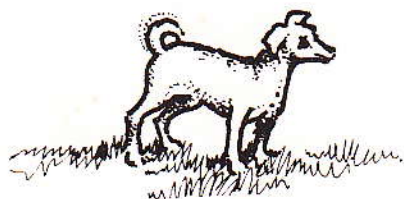
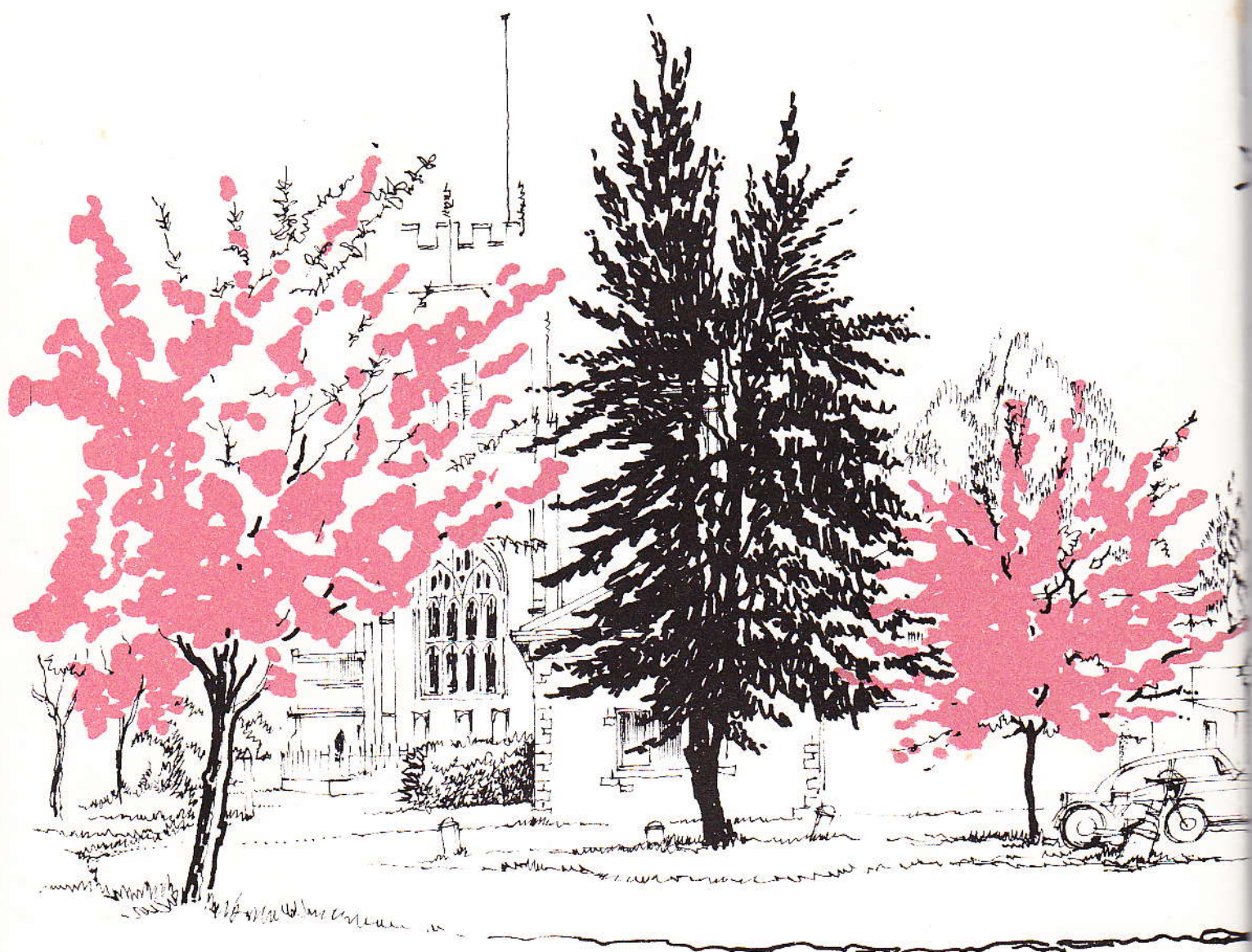




THOROUGHFARE

21st ANNIVERSARY

SUMMER 1980



CHILTON CANELO HOUSE
YEOVIL SOMERSET ENGLAND

1.5.59

Browne P., Fowler R.A., Goldstein S.M., Wyke P.E., Luff J.P., Luff J.J., Clegg A.G., Farnell D., Jackson P.L., Taylor P.R., Trent M.J., Moxon J.R., Thomas H.S., Chana K.

21.9.59

Afdhal A., Ashley K., Basil A., Bebb P., Bousfield P.H., Bulbulia A., Brotherston R., Canner B., Cole R., Cooper D.G., Copland B., Cross R.I., Cutler P.H., Dixon C., Douglass A.J., Franks R.N., Garcia M.J., John N., Kanchanacharoea P., Langlois J., Makkyia K., Malik K., Nahmed E., Norfolk W., Reiter P., Rofe N., Shepherd S., Thistleton R., Garo, Yervanian B.

21.1.60

Robinson M.J., Robinson I.H., Ypsilanti E., Acosta R., Nosnos J., Mathews J.N., Laher H.S., Laher M.A., Kapila J.K., Hugill A., Fartashpour H., Capila A.K.

28.4.60

Ypsilanti D., Williams G., De Taranto R.

21.9.60

Ajdhal H., Beeston A.J., Bourdean M., Collis N., Cunynghame M., Fradgley J., Firbank R., Forwood G., Garratt L., Jacobson J.A., Lawson I., Lewis-Hopkins C., Lutley M., Mahe A., Mathusa M., Millington T., Moulton C., Thomas P., Williams N., Yara I., Fardis A.R., Ranzi H., Rassekh S.

2.10.60

Rastegas A.R., Kendall J.A., Fisher P., Beckinsail G.

18.1.61

Baum G., Blyth R., Bracey J., Cassell A., Cunningham J., Harris N., Maddocks R., Malek J., Olgiate C., Sirleaf A., Winstone M.

13.2.61

Van Wendt G.

28.4.61

Brett A.R., Hamilton-Fletcher T., Handley M., Henstoun-Boswall T.A., Isaac P., Jensen R., Morrison I.E.

20.9.61

Bosworth P.A., Bovill G.A., Faussett-Farquhar H., Freeman N.A., Fenneberg A.C., Hesmonhalgh S., Hill R., Jeanes F.D., Kemp M.H., Leech J., Norman G.A., Smith R.B., T.R.W., Wilton T., Yoothawara I., Skipwith C., Keatley G., Neilson R.D., Triggol P.F., Wegerif S., Leisching P.C.

17.1.62

Thomas R., D'Arcy C., Wilson D.G., Morris O.M., Carew A.K.

28.4.61

Walker J.R., Joscelyne H.A., Franks S.A., Greatbatch R.

19.9.62

Brown S.M., Bullen A.H., Darling G.G., De La Mare R.R., Joscelyne N., Moattar F., Peal A.G., Poulides G., Tyler G., Crew C.

24.9.62

Margeson V.

16.1.63

Papadopoulos E., Chrichton C., Millington C.E., Fowler F.H., Kenrick G.D., Carslake I.R., Seaman D.M., Oakley P., Martyn S., Rose T.

25.4.63

Barnes R.J., Bovey R.A., Clarke N.H., Heanley R.L., Hung H.K., McCall P.L., Turner P.R., Wright A.R.

20.9.63

Carslake M.A., Constantine D.J., Daneshvar C., Fell P.S., Luxton T.J., Murdoch G.I., Smith N.C., Wooding S.T., Bengtsson P.B., Brooking-Clark A.J., Cornejo A., Mainwaring R., Nikanpour F., Shinn J.I., Wooles S.E., Holloway V.J., Holloway P.S.

17.1.64

Weldon M.D., Winckworth M.R., Richards T.D., Daneshvar S.

24.4.64

Linklater K.M., Anderson S.R., Aitchison-Tait D.A.

18.9.64

Essop A., Gool A., Richards R.E., Hadjilias P.

17.1.65

White C.D., Corazza D.D., George D., Noel E., Blancard A.

15.1.65

Eckhart B., Jok D.K.

17.9.65

Chanrai P.C., Chilton P., Cook L.B., English C.J., Finch J., Ling P.Y., Melik-Sarkissian A., Summers G.S., Teja A.F., Turner D.P., Walli A., Petrides P., Hallifax R., Scott R.P., Hahtonen L., Dobell H.R., Zdziechowski M., Van Lessen D.M.

A LIST OF PUPILS

OF THE SCHOOL

FROM ITS FOUNDATION

Murray-Browne C.,

Moghadan M.H., Raney C.H.,
Crew J.W., Crew M.T.

Choucri O., Couche R.P.,
Gillespie A.B., Hayward N.P.,
Murdoch R.F., Neilson A.C.,
Campbell-Moodie D., James N.H.C.,

HEADMASTER'S LETTER

As I write this Chilton will be 21 years old as a school. Perhaps the phrase "coming of age" is appropriate to the occasion, whilst 1984 will bring the more significant milestone of Chilton's Silver Jubilee.

When thinking in terms of milestones it is almost inevitable to look back over past major events and to recall those who have helped to make them. This special number of "Thoroughfare" does, I know, record some of the history over the last 21 years, but having not maintained a diary there must be many which have been overlooked or forgotten. I suppose the most obvious change in the atmosphere of Chilton has been a growing awareness of the need to pass examinations and to leave with as many of those vital bits of paper as possible. In looking back the summers had endless sunshine and the winters often more than a sprinkling of snow, but of course in common with all retrospective views, only the best things tend to be remembered, though we did then have a certain amount of advantage from having a good many older boys, who, at round about 20, could drive cars satisfactorily and who could undertake more complicated adventures. One back copy of "Thoroughfare" even carries a survey of the local Pubs carried out by some of the A level candidates. There were expeditions turned loose at Dulverton with no more than a warning to the local policeman, and collected three days later at Porlock Church. It would be possible to go on resurrecting stories ad infinitum, but what of the future! Like all other Independent Schools we are first and foremost at the mercy of the politicians and most particularly are dependent on the party in power - the more to the Left the more difficult life can become. After that the future must inevitably be one of very delicate and shrewd economics - viable fees, balanced against cost effectiveness.

This year has seen the completion of another stage in the construction of the Lab Block and we have at last acquired a comfortable examination room and lecture room cum prep room and later, with a wooden floor, hopefully an overflow to the Sports Hall. A new room will obviously be one of those things which we take for granted and then wonder how we ever did without it! It would be fair to say that Chilton's Lab Block is now quite a model of its kind and certainly for this size of school.

Whilst considering material things, both past and future, this 21st Anniversary is surely the suitable moment to acknowledge that band of people who, over these years, have given so much to getting Chilton "off the ground" and to where it stands today.

When we started Chilton I am not at all sure what we foresaw as Chilton 21 years later. I think that day probably seemed so far off as not to be worth too serious consideration. The early days were very much a matter of playing it from year to year, if not from term to term! I am sure that the outcome today is a far better one than we would have ever dared to dream of back in 1959.

One old Chiltonian, living twelve thousand miles away once said, "When times are tough I think of the cherry blossom at Chilton." This is what we have tried to reproduce on our cover this year and this is tribute indeed to what Chilton does mean to many boys and girls who have had their school years here.

EDITORIAL

An Anniversary is certainly something to celebrate and having reached the magical 21 years since its foundation, the school can look back, with justifiable pride, upon its many successes. Of these, perhaps the most outstanding is that, under the benevolent eyes of the principals - Captain and Mrs. H. A. Cotes James - their initial concept of a small, senior boarding school has blossomed into the school we all know today. A mixed comprehensive boarding school with a very strong family connection, a low pupil to staff teaching ratio and a tremendously wide range of sports and 'outside interests' that has surely 'something for everyone'.

I hope the same can be said for this issue of 'Thoroughfare' and I would like to take - (indeed who can stop me?) - this opportunity to express my thanks to all pupils and staff who have contributed and particularly to Mrs. Brabyn and Miss Norris, whose sterling work - so very willingly given - has made it possible.

Looking back over the years at what has been accomplished and to be fair, what opportunities have been missed, I am a little saddened that so many pupils leave and apparently disappear - seemingly without trace! That this is untrue is obvious, but what does happen to them and is it not appropriate that an old pupils association should be formed in this our Anniversary Year? The objects are apparent, but what is absolutely necessary is a secretary - from amongst the old pupils - who will accept this challenge and the opportunity here presented. The magazine will be pleased to report your activities, acquire 'baby-sitters' or whatever and the school will be delighted to meet you on Sports Day.

In conclusion, to all those who are leaving this term, wherever you go and whatever you do, be critical of yourselves, appreciative of others and remember, nothing that is worthwhile is achieved without appreciable effort.

I. Thompson

A HISTORY OF CHILTON CANTELO SCHOOL

Having been "commissioned" to write a history of the school I find that it is a much more difficult job than would at first appear.

To go back to the real beginnings of Chilton it is necessary to look back about twenty-five years, to 1955. At that time the "population bulge" was beginning to be felt in schools, since, during the war years the uncertainty of day to day life had produced many more than the usual marriages and the resulting children were coming to school age. In those days many more people sent their children to the Independent Schools, at whatever the cost, and most particularly to the large Public Schools. With our own children and with those of many of our professional friends reaching the age for entry to secondary education we were all finding a situation whereby the major Public Schools were making little effort to expand to meet the educational bulge. Encouraged by our friends we both felt that in the foreseeable future we should do something about this situation and in this we were much encouraged by many of the principals and ideas of Millfield, to which we had been recently introduced.

In starting a school there are several geographical considerations to take into account and one of these is the cost of heating buildings, which can be minimised by setting up in a warmer part of the British Isles, that is to say the South West. Equally, any school has to be within reasonable travelling distance by road and rail from London and from the major airports. Over the next three years we discussed and considered many points of that sort and put together and sifted all our friend's complaints and criticisms about the schools they had visited and their children had attended! Finally, in the late summer of 1958 we put our house and property in Norfolk on the market and at the same time began looking urgently for a suitable large house in the South West. By a most extraordinary piece of luck Chilton was for sale and empty at that time and so, on the 28th November 1958, we reached Chilton at about 8 o'clock on a very dark and foggy night.

The house had then been empty for a year and a half and in the pitch dark, with forty or so jackdaws quarrelling over which chimney they would make their nests in, it was a decidedly eerie place. We deposited a few things in the house and departed quickly with our dog to a hotel in Wells for the night.

On our return next day we realised in daylight the extent of the job we had taken on, although we had previously given the house an afternoon's looking over. The situation was not helped by the fact that the over-confident Removers had made a serious miscalculation as to the amount of transport involved and we therefore arrived with only the bare minimum of requirements, particularly for cooking, which arrived some days later. On enquiry with the Rural District Council we had been informed earlier that the plumbing system was "delicate" and it was very shortly to be proved that that was the understatement of the year! It didn't take us long to reach the decision that Opening Day for the school could certainly not be before half way through 1959 and we set that date for May 1st in that year and opened on schedule.

In effect, in the latter stages of 1958, we were faced with an empty house in which there was no running water that could be turned on and there was one electric light working downstairs and one socket upstairs.

Faced with these problems plus about enough furniture for two and a half rooms, we were extremely relieved with the arrival of John Venus, who will be well known to many Old Chiltonian, one dark and equally foggy night, at Yeovil Junction. He had brought with him a very large metal box loaded with a wide variety of tools which was so heavy that the porter at the Junction was quite determined that it was nailed to the floor of the Guard's Van! On the one hand we were therefore faced with six months of plumbing and electric wiring and collecting furniture, which latter was fortunately available from ex-Government and various other local sales at very reasonable prices. We also had the problem of finding not only staff, but pupils, and of setting our level of fees, which was not nearly as easy as it might sound. At this particular stage in the proceedings we very soon discovered that all those people who ought to know the answers to starting a school, were quite unwilling to give any help at all, in fact quite the reverse. At this time we had an additional bonus in that our children, Sally, Richard and Nicholas were all at Millfield, only ten miles away, and for our first term, in fact our first two years, the Headmaster of Millfield offered us a number of pupils at a reasonable financial return to occupy some of our additional spare beds. In fact, on May 1st, 1959, in the evening of that day, the doors opened to sixteen of our own pupils and twenty boys from Millfield who were to spend the night and weekends with us and be "bussed" over the Street by day. We also had had the good fortune to obtain the resident services of Mr. Dempsey, who is regrettably long since dead, and who was an extremely experienced schoolmaster, having been senior HMI in Singapore. We had also succeeded in enlisting the services of a couple of other local schoolmasters on a part time basis and thus Chilton went to work.

The summer of that year was a monumental one and we seemed to have weeks throughout May and part of June with no rain and just the sun beating down as everybody hopes to find it. In early May, having limited playing field space, we started work on building the swimming pool and it was completed in approximately six weeks. We hired the services of an extremely ancient excavator, an RB10, with a wooden cab, which kept breaking down. We then obtained supplies of, the then, almost unknown Ready Mixed concrete which was delivered from about 6 miles away in 4 yard tippers. Some time in June there was a ceremonial opening in which someone appeared down a wire out of the cedar tree in top-hat and frogman's flippers, whilst another, in frogman's equipment appeared from the depths of the water with a bouquet duly enclosed in plastic!

I suppose probably the next milestone was in the following year when we decided that it was essential that Chilton had some form of military training, if only to get those who aspired to go into the Services off on the right foot. After a good deal of thought it seemed that the Sea Cadets provided the most interesting forms of training, coupled with a certain degree of latitude. Application was therefore made and in due course a rather rudely worded letter came back from the pundits in Whitehall saying that they did not consider that it was appropriate that we should have a Sea Cadet Unit. We were fortunate that at that time we had in the school the son of an MP who was also a senior person in the Admiralty and it was necessary to invoke his assistance, which acted like the proverbial dose of salts! Our Unit officially got off the ground at the end of the year.

It may seem unbelievable that in those days the top of the house was used as classrooms and at one stage even the present bathroom. The common rooms and dormitory 17 were greenhouses, as were the classrooms in the garden and on the other side of the house there were no buildings whatever and only a huge oak wood.

It was at the end of 1959 that a certain P.I. called Charles Shortland, who was on the staff at Yeovilton, gave us his services during the afternoons, or rather some afternoons, to assist with games. As time went on his role here increased and there was an occasion about two years later when a new C.O. at Yeovilton decided to find out how many of his staff were "moonlighting" and Mr. Shortland was caught up in his net. However, after a few broadsides, the matter was sorted out and it was a year or so after that that he joined the Chilton staff full time, having left the Navy.

After those first momentous days, events and years have become impossibly entangled. In the mid sixties the Chilton Fire Brigade was inaugurated and went on a wide television coverage and in 1967 the County decided to sell to us cheaply our present fire appliance which they had thought was virtually unserviceable. The then, Chief Fire Officer was somewhat dismayed to find that not only had we been invited to take the Fire Engine on a week's visit to the City of Caen, but that he was called upon ceremoniously to see us off! In that year too the Volunteer Police Cadet Unit was formed and in 1968 went to Paris and had the dubious honour of involvement in the last stages of the famous Paris Riots of that year.

Many people will wonder how it was possible to construct the many buildings which now surround the house and for the first eleven years this work was done in the evenings and at weekends by Mr. Ted Trevitt and various of his friends whom he managed to rope in. Looking back, the work done then and in that way, was truly monumental and would have cost untold thousands of pounds had it been undertaken on contract. As time went on we literally "drove the jungle back" and gradually created the gardens, the playing area and the classroom and other facilities that we had envisaged years before.

To write a real history of the school would involve far too much space in this magazine and it has, of course, only been possible to touch on a few of the major events that come to mind; and above all it would have been pleasant to have had the space to record and comment upon the many people who gave so much to building the school up and to many of the pupils who have played an outstanding part in its development.

Capt. H. A. Cotes-James



STAFF AND PUPILS OF CHILTON CANTELO HOUSE. SUMMER TERM 1980

Reading from left to right:

Row 1 (Front Row)

R. Warr, C. McFadzean, P. Matheson, J. Gill, J. Howarth, H. Marstrand, J. Redgrave, F. Morley, S. Azman, J. Griffin, P. Robson, C. Appleyard, J. Davies.

Row 2

Mr. P. Bagg, Mr. I. Thompson, Mr. R. Cotes James, Mr. W. Jones, Mr. T. Hardiman, Mr. M. Narraway, Mrs. J. Ridewood, Mr. C. Thomas-Peter, Miss C. Gibbs, Mr. J. Manaton, Captain H.A. Cotes James, Mrs. H.A. Cotes James, Mr. C. Shortland, Mrs. G. Pepler, Mr. M. Edmondson, Miss J. Norris, Mrs. K. Brabyn, Miss P. Slinger, Mr. K. Down.

Row 3

S. Mander, M. Palmer, L. Capozzoli, S. Cox, A. Sobo, G. Rhodes, C. Biles, N. Asafu-Agyei, H. Lay, K. Trowbridge, T. Westcott, A. Coleman, A. Paull, N. Clark, R. Davies, T. Shuaibu, C. Mulenga, A. Gregory, J. Dracup, A. Ademola, W. Stroud.

Row 4

M. Rush, G. Rush, D. Cooper, K. Aboderin, K. Salha, P. Heddell, K. Wilce, L. Cooper, A. Hopkinson, A. Telford, K. Birnie, D. Rhodes, R. Hall, Z. Abdalbaki, J. Humphreys, R. Steel, P. Rutledge, W-F. To, N. David, A. Al Mutawa.

Row 5

P. Read, P. Sondheim, D. Stevenson, C. Ayling, R. Hall, M. Bramble, S. Male, N. Alexander, D. Allan, V. Williams, P. Jones, A. Holgate, S. Potter, E. Ortun, R. Palmer, M. Lloyd, J. Oloko, G. Bowring, N. Palmer, J. Humphreys, M. McDermott.

Row 6

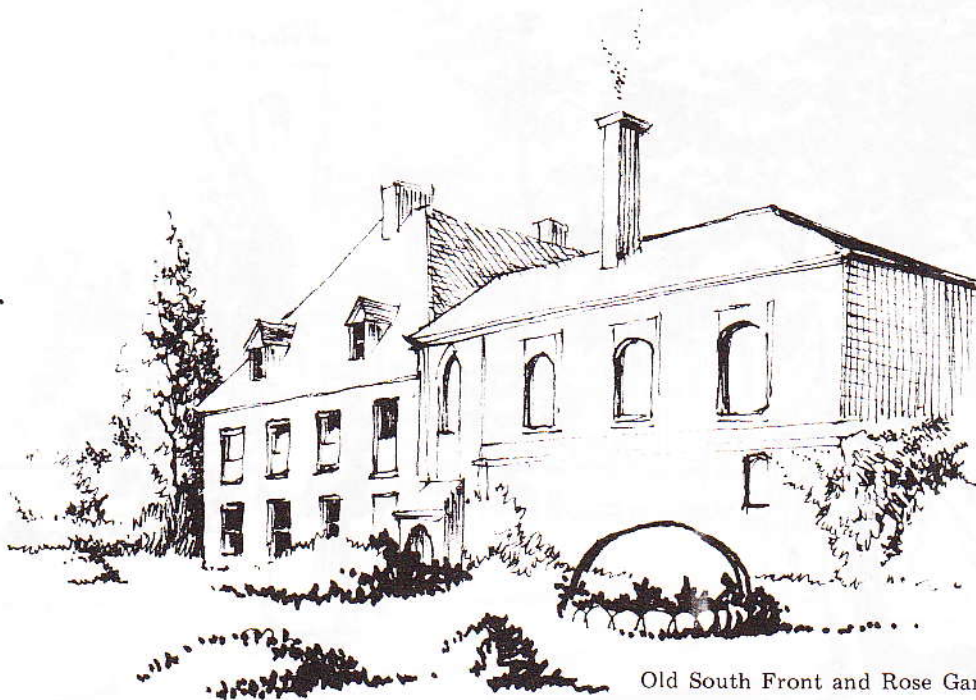
V. Bowring, R. Tye, S. Birnie, S. Wetherall, V. Clark, S. Reeves, N. Strachan, S. Hinchcliffe, A. Wheeler, A. Williams, L. Telford, T. Wheeler, M. Lane, M. Stevenson, M. Keetch, N. Zarrabian, R. Pidgley, T. Morley, E. Curtis-Bennett, C. Morrall.

A HISTORY OF CHILTON CANTELO

In the case of a very small hamlet like Chilton Cantelo it is never easy to find any authoritative information about the history of the village. It is often possible to find a certain amount of interesting information in Church records which in any case never go back before the reign of Queen Elizabeth I. In the case of this village it is not possible by reading the records to discover anything of real interest except for the entry about the man who, in the 18th century, married his son's girl friend to keep her in the family!

