

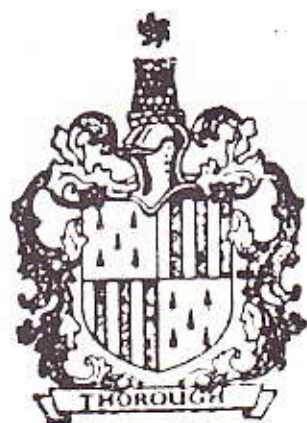
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SUMMER 1976

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SOMERSET AND DISTRICT, 5-a-side (Senior), winners, Western Area Winners and finished 3rd overall in the Nationals.
 Back Row: Morse, Vega, Joyce (Res.) Front Row: Crochford, Gutteridge, Gardner.



SOMERSET AND DISTRICT, 5-a-side (Junior), Winners, Western Area Winners and finished 4th Overall in the Nationals.
 Back Row: Paul, Wilce, Izadian (R.) Front Row: Fisher, Dalby, Henry.

EDITORIAL

The days pass, lengthen and almost at once the Summer-term is with us, bringing with it sun-burn and that other sizzling production - the school magazine !

Sizzle or fizzle it is very dependent upon the efforts and the quality of the efforts of its contributors. I would be less than human if I was not absolutely amazed at the quality of much of the Junior work offered and yet must be a little disappointed at the dearth of material from the Senior year.

My thanks then are to all those - and I hope you are one - who have helped in its production, and with our readers, will savour and perhaps smile at the contributions of others.

I. T.

HEADMASTER'S LETTER.

In some fourteen publications of *Thoroughfare* we seem to have always encountered the difficulties which traditionally beset school magazines and particularly so having established a high reputation for a magazine which has been the work of the boys and girls of the school, rather than carrying "the party line"! Much obviously depends upon the energy and expertise of the member of staff in charge and this year has certainly been no exception. Mr. Thompson has worked hard and "thoroughly" to sift a great deal of well written work. To echo his comments, it is surprising that the bulk of this work comes from the Junior part of the school, which surely says one thing - that the future of Chilton is in good hands.

I had hoped that this copy of *Thoroughfare* would carry a great deal more news of old Chiltonians, but in spite of keeping a diary and trying to collate the information that has come, we do not seem to achieve nearly as much as we hoped. One particularly important and very pleasant piece of "old boys' news", however, is that Chris Thomas-Peter will be joining the staff of Chilton in September. His wife hopes to find a teaching job in the district. Her training covers a lower age group than we have here, but no doubt we shall be seeing her around. This is a milestone in Chilton's progress, and since he has had experience in two Public Schools in the P.E. field particularly, I am sure he will bring a great deal of keenness and expertise.

This year has brought some steady and useful progress in material improvements at Chilton. Unfortunately, it is all too easy to forget how things were and to take new facilities for granted. The opening of all four sections of the Lab block has meant that it is possible to cease using the upper changing room and to thereby give far better changing-room space. Equally, it has now been possible to give every member of staff their own classroom and to allow the Labs to expand with good equipment. There is still work to do and some more building must be completed and with the present escalating cost of materials the process inevitably will be slowed down.

Another very welcome and excellent aspect of the last two years has been the continuity in the staff room where we have had no significant changes. It is, however, with regret that we say goodbye at the end of this term to Mr. Skinner, who is really a Mathematician in disguise. I may add, a very erudite one, who is an examiner for the London Board in S.M.P. In spite of it not being his subject he has done great work for English this year and his place will be taken in part by Mr. Thomas-Peter. We have been very fortunate to have his temporary services and this extends from his teaching to his help with games and sailing and house duties. Happily he goes on to a good Public School post in his own subject. Since the last publication of *Thoroughfare* we have also been joined by Mr. Hewitt, who has done some very hard and excellent work this year in establishing much of the Science Department and not always under very easy conditions. Commander Sykes has also joined us recently this term as my Personal Assistant - what is a Personal Assistant? Well, you can look this up in the dictionary and, at the same time, it means that I can be in two places at once and catching two groups of smokers simultaneously! As an ex Gunnery Officer I feel sure that he will make certain that we win next year's Drill competition !

Lastly, if you think that the flower beds at Chilton are beginning to look like a Public Park or a Stately Home then it is evidence of Mr. Knight and his family's activities around Chilton since they arrived at the cottage last year. There can be few people better informed on British Wild Life as his article in this Thoroughfare will show.

If 1976 has been a good year for Chilton both in sport and in exams we are all set for an even better 1977!

MISTY

Misty is a pussy cat.
He darts and swerves and can be very startling.
He creeps like a tiger.
He snarls and hisses in anger and in terror.
He is as sly as a fox and those four little feet,
steady and quiet, hold claws as sharp as
needles beneath the tiny pads themselves
as soft as velvet.
His eyes twinkle, sparkling and alert watching
for danger.

Rhys Thomas (JB)

THE FOX AND THE RABBIT.

The fox and rabbit are having a chase
- across the fields, all over the place.
Across the plains and through the woods.
The fox is getting closer now
& the rabbit is very tired.

The rabbit leaps across the fields
The fox is right behind.
The rabbit is running for his hole
and there's still a field to go.
Still the fox bounds after him,
running faster every step.
Through the hedge and down his hole.
At last, the poor little rabbit is home.

Daron Rogers.

(The fox is tired too and is still hungry! - Ed.)

THE GHOST OF CHILTON CANTELO

Every night at half past ten
the ghost ghosts out of his dreadful den
All who see him then
will be taken to this awful den.
The THING will kill first, on sight -
- just to think of it gives me a fright!
Darkness comes and once again
the bells: THE BELLS peal out in pain.
Rusting chain clanks on the floor.
The ghost ghosts in, straight through the door.
Clank! Clank! the chain the chain again
is dragged - by him - outside again.
I am glad he has gone
- it was him or me!

Michael Beal (JB).

THE WILD HORSE

Free as the wind
The steady thud of the hoofs like thunder.
No care for the rat-race of Life.
The shadow of itself not leaving its side
The Sun shining to guide its way.
A gallop leading nowhere -
yet must go on . . .

Penelope Wetherall (JA)

HALLOWEEN.

Howling,
Crying,
Screaming
Enough to scare a ghost.
The witches and devils are out tonight.
What's that?
A Ghost?
No, it cannot be
I hear a voice
Which says to me
"If I were you I'd stay in bed
And curl up very tight.
For tonight is the night of Halloween
When the witches and devils
Come out to fight."

Hilary Lay. (JB)

ICE CREAM

Slippery, slidey, like a person on skates.
Creamy, smoothly on my plate.
Dig my spoon in and ATTACK.
'No, I can't
- take a little on my tongue!
Yummy, yummy cold as ice.
Shall I, shan't I?
'I can't help it!
Gobble it up . . .
... and it's all gone.

Hilary Lay. (JB).

SNOW.

White-grey clouds the sky.
The white flakes fall from so high.
Many cars stick in the snow
To their destiny they cannot go.
Now the little rivers flow,
Muffled, safely under snow.
And the winding meadow-stream
murmurs in its wintry dream.
Heavy snow upon the crags,
'How slow the winter drags!'
All the rodents hibernate
and care not how long they have to wait.
Children throwing snowballs round.
They get wet and will then homeward bound.
Soon the snow will go
and soon the Winter that is, so slow.

Christopher Fisher (JA).

PEACE.

The river running by.
The birds fly across the sky.
Gently climbing over small stones,
all over, the river roams.
A horse in the distance galloping round
- yet from where I stand there is no sound.
A bee is buzzing around the flowers.
(She has been there for hours and hours)
The trees are waving, Oh so slow.
This time last month they were covered
in snow.
And bleating sheep, far away,
seem to break the peace, to-day.

Penelope Wetherall (JA).

THE PANCAKE.

The table was set
lemon, sugar, jam.
'Oh, poor old tum
Look out!'
Here it comes,
crispy, scrumptuous, delicious.
'Oh, poor old tum'
slurp, gobble,
yummy, yum, yum,
slithery, slide
and down it goes
Not a stop, not a pause
'Oh,
PANCAKES !'

Mark Palmer (JB).

WAR.

Some were still staggering.
The dead and wounded remain
for the staggering to fall over.
The badly wounded, slowly dying.
The dead just lay there,
covered in gashes and blood.
The warm blood that trickled from the wounds
fell slowly to the ground in tiny drops.
Soldiers cried out in pain.
Bodies were just left to rot,
in the thick and heavy mud.

Nicola Rogers (JA).

PEACE.

A soft breeze spreading over the lazy moors.
Not a cloud to be seen in the big blue sky,
as I lie in the rustling grass day dreaming
With the sun shining brightly overhead,
and the birds flying around chirping happily.
Everything is peaceful.

Sue Joyce (JA).

THESE I LOVE.

As I walk, a smell reaches my nose.
A smell that makes my stomach rumble,
Oh how hungry I am,
For I love those chips.
A thrill of pleasure runs up my spine,
as the crash of hobnailed boots hits the ground.
Those stern orders of the sergeant in charge,
I wish I was one of 'them.'
I Love tranquil waters,
I Love the lively birds,
but most of all I LOVE,
the family I live with.

Mark Loman (3).

ROAST CHICKEN.

Little did it know it's fate,
as it sat there on my plate.
It looked so lonely, I couldn't resist.
This was a chance that couldn't be missed.
It was in my mouth, soft & chewey,
a lovely taste and oh! - so gooey.
Juicy, mouth-watering and all mine,
I wish I could eat it all the time.

Frances Quirk. (JB).

WAITING.

We sit and wait,
Waiting all the time.
That is how our life is spent,
just waiting for the future.
If we could foretell the future
would it be a joy?
There would be nothing to live for
Life's narrow road would be completely
straight.
So, still we sit and wait
not knowing what is next.
This is how our world will end -
just waiting for the future.

Karen Latchford (4S).

LOVE.

To love is to desire a good desire.
To wish to take, yet only wish to give.
To feel the fire's warmth without a fire.
For Love's sake, not for one's own sake
to live.
To conquer one another and to fall to
one another captive.
Not to take but give to each other
all and all.
A mutual conquest for each other's sake.
To take but what the loved one wants to give
and only for each other's sake to live.
To love is to desire with good desire
for the loved one's good more than one's own.
Love, pure Love has set the Soul afire
to reap of good alone - where good is sown.
Love - so help me - is to conquered be
and being conquered, always wish it so.

Susan Eastham (4S).

MY FATHER.

