it up, and he found that he could not do so. He had to tug again to get it free and he tugged so hard at a time that the fishing gut bust in two pieces. He thought it useless to try again so packing up his things including the butcher's pants he returned home. He handed the trousers to the butcher who cried out 'You wretch why did you try to bring them back to me? For two days I have been trying to get rid of the ugly things and now you go and bring them back to me.'

WINTER

by E. F. MAYNARD*

The Winter now and ever,
It brings the loud black night;
How lately comes the morning
Shining grey-faced light.

Where is that early glory:
Where is our own proud day:
Have mist and long black shadows
Shortened her gladsome stay?

This glimmer on the hill and valley—
Can all this dead cold white
Be the shine of days in summer,
Trapped by the winter's night?

*ESMÉ HOWARD, born 29th August 1938; entered Worth, September 1947.

*EDWARD MAYNARD, born 15th October 1938; entered Worth, September 1945.

THE MARIONETTE SHOW

(1) by MICHAEL KENNEDY*

On 18th of October, Mr Clifford Heap came to Worth to give another Marionette performance. This time, it was a play called the 'Tinder Box', of which he gave two performances. It was very well acted and most realistic, and although there were only two people speaking during the performance, there was a perfectly distinct difference between the voices of the various characters. The young soldier, the hero of the play, had quite a 'dashing young sergeant' sort of tone, whereas the witch spoke with a nasty cackle. During the play there was a short piece of ballet dancing, which was acted as vividly as was possible, even though the movements of the dancers were a bit jerky. The lighting was especially good, and the fade-outs made it unnecessary for the curtain to be rung down if there were any immediate scenery changes to be done. The miniature lantern carried by Mr Glow-worm was very well thought out, as there were no wires to be seen trailing across the stage. The lighting of the amusements in the fairground scene was perfect, and all the miniature roundabouts, swingboats and big wheels were made to move. The effects, were wonderful especially when the dungeons were blown up, and collapsed as well as catching fire. The miniature beams falling through the door of the cell added to the realism. A good selection of music was played during the play, including 'Les Sylphides', by Chopin. I think the play created a very favourable impression, and reached a far higher standard of perfection than any of the boys thought possible.

(2) by L. H. W. WILLIAMS

On Tuesday, October 18, Mr Clifford Heap presented the school with one of his best Marionette plays, *The Tinder Box*. The theme of the story is that a soldier, coming back from the wars, stops for a rest in the glade on the highway leading to a large town. He is asked by an old witch hobbling by to fetch her a tinder-box from a cavern under a tree. At the same time he may get any amount of money from three chests guarded by dogs whose eyes are as big as teacups, millwheels and round-towers. He gets the box and his money and returns to the top of the tree. The old witch being asleep he keeps the tinder-box and goes off. He hires the best room at the hotel and, while he and the Princess are enjoying themselves at the fair, the witch comes and steals all his money. He has to move to a garret under the roof, but while he is there Georgie Glow-worm persuades him to strike his tinder-box. He does so and one of the dogs from the cavern appears, and he commands it to make the garret into an enchanted boudoir, and bring the princess to it. He sees her, but the queen finds out and ties a bag of flour to her girdle, and thus the queen finds the soldier out, and he is put in prison. While he is there Georgie Glow-worm comes, and gets him out just in time to prevent him being blown up by the witch. Next day he is condemned to die, and he pleads for one last smoke. He strikes his tinder-

*MICHAEL KENNEDY, born 29th April 1937; entered Worth, September 1945; acted in *A Child is born*, Christmas 1947 and *Stations in Mime*, 1948; Choir Leader; School Prefect; First XV Rugger 1949.

box, and calls the dogs of the cavern who rescue him and make the queen promise to let him have the princess's hand in marriage. He marries her, and they all live happily ever after. The way in which the parts were spoken was extremely good, for two men had to speak thirteen different parts, from the princess to the story-teller, who told the story in between the scenes. A. Fowler also made a great success of the music, included in which were selections from 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' by Nicolai and 'Les Sylphides' by Chopin. Some boys say that they would have preferred a film, but the majority including myself say that the Marionettes were as good an entertainment as might be found anywhere. The best scene, in my opinion, was the Dungeons of the Copper Castle, in which the witch set gunpowder alight. The explosion was most realistic, and the stage had the appearance of some terrific explosion having taken place afterwards. The enchanted Boudoir, The Little Garret under the Roof, and On the Balcony, were extremely well displayed. Congratulations must be offered to Mr Clifford Heap and his assistants, and I express my hearty wish that they may visit us again.

RHAPSODY

by T. C. MARKES*

I am a picture, a traveller I'm sure,
 But now it's getting rather a bore,
 I've been in buses, I've been in cars,
 (*I've been to the town of the Curé of Ars;*)
 It is my will to now keep still
 In the Headmaster's room on the window sill.
 (Once I slipped and fell down flat
 But I luckily fell on to the mat.)
 A boy walked into the Headmaster's room
 'I've been very naughty', he said (ba goom!);
 I'm afraid I saw him then bend down
 (He'd forgotten to put on his dressing gown).
 On the night of every Friday
 Which is usually sausage pie day
 Down to music boys will go
 For it is a smashing show;
 I can often see in the comic chips
 Which the boys will always read
 Tales of crime, adventure, speed,
 A tale of woe or a very great deed.
 So when I go to sleep at night
 After many a scene and sight
 I really feel quite satisfied
 Don't you think that's perfectly right?

*TIMOTHY MARKES, born 14th April 1938; entered Worth, May 1947; Choir.

PETER AND TIM

by C. C. F. MOYSEY*

One morning Peter and Tim were going down to the sea. They got dressed straight away and had breckfast and got there bicycals out and set out with some sand-wiches and went down the lane of Bakernon street. They arrived at the sea; the day was lovely. Tim the youngest, aged 11, said 'Lets go over to the other side of the beach were the castel is and have lunch and then explore the castel don't you think'. 'Yes I think we will'. So they walked over the soft sand until they reached the other side. They had lunch and walked over to the castel. They walked inside and saw a big room where some noble had been sometime in the time of Henry VIII. They saw four doors: they choose the one that did not look like one. The opened the door and found some stears going down to the celler, (they thought that it was a celler). They saw a light under the door and they heard some voices. But Peter the eldest triped over something and heard the voice of a man, 'What's that'? 'O nothing, o perhaps a mouse ora rat, don't worry boy'; 'but I did hear a body faul over some thing it would not make such a noise if it were a mouse', 'O shut your mouth can't you'. Peter quickly got up and Tim hurried behind some boxes and rags. One man got up and opened the door and had a look round, and a rat came from a hole in the wall. And the man ran to the stears and opened the door and went into a wood. Meantime the other man came to the room were the boxes were. Peter got something from one of the boxes, which was a spannar, he got up from behind the box when the man drew a gun, but Peter was a bit to quick for the man, and hurled the spannar at him, and hit him on the head. The man fell to the ground, and Peter picked the gun up. Tim tied the man up. They went into the next room and found a box of jewely worth about £10,000. They made the man walk and took the box of jewely with them, to a police station were they handed the man over, the police chief inspector said that they had been looking for the jewely and two men that had stolen the jewely. Peter and Tim discribed the other man, he was caught half a mile away. Tim and Peter went home, they had supper and went straight to bed for they were so tired. In the morning a letter came for them and in the letter was £40 reward. They thanked the owner for the mony.

I WENT SEAL SHOOTING

by W. P. DWYER*

One day in the summer when it was very hot, my Uncle, my father and I went out Seal Shooting. We were staying at a village on the west coast of Ireland where their were very high cliffs, very suitabell for shooting Seals from. We went to get my father's double barral shotgun and my uncle's 22 rifle. We then set out for a place called Seal Bay about one mile away. When we got to Seal Bay we saw a seal on the other side of the bay so we went over to the other

*CHRISTOPHER MOYSEY, born 22nd March 1938; entered Worth, September 1946; First XV Rugger; Boxing Team.

*WILLIAM DWYER, born 10th June 1938; entered Worth, September 1948.

side of the bay and my father shot at him and missed, the shot frightened the seal and that was very lucky because it made the seal swim away and we followed it and it led us about two miles and then it joined a school of seals. It was very lucky that the cliff was sloping down a good bit and it ended on a ledge so we went down to the ledge. Then my uncle and father took good places to shoot at the seals. After about five minutes a seal poked his head out of the water and my father shot him but it did not kill the seal, though it frightened it and it put his head out again and my father killed the seal this time. About ten minutes later another seal put up his head and I took a shot at it (and of course I missed). A few minutes later it reappeared and my father killed his second seal. We then went along the cliffs for about two miles and we saw another seal. My uncle then made a very dangerous journey down the cliffs and shot that one. I was very tired now because we had been out for about three hours and we made a cross country course for home. When we got back we told everybody of what we had done.

[And if Seal hunters are anything like Fishermen, they probably gave an accurate account of the measurements of the seals, particularly of the one that got away. Ed.]

