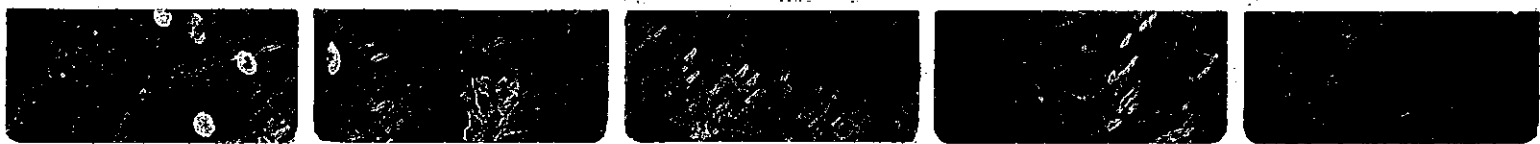
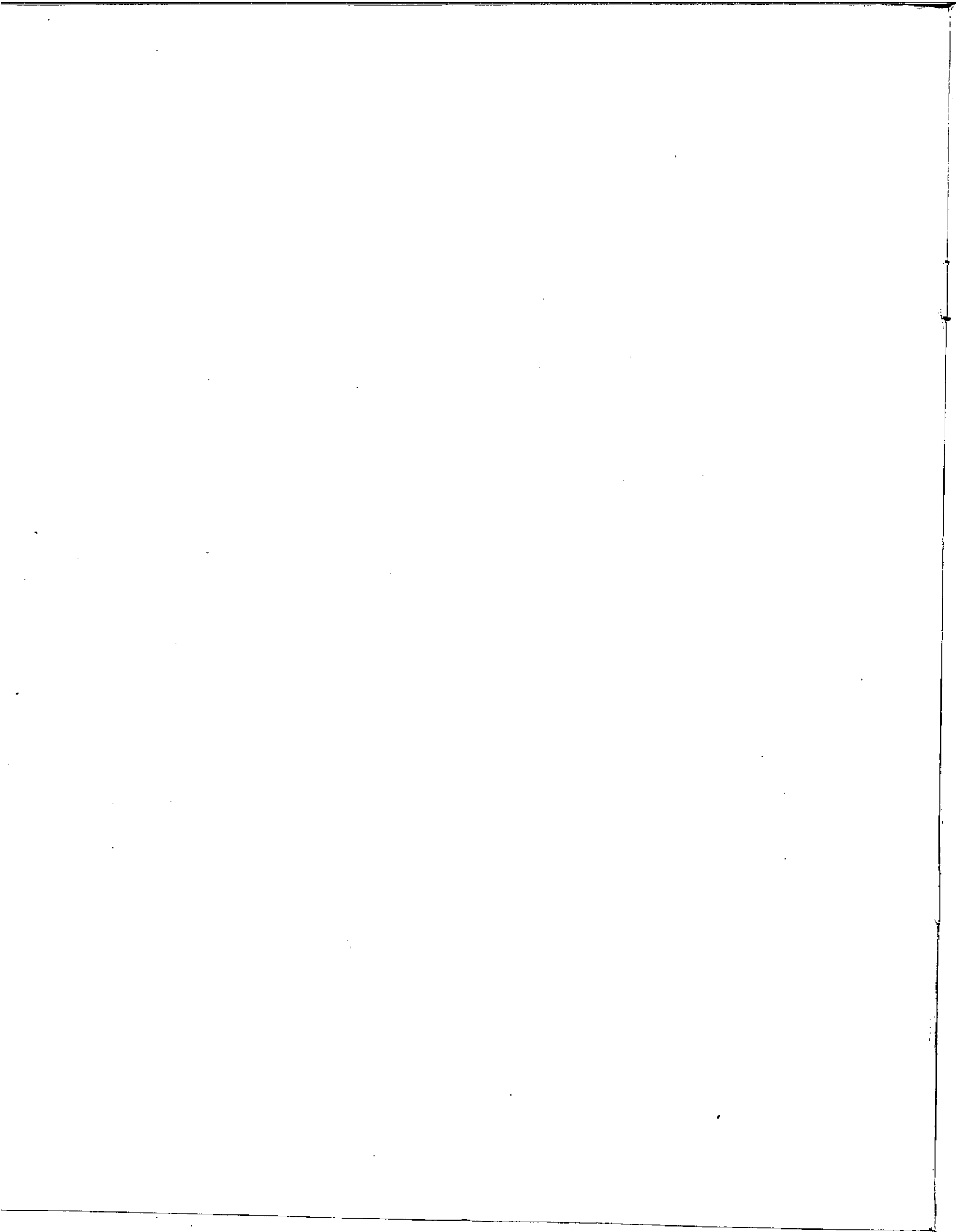


THOROUGHFARE





JUNE, 1975

EDITORIAL

Inevitably, this must be largely a vote of thanks to those responsible for the contents of this year's "Thoroughfare". The editor of a school magazine is constantly amazed at the quality of much of the work he is offered. As in previous years, a number of poems and short stories presented here are of the very highest calibre. Nevertheless, one can only regret the fact that a minimum number of gifted and enthusiastic volunteers have made the maximum contribution.

My thanks are due to the Headmaster, for his constant encouragement and his refusal to "flap" even under the severest editorial pressure. For the cover design, I extend my gratitude to Mr. Thompson. Photographs are by courtesy of the inimitable R. Seago and P. Close.

This is the culmination of a year of unrelenting activity in all fields. I think that all "brows", high, low, middle or otherwise, are catered for. As "Thoroughfare" invariably demonstrates, Chilton life takes many forms. Despite the worst efforts of those who wish to destroy the tradition of independent education in this country, it will surely continue to do so.....

M.J.J.

HEADMASTER'S LETTER

For the first time for several years Thoroughfare failed to appear in 1974 and it is therefore particularly pleasant to see it now going to the press once again. Worthwhile school magazines are not only costly to produce, but much of the work always seems to land on the shoulders of two or three people and this year's Thoroughfare is no exception. Mr. Jordan has spent a very long time collecting and editing material and at the same time the photographers have been very busy in producing prodigious numbers of prints after hours of splashing about in the dark room! I feel confident that the end product will be worthy of the effort that has gone into it.

It is perhaps remarkable that with ever increasing inflation Chilton's numbers rose to the highest level ever in the early part of this year and in fact hit the one hundred and twenty mark. In exams in the last two years we have had a really creditable level of achievement. This has not been quite matched in the sporting area, partly since the average age of the school has been lower than previously. However, this term has been marked by a particularly successful tennis season and some representation at County level in athletics.

We perhaps may say that 1975 and the preceding year have been notable for considerable additions to our lab. and classroom facilities. By the beginning of next term we shall have added a total of seven new classrooms and labs, plus a model Home Economics Centre and an exceedingly satisfactory Needlework and Dress Design Room. Last year we also introduced the use of video tape for recording educational TV series.

This is not the place to embark on the records of individuals, but it is very worthy of mention that in the early part of 1974 Chilton lost the services of John Venus, who had been here since the very beginning and had indeed been with the family some eighteen years. John not only made some excellent contributions to previous Thoroughfares, but he also knew where every fuse and nearly every drain in the place ran to. He was also invaluable to the Corps, to which he gave the benefit of many years of Royal Marines training, both in drill, navigation and ropework.

