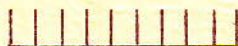


# THOROUGHFARE



NUMBER 22

SUMMER 1981



## HEADMASTER'S LETTER

I suppose it would be fair to measure the success of a school partly by the long term influence it has had upon its pupils. It is relatively easy to achieve a good record of examination results, but it is far more difficult to achieve the self discipline, tolerance and good communication which goes to make up a successful person, with or without high academic qualifications.

Chilton has been running for twenty two years and it is now long enough to judge the effect that the school has had on the lives of some of our earlier pupils.

My wife and I recently had the pleasure of having dinner with an Old Chiltonian who joined us twenty years ago. The conversation quickly turned to stories of what had happened then, some of them being news to us! As his conversation apparently so often turned to Chilton and so much of his life was concerned with other Old Chiltonians, his wife had obviously gained the impression that Chilton was some minor branch of Heaven!

Only time will tell if Chilton is still achieving this, but it would be fair to say that an essential ingredient was the sense of humour which was not allowed to get out of hand, a sense of responsibility, and loyalty to the school. Whilst it must be admitted that in those days people remained at school longer and more than one Head Boy left at the age of twenty, could the whole attitude of the country have changed to the extent of depriving the present generation of Chiltonians of their big ration of nostalgia in twenty years' time! Would the winked at visit to the Rose and Crown at Trent by Seniors still conclude with no overindulgence and no unacceptable behaviour.

Being an optimist, I feel that with Chilton in the coming year being very full indeed we have all the right ingredients for not only hard work but for that level of good manners and communication, particularly between pupils themselves, which will create the lasting friendships and the nostalgia which has carried so many of the now mature Old Chiltonians through their difficult times.

In conclusion it is worth bearing in mind that the freedom which typified Chilton in the past can so easily be curtailed and destroyed by the irresponsible behaviour of the few and it is therefore up to every individual in the school to do their utmost to maintain the best standards.

1980/81 has not been without its successes in many areas and congratulations to all those concerned. Chilton has had its problems too.

H. A. COTES JAMES

## EDITORIAL

I must first start with an apology for the lateness of this year's 'Thoroughfare' suggesting that it could have been pressure of work, ice on the points at Yetminster or something! However, whatever the reason, I am particularly pleased to have this opportunity to welcome new readers - friends and families alike - to what I trust will prove a very welcome summer diversion, be it ashore or afloat - the ink is waterproof for those who like to read in their bath and will also withstand salt water immersion indefinitely!

As always a school magazine depends almost entirely upon the contributions from the school and the pressures that can be brought to bear! In the event and since the Junior School is relatively larger than previous years, their contribution is more generous and indeed most welcome since from 'little acorns great oaks may grow' and perhaps contribute greater literary magnificence in their Senior years!

There is always some item (s) of particular interest to record and this year is no exception. On behalf of the school I would like to offer our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Cotes-James on the birth of their son, Christopher and to Mr. and Mrs. Bayley on the birth of their daughter, Tess. I am a little uncertain as to whether this can be considered for a Duke of Edinburgh award, but if national recognition is withheld local recognition is now assured.

In conclusion, I hope you the reader will enjoy our efforts and will join with me in my appreciation of the good will and great assistance - not to mention the comfort and solace - so very readily given by Mrs. Brabyn and Miss Norris. This they have contributed so freely over the years that there is always the danger of taking too much for granted too often.

I. THOMPSON  
Editor



## THE FIRST IMPRESSION

I received my first impression of Chilton when I came for my interview.

My family and I were on our way for a holiday in Devon. We stayed in Somerset for a few nights and one day we came to the school. We met Captain and Mrs. James and I was shown around the school. As it was during the holidays the place was deserted, but I felt very excited about everything I saw.

At the beginning of the following term I started here. It all felt very strange. At the interview I had felt very much at home, but now I realised that I was homesick. Although dreadful at the time, it doesn't last.

Here is some advice for any new pupils. Do not think of home and be determined to stick out the first term. As soon as you become really involved you will enjoy yourself and be happy. If you are still homesick by the second term, go and talk to someone, but I feel sure you will not have to do so.

Kevin Worsley (JB)

## SCHOOL ASSEMBLY ON A COLD JANUARY DAY

We are all waiting for the Aides to come in to try and tell us to stop talking as the Staff are on their depressing way. Mandy stands on the gym-step rubbing her woollen gloved hands together. She slowly falls forward as if she is going to dive, but just in time drops to the gym floor and bounces once or twice. She is shortly flattened by chattering Aides and Prefects huddled in scarves, faded blue anoraks and others still in bed-clothes! This is about the only time that the whole school is quiet as 'Captain' walks in through the gym door. He also bounces down in a simular way to Mandy. His eyes scan the whole school, a frown creasing his face as he mentally notes the occasional mop of long, uncombed hair, snow shoes and starving penguins. The teachers, by now, are lined up against the wall and you almost expect to hear Captain shout, 'Attention!' or, then again, 'Fire!'

Miss Norris starts her normal routine of rising up and down on her toes, with her hands clutched at her waist and elbows tucked - or is it strapped in? She always has a smile on her face and I suppose I would, standing in her place! Mrs. Ridewood delves her hands deeper into her quilted jacket pockets, occasionally stamping her feet when her toes feel the bitter cold, or when she remembers the cold weather routine. The 'heater' is blowing like a distant fog-horn and I can hardly hear what Captain is saying for the noise, the fog and the soot. All the girls in their black or blackened macs are fidgety and my mind wanders - simply to keep warm, you understand.

At last it is over, the Staff are leaving and we begin to chatter, aimlessly discussing the useful information we have been given. Was it useful? I can't remember, I was too cold.

Anita Holgate (JA)

*(Sometime, if and when this dear girl ever returns from Siberia, she may again be permitted to give voice to 'suitable thoughts'!*  
- Ed.)

## SNOW

The snow is softly falling,  
Settling on the ground.  
People on the side-walks  
Begin to hurry round.  
Little children playing,  
Build snowmen on the grass.  
Older boys throw snowballs  
That whizz by very fast.  
The snow falls on the roadside  
And forms a soggy slush.  
Children, forever crying,  
While eager parents rush.  
At length, a welcome darkness falls  
And on come all the lights.  
No longer seen, the snowflakes  
Just flutter out of sight.

Dawn Allan (3)





# STAFF AND PUPILS OF CHILTON CANTELO HOUSE SUMMER TERM 1981

Reading from left to right:

Row 1 (Front Row)

R. Johnson, I. Hammond, R. Warr, S. Lawal, S. Hammond, T. Stewart, S. McDermott, A. Wheeler, P. Matheson, M. Horsley, M. Farr, D. Allan, I. Malloch, D. Chalmers.

Row 2

C. McFadzean, J. Gill, R. Horsley, G. Dexter, J. Howarth, C. Appleyard.

Row 3

Mr. R. Cotes-James, Mrs. R. Cotes-James and Christopher, Mr. I. Thompson, Mr. A. Mahy, Mr. G. Jones, Mrs. G. Peplar, Mrs. M. Backhurst, Mr. W. Williams, Capt. H. A. Cotes-James, Mrs. H. A. Cotes-James, Mr. J. Manaton, Mr. C. Shortland, Miss J. Norris, Mrs. A. Ross-Harman, Mrs. J. Ridewood, Mrs. J. Mitchell, Mr. P. Newman, Mrs. K. Brabyn, Mr. P. Bagg.

Row 4

P. Heddell, K. Salha, P. Rutledge, R. Steel, J. Humphreys, G. Rhodes, N. Clark, A. Paull, D. Rhodes, A. Coleman, K. Trowbridge, A. Telford, A. Gregory, S. Male, A. Ademola, Z. Abdalbaki, E. Ortun, H. Ho, M. Lloyd.

Row 5

K. Aboderin, R. Carlston, M. Stevenson, C. Ayling, M. McDermott, T. Humphreys, N. David, L. Cooper, S. Lord, A. Holgate, J. Williams, A. Malloch, S. Birnie, A. Ishaq, I. Dexter, M. Keetch, T. Taggett, M. Lane.

Row 6

E. Cursit-Bennett, V. Creed, S. Reeves, C. Morrall, D. Stevenson, A. Ishaq, H. Marstrand, F. Dare, V. Williams, J. Spiers, L. Telford, D. Allan, P. Read, N. Zarrabian, M. Shelton, M. Rush, M. Bramble, B. Elebute, P. Sondheim.

Row 7

B. Rae, G. Still, M. Hudgell, O. Oyedele, V. Bowring, W. Baff, R. El-Jassar, S. Potter, A. Williams, T. Wheeler, J. Redgrave, Z. Azman, J. Griffin, N. Strachan, R. Tye, J. McDermott, K. Worsley, A. Haddock.



## THE SEASONS

Autumn is coming, the sky is grey.  
Farmers crop the last of their hay.  
The leaves turn rusty gold and brown,  
Lifeless and brittle as they fall to the ground.

A squirrel settles in a hollow tree.  
A short life ends for the bumble bee.  
The deer patrols his private ground,  
Buck and doe both safe and sound.

Winter comes, her snow floats down  
And soft and white blankets the ground.  
Cows stamp restlessly in their barns.  
To us it's fun, but hard work on farms.

Spring rides in on blossom and shower.  
The squirrel awakes in its growing tower.  
The birds sing songs merrily chirping aloud  
And the sky is bright with fluffy cloud.

'Summer is here', at last we say.  
Scorching hot sun fills every day.  
The wildlife stops to absorb the heat.  
Gardens flower, colourful and neat.

These are the seasons, every one.  
The weather changes as the months pass on.  
Snow, wind, sun and rain,  
The yearly cycle begins again.

Anita Holgate (JA)

## SOLITUDE

I put down my book and looked out of the sitting-room window. The grey, cottonwool clouds flew across a windy, wintry sky and I paused for a moment before getting up. I put on my coat - which thankfully was nice and warm - and my wellingtons and set out for the beach.

Nearly ten minutes later I could see the sea, a sparkling, blue-grey mass. I hesitated, remembering coming down the road to the beach in the summer with the hot sun beating down on me; the buzz of nearby bees and the sound of singing birds. I remembered seeing the beach crowded and me groaning at the sight of all the holiday-makers. Today the beach would be empty and I would have only the seagulls for company. As I neared the beach I saw I was right; only the grey and white noisy seagulls were there. I walked down the sandy steps to the beach. As I walked along the beach it crunched noisily beneath my battered wellingtons. The tide was going out and soon I would be able to explore the rocks and rockpools. The rocks today looked as cold and wet as the seaweed that lay on them. I walked for a while right by the sea, looking for small stones and shells. I looked around. There was no one else on that lonely, desolate beach.

