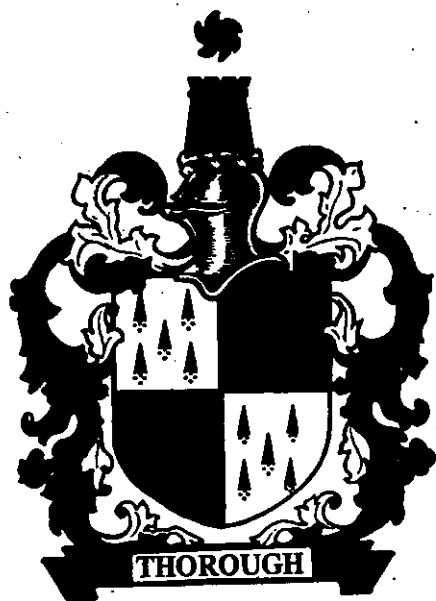


THOROUGHFARE

SUMMER 1979



Our cover illustratés, that whilst M. Escher could only sketch it, at Chilton we can and do achieve the impossible - frequently!

HEADMASTER'S LETTER

If milestones can be regarded with any significance, Chilton has now passed the twentieth Anniversary of Opening, which was on the 1st May 1959. We cannot say that this is the twentieth edition of *Thoroughfare*, as there were two or three years at the beginning when we did not publish a school magazine. For those who are statistically minded I have unfortunately never done a calculation of the number of boys and girls who have been to Chilton in that time, but I am sure it would be fair to say that the number is now considerably in excess of 1,000.

To those few of us who have seen these twenty years, it is interesting to consider the changes which have taken place in that time, both in the material facilities which have been built up here and also in the change of outlook which has taken place in the country as a whole, and no less in Chilton. This is reflected in the much more serious and professional attitude towards classroom work and examinations. In 1963 the school provided the Ring Party for the first of the Bath and West Shows to be held on the new showground at Shepton Mallet, and this involving thirty six boys, including the most senior ones. They attended at the show for four consecutive full days at the end of May. Whilst they had to work hard on duties which varied between rebuilding jumps in the Main Ring and retrieving a parachutist from the middle of what must have been the biggest blackberry bush in Somerset, they nevertheless had a very interesting and pleasant time there. In the following year a large number of the school also took part in the Bath Sea Cadet Pageant, which involved much time out of school and in addition to this, for some five or six years we had our 35 ft. F.M.B. on Poole Harbour and undertook all school sailing at Poole, which involved an hour and a half's journey each way, once and sometimes twice a week and a complete day out of school. In these activities alone it is difficult to imagine taking such an apparently light-hearted view of school life today. In those relatively far off days Chiltonians came and went more quickly and it was not unusual to be over twenty before leaving. Eleven years ago, when the school had its Volunteer Police Cadet Unit with a strength of twelve, the official photograph of the Unit shows the majority over eighteen and at least three over twenty. This then inevitably produced a very different attitude to life and indeed a different atmosphere also - not, it must be added, always a better one.

Whilst reflecting on the past it will be sad to say goodbye to Major Morton who has worked with great energy for Chilton. Much of his work on the school's behalf has been done behind the scenes and has ranged from building up his photographs for illustrating Geography, during his holidays both in England and abroad, of going on courses and, as important as anything, of creating good liaison with people and organisations on behalf of the school. These activities range from Sailing Clubs to farmers who provide camp sites for D. of E. expeds. These things we shall greatly miss as they are only built up over a number of years and he will be a very difficult member of staff to succeed. We all, I am sure, wish him a long and happy retirement, though he will not be leaving teaching entirely for the time being.

It is pleasant to record that once again Chilton has been represented at National Level in Cross Country and congratulations to Kim and Tracey. Congratulations too to Robert Steel in winning 3rd Prize in the Sea Cadet National Art Competition and to Steven Male as "runner-up".

Another important development at Chilton has been the dramatic increase in the size of Junior B. The ideal situation for every school is to build up through its Junior intake.

Finally, whilst it is a traditional joke that Englishmen are obsessed with the weather, I am sure that nobody would dispute we have had fair provocation from that direction during the past winter and spring! It says much for the atmosphere in the school that everyone tolerated the very trying conditions which are inevitable with rain day after day and the resultant mud, dirt and worse still the cancellation of matches and being unable to get onto the grounds.

Capt. H. A. Coles-James

EDITORIAL

The weeks and terms roll by and now at Easter, with Winter still very much in evidence, the School Magazine is being brought together. I mentioned last year that I was a little disappointed at the dearth of contributions from the Senior School and whilst not convinced that the Seniors have no time, accept that there has been a considerable improvement. It is most encouraging to read through not only the very excellent contributions from the enlarged Junior School, but also to applaud the efforts made by several pupils in Form (5T) - where a more intensive timetable and understanding are beginning to show good results.

Behind every activity, whether national or local, is a dedicated team of helpers, who, giving of their time and talents, enable the 'show to go on'. To these - Mrs. Brabyn and Miss Norris - I do most sincerely offer my thanks and recognise that without them I would have given up long ago!

Finally, to those who have just started and to those who are ending their time at Chilton, do work and play hard and remember your success is a measure of the effort put in, which in itself suggests that without effort you will never discover your potential in anything!

I. Thompson



For those who have requested a 'pen picture' of your Editor - and indeed for those too reticent or too sensible to do so - I am delighted to please; even if this is an unguarded moment!

MY FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL

I can remember very well my first day at school. My Grandmother took me up that morning to meet my new teacher. The first thing I remember of my new class-room was the blackboard. It seemed so large and tall, towering above all us small children. The children all turned round as I walked in the room. They were all sitting at their desks painting. All of them looked me up and down. I suppose they had all had this done to them on their first day. The Teacher took me by the hand and led me over to some hooks where great big shirts were hanging up. She picked one up and helped me put it on. It must have gone down to my knees. It was simply huge! When I had put the shirt on I went back into the classroom, sat down and started to paint. What a mess! Afterwards I went into a huge hall to have my dinner. Later we all went back to our class rooms and played some educational games and at five o'clock we all went home.

(It is not absolutely essential to wear shirts - or blouses for that matter - to achieve a mess! - Ed.)

Anna-Marie Telford (J.A)

WELL TAUGHT

From the top of a statue
All covered with sand,
I shot my poor teacher
With a green rubber band.

I shot her with pleasure,
I shot her with pride.
I couldn't have missed
She was forty foot wide!

I went to her funeral,
I stood by her grave.
Instead of throwing flowers
I threw a 'grenade!

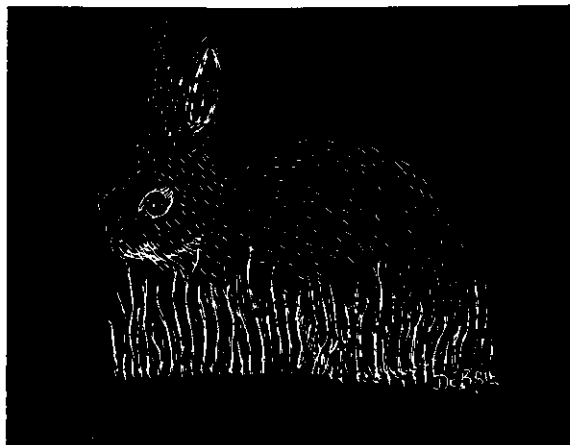
Richard Hall (J.A)

THIRD YEARS' DAILY START!

- 0700 Struggle out of bed and wake the rest of dorm up with a pillow!
- 0704 Fall back into bed and doze off.
- 0709 Rest of dorm wakes me up with pillows.
- 0715 Bell goes and we hear shouts coming from the next dorm.
- 0720 Duty Aide comes down in a daze and strips a few beds and a few guys!
- 0722 Scramble out of bed.
- 0745 Enjoy roll call!
- 0750 Have a fight (actually a controlled affray) to get to the front of the breakfast queue.
- 0755 Duty Prefect comes in and breaks it and me up.
- 0756 Duty Prefect goes to hospital - delivering white roses, my favourite flowers!
- 0757 We go into breakfast.
- 0815 We go into the Common Room.
- 0820 Commence Prep and really concentrate.
- 0830 End Prep totally exhausted and usually unconscious.
- 0835 In my usual daze - concentration is not good for me - I collect up my mental faculties, a few odd books (to hide behind in class) and dash for the first instalment of the day's intellectual drama.

(I have often wondered just what does happen to "C.B." before Period 1 because little happens afterwards! - Ed.)

Edward Curtis-Bennett (3)



Debbie Rhodes (3)

ROYAL INFLUENCE

Kitchens, before the French taught cuisine in 1066, let Alfred burn cakes, but at least he kept invaders out and inspired education and ship-building.

In Edward the Confessor's time, Westminster Abbey was built.

New cider was promoted by John who died of a seizure because of it. His father, Henry II, gave us the Jury System and was Lord of Ireland.

Good old Edward I gave Wales castles and a Principality.

Soon Edward III built Windsor Castle and founded the most noble Order of the Garter. 'Honi soit qui mal y pense'!

A N D

Queen Elizabeth I let Raleigh bring potatoes and tobacco and James I put Presbyterian Scots in Ulster.

Under Charles I the Church of England was preserved, but he lost his head. Charles II loved dogs, clocks and Nell Gwynn of Drury Lane Theatre.

Eventually William and Mary gardened, Anne drank 'tay', George III provoked the American colonists to throw it into Boston Harbour and discovered the sea-side. He farmed too!

Even George IV liked Brighton and the fairer sex.

Nineteenth century Victoria embraced Scotland and the Isle of Wight. Her grandson, George V, became Windsor.

Some day we will say more, but in the meantime, Elizabeth II "walks-about".

(J.A)

THE SEA

The sea is pleasant at night and the moon shines down upon the still waters. The sun and moon change places for the coming day. In the Winter the waves are high and the white horses ride upon the cold waves. In the Summer the sea is calm and people can go fishing, swim in the lovely, cool waters and sunbathe on the beaches.

Neale David (3)

CHILTON WAKES UP!

Chilton was its usual peaceful self; not a mouse was stirring. A few classes were sitting outside beneath the huge, green trees, shading themselves from the heat of the afternoon, while their teachers waded through a syllabus which they wanted to finish within the next two weeks. Everyone was tired, somewhat content and sat happily flicking off the odd mosquito, dreaming of the approaching summer holidays! The gentle sound of the odd tennis ball hopping from one racquet to another was to be heard from a P.E. class on the dried out tennis courts.

Quite a few people were sitting around the swimming pool dangling their feet into the cool depths of the underworld. Most of them were swotting up for their final exams, and wondering what their futures had in store for them. There was (as usual) the odd 'skiver' crawling around the school - momentarily unnoticed - looking for a place of refuge, but all-in-all, up to then, it was a perfectly normal Chilton day!

Bbrrriinnnggg . . . Bbrrriinnnggg . . . Everyone looked up and a voice was heard calling out "Fire, fire!" Immediately everyone jumped up and started running. No one knew where to exactly, but at the time it seemed the thing to do! Teachers called after their fast disappearing pupils, but it was all to no avail. Smoke was rapidly appearing from the front of the school. The fire alarm kept ringing . . . bbrrriinnnggg . . . bbrrriinnnggg . . . and everyone was panicking like mad! The inmates were assembling at the front of the school. The noise was awful, but no one could shout out "Be quiet" loud enough to be heard! Often at school fire drill is carried out, but no one really ever expects it actually to happen!

Smoke seemed to be coming from the tea-room area where apparently the ever-rumbling boiler alongside the room had eventually blown up!

At that moment the school fire engine came rumbling out of its shed. The fire-crew on the engine appeared to be more worried about getting their hats straight than the fact that the school could be burning to the ground. However, after the usual chaos, things settled down, the organisation was triumphant and the fire was put out, or lost or something.

As usual the pupils thought this was a good chance for a National Holiday, but, Alas! This was not to be and we were re-routed back to classes and the tedium of waiting for the afternoon tea-break!

(Regretfully I missed this dramatic spectacle - I was possibly asleep somewhere - but it must surely indicate that all our pupils are 'fire-proof' or otherwise in league with the Devil! - Ed.)

Penny Wetherall (5.0)

THE BRITTANY TRIP

A unique party from school, comprising ourselves and our translator, Mr. Edmondson, left for St. Malo in Brittany for a few days. It was during the February half-term that we set off. The snow was getting deeper, but Mr. Roy Kitchen, who was driving us, drove on bravely. Our first destination was Portsmouth where we were catching the ferry to St. Malo. We reached Portsmouth safely and in good time to catch the ferry. We wished Roy good luck on his return journey to Chilton and climbed aboard.

We settled down on the ferry which we were told was the most modern of the fleet. Yes, the gun mountings had been removed! After a fairly smooth crossing we arrived at St. Malo and made our way to the hotel. The hotel was very comfortable indeed and the Manager was particularly helpful. After we had unpacked and settled in, we risked life and limb by letting Mr. Edmondson hire a car! After a few near misses (jeune filles, actually!) Mr. Edmondson thought he was ready for the journey to Mont St. Michel. I must admit we had both had our doubts, but we reached our destination

in one piece. After sight seeing and walking around we sampled a local speciality called a crêpe - which was a type of pancake! Our next trip took us to Dinan - a Mediaeval town - where we were shown around by some of Mr. Edmondson's friends made during the French Summer School last year. On our last night we went to a nice restaurant - a sort of 'Moulin Rouge' - where we had assorted seafoods, gammon, steak and french fries and 'le fromage de la belle France' - which roughly translated mean 'cheese'. To finish we had a chocolate dessert and the meal was helped on its way with a bottle of red wine, a bottle of white each and a few glasses of 'Calvados' which is a type of Normandy brandy.

