



# The Headlandian 1969

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### 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.

### EDITORIAL

School magazines perform two main functions: One is to act as a chronicle of school life and the other is to present in print the creative writing of pupils. Nearly every magazine presents these two aspects in varying proportions. In this edition we have a comparatively uneventful school year to record while there seems to be a growing reluctance to rush into print amongst the pupils. Perhaps the latent literary talent amongst us is content to remain latent.

However, even if there are no foreign trips to record or harrowing experiences among the Welsh Mountains to note (since our patronage of Plas Pencelli has been limited for organisational reasons), there is still the steady activity of the school year left. There are occasions like the Wells Walk which do so much to develop a sense of common loyalty if only because of the feeling of companionship in adversity. There are the numerous societies, teams, clubs, etc., which absorb people into the school life and help them develop their interests and talent. There are the myriad activities that make a school a community and not merely a collection of people under one roof. We hope this is reflected in the pages that follow.

*Sub-Editorial Committee:*

Christine Pitchford; Sally Latham; Christine Leslie; Andrew Piegdon; Geoffrey Crook; Thomas Hartshorn; Linda Hartshorn.

### OBITUARY

#### Mr. B. T. Battson

The sudden death of Mr. Battson, "Ben" to all old students, came as a great shock to his many friends at Headlands.

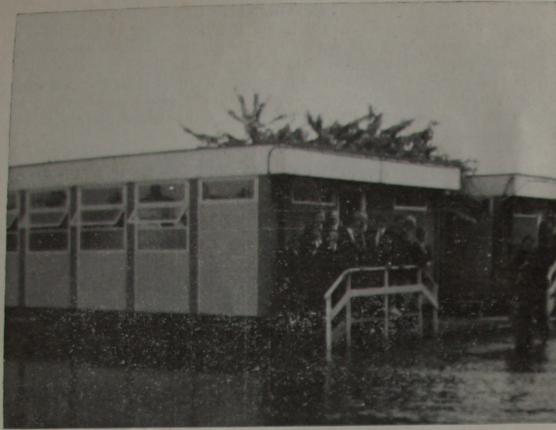
Ben was elected to the committee of the Euclidean Society, the parent organisation of the Old Headlandians Association, in 1927 and during the following 42 years had been the driving force behind many of the activities of both these Societies. Those who have had the privilege of working closely with him will know his dedication to any programme with which he was connected.

There are many memories of Ben: his friendly welcome to everyone at a dance or concert (how did he remember all the names); the many letters he wrote to Old Students serving with H.M. Forces during the 1939-45 war. His letters kept many old colleagues together during those distressing times. Or would it be his masterly handling of our own orchestra at the concerts and stage shows of yesterday, the ripple of applause as Ben mounted the rostrum and raised his baton. Perhaps the memory will be of the "leavers" meetings when Ben came along to talk of O.H.A. and to welcome all Headlandians to the Association.

But, for me, the memory which will always remain of Ben, will be of the packed Headlands hall at Christmas, the traditional party reaching peak tempo, and the cheers from all as Ben laid down his bass to move to the piano stool to lead the orchestra in the favourite of all O.H.A. party dances, "The Dashing White Sergeant". For any of the many hundreds who have been to parties in the past, this will surely be the memory of the Ben we all knew.

Ben was to me, and the many, many friend he had at Headlands, a colleague with whom it has been a privilege to be associated. Without any question "Ben was O.H.A." and his loss to the organisation is immeasurable.





### SCHOOL NOTES

Since football has dominated the conversation in Swindon this year it seems right to begin these notes with a mention of the school's contribution to the sport. Five of our members, K. Stroud, R. Watson, D. Scoford, D. Morrell and J. Roberts played in the highly-successful Swindon team that reached the final of the English Schools Trophy. They had to travel as far north as Newcastle for one match and they had the memorable experience of playing at some famous League grounds. For Stroud there was the greater honour of being selected for the England Schoolboys team for several matches, including two games in West Germany. The presentation of his England cap was made in assembly one morning.

We have now had time to get used to the idea of a full-time Librarian, first with Mrs. Scrivens and now with Miss Lewis. Undoubtedly the service in the library has improved as a result of these appointments. Various organisational changes have altered the running of the Library while exhibitions of the art work of various pupils has considerably brightened the scene.

For the first time this year the complete Fourth Year intake was new to the school and it was surprising how quickly most of them settled into the ways of the school. Their greatest initial problem was a simple, geographical one: the school is the opposite of compact and some of the

classrooms far-flung. During a school day people must cover great distances, sometimes at the mercy of the elements. Nobody has been actually marooned yet but a blizzard could well cut off the T block one of these days. Last summer's floods came near to floating off one of the caravans. Perhaps a duplicated sketch map will soon be a necessity for new pupils, particularly as the actual building is still expanding, with some new workshops just completed this term. Even some of the older pupils are vague on the location of some rooms. The P.E. staff must be worried that the field will one day disappear under mobile classrooms.

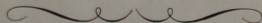
After contending with problems of geography the 300-odd new Headlandians had to sort their way through a timetable that grows ever more complex as options are added and setting breaks across form lines. In fact some forms rarely function as a form since they are so often split up. However it took only a few days for most people to familiarise themselves with their timetable and the forlorn trickle of lost souls trying to find their right place dried up.

The tutor group system has won over many of the doubters not least because it is a way of introducing new members of the school immediately to older members who know their way around. Every school has its idiosyncracies which have to be discovered if you are to absorb yourself rapidly into it. Most older pupils have been helpful and responsible in making newcomers feel at home. As the Swindon system now works we can expect every September one third of the pupils will be new, a very large proportion to be rapidly assimilated, especially when the first public examination arrives inside 20 months.



As the school develops its attitudes change. Now everyone is over 14 the emphasis is much more on self-discipline and less on imposed rules. A more adult atmosphere should bring benefits to all. Certainly the Sixth Form has taken some steps towards guided democracy: various committees have sprung up to advise on catering, entertainments, etc. The Sixth Year now govern the West Hall at break and lunch time, and their freedom is manifest to anyone who has had his ears assailed by their record player. Table tennis has really taken a grip on them and we must hope they attack their work with the same enthusiasm they show for this sport. Very properly M4 has become the quieter, more intellectual retreat of the Seventh who can there peruse their journals and drink coffee of a strange taste and dubious origin (could it really have ever come from a coffee plant?).

A number of staff will be leaving us this summer though none is venturing as far as Mr. Knott who left for New Zealand at Christmas. Mr. MacDonald is taking up a post as Head of Environmental Studies at Wood Green High School, Wednesbury; Mr. Batten is going to establish a new handicraft department at a school for E.S.N. children, Pitt House School, Chudleigh in Devon; Mr. Harney has been appointed Senior Lecturer at Cheshire College of Education, Crewe. They will be sorely missed by the staff football team. Miss Butcher becomes Head of German at Harrow Weald and Mr. Jones is making the short move to Hreod Burna. We wish them all well in their new posts.



# SPEECH DAY

FRIDAY, 21st MARCH, 1969

at 7.30 p.m.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

THE CHAIRMAN'S REMARKS

COUNCILLOR L. GOWING, Vice-Chairman of the School Governors

THE HEADMASTER'S REPORT

THE SCHOOL SONG

ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION OF PRIZES BY  
THE RT. HON. PHILIP NOEL BAKER, P.C., J.P., M.A., M.P.

PRESENTATION OF CERTIFICATES BY  
MRS. L. GOWING

VOTE OF THANKS  
Paul Rivers and Susan Sargeant (Head Prefects)

THE SCHOOL HYMN

## PRIZE WINNERS JULY 1968

4X	John Bolbot	4P	Carol McKay	5M1	Richard Pflieger
	Paul Dixon		Linda Brewer		Graham Rouse
4Y	Raymond Ives	4C	Carmel Victory	5M2	Stephen Robinson
	Alison Walker		Margaret Peart		Steven Wilkins
4Z	Maureen	5U	Mary Clifford	5L1	Joan Hughes
	Frampton		Lynnet Pready		Terence Puffett
	Patricia Noble	5S	Paul Herbert	5L2	Kevin Moore
	Vivienne Stone		Christopher Stone		Raymond Salter
4E	Sheila Townsend	5A	Linda Hartshorn	5P1	Vincent Stroud
	Norman Withey		Peter Street	5P2	Philip Hayes
4R	Roslyn	5E	Andrew Piegdon		Robert Mason
	Macieszonok		Barbara	6 Arts	
	Lynne Freeman		Richardson		Susan Mann
4G	David Parsons	5R	Nicola Maggs		Susan Sargeant
	Jean Taylor		Jacqueline Purser		Kevin McCartan
4F	Linda Ford	5G1	Ian Giddings	6 Science	
	Michael Clark		Brian Sewell		Paul Rivers
4M1	Derek Dunn	5G2	Anne Burdett		James Collier
	Philip Brown		Geoffrey Crook	6 General	
4M2	Paul Dixon	5F1	Rameses Lewis		Philip Britain
	David Dawes		Peter Ferris		Cecilia Legg
4L	Richard Deegan	5F2	Michael New		
	Michael Abrams		Barbara Rumens		

## SUBJECT PRIZES—JULY 1968

Barron Mathematics Prize—Adrian Grubb, Graham Gosney  
 Leslie Hall Geography Prize—Josephine Chick, Angela Norman  
 Stanley Jones Woodwork Prize—Brian Sewell  
 Art Prize, Parent/Teacher Association—Barbara Rumens  
 Woodwork Prize, Parent/Teacher Association—Michael Hopkins  
 Needlework Prize, Parent/Teacher Association—Jennifer Vaughan  
 Domestic Science Prize, Parent/Teacher Association—Ruth Radway  
 Metalwork Prize, Parent/Teacher Association—Paul Eggleton  
 (in memory of Mr. E. M. Crook)  
 George Bond Engineering Prize—Stephen Robinson  
 Sir Arthur Hall Prize—Brian Jones



NEATNESS PRIZES—CHRISTMAS 1968

- 4G Kay Norman  
Katherine Noke  
4X Jennifer Arnold  
Christine Reiner  
5R Rosslyn Macieszonek  
5F Paul Dixon  
Patricia Thompson  
5L Jean Segre

SPEECH DAY—HEADMASTER'S REPORT

Mr. Chairman, Mr. Noel Baker, Members of the Governing Body, Ladies and Gentlemen. My first duty is to welcome you, Councillor Gowing and Mrs. Gowing, and to thank you for the great interest which you are showing in Headlands School. My second duty is to express my pleasure that so famous and distinguished a statesman as The Rt. Honourable Philip Noel Baker should come to address Headlands School and its friends. I am reporting on the year 1968 and much of what I would otherwise say will be found typed and distributed for future reference. I need only point out a few salient facts in what I believe to have been a very successful year.

Although we call our new-comers the fourth year they are, of course, in their first year here and all our present fourth year and most of the fifth spent their first three secondary years in other schools. There are, however, for the last time, four forms of fifth formers who came to Headlands at the age of eleven and next year none of those taking the G.C.E. will have passed the 11 plus.

No less than 131 members of last year's Fifth Form considered it worth while staying on at school into the sixth. Many of these boys and girls would have left school at 15 or 16 but for reorganisation; they seem to be having a happy and very successful time in the Sixth Form and I have no doubt that they will greatly benefit in their after life.

Our public examination results were most pleasing. Both at the Advanced and the Ordinary Level of the G.C.E. and in the C.S.E., the results of this school bear favourable comparison with the national and the local averages. You will see that 317 boys and girls left the school, 58 for further full-time education at Colleges and Universities and 259 for employment with, I hope, day or evening education for most of them. To guide so many boys and girls into suitable occupations is a formidable task and it occupies a good deal of our effort throughout the year, as the brief careers reference in my printed report will explain. Most of those seeking employment applied to five or six different places and this year I found one boy who had made twenty applications. Employers have been most helpful in arranging their interviews not earlier than the Easter holidays so as to give the boys and girls as long as possible to prepare for their public examinations.

A word about amenities. The West Hall is now used as a sixth form social room and coffee bar during break and dinner hours; the seventh form have a comfortable social room too, but it is rather small for this year's numbers. In addition we have a magnificent and well organised library. Any parents who have not seen it ought to come along some afternoon or evening and do so. We are always willing to show people round.