I looked up at the cliff-path and I could see a man walking his dog. As I watched he stopped and looked out to sea. He got out a pipe, lit it and started smoking. The dog, a black retriever, didn't seem to mind the unexpected stop and started sniffing about. I saw the man turn round and shout the dog's name. It stopped obediently and came back to him with its tail between its legs. The dog's name, I think, was 'Lig', but the wind was blowing too strongly in the wrong direction for me to hear properly. Soon the man and dog disappeared. I started playing 'chase' with the waves. I chased them out as far as I could and then they chased me back in again! After several near misses of getting my jeans soaked and screaming myself nearly hoarse with excitement, I sat down on the cold, gritty sand, quite breathless. I looked around the beach; I was still the only one there and I noticed the tide had gone out a long way. I looked at my watch. I had been on the beach for over three quarters of an hour and low tide was in half an hour.

Out to sea the factory ships were still there. They would be going back to Russia soon. They looked lonely out in the bay, just waiting for one of the trawlers to make a catch and come up alongside. The bay seemed to be full of them. I started to count them - one, two, three, four, five ..... nineteen, twenty, twenty-one. There was just one more, quite a way out - twenty-two. Twenty-two lonely factory ships, several with trawlers beside them, stuck in the bay from October to January and some there even longer than that.

I was shivering and hugged my knees because of the cold. I looked around. Bored? No, I wasn't bored, there was so much to watch. I was lonely. I wished that I had brought my radio with me to listen to, but it was too late now. I had just the seagulls, whose crying was like the sound of noisy steam engines shrieking for want of oil. I was very, very lonely. I wanted someone to talk to and decided to go home.

Joann Redgrave (3)



## THE LION

I saw him through the trees  
Walking towards the clearing.  
The moon was high up above  
And the forest was bathed with light.

His body created a long shadow in front of him  
And showed the outline of a King in the moonlight.  
He was a big beast, with a golden mane to match  
His golden stare.

The King of the animals,  
As he is always referred to.  
An object of terror to his fellow animals  
Was moving slowly towards  
The trap in the clearing.

He seemed to smell the danger  
In the air as he walked.  
For with every few steps he took  
He stopped, lifted his great head up  
And smelled the air.

In a second he fell into the trap  
And at last  
When he realised he was caught,  
He gave a big roar.  
Then he was silent -  
His face a mask of bitter defeat.

When I emerged from my hiding place  
He stared and growled at me.  
His face lit up as if in triumph,  
And he roared again.

As if to show me  
He turned his hind legs towards me.  
They were covered with old bullet wounds  
And his lips broke into a defiant smile.

He roared once more  
As if to tell me victory was still his  
And his wounds were medals  
Collected in some long forgotten war.

I couldn't help but admire his courage  
And I envied him his pride.  
I couldn't help but open the trap  
To let him out . . . . to release the king.

He walked out proud, head erect, regal -  
Like the king he was.  
He turned, looking in my direction,  
And, as if he was saluting me,  
He roared for the last time  
And disappeared into the forest . . . his royal forest.

Adeneye Ademola (50)

## THERE I SAT IN A WOOD

There I sat in a wood,  
Seeing all the animals I could.  
Birds and animals in play together,  
Among the white and purple heather.

There I sat in a wood,  
Seeing all the animals I could.  
Birds and bees that flew so high,  
In the bright and cloudless sky.

There I sat in a wood,  
Seeing all the animals I could.  
The flowers with their heads so low,  
And the wind that doth gently blow.

There I sat in a wood,  
Seeing all the animals I could,  
I saw a little playful hare,  
With not a worry or a care.

Sara McDermott (JA)

## WILD ANIMALS

Running round the woods and fields  
The squirrel and the rabbit.  
Looking for all kinds of food,  
Through hunger and sheer habit.  
The squirrel likes his acorns,  
The rabbit likes his grass.  
To take it home to Mummy  
Running very fast.  
When night-time comes the fox awakes  
And wants some food to bite.  
The rabbits are too quick for him -  
He'll have no tea tonight.  
The badger, popping his striking head  
From his sett beneath the ground;  
Goes looking for his midnight feast  
And doesn't make a sound.  
He wanders home and goes to bed,  
For he doesn't like the day.  
The squirrels, in haste, return to the trees  
And the rabbits come out to play.

Angela Paull (JA)

## THE TIGER

He watches carefully with steady eyes,  
His prey before him, innocently lies.  
He stealthily slinks along the ground,  
He crouches and his heart begins to pound.  
Suddenly, he leaps upon a helpless deer  
Whose eyes fill with horror and fear.  
The struggle begins, moments quickly pass,  
The tiger, exhausted, flops back on the grass.  
The deer before him lies, still in the heat  
And will keep away hunger 'til next he must eat.

Dawn Allan (3)





"The Ayes have it!"

Debi  
Deborah Rhodes (5.0)



## MONTACUTE HOUSE

In May we went to Montacute House in Somerset. It is in the shape of an 'H'. Built by Sir Edward Phelips, it is an Elizabethan House and owned now by the National Trust.

We began to feel that civilised living did not belong just to present times. We saw large, light, mullioned windows, a great carved Jacobean four-poster, a pewter hot-plate for food, stout bulbous-legged Tudor tables and a fine chest carved in linenfold design. From the seventeenth century, a Gobelin's tapestry was alive with leaping fish and hunters, fresh as when it first lined the panelled parlour.

By contrast, Chinese Ho-Ho birds, dogs, a Sheraton table, gracefully carved in the eighteenth century, went along with a Stuart folding-chair, stout with 'barley-sugar' legs of elm. Up the fine stair-case made of Ham Hill stone, we found the Long Gallery, the length of the House, once used for riding horses and now housing portraits of Tudor and Stuart times. Holbein's resolute Henry VIII contrasted sharply with the pretty Buckingham, evil genius of Charles I.

Outside, high hedges of yew, cut by the topiarist to look like sea-banks of foam, gazebos, walled gardens, box-borders and long vistas showed the Tudors' love of gardens. We all felt we would feel well disposed in such an habitation, were it ours!

(JA)

## A WALK TO CADBURY CASTLE

On Friday, November 21st, 1980, Miss Norris and Mr. Narraway took JB to South Cadbury. There was not room in the car for Mr. Narraway as Blenheim and Toffy, the bulldogs, like a lot of room! Mr. Narraway came on his bike. Passing through Marston Magna, Queen Camel and Sparkford, we stopped at the bottom of South Cadbury Hill.

We climbed the track and the steep, muddy hill, scrambling through the conifer and deciduous tree-copses on the steep sides. On the top we ran round the rings of the Iron Age hill settlement and saw the excavations of metal workings. To the North-West, Glastonbury Tor could be seen.

The hill is 500 feet above sea level. Below it the valleys were created by flood water from the Ice Age. Legend has it King Arthur lived on the hill, so the villages of West Camel and Queen Camel could be named after Camelot.

Kevin Worsley (JB)

## THE SALUKI

The Saluki is a Gazehound, that is it hunts using its eyes and its speed! It originated from the Middle East where there are records of the breed dating back to 5000 - 6000 B.C. and in Egypt, where drawings of Salukis can be found in the burial chambers of the Pharaohs.

The Bedouin Arabs have domesticated them over the centuries to catch game and they still do so today. The Arabs treasure their dogs above all else because of their importance in supplying meat. They are the only animals allowed in the tents and in times of extreme hardship the women suckle the young puppies to keep them alive. Any puppy which is not perfect is killed at birth.

The Arabs carried their dogs on horseback until game was seen at which time the dogs were released in pairs to course or chase the prey. Often fresh dogs are released to wear the game down even more quickly.

The Saluki first came to Great Britain in the late 19th Century. After the First World War others were brought back to this country and the Saluki Club was formed in 1925 and the coursing club a year later. They should look graceful and aloof and have great speed and endurance with agility. It stands between 23 - 28 inches at the shoulder and the expression on its rather narrow face is one of intelligence as it appears to be looking far into the distance.

The ears and back of the legs and tail have feathering (that is long hair). The build - which should look light but powerful - and the feathering, varies according to the dog's origin. If from Northern Persia it is a heavy looking dog with plenty of feathering. This is due to the mountainous habitat. As you travel south-west and across the Middle East the build gets lighter and smaller and the feathering much reduced until in the far southern regions of Arabia they are small and have no feathering at all. This is because the climate is hotter and game is scarce and smaller.



In this country Salukis are shown and coursed. They used to be raced like greyhounds but it was found they were far too intelligent as often, after a few races, they would go round and meet the hare coming the other way! Salukis are not very popular in this country mainly because they can be a 'handful'. The garden must be very secure because a Saluki can jump considerable heights and can travel quickly over long distances. They have a strong sense of direction and can find their way home over considerable distances. One was lost in Scotland whilst on holiday with the owner and returned to home in Kent two weeks later - a distance of some 500 miles!

Saluki's are graceful and intelligent dogs and can charm anyone who appreciates and loves a really beautiful animal.

Nicholas Clark (6)

### MAN THE SAVER

Save the whale, we must not kill.  
Starve to death; take his krill.  
Save the fish - a sound solution;  
Stock their water with pollution!

Save the trees which we adore,  
Sing them a song with a chainsaw.  
Save our birds for future days -  
Upon their backs pour poison sprays!

Save the butterfly flitting by,  
'Insecticide' and then goodbye!  
Save forever all our flowers;  
Farming sprays - they're gone in hours!

Save the fox and his fellow mass.  
Plug their homes with lethal gas.  
Save our insects in the homes they hide  
And feed them well on insecticide!

Now we've saved all God's creatures -  
By obeying the world's best teachers.  
MAN is left to save himself -  
The only one left with good health!

The day is coming for his reckoning  
For I can see HIS finger beckoning.  
MAN was born a natural dreamer.  
He will pay for his misdemeanour.

He may lie and cheat and shed some tears  
To hide behind - to cover his fears.  
When the Maker asks for answers true  
I just wonder what MAN will do?