THE BONNIE SCOTSMAN

by D. J. MONICO*

There was a bonnie Scotsman
Who fought at Waterloo,
He hadn't got a job
And he hadn't got a sou,
He hadn't got a pension
And he didn't know what to do.
It was a bonny morning
But it was crisp and cold,
The Scotsman had no shelter
And his matches were all sold.
(He hadn't got a home
And he wasn't very bold.)
He went into the graveyard,
He thought he was to die,
He wasn't very good
And had often told a lie.
He sat upon a tombstone
And stared up to the sky,
He was so very sorry
(And was so very pale)
To think he could not have
More pints of nut-brown ale.
Then he fell asleep upon the sod
—O what a silly tale.

*DAVID MONICO, born 27th April 1938; entered Worth, September 1946; Choir.

UP THE MOUNTAINS

by J. B. O'MEARA*

One day, during our three-week holiday in Austria, (it was nearly the end), I was woken up by my mother for I nearly over-slept. Almost at once I remembered what was happening that day, we were going up the highest mountain in Germany, and that was thrilling I thought, for it was the first time I had been in a cable-car up any mountain. At nearly half-past ten, the bus came to take us to the foot of the mountain, where there was a cable-car station. We entered one of the cable-cars, and just as my mother and father were in, the porter closed the door and soon we felt a jerk and a little buzzing sound and we started off. When we reached the other station, (it was not quite the top) there was a tunnel which went through the mountain. Anyway when we got up to the top we had a wonderful view of four other countries they are Czechoslovakia, Austria, Switzerland and Italy. I was very sorry when we came down.

WHAT I SEE AND HEAR

by A. I. MALLETT*

I am a picture of Archbishop Amigo, Archbishop-Bishop of Southwark, hanging on a wall of the outer hall, near the locker-room of Worth Preparatory School. I was first placed here when Worth came back from Downside, in the year 1945. Day after day, term after term, year after year, I have looked down on the life of the school. I have seen and heard many a battle, many an argument, much laughter, but few tears. Many a plot has been hatched under my nose, but I say nothing, though I remember everything. At night I see nothing, but I hear different sounds; the tick-tock of the clock, the owls in the woods and sometimes strange footsteps. At dawn I can see again, and soon the school springs to life. During the week I hear many bells and remarks of 'Has the bell gone yet?' and 'Anyone in 2B?' On Sundays it is a little more peaceful than usual, unless it rains. I see also boys hurrying to class and coming back again, boys going to be whacked, and, on Saturdays and Sundays, boy's parents. I shall be seeing you all.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

by T. GRIFFIN*

The lamps that twinkle on the tree,
The fairy on the top,
Fills everyone with so much glee
They dance and skip and hop.

Round and round
They jump and bound
And shout with laughter free,
And at the end to cap it all
They go inside for tea.

*BARRY O'MEARA, born 5th September 1939; entered Worth, September 1948.

*ANTHONY MALLETT, born 3rd January 1938; entered Worth, September 1948; Choir.

*TERENCE GRIFFIN, born 7th June 1939; entered Worth, January 1946; Choir; Boxing Team.

CHRISTMAS

by J. A. LESSER*

Christmas is the nicest time,
It 'comes but once a year',
It does not matter where I be
It always brings me cheer.

Now when December comes about
The Christmas shopping starts,
With turkeys in the butcher's shop
And scrumptious mincemeat tarts.

Now here we come to Christmas Eve,
The time that I like best,
For first I get my Father's sock
And then I get undressed.

At last my favourite 'Christmas':
It is the break of day,
Hurrah, for I am happy;
What will my mother say?

CHRISTMAS EVE

by A. MUIRHEAD-GOULD*

When Christmas Eve is drawing nigh
The heart of people is so high
And all the little boys so gay
On that very happy day.

On the lawn a lovely sight
It is to see the snow so white,
The robin is on the window sill
And all the people watch so still.

The cat is on the hearth rug,
The dog so warm and snug,
And when the people go away
The dog and cat begin to play.

*JOHN LESSER, born 17th January 1939; entered Worth, Michaelmas 1947. Acted in *Sleep Holy Babe*, Christmas 1948; Choir.

*ANDREW MUIRHEAD-GOULD, born 24th February 1939; entered Worth, September 1947.

WITH THE SCOUTS

by EDWARD CHARNAUD*

One fine Sunday morning after we had heard High Mass the scouts quickly changed into their game clothes and after about an hour's talking and getting ready we set off. We walked a long way and passed woods and ponds and at last got to our spot where we had a grand time. There were six of us, and we belonged to the Owls patrol, and a boy named Mallet who was with us was the Leader. We had spaghetti and tomato soup for lunch, and than tinned meat, as well as bread, jam, and cheese. We chopped down many old trees, and gathered chestnuts which we threw in the fire and afterwards ate them. Father Bruno came and ate lunch with us, and we were very pleased to have him. At about half past four in the evening we started going back, and reached the school at a quarter to five and changed into our suits, and having washed up the cups and plates which we took with us, we went to Benediction. After supper in the evening I played until it was time to go to bed, and as soon as I got into bed and the lights went off I fell asleep and dreamed of our lovely day.

BILLY BUMBLE-BEE'S ADVENTURE

by MICHAEL CHURCH*

One day Billy was pruning his roses in his nice quiet garden. But after five minutes the quietness was broken by his friend Willie Wasp. Billy looked up and said 'Hallow', 'coming for a sail with me today, there's enough wind to keep us going'. 'O.K. as long as its not to rough, come on'. 'Well give me a chance' said Billy. After he had finished pruning his roses, he gave a shout to Willie who brought their lunch and there lumber-jackets and off they went. When they got to the lake they found their boat was full of water. 'Crumbs', said Billy, 'it will take about half an hour to get all that out'. 'Don't worry, I will help you' said Willie. So when they got all the water out, they pushed her into the water and anchored her. She was a beautiful boat and she was a half-rater. When they had got the sails up they pulled up the anchor and off they went with Billy at the tiller and Willie dealing with the sails. There was a nice south-west breeze. They were just about to turn when Willie saw something in the water just behind them. 'I say Billy look out, there's a huge monster behind us, look its gaining on us'. Soon the huge monster was upon them. Suddenly just before the monster was going to leap upon them Billy turned the boat around and hit it full in the side. The monster then was just going to leap when Billy through his knife, it went swooping in the air with the sunn shining on it and making it Flash and then there was a plonk and the knife went right in the back of the fish. Then Billy said. 'We might as well take it home it looks good to eat'. So Billy put it on some rope and they towed it back to the shore. When they got to the tower they took it to the nearest professeur and he gave them 50 pounds each because it was a rare specimen.

*EDWARD CHARNAUD, born 9th October 1937; entered Worth, September 1949.

*MICHAEL CHURCH, born 7th October 1939; entered Worth, September 1947.

LIMERICKS

(1) by A. FITZGERALD* and GUESS WHO

There was an old man of Peru
Who took a big bus to the Zoo;
But while he was there
He was shot by a bear—
So he ran away crying Boo-hoo.

(2) by A. J. B. BROWN*

There was an old man in a house,
Who always was catching a mouse;
He went to a hole,
But he lost his own soul
For trying to catch a poor mouse.

IMPORTANT MISSION

by P. R. CHAPMAN*

On board H.M.S. Untormentable could be heard the powerful roar of aero engines. Hurtling towards the aircraft carrier came three Sea Furies. When they had come to a standstill one of the pilots leapt out and made for the captain's cabin. He was a youth of about twenty-one with red hair. His name was Squadron-Leader Dalrymple D.S.O., he had gained the D.S.O. for gallantly leading his squadron of Sea Furies successfully on a U-boat base at Dieppe. He knocked at the captain's door, receiving a reply he walked in. He said to the captain, 'I think I have discovered a U-boat base, and if I am right it will be a hard job to destroy it. It is infested with A.A. guns and machine-gun posts. It is also near Scharbeutz, I am going to take another look tomorrow and make sure'.

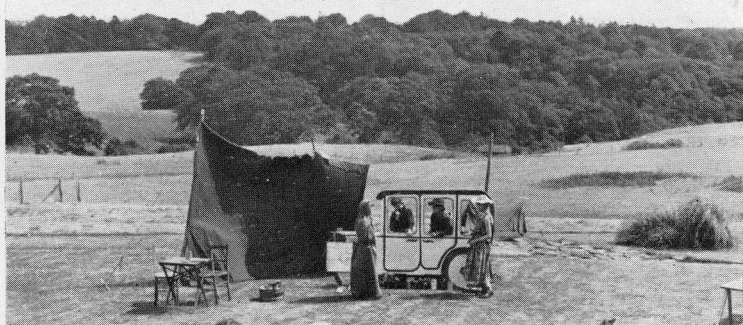
That night the aircraft carrier was astir. The guns were cleaned, the squadron of Sea Furies overhauled, fuelled and loaded with bombs, also the machine guns were loaded. In the morning Squadron-Leader Dalrymple and two other pilots set out to have another look at the supposed U-boat base. They took some photographs, but they did not develop very well as there was a sea mist. They could not go any lower for fear of being spotted. Just as they were turning back they heard the roar of aero engines and turning round saw five scarlet machines coming down upon them with their gun ablaze. Squadron-Leader Dalrymple brought his two planes round and returned fire. One of the scarlet scouts went down in flames and another was out of control. The Squadron-Leader climbed two hundred feet and came down upon one of the red-nosed scouts. He had the satisfaction of seeing the pilot slump over the controls and the plane tore earthwards. The other two scouts gave up the fight and fled.

