

THE SCHOOL COAT - OF - ARMS

In 1950 the school acquired its own coat-of-arms, designed by Mr. J. P. Brooke-Little, Chairman of the Heraldry Society.

Since a number of pupils may be unfamiliar with the significance of the symbols, we give here the "blazon" expressed in modern English, and explanations of the symbolism.

A green shield (indicating the field of youthful endeavour) carrying a silver chevron bearing three red mitres (these represent Archbishop Otto of Bayeux, to whom this part of England was granted by William the Conqueror). Above the chevron two gold books (indicating wisdom and knowledge), each surcharged with a blue cross (indicating the Christian faith). Below the chevron a gold wheel with wings (indicating the railway industry on which New Swindon was founded). The crest is a strong right hand grasping the key of knowledge and the cross of self-sacrifice. The mantling is green lined with silver, to match the principal colours of the shield; it derives from the cloak which was worn by a knight-at-arms over his armour. The motto: —

Omnia experire bona contine—
can be translated: —

Put all things to the test; cleave to that which is good.

T.S.M.

'a'

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'o'

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EDITORIAL

This has really been quite a year in education—in fact, the once tranquil waters known as ‘learning’ and ‘scholarship’ seem to become stormy seas far too frequently nowadays for the good of either. It cannot be easy amid the mass of paper produced by educational theorists and conflicting political creeds, for a school to achieve a settled, calm existence and have a chance of reaching a corporate personality of its own. Yet we feel that *Headlands* manages somehow to keep that sense of community and to remain in many ways a ‘little world’ whilst being very alive to the wider world around it. In today’s educational climate, this, in itself, is no mean achievement.

The task of a School Magazine, however, is not to enter the educational battlefield on one side or the other. That would be presumptuous and silly. The task of a school magazine is to reflect that corporate personality of the school of which we have just spoken. This we have tried to do. It is this which should unify reports of school societies, school outings, school activities, school sport—and even school examination results. We hope we have succeeded. Good wine needs no bush and if we have failed, our readers will appreciate that it is the fault of the magazine and not of the school. The school stands for many of the old values which are treated so contemptuously by those who should know better—we trust that it is these values that the reader will find in the following pages.

Sub-Editorial Committee.

Alan Townsend; Susan Sargeant; Valerie Hacker; Madeleine Keefe;
Brenda Badnell; Claire Blowen; Keith Maddison; Nigel Wills.

MISS A. JACOB

Miss A. Jacob retires at the end of this term after 18 years service to Headlands. Miss Jacob came to the school in 1950 and was appointed Senior Mistress and, for a number of years, ran the English Department. The school's loss will be very great for she has won the greatest respect from all the pupils in the school and worked in and out of school hours on problems concerned with the girls' welfare.

Miss Jacob has a natural dignity and 'presence' (that mysterious quality so hard to define and yet instantly apparent). An essentially kindly person with very high standards which brought out the best in everyone who came under her influence, she will be remembered with gratitude, particularly by the girls, for whom she did so much.

Members of the staff will miss her as a friend and a valued adviser. May her retirement be a long and happy one.

MR. J. SHORES

Mr. J. Shores is retiring at the end of this session and his departure from the school will indeed be a great loss.

After a distinguished war record during which he obtained the full rank of Major, he came to Headlands in 1948, a very experienced teacher to be responsible for the Art of the school. He made an immediate impact on the school and the older members of the staff, and very many old students will always remember the remarkable decorations he arranged on the walls of the Euclid Street School Hall which was then the headquarters of our social functions.

Mr. Shores was a fine footballer and cricketer and he might well have considered the career of a professional footballer. He was thus a most useful member on the staff for games before the many duties of his department made this impossible.

He started the Printing Club in the school and all societies have been most grateful to him for assistance in the very many items associated with their work.

Mr. Shores always had a deep interest in the welfare of his pupils and the development of their characters. He has conducted his duties as Housemaster with a combined wisdom and sense of humour. Always a kind and considerate master, his pupils will remember with gratitude the soundness of his teaching and the patience with which he has led them on the path to success.

We wish him, and also Mrs. Shores, many years of active and well deserved retirement.

THE SCHOOL YEAR

This year the school has been, for the first time, completely 14+—to use the expression which we dislike at Headlands because of its ugly trans-Atlantic sound, a Senior High School. Each individual fills a larger area of classroom or corridor and the squeaking boyish trebles have now become squeaking girlish trebles. The tone of the school has inevitably adjusted to its more mature inmates for it is to this maturity that we look as a compensation for the loss of the noisy, bubbly enthusiasm of the 11-year olds. Many regulations, necessary for younger age-groups, have been lifted; self-discipline has been stressed; and, we trust and believe, the high standards, set by the school in the past, have been maintained.

It is not easy, however. Administration and control of such a large unit comprised of such an age-group, is a matter of constant hard work, long hours and careful thought. Examination entries for G.C.E. O Level, G.C.E. A Level and C.S.E. have reached mammoth proportions, and the administrative complexities of C.S.E. mode 3 examinations have aged more than one long-suffering head of department. The masters in charge of these examination entries perform miracles of labour which should certainly qualify them for the Queen's Award to Industry at the very least. Careers interviews also cut far deeper than they used to do—interviews went on over a period of months rather than days and the Careers Advisory Officers almost became part of the staff in the Spring Term. All part of the service to modern youth but all adding to the work of nearly-modern middle-age. Internal examinations, too, present their own problems. It is remarkable, at least to the writer of these notes, how smoothly the internal examinations at the beginning (the *very* beginning) of the Spring Term, went off, considering the bewildering number of 'options', 'sets' and 'alternatives' which had to be manipulated. The very efficiency with which all these things are done should not blind the school to the problems which are overcome in the doing of them—a swan glides along beautifully but there is a great deal of threshing about underneath the water.

The biggest single change in the school organisation, however, and one which affected every single member of the school, was the change from the main administrative unit becoming the tutorial group rather than the form. This mixture of all forms in single groups based on houses, was prompted by the need to integrate, as quickly as possible, every boy or girl in a school which, by its very nature, has an enormous intake and output (if that is the correct word) every year. These are early days to judge the system but its start has been very promising and one no longer goes into tutor groups to find their members gazing into space in an embarrassed silence. The houses also play a larger part in the school than before and a fifth has now made its appearance—Avebury—and has acquitted itself well.

A school is only as good as its staff and we are losing some really valuable members at the end of this year. Miss Jacob's loss to the school will be a very real one indeed and we pay, elsewhere, our tribute to her. Mrs. Gall and Mr. Shores are also leaving after many years' service to the school; they both did a great deal in many ways, will be sorely missed and remembered with great affection by members of the school, past and present. The present educational system makes constant movement of

staff between schools inevitable and regrettable though this is in some ways, schools probably gain more by this interchange than they lose—although this is small consolation for a headmaster faced with the task of replacing large numbers of staff. At the end of the Spring Term we said goodbye to Mr. P. Sutcliffe (Rodway School, Bristol), to Mr. D. Parry Jones (Deputy Headmaster, Wareham Secondary School), and to Mr. K. Loveday (Scarborough High School). We thank them for their work whilst here and congratulate them all on their new appointments. At the end of the Summer Term, in addition to Miss Jacob, Mr. Shores and Mrs. Gall, we shall lose Mrs. G. Geers, Mr. K. Stephenson (Leeds University for one year), Mrs. J. Threader, Mr. B. W. Caws (Senior Lecturer in English, Bognor Regis College of Education), Mr. R. Chapman (Dunstable G.S.), Mr. D. Waters (Bishop Cleeve School, Cheltenham), Mr. T. Stewart (Havorfordwest G.S.). At the beginning of this academic year we welcomed Mrs. J. Barnfield, Miss S. Crease, Miss S. Williams, Miss A. M. Wood, Mr. D. V. Cook, Mr. R. Hicks, Mr. D. N. Judson, Mr. R. Lewis, Mr. A. Miller, Mr. R. J. Sobey, and Mr. J. D. Tweed. At the beginning of the Summer Term we welcomed Mrs. Tomlinson and Major H. G. Ashton who took up the post of Registrar. It seems strange to write this now, for they have settled into the school so quickly that a welcome to them seems rather out of place and this is no doubt as it should be. We hope their stay with us will be a happy one. Looking a little further into the future, whilst on the subject of staff, we should like to welcome Miss M. Nutting, as Senior Mistress.

Teachers may move from school to school but once in Headlands they tend to remain fairly static during the teaching day—we refer, of course, to the fact that under the new system each member of staff has his or her own room and the pupils move between lessons—mountains coming to Mahomet. The mass-movements involved seemed to have caused little delay in the starting-times of lessons and the whole arrangement has worked with a remarkable smoothness although it was found necessary to re-impose the “single-file in the corridors” rule which was lifted for a considerable experimental period in the Autumn Term. As the Headmaster pointed out, he had no wish to re-impose irksome rules but the width of the corridors just does not allow for a ‘freeway’ system; the size of the occupants of the school also plays its part in this, of course.

What else is there as we look back over the past year? Various events are mentioned in specific reports later in the magazine and some Summer Term activities will take place too late for inclusion—the school fête and the school sports, for example. This report must, therefore, rely a great deal upon impressions and memories. It was strange, for example, to find a school year beginning without Mr. D. H. MacLean running the day-to-day organisation but Mr. D. C. Glover soon showed what a worthy successor he was, and we had the further pleasure of welcoming Mr. MacLean back to help us out in the Autumn Term (when Mr. J. Garside had to into hospital for an eye-operation, following an all-in wrestling bout with his 5-year-old son) and again in the Summer Term together with Miss Almond, to help the skeletoned History Department.

It was quite a bright year for the Sixth Form. M4 completed its metamorphosis into a Sixth Form Common Room complete with carpet, easy chairs, curtains and a coffee-bar. It remains to be seen whether the results of the coffee bar are disastrous for the carpet, curtains and easy

chairs. Enough to say that the Sixth Form Common Room is superior in comfort at the moment to the Men's Staff Room—truly symbolic of the age in which we live? In the Spring Term we also staged a Sixth Form Exhibition in the West Hall as part of the Careers Exhibition in the Main Hall. The result was an impressive display by all departments on what really can be done at Sixth Form level and, on the suggestion of the Deputy Director of Education, parties from our three Junior High Schools visited it during the morning after the main exhibition. The Sixth Form Soirée was a particularly enjoyable affair at the end of the Autumn Term and the dancing classes, referred to in last year's report, have continued to flourish. We are pleased to see that more and more people are taking advantage of the chances offered by a Sixth Form and the range of courses available has been greatly extended to suit the wider range of abilities and interests for which we must now cater.

The school has sprouted a number of excrescences known as 'caravan classrooms'. We now have four. Practical, comfortable and ugly they squat, two at the front of the school and two at the back. Staff wander off towards them in the early morning mist, reappearing again to have converse with their fellow man at brief intervals throughout the day. Numbers 3 and 4 caused some concern by refusing to be ready for several weeks after their arrival. However, they have now been tamed. There has been no other new building which, in many ways, has been a relief.

And that is about it. From this brief review of a crowded year we have, no doubt, omitted much, but we refer our readers (those, at least, who have got this far) to the Headmasters' Report, which will give a clearer picture of the year's activities. Certainly at Headlands, what ever we do, we do not stagnate—it's all happening.

PUNISHMENT ?

*It is uncomfortably hot in the bleak, unfriendly room,
But they all sit there in heavy winter coats.
They read, sleep, or try the 'Mirror' crossword,
Careful not to look up in case they meet another idle gaze.
All you hear within the room is the metallic sound
As the heavy hand of the clumsy clock wipes out
The minutes of this life.*

How they must hate the cold outside!

*For rather than see and hear the trains, the porters,
The clanging doors, the little Chinese ticket collector,
They prefer to sit in deathly quiet, concentrating on cheap books,
Or give up the effort and retreat to the sweet sanctuary of sleep.*

*Gradually the number diminishes,
Summoned forth by the great metallic hand;
Or else, too weak-willed to withstand the pressure of unaccustomed
silence,
They cough, and shuffle, and ask in echoing voice,
'Have you the time?'
While the clock, its presence abused, creaks louder than before.*

*Why don't they go outside,
And listen to the trains?
And feel the throb of excitement,
The racing, leaping pulse,
As a train speeds through the station
Giving its joyful cry, echoing in your head,
So that you feel an unsurpassed emotion
Of awe and admiration?*

*Another metallic clank, but this time accompanied
By an inaudible echo announcing the arrival of the '14.02 for Paddington.'
You gratefully leave the room, like a little boy escaping from school,
Determined, in future, to sit and watch the trains.*

P.P.

THE MYSTERY OF THE FOREST

*The wood was deep and dark inside,
With tangled briar and sedge,
And the floor was carpeted with leaves
From trees now rotten and dead.*

*From age on age the forest had stood,
And sheltered the men of yore,
And many's the death the trees had seen
Take place on the forest floor.*

*Deep inside a forest glade,
Through all the times that man has made,
A mystery from the days of old,
Stood, still tall and just as bold
As in the day's of day's gone by
When he was born to rule earth and sky.*

*He stood in the shadow of a tree,
With eyes both dark and bright,
While men outside from this time of ours,
Encroached on his forests' right.*

*Everywhere, inside and out,
His piercing glance did shine,
Into the very souls of man,
Into the depths of his mind.*

*Those deep and piercing eyes grow sad.
As the deeds of man, both good and bad,
Came to the eyes of him.
And back to the forest glade he went,
And remembered the things of the past.*

*Those eyes gleamed kindly as these thoughts of the past
Came flooding to his mind,
Until the dawn of one fine day,
The light that shone forth was gone.*

R.M.

