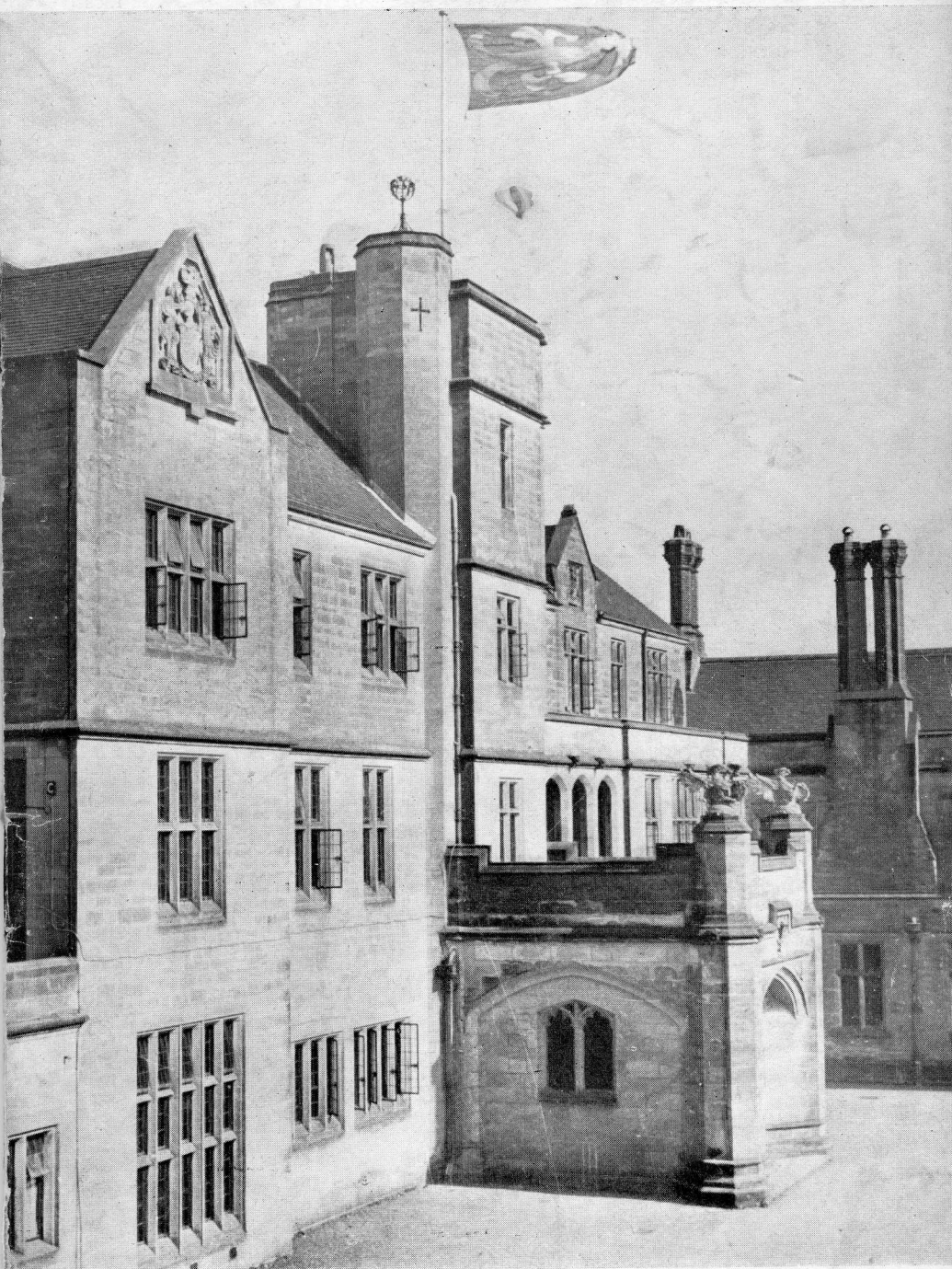


The WORTH RECORD



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FROM THE HEADMASTER

When I first landed on this planet a good many years ago, I cannot say I noticed that the nineteenth century would soon be turning into the twentieth, because my earliest memories were about a General called Bobs and a certain Lady Smith who I heard had been relieved; though it was some time before I really knew that Ladysmith was a town in South Africa where we were fighting the Boers, as we called them then. I think the first time I was really angry was when some Russian battleships mistook some English trawlers in the North Sea for Japanese ships of war and fired on them: that was before the day when even trawlers had guns to keep steel fish away. What a different world that was! Life, on the whole, was happy as the day was long. There was plenty of everything, and I used to feel sometimes that things were too cheap. One could buy, for example, one dozen boxes of matches for twopence.

There were no planes in the sky to seek you out when you wanted solitude; the occasional car which raised such clouds of dust, was just a pest, until you got a ride in it; trains were interesting things, and much faster than they are now. Life went on like that until August 1914, when the first world war broke upon the world and changed it into something quite different—something much more unpleasant.

I remember how I used to hear about injustice—how wicked men had preyed upon the poor—how red-eyed women sewed shirts for millionaire tailors at fourpence a garment: sweated labour they called it. It is good that most of that has gone. Many evil things have been forced out of existence during the last fifty years.

But when I was young it was still a simple life. There was no radio, no television: I never knew a gramophone at close quarters until I was seventeen, and then wished it were farther off. One could be happy with very little. Yet, although life went on so evenly, one knew that there were such places as slums and condemned houses where whole families were living in one room—as indeed there are now, though less for lack of money than lack of a place to live in.

Suppose I had been a Sleeper and had gone to sleep in 1913 and woken up in 1950, what should I notice? I should see workmen and clerks living in flocks in the big towns at easy, monotonous work, fairly well paid for their fixed hours, and going home like cows in droves to their own byres in the evening to pass the time being amused. I should see them, with all the shop-assistants and government workers, rather discontented if they had not got all the means

of passing the evening possessed by those who live next door, filling in football coupons, listening to the radio, watching the television screen, or going off in crowds to gaze at a huge white wall in the cinema, where they get what they want at small cost.

During the day I should see vast, warm, well-lighted factories filled with the same people longing for the moment of release. Outside the town there are larger homes in the avenues where the wealthier people live, each one a king in his own castle. Out to these mansions come warm well-lighted houses on wheels, which make walking hardly necessary.

What has happened to us in 1950? Instead of the natural exercise of walking up hill and down dale, in sun and wind and rain, we are all sheltered from those elements which should temper our bodies like a keen-edged blade from Toledo city. Artificial exercise takes the place of this; golf, tennis, organised games. Where the old desire was for three acres and a cow so as to take our food from the soil, we buy it now in tins from the grocer. It is true we live about the same number of years; but doctors have helped more of us to become old. There are less children and more older people than there were. More people seem to go off their heads: it is, I suppose, because our lives are no longer natural.

In the old days it was still possible for the old fairy-tale to be lived in fact. 'Once upon a time there was a man who had seven sons; and they all went out to seek their fortune.' You cannot do that now: if you get a fortune through honest hard work you have it taken from you in the form of taxes. Somebody said not so long ago that if a man makes good in 1950 he is looked at as if he were public enemy No. 1; but if he starts from scratch and goes on scratching he is a good citizen.

Is this your idea? Do we really live in a better world than I lived in forty or fifty years ago? Please do not think that I am urging you to go back to the state of nature! Many of the things we have now could be so good if they were used well by the right people. Early this term I listened to some Dominican Fathers arguing the question, 'Is the cinema the highest form of art?' Well, they decided it could be if it were used in the right way: it could also do the devil's work if used the wrong way. Is it not the same with television? How much of it is worth watching once the novelty has worn off? I was brought up in a world of books, a world in which I could sit out in a hay-field and forget the passage of time as I lived and lived again the story I had before me. Where are the books now? Count the readable books in the ordinary house: it will not take you long. Few people seem to read them at all.

A famous man was once asked to speak to some young men. He rose to his feet, and cleared his throat. 'Read', he said, 'read! If you don't read you're no good'. And then he sat down again. Remember that. If you don't read, you are no good. You will grow up with a butterfly mind, and when you are old and crotchety you will have nothing but an empty memory. Books are the best friends of man. Make their acquaintance early. Learn to love them and care for them. Build up a collection of your own of those books you will always want to read again. No man was ever much good who did not possess

a mind like a storehouse full of stories—not funny stories which bore people at the third retelling, but stories which ended with a sigh of regret that you had reached the last page.

Now I have written this letter partly because I know you do not read as you should. Some of you have only lately learned to read easily: others prefer to be read to. But should one want to be read to? Is not it better to use one's own eyes and brain? What you hear may go in at one ear and out at the other; but what you see seems to stay. The people of whom I wrote earlier on are, so many of them, dependent on being amused. They do not enjoy their work; their only thought is often to get away from it and fill their minds with what others provide. As we are all inclined to do this we shall all end up by thinking similar thoughts and there will no longer be any interest in the world at all. Strike out on your own! Be a leader! Be a prophet and tell people that they are living machine-made lives in a factory-produced world, and that you for one are going to strike out on your own for the distant horizon which is the Isles of the Blest, the reward of those who take the trouble to think for themselves.

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

MAURICE BELL

FROM OUR MEDICAL DICTIONARY

contributed by FORM 2A

ASMARRH	A kind of cough and cold combined.
APEDEMIC	of anything is pretty beastly.
BELLY ACHE	a disease which makes you bend in two.
BRAIN FEVER	when you work too hard.
CHICKEN POX	is caught from young chicks. You get red spots.
COMMON COLD	a sniff and a snuff up the noze.
DIPHTHRIA	which you get by getting your feet wet. A disease which kills children mainly and is dangerous.
EGGLOTE	an attack of spots when you eat a bad egg.
EARACHE	when you do not wash your ears.
FIDGETTING	which is a disease where you can't keep still.
FLEABITIS	a disease of the veins.
GASTRONIC TROUBLE	a disease of the heart.
HERNIA	something to do with the cidneys, a safeguard against diseases.
HUNGER	a disease when you eat practicly anything edible.
INDONESIA	a disease which Indians get through living in a hot climate.
JAIL	a disease of boredom.
KANSAR	which is a disease you get from eating tinned food often got from scraping canned food to clean.
LEPROSY	a disease where you fall to pieces.
MUMPS	a disease you can only get once.
NEUMATIC FEVER	when one of the limbs in the arms or legs gives trouble.
POISON	is always deadly so do not drink it. . .
PLAGUE	a foreign disease which died out in England.
QUEER MENTALITY	caused by living in the same place.
RASH	There are lots of rashes including stinging nettles.
OMNITIS	a rash which appears anywhere.
RUMATISM	It is from putting on wet shoes or socks, you're all stiff.
SCARLET FEVER	is when you go scarlet all over.
TRIBERCAUSUS	is a disease of the lungs.
UMONIA	you can die of this.
VICIOUS NATURE	generally caused by a cruel upbringing.
WATER-ON-THE-KNEE	caused by kneeling too much.
XMAS FEVER	the fever you get at Christmas.
YELLOW FEVER	caused by drinking water from the Yellow River.
ZISTS	Lumps on the body.

MY HOME FARM

by E. P. MORRIS*

At home I live on a farm. It is in Kent, which I think is a beautiful part of England. The Farm itself is in a village called Wickhambreaux, about five miles away from Canterbury. On the farm we have quite a few animals; three horses, Kiwi, Shannon, and Shandy. Now we come to the pigs. Well there are about seventeen of them (unless some of them have been sold). Then the cows. We started with only two cows, and now we have five; three I think are in milk. If you go down into our orchard you will find the ducks and chickens; we breed mostly from an incubator which we have had quite a long time now. We have two dogs, one is a black poodle called 'Sambo', and the other is called 'Victor', but for short we call him 'Vikki', he is a dachshund who thinks himself very dignified and majestic. We are quite near to the sea, and in the summer we often go to Sandwich bay to swim. We have all kinds of flowers, which look very nice in the Spring-time. I can well remember planting all the daffodil bulbs at the end of the lawn, looking over the meadow. I think it is always fun to get up early in the morning to watch the cows being milked, and the milk being strained in the dairy. Every day of the holidays, especially the summer holidays, I think I am lucky to have such things.