The next morning or the next but one we got up early and made our way to the docks. We boarded the ferry and arrived in Portsmouth later on that same day after enjoying a meal on the ferry. Roy was there again to meet us and we arrived back at school at 10 o'clock in the evening.

We would like to thank Mr. Edmondson for organising the trip and Roy Kitchen for driving us in what turned out to be the worst weather of the Winter for driving.

Robert Tooth (5.0)

Nicholas Clark (6)

BITA END

A cat called 'Puss' and a mouse called 'Scouse'
Chased one another about the house.
In and out of the chairs they went
'Til 'Puss' lost 'Scouses' lovely scent!

'Scouse' was in a dark, dark, corner,
Hiding from the cat that sought her.
But Puss at last picked up the scent,
'Til Scouse asked Puss to be 'clement'.

But Puss did not know what clement meant
And in ignorance ate the juicy mouse called Scouse!

*(A sad wee tale and a tragic end of a hungry puss and the
tail of his friend. - Ed.)*

Robin Wood (J.A)

THESE I HAVE LOVED

These I have loved:
The sweet smell of hay,
Fresh flowers in May,
The wind and the rain,
Photos of Spain.
Mountain side snow -
That few people know.
Fluffy white cats,
Tall people in hats.
A pony's soft ears,
The dew's clear glistening tears.
Friendly clocks ticking,
A wild horse kicking.
These I have loved.

Debbie Rhodes (3)

DOWN BY THE RIVER

It was one of those lazy, hot Summer days. There seemed no way of getting cool. I wandered through the deep undergrowth, green and alive. I watched the golden corn ripple, in the gentle breeze, beside the wood. It was then I heard the sound of running water. I walked steadily towards it. Down beneath the long grass was a small stream of water. I followed it through the trees where it developed into a small river. Dragonflies and mosquitoes hovered about overhead. A brilliant turquoise colour caught my eye. I turned round slowly. There was a kingfisher perched on an old dead branch hanging over the water. It was the flash of his plumage that startled me. He glanced up and saw me and in a second was gone. I sat down on the bank and dipped my feet in the clear, refreshing water. I watched everything going on around me. Butterflies flickered from flower to flower and bees buzzed and hummed

around the foliage. A water vole came out of his hole and sniffed at the Summer air. Rabbits scuttled out of the grass to see the intruder, and in the distance I heard the sound of cows mooing as they were being taken in to be milked. It was as if the river had lured me there. I felt the cold, grey sand ooze between my toes and felt at peace with the world. My world in the Summer holidays!

Lynn Rutter(5.S)

MOON WATER

As the red-yellow ball of fire changed to a hue of blues and purples I knew it was time to go back. I made my way along the beach. The wave-crests stood out a brilliant white against the darkening sky. A solitary seagull made its final dive towards the water, then soared up into the sky and away. I made my way up the cliff path and could hear the waves crashing and splitting on the rocks below me. The water splashed high up in the air and thundered back into oblivion. I had reached the top of the cliff. I turned and looked at the beach. My footmarks had been erased by the encroaching sea and all that remained were the footprints up the cliff path. The sun had sunk behind the horizon and now climbing, in the sky, was the silvery moon. A decrepid Punch and Judy stand stood weather-beaten on the beach, the paint peeling off the once colourful sides. Two solitary deckchairs stood with their faded, stripey covers flapping in the wind. The old Victorian streetlights on the promenade lit up the beach. The waves gently lapped at the sand, gradually progressing up the beach. A few scavenging seagulls flew in the sky. The lights on the pier stood out, their colours twinkled on the moonlight. The wind stopped blowing and the whole world was enveloped in calmness and peace. Above, the moon, surrounded by her retinue of stars, rose majestically onwards through the night.

Pippa Jones (5.0)

GUESS WHAT!

1. To number the pages of a bulky volume, the printer used 2,989 digits.
How many pages has the volume?

2. Among Grandfather's papers a bill was found:

72 turkeys £67.9-

The first and last digit of the number that obviously represented the total price of those fowls are replaced here by blanks, for they have faded and are now illegible.

What are the two faded digits and what was the price of one turkey?

Solutions to Mr. W. G. Jones.

A book-token of £2 will be awarded to the first correct solution opened to both problems.

THE INTERNATIONAL ROTARY CLUB DINNER



This dinner is given by the Sherborne Rotary Club for foreign students studying in and around Sherborne. This social evening enables the local students to meet each other and the members of the Rotary Club which is itself an international body of professional people.

This year Chilton Cantelo House was represented by four students. Christian Karavolas from Greece, Nader Zarrabian from Iran, Chun Hwa Mai from Hong Kong and myself, from Zambia. We were picked up from school at about 19.15 hours in two cars driven by two different couples from the Club. Nader and Christian left first and Chun Hwa and myself were picked up a few minutes later.

By the time Chun Hwa and I got there Christian was already having an exciting conversation with a Greek lady - in Greek of course, for greatest anonymity! We were immediately served with drinks, which were unfortunately only orange juices! Altogether there were sixteen students including ourselves from Chilton. The other twelve were from Hong Kong, Malaysia, Kenya, Holland, Greece and the United States of America - wherever that is! Shortly after the drinks a photograph of us and the Rotary Club President was taken. This was later printed in the local newspaper, the Western Gazette. Immediately after the photograph we all sat for dinner. The menu consisted of soup, boeuf Provencale and vegetables, followed by chocolate gateaux. It was held in the lounge of a Sherborne Hotel and the tables were arranged in one big semi-circle. At one end of the lounge was a big poster of the K. D. Tay outfit.

After dinner we were served with wine and then the most dreaded part of the evening arrived! We had to talk about our own home countries! Naturally we all made brilliant speeches and I must say Nader's speech was remarkable! Finally, the Guest of Honour, Doctor C. Wigeyeratne, Consultant Psychologist for West Dorset, made his speech.

My lasting impression was that the dinner was 'great' - especially for Christian who seemed to have had a nice time with the Greek girl, having monopolised her for most of the evening!

Levi Chilonga (5.0)

(These International Society dinners may or may not promote better understanding, but they certainly do improve the moral of certain of our students. - Ed.)

SUMMER CAMP

In the fading sunlight the sea backs away from the land as the tide goes out. The water moves slowly through the many channels of the estuary, through Poole Harbour and down to the sea. The mud flats stir with the noise of sea creatures and the puddles of water reflect the orange light of the sun. The boats bob to and fro as the water slaps against their sides. Their masts, black against the sunset, sway from side to side.

It is at this moment that you can hear the Canadian geese on Brownsea Island as they honk at the arrival of the incoming shellduck. You can hear the swishing of their wings in the sky as the shell duck near the mud flats. From across the sky comes a vee-formation of ducks and with grace they glide down, arrowing the water with ripples as they land. They are just in time to catch the worms and water-life left on the mud!

The sky soon grows dark and all is quiet for the stillness of dusk has covered the land with its darkness. The sight and smell of burning timber and bracken bring a warm glow to the campers as they stand around the rising flames. Their faces are all aglow with an orange light that flickers like a candle in the wind. It is time we all retired to our tents as we will need the rest for the coming day.

A darkness almost complete, save for the flickering flames from our camp fire.

Graham Rhodes (5.5)

STORMY PATH

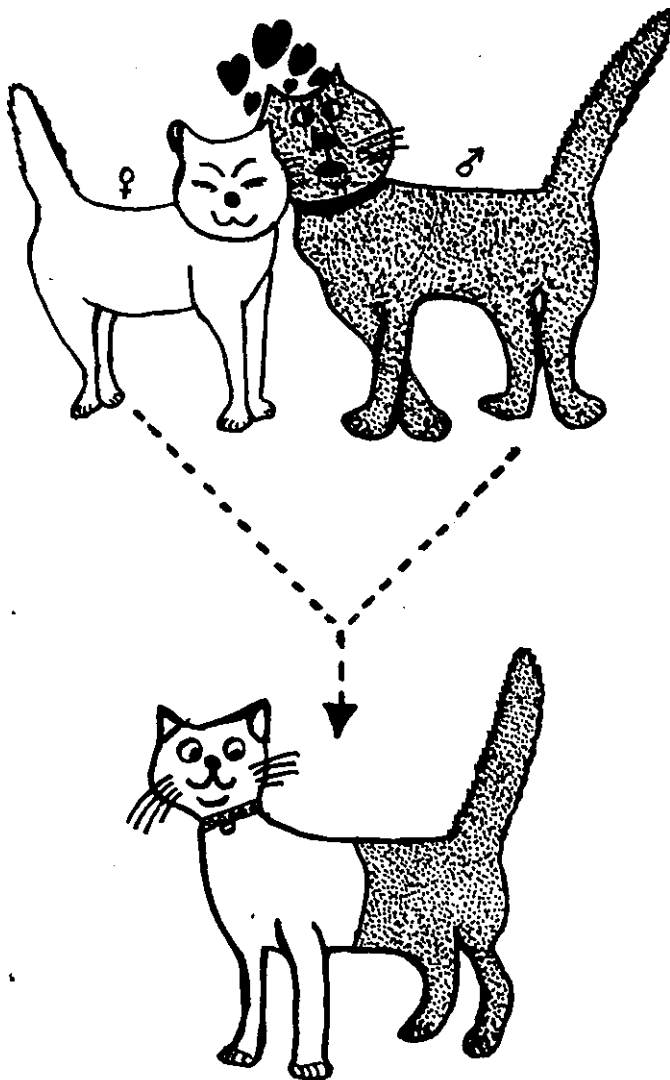
I was running along the cliffs smelling the sweet, honey-suckle vapour that crowded the air. Suddenly I stopped. The sweet vapour turned into a smell that meant danger. I looked down beneath me. The sea was throwing itself against the cliffs in desperate anger. I heard a few birds screeching as if they sensed the danger that as yet I hadn't. I felt myself sway backwards and forwards in the very strong wind, and trembled as large drops of rain fell onto my head. The forecast had indicated rain, but this was no shower, a real storm was blowing up.

Laura Edey (5.T)

POOR OLD 'SHEP'

I don't know what it was that woke me up in the night, but something did. I had just had a terrible nightmare about screaming, horrible girls, heavy footsteps and vandalised car-parks. I felt much relieved when I woke up and found it just a dream! As soon as I had got over the shock I fell straight back into a deep slumber!

A few hours later I woke up again this time to find that the cause was the petrifying howls coming from our sheep-dog 'Shep'. I got out of my bed, put on my slippers and went down-stairs, with my Dad walking close behind me. We switched on the light,



Graham Rhodes (5.S)

which dazzled us for a few seconds, and walked to the front door. As we went down some steps - which brought us onto the same level as the garden - we both saw a flash of white, then total darkness. We spent the remaining early hours of the morning looking for Shep, but in vain.

During the morning, after breakfast, there was a search, but we still couldn't find him. We informed the police later on that day and they told us that they would inform us if any dog was found. We all missed Shep and Dad could not round the sheep up for the shearing that we were doing that very day. Later on, just after lunch, the telephone rang and the police said that, 'Our dog had been located in Swansea'. We got in the car and drove there as quickly as possible. I had only been to Swansea once in my life before and that was when I was very young. Swansea disappointed me. . There were rows and rows of sombre houses with small cramped gardens and dirty washing hanging on the lines. We drew up to the place where the police had last seen him and we saw him, but wished we hadn't! He had cuts all over his face and he was limping on his front paw. We put him in the back of the car and quickly took him to the Vet. There they bandaged him up, but he never really recovered. Although he was a good pet, he was never a sheepdog again.

We never did know how the accident happened - as dogs don't talk!

Timothy Morley (J.A)

ON DARTMOOR

Major Morton asked Nick Palmer, Mark and Gary Rush and myself to camp on Dartmoor. At five in the afternoon Major Morton took us to the station and there we caught the train to Exeter in Devon. When we arrived at the station an Army lorry was waiting for us to take us to the start across Dartmoor. We were given 24 hour ration packs to eat the next day.

The morning came and we were set to go on our 10 mile walk. Nick and Mark were split up from Gary and myself so that we would mix with the other competitors and thereby get to know them better. On the walk we saw snakes and lizards and other small creatures. When we got back we were absolutely whacked! Next day we went on a shorter walk and after a good lunch we made our return to school.

Neale David (3)

THE LONELY RANGER

It was four o'clock on a Tuesday afternoon when I rushed out of school. I ran as fast as I could so that I could see my dog - because the family and myself had been on holiday to Spain and 'Sheba' (which was her name) had been in kennels. When I reached home there was a large blue lorry with big white letters which said "Dog Catcher" waiting outside. My mind was blank. It was obvious that 'Sheba' had run away from the kennels. I slowly walked up to the house in a daze and when I was standing just four feet from the door I turned back to the path and ran. I did not know what I was doing at one stage and I just had to find 'Sheba'. Eventually I stopped outside the chemist and thought where she could be. Suddenly, it all came back! She would be at the broken-tree field because I had always taken her there for walks. The field was about four miles away, and four long miles later I reached the broken-tree field. In the distance I could see a white speck patiently waiting. It was 'Sheba'. We really were very pleased indeed to see each other after our long separation.