*ARTHUR FITZGERALD, born 5th March 1939; entered Worth, September 1947.

*SANDY BROWN, born 20th April 1940; entered Worth, May 1948.

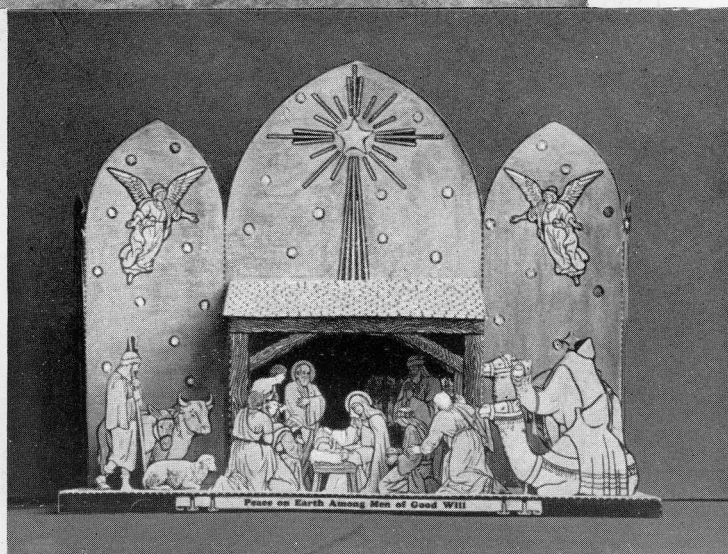
*PAUL CHAPMAN, born 1st February 1939; entered Worth, September 1947; acted in *Sleep Holy Babe*, Christmas 1948; Choir; Boxing Team.

*Junior
House
Play:*



*'The
Shop
under the
Willow'*

*Venite
adoremus
Dominum*



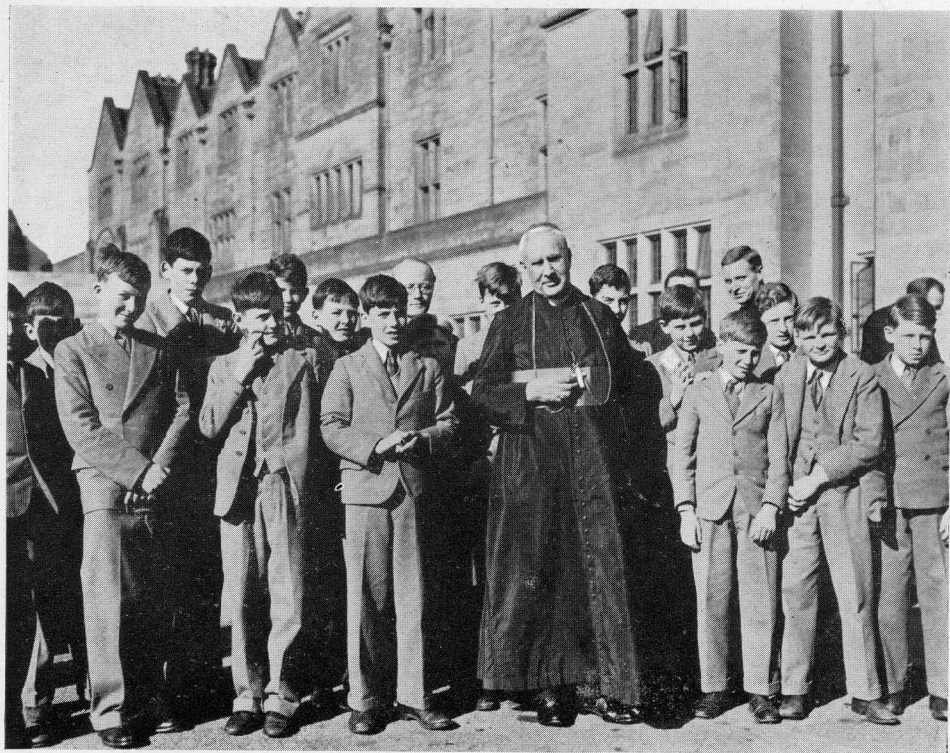


Our Lady of Worth

Dom Thomas Symons, Cantantibus organis



Dom Maurice Bell, the Head Master

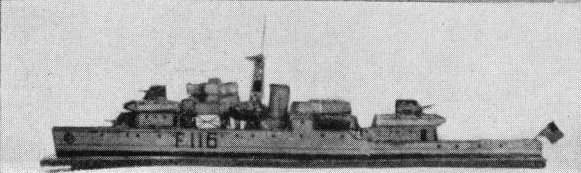
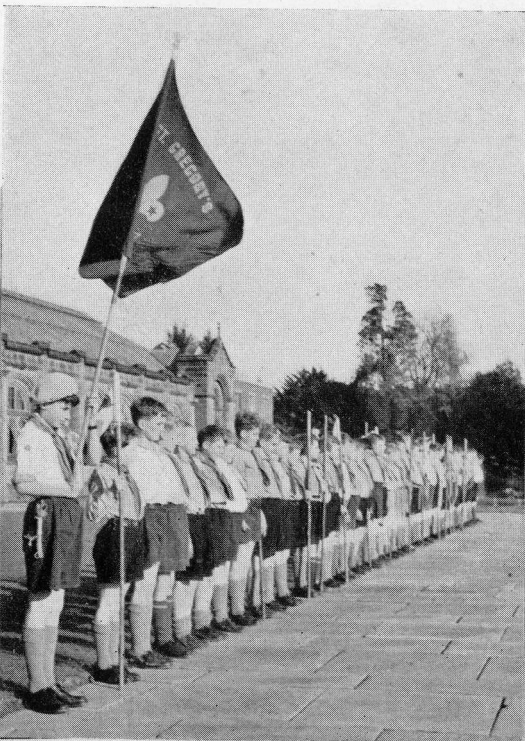


1938: His Grace the Archbishop-Bishop visits Worth

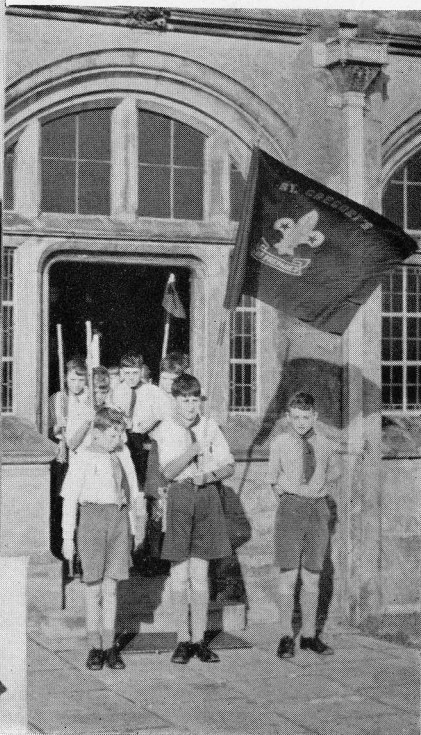


The Day Room

*St Gregory's Troop:
Enrolment Parade*



*Below:
Micromodel: H.M.S. Amethyst,
by C. R. Franks*



Squadron-Leader Dalrymple led his two sea-planes back to the aircraft carrier. The following night the aircraft carrier stayed off shore while the twelve Sea Furies took off ready to blow the U-boat base to bits. As they were flying over the coast they saw by the moon a black object moving in the water. It was a submarine and no doubt about it. They circled above the base and then let it have it. When the smoke had cleared they could see in the moonlight a mass of wreckage. Squadron-Leader Dalrymple got rather a shock when a shell from an A.A. gun burst by the side of his plane. He told his squadron to return to H.M.S. Untormentable, and so ended a good night's work.

JUNIOR HOUSE PLAY

The Summer play of the Junior House was *The Shop under the Tree*, a stage adaptation by Martin Monico of Beverley Nichols's story *The Tree That Sat Down*. Since the adapter was also the producer, the play was home-produced in a rare degree.

It was presented out of doors, on an afternoon of brilliant sunshine, before an appreciative audience. The players acted with such irresistible gusto that occasional lapses of memory in the matter of lines were readily forgiven. One followed the adventures of such fascinating characters as the Witch, the Bear, the Monkey Policeman and the charming Miss Judy with genuine interest and pleasure; and when one discovered that the performance had exceeded the time-limit and sabotaged a Greek class, one could not feel sorry.