WHITE RABBIT

by JOHN G. MUIRHEAD-GOULD*

The silky, fleecy, white fur and pinky ears used to bring me a sort of satisfaction whenever I saw the frontispiece of Lewis Carroll's 'Alice in Wonderland'. 'The Rabbit's Mistake', it was called. In the centre of the picture the poor rabbit stood, yelling at Alice to fetch his fan and his gloves. His little quivering nose and twitching whiskers held a wonderful appeal to me, and I would gaze at the little figure until it seemed to come alive, and beckon to me to follow rapturously through the dusty, yellow pages. His tiny, red jacket and pale blue waistcoat with the little yellow bow tie would mingle with the white fur, and his handsome, neat, small paws and feet would dance and wave at me excitedly. The rabbit's features seemed to me, then, more handsome than the handsomest young man, and his clean and tidy ears were forever an example to me which, I am glad to say, I used to follow. When I had finished my reading, at night, and drunk my milk, as a final comfort before I went to sleep, I would gaze at the picture, and fall into dreamland.

SUCCESS

At Rugger we won every match,
At Boxing took some bumps,
But Nemesis looked after us
For then we got the Mumps.

Anon.

*Hon. Patrick Morris, born December 9 1939; entered Worth, September 1945; Choir.

*John Muirhead-Gould, born November 13 1936; entered Worth, September 1947; acted in *Stations in Mime* 1949; Sacristy.

A NOUGHTY BOY

by P. HADKINSON*

One day there was a very naughty little boy. He was I and He did all sortes of tricks. One day his mother was making some jam and when his mother had finished the jam she had to go and boil carrots for the dinner. When she had gone the little boy ran to the Cupboard to taste the jam. It was very goode and he eat all the pot of jam. When his mother came back. She was very angry with her little boy but one day his mother put a shrimp in the pot and she covered the pot with a White paper then she went away. After a time the little boy said, 'my mother is gone to the market, I am going to eat all the jam and I will say its the cat who has eaten it all.' So he started to do a hole in the paper with his finger and the shrimp pinched him hard, and the little boy started to scream; his mother came back and wacked her little boy.

THE CAT THAT SQUEAKED

by P. A. R. LEAKE*

Once upon a time there lived a lonely old cat. She was always being worried by mice. When she poured out milk the mice jumped out of the hole and they lapped it up. Now it happened that the old cat knew where the mouse hole was. And she had a good idea. So she scratched a bit out of the mouse hole, so that it was big enough for her to crawl through it. So the old cat crawled through the hole, it was just big enough. When she had crawled nearly right the whole way round the house she came to the Attic. In the Attic was the mice's private dining-room. So the old cat knocked on the door with her paw. 'It might be father coming back from work', said the first. 'It couldn't be the black cat, that lives next door', said the baby of the family. 'Oh! No, it couldn't be', said the third, 'because the black cat doesn't squeak'. So they all pushed the door open. And the black cat ate them all one by one.

WORTH GARDENS

by W. P. DWYER*

There are some lovely gardens
At Worth Preparatory School:
There are roses and daffodils—
All the flowers there could be
Under the beautiful sun.
There are smooth, green lawns
And fine, thick hedges too
Deep ponds are in the hollows
And beautiful streams are flowing
Down in the valley. All is well.

*Patrick Hadkinson, born June 30 1940; entered Worth, September 1949.

*Paul Leake, born April 18 1941; entered Worth, Easter 1948.

*William Dwyer, born June 10 1938; entered Worth, September 1948.

TURTLE SOUP

by J. P. O'DONOVAN*

Once upon a time, in one of the uninhabited Galapagos Islands, there lived a baby turtle. Its name was Willy and it lived all alone in a little pond at the foot of a big hill. One day, Willie went for a short walk around his little pond; he was looking for some insects to have for lunch, when there was a small rumble. He thought to himself, 'That's odd, I haven't eaten any food since breakfast, and that was a long time ago'; so thinking that he was hearing things, he went on. Suddenly, he heard the noise again, but it was much louder that time; and then, he looked towards the hill from which the noise was coming. 'Good heavens', he said to himself; for there were rocks many times larger than himself, rolling down the hill at a tremendous speed towards him. 'The hill', he thought, 'must have a tummy-ache'. But, all the same, he jumped into his pond as quickly as possible. Then, one of the huge boulders came crashing into the pond, and poor little Willie was squashed to pulp, then, the hill erupted, and it turned into a volcano. The lava came hurtling down into the pond, and it cooked poor Willie.

After a few years, some explorers came across this pond, and they noticed that it was brown; so one of them stood on the edge of the pond to sniff it, and the ground gave way beneath him. He fell in, and tasting the stuff, told the others to taste it; and soon they were all in the pond. It tasted very succulent.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

by E. F. HOWARD*

At night in the forest all is still
Except for the lion that eats its kill;
And now and again a few birds fly
Over the palms and into the sky.
One sometimes hears a tiger growl
Or the hooting of an owl.
And if you're careful you can hear
The snoring of a baby bear.

At dawn the sun does slowly rise
From under the mountains and into the skies.
(Sometimes there are terrible gales
And monkeys forget to swing by their tails).
Now when it comes to the middle of day,
All beasts are out a-playing away;
But in the evening none are there,
For all are in bed asleep, each in its lair.

*John O'Donovan, born April 18 1937; entered Worth, September 1946; Captain of Hockey 1950; 1st XV Rugger; Gym Team; 1st XI Cricket; acted in *Stations in Mime* 1950; Choir.

*Esme Howard, born August 29 1938; entered Worth, September 1947. Choir.

ANOTHER NAUGHTY BOY

by J. ALBA*

Once upon a time there was a little boy and he was very naughty. One day when Tom was indoors he went to the kitchen, and he saw a pot of jam, so he went and put his hand in the jam, and he heard his mother coming in. So his mother said, 'Tom what are you doing' and Tom said 'Nothing', and his mother said 'Let me see your hands' and 'Open your mouth' and Tom showed his hands and mouth, and his mother said 'You have been eating Jam'. So she got a stick to whack him, and Tom said, 'Look behind you' and his mother did so, and Tom grabbed the stick out of her hand, and jumped out of the window and went away. So he went to his friends and they said, 'Let us go and break windows with our catapults' so they went and bust windows. And next day he had to pay for all the windows that he broke, with his own money.

JUMPY

by A. V. ROWBOTHAM*

One day Jumpy the hare was jumping around his favourite gorse bush when he spied a slim red thing slink by. It was going towards Mr Grumpy's chicken run. Jumpy started to run away crying 'Help! Help! It's Mr Fox'. He bounded away back to his home and shouted 'Mummy, daddy, I saw Mr Fox trying to steal one of Farmer Grumpy's chickens'. 'Well, we shall have to tell Mr Grumpy', said the father hare. The next day the whole family set off, keeping an eye open for Mr Fox of course, but luckily they didn't see him. At last they got to Farmer's Cottage which is where Mr Grumpy lived. When Jumpy had told the story all over again, Farmer Grumpy said, 'I think I will set a trap for him; at least he will get a warm welcome, won't he?' The others laughed loudly. 'Well, goodbye and thank you for the warning'. A few days later Jumpy was sitting by his gorse bush when he again saw Mr Fox going to the hen run. Then he heard a yelp and a crack. 'Ha, ha, that's the end of him', laughed Jumpy.

THE OLD MANOR

by M. W. KEMMIS-BETTY*

The old Manor lies fifty yards away from the small lane which comes from Seal, a small village in Kent. It is a large house, dating back to Tudor times. The drive is overgrown with grass. The flower beds are just like the jungle. The trees are tied to each other by creepers. The old well is hidden by bushes, so if any tramp had tried to reach the fruit trees at the far end of the garden he might have fallen into the well. The house itself is choked with grape vines which have climbed right up the front of the house into most of the front

*Jaime Alba, born December 25 1938; entered Worth, September 1947.

*Adrian Rowbotham, born September 18 1941; entered Worth, September 1948.

*Mark Kemmis-Betty, born June 2 1938; entered Worth, September 1947.

window since there is no glass in any of the windows. The roof has very few tiles left on it. There is no door left at the back or at the front. A large oak has fallen across the back of the house crushing most of the outhouses and some of the bedrooms. The floor is fallen in one room, making a pile of rubbish. It is unsafe to go upstairs since the floors might fall in. In the rafters an old owl lives, which has lived there for more than ten years. Some bats also live in the rafters making a noise at night which the villagers of Seal say is the Ghost of Lord Hawkins who used to live there. The drive had over forty ant hills on it, making it impossible to drive anything down it. The gate is lying on its side, on the bank, as well as the two pillars. The wall round the grounds is broken in several places. The House is now the haunt of the Ghost of the old owners and their servants. The place is said to be unsafe to pass after sunset.

HAROLD HAREFOOT

by M. J. McENERY*

One fine day, Harold was lying in the sun, when he heard footsteps; he jumped up and saw his enemy the Fox. Harold ran away in the opposite direction, but Ferdy ran after him. He ran so fast that he got close enough to bite Harold's tail which made him squeal so much that he had to go to Dr Beetle who put a bandage on it. Then Harold went to his friend Sporty the rabbit ask if he could borrow one of his guns. Sporty said that he could. Harold, not knowing much about guns, pulled the treggir by mistake; the bullet shot through the open window on to one of Sporty's flower-beds. Harold and Sporty got such a fright that they jumped three feet high. After they had recovered Harold said, 'Goodbye', and took the gun and went away. The next day Harold took the gun and waited behind a bush in Ferdy's garden. When Ferdy came out, Harold shot at him and got him on the nose. Ferdy got such a fright that he never went after Harold any more.

MOUNTAINS IN AUSTRIA

by W. O'M. ARMSTRONG*

A very high mountain in Austria is the Zugspitz, it is ten thousand feet high and on its summit there is a golden cross. Nearly on the top is a cocktail bar which is the highest in Europe. You reach the summit of the Zugspitz by mountain railway; the train takes about twenty minutes and then you have to go through a long tunnel which pierces the mountain side. A neighbouring peak, the Sonnenspitz looks higher than the Zugspitz, but it is only about half the size. Between these two mountains is a little valley in which two villages are situated; their names are Ehrwald and Lermaes, both perfect examples of Tyrol villages. It is sixty-five kilometres through the mountain passes to Innsbruck, which is a very beautiful town. Over the border is Garmisch, quite a big town in the American Zone. It is very near Oberammergau where the Passion Play is performed every ten years.

*Martin McEnery, born Dec. 20 1940; entered Worth, September 1948.

*William Armstrong, born November 9 1938; entered Worth, Autumn 1949.

EARLY SPRINGTIME

by M. DUFFIELD*

See how the lambs jump
And frolic around the pump;
Down in the dells
Amongst the bluebells,
In the fresh clover
All the day over
Jumping and rollicking
Playing and lolloping.
Daffodils dancing,
Ponies a-prancing,
Sparrows all singing,
Rooks and crows cawing.
In the big parks
The song of the larks
In the apple trees
The buzz of the bees.