Another source of information is the County Victoria History which was written during the last century and which gives a general history of the Manor of Chilton Cantelo since the Norman Conquest, when that school of thought attributes the name 'Chilton' to an abbreviation of 'Churls Town' or in other words a village where escaped and freed House Karls - who were little better than domestic slaves - had set up a sort of commune where they were relatively safe. The name 'Cantelo' is undoubtedly an abbreviation of the word 'Canteloupe' which was the name of the family to whom the Manor was given by William I for their part in the Norman Conquest. Here an element of imagination must inevitably creep in and traditionally one must imagine, in the year of about 1000 A.D., a small collection of huts made of daub or mud on a frame of hazel boughs with thatched roofs in the area of the present Sports Hall and the front of the Higher Farm House. The ground in that area is slightly raised and it can be assumed that the surrounding land, for perhaps a mile and a half in each direction, was very wet and boggy and probably overgrown with reeds. There may well have been just one or two indistinct pathways leading to it from the outside world which not infrequently were known only to the inhabitants and could form a lethal trap for the unwary. Around this group of dwellings grew up also the Manor House, probably on the site of the present house and this might well have consisted of a defensive tower made of stone and a rather larger dwelling than the rest, built also of daub and wattle and with a thatched roof. On the same site, probably between 1300 and 1400, the Church was also built and the tower of that time remains today. It is fair to assume that the house itself will have been rebuilt and generally added to until about 1700 when most of it was constructed in its present form.

At the same time it is generally known that there was a second village, also very small and similarly constructed, in the area of the small wood near the Lower Farm and this disappeared as the result of the Black Death in the 14th Century and, as was often the way when the population was literally decimated, the old site was burned down and abandoned. In this case it would seem that a new site of the lower village grew up in the area of the cottage and farm buildings. For some reason or other this seems to have gradually disappeared and the only surviving element being the "cottage" which seems to have been built in about the middle of the 19th Century in its present form.



Old South Front and Rose Garden

The Lordship of the Manor was held by the Canteloupe family for some 200 years and then appears to have passed to the Earls of Warwick. At the end of the 17th Century the tenure of the property was stabilised in the hands of the Goodford family who owned it up to 1957.

Reference to Burke's Landed Gentry shows that on the 1st May 1710, one Samuel Goodford of Yeovil married Ann the daughter of Philip Taylor of Weymouth and that he married a second time in 1731 Elizabeth, widow of John Old of Yeovil. It would seem that his son was a barrister of the Inner Temple and lived at Trent and he married in 1767 the daughter of John and Elizabeth Old of Yeovil. Thus the Goodford family laid double claim to the property which was then apparently owned by the Old family.

In 1774 John Old-Goodford of Yeovil was High Sherriff of Somerset and he married a daughter of the Phelps family of Montacute. He was succeeded by John Goodford of Chilton Cantelo, who was a J.P. and Deputy Lieutenant and High Sherriff of Somerset in 1816, being himself born on the 27th December 1784.

Further in the line of succession was the Rev. Charles Old-Goodford, D.D., who was Assistant Master at Eton from 1835 to 53. He was Headmaster from 1853 to 62 and became Provost from 1862 to 1884. At this time he was also Rector of Chilton Cantelo with Ashington and himself was educated at Eton and Kings College Cambridge. It is to him that is attributed the most extensive reconstruction of the house and also the rebuilding of all of the Church except the tower at his own expense. It is assumed that the Church was thatched and also of daub and wattle construction and it has been quoted as having "slipped into the road overnight" in about 1859. The subsequent rebuilding of the Church as a substantial stone building was carried out under the instructions of a wellknown London Church Architect called Bloomfield and to this day his plans for all details down to the railings surrounding the Churchyard are to be seen in the Parish.

It is interesting to note the association with the family of Old; a branch of which emigrated to the United States and set up the factory which produced the Oldsmobile car. A little land in the Parish is still in the possession of the Goodford Family Trust. It is understood that the heyday of the Estate was around 1910 when some 2,000 acres were owned by the Goodford family and the property went as far into Yeovil as Chilton Grove. The Higher Farm was then the Home Farm and was tenanted in the first place by the Kerton family in 1914 and subsequently passed into the ownership of that family three or four years ago.



Stable Court and Stream

Chilton Cantelo has, over the years, attained a certain amount of publicity as the result of the alleged activities of the resident ghost - Theophilus Broome. Theophilus is considered to have been a prominent Roundhead in the Worcester district who came into Somerset in the early years of the Civil War and who is credited with having taken part in the small battle between Roundheads and Royalists on Babylon Hill between Yeovil and Sherborne. This battle was re-enacted by the Sealed Knot a few years ago. It was in the year 1646 that Theophilus is supposed to have been wounded fairly seriously in that battle and repaired to the Home Farm where he died. He left instructions that he should be decapitated and his skull kept forever in the Home Farm, whilst his body was buried in the North Transept of the Church. When the Church was rebuilt he was disinterred and it was found that there was indeed a decapitated body in his tomb and this was reinterred again and is the only tomb within the Church. His head may be seen - with its visitor's book - in an ancient cupboard built for the purpose in the Higher Farm. From time to time this story is the subject of television and various newspaper publicity and appears in a number of books on the occult. It is believed that at the time of the Civil War troops were billeted in the Church and it is reasonable to assume that the Saint's niches on the West face were cleared of their statues by the Roundheads also. Subsequently, little of note is recorded in the Parish except for the arrival of a barrage balloon at the end of the war, which became entangled in the spike at the top of the clock tower and the latter was bent at an angle as a result.

Some interesting amateur drawings (copied for the magazine), one made in about 1820, show the house and village as it was with the Mill Stream meandering in front of the Higher Farm and across the front of the house and returning to its present course somewhere in the area of the hatches. The remains of the bridge over this stream was found a few years ago immediately to the West of the house. The entrance to the house at that time was through a front door in the centre of the West face and approached by a path some 30 yards long from the bridge over the stream. The stables, at that time, are shown as a rather romantic thatched and daub and wattle building and quite obviously the present stone building and clock tower were built on the same site during the reconstruction of 1860 and in fact the mechanism of the tower clock is dated 1859.

When we moved into the house and purchased the property in 1958 one of the first jobs was to bulldoze and level the playing field to the South of the house and in the process we uncovered the foundation of what was obviously the old village pest house. A clue to this lay in the name of this particular field, which was traditionally known as 'Pesters'. In the Middle Ages it was customary for each village to have its pest house which was a small building on the edge of a stream and located well away from other habitation. When a person in the village was afflicted by the bubonic plague, which was virtually incurable, they were taken to the pest house with a small supply of food and could obtain water from the stream and it then became a matter of the survival of the strongest.

SCHOOL

School is my dread.
 School is my death.
 'Do this, do that,
 You're in Detention!'
 School rings in my ears.
 'Read this, read that.
 Don't do it again!'
 English, Maths, Art all in one day
 And all in all, it is a slog.
 Pen, pencils, books and rubbers
 All fly over my page.
 All in a day's work you know!
 Competitions, puzzles, games and P.E.
 'They' think of it all you know!
 Jobs, duties all to be done.
 School is my dread.
 School is my death.

Louise Cooper (J.A.)

(A short service will be held - for those interested - immediately Louise has completed her last duty! - Ed.)

... AND THE NEXT 10 YEARS

The following essay is concerned with the fall of the Seeseaich Empire - An Empire that seemed made for eternity, stretching from the A359 to the Sewerage Works; from the Power House to the R.N.A.S., Yeovilton. But the men who succeeded in the conquest of other realms failed to master the passions and ambitions which are the heritage of power. At home, her leaders were locked in personal vendettas - while her armies battled, unceasingly, through forest, stream and railway line. From the piercing cold of the gymnasium to the arid heat of the Woodwork Room - Cchian against Sherbornian, Cchian against Millfieldian and, finally, Cchian against Cchian! This is one of the most exciting and dramatic stories ever told - and it is history as it happened. This was the twentieth century, this was a happy and prosperous people, yet the corruption of the few began a tide of mounting infamy which destroyed the best virtues that had meant greatness, and a decade that changed the face of the world.

The achievements which accompanied the first two decades of the empire were, at first, continued; the first few years appeared as successful and prosperous and many new fields were delved into.

The beginning of 1981 saw radical changes in the realm of politics and education. The Conservative Government was toppled from power after a General Election which had been preceded by a series of shock bye-election defeats. So it was bye-bye for the Tories. Parliament was dissolved when the Somerset Popular Front seized power, abolished private education and established Mudford as the new capital of Britain.

The summer of that year saw some notable academic achievements. Mr. Ed ... n ... son passed his C.S.E. French Grade 1 - a notable pinnacle of study, and many gained entry to Cambridge, Oxford, Leeds, Bristol and Broadmoor. Prefects and Aides were issued with new black ties and the school rules were revised. The 1st XV rugby team had some magnificent victories - especially over Millfield, a carnage ending in a 4-0 win. Four men were awarded colours on the field, a half-day holiday was given, and a fund started for players in hospital. One magnificent achievement was the issue of the choir's first commercial record, which rocketed up the charts to number one. The great achievements were a reflection of the spirit of the establishment, now almost at fever pitch. The Woodwork Department was commissioned to build two ocean-going yachts for the Sea Cadet Corps. A group of Fourth Years scaled Ben Nevis for their Duke of Edinburgh Bronze Award. The Head girl rides Shandy - 1 200-1 outsider - to victory in the Grand National. Mr. M-n-t-n is able to buy a new car!

In early 1982 the changing rooms were demolished to make way for the new Staff car park. The tennis courts and sports store were dug up to provide foundations for new changing rooms. The Sea Cadet Corps won the "Round the Isle of Wight" Boat Race, Mr. Tho-p-on won the 750 c.c. T.T. race on the Isle of Man. The 1st XV Rugby team defeated the Northern Counties Invitation XV. Also, in the vein of the success of 1981, the choir's second record was released. It was asserted, from a high level, that work, academic, should be placed before pleasure. The flood of fan mail pouring into the school, along with reporters and photographers, caused the School Governors to issue an ultimatum which demanded the stoppage of all such activities. The 1st XI football team was elected to the Fourth Division.

1983 saw the worst winter since '77-78. Snow fell up to 6 feet deep. Seeseaich was cut off for fifteen minutes before members of the Lower School, under the direction of the aides, managed to clear a path through to Yeovil. The new changing rooms, complete with steel lockers, underfloor heating, showers and saunas, were finally finished. The Duke of Edinburgh Silver Award group made a few ascents in the Alps. The football team are promoted to the Third Division. The rugby team beat England at Twickenham and 95% of the Fifth Form entered Oxbridge. The aides, who now all wore black suits, were divided into "Cohorts", depending on experience and machiavellian tendencies.

1984 arrived and a Grand Fete was organised to celebrate the school's achievements. Invited guests; - M.P.s, Foreign Heads of State, Bishops, etc. - were offered accommodation at Millfield which itself was being used to house some of Seeseaich's boarders, which now numbered in excess of five hundred. Oxen were roasted, bells were rung and the aides, who now wore peaked caps and black boots - "for protection against the mud" - gave a demonstration of formation movement. The rugby team defeated Wales at Cardiff and the football team was promoted to the Second Division.

1985 was equally eventful - the population of the school was now approaching 1,000. Now an average of over 98% of Fifth Formers passed into Cambridge or Oxford. The football team won promotion to the First Division and the rugby team defeated the touring All Blacks.

(However successful the school was in academic and sporting spheres, the truth lay underneath. The author now delves deeper into the problems and events of the next five years.)

For failing to leave the Staff Room within five seconds after the Five minute warning bell for lessons, all the staff - including the Aitchem and Decaitechem - were sacked and replaced. The aides and prefects now assisted the Administrators in the administration of the school.

1986 saw rising anxiety amongst the lesser ranks over the increasing dominance of the Cohorts, now making rounds before each day began and a morbid dread of the "Blackjackets" arose. A miscreant was dragged off to the aides' room and lashed. A petition deploring this was rejected and the organisers were discovered. The Governors, renamed Chilton Cantelo House School Senate, dealt with them.

In 1987, each day, the pupils were massed together and sang patriotic songs. The Cohorts moved amongst the masses, goading them, and pulling out those who were not singing. At the Tuck Emporium cries of abuse rose as one of the Cohorts pulled out a boy for pushing and beat him. The chanting grew louder and the queues converged. Other Blackjackets came out and dispersed the crowds. A few days later a musician was expelled and the staff rallied round to save him. The C.C.H.S.S. sacked ten more. Other objectors were singled out and dealt with.

In 1988 the Fourth Year Geography group re-routed the River Yeo and dammed it - thus flooding the lower sports field and providing cheap hydro-electric power for the school and surrounding area. During a Junior B. versus Staff rugby match, the spectators began booing loudly when the Junior B. side was penalised after a staff member had stamped on the Junior B. full back's skull. The crescendo grew to such a pitch that the Cohorts were called in, but even they had difficulty in quelling the chanting. Eventually, the spectators returned to their rooms, after minor scuffles.

In 1989 the inevitable occurred, although at the outset the normal day to day life, with its beatings, mass singing and sepulchral silence, punctuated solely by the cries of those who perished, seemed prevalent. The football team won the F.A. Cup, the League Cup and the 1st Division Championship. Other school teams, rugby, tennis, hockey, swimming, cricket and unarmed combat were Champions of Britain. The school also gained a Nobel Prize. But the incoming rate of pupils diminished as the other face of the penny was realised. Then, in April, the bubble of discontent burst. In a French lesson a boy failed to translate "A la Recherche du temps perdu" by Marcel Proust in under five minutes and the master told him to leave the room. The boy protested and was struck with Harrap's New Shorter French and English Dictionary. A button was pressed which summoned the Cohorts. Six black jackets burst in and attempted to drag the lad out. Another boy leaps up crying "Liberty! Freedom!" and, followed by a great cheer he tore a chair leg off and threw himself at the Cohorts. The rest of the class rose and set upon the black jackets, forcing them into the corridor and eventually disposing of them. They tore at all in sight, ripping down the flags and photographs, until they were confronted by further squads of black jackets. With a great roar the two armies clashed and, after a fateful moment's fighting, the rebels drove the trained black jackets back into the courtyard where they split up and spread throughout the grounds, purging them from the products of tyranny. For a few minutes the running battles ensued until simultaneously the Art Block, Library, "Jungle" and Science Blocks fell to the rebels. Their purpose was clear now and in one crushing tide they converged on to what had been the Junior Common Room, where the C.C.H.S.S. were in session. Held only momentarily by a few black jackets, they burst in to the Palazzo del Judicatio. The leader of the rebellion, F. Grimethorpe, strode through the dumbfounded oligarchs and, walking to the Supreme Imperator, raising his knife, said, "Let my hands express what my heart feels." In one stroke he finished the reign of terror. With a great cry the other oligarchs were seized and dragged out into the courtyard. The resistance had failed, the coup was successfully completed. All was now quiet and the eyes of the entire establishment and the country were on the few deposed oligarchs.

The existing hierarchy had been deposed, the original Aitchem and Deaitechem were recalled. Original power was redistributed. All was as before.

The Year of Revolution passed with great hurdles of academic achievement being overcome. All was well, now the links between master and pupil were strong and good; nothing evil remained.

1990 came and the thirty-first anniversary of the school was celebrated. "Thoroughfare" started to appear daily and soon its circulation surpassed the combined figures for the "Times", "Telegraph", "Guardian", "Sun", "Mail", "Mirror" and "Express". The fame of the new C.C.H. had spread abroad, far and wide, from U.S.O. stations on Easter Island to the mosaic heights of Oxford and Cambridge. The task of clearing the tangled web of infamy had commenced and, under the firm guidance of the originals, the past was forgotten and all eyes turned towards the new road of success and greatness.

Acknowledgements to sources of supply:

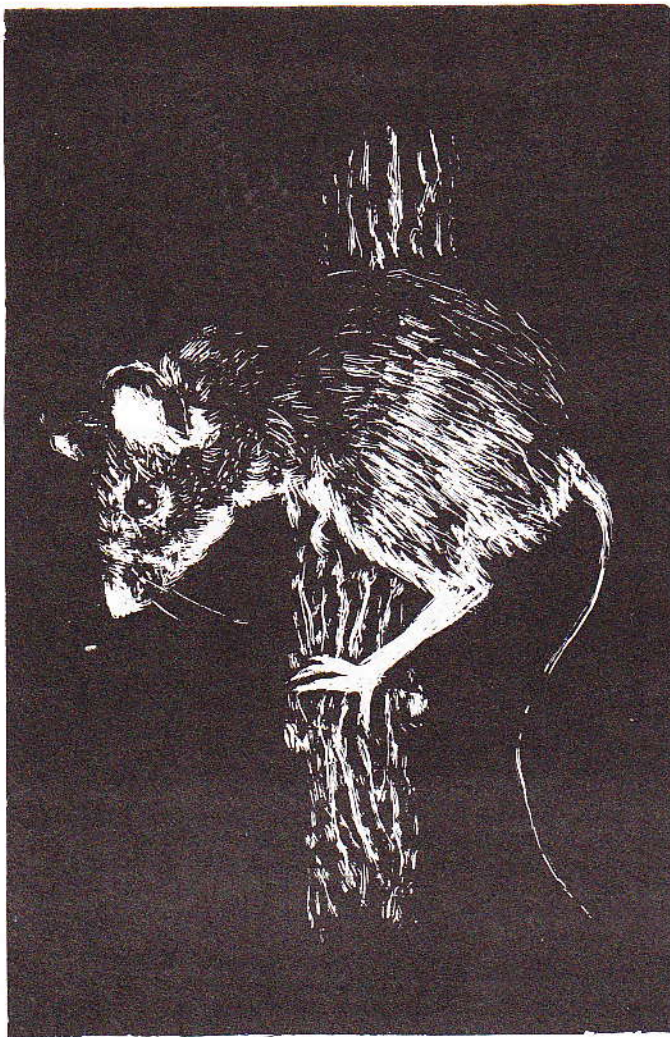
W. Shakespeare, Nisi '64 Macbeth, James Bond.
Henry VIII, C.C.H., A.A. Milne, Oswald Spengler.

(The preceding essay is entirely fictitious and the writer shall remain anonymous in the interests of State Security! - Ed.)

TOP TEN

1. 'Cruel to be kind' - the Aides and Prefects.
2. 'Message in a bottle' - Graham Rhodes.
3. 'I was made for dancing' - Sally Potter and Nick Clark.
4. 'Tragedy' - JA and JB cookery class.
5. 'Grease is the word' - Paul Sondheim and Mark Rush.
6. 'In the Navy' - Chilton Sea Cadets.
7. 'Bang Bang' - Heads of dorms.
8. 'Bright Eyes' - Mark Palmer.
9. 'Hot Legs' - Pippa Jones.
10. 'Save me' - pupils of Chilton.

Dawn Allan (J.A)



Dormouse - a scraper board illustration

by Debbie Rhodes (4)

EVOLUTION OF MAN

Man who evolved from apes
 Slowly through the centuries.
 Has fought his way silently
 through the centuries.
 To be classified a 'higher animal.'
 He is now the object of terror and admiration.
 To his once fellow-comrades, the 'lower animals.'
 Man has wrecked.
 Man has plundered.
 Man has destroyed
 Either through wars
 Or by eliminating himself or other lower animals.
 Man has also created.
 He started the beginning of civilisation
 Creating modern health facilities and transportation.
 But is all this worth the suffering the human and
 animal race is going through?
 For Man's bad deeds have been following him silently
 Like a curse through the centuries.
 Man who thought he was cunning and could escape
 his destiny by evolution,
 Has forgotten that destiny cannot be changed or cheated.
 Man who is now passing through the age of civilisation
 Has turned back to his primitive ways without knowing.
 For he has taken to the law of the jungle
 Where it has become the survival of the fittest.
 For in man's civilisation it is the rich who survive
 and the rich who also pollute society with corruption.
 This is no surprise,
 For through the centuries past
 Man has not learnt his lesson
 But has made himself an object
 of laughter to his once fellow-comrades, the animals.
 But was Civilisation and the evolution of Man
 Worth the LIFE Man was living peacefully and without trouble
 as an ape?

Adeneye Ademola (4)

EXAMINATIONS

As we all perhaps only too painfully are aware - 'things just ain't what they used to be' - and there are increasing demands upon our young people. With unemployment perhaps increasing to two million by the end of the year, it appeared to the teaching staff that particular steps need to be taken to give our students the best chance of success in the 'National Examinations' Whatever these are - and many changes are currently proposed, but not yet agreed - and not forgetting for one moment that success in life is not necessarily success in examinations, we have begun a system of internal examinations and records, which we believe will greatly assist our pupils in the future.

Hitherto the Junior School was not examined and we are inclined to the view that ignorance of examination procedure was not necessarily bliss, but could prevent some Senior pupils from doing full justice to themselves - being overawed by the alien environment and mystified by the formal phrasing of questions. Accordingly the Juniors will be examined once a year in the second half of the second term and the Seniors every other term. A typical Senior programme would be as follows:

- Exam. 4. 4th Year - 2nd half, Spring Term.
- Exam. 5. 5th Year - 2nd half, Autumn Term.
- Exam. 6. 5th Year - 1st half Summer Term - C.S.E.
- Exam. 7. 5th Year - 2nd half Summer Term - G.C.E.

This it is felt, will give both staff and students alike the best opportunity for work and reward.

In order to throw a little more light on the current, fluid examination position, it will be understood that before changes can be made, a revised scheme has to be agreed by all 'interested parties', a total syllabus prepared and taught for at least two years, examined and the results to be acceptable, nationally, by all employees. This could take four years (1985 examinations) at the very least and, in the meantime, the present system continues! This lack of acceptance has perhaps made the C.S.E. - essentially a teacher oriented leaving examination - a little suspect to employers used to the G.C.E., itself a fairly recent - 1950 - substitution for the old School Certificate and Matriculation.

Recent proposals have qualified the old/new relationships between C.S.E., G.C.E. and G.C.S.E. as follows:

Grade A	G.C.E.		Grade 1	G.C.S.E.) Accepted) F.E.) standards as 'passes'
" B	"		" 2	"	
" C	"	Grade 1, C.S.E.	" 3	"	
		Grade 2, C.S.E.	" 4	"	
		" 3, C.S.E.	" 5	"	
		" 4, C.S.E.	" 6	"	
		" 5, C.S.E.	" 7	"	

- to give seven grades. Little mention has been made however of a fundamental difference between C.S.E. and G.C.E. in that the former is, in theory, largely teacher controlled and marked. Many advantages are claimed for a revised system, chief of which must be an overall reduction in examination time (currently nearly two months of the summer term) and it is not my intention to discuss these here - simply to state the relevant facts.

Whatever the future holds for us, 'yours' - ideally 'ours' - you as parents can be assured we shall do everything to meet the challenge.

(The official abbreviations used in this article are:-
 C.S.E. - Certificate of Secondary Education
 G.C.E. - General Certificate of Education
 G.C.S.E. - General Certificate of Secondary Education)

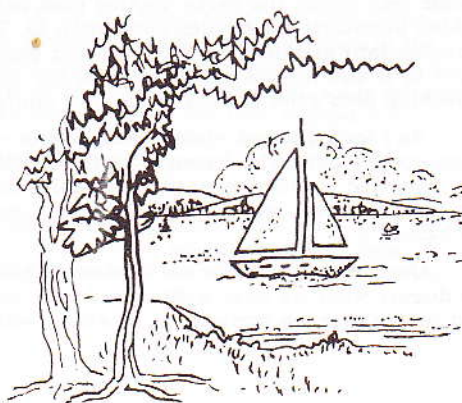


Illustration by Debbie Rhodes (4)

"A CHRISTMAS CAROL"
(Or: "Just a Song at Mark Time")

Sitting in the exam like a pack of fools,
Looking at our compasses, champing on our rules.
First we draw a circle; then we draw a square,
Finding out the cosine; tearing at our hair.

Today we've got the maths exam. Isn't it just great?!
It's not so much the tangents, as all the logs I hate.
Then there's all those fractions whizzing in my brain.
I've just mucked up an 'x' curve,
I'll rub it out again!

All this week I've had it, pushed into my head:
"Area is base times height" - is what I think he said!
Can you draw a cylinder and bisect an obtuse angle?
Can you ever get an answer out of all that tangle?

Now it's nearly over; just ten more minutes left.
Better leave the ruler, or I'll get done for theft.
Handing in our papers, rushing through the door
Just in time for Sea Cadets and more Naval fun ashore!

Moral: If you move your Pythagor-as and Number 8's your lucky number, you'll all be able to go round in (number) 3's and form eternal triangles.

T. Hardiman

THE EXAM

The exams are approaching very fast and revising doesn't come easily to me of all people! The teachers are always telling us the same thing.

"Stay calm and you will be all right!"

I think to myself,

"They've done their exams. - look at the results - we have ours yet to come."

