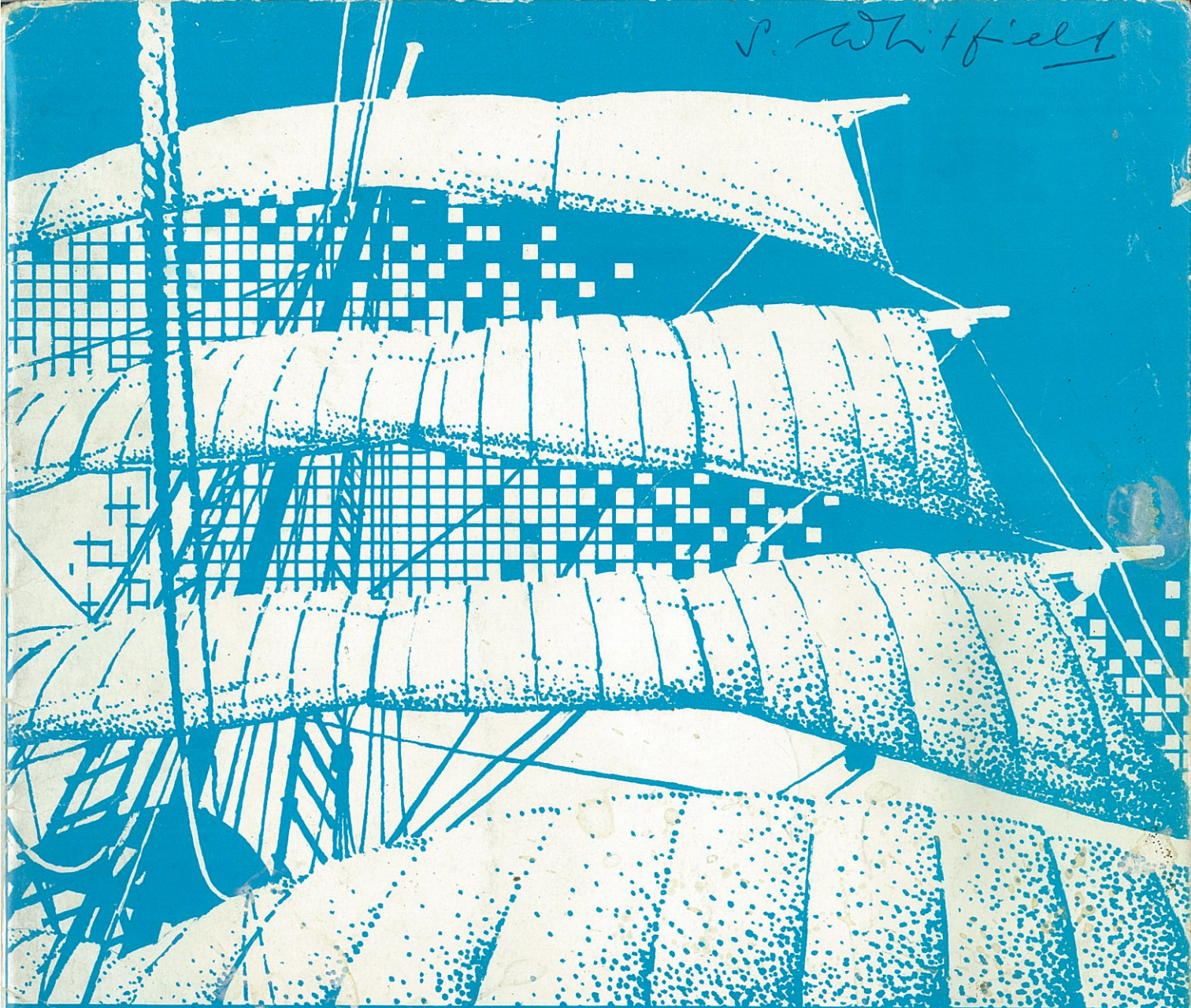


S. Whitfield

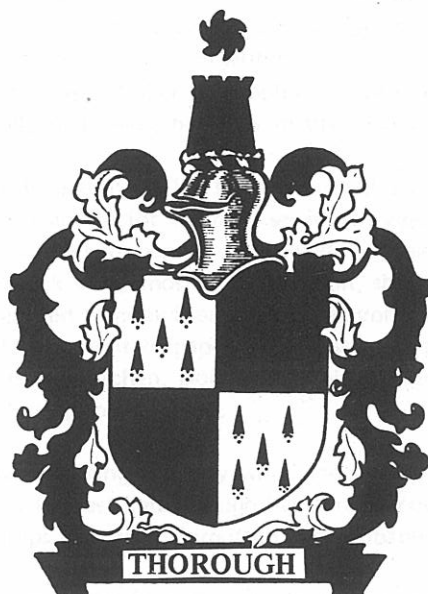


THOROUGHFARE

SUMMER

1978





OBITUARY

DOROTHY ANN THOMAS

Many Old Chiltonians will learn with great sadness that "Dolly" died on the 1st September last year after a very short illness — so short that most of us found it hard to believe for some time that she was no longer with us. She was buried in the churchyard at Chilton Cantelo within sight and sound of the community she had served so well and faithfully for so long. The large number of people who came to her funeral was eloquent evidence of the very wide circle of friends that Dolly had made, not only in the Yeovil area, but even further afield.

Dolly came to England from St. Helena early in 1961 and after a short stay of a couple of months in Dorset she came to Chilton early in that same year and for the next seventeen years Chilton was her entire life. For those who arrived late off a train or had missed supper for an "exped." or sailing, Dolly was always there to fry an egg or warm up a supper. Up by 6 o'clock every morning from habit, she always had the kettles on and the kitchen warmed up by the time the staff arrived to cook breakfast, but beyond all this she had a truly remarkable memory, for events which she never needed to commit to paper. If it was a question of finding out when we laid a floor, when we installed something new in the kitchen, Dolly would always immediately know the day, year, month (and sometimes the minute) without referring to any diary.

For those who had an opportunity of talking to Dolly when she was in a reminiscent mood her stories about life on St. Helena were of the very greatest interest and through her parents covered a span of very many years into an era and a way of life and of hardships long since forgotten and probably never recorded.

Her sense of humour was at times too much for some people and not infrequently her aside would be, "I've got my ticket to St. Helena and I shan't be here next term". Only after she died did we learn that it had been her intention ultimately to return to the Island and she had even gone as far as to buy a ticket the previous year but in the end could not bring herself to leave Chilton.

At her funeral one person was heard to say, "Chilton will never quite be the same without her". I am sure that would have been the epitaph she would have liked and it is true when someone has given as much as Dolly in her total involvement with the school and the family.

This year it really seems impossible to believe that it is only twelve months ago that I began to wrestle with the problems of putting yet another school magazine together. The problems then, as now, are simply associated with motivation, or in particular, the inability of the Senior School to really trouble to make a suitable, voluntary effort. I think that this is a great pity, as so many Seniors both in and out of class are more than voluble, indeed even militant, in their desire to communicate! Whilst not readily accepting this situation in the long-term, I cannot in the short-term do any other but present that which I have received and I do, most sincerely, thank all those students who have made this 'supreme sacrifice'.

I do continue to enjoy reading their contributions and am amazed at what has resulted from that which I had hitherto taken as 'vacant stares', but now know to have been 'inspirational activities' on the very highest planes! My thanks then to those — and I hope you are such a lofty idealist — to other necessarily anonymous scribes and to Mrs. Brabyn and Miss Norris, whose charm and hard working devotions have been necessary and more than welcome on Beachy Head! Similarly, I cannot let this opportunity pass without expressing my appreciation to the Headmaster for being helpful, critical and very tolerant.

Finally, to all those who are leaving this term, wherever you go and whatever you do, be critical of yourselves, appreciative of others and remember "Chilton" — by the occasional letter and perhaps a ceremonial visit!

HEADMASTER'S LETTER

I. Thompson.

When the next copies of Thoroughfare go to print Chilton will have been twenty years old. Although twenty years is perhaps not very long and indeed there is nothing particularly magic about such a period of time, on reflection many changes, particularly in outlook, have taken place since that first day of May in 1959 when Chilton's first term opened.

In later years the parents of the first two boys to sign on at Chilton said that they were given a hammer and two nails upon arrival and told to hang their coats up somewhere! I can vouch for the fact that this was somewhat of an elaboration on the actual facts but nevertheless in those days there was a great deal of pioneering to be done and as often is the case the pioneering and enthusiastic spirit went with it.

In retrospect it is difficult to imagine classrooms in dormitories 9 and 10 and in the bathroom and even a boy's common room in the private dining room. Some of the more expansive activities of Chilton in those earlier days would certainly now have clashed drastically with the demands of school work. How was it possible to spend nearly all of every Wednesday with a fair proportion of the school on the 35 ft. motorboat in Poole Harbour throughout the summer term and the first half of each autumn term! How was it possible for two senior boys to go off with a land rover, six radio sets and ten less senior boys to carry out their own radio exercise between Willsneck and Dunkery Beacon without any staff being involved! An earlier edition of Thoroughfare even bears witness to a detailed survey by the 6th Form of local pubs! Certainly those days did seem to be freer and easier and people even passed their O. Levels, to say nothing of a dozen A. Levels at a sitting. However jolly those early days at Chilton may have been and in retrospect every day was a day of hot sunshine, we have the evidence of the subsequent successes of many of the boys and girls who have kept in touch or of whom we receive news from time to time.

Year by year new additions and improvements are added to Chilton and this is a process to which there is no obvious end. One thing in particular that is always a matter of concern is the provision of activities at week-ends, particularly in the summer and in this particular respect we have been exceedingly fortunate in the last year in obtaining the use, almost exclusively, of Sherborne Lake. The expansion of this facility for Sea Cadet Sailing and training on Thursdays has added a great deal to the S.C.C. Unit's scope and the enjoyment of those taking part. Equally, the informal sailing and canoeing parties on Sunday mornings have, I am sure, been greatly appreciated in these exceptionally beautiful surroundings.

Finally I would say that it has always been our policy with Thoroughfare to combine the official "line" with an opportunity for members of the school to express their opinions and to write reasonably freely. Therefore it may be that there are articles which do not necessarily agree with the school's policy but are an opportunity to express opinions, even if "way out"!

FUN AND GAMES ON FRIDAY!

Some time after two — not a minute more
- comes a loud knocking at the classroom door.
The Staff, studiously teaching and pupils engrossed,
this incessant knocking is the sound feared most
— by Staff and students alike!

After a moment or two the 'duty aide' walks through
and in manner imperious, enquires most serious,
"Whether those climbing the wall, should be there at all
and whether those crying are in fact dying?"
- that is Staff, and students alike.

Fall in the sick and drag out the dead,
the mentally deranged and those to be bled.
"Now follow me please and Staff do not despair
if you find after this your addressing thin air.
Join the queue, Staff and students alike!"

"Come in, open wide please, stop knocking knees!
Don't scrape the floor - you've got lock-jaw.
Two of these, four of those, bend your back and touch
your toes.
Pass me a pen and remember a specimen
- from Staff and students alike!"

"One lump or two?" That's the last of the queue
as the Doctor and staff have a good laugh
at the Staff and students alike.

ROAD SAFETY

Oh drear me,
Oh dreary my!
Here's a task I have to try.

To write on safety on the road
You need to learn the Green Cross code.

First you listen, then you look
To right and left - as in the book.

When clear, you march across the street
Still looking hard and on two feet.

Keep looking for danger as you walk
With eyes around you like a hawk.

If you cross when the lights are green
I'm not surprised if you cross unseen.

Walk across when the red light shows
And so avoid those deadly blows.

Zebra crossings can help you too
For then the road is all for you

So just remember Green Cross codes
When crossing over busy roads.

Richard Hall (JB)

THEY.....

They hurt you at home and shame you at school.
They distrust if you're clever and yet despise a fool
'Till you're so damn crazy you can't follow their rules.

When they've tortured and scared you for umpteen years
then they expect you to find a suitable career.
When you can't really function
You're so full of fear!

They keep you doped with their discipline,
no sex and T.V.
You may think you're so clever, classless and free,
But really you're also locked up
- as far as I can see.

There's little room at the top, they keep telling you still.
But first you must learn how to smile as you kill.
That's practice perfected - a consummate skill!

They say a working-class hero is something to be,
But don't let them fool you, just try and stay free!

Nicki Logue (6)

THEY AGAIN....!

Be patient with the Prefect
be courteous to the Aide;
- they should be considered human
no matter how depraved.
Be tolerant of the old folk, 'squares'
and members of the staff.
Remember too that one day, retired
they may also laugh.
Whilst you are still working
or maybe 'out of work'
they on pension, affluent
can now afford to smirk.

Never quote from Bacon
in the presence of a pig.
Neither be too conservative
if laboured by a whig.
But be always helpful,
a person of wide ideals.
Remember too that one day,
if programmed to 'run on wheels',
Whilst soothing baby's crying,
or changing nappies by the score
They, from above, are laughing
- just in time, they've gone before!

(Remember the management always reserve the right to reply - Ed.)

A BIBLICAL STORY RETOLD

And the Lord said unto Noah: "Where is the ark which I have commanded thee to build?"

And Noah said unto the Lord: "Verily, I have had three carpenters off ill. The gopher wood supplier hath let me down - yea, even though the gopher wood hath been on order for nigh upon twelve months."

And God said unto Noah: "I want that ark finished even after seven days and seven nights."

And Noah said: "It will be so."

And it was not so.

And the Lord said: "What seemeth to be the trouble this time?"

And Noah said unto the Lord: "Mine subcontractor hath gone bankrupt. The pitch which Thou commandest me to put on the outside and on the inside of the ark hath not arrived. The plumber hath gone on strike. Shem, my son who helpeth me on the ark side of the business, hath formed a pop group with his brothers Ham and Japheth. Lord, I am undone."

And the Lord grew angry and said: "And what about the unicorns, and the fowls of the air by sevens?"

And Noah wrung his hands and wept, saying: "Lord, unicorns are a discontinued line; thou canst not get them for love or money. And it hath just been told unto me that the fowls of the air are sold only in half-dozens. Lord, Lord, Thou knowest how it is."

And the Lord in His wisdom said: "Noah, my son, I know. Why else dost thou think I have caused a flood to descend upon the earth?"

Acknowledgement

E.R.A. Journal of the Eastern Region of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

SPIDER

Waiting, waiting in my web,
Watching the tasty fly.

Here comes one, just passing by.
Shush, shush - wait for its cry.

