

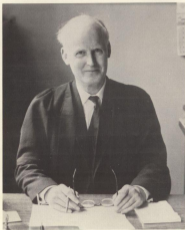


Bedan

ΟΙ ΑΘΗΝΑΙΩΝΕΣ  
ΤΟ ΤΣ ΠΕΡΕΑΣ ΕΝΙΣ









## AN EPOCH ENDS

The Bede Boys' in its last days of July, 1967, is a very different organism from the Bede Higher Grade School, its original of seventy-seven years ago. It has had to be. Social vitality necessitates metamorphosis. And of the former there never was a death. The old School was from the pioneering mould; very survival obliged the growth of pioneering virtues: an awareness of presenting novel problems and novel opportunities to a new kind of society, thrustfulness, tenacity, uncompromising pride in achievement in the midst of difficulty, even of alienation. These are uncomfortable qualities, hard to live with and by as to acquire, but impossible to shed and indispensable to historic growth, for a good school is in a sense a perpetual pioneer. It must forever generate ingenuity, critical independence, discrimination and liberality, and it must at the same time build up enough inward strength to adapt to the new good without ever failing to counter the assault of the envious and the philistine from without or of the recidivist from within.

It can truthfully be said that Bede, by these terms, has been a good school. Its Old Boys have added freshness and distinction to almost every national field, public affairs and administration, the law, medicine, the universities, business, the church, science, entertainment, letters. The extent to which men have in manifold restored to the community that bred them the share of health, inventiveness and wit they have acquired from the school has been incalculable. For thousands of boys the School has been the key to enjoyment and freedom in worlds their parents could only have dreamt of. It may, of course, be said that the history of the School is merely the history of the Twentieth Century. But to grasp the ideas and opportunities of an era has not been as easy to do as it seems in mere contemplation of the successful; a rosy dawn of 1890 has often been succeeded elsewhere by three quarters of a century of insipidated gloom.

The provision of a temperate intellectual and emotional climate where young minds could grow clear of murky parochialism and the impediments of Nineteenth Century industrialism has, as anyone who has known the School would agree, often been a perplexing task. Masters, very many of them able men of notable eccentricity and of intractable individuality—and the more valuable for that—have somehow had to be brought to terms with boys whose background had done little to show the vistas of scholarship. The conquest and regeneration of nature have been in the hands of only three Headmasters, Mr. G. T. Ferguson, Mr. G. A. Bradshaw and, over the last sixteen years, Mr. A. J. B. Budge.



## ON THE BEDAN BEAT

"ALL THINGS MOVE TO THEIR END . . ."

. . . but as Bede moves gingerly towards its new system of education, about which some may be comparatively apprehensive, let it not be forgotten, in the words of Mr. Tommy Eliot (yes, its him again, folks!) that "In my end is my beginning". We hope that regimented confusion will be an adequate substitute for organised chaos, and that new traditions will be allowed to blossom from the funeral pyre of the old.

However, being serious, we entertain no desire to encourage necrophily, and would not dwell upon the final enshrothing of the brave Sword of Past Endeavour. Therefore, enough of this morbidity. What of the past year, and its bequests to History's Quiet Store (not to be confused with room 32)? . . . The year has in general been no different from any other at Bede (except of course that there will never be another one like it). The rancid sanctum of the Prefects' Room has been solemnly redesignated "The Mausoleum," in servile deference to the Cultural Revolution welling forth from the erudite wisdom of the Chairman of Prefects, in recognition of which the indivisible crew of the 1st Soccer XI has been floridly bedizened in the colorful attire of the Red Guard.

It had been hoped to relate more, much more, of Bede Boys' bizarre behaviour during the school's ultimate session. Unfortunately, the fiendish predacity of the tataric censor succeeded in circumscribing our efforts—even to the extent of reducing to ribbons the innocent insinuations of certain society reports. (There is, however, no possible justification for the malicious rumour that a diminuendo has been deleted from the Music Club's report.)

In reflecting on the past, we inevitably begin to speculate as to what our future editors will in turn have to look back upon. Never again, we hope, (nor can seriously imagine, in view of coming events) that it has been necessary, to revert to the pre-war habit of congeating illicitly in the unspeakably uncomfortable boiler-room in order to communicate with the opposite sex. Nor that the wondrous rugby pitch has had to be once again turned over to the town as a municipal war-time potato patch. It has been suggested, though, that the 'red gra' pitch may vary its function and be used to grow hops, in order to provide a ready supply of beverages, to coincide with the projected licensing of the bar in the Mausoleum.

Returning to the present, we must thank our worthy colleagues who have heeded those invocations for support which interrupted the soporific tones of an English period, and consented to wax lyrical, literary, or at least literate and largely legible. They have really put the Chipper Club to shame. Thus, as Bede here presents the visible fruits of this twelvemonth's labour, we leave you with the immortal modesty of that celebrated Spanish socialist, Manuel Worker:

"I have nothing to declare except my genius."

D. M. Oliver  
and J. R. Bowman  
Editors

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## SCHOOL NOTES

This edition of the school magazine has been produced to meet the need of recording the activities of Bede in its last year as we know it, and to provide a press for those budding men of letters who would otherwise have found themselves blighted. We apologise for inflicting such punishment upon our readers: we know well the value of 3/- today and the scores of other uses to which our readers might otherwise have put the cash. But we are grateful for the support given to us, and not least for that of our advertisers who have so willingly paid out twice to us in the one financial year.

Session 1967-68 started without the services of two Heads of Department, Messrs. Howey (Physics) and Stockdale (P.E.), both of whom left us for the quieter academic life in Teachers' Training College, and also without Messrs. Longstaff, Taylor and Teale, who left us for other parts. We wish them all well in their new appointments, and trust that they will remember us with a degree of affection. Messrs. Graham and Hodgson were promoted to be Heads of their relative Departments, and Mrs. Walton and Messrs. Fairlamb, Hutchinson, Rendall and Tinwell came to teach with us: we hope they will all enjoy their new posts.

School visits have continued throughout the year, with the Sixth Form doing particularly well. One wondered if there was any significance in their visit to Spadeadam so soon after their conference at Walbottle Campus School on "The Emergence of the U.S.S.R. as a World Power," which in turn was followed by a Durham University lecture on "Propulsion." A very careful count-down of the Science Sixth, however, revealed that no-one has yet taken off into outer space, although some apparently have yearnings in that direction. We wish them a speedy ignition.

It was fitting that the last Bede Boys' Swimming Gala should have had, as its guest of honour, Mr. G. T. Moore, whose connections with the school are now almost legendary. He encouraged boys to further efforts, and provided yet another example of a regard and esteem for the school which we hope many of our boys, particularly those who are leaving, will emulate.

The phoenix has already this season undergone temporary migration of one form or another. Biology Department staff somehow found it possible to organise a ski party to Austria over the Christmas break: this was so successful that they arranged another, this time to Switzerland, for Easter. There is, we must add, no truth in the rumour that Biologists are now miserably crooning, "Where have all the snow showers gone?" and that they are being taunted by, "When will they ever learn?"

Speech Day on January 30th was honoured appropriately by an old boy of the school, Professor A. Woodruff, Professor of Tropical Medicine at the University of London. Professor Woodruff paid tribute to the value of the work done for the community by Bede.

And so we go on, at the time of writing, towards the G.C.E., the summer examinations and the end of term, which is at once the end of the school. There will be no more "Bedans" in the form of the present issue, so we hope that our readers will find this edition no less worthy than those of earlier years.



## TOP OF THE FLOPS

We received contributions innumerable, illegible, unprintable, incomprehensible, insatiable, corruptible, but, inevitably, due to circumstances beyond our control, several articles did manage to find their way through the Editor's scruples. (Stitches were not necessary.) These articles which did succeed in evading those frustrated clutches varied greatly from invocations to Sunderland A.F.C. and Newcastle R.I.P. to the pleasures of morning assembly and Speech Day. One poem on Roker Park began:

"Sunderland will never die. We'll keep the red flag flying high." (There is no truth in the rumour that Bobby Kerr was dropped because he was too right wing.) As for morning assembly, one pupil even found it monotonous. He claimed that the monotony was only broken by the clattering of the seats when standing up, and that was spoilt when the Deputy Head demanded, as "2B or not 2B" put it, that we should "clash our seats in silence."

Though from these articles we find we still live in the age of Bond, whether it be of the James, Premium, or Brooke variety, the Beatles have been deposed as 'personalities of the year' by Mrs. Thursday and the Monkees, closely pursued by Mrs. Dale and Quackers, whom the establishment hopes will be happy together. Yet supreme in popularity were Dougal, Mr. McHenry, and Batman. The Dynamic Duo were presented with numerous Arch-fennds, but found their greatest problem when the Batmobile broke down. However, Boy Wonder guessed the reason when he exclaimed "Holy Petrol Tank!" One pupil, who admitted he "didn't no what to right" attempted "An Allergy in a Country Churchyard." (It has since been pointed out to him that this was a grave error.) Others errors were of a more catastrophic kind. According to a young mathematician in 2A, the disaster which befell the "Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapezium" was due to the fact that he did not appreciate the gravity of the situation, and one budding scientist suggested proving that air was necessary for life, by placing a man in a vacuum. (Other such suggestions should be addressed to League of Anxiety over World Population Increase.)

We found that the third year is full of romantic lyricists, though one Romeo described his Love as "a squashed tomato neatly mashed in June." Though these poems may not have been outstanding in subject matter, they were certainly unique in rhythm. Many were in blank verse, even though the poets themselves deny it, but we were amazed by one limerick about a young lady from Carstead. It had twenty-six syllables in the last line. Many of the poems were remnants of the Protest Era with such poems as "Vietnam was once a peaceful land", and a parody of the Laughing Policeman called "Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho Chi Min." We were also intrigued by many of the amusing pseudonyms assumed by the poets. "Aaztishoo!" was written by A. Fever, and in the same jocular vein, a thesis on Speech Day was signed "Adrian Chalk 4BP."

One member of 4AP even tried to fool us by submitting an extract from a poem called "Holes" taken from "A Dustbin Full of Milligan," but one of his colleagues certainly has us stumped as to the origin of his "Ode to Man."



The epitome of all emotions contained in the articles was found in a stray letter which was found among the contributions. It was a letter from a member of Upper Sixth Science addressed to the Chipper Club, "Sunderland Echo."

"Dear Uncle Derek,

Why are schools and art galleries alike?

Answer: Because they both contain old masters suitable for public hanging."

Peter Wilkinson, U.6 Arts 1

## THE LOWER SIXTH GEOGRAPHY FIELD COURSE

I seem to remember some Clyde saying that day-by-day accounts were definitely dull and that a "geographical account is desirable." So, groovers, here's a geographical account of the week of field course at Whitby in April. Dig it.