The first exam is here before we know it and the senior school is in uproar. Pupils are rushing around everywhere grabbing a ruler here and frantically trying to borrow a pencil there, from anyone within reaching distance, whoever he may be.

We enter the hall where we are to sit the exam, and gaze worriedly at the rows of desks and chairs which stretch, never ending it seems, before us. Where shall we sit? It must be near someone we know, even though it isn't going to make much difference once we start. The invigilator - grand title for the teacher in charge - hands out the exam papers and tells us not to look at them until we are told to. Chairs are shuffled about and people lean across the desks wishing each other good luck. At the appointed hour we are told to begin and a sudden unnatural silence descends upon us. The atmosphere becomes strained as we try to stir our motionless thoughts into markings - words - on our papers. The clock on the wall seems to become louder the more we listen to it and it ends up booming in our ears. Paper rustles every now and then as a page is turned and the squeaking pens echo as they come into contact with the waiting paper.

As I look around - between thoughts - I see many anxious expressions. Some people have fallen asleep; these are the ones who haven't bothered with revising and are now either regretting it, hoping to get a job any way they can or perhaps both. The exam draws to an end and I finish writing and check over my paper for any little mistakes which could cost me a mark. As our papers are gathered in, many signs of relief, or regret, are heard.

Once we are outside we all start to talk at once and laugh nervously, hardly believing that it is all over. We discuss what we have written and give our opinions as to whether it was difficult or easy. Now that the first one is over we know what to expect and so the next one isn't quite as bad, or am I deluding myself?

Kim Birnie (5.0)

ANYONE FOR TENNYSON?

(Or, the rush'n tumble of mocks)

Today we had the English test. Wasn't that sublime?
Opinions ranged from, "That was good",

to, "What a waste of time!"

The first half hour went by so fast just
staring at the ceiling;

I called upon my jaded muse, but
"couldn't get no feeling".

At last there came a flash of fire and inspiration with it.

The salamander, over keen, had fallen off its trivet.

We'd just got down to work again and all the dust had settled,
When in came teacher fluffing round and looking gen'ly nettled.

"I'm very sad to have to say it, now you've got this far.

It should read, "Is the author to the point?"

Not, "Blunt, pass the Samovar." "

Well, I had got me pencil out and really had a try.

I had this smashin' story ready all about a spy.

I'd shook some Shakespeare, mangled Milton,

had a "Bysshe" at Shelley (no offence meant)

Some essays I'd done really well - Ah, miracle of telly,

Where you can see, in six hour parts,

Adapted novels, smutty plays and others from the "Arts".

Who needs to read, or even write?

We'll see it on the box!

On points of grammar wears' the knead

Too simply pul upp sox?

The test is over. Tired out, I think I'm near to death.

I scribbled till I nearly dropped and wrote a new "Macbeth".

Moral: "Orwell, if you don't want to learn and be better off than you are - you could be swinging on a (Morning) Star - perhaps you'd rather be a mole.
A mole is an animal"

T. Hardiman

CHILTON ENGINEERS

This new activity has been introduced to Chilton by the persistence of six 5th Form boys twisting the arms of the Headmaster and Mr. Manaton. The members of the engineering group are G. Rush, A. Gregory, M. Higgins, L. Capozzoli, S. Cox and myself, K. Wilce. We have two, sometimes four, lessons a week, each of forty minutes. These have been going on now for two terms and we have achieved a considerable amount of practical work.

The object of these lessons is to improve our knowledge of the working of petrol engines in general. So far we have stripped down four engines, three of which were given to us by the Headmaster and the fourth by Mrs. Male, for which we are grateful. We have had two temporary workshops whilst we have been in the process of arranging our own workshop. We have now equipped a small room with a bench able to withstand the weight of a Mini engine and have fitted a lighting system. We have been equipped with basic tools supplied by the Headmaster and overalls which we have obtained ourselves. We have stripped the four engines and compared their systems to see how they operate. We have also taken apart a Mini and in time hope to re-assemble it in the workshop with the engine mounted on a framework and the exhaust pipe leading out through the wall.

We have also started building in our spare time a transparent plastic working model of a V8 engine, which shows in great detail the mechanism. Apart from all this we assist the school when asked to during these mechanics' lessons. It is something we enjoy doing and would hope it will be very useful for everyone in years to come.

Keith Wilce (5.0)

MATHEMATICS

There is at present a certain amount of controversy about the content and method of mathematics teaching and this would seem to be a good occasion to put down a few thoughts on this subject. Much dissatisfaction has been expressed with so called 'Modern Mathematics', so first of all to clear up one misnomer, there is nothing very modern about it; many of the ideas being several centuries old. What was or is modern, is the approach to teaching. It had been said that the "old fashioned" method relied too much on the teaching of tricks; rather like teaching a dog to jump through a hoop. The new idea was to get the pupil to analyse a problem and provide a viable solution; encouraging the pupil to think for himself. What has happened in most schools is that teachers have assimilated some of the new ideas and combined them with the old, in an attempt to get the best of both worlds.

However, what has been worrying is the situation that seems to have crept into some primary schools, where the introduction of 'modern' topics has led to the abandonment of the teaching of basic numeracy. It is particularly unfortunate that the growth of modern mathematics coincides with the change to S.I. units and decimalisation. This has caused a void in the Primary school syllabus which had been previously occupied by the teaching of yards, feet and inches; hundredweights, stones and pounds; and money in pounds, shillings and pence. It is regrettable that the grateful release from this chore was greeted with such enthusiasm that the teaching of the necessary underlying concepts has been discarded!

In the Secondary school all that can really be done is to tackle the problem as soon as it manifests itself and to give as much teaching in the basic concepts as possible, early in the child's career in the school.

Not only has the last twenty years seen many changes, but the future is, to some extent, shrouded in mist. Early decisions will have to be made regarding the use of calculators in the school and how to prevent their use causing a further fall in numeracy. Following on there is the micro-processor. The micro-processor is the core of the micro-computer and these are now available for as little as £80 and their use, or abuse, will have to be taught somewhere in the curriculum with the Mathematics department the obvious place. Somehow they will have to be fitted in somewhere and without disrupting the entire curriculum or syllabus. There are no easy answers and much thought will have to be given to the future in order to make sure that the pupils at Chilton Cantelo have at least as good an opportunity as their contemporaries elsewhere.

SEA CADETS COMES OF AGE (ALMOST!)

The history of the Sea Cadet Corps at Chilton is almost as old as the school itself. Although having been in existence for several months beforehand, it wasn't officially recognised until December 1960. Although the Magna Carta cannot confirm it, it is believed that the original complement was 35 boys! The Commanding Officers was a Lieutenant Counce(?), the Woodwork master, aided and abetted by First Lieutenant Haslock - an English teacher. Someone called Shortland - also a First Lieutenant - was present on occasions, moonlighting from his then, full-time job, in the Royal Navy.

Unlike the Swiss Navy - the Chilton cadets were not completely land-based, making use of an ex-RAF lifeboat, the 32 foot alloy made 'Snowgoose', generously loaned by Captain James. She was powered by a small petrol engine and graced the waters of Poole Harbour for a number of summers until replaced by various other boats. These included a fast naval boat and a 27 foot whaler. Both of them found the waters of Poole Harbour positively unhealthy, as both rotted away after two or three years.

Nowadays, the Sea Cadet Corps can boast a number of vessels. As well as one Bos'n which is a 14 foot sailing dinghy - and a "Renser" (RNSA - Royal Naval Sailing Auxiliary) a 14 foot 'klinker built' sailing boat - there are seven canoes and a K.2. double seater canoe. The latter has taken part in the annual 120 miles Devizes to Westminster race on the Thames. The Sea Cadet fleet is supplemented by two 'Enterprises' and a '4-2-0' owned by the school.

Instead of rotting away in Poole Harbour, these boats are put to good use - particularly during the summer and autumn terms. The Sea Cadet boats are kept on Sherborne Lake - being sailed on Fridays and Sundays and the school boats are kept at nearby Sutton Bingham where membership of the Sailing Club there permits sailing on Thursdays and Saturdays.

The sailing activities of the Sea Cadet Corps were given a tremendous boost by the arrival of Major Peter Morton at the school in 1967, ostensibly to teach Geography. A keen and accomplished sailor himself, it wasn't long before his expertise began to "rub off" on some of the boys. They were very soon winning the District and the South-Western Area Sailing Championships. For several years the Unit has been represented by boys at the National Sailing Regatta.

During the last few years the Sea Cadet Corps nationally has been changing over to the Royal Yachting Association system of instruction. The depth of Chilton's experience in this "field" was amply demonstrated in 1979, when several cadets qualified at levels ranging from elementary to advanced.

For those who turn green just taking a bath, let alone battling with the high seas, the Sea Cadet Corps has been involved in a number of land-based activities. In 1963 they provided a Ring Party at the Royal Bath and West Show - which took place for the first time at the new, permanent County Ground at Shepton Mallet. Two years later they were well represented at the Bath Pageant, demonstrating the skill of Fire Fighting and providing a High Box P.E. Display Team.

More recently, the unit has been involved in the annual Furness-Withy Art Competition. In 1978 and 1979 our entries were placed and some £500 prize money won, being used to buy two canoes and clothing for the unit. This year, four entries have been submitted to the National Finals, but the result will be known after 'Thoroughfare' has gone to press.

A review of the Sea Cadet Corps would be incomplete without some mention of the work of the Girls' Nautical Training Corps. A unit of this sister organisation of the Sea Cadet Corps was formed at Chilton in 1962, with four girls under the command of the French assistante, Mademoiselle R-C Argence. Since those days she has returned to the school several times, as Madame Moskova, which all goes to show that they don't harbour too much of a grudge since Trafalgar.

In the past, the GNTC has been very much involved with sailing and other activities. Between 1963 and 1972 they too were busy at the Royal Bath and West Show - providing a very valuable service for visitors, both in the role of guides as well as interpreters.

Since 1963 the Sea Cadet Corps has been privileged to have the use of Hamworthy Boatwork Station at Poole. This is situated in the Royal Marine Barracks and is the Boatwork Station for the Southern Area. The object of attending the Boatwork Course is to get cadets qualified in pulling (that's rowing for any landlubbers among you), sailing and power. Each course consists of thirty cadets from all over the area and is split up into groups from two to five, depending on which boats they are using. Various types of boat are kept at the station, from Bos'ns to A.S.C.s (Admiralty Sailing Craft). On Saturday evenings the cadets are able to use the splendid gymnasium and swimming baths at the station. From Chilton there are opportunities for thirty-six cadets and twelve instructors to take part in twelve courses per year.

'Tempus fugit' - so what of the future? Well, even now as copies of the Jubilee 'Thoroughfare' (each one a collector's item) roll off the presses, members of the S.C.C. and G.N.T.C. will be at their annual camp at Cleavel Point, Corfe Castle. This is the fifteenth successive camp and the twelfth time at Cleavel Point. For the second time the girls will be camping on their own.

Every year since 1967 the unit has won an efficiency pennant - demonstrating the support it provides for District and Area functions. In 1973 a burgee was awarded - which is, in effect, an efficiency pennant plus. It obviously bodes well for the future if this tradition continues.

Since its early days the Sea Cadet Corps Unit (and the Girls' Nautical Training Corps Unit) has been a valuable and integral part of life here at Chilton. It looks certain to continue, especially while another 'tradition' endures, that of the C.O., Lt. Commander C. Shortland, who, after twelve years has received his long service and good conduct medal, and who looks set, in two years' time, to gain his long service bar.

The present unit, some eighty strong, is led by the Commanding Officer, Lt.Cdr. C. Shortland, assisted by the First Lieutenant, Lt. R.C. James and two Divisional Officers, Lt. C. Thomas-Peter and Lt. J. Manaton. Mr. G. Jones and Mr. M. Narraway also help in their capacity of Civilian Instructors. Regular Thursday parades are followed by classes in boatwork, drill, signalling, .22" shooting and adventure-training.

In addition to the boatwork training carried out locally and at Poole, parties of cadets have been away on sea training trips both in M.F.V.s (Motor Fishing Vessels) and in the Sail Training Ship 'Royalist'.

Officer sea training courses are at present being undertaken with the aim of qualifying staff of the unit to take motor and sailing craft on off-shore cruises. Such qualifications will make our ability to 'go to sea' much more flexible, and, after all, it's the 'sea' of Sea Cadets which is what it's all about!

In a previous issue - Summer 1978 - details of a particularly inspiring voyage made by Edward Danby in 1977 were given and he now figures prominently in another sailing activity - the America's Cup. This international Challenge Cup, initially offered in 1851 by the Royal Yacht Squadron and first won by 'America' - a New York yacht - will again be raced for this year. The U.K. challenger is the 'Lionheart' and Edward, as a crew member, is sailing in the working up trials.

The school, past and present, wish him and the 'Lionheart' every success.

THE SEA AND I

As I walked along the calm beach
the sea was slipping then slapping.
All of a sudden the sky went black
and the waves began to crash
violently under the rocks. Drowned in foam,
gurgling and yelling in fury.
The roaring waves fled in shame
and all of a sudden it was calm again.
As the waves lapped gently flowing,
sliding, across the yellow sand.

Lisa Telford (J.B.)



Illustration by Debbie Rhodes (4)

THE RED FLAG

Yes, ever since three of the staff went on a course last year to the R.N. Gunnery School at Whale Island, Portsmouth, the red flag has flown at Chilton. That was the first time that we discovered such a flag must be shown as a safety measure in the rifle range!

Always a popular sport here, .22" shooting has now developed into quite an important part of the Sea Cadet Unit's activities. All cadets take part and those who are keen and show promise are trained with a view to taking part in competition.

Three shooting positions are in regular use with a fourth being available at a pinch. The main weapons used are three Anschutz rifles, these being accurate and not too heavy for even our smaller members to use. In addition there is a "Unique" rifle, a superbly accurate weapon but a bit too hefty except for our more burly members.

A little ingenuity and patience is needed to shoot at Chilton as the 'Rifle Range' is variously used as a woodwork store, a place for constructing almost anything, a home for the motor mechanics' group and a drying room for sails or tents. Nevertheless a great deal of effort has gone into improving our standards and last year and this year cadet teams have reached the finals in the Western Area knock-out competitions, a very creditable effort.

This year a group of half a dozen boys have been taking .22" shooting as an "Interest" subject for the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme, and no doubt this type of activity will continue in the future.

One thing is certain, shooting at Chilton is on the up and up as there are always more pupils pressing to take part than can be accommodated in the limited time available for our activities.



Illustration by Debbie Rhodes (4)

THE SEA

The sea dances in the wind,
And begins to moan as if it were crying.
A gull rides the waves as if it were on a horse,
It takes to the air and flies away.
On the shore an agitated crab
darts across the shore
and into a minute hole.
A silver fish gracefully glides,
stealthily rising.
It glances at the blue sky and falls back.
Back into the murky water.
Snow white foam rushes on the golden sand
twinkling in the sun.
Overhead a big black cloud appears,
Waves begin to grow.
The sea becomes angry and rough.
Birds find it hard to keep control,
and flounder on their wings.
Again nothing,
The water becomes calm,
The day begins to die.
Darkness falls
across the rippling water.

Robert Tye (J.A.)

LIFE SAVING

For over 80 years the Royal Life Saving Society has carried out its voluntary work in the cause of reducing loss of life from drowning. It uses many techniques which have improved over the years, but in mastering the techniques there is both a physical and mental challenge which will be found to provide a splendid and worthwhile form of recreation for people of all ages, particularly the young.

Here at Chilton we have always been very much interested in Life Saving and over the last 21 years many masters and pupils have taken part in Life Saving classes. We have had qualifications from Grade I Royal Life Saving Examiner, down to Elementary Awards.

Below you will find some typical questions which are asked at the examinations. Have a go and see if you can answer them and if you can't take a deep breath and just turn to the back pages! Good luck -

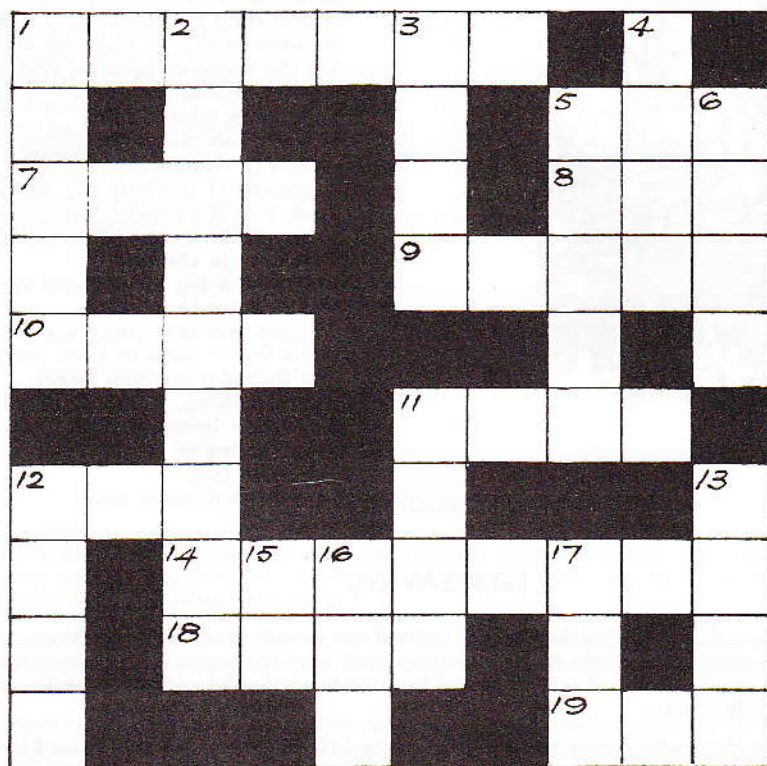
C. Shortland

LIFE SAVING QUIZ

1. Why are areas of open water dangerous?
2. What information is there on beaches to indicate (a) danger areas? (b) safe areas for swimming?
3. What might you find in a car to use as a "Reaching Aid?"
4. How would you attract attention should you fall into the water?
5. How would you hold a rope before throwing it to a casualty in difficulty?
6. What must be worn in a rowing boat, dinghy or canoe?
7. What is the emergency call telephone number?
8. On reaching for a casualty in difficulty, how would you ensure that you do not fall into the water?
9. Name the two tides, 'In and Out'.
10. What action would you take having pulled someone out of the water
(a) If breathing; (b) If not breathing?
11. Name 3 articles to be found in a caravan which may be used to effect a rescue.
12. How would you escape from a sinking car?
13. How would you look for a body in a swift flowing stream?
14. ... and a body trapped in ice?
15. ... and from underwater reeds, weeds, etc?
16. If your boat turns over what would you do?
17. When would you use a Cross Chest Tow? Why?
18. When would you use a Chin Tow? Why?
19. When would you use an Extended Chin Tow? Why?
20. When would you use a Non Contact Tow? Why?

Give up? Tread water and hole on until you reach the back pages!

LIFE SAVING CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Resuscitation helps you to do this.
5. Emergency code letters.
7. Clothing must be . . . tightly together if used as a rope.
8. In what type of weather are children most likely to be attracted to water?
9. If you see someone in danger of drowning and you cannot help, run to the nearest one.
10. Do not run near the . . . of a pool.
11. See that the nose and mouth are . . . of blockages.
12. Run as fast as you . . . for help.
14. Many . . . are drowned every year because they cannot swim.
18. If you fall into the water . . . for help.
19. This comes in handy if you need to rescue anyone from the water.

DOWN

1. You should not do this near locks, gravel pits, weirs, rocks, etc.
2. Dial '999' in case of this.
3. If you cannot rescue anyone yourself run for . . .
4. If no-one comes . . . keep on with resuscitation.
5. Always swim close to this when bathing in the sea.
6. Use this when entering a pool at the shallow end if you cannot swim.
11. If you . . . into the water, raise one arm and call for help if you are in difficulty.
12. Keep . . . in an emergency.
13. Use a Reef one to tie clothing or ropes.
15. Keep the . . .AD well back when giving resuscitation.
16. Swallowing too much water can make you feel like this.
17. You could break one if you dive near rocks.

(Turn to back pages for solution)

A TYPICAL DAY ABOARD M.F.V. 113

At half-past seven one of the younger cadets came down and tried to drag me out of my bunk, but I was already awake and ready for him! I sharply clipped his ear and he went helping and whining up the iron stairs and out on deck. I knew then that it was my destiny or perhaps duty to get everyone else up.

I climbed out of my bunk and quickly dressed, got the two duty cooks up (who should have already been up) and made the tea for the Skipper. Since he had made it almost an M.F.V. tradition to be woken first thing in the morning by a 'cuppa', they were already in disgrace! The next thing was to call everybody else, but primarily the Chief Engineer so that we could be connected to the shore for electric power (lights etc.) and to start the generators in case we put to sea a little later.

The mornings were always the worst for me as it was so cold and as coxwain there were a lot of jobs to be found and done. We had three coal burning stoves on board: one in the after mess, one in the for'ard mess and a tiny 'thing' upstairs in the Skipper's cabin. They gave out a great deal of heat when they were working well, but during the night soon went out even after being made up properly.

Today was the best day for me as we eventually did put to sea, but that comes later. It was pouring with rain and I remember thinking that we couldn't possibly go to sea in this weather: and since it was now Thursday and we hadn't been out all week, today was the "crunchline". Everyone was up now and the fires were well alight and most of the crew were shouting about their breakfast. I could not make out whether it was praise or abuse, but soon found out as one of the cooks approached me and threw a plate of food, or what was meant to be food, at me! This once existed as a black and somewhat shrivelled sausage, a greasy egg that was meant to be fried and ended up scrambled. Even the beans were burnt so I changed the cooks and it all had to be cooked again and all on top of small gas stoves! After everyone had eaten they were sent over to the washroom which was ashore.

Meanwhile Ronald Hall, who was the Chief Engineer, was down in the engine room fiddling about with the generator prior to giving us shore power. Now it was time to decide what we were to do about moving. We all congregated in the Skipper's cabin where, since the Skipper didn't really want to leave, a few of us gently persuaded him! It was decided to take a short trip down the estuary and out to sea.

We cast off and pulled out into the channel. The engineers were kept busy as the M.F.V. was 'bridge control' which when the Skipper wanted 'slow ahead' was rung through on the engine room telegraph. Below deck the two engineers were panting over a stiff gear-stick which they both got round and rammed home hard. On the way out we called up the dock authorities to inform them that we were going out for a short trip and they advised us not to go far as it was very rough.

All the cadets were clad in their wet weather clothing and a few stayed inside feeling somewhat perturbed. When approached as to what was wrong they blamed it wholly on the Chef's cooking. Some of us - the brave or more foolhardy ones - stood in the bows riding the waves, lost to sight in the spray. We soon reached the sea. There were not many of us left on the bows now because it was really rough and nearly everyone had been sick, even after taking sea sickness tablets. We were jumping the waves and the stern (back of the boat) gunnels were completely under water - which suggested that it was the 'right-time' to turn back and head for home!

This was a day not many of us would forget and I think there were only three of us who had not been sick; myself, the Chief Engineer and one of the other older cadets.

Stephen Cox (5.0)

(After reading this I wonder whether the staff are a little unwise in accepting a ride in the T.S. Royalist during the Easter vacation. If time and space permit however Ed.)

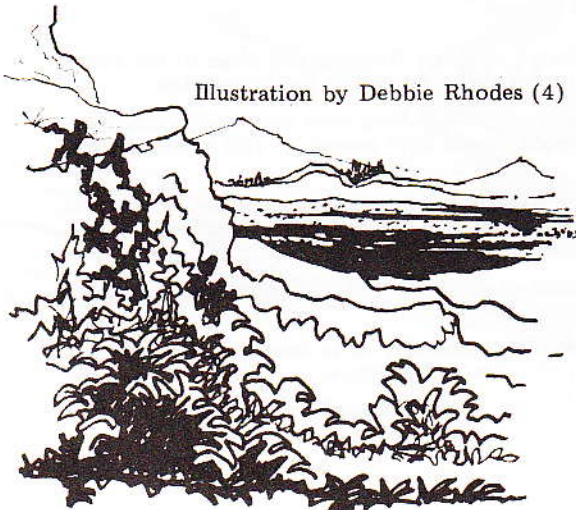


Illustration by Debbie Rhodes (4)

THE SEA

On the sandy beach I stood;
Looking at the calm blue sea
Of Cornwall's lovely view and breeze;
Waves crashed in from all around,
Soaking everything they found.

Crabs and starfish seek their shelter;
Before the beach got even wetter.
Shells and pebbles in the water
Crash against my feet.

Tremendous crashes came all the more;
As the sea lashed the rocky shore.

Alexia Williams (J.B)

WEEKEND AT YOXETER

At the beginning of the autumn term Mr. Jones approached me and said that several others and myself had to attend a Sea Cadet competition one weekend after half term. The competition included map reading, compass work, orienteering, first-aid and shooting.