"AarrggggHh.h...h.....h"

- and drops down dead.

Dinner's over, it's time for bed !

Finlay Morley (JB)

WHAT DOES THE DUTY AIDE DO?

This question, which has baffled leading scholars, theologians and scientists for years, can now be answered, in part, by a document recently smuggled out of the Aides' Common Room - an establishment surpassed only by Fort Knox for security. Some extracts are as follows:

Duty Aides Timetable:

0500	Alarm clock rings
0500 (+ 10 seconds)	hit alarm clock
0530	wake up
0600	get up
0605	wash (only when there is a 't' in the month)
0610	wash cars of living-in staff
0630	cycle to Yeovil for newspapers
0650	return, put kettle on
0700	take cups of tea & newspapers to living-in staff
0714	breathe (only if fit and medically permitted)
0715	ring 'rising' bell
0716	enter dorm 3 to wake occupants
0716 (+ 2 seconds)	leave dorm 3 in great haste
0720	re-enter dorm 3 with hose
0720 (+ 1 second)	leave dorm 3 - closely followed by jet of water
0740	look for roll-call board
0745	look for pupils for roll-call
0800	stand at entrance to Dining-Room to control Juniors entering for breakfast
0801	pick self up from floor
0830	have breakfast
0835	attend period 1
0836	"Excuse me!"
1300	stand aside to let Juniors in for lunch; fail to see Middle Common Room coming from other direction.
1301	pick self up from floor
1330	have lunch
1345	sleep in Common Room
1346	kicked awake by Duty Prefect
1400	attend period 7
1600	feign injury to escape games
1605	turn down offer by M.G.M.
1745	successfully avoid Junior and Middle Common Rooms entering for supper - wonder where Seniors are?
1746	pick self up from floor
1830	prep.
1900	serve coffee and cigars to "living-in-staff" in staff common room
1905	remove boot polish in bathroom !
2000	fail to find roll call board - decide to count pupils
2001	run out of fingers
2200	report "All Quiet" to duty staff
2205	clean shoes of "living-in staff"
2230	sleep (only if tired, otherwise pump water)

(Certain of these problems would appear to be of a temporary and technical nature only and the reader should not assume this is a typical day - although it is ! : Ed.)

C.B.C. CHILTON BROADCASTING CORPORATION

Plans have been made to establish our own television company here at Chilton. A proposed day's broadcasting would be as follows :

- 0930 SWOP SHOP: Aides for "Legs and Co."
Mr. Edmondson's van for a Dinky Toy.
- 1230 GRANDSTAND: Motor Racing - recorded highlights of Mr. Hewitt leaving on day off.
Athletics - 100 m.sprint - J.A. going to French.
200 m. sprint - J. B. going to lunch.
Pole Vault - Duty Aide trying to escape.
High Jump - What 3rd Year will be in for if Science prep. isn't done !
- 1715 UNIVERSITY CHALLENGE: 5th Form Physics group versus King's College, Cambridge.
- 1800 NEWS: Mr. Manaton buys a new car.
Mr. Edmondson has a hair-cut.
- 1810 PORRIDGE: Chef's special.
- 1840 FILM: "Far from the Madding Crowd" - Staff feelings at end of term.
- 2100 RABBIT AND HUTCH:
- 2200 MATCH OF THE DAY: Mr. Edmondson and Paul Newman.
- 2300 PA-NOR-A-MA: Everyday life of an orphan.
- 2350 MIDNIGHT MOVIE: "Love Story" - What J.A. think of French.
- 0125 EPI-LOGUE: Story of a Belgian girl whose sister comes to Chilton.

THE HALLSTAND

"Class 3!"
- report to me.
In the Hall
at ten-to-four
and not before!
But, if you are late
there'll be a complaint.
- Straight to Captain!
However, if you like your life
you won't be late.
So you are warned
to be there,
at ten to four
and not before!

Ronald Hall (3)

JUST IN TIME

The sun beats down
upon his back.
Across the track
and through the town.
He starts to gasp
and then to slow.
He sees the finish
and hears the bell.
A sudden last spring
and then he's there.
"Present!" he shouts,
He's just in time!

Ronald Hall (3)

FINDING HEAVEN

I felt sickened as I lay on the bed. I felt cold and lifeless and my eyes felt wet at the thought of leaving. Leaving a home, a family and friends. Yet the pain had gone and the bed felt cold.

But my thoughts soon went as the bedroom roof disappeared in a bright, utterly dazzling light. A star from the sky came and lay at my feet. I was not told, but my body moved off the bed and as I touched the star ...my heart and body felt warmed and I felt a contentment that I never had felt in life before. But then this was not Life, it was Death !

Suddenly before me I saw people. Not ordinary people; these people looked happy and content. As I grew nearer I saw my family stood before me, all looking young. I looked down at my body. No longer was I an old lady, but a young girl again. My husband, who died long, long, ago came to me. My heart was filled with love, but not ordinary love. This was real contentment, a happy love. This was Heaven. A life after death. All my years of worrying were over, I was there.....

Penny Wetherall (4)

A TASTE OF SPRING

As the sun crawled in through the long forgotten tunnels of last summer, the trees started to thaw out.

Snow-drops popped their heads out of the earth to taste the coolness of spring and the leaves unfolded and blossomed into beautiful green flags, waving in the cool breeze which cut in and out of the trees like a whirlwind.

I stepped over a log which must have blown to its death last winter. My attention was caught by the sound of water.

My eyes searched the nearby woods until they were held by the sight of a stream, holding out its hands and clutching the pearly stones, then letting them slip quickly away.

Suddenly a cooo....coo sounded from a nearby tree as if letting the whole world know spring had arrived !

Penny Wetherall (4)

THE TERRACES

I turned into Oldham Street and saw the array of tiny houses all standing in a rather neat line, perhaps waiting for a passing car to inspect them. They were all built of the same small greyish bricks, chipped in places and revealing their true colour, red. Smutty hedges and plots of green like little green carpets fronted them. Huddled people shuffled to and fro in the damp and somewhat dreary street.

The dirty gutters and slushy road made a sharp contrast to the white of the chipped, worn paving stones making up the narrow pavement.

Above, chimney stacks poured out tumbling great puffs of smoke to litter up the sky. Little windows squinted in the old gas lights.

Suddenly! A black bird's sharp, shrill. chirp breaks the hush of silence and another day, yet another day, is born.

Mark Palmer (JA)

THE PRINTING WORKS

It was late evening and the shadows seemed to lurk ominously as I walked down the frosty lane with my flash light in hand. The light flickered and shuddered as it reflected from the puddles. Everything was quiet and only the tom cat disturbed the peace by knocking over the dustbin in the yard of the next house in the block.

The printing works loomed ahead with its big doors open to let in the fresh air for the night shift. A strong beam of light from the doorway flashed out over the gravelled courtyard. The drone of the presses inside attracted me to peer in through the heavy corrugated iron doors. Work people were carrying paper to other presses which were stopped so that the morning paper would not be late out the next day.

Stewart Whitfield (3)

SILENCE

The wind blows across the quiet, stilled lake. Little ripples run to the water's edge. A willow's branches dance gracefully across the water's silver metallic surface. A young bird hovers around the reeds at the side of the lake looking for its nest. The sun goes in and the water's surface is plunged into darkness. Then from behind the clouds the sun peeps out and is reflected on the water again.

Philippa Jones (4)

DEATH

We tossed and turned on that terrible sea. The waves crashed over the raft as we clung onto our last chance of life. But it was no use in the end. My fingers slipped from the raft and I felt myself swept away by the raging sea.

I saw my companions struggling against the force of the whirling, swirling, spewing sea and as I saw them drift into the distance I felt a pang of agony go through me. I was alone! Alone to face all the things which could befall me. What would happen to me? I tried to wash these thoughts out of my mind, but they rang and rang through my head. I was thrown against the rocks and gave an ear-piercing scream before I died.

Philippa Jones (4)

THE FABULOUS NEW AESOP!

The tiger comes pounding through the fields. His black and golden-yellow stripes stand out from the long grass which is swaying in the wind. The dazzling sun shines through the trees down onto his golden coat. His greeny-brown coloured eyes peer through the grass searching for food.

In front of him, right in his path, is a stream. The glistening water holds his reflection. All at once he spots a fish darting between two rocks. His eyes grow larger as he watches closely the fish reappear in the shallow water. He crouches down ready to spring..... He leaps into the water with a mighty splash to re-emerge with the wriggling fish held firmly in his powerful jaws.

Robert Steel (JA)

WITNESS TO THE "UNEARTHLY HOUR"

I came downstairs one morning and went into the lounge and sat down. I had been unable to sleep so I got up about five o'clock. Everything was very quiet, apart from the ticking of the clock.

The room was very cold without the heating. I drew the curtains back from the two windows and everything looked very black outside. As I walked to the window facing East I saw a glimmer of light in the sky and could hear the birds begin to sing. Gradually, the whole sky became lighter, with a red glow on the horizon and I realised the dawn was breaking.

As I walked to the other window - which faced the road - the whole street seemed to come to life as the traffic started to move and other people like myself began pulling back their curtains!

Nigel Osborne (3)

JUNGLE (Sam's Land)

The sun had departed and all that remained was a cold, dark twilight. The jungle echoed with weird noises; small monkeys whimpered in the tangled branches of jungle trees, birds gave far away calls which were lost in the wide expanse of jungle woodland and cicadas buzzed continually, intruding on the tranquility of the cool summer evening.

In the distance a stream bubbled merrily on its way to the wide, murky Amazon river. Mosquitoes searched frantically, for the smell of warm blood. Soon, without warning, a black velvet blanket would fall over the land and the jungle would lie still and silent until another sunrise.

Debbie J. Rhodes (3)

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY

We went for a long walk in the country taking a packed lunch with us. Having started from the lowest part of the valley we climbed up to the top of a small mountain. It was a beautiful day. The sun was shining on the rolling hills. Birds were singing joyful songs in the trees and rabbits were skipping in and out of their burrows. We walked until midday, then found a place on the grass between two trees. We sat down and put a tablecloth on the grass with our lunch on it. Afterwards we had a siesta for a quarter of an hour.

As we started to walk back home we saw two roe deer running a short distance in front of us. Then ten minutes later we saw a deer running; he was a long way from us, but we could see him quite clearly. The sun started to go down on the horizon. It was a wonderful orange-red colour. The sunset was beautiful, but it soon started to get dark. When we arrived back at home it was completely dark: and it had been a lovely walk.

Odile Dubois (4)

'NO MALES PASS THIS POINT !'

Males are not permitted, nor even allowed beyond this point; one, or a crowd.

Girls use this bathroom, but when they're not there it's scientifically possible for an old boy to share.

One male unique, one male truly fated.

A new breed of MAN - A man liberated !

CHILTON TALES

Allen, Howard and Henry all lived together, with their friend Terry Thomas - a bit of a comedian - in Slayton Buzzard, in the county of Benfordshire.

One morning, just after the sun had risen and the porridge had set, Henry was sorting through the Mail in the Hall, to discover an invitation for a meal with their friend, Daniel, who lived at Stroud, Gloucestershire, the other side of England. Henry and Howard wanted to go, but Allen, who was no Angell, did not like long journeys. He asked,

"That's a Fahr on, Izedah?" (Jalil)

"Daniel, of course he is." replied the others.

Still, all three were under no misapprehensions about the difficulties involved. They had no transport, but, following the old Italian proverb (with accent) "Vere there's a Wilce there's a Vega" they went to the local auction to show trader Hawkins their wares. They had to Bidwell, but eventually bought an old American coach with a lock on it, known as a Latchford Sharaban(ii)c.

It had previously been used by Fort Knox as a Bulli(on)vant. Inside they found the Logue book.

So, one night, our intrepid adventurers set off Westwards with a Rush, by the light of the silvery Shimoonia. Then the Rhodes became rough and they had to Crole along. Bowring no accidents - they estimated it would take three Wilks to get there!

After a few yards they were feeling thirsty, when they saw a cart full of beer barrels.

"Bring that Dracup here" said Allen, but it was empty.

A few inches more, they passed a pub - well it wasn't going very fast!

"Let's pop in here" said Henry.

Being too young for beer, they went up to the Jabbari and Henry, in a Cockney accent, asked for a drink called Zoli.

"A Capozzoli, please."

They were also hungry so they tucked into some biscuits, Osbornes, Huntley and Palmers, of course.

Henry wanted to see a barmaid so they went to the nearby Steel works - plenty of bars made there!

"Hughes, it's hot in here" said Thomas.

"Mohebbi we should carry on" said Howard.

"Where's Allen?"

Henry, who had a sweet Tooth, still had his mouth full of biscuits, provided the answer.

"He's in the Rutter."

They quickly found him, paid the Beal and left. Soon they were in the countryside. As it had been snowing they passed several Whitfields. They saw a field in the distance, a Farley, as they drew closer they naturally saw Morley.

In the ley was a rather strange looking creature, known in Latin as O'Connor S.Maximus. It was having a meal, ...an O'Connor T!

Our four adventurers were now getting rather tired. The idea of getting to Stroud began to Paull a bit, when, approaching a wood they heard an owl. "Hewitt-Hewhoo" it screeched.

"Was this the Ridewood?" they asked themselves.

They had to Wetherall climates and when it began to Rayney cats and dogs they looked for a place to Parker the van for the night and Lay down their heads.

Suddenly Stroud was spotted in the distance. Due to the housing shortage they all lived in funny conical shaped habitations, known as T.-P.s.

Daniel came out to meet them. He wasn't very tall, a Lowman, in fact. He was the Headman of the village and had a strong, intelligent, handsome son, Edmondson.

He introduced them to some of the leading citizens of the village.

There was David, the Clark, with his son, Davidson; the twin brothers, Manaton; and Morton - who was Cox of the local rowing club; also - um Er, James, who was the Cooper - he made barrels, Cases, etc.

As it was dinner time they all sat down to eat. There was Fisher and Collins-flower cheese, Biles of it, Lam chops too; some salami - which wasn't very nice - Poorshalami.

"Odile it all out" said Howard, Simaking his lips in anticipation.

To entertain them during the meal, some Norris dancers were brought on.

Sondheim later Henry got a Joce of the 'Flu.

"Asafu" he sneezed.

"Bless you" said Allen.

"Watt a shame" said Howard.

As it was getting late, they thought they had better go. Having expressed their Grattantude to Daniel, they went out to the van. To help it start two Stevens, two Rogers, Waldron, Griffiths, Curtis-Bennett, Karavolas, Edey, Krysztofiak, Jones and Dalby came out to give them a push and they arrived home twelve Davies later.

