

1977





EDITORIAL

Whilst I do freely admit to enjoying 'putting the magazine together' it must be said that contributions this year have rather dribbled in and, in consequence, my few grey hairs have taken a fearful hammering! Nevertheless I believe our contents are still as infinitely variable as ever: still both informative, credible, incredible, perhaps amusing without being absolutely libellous and above all - and this is surely the important thing - the product of a small, balanced community.

That we are small simply means we must make the greater effort to succeed; to become the all-rounder rather than the specialist; to 'have-a-go' rather than to follow the majority; to be individual and to make the most of ourselves by just simply TRYING!

My thanks then are to all those who have tried, to those who in any way have helped in its production - and in particular I include Miss Norris for invaluable assistance; to those who persisted in writing and submitting beyond my 'deadline'; to those who tried and in trying - were trying!

I hope, you the reader, will open our pages more than once.

I. T.

HEADMASTER'S LETTER

Although the size of Thoroughfare is considerably slimmer and more streamlined than in some of the earlier years, owing to the demands of economics it is pleasant to record that at least the volume of material submitted by the school has, I am told, been very much larger than for a long time. The majority of the work of sorting and getting material to press has once again fallen on Mr. Thompson's shoulders and I am most grateful for the work he has put in in getting one more edition of Thoroughfare off the ground.

Now that Chilton is 18 years old we had hoped that some organising genius would arise and take on the job of creating a society of Old Chiltonians and I hope that that day may not be far off. If such arrangements can be made Thoroughfare would perform an even more interesting task of providing news of those who have been to Chilton during the past years.

COUNTRY

By day

The dawn touched the hills with silver and the sky looked as if an artist's paintbrush had swept across it.

A rabbit popped its head out of its burrow, curious to see if the world had miraculously changed overnight.

The crisp, crunchy, new, green grass was alive with small insects and creatures whilst above, in the trees, a tiny bird whistled sweetly.

A fox cub romped about in a frenzy with his brothers and sisters, while their mother lapped at the water in a cool, fresh brook.

A horse chewed happily at the grass.

The world was awake.

By night

The moon, clear and bright lit up the forest. A gentle breeze whispered in the trees. Little drops of dew formed in a spider's web glistening like a diamond necklace.

A wolf howled in the distance and a dustbin lid clattered where some scavenger had rustled into a bin.

An owl swooped down onto a tiny mouse and its screams were heard echoing all over the forest.

The world looked desolate, but really a hundred tiny animals were tucked away in their holes, safe and warm for the night.

Lynn Rutter (3)

SUMMER, ON THE FARM

As my eyes opened I turned over and the morning sun caught my eyes as it shone bright and clear. I jumped out of bed, pulled back the curtains and opened the window. The fresh air rushed into the room.

"Breakfast is ready; come on it's 8 o'clock". My mother's voice came up the stairs. "Coming!" I replied. I opened the door and the smell of bacon, eggs, tomatoes, fried bread, potatoes, and mushrooms reached my nostrils. I thoroughly enjoyed my breakfast, and afterwards opened the big wooden door and walked outside, down the old flag-stone path into the farmyard.

The sound of bellowing calves, hungry and full of energy, came from one of the sheds. The sound of a tractor coming up the road. I always love the sound of a tractor, as wherever I am it reminds me of home. The tractor pulled in near me. "Morning Phil," I called across to our workman. "Morning," he replied.

"Oh, so you're up at last!" came my father's voice. "You can get the tractor out, drive it up to the old barn, collect seven bales of hay, then go up and check the calves in "Three corner ground!" So, in a happy mood, I skipped off to the tractor shed. I reached the old barn, and the smell of sweet hay engulfed me. There I saw two baby rabbits hopping around, and stopped for just a few seconds to see them, as I love the sight of young animals playing most of all. I reached the field where the calves were happily playing. They ran up to me - a steady thudding of small, playful hooves, as if to say, "Come and play with us." I played around for a while, then counted to see they were all there, and walked back to the tractor.

The sun was high in the sky now, shining down onto the dew-covered fields. The grass always looked its best at this hour of the day; soft, sweet and tender, covered in pearls of dew.

I sat on the seat of the tractor and looked up at the hills. "Oh, great", I thought. "Another day of cool refreshing swims in the brook and hot, hard-working afternoons in the hay-fields. In the evening my friend and myself could go shooting with the air-gun or practise handstands on the lawn, or perhaps - if it was not too hot, could go riding through the 'soft green meadows'. I started the tractor up - with all of these thoughts whirling around inside my head. The sun was now well up in the sky, the shadows of the trees reached out to catch me, as I drove back across the dusty old track to start another day of new excitement, sounds and colours.

Penny Wetherall (3)

FERTILISED - A West Country Poem.

It were a bright and sunny day,
Just the weather for rolling in hay,
The air was so clean and pure
Until I fell in some manure!

The sight was bad, the smell was worse,
My friends let out a charming curse.
But they were right and I were wrong
For I made such a terrible pong!

Robert Steel (JB)

NOISES IN THE NIGHT

Last night I had a most terrifying experience when I heard a strange noise. It seemed to come from above me - from beside me: no, no, it was coming from all over.

It started beating in the head. I sat up and looked all around. I couldn't see anything. Suddenly there was a bell. It was like the bell on a fire-engine. Then I thought the house was on fire. I turned my light on and because the light was so bright I saw circles and they were coloured - as the colours you see in a fire. You see these same circles if you look at a strong light for a long time. Slowly I started to think. Was it a fire? Well, there was one way to find out and that was to look for smoke. I quickly and quietly crept from my bed to the top of the stairs. There was no smoke, so I went back to bed and, with the bell still going, I got back to a warm bed, but the warmer it became the more I thought about fire.

I turned my light out and shut my eyes, but it was no good, I could not go to sleep. I tried reading a book - and that was all about a house fire! I played patience for a few minutes. I tried to sleep, but it was still no good. Then, by accident, I knocked the side of the bed and, as if it was magic, the bell noise stopped. It then dawned on me. It was the alarm on my clock which had gone off! I would be able to go to sleep now because I was satisfied in my own mind that nothing had happened at all.

My imagination again !

Steven Male (JB)

SOUNDS OF THE EARLY MORNING

The alarm clock's ring woke me up and if it had not been a week-day I would have put my pillow over it and gone back to sleep.

The traffic was roaring over the Broadway. The familiar sound of angry cars' hooters soon put a stop to my day-dreaming. The smell of bacon, burnt at that, drifted its way up the stairs.

I rubbed the sleep from my eyes and pulling the bedclothes aside made my way into the bathroom.

Down-stairs I could hear the radio 'blasting' and the sound of dishes rattling together. The sound of milk bottles told me to hurry or else I'd be late for work.

The birds were singing as I finally made my way down-stairs, to my breakfast which was awaiting me on the table.

After I had just sat down, the paper boy's footsteps could be heard as the gravel crunched underfoot. The paper dropped through the letterbox with a thud onto the floor.

The cat, though somewhat slowly, padded its way down-stairs into the kitchen and lapped up its milk noisily before scratching at the door to go out.

By this time, I had finished my breakfast and my wife began to clear the table - the dishes clattering together as they were piled on the draining board.

I began to hunt for my briefcase and coat and finding these said goodbye to my wife and shut the door behind me with a bang. My footsteps crunched along the path to the gate. I opened the gate and it squeaked. I must oil it tonight I told myself.

At the bus-stop, I stood looking at the cars, listening to the hum of the new cars and the bang, bang, pop, pop of the older ones.

At last the bus drove round the corner and purred up the street. Once on the bus, there was the familiar noise of people talking, coughing, the rustle of newspapers and the conductor saying, "Where do you want to go? Money please!"

Another day had begun.

Pippa Jones (3)



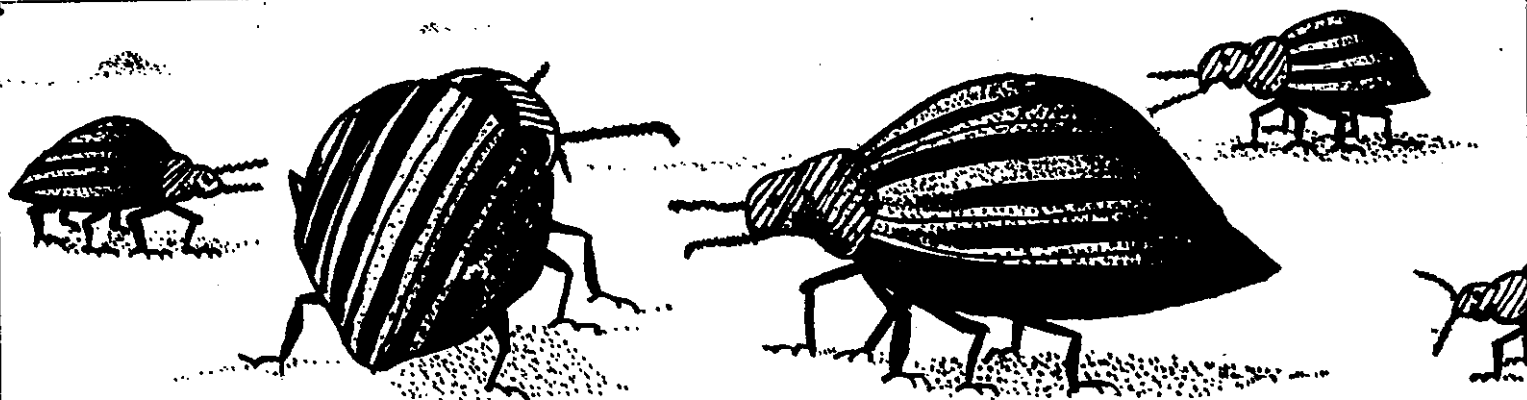
BABY ANIMALS

I love my little baby bear.
I love his nose, his toes and hair.
I like to hold him in my arm
and keep him safe, away from harm.
I love my little baby eel,
he is so squidgerly to feel.
He'll be an eel - when he is big -
but now he's just a tiny 'snig'.
My baby hedgehog, how I like ye
'though your back's so prickly - spikey.
Your front is very soft - I've found -
So I must love you "front-ways-round"!

I love my little baby snake,
he hisses when he is awake.
He creeps with such a wriggley creep
he even wriggles in his sleep!
I love my little crocodile.
I love his awful, toothful smile.
It is so wonderful and wide.
I like to see it, but from outside!
I love my little baby rabbit,
but oh! - he has a dreadful habit.
Paddling out among the rocks
and soaking both his bunny-socks.

Donna Bowring (3)

*(I love all these little verses
Some are good and others worses
but all are very nicely penned
- with a saucy twist right at the end! - Ed.)*



BEETLING

Lynn Rutter (3)

MY LITTLE WHITE HORSE

On a white horse with a long flowing mane
We can jump ditches and speed we can gain.
Across the white cliffs and down to the sea,
My little white horse so frisky is she.
The cool summer breeze brushing her hair.
A sturdy young beast is my little white mare.
In the twilight we canter back home,
Past the small pastures where she used to roam.

Deborah Rhodes (JA)

THE WILD HORSE

The proud stallion stands on the ridge,
overlooking the land.
With his arched neck high in the air,
a strange smell passed round his nose.
His ears twitch forward.
Then he's off like a shot,
galloping across the lonely moor,
his tail flowing out behind like a streamer.
His graceful legs hardly touch the dewy grass,
and his black coat ripples over his ribs,
as he bucks and gallops over the desolate plain.
He stops for a nibble of the grass.
His big intelligent eyes wander to seek the intruder.
But no intruder is to be seen.
So off he goes like a bullet.
This is his life,
His land,
His joy !!!

Sue Joyce (3)

METAMORPHOSIS

I'm a little electric train,
I go along in the wind and the rain.
I go faster .. faster .. faster
C R A S H ! I'm a total disaster !

Rhys Thomas (JA)

THE ARAB STALLION

The large grey, Arab stallion,
gallops through the field of waving corn.
A lather begins to form on the animal's sleek
shoulder.
Then, with sides blowing, and nostrils
flared,
he slowly comes to a halt.

His head held high,
with startled eyes he looks around.
There is a movement in the hedge nearby,
and off he bolts again.
Galloping round and round, his stride
never faltering,
until in the distance, he disappears.

Nicky Rogers (3)

HORSES

White-crested horses racing on the shore,
Flaring nostrils, snorting I saw,
Coal-black eyes, glinting, afraid,
White foaming coats like breakers on waves,
Steady breathing, hoof-prints in sand,
Pounding in harmony, soft when they land,
Strong muscles rippling, mane and tail flailing,
The whole body gently through the air sailing,
In the distance their hooves you no longer hear,
Waves covering their prints so that they disappear,

Lynn Rutter (3)

AN ODE TO CAUTION

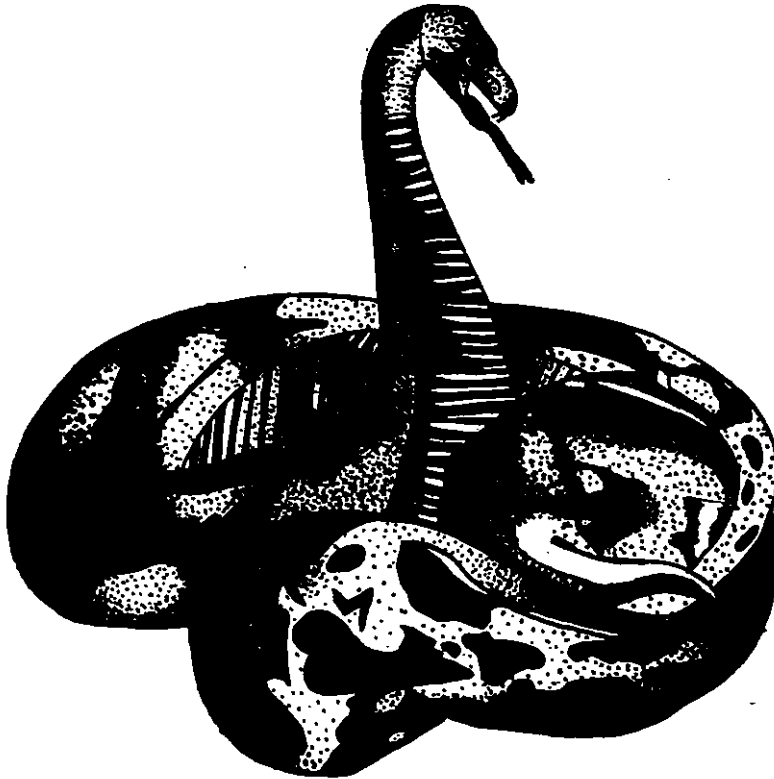
'Tis but a fool who doth publicly opine.
He must to privacy confine.
In secret 'parleys' - heed, take care !
One must the listening walls beware.