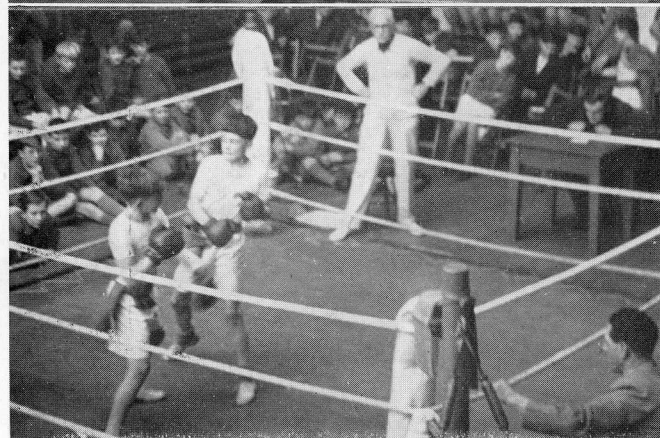
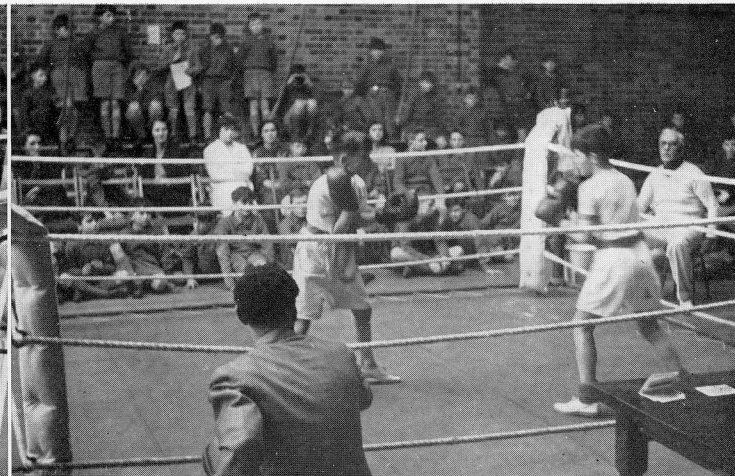
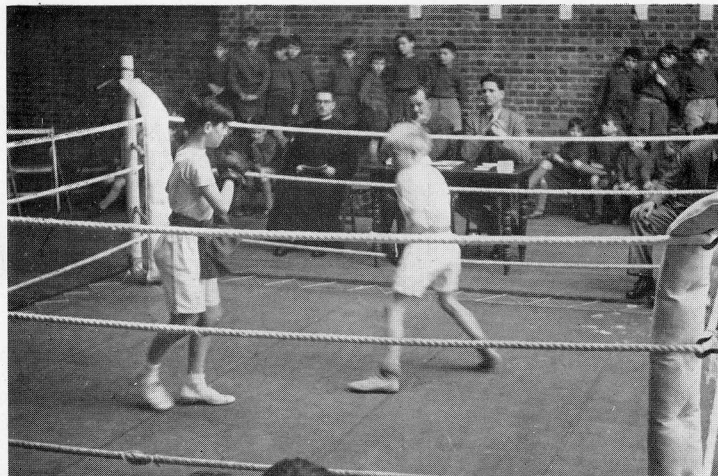
PETER THE TRAPPER

by P. R. CHAPMAN*

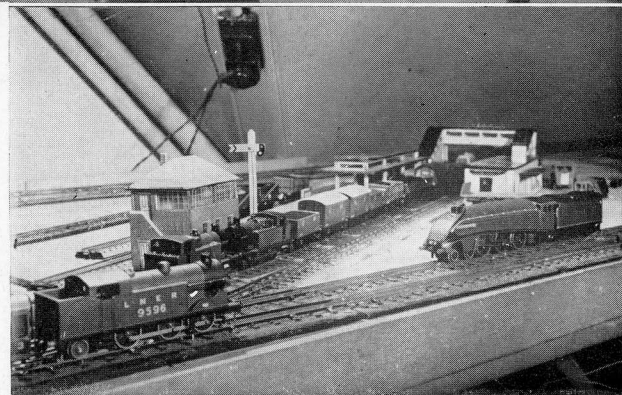
In the cabin of Peter the trapper all was snug and quiet. Outside the wind howled round Peter's cabin. Peter himself was in his bunk sleeping peacefully. The next day he was going to visit his trapping line and see what he had caught. As dawn was breaking he got up and dressed quickly. He pulled out his snowshoes from under his bunk and put them on. He then put on his fur lined gloves and went out into the cold morning. Peter harnessed his huskies to his sleigh, cracked his whip and they were off. He came to the first lot of traps and saw that they were empty. He then came to his second lot of traps and saw that there was a marten and a silver fox caught in them. Peter then had his lunch and continued on his way. The snow crunched under the feet of the huskies as they sped along. As Peter turned a corner he heard a low, menacing growl. There in his path stood one of the most dreaded of all creatures, a grizzly bear. Peter quickly unslung his rifle from his back, and without a moment's hesitation fired. He must have been afraid, or else his hand was unsteady, because he missed the bear. The grizzly bear charged him and its paw just grazed his head. Luckily Peter had seen its paw coming and had ducked his head. Before the grizzly bear could charge again Peter had sent a bullet through the bear's heart. Just to make sure he had killed the bear properly he sent another bullet through its brain. Peter then started to skin it. The bear was the biggest he had killed and he knew what the skin was worth a great deal of money. When he

*Michael Duffield, born July 23 1938; entered Worth, September 1947; Choir.

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



Worth v. The John Fisher School



The '00' Gauge Model Railway



*Worth 1st XV
v.
Milbourne Lodge*



had skinned it he gave the meat of the bear to his huskies. After they had had enough he cracked his whip and once more they were on their way. His third lot of traps were all holding a victim. There were two silver foxes, three martens and a mink. That night he made camp under the shelter of a cliff. Peter kept his fire blazing to keep away the wolves. Once or twice he thought he saw a slinking shape flitting from tree to tree. He soon got to sleep in spite of the howling of the wolves. When he woke up in the morning he was so cramped that at first he could not move. He was soon up, and that day he did the same routine as before, collecting his pelts and setting his traps. When he started for home he had sixteen silver fox skins, twelve marten, eight minks and his most valuable skin, the skin of the bear. As soon as he got home he exchanged all his pelts except the bear skin for food and gun-powder. He had many other adventures, but I have not time to tell you them.

THE LITTLE BOY WITHOUT ANY SHOES

by G.J. de LACEY*

For a long time my Father had promised to take me to Fatima in Portugal. One day we started to get ready to go on the journey. We soon got started and it was jolly good fun going across the English Channel in a very nice boat. When we were going through France we stopped at Lourdes where our Lady had appeared to St Bernadette. After that we soon got to Portugal and on our way to Fatima. When we got there we saw the grotto where our Lady or 'Bella Signora' appeared to the three children of Fatima. While I was there, I saw some Portuguese boys and girls who had not any shoes on but they were quite happy all the same. Some time later a kind Portuguese lady asked me to tea. When she took me into the hall I saw a picture hanging on the wall and on it was drawn a little Portuguese boy who had shoes on. The nice lady told me it was a picture of the boy who was one of the three children to whom Our Lady or 'Bella Signora' appeared. I then began to wonder if the little boy really had shoes on. I cannot answer that question, can you?

THE BULLDOZER COMPANY

by N. de SALIS*

I am the man who builds roads or tracks through forests. I belong to a company called, The Bulldozer Company. Our Company is situated near the Orange River in South Africa. Altogether our equipment consists of ten bulldozers, two tracked cranes, five diesel-rollers and twenty lorries. This month we are going to make a road from Wallabo to Ichentai, a distance of twenty miles. We started on the 7th of March. We were first given instructions, and some men went into the forest, making cuts on the bark of some trees to show us where to make the road. We started at 10.30 in the morning. The first thing I did, was to chop down seven fairly big trees. Then I jumped into one of the

*Gerald de Lacey, born February 11 1939; entered Worth, September 1947.

*Nicholas de Salis, born February 24 1938; entered Worth, May 1946.

powerful lorries and drove it up to the first stump. I dropped the wedge that was fitted to the back of the lorry, hooked the wire round the stump, jumped on again and started pulling at the stump with a winch. Slowly it came out. Then a big crane came up and heaved it away. I did this about twenty times that day. After that I signalled to a driver in another lorry. He came up with his lorry and filled up all the massive pot-holes that had been left agape by the stumps. The man who did this went away for another load of earth. When they had all been filled up a diesel-roller came puffing along and levelled off as far as we had gone. That day we had covered five miles of forest into road. It would take us three more days to finish it. When we came home we were congratulated.

RAW RECRUIT

by P. A. KAVANAGH*

One bright sunny day, Tom Smith, a sturdy youth of seventeen years old, was making his way to the Army Recruiting Office near Piccadilly. He had set his mind to join the Infantry, in order, like all other young men, to play his part against the Germans. He came to a four storey building, with a notice outside, which read; 'Army Recruiting Office'. Tom knocked on the door, which was opened by a stout sergeant. He entered a medium sized hall, with pictures of famous soldiers and battles. Also, there were two or three well-used seats, up against the wall. To add to this, were some newspapers, and a table with pen, ink and blotting paper on. A door opened and a minute later Tom's name was called out. He entered a room where he saw, seated behind a desk, an officer of about fifty. He asked Tom a few questions. Then he asked Tom to fill up a form. He was just leaving when the officer asked, 'What part of the army do you want to join'? The immediate reply was 'Infantry, sir'. A month later Tom was at a Training Camp. He worked like a Trojan, and one day, three months later, he was asked to go to the C.O.'s room. When he arrived, the C.O. told Tom that he had decided to promote him to sergeant. Naturally Tom was delighted, and very soon, he was sent to join the British forces at Ypres. He landed over in France, and was transported to Ypres, where he became aware of the fact that his job was not easy, sleeping in dugouts, fighting all day, and most of all poison gas. Six times, he was nearly caught off his guard by the foul stuff. One night, Tom was walking along a trench, when he heard a faint cry, and peeping over the edge of the trench, saw by the aid of a Very light a wounded man lying about one hundred yards from the British Lines, in No Man's Land. He climbed out of the trench and crawling, running, and sliding, he reached the man who had now passed out. Just then, an anxious German guard fired a Very pistol, to see if all was well; however he saw Tom, and started to fire his rifle. At the command of a German officer a machine gun started firing too. Somehow, Tom didn't know how, he reached the English Lines. He was recommended for the V.C. and, a few days later, he was known as Lieutenant Tom Smith, V.C.

*Peter Kavanagh, born April 28 1939; entered Worth, September 1947; Boxing Team.

WORTH IN THE SPRING

by O. D. PLUNKETT*

Worth is alive with shouts. The birds are singing sweetly. The crocuses—white, mauve, and yellow—glow like golden flames in the sunlight. The daffodils are just about to come out. The grass is green like emeralds. The grassy banks are aglow with pearly dewdrops. The squirrels are coming out for the summer. They are beautiful red-brown colours, the same colour as Autumn. The lambs are bleating with joy to see the sun all bright and shining. The birds are nesting under the eaves of the houses. The swallows are zooming about catching flies.

During the spring
All the birds sing
Just like the thrush
Who hides in the bush

The black-bird does sing
Of course that's the right thing
O! Hark I hear the lark
Down in the park.

The peewit is calling
On a fine morning
The rooks are above
And so is the dove.

LEPIDOPTERA CONTINUED

by P. E. CAMPBELL*

The *Indian Leaf* Butterfly is quite an easy one for you to see if you go to India or Africa, where it is quite common. On the under side it exactly resembles a leaf for it has the veins and colouring of a leaf. On the upper side, at the top right and left tips of the wings, it is black followed lower down by a bar of orange. On each wing there is a white spot surrounded by a black ring. The under wing and the rest of the upper wing is deep purple and green with a tinge of orange on either side of the top section of the lower wing. It has two tails, one to each wing. The *Morpho Adonis* Butterfly is rather plain, but it is certainly very smart. It is blue all over except for the top tips of the upper wing (right and left) and two white spots (one on each wing). The *Purple Emperor* Butterfly is not often found for it flies at the top of oak trees. It is reasonably common in the new forest, though not easy to watch. The upper and lower parts of the wings are edged with black. The centre of each wing is covered with a purple sheen and a thin white band runs through it. The upper half of the top wing is dotted with white spots.

