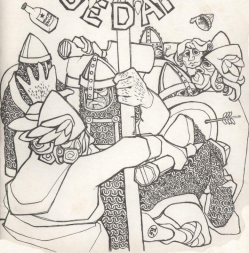




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BR'DAIN







Thunder and Lightning. There's hell, there's darkness,
there's the sulphurous pit. What are these things so withered
and wild in their attire of sombre black garnished with virginal
white, grovelling in straws and bottle-tops? Two acolytes
prostrate before the great god of editing. Gromalkin cries 'tis
time, 'tis time, then out of the Stygian gloom writhes the ut-
terly memorable quotation,

'That is not it at all,
That is not what I meant at all'
(Pace Mr. Tommy Elliot)

Well you may ask, "What then did we mean?" And in reply
we might say to you what did you mean by ignoring both the
openest prize that was dangled seductively before your very
noses, and the artifice of the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet (better
and more flatteringly known as the English Department) to
coax from his sweaty disciples a plethora of platitudinous,
albeit printable, verbiage. Why, we say, tearing our hair,
did you refuse (in the accepted manner) to vouchsafe your pro-
mise of earlier, fruitier years? But we digress, we digress.

We admit that we ought to admit to failing to answer your
questing after truth, your search for lux, lucis femine tene-
bras. So we admit it, but with the reservation that "it is im-
possible to say just what we mean." (the Italics are our own,
the rest belong to Mr. Tommy Elliot.)

But, though physically we are enveloped in the tangible Vir-
gilian gloom of the sacrosanct, sacrificial and malodorous Vir-
ginals' room - and may we be permitted here to pay justifi-
able tribute to the heroic efforts of the cleaning staff -, we
display no metaphysical reflection of the horror around us.

This is not to say that it is not there, indeed, we lie awake
at nights probing the twilight sancum of our subconscious to
find out just exactly what we did mean. Do we mean that we
"will sell our dukedoms to buy a slobbery and a dirty farm"?
Do we mean - and, incidentally, while we remember, "Gee,
I'anks everybody for all those wonderful, wonderful articles,
which we were honoured to have. They were excellent, boys," -
that the End of the World is nigh; "Rise up my children (and
repent ye) if it be pleasing unto you"? Do we mean?
But the possibilities are infinite. Unfortunately, all of them are
are wrong.

Do we contradict ourselves? Well then, we contradict our-
selves.

A. Goldsmith. U.V.I.A.2.

D. S. Airey. U.V.I.A.1.

SCHOOL NOTES

Having recovered from our 75th Birthday Celebrations, we now deem it fit to revert at least to our normal form of school magazine. Whether the contents are "within the norm", to quote the contemporary cliché, or not, must await the judgment of our readers, to whom we should like to re-iterate that our magazine is only as good as the contributions we receive make it. And we think it is good.

The session 1965-66 has seen fewer changes of staff than we have almost come to expect. We should like to congratulate Mr. E. Alker on his appointment to a Senior Lectureship in Biology, and to wish Mr. G. Ritson every success at Carnegie College in his emulation of the physical prowess of the Greeks. Mr. J. Robinson, no doubt, will enjoy the warmer climate at Portsmouth. We welcome to the staff Messrs. D.J. Blair, C.D. Griffiths, P. Robinson, T.L. Teal, K. Tesback and B.B. Maylor. Two ladies, much to the delight of the boys, have joined the teaching staff - Mrs. Ferry and Miss Blakemore - and Mrs. Wake has come as full-time librarian; we admire their courage and greet them well. Shades of Jericho!

The session has again been one of outstanding academic success while, as our Club Notes testify, Bede has continued to provide for the whole needs of its pupils in a host of extra-curricular activities. Among other things, the winter term once again saw remarkably good performances at the Swimming Gala for a school without the advantage of its own swimming bath; we thank Mr. P.J. Gillespie for being our guest and distributing the trophies. Christmas comes but once a year - mercifully, say those who suffer from the annual 'entertainment'; whether the film of "Henry V" was appreciated more, however, remains doubtful.

Spring term this year brought us not only the "mock" G.C.E. but also another "mock" election; theory and practice for students of politics! The vicissitudes of the campaign are recorded elsewhere, but we must thank the candidates for subjecting themselves to the multitude. Speech Day gave us an entertaining address by Dr. T. Whitworth, in which he stressed the importance of maintaining our traditional standards at a time of educational change; like previous speakers he yielded to persuasion and secured what is becoming the standard tradition of the Speech Day holiday. The end of term saw a most commendable production of "Under Milk Wood" in which the enthusiasm and confidence of the cast grew on the audiences. Theatre, in fact, was very much in our minds in March with, in addition to our school play, visits of large numbers of boys to the "Empire Theatre" in order to see "Macbeth" and "Romeo and Juliet" and to hear the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. We also visited Washington Grammar School to view a production of "Arms and the Man".

Early in the summer term we had our Founder's Day Service in Bishopwearmouth Parish Church, conducted this year by Rev. R.L. Haver. Mr. Haver appreciated the doubts that many young people had about religion today, but stressed that it was impossible to declare oneself agnostic without the experience that time alone can bring. In the meantime he thought that our boys and girls should cultivate the three virtues of physical rectitude, intellectual honesty and spiritual probity. Later in the term 94 boys and 5 masters betook themselves to the Baltic on M.S. 'Devonia'. Unfortunately, no success was achieved in leaving some of our juveniles behind the Iron Curtain, but we believe that the inbred capitalistic instincts of the West revealed themselves in some shady dockside exchanges between rouble-hungry Bedans and chocolate-hungry Leningradians.

We should like to conclude by congratulating the Headmaster on his election to the chairmanship of his division of the Headmaster's Association, and on his completion of a successful but arduous year as President of the Rotary Club of Sunderland. We again urge all boys leaving school to join the Old Bedans' Association, and we thank all those schools who have sent us copies of their own magazines.

THE IAIN MACASKILL TROPHY

The Iain Macaskill Trophy was subscribed for by the members of the Upper Sixth Form who wished to perpetuate his memory.

Iain Macaskill was drowned in the Isle of Skye on August 21st 1965, while on holiday there. He is sadly missed on many counts. He was undoubtedly one of the most gifted scientists of his year; he possessed many individual and distinct qualities which are missed by his friends. A versatile sportsman, he represented the school at both rugby and chess with great success in both. His greatest love, however, was the outdoor life, in particular walking, and because of this the basis of the award of this trophy will be distinctive achievement in outdoor activities.

DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD SCHEME

The Scheme continues its popularity in the school at both Bronze and Silver Levels. With increasing numbers the organization of the Scheme is becoming more complex. The great help given by individuals and bodies outside the school is much appreciated, particularly from the British Red Cross Society, Sunderland Fire Service and the staff of Derwent Hill.

J.F.S.

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Philharmonic Orchestra. We also visited Washington Grammar School to view a production of 'The Army and the Navy'.

YOU WROTE IT

THE NATURE OF **excellent**

Even the best of us, from time to time, come out with one of those famous 'schoolboy howlers'. No less an author than Graham Greene, in his novel 'It's a Battlefield', was able to say with complete sincerity: 'Kay Rimmer sat with her head in her hands and her eyes on the floor'. He might have added, 'and her teeth on the mantelpiece' just to complete the image. Some of the staff have kindly supplied me with their favourites from the archives, to add to those which - perhaps because of their remarkable likeness to certain Sixth Form English essays - caused the 'Badan' Editors to give vent occasionally to a particularly bitter laugh.

Perhaps the most striking example of logical thinking was in reply to the question: 'How can one show that the inner-core of the human flame is a cool zone?' Answer - 'Pass one's head slowly through the flame and you will notice the difference'. It was closely rivaled by: Question: 'What caused Mole to fall on top of Barty?' Answer - 'The mole fell on top of the rat'. We were also told that 'Barty was surprised, because he wasn't expecting it'.

'A' Level Chemists may find it useful to remember that 'sulphur dioxide is a gas which turns blue litmus from yellow to green', and that 'the Periodic Table contains 102 elephants'. Biologists have had the main functions of the skeleton described for them as 'blood, skin, bone' and 'to keep the body from falling down'. One future medical man even began to tell his readers how 'to remove irremovable warts', and an article of psychological tone, said that 'it is a well-proven fact that most young people have homes'.

Obviously keen to make things easier for the Geographers was the boy who wrote 'Sunderland has remained stationary for the last decade'. If the North-East is stable, the South seems to be having rather a disturbing time if one pupil is correct: Question: 'Name a holiday resort on the South Coast'. Answer - 'Dartmoor' - or perhaps his father has been leading him up the garden path?

Musicians, and perhaps theologians, will be interested to know that 'Mozart was a child prodigal', but I'm not sure who wants to know that 'Kemal Atatürk was Mother of the Turks'.

The realms of magazine fiction are rich in absurdities, and this year most of them came from the 'adventure' or 'spy-thriller' type of story. Here are three of the best.

'John's father was a Colonel in the Navy'.

'Colonel Fritz Bandal had become a nationalized Englishman'.

'Two hours later he was pulled to the surface, but, when they examined the diving-suit he was wearing, Tim was not in it'.

In years to come we shall undoubtedly see Logic appearing as a regular timetable subject in most school curricula. Fears that it will cause the disappearance of this rich source of humour are, I think, unfounded.

D.T.W. Carter.

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Mushrooms.	Mushrooms.
Quick Life.	Quick Death.
Mushrooms	Mushrooms
Spread Spores.	Spread Fall-Out.
More Life.	More Death.
Mushrooms	Mushrooms
Die quick.	Die slow.
Quick and easy.	Slow and hard.
Nature evolves	Politics revolves
To Higher Life.	Perpetually.

S.R. Winters 44

"UNDENOMINATIONALISM"

- BOY: Please, sir, what does "undenominationalism" mean?
- TEACHER: Sorry, I can't hear you.
- BOY: Please, sir, what does "UNDENOMINATIONALISM" mean?
- TEACHER: Oh, you mean "undemonstrative".
- BOY: "UNDENOMINATIONALISM," sir.
- TEACHER: Would "undepreciated" do? - No?
- BOY: "UNDENOMINATIONALISM".
- TEACHER: How about getting in touch with the Foreign Office?
- BOY: You're deliberately trying to avoid "undenominationalism". Guilty conscience, perhaps?
- TEACHER: Don't be ridiculous, boy.
- BOY: I see now, sir. You support the Smith Regime.

First Form.

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PERCHANCE TO DREAM

Scene: The stage is at first completely obscured by dense, mellow, pink clouds. When these eventually clear, a tall unshaven man dressed in drab green rags is silhouetted against a brilliant white background. During the action several different backgrounds are required, and these are best projected on to the backcloth from behind. Suddenly, as the man turns to face the audience, an American saloon appears on the right, and a smoking mountain in the centre. Out of the saloon come an Irish priest, a ballerina with a python draped around her neck, and a rajah with a sousaphone around his.

RAJAH: We'll never get anywhere at this rate.

PRIEST: Look, my son, nothing ventured and nothing explained. Not here. To think I could have gone over to Basutoland to teach them about the Black and Tans. And I ended up here.

(Ballerina screams succinctly, but piercingly)

RAJAH: I told you that snake was too tight for her, but no, nobody ever believes me. What was it the plumber said about it?

PRIEST: D... the plumber. To H... with the plumber. Oops, sorry. But what does he know about it? I ask you, does anybody here know anything? Oh, it's no good asking you that. You're too trashful. You can't even play brag properly.

RAJAH: Once I get used to all these kings and quaints and bishops and prawns, I'll be all right. It's just that you say a black's a red and the two's wild, so the bishops must be pacifist and the knights ... The Knights? Ah yes, (sings) 'Knights and days, you are the ones ...'

(Priest hits him across the fingers)

RAJAH: Now look what you've done. (Shaking his hands) I'll never be able to play the sousaphone again.

PRIEST: But you can't now.

RAJAH: It's just as well, isn't it?

(They dance absurdly around the stage, humming their own ragtime accompaniment as if at the end of their vaudeville act)

MAN: I've never had a dream like that before. I'm usually falling off a cliff. Or have I had that one already tonight?

(The scene changes. A 34½. image of Malcolm Muggeridge in his underwear appears at centre back and a road leading from the right of it into the distance. The ballerina screams. From the left enter Abraham Lincoln dressed as a traffic warden, a trappist monk and a Hindu hot-dog seller.)

LINCOLN: How about that! I've beaten my own record. I put treacle on four score and seven seats.

HINDU: Oh, very well done, sahib. Many blessings upon your Gettysburg, and upon your windscreen wipers and ...

PRIEST: Shut up, you Protestant fool.

HINDU: Hm. Anybody like Turkish delight?

MAN: Yes, yes, I do. In fact I was champion at Weston-super-Mare in 1937. (Aside) Might as well humour them. After all, it is my dream.

MONK: You're now here, aren't you? You look pure and innocent. Wait till Father Angelo Gripe here gets to work on you. He is responsible for all our characters, you know.

MAN: Really? Well, I suppose anything's possible, including that name. (Aside) I wish I hadn't eaten rhubarb and salami, now.