(With one or two very notable exceptions all the school are mentioned or otherwise insulted and it would be interesting to learn how many names are recorded. - Ed.)

ISOMBARD KINGDOM BRUNEL

Few men made themselves so well known as the engineer from Bristol, Isombard Kingdom Brunel.

In 1831 Brunel started work on a design for the Clifton Suspension bridge, but by 1840 this work came to a halt. The money given by William Vick for the building of the bridge had 'run out'. Brunel made modifications to the floating harbour at Bristol and the entrance lock to the Cumberland Basin was his own scheme. He also designed a special boat to scrape away mud from the bottom and the side. This boat was in use from 1843 until 1961! Before the Clifton Suspension bridge was opened, Brunel had been dead for five years, but its opening was dedicated to his memory.

Among other famous works of his was the building of ships; the S.S. Great Western, S.S. Great Eastern and the Great Britain. The latter can be seen to this day in the old dry dock in the Cumberland Basin. It is being restored to its original condition having been raised from the sea bottom in the Falkland Islands and towed to Bristol where it was first built. In 1838 the Great Western - an iron paddle steamer - made the crossing to New York in less than eighteen days.

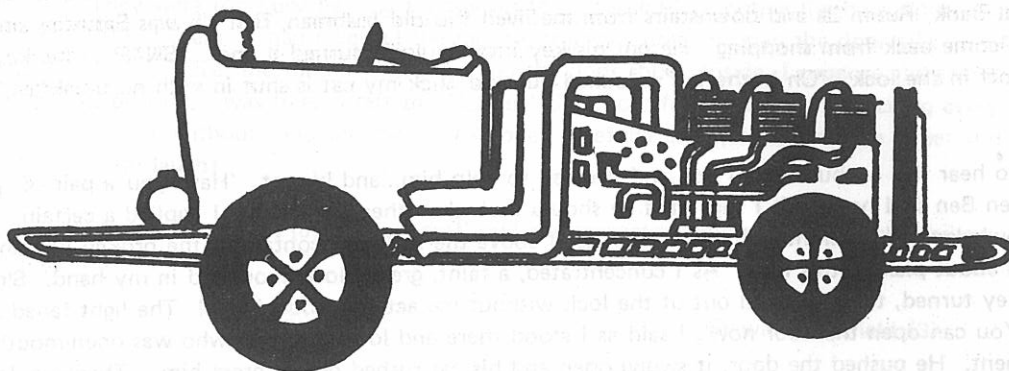
Brunel constructed many different stages of the Great Western Railway known as the G.W.R. It was begun in 1833 with a broad gauge of 7 feet and $\frac{1}{4}$ inch. By 1841 trains were running between London and Bristol. At that time there were only 1,857 miles of railway track but by 1870 there were over 15,000 miles in this country. The broad-gauge track was replaced by the standard-gauge (4 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches) in 1892.

In 1846 the first public telegraph company was formed and a Cross Channel cable was laid within five years. The first Atlantic Cable was laid in 1858, but it burnt out within a month. Its replacement was laid successfully in 1866, thanks to the earlier triumph of Brunel's S.S. Great Eastern.

Isombard Kingdom Brunel's work added much to the great advances in communication between people in different parts of Britain and between many countries of the world.

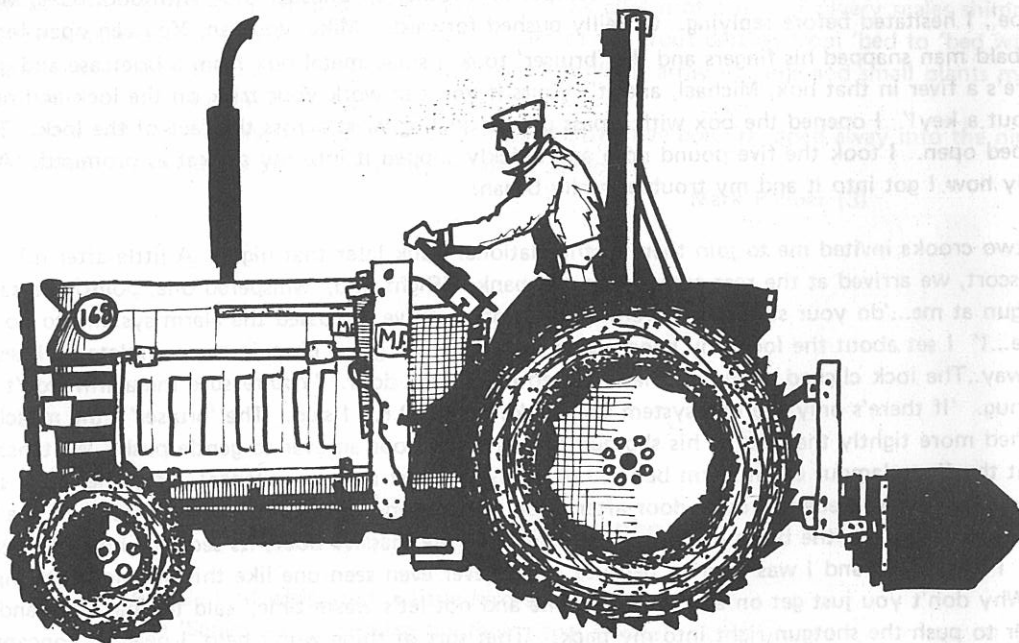
Rhys Thomas (3)

ALLANSMOBILE - Circa 1920+



Robert Allen (JB)

MASSEY FERGUSON 168 - Circa 1977



..... by a real 'Son of the Soil' - Neale David (JA)

LOCKED OUT.....AND IN

I somehow knew when the telephone rang at two o'clock in the morning that something important was happening, but I could not have known that the words I heard would change my life so absolutely. The 'phone call was from a very worried Ben O'Reilly and I would like to tell you about him. I live in a flat near the West Bank, Room 2a and downstairs from me lived this old Irishman, Ben. It was Saturday and Ben had just come back from shopping. He put his key into the lock, turned it and ... SNAP ... the key broke clean off in the lock. 'Oh bother! I'm locked out and Slick my cat is shut in with no breakfast,' said Ben.

I happened to hear this outburst from Ben and decided to help him...and his cat. 'Have you a pair of pliers?'

I asked. When Ben said he hadn't I suggested he should look the other way, whilst I applied a certain acquired knowledge and inherent skill. I put my hand above the lock still containing the broken key and thought hard about picking this lock. As I concentrated, a faint, green glow fluoresced in my hand. Slowly the broken key turned, then dropped out of the lock without me actually touching it! The light faded as I relaxed. 'You can open the door now', I said as I stood there and looked at Ben who was open-mouthed with amazement. He pushed the door, it swung open and his cat rushed out to greet him. 'Thanks a lot, Mike' he announced as, collecting both the cat and his senses, he walked into his flat.

Later that week two crooks employed by Lord Dunning's Betting Shops burst into Ben's flat and threatened to do him over unless he paid certain debts still very much outstanding. Ben was so thoroughly scared that he promised them he would get the money somehow. When they had gone he 'phoned me and begged me to come down to meet those two guys next morning. The next morning the two crooks were waiting for me downstairs. 'These are the two people I was telling you about last night', said Ben. I shook hands first with a bald, wiry little man wearing a smart suit and then with a real 'bruiser' in a shabby suit, whose huge hand wrapped round mine, with a grip that scrunched my finger bones. The bald man did the talking. 'Our good friend, Mr. O'Reilly here, tells us that you can perform rather an unusual trick with doorlocks, Michael! 'Maybe', I hesitated before replying. O'Reilly pushed forward. 'Mike, you can, You can open locks!'

The bald man snapped his fingers and the 'bruiser' took a small metal box from a briefcase and gave it to me. 'There's a fiver in that box, Michael, and it's yours if you can work your trick on the lock and open it without a key!' I opened the box with a pass of my tingling wrist across the face of the lock. The box lid snapped open. I took the five pound note and quickly slipped it into my pocket as promised. And that's briefly how I got into it and my troubles really began.

The two crooks invited me to join them at the National Bank later that night. A little after midnight, with my escort, we arrived at the rear entrance to the bank. 'Right, kid,' whispered one, pointing a sawn-off shot-gun at me...'do your stuff, but carefully, remember, we've discussed the alarm system, so no mistakes... please...!' I set about the lock, my hand giving its distinctive, green glow in the complete darkness of the doorway..The lock clicked open and they reached out to the door. 'You're sure the alarm won't go off?' hissed the thug. 'If there's only the one system you spoke of it's O.K.' I said. The 'bruiser' - the muscle of the duo - clutched more tightly the butt of his shotgun as I gave the door an ever so gentle push. We tensed, ready to flee at the first clamour of an alarm bell ... but, there was just a deeper silence! 'Hey the kid is sure hot stuff!' they said as we proceeded through door after door, going deeper into the bank and nearer to the vault. At last, there it was! In the beam of the torch I could see the massive door, its securing bolts, levers and...the lock. I was scared and I was worried because I had never even seen one like this, let alone attempted to open it! 'Why don't you just get on and open this one and not let's waste time,' said the bald one and beckoned the bruiser to push the shotgun right into my back. 'That sort of thing won't help, I need to concentrate; just relax and let me think,' I said. I turned my attention to the lock and the trembler alarm system inside the vault. Now not just my hand, but my whole body glowed as the energy released burnt deep into the mechanism releasing one tumbler after another...until at last...'He's done it!' gasped the men as the heavy door swung silently open on its stainless steel bearings. We stared at the shelves and drawers of stacked and bundled paper

money and gold coins. 'Look at all that lovely 'bread', man, and no alarm system gone off either,' said the two men. 'Kid, you're marvellous; there's enough here for Ben O'Reilly's debt and a little bonus for ourselves.' 'Hey, don't forget the kid...make certain he gets his...amazing skill...', said the crooks in almost breathless excitement.

The two men entered the vault and began to fill their sacks with money, but I stayed outside and began thinking! They were too busy helping themselves to all the loot to notice the huge door swinging, silently.. closing to behind them. I had reversed the mental process I used to open the door and now the great bolts slipped back into place, the tumblers whirled and the door shut. Inside, I suppose the two dreamt of untold wealth, but, outside, I was free. I left the National Bank, carefully closing and clicking every door behind me and naturally still without touching them! I stepped carefully and quietly into the street and began to smile... and laugh....and laugh!

'Now then, let's go over this just once more!' said the Inspector, who was a little puzzled to say the least... and they did!

Stewart Whitfield (3)

THE TROUT IN THE WATER

I was standing on the damp bank surrounded by little mounds of earth covered with a tough, rubbery grass. These mounds looked rather like warts on the earth. Shabby hedges riddled with hawthorn and ditches overgrown with brambles stretched far in front of me, criss-crossing the land. The grass was wet with the evening dew. The sleepy sun reflected its last rays of light in the tiny droplets on the broad bladed grasses, each one different in their own way. The hazy mist rose and fell over the ground's uneven surface, twisting and turning whenever it met a tree or a clammy, wet post. The glisten of a trout's silvery scales shimmering in the tranquil waters caught my eye. The long, sleek figure of the trout darting from 'bed to 'bed was calm and precise with the odd burst of energy. There was a brilliant array of large and small plants making up the weed beds in the slow, ambling river.

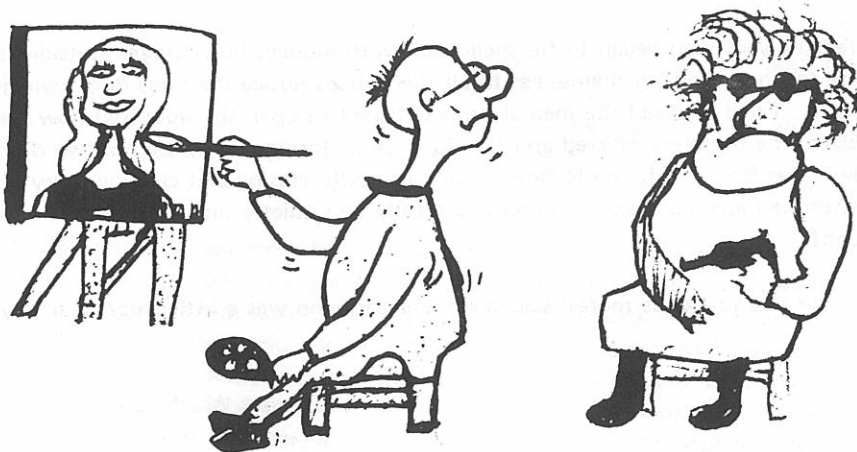
As the mist thickened and the sky darkened the brilliant and attractive colours faded away into the night, leaving behind the dark, dank air and a complete and utter silence.

Mark Palmer (3)

LIGHTEN OUR DARKNESS

A little bird whispered, a little bird spoke.
The 'Seniors' were coming for their ritual smoke!
Behind locked doors or in the Sports Hall.
Athletically declining - a mere five feet tall!
Stunted in growth the LIGHT still not dawning,
They smoked unheeding, 'H.M.' Government, Health Warning!

A GOOD LIKENESS I HOPE!



Graham Rhodes (4)

ANOTHER 'PREP' NIGHT



Michael Beale (3)

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

The school magazine gives me an excellent opportunity to explain what is the difference between life in Persia and in England.

Life here in England is very much different from Persia. I think it is really quite hard for us - I mean - it may be very difficult for every foreigner! When I'm at home - I mean in my own country - I really feel very comfortable as I think everyone likes his own country. It is very simple, as someone once said; "There is no place like home." It is true as I am a foreigner in England!

I can feel this difference very easily. The real difficulties concern food and especially the weather. These are the most important things not only for me, but for all foreigners. We like home - as I've already said!

Saeid Hosseini (5S)

THE FALCON

The falcon flies swiftly through the air, a rabbit in his sight. Into his dive he goes, down, down.....down.

The wind's howl from the trees covers the scream of the helpless rabbit. The rising, moaning winds carry the strongly winged bird upwards, with his prey struggling in his large, hooked talons.

The powerful bird lands in a nest made from large twigs just thrown together. He sets the rabbit down and begins to tear, cruelly, at the rabbit's stomach with his beak. All the while his beady eyes continually search for any other predators that might appear.

Daron Rogers (JA)

....WITH A CHANCE OF SNOW

It was a cold, damp, rainy day in January. The rain came splattering down like something tip-tapping on the window pane and later turned into hailstones - which was even worse! It was thundering and lightning as if the whole world was cracking up. The windows were blowing open and the wind was howling through the broken panes.