Mr. James Knight

*(Perhaps I might be permitted to add -*

*As MAN must answer*

*And answer well*

*Should he be surprised*

*If he discovers HELL*

*And meets the victims of his pleasure*

*Before they climb to their heavenly treasure*

*- Ed.)*

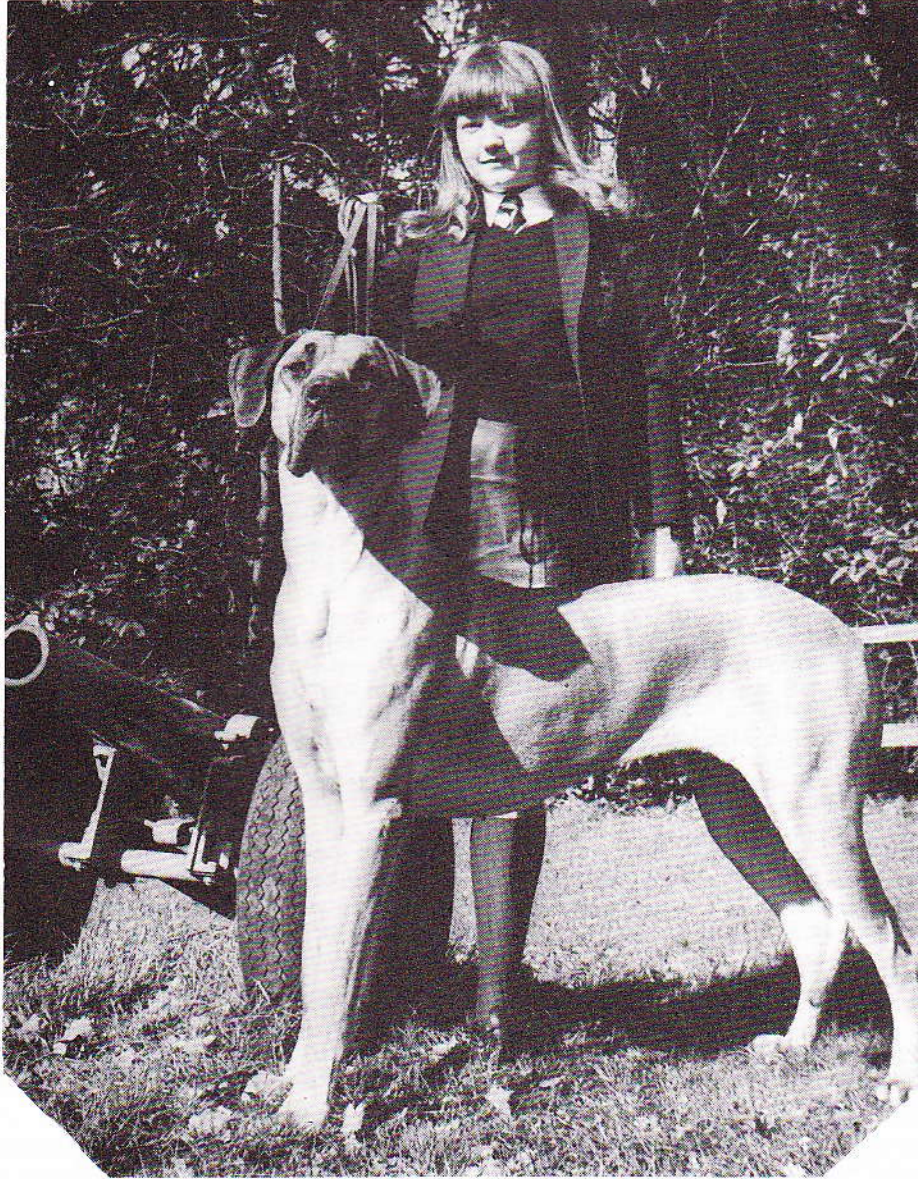


## THE POINTS OF A GREAT DANE

If you would own a winning Dane  
These points about him please retain.  
He must be full of dash and dare -  
Do anything - go anywhere.  
He must be big and sound and strong,  
A timid, creepy Dane's all wrong.  
What 'ere his colour, he must be  
Brilliantly marked, not dingily.  
He must not have a perky pace  
But an air of dignity and grace.  
His eyes not prominent or light,  
But clever, quizzical and bright.  
His nose, full, broad and with a ridge

Most typical - above the bridge.  
He must not have an ugly lump  
Above his brow like a camel's hump.  
A lack of "stop" or mean "clownface"  
And "snipy" muzzle's a disgrace.  
His crested neck he carries high  
And holds his head up to the sky.  
A dippy back's outside the pale,  
And cut-off "croup" and low set tail.  
Straight "stifles" are a bad fault too,  
Steep shoulders he must then eschew.  
Aim for nobility and grace;  
A King of Dogs, with regal face.  
Who, with his life will you defend  
And ever be your faithful friend.

Sarah Jane Lord (3)



'Hecklehaze Henrietta R.A.'

(pet named Rathag and I hasten to assure readers by Sarah and not by me! - Ed.)



## TO A DEAD DANE

But recently we parted ways -  
Yet still I hear you everywhere.  
Just out of sight, beyond my gaze.  
I call your name, you are not there.  
At dusk, your shadow seems to pass  
Across the lawn, but never more  
Will tracings on the frosted grass  
Mark how your footprints sought my door.  
Where you kept watch beside my bed  
Your faithful shadow remains there yet,  
To crave my touch upon your head  
And tear my heart with vain regret.  
Dear phantom friend, your shadowed face  
Still faintly lingers; do not roam  
To seek the happier hunting place  
So far from home.

Sarah Jane Lord (3)

## A MOTHER'S LAMENT

The day was hot and I was enjoying the peace and quiet of the deep ocean waters. I was not aware of any danger in the vicinity. I burned and lay on my back and then on my front. As I surfaced the cool sea-water dribbled over my speckled, white belly. I turned to my front, swallowed again in sheer alarm, nearly froze! Coming towards me was my worst enemy, Man.

The ship was a mottled grey and I straight away recognised it as a whaler. I was late in getting away. I hated the thought and smell of blood. I was heavy and my unborn baby held me back. The ship enveloped me. I heard the sighing whoosh of the harpoon as it let out its hideous spear. I knew it; I knew this spear would be the one to kill me and my unborn infant. The spear pierced my back and my brain shrieked with gross pain. Through the thermal warmth of the sea I felt the hot, woozy, blood ebb from me. I attracted yet another killing and bloody spear in my swollen and speckled belly. Why should I and my innocent baby die at the hands of Man, just to satisfy his greed and desire for power? There must be a reason.

Anita Holgate (JA)

## THEN THERE WAS NONE

One summer's evening I woke up feeling hungry, so scampered out from my burrow. When I got outside I sniffed the air. It was not the same smell as usual. It smelt of danger! I listened, but no, I couldn't hear anything, so I hopped out of my burrow and looked around. Still I couldn't hear or see anything so I went on nibbling, still watching and listening.

Suddenly, crack! It frightened me, but I couldn't run away. My hind leg was caught. I was stuck. I pulled as hard as I could, but no - it wouldn't come.

I looked down to see what had happened and saw both my hind legs covered in blood. Suddenly pain shot straight through me. I could feel myself grow weaker and weaker. I gave a little cry but no one came.

I was flat on my back in great pain, too weak to move. I was crying all the time, but even my cries were becoming fainter and fainter.

I heard Man coming. I was so frightened, but really too weak to move. I was even too weak to think just what to do. I just lay there. Man was now looking down at me . . . Then a shot came and a moment later I lay there dead.

Angela Paull (JA)

## PEKONAO

Every country has its own brand of beauty and its own character and also its own natural singularities which make up a very real part of each land's 'personality', for example, think of the geysers of New Zealand, the volcanoes of Italy and other countries and our own white cliffs of Dover as well as the many other natural features which come into our minds when we think of our own or other lands.

During my first couple of years in northern Canada I had heard people tell of an annual occurrence in certain parts of the north called the 'Breakup' not a very exciting word and I had at first thought it referred to the eventual disappearance each year of the ice from the lakes and rivers after the long cold winter. In part I was right, but Breakup means much more than the gentle melting of the ice as I was to find out for myself.



The time came when I was transferred to the Moose Fort Indian Residential School which was situated on the Moose Factory Island in the mouth of the Moose River which empties into the James Bay (no relation I'm sure). The Island was a strange but friendly place. Strange to me, for many reasons, first, the island had no roads or cars, the only practical modern vehicles were the few Bombardier Snowmobiles perhaps best briefly described as tanks with skis on the front for steering in the winter snows and narrow wheels for the same purpose in the short summers. The tracks were made of steel and had rubber pads for gripping on ice. Where tanks would have had armour plating the snowmobiles just had a large tin box of a body (unheated) and a huge V8 engine which could never get through a winter without having to be replaced at least twice. The Island was strange also because of the very large number of dogs running about, however as every family had its own dog team and sometimes more than one team this became understandable. Strange too because of the unhurried calm atmosphere in the little communities on the island, the busiest day of the week was mail day which involved meeting the weekly train on the mainland at another little spot called Moosonee which was the end of the railway to the north of Cochrane, Ontario. To meet the train meant a canoe trip of several miles through the channels of the Moose River and not many Indian or Eskimo families would choose to miss seeing the train arrive - usually late of course.

As well as getting used to the ways of the island there were new routines for me to get used to at my new school, I found it rather peculiar to get accustomed to seeing the boys and girls wearing moccasins rather than shoes, while moccasins were certainly quieter in the buildings than ordinary shoes the 'moccasin shuffle' was not all that pleasant either.

During the winter I frequently heard people saying how much they were looking forward to the Breakup and during the month of March I noticed Islanders moving their belongings, such as canoes and floating docks which had been drawn up on shore before the freeze of autumn, these articles were being moved not less than fifty yards from the edge of the high water mark which had been scored by the river all along the margin of the Island. I was told that this precaution was necessary to protect things from damage by the Breakup.

A little explanation about the bodies of water affecting the Moose River might be in order at this point. The James and Hudson's Bays with their accessibility to the Atlantic Ocean through the Chimo Straits are both tidal bays and naturally the tides also make the Moose and other rivers flowing into the bays tidal too. Remember now that the Canadian winters are fiercely cold, with temperatures often dropping to the -50 to -60 degrees F. marks. Therefore you will not be surprised to hear that all the rivers and much of the large bodies of water of both bays freeze hard and deep. In the case of the Moose River, which is the largest river flowing into the James Bay, it means that the river freezes twice at the beginning of freeze up, that is, at two different levels, low tide and again at high tide and as the season gets older and colder, each new tide freezes each day and before long the river is frozen solid from mud to high tide.

At the beginning of April, the 'old timers' on the school staff started to organise a 'Breakup Competition', to participate, everybody was expected to buy a ticket and state on the stub when they thought the ice would go, right down to the date hour and second. A flag on a pole was set up out in the Channel between Moose Factory Island and Charles Island (so named to honour King Charles II who granted the Hudson's Bay Company their Charter in 1634) the moment the flag fell due to ice movement proclaimed the winner of the competition.

My diary tells me that on April 17th the weather was overcast but comparatively warm, the snow had nearly all gone from the Island, except under the trees. In the evening whilst walking outside I noticed what I thought was unseasonable rolls of thunder in the far distance towards the west. When I remarked on this to some Indian friends they smiled and said that before long I would not only hear but see the thunder. As the Crees seemed often to make these enigmatic comments I knew they were telling me to wait and see. Before long that evening the 'thunder' could be heard indoors as well as out, that night was filled with distant noises that were no longer to be confused with thunder. I don't think many people had a full night's sleep on that 17th of April. In the morning and well before dawn I thought I would take a walk to the west end of the island and take a look upstream as the dawn arrived, the now continuous noise seemed to come from that direction.

When I reached the western end of the island I found most of the school staff there with a lot of people from the two small villages and also quite a few of the ambulatory patients from the Government Hospital on Moose Island. There was no talking, the low grumbling noise that surrounded us prevented that, it was the sort of noise that frightens and yet excites one. When daylight came we were joined on the river bank by many of the village children and even in the overcast light we could see nothing that caused the sounds we were dominated by as we stood watching and waiting.

The normal routine of school life had to go ahead as usual but not without a few protests by staff and children who were all anxious to be on the shores of the river when anything happened. For some odd reason the pupils would have preferred to stand and look at the river instead of attending R.E. classes and German tuition and other interesting subjects. Children are such complex creatures!