BALLERINA: What was that?

MAN: Salami, Salome. Anyway, what are you all doing here in any case? (Aside) If I can get all the details down, I can turn this into a fantastic play.

LINCOLN: We are waiting for Godot.

RAJAH: Wrong play. He can't write that one. It's been written already.

MONK: Well, if you must know the truth, we're here to forget and be forgiven. You see, we're poor little sheep who have lost our way.

MAN: Bea, bea, bea. Yes, I know. But I can't write that down. Oh I'm fed up with this dream. There's just no future in it. I must be able to dream, to think, to dispute something more worthwhile than this stuffy nightmare. I think I'll go back to that cliff and fall off it again.

(The smoking mountain appears in the background again, to the exclusion of everything else. From the back a green light floods the stage.)

PRIEST: Your dream, is it? Oh, you poor devil, I should have known as soon as I saw you here. We all thought it was our dream at one time or another, but one we never escaped from. You'll never wake up now. This is the bottom of that cliff over there.

(They all turn to look at the mountain in the background.

Then they become lost to the audience in soft pink clouds.)

CURTAIN

G. Nicholson. 5A.



GETTING UP

Getting up is rotten:
I would run a mile
For to stay in my bed
Just a little while.

Stephen Swinney I.B.S.

Page 11

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MY 'BEDAN' ENTRY, BY A LAZY LAD

The aim of most people when writing a 'Bedan' entry is to do as little work as possible in writing an absolutely useless entry that will not under any circumstances get in. They usually write a pathetic poem about their love of nature when they live in a top floor flat kicking to death any poor dandelion which happens to attempt to grow in the quarter-inch of soot in the gutter outside. Or they write about their visits to some God-forsaken dump or other and how much they liked it, when they were really forced into going and slept on their feet while some doddering old guide mattered on, being listened to by no-one. This kind of hypocritical entry is usually almost certain not to get in, so there is all the more reason to write it.

When I was told I had to do an entry for the Bedan, after I had had a quiet grumble in the corner, I sat down and tried to think of something easy to write. After having given up the usual kind of entry as too much like hard work (ugh!), I tried to find my last year's unsuccessful entry which was the year before's unsuccessful entry, but it had apparently decayed to sub-atomic particles in the festering rubbish heap of my desk. The next obvious choice is someone else's last year's entry, but they were all either copying it, or had lost it or else it was unfit for entry by a Fourth Year pupil. After having thought about entering some sick jokes e.g. Advertisement in a barber's shop "Absence makes the hair grow longer", I gave up and took the easy way out and just wrote this entry. I admit it is not very good but if it doesn't get in, all the better. If, owing to some unfortunate mishap this does get into the 'Bedan', I should like to remain anonymous to avoid degrading the family name.

Anonymous.

When I was very young, I tried to catch the sun,
As it blazed down on my small frame,
Tiny fingers groped for that sensual warm glow,
The lantern of my tiny world;
Yet as I strained blindly upwards to that bright light,
Something held my weak body back;
Perhaps an instinctive fear of being mocked?
Or of parents chiding me?
My wings slashed, I fell like Icarus from on high,
And now, in darkness, I recall
All this, from the depths of the darkness of my mind;
Gone forever is that shining star,
That better, richer existence I sought after;
I have reached the peak of my growth.

I. Morgan U.VI Arts I.

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A TYPICAL SCHEDULE IN THE PAST

SPEAKER: TRAPPED
 Field mice here,
 House mice there,
 Cheese at the front door,
TEACHER: Shouldn't be there,
 Might be lured,
 Couldn't be cured,
 We all eat the cheese.

TEACHER: Whack!
BOY ONE: D.A. Wilson 4B.
TEACHER:
SPEAKER:
BOY ONE:
TEACHER:
BOY ONE:
TEACHER:
BOY ONE:
TEACHER:

SLAVE LABOUR

SPEAKER:
TEACHER: To be sung to "Three Blind Mice".
BOY TWO: N. U. T.
BOY ONE: N. U. T.
BOY TWO: Oh how they're paid,
BOY ONE: Oh how they're paid;
BOY ONE: Always complaining about their life,
BOY TWO: Moaning and groaning and living in strife,
TEACHER: While having a house, and a car, and-a wife,
BOY TWO: N. U. T.

D.A. Wilson. 4B.

HAD

TEACHER: They walked in the land together,
SPEAKER: The sky was covered with stars;
 They reached the gate in silence,
 He lifted down the bars,
 She neither smiled nor thanked him
TEACHER: Because she didn't know how,
ANNOUNCER: For he was just a farmer's boy,
TEACHER: And she - A Jersey cow.

C. Turvey. 3 B.S. Page 17



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A TYPICAL SCHOOLDAY IN THE PAST

- SPEAKER:** The date is 30 sundials and 28 ticks from the first brontosaurus tooth. The scene is Stonehenge Rockrobesive founded by the Venerable Rock.
- TEACHER:** I am a member of the assistant slave-drivers' union, and very cruel. I am going to show you the new parts of the slave-cave with new scientific aids.
- BOY ONE:** What's that?
- TEACHER:** That's the new ultra-modern sacrificing block.
- BOY ONE:** And what's that?
- TEACHER:** That's the ventilation system.
- SPEAKER:** In other words, it's roofless.
- BOY ONE:** And that?
- TEACHER:** That's the volcanic heating system.
- BOY ONE:** And that? ... And that? ... And that?
- TEACHER:** Shut up or else I will sacrifice you. And finally here is the peradactyl set which solves double vision.
- SPEAKER:** In other words, it's one-eyed.
- TEACHER:** You, boy, read out the school rules from the rockboard.
- BOY TWO:** No pets allowed in the school grounds, e.g. Bronto-saw-us ...
- BOY ONE:** Did he?
- BOY TWO:** Humm ... and birds.
- BOY ONE:** What type?
- BOY TWO:** No chariotearing on the swamp pitch, and no clipping on the rockboards.
- TEACHER:** Now we will have a discussion period. Wait until I go and get the teradio from Sir Archibald Haggisrock.
- BOY ONE:** They say that Rockbridge, our Gaul task-master, once rocked a boy so hard that he broke the rock.
- TEACHER:** Now quiet and we will have our discussion period.
- BOY TWO:** Do you think that people will get more civilised in the future?
- TEACHER:** Don't be ridiculous, boy. How could they?
- SPEAKER:** How right he was.
- BOY ONE:** At what age do you think people should marry?
- TEACHER:** Six at the most.
- BOY TWO:** Some people get married at ten.
- TEACHER:** That's far too old. Now we will listen to the teradio.
- ANNOUNCER:** And that is the end of the educational rockcast.
- TEACHER:** Oh, Botherock. We've missed it.

ANNOUNCER:

Here is a news flash from BBCBC, your station on the rocks. The walls of Jericho have mysteriously fallen. Scientists are working on a rockery that sound waves from Mars may have caused the mishap. Also, a band of undergraduates led by a man named Moses have gone on a Ban The Boulder protest march. They were last seen crossing the Red Sea. Now here is a documentary on Fanny Billrock.

TEACHER:

None of that (click).

BOYS:

Boo! Boo!

TEACHER:

That's enough. Now we will end the day by singing the National Rockthem.

ALL:

Thor save our gracious chief,
Long live our noble chief,
Thor save the chief.

BOY TWO:

Bomm, Bomm, Bomm, Bomm ...

BOY ONE:

Esso Blue.

ALL:

Send it victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to stand on-us,
Thor save the chief.

SPEAKER:

THE END, and thank Thor.

P. Candler

P. Caplan

M. Dennison

S.G. Dylar

K. Hossak.

BROTHERS CLUNK REPORT (7)

APRIL 1965 - JUNE 1966

This has been a year of mixed fortunes. (I do not wish to know that, kindly leave the stage.) The spring term of 1965 started typically, with absolutely no research or preparation for our film "Two Days of August". The whole film was completed on location on Ryhope beach, and with everybody acting as guide and general adviser we somehow managed to survive a rather hectic weekend. Ryhope still lives in dread of the return of the half-dozen corymbotic bedlamites who took the beach by storm.

In the last nine months we have created four more colour films of various lengths, namely: "Watch with Mother", "Der Wein Den Mann Mit AugenTrinkt" (For those readers who

are not experts in deciphering incomprehensible German phrases (as if there were any other kind!) the translation of that title is "The wine that we drink with our eyes", "Robinson's Wake" and "Robinson Hood and his Jerry men".

To an outsider these celluloid monstrosities would seem to be the products of groups of congenital idiots who are perpetually "souped up" on L.S.D. On closer inspection, however, they are revealed to be nothing more than innocuous home-movies (this does not mean to say that the members of Brothers Clunk are not congenital idiots and L.S.D. addicts, the question of whether they are being purely rhetorical). Apart from being "comedies" these films also contain hidden meanings (which have yet to be found) and they would not seem so innocuous if the audience could read in between the frames. (OUCH!)

Unfortunately there is no room to record for posterity the intricate plans which Brothers Clunk have conceived to bring them nearer to their ultimate goal of taking over the entire school, or how the new film is "progressing", or how to make nettie bear. I must thus bring this ever-flowing cataract of words to an end, and try my best to cure my verbal diarrhoea. But before I do I should like to say that there are a lot of people which have given us a great deal of help in the past who we would like to thank. (Suffer! You grammatical fanatics!) It has also been the misfortune of several members of Staff to cross swords with Brothers Clunk. We would thus like to thank the following for their help, and wish them a speedy recovery:-

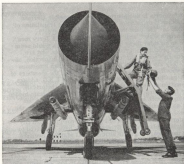
Mr. Larsen, Mr. Tockack, Mr. Jolly and especially Mr. Watson.

In March 42½ people actually paid to see our films (there's another 42½ congenital idiots to add to the list) and these too have the rare privilege of being thanked by Brothers Clunk.



Vice-President, Author, Chief cinematographic image-reproduction apparatus operator, co-author, Club naturist, assistant Chief, - as above, Scottish consul, scenery, Aural manifestations.

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leaflets about R.A.F. careers and he can arrange for you to meet your R.A.F. Schools Liaison Officer for an informal chat. Or, if you prefer, write to Group Captain J. W. Allan, R.A.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., R.A.F., Admiralty House (SCH 305), London, W.C.1. (It will help if you give your age and the educational qualifications you hope to get, and say whether you are more interested in flying, technology, or administration.)

The Royal 
Air Force 

Illustration by Robert Blyth. The photograph is the property of the Royal Air Force.

A LIFETIME WORTH REMEMBERING.

A rubbish dump was my home,
A dustbin was my bed
I am very happy now,
I am dead.

My Christian name was Henry,
My surname wasn't Fred,
It doesn't really matter now,
I am dead.

I woke up in the morning,
And it was often said,
'It isn't morning any more', but who cares, -
I am dead.

My socks were made of tarpaulin,
My shoes were made of lead,
My toe-nails used to drop off, but now,
I am dead.

My teeth were green and yellow,
My eye-balls were often red,
Do you think it's surprising that,
I am dead?

G. Snowden, 4A.

THE "TULYAR" AND DURHAM INCIDENT

To be sung to tune of 'Dick Turpin'

We stormed away from Darlo,
On time through Ferryhill,
A signal stop at Turesdale,
Another at Bally Mill;
Descending into Durham,
The gentle "Tulyar" purred,
And in that ancient city,
The Deltic roar was heard.

Chorus

Tulyar and Darham,
Attacker and attacked,
The mighty IA30,
That winter's eve way back.

By "Deltic Bill"
Finsbury Park Shed.



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THIS PLACE

This place of death and evil
She left behind so long ago;
But memories linger yet as, in her youth,
Her mind wanders,

She hears a footstep on the stair,
Her face does flush and
Her hair wrinkles with her brow;
The heart-beat quickens;
- The noise comes again,
Terror grips her, but
Patiently she waits.

She waits. She listens for half an hour or more,
But the noise does not reach her ears again,
And once again the deadly silence.
She walks over the boards.
They creak and moan;
For years they have not felt a human touch,
But ghostly they have lain.

She walks to the door.
Her hand shivers,
The fear she had controlled returns,
She turns the handle,
The door swings open;
And, in her mind, enacts the scene.

The scene, as a child
Awakening to a new world,
A world that was to be so cruel.

There lie three bodies and a broken sword,
Her feelings did not show for she was struck
With an immense fear,
The fear Death,
She ran and ran,
Knowing nothing but fear,
Fear that was death.

Her new life was a happy one,
Shadowed - only at times -
By the death of her parents, her sister;
Her family.
Reality returns.
She leaves this place of death and evil,
But memories linger yet.

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A TREK TO THE SOURCE OF THE RIVER THAMES

Now, I can once more reveal another daring episode of my life concerning the unsung triumph, which must surely disturb and shock the entire world, over the mystery of, yes! you've guessed it, the source of the River Thames.