The next morning it was snowing, the wind was still whistling as it swept over the hills. You could hear feet going pitta-patta, pitta-patta on the pavements. I went outside to meet the weather and received a very chilly reception!

Donna Bowring (4)

BACK TO THE DRAWING BOARD

There was a man called Crocket,
who decided to build a rocket.
He had such a fright,
when it zoomed out of sight,
for the matches were still in his pocket!

There was a native from Gnu,
who decided to rebuild his canoe.
He had such a shock,
when filling the dock,
as he hadn't used waterproof glue!

Robert Steel (JA)

ONLY CLOCKS ARE AWAKE

I was lying in my bed one summer's evening, I couldn't sleep at all. I lay awake listening to the noises of London. The noises of the car-horns hooting was most annoying. I could hear people shouting at each other. The traffic sounded horrible. It was chaotic: cars, vans and heavy lorries on the roads, each fighting the other for the right to move.

Early in the morning when the noise had quietened down, I could hear the pleasant sounds of birds chirping and the leaves on the trees rustling. It was raining a little, but was really nice! The sun was beginning to break through. As morning neared the noise began again. I was just going off to sleep when I heard the bussing noise of my alarm clock. Not more than five seconds later I heard Big Ben strike seven. I thought to myself, now the clocks are awake I had better get up!

Donna Bowring (4)

GO MAN GO.....!

I jumped into the fibre-glass seat and sat down. My brother fetched my deep orange crash helmet which I strapped carefully on my head.

The body of the 'kart was lifted up, dragged along, dropped and pushed very fast to start the engine. With a splutter and then a roar it came to life and the 'kart pulled away from the pushers in a cloud of blue smoke. My stomach turned over as I went storming into the first corner and I was literally flat out as I really motored down the back straight. That was marvellous, but when I came to the end of the straight I forgot to brake! I closed my eyes and slammed the brakes on in the corner. They locked and the next thing I knew I was on the grass, off the track and behind me I could see the black skid marks of scorched grass.

My brother rushed over to me and said, "Well done, that looked good!"

I jumped out of the 'kart, whipped off my helmet and together we checked for damage before attempting to re-start.....and back to the beginning!

Luigi Capozzoli (3)

THE DEVIL HE IS !

The Devil was dressed

in his Sunday best.

His trousers were red,

his shirt was blue

- and so was his rear

where his tail came through!

Over the hill and over the dale

and backwards and forwards he swished his tail.

From side-to-side, in satanic glee

as he pursues the new pupils of Junior B.

Stuart Bidwell (3)



AGES OF CONSENT

Once we are over 14 we have to pay full fare to travel on a bus, train, coach or go to the cinema, etc. I don't agree because most people under 16 don't leave school and go to work, so they don't have enough money. That means the parents have to spend more money once their children are over 14. I think we should carry on paying half fare until 16; then pay full fare. We have to be 16 to smoke by law but I think we should be allowed to smoke at 15. Little children shouldn't be allowed to smoke. I don't see why we shouldn't be allowed to drink in pubs under 18. We should be allowed in to drink at 16 depending on what sort of drink we buy and how much alcohol it contains and then buy any drink once we are over 18. People over 14 should be allowed in pubs as long as they don't buy alcohol, but people under 14 shouldn't be allowed in unless they are with their parents.

It is stupid to be allowed to get married at 16 and have children, but not to be allowed to go into 'pubs'. I wouldn't mind if it was the other way round. We have to be 16 to ride a moped and 17 for a motor-bike or car and I agree with that too. I think we should be 18 to get married and have children and I agree that 16 is the right age to leave school and get a full-time job.

Richard Terry (5S)

THE ROTARY CLUB DINNER

The Rotary Club is a well known International Club and has many branches all over the world. The Sherborne branch arrange an Annual Dinner and invite foreigners - who study in the area - to attend. This year five of us were invited to this Dinner: Asafu-Agyei, Lam, the Mulenga brothers and myself. We were picked up in two cars and taken from Chilton to a local Hotel where the Dinner was being held.

When we arrived there we saw that we were the only students in school uniform! We introduced ourselves to the students and businessmen who were there - after which we went straight ahead to the bar! We drank a few pints of beer and later on we had some 'heavy' drinks such as Gin Coke, Bacardi, Ginger Ale, Vodka, Orange, Rum, etc.

There were students from all over the world; from Nigeria, Greece, U.S.A., Hong Kong, Qatar, Saudi Arabia, Cyprus, France, Denmark, Germany, Zambia, Kuwait, Iran, Italy and Austria. So happy was Lam with a young lady from Hong Kong that he paid for the drinks! Asafu was also in a good mood. He met a nice girl from Nigeria. She was taller than him with curly hair and a nice thick moustache! She was sitting in front of him and smiling.

About 8.30 p.m. we were called for Dinner. Everybody sat in their places. I was sitting near to a Doctor from Denmark and a Headmaster of a local school. They asked many questions about myself and my home country. Whilst we were talking serving had begun. To begin with, we had a vegetable soup, followed by gammon steak with mushroom sauce and for sweet, fruit salad and coffee.

It was just a little after this when our hosts announced that some of us had to give speeches about our countries. Lam and the Mulenga brothers were lucky - they didn't give a speech, but Asafu and myself, although unlucky, were superb!

At 10.30 p.m. it was time to go back to school. We had our last drinks and in half an hour we were brought back to school.

The Dinner was really something different for us, something special and we enjoyed it a great deal. It was very kind of them to send us such an invitation and I hope we get another next year as well!

Christian Karavolas (5S)

(We all know that Asafu is a charmer, but this snow-crested, Yeti-maiden is incredible. Surprisingly enough, next day, these young gentlemen were none the worse for their ordeal and relatively sober.... but a certain macabre spectacle persists ! - Ed.)

THAT'S RUBBISH.

You may already collect Victorian rubbish such as clay pipes, bottles, cups and dolls' heads. There is a wide assortment of such items on any rubbish dump near you that has been in constant use for years. Your Great Gran's mother, maybe, could have used the things you find over a hundred years ago.

Before you start you must naturally find out where the dump is. Visit your local council offices or library and ask if you can examine old maps or books on the district. Maps that are years old, made in ink, may well have the word 'dump' written on them. If you have no luck there, ask if you can see old records of the village where, quite possibly, there could be recorded complaints about smells, rats, dumps and much other fascinating information to help you! With such details and a little luck you can usually find them BUT; you must remember to obtain permission before searching and digging.

Old bottles are particularly rewarding finds and two which can still be found are the Hamilton and the Codd bottle.

HAMILTON BOTTLE

This cylindrical bottle had a wired on cork. They were stored horizontally on shelves to keep the cork moist, thus preventing escape of gas. They enjoyed two brief revivals of popularity. The first in 1880 when coloured Hamilton's - dark green, cobalt blue, brown and amber were introduced. The second, took place in the 1890's when the improved Hamilton with a round instead of a pointed base was introduced. This made them easier to handle when being filled and corked.

CODD'S BOTTLE

The bottle was very thick to withstand constant refilling with an empress in the neck to catch the marble during pouring. It has shoulder indentations which cause the globe to roll to one side of the bottle during cleaning. The seal of the bottle was complete when the marble dropped into the neck and was forced against a rubber washer in the neck by the pressure of the liquid inside. It was invented by Hiram Codd of Camberwell, Surrey. He perfected his globe-stoppered bottle in 1872 and his name is still remembered in the old expression - "Codd's Wallop'.

The digging and the cleaning is hard work, but when you have them on display it's well worth it. You may be particularly lucky and find a rare object that could be worth several pounds!

Good searching, digging and good luck.

Graham Rhodes (4)

(If anyone else has an interesting hobby I should be particularly pleased to hear about it. - Ed.)

THE GOOD LIFE

(LABORARE EST ORARE)



ots of men in the Middle ages became monks. They took the Vow of Poverty and gave all their possessions to the monastery. All goods were shared in common. Monasteries grew rich in land and property. By 1540 all the monasteries had been taken over by Henry VIII.

Abbots were in charge of monastic Abbeys. They were great architects and builders.

Brothers, monks were called and tried to learn and practise perfection. They said seven offices in the Abbey church every day beginning at midnight with matins.

Onward they went through life, however many hardships, seeking the will of God.

Rere-dorters, drainage and irrigation showed the monks' concern for health and hygiene.

All the monks shared the work and obeyed their Abbots under the Rules of Orders.

Refectory was the name of their dining-room where they ate three meals a day in silence whilst one monk read aloud to them from a devotional book.

Evening prayers called Vespers were said before supper and the office of Compline followed before bed-time at eight-thirty.

Each day they met in the Chapter House to discuss discipline and policy.

Scriptorium was the place where the monks wrote books, illuminated capital letters and copied the Bible.

Together the monks worked as a community. Husbandry of all kinds was their occupation; farming, fishing, bee-keeping and crafts were part of their daily life.

On holy days they had feasts and merry-making. Fish was eaten on fast days.

Remedies to cure sickness they made from herbs and cared for the sick in the Infirmary.

Alms were given freely to all in need at the Almonry by the gate house.

Reservoirs of learning and education, monasteries were also centres of social welfare.

Excellence was the hall-mark of their life at its best.

Junior B.

(Apparently 'JB' are serious students of Latin.....junior brothers perhaps? - Ed.)

LISTED BUILDINGS (PART 2)

In this second part (part 1 was published in the 1977 'magazine) I consider the older buildings and use some of those found in Ilfracombe as examples. The holiday industry had not developed by the Eighteenth Century and it was fishing, seafaring and agriculture which provided the bulk of the local income. In Ilfracombe the oldest buildings are to be found near the harbour so that initially there were two communities - the agricultural community centred around the Parish Church and a group of houses belonging to those whose income came from the sea.

In the seventeenth century the population was still concentrated on the land so that there was little need for large town houses or community planning. Thus around Ilfracombe the very old houses tend to be isolated and surrounded by farmland necessary to provide the wealth for the support of a large and solid building. In their early days, old farm buildings were useful as important landmarks. Damage Barton Farm was able to support the Cutcliffe family for over three hundred years. From early times right up until the advent of heavy death duties we find large areas of the land in the hands of a few. The 1860 Tythe map shows that the surrounding farmland was owned by only a handful of families; for example, besides owning Damage Barton the Cutcliffe family purchased the Manor of Lincome in the early eighteenth century.

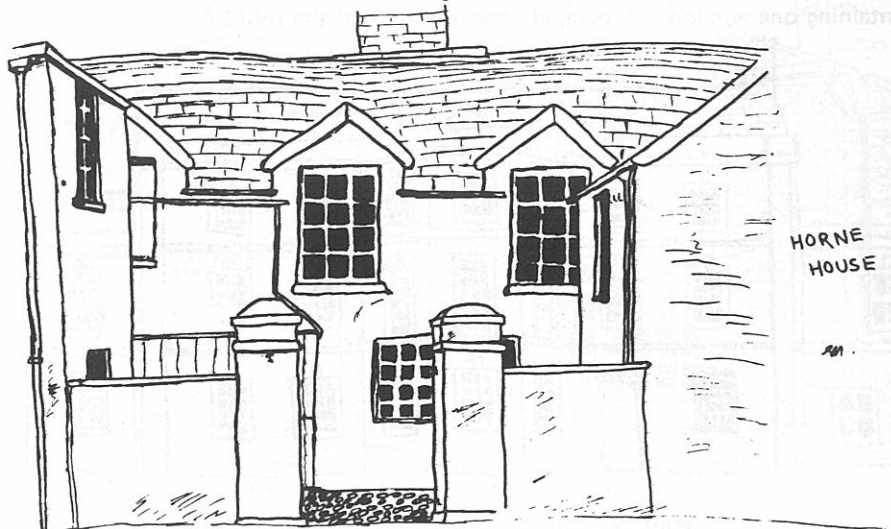
Architectural character changed greatly in the seventeenth century but this was marked only in the houses of the rich. The poor rural houses were built in an unaltered style, although the materials were more permanent. For example, Haverstock and Bera farmhouses have massive stone rubble walls with precious little change in style, making it difficult to date a house by its features so that in Bera farm we find stone Tudor overmantels within a structure which could be much later. Local stone was used for the construction of all our very old buildings even although many nationally famous buildings of this period were built of brick.

The nineteenth century buildings can be easily identified by their classical features whilst the older ones are much more difficult to date, partly because there is no stereotype style and also because few survive unaltered. A group of old houses show how a community lived as opposed to our nationally famous mansions which show merely the lifestyle of one privileged family.

I now include some notes on those examples which I have illustrated.

HORNE HOUSE

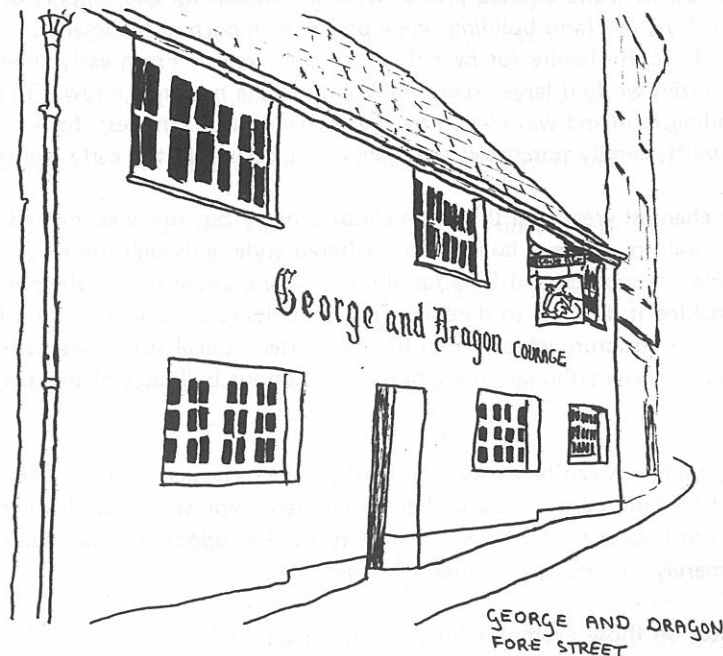
Unlike the previous structures this building has an urban setting. This is a seventeenth century house built on three sides around a cobbled yard, each of the three sides being unlike the other two. Two large gateposts survive in a recently very altered listed building.



GEORGE AND DRAGON INN

This is a seventeenth century modernised, two storey public house in Fore Street. The glazing bars in the windows are largely intact as is the period panelled door. Inside can be seen massive hewn joints with the inscription 1641 R.B.A. carved on a beam.