When I sit alone
I often think how lucky he is,
Chugging along in his black and white train
feeling on top of the world.
Waving to people as he passes by
and seeing them wave to him.
What a joy, what a joy
when he stops his train and the passengers alight.
The whistle blows and he's off again
to the land of a million delights.
When he comes home, in the evening, to-night
I will sit and listen
to all the tales of his day
and I'll think to myself how lucky he is,
- to be a train-driver.

Hermione Jackson (4S)

MURDER.

He ran down the hill -
'twas a warm summer's night.
The stars were all sparkling
in the misty moonlight.
He paused for a moment
and looked all around,
then turned and ran on
over the rough stony ground.
He finally reached
the quiet, lonely wood,
where he spotted his Love
lying dead, in a pool of her blood.
She lay 'neath a tree
a red wound in her side.
A knife on the ground
showed how she had died.
He cried in despair
and buried his head.
Then he took up the knife
and stabbed himself dead.
But that's not the end
of this gruesome tale.
They still meet each other
in the Wood, in the vale.
It is said each full moon
two ghosts haunt the wood.
They meet and together
walk, dripping with blood.

Ian Latchford (4S).

DEATH.

My eyes open and I try to move my
aching limbs,
But wood surrounds me; the air is
stifling in the box.
Suddenly, I am jerked up and then
placed down.
I hear voices all around me, swamping
my soul with their sorrow.
I try to scream, but it's as if my lips
are sewn together,
My eyes open wide in terror,
My heart beats; faster and faster still
as I begin to feel hot-uncomfortably
hot.
'Oh God!' the realisation dawns on me -
'I'm being cremated - ALIVE!'
My skin is blistering and burning and
my eyes are melting with the heat.
By now I was past caring:
Death was near at hand,
My heart was calm, not beating
furiously as before.
I was accepting death.
My body was contented and quiet - as
an uncanny peacefulness crept up
on me.
I said a prayer during my last moments
of life for all the people on Earth
who had just murdered an innocent
girl.

Marjorie Barker (40).

SOLITARY.

As the lone stallion galloped
across the dark plains
The sun, in its burnished gold
sank behind the hills
and the golden path was reflected
across the plain to the dark forest.
Standing solitary on a hill
Was the silhouette of a lone, black stallion,
His mane and tail flopped gently in the
breeze;
Suddenly he uttered a loud neigh
The sky was bright red
as the sun disappeared behind the hills.

Deborah Peckham (5S).

THE END.

It was the first and the last.
The day came to me.
When all stopped.
My wife ?
I do not know.
My kids ?
I do not know.
The day was long
and yet so short.
To my wife, I said, "Good-bye".
To my kids I said the same,
but they were not to be seen.
O why must I go right now.
With a bullet in my thigh.
The pain goes on.
But!
The pain has stopped.

Paul Jackson (5S).

THE STUDENT'S LAMENT.

The levels 'A' which now I sit,
devoid of humour, dry of wit,
Are gruesome tests released on schools,
born of demons, fiends and ghouls.
Or of little men in concrete blocks
with 'Brylcreemed' hair and purple socks.
With dirty vests and Co-op suits;
rimless glasses, new brown boots.
But now the student - serf of doom -
who studied 'hard' in attic room,
While boys and girls go out to play
resumes his page and shuns dismay.
He must complete a book a day.
Know 'Good Queen Bess' and all that rot;
each noble's name and special job.
Who lost their heads and frightful bled.
Who liked 'crisps' or smoked in bed.
Was it not Chaucer who once grandly said:
(While hitting breeze-blocks with his head)
"Come on my ladde, don't sitte and groane
.....'ere, someone's nicked my xylophone!"
Where's the reason to it all
THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO KNOW!

Peter Close (6)

ANOTHER TRIUMPH!

TR2, TR2
O where RU ?
In parts and pieces
and nibbled by 'meeces',
All broken and bust
choked SU's and rust.
Awaiting your end
beside your red friend
- who has gone for repair
and remedial care.
But your moment is near
Richard is here.
With tools and 'rod,
a wink and a nod,
Your face is lifted
or otherwise shifted
Until 4 all, 2C
UR, TR2, 4 'M.O.T.'

*('Meeces' - apparently are Somerset mice -
partial to BMC vehicles. - Ed.)*

ODE TO THE WORM DIGGERS (a mad biology lesson)

Don't know nuffing
Must eat something
Think I'll go and eat worms!

Feeling hungry?
Don't make me angry
Think I'll go and dig worms!

Can't find any
How many a penny
Think I'll go and buy Worms!

Can't stop swearing
Who ever's hearing
Think I'll go and curse worms!

Where's my trowel?
Ask someone else, I'll
Find some.....worms!

Give up trying,
Don't start crying
Poor old Polly
Sad old Crocky
Poor little Hoddy
CAN'T FIND WORMS!

TUESDAY RABBITS.

Left 'round the bend and fast past the church.
'Cross the ruts and with a sudden lurch
just missing the cars of the staff
- which as usual were stuck right in the path
of the school bus - that by now was dodging
the flak.
Coming up fast, fine on the port tack,
was the Venom Mk II, all weather fighter.
With the 'Captain' up - now several stones
lighter
- in fighting trim and eager to strafe
all the fiends inside for another blood bath.
The Coach driver jerked and slipped into third,
rounded the cannons and without a word
slewed to a stop, in a cloud of dust,
and changed direction with reverse thrust.
'England expects' flew from the flag pole,
but not the bus which on hitting a hole,
glances a stay which precipitates
the whole damn issue to horizontal states.
The Bursar descends, briefly calculating
the cost to the School and fees escalating.
When clearly above the noise can be heard
- a calm, still voice, certainly not absurd
Reminding us all, that by now might have
conjectured,
'Rabbits are privileged and protected!'

AUDITIONS.

There were people everywhere. Young girls with tutus ballet shoes and hair in buns were dashing around. Teachers, Yes Teachers! - were running, dashing hither and thither looking for their pupils. 'Ding dong, ding, dong' - would go the door bell and one of the staff would answer it.

Dancing examiners would be ringing bells 'Next please' - the examiners would call out and in would go the next young dancer from the full, but ever so quiet waiting-room.

The piano, or worse, the old record player would crash out 'Thump, thump, bang, bang' and cars coming up the drive would sound their horns again, again and again.

The staff would get no rest today. 'Goodbye, goodbye' - called out the 'Principal' and the door would close behind another excited, happy little girl leaving with her parents.

At last an hour's rest for lunch: then at two o'clock the door bell would ring again and the auditions continued.

Seven o'clock and the final bell would ring. The last exam, the last day and how relieved they felt!

Philippa Jones (JA)

A MOUNTAIN CLIMB.

It was a bright alpine morning when George and I stood in front of the small hotel, taking stock of the day's climb ahead.

We set off at about half-past seven because we needed to reach the first hut well before ten. At about nine we were past the first fields and into the rocky country below the tree line.

We started to climb around the first crag. It was an outward piece of rock which had a sharp jagged end. We got round the crag by very slow but careful climbing. At a quarter to ten we reached the first hut where we were to collect supplies. We didn't really need any but we took some bread and cheese and a few slabs of milk-chocolate. We started up a narrow track at about ten past ten, it was along winding paths which went on for a hundred metres, and then we started to really climb.

Having roped together we started to climb the first pitch, I led and George followed behind. There were plenty of footholds to start off with, but then they faded away. We had to use pitons which are iron spikes that we drove into cracks in the rock.

We got to the ledge at the bottom of the chimney in good time. We rested there for ten minutes. We each drank a cup of coffee from our flasks and ate one of the slabs of chocolate. Now came the task of climbing this huge chimney. We both knew that it would be long and tiring, George was to lead this pitch as he was more experienced in these tight places.

I stood and watched him climb carefully upwards to the first small ledge where he waited for me to join him. I got up, with difficulty, for at the last bit I slipped. We soon collected ourselves together and started on the final climb. Once again George led. Soon we were at the top, on a small plateau. We took off our packs and exhausted we lay on our backs. It was now time to tackle the final pitch which was a sheer cliff face rising nearly a hundred metres to the summit.

After two hours of steady climbing we reached an overhanging ledge, which George managed skilfully to get onto. He then called me up, but as I put my foot in a crack it slipped and there I was hanging like a pendulum of a Grandfather's clock. I grabbed at the smooth rock as fear gripped me. I felt my nails splitting as I held on for dear life. I scrambled onto the ledge gasping and choking in a state of nervous shock.

All that was left was a narrow path to the very summit and, pulling ourselves together, we were only just in time to reach the last cable car down to the village far, far below in the valley before darkness closed in.

Christopher Fisher (JA).

THE STORM.

Suddenly a tremendous crash split the air, as I sat watching the television. I heard the wind howling outside and the trees swaying to and fro described weird patterns in the gathering gloom. I stood up and went to the window and could see the rain beating furiously against the glass. In the dim light of the blackening afternoon I could make out the figure of an old man with snowy white hair staggering blindly forward against the howling gale and lashing rain.

Behind the aged man were some children struggling home from school. The lightning flashed and the thunder roared when suddenly there was a tremendous, creaking, rending sound just across the road - a tree came crashing down in a welter of dead branches.

The storm continued for another hour but the howling wind and beating rain eventually died down until all was peaceful once more.

I hoped the little party in the road were safe as I started to pick up the broken branches for the fire.

Susan Joyce (JA).

AN ADVENTURE ON A DARK NIGHT.

The party had just ended and I was walking slowly down the road. I could hear the echo of my footsteps and the sound of owls hooting in the distance. My house was not very far from where we had held the party and I had just finished the hundred yard walk down the road. Here was the rusty gate-way that led into the churchyard. I opened the gate slowly. It made a horrid, grunting sound that sent a shiver down my spine.

I never did like taking the path through the churchyard at night, not even with friends, but as the other way was a mile longer and after the party I felt rather tired - I decided that I would go that way.

I went through the gate and closed it carefully behind me. I then started to walk slowly along the path. I now had a peculiar feeling right down in the pit of my stomach that someone or something was following me. I stopped and looked round - there was nothing there. As I passed the church door I looked up and saw that the head had gone from the niche above the door. I felt panic stricken. Suddenly something touched my shoulder. I stood there frozen for what seemed ages before regaining the use of my legs. I began to run as fast as I could along the churchyard path, onto the road, and up our drive to the front door. I burst through the door - slamming it behind me - I ran upstairs, and locked myself in the bathroom for fear that.