'Twas on June 17th, 1941, one of the hottest days recorded that week, when my seven-strong team set out to be rewarded with either fame or a heavy blight of scum. Out of the nine hundred and fifty three boys in Bede Grammar School, nine hundred and fifty three volunteered for this hazardous trip to the unknown, forsaking the class-room for the dense growth of a malarial Soho swamp, the deadly alligator-infested pool of Victoria Docks or the treacherous jungle tracks of Chiswick. These brave, unselfish lads thought only of the benefit to mankind of such an adventure and tried not to feel guilty of deserting double Greek or English language which they relish so wholeheartedly.

I hand-picked seven youths of my own age and calibre who I thought (what poor judgement it turned out to be) would stand the test. We packed emergency rations (Hong Kong Spam, this being so utterly revolting that one could not help saving it till the last possible moment), jungle kit, two hundred tins of can-openers and the all-important soup-opener, a P.V.C. canoe and all the equipment necessary for such a journey of uncertain climate and terrain. As I mentioned above, we set off on June 17th by rail to London (reduced weekday excursions) and on arrival slept rough in Paddington Station Cafeteria.

The next day we trudged seven whole miles through gruelling Deptford and Stepney until we finally arrived at the day's objective: "Sydney's Maison de la Beeburger" on the corner of Regent Crescent, E.C.3. Our genial host, Sid (pronounced Eye-lee) to his friends, supplied us with refreshing sustenance and a gallon of Jungle Juice. We slept outside his premises and in the morning boarded a number seven London Omnibus of the common or garden species, but unfortunately the conductor objected to our canoe which, owing to its being plugged up too tightly was rendered undeflatable, cumbersome and awkward. Subsequently he checked us off in an undignified manner, not befitting explorers of our calibre, which was pretty low nevertheless.

Owing to lack of transport we were forced to hire a car from Harry Pilgudski's Self-Drive Auto Stall in Stepney, where, owing to sparseness of selection, we were once again lumbered, this time with a, yes! you've guessed it, 1939 Heinkel Bubble Car, thoroughly unsuited for its purpose. In this 'Quality Auto' as it had been labelled, the eight of us plus canoe made comparatively rapid progress that day with aviation spirit in our Heinkel and touched down in Dunfermilline at 8.39. We duly

discovered that our bearings had been vastly miscalculated so we returned South the following day. For the next week we battled through deep undergrowth, swamp, quackand and, most horroful of all, Klagville on Slopsould. Here, in this diabolical den of fatal fascination, we replenished stores at the Co-op.

We pushed on until we reached the last habitated outpost we would see before reaching the source. Here an old tracker, T.B. Tommy, told us that the source was unmistakably near, 'cos it said so in his atlas. We went to bed early and departed from Wigan Pier at 7.30 the following morning and hucked the last few miles through the tropical rain forest with renewed confidence until it stood before us: the source of the River Thames. Yes! you've guessed it (like everything else in this crummy hackneyed story), the Irish Sea. But on further examination we discovered a fiendish, dastardly plot. The genuine Irish Sea had been replaced with a cheap, Russian, papier-mache imitation. Stamped on it was "C.C.C.P. made in Yansplovski". The Communist swine had stolen our British heritages. We took some historic photos of the dramatic scene and wondered why nobody else had discovered the Irish Sea was papier-mache. In our quality auto we were back in London in nine days on 10th July. We gave our story to each reputable Sunday paper in eighty episodes and between the eight of us netted roughly £3½ million, which worked out at £500,000 for each of us except the smallest of our group, Mervyn Wartwrencher, who had his legs bitten off by a savage, hunger-crazed pigeon at Nelson's Column. He got only a half share.

With this money we forgot all about the Saga of the Thames, abandoned school and have lived up till now in luxury in the Sahara, as far away from any crazy mixed-up river as possible.

R. McKeith 3AP.



THE MAN WHO THOUGHT HE WAS GOD

SCENE: The interior of a tube-train on the Metropolitan Line. A city worker is sitting in a seat beside a pair of sliding doors with his back to the wall of the train. Opposite him is an identical seat next to another set of doors. He is wearing a plain-stripe suit, an 'old school tie' and a bowler hat. His furled umbrella is resting across his knees and he is reading one of the inner pages of "The Times".

The train stops at Euston Square Station and a smelly, disreputable-looking tramp enters and parks himself in the seat opposite to the city businessman's. They are alone in the carriage. As the train begins to move again the tramp speaks.

TRAMP: I say, mister, d'you believe in God?

CITY GENT: I beg your pardon.

TRAMP: I said d'you believe in God?

CITY GENT: What's it got to do with you?

TRAMP: It's got a lot to do with me. I'm God!

(The city gentleman, obviously startled, jerks up his head from reading his paper and stares at the tramp.)

CITY GENT: Don't be ridiculous man! How on earth could an insignificant little wretch like you be God?

TRAMP: Why shouldn't I say I'm God? After all, I am God.

CITY GENT: (Impatiently) Well, if you are God, just try and prove it. Then, perhaps, I'll hear less of your insane blabbering.

TRAMP: Prove it? How d'you expect me to prove it?

CITY GENT: If you are God, you should be able to prove it - why don't you strike somebody down with a thunderbolt or something?

TRAMP: (unaware of the city gent's mocking tones) D'you think that's wise? (Gent does not reply, but resumes reading his paper. After a pause the tramp continues)... Well, I suppose I could if I wanted to. (Gent glances up at him with a slight smile) Of course I'll only do it to someone who deserves it.

CITY GENT: (sarcastically) Of course. It wouldn't do to strike an innocent person down would it?

TRAMP: (He extracts a large, battered imitation gold pocket watch from the inner depths of his clothing by tugging at a large chain to which it is fastened. He looks carefully at the face of the watch and after shaking it he puts it to his ear). My watch's stopped. Have you got the time, mister?

CITY GENT: (slightly relieved at the change of subject, he glances at his expensive wrist watch) It's ten past one. We should be coming into Great Portland Street Station any moment now. (At that moment the train rushes from the darkness of the tunnel into the bright lights on the platform of the sta-

tion. The latter quite overpower the dim lights in the train.
(The platform is deserted.)

TRAMP: (Rising to leave as train slows to a halt) I must be going now.

CITY GENT: (Unable to resist the temptation to mock the tramp one final time) What? Aren't you going to strike someone down with a thunderbolt from heaven and prove you're God?

TRAMP: (As the doors of the train slide open) I hadn't forgotten. (He steps down onto the platform without even glancing at the smouldering pile of ashes on the seat opposite to the one that he had occupied).

The doors of the train close and the train slowly gathers speed before hurtling off into the gloomy mouth of the tunnel ahead. The tramp is left standing on the platform buffeted by strong draughts coming from the tunnel. He looks around him, then bends down and picks up a half-smoked cigarette from the ground. After closely inspecting it he stuffs it into an inner pocket of his coat and then leaves the platform by the nearest exit.

A.G. Hold. SA.

HOMAGE TO T.S. ELIOT

If you were to set out
From the place where you began
In order to come to the place you were going to,
And if you were to stop half-way,
Remembering that you had forgotten something
(The key perhaps)
And if you were to turn back
To the place where you began,
The chances are that by the time you had arrived back
You would have forgotten what you had forgotten;
And if you were to remember
What you had remembered you had forgotten
And if you were to set out again,
The chances are
That you would have forgotten where you were going to
When you set out.

This, and similar peregrinations
of the decrepit spirit

Occupy much of one's time.

D.J.W.

WOT WENT WRONG

The 'Bedan' always has its crop of plagiarised articles. The English staff would like to believe that their pupils are thus displaying a new, wider vision derived from the truly greatest of Anglo-American poets, T.S. Eliot - i.e. 'the mediocre poet borrows, the truly great poet steals'. The Editors and myself feel this to be unlikely, since the main sources seemed to be 'Boys' Own' and 'Wizard' : some even stooped as low as 'The Daily Express'. Several boys tried to be profound beyond their years, and we were never very sure whether or not their articles were another instance of pilfering, in this case from modern American pseudo-psychologist authors. What, for example, is 'self-omnipotence' or 'the phobia of mutual equivoquence'? Somebody even mixed a philosophy of which Shakespeare would have been proud with the terminology of these psychologists, and wrote about 'the curative powers of persiflage'. (For the ignorant, persiflage = suffering.)

It's about time first - and second - year boys learned that there is more to poetry than four rhymed lines, with the same rhythm as 'The Ancient Mariner'. Sixth-formers, on the other hand, would do well to remember that there is more to it than a few unconnected lines of abstract, and largely incoherent thought, which must never convey any impression of rhyme or rhythm. But the greatest source of annoyance in poetry was the immortal 'Limerick' : immortal or not, most boys killed it stone dead. Favourite subjects for these this year were bakers from Hetton-le-Hole, and men (of various descriptions) from Calcutta. Our biggest disappointment, however, was the Fourth Year poet Swinburne, who did not live up to his glorious forefather's name. This prompted me to start a search for other articles bearing famous names, but the nearest I came was a couple of Wilson's and a solitary Brown, none of whom produced anything of any merit, although one of them wrote on a rare topic - Rhodesia: it was cryptic in the extreme.

The other articles displayed wealth of imagination that was seldom matched by ability to write English - and there was an extreme paucity of imagination. (To find the ability without the imagination was rarer still.) Themes that were all the rage when the Editors and myself were in our First Year seem to be in vogue again, the Bomb returning to its place at the head of the list: pupils of the school have always seemed to have a depravedly morbid outlook on life, and titles like 'Desperation', 'Suicide', and 'The End of the World' figured highly this year, together with the usual horrific crew of Martians, and even a 3409 feet long man-eating locust. The innovation this year consisted of 'queer little creatures', derived from a sort of nightmarish gook, which unfortunately has found no place in the magazine because the obvious allegoric inferences

in the article were considered likely to give offence - the creatures incidentally were apparently Scottish.

Espionage was the only subject that threatened to dislodge the Bomb from its place (figuratively speaking, of course). The battle to find the most original name for the secret-agent here was suitably insipid, and mostly resulted in the most uningenious articles of all. At one stage, one of the Editors was heard to threaten to shoot, with his genuine-made-in-Hong-Kong-007-Luger-water-pistol, the next boy who wrote about Secret Agent 008 1/2, or the Man from GRANDAD.

The lower school displayed an astonishingly consummate perception of the private lives of Sixth-Formers. A seemingly harmless article describing the crowd at a Hoker Park football match caused many a squirm when read to Sixth-Form supporters of the Black Cat. Some writers seemed to know all about such 'adult' concerns as drunkenness and - dare I write it? - lechery. On the other hand, one of them wrote, innocently: 'The family were excited for the big night when they would be increased by one' - the expected arrival was a pet dog. Little brothers were also naive enough to supply a great deal of useful (?) information about our 'opposite number' in the Girl's School - one poor sister was described as having 'skin like a toad' before she rubs in her morning cold cream!

Whereas many articles protested against the education forced upon their author, just as many displayed an exceptional propensity to force an education upon the reader. They were keen for us to know, for instance, that 'painful cramp in the legs can be removed by placing a magnet on the offending limb'. Someone apparently thought his paradigm of patriotism would be found more palatable and easier to digest in (loosely speaking) verse form, thus:

In Germany there are
Some very handsome cars.
In England there aren't many,
But they are definitely worth the money.

And finally, did you know that 'in the past twenty years the Atlantic Ocean has risen four inches'? This is an average of 1/24th inch each year. In 1000 years from now it will have risen another 16 feet 8 inches. I really must learn to swim!

D. T. W. Carter.

There was an old person from Sunderland,
Who thought he was Alice in Wonderland,
He couldn't be I AM!

N. Kirtlan. 3B8.

"THIS OTHER EDEN, DEMI-PARADISE"

Two wise and patient old men are sitting in a telephone kiosk playing a game of monopoly. Their names are Galleon and Train. A suave, rather self-centred young man approaches the kiosk. He is at first startled to see the old men, but then his youthful arrogance reasserts itself.

Young Man Don't you think you've picked rather a strange place to play your childish games?

Galleon (reading from a pink card) "you have won second prize in a beauty contest. Collect £10."

Young Man Look, I've got to use the telephone. Please get out of my way.

Train (Throwing dice) Six and a two.

Young Man (getting rather flustered) Now look here! If you don't let me use that phone, I'll go and get a policeman. I know my rights. Let me get in! Get out of my way!

Train (noticing him for the first time) (Sternly) Haven't you got any manners at all? Can't you see this is a very serious game of monopoly? Why don't you just stand quietly and watch, if you must stand here at all? (Muttering) He's got no right to disturb our game, no right at all.

Galleon Five and a four. Damn! I would land on Coventry Street. How much do I owe you?

Train (triumphantly) £22.

(The young man, who up to this point has been opening and shutting his mouth like a fish out of water, suddenly takes in the game of monopoly, and assumes a rather superior attitude.)

Young Man (with an oasis of insight into the happier, uninhibited days of his own childhood, obviously quoting) "If a player owns all the sites of any colour group, the rent is doubled on Unimproved sites in that group." You've got all three, There's £44. owing.

Train (picks up his title deed, reads it carefully, then puts it down). Well fancy, fancy that! He's right, Galleon. It is double.

Young Man (proud) Of course I'm right. You needn't think you know anything more about Monopoly than I do. Of course you don't.

(There is a long, long, silence.)