The builders have been busy and the new woodwork and metalwork rooms will soon be ready. A new careers reference library has also been furnished. Our laboratories and lecture rooms are probably the finest in any school in Wiltshire. We have opened a new entrance in Dores Road for pedestrians and cyclists, partly for the convenience of Kingsdown and Greenmeadow areas and partly because our main entrance has become so dangerous owing to the increased traffic in Cricklade Road. In fact, we urgently need the Dores Road entrance to be widened so that motor traffic can use it. We should also like a social centre for the fifth form, to give them some amenities similar to the sixth. We also need more swimming facilities, a covered sports area and a new Biology Laboratory.

For the events of the year up to last Summer, the School Magazine, paid for by the School Club, should be consulted and, of course, the Christmas Term 1968 will be fully reported in the next issue. The 1968 Careers Exhibition was notable for the very fine show put on by the sixth and seventh forms to illustrate the work done in the various subjects, from Art to Zoology. Aided by the School Fund, the Summer Fete provided money for the purpose of a video tape machine. Unfortunately we have not yet been able to get it working, owing to delay in the delivery of certain accessories, but next term we shall be able to record inconveniently timed television lessons and show them in the normal class periods.

The magazine also gives details of sports and games, of the Headlands Social Association, of the School Play, of the various entertainments provided by the sixth form and of the Carols and Prefects Concert at the end of the Christmas Term, when we also knitted more than 50 blankets for Oxfam. You will note the record sum of £725 for the "Save the Children Fund" earned by the walk to Salisbury. This year we hope to raise an even larger sum in the walk to Wells Cathedral.

I come now to the staff, undoubtedly the most decisive influence for the success of any school. The death of Mr. B. T. Battison occurred after the end of the year under review, but cannot be left unremarked for I have always regarded him as an honorary member of the staff. For nearly fifty years he has worked ceaselessly and unselfishly for the good of the school. Truly he was the old boy extraordinary. His love for his old school survived a change of name and a change of site and I am sure the old students will wish to endow some permanent memorial to his memory.

In September Miss Nutting became Senior Mistress and she has already endeared herself to the school. Certain lucky ones know her as a gifted classical teacher, and all the girls have come to depend upon her sympathetic help. Headlands has indeed a skillful and devoted staff of teachers and House Tutors and the Heads of Departments have the added responsibility of co-ordinating their subjects with the High Schools where our future pupils receive the most formative part of their education. I should like to thank the Borough Education Officer and his staff, as well as the Deputy Headmaster, Mr. Glover for their unflinching help and support during the year.

The well-being of the school owes very much, too, to the prefects and sixth form who have given a splendid lead to the rest of the school in the



Tutor Groups and in all the out-of-class activities. I pay tribute also to my secretaries and to the cleaning and kitchen staff and especially to the fine service of the Head Caretaker, Mr. Garrett, who has just gone to a responsible post in the new Police Headquarters.

It is not for me to say whether the school is on the right road or travelling at a reasonable speed but I can say, Councillor Gowing, to you and the Governors, that we are not in a rut and not complacent, or taking success for granted. Already this year we have considerably modified our internal organisation and we are planning further improvements for next year.

Within the school society, as in the home, we must give all the boys and girls increasing liberty within the law, so that they can learn the social virtues by practising them. Unfortunately they will also discover the inevitable discomfort and loss brought about by anti-social individuals. Increasing scope for independent work under staff guidance, partly in school time, but especially in homework hours, teaches them how to learn for themselves, using the accumulation of human experience and wisdom to be found in good books. They must also discover new knowledge at first hand by experiment in laboratories, workshops and the outside world. In the Sixth Form greatly increased opportunities are possible and the sixth is now open to sensible young people, whatever their fifth form attainments.

In the "Sunday Times" two weeks ago two professors from the Education Departments of Birmingham and Bradford Universities accused the schools of unadventurous despotism, producing a standardised utility product. I cannot believe that many former scholars of this, or any other school, consider themselves to be standardised utility products. Admittedly our pupils have to take external examinations set by independent examining boards and they have to measure up to the demands of College selectors and employers. Admittedly too, we try to prevent the boys and girls being lazy, or leaving out important or appropriate subjects otherwise their future careers would be imperilled if not ruined. Do you call that despotism?—or reasonable guidance.

Headlands exists to give equality of opportunity to every boy or girl, but this does not mean uniformity of treatment, or standardised utility. Some educational theorists are urging the Senior Schools to teach the children in mixed ability groups. This is often very successful with young children, when the teacher can think and work so much faster than the scholars; she can therefore cope at the same time with a number of children doing a wide variety of individual work for social and tutorial purposes. We do have equal House groups, of completely mixed aged ability, but for actual teaching we cannot disregard the wide range of attainment and speed of learning which has been developed by the time pupils arrive with us. Some are capable of dealing with three foreign languages, or Advanced Mathematics and higher Economic Theory, but some still find the 3R's a bit of a burden. We will respect and commend equally, all those who try to make a success of life by setting themselves high standards in work and personal conduct. Would you call this standardised utility? It would be foolish indeed to be content with soft options and easy-going slackness. Children do not always know what is good for them. Often they do, but sometimes they do not and when that happens parents and

school and society generally, have a duty to perform which they neglect at their peril.

One consequence of vagueness, lack of direction, and unwillingness to exert authority in higher education, can be seen in certain Universities and Colleges where a small but vocal minority of students are abusing their privileges. Research should be done into the early history of these disaffected and bewildered young people, for the causes of their discontent are probably much deeper than they themselves realise. The vast majority of students are hard working, law abiding citizens, but they have much the same hopes and ideals as the noisy ones, and so have those who enter the workaday world at 16 or 18. They may be more reticent but they too long for a better world and they rarely understand the disillusionment and apparent apathy of older folk in the face of intractable problems.

Indeed, schools such as this have a great responsibility towards the young adults of tomorrow. They certainly deserve the most devoted and gifted teachers whom the country can provide, for in their hands lies the future prosperity and social wellbeing of the community.

#### UNIVERSITY ENTRANCE, 1968/9

Paul Bailey	London School of Economics
Roger Duggan	Hull University
Malcolm Grubb	London School of Economics
Raymond Harding	London: Royal College of Veterinary Science
Robert Hewer	Birmingham University
Christopher Hill	Hull University
David Hunt	Sheffield University
Brian Jones	Cambridge: Fitzwilliam (1970)
Patrick Kiernan	London: Imperial College (1970)
Colin Lawrence	Loughborough University
Edward Ludford	Bristol University
Stephen Maxfield	London: Imperial College (1970)
Michael Thwaites	Salford University
Christopher Vaughan	Manchester University
Nigel Wills	London: Imperial College (1970)
Martyn Woerner	Essex University
Michael Wood	Manchester University
Jennifer Brice	London: School of Slavonic Studies
Meryl Embling	Hull University
Janet Fitches	Cardiff University
Carole Gough	Sheffield University
Cathryn Hetzel	London: Royal Holloway College
Patricia Plunkett	Leeds University
Susan Pready	Exeter University

#### COLLEGES OF EDUCATION

Christopher Brown	Coventry
Lewis Hunt	Leicester
Stephen Menham	Coventry
Brenda Barnes	Homerton
Ranu Bedi	Battersea
Susan Dudek	Rolle
Elizabeth Guard	Bedford, College of Physical Education
Ann Johnson	Wheatley



Sybil Martin ... ..	Bishop Stortford
Penelope Nicholls ... ..	Eastbourne
Marilyn Rhodes ... ..	Birmingham
Mary Simmonds ... ..	Borough Road
Judith Woodward ... ..	Rugby

**COLLEGES OF TECHNOLOGY**

Ronald Branscombe ... ..	Swindon
Andrew Corrigan ... ..	Kingston
Alan Fairey ... ..	Welsh
Derek Harris ... ..	Bristol College of Commerce
John Hawkins ... ..	Swindon
Peter Lowe ... ..	Barking
Jeffrey Wells ... ..	Hatfield
Robert White ... ..	Manchester
Jean Crook ... ..	Chippenham

**HEADLANDS SCHOOL P.T.A.**

May, 1969

The Headlands School Parent/Teacher Association exists to promote the interests of the School, to further the education and welfare of the pupils and to arrange social functions. All members of the Headlands staff and all parents or guardians of pupils are deemed to be members of the Association. Indeed, parents of former pupils of the school may be members of the Association upon request, but they have not the right to vote or to hold office. There is a voluntary subscription of one shilling per year for each member to defray running costs of the Association.

As far as practicable, as in past years, monthly events have been arranged throughout the year. These have included a Home-made Wine demonstration and Tasting, New Year Social and Dance, Car Treasure Hunt, Jumble Sale when £43 was raised, and, of a more serious nature, "Any Questions" evening, "Job Talk" by members of Staff, and an evening entitled "The School at Home".

Five prizes, each of one guinea, were again donated for Speech Day, one of these being in memory of the late Mr. E. M. Crook. The sum of £10 was again awarded under the Adventure Scholarship Scheme, and the P.T.A. donated a trophy which will be awarded annually by the Headlands Sailing Club to the pupil making the most progress in sailing. The P.T.A. also provided funds for a supply of cups and saucers available at school social functions.

To be able to fulfil its objects, the P.T.A. needs the support of all parents and staff. To those who do support the Association, the Committee expresses appreciation.

J. Norman,  
*Hon. Sec.*

**SCHOOL SOCIETIES**

**COMMUNITY SERVICE CLUB**

During this year the club has dabbled in various activities, but has suffered quite acutely from a lack of suitable projects for the younger members. Unfortunately it is in the nature of Community Service Work that where need is greatest, enthusiasm is most difficult to arouse in the young. This is certainly true of the rather thankless task of House to House Collections, and tribute must be paid to a few sixth year stalwarts who have shouldered the whole burden of this activity. Whereas the cry of children in distress appeals at once to the maternal instinct of the girls, the psychological stresses suffered by many such children makes the care of them too difficult a task for all but the really mature. The desperate plight of old people in charge of wilderness gardens touches the average adolescent heart less readily. Gardening, it seems, appeals only to the masochistic or the completely selfless, of which latter species I am glad to say we have a few—too few.

At Christmas a small group of carol-singers sang for the old people at the Pinehurst Bungalows and it is hoped that this will become a regular feature of our year's activities. More recently a sixth-former is engaged in dressing a doll to be used eventually in a multi-racial playgroup to be organised by the Swindon Council for Community Relations. Apart from the occasional "dig", the ever-present collections and some visiting of old people, the year has been notable once again for the excellent work done by pupils involved in long-term projects with children. The highly disturbed nature of many of the children at Olive House makes this work suitable only for 7th years and the three girls who have helped here regularly have earned high praise from the matron. The Handicapped Childrens' Club project has also demanded regular attendance and the pupils who have supported this have been kept very busy devising new ways of amusing a group of such a wide age-group and labouring under so many difficulties. Since the revival of the Headlands Film Club the handicapped children have been invited to share the viewing of these films which has proved very popular, and Headlands boys imported for the occasion were the success of the evening at a dance held before Christmas.

Although this is largely a record of work undertaken through the school, it is only fair to say that we know that many of our pupils are engaged in Community Service Work organised by local Youth Clubs and Church Groups, and that news of good works done privately reach our ears from time to time. To all these people, engaged in Community Service Work under whatever auspices, we extend our thanks. To the others we say—have you ever wondered what YOU can do to help?

**FILM SOCIETY REPORT 1968/9**

The revived Headlands Film Society has met with some success, if success be measured in terms of membership totals and attendances. In other ways it has proved a failure, finding no legitimate artistic function other than to entertain. Nothing wrong with that, but a film society should offer more than can be found in any commercial chain-owned cinema.

Apart from one special programme of short films, all the features seen so far have been typical Odeon/A.B.C. fodder, also suitable for an empty T.V. spot.

A society such as ours should aim to provide its members with the opportunity to see films not often shown outside larger cities—documentaries, amateur shorts, Continental films and classics of the '30's and '40's, all of which can still (and should) be entertaining.

Another weakness of the film society is its failure to attract 6th and 7th-year students. Busy though they may be with exam preparation, the 6th year at least should demand better films than have so far been screened (selected, incidentally by members of the 7th year) and should help to make the society a distinctive feature of the cultural scene in Headlands.

#### THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

A programme of geographical films was again organised this year. Films were shown each week during the lunch hour and after school to audiences of twenty or thirty. The films shown have covered a wide variety of topics, though they were usually selected to supplement and revise examination work. Thus films on Physical Geography and the Regional Geography of the British Isles, Western Europe and the tropical world, have been shown.