Nicola Rogers (JA)

THE LOST BROTHER.

It was a cold wintry morning as three little animals rose from their stoatskin beds. They were the small figures of a mouse called Baldmoney, perhaps the brainiest of the three, Dodder, the oldest and wisest who had a wooden leg and Sneezewort, the youngest of three mice, born in Julius Caesar's reign but still considered too young to smoke.

They were all dressed in short waist-coats made from a mole skin, provided by Sneezewort on the death of a friend of his father. They wore little belts made of snake skin and mouseskin breeches tied below the knee. Baldmoney carried a hunting knife made from hammered steel - part of an old hinge he had found in the stream.

The first to peer out of the door of the great oak tree was Dodder, his wooden leg clearly visible. (His particular trouble was that his leg wore out nearly every month so he was always having to make a new one). Dodder was a great fisherman and was fishing away when Sneezewort came out.

"Nice Day!" exclaimed Dodder, but Sneezewort wasn't listening. He was thinking of his long lost brother Cloudberry who had gone to find the source of their river years ago. For a mouse Cloudberry was very adventurous.

Soon Dodder had caught six little minnows so they ate a good breakfast and drank some of Baldmoney's special wine. After a while Sneezewort said, "I wonder if Cloudberry ever found the source". Suddenly Baldmoney shouted, "I know, let's make a boat and find him. It should be fun."

Dodder was not satisfied, "Definitely not - it's too dangerous. Haven't you heard of the terrors of Crow Wood?" Already it was too late, Baldmoney and Sneezewort had begun to build a boat.

After a while it was finished. They collected piles of kippered minnow which had been harvested in the Autumn. They found that they had one hundred and fifty bundles of dried fish altogether. Next they counted the dried mushrooms. It had been a poor winter for them and there was only a bundle of thirty left. As for the acorn cake, that too was practically all gone, but they had a good store of wheat cake and a large quantity of honey, dried hips, haws, beech and hazel nuts and plenty of red crab apples.

Baldmoney then looked at his wine store. The wine was kept in snail shells, each neatly labelled with name and year. They were kept among the roots, at the back of the oak tree - Elderberry 1905, Cowslip 1930, Buttercup 1919 - the latter a vintage year.

At midday they were ready to start the journey. Everyone had gathered to see them off. Moles, mice, rabbits, squirrels, badgers, hedgehogs and otter who was to help them on their way, if they got into any difficulties.

There was a great deal of cheering as the boat sailed up stream accompanied by Otter who eventually swam off upstream and left them.

Suddenly the two mice heard a noise above them on the bank.

"Quick into the bushes," shouted Sneezewort, and they both lay stock still. There was the sound of a reel being wound in as a trout started wriggling frantically to free himself off the hook. Then the Colonel took off his shoes and socks, rolled up his trousers and waded in.

"He's bound to see us!" cried Sneezewort with tears in his eyes.

After about two minutes, splashing about, the Colonel climbed out of the stream with the trout in his hands.

Meanwhile, back at home, Dodder had begun to cry. He was lonely and was also afraid. He sat on the bank for a while, then went inside and finally decided to pack - he was going after them.

By now Baldmoney and Sneezewort were beyond Moss Mill and on their way towards Crow Wood. They had heard many terrible tales about Crow Wood and big Giant Grum who lived there. After a long tiring journey they came to the edge of Crow Wood where a dull sign instantly darkened their path saying, "Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted!".

Meanwhile Dodder was also on his way towards Crow Wood. He thumbed a lift from Hank the Heron and arrived at the Wood long before his two friends. He settled down to fish, taking great care not to be seen by Giant Grum, who shot every animal on sight, especially rodents.

A little later Baldmoney and Sneezewort had found a rabbit's burrow and were inquiring about Otter mice living in that area.

"Yes, as a matter of fact, there was one sitting up on the bank fishing this....." The rabbit stopped short and Baldmoney and Sneezewort, who had sensed danger, were now tumbling down the burrow with the huge rabbit close behind.

From the burrow they could hear the thudding of Giant Grum's hobnailed boots up above. To the mice it sounded like thunder. When the Giant had gone they made their way hastily along the river bank to see if they could find the mouse the rabbit had mentioned.

Suddenly they heard a noise behind them. "Squawk!! Get out of this wood! You've seen the notice, haven't you?"

"No, why should we? We've got a right to be here as much as you," said Baldmoney impertinently. The large cock pheasant didn't say anything to this but gathered up his feathers and strutted off, squawking as he went.

"The Giant shall hear of this!"

Suddenly in front of them, in a clearing, was a mouse.

"It must be Cloudberry," exclaimed Sneezewort excitedly "Shush," said Baldmoney, "It doesn't look much like him. Let's creep round and see."

Somehow, knowing it wasn't Cloudberry, the two mice walked out from their hiding place and saw to their utter dismay, that it was Dodder. All the same they were pleased to see each other.

"Have you heard the Giant yet?" asked Sneezewort. "Yes I have - a terrible chap. Isn't he?"

"Well," said Baldmoney, "We had better find a place to sleep. Can anybody see one?"

"Yes," replied Dodder, "That squirrel's drey over there will be fine."

After a small meal of nuts, they fell asleep in their cosy bed high in a pine tree; Giant Grum and everything forgotten.

In the morning they ate a small breakfast of wheatmeal and acorn juice and set off to explore more of Crow Wood. In the middle of the wood they found a small, clear pool so they decided to bathe their paws and take a rest. Before they could close their eyes there was a terrific noise. It was Giant Grum. Dodder, who knew a way of killing giants, was being helped up into a tree by a squirrel.

Giant Grum came along, mumbling and groaning as usual. Eventually he lay down in the grass and fell asleep. Dodder shouted down, "Baldmoney, collect eight oak leaves and put four down each barrel of his gun."

At the same time Dodder threw pieces of wood at the Giant's face to wake him up. Just as Baldmoney finished putting the leaves in the gun barrels the Giant sprang up and Baldmoney was thrown headlong into the pool. The Giant heard the splash, turned round and fired both barrels. The oak leaves prevented the bullets from leaving the gun, which then blew up, killing the Giant instantly.

But where was Baldmoney? He had not yet reappeared. Then Dodder saw a pool of red blood spreading across the water.

"Quickly, get Otter!" shouted Dodder.

Sneezewort obeyed and soon Otter was there. He dived in the pool and pulled out a bedraggled Baldmoney. Dodder leaned over the body, then dropped a tear and under his breath muttered,

"He's dead, that Giant killed him!"

There wasn't another word spoken that day. The two mice just sat staring at each other. Occasionally someone would come to congratulate them on the death of the Giant, but mercifully they were just left to their sorrows.

The next morning they told squirrel that they were going on upstream to continue their search for Cloudberry.

Soon they came to a lake that seemed like an ocean to the two little mice.

"There's a wind blowing, said Dodder, "We'd better find shelter or we'll be blown away." It was too late, a huge gust of wind blew the boat right over taking the mice with it.

"Quick onto that island before we drown," called Sneezewort. They crawled ashore, gasping, spluttering and coughing. Exhausted, they found shelter and fell asleep in the warm sunshine.

Meanwhile, a boy whose father owned the lake and the huge mansion across on the other side, was enjoying his birthday. He had had most of his presents but was waiting for his final one - the one that his father and mother were going to give him. He had just finished his lunch when his mother came in and gave him a huge package.

He carefully took off the ribbon and opened the orange wrapper. Inside was a beautiful model boat. It was red and fully equipped inside. Robin thought it was fantastic.

"Can I take it down to the lake and sail it now, Mummy?" he asked.

"Yes all right, but I will come with you."

They got down to the lake about two o'clock. Robin had brought peppermint creams and six little bags of hazelnuts. He would pretend it was a merchant ship, trying to escape from German U-boats.

"Let's put some nuts and peppermint creams in those cupboards", said Robin eagerly.

They did just that and his Mummy pushed the boat out.

Suddenly Robin shouted, "Mummy, you forgot to turn the rudder." Tears came into his eyes. He knew he would never see it again.

Over on the island Dodder was strolling around the island looking for food. He was just about to sit down when a sudden scraping noise made him peer cautiously over the bank.

"A boat!", he shouted excitedly. He rushed over to the boat and tied it to the bank.

"Sneezewort, Sneezewort, I've found a boat. Look!"

"It's like the one Cloudberry saw many years ago. He taught me how to steer it," said Sneezewort proudly.

They both began to inspect the boat and Sneezewort shouted, "Dodder over here! There's food, loads of it."

Dodder eagerly stumped forward.

"Look at the nuts and these peppermint creams too. Don't they look delicious?" said Dodder hungrily. "I think we ought to start back to the Oak Tree. It won't take us long to reach Crow Wood and then the rest of the way is easy," said Sneezewort. "Yes, alright. Let's hurry."

It was late afternoon when they reached Crow Wood. How different it looked now that Giant Grum was dead.

Suddenly Dodder nudged Sneezewort, "Look there's a mouse on the bank."

"Yes I see it," said Sneezewort excitedly, "But it only has one arm."

Dodder gave a shrill whistle and the mouse looked up. "But it's Baldmoney," shouted Dodder wonderfully pleased. He wasn't dead after all."

Soon they were back in the squirrel's drey eating hazelnuts and peppermint creams.

That night there was a party. There were huge fires burning and all the animals came bringing with them their own food. By two o'clock in the morning the party was over and the last embers burnt in the fires.

The next morning the three mice packed their belongings and there was an almighty cheer as everyone of their new friends bid them farewell.

Soon they were near the oak pool and the countryside became familiar. At length they entered the pool and the Oak tree came into sight. "Look, exclaimed Dodder, "Somebody has built a fire in the house."

"Nobody's allowed to do that and they know it," said Baldmoney indignantly.

They tied up outside and Sneezewort shouted, "Hey you in there, come out!"

A mouse stepped out. It was Cloudberry waving excitedly. Cloudberry - Sneezewort's long lost brother - had come home at last.

The four mice talked and talked and drank, far into the night, so pleased were they to be back together again.

Christopher Fisher (JA).

LOOKING AT OLD PHOTOGRAPHS.

It was a cold day with the snow brushing against the window pane. I gazed out and watched an elderly gentleman taking his little dog for a stroll. Cars sped along the icy road throwing slush onto the pavement.

I was fed up and bored, so I went upstairs and had a rummage in the attic and pushing through decayed cobwebs I found a pile of books and old pictures. Lying next to a gas mask on the floor was a leather bound book, covered with a thin layer of dust. I picked it up, wiped off the dust and went back downstairs.