The weather was toidly anticyclonic (and it hung on for days), as we rolled up outside our luxury seaside resort. The beds were like nuts, and I vaguely remember seeing something revolting festering alongside my tea every mealtime; they called it food. The wildest gastronomical joke, however, was the 'packed lunches.' Every dinnertime, an acid flow of peas, pork and pastry, erupting from brown paper bags, descended onto everyone. Man, those cooks must have been Freudian; psychopathical megalomaniacs (for posterity, and anyone else who might want to look at it, a pickled specimen is being prepared for the Geography Library).





On Monday we wandered over miles of Cleveland moors and vales on a general physical geographical effort. On Tuesday we did a land-use survey of specific areas. Wednesday most of the boys spent frolicking in blast-furnaces and dancing round streams of runny iron in the Skinningrove Iron and Steel Works. On Thursday we did surveys of certain villages, but found nothing as cool as Greenwich. We took a trip on Friday (coach-type, not psychedelic) with vocal accompaniment.

Now, swingers, a few of the major happenings ensue. The natives were thick, soft, eroded rocks but were rather phobic. I put it down to Freudian complexes due to lack of culture. However, they did clue us in on things like the local G.P.O. A volcanic pug feeding the natives chips was groovesome to retinate upon. It was even crazier watching the sea-level rise in relation to Dave Dent.

I think all of us owe a lot of thanks and respect to two great characters, Messrs. Cowell and Lines, for a really wild educational-type time. But there's just one thing: when the estuarine sandstones become wave-out platforms, look out for under-water surfers!

Paul Syme  
L.6 Science 2

## SCHOOL DANCE

It was 2/6d to enter the red brick hall

Adjoining the modern school buildings of marble and stainless steel.

Characteristically it contradicts the whole architectural scheme of the site,

But the members would rather have it than any language lab.  
The dull light penetrating the few, small, yellow windows allows little view

Of a stage at one end, little and low, on which is displayed  
Amplifiers, loudspeakers, overshadowing the poor volume of our voices,

Which chase along, so as to crowd all our gossip into the short space before the group begins.

Colour of the night is purple, and though the meagre lights have dimmed,

A kaleidoscope of loud shades, too vast for memory to capture,  
Is easily seen, though mostly too vivid for the eyes to linger upon.

The five-strong group laugh throughout their songs,  
Obviously amused when each other forgets the words.

The guitars, extract alien notes from the amplifiers,  
While the long-suffering school staff display brave patience in the face of modern youth.

Very few chairs, so most of the boys stand.

The girls, to the amazement of the uncomprehending onlookers,  
Dance with little inhibition.

About half-way through some boys join in, then the rest follow.  
Some still stand, unmoved, and eventually drift home unhappy and thoughtful.

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Telling their parents that they played table-tennis.  
The group play non-stop for too long in the eyes of the masters.  
But by now, even if some aren't moving in time,  
Everyone is drawn to the sounds, so abstract yet so attractively  
wild, that their pulse moves the floor,  
And astonishes the musical scale.  
Even the strings are electrified and the drums beat almost by  
nature.

Flashing silk, satin reflection, fat corduroys and thick herring-  
bone tweed.

Pin-stripe, four-inch lapel, patent boots with block heels, three  
inch thick belts on ten inch skirts.

Last number now playing.

One of the three supervisors unthinkingly "joins in", but be-  
comes tired when the number goes on for ten minutes.

Another screech in conclusion as amplifier and guitar meet.

Then the coats are distributed to the week-day miseries.

Who wouldn't be seen like this outside the hall, if possible.

"The group next week are even better," someone says while her  
ears sing like a jet engine.

"They're pseudo psychodelic," she continues, having read the  
very phrase in her younger sister's comic.

"What did you do, then?" asks Mum at a quarter to eleven.

"Nothing much, but the group wasn't bad and I met a few  
friends there."

Next morning the ears have ceased whining but the experience  
is not forgotten.

## THE SCHOOL CRUISE, 1966

R. McKeith, 4AP

What reports we have had on the school cruise so far have  
been on the places that have been visited and official activities  
on board ship. Nothing has been said on what went on in the  
dormitories after ten o'clock, when everyone was supposed to  
be asleep. Most people, I dare say, (especially from this school)  
spent the best part of the journey on the ship during the nine  
hours we were supposed to be asleep.

Our dormitories were called Flinders, Forbes, Doughty and  
Fawcett. Out of these four, Flinders was best by the Third Year's  
standards and the worst by the crew's, especially the Master's  
of Arms.

The first night on board we were in our dormitories at half-  
past nine and in bed by ten. The "in bed" part did not last long  
for, by quarter-past ten, everyone was up again pillow-fighting,  
eating and drinking pop—or playing bowls with lemonade  
cans for pins and the balls.

The Master of Arms was in to Flinders dormitory about six  
times that night and morning till half-past three, when the last  
of us got to sleep.

The rest of these nights cooled down a bit, apart from raids  
on other dormitories, but everyone was still looking forward to  
the last night.

For the last night everyone was making plans, but it turned  
out that it never happened, for on the last day three-quarters  
of the ship were sea-sick and everyone was so tired that it turned  
out to be the quietest night of all instead of the noisiest.

On the whole the cruise was most enjoyable with plenty to  
do. The food was good and everything was well organised, and  
I wish I could go on the next one in 1968 to Africa.

P. Shubb, 4BS

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## NIGEL

He was the child of his parents' old age. Because of this no child can be more precious. He was duly christened Nigel.

They dressed him in his little sailor boy suit, and with his most darling long curls, which he obtained not from the curling tongs but from Mother Nature: the whole appearance of the boy was exquisitely cherubic. The key-note of the parents' character was mildness. They were really an old-fashioned couple—and there was the pity of it. At times it would break in on Nigel, with startling clearness, that these good people were quite out of touch with him. Nigel was not always patient with them.

The parents, on the other hand, were painfully anxious not to offend their son. He was such a little wonder. Often, in the dusk of evening, they would look at him in a dreamy manner, and ask one another how they ever came to be chosen as his parents. The child was obviously of a superior clay to themselves.

But on one particular day there was sadness in their hearts, for it had been decided—not without a lot of earnest discussion—that they must really talk seriously to Nigel on a certain subject. It would pain them—Nigel, too, would think it rude of them; but duty was duty.

Nothing is ever gained by hiding the truth, so it may as well be said at once: Nigel was cherubic only in appearance. That day, for the fifth time that week, the nurse had complained to the old people of Nigel's latest hobby. His latest hobby was pulling poor little innocent flies to pieces. At last, the nurse said she would leave, if Nigel's parents did not punish Master Nigel. So Nigel was summoned to his parents' gentle presence. He kept them waiting half an hour before he strolled in, but that they overlooked: they must not be unreasonable.

"Well, Mama?" said Nigel, glancing around on the chance of spying a winged victim.

"Nigel, darling, do you want to go to heaven?" she asked, in solemn but tearful tones.

"No, Mama," said Nigel, watching with sportive interest the flight of a small blue-bottle.

Now this wrong answer quite disconcerted his mother. She lost her cue: she did not know what to say next. Nigel followed up this advantage. "Is that all, Mama?" he asked, obviously annoyed as the blue-bottle sailed gaily out of the window.

"No, Nigel, that is not all," said his father, looking nervously at the hearthrug. There was a quaver in his voice. "It's about the—er, about the flies."

"Poof!" said Nigel, putting his hands in his pockets.

"Dear—haven't we said—enough?" pleaded the mother, who could see plainly that Nigel did not like it, though she admired and marvelled at her husband's courage.

"It's alright; I don't mind him, Ma," said Nigel.



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with all those barrows and things that  
I found, my own mother's and my own  
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own mother's and my own mother's

"No!" said the father, ignoring the interruption. The majesty of the man in him was aroused at last. He was becoming conscious of his own strength, and rather liked the feeling. "You are a very naughty boy, sir," he said, looking Nigel straight in the face. "Your conduct has caused your mother and me great pain. We would have you know you must be kind to flies. How would you like to be pulled to pieces, sir?"

But the poor mother wept worse than ever at the thought of her darling child in little bits. Nigel merely laughed.

"You are an exceedingly naughty boy and—and—and you are to have no jam with your tea today!"

The father had spoken, and Nigel strolled out of the door, slamming it with all his might. A few seconds later, they heard the nursery door slam louder still.

"What a dreadful temper," said the father. "I don't know where he gets it from—certainly not from my side."

"And most certainly not from mine."

"Your father, dear,—your—"

"Thank you. That is brave to insult the dead."

This was most sad because, before the coming of Nigel, they had never had words. The father sat fidgeting with his paper. He had allowed himself to be carried away and had acted like a bully towards his own child, had refused jam to his own flesh and blood. Had his been a really strong character, he would have gone up long before now to apologise to Nigel. But as it was, all he could say was,

"My dear, you know what the Book says—'Spare the rod and spoil the child'."

The little mother drew herself up and looked quite big. "Listen, Albert," she said. "I am in earnest. The first day you dare to lay your hands on my dear innocent child, I'll leave you." Then after a pause, "I have made up my mind, I will tell nurse to run up and tell Nigel he can have his jam."

At which point she summoned the nurse and instructed her to break the good news to Nigel.

"If you wish it, mum," said the nurse with undisguised disapproval.

"We wish it," said father, "yes, we do wish it."

The nurse was absent about five minutes, then she re-appeared looking grave and apprehensive. "I can't get answer from Master Nigel, and the door's locked inside, and it's quiet in there."

"Good heavens!" cried both parents, jumping to their feet at the same time. The same thought had struck the two of them together.

"I'll go up" said father, when he had sufficiently recovered his presence of mind.

"We'll both go up" cried the mother, and they went upstairs and stood outside the nursery door.

"Nigel! Nigel!" they screamed outside the door, "Nigel, we are sorry. Forgive us. You can have your jam. Jam! Answer us!"

But there was no answer. They rattled the door frantically. They tried to break open the door. But the door would not give way. They then looked at each other, and both saw a face, white with fear.

"Albert," she cried, "the locksmith!"

At that, the father, just as he was, dressed in his carpet slippers, and without a hat, rushed off to the locksmiths at the other end of the street. He passed, on the way, a boy selling newspapers, and he saw in his imagination the placard of tomorrow. The words stood out big and read:— "An Un-natural Father Kills His Innocent Son." Beads of perspiration appeared on his brow: he dashed on faster, muttering, "The locksmith, I must get the locksmith!"