Galleon (Tentatively) Would you like..... that is, if you..... I mean, do you want.....?

Train (who had always been the more forward of the two) What Galleon means is, why don't you join us? You can be Motorcycle or Car or Tank. Take your pick.

Young Man (Touched) I was always Tank. It was my favour-
 its token. (Another long silence. At last the
 momentous decision is made) Thank you, thank
 you both. Of course I'll play. Only a fool wouldn't.
 Train (Giving him the dice) Here, it's your throw. We've
 only just started this particular game; we'll beat
 it for months yet, so you're not playing with a
 handicap, even if you did start late. No handicap
 at all.
 Tank (contented and happy) Three and a four. Take a
 chance "Advance to Pall Mall. If you
 pass "GO", collect

CURTAIN

A. Goldsmith, U.V.L.A. 2

REFERENCE TO THE ENIGMATIC STATE OF MODERN
 SOCIETY AND THE ANTECEDENT GENERATION IN
 PARTICULAR.

Cool it man! -----
 That's a gig - you got nowt to cool.
 So you think you're there?
 Make the scene now and then and you're it?
 What bread of flink are you?
 Like, live!
 After Old Man Time's packed you in,
 What then? Nowt.
 Life rocks of phoneys.
 Like, cuboids.
 Ice cubes. Melt.
 Die.
 Dig me peoples: live it up.
 Be you.
 Don't dangle, dad,
 Tune in.
 Let classless potza flake
 And out, cats.
 Fun living with a mess of nostril-packing clots?
 None too crisp?
 Then baby, like, unsmingle.
 Check out like crazy.
 Get hipped and swing.

Paul Syme. SA.

'2052 A.D.'

As the last swirling mist leaves its death and devastation behind, lying all over the naked city of London, I walk again, on my own, down its night avenues.

The neon lights shine undisturbed by the commotion; the streets are lanced with the light of the beaming flux lights.

As I glance to my right, I see the once-happy face of Piccadilly Circus, with its happy lights and signs; now when all is done, the power stopped, its life lies deadened with sudden agony which clings, then moves on to charm another victim.

The vaporous atmosphere hangs, opaque in places, transparent in places, but most of all dead.

Again I continue my journey, and going along I see the repercussions of man's bid for power. The bodies lie strewn all over the ground, and I ask myself, 'Why? Why?'. The darkness of death hangs on me, showing its power. My journey takes me on along Oxford Street: there also the same dead atmosphere clings on, the same sweat-stained buildings, 50 storeys high, are still there, yet not there. The robots are now put out of our community of spirits; there are many of them, but none human.

The night stars are there, the moon is full and provides me light. Walking on into the stagnant haze, that is Fleet Street, I see that there are still mono-rails clamped on the side of the great publishing buildings. They are the same as always at night, crowded with people trying to get away from the cast-iron maids, televisions, radios and everything to do with the house.

The great globe, now smashed, which was around London is crowded in its magnetic railways; the hovercars on the ground numerously scattered around. The buildings glow from their heights, some of them stretching, it seems, to infinity; they are crowded, but with spirits, bodies not people. The crowded offices are deadened, people are dead, and so is London.

N. Kirlian. 3.BS.

SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE

(Variation on a Theme by Marlowe)

The assistant directed him to the audition room. It was not like the usual minute booths with no door but an abundance of disturbance from the adjacent one. This was in fact a small room fitted with luxurious stereo-equipment and carefully arranged sitting accommodation, so that the best possible listening conditions were achieved. Quite right, too, for a man who has been accustomed to luxury most of his life, but it was self-created luxury.

While he was selecting the most comfortable chair, the assistant placed the record on the turntable.

"That's the volume control on the right, if you need it," she said, as she left.

"Right, thank you, but I'm sure I won't."

He sat back in silence. Soon the music led his thoughts astray. He had been manager of a small firm in the first place, but later by way of a take-over bid, he became a member of the aristocracy. This was a magnificent recording of Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" and all for £2 into the bargain! "A product of Czechoslovakia," according to the label. It was a Czech music who had been responsible for his success, too. He decided that the price of his firm was a death certificate for a man with a heart attack. Mad! But ever since then things had gone well for him. What was this coming from the loudspeaker? Mephistopheles had his line wrong. But no, there it is again, "Come forward!" (or whatever the translation was) and then his own name. Perhaps that Czech was not so mad after all. But it can't be!

Much later the assistant rushed back into the room.

"Mr. Slater, get help quick," she half-screamed. "It seems that this gentleman's had a heart attack..."

G. Nicholson. MA.

THE INEFFICACY OF WAR

The butterfly hasking on the rocks

Suddenly flits away at a tremor of thunder.

A low, loud drone disturbs the air;

Ten thousand feet vibrate the earth.

Innocent, unsuspecting, peaceful Nature

Is suddenly battered and squashed into the mud;

As troops and regiments and armies,

And flocks of bombers overshadowing the sky,

All intrude on a peaceful land,

To kill fellow men at their masters' orders -

One minute, two men could be friendly and laughing,

Then a siren sounds; war has broken out;

One shouts the other in the back -

He is an enemy.

Millions of megatons destroying the earth

Which has taken all of mankind centuries to establish.

Whoever fires the atom bomb first wins the war.

But in such war there is no glory.

Paul D. Simpson. 4.A.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

First XI. The team enjoyed a successful season, losing only three of its twenty-five matches. The record for the 1965-66 season is :-

P.	W.	D.	L.	For	Against
25	16	6	3	67	30

This has been a year when the team showed a great willingness to think and learn about the game, attempting to play as a unit, combining in defence and attack. Their play proved more than adequate in defence and enabled the team to dominate in midfield. This resulted in some very attractive performances, but an insufficient number of goals was produced.

In all, twenty-three players represented the school, the team usually consisting of Oliver, Swanson, Davison, Wilkinson, Wigham and Matthams in defence and Greig, Warriner, Curzon, Goldsmith and Morris in attack. Gibson and Hutchinson were also frequently called upon and both acquitted themselves well.

The season's success was due to a team effort but certain players deserve particular mention. Wigham, who captained the team, and Goldsmith represented Durham County and were joined by Matthams in the County Grammar Schools team. In the forward line Warriner was the most consistent and finished the season with 19 goals. We reached the semi-final of the Tyneside Cup, where we lost 2 - 1 to St. Aidan's, the eventual winners. Colours were re-awarded to Wigham and Goldsmith and new awards were made to Matthams, Warriner and Wilkinson.

Thanks are due to Mr. Griffiths, who has coached the team and refereed the matches, and to Mr. Stockdale, who arranged the fixtures and gave valuable assistance throughout the season.

N. Matthams, Secretary.

UNDER 14 SOCCER

League:	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.	Points.
	12	9	1	2	45	13	20

The season opened very well indeed, with the team netting no less than eighteen times in two games whilst conceding only one goal. Although we did not, for the remainder of the season, ascend again to quite these dizzy, Australian-League-Soccer-Type heights, (after all, it was the beginning of the season,) we managed to perform so well that we ran out divisional winners.

In spite of excellent performances at home we met our Waterloo, (three times actually), when we came up against the inevitably tougher opposition in the Cup and Shield Competitions in which we were involved. In the Tyneside Grammar Schools'





TOP LEFT, Back Row: I. Armstrong, N. Mathams. Front Row: Mr. B. O. Hodgson; T. Walker, W. Swanson (Vice Capt), R. Spoons (Capt), D. Vine, D. Waugh, F. Millars.
CENTRE LEFT, Back Row: D. Charlton, J. Meama, A. Butler, D. Hall, S. E. Dodds, S. Dixon, T. Walker, D. Errington; J. Clark, A. Williams; W. Francis, A. Page. Front Row: Mr. M. Berry; R. Penney, L. Cook, S. Sutton (Vice Capt), F. Babson; R. Spoons (Capt), M. Bryant, A. H. Hornsby, E. Eoham, I. Armstrong, Mr. D. Stockdale.
BOTTOM LEFT, Back Row: M. Gibson, M. Knight, P. Williams, I. Armstrong; D. Davison; L. Cook. Front Row: G. Moss, I. Goldsmith, D. Oliver, A. Warriner; N. Mathams, E. Morris, Mr. J. P. Wylie.
TOP RIGHT, Back Row: M. Carson, M. D. Parker, T. Hutchinson, W. Swanson, D. M. O'Leary, N. Mathams, P. Williams, D. Davison. Front Row: Mr. C. Griffiths, I. Goldsmith, P. Harris, A. Warriner, E. Wigham, S. Craig, E. Morris, M. Gibson, Mr. D. Stockdale.
BOTTOM RIGHT, Back Row: A. Kieken, A. Warriner, D. Casswell, M. Carson, M. C. Bryant, M. Turner; L. May, S. Tompa. Middle Row: G. Wilson, D. Airey, B. Stephenson; E. Wigham, R. Spoons, D. Keishley, L. Strathingham, A. Goldsmith, J. Deatwants; M. Thorne, M. Housley. Front Row: E. Berg, D. S. Middlemiss, A. E. McLeod, A. Lawson, J. Clark, A. J. Ridge Esq.; J. Lewis Esq.; M. Parsons, L. R. Goldsmith, A. R. Hornsby, W. Reynolds, F. Simpson.



Cup, after beating Gateshead G.S., Manor Park and St. Joseph's Grammar Technical School, we were defeated 2-0 in the semi-final by Jarrow Grammar School in a game where the opposition took full advantage of conditions in which good football was at a premium. Again, in the Duncan White Competition we progressed to the semi-final, only to be beaten (but soundly) by Commercial Road School after having held them to a draw "on our own mid - der". In the Crawford Cup Competition we were defeated 1 - 0 by the other divisional winners, St. Aidan's, after a tight and interesting game.

Representing the Under 14 team on most occasions were: Robison, Lay, Henderson, Birch, Burnside, Swincoe, Jenkins, Craigs, McConochie, Keatings and Sayers. Players who enjoyed occasional games were Scott, Preece, Steele, Greener, Fearn, Eldon and Coulson.

It would be an invidious task to single out particular players, but mention must be made of Keatings, who captained the team admirably, and whose intelligent positional play resulted in many goals. Also McConochie, a player much improved and matured this season.

Looking forward to next season, I anticipate great things for those who continue to play soccer, when the opposition will be genuinely equal, and I would presume to give one piece of advice: professionalism, in its worst sense, has no place in schools soccer. Play to win and enjoy the game, but consider a defeat as a somewhat lesser catastrophe than, for example, a cruelly enforced trip to the barber's.

R.H.

UNDER 13 SOCCER

The team had another successful season, playing 12 games in Division F of the Sunderland Schools' League, 4 friendlies, and 8 cup games, 24 games in all. The friendly games included a visit to Liverpool to play the Collegiate School and the school entertained a team of schoolboys from Bergen, in Norway.

The season was marred by some very bad weather and, as a consequence, many reserves had an opportunity to play, because of illness and injury to established members of the team. The total playing record was:-

P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.
24	14	3	7	53	43

Many of the seven defeats occurred while the team was weakened. The large number of cup games resulted in the school winning the town Under 13 Knock-out Cup (The Frank Arkless Cup) for the first time ever.

The most noticeable feature of this team was the spirit with which the games were played. This was due mainly to the Captain and Centre Half, B. Thompson (3 AP), and the Vice-Captain, J. Robinson (2 BS - 19 goals), who both infected the team with an enthusiasm and control which helped to make a good team in the latter half of the season.

The following boys appeared as defenders:-

K. Delaney, 2 B (Goal); T. Crompton, 1 A (R.B.);
K. Parsons, 2 AP (L.B.); P. Eward, 2 BP (R.H.);
K. O'Leary, 1 AP (L.B. Reserve); and E. Elstob, 2B (L.B.)

and as attackers:-

P. Cooney, 1 B (O.R. - 7 goals); P. Candler, 1 A (L.R. - 3 gls);
W. Mitchell, 2 BS (C.F. - 7 goals); K. Gibson, 2 A (O.L. - 7 gls);

with reserves:-

J. Hiscock, 2 A (7 goals); N. Worthy, 2BS; K. Hodge, 2 BP
(2 goals) and B. Potts, 1 BP (1 goal). H. Graham.

OLD BEDANS' A.F.C.

The 1965-66 Season has been successful in that the final League Table places us in second position, four points behind the leaders, Sunderland Technical College, with the following record: F26, W18, D2, L8, F83, A36, 38Pts., but there are signs which give rise to considerable anxiety.

At the commencement of the Season we lost the services of several players due to admission to College, illness, domestic reasons etc., and during the season two other players left to play for other clubs, one in higher class football.

Despite all our efforts it has not been possible to find Old Bedans to replace them, and the future of the Club as an Old Boys' Club is threatened.

Established in 1923-24, the Old Bedans were founder members of the North Eastern Amateur League. The Club is well run and financially sound.

The League, one of the best in this area, maintains a high class of football on good playing fields with ample changing facilities.

Will all soccer players who read this report give it their most serious consideration. WE NEED PLAYERS. WE NEED YOUNG PLAYERS. Please pass word round and support us.

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Mr. Oscar Topel,
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Sunderland

when you will be given dates of practice matches.