We had a very intensive build up to this competition with both Mr. Jones and Mr. Narraway. After a few calamities, we slowly got the hang of what we should do. The main problem was shooting - with my own shooting being improved by changing from my left to my right hand side. It was on this performance that it was decided, eventually, who was going to be in the actual team.

The practice for the night exercise was somewhat touch and go. First of all we did not do very well; and, secondly, the flares would not go off when required!

One Sunday, accompanied by Mr. Jones and Mr. Narraway, we were taken by the Yeovil Sea Cadets and their Officers to Yoxeter. Here we were to get orientated with both the area around the camp and actually the camp itself. The day was spent walking around and doing various tasks and we got into a little spot of bother walking on the rifle range without permission!

The week leading up to the actual event was very hectic and on Saturday the team consisting of Gary Rush, Nicholas Clark, Graham Rhodes, Rolf Davies and myself in charge, left school for the actual competition. After a long wait, we were briefed; and had to walk about a mile on a compass bearing and, using map and compass, make camp. By then the fog had come down and it was raining. We erected our tents and made our supper. At about 20.00 hours we had to do the night exercise which involved crawling around the training area listening to what was going on. The grass was very wet and the compass and map were difficult to hold in these conditions. However, we completed this with a certain amount of ease and went back to our tents where, before falling asleep, we listened to the rain falling on the canvas fly sheet.

The following morning we were got up at 07.00 hours, cooked our breakfast, folded our tents and set out for the bus eight hundred metres away. We were taken back to the camp where we had to go out in the rain once again for some orienteering. By the time we had finished the course, the map was totally useless and we were soaked to the skin. When we arrived back at the camp we were very pleased indeed to see the Headmaster and Mr. Jones had arrived. This was the support which we were very glad to have.

The next thing we tackled was the initiative test and in this we were the most successful. After this we only had the shooting to do. It was going to be .303" shooting, but was in fact .22" shooting on a reduced range, owing to the bad weather and poor visibility. Unfortunately we did not do very well! We finished the competition coming 8th overall. Before returning to school we had a buffet lunch and on the way back to school we put a cow back in its field that had strayed onto the road.

After tea that evening Mr. Jones very kindly took us to his house to have a lovely meal we all enjoyed very much. Eventually we returned to school very contented, to sleep off what for all of us was quite an ordeal, but one which we can look back on with some satisfaction.

John Dracup (5.0)

HAMWORTHY

Hamworthy is a Royal Marine landing craft boat station situated at Poole Harbour and close to the site of our Summer Camp. Sea cadets go there to train and learn many things about boats and their operation.

When you first go there you learn about pulling and are taken out in a pulling boat and really learn the hard way how to pull! At the end of the weekend you are told whether you have passed. If you have, you are given a badge.

Following this there is a 'pulling charge' course in which you have to tell the pulling crew just what to do. If you pass this then you go on to take 'sailing crew', then 'sailing charge' and finally 'power boat command'. These are the main courses that the Sea Cadets experience at Hamworthy.

Usually three boys and one teacher go and it is a good opportunity for boys who want to join the Navy when they are older.

Our instructors, Lt. R. James and Sub. Lieutenant Thomas-Peter, accompany us in turn and, although the work is hard, we remember these weekends with a certain amount of pride and pleasure.

Russell Palmer (5.T)

A WEEK BEFORE THE MAST

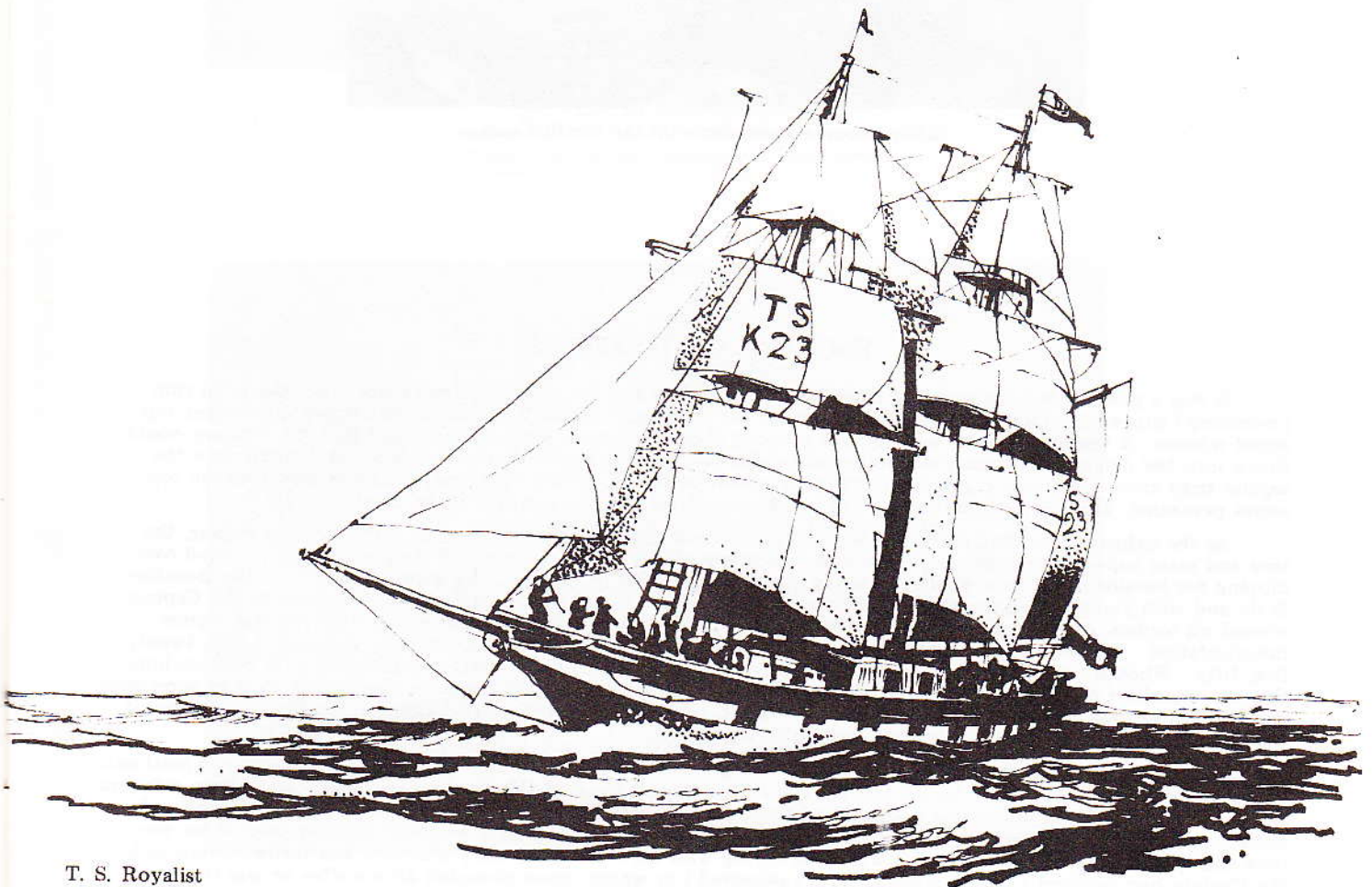
1980 is adventure training year in the Sea Cadet Corps and as nothing could be more adventurous than sailing in a 'square-rigger', eleven boys joined the training ship 'Royalist' for a week's cruise.

Royalist is a 110 ton, two masted brig, having accommodation for about twenty-four cadets, six full-time crew and four assisting officers. Being a square-rigged ship, setting and furling sails require crewmen to go out along the yard arms. The main course yard is a mere 20' above the deck, the topsail yard about 30' and the top gallant yard about 40' - which is a long way to look down, even when you are wearing a safety harness!

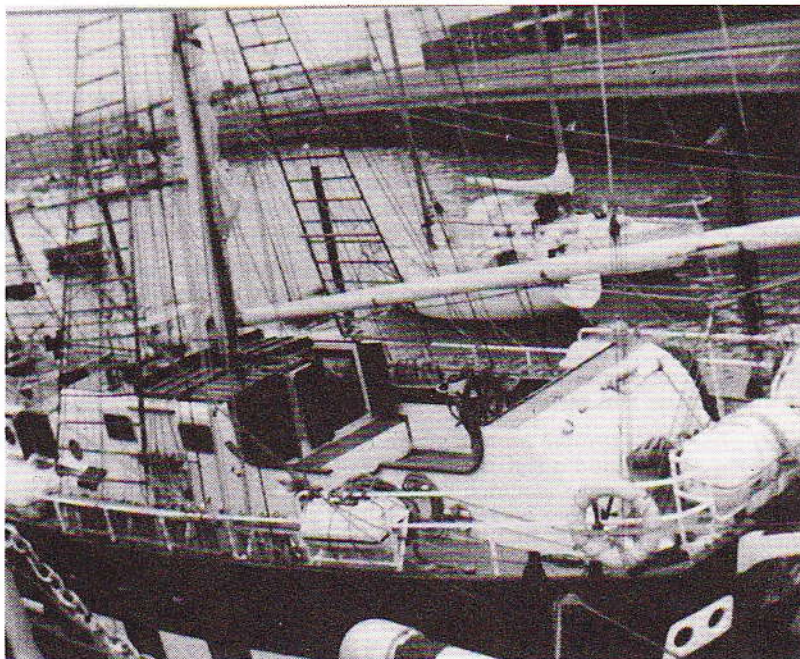
On joining ship the cadets are assigned to one of four watches; forward port, after port, forward starboard and after starboard. Besides standing watches both at sea and in port, each watch is assigned a section of the ship's ropework to handle such tasks as hoisting sail, furling sail or bracing the yards. Part of the time on board is taken up with classes on seamanship, ropes etc. and each cadet is given an opportunity to steer the ship.

I have one lasting memory of my cruise, of sailing along at 9½ knots under all canvas, hanging on to the topsail yard with the lee scuppers under water and seeing a blood red sunset ahead.

A keen sea cadet



T. S. Royalist



Safely moored somewhere on the South Coast.

ENGLAND STILL EXPECTS

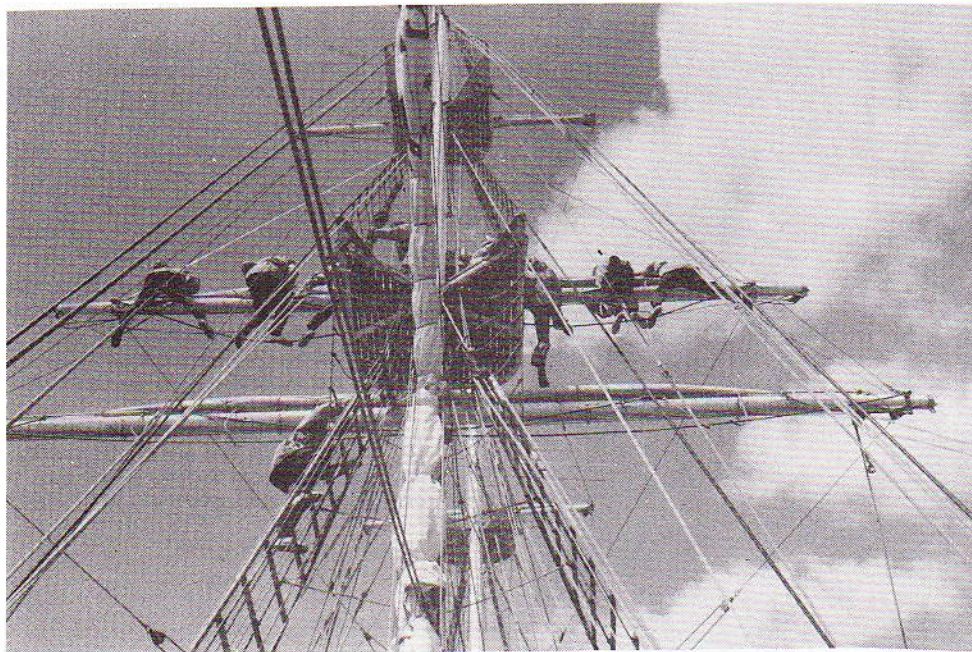
It was a glorious Sunday morning when, at a little before ten - just after coffee at any rate - the good ship (-censored-) slipped her moorings, without disturbing the Admiralty Marshall, and stood out to sea on another top-secret mission. A mission, vital to security and carrying aboard the most eminent personnel that this country could throw into her defence at a moment's notice and definitely without any hesitation whatsoever! Aboard were the regular tried crew and a new regularly trying complement of young, tobacco-chewing, desperate men plus the top-secret personnel. There were some forty souls in all, committed for and perhaps to the deep.

As the exhaust note died away and the chill, early morning, off shore airs hummed through the rigging, the fore and main top-sails, the fore and main sails plus a few others up front, were unfurled and the ship heeled over dipping her lee-side under in a whelter of spray and other nautical profanities. The wind screamed off the Beaufort Scale and with yards braced round; tack, clew and washing lines a cat's cradle of malevolent ingenuity, the Captain re-read his 'orders, came about and hove-to for 'elevenes.' Throwing caution to the winds - this too was a gross miscalculation - we headed towards the beach amidst mounting fears and chocolate papers. Thirty-five feet, twenty-five, fifty - Whoops! mind the hole - we edged in beneath the towering chalk cliffs and dropped both bow anchors - this too was sheer carelessness! The ship swung, the duty watch took shore bearings to check drift, drag or something and the real serious purpose of the sortie became all too apparent. Under these forbidding cliffs, this alien shore, it was soon clear we were to play a waiting game; this leg away!

Lunch that afternoon, eaten in shifts because of the weather and a shortage of cutlery, was a glorious meal and all on board knew that it could be the last for some considerable time. If this was our last meal - and whose side was the cook on? - the ham, pineapple, creamed potatoes, carrots, peas followed by rhubarb crumble and custard and coffee, spirits, wines and more spirits would be remembered, perhaps, long after we went over the side: if we went over and if we survived! It seemed that Fate was toying with us; even as the dirty crockery was thrown overboard, the Captain had received a coded message from (-censored-) in which, when de-coded after coffee or was it spirits? the mission had been called off. The news when leaked was greeted with a stunned silence and genuine pleasure.



... and I said to Francis, 'Just another end before we meet the Armada!'
(Readers may perhaps recognise the buccaneers, but who is the buccanelle? - Ed.)



Francis replied, 'There's several other ends in sight' - as his crew unfurl the main top-sail.

As we sailed back to Weymouth in the Sea Cadet Association's T.S. "Royalist" manned by twenty-two, new trainee-cadet, crew members, the fulltime professional crew and with the cream of the Chilton Academic staff in holiday mood, the day's sail seemed a particularly enjoyable experience to crew and passengers alike. Passing Durdle Door, Lulworth Cove and Castle, the folded and eroded limestone cliffs on our starboard side, we entered harbour under sail; to the enjoyment of many spectators on shore and afloat. Just outside, the inflatable was dropped and sped our mooring party to the very tight berth between the Royal Sailing Association's 'Malcolm Millar' and the British Rail, Sea-Link Ferry 'Princess Irene'. The final approach with engines, required a 360° turn to come about in a very restricted channel and our Captain sailed her in with just feet to spare, fore and aft. With the 'jack placed on the bowsprit and finished with engines, T.S. Royalist was back.

Some forty miles, one yellow mini-bus and one Renault later we were back at school, wiser and certainly more appreciative of the aims and ideals of the Sea Cadet Association.

The school party was, in order of disappearance: Captain and Mrs. James, Richard and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Manaton, Mr. Narraway and fiancée, Mr. and Mrs. Shortland, Mrs. Ridewood and Mr. Thompson.

(All those who went really did enjoy themselves, particularly Mr. Shortland who in Captain Francis Drake met a contemporary, ex boy-sailor from H.M.S. Ganges. - Ed.)



Looking for'ard, past Mr. Shortland, the galley, crews' mess and glimpsing the crew practising their next mutiny.

THE BONNIE '45

A ship landed at Moidart,
Bringing with it a man,
Bonnie Prince Charlie was his name,
Hero of each clan.

He gathered friends to help him fight
His way down to the throne,
He knew King George had packed his bags,
For Hanover and home.

On his way south, he went by Perth,
And Edinburgh too,
But when he invaded England,
He was simply just let through!

At Derby, he turned his tracks,
And headed back up north,
Well beaten at Culloden,
He ran from redcoats' wrath.

Bloody Cumberland put reward
Of thirty thousand pounds,
Upon the Young Pretender's head,
But Nae Scot let him down.

Flora MacDonald hid him well
And took a noble chance,
Charles took a boat from Isle of Skye
And landed back in France.

Timothy Morley (3)

While in the vicinity of the Sea Cadet Store, where renovations have recently been going on, I overheard snatches of a familiar song. Mr. Kitchen was at last persuaded to reveal them for publication and here is what he might (we're still not absolutely certain) have sung as he went about his work.

"SEACADETSALEM"

(Or: "Shortland's in Hope and, nearly always in Glory")

And was that store in former time
Piled with silks and jerseys green?
And was the mouldy cap-tally
In Shortland's padlocked sea-chest seen?

And did the caretaker in time
Move in among our duty hours?
And was a proper store builded here
Above those clean and sparkling showers?

Bring me my plane of sharpest steel!
Bring me my rolls of chicken wire!
Bring me my nails! O work untold!
Bring me my heated paint-drier!

I will not cease, by day nor night,
Nor shall my saw rest in my hand,
Till I have built a Super Store
For Shortland's keen and happy band.

T.J.H.
(after O/S William Blake)

Thank you folks, and I mean that most sincerely!

T.J.H.
(after L/S Hughie Green)

THE ROYAL VISIT TO LUSAKA, ZAMBIA. SUMMER 1979

The summer holidays when I visited my parents in Zambia was the most exciting time of my life because this was the time that I met Her Majesty the Queen, Prince Philip, Prince Andrew and also Mrs. Margaret Thatcher.

When I left Gatwick on the 3rd July I did not realise what my holiday would bring.

When I arrived my father told me that the Queen was arriving in three weeks' time. I could hardly wait until she came on the 27th July! I was at the Airport when she arrived and her reception was fantastic. There were 20,000 people there and so enthusiastic were they that they broke down the barriers and mobbed the Royal Plane. But everything turned out all right and she drove away in the motorcade.

On Sunday there was a reception held at the Residence of the British High Commissioner to which my brother and I were invited. We were standing by the doors leading from the drawing room to the garden as the Queen, Prince Philip and Prince Andrew came out they stopped and talked to us, asking about our schools in England and coming to Zambia for our holidays. It was a great experience!

On 3rd August, my father, who is Senior Security Officer to the British High Commission, had to go to State Lodge where the Queen was staying and he had an audience with her. When he left, she gave him some beautiful gold cuff links and a signed photograph.

The Queen and Prince Andrew left for England on the Saturday morning and my brother and I were at the Airport to see her off on a British Caledonian Airways flight to Heathrow International Airport, London.

But the departure of the Queen was not the end of it all.

From the 31st July I went to the Airport with my father and saw the arrival of Mr. Fraser, the Prime Minister of Australia, and several other Heads of Government.

The most colourful of all the arrivals was that of Dr. Hastings Banda, the President of Malawi, for about one hour before his plane arrived about 40 buses carrying 1,000 Malawi women arrived at the Airport, all dressed in their national costumes in red, green, yellow and blue. They brought about 50 drummers and started to dance and sing. We also saw the arrival of President Moi of Kenya and it was all very interesting!

The days that followed were really thrilling for I met all the twenty special Branch officers from Scotland Yard and they were all my friends and signed my autograph book, including both Detective Chief Superintendent Bignell and my favourite Detective - Chief Inspector "Duck Chick." I also met all the men in the Royal Military Police and got their autographs.

We also had a satellite communications station from the Royal Corps of Signals and my father and I spoke on their telephone link to my sister in England. We got through in 30 seconds, not unlike a local call in England, but quicker!

On the 7th August everything was all over and Lusaka returned to normal, but, not quite, for all the Special Branch Officers from Scotland Yard threw a big party for all of the High Commission Staff and their families and it was all great fun!

Amanda Hopkinson (5.T)

EGYPT

Egypt is in the Middle East and is about 2,800 miles from England. The country itself is mostly desert and has the river Nile running down its eastern side. The Egyptians for thousands of years have used the fertile lands on either side of the river to produce food for themselves and cotton for the world. Cairo is the capital city and it is much over-populated, with many people living in very bad slum conditions. Some of them can't get jobs and live in very a part of Cairo called "city of the dead" where they build roofs over the graves of their dead relations and live with them!

In another part of the city called "Elgiza" the Pyramids and the Sphinx are the main attractions for tourists who come in their thousands every year.

Transport in Egypt is very poor indeed. Most of the cars are imported or assembled by American and French companies based in Egypt. They have foreign companies to make their war equipment such as tanks, missiles, rockets and aircraft.

Andrew Gregory (5.S)

LUXEMBOURG

The Grand Duchy of Luxembourg grew as a small, independent state around the natural fortress of Luxembourg city. The Northern part of the Duchy forms part of the Belgian Ardennes. The rocks are old and hard and farther south the land is lower and the climate milder. They call this the Bon Pays ('Good Land'). The rocks are made of sandstone and limestone which form escarpments. The countryside is mostly wooded with little streams emerging from the steep-sided slopes and is indeed very picturesque.

The biggest town or city in Luxembourg is Luxembourg City; a city split in two by a big gorge. In the middle of this gorge there are three villages and they are almost remote from the city. Only about a hundred years ago was a bridge built from one side of the gorge to the other.

The next biggest town is a steel making town called Esch-sur-Alzette, and is in fact the only big steel town in Luxembourg. It takes about forty-five minutes to get there on the short motorways. Steel is the biggest industry in Luxembourg.

The next biggest industry is R.T.L., the big Radio Station, which broadcasts to seven countries in five languages. The only 'country' it does not broadcast to for 18 hours each day is the United Kingdom!

I suppose the best time to go to Luxembourg is from August to October - when the tourists have gone and the sun is still warm enough for summer clothing to be worn.

Rolf Davies (6)

MEMORIES OF MALAYA

It is many years since I have been to Malaya. It is hard to remember places and their names, but I can remember what impressed me as a five-year-old.

We lived in Singapore. Chani was the name of the area. When we had a holiday we would pack our stuff into the boot of a large car and cross the causeway and into the hands of the Malayan Customs. After a very long wait we were allowed to leave and continue our journey, travelling the hot country roads and leaning out of the windows to look at the paddy fields. These large water fields are used for growing rice. I always felt a great attraction for the muddy rice fields with their hard-working water buffalo and the Malaysians in their big straw hats. We would drive on and on and would wake from a short sleep and the countryside could be quite different, with palm trees and pineapple farms.

We would stop for lunch in a hotel and after we had eaten I would go and look for insects in the mangrove swamps. There was a vast amount of life on and in these muddy swamps such as small crabs, with one huge claw nearly the size of its own body. They ran about on the mud and when disturbed they would disappear down into their little holes. Another arrival that had a hole in the mud was the trap-door spider. It hid in its little hole under a lid of earth and web. When an insect passed over it would flip up the trap-door, shoot out and grab its prey. Another animal that interested me was the flying lizard. This was a small lizard about five inches long with two wings at each side. It also had a spike on the arch of its back and when it was about to fly it would raise its spike, to which a yellow flat of skin was attached. You could see yellow flashes all over the trees and if you wanted to catch one you would see them leap off the tree and glide away to another tree.

When we had to drive on I would leap in with a bag of animals which I very reluctantly had to release before we continued. At the foot of the Cameron Highlands - which were very high hills - we would drive up and reaching our hotel would sleep until night. It was much cooler then and all the insects would come out and fly around the neon lights. I would dance about with a lace net and collect insects. Some were huge with great beady eyes and armoured shells.

By day we would swim and catch butterflies by a cool running river. I will always remember Malaysia for its beauty and I hope to go back again some day.

Graham Rhodes (5.S)

NIGERIA

Nigeria is in West Africa and is situated at Longitude and Latitudes 5, 10, 15° East and North of the equator. In Nigeria we use Greenwich Meridian time and are one hour ahead of the United Kingdom.

Nigeria was once a British Colony and we were granted our Independence on October 1st, 1960. Since then we have had both a civilian and a military government.

My country's capital is Lagos, which is near the Atlantic ocean. Lagos has many attractions including fine beaches, safaris, hotels and recreation grounds. It is also a dirty and overpopulated city. In a few year's time, the capital will be moved from Lagos to Abuja, which is now being developed.

We have two seasons in Nigeria, one wet and one dry, and each lasts for about six months of the year. Nigeria is divided mainly into three regions; being the Northern Southern and Eastern parts of the country.

In the North are the Hausa people - mainly composed of nomadic tribes. Their main occupation is cattle rearing. The Northern part of the country, which is mainly desert, is also noted for the groundnuts grown there. These groundnuts or peanuts are exported to be processed into oils and other food products.