I sat down on the white fluffy rug, in front of the blazing log fire. The heat was comforting after being in the chilly attic. I placed the book down on the carpet. On the front, in gold italic lettering, the title 'Photo Album' could be seen. Lifting up the stiff cover I turned to the first page which was a little faded.

The first picture was of a little fair haired boy dressed in a pair of tartan shorts and a thick woolley cardigan. He was stroking a grey donkey. Underneath in neat lettering was written, "Jamie, 4 years old, Bairstow House 1964."

I flicked through the pages, and stopped about eight pages later. There was only one picture on this page, because it was a large picture. It was of Dad in his army uniform. It looked like Burma because of the shorts and khaki sleeveless shirt, and had been taken before his accident which made him blind. The next page showed Mum lying on the beach at Margate in a swimsuit of the times. Seeing these two pictures brought a tear to my eye, as Mum and Dad looked so happy, but since then Dad has lost his sight and Mum is no longer with us.

I wiped away my tears and turned a few pages further on. A four leaf clover was pressed in next to a very sentimental picture, it was of my Great-nanny, Milly. There she was, just leaning on the green gate of her cottage in Cornwall, dressed in her hairnet and apron. In the background Grandad could be seen picking the weeds in his well-kept garden. I could hear her in my mind when I was a small boy, "Don't forget to wrap up warm, and don't go near the cliff edge, 'case you might fall."

But what they said was meant for the best. It was a few years ago now, and Nanny was added to my list of misery in my earlier days, for she was killed in a coach crash. Only two years back Grandad passed away, leaving the Cottage to me - which I visit every holiday when the season finishes.

In the next few pages were newer, colour prints of our last family holiday together in Belgium.

And then, on the last but one page, was the first picture of me dressed in my football kit before my first match. I looked at it for two or three minutes just thinking where I began. Then I slowly shut the Album, and took it back upstairs - back to where I found it, already for another cold and snowy day.

John Gardner. (50).

OLD SHERBORNE.

On Sunday, October 26, 1975, Miss Norris very kindly took us to see some of the very old buildings of Sherborne, Dorset.

First of all we visited Sherborne Abbey and, with the kind permission of the Vicar of Sherborne, the Reverend P. Goddard, we climbed up the stone, spiral, turret stairs to the top of the tower. Once at the top we could see the whole of the town and the fields beyond. Just below, on one side, we could see the Sherborne School for Boys, built amongst what were once the monks' cloisters. The original Abbey was founded in 705 A.D. and continued as a monastery until 1539.

After seeing the Abbey we went to the Old Castle which was built by the Bishop of Salisbury, Roger de Caen. In 1645, in the Civil War, the Old Castle was owned by Lord Digby, who was a Royalist, but on behalf of Parliament, Cromwell stormed the castle and left it in ruins. In 1956 the Ministry of Works took over the ruins and, having carried out the necessary repairs to make them safe to visitors, now maintain them.

We were all most grateful to Mr. & Mrs. Manaton for going with us and helping to make this a very pleasant local visit.

Sue Joyce (JA).

COME SIT WITH ME.

Try hard now, imagine yourself my companion. It is late evening, the light beginning to play tricks with your eyes. We sit on a low, large branch, our backs pushed hard into the great trunk of a stately Oak. Beneath us, a dozen yards away, a Fox earth. The last blackbird making an all out effort to get his song finished before bedtime. Ten thousand gnats queuing up for the first bite at your neck. We must not move. We are here to see the fox family at home.

Way out and over the distant fields of waving grass and corn comes a scream from the Vixen on her way home. Again the scream comes, but this time it is closer. So now we know where she is and this gives us time to make our last move for comfort - it will be our last chance! We sit waiting for the next scream, it seems ages. Will it ever come? Perhaps it wasn't the Vixen to this earth, but another, en route to her family in some distant hedgerow. Your heart thumping against mine, our very breathing seemed to rock the wood. We both sit hoping for her next call, but when it comes it is so near, so spine chilling that we both jump, certainly not in fright, but in sheer excitement. This time someone else heard it too.

I gently take hold of your arm and nod earthward towards the earth. There, at the entrance, several little faces hustle and bustle to get into the best position: ears aprick, large sparkling eyes, still as statues - to my mind the prettiest sight one can see. Our eyes are glued to the cubs at the entrance. Not a sound now. The birds are asleep, the gnats forgotten. Just the thump of our hearts.

The Vixen screamed the last scream, which now faded away into the purring of Mother Love. The earth below burst and almost exploded. Balls of fluff all out now jumping this way then that, - just like a family of kids waiting for Mum on her return from the shops. But although these cubs are a hive of activity, all eyes are looking in the same direction.

There are many paths leading to the earth, but now we knew the one to watch. Sure enough, she came as 'silent as a ghost.' In her jaws hung one of my pheasants; I say mine for I was the Keeper. She passed beneath us, a further purr brought the cubs bounding forward. Two tugged playfully at the pheasant, one chased a feather floating in the evening breeze, but two fancied the milk bar. These two were scolded and put into their place, with a look from Mother that said, eat your meat first, then a drink!

The evening light lasted for us to see this wonderful family, wine, dine and then the nasty bit as their faces were washed.

As we slithered ground-ward there is scuttling in all directions. Whatever happened, happened in a flash, for all now was as quiet as a grave. It is a small world for now we were homeward bound. What for? To wine, dine and have our faces washed, then into bed where we will dream of the warm evening wind, the song of the birds, the scent of the flowers, and above all the wonderful sights at the earth. May they be blessed with good luck.



J. Knight.

THE TRAP.

I am a Coyote. It is a hot day and I'm hungry and thirsty. As I turn through the trees, I tense for the smell of meat reaches my nostrils. I feel suspicious but the need for food drives me forward.

Suddenly something hits my leg. I look down - Aaarhh ! - the pain that shoots through my leg is awful. The burning pain makes me feel as if I am in a furnace. I try to escape, but I am hopelessly trapped. I begin to tremble and then I pull and pull. I don't care what happens to my leg. All I want is to be free of this trap. I feel hot and sticky. I grow weaker and weaker then everything goes black

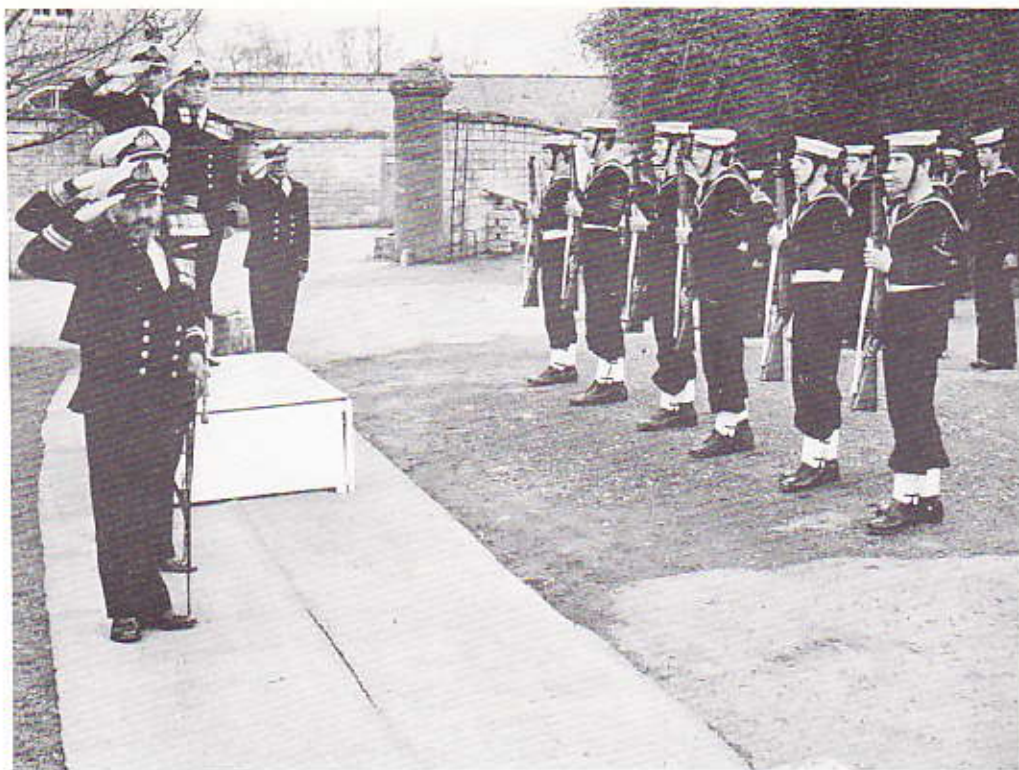
Mark Lowman (3).



GIRLS NAUTICAL TRAINING CORPS. Somerset and District, 5-a-side, winners.
Back Row: Kerridge, Eastham, Daniel. Front Row: Martin, Joyce.



PRESENTATION BY THE SOMERSET AND DORSET DISTRICT OFFICER - LT. CDR (SCC) I. THOMAS, R.N.R. of
the District 5-a-side (Senior) Soccer Trophy to L/CADET M. CROCHFORD at R.N.A.S. Yeovilton.



ANNUAL INSPECTION - MARCH 1976 - 'COLOURS'



QUARTERDECK DIVISIONAL INSPECTION BY REAR ADMIRAL A. R. RAWBONE, C.B., A.F.C.
(President of the Chilton Cantelo Sea Cadet Unit), March, 1976.



GUARD INSPECTION BY THE WESTERN AREA OFFICER, CDR. P. B. MILES, R.N. March, 1976.



GIRLS NAUTICAL TRAINING CORPS, during the Annual Royal Naval Inspection, March 1976.
CAPT. J. ABRAHAMS, R.N. - seen here - honoured the school unit by his support.



FIELD GUN RUN BY THE SEA CADET UNIT FOR THE ANNUAL ROYAL NAVAL INSPECTION.
March 1976



"SECOND TURNING TO THE RIGHT!" they said.

RUGBY.

When the 'Rugby Term' started last September we looked around and saw that most of the previous year's players had left us, and prospects looked distinctly bleak. However you cannot prevent boys' enthusiasm for the game bubbling up and within the first week of term it was a common sight to see little groups working at the basic skills of the game in their own free time.

Keeness at organised training sessions was quite infectious and it wasn't long before it became apparent that a very acceptable team was in the making. And so it turned out! Under the enthusiastic Captaincy of Mike Crockford we really managed to produce some attractive rugby, and fixtures which had ended in resounding defeats the year before were turned either into victories or at least into hotly contested matches.