Christopher Joyce (6)

FALLING ASLEEP

Outside the wind howls as I am half asleep -
all tucked up snug and warm.
I hear distressed cows moo
and sheep bleat for mercy from the cruel wind.
The trees sway to and fro, and the branches
wave like wands.
The electricity wires shake like blobs of cream
on a jelly.
I hear the wind hissing through the grass
like a rattlesnake.
Outside the door the boys clump tiredly
along the creaky floorboards to bed,
While inside all I hear is heavy breathing.
The last thing I hear is the perpetual ticking
of the alarm-clock
as I sink slowly into heavenly peace -
all tucked up snug and warm!

Sue Joyce (3)



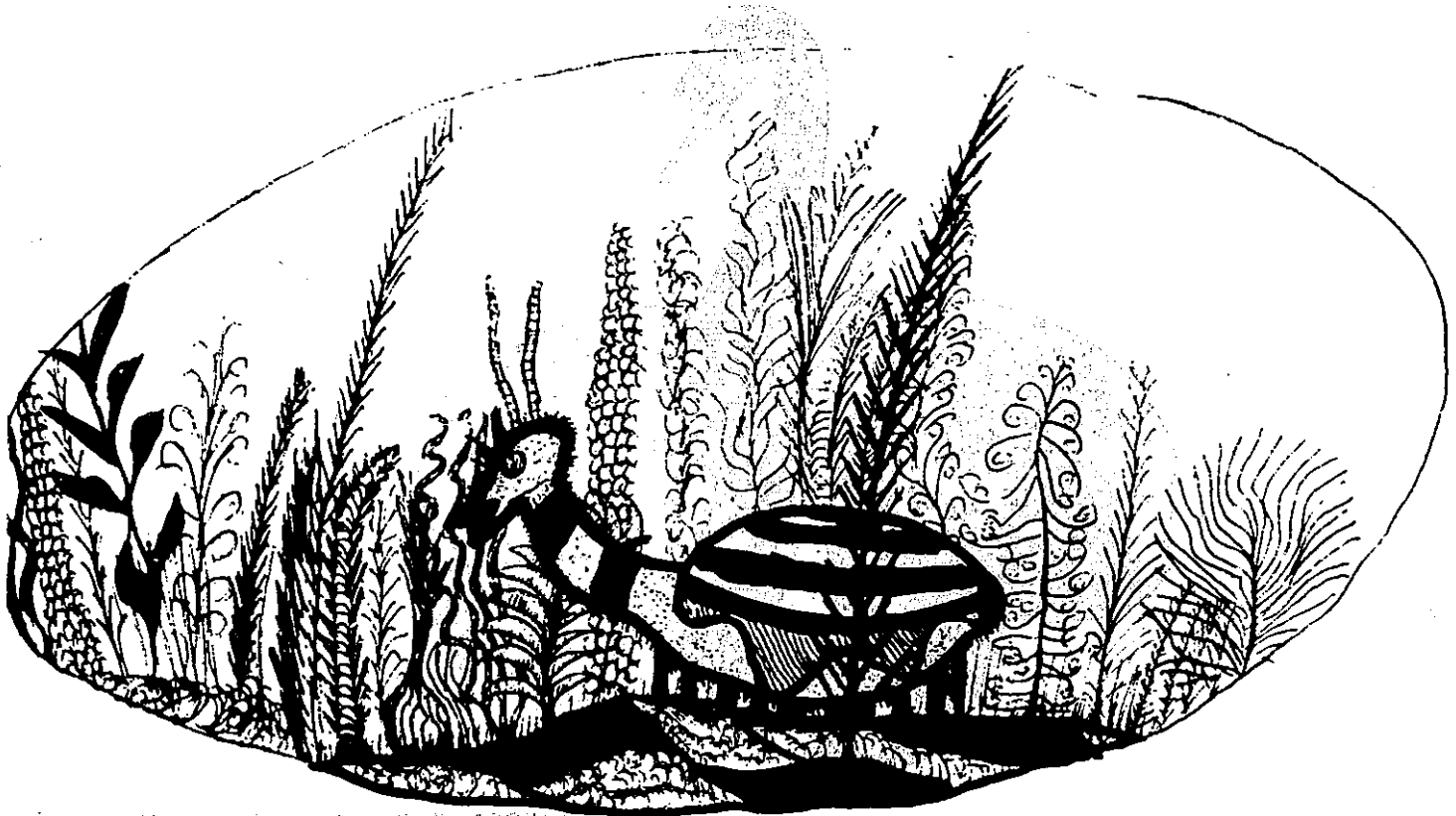
JUNIORMATHS - Lynn Rutter (3)

(Computers and things
each madder and madder.
Cannot really compete
with Lynn's little adder! - Ed.)

THE THOUGHTS THAT KEEP ME AWAKE

A scraping sound in the room,
The rattling chains - sensing doom.
An old lady that had been hanged,
The wooden door creaked and banged.
A sound of footsteps on the floor,
The ghostly wails came more and more.
A ghostly shadow on the wall,
On the floor a bloody pool.
I saw the devil's face of red,
I felt a jog; something moved my bed!
A hideous noise was quite near,
I buried my head; hoped not to hear.
I tried to sleep,
and through the bedclothes I dare not peep.

Debbie Rhodes (JA)



PIEDEPUSS'

the nocturnal nibbler!

Graham Rhodes (3)

OUR CHANGING WORLD

The shutters banged, the door it creaked,
The roof when it rained began to leak.
The slates on the roof were chipped and
tattered
Not that anyone thought it mattered!
The bedroom walls were broken in,
The council said it was a sin.
Why not do away with this old place
and build something that is really 'nace'?
The architects very soon came,
perhaps to show off the company's name.
Then came the problem of what to build,
Already on this site five had been killed.
Then the idea came into their heads.
Not to frighten anyone out of their beds.
A children's playground was 'just the thing'
There they could play and make a din,
could run riot, skip, jump and slide,
but, as usual, the 'planners' hands were tied'
So in the end the site was cleared, and the
old, old house just disappeared!

Pippa Jones (3)

POLISHED OFF!

I am a tin of shoe-polish. I often go down to the shoe-polish playground. Every night at ten-thirty, I wait for the lights to go out and then I get out of my shoe-box and roll out of the door into the road. I roll about another mile down the road, round the sharp corner where I always lose my top, and then straight down the road until you get to the shoe-polish playground. We all have great fun there.

One day we said, 'Let's have a rolling race!' We lined up at the starting line and grandad shoe-polish tin said, 'Go!' We all rolled as fast as we could along the grass. I was in fourth place; Mark, Neale, and Martin were in front of me. Suddenly I put on full speed going round the corner and fell over. I got up quickly and was in third place. Then I moved up into second, until rolling into the last straight, I went full pelt and I came in first. Our little trophy was a mug with 'John' painted on it.

The time was nearly 8 o'clock, time for John to get up. So I rolled like mad up the road, and back into the 'box in the nick of time. My owner had just got up, and was going to polish his shoes for work and

Anthony Norman (JB)

WAR

When the battle is over and the victors
in glory return,
One wonders when mankind will
ever learn,
That the heroes of today will be the
dead men of tomorrow,
That the laughing of today will soon
turn to sorrow.
No man is invincible as history will
remind.
No army will remain for long.
Defeat it will on occasion find.
So when the heroes reach home ground
to be happy and be rich,
Don't forget the heroes lying dead
back in the ditch.

Ian Latchford (50)

NO BURNING FIRE

I seem so cold,
Yet in a fire I lay.
I feel so strong,
Yet I wither away.

As the fire crawls up
and through me,
I wish I was still part
of my beautiful tree.

Who cut down my beautiful tree
and left her bleeding?
To bleed and die . . .
No burning fire
. not I.

Penny Wetherall (3)

DEATH

The death was quick,
The pain is gone.
He was so sick;
Of relations he had none.

Debbie Rhodes (JA)

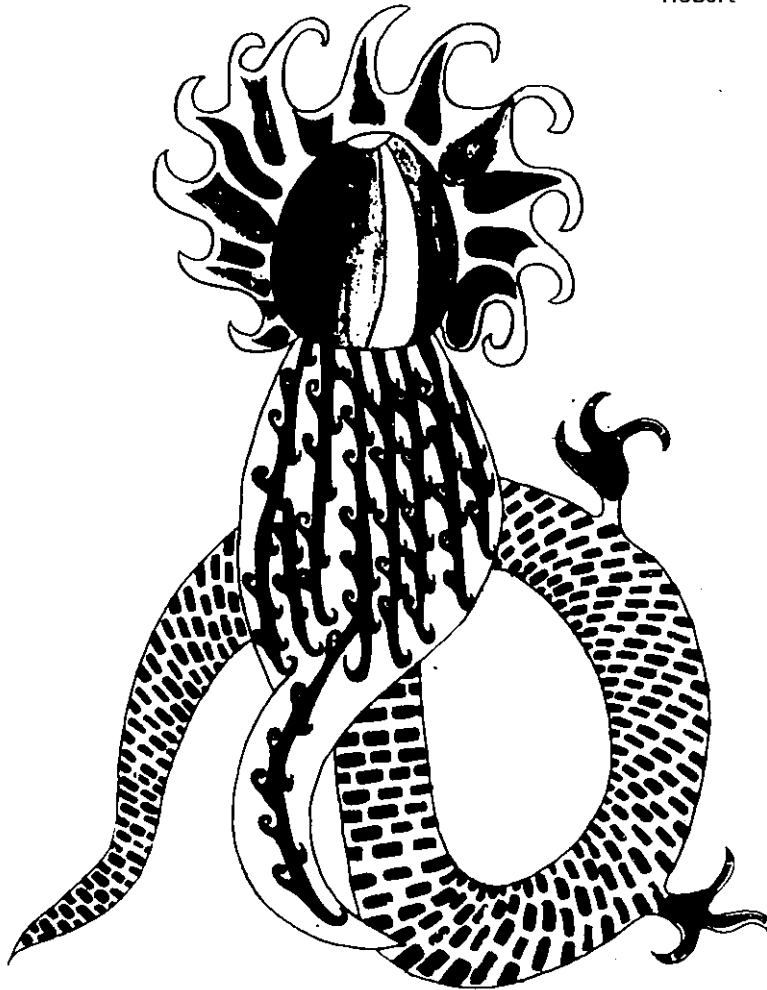
THE DREAM

I had just got into bed after turning the light out. I lay there thinking of a thriller that I had just seen that night on television. I dropped off to sleep and the next thing I knew was that I was driving up to this hotel seeking a job as a decorator. I rang the door-bell - it made an echoing sound. An old lady came to the door and I told her I was there looking for a job. She asked me in and led me down into the cellars where she tricked and locked me in.

On the floor was dried blood and there was a cupboard. I opened it and inside was a dead man. His head had been chopped off. I shivered. A dark figure appeared holding a knife in his hand. I curled up in a corner. He came closer, his arm raised ready to strike

I woke up and it was a big relief to find out that it was just a nightmare !

Robert Steel (JB)



ANIMAL FANTASTIQUE

Odile Dubois (3)

THE DESERTED RAILWAY STATION

One day a friend and I visited a deserted railway station. When we went inside there was dust everywhere and we heard a growling noise from one of the buildings. We ran away and something shot out behind us, but it was only a dog.

Heaving a huge sigh of relief, we built up enough courage to go back into the station. We found the ticket office and, searching about in the many drawers, discovered a 2p piece.

After that we walked along the tracks and found a carriage. We climbed inside it and found out it was an old first-class carriage. My friend sat down and, I am sorry to say, opened a pen-knife and slit the seat from side to side. In amongst the stuffing was something shining which he eagerly picked up. It was a diamond.

We excitedly cut open all the seats and found, to our horror, a skeleton. It was wearing a pair of jeans, a tank top and a Leeds United scarf. There was a blood-stained knife in its clothes. We presumed it was an old soccer vandal, and we ran and told the police.

With the police we came back to the carriage and the police started to look everywhere for clues. Whilst searching the station-buildings, we heard a cough. It came from behind the wall of the ticket office. Behind the wall, the police found a man who admitted to the murder. He was an escaped convict and was sentenced to life-imprisonment at Leeds Assizes.

Mark Rush (JB)

DEPARTURE

Away from bedlam and the noisy blast,
a quieter place I find at last.
From what, I do not understand - from trials
and trouble and much demand.
A refuge for my pining soul.
A peace that calms, rests, consoles.
Where dandelion, daisy, nettle, thorn
ponder dreamily; yet not forlorn.
A gentle breeze with bated breath
nips to and fro with silent stealth.
Between the stony mournful tombs,
nods and dips, autumnal blooms.
The Church, with wary eye, on sentry stands,
with graceful pomp, majestic, grand.
The Bastion, The Rock.
Her will she shall impose
on all abuse Man may compose.
I wish that all men were so free,
that they might share my heartfelt glee
whilst lying in the cemetery.

Christopher Joyce (6)

ONE OF THOSE DAYS

I woke up late
At half past eight,
One awful, rainy Monday.
It seemed not a sin,
to have a 'lie in'
As I thought it was Sunday.

I got an 'E' in maths and P.E.,
In fact, all my marks fell.
I fell off the bench,
In the middle of French,
And for that was kept after the 'bell!'

Louise James (3)

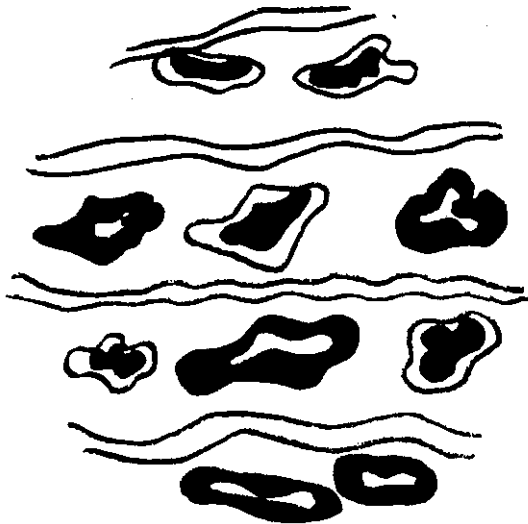
PEACE

The gulls wheel above us,
 free and elegant;
 Their wings cutting the wind,
 soaring, dropping and rising with the air.
 The clouds chasing them as dogs
 chase a fox,
 Reaching, forever reaching.

