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# The Headlandian 1972



**Editorial Committee**  
Ken Davey  
Fiona Robertson  
Tony Dzimitrowicz

## THE SCHOOL YEAR

The term began, as usual, with the arrival of seemingly hundreds of terrified fourth years. For the first week or so they wandered, waif-like, around the building, bombarding the older members of the school with requests for "U7" and "UE 12". However they all settled in.

The departure of the Sixth Form, for many and varied reasons, passed almost unnoticed amongst the lower years of the school. The term progressed, and towards the end of November most of the school was involved with exams. Once freed from these the school took on a festive air. The approach of the Prefects' Concert was heralded by Seventh Years wandering round the school with large umbrellas and toy tricycles. This concert proved to be most entertaining. The main school production of "Twelfth Night" took place in December, and the audience derived much hilarity from the scenes in the garden with the mysteriously moving bushes!

The Soirees again took place in December, involving as usual a great deal of energy, and of course enjoyment on the part of those who attended.

The Spring Term began with surprisingly mild weather, thwarting all those who had been grimly prophesying a harsh opening to the year. However this was made up for during the coal strike when homework was given adorned with wax smears, and sometimes in illegible handwriting. The whole school froze, and, on many mornings, we arrived at twenty to nine to find the school clocks telling us firmly that it was twenty past two.

However preparations for Speech Day continued unabated.

## SPEECH DAY

Speech day was held on Wednesday, 22nd March, at 7.30 p.m. and was presided over by the Chairman of the School Governors, Councillor A. C. G. Durston. The evening began with the National Anthem, after which the Chairman briefly addressed the school. Gill Burton then recited Milton's "Sonnet on His Blindness" and the Girls' Choir sang "The Turtle Dove" by Vaughan Williams. The Headmaster's report followed.

After the singing of the School Song, Miss Rachael Trickett, M.A., an authoress of St. Hugh's College, Oxford, addressed the school. Her speech began with an amusing description of her mental picture of Swindon which immediately awakened the interest of her audience. The speech continued with Miss Trickett pointing out the advantage of retaining mental souvenirs of one's youth. Miss Trickett also advocated participation in community life, at the same time stressing the importance of maintaining one's individuality. Her speech condemned prejudice and she spoke of the value of keeping an open mind. The speech was punctuated with quotations from such celebrated poets as Blake and T. S. Eliot and was both interesting and amusing.



Speech day continued with the presentation of prizes and certificates. Mrs. B. E. L. Gardner presented the special prizes; Miss Trickett the subject prizes, and Alderman J. W. Pass, the Deputy Mayor, presented the certificates.

After the presentations Terry Young recited "And Death Shall Have No Dominion" by Dylan Thomas. This was followed by the Girls' Choir singing Handel's "Deep in a Shady Forest".

The Head Prefects, Kathleen Barrett and Robert Allen then thanked the guests and Speech Day closed with the singing of the School Hymn.

#### HEADMASTER'S REPORT, 1972

In the course of his speech the Headmaster said: Headlands is now 76 years old; seven years ago it started out on a new venture from Grammar to Senior High School status; seven years ago its academic reputation was high at Universities all over the country. This is still largely true, because we serve a wide area of Kingsdown, Highworth, Blunsdon, Cricklade and Swindon and therefore have enough Sixth Formers to do the job properly. This concentration of ability is essential to the success and future happiness of the young people because only thus can the right staff be afforded and retained and its dispersion would be a tragedy for North Wiltshire.

At Christmas Mr. D. L. Glover was appointed Headmaster of Burford Grammar School. We shall greatly miss his breadth of vision, unswerving integrity and utter devotion to the welfare of every boy and girl. We have also lost Mr. A. K. Pollock who for fifteen years has been a tower of strength, particularly on the athletic and social sides of the school.

Mr. David Lee of Minehead will be coming in May to take Mr. Glover's place. In the meantime Miss Margaret Nutting, the Senior Mistress, is acting as Deputy Head and three senior Heads of Department, Mr. Chick, Mr. Grainger and Mr. Judson, share the duties of Senior Master between them. Meanwhile the girls have been helped by Mrs. Charlesby.

We cannot run a completely free school, but the older and wiser the student the wider his freedom of action can become. We are fortunate in not having to cope with childish behaviour because most pupils are over 15 by this time of the year. However, to run a happy and successful but crowded school, we must have limits to freedom. Most students will willingly observe punctuality, good behaviour, even silence when necessary in class and in Assembly, good order in corridors and playgrounds, playing games by the rules and being diligent over work.

It is not enough to train pupils to get a good job—or perhaps a good husband. We have a responsibility for the future. We must introduce boys and girls of all ranges of ability to skills and ideas which they do not yet realise they will need for a happy life.

Factual knowledge is of course valuable, but the love of truth and the formation of personality are more important than the passing of examinations. Decent and dignified surroundings, good architecture, books, furniture, pictures, drama, music, gardens and countryside, all have a profound influence for good on young people. They need also the joy of creation, of brain allied with hands to make good and useful things. Games are enjoyable for their own sake and also promote physical well-being, training the body to obey the mind and teaching the value of co-operation in a sporting enterprise, teaching self-control and how to take hard knocks in a good spirit.

To know the facts or be good at game is little use without a growing awareness of spiritual values. Religion should be taught factually without emotion. Young people must have the opportunity at school, at home, and elsewhere to practice virtue and develop right habits. We must encourage good influences and discourage the opposite.

In April the School Sports Day took place for those who were hardy enough to face the weather which threatened to wash out the whole event. However, the majority of us arrived home more or less dry. Shortly after this, to satisfy those who still had more energy than discretion, the Sponsored Walk took place in conditions that included an amazing variety of climatic moods.

#### THE RIDGEWAY WALK

As usual almost everyone arrived at school by nine o'clock and there was a mad dash for places on the coaches. The mini-bus became full of those often forgotten, but extremely invaluable people, who cannot quite gather up the energy and enthusiasm to walk, but who, nevertheless, are prepared to assist. We were of this party.

We left school at 9.10, even though we did not have to be in position until 11.30, and we drove to the spot where the walkers began their task, watching with admiration and very little envy.

By 11.30, in our positions, we waited at the top of the unsheltered steep hill, for the walkers to arrive. The first energetic ones began to filter through by mid-day, seeming very cheerful, until we mistakenly told them that they had another three miles to go. (At the previous checkpoint they had been told too.) We continued discouraging people in this way throughout the day.

The weather naturally became progressively worse, so we donned our life-savers, the "helly-hansons". With cries of "Take me to your leader!" and "Hey, Orange Men!" the walkers slowly ascended the perilous slope while we waited gleefully on top. The latter walkers did not seem to be as inspired as the first set, and many of them needed little persuasion to sit down and talk to us. We welcomed all these chances of conversation except when we were having our lunch, at which time we were besieged both by "starving" people, and ravenous dogs.



With the punctuations of walkers, rain and hail, the day dragged on, until finally the last walkers, Mr. Cowley, Mr. Davies and Mrs. Hall, came into view. This meant that we would now exchange the pleasures of sitting on a freezing, windy hill-top, for those of walking the remaining two miles in the same conditions, but with the additional delight of accompanying the staff. It seemed to us that the latter was the most enjoyable part of the day. We crossed many ditches and stiles, all of which the walkers must have experienced, and we found one pair of shoes left in the mud, obviously by a disillusioned participant.

Arrived at Coate Water we welcomed the sight of the mini-bus which was to take us home to hot baths. The whole day had taught us that not even those on the sidelines can escape the perils of the annual walk.

Rosemary Taylor and Hilary Carolan, 7A

#### H.A. REPORT

Those who had seen it all before and those who were new to it all appeared on that first Friday night as H.A. re-opened at the beginning of a fresh season. Under the new leadership of Mr. Chunn, the West Hall exploded in a cacophony of noise and enthusiasm as the disco played the best sounds of the day.

To expend one's energy in a more athletic form the gym was open for a variety of indoor sports and the main hall provided a place for any budding Chester Barnes to try his skills.

As usual, the staff, in their infinite wisdom, thought up many interesting and thoroughly enjoyable H.A. competitions for those brave (or stupid) enough to enter. Local groups appeared during the year which provided the disco with a rest.

To cap it all, H.A. finished as usual with the Miss H.A. competition. It was a hard task for the judges, but their final decision was Gill Burton, a worthy winner. And so H.A. ended for another year.

Chris Coles, 6A

The Summer Term, as usual, was bedevilled by exams—starting for the unfortunate C.S.E. candidates within two weeks of the holidays. However, those stalwart souls who refused to be daunted, were presented with a number of experiences ranging from inter-house cricket to the Staff Play and It's a Knock Out. It is to be anticipated that we will then all collapse into the Summer holidays.

#### PARENT TEACHER ASSOCIATION

The objects of the Association as defined in its Constitution are to promote the interests of the School, to further the education and welfare of the pupils and to arrange social functions. There is no doubt that the Association's past and present Committees have done their best to achieve these aims.

The Annual General Meeting of the Association was held on the 23rd September, 1971, and the Chairman, Mr. F. C. Ellis, and the Secretary, Mr. A. W. Ranger, intimated that they would not be seeking re-election through their children having left the School. The Association is particularly grateful to these two parents for their stalwart service, and mention must also be made of the excellent service given by Mr. Pollock, who was the Association's Treasurer up to July, 1971, when he left the School to take another teaching post.

The 1970/71 Committee sponsored several activities of both an educational and social nature, and particular mention should be made of the Fête which together with a draw raised over £281. It was able to donate £300 towards the cost of a mini-bus.

The Committee for 1971/72 has tried to follow the good work of its predecessors under the Chairmanship of Mr. R. G. Barnes. Its most successful activity to date was the Dance held on the 8th January, 1972, which was extremely well attended and through the auspices of the Evening Centre we were able to provide a licensed bar. We also recently held another fund raising activity in the form of a rummage sale. On the educational side we have had talks and demonstrations on teaching subjects, and a quiz between teams of staff, students, and parents, very ably organised by Mr. Cowley. We were again pleased to provide a number of speech day prizes and a scholarship, and to make a donation to meet running costs of the mini-bus. In the remaining months of the School Year, a social evening comprising a barbecue, an "It's a Knock-Out" Competition, and Folk Singing, are being planned.

M. J. Latimer, Hon. Sec.



## MEMENTO MORI

### GRANDAD

*Come along children,  
We are going to see Grandad.  
Homer, don your eyeglasses;  
You know the radiation will hurt your eyes if you do not.  
Guinevere, in the name of Saint Armstrong, tidy your brother up,  
While I summon some conveyance  
That is more favourable.*

*Strap yourselves in and rest,  
Because we shall not return to our home-base till it will be late.  
Now here is our alighting point,  
We shall walk to the Life Association's building and go and see Grandad.  
Hurry up Homer, we must arrive before eighteen forty-two  
Or we shall miss seeing him at all.  
You want to see him on his birthday, don't you? he is sixty years old  
today.*

*Ah, here he is.  
Hello father—say "hello" to Grandad, children—you look well.  
Oh yes, you look very happy indeed father.  
Say "Goodbye" to Grandad, children, he must depart now;  
Because it is eighteen forty-two exactly.*

*Watch him walk into the kiosk, children, watch him walk into it.  
See the man pull the lever, children, see him pull it.  
Whee! Grandad has disappeared—was that not marvellous?  
You can do it, too, when you are sixty.*

Steven Priestley, 5X

### FIRE AT NIGHT

The continuous roar of the vast open-fire acted as a background to the main events of that night. It was taking place in a relatively sheltered clearing in the forest and only the trees surrounding the clearing could be seen, as if, dancing, around the fire. On the far side, the "spit" stood, with one huge fattened pig slowly sizzling its way around it. This was, in the eyes of those present, a "social gathering", yet there were two amongst them who found the situation not so "heart warming". These two sat alone, both guarded by two of the elite of the "crowd"; for this was to be their last hour. As the people mingled with each other the two convicts stared, motionless into the heart of the fire. But they found no warmth glowing from that heart, that heart that would "burn them alive".