The team spirit shown throughout the season was something of which the school can justly be proud.

SEA CADET CORPS.

During the year the Chilton Cantelo unit has continued to flourish. The Thursday afternoon training sessions have become an important part of life at Chilton and it is good to see pupils taking a break from the academic life of the rest of the week and turning their hands to some nautical studies. Parade training, morse, sailing, semaphore, navigation, knots and splices, rifle shooting all take their place in the curriculum and importance is attached to smartness, alertness and good bearing on these occasions. It is considered that these weekly sessions make a real contribution to appearance and orderly conduct, and these qualities in Chilton pupils are often remarked upon when school parties take part in outside visits and sporting occasions.

Apart from these regular periods at the school the unit is closely involved in District, Area and National events and success in these areas have been considerable.

Perhaps the highlight of the year was the Annual Inspection which put all of the school on their toes and was a real test of skill, discipline and initiative. Apart from being an afternoon of hard work it was also an occasion which was thoroughly enjoyed by all who took part, including (we believe) the Inspecting Officer himself!

Sporting achievements by the Sea Cadet Corps from March 1975 to March 1976.

DISTRICT, AREA AND NATIONAL EVENTS ENTERED.

DISTRICT	Rugby Competition
DISTRICT	Drill Competition
DISTRICT	Swimming Competition
DISTRICT	5-A-Side Soccer Competition - Junior and Senior Teams.
DISTRICT	Athletics Competition.
DISTRICT	Sailing Competition.
AREA	Sailing Competition.
AREA	Soccer Competition.
AREA	Swimming
NATIONAL	Sailing Competition
NATIONAL	Soccer Competition
NATIONAL	Swimming
AREA22 Rifle Shooting Competition
INSTRUCTORS22 Rifle Shooting Competition

RESULTS OBTAINED

WINNERS	Senior Rugby	District
RUNNERS UP	Junior Rugby	District
RUNNERS UP	Drill Competition	District
WINNERS	Swimming Competition	District
WINNERS	Senior Soccer 5-A-Side	District
WINNERS	Junior Soccer 5-A-Side	District
WINNERS	Senior Athletics	District
WINNERS	Sailing	District
WINNERS	Sailing	Area
WINNERS	Senior Soccer 5-A-Side	Area
WINNERS	Junior 5-A-Side Soccer	Area
REPRESENTATIVE	selected for Swimming A	Area
WINNERS	Sailing Mirror Class	National Championships
2 TEAMS in	5-A-Side Soccer	National Championships
1 REPRESENTATIVE	- A/B. B. Hundy	in the Swimming National Team against the other Cadet Forces.

LIFE SAVING AWARDS

- 1. Advanced Respiration
- 1. Teacher
- 4. Bronze Medallions
- 10. Intermediate Awards

TOTAL : 16

PERSONAL SURVIVAL TESTS

- 18. Bronze
- 9. Silver
- 2. Gold

TOTAL : 29.

THE SCHOOL FEES PROTECTION SCHEME

Details of this essential cover can be obtained from the Bursar's office or direct from

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FOOTBALL THE CHILTON WAY.

For the first time in many years Chilton's football team has gone through the season unbeaten - mainly because of the willingness of the players. We had success in both the eleven and five-a-sides.

The five-a-side team - captained by Mike Crockford - led the team through the District, Area, and then to the Nationals - where we finished a proud third. All in all it was a great season, and I think everybody who played really enjoyed themselves.

The team in pen pictures.

Goalkeeper:- Simon Gutteridge.

The last line of defence. Although he conceded many goals he saved just as many. In the Five-a-Side Nationals he played so well his name was put forward for man of the match. His brilliance gave the team great inspiration.

Defender: Chris Joyce

A late comer but he wasted no time in fitting into the team. His stylish and confident play helped hold the defence together. Reserve for the five-a-side, and when he got his chance played well and scored two goals.

Defender: Mosen Akhavi.

A strong defender, also playing a predominant part in building up attacks.

Defender: Kevin Honour.

He prefers more of an attacking role, but soon settled in defence, and put much effort into his performance.

Defender: Siamak Mirafatab.

Rather wasted in defence as he is a very skilful ball player and his control and passing helped create many exciting moves.

Midfield: Bruce Henry.

One of the youngsters taken out of the junior team to fill in some gaps, but did not look out of place. A good strong tackler, he captained the junior five-a-side team and will be very useful again next year.

Midfield: Mark Vega.

A hustling player who scored many goals and although he never always gave of his best, he did very well. A useful player in the Nationals.

Forward: Vince Morse.

Vince has got a knack of goal-scoring, and showed much skill. He sometimes got carried away on the wing, and was apt to forget that football is a team game.

Striker: Mike Crockford

The team Captain, and ball winner in the side. Although he lined up as a forward, normally dropped back into the middle, but still managed to get a few goals. His inspiration was invaluable in the five-a-side team.

Striker: John Gardner.

An immensely skilful player who, more than any other, engineered the success of the team at both eleven and five-a-side levels. A prolific goal-scorer whose experience and inspiration were invaluable.

Forward: Crespian Halloran.

His eagerness and enthusiasm made up for a lack of flair and skill, but by the end of the season proved a really effective player on the field.

John Gardner and Chris Joyce

Dulce Et Decorum Est

or,

Staff v. Pupils Hockey. (A spiffing game).

A rather apt description of a Staff versus Pupils hockey match at Chilton would not be one of a sporting contest, but of legalised revolution. Not, I hasten to add, entirely bloodless. Nobody was actually killed of course, though the mental state of survivors is such as to make the difference barely perceptible. What a gallant band we were then - we the school Hockey team. Young, fearless, unsoiled as yet by the stains of battle; eager for the fight. How cruel is fate. For when the enfeebled relics of our tutorial establishment parked bath chairs and discarded walking aids to shuffle onto the field of conflict, their sage warning and frequent references to "ye young whipper-snappers" were received with jeering toots from the spectacular array of miserably athletic youth and an immense crowd of ghoulis spectators who had crowded the touch-lines in expectation of violence.

The play, if scrappy at times (the presence of a 'fixed' referee may have had some part in the confusion) certainly produced results. At the point vaguely half-way in the game, a halt was called and with the Staff, found to be one point up, a new and grim look of determination set in to the school side and one sensed that those who had condemned hockey as a 'cissies game' had slunk from the crowd to repent. I must apologise for the lack of detail in connection with individual events on the pitch, but the overall view I got was as from one in a daze. A daze punctuated with short bursts of running - usually and thankfully in the opposite direction to Major Morton. The dull impact of other players, the ball and its impeller on my person with Mr. Shortland's suitable nautical phrase accompanying. A sharp crack, the whine as the ball passed overhead (or through your abdomen) and a cheer while our goalkeeper incredulously examined yet another smouldering hole in his net from behind! But one event sticks in my mind and it was this. A comrade, in a last-ditch attempt to rid himself of the blow-attracting-ball, tapped it weakly in my direction. "Not here you fool" I had muttered, but the poor fellow - too far gone to comprehend - had already fallen into the abyss. The shot was momentarily clear and Close, never quavering when the chips are down, prepared to give the ball an almighty swipe. Then an unusual thing happened. Akhavi - who had found a shilling in his tea cup that morning and had been forcibly enlisted into the enemy ranks - sprang enthusiastically from the soft-drink bar in their goal-mouth to shatter my stick with a power packed and entirely unethical kick. On reflection, whilst convalescing, I believe his boot contained a supernatural force enabling the destruction of solid wooden objects. It was a very unnerving experience and I was left waving the tattered stump in a most despondant and undetermined way; feeling rather like a knight-of-old whose axe-head has unexpectedly dropped off.

But when the final whistle mercifully blew, the scores were equal and a jolly good time was had by all (or so they said).

Peter Close (6).

(It is still painfully evident why a six-month's break from hockey is not only desirable but medically necessary - Ed.)

DARTMOOR TRAINING CENTRE

This year, on the 19th March, our party arrived at Exeter St. David's Railway station from where we were picked up by a Royal Navy bus and taken to the training centre. At the centre we set up our tents or alternatively were sent to the dormitories to unpack.

When this had been completed we then attended a lecture on 'Safety' - given in the Main Hall - in which we were shown films and were told what to do if someone in the party got lost, had an accident or even suffered exposure whilst on the moor.

At the end of the lecture we were shown our food packs which contain wrapped, pre-heated and dehydrated foods and are made as light as possible.

Directly this demonstration had been completed we demonstrated what we could do with a knife and fork!

After supper came the most important job and that was working out the route. We spent over an hour on this and with everyone being satisfied we went straight to bed.

The next day we were given our food packs, we packed our rucksacks and, following our chosen route we started on the day's walk over the moor - arriving back in the late afternoon tired, but ready for supper.

Supper over we were shown a film and were allowed a little free time to wander around - and then to bed.

Next day was our last day and we spent the morning walking before starting back to school.

I have been to the training centre five times now, but I am still not bored as I see something new every time I go.

Mark Lowman (3)

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD SCHEME.

If you are between the ages of 14 and 21 you may take part in the 'scheme. It is made up of three stages - Bronze, Silver and Gold - each being harder than the last. Every stage is made up of four sections -

1. Service - a training or practical service to others.
2. Expedition - a hike on foot, bicycle or horse back.
3. Interest - a hobby or leisure time interest followed for a set length of time. The fourth section depends on whether you are a boy or a girl. If you are a girl the section is called Design for Living which is intended to make you more conscious of yourself. For boys it is some sort of physical activity.

Karen Latchford (4S)

Last year three girls completed the Bronze Award: Alison Frosdick, Julie Durrant and Elizabeth Lewendon. This year fifteen girls are working for the Bronze Award and hopefully next year we will have a group of six girls working for the silver.

The courses which have been arranged during the past year and those which will also be available in the future are as follows:-

1. SERVICE:- Child care, First Aid and Life Saving. (In this section, we hope, in the future, to involve the girls in Community work outside the school).
2. EXPEDITION:- Preparatory lectures followed by a 7 mile walk.
3. INTERESTS:- Embroidery, Making Soft Toys, Canvas Work, Riding, Gliding, Swimming, Shooting and Trampolining.
4. DESIGN for LIVING:- Making the Most of yourself and You and Your Surroundings.