On the 18th April at 1317 plus eight seconds the ice moved and the flag went down and my diary tells me the competition 'pool' was won by a young Cree lady named Josephine Attawapiskat Moskatoyanene. This happened during the school luncheon break and all the children and staff with the whole population of the Island were lining the edge of the river and no move was made at 2 p.m. to return to the classrooms.



Up river, beyond some little islands which dot the Moose, could be seen what appeared to be a cloud of snow - something like seeing a blizzard blowing towards you over the tundra. This blizzard though was approaching much too slowly to be a storm of any sort. The pressure of melting water from the south and west of the Moose River had created a force behind the frozen Moose and was literally tearing the frozen river to pieces and rolling those huge pieces along the path of the river towards us.

The closer that great rolling pile of ice chunks came to us the more fearsome it appeared. As the river close to the island began to be effected by the enormous pressure behind the mobile ice mountain, great cracks appeared and the ice of the river seemed to swell upwards and also outwards into the banks of the island, everybody ran back to safety as parts of the banks were torn off by the passage of the moving ice. Once we were safely out of danger the sight and sound of the experience mesmerised us, I had never realised how many colours ice could produce, the huge chunks of ice from the deepest parts of the channel were about the size of cars and were a splendid icy blue, other pieces had green tones also pink and yellow tinges were represented as much as the other colours, close to the fringes of the ice the shades were much darker as the ice took the colours of the mud and clay which had been frozen in at the outset of winter. The sounds of the fracturing ice were just as impressive as the visual effect. The ice groaned and screamed and it is no exaggeration to call the sound deafening.

I found that quite without thinking about it I was following the ice down the island towards the east and not until we came to the part of the island that was wooded did we realise what we were doing, perhaps this was an example of mass hysteria, everybody doing the same thing instinctively. Whatever was happening seemed to come to an end at that point even though the sound of the Moose River in magnificent anguish could be heard for several more hours.

The sequel to the Breakup was that the river was just a channel filled with broken ice but rather quickly was filling with the water coming down stream, in about two weeks there was not a sign of ice and the river was its usual reliable and comforting self and before very long we were once again watching schools of baleen whales go by the island on little excursions each day before the tides turned and they had to hasten back to the deep water of James Bay.

Mr. A. Mahy

N.B.

The 'Factory' part of the name of Moose Factory Island came about through the Hudson's Bay Company appointing a senior official for the whole of the area we now know as Ontario and Quebec, who was known as the Factor, as time went by the Island where he lived became referred to as the Factory and the name stuck.

AM.

## PETRUSKA BOX

In a dark, dark country  
There was a dark, dark county.  
In the dark, dark county  
There was a dark, dark town.  
In the dark, dark town  
Was a dark, dark wood.  
In the dark, dark, wood  
There was a dark, dark house,  
And in the dark, dark house  
There was a dark, dark room.  
In the dark, dark room  
Was a dark, dark shelf.  
On the dark, dark shelf  
There was a dark, dark corner.  
In the dark, dark corner  
Was a dark, dark box,  
And in the dark, dark box  
Was another dark, dark box.  
In this other dark, dark box  
Was another dark, dark box.  
And in this dark, dark box  
Was yet another dark, dark box  
Inside of which was nothing,  
Nothing, Nothing, NOTHING!

Craig McFadzean (JA)

## SASHOO AND THE TEDDY BEAR

Legs outstretched,  
Body down low.  
Eyes turn evil,  
Ready to go.

Still as a statue,  
Ready to fly.  
As fast as light,  
It'll whizz by.

Waiting for the moment,  
Ready for it now.  
One false movement -  
Pounce, pounce . . . pow!

The bear moves a muscle,  
The cat moves them all.  
The bear has no chance,  
He's far too small!

The cat gets up,  
Gives a last stare.  
The teddy bear's defeated,  
Stuffing everywhere!

Christopher Morrall (3)



## FEAR IN THE NIGHT

The leaves fall,  
The moon shines bright.  
It is too dark to go out at night!  
The grass blows,  
The trees moan.  
What a night to be alone!  
Something moves -  
It gives me quite a fright  
And the crazy clock strikes midnight!  
The door swings open -  
I jump and shout,  
But it's only the cat letting itself out!

Darren Allan (JB)

## THE VERY SUCCESSFUL MONSTER

Old Fireball was a monster,  
A scary one at that!  
He loved to wander in gardens  
Squashing the flowers flat.

He wasn't all that big -  
About the size of a horse.  
His body was all scaly  
Apart from the furry paws!

Now the problem with old Fireball,  
Which always made him cry,  
Was the fact that he looked quite fright'ning  
But was harmless as a fly.

He wished he was a rabbit,  
Or a bird up in the sky,  
Or a large and mighty mountain  
Or a cloud away up high.

Now one day when old Fireball  
Lay sulking in his cave,  
He heard a mighty rumble -  
Just like a tidal wave.

He jumped upon his hind legs  
To see what he could see.  
"Gosh!" he roared in amazement,  
"It's a dragon just like me!"

So, from that day onwards  
He lived a life of peace  
With his newfound dragon, Petal.  
Wonders will never cease!

Dawn Allan (3)

## BONFIRE NIGHT

On this cold, dark night

We see the bonfire all alight  
With Guy Fawkes on the very top  
Blazing, burning, very, very hot.

This is the night  
For fireworks brilliantly bright.  
Roman Candles burn,  
Catherine Wheels turn!

When the fire dies down  
All the fireworks are gone.  
The children scamper home -  
The night just carries on!

Kevin Worsley (JB)

## POOR GUY FAWKES

It is a cold, dark and windy night,  
In the distance I can see a light.  
Shooting stars roam across the sky  
And rockets from the moon zoom by.  
Wheels of fire burst into colours,  
More whizz up to join the others.  
I patter up the road in fear,  
Feeling as though the end is near.  
My ears are pricked, my eyes alert,  
In fear and dread of getting hurt.  
The light is now before my eyes,  
I gaze up and to my surprise  
I see a figure sitting on the top.  
I yelp in horror as I watch it flop,  
I turn my face in sheer dismay  
And make my journey the other way.

Darren Allan (JB)

## MY FAVOURITE FOODS AND DRINKS

I would start with chicken fried rice -  
Which I think is rather nice.  
Then would come spaghetti bolognese,  
Which can be made in different ways.  
I quite like coffee and a slice of toast  
And a big, fat chicken put in to roast.  
There's tomato soup with a fresh bread roll,  
And OH! Of course, 'toad in the hole'!  
I really love 'coke' and lemonade too  
And sausages, salads, chips and stew.  
There's pork, peas, potatoes and gravy;  
Chicken and custard. No? .....Well maybe!  
I must stop before my mind goes blank,  
As there is one person I would like to thank -  
And that is God, who made all things -  
So in return we worship Him.

Dawn Allan (3)



## CHRISTMAS TIME

Christmas time, Christmas time,  
What a lot of fun.  
Eating cakes,  
Throwing parties;  
A gay time for everyone.

Great roast dinners  
Enough for ten and  
Lots and lots of puds.  
Parcels, packages and toys.  
Please hurry Christmas and come!

Then we think of Church and bells;  
Of Jesus in his manger.  
The three wise men came from afar  
And the shepherds saw the angel:  
That's what Christmas is all about —  
That's what CHRISTMAS is!

Mathew McDermott (3)

## CHRISTMAS POEM COMPETITION

At the beginning of the autumn term when the Christmas festivities were furthest from my mind, Mrs. England suggested that I should organise a Christmas poem competition, especially for the three Junior Forms. The best three entries would each receive book tokens and the poems would be set to music and sung at the Carol Service held at Chilton Cantelo Church.

My first task was to talk to the pupils and try to inspire them on the subject of Christmas — very difficult when the summer holidays were only days behind them! I soon found that my worries had been unnecessary as they launched themselves into the project with great enthusiasm. Choosing the winners was extremely difficult, but eventually I submitted three poems to Mrs. England and she made the final choice and set all three to music.

The result was: 1st Dawn Allan (3) "God's Only Son"  
2nd Anita Holgate (JA) "To celebrate the Birth of Christ"  
3rd David Chalmers (JB) "O Star so small"

(It was purely accidental that there was a representative from each Form in the final three.)  
Mrs. England must be thanked for the skilful and original way she set them to music and the Girls' Choir thoroughly enjoyed learning and performing them.

Here are the three prize winning poems and their music.

J. L. Ridewood.

### FIRST PRIZE: "GOD'S ONLY SON"

Up above the manger shone a big, bright star.  
Three Kings were on this journey, they came from lands afar.  
In a little cradle all covered in straw,  
Mary looked proudly at the baby she had bore.  
Shepherds from the hillside gathered quietly around,  
The sheep that they had with them settled on the ground.  
This became known as Christmas and is shared by everyone  
Because of Christ our Saviour, God's only son.

Andante (J. 56)

The musical score is handwritten on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked 'Andante' with a metronome marking of 56. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words underlined. The music consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, creating a gentle melody. The score ends with a double bar line. The name 'Kathryn England' is written in the top right corner, and '1980' is written below it. The word 'Guitar' is written at the bottom left, followed by the letter 'F'. The number '16' is written at the bottom center.

Guitar: F C 16

Kathryn England  
1980



star Then King came down from heaven by they

came from lands far In a little cra - de all

car - ried - stone Ma - ry look - ed proud - ly at the

ba - by she had born. Shep - herds from the hid - side gathered

pi - er - cy - ment the shep - herds they led him then

Set - tled on the ground This became known as Christ - mas and is

shared by every one Be - cause of Je - su - Chris - t's Sav - iour

Gods on - ly son.

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SECOND PRIZE:

"TO CELEBRATE THE BIRTH OF CHRIST"

Three Wise Men came from afar,  
Shepherds followed a big, bright star.  
Jesus was born on that night,  
Above his head there shone a light.

Many looked down where the baby lay  
In the manger on the hay.  
Wise men gave myrrh and gold  
And frankincense, also told.

From then on and to this year  
We celebrate with Christmas cheer.  
We eat and give all things nice,  
To celebrate the birth of Christ.

Handwritten musical score for guitar, featuring four systems of music. The tempo is marked "Moderato" and the key signature is one flat (B-flat). The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines. The first system is labeled "Guitar" and "Moderato". The second system is labeled "Kathleen England (1960)". The third system is labeled "F". The fourth system is labeled "F".



Jesus Christ was born our King,  
Gold and frankincense were given to Him.  
The star above that shone so bright  
Flooded the dark sky with brilliant light.

The star did guide the Kings of old  
To the stable where he lay.  
Mary cradled and cuddled Him  
To be our Saviour and our King.

King Herod was worried and sent his men  
To capture and kill him there and then.  
But the Lord came down for such sinful men  
To tell them how to be holy again.

When Jesus grew older his father said,  
"Go out now Son and earn your bread".  
Jesus went out to do God's will,  
Performing miracles for all to see.