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Suddenly, the shrill sound of a trumpet silenced the crowd. A large, well-built gentleman in splendid garments of leather and suede, had mounted the temporary "rostrum" in order to announce the fact that they were going to have the pleasure of someone else's death that night. An excited whisper filled the air.

"As you well know, there are those among us who, at some time or another, have the urge for greater wealth.

"Here tonight we find two who have this desire," he continued, "and murder others to achieve this aim."

This time, shouts and waving fists were directed with venomous spite, at the two guarded convicts.

"So," shouted the speaker to hush the angry crowd, "as these 'men' have amused themselves at another's expense I feel that we should treat them likewise, so ladies and gentlemen they will entertain us." This statement was greeted with great excitement, as the onlookers saw a wild boar being led by many strong arms into the centre cavity, now fenced off, with the roaring "furnace" as its nucleus. It measured no more than thirty feet in diameter and as the convicts were led into the makeshift arena the wild boar was ushered in at the other side.

The fight was on, as the boar with its amazing agility charged the two men. The fire, however, frightened the beast and drove it to the fence. The convicts were thus driven towards the fire, each time coming a little closer to avoid the angry beast's foaming and voracious teeth. The men fell now and then, being cut and bruised badly. The crowd, now almost delirious, began spitting at the two frightened figures.

The intensity of the fire's heat, the crowd's presence, the stones, the cuts and above all the wild boar's terrible threat of death, forced the two convicts to hysteria. Exhausted, one of them fell and failed to rise again. He lay there, at the mercy of a merciless creature. The boar killed him with remorseless brutality as the other convict stood clear of the fists and sticks pushed through the fence by the crowd.

The man was not human any longer; he was the "toy of humans", fellow humans. The crowd now clamouring at the fence to acclaim the other "man's" death. The boar, as if knowing their desire, turned away from the shapeless mutilated corpse. He snorted and then scraping his forehoof began his charge. The hysterical convict began to turn to run away from the same death he had just witnessed. Yet he stopped, turned and then faced his killer. He realised even at this point that he should take death bravely.

He knew nothing else after that point for the boar charged into his stomach making him double up and it heaved his mindless, lifeless body into the fire's deep roaring heart. The crowd turned, *satisfied*, and the festivities continued.

R. Carter, 5Z

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### BRUTUS' VIEW

*He was my friend.  
But for my country I helped kill him.  
I wonder  
How Caesar felt as my dagger entered him?  
The pain.  
But in my heart I know I was right,  
For Caesar should die.  
I love my country more than any man  
And I know I did right.  
But now, with the blood on my hands,  
I wonder if I had the right to judge  
But,  
I have no regrets,  
Just an ache for my dead friend.  
Yes, again I say, I loved Caesar  
As a friend.  
But he was too ambitious.  
And for this he died.*

Julie Strange, 4Q

### CAESAR'S VIEW

*It is just as well I never listened  
To my wife's  
Stupid dreams!  
The "Ides of March" have come,  
I'm still alive and well.  
Old Fool!  
What! Someone else warning me,  
They must be mad.  
Ah, the Senate.  
No Antony? Wonder where he is?  
More than likely turn up later.  
Who is this coming to me?  
Someone wanting a pardon for his brother,  
Silly fool!  
Me change my mind?  
Never!  
Now a group of them.  
What's that he just said?  
What's that in their hands?  
Daggers!  
Ah! The pain.  
Must hide my face,  
They must not see the pain in Caesar's face,  
"Et tu Brute."*

Roger Mead, 4Q

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### DEATH

He stooped and rummaged in the mass of dusty papers which the fitful wind had blown around his feet.

Nothing. Usually he could count on something being left by the tourists. He laughed to himself. Tourists who came to gape at him and point and whisper amongst themselves. He shuffled on. A few late secretaries clattered their way home, hastening their step when they saw him.

He felt pangs of hunger, and, wearily picking up his bundle, made his way to a fluorescent light which shone into the now almost deserted street.

The clang of the door-bell was not heard above the chatter and throbbing beat of the juke box. The overwhelming stench of grease and sweat hit him in a wave of warm air. He shuffled to the counter and slid a coin across to the waitress. "Cuppa coffee an' cheese sandwich."

The coffee, with its soapsud foam on top, was pushed across the counter, followed by his sandwich. He pushed his way to a table and sat down.

The edges of the sandwich were dried and turned up, and the cheese was dry and waxy. He dipped the crust carefully into the tepid coffee and bit hungrily into the sandwich. His meal finished, he pushed back his chair and started to go. On his way to the door he collided into a youth. "Out of my way, pop," snarled the boy. The old man quickly made his way to the door. With a leap the boy sprang to the door and barred it with a thin, muscular arm. "Thinking of going somewhere?"

The boy sneered and pressed his face near to the old man. The old man pushed his way past the boy and out into the cold night air.

It was true night now, and the road was flooded with pools of light from the street lights.

He turned down a side street. Here it was dark and quiet. The sky was clouding over and a sharp breeze blew up. A piece of newspaper whipped round his legs, and he hesitated and bent down to disentangle it.

"Hey, pop."

He turned round. There stood the youth, with a friend, grinning. "Hey, pop," he repeated, "where you goin'." The old man saw a malicious glint in the eyes of the boy.

"Nowhere," he answered.

"Then you won't care who comes with you," laughed the boy, approaching him.

The old man knew what was coming. Like a flash a cosh hit his cheek, and he felt a fist strike him between the shoulder blades. He fell gasping and coughing blood. The cold laugh of the boy rang out, as a peal of thunder rolled through the warm air. Then the old man saw with terror the boy take out a piece of broken bottle.

"I must get away," he gasped, his old mind working feverishly as the bottle smashed down on his face.

As dawn broke his body lay, streaked with blood, the rain still pattering on his grey, lined face.

Fiona Robertson, 4Y

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## OUT AND ABOUT

PENCELLI 1971

The school trip to Pencelli at the end of November enabled certain members of the Sixth Form to participate in a number of outdoor pursuits, and learn something of the problems involved in such activities and how to overcome them.

There were four main sections to the course, the first of which was climbing. We left the centre for the Carboniferous Limestone, suitable for such activities, with its sheer drops of up to 150 feet, on which we discovered that climbing not only involved the slow, painstaking ascent but also abasing all the way down again. However, our horrified anticipation dissipated into a sudden awareness of complete lack of danger, and trust in rope and skill.

The second day involved a high level walk which took us up the Brecon Beacons to a height of about 1,750 feet. We were all provided with maps and compasses so that those with knowledge could be sure where they were going and those without could use their imagination, while the good visibility enabled everyone to use their eyes to appreciate the views.

The third activity took us away from the far flung vistas of the peaks to the confined spaces of caving. Here we experienced the delights of mud, dirt and freezing water, occasionally jamming ourselves or our equipment in inconveniently narrow passages, before emerging into the vast caverns lit eerily by the lamps on our helmets.

Finally we went on the peaks walk, round the highest points of the Beacons. Variety was the keynote of this excursion, particularly in weather conditions which, after displaying the full range of meteorological activity, settled down into a blizzard which clearly was intended to illustrate the vital importance of map and compass work, as visibility was reduced to a few yards.

Ross Mitchell, 6A

P.S.—The first group of campers failed miserably with their cooking—the comments ranged from “Ughh” to “Yuck!” This resulted in the “Mystery of the Missing Rice Pudding”. Despite their acute hunger (the result of having no dinner) they managed to stagger to the dining room and “relieve” certain serving trays of the second course!

Not a moan was heard from the girls with regards to being cold whilst camping out (we were sensible and took our hot water bottles!) Certain boys, however, decided that half a dozen jumpers, numerous pairs of socks, plus anoraks, mittens, bobble-hats and sleeping bags just were not enough to keep their fragile bodies warm. This culminated in the second great camping mystery of the week—the disappearance of the rugs from one of the boys' dormitories! However, much to the majority's amusement and the dismay of the Smugglers, they were “found” in the tents just before bedtime!

Gill Burton, 6A

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## THE SIXTH FORM STUDY COURSE ON THE COMMUNITY

Now for something completely different . . . a totally new concept in the ever increasing file in mad Sixth Form courses. The event, November, 1971, the setting, somewhere and anywhere in Swindon.

This local terrorist campaign was not a provisional branch of the I.R.A., as rumoured, but was the brainchild of the former Deputy Headmaster, Mr. Glover. A motion was carried at a staff meeting (just for a change), in favour of the course. Mr. Judson led the field campaign, and was ably assisted by Mr. Hawkes, Mr. Hurford, Mr. Burgess, Mr. Richards and Mrs. Jones, not forgetting Mrs. Williams and her kitchen staff in school. The idea was to give us some experience in the working of the community.

The course comprised various lectures and field work. Visits to shops and factories occupied the first day, and there was much spare information on management, wholesaling, retailing and production, floating about, much of which unfortunately may have been lost.

Adventure heralded the second day, with expeditions into Penhill and Pinehurst estates to study estate planning. This involved asking questions about services, facilities and prices. Happily, all returned to school safely, in one piece. Various observations made, were then transferred to paper in the form of a map. Mr. Frogley, from Swindon's planning authorities, came to lecture us on planning and development of past and future Swindon.

The following day was spent at Lydiard Manor. Before the pre-packed lunch was consumed, Mrs. Mary Morgan, publicity manageress and public relations officer, of the Wyvern Theatre, spoke to us about the planning of the Theatre's programme. This was quite a test for her, as it was the first engagement she has had to talk to students in this manor, sorry about the pun. In the afternoon, the party broke into three groups after Mrs. Morgan had left us. Although there were three topics to study, time allowed for two to be undertaken by any one person. Mr. Hawkes was chairman for a discussion on Local Government, as he was best qualified to talk about this. Mrs. Jones took a group, at a time, to study the art forms of the house and church, while Mr. Richards was left to talk about philosophy. The day was enjoyed by all.

The final day brought the typical mistake brought by too much red tape, a visiting speaker was given the wrong date on which to visit the school. There were originally three groups planned but the group to be lectured split up and joined the other two groups, one visiting the central library, the other visiting the courts.

In the afternoon it was the duty of the social services to conclude our week. Firstly, there was a lecture from Mr. Robinson, from the Children's Welfare Department, closely followed by Mr. Davies, from the Probation Office. Mr. Glover, who was sitting with us (to protect the speakers I believe), had more questions to ask than any of us.

Any how, the four-day course came to a halt. I'm sure nobody who participated in this idea regretted it!

Ken Davey, 6A

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## DEVIZES 1971

On arriving at Braeside, the first thing which sprang to our attention was the bright red "danger" sign on the wrought iron gates. We knew we had come to the right place!

After tea and home-baked scones (the first of many regular meals!) we were let loose on the unsuspecting town "to look for Georgian Houses" in preparation for the lecture on that subject, which was booked for the evening. Alderman Kemp gave this lecture. He spoke for half an hour on the town's industry from the seventeenth century. Very interesting it was, but Georgian houses were not mentioned!

On the second morning we were sent out to chat up the local yokels. We tramped round every church in Devizes, like devout meglomaniacs, collecting free leaflets, and street names! Having exhausted the supply of churches, we sought the castle. Twenty-four workmen watched us intently as we walked sedately down to the bottom of a cul-de-sac; then retired back to the main road in some confusion. We were luckier next time, as several police cars followed us down the road. The problem was solved when Janet noticed the police station! Having found the castle, now privately owned, we used our sweet smiles to wheedle our way into the grounds, where we persuaded a Mr. Dodge to dictate the history of the castle, and show us some of the relics he had dug up.

In the evening we were visited by Mr. Clark, and several films. We spent a pleasant half hour vetting the films due to be shown to the younger members of the school at H.A. (The Rise and Fall of the Roman Vampire!) Then came the serious business, we settled down to watch the educational Bing Crosby film—"A Connecticut Yankee in the Court of King Arthur". This epic provoked much discussion ("Oh no! He's singing *again!*")

Wednesday morning, we stayed at home—the town had suffered enough—and split into three groups to discuss "King Arthur, fact and fiction, literature and romance", and begin practising a play on King Arthur—"The Long Sunset".