O. Topel Hon. Secretary.

Let XI CRICKET

Played	Won	Lost
9	6	3

The 1968 season has been a most enjoyable one for all the members of the team. A side which at the start of the season looked, on paper, rather weak has blended into a useful and effective one. Only two schools, South Shields (twice) and the Royal High School, Edinburgh, have beaten the school.

Warriner was appointed captain, and has proved a most popular selection, leading the side with intelligence and much good sense. He has had at his disposal a penetrative attack with Morris and Mathams as the spearhead, well supported by Knight. Mathams was leading wicket taker for the season. Wilkinson led the spin attack, and in fact headed the bowling averages. Warriner, Moss and Goldsmith supplemented the leading bowlers well.

Oliver was leading run-scorer and headed the batting averages, with a highest score of 65 not out. Mathams and Cook were also prominent among the batsmen, and Davison and Warriner had several useful scores. Gibson, Wigham, Goldsmith, Knight, Wilkinson and Morris each had their moments with the bat too, and Armstrong and Moss completed a batting side of considerable depth.

The out-cricketer was sometimes not all that it might have been, but nevertheless some first-rate catches were held. The team-spirit under Warriner was excellent, with every member of the side pulling his weight. It remains to thank Mr. Wylie and the other members of staff who have given their services as umpire, and helped and encouraged the players during the season.

D.M. OLIVER
Hon. Sec., Cricket.

UNDER 16 CRICKET

The team had an extremely good season and under the guidance of Mr. Graham, to whom thanks from every member of the team are given, won their League and have a good chance of winning the Swan Cup.

The strength of the team was in the batting, but, at times, the bowlers had match-winning analyses, notably 10 - 9 by Nunn in the semi-final of the Swan Cup.

Wicket - keeper Procoe was the best batsman, scoring 147 runs during the season for an average of 18.3 and he had an excellent highest score of 46. He was ably backed by Pratt and Gillespie, and Henderson and Mellor played some useful innings.

Most of the bowling during the season was done by Gordon, Nunn, and Hutchinson, the latter taking most wickets (25).

Good all-round fielding contributed to many matches' being won. Henderson, at mid-on, held many catches and was always seen running about the field very actively.

The following played for the team:-

Preese, Pratt, Gillespie, Wyness, P.Henderson, Fenwick, Hutchinson, Mellor, Taylor, Holyman, Nunn, Gordon, Cohen, Smith, Barnes and Tuddenham.

Preese, Pratt and Hutchinson represented Sunderland Boys, and Gordon and Holyman went to the trial.

D.T., D.M.

ATHLETICS 1946

As usual, the school entered teams in the three major meetings, individual and team successes being gained in all three.

In the County Grammar Schools' Competition at Durham Johnston Grammar School on May 11th, the school team came fifth out of the 35 schools competing.

The Tyneside Grammar Schools' Competition was held at Boughton-le-Spring Grammar School (for the Seniors and Intermediates) and Bede School (for the Juniors and First Years). In this case the Intermediate Team came 2nd out of 29 teams, and the Junior Team did extremely well in coming 1st out of 29 teams.

In the Sunderland Schools' Competition the Bede Boys again had many successes, as a result of which the following boys were selected to represent the Sunderland Schools' Athletics Team for the County Schools' Competition, which was won by the Sunderland Team:

Seniors:	Swanson, Butler, Morris, Herring, Spoor, Godfrey.
Intermediate:	Greig, Robson, Coombs, Carter, Charlton, Glasper, Barnes, Dodds.
Junior:	Burnside, McCosochie, Swinhoe, Brown, Howell.

Because of their various successes in this County Competition the following boys were chosen to represent Durham County Schools on the following occasions:

a) A triangular Match (Durham, Northumberland, Cumberland).

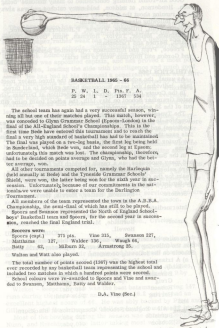
Burnside	-	220 yds.
Greig	-	220 yds.
Robson	-	440 yds.
Herring	-	Pole Vault.

and

b) The All - England Schools' Competition at Blackburn:

Burnside	-	220 yds.
Robson	-	440 yds.
Greig	-	220 yds.

D.S.



BASKETBALL 1925 - 26

P. W. L. D. Pts. F. A.
 22 24 1 - 1267 534

The school team has again had a very successful season, winning all but one of their matches played. This match, however, was conceded to Glyn Grammar School (Epsom-London) in the final of the All-England School's Championships. This is the first time Bede have entered this tournament and to reach the final a very high standard of basketball has had to be maintained. The final was played on a two-leg basis, the first leg being held in Sunderland, which Bede won, and the second leg at Epsom; unfortunately this match was lost. The championship, therefore, had to be decided on points average and Glyn, who had the better average, won.

All other tournaments competed for, namely the Darlington Shield annually at Bede and the Tyneside Grammar School's Shield, were won, the latter being won for the sixth year in succession. Unfortunately because of our commitments in the national we were unable to enter a team for the Darlington Tournament.

All members of the team represented the town in the A.S.S.A. Championship, the semi-final of which has still to be played.

Spours and Swanson represented the North of England School-boys' Basketball team and Spours, for the second year in succession, reached the final England trial.

Scorers were:

Spours (capt.)	375 pts.	Vine 315,	Swanson 227,
Mathams	127,	Walden 120,	Wagh 88,
Batty 62,	Milburn 22,	Armstrong 25.	

Walters and Watt also played.

The total number of points scored (1267) was the highest total ever recorded by any basketball team representing the school and included two matches in which a hundred points were scored.

School colours were re-awarded to Spours and Vine and awarded to Swanson, Mathams, Batty and Walden.

D.A. Vine (Sec.)

Vine during the past year... excellent highest score of 44. He was also named by Press...

Most of the leading... the season was... and... latter taking most...

A. B. G. A.

TENNIS REPORT

The senior tennis team has enjoyed a season of immense success, winning all the friendly matches played. It was unfortunate that the only match lost was that against Grangefield, the eventual winners, in the County knock-out cup. The team at its strongest was remarkably well-balanced, with three pairs, Porteous and Mathams, Vine and Oliver, Mills and Donkin, all of very high ability.

Porteous captained the side, and played exceptionally well throughout the season, his experience helping towards the generation of a fine partnership with Mathams, whose play was also outstanding. Vine and Oliver have played together for several seasons now, and are able to combine easily into a match-winning formation. Mills and Donkin are also partners of old and have strengthened the team as a third extremely fine couple.

Mathams and Oliver were not always available, and towards the end of the season a shoulder injury to Vine handicapped the team. But a plentiful supply of reliable reserves was available and Gillespie, Snowdon, Williamson and Pertney all gave of their best when called upon. It is important to point out that the team is greatly indebted to the kindness of Mr. Mellor, who has sacrificed much of his own free time on behalf of the tennis team.

Porteous and Vine were semi-finalists in the Town Singles Championship, and were selected for a Sunderland Team to play Newcastle and Middlesbrough in July, as were Donkin, Mills and Gillespie in the Under 16 classification. In the Town's Under-16 Singles Tournament, Mills beat Donkin in the final and Gillespie was a semi-finalist.

An under 15 side has been run, with three matches played; this undoubtedly will prove a sound investment for the future. Gillespie and Snowdon were outstanding performers and Hart, Craigs, M. Hutchinson, Mellor, Rose and Levine have also represented the school.

It is to be hoped that, with the loss of only one player from the senior team and with the promise of a successful junior team, the school will enjoy an equally good tennis season in 1967.

D. M. OLIVER,
Hon. Secretary.

BADMINTON CLUB

Despite the increase in the annual subscription to 2/6d, attendances again broke all records this season.

After a lapse of two seasons, the Mixed Teams were re-formed and enjoyed considerable success, the Senior Team winning four out of its five matches, the Second Team winning its only game of the season and the Junior Mixed Team winning four out of its six matches.

The following represented the school in Senior Team Matches: Linda Bell, Suzanne Butterfield, Celia Parish, Judith Peariman, K. Blyth, J. Petheram, J. Reed and R.F. French.

The following represented the school in Second Team Matches: Marilyn Beavers, Dorothy Beavers, Kathleen Cassop, E. Brown I. Moss and D. Thompson.

The following represented the school in Junior Mixed Team Matches: Jean Bailey, Carol Barnes, Linda Gallacher, Rochelle Stuart, J. Barnes, I. Craigs, P. Nunn and D. Taylor.

The 'men's team' although not quite as strong as last season, again did very well, winning seven out of its eleven matches played this season. The following represented the school in these matches: K.Blyth, I.Craigs, M.Harrison, I. Moss, J. Petheram, D. Taylor, D. Thompson, J. Reed and R.F. French.

Colours were again awarded this season, with a re-award to K. Blyth and a new award to R.F. French.

The House Badminton Championship (for the McClement Trophy) was won by Raby under the captaincy of K.Blyth, with Hylton second, Durham third, and Lamley fourth.

Various Tournaments were entered by Bede players this season.

The Senior Sunderland Schools' Competition was won for the first time by the school. K. Blyth became the first triple champion in the history of the competition, when as 'top seed' in both doubles (with R.F. French) and 'second seed' in the mixed doubles (with S. Butterfield) he won all three events.

In the Durham County Handicap Tournament, K. Blyth, and R.D. Watson (who left Bede last July) were narrowly defeated in the final of the doubles event.

In the Durham County 'Under 18' Tournament, K. Blyth reached the semi-final of the doubles (with R.F. French) and singles, and won (with J. Sly) the mixed doubles 'plate event', defeating his school mixed partner S. Butterfield and J. Branigan (an Old Bede) in the final.

In the Northern Counties 'Junior' Tournament K. Blyth and R. F. French reached the semi-finals of both the singles and doubles events.

In the Dairy Festival Cup Competition, the Junior Mixed Team came second in the Junior Competition. The Senior Mixed Team won the Senior Competition for the first time by defeating Monkwearmouth, who had held the Trophy for twelve years.

In conclusion we must thank members of staff for their keen interest and support, especially that of Messrs. Taylor, Longstaff and Black.

R.F. French (Secretary)

LIBRARY REPORT

During the past year the Library has discarded many old books and introduced many new ones. Membership of the Library has grown steadily, the largest following coming from the Junior School. Books on all subjects may be found on the Library shelves, and everything has been done to help the reader to find the book of his choice.

Until May, the Library had been run by Messrs. Noton and Shrimpton, with the help of ten junior librarians and two senior librarians. Since then, however, a professional librarian has come to run the Library. The new librarian, Mrs. P. Wake, has modernised the Library and made it possible for it to remain open all day.

It is hoped that next year boys in all forms will be brought to the Library in order to make full use of its growing resources. Membership of the Library has increased considerably since the advent of Mrs. Wake. In fact, I doubt whether the Library has ever been so popular.

C. Morley
Senior Librarian.

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When embarking on such a Baltic Cruise for the first time, I for one was under the impression that all was to be milk and honey for the coming thirteen days. But oh! how wrong I was. Our first encounter with the opposition was on the evening of the first day. After being tucked up in our bunks at the disgustingly late hour of half-past nine we proceeded to go to sleep. However, after approximately half an hour it became quite apparent that nobody was going to get any sleep that night.

It could be said that "the party went with a swing" until half-past ten when a charming gentleman, the Master-at-Arms (or ship's policeman?) charged into the dormitory and delivered a blood-curdling piece of nautical eloquence to us. It wasn't that we were frightened of him (tongue in cheek), but his speech had the desired effect, and "all was quiet on the Fawcett front" for the night.

After this, things were fairly quiet in the dormitory and we only suffered verbally acid attacks from teachers and various members of the ship's crew. We all knew though that this "mutual understanding" between us and the Masters-at-Arms (three of them) could not continue, and the "Cold War" culminated in the Chief First Officer's giving a very convincing impersonation of Captain Bligh flavoured by just a soupçon of Cut-Throat Jake and a pinch of Purgash. After the speech (which was a very fine one indeed and included such phrases as "By God, we'll have you, yea we will, don't worry") everyone felt like clapping and showing our appreciation. We probably would have, if we hadn't been dying of suppressed laughter.

On the following morning we were told that the demagogic Chief First Officer, "incoriated by the exuberance of his own verbosity", had delivered his magnum (Champagne?) opus to the wrong dormitory!

It must be said, however, that the visits ashore more than compensated for our highly "naughtical" existence on the "Devonia" and also for the food (which is better not mentioned at all). Stockholm and Copenhagen were quite beyond belief, their beauty indescribable. These cities were exceedingly clean and colourful and their inhabitants made us more than welcome.

Leaningrad, in contrast, was rather drab and the shops poorly stocked. The regulations for disembarkation were very strict and, not surprisingly, there was a lot of red tape. On the conducted tours on which we were taken we only saw what the Russians wanted us to see, and wherever we went there always

seemed to be a super-abundance of policemen. Indeed there were guards around the "Devonia" for the duration of our stay in Leningrad.