#### LITERARY SOCIETY

This year has been less active than some earlier years but nevertheless there have been a number of theatre visits and the termly Poetry and Folk Song evening has survived.

We ended last Summer Term with an open-air programme entitled "Thrice Gorgeous Ceremony", a study of the monarchy and its perils. For the first time drama was used in Shakespeare's abdication scene from "Richard II" and a staging of the trial of Charles I. Some Tudor music also helped provide atmosphere.

In the Autumn Term a programme on "Death" celebrated Hallowe'en; the set was suitably an impression of a coffin on a catafalque with the addition of a skeleton contributed by the Biology department. The subject provided nearly as many comic features as serious, particularly in epitaphs and last words. The Spring Term was marked by an evening of miscellaneous works mainly of a lighter nature gathered, organised and presented by Andrew Collier, Keith Maddison, David Cannon and Sandra House.

As usual we have patronised the theatres of Bristol, Oxford and Cheltenham and seen an interesting variety of plays. Frequency is determined largely by the state of personal finances since there is nearly always something worthwhile on at one of the west theatres. This year pockets have been overstrained by the demands of that great centre of live, contemporary drama, the County Ground.

Three members presented a programme of First World War poetry and prose to the Cheltenham Poetry Society. The society made us very welcome and seemed a very appreciative audience. It was a valuable experience and welcome evidence of how far the fame of our poetry evenings has spread.

#### HANDICRAFT CLUB

Each Monday after school the technical department's resources are made available to any boy or girl who wishes to attempt some creative work. This gives an opportunity for such work to those pupils who have no time allocated to them on their normal timetable.

A variety of crafts was offered at the start of this year and no prior knowledge or experience was required; the only pre-requisite was a wish to make something.

Some crafts found more followers than others and there was no one forthcoming for weaving or the making of musical instruments. We hope that next year some will venture forth into these fields.

Woodwork and metalwork have had very good support, as usual, but the "dark horse" in the field, namely Electronics, has been very popular with some loyal supporters doing pioneer work (for us) and much credit is due to them.

Jewellery making for the girls has had its share of support and a group of boys are working on a "go-kart". Car maintenance has not established itself as we had hoped since we are still awaiting the delivery of an "abandoned vehicle" by the Surveyor's Department.

Next year the new workshop block will offer greater scope and we look forward eagerly to its occupation.

#### CHESS CLUB REPORT 1968/9

There has been a Chess revival in the school this year which is reflected at all levels. Membership has increased and the Adams Cup aroused great interest. The cup was eventually won by B. Bedi who beat D. Hedges in the final.

The school team has had a mixed year, winning three matches and losing three matches against local teams.

In the "Sunday Times" Schools' Chess Tournament the school drew 3 boards all with St. Joseph's but failed to gain entry into the 2nd round because of an age handicap system.

School members did very well in the Wiltshire Under 18 Chess Tournament finishing in 4th, 5th, 7th, 9th and 11th places. R. Bedi of the 5th year was runner-up in the tournament. The following members of the School also played for Wiltshire: A. Williams, B. Foster, R. Allen, B. Bedi, R. Bedi.

The House Chess Tournament was won by Silbury.

R. J. Curtis (Sec.)



## HOUSE NOTES

### AVEBURY HOUSE REPORT 1968/9

#### HOUSE OFFICIALS

Girls:  
*House Captain:* Carol Breingan  
*Vice-Captain:* Pauline Archer

Boys:  
*House Captain:* C. Lingham  
*Vice-Captain:* S. Ives  
*Secretary:* K. Maddison

Avebury have not yet attained a high championship position, but credit must be given to the House, which is still relatively new.

"Hidden talents" were unveiled in the Verse and Music Festival in which we gained third place, and with a sustained effort and hard practice, I feel sure that next year we will reach an even higher position in this competition.

Another group of "Aveburians" deserving congratulations are the members of the Association Football Team, who gained first place in the recent contest.

All members of Avebury House would like to thank Mr. Lovett, Mr. Pollock and Miss Wood for their leadership and encouragement throughout the year, and hope that next year they can present Avebury with the House Championship.

Carol Breingan.

### BARBURY HOUSE REPORT 1968/9

Barbury's crowning victory again this year was the Music and Verse Festival in which we won first place just towering above Silbury, with whom we came first last year. This certainly was a grand start to the year, thanks to Muriel Mckibbin's art of persuasion and the talent of many of our members including some of the new ones from the 4th year.

Unfortunately we did not gain any success in the Netball or Hockey this year, and the Tennis matches have still to be completed.

However the boys gained 2nd place in the Rugby and the Football thus overall winning the Winter Sports. This was well deserved, thanks to the hard efforts of Christopher Lewington. No success was gained in the athletics as we came 5th, although all those who competed worked well for the House.

As you know, Mr. Shores left last year, but his position of House Master was honourably filled by Mr. Hickman from Rockley, who I am sure must have missed him. However we are pleased to say that we have obtained a friendly and most helpful House Master.

R. H. Radway, *Girl House Captain.*

D. J. Ponting, *Boy House Captain.*

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### KENNET HOUSE REPORT

#### HOUSE OFFICIALS

Girls:  
*House Captain:* Pamela Haskins  
*Vice-Captain:* Jean Morgan  
*Secretary:* Sandra Rees  
*Vth Year Rep.:* Lynne Webber  
*IVth Year Rep.:* Susan Long

Boys:  
*House Captain:* P. Herbert  
*Vice-Captain:* B. Chaney  
*Secretary:* M. Murphy  
*Vth Year Rep.:* D. Jones  
*IVth Year Rep.:* M. Young

Kennet House has not spent much time in the forefront this year, but on the whole I think people have been more helpful in entering competitions. In this direction the boys have been more successful than the girls. They were first in the Rugby and the Cross-Country Running, and second in the Chess Competition. The House as a whole was second in the School Sports, a very good effort by all those who took part.

I would like to thank Mr. Whiteley and Miss Whereat for their help and encouragement during the year. Also thanks are due to all the House officials for their work.

Pamela Haskins 7A2, *House Captain.*

### ROCKLEY HOUSE REPORT 1969

#### HOUSE OFFICIALS

Boys:  
*House Captain:* A. Townsend  
*Vice-Captain:* P. Sumbler  
*Secretary:* C. Stone  
*5th Year Rep.:* C. Stevens, J. Balbot  
*4th Year Rep.:* R. Aitken, M. Oxley

Girls:  
*House Captain:* Annette Everington  
*Vice-Captain:* Susan Paginton  
*Secretary:* Jill Stanton  
*5th Year Rep.:* Linda Brewer  
*4th Year Rep.:* Marysia Rutka, Gillian Dunford

Congratulations to Rockley House for winning last year's House Championship Shield—an even greater achievement considering the fact that the House had such a deficiency in numbers compared with its rivals. This year has also brought a favourable position in the points so far, despite the traditional failing we have in Rugby. However, the girls' Hockey team compensated for this by winning the Hockey Trophy. Both our Basketball teams achieved the honour of first place and won their

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shields. Mention must be made of the support which the sports and other competitions have received, especially the Cross-Country, which, in particularly muddy conditions, was more fun than hardship.

We are of course sorry to lose Mr. Knott, who left for New Zealand at the end of the Christmas term, and hope he is doing well in his new job.

Alan Townsend 7A2 R5, *House Captain*.

#### SILBURY HOUSE

*Captain:* A. Grubb  
*Vice-Captain:* S. Butler  
*Secretary:* C. Fisher

This has been an exciting year for the House and on the whole a successful one. After it had been declared that we had retained the Music and Verse Speaking Cup, we eventually lost it after a recount, the last event, the combined choirs being the deciding one.

We failed to retain the Cross-Country championship, but had two runners in the National Championship, and Pauline Chunn, who won the Wiltshire Girls' Championship, we would willingly have included in the House Team. The Basketball team did well to earn second place, and in the Chess Competition our strong team retained the championship winning all their games. The girls showed good team work in gaining first place in the Netball and equal second in the Hockey contests, a great improvement on last year.

In Athletics we had a very successful year, winning the Sports by a margin of 29 points. Since this was largely achieved by the keenness of many younger members of the House this promises well for next year. We are also doing well in the competition for individual standards points in Athletics.

The Cricket team had two good wins to reach the final, which took place under rather adverse conditions, and, with a depleted team, we were soundly beaten. However we obtained second place and if we can maintain our second position in academic work we have high hopes of being very near the top in the overall House Championship.

## SPORT

### RUGBY FOOTBALL

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost
1st XV .....	11	2	0	9
2nd XV .....	7	3	0	4
Under 15 XV ...	11	7	0	4

The 1st XV had a poor season, winning only two matches, probably owing to lack of training and to injuries which meant frequent "borrowing" of players from the 2nd XV. Rugby colours were awarded to four players.

The 2nd XV started the season well, but the demands of the 1st XV and insufficient training lowered the standard.

The Under 15 XV enjoyed a successful season, when one considers that all the lost games occurred when the team were without five or more regular players, who were either playing for the County at Rugby or for the town at Association football. Ten members of the team represented Wiltshire in Inter-County matches and seven members took part in the Wiltshire Under 15 South Wales Tour. Two members were South-Western Counties trialists and one member gained final selection.

### ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

#### 1st XI

The season started badly for the 1st XI, losing both of their first two matches against Commonweal and Stoneham. This poor start however was mainly due to the fact that several players had to be introduced into the 1st team for the first time. After these games, the team gradually gained in confidence and played some skilful football to make up for their lack of physical strength. This resulted in them winning two of their last four games. The season on the whole was primarily one of team building and the 1st XI should be well represented next year.

#### 2nd XI

The 2nd XI had a successful season. The team seemed to maintain their high standard of football near the end of the season, despite losing several of their players to the 1st XI.

Association Football colours were awarded to: Herbert, Lewington and Davis.

P. Herbert, *1st XI Captain*.

### CRICKET REPORT FOR 1968

Due to an unusual excess of H<sub>2</sub>O last summer, and especially on Saturdays, the School Cricket programme was virtually washed out. The 1st XI and Under 15's opened the season against Park and met with mixed success, the Under 15's winning by nine wickets, due mainly to some fine bowling by Keith Anderson and good batting by Des Jones. The 1st XI lost by thirty runs. However the 1st XI struck better form when they played Saturday matches, when the overs were not limited. They defeated Commonweal and Marlborough, in two excellent games played in fine weather. The Under 15's did not play Commonweal, but again easily de-



feated Marlborough by five wickets with Des Jones again scoring freely.

These games were all that could be salvaged out of the wet weather. However, the traditional 1st XI versus the staff was held, and resulted in a narrow win for the staff. Due to the soft wicket it was a match of high scores, and the staff scored 152 runs off their twenty overs, due mainly to an opening partnership of 86 by Mr. Cook and Mr. Caws, Mr. Cook scored 52. The School batsmen also did well, and had scored 130 runs at the end of their twenty overs. Paul Bailey who scored 49 was the School's top scorer. Also the 1st XI played the Under 15's, who were an exceptionally good side, and the result was a draw, after what can only be described as the best match for many seasons, with the 1st XI needing only one more wicket to win.

G. J. Osman, *Secretary of Cricket.*

#### ATHLETICS 1968

Headlands School were well represented last year at both the Town and County Athletic Championships.

In all, sixteen Headlandians represented the School in the Wiltshire Sports which were held at Salisbury. Everyone was placed in the first five and five people gained first places.

Of these Headlandians the following were selected to represent Wiltshire in the South-Western Counties and National Schools Athletic Championships:

Jennifer Vaughan—Javelin;  
Christopher Lewington—Discus;  
Vincent Stroud—Javelin;  
D. B. Ponting—High Jump.

D. Ponting was selected to be County Athletics Captain.

All the above named persons were awarded their Athletic Colours.

D. J. Ponting, *Athletics Captain.*

#### CROSS-COUNTRY 1968/9

Great enthusiasm was shown for training during the past winter by the Cross-Country Club members in extremely bad and waterlogged conditions. However the teams were well rewarded in the Swindon Cross-Country Championship when both the senior and intermediate teams won their team races and the Intermediate Boys' Captain, K. Hughes, was presented with the Swindon Schools Cross-Country Shield.

Cross-Country is also coming into its own as a girls event, and Headlands were able to enter for the first time a girls team in both the Town and County Championships.