In the afternoon we discovered Mr. Greed's father hanging in the town hall—along with pictures of other past mayors. We were then shown round the secret passages which honeycombe the town. It was dark and musty down there. We arrived back at the surface with the party intact and decided not to mention the essays which had to be written before tea—some memories are too painful!

The following day's lecture, by the curator of the Devizes museum was mainly about "umm . . . well there are umm several err . . ." We found the lecture very interesting!

We set off from Braeside, gaily anticipating our long, cold, hilly trek along the Wansdyke "Ughh! Do we have to . . ." For the first time in three days the warden smiled!

"Unfortunately" the walk did not go as anticipated. A quarter of a mile from the bus, Mr. Cook yelled cheerfully "It looks like rain". It didn't only look like rain!!! We swam back to the coach and abandoned the course.

From the point of view of:  
J. Norman, E. Ford, J. Morse, M. Parrett, J. Young

## POSTSCRIPT TO BRAESIDE

It almost seemed like old times as the rain began to fall from the merciless sky. It was the much waited for Braeside reunion, to which most of the true Braesiders and a few foreigners, had dedicated their precious Speech Day holiday.

After a brilliant hilltop lecture, given by Mr. Cook, to the accompaniment of jet fighters, on the possibility of Cadbury being a base of King Arthur we set off for Glastonbury. We had been warned in our notes to "beware of the hippies". However, we did not see any, and the "Hippies not admitted" signs in most shops aroused a few sarcastic comments from Miss Skedge, which were to be a feature of the day. After a visit to "King Arthur's Grave" in the Abbey ruins, and a few light refreshments we travelled to Wells. After a brief visit to the first tower we saw, which turned out to be the parish church, we eventually found the cathedral, a magnificent structure of the 14th century. We then set off home. However, five miles from Bath a strong, burning smell led us to pull into a layby where fuel trouble was diagnosed, and our journey was at a sudden end. After many phone calls, an hour's wait, and a visit to the nearby railway line, disused that is, for those of us desperate to increase our geographical knowledge, a magnificent touring coach arrived to take us on our way.

We eventually reached the outskirts of Swindon and were cruising along London Road when everything came to a sudden halt. As we all know, all vehicles need fuel to run on and this one had just run out. After a few more phone calls, we sat waiting for our rescuer for half an hour, during which our valiant leader, Mr. Cook, read his horoscope for the day: "Your achievements are only limited by lack of persistence". We soon decided to risk our luck on the Swindon Corporation, and after a journey of ten minutes, waiting for the wheels to fall off, we finally reached the school, three hours after Mr. Cook's confidently forecast E.T.A. of 5.00 p.m. And still the rain came down.

Andrew Cable, 6S

## SIXTH FORM BIOLOGY FIELD COURSE

After a six-hours journey by train and coach, nine Headlandians, including Mr. Harwood, arrived with several other sixth form students from various parts of the country at the Drapers' Field Centre. We were to spend a week studying general ecology. That evening we were given an introductory lecture by the Warden, and were then introduced to Ann Southorn, who was to be our course leader, and her lively springer spaniel, Jenny.

Our course opened with a lecture on the basic principles of ecology, after which we discussed various techniques for sampling flora and fauna. We followed this up by walking up a hill nine hundred feet high, to the Llyn Elsi reservoir, where we spent some time sampling plants in a marked area, helped, of course, by Jenny! The following day we travelled



to Penmon Point on Anglesey, where we sampled both animals and plants, to produce a quantitative analysis of life on a rocky shore. This was followed up in the evening by a study of tides, and their effects on a shore.

On the third day of the course we turned our attention to the ecology of a fresh-water stream. Having had a discussion in the morning, we set off in the afternoon, wearing waterproof clothing of various bright colours, to identify animal species to be found in a stream running very close to the Centre. We had to walk through a far from clean farmyard to reach the chosen site, and this drew various comments from the group! The next day we were divided into groups, allotted an animal group, and we set out to do a survey of our particular animals, in various parts of the stream. At each sampling site we measured the temperature of the water, its oxygen content, its rate of flow and its depth. We also made a note of the type of substrata (i.e. rocky, muddy, etc.).

On our final day we spent most of the time in the laboratory experimenting with various aspects of the stream habitat, and the conditions which best suited the animals which had been allotted to our particular groups. After much feverish activity, and a sudden decrease in the mayfly nymph population in North Wales, due to a hot water experiment, it was time to clean up the laboratory ready for the next course. In the evening, as a conclusion to our course, each group gave a short talk on their findings with regard to the fresh-water animal group which they had studied.

Although we worked very hard during the week, starting work at nine o'clock in the morning and, with breaks for meals, still writing notes at ten o'clock in the evening, we enjoyed ourselves immensely.

#### GEOGRAPHY FIELD COURSE—APRIL 1972

It was a dull and blustery Saturday afternoon, when thirty-seven Sixth Form geographers arrived in Keswick to begin their week's field course. After spending a few hours visiting the library and information centre, posing questionnaires to unsuspecting passers-by and even studying the architecture of the town, we were driven to the hotel—our home for the next six days.

Throughout the week we covered various aspects of physical and human geography, constantly taking notes. However it is perhaps more interesting to recall what was not entered into our notebooks!

Sunday found the enthusiastic students in Borrowdale studying valley glaciation (or rather the effects of it!) Male superiority was proven (unfortunately!) when it came to navigating a waterfall—the boys had to form a human chain to convey the girls to the other side. The ground in this area was particularly wet and muddy, as the seats of certain people's trousers proved! Later on in the afternoon Mr. Judson decided to lead his group across (I should say through) a river—after the fourth stepping stone we discovered that no others existed and being committed we resignedly waded across.

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visits to Maryport and Workington (towns with exceptionally high unemployment), left the majority feeling very depressed, and the beach at Flimby was not exactly picturesque. After our excursion to the steel works in Workington we had a much clearer picture of how the Northern working class really live.

Our final afternoon in Cumberland, spent examining coastal features at St. Bees, proved to be the most entertaining. The absence of swimming costumes did not deter most of the boys and a few girls from jumping into the waves. The evidence was to be seen back at the hotel where the washing line was littered with dripping cords and shirts. The near freezing temperature of the sea did not prevent staff from "bathing". The male contingent of the Sixth Form very kindly helped them into the sea, and not wishing that only their feet should get wet (thereby missing the enjoyment of complete immersion), they were deposited where the water was somewhat deeper!

When Friday at last arrived we reluctantly departed after breakfast to the strains of Mr. Hurford singing (?) "Now is the hour", and after a brief stop in the Pennines to examine carboniferous limestone scenery, we eventually arrived home, tired, but in high spirits with enough to talk about for weeks to come!

Gill Burton, 6A

#### LOIRE VALLEY COURSE 1972

The language course in the Loire Valley is a valuable and rewarding experience. However, this largely depends on your host family and whether you yourself make the effort to have an enjoyable "séjour".

Contrary to our expectations, the only snails we encountered were in the garden, although much to our horror, on exploring a "Supermarché" we came across some frozen frogs' legs though we never did confront them on the dinner table. We were disappointed at the great talk of beret wearing Frenchmen riding prehistoric bicycles and carrying yards of onions over their shoulders, but on the other hand if the thought of "pâtisseries", soaked in rum and oozing with fresh cream, and wine at your bidding appeals to you, France is for you!

The course itself is very enjoyable in that the approach of the French teaching staff is very informal and you find yourself participating with ease. The organised visits and excursions are many and varied, though not always compulsory. We especially enjoyed the one to a wine factory, where we sampled the product and we found ourselves "merry" due to the intoxicating air before we even caught sight of the finished product.

The subsequent trip to Paris is essential but, because things were "mal organisées" we lost at least five hours of the valuable time and it was no joy having to ascend and descend the Eiffel Tower on foot in thirty minutes.

The F.I.A.P. where we stayed in Paris is marvellous and ultra modern. It is very cosmopolitan, and we found ourselves meeting people of every nationality. All in all the whole trip is very worth while.

Tina Jones/Linda Rice, 6A

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## DREAMS OF EXISTENCE

### THE PARTING

*He's leaving,  
After many months,  
Of laughing, playing,  
Crying as one,  
You shared your secrets with this partner,  
With whom you felt "compatibility"  
Never found a true meaning,  
Than that of young lovers,  
He was you and him,  
Nothing mattered, no one cared,  
For time, you felt, stood still,  
When a ceaseless love, like yours,  
Forms such a union,  
But time's run out.*

*He's left you,  
They say that more will come,  
But you want no other,  
Even when you see,  
On the following day,  
He's out and laughing with another,  
Though not long before,  
He professed his love for you,  
With no less quaint conceits,  
Than Shakespeare placed in the mouth of Romeo,  
For his love, Juliet.*

*You're crying now,  
But wipe away those tears,  
That have fallen for your lost love,  
For time will heal,  
You too will find another,  
And your love for him,  
Will grow; and his for you,  
Then happiness once more will be complete.*

4Y

### REMEMBRANCE

*The sun sets over the forgotten fields  
The graves are all bare and alone  
The men who fought over these fields  
Are forgotten as the sun sets.*

*The sun sets over the forgotten fields  
And nobody cares, nobody stops, stares or remembers.  
If only somebody remembered  
As the sun sets.*

Philip Benfield, 4M

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## SORROWFUL REMEMBRANCES

The young boy, clad in his dirty shoes, shirt and trousers, leapt across the stream, followed by half a dozen of his yelling, laughing playmates. He landed on the opposite bank and stumbled into the hedge, pricking and scratching himself, but still laughing. His bright face glowed with happiness and joy. He launched himself after his jostling friends. One carried a football.

"Me, Les and Jerry take," he suggested. Nobody argued, but jackets and pullovers were disrobed quickly, in order to make two goals.

Very soon they were yelling and laughing, even more, enjoying their involvement in the game. One was pushed and he landed in a mud-patch, but he got up, without any ill feelings, and chased after the ball.

All the while this small group were enjoying themselves in their rough and tumble football game on the muddy field, screams of laughter and cries of short-lived pain, echoed from the nearby playground. In some nearby bushes and trees a group of youngsters darted in and out, imitating to the best of their ability and with all of their hearts, soldiers fighting in a war. But even those that died once, died again many times. It was all great fun, and they only had to lie still for a while, before being resurrected, and living to fight another life, without getting any older.

The old man, who had been standing watching this all of the time, turned with tears in his eyes, remembering similar days when he used to be young a thousand times over, and lived in a million roles. But now, he could only look back with the tragic nostalgia that comes with the inevitable approach of old age, loneliness and sorrow.