Richard Hall (J.A)

MY DONKEY

One day, on the way to school, I saw that the gate to a nearby field was unhitched so I jumped off my bike to shut it. About a hundred yards further up the road I saw a shaggy looking 'thing'. I said to myself, "My God, it's my donkey!" so I went to get it, but all I saw then was its behind heading off into the Common. I chased after it and I finally caught up with it when my school bag fell off the back of my bike. I wasted about three minutes picking up my books that had scattered all over the place and when I went to find him I came to a row of houses, one of which was the home of the Headmaster of my school. The donkey was in his garden, kicking into anything he could find! Very calmly - so as not to upset Sam (the donkey that is) - I opened the gate. Taking him firmly by his bridle I led him outside. We started off home and when we got back I put Sam into his field and carefully shut the gate! Later the same day I did manage to go to school!

Christopher Ayling (J.A)

DEER JACK FROST

The snow fell gently on the ground,
To form a snowy carpet for the best that were around.
The deer lay in small clutches, the few that had survived.
They'd been hunted by a scheming poacher
For their fiery, orange hide.
The winds whipped round their bodies,
The snow fell through their hearts.
And they curse the very day
That the cruel, cold, Winter starts.

Debbie Rhodes (3)

A FROSTY MORNING WALK

It was sunny outside, but very cold. I went to the cloakroom to get my nice warm coat. I put on my coat, scarf and some woollen gloves and went outside. The grass crunched under my boots as I walked across the big frozen field. The air was so dry and pure that you could smell the sweet scent of pine trees drifting from a distant wood. I walked down towards the frozen lake. I was just in time to see the mallards land. Their vee-shaped flock circled round and one by one they landed with their wings spread out wide against the wind. On little pink, splayed out, webbed feet they touched down, each one like an incompetent skater wobbling from side to side and round in circles. Then it was a question of stop, or be stopped, by the reeds as they spread their feet wide and put their necks and wings on the ice. Once stopped, they would perform a precarious waddle across the ice, only to get knocked down by the other birds landing. I followed the rock-hard mud track of a tractor towards the wood. The pigeons cooed in the trees as I walked towards them. Then they flew away with enough clatter of branches and breaking twigs to send a vixen running, frightened, out of the wood and down towards the lake. The wood smelt of old leaves and the crunch of old oak leaves beneath my feet was sharp and crisp. The little sparrows and finches made the leaves tinkle on the branches as they had their squabbles. Then I heard what seemed like a large animal rummaging about. This large 'beast' turned out to be a blackbird turning up leaves with his yellow beak, in search of food.

It was time to go back to the house so I took a track that led over the hill homeward. The cows were on the hill, breathing out large clouds of white, steaming breath. Snorting with satisfaction, they shook their heads and returned to the crisp grass. They watched me with big liquid eyes as I crossed the field. I climbed the stile, and I could see the house in the distance at the bottom of the hill. I ran down the hill dodging the solid mole hills. I ran all the way back to the house. It was quite a way, but I was not tired. I opened the door. On my cheeks I could feel the warm air and to my nose came the welcome - Oh! the very welcome - smell of bacon and eggs.

I was home and very happy.

Graham Rhodes (5.S)

LONG TIME TAXI

The time is long, the waiting is long. The ticking of the clock strikes me, it strikes me that I am alone. The house is still and quiet and the cat sits contentedly on my lap, purring softly. As I watch the clock the hands almost seem to drag themselves around the face as if they were endeavouring to make time stand still. With a low thud and a small rattle, the central heating turns on automatically. After a minute the warmth radiates as far as the chair in which I am sitting. The faint sound of traffic moving slowly along the main road was strangely comforting.

I could see a figure approaching the front door of the house next door. Then, as expected, Scamp, our neighbour's dog, started to bark frantically. The postman retired from the door - after a hasty delivery - and continued back down the garden-path and onto the pavement, carefully closing the green gate behind him.

As the footsteps faded away down the street Scamp ceased barking. Blackie, on my lap, snuggled down again and started purring quietly, after the confusion caused by the boisterous canine next door.

My mind was almost a blank when the "beep-beep" of the taxi horn blared out. Blackie, as if by instinct, or even custom, lifted herself to her feet, stretched and then jumped down to the floor. I climbed out of my chair, put my shoes on and then made my way to the front door. I picked up my ruck-sack and carefully shut the door behind me. My first day of real freedom had begun.

Stewart Whitfield (5.T)

THE RUNAWAY HORSE

One afternoon I went to feed my horse, Jock. When I got there I saw that the gate was broken and Jock was nowhere to be seen. I went back to the stables and there I found Dad, shoeing another horse. I told him that Jock was gone. Together we quickly saddled up Ninsky, a very reliable horse. Mum had heard me telling Dad and she came out with some food for me, just in case I was a long time. I was off in the country - it was just me and Ninsky. We went over hills, down steep valleys and across wide rivers until we came to one of the places I usually took Jock. Was he here? No, he wasn't! Nothing, simply nothing moved and I felt just a little bit worried. Well, there were a few more places still left to look.

I had been looking now for three days and I was getting short on food. I had been rationing myself on food and water because most of the mountain streams were all dried up by the sun. I decided to go to one more place before returning home. I decided to go to Dead Man's Valley - another place that I took Jock. It was a long ride from where I was so I started straight away. It took me six and a half hours to get there and when I did I saw him. We were both so pleased and so excited to have found each other and it was some little time before we started back. I changed saddles and bridles and we got home the next morning. My Mum and Dad were pleased to see me and both Jock and I were not a little pleased either.

Stephen Birnie (J.A)

THE OLD TRAMP

He sat with his humped back against the old crumbling wall. His hair looked as if it was worn with wear, like a worn-through carpet that he been walked over a thousand times. It was grey, with the odd patch of dark hair; the only bit of youth in him. His eyes were a faded misty green and looked as if they had been pushed back into his skull. They were screwed up, but were both very 'sharp'. Whenever he heard a scurrying rat, they would dart to that spot. His nose was flat with very large nostrils. His mouth seemed as if someone had got a knife and cut a straight line. Whenever he smiled it ran from one side of his face to the other. His face on the whole was pale. His arms were like two rubber bands, both very long. His hands were very rough and hard and his skin was crinkled with age. The rest of his body was like one great sack of old age. That was the old tramp.

Anna-Marie Telford (J.A)

(Most, but not all members of staff, readily recognise, if not accept, similar circumstances! - Ed.)

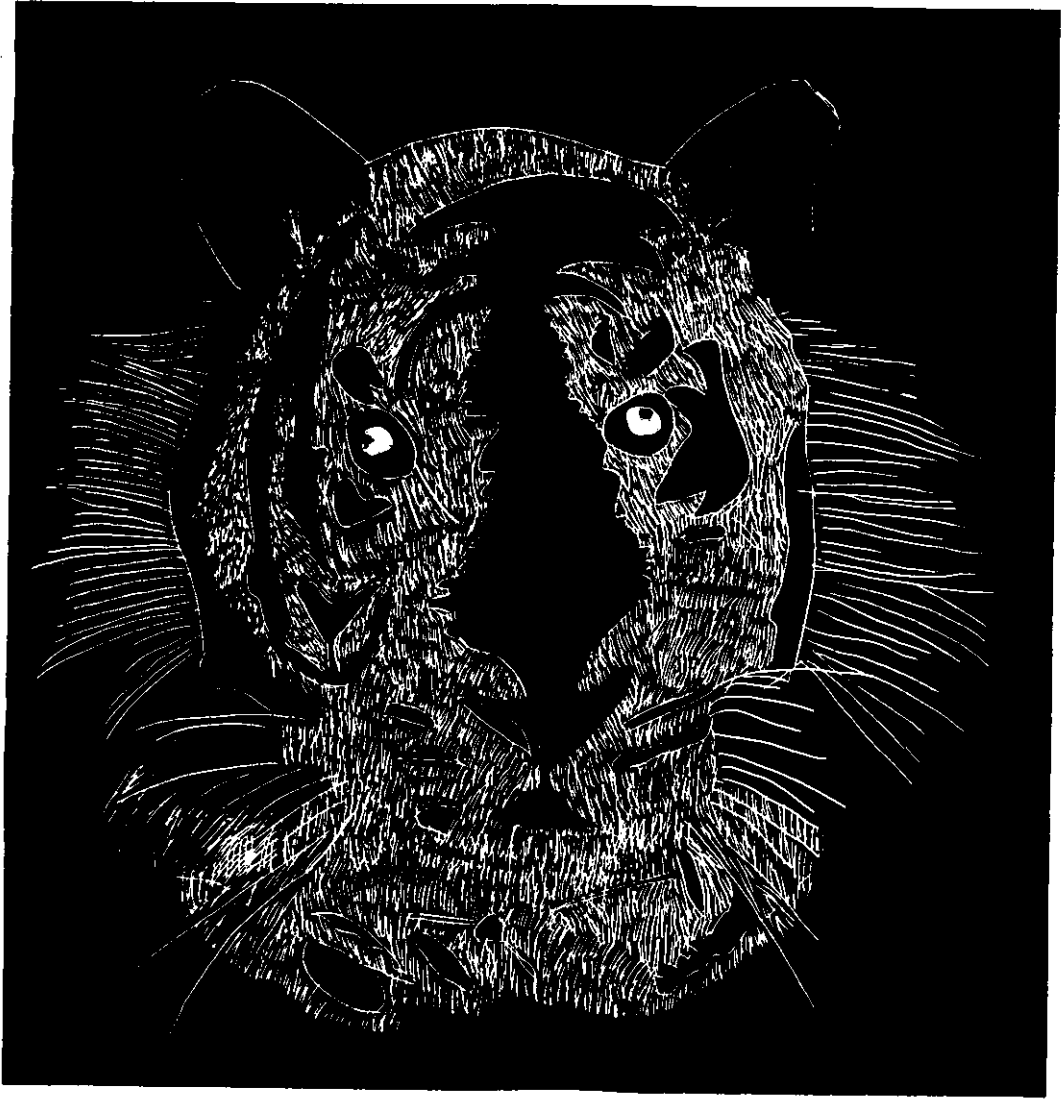
THE HOUSE THAT IS FORGOTTEN

The old house lay in utter ruin. The gables bowed under the weight of the old, grey slates of which only a few remained in their original positions. The window-panes and, in some cases, the window frames were torn out and destroyed, or had just rotted into oblivion. The chimney-pot had abandoned its high place of honour and come crashing to the ground to rest beside the last remaining door. The door was supported by one rusty hinge. The other hinge had lost contact with the rotting piece of timber at least a decade ago! The door itself had once been a wonderful green, but all that remained now was the odd flake of paint clinging on as if by a thread. One breath would have sent it fluttering down to alight on the mossy, overgrown door-step. Where the timbers of the door slats had parted, there was evidence of an entire army of wood worms eating there. The small dwelling of these creatures erupted in several places. Over all the ruin a growing rainbow spectrum of colour proved once again that beauty can still be found in the most unlikely places!

Stewart Whitfield (S.T)

TIGA

There he crouched, glaring at you with inquisitive, beady eyes and big, muscular hind legs, twitching ready to spring away. He is such a fast runner he moves like the wind after his prey. His enormous paws patter down like folded pancakes.



Suddenly he hears his mate. A small rumbling starts at the bottom of his throat and breaks out into a great roar, gradually subsiding into a soft purring again and again. Then he flicks his ears and he is off, like the wind. His stripes - like splodges of paint - appear to merge into each other because he is moving so fast. Mr. Tiga comes to a brook and stops to lap up some water with his long, pink tongue and settles down to have a nap: and nearby his mate also sleeps.

Anita Holgate (J.B)

THE OVERGROWN GRAVEYARD

I could not help feeling that sinister chill ripple down my spine as I stealthily approached the old graveyard. Dusk was quickly falling and the full moon began to rise in the evening sky. As I walked along the gravel path with flashlight in hand, the strong beam pencilled out over the undergrowth to reveal a great mass of entangled vines and brambles. The air was crisp and it was going to be a frosty night. In my wake the mass of shrubbery was rustling as if it was whispering about me as I advanced deeper into the undergrowth.

At that moment my torch-beam alighted on an old grave stone which was covered in vines and seemingly sprouted from the ground, I approached it with a slow, cautious movement. My hand reached out, clenched around the vine and tugged. As if this plant was made of paper, it ripped and tore away from the stone. The stone now revealed some writing and with care I scraped away the moss which inlaid the curved letters. I could read-

"In loving memory of
JAMES DANIEL
who left us on the Seventh of March, 1821,
at the age of eighty-six.
God rest his soul
From his wife, Ann"

As I read the words, one by one, it went deadly quiet, as if all the graveyard inhabitants were listening and remembering this burial. I picked a daisy and laid it on the solid tomb and returned to the path which crunched under my feet as I made my way to the gate. The gravel sparkled in the moonlight like a pathway of pearls and diamonds. I quickened my pace as the frost became more severe and as I approached the wooden gates leading to the road home, an owl hooted as if bidding me 'Goodbye'. As I walked home, I could but wonder who James Daniel was and whether

Stewart Whitfield (S.T)

THE YEAR OF THE PANT

Weekly on Friday, at around half past one
straight after lunch - this eaten in haste -
The Staff progress from the gloom to the sun.
To their very own room and much to their taste
commence to discuss matters social or perhaps Academic
that over the week have caused some discord.
Pupils dead lazy, dead crafty - - DEAD - - - or just sick
and some who are neither - - - just plain bored!