Meanwhile, the mother was clinging to the handle of the door, crying, "Nigel, Nigel, my pet, answer." And she thought of his career that they had so often mapped out, so often discussed. First His father had wished it to be Oxford, but she had insisted on Cambridge as the light blue colour suited his complexion so beautifully. Then after Cambridge, he was to have entered Parliament, and to have become a Premier, and now and then he would have asked them to come to tea in his great house in Downing Street . . . And now . . . She sobbed pitifully.

"He is too good for us, that's what it is. I have often said so. What had we done to deserve him? We should have seen beforehand that he would be taken away from us. He is not for this earth—not for this earth." She rocked herself to and fro. "If only he could be given back to us this once by Providence, I will never, never, never, blame him for anything else. I . . ."

At this point the locksmith appeared, trying to straighten his braces, finishing the remnants of a piece of cherry cake and carrying his tools at the same time. The man began carefully to pick at the lock, but they could stand the suspense no longer. "Break open the door" they shouted.

The locksmith was a big and strong man. He put his shoulder to the door, and it gave way with a crash.

The parents rushed in. "Nigel, Nigel, my angel" they cried.

Nigel was there. But Nigel was not dead. No; he was sitting on the hearthrug pulling a poor little innocent fly to pieces.

T. Armitage, LB Sc. (1)

## 'DEE'

Pray do excuse me, kind sir, but I'm dying of curiosity to know the meaning of that capital 'D' on the lid of that dustbin . . .

Dear and delightful damsel, that 'D' dramatically displayed on that dingy depository for dust and dirt denotes that the despairing domestics of that detached domicile of a dignified dame desire that the deserving dustmen will deem it their duty deliberately and deftly to dislodge the degrading dirt and disastrous dust deposited inside its deceptive and darkling depths.

H. Syme 485



**BUNK**

In an attempt to stimulate my mind during one of the few short school holidays, some time in the past, I decided to study, for a short while, history. Till then I had only very fuzzy ideas as to what had happened in history and elsewhere. To this end I studied documents written in sanskrit, Frisian, Vandalic and Burgundian, and since I once studied Greek, and as these were all certainly Greek to me, I progressed satisfactorily. I learnt about Palaeolithic times, when schoolboys chipped away at stone tablets doing homework, and also about the Neolithic period. As most people now know, Stonehenge originated in these days when a master dropped some exercise tablets he was taking home to mark.

Slightly later, in 1098 in fact, Angus Barefoot, King of Norway, happened to be cruising with his pirate fleet in the Irish Sea one day and made a sudden descent upon the army of two of the many English earls who had forced the Welsh back into Anglesey. Angus, or rather Mr. Barefoot, and his merry band defeated the English army and quietly sailed away. It has always surprised me that nobody has followed his example. It would seem to be an excellent way to see the world and have some fun at someone else's expense. "Oh, yes, we were in the Congo last year, very nice! I hear there's a good scrap in Cyprus at the moment. We are thinking of going there next year." The history of a nation, nay the world, could be altered by some boat load of fools sailing around. A band of Belgians might some day row round to Vietnam, jump ashore, push the Chinese, Vietcong and anything else which might get in the way right back to China and then calmly return to Belgium after their slight exertion. The mind, as one might say, boggles and, while the reader is boggling, I would like to offer a working holiday in Rhodesia (bring your own rifle).

R.B.

L.6 Science 1





## Whose hat?

*Does it belong to  
a pilot? a navigator? an engineer? a logistics expert?  
a personnel manager? a ground defence commander?  
an air traffic controller? a teacher?  
or someone else?*

The fact is, a lot of people just don't realise how many different careers there are in the R.A.F. today—or how many different ways there are of starting. This is a pity—because in this age of Global Air Mobile Defence, with swing-wing aircraft, vertical take-off and all the rest, the opportunities are far too good to be missed.

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Schools Liaison Officer for an informal chat. Or, if you prefer, write to Group Captain M. A. D'Arcy, R.A.F., Adversal House, (25PM1), London, W.C.1. Please give your age and say what qualifications you have or are studying for, and what kind of work in the R.A.F. most interests you.

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## THE TRAGIC ROUNDABOUT

Florence was outside the Garden. Zebedee entered.

"Where's Dougal?" said Florence.

"In your garden, thinking", said Zebedee.

"What about?" asked Florence.

"I don't know. Just thinking", said Zebedee, casually.

So Florence went to the garden.

"Dougal! Where are you? Dougal! Oh, there you are", said Florence.

"Schhh!" said Dougal, annoyed. "I'm thinking".

"About what?" said Florence, enquiringly.

"Playing the guitar", said Dougal casually. "It's quite easy. Dylan said all one needed was a bit of inspiration, man. Now will you stop bothering me while I get my guitar!"

"Sorry", said Florence. But Dougal had gone to get his guitar. Suddenly he came back, clutching the guitar.

"Now an E flat chord with that paw, and then E. That's D, and then A flat minor with that claw and then turn it into a major chord", said Dougal, in a very clever way.

"Hello, Brian", said Florence, brightly.

"Hullo", said Brian. "What's Dougal doing?"

"Learning to play the guitar", said Florence.

"Dougal! Want some sugar?" asked Brian.

"Schhh! I'm trying to play 'Scotland the Brave'", said Dougal, superiorly.

"What's that?" said Brian.

"You don't know what 'Scotland the Brave' is?" sneered Dougal.

"Doesn't know what 'Scotland the Brave' is", he muttered.

"Brian", said Dougal nicely, "did you say something about sugar?"

"Yes", said Brian, "did you want some?"

"Very well", said Dougal, in his most superior tone. "I might have time for some, but be quick".

"Haven't got any", said Brian lamely. "Er—I was just playing..."

"Just playing! Just playing!" said Dougal, disgusted. "Just playing! I haven't got any time to waste while my talent can be used! Now, where was I? Oh, yes. Now, that's the A string..."

"Dougal", said Florence, alarmed, "your guitar has only one string".

Just then Zebedee came in. "Florence", he asked, "what's Dougal doing?"

"Playing a guitar with only one string on," said Florence.

"I'm not", said Dougal, "whoever heard of a guitar with only one string?"

"Time for bed", said Zebedee.

K. Airey, 28





*it's the*  
**TEEN  
SCENE**  
AT JOPLINGS

*The whole Family  
Benefit from a  
Monthly Account*

*Joplings*  
SUNDERLAND



## OUR BELOVED BRETHERN (1A, 1AP, 1B, 1BP, 1BS)

A while ago, I had the pleasure of watching a group of first formers involved in serious study during their lunch-break. They were on a nature ramble, or at least I think they were: otherwise why were they tearing branches from trees and throwing them at the ducks? Perhaps to see how fast the ducks could swim? If this was the case then I'm afraid the ducks were under a serious handicap as the pond was covered with a thick layer of ice.

The group numbered five in all and it is interesting to note what each member was doing. The first delightful child was trampling in the quagmire of mud which surrounded the pond in a fashion not unlike the wine crushers of Spain. However, he lost both his shoes in the mud and ran off down a path, screaming, pulling at his hair, shoeless. Fortunately an inquisitive post-man saw him running along Union Street in this fashion and brought him back to school during afternoon session. His shoes were never found.

The second one was obviously the most intelligent member of the group because, although he had been in the mud, he was now cleaning his shoes . . . and his socks . . . and his trouser legs, in the water. He wasn't just standing in the water, though. He had forced an entry through the ice with his foot and, while he was wading, he was intelligently thrashing the broken ice with a stick and to his sheer amazement was splashing himself in the process.

The remaining three were bunched together on the pathway but one at least was not idle. He was furtively hunting for small twigs so that he could delicately snap them and then immediately discard them back to where they were found. The other two must have been idiots: they returned to school with their shoes spotless, their clothes absolutely bone dry, and their minds alert for afternoon lessons.

It makes one wonder just what our young friends do at school, but there I must stop and look back upon my own guilt and realise that we were all First Formers at one time and none of us guiltless. We may laugh at their antics but we should remember when we do that we are probably laughing at ourselves.

D. G. Batty, L6 Sc. (1)

### 'OUTWITTED'

He made a box that shut me out—  
Hesitic, rebel a thing to flout;  
But love and I had the wit to win  
We made a box that took him in.

H. Syme 485

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## DURHAM HOUSE REPORT

Captain:  
M. Gibson.

Vice-Captain:  
F. Robson

Durham had quite a successful season, although with a little more effort and determination more success in the House competitions could have been gained, particularly at Senior level.

In football, the Senior team was narrowly beaten in an excellent game by a strong Lumley side, and finished joint third, but the Intermediates won their section in convincing style, whilst the Juniors could not maintain their good start and finished second to Lumley.

In Rugby the prestige of the House was upheld by the fine performance of the Juniors in emerging clear winners, suffering no defeats and gaining 34 points to 3 against, whilst the Senior House Seven tied for first place, and the Under-15 team was joint second.

In Cross-country, Durham did not achieve success in any of the three sections, whilst in the Swimming Gala, an event which we usually win, the House was third; in Athletics we again finished third, with Burnside taking the individual honours in the Junior section.

Thanks are due to all the officials and to all members of teams for the efforts they have put into House activities, and also to Mr. Wylie for his consistent encouragement and support.

M. Knight  
House Secretary.

## RABY HOUSE REPORT 1966-67

House Captain:  
D. Batty

Vice-Captain:  
D. M. Oliver

Raby House can congratulate itself, in this the last year in which the House competition will be held in the present form, on a number of successes both by teams and by individual members. Championships were won in Senior and Junior Basketball tournaments.

The most encouraging successes, however, were in those sports where the willingness of members of the House to take part collectively has been a decisive factor. Notable examples are championships being won in Intermediate and Junior Cross Country, and the House finishing second in the School Athletics championship and the School Swimming Gala. The House is to be congratulated on the enthusiasm of all those who took part. Outstanding individual performances in these sports came from the following: A. Godfrey (Senior Athletics Champion), D. Hill (Senior Cross Country Champion), and A. Bradford (Senior Swimming Champion).

In conclusion we must thank the House Captains, R. Spoor and D. Batty, for their leadership of the House, and all team captains and team representatives. Thanks must be expressed to all house masters for their enthusiastic support, especially that of Mr. R. Clarke.

N. A. Hutton  
Secretary

## LUMLEY HOUSE REPORT

House Captain: N. Matthams

During the summer of 1966, Lumley House once again proved successful in the field of athletics, the trophy being won outright, and Greig securing the Middle School Championship. In Cricket, we won both Senior and Junior Championships; and in Tennis, the team gained second place.

With the beginning of the Autumn Term, Lumley, fielding a strong team in the Senior Soccer Championship, tied for first place with Hylton. Basketball proved to be another strong point of the House, both Junior and Senior Championships being added to its conquests.