In the past two years it has been very pleasant to welcome a number of old Chiltonians. Indeed I hope that this Thoroughfare may be of interest to those who manage to see it by an exchange of news and it looks as if an independent Chilton Society may be in the making.

H.A.C.J.

WHAT SORT OF PLACE IS CHILTON?

by J. Gardner and M. Pullen.

Here is a survey written by two new boys. Its intention is to find out how Chilton compares with other schools and also to see what new boys feel about it.

MIXED SCHOOL

This is the first time that we have really witnessed a mixed atmosphere. About nine years ago, we were both at a co-educational school, but did not really appreciate it. Now however we are maturing and both of us really benefit from this feature of the school.

Another attractive feature of Chilton life is the numbers factor. Compared to the majority of schools, very few people attend Chilton. This helps to keep a family atmosphere throughout the school.

The food is of a high standard, in fact a great deal better than we have previously been accustomed to in our other schools. Something both of us really enjoy is the provision of drinks at morning break. It is comforting to say the least, to look forward to a hot cup of coffee or tea, with usually a biscuit as well, when one is having classes. This relaxes people so that they can go on and face the rest of the day.

Another welcome feature of Chilton life is the number of excellent outside events available in free time, e.g. gliding and sailing as well as everyday games like soccer and rugby. On wet days, moreover, the gym is available for use and games like table tennis and basketball are played. We have never been to a school that places such an emphasis upon sport. The very word is synonymous with Chilton Cantelo. One does not normally associate a school with shooting, gliding or sailing.

In the summer athletics and cricket are offered, while in the winter soccer is played.

However, when it comes to comparing boarding schools with day schools the main deficiency for us is the total absence of noisy atmosphere on the football terraces. This is something that a football fan who attends matches just cannot do without.

Chilton is situated in lovely Somerset countryside. Both of us have nearly always attended schools in suburban areas and we both appreciate the scenery that surrounds us even though one of us lives in the country.

What can one say in conclusion? On every point, cuisine, sporting life and scenery - Chilton comes out on top.

THE LIBRARY

Have you realised that most of us still receive our information from books? Have you also realised that most of the people of this world communicate in English? So that, as you see, most of the time, whether we appreciate it or not, we require books written in our mother tongue. For most of us it is fortunate that English is our mother tongue and therefore life is made relatively easy for us.

At Chilton Cantelo we have some five thousand books installed in the library. We also have an arrangement where by we can borrow regularly from the Somerset County Library. In this way we have a constantly changing supply of books to help with project and course work and with our private reading.

Some newspapers and many magazines reach the library and help is available in relation to career prospects and entry into the Armed Forces or University.

For many reasons the pupils should avail themselves of the resources of the library. To know your way about a library is of inestimable value since generally speaking, to know the layout of one library enables you to track down books in any library in later life since almost all countries in the Western world have now adopted the American based Dewey system.

System is what matters most in a library and only a strict attention to detail can keep a library at its best for the use of its customers. A wealth of information and pleasure can be derived from a library and all should take up this interest to benefit from one.

With the opportunity of using county resources and some of the financial resources of the school, the library can be systematically built up, new books purchased, catalogued and added to the library. Any pupil who does not make full use of the library is denying himself a first class opportunity.

W. I. Joce.

OUR VISIT TO LONGLEAT HOUSE

by Alison Frosdick

We all set out in the rickety school coach at approximately nine a.m. At the back of the coach we had to fit three to a seat, so we were rather squashed. Still Seago and Peter Close entertained us with their delightful songs, some of which we joined in. Then we played Chinese Whispers which every now and then would set us off into fits of laughter.

We arrived at the gates of Longleat at about ten A.M. We were allowed ten minutes to buy films and sweets etc. Then we started preparing Lizzy for the lions; she was busily saying her farewells when we noticed that, in the Monkey Reserve Mr. Mannaton's coach had been invaded by four monkeys. While we were laughing at this, we completely forgot about Lizzy until we reached the Lion Reserve. Then after preparing her so well for the lions a terrible thing happened; we discovered that she was just a fraction too large to slide through the skylight. So unfortunately we had to abandon the plan.

We had then finished inspecting the animals (I'm sure they enjoyed looking at us, as much as we enjoyed looking at them) and we were dumped in the car park and given our packed lunches. Unfortunately I think the sandwiches must have been in the refrigerator all night, because most of them were frozen solid and had ice on them. Well, we had to wait for about ½ hour, before the sandwiches finally thawed out!

I, at this time, was busily enjoying myself in the amusement arcade; trying to find out the pattern in which the cars stopped on one of the machines. I kept at this for about two hours, then I got bored and went off to do something else.

I met Lizzy (who was looking much better after nearly being thrown to the lions) and we walked about for a little while with Caroline, Lorraine, Seago, Coram and Close and went on the roundabouts and the swings in the playground.

Then I met up with Claude, Louis and Jacques and we went for a ride on the narrow gauge railway. This wasn't much fun because for twenty pence we only went ½ a mile there and ½ a mile back. After that we went on the Astrobounce and jumped around on it for about fifteen minutes. By that time, we were completely "whacked" and we made our way back to the coach. I got there first and managed to get a seat next to Trythall, one of the juniors. Jacques, Louis and Claude were last to get on the coach and we all had to budge up in the back seats to fit them in. Louis came and sat with Trythall and me.

We amused ourselves by playing Squares, then I went to sleep and I didn't know what happened until we reached Colditz Castle (em, sorry, Chilton Cantelo).

WINTER 1974

1st XV RUGBY REPORT

Although we lost more games than we won, and our scoring record was not high, I think that everyone of us enjoyed both the game and the opportunity to let off a little steam.

Many of the boys who are mentioned below have now left, or are leaving shortly. The ones who are staying, I hope, learnt a little from us.

Injury, as usual, took a toll. It seemed as though the laws of probability were just being a bit unfair to me as well as a few others.

John Gardner: Reserve. Only began to show interest at the end of the term, he would much rather play with a round ball. But he is going to be valuable next year.

Marcus Frith: Hooker. Found opposing hookers liked his legs, works hard, could get the ball next year.

Mark Pullen: Prop. A little shy of the game at first, but with coaching from Chris and myself, showed he could make a bulldozer.

Edward Waldron: Scrum. Did well, very keen, always at the bottom of Rucks.

Mosen Akhavi: Scrum. Small and wiry, more like an eel, than a person, had fun and did well.

Afshin Rabbi: Scrum. Again, like Mosen, wiry, quite a good tackler, enjoyed the food after as much as the match.

Derek Ward: Scrum Half. Not much I can say except "Great stuff", Des.

Michael Crockford: Blind Wing. A good player, could make something of himself.

Vince Morse: Not a very common sight to see a Welsh-Arabian Knight playing Full Back. Well done.

Stephen Trott: Scrum. Doing quite well. I'll sort him out at Yeovil College.

Tim Coram: Tim improved immensely after trying the game several times. Well done.

Jeremy Coram: Reserve. For his size, he was excellent. Must drink more milk.