The Eastern part of the country consists of the Edos, Calobos and Ibos. The Ibos control the Oil Wells and are very industrious and creative, but perhaps they are a little too prone to fighting! The Edos consist of Yorubas who migrated in the last few centuries. Owing to this fact they still have close links with the Yorubas.

In the South are the Yorubas and I am one of them. They are noted for being farmers. The major crop they grow is cocoa and the palm tree. The cocoa is exported and manufactured into chocolates and cocoa beverages. From the palm tree is obtained palm kernels from which palm oil is obtained.

Nigeria is one of the largest oil exporting countries in Africa. The oil wells are to be found at a place called Aburi in Potharcourt. As a direct result of the revenue obtained from the sale of the oil, Nigeria is a rich country, but is also a very expensive country to live in.

Adeneye Ademola (4)

THE RUSSIAN INVASION OF AFGHANISTAN AND CAUSES LEADING TO IT

The invasion of Afghanistan by Russia can be seen as a serious threat to world peace.

In the first place they had the advantage in the S.A.L.T.2. (Strategic Arms Limitation Treaty) talks with America, because of their superiority over all the other countries in building, satellites and manufacturing better arms and other conventional war equipment.

Secondly, by invading Afghanistan, which is only their initial target, they are trying to see the reaction which this would have on the world at large. If the world powers, especially the U.S.A. do nothing, the Russians could then invade the oil producing nations of the Middle East across the Straits of Hormuz. By doing this they would cripple the Western World, since six out of every ten gallons of oil exported to the West are carried through the waters of the Persian Gulf, between the Straits of Hormuz. If Russia succeeds with the Afghanistan invasion, it will encourage them to further world conquest, using Afghanistan as a spring-board and eliminating small countries like Iran, Oman and Pakistan, which are all near Russia.

The Governments of underdeveloped countries all over the world should not let their own greediness bring about their own problems by letting Russian personnel into their countries. For example Libya and Uganda, with the latter noted for its ousted President, who gave Europeans, especially British people, a tough time in his country. Ex-President Amin is also noted for some things he did; for example, his comments about the Queen and the Israeli raid on Entebbe Airport.

From past experience it has been noted that the Russians are like parasites and will not hesitate to live upon any country open to them or their infiltration. The end result may be an invasion as in Afghanistan, or they may plan a coup as in Ethiopia and put in a puppet president or ruler. The person who they put in is sure to do their bidding and the country will eventually be turned into a Russian colony.

If the Russian progress in Afghanistan is not checked, Brezhnev and the other members of his Government could soon turn the Middle East, the Sub-continent of Asia, into a battlefield and by then the Third World War would be just a matter of time!

In the interest of world peace the great powers should force Russia to stop her subversive and destructive operations throughout the world. This statement also can be directed at the U.S.A., because of their interference in Africa, Cuba, Vietnam and Cambodia. In my view the latter is similar to the Russian invasion of Afghanistan. The Americans dropped bombs on Cambodia, about four times the strength or amount of the atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima. In this conflict the U.S.A. abused their military strength and killed millions of innocent people.

In my opinion, both Russia and America are to blame for the Afghanistan invasion, because Russia is only following in the steps taken by America in Cambodia. If America could get away 'Scot Free' with Cambodia, why then can't Russia get away with the invasion of Afghanistan? I think America is learning her lesson now, but in the interest of world peace I think measures should be taken to halt the Russian invasion of Afghanistan. I hope every country has learnt a lesson from the Russian invasion of Afghanistan. If not then I am very sorry so say we have still got a long way to go in this world and the winner of the Third World War will be the loser.

Adeneye Ademola (4)

(Whilst not necessarily subscribing to all the views aired here, I am certain readers will draw their own conclusions and see the folly of unilateral action in the supposed cause of World Peace. - Ed.)

JAMES WOLFE AND THE HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM

Wolfe was born in Kent in 1727. At the age of fifteen, he began his career as a soldier. In spite of his bad health, for he was sickly and strange, he fought in many famous battles like Culloden, a victory against Bonnie Prince Charlie.

Being a well trained soldier, Wolfe rose rapidly in rank and became a Lieutenant Colonel. In 1756 he was posted to North America by Pitt, the British Prime Minister. This was because of the Seven Years' War in which Britain and Prussia were fighting in Europe against France, Russia, Austria and Sweden. Wolfe did so well that about a year later he was promoted to Major-General and was then sent to Canada to capture the strong French fort at Quebec.

Quebec stands beside the St. Lawrence River. One night, he led his men in small boats to a small beach at the bottom of some very high cliffs, called the Heights of Abraham, which stand close to Quebec. Wolfe and his men climbed up a small goat-track which they had spotted during the day-time.

Luck was with them and they took the guards at the top of the cliff by surprise and attacked Quebec. General Montcalm, in command of the French army, did not act until he had proof of Wolfe on the Heights. The two sides met and the battle began. In fact, it was not much of a battle really. It consisted of two volleys being fired and a bayonet charge. Wolfe was hit twice in the chest and was mortally wounded; but, before he died, his officers told him the British were winning. Montcalm was also mortally wounded. So, thanks to Wolfe's skill as a soldier, Quebec was won and was British.

Richard Pidgley (3)

A DAY OUT AT SHERBORNE

It was a fine Wednesday morning as we prepared to leave school. Junior A and B were to go with Miss Norris and Mrs. Ridewood to Sherborne Castle for the day. This meant missing the day's lessons, but none of us minded that! We left school at about 8.45 a.m. and were in Sherborne in no time at all. We split up into two groups, roughly Junior A in one group and Junior B in the other.

Our group, Junior B, was to explore Sherborne Abbey first. Then we explored a small museum very near the Abbey. Sherborne Abbey was a monastic building until Henry VIII undertook, under the Act of Parliament, to dissolve bigger monasteries in 1539. The people of Sherborne were desperate for somewhere to pray and bought it for the price of £300. At present, the Abbey is being restored, owing to damage caused by erosion. We went around the interior of the Abbey, which showed Saxon, Norman, Early English, Decorated and Perpendicular styles. The fan vaulting can be compared with that of King's College Chapel, Cambridge. We also found a minute chapel that could not hold more than ten people. It was like a cell. After finishing the tour around the Church, we put some money in the collecting box and left.

Next we went to the old Parade where the monastic lavatorium is. We had some free time to do a little shopping before we left for Sherborne Castles. On the way we ate our packed lunches which were particularly appreciated as we were starving! Once we had arrived at the Old Castle, Christopher Appleyard bought a big ice-cream for 72p. and, as he was peering round it and over the side of a wall, the top of ice fell and splattered on the stones below - to the sound of much derisive laughter!

We found the old Norman ruins extremely interesting and it seemed that we had been there about one minute, but it was really an hour before we left for the new Castle that Sir Walter Raleigh built in 1594. It is really difficult to believe the building is so old from the outside because it looks too modern. Much of the original furniture is still there. Before the bus came to collect us we had some free time, so we went to the sweet shop and all sat on the lawn with bottles of pop and lollies. The school bus arrived and that meant it was time to go. We had all, every one of us, enjoyed the day out and wished that we did not have to go.

Mathew McDermott (J.A)
Finlay Morley (J.A)

DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD

One of the major extra-curricular activities in the school is the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme. The scheme provides many opportunities for pupils to pursue activities and interests of their own choosing. These have included such diverse topics as: antique bottle collecting, sailing, life saving, shooting, hair-care and health and beauty. At the present time there are approximately twenty pupils working towards the bronze award and four who are attempting the silver award. In 1979 one pupil achieved the ultimate of a gold award, which will be presented at Buckingham Palace some time this year.

The award is divided into four sections: service, expeditions, skills and physical recreation and, as can be seen elsewhere in the magazine, the activities can be fun as well as hard work. The minimum age for entry to the scheme is fourteen years and it is to be hoped that as many pupils as possible - who have reached this age - will take part, even if it does mean a lot of hard work for the organisers! Finally, it is worth remembering that employers consider highly people who have taken part in the scheme.

DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD - BRONZE EXPEDITION

Today is the 5th of March. Another Wednesday to most people at 'Chilton', but to a group of us it is a preparation day. For the last few Wednesdays our supervisor, Mr. Jones, has tried to teach us all we needed to know about a weekend on Dartmoor. It started with simple instructions, such as how to build a tent and what to do in an emergency. Some of us had previously been on a practice walk and, for myself, I had even been to Dartmoor before. What made today particularly special was that it was the last Wednesday before the 'big day'. We spent all day planning a route and making out check lists. We were told repeatedly of the danger and hazards and how to react.

Over the next two days we packed and were split into two groups of three and one group of two. I was in the smaller group and I like to think that this was not due to my muscular structure, but more closely associated to my irrepressible charms! I decided to take the tent and my partner - namely Ademola - and took the cooking and eating equipment. The rest of the rucksack was filled with personal kit, washing things, first-aid kit and a sleeping bag. We were told to put all the heavy equipment on top and finally we were given a compass and a whistle. At last the big day had arrived. All nine of us, including Mr. Narraway, who came with us, were ready to leave for the station. We were all fully kitted out in water-proof clothing, woollen hats and heavy walking boots.

After a very tiring journey we reached the Dartmoor Training Centre in the pouring rain and were told where to erect our tents. We started to, but I have to admit that I had my doubts whether this would be my kind of thing! Luckily we were not the only ones trying to erect, or failing to succeed to erect, a tent. To add to our general amusement and criticism of mankind, when we had finished the task and were soaking wet, we looked at the sturdy camp building which housed the management, including our supervisor, in complete comfort! Even the demented person who had told us to erect the tents at this unearthly hour was in there. Fortunately for us, some of those inside the building were not completely unconcerned and invited us in for tea and a pastry. After a much welcomed meal that was both needed and appreciated, we retired to our tents. The wind howled and the rain poured down and I was glad that we had a fly-sheet even though I considered a heavy tarpaulin would have been a minimum requirement! This damp and sordid night I spent in the freezing cold dreaming about a comfortable bed and a less noisy partner, but I was blessed with neither!

Next morning I woke up to find both the tent and myself still in one piece. After breakfast and a wash our group planned out the route and would have taken the long route, had it not been for the maps not showing this. This was a blessing in disguise as we later found out. We left at ten o'clock and walked and climbed the path to the Moorlands Farm. We all had rucksacks with us loaded with rations and other things like sleeping bags. We, a combined group of nine, followed the path to the 'Crock of Gold' We had to deviate from our planned route as one of the safety-officers, who were at various stages of our walk, told us to use another path.

Going past the 'Crock of Gold' we went first across country then along a road to the Tor Royal. Along the way we met another safety-officer who, showing great concern, asked if we were all right? It would have been more acceptable if he had not come by car! We continued along a road through Princetown with its forbidding prison buildings. After we went through Princetown we tramped along a path that led up a hill to the television mast at North Hessary Tor. After that climb we relaxed at the Tor where we met more safety officers.

We spent a few minutes resting and admiring the beautiful moorland views and then we followed a road down to Rundlestone, where, after talking to a safety-officer, we made our way along a very rugged path up again to Great Mis Tor. At last we reached Great Mis Tor where we met up with some other groups. It was a relief to sit down and enjoy a hot lunch. After resting roughly three quarters of an hour, we set off yet again, with partly renewed vigour.

The next stage was to be very tiring. We had to cross marshy ground and a number of streams to get to Holming Beacon. Luckily no one from our group fell into any of the streams and I would have been perfectly dry had I not knelt down in some muddy ground to tie my bootlaces. With a noticeably tired pace we went along a narrow road leading down to the main road which we took down to Two Bridges. When we reached Two Bridges we took a well deserved rest before going on along the road to the path which would take us back to the Centre. After leaving Two Bridges we crossed the road to see a Tor that had been uncovered by geographers in certainly an odd moment or two!

Whoever said that it tested your stamina to go on one of these walks was right! My legs felt like lead weights!

After another half-an-hour at 1610 hours we reached the Centre, where we sank down on the grass in front of our blessed tents. After a short rest we had supper. What a day it had been: and after we had chatted together with some of the others, we went to our tents to build up enough energy just to sleep and recover for the next day! To our great dismay it rained again that night.

Next morning we were rudely awakened by the gentle, pleasant, but insistent voice of one of the safety-officers. I got up, opened the tent flap and was greeted by the icy cold breeze of the morning air. After I had recovered, I washed and started cooking breakfast, which, may I say - (*Indeed you may do so. - Ed.*) I did very well! Soon our group had eaten, tidied up and packed away the tents. We then planned our walk and started out again at 08.30 hours.

I could still feel the 12 miles of the previous day, but anyhow we set off along the road that led up to the main road. We went along this road until we got to the point where we were to rendezvous with the safety-officer. From there we went across country to a cist (prehistoric stone) and later a stone-cairn. At the cairn, we met a safety-officer who asked us a few questions.

Luckily, the weather was fine, and as we made our way up to Bellever Tor, we had a beautiful view of our surroundings. At the top, we all relaxed for some quite considerable time and I was glad that it was only a short walk today.

After we had rested, we made our way back to the cist where we were told to take a bearing on a milestone from the map and to follow it. This we did and we followed the bearing until we reached a wall. By now a natural instinct made us consider our position and to seek out the nearest safety-officer. We were told our mistake and what we should have done. We retraced our steps along the wall to meet a Mr. Jim Shapter who gave us a practical demonstration of how to tell the time using a stick. We continued our walk across country until we reached the milestone where we met up with other groups.



BACK ROW - J. Dracup, Mr. Narraway, R. Davies.
FRONT ROW - C. Ayling (almost), A. Ademola, G. Rush, and N. Clark.

After that, it was just a short walk back to the Centre, following first the main road, B3357, and afterwards the minor road we had first set out on. We reached the Centre at 1100 hours after having walked some 6 miles. All the groups were then assembled in front of the main camp building where, after a short talk by Mr. Shepter, the expedition ended and we awaited our transport. Soon we were on our way home.

I have not regretted going, but I did regret one thing, that I have not gone more often! I agree with what the Duke of Edinburgh once said: "Camping out in the countryside is more pleasurable than a world cruise on a top liner!" It had been a great chance to meet young people from all over Britain and the experience will not easily be forgotten.



BACK ROW - N. Clark, C. Ayling, G. Rush, N. Asafu-Agyei,
R. Davies, A. Ademola
FRONT ROW - M. Rush, Mr. Narraway and J. Dracup

In conclusion, all that remains to say is 'Thank you!' to all the organisers and safety-officers who made this great weekend not only possible, but safe!

The party comprised: Mr. Narraway, John Dracup, Adeneye Ademola, Gary and Mark Rush, Christopher Ayling, Nicholas Clark, Rolf Davies and myself.

Nicolas Asafu-Agyei (6)

(I have heard, quite recently, some criticism over these expeditions and whilst accepting the validity of certain arguments, would state that in a stress situation, careful preparation, instruction and control on the spot must effectively minimise the inherent dangers. Even crossing the road is dangerous! - Ed.)

To obtain a Duke of Edinburgh's Gold Award is a great achievement. To do it in the minimum period of three years requires dedication, enthusiasm and great energy. Mark Lowman attained this standard in the minimum period of three years obtaining his Gold Award only days after his 17th birthday. His close involvement with the Sea Cadet Corps helped in this achievement.

Part of the award requirements is service to the community and in the Gold section of his award Mark's status as a Petty Officer was counted. Mark's sustained interest over the three years was sailing, in which he represented the Western Area at National Level on no less than two occasions. One of the most interesting parts of his award was his expedition which he undertook on water - no walking - but sailing! He was a member of the crew of a yacht which spent a week sailing in The Channel. His involvement with Guildford and Godalming rugby club, for which he played, demonstrated his physical fitness.

It was noticeable that the comments in his record book drew particular attention to his enthusiasm and dedication. It was an award for which he worked extremely hard and his achievement is deserving of the highest praise. I look forward to joining him in the near future on a journey to Buckingham Palace to collect his award.

W. G. Jones

CATASTROPHE ON HORSE-BACK COMES TO EXMOOR

(another D. of E. practice)

Hurrying our breakfast we jumped into the 'yellow-bus' armed with tissues and boiled sweets for the journey. Knowing from the week before that Mandy doesn't travel very well, we had a good supply of carrier bags at the ready!

The weather looked quite promising as we set out on our journey. We had made a rough estimate of the time it would take and we expected to arrive at about eleven o'clock.

The journey passed without any major incidents and turning off the main road Hilery started to bury her head in the seat, frightened presumably at the thought of our journey up over the hills to our farm. Mandy too, was unable to look down over the side of the valley where she had ridden in thick fog the week before. I think she's afraid of heights, but don't let on!

As we approached the brow of the hill, our farm came into view. Here, when I told Kim, Hilery and Mandy that our horses sometimes jumped the cattle-grid instead of waiting for the gate to be opened, their nerves started to tremble and it looked as if Hilery was going to faint. On reaching the house - or was it the haven? - we all went inside for coffee and biscuits. After about twenty minutes Captain and Mrs. James left us for a day exploring the nearby villages and coastal landscape.

Leaving behind the washing up and entering the stables, for about half-an-hour we attempted some sort of stable management with Hilery trying, with bewilderment, to pull the bandage off the pony's leg and Mandy brushing her horse at arm's length. After this it was time for a slap-up breakfast, or rather a slab-up breakfast, with the thickness of the bacon sandwiches! This was followed by more coffee and a discussion about which horses were to be ridden.

This took us to within about thirty minutes of lunch, so we decided to make a quick farm tour. It consisted of Hilery climbing to the top of the hay-rick and down again and Mandy chasing a ewe and her lamb half way around the field before catching the lamb and cuddling it. A quick look at where we were to camp during our expedition brought us to the small stream where Hilery found, to her dismay, that her boot had a hole in it and Mandy found that the sheepdog puppy didn't like being dropped in the water from a height - or from any height, come to that!

With a very crowded lunch table we all sat down to eat. I think Mother succeeded in filling us up since there were gasps and rejections as the cheese and biscuits were brought to the table. The ensuing conversation was amusing in itself. Hilery sat in sheer bewilderment, not knowing what she was supposed to be laughing at, but just catching the odd "ooh-ar", as she puts it.

In due course and very much later, the horses were tacked up after a few adjustments from Mrs. Ridewood and myself to the efforts made by the 'willing to learn' Kim, Hilery and Mandy. We were now ready to set out. A few adjustments to the hats, a quick prayer and a big step into the unknown saw them all mounted. A brisk trot along the top road found us on the edge of the moor, and up until now, without any major incidents.

Through the gate and we were on the moor.

"Now keep at a steady trot in line with me and then we'll have a short canter up to the road. Don't canter yet Hil! You'll set the others off!" "Hil!", I said, "Don't canter!"

At this moment it was time to despair, with Mandy and Kim in strong pursuit of Hilery and all of them nearing the point of no control. I opened my mouth to shout to them, but the comedy of the scene in front of me had me in fits of laughter.

"Sit back, sit up and pull," were the orders I managed to shout and luckily they somehow stopped before reaching the road.

Continuing at a walk down across the common we descended into the combe bottom. Being in front I didn't see Hil's horse do two 'fly bucks' so Mrs. Ridewood was endeavouring to reassure her that he wouldn't buck or run away with her again. Crossing the maze of streams at the head of the combe, we climbed the side of the valley.

We decided it would be a good idea if we had another canter so that Hilery could gain more confidence. She, unfortunately, was against the idea, but I proceeded to canter. Looking round to see their progress, I saw Hilery overtaking me on the left at an increasing speed and Mandy heading for Dunkery Beacon on the right. Yelling at Hilery she somehow came to a halt, but not for very long! Soon she was off again, but this time down towards the valley. Screaming all the way, she was rapidly approaching the ditch and the wood.

In the meantime Mandy was going round in circles, minus her hat and stirrups! Telling 'Hil' to "hold on tight", her pony jumped the ditch and, as it slowed, she decided it was time that she and her steed parted company. Half jumping and half falling off, she ended up on the ground.

In a similar state of unbridled confusion, Kim was cantering in no particular direction wondering what to do and what piece of apparatus or geological feature would reduce her speed.

Mandy, yelling at 'Hil' to hold on, seemed nearer to saddle ejection than 'Hil' had ever been. With no stirrups or reins and both legs the same side of the saddle, I thought she must be a goner. Eventually, with a few words to sooth the nerves, we all arrived at where Hilery was standing. With both feet stuck in the ground very firmly she refused to ride another horse in her life! Being four miles from home and a mile from the nearest farm, this caused a slight problem. With considerable persuasion she was encouraged to mount a different horse and with Hilery, being led, we all arrived, somehow, at the nearest farm.

Leaving Hilery, by now almost a heap of shivering nerves, at the farm for my father to pick up, I led the pony home. This trip turned out to be fairly successful with Kim and Mandy regaining all their previous confidence. When we arrived we put the horses away, sat down to tea and were soon on our way back to school in the 'bus.

We found just sufficient energy to sing, but my thoughts turned around the day's activities. If that was how the practice ride turned out, I'm sure to be reduced to a nervous wreck for the rest of my life after a two-day ride of forty miles.

Tracey Westcott (5.0)

(As a one-time exponent of the rocking-horse I know just how they felt. - Ed.)

IS IT RUBBISH IN THE DUMPS?

Antique bottle collecting is quite an unusual hobby, but a very good one.

In the 19th and 18th centuries people used to throw away bottles you wouldn't dream of throwing away today. Bottles in those days used to be made all different shapes and sizes and in many wonderful colours.

There are many bottles you can collect, such as poison bottles which usually come in the colour cobalt blue. There are mineral water bottles which are usually green or clear glass and have applied lips and last, but not least, there are alcohol bottles in all sizes, shapes and colours. Obviously old bottles can be found simply anywhere, but for our immediate convenience sites for digging can be considered, either urban or rural.

There are some very good sites in towns. The best place to start your search is at your local library where you examine local history records and maps. You are lucky if you can find the location of old dumps, but also try and discover companies which used to deal in dumping rubbish or evidence of 19th century industries.

There are many excellent rubbish sites in the country and perhaps none better than in rivers and streams. There are probably as many bottles under water as under the ground, if not more! In rivers and streams you will probably make some very good finds. It is an excellent idea to dig in a river after a heavy rain-fall because the current of the stream or river can churn up bottles. Conversely, when there is a drought it is also very good because you can dig bottles out of the banks quite easily as they are easier to see than in the bed of the river or stream.

Country pub sites are good for digging and, provided you have permission from the landlord, you will be sure to find bottles in the area around the pub.

Under bridges are also good places to dig for bottles as well because people used to throw bottles from the bridge.

Chatting to old people in the country is also very informative as they will probably be able to tell you where the local people used to dump their household rubbish.

It is most important when digging that you have suitable equipment and clothing. You will need a strong pair of gum boots or waders if possible. These will need to be strong because if there is broken glass around you won't want to get cut. A warm coat and two pairs of socks are necessary because river digging can be very cold. The tools you will need are: a ruck, a glass bottom bucket, a fork and a probe rod.

Once you have obtained the necessary permission to dig a site then care and patience should reward you with some excellent finds. We hope you are successful and enjoy yourselves as we do!

Graham Rhodes (5.8)
Akinyinka Sobo (5.0)

DISMAID, DISMAYED

It had to happen - or so I've been told -
that a certain student, crippled with cold
in the Library one day; was overheard to say
He would love a friend to help pass his time away!

A remark such as this, broadcast to the air
would attract a keen trader with a sister to spare.
Who hurrying past on a prior intent,
heard the good news, his finances all spent.

What did he need? Had he the right to sell
- such an attractive 'possession' for perhaps an oil well?
A mercedes, a Rolls or a mansion in Surrey?
Whatever it was, should it be done in a hurry?

A trader he was - and the market was there -
but he failed to advertise in this THOROUGHFARE!
So the 'White Sale' was lost - came and just went
and now he's digging up bottles in Trent.

So if there's a moral it must surely be this,
that if you've a sale - be it mister or miss.
We can sell anything - could sell the 'Old Jag'
- that is providing, it's advertised, in the School Mag!

(For full information and competitive rates apply to the Advertising Manager - Ed.)

COLLECTING SMALL ANTIQUES

Many people consider collecting antiques as too expensive and would only get them from Antique shops and at auctions. A great quantity of British antiques turn up from such unlikely places as rivers, old buildings, fields and Victorian rubbish dumps. I collect antique throwaways from Victorian times. This may seem to anyone reading this article as perhaps a waste of time, but there is no resemblance to the household rubbish that we throw away today, to that of the past. Today we obtain food and other items of household use mainly in plastic containers, but in the Victorian times, when plastic was unknown, the majority of household containers were made of glass and pottery. It was very expensive in those days to produce clear glass and that which was produced did not remain clear if it was exposed to ultra-violet light from the sun. These bottles would turn a shade of amethyst and if left long enough would turn purple.