The priests despised and hated Him  
Because people all over flocked to Him.  
They captured Him and threw Him in jail  
And hung Him on a cross with a hammer and nail.

He hung there with common thieves  
While people cried on their bended knees.  
God took Him up to his heavenly home  
As a sign to free us from our sins.

*Moderato (120 - 130)*

Verse 1

Heaven came down to our King  
Gold and frankincense were  
The star above that shone so bright  
Flooded the dark sky with brilliant light

Chorus

The star did guide the Kings of old  
To the stable where he lay  
Mary cradled and cuddled him  
To be our Saviour and our King

Verse 2

King Herod was worried and sent his men  
To capture and kill him there and then  
But the Lord came down for such sinful men  
To tell them how to be holy again

*Katherine Edwards*  
*1918*



## DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARD SCHEME FOR GIRLS

July, 1980, saw four girls gain their Silver Award — Tracey Westcott, Kim Birnie, Hilery Lay (all of whom have now left the school) and Amanda Coleman.

Amanda is now working for her Gold Award. For the Service Section she is taking the Life Saving Teacher's Certificate, for which she has to train a group of pupils for the Bronze Life Saving Award. For her to succeed her pupils must pass the examination at the end of the course. The standard required for this Bronze Award is high and consequently the pupils in her group have also been members of the rugby and football teams, as well as prominent figures in the Sea Cadet Corps. However, she has persevered and the group should be ready for examination in the summer term.

Bronze Awards given last year were to Karen Trowbridge and Debbie Rhodes who are both now working for their Silver. At the end of last term Anna Telford and Vanessa Williams also gained their Bronze and have joined the Silver Group, together with Frances Dare, who joined us at the beginning of the autumn term as a Direct Silver Entrant.

The next group of six girls, Dawn Allan, Joann Redgrave, Jacqueline Speirs, Sarah-Jane Lord, Louise Cooper and Sally Potter, will officially start the Bronze Award at the beginning of the summer term — there being some delay as the candidates must have reached their 14th birthday before they can begin.

J. L. Ridewood

## DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARD SCHEME — — SILVER AWARD, SKILLS SECTION

Everything was going fine until I actually got to the exam! All the project work and general theory were fine until I was told to work out a menu. All the time I was cooking I was worrying if the people who were going to eat it would like it, or if they wouldn't even get a chance to like it. Mrs. Mitchell, who instructed me through the six month course, kept saying that everything was fine and there was no need to worry.

At least two of the examiners I already knew. One was Miss Norris and the other Mr. Edmondson — the gentleman with the very big appetite that evening! All the worry was pointless, so they said. All the evening I was finding it hard to believe it was going to be successful, but when two gentlemen asked for more I wondered if they really did like it or if they were just being polite.

However, I did enjoy the course and I am glad I took part in it because it has helped me a long way to collecting my Silver Award which, I hope, will be soon.

Vanessa Williams (4)

## GIRLS' PROJECT ACTIVITIES

As a parallel to the 'boys model club' some girls held a 'project activity' evening on Saturdays. During this time, over the two last winter terms, Jackie Speirs and Mandy Wheeler made a number of articles, including two very well made rag dolls. I 'created' a very professionally made circular skirt which was completely hand sewn. These were just some of the things produced. However, none of this would have been possible without the expert guidance and encouragement given by Mrs. Ross Harman.

The sessions were attended by Mr. Newman, who, having introduced the idea, felt he ought to be there to see fair play and take the blame for anything that went wrong!

It is to be hoped that in the future more girls will take part and usefully occupy their spare time.

Sarah Jane Lord (3)



## SEA CADET CORPS

There has been much discussion recently throughout the country of the principles upon which a school's educational policy should be based, and ideas on curriculum development are frequently being reviewed. No less important than a school's ability to produce a balanced academic diet is its capacity to encourage personal and social development.

The Sea Cadet Corps is dedicated to encouraging attitudes which lead towards such important personal qualities as responsibility and discipline, smartness, initiative and the capacity to make decisions, and enthusiastic development of new skills.

Furthering such values must be amongst the aims of every school and certainly here at Chilton we try to make the fullest possible use of the Corps' many facilities to assist in this regard. I suppose it is the extraordinarily wide range of competitive activities otherwise unavailable to the school which has led to such a team spirit (or "esprit de corps" as the C.O. would prefer to call it!) in the Unit.

A few examples will give some idea of just what our 60 or so fully enrolled cadets can do in a year of competitions. At District level (Somerset and Dorset) the Unit won the Senior 5-a-side Soccer and the Sailing competitions, and were runners up in the Junior 5-a-side Soccer. At Area level (the whole of the South West) the Senior 5-a-side Soccer players were finalists both in the League and the Knock-out competitions. Our .22" shooting team won the League and were runners up in the Knock-out competition.

Eleven Cadets represented the District at Area Swimming Championships and were chosen to go forward to the National inter-Service events. Our sailors too won their way through to represent the Unit at National level.

Apart from these team events the Unit has been busy furthering the individual standing of cadets in various spheres. Swimming tests and First Aid courses have been taken and passed. Full bore .303 shooting has been arranged for the more senior cadets. Regular weekend visits to the boatwork centre at Hamworthy have meant that many of the younger members have received valuable basic training in pulling (that's 'rowing' to the non-nautical mind!) and sailing, some having gained Charge Certificates as a result. A great deal of other boatwork using our own or Ministry of Defence craft has been possible and this is reported on elsewhere in the publication. Likewise Duke of Edinburgh Award activities, closely connected with the Sea Cadets, is separately reported.

Ceremonial occasions play an important part in the life of the Unit and the whole business of learning to dress smartly, to iron and look after clothes and the like is quite a character forming operation. On the whole enthusiasm to put on a good show has been most creditable and I am sure that any parent would have been proud to be able to peep in on the annual Admiral's Inspection activities. On that day Chilton really lived up to its reputation of being able to produce results when they matter, even from the very small minority of the school with lukewarm views on the Corps.

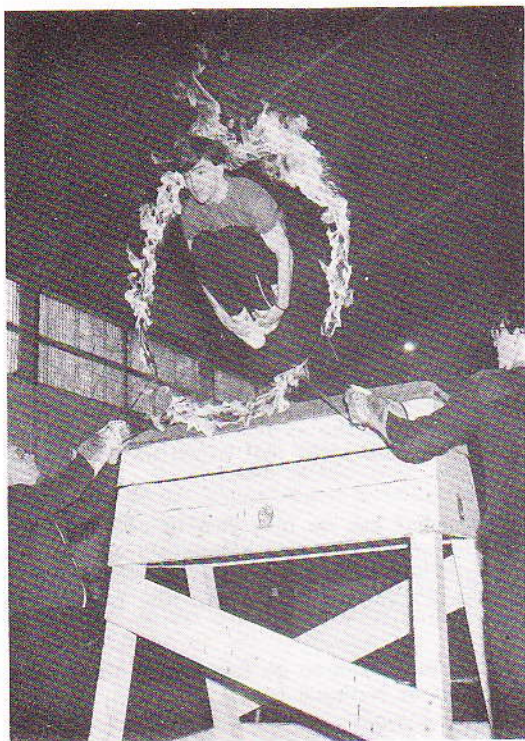
During the past twelve months considerable steps have been taken towards 'putting the Sea into Sea Cadets', by which I mean that two of the Unit's officers have been undergoing courses leading towards command of offshore power vessels of the motor fishing vessel (MFV) type. During a year many opportunities arise for cadets to go for long weekends or longer cruises on MFVs and having our own qualified staff will mean easier access to such trips. These cruises are not free, but not very expensive either and living and working together at sea as a team is a most worthwhile experience. I feel sure that parents will hear much more about these possibilities in the future.

At the end of the academic year comes the Summer Camp and it is not always remembered that this too is a Sea Cadet occasion, affording excellent opportunities for working together and developing the community spirit.

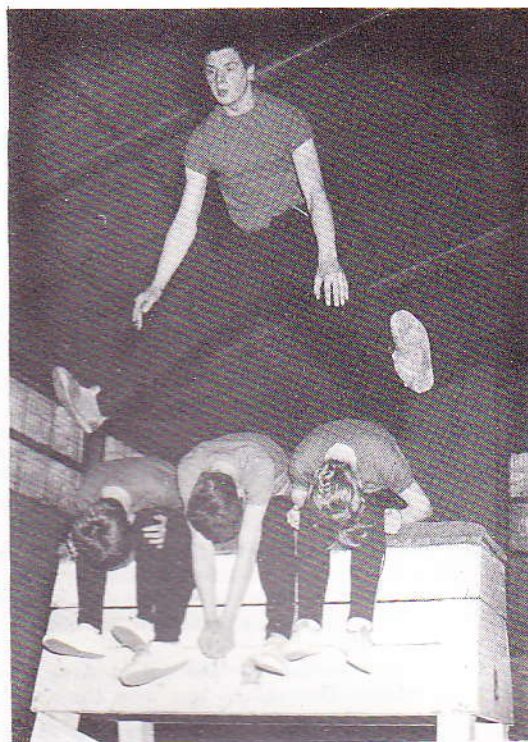
All in all, although Sea Cadets only occupies a very small part of a typical week at school, the very fact of its existence and the variety of experience it offers must make it the envy of many another school.

J. S. Manaton





O/S Cadet Ortun vaulting through the flaming hoop during the high-box display.  
(This photograph carries a health warning from H.M. Government - Ed.)



O/S Cadet Mander comfortably clears his team mates during the high-box display.



'The C.C.H. steel band in action and terrified bystanders!'  
(This was one of the 'evolutions' probably insisted upon by the Inspecting Officer - Ed.)



'Getting down to it!  
or Commander Trickey discussing Naval matters with O/S Cadet Warr.



## HAMWORTHY

Hamworthy is a Royal Marine training base in Poole and regularly Sea Cadets go there for a weekend's training. About seven groups go at one time, so there are about thirty sea cadets at a time in training.

The Chilton Cantelo Unit usually sends three cadets. The cadets have to be over twelve and under fifteen years of age. When you visit Hamworthy you try and pass your pulling crew, pulling charge, sailing crew, sailing charge, power crew and power charge courses. If you are lucky, or perhaps well trained, you might just pass something one weekend if you work hard enough!

### THE ROLL OF THE DAY - SATURDAY

In the morning you have to get up at 7.30 hours, dress and clean the mess - otherwise known as the dormitory! After this comes 'rounds'. The purpose of rounds is mainly to obtain points for the mess competition, but it also ensures a little healthy tidiness!

Following rounds comes breakfast in the galley and after breakfast you 'fall in' outside in the courtyard with your number 8.s on and wearing a pair of plimsolls. You march out of the base and down to the water where you are split up into groups of seven.

At this stage you are allotted to a boat and learn how to pull or whatever you are meant to be doing. After the morning's session you go back to the base for lunch and in the afternoon return to the pulling boat in the harbour and work hard until tea-time. When tea is finished it is over to the 'gym' for three quarters of an hour playing team games.