SIXTH FORM EXHIBITION

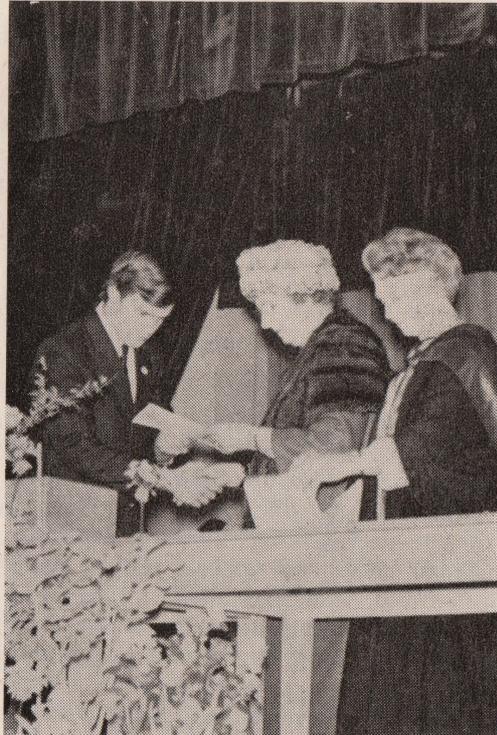
On the afternoon of Tuesday, 20th February and during the morning of Wednesday, 21st February, many strange objects converged on the West Hall; we are not referring to members of staff or to members of the Sixth Form, but to 'things' in bowls and machines of all shapes and sizes. The Sixth Form Exhibition was being prepared. What had started as an idea that we might show a few things as part of the Careers Exhibition in the Main Hall had 'escalated'. The West Hall was set aside for the purpose and the West Hall was filled. Mr. Freeman's boat provided a spectacular stand for the P.E. Department, typists tapped away as part of the Commerce Display and the departments who could really provide visual aids really provided them. Everything blended in together—the Arts departments providing a modest background, and a display of University opportunities provided the central feature.

On the evening of 21st February, the hall, filled with all these academic wonders, was also filled with people. Sixth formers and staff attempted to answer questions—sometimes even attempted to explain examination papers—and considerable interest in the possibilities of Sixth Form education was aroused. What is even more remarkable the tempting food displayed by the domestic science department remained uneaten. On the morning of the 22nd February the top forms from Pinehurst, Penhill and Kingsdown visited the exhibition and took a keen and intelligent interest in the display. This was an exhibition which might well have made some people think again before leaving school at the end of the fifth year, and as such, justified itself.



SPEECH DAY

THURSDAY, 4th APRIL, 1968
at 2.15 p.m. and 7.15 p.m.



THE NATIONAL ANTHEM
THE CHAIRMAN'S REMARKS
COUNCILLOR H. W. GARDNER,
Chairman of the School Governors

Music *Girls' Choir*
Recitation *Geralda Carolan*
Alan Williams

THE HEADMASTER'S REPORT
THE SCHOOL SONG

ADDRESS:

D. H. MACLEAN, ESQ., B.A.
formerly Deputy Headmaster

PRESENTATION OF CERTIFICATES:

MRS. D. H. MACLEAN

PRESENTATION OF PRIZES:

by

THE WORSHIPFUL THE MAYOR,
ALDERMAN H. G. LEWIS, J.P.

Music *Wynford Rees*
Recitation *Susan Sargeant*
Derek Harris

VOTE OF THANKS—COUNCILLOR T. I. THOMAS

PATRICIA PLUNKETT AND PAUL BAILEY

THE SCHOOL HYMN

PRIZE WINNERS

- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| 3U Maureen Frampton
Alison Walker
Vivienne Stone
n Patricia Noble | 4E Barbara Richardson
Andrew Piegdon
n Anthony Stephens | 5E Stephen Prince
Susan Allen
w Stephen Guyatt |
| 3A Martin Drake
Raymond Ives
David Usher
n Desmond Jones | 4R Nicola Maggs
Jacqueline Purser | 5R Carol Breingan
Ruth Radway |
| 3E Jocelyn Looker
Clive Stevens
Graham Davies | 4G1 Brian Sewell
Stephen Collier | 5G
mt. John Neale
nd. Wendy Newman |
| 3R Jennifer Thomson
Mirian Wicker
Jane Fry | 4G2 Graham Furze
Barry Birch | 5M Beverley Angell
Shirley Sewell |
| IVG
p David Parsons | 4F1 Valerie Elliman
Stephen Cornish | 5F Roger Brice
Richard Ranford |
| IVF
p Lorraine Young | 4F2 Bernard Cortes
Margaret Clark
n Gary Hibberd | 5L Eric Dancer
Marian Delapp |
| IVM1
p Raymond Larty | 4M1 Richard Pflieger
Nigel Langley | 5C Michael Skinner
Gillian Middleton |
| IVM2
p Paul Dixon | 4M2 Martin Farley
Ashley Hicks | 5P1 Courtney Weston
David Stroud |
| IVL
p Edward Deegan | 4L1 Josephine Lewis
Jacqueline Darling
n Susan Paginton | 5P2 Terry Cook
Graham Goodwin |
| IVP
p Catherine Collins | 4L2 Linda Gibbs
Denise J. Baker | 6 ARTS
Carole Gough
Malcolm Grubb
Patricia Wright
g Michael Wood
g Stephen Manham |
| IVC
p Carmel Victory | 4P1 David Budd
Michael Parsons | 6 SCIENCE
Nigel Wills
Patrick Kiernan |
| 4U Christine Timms
Lynnet Pready
n Deborah John | 4P2 Stephen Andrews
Steven Burt | Sir Arthur Hall Prize :
Edmund R. Stow
Steven Webb |
| 4S Alexis Parry
Susan Palmer | 5A Jane Harmer
Susan Mann
m Andrew Collier
a Keith Maddison
c Lorraine Firth | George Bond Engineer-
ing Prize :
Stewart Scholtz |
| 4A Alan Cufaude
Peter Street | 5B Christine Pratt
Susan Sargeant | |
| | 5S Claire Blowen
Margaret Aylett | |

- KEY m Barron Mathematics Prize
g Leslie Hall Geography Prize
w Stanley Jones Woodwork Prize
a Art Prize provided by Parent/Teacher Association
c Craft Prize provided by Parent/Teacher Association
nd. Form Prize and Needlework Prize provided by Parent/Teacher Association.
mt. Form Prize and Crook Metalwork Prize presented by Parent/Teacher Association in memory of Mr. E. M. Crook
p Progress prizes provided by Ashworth and A. J. Dicks Funds, awarded to 1967 entrants
n Prize for neatness

THE HEADMASTER'S SPEECH

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, we have reached Speech Day 1968, and the school is 72 years old. My first duty as usual is to welcome visitors on behalf of the school. First you, Mr. Chairman. It is a great pleasure to have you presiding for the twelfth time. We know how fortunate we are to have you presiding over our fortunes, so firmly, so ably, and so humanely, and in thanking you I should like to include a warm thank you to all the Governors for the service they have rendered during the past year. We are very honoured to have His Worship the Mayor to grace our proceedings this evening, and as a former Governor of the school he is an old friend. What shall I say about the distinguished visitor who has come to speak to us, Mr. Donald MacLean? At our last Speech Day I expressed my appreciation of his long and distinguished service to the school, knowing that he was retiring in the summer after 41 years of service, but when I was thinking who to invite to be our distinguished guest today, I suddenly realised that, with luck, we could have him on the platform for at least one more year.

At a very crucial moment at the beginning of the last war, Sir Winston Churchill who had been in the political wilderness was reappointed to a post he had previously held years before, First Lord of the Admiralty and a signal was sent to the fleet 'Winston is back', I can signal to you, 'Donald is back' for he has promised to come back next term to help the History Department in its time of shortage. It must be a record that a past and future member of staff should also be the distinguished visitor at Speech Day. We are very honoured to have Mrs. MacLean with us to share in the quite extensive distribution of prizes and certificates.

The name of other members of staff who have left are on my printed report. In the amount of time at my disposal today, I cannot possibly do justice to their service to the school, but I must refer to Miss Harris who left us after twelve years. We miss her very much as indeed we miss the other ten full-time teachers who moved to other schools or household duties. We could ill-afford to lose nine full-time lady members of staff in one year, and unfortunately only four lady teachers have been recruited in their place. The success of the school depends on our being able to attract and hold the skilful and devoted staff which is absolutely necessary for a school of this type. The progress of re-organisation in many parts of the country has been slow and there are still very attractive posts in Grammar Schools and Secondary Modern Schools offering special inducements of experience and finance, and much less intensive examination work. It is therefore essential that Swindon Senior High Schools should be able to offer special inducements and we also have a very strong interest in pleading for the best possible staffing of the Junior High Schools, because their work is vital to our success. Several valuable and experienced teachers are leaving at Easter for promotion and it is not proving easy to replace them. We also know that Miss Jacob and Mr. Shores are retiring from the profession at the end of the Summer Term, when I hope to pay a worthy tribute to them in the School Magazine. Mr. Shores has been in charge of Art at Headlands for 20 years. In his day, a fine footballer and skilful cricketer, and always a fine art teacher disciplinarian and true friend to the boys and girls, Mr. Shores will be sorely missed.

When Miss Jacob came to Headlands in 1950 as the Senior Mistress,

we could not afford to have a Head of the English Department and Miss Jacob carried out both duties for many years with complete efficiency. This included play production and organising all the English teaching of the school. Always unequivocal and remarkably accurate in judgement, as well as deeply sympathetic with the needs of the girls, she has always been available as a guide and counsellor. One always knew that the examination results of her classes would be first-rate. Old girls looking back on their school days realise how much they owe to her. We wish her many years of happiness in her retirement.

The amalgamation of the Euclid and College schools in 1943, or the move from the College building to the new school out here in 1952 were events in our history but they changed the school far less than the re-organisation in 1965. That was a turning point the success of which must be left to historians of the school in years to come. So far the number of children in the school has not altered much, but of course the average age has gone up because no-one comes before the age of 14 and the average age of entry is $14\frac{1}{2}$. We now have no youngsters skipping about. For the first time we have in the Sixth Form a number of boys and girls who have not passed up the school from the age of eleven. The precise number is 44. The Science Sixth Form continues to shrink, but this is a national problem to which I will refer later. This year a total of 42 compared with 48 last year. The number in the Arts Sixth and Seventh Year at 98 is exactly the same as last year but there are also 35 boys and girls taking partly Arts and partly Science subjects who are not aiming at Universities but are continuing their studies to improve their examination results and enhance their own qualifications and personalities. This is a trend which will undoubtedly continue and increase. We have much to offer boys and girls who really want to stay on at school for this purpose. We can provide not only scientific, literary, engineering and secretarial skills and training in domestic arts, but also the opportunity of improving their Fifth Year results and of living in an ordered and civilised family community. I am glad the Authority has been far-sighted enough to realise that we shall soon have over 200 boys and girls aged 17, 18 and 19, and that they need adult amenities and facilities if they are to become responsible adults.

Apart from typewriting, we are not teaching any more subjects than we were before re-organisation. The only difference is that we have many more boys and girls who are interested in practice rather than in theory and of course they are all relatively mature and about to sit for General Certificate of Education or Certificate of Secondary Education. Hence their work and the corresponding staff-load are much greater in quantity than with younger pupils. We are doing much more woodwork and metalwork, technical drawing and office practice, cookery and needlework, than we did before, but the work in English and Mathematics is just as important as ever. History, Geography and Science help boys and girls to understand themselves and their environment. Sports, music and art help to increase their enjoyment of life. But religious and moral education, training in how to behave and how to meet the testing times of life, are the really important parts of education, which we share with the parents and the churches.

In order to encourage boys and girls of differing ages and interests within the school to help one another, we have extended the House system very much this year. First of all we made a Fifth House, and then

divided each House into eight homogeneous groups, each of which contains boys and girls of various ages. Each Group has one member of staff, as a Tutor specially in charge of the welfare of its members. The Tutor Groups meet twice every day for registration and other business and each is already beginning to have its own family characteristics. In July each group will lose a few members and make up its number by admitting a few boys and girls from the new intake, who will thus be made welcome by those who are here already and should be quickly assimilated into the life of the school.

I suppose I ought to say a few words about examination results. You will see that students took 256 separate Advanced Level subjects and 80% passed, which is well above the Grammar School average and far above the Comprehensive School average as given in the University of London statistics. At Ordinary Level we had 1,105 subject entries, as against 866 last year. The number of subjects passed was 69% which is exactly the same as last year and well above the national average. We do not weed out the weaker candidates as some schools do. I am particularly pleased with our first batch of C.S.E. results. I think I am right in saying that we entered more candidates for C.S.E. than any other school in the S.W. Division, but none of them were boys and girls who had switched from the more difficult G.C.E. The result was on average 5.4 subjects per pupil and of these 109 were gained at Grade 1. Those who are in a position to judge and make comparisons will agree that these results are quite outstanding and I should like to congratulate the staff who taught those boys and girls, not only in our school, but in the schools from which they came.

This gives me the opportunity of thanking the staff, teaching, clerical and domestic, of Headlands for all they have done during the past year, in a time of very rapid change and development in the school. Their loyalty and enthusiasm and readiness to experiment with new ideas and new methods has been vital, and as Deputy Headmaster, we are indeed fortunate to have Mr. Glover to succeed Mr. MacLean; nobody could have done so more successfully.

In September we admit 362 new pupils and for the first time these will be of the complete ability range and for the first time will include boys and girls from Kingsdown Junior High School. These boys and girls may be assured of a warm welcome, and, having visited them, I know that their parents too are full of enthusiasm. The Headmasters and subject teachers from our contributory schools have co-operated most fully with us to ensure a smooth transfer, the proof of which will be the G.C.E. and C.S.E. results in 1970.

There are so many other things about which I would like to speak. First, accommodation in the school. New practical rooms for the boys are urgently needed and I am glad to say that we expect work to begin very soon on the building. We also need more space for careers, more space for House activities and organisation, and more space for modern project work and swimming bath. I hope many visitors will walk round the school after the ceremony and if so, look in at M4, the new Sixth Form Common Room and Coffee Bar, which has now been furnished.