Stuart Crane: Tall - ginger and? well take your pick, Stu did very well as far as injury would let him.

Chris Thoma: One of the very few Channel Island wonders. Used his weight and speed well, often doing a great duet with myself.

Bob Borde: Well, seeing I am writing this, I think it fair to let you judge me.

R. Borde.

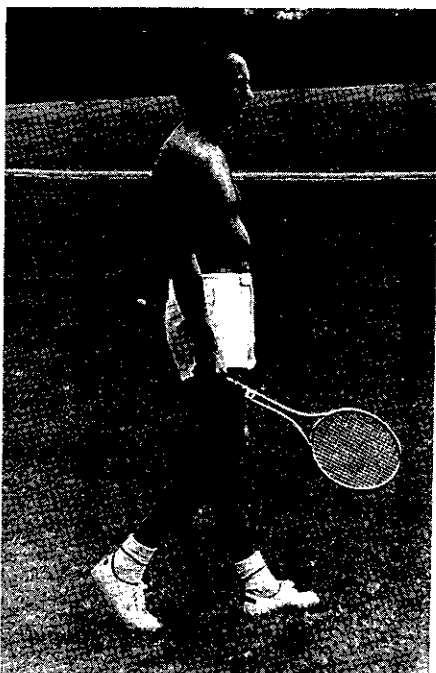
THE SCHOOL SHOW

By P. Close and R. Seago.

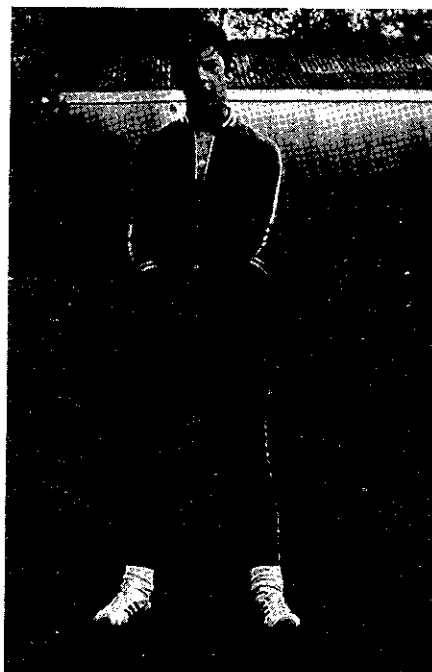
"All right, let's do it again" said Mr. Thompson, mustering an attempt at joviality. Dark forlorn figures got up off the floor and crawled onto the stage, taking their positions for yet another number. It was, by this time, like all the others, FLAT.

The first inkling of a school show came to Sue Pritchard while sitting in the tuck shop. Her idea of a zany show could have been influenced by the presence of Robert Seago.

The first I knew about it was in the tea break. A cluster of excited, jabbering people gathered round me and I found myself volunteered for the school show.



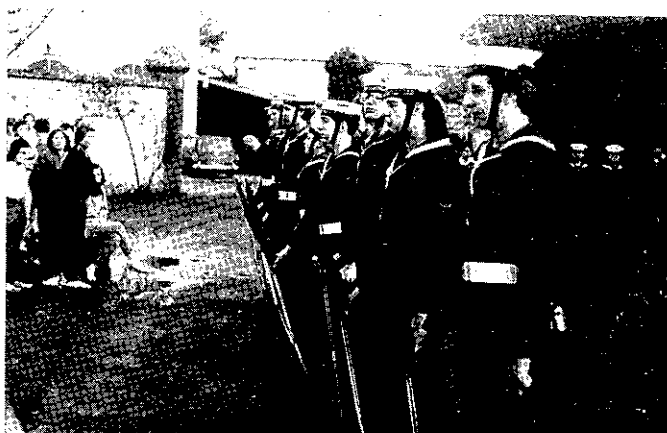
Anyone for tennis? Mr. John by Peter Close



Stephen Trott by Peter Close



Here at Chilton - pupils are made, not born.
Photo: Peter Close.



Sea Cadet Corps by Peter Close



"Fix Bayonets!"



Peter Close by Peter Close (School Photographer)



HAPPY CAMPERS



DAWN PATROL

Many of the numbers were adapted from Monty Python scripts, although given a certain Chiltonian flavour. Some of the Chiltonian written sketches were: Angels Opera by myself, Producers sketch by Robert Seago (as an effeminate producer), Radio Confusion (a hilarious cross channel affair) by myself and Michael North. Also, 'The Doctors' sketch - a trouserless Prussian doctor is let loose in a Berlin mental hospital - and not forgetting the excellent dance routines worked out by the girls.

Everyone worked extremely hard. For two days before the show, we rehearsed solidly from nine in the morning till eight thirty at night, by which time people fell back exhausted, groaning, "we'll never do it" and "I wish I had never volunteered for this thing".

We surmounted any number of crises, including walk-outs, loss of scripts and costume problems. We emerged on the opening night, dry-mouthed, terrified and wordless.

The "Angels Opera" which I thought would get things off to a good start, was received in stony silence due to the lateness of the accompanying music, but the Albatross scene went down very well.

Then came "Willkommen" done very well by the girls, Julie, Sharon, Alison, Pippa, Sandra and Lizzy. The Producers sketch (less said the better) and then "Spot the Braincell" starring Michael North and Tom Page wearing Sue Pritchard's skirt and a pair of Sea Cadets boots, as the traditional Mrs. Scum character, reduced everyone to tears of mirth. (?)

When the audience had recovered, Vince Morse sang some folk songs, which went down very well. There are many more scenes that would take a book to describe, so I will finish off with the last scene. This consisted of the singing of "You'll never go to heaven (rude overtones). I would like to thank those numerous persons who were not seen, but who contributed to the show.

Lighting	Simon (Taffy) Evans and Jonathan Rood
Who perched on the precarious scaffolding spotlight towers.	
Sound	Philip Brown
Stage Construction	Richard James
Make up	Lorraine Hendy, Stacy Dear, Stephen Trott and Matron.
Scene Shifting	Simon Gutteridge, David Hughes & Jeffrey Daniel.
Curtains	Kevin Honour
Scripts	We wish to offer our special thanks to Mrs. Brabyn for patiently typing out our numerous scripts.
Stage Manager	Stephen Trott

And the many others who appeared throughout the rehearsals, crawling out of little holes in the stage and making their presence felt, and also to Sue Pritchard, our original inspiration.

FOOTBALL THE CHILTON WAY

By C. Thoma

We play the popular 4-2-4 system which usually brings us many defeats, but also gains us a lot of goals. In our first match this season, we were beaten 3-2 by Yeovil Technical College. We fielded our first team, of average 16, against Yeovils of about 17 to 18. We did remarkably well, and gained praise from the Yeovil College sports master.

Our goal keeper, S. Gutteridge, has had plenty of practice, as we are usually under heavy pressure!

The back four consists of M. Pullen, R. Borde, M. Akhavi and S. Crane, all of whom do a most professional job, keeping in mind that we have little choice of players who fit into this role. S. Crane is one of our more skilful players as he is able to use both feet and his height makes him a good centre half. R. Borde is the other half of this splendid combination and has ability to go in hard due to his aggressive play.