Whatever the cause and whatever their fate
of recent weeks, a subject most sinister
has come to the fore - - - the laundry's late!
'No system at all - - - difficult to administer.'
Many reasons are given, many causes are known
and a member of staff, in manner imperious,
requests 'a greater consideration be shown
or a special delivery' - in this matter most serious.

Schemes are considered and ideas suggested.
Personal stones by the river, a new bio-detergent
- are some of the thoughts thrown up or digested,
but are not satisfactory, in this matter most urgent.

After this storm and proved biologically sound,
a private solution is offered - indeed a new plan!
These intimate garments will now be found;
washed, starched, pressed and delivered by van,
into not onto, the 'lily-white' limbs unadorned.
Blushingly waiting and a true supplicant.
Nothing else matters; other offers are now scorned,
A Gentleman's dressed in this 'Year of the Pant.'

D-DAY CRASH GLIDE

It was a cold morning in June 1944. My platoon had been 'volunteered' for a crash glide. I was frightened. I could not join in the laughing of the others for I had more to worry about. I had a wife and two kids and believed I was the only married person on board.

We were now silently circling the bridges. We were told to hold tight as we went in for the crash glide and then, in a space of ten seconds, everything happened. We crashed with a deafening noise. Everyone jumped through the wreckage,

with the exception of the pilot, Peter St. Clair. He was dead. Outside we had taken the bridge-guards completely by surprise and captured the two bridges intact. We had accomplished our mission. We had won.

We returned home to a Heroes' Welcome. I was not too pleased for I had the unpleasant duty of writing to St. Clair's wife and his parents, telling them that he was dead. I dreaded having to do this, but to me the mission was not accomplished until that letter was written.

Matthew McDermott (J.B)

INVADERS' ISLAND

The shark moved gracefully through the cool and calm waters of the Pacific towards what all great scientists would have thought impossible - a floating island! Part of a great bay big enough to put three big oil tankers in. Inside the bay it was obvious there was something strange going on, for the shark that had just entered the bay was made of reinforced steel and had just dropped off two highly trained secret agents.

They moved through the hot jungle towards an unknown destination. After two hours of hard walking they found a small and inconspicuous cave at the foot of a mountain. "Do we go in or not, Sir?" came the question from a tall, strong, rangy individual. "Yes, our orders were to check everything", replied an older and a much more experienced man. Turning on their powerful Ever-Ready torches they entered the cave. After some ten minutes of walking and climbing over huge boulders they turned off their torches again, walked forward and stopped in amazement, for there in front of them was an industrial complex beyond the imagination of even the greatest scientists. Ordering his assistant to stand back, Rolf Evans, the leader, disappeared down behind some rocks. Mark Rolo sat down and started to make a cup of tea - he always did this when someone tried to leave him out of the action! Without warning, two men jumped on the unsuspecting Evans as he was taking photographs of the machinery. All he could remember was a machine-gun butt in his back and a dreadful blow to the head and then blackness.

Waking, he saw a bright light shining in his face. "Now, Mr. Evans, what are you doing here?" said a grim figure sitting behind the light. "That is just what I want to ask you", came the sharp and inquisitive reply. "You tell us what you're doing here and we'll tell you." "I am working for 'The Times' and they heard something was going on at this place." "They are right. We plan to take over the entire complex."

Meanwhile Mark Rolo, who had been listening to this conversation on his radio, transmitted a message to the 'carrier HMS Hermes and asked for helicopter and commando assistance. Within minutes the RN helicopters were on the 'carrier's deck ready for take-off with the commandoes on board. On reaching the island the helicopters dropped their human cargo and sped towards their targets.

"This is Charlie Angel, Leader, to all Angels. Target ahead; prepare to use missiles."

With this sort of fire power, resistance crumbled, but not before the defenders brought down two helicopters by rockets. Attacking with superior fire-power and guided by Mark Rolo, the Commandos rescued Rolf Evans and the too inquisitive 'Times' reporter and worked their way back to the beach. Quickly contacting the 'carrier all units were taken aboard and within minutes the time delayed demolition charges exploded, hurling the island with its sinister secrets high into the air.

The 'carrier sped away, leaving behind a great pall of smoke through which angry gulls wheeled and screamed their abuse at mankind. Next day 'The Times' carried a news item 'we have received information from' But we know the rest, don't we?

John Humphreys (J.A)

THE GREAT ESCAPE

It was a cold and dark evening in the middle of July and the wind was howling in the trees. This was the night we were waiting for; it was the perfect night to escape from Colditz Castle, the P.O.W. Camp for allied airmen in Germany. We decided to dig our way out of the prison: The way we did it was that whilst there were games' activities going on, one of the men would miss the activity and dig the tunnel. It had taken over one year to dig and now it was finished and we were ready to make our great escape. We covered our faces with black shoe-polish and went down into the tunnel and began to crawl along it. When we got to the end, we climbed out of the hole and made a run for it. Unfortunately a lot of us were shot down, but a few others and myself escaped. We had dogs on our trail almost at once, which meant we were still in great danger and could not relax for one moment!

In a matter of months we just had to go two more miles before reaching the German border. We pushed on and hoped that we could make it, but some of us were unlucky. The dogs caught up with us and mauled three of the men to death. John and myself picked up some stones and threw them at the dogs, killing one dog and badly injuring the other two. We crossed the border into Switzerland and were free!! The Germans could not catch us now and we were free from all the indignities we had been made to suffer. We felt sorry for all the prisoners who did not make it and those who were still in Colditz, but we were free and that was all that mattered at that moment.

Russell Palmer (S.T)

THE HUNT

I knew the hounds were coming
I could hear them a mile away.
I knew I had to start running
And to last 'til the end of the day.

I ran straight through a meadow
Amongst ears of yellow corn,
And as I stopped and rested
I could hear the hunting-horn.

Down a steep-sided dale,
Past a gurgling stream.
The run was like a rally
And the horn was like a scream.

As I went down my hole,
My wife and cubs were waiting there.
The dogs above were shouting
"Come out, come out of there - if you dare!"

Timothy Morley (J.A)

STATION AT NIGHT

It was dark and I was alone waiting for my train. I heard a whistle - which was a train - but not my train. The train stopped and a man in a black suit climbed out of a carriage. He looked quite frightening as he walked towards me with a crooked smile on his face and his hands deep in his pockets. He began to draw his hand from his pocket. I was about to run when he said, "Do not be afraid, dear, I will not hurt you." As he drew a packet of sweets out of his pocket, another train was coming. He gave the sweets to me and I took them and threw them on to the track. Then he took the smile off his face and put his hand back into his pocket once more. This time he brought out a gun. I was beginning to shake. Suddenly he started to speak and this time he said, "You have asked for it now so you must take the consequences!" The first thing that came into my mind was simply to run, so I did just that! I ran as fast as I could. He came after me. I saw a dustbin so I jumped into it. The man stopped and unfortunately I made a slight noise. He heard me and started to laugh. I was becoming more frightened than I had ever been before. He came towards me and tipped me out of the dustbin. He tied me up and put me in the boot of an old car. I fell asleep in the car.

Later, about 9.30 pm, I woke up and found myself in a dark room all on my own. The man came into the room. He still had the gun in his hand. I turned to him and said, "You! Why have you got me here?" He replied, "Because I have run out of beef and pork". I ran screaming towards him, kicked him very hard on the shins and then headed straight for the door, but it was locked! I started to cry. The man was still grovelling on the floor. Then I saw the gun over near the bed. I grabbed for it, picked it up and ran towards the door. I shot the gun at the door, breaking the lock to pieces and the door flew open. I nipped through, got to the stairs, went down them three at a time and out through the front door. I ran and ran and ran!

At last I got to the station where I was just in time to catch the last train and so relieved to be away from that horrible man. From the window I could see the sweets still on the track and I started to cry. I cried and cried, huge tears rolling down my face; you see, I really do like sweets!

Vanessa Williams (J.B)

THE LAST DAY

It was June. I had landed with 'B' Company from a large landing craft at Dunkirk. When we landed, we ran for the cover of the sand dunes. As I dived amongst them, a rifle cracked and a bullet went whistling over my head and hit the man just behind me. He toppled backwards and fell in the sand with a thud!

"Hit the deck", shouted the Sergeant. He was an oak of a man, with short, black, greasy hair and most men got out of his way if they could. He shouted out another order and we started to fire back. The enemy had machine guns in pill-boxes and we only had rifles. Our job as Commandoes was to make a safe beachhead for our troops which were soon to land. The Sergeant told two men and myself to "Take the first pill-box". I reloaded my gun and, holding two grenades, I was about to go with the others, when suddenly I heard the sharp voice of my Sergeant. "What the hell are you doing with those grenades in your hands? Put them in your belt!" With that, I ran to the others and within ten minutes we had taken the first pill-box. In about the same time we had attacked the second into which I had thrown a smoke grenade, and when they came running out we shot them down without any hesitation whatsoever.

Later that same night we were told slowly to withdraw and the enemy came creeping over the ground that he had just fought so hard for! By the morning we were back on the beaches. The sky was full of planes bombing and fighting. Close by me was a radio man desperately tapping out an SOS message in morse code. When we all thought that we had 'had it' we saw our landing craft coming back. There were shouts of joy when it grounded and we jumped in and started back for England. We all thought it was our last day and indeed it was for some.

Richard Pidgley (J.A)

A DAY OUT ON A SHIP

One day when I was living in Kent and my Dad was on a ship called HMS Antrim, my Mum said to my two brothers and myself, "Dad is coming home next week and the Captain is inviting all the families aboard for a day out at sea. Would you like to go?" We all said, "Yes".

Soon the day came and we went to Chatham Dock Yard and boarded the ship. Soon we were off and the ropes were thrown aboard. While we were on board, my Dad showed us all the guns and the helicopter. We were also allowed to go up on the bridge and from there we could see three other ships, in company with us, also carrying families out for the day. Later on into the afternoon, we had lunch which was a really big salad.

After lunch we went on deck and watched two Phantom fighter bombers pass in between the four ships, just missing the aerals by about six feet! Later two high powered speed boats came through the middle of our formation, giving off a smoke screen of white smoke which covered each boat completely.

Throughout the day I was feeling really dizzy because of the boat rocking from side to side. Eventually the Captain spoke over the speaker. "We are turning around for home now, I hope you have enjoyed yourselves. Thank you". Very soon we arrived back at Chatham Dock Yard and we went home, a little wobbly, very tired, but absolutely thrilled with our wonderful day afloat.

Robin Wood (J.A)

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW AND DARE TO ASK

If the school bus was on time would the school still miss it?

Does Ib-a-h-m understand that 'Detention' is not a timetabled period?

... If Dental appointments should be and Doctor's visits replace Games?

If 'Mini' Service produces mini-eggs?

In their thirst for knowledge, is it inevitable that day pupils' brief cases should be tanked up daily?

Briefly, does Mr. T. need such a large case; or is it his policy to insure his sandwiches?

Are the impedimenta of hockey goal-keeping to protect Dawn or to prove she is actually in goal?

Whether 'Minis' have 'Maxi' problems or simply remedial deficiencies?

If Sam's spectacles are really solar panels to keep his head warm at those great heights?

Whether the amazing woodlice of Junior B could be trained to write lines - with a round hand?

Is Mr. H.'s cycle a folding bicycle or an outriggered uni with a dual personality?

THE SEA CADET ASSOCIATION

The Sea Cadet Association is a national charity dedicated to providing an organisation with which youth can readily identify and in which, based upon the high standards of the naval way of life, they may develop the qualities of self discipline, leadership and responsibility, thereby becoming reliable and useful members of their community.

The Association is responsible for nearly five hundred Corps Units involving some 20,000 boys and girls between the ages of 12-18. Provision of unit headquarters, known as Training Ships, is the joint responsibility of the Cadet Corps and the S.C.A., as are all running and maintenance costs.

Each unit has a voluntary civilian committee who are concerned with the day to day management, local fund raising and finances. Training, both waterborne and land, is carried out under the supervision of commissioned and non-commissioned officers, as well as volunteers, many of whom were themselves members of the Royal Navy and Sea Cadet Corps. Cadets are encouraged to take specialist courses enabling them to become instructors and leaders of their unit.

Whilst we know that many cadets will join a branch of the maritime service, Royal or Merchant Navy, the fishing fleet, coastguards, etc., the police force or the fire and ambulance brigades, the majority will join commerce and industry.



Captain Williams R.N. (Captain of Yeovilton) inspecting the Girls' Division at the Annual Royal Naval Inspection.