Ken Davey, 6A

### NOSTALGIA

*Captain Jones sits and tells  
Of storms and ships  
And high rigged dippers  
Racing for glory and life.*

*Captain Smith sits and tells  
Of huge iron boats  
With billowing funnels  
Built by great and good men.*

*Captain Ling just sits  
and thinks  
Of men who drowned  
And widows who weep  
For them.*

Fiona Robertson, 4Y

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### A NIGHTMARE

*I try to get away from it all,  
This mass of green monsters,  
This crowd of green people,  
Wavering back and forth,  
Groaning and moaning,  
Twirling and twisting,  
Revolving in a heavy, green mist,  
Nothing is real,  
Nothing is human,  
In the terrifying world of a nightmare.*

Karen Doone, 4Y

### A DREAM

*The last sign of our ship disappears,  
It goes down without a murmur,  
There are people grasping at things all around me,  
At doors, boxes, anything,  
There's a turmoil of noise on board,  
But yet the sea is silent,  
A deadly silence.  
I pray for the security of a bustling city,  
For the feel of solid earth,  
For the everyday trials of life,  
For anything by a watery grave.  
I am cold, my body is cold,  
The fear comes back,  
I look for someone,  
Some way of loosing my fear.  
But I have drifted, drifted away,  
Away from all life,  
And nearer to the end,  
I have no food, no shelter, and I am cold.  
It is the pain of the cold,  
And fear,  
Everything I hear,  
Everything I touch,  
Everything I see,  
Is dark and empty,  
The horizon is black and empty as the sea,  
And the sky,  
And the cold,  
Still I feel the cold.*

Michael Bunce, 5M

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### THE MAGIC DAWNING CAVERN

*From recesses  
Down passages tinted with sage,  
Growing ever more abundant  
Like so many ancient wise men,  
No Minator lurks,  
But the spreading wisp of a vision  
Is drawn, like the rolling of a dinosaur's egg:  
Fighting  
With my fingers tracing blue chains  
To drag the raging once-wisp  
Now cauldron,  
Clanking  
Kicking as a god might  
From my desperate attentions  
Into the semi-darkness of the garlic grotto  
And thence to the gallery  
Quivering to blur its secrets . . .*

*. . . And the crone, with evidence of ages  
In magic chasms  
Lining her features,  
And in the vastness of her nose,  
Whispered incantations of pre-ages  
Such as turn me into me;  
And my eyes shook  
As an emerging mountain might  
With effort  
But, creaking like bats' wings,  
They turned in upon themselves . . .*

*. . . Time now is not,  
And the bubbles bursting in the scum  
Beckon me;  
And in the cauldron's darkness,  
In the depths of its potency  
Come forth thoughts, like sea-spray—  
Some few caught  
And countless corpses on the rocks below . . .*

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... The Ark perhaps, a magpie stealing time  
And keeping the jewel to waste  
In the back of its clutching weasel nest  
Sifting an infinity of watery grains  
For the way  
To preservation  
For Eternity's second  
Beneath the ancient sun.  
Arrarat an oozing earth callous? On which  
A Unicorn would shrink to tread—  
Rather the silk of memory  
Than an unhappy stone venture.  
(Where is he with the golden eyes  
With no interred vengeance  
To blast our balding, silvering heads?  
Whose arching, spinning, fondling cries  
Smoothed as a Pan's note in oak  
And lifted us through the gates of a laugh  
To his golden river's banks  
Which we traversed  
In, on, like  
Hollow fruit;  
And on the far side, smiles grew like grass  
And frightened us with purity;  
And so again the wilderness—  
But where is golden eyes?)  
The ne'er forgotten shipwright, forgotten?  
In truth an entertainer  
Like an echo from the glowing lime,  
But to precede an Owl with an Ostrich!  
Noah  
A foolish man?

And yet  
In a few feet of us, fathoms may occur,  
And so stand candles  
Like towers to the sun;  
And these lanterns may burn forever  
And, perhaps, with feline brightness—  
Now what say you to Noah?"  
It said . . .

... But  
As the beard came creeping on clay feet  
The cauldron was split  
And back to the depths  
As a wisp, it went.

Mick Ryan, 7A

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#### TEENAGE BLUES

What can you say about shimmering heat, distorting golden cornfields,  
When you are sitting in the freezing rain with a grey, grey mind?

What can you say about living free,  
When your skull is crashed by troubles?

What can you say about cool, cool grass;  
When you are sitting on concrete that doesn't even know you?

What can you say about lying down,  
When you've got to stand up for yourself?

What can you say about what you can't get,  
If you're told you want it?

What can you say about the truth,  
If you just don't recognise it?

You can't be told,  
Because you're involved,

You can't live,  
Because you've got to exist.

What can you say about life,  
If you don't know what it is?

Stephen Broome, 4Y

#### DREAMS OF EXISTENCE

Life has always puzzled man, but throughout time he has striven to increase his knowledge, to understand more about himself and his world. As his life moves forward, he can look back to the past for help to guide him with the actions he must take today. Some thoughts are simply passing moments, but others linger as haunting memories that one can never forget. These often return to the mind as nightmares, distorted almost to an unrecognisable degree, yet they are all based on disturbing experiences that have pressurised one's mind. One must always remember, however, to live only for the future, for the past has died and just these few nostalgic memories remain.

A. P. Dzimitrowicz, 4Y

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## SOCIETIES

### BIOLOGY CLUB

After school every Wednesday evening, the biology laboratories are opened to pupils who want to design and carry out their own research projects. As in previous years this facility has attracted a small group of regular attenders from the fourth year whose activities have included the design of equipment for field studies and studies of growth in insects and gerbils—the constant production of offspring from the latter providing a popular supply for other schools.

### FOLK MUSIC CLUB

The School Folk Club met, whenever possible, every Wednesday from 4–5.30. Its limited membership provided everyone there with a wide variety of folk music. However the folk club was not limited to these specific meetings but it helped out with several school occasions, the main ones being the very successful Sixth and Seventh Form Barbecue and the Australian Folk Song evening. It will also, in the very near future, provide the music at the school's "It's a Knock-Out".

Ross Mitchell, 6A

### PHYSICS DEVELOPMENT GROUP

Work has been progressing slowly but surely on the tracking of satellites and doppler shifts have already been observed. This project should be under full operation by June. Ultrasonic, radio control and other projects have already been started and the Digital computer is nearing completion. New enthusiastic members will be made most welcome.

G. D.

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### RADIO CLUB (G3PZV)

This society is being well supported and over 90 different countries have been worked during the present school year. A regular contact has been established with the Anton Real Schule of Saltzmitter, which is the sister town of Swindon. Three other members of the school have passed the City and Guilds R.A.E.\* and Mrs. Blacklock is now licensed as G8GAE.

G. D. (G3MQD)

\*Radio Amateur's Examination.

### LECTURE AT R.M.C.S. SHRIVENHAM

A group of 15 Sixth and Seventh Physics students attended a most interesting illustrated lecture entitled "The Physics of Games" (given by Mr. C. B. Daish) on Friday, March 17th. Demonstrations of impact, air resistance and the Bernoulli effect were well presented and the visit was enjoyed by all who were fortunate to attend.

G. D.

### HISTORY SOCIETY

Only a limited number of meetings have been held this year ranging from a marathon survey of Turkish history to an epic "mixed media" study of the First World War. The Society was honoured with a visit by Mr. P. Street, sometime student at Headlands, who gave an interesting talk on Bismarck. In addition the Society organised a film visit to see "Tora! Tora! Tora!" and a theatre visit to the Wyvern for "A Full Head of Steam!"

### CHESS CLUB

A particularly exciting year for the Club which has reached its maximum size, with many members reaching a good adult club standard. Due to a lack of interest in other schools no tournaments have been played, but internal competitions produced keen rivalry.

Many members are busily engaged in making reproductions of the famous Isle of Lewis Set. This is a joint venture with the Craft Club.

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## A FEW THOUGHTS ON . . .

### ..... WOMEN'S LIB

Although the illusion that women are primarily childbearers may have been prevalent a few decades ago, in the last few years the realisation has come that many women can make a useful contribution to the society in which they live. It seems certain that this trend will continue, so to talk of restricting the education of women seems a strangely retrogressive viewpoint in what is popularly considered to be the age of enlightenment.

Some will argue that most girls do not show much interest in their future careers anyway because this might make people think that they were not expecting to get married. It is undoubtedly true that this attitude does exist, but it is quite without foundation, and it is the responsibility of society as a whole to prevent girls just drifting out of school into the first available job and regretting it later. The mother with a training will have something extra to give her children as they grow up, and so be a more satisfactory parent. She may also go back to her profession after her children have grown up; this not only has the advantage of adding to the family income, but also means that an escape from the home to an outside interest is always available. It is important to realise that education should benefit the individual as well as the nation.

It seems quite unethical that only the privileged few women should be educated, partly for the simple reason that it would be impossible to select them properly. To attempt to be more selective than at present would undoubtedly result in errors disastrous for the individual and regrettable for the nation. This country needs intelligent minds as much as any other, and not merely those at the pinnacle of intellectual achievement. Intelligence is not restricted to the male sex and we cannot afford to waste the nation's resources in this respect. It is, therefore, important to educate a large number of women in order not to waste the talent that exists.

The realisation that women are capable of a wide range of careers has come slowly, but we are now beginning to admit women to a greater variety of occupations. The demand for scientists and technologists is such that discrimination against women is no longer practicable. The demand exists not just for female geniuses but also for women whose intelligence is on a more modest scale. In addition, it cannot be denied that a better education can increase the usefulness of women in the careers in which they are already established, exemplified by the enormous number of secretarial positions.

There is, perhaps, some foundation in the argument that educating women allows them to displace men from their jobs and so disturb the employment situation. It can be argued that, while there is significant unemployment, it is desirable to restrict employment to only one member of each family, namely the man. In addition, it is also true that the widespread employment of women could be socially disruptive even if the employment of men were ensured. For, conceivably, a wide gap in income would arise between families in which both parents were working and those in which only the father was employed, and this, in turn, would create a new class barrier at a time when the whole concept of social class is under attack.

In conclusion, although there are arguments against fully educating women, there seems a much stronger case for equality of opportunity. The overwhelming argument seems to be one of ethics. For a long time this country has made an effort to provide education for anyone who is capable of benefiting from it. It would be a great tragedy if such principles were sacrificed merely to avoid the necessary expenditure.

Steven Hall, 6S

### SING TO THE SKY

*Sing to the sky,  
Here's why.  
Look at the sky,  
The sky looks back.  
The sky will give you what you give it.  
The land gives the sky water,  
The sky gives water to the land.  
Man gives the sky pollution,  
The sky gives pollution to Man.  
The sky is wiser than thou,  
It never goes one better,  
Never one worse;  
Always equality.  
Knock down those hollow, branchless, lifeless trees which sprout  
forth thine own death:  
And sing to the sky.*

Steven Priestley, 5X



#### THOUGHTS ON LONELINESS FROM 4M2

Loneliness can be a much more personal thing, when it can be locked inside a person and no-one knows what he is going through, inside himself. This type of person may have many friends; he may go to parties and even try and put on a smile when he sees anyone staring at him, sitting in the corner of the room. People may talk to him in an attempt to help him but they can reach only a small way. Something is blocking them from finding out what is wrong. It's something far inside the person. This is personal loneliness. Loneliness can be eased with company, and having friends, you can turn to in times of need. Personal loneliness is something that can be cured only by the person who has it. This person will have to fight and beat loneliness, to push it aside and try and live happily. In other words it takes determination.

Loneliness when people are around you is the worst kind. You have a cold hollow inside you, all you see is dim and uninviting, sort of cold and bare. Even a bright sunny day seems miserable. You are left alone in a cold blanket with only memories and thoughts. Sometimes you will speak to yourself and people will say you are crazy; they don't know what it is like to be lonely. You then have to live in your own world and this becomes after a while, cold and bare with dark shadows everywhere. Once, when people try to help you, new life and hope is given and then the shadows disappear and everything is warm and colourful.

A young person in his loneliness may turn to drugs, like L.S.D., to get away from the living world of troubles and quarrels and unrest, to a world of dreams where everything is perfect, and where nothing goes wrong, complete harmony. Lonely people like these young people need help from those who are trained for the job. Love and patience are what these lonely people need.

In the corner before the fight everyone is telling you what to do, but the boxer is the only one who can do it. When the fight starts, you can see hundreds of faces staring at you, but they are all blank because you don't know them. Some of them shout insults and boo you while others cheer. Sometimes a boxer must stop and ask himself whether or not it's worth it. The loneliest time in a boxer's life must be when he is knocked down and beaten, and nobody wants to know him.

4M

## HOUSE REPORTS

### AVEBURY HOUSE

#### General Report

During the Winter Term 1971 Avebury was in a strong position in the House Championship by finishing second in Rugby and Football and also a first place in Basketball and Chess. This, however, was offset by mediocre performances in Cross-Country, Netball and Hockey. Although these teams did not achieve such high positions, they deserve credit for effort if not achievement.

There was great enthusiasm for the Blanket Competition, and due to this we finished second.

Once again in the Music and Verse Festival Avebury repeated last year's success and emerged as winners.

The climax of the House Championship came with the Athletic Competition in April 1972. In this, Avebury was unable to maintain last year's first position and finished third.