*David Plunkett, born December 8 1940; entered Worth, September 1949.

*Peter Campbell, born February 9 1939; entered Worth, May 1947.

THE BLARNEY STONE

by E. HALLINAN*

In a small village in C. Cork about seven miles from Cork city itself, there stands a fine old Geraldine Castle, the Geraldines being the chief family of Southern Ireland in the mid eighteenth century. In the keep of the castle there lies a square stone covering an area of about four feet. This stone although looking like any other flat piece of granite has a tradition of bringing you the gift of the gab if you kiss it. This spot is a favourite visiting place for American tourists, who flock there in the summer lavishly tipping the guides who tell the most weird and fantastic stories of the stone, most of which are untrue. The place is easily got at as there are buses every half hour and trains, both coming up from the city. On entering the grounds you pay three and sixpence entrance fee with an additional sixpence for a programme. A guide takes you all over the castle which has some fine views showing all the valley of the Lee and some of the surrounding mountains. Then you advance to the keep, having climbed what seems an endless spiral staircase. At the top is a square landing on a parapet beyond which, about five feet down, lies the stone. Two people appear from the background and firmly hold you by the feet, at the same time casting you over the edge where in accordance with legendary custom you kiss the stone. Then you tell everyone that you kissed the Blarney Stone although really it makes no difference at all to you in after life or in life hereafter.

IN LOVE WITH DEATH

by P. G. KENNEDY*

The air-raid siren whistled shrilly as Squadron Leader Wilkinson, commonly known as Wilks drew down his goggles. No. 632 Fighter Squadron was posted near Maidstone in Kent, chiefly to fight the German bombers; the year was 1943. 632 squadron was composed of ten Spitfires, all piloted by young but confident men. Now they were about to take the air, as a squadron of Junkers was crossing the coast of Kent. With Wilks leading they roared across the tarmac, keeping perfect V formation. At thirteen thousand feet they flattened out, holding a steady course for the coast. Wilks pressed a heavy pair of binoculars to his eyes. Sweeping the sky towards the coast with them, he made out a squadron of eight bombers, escorted by five single seater Pzalf Scouts. Judging roughly, Wilks made them out to be flying at about seven thousand feet. The enemy pilots had apparently already sighted squadron 632, for they began to climb, for height means everything to fighters in planes. At about one mile distance the enemy machines were still a thousand feet below Wilks's squadron. Wilks reached for his Very pistol, and loading it, sent a green magnesium cartridge flaring earthwards. It was the signal to break formation for battle. At the first attack three enemy machines spun earthwards, with them went

*Edward Hallinan, born October 20 1937; entered Worth, September 1947; acted in *Stations in Mime* 1950.

*Peter Kennedy, born March 28 1939; entered Worth, September 1948. Choir.

one Spitfire, but the pilot had not been killed, for he was floating earthwards under his parachute. The air was filled with machines, looping, diving and rolling and the crackle of machine guns. Suddenly Wilks found himself being chased by a Pzalf Scout, which, with guns flaming, dived into the attack. Wilks pulled on his 'joy-stick', and zoomed high above the German, then turning at the top of his climb he dived down and raked the enemy plane from tail-plane to air-screw. The German pilot, shot through the neck, slumped over the controls whilst the plane, on fire, spun earthwards. At last only two of the German planes were left, which managed at last to escape across the channel. Wilk's squadron was left with only five planes, but only two pilots had been killed, the others landed by parachute. That night in the mess of squadron 632 there was much praise for the pilots of the squadron. I think they deserved it, don't you?

JACK'S ADVENTURE

by C. R. FRANKS*

Far off in the coniferous forests of Canada there lived an old lumberjack and his wife and children. He had two children, Jack and Jill. Near their log cabin there lay a big lake, and across the lake there was a large Red Indian camp. The Redskins were friendly. They were there because it was the trapping season. One day Jack and Jill set out in their canoe across the big lake. They were friends of these Indians. These Indians were led by a chief called Wild Cow. As they neared the farther bank they were greeted by the chief. He said that they were not here for the trapping season, but because they had been driven out of their village by the Iroquois Indians. One day when Jack awoke, he jumped out of bed and looked out of his window which faced the big lake and there to his surprise were the charred remains of burnt tents and wagons. The smoke was still rising from the ashes. Jack dressed quickly, went down to the boat house pulled the canoe out of the house and jumped in. He began to paddle away across the lake. When he was about ten yards away from the bank, an arrow wizzed with great speed past his head. Jack quickly retreated as fast as he could. Then came the war cries of the Iroquois Indians. When Jack returned home he put the canoe back and ran to Mother. He told her what had happened. And now they haven't any Indian friends, because all the rest are the enemies of white people.

A GOOD TWO DAY'S WORK

by M. PIASECKI*

Two boys, one was me and the other was Craige Wilson. I had my pet lynx with me, she was called Sheila, she was very tame and would knock some enemy down and guard him at my command. Craige and I were on the beach with Sheila romping around us we were making our way to a cave which we had seen on a boat-trip. We thought that we would be able to look round the cave before the tide came up. Craige said 'We might be able to climb up those

*Christopher Franks, born June 1 1937; entered Worth, September 1947.

*Marek Piasecki, born July 29 1938; entered Worth, September 1948.

rough steps'. I thought it would be dangerous to do that so I said 'let Sheila climb up, I'll tie this cord on to Sheila, then we can climb up to the cave'. Up went Sheila delighted to come and help us, we were all in high spirits. I had my sheath knife, watch, a torch with glass painted black, a piece of chalk, and a strong cord wound round my waist. Craige had a sheath-knife, a bright torch of the same kind as mine, a watch, a piece of chalk and thin strong cord wound round his waist. We did not have any food. We climbed into the cave and looked round, we did not notice the tide coming in. Suddenly Craige turned round and darted to the mouth of the cave, he shouted to me to come. I ran to him and looked down, the tide had come up. I looked down into the sea and I saw three shark fins. We could not swim ashore because the sharks would eat us. I turned to Craige and said 'We are stuck. I am going to explore the back of the cave', We both explored the cave and it was Craige who found a square crack in the rock. We both thought it might be a secret panel. We tried all day to open it but we did not succeed. We slept in the cave. At morning the tide did not seem to go down so we tried to open the panel again. Sheila who liked to play with anything, began to play with a bit of rock that was jutting out of the wall of the cave. Suddenly the panel door gave a faint creak and opened. We praised Sheila for her good luck in opening the panel door. We collected our belongings, crawled through and found ourselves in a large room-like cave. We walked down to the other end of the room, and as soon as we reached the other wall, we heard low voices, one of them was talking in a calm voice and saying 'It's O.K. Joe, don't get worried about the kid talking, shoot him dead and throw him into the sea, the sharks 'il get 'im'. 'O.K.' said the other man, we'll do that tomorrow'. There was silence, then the sound of a child's voice. We crawled through an opening and found a boy of about twelve bound up tightly. We told him to be quiet, and said we were here by accident and that we wanted to know what was up. He said that the men were smugglers. We untied him and, taking him with us, went to another door and down a passage till we came to a place where it branched off. We went down the left side. I took out a bit of my chalk and marked thin lines about a foot long, about a yard apart. We came to a huge room with stacks of furs, brandy, whisky and beer. 'I've only just remembered my tummy', said I. 'I agree', said Craige. Sheila jumped up and licked my face as though to say, 'Same here'. We rushed up the passage again and turned up the right passage and out onto the cliff up above. We ran to the police station in the village and told the police our adventure. Next day we led the police to the cliff. The smugglers were ready for us because they had found that the boy was missing. So the police got behind cover of rocks. One policeman was hit in the leg with a revolver bullet. He fell and was rolling over the edge of the cliff when Sheila dashed in among the firing and dragged him to safety. A smuggler fired at Sheila and got her in the leg. She still dragged the man till he was behind a rock, and then limped to my side. I ran to the village and got the Vet who said that she would be alright in a month's time. The police captured the smuggler. One day the Inspector came to our house with his hands behind his back. Then he said, 'Sheila has done a very brave thing so I will award her the animal's 'V.C.' for bravery'.

THE CLEVER MOLE

by J. WELLS*

One morning I woke up to hear the old farmer shouting for me. I dressed quickly and went to the kitchen garden, where I knew he would be working. When I got into the garden he beckoned to me, so I went to him, and there he was looking at a mole hill. I asked him what was wrong, but he still kept on staring at it, he then turned to me and said, 'This is a mighty big mole hill, the mole must be a mighty big one.' After breakfast I went back to the garden, this time I took a mole trap. I dug away the earth, set my mole trap and then realised that the hole was most unusually large, though I did not take any notice of it. By this time the farmer had started another job, not in the garden. At lunch time I went to look at the trap; it was not sprung, but about two feet away from the hill was another hill. I thought this very odd. I went back to lunch and told the farmer about it. When lunch was over the farmer and I went to look at the other hill. When we got there he made the same statement as before, 'Mighty big'. He told me to set another trap, which I did. Nothing else happened till the next morning when both traps were sprung. I pulled them up. There was nothing there! At half past ten I went to the meal house to help the farmer to clean it out. Just as he picked up a sack of corn, a cat jumped out and bounded out of the meal house. The sheep dog dashed after it, and we found him digging at my mole trap. The farmer then began to dig along the mole hole, and then suddenly stopped. Because at the end of the hole was a nest of rats. The dog then had his bit of fun. I turned to the farmer and said, 'Well Sam, we made a lot of fuss about a mole that was not there'.

SPRING

by J. THOROLD*

All the flowers are gay
On a lovely Spring day,
All the birds are singing
And the bluebells ringing.

All the crocuses are gay
While the mice play on the hay,
The daffodils are coming up
And there's a lovely buttercup.

All the birds are laying eggs
While the tadpoles grow their legs.
The little robin sings in a hedge
While the woodman cuts with an axe and a wedge.

*John Wells, born March 20 1937; entered Worth, May 1945; Captain of Rugger and Gym; 1st XI Cricket; 1st XI Hockey; Boxing Team; School Prefect; Choir.

*John Thorold, born July 16 1940; entered Worth, September 1948.

NATIONALISM

by DAVID BARNETT*

One of the most amusing and interesting studies today are the temperaments of different countries. To start off take the Americans. They are a friendly race, who are always hospitable, and are not as people who haven't met them think they are. These people think that Americans are just multi-millionaires, who are always smoking cigars or buying themselves expensive motor-yachts. This is very far from the truth. Some of those ideas about other countries would certainly change if different nationalities mingled, and more people could afford to go abroad. Then take the French; they are gay and happy, although some of them are very excitable. They are also brave if one considers what they underwent during the occupation. The general view taken about the Italians and the Germans is that they were foolish enough to fight us, and that they deserve all their unemployment and political troubles and disturbances. This is a view which is very unfair to these two countries, since the reason for the war was that two men got drunk with power, and stirred up their innocent countrymen by lies and promises of money. Why then should two deceived nations get blamed for this? If there was ever a generous country it is Italy. What about the Russians? Are they as bad as everyone says? Or are they also being deceived by a ruthless party? Though all the news about the faked trials and prosecution is received by free countries, surely there must be some discontent among such a tremendous Republic? It is most probable that only a small part of Russia is as pro-Communist as is said. If only all the nationalities could mingle with each other, instead of making accusations, there could be peace everywhere. Why then don't countries listen to each other's point of view, and not keep on pressing forward their own? Or are we all too grand for that?