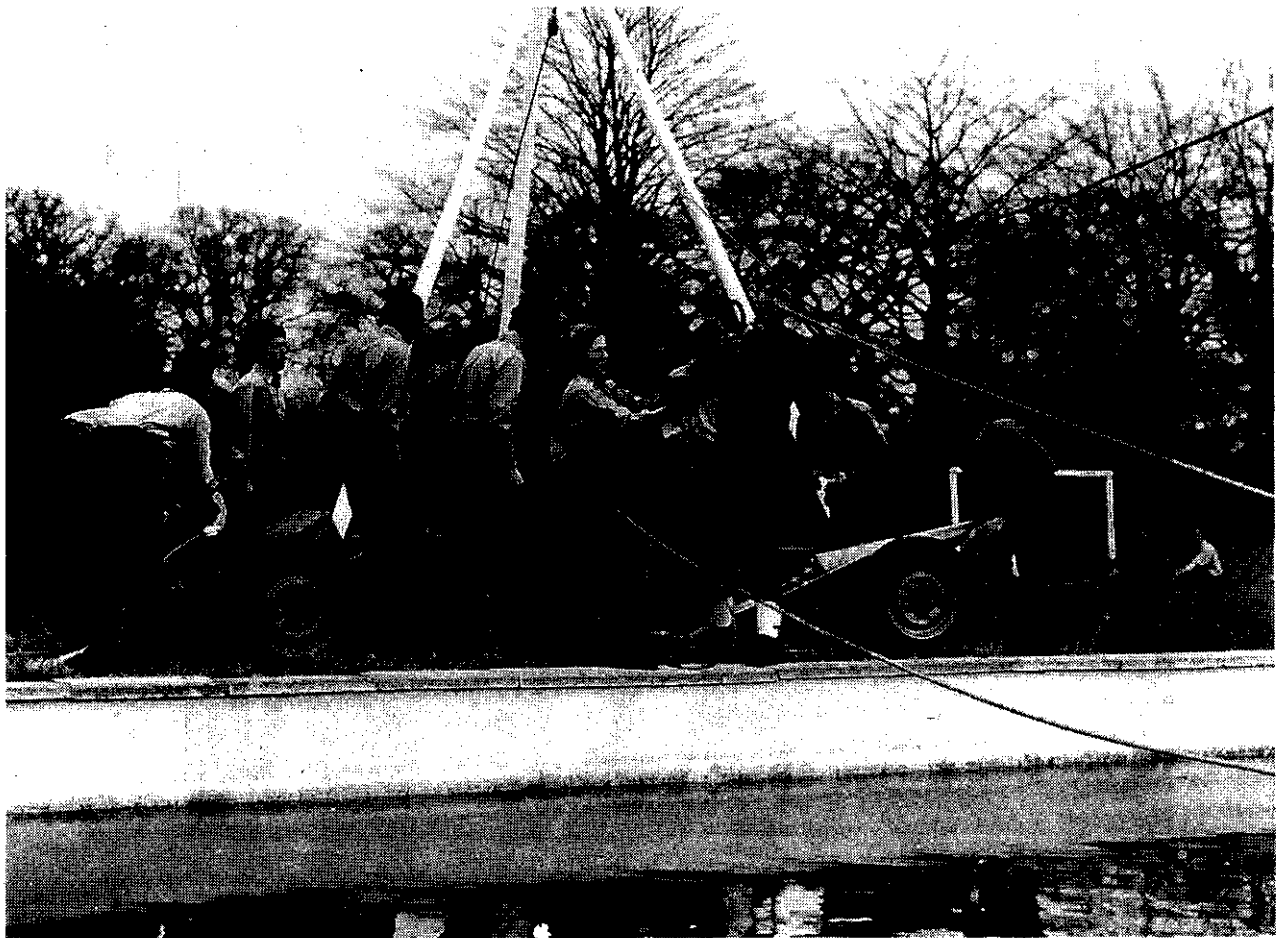
CHILTON CANTELO HOUSE SEA CADETS GO ORIENTEERING

This year the Chilton Cantelo House Sea Cadet Corps decided to try their luck in a well organised Orienteering competition at Yoxeter where twelve teams took part, including one other Sea Cadet Unit, T.S. Mantles from Yeovil. P/O Lowman was in charge of our gallant crew and did an excellent job to keep us all on our toes. The other members of the team included P/O Daniel, P/O Henry, A/B Dracup, A/B Latchford, plus our 'Super Sub' A/B Er!

Our group, plus T.S. Mantles from Yeovil, set off together on the morning of Saturday, 4th November, to an exciting weekend which included fieldwork, camping, (in which our team acquired full points), a night exercise (full of surprises), an orienteering exercise, an initiative test (in which our team finished under the time limit) and finally .303 shooting from 100 yards. These activities were carried on until Sunday afternoon when a very nice dinner was laid on and was followed by the prize giving where the winners (a Unit from Doggington) received the cup.

Although we did not win this new competition we all tried our very best and were commented on by several Officers attending as being the "smartest Unit there". Finally, a big 'thank you' to Mr. Jones, Major Morton and Mr. Thomas-Peter, who organised and coached us before and during the whole competition - which we all thoroughly enjoyed.

I. Latchford (6)



Chilton's version of The Royal Navy's famous Field Gun Run 1978.

THE NATIONAL AND AREA REGATTA

The area Regatta was held at Plymouth. It was a very wet weekend. Jeffrey Daniel and Mark Lowman were sailing in 'Bosuns' and Gary Rush and myself in Mirror Dinghies. Unfortunately it was too rough for the 'Mirrors' to sail but the 'Bosuns' were able to. There were four races and Lowman and Daniel won every one. Although my brother and I did not sail at all this time, we were still sent to the Nationals at HMS Excellent, Portsmouth, to represent the Western Area. The weather there was very fine, but there was no wind. However, we did reasonably well and got a third place overall and a second place in one race.

Mark Rush (3)

(I understand that Gary and Mark were entered for the 'Finals' on the grounds of 'past performances' and not by the 'back door'. - Ed.)



Cadet A/B Cooper reporting Chilton Cantelo Guard to Commander F. Trickey, R.N. on his annual Royal Naval Inspection.

THE FURNESS WITHY ART AWARDS

The Furness Withy Art Awards for the Sea Cadet Association started in 1978 when Furness Withy, one of Britain's largest shipping groups, generously agreed a £5,000 annual sponsorship for an initial three year period.

The Art Award scheme, based on a competition, was designed to further some of the aims of the Sea Cadet Association by encouraging young people to develop their imagination and resourcefulness in producing works of art in any medium they please - painting, collage, montage, rope sculpture, scrimshaw work, etc., around the subject of water.

The Sea Cadet Corps and the Girls' Nautical Training Corps are divided into six Areas covering the United Kingdom. Each Area holds its own eliminating heat and one day exhibition. From each Area 10 entries are selected to come forward to the Final Judging in London.

The £5,000 sponsorship money provides prizes for the winning entries, and is used to stage the six Areas' one day exhibitions and two two-week exhibitions - this year in London and Newhaven.

Each of the 60 finalists receives £10.00 and a Certificate of Merit. From the 60, a panel of Judges has selected the major prize winners who receive on behalf of their Units:-

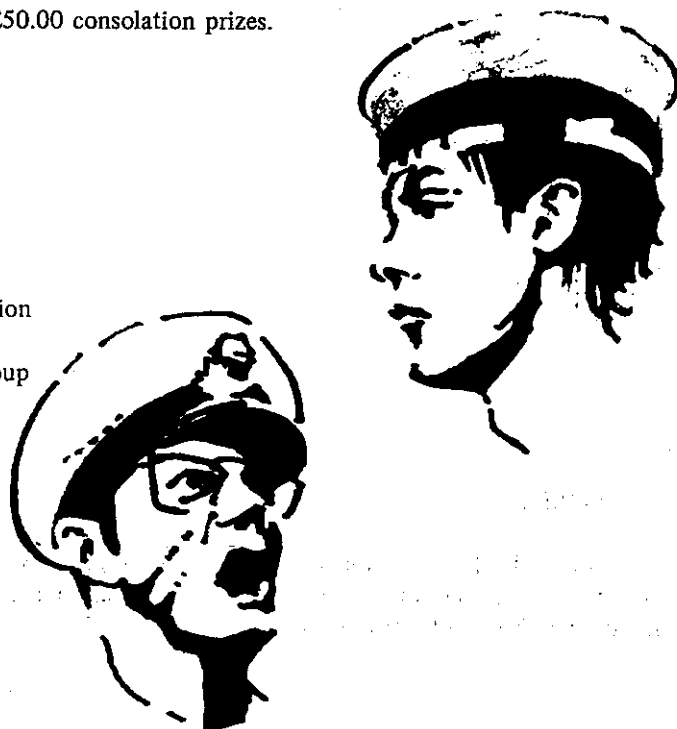
1st Prize	-	£700
2nd Prize	-	£350
3rd Prize	-	£200
4th Prize	-	£150
5th Prize	-	£100

There are also eight £50.00 consolation prizes.

The panel of Judges at the Finals was headed by Tony Hart, of B.B.C. Television's "Vision On" and "Take Hart" programmes and included:

- Laurence Bradbury - Lecturer at The Tate Gallery
- Charlotte Snook - Portrait painter and tutor at St. Martin's College of Art
- Patrick Dowling - Executive Producer, Children's programmes for B.B.C. Television
- Pennie Shaw - Wife of Brian Shaw, Managing Director of Furness Withy Group

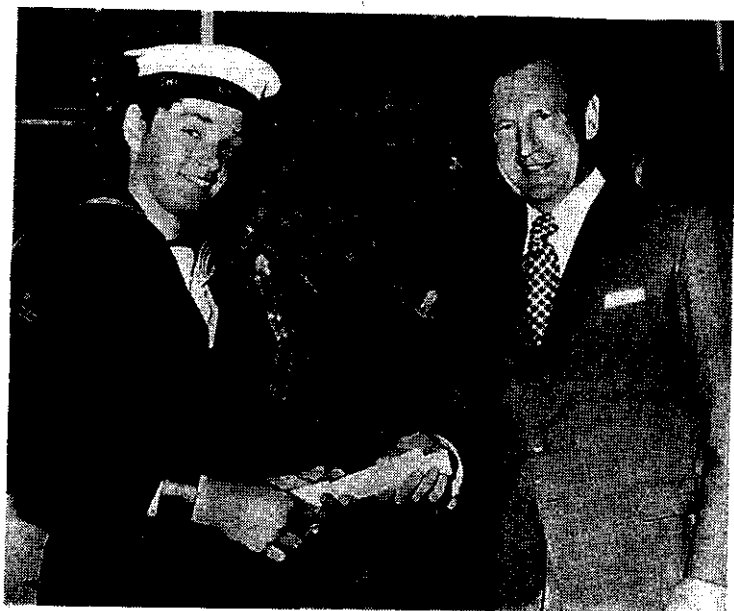
The 60 finalists' work were on exhibition at the Royal Festival Hall from 9th to 23rd April, and the next exhibition will be held at the Coral Yacht Club in Newhaven from 28th May to 12th June.



'Get it cut!' (Obviously a short interlude before the Annual S.C.C. inspection - Ed.)

In 1978 we submitted two very good entries, 'Sinking the Bismark' - L/S I. Watt, 'Dreadnought' - O/S R. Steel and the former represented the South West Area in the Finals, where it was adjudged Third overall. This was quite a fine achievement really and whilst not wishing to detract whatsoever from the 'First and Second' a painting has to be brilliant to surpass a good model! In the event Ian was awarded a personal prize of £10 plus a lunch and all expenses, to London, together with a special book prize from the judges themselves. Our Unit received £200 which nicely covered the purchase of three GRP, single-seat canoes.

This year we have again entered the competition with two paintings, 'Night Action' - O/S S. Male, 'In all weathers' - O/S R. Steel and both (although the second is a reserve) have been selected for the Finals. Since both Cadets are only in their Third Year at School this is a really creditable achievement and we hope they do well - certainly they've tried!



L/Sea I. Wall receives his certificate from Sir James Steel.



O/Sea R. Steel poses by his painting.

STOP PRESS!

On April 26th, the Art Awards for this year were made in the Fishmongers Hall, London. We again did well with O/S R. Steel gaining for the Unit Third Prize (£200) and O/S S. Male Highly Commended (£50) and with each receiving £10 and a Certificate of Merit!



M. Higgins in full cry - yet again!



Senior girls sprint starts.



Messrs. F. Morley and Lloyd just measuring up?



*.....and at the other end, some of the minnows
to be thrown back.*



*P.O. M. Loman and helpers caught manoeuvring
a King Size!*



N. Clark just heads H. Grattan for the tea-queue!

*.....photographs taken at great personal risk by Major Morton
and reproduced by courtesy of the Police Gazette!*

SPORT AT CHILTON

Being a boarding school it is essential that sport plays a big part in school life. We at Chilton believe that "Variety is the Spice of Life" and below is a typical weeks' sporting programme!

- Monday: Soccer U.13 v. Preston Road School.
Swimming. Life Saving and Personal Survival Classes.
- Tuesday: Indoor Tennis v. Yeovil College.
Basketball v. Sherborne School.
- Wednesday: Hockey Chilton Girls v. Park School.
Sea Cadet Classes.
Rugby v. Yeovil College.
- Thursday: Sea Cadet Parade Guard, Colours, Prayers, etc.
- Friday: Back Swimming Instruction plus General Swimming for pupils.
- Saturday: Rugby Trials for Yeovil Schools .
Sea Cadet 5-a-side Soccer Competition at Wroughton.
Cross Country, Yeovil Schools Competition.
- Sunday: Sea Cadet Drill Competition at Bridgwater.
Boatwork Party to Portland, Clean and Repair Boats.

Pupils not taking part in the above sports take part in 'other activities' during games periods.

Games covered during the year are as follows:

Athletics, Basketball, Cricket, Volleyball, Swimming, Hockey, Rugby, Gymnastics, Soccer, Orienteering, Netball, Tennis, Trampolining, Badminton, Cross Country, Table Tennis, Golf, Gliding and Horse Riding.

The facilities are there and our motto should be: MENS SANA IN CORPORE SANO - A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY!

(After reading this I was exhausted and I was only reading! - Ed.)