Special thanks are due to Mrs Monico who embellished the production by making and supplying three dresses and two wigs. The dresses were really delightful, especially the bridal attire of Miss Judy.

The play reflected credit on all the performers, and especially on Martin Monico, the adapter, producer and prompter.

H.H.

TENNIS AND SQUASH

The singles competitions in these two sports were spoilt this year by some of the 'seeded' players having to go home before the finals were decided. And in the case of the tennis, the hard courts were in a terrible condition by the end of the term: the drought made it impossible to keep them in order.

Richard Thompson won both these competitions, meeting Michael Phelan in the final of both, and overcoming him 6—0, 6—1 in the tennis, and 9—0, 9—4 in the squash. Thompson had previously been given a good tennis match by Cronin, whom he defeated 6—4, and a good squash match by Barrett, who won a game off him. Phelan had done well to beat C. Petre 8—6 at tennis. But he was probably lucky not to have to meet at tennis Giggins, who was seeded No. 2, and in the squash Richard Stewart.

B.M.S.

CRICKET SEASON 1949

SUMMARY OF 1ST XI MATCHES

Played 7 Won 3 Lost 2 Drawn 2

Worth v Avisford Won by 3 wickets.

Avisford 35 (Giggins 5 for 9, Gilshenan 3 for 10).

Worth 44.

Worth v Ashfold Won by 6 wickets.

Ashfold 46 (Giggins 4 for 10, Wells 3 for 9).

Worth 86 for 9 (O'Donovan 20, Thompson I 24).

Worth v Newell's Won by 27 runs.

Worth 65 for 7 decl. (Thompson I 27).

Newell's 38 (Giggins 6 for 16, Gilshenan 4 for 10).

Worth v St Benedict's, Ealing Under 13 Drawn.

St Benedict's 103 for 5 (James 71 not out).

Worth 50 for 3 (Thompson I 21 not out).

Worth v Ardingly Lost by 29 runs.

Ardingly 92 (Gilshenan 4 for 18).

Worth 63 (Wells 16).

Worth v St John's, Beaumont Drawn.

St Johns 79 for 6 decl. (Hardy 3 for 16).

Worth 61 for 7.

Worth v K.C.S. Wimbledon Lost by 140 runs.

K.C.S. Wimbledon 187 (Giggins 5 for 45).

Worth 47 (Kefford 4 for 8).

RETROSPECT

We had a very lovely summer, but a disappointing season after a good start. Perhaps our early successes made us too confident, yet the fact remains that our bowlers lost much of their venom as the term wore on, and our batsmen lost heart and patience. We were again beaten by Ardingly, though by a narrower margin than in previous years. The Beaumont match was spoilt by a late start and by the endeavour to obtain a result at all costs. We suffered a debacle at Wimbledon against King's College School on a sizzling day when the team was suffering from the morning after the holiday before. Finally came the measles, and we played no matches at all in July.

Richard Thompson, the Captain, batted well throughout the season, despite bad luck; he would have made more runs, if he had not had the cares of captaincy to worry him, and the task of keeping wicket. O'Donovan and Wells played a few good innings, and should improve next year. Kemmis-Betty I also shewed promise, running with fine judgement between the wickets.

Gilshenan and Giggins again bore the brunt of the bowling, but they took

their wickets too easily in the early matches, and when they 'got some stick' from the stronger opposition later on, they lost their length. Lawrence bowled well, often with bad luck. Hardy showed much promise with his spinners and, when his fingers grow to the size of the ball, he should take many wickets.

The ground fielding of the side was below average, but sympathy is due to the fielders in that the drought made the ground perilous and the behaviour of the ball a subject of conjecture.

1st XI. Thompson I (Captain), Giggins, Gilshenan, Wells, O'Donovan, Kemmis-Betty I, Lawrence, Petre I, Hardy, Maguire II, Moran.

The 'Under XI' side, under the captaincy of Milmo, showed very great promise indeed, winning all their matches. They played well together and showed that all-out keenness, which is so essential for success. Chapman, Chignell, Maynard and Kavanagh played especially well. Long may they so continue.

League Matches: Winners Senior Red
Junior Red

Our thanks are again due to Mr Scanlon, our coach, for his good and successful work in the nets and on the field throughout the term.

R.L.C.

THE SCOUT GROUP

The annual Scout Camps in the summer were held in our own grounds. The First Troop chose the Rugger Field for their site, so as to be near the swimming bath. The hot weather caused this to be used many times a day, and thrice we went to the warmer water of the lake in Oldhouse Warren. But in spite of so much bathing, only one Swimmer Badge was gained last year, by P-L. Wright (Swans). Apart from the bathing, the chief attraction at the Camp was the food. Meals were lengthy and hilarious, and many queer noises issued from the woods behind the Rugger Field where the woodpigeons had their 'burg'. It was politely named 'Much Snoring in the Wood', from the sounds which were heard at night, when the Camp Fire had died down to a pleasant glow.

The Second Troup had their traditional holiday Camp at the end of the Terraces, under the fatherly care of Dom Bruno. All who took part greatly enjoyed themselves, and Jackson is to be congratulated on the ingenuity with which he retrieved from the trees of the estate telephone wires once used by the Army, and ran these from a plug in the then Junior House, across the lawns to the camp site, so that a wireless set could perpetually entertain the campers.

After the Camps came the big Dinner, given to the scouts by Father Prior and the Community—it was super! Then the First Troop campers were weighed. In five days after the end of term O'Donovan had put on nine pounds, Lind-Holmes seven, and Warriner six.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The new scouting year has begun remarkably well. There are now sixty-five actual and prospective scouts, and of these twenty-one have the 2nd Class Badge, while at least five more should do so soon. And by the end of the school year five should have the 1st Class Badge. Those who have won the 2nd Class

Badge this term are Radcliffe (Cygnets), Sec. Blackie, Callaghan, Molony, Charnaud (Owls), Sec. Birch, Keenan (Ravens), P-L. Wells (Storks), P-L. Barrett (Pheasants), P-L. Hardy, Sec. Petre (Swans), and Sec. Drummond (Doves). The Dove patrol was formed on November 21st.

Already this term there have been more Proficiency Badges gained than were won in the whole of last year. P-L. Mallet, Sec. Blackie (Owls), P-L. Wells (Storks) and P-L. Lind-Holmes (Doves) have won the Stamp Collector Badge. Green-Armytage (Woodpigeons), Franks (Ravens) and Thompson (Cygnets) have been awarded the Master-at-Arms Badge. P-L. Llewellyn (Cygnets), Lind-Holmes, Blackie and Molony (Owls) have won the Hobbies Badge in carpentry. The Smallholder Badge for poultry-keeping has been gained by Mallet, Lind-Holmes and Hardy, and the Firefighter by Sec. Bright (Storks) who already had his Second Class Badge before he joined St Gregory's Troop.

Meanwhile work is proceeding at the patrol sites in the woods, where two patrols are beginning to build log huts. Two exploring expeditions to Oldhouse Warren, and beyond, have been enjoyed, and lunches have been improved by the roasting of chestnuts. The remains of the scout bridge in the Glen have disappeared in smoke and flame, and maybe a new one will begin to arise soon. There are always many things here for scouts to do.

B.M.S.

ATHLETIC SPORTS

The Sports were much more exciting this year than they were last year. By the end of the six sprint events, the Blues had a good lead of about eleven points. Charlie Petre won the Division I 100 yards for them, and Coxon gained three more points by coming in second. But the main Blue points came from the two lowest Divisions. In the Division VI Final, all the first four runners were Blues, P. Cross coming in first. In Division V Burnand ran very promisingly to beat Ortiger, and was only a tenth of a second outside the record for the 80 yards sprint.

The Blues then gradually faded out of the picture, and first the Reds and then the Golds overtook them. At this point the score-board in the shelter by the side was eagerly scanned as the points for each event were chalked up. T. O'Meara (Red) jumped well to win the Senior High Jump. M. Morris (Gold) threw the cricket ball only three feet short of the junior record. Petre and Coxon revived the Blues' hopes by filling the first two places in the Senior 220 yards. But from that moment onwards the Reds drew right ahead.

This was largely due to two boys who scored twenty-one points in the last three junior events. Chetwynd won the Junior 220 yards, Green-Armytage just being beaten in a strong finish. Green-Armytage reversed the tables by beating his rival in the 440 yards, and he also won the long jump. Little Stewart challenged these Red victories by winning for the Golds the Senior 440 yards and the Senior Javelin, beating the previous record for this event by over five feet.

But while the Golds were amassing points in this last event of the day, the Reds had already won the Cup. They scored 73 points, the Golds 61 and the Blues 53.