Without the results of the Cricket, Tennis and Volleyball, which have not been completed at the time of writing, Avebury have, on the whole, had a reasonably successful year.

Ann P. Hawketts  
David W. Scotford

### BARBURY HOUSE REPORT (BOYS) 1972

The early part of the school year can certainly be considered a reasonably good one for Barbury boys. The first major house competition of the year was the seven-a-side Rugby tournament in which, mainly due to a table-topping fourth year side, Barbury came equal first in the overall competition. However, our success in this was dampened slightly by our lowly fourth place in the fifteen-a-side competition. In the house Basketball competition, Barbury gained a very creditable overall position of second. Then in the Easter Term came one of our best achievements when we won the Cross-country. In the same term a valiant effort by our football teams made us leading contenders for the championship, but unfortunately we had to be content with second place after losing the deciding match. Another creditable second place in the chess tournament ended the Easter Term. Unfortunately a little apathy amongst our competitors led to us finishing fourth in the Sports.

Andrew Cable, House Secretary



## HOUSE REPORT FOR BARBURY HOUSE GIRLS—1972

### HOUSE OFFICIALS

*Girls' Captain:* Georgina Shelton

*Vice-Captain:* Fiona Turner

This year has not been as successful as one would have hoped for Barbury girls, a fact stemming from a general lack of enthusiasm within the house.

This general air of apathy extended into both netball teams where some difficulty was experienced in organising teams. However, eventually the Junior girls did well to be placed third while the seniors finished fifth. Response to the plea for hockey players was slightly better and the house was placed fourth and fifth in the VII and XI a-side tournaments respectively.

There was also a better response to Sports Day this year and despite some fine individual performances we eventually attained fourth position overall.

Apathy again "set in", however, in the Verse and Music Festival, when after a good start we dropped to fifth place. To do well in this event points must be gained in the preliminary rounds, and despite a great deal of hard work by Sharon Gough, response to both the individual classes and choir was decidedly lacking!

In conclusion, it is hoped that with a little more enthusiasm and effort next year Barbury can achieve a higher standard in the various house competitions. Now, it only remains to thank all those who have helped in any way this year, either in organisation or as a competitor. Our best wishes for the future are extended to all those who are leaving us this year, particularly to Mr. Hickman, our House Master, on his retirement.

Linda Chick (House Secretary)

### KENNET HOUSE GIRLS' REPORT

This year, unfortunately, has not been very successful for Kennet. Many girls have been keen and helpful, but this cannot be said to extend throughout the House. The Music and Drama Festival, Netball, the Blanket competition, all provided us with brief moments of glory—as did the other competitions—but not the exalted position of first place.

Many thanks to all House Officials and Staff, who have helped enormously during the year. Thanks especially to Mr. Grainger, who this year retires from his position as House Master. Mr. Cowley takes the position of House Master next year, with Miss Whereat as his Deputy. Kennet will be in capable hands and I am sure that, with a little extra effort, we can become Champion House once more.

Vanessa Kearley, House Captain

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### KENNET HOUSE BOYS

This year has not been a particularly successful one, partly because there was a dearth of school team players in the house and a lack of enthusiasm among some of the seniors. This has been most noticeable both on sports day and when we failed to field a team at Rugby.

The Fourth Year, however, have contributed with success and enthusiasm, so that our prospects for the future seem good.

### ROCKLEY HOUSE

#### HOUSE OFFICIALS

##### *Girls*

*Captain:* Liz Sore

*Vice-Captain:* Ina McLeod

*Secretary:* Liz Ford

##### *Boys*

*Captain:* Richard Hamilton

*Vice-Captain:* Martin Oxley

*Secretary:* Colin Ore

This year, through considerable enthusiasm from both boys and girls of all years, Rockley has achieved a high standard, which could bring the championship shield at the end of the year.

The house began the year by winning the Blanket Competition, and followed this by coming third in the Music, Verse and Drama Festival. Our competitors also did well on the sports fields, the senior boys winning both the Football and Cross-country, and coming second in the Rugby and Basketball. The juniors also came first in the Football.

The girls also had some good results, gaining second place in both senior and junior Netball, first place in eleven-a-side Hockey and a good position in the seven-a-side Hockey.

The climax of the year came when we won the Athletics Cup on Sports Day.

Liz Ford, 6S2

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### SILBURY HOUSE BOYS

#### HOUSE OFFICIALS

*Captain:* D. Morrell

*Vice-Captain:* M. Oakes

Once again this has been a good year for Silbury. Both the boys and the girls of the house have shown great enthusiasm in their activities. The staff also put in a lot of time and effort into ensuring the Silbury traditions of good spirited competition.

The boys did very well in the Rugby and house Cross-country, but this year failed with Football and Basketball, but we can still do well in the house Cricket and Volleyball.

In the Music and Drama Festival we were just beaten by Avebury, again, after putting on some excellent individual performances. Also we were the runners-up in the school Athletics Championships, due to a good team effort.

We are now fighting for the House Championship itself, against Avebury and Rockley, and if we do well in the Cricket, Volleyball and the standards, perhaps we will win the house championship, instead of being runners-up.

T. Probert, Secretary

### SILBURY HOUSE GIRLS

#### HOUSE OFFICIALS

*House Captain:* Wendy Arthurs

*Vice-Captain:* Julia Widdows

*Secretary:* Sara Whittaker

This year has proved to be a very successful one for Silbury girls, partly because of the combined enthusiasm of all years.

First places were attained by both the Fourth Year and Senior Netball teams, making us outright winners of the competition. We can be similarly pleased with the Hockey results, coming a good second in the 11-a-side and being overall winners of the 7-a-side tournament.

The Tennis team is also on the way to a good result having won all nine matches played so far.

Finally, the contributions to the Verse and Music Festival by both boys and girls were very creditable, the choir doing well to win its section.

Congratulations and many thanks to all House Members and Staff concerned and let's hope next year will be equally successful.

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## LIFE AND DEATH

### BRIEF MOMENT

*The sticky white  
Heat  
Penetrates through  
The roofless stairs  
Turning them  
White hot,  
And scalding  
My feet  
As they tiptoe  
Cautiously  
Over them.*

Fiona Robertson, 4Y

### SHORT STORY

John Bridges' second "Rag Week" was fast approaching, and he began to search his mind for a fitting sequel to the previous year's sponsored pole-squat. He remembered how his precarious position in a barrel atop a one-hundred foot high pole had attracted many sponsors and swelled the funds for grateful charities.

He asked the student who shared his flat, Bob Edwards, for suggestions.

"Well, man," he said, after some thought, "you could always go the other way, see what I mean?"

"I'm afraid I don't," admitted John. His Welsh friend soon explained.

"Underground, Johnie boy, one hundred feet the other way."

"You mean the old College well?"

"Now you've got it. You could take books and a torch as well as food, so you could study in peace at the same time."

"I see," enthused John, "a sort of subterranean subterfuge from boring lectures and all that—but it's for a good cause, too!"

"You mean you'll go on beyond Rag Week, man?"

"Of course!" beamed John, ignoring every undesirable factor as is an optimist's wont.

\* \* \*

John had insisted on having his hands tied one foot from each other, so that he could eat, drink and read without being able to escape. Bob had half-heartedly given counsel against this, but had agreed not to uncover the well before two weeks had passed, as John wanted the public to turn it into an adventure, and therefore a sponsor-puller.

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"See you then, boyo," said Bob as he closed the lid. "Take care of yourself now!"

"Don't you worry!" shouted John just before he was plunged into darkness.

Darkness was not a new experience for John, but nevertheless he decided to leave the torch on at all times. Surveying the vast stockpiles of food around him though he felt much better and sat on the damp earth with one of his study books to read.

By the time John had been in the well for two days he was a bit tired of reading, and shut his book with a loud thump through sheer frustration, leaving it on his lap. This won't do, he thought, and he decided to do some running on the spot—which was the only exercise possible within the close confines of the well. As he got up, the book fell off John's knees and on to the well's earthen bottom.

It splashed. At first, John did not realise the significance of this, and then, slowly, terrifyingly, the truth dawned on him. He stood in an inch of water where the uneven floor sloped down. On touching the walls, he found them dripping with moisture. He listened and sure enough heard the soft patter of raindrops on the boards one hundred feet above him. The weather had been extremely dry for weeks previously, and John knew that this could be a heavy rainstorm.

His immediate concern was for his torch and books, which he stacked on the diminishing island which was still uncovered. Then, he piled used tin cans in the puddle and transferred food, books, and torch to this pyramid-like structure. Apparently safe and dry, John felt less concern now for his stores.

Sleeping was a problem, the water making it more unbearably cold as it rose, and many "nights" John could sleep very little indeed. Another two days after the rain had started John began to have his first really serious doubts as to his safety. With his hands securely bound, should the water continue to rise John would not be able to swim. The patter on the boards did not cease, and soon it began to get on his nerves, both because of its monotony and its portentous link with the hourly rising water.

With the water around his stomach John turned to shouting for help. It was useless. Not even Bob, he knew, would venture out in such ghastly weather just to be that bit nearer him. If only, thought John, if only he had not insisted on his hands being tied he would have been able to escape. As it was, much of his food supply in the form of tin cans was at that time stored underwater.

The water tasted very fresh, as it lapped against John's mouth in tiny waves caused by his frantic experiments to find his dropped torch and some way of escape from what he recognised as impending doom. Once or twice it went up his nose and he snorted angrily as the mocking patter continued way above his head. When his nose became submerged he had to jump up and down to catch his breaths, blowing bubbles underwater as he began to pant. His hoarse breaths were pitiful refusals to acknowledge defeat until, perhaps mercifully, they ceased.

Stephen Priestley, 5X

## IN THE RAIN

The rain fell on to the forest floor. The sky, grey like charcoal, emptied never ending gallons over the soaked land, enclosing the forest in sheets of wet monotony, and creating a small world full only with wetness and noise, a drumming noise that jarred the brain and nerves of the traveller. The traveller, battered by rain, was totally lost.

Though he jumbled with his compass and shifted the pack that was chafing his back, in an effort to feign hope, he knew that he had fallen into the fatal predicament that had befallen other friends.

They had been as hardy, calloused and experienced as he, yet they had, every one, perished in the steamy forest where things really perished and crumbled. All things that lost the continuous battle for survival, were almost instantly swept away.

Some man's remains, once the home of emotion and life, could be at this moment ashes on the soil under the traveller's feet. He shuddered. Nature, he thought, was no mother, but was as merciless and precise as a scientist calmly dissecting, slicing and disposing of monkeys and other animals. He was past the time of hysterical fear; he only felt heavy all over.

He knew with faint but real dread that soon he would give up and quietly lie down and die. It had happened to others. He wondered just how he would face the prospect of nothingness when the time came.

He had no goal to support him, or hope of an after-life to comfort him. After he died, he would be nothing, another rotting carcass, as dead and soulless as a dead cow.

The thought of maggots shamelessly gorging on his arms and legs frightened him. It made him sweat and his stomach constrict sickeningly, so being an ordinary man, not accustomed of mind-bending contemplation, and filled within born sense of the ordinary, toiling man, he swept the thought from his mind.

He hadn't led the life that inclines one to impracticality or hysteria. Throughout his forty years of life, his body and mind had plodded on, as had many bodies and minds, fighting and staving off inevitable death.

For most, life consisted of struggling to live and produce the next generation. The traveller's soul amassed knowledge with the tricks of long survival.

He thought of himself without self-pity, for his lot had been softer than some people's.

His love for a hard, alcoholic father who had earned precious little, had been non-existent.

After blows delivered in the savagry of drunkenness, father and son had avoided each other whenever possible. The son would scuttle from his father's approach.

The traveller stated firmly to the sheet "I hated my father." And he had hated him, and had silently prayed for his early death, and had blessed the soldier who had shot him during a street fight.



The traveller could hear nothing around him save for the drumming rain and see nothing, but leaves and stalks bent under the water's weight.

The earth that drank in water like a monstrous sponge clung to his feet with a slimy grip, only grudgingly releasing its clutch as the feet plodded on.