The gulls fall down, down, down,
 and, at one turn of the wind,
 They come to life and fly up,
 up, up, towards the fading sun.
 The colours mingle in the distance,
 blue, green, orange and red.

With the last breath of wind
 the gulls turn and fly towards
 their ever-calling families:
 to peace, peace for them,
 and peace for us.
 Peace forever in the haven of
 happiness above.

Margaret Barker (50)



FOXY'S EYE-VIEW

I came to a school called Chilton.
 A marvellous place for a pup
 Where children eat all over the street
 and there's wonderful pickings-up.

But I didn't find it any fun
 To be marched through snow and fog
 And told what was and wasn't done,
 'Till I was a nice clean dog.

Don't eat the morning paper . .
 Don't chase the paper boys . .
 Don't dare to chew that letter . .
 And stop that awful noise.

In holidays, it's different.
 And even at week-ends
 We manage to remain - well -
 comparatively, friends.

If she treads on me on Sunday
 it's, 'Sorry Fox' - all sweet,
 But on Monday mornings it's, 'Drat you',
 Get out from under my feet.

Then there's the craze for cleaning.
 Can't see why she must.
 But every blessed week-end
 She will disturb the dust.

And if I pinch the duster
 She shouts at me no end,
 And if I fight the cleaner
 She tells me he's a friend.

His name it seems is Hoover.
 But how can we be chums
 When he runs in growling loudly
 Eating my biscuit crumbs?

I know what they mean by a dog's life
 'Cos that's what she leads me,
 And I think it's time I revolted
 And demanded to be set free.

Next time she calls I'll ignore it.
 'Foxy!' Shall I risk it?
 Perhaps on second thoughts, I'll go.
 There might just be a biscuit.

Ian Latchford (50)

THE TIGER

The tiger creeps through the grass
his brown and yellow stripes
show up clearly.
His tail sways about
and waiting to pounce on his prey
his green eyes light up
in the dark.
Sees his prey.
His claw springs out.
He waits
then pounces.
His prey is dead!

Robert Steel (JB)



JUNGLE FANTASY -

Odile Dubois (3)

ESCAPE FROM BONDAGE

"707" was moored at her anchorage in the upper reaches of the Beaulieu river in Hampshire. Her owner, Alex Molton, was waiting for me when I arrived. We shook hands and then he rowed me over in a dinghy to where the 28 foot long wooden built boat was waiting for us. It was powered by two powerful Ford Mermaid marine engines.

Once on board "707" Alex opened the two engine hatches and getting down flat on his front leaned in to check the motionless engines. Turning two keys that he said were to turn on the batteries, and to check that the bilge was empty. Batteries 'on' and hatches down he stood behind the wheel, and pressed the two starter buttons. With a ferocious roar the engines snarled into life.

I went forward and stood by to let go. I gave the 'OK', and as I let go of the mooring line I had the feeling of releasing some wild animal from captivity. We left the mooring slowly.

"I'm afraid it's a bit of a crawl", he said. 'There's a speed limit till we reach Freewater'.

Edging down river at something in the region of an unexciting 4 knots, we headed for the Solent. The needles on the rev. counter were notching just above 500 - a long way to go before they hit the red danger segment at about the 5,000 r.p.m. mark.

As we cleared the last bend of the river the sailing boats were flapping about in the Solent seeking wind on a relatively windless day. The last river change - marker fell behind and I saw the needles creep round the rev. counter and the shipping ahead seemed to rush towards us. Within no time both rev. counters had worked their way round to 3,000 r.p.m. . . We were doing about 30 knots, which translated into land speed is about 32 - 33 m.p.h. . . We headed towards Cowes to take on fuel.

Having just taken 40 gallons - 20 into each tank - we eased out of the harbour and round Egypt Point.

Alex pulled back gently on the throttles. I hung on as tightly as I could, as we picked up speed. Spray started to fly around and the thrill of speed took possession of my senses. I grabbed a stanchion and stood up over the windscreen. Unprotected by the 'screen, my head was torn by the wind - skin flattening against cheekbone. I ducked down glad to find shelter, eyes smarting with the sting of spray.

"How fast?" I yelled above the noise of the hammering engines.

"39 + . . . probably 40 knots". I caught the words before the wind whipped them away. We were really going now; the great curved perspex weather screen was covered in spray effectively cutting down the visibility. Opening the throttles to just under 4,5000 revs. we passed Yarmouth, and the Needles came up to port.

The weather was very good, but the water was too smooth for real excitement. We needed some broken water to shake us up a bit. A course alteration brought us into mid-channel and just off the starboard bow a big merchantman was making for Southampton. Alex put the helm over towards the disturbed water of her wake. She came up to meet us. I could see faces on her bridge as we tore past her. The stern of the 20,000 tonner slid past in a blur. We hit her wake like a car hitting a wall. I felt the deck under my feet kick upwards with a force that sent a shock through my legs. I heard the propellers trying to bite thin air and then we came down with a smack that made one think the boat would crack in two. It was impossible to see more than 20 yards ahead and I only hoped that there was nothing up front. Alex followed down the path of the merchantman's wake. We were bucking about madly, punching our crazy way through the waves with the staccato noise of a rivet-gun.

Then the mad roller-coaster ride was over - we reached clear water again. The deck ceased to hammer at the soles of my feet and the cloud of spray fell away from the windscreen.

We turned round and headed back to the Beaulieu river and made the slow ride up river to our mooring.

An hour later "707" was tugging at her moorings impatiently awaiting as a caged animal; waiting to be released!

Edward Danby (5S)

SNOW

The ice cold snow,
thicker and thicker it gets
as it falls.
Then come the children,
running out to play.
Crunch, crunch they step
on the ice cold snow.
The next day they wake up.
Alas ! - the snow is melting.

Anthony Norman (JB)

THE HOSTAGE

It was a bright morning in mid-July, and both my father and mother had gone to work. My sister belongs to a Sunday-school and had gone for a week's holiday with her friends in France.

My two brothers, one older and one younger than me, said that they were going to take a packed lunch and go for a long cycle ride. They asked me if I would like to go. I said "No" - and told them that I wanted to stay at home and revise for my common Entrance Exam which I was taking in the last week of August. If I passed I would go to Monmouth School. My two brothers packed their lunches and then left, leaving me all alone in the house.

I prepared and ate my breakfast, then went upstairs and had a wash and got dressed. At the desk in my bedroom, I sat writing an essay with the sun streaming through the window right onto my back.

At about ten past eleven there was a knock on the door. I left my bedroom, walked out along the landing and took a look out of the window to see who it was. Outside, parked in the drive, I saw a green Ford 'Escort' with the boot and its front doors open. I assumed that somebody was delivering something - although I could not think what. I went downstairs, and opened the front door, but stupidly forgetting to put the safety catch across, which my parents had taught me to do. I saw two men staring me in the face. One of the men was quite young, I suppose about twenty-five; the other was much older, about fifteen years older. Before I had time to ask what they wanted, they had their hands on me and were trying to put a sack over my head. Although I struggled they still succeeded.

Just as they got the sack over my head I heard somebody coming up the drive, whereupon they threw me back into the room and hid behind the door. I did not know who it was, but as I heard the letter-box 'go' I thought it must be the postman. I shouted for help. He must have heard me shout and tried a rescue because I heard a soft voice say, "We will have to dispose of him". I attempted an escape, but with a sack over my head it was not very easy. I ran right into the door post, and a man pounced on me and held me still. Within seconds they had me outside and in the boot of the car, and then drove off.

I could not tell what way we were going, but after what seemed like five boring hours, the car came to a stop. I was carried from the car into a building, where they took my blindfold off and threw me into a cold room. All that was in the room was a bed, a table and a chair. My eyes were sore, and I was stiff from being cooped up in the boot. I rubbed my eyes and looked at my watch; it was two-thirty, so I had been curled up in the boot for over three hours. From the large window I looked out upon a forest which I did not recognize. I was all hot and sweaty, frightened and wondered whether they were going to kill me or just what they wanted me for - because I was nobody of importance.

I lay down on the bed - at least there was one good thing about the room, it had a soft bed - and fell sound asleep. Sometime later a rather non-descript man opened the door and brought me in a tray of food - new potatoes, carrots, lamb, with cream and jelly and a refreshing glass of cool milk. I asked him why I was here, and what they wanted me for. He said, "I can't tell you, but what I can say is that we want you for a swop". They did not come in and collect my dirty cutlery until they brought me in my supper, which was sandwiches and fruit. At least I now knew that they were not going to kill me, because the man said 'for a swop', and they were feeding me too well, if they were just going to fill me with bullets. I got to sleep very early that night and dreamed about my family that I might never see again, and I thought of my sister who was in France, probably enjoying herself, knowing nothing of what was happening to me back in England.

The next morning I woke up at about a quarter past nine. Half an hour later my breakfast was brought in and it was by the same man. He also brought a newspaper, with today's date on it - Saturday, 20th July. I looked at the back page to see who Aston Villa, the team I support - were playing. It was Southampton. I put the paper down and ate my breakfast, not realizing what was on the front page. After breakfast I was asked if I would like a wash? I said, "Yes, please". So off he went to get a bucket of water and a cake of soap. All the time I was washing a man was watching me.

When I had finished, he took my breakfast dishes, the bucket of water and soap and went leaving me all alone again, in my prison. I sat down on the bed and thought to myself, I can't be very far away from civilisation, because they have already got the morning paper. I decided, for something to do, to read the paper and, to my astonishment, I was on the front page - the picture of me when I was thirteen years old - and two words in big black capitals which read, "MYSTERIOUSLY KIDNAPPED".

Life went on for three more days with nothing really to do, until one day another man came in and asked me if I would like to play chess. I said, "Yes". We played four games. He won the first three and I won the last game. The next morning I was given another paper, and on the front was printed 'The Swop'. After reading what it said I realized that they were keeping me 'till a man called Steven Smith was let out of jail. He was in there for killing a policeman two years ago.

Nothing happened for days, then one afternoon I heard a gun shot, and I thought I was going to be rescued. One of the men entered the room with a gun in his hand. It was the other man, the one who did not usually come in. I thought he was going to kill me, but apparently he had just shot the man who usually brought my meals in. From what I had heard previously, there were only two men, and now that one had just been shot there was just one man left. He did not say why he had shot his companion - he just looked and glared at me. At least then I knew that things were 'hotting up', and he was beginning to get worried.

Later that day I heard a shot, and that night no one brought supper, so I assumed that the murderer had shot himself. I went to bed that night feeling rather worried, because I thought I would not get any more food. I would die of hunger and thirst.

There was no breakfast the next morning; I was all alone and trapped, and nobody knew where I was. Towards the end of that day I felt very tired, and dry in the mouth, because I had not eaten for twenty-four hours. I went to sleep feeling rather ill and utterly miserable.

I woke up the next morning with the sun shining through the window. I was all hot and sweaty; my throat was dry because I had not drunk anything at all for about forty-eight hours. Then I heard the best sound I had heard in days. I heard a dog bark.

I looked out of the window and there was a dog standing at the edge of the forest. I shouted, but the dog did not hear me. I shouted again and this time the dog heard me, looked at me, and started walking towards me. Then as if I had taken a shot at it, it turned around and ran back into the forest. I thought my first chance of being found had just been wasted, but later that day, I heard the dog bark again. I looked out of my window and saw the dog with a man walking towards me. I knew I was going to be rescued, and fell down on the bed, crying with joy. The man and dog eventually entered my room, and asked me if I was the missing boy. I said "Yes". The man then said, "Yes, you must be; I recognise you from your picture in the newspaper". He helped me out, and back to his house, where we phoned the police to tell them that I had been found.

He gave me a huge, cooked meal and a large glass of lemonade. Presently the police arrived. They told me that they would have to take me down to the police station. I pleaded with them to take me home first to see my family, and they agreed. Shortly afterwards we left the man's house and I thanked him very much and told him that I would send the dog something for finding me. With that, the police and I left the house and we headed home.

When we arrived my family were all waiting outside, as the police had told them that I was found and was safe. Seeing my family again brought tears to my eyes. The next day I had to tell the newspapers and news reporters, what it was like being imprisoned for approximately ten days. The police told me what my captors had intended should happen. Apparently I was going to be held until a man, named Steven Smith, was released from jail.

As to what happened to my captors, we know they quarrelled and can only surmise that the murderer shot himself in a fit of remorse.

Nobody really knew why I had been kidnapped - although my ego suggested 'I was the greatest!'

Two days later they were quietly buried and I re-visited the house of the man-with-the-dog, whose dog now had the biggest bone I could possibly carry!

Scott Wilce (50)

THE SCHOOL PHOTOGRAPH

We donned our whitened starched shirts and combed our shortened locks,
Cleaned our shoes on trouser legs and pulled up all our socks.
Out we trooped at half-past nine, glad of some respite.
Stood and chatted in a line, according to our height.
The Prefects, in distinctive blue, were asked to stand up first;
whilst the seniors followed, reluctantly, the whole exhibit curst.
The cameraman was set at last (after fuss and much despair),
I hoped he'd put a speedy end to the whole wretched affair.
But 'twas not to be, lamentably, for hidden in our ranks,
a certain hound (Foxey by name) was unworthy of our thanks.
His education was at fault, in manners he did lack.
Quite unperturbed he jumped around and posed to show his back!
With silent ire, yea, bated breath, we uttered not a sound
- - repressing most barbaric thoughts to nail him to the ground!

Christopher Joyce (6)



..... but Julian Coombs (JA) was just sufficiently awake
to record it for posterity - Ed.

Julian Coombs (JA)

SOOTABUS.

Ten, nine, eight, seven, six,
away from the house, out in the Styx.
As night creeps away
- as begins another day -
in the pale light of morning,
suddenly and without warning,
the dawn chorus is stilled.
The air with a new sound is filled.
Stealthy footsteps faintly heard
and then a 'starter protestingly whirred.