J. R.

Details of Individual Courses

1. The Child Care Course consists of a series of lectures on topics such as contraception, pregnancy, births, feeding, dressing and general care of a child up to ten years of age. It is a long and interesting course, and at the end we are given an examination.

Margaret Baker (40)

2. Expedition - The Duke of Edinburgh Walk

We all started off from summer camp, in the morning of a really hot summer day. We took with us food, maps and something to cover up our shoulders from the sun, plus any other oddments of bits and pieces that we wanted or needed - like a first aid bag for accidents and even containing oils and creams for sunburn. To those of us that were writing an account of Corfe Castle, Mrs. Flexman gave 50 pence each to buy post-cards etc., for this use only.

After a few hours of walking and having a great time, we finally reached Corfe Castle. We went through the main gates and found a rather large hill in front of us. This we climbed and then we sat on the top of the hill, on a wall of the castle, and drew many small sketches of different parts of the castle and its surroundings.

After we had eaten and looked around the castle, we set off on the long journey back. We reached the camp, worn out and really tired. Anyway I'll say something for it "It was a great day," we all enjoyed ourselves and above all, we got a lovely sun-tan.

Susan Eastham (4S)

3. Interests

Canvas Work :-

For my interest I am doing canvas work. This involves making samples of three stitches used on canvas : rice stitch, tent stitch and cross stitch. My final piece of work will be a finished canvas article like a pin cushion, bookmark or pencil case made using the three stitches that I have practised. At the same time I will have to write about the history of canvas work.

G Hermione H. Jackson (4S)

Embroidery

I started an embroidery project approximately six months ago. I have had it marked now. I enjoyed doing it as I did small sample pieces of different embroidery stitches, and then wrote about them.

Sue Eastham (4S)

Making Soft Toys

The course that I am doing - making soft toys - lasts for six months.

During this time I am required to:-

1. Make a simple felt toy or felt ball.
2. Turn two or more felt balls into a child's toy or make a knitted toy.
3. Make another toy of my own choice or a glove puppet.
4. Construct a toy by covering tins, boxes, lollipop sticks, cotton reels etc., with felt.

Alex Lacey (4S)

Swimming

I started my interest, which was swimming, on June 2nd and completed it on November 2nd.

My tasks were to keep a record of each training session and of the training I did, galas, and of any trips to other swimming pools in England. Being a day girl this was possible. At the end of my activity I had to hold a swimming gala. This I did at the end of last term at the Swimming Pool in Yeovil.

Sandra Kerridge (5O)

Gliding

The interest I have chosen for my Duke of Edinburgh Award is Gliding. I go to Yeovilton Air Base once a week and spend a whole day gliding. I have to continue doing this for six months and have to have reached a certain qualifying standard.

Karen Latchford (4S)

4. You and Your Surroundings

To acquire the knowledge of home decoration for our Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme, the Senior girls in a moment of sheer madness, aided and abetted by Mrs. Flexman, decided to re-decorate the Senior Common Room. This was easier said than done. A schedule was drawn up and we started our great task by making some new curtains. After much rushing around, cutting, pinning here and there, and with the much needed assistance of Mrs. Marshall we succeeded.

Then to the room:- it is normal to empty a room before proceeding to decorate but, being Chiltonians and 'doing it our way', we stacked every moveable object into a heap in the centre of the room. We then went on to attack any visible piece of woodwork, first with water then with paint. (It has to be said here that at one time the room closely resembled the school swimming pool.)

Sandra Kerridge (50)

PIPERS HOLE

While at Tresco in the early part of April the party led by Mr. Thompson, went into Pipers Hole. The 'hole' is a long cave to be found on the North side of the island open to the sea at very high tides.

We climbed down over round boulders into the darkness and silence. With the aid of torches and home-made candles we reached the level of the fresh water inside.

At one time the cave was said to have been the home of mermaids, but more recently is something of a tourist attraction with a small boat to take people to the other end. Unfortunately for us the boat had been broken, and the only way was to swim.

Being brave - braver than the boys - Sally Pearce, Alex Lacey and myself volunteered. We entered the water which was very cold, and slowly swam along our life-line by the light of five candles floating on a large piece of drift wood.

The cave could be considered in three parts. The first had under-water boulders and sheer walls. The second had much deeper water and a lower roof with shiny, slippery walls and the third and end had quite shallow water, with hard sand to walk upon the walls of dry, grey rock.

We walked a little way from the water's edge deeper into the cave, but it soon finished and we were at the end of the cave perhaps some hundred feet underground.

Sandra Kerridge (50)

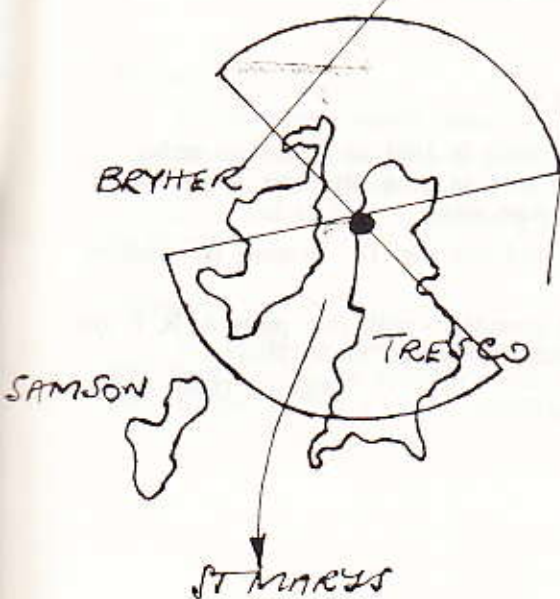
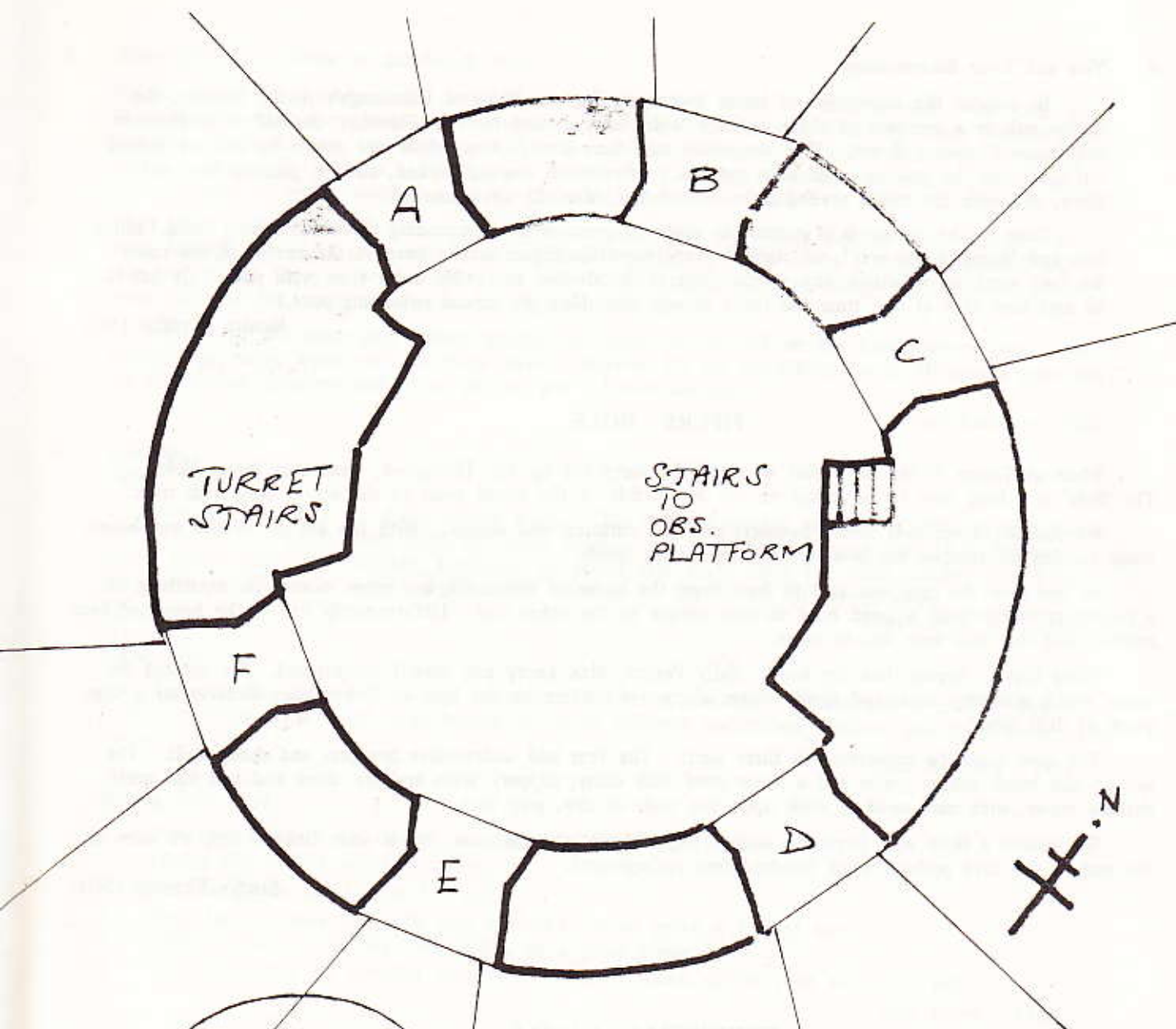
CROMWELLS CASTLE TRESKO · ISLES OF SCILLY

The diagram is a plan view of the top gun platform of the castle built in 1651 to replace an earlier castle which was badly sited for defence. It is interesting to note that even so, at a later date, a lower and more substantial gun platform for heavier guns was constructed on the west side.

We found that the gun-ports were just about opposite each other and one port D - covering the southern land approach - was much bigger than the others.

This gun platform was mounted with smaller cannons - up to 28 pounders - with four ports A, B, F and E facing the sea, thereby effectively defending the northern sea approach and channel to St. Marys.