ENGLAND v. FRANCE, RUGBY INTERNATIONAL - 3rd March, 1979

As we started off from Chilton one crisp Spring morning, our thoughts mused over stories of such historical events as Agincourt and Waterloo. Would the English win? Would the minibus arrive safely without losing a wheel? Would an English player get injured and need to be substituted? Mr. Edmondson, the eternal optimist, took along his boots - just in case.

The first part of the journey went off without incident. Just before Andover, the drivers changed. Mr. Manaton chose a nice pair of grey flannels with a jumper to match, whilst Mr. Edmondson put on a green corduroy jacket. We stopped off at a "Little Chef" cafe for extra breakfast. It was discovered that we hadn't got enough money - but that problem was soon solved after Terry O'Connor and Jeffrey Daniel spent five minutes on the one armed bandit.

It was twelve o'clock, high noon, when we pulled into Twickenham, or H.Q. as it is sometimes called. The ground wasn't full, neither were we, so we broke open the packed lunches. The delights of meat pies and cheese and onion crisps, began to fade somewhat when the French supporters were seen tucking into vast quantities of Bordeaux, roast duck and French bread.

There were many French supporters at the game and one or two French phrases were picked up. "Allez France" ("Go France") was a common one during the match and "Zut, alors!" ("Bother!") after the match was over and the French had lost.

On the return journey under the cover of darkness we stopped off at the same café and managed to get inside before they had a chance to lock the doors. They had forgotten to hide the one armed bandit which Chris Mulenga and Tigin Er soon found to their profit. Once more, on our ill-gotten gains, we were able to partake of some of the culinary delicacies the cafe had to offer. Mr. Edmondson entertained us by juggling a pancake on his knee. Actually he was trying to cover up for the fact that he'd knocked it off his plate.

For the record, England beat France 7-6, a rare event. I think we will all remember the day for a very long time.

HOCKEY

Our hockey team, like every other team - if they are not Irish - consists of eleven people! The people in our hockey team are Tracey Westcott, Kim Birnie, Dawn Allan, Hilery Lay, Pippa Jones, Debbie Rhodes, Laura Edey, Karen Latchford, Penny Wetherall, Louise James and Nicky Rogers. We have played only one game and unfortunately lost this, two goals to nil. The match was against the Park School, Yeovil, at home, on one of the rare sunny afternoons. Our team played very well against an eleven who were bigger and older than us. We had been given lots of training and coaching by our great games teacher, Mrs. Ridewood. She also gave us courage during the match. Some of the games were put off because of the weather, but next season - weather permitting - we hope to be able to produce a good winning side.

Dawn Allan (J.B)

(I must admit that the thought of the 'hard drink' supplied at half-time prompts me to make yet another come-back! - Ed.)



*'You two will stand outside with the others!'
(More space classroom problems - Ed.)*

BASKETBALL

Basketball was invented by the Canadian born Dr. James Naismith in Massachusetts in 1891 and since then has grown until today when it is one of the world's most popular sports.

The game is played by two teams of five players on each side, on a comparatively small area - the court measures 85 feet by 46 feet (26 metres x 14 metres). The object of the game is to throw the ball into the opponent's basket, and, of course, to prevent one team securing the ball and throwing it into the basket of the other team. The basket consists of an iron ring 18 inches (45 cms.) in diameter, from which is suspended a net of white cord, open at the bottom so that the ball may pass through it. The ring is attached to a backboard, 6 feet wide and 4 feet high. The backboard is usually made of wood, and painted white, although transparent Perspex may be used instead. This is often the case in large stadia, so that spectators can see the basket. A goal is scored when the ball enters the basket from above, and passes down through it. A goal is worth two points, except if it is scored from a Free Throw, awarded after a 'foul' - in which case it counts only one point.

The game starts with a 'Jump Ball'. Two players, one from each team, stand in the centre circle, either side of the halfway-line. The referee then tosses the ball up between them, to a height greater than either of them can reach by jumping. The players then jump upwards and attempt to tap the ball to a member of their team. During the 'Jump Ball' all the other players must remain outside the centre circle. A 'Jump Ball' may be ordered by the officials if two opponents both have equal control of the ball, or if there is any doubt as to who caused the ball to go out-of-bounds, or in any other case in which both teams have an equal right to possession. In these cases, the 'Jump Ball' takes place at whichever of the three circles is nearest to the place where the event occurred.

Once a team has possession of the ball, they may advance the ball up the court either by passing it amongst themselves or by 'dribbling' it. The ball may only be played with the hands, and players are not allowed to carry the ball. The best method of moving the ball about the court is by interpassing between players and a team will usually make several passes before attempting a shot at goal. The ball is best held in two hands, using mainly pressure from the fingers. A firm grip will prevent an opponent from striking the ball from your control and enables a player to pass, shoot or dribble without hesitation. When passing the ball a snap of the wrists and a straightening of the arms will provide the power. When catching the ball the player should reach out to meet it and then draw the arms in so that he can take it and keep it with safety. He will then be ready to pass again immediately to an unmarked player.

The 'dribble' provides the means for an individual player to move the ball about the court. The dribble begins when a player bounces the ball on the floor and then touches it again. He can continue to bounce the ball for as long as he is able. Once he catches it again, however, he is not permitted to start another 'dribble' and must then pass or shoot. A good 'dribbler' will be able to use either hand and will be able to 'dribble' without looking at the ball.

The most important part of the game, of course, and the most difficult too, is 'shooting'. The ball has a diameter of nearly ten inches and since the ring is only 18 inches in diameter the shot must be very accurate to score. The best shot has a high arch, or trajectory, and is normally aimed so as to pass clean through the ring. For shots from near the basket however, especially at acute angles, it is usually better to lay the ball gently against the backboard and let it rebound into the basket. In this case it is best to leap high so as to get as close to the ring as possible before shooting. No matter what the shot, the most important rule to remember for success is to look at the target throughout the act of shooting. Any player may shoot, from any position on court at any time, so you can see that it is important for every player to become as good a shot as possible.

Since the play in Basketball is so fast and in such a small space, the rules concerning personal contact have to be strict. Every player must therefore avoid contact with an opponent. If any such contact occurs a 'Personal Foul' is awarded against the player who was to blame. This means that skill is much more important than strength.

If the player who has been fouled was shooting at the time and the shot missed, he is then awarded three 'free throws.' He takes these from the 'free throw-line', fifteen feet (4.60 metres) from the backboard. No other player may stand in the 'free throw' area during the free throws.

There is another type of foul, given for an offence which does not involve any contact with an opponent, and is known as a 'Technical Foul'. This may involve such things as delaying the game, being rude to Officials or anything else which is against the spirit of the game. The penalty for a Technical Foul is three free throws.

If a player commits five fouls during the match he is automatically out of the game and must be replaced by a substitute. If a player commits an extremely bad foul, then he may be disqualified at once by the officials, even though he may not have yet committed a total of five fouls.

Since the play in Basketball is so fast and so exciting, there have to be several Officials to control the game properly. There are a Referee and an Umpire who work on opposite sides of the court. They both control the game with equal authority, blowing their whistles to stop the game whenever a foul or violation occurs. If there are any arguments regarding the match, however, the Referee has the final word. The Referee and Umpire are helped by three assistants who sit at a table opposite the half way line. These are the Scorer, Timekeeper and 30-Second Operator. The Scorer keeps a record of all the points and fouls and also sounds the signal for Time-Outs and Substitutions. The Timekeeper controls the game-clock and thereby the time played.

A match consists of two halves of twenty minutes each, but this is actual playing time. Every time an Official blows his whistle the Timekeeper stops the clock. The clock is not started until the ball is once again in play and is touched by a player on the court. As a result of this, a match usually lasts about one and a half hours. The other assistant is the 30 Seconds Operator, who makes sure that a team takes a shot within thirty seconds of having obtained possession of the ball. If they fail to do so, the 30 Seconds Operator sounds the signal and the opposing team takes possession of the ball.

In a game in which the goal is placed ten feet (3.6 metres) above the floor, the tall player has an obvious advantage; and most Basketball teams will include several men who are well over 6 feet tall. Nevertheless, although the tall man is very valuable, there is still plenty of opportunity for the smaller athletic player to make a good game. It is usual for the tall players to play near to the Basket, both in attack and defence, where they can get the rebounds. In the middle part of the court the smaller men are usually quicker and often more skilful at 'dribbling' and passing than the big men. These players, who are the planners of the team's attack, are known as guards or quarterbacks. The bigger players, who normally play at the side or corner of the court, are known as forwards, whilst the tallest men of all, playing near the basket, are called pivots or posts. There are no standard positions and teams will attack in whichever formation the coach decides. He might, for example, choose to play with two guards and one pivot, or just one guard and two pivots. In any case, when a team loses possession, all five players will run back to defend, unless otherwise stated by their coach. Every player must be equally prepared both to attack and defend, which means that a player on court can never rest for a moment.

The man responsible for directing all the tactics is the Coach. He must decide what kind of offensive and what kind of defence his team will play and which five players will start the game. Then, as the game continues, he must decide whom and when to substitute. There are 'Time-Outs' which a Coach may request in order to talk with his players and perhaps change the tactics.

The variety of tactics provides continual interest as the coaches try to use their players to best effect. Basketball is a fast game which gives the opportunity for the performance of both individual brilliance and teamwork.

Christian Karavolas (6)

(I am certain the reader will appreciate this very lucid account of what is surely an excellent game. - Ed.)

MIXED HOCKEY

Although we have a good team, we have only played one match. This was because of the very bad weather, which even donated to this match a ten minute hail storm! The team against Yeovil College was as follows:

Henry Grattan - a good 'keeper and consistent under pressure (which was quite often).

Laura Edey and Mark Lowman - good defenders and the latter worked hard in midfield.

Donna Bowring, Nicolas Asafu-Agyei and myself - if I may say so (indeed you may! - Ed.) were a good midfield group, able to stop quite a lot of attacks with some help from Mark. We also found time to help the forwards on the few occasions we attacked.

Nicola Rogers, Kim Birnie, Karen Latchford, Ian Latchford and Gary Rush were good forwards and, although they were not able to penetrate Yeovil's defence as frequently as we all wanted, they were dangerous when they did. We have a couple of good reserves in Deborah Rhodes and Keith Wilce and hope that they will be able to play full-time next season.

Although we lost the game, 4-0, we played well and with a lot of spirit. Perhaps, with more practice, we would have won. We are looking forward to a better season next year - it could not be any worse, surely!

Oh, yes! 'Hard Luck' to Tracey Westcott who could not play due to illness.

Nicholas Clark (6)

NETBALL

The Chilton Cantelo netball team is widely known for its 'astonishing' playing skills. The players are Kim Birnie, Hilery Lay, Karen Latchford, Nicky Rogers, Karen Trowbridge, Louise James and Tracey Westcott. This season has been a varied one. In our two games we played hard, but regretfully achieved second place.

The first game of the season was against St. Anthony's, Leweston. Everyone played well, but by half time St. Anthony's were in the lead by a considerable margin. They were playing their substitute, as one of the girls happened to have a collision with our Wing Attack, Hilery Lay. Unfortunately Hilery's opponent came off much the worse. In the second-half our team played considerably better, scoring 4 goals. Unfortunately yet another of their players happened to trip over the foot of our Goal Attack! The final score was 16-4 to them and 2 down to us!

The second and last game of the season was played at Yeovil College. Here we had a slight alteration to the team, bringing in Penny Wetherall as Nicky Rogers was unable to play. This was a very fast game and our opponents had a lot of penalty shots owing to our overmarking. Additionally many free passes were given to Yeovil because of the over zealous nature of certain members of our team for barging! The result of this game was 17-5 to them.

I'm sure these scores would have been a lot worse if it hadn't been for our encouraging coach, Mrs. Ridewood.

Tracey Westcott (4)

(The reader may well ask whether the team were constrained or encouraged by Mrs. Ridewood, but I am relieved to hear that as a gesture to the 'othersides' a fully equipped ambulance will accompany our team this next season! - Ed.)

TENNIS

At the time the magazine was 'going to press' we had played a few indoor Tennis matches against Yeovil College. The results were not very satisfactory but we had good games and enjoyed it. The team consisted of the following players:

Mulenga C and Er T., Mulenga A. and O'Connor S., Karavolas C. and Phutayanon P.