I should like to talk about the need to work for a University in the Swindon area, a matter to which I called first attention at Speech Day many years ago. Some day Swindon will be a City in its own right, and all the interests, industrial and civic as far afield as Marlborough, Cirencester

and Faringdon should be uniting with us in the preparation. Certain lesser places, by enthusiastic preparation have already gained the objective of University status. Why not Swindon? Even a Teacher Training College would be a beginning.

Year after year at Speech Day, like other Heads, I have called attention to the urgent need for more mathematics and science teachers. The Universities are now seriously alarmed. It is far easier to get in to study science or engineering than other subjects, simply because the schools are unable to educate and send forward enough young scientists. There is a brain drain to America of frightening proportions. It costs Great Britain about £20,000 to educate a Ph.D. and his value to the community throughout his lifetime may be as much as £¼ million. In 1965 we lost 1 out of 6 Ph.D's who graduated but last year we lost 1 out of 3. We cannot afford to pay an annual tribute to young men to America. Lord Bowden calculated that the men who went last year were worth something like £200 million to American industry during their lifetime. What a difference it would make to English schools if we could retain these young men, for a high proportion of the ablest teachers in science and mathematics in the schools are in the closing years of their service. You may have heard of the Dainton Report on the flow of science candidates from the schools into higher education. This report recommends that all Sixth Formers going to University should study five subjects to Advanced Level, including some science, a conclusion with which I am in complete agreement. It is wrong that boys and girls should have to make up their minds at 16 and concentrate on a narrow field which, at 18 they may find was the wrong one, but it is usually then too late to change, and in any case their education has been too narrow for the modern world. The Dainton Report found much to admire in the Scottish educational system where the Sixth Form is much less specialised. But I notice that a Scottish correspondent in the Times Educational Supplement, in reporting this, was far from complacent, I quote:—

“There are more clouds over the northern skies than the report suggests. For many years the recruitment of the highest qualified teachers of mathematics and the sciences has been inadequate. A high proportion of the ablest teachers in these disciplines are in the closing years of their service. Some of them came into the schools in the 1930's, having left industry in the depression years”

Too little attention has been given in Scotland to the effects of secondary re-organisation on the use of highly qualified and scarce teachers. Thus the adoption of the all-through comprehensive system of secondary education—especially when it is based on relatively small schools—may mean that a considerable number of able pupils may have no opportunity of encountering honours graduates in mathematics and science before the closing years of their secondary schooling; some will not encounter them in any year. The consequences for the flow of candidates in science into higher education might be serious.”

These remarks from Scotland have a moral for England too; there is a great danger in the setting up of 6 or 8 stream entry Comprehensive Schools which, although large by former standards, do not contain enough able boys and girls and so cannot afford the special teaching which is needed. It was to avoid this calamity that Headlands was made into a Senior High School, recruiting at 14. Because we do not have to cope with

younger children, we are able to find room for 14 classes of 14/15 year olds and 14 classes of 15/16 year olds, as well as large Sixth and Seventh Forms. This enables us to provide suitable teachers and courses for all ranges of ability and interests. Don't let us throw away this great advantage. I freely admit that I was one of those who was against the two-tier system with the change-over at 14, but I now see the great wisdom of those who arranged it, and after nearly three years experience I am increasingly confident that the change of school at 14 can be accomplished without difficulty. Let us beware of six or eight stream 11-18 Comprehensive Schools. Although holding large numbers of children they will be too small for efficiency in most areas and, especially in science and mathematics, it will not be possible to staff them properly. Schools are expensive institutions; the average cost to the rates and taxes of a Fifth Former in a state school is given by the Ministry for last year as £150 each, and for a Sixth Former as £260 each. The nation will get good value for this expenditure only if it is wisely spent. There is no doubt that in the past the Modern and Grammar Schools gave good value to the nation by producing well-educated men and women who are producing great wealth for the country during their lifetimes. I believe that Headlands, as now re-organised, can do the same for all the boys and girls of this locality, and in conclusion I pay tribute to the splendid co-operation of the Borough Education Officer and his staff and committees in their determination to make Headlands and its sister schools as good as any in the country.

ADDRESS BY D. H. MACLEAN, ESQ.

Mr. MacLean started by saying he was in the unusual position of being able to talk to both the parents and pupils, as many of the parents were once his pupils. To the pupils Mr. MacLean said that the teenagers of today were in some ways fortunate as many aspects of life throughout the world were directed towards youth, and the capture of youth. He warned "Be on guard against false values" and said that many of the interests trying to capture us, were exaggerated. If we were sensible, he said, we would cut them down to size. He added that we should develop good judgement, and use it, and avoid being 'a puppet on a string'.

Although elders may seem rather stupid we should not ignore or despise their advice as they have our interest at heart, and in later years we will realise the value of their advice. Mr. MacLean told us the older generation had faith in us and proved this by spending over £200 million this year on education. He said that we represented an enormous capital investment and we must realise this and be proud of its importance and live up to it. He finished speaking to the pupils by saying that teenagers were not as bad as some people make believe and he added that as a school master he was an incurable optimist and believed that each generation must be better than the last.

Mr. MacLean then addressed the parents saying that although he had told the pupils they were fortunate, they were in someways very unfortunate in that this was a complicated world with greater stresses and strains and more evil influences. He added that these influences were dressed in fancy wrappings, served up in handy packs for home consumption and it was now impossible to keep these evil influences out of our homes.

A part of one question was to write a paragraph on the Ridge Way. The answer commenced: The Ridge Way is an ancient track which runs off the South coast of England. (4th Geography).

It might take ten hours to get Harold Wilson to look like a lady.
(4th English—Drama).

You can make yourself look different by smothering your face with eye-lashes and eye-brows. (4th English—Drama).

Seasoning of mist and mellow fruitfulness.
(5th English. A Keatsian recipe?)

Question: The largest employer in Swindon today is?

Answers: Pressed Steel MacFisher.

Pressed Steel Fisheries. (4th Geography).

The result of the quarrel is that both men, after making a last farewell, commit suicide, never meeting again. (5th English).

The more a writer omits the more his work may be remembered.
(From which it would seem that the best way to be a real literary giant is to write nothing at all!) (7th English).

An explanation of how to use a mortise-gauge: "Place the mortise gauge against face side and to find the centre you would use a method called trial and error". (4th Woodwork).

Question: The first-used railway gauge was?

Answer: Large.

Question: It was later converted to?

Answer: Medium. (4th Geography).

The island of Gan has an R.A.F. Station on it. There are no women but the moral of the men is very high. (5th English Language).

Her French was not of a Parisian nature but more of the sort spoken in some parts of London. (6th English).

A woman who is in fashion is said to be in cult. (6th English).

"Her mouth was but small" . . . This means she had a small mouth.
(6th English. Chaucer).

And now two from the classroom:

Question: What is euphemism?

Answer: Mercy killing, sir.

Master: "We're going to have a recording of Hitler" (of Literary Society meeting).

Fourth Form Pupil: "Singing or talking, sir?"

But none of ours are as bad as this:

"Les minces peupliers frissonnaient dans la nuit".

Translation: The nations of the world were frying mince in the middle of the night. (Scottish Leaving Certificate).

SCHOOL SOCIETIES

PARENT TEACHER ASSOCIATION

This year there has been a record membership of the Parent Teacher Association, with 252 "paid families". All staff and parents of pupils of the Headlands School are automatically PTA members, but a voluntary subscription of 1/- per family is invited to help with running expenses.

As far as practicable, usually events have been arranged throughout the year. Attendance at meetings and functions has improved this year, but the average of 45 from a potential number of 1,500 is not encouraging when consideration is being given to inviting "outside" speakers.

Events arranged during the past year have included a Film Evening, Film and Discussion Evening, Talks by members of staff, followed by questions and discussion, Home-made wine demonstration and sampling, Cheese and Wine Party, Film Evening by Swindon Film Unit, Any Questions Evening, Car Treasure Hunt, and Jumble Sale and Bazaar at which £45 was raised. The annual Christmas Dance had to be cancelled owing to lack of support.

Five prizes, each of one guinea, were again donated for Speech Day, and an additional prize was awarded in memory of the late Mr. E. M. Crook. The sum of £10 was again awarded under the Adventure Scholarship Scheme, and the PTA made a donation to assist with the expenses incurred in the production of the School Play and also provided films which were used to make a record of visits to the Plas Pencelli Outdoor Pursuits Centre.

To those who support the PTA, it offers a sense of belonging to the School, and an opportunity to serve the School which plays an important part in *our* children's lives.

J. N. Dinan,
Hon. Sec.

HANDICRAFT CLUB

The increased facilities have enabled a large variety of creative topics to be made available to both boys and girls but the response to some topics was surprisingly disappointing. The making of musical instruments, fabric printing and weaving would have been covered but there were no customers! There may be some who would like to try one of the many activities encompassed within the Handicraft Club but who are reluctant to come forward because of a lack of experience. To them we would say that we exist simply to provide the means of filling the gap in experience in creative work so we hope to see YOU next session!

The activities this year have been as follows: —

Car Maintenance.

A start was made in the Spring Term on a course which dealt with the basic principle of car maintenance.

It is the intention of the course to dismantle and re-build a car engine, looking at the various parts and how they function.

It is hoped that after the course a person should feel reasonably well equipped to tackle minor engine repairs and the common faults with which the motorist may be faced.

Jewellery.

The jewellery group has been meeting with the aim of enabling members to design and make their own jewellery.

A variety of articles have been made starting with simple but pleasant bracelets and pendants, later attempting the more ambitious task of setting stones in rings and brooches.

Not only does the jewellery group enable one to make one's own jewellery cheaply but it is also an interesting and pleasant hobby.

Electronics.

In spite of a lack of test equipment, a group embarked on the production of small pieces of electronic apparatus and special mention must be made of S. Akers and R. Hughes of the fourth year who have put a considerable effort in.

Metalwork.

The group was started after numerous requests had been made by pupils already taking metalwork who wished to put in some additional time on the subject. As a result, the majority of the work done was a continuance of practical work started during normal lessons. However, the extra time enabled more ambitious jobs to be undertaken and the time has proved very profitable.

It was disappointing to note that the majority of boys attending were those who were taking metalwork during school time and that only a few who did not take the subject took the opportunity to use the facilities available so it is hoped to see more 'non-metalworkers' next session.

Woodwork.

The range of articles produced has included work varying in size from a canoe downwards. It has been most pleasing to see a good proportion of the 'fairer sex' not merely trying their hand at woodwork and lathe-work but producing results far better than many boys!

THE COMMUNITY SERVICE CLUB

Although there was a lack of support for the club during the first few weeks of the year, the Community Service Club has now gained considerably in strength. Projects have been numerous and varied.

During the autumn term members took part in door to door collections for Oxfam. Before Christmas, lunchtime "knit-ins" were held in order to make blankets for refugees. Almost all of the school took part in the used stamp collection, started in response to a television programme which was raising money for homeless families. More recently the sale of cakes, baked by pupils, has raised £4 11s. 9d. for charity.

More ambitious projects have also been undertaken. The milder weather has resulted in several old peoples' gardens being tackled by more energetic members. Visiting of elderly people has continued, although the demand for this is now not so great as in previous months. Participation in surveys was again included in the club's activities. The first survey was in the Swindon area. It was arranged by Square D to locate the town's old people and to discover their needs. The second survey was a more long term one in the Wootton Bassett area and was also to find out the needs of the elderly.

The most successful projects, however, have been those involving children. These have to be followed for at least one year by the people

concerned. Six girls visit Olive House, a local children's home, each Saturday and Sunday, to take small groups of children out and amuse them. A group of sixteen help at the weekly Wednesday meetings of the club for handicapped children. This club has been accompanied by Headlandians on its Christmas shopping expeditions to Swindon and Bristol, and also to a Pantomime in January. The group have organised several parties and a folk-song evening for the handicapped children. Two girls recently gave up a week-end to help the children to take part in a Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme.

The latest project of the Community Service Club was started in response to the demand from the school for more work with children. A scheme has been organised whereby immigrant children are visited weekly by members of Headlands, who try and help them to become more fluent and confident in the English language.

Those who have taken part in club activities, especially those engaged on long term work, would agree that their practical service has given them much enjoyment as well as an insight into people and problems they might not otherwise have encountered. The committee would like to thank all members for giving up so much of their spare time and also to ask them, and any other interested, to give their support once again next year.

M. Aylett

ELECTRONICS GROUP

The recent revival of the Electronics Theory group has been well supported by 6s and one artist.

The course, which meets weekly, is such that it covers the syllabus of City and Guild subject 55 but the immediate intention is to give the participants sufficient knowledge to build additional electronic apparatus for 'A' level demonstration.

P. Rivers, 6s.

TRAMPOLINE CLUB

This year six pupils represented the school in the Wilts. Trampoline Championship which was held at Park North Senior School.

Under 15 Girls.

Diane Warren, 12th.
Carmel Victory, 18th.
Krystyna Bernatt, 19th.
Christine McDonnell, 20th.

Senior Girls.

Josephine Chick, 12th.

Senior Boys.

L. J. Ponting, 1st.

The school trampoline team have also been asked to give displays, one for a garden fête and another for the Handicapped Children's Club in Swindon.

D. J. Ponting.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY



When the Photographic Society was first established in 1967 it had a good following, and a few pupils became full members. Some of these left at the end of their studies, and have since been replaced twice over. As a consequence of the increased numbers, the darkroom is now being used almost continually during the lunch hour and, to a limited extent, after school.

The Staff in charge of the Society, Mr. Freeman and Mr. Richards, established a system by which full members of the previous year can teach the new members the skills of photography in a series of six lunch-time sessions. This year we managed four sessions per week, which were taken by Mr. Freeman, Mr. Richards, N. Wills and myself.

At the end of the course each member is required to submit a sample of his work to Mr. Pollock who then establishes him or her as a full member if the work is up to the standard required by the Society.

J. Wells, 7s.

DANCING CLUB

Every Monday evening, boys and girls from all years have attended dancing lessons in the West Hall. These classes were taken by Mr. Stephenson and Mrs. Threader who taught all types of ballroom dancing. There were, surprisingly, more boys than girls at these meetings and most support came from the lower School. Music was provided by a record player and the sessions were greatly enjoyed by all.