The last exercise of the day is a good swim in the marvellous swimming pool. Then an hour to yourself before falling, exhausted, into bed or just simply onto the floor!

Jason Griffin (JA)

## SEA CADET 5-A-SIDE SOCCER COMPETITION

There is a 5-a-Side Soccer Competition every year between the Sea Cadet Corps throughout Great Britain. This year our team representing Chilton successfully won the Somerset and Dorset Competition. This was due to good play from every member of the team.

In the second round, representing Somerset and Dorset, we had a very good chance to win and go through to the Nationals. Having Ademola in goal, there was very little room for the oppositions to score! Aboderin, Stevenson M., Sondheim, Taggett, Erinle and I were the other members of the team.

Unfortunately, we did not get through to the Nationals, but all the players made an extremely good effort. We lost in this round to a clearly superior side, but nevertheless we played well and there's always another time!

Nader Zarrabian (6)

## SAILING

Most of the sailing done by the pupils of Chilton Cantelo is at Sutton Bingham. This is a man-made lake, shaped rather like an upside-down "T". The school participates in sailing there on Wednesdays and Saturdays and this gives a large number of people the chance to become proficient helmsmen and to work through the R.Y.A. Proficiency Scheme if they wish.

There are four school boats on the reservoir and everyone who comes shares the boats throughout the afternoon. Luckily this season the weather was usually fine and the wind just right. We are members of the Sutton Bingham Sailing Club and sometimes race with them which is rather fun.

The school also keeps two boats and the canoes at Sherborne Lake. Sailing in the RNAS 14 ft. dinghy and a 'Bosun' takes place on Fridays and Sundays.

The great sailing event of the year is the Sea Cadet National Sailing Regatta which is held at Portland. This is the main event of the sailing year, when we compete with other Sea Cadet Units.



The preliminary rounds of the Sea Cadet Sailing Competition were held at Portland. On the Saturday, we had two races and the conditions were not very windy (Force 3). On the following day there were another two races, our crews being Rush and Gregory (helms) and Male and Rhodes (crews). The school won this competition outright.

However, only one boat (sailed by Rush and Male) got through from Chilton to the Area final which was a rather disorganised competition. However, the first five boats got through to the final and we came fourth!

Then came the Sea Cadet National finals. We travelled to Plymouth (Rame Head) on a Friday night. On Saturday, there was a decent wind blowing at last. There were a total of four races on Saturday and Sunday. By Sunday, it was blowing a strong breeze (Force 5/6) and it was questioned whether we should sail or not. We did: twenty-four boats started, six finished. Two sank, twelve capsized, one hit the Royal Yacht Britannia and one hit a working platform!

In that race we came second, giving us an overall position of third.

Graham Rhodes (6) and Mark Rush (6)

(It continually amazes me that our Cadets are as yet unrecognised as being just as lethal as the much vaunted deterrent and far cheaper! - Ed.)

### THE FIRE

I arrived home from the football match and walked into the sitting-room where I saw, in the grate, a fire as bright as the glowing sun. The flames of a bright, rich, golden-red colour were making fantastic shadows on the opposite wall. They moved like graceful ballet dancers or soldiers advancing through battle - smoke with the crackling wood suggesting gunfire. The wood crackled like the sound of people walking over dry twigs.

Robert Warr (3)

### U.F.O.

Suddenly, the window crashes open. What could it be? I walk to the window in absolute blackness, grab the torch and turn it on, but the beam flickers and dies almost at once.

Outside the window the wind blows heavily yet I can see and hear a U.F.O!  
Its lights dazzle and the window panes vibrate and shatter.

Little by little the weird lights disappear, the whistling noise goes and the wind drops and in the desperate silence I can hear my heart beating.

What a night for me! Will I be believed or should I see the Doctor on Friday?

Darren Allan (JB)

(The doctor advises a light diet and this has been grossly ignored ever since - Ed.)

### THE RACE

Off we go!  
Now the bend,  
Nice and comfy,  
Stride 'n' easy.  
Feel the sun, feel the wind.  
Faster, faster catch the leader,  
Halfway home.  
Heavy breathing, muscles aching,  
Getting tired, really hot.  
On the straight, nearly home.  
Catch the leader,  
Pass the leader - now the tape.  
Snap the tape.  
Lot of claps, lot of cheers,  
Shaking hands with the loser.

Paul Rutledge (3)

### THE RAIN

'Splish, Splash' it's raining!  
'Splish, Splash' it's gaining!  
Droplets of water,  
Running down the drain.  
Streaming faster,  
Never seen again.  
'Pitter, Patter, Clitter, Clatter!'  
Rushing down the lanes;  
Sweeping gloom and misery  
From the dirty window panes.

Tracy Wheeler (JA)



## THE RUGBY TEAM

The team itself played well and even better when we won which was about half of the games we played. Even when we lost we played hard until the end and gave everything we had to make the game worthwhile.

We had some good considered play by the pack such as Rush, Humphreys, David and Steel, who played very well. Out in the threequarters there were many improvements in handling of the ball and also in movements. We had one main injury in the season and that was Dexter I. who was playing his first match and broke his collar bone. This put him out of games for the rest of the term. Over all I think the team played well and learned many things from our trainer, Mr. Narraway, who unfortunately has now left the school.

I am sure that we will have a good team next year, providing the 'old hands' show the 'young 'uns' just how it's done!

Andrew Gregory (6)

## TRIP TO TWICKENHAM WITH THE CHILTON RUGBY TEAM

The day started quite early at 8.30 a.m. when the yellow bus filled with excitement as Mr. Manaton and Mr. Edmondson were taking some of the rugby team to London to watch the Rugby International, England-v-Scotland at Twickenham. As we drove out of the gate I found, to my surprise, Clark's dorm. keys and I can only presume he got on alright without them!

On the way up, just before we hit the M3, we stopped for breakfast and four of us had beefburgers and milkshakes, which was barely sufficient to keep us going through the journey. We had our Union Jack up in the window and many people flashed their lights as they passed us, except for the Scots, who did something else.

When we reached the ground the car parks were quite empty and so was the stand where we were the first in the gates and already shouting for England three hours before the kick-off was due! As time went on the stands filled, the crowds became noisier and noisier as the teams walked onto the pitch for the first time to walk it over. As they left, the Band came and played: and then we left to get something to eat before kick-off! We needed food, we consumed vast quantities, but you - the reader - will be left to drool over the good things of life.

Soon after this the teams came on ready to do battle. The captains, Billy Beaumont and Andy Ervin, decided the kick off and the game started with Scotland kicking. Within the first quarter of an hour the Scots scored with a penalty. England recovered with a try and a conversion. The half time whistle went after a very hard battle and England in the lead by only one point.

England started the second half with a very good place kick into the Scottish deep half. The Scottish picked the ball up well and, with a bit of dirty play from England, won a penalty kick and scored to put them into the lead. Then we came back with a great try from Slemen to put England ahead which was enough for them to hang on and win the match. Just as the whistle went, Rush, Mander and myself went on the field and sprinting towards the players we shook hands with them. We walked to the target to meet 'Big Billy' - who had an injury, but we were kept away by his team mates. We all left the stand as soon as we could and met at the bus, making our way out of London as quickly as possible.

About half way home, we stopped at a 'Little Chef' for a meal which again consisted of beefburgers and milkshakes, plus chips - the piece de resistance. Whilst there, we met some French people who had a baby with them and we gave him a little rosette from Twickenham which we all signed.

We arrived back at school very tired as we had sung most of the way. All of us greatly appreciated the efforts of the two members of staff who got the tickets and gave their time for the visit.

Andrew Gregory (6)

## FOOTBALL

The team, although not very well trained, mainly because of the weather, has played several games, putting in a lot of effort into the fixtures.

Our goalies were Ademola, Ishaq and Mander and they all played well. The defence was not up to the same standard. The midfield and the forwards played well, but again lack of training was all too apparent!

Those playing in the side were: Mander, Ademola, Ishaq Adel, Male, Dexter I., Lish, Erinle, Aboderin, Sondheim, Stevenson M., Zarrabian, Rutledge and myself.

Nicholas Clark (6)



## HOCKEY

The team only played one game of hockey this season, although Mr. Shortland was able to arrange some Indoor Hockey tournaments against Yeovil Technical College which we all enjoyed immensely.

The one match was lost 6-3, but everyone put up a good fight all through till the end. Ishaq Adel, our goalie, played well using his size to great advantage in restricting the goal mouth! The defence played well although it struggled against Yeovil's superior attack. The midfield and forwards managed — when not helping in defence — to put quite strong pressure on Yeovil. It was an enjoyable game and I hope more games can be arranged next year. Those playing were: Ishaq Adel, Frances Dare, Karen Trowbridge, Amanda Coleman, Mark Rush, Adeoye Erinle, Anna Telford, Hei Chung Ho, Steven Male, Debbie Rhodes, Dawn Allan, Nick Clark.

Nicholas Clark (6)

## CROSS COUNTRY 1980/81

At school there is not a lot of cross country running — we just don't have the hills — but there are a few championships which are important to some people anyway!

These championships come every year starting with the Yeovil Schools Championships. This year all schools from around Yeovil competed at Ninesprings in Yeovil over a lovely course. I came 4th and Chris came 5th. In the Intermediate race Graham Still came 13th and Mark Stevenson finished 15th, both just qualifying for the Somerset County Schools to be held at Preston Road School, Yeovil.

Chris Morrall and I were both in the Junior race and Still and Stevenson were in the Intermediate section. Chris beat me this time by coming 5th, with me finishing 8th, but Stevenson and Still were both out of the championships.

In the South-West Counties Schools — which was run during half-term, — I beat Chris by coming 4th and his coming 6th! I was 7th for Somerset and will be running for Somerset in the National Schools Championships at Wigan at Easter, with Chris as a reserve for it.

Craig McFadzean (JA)

## HIGH BOX SQUAD

In the High Box Squad the team consists of eleven people of whom eight are boys and the coach is Mr. Shortland. The age of the team varies from about eleven to sixteen years of age. The uniform worn is a black suit with white socks and shoes and a red T-shirt. The uniform is quite important as it ensures a very smart presentation.

To start off the demonstration the team would each do a through vault and a star jump off. Then each person, according to ability, would do an individual vault. Once this is done, the box would be turned round, width ways across, for everyone to do a star jump off, followed by a through vault in stream, followed by an individual vault.

While this was happening, the big hoop of fire was lit, the school fire brigade standing by in case of an emergency. With the hoop well alight the team would do a diving jump followed by a roll. After this would follow a through vault to finish off. Finally, on the order from Mr. Shortland, the team would mount the tableau and then be dismissed.

Ian Dexter (3)

## TRAMPOLINING CLUB

The Trampolining Club is still going strong after five years! Many new people come and decide to join and I started in September, 1978. Trampolining Club is held on Wednesday afternoons in the gym under the direction of Mrs. Ridewood, our coach.