Many containers for such things as boot polish, tooth paste, ointments, fish and meat pastes, were sold in pottery containers. Today, it is only the lids of these pots that are widely collected throughout the world, by numerous collectors. The lids were most ornate with very elaborate designs, transfer printed onto the slightly domed surfaces. Increased sales were brought about by the makers of 'Bear's Grease' in the 1840s. Bear's Grease - an unpleasant sounding, but fashionable hair dressing - had become so popular by using attractive printed pot lids that other manufacturers soon followed suit! Eventually the pot lid became a fascinating mirror of Victorian life and depicted incidents from the Crimean War, statesmen, generals and charming domestic scenes.

Another fascinating household container was the ink bottle. Today, many of us just push a plastic cartridge of ink into our pens, but in the Victorian times, ink was sold in small coloured glass bottles. These poor quality, glass bottles were some of the last bottles to be made with sheared lips. When I wrote about a 'sheared lip', I mean that the neck of the bottle was sheared off and left with a serrated edge. This dug into the cork stoppers and kept them securely in place.



A. C. Wells & Co. Patent. Unbreakable Safety
Lamp with Brass Lid.

Greens and blues are the commonest colours and nearly all bottles contained lots of bubbles and 'tears'. Bottle shapes include octagonals, triangulars, fluteds, bells, oblongs, squares and one specimen with a slot in the side which held a free nib supplied with every purchase! There were a few figural ink bottles shaped as locomotives, cottages, feet and many other styles.

I could go on for ages writing about thousands of bottles and pots, but I must end here. I hope I have prompted your interest in Victorian throw aways? I have drawn a few antiques that I have found this term and would be only too glad to try and answer any questions you may wish to ask.

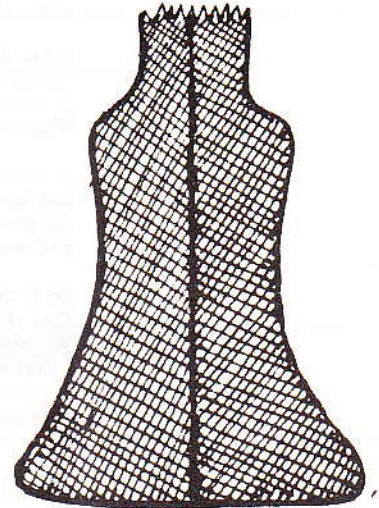
Graham Rhodes (5.S)



Octagonal Ink



Free nib slots on side



Bell Ink

GENEALOGY

Henry VIII and his six fine wives
Had feasts of pickles, onions and chives.
Two were axed, one would not take it,
Two divorced and only one made it!
William and Mary ruled together,
Wrote with an ink-pen made from a feather.
What could happen if the pair should die?
Check on Anne in case James Stuart comes by!
So Anne's the future Queen indeed.
And do you think she will succeed?
If there are no heirs to come,
Can Hanover be asked for some?
Yes! Came the Georges,
First, Second, Third, Fourth.
Lots happened then, as it oughter,
To keep the Pretender across the water!

Vanessa Williams (3)

THE STORY OF MAGGIE NUTTY'S PUTTY

This is the story of Maggie Nutty
Who stuck her foot in a tin of putty.
"Ah" she cried "It does feel soft"
And quickly kicked it up aloft.
There it stuck upon the ceiling
Looking like the ceiling's peeling.
"Poke it down" old Maggie said
Before it drops on someone's head.
Her daddy leapt to Maggie's aid
But for this bravery he has paid,
For where his false hair used to be
- Stuck for all the world to see -
A thick brown cake of putty lies
Right down his forehead to his eyes.
Now Maggie's daddy doesn't need a hat
Nor combs or anything like that.
Of going bald he has no fear
He simply paints it twice a year!

Justine Ready (J.A)

BY POWER BOAT TO GUERNSEY

This trip was made by five boys from school over a long weekend. The boat belonged to Mr. Rush and was going to cross the Channel twice. Once with his younger son, Mark, and his friends and once with his other son, Gary, and his friends. The proposed trip was agreed by the Headmaster and so, on the Saturday morning we left Chilton Cantelo in the red bus and crossed over by ferry to the Isle of Wight, where the boat was moored.

Once we were settled on the boat we left the Isle of Wight and headed out for Guernsey. The boat was called the 'Fairline 40' - forty being the length of the boat in feet. We had a very comfortable crossing both there and back.

Whilst we were there we decided to cruise to St. Malo, France, and spent one night there. We enjoyed the French food and wines when we had lunch in a very nice restaurant. The French sticks of bread were liked tremendously - they were lovely! We were most interested in the two towns - one old and one new - next door to each other. The difference was enormous. The old walls tightly surrounding the old town and stone roads, while the new town was open and built like any other modern town. It was quite surprising and especially so being next door to each other.

Right along-side the dock we noticed a wharf that imported chalk and made a lot of dust.

Cruising to and from St. Malo was an experience. Going to St. Malo the journey was very smooth, the smoothest ever, but on the way back to Guernsey it was very rough. It was impossible to sleep or put the boat on 'auto-pilot'.

While we were in Guernsey for the four days we managed to try 'go-carting'. This was a great laugh - one minute racing, the next minute knocking each other off the track and being sent in! Well, I was, anyway! We shopped around the town and even managed to visit the market to see how it differed from the markets in Britain. Even the fish and chips were the same.

One evening we were entertained by Mrs. Sally Bishop, the daughter of the Headmaster, and enjoyed a pleasant meal together.

Unfortunately we did not manage to get around to water ski-ing, as when we got the small 20 horse power speed boat out the fog came down very quickly.

The food on board, cooked by our Chef, 'Big Tony', was always very welcome, especially the breakfasts. These were usually bacon, eggs, sausage, tomatoes and toast and several cups of tea - just the thing to start a day, even for 'Big John' who ended up eating more than all of us put together. We all enjoyed it.

Our journey back to the Isle of Wight was somewhat rough and when Richard James opened the cupboard for me to put a glass away we hit a large wave and into the cupboard I went! The bad weather made moving about the boat very difficult, but that is all part of cruising across the English Channel doing 23 knots in a super boat.

Keith Wilce (5.0)

A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH SMOCK & SMOCKING

Smocking is a legacy from the nineteenth century smock-frock and it is from this practical over-garment that smocking acquired its name.

The technique was practiced long before the nineteenth century, since the extravagant garments of the Italian Renaissance displayed a similar decoration possibly known as biasing or plaiting. Smocking evolved from the necessity to secure the gathers and to control the fullness of a garment to fit snugly round the chest and forearm, yet giving maximum freedom to the limbs. The next development involved the decoration of these gathers in a unique and practical way to provide elasticity and a resilience, which pleats or tucks could not give. It is this property that has made smocks and smocking so popular through many decades.

There is no other form of embroidery so useful and decorative, combining strength, comfort and durability. English smocking comprises the grouping and variations of just three simple stitches, each related to the other, for a purely textural effect and worked in thread to match the fabric. This obviates the need to draw elaborate designs on the fabric beforehand and once the skill is mastered it is quick to execute.



Mr. John Turvey of Swanbourne Buckinghamshire, in 1910 wearing his Sunday smock over his 'best' clothes.

This skill was attractively exploited by the nineteenth century housewife who made with pride smock-frocks for her men-folk; garments of intrinsic value which were handed down through many generations. The everyday smock-frocks were made of unbleached linen, Sunday or 'best' smocks were white; some were of drabnet or cotton twill in neutral colours, olive green or navy blue. Other embroidery was worked on the collars, shoulders and either side of the smocked panels adding to the protective qualities of the garment. This stitching became elaborate and symbolic, although there is no evidence to confirm the popular belief that a common motif or design was peculiar to a particular county or trade. Although always cut from a series of rectangles to utilize every inch of the fabric the shape of the smock varied considerably from one region to another.

As the machine age engulfed the countryside towards the end of the nineteenth century, so the smock-frocked labourer shed his beautiful protective garment; it had become a hazard and was now only associated with the simple rustic of a bygone era. But the late Victorian 'trend setters' were to see the value of the smock as a fashionable garment and they made revival smocks for themselves and their offspring. The art of smocking thus became a social accomplishment. The nanny orientated society of the 1920s and 30s favoured this relaxing and rhythmical handwork, making exquisitely smocked crepe-de-chine and shantung garments for their privileged children.

(This article is condensed from 'Smocks and Smocking' written by B. Marshall, published by Alphabooks of Sherborne at £6.50).

(Mrs. B. Marshall - who was until recently a teacher at the school - has written this fascinating history of the Smock and explains, with patterns and very clear instructions, how to make these very attractive and practical garments. Not only does she write about them but she has successfully sold them abroad and through the National Trust in this country. - Ed.)



This round smock - similar to a Nineteenth Century original - was created in 1979 for a farmer in Bedfordshire.

EVENTIDE. LET ME BE YOUNG AGAIN

I'm fed up, bored and with nothing to do! Only too often do I hear these remarks coming from young people. 'There's nothing to do!' How I wish that I was one of the lucky pupils at a fine school with spacious grounds, woods and waters. Somewhere within us all is a nagging want, to understand and to get to grips with Mother Nature.

Let me be young again, to lead my young friends along a path, so they may begin to come to terms with a craving inside. Here, within these few Somerset acres tread, silently each day: the deer, badger, fox and mink; the hedgehog, squirrel, rabbit and mole; the rat, mouse, vole and feral cat. I see the eel, the newt, the frog and slippery snake. In the skies above fly a host of birds, from the humble wren to the majestic buzzard wheeling aloft.

Even if we waste very little time, childhood is so short and passes too quickly. We can only expect to snatch but a few of Nature's gifts. I dream of long ago when I, too, was young. I had to educate myself. I had no fine school, no teachers packed with knowledge, to whom I could run for help. I chose to study hard, but enjoyably free, the 'Book of the Wild.' You, my friends, have the choice too, but in your case it is a bonus. Don't waste the chance!

A quick walk round the grounds reveals little, but to my old eyes tracks tell me of excitement to come. A bird box or two conveniently placed, a bit of suet or fat from the kindly Chef hung high for the tit family. There is no ending to the tricks of getting the shy ones out into the open. A few nuts and the like from your tuck box placed tightly together and placed regularly at the base of a tree will get 'Sam the Squirrel' waiting for you.

Respect for their habitat is most certainly very important. Let the woods lie quiet and your reward will be the ghostly comings and goings of deer and badger. Armed at eventide with pad and pencil you may later in life "look around" at your drawing and knowledge gained at school and bless the day you never had time to get bored!

James Knight

(For new readers, Mr. Knight, who now helps part time on the estate, was Head Gamekeeper to a large country estate and has amassed a tremendous store of country knowledge. This knowledge too can be yours - by careful observation, considerate enquiry and complete respect for Nature in all her beauty - Ed.)



MY FIRST SEAL HUNT WITH THE INUIT

Many years ago after graduating from Teacher's Training College in Canada, I was accepted as a teacher in an Indian and Eskimo Residential Mission School in the Hudson Bay area of North Ontario.

Taking up such a teaching post entailed rather more than I had at first understood. On my way North to the school where I was to teach I had been instructed to visit the Bishop of the Diocese in which the school lay. The Bishop, a guest Christian leader of the Church, had spent many years of his Ministry among the remoter groups of Indians and Eskimos in Northern Canada. He surprised me though by saying that before I went to the school, I should learn the Eskimo language and that to this end he had arranged for me to go and live with an Eskimo family for a few months to get a working knowledge of the language and to learn a little about their way of life. From what the Bishop said it appeared that Eskimo children did not do too well in their studies at school because of their difficulties with the English language and also because they had almost nothing in common with the mainly white staff or the Indian boys and girls of the school. The Indian and Eskimo languages are very different and were no easier to learn than English for either the Indians or Eskimo children.

While agreeing intellectually with the Bishop that it would be helpful for me to be able to understand and use the Eskimo language, I had distinct emotional reservations at the idea of living as an Eskimo with the Eskimos. However, as the Bishop had spent years and years living among the original people of the North, I thought it wiser not to mention my rather less than enthusiastic feelings about the matter.

As things turned out, the plans for my linguistic 'further education' were more advanced than I could readily appreciate. The Bishop told me I was to leave my baggage with him and to sort out a few items of clothing to take with me, then I was to make a few purchases of items recommended by him. The next morning I set off with my small case and a largish canvas sack of belongings for the long trip from Schumacher, Ontario, to Resolution Island which is just off the Southern tip of Baffin Island. The route was briefly as follows: Schumacher to Cochrane by car, Cochrane to Moosonee by train, Moosonee to Great Whale River by plane, Great Whale River to the Belcher Islands by plane, Belchers to Fort Chimo by R.C.M.P. plane, then a wait of about a week in Chimo for a Hudson Bay Company supply vessel to Resolution Island.

During the week of waiting at Fort Chimo I made friends with some English speaking Eskimo men who worked part time for the Hudson Bay Company and through them managed to learn a few phrases of their language. I was pleased I had made this effort when on the floating dock at Resolution Island I met my Eskimo hosts, Agemak and his wife Ahmig, and their three year old son Winip. They spoke not a word of English and took me off to their tent - about two miles inland - where they had a summer camp by a little river; a most beautiful spot, but it had the drawback of being in the midst of a plague of mosquitoes! I used to think the mosquitoes were the size of sparrows, but as the years have gone by I nowadays think they were at least the size of crows and they all seemed to be waiting to taste fresh English blood!



The evening of my arrival was the occasion of an Eskimo feast of welcome. The food provided was strips of dried fish and dried whale meat with the main dish being whale fat, well beaten, with blackberries stirred into it. This is regarded as a great delicacy among the Eskimos.

Several Eskimo families attended the feast which was preceded by a little family prayer service. All the men present took turns leading the company in prayer and soon I was made to understand it was my turn. As at that time I understood none of the Eskimo prayers and they understood no English, the whole proceeding had a certain air of strangeness. No doubt the One we were praying to united us in a form of special understanding. It was a happy evening and the friendliness of the Eskimos and especially my hosts was most reassuring as I was feeling very far from home that night.

One important thing that happened was the arrival, late in the evening, of a man named Jock. He could speak English and Eskimo as his father had been a Scots trader and his mother an Eskimo. Agemak drew me aside to talk to Jock, who had been sent for as Agemak had things to tell me before we could live together. Very seriously Agemak - through Jock - told me that he and his wife were taking me into their family at the request of the Bishop and I was to regard myself as their son. They would teach me how to speak their language and how to hunt and live in the Northland. In return I was to be obedient and never get angry at anything and also I was never to use the word Eskimo. The word to use was 'Inuit', meaning 'the People.' I willingly agreed and after we had talked a little more Jock left the camp. Much later I was told that Jock was regarded as an outcast because of his bad temper!

When I arrived at Resolution Island it was towards the end of the short summer up there and for the next few weeks we lived in the summer camp. During this time I was learning the language and helping Agemak mend the sled and make new runners for the dog team. We also added many patches of caribou hide to the tents and shelter sheets that made up the camp. Then we had to provide our daily food which meant fishing in the river and laying fish traps. Excursions to the sea happened several times a week and the fish we caught from the sea were never consumed fresh but always prepared and dried for winter food. I caused some considerable amusement to my Inuit 'parents' by always cooking my fish on the small camp fire we managed to keep going for smoking and drying fish. Agemak and Ahmig believed I was spoiling good food. It took the winter to drive me to raw fish!

About the end of August I noticed Agemak seemed to be restless and he started tethering the dogs which usually ran about freely day and night. Of course I asked him about this and he just grunted and pointed to the North West. I could see nothing unusual and although the nights were very cold it seemed impossible that winter could come as early as August. One morning, just a couple of days later, we had to push our way out of the tents as about nine inches of snow had fallen during the night. From then on, freezing temperatures were with us, nearly all of every day.

Agemak and Ahmig started mending their clothing and made new garments for Winip. They also encouraged me to look closely for any weaknesses in my winter clothes just recently bought much further South. Later in the winter I was grateful for their advice and assistance as sewing never was a strong point with me.

We still made trips to the sea for fish and bits of wood. Agemak was now waiting for the narrow strip of sea 'twixt Resolution and Baffin to freeze over and so allow us to make our way to the winter hunting grounds.

Eventually the day came when we started to close camp and pack our belongings onto the sled. When all was secure we hitched up the dogs and set off for the North side of the island. After two more nights of temporary camp we set off over frozen sea and sand ridges until we reached Baffin Island where, not far from the sea in a sheltered spot, we re-established the camp.

Things were very different on Baffin. Agemak started making preparations for the first seal hunt, which was very important, and he was again waiting for two other families to join us as then the men of the camp could be away for several days and leave the women and children to handle the work of the camp. Agemak took me on long treks with the dogs and while these treks were good training for me, the principal training was in my being able to lie still in the snow, without a movement, for long periods of time. Agemak would give a curious hissing whistle and when I heard this signal I was to collapse in the snow and stay perfectly still. I might mention at this point that the same 'histle' brought about an immediate response from the dogs, who would remain motionless and without a help for as long as required - a most unusual situation as the dogs were seldom quiet.

Within a month the two families we were waiting for arrived and the men of the families and myself went off, with the dog teams, to camp further inland and enable us to get to know each other's ways. Hunting is very important and one has to be able to rely on one's companions. As an ignorant newcomer, I believe the new families were somewhat disappointed to find me now a member of Agemak's family. Happily though, they were willing to teach and guide my clumsy efforts to be a hunter. We also had to make our 'oolakugens' - this was the white, umbrella shaped shield, behind which each hunter would hide as we approached the seal holes in the ice. When all was ready and the Inuit men were satisfied that I could be still and also shoot reasonably accurately, we returned to the main camp.

We were in camp only over one night and the sleds were stripped of everything except the absolute essentials. We each carried a pack of dried fish and dried whale meat and this would be our only food until we had achieved success in our hunting.

In the morning we started off in a North Easterly direction, and keeping the shore line always in sight, we travelled all day with only a few short breaks. The temperature was below - 20°F, the sun was shining in a cloudless sky and there was no wind - in short, it was a near perfect day for travelling. We travelled like this for three full days and camped, very uncomfortably each night in a circle, with the dogs kept outside of the human and sled circle. Each night the dogs would be given a fish - frozen rock hard. The dogs would then dig a hole in the snow, drop the fish in the hole and jump in after it; then, in the morning, the heat of the dog's body would have thawed the fish and the dog would enjoy a good breakfast before another hard day at the sled. Treated like this the dogs are not tempted to go off by themselves to forage for food and they would be very aggressive defenders of the camp if strangers approached through the night.

The fourth day found us in the area where Agemak was optimistic about finding seal and soon after dawn we made off slowly and as quietly as possible. Agemak and I were in the lead as Agemak was acknowledged as having the sharpest eyes, and sure enough he called a halt and pointed at something I certainly could not see. We clutched our weapons and took up our oolakugens, then taking our instructions from Agemak, we spread out at irregular intervals and with our oolakugen in front of us we went very quietly and slowly forward. Whenever Agemak stopped, we all stopped. The dogs were left behind still harnessed to the sleds and each team had been signalled by its master to lie silent in the snow. We were soon on the frozen sea, with its fiercely rough and jagged ice, and it was hard to crouch and walk quietly. I noticed I was getting a few glances of reproach from the Inuit men who obviously thought I was making too much noise.

Before long I, too, could see some movement on the ice and as we crept closer we also went more slowly. Agemak now never looked at us, but concentrated on the seals. The irregular shaped umbrellas (oolakugens) were vital as we could never have approached the alert seals without them to allow us to blend into the snowscape.

Our instructions from Agemak were to aim at the animal most directly in front of us and, of course, to aim very carefully. Agemak, at last, not only stopped, but raised his rifle and this was the signal for us all to aim. Agemak gave us plenty of time to aim properly and then when we fired, we all fired at our seals. As soon as we had fired we ran as fast as we could towards the hole in the ice. A couple of the seals had not been killed outright and we had to prevent them reaching the hole wounded. Happily we were able to do this and the seals were quickly despatched. While we had been engrossed in the hunt the dogs had been quiet where we had left them, but as soon as the rifles had fired the dogs were screaming with excitement and racing towards us, of course bringing the sleds too!

It was a hectic few minutes sorting the teams out and calming them down. The dogs knew that the hunt meant food for them as well as for the humans. We loaded the seals and headed back to where we had camped the night before. I had thought that we would be working at skinning and preparing the carcasses, but little was done to the seals. Agemak gave me a little spear and we headed back towards the sea. We made a hole in the ice where we were directed to by Agemak and then spent a couple of hours fishing as the fish came towards the light of the hole. I had no success spearing fish but my companions were very skilful and we had about twenty fish to load onto the sleds.

The return trip to the main camp was a swift one and with our seals and fish we were greeted most warmly and the camp was a busy and happy place for some days before the families went their separate ways again.

During my winter with Agemak and Ahmig and little Winip I went on many other seal hunts, but I remember none as clearly as the first one.

Mr. A. Mahy

(Whilst we are all most appreciative of Mr. Mahy in his 'normal duties', it is with particular pleasure that the magazine can print such an excellent and informative story, penned in his 'off-duty' hours - Ed.)

FRESHWATER FISHING

When I say, "freshwater fishing", I simply mean fishing in water that is free from salt. Freshwater fishing has the hallmark of slow, skilful, placid fishing, where you dream of a tranquil, lazy, hot summer day, by a slow running river with swaying water lilies in clumps along the river bank, where the fish are plentiful and just waiting to be caught.

It is not at all like that, however. It can be very cold at six o'clock on a misty Sunday morning where the fish are not plentiful and from where the smallest of fish makes the homecoming that much easier.

Any form of fishing involves complete concentration if you are to succeed and make a good catch. It means reading the tell-tale signs of the bob; the quiver or sinking movements of the float, or the single tug on the line - all caused by fish taking a bite at the bait. When the fisherman is sure of himself and the catch, he will give a sharp tug on the line. This is called the strike. When this happens we hope the fish will have been hooked. Then the angler will reel in the fish carefully, a practice known as "playing the fish." After reeling the fish in to the bank the angler will then land the fish, usually in a net.

Freshwater fish come in all shapes and sizes. From the long, slimy, finger-like eel to the sharp, swift trout and the graceful, gliding carp.

The words "fresh water fishing," conjure up to the angler the image of a thin line, small hooks, a fixed spool reel, a whip-like rod and considerable patience.

Fishing is a growing sport and many younger sports people are being given more and more chances to become established anglers and to learn what they can about the sport. A person could never learn all there is to know about fishing for even the oldest and most professional still have things to learn.

Mark Palmer (5.0)

CHILTON FIRST ELEVEN FOOTBALL TEAM

This year the football season has been regrettably very short owing to the fact that other activities have taken place during the term. In spite of the fact that the team has had a very short time together it has played remarkably well.

In goal young Russell Palmer coming up from the second team under great pressure still managed to stop a few calamities. Our defence system was Rolf Davies and Nick Clark who have both been major assets to the defence. Centre half was Luigi Capozzoli - last year's first eleven goalie - and Billy Stroud. Although they were primarily in the defence, their main contribution to the team was their skill in creating chances for the forwards.

We have had to bring up a new front line consisting mainly of new boys: Aboderin, Taluth and Wilce - who have all created memorable goals. I would like to take this opportunity to thank all our Sports Masters, especially Mr. Shortland and Mr. Thomas-Peter for the help and moral support they gave us during this football season.

Although we didn't win many matches, the team tried their very best, indeed this year - with a smaller senior school - has made selection from the seniors very difficult and I do appreciate the efforts made by everyone to 'play the game'.

Christopher Mulenga (5.S)

RUGBY

It appears most probable that every winter the senior boys start to panic about the team, who is to play and then, just as naturally, what a useless side it is! This year has been an exception and under the direction - or threats - of Messrs. Narraway and Thomas-Peter we began to practice our basic skills, appreciate tactics and slowly emerged as a reasonable, match winning team.

On the junior side Mr. Edmondson was coaching and, in due course, we can expect a real improvement from them.

We had, on the whole, a good season, winning more than we lost and all of us really enjoyed our game.

A shaky 'pen-picture' of the team reveals a situation where libel is not intended and any inaccuracies are contrived to promote the International Brotherhood of Man (or is it Ma'an?)

Ademola added an impressive natural weight to the side.

Biles showed strength, speed and resilience.

Capozzoli handled well and his pick-up and dummies were excellent.

Cooper was a very active member.

Cox got stuck in - on every conceivable occasion.

Davies R., despite injury was a great help in the scrum.

Gregory too, was very active in the scrum.

Hall Ronald, was equally consistent and reliable.

Mulenga - our kicker - had a good season.

Palmer R. played well in the scrum.

Rhodes was consistent and kept going, often in difficult circumstances.

O'Connor was most skilful and scored most of our tries.

Rush G. had a very good season.

Rush M., his little brother, was a great help in the scrum.

Rutledge - really a junior - used his speed to considerable advantage.