S.S., 6A2.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

The Society has continued to function well. Visits have been made, under the auspices of the Society, to three plays—*Little Malcolm* (Oxford), *1066 and All That* (Cheltenham), and *The Playboy of the Western World* (Cheltenham)—and to the film *Hamlet* (Swindon). An-

other trip to Cheltenham to see *The Hollow Crown* had to be abandoned because the British climate chose that particular evening to pretend that it was Alaska. All these have been well attended although it was noticeable that the biggest rush was to join the group going to *1066 and All That*—amazing what a few songs and a few jokes will do to attract the populace. We have also had two play-readings one in domestic comfort—a practice which we hope to make a regular feature of the Society, and a few visits (by a few) to Cirencester Literary Group. An interesting offshoot of the Society has been the establishment of a Folk Song and Poetry Club which is to meet at regular fortnightly intervals. This has sprung from the main activity of the Society, which has been the production of termly poetry and folk song evenings.

This year, the Autumn Term production was on the subject of Love and Marriage. It was held in the Main Hall and a large sixth form audience (well over 100) attended on a dark, rainy evening. We heard a wide range of views on the subject of matrimonial bliss and the lighting was arranged to give that domestic cosiness which many would feel to be appropriate to the subject. The school organ was a useful addition to our equipment as it thundered out the wedding marches at the beginning and end of the programme.

In the Spring Term we moved into the West Hall and backed our singers and poets with some recordings and slides in an attempt to recreate some of the atmosphere of the 1920's and 1930's—a programme which we called 'The Crumbling Peace'. Again, a very large voluntary audience turned up and here a word might be said about the contribution of the audience to this type of venture. Participants and audience are so closely intermingled that a poor audience (shuffly, snuffly) would ruin any programme no matter how carefully presented. On every one of these evenings, the Headlands Sixth Form audience has been first-class in every way—the level of concentration and intelligent appreciation has been such that every help has been given to those taking part. No-one could ask for more. The poetry, often difficult, was given the most careful attention, and the tension during the final readings was remarkable. During the Summer Term we hope to produce an open-air evening on the theme of kingship. This may be placing too much trust in the British climate but it seems worth the risk. We shall go to press a week or so before this event takes place. More in our next issue.

CHESS CLUB REPORT

During the year, interest has been shown in playing chess at all age levels spanned by the school's compass. The club has met regularly both during the lunch break and after school, under the able supervision of Mr. Parry-Jones. Up until Easter, when this report was written the team had played three league matches drawing one and winning the other two, with a full programme of matches to look forward to during the summer term.

The representatives of the Headland's chess team have been: P. Bailey, P. Kiernan, R. Curtis, M. Wood, C. Vaughan, A. Corrigan and P. Harris, whilst the winner of the Adams' Chess Cup for this year was J. Turner.

P. Bailey, Chess Sec.

DEBATING SOCIETY

Throughout the year, the debating society has attracted healthy support. Its programme of debates, has ranged from the light hearted to the serious, with an interesting and successful innovation represented by a discussion, with the proposer and opposer playing a less dominant role, and the concluding vote being dispensed with. It is with sadness that I report the loss suffered by the society, through the departure of Mr. Beams, who regularly contributed to the debate from the floor, to great effect, not to mention his greatly appreciated services in the organisation of the society. The subjects of debate have included, 'Things ain't what they used to be'; the endorsement of the Commonwealth immigration bill; and the Christmas balloon debate.

P. Bailey.

HEADLANDS ASSOCIATION

Meetings of the Association were held on Friday evenings during the Autumn and Spring terms.

For the more energetic, activities included badminton, basketball, trampoline, four-a-side soccer and table tennis.

A variety of competitions were arranged for those who preferred a more leisurely Friday evening. The most popular of these included a competition to find "Miss H.A. 1968", a talent competition and a fancy dress parade.

In a "Push-a-Mini" contest, eighteen teams competed to push a minicar and driver over a marked course in the shortest possible time. Competition was keen and a "push-off" was needed to decide the final result. Eventual winners were K. Gibbs, R. Smart and D. Spencer. Other competition winners have been Pat Roseblade (Miss H.A.), C. Cook, Avril Francombe, Linda Pinnegar & N. Smith.

C.N.

A TALE

*As he waited on platform two, he heard,
The train as it edged through the tunnel, and stopped.
He swung open the nearest door.
He was going, but goodness knows what for.
As he got on he read it again.
It said come to London, two o'clock train.
Last time he did a job, he was caught,
So, why must he do it again, and again.
He arrived at the station the time that it said,
And there she was waiting to see if he came,
He should not get off,
But, he did.*

*Silently, he skipped into a waiting car.
Then asked what he was wanted for,
She told him it was organized, but that is all she said
He should not help them,
But, he did.*

And was caught.

J.T.

DESTITUTION OF PEACE

*The humming, senseless noise is heard,
With every foot-step the sound increases
Drumming, Drumming,*

Louder, Louder,

With increasing foot-step he carries on.

*Through a grim and dirty arch-way,
Down winding, immortally cold, stone steps
The youth descends.*

Drumming, Drumming,

Louder, Louder,

The noise increasing.

*The sound of Negro voices, amplified beyond distinction
Fills the smokey, perspiring air.*

Drumming, Drumming,

Louder, Louder,

Filling his exhausted mind with noise.

*Sweaty, repulsive, heaps of flesh,
Lay rolling, writhing on the floor.*

Tier upon Tier,

Dirt upon Dirt,

Disgustingly youthful, mindless wrecks.

*Arms out-stretched, hands inviting,
The youth takes refuge in their cold white palms.*

Drumming, Drumming,

Louder, Louder,

His brain pulsates with thundering thought.

*Safety found, his mind at rest.
The youth turns to his 'guardian's' face,
Freshly innocent, smiling up,
She turns and hesitatingly starts to walk,
Gently, still clutching the dewy palm
He follows her, blindly on.*

*Up winding, immortally cold, stone steps:
Through the grim and dirty arch-way
They ascend.*

Drumming, Drumming,

Quieter, Quieter,

The noise decreasing.

With increasing foot-steps they carry on.

Drumming, Drumming,

Quieter, Quieter,

With every foot-step the sound decreases.

Until at last,

The humming, senseless noise is lost.

K.B.

THE SCHOOL HOUSES

AVEBURY HOUSE REPORT 1967-68

Avebury, being a new house, we were all wondering just exactly what we could achieve. The results were quite reasonable, bearing in mind that old loyalties die hard.

The results were as follows: —

GIRLS.

Senior Netball—3rd.
Junior Netball—3rd.
Hockey—5th.

BOYS.

Assoc. Football—3rd.
Rugby Football—3rd.
Basketball—1st.
Chess—3rd.

Unfortunately, we did not flourish in the Verse and Music Festival, in fact, we were fifth. But praise is due to Lisa Gough who made a wonderful effort in training (I really mean training!) the choir who achieved 27½ points out of 30 to be placed equal second.

The summer sports are now on their way and we hope to improve our position in the House Championship.

Marilyn Rhodes
Derek Harris

House Secs.

BARBURY HOUSE REPORT

Barbury's crowning victory of the year so far has been the Music and Verse Festival in which we gained joint first with Silbury. Due to much 'persuasion' by Muriel McKibbin and Meryl Embling, the number of competitions in the preliminaries was quite astonishing and the large lead this gave us enabled us to gain a joint first despite Silbury's higher standard of finalists. We are proud of the spirit in our house which even the adjudicator remarked on.

No success was gained in Junior Netball, however, due to a disappointing lack of support but the Senior girls won their tournament. Barbury girls also won the Hockey Championship.

The boys gained no success in Soccer but came second overall in Rugby and joint first in the Basketball. In a quite different activity they came second in the Chess Tournament. Congratulations go to everyone who has represented the House whether in Music, Verse, Sport or Chess. We hope that everyone who can will support the House in the summer activities.

Mrs. Bedells left last year after a short time as House Mistress and Mr. Loveday and Mr. Beams left last term. We send them all our best wishes for the future. Miss Butcher has now been House Mistress for nearly a year and has worked hard to promote the success of the Girls; we hope she will be with us for a long time. We have learned with much regret that Mr. Shores will be leaving the school this summer—Mr. Shores has been at the school for so long and has been House Master for so many years that to many people he is 'Barbury House'. Certainly he will be missed very much by all the Girls and Boys of Barbury who have found a friend in him at all times. On the brighter side we welcome Mr. Woosnam to the House and hope he enjoys the future with us.

S. Sargeant, House Sec.

J. Kiernan, House Sec.

KENNET HOUSE REPORT

Kennet was Champion House last year and is hoping to repeat its success this year. With the standards competition, sports day and tennis matches still to take place, Kennet is, at present, well in the lead.

The girls gained third place in the inter-house hockey matches and fourth place in the overall positions in netball. The junior netball team did extremely well by coming first in the junior section.

Kennet boys gained first place in the inter-house rugby having only five points scored against them. They also won the inter-house football, the team generally doing better than the A team. In the basketball competition Kennet boys, unfortunately, won only one of the eight games played.

Kennet came third in the Music and Verse Festival, which took place in March, winning several of the individual classes.

The House Official would like to thank all the members of Kennet who have actively supported their House in any way during the past year.

John Guy, House Sec.

Cathryn Hetzel, House Sec.

ROCKLEY HOUSE REPORT 1967-68

HOUSE OFFICIALS (Girls)

House Captain: Ann Stuckey, 7A, R.4.

Vice-Captain: Judith Woodward, 7A2, R.4.

Secretary: Annette Everington, 6A, R.8.

5th Year Representatives: Janet Luce, 5E, R.4.

Valerie Elliman, 5F, R.3.

4th Year Representative: Sharon Lawton, 4X, R.7.

New 4th Year Representative: Linda Brewer, 4C, R.8.

HOUSE OFFICIALS (Boys)

House Captain: J. Hessian

Vice-Captain: C. Vaughan

Secretary: S. Maxfield

5th Year Representatives: S. Giles, D. Steward

4th Year Representatives: C. Stevens, A. Bowles

At the time of writing this report, Rockley House lies in a strong position in the House Championships, despite its deficiency in numbers, particularly in the upper school. Earlier in the year, Mr. Comrie refused an offer of reinforcements and the House can feel justifiably proud that we have done so well so far for even greater success in the Sports Events at the end of the year.

The House wishes to thank Mrs. Gall and Mr. Comrie for their leadership and encouragement throughout the year. Jackie Darling, who was injured in a scooter accident, is we are glad to say recovering well and remaining cheerful.

S. Maxfield, 7s, R.5.

Rockley House—Netball.

I should like to thank all those who have taken part in the House Netball Championship, for attending practices and matches during the lunch hour and for giving us good support. We have, unfortunately had to do without the help, drive and enthusiasm of our Netball Captain, Jackie Darling, who is still in hospital, and I think we can congratulate ourselves in being placed second in both the Under 15 and Under 16 teams. We send greetings to Jackie and wish her a speedy recovery.

Susan Lott, Vice-Captain.

SILBURY HOUSE REPORT 1967-68

This has been a good year for Silbury which has seen the new 4th formers blend into the House creating a fine House spirit. The House has done reasonably well, in games events, highlighted by our victories in the cross-country championship and in the more gentle art of chess; yet it has achieved even better results academically and for good conduct. Once more, Silbury won the Speech and Music Festival, although the House had to be content to share first place with Barbury, this time. The effort and discipline in the House has been splendid and Silbury can be well content with their performance this year—although they must keep it up.

S. Butler, House Sec.

Silbury House—Girls

HOUSE OFFICIALS

Captain: Susan Pready

Vice-Captain: Jennifer Brice

Secretary: Patricia Room

REPRESENTATIVES

Vth: Linda Roberts

IVth: Teresa Jones, Teresa Lawrence

The success of the House, so far this year has varied a great deal. Credit, however is given to all members who have represented the House in any way.

It was a great thrill at the end of the Verse and Music Festival to find that we occupied first place with Barbury, after being so far behind in the music preliminaries. The girls put up a brave fight in the junior and senior netball matches although a high place was not achieved. The hockey matches were faced with equal determination and our team played well even though they only came in fourth position.

Silbury proudly holds the most points for conduct although in the overall championship we lie fourth. It is hoped that this position will improve during the summer activities.

It was with considerable regret that we had to say farewell to Mr. Sutcliffe at the end of last term, who helped and encouraged the House especially in its athletic activities. We send him our best wishes for every success in his new position.

SCHOOL SPORT



HEADLANDS SCHOOL SAILING CLUB

This club was formed last year with a small group of Sixth Formers. After some instruction in the Spring Term they began sailing in the Summer Term after school on Wednesday evenings at Coate Water. The dinghies used, four Enterprises and a Wayfarer, belong to the Education Committee and several schools make use of the facilities at the Centre. Eight of the original members proved to be competent and enthusiastic sailors and by the end of the Summer Term they began to display sufficient seamanship to make instructors for this season. During the Summer holidays they visited Christchurch Harbour and learned something of sea sailing. Early in the Autumn Term they spent a cold but profitable day sailing in the sheltered waters of Poole Harbour.

This season club membership was offered to all members of the school and the thirty places were quickly taken up. Last term they were given 'land instruction' in the points of sailing, seamanship, safety regulations and rope work. Sailing began at Coate Water this term on Monday evenings after school. During the season it is hoped that small groups will visit Christchurch, Poole and Lyme Regis. From July 22nd—July 25th three members (Marilyn Rhodes, Stephen Menham and Robert White) will be representing the school at the National Schools' Regatta at Whitstable in Kent. This season will also see the first sailing fixture—against Commonweal School—and it is hoped eventually to establish sailing as

one of the School's regular sports with perhaps an annual "Sailor of the Year" trophy and outstanding members receiving sailing colours. Prospective new members of the club should apply to the Secretary in the Spring Term.

G.F.

NETBALL

Throughout this year all of the school teams have worked well to gain their position. This was due to their keen approach towards their training and their individual ability to do well.