Richard Dalby (40)



CROMWELL'S
CASTLE
TRESCO

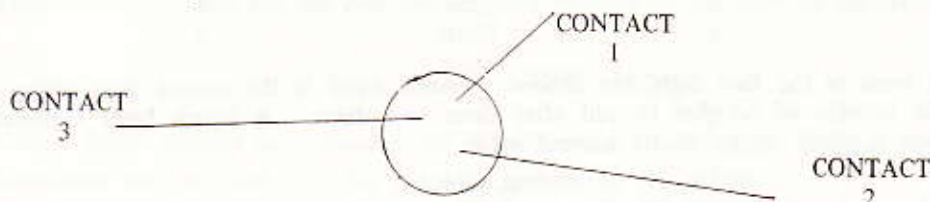
SHOWING ARC OF FIRE

The Resistor

These provide some resistance to the flow of electricity, they can thus be used to limit and adjust the current flowing through any given wire or component. All wires have some resistance, indeed, even capacitors and transistors have a resistive component. If we are transmitting electricity over a long distance the smaller the loss during transmission the better - perhaps in the future all electricity power lines will be cooled to about 273°C because at this temperature wire resistance is found to be zero.

Pieces of treated silicon can be made to conduct electricity by applying a voltage difference of 0.6 v between two "selected poles".

e.g.



If we provide an appropriate voltage difference of 0.6 v between contacts 1 and 2, then electricity can "freely" pass between contacts 1 and 2. If there is no potential difference of 0.6 v (or more) between contacts 1 and 3 then no electricity can pass between contacts 1 and 2 i.e. it behaves as an insulator. This effect is used in transistors (this decides whether it will act as an insulator or a conductor) resistors are essential. It is possible to convert a meter which reads current into a meter which reads volts simply by altering the position of a single resistor.

It is found that there is a definite relationship between the voltage applied to a circuit, its resistance and the amount of electricity flowing through it (current).

This relationship is called Ohm's Law

$V = I.R.$ Where V = voltage (potential difference)

I = current in amps.

R = resistance in Ohms.

Many substances do not obey this rule and are said to be non ohmic. A non ohmic resistor is one in which its resistance $\frac{\text{Voltage}}{\text{Current}}$ is not constant over a wide voltage range and which will be of little use in electronic circuits. Thus a good resistor must be Ohmic, it must have a fairly constant resistance over a wide temperature range (remember that resistance increases with temperature) and because it will have to dissipate energy it may have to cope with becoming hot. N.B. We sometimes use the property of resistance increasing with temperature to measure temperature - such specialised resistors are called Thermistors.

Almost all commercial resistors are now made from moulded carbon because it is also a good conductor of heat. By varying the proportions of carbon in the material a very wide range of resistance values can be made. Wire is also used for low and medium value resistors especially if a "high" current is to be carried.

Consider the following calculations -

Resistance value = 10 Ohms

Voltage difference across resistor = 0.3 v

Find the current through the resistor - using Ohm's law $V = I.R.$ Therefore $I = \frac{V}{R}$
 $= \frac{0.3}{10} = 0.03\text{ amps.}$

If we now increase the voltage difference across the resistor to 300 volts the current through it should increase.

Using Ohm's law - $V = I.R.$ Therefore $I = \frac{V}{R}$
 $= \frac{300}{10} = 30\text{ amps.}$

We can find the power (as heat) dissipated by multiplying the voltage drop by the current.

From this it should be apparent that we must choose a resistor sufficiently big to be able to get rid of all the heat which is generated within it.

Resistors are available with power ratings of $1/8$ to 15 watts and because small power values are physically smaller than larger ones they are cheaper. Clearly though it is no good using a cheap $1/8\text{ watt}$ resistor only to see it melt under the impact of a "high" current.

The other variable is the resistance value itself. Colour codes are used on carbon film resistors and these are made in "preferred values". Clearly it would not be commercially possible to produce resistors of every Ohm value and variations in the manufacturing process mean that resistors are only approximately equal to the value marked upon them. About fifty values cover most commercial applications.

The colour code for carbon film resistors is :-

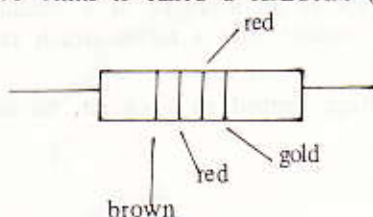
COLOUR	VALUE	COLOUR	VALUE
Black	0	Green	5
Brown	1	Blue	2
Red	2	Purple	7
Orange	3	Grey	8
Yellow	4	White	9

The first coloured band is the first digit, the second coloured band is the second digit whilst the third band indicates the number of noughts to add after these two digits. A fourth band indicates how close the actual resistance is likely to be to its marked value.

Red band	=	within 2% of marked value
Gold band	=	within 5% of marked value
Silver band	=	within 10% of marked value

In addition a second gold band indicates a multiplier of 0.1. To save writing very large numbers 1000 ohms is called a KILOHM (K) and a million ohms is called a MEGOHM (M)

Thus:-



Purple)	7
Yellow)	4
Gold)	x 1/10
Gold)	5%

Brown	=	1)	=
Red	=	2)	=
Red	=	2)	=
Gold	=	5%)	=

1200
or 1.2 K

= 7.4 ohms Ω

Resistances may also be seen marked to resistance code B.S.1852

Example :-

0.15 Ω	would be marked	R 15
1 Ω	would be marked	1 R 0
5.6 Ω	would be marked	5 R 6
47 Ω	would be marked	47 R
100 Ω	would be marked	100 R
1 K	would be marked	1 K 0
10 K	would be marked	10 K
10 M	would be marked	10 M

After this is added a letter to indicate tolerance:

	F	=	\pm 1%	G	=	\pm 2%	J	=	\pm 5%	K	=	\pm 10%	M	=	\pm 20%
Thus	R15M	=	0.15 Ω	\pm 20%											
	5R6K	=	5.6 Ω	\pm 10%											
	560RJ	=	560 Ω	\pm 5%											
	6K8F	=	6.8 K	\pm 1%											
	68KK	=	68 M	\pm 10%											
	4M7M	=	4.7 M	\pm 20%											

J. E. Hewitt
1976

THE CLIFF

Its walls are grey and steep like a prison. At the summit, stunted trees sway in the cold night wind. Far below the eroding waves lick the walls to sand as from time immemorial they slowly decay, fall and are consumed.

The moon, now rising, sends long beams peering along the cliff looking for something
What ? _____

A. Gordon (SS)

You are invited to sketch in word or line your interpretation of what that 'something' was.
(There will be a prize for the best two answers received at the start of the Autumn Term. Ed.)

OFF - THE - CUFF

WANTED :

'Honest John' missiles and launcher for School versus Staff hockey match.
Ambulance and accident unit for the same purpose.
A highly trained band of ruthless mercenaries - for staff duties. (*Sea cadet guard need not apply - Ed.*)
A chatter of assorted juniors for modelling garden gnomes.
Set of unbreakable ear plugs for those in close proximity to Cdr. Sykes.
Spiked throwing hammer for use against abusive crowds. (*'Aides' note - Ed.*)
Swimming pool with clear water and nymphs - would exchange wet sponge and the Senior Girls' Common Room.

FOR SALE :

Set of broken ear-plugs collected from those in close proximity to Cdr. Sykes, - or exchange overseas posting.
Assorted Javelins - would make an excellent contribution to solving the problem of over-population.
Used Junior - surplus to garden gnome requirements.
Typewriter, Art room special for still-life modelling: best offer secures.
(*This could and will make a delightful necklace for those offering - Ed.*)
Bent high-jump bar
(*Ideal for bent high jumper - Ed.*)
400 metre length of used grass running track.
Priceless collection of little used and greatly abused school desks - all suitably inscribed with fraternal greetings !
School Text books - to suit all ages (*Remember - learning can damage the brain!*)
Every book carries a Government Health Warning and is virtually unmarked.



CALL MY BIOLOGICAL BLUFF !

*You are invited to attempt this formidable test in the bath (depth 13 cms) at any inconvenient moment.
Correct answers - if known - could be published for a small consideration - Ed.*