Sobo - a newcomer to the game - scored a try in his first game and was a steady player.

Steel played with great enthusiasm.

As Captain, although I began indifferently, I hope I improved as the term progressed.

Biles, Davies, Mulenga, O'Connor and Gregory were awarded half-colours and I collected full colours.

John Dracup (5.0)

(John was presented with the Cup for - 'the most improved player' - and so completed a very satisfactory season. - Ed.)

MY FAVOURITE SPORT

My favourite sport is rugby. I like it because I like playing in teams. It is a very exciting game because you don't know what is going to happen next. It is great fun running up and down the pitch getting ready to tackle your opponent if he gets the ball. I think that the greatest sensation in rugby is scoring a try and then watching a team mate taking the kick to convert it!

My position is normally stand off or inside centre and I play at school whenever I can. I also like to go out to play on my own or with my Dad at home. I really believe rugby is also one of the most enjoyable games to watch - if one has to!

Justin Davies (J.B)

MY RACE AT BRISTOL

I was coming into the park on a nice hot, sunny Saturday afternoon all ready for my race and the big, red bus in which I was riding bounced over the hard stones.

The time was 1.30 and my race was at 2.00 so I had better get warmed up. I started warming up on the nice soft grass when I heard the loud-speaker say, "All under elevens to the start and you have got five minutes before your race."

Time went very quickly and I was on the starting line before I knew it and BANG the gun went off! Away we went and half way round the course I was in third place. One hundred yards to go and I was in second place. I slipped back, but got up again and challenged in the straight to the finish. I was just beaten into third place and another Athletics meeting for me was over.

Craig McFadzean (J.B)

CRYSTAL PALACE 1979

In the Summer term we have Athletics and if you want to go to Crystal Palace you need a good throw, jump or a good running time. It is possible to qualify at the Independent Schools Area Sports and Mr. Shortland picks you if you win your events. If you come first in your event you will go automatically to Crystal Palace, but sometimes the first two might go as in the 800 metres or the steeplechase.

Later in the term a coach comes through the gates and picks you up for London and your event in the actual sports stadium at the Crystal Palace.

When you eventually get there - at about 12.30 p.m. - you get off the coach and go straight in to the stadium. There are changing rooms there, but we at Chilton travel in our sports gear and change afterwards.

During the races you sit in the stadium and watch, but if your race is near the end you can just wander about. At the end, blue, pink and yellow certificates are given out to the 1st, 2nd and 3rd prize-winners in this order. Trophies are also awarded for the best Area. At the end of the day we return to the coach and on the way back stop to eat at a cafe. We get back to Chilton very late - at about 10.30 p.m. - and then straight to bed.

When I went to Crystal Palace in 1979 I competed in the 100 metres, 400 metres, long jump and the 4 x 100 metre relay. It was very good fun because we were allowed to take photos. around the stadium.

My first event was the 400 metres in which I came 2nd and equalled the previous record, but the boy in front of me now holds the record. The next event of mine was the long-jump and I was so disappointed when I came 2nd because I had lost by 5 centimetres and the year before that I had lost by 9 centimetres. Still, that's progress I suppose!

In the 100 metres we had a false start, but the second time we were off and again I came 2nd to the boy who had beat me in the 400m. I was pleased in a way because I had beaten Mark Stevenson's time by 0.1 of a second and he was always boasting that his time was faster than mine! In the 4 x 100 m. relay Chilton came 2nd and these are the people who were in the team: Ian Krysztofiak (now left), Simon Wetherall, Craig McFadzean and of course myself.

Paul Rutledge (J.A)

WEIGHT TRAINING

With the arrival of Mr. Narraway, several of the senior boys have commenced weight training under his careful supervision.

We train for the sheer enjoyment, to become physically fit and of course to improve upon our 'Mr. Universe' appearance - if that is possible! There are three of us involved: Keith Wilce, John Dracup, myself and of course and not least, Mr. Narraway himself.

With a wide range of equipment available we perform exercises which develop the various muscles in the body. Weight Training may not appear very exciting, but a lot of stamina and practice is needed. One should never undertake training unless you know just what you are doing or your back could be seriously strained and maybe permanently damaged.

The stronger of us - and this must be a professional secret - can raise weights of 140 lbs., but we exercise with weights of 40 and 50 lbs., gradually increasing the lifts progressively per session. An average session lasts about 45 minutes and can be very tiring.

To be a good weight lifter you should be able to lift your own body weight and we are quite close to being able to do just that.

Akinyinka Sobo (5.0)

"GREAT EXPECTATIONS" - A LA CHILTON

There was a hum around the school. No, the annual manure distribution to the peasants was not in progress - activity was centred around the machine which had suddenly appeared (some say "landed") in the serving-bay. Questions like "What is it?", "Does it go faster than Mr. Manaton's van?" "Is it bigger than Louise Cooper's trunk?" "Is this what the Maths department had in mind when they were thinking of buying a computer?" - were on everybody's lips. The answer to all these questions is, of course, no! The brand new (well, almost) Vending Machine had arrived.

Gone were the days of two seemingly endless queues of pupils at break-times. The system was going to be streamlined - having one, even longer queue and joined head to tail for 'seconds'.

Now, the more observant student of the French language (not yet an extinct species at Chilton) will notice the similarity between the English word "vend" and the French word "vendre" (to sell). This, then, explains the function of the machine. Outside normal break-times the machine is available to sell a variety of beverages. This operation has caused confusion in some circles. "How does one purchase a drink from this ultimate of drink dispensers?" you may well ask, assuming you are still awake of course. Here, before your very eyes, "Thoroughfare" in yet another world - acclaimed first, is privileged to present the official "The Easy, Official Guide to Obtaining Drinks From The Vending Machine When You Have To Pay" known as the "T.E.O.G.T.O.D.F.T.V.M.W.Y.H.T.P." for short!

1. Position oneself in front, neither to the left, nor to the right, but in front of the Vending Machine.
2. Grip a 5p piece - not 10p as indicated - between thumb and first finger of right hand, or left, or, better still, both.
3. Delicately, but firmly, insert the coin of the aforementioned denomination into the appropriate slot and let it go with a slight, but very slight, forward push.
4. When the panels - adjacent to the names of the beverages light up - press the panel next to the name of the beverage desired and wait.
5. If you are still waiting, do not scream, kick the machine or join the Foreign Legion. Go back to stage 1 and start again. If you are not (still waiting) go on to stage 6.
6. When the beverage has been delivered into the appropriate area, assuming a cup has been delivered as well, delicately, but firmly, place the thumb and middle finger of one's right hand (or left, etc.) around the rim of the aforementioned cup and delicately, but firmly, remove from the aforementioned area.

N.B. With reference to stage 4 if "Chocolate" is desired, it is advisable to position oneself to the right, or to the left, but definitely not in front of the Vending Machine, unless one is wearing thick, brown, trousers or recently returned from warmer climes!

(Whilst its operation has a certain ingenuous charm even if understood, the drinks themselves are very reasonable, the choice wider and the opportunity more frequent - Ed.)

CHORAL SINGING

This year, as in several previous years, Mrs. England has encouraged our young ladies to sing, in tune and in the choir.

Naturally over the pre-Christmas period they were in great demand both here in the local Church and to the old people in Yeovil. These successes have been followed up more recently by their singing to the patients at Yeovil and Sherborne General Hospitals over the 'Radio Camelot' internal broadcasting system. So much was this enjoyed that they have been booked to record their Christmas 1980 Church Carol Service and we hope that this may lead to many more similar engagements.



The Choir Singing in the Hall, Christmas 1979

Back Row: Tracey, Hilery, Kim, Amanda,
Debbie, Karen, Anna-Marie, Louise
Sally, Dawn, Justine, Angela, Anita, Tracy.
Front Row: Sharon, Lisa, Alexia, Joann, Vanessa

THE RICH AND THE POOR

'What would you do', I am asked 'if you were a millionaire?'
'Oh, but I am and I thoroughly enjoy it!'
'But you are just an old gardener now!'
'Yes, old I may be.'

I count not my millions in monies for my brain is packed with the fortunes of the understanding of Nature. I cannot converse on Politics, Industry and the like. I know not a thing of 'O and A' levels. But I know wherever I am and whatever the company, soon the most important guest will seek my knowledge of some worrying item of Mother Nature. Within minutes he is joined by many and as the questions and answers flow, the rich, the stern and the feared become as I - a son of the soil. Their tense, work-worn faces relax, they begin to enjoy other things than money. Man is a strange creature. He spends half his life learning the way to the top and the other half envying the simple life of a fellow human. Their old age brings in a bitterness because they never had time for the simple things of life.

But without the rich, the poor would die. Or would they? There's water in the stream and fish within, beast on foot and bird on wing. Of course one must have the knowledge of how and where. If ever this Island is the last to survive in our troubled world, the politicians, the titled and the rich cannot eat their wealth of life. But I can mine. Of course I am a millionaire!

Mr. James Knight



Illustration by Debbie Rhodes (4)

VENDREDI, SAME DAY

Oh, dear! What can the matter be?
The 'new' vending machine is dispensing tea,
Wines and spirits for all to see
- at the very low price of just 5p.

For another 5p, that is 10p in all,
It will vend anything no matter how small.
No matter how big, how wide or tall,
It often vends water - now I recall!

Into plastic cups, one, two or three
By pure chance or other devilry.
All this is contrived for no further fee
By a twist of the wrist and the Duty Staff key!

THE BULL IN THE FIELD

One Saturday morning, in the early Autumn, I decided to go fishing. I cut myself some tomato sandwiches, made a flask of tea and collecting my rod and bait set off for the river. Closing the door quietly behind me, I pushed through the tangled undergrowth in the garden, climbed the fence and walked through the grass which was still very wet with dew. My red coat kept me warm and as I settled down on the river bank the sun came out and the morning mists rose in the air.

As I ate a tomato sandwich I heard a noise. I thought it was my imagination playing tricks on me, so I carried on eating, but I heard it again. I turned round and I saw four legs. I looked up and two red eyes were looking down at me; two big pointed ears and a sweaty snout, two big white horns on the top of the head, just above the ears and it had long black whiskers on the chin.

I quickly took my coat off and threw it over the bull's head and I ran Splat! Straight into a cowpat! I ran for the rusty old gate, but it was gone, or so I thought until I realised I was just running in the wrong direction! I dived into some undergrowth - briars and nettles naturally - and settled down on a stinging nettle amongst the prickles for perhaps a long wait.

The bull was still trying to get the coat off his head, but it was caught on his horns. The bull came closer to where I was and the coat snagged on a bush. In a little while I got out, collected my coat and ran for the gate. The bull spotted me and he charged! I ran faster, faster and faster, going round in circles, but he was still catching me up. I stopped and put out my red coat to the side of me and the bull went straight on and his head went clean through the gate!

I climbed over the gate and over the bull and went fishing the long way round and caught a haddock.

Michael Bramble (J.A)



Illustration by Debbie Rhodes (4)

SUNDAY MORNING

I woke to the sound of a banging door and a stream of light flooding into my room. I turned, to see my father, fully dressed.

"Morning! Coming to help in the garden?" he asked.

Sleepily, I replied, "What time is it?"

"About half past eight"

"All right", I said.

With that he turned and went out leaving the light on in my room. I crawled out of bed and pulled back the curtains. Even when it was dark and cold Dad would get up in the morning to do the gardening, I thought. Quietly, I got dressed, as I knew Mother would be still dozing, and, switching off the light, crept out and down the stairs to make a cup of tea.

I had my breakfast while the tea was brewing. The tea was drawing while Dad came in to have a sit down.

"Where is that cup of tea then?"

"Just coming", I said.

Dad said that he would only pull the potatoes because it was too cold to do anything else. So after our drink of tea we went outside to pull the potatoes which we brought in for the Sunday lunch.

Usually I do some little job on Sunday, but this time as an 'extra' I had to cook some breakfast for Mum and Dad. Afterwards I could relax for the day, that is until the next job, for we had some company coming!

Louise Cooper (J.A)

THE STATION AT MIDNIGHT

The sign on the board outside read "Station" and when I got inside the place it was just like being in a giant burrow. It was the biggest place I had ever seen in my entire life. The walls were crumbling. The air smelt of rotting fish. The ceiling was covered with cobwebs and open doors creaked and groaned in the light wind. Newspapers and rubbish covered the ground and it was all very depressing.

In the offices desks were covered in dust and filing cabinets, left open, had spewed their contents all over the floor. Mice ran up and down searching for food, unhurried by anything. Overhead owls hooted in the lofty rooms, their nests covered in blood from the flesh ripped from the bones of their victims.

I passed beneath huge arches wondering who had built and used this place; what civilisation? Had it destroyed itself or did it live on, somewhere, deep underground, in the tunnels and sewers I suspected lay below? Over there lay an object twisted and bent, the side now almost totally eaten away by red rust. Rats ran across it; owls hovered above; and the rotting fish smelt stronger here and whitened bones were all around; some small, some big. I turned away feeling sick.

I passed into the old restaurant. Rats covered the floor and scampered over the tables and chairs and were obviously still living on rotten carcasses. Signs ahead read 'Tickets', 'Snack Bar', and I moved on pushing through and treading on these horrible, squeaking, dirty brown rats.

Heavy footsteps came up behind me but I dared not turn around and would not run for the rats. The steps came closer, I attempted to run I tripped and fell amongst the rubbish and the rats THE RATS THE RATS.

John Humphreys (3)

NOT FOR THE FAINT HEARTED

It was seven o'clock in the evening after a fine summer's day and still light outside. Mr. Simmons went to put his dogs' food outside the back door so that the dogs could return to eat whenever they wished. The dogs were two pedigree alsatians called Joseph and Frankenstein and were about three or four years of age. They would have had no trouble in mauling a man to death, although they wouldn't unless they sensed fear in that person. Mr. Simmons went to bed early that evening because he would have a long journey ahead of him the next day. His intention was to leave the dogs at his neighbour's house as the dogs knew the people and wouldn't harm them at all.

The following morning Mr. Simmons' alarm clock went off at 5.45 a.m. giving him enough time to have a small breakfast and feed the dogs before he left. He went to the back door to bring in the dogs' bowls. When he picked them up he realised that the food was untouched. He called out, "Joseph, Frankenstein, din-dins!" Still nothing happened. He wondered why they hadn't eaten; they had never missed a meal before, but he realised there was no cause to be worried, for the dogs could look after themselves. He left the bowls outside the door and went to finish packing.

Mr. Simmons checked everything was locked inside and prepared to leave. When he opened the front door, to his horror and amazement, he saw the dogs standing there foaming at the mouth. They jumped at him, smashed him to the ground and cruelly mauled him to death. In a matter of minutes he was a mass of blood and bone, dead on the floor. The dogs left the house with no thought for their dead owner and were not seen or heard of again until nine o'clock that night.

Their second attack was on a mother and father out for an evening walk with their ten year old son. The dogs leapt from behind a bush and attacked the family. The only serious injury was to the boy. He had received a large bite on the arm from the larger of the two dogs and was bleeding. The man received a very small graze but it didn't hurt for more than two minutes. The boy was taken to hospital where the family were told it wouldn't take long to heal but would probably leave a nasty scar. Both the boy and his father were given an anti-tetanus injection simply as a precaution. No one imagined then that the boy could have contracted rabies so it was left at that and no more was said.

Three days later the mother and father were awakened during the early hours of the morning by the sound of screaming and shouting coming from their son's room. They both rushed to find out what was causing the noise and in the boy's bedroom they found him soaked in sweat and foaming at the mouth. When his father roused him, he lashed out, began to shout obscenities and, at the same time, punching his father on the jaw. Mother raced downstairs and called an ambulance.

Within a matter of minutes, two men were at the door with a stretcher. When they saw the boy's state, one went back and fetched a strait jacket. It was a bit shabby, but it would hold him down until they arrived at the hospital. At the hospital, his parents were asked some questions to find out if they had any idea how the boy might have come in contact with the disease. The mother mentioned about the attacking dogs and then suddenly a look of horror came over the doctor's face. The father realised what was wrong and explained to his wife who stood there in disbelief. He asked if there was any hope. The doctor replied that their might have been if it had been noticed earlier, but now it was too late and their boy was going to die. The parents were given the opportunity to see their son, but they couldn't bear a repeat of what happened in the bedroom that night and waited for the morning.

Many other patients came in complaining of feeling giddy and thirsty but not being able to drink. Others were already foaming at the mouth. For the ones that were caught in time there would have to be three very painful injections into the chest but for others it was too late!

The following day people were told to stay indoors and keep their pets inside. Any dogs or cats found on the street were put down for fear that they too might be diseased. There were many protests by the R.S.P.C.A., but they were ignored and the animals destroyed.

After four days of Army patrols on the streets, no more admissions to hospital came in and the two alsatians had still not been found. The town, its people and industry began to return to 'normal', but a silent danger still lurked in the streets and always in their minds.

Mathew McDermott (J.A)

(Another commercial or could this happen here? We have a lot to be thankful for in that our Quarantine regulations are strict, but Rabies is just across the Channel. - Ed.)



Illustration by Debbie Rhodes (4)

HORROR HOSPITAL

I woke up to hear a rats' chorus in the courtyard. They were squaking to each other over the gruesome pile of amputated limbs which Doctor Silas had probably cut off some poor soldiers last week! The stench of the flesh rotting and decaying was nauseating. This was my first memory of Scutari Hospital.

About one o'clock that day Doctor Silas "The Butcher" - as he was better known - came to my bedside and said in half an hour he would have to cut off my left leg, seeing that it was getting gangrenous. He then went away to sterilize his tools for the gruesome job.

Doctor Silas returned with four men. One man came to my head and held me by the shoulders while the other three held my body down! The Butcher picked up a sharp knife and began to cut through my leg. People must have heard my shrieks of agony all over the hospital.

I woke to find myself in a clean sheeted bed, with a tall woman, wearing a white apron and mob cap, bathing my head. I praised the Lord for sending me one of his angels. Later on that day a comrade told me that a new nurse called Florence Nightingale and some other helpers had just arrived at the hospital, so I really had to thank the Lord and have done so ever since.

Richard Pidgley (3)



Naturally he saw the school dentist eventually, but 'the Butcher' was optimistic!

Karen Trowbridge (4)

THE INTRUDER

The blind old lady lay slumped back in her old rocking chair and slowly rocked back and forwards. In one ancient, wrinkled hand lay a story book written in braille. The other hand moved along the page, carefully pressing her shrivelled fingers over the braille, trying to make out the words. She was soon interrupted by her only companion fluttering to and fro in its cage and doing all it could to attract the old lady's attention.

The old lady knew what it wanted! She placed the book down and slowly rose from her chair and reached for the cloth she kept on the sideboard. She moved over to the cage and stretched up to put the cloth over it. It was getting late now and she could sense the room becoming colder as the wind outside blew stronger, heralding the approaching storm.

The wind now started to rattle the windows and howl around the cottage. Suddenly one of the windows smashed open and the wind gushed in blowing the curtains across the sideboard and hurled all her story books across the worn-out carpet.

The cloth over the cage was next to go, leaving the parrot with no protection against the cruel wind, which whistled eerily as it tore between the rails of the cage. The parrot was now in a frenzy as it shook the cage from side to side and squawked loudly at the old lady, who had been swept back into her chair where she now lay paralysed with fright at what was happening around her.

The room was now intensely cold as the fire had nearly lost its fight for survival against the wind. Suddenly there was a terrible crash of thunder followed by a heavy deluge of rain which pelted down onto the thatched roof. Another small window to the side of her smashed open. The wind and rain gushed in carrying wet leaves which were hurled against the blind lady's face and plastered against the wall. Somehow the blind old lady managed to pluck up enough courage to rise from her chair and struggle towards the window. Suddenly she lost her footing and slipped on the wet leaves. She fell back onto the fireplace and her head hit the stonework with a splintering crack! The wind howled, the parrot squawked and the storm thundered across the valley, but the blind lady would never be worried again.

Robert Steel (4)

FIRE

After a long day's walk, they slept heavily on the nice bales of hay up in the top part of the barn. The sun was already high in the sky before they awoke.

It was Joan who first noticed the wisp of smoke curling up through the trapdoor. She had slept soundly and was not properly awake. Coming to, she spotted a wisp of smoke and, being frightened, nudged John. John woke up and said,

"There is no need to nudge so hard, I am almost awake!"

Then he caught sight of the smoke and it was only a matter of minutes before everyone was awake knowing that there was a real fire.

There were two doors in the barn, the trap door was already locked and it was on fire anyway. They would have to hurry because the hay was just about to catch alight, when suddenly they remembered that they had locked the main door to the barn and given the key to John, the eldest of the five children.

He said he put it in the top pocket of his tee-shirt, but when he looked it was not there! He checked the rest of his pockets and still could not find it. The five friends were all down in the hay looking for the key. John spotted it and, although it slipped further down between the bales, they knew it was there and quickly found it again. They clambered over to the door as quickly as they could and they were out of a very big fire.

Craig McFadzean (J.B)

CARELESSNESS

1666

The flames reached higher
From the blazing fire.
Men and women scattered . . .
Crying in the streets from the heat
Just like bits of wheat.
Young firemen in their 'teens.
Water gushed out of the hoses
But faded in the flames.
London was burning down.
Nothing could be found
For the furnace to drown
In, but the Thames.

Richard Hall (3)

When 'Liz was left all alone
In her great big mansion home,
With matches she dared to play,
For she had been alone all day.
Her ma you see had never told her,
For she would learn as she grew older!
So off 'Liz went to the big drawer,
- Which she had never seen before.
She looked to see what was inside
And what she saw was a surprise.
There were matches of many different sorts
Which her Ma had unwisely bought.
She first took out a little match,
Which she struck without a catch.
Then there came more and more,
Till matchsticks lay over all the floor.
She decided to light a large blue candle,
But the flame she just could not handle.
It caught first the curtain, then the wood,
And 'Liz did everything she could
To leave the room which was on fire
And the flames that rose higher and higher.
When 'Liz's Ma at last came home
All she could do was stop and groan.
Her house was now one big ruin
And for silly 'Liz it was all her doing.

MORAL: Don't leave children on their own and please don't play with matches!

Dawn Allan (J.A)

HOME ON THE RANGE

"Please can I cook the chips whilst you're out, Mum? After all, it will save you some time when you come back and you know how Dad grumbles when it's late."

"No, I've told you before, I would worry my head off and the chip pan is the most common cause of fires in the home. Now goodbye. See you later and remember what I said."

Slam! She was gone.

A bit later on I decided that I would make the chips regardless of what Mum had said. The chips were ready and sitting in a bowl of water so as not to turn brown. All I had to do was cook them. First of all I poured the fat into a large pan which I put on the electrically heated stove. I waited for a few minutes, waiting too long maybe or was I waiting too short a time. Come to think of it I didn't really know! I dropped a chip in to test the fat. It immediately began to dance around the pan blowing bubbles and then I knew it was ready. Splash,

"Ouch!"

I'd put the chips in and they'd splashed hot fat at me. I ran to the bathroom, not caring about the fat in the chip pan bubbling furiously, and put my hand under some cold water. Ah, what a relief, I thought!

Then I remember the chip pan. I'd forgotten all about it and it could have spilt over. I ran back to the kitchen hoping and praying that nothing had happened. As I went in an eerie sight met my eyes. The oil had spilt all over the cooker and had caught on fire. It was on the floor and creeping towards the back door. The oil on the floor wasn't alight yet, but soon could be. The curtains were alight and great big black clouds of smoke billowed out.

I ran for the 'phone, but before I could get there I heard the slam of a car door. They were back, my troubles were just about to start and I deserved everything I got! In fact, it is quite amazing that I can sit down at all to write this!

Timothy Morley (3)

(Fire seems to figure quite prominently this year in the magazine and I hope, most sincerely, that none of these stories are or will be based on practical experiences. - Ed.)

THE BLUE BICYCLE

Once upon a time, there was a man who lived at the top of a hill. On the opposite hill there was a monastery. One summer the little man from the house on the hill set off on his red bicycle. He went down the hill - at a hundred miles an hour - and straight up to the monastery. He knocked on the door and asked if he could stay for the year. The little monk said, "Yes, certainly."

After a year had passed, the night before the man was to leave, the monastery burnt down and only five monks and the man survived. He went down the hill and up another hill to his house. Years later, when the monks had built a new monastery, the same man came to the monastery again and stayed a year, and again it burnt down. This time only one monk and the strange man survived.

It took twenty-five years for this monk to rebuild the monastery. Now, this monk was very clever and got out some binoculars and waited until he saw the strange man on the opposite hill get on his red bicycle. The monk went into a shed and got out a new blue bicycle and he set off down the hill heading straight for the little man on the red bicycle. They both reached fifty miles an hour on their speedometers and they crashed into each other going at over one hundred miles an hour. There was a huge 'Bang-and-crash!' and all you could see was a red wheel here, a red seat there and a red chain somewhere else, but propped up against a tree, quite intact, was a newish blue bicycle nothing else!