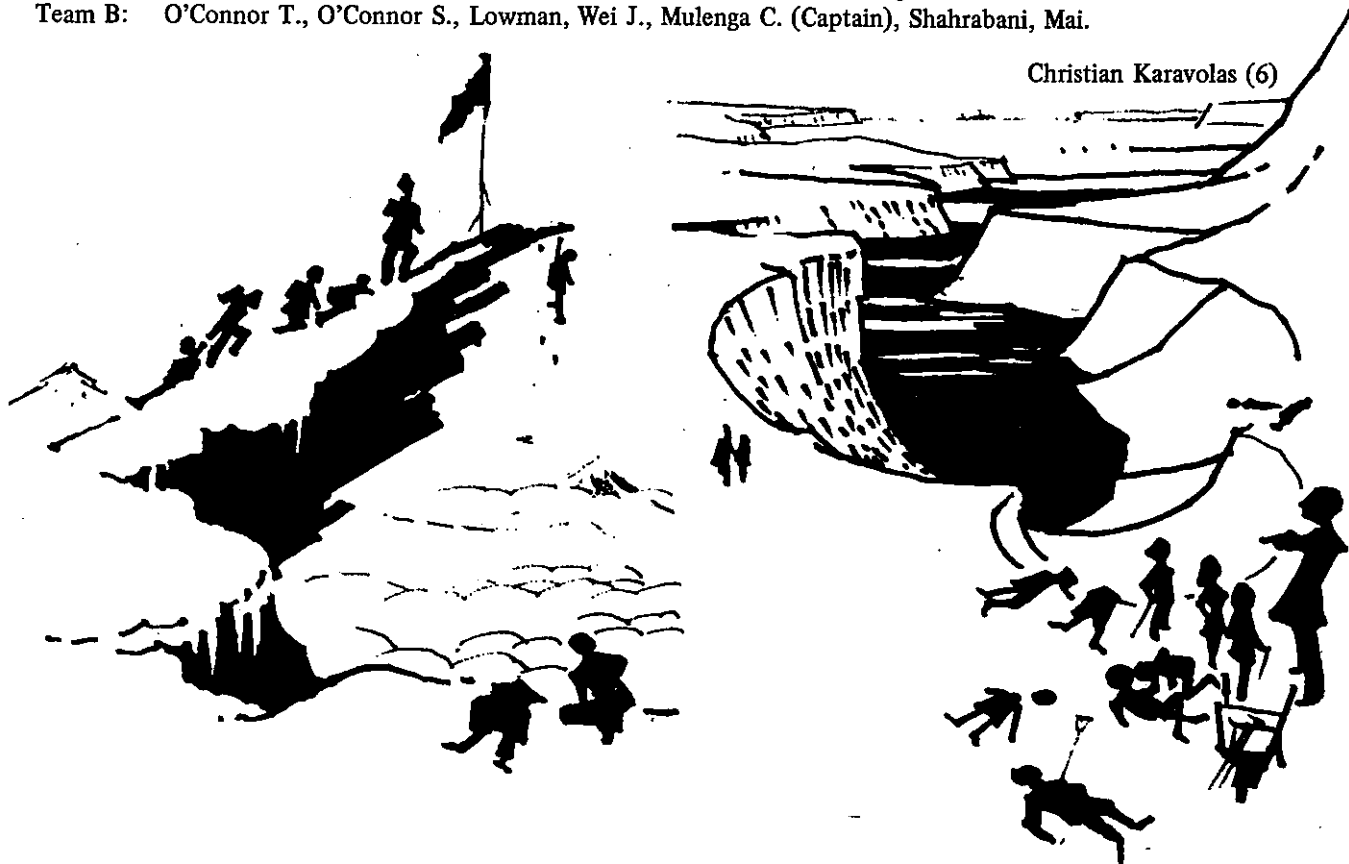
Christian Karavolas (6)

VOLLEYBALL

Volleyball was another indoor activity in which we played quite a few games. We did quite well and usually the team consisted of the following players:

Team A: Karavolas (Captain), Mulenga A., Daniel, Asafu, Er, Wei E., Chilonga.

Team B: O'Connor T., O'Connor S., Lowman, Wei J., Mulenga C. (Captain), Shahrabani, Mai.



'Next time Form 3 I will check the co-ordinates!'

'A bit ambitious for the celery trench 'JB' - don't you think?'

BASKETBALL

Basketball was one of the main indoor activities in which the school took a really keen interest. We played about half a dozen games against Yeovil College, winning a number of them; and I think most of the team enjoyed the games. The team consisted of the following:

Team A: Karavolas (Captain), Mulenga A., Wei E., Wei J., Daniel, Chilonga, Tang.

Team B: Asafu (Captain), Mulenga C., Shahrabani, O'Connor T., O'Connor S., Er, Latchford.

Christian Karavolas (6)

TABLE TENNIS

This year was the first time we organised a Table Tennis team and, although we were not very experienced, we did pretty well in the two matches. In fact, we drew in one and won the other. The team consisted of the following: Karavolas (Captain), O'Connor S., Latchford, Er, Phutayanon, Mulenga C.

The next race was at the County Schools' Meeting. This course was long and hard compared to the practice. Three girls were in the intermediate section. They were Tracey Westcott, who came in 5th place, myself 6th and Donna Bowring who found that she was a little unfit and dropped out. In the Junior Girls' race the Chilton Cantelo House competitors were Dawn Allan (13th), Karen Trowbridge (17th), Anita Holgate (21st) and Anna Telford who eventually dropped out. Four boys also competed. They were Timothy Morley, Robin Wood, and Mark Stevenson who did well in the Junior Boys and Andrew Gregory who didn't do as well as he would have liked, owing to having played a very hard game of rugby that morning. Tracey and I were selected to represent Somerset and Dawn Allan was a reserve for the Junior girls.

The next competition was the South West Schools' which was to be held at Fairford in Gloucestershire. Because of the snow, the Somerset team was not able to go, so Tracey Westcott and myself were put straight through to the National Schools. We both had ten days in which to complete our training. Andrew Gregory helped us as he is quite experienced in this field. We travelled to Windsor on Friday, 2nd February, and stayed the night. The following morning the race was to be held at Windsor Great Park. Tracey and I met the rest of the Somerset team. We were all excited, but very nervous. We were to compete in the intermediate race with 500 other girls. The course was rough and very 'pot holey'. We were quite pleased with our results, coming 298th and 305th, also improving our places in the Somerset team with Tracey Westcott 4th and myself in 3rd place.

We are both sure that if it hadn't been for the patient and encouraging coaching of Mrs. Ridewood we would never have even thought twice about the National Schools' Cross Country Championships.

Kim Birnie (4)

(I found this account quite pleasant reading and I know the school wishes them even greater success this coming season. - Ed.)

CROSS COUNTRY

The first race of the season was just a practice at Preston School, Yeovil. It was a good job too because none of us was really up to standard!

THE CHILTON FOOTBALL SCENE or FOCUS ON 1st ELEVEN

At the end of last year, the school was faced with the problem of who was to play, where, and who was to replace whom, with the big names like Vega, Henry, Crole - and so on - having left the school at the end of the Summer term.

The Autumn term began and the team had to be chosen from only about 80 boys, of whom the majority were Juniors or not soccer players, or, of course, both! The task was not an easy one and finally the first eleven side was selected and consisted of: Chung (a totally new boy to the side coming in to goal with his super fast reactions); Daniel, a very old boy to the side who has secured the flanks admirably; Capozzoli, another totally new boy to the team and with a lot of talent; T. O'Connor, an old yet new boy with very accurate control; Karavolas, coming in from the second team and giving just that much more solidarity to the team's defence. Then the mid-field with myself as Captain, and Er, who has also proved to be an unbeatable midfield player, forming the 2nd part of the Chilton Midfield Machine. Up front came both new and old boys. On the left wing the other Mulenga, coming in from the 2nd team with his dynamite left foot, and Fisher, another young gentleman moving up the ranks with his outstanding shooting ability; Chilonga, a completely new boy to both the school and the team, came in, bringing a new talent that left opponents dazzled. Jalil, the last of the old boys, came in, taking over where Bruce Henry left off, with two every-ready reserves, Tang and Mai, our soccer exiles from Hong Kong.

In the first half of the Autumn term, Chilton won every game with overwhelming goal superiority, 7-2, 7-3, 8-3 and so on, with top scores coming from Fisher, Chilonga, and my little brother, with the occasional goal from the Midfield Machine! The second half of the term began on a rather sad note - we lost to Millfield 4-3, but obviously being back at school for only four days before the first game, the boys did not have much time to get ready for the game. To make matters worse after a whole month out of training, we just could not keep up the pace. By half-time most of the side were tired and out of breath and it was mere determination that saved us from losing by a wide margin. The rest of the term turned out to be a climatical disaster with all games having to be abandoned owing to bad weather.

After this came the 7-a-side Sea Cadet Area competitions in which Chilton was represented by Chung, Er, Daniel, Chilonga, Fisher and our family. We came 'runners-up' in the final, missing the trophy by one goal! Although we lost, we tried our best and certainly did not let the school down. Considering the pressure they had to face before and during the matches, the boys played very well. On the whole, we did better than we all expected, and I am very pleased with the team's performance. I would like to express my thanks on behalf of the team to all the Sports' Staff for their coaching and encouragement in all weathers!

Andrew Mulenga (5.0)

TRAMPOLINING

On any Wednesday afternoon in the Gym at Chilton Cantelo House you are able, if extremely careful and quiet, to observe the strange ritual that pupils go through. The leader of the ceremony stands at one end of a large instrument of torture and makes each participant in turn perform weird and wonderful feats (often painful) on this strange piece of apparatus. For those who survive this ordeal, more terror is in store, as myself and two others, Shaun O'Connor and Finlay Morley, found out. One Saturday we were tied down and driven to Bath Technical College where we had to show how much we had mastered of this strange art. There were many people watching us, but five were paying particular attention. When we had performed our routines on the trampoline the Judges held up score cards, such as we had only seen before on the television. At the end of a very nerve-racking competition, I came 21st out of 47. Finlay came 15th out of 27 and Shaun came 6th out of 6.

I am sure we could not have managed to accomplish this without the help of our coach, Mrs. Ridewood, and surprisingly enough we do thank her for 'twisting the screws'!

It must be pointed out that competitive trampolining was a new experience for both coach and pupils. At this particular competition, there were 500 competitors from as far afield as Redruth and from schools and clubs all over the South West. Now we know what is involved and future standards expected, competitions will be approached with far more confidence by all concerned.

Hilery Lay (4)

SAILING

Depending upon the weather, every Sunday a party of boys and girls travel to the lake, at Sherborne New Castle, in the school minibus. There the basic sailing skills are demonstrated by Messrs. James, Morton and Shortland. With their assistance we are shown how to rig up the boats properly and how to sail single-handed. Many people and very many schools - although only a few locally - take a keen interest in sailing and, who knows, but one day, the Chilton sailors might be in the Olympics!

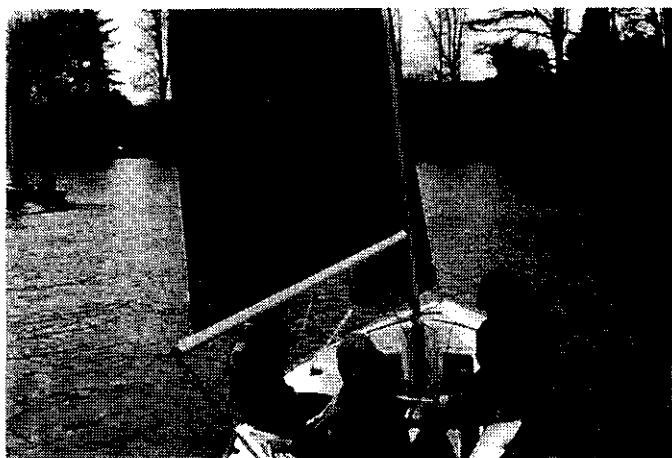
Anna-Marie Telford (J.A)

The school is very fortunate to be able to sail on two very excellent waters - Sherborne Lake and Sutton Bingham reservoir.

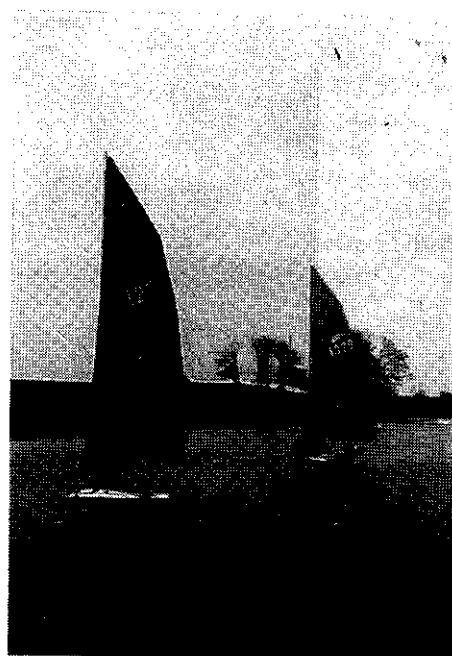
On the lake we moor the heavier and more solid boats such as the A.S.Cs. (Admiralty Sailing Craft) which are 18' long, beamy, somewhat cumbersome, but excellent for beginners, being wonderfully safe! These can be both sailed and pulled and will take 5 cadets easily. The Bosun is smaller, lighter and faster than the A.S.C. and a very solid, safe craft - still much heavier than the craft sailed at Sutton Bingham.

Whereas on the Lake the basics are taught, at Sutton Bingham these skills are further developed by dinghy racing. Here the school maintain several craft for both two-man and single-handed racing - the latter a sport at which the doyen of Chilton dinghy-racing, Mjr. Morton, both presides and participates with absolute magnificence!

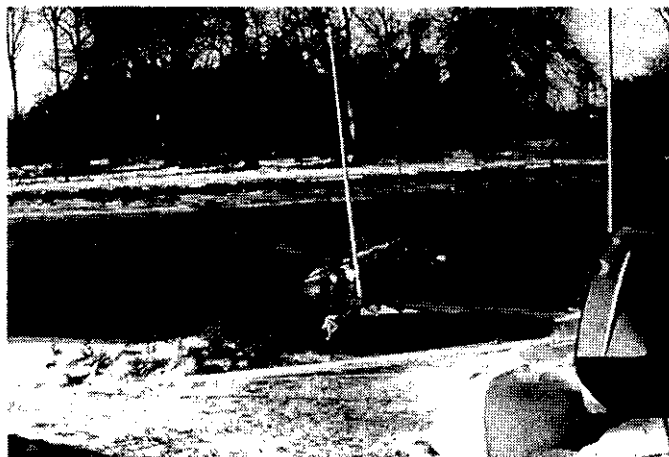
(As a confirmed land-lubber I was once initiated into these quaint, nautical rites by Peter and have, ever since, marvelled at the willingness of others to go! - Ed.)