Five, four, three, two and one.
Clouds of black smoke obscure the sun
and billow forth, round and rise
clawing upwards into the skies.
We have ignition,
and we have smoke.
We have pollution
and still more smoke.

Smoke, smoke smoke
. , smoke
. s . . . ke

*(Apparently the author was overcome
at this point - Ed.)*

HELICOPTER FLYING

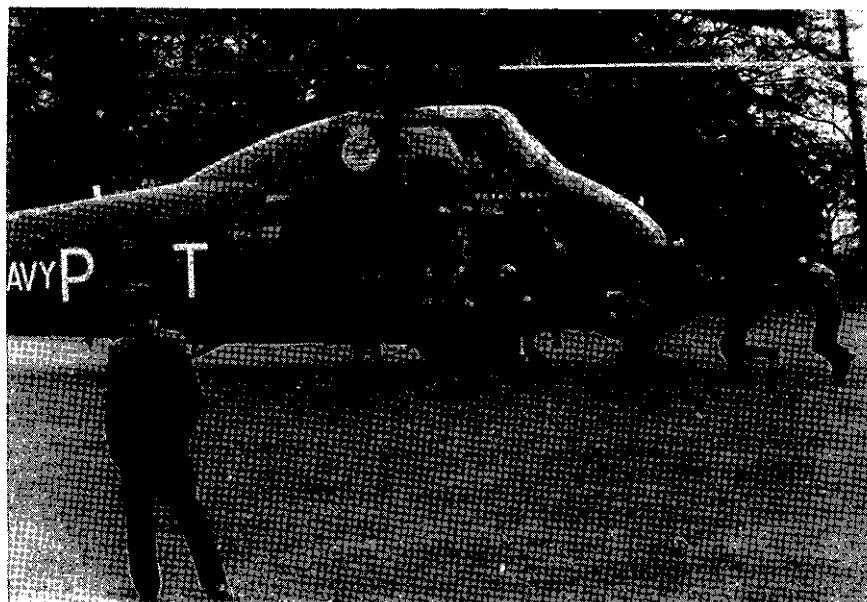
As part of the specialised service to schools operated by the Royal Navy, we were again visited this year by a Wessex, troop-carrying helicopter.

In parties of a dozen, the school was briefed and flown over the neighbouring countryside. Probably, for the first time, many of us saw the interesting hill formations around Sherborne; its castles, lake and golf-course, and could contrast these delightfully wooded valleys with the flat, marshy and much lower lying areas around the school.

Obviously the school enjoyed the experience and our thanks were visibly expressed to the crew by the formation of a large 'TA' on the grass courts. The helicopter responded by a delightful curtsey, so mechanically magnificent that any Corps de Ballet would be envious !



*ONE OF THE SCHOOL PARTIES BEING
BRIEFED BEFORE THEIR FLIGHT.*



*EMBARKATION - AND SHOWING A DELIBERATELY
'LOWER THAN LOW' PROFILE
(HOWARD OBVIOUSLY CONSIDERS THE R.N.
ADDING TO HIS LITTER PROBLEM! - Ed.)*



*DISEMBARKATION - MISS NORRIS THANKFULLY DESCENDING!
(READERS SHOULD NOTE THAT THE DRIVER WAS
NOT BEING TIPPED! - Ed.)*



ANOTHER PARTY DISEMBARKS.



WE HAVE LIFT OFF !



UP, UP AND AWAY.



*'NEW FANGLED THINGS NOW IN MY DAY !'
(MR THOMPSON IS SO OBVIOUSLY A REFUGEE
FROM 'WINGS' ! - Ed.)*

POWER, MAN !

A tall, distinguished looking figure with ruggedly handsome features and a professional looking tear in his plastic mac, strode masterfully across the track and sprang aboard his machine. Gunning the engine he waved away a mechanic in a plastic nose and Bay City Rollers T-shirt who was genuflecting respectfully at his side and sneered at the opposition. What a man you must think, what style, poise and quiet dignity displayed in that wonderfully executed sneer. If you thought he was a true champion, noble, fine, upstanding, brilliant and generally 'slick' you were right. It was me.

To the left of this superbly dressed, debonair, super-hero was the motor cycle of a balding man in the prime of life. To say 'motor cycle' is slightly fallacious as his conveyance more closely resembled a motorised bidet and was painted a gaudy red in an attempt at race track dash and glamour. The balding, middle aged man mopped his brow with a paint spotted handkerchief, and tried to take in instructions from the 'boss' while casting fearful glances in my direction. I sneered again.

A bearded character, swollen twice his actual size by innumerable tracksuits, appeared next. Desperately trying to seem cool and confident he arched an eyebrow towards his pit, - the signal for a mechanic to run forward bearing an outlandish mountie's hat. Sporting this he trotted back and forth before the crowd in a way which was vaguely athletic. A curious buzz arose from the spectators as one old lady leant forward and asked him for a 'choc ice'. Obviously glad of any acknowledgment, he waved expansively and, returning to his machine, busied himself with a red exercise book.

The starter (who spoke furtively out of one corner of his mouth, betraying a naval career) climbed to the rostrum, and, after mumbling something about the 'stowing of gear', ordered the competitors to line up in an 'orderly and seamanlike manner'. The flag dropped and the contest for the 1977 Prince Reighnier sock-in-a-tupperware-bowl trophy was on.

In a start which was officially recorded by the starter as "immaculate" the roaring machines sprang forward, upwards or sideways (according to the mechanical deficiency of each) and vanished around the first bend in a haze of blue smoke and shreds of tracksuit.

Even at this early stage the other competitors felt definitely overshadowed by the bellowing machine of Mr. T.P. (which stands for Thomas - Peter, not "Tipping Prohibited") with its twenty foot exhaust flame and gaily clad rider who whistled "Oh Canada" at speed with a fanaticism that was alarming. At the trackside his mechanics were jumping up and down to attract their hero's attention and his Manager - who was of pompous movement and bizarre eyebrows - lethargically waved a maple leaf, doubtless the signal for some further fiendishness to commence. *(As the riders disappeared in clouds of smoke (some say No. 6) wild calls and pungent odours (censored) a security clamp-down was imposed on detailed performance figures - Ed.)*

The readers of this article will be pleased to know he didn't win; to the acute disappointment of the masses, who naturally supported the contestant first described. Victory fell ultimately to the balding man of ADVANCING DECOMPOSITION. A quirk of chance one might think? Nay! When Mr. Thompson (by strange coincidence Editor of this very magazine) expressed a desire to win this fictional race I scoffed and regarded him with disdain, but when he became insistent and threatened violence with a No. 5 paint brush I was pleased to agree . . . Oh well ! If it makes them happy

Peter Close (6)

(I had hoped that the 'author' would respond to normal brain washing and from being sent on a fact-finding tour of industries indigenous to Siberia but unfortunately, he passed away during a recent Art lesson - Ed.)

RURALTANIA

*(A Letter from a Farmer who is on holiday, to his son
who is managing the farm.)*

Dear Son,

Thank you for being so honest with me, and thank you for doing the work that I set, and well done it was too! It was very brave of you to 'accidentally' bump the tractor you were ploughing with into the telegraph pole which we so much needed for the new barn we're putting up, but it is a pity you couldn't keep the G.P.O. landrovers off the ploughing more than a few minutes. It's a good job you managed to tow it away before they did!

I hope to see you soon - as soon as you have de-railed the train and salvaged the sleepers, and crashed the neighbour's silage trailer for the galvanised iron and

Your ever-crafty Father.

Andrew Palmer (50)

HISTORY MAID

Little bodies, coloured bodies,
large bodies and others
that defy description,
arrive after 'games'.
'Chips off the block', delights of their mothers,
'little dears' or unmentionable names -
Dead lazy and dead-beat,
red-eyed and blue-faced,
in torn, buttonless shirts and with dirty feet -
the boys arrive from the 'field -
strip off and dash to the shower.
The 'duty staff' in attendance, eyes peeled.
Cold water steaming and taps on full power.
Icicles breaking, small 'bergs drifting
and the soap for the year slips down the drain.
Steam clouds at last cunningly drifting
expose the boys, red faced again,
as they view the trim ankles of the 'duty staff'
historically studying the beauties that bath!

THE PONY CLUB TETRATHLON

The tetrathlon is a competition for members of the Pony Club. It is for keen members of the club and to get boys to join the Pony Club, so when they are older they might take part in the modern Pentathlon Events.

The four sections are running, riding, swimming and shooting. For the running it is necessary to run a mile in five minutes fifteen seconds, but bonus points are awarded for faster times and penalty points are imposed for slower times. The same penalties and bonuses occur in the riding, where a horse has to be ridden over a cross country course in a set time. The swimming is slightly different as the competitor must swim as far as he can in four minutes and is awarded three points per metre swum. The shooting section consists of five shots from a .177 air pistol at a target. Five practise shots are allowed beforehand at a similar target.

Training for these events is totally our responsibility and is often difficult. The team manager usually keeps the only gun.

We have to use a local swimming bath, which is usually crowded, to train for the swimming; whereas the running is easy because we can run for half a mile anywhere and run back. Preferably we train on hilly ground as this helps to improve our final performance. Our riding practice comes at the Pony Club rallies where we are given instruction and advice.

I am in the South Devon (Moorland) branch of the Pony Club and am in the tetrathlon team. We start training in the Easter holidays and are ready for the big event some three quarters of the way through the holidays. My father is the team trainer so I do not have to go far for the pistol! The other two members of the team are William Coaker and Nicholas Yorke - both good friends of mine.

The Tiverton Branch of the Pony Club organised a tetrathlon competition so that new teams could have a chance of finding out how good they were. William and I competed in this as individuals, because Nicholas was still at school. The only section that was harder than we expected was the cross-country. On the whole we were quite pleased with our performance.

A few weeks later the main competition took place at an army camp near Taunton. The shooting was the first event. Nicholas and William did very well, but unfortunately, I was very nervous and made a mess of it! Our standard of swimming was quite good, but the running let us down as we were all very slow! The cross-country event was held the next day at a nearby farm and we all did quite respectable rounds.

At the completion of this section the members of the twenty competing teams sat back to await the results. We were not in the prizes but had done quite well considering it was our first attempt.

John Dracup (JA)

(You must keep me up-to-date with your activities John - Ed.)

SAILING

This year sailing has been a great success. The school won the 'District Sailing' with Weymouth. We came first and second in the Western Area and fourth and sixth in the 'Nationals'.

At the beginning of this year we started to train new crews and the old crews converted to helms - as some of the old helms had left. Major Morton, our sailing instructor, soon had to decide who should represent our Unit in the 'District' sailing Regatta. He picked five boys plus two reserves. The five boys were: Edward Dancy, Helmsman; Tom Page, Edward Waldron, Jeffrey Daniel, Mark Lowman and the two reserves were Craig Rodel and Gary Rush.

The Regatta was to be held on the 19th June, 1976. All competitors were to sail in an ASC (Admiralty Sailing Craft) and we were halfway round the course when the race was called off because of bad weather. We drew with Weymouth in that race, so we won the Cup for just half the year.

A few weeks later we had a School inter-house race and Mercury won. From the house teams was decided who would go to the Area Regatta at HMS. Raleigh over a weekend. Our Unit in 'Mirrors' crewed by: Jeffrey Daniel and Mark Lowman, David Hughes and Kenneth Hawkins, came first and second, and in 'Bosuns' crewed by: Edward Danby and Tom Page, Simon Hawkes and Marcus Frith, we came first and fifth. That meant that three of our teams qualified for the Sea Cadet National Sailing Regatta which took place in the summer holidays down at HMS. Excellent.

The weekend went very well and everybody enjoyed it. In the race for 'Mirrors' our team managed to get second place and in 'Bosuns' we also took second place.

In the Winter term, five of us went on a RYA Course to take our Advanced Sailing Certificate, but we were unlucky, as it was much harder than anyone had expected, and only one passed! This year has been a great success and we all owe a tremendous amount to Major Morton for his encouragement and the excellent training he gave us.

Mark Lowman (4)

SEA CADET CORPS

The sea cadet corps this year maintained the high standards that have been characteristic of the unit in both the basic curriculum and the sports.

Despite the mumbled protestations and apparent disdain the unit takes great pride in its appearance; the result of which was the highly successful annual parade in March, which saw anything from 'boiled eggs' to a very speedy 'Gun Run'.

The unit takes great pride in being versatile at all times. For example, back in March - when any self-respecting sailor would be at home in his armchair - the sea cadets' own square-rigged ship, the T.S. Royalist, saw nine of our cadets safely around the Isle of Wight as well as visiting Hamble, Southampton and Poole harbour. At the other end of the scale, a total of four boats' crews qualified for the Western Area sailing competition at HMS Raleigh in Devon. Out of five possible places to qualify for the Nationals, three of them were filled by Chilton cadets! Three crews turned up at HMS Excellent for the toughest competition yet. Out of two bosun and one Mirror crews, the whole Mirror class was won by Chilton, and the bosuns were the fourth best crew in the country!

Apart from sailing for competitions, most of the sailing is done purely for pleasure. Sutton Bingham reservoir is a regular haunt for many cadets on a Thursday afternoon. Other boys, not so well acquainted with boats, are given a chance to prove themselves on the lake at Sherborne Castle - an exciting new water for Chilton cadets. There are facilities for pulling (or rowing to you and me) as well as sailing. In all, the school has now the ability to get just over 30 boys in boats at any one time.

A number of other courses have been attended, for example: Hamworthy in Poole harbour, Weymouth R.Y.A. sailing centre and H.M.S. Raleigh for seamanship courses. If next year proves to be as successful as this then our good fortune continues and to all of you cadets may I wish the very best of good luck. I shall be in the Navy!

Tom Page (50)

FOOTBALL

Despite the loss of several of last year's players, who had hitherto been deemed irreplaceable, the team performed well this season on the few occasions on which the weather permitted play. To increase the burden on the school's rather small pool of players, Sea Cadet, 5-a-side competitions, unfortunately coincided with school fixtures, thereby robbing the team of key players and the results hardly reflect the calibre of the team as a whole.

The main assets of the 1st XI this season were probably determination, solidarity and creativeness. In the subtle and exciting skills of S. Mirafab, allied to the tireless drive and vision that P. Crole, the Captain, displayed from the midfield, lay the basic strength of the team.