Question - What does all this prove?

Answer - That blue bicycles are better than red.

(Another quite improbable, absolutely smashing, Canterbury Tale. - Ed.)

Dean Stevenson (3)

PLEASURE

The sunset rising over the hill.
The crystal water calm and still.
A baby smiling in its pram.
A woolly ewe and its new-born lamb.

Apples ripening on a tree.
Rolling waves crashing over the sea.
Swans gliding across the lake.
A nice iced cake for the children to make.

A lovely hot summer's day.
Freshly baked bread cooling on a tray.
A small dress decorated with smocking.
A grandfather clock, tick-tick-tocking.

A ground covered in frost and snow.
A day out at a circus show.
The pleasure of giving and not to get.
Talking to friends that I have just met.

There are the pleasures that I'm sure I'll share
With somebody else in the world somewhere.

Vannessa Williams (3)

WINTERTIME

As I walked through the snow, up to my ankles in it, I looked back over my trail. A thick blanket of white lay over everything. Somehow the countryside had grown darker and colder and sadder. All along the leafless country lanes, between hedgerows and across fields, the snow lay thickly. It grew darker. Every step I took I slipped. I saw the frozen lights of the houses in the village and saw farmhouses and cottages with their roofs twinkling in the moonlight. I grew colder and took off my wet gloves, putting them into my soaked pockets. I went past the village churchyard where snow, like little islands, lay on the frosty ground. I opened my garden gate instead of climbing over and getting wet. I was home at last. I felt triumphant and warm inside.

Michael Bramble (J.A)

THE SEA FRONT

To me the seaside means walking along with socks and shoes in hand and the sand slowly trickling through my toes. It means jumping as I try to escape the waves and getting my feet wet.

As I looked around I saw many things - old men sitting with their wives in dirty white shorts, coloured braces and handkerchiefs on their heads. The wife, sitting lazily in her deck chair, her hands out and the lunch wrapped up in tin foil or plastic bags, with the smell of pickle slowly diffusing the air.

Dads are covered violently with sand; the spades dig making sandcastles fit for a Queen and are soon demolished by seaside vandals. Lying half naked the tanned skinned bathing beauties bask in the sun. Big muscles lean over.

The white, cream mouthed, babies have just finished an ice cream or are still indulging in the mess. People hide their heads behind a mass of pink floss, or use their teeth as pick axes to crack their way into toffee apples.

The little boys and girls cry because their mums would not let them ride the old, tired donkeys, who have been walking with wet nappies and swim suits on their backs all day and every day!

Little kids - little dears - kick the living daylight out of the donkeys because they think they are racing in the 'Grand National!'

"Ten pennies please", says the boy as he changes his money to feed the hungry slot-machines on the arcade. The pinballs crash and hit the glass, scoring numbers for a replay.

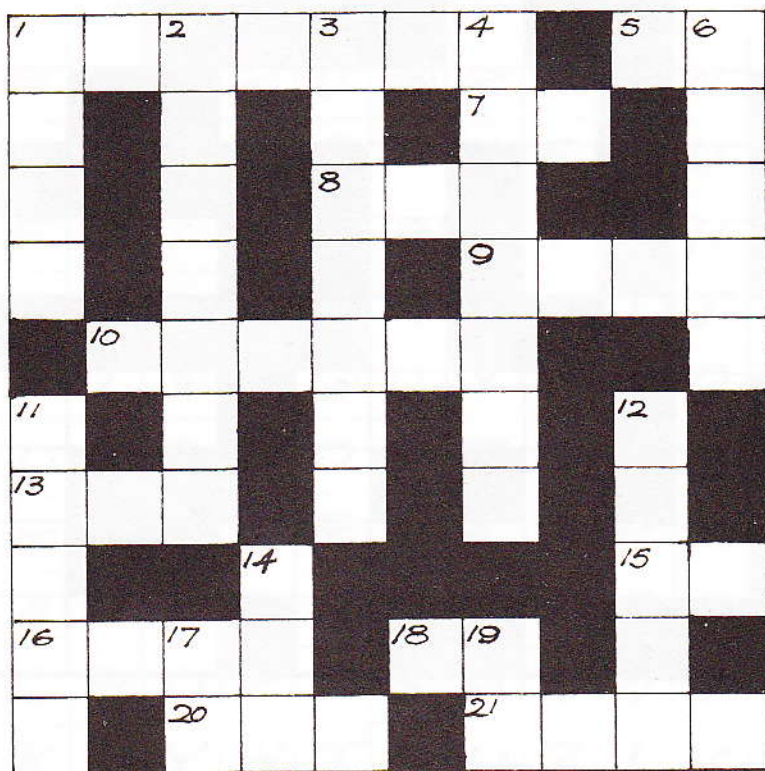
The young girls come along taking photos of embarrassing situations; a towel falling off and bikini bottoms falling down. You are the first in the queue the next morning to collect them!

The deep blue water, full of hungry waves, is tempting to go in. I listen to the shouts of despair, as the cold drops are splashed upon people's backs.

Walking along I hear noise, see confusion, see all different kinds of people - some black, some white - speaking different languages. Most are complaining about how much money they have spent on the machines in the amusement arcades and on the amount of ice cream they have eaten. Or maybe they are sad because they have to go home tomorrow to the reality of it all.

Amanda Coleman (5.0)

JUNIOR CROSSWORD



ACROSS

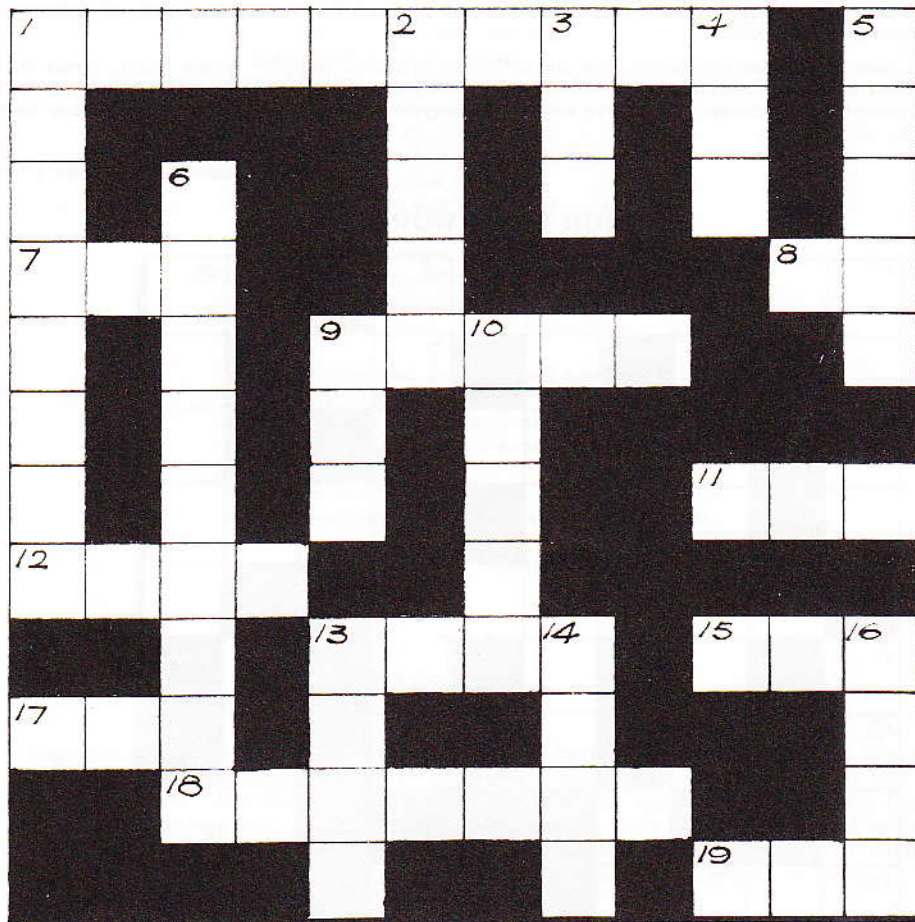
1. Complete, exact
5. See 19 down
7. . . apple
8. Brown skin, beat
9. Big fish
10. Just below boiling
13. Lives in a hive
15. Member of parliament
16. Border of anything
18. . . sticks out
20. . . . man out
21. Goats - G

DOWN

1. Take the skin off
2. To take, to get
3. Guess. How much or many
4. "ant rum" with another t
6. Big sea
11. Monastery ruled by an abbot
12. The furthest point or place
14. Turn 'Deb' and sleep
17. Green in light traffic
19. Too + . .

Compiled by Finlay Morley and Jason Gill (J.A)

UNCROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Bloody (10)
7. Insane (3)
8. 1st Person plural
9. He had 6 wives and made the Anglican Church independent (5)
11. Make love, not . . . (3)
12. Noisy (4)
13. Prime Minister, died 1806 (4)
15. Noah's . . . (3)
17. Abbreviation of Magazine (3)
18. Study of past events (7)
19. To ask earnestly (3)

DOWN

1. Leader of Roundheads (8)
2. Waken (5)
3. Ladies . . . Gentlemen (3)
4. Opposite of night (3)
5. Opposite of King (5)
6. Capital of Scotland (9)
9. To embrace (3)
10. follows 4 (5)
13. Narrow valley between mountains (4)
14. Conservative (4)
16. Rex (4)

Anna-Marie Telford (3)

(Turn to back pages for solution)

TEST YOUR GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

1. What happened in 1914-1918?
2. What happened in 1666?
3. What is the longest river in the world and where is its out-flow?
4. Which is the second highest mountain in the world and in which range is it?
5. What is the chemical symbol for: Aluminium, Copper, Gold?
6. What do these abbreviations mean? A.A., A.F.M., B.A., C.H.

Dean Stevenson (J.A)

PLACE NAMES

H	N	Y	R	U	B	R	E	T	N	A	C
N	W	Y	M	B	L	U	F	B	U	N	A
F	O	I	T	A	R	G	T	A	H	D	R
F	K	D	W	N	H	B	Z	T	J	O	D
I	I	X	N	G	U	Y	S	H	Q	U	I
D	N	G	B	O	L	T	O	N	E	E	Z
R	G	X	C	R	L	K	G	R	Y	R	S
A	O	L	C	H	E	S	T	E	R	X	D
C	P	O	R	T	S	M	O	U	T	H	E
K	D	Y	W	T	O	U	Z	I	V	L	E
C	B	I	R	M	I	N	G	H	A	M	L
T	B	Z	J	L	V	H	A	O	P	A	Q

Can you find the place names? There are fifteen of them. BATH has been done for you.

Timothy Morley (3)

(Turn to back pages for solution)

ANSWERS TO LIFE SAVING QUIZ

1. Because of tides, currents and ground swells also sudden change in water depth, unmarked and often unseen and many other various reasons.
2. a) Red Flag. Warning notices. b) Red and yellow Life Guard Flags; Notices.
3. Starting handle, car rug, towing rope.
4. Keep calm, call for help, float on back, wave ONE arm only slowly from side to side to attract attention.
5. Coiled.
6. Life Jacket.
7. '999'.
8. Safe position - lying down is best. No contact with casualty.
9. Flood tide is coming in. Ebb tide is going out.
10. a) Check that physically all is well. b) Commence resuscitation at once.
11. Sheet, clothes line, towel.
12. Wind up all windows. Switch on lights to guide rescuers. Do not try to open doors too soon. When the water reaches the chin pressure inside and out will be the same. Try to force open door, if not break windscreen. If more than one person in car hold hands and swim up. Breathe out as you do so.
13. Systematic search. Bubbles may rise to the surface indicating the body's position. In running water they are carried downstream in which case the search should be carried out upstream of the point at which they appear.
14. Avoid going onto weakened ice. Try to reach the person with a pole or rope and pull them to safety. You could use a plank, ladder, human chain, or lying down if you have to cross ice.
15. Swim very gently with a long, slow breast or side stroke with minimum leg movement. Weeds will float apart, never fight them.
16. Stay with it.
17. Used in rough or difficult conditions with the side stroke.
18. When a subject needs firm controlling.
19. Used with a passive or co-operative subject.
20. With a conscious subject.

(SCORE ASSESSMENT: If you have achieved over 20 correct you are watertight; if over 10 just bobbing and below 10 try to avoid perspiring! - Ed.)

SOLUTION TO LIFE SAVING CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Breathe; 5. S.O.S.; 7. Tied; 8. Hot; 9. 'phone; 10. Edge; 11. Free; 12. Can; 14. Children; 18. Yell; 19. Bat.

DOWN

1. Bathe; 2. Emergency; 3. Help; 4. Soon; 5. Shore; 6. Step; 11. Fall; 12. Cool; 13. Knot; 15. He; 16. Ill; 17. Rib.

SOLUTION TO JUNIOR CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Perfect; 5. To; 7. An; 8. Tan; 9. Tuna; 10. Simmer; 13. Bee; 15. M.P.; 16. Edge; 18. It; 20. Odd; 21. Oats.

DOWN

1. Peel; 2. Receive; 3. Estimate; 4. Tantrum; 6. Ocean; 11. Abbey; 12. Limit; 14. Bed; 17. Go; 19. To.

SOLUTION TO UNCROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Cumberland; 7. Mad; 8. We; 9. Henry; 11. War; 12. Loud; 13. Pitt; 15. Ark; 17. Mag; 18. History; 19. Beg.

DOWN

1. Cromwell; 2. Rouse; 3. And; 4. Day; 5. Queen; 6. Edinburgh; 9. Hug; 10. Night; 13. Pass; 14. Tory; 16. King.

ANSWERS TO GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

1. The Great War (World War I)
2. The Great Fire of London.
3. River Nile. Out-flows into Mediterranean.
4. K2 and is to be found in Marakoram range of mountains.
5. Aluminium = Al
Copper = Cu
Gold = Au
6. A.A. = Automobile Association
A.F.M. = Air Force Medal
B.A. = Bachelor of Arts
C.H. = Companion of Honour

SOLUTION TO PLACE NAMES

London
Bolton
Bangor
Yeovil
Portsmouth
Cardiff
Canterbury
Woking
Hull
Andover
Birmingham
Leeds
Rugby
Chester

24.9.65
Fraser F.H., Aparcar M., Rattanaavadee K., Shannaz A., Hirimsiri T., George M.

14.1.66
Swain A.F., So Y.H., Martindale J.V., Brunet E., Brake M., Cramer G., Holmes N.

15.4.66
Du Cane P., Trestrail A.G., Hall P.V., Kendrick-Jones D.O.

16.9.66
Al Khalifa R., Alkhalifa H., Atkinson, R.G., Blair R.S., Cater D.M., Chang M.T., Channer D.G., Gilad J., Joscelyne N., Kamal B., Kynatt J., Leach C., Macedo M.E., Matheson H.J., Meftah S., McLean G.K., O'Brien T.R., Panayotou P., Sarafian G.J., Thomas-Peter C.L., Thomas-Peter B.A., Tubman E., Vargas K.J., Vellacott A.R., Wilson J.J., Wilson M.J., Wong W.K.

13.1.67
Bishara M., Tring P., Gibson M., Mylla L., Rawles M., Swain P., Hakim K., Langan D.

15.4.67
Batteson A., Burton P., Cardiff L., Chong D., Chong P., Cragg B., Hawker V., Yang P., Hull E.

15.9.67
Anastosios A., Berry J.C., Bhasin K.S., Cadwallader D., Williams R., Kwong K-W., Leyder F.N., Moloney P.D., Ricketts J.M., Farzi H., Willson J.B., Wright J.L., Yang J., Kaki A., Kaki G., Dajani I., Dajani M., Jones G., Tremblais A., Elabd T.I., Al Khalifa S.B.

5.11.67
Brown F.

12.1.68
Samir I.A., Kirk S.J., MacMasters J.A., Need G.J., Coker G.B., Hurst M.D., Angerwall G.C., Cheesman R.C., Shaikh M.N., Scobie W.S., Donnelly D.C., Emani-Tehrani M., Osman S.M.

19.4.68
Sachriake A.M., Shah P.K., Shilbaya M.M., Wilson A.

20.9.68
Badary N., Croft J.D., Jones G., Khan M.E., Lam B.K., Dhanani Z.M., Neish A., Salt D.M., Sutcliffe R.W., Tryilla J.I., Clarke R.J., Blake N.C., Murdoch A.D., Bushe A.P., Fazal N.A., Graham D.B., Wilson M., Coram B.D., Richardson J., Corazza R.J., Belson F., Harriott K.M., Keightley F.R., Kotah H.P., Madani A., Santos F.L., Winsburg-White J.P.

17.1.69
Akiode A., Hyland J., Tang W.P.

18.4.69
Bollam S., Demirag M.N., Juma M., Long D.J., Lupapol P.B., Normahamed A.

19.9.69
Allison W.E., Badri A., Badri A., Brooksbank H., Crane S.A., Dardashti M.G., Day K., Dadia M.S., Foster I.L., Frost L.J., Harley S.P., Hyrons R.M., Jacques J., Kakol M., Korseth I., Menon G.K., Menon P.K., Menon M.K., Millington R.B., Mills J.D., Myers M.E., McArdle S.P., Nabulsi M.H., Seckoval P., Szolin A.V., Voskertchian P., Pitt S.R., Abi-Said S., Machrach T., Davies S.W., Fairclough A.R., Kasham M., Kasrayan A., Kasrayan E., Ourmazd A., Wilce R.P., Wilkinson A.B.

3.11.69
Short G.F., Short A.P., Short S.N., Short T.J., Hines J.D.

9.1.70
Bernard P., Besencry J., Brandi K., Daniel M.E., Gharry A., Hill S.J., Jackson B., Karamanlis V., Karelis T., Smith A., Wells T.J., Wilmot C.B., Yeap N.K., Nayee H., Nahee K., Nayee N., Baradaw-Sadati H., Pope P.F., Lim Y.W.

17.4.70
Naylor S., Shams F., Stacey J.P., Stooks C.S., Stuart D.A., Stuart S.H., Tander C.C., Vara R.N., Vara K.P., Willis J.G., Woods G.R.

18.9.70
Badray M., Barber N.D., Baumann M., Brake J., Brake M., Champion S.J., Close P.R., Cooke C.S., Dilger C., England L.J., Graham G.H., Graves M-F., Graves V.G., Hendy L.U., Holt I.E., Jamal J.P., David M.S., Lawrie J.M., Lewendon K.T., Lewendon E.R., Lunn D.F., Mohamadi H.R., Moxley A.H., McCarthy P.H., Collins T., Antoine T., Sterling L., Lek S.U., Neilson D.O., Prendiville C., Prendiville S.G., Saunter S.E., Scurfield B.H., Shahdoost-Rad M., Winton W.

8.1.71
Corry G.A., Gillon-Dawson E.J., Kerridge N., Kerridge S.A., Ransom M.R., Thoma C.H., Burt K.G., Holland W.

26.4.71
Bufton J.E., Frosdick A.C., Long J.S., Montague S.J., Brady D., Kent G.J., Kent P.R., Kent G.A., Chisholm N.J., Larcade O.

17.9.71
Carter W.C., Coplowe S., Cornwell J., Cundale A.J., Dickins I.C., Elliston J., Eysette M., Gordon A.J., Henderson F.S., Hutton P.J., Knee P.H., Lewenthorpe S., Manning K.J., Marsden R.S., Oltramare R.P., Pinder N.R., Shale G., Sjobring U.P., Borde R.G., Frosdick J.A., Gandy S., McCarthy C., Winton W.R.

7.1.72
Awad M.S., Gunstone M.D., Nicholls C.C., Tauber K.F., Tauber M.L., Meyer H., Morgan R.M.

26.4.72
Johanssen S., Lan L.W., Treasure M., Gonze B.

16.9.72
Davis C., Durrant J., Gee C., Grimley C., Hawkes S., Cox S., Daniel L., Daniel J., Skinner A., Long S., Brown P., Fenner R., Frosdick T., Hillard R., Quirk J.R., Davey S., Dickinson K., Brett M., Terry R., Crockford M., Frazer B., Hughes D., Rayney R., Scurfield B., Stenner K., Stevens G.L., Witherow T., Fardhabibi T., Fardhabibi V., Ward A., Obeid A., Manston-Shorter G., Osmond S., Geary K., Campbell M.

18.1.73
Bardwell-Dix R., Thornton M., Wilshire J., Parrett R.

28.5.73
Evans S.J., Smith A.S., Savy M-A., Chamaleix J-M., D'Estais J., Santi M., Leversidge V.

14.9.73
Abu-Khadra M., Asafu-Agyei N., Armitage R., Andrew A., Balch N., Cooper D., Dalby R., Danby E., Dear S., Dear J.P., Dickson C., Durrant K., Evans D., Frith M., Gibbs S.

20.9.73
Galindo M., Gutteridge S., Halloran C., Honour K.D., North M., Osborne D., Page T.P., Palmer A.P., Paull D.G., Peckham D., Perkins A., Reid B., Rabii A., Shale G., Slattey P.M., Trott S., Trythall T., Walker A., Walker P.K., Wilce S., Witherow A., Frith G., Reid B., Rabii A., Wilcox J., West A.

5.1.74
Pritchard S., Lowman M., De Mare P., Watt I., Clark N., Hodder P.D., Weld J.W., Bardwell-Dix R.

20.4.74
Jackson P., Beckwith S., Tehrani K.M., Tibbenham B., Wright J.D., Bardwell-Dix A., Hawkes S., Rood J., Davies R., Thomas R., Parker S., Rodell S., Fisher C., Morse V., Hewitt R., Lang G.

9.9.74
Henry B., Hobson A., Henderson G., Gardiner J., Major J., Rogers N., Try T., Love T., Lacey A., Cullum S., Logue N., Martin N.

8.1.75
Case M., Eastham S., Hawkins S., Humphreys W., Burgess W.

22.4.75
Whitfield S., Barker M.

16.9.75
Rush G., Vega M., Beal M., Angell S., Wilce K., Simak S., Isadian H., Edey L., James L., Jones P., Murray S., Findlay R., Matini-Far E., Lay H., McKinney A., Jackson H., Ash P., Latchford I., Latchford K., Palmer M., Tehrani S., Wetherall P., Javaheri S., Joyce C., Joyce S., Mirafteb S., Pearce S., Quirk F., Rogers D.

9.1.76
David N., Bullivant R., Crole P.

20.4.76
Hall R., Stevens C., Muir G., Jeff P., Rolland P.

17.9.76
Austin B., Capozzoli L., Curtis-Bennett E., Dracup J., Er T., Norman A., Raoufi K., Rhodes G., Rush M., Steel R., Wilks S., Karimian F., Baghai M., Bowring D., Davidson D., Dubois O., Gumbleton T., Rhodes D., Rutter L., Howard R., Male S., Palmer N., Pollard G., Reeves M.

8.1.77
Coombs J., Mohebbi H., James S., Ashegiani M., Bidwell S.

24.4.77
O'Connor T., O'Connor S., Morley T., Jabbari A., Rodhall A., Stephens K.

15.9.77
Allen R., Biles C., Deveau M., Grattan H., Griffiths H., Jalil A., Karavolas C., Lam E., Poorshalimi F., Shahrabani G., Shimoonia J., Sondheim P., Brooke I., Cox S., Farley J., Hall R., Krystofiak I., Osborne N., Slayton J., Tooth R., Wetherall S., Benford S.

6.1.78
Austin S., Chung W.I., Higgins M., Hosseini S., Mulenga A., Mulenga C., Morley F., Rutledge P., Crole K.

20.4.78
Stevenson M., Stevenson D., Zarrabian N., Palmer R.

10.9.78
Sondheim P., Bowring G., Phutayanon P., Chilonga L., Azman S., Tang P.W., Birnie S., Humphreys T., Robson P., McDermott M., Gregory A., Al Ibrahim M., Aboderin A., Pidgley R., Mai C.H., Gill J., Ayling C., Wardeh M., Appleyard C., Parker P., Westcott T., Williams A., Williams V., Potter S.A., Trowbridge K., Cooper L., Holgate A., Telford A.M., Telford L.J., Birnie K.

6.1.79
Wood R., Humphreys J., Wei J., Wei E., Bramble M., Allan D., Hopkinson A.

20.4.79
Lloyd M., McFadzean C., Griffin J., Gay D., Ferrero C., Wheeler T., Redgrave J., Coleman A.

18.9.79
Strachan N., Davies J., Matheson P., Clark V., Howarth J., Morrall C., Tye R., Mander S., Abdalbaki Z., Al Mutawa A., Kanaan O., Ademola A., Sobo A., Alexander N., Salha K., Warr R., Bowring V., Reeves S.

8.1.80
To W.F., Ortun E., Keetch M., Marstrand H., Oloko J., Shuaibu T., Lane M., Wheeler A.

22.4.80
Heddell P