In midfield we have two new boys, M. Woodford and J. Gardner, who both showed promise during our display against Y.T.C.

Up front we have two wingers. V. Morse on the right and M. Crockford on the left. These two help considerably when we break out of defence to mount counter attacks. The last two, in the most glorious position as strikers, are T. Coram and myself.

On behalf of the team, I thank Mr. Shortland, both for the hard training given us and for his work as referee.

RUGBY UNION

By M. Pullen

Today rugby is played in quite a lot of foreign countries and it promises to be introduced into many others.

When speaking of rugby, one can hardly forget the amazing South African Tour last year, when the British Lions (made up of players from Ireland, Wales, Scotland and England) won all their matches except for their last one, which they could only manage to draw. On the tour, Alan Old (brother of Chris Old, fast bowler of Yorkshire and England) created a new record with his place kicking.

At this moment, England are in Australia. So far they have had a rather disappointing tour and last week they lost their first test, but they are confident that they can outwit the "Wallabies" in the remaining matches. Unfortunately, this will be printed before the results are known.

One extremely sad feature of this tour is the non-availability of David Duckham. On his day, David Duckham of Coventry, Warwickshire, Barbarians, England, North Midlands, British Lions, and any other club you care to mention, is a sight not to be missed by even non-rugby enthusiasts. His ability to by-pass the opposition by side stepping and amazing speed is simply superb. I have supported Coventry for about five years and hence I have had one of the best introductions to Rugby Union Football, possible.

However, as far as playing goes, I didn't play rugby until last season (at seventeen) when I came to Chilton. Not one of my previous seven schools played the game.

TRIP TO TRESKO

By Susan Elizabeth Eastham

During my first term at Chilton Cantelo I was asked by Mr. Thompson, the art teacher, if I would like to go to Tresco (one of the Scilly Isles), to the Easter Art School.

All the arrangements were made and finally I was all packed and ready to go on the morning of Sunday 23rd March 1975.

We all set off in the school coach with Richard James as our driver. We went all the way by coach until we reached Penzance; then we spent one night in a youth Hostel there. The next morning we crossed over by the mail boat to St. Mary's, which is the largest of the Scilly Isles. Tresco is a sub-tropical island and it is situated no more than 40 miles from the south-west tip of Cornwall.

The next stage of our trip began when we changed boats at St. Mary's taking a smaller inter island launch to New Grimsby Harbour on Tresco.

Having landed safely, we travelled from the harbour up a very steep hill to "The Old Vicarage", which was the house where we stayed. As there are no motor-cars in Tresco, we went in a tractor converted into a passenger vehicle rather like a train. On the way up the hill we passed a few houses, a pub and the main Tresco stores, where we obtained our provisions.

The first thing we did when we were inside the house, was to choose our bedrooms. I shared a bedroom with "Lizzy" Dawson, the head girl, and Claire Thompson, Mr. Thompson's eldest daughter. From our bedroom window, we had a beautiful view of the beach and sea with rocks protruding out in places.

Whilst we were there we occupied most of our time by exploring, drawing and painting the island and its wonderful scenery.

One afternoon, we decided to explore a cave by the sea. The cave was called "Piper's Hole". We took with us a few torches, but they didn't really seem to be much good. We clambered in as far as we could, but found that we had to stop because of the depth of fresh water in the cave, which must have been at least eight feet.

The milk in Tresco is extremely thick and creamy compared to our milk in Somerset. Perhaps this is due to the different breed of cattle and their grazing.

We all decided that, before we left the island, we just had to see the beautiful Abbey gardens. Before we went to see the gardens, as requested by Mr. Thompson, the head gardener came and talked to us and showed us slides, which had been taken to illustrate the colours at all times of the year. When we finally went to the Abbey gardens I took with me my camera with a colour film in it, and took some beautiful pictures of the plants and trees.

Tresco is the second largest of the Isles of Scilly.

In 1834 Augustus Smith, an energetic, far-sighted, Hertfordshire squire, obtained from the Crown the lease of Scilly to become Lord Proprietor. To alleviate, and eventually stamp out, the terrible hardships being endured on the inhabited islands, he vigorously carried out a series of reforms in land apportionment and education, making enemies whilst so doing, but bringing an undreamed of prosperity to Scilly.

On rugged Tresco, he set up residence, building a house which he named Tresco Abbey. Here he cleared twelve acres of bracken and scrub on the south facing side of a hill, and from the Royal Botanic Gardens of Kew, obtained a number of plants to commence a tropical garden. Scillonian seamen returning from their world-wide travels brought with them exotic specimens for the Lord Proprietor, who soon realised that although Scilly was relatively free of frost, special protection from the high winds was necessary if the collection was to flourish. Augustus Smith planted a belt of Californian pines to act as a wind break, which is still an outstanding feature of the island. Today there are over 5,000 varieties of trees, shrubs and plants, many of which cannot be grown elsewhere in the British Isles.

Near the entrance to the Abbey gardens is Valhalla, an extraordinary exhibition of ships' figure-heads and other relics salvaged from nearby wrecks.

The present day lessee is Lieutenant Commander T. Dorrien Smith, Royal Navy, retired, a member of the family descended from Augustus Smith. Visitors are welcome and modest charges are made for landing by boat, also for entrance to the Abbey gardens and Valhalla. During the holiday season a daily steamer service, Sunday excepted, is maintained between Penzance and St. Mary's the main island. The 40 mile journey takes three hours, and although day excursion facilities are available, a longer stay in Scilly would be a rewarding experience.

Motor launches leave St. Mary's Quay for Tresco, which is only 2 miles away, as well as for most of the other islands in the group. Passengers for Tresco land at New Grimsby on the west, Old Grimsby on the east or the southern landing quay of Carn Near, depending on local conditions. To the north of Old Grimsby is a hotel in an attractive setting.

On Tresco, the population is less than 300. The island, roughly 2 miles long and a mile wide, is encircled by foot paths. On three sides are beautiful stretches of white crystal sand and because of the intensity of the sun's rays summer visitors are advised to protect themselves against sunburn.

To end our art trip, we went down to the harbour by the same means that we used to go up to the house, and travelled back to St. Mary's.

From St. Mary's harbour we then got on a coach that took us to St. Mary's heliport. There is a regular helicopter service to Penzance and St. Mary's, so we got on the helicopter at St. Mary's to go back to Penzance and it only took us about 20 minutes.

We finished our journey by taking a coach to Penzance a train from there to Exeter, and finally the school coach back to school - short of taking shank's pony, we had used everything.

SEA CADETS

During the past two or three years, our unit has accumulated a good deal of experience in all aspects of Cadet training, meeting with unprecedented success in all fields. In 1974, we received the highest award that can be given to an efficient unit - the Burgee - from Admiral Rawbone. In the same year, we were successful in the area five-a-side soccer, seven-a-side rugby, swimming and athletics. Stuart Crane and Derek Ward both passed their leading seaman examinations - the former also passed his Petty Officer's examination.

To top this year off, we won the Sea Cadet Sailing competition. Throughout the year, we were constantly sending cadets to Hamworthy on training courses. This year's Inspection Day was also a most rewarding and memorable occasion.