Several House members who came to the fore during the past year are worthy of mention: these are: R. D. Errington, who obtained the Duke of Edinburgh's Gold Award and was presented with the Iain Macaskill Trophy for his achievement; N. Matthams and W. Swanson, who were chosen to represent Durham County Soccer team (which Matthams captained) and for the Durham County Boys' Club Basketball Team. Matthams was later selected to play for England Senior Schools' Football Association XI, and Swanson gained a place in the National Boys' Club Basketball Team.

Throughout his many years of service to Lumley House Mr. Berry's enthusiasm has never faltered, and the success of the House in recent years has largely been due to his unceasing efforts and those of the other House Masters. We would like to express our gratitude to them all.

M. Curzon  
Hon. Secretary

## HYLTON HOUSE REPORT 1966-67

Captain:

Vice-Captain:

P. Wilkinson

M. D. Parker

Under the vigorous captaincy of Peter Wilkinson, the House made a determined effort to win as many honours as possible in this, the last year in the life of Hylton, as we know it.

The Senior members of the House can feel justly proud of their achievements during the past year. Under the leadership of D. Pounder, who was senior individual champion, the Seniors won the House Swimming Championship. D. Pounder also won the Sunderland "Swimmer of the Year" award. The Seniors also won the Cross-Country Trophy. Senior championships were shared in Rugby and Association Football, the captain of the latter team, P. Wilkinson, achieving the distinction of representing a Durham County XI.

The Juniors acquitted themselves well in winning the Junior Swimming Cup, coming second in the House Cross-Country Championships and sharing second place in the Junior Rugby Competition, in the year of its inception.

It is hoped that a big co-operative effort by the whole House will result in a most creditable performance on Sports Day, and that the House will endeavour to win the Badminton, Cricket and Tennis Championships (still to be played at the time of writing), and so conclude its existence wreathed in glory.





The House would like to take this opportunity to thank Mr. P. D. Noton, our Housemaster, and his colleagues for their extremely welcome support and encouragement during the past year.

J. R. Bowman  
Secretary



### BASKETBALL REPORT '66-'67

Any school activity, especially one such as basketball in which local competition is scarce and almost non-existent, can prove its full potential only if unlimited resources are available, which, of course, is never the case. Due to lack of such support the guys were not entered for the National Schools' Competition, which seems a great pity after last year's illustrious performance.

An old beat-up rod (euphemistically called a mini-bus) was obtained as required for a nominal fee (whether paid by owner or hirer is still a mystery). They say that it was in the confined vestiges of this heap of unroadworthy scrap that the guys acquired their spirit of togetherness, and, speaking from experience, you must be tolerant to survive in an overcrowded, smoke-laden atmosphere with sandwiches, cards, insults and bits of rod flying about. Your patience is even more tried on the return journey when, with inevitable victory, heads have swollen and guys who scored well are dressed as greedy and are provisionally boycotted for the next match.

Just for the record, and to dispel any impressions of conceit, the guys won the Darlington Tournament, the Harlequin Tournament and the Tyneside Grammar School Competition and were unbeaten throughout the season by any school team. Walder, Vine and myself represented the North of England against the Midlands. Batty, Matthams, Swanson, Vine and Walder were made re-awards of colours, and new awards were made to Armstrong, Milburn and myself. (It was suggested that Swanson should receive a long service medal or be awarded a pension, but colours were thought to be more suitable).



A. Bulet.

D. J. Waugh (Muggins)



## 1st XI SOCCER REPORT 1966-67

P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.
29	18	6	5	105	49

The 1966-67 season proved to be one of the most successful in recent years, with the team reaching the final of the Tyneside Grammar Schools' Cup, but after a goalless draw with Heaton G.S. the cup was shared, a replay being against the tradition of this competition.

After an unsure beginning to the season in which three defeats and two draws were sustained, the team settled down and played some brilliant football. In this spell the following twelve games were won, we scored 63 goals against 18, including wins of 10-0 and 11-1.

The full-strength side usually consisted of Barnes, Swanson, Davison, Morris, Matthams (capt.), Harris, Dent, Hutchinson, Lawton, Wilkinson, Parker. Throughout the season Gibson, Craig, Oliver and Preece always acquitted themselves very well indeed whenever they were called upon. The defence was strong, with Matthams repeatedly giving brilliant displays as well as spreading confidence among the other members of the defence. This strength allowed Wilkinson the freedom of the field, mainly midfield, and his hard running plus his fine constructive play gave the forwards a continuous supply of chances. These chances were mainly accepted by Lawton, Hutchinson and Parker, who scored 76 goals between them, with Lawton coming very close to the goal-scoring record of the school.

Matthams captained the County Team, which included Wilkinson and Swanson. He also captained the County Youth Team and at the Bognor Regis Soccer Festival gained a place in the English Schools XI.



Colours were re-awarded to Matthams and Wilkinson, and new awards made to Davison, Swanson, Morris, Parker and Harris. On behalf of the team I should like to thank Mr. Griffiths for his great interest, his valuable coaching and his refereeing of the matches throughout the season.

The following boys represented the side:

Lawton (29); Davison, Dent (27); Parker (25); Morris, Hutchinson (24); Harris (22); Wilkinson, Swanson, Gibson (21); Matthams (20); Barnes (15); Curzon (9); Craig (8); Preece, Oliver (7); Armitage, Price, Wyness (W.) (2); Reed, Ewart, Anderson, Clough—1 each.

Goal-Scorers:

Lawton (39); Hutchinson (21); Parker (17); Dent, Harris (6); Swanson (4); Wilkinson, Morris (3); Matthams, Davison (2); Craig, Curzon, Wyness—1 each.

D. Dent  
Secretary

## UNDER-15 SOCCER

The season 1966-67, although not very successful from the point of view of League and Cup wins, has served to introduce a number of players to higher representative football.

The team provided during the last season two regular members of the Sunderland Under-15 Soccer Team and four members of the Sunderland Under-14 Soccer Team.

Unfortunately, because of these commitments, the team performances could not be consistent; hence the number of narrow defeats sustained by the side. In spite of this, team spirit remained extremely good and practices were always well attended and played out with the maximum of effort—as was every competitive fixture.

The season ended with the team, in their new all-red strips, fighting hard for two good wins against Silksworth and Thorney Close.

The scorers for the season were:

McConachie (7 goals), Robison (5), Keatings (3), Birch (3), Sayers (3), Mitchell (3), Henderson (2), Fearn (2).

Over the whole season of League, Cup and Friendly matches, the results were:

P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.
16	5	3	8	28	40

## SOCCER REPORT SEASON 1966-67 UNDER 14 (SECOND XI UNDER 15)

This season has proved to be one of reasonable success for the two soccer teams involved in this age group. In the league the Under 15 second XI managed to win their league, and, at the end of the season, defeated the other divisional winners (St. Aidans) 4-0 to win the Davison Cup. The league record for 1966-67 was as follows:—

P	W	L	D	F	A
12	8	2	2	45	19
Points 18					

Leading goalscorers were: Scott—11 goals, Johnson—4 goals, Stewart—6 goals, Hiscock—6 goals, Gibson—5 goals.

In the other cup competitions we were not so fortunate. In the Tyneside Grammar Schools' Cup, after progressing to the

semi-finals at the expense of Gateshead C.S. (4—0), John Marley School (2—1) and Tynemouth Grammar Technical School (5—2), we were defeated 5—1 by Ryhope, last years winners. In the Durcan White Trophy competition, we were beaten 3—0 by St. Adans, again in the semi-final, after having beaten Commercial Road (6—0).

Boys who represented the school in the under 14 group were Hart (G.K.), Hardy (R.B.—3 goals), Parsons (L.B.), Ewart (R.H.—1 goal), Thompson (C.H., Captain), Elstob (L.H.), Stewart (O.R.—2 goals), Worthy (I.R.—2 goals), Robison (C.F.—8 goals), Hiscock (I.L.—1 goal), Mitchell (O.L.—1 goal). This team was very ably supported by the remaining players in the "central pool" who gave valuable assistance, especially in second XI Under 15 fixtures, namely Scott, Steinberg, Gordon, Telfer, Marshall, Johnson, Gibson, Lay and Swinhoe. It should be noted that P. Ewart, W. Mitchell, R. Elstob and J. Robison were selected earlier in the season to represent Sunderland Boys' and have so far enjoyed a successful season.

In April, the school entertained Cove School, Middlesex, who were touring the North-East under the supervision of Mr. Charles Montimore, a former England amateur international, and brother of the Sunderland A.F.C. coach. The visitors played some very attractive football and were rather unfortunate to be on the wrong end of a 3—1 scoreline at the final whistle. However, full marks to Bede, who took their chances and held the visitors tenaciously.

B. Thompson 3AP

## UNDER 13 SOCCER

The Under-13 soccer team had its most successful season for many years and became the first team from this school to win all three town trophies, League Division F, the Frank Arkless Cup and the Castle View Cup (Town Championship). Training and coaching were again held during the summer months and it soon became evident that the material available was above average. The selected team played almost unchanged until the left back, P. Willis, unfortunately broke his leg in the latter part of the season. Early results were very encouraging, the defence being very strong and the attack finding a balance almost immediately, scoring many goals. Great credit is due to the boys for their skill and application throughout the whole of the season, especially when they suffered defeat in the T.U.C. (County) Cup 3rd Round game.

The town finals week was held at Broadway School this year and the team played very well even though the attack was going through a bad patch with their finishing on the hard bumpy grounds. In the Frank Arkless Cup Final, Bede defeated Thorney Close 2—1 in a replay, having drawn 1—1 at the first meeting, and the Town Championship was won by beating Castle View 1—0.

The centre half, T. Crompton, had a very successful season as captain, being an inspiration to the team with his skill and knowledge of the game. He was ably supported by vice captain, P. Candler, whose speed, determination and skill brought him 29 goals in the year. The rest of the team deserve much praise for their thoughtful approach to the game. Some of the more modern formations and techniques were performed by the boys in a most successful manner and the team's

application to the development of personal skills and fitness has brought them, and the school, much praise from all quarters.

The following boys appeared in the team:—goalkeeper C. Hope (27 games); right back D. Coulson (27); left back P. Willis (19); left back K. Hossack (11); right half C. Binding (27); centre half T. Crompton (27); left half R. O'Leary (25); outside right P. Candler (26); inside right T. Parkin (26); centre forward S. Stewart (27); inside left B. Potts (26); outside left P. Cooney (25); T. Scott (2) and I. Cooper (2) travelled as reserves.