On the following day the Relay races were very thrilling. Coxon gave the Blues a good lead in the first lap of the Senior Relay, but their middle runners could not keep it up. Petre made a tremendous effort in the last lap, and after overhauling the last Gold Runner he could get to within only three yards of S. S. Lane before the latter broke the tape to give the Reds the victory. The Reds might also have won the Junior Relay, but an illegal change-over disqualified them, leaving the Golds easily to beat the Blues.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Blues received their consolation when they won the Tug-of-war Cup for the third year in succession. The Golds beat the Reds in the first round in spite of Dom Edward's loud support of the latter. In the final the Blues had an anxious moment in the first pull when their anchor slipped and their opponents pulled them a couple of feet. But by calm and steady pulling they won back the lost ground and gently won the first pull. In the second pull, Dom Michael told the Blues to lie hard on the rope and hold on. Suddenly he saw them going backwards without any attempt to heave. So he gave them the order to take the Golds into the Hydrangea Gardens—where they would have gone if they had held on. Coxon (8st. 10lbs.), M. Griffin (8st. 2lbs.) and French (8st.) were the heaviest of a very well balanced team.

B.M.S.

RUGGER

Captain: J. WELLS. *Vice-Captain:* J. O'DONOVAN

The general standard of rugger throughout the school is being well maintained, and the addition to the games' staff of Dom Edward has increased the number of our enthusiastic and experienced coaches. Thanks to these coaches, most boys, by the time they leave Worth, have been taught as much rugger as they are able or willing to assimilate at the age of thirteen.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

In practice games, the 1st XV have been playing excellent rugger, open, skilful and fast, with delightful co-operation between forwards and backs, and with the accent definitely on attack. The forwards are particularly good in the loose, but they still have not the knack of automatically binding in a loose scrum. The three-quarters have been at times a little unsafe in their handling, and have not the speed to be really first class. But the halves have been sometimes outstanding. O'Donovan was brought from full-back to stand-off, and soon entered into a superb understanding with last year's scrum-half, Wells. O'Donovan stands directly behind Wells until the ball leaves the scrum, and then moves quickly off the mark so as to take his passes travelling very fast, and catching his passes most cleanly.

Unfortunately the standard reached in practice games has not always been maintained in matches. For the first few minutes of our first match, against St John's, Beaumont, it certainly was. Worth attacked at once. From a scrum on the Beaumont twenty-five Wells sent away O'Donovan, who passed to de Domenico, who proceeded to link inwards through the opposing defence.

Finding himself hemmed in just short of the line, he passed perfectly to O'Donovan who was coming up at a speed on his inside. The latter took the pass cleanly and the next moment had dived over the line for a perfect try: D. Hawkins converted the try into a goal, and later was loudly applauded for two beautiful kicks to touch. Then it began to rain, and did so for the rest of the match. Wells scored a good scrum-half's try from a scrum near the line, and following some pressure by our forwards the St John's boys dropped the ball in their own in-goal, and de Domenico pounced upon it to touch down for a try.

In the second half the Worth three-quarters found the slippery ball difficult to hold, but Wells and O'Donovan held it successfully, the latter doing many bull-like bursts through the opposing defence. Although these promisingly begun movements usually foundered temporarily on a dropped pass or knock-on, the Worth pack continually heeled the ball from the ensuing scrum, and Wells had a joy-day slipping round the scrums and lines-out and squirming his way to the line for a try. He did this on no less than four occasions, and also scored a penalty goal with a fine drop kick. Thus Worth won by 26 pts. to nil.

In the next match, at Wimbledon College, we met a strong, fast and bustling pack, and our backs allowed themselves to be hustled off their game. A bouncy ball added to our discomfiture, and even Wells and O'Donovan were frequently at fault in holding the ball, taking and giving passes. Luckily our forwards rose to the occasion, and powerfully led by the massive French and the tireless Sheridan, ably backed up by Moysey and Fisher, we just managed to hold our own. De Domenico once made a good run to within a few yards of the line, and then Wells touched down for a try after a good dribble by several of our side.

In the second half play was fast and exciting, but it was chiefly a hefty and clean battle among the forwards. De Domenico and McHugh got going twice for us, and Wells was almost through twice. But the forwards were the ones to score, keeping the ball in a scrum near the line and taking it over to touch down for a try. D. Hawkins sadly failed with the kick, but the match seemed safe. Two minutes later it was anything but safe. Wimbledon kicked off; the ball bounced about under the noses of the Worth boys; no one picked it up; the Wimbledon forwards swept it down the field and scored a try which was well converted. Worth then woke from their temporary sleep, and were attacking when the final whistle went. But their victory by 6 pts. to 5 was a near thing.

In the third match of the term, against St Benedict's, Worth were clearly the better side, but their form was a little disappointing. Sheridan and the pack obtained the ball from every tight scrum, and most of the lines-out. Wells was unsure of his deliveries in the first half however, and the handling by our centres was bad. Our forwards were magnificent, however, defending well against the few St Benedict's attacks, and getting to the ball speedily in the loose so that our opponents could do little with it. The Worth pack opened the score with a lovely shove and take over the line from a set scrum near the line. Then Wells got a try from a break-away near the line: but he tried this manoeuvre

much too often against the good Ealing tackling, and from too far from the line.

After the interval Worth improved, Wells and O'Donovan combining gloriously so that the latter made some brilliant openings—only to spoil the whole movement by trying to beat one man too many, and being thereby tackled in possession. One superb try was scored from a line out, the ball being passed by several forwards before it reached the threequarters, and finally de Domenico just crossed the line on the far side of the goal posts. Finally, following a grand forward rush, Moysey picked up the ball and dived over the line for a try. Considering that they were defending for the whole afternoon, the Ealing boys did well to keep the score down to twelve points. They tackled and covered well; but there was little combination in their attacks.

After this match the 1st XI profited from their mistakes. Wells did not try to work the blind side so much. O'Donovan opened up the game more, after making his initial opening. And the forwards began to execute some good old-fashioned wheels.

The team so far has been: Maguire: Green-Armytage, Hawkins(D), McHugh: de Domenico: J. O'Donovan, J. Wells: Davies, K. Sheridan, Kennedy (M), R. French, Fisher, Thompson, Moysey and Milmo. Blackie and Duncan have played twice, and Chetwynd once.

1st XI Caps have been awarded to Wells, O'Donovan, French and Sheridan, and 2nd XI Colours to Thompson, Moysey, Davies, McHugh, Milmo, Fisher, Green-Armytage, Maguire and Blackie.



The Under 12 team have been handicapped this term by having to do without six of their age who are in the 1st XI, and by having very few opportunities of playing together as a team. When they played against the 1st XV in practice games, they showed they have a spirited defence, the forwards being fast and quick on the ball, and in one game the first team could only score six points in the first half. H. Plunkett is a very promising forward, and R. Walker is a wing-forward good in attack and defence. The attack is inexperienced yet, but Maynard at scrum-half and Chapman at centre are very good, while Radcliffe shows plenty of dash and tackling powers.

Their one match so far was against Wimbledon College, and the Worth team won this fairly comfortably by 15 points to nil. Play was largely confined to the forwards, who seemed reluctant to give their outsides a chance to show what they could do. Our tries were scored by R. Walker (two), Hardy, and Radcliffe, who finished off a good rush by the forwards.

The Worth team was: Williams (L): Gentry, Radcliffe, Chetwynd: Chapman: Bourne, Maynard: Plunkett (H), Morris (M.—Captain), Hallinan, Galvin (P), Lesser, Llewellyn, Hardy and Walker (R).

B.M.S.

SWIMMING SPORTS

1 length. Div. 1. 1. J. O'Donovan 13.5 secs.
2. J. Dolan.
3. S. Cunningham.

Div. 2. 1. S. Green-Armytage 16.3 secs.
2. H. Plunkett
3. R. Petre

Div. 3. 1. P. Capon 16.7 secs.
2. R. Rudd

2 lengths, Open. 1. S. Cunningham 36 secs.
2. R. de Salis
3. P. Foley

Novices Race. 1. D. Hardy
2. T. Fisher
3. C. Moysey

Diving. (1st eight finalists).

Senior (Max. 40 points)

1.	{ J. O'Donovan M. T. Maguire }	31
3.	{ M. Barrett C. Petre }	30
5.	{ H. Plunkett J. Keogh K. Sheridan G. Ortuzar }	28

Junior (Max. 30 points).

1.	P. Capon	25
2.	{ H. Plunkett M. Maguire }	23
4.	V. Callaghan	21
5.	{ R. Rudd S. Llewellyn }	19
7.	{ J. Bourne S. Green-Armytage }	17

J.D.A.