Many of the players have achieved their standards as they have played with the Swindon Netball Team. As a result of this hard work and regular attendance the school was honoured in winning the 'Rosebowl Tournament'.

M. Rivers, Sgt.

HOCKEY REPORT

After a rather shaky start to the season by the 1st XI due to the lack of practice as a team and the inexperience of some of the younger players, the team gained much confidence and considerable improvement resulted. The practices during the lunch hour were very well attended and enthusiasm was shown by all members of the teams. Several matches were arranged against the Staff, football and rugby teams and these proved to be extremely enjoyable for all concerned. We must once again congratulate Lynette Beale and Elizabeth Guard on being selected to play for the Wiltshire Junior Hockey Team. Colours were awarded to Pauline Archer, Lynette Beale, Josephine Chick and Janet Luce.

Results.

	Played	Won	Drew	Lost
1st XI	10	5	1	4
2nd XI	3	2	0	1
U.15 XI	7	3	1	3

Pauline Archer (Hockey Captain).

FOOTBALL 1968

Park	H			3-4	
Cirencester	H			5-0	
Park	A			2-1	
Commonweal	H			1-1	
Commonweal	A			1-2	
Trowbridge	A			4-1	
Withywood	H			4-1	
Stoneham	A			3-1	
Played	8	Won	5	Drawn	1
		Lost	2	For	23
				Against	11

The first XI enjoyed a good season with only two defeats, these being by the odd goal. The nucleus of the team comprised of six fifth formers who each played an important part in the team's success. The side made up for its lack of physical strength with some fine footballing skill, and it



is a pity that so many of the team are leaving. Notable wins were the 4—1 and 3—1 successes over Witherwood and Stoneham respectively.

The 2nd XI did not have such a happy season, with only five victories. However this can be put down to lack of experience, and best players being required for first XI duty.

Colours awarded to Mason, Herbert, Steward and Stroud.

Re-awarded to Grubb and L. Hunt.

RUGBY 1967

1st XV.

The first match of the season, against Malmesbury Grammar was met with apprehension, as it was also the first Saturday of the term, and many of the unusually young side were "dark horses" (metaphorically speaking of course). However, the fine 20—0 victory removed any doubt. This seemed to set the pattern for the rest of the season, and some fine open play by both threequarters and forwards inspired by the captain D. Ponting, and vice-captain S. Menham resulted in a successful and very enjoyable season's rugby. In the "local Derby" matches against Park and Commonweal we obtained a majority losing only one of the three matches.

P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.
14	10	0	4	198	112

Colours re-awarded: —R. White, D. Ponting.

New awards: —M. Grubb, S. Menham, M. Thwaites, C. Lingham.

2nd XV.

The 2nd XV were less successful winning only one of their nine games. However, this is partly explained by the lack of experienced players, due to the sheer lack of numbers in the senior part of the school. However, this did not prevent them from fielding a keen side, even after several

defeats, and full credit must be given to the captain N. Smith for keeping up the team spirit.

7 a-side.

Two teams were entered in the Penhill seven-a-side tournament, but unfortunately, were both defeated in the first round.

A senior team was also entered in the Oxford seven a-side tournament, and was narrowly beaten in extra time.

R. White, 7s2.

CROSS COUNTRY REPORT

Headlands has this year had a very good cross country team with more enthusiasm shown to train, especially from the fourth and fifth years.

The teams entered for the town Cross Country did extremely well, the senior team particularly.

Swindon Cross Country:

Intermediate Boys—C. Heames—3rd.

Senior Boys—D. J. Ponting—1st; S. Ives—4th; B. Farrant—5th.

County Cross Country:

Intermediate Boys—C. Heames—9th; Jarvis 12th.

Senior Boys—D. J. Ponting—5th; B. Angell—13th.

Heames and Ponting represented the School in the S.W. Cross Country and Ponting was selected to run in the National Cross Country.



EXTRA MUROS

EXTRACTS FROM DIARIES—
PLAS PENCELLI SIXTH FORM COURSE



EVERY PICTURE TELLS A TALE!

Friday, 15th March.

Left school at 2 p.m. Began to rain just after Malmesbury, but cleared up as we approached the Severn Bridge. Stopped at Severn Bridge at 3.45 for coffee, just as the sun came out. Left at approx. 4.15 p.m. Tide out as crossed Severn Bridge. Arrived at Plas Pencelli approx. 5.40 p.m. Left coach and took luggage and books to house, about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile from coach stop. Given welcome by Mr. Batten, and a few safety hints. Collected kit of one pair of boots, one pair of thick woollen socks, an anorak and a rucksack. Then made beds and unpacked. Met in common room at 7 p.m. for introductory talk by Mr. Caws. Split into 3 groups of 6, 5 and 5. Each group given days when on duty—group A, us, are first. All goes smoothly. Tidied up rooms, then went to the pot-hole at 8 p.m. Pot-hole is a converted cellar, where we listened to records, played darts and cards. Bed-time 10.0 p.m. Lights out 10.30 p.m.

Saturday, 16th March.

Up at 8.0 a.m., washed, changed and made bed. Breakfast at 8.30 a.m. Cleared and washed up—finished by 9.20 a.m. Others left for activities at 9.30 a.m., but we had to wait for landrover to return. Put on socks, boots, haversack and anorak. Left in landrover at 10.30 a.m. Short 10 minute ride, then began walk. Brilliant sunshine and warm enough to take anorak off. Started up-hill climb, fairly easy at moment. Saw snow in

distance. Wonderful view. But as climbed higher, the wind became stronger, and it became cold, so had to put anorak on again. Snow began to appear on the ground as we got higher. The climb became really steep now with the wind up to 60 miles an hour blowing into the side of us. Stopped for lunch at 12.45 p.m. Liz had blisters by now. (See photograph). Reached the peak about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour later,—now 2,000 feet up. Amazing change in weather within $1\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. from brilliant warm sunshine to freezing cold, four inches of snow, mists and winds of up to 70 miles an hour. Now began downhill climb with wind behind us, which made it rather easier. It was becoming warmer and less windy as we got lower down the mountain side,—snow was becoming less frequent now, and we came into sunshine again. Finally staggered home at 3.0 p.m., 1 hour late. Showered and changed ready to meet in pot-hole for group meeting. Picked a few poems for poetry and folk-song evening on Wednesday. At 4.30 p.m. all met in common room for illustrated talk by Mr. Caws on Melodrama of the Victorian period, which had had to be cut short because we were an hour late coming back from our mountaineering. At 5.0 p.m. tea, a mug of tea and a cake. At 5.45 p.m. listened to the songs and music of the Gilbert and Sullivan light opera "Ruddigore" with Mr. Caws telling us the story and details.

Sunday, 17th March.

This morning was our turn for rock-climbing. We departed at 9.30 a.m. in the car and drove for about half an hour. We then walked across a railway line up to the rock face we were endeavouring to conquer. We were shown the rudiments of rock-climbing, which looked surprisingly easy but which we later discovered was rather nerve-racking but certainly a challenge. After lunch we abseiled down the rock-face, which entailed standing 90° to the rock and walked downwards on the end of a rope. We came home, worked in our study groups, and then held a play-reading of "Maria Marten and the Red Barn" before and after tea. This play is a typical example of a Victorian melodrama, written in the later stage of the period.

Following the reading was dinner of pork and apple sauce.

Monday, 18th March.

This morning we tried caving down some long, extensive caves in the area. We had to squeeze through gaps just large enough for one reasonable-sized person. At 1.30 p.m. we came home very muddy, showered and in the evening, listened to Mr. Cook who gave a lecture on "The Changing Society in the (18th and (19th)". After dinner, we all went down to the Pothole again for two Ghost Stories by Edgar Allan Poe, with some very realistic sound effects from above! The stories chosen were called "The Black Cat" and "The Tell-tale Heart".

Tuesday, 19th March.

Today we could choose which activity we wanted to pursue. As our group all chose rock-climbing we left in two cars after breakfast and proceeded to the rock face, a part of which we had previously scaled. This time we had a harder climb to do. As the weather conditions were extreme—a driving gale and pouring rain,—the climb was graded severe to hard severe. We therefore felt rather pleased with ourselves! As it was too

windy for abseiling, we came home earlier than usual and after work in study groups for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, Mr. Caws told us about the effect of the changes of the era on literature from the restrained Classical period to Romanticism.

After tea, Mr. Caws outlined the change in music during this period and we heard music by Haydn, Beethoven, Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninov, which took us right into the beginning of the 20th, in preparation for Thursday's programme.

Wednesday, 20th March.

Just for a change we invaded Brecon till half past two. The idea of this outward-bound course was to promote self-control and other similar Godly virtues sadly lacking in the group, as well as an inventive, inquisitive, but never-the-less "broke", frame of mind and body.

Our objective was two-fold, one, to behave as any normal, penniless student, and secondly as tourists in search of four interesting places therein. The four places that my group visited were the Cathedral Castle—of which we were unable to gain entry—Brecknock museum and south west Borderers Museum. In both of the museums the curators trapped me in a corner and proceeded to bring to my knowledge obscure facts about sibirists and brave people who saved colours from "Fuzzy-wuzzies" like entomologists. Perhaps they thought it would not be wasted on me.

After Brecon we were herded into a mountain centre which catered for groups like ours and lost sheep etc. The coffee they served was very good as long as too much milk wasn't put in it.

Back, meanwhile, at the ranch we joined in a poetry and folksong afternoon enjoyed by all, no doubt.

Thursday, 21st March.

Ha! verily had that fearful day caught up with us. The Peaks Walk approached!!

We set off, as one might expect, at low altitudes, but due to an incline, we rapidly rose. I have often been told that I have had my head in the clouds but today, was the first day I had my feet down to earth as well.

Having tested Newton's law of gravity personally, I can say that it is not so easy to climb back up again as it is to slide down.

In the evening we were shown the film "All quiet on the Western Front" which certainly showed the futility of all war. The story wasn't as good as the book but it wasn't far off.

Friday, 22nd March.

We all awoke rather gloomily, with thoughts of going home. We had been made to feel so much at home, that it was very difficult to leave.

We were forced to pack and tidy up very quickly, and then, after having signed the visitors' book, and said a final farewell, we walked down the road, to where the coach was waiting to take us back to Swindon.

We eventually left at 9.50 a.m. and stopped after 1½ hours of travelling, at the Severn Road Bridge Restaurant.

We made good time to Malmesbury where we picked up some boys from another school, who were to spend the next week at the Centre.

At about 1.20 p.m., we arrived back at school, and were very kindly given the afternoon off from work. As the coach left to take the others to Pencelli, we were all rather envious. I, personally, had never had any

time in which to become bored, as every minute there was always something interesting to take part in. For most of us, we had had at least 3 new experiences—rock-climbing, mountaineering and caving, and many of us have been invited to carry on with some of these activities. The outdoor activities, combined with the interesting lectures, and the hospitality of our hosts really made the course worthwhile, and I hope to go again in the very near future.

“HELLO FADDER, HELLO MUDDER...”

“You can’t go in January,” they said. “And don’t think it’s because of eight foot snow drifts because it isn’t. It’s because of ‘foot and mouth’”. We breathed again. The epidemic would last for ever. By the time we arrived on the Brecon Beacons it would be May at least, or even June. The air would be balmy and filled with the scent of wild flowers and the buzzing of bees. Deck chairs on the lawn, lemon tea and cucumber sandwich sandwiches would be our reward after a strenuous game of croquet or a brisk stroll to the Village Post Office. Never were so many more speedily disillusioned by so few.

It was with a grim sense of foreboding that made Caesar’s crossing of the Rubicon appear decidedly optimistic, that we headed over the Severn Bridge in the middle of March, bound for Plas Pencelli, where we had been ordered to enjoy ourselves for a week. (It was probably as well that the party had no idea of what lay in store, or a determined effort might have been made to ‘hijack’ the coach on the M.4).

Four hours after leaving Swindon we were there. In a one-time Vicarage built for a spartan existence in Victorian days, its rigours softened somewhat, (rather more ‘what’? than ‘some’), by a generous and thoughtful Education Authority, we were to spend the next seven nights.

By the time we had been kitted out by George and Tony and the effervescent Nigel, (the hirsute one) in orange coloured anoraks, (“It will be easier to find you old chap, if you get lost on the Mountains”(!)); and, ominously, very efficient-looking (and extremely comfortable), walking boots, we were consoling each other “long, loud and often”. Our feelings were those of the matelot in the days of the press gang who awoke, with a splitting hangover, the Queen’s shilling pressed into his grimy palm, to find himself tossing in the Bay of Biscay bound for wherever it was.

The succeeding days were pure agony; though to be fair some people took a masochistic delight in the Commando assault course which followed. Each member of the party had to take part in three activities, to wit, rock climbing, caving and mountaineering. For those of us in whom a sense of vertigo is induced by climbing a step ladder, who suffer from claustrophobia when pulling a shirt over our heads, or whose walking usually consists of a few shuffles as far as the car door, each of the above activities was sheer hell.

Rock climbing when demonstrated by the agile instructor looked deceptively simple. It wasn’t. With ropes around our middles, and with various other ropes disappearing in all directions, with frightening looking metal clips all over the place, we were induced to ascend a sheer rock face about a thousand feet high, or at least it seemed that high. The limestone was hard, very hard, it was cold, very cold, it was drizzling, as only Welsh drizzle can; and a force 8 gale, gusting to force 9, was blowing the while.

And it was March. We well understood the exiled Browning's sentiments about his homeland. And he was writing from Italy, and in September!

Worse was to come, as the human flies became human moles. Donning overalls, which we noticed, apprehensively, were mud-stained and genuine miner's helmets with incredibly heavy lights on the front, we burrowed into the ground; after first of all climbing up a Welsh mountain with an unpronounceable Welsh name, in the teeth of an (unprintable) Welsh Snow storm. At least it was warm in the caves. The first cavern gave way to a tunnel; an erect posture to a double-bent shuffle. As the tunnel became a mere crack in the rock we sank lower, physically and spiritually, on to our knees, and then our stomachs—and still the roof got lower! Round angles of less than ninety degrees, up vertical chimneys and back again we slithered and cursed. The helmets prevented our skulls from being seriously damaged. Our finger nails, elbows and knee caps were not so fortunate, and many of us will carry the scars to our dying day.