In defence the high centre was ideally suited to a player of B. Austin's rangy physical proportions at centreback; whilst opposing tall players were firmly, if not always fairly, rebuffed by an uncompromising defence made up by R. Dalby, C. Joyce and J. Daniel.

In goal, M. Reeves had the somewhat daunting task of having to attain the high standard of performance displayed, so excellently last year, by S. Gutteridge, but certainly the memorable spectacle of Reeves lungeing far to the left to palm a ferocious drive wide of the far post, that had seemed destined for the top corner of the net, will remain comparable in my mind to anything that Mr. James Hill may offer you on his celebrated Saturday evening programme!

The forwards performed well; especially regrettably the unpredictable ability of M. Vega. When in the mood he tended to score with an almost monotonous and brilliant regularity. B. Henry and S. Wilks worked with diligent enthusiasm and persistence and, despite their slightness of frame, their sharp skills and speed surprised many a more rugged opponent.

Although P. Bergel and H. Izadian could not command regular places this year, their valuable service will undoubtedly be needed next year.

Once again Chilton Cantelo dominated the Sea Cadet 5-a-side soccer competitions by winning the District and Area Championships, the Inter-Service Area Championships, and emulated last year's performance by finishing third in the National Championships in Swindon. The players who represented the Unit were P. Crole, B. Austin, R. Dalby, M. Vega, C. Joyce, B. Henry and S. Mirafteb. Certainly the team found little difficulty in scoring goals and a fruitful combination of individual skills, teamwork and stamina were contributory to the enormous success of the team.

Lastly, on behalf of all the 'Footballing Fraternity', I would like to thank all members of staff, who have coached, trained, refereed, advised, cautioned and 'sent off', during the course of the season; in particular Mr. Shortland, Mr. Thomas-Peter, Mr. Hewitt and Mr. Thompson.

Christopher Joyce (6)

(Certainly Chris is absolutely right in praising the team and individuals as, together, they gave the spectators some very enjoyable and memorable matches - Ed.)

RUGBY

This year, the 'Chilton XV' had a most successful season and recorded what I believe is known as a "winning season" in rugby circles (winning more than losing). The arrival of Mr. Thomas-Peter to coach the team provided an added dimension to Chilton rugby whereby a more controlled and tactical approach to the game was evident.

The strength of the team lay in the solid composition and compactness of the scrum which was stubborn in defence, rampant and relentless in attack, resourceful and uncompromising in character. Basic skills were mastered, mobility and stamina combined with excellent cohesion and discipline to provide the half and three-quarter backs with ample possession for attack and penetrating. The loose-forward trio of S. Javaheri, K. Burgess and P. Crole, slaved tirelessly; with speed and strength their prompt and abrupt swoops on the loose ball and rucks created innumerable opportunities once their colleagues of more substantial proportions had arrived. E. Waldron, R. Dalby and S. Matinifar in the front row won an appreciable percentage of the set-scrums, whilst E. Danby and J. Cornwell held their own in the line-out.

With so much excellent service the backs thrived. The tackling was sound, the handling steady and the attack incisive and constructive. The speed and flair of M. Vega at scrum-half and V. Morse the second centre, harried and disturbed many an anxious defence, whilst the fleet-footed-

ness and acceleration displayed by M. Reeves on the right wing was really breath-taking. At stand-off half C. Joyce did not appear fond of using the boot, but in general, possession was well held, with B. Henry performing with nimble efficiency and P. Bergel was always threatening. J. Daniel dealt with the high upfield ball soundly and his touch-kicking improved steadily. Particularly pleasing was the abundance of cover-defence on hand in dangerous situations and the total commitment to attack at the other end. Discipline was good although inevitably there was the odd heated moment as can only be expected in a game involving constant physical contact.

Despite the fact that the greater part of the XV will, regrettably, have left, I think that next year's side may confidently anticipate an equally successful and enjoyable programme. Finally, on behalf of all the players, I would like to express our gratitude to that hardy, vociferous and tolerant bunch, the 'Chilton Supporters' Club' for their often critical, but much appreciated, support and counsel during the season. Thank you and see me afterwards !

Christopher Joyce (6)

ALLEZ FRANCE !

It was a Saturday morning in February and, unknown to us, it was going to be "one of those days". We had been to morning assembly and the rest of the pupils were on their way to classes. But we (a select little band of rugby players) had no books with us. We were getting ready to set off to watch England play France at Twickenham. It was a great thrill to have tickets for an international and the excitement had been building up for a week or more beforehand. Now at last the day had arrived and we were actually sitting in our places in the school minibus. All was prepared. The minibus had returned only that morning from being serviced. The packed meals were on board. How we wished we were already at the rugby ground.

At last our two teachers arrived; Mr. Thomas-Peter would drive first so he took his place at the wheel with Mr. Manaton beside him. Now everything was ready.

The Headmaster bid us 'bon voyage' and we were off, cheering as we started our exciting outing. Singing and chattering the first hour passed quickly as we bowled along. But then a smell of burning, and we stopped for a check. Consternation reigned in the minibus for a while, but all seemed well and we soon set off again, a little more slowly this time in case it had been the engine we had smelt, overheating under its heavy load. We settled back, a little apprehensive at first, but soon some of the occupants, tired of singing, had almost dropped off to sleep.

Smoothly down a steepish hill we went and then it happened. After a grinding noise for a second or two the near-side rear end of the minibus collapsed to the ground with a thud and we started on a zig-zag course along the road. Carefully Mr. Thomas-Peter controlled the movement and brought us safely to a halt. Meanwhile the wheel which had fallen off had not only decided to roll after us but actually overtook us at high speed travelling on the wrong side of the road! As luck would have it nothing was coming the other way, otherwise there must have been a nasty accident.

Shaken and despondent, we got out and could see at once that the famous white minibus would be going no further that day. The wheel, the brakes and the axle were all damaged. All we could do was to search the road for the wheel nuts, which had come off, to take back to show what had happened.

Fortunately there was a café nearby and we were able to drown our sorrows in coffee whilst a phone call was put through to the Headmaster to report our sorry circumstances. We heard that Richard James would come to fetch us and that the garage would send a breakdown vehicle. There was nothing to do but to settle back to eat and to drink more coffee until help arrived!

The return journey in the new school bus was uneventful and we sang such songs as "One wheel on my wagon" with some feeling! We were back in Chilton by lunch-time and in time to watch the match on TV. No the same thing of course, but it was at least some consolation to me to see the right team win, if only by one point! Allez France!

Patrick Bergel (5s)

POMPEII EXHIBITION

In February a large party from the school took advantage of a rare opportunity to visit the Royal Academy's Winter Exhibition in Burlington House, in which the much-publicised Pompeii collection was on display. The group, numbering 70 in all, represented every age and form, and came under the attentive chaperonage of Messrs. Manaton and Hewitt, Mrs. Mitchell, Miss Norris and Mrs. Hughes - and to Mr. Thompson fell the somewhat tedious task of organisation, which, if I may be so bold as to comment upon, was faultless.

The exhibition itself was, admittedly, disappointing in some respects; and definitely of specialised interest. The exhibits were of a collection excavated since the 1700's in Verulanum and Herculanium, the two towns engulfed by an eruption of Etna in A.D.79. To many people it failed to capture the atmosphere of the scene; much too much emphasis was placed on precise reproductions of villas and towns in model form. However, a fascinating collection of jewellery was of particular attraction (more especially to the female contingent) comprising bracelets, rings, necklaces, brooches and ornaments of the finest craftsmanship in resplendent gold and silver, precious and semi-precious stones. Mosaics, splendidly coloured and intricately reproduced, added vitality to the exhibition; a vitality dulled by the pitiful, impassive figures of solidified creatures, transfixed in horror and frenzy by the rushing deluge of boiling lava.

Outside in Piccadilly it drizzled constantly; inside all was quiet - an awesome, respectful silence prevailed for a people whose world had come abruptly to an end one peaceful, sunny day just over 2000 years ago.

Christopher Joyce (6)

LISTED BUILDINGS

A Listed Building may be defined as one appearing on the list which the Secretary of State for the Environment is required to complete of buildings of special architectural or historic interest. These lists are constantly under revision and form an important basis for local and national conservation policies.

An expert committee of architects, antiquarians and historians decide which buildings are worth listing. There are many exceptions but in general all buildings built before 1700 which survive in anything like their original condition qualify for listing as do most buildings of 1700 to 1840. Between 1840 and 1914 only buildings of definite quality and character qualify, and the work of the principal architects tends to be included in the selection. In addition a few buildings of 1914 to 1939 are also considered. In choosing buildings, particular attention is paid to :-

- 1) use of new technologies; for example, cast iron beams, or aluminium window frames.
- 2) a famous event or character has occurred there.
- 3) where a building forms part of an attractive group; for example, a terrace or square.
- 4) buildings which are good examples of certain specialised types; for example, hospitals, railway stations or prisons.

Listed buildings are classified in grades which show their relative importance :-

GRADE 1. these comprise less than 5% of all the listed buildings and are considered as being of outstanding interest.

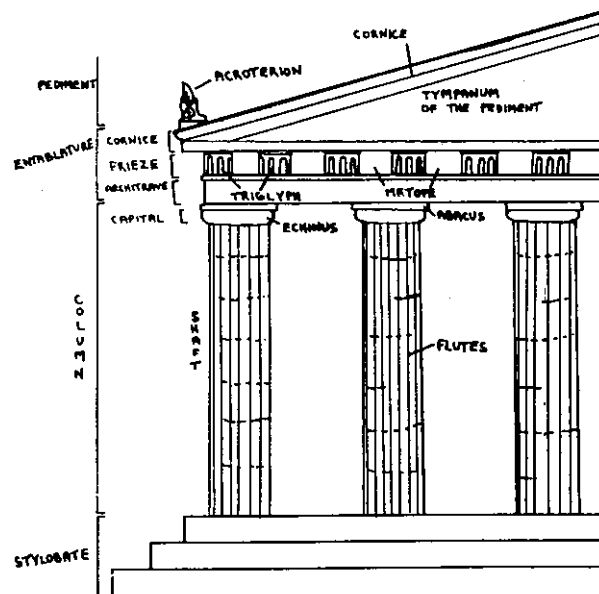
GRADE II (some particularly important buildings in this class are designated II*) - these are buildings very worthy of preservation in their present form. Previously there was the Grade III standard which did not form part of the statutory list - these are now being incorporated into the Grade II list especially when they possess "group value".

Listed buildings are normally inhabited whereas Ancient Monuments are not. They are protected by different acts and "watched over" by different bodies. Ancient Monuments are protected by the Ancient Monuments Acts whilst Listed Buildings are protected under the Town and Country Planning Act which must be implemented by Local Authorities. Descriptive notes have no legal significance and are intended primarily to identify a building, for example, merely altering a dormer or replacing a window frame does not mean that a listed building becomes unlisted, although permission to alter even small features of such a building must first be sought from the Local Authority.

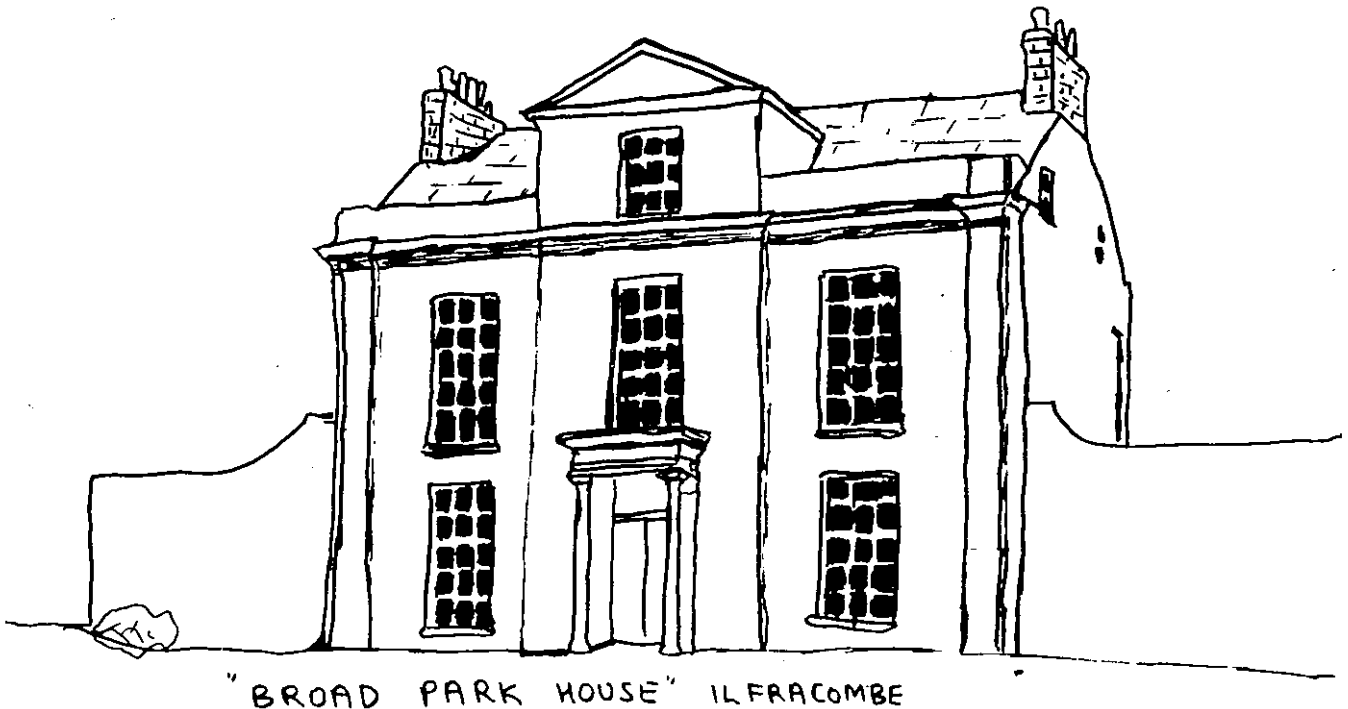
I am now going to consider some of the architectural features of buildings constructed from early to mid-Nineteenth century. This is a good period to study because there was a "building boom" and thus very many good examples survive. Most of the examples can be easily seen, due to the fact that towns and cities were expanding with the progress of the Industrial Revolution so that very many of the more pleasant houses close to a town centre will have been built during this period. During the first thirty years of the nineteenth century the population increased by 50% necessitating many houses being built of a style which was a direct continuation of the Georgian tradition - this we may call Regency architecture. However, during the same period of time a movement began for reviving various past styles especially those associated with ancient civilisations - this is called Revival architecture. The growing industrial technology both caused and enabled specialised structures of brick, iron and glass to appear. Examples of such structures are railway stations, bridges and factories, many of which continue to scar our city centres, and may be referred to as Industrial architecture.