Goals were scored by:—Candler 29, Stewart 27, Potts 23, Cooney 10, Parkin 8, O'Leary 4, Binding 3, Coulson 2, Crompton 2, Scott 1.

The full record was:—

P	W	D	L	F	A
27	21	4	2	109	19
					R.G.

## BADMINTON REPORT

The Badminton Club was again well attended this season by all ages.

The Senior Mixed Team played four matches, all of which they won convincingly. The following represented the School in Senior Mixed Matches:

Misses S. Butterfield, C. Parish, M. Beavers, J. Morgan; and Messrs. R. F. French, I. Moss, I. Craigs, K. Blyth.

The Junior Mixed Team lost their only match, but the Senior Men's Team was more successful, winning all of its six matches. The following represented the School in Senior Men's matches:

R. F. French, D. Thompson, M. Harrison, I. Moss, I. Craigs, D. Taylor, D. Vine, J. Barnes, K. Blyth.

Colours were awarded this season to I. Moss, with a reward to K. Blyth.

The School put a number of entries into the Senior Sunderland Schools Competition, in which Bede won all five events, this being the first time that one school has taken all honours. Miss S. Butterfield and K. Blyth were both triple-champions in their respective events.

The winners of the events were as follows:

Ladies' Singles — Suzanne Butterfield.

Ladies' Doubles — Suzanne Butterfield and Linda Bell.

Mixed Doubles — Suzanne Butterfield and K. Blyth.

Men's Doubles — I. Moss and K. Blyth.

Men's Singles — K. Blyth.

Both Suzanne Butterfield and K. Blyth played in the Town Under-21 Team in all their matches. They also played for the Sunderland Schools' Team.

In the Senior Dairy Festival Competition, the Senior Mixed Team was narrowly defeated 5 matches to 4 by Monkwearmouth, who now take back the Cup.

Finally, I should like to thank all the members of staff involved in the Club for their help, especially Messrs. Hodgson, Black and Baxter.

K. Blyth  
Badminton Captain



## SCHOOL RUGBY REPORTS

### Senior

Under the captaincy of N. Hutton, the Senior Rugby XV began promisingly. In spite of one heavy defeat by West Hartlepool, the record for the first term was a decided improvement on recent seasons. Led by F. Robson, the forwards played well, with Errington and Walder giving good support. Harrison as hooker gave the backs a reasonably good supply of the ball from set scrums, but lack of cohesion and penetration in the centre prevented the wings, Mearns and Godfrey, from showing their true worth. Charlton played fairly well at full-back but spoiled many efforts by selfishness. With the loss of Harrison and B. Robson at Christmas, the second term began disastrously, with resounding defeats by Henry Smiths and Stockton. Tackling and covering became very poor, with the result that all except one game was lost in this term, the full record being:—

P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.
20	6	13	1	103	320

Our congratulations go to F. Robson, who played for the Durham County Senior Schools XV, and to Charlton, who, as reserve, actually played in the trials.

Colours were re-awarded to F. Robson and Hutton and new awards were made to Francis Errington and Walder.

We were pleased to visit Newcastle early in the season to watch the N.E. Counties play the Australian Touring XV, a pleasant game won by the Counties by a narrow margin.

Our thanks are given to Mr. Berry and Mr. Fairlamb for help and guidance and to all those who refereed home games or took us on our away fixtures.

W.M.F.  
Hon. Secretary

(W. M. Francis had a good season in the forwards, being always in support and foraging successfully on his own account.

M.B.)

### Under 15 Rugby

The season began well, with notable victories against Wellfield, Dame Allan's and Durham Johnstone. These successes were due to a fine team spirit and constant practice led by the captain, Shuttleworth, who stamped his authority and experience on the game.

Howell was a steady full-back, who could improve his tackling, whilst in the threes, Burnside on the wing was a potential match-winner and top-scorer of the side. Calvert and Botcherby also played well, the latter showing much improvement as the season progressed. White excelled in defence. Lang at fly-half with a good supply from scrum-half Brown, opened out the game well. Forward the team was solid in rucks, with McKeith, Shuttleworth and Williamson and Tate always prominent, but a lack of cohesion in the loose was sometimes evident.

Absence of boys on County duty during November and December weakened the side and some defeats occurred in this period. The reserves, however, played their part so well that no defeat was heavy, only two games being lost by more than 6 points (14-0 and 17-3 by Stockton and West Hartlepool respectively). Sumbly and Marshall of the reserves deserve mention.

The full record for the season was:—

P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.
21	15	5	1	244	95

Congratulations are extended to Howell, Burnside, Botcherby, Calvert, Brown, Shuttleworth, Tate, McKeith and Milward, who played for the Sunderland Under 15 side against Newcastle and more particularly to Burnside, Brown, Shuttleworth and McKeith, who played for the Junior Durham County Schools XV with Howell as County Reserve.

D.J.B.

#### *Under 14 Rugby*

This has been a disappointing season as far as results go. We can be encouraged, however, in so far as we always tried to play open attacking rugby, sometimes paying the penalty for moments of indecision. Toscano, who began to play after the season opened, showed good promise. Sumbly as hooker won a plentiful supply of the ball, but his efforts were marred by poor scrummaging when the pack was pushed off the ball. Bell on the wing did quite well, running very strongly.

More team work must be shown next season, when we hope to improve our game.

The record for the season was:—

P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.
16	2	13	1	68	255

C.H.H.

#### *Under 13 Rugby*

Last season was perhaps one of the most successful for a number of years. The standard of play has improved throughout the season and the team has shown interest and enthusiasm.

Out of 7 games lost, only one was by a large margin, 25-3 to Tynemouth G.T.S., the others being very close.

The team was captained by Parkinson, who was a tower of strength in running with the ball and in his tackling. Judson and Morton show promise on the wings.

Foster led the forwards well and the pack as a whole did good work, particularly Field and Brown, the props, and Morley at lock. Their play led to a number of tries.

Three boys in their first year, Duncan, on the wing, Quayle, at lock, and Prater, at scrum-half, played in the last game of the season and should be prominent members next season.

The record for the season was:—

P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.
16	7	7	2	149	87

B.H.







**TOP LEFT**, Back Row: M. Curtis; M. Gibson; D. Davison; D. Oliver; W. Swanson; I. Barnes; P. Harris; E. Morris; S. Craig. Front Row: Mr. C. Griffiths; D. Dent; P. Wilkinson; S. Matthews(Capt); T. Hutchinson; M. Parker; J. Linton.

**CENTRE LEFT**, Back Row: W. Francis; D. Betty; A. Godfrey; D. Kerrington; T. Walker; A. Harper; D. Bellar; A. Wilkinson; I. Cook. Front Row: Mr. M. Barry; P. Thompson; B. Hall; B. Postney; F. Hobson; N. Hutton (Capt); I. Armstrong; E. Ward; D. Glasgow; J. Meares; Mr. G. Fairbank.

**BOTTOM LEFT**, Back Row: P. Gillespie; I. Moss; P. Wilkinson; P. Harris; M. Knight; M. Parker. Front Row: S. Matthews; E. Morris; D. Davison; D. Oliver(Capt); I. Cook; M. Gibson; Mr. J. F. Wylie.

**TOP RIGHT**, Back Row: D. Waugh; D. Betty; N. Matthews; Mr. B. Hodgson; Front Row: P. Milburn; T. Walker; W. Swanson(Capt); D. Vase; I. Armstrong.

**BOTTOM RIGHT**, Back Row: C. Hope; I. Cooper; P. Cooney; B. O'Leary; D. Graham; C. Binding; P. Willis; Front Row: K. Sussack; T. Parkin; S. Potts; T. Crumpton(Capt); P. Coakley; S. Sewart; Mr. B. Graham.





**TOP.** Back Row: A. Hodgson; S. Stewart; N. Jack; S. Cowie; D. Britton; P. Ewart; K. Colvert; S. Parkinson; F. McLaughlin; J. Thomson; G. Wilson; D. Stewart; R. Mowbray. Middle Row: L. Stewart; J. Barnard; K. Clough; J. Barnes; D. Green; D. Harper; D. Batty; B. Dochterley; G. White; E. Morris; J. Robinson; K. Buckle. Front Row: Mr. G. W. Fairbank; Mr. B. Hodgson; T. Walker; B. Hannard; W. Swanson; A. Godfrey; M. Coombs; D. Hill; I. Armstrong; E. Howell; Mr. F. B. Robinson.

**BOTTOM.** Back Row: S. Anderson; I. J. Wall; C. J. Thompson; J. Taylor; M. Dea; C. Sells; A. Tree; M. J. Williams; H. D. Parker; K. J. Leonard; D. B. Walker; D. Frisbie; N. Sheld; C. Noble. Middle Row: D. B. Mills; A. E. Williamson; A. H. Scudler; D. M. Oliver; S. Postroy; S. M. Stewart; F. Robinson; G. W. Todd; R. D. Evertton; A. T. Godfrey; J. Kibber; N. Hutton. Front Row: J. Newman; J. Foster; F. Williamson; D. Batty; M. Gibson (School Captain); Mr. A. J. B. Balguy; Mr. W. K. Lewis; M. Carson; N. Mathison; K. Ryle; D. Fowder; E. L. Wilson.







## OLD BEDANS A.F.C.

Although the 1966-67 North Eastern Amateur Association Football League table is not yet complete, it is hoped that the Old Bedans A.F.C. will be within the first four positions of the League.

Little progress was made in the North Eastern Amateur League Shield competition after defeat by Sunderland Harlequins 1-0 in the first round.

Progress in the Durham Amateur Cup, however, was better when we defeated Sunderland Harlequins 7-1 and eventually reached the first round of the competition proper. We were unfortunate to meet the current cup holders, Billingham Synthonia, Reserves who defeated us 5-2. This game, however, was much closer than the score indicates.

The Season's games have once again been fought out with a minimum number of players and despite my annual appeals in this magazine little response has been forthcoming. Next season, a number of our players are moving out of town and will not be available; replacements must be found.

Practice matches are being arranged immediately after the close of season and again in late August. Dates will be circulated and posted in the school.

Will all those players interested please make every endeavour to attend these practices or contact me at the address below? This also includes former pupils who may be too old to continue playing in a junior league.

The North Eastern Amateur Association Football League is well established, the standard of football is high, and playing conditions good. I can assure anyone interested that he will thoroughly enjoy his football with the Old Bedans A.F.C.

OSCAR TOPEL

7 Harewood Gardens,  
Sunderland

Hon. Secretary

## OLD BEDANS BADMINTON REPORT 1966/1967

Although having only a ruse membership, the Old Bedans Badminton Club can be said to have had a mixed season.

On the credit side, our re-entry into the competitive badminton of the Joseph Cup was a bold venture. Despite the small size of the club, we were third in our group of five. Financially, we have kept out of the red.