One day last March a small group of us collected our packed lunches and made our way to the bus at 8.30 a.m. Mrs. Ridewood drove the yellow mini-bus all the way to Bath where 'it' was to take place. Those who went were: Finlay Morley, Hilery Lay, Alexia Williams, Anita Holgate and myself. Hilery was in the under sixteen's, Finlay was in the under fourteen's, Anita, Alexia and myself were in the under twelves. There were eighty-eight competitors in our group!

When I walked into the building, my stomach nearly turned over. It was a massive place. Everybody was warming up on the four trampolines. We took off our shoes and left them by a chair with our packed lunches. We found our respective age groups, sat down and they called out our names to see if we were there. Then it began.!



The first person got on the trampoline and one after the other we had a practice followed by a real performance. On my first go I scored 5.75 points. Anita hurt her knee on the practice but still carried on.

When I came off the trampoline after my second go, I went to see the little boys and girls in the 'under tens' competition. We had our photographs taken and ate our lunch. At the end of the day, we were all given our results and certificates and made our way — our very exhausted way — back to school.

Lisa Telford (JA)

## BADMINTON

It is a game which is widely played by both pupils and members of staff at school and in Sherborne. The school team, for whom I play, has been lucky to have Mr. Shortland to organize matches for us at Yeovil Technical College. Unfortunately most of these we lost to a better team than ours, but next term we hope to improve on our efforts.

He: Chung Ho (50)

## SQUASH

This has been played during the last two terms mostly by the Senior boys and the girls. I would have been pleased to see some of the Juniors take a greater interest rather than to look upon it as an excuse perhaps to avoid the rigours of 'normal games'! Naturally members of staff support these activities which take place on Wednesday and Friday afternoons in the Sports Hall of Sherborne School for Boys. On the whole there has been quite a good response from the players to the game, which requires skill, stamina and good physical co-ordination. If you think you have these qualities — or indeed a body to get you to the court — I believe Squash would benefit you considerably.

Adeneye Ademola (50)

## TABLE TENNIS

In my opinion this year has been the best season for table tennis. The two teams, 'A and B', the latter comprising Azman, Abdul Ishaq and Aboderin and team 'A' comprising Erinle, Adel Ishaq and myself, had a very good time. Overall we won most of the games we played at Yeovil Technical College. The matches would not have been possible without the help of Mr. Shortland, who organised them, and Mr. Edmondson and Mr. Kitchen who drove us to the College. On behalf of the team I hereby thank them for all their help and the moral support they gave us in making this table tennis season a success.

Adeneye Ademola (50)

## CHESS AND DRAUGHTS

Before September Chess was not considered one of the main games played at Chilton. Mr. Newman re-introduced it and it has become popular very quickly. Many pupils have taken it seriously and entered for the Chess Competition which I was fortunate enough to win. Chess continues to be played on 'friendly' terms and at competition level.

Draughts also proved to be popular and provided recreation for the winter evenings.

Nader Zarrabian (6)

## THE RAIN AGAIN . . . . IN SPAIN

A cloud gives birth —  
Its offspring parachutes to the ground.  
A 'drop explodes into tiny molecules.  
A blue tit, perched, takes to wing.  
A drop of rain splatters on its forehead.  
It is baptised.

More clouds explode.  
Droplets rhythmically falling,  
Dying peacefully on the muddy ground.  
They drum on a bucket  
And roll into a desolate drain.

The clouds drift on.  
The rain disappears.  
The land lies saturated —  
The sky turns blue.



## FISHING

Fishing is my favourite hobby because the pleasure of having a fish on the end of your line is exciting and eating the trout afterwards is even better!

I fish off the rocks near the Lizard in Cornwall or in the River Dawn at the bottom of our garden. When the river is high I get some super sport. When I fish over on the rocks especially in September I usually catch about eight pollock, not including the small ones which I always put back, so I can catch them again when they are a bit fatter.

I have a rod which I can change to the different sizes I need for different types of fishing. If I wanted a river rod, I would have one not too big with quite a flexible end. If I wanted one to cast off the rocks I would fix it so it was almost as big as a beach caster so I could clear the rocks easily. The biggest pollock I have ever caught was only 2 lbs. and the biggest trout was only 1½ lb., but I have caught plenty of them.

For bait, I usually use garden worms for river fishing and ragworms for off the rocks. I use size 14 hooks for river fishing and I find that size 8 is big enough for on the rocks.

Craig McFadzean (JA)

## SHARK ATTACK -- (or watch it Craig!)

The great white shark cruised along at a steady ten knots. It had been feeding on cod and seal for weeks and was looking to change his diet. He was vicious, mean and a little hungry.

The shark changed direction due west to California and headed inshore.

Vince Wellan was just seventeen and was the junior champion surfer in California. He surfed almost every day working hard to become world champion. Today he was surfing with a friend called Chris Morgan. Vince showed off. He enjoyed every minute of it.

A large fin came into sight, but neither of the boys saw it until the last minute. The shark attacked without hesitation, violently and severed Vince's leg, causing blood to spurt everywhere. Chris tried to swim away, but the shark ripped his stomach open exposing his intestines and he died instantly.

Vince was screaming in agony. The shark attacked again and in a wild frenzy shook Vince like a leaf, thrashing the water into a pink foam. The beast left as quickly as it had arrived, silently and almost without trace.

Robert Tye (JA)

## DOWN AND OUT

The morning is still dark.

The rats scuttle back to their nests and their waiting young.  
The cats fall asleep, missing the movements which pass,  
The dogs still scavenge the side-street bin,  
And so do I.

To find an early morning snack  
Before I reach the Tuilleries gardens where gentlemen  
Spend their dinner hours,  
I wait by the factory gates.  
The Midday bells ring, the sirens blow  
And the office gentlemen leave their offices  
To sit in the Tuilleries gardens.

They're the men to follow  
If you have a moment to fill  
Until the time has passed and they return  
To crack their whips at  
Their slowing factory hands and incapable staff.  
But they don't crack their whips at me!  
I am left to scavenge the trippers' bin,  
Where their rubbish is my feast of the day.  
And having feasted, I, too, return to my business.  
To the down and outs of Paris  
Where I find a bin to make my bed,  
And the peace to comfort me.

Andrew Gregory (6)



## A VISIT TO THE DENTIST

I skipped along the road to school with my dental card in hand, wondering if I would pass my annual check-up. I took the card from my pocket and studied it. Written on it was my name, age and a few other lines with some 'mumbo-jumbo' about the dentist. On the bottom was the time. I was due there at 11 a.m. I stared at the 'a.m.' bit, guessing what it meant. Was it 'and Mummy' or did it mean 'after morning' — ? None of these suggestions made sense so I gave up. Around the corner was the school. All the other children were playing in the playground and it looked as though I was nearly late. As soon as I passed the gates, the whistle went and I ran into line and waited until we were led in. After registration, I gave my dental card to the teacher and told her that I would be collected at 'quarter to'. I settled back into my seat and carried on with my work that I hadn't finished last night!

At a quarter to eleven, I went out of the classroom and ran to the front gate. I sat on the post and waited until my mother arrived with a smile on her face. "Are you ready then, son?" she enquired and we walked quickly together down the tarmac road. When we reached the dentist I remembered that I had forgotten my card and told my mother. She replied calmly, "It's alright, you don't really need it, it's only to tell you what time to come." I was relieved. We chose two seats in the corner of the modern waiting room and I picked up a comic on the way entitled 'Blue Jeans'. I didn't know it was a girls' comic until I read the boring adverts with some amusement. I wasn't really looking forward to the check up in case I had to have anything done. I detested that drill, but I didn't show it. I tried to be very brave and only once had I cried, ever. Ten minutes later, I was called. I got up with my mother and we both followed the receptionist into a room with '2' written on the door. Inside was a lean chap with a white coat on and a false smile on his face. I didn't pay any attention to him, only to the rack of tools and a black seat with a lamp over it! I gulped at the size of the drill with a massive pointed bit in it. The dentist talked with my mother and in between commanded me to sit in the chair. I obeyed!

With his fingers and a mirror in my open mouth he told my mother I would need to have a tooth out. "Oh no," I thought, but when he said I would be put to sleep I thought, "Great, how fantastic, no pains and me asleep". I almost fell asleep at the thought of it! He held a gas bottle and, putting a mask to my face, told me to breathe in normally. Within seconds I was 'out'. I heard a strange drilling noise and a bloke in a white coat, holding a massive pneumatic drill, was next to me. He climbed towards me. I couldn't close my mouth.... Suddenly, as I shut my eyes, I felt a sharp pain in my mouth. It continued and I couldn't move. He removed the drill and from a rack grabbed a massive pair of pliers with pick axes and hammers on it. He advanced again; and I felt my teeth coming out, one by one! "Wake up, son. It's all over", came my mother's voice. I woke up and felt my mouth. All my teeth seemed to be there, but my mother held out a tooth. It was a big back one — I had a real trophy to show them at school. My mouth felt fine and I would show them!

Christopher Morrall (3)

## THESE I HAVE LOVED

Waves lashing onto the rocks on a stormy day.  
Dust you can see being absorbed in the sun's ray.  
Lovely blue sky  
And the planes that fly so high.  
Grooving it to the beat.  
Sitting in a Big Wheel's seat.  
Eating the newly fallen snow.  
Hearing the calling of a croaking crow.  
Smelling new waterproof coats.  
The gleaming of a castle's moat.  
Soft plasticine rolling as if alive.  
Watching a Kingfisher doing a straight dive.  
.....All these I have loved.

Jason Gill (3)

## GUESS WHO ?

She is small and brown and she hops around,  
She has a bushy white tail and long pointed ears. What is she?  
She lives in a hutch and doesn't do much.  
But she goes in her run and thinks it's fun.  
What is she?  
She likes to eat and clean her feet.  
She's a friendly pet, but do you know yet?  
What is she?  
She's a friendly rabbit with no bad habits.  
Who is she?  
She's our Ginger of course!

Robert Warr (3)



## SLEEP

In all my broken dreams  
I have seen but one traveller  
— Whose shadow falls so soft;  
Like a dove, upon my shattered brow.  
Singing with a voice so soft  
And like a bird that has no song.

In all my broken thoughts  
I have seen but one vision,  
Whose wishes fall so sound, before my dormant eyes.  
A voice so softly singing  
Like a song that has no tune.

In all my shattered hopes  
I have seen but one shadow,  
Whose life falls gently at my toes;  
Like a dove that has no heart.  
And sitting gently here, I see she keeps herself so distant,  
Like a life that has no meaning  
And the truth that has no lie.

Debbie Rhodes (50)

## SAYING GOODBYE

The coach drawn by two horses drew up outside the station. A middle-aged man came out and told the young boy — who must have been the stable-lad — to get the luggage down. The coachman got off, patted the two horses briefly and went to help the stable-boy. Both looked very worried and were very quiet. Meanwhile the other man, who was smartly dressed, came back from the station office and opened the coach door.

As my father opened the door of the coach he said,  
"The train leaves for Southampton in fifteen minutes and that should be time enough to get you settled in the train."  
"Alright, will you carry me to the train now please?" I asked.  
"Certainly, dear!"