The typical Regency house is built of brick in the classical tradition, often covered in stucco. Stucco is a wall covering which originated in Italy and may now appear as painted plaster, or occasionally, cement colour which may give the impression that the house has been rendered. In order to keep the impression of living in a "large mansion" several small houses were built together and in the same style. Regency terraces are quite common, good examples of which can be seen in several seaside resorts often commanding fine views, although tending to be smaller and less robust than the Georgian terraces. The early part of the nineteenth century can be termed Romantic because of the nature of poetical works from Shelley, Byron and others. Certainly under their influence an enthusiasm for Greek and Graeco-Egyptian motifs had grown up. Amidst the appalling squalor of rapidly growing industrial development there appeared buildings recalling the warm Mediterranean. Wall surfaces were nearly always plain and stucco covered; roofs were often of a low pitch with wide projecting eaves, windows were nearly square and doorways tended to have classical features.

The parts of a Greek Temple are labelled here - many of the features are visible on early nineteenth century buildings.



The Revival period did not last long. As the novelty of the Elgin marbles wore off, so other various styles became favoured, of which Gothic was the most common.



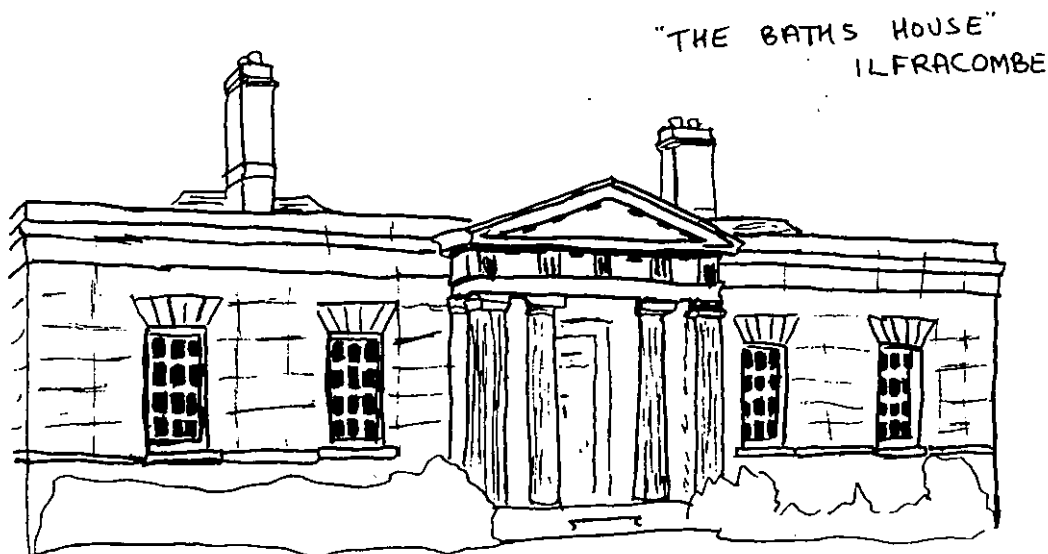
"BROAD PARK HOUSE" ILFRACOMBE

The seven drawings illustrate some features of nineteenth century architecture.

- 1) Broad Park House. This is an early nineteenth century detached house with flank screen walls and with stucco wall coverings. The glazing bars look to be unaltered. Classical features include a triangular pediment above the second floor window and the door is covered by a Tuscan porch.

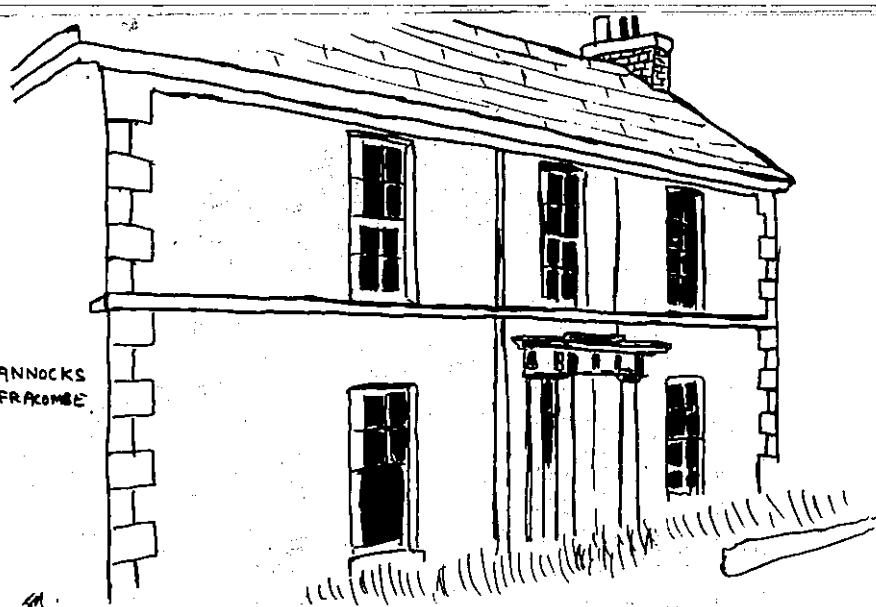


- 2) Bostonia. This comprises two houses with stucco wall covering, each with two windows in two storeys. The houses were built during the early part of the nineteenth century but have been altered by the inclusion of splayed bays. Period features include low set roofs, large chimneys and a square general shape.

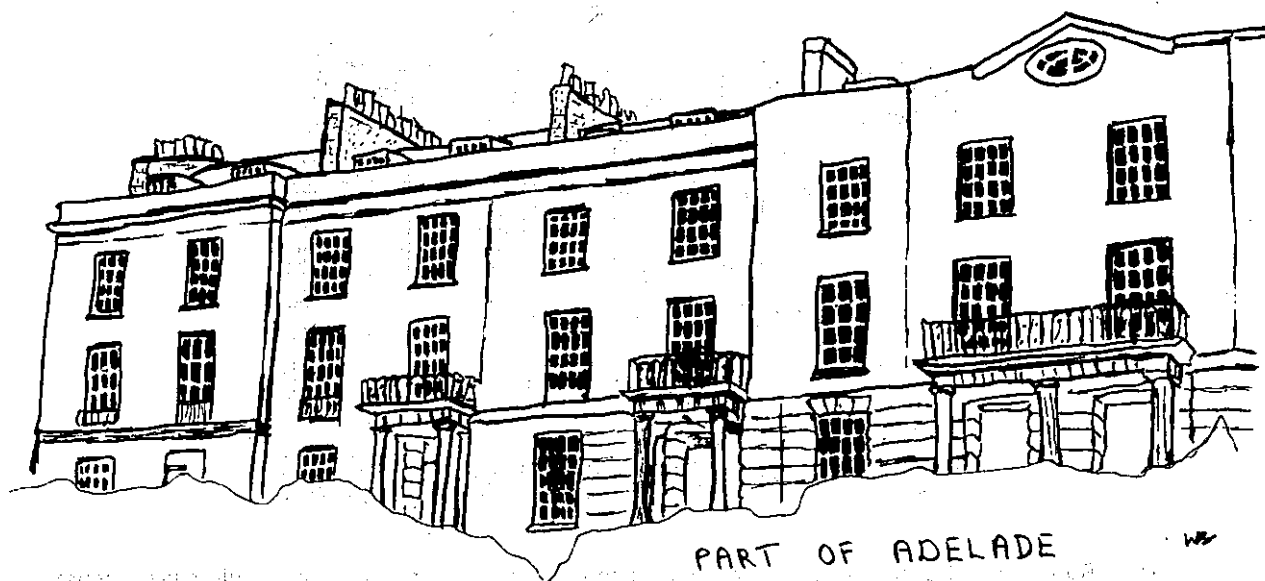


- 3) The Baths House. Built in 1836, this is a good example of a Greek revival building on a small scale. There are four sash windows in the one storey, stucco covered front which also has a parapet. The central Doric porch has many of the features of a typical Greek temple. Fluted columns support an Entablature decorated with Triglyphs capped by a Pediment.

5 ST. BRANNOCKS
ROAD, ILFRACOMBE

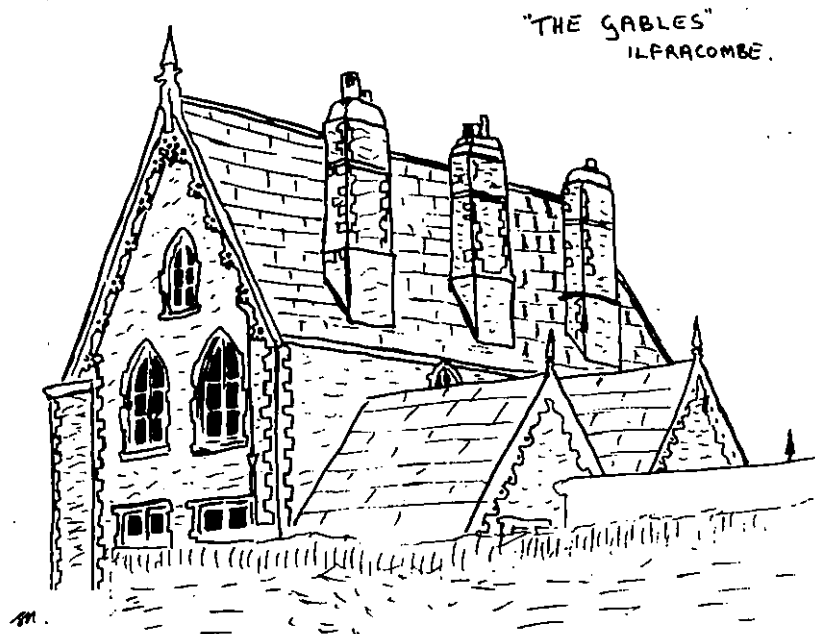


- 4) 5 Brannock's Road. This is a good 1830's house, comprising two storeys with rusticated quoins on the stucco covered front, (rusticated quoins implies that the corners of the building are set back so that the centre appears to project forward). Classical features include a Doric porch with Triglyphs.



PART OF ADELADE
TERRACE ILFRACOMBE

- 5) Adelaide Terrace. This terrace, built in 1835, comprises eight three storey, stucco covered houses. The glazing bars have not been replaced by modern window frames and the dormer windows (those set in the roof) are small and unaltered. Dormer windows have often been altered in many Regency houses and many appear as one large window in the centre of the roof. Some of the Doric porches have Triglyph ornamentation, but it can be seen that some of the columns have been replaced and are no longer uniform. The tops of the porches from balconies to some of the first floor windows surrounded by iron railings probably of a later nineteenth century period. 6 and 7 are good illustrations of the unorthodox design seen in some houses as the nineteenth century progressed. However, it must be remembered that the scarcity of land (made worse by the land tenure laws) especially in cities, caused a great deal of drab unimaginative and uniform structures to appear at this time.



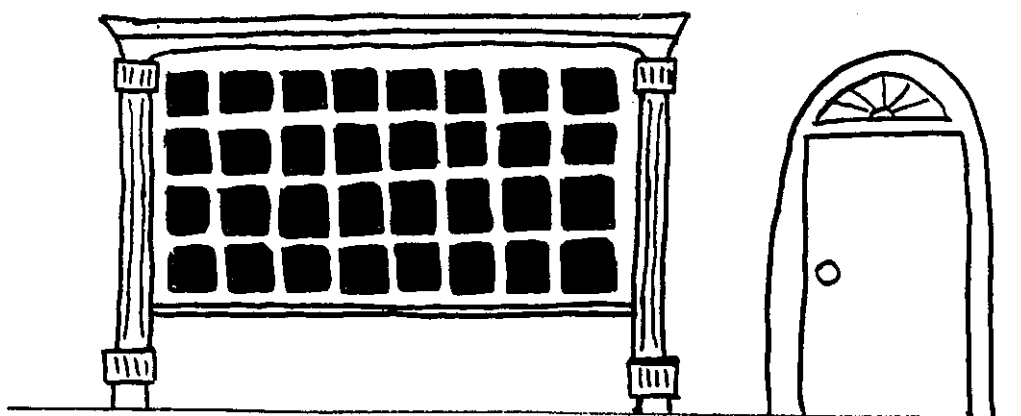
- 6) The Gables. This is a mid nineteenth century asymmetrical multi-gabled house.



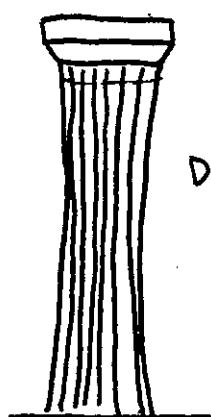
- 7) Runnymede House. This is a mid nineteenth century, picturesque gabled style stucco house with castellated parapets and octagonal chimneys.

On the drawing of Runnymede house can be seen a blank panel. These were possible windows which were left bricked up and are very common on early nineteenth century houses. Features of early houses were taxed - a Revenue Officer would enter a house, and count the number of fireplaces and a "window tax" dated from 1695. Glass itself was heavily taxed and in 1813 reached a maximum of £4/18/0 per cwt. for plate glass - it was not surprising that glass production was stifled, resulting in a shortage for the 1820's building boom. The window tax survived until 1851; its demise being celebrated by the construction of the Crystal Palace.

Not all buildings constructed in the early nineteenth century had classical features, and many small plain cottages survive in a sufficiently good state to merit listing. It is still possible to see shop fronts built during the early part of the last century in almost original condition. Doorways are low, glazing bars contain the small panes of glass, and a small external window ledge may be present together with wooden ornamentation.



Porches in the diagrams have been described as Tuscan or Doric, depending on their classical associations. Slight regional variations grew up in Greek architecture to give, amongst other things, three types of column ornamentation.