In the eighteenth century there was a move towards uniformity with the construction of neat little terraces and standard box - like houses. Sash windows were normal, each containing several standard sized panes. Despite being largely of this period, Fore Street was not built all at once, probably because the land was in individual ownership: and it is possible that even older structures were demolished to create the necessary building space. Fore Street would have been an important community (the High Street as we know it having little significance) with shops, lodging houses and pubs being situated amongst the dwelling houses.



THE MANOR HOUSE

This is the most important house in the harbour area: it being originally the manor house of Ilfracombe. In 1879 Sir Bouchier Palk Wrey died in the house - he being the last member of the family to occupy it. The house has a C18th red brick front of three storeys with the centre part projecting forward. The centre part contains seven windows each with a keystone and is flanked by two smaller sections each of two storeys and containing one window. A parapet conceals some of the roof.



MANOR HOUSE

HAVERSTOCK FARMHOUSE

This is to be found close to the main road at Higher Slade. It is an altered structure of two storeys which has been plastered and colourwashed. Chimneys of this period were large and coal was burnt in the homes of the wealthy although I suspect that Haverstock's massive external chimney was originally only "fed" with wood. Near to Haverstock is the equally old Higher Slade farmhouse.



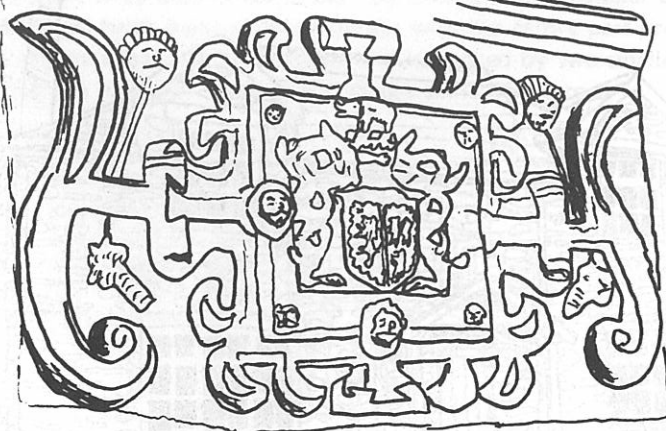
THE SMUGGLERS

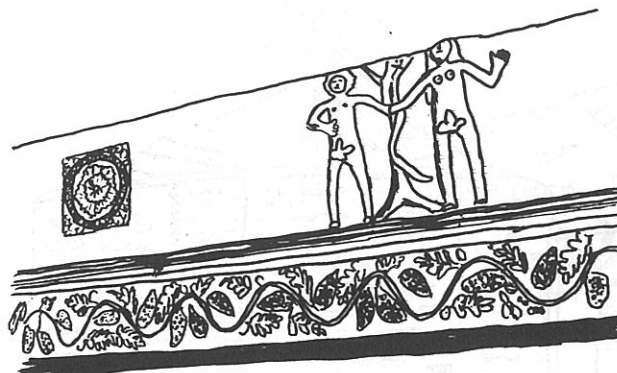
This house is to be found close to the beach car park at Lee. This is a picturesque low two storey cottage with walls constructed of large stones. The date 1627 can be seen on the stone front although the figures themselves are much more recent. The window frames are recent as is the oak porch; however, a rustic porch was present when the house was used as a tearoom in Edwardian times.



BERA FARMHOUSE

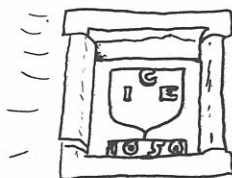
This farmhouse is to be found above Hele on the old road to Berryharbour. The house is a squat sixteenth century but later recast L - plan structure with large rubble chimney stacks. Inside are two painted Tudor overmantels and two fine early seventeenth century carved door frames.





"ADAM AND EVE" CEILING
BERA FARM

DAMAGE BARTON FARMHOUSE

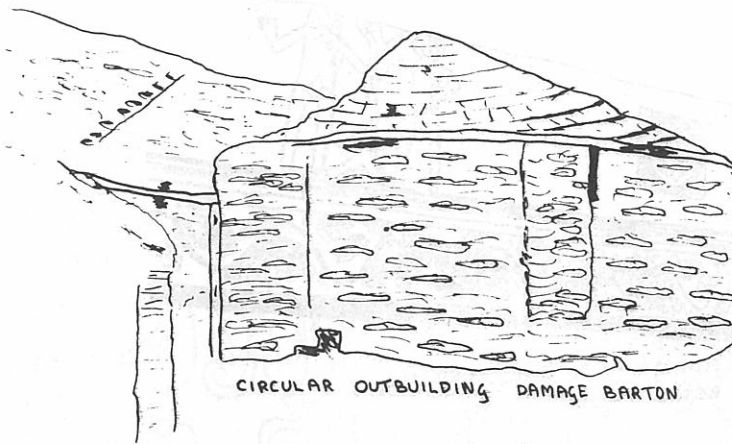


DATE STONE
ON OUT BUILDING
DAMAGE BARTON

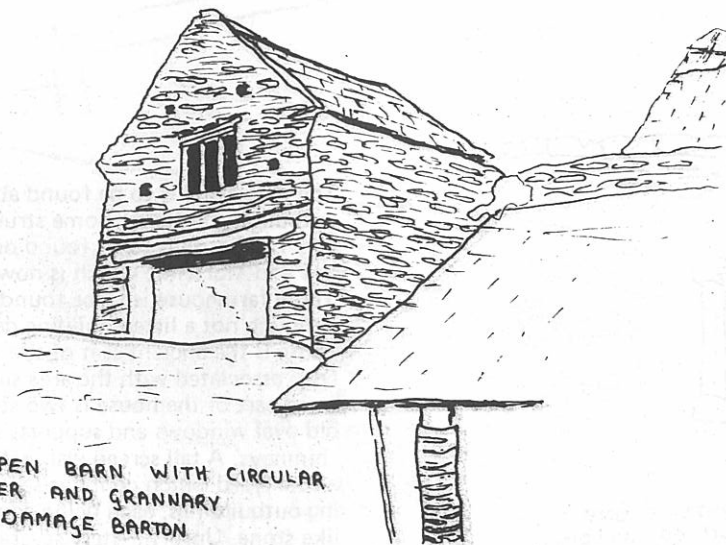


The date 1656 is to be found above the doorway to an outbuilding although some structures may be even earlier. The house is to be found on the old road between Lee and Mortehoe which is now merely a muddy track. Yarde farmhouse is to be found on the same track and although not a listed building dates from 1622. The house is the ancient seat of the Cutliffe family who have been associated with the area since the middle ages. The main part of the house is two storey and contains some old oval windows and supports several equally old stone chimneys. A tall screen wall with a massive gate encloses a courtyard which contains several interesting but decaying outbuildings, each being constructed of the local slate-like stone. Unfortunately several of the old circular piers supporting barn roofs have been replaced with bricks. An old brick barn can also be seen.

Text and diagrams by J. E. Hewitt.



CIRCULAR OUTBUILDING DAMAGE BARTON



OPEN BARN WITH CIRCULAR
PIER AND GRANNARY
DAMAGE BARTON



THE EMBLEM THAT SAVES LIVES

'Medic-Alert' is the name by which a rapidly growing organisation is becoming known throughout the world. Its operation is simple and its effect far reaching. It could well be the means of saving serious disability or even the life of a Medic-Alert member.

The organisation provides for any person with a hidden medical problem to have the protection of an emblem which gives an immediate 'flash warning' to hospitals, doctors, police, or other agencies who might attend such individuals at a time and in circumstances when they are unable to speak for themselves; for example, following an accident or collapse.

The Medic-Alert Foundation provides a stainless steel bracelet or necklet with medical insignia engraved on one side and on the reverse the appropriate medical warning, a serial number, and the emergency telephone number. The organisation maintains a central file in London recording any further information regarded by the applicant's doctor as essential for adequate protection. In an emergency this information can be obtained by a doctor or other authorised person on making a reverse charge telephone call from anywhere in the world. The telephone is manned day and night.

The information recorded both on the disc and at the central register is provided by the members in conjunction with his doctor.

HISTORY OF 'MEDIC-ALERT'

The Medic-Alert Foundation came into being in 1956. It was founded by Dr. Marion Collins of Turlock, California, following the near death of his own teenage daughter who, having been involved in an accident, was given an anti-tetanus injection as routine treatment, without the authorities being aware that she was allergic to this anti-toxin. To ensure against a similar mishap Dr. Collins introduced the first Medic-Alert bracelet and then, realising its potentialities, developed the idea further and started the Medic-Alert Foundation International, which is a non-profit making organisation.

Medic-Alert was established in London 1963. It already has many thousands of members throughout the British Isles, where it is sponsored by Lions Clubs. Medic-Alert Foundation is now operating in the British Isles, the U.S.A., Canada, Holland, South Africa, Rhodesia, Mozambique, Philippines, Malaysia, Australia, New Zealand, Fiji, Zambia and Jamaica.

CORRECT EMERGENCY AID

Those with hidden conditions must always present a problem in the case of an emergency when routine application of sedatives or pain killers and standard techniques could be dangerous and even fatal. Knowledge of the problem ensures correct emergency treatment. For such people protection at these times is vital and the Medic-Alert emblem speaks for them. Information on joining the scheme can be obtained from: Medic-Alert Foundation, 9 Hanover Street, London W1R 9HF; from your nearest Lions Club, or (for pupils at Chilton) from Mr. Manaton, who is a member of the Lions Club of Sherborne.

A QUICK LOOK AT THE MET. OFFICE.

I've just looked at my watch and found it is nearly quarter to three. About five minutes ago a WRNS Meteorological Observer (better known as 'Met. Wren') will have gone downstairs from the Met. Office at Yeovilton with her notebook, and she will still be outside the control tower building making an 'observation of the weather'. This is really quite a skilled business as not only does it entail taking accurate readings of the thermometers and other instruments in and near the Stevenson Screen, but also needs a good assessment of the 'weather' in view at the time.

Apart from the obvious items such as rain, hail or snow, a practised eye has to estimate the types and amounts of clouds in sight together with their heights above the ground. Visibility is also found by reference to known landmarks on and near the airfield.

On returning to the office the observer reads the anemometer dials which show direction and speed of the wind and finally she reads the barometric pressure and does a simple calculation which converts the pressure shown by the barometer to the amount it would read if the station were situated at sea-level.

Once all these factors have been observed they are then coded into a series of number group, so that the total information for the observation might appear in code as:

853 52418 70818 16503 58000 53110 85918

Although this looks like so much mumbo-jumbo it really contains a lot of information and, as it is very brief, it can easily be passed by teleprinter line to a central collection point in a matter of seconds.

There are some hundreds of observers making such observations in Britain and Europe and many thousands of them world-wide. They go out hour by hour round the clock and round the year regardless of the conditions and provide the data from which forecasts can be constructed.

The information passed in the above example is that for a day with only one type of cloud in the sky; other situations would be more complicated and require a somewhat longer teleprinter message. Even so this 'simple' line of type passes quite a lot of data as shown:

- 853 - the 3-figure identifier for Yeovilton Air Station
- 52418 - 5=five eighths of sky covered by cloud
24=wind direction of 240°
18=wind speed of 18 knots
- 70818 - 70=code for 10 miles visibility
81=moderate showers of rain at present time
8=showers since the previous observation
- 16503 - 165=sea-level pressure of 1016.5 millibars
03=air temperature of +3° Centigrade
- 58000 - 5=five eighths of sky covered by low cloud
8=low cloud in cumuliform in structure
000=no medium or high cloud present in the sky
- 53110 - 53=dew point temperature is -3° Centigrade
1=barometer has risen since last observation
10=pressure has risen 1.0 millibars since last observation
- 85918 - 8=indicator showing this is a 'cloud' group
5=five eighths of this type of cloud
9=cloud type is cumulo-nimbus
18=cloud base is 1800 feet above the ground

The coded observation is forwarded by teleprinter to the central Meteorological Office at Bracknell through a data-collecting centre (Gloucester in the case of Yeovilton) and all similar information from the rest of the country is fed into a computer which sorts the lines of information and then transmits them in a pre-determined order by teleprinter to forecasting offices throughout the country. In other countries similar collections of data are made and distributed, and there is a world-wide exchange of data through the World Meteorological Organisation teleprinter network.

Lines of figures are of little use to a forecaster however so the data has to be interpreted into a more visual form and plotted on a chart in the appropriate position. The above observation would be plotted like this:

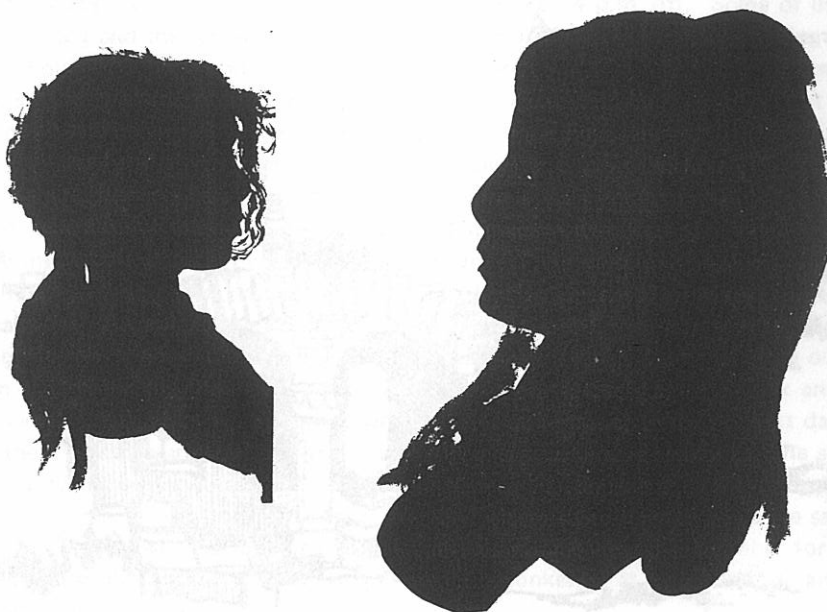
03 165
70° 10
11 53 8
5/18

Incidentally, a good plotter would arrange all this in a space no larger than that of a 1p piece!