On the whole, therefore, the last two years have been veritably littered with prizes, trophies and awards. Keep up the good work, gentlemen!

Anonymous.

THE HILL

The Hill; windswept bushes, twisted trees.
Round within roundness,
The angular excavations spoil the roundness.
Their square sides seem to insult the roundness,
Everything revolves around the roundness.
Steep sides surround the roundness
Too steep to climb in some parts.

Soldiers fought upon these robust hills many years ago,
Visitors stood upright on the walls now gone.
Grass once was red with blood spilled
From the bodies of enemies.....and friends.

Now it is luscious green.
The winds calms a little,
The rain stops,
The hill is wrapped in its peaceful serenity once more.

ALISON FROSDICK

WALKING IN THE SNOW

You can hear the snow crunching under your feet.
Wherever you look, white snow falling everywhere.
The snow starts to fall down my neck.
The snow falls on the trees, and makes the branches sparkle.
The snow stops and the sun comes out.
The snow starts melting and turns into slush.
And the trees start to blossom and summer comes.

J. GOSS

URBAN CONTRASTS

By Julie Durrant

The people emerged from their grey front doors. Silently, like programmed machines, they walked down the same garden paths they had trodden for years. Their blank, grey faces were shuttered. The trees stood vacantly and looked upon what they had seen so many times before with boring consistency.

Oh, what a lovely day, a great to-be-alive day. There would be so much to do. The sun was shining brightly on the Frost, which gave it an eerie look. As people walked gaily along, their feet made the brittle grass crunch. Children skipped and ran to school with their coats hanging undone. No need to keep warm today.



THE BROOK



"LIZZIE"

By R. Saago



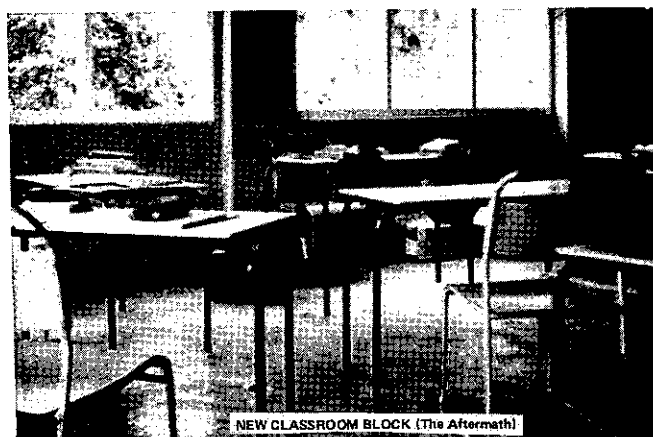
THE UNTOUCHABLES



THE UNTOUCHABLE ONE



Richard Parrett by Peter Closs
"The Human Bomb"



NEW CLASSROOM BLOCK (The Aftermath)



LORRAINE AT LONGLEAT

THE HOLIDAY IN NORTH AMERICA

By R. Terry (J.A.)

The Green family were planning to go to North America. There was Mr. and Mrs. Green, the parents, and the children Mary and Peter. Peter was nearly thirteen, and Mary was sixteen.

Mr. Green's parents lived in North America. He was born there and had lived there for twenty-six years, until he moved to England. He had been back to America twice, but Mrs. Green, whose parents lived next door, had never been. It was round about the end of May when the Greens planned the trip. They packed and got ready to go, leaving the blue skies and green grassy fields, and their nice house, surrounded by pretty flowers and green hedges.

They drove to Heathrow airport and caught a plane to Washington, the capital. It was not the first time that Mary and Peter had seen old Mr. and Mrs. Green, as they had been to England. Old Mr. and Mrs. Green met the family at the airport and drove them to their house on the ranch. On the ranch they had six dogs, a flock of sheep and cattle and six horses. The animals were in a dangerous position, as they were close to the mountain where the cougars and pumas lurked. These cats sometimes attack domestic animals, and had been trying to kill the farm animals which were guarded by the dogs on the ranch.

Cougars do not attack humans, but one cougar had succeeded in killing a cow. They usually move one by one, so as not to be seen or heard easily. The dead cow was dragged under the fence and into a field near the lair of the cougar, where she and her family started eating it. Old Mr. Green saw what was happening from his bedroom window, and told his sons to chase the animal. They loaded their guns and rode away. The dogs were barking madly and tracking the cougars.

When the cougars heard the dogs they ran for their lives, the mother running behind her cubs to protect them. She took the cubs to safety, but she herself went on somewhere else. She jumped on to a wall and then across a rift. The dogs went straight past the lair. The men followed the dogs, but when they came to the wall they lost the smell of the cougar. The men climbed on top of the wall and suddenly saw the cubs peeping out of the rocks. They decided to trap the mother cougar by hanging up the dead cow inside a cage on the ranch land. They agreed to sort out the cubs the next day. On their way home, they picked up the dead cow and one of the men put it on his horse. They put it in the shed for the night.

They started work at nine o'clock and worked for two hours non-stop. After a rest they started work again. By the evening they had not finished building the cage, so they started work again next morning. It took two days to build the cage.

Cougars are nocturnal, and their prey is anything up to the size of a deer. They hunt when they are hungry during the day. The very night they had finished the cage, the cougar came to the ranch, and finished eating the cow. Her appetite satisfied, she fell asleep in the cage and Peter quietly shut the door. When she woke she found the door shut and screamed for her kittens. Two nature reservists heard her and called at Mr. and Mrs. Green's house. They asked if the cougar was wild and why she was in the cage, and Mr. Green said that she kept attacking the sheep and cattle. They told him to let her go as she probably had kittens to look after, and anyway the dogs could guard the ranch. Mr. Green let her go and she returned to her lair.

The mother cougar never dared to go to the ranch again and hunted only wild animals. Her enemies are humans, dogs and eagles which will attack the kittens when the mother is out of the way. The kittens are tawny with black spots until they are six month old, when they become plain tawny. A cougar's gestation period is about fourteen weeks and she gives birth to two or three kittens, although sometimes it can be as many as six.

CAMEO FROM VIETNAM

By Peter Close

"Le Say Nam" lived with her two small children on the side of a hill ten miles from Hanoi. Her husband was with the guerrillas fighting against the Americans. Night after night, streams of American bombers would pass over to unload their explosive cargoes on the city. From the door of her shack, Le Say Nam would watch the fires and listen to the hum of returning aircraft. By day the "gunships" patrolled the area searching for guerrilla camps. These "gunships" were U.S. helicopters bristling with machine guns and "Napalm" bombs. Their job was to search out the Communist forces in their woodland hideouts and to bomb and "strafe" them.

One day as Le Say Nam was washing the children's clothes a party of Communists, burst in to the clearing. Then overhead appeared a small scout helicopter. The men dived inside the shack. Le Say Nam now saw that they had with them a wounded man. He was dragging his leg and was helped by a comrade, he swore frequently with the pain. The helicopter circled overhead twice and then disappeared. The children continued to play, not having noticed the appearance of the guerrillas, Le Say Nam dropped her washing and ran inside.