It was a great experience to have seen part of the U.S.S.R. but in my opinion there are towns in Britain which can compare with Leningrad, in more ways than one.

Apart from our visits to these countries there were plenty of things on the ship with which to amuse ourselves, such as deck games, a fun fair, a fancy-dress ball, dances and a film every evening, not to mention two concerts, the first being given as an exchange concert to some Russian children who were guests on the "Devonia" for one evening. The main act of the concert was a folk-group called "The Forb-Cott", whose members Margaret Binding, Keith Turnbull, Ian Squires and Dave Stewart, came entirely from Bede. The second concert was given on the last night of the cruise. Both were well received. (I think it only fair to mention that in the second concert, only one act was performed by people who were not from Bede, so we have good reason to be proud.)

Not until the last day of the cruise did we encounter bad weather, a force nine gale in fact. People were lying on the decks 'praying for the end' and never wanting to see another ship again. It was bliss on the following morning to find that we were in sheltered waters, seasickness passed.

Other events which were sent to 'test' us included the day we passed through some minefields, laid in immitable style by the British in the Second World War. We were, however, reassured by our teachers who said, "Don't worry, lads. It's well over a fortnight since anybody hit one".

At last the cruise was over. The culmination of eighteen months' planning and arranging, an event which will live forever in the memories of those who participated in it.

Finally, on behalf of the Bede School contingent on "Devonia", I would like to extend sincere thanks to Messrs. Noton, Stockdale, Milburn, Ross and Jolly, who did their utmost to ensure that the cruise was a success.

C.I. Squires. 4A.

HISTORY, NOT AS SHE IS TAUGHT, BUT AS SHE OUGHT

"Please sit down. You will have a drink. Cigarettes are behind your chair".

Harold said "I would like a medium Vodka dry Martini - with a slice of lemon peel. Shaken and not stirred, please". He picked up the glass and sipped at it thoughtfully. He slit open a fresh pack of King Size Chesterfield with his thumbnail. He lit a cigarette and gratefully drew the smoke deep into his lungs. It seemed pointless to go on bluffing. His story of being a pill-grim was anyway a thin one, which could be punctured by any of William's priests.

William sat slightly more upright in his chair. There was a moment's silence in the room, then he said, 'And now, Harold, let us tell each other our secrets. First, to show you that I hide nothing, I will tell you mine. Then you will tell me yours'. His eyes blazed darkly, 'But let us tell each other the truth'. He saw clearly Harold's unspoken thought. 'You are right, Harold. That is just what I am, a maniac. Mania, my dear Harold, is as priceless as genius'.

Harold picked up his glass and drained it. He filled it again from the shaker. He said 'I'm not surprised. It's the old business of thinking you're the King of England, or God. The asylums are full of them'.

William's lips compressed into a thin purple line. The eyes were hard as onyx under the polished forehead and skull. The polite mask had gone.

The two guards took a step forward and held Harold above the elbows. At a word from William, he was frogmarched down a passage, whose floor was close-carpeted in the thickest wine-red Wilton, along to the chapel.

He stood in the middle of the dark, airless chamber. To his right was a broad stone altar, with a purple velvet altar-cloth. William moved lithely around to the far side of the altar. He stood triumphantly, facing Harold. He took hold of Harold's hands and held them over the altar. He said, 'You will pledge your allegiance to me as Edward's successor to the English Throne, and abjure your own claim, over this holy altar'. His eyes narrowed. 'If you do not, you will die'.

Harold's body heaved away from the guards. A string of Anglo-Saxon obscenities hissed out between his clenched teeth. After a moment he desisted. It was useless. The bitterness inside Harold came up into his mouth so that he thought he was going to retch. It was useless. He swore the oath over those sacred relics of whose existence he was unaware.

This story is true - only the style has been changed.

A. Goldsmith. U VI A. 2.



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HOW BIDE WEST WAS WON

October 1964

W.C. Bligh (Conservative)	- 499
D.T.W. Carter (Independent)	- 12
F.C. Pender (Independent)	- 48
H. Wilson (Labour)	- 294
D.J. Winters (Liberal)	- 135
CONSERVATIVE MAJ.	299

May 1955

D.W. Carverhill (Liberal)	- 389
A. Goldsmith (Conservative)	249
D. Pender (Independent Capitalist)	- 85
L.J. Wall (Labour)	- 121
M. Wyllie (World Peace)	- 112
LIBERAL MAJ.	132

Liberal Gain from Conservative.

Upon Mr. Wilson's going to the country, the loyal constituents of Sunderland Bide West rallied to the polls to record what must enter the political annals of the nation as one of the major upsets of the election. Well, perhaps not quite.

The election began on a high note of conflict. One could not help feeling that perhaps the objections to a "Fifth-Former" as a candidate were not based entirely upon Mr. Wyllie's non-membership of an annually elected Sixth Form. Could it be that the major parties were covering up a genuine fear of the World Peace Organisation? However, fear or no fear, the campaigning was begun and up went the posters, and the morning and the evening were the first day.

Had to relate, the majority of posters proved a good deal more temporary than had been intended. Those which did stay long enough to be read introduced such great names in politics as The Beach Boys, Admiral Lord Nelson, Patrick Campbell, Brian Clough and Bob Dylan. Those of the electorate who could not reach any posters in pull down went to heckle at the lunch-time meetings, and, when certain individuals in the Upper School found themselves being out-heckled by the juniors, off they went to practise on a Mr. Heath of Hesley.

The campaign settled into a lively battle, and the candidates began to sort themselves out. Mr. Goldsmith baffled all but the enlightened few with his unshakably sound economic arguments. Mr. Wall fought a desperate battle for the support he felt was slipping from his party. Mr. Wyllie was showing himself to be full of good intentions, but devoid of method, system and replies to the question "How?". Mr. Pender was there somewhere but no-one seemed to know exactly where. Mr. Carverhill was gathering support on all sides, but chiefly, one felt, from among those baffled Conservatives.

Election Day brought a further battery of speeches, and, after rather touching words from the Labour ("This election is, of course, between Conservative and Labour") and World Peace ("If you want peace, you've got to fight for it") candidates, Mr. Carverhill stood up and rocked the hall with words which put his Conservative rival in his unwanted place. Mr. Harrington Dalby would have awarded him full points.

Came the pronouncement of the result, and Mr. Goldsmith looked stunned with shock. But was he really? "It's crushed!" he said, "I always thought the school would carry on in its true tradition of Conservatism. It seems not." Perhaps complacency was the root cause of his defeat. Mr. Carverhill stated "with the characteristic frankness of my party" that the best man had won, an assertion that no-one seemed willing to contradict. "The Sunderland Echo" in its usual vein of unerring accuracy announced that the election had been won by Carver Hill, and set off on correspondence that would be better forgotten.

Thanks are due to the Returning Officer (the Headmaster), to Mr. Watson and to the candidates and their agents for making it all worthwhile, and to Mr. Harold Wilson for making it all possible.

D.W.O.

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THE OTHER 90%

When it was brought to our attention that a mere 10% of the inhabitants of this great and noble land of ours had participated in the National Census of last May, we were greatly moved with wrath and indignation and rushed headlong amidst the thronging masses of this far-famed seat of learning, and thus compiled a fully comprehensive dossier of the habits and yearnings of our comrades.

Surely the first aspect of school life to be debated should be the Members of the Common Room, so we began by querying the applicability of the school rules.

On the whole, we found that the school was split right down the middle, well, actually between the middle row of desks in room 27, as to whether the school rules were vaguely satisfactory. However, we found that an overwhelming minority chose "Thou shalt not kill", and "Thou shalt not interfere with school blackboards unless, of course, using Jamn's Interferometer Method", as their favourite rule. The New Morality, perhaps?

28% of the boys opted to change the shape of the school buildings to conical, but to our disgust 62% suggested that a more appropriate shape would be 'flat'. Of the other 10%, 12% agreed that the school was far too tall, and two anonymous members of the Lower Sixth suggested that the ground floor be removed, to accommodate this malformation.

It was discovered that 37% of those interviewed were dissatisfied with the variety of the school curriculum. Exactly one-third (33.33%) thought that some form of sex-education should be introduced into the time-table, but this will obviously have to wait until 1967. Other suggestions included under-water-swimming, Chinese and microscopy.

We were shocked to discover that 19% of the boys were aware of the fact that "The Phoenix" is - dare we say it? - a public house in Chester Road. Readers will realise, or should by now have calculated, that this represents three times the percentage of those members of the Upper Sixth over the drinking age. Yes, something must be done about these inebriated first-years! Nearly everyone knew what the Phoenix on our school blazer was, but one of those first-years, who we do not think was, at the time, intoxicated, asked "Fear Nick's what?"

As to the most popular room in the building, we found that among the favourites were rooms 41, 34 and 17 (known as "the room at the top"), the woodwork and art rooms, and the Dining Hall. However, even surpassing the highly-backed toilets, was room 3. It appears that the reason for the outstanding success of this room is the "home from home" atmosphere evoked by - yes, of course - the black and red curtains at the windows. But since then, a further survey has revealed



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an 89% swing towards the library. This, we feel, is due to the vast new and varied literature which has recently been added by the new librarian.

The current trend towards Maths. and Physics in Sixth Form studies is apparently to be maintained, for these two subjects turned out to be the most popular. Metalwork, Biology and R.I. were extremely favoured among the junior element, but among the more linguistic protagonists, Liverpoolian, under the pretext of Latin, was most enjoyed.

When asked whether they would like to see an appreciable number of females on the school staff, 62% said "No", 19% were not bothered, and the remainder were extremely keen. In fact, one boy agreed unanimously that there should be more than an appreciative number of women teachers, and quoted "38, 24, 36". Here, we should like to thank the Mathematics Department who, after much research were able to come up with the solution. However, we have neither sufficient pupils nor space to have 38 hockey teams, 24 netball courts, and 36 rounders courts.

The favourite activity outside the basic school curriculum was sport in general, supported by 69% of the boys. Second favourite activity was sleeping or snoring, followed closely by the Cine Club. One activity which they hated most was answering stupid, irrelevant questions.

The characteristics of a perfect teacher in the eyes of the boys are that he should be able to give and take a joke, should possess a good voice, be pitiful and forgiving, selfless and patient, and of Scottish descent. Isn't it coincidental how so many perfect teachers have gathered in the same place at the same time?

Asked if they were satisfied with the administration of the school and the prefectorial system, 97% said that they were, so we asked the other 3% how they would improve it, but they turned out to be those who voted for Pounder in the School Election, so it is felt that their opinions are not worth the printing.

On questioning them on their private life and their intelligence, we brought to light the fact that when undressing, the average Bedan takes his tie off first and then his socks, and and when bathing, washes his face, feet, hair, legs and hands in that order. He would like to see Harold Wilson as Prime Minister and thinks that Pythagoras was a square.

So if ever you find a drunken schoolboy with a microscope in his hand, being taught sex education or physics underwater, in Liverpoolian Chinese by a teacher of Scottish descent, leave him alone, for he's a happy Bedan.

J. R. Bowman,
P. Wilkinson

Form Lower VI.

Some of our managers are older than David Barber.

SCHOOL RUGBY

Last season was a very disappointing period for the school Senior Rugby Team. This was partly due to the large number of injuries to key players and to the postponement of several matches just when the side was starting to play more as a team. The strength of the senior side, however, was greatly depleted by the departure of G.Ritson and several others from last year's team. Accordingly the School 1st XV was rather a young side, consisting mainly of L.VI and Fifth Form boys. Most of the team will therefore be present next season, with the exception of Spoons, Bryant, Clark, Pape and Hornsby, and they will no doubt benefit from having played together previously.

The side was very well captained by Spoons and it was unfortunate that he missed so many matches. In his absence, however, Hutton deputised extremely well, and with Bryant playing well in the forwards, and to an equal extent, F.Robson being a stalwart in the forwards, and Mearns in the threequarters, the team was unlucky not to succeed in more matches.

The U.15 team under the supervision of Mr. Mellor had a poor season largely due to apathy in practice. It was pleasing to note new members to the game towards the end of the season who should do well in future.

The U.14 team supervised by Mr. Blair had a most successful season, particularly so following their disastrous U.13 year. Keeness was always evident in practice and elsewhere, and their success augurs well for the future senior teams.

The U.13 team under Mr. Hodgson showed good improvement throughout the season, playing really well at the end. They should be having a pleasing record next year.

Results were as follows:-

	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.
Seniors	13	2	10	1	60	209
U.15	10	1	8	1	33	221
U.14	12	9	3	-	179	85
U.13	11	2	9	-	84	157

In the House Competitions, Durham House won the Senior Watts-Moses Cup in spite of the more fancied Lumley and Hylton. Their success was due to excellent team play. The Junior Hugh C. Hogg Memorial Cup was won by Hylton.

We would like to thank the masters who so kindly gave up their time to assist the various rugby teams, Mr. Berry and Mr. Stockdale who supervised the 1st team, and Messrs. Mellor, Blair and Hodgson who so capably organised the junior teams.

F.Robson (Hon Sec.)

Like to know more?