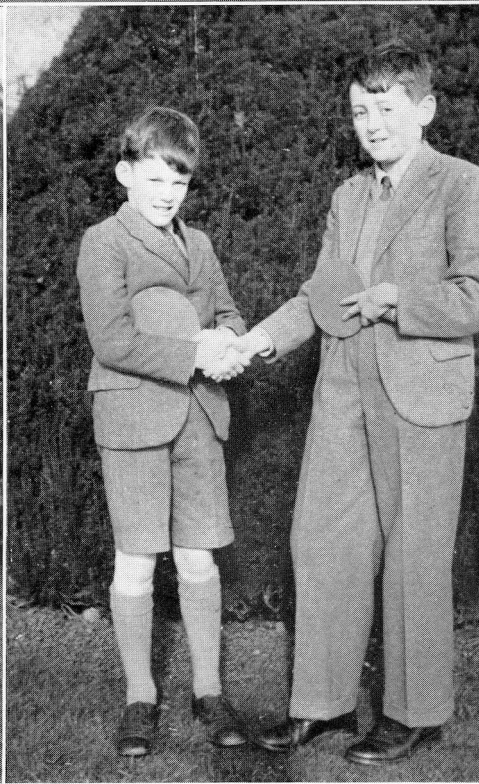
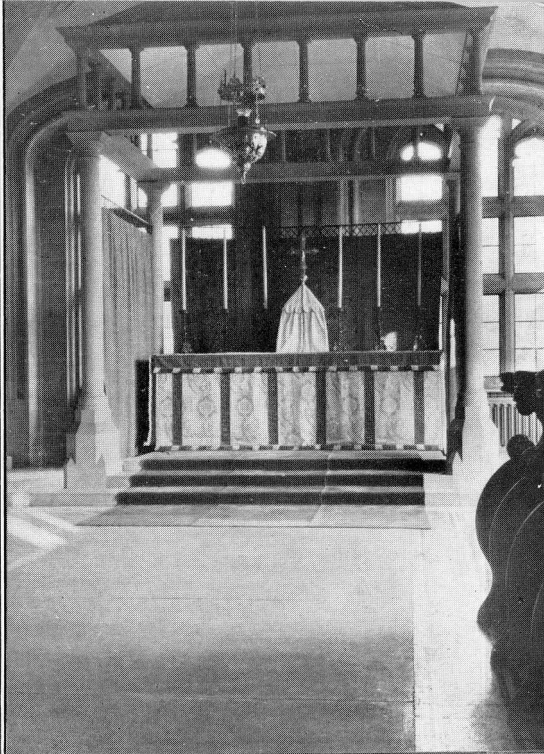
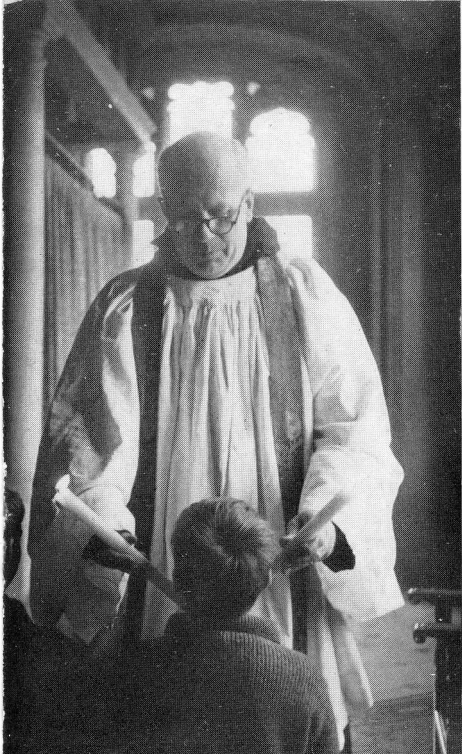
GHOSTS

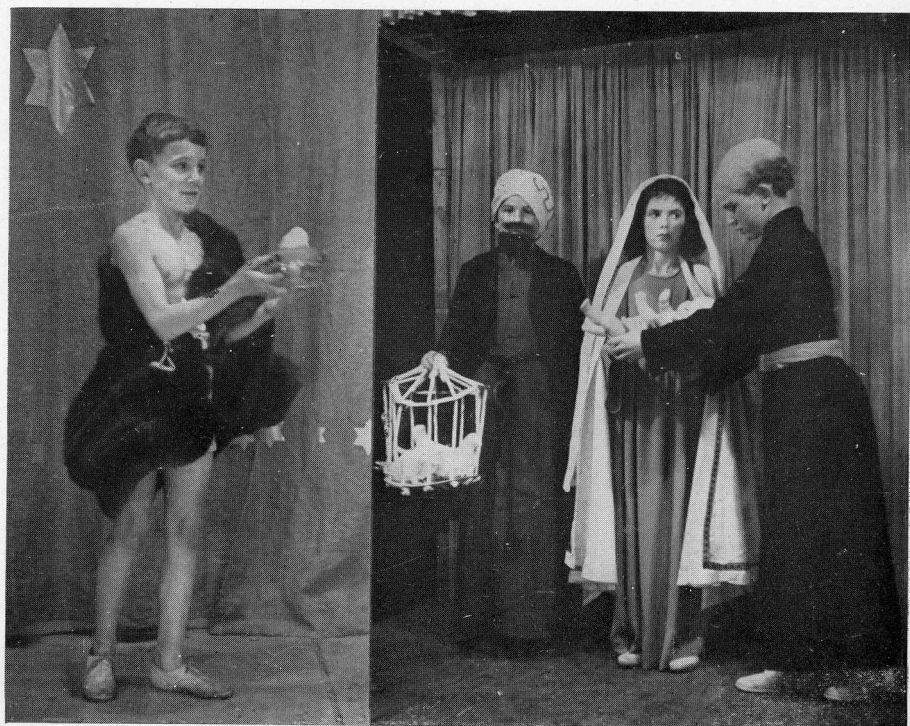
by M. KENNEDY*

What exactly are ghosts? Are they just a flight of imagination, are they the result of an overwrought mind, or are they non-existent? Most people say that there are no such things, and I am inclined to believe them, at least, that is until I see one. But there is no doubt whatsoever that people have seen queer supernatural shapes gliding about in a coal-cellar or crossing a moonlit lawn, for which there must be some explanation. Of course in some cases, if not many, the appearance or activities of a ghost has often led to the discovery of ancient chalices, or other sacred things used long ago, more than often in priest-holes. Then there are sounds alone, which are often heard on the anniversary of any particular happening in history, such as a priest hunt in the French Revolution-

*David Barnett, born April 25 1937; entered Worth, September 1945; acted in *His Excellency the Governor* 1948 and the *Sport of Kings* 1949; *Stations in Mime* 1950.

*Michael Kennedy, born April 29 1937; entered Worth, September 1945; acted in *A Child is Born* Christmas 1947 and *Stations in Mime* 1948; Choir Leader; School Prefect; 1st XV Rugby 1949.



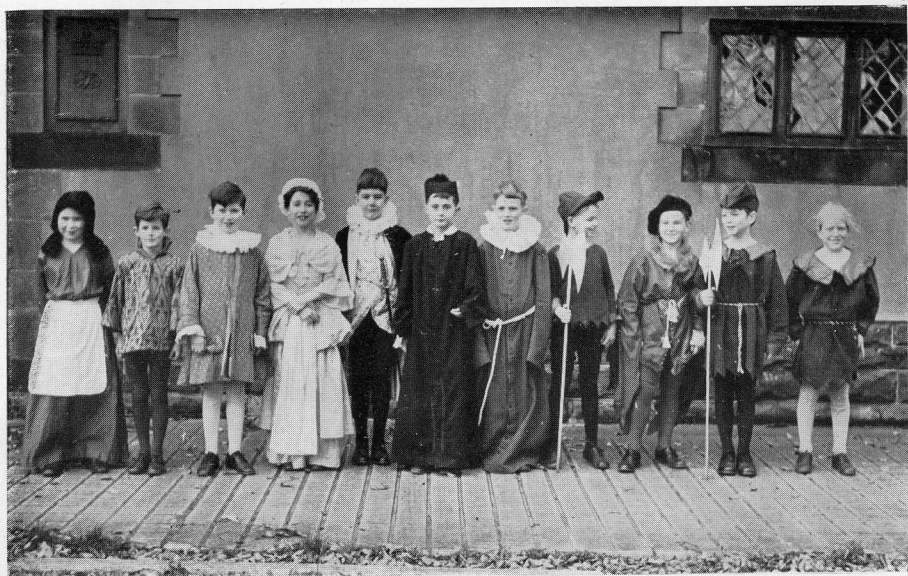


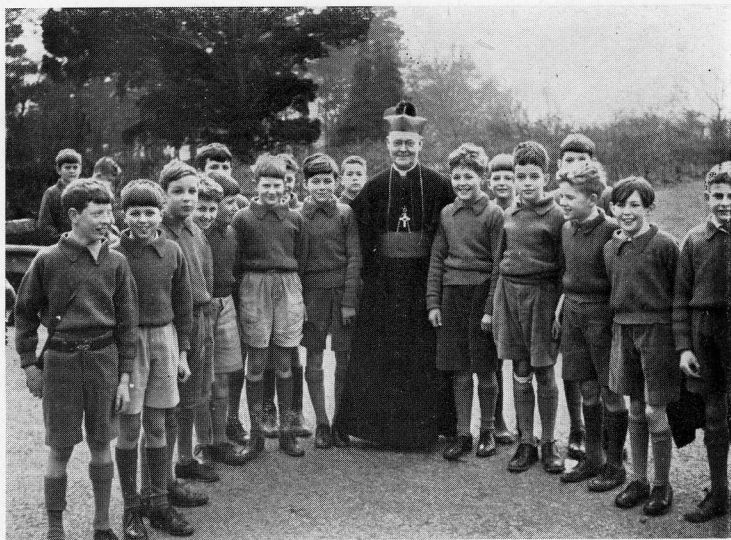
Senior House Play: 'Christmas on the Common'





Junior House Play: 'The Burning Babe'





His Lordship the Bishop of Southwark with some of his flock



Cross Country: start and finish

ary period. But a mistake quite often made about ghosts is that they have to be wicked or they are not real. This of course has been disproved by many people who live in a house with a large family where there is a family ghost, which is regarded in the way of a pet. Most types of ghosts are explained as being the spirit of some departed person, who is out 'canvassing' for prayers to release his soul from Purgatory, or wherever he may be. But this rule has an exception: —poltergeists. These latter are decidedly nasty specimens, whose only delight is in demolishing people's houses by throwing any liftable object at the nearest human being. The only thing to do with them is either to have a complete 'spring-cleaning', or pack up your bags and go. However, as it is usually very difficult to determine what rampaging specimen of the underworld you are up against, the best advice I can give you is: 'LEAVE 'EM ALONE', or it may land you in a difficult situation to say the least.

A RESTAURANT

P. E. J. FOCKE*

In the ever bustling streets of London's gaiety, there is a restaurant at the corner of the road, called 'The Ketchup'. Outside there are barrow boys selling apples, pears, peaches and plums, also chanting their prices at the same time. One is selling coconuts at 3s. 6d., or at least trying to! Their padded shoulder's and gaily coloured ties, with their hair cemented down with grease are enough to give anybody a bad impression of the restaurant. It has a small but attractive Tudor entrance. A small fat commissioner stands to attention, showing off his magnificent array of brass buttons. His gold brading on the maroon and scarlet uniform entices you to enter the restaurant! As you enter you are rather surprised for it is a large place and, completely modernised. The air is conditioned. The chairs are well sprung, altogether there is a dignified atmosphere. Waiters with stiff collars and tails scramble about with menus, others with hors d'oeuvres trolleys, and others perilously balancing luscious cream trifles on plates and trays. At one end of the dining room there is a small band without a conductor. But the main point is that on the whole the food is bad! So if at first sight you got a bad impression you would have been quite right!

THE STORM

by G. V. L. OURY*

The strong east wind, blew the dark clouds overhead, as if they were mere feathers. The distant rumble of thunder was growing rapidly louder. It was a warm day, and seeing the storm approaching, I hurried, not wishing to be caught out in it. I was just entering the long drive to the house, when the lightning slashed the sky; A few seconds later the first drops of rain fell. They

*Paul Focke, born May 14 1937; entered Worth, May 1946; acted in *Stations in Mime* 1950; *Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure*, *Sport of Kings* and *Christmas on the Common* 1949; Choir.