The officer in charge was looking fearfully out of the window while the others gathered round the wounded man. When he saw her, the officer hurriedly explained their predicament.

Luckily, the American helicopter that had surprised them in the open had carried only two men and as they had run for cover in the trees the observer had fired on them with a light automatic weapon, wounding one of the men in the leg. The other men stood back while Le Say Nam looked at him. His face was screwed up and saliva dribbled from the corner of his mouth, "Can you help?" the officer asked. "I am but a poor woman and know nothing of medicine, but I will do what I can", she replied, as she spread a blanket over him and propped up his head with a bundle of rags "Water", he croaked. The officer motioned to a man near the door who came over with a mug of water. The man drank greedily and water spilled over his beard, neck and throat, then he lay back and slept.

It was dusk when they heard the beat of the motors, the officer ran to the door and peered up, he turned to his men and hissed "Yankee napalm". The men picked up their weapons and tumbled out into the clearing, then suddenly a big "gunship" helicopter swept over the trees about a hundred feet up. The officer and his party broke for the woods. Le Say Nam swept the two children up in her arms and followed them. When she had got about fifty yards, the first bomb fell, scoring a direct hit on the shack. It immediately burst into flames, consuming all her worldly possessions and the wounded man.

Machine gun bullets kicked up the dirt behind her as she ran. Then suddenly there was the forest, its leaves and branches closed protectively behind her. Here she thought, we will be safe. The illusion was shattered as the next stick of napalm bombs fell, setting alight the forest. Flames leaped up and in the glow from the hut she could read the number 106 and the words "U.S. ARMY". The crew of Helicopter One O Six continued to rake the clearing with bullets, not knowing they fired on a woman and children in the darkness below.

As she watched, two more "gunships" joined the first and from this troops began to descend. As they touched the ground, they opened fire on the woods where the guerrillas hid and when bullets began to whine over Le Say Nam's head, she realized she was in the middle of a gun battle.

Standing up, she called on the Americans to stop firing, but mistaking her for a guerrilla, the cursing soldiers directed their fire against her. Bullets hit her in her left forearm, almost severing it completely. Losing consciousness she fell down. When the Americans found that the guerrilla fire was too much for them, they called up the helicopters, which had been hovering overhead, like great guardian angels, to drop more fire bombs on the forest. This they did, one stick falling ten feet from Le Say Nam and her children.

Next morning, when the troops pushed on into the woods they found the bodies of Le Say Nam and her children, burnt to a crisp.

WINTER IN DORM 16

At seven promptly every morning
The bell goes off like a horn,
This is a warning, A new Chilton day is dawning,
Here comes the duty Aide.

All the members of the Dorm
Shuffling slowly across the floor,
Exit for washing, through the door.

Half asleep we stand in the cold,
Wash in silence, then get dressed,
Feeling somewhat more refreshed, we wait for roll call
After the morning's brief turmoil.

Anon.

AN AUTUMN AFTERNOON

Leaves are falling here and everywhere,
Playing in the Autumn wind.
The wind that swishes,
Through the almost leafless trees.

Leaves are floating, turning, twisting,
As if playing a happy game,
Branches fall, trees creak and groan,
Like an old man in pain.

Toadstools are popping their heads through the ground,
Like villages freshly built.
Their tops like mole fur,
Their bottoms like the pages of a book.

The puddle is like the sea,
Lumps of mud make rocks,
Floating leaves make ships,
Some of the ships have sunk.

J. Frosdick

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A PENNY

By Judith Frosdick.

I am a penny. I am living at the moment in a dark leather thing, which I think you call a purse. I was just settling down, when the purse opened, letting in a shaft of golden sunlight. I was rudely snatched and put into a hot clammy hand. The hand dived into a pocket, taking me with it. I stayed there for a while and was juggled around as the person ran down the road. When we reached our destination, the hand felt around till it found me. I was put into the slot of what I think was a bubble gum machine, and spun down a ramp. When I reached the bottom, badly bruised, I found myself on top of lots of other pennies. It was very dark, but I could feel pennies dropping. Then, suddenly, the front opened. The sun was still high in the sky, so I guessed that it was about 12 o'clock. All the pennies were put into a brown cloth bag and were taken to a big place, where people stood behind bars.

We stayed there for some time, till we were given as change to an old man, who was our new master. We stayed in his pocket till the evening. That was the end of the day.

BROKEN ANGELS

By P. R. Close

The barn door threw a shaft of yellow light onto the wet cobbles. With the light came the sound of jocularity. A lone figure staggered out and vomited onto the stones. This was an angel wedding.

Acrid exhaust fumes drifted out of the door like a piece of floating chiffon accompanied by the bellowing roar of the Norton-commando, the shaft of light widened and, through it rode Frankie Boxon with his 'wife' Judy clinging to his odorous denim jacket. Behind them a group of cheering angels erupted into the alley, shouting obscenities and laughing.

The wheels of the Norton spun slightly on the cobbles and then the lights were left behind, the streets turned to hedgerows, the lampposts to trees. All the time Judy was conscious only of the damp of road spray on her face and the almost living vibration beneath her. She closed her eyes and buried her head in Frankies soiled and smelly jacket.

Frankie Boxon was in fact about one degree above animal status, his flat slav face betrayed his endomorphic personality. He lived only for his bike, he loved it, cherished it beyond anything else and now to feel its thunder beneath him, its faultless passage through the night filled him with a sort of burning power. He felt the master of the world. It was then that he saw the headlights..

They were about a quarter of a mile away, flickering through the trees, they belonged to the Ford Anglia drivers by Arthur Simmly who, with his wife Margaret was returning from their weekly visit to Margaret's sisters. "And you should see that bathroom lino of theirs", "Yes dear", said Arthur not really listening. "Old bag" he thought, and immediately despised himself for the thought. He resumed his absent minded study of the cats eyes down the centre of the road. Clever, he thought, how they lit up like that.

Frankie grinned, he had already made up his mind about what he was going to do; he was going to scare the pants off those smug gits in the car; he'd really prove what a helluva guy he was. The trick was to hold on course, straight at the motorist, to the last minute. The startled driver would then swerve madly, and with any luck would end up in a hedge or ditch. Ahead was an old stone railway bridge. Frankie judged with glee that they would meet just about there. Such was his mentality.

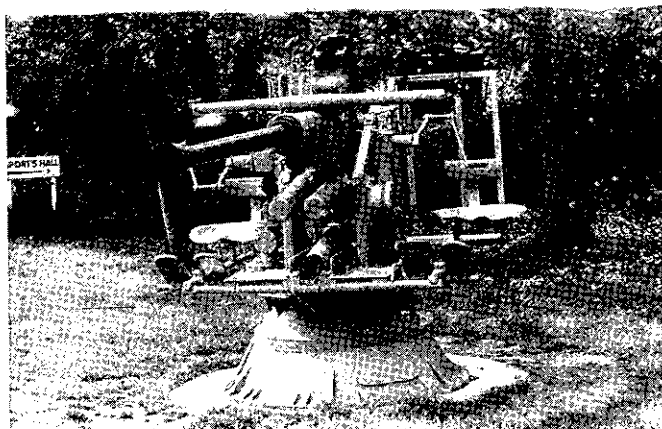
Either it was the alcohol or the excitement of the evening that affected him. It doesn't really matter. Frankie's timing was off.