His mother, thought the traveller, had been the only real person to whom he had been attached.

She had clutched him protectively to her bosom when the husband had threatened him, and had driven off bullying older brothers.

Now he was unused to crying, but a hot pain passed through his breast as he thought of her, small, perpetually exhausted, and one-armed, dressed in shabby, dull clothes. She had lost her arm as the result of a collision with a battered car and amputation had been performed awkwardly by a man with a limited knowledge of basic medical techniques.

The traveller, full of muddled scenes and memories, stumbled in a daze to the rotting remains of an indian hut, once the home of the emancipated people that could melt into the forest and live hidden from white eyes for months on end.

Here, he sank down to the ground and fell into dreamless sleep.

Three hours later, amidst the rain, he became a carcass.

The parasites and scavengers, bulging insects, descended on him, as they had descended on many carcasses.

Nobody knew of his death for months and being practical people, nobody mourned or wept.

Joanna Ryan, 4Y

#### LIFE AND DEATH

*My blistering mind  
Reflects the sun;  
I work all day,  
Till the work is done.*

*My blistering mind  
Reflects the war;  
I fight gallantly  
For my corps.*

*My blistering mind  
Reflects my home,  
And the windswept fields  
Where I used to roam.*

*And cooling rapidly in the moon  
I'm safe to know—to know that soon  
I'll be safe in sleep  
Where my mind is cool—  
But I'm the fool;*

*I may never wake again.*

Ross Higgs, 5P

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#### THE SALMON

In a certain country there was a salmon river. It followed the usual course of a river, hurling itself down the hillside and moving towards the sea. The shoal had started and a shoal of fish were seen forcing their way up against the current of the water. As they fought through the river weir, the salmon seemed like flying fish, for the water rose on either side of them in flashing transparent wings. The current grew stronger, sometimes breaking into foam and again and again the fish had to leap rocky barriers. Among the small-sized salmon was one that stood out much more than the rest and meanwhile advancing fish grew fewer and fewer as they decided they had gone far enough.

The strongest of the fish reached a point where the river ran into a deep ravine. At the other end it formed a waterfall, plunging over a sheer face. The cascade, falling through the centuries, had formed a deep basin. Most of the fish found this barrier too great, some went back, but still there were some determined to go on, knowing that there would be good feeding places above the fall. They jumped from step to step, sometimes forced back, but nearly all made it, except the biggest fish who did not attempt to navigate the ridge. He decided to jump the main waterfall which needed to be jumped in one leap. The salmon stayed at the pool, but soon after dawn it surfaced and made a few powerful moves. Then he leapt into the air with drops of water flashing like a cloak of sequins. Again and again these leaps failed to reach the top and the fish's blood started to ooze between his scales. The salmon sank into the water and the next day it began again, and then with a violent upward thrust he hauled himself to the top, looked at the calm waters and fell back. The body sank.

Raymond Read, 5M

#### DEATH AT MIDNIGHT

*The old man sat hunched in his chair,  
Gently rocking to and fro;  
His face was thin and lined with age.*

*He stared at the fire,  
And he thought of the years long past,  
He remembered the time he was young and bold.*

*In the shadow of the fire he sat,  
And his chair rocked to and fro.  
Midnight struck and the room grew cold.*

*Midnight struck and so had death,  
As the chair rocked to and fro.  
The old man's soul was now at rest,  
And he sat, still as stone.*

Eleanor Bowen, 4M

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### WIND

The distant trees  
Blur.  
As the grey glove  
Of rain  
Strikes  
Their bare, stick  
Fingers.  
They bow,  
And bob under  
The wind's swift torture  
Sweeping their  
Leafless twigs  
To the sky.

Fiona Robertson, 4Y

### THE WEeping WILLOW

The Willow tree could be seen from the house,  
Weeping.  
No more drooping branches to shade the ground below,  
It was dying.  
Long ago a baby was born,  
The willow tree had been full of life then.  
Happiness came from the house.  
Cries of "It's a boy!" were heard.  
The tree was happy too,  
Closely guarding the baby.  
He was christened under the tree  
And often played under the tree.  
The baby grew into a boy, then into a man.  
The man would stare at the beauty of the willow  
Whose branches would spread and droop,  
Protecting the man through his lonely life.  
Lonely.  
That's how the tree felt now,  
Lonely and dying.  
No more beautiful leaves to cover it,  
Just bare, dead branches.  
No life left at all;  
Exactly like the man.  
Just waiting for the last roots to give way to peace.  
No comfort at all.  
Both lay in their beds waiting for peace to dawn,  
Life to go away.  
Together they would die.  
Together, but alone.  
The man's eyes flicker and close.  
No more soft breathing to gently disturb the cold sheets.  
Outside a small crackling can be heard.  
A branch falls for the last time,  
And both man and tree are left in peace.

Anne Jeans, 4Q

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### COLD SUNDAY AFTERNOON

The infant grass clutches under my feet,  
And the grey leaf bounds  
Like an old tent with its clinging frame  
Outlined in withered lifeliness;  
Bounds with the dead wind in its wings.  
Now I am quiet in the knowledge  
That I move only for moments,  
And then I too  
Must rush along with the wind;  
No matter how cold it blows  
No matter how hot it blows  
I will feel nothing.

Like a spark was my conception;  
Two stones move in a man's striking hands  
And the small fire leaps  
With the joy of its momentary power  
And gutters on the earth,  
Blown away with the rest  
By the dead, dead wind.

The trees strike upwards with the grass  
And the birds cling, innocent, upon them  
And whistle their nonsense  
Like men in stolen skins  
Stamping and chanting desperately  
On the earth they do not understand.  
They also, in time, will flutter  
Brown and down

To the wind that scoots along the ground.  
As people in their cars  
Ride confidently against all forces  
Their little engine-driven, humming shells

Slowly crumble round them  
Hardly noticed;  
And the whistle of their motors  
Dies away  
With the whistle of the breath upon their lips.

The leaves creep and stumble in the cold dead wind.  
And away in the upper air  
The clouds disperse like bearded institutions  
And fall away in drops  
To kill themselves in the trees  
And the birds  
And the leaves  
And the brows earth.

When the tops of the trees mock into the mud  
When the birds burrow  
When the grass lies flat,  
The whole of creation will be re-united;  
I will fling my limbs down  
And let the wind blow all it wishes.

Mick Ryan, 7A

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## MUSIC AND DRAMA

### MUSIC

The full choir, girls choir and orchestra have all rehearsed regularly throughout the year. All three took part in both Carol Services and the School Concert. Quite a large number of former pupils performed in the concert. A party of sixty visited a Promenade Concert last September and parties have also visited Orchestral Concerts at the Wyvern Theatre.

### PROMENADE VISIT

The annual visit to the Promenade Concert took place on the 16th September when the London Symphony Orchestra played "Ruslan and Ludmilla", by Glinka, the "Rhapsody on a theme of Paganini" by Rachmaninov, Borodin's "Symphony No. 2", and "The Rite of Spring" by Stravinski.

"Ruslan and Ludmilla", short, full of vitality, and containing two main themes, proved an ideal beginning to a purely orchestral evening, being comparatively simple music to digest.

The Borodin possessed good lyrical qualities, characteristic of Russian folk-song, but the composer makes too frequent use of the main theme, thus causing the music to lose a certain amount of dramatic effect.

The Rachmaninov, played by Ivan Davis, deservedly received a great ovation, and the conductor, De Burgos, correctly produced the most romantic tone possible from the orchestra in the sentimental tune which appears in one of the variations.

Generally, however, the orchestra had a rather "cold" tone in comparison with other orchestras, but this proved an asset in "The Rite of Spring" in which Stravinski proved himself to be a man of considerable insight, as the stark, bare music was particularly characteristic of Pagan Russia and its primitive rituals.

J. Morse, 6A

### SCHOOL CONCERT

The School Concert took place on April 20th, and proved to be a great success. It was Mr. Gilbert's last, and he, as usual, put a great deal of effort into it, with help from the orchestra, full choir, girls' choir and brass band, as well as individuals who gave performances from the School Festival. The choirs were enlarged by old pupils who returned to give Mr. Gilbert support in this retirement concert, as was the orchestra. Mr. Gilbert was presented with gifts from the choir, following a speech, thanking Mr. Gilbert for all the hard work he has put in for the school, by Miss Nutting. Although a rather sad occasion, it proved to be a great tribute to Mr. Gilbert's endeavours.

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## THE DRAMA AND MUSIC FESTIVAL

It was pleasing to find the standard of entries were considerably higher than they have been in previous years, and, infinitely more important, that an even greater number of pupils contributed something to the event, and seemed to enjoy themselves doing so.

Avebury, once again, won the festival proving that it is not particularly the "star" performers who achieve victory but the people who unselfishly "have a go" in the preliminaries.

Many performances merit a mention but understandably, as space is limited, only the winners of each individual section can be mentioned.

The day began with the girls' solo which was won by Janice Morse, who also excelled herself to win the Folk Song and Piano Solo.

Gillian Burton and Terry Young (Silbury) won the boys' and girls' verse speaking with ease. Pam Lort and Gloria Bleaken achieved the greatest success in the "Dialogue" with a piece from "Antigone" by Jean Anouilh. The combined efforts, and slightly strange American accents of Ross Mitchell, Angela Relf, Jeremy Butcher and Gloria Bleaken won the "Scene" for Avebury with a piece from Peter Ustinov's "The Love of Four Colonels".

Mike Ryan, with his familiar and unmistakable style led the rest of the Kennet quarter (Mike Allendon, Dorothy Amis and Bonita Harris) to victory singing "The Hungry Child" and he also won the boys' Folk Song section. Two Aveburians, Malcolm Weaver and Richard Parrett, won the boys' Song and Instrumental sections respectively. The sweet strains of "Leaving on a Jet Plane" sung by Michelle Verroken, Sue Barnes and Pam Lort (Avebury) won the Trio Section. This was followed later in the day by more gusty and varied versions of "Jamaica Farewell" sung by each of the House Choirs and won, with a narrow margin, by Silbury.

Mr. Douglas Stewart and Mr. Davies adjudicated the drama and music respectively and we thank them for their useful criticisms.

Gloria Bleaken, 7A

### DRAMA

Excursions to theatres increased this year with the fourth forms extending their knowledge of the public school system ("The Winslow Boy") and Swindon Railways ("Full Head of Steam") and the fifths their understanding of Malayan jungle warfare ("Long, Short and Tall") and tribal dancing ("The Black Macbeth"). The sixth form saw a Victorian, unimpassioned "Othello", a slow moving but effective "Oedipus Rex", a physically uncomfortable "Troilus and Cressida", "'Tis a Pity She's a Whore" and a bleak and over-clever film of "Lear".

As has now become customary, there has been a good deal of practical activity: in fact, there has hardly been any time in the year when one or more of the displays of histrionic talent has not been in the process of development, either in the formality of the main hall (as with the major productions), the secret recesses of the West Block (for the Festival) or the West Hall, when, on Monday afternoons some sixth and seventh formers tasted the heights (or plumbed the depths!) of creative drama.

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## TWELFTH NIGHT

This year the school ventured into the realms of Shakespearean comedy, with a lavishly costumed "Twelfth Night". It was certainly the most spectacular production for some time, with brocaded lords and ladies moving before backcloths which appeared and disappeared with remarkable efficiency (despite the occasional recalcitrant bush which appeared on the wrong side!) while Olivia's garden not only boasted a convenient cell, but mobile trees and even a statue. (The latter was still adorning W.2 at the time of going to press; the former valiantly gave up the ghost at the prefect's concert!)

The play depends for its effectiveness largely on the two female leads, and Gloria Bleaken gave an effective performance, which underlined not only the romanticism of Olivia's nature but something of her spirit—in her exchanges with the Duke—and compassion—in her treatment of, first Feste and later Malvolio. Gill Burton was able to express some of the varied moods of Viola, ranging from the nostalgia of her love for Orsino, and embarrassment at being wooed by Olivia, to feminine panic



Andy Inkpen as Sir Toby Belch (Twelfth Night)

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at the imminent duel with Sir Andrew. The scenes between the two women were particularly impressive in their variation of tone and handling of blank verse.