We can really arrange for you to meet most of the people at a course near your home. If you would like us to do this, write to the Staff Manager at: **Michael Cook, Head Office, Trinity, London EC2.**

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JUDO

This year saw for the first time the formation of a school Judo Club, which meets after school every Friday. In September we held a beginners' course, which was attended by a large number of boys, in particular from the Third and Fourth Forms, but this was soon reduced to a more manageable number of about fourteen, some of whom have now invested in Judo suits. It was hoped to form a team later in the year but, since no other school in the area had a team, opposition was difficult to find.

In October Clark was fortunate enough to be able to attend an extensive training course at the Crystal Palace Recreation Centre in London. The course was run by the National Coach, Mr. Geoffrey Gleeson, who had visited this school during a visit to the North-East the previous Easter.

As the year progressed the enthusiasm and ability of our members increased and, in June, J. Barnes was able to complete the requirements in Judo for the Bronze Level of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme. During the latter months the support of the Sixth Forms was noticeably absent, due, we hope, to increased academic output. We trust they will make a welcome return to the sport after the examinations. G. Clark.

THE EXPLORATION SOCIETY

The activities of the Society this year have been severely curtailed. On only one occasion the 'call of the wild' over-powered our leader, and with the cry of "To the hills! To the hills!" we followed him once again to the Yorkshire Dales.

In true Viking spirit, under the leadership of our second-in-command, Mr. T.J. Larsen, the party over-ran the Kettlewell Youth Hostel, monopolising the much-in-demand facilities.

Excursions were greatly hampered by continual rain (of the orographic and cyclonic varieties; temperatures being below freezing we assumed correctly that conventional precipitation would be absent).

Having little chance to expel our energy during the day, we had to content ourselves (although exhausting the Warden's better nature) by holding regular 'parties' in the Hostel Common Room. To the accompaniment of guitars, mouth organs and other instruments of doubtful origin, Kettlewell resounded with the strains of "Geordie lost his benker but Puff the Magic Dragon found it blowing in the Wind on Ilk's Moor ta'tah".

The expedition was greatly enhanced by the brave visit of Mr. Cowell and his family who battled through snowdrifts to see us.

On the whole the excursion was a memorable and enjoyable one, the Society covering some 38-40 miles over bleak moors of which, unfortunately, owing to dense mist, gale force winds and blinding sleet, we saw very little.

A. Lawson
G. Clark

Some of our managers are older than David Barber and some are younger

In 1948, at the age of 18, David Barber started as a Junior at a small branch of his home town, Sheffield. He left at 18 to do his National Service stint. On rejoining the Midland in 1952, he worked at one of the main Sheffield branches, and three years later gave him wide general banking experience. A spell in Bradford followed. After that, an appointment to Poole. Then from 1962 to 1964 he was at Head Office in London, working with the Branch Superintendent responsible for a part of the North-East Region.

Since early 1964, David Barber has been Assistant Manager at a large and busy branch in York. It's a job carrying full managerial responsibility (and salary).

And he's still only 33.

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BEDE DRAMA

The Bede Drama production this year, again a joint venture with the girls, was "Under Milk Wood" by the Welsh writer, Dylan Thomas, which was first broadcast by the B.B.C. in January, 1954.

The play, concerned with the life of a small Welsh fishing community, was originally written for the aural medium of radio, as its alternative title "A Play for Voices" signifies, and certainly the best way to enjoy it is to sit back and listen, as at a musical concert, to Thomas' flamboyant and picturesque language, the lilting sing-song of his Angle-Welsh, his startling juxtaposition of unusual words and phrases, his constant use of alliteration and zeugma, and his skill in avoiding single epithets where three compound ones will do, such as 'the processional salt show musical wind' or 'the seashelled, ship-in-bottled, shipshape best cabin'; if Thomas suffered from intoxication with his own verbosity, the result is none the less uproariously comic, and often penetratingly accurate in its portrayal of community life.

The full cast-list includes over sixty voices - far too numerous to deal with in particular detail, but as clarity of diction is one of the main factors contributing to the success of such a play, particular mention must be made of the First Voice, played by R. Culbertson, for his clear delivery, power of memory and not least his stamina in this arduous role; he was ably complemented by the Second Voice, played by J. Sutherland. From the Girls' School, the following took part: R. Chambers, D. Clarke, M. Croft, S. Dobney, E. Conson, M. Little, M. Peel, D. Stubbs, M. Vleugels, and from the Boys' School D. Cooper, R. Culbertson, C. Daines, M. Gibson, R. McGowan, M. Porteous, J. Reynolds, D. Stewart, J. Sutherland, P. Thompson and R. Ward. The stage staff consisted of: D. Howden, D. Hart, J. McGowan, K. Wilson, L. Ord, D. Wilson, W. Cunningham and M. Trotter.

Thanks are also due to those members of staff who helped with the production, Miss Bernard and Messrs. Bruce, Hammal, Linton, Longstaff and Whitfield, and last but not least to Mr. Jolly who produced the play.

J.P.W.

JUNIOR EMPIRE THEATRE SOCIETY

The J.E.T.S. membership in the school increased considerably this year, probably because the Society promised to develop more activities. It would seem, however, that the membership of the Society is greatly in excess of the people willing to give active support, if one is to judge from the Secretary's communications. The vitality of the Society depends upon the vitality of its members. Now that the Society Rooms are available it is hoped that there will be a better turn-out at functions.



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Name

School

Age

The initiative of the younger members of the Society Stage Group will be exhibited in July when they perform the first act of "The Importance of Being Earnest" and "The Fooling of Malvolio" from "Twelfth Night". Such activities should be enthusiastically supported.

In the next academic year we shall establish a liaison committee, so that we shall be better able to influence the policy of J.E.T.S. and help to bring school members into the life of the Society.

A.N.S.

ART CLUB

The Art Club, this year, attracted a steady, if unspectacular, attendance drawn mainly from the first three years. However, during the Autumn Term, Mr. Hammal's lecture on printing drew great support from all sections of the school. This lecture besides being interesting and informative, was comprehensively illustrated, with most of the work shown being by Mr. Hammal. This was followed by another well-illustrated lecture (landscapes on this occasion) by C. Wilson (SA).

Thanks are due to Mr. Harrison for the sterling work which he has done and for his unceasing devotion to the club's affairs.

A. Peacock. V.L.A. Arts I.

S.C.M.

Regular meetings were held throughout the Autumn. There were two meetings of special interest and, rather predictably, both were well attended. Firstly there was the meeting addressed by Mr. E. Armstrong, Member of Parliament for North - West Durham, who spoke about his recent visit to St. Helena; and secondly there was the film 'One-quarter Million Teenagers!'

As has become traditional, the Society joined with the Bede Girls' School Society in going carol-singing and, despite the poor weather, there was a good turn-out. The donations this year were sent to Oxfam.

The school was well represented at the annual S.C.M. Conference for Sixth Forms, held this year in Bede Girls' School. The Conference was addressed by the Rev. K. Waights who introduced the subject, "Mass Media and the Christian". We were also told that the name of the movement had been changed to the Christian Education Movement.

The Society wishes to thank Mr. Mellor for his work on its behalf and also Messrs. Bruce, Felton and Hammal for their support during the year.

J.M. Reynolds UVI So.(Chairman.)

MUSIC CLUB

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night."

The Music Club has never been well attended and, although this year saw the inclusion of planned programmes for the first time in recent years, this tradition has been continued after only a temporary respite. It is unlikely that this is due to the nature of the programmes, and it is not without significance to record that Beethoven's String Quartet No. 14 half emptied the house within the first three movements.

Now that the Society has been relieved of its burden of out-moded Chauvinists we can concentrate on the more significant aspects of twentieth century music. Recent programmes have included the concertos of Schoenberg and Berg, Boulez's "Le Mortuus sans Maître", Barraque's "Sequence" and various works by Webern, for which we were helpfully provided with scores.

Dissension rages as ever around the great works of our time, however the music of irrational components is gaining a small but dedicated following.

In the classical repertory, emphasis was placed on the lesser known works, particularly chamber music, and chamber music of more recent times has been represented by the acquisition of Bartok's six string quartets. The renewed interest in Mahler and Debussy was mirrored by the Music Club, performances of the Sixth Symphony and "La Mer" being notable.

We should like to thank Mr.J.Kirk for his unobtrusive control and guidance; we trust that in the future this worthy association may emerge from the oblivion inflicted upon it by the spathy of the school.

R. Bettie
N. Green
G. Nicholson
S. Trotter
M. Wilson
J. Douthwaite.

CHESS CLUB

The Chess Club continues to be one of the best-supported in the school. It is a matter for concern, however, that the Lower School is more forthcoming in its support than the Upper School.

The team has enjoyed its most successful season ever. For the first time we won the N.E.Zone of the "Sunday Times" Competition, beating Wallsend Grammar School by 3½ - 2½ in the Final, and at the time of writing have actually reached the last eight in the country. The following players constituted the team: A. Goldsmith, A. Donkin, J. Douthwaite, J. Reynolds, S. Parry, E. Shooksmith and B. Stuart. For friendly matches (in which we were undefeated) we also called upon J. Scott and I. Stimpson.

A. Donkin and A. Goldsmith reached the semi-final of the Durham Under-18 Competition, and S. Parry was the narrowly defeated finalist in the Durham under-15 Competition. Goldsmith and Donkin represented the Junior County, while both Douthwaite and Goldsmith had the honour of representing the Senior County. Colours were awarded to J. Douthwaite, and re-awarded to A. Donkin, A. Goldsmith and J. Reynolds.

The Club, and in particular the team, would like to thank Messrs. Whitfield, Linton and Blair for the sustained support and interest they gave to the Club.

It is especially worth noting that a large part of the team's success for the past three years can be attributed to the enthusiasm generated by Mr. Whitfield. We are most grateful to him.

A. Goldsmith (Captain)

J. Douthwaite (Secretary)

HYLTON HOUSE REPORT

House Captain: M. Porteous.

Vice - Captain: A.D. Warriner.

This year has not proved as successful as one might have anticipated, but what success there has been has been due almost entirely to the willingness of the majority to 'rally round' and do their best.

A good example for the House to follow is the qualified success at the School Swimming Gala, where, through force of numbers, and enthusiasm, rather through the presence of a few outstanding competitors, the House came second to a very strong Durham Team.

The House, despite injury to A.D.Warriner, won the Senior Cross Country Championship. Under the leadership of Fortune we won the Junior Rugby Championship. We were runners-up in the Junior Soccer, Senior Rugby, and Badminton Championships.

With the advent of the summer term, and with it the 'summer games', there is the hope of future success.

In conclusion we must thank members of teams and officials for the efforts put into House activities, and the keen support of House Masters, especially that of Mr. P. D. Noton.

R.F. French (Secretary)

SIXTH FORM SOCIETY

In spite of one or two setbacks and disappointments, in this, its first year in its new role of combined Sixth Form and Debating Society, the Society has met with considerably more support than last year.

The year began, on 15th October, with a debate on the subject "The Line Must Be Drawn Somewhere", in which speeches in favour of the motion were made by A. Goldsmith and G. M. Porteous, and against it by R. Temple and D. T. W. Carter. Subsequently, on 12th November, the Society was entertained by Doctor Bargrave-Weaver, of Durham University, with a talk on Greek Science. However, the highlight of the year was undoubtedly the debate held on 3rd December, on the subject "This House Would Use Force Against the Present Regime in Rhodesia". After spirited speeches from D. S. Airey and P. W. Hudson, for, and D. Carverhill and J. R. Bowman, against, and a most lively and interesting open session (in which a significant number of points were raised which afterwards appeared in the election campaigns of several of the school candidates) it was decided that, as far as the Society was concerned, Mr. Ian Smith's days were numbered.

Although attempts to arrange inter-debates with the Girls' School and with Southmoor came to nothing, it is to be hoped that future Committees, now that the Society has settled down more into its new routine, will be able to rectify this.

Thanks are due to Messrs. Wylie and Watson, and also to members of the Committee, for giving up so much of their time to help arrange the meetings.

R. McCowan.

SIXTH FORM GEOGRAPHY

The extra-curricular activities of the School's Sixth Form Geographers continue at a high level of interest. The Annual Geography Field Course this year was held in April in the Scarborough Region. Forces were combined with the Exploration Society in February when a party went to the Kettlewell Region of the Yorkshire Dales; field work here was hampered, and almost prohibited, by adverse snow and rain.

As usual several visits and lectures have been attended this year, many of them at Newcastle University. An important event remembered by all was a lecture given by Professor Sir Dudley Stamp in January. Another interesting day was spent in the Geography Department at Newcastle University to see work in progress on the Atlas of the North of England being produced there. The end of the school year will be marked by the annual 'day out' which this year is to the Ingleton Region with an attempt to conquer Ingleborough.

J. F. S.

OLD BEDANS' ASSOCIATION

President: Mr. A.J.B. Budge, M.A., J.P.

Vice Presidents: Messrs. R.T. Ayre, G.A. Bradshaw, Sir David Cairns, Q.C., R.E. Crute, W. Crute, C. Dawson, J. Dunsbury, R.N. Dumble, G.T. Halstead, F.A. Jennens, I.W. Joiner, T. Mitchell, G.T. Moore, S.S. Wilson.