Frankie was laughing with demonic glee as the two swept together at a closing speed of 120 mph. Judy looked curious, saw the car and began to laugh. "Good old Frankie", always one for a laugh.

Only at the last moment did he realise they weren't going to make it, his grin vanished and a steamhammer blow of fear hit him in the stomach. Judy was still laughing until the moment they collided. then she opened her mouth to scream and died. Somewhere above the Anglia's bonnet Frankie Boxon, Judy and the Norton parted company, then they fell in a tangle of smashed components, lying stillbroken angels.

FOR SALE ADDS

14 Dead Stick Insects, will exchange for part-used Boa Constrictor. Apply



"We're ready for them" by Peter Close



Susan Coplowe by Peter Close



Veronica Graves by Peter Close



Ed Danby by Peter Close



"GO!"



"Helly" by Peter Close



BATH



THE CRESCENT

WINE LIST (Château Chilton)

Black Stump Bordeaux.	A fine mellow wine for those keen on regurgitation.
Hobart, Muddy.	A brackish wine, sifted through layers of luscious pond Slime.
Rothschild de Swindon	When mixed carefully with fermented parrots droppings and mellowed in the upper regions of the Gorbals, makes excellent Shampoo.
Solihull pink.	Peppermint-flavoured burgundy that has been favourably compared with the best of Welsh turnip juice (when of course strained heavily through a Scottish navvy's sock (right).
Rocheport du Turnditch	Brewed in the un-enclosed wild lands of Egdon Heath.

LONELINESS

Sitting all alone
In my one little world,
Does anybody love me?
Does anyone care.
Maybe somewhere
I'll find peace, love and friendship,
But there is nowhere, nowhere in this lonely world.

My one little room
Four walls, one ceiling, one door,
Nothing on the walls, but blank open spaces.
Like dark gaping holes,
Waiting to swallow me up.
In the distance, soft murmuring voices,
What they are talking about
I'll never know for I'm on my own.

A cold wet face forced on to the pillow
Wet from crying and from anger,
Wet from the thinking nobody cares,
Maybe some day I'll know I was wrong,
But at the moment I'm alone,
Alone in my one little world.

J. Frosdick.

L O V E

By Peter Close

With a ripping noise like tearing calico, a bomb landed at the end of Wash Lane. People cringed in expectation of a blast that never came. A dud, a fault possibly incurred by neglect of a German "Krupps" worker or some patriotic Frenchman forced into making bombs for the "Sale's Bocher".

Whatever or whoever had caused the mechanism to fail had saved the lives of Martin and Vera Harris. They were standing at the blacked-out window of their house when the whining - tearing sound from above heralded the approach of a bomb; Martin dived for the floor, pulling Vera down with him. The sound got louder and louder until it seemed to fill the world, the room, his head; there was nothing in the world but that filthy black egg coming to smash them, pound them to destruction. Suddenly he had a ghastly vision of it plummeting down through the cold darkness, the bomb was smiling, and it was going to hit them now! now! now!

Then, incredulously silence; he looked up dazedly. Am I dead? he thought. Beside him lay Vera. He lifted her up and saw her face coated with a loose, thin film of plaster; for an agonising second he thought she was dead, then she smiled and they were alive and it was all so ridiculous that they laughed and cried with the convulsiveness of hysteria.

The next morning Martin slipped out by the back door and cut through "Ma Grebb's" cabbage patch on his way to work at the chemical factory.

The bomb disposal men were out crouching round a crater in the road where it had fallen. There was a barricade across the road so he took a side alley, soon leaving the knot of people, regarding it with an air of those in fear of waking some great monster far behind.

Bomb disposal sergeant Frank Ainsworth drew the detonator out the last bit of the way. He had cut all the wires except a small, concealed blue one that was positioned right at the back. This was the tripwire for a booby-trap mechanism designed especially for this type of occasion.

Suddenly there was a red light in his eyes and a searing heat tore at his clothes. There was a purring sound in his ears and then he was dead. The monster had awakened.

Streets away Martin heard the deafening blast and was thrown to his face by the flying bricks and blast of hot air. At first he didn't understand, then he knew and was running, his brain pounding, the words "Vera, God let you be all right, God please" surging through his head. As he ran past houses people were rushing out and asking each other what it was. As he passed, Martin heard one old man turn to his wife and say "Wash Lane, Vera . . . Wash Lane". As he rounded the corner at the bottom of the road an appalling mass of destruction met his eyes; the entire row of houses was flattened and there, beneath the tons of brick and cement lay Vera - her prim body crushed by the debris. He stood for a long time staring at the wreckage, then he realised that there was an ambulance man at his elbow pressing a mug of something into his hand. He turned and in a choked voice asked "Vera . . . house . . . gone? . . . 'Fraid so son, said the man, nobody left in that lot". He moved off to inject an old woman in the corner. It was Ma' Grebb, but he didn't recognise her - he just stood staring into nothingness, feeling nothing

LONDON RIVER

Towards the close of a long winter's night, the moon, almost full, began to set behind the roofs and chimneys of Battersea power station, and the first few thin clouds came scudding inland through the winter stars from Tilbury towards Woolwich and the West India Docks. The wind from the north east, blowing east, bleak and spitting with rain and a Nicholson's tug making an early start came throbbing up river, pushing against the tide, round Greenwich Point and the Reach, past the Isle of Dogs, its red, green and white navigation lights sliding by against the darkness of the opposite shore, their reflection bobbing in the swirling waters.

The tug thrashed on and its wash surged, dragging and slapping along the wharves and walls, swirling 'neath piers and chopping cross currents among the shallows and banks of grey mud beaches, lobbing the driftwood onto the shingled foreshore fronting the Royal Naval College at Greenwich. Moonlight glinted on the city debris, on a floating bottle, and on a tin driven with the wind and tide.

There was the river smell, compounded of tar, diesel oil, coal and damp ashes, rust and sewerage and dead cats. Empty barges boomed as they collided at their rusting moorings, the last of the wash sucking and slopping along their sides. The twinkling lights of the power station soothed the oily depths with shine and shadow, and the tug pushing on round by the Commercial Docks on the Surrey Side.

In the sidings, behind, a shunting engine, wheezed and whooped amongst its brood of trucks, seeming to clash and clutter in brash ignorance through the dottle of the night.

At last the ware that was the wake settled in the drag of the tide, and the distant shunting faded into the emptiness. All was silent, save for the wind now that rose, moaning through the rusted holes in iron fences, rustling the dead leaves and bits of newspaper, rattling windows, banging a gate now minus a latch, blowing in cold from the winter sea and the waste beyond.

THE CHILTON HALL OF STARDOM.

a series of records, films and T.V. programmes
that Chiltonians might have starred in.