On the debit side, with an average weekly attendance of eight, we are short of members. This is largely due to a failure of new members from the School joining the club, which they are entitled to do up to the age of eighteen at half of the normal fee, which is £2-10-0.

May I encourage Bedans of past and present or their guests to join us on Wednesday nights when the season opens in October in the School Hall.

J. I. Whan  
(Hon. Sec.)



## SIXTH FORM SOCIETY 1966-67

Committee: Chairman (1) —Mick Gibson,  
Vice-Chairman—Mal Curzon,  
Hon. Secretary—Dave Oliver,  
Oddbodies—Neil Hutton and Peter Wilkinson.

The above assortment, together with Messrs. Wylie and Watson, got together to compile a programme, serious in nature, but less academic than in the past. Subjects like "Drugs which act on the brain", and "The language of Electronic Computers", were discarded in favour of talks on "The Changing Face of Modern Football", "An Englishman's Experience of America", "The Moon and Flying Saucers", and one entitled "Me and Them" (a discussion of the problems facing a student as he enters society), in addition to which, two debates were arranged. The result was a successful year—(although the attendance graph resembles a sideways-on view of Humbledon bank, from Ettrick Grove to the Children's Hospital)—during which the average congregation was 46.2 (we think the .2 was a member of the Upper Fifth, who sneaked in behind Mr. Watson's academic gown).

Predictably, the most populous gathering was to hear Mr. Ian McCol's talk on modern football—an address which fully justified the packed terraces of the girls' dining hall. A month previously, in October, Mr. Raymond Drake had provoked a controversially clamorous meeting with his talk on "The Moon and Flying Saucers." After Christmas, two further guest speakers addressed more 'select' audiences: Dr. W. G. Smith, who has twice visited the U.S.A., recounted some of his experiences, and Mr. Colin Anderson gave the talk "Me and Them."

The Society's year had begun with a debate on the motion that "This House believes that the only solution to the racial problem is segregation." This was a 'colourful' event, in more than one sense, with Mike Williams and 'Brick' Wall proposing the motion in the (white) face of fierce opposition from John Bowman and Pete Wilkinson. It must be set down in black and white that the motion was defeated. The other debatable meeting was convened on Parliamentary lines, with the Opposition moving a vote of no-confidence in the Government. That the motion was carried can be attributed only to gross favouritism on the part of the Speaker, Dr. Horace Gibson.

The secretary would like to thank Messrs. Wylie and Watson for their invaluable aid and also the Headmaster and other members of staff for their much-appreciated support.

D.M.O.



## SIXTH FORM GEOGRAPHY

The Sixth Form Geography Group continues to be most active. School attendances at the Tyneside Branch of the Geographical Association at Newcastle University are most encouraging to the teaching staff. The annual lecture of the Association given specifically for Sixth Forms was presented this year by Professor R. F. Peel of Bristol University. His theme was that of Arid Erosion.

The Exploration Society, which has now become firmly attached to the Sixth Form Geography Group, made a return visit to the Kettlewell Region of the Yorkshire Dales. Mr. Randall has recently joined the Society and is rapidly becoming an enthusiast in fell walking. Rumbles of the Pennine Way are now in the air!

The Annual Sixth Form Geography Field Course was this year held in the Whitby Region, when 24 boys, all from the Lower Sixth Geography set, were accompanied by Mr. Cowell and Mr. Lines. Plans are afoot to put the results of the field course on display for the benefit of parents and other boys in the school. This display has now become standard field course practice and is always well attended by parents.

J.F.S.

## DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD SCHEME

The first pilot scheme was started in the school in 1962-63. Since its inception, it has attracted many boys from the Middle and Upper School, and the varied aspects of the scheme have much to offer to most boys.

The scheme demands close co-operation with many public bodies in the Town, and the school is very grateful to all those concerned in offering assistance, notably the British Red Cross Society, the Fire Service, the Boy Scouts Association and the Youth Service staff. Many members of the School staff have given up valuable time in giving their specialist knowledge to boys undertaking the scheme.

Since 1963 boys of the School have gained 5 Gold, 14 Silver and 41 Bronze standard awards.

J.F.S.

## PHILATELIC SOCIETY

The Philatelic Society continued to meet on Monday evenings for the purpose of buying, selling and examining stamps. It is pleasing to note that the membership of the Society has increased considerably during the past two years; more and more boys are learning about philately and not merely stamp-collecting.

The Society wishes to thank, once again, Mr. J. P. Linton, for his valuable assistance in the smooth running of the Society.

J. R. Bowman

## CHESS CLUB

The Chess Club has not been so well supported this year, most of the support coming from the Lower School.

The team still continues to be successful, winning 9 out of the 10 matches played, and it reached the final of the "Sunday Times" Northern Area Tournament, losing to Gateshead G.S. by 3½-2½. The team was represented regularly by A. Donkin, S. Parry, D. Simpson, E. Shouksmith, S. Robson, J. Scott and J. Milican. Dobson, Pratt and Dodds also played when needed.

J. Scott and S. Parry both reached the final of the Durham County Under-15 tournament and A. Donkin reached the semi-final of County Under-18 tournament.

Donkin, Parry and Scott achieved the distinction of playing for Durham County Juniors. Colours were re-awarded to Donkin.

With an unchanged team next year a more successful season is anticipated. We are most grateful to Mr. Whitfield for his support and encouragement to the Club and to the team.

## LIBRARY REPORT 1966-67

During the past year, the use of the library has been considerably extended, with members from the Upper School in to do private study and also to consult the wide range of College and University prospectuses which are now available in the reference section.

As was hoped for the previous year, some Lower School forms have been brought up to the library for instruction in the use of the library and later to do research and project work, under the supervision of a member of the teaching staff.

The books which constituted "the old library" have now been withdrawn and "the new library" extended to accommodate the many new additions to stock.

Finally, thanks are expressed to all boys and members of staff who very kindly presented books and reading material to the library.

P.W.

## MUSIC CLUB REPORT

During the past year the Music Club has continued its tranquil existence. The membership of this esoteric society remains constant, despite continued efforts to rectify this situation. There has been less than the usual emphasis on twentieth century music, and nineteenth century romantic music has become predominant. Recent additions to the record library have, however, not only included works by Brahms and Mendelssohn, but also works by Bartok, Boulez, Mozart and C. P. E. Bach.

The members wish to express their appreciation of the manner in which Mr. Kirk has continued to aid this society.

R. Bettess

N. Green

G. T. F. Nicholson

S. G. Trotter

## C.E.M. SOCIETY REPORT

Most of the meetings were held in the Autumn Term, and in conjunction with the Girls' School. The first three meetings, which had been previously arranged by the girls, took the form of talks given by Anglican, Methodist and Baptist ministers.

After half-term, we had a debate on "The Church and Morals," and a Staff Brains Trust, both of which were well attended. Then Mr. Mellor, from our school, gave an entertaining talk on "The Message and Mission of Christ."

The remainder of the programme was taken up with two film shows, one on "Sex and Morals" and the other on "Work in a Laper Colony". In March, a group attended the Annual C.E.M. Conference at Seaham Grammar Technical School.

We should like to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Mellor for his guidance, and Messrs. Hutchinson and Shrimpton from the Boys' School, and Miss Wright, from the Girls' School, for their participation in the Brains Trust.

D. B. Mills  
J. R. Bowman  
D. Cooper

## 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. R. Crute, W. Crute, C. Dawson, R. N. Dumble, J. Duxbury, 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

Ass. Hon. Secretary: Mr. D. Edward

School Representative: Mr. M. Berry

Elected Council Members: Messrs. K. Bates, R. N. Dumble, T. Smith, G. Topel, I. Whan

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

The Annual General Meeting was held in the Grand Hotel, Sunderland, on Friday, 30th September, 1966 at 7.30 p.m. Mr. A. J. B. Budge 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.

Following completion of the formal business, members were able to converse over refreshments.

## SECRETARY'S REPORT

The Association held a Spring Re-union this year in the form of a dinner at the Ramside Hall Hotel, Durham, on April 14th.

The function, well attended by 150 members, was presided over by Mr. A. J. B. Budge. The evening finished in lighter vein with a talk on the humour of the "Geordie" by Mr. A. G. Forrester. By the reaction of his audience, despite all the efforts of a Bede Education, it appeared we are all Geordies at heart.

S. H. Pattinson





## WRITER'S CLUB REPORT, 1966-67

Once again another year has rolled by. Time and Tide wait for no man and who wants them to?

It's been a good twelve months for the club, with creations flowing thick and fast and ink mileage reaching a new record high. We've been swamping the literary world all year and I think we have finally made our mark on the revered shelves of the Handon Branch Library. No mean feat.

Well, what has been going on?

Star piece was undoubtedly Jackson T. Fink-Nottle's translation of 'Macbeth' in colloquial Mandarin. Cliche-ridden, of course, but all good stuff, omitting none of the immortal expression of who ever wrote it. I believe Jackson had to rewrite Act 3 to fit the language and was forced to omit Acts 1 and 4 and cut out three scenes of Act 2 to censor anything that may have been offensive to the people of Finland where the book has received full publication. Well done, Jack. We'd hate to lose you.

A man who writes under the name of Clyde Ritter (real name Elvis Ritter) started the New Year off with his paperback 'My Experiences with a Drumadary Camel.' (Boosey and Hawkes, 37/6. In plain wrapper, if so required.) which makes interesting if not revealing reading. Keep it up, Clyde. No wonder you use a pen-name.

As far as novels go, Bill Robbins went with his work 'Free Me Tenderly' in a hardback. An earthy story about the sex-life of a Greenwich Village soda-jerk and his struggle to the top.

This is a sparkling follow-up to the Bill Robbins sensation 'I Belong To Hitler'. An earthy story about a New Jersey hot-dog vendor, and his internal struggles. Bill hails from East Dulwich and has an ambition to visit the U.S. Here's hoping, Bill.

Agatha Crusty, one of our female playwrights, had just opened in Hartlepools with her controversial psycho 'Inspector Gubbins of Scotland Yard.' Could be another 'Mousetrap'. Could be another 'Twang!'. Who knows?

Not much in the way of poetry except Brian Cuthbert's rendering of 'Paradise slightly mislaid' Book 84. Dialectic, outspoken, incoherent communism with an Irish lilt.

Let me quote:

"When Satan fell outa Hiven,  
Bedad, it wasna a pretty sight!  
He crawled away and croid and croid  
And croid and croid all noight."

Brian has told me that his writing ambition is 'Paradise, etc!' Books 1-83. Don't try too hard, Brian.

As for me, well you've just read it.