'Surely it can't get any worse'. With this pious hope we consoled ourselves as the Land Rover took us back down a Welsh mountain road, with a Welsh gradient of 1 : 3 around Welsh hairpin bends with a sheer drop of about two thousand feet into Breconshire below. But it did.

After a day's preparatory 'stroll' of about 15 miles up and down a "practice" course the entire party set out to make an assault upon three neighbouring peaks, the name of one of which *sounded* like "Crack of Doom". At 'base camp' the party assembled. It was a sight that would have made a Sherpa, by turns, incredulous and envious. He would not have been able to believe that such a motley group, upon whom modern civilisation and the Welfare State had all too-clearly left its mark, would be so fool-hardy (i.e. stupid) as to contemplate, let alone attempt a mountaineering expedition. He would have been envious of the expedition's equipment.

Hilary scaling Everest, Fuchs crossing Antarctica were not better accoutred. There were ropes, miles of them; evil looking ice-axes, (yes, *ice axes*); tents, primus stoves, sleeping bags and emergency rations, and first aid equipment. The instructors laughed off our concern. The tents and the food, they said, were purely precautionary. It was just possible that we might be caught in a blizzard on the mountain, or someone might break his leg, (or worse, we thought). It was as well to 'Be Prepared'.

Our spirits did not exactly soar when half way up we met another group coming down! It was becoming too dangerous, said their instructor! We ploughed on and on. Up mountain and down mountain, across precarious ice-covered traverses, through snow (the photo elsewhere in this journal is proof positive of this) until finally the unbelievable happened, the mission was accomplished without serious mishap, (though at one stage a gentleman who prefers to remain anonymous set out to prove, and failed, that man *can fly*).

If you, in the comfort of your chair, feel exhausted as you *read* this, imagine how we felt. And I have only related one half of our tale of woe! Every evening after a strenuous day's physical activity our erstwhile pedagogues, who had been dragooned into accompanying us, lectured to us about all sorts of interesting (sic) topics, such as the incidence of scurvy in the Chiltern Hundreds in the thirteenth century, or the Romantic writing of obscure English poets. We humoured them of course. After all it was very brave of them to have come in the first place. We listened

politely and tried not to fall asleep, or to snore too loudly, and Common Room chairs *were* very comfortable, and Dinner was only a matter of moments away.

Thankfully the dawn of our departure came at last and we sprinted for the coach which was to carry us back to the beloved Swindon,—the cradle of civilisation, ne'er again would we forsake thee for these inhospitable Welsh mountains. Anxiously we peered forward looking for that bastion of freedom, that last outpost of civilisation, the Severn Bridge. As we crossed it the more emotional of us burst into tears and hugged each other. We felt like escaped P.O.W's, setting foot on neutral Switzerland after the horrors of internment. We were free again!

“Rambler”.

(*Ed. note: This jaundiced view of the 6th and 7th Year Plas Pencelli expedition reflects a minority opinion. 99% of those who went actually ENJOYED it.*)

VISIT OF 5P1 & 2 TO PLAS PENCELLI, MARCH 1968



Dinner on Saturday evening became a struggle between talking and eating. This was not at all surprising, since each member of the party had been in one of the groups caving, rock climbing or canoeing that day. By the end of the meal the members of each group were more than a little apprehensive of the time when they were to try a different activity; and no wonder with the embroidery of stories that was going on.

The caving trips were led by Nigel, an instructor from the Swindon Outdoor Pursuits Centre at Plas Pencelli. We were all to learn from him the importance of careful preparation before entering one of the caves—

acetylene lamps cleaned and filled, miners' helmets on and protective boiler suits over our normal walking gear. When all was ready he led the way into the fairly large cave inside the Llangattock Mountains in the Brecon Beacons. I say 'large', but at the time it seemed fairly small. After a few minutes of walking upright over the boulder strewn floor, the cave began to narrow into a passage, and soon we were crawling along narrow tunnels which made the first cave seem like a palace. During the three hours or so that we were in the caves we went through squeezes that seemed far smaller than the human body could get through, slithered down chimneys and finally pushed our way through a passage some thirty feet long and between eight and eighteen inches high.

When daylight broke on the party once again, the caves we had just left and the utter darkness of that moment when all the lamps were extinguished were almost a dream. Only the dust streaked faces around us told the truth. Most of us would have liked to have returned to the caves at once, but it was time for lunch, followed by a brief look around the quarries surrounding the caves before meeting the Land-Rover which took us back to the centre.

The rock climbing and canoeing parties had also enjoyed the day. The rock climbers soon gained great respect for the climbing instructor—just how did he manage to abseil down that rock face in three surefooted leaps when most of the lads took many small jumps and several found the rock very hard on their noses as well as their feet? But when it came to climbing up the face several showed great courage and fist-jamming became an everyday word to them.

The canoeists had a rather cold day on a lake some miles from the centre, but still had plenty to talk about when they returned to the warmth of the centre in the evening. Transport to the lake stopped further trips later in the week.

After dinner it was the turn of one of the tables to wash the crockery and set the table for breakfast before joining the rest of their friends in the 'Pot Hole'. This coffee bar in an old cellar was the perfect place to play cards, dominoes, darts, etcetera and to generally relax.

The most thrilling day of the week was probably on Sunday when the party was split into two groups for a walk across the Brecon Beacons. The groups walked in opposite directions and after walking some seven miles met for lunch. Again the difficulties that lay ahead were explained by each group to the other in great detail and for many the walking in the afternoon was indeed quite a hard struggle. One or two had to be pushed up steep mountain sides but they finally reached the top, only to be met by thick, driving mist and rain, which made walking near the edge of the ridge rather hair-raising.

By six in the evening both parties had returned and were ready for one of the lectures on mountain safety. Several of these lectures were given and included map and compass work which was to come into its own on the last day when three groups set out to walk across the three highest peaks in the Beacons being given only the map references of the route they were to follow. Everyone enjoyed this walk. The scenery was almost beyond description and most of the party were by this time physically quite fit or back at the centre with flu.

A break to the week came when we visited Cardiff. On our way there we stopped at the museum at St. Fagans. This is a village which is still

being built up and is an attempt to bring together on one site the great variety of Welsh national life over the past few hundred years. At that time of the year the museum was rather bleak, so it was little wonder that the lads found much more to interest them in the big city of Cardiff. The Empire Pool, Cardiff Castle, the shopping centre and strangely enough the Welsh National Museum. This was of great interest to many of the group and they wished that they could stay longer.

All too soon Friday came round and we were on our way back across the Severn Bridge after a marvellous week of fresh air. I feel sure that many of us would gladly have returned for another week and perhaps before too long some of us will be able to do so. If you are given the chance to go to Plas Pencelli, take it without any hesitation.

ITALY TOUR



After what seemed like months of preparation, anticipation and money-saving, the actual departure for Rome seemed absolutely unreal. It wasn't till we were half-way across a perfectly calm Channel that we could really believe it. The twenty-seven-hour train journey through France, Switzerland and Italy was as uneventful as could be expected, considering our compartment contained eight girls and Mr. Heptonstall (he was supposed to be defending us from a trainful of Italians!) We dozed on and off during the night, but there were nine of us in a compartment built for eight, and we all wanted to stretch out—uncomfortable to say the least! We changed trains at Milan, and the next train was even more crowded, but most people were too tired to notice by now. Mr. Heptonstall was a great comfort to those who were travel-sick—he sat and laughed at the invalids until they recovered just to spite him!

We arrived safely at Rome and moved into our hotel, which after the train seemed like the last word in luxury. The rooms were large and com-

fortable, the food delicious—and the girls' rooms had a large balcony with a wonderful view of one of Rome's main shopping streets.

Our next morning was free, and we spent it shopping and exploring Rome. The shops were very good, with many unusual gifts and souvenirs, although we soon learnt to avoid the more expensive shops. We also learnt to avoid Italian men! In the afternoon we visited the Roman Forum and the Coliseum, which looked exactly like the pictures we had seen of them, and returned to the hotel by Metro. The Metro is much smaller than the London Underground, but it is very cheap, quick and efficient.

That evening myself and two other girls went with Mr. Heptonstall and Mrs. Wiggs, another teacher on the trip, went to via Barberini to see some Roman nightlife. We were followed by some Italians on the way back, but Mrs. Wiggs did some neat work with her elbows, proving that it is not absolutely necessary to learn judo before going to Italy.

The next day we went to E.U.R. (Universal Exhibition of Rome), where we visited a folklore museum and a model of Ancient Rome. We ate our lunch provided by the hotel, in the open air under a cloudless sky before travelling by bus to the Vatican. We spent the rest of the afternoon there, looking at the magnificent statues and painted ceilings, although the Sistine Chapel, which we especially wanted to see, was closed in preparation for Easter. That evening was our last in Rome, so we celebrated by having a bottle of wine sent up to our room, and drinking it on the balcony, while the lights of Rome's late-night traffic rushed by below.

The next day (Wednesday), we were due to travel by train to Naples in the afternoon, so we spent the morning in last-minute shopping, and one group visited the ancient Baths of Diocletian. We ate our lunch at the hotel, then went by coach to the station. On the train Mr. Heptonstall entertained us with fairy stories, which he made up on the spot. We were enthralled by stories of the wicked old witch, and the dwarf with cold porridge in his boots! At the other end, we boarded another coach and set off round the Bay of Naples to Vico Equense, where we were to stay. We rounded a bend and saw a lovely village with a very modern hotel, sheer cliffs and a little harbour. "Wouldn't it be great if that was Vico", someone said. It was.

Although our rooms in the annexe were rather crowded, the hotel itself was as modern as it looked, and had the welcome facility of a bar with a jukebox, which provided the entertainment for that evening.

The Thursday morning dawned bright and clear, and we set off to visit Pompeii and Herculaneum, the two ancient towns buried by an eruption of Vesuvius. On the way we stopped at a cameo factory, where several people bought rings, pendants and brooches, which though expensive, were really beautifully made. We then spent an hour at Herculaneum and the rest of the day at Pompei, which is really well-preserved, and similar in many ways to a modern town.

For the whole of the next day we were free to do as we liked, within reason. About half the party went to the crater of Vesuvius, while the other half went to Sorrento to look round the town and sunbathe. Some of us went to a restaurant for a pizza—a sort of pancake with melted cheese, tomatoes and herbs on top. The ones we had were enormous and took about half-an-hour to eat! When we returned to Vico, we found that some Belgian students had arrived at the hotel, and that evening they joined us in dancing to the jukebox.

For our last day we went by boat from Naples to Capri, where we saw the famous Blue Grotto. We had to climb into small rowing-boats, and keep well down as we went through the tiny cave entrance. Inside, the walls of the cave and the water were a lovely deep blue, and the ours looked silver as they went into the water. Back on dry land again, we decided to go by a sort of mountain railway, a bus and a chair-lift to the top of the island. The bus driver was determined to impress us with his reckless driving on the narrow, winding roads—he succeeded. The chair-lift was quite an experience—we were lifted smoothly and silently into space across gardens, allotments, and steep slopes, and the view from the top was breathtaking. But all too soon we had to go back to the boat and head for the hotel. Meanwhile, we had been collecting money, by various ingenious methods, to buy the teachers some champagne on the last evening. But when we went to buy it, we found that we hadn't enough money. We made a rapid collection to make up the difference and went back to the bar, only to find that the champagne had run out! Still, our intentions were good!

The journey home was not as exhausting as the outward one. Sleeping on the train was easier, because there were some empty compartments along the corridor, into which we could overflow. The Channel crossing was again quiet and in no time at all we were in the coach on the way to Swindon, with only the memory of the ten busiest and most enjoyable days of our lives.

Elizabeth Gardner, 5U.

VISIT TO THE PROMS.

On Tuesday 12th September two full coach loads left school for London on the annual Proms Trip. We reached London early and had an hour to ourselves before the performance started. Fortunately the weather was ideal and most people went into Hyde Park to eat their tea.

The programme, which was completely orthodox, included Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, Mozart's Clarinet Concerto and Beethoven's Symphony No. 3. The nature of the programme was such that those with a 'cultured' taste, as well as those of us who had little or no knowledge of music, were able to thoroughly enjoy it.

The coach journey home is always a feature of any school trip and this evening proved no exception. The journey passed very quickly, some people even being "lulled" to sleep by the back seat singing. In short, everyone thoroughly enjoyed the whole evening and I urge even more people to go the next outing. It is well worth it!

S. Sargeant, 6A2.

THEATRE TRIPS

During the year, parties from the school have visited the following:

The Good Woman of Setsuan (Oxford Schools' Day—5th and 6th); The Playboy of the Western World (Cheltenham—6th); Macbeth (Swindon—4th and 5th); The Tempest (Oxford Schools' Day—5th and 6th); 1066 and All That (Cheltenham—6th); Othello (Film—Newbury and Cheltenham—6th); Romeo and Juliet (Stratford—4th); Hamlet (Film—Swindon—5th); Julius Caesar (Film—Swindon—5th); A Midsummer Night's Dream (Cheltenham—5th); Two Gentlemen of Verona (Bristol—6th); Little Malcolm (Oxford—6th).

SCHOOLS DAY AT THE OXFORD PLAYHOUSE

On March 29th a party from Headlands attended a Schools' Day at the Oxford Playhouse. In the morning the director spoke to us about the rôle of the repertory company and we were given a demonstration of various lighting techniques plus a mock-rehearsal of the play which was the centre of all this work—The Good Woman of Setstuan by the German dramatist and poet Bertolt Brecht.

After a lunch break there was a complete performance of the play—which was centred round the theme of poverty in China. The descent on to the stage of three "gods" on a somewhat dubious throne caused some amusement in the audience—but the performance was thoroughly enjoyed by all and the whole day was a complete success.