*Gerald Oury, born November 2 1936; entered Worth, May 1944; Gym Team 1947-48; Choir.

were large drops. I made for the summer house, which in spite of its many holes through the thatch in the roof, would offer some protection against the tornado of wind and water. I had only just reached it when the clouds burst to their full extent. The rain poured down harder than ever, forming a wall of water round the hut. The roof was leaking badly, in one corner. The water fell down, one large drop at a time, splashing against the flagstones on the floor. It was lightening up now, and I decided to make a dash for the house. I took out my front door key, and gathered my mackintosh round my head and shoulders. I ran as fast as I could to the house, after fumbling with the lock, I pushed the door open. My mother welcomed me and shut the door behind me. 'You must be wet dear', she said, 'run upstairs, and when you have changed, come down and have some tea'.

SHIPWRECK

by M. MAGUIRE*

In the lounge of the great liner, *Gigantic* a promising party was in progress. Everyone was enjoying himself and making merry. People were lolling about in arm chairs and talking contentedly. Men were serving out drinks and carrying them round. Suddenly there was a rending crash and everyone was thrown off his balance, chaos reigned. Several women collapsed in hysterics, and there was general panic. It was only when the captain entered, and told everyone to keep calm, that order was restored. He told them that the ship had struck a reef, and they would have to abandon ship. At this panic broke out anew; there was a concentrated rush for the doorway, and the men, heedless of everyone else, fought to get to the door trampling the women and children underfoot. The result of this was that no one could force his way out as there was such a jam. However the captain called one or two burly seamen who soon managed to regain order, though somewhat roughly. After this it was only a short time before everyone was safely squashed into boats; women and children first, then the men and crew, and last of all the captain. Everyone pulled hard at his oar, so that they could be away from the ship before she made her fatal plunge. They watched the *Gigantic's* waterline sink slowly; suddenly the ship gave a heave and slid into the sea, out of sight.

THE FISHING FLEET PUTS TO SEA

by N. T. SIBLEY*

The Winkleton on Sea fishing fleet consisting of twenty-five trawlers, put to sea on March the first, for the spring harvest of herrings. Winkleton on Sea was famous for its kippers but I suppose you know that a kipper is a smoked herring so that the fishing-fleet could not put out their nets in the middle of the North Sea and hope to pull them up again full of kippers. The entire population

*Michael Maguire, born July 8 1937; entered Worth, Summer 1946; Gym Team (three years); 1st XI Cricket; acted in *Sport of Kings* 1949.

*Nicholas Sibley, born June 20 1938; entered Worth, May 1946; acted in *Stations in Mime* 1950

of Winkleton on Sea turned out to see the fishing fleet put to sea, amongst a maze of boats whose occupants were cheering wildly and getting in the trawlers' way; one of the trawlers actually hit a rowing-boat amidships which sank almost immediately. The unfortunate owner, who was swimming to the nearest boat was shouting curses at the captain of the trawler, who was shouting back; the former had swallowed half the North Sea before he finally got into another boat. The trawlers chugged out of the harbour, and were cheered till they were out of sight beyond the horizon.

SPRING COMES TO THE VILLAGE

by M. BARRETT*

As you walk down the lane there is a sweet, fresh smell of new grass and the snowdrops and crocuses peep from the hedges; all the birds are singing under the new spring sun, and the whole countryside is bathed in cool sunlight under which all the new flowers are flourishing. New leaves are just showing on the proud elm trees as they rear their lofty branches above a peaceful field in which the cattle are grazing, thankful that the short, cold days of winter are passed and looking forward to many long days of peaceful grazing. Here a rabbit frisks its tail and gambols off across the field, there a young foal gallops away from his mother's side and careers across the short turf full of joy to be alive, everywhere the birds are singing while they carry twigs and grass with which to build their new nests. In the stream the beavers are building a new dam and all over the countryside the work is going on preparing for another long summer.

ENEMY IN SIGHT

by K. P. SHERIDAN*

The silence of the afternoon was suddenly shattered by the long drawn out wail of the ship's siren. H.M.S. *Culcutta* a new destroyer that had only just been commissioned, was patrolling in the North Sea area. The siren wailed again, sailors rushed to man their posts, officers were shouting orders. The captain who had just arrived on the bridge, focussed his binoculars to his eyes sweeping the waters that lay on either side of him. At last he saw the enemy—a long dark submarine, the 'U 32'. Suddenly he laid down his binoculars and shouted down the telegraph 'torpedo heading straight towards us, hard a-starboard'. The torpedo missed, the *Culcutta* turned round and headed towards the submarine. By now the submarine was firing, a shell carried a lifeboat away, another made a hole in the destroyer's side. The destroyer was only fifty yards from the 'U 32'. The captain shouted down the telegraph 'full speed ahead, get ready to ram'. The submarine was preparing to dive, but she was too late. With a rending crash the destroyer rammed the submarine. And thus the ill fated 'U 32' went down to join many of her ancestors.

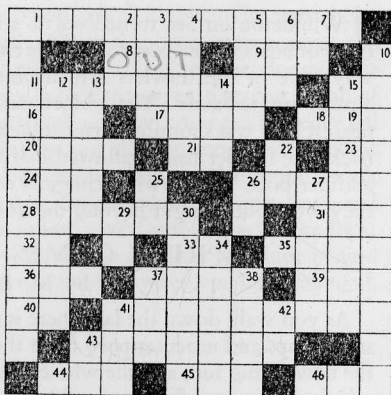
*Michael Barrett, born February 11 1937; entered Worth, September 1946; acted in *His Excellency the Governor*; took part of Veronica in *Stations in Mime* 1949-50; Choir.

*Kevin Sheridan, born January 5 1937; entered Worth, September 1946; 1st XV Rugger; 1st XI Hockey; Boxing Team; Captain of Squash; acted in *Sport of Kings* and in *Stations in Mime* 1949-50; School Prefect.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Clues Across: 1, The infants of an unknown but possible Tribe form together a mighty one. 8, Up goes the umpire's finger. 9, This relation caused no surprise in Old England. 11, Cut off from all communication with the body corporate. 15, Try this anywhere in France. 16, First part of hearty, i.e., omitting the clock-face: — anglais, if you prefer, 17, He acted in the days of Caesar and such-like. 18, Rhyming Gilbert thought this went so nicely with box; his fellow-conspirator put the whole

thing in his notes without prejudice to copyright. 20, I can think of nothing but Ku Klux —. 21, Suggests position or progress in terse, adverbial manner. 23, Short reference to the Four Gospels, the Epistles and the Apocalypse. 24, Handy little vade mecum for gunman. 26, Kind of mistake which I hope you'll never, never make. 28, Handy would be a slight understatement. 31, Atmospheric Dago stuff you find in Caerleon. 32, One more letter (Oh the little more!) and you could write me down a donkey. 33, Early English can be reduced to this (with two periods)! 35, Several Emperors grew fat on this name, variously spelt. 36, A matter of undefined moment (unless compounded with publica when it immediately assumes great proportions hard to decline). 37, It sound like the last bit of a monkey but is otherwise spelt and of greater interest. 39, Seek this within the confines of Batum (in Transcaucasia). 40, Musical advice to go (in Dago manner) to a certain Dago sign: all very mysterious. 41, Essence of foxglove known alike to botanist, physician, Agatha Christie and others. 43, To remove as too long at the job after super. 44, Coarse expression for brain-container; where brains don't count it is used of one of the upper ten. 45, What you put at the end of a journal to show what English you may expect. 46, Arch, if you like; damsels are or used to be or should.



Clues down: 1, The shade is the darkest known but for the rest don't expect protection from them. 2, I would say that this is the solver of this puzzle; the solver would consider himself to be another person. 3, A romantic old instrument: Israfeli's heartstrings (according to E.A.Poe). 4, N.Z. University known to philately. 5, The first person puts or put in position (two words, 1 and 3). 6, There's a Marshall kind of this. 7, Emphatic reminder in Cicero's curtailed tongue. 10, A prestidigitator must act thus if he would excel. 12, I know not what syrupy stuff from the Brave New World. 13, To speak thus is tantamount to prattle. 14, May have anything within from beans to butter (see 37 down). 15, In evidence at Carnival and wedding alike. 22, From this style Sherlock Holmes would have deduced that the possessor was both celibate and cunning (whereas he might have been neither withal). 25, One of the prettiest of Greek

characters: the twelfth in series. 26, 'Away with you' is a clumsy and verbose equivalence of this. 27, You just can't do anything about it if it is this (which it is). 29, Fourth degree, not of interrogation but scalar. 30, Competitive association with colours and backers. 34, The Thesbite. 37, Argot for cash (see 14 down). 38, Strictly speaking it is of French descent, strangely feminine and quite diminutive. 41, Huge great English Biographical Dictionary in ever so many volumes. 42, Latin suffix used quite impartially for certain genitives, datives and even nominatives (don't confuse them). 43, May be found in gaol without meaning anything.

SNOW AND SUN

by C. F. MOYSEY*

The snow lay deep on the ground,
And the sun was shining all round,
And everyone played about,
While snow-balls whizzed in and out.

The sun was early in rising
And the snow was late in its going;
The grass soon began to show
And flowers all began to grow.

The leaves were all in bud once more,
And everyone smiled at what they saw;
And now not a dead leaf lay on the ground;
No mud, but long green grass on the bounds.

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Sir,

I should like to know what Worth School is coming too when tuck-boxes, the very symbol of traditional school life in England, are abolished on the ludicrous pretext that they are a repository of decaying foodstuffs and a breeding place for curious forms of animal life.

Pray, why shouldn't they be? God bless my soul, when I was young we flourished on such filth, and the men who built the Empire ate practically nothing else as boys. Further, I beg you to note what happened to the Empire when we started to teach the natives to be clean and to educate them; and to take heed lest a similar fate overtakes Worth—which it assuredly will if you insist upon hygiene and even education.

Women, of course, like everything to be hygienic and tidy, and I strongly suspect a feminine hand, of a Matron, behind this unsavoury affair. If so, she is

*Christopher Moysey; born March 1938; entered Worth, September 1946; 1st XI Hockey; 1st XV Rugby; Boxing Team.

making a rod for her own back: it is clear to me that the prophylactic intake of contaminated foodstuffs, of which the children are now deprived, had a most healthy effect; cut off from this, suffering from microbe-malnutrition, the evil results are now to be seen—have you not had an outbreak of mumps and other things this very term? Well, then. That's only a beginning; I prophesy that in the next few years there will be outbreaks of measles, chicken-pox, and even 'flu.