When a reasonable cover of these plots has been placed on the chart the forecaster can start to 'analyse the situation', and he will draw isobars and fronts in accordance with his interpretation of the information shown. The accuracy with which he is able to draw these lines determines the accuracy with which he can summarise the present weather picture. This is a difficult enough exercise but is nothing compared with the problems involved in trying to forecast how the situation will change as time goes by.

The isobars and fronts drawn on the chart refer only to what is happening at the surface of the earth. The atmosphere however is a thick layer and the bottom part of it (the troposphere) in which 'weather' occurs is some six or seven miles thick. To study the development of a situation means that the forecaster must have information on what is going on throughout the depth of this 'weather layer'.

The combination of surface and upper-air data, augmented sometimes by photographs taken by satellites, gives the forecaster information on which his forecast is based. Everything depends on getting a good cover of accurate data and then having the ability, and sometimes the luck, to interpret it correctly.



SHERBORNE OLD CASTLE REVISITED

It was cold, wet, windy and a dark October day. Miss Norris was tempted to call it off, but she met us by the Inn nevertheless and luckily the sun came out.

Through the arch of the main gate-house we could see the castle was Norman because the windows were rounded and the decorative moulding was "zigzag". Roger de Caen had it built as a fortified palace. He was Bishop of Sarum (Salisbury) and Chancellor of Henry I, 1100-35. The battlements were never used in wars in its mediaeval hey-day, but Oliver Cromwell had it knocked down in 1645 when it held out for the King.

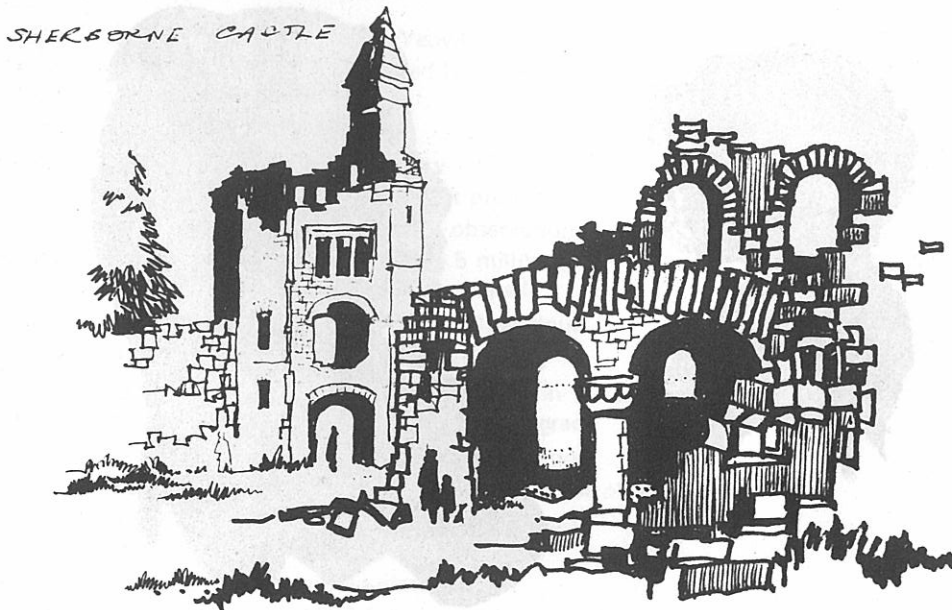
Unaware of possible danger, we scrambled up into the south-west gatehouse which, like the rest of the castle, is made of local stone. A mullioned window showed evidence of addition in the sixteenth century. This gatehouse is the best surviving example of the four gatehouses. We climbed the keep and inspected the latest excavation. We ate chocolate whilst sliding down the steep moat. We had a hard climb up again. Miss Norris' dog, "Toffy", got excited and grabbed Howard. When Miss Norris went all sentimental over Howard, Toffy then attacked her and tore her coat!

In the distance we could see lovely cedar trees planted by Sir Walter Raleigh and, at the back of them, his new castle. He had been leased the Old Castle by Queen Elizabeth I in 1592. The crown had got hold of the castle in King Stephen's reign, 1135-54. In the fourteenth century the Bishop had got it again; for money fortunately, as at first Bishop Wyville had thought he would have to fight a duel for it! At the reformation, the crown regained it.

Completing our visit before the light went, we rushed back to the swimmers' bus which was waiting for us.

Junior A.

(It would appear that 'K9' entered into the spirit of things, but showed rather deplorable taste - Ed.)



BY SEA TO SALALA, SUMMER 1977.

I would like to say, first of all, that this trip of a lifetime was made possible by Captain Cotes-James, so I would like to take this opportunity to thank him very much indeed.

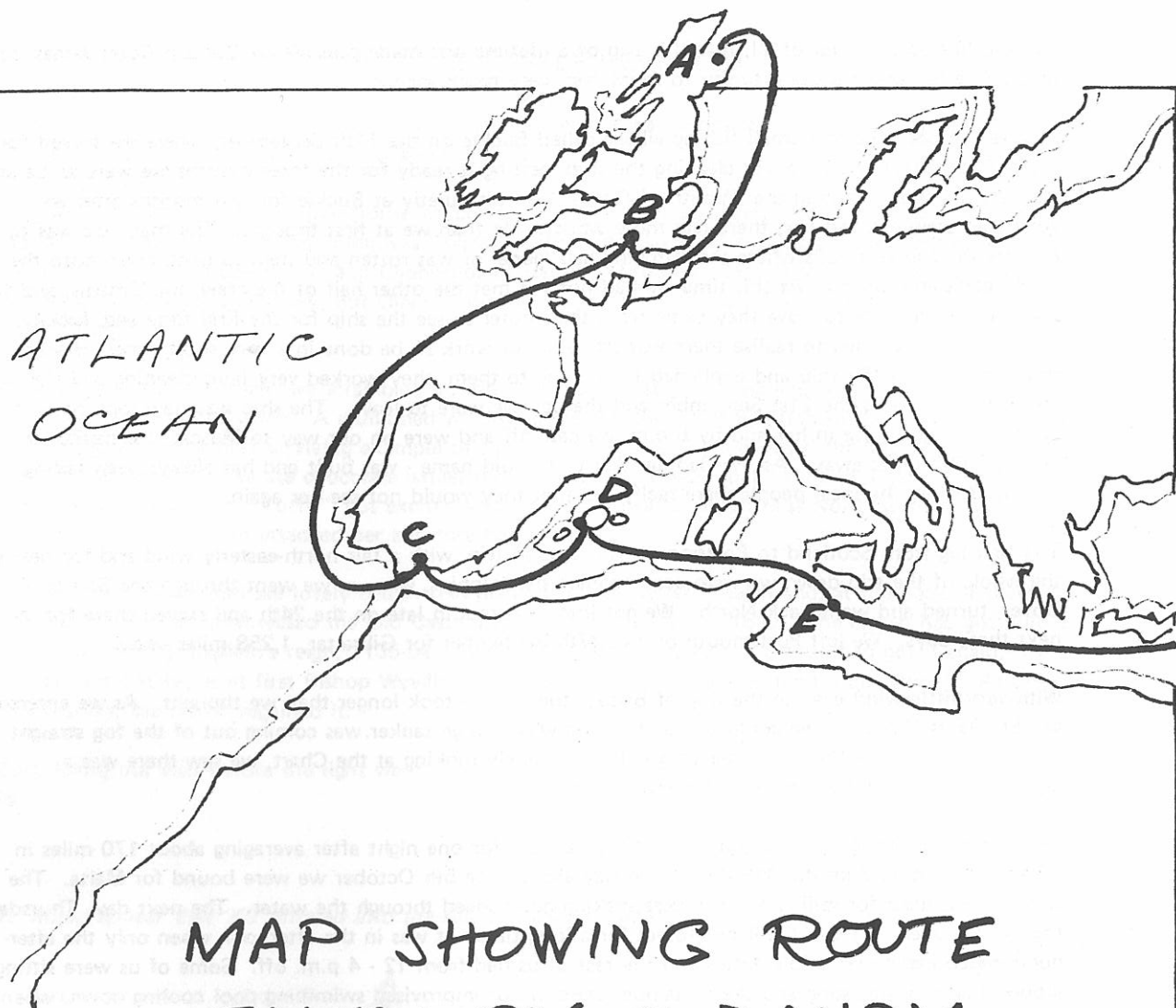
I arrived in Scotland at a small fishing village called Buckie on the 11th September, where we stayed for the next ten days, working and cleaning the ship, getting it ready for the three months we were to be at sea. As the ship, renamed the "Youth of Oman" had sat quietly at Buckie for two months after an American crew had left her, there was more work to do than we at first thought. The main job was to prepare the fourteen sails where the stitching had 'gone' or was rotten and then to bend them onto the yards, gaffs and booms. At this time we had not yet met the other half of the crew, the Omanis, and two days before we were to leave they came from their hotel to see the ship for the first time and, luckily, within the day seemed to realise there was still a lot of work to be done in a very short time. Having shown them over the ship and explained the rigging to them, they worked very hard cleaning and tidying the ship up. It was the 21st September and the day we were to leave. The ship was now looking as if we could really go to sea in her and by 6 p.m. we cast off and were on our way to Muscat, the capital of Oman, 7,000 miles away. As the Captain Scott - her old name - was built and has always been sailing around Buckie, the local people were really sad that they would not see her again.

The first leg from Scotland to Portsmouth was a good trip, with a fair north-easterly wind and for nearly the whole of the trip down we were accompanied by dolphins, who, as we went through the Straits of Dover, turned and went back North. We got into Portsmouth late on the 24th and stayed there for the next three days. We left Portsmouth on the 27th September for Gibraltar, 1,258 miles away.

With very little wind even in the Bay of Biscay, the voyage took longer than we thought. As we entered the Straits of Gibraltar, we could not understand why a large tanker was coming out of the fog straight at us and as it got within a quarter of a mile, by quickly looking at the Chart, we saw there was a separation zone - and we were in the wrong lane!

We passed through the Straits and were in the harbour for one night after averaging about 170 miles in 24 hours, at some 7 knots. We stayed one day and on the 5th October we were bound for Malta. The weather was ideal for sailing and we were making good speed through the water. The next day, Thursday, the 6th October, is a day I will not forget for a long time. It was in the afternoon when only the afternoon watch had to do ship's duties and the rest of us had from 12 - 4 p.m. off. Some of us were sitting around having a sing-song and the remainder were in our improvised swimming pool cooling down, when suddenly someone shouted 'man overboard!' Within two or three minutes the yards had been braced round to slow the ship: there was a lifeboat crew already to go and two men up each mast watching out for the body, which was only really a large fender. The order was given and the lifeboat launched, but as it pulled away from the ship a wave went over the 'boat and stopped the engine. On board we were now out of reach of the 'boat and had to tack around. This was done successfully and within 20 minutes we were coming up fairly slowly to the lifeboat. We had heaving lines ready down both sides of the ship, but somehow they missed and so again we had to tack around and get on course to the lifeboat for the second time. We now had the engine going and had fropped the three square-sails and four head-sails and were now only making two or three knots. We managed to get the lifeboat alongside and finally up on the davits. Having sorted out what went wrong, we then started to re-set the sails, but to our horror the foremast had been severely cracked round the top hounding, making the 'mast very weak and it was now essential that we had to call into the nearest port which was Palma in Majorca. The next day, before getting to Palma, the T-gallant yard and sail were lowered 100 feet to the deck to ease the strain on the mast and we saw the damage was worse than first thought. We stayed in Palma for five days and with the aid of the Spanish crane drivers and some dock workers the mast was repaired and we sailed for Malta. We were now running well behind time to arrive at Salala on the 18th November for 'National Day'. We now had to use the engines a lot more and without bunkering at Palma it took an extra day because of very light winds.

ATLANTIC
OCEAN



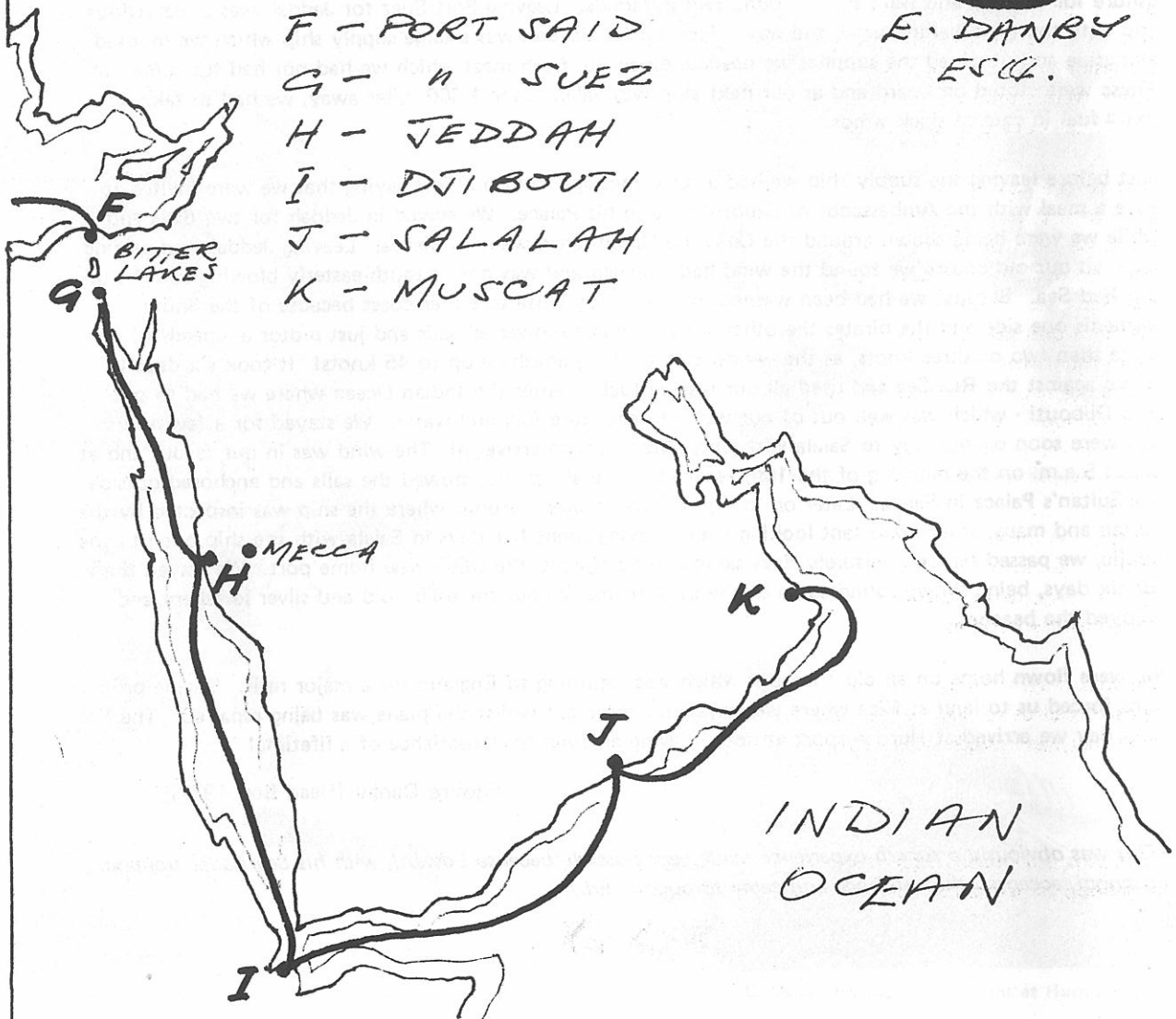
MAP SHOWING ROUTE TAKEN BY E. DANBY

(IF IN ANY DOUBT THE
READER SHOULD ASSUME
THE CAPTAIN CHOSE TO
GO THE "PRETTY" WAY - ED.)