I gathered up my skirts and moved to the door. I was thankful to get into my father's arms, for even the short journey to the station had tired me out. I was glad to get away from England.

Just a few months ago I had contracted, from my mother, an illness which had later killed her. The doctors said the only hope for me was to get away to a warmer climate. We sold our house, gave the servants their notice and found good homes for all the horses. I was particularly said about leaving my own horse, who was a pretty little mare called 'Touch-and-go' — she was lovely. Her mane and tail were cream in colour yet she herself was almost red-gold.

Before my father lifted me into the train, he took me to see our coach-horses whom I loved. They were two bays called 'Chieftain' and 'Harvester'. I gave them each a last pat and a sugar lump. Not for the first time I wished I could see the future and know what was going to happen to them. John, the stable boy, came up and said to my father,  
"All your luggage is loaded now, sir."  
"Thank you, John," replied my father.  
John turned to me and said, "Bye Miss, I'm gonna miss you. Get well soon".  
"I'll miss you, too," I replied.

John's voice sounded strange and I felt a tight knot in my throat. Gus, the coachman, came up and said,  
"You'd best get on the train now, Sir, it'll be leaving soon".  
"Alright, Gus," my father said, "We're just going".  
"Bye, Sir"  
" 'Bye Gus. I hope you'll be happy working for my brother".  
"So do I, Sir," Gus replied. Then he spoke to me.  
" 'Bye, Miss. Hope you get better soon and maybe we'll see you here again".  
"Maybe, Gus. I'll miss you. 'Bye, Gus." I turned to John and said again, " 'Bye, John".  
" 'Bye Miss," he replied.

We got into the old train and my father sat me by the window. I looked out and saw Gus standing looking miserable and John standing at the horses' heads. I think he was trying to hide the big tears that welled up in a face already filled with emotion.



I started to cry as I suddenly realised that I would probably never see these people again. My face creased as the tears fell and in my throat there was a tightness. I was unable to speak. The train started and the horses jumped with fright, but John was holding them firmly.

The train began to move out of the station and my journey had begun. I would perhaps soon be better, but I would never see these people or the horses again. They must go out of my life if I'm to get better so 'bye Gus and John.....'bye.

Joann Redgrave (3)

### TEMPORA MUTANTUR, NOS ET MUTAMUR IN ILLIS

I was recently required to complete a form of a dozen questions and was reminded that a heavy fine could be expected if any one answer was untrue!

Question one. Name and address was easy.

Question two. What nationality? Also easy, but hang on a moment! I can't put down British can I? What about the heavy fine? Who am I? What am I? I can't put 'I don't know, I'm not certain any more.' Hence the title to this story, "Times have changed and we with them."

I eat foreign food, washed down with foreign drink, wear foreign clothes, receive foreign money, drive a foreign car, pay for foreign weights and receive foreign measurements. I am now a member of a foreign market! I don't really know, if I was asked, if I would like to change. "Mens sana in corpore sano" — they've even got me, of all men, writing foreign. It should read in English, "a sound mind in a sound body." (Some hope of that).

No one seems sure what a metre is, can be puzzled over a litre, surprised about a tonne and absolutely bewildered about decimalisation. Often I hear remarks like, "Oh, it's quite simple!" Rubbish! And no more so than where the older generation are concerned! Go and ask them a question. Everyone will hesitate. Why? Because they are not sure. I certainly never hesitate for I remain British to the end of time.

This is what the 'Illiterate Britisher' sounds like - when he really gets going that is.

100d (old pence) = 8 shillings and 4 pence.  
36 ins. (inches) = 1 yd. (yard)  
4 qts. (quarts) = 1 gal. (gallon)  
112 lbs. (pounds) = 1 cwt. (hundredweight)  
8 gals. (gallons) = 1 bushel  
3 bushels = 1 sack.  
24 grains = 1 cwt. (pennyweight)  
1,760 yds. (yards) = 1 mile  
1,728 cu. ins. (cubic inches) = 1 cu. ft. (cubic foot)  
6 ft. (feet) = 1 fath. (fathom)  
etc. = etcetera (whoops, Latin again).

Did it take hundreds of years to prove we were wrong and the foreigner right?  
I just don't know what to think, but may I end by saying just this:-

I am HOMO SUI JURIS AD INFINITUM and won't believe OMNE IGNOTUM PRO MAGNIFICO.  
It just leaves me a little puzzled for the moment, I've just thought, "What could I have written had I been educated instead of being just a simple countryman?"

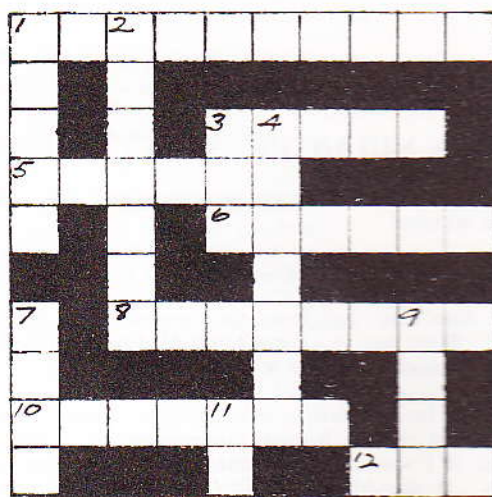
Mr. J. Knight.

TEMPORA MUTANTOR NOS ET NUTAMUR IN ILLIS - the times (all things) are changed and we with them.  
MENS SANA IN CORPORE SANO - a sound mind in a sound body.  
HOMO SUI JURIS AD INFINITUM - a man who is his own master always.  
OMNE IGNOTUM PRO MAGNIFICO - everything unknown (is taken to be) magnificent.

*(Yes, Mr. 'Bulldog' Knight is a certain gentleman of nature who still calls 'a spade a spade' - until he drops it; when he doubtlessly prefixes his new description of the tool with a certain anglo-saxon flourish! - Ed.)*



## CROSSWORD



### ACROSS

1. Kind of weed, one used as food for cage
3. High opinion of oneself (5)
5. Long narrow strap attached to a bit (4)
6. Temporary relationship between two people in love (6)
8. Apart (8)
10. Apparatus in which action of several parts is combined (7)
12. Group of games in tennis (3)

### DOWN

1. In charge of train (5)
2. Seen or realised at first glance (7)
4. Hold back, keep oneself from act etc. (7)
7. Song of praise to God (4)
9. A control used on record and cassette players (4)
11. Opposite of out (2)

Turn to the back page for the solution.

Ian Dexter (3)

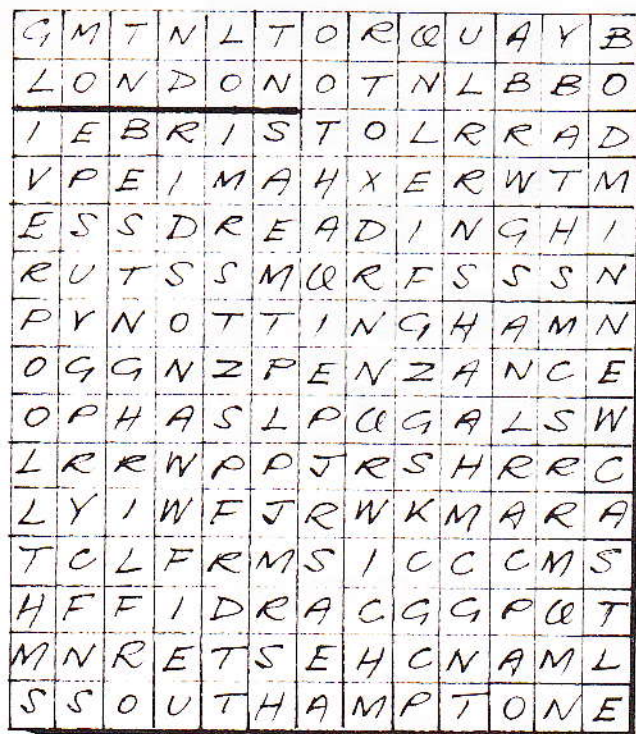
## HUMOUROUS BOOK TITLES

- 'Chinese Golf' by Ho Lin Won
- 'A Short Break' by T. N. Biscuits
- 'Pirates' by R. Jim-Ladd
- 'Yorkshire' by E. Bagoom
- 'William Tell' by Miss D. Apple
- 'Ghosts' by R.U. Scared

Collected by Jason McDermott (JB)



## CITIES OF BRITAIN



Can you find the place names? There are nineteen in all and LONDON has been done for you.

Turn to the back page for the solution.

Craig McFadzean (JA)

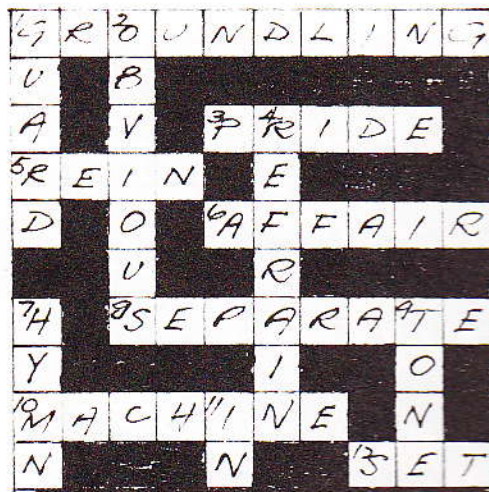
## COMICUTS

- |   |                                       |
|---|---------------------------------------|
| Q. What do you call a baby whale?                                 | A. A little squirt.                   |
| Q. Doctor, Doctor, I've got 59 seconds to live!                   | ... hang on a second.                 |
| Q. Doctor, Doctor, I feel like a pair of curtains!                | ... pull yourself together then.      |
| Q. What is a cow's best subject?                                  | A. Moo ... sic.                       |
| Q. What do birds eat for breakfast?                               | A. Tweatabix and Shredded Tweet.      |
| Q. A man built a wooden car with a wooden engine. It wooden't go. | A. Take away the chairs!              |
| Q. How do you make a band stand?                                  | A. Because he had no-body to go with. |
| Q. Why didn't the skeleton go to the ball?                        | A. You're putting me on.              |
| Q. What did the foot say to the sock?                             | A. A set hat.                         |
| Q. What do you get when you drop a white hat into the Red Sea?    | A. A set hat.                         |

All dug up by Messrs. Darren Allan, Amanda Wheeler, Kevin Worsley (JB) and others too frightened to be mentioned!



# SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD



## Solution to CITIES OF BRITAIN.

BATH  
 BIRMINGHAM  
 BRISTOL  
 BODMIN  
 CARDIFF  
 DERBY  
 IPSWICH  
 LEEDS  
 LIVERPOOL  
 MANCHESTER  
 NEWCASTLE  
 NOTTINGHAM  
 PENZANCE  
 READING  
 SOUTHAMPTON  
 TORQUAY  
 WREXHAM



CHILTON CANTELO HOUSE  
YEOVIL SOMERSET ENGLAND