Larry Lewis, as Feste, gave a competent performance though he did not always seem to be entirely in tune with the malice inherent in the part. Ross Mitchell's Malvolio was a sombre character, rarely comic (except in the finding of Olivia's letter) whose imprisonment for madness added an effective darkness to the play which was emphasised by a strongly delivered last speech.

Comedy was provided mainly by Sir Andrew (Mike Hayward) and Sir Toby (Andy Inkpen) whose style and appearance were admirably suited. The former was appropriately inane—especially in the duel scene—while the latter manipulated events with a formidable humour, and was mainly instrumental in giving the play its atmosphere of the rich fullness of uninhibited existence. Occasionally the diction lacked clarity, but, on the whole, the spirit of licence was well expressed and contrasted with the intense sobriety of the world of the lovers.

Other parts were played by Mike Wakefield (Orsino), who had the difficult task of opening the play on a note of indulgent romanticism; Susan Willis as a subdued Maria; Phil Wilks as a tree-pushing Fabian, Sue Barnes, Jeremy Lewis and Jimmy Truscott.

The music of the play was provided mainly by Malcolm Weaver who sang the concluding song silhouetted against the sky—an effective visual and aural moment.

On the whole, a successful play, with the school's actors showing an increase in range that augurs well for the future.

## NOAH

As with last year, the fourth form play had a religious theme, though the story of Noah is treated with rather more respect by André Obey than that of the early Christian martyrs is by Shaw.

It was, perhaps, a pity that there were relatively few participants, though the animals made the most of their parts. They had effective costumes and heads and coped well with the difficulty of expressing emotion without speech. Particularly impressive was the moment when they changed the mood from one of depression to one of hope and expectation at the end of the fourth act.

The play is a difficult one for fourth formers in that it depends mostly on the effective use of words rather than action and this is seen especially in the main part. Tony Dzimitrowicz worked hard to create a sense of the blind faith in God and frustration with humanity that characterises Noah, and his final soliloquy was very well delivered. He was, however, limited by certain weaknesses of diction and an inability—not surprising at his age—to identify completely with the role of an old man. It was, however, a very creditable effort at a difficult part.

Much easier to portray is the character of Ham, and Colin Hislop made the most of its opportunities. His presentation of the self-confident trouble maker was lively and amusing and he gave the appearance of enjoying the whole experience. Mrs. Noah (Michele Nash) began the play rather hesitantly, but increased in confidence to express something of the feelings of an ordinary woman, torn between the demands made

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*Sara Naismith, Linda Smith, Karen Doone, as the three daughters-in-law (Noah)*

on her by her husband and those of her children. The three girls, Sara Naismith, Karen Doone and Linda Smith, looked charming, though they could, perhaps, have shown more individuality. David Young and Martyn Fitch, as Shem and Japhet, gave competent performances, though, occasionally, they were not audible either because of quiet speaking or slurred diction, and Stephen Broome made a brief but dramatic appearance in a loin cloth.

The staging was simple but helped to make the lighting particularly effective, especially the moment when Noah—startling in red and white—stood in a pool of light with the rainbow arching over him.

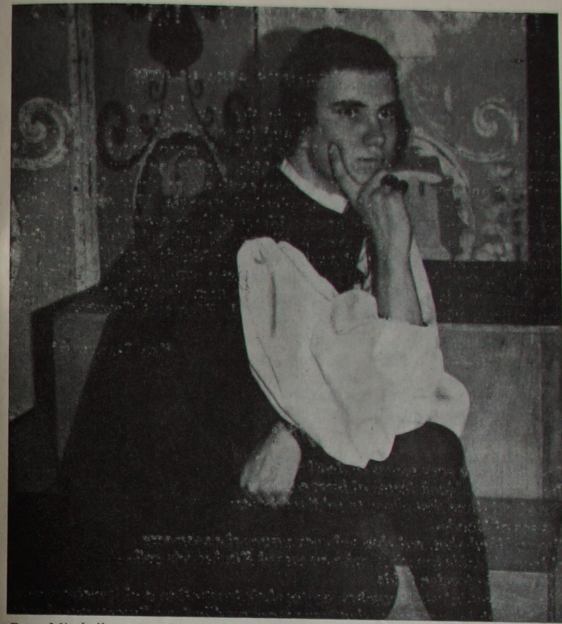
It is clear that there is some real talent in the fourth year, and we look forward to seeing some of them perform again in the senior play next term.

#### HAMLET

An addition to the drama this year took the shape of the sixth form's presentation of scenes from "Hamlet" linked by a narrator (Carol Springett). This venture took place in the round—or nearly—in the West Hall before (rather to the surprise of those concerned) full houses, all of whom seemed entertained if somewhat startled.

The production varied dramatically in tone and atmosphere, ranging from Gill Burton's simple and moving presentation of Ophelia which (particularly in the mad scene) emphasised the quality of child-like innocence, to Janice Morse's Gertrude who lived with uneasy anticipation of her son's next move (especially in the closet scene!) and died with impressive agony. Ken Davey (Polonius) quavered with aged impotence, and Andy Cable (Laertes) arriving dramatically, sword in hand, at the latter end of the play, gave an intelligent performance of muted emotion that was most effective.

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*Ross Mitchell as Hamlet*

Ross Mitchell tackled the complexities of Hamlet with enthusiasm, though perhaps, on occasions too much involvement. His first soliloquy expressed a good deal of Hamlet's philosophically distraught state of mind, and his savage wit came over well in the play scene (particularly the barbed comment "Madame, how like you the play?") and the exchanges with Claudius about the corpse of Polonius. The interpretation of the part shocked those who expected a romantic, for this prince displayed a violence of action as well as speech, especially with Gertrude, where Ross expressed to an uncomfortable degree something of the almost Oedipal intensity of Hamlet's emotion for his mother.

The fencing and the deaths proved exciting though somewhat hazardous, especially for Mr. Cowley (Claudius) who, on the last night, was alarmed to feel genuine blood as Hamlet knelt on him to force the poisoned goblet between his teeth!

Altogether an enjoyable experience and one, we hope to be repeated at some future date.

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## DULCE ET DECORUM EST . . . ?

### REALITY, HEROISM AND DEATH

Aircraft soar and dive high up in the sky. They drop bombs on thriving cities and shatter any life and hope. All the bystander can do is think that he is going to die. He is involved, more than he thinks; he cannot bury his head below the rubble, safely anyway. The tanks rumbling and heaving across the barren earth are music to the Generals, but hell to those involved in the physical struggle. The soldiers fight, cry and die, all together, all as one. Many of them are wounded heroes, dying for glory, with not even a glimpse of relinquishment for their victorious souls. Their widowed wives, girlfriends and families lay wreaths in their honour, and curse the pathetic sympathy of the "lords". To these war is good business, but to the men, facing death, and the young boys, who are there to die for God, King and Country, reality is just a broken shell.

Ken Davey, 6A

### WAR

*The blood, the gory scenes of death;  
Frozen death, blank forms of inert corpses;  
The viscid slime that clings to soldiers' boots;  
—a sea of blood—  
Gaunt, blood-shot, red-rimmed eyes survey the massacre  
of innumerable innocents who answered Kitchener's call—  
Who died in foreign fields.  
The cold, rat-infested trenches, centre their frustration and imprisonment.  
They hunch in great-coats that serve more readily for a "mortuary sheet".  
For friends distantly remembered in the echelons of their "shell-stunned"  
minds,  
It is useless to make friends—they die too soon and in such profusion;  
In "ball" of chlorine gas, they choke, gasp and cough their guts up.  
You watch with lurid fascination and sickening hysteria  
As they writhe in agony, unable to rid themselves of the "clawing" death.  
  
When you enter war—you go into a stupor of hell,  
A blood-streaked, shell-rocked oblivion, with no ending,  
And then and not before you realise how futile this blind, arrogant, war is.  
Yet it will carry on, because men are stubborn and stupid.  
And the looming image of war, still is at large, and vocal  
While sadly, peace is incoherent and out of reach.*

D. Alexander, 4Y

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## DEATH IN THE RAIN

Nobody quite knew what was going to happen. There was nothing odd or unusual about the town; people still talked and laughed with each other, stopping at every other shop, peering in through the window and pointlessly dreaming of goods that were far beyond their means. Yet we had been at war for almost two weeks.

Yes, it would be exactly two weeks the next day, but nobody would believe you if you used the people in the street as evidence of the fact that we were at war. On the first day that war was declared, the people swarmed hysterically through the town as if dodging the bombs they expected to fall later. On the second day they realised the situation and began taking precautions; sand-bagging windows, fixing up black-out curtains, carrying helmets and gas-masks whenever they went out. On the third day, they waited.

Nothing came—no news of enemy forces and not a single missile, bomb or even bullet had been fired by the enemy. The Allied forces were preparing their armies for an offensive, which probably would begin a few days later. The only thing that puzzled the generals was where the enemy's troops were. No movement had been made and it was believed that only a small force existed anyway. The generals later decided that they would let them make the first move, but still no attack came.

So we waited for something to happen. The people were very unnerved, not knowing what, if anything, was going to happen, but after two weeks of not even a sign of the existence of an enemy, they began to treat the situation as a joke.

It was very hot this day and there were large, pure-white clouds in the sky. Below in the town were the people, happy and carefree who paid no attention to a small plane flying high above the clouds. It soon moved silently away, as it had come, and disappeared.

Five minutes later a drop of rain fell and more followed. The people stood still enjoying the fresh, cool shower, joking with each other, saying maybe this was what the enemy planned to attack with.

Then one man fell, his hands clasped to his throat, groaning as if he could not breathe. Yet no one noticed this solitary figure. They all placed their interest in a magnificent rainbow that had just appeared. Yet another man fell and another. Soon there were ten or more figures lying, writhing in the street. Suddenly several cars swerved off the road striking the few people who lay in their unguided paths. Screams of terror soon filled the air, people began running without purpose trying to escape. From what?—rain? More and more people slumped to the ground and were immediately trampled on by the living and covered by more bodies.

Ten minutes later it stopped raining. There was a shroud of silence throughout the town; no voice of humans and cry of animals were heard. The war had begun and ended for these people, for this day it had rained death.

A. Dzimitrowicz, 4Y

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### THE RAT

*The candle fluttered, hissed, and went out.  
I did not move, but allowed the darkness to envelop me in its reassuring  
shrouds,  
Far away the distant echo of machine guns seemed irrelevant.  
I watched the stars.*

*A rat appeared in the gloom, sniffing hungrily at my feet.  
Before, I would have shattered his brains upon the earth,  
But now I fed him dry bread, because the machine guns were drawing  
closer,  
And I did not want to die alone.*

Frances Kitchen, 4Y

### WAR

*The maimed shrunken old man had not moved.  
The cemetery about him was cold,  
Unwelcoming,  
The bleak cold grey slab of stone,  
Stood forbidding,  
High,  
Old hated memories freed themselves savagely  
From his subconscious,  
The faces of his comrades laughed,  
Tormenting him,  
The horror of death overwhelmed him,  
Fire, screams and blood,  
And then nothing.  
Nothing was left,  
Cold mutilated bodies littered the muddy,  
Hostile earth,  
Feelings were numb,  
And grey,  
Grey as the lonely monument,  
Cold as the corpses  
Of men,  
Who had so much to lose.  
"Dulce et decorum est . . ."  
The maimed shrunken old man,  
Had not moved.*

Alison Wells, 4Y

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### DEATH IN THE RAIN

It was the winter of 1944, the place Arnheim. At the moment it was snowing heavily, the ground was badly cut up, hardly a tree or a bush in sight, but frozen solid.

The fighting had eased up now; it was the same every Christmas.

When Christmas Day came we had our usual mail from home. It was the first for two months. Everyone said roughly the same, "It won't be long now, see you soon . . . All my love, etc." But we couldn't help wondering how long we would be stuck here. Miles from home, the enemy just in front of us and snow falling. It looked very picturesque but when the mind drifted it couldn't miss drifting over what lay under the cold white blanket, which had descended to us from up there. As if God himself had wished to cover up the mess that mankind had created.