RIDING

The Riding School came into the limelight (or sunlight) on Prize Day, when they gave a short display for the Parents. This consisted of a demonstration 'ride' by eight riders, a sack race, and some jumping. The ride was well done, the riders controlled their ponies instead of (as often happens) vice versa, and the whole scene of white shirts and well-groomed ponies looked attractive in a setting of trees and green grass. The jumping went off successfully, M. O'Connell on 'George' doing a particularly good round, and T. Phelan on 'Tom' providing a good picture for the local paper. The following took part: *Ride* M. O'Connell, S. Llewellyn, J. Hall, Hon. J. R. Drummond, R. White and C. Tantom. *Sack Race* M. Duffield, P. Koe, T. Phelan. *Jumping* M. O'Connell, T. Phelan, M. Kennedy and C. Tantom.

At the end of the term M. O'Connell, T. Phelan, C. Thompson and R. White went over to a gymkhana at West Hoathly and returned with a suitable number of rosettes, including two firsts.

This term we have a record number of riders, and it is especially gratifying to see so many beginners among the younger boys.

We wish to thank Miss J. Mallett, who very kindly came and managed the Riding School with Miss Hussey for the second half of last term. To them was due the success of the Prize Day Display. This term we welcome Miss R. Sacré and Miss P. Bryett. We would also like to say how grateful we are to Mrs Matthews and her family, who have now lent us 'Robert' for two terms, often when they would have liked to have used him themselves. Also Miss Anne Overton for similarly lending us 'George'. We hope to buy 'George' in January.
J.D.A.

CHANGES AT WORTH

A boy who left Worth in 1939 and returned today would find it outwardly the same, but inwardly altered. He would go to the Guest House (now Tower House) and find boys there: he would be surprised to find boys in what is now the Junior House: he would be more and more surprised to see what a lot has been swept into the orbit of the school since the day he left as one of ninety-six.

The surprising thing is that the larger Worth grows the smaller it is. In the old pre-war days the hundred boys or so had two on the medical staff and two in the Linen Room, where now there are twelve. The changes made last August have enabled us to divide the School into six houses according to age, each living the life suited to that age. The Tower House, near the clock tower takes Dom Jerome and the boys up to nine years: the Junior House (once the Old House—and the original Paddockhurst) takes Dom Brendan and the boys under ten. After that the next House is on the top floor of the main building, the Lower Senior House, under Dom Denis. Come downstairs with me and you will see all the South-front given over to Dom Edward and the Middle Seniors; while all the west side overlooking the Quad is the Upper Senior House under Dom James. Parallel with this is Ford, an out-House of about twenty boys under Dom Bruno, in the old estate office, which now has central heating and all the luxuries of modern school life.

It is now possible to see how no boy can be more than about forty-five boys away from his House Master at the farthest, and twenty at the nearest; while, in pre-war days he was (or could be) nearly a hundred boys away if he tried.

Such is the system at Worth—quite a new system indeed; but one which works very well. Sister and her Infirmary assistant, Miss Hollins, have no cares save for the health of the school. The Infirmary has now been moved back to its pre-war position, and the monks, who lived in this wing from 1945 to 1949, have gone back to the Old Monastery, so long the Junior House. This has brought about the removal of the barrier which used to stand at the entrance to the Church indoors. Another barrier has come down in the Hall, for the Headmaster's room is no longer upstairs, but downstairs, near the bottom of the grand staircase. This room was the former Cowdray Library.

All who know Worth well will have realised from what has been said that when the Monks returned to their pre-war home, more class-rooms would be needed. Four new ones, complete with new locker-desks and fluorescent lighting have been put into use in the long range of buildings south of the greenhouses. Four more, of a temporary kind—but quite adequate indeed—have been made out of old St Anne's: the only ones which remain in the main building are the Geography Room and two small ones upstairs.

Another big change has placed the Changing Rooms and Sprays in the building opposite the Theatre, with separate accommodation for the Seniors and the Juniors. Although they can be used they are not yet completed; but next holidays should see them fully in use. The old Senior Changing-room is now a locker room. The old sprays have been changed into a wash-place for Dom Edward's House.

The only other big change is in the position of the Masters' Common Room which is now in what used to be called Class-room X.

From what has been said you will gather that we have been busy during the Summer holidays. All the same, this is only an instalment of a serial story. We shall go on improving the School bit by bit until it is—one was going to say 'perfect', but that is not the word—better than any school ever was before in its living conditions. There is still a lot we want to do.

A.M.B.

WORTH FARM AND GARDENS

Farm.

A recent Act of Parliament will make it impossible for fresh milk to be supplied off any farm unless it has been heat-treated (pasteurised), or been produced from Tuberculin Tested cattle.

Worth milk has always had a good reputation for its colour and quality. It is also Accredited Licence or approved for cleanliness by the local authority.

In view of the new legislation a decision had to be made whether to instal a heat-treating plant or acquire fully Attested cattle. It was decided to re-stock with attested cattle which, because the school would be the chief consumer, must produce the highest grade quality milk. The golden Guernsey breed was selected. In order to maintain a high standard of cattle and milk, the blood and pedigree had to be taken into account. Certain lines of a breed will be noted for quantity, others for quality.

A neighbouring Guernsey breeder of famous stock of Rouvets blood is being forced by the Crawley Town Development Corporation to reduce the size of his farm. Many acres are to be flooded to form a reservoir for the new town. He was pleased to part with some of his animals locally so that he could still watch their progress. Worth was thus able to secure a small foundation herd bred from the well known bulls 'Hopes Champion of the Rouvets' and 'Hopes Lad 2nd of the Rouvets'. Stock, famous for milk with high butter fat content, have been bred from these bulls. The second prize in the National Dairy Show at Olympia this year in the young Guernsey cow class was won by Deanlands Princess bred on this neighbouring farm, a daughter of Hopes Lad the 2nd of

the Rouvets. This bull is the grandsire of five heifer calves born at Worth this year.

Pigs and Poultry.

The formation of a Worth Pig Club just over a year ago has exceeded expectations. Twelve sides of good quality bacon have been consumed this term in addition to the bacon ration. For this to be allowed an equal quantity had to be reared and sold to the Ministry of Food.

The development of the poultry has had the effect of providing an average of four eggs per head per week and the prospects of more and more of our own poultry for the table are good. The energies of Mr and Mrs Ibison in this direction are very much appreciated.

Gardens.

With the help of the farm, Worth has become self supporting for potatoes and a daily supply of fresh vegetables. The drought has made this more difficult this year. The result of a fruit growing programme should begin to be seen next spring and summer.

Catering.

In spite of the great difficulties with regard to obtaining good staff, dealing with bad fuel which has steadily deteriorated since nationalisation, and shortages of supplies, the standard of the food service has been consistently high. Great credit is due to the backroom men, women and girls who have fed us so well.

A.N.H.

PARAGRAPHS

The death of Archbishop Amigo on October 1st brings to a close what may well be called the 'Amigo Era' in our diocesan history. He died towards the end of the first centenary of the restored hierarchy, and had reigned as Southwark's Ordinary for well-nigh half that period. As the average reign of his five predecessors was ten years, that of the late Archbishop has been the most influential in giving to the diocese its present flourishing condition. He was indeed more than fortunate—as he himself told us in his last Pastoral Letter—in the officials of his choice; it redounds however to his credit that they *were* his choice. Our late Chief Pastor was a deeply religious man, of great personal self-denial, a true shepherd of the souls entrusted to his care, and, to the end, an incredibly hard worker. In the words of the Prince of Apostles, he became a pattern to the flock. In his affections, Worth held a very special place. He often spoke of it appreciatively to his priests, and, in a manner, identified himself with it. 'How many boys have you now in the school?', he once asked the present Prior, and when given the number, remarked: 'how wonderful; *we* had only sixty when *we* began. I am devoted to Worth'. He must be placed among our principal benefactors as the prelate who gave us the requisite permission to settle in the

diocese, and he followed the development of the Foundation with interest and pride. When we consider his own holy life, and the way he spent himself for souls, we can once more apply to him the words of St Peter: 'When the Prince of pastors shall appear, you shall receive a never-fading crown of glory' (I Peter, V. 4). May he rest in peace.

Michael Bateman writes cheerfully from the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth. He has joined the Beagles and finds Beagling a thrilling sport. Worth boys will have the chance of joining the Beagles at Downside and of finding this out for themselves.

Richard Kingsbury (1942-1946) is now studying in the Spanish institute at Lisbon. Address: Quinta da Bela Vista, Cintra, Portugal.

Joseph Sainz (1935-1939) has finished his military service in Spain as First Lieutenant and is hoping to join the Diplomatic service. Address: Villanueva 10, Madrid.

Christopher Long (1947-1949) has won a foundation Scholarship at King Edward's School, Birmingham.

The oldest inhabitant at Worth is M. T. Abbott, who has been with us for five years and a term. The only other boys who were at Downside during the war, who still remain, are Oury, Stirling, Hanbury, Koe, McHugh, Tantum, Davies, Birch, de Domenico and Wells.

The Strathallan Prizes for the best Contributors to the issue of the Worth Record were divided this year between Denis Cross and John Coward.

The thanks of the School are most gratefully tendered to Mr S. F. A. Coles for presenting a copy of his own book, 'Spain Everlasting', to the School.