DORIC



IONIC



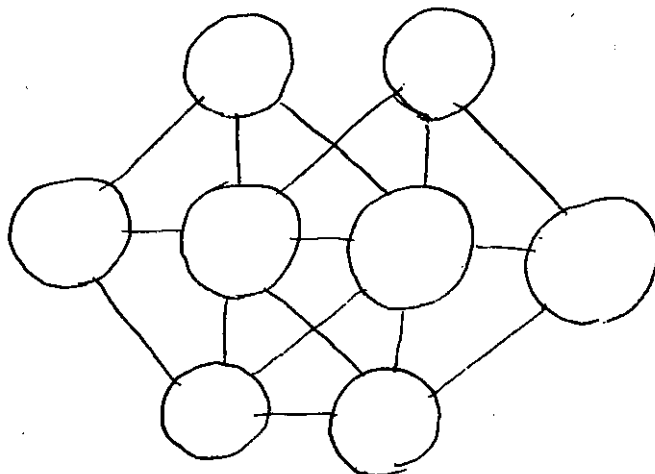
CORINTHIAN

I hope that I have provided an insight as to why some buildings are listed, and that the seven examples of nineteenth century architecture which I have chosen, enable you to identify similar features on contemporary buildings in your own area.

Text and diagrams by John E. Hewitt.

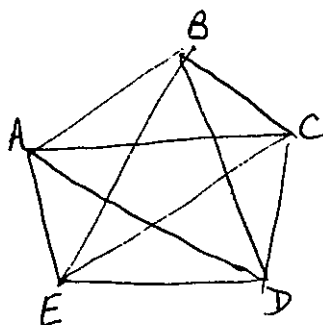
LET'S THINK

1.



Write the numbers 1 to 8 in the circles in such a way that no two consecutive numbers are connected by any one of the straight lines.

2.



Try to draw the diagram without lifting your pencil from the paper and without going along a line twice.

3.

Three men went to a guest house and booked a room with three beds for £30. They each paid £10. Later, the manager realised he had made a mistake and should have charged £25 instead of £30. He therefore returned £5. The men gave him £2 back for his honesty and took £1 each of the remaining £3. They had therefore paid £9 each, making £27 for the three of them. They had only given a £2 gift, making a total of £29. What happened to the other £1?

4.

Four men and two boys want to cross a river by boat. The boat can only take one man or two boys at a time. How can they all cross the river?

5.

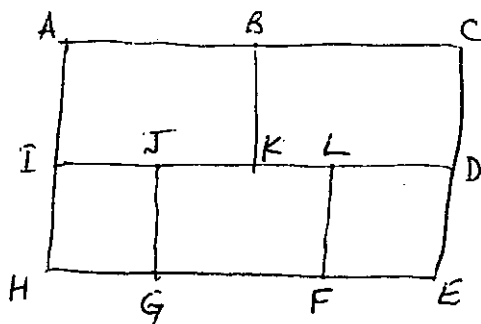
Arrange 6 matches, without breaking any, so that they make four equilateral triangles.

6.



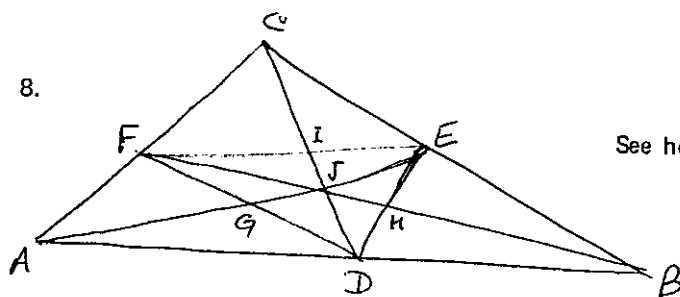
Can you remove six matches and leave ten behind?

7.



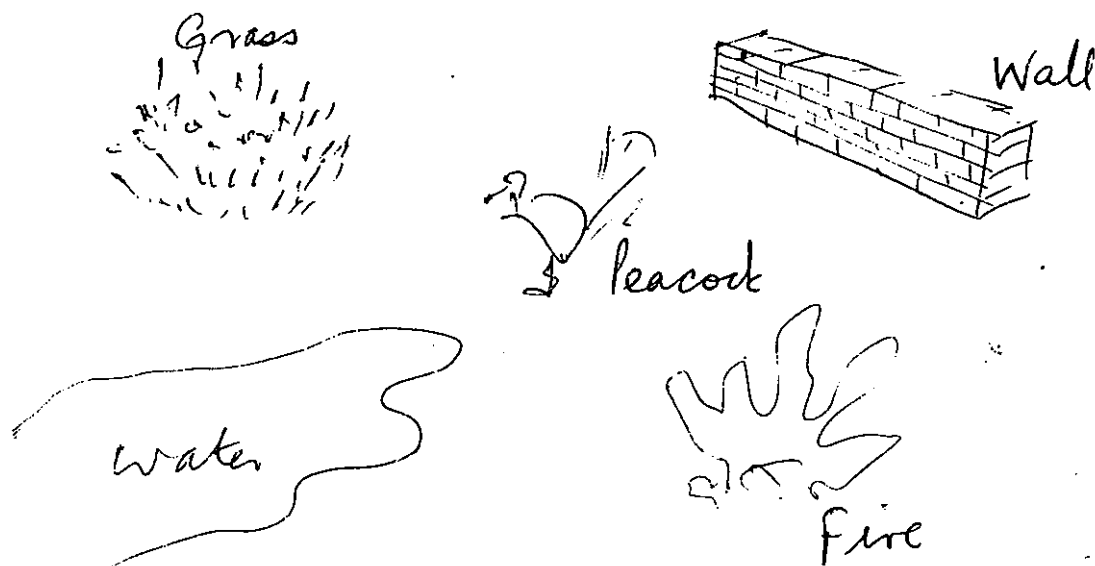
Try to draw a continuous line which crosses each line in the diagram once only.

8.



See how many triangles you can find.

9.



Where would the peacock prefer to lay its eggs?

10. Which weighs more: 1 kilogram of bread or 1000 grams. of butter?

Hassan Izadian (4)

(Answers on the back page - Ed.)

OFF THE CUFF

The Drill Squad 'Charlie's Angels.'
 Columbo Mr. Hewitt.
 Marked 'Persian' Kami Mokkerami - Tehrani.
 Put yourself in my shoes Mrs. James.
 Serpico Mr. Thomas-Peter (or two persons.)
 Magnificent Seven The Aides.
 Never say 'Dai' Mr. Joce.
 Dirty Dozen S. C. R.
 Goodbye, Mr. Chips chef.

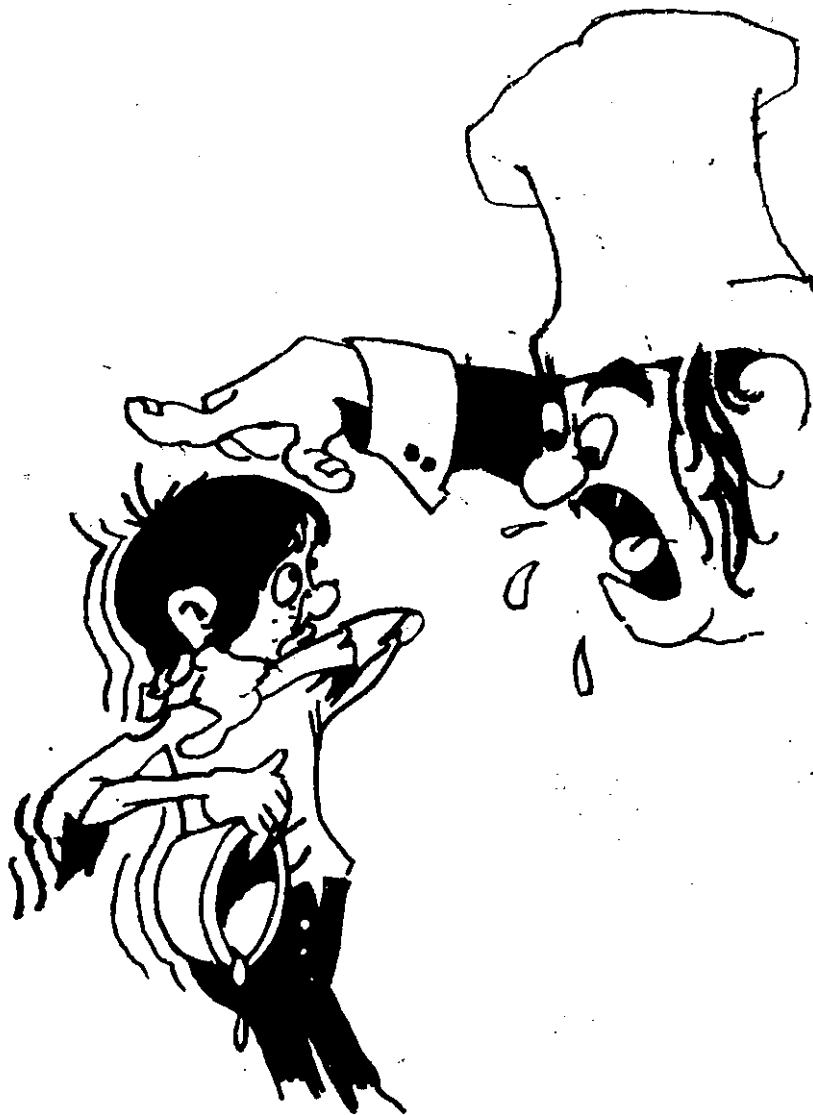
MANY A SLIP

FROM THE CHILTON CANTELO EVENING POST:

"Mrs. E will be at the organ flaying
 three pieces from Mendelssohn."

"Kitchen-helper wanted - peasant
 working conditions." - apply Mrs. S.

"Water for the pool is pumped in from
 the brook through a faltering system."

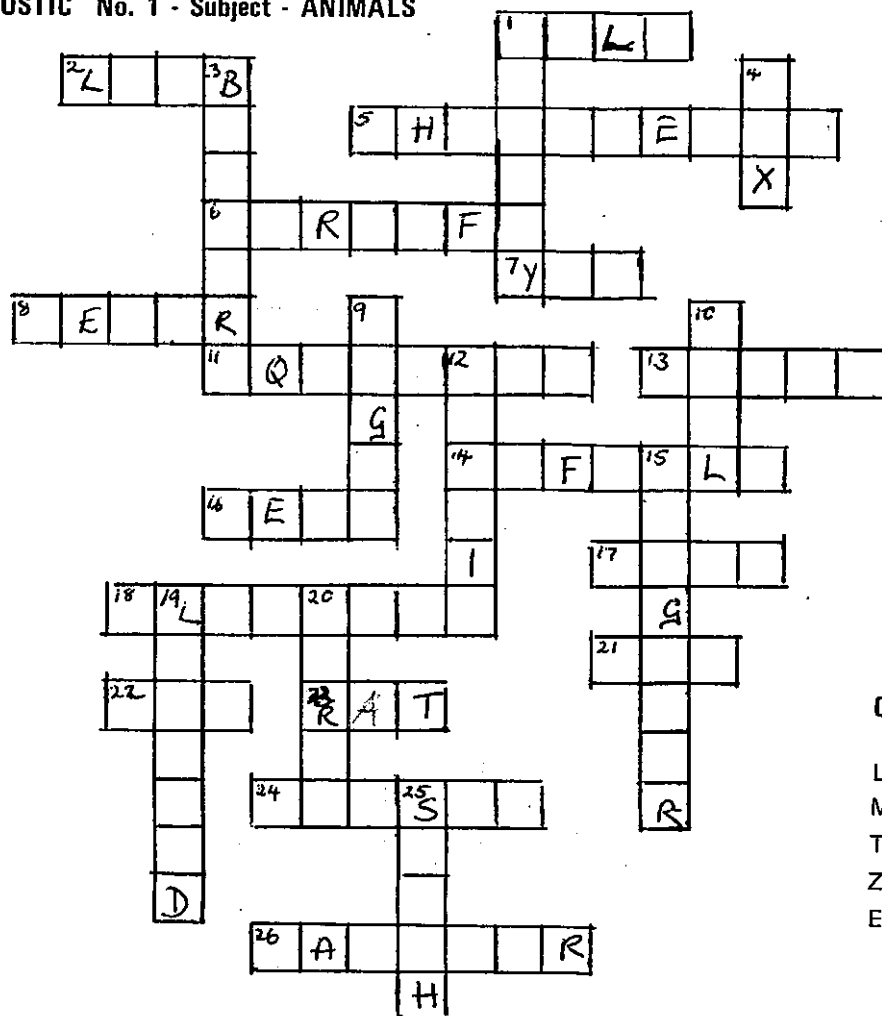


"YOU CAN ALWAYS ASK FOR SOME MORE" - (Oliver Twist)

'PAS DEMANDEZ BERGEL I'

(the original attributed to National Savings, London - Ed.)

ACROSTIC No. 1 - Subject - ANIMALS



CLUES

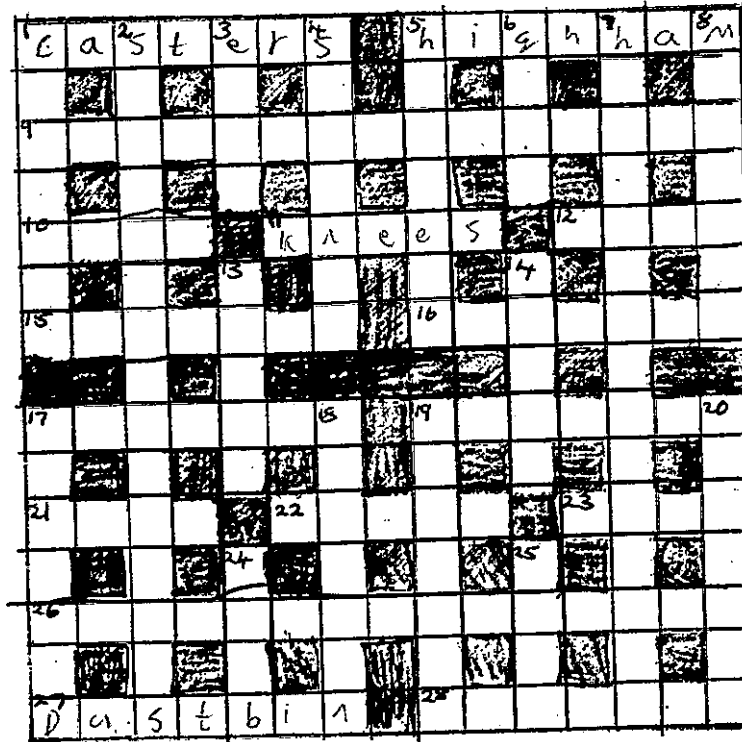
LION
MULE
TIGER
ZEBRA
ELEPHANT

(Solution on the back pages - Ed.)