Angus Boper Leghair,  
Club Sec.

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## "MEMOIRS OF A MAN OF LEISURE"

### Otherwise known as "The Art and Science of Disassociation"

(not to be confused with any other book, famous or infamous, with a similar sounding title.) by N. E. Buoy, Form  $\frac{dy}{dx} \Pi x^x$ .

Disassociation, or, for the uninitiated, the practice of appearing to be doing one thing while doing another, to be done successfully takes months of initial practice and trial and error before anything near success can be achieved.

It is both an art and a science. The art is in acquiring the various techniques and attitudes such as "Deep Thought" and "Intense Interest". The science is in compiling mentally for each master that master's character, temper and indications thereof, and such annoying habits as that of suddenly getting up and wandering round. For an example, it is not advisable to apply the technique immediately after a master has received the news that an essential marking period is to be "voluntarily" given over to supervising 4—or some such rabble of illiterate peasants.

However there are many times when the art can be applied. A time when it comes in handy is when a master is slowly and tediously going over the work from the lesson before last ("or was it the lesson before that, you stupid boy!") in which someone has shown a lack of knowledge, having been practicing (or is it "practising" I want?) the technique when he shouldn't have been, no doubt.

Nevertheless the best time is when a supervising master bursts into the room, and, having demanded assurance that the form "has got work to get on with, hasn't it?" submerges into his disrupted marking with only an occasional glare around him or a snarl at some indiscreet whisperer.

It is at times like this that disassociation is most useful. To the casual observer you are diligently studying the open books in front of you, but what the casual observer does not see are the myriad illicit activities going on underneath the desks.

As one progresses upwards through this "den of sin and degradation" (school if you prefer it!) one is supposed to acquire more refinement, masters change and so do the illicit activities (and next year we'll be MIXED!!) so constant renewal of methods and tactics is required as well as unceasing practice.

Right now I think I might try a little work for a change as our master seems to be showing increasing interest in my apparent inability to do a simple problem so I shall therefore close these words of encouragement and, I hope, instruction by wishing any and all of my companions in disassociation (I've spelt it wrongly again!) good luck, and by reminding them that "no amount of practice makes perfect".

A. Wheeler, SA

## GOD'S MESSAGE TO NEW BORN BABIES

These are the mountains  
The hills and the streams,  
The plains and the grass  
And the skies of varying depth and colour:  
There are the oceans  
And their numerous personalities  
The rocks, the shores and the sands:  
There are the cities and all they involve:  
And there  
Is your fellow Man.  
O.K., friend, here is your life—  
It's up to you now.

J. Gibson  
L.6 Arts 1

## FEET

I woke up with a thankful heart  
And counted my toes—just ten!  
I'd had an awful dream that night  
May it never happen again.

I dreamed I was a centipede  
With a corn on every toe,  
What I suffered in that dream  
No-one will ever know!

One hundred feet, five hundred corns  
To be trimmed and plastered too,  
Now you know why I woke with a smile  
To find it wasn't true!

I. Jackson, 2A

## THINKING OF BATH NIGHT

If instead of socks and vest,  
In fur and feathers I were dressed,  
Or scales instead of wool and silk,  
I'd keep myself as clean as milk,  
For Tabby's small pink tongue will do  
For soak and sponge and towel too;  
And sparrows when they want a bath  
Just wallow in the powdered path;  
And fishes do not stay a minute  
Out of their bath—they're always in it.

J. Crombie, 4A

Julius Caesar,  
A funny old geezer—  
Instead of a helmet  
He wore a chequer.

Anon.

## 'FROST' REPORT ON SWITZERLAND

At 7.30 a.m. Sunderland station was taken over by 55 boys of Bede School. After a long hectic journey, taking one and a half days, 55 not so energetic boys arrived in Disentis.

Hotel Bellevista was a first class hotel (before 55 boys arrived on that warm Thursday afternoon). Disentis was a small quiet town (before 55 boys arrived there). The shops in Disentis made a rapid trade when communication was established between the French speaking Swiss and the supposed-to-be-French speaking English schoolboys.

Ski-ing was very popular among the boys, but did not come so easily to some people, mentioning no names (Miss . . . 7).

The food was in the continental style, consisting of bread rolls for breakfast; usually lunch was a packed one, which consisted of one strong cheese (phew! strong?), two rock buns (and by rock we mean rocks), and one piece of green ginger cake. For dinner in the evening we had a cooked meal which was SUPPOSED to be attended by boys wearing collars and ties.

Disentis was a gay, happy place with funeral processions parading down the streets at regular intervals. After seven days in Disentis 55 boys with tears in their eyes left the now quiet Disentis much to the joy of the hotel owner . . . in fact of the whole town! We arrived at 10.10 p.m. on Friday evening at Sunderland station, where we were met by our parents, who had also had a quiet ten days' holiday of peace and tranquility.

P. Robinson }  
R. H. Smith } 285  
P. Thursby }

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Long-lived?

Yes long-lived. Life expectancy ninety-three.

He wanted to see the ancient Post Office Tower.

To hell with these moving pedistrips!

Let me walk. Let me do something.

He walked a while. But he didn't get far.

"Hey, you! Stop loitering! Back onto the pedistrip!" came from behind him. "Come on, move it!"

Taylor turned.

"Move! Before—Oh, sorry citizen. I—I didn't know.

Let me help you on to the 'strip".

"Leave me", growled Taylor. "I'm not incapable".

He mounted the 'strip, and left the young Peaceman behind.

As he went along he thought.

'Age—twenty-two. Accepted as an attendant at Scotland Yard.  
Ancient Monument 17—C3'.

'Age forty. Honourably discharged. "You've been a good worker,  
Taylor, but we're afraid you must make way for a younger man".  
Let's face it, you're getting old'.

'Age fifty. Senior Citizen now. Let's face it, you're old'.

'Now age fifty-eight. After eighteen years of sheer wasted time  
of doing absolutely nothing, an idea. How to spend a few  
thrilling seconds'.

A metal vocal chord or two churned out his arrival at the Tower.

"Ten sterling citizen", informed the young cashier. Young?

"Can I walk up?" asked Taylor.

"Walk up? But whatever for citizen? Why should you walk with  
the lifts in service?" said the young attendant. YOUNG?

So he paid and took the lifts.

At the top, moving along the platform he could see the whole of  
the easy, metal, cruel city. When he reached the door he knew  
was there, he dived at it and it burst open. He bolted up the  
STAIRS to the outer ariels. Going up he realized he was actually  
SWEATING!

Reaching the balcony he began to climb the ariel.

So! Half of country's population didn't reach the life expect-  
tancy. They died of boredom, or because of it committed  
suicide.

Reaching the end he stood up. He was going to be one of the  
half who didn't. Maybe he would land on some people and kill  
them. So what?

He was really saving those who wouldn't dare do it and others  
from reaching the boredom of Senior Citizenship.

A young attendant shouted "Stop Citizen!" A young attendant.  
So he jumped.

And was happy.

## COULD I BE HAPPY

*Characters:* Fred is a person who could be anybody but happens to be Fred.

*Quintent*—sophisticated, snobbish individual.

*Quintent:* Did you know that every three seconds a baby is born?

*Fred:* Yup!

*Quintent (sighing):* I shouldn't be here.

*Fred:* Yup!

*Quintent:* I should be in a penthouse above the common crowds with a gorgeous wife. I'd own a Rolls, of course.

*Fred (sarcastically):* Of course.

*Quintent:* I'd fling parties, invite well known people and . . . and . . . and . . . I'll be happy.

*Fred:* Yup! But only you'd lose the basic things in life, example, have you been in a pub?

*Quintent:* Of course not! (indignantly).

*Fred:* Well, you see what I mean.

*Quintent:* You know, I think you are right. In fact, I'm damn sure you're right. I'll even take a bus home. Could you tell me where the bus stop is?

*Fred:* Second stop down, roun' the corner.

*Quintent:* Goodbye, and thank you.

*Fred:* Ah, it's nowt; nowt at all. Ta-ta.

*Quintent:* Good God! The man's a genius.

*Quintent leaves running after a bus.*

*Fred:* The man's a fool. (opens a Rolls) Anyway, it leaves more for me.

David Wilson, 58





## JUST-IN

just in

Summer when the world is dry  
lovely the big  
ramshackled ice-cream van

sounds its horn far and wee

and bobandjohny come  
running from pictures and  
bowling alleys 'cause it's summer

when the world is drybeautiful

the funny  
ice-cream van sounds its horn  
far and wee  
and maryandjoan come hopping

from dancing schools and piano lessons 'cause  
it's summer

and

the  
flat-tyred

ice-cream van sounds its horn  
far  
and  
wee.

P. Graham, 4BP

## A CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM

Now, look, Man, it just isn't possible! I can't publish it! The public won't take it! You don't think anybody's stupid enough to believe all that rubbish about some guy who runs away from home, goes to sea, gets captured by some natives somewhere, escapes, sails half-way around the world in not much more than a canoe with a mast, gets rich quick, throws away the soft and easy life just to go to sea again, gets shipwrecked and winds up on a desert island, manages to live there for half his life, runs away from a footprint (which doesn't even run after him), bumps off a few cannibals in the middle of their tea, rescues this savage Clyde who reckons he's some kinda god or something along those lines, gets rescued himself and busts up a bunch of pretty tough mutineers in the process, then lives happily ever after, do you? Man, if that sells, my name's Robinson Crusoe!

R. Crusoe (Publisher)



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## PARODY OF POP

(with apologies to The Wailrus and The Carpenter)

Mozart and Beethoven

Were walking close at hand,  
They wept like anything to see  
The best scene in the land,  
If only this were cleared away  
They said it would be grand!

"If seven barbers with seven shears  
Cut away for half a year,  
Do you suppose" Beethoven said,  
"That they could get it clear?"  
"I doubt it," said old Mozart,  
And shed a bitter tear.

"O Beatles come and walk with us!"  
Beethoven did beseech.

"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,  
Along the briny beach,  
We cannot do with more than four,  
To give a hand to each."

The eldest Beetle looked at him  
But never aired a grouse.  
The eldest Beetle winked his eye,  
And twitched his heavy brows;  
Meaning to say he did not choose,  
To leave his country house.

But four young beat groups hurried up  
All eager for the treat.  
Their coats weren't brushed, their faces weren't washed,  
Their shoes weren't clean and neat,  
Which wasn't odd, because, you know,  
They hadn't any feet.

"The time has come," Beethoven said,  
"To talk of many things:  
Of drums; guitars; and amplifox  
And psychedelic strings;  
And why the scene is boiling-hot;  
And who can really sing."