Brother Charles Hallinan (L. P. S. Hallinan: Worth 1936-1940) and Brother Dominic Gaisford (J. H. Gaisford: Worth 1938-1939) made their Simple Profession at Downside on September 27th, John Taggart (1940-1944) took the Habit at Downside at about the same time.

This is the seventh year for which a record of rainfall has been kept at the School. The average annual fall for the six complete years is 34.5 inches. At the end of September one would have thought that 1949 was to be a record year—the finest and driest ever. The rainfall for the nine months was only 11.59 inches, and remained so until the end of the first week of October. In spite of this, only two months, July and September, are the driest of their name on record: 1947 holds the record so far for the lowest annual rainfall, and for having five months drier than in any other year. However, this year is not to be baulked of its records: having failed to do it by dryness, it intends to do it by wetness. October this year has been the wettest of any month on record—9.82 inches, and it also has the wettest day on record, the 20th, when 2.22 inches of rain fell



First XV Rugger: above, v. St John's Beaumont; below, v. St Benedict's Ealing

Within and

without



in 24 hours. It will need the driest December ever known at Worth to make 1949 the driest year.

B.O.B.

Dom James has produced a third in his new series of cover photos for the Worth Record. We wish to thank him for all the photos he has taken for us covering almost every activity of school life at Worth. Although he does not have a collection of his photographs all his negatives are carefully filed and parents may obtain copies of any photos appearing in the Worth Record by applying to him.

The *Micromodel* competition was won by C. R. Franks with his model of *H.M.S. Amethyst*. A second prize was won by R. Walker for his galleon *Mayflower* and a consolation was awarded to M. G. Griffin.

We are very sorry to have lost Mr G. R. Mills from the teaching staff owing to ill-health: he is greatly missed by all. We wish him complete recovery, good luck and happiness.

STAMP CLUB LETTER

My dear young Philatelists,

This time I have a lovely crossword for you.* There is something in it to suit all tastes and it fits perfectly (unless there are any misprints in it); but if it is a teeny weeny bit too hard you may ask your ancestors to help you. I don't say that it is strictly original; for if a million monkeys with a million typewriters tried hard enough they could easily reproduce it within a million years. The only snag is that the poor monkeys, even if they lived long enough and their typewriters stood up to the strain, would not necessarily know when they had finished the puzzle and so they might go on too long, in which case nothing would fit and a new team of these quaint creatures, with brand new typewriters, would have to begin all over again. And even if the monkeys did succeed in stopping at the right moment they probably would not *appreciate* what they had done. Which just goes to shew.

Now with all this about monkeys I expect you will say that the Puzzle hasn't got enough about stamps in it. But to the philatelist everything comes back to stamps in the long run—like all roads winding up at Rome. Thus when you hear the word 'Universal' you cap it at once with 'Postal Union'; if you see a young gentleman in sports get-up, with teeny little wings (on his ankles), an ornamental walking stick and a pretty headdress you know that he comes off a British Empire U.P.U. stamp and that that stamp has been paid for at a Post

*Alas. We live in a limited Universe. The promised Crossword was all ready: it just managed to beat the clock: *Time* was conquered. But *Space* proved an insuperable obstacle: there wasn't any left: not in *this* number. So there the crossword is—languishing in the Great Open Spaces that exist, it would seem, everywhere save only in the Worth Record. And there it will go on languishing until our Easter number. Such a pity. Such a disappointment.

Office; if you see a Lady, beautifully stylised (that's the correct expression nowadays), her dress quite tidy but her hair streaming in the wind, leaping over a Globe, you at once exclaim 'Olympish Games' (which sounds rather German somehow); when you taste your nice pink jelly you are reminded of the delicious substance which you used to lick off your stamp hinges (which is why your stamps didn't always stick in); when you feel pettish you know that it is because you haven't got a Penny Black and won't be happy till you get one.

There are exceptions of course. Take Geography for instance. The young cannot detect any Geography in stamps and even I don't know all the answers on the subject. I have been asked the exact position of 'Neverlands' and all I can say is that it must be a very remote place far beyond any latitude (or even longitude) and inhabited by aborigines. 'Honk-Honk' is of course fairly easy to explain; but the position of the Cannonball Islands is disputed. 'You Gander' is what she said to her husband somewhere in the Dark Continent (doesn't that sound like a Crossword clue?). 'Johore! Johore!' sounds like a cry of triumph out of the East. The Coxon Islands, by the way, were discovered last month by King-Ross when he got that lovely stamp with the picture of Coxon on it.

Again, take those pictures of celebrities so common on stamps. Here even the Stamp Magazines and Catalogues are sometimes quite at sea. One of them, under a portrait labelled 'Fénelon', recently had this caption: 'R. C. Clergyman'. Well, well, I suppose this is just one of those understatements. Another Magazine listed a stamp as 'Boy, youth and dog'. How inadequate! Without in any way implying adherence to the tenets of the Church of Rome, it might have said quite simply, 'Tobias and the Angel', the more so as the design was reproduced from a Boticelli picture well known under that title. But those who write about stamps are often capricious in their choice of language and are always seeking for *le mot juste*. One of the wisest of these wrote, the other day, of a certain stamp as 'not being very prolific'. I should hope not indeed! When stamps start getting prolific we shall know what to do about it. Prolific, forsooth! So far from being prolific stamps are, I should say, of all things the most subject to the laws of shrinkage. Stamps get torn, rubbed, thinned, grubified—anything you like; but never does one whole stamp become two or more whole stamps (it would be splendid if it or they did), and when you tear a nice stamp in two you can only say of the halves that 'never the twain shall meet'. As things are, the difficulty is to ensure even a reasonable degree of integrity as regards any given specimen. (So do be careful: treat your stamps with loving care; don't be for ever handling them; learn that tweezer habit; don't keep pressing your stamps down when mounting them: 'the weight of the album will keep the stamps flat'.)

To return to the question of English. We mustn't be too hard on those who write rubbish. After all, the very poets have often delivered themselves of the most questionable utterances. You may remember that I called your attention recently, in a Public Notice, to a mysterious passage in Blake to the effect that 'I plucked a hollow reed, And I made a rural pen, And I stained the water clear'. We need not worry about the first two concepts, which are admirable (though

we may perhaps object to 'hollow' and 'rural'); but to 'stain water clear', *even for a good reason and without cheating*, seems arrant nonsense. We can and often do stain water *unclear*, i.e., dark or coloured, but I challenge anyone to take the poet at his word. Of course we may be in the presence of a corrupt bit of text, but to argue a corrupt text is a dangerous thing and one which carries with it unseen possibilities. What if the entire text of Blake be corrupt? For this is no isolated example of Blakian obscurity. What about 'Where lambs have nibbled silent *walks* The *feet* of angels bright?' Nor does Blake stand alone as regards what the young always condemn as 'bad grammar'. Did not the Bard himself, after stating that So-and-So's remains lay at an extreme depth of five fathoms, add that coral '*are*' made of his bones? No; there is no explanation of the Blake passage instanced above unless we admit that the poet was filled with a passionate and primitive urge for rhyme and that, like the Latins, he thought that words could go in any significant order (though he forgot that the Dagoes had their safeguards for this). There you have the solution in a walnut-shell and we may leave it, rather unsatisfactorily, at that; I say 'unsatisfactorily' since Blake has told us everything except the secret of the stain he used.

Your loving little Diogenes Philatelistas

SCHOOL PRIZEWINNERS

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES, JULY 1949

FORM	SUMMER 48	MICHAELMAS 48	LENT 49
1a	Richard Brown	Richard Brown	Richard Brown
		Anthony Mockler	
1b	—	Michael Kennedy	Michael Kennedy
2a	Antony Martin	Lawrence Williams	Robert Walker
2b	Martin Monico	Michael Maguire II	Charles Jerome
3a	James Coxon	—	Patrick Milmo
3b	Patrick Foley	Valentine Callaghan	Fergus Blackie
3c	—	Peter Molony	Shane Cunningham
4a	Stephen G-Armytage	Paul Chapman	Nicholas Bellord
4b	Robert Fotheringham	Andrew Walker	Jamie Drummond
4c	John M.-Gould		
5a	Paul Chapman	Martin Cuss	Richard Ortiger
5b	Anthony Mandeville	John Voelcker	Michael Owen
6	Charles Wood	Paul Leake	Paul Leake

Classical Prize: Anthony Martin

Geography: James Coxon

French Prize: Anthony Martin

Acting (Senior) Michael Lambert

Mathematics Prize: Anthony Mockler

„ (*Junior*) Nicholas Sibley

History Prize: Martin Monico

Prior's Prize: Maurice O'Connell

Headmaster's Prize: Michael Wilson.

SUCSESSES OF WORTH BOYS AT DOWNSIDE

JULY 1949

HIGHER CERTIFICATE.