"I WAS GOING TO CELEBRATE THE JUBILEE BY USING LESSONS
FROM 25 YEARS AGO - BUT I FOUND I ALREADY WAS!

CROSSWORD NO. 3



ACROSS.

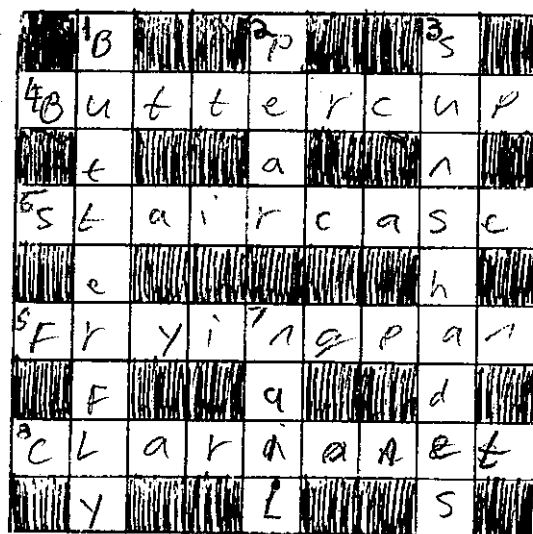
1. These make moving sweet (7)
5. Edible Somerset village - but not if you leave it too long (4,3)
9. I can see clearly now - not like Alice (10,5)
10. S - ling him out (4)
11. Leg joints (5)
12. I hear they keep pigs here, but I wouldn't! (4)
15. Colloquialism for our friends over the border (7)
16. In clasp rings everything that jumps (7)
17. Assisted the wedding guests (7)
19. William, Henry, Ginger & co. were - (3,4)
21. Felines (4)
22. Measure it on this (5)
23. Star provides intellectual discussion points (4)
26. I'll have another thank -you (4, 5, 6)
27. Must be emptied regularly (7)
28. Steps out (7)

DOWN

1. Matthew's southern - or, drink it (7)
2. Falling leaves, rain, pounds are all these (5, 2, 3, 5)
3. Viking god (4)
4. Sooth - (7)
5. The runs for those who chase (7)
6. French biased musical (4)
7. When pursuing the fairer sex you might hold this (5, 2, 4, 4)
8. Old or grand (7)
13. Banks for seats (5)
14. Business when these blow (5)
17. Removed to view (7)
18. What teacher says if you don't get it right (2, 5)
19. Bed sign = large craft astern (3, 4)
20. Brothers often have them (7)
24. Look out for this on the wire (4)
25. Such defamatory description about one (4)

(Solution on the back pages - Ed.)

CROSSWORD No. 4



ACROSS

4. Meadow plant
5. A static escalator
6. Pancake maker
8. Wind instrument

DOWN

1. Once a caterpillar
2. Fruit
3. Warm weather protection
7. Driven hard

Stephen Male (JB)

(Solution on the back pages - Ed.)

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD No. 3

ACROSS

- | | | |
|--------------|-----------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Castors. | 5. High Ham | 9. Magnifying Glass |
| 10. Oust | 11. Knees | 12. Sty |
| 15. Taffies | 16. Springs | 17. Ushered |
| 19. Bad boys | 21. Cats | 22. Gauge |
| 23. Arts | 26. Same again please | |
| 27. Dustbin | 28. Strides | |

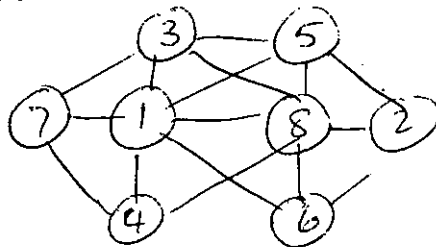
DOWN

- | | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|------------|
| 1. Comfort | 2. Signs of the times | 3. Odin |
| 4. Sayings | 5. Hunters | 6. Gigi |
| 7. Heart in your hand | | 8. Masters |
| 14. Trade | 17. Uncased | 13. Tiers |
| 19. Big ends | 20. Sisters | 24. Barb |
| | | 25. Slur |

LET'S THINK

Answers

1.

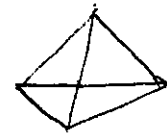


2. $A \rightarrow D \rightarrow B \rightarrow E \rightarrow C \rightarrow A \rightarrow B \rightarrow C \rightarrow D \rightarrow E \rightarrow A$

3. They paid £25 for the room and £2 reward. £3 was returned to them.
 $\text{£}25 + \text{£}2 + \text{£}3 = \text{£}30$.

4. $2B \rightarrow, 1B \leftarrow, 1st M \rightarrow, 1B \leftarrow, 2B \rightarrow, 1B \leftarrow, 2nd M \rightarrow,$
 $1B \leftarrow, 2B \rightarrow, 1B \leftarrow, 3rd M \rightarrow, 1B \leftarrow, 2B \rightarrow, 1B \leftarrow,$
 $4th M \rightarrow, 1B \leftarrow, 2B \rightarrow.$

5. Arrange the matches in '3-D' as the edges of a tetrahedron.



6. TEN

7. Not possible.

8. There are 47 triangles in the figure.

9. Peahens lay eggs, not peacocks.

10. Both the same.

SOLUTION TO ACROSTIC No. 1

ACROSS

- | | | | |
|-------------|----------|---------------|--------------|
| 1. Mule | 2. Lamb | 5. Rhinoceros | 6. Giraffe |
| 7. Yak | 8. Lemur | 11. Squirrel | 13. Zebra |
| 14. Buffalo | 16. Bear | 17. Lion | 18. Elephant |
| 21. Cat | 22. Dog | 23. Rat | 24. Weasel |
| 26. Panther | | | |

DOWN

- | | | | |
|-----------|----------------|-------------|-----------|
| 1. Monkey | 3. Badgers | 4. Fox | 9. Tiger |
| 10. Seal | 15. Alligators | 19. Leopard | 20. Horse |
| 25. Sloth | | | |

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD No. 4

ACROSS

- | | | |
|--------------|--------------|---------------|
| 4. Buttercup | 5. Staircase | 6. Frying-pan |
| 8. Clarinet | | |

DOWN

- | | | | |
|--------------|---------|--------------|---------|
| 1. Butterfly | 2. Pear | 3. Sunshades | 7. Nail |
|--------------|---------|--------------|---------|

CHILTON CANTELO HOUSE

YEOVIL

SOMERSET

ENGLAND

never worked with John and Merlin before, but they all got on very well. Only Merlin had a criminal record which he had earned five years before for 'Breaking and Entering' an old cottage, but after three years 'inside' he was put on probation.

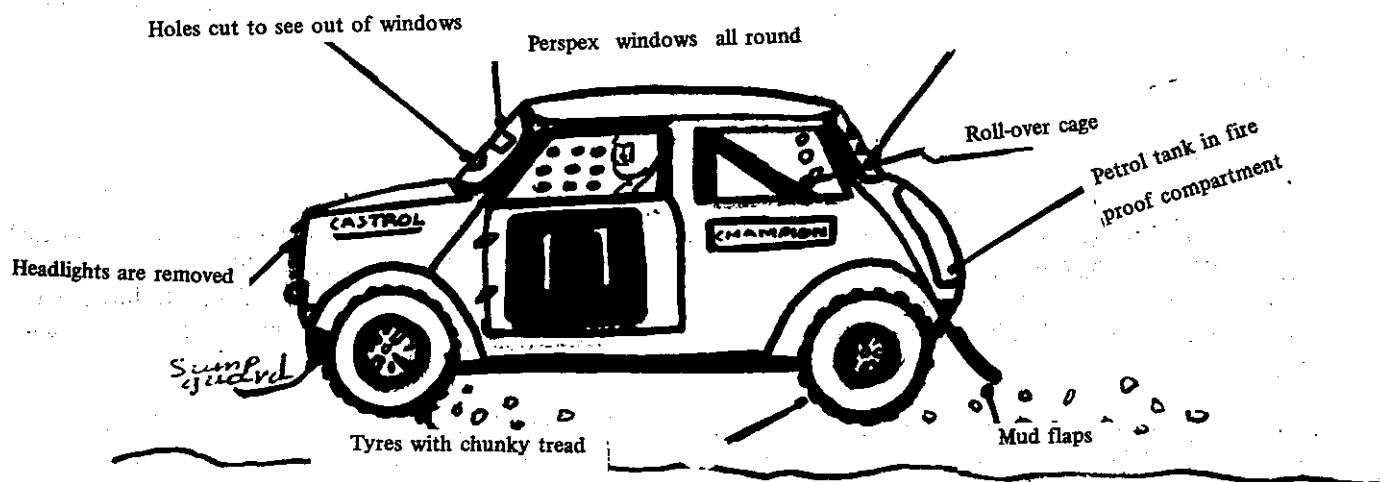
Merlin was a tall, well built dark haired man. John was small, but very good with explosives and 'electrics'. George was a very large man who got involved because he was good at cracking safes.

They talked in the corner about the robbery

Mark Rush (3)

(The story as presented was incomplete, but I wonder whether anyone can finish it? In all probability there will be a £2.00 book token - donated by Mark - for the best effort. - Ed.)

A TYPICAL RALLY 'MINI'



RALLY CRY OF THE ENTHUSIAST

Rallying is a pastime of many motor-sport enthusiasts. There are many famous Rallies like the RAC, the East African Safari and the Monte Carlo. The competitors are mainly professionals, but a few are amateur drivers out to test their own skills with the best.

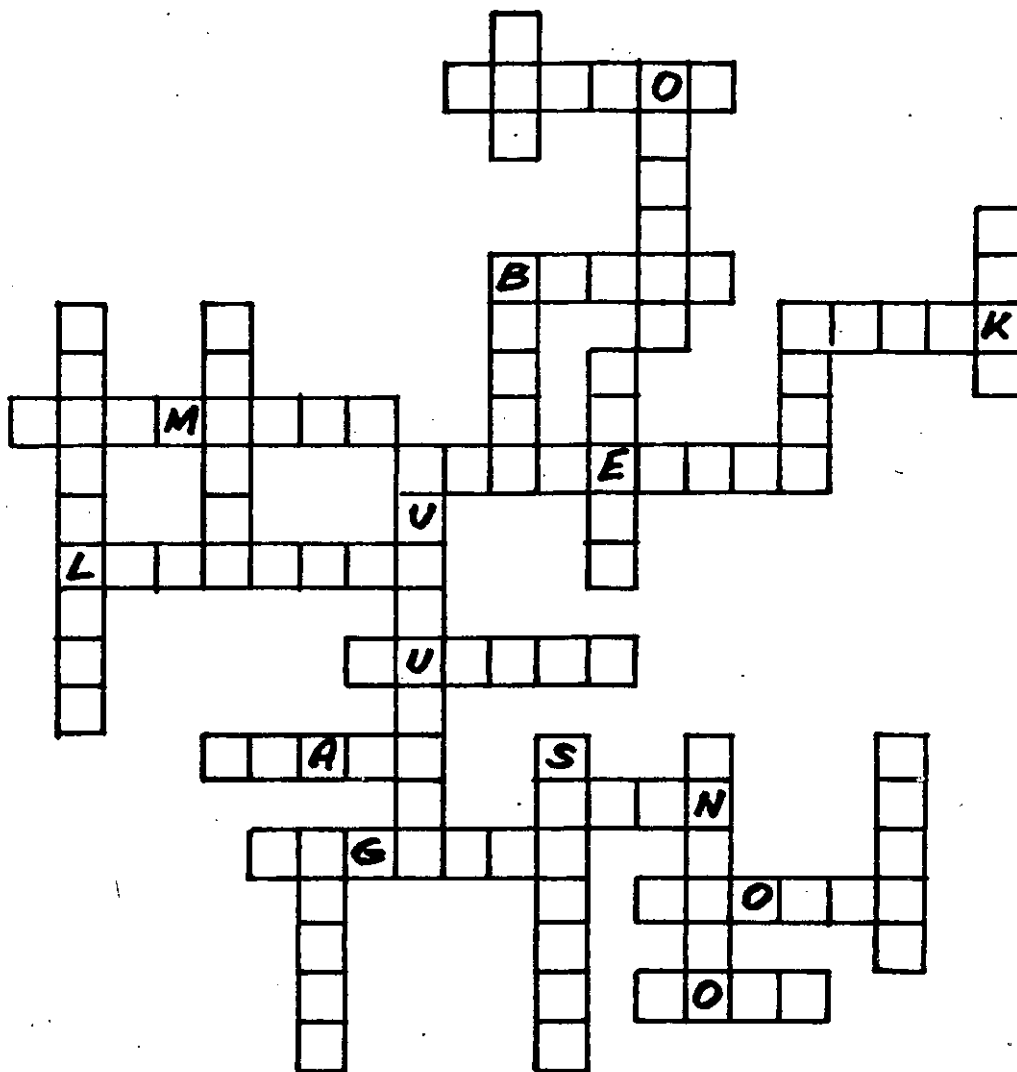
They always travel along a given route to reach their check points by a certain time. If they are early or late they lose marks. They must not go faster than the 30 m.p.h. speed limit on normal roads, or 70 m.p.h. on motorways. The real speed test comes on the cross-country part.

Most Rally teams consist of a driver and co-driver plus, of course, their back-up teams. Sometimes the cars are just modified for a particular event or rebuilt.

As can be seen from the illustration, even a common-or-garden 'Mini' can receive a great deal of attention outside - in the way of spoilers, grills, special tyres and guards, whilst inside you would find extensive instrumentation, special seats and roll-over bars; whilst under the bonnet the alterations, as you can imagine, are simply fantastic in an effort to coax the extra performance from 'standard' engines.

If you intend to watch a particular section of a rally, please ensure you have the safest place possible and both listen to and do what the Marshals advise.

Rhys Thomas (5.T)



ACROSTIC No. 5

CLUES

Red
Purple
Magenta
White

(The first correct solution opened by Mrs. Ridewood will receive a £2.00 book token - Ed.)