The following Headlandians were placed in the first ten places in the County Championships and were selected to represent Wiltshire in the South-Western Counties and National Schools Championships: Pauline Chunn; A. Grubb; C. Heames; R. Jarvis; D. Ponting.

Pauline Chunn, Heames and Ponting were awarded Cross-Country Colours.

D. J. Ponting, *Athletics Captain.*

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#### TRAMPOLINE CLUB 1968/9

Trampolining is reaching a high standard in the school with interest shown by all years, especially the girls.

It has been possible to learn more advanced movements with the new trampoline which was received late last year and it is hoped to improve even more on the complexity of these movements with the aid of an overhead supporting and twisting belt.

The Club entered a team for the Wiltshire Schools Trampoline Championship in which they did extremely well gaining the following results:

*Under 15 Girls:* Elizabeth Sore, 1st; Susan Wierzbicki, 2nd.

The girls' team: Elizabeth Sore, Susan Wierzbicki, Patricia Iles and Denise Burner also won the team championships.

*Over 15 Girls:* Elizabeth Sore, 1st; Susan Wierzbicki, 4th.

*Under 15 Boys:* G. Rees, 1st.

*Over 15 Boys:* G. Rees, 1st; D. J. Ponting, 2nd.

D. J. Ponting, *Trampoline Captain.*

#### SWINDON SWIMMING GALA RESULTS

##### Under 16 Events

###### Backstroke

*Boys:* B. McMinn, 1st; G. Rees, 2nd. *Girls:* J. Talbot, 4th.

###### Breast Stroke

*Boys:* M. Allenden, 2nd; N. Walters, 3rd. *Girls:* C. Embling, 3rd.

###### Free Style

*Boys:* B. McMinn, 1st; G. Rees, 3rd. *Girls:* J. Talbot, 3rd; R. Kustra, 5th.

###### Butterfly

*Boys:* G. Rees, 2nd.

###### Relay

*Boys:* 2nd place.

##### Over 16 Events

###### Back Stroke

*Boys:* R. Jarvis, 2nd; C. Heames, 4th; W. Rees, 5th. *Girls:* C. Merrick, 1st; G. Sandford, 2nd.

###### Breast Stroke

*Boys:* O. Green, 1st; G. Wells, 2nd. *Girls:* S. Mann, 1st; D. John, 2nd.

###### Free Style

*Boys:* R. Jarvis, 2nd; J. Sullivan, 3rd; M. Hewitt, 4th. *Girls:* S. Chalklin, 1st; B. Richardson, 2nd.

###### Butterfly

*Boys:* R. Jarvis, 1st. *Girls:* S. Chalklin, 1st.

###### Relay

*Boys:* 2nd place. *Girls:* 1st place.

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**TENNIS**

**Season 1968**

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost
1st VI .....	6	2	1	3
2nd VI .....	5	1	0	4

As can be seen the results of the 1968 tennis season were quite successful, but failed to reach the high standard set the year before. This was not due to any lack of enthusiasm, but rather that several of the former more experienced members of the teams left school last year. However we must congratulate Helen Loveday and Lynne Smith who represented the School in the Wiltshire Schools 1st couples tournament. They succeeded in reaching the final, but narrowly lost 7-5. Colours were awarded to H. Loveday and L. Smith.

**Season 1969**

This season, so far, has shown a marked improvement, with much experience having been gained all round, and the first VI so far unbeaten. Helen Loveday and Lynne Smith again represented the School in the Wiltshire tournament, again losing 7-5 in the final after a gallant fight.

This new-found success may, but we hope not, be lost next season as most of the two sixes will have left. We would like to take this opportunity in thanking Miss Jackson very much for her interest and training and wish next year's teams every success.

Josephine Chick, *Tennis Captain.*

**NETBALL 1968/9**

As with the other school games this has been a sparse season with many of our matches cancelled due to bad weather.

Conversely, however, more light has been available for practices and matches after school as a direct result of the continuation of summer time.

Those matches played were all against Hreod Burna in whom we found very good opponents. Those matches were most enjoyable and results are as follows:

*Senior Team:* Nov. 6th, 1968, lost 15-8; Nov. 20th, 1968, lost 15-10; Jan. 28th, 1969, drew 19-19.

*Under 15 Team:* Nov. 6th, 1968, lost 9-6; Nov. 20th, 1968, won 7-6; Jan. 28th, 1969, lost 15-7.

The Senior Team, captained by Jean Mildenhall, is composed of girls who represented the School last year and who have continued their support this year.

The selection of the Junior team, captained by Carol West, was quite a difficult task as there was a great deal of pleasing enthusiasm in this matter from the new Fourth Year girls. However it is unfortunate that so many girls take up Saturday employment because this means an increasing curtailment of school matches.

**THE SWINDONIAN**



**SALVBRTAS ET INDVSTRIA**

Twitcher & Co., Swindon.



### ANYONE FOR THE POTATO RACE?

While sheltering five very damp Fourth-Year girls, who were waiting for the relay race that never was in Sports Day, I fell to wondering what Sports Day used to be like in the past. I decided that if I ever managed to escape from under my umbrella—at least half of 5X had made up their mind that I wanted nothing more in the world than to share it with them and I was consequently rapidly becoming no more than an extension of its handle—I should have a look in the old magazines in the Library and see what sort of athletic skills they went in for then.

When at last I managed to extricate the back numbers of *The Swindonian*, the magazine of the old Swindon Secondary School, from the deeper recesses of the Library cupboard, I discovered that they went back to 1909. The cover design (shown above) intrigued me as it appears to have on it a sort of Biblical scene with an Adam, looking like Sir Stanley Matthews in his heyday, and an Eve, who looks like one of Angela Brazil's better behaved heroines. (Well, I can't see *her* getting involved in merry pranks at St. Cynthia's, can you?) Both of them are standing under what I suppose must be the Tree of Knowledge, but, please note, studiously ignoring each other. At first I thought they were also sheltering from the rain on Sports Day, but I now realise that they are only standing there symbolically.

From the Autumn edition of the 1909 magazine, I learned that the very first recorded Sports Day was rained off. It took place eventually on July 1st and the "Bicycle Obstacle Race" had to be changed to an "Ordinary Obstacle Race". However, this star attraction proved to be "a source of much merriment to spectators and competitors alike". They were luckier in those days, as the winners of a race received actual prizes which had been given by parents, governors and others. It seems to have been a tradition for the Headmaster—he was called the Principal then—to provide tea for the entire school.

N. Rees reporting the Sports in 1909 records that "a very enjoyable day ended with hearty cheers for the Principal" and he also thanked the Staff for "their example and devotion". I liked that last bit. Still, I mustn't grumble, I did get thanked for my umbrella.

They appear to have gone in for some very peculiar races in those days. I was pleased to see that N. Rees came first in the "Egg and Spoon Race"—perhaps that's why he was so liberal with his thanks—but I'm still wondering how our present House officials would feel about trying to rustle up some competitors for a "Potato Race". (What is a Potato Race?) They had a "Sack Race", a "Tug of War" and a "Diving Competition"—although that last one must have been a bit tricky on Okus Road Sports Field! Incidentally, one thing I did like about the way they reported sports in those days, was the way they singled out some hapless individual for pointed criticism. For instance, under the heading of "Hockey" there are the following transparent remarks. "N. Chowles—Slow but sure" and "E. Perry—Played well at the beginning of the season" (i.e. but not in the middle or at the end of it?) "N. Hillier—Must not use her skirt to stop the ball" (we don't have that sort of trouble today!)

I was secretly delighted to see that Sports Day in 1910 was also interrupted by heavy rain. Half the events had to be postponed to the following Wednesday. Sounds sickeningly familiar doesn't it. Still, at least ours wasn't originally planned for a Saturday! In the magazine for 1910 they list the actual prizes awarded, such worthless trinkets as "Salt-cellars", "Gold Brooch", "Gold Tie-pin" and "Pipe-lighter" (?) A boy called Merricks won a walking stick for throwing the cricket ball and another called Walling won a telescope for coming first in the High Jump. I'm still mystified about D. Habgood's prize for the Egg and Spoon Race though. It was a "Chatelaine Bag" (sic) which had been presented by Alderman T. Butler. Is this something they used for carrying their egg and spoon when they weren't actually racing with them?

In 1911 Sports Day was recorded as being very ordinary as "there were no results of outstanding merit", but it is remarkable to me for the inclusion of a "Late for School Race". Someone called V. Daniels actually won a prize for it! I wonder who holds the School record?

In 1912 they introduced a daring new race, the "Quarter Mile Walking Race for Girls". M. Toller came second in this event and won herself a pair of vases, but what about the poor lad called Rayer who won the High Jump and only received a handbag (presented by Mr. S. B. Cole) for his pains? In the Potato Race D. Hole won himself a "Bonbonnière"—lucky chap—and Bray and Millard won themselves a set of "Terry's Expanders", whatever they are, for coming first in the Three-Legged Race.

Nothing much happened in 1913, except that D. Hole again excelled himself in the Potato Race, I wonder how he trained for it? I don't suppose he indulged himself in Circuit Training, although I should imagine weightlifting must have played some part. Perhaps the secret of his success lay in the fact that he used special lightweight potatoes. Anyhow, what do you *do* with your potato in a Potato Race, roll it along the ground, throw it from one end to the other, then run and catch it, or run with it balanced on your nose? (*Editor—You run with it and then throw it into a bucket.*) (Self—Oh, I see. Thanks very much, Sir.)

In 1914 things changed, as far as I can see, for the worse. For a start, there is no record of tea being provided by the Principal. Worst of all, though, the person reporting Sports Day records that "it was decided to forego all prizes this year". He—or she—quickly goes on to say that "a finer display of enthusiasm has never been witnessed on our Sports Day", but I'm not fooled. What, all that training with a potato or a bicycle (for the Slow Bicycle Race) and no bonbonnière or chatelaine bag at the end of it all! How disappointed they must have all been. No more pipe-lighters, handbags, gold brooches or walking sticks. I should have refused to compete. As it is, I don't find the reports of Sports Day half as interesting after they stopped awarding prizes. Somehow the glamour has gone; Sports Day becomes a purely athletic function. From 1914 onwards there could be no "Model Ostriches" for coming second in the Diving Competition (T. Smith in 1911) and no "Microscope" for coming first in the Hurdle Race (Bray in 1911). How lustreless it must have all seemed to the competitors.



About the only interesting innovations after the blow fell are the "Manx Race" in 1918 (Go on then Editor, what's that?) and the "Football Dribbling Race" in 1920. There isn't even a report of Sports Day in 1922, so I thought you might like instead to read about the Senior Soirée on December 16th of that year. It's got nothing to do with Sports Day or even the Potato Race, but it does prove that some things *have* changed. Even if we do still get wet on Sports Day, just like they did, at least the Christmas Parties have changed . . . I think.

"Although the rain drove and stung our faces, little did we trouble as we plodded along the deserted streets towards the beacon lights shining from the school windows. As we entered the porch a spirit of excitement met us, and sounds of merriment echoed from the various cloak-rooms.

How different the hall appeared when we entered it! Pink shades hung over the electric lights which shed a rosy glow over the pupils gathered there. Round the walls were hung wreaths of holly and other evergreens, and from the centre of the roof hung a large bunch of mistletoe. Thanks to Mr. Hill and the older boys, the decorations were most effective, and contributed largely to the air of festivity.

A country dance (in which all joined in) was the first item on the programme, and the merriment caused at the boys' mistakes quickly removed all feelings of constraint. Their attempts this year, however, showed a gallant desire to "do or die". After that, various games were indulged in, and one or two modern dances enjoyed. The Tango seemed one of the most popular dances, although this was perhaps due to the inviting way in which Gwen White played the opening bars. The mention of Gwen's name, recalls at once the lovely pianoforte solos which she gave in excellent style.

We were pleased to see the members of the Education Committee, amongst them our old friend Mr. George.

Supper was the occasion of a great "sorting out" for the large parties broke up into sets of four or five. There were tables tastefully set out for the little parties, and these were soon occupied, and the good things provided thoroughly appreciated. Our thanks are due to those who arranged the supper so successfully, also to the "waiters".

After supper, games and dancing were continued till a late hour when Sir Roger de Coverley was danced with much enjoyment. Joining hands, all sang "Auld Lang Syne" with vigour, and considerable anxiety was seen on the faces of those subjected to an extra cordial grip. Three cheers were called for by Mr. Dicks for Miss Barron and other members of the staff, and our appreciation of their kindness was shown by the heartiness of the response. Weary but happy, we then wended our way homewards."