Yours sincerely,

OUTRAGED PARENT

THE CAROL CONCERT

God rest you merry gentlemen:	<i>Traditional.</i>
When Christ our Blessed Lord came on earth:	<i>D. Thomas Symons.</i>
God rest you merry gentlemen:	<i>Traditional.</i>
Christmas Song (Only a Stable): words by <i>Mary O. Hagan</i> , music by <i>D. Thomas Symons.</i>	
Verbum Caro factum est:	<i>Piae Cantiones.</i>
Sweet Baby Sleep:	<i>D. Thomas Symons.</i>
The Holly and the Ivy:	<i>Traditional.</i>
The Night so dark:	<i>D. Thomas Symons.</i>
He came all so still:	<i>M. F. Bell.</i>
The noble stem of Jesse (S.A.T.B.):	<i>Praetorius.</i>
Rorate Coeli (S.A.T.B.):	<i>Christopher Tye.</i>
The Son of God is born for all (S.A.T.B.):	<i>Praetorius.</i>
The Burning Babe:	<i>D. Thomas Symons.</i>
This Gospel sang the Angels Bright:	<i>M. F. Bell.</i>
The Magi from the East are we:	<i>D. Thomas Symons.</i>
The Lord at first had Adam made:	<i>Traditional.</i>
The Virgin Unspotted:	<i>Wiltshire Traditional.</i>

Adeste Fideles

THE CAROL SERVICE

Processional	<i>Veni, Veni Emmanuel</i>	
Reading:	<i>Isaiah vii, 10-14</i>	<i>R. White</i>
Carol:	<i>The noble Stem of Jesse</i>	

Reading:	St Luke i, 26-35	E. G. Hallinan
Carol:	<i>Verbum Caro factum est</i>	
Reading:	St Luke ii, 1-20	M. D. Kennedy
Carol:	<i>The Son of God is born for all</i>	
Reading:	St Matthew xi, 1-12	R. H. French
Carol:	<i>Only a Stable</i>	
BENEDICTION		
<i>(Adeste Fideles after the Prayer for England)</i>		
Carol:	<i>Sweet Baby sleep</i>	after the Adoremus

WORTH DRAMATIC SOCIETY

On December 17th and 18th last, the Worth Dramatic Society produced *Christmas on the Common*, a Nativity Play from the French of Henri Ghéon. Unfortunately no account of this beautiful and moving production—one of the best that has been seen at Worth—has reached us. We give the following extract from the Programme:

CHARACTERS

A band of Strolling Players, of gypsy extraction, consisting of:

OLD MELCHIOR, who plays

THE READER. THE ANGEL APPEARING TO THE SHEPHERDS, KING MELCHIOR
THE MAGUS, HEROD, OLD SIMEON, A DOCTOR IN THE TEMPLE. . . *Stephen
Green-Armytage*

OLD COLOMBA, his wife, who plays

THE OLD WOMAN WHO EXPECTED THE MESSIAH, THE NEIGHBOUR WHO
DID NOT EXPECT HIM, ST ELIZABETH, A ROMAN LADY, A FARMER'S WIFE,
ANNA THE PROPHETESS *Paul Focke*

JOEY, their son, who plays

A JEW OF THE ADVENT, ST JOSEPH, A DOCTOR IN THE TEMPLE. . . *David Barnett*

MARIA, their daughter-in-law, who plays

OUR LADY *George Hall*

BRUNO, their grandson, who plays

THE ANGEL OF THE ANNUNCIATION AND THE VISITATION, A YOUNG
SHEPHERD, THE CHILD JESUS *David Shaw*

SCENE:

The Player's Camp on a Village Common.

It is ten o'clock on Christmas Eve.

SINGERS:

Timothy Markes

Michael Griffin

John Wells

Gerald Oury

Michael Kennedy

John O'Donovan

John Stirling

STAGE ASSISTANTS:

Hugh French

Michael Barrett

Scenery constructed by Messrs E. and W. Stanford

Carols arranged by Dom Thomas Symons, O.S.B.

Play produced by Mr M. A. Johnson

JUNIOR HOUSE PLAY

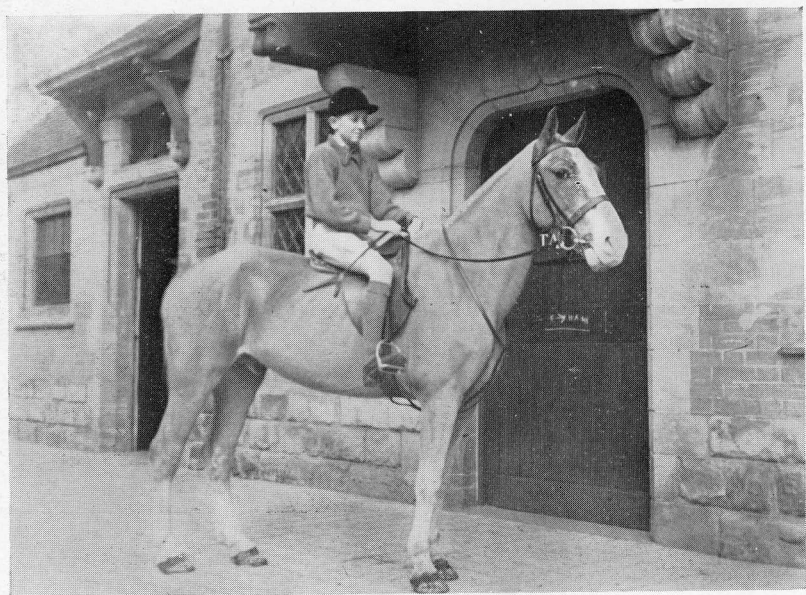
On November 27th the Junior house, after a lapse of three years, produced a Christmas Pantomime. This time it was *Robinson Crusoe* by Fr Bernard Basset, S.J. The name part was taken by Norman Coles. He had a very long part and was word perfect. He acts with confidence and has an easy manner which is very restful for the audience, but he must try to overcome a certain monotony in his speech. Maurice Byrne as Mrs Bertha Crusoe won the hearts of the audience. He was far from word perfect but the more he forgot the better he acted. The Fairy Godmother and her opponent the Demon King were splendidly acted by Philip de Weck and Richard Ortiger. Very special praise is due to Ortiger for his rendering of his part. He foamed and strutted to such effect that one almost saw the sparks fly from his eyes and nostrils. De Weck has a very clear and pleasant voice and gave us the impression of a fairy who knew her own mind and was determined that we should know it also. Michael Bell the sea captain, his bo'sun (Anthony Burton) and his jolly crew (John Voelcker, Patrick Branigan, Brian Deane, Charles Bonham, John Hunt and Barry O'Meara) were really entertaining. So much so that one regretted the fact that they all got drowned at the end of the First Act. Their singing of 'We joined the Navy' was well received and deservedly so. Martin Cuss acted his small part (the Spy) so nicely that we hope to see him sometime in the future in a bigger part. John Hurley took the part of the Cannibal Chief and apart from a tendency to speak, at times only, too fast he showed himself a good actor. Michael Church gave a very pleasant picture of the simple and loyal Man Friday. He has a very pleasant speaking voice and with more experience will



The Stations of the Cross in Mime: Fourth Station



Afternoon Ride in Winter



M. P. Barrett on 'Ginger Pop'

make a good actor. The Cannibals (John Foran, Richard Rudd, Paul Cockburn, Michael Hawkins, Alexander Brown, Michael Cane and David Burnand) were a very essential part of the play. Their chanting and dancing was most impressive.

This was one of the Junior House's more successful productions. Great credit is due to Mr Johnson for his teaching of the dancing and singing. Then thanks must go to Mrs Marshall for the wonderful costumes which she conjured up from the scrap cupboards of the Junior House: the two choruses of Sailors and Cannibals were really most colourful. However, in the making of the sailors' caps and collars and painting of the cannibals' shields she received great help from the boys of the Junior House led by Anthony Burton.

★ ★ ★

On February 26th the Junior House acted *The Burning Babe* by Dom James Arrowsmith-Lorkin. Anthony Burton in the leading role of Father Southwell may be said to have had a triumph. He showed us that subdued cheerfulness which we would expect in a man who had given his all to God and knows that he had nothing which the world could take from him. Then this cheerfulness would be overshadowed suddenly by the present realities of his surroundings.

Michael Church as Lady Prescott more than fulfilled the promise of his first appearance on the stage last term. Quiet and dignified, as became his part, he could be heard with ease. His delivery was really fine. He also did the part of the voice of the Holy Child with the same clarity and beauty. Desmond Burkett and Michael Cane, as the two children, were newcomers to the Junior House Plays. They have both made a very good start and we look forward to seeing them in next term's play. They were inclined to speak too fast but nevertheless they could be heard easily. Their acting always remained natural. Michael Bell (Sir John Prescott) repeated his success of last term. He is a natural actor and we look forward to seeing him in many future Worth Plays. John, the jailer, was good, he has overcome his fault of last term and now speaks slowly and clearly but is still inclined to forget his words. We were sorry to see Richard Ortiger taking only a small role. He shows promise as an actor. Martin Cuss, and Tony Witham, made fine strapping soldiers. Barry O'Meara substituted for John Hurley in the first of the two performances. His was a very noble effort as he had to take on the part with very little preparation owing to Hurley's sudden illness. Before each act Norman Coles recited a Prologue. He did this very distinctly and clearly. During the rehearsals his recitation was somewhat sing-song but by the time of the final performance this had been very largely overcome. The singing by the actors, augmented by John O'Donovan and Michael Griffin, of the Carol 'Burning Babe' was much appreciated. The 'choir' was under the direction of Mr Bell. To him, and again Mr Johnson and Mrs Marshall, the thanks of the Junior House are due for the success of the play. Also to Miss B. Bell for her help in designing the scenery. Congratulations are due to Fr James, the author.

J.B.L.

THE MIME

Giovanni Papini, in his 'Life of Christ', tells the story of Pepin, king of the Franks and father of Charlemagne, who, when he heard the Gospel narrative of the Crucifixion read by a camp fire one night, sprang to his feet with the cry: 'By heavens! they would not have done it if I had had a hundred of my Franks there'. Spectators of the Stations of the Cross in Mime presented by the Worth Dramatic Society on Sunday afternoon, March 19th, might well have reacted inwardly in the same forthright manner, so moving and sincere was the performance of the entire cast.

'It's the best thing done here, at Worth', an Elder remarked behind me as the lights went out and the stage curtain parted to reveal the memorable opening scene, representing Our Lord brought before Pilate in his judgment seat. To the left stood the little group of Christians, sorrowfully gazing upon their Master; to the right was the crowd of accusers, one moment stooping to cast stones at the Divine Victim, and the next gesturing wildly for His execution. At the back, the centurion and the two white-togaed legionaires, holding their long lances, moved with perfect precision and impressive solemnity. Pilate rose, and, after lifting his arm skywards in testimony that he found no fault with that Just Man, and then pointing out Jesus as he passed the sentence the mob demanded, in effective mime washed his hands of the troublesome matter in a bowl brought by two attendants, and then swept majestically from our ken.

In penning a few impressions of this year's production, the writer cannot hope to equal the comprehensive description of last year's by the Headmaster, our own Father Maurice, who brought in such telling references to the unique Easter dances of the Seises in the enormous Cathedral at Seville, during the Corpus Christi Octave; indeed this passage needs to be repeated in extenso:

'... in the Mime you need a Reader to focus your mind on what is coming: for an instant the actors remain frozen in their places, but, a moment after, the music is heard and the next Station is performed. Once more the music fades, and once again the players stand or kneel awaiting the change of incident.'

I liked the slow, measured tone of the Reader, whose voice seemed most appropriate for his role, as he prepared us for the 'unfreezing' of each successive Station, and for the beauty of colour, movement and facial expressions which they brought.

The part of Our Lord was mimed with feeling and dignity by, I presume (as he bears the same Christian and sur-names), the grandson of a former British Ambassador to Spain and the United States; and how dramatically right was the enactment of the role of the Magdalene with her flowing auburn tresses; profound pathos was infused into the part of Veronica as the infinitely touching scene of which the Saint was the gentle protagonist was presented, and the Women of Jerusalem, also, were entirely convincing; while the characterisations of the Beloved Apostle and St Joseph of Arimathea were wholly in the right spirit.

Indeed, every member of the cast deserves all praise; but perhaps a special

tribute is due to the figure of Our Lady, piously and statuesquely standing through most of the Mime beside the Reader, and grouped at the last with St John and Mary Magdalene beneath the Cross 'on which the Prince of Glory died'. The blue head-covering evoked grateful memories of the lovely Madonnas of Sassoferato:

*Well may such a Lady,
Goddess Mother be.*

The producer, Mr M. A. Johnson, must be assured of all our gratitude for this moving experience, and Mrs Marshall too for the truly wonderful costuming. And finally, Fauré's *Pavane* was the true accompaniment for so sincere an Easter prayer.