Valerie Hacker, 6A3.

Editorial Note. Oxford Playhouse Schools' Days usually follow this pattern. This notice has been included to give an idea what to expect—and, we trust, enjoy.

GEOGRAPHY FIELD COURSE

The annual Field Course this Easter took the form of an invasion of Whitby by 35 young and keen Swindonian geographers. The marauding band was led by Messrs. Judson, Woosnam, Waters, Macdonald and Sobey, and Mrs. Woosnam. The purpose of the visit was to examine the physical and human geography of the North Yorkshire Moors while touring the area by Shanks's Pony.

After an exhausting day in the field we, the weary and footsore band of geographers were obliged to write up our day's observations. Thus the usual quiet of the hotel was rudely disrupted each evening when everyone settled down to decipher the day's field observations.

The long journey to Whitby was broken at York for 3 hours. The ancient walled city was to be attacked yet again. We disembarked from the coach just below the City Walls, and proceeded to enter the city via Skeldergate Bridge. Within half an hour the city had been completely overrun by Swindonians, and we could settle down to carry out our survey, unearthing much local history and geography. The assault party departed to leave York to its own devices, and to prepare for our return visit on the way home eight days later.

It is difficult to name one particular highlight of the week; there were so many. They range from the exhilarating feeling of sinking thigh-deep in a peat bog, to the midnight football match, the sheer joy of entering the noble County Durham, and Mr. Water's solo fashion show, to name but a few. Everyone must have his or her own favourite.

The day's exploits were varied to say the least. One day a group would find themselves out of the coach in some spot where no human foot had trodden for centuries. The master in charge would explain the day's work, then set off, leaving us either to follow him into the unknown or to remain stranded in terra incognita. We followed. On another day a group would be let loose to conduct a survey of Whitby with instructions to question the locals (inhabitants) about the various activities and facilities of Whitby. Some were obviously only too anxious to help (retired fishermen in a state of semi-active employment as unofficial question—answerers!) but

others would make few utterances save unseemly things about school-children. Nonetheless everyone succeeded in gleaning some information about the town and all-in-all a fairly comprehensive survey was compiled yet another example of the hard work and diligence of present day young students.

However all good things must come to an end, and so did we after our week in Whitby. We bade farewell to the town which had somehow endured us. Obviously it did us a lot of good: I wonder what they thought?

J. Flanagan, 6A2.

SWANAGE FIELD COURSE

I thought I knew what to expect from a geography field course, but at Swanage one week-end last October I found that I had more to learn than I realised.

To start with, it rained. We didn't just get wet, we were soaked; not just once, but three times in one day. Mr. Glover was the only one really prepared for a deluge. He wore bright orange boots and thick black plastic trousers, coat and rain hat, and as was remarked at the time, resembled a penguin.

Then again there was Mr. Judson. We are all used to Mr. Waters and his hammer, but this was Mr. Judson's first Headlands field course. Whether he was trying to create an impression of boundless energy or, heaven forbid, he's always that energetic, at the end of the first afternoon, he almost had a mutiny on his hands—if we hadn't been too tired to protest.

Why also did four boys end up in the girls hotel, and two girls end up in the boys hotel—while Mrs. Glover, who went to look after the girls, started off in a housefull of boys?

As I say, I have a lot to learn about field courses. We did do some geography incidentally, but I was too confused to take it in.

5TH YEAR FIELD COURSE IN DERBYSHIRE

On the morning of Wednesday, 20th March, 23 IVth form boys with Mr. McDonald and Mr. Waters left Headlands School at 8.15 a.m. Their destination was Derbyshire for a 6 day stay at Learn Hall Youth Hostel which was 2 miles from the nearest shop.

We settled down that night with a cold harsh and wet wind whistling around the woodworm-eaten oak beams of our dormitory. This did not, however dampen our eager spirits. The dawn broke "clear" through haze, snow, hail and sleet. An indication of the forthcoming weather. We breakfasted on hearty porridge, bacon and eggs. Anyone want seconds? "First there, first served".

We then set off, clad in boots and sweaters, anything in fact to keep us warm and dry. This we did every morning in any kind of weather, teachers urging us on and "mucking in" with us. When we arrived home every evening wet, cold and tired out, we would have kicked ourselves, (if we had the energy) for actually *paying* for this!

During our field trips we took notes *without* the usual half-hearted effort as at school but with good spirit and a cheerful atmosphere with which we wrote our notes up in the evening, sometimes 3—4 hours work. Our work concerned studying the local area in every aspect, such as

Geology, Housing, Power and General Knowledge. One day we paid a visit to the immense Steel, Peech and Tozer steel works in Sheffield. This place is 3 miles long and $\frac{1}{2}$ mile wide and is very modern and impressive. We were divided into pairs and given a certain topic for each pair. We took samples and drew field sketches and sections. We then copied these up in the evenings.

I feel I must mention the fact that the teachers were excellent and treated us very much like adults in every situation (trudging our way up and down hills, marshes etc.) and during our written work.

The atmosphere was very pleasant all the time and we were all sorry to leave and come back to a comparatively dull home area.

J. Parsons, 5F1/R1.

DESTINY

*The frost sparkles on their withered barks,
In the shadow of an endless dawn.*

*Young and Fresh,
Old and Decayed.*

*They stood once callous and yet mysterious
They stand now weak with age,*

*Age which passes time,
Age which conquers,
Age which destroys,*

*Once strong and sturdy,
A heart lived in that putrefied plant,*

*A heart full of fantasy,
A heart fearless,
A heart alive.*

*The heart is cold—dead—buried
Beneath the rot of centuries
Tortured remains scattered carelessly
They stand withered and defeated.*

K.W.

"THE POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE OF GLORIOUS WAR"—Othello.

*While death's ice-cold and awful claw
Caresses earth from hill to shore
Like some outrageous hand,
The aircraft glinting swiftly soar
O'er frightened heads with screaming roar.*

*The napalm's searing brand
Falls, toppling, from the steel bomb-door
Incinerating all before*

*Its unrepenting wand
Of flame, Men so grotesquely tore
Their entrails, bones and flesh laid raw.*

*They still don't understand
The cause which they are fighting for.
Mars, god of strife, counts up his score
Of young lives barely spanned.*

K.M.

THE CINEMA

*Slowly the queue lengthens.
We turn to see about thirty people behind us
About fifty in front.
Men stamp their feet, blow on their hands,
Wives bleat like sheep to their blue-nosed husbands
Everyone shivers, complains and shivers again.
At last the doors open and we stream in,
Gradually smoke fills the air, from cigars,
From pipes and cigarettes.
The noise increases, and one begins to feel ill.
The revolting smell of mothballs, perfume, smoke,
With after-shave and cinema stuffiness
Intermingling and making one senseless.
Finally the lights go down.
A hush falls on the audience with the
Tension of anticipated excitement of the film.
Pretty soon the audience relaxes, and,
As usual, the toffee papers commence rustling.
A sudden hiss is heard, followed
By an indignant shriek,
As an orange is peeled.
Several people fruitlessly try to open crisp bags,
Without much success.
Then, those who persevere and have enough courage,
Proceed to munch them, noisily.
A creak is heard, a shaft of light appears,
Another creak, followed by several grunts and groans,
Swop places and mumble apologies.
Again all goes quiet.
But a sudden disturbance fills the air.
Fire ?
No, only sentimentalists searching frantically
for handkerchiefs.
Just part of going to the cinema.*

G.I.

HAVE YOU SEEN HIM ?

James was a sickly boy, he was born ill, two months premature, a hole in his heart, nobody knew why he lived. He lived, a little baby and a weedy boy, but somewhere in him was something that kept him alive, and a jinx. At six months he swallowed an open safety pin, he was a year old when he fell down the stairs and broke an arm, for the first time.

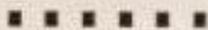
It was not that his parents did not care, they tried to protect him, but in vain. Despite their efforts he caught measles and chickenpox and all other possible diseases, and injured himself doing the most innocent things. When he was five he was at school for thirty four days; in his second year he was at school for forty nine days between which he virtually severed a finger with a hand-axe and caught innumerable colds and

minor ailments. Despite this bad start he proved an intelligent boy and in the next few years managed to be at school more days than he was absent, but he never did games or P.T.

He was never victimised by other children; they just never noticed whether he was there or not. At nine he caught yellow jaundice which left his sunken cheeks and eyes with a yellow hue which lasted the rest of his life. As he grew older his cheeks filled out a little and this yellowness receded into the depths of his eyes. At twelve he was in his last year of Junior School, he began to join in with the games of his friends, and his teachers hoped he would be well for the exams.

It was a hard winter, bleak snow fields with ducks and swans lying dead in frozen ponds. James had a chill, developed pneumonia and died with them. His parents wept, but for them it was more the end of a nightmare than the loss of a son; they just wanted to forget him. And that is nearly the whole story, except that if you are interested go into one of the biology labs, you will find him in the corner, held together with wire, a number stamped on his skull.

T.L.



SCHOOL EVENTS



SPEECH AND MUSIC FESTIVAL

April 1st, 1968

Adjudicator: Mr. M. H. Anderton.
(Nottingham College of Education)

The original marks for entries in the Festival showed much in Barbury's favour with Avebury this year's new entrants lagging quite a distance behind.

The programme was well organised with the audience seeing mostly the competitors and events with which they were concerned. Certain items were of a very high standard, such as the Folk Song, which involved such a difficult decision that every competitor was awarded full marks and one verse speaking item which was awarded 110%.

Every item was carried through to its finale and although the standard was not always of the highest, the audience gained the same enjoyment from each item. Some of the less accomplished items caused the audience even greater enjoyment!

Barbury gradually lost their big lead as Silbury pulled up and Mr. Anderton rounded off an entertaining day by declaring the contest a draw between these two houses.

C. Blowen, 6A2.

THE CRUCIBLE

a play by Arthur Miller

30th November—2nd December, 1967

CAST

BETTY PARRIS	JULIE COOMBES
REV. SAMUEL PARRIS	DEREK HARRIS
TITUBA	PATRICIA FRY
ABIGAIL WILLIAMS	PATRICIA PLUNKETT
SUSANNA WALCOT	LIZA GOUGH
Mrs. ANN PUTNAM	KAREN PINNEGAR
THOMAS PUTNAM	STEPHEN MAXFIELD
MERCY LEWIS	MARGARET GOODMAN
MARY WARREN	ANTOINETTE MOBEY
JOHN PROCTOR	RAYMOND HARDING
REBECCA NURSE	GERALDA CAROLAN
GILES COREY	PAUL BAILEY
Rev. JOHN HALE	ROBERT WHITE
ELIZABETH PROCTOR	LYNETTE BEALE
FRANCIS NURSE	MICHAEL MURPHY
EZEKIEL CHEEVER	TERENCE LONGHURST
JOHN WILLARD	WYNFORD REES
JUDGE HATHORNE	RONALD BRANSCOMBE

Act I Scene 1. A bedroom in Rev. Samuel Parris' house Salem, Mass. in spring 1692.

Scene 2. The common room of Proctor's house, eight days later.

Act II Scene 1. Five weeks later. A wood.

Scene 2. The Salem Meeting House, two weeks later.

Scene 3. A cell in Salem jail, three months later.

STAGE MANAGER	Mr. G. Freeman
ASST. STAGE MANAGER	Mr. R. Sobey
LIGHTING	Andrew Collier, Keith Maddison
STAGE CREW	Roger Curtis, Raymond Dicker, Brian Chaney, Colin Lawrence, Jeffery Wells, Nigel Wills, Graham Hoyland
MAKE-UP	Miss B. Wildman, Mrs. J. Threader, Mr. B. Caws, Mr. G. Hawkes
WARDROBE	Mrs. I. Charlesby, Mrs. C. Glover, Miss S. Crease
PROPERTIES	Mr. R. Hicks, Meryl Embling
SOUND EFFECTS	Edmund Stow

PROMPTER
CONTINUITY
BUSINESS MANAGER
PRODUCER

Susan Sargeant
Judith Woodward
Mr. P. T. Greed
Mr. T. D. Richards

Furnishings by Blackwells' Nurseries
Costumes by Star Costumes Studios
Refreshments by Headlands School P.T.A.

THE CRUCIBLE was first produced in 1953 and was prompted by the McCarthy inspired hysteria against 'Communist infiltration' which was then sweeping the United States. The play has a direct bearing on this situation but its application is far wider than this. An intensely dramatic, sombre play, containing few moments of relief, 'The Crucible' is essentially the eternal struggle of the individual against mass-movements—all the "isms" which threaten to enslave mind and body. Although based upon a dreadful episode in American history, the play is not concerned primarily with the problem of witchcraft, nor is it an attack upon the church. It presents, in the most forceful dramatic terms, a problem for humanity which, in these days of 'cultural revolutions' and 'brain washing', has an appalling relevance. It is this which the producer and his cast hope to present to you tonight.

B.W.C.

THE CRUCIBLE

The Dramatic Society's production of 'The Crucible' proved the value this ambitious choice. The play is a tense, powerful, adult drama requiring intelligent acting and careful production to be successful. It certainly demanded a lot of the actors but it also offered the satisfaction of meeting a challenge and taking part in a recently worthwhile play. In this production there was never any need to apologise for school-boy or school-girl acting.

'The Crucible' gradually increases in tension as it progresses. The accusations of witchcraft spread, the hysteria grows in Salem until slowly the play focusses on John Proctor. In this character is dramatised the situation of the individual threatened by the authority of the state. He can sign a false confession and save his life or stand by his beliefs and die. Though wanting to live Proctor cannot bring himself to deny his name and his very being by signing.

The only real weakness of the production was a tendency to take the first act so fast that the exposition was not clear (though part of the blame for this must lie with the author, Arthur Miller). The court scene was brilliantly staged—everything focussed on the two judges sitting on a dais at the back of the stage. The raised position meant the area directly in front of the judges could be used as well as the sides. The visual impression, the care taken over positioning added to the drama of the words. One detail will serve to illustrate the thought put into this production: most stage arguments sound unrealistic because angry people do not

stand quietly awaiting their turn to speak, rather than try to shout the speaker down. So it was in 'The Crucible'.