See what I mean?

G.F.

## POETRY AND PROSE

### AFTER THE GAME

The slim factory chimneys stood black against the reddened sky. The rows of red-bricked houses with curtains drawn were silent and the cobbled streets were empty. A plane with flashing warning lights droned overhead.

Across the roof-tops four sets of floodlights, beams directed downwards, shone. A chant of a thousand voices filled the air, singing, "Unite-ted, Unite-ted, Unite-ted". An ear-splitting cheer ascended to the heavens.

Rain had begun to drizzle down languidly, three small boys came running down the street waving red-and-white scarves in the air. They were hurrying to get home in time to hear how "City" had done in their match.

More people came around the corner. Happy people, smiling and pleased about the result. Some turned up their coat collars for protection against the drizzle. The street was now a mass of briskly-walking people, spilling onto the road. Cars with irate drivers crawled along in an endless caterpillar. Buses stopped and absorbed the crowd, and then departed. The floodlights in the sky were switched off one by one. The drizzle stopped and the street was once more empty, except for the fluttering of newspapers in the wind.

Robert Allen, 4Z.

### THE SLUM CAT

*This cat is big, feeble but daring.*

*He is a slut.*

*His fur is matted from lack of care.*

*He should be white and long haired,*

*But his colour has undergone*

*A change from white to red-dy grey.*

*And his long hair, what's left of it,*

*Clings to him with age.*

*The dust from the derelicts—*

*Has changed him from—*

*A cat to a dust creature.*

*Falling rubble sticks to his fur.*

*Bread n' Marg' is plastered all over him,*

*And mixed with jam from the dustbins*

*He searches through*

*His flea-ridden coat moults*

*Very quickly and soon*

*He will be hairless.*

*His smell prevents contact with people.*

*He carries disease and fleas.*

*On moonlit nights,*

*Boots fly from windows*

*As he duels with the moon.*

*But he is old and soon*

*His life will end and so . . .*

*Will his misery and want.*



## FEAR

My heart was beating furiously, pounding out a message telling me to run, "Run, take the coward's way out. It's the best way really".

I knew it was wrong but what else could I do. If the police found out about it they would not listen to me. I was really panicking now. I was afraid, never before had I felt this feeling all over my body.

I was afraid of spiders, and the sight of one made me scream, but I did not want to scream now.

I had once been charged by a bull and for a few seconds I was unable to move. I wanted to run but my muscles were paralysed, and then suddenly I was able to run and dodge the bull. But I was perfectly capable of running from the house now.

Another time fear had overtaken me was when I had been falling from a bannister where I had been sitting and had clung on desperately. I opened my mouth and shouted for help but nobody heard me because I made no sound.

But at the moment I could pick up the phone and explain everything to anybody, but I did not want to, I felt that that would make me guilty being the last person on the scene. How would they take my pleas of it being an accident.

I had not experienced this feeling of fear before. In a way it was a feeling of solitude because only one person could help me to decide what to do, and that person was me! I had to decide my own future! Should I run. Should I own up or should I lie?

All the time I was thinking somebody, somewhere, was getting nearer and nearer to discovering it in my company. I had to think fast. My heart was still telling me to run. I had never known it beat so fast or so loud. Then I heard a sound, very faint, but nevertheless it was a sound! My heart beat louder, stronger and faster and I told myself "Somebody is coming!"

Quickly I decided what to do. I turned around and took one last look at my dead wife, then I climbed out of the window and ran.

J.C., 4Z.

## A SLUM DWELLER

He kicked up the filthy dust off the grimy, cold tiles and coughed loudly. He looked down at his shabby clothes. "Patches", he thought as he eased his lumbering weight out of the old delapidated rocking chair and looked at himself in the mirror. His greasy hair hung down over his unshaven face. He hobbled around the tiny room, it was filthy with books and magazines strewn all over the floor. "What a hole," he thought as he made his way over to the door. He kicked it open to see weeks of grimy cutlery building up. Filthy pots and pans strewn about and grime on the kitchen lino. He glanced up at the sombre curtains, they were threadbare and black with dirt. He wiped the muck off the windows with his hand and gazed at the outside world. Black filthy houses and chimneys bellowing out dense, dirty smoke. He hastily pulled the curtains, closing himself off from the insecure outside world.

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## SPRING—1969 STYLE

*The golden-orange croci which herald the arrival of Spring  
Push their way through mounds of last Autumn's still-rotting leaves.  
The snow-drops do not rival "X"'s dazzling-white washing powder  
For they are covered with industrial grime.*

*The roadside trees, which add a touch of shining green splendour to the  
mundane scene*

*Have their new branches lopped—since they are "a menace to the traffic".  
The beautiful, snow-white swans which used to glide the lake so freely  
have been shot dead—*

*For daring to peck the poor, innocent little children who had only shot  
pebbles from make-shift catapults.*

*The courting couples wrangle and clash in public,  
Gazing with deep hatred into one another's eyes.*

*The little children ignore the trees*

*And clamber about moodily in their imitation, plastic spaceships.*

*Everyone shuns the long, slow, hot, blazing sun,*

*And smears on dainty little pots of artificial sun-tan oil.*

*Natural flowers are sprayed with deadly insecticide.*

*While the Supermarkets bloom gaily with their washable plastic daffodils.*

*Yet people still dare to smile as they say:—"It's Spring!"*

J.S.S., 6A.

## STORM AT SEA

Clatter, crash, clonk, the dustbin lid left its support and went clanging down the alley-way beneath my bedroom window. Outside the wind howled round the corner of the house and whined as it went on its way to cause more havoc in the neighbourhood. The storm we had been expecting had broken.

I was bored, tired of my cosy little bedroom with the flowery wallpaper and tired of my homework. To remedy this I decided to go for a walk and have the cobwebs blown off. Fortunately I lived just two minutes away from the sea and I could vaguely hear it in the seething rage that it had been building up to for so long.

I wrapped myself up warmly and opened the door; a blast of cold air came whistling into the hall as if eager to be in the warm. I shuddered and stepped outside. The noise was deafening, it ranged from the wind howling and the leaves clattering together, to the sound of the occasional car's engine. It was as if the battered trees were bending to the wind and asking for mercy for their already strained branches.

I walked down the street towards the sea. It now began to lash with rain, every drop stinging the unprotected skin on my face.

I wondered if I ought to turn back, but my feet did not obey my mind. I had to see the sea. At last I came to my goal! There before me swirled and bubbled the sea in a terrible fury. It was as if there were a huge wooden spoon stirring the black frothing water into an uncontrollable frenzy. The huge white-tipped waves lashed against the cliffs and spray flew everywhere. I could taste the salt on my lips and I finally became frightened of that raging scene of anger and turned round and went home to bed and comfort.

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The next morning everything was quiet and peaceful, the storm had passed.

Linda Chick, 4Z.

### THE MYSTERY OF LIFE

*As the same old days pass by,  
And the tiresome years grow old,  
We live to thrive, and thrive to live,  
But none of us think, "Why?"  
Life is a mystery that will remain for ever,  
But why do we live, just to die at the end of it?  
There is no specific reason, just that God created man, as if by mistake or  
an experiment.*

*Today we are educated, as if against our will,  
"Mum must I go to school today, let me stay in bed, can't I stay at home?"  
We resist, but what's the use? We catch the same old bus, go to the same  
old school, day in and day out.  
Just think of that day when you leave University,  
All that freedom and your own career,  
But, alas.*

*Longer hours, work on Saturday and the eight weeks holiday reduced to  
two.*

*Why do we work, just to become nearly dead with fatigue?  
And then there is war among nations,  
Even inside nations there is discord and strife,  
Men kill one another,  
Even relatives kill,  
And finally we kill ourselves.  
Why be born to commit suicide, when the world becomes too much to  
face?*

*Then, young adolescents take drugs to become emotionally involved in  
an entirely different world.  
They end up by taking an overdose and they transfer from this world into  
the next.*

*We all feel at times that life is too much for us.  
But what is the reason?  
For all dread illness and most of all, death,  
Nobody knows the answer to life, except God, and God alone,  
And it will remain a mystery as long as life exists.*

Alison Shepherd, 4X.

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### I AM BLIND

I cannot see that table, yet I know it's there, something deep inside me is telling me to turn. Kick it! I tell myself, kick it! Did I ask to be blind? Did I ask to be alone in a world without beauty and colour? Yes, although this room is crowded I am distant and alone, these other fortunate people are obsolete, they are not part of my lonely world. That table is brown with four legs. I know it; yet I have not seen it. I can feel its shape but I must be told its colour.

How I hate you world. You know nothing of me. I am just one of the unfortunates who must be pitied. "We must help her," you say, "We must show her kindness!" Yet you never do. I hear contempt in your voice, I feel embarrassment in your actions. What makes me so different? I have the same colour skin as you have, Mrs. Jones, but you treat me as an idiot who knows nothing of life. Oh, I know far more than you can ever imagine; I have thought about life. My brain can focus on perpetual darkness where no stars or light can please the senses, no recognised face can stir a memory, but I still see farther than you do.

Will no-one treat me as a normal human being? I am as intelligent as the majority of other people, I am not a child, I do not need your worthless pity, I need and want your love. This darkness hangs over me like a despairing cloud, an imprisoning dungeon with no key.

"Isn't that the blind girl from our street?" I hear someone whisper.

"Yes," says another. "But I shouldn't speak to her if I were you. Those sort of people prefer to be left alone."

They forget I am not deaf. If only they knew how I want them to talk to me, to help me by accepting me for what I am.

I suppose I had better not kick the table or else they will say:

"She's mad, such a pity, and blind too, poor child." But they will not stop, they will hurry past me thinking,

"I must hurry home, someone else will help, I haven't the time."

No-one has the time.

What have I done, God, to be afflicted in this way? I have suffered too long with blindness, I have had too many ridiculing fingers pointed in my direction. I suppose I had better walk around that table, just as all the other tables. How I wish I could see.

Angela Relf.

### MOUNTAINS

*Silent and peaceful, still and serene,  
High mountains,  
They reach to the heavens,  
Their peaks touch the clouds  
Like a still and silent dream.*

*Snow-capped mountains,  
Bitter cold and dead with lack of movement,  
Is this where the wind hides out,  
Or the hiding place for the rain?  
Still and silent mountains.*

Lesley Dedman, 4M3.

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## OUT AND ABOUT

### BRITISH RAIL CAREERS COURSE, CARDIFF

April 14th—18th, 1969

On the morning of April 14th, eight students from schools all over the south of England assembled in the Cardiff Divisional Offices of the Western Region not knowing quite what to expect, or what was expected of them in the weeks ahead. However, any doubts as to the treatment we would receive were dispelled by the excellent meal we were given before the official welcome to the course. It was a gratifying feature of an enjoyable week that wherever we went we were made to feel as welcome as possible.

After the welcome to the course, the first visit of the group was to the Booking Office at Cardiff (General) Station, where we were shown no less than four types of machine for coping with virtually every conceivable emergency, after having our identity checked and a security door unlocked to admit us. The remainder of the afternoon was spent at the Freightliner Terminal at Pengan, where we were fortunate to see a train being loaded in a remarkably quick operation, after which we returned to our small, but nevertheless comfortable hotel.

The second morning was particularly interesting, being spent at the Canton Diesel Depot in Cardiff. We were given an extremely interesting talk on the operation of the depot, followed by an equally interesting tour of the installations. After lunch, the party travelled to the recently-extended Newport M.A.S. Panel Signal Box, where a fascinating afternoon was spent studying the improvements made in signalling over the last few years. Each signalman controls a section of the Panel, and can see just how the situation stands at a given moment simply by looking at the track diagram on the Panel. By pressing a button and turning a switch a line is signalled clear for the next train.

The following morning involved a visit to the Hump Marshalling Yard at Margam, where two trains were held in the reception sidings so that we could reach the Yard to see them sorted, which the operators made appear a very simple procedure indeed. After an unofficial lift to Port Talbot Station in a guard's van, we made our way to Radyr, on the northern outskirts of Cardiff to spend two hours in a 107-lever manual signal box, controlled by one man. We were faced by a bewildering array of telegraph instruments with accompanying bells and gongs each with a slightly different note, besides which there was an intercom link to the Radyr Yard, and two telephones. What a contrast to the simplicity of the signalman's task at Newport!