The author, Mark Rush and Pippa - the 'third mate' - putting out from the boat house.



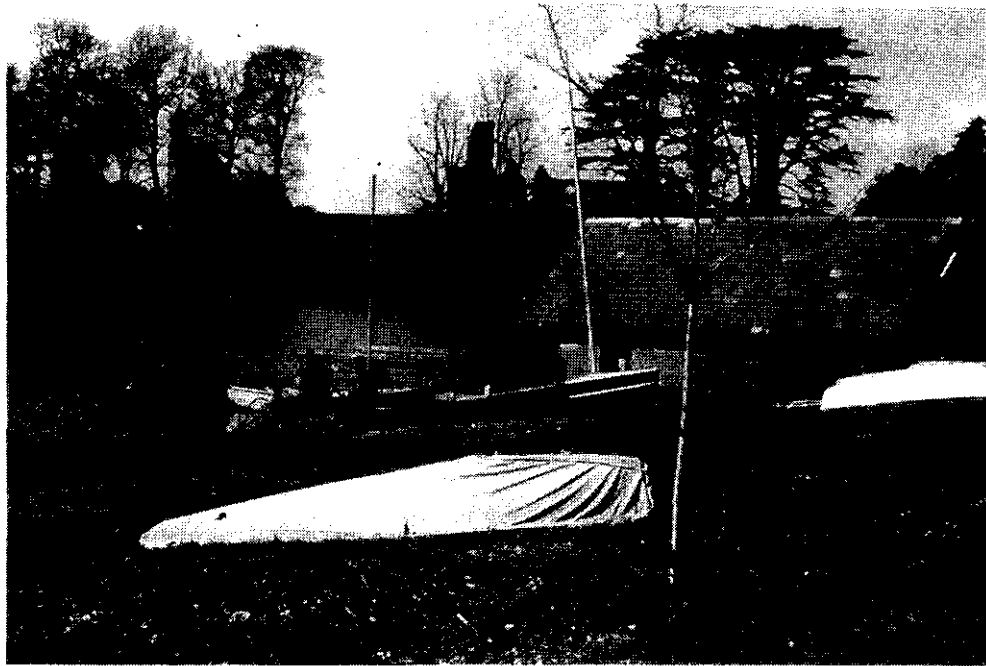
Two 'Bosuns' return, most sedately, from the far reaches of the lake.



In the grip of Winter, the A.S.C. (Admiralty Sailing Craft) 'ice-breaker' just afloat off the boat house.



The sun puts a brave face on a most melancholy scene - again no sailing!



*... and in the Spring a young sailor's fancy turns to ...
(Well your guess is as good as mine! - Ed.)*

RIDING

Every Sunday morning six of us pile into the yellow bus and argue about who is going to sit in front. Finally we reach the Riding School where we use the outside ring. We mount and the lesson has begun!

The riding instructor begins to give us instructions. All goes smoothly until 'Melran', one of the mounts, being his normal self, tries to buck Anita off, but Anita being Anita, skilful, stays on his back. The pony I am riding, 'Kiwi' - who is known to stop when told to trot and canter - decides to have a rodeo show. Finally we dismount to the utter delight of some people and we drag our horses and ponies up to their little box - like houses, for their dinner! Then rather grudgingly we trudge, walk or hobble back to the yellow bus and return to school until next Sunday.

Laura Edey (5.T)

THE FIRST GOLF LESSON

A party of eight golfers, led by Mr. Jones, left school in the yellow min-bus, munching biscuits. On arriving at Yeovil Municipal Golf Course we clambered out and went onto the practise ground to meet Mr. Morris, the Club Professional. We each chose an iron club - from those loaned by Mr. Jones and Richard James - and Mr. Morris showed us how to hold the club properly and then we practised our swing. After removing a vast quantity of divots, we were allowed to 'have a go' with a golf ball. Several of us didn't seem even to be able to hit the ball, but John Dracup excelled himself hitting his first ball well over a hundred yards! Later on, back at school, we had an opportunity to practise and we are all looking forward to our next visit, hoping that there is still some turf left by the end of the course!

John Humphreys (J.A)

MAKING THE MOST OF YOURSELF

This is a course which comes under the 'Design for Living Section' of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme. We are lucky to have with us Mrs. Hughes (Matron), a qualified beautician, and she took us for the sessions. It was a six weeks' course in which we were taught about the components of food and their nutritional values, together with exercise routines for keeping 'in trim'. We learnt how to care for our hair and how to choose a hairstyle to suit one's face; skin care and what it is and why one gets 'spots' and 'blackheads'; how to cleanse and moisturise our face and the right and wrong ways of using make up. On this last subject we were advised as to which brands to buy, depending on skin type and how to apply it, taking into consideration features such as deep set eyes, large nose and how to overcome these problems by the use of eye make-up and blushers.

Another important aspect we found was the care of nails and hands and teeth as part of general hygiene.

It was an invaluable course and Mrs. Hughes was able to answer the varied questions that we put to her. I certainly learnt a great deal and found it very interesting as did the other girls in the group.

Louise James (5.0)

(Actually at the end of the course I did just notice - naturally after very careful inspection - that our 'new girls' were indeed uprated and not merely 'bionic'. - Ed.)

HOW I BECAME A RACING DRIVER

I first had my thoughts on being a racing driver when I was about twelve years of age. I started when my Father took me to a 'Formula One' race at the famous race track, the Nurburgring, where Nicki Lauder had his serious crash and nearly lost his life before fighting back to good health again. After that I tried to persuade my Father to buy me a car to 'muck about in', but he said I was 'crackers'. When I was sixteen I asked him once again and this time he did buy me one.

I passed my driving test when I was sixteen and nine months - I just said I was older than I really was! For my eighteenth birthday my Father spent £1000 by sending me to the Jim Russell Racing School. When I finished the course I asked them if there was a chance of my being a racing driver and was told I stood a very good chance of becoming famous!

My first race was at Brands Hatch, Kent. It was in a 'Formula 500' event which is one of the first events in the 'formula' series of competitions. It was a frightening experience coming up to a corner at 100 m.p.h. with five cars behind you, as it just takes one mistake and you and the others could be dead! I finished the race, eleventh, which was not bad for my first race and certainly very encouraging for the next time.

Rolf Davies (5.T)

MERLIN ROSS' TRAIN ROBBERY

The date was June 11th, 1964.

Merlin met up with the gangsters at 5.00 pm outside Wally's nightclub which was in Soho. It had been pulled apart many times by the police looking for drugs, but nothing ever turned up and no doubt it would be raided many more times. That night Merlin was lucky. There was no trouble. He met up with another two men, John Carter and George Stevenson. Huddled up in a corner, they were talking about their next target. George had

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

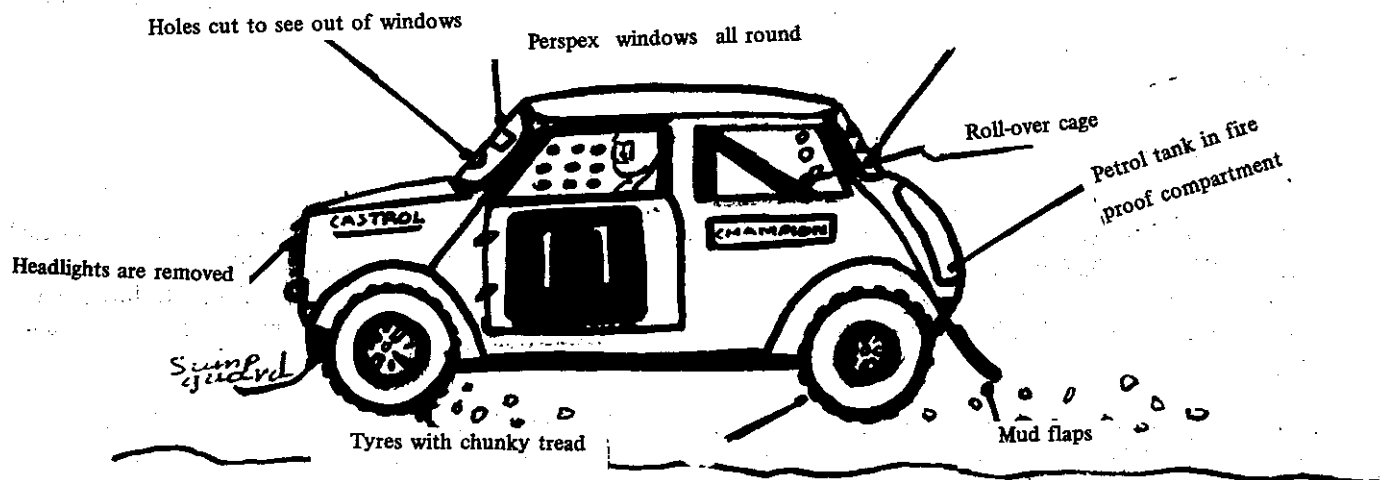
Merlin was a tall, well built dark haired man. John was small, but very good with explosives and 'electrics'. George was a very large man who got involved because he was good at cracking safes.

They talked in the corner about the robbery

Mark Rush (3)

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

A TYPICAL RALLY 'MINI'



RALLY CRY OF THE ENTHUSIAST

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

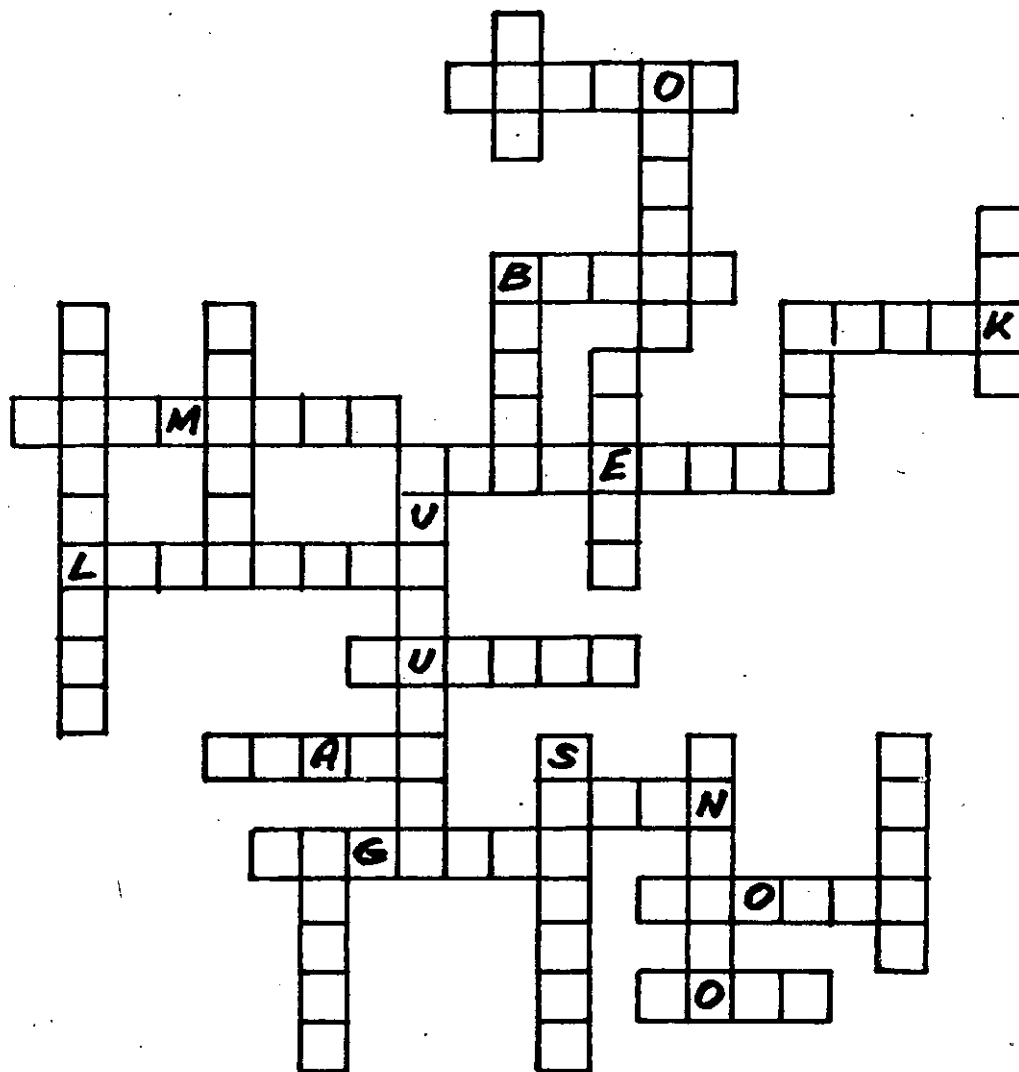
They always travel along a given route to reach their check points by a certain time. If they are early or late they lose marks. They must not go faster than the 30 m.p.h. speed limit on normal roads, or 70 m.p.h. on motorways. The real speed test comes on the cross-country part.

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

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

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

Rhys Thomas (5.T)



ACROSTIC No. 5

CLUES

Red
Purple
Magenta
White

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

CHILTON CANTELO HOUSE
YEOVIL SOMERSET ENGLAND