Raymond Harding played a strong, sympathetic Proctor and Lynette Beale, an excellent Elizabeth Proctor, did much to produce the moving but unsentimental climax. Derek Harris brought out well the perplexity of the Rev. Parris who became caught up in a fanaticism he could not control while Robert White gave an admirable performance as the troubled Rev. Hale, trying desperately to save John Proctor. The complicated motives of Abigail the instigator of the troubles, were well illustrated by Pat Plunkett. The obstinate old Giles Corey was played by Paul Bailey with a fine gruff surliness and Geraldine Carolan's portrayal of Rebecca Nurse was very effective in its restraint. Both incidentally demonstrated the importance of make-up in creating an illusion of age.

As ever with a play, a large number of people worked behind the scenes, more in fact than the actual cast. The efficiency of the stage crew was striking and the lighting was excellent. Altogether this was an outstanding production and by any standards a powerful dramatic experience.

G.C.H.



MUSIC

The Musical activity of the school has continued on at least as high a level as previously. The orchestra has met weekly, and the great improvement in the orchestral standard was one of the most pleasing points of the recent school concert. A wide range of instrumental classes are held regularly—the increasing number and range of brass and woodwind instruments in the orchestra show the fruit of these lessons.

The choir and girls choir have continued to meet regularly. Despite a fall in numbers due to the absence of enthusiastic first, second and third years, the resulting greater maturity of the groups has showed itself in more accomplished performances, and a higher degree of musicianship from the members.

The music festival was notable for the number of professing non musicians who entered "just to gain a point"; this is surely what the festival is all about. The recorder group has advanced considerably over the past year, but one of the most pleasing developments in the school has been the success of the "do-it-yourself" music of the poetry and folk-song meetings.

Musically this has been a most satisfactory year at the school, and the increasing number of not really musical people who want to make music instead of merely listening to it augurs well for the future.

Christopher Hill, 7A.

ANNUAL CONCERT

Friday, 3rd May, 1968

PROGRAMME

1. CHOIR
Marching along Norman Gilbert
2. ORGAN
Prelude and Fugue on the name BACH Liszt
3. ITEMS FROM FESTIVAL
4. ORCHESTRA
Farandole Bizet
5. GIRLS' CHOIR
Silent Noon (3 part) Vaughan Williams
Summer is icumen in (6 part) 13th Century
6. FLUTE
Slow movement from Flute Concerto Mozart
Mr. G. Freeman
7. CHOIR
Te Deum Stanford
8. CHOIR
Linden Lee Vaughan Williams
9. RECORDERS
Bourrée from the Firework Music Handel
Folk Song
Air from the Water Music Handel
Conductor—Meryl Embling
10. GIRLS' CHOIR
Jonah-man Jazz Michael Hurd
11. ITEMS FROM FESTIVAL
12. VOCAL SOLOS
Ave Maria Bach-Gounod
Sing Joyous Bird Montague Phillips
Lisa Gough
13. CHOIR
Now on land and sea Handel

Accompanists: Linda Hartshorn, Christopher Hill,
and the School Orchestra.

THE SCHOOL CONCERT

The School Concert was held this year on May 3rd, somewhat earlier than in the previous years to avoid losing half of our performers to the Europeans, to take part in trips and exchange visits arranged around Easter.

After the Headmaster had opened the performance with a few remarks, which despite his fears that these would be 'ill-chosen' served their purpose perfectly, the programme began with an enthusiastic rendering of the School Choir of 'Marching Along'—one of Mr. Gilbert's own compositions. During the evening, the Choir also sang Stanford's 'Te Deum', 'Linden Lee' and joined with the orchestra in a performance of 'Now on

land and sea'. Apart from various accompaniments, the School Orchestra played 'Farandole', and there was also an item by the woodwind section.

There were various solo items during the evening, all of which maintained an extremely high standard of performance. Lisa Gough sang two vocal solos, Mr. Gilbert played an organ work by Liszt and Mr. Freeman played a flute solo. From the recent Music and Verse Speaking Festival, Eunice Butler and Jane Harmer sang a duet, Christopher Hill played a piano solo by Khachaturian—even highlighting his performance with one or two original touches—Eunice Butler sang a folk song, and, playing on his piano accordion, Michael Murphy added a continental touch to the programme.

We must also thank the recorder group—or rather all members of the group who could equip themselves with a complete recorder—who, conducted by Meryl Embling played three short pieces.

The Girl's Choir sang a very beautiful work by Vaughan Williams, 'Silent Noon', and joined by a group of boys sang a six-part round from the thirteenth century. They also provided the most popular item on the programme, the 'Jonah-Man Jazz', a recent composition by Michael Hurd.

Preparation of a School Concert is a very demanding task, and thanks are certainly due to all those who helped with it. Such an effort as it requires is, however, well rewarded by the pleasure it gives to both audience and performers alike. We do appreciate particularly the work of Linda Hartshorn and Christopher Hill as our accompanists, and last, but most of all, we must thank Mr. Gilbert for the vast amount of work he does, for it is mainly due to him that the concert turned out to be the great success it did.

Muriel McKibbin, 6A2.

THE EMPTY HOUSE

John Travers paused at the rusty gate. He looked up the gravelled drive to the fine old house standing silently in its lonely cul-de-sac. He could just hear the faint noise of traffic nearby. The ivy, once the pride and joy of some long-dead gardener, had run wild and the whole garden was a wilderness. There were traces of flower-beds, long-overgrown, but these were the only signs of the effect man had imposed on Nature. He pushed open the stiff gate and crunched his solitary way down the gravel drive. Soon he arrived at the oak door which yielded easily to his touch. The hinges were still well-oiled for they made no sound.

As soon as he stepped into the hallway Travers sensed a tremendous atmosphere about the place. As he stood there he almost expected a butler to come and take his coat and hat. While he walked through the echoing, uncarpeted hallway he visualised the grandeur that this house had seen. He could almost hear the rustling of women's dresses as they descended the imposing staircase before him.

He began to climb the stairs which creaked in protest, leaving his foot-prints in the dust. There was a gallery which circled above the hall, and he walked slowly round this, feeling that at some time a young man like himself had stood on that very spot looking down at the guests arriving for a ball. He could see the visitors talking and laughing. As he went back down the stairs he kicked a stick which some children had left lying there, and it went rattling down to the bottom, the noise echoing and re-echoing

through the vast house. He walked through the house opening doors, looking into room after room always expecting to see a furnished sitting-room with a typical victorian family scene. He went into one room which had obviously been the nursery and he could sense the laughter of children and their frequent screams of excitement as their games became more frenzied. Voices seemed to surround him, and snatches of conversation all growing louder and louder. The atmosphere became heavy and seemed to press down on him. Voices ran through his brain, he ran back through the hall, and slammed the door shut behind him. The noise echoed and re-echoed through the empty house, then all was still and quiet. As Travers crunched his solitary way back down the drive he realized why no-one wanted to buy this lovely house. The ghosts of the past had it to themselves. He shut the rusty gate behind him and walked away, glad to be heading for the reassuring bustle of the busy city.

J.S.

UNIVERSITY ENTRANCE, 1967

Arun Bedi	London: Imperial College
Terence A. Coello	London: King's College
Colin J. Davies	Oxford: Exeter College
Michael J. Day	Sheffield University
Christopher A. J. Dent	Liverpool University
Brian Farmilo	London: Imperial College
Eric J. Frankis	Cambridge: Downing College
Derek C. Hiett	Cambridge: Downing College
Peter S. H. Graham	Kent University
Robert J. Jones	Southampton University
David A. Kavanagh	Swansea University
Christopher N. Millard	Cardiff University
David Norman	Cambridge: Fitzwilliam
Michael O'Neill	Salford University
Raymond Plunkett	Birmingham University
Bryan J. Pready	Birmingham University
Colin Simpkins	Reading University
Charles Slatter	London: Queen Mary
John R. Smith	Bath University
Richard J. Smith	London School of Economics
Alan P. Titchener	Cardiff University
Martin D. Talbot	Liverpool University
Steven Webb	London: Imperial
Michael J. Williams	Swansea University
Douglas J. Ponting	London School of Economics (1968)
Edmund R. Stow	Cambridge: Downing College (1968)
Marian I. Allen	Sussex University
Andrea J. Chick	Manchester University
Krystyna Chodurek	Leicester University
Jeanette Downes	Warwick University
Judith M. Farrell	Swansea University
Susan Gill	Birmingham University
Jean D. Kennett	Bangor University
Janet E. Latham	London: University College
Eileen M. New	Sussex University
Christine A. Range	London: University College
Daphne M. Waring	Essex University

COLLEGE OF EDUCATION, 1967

Malcolm R. Leonard	St. Luke's, Exeter
Pamela E. Evans	Battersea
Teresa A. Ford	Borough Road
Christine L. Harris	West Midlands
Deborah G. Huckle	Doncaster
Maire A. O'Shea	Kesteven
Yvonne A. Pearce	Southlands
Barbara J. Richmond	St. Mary's, Cheltenham
Marion M. Simpson	Homerton
Jennifer Sturmev	Barnsley
Margaret Walker	Bulmershe
Dawn Webb	Philippa Fawcett
Kay P. Williams	Domestic Science College, Leicester

GRADUATE COURSES (C.N.A.A.), 1967

Martin J. Evans	City of London
John G. Gillard	City of London

OLD STUDENTS

We regret that, despite two separate requests, we have received little news from the O.H.A. and are therefore forced to go to press without any contributions and very little news from the Association.

FORMER PUPILS

Cadet P. Read (left 1967) wrote from Charleston, U.S.A., on the return journey of a round trip to Australia and New Zealand via the Cape and Panama Canal. He is a Cadet Officer in the New Zealand Shipping Company.

Jennifer Beveridge has been awarded the Gold Medal for her year, as a student nurse at Plymouth General Hospital.

MEMBERSHIP OF O.H.A.

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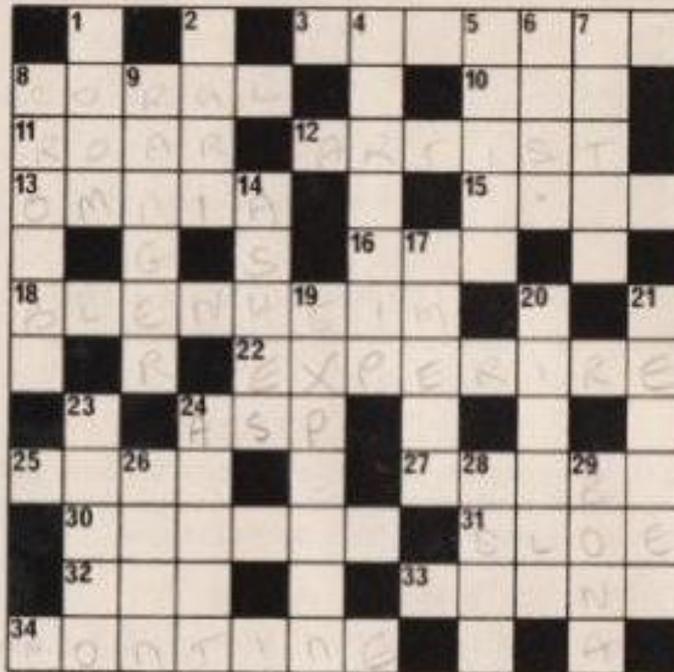
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CROSSWORD

No clues are given for numbers 13, 22, 29 and 34 which form a well-known (?) phrase, in this order.

Dictionaries and atlases may be used, but slide-rules are not permitted.



Answer all the clues.

Time:—2½ hours.

Clues Across

3. Town having a breeze in 32A.
8. Rocky Substance forming reefs.
10. Unconscious.
11. A sound heard at Hampden Park, and Longleat.
12. A painter or a musician.
15. One pace forward (animals backwards.)
16. Dried grass.
18. The Duke of Marlborough's Palace.
24. What killed Cleopatra.
25. Execute, drat it!
27. Uncertainty, but do change it.
30. It's in the children's playground, observe, present and past.
31. Fruit of the Blackthorn doesn't sound very quick.
32. Daddy's Boy.
33. A big factory, not animal or mineral.

Clues Down

1. To tower over a weaving machine.
2. French husband to wed by the sound of it.
4. It might be a cruiser, but not a liner.
5. Like 11A., and classes without teachers.
6. Chalk particles found in industry?
7. River creature, at an 'igher temperature.
8. Bing, a Lancashire town.
9. A park officer who plays for Glasgow?
14. The prize for a series of tests.
17. Do corrections—"and me" is wrong.
19. Elucidate.
20. A bone in your leg; that's a lie for a start.
21. A composition for six people.
23. Rope with a noose, or girl with none.
24. A spy who doesn't look like a lady.
26. A light gas.
28. The Capital of Norway is in Czechoslovakia.



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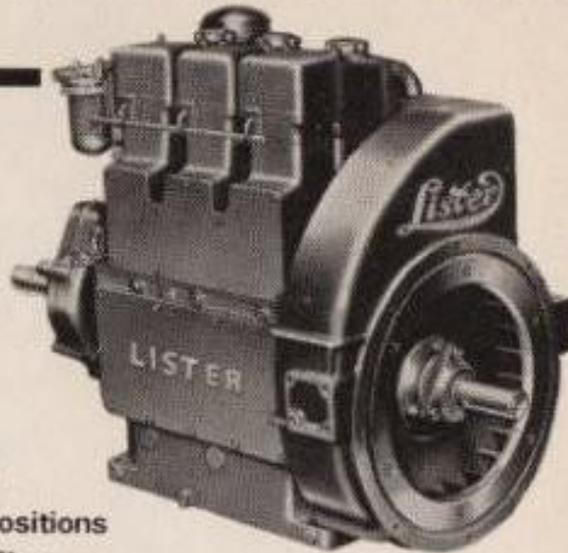
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