Thursday was the climax of the trip—a footplate ride to London and back. This was a never-to-be-forgotten experience, which gave us an insight into the ultimate task facing British Rail—to keep the trains running to schedule. I, for one, will never criticise late running again, it was amazing how many unforeseeable problems occur to hinder the scheduled running of a train.

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The final day of the course was spent in hearing very interesting talks which outlined how B.R. is trying to make itself more efficient and competitive. These were followed by a discussion period in the afternoon, before the party split up to go their separate ways.

In conclusion, I must say that this was a very enjoyable, interesting and educational week. The food was excellent, nothing was too much trouble and all our questions were answered without resentment, which in many cases, might have been expected! No railway enthusiast who has an opportunity to attend one of these courses should miss it.

Gerald Ruck.

### LACKHAM COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE, LACOCK

10th February, 1969.

Having been at Lackham since last September, I thought that perhaps you would be interested to hear about Lackham.

There are five courses (three of which are for boys) the General Agriculture course deals with all aspects of agriculture while the other three are mechanical courses.

Our course is very varied. We cook our own dinners twice a week and eat at the main College the rest of the week. Unfortunately our practical farm work has been stopped until the lambing season. I have been milking for one week which meant being down the farm by 5.30 a.m. every morning. At week-ends we milked in the afternoon as well. I thoroughly enjoyed feeding the calves, one of them had to be bucket fed for the first time.

We are expected to do anything the boys do, like lifting bales of straw and hay, but I prefer to be treated equal at times.

Last term we arranged a trip to Bristol to go ice skating or bowling, it was great fun.

Several debates have been arranged on various subjects. Every Thursday we have a lecture from visiting speakers.

The girls' hostel itself is lovely, we have a room each and a common room with a T.V. We have this to ourselves except Thursday to Sunday when the boys are allowed in.

At the end of term we have formal dances (my dancing lessons at school came in very useful). We also have exams which are not very pleasant.

If any girls have any interest in outdoor life and are doubtful about their career, I would not hesitate advising Agriculture, I've never regretted my choice.

Lynda Green.

### FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF SAILING

When we were first handed our sixth form games choice list at the end of the fifth year, the variety seemed fantastic. After years of hockey and netball we were at last to be allowed to participate in far more useful and interesting sports such as badminton, horse-riding, canoeing and even sailing!

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Sailing . . . it captured my imagination. Visions of gliding over the water in blazing sunshine trailing my hand gently behind me, led me to put my name down for it.

One cold, wet, dismal, dark Monday morning we were told that we would be going sailing that afternoon. As the day wore on the clouds grew darker and more threatening, while the wind assumed gale force.

With all our satchels and clothing we piled into various cars and set off for Coate Water. The rain battered down onto the car roof and the wind whistled round shrilly. When we arrived at the entrance we had to go down the path at the side of the lake trying not to step in the huge puddles which had formed on the path, until we finally arrived wet and out of breath at the boathouse. There we all changed into trousers and donned enormous P.V.C. coats (supplied by the Council) which were, without exception, about a foot too big everywhere and full of spiders. All this was rather difficult in a changing room only about three feet square! When we had all changed we had to assemble in the boat yard where the boats had to be checked and cleaned completely after their winter rest. Everyone else, except two of us who were complete novices, began stripping off the covers and getting buckets of water to clean the boats. We were directed which boat to clean and we began to strip off the cover. Then the old boatman came along and said: "Your halliards are crooked!" "Oh yes!" we both agreed knowledgeably trying to see what he was looking at. Mr. Freeman came along and helped us to untwist the halliards which turned out to be a set of wires on the mast.

All the while the rain came down as a fine mist which soaked through our feet and clothes immediately. The wind blew in icy gusts which seemed to penetrate even the P.V.C. macs and our hands were blue with cold.

We carried buckets of freezing water backwards and forwards until our feet were soaked through. At about 5 o'clock Mr. Freeman suggested a welcome break, and the two of us left then, too cold and wet to be interested in taking the boats out that day.

Next morning arrived warm and dry with a light breeze—perfect sailing weather. We did not have to spend more than ten minutes cleaning and checking the boats this time, and soon we were out on the water.

True, I was a little daunted to see two experienced sailors capsize their boat and then have tremendous difficulty in righting it, but I sat optimistically in the front of the boat doing exactly what I was told (when I could understand such things as "Lee ho!" and "go about!") and luckily we stayed more or less upright.

There's nothing quite as refreshing gliding along with the wind filling your sails. The boat obeys your touch as though trained and she cuts through the water sending the spray splashing at either side.

Sailing is far more difficult than I had imagined, but it is a great challenge, and above all tremendous fun.

J.S.S.

## NATIONAL SCHOOLS SAILING ASSOCIATION ANNUAL REGATTA

Sailing was still quite a new sport to Headlands, the club had only been running for 1½ years, when Mr. Freeman gave us the details of the N.S.S.A. 1968 Regatta which was to be held at Whitstable, Kent. Three of us decided to "have a go". So on Sunday, 20th July, Robert White, Steve Menham and I set off in Mr. Freeman's car. We didn't feel very optimistic as we had never raced before and this was to be our first real taste of sea-sailing. We took with us Mr. Freeman's boat, an "Otter", which being a small boat was placed in the Junior Handicap Class. On arrival we detached the boat and left it on the beach and set off in search of our "home" for the week. This turned out to be Sir William Nottidge School, where the classrooms had been converted to dormitories for the week.

Monday began with a practice race to give us an idea of the course and serious racing began in the afternoon. It was a marvellous sight, over 200 sailing boats of many classes, from the beautiful and speedy "Fireball" to the tiny "Cadets", all sailing around the same course at the same time. As there were three of us we took it in turns sailing. Robert and Steve formed the "heavy weather" crew while myself and one of the boys the "light weather" crew.

In our first race we were placed 13th out of 120 in our class which gave our morale a big boost. Tuesday the weather turned, with force 5 winds blowing, all racing had to be cancelled as so many of the larger boats capsized in the morning. By Thursday the weather was the opposite, a calm, bright day. The 3-lap course had to be shortened to one lap as it took so long to drift round.

As we were novices we made several mistakes like sailing a long way off course in search of a buoy, so we were very pleased with our final position of 23rd out of 120. Friday we repacked the boat and very exhausted returned to Swindon.

Marilyn Rhodes (ex 7S).

## THE M.4 PROJECT

The Geography Department has been co-operating with other Wiltshire schools to produce data on the impact of the building of the London—South Wales (M.4) Motorway. We chose to study the effects in Liddington parish, and the research done was recounted by Angela Norman to an International Congress in London in August as part of a Symposium of Sixth Form activities. Her speech is reproduced below.

D.N.J.

The aim of our survey of the Parish of Liddington was to obtain a comprehensive account of the area. We studied many aspects, including its present land use, residential properties, occupants and occupations of the latter, the results of which we intend to be compared with a similar study to be conducted in 1973 following the completion of the M.4 Motorway.



The land-use survey was carried out in accordance with the methods of the second-hand Utilisation Survey, although our methods were at times unconventional. Marshland was revealed by sinking knee-deep in ground saturated by recent rainfalls, and rough pasture produced its ample share of thistles and nettles which were discovered from bitter experience. However, six-inch maps have been completed according to the second-hand Utilisation Survey and we have completed graphs and diagrams to illustrate all our findings. The shading of the maps follows as closely as possible the colour convention of that survey. From our findings we were able to conclude that the majority of the land in that parish is under grassland and rough pasture, and cereals form the major crop in the cultivated areas.

The village survey took the form of a house-to-house questionnaire—an interesting experience for all who took part. We aimed to interview the occupants of the entire village and received valuable co-operation from the majority. After establishing that we were bona fide Headlandians, that is, pupils from Headlands School, and not salesmen or members of religious sects, etc., suppositions that temporarily disrupted our mode of questioning, we were able to learn a great deal about the people and their way of life.

We determined the nature of the dwellings in Liddington, e.g. those which were rented, either privately or from the council, and the relative ages of the properties. Some of the houses are comparatively new and in the high rateable value bracket. Two property owners, whose houses were in this category, revealed that they had purchased within the last year because the future proximity of the Motorway would enhance the value of their properties and facilitate business dealings.

We found that there were many long-term residents of the village, a high proportion being retired couples or people living alone. There were few large families. An interesting factor we observed was the relatively large influx of population in recent years, many from London and the south-east in particular, and it is a popular residential area for many old people originally from Swindon.

Among the working inhabitants of Liddington there was a fairly equal distribution of each of the occupations which we classified into the broad categories of professional, intermediate, skilled, semi-skilled and unskilled. One half of the working population is employed in Swindon and a quarter is employed in the parish itself.

At the present time the village general store and Post Office serves the majority of the occupants in supplies of small items and groceries, and Swindon is in the fore for the provision of larger items such as furniture and clothes, with Cheltenham, Bristol, Oxford and London following in importance. This latter aspect of village life seems likely to be changed by the proximity of the M.4. London will probably increase its importance in this field, especially if the proportion of cars per person remain as it is now, a large proportion of the population being car owners and 75% of them using their cars to travel to work.

In addition to the land-use survey and the village questionnaire, we conducted a traffic census, for it is in this respect that the most dramatic changes will come. Traffic counts were conducted along the major routes

situated in Liddington Parish and the vehicles were classified into such categories as private, haulage, agricultural, military, public services and cycles. It was revealed that the bulk of traffic, both private and haulage, travelled on the Marlborough Road. In addition a survey was held at four major junctions in the parish and the traffic flow was charted accordingly.

The work we have done so far is but a beginning to observations which will be taking place over the next five years, and indeed long after the Motorway is in operation, for it is not until then that any real conclusions can be drawn. However, we hope that we have laid a firm foundation for future surveys by establishing details of all the aspects which we feel will be most affected by the proximity of this important highway. We are confident that, within a short time, no-one will ask, as did one old inhabitant whom I asked in the house-to-house questionnaire: "What road? Come near here will it?"

Angela Norman.

#### GEOGRAPHICAL FIELD TRIPS TO SWANAGE 1968

The annual 6th Form field trip to Swanage this year was split into two one-day trips instead of the customary week-end stay in Swanage because of accommodation difficulties. The first excursion took place on Sunday, October 13th.

We were all slightly apprehensive as to what was expected of us as the majority of the party had not been on a trip of this nature before—except the surviving veterans of last Easter's Whitby course.

On arrival at our destination we were split into three groups and assigned to different teachers, then let loose on the Isle of Purbeck for the day. First we scaled the slopes of Corfe Castle, then we retreated to the coach and "sped" off to the coast. The highlight of the day was the paddle in St. Oswald's Bay—we were all highly amused to see certain members of the staff wet their trousers (in the sea). From there we went on to see Durdle Door, Lulworth Cove and Stair Hole. We then boarded one of the Rimes' Fleet for our return to Swindon.

The second stage which took place on Sunday, 3rd November, entailed much more walking but less written work which pleased us. On this occasion several members of Mr. Woosnam's group were seen wandering in a dazed fashion on the cliff edge by the Old Harry Stack, breaking off chunks of Dorset coast-line, which they were throwing at seagulls on the steep cliff face, and conducting their own survey as a result of mysteriously losing their intrepid leader.

The afternoon finished with a social and geographical survey of the actual town of Swanage and an hilarious and noisy return trip to bowls of hot mustard water in which we could soak our blistered feet.

D. White, 6A; S. Blakelock, 6A; P. Mainwaring, 6S.

#### WALK TO WELLS CATHEDRAL

April 27th, 1969

This annual pilgrimage in aid of charity by the pupils and staff took approximately 320 unsuspecting individuals with heavy hearts, and even heavier feet, to Wells Cathedral.



What a way to spend a Sunday! To many the hardest experience of the day was arriving at school at the unearthly hour of 6.30 a.m. for the 20 miles, and 9.30 a.m. for the 10 miles. But, having finally recovered from that shattering blow—there came the walk itself!

On the whole, the majority of walkers were apprehensive, to say the least, and their apprehensiveness became more profound as the strain of the journey increased. Nevertheless, the walk took a very light-hearted, "never-say-die" outlook and the fitter members of the party were able to thoroughly enjoy themselves.

The best policy when attempting an incredibly arduous task such as this, is to develop a very positive attitude to the whole thing. Some regarded it as a heaven-sent opportunity to amble lazily along country lanes, stopping every ten minutes or so to view the countryside and soak up the sun; others seemed to have the impression that it was more of an army physical training scheme to be completed with the maximum effort in the minimum time (some hardy individuals even managed to run part of the way!); others still, regarded the walk as a test of their personal skill in navigation, with, in some cases, near fatal results!