As time progressed slowly but surely, the unit I was in was replenished with men who had never been "old". If you survived two days in the front then you were "old".

Together with our reinforcements we were sent to an outpost to help out two other units.

It was lonely out there at night so for once, the only time in my army career, I sought a friend.

I walked into the dugout, found a corner, dropped down, hung my helmet on my rifle and flopped out. Fumbling at my pocket I drew out some chocolate. Then from nearby came the sound of sobbing. I peered through the darkness to see a young boy only about eighteen lying there in tears. In his left hand he was clutching a crumpled piece of paper and a photo. It was obviously bad news from home.

I talked to the lad to comfort him and from then on in my off duty hours I would talk with him, play cards, anything to pass the time. He was my only front-line friend.

This went on for perhaps a week, then "Jerry" began to open up with big guns. They shook the ground every time they fired. A barrage could last up to two hours or more. It was terrifying.

By day German snipers would hit anything that moved—we were well and truly pinned down.

It was that night the C.O. said that we would be going "over the top". My young friend was petrified. As we made our way to the trenches to make ready I gave him a few words of advice. "Keep running and keep firing".

We all felt very tense as we waited. Again the sky opened up, but this time with rain. We waited and waited but no order came. Day break found us back in the dugout.

Nothing happened for four days, except of course the rain kept up. The field in front of us was now a quagmire, deep slimy mud.

Then on the fifth day the order came and over the top we went.

I can remember seeing my friend run and run, firing all the time. But then he slipped, fell and hooked on some barbed-wire. A spondu ripped him to pieces.

Colin Hislop, 4Y

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## SPORT

### THE RUGBY CLUB REPORT

The XV had their best ever season, winning 13 out of their 14 matches, the main reason for this success being that the nucleus of last year's XV was still at school. The team's strength lay not in individual ability but in co-operation, in which the forwards were particularly outstanding. With a constant supply of quality passes, the backs were always able to run the ball and this was reflected in the number of tries scored. Four of the team (G. Rees, C. Lewington, D. Rees, J. Mason) represented Dorset and Wiltshire and two (G. Rees, C. Lewington) represented the South West.

Colours were re-awarded to G. Rees and C. Lewington. Colours were awarded to R. Hamilton, M. Oxley, K. Herbert, P. Blatchford, J. Mason, L. Nolan and R. Allen.

The members of the team leaving this year wish Phil Blatchford and next year's team similar success.

G. Rees (Capt.)

### Colts Rugby, 1971

In the 1971 season, the Colts were inconsistent though comparatively successful. Considering the number of enforced changes made in the team and the lack of Rugby experience in the side, not to mention the absence of the captain for the major part of the season due to injury, the final record is quite creditable.

Two of the first four matches resulted in victory and the next in a 0-0 draw before a bad spell which mean four defeats in five matches. The final three fixtures, however, produced 118 points with only 6 against. This included two away fixtures and here the team appeared to settle and show some form, scoring 98 points with 0 against.

In the Swindon 7's both the "A" and "B" teams headed their respective leagues, thus ensuring first place for Headlands.

John Forrest, 4Y

### The Rugby 7-A-Sides

The Rugby Club continued this season's run of successes, in the two 7-a-side competitions they entered. In the Penhill open 7-a-side competition the "A" team beat the "B" team in the final. With all credit going to the "B" team for their outstanding performance.

In the Oxford 7's (the largest one-day competition in the world) the school "A" team reached the final of their section where they were narrowly beaten by King Edward V, Birmingham.

Team—C. Lewington, C. Oke, A. Rio, G. Rees (Captain), R. Hamilton, J. Mason, P. Blatchford.

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### 1st XI FOOTBALL REPORT

This season was a successful one for the 1st XI, which lost only two of its 15 fixtures. The team, with victories over Calne Fynamore, Salisbury College of Further Education, St. Joseph's and Calne Bentley Grammar School, represented Wiltshire in the National Individual Schools Competition, Headlands were knocked out of the competition by Millfield School. This 3-1 victory for the Somerset representatives was a very hard fought encounter, with exciting end to end play and it was not until the latter part of the second half that their fitness began to tell. It must be noted that a reorganised team settled down to play fluent football, after injuries to key performers.

D. Scotford, 7A

### SECOND XI REPORT—SEASON 71-72

As in previous years the second XI maintained a creditable standard of football, although on several occasions the team was left depleted through injury or first team duty.

Much of the success is due to the fifth year players who formed the nucleus of the team, namely Oakes, Pugh, Stroud and Bailey who played consistently throughout the season. Only three sixth formers played in the team throughout the year, those being Pirouet, McKenzie and Weaver.

Only one of our seven matches was lost and this was against Stoneham. Nearly half our total number of goals were scored against our local rivals Commonweal, the score being 15-1 and 8-1. As a last note of success, the second XI defeated the staff by 7 goals to 3.

Malcolm Weaver, 6S

### UNDER 15 "A" SOCCER TEAM

The Under 15 "A" Soccer Team had a successful and consistent season. Out of the 13 games they played they won 10, drew 2 and lost only 1. A total of 48 goals were scored and 19 goals were conceded.

The only game lost all season was the most important. It was in the Wiltshire Cup against Park. In bad conditions they were narrowly defeated 2-3.

Gale, Godwin, Gawthorn, Paynter, Fisher, Hedges and Walker were awarded colours, Wareham and Gale were selected to play for Swindon boys.

Glen Godwin, 4Y

### BASKETBALL

The first basketball team undoubtedly had a very successful season, beating all other school opponents in their age group. In addition, they looked further afield in search of fixtures and beat, quite convincingly, Swindon Schools' Staff, Culham College of Education and the Headlands Staff team. The only two defeats were suffered at the hands of Park Evening Centre and a second Swindon School Staff team. As the team is made up exclusively of fifth and sixth formers the prospects for next year would appear to be good.

Ross Mitchell, Year 6

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## NETBALL

Again the netball teams have had a very successful season; starting the season with the Under 15 "A" coming second in the North Wiltshire Tournament and the Over 15 "A" coming first in the Wiltshire Tournament. Once again we have had four teams competing in the Swindon Schools League. The Under 15 "A" finished first in their league with the "B" team second after winning 4 out of 8 games. The Over 15 "A" finished first in their league after having an undefeated season.

The season was finished well with the Under 15 "A" and the Over 15 "A" both winning their sections in the Swindon Rosebowl Tournament.

Colours were re-awarded to Mary Mulcock, Ann Elms and awarded to Christine Wearing. Under 15 colours were awarded to Susan Fox.

Mary Mulcock, 7G

## HOCKEY CLUB 1971-72

In the teams this year there has been a great deal of improvement and a lot more enthusiasm. There was always a good turnout at training sessions every Monday night. Unfortunately, however, due to the dark evenings some training had to take place indoors. The dark evenings also prevented the teams from playing matches after school from November to February. On the field there was a vast improvement in the ability of the teams as the season progressed and after Christmas both teams had a long run of wins. The scoring power of the forward lines has also improved greatly and it is no longer only a lucky one that gets past the goalkeeper.

In our training sessions we concentrated mainly on practising special types of skills and tactics that could improve our game, a great many of which we were able to put into use with good effect. Our indoor training was helped by the introduction of a special type of ball for indoor hockey called a pudding ball. This ball gave the same effect as a normal hockey ball on grass and was much better than a tennis ball.

At the beginning of the season the First XI team was supplied with a new strip of green shirts and socks, and the old blue shirts and gold socks were passed on to the Under 16 XI, and then, at Christmas, the teams were provided with a good set of new sticks.

During the season we managed to field two teams for most fixtures, a First XI team and an Under 16 team. However, due to a lack of response by the Fourth Year and team players taking Saturday jobs, there were a few Saturdays when we could only field a First XI team. On the other hand, we had a few players who gave up their Saturday jobs so that they could play in the teams on Saturdays, which was very encouraging.

The Captain and Vice-Captain of the First XI this year were Sally Westlake and Ina McLeod, and of the Under 16 XI were Ann Reed, Elizabeth Bridgeman and Lesley Hibbins. Colours were awarded to Jennifer Harling (G/C), Elizabeth Sore (L.B.), Ina McLeod (L.W.) and Sally Westlake (L.I.).

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## TENNIS REPORT 1972

Due to "typical British weather", we have been able to play only three school matches so far this term; unfortunately we have lost all three, though the school teams played hard and well, and enjoyed the exciting competition. Attendances for school practices have been high, and a great keenness has been shown throughout the school, indicated by the houses all having full teams in the inter-house tournament.

On Saturday, 13th May, Mary Mulcock and Ann Denyer competed in the Wiltshire Schools Tournament, held at St. Mary's School, Calne. A high standard of tennis was displayed that day, even though there were downpours and high, blustery winds. Mary and Ann played well, and eventually came fourth in their section.

The Swindon Schools Tournament has attracted a great number of entries for both the Over 15 and Under 15 sections, and we wish players the best in their matches.

We are now looking forward to some fine weather for the rest of the term, and, of course, some good tennis.

C. P.

## SUMMER ACTIVITIES—BOYS

An early start was made in the Inter-House Summer Activities. However, most events have been affected by an unusually cold and wet spring. Sports Day was held on April 29th and an enjoyable competition was won by Rockley, who were closely followed by Silbury.

Although the Inter-House Cricket and Volleyball competitions were keenly contested and a good standard of play was evident, the competitions were affected by the weather.

## CRICKET

The 1st XI and Colts XI have both played two games, all of which have been won. Both XI's are well balanced teams and should enjoy a successful season.

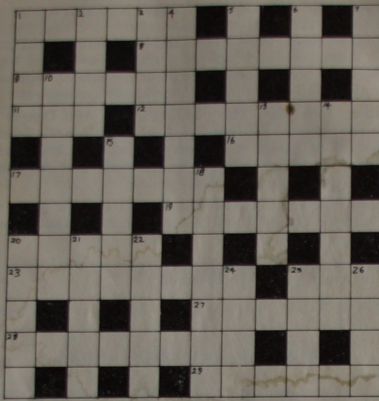
## ATHLETICS

The Swindon Senior Schools Athletic Championships were held on Wednesday, May 17th. The Intermediate Girls' team (15-17 age group) finished first in their section and the Intermediate Boys' team finished third in their section. The Senior section was dominated by Headlands competitors, who contested all but two events. Eleven boys and seven girls have been selected to represent the Swindon Schools at the Wiltshire Schools Athletic Championships, to be held at Marlborough College track on Saturday, June 10th.

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CROSSWORD



CLUES

Across

1. Home of the brave? (6)
8. Where you may see a minister grow old. (8)
9. Mixing a tonic produces some activity. (6)
12. Neon and grit are mingled in the air. (8)
16. A metal Y gives a dramatic effect. (5)
17. Taste. (One blood turn?). (7)
19. Quite a lot cut nearly everything. (7)
20. How you treat your favourite little one in France? (5)
23. Like a really solid criminal? (8)
25. Where the little débutante retires? (3)
27. Obtain a quotient. (6)
28. Ninepins set kilts awry. (8)
- 11A, 29A, 4D: Where you might expect to find a semiconductor.

Down

1. Western headwear. Pardon? (4)
2. It's found in a railing at entrances. (4)
3. The new Bristol area, or its river. (4)
5. Being a native of New Zealand, I walk about upside-down. (5)
6. A dance having beat and go. (5)
7. Money for little Penelope. (5)
10. Pensioners football team. (7)
13. Command associated with law. (5)
14. Like the finacée you can't ring? (7)
15. A yawning gap to keep clear of. (5)
18. Ebbs.
20. Changing shape is just a passing condition. (5)
21. To coach a lot of coaches. (5)
22. Molars, for example. (5)
24. The C.I.D.'s broken a record. (4)
25. Ball-point pen—little brother swallows one. (4)
26. Hand out some wood. (4)

## What makes a class interesting? The teacher or the subject?

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