Chairman: Mr. M.T. Stacey.
Hon. Treasurer: Mr. R.T. Ayre.
Hon. Secretary: Mr. S.H. Pattinson.
Schools Representative: Mr. M. Berry.

Elected Council Members:

Messrs. H.E. Bruce, K. Bates, R.N. Dumble, T. Smith, O. Topel.

Auditors: Messrs. L. Hudson, G.N. Bandle.

The Annual General Meeting was held in the Grand Hotel, Sunderland, on Friday, 1st October, 1965 at 7.30p.m. Mr. M.T. Stacey presided over the Meeting, which was attended by the Hon. Treasurer, Hon. Secretary and 22 other members.

The Reports of the Hon. Secretary and Hon. Treasurer were both read and confirmed. Club Reports were given by representatives of the Individual Clubs.

The Meeting was pleased to welcome two of the three known "Old Boys" in the Caribbean Area, Messrs. Barle and Chappell.

HON. TREASURER'S REPORT

At the Annual General Meeting held at the Grand Hotel, Sunderland, on Friday, October 1st, 1965, the Honorary Treasurer (Mr. R.T. Ayre) reported a very considerable drop in subscriptions received. 110 subscriptions had been paid compared with 250 in the previous year. Despite several reminders, many members chose to ignore the call for subscriptions, although "Bedan" magazines had been despatched to all who had paid subscriptions in recent years. However, expenses had been light and there was a profit on the year's working of £40. 17. 6d. At the time of the General Meeting the account for the magazines had not yet been received, owing to delay in publication. The Association's assets were £437. 9. 6d. (P.S. Further expenses which would normally have been included in the 1964-5 accounts came to over £70. including £56. 2. 6d. for magazines and postage—thus the actual result of the year's working was a loss of about £30)

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OLD BEDANS' BADMINTON CLUB - ANNUAL REPORT

Although it seemed doubtful that the club could continue after the great loss of Mr. D.A. Thompson, we have survived the season. This success is largely due to an influx of new younger members of those who have recently left school and of sixth formers who have helped to continue the link with the school.

The standard of play has so improved that we are hoping for even greater success next season and more matches. Apart from skill, it seems that one of the conditions of membership is fitness, for with an average attendance of only 12 each week and with two courts there was no lack of games.

It is hoped that numbers will be increased when we begin again in October by Bedans of past and present and their guests joining us each Wednesday at 7 p.m.

J.I. Whan, Hon. Sec.

SECRETARY'S REPORT

It is with regret we report that through lack of support the Rugby Club has closed after 18 years of existence. No Club can be born, fostered and flourish and finally attain senior status in the County without a tremendous amount of hard work and enthusiasm. The stand on the Rugby field and the Cup presented to the School will remain as permanent reminders. We would therefore pay tribute to all those who made this possible over these years and regret that their dream of an Association Social Club was never fulfilled.

The Annual Reunion Dinner Dance was again held in the Roker Hotel on December 28th, a pleasant evening enjoyed by all.

CROSS COUNTRY CLUB

Winners of the School Championships held last December were as follows:-

<u>Junior</u>	<u>Intermediate</u>
1. Casler (Raby)	1. Hill (Raby)
2. Ewart (Lumley)	2. McConochie (Lumley)
3. Potts (Raby)	3. Urwin (Durham)
4. Jack (Lumley)	4. Emmerson (Lumley)

Senior

1. Butler (Lumley)
2. Bell (Hylton)
3. Coombes (Hylton)
4. Proud (Lumley)

No intermediate team has been run this year, and the junior and senior teams have achieved only moderate success. There is, however, more than fair promise of our doing considerably better in all age-groups in the future. (Continued on P.69.)

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CROSSWORD by R. FOLEY S.A.

(Solutions on Page 71.)



ACROSS

- (1) Meet with disaster (4, 3, 5)
- (4) Bitter associate at the bar (4)
- (7) Something fancy in the distress signal provides comfort (7)
- (8) Being brave makes his safer (8)
- (12) Target for the little fellow's darts (5)
- (13) Proper way to turn (5)
- (16) Renegade offspring of age and stout? (5)
- (18) Praise as being smashing? (5, 2)
- (20) He usually goes much too fast to gather it! (4)
- (21) Placing of a War house bet (11)

DOWN

- (1) Hot-spot for outsiders (8)
- (3) Berry, old fellow! (5)
- (3) Native usually found in bed (6)
- (4) Enables you to enjoy the flavour (6)
- (5) Professional payment (3)
- (6) Is a girl able to cross the Atlantic? (6)
- (10) Goat, cat or rabbit (6)
- (11) Emphasises the hardships? (8)
- (14) Carries the bulk of the fuel (6)
- (15) Ringing success as a fairground amusement? (6)
- (17) Time for music? (5)
- (19) Boatman's line? (3)

Cross Country Club - Continued.

Butler (senior) and Hill (intermediate) were selected to represent the County in the National Championships. School colours were re-awarded to Butler.

The following regularly represented the school:

Senior Team:

A. Butler, D. Hill, A. Milburn, P. Proud, D. Cocombes, B. Robson, J. Carter, W. Swanson, G. Bell.

Junior Team:

C. Mann, P. Candler, B. Potts, W. Mitchell, K. Gibson, A. Avery, P. Marshall, J.G. Robson, G. Trotter, G. Kennedy, D.J. Smith, W.N. Worthy.

The school extends congratulations to B. Milburn, an old boy who left in 1964, and who this year came first in the junior (under 21) section of the National Championships.

SPORTS DAY - JULY 11th 1966

1st Year High Jump. - 1, Stewart; 2, Rathbone; 3, Potts;
Old Record 3'7 $\frac{1}{2}$ " Height 4'0 $\frac{1}{2}$ ".

Junior High Jump. - 1, Buckle; 2, Swinhoe; 3, Laidler;
Old Record 4'2 $\frac{1}{2}$ " Height 4'6 $\frac{1}{2}$ ".

Junior Triple Jump. - 1, Calvert; 2, McClackland; 3, Lang;
Old Record 32'11" Dis. 34'6".

Junior Discus. - 1, Howell; 2, Emerson; 3, Edwards;
Old Record 108'4 $\frac{1}{2}$ " Dis. 96'5".

Junior Pole Vault. - 1, Brown; 2, Stuart; 3, Jack;
Height 7'8".

Intermediate Long Jump. - 1, Greig; 2, Hammal; 3, Dunningham
Old Record 18'4" Dis. 30'8".

Intermediate Discus. - 1, Armstrong; 2, Watt; 3, Avery;
Old Record 105'1" Dis. 97'7 $\frac{1}{2}$ ".

Intermediate Shot. - 1, Robson; 2, Waugh; 3, Dixon;
Old Record 35'3" Dis. 39'10".

Senior Long Jump. - 1, Godfrey; 2, Clark; 3, French;
Old Record 19'0" Dis. 19'0".

Senior Triple Jump. - 1, Godfrey; 2, Swanson;
Old Record 39'5" Dis. 39'6".

First Year Long Jump. - 1, Candler; 2, Parkinson; 3, Smalles
Old Record 13'7" Dis. 13'11".

Junior Shot. - 1, Howell; 2, White; 3, Burnside;
Old Record 39'5" Dis. 32'9".

Intermediate Pole Vault. - 1, Barnes;
Old Record 7'9" Height 8'3".

Senior Javelin. - 1, Swanson; 2, Hull;
Old Record 132'1" Dis. 143.

Intermediate High Jump. - 1, Grasper; 2, Charlton; 3, Tuddenham;
Old Record 5'0" Height 5'3".

First Year Hurdles. - 1, Coulson; 2, Bowman; 3, Cooney;
Old Record 15.3 Time 13.9.

Junior Hurdles. - 1, Swinhoe; 2, Calvert; 3, Brown;
Old Record 13.8 Time 13.2.

Intermediate Hurdles. - 1, Charlton; 2, Dunningham; 3, Tuddenham
Old Record 16.8 Time 16.5.

Intermediate 880. - 1, Hill; 2, Coombes; 3, Brown;
Old Record 2 min. 14.1. Time 2 min. 8.5.

First Year 100. - 1, Foster; 2, Paterson; 3, Stewart;
Old Rec. 13.3. Time 13.0.

Junior 100. - 1, Burnside; 2, White; 3, Calvert;
Old Record 11.7 Time 11. 1.

Intermediate 100. - 1, Greig; 2, Charlton; 3, Grasper;
Old Record 10.8 Time 11. 1.

Senior 100. - 1, Godfrey; 2, Goldsmith; 3, Spoons;
Old Record 10.7 Time 11.0.

First Year Shot. - 1, Foster; 2, Coulson; 3, Brown;
Old Record 25'1" Dis. 27'8".

Junior Javelin. - 1, McClachland; 2, Swinhoe; 3, Millward;
Old Record 87'6" Dis. 116'9".

Intermediate Triple Jump. - 1, Hall; 2, Greig; 3, Coombes;
Old Record 36'11 $\frac{1}{2}$ " Dis. 36'8 $\frac{1}{2}$ ".

Senior Discus. - 1, Proud; 2, Spoons; 3, Batty;
Old Record 83'0" Dis. 90'3".

Junior 880. - 1, McCosochie; 2, Laidler; 3, Foster;
Old Record 2 min. 25.7 Time 2 min. 22.1.

Senior 880. - 1, Proud; 2, Gibson; 3, Parker;
Old Record 2 min. 12.5 Time 2 min. 38.4.

Reed Cup. - 1, Watson; 2, Grasper; 3, Skivey;
Old Record 5'10" Height 5'3".

First Year 220. - 1, Stewart; 2, Mostray; 3, Candler;
Old Record 31.8 Time 32.1.

Junior 220. - 1, Burnside; 2, Botchesby; 3, Hinchcliffe;
Old Record 28.2. Time 26.8.

Intermediate 220. - 1, Greig; 2, Green; 3, Hammal;
Old Record 25.4. Time 25.1.

Senior 220. - 1, Godfrey; 2, Swanson;
Old Record 25.0 Time 25.1.

Intermediate Mile. - 1, Hill; 2, Coombes; 3, Davison;
Old Record 3 mins. 24.5 Time 3 mins.

Junior Long Jump. - 1, Burnside; 2, Dribben; 3, Emmerson;
Old Rec. 15'7" Dis. 18'9".

Intermediate Javelin. - 1, Armstrong; 2, Wast; 3, Waugh;
Old Rec. 134'4" Dis. 146'2".

Senior Shot. - 1, Clark; 2, Proud; 3, Hall;
Old Rec. 32'11" Dis. 34'3".

Junior 440. - 1, White; 2, Hinchcliffe; 3, Millward;
Old Rec. 1 min. 4.5. Time 1 min. 4.4.

Intermediate 440. - 1, Robson; 2, Gasper; 3, Hammal;
Old Rec. 57.4 Time 55.2.

Senior 440. - 1, Swanson; 2, Gibson; 3, Batty;
Old Rec. 58.6 Time 1 min. 2.5.

Junior Mile. - 1, McConochie; 2, Keatings; 3, Emmerson;
Old Record 5 min. 28.5 Time 5 min. 56.5.

Senior Mile. - 1, Proud; 2, Clough; 3, Warriner;
Old Record 5 min. 37.5. Time 5 min. 28.2.

First Year Relay. - 1, Hylton; 2, Durham; 3, Lumley;
Old Rec. 1 min. 1.5. Time 1 min. 3.1.

Junior Relay. - 1, Durham; 2, Raby; 3, Lumley;
Old Rec. 54.1. Time 54.2.

Intermediate Relay. - 1, Durham; 2, Lumley; 3, Raby;
Old Record 50.2. Time 50.8.

Senior Relay. - 1, Lumley; 2, Raby; 3, Durham;
Old Record 48.3. Time 48.2.

RESULTS

House - 1, Lumley; 2, Raby; 3, Durham;

Individual:-

Senior	Godfrey	Raby
Intermediate	Greig	Lumley
Junior	Burnside	Durham
1st year	Stewart	Raby

SOLUTIONS TO CROSSWORD ON PAGE 68

SOLUTION ACROSS

- (1) Come to grief
- (6) Mild
- (7) So-lace-a
- (9) Fearless
- (12) Heart
- (13) Right
- (16) Apostate
- (18) Crack-up
- (20) Moss
- (21) Whereabouts

DOWN

- (1) Campfire
- (2) Elder
- (3) Oyster
- (4) Relish
- (5) Fee
- (8) Canada
- (10) Angora
- (11) Stresses
- (14) Tanker
- (15) Hoopla
- (17) Tempo
- (19) Row

BEDAN PRODUCTION DETAIL ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

- TEXT** ● IBM Electric Keyboard Bold Face 2 reduced to 90% of original size.
- ADVERTS** ● Full pages printed letterpress from blocks. Half pages printed offset litho from plates.
- ILLUSTRATIONS** ● Printed offset litho from plates made from 133 line Autoscreen negatives.
- PAPER** ● Spicers Precision Offset D/Royal 60lbs.
- DELIVERY** ● 10 days from final corrected proofs.
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