The weather was a real blessing and provided us with excellent conditions for marathon walking. However it would probably have been highly amusing to observe several hundred weary figures trudging through knee-deep fields of fertilised farm soil. As it was, we were only ankle-deep in mud, and there were no more than four barbed-wire fences to climb over!

Beforehand, we had been advised to stick rigidly to the mapped route, which, we were repeatedly assured would be easily achieved by following the small yellow signs. This proved to be more difficult than we had been led to believe, since some of the signs were slightly, but effectively moved, sending many walkers off course. It is not very heartening to be told by a kindly official that you have been walking for miles along the wrong route.

Enlightened conversations during the walk took the form of passionate discussions to the effect that they could not continue in such physical and mental conditions without either food or drink to give them renewed energy. Other groups resorted to community singing, which might have pleased them but made other walkers increase their walking pace in order to continue their journey without the accompaniment of such unmelodic refrains.

Finally, the City of Wells and Wells Cathedral itself came into view and, with disbelief, the weary Headlandians trudged on. The last mile or two were, needless to say, decidedly tiresome. The Cathedral appeared to be no more than five or ten minutes away, but the farther you walked the greater the distance there seemed to be between yourself and the ultimate resting-place.

Inevitably, we reached Wells, to find it virtually taken over by surly, unkempt youths who had also completed the sponsored walk for the Save the Children Fund. Feeling very proud of our efforts we received our

certificates and moved on to the west front of the Cathedral to rejoin the bulk of the Headlands group. Only to be sharply jolted out of our complacency by several 70-mile walkers who could walk remarkably better than ourselves!

Throughout the afternoon and evening, pupils ran, walked, limped, hobbled and virtually crawled to the end of the route until every walker had arrived. Approximately one third, however, failed to reach the Cathedral in time for the service, which took an informal, folk-type form.

The aftermath of the Walk was, naturally enough, noticeable on Monday morning when the victims of the previous day limped painfully into assembly. The success of the Walk to Wells can be measured not only by the amount of money raised for the Save the Children Fund, but also in the enjoyment which we had, despite the blisters and aching limbs!

Sally Latham, 6A.

## BAHRAIN

Bahrain is an island approximately forty miles long and fifteen miles wide, situated fifteen miles from the west coast of Saudi Arabia in the Persian Gulf.

Passengers alighting from the night aircraft from Britain at Muharraq Island find the air almost stifling, but this is cold in comparison with the mid-day sun. Between eleven in the morning and one in the afternoon the temperatures can reach as much as 140°F. which, I was informed by an Arab telephone engineer, is too hot even for the Bahrainis.

Bahrain has two towns, Manama, the capital is where the Sheik, Isa bin Sulman al-Khalifa, conducts all his business. Manama is at the northern end of the island and is the most fertile section, with experimental farms and one or two "zoological gardens".

The only other town of any size in Bahrain is Isa Town, named after the ruler, which is said to be the most modern town in the Arab world. It has two Mosques, two schools and a football stadium, where the English amateur football team thrashed the combined might of Bahrain and Muharraq islands. This town is for "second generation" Bahrainis only, that is—no immigrants.

This attitude is indicative of the way the Bahrainis think. The Indians, Pakistanis and Negros who go to Bahrain have to live in shanty towns known as Barusti villages. If they can scratch a living, all is well and good, but if not they are left to wallow in their squalor.

The British inhabitants of Bahrain, who aid the country's economy considerably, seem to derive their only pleasures from throwing parties and visiting the different messes. To celebrate special occasions they acquire two or three Land Rovers to aid the private cars which get stuck in the sand, and drive off across the desert for a day. I presume it is the heat that makes them go like that. Anyway, not only do they make up a party of people of like disposition, but they insist on dragging along the poor unfortunates who are in Bahrain for a holiday, saying: "Coming to the south of the island on Christmas Day/ New Year's Day/ Easter Sunday? It's great fun, especially when one of the cars gets stuck in the sand and everyone has to stop and push it. Oh yes, you'll enjoy it!" Perhaps I look as though the sun has got to me.



I have made this trip to Rasc-al-Barr twice. Now, no doubt, during the Summer Holidays when I return to Bahrain, a glazed faraway look will come into my eyes as I say, "Coming to the south of the Island on Sunday?"

Andrew Payne, 6G.

#### PLAYING FOR ENGLAND—K. STROUD

*Question.*—How did you first get involved with the English Schoolboys?

*Answer.*—Someone saw me playing for Swindon Schoolboys and recommended me to a representative of the E.S.F.A. (English Schools' Football Association). As a result I was selected for the trial games—South West v. South East and for the final trial—North v. South (which was played at the County Ground in Swindon). A squad of sixteen is selected for the E.S.F.A.

*Q.*—What grounds have you played at?

*A.*—The County Ground (Swindon), Villa Park (Aston Villa), Ninian Park (Cardiff), Wembley, Anfield (Liverpool), Oxford City, Olympic Stadium (Berlin), F.C. Hamburg and Newton Ards (Ireland).

*Q.*—What is it like playing for England and also at Wembley?

*A.*—You feel about ten feet tall playing for England, especially at Wembley, where the atmosphere is fantastic. Who wouldn't feel great, though, when there are 70,000 people cheering you on.

*Q.*—What was West Germany like?

*A.*—We only visited Berlin and Hamburg and on the whole they were the same as any British city or large town, with their own fine buildings and statues.

Berlin was a drab place, though there were a few good places like the Olympic Stadium (where we played), and a few lively places, in one part of the town.

Hamburg was much better and very similar to London, though many of the streets are still cobbled. The River Elbe, on which Hamburg is situated, is much wider than the Thames.

*Q.*—How often do the Swindon Schoolboys train?

*A.*—Twice a week—on Tuesdays and Thursdays—at Pinehurst.

*Q.*—Which player do you admire the most and why?

*A.*—Bobby Charlton, because he's got a hard shot, he's hardworking, dedicated to football and he easily controls midfield.

*Q.*—What was it like in the Swindon dressing room after winning the League Cup?

*A.*—Chaos! Everybody was drinking champagne and so there were champagne bottles everywhere. It was noisy because people were walking in and out, people were shouting and singing and then there were the Press and television cameras and interviews, etc. Everybody was just happy!

*Q.*—Do you want to make a career out of football?

*A.*—Yes—I'm no good at anything else!

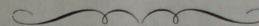
*Q.*—Do you want to play for Swindon or for a First Division team?

*A.*—I'd like to play for Swindon—at the moment.

#### VISIT TO THE PROMS 1968

The programme chosen for this year's visit to the Proms differed somewhat from that of previous years, as it consisted of a selection of choral works. During the interval we discussed the first half of the programme ('In honour of the City of London'—Walton, and 'Stabat Mater'—D. Scarlatti), but enthusiasm seemed rather limited for it was generally felt that the voice medium tended to be rather monotonous. The performance in the second half, of Beethoven's 9th Symphony, however, completely dissolved the adverse comments of even our most ardent critics, and made the task of transporting two coachloads of Headlandians to the Royal Albert Hall extremely worthwhile.

Muriel McKibbin, 7A2.



## SCHOOL EVENTS

### VERSE AND MUSIC FESTIVAL

*Adjudicators:* B. W. Caws, M.A.; G. B. Stanley, B.Mus.

This year's festival produced a close-run competition between Barbury, Silbury and Avebury who eventually finished in that order. The two other houses started well behind on points awarded for music beforehand and never looked like making up lost ground. If Avebury had only had an entry in the Trio or Quartet Class they could have beaten Barbury.

The programme ran smoothly and for the most part the standard was high. The Fourth Forms contributed their part and showed real ability in the girl's poetry reading. The outstanding class of verse speaking was the Sixth Form where both boys and girls delivered Shakespeare speeches with good understanding and dramatic interpretation. Experience in school plays was clearly an asset here.

The music sections that gave most pleasure were the Folk Song Class and the boy's vocal solo, the former for its musical attraction and the latter for its untrained enthusiasm and comedy. It was easy to see how a handful of people in each House had organised, cajoled and even bullied their colleagues into performing. This hard work was usually rewarded, particularly in the choir section where some originality of interpretation really enlivened performance. Similarly in the verse speaking those Houses that had taken the trouble to train entrants profited.

Both adjudicators gave lively and interesting summaries of their judgments on each section explaining how they came to their decisions. Mr. Caws enjoyed the chance of once more entertaining a Headlands audience with his own brand of wit. Altogether an enjoyable day.

### MUSIC

The Music Department of the School has had yet another busy, but successful year. The enthusiasm of pupils and the high standard of music have been exceptionally pleasing.

The orchestra, though rather depleted in number, has continued to meet weekly, and at the School Concert it showed that it has maintained its high standard of music-making.

If you have heard weird noises floating along the corridors at any time, you needn't be alarmed—they were simply the weekly instrumental classes being held. A wide range of instruments are taught and special thanks must be given to the various teachers who come after school to undertake this difficult task.

The choir and girls' choir have met regularly during the year, and their singing was enjoyed by everyone at the School Concert. The girls' choir also took part in the "School at Home" evening, held at the beginning of the year. The girls certainly excelled themselves at this, many parents remarking on how beautifully they sang.

The Music Festival proved to be as successful as previously. The number of non-musicians who entered, probably after much bullying and bribing, merely to gain a point for their House, was pleasing. There was

a great deal of variety in the classes, but the outstanding class of the Festival must certainly have been the 6th and 7th form boys' solo. An unforgettable effort!

Therefore, on the whole, it has been a most satisfactory year for the musical side of the school.

Suzanne Pearce, 6A2.

### HEADLANDS SCHOOL ANNUAL CONCERT

Friday, 2nd May, 1969

#### PROGRAMME

1. CHOIR  
One Friday Morn  
Orpheus with his lute  
*Norman Gilbert  
Edward German*
  2. ORCHESTRA  
March from SCIPIO  
The heavens resound  
(brass section)  
*Handel  
Beethoven*
  3. GIRLS' CHOIR  
Come gentle sleep  
The moon  
*Schubert  
Schubert*
  4. ITEMS FROM FESTIVAL
  5. ORGAN  
Choral in A minor  
Mr. N. B. Hill (guest organist)  
*Cesar Franck*
  6. CHOIR  
Close thine eyes  
Non Nobis, Domine!  
*Mary Plumstead  
Roger Quilter*
- INTERVAL
7. CHOIR  
Wine and water  
*Norman Gilbert*
  8. SONGS  
Tell me, lovely Shepherd  
Lullaby  
(Gillian Manners)  
*Boyce  
Cyril Scott*
  9. GIRLS' CHOIR  
Tutu Maramba  
(Brazilian Lullaby)  
Rumba  
*arr. James Erb  
Peter Jenkyns*
  10. ORCHESTRA  
Trumpet Voluntary  
*Clarke*
  - CLARINET  
Romance  
(Mirian Wicker)  
*William Lovelock*
  11. ITEMS FROM FESTIVAL
  12. SONG  
Song of Peace  
(Lynette Beale)  
*Stanford*
- CHOIR  
Hymn after the Song of Peace  
*Stanford*



### THE SCHOOL CONCERT

The School Concert was held this year on Friday, May 2nd, and proved to be of as high a standard as ever.

The programme opened with the Choir singing one of Mr. Gilbert's own compositions, "One Friday Morn". Another of his compositions was also featured among the items sung by the Choir. Apart from various accompaniments the School Orchestra played Handel's "March from Scipio" and Clarke's "Trumpet Voluntary". There was also an item from the brass section of the Orchestra and a clarinet solo by Mirian Wicker.

The Girl's Choir sang two pieces by Schubert and a Brazilian lullaby. Their final item was "Rumba" by Peter Jenkyns, which included recorders and various percussion instruments played enthusiastically by a group of sixth formers.

The guest organist was Mr. N. B. Hill, an old Headlandian. Besides accompanying various items he gave an outstanding performance of Cesar Franck's "Choral in A minor".

Included in the programme were selected items from the Music Festival. There were piano solos from Claire Embling and Sharon Gough; Susan Mann sang a folk song; Christine Rowland, Jane Harmer and Eunice Butler sang an aptly named trio, and Stephen Cowley played an organ solo.