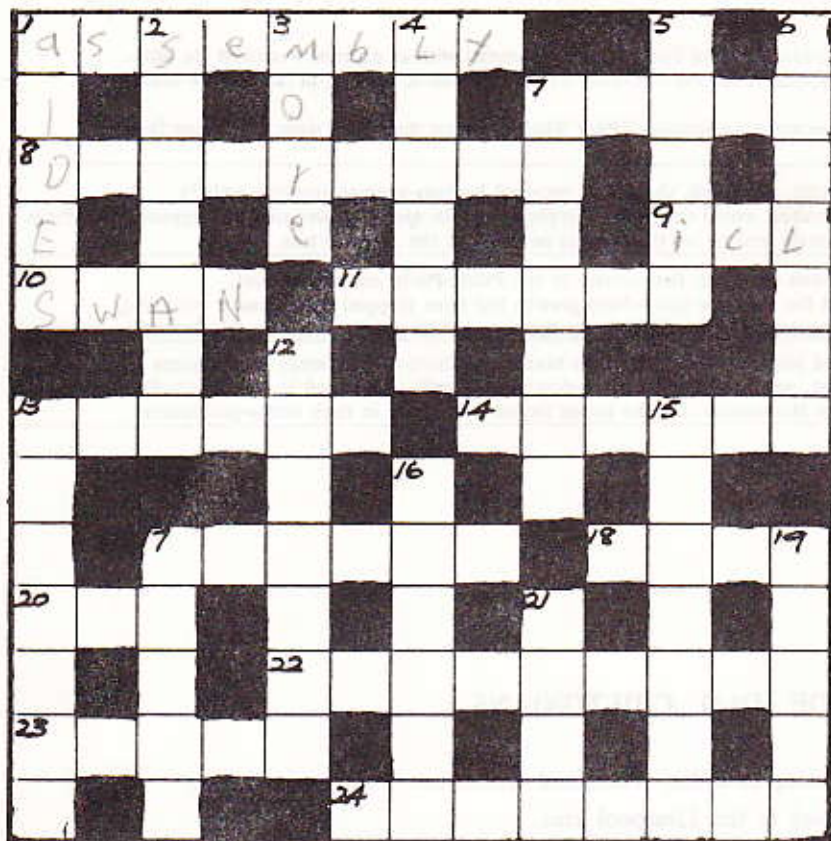
1 HUIA	<p>A An exceedingly rare member of the mountain-pig group, now confined to rain forest in Ceylon.</p> <p>B Maori name for a primitive lizard, virtually a scaled-down dinosaur, which shares its burrow with sea birds on remote islands.</p> <p>C Extinct New Zealand wattle bird whose males and females had bills so differently shaped they could only feed as a pair.</p>
2 MUKTUK	<p>A Arab term for a bright queen scarab beetle which collects, and lays its eggs on, camel-dung.</p> <p>B Eskimos use this frozen blubber, from the Narwhal, as a tasty tit-bit for their sled dogs.</p> <p>C This is what Lapps call the polar bear (it springs from the male's cry during the breeding season.)</p>
3 EMMER	<p>A A winter-living moth, destructive of fruit trees, whose females have tiny wings and are unable to fly.</p> <p>B Primitive methods of the Gramineae, or grasses, found wild in Middle East: a possible ancestor of wheat.</p> <p>C The large saw-like organ possessed by some female wasps. With it they make slits in plant tissues, placing eggs therein.</p>
4 ISLETS OF LANGERHANS	<p>A A group of islands in the North Pacific, last home of Stellers sea cow.</p> <p>B Sub-microscopic structures, found in chain-like festoons within the cells of the salivary gland</p> <p>C Rounded bodies, scattered throughout the pancreas, or sweetbread, which are the source of the hormone insulin.</p>
5 ARIL	<p>A Brightly coloured outgrowths from the surface of some seeds, which may allow their movement by ants.</p> <p>B A much-valued secretion from the leaves of certain desert plants thought by Arabs to be aphrodisiac</p> <p>C The original Norse term for the flax plants which they were the first to bring to the British Isles</p>
6 OZBERRY	<p>A A caviare substitute consisting of eggs scraped from the underside of the spawning edible crab.</p> <p>B A dark red berry gathered on the mountains of N.W. Scotland and used by the Picts as the basis of an alcoholic drink.</p> <p>C Country name current in parts of the Midlands for Aron maculatum - the Common Cuckoo Pint or Dogs Dribble.</p>
7 TROGLODYTES	<p>A Animals or plants restricted exclusively to caves (means "hole dwellers")</p> <p>B The group of birds to which the Wren belongs - so named because of their minimal size.</p> <p>C A race of tropical shellfish, with long conical shells, popular as "bride-money" in Papua.</p>
8 PALOLO	<p>A A much coveted marine worm gathered enthusiastically at certain full moons by Pacific Islanders.</p> <p>B A primitive type of rice plant, perhaps ancestral to the now cultivated, confined to Hawaii.</p> <p>C A large conche-like shell, which when blown into produced an awe-inspiring sound.</p>
9 WETA	<p>A A large white grub formerly common in the wood of certain New Zealand trees.</p> <p>B The main food organism eaten by Blue Whales in the Southern hemisphere.</p> <p>C Wild grain, staple food of Neanderthal man, thought to have been soaked in water after gathering.</p>
10 PAEDOGENESIS	<p>A The ability possessed by some animals e.g. the puffer fish, of bringing about changes in their shape.</p> <p>B Tendency for certain organisms - as an inherited variation - to develop more than the regular quota of legs.</p> <p>C Technical term for the ability, found occasionally in the animal kingdom, to produce offspring while still immature.</p>
11 AXOLOTL	<p>A The self-perpetuating larval stage of the Spotted Salamander found in certain steep-sided Mexican lakes.</p> <p>B The Aztec name for their sacred, drug containing, treadstool and considered to be a minor deity.</p> <p>C Spectacularly plumaged forest bird from Guatemala and often shown on her postage stamps.</p>
12 NYCTINASTY	<p>A The biological term for hibernation: it means, literally, "long sleep" in Greek.</p> <p>B The "sleep-movements" which some flowers execute - closing of flowers, folding of leaves etc.</p> <p>C Ability possessed by such animals as bats, to avoid contact with objects when it is too dark to see.</p>
13 ZINJANTHROPUS	<p>A "Nutcracker man" a fossil with both human and ape-like characteristics discovered in Tanzania.</p> <p>B An extinct ground sloth - from Patagonia - which Darwin considered to have unusually man-like face characteristics.</p> <p>C Old Dutch term, for man-like shapes which occasionally turn up amongst tulip bulbs.</p>
14 SWINNY	<p>A A poisonous growth of red algae, found floating in the surface waters of the Polar seas, and destructive to fish.</p> <p>B Dialect term given to the common shore crab in parts of Norfolk, Suffolk, and other backward areas.</p> <p>C Offspring of the mating between a stallion and a female donkey, a Jenny.</p>

15 AARDVARK	<p>A The "Earth pig": a long-snouted South African mammal with an especial weakness for ants.</p> <p>B Boer term used colloquially for the Common Hyena (a phonetic version, in fact, of the animals hunting call.</p> <p>C Norwegian collective name for school of Pilot Whales, whose strandings were a welcome feature</p>
16 MYRISTICIVOROUS	<p>A Capable of extracting, and using, the nectar secreted by long-spurred tropical orchids</p> <p>B Those ants, and termites, which cultivate a simple fungus in specially prepared underground chambers</p> <p>C Describes those animals feeding on the flowers or fruits of the Nutmeg tree.</p>
17 NUMBAT	<p>A The Australian banded ant-eater, first cousin to the Pitchi-Pitchi and Wuhl-Wuhl.</p> <p>B Somersetshire word for a willow-tree whose growth has been stopped by excessive pollarding</p> <p>C Large block of compacted fish meal, formerly spread on their potato fields by the Faeroese.</p>
18 BILIRUBIN	<p>A The highly coloured juice, containing various toxins, of plants of the family Rubiniaceae</p> <p>B Dark-red constituent, produced from broken-down blood cells and stored in the mammalian gall-bladder.</p> <p>C The creole name, in Madagascar, for the lemur found commonly in their cocoa-plantations.</p>

NEWS OF OLD CHILTONIANS

MENON	Greeta is married and living in India. Prem and Kishor are studying in U.S.A.
FREEMAN, Nigel	Now a car salesman based in the Liverpool area.
BERGSTEN, T.	Living in Finland, working as an Art Designer.
GRAVES, Miffy	Living in Vienna, married last October to under manager of Hilton Hotel, London.
GRAVES, Veronica	Working in Ireland for a stable that raises and trains polo ponies.
BAUMANN, Mike	Called during the Easter holidays, now living in Holland and attending an Art School.
CRAMER, Gerry	Working in the Cape Verde Islands.
GEARY, Kim	Now Gunner Geary, R.A.
BECKWITH, Simon	Member of Army Junior Leaders.
SEAGO, Robert	Working in a jewellers in Reading.
MOSCOVA, Renee-Claire (nee Argence)	In May we had a visit from Renee-Claire and her husband, Pierre. They are living near Toulouse where he works on the French Satellite project. She had recently been visited by George Pulides who is now married and still living in Geneva. It is understood that he has kept up his expertise in "writing-off" cars and has been in London.
PANAOUTOU, Peter	We have recently heard from Peter who is living on a Greek island and hopes to come to England in the Autumn.

(Any information, at any time, that anyone can provide will be most welcome to keep the news up-to-date. Similarly a very warm welcome is naturally extended to all old pupils who care to 'drop-in' or who would volunteer an informal evening lecture. - Ed.)



CROSSWORD No. 1.

ACROSS.

1. Saturday start.
7. Some do - others - !
8. Mort d'Arthur (4.5)
9. Unwell
10. — Vesta
11. Idea
13. Nicer T. (Anagram)
14. An old London Airport
17. Fortunately compulsory
18. Anna's home
20. — tac
22. — — — — 2 B
23. Impositions
24. Summer holidays (3.5)

DOWN.

1. The assistants
2. A nauti . . . story (3.4)
3. — or less
4. The lion (french) (2.4)
5. Chiltons bolt-hole
6. 'Cold weight'
7. Person schooling animals
12. — — for big heads
13. After six
15. Paired
16. Twice as much
17. Phew — not sent !
19. Another popular subject
21. See 16.

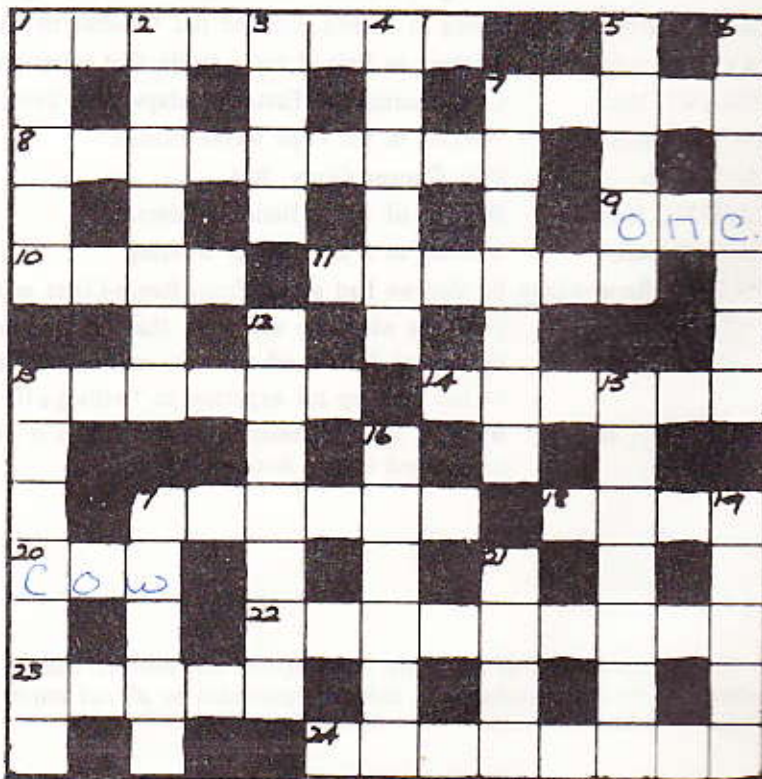
CROSSWORD No. 2.

ACROSS

1. Something enjoyed
7. Vessels
8. Sound-booster
9. A single
10. To shape flints
11. Argue logically
13. Star-girl
14. Permits
17. Stern
18. To inflict a dagger wound
20. Moo !
22. Surreptitious
23. Higher
24. Little bits cut off.

DOWN

1. A board
2. Make atonement for
3. Make absent from lessons
4. Lifted
5. Breakfast essayist ?
6. Agrees
7. In cheeky fashion
12. A taste
13. Expert
15. Shocking thing
16. English poet
17. Cleaned with broom
19. Awaits
21. A stay.



(A prize will be given to the first correct pair of puzzles received. - Ed.)



ALEX



ONE, TWO. . . . THREE ?



THE THINKERS I THINK . . . !



'MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSE'

WARNING BY H.M. GOVERNMENT.
AND CHILTON AUTHORITIES
SMOKING CAN DAMAGE
YOUR HEALTH



SUSAN EASTHAM

CHILTON CANTELO HOUSE
YEOVIL SOMERSET ENGLAND