LIMERICKS

(1) by S. BINGHAM*

An eccentric young person called Tantum
At dusk was attacked by a bantam;
It was covered in flour
And at that late hour
He stupidly thought it a phantom.

(2) by E. P. MORRIS

There was an old master of Worth
Who had always been spiteful from birth;
He would beat all the boys
And would confiscate toys
And he made no concession to mirth.

(3) by P. H. MILMO*

There was a young new boy from Horley
Who once paid a visit to Crawley;
To the dentist he went
And, my! did he repent!
He'll never go there again surely.

*Simon Bingham, born October 25 1937; entered Worth, September 1945.

*Patrick Milmo, born May 11 1938; entered Worth, September 1945; 1st XV Rugger; 1949; Choir.

SCOUTS

The beginning of the Easter term saw a thorough re-organisation of the Troop. A new patrol, the Eagles, was formed under the leadership of J. Bright, and after a poor start they began to improve considerably towards the end of the term. P.L. Hardy at first found himself the only Swan left this term, but now he has gathered round him four ex-patrol leaders. Luckily there were some capable boys to take over the leadership of their old patrols. Such a re-organisation is unusual, and next term will show how successful it will have been.

This term the weather has enabled us to have only one lunch in the woods, but this was a most enjoyable one, and the eggs and bacon issued by Mrs Edwards on this occasion were most appreciated. On another day a Treasure Hunt was organised, and the clues led to the 'man who knew Edgar Sanders', the 'foot of a stack', a 'tree on an island in a pond', and so on until the treasure was found in Room 82.

Work on the different patrol dens has been proceeding in various degrees, and some optimist has begun to clear the area below the Stinking Pool of unwanted timber and brambles, in the hope that a garden will eventually be made out of it. In the midst of all this, a number of tests have been passed, and N. de Salis (Swans) and P.L. O'Donovan and Sec. Green-Armytage (Wood-pigeons) have at last gained their 2nd Class Badge.

Dom Bruno has helped the G.S.M. often by taking charge of some of the Scouts on their expeditions to the woods, and a visiting monk from Bavaria, Dom Raphael, has arranged many exciting and popular games in the woods.

* * *

The Cubs this year are a very keen lot. Dom Brendan's nephew, Mr Philip Lavery, has been able to come down from London every week-end, and help his uncle to run his Pack. One day lunch was taken out to the woods. A Treasure Trail was won by Michael Church and his Six. On a very rainy afternoon the whole pack went down to the fast-flowing stream and dammed it. And at the end of the term many tests were being passed and proficiency badges won.

RUGGER

Illness and the weather combined to prevent all the matches of the Easter term except two, and we won both of these.

The 1st XV received their first visit from Milbourne Lodge on February 8th. Our visitors had a big pack which obtained the ball from most of the early scrums and lines-out. But their backs could make little headway with it. On the other hand the Worth outsiders at last found their true form, eventually carried all before them, and were a joy to watch. Wells and O'Donovan combined superbly at half, and the latter made opening after opening, drawing his man and timing his passes accurately.

Our centres, on a muddy field, held their passes surprisingly well, and in their different ways cut through repeatedly. de Domenico sold some very pretty dummies, while D. Hawkins used his weight and stride to crash his way through the opposing defence. The latter scored four tries, and converted one, while the former scored three, one after a long run in which he dummied his way through almost the whole opposition. Wells, the captain, scored four tries, and Fisher, who played a great game as a forward, scored our first try. Worth won 38—0. After the match, 1st XV Caps were awarded to de Domenico and D. Hawkins.

Thus the 1st XV results for the season were:—

Worth v St John's, Beaumont	Home	won	26—0
v Wimbledon College	Away	won	6—5
v St Benedict's, Ealing	Home	won	12—0
v Milbourne Lodge	Home	won	38—0
★ ★ ★			

On the same day as the 1st XV match, our Under 11.7 team went to Christ's Hospital and played a most enjoyable match. The first half was very even, and the only score was a good try by our captain, Chapman, who was playing his first match at stand-off. In the second half the Worth threequarters gradually asserted their superiority. After Maynard had scored a good opportunist try, some skilful passing enabled Gentry to cross our opponents' line, and then Bourne added three more points by a determined swerve and dive for the line. Thus Worth won 12—0.

Apart from those mentioned above, Conlin on the wing, Lesser as hooker, and Kemmis-Betty as a wing-forward showed promising form.

★ ★ ★

The League Matches were all played with great spirit, and except for the first in which the Red 1st XV beat the Blues by 18 pts. to nil, were extremely close. The Blues' forwards were not as good as usual, only French, Thompson and Westlake making much of an impression, and Bourne alone of the outsides was up to the average.

The Reds and Golds were very evenly matched. When they first met, there was no score at all. The Gold outsides, inspired by O'Donovan, were always dangerous, Kavanagh and Chapman doing some good runs. But Wells was good in defence for the Reds, and also threatened danger in many elusive attacks. In the replay, it was the Reds who showed more skill in their outsides, Wells and de Domenico combining very well, whereas Maynard and O'Donovan were a little off form. The Reds won another very even game by 9 pts to nil, Wells scoring two tries, and P. Galvin one.

Both the 2nd XV matches were won by only a try. In the first match the Reds beat the Blues by the only score of the match, a try following a fine forward rush. M. Lane and Callaghan were outstanding on the Blues' side,

and Andrews and Tantum on the Reds'. In the final, the Golds started off well, and, throwing the ball about well, led 6—0 at half-time, Shaw and Coward having scored good tries for them. In the second half, however, they did not play such an open game. Coward and A. Turnbull, two powerful runners, were starved, and the Red forwards gradually pulled the game round, led by Andrews, O'Meara and Tantum. O'Meara and Knowles scored tries to level the score, and in a really exciting finish a Red passing movement took the ball right across the field and finally Mandeville dived over the line near the corner flag to give the Reds a justly deserved victory by 9 pts to 6.

RIDING SCHOOL

There have been several additions to the Riding School this term. First, we have acquired two new ponies. One of them, 'George', is an old friend, since we have had him on loan for two terms already, and he distinguished himself by being the only pony with a faultless round in the jumping last Prize Day. Now, however, we have finally bought him, and he has been ridden both by experts and beginners throughout the term. The other new arrival is 'Ginger Pop', who only came in the last fortnight of the term. At 14.2 he is bigger than our other ponies, and is intended chiefly for older boys, although, at his previous stables, he has been ridden by quite young children.

Another acquisition is the complete set of jumps from the West Hoathly gymkhana; these consist of a brush-hurdle, single bar, gate, stile, triple-bar and wall, and we look forward to the day when someone will be able to go over them all—with his mount.

Lastly, we have received permission from the Hon. Clive Pearson and Mrs Rueff, through Captain Barran, to ride through the lovely woods on certain parts of the Paddockhurst Estate. This will be a very great boon all the year round, and we intend to do our best to respect the property thus opened to us.

A small gymkhana was held on St Gregory's day, at which the following won rosettes:

Open Jumping:	1. T. Phelan and C. Tantum.
	2. E. Hallinan.
	3. M. Kennedy.
Saddling Up Race:	S. Lane.
Apple-Bobbing:	R. White.
Water-Carrying Race:	V. Callaghan.
Sack Race:	M. Hegarty.
Walking Race:	P. King Ross.
Musical Sacks:	C. Koe.

CROSS COUNTRY

The practices for the League Cross Country Race this year were few, as it was decided to have the race earlier than usual, before too many of the star runners went to bed with Mumps. But these few practices enabled some of the younger runners to have improved considerably by the time they were called

upon to run for their leagues. T. Griffin, for example, was 61st in one practice, and 29th in the next, and Robson improved from 26th to 7th.

Two of the three practice runs were won by the Reds, and they possessed two of the best runners in the schools in Wells and Green-Armytage. The Golds had a good average team, however, and if both teams had been at full strength, a close race might have been expected. Then Moysey and Cuss, both good members of the Gold team, went to the Infirmary, and the Reds started the race on March 7th, with most people expecting them to win. Conditions were ideal—the sun was shining and the ground was firm.

Following the charge down the hill at the start Wells and Green-Armytage had taken the lead at the cricket field, and kept it to the hill up from the Stinking Pool. Wells maintained his pace up this, but his partner flagged here and was overtaken by R. Walker, with his loping stride. Williams had also caught up to Green-Armytage by the time the saw-mill was reached, and the rest of the 'field' were only just beginning to string out.

Across the fields at the end Wells kept up his strong stride and finished with a powerful burst in 13 minutes 13.5 seconds, over a minute less than last year's winning time. Walker was a good second and Green-Armytage drew well away from Williams on the last half mile. After the first five Golds and Reds had reached the stone pillar on the ha-ha which is the finishing post, only one point separated the two teams. But Shaw and Phelan did much better than the next two Reds, and even though Blackie finished last, the Golds beat the Reds by six points in an exciting finish.

The teams and their scores were:—

BLUES		GOLDS		Reds	
Williams	4	Walker, R.	2	Wells	1
Robson	9	Maynard	5	G.-Armytage	3
Burton	13	Chapman	6	de Domenico	7
Gibson	14	O'Donovan	8	Sheridan	10
Griffin, T.	17	Hurley	11	Church	12
White	19	Shaw	15	Hardy	18
McEnery, G.	21	Phelan	16	Milmo	20
Callaghan	23	Blackie	24	Ahearne	22
	<hr/>		<hr/>		<hr/>
	120		87		93

SOLUTIONS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Across: 1, Babylonians. 8, Out. 9, Sib. 11, Amputate. 15, Ce. 16, Cor. 17, Egit. 18, Cox. 20, Klan. 21, On. 23, N.T. 24, Gat. 26, Gaffe. 28, Useful. 31, Aer. 32, As. 33, E.E. 35, Otto. 36, Res. 37, Tale. 39, Atu. 40, D.S. 41, Digitalis. 43, Annuate. 44, Nob. 45, Ese. 46, Coy.

Down: Blackguards. 2, You. 3, Lute. 4, Otago. 5, I set. 6, Aid. 7, N.B. 10, Dexterously. 12, Molasses. 13, Prate. 14, Tin. 15, Confetti. 22, B.A. 25, Mu. 26, Go. 27, Fatal. 29, Fa. 30, League. 34, Elias. 37, Tin. 38, Ette. 41, D.N.B. 42, Ae. 43, Ao.

OUTWARDS

The following boy left the School in December 1949:—
D. S. Burnand.

REWARDS

Prizes were won in the Michaelmas Term by:—

R. Walker (1a), M. T. Abbott (1b), P. H. Milmo (2a), A. I. Mallet (2b), R. B. Petre (2c), P. R. Chapman (3a), S. R. Matthews (3b), M. D. C. Cuss (3c), I. P. Whatley (4a), M. C. P. Galvin (4b), A. V. Rowbotham (5a), O. D. Plunkett (5b), R. J. E. Foley (6).

The following successes of old Worth boys are reported from Downside:

L. C. K. V. Kelly. Beresford Hope Open Scholarship in History at New College Oxford.

W. P. M. Affleck, a Scholarship in Modern Languages at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge.

D. M. K. Moriarty and C. J. D. Gordon-Steward have passed into the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst.

J. Barclay, J. B. V. Grayson obtained School Certificates in the December Examinations.

K. Wylie is Head of the School at Downside.

UPWARDS

The School Officials for the Lent 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 1, de Salis 1, Barrett, McHugh, Griffin 1,

Westlake, Hawkins 1, O'Donovan, Focke, Birch, Maguire, Tantum.

Captain of Rugger: J. G. Wells.

Captain of Hockey: 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 January 1950:—

A. de P. J. M. Bueno, H. J. Conlin, C. H. Curtis, N. J. Martin, M. J. R. Mellotte, S. E. H. Poett, A. D. H. Winder.

L. G. WICKENS

(late C. A. Jones)

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