The final item was Stanford's "Song of Peace", sung by Lynette Beale, and followed by the "Hymn after the Song of Peace", in which both Choir and Orchestra joined to make a fitting climax to the programme.

Our grateful thanks must go to the accompanists, Suzanne Pearce, Muriel McKibbin and Linda Hartshorn, to our guest organist Mr. Hill, and in particular to Mr. Gilbert, who did such a vast amount of work to make the concert the great success that it was.

### THE SCHOOL PLAY

#### (or how to be reduced to a state of nervous hysteria in 5 easy lessons)

When I was first offered a part in the School Play "Romanoff and Juliet" I was very flattered. Little did I know what lay before me! How different things would have been had I foreseen the incessant rehearsals, the endless rows of slimy greasepaint . . .

However, I turned up for my first lunch-time rehearsal bright and cheerful ready (or so I thought) for anything. When I peered behind the mysteriously-drawn curtains on the stage, I was a little taken aback to see people muttering to themselves in corners using odd Russian and American-sounding accents. However convincing myself that this was my imagination I screwed up my courage and sauntered in trying to look like a veteran. My confidence was soon destroyed when Mr. Richards presented me with a copy of the play and asked me to read a passage (which I had never seen before in my life!) with a convincing Russian accent. I took a deep breath and plunged in, but instead of a clipped Cossack monotone what emerged was a garbled half-English, half-German sort of drawl. "Not bad," said Mr. Richards encouragingly, "it'll come in time."

So the rehearsals for the School Play were underway. We had to walk about trying to act convincingly while the scenery was being constructed under our very feet. Mad trainee electricians flashed the lights on and off with gay abandon threatening to blow the lot of us to kingdom come while stage hands galloped about happily with pots of paint and pieces of furniture, all trying to look busy. We mumbled our lines through half-consumed sandwiches and Mars bars whenever we stayed late after school.

I soon discovered that even in my everyday speech I was beginning to lapse into my mock-Russian accent which made people look at me closely and enquire about my sanity.

After what seemed like a ridiculously small number of rehearsals Mr. Richards decided that we should know our words. Quite naturally I thought that I must know them already, having repeated them so often, but when the book was taken away I found myself making up most of my lines as I went along. How could I possibly learn such a vast quantity of prose to be able to repeat it accurately coinciding with other people's words? I began to formulate ridiculous plans such as having the words tattooed on my arms or written on a huge board at the back of the hall.

However, in the midst of my worries about the actual words of the play fitting day arrived. What fun! I thought innocently. I love dressing up. We all trooped off in happy anticipation to the needlework room. Little did we know that we were to pass through a fiendishly clever Chinese torture which involved having pins viciously jabbed into every part of the anatomy possible.

Still, finally our perseverance was rewarded. The costumes which had been begged, borrowed and stolen from various sources, were eventually altered to give a semblance of fitting, the scenery was completed and erected on the stage, and the actors and actresses knew (I didn't but everyone else seemed to) their words. So the day of the dress rehearsal arrived.

I feel it best for the sake of those readers of a more nervous disposition to gloss over the events which occurred during that dreadful day. I could tell you about the window which fell off when opened, the note which wasn't there when mentioned, the telephone which didn't ring. But I'll spare you the horror of it all. How could any writer with human feelings inflict such things on his readers? I see it in my nightmares all floating in a gooey mess of No. 7 greasepaint . . . Oh the horror of it all!

Still time marched relentless on and First Night was soon at hand. As I walked into the dressing room everyone else seemed so calm and composed as though it was a normal rehearsal. They all sat round chatting, then someone came from outside and said: "There are hundreds of them out there!" Immediate panic. The room assumed the atmosphere of a dentist's waiting room. With the memory of the dress rehearsal close at hand I sat and suffered quietly in a corner. Everyone else, despite their nerves, seemed quite confident. "I suppose we'd better get changed" someone commented. So cool, so casual! Here was I sitting there with an absolute storm inside wearing a tremendous smile and trying hard not to laugh hysterically.



I got dressed and made up then sat in the dressing room waiting for my cue. I was called and went to stand in the wings with the rest of my (supposed) family. From where I stood I could see the first two rows of the audience. I was absolutely terrified. Finally, as though through a fog I heard the word which was my cue. I walked into the blazing spotlight trembling all over.

From then on it was sheer bliss. The tremendous thrill that one gets from knowing that several hundred people are paying attention to what you say boosts your confidence so much! When I had climbed out onto the stage I never wanted to leave it again. The whole play ran perfectly, no-one missed a single line. As we sadly concluded on the last night, forgetting everything which had gone before, I looked forward with great anticipation to the next time!

Jill Stanton, 6A.

### ROMANOFF AND JULIET

Peter Ustinov's comedy "Romanoff and Juliet" made a great contrast with last year's school play, the powerful tragedy by Arthur Miller, "The Crucible". The only thing in common is that both could be regarded as political parables. Certainly Ustinov makes great use of Cold War attitudes and national stereotypes for his humour.

In many ways comedy presents more problems for the amateur actor than tragedy. An unfunny comedy is a greater theatrical disaster than a failed tragedy. To make an audience laugh actors need more than good lines; they require a good sense of timing, the ability to deliver a funny phrase effectively, projection of character and the capacity to continue acting through gaps in speech necessitated by laughter. Presumably because he recognised these pitfalls Mr. Richards took the safety precaution of acting the part of the General himself from which position he could control the pace of much of the play.

The play itself is rather uneven. Parts of it are very funny but there are some long speeches where jokes are sparse and the pace flags; there are also some very sentimental passages which are almost impossible to act convincingly. A number of jokes require some knowledge of international affairs and acquaintance with Cold War caricatures of Russians and Americans. For instance there is the Russian habit of self-denunciation for political faults and the American's addiction to sporting metaphors. Quite a lot of this was lost on the audience which must in part be because the play is dating now.

Several of the cast were making their first appearance in a school play and all acquitted themselves well. Kevin McCartan gave a powerful performance as the Russian Ambassador, well supported by Jill Stanton as his wife. On the American side Andrew Collier was most convincing as the Ambassador and Susan Sargeant maintained well the long and difficult part of Juliet while Geoff Wells presented a most effective performance of the boyish Freddie. The more experienced actors all produced

excellent performances in parts that suited them well: Lynette Beale appeared as the typical American mother books and films have familiarised us with; Keith Maddison was most effective as the initially stiff and military Igor; Gerald Carolan, with a shorter part, was most memorable as the epitome of stern Russian womanhood. Of Michael Murphy it can only be said that on stage he has a presence that at once draws attention and makes the least gesture hilarious. His combination with the admirable deaf Archbishop produced the funniest moments of all.

Staging was a great problem. Four rooms have to be represented on stage, the upstairs and downstairs of the two embassies. However acting only takes place in one room at a time. The problem was solved by clever lighting and the use of gauze. The gauze obscured the upstairs rooms until light was thrown behind it when it almost vanished. This was the major problem of a play that gave a number of difficulties to the producer all of which were successfully overcome.

Altogether it was an enjoyable production, a pleasant change from the usual run of school plays. As always an unseen army backstage ensured everything ran smoothly at the front, making this altogether a very professional production.

### CAST

<i>FIRST SOLDIER</i>	JOHN McGEACH
<i>SECOND SOLDIER</i>	TERENCE LONGHURST
<i>THE GENERAL</i>	T. D. RICHARDS
<i>HOOPER MOULSWORTH</i>	ANDREW COLLIER
<i>VADIM ROMANOFF</i>	KEVIN McCARTAN
<i>IGOR ROMANOFF</i>	KEITH MADDISON
<i>JULIET</i>	SUSAN SARGEANT
<i>THE SPY</i>	MICHAEL MURPHY
<i>BEULAH MOULSWORTH</i>	LYNETTE BEALE
<i>EVDOKIA ROMANOFF</i>	JILL STANTON
<i>Inr. Capt. MARFA ZLOTOCHIENKO</i>	GERALDA CAROLAN
<i>FREDDIE VANDERSTUYT</i>	JEFFERY WELLS
<i>THE ARCHBISHOP</i>	G. COWLEY

Music for the Ballads composed by Anthony Hopkins.



### SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

*Scene:* The main square in the capital city of the smallest country in Europe.

*Act I:* Dawn.

*Act II:* Noon.

*Act III:* Evening.

STAGE MANAGER	Mr. R. Sobey
LIGHTING	B. Chaney, J. Turner
STAGE CREW	A. Grainge, P. Mainwaring, D. Shellard, A. Lavercombe, P. Salisbury
MAKE-UP	Mr. G. Hawkes, L. Pready, D. Badham
DECOR	C. Breingan
PROPERTIES	Mr. R. Hicks, J. Arnold, M. O'Keefe
SOUND EFFECTS	Mr. G. Freeman
PROMPTER	K. Pinnegar
CONTINUITY	C. Blowen, J. Chick
BUSINESS MANAGER	Mr. P. T. Greed
PRODUCER	Mr. T. D. Richards

Costumes by Bristol Old Vic.  
Refreshments by Headlands School P.T.A.

The Producer wishes to thank all other members of Staff and School who have helped in any way with this production.

### OLD STUDENTS' NEWS

P. Ford and T. Gammage (left 1968) are both Trainee Managers at Woolworths.

Peter Lowe completed his Diploma in Education at Swansea following a degree in Economics and has obtained a post as lecturer at Manchester College of Technology.

Alan Tichener who changed his degree course from Pure Physics to Physics and Geology took part in the Silbury dig doing geophysical experiments.

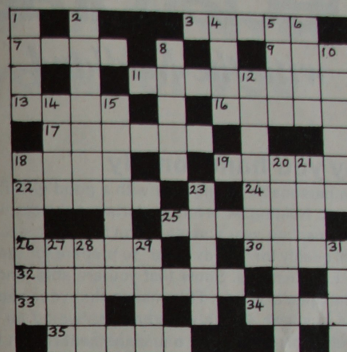
R. Garrad and A. Green (left 1968) are stationed at R.A.F. Locking, serving Electronic Apprenticeships in Radar and Communications.

J. Guy (1968) is taking an Engineering Apprenticeship at Plessey's.

D. Steward (1968) is doing an Engineering Apprenticeship at Pressed Steel.

### CROSSWORD

No clues are given for numbers 1, 2, 11, 25 and 34. Their first and third letters are unchecked, and a certain connecting link must be discovered before they can be completed. Two of them are place names.



#### Clues Across

3. A trick to dismiss a batsman.
7. East and North start vying; it's jealousy.
9. Eat greedily at start of Scottish New Year's Eve.
13. Sharp-tasting cake.
16. In your inside at end of meal.
17. Two unpleasant noises in a French garden.
18. A wise man often has onions with it.
19. Official emblem of the U.S.A.
22. The best part of the milk.
24. A set of clothes, often changed.
26. The Führer's trouble with low frequency.
30. Expensive-sounding animal.
32. Send fewer telegrams—radio.
33. Fifty, for example, on the outside.
35. What wheels need, wears out we hear.

#### Clues Down

4. Teacher has a pain.
5. A French pet? Have a little talk.
6. This cavity sounds complete.
8. He should make you laugh.
10. Sex, in a word.
12. A water barrier, very old, is broken.
14. Open a pot of jam?
15. Molasses.
18. Terrible writing; a shilling to go very slowly.
20. The Commander-in-Chief is not particular.
21. Not soon enough, it's deceased.
23. Top of the form before anything else.
27. Tied, in another way it's food regulation.
28. A wild revel could become gory.
29. Most of the Navy ran away.
31. A very thin person, useful in the garden.

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**Q** "Will there be much routine?"

**A** Not much, and the higher you go the further away from it you'll get. Money is the fuel that powers peoples' lives and banking is as varied as life itself.

**Q** "Do I need to be good at maths?"

**A** Not necessarily. We have computers which are very good at maths, but we like you to be good at thinking.

**Q** "Will it be fun?"

**A** Well, people won't exactly be doing handstands and blowing up coloured balloons all over the place. But they will be earning good money to buy clothes and holidays. Independence is fun. And so is working with bright and friendly people. And so is dealing with peoples' affairs. This is what banking is all about.

**Q** "Okay, what qualifications do I need?"

**A** A good G.C.E. and the energy to cut out this coupon or drop into any branch of the Group and ask to talk to the manager. Okay?

The General Manager, Staff Control, Westminster Bank Ltd., Box B4/SM, 41, Lothbury, London, E.C.2.

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

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subjects: .....

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