Group 1. *Classical Studies.*

M. F. Hecht.

Group 2. *Modern Studies.*

W. P. M. Affleck, P. W. Aherne, A. R. Allott,* A. J. Andrews, C. Birch, A. H. Douglas-Dufresne, M. A. Goldfinch,¹ C. J. D. Gordon-Steward, M. G. P. Hansen, H. D. B. Hawksley, Z. Jarzebinski, A. M. Johnson,† L. C. K. V. Kelly,†² R. J. E. Kennedy,^{2*} C. J. O. Monro, J. Ortuzar,* S. Plomer, J. C. Plowden-Wardlaw, I. M. Robertson, A. J. Symington, H. A. Wilson and K. Wylie.

* Distinction in Spanish.

¹ Distinction in English.

† Distinction in History.

² Distinction in French.

Group 3. *Mathematics.*

G. M. Craig-McFeely, J. P. Klein.

Group 4. *Natural Science.*

J. M. Jenkins,* I. McD. Jessiman, P. E. J. Sankey, M. Taggart, P. J. Waddington.

* Distinction in Chemistry.

R. J. E. Kennedy was nominated by the Examining Board for a State Scholarship.

SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

Nine credits: N. L. A. Lash.

Eight credits: P. M. Ball, J. A. H. Jowett, M. V. Worstall.

Seven credits: J. O. Affleck, C. de Bruxelles, F. M. de Salis, C. D. Harris, R. A. P. King, P. J. O'Donoghue, I. Ortuzar, W. F. J. Ritchie, D. R. W. Williams.

Six credits: H. C. A. Campbell, P. M. Dearlove, R. St. L. Gordon-Steward, R. P. Grantham-Hill, N. C. Haydon, G. M. H. Murphy, G. D. Purnell.

Five credits: J. N. Antrobus, R. T. Masterman, T. O'Flynn.

Four credits: I. A. Condon, M. A. Hogan, C. B. McHugh, P. C. Prickett, J. L. Storey.

Three credits: P. T. MacDonald, J. F. Phipps.

The total of eighty-one Higher Certificates and eighty-one School Certificates is the highest ever attained at Downside.

UPWARDS

The School Officials for the Michaelmas Term are as follows:

Head of the School: R. H. G. P. French

School Prefects: J. G. Wells
D. F. Barnett
T. J. Warriner
G. E. de Domenico
K. P. C. Sheridan
M. D. Kennedy
F. C. Blackie
M. T. Abbott

Dormitory Prefects: Davies, Oury I, de Salis I, Barrett, McHugh,
Griffin I, Westlake, Hawkins I, O'Donovan,
Focke, Birch, Maguire, Tantum.

Captain of Rugger: J. G. Wells

Vice Captain: J. P. J. O'Donovan

Captain of Boxing: G. E. de Domenico

Captain of Squash: K. P. C. Sheridan

Captain of Gymnasium: J. G. Wells

Leaders of the Choir: M. D. Kennedy and M. G. Griffin

Masters of Ceremonies: M. T. Abbott and R. H. French

Thurifers: P. M. C. Davies and R. Walker

Acolytes: F. C. Blackie, J. G. Muirhead-Gould, C. J. A.
Tantum and G. R. C. Hall.

INWARDS

The following new boys joined the School in September 1949:—

W. O'M. Armstrong, A. C. Babington, J. B. Bourke, J. D. Bright, P. H. Bright,
E. G. F. D. Charnaud, J. C. A. Conway, P. A. A. M. Cools, C. D. Crosthwaite,
A. J. P. Eliot de Burgh, D. M. De Lacey, M. W. R. de Udy, H. L. B. Falkiner,
J. M. H. Fitzgerald-Lombard, G. B. Hanbury, H. R. Haydon, P. M. P. Henault,
P. V. E. Howard, C. R. P. Jones, D. St. J. Keane, D. A. Legge, H. D. Macdonald,
A. J. Mackenzie, H. E. M. Marquand, K. McGrath, M. S. Moorhead, B. W. M. Moorsom,
O. D. Plunkett, A. E. A. Ridgway, N. M. Smyth, R. E. A. Webb, D. W. M. West, J. S. W. Williams, M. D. B. Winder,
S. M. J. Turnbull, P. E. P. Hadkinson, K. H. Singleton.

And in October 1949:—

D. J. Dodero, C. Alba, A. T. Marsden.

OUTWARDS

The following boys left the School in July 1949:—

R. G. B. Brown, J. H. Coxon, M. H. R. Cronin, J. E. Crouzet, S. A. Cunningham, R. J. de Salis, N. G. Dolan, M. F. C. FitzGerald, P. J. Foley, R. S.-S. Fotheringham, W. S.-S. Fotheringham, A. C. Giggins, A. P. Gilshenan, P. C. Hawkins, W. D. Jackson, C. L. A. Jerome, P. A. Kemmis-Betty, J. F. Keogh, P. J. Koe, M. V. Lambert, S. S. Lane, D. J. F. Lawrence, M. W. Leeming, M. D. J. Maguire, J. C. A. A. Mandeville, A. J. Martin, A. B. P. Mockler, A. M. Monico, J. H. Moran, J. H. Motion, M. W. O'Connell, T. J. O'Meara, G. Ortuzar, C. H. Petre, M. B. Phelan, R. T. Stewart, A. P. Stirling, M. E. Thesiger, R. H. Thompson, A. J. Watty, M. A. Wilson, P. L. Wright, A. J. Wright.

REWARDS

Prizes were won in the Summer Term by:

A. J. Martin (1a), M. D. Kennedy (1b), D. F. Barnett, (2a) M. T. R. St. J. Maguire (2b), S. G. N. Green-Armytage (3a), A. W. R. Burton (3b), S. A. Cunningham (3c), P. R. Chapman (4a), J. R. Drummond (4b), A. T. J. M. FitzGerald (5a), M. W. P. H. Paine (5b), M. J. McEnergy (6).

C. A. JONES

WITH PITTS
TURNER'S HILL

CAR HIRE

AT REASONABLE CHARGES

Telephone:
TURNER'S HILL 233

This is the
NEAREST TAXI
TO
WORTH PRIORY
only five minutes away

THE CROWN HOTEL Turners Hill

(RESIDENTIAL)

Proprietors: Mr and Mrs Cordier

TELEPHONE: TURNERS HILL 218

Luncheons, Teas, Dinners

Parties Catered For

Good Car Park

PHONE: CRAWLEY 271

G. Barker

Motor Car Proprietor

FOX HOTEL

GARAGE

THREE BRIDGES

CARS for Parties, Shopping, Dances, etc. TRAINS MET

*Where the comfort of the guest
comes first*

YE OLDE
FELBRIDGE HOTEL
East Grinstead, Sussex

Telephone: East Grinstead 223

We cater specially for both parents
and children at half Term holidays

TARIFF

From 25/- per day and £8 8s per
week

SCHOOL STAFF

DECEMBER, 1949

- Dom Maurice Bell, M.A. (Oxon.) *Headmaster*.
Dom Oliver Brayden, Ph.D. (Rome).
Dom Thomas Symons, A.R.C.O. *Organist and Choirmaster*.
Dom Brendan Lavery, D.D. (Rome), M.A. (Cantab.) *Junior House Master*.
Dom James Arrowsmith-Lorkin, *Senior House Master*.
Dom Denis Agius, M.A. (Cantab.) *Lower Senior House Master*.
Dom Bruno Grogan, *Ford House Master*.
Dom Jerome Tomlins, *Tower House Master*.
Dom Joseph Marshall.
Dom Edward Cruise, M.A. (Cantab.) *Senior Middle House Master*.
Dom Michael Smith, M.A. (Oxon.) *Games and Group Scoutmaster*.
H. Hyslop, B.A. (Oxon.)
M. A. Johnson, M.A. (Cantab.)
R. Clutton, B.A. (Cantab.)
M. Keating.
J. S. Moggridge.
R. M. Bell, (Fribourg University).
G. W. Crossley, L.R.A.M., A.L.A.M., *Music Master*.
C.S.M.I. J. E. Wallis, N.L.P.R.C., *Physical Training*.
Miss M. Nye, *Violin*.
Miss G. Garnaud.
Miss J. H. Herrick.
Miss M. M. Maher.
Miss D. Bryett (*Arts & Crafts*).
Miss E. Joyce.
Miss E. Hussey *Riding School*.
Miss R. Sacré *Riding School*.
R. Matthews, M.A., M.B., B.Ch. (Cantab.), M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., *Medical Officer*.
Miss J. Edey, *Sister-in-Charge*.
Miss A. Hollins, *Infirmary*.
Miss M. K. Young, *Supervisor*.
Miss B. Corbally, *Matron, Tower House*.
Mrs. Marshall, *Matron, Junior House*.
Miss A. Whittard
Miss R. Clare
Miss M. F. Kelleher
Miss J. Matthews
Miss A. Venn
Miss C. MacGibbon
Miss M. MacGibbon
W. J. Gittins, *Secretary*.
- House Matrons.