- A - BUCKIE
- B - PORTSMOUTH
- C - GIBRALTAR
- D - PALMA
- E - MALTA
- F - PORT SAID
- G - SUEZ
- H - JEDDAH
- I - DJIBOUTI
- J - SALALAH
- K - MUSCAT



E. DANBY
ESQ.



On the sixth day from Palma we reached Malta and nearing the port our Captain radioed the Pilots asking permission to enter harbour. For some reason it was not granted, 'though we had little fuel left even to run the deep freezer and so a lot of our food went bad. We were told to go out three miles and wait until morning. The next day the Pilots still refused entry and so we stayed three miles out, just drifting around. On the third day two large tugs came out with food, water and fuel. No sooner had we obtained these supplies than we left for Port Said. It took six days to reach the waiting area just outside the harbour, where we stayed the night at anchor. The next day permission was given to enter the small, but immensely busy harbour, where we stayed the night at anchor. Before we had even anchored, there were about 20 to 30 small 'bumboats' trying to sell us just about anything you could think of! The following day we joined the end of the 'South Bound' convoy and motored slowly down the Suez Canal for about three miles to a lay-bye to wait for the 'North Bound' convoy to pass.

It was not until the early hours of the next day that we started again to get to the Great Bitter Lakes from where another Pilot would take us on to Port Suez. We stayed there for two days and the entire crew went ashore for the day and were shown round two pyramids. Leaving Port Suez for Jeddah was a marvellous trip with the wind behind us all the way. Just outside Jeddah was a large supply ship which we moored alongside and obtained the supplies we needed, especially fresh meat which we had not had for some time. These were stored on-board and as our next stop was Salala, over 1,800 miles away, we had to take on extra fuel in case of slack winds.

Just before leaving the supply ship we had a radio message from the Port saying that we were invited to have a meal with the Ambassador of Saudi Arabia in his Palace. We stayed in Jeddah for two days and while we were being shown around the City, the Omani crew went to Mecca. Leaving Jeddah and getting back on our old course we found the wind had changed and was now a south-easterly blowing straight up the Red Sea. Because we had been warned not to go too close to either coast because of the South Yemenis one side and the pirates the other side, we had to lower all sails and just motor at speeds of no more than two or three knots, as the winds were blowing anything up to 45 knots! It took six days to battle against the Red Sea and used all our reserve fuel to enter the Indian Ocean where we had to put into Djibouti - which was well out of our way - to get more fuel and water. We stayed for a few hours and were soon on our way to Salala with only three days to arrive in! The wind was in our favour and at about 5 a.m. on the morning of the 18th November, we all got up, stowed the sails and anchored outside the Sultan's Palace in Salala. Later on in the day we entered harbour where the ship was inspected by the Sultan and many other important looking men. Having spent five days in Salala with the ship open to the public, we passed ten very leisurely days sailing up to Muscat, the ship's new home port. We stayed there for six days, being shown round some of the local towns famous for their gold and silver jewellery and enjoyed the beaches.

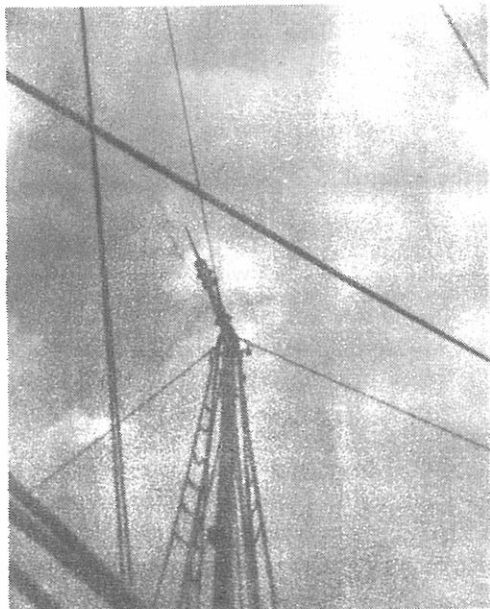
We were flown home on an old Viscount which was returning to England for a major refit. Engine problems forced us to land at Nice where we stayed for the night whilst the plane was being repaired. The next day we arrived at Hurn Airport at noon, having enjoyed the experience of a lifetime!

Edward Danby (Head Boy 1977)

(This was obviously a superb experience made very possible because Edward, with his Sea Cadet training at school, accepted the challenge and came through! - Ed.)



1. As the Ship was built for sailing in cold weather, it was soon much too hot to sleep below decks.



2. The fore-mast is badly cracked.



3. A light meal at the Ambassador's Palace.



4. Last minute paint work before Salala.



5. E. Danby leaving the Viscount at Hurn airport.

The cover illustration shows the four square sails - one of the last times we had them all set at the same time.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD SCHEME.

Sixteen girls are at present taking part in the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme: eleven at Bronze, four at Silver and one at Gold.

A wide selection of interests are being followed, ranging from macramé to Cross Country Running. Unfortunately this year the closure of the local riding stables disappointed the keen riders of the group who were half way through their course. As there are now no riding stables in the near vicinity the girls have had to choose another interest to follow, thus delaying the completion of the Award.

The service section is probably the most difficult to find varied activities for, but fortunately "Child Care" is a popular topic in which the girls learn about the care and development of children from 0 to 5 years. This course is conducted by Nurse Rothwell who has helped the school in this way for the past three years.

Another group of Senior girls have already completed their service section by visiting Coldharbour Hospital every Saturday evening. Having finished their course they have very kindly continued these visits on a voluntary basis much to the delight of the inmates of the hospital.

The Summer Term will see much work done in the nature of expeditions, an essential and possibly the most demanding part of the Award Scheme. Beautiful countryside and fine weather will hopefully make up for the blisters and aching limbs!

SEA CADET CORPS

The Unit as a whole has maintained its usual high standard of dress and spirit. There have been the usual activities in which the cadets have participated. Throughout the summer months the Unit spent a lot of time at Sherborne Lake enjoying the excellent sailing and canoeing facilities. Other cadets have regularly visited Sutton Bingham reservoir to sail there.

During the summer four cadets qualified for a senior position at Area Level sailing; as did two Junior cadets. Although the senior teams were narrowly beaten into second and third place the juniors did very well.

We have continued to use the .303 rifle range at H.M.S. Heron at Yeovilton and have entered several .22 shooting competitions in which, so far, we are doing quite well.

During November we had an inspection by Captain Fanshawe, who is Captain of the Sea Cadet Corps. The whole affair went very well and as usual the parade turned out "immaculately".

The Annual inspection went without a hitch and, with luck, we will be re-awarded a burgee-which are only awarded to top units!

One of our old cadets, P.O. Page, has now joined the Navy and is training for aircrewman in helicopters.

On the sports side we have done well by winning the District 'five-a-side' football competition and being only narrowly beaten at Area level.

During the year our cadets have passed examinations for Leading Seaman (4) and Petty Officer (3).

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all the Officers and cadets for their work throughout the year.

Cadet Petty Officer E. Waldron.

(As usual mere words fail to express the effort and enthusiasm required to achieve "the customary high standard" and a tribute to Lieutenant Sykes - who has recently left the Unit - is not inappropriate - Ed.)

SWIMMING

Swimming is one of the main sports at school. We are privileged to use the Sherborne school, swimming bath twice a week, on Mondays for Seniors and Fridays for Juniors.

The school competes with neighbouring schools and also in the Sea Cadet District Championships. Last year the school had four boys in the District Sea Cadet team which competed against other Sea Cadet districts. They were: R. Dalby, B. Henry, J. Daniel, and M. Vega who has now left.

Unfortunately only one boy was selected for the National team - B. Henry - who competed against the Air Force Cadets and Army Cadets in the diving section. The team came second overall in the swimming and first in the diving with B. Henry leading the field.

The school's swimming concentrates mainly on developing one's strokes, but we also have a little group doing personal survival and next term we hope to be going back to life saving, in which a lot of people were interested. The school holds a very high standard of swimming in life saving, personal survival and competitions.

(Bruce Henry has competed in the 'Nationals' for several years now and always with distinction to himself and to the Unit. - Ed.)

THE GYM CLUB

Every Wednesday afternoon, after the timetabled games period, a mixed group of pupils ranging from tiny Finlay Morley to the tall Nicolas Asafu, assemble in the Sports Hall for Gym Club. This is a very informal occasion when the more energetic and enthusiastic members of the school, meet together to improve their gymnastic skills.

These mainly consist of floor work and vaulting under the guidance of Mr. Thomas-Peter and trampolining with Mrs. Ridewood.

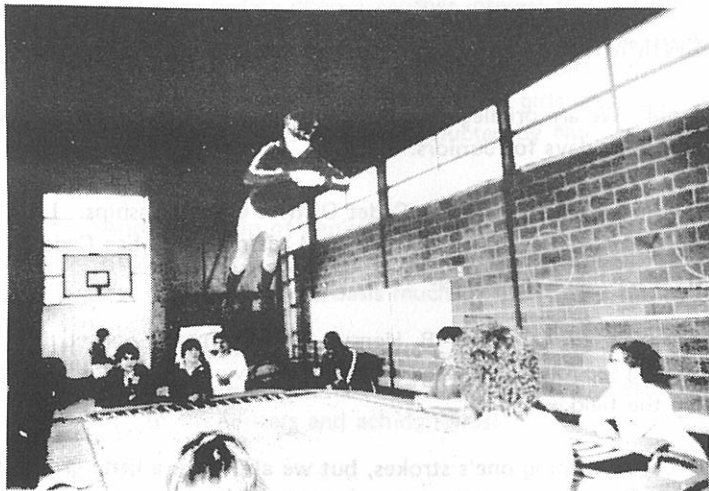
Everyone works hard and the main aim of the club is for each individual to improve his or her standard as far as possible and also to have an enjoyable time.

Recently examinations in trampolining have been introduced and in May, twelve pupils will be taking the Bronze Preliminary Badge. The school has also become affiliated to the British Trampoline Federation. This will be of great use in the future when members reach a high standard of performance and require more expert tuition than the Staff can provide.

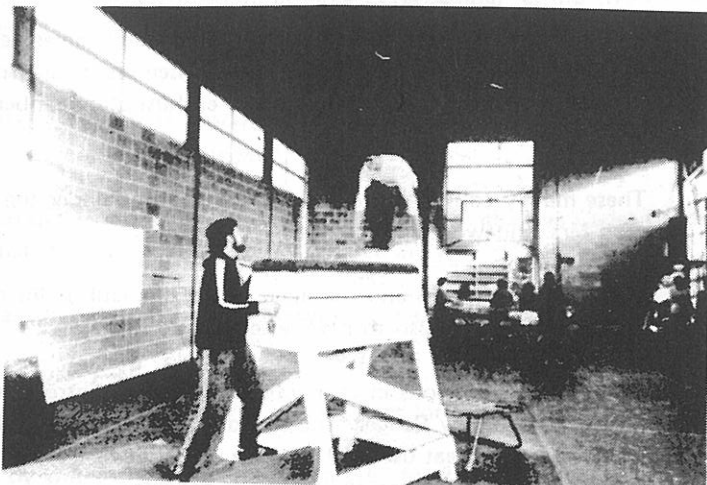
At the end of the school year, on Sports Day, members of the club will demonstrate the skills they have acquired by giving a display of vaulting over the high box and trampolining.

One sad moment during the last year was when we had to say goodbye to Hilery Lay, the 'Olga Korbut' of Chilton Cantelo. Her tremendous ability, enthusiasm and boundless energy were a great inspiration to other members of the club.

(Since this article was written, Hilary has made a dramatic reappearance. Apparently she had been resting in the eaves of the Gym! - Ed.)



Terry O'Connor performing a straight-front drop.



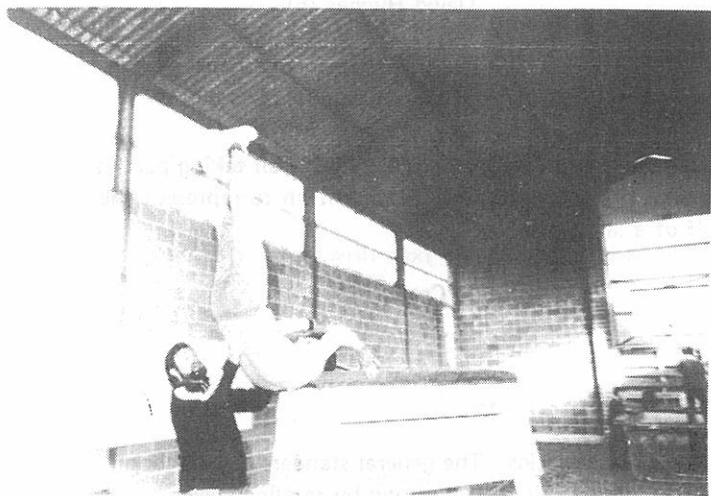
Scott Wilce performing a long-through-vault on the high box.