Craftwork	Mr. Cornford.
Little house on the prairie	Senior Common Room.
I did it my way	Captain.
Department of youth	4 0'.
Kojak	Mr. Sopp.
The persuaders	Aides.
Come and join the revolution	Seniors.
Suffragette City	Girls Common room.
I'm a walking miracle	J. Coram.
Voyage to the bottom of the sea	Major Morton at Sutton Bingham.
"Smoking in the boys room"	Old Senior Common.
2nd House	Mercury
Doctor No	Mr. Brooks.
Six million dollar man	Akhavi.
"Don't step on my blue suede shoes"	Mr. John.
Angel face	Miss Noakes.
King Kong-v-Godzilla	Mr. Manaton v Captain.
This town ain't big enough for the both of us	Captain & Mr. Manaton.
Crazy Horse	Vince.

WAIT FOR DEATH

As I sit here in the morning sun,
Wet with the blanket of dew
Covering my torn shredded rags,
I think of the day that has passed;
That I'm still together in body, if not in mind.
I thank you, God.

Minutes pass on; hours; I'm still alive,
Breathing air defiled with gas,
Knowing that the end is near.
I pray forgiveness, for the men
I have sent to hell or heaven,
Knowing it is me to leave next.

In the distance I hear the enemy advancing,
My leg so badly cut, it is a sin to move:
It is only minutes till I join my comrades;
In one way I shall be glad,
If by chance I go to hell,
It will be luxury after this,
This mass of scorched earth,
Saturated with the juice of man.

C. THOMA

WORKING CLASS VOID

Dusk is falling like a grey damask veil,
Darkness will soon come reaching out,
Now fake light illuminates this concrete void.
With motor ways, cars and lorries rumbling on into the night
The trade mark of peace destroyed.

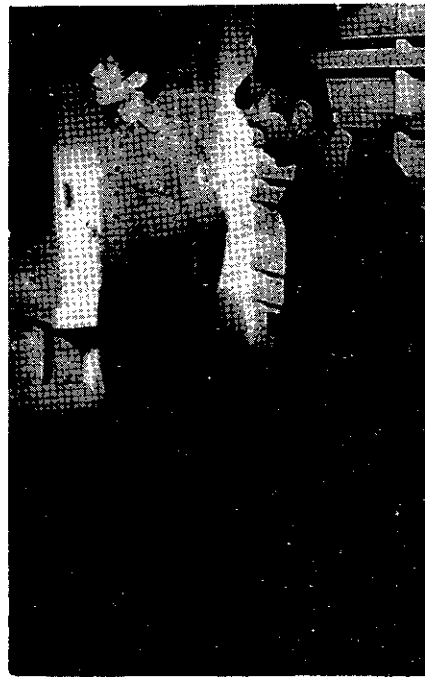
Soon now the conventional working class man,
Will be sitting in front of the "tele"
Drinking beer from a can.
His middle aged wife sitting,
Every now and then will look up from her knitting.
He'll grunt, shift his feet,
And consider his evening complete.

As soon as the "tele" shuts down,
He'll heave a big sigh and pull a slight frown,
Plod up the stairs, feel his tattooed arm itch.
Him and his missus will have a row,
She'll call him a sod, he'll call her a bitch
He'll stomp to the bathroom.
She'll put her curlers in for the night,
He'll come back and they will hop into bed and put out the light
And you think, was it worth it,
Was it worth the effort,
Day after day after day.

SHARON OSMOND



"MIDGE"



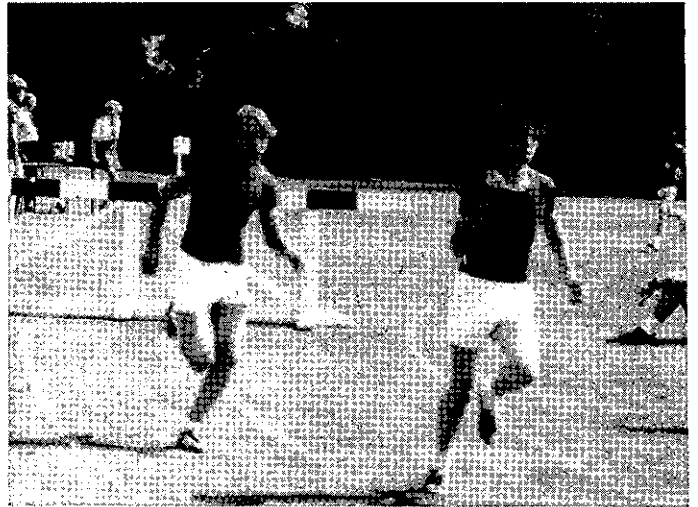
TAKE IT SERIOUSLY !



THE NEWCOMER



The Chilton Racing Team by Peter Close



SPORTS DAY '74 Taken by R. Seago



TUG - O - WAR Taken by R. Seago



The 3.30 at Chilton, the senior common-room,
Photo: Peter Close



WELL REALLY!



REACH!

NEWS OF OLD CHILTONIANS

Arthur Swain has now returned from flying one of the two Navy Helicopters in the south Atlantic and is currently with the Solent Search and Rescue Unit waiting to become a civilian at the beginning of next year. He will also, we understand, be getting married in the Autumn.

Pat Swain has not been in communication for some time, but we understand is still farming turkeys near Santiago in Chile and has one child.

Mary Carslake has been to Chilton two or three times recently and is to be married at the end of this month. She has spent some time travelling round North America and has seen two or three old Chiltonians on the way.

Rex Carslake has just graduated from Aberystwyth University and looks like aiming to become a Psychiatrist !

Margaret Skew (née Daniel) has, we understand, just acquired her degree, was married last year and is now teaching at Trowbridge.

Peter Isaac has recently telephoned, spending a fortnight's leave in this country from his job on the New Zealand Times.

Philip Unwin was married during the year and is currently cruising in the Far East and also contemplating leaving the R.N.

Nicholas James is completing his second year in New Zealand, working for the National Bank and is at Invercargill at the extreme south of South Island.

Chris Thomas-Peter is now married and P.E. Master at Sevenoaks School.

Brian Thomas-Peter is just graduating from Loughborough and aims, we think, to be a Psychiatrist, after another University course.

Peter Panayotou has telephoned from Greece on various occasions, frequently at time of crisis ! In spite of all he seems to be living a fairly luxurious life.

Miffi Graves is shortly to be married in France after a most successful and pleasant job in Vienna.

Lorraine Frost is still in Brussels and has a good job with I.T.T.

Wendy Allison has completed a year's foundation course in Art at Falmouth Tech. and is now hoping to start a degree course elsewhere.

Jackie Jacques has recently visited us and is getting on well.

Nick Harris did not make his usual appearance at the Bath and West Show, but his firm's stand appeared more prosperous than ever and we understand that he is now in sole charge.

Mike Wilson recently visited us and is now well established on the staff of the Bristol Hospitals' Board.

We hear that Venetia Hawker is shortly expecting to get her flat racing jockey's licence.

Eric Brunet is working at McGill University in Canada, on a Solar Energy project. He is also doing quite a lot of research for his father's sculptures.

Glen McLean has bought a house outside Ottawa where he is living with his 4 cats, and is working on Government Computer Programming. He has taken up cross country skiing and marathon running.

John Hines will be working for a Building Society in Bristol very shortly after taking 'A' levels.

John Luff has been playing Rugby for Cardiff and both he and Jeremy are well established in the Quarrying business.

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