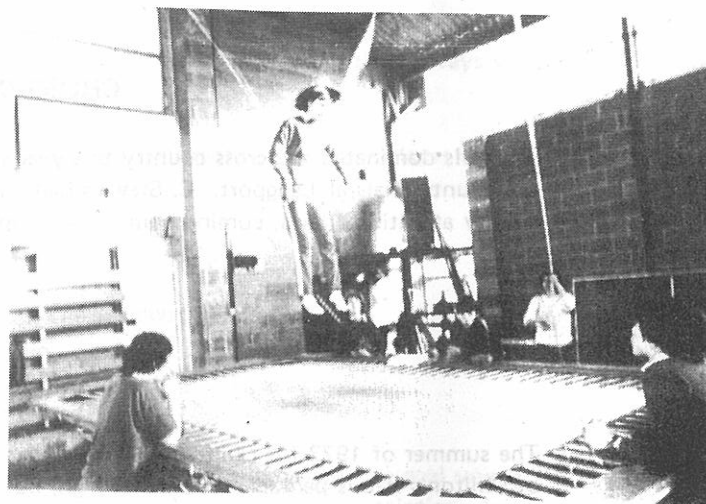
Nicky Rogers facing the high box for the first time.



Karen Crole performing a tucked-back-somersault without support.



**Bruce Henry being supported as he does
a neck-spring off the high box.**



**Donna Bowring straight bouncing while
'getting the feel' of the belt.**

HOCKEY

The Hockey Season has been a fairly successful one, winning all the games we played! The team worked well together with Mr. Shortland, Mrs. Ridewood and Major Morton coaching.

The goal keeping was left to 'yours truly' and since I only let in one goal I enjoyed myself greatly.

The defence, R. Dalby, D. Paull and S. Angell did a great job and drove off attack after attack, keeping my work down to a minimum.

The mid-field was in the hands of P. Crole, who set up some very good moves and the top goal scorer and Captain was M. Vega.

The forwards, T. Er, N. Asafu-Agyei and I. Watt, always seemed to be breaking through the opposing defence with some very good moves and almost scoring on numerous occasions. I. Watt was the second top scorer, always seeming to get the odd goal every game.

The two wingers, J. Daniel (another top scorer) and M. Lowman, caused the opposition problems and often looked like scoring.

I am sure we are all looking forward to next season and hoping to see the two reserves, I. Latchford and N. Clark, playing regularly.

David Hughes (6)

CROSS COUNTRY

The girls dominated the cross country this year with C. Stevens, N. Logue and S. Benford all taking part in the county trials at Langport. C. Stevens had a marvellous run, coming 3rd. She went on to represent the county at national level, coming home in the top half of a large entry.

P. Crole (5S)

ATHLETICS

The summer of 1977 for Chilton was one of the best yet for athletics. The general standard for a school of Chilton's size is perhaps not all that high, but Chilton proved this theory wrong by sending eleven representatives to the Independent Schools Association National Athletics Meeting at Crystal Palace. M. Vega, M. Beal, R. Dalby, P. Crole, P. Jackson all achieved results in the first three.

Six members of the school represented Yeovil Schools at the County Athletics meeting at Yeovil. They were M. Vega, R. Dalby, P. Crole, M. Reeves and for the girls C. Stevens. R. Dalby and P. Crole later went on to represent the County at National Level.

Paul Crole (5S)

RUGBY

The 1977/78 season was one of our best on record, with the Senior team finishing the year unbeaten.

We started the season with a match against our old rivals Millfield, which ended in a draw. As the season progressed we discovered new talent in unlikely people such as "Porky" Henderson and Martin Case, who, in particular, proved to be an extremely useful and active team member.

Mark Vega, the 'flying Spaniard' and Captain of the team, held the record for try scoring this season. Often his stylish play completely confused and demoralised the opposition.

Paul Crole started off the season as a reluctant player, but showed great determination once he found himself in the thick of it.

Jeff Daniel played in his usual calm style at full back.

David Paull played well at second centre with Case and Scott Wilce on the wings.

Bruce Henry played superbly at scrum-half for most of the season after changing positions with Mark Vega.

Asafu-Agyei, the largest man in the team, proved useful in both the set scrums; rucks and mauls and his height dominated the line-outs.

Poorshalimi and Mark Lowman both played well as wing forwards and held the scrum together.

The second row was made up of Gary Henderson and Roger Bullivant who both put a maximum of effort into everything.

Lastly the front row which was made up of Richard Dalby, Jalil and myself. Although they always seemed to be somewhere underneath a pile of bodies they too played well!

The team was well trained by our coach, Mr. Thomas-Peter, who also managed to organise places for some of the boys in a local club side, the Yeovil Colts.

It only remains to wish next season's team the same success.

Edward Waldron (6)

SENIOR XI FOOTBALL '78.

After losing some key players, the reshuffle of the 1st team was not as bad as expected. In goal young Luigi Capozzoli retained his place and under great pressure still managed to stop a few certainties. Jeffrey Daniel's skill and experience was a major asset to the defence. He was assisted by Richard Dalby, whose aggressive attitude saved the day on many occasions. David Paull and newcomer Andrew Mulenga secured the flanks admirably.

Paul Crole played centre half and, although he came to the aid of the defence, his main contribution to the team was his skill in creating chances for the forwards. Jalil Farhanizadeh played alongside Crole in mid-field and created several good moves.

Simon Wilks' skill on the wing dazzled many a fullback and his accurate crosses provided many scoring chances. Mark Vega's speed in the centre forward position produced some excellent goals. Bruce Henry on the other wing produced some exciting ball control which produced many memorable goals.

JUNIOR XI FOOTBALL '78.

Although the team played together remarkably well, particular mention should be made of three players.

Centre Forward - Christopher Fisher: Very skillful player, takes every chance to score goals. He keeps his head in difficult situations.

Centre Half - Christian Karavolas: He is very enthusiastic player and sets up exciting moves.

Right Wing - Edward Lam: An imaginative, speedy winger who crosses well using both feet.

We had a good season apart from the cold and wet conditions we had to play in. We played seven matches, won four, lost two and drew one match.

I would also like to thank Mr. Thomas-Peter and Mr. Shortland for accompanying us to matches and being such good referees.

Tigin Er (4)

H.E. HOWLERS

SOME MUVERS DO 'AV EM

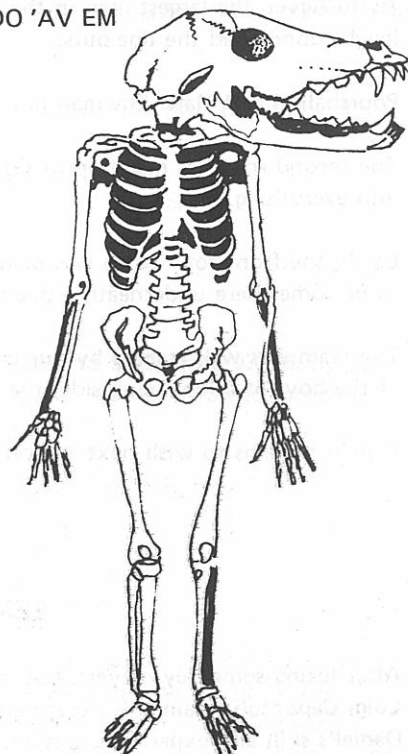
1. A way of keeping your heating bills down is to use "sagging" in the loft.

2. Q: What is the name of the gas produced during fermentation of yeast?

A: Calor Gas.

3. Q: What is Crown Derby?

A: A kind of cheese.



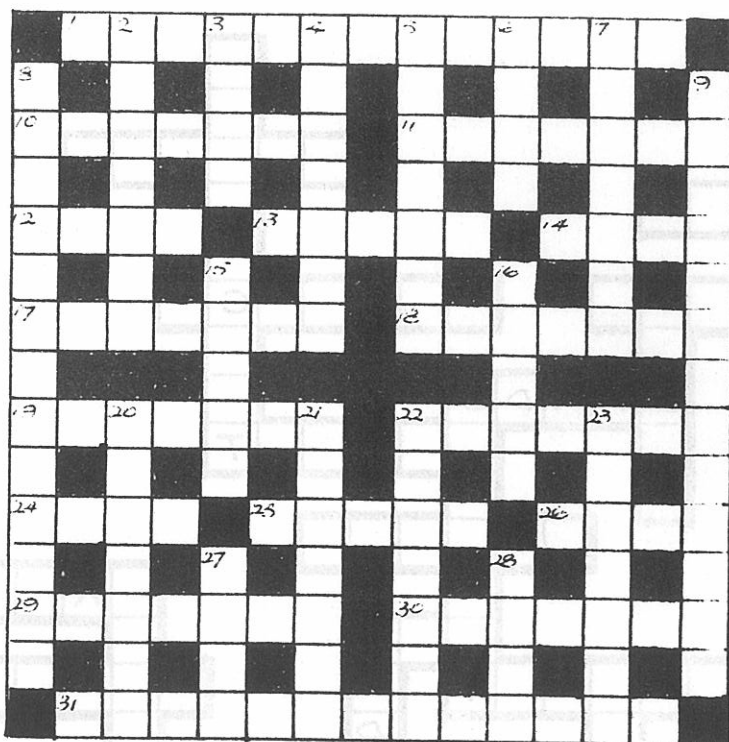
JUST QUOTABLE QUIPS

POLLUTION - I shot an arrow into the air. IT STUCK !

REMEMBER - Eat sugar for a tooth-free mouth.

Graham Rhodes (4)

Shaun O'Connor (3)



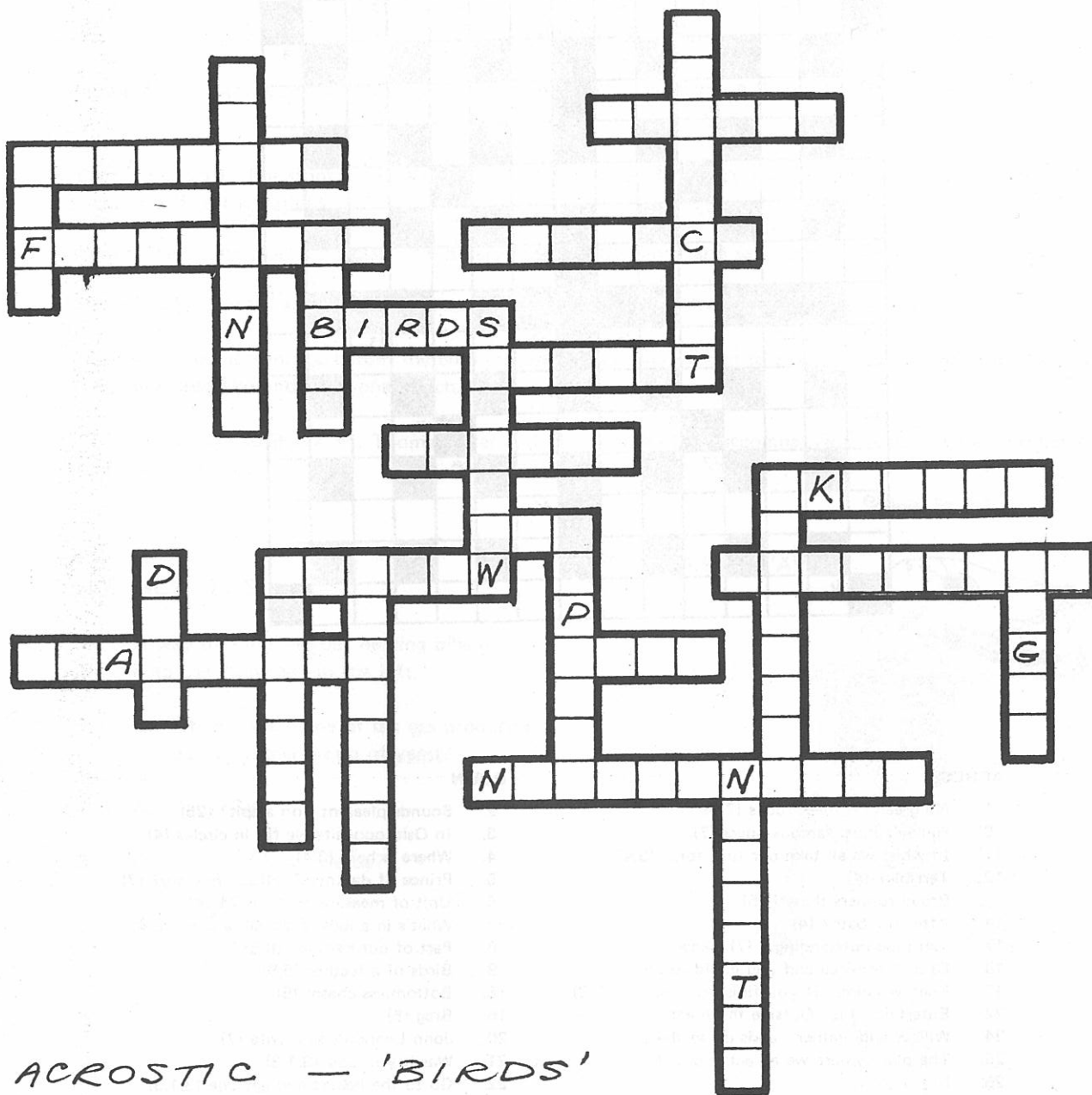
ACROSS

1. No green on these rocks (7.6)
10. Hailey's most famous novel (7)
11. In whist we all take our turn for... (3.4)
12. Terrible? (4)
13. Broad runners these ! (5)
14. After the bath? (4)
17. Tan lobe outstanding ? (7) (Anag.)
18. Drop that piece and you could (5.2)
19. Keep winning. If you finish this your... (5.2)
22. Entertainment. Outside the theatre (7)
24. Willow and leather - adds up to these (4)
25. The place where we all act it out (5)
26. Insect (4)
29. Is Chilton typical of all....? (7)
30. Keep off the trampoline unless you have this? (7).
31. What Mick from 1 does (7.2.4)

DOWN

2. Sounds pleasant - on a spit? (25)
3. In Oslo opposite we fly in circles (4)
4. Where is he? (3.4)
5. Prince of darkness? His.....majesty? (7)
6. Unit of measurement for 24 (4)
7. What's in a look a glance, a wink (3.4)
8. Part of our heritage (8.5)
9. Birds of a feather (5.8)
15. Bottomless chasm (5)
16. Brag (5)
20. John Lennon's first wife (7)
21. Was it you boy (3.1.3)
22. Go to the bakers and get one (3.1.3)
23. You must get the drift of 6 and 24 in one of these (7)
27. Tiger in the air (4)
28. What you'll be if you diet fatty ! (4)

(Mrs. Ridewood will be pleased to supply the correct solution next term - Ed.)



ACROSTIC — 'BIRDS'

CLUES — THRUSH
EAGLE
NIGHTINGALE
GROUSE
OWL

CHILTON CANTELO HOUSE
YEOVIL SOMERSET ENGLAND