"But wait a bit" the best group cried,  
"Before we have a chat:  
For some of us can hardly sing  
And all of us are flat."  
"No hurry," said old Mozart,  
They thanked him much for that.

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"Insecticide" Beethoven said,  
"Is what we chiefly need,  
Detergent and some soap besides  
Are very good indeed.  
Now, if you're ready, beat groups dead,  
We can begin to feed."

"It was so kind of you to come,  
And you are very nice."  
But Beethoven said nothing but,  
"Let's put them all on ice—  
I wish you were not quite so loud—  
I've had to tell you twice."

"I weep for you," old Mozart said,  
"I deeply sympathise."  
With sobs and tears he sorted out  
Those of the largest size,  
And tried in vain to keep the soap,  
Out of their bleary eyes.

"O Beat-groups," said Beethoven,  
You've had a pleasant run!  
Shall we be trotting home again?  
But answer came there none—  
And this was scarcely odd, because,  
They'd drowned everyone.

T. Armitage, L6 Sc. (1)

### THE OLD BEDAN

An old Bedan,  
With hair recedin',  
Fell off his hoe while weedin'.  
They put him to "beed" an'  
Now he's a "dead" un.

A. Watson, 2AP

### THE STORY OF THE THREE BEARS

Once upon a time there were three bears, and now there are  
hundreds.

N. Hepple, 2BP

### IN THE TRENCHES

I was standing in a pool of stagnant water feeling wet, cold, miserable and dirty. This more than anything was left in the trenches. It wasn't the fear of being killed, for all movement of troops on either side had come to a halt several weeks before. It was boredom, filth, lice and the unending hard biscuits and corned beef.

We knew each other like we knew ourselves, our families, friends, hopes, dreams; all these we confided to each other until there was nothing else to talk about, not even conversation to break the monotony. Thank God we would be relieved as soon as transport could move again.

N. Lake, 1BP

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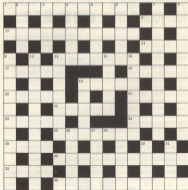
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## DOUBLE CROSSWORD

Below are two crosswords, either of which may be completed on the same framework, one Cryptic and one "Quickie". The crosswords are quite separate, with entirely different sets of answers. Solutions are on final page.



### DOUBLE CROSSWORD

**Cryptic**—for the connoisseurs by D.M.O.

#### ACROSS:

1. Providers of wedding rings, perhaps! (8-5)
9. The aria is not so high, we hear. (4)
10. Not female speech?—But it very frequently is! (11)
11. See the place. (4)
14. Craft to guide around before noon. (7)
17. The beginning of the overture is explicit. (5)
18. The upper crust in the literary world. (5)
19. A saint in charge after nothing is uncomplaining. (5)
20. The opera which began Toscanini's career? (5)
21. All right—a Greek letter for the African animal? (5)
22. Let out, as in Lee. (5)
23. Cuter representation. (5)
24. Dead is about right for temer. (5)
25. The unfortunate happens to become pens. (7)
29. Is unable to turn over. (4)
32. I'll hesitate in a boy's name, being enlightened. (11)
33. Laos is changed as well. (4)
34. Any censures are uncalled for. (11)

**DOWN:**

2. Sounds like he will cure the malady. (4)
3. Concerning the Spanish dance, 31 is back. (4)
4. Erect place is in hot surroundings. (5)
5. The special edition is superfluous. (5)
6. Slack to misplace about nothing. (5)
7. Tip came cold in no easy fashion. (11)
8. Both red firs are quite useless. (3, 3, 5)
12. Can be made to bowl (but it wouldn't be cricket!) (7, 4)
13. Though an illness of the interior, those in the interior do not suffer from it. (11)
14. Purloin the beginning with slyness. (7)
15. Western animal, but sounds like a cow to the east. (5)
16. Sets down musical revolvers. (7)
19. No schoolboy, but is often licked and stuck in the corner! (5)
26. No-one is out to be tired. (3, 2)
27. Behold America to the East—a parasite (5)
28. Revolve to one point for another! (5)
30. A man-to-man affair on the football field? (4)
31. The French queen of England gets a glance. (4)

by J.R.B.

**Quickie for the rest****ACROSS:**

1. Exact science
9. Thought
10. Build again
11. ... and the Detectives
14. Brewery driver
17. Could be real or virtual
18. Examination of accounts
19. Island off Greece
20. Affords much Pleasure
21. More sporty?
22. Join up
23. Not yes, ma'am (2, 3)
24. Modifications of sound
25. Ardently
29. Uproar
32. Good Friday food (3, 5, 3)
33. Not shut
34. Not needed

**DOWN:**

2. Gibraltarians?
3. A ring of wood
4. Hoarder of money
5. Late
6. Beverage made from chocolate tree
7. Frozen character (4, 7)
8. Does 'late to bed' imply this? (5, 2, 4)
12. Lounge
13. Thirteen in this (6, 5)
14. Set of teeth
15. Code
16. Mischievous
19. Stick
26. Very young oak tree
27. And so on, that is. (3, 2)
28. To free
30. Oxford river
31. German industrial district

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

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## THE DACHSHUND

Some people say I waddle as I walk,  
I object to this silly talk.  
They even say I'm ungainly—what's ungainly?  
I think I'm rather graceful—mainly.

One even said "They have a clumsy grace."  
But surely that is no disgrace.  
The experts have often said,  
"There's a twinkle in my pace."

Short legs—long body—low to ground,  
I admit I am easily found.  
But I'm sure I could be the perfect pal,  
For any man, woman, boy or gal.

B. Wilson, 2AP

## A CRY FROM THE WILDERNESS

They're rioting in Nigeria, they're starving in Spain,  
There's a hurricane in Cuba, and India needs rain.  
This world of ours is gangrenous with unhappy souls,  
The French hate the Germans, the Germans hate the Poles,  
Italians hate Yugoslavs, the Belgians hate the Dutch,  
And I don't like anybody very much.

But we can be tranquil and thankful and proud,  
For man has invented the mushroom-shaped cloud,  
And we know for certain that some lovely day  
Someone will pull the switch and blow us away.

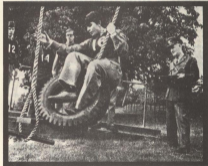
They're rioting in Nigeria; there's war in Vietnam;  
I don't fear Nature, but I fear my fellow man.

N. G. Reed  
L6 Science 2

There was a young lady named Perkins,  
Who was very fond of small gherkins;  
At the vicar's for tea,  
She ate forty-three,  
And pickled her internal workings.

A. Carter, 2B

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## POCKETS

Dapper civil servant with pinstriped trousers,  
Shiny bowler hat and a brolly on his arm,  
With pockets full of billet-doux,  
Taxi tickets, night-club cards,  
Financial letters and a brass lucky charm.

Dirty, hairy beatnik with moleskin jacket,  
Coming from the coffee bar as high as a kite,  
Pockets full of heroin,  
Cocaine powder,  
Drug syringe, beer bottle tops and cigarettes to light.

Happy First-year Bodan with tattered blazer,  
Slouching with his heart at ease beside the tennis courts,  
His pockets full of bits of string,  
Sweet papers, handkerchief,  
Bus tokens and a diary to hold his private thoughts.

J. P. Arthur, 4A

## DEFINITIONS

### *Spiders*

They are strange,  
Creepy,  
Fast light silent,  
They are horrible—  
Black.

### *Rugby*

A tough, boisterous, dirty game,  
15 'gainst 1 ain't fair!  
Crushed, battered, kicked and  
squashed  
Splat!  
You're in the mud—  
A broken pile of rubble.

### *Cross Country*

It's a tiring but healthy event,  
10, 20, 30 people, probably  
more,  
Weary legs like blocks of  
cement,  
Drip, drip,  
The sweat it's rolling,  
The line's ahead,  
But will I get there?

### *Rain*

It's a freezing thing,  
Wet!  
It soaks your clothes,  
And spoils your games,  
Swoosh!  
A pool is empty  
And it's all on me.

### *Contrast*

What happened?  
Quick party,  
Has everybody gone?  
I say has everybody gone?  
Lights out,  
No noise,  
Gulp  
I'm frightened!

### *The Catherine Wheel*

It's a fast revolving shape,  
The most colourful firework of  
them all,  
Swoosh!  
It revolves on a needle or pin,  
Then suddenly stops,  
And the colours are dim,  
This is the Catherine Wheel,  
Fastest of all.

S. Lawson, 1AP

see

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## PATRIOTISM AND A GIRLS' CHANGING ROOM

"Well, that's it," he said, blowing random smoke-rings with feeling.

The other turned his work-worn face towards his friend and lit a half-smoked Cadet with a snapped match.

"Comprehensive," he muttered as he singed the hairs in his nose, rolling the syllables around his tongue along with the smoke and a wad of disgusting chewing-gum.

The first fixed his sentimental gaze on a 'Joe loves sexy Annie Wilkinson' engraved on a cubicle door with a compass.

"You know, it won't be the same," he assured. "I mean being a Grammar school job is something but being a Comprehensive job . . ." His expression said the rest.

"You're right," the other agreed with him. "We're not wanted anymore at Grammar lot. We're finished. Gone!"

"Extinct!"

"Eh?"

"We're extinct. A dying creed."

The two looked at each other, smoked and thought.

"You're right," the other said, at length. "Dead right."

The other's emotions rose with venom.

"I'll leave!" he cried. "Get out! Ne'er to return! They'll not get me comprehensivised. Not me. I'd rather die first."

All good stuff.

"Where will you go?"

"I got 'O'-levels, mate! I'm not in the Remove for nothing. God! the World's at my fingertips. R.I. and Woodwork, grades five and six respectively, mean something these days. Rare, mate, rare! Odd combination! Not to mention the two attempts at English Lang. Both nines, mate, but nearer eights, if you ask me. I got good diction, and that means something."

"What?"

No answer did return. Emotion was too high. Instead, the first pulled out a bottle of milk from his pocket and drank it plaintively, moving his gaze to a "John Coates stinks" in black marker ink. He stopped drinking awhile and looked around him. Sentiment welled.

"This place has got tradition," he observed, with milk around his mouth and down the front of his pink shirt. "Good English tradition. Not like them new schools. Architectural monstrosities. Glass everywhere. You can see right in from the top deck of a bus when you're going past them places. But this place. Old, mature and good. Sturdy and steadfast. Certain!"



"Girls swimming," the other said, glassy-eyed.

His friend looked at him.

"Eh?"

"In them swimming pools in the new schools. You can see in on a dinner-time. Marvellous!"

The other got excited.

"Where's this, then?" he asked, standing on his dog-end.

"In all the new ones."

"You never told me!"

"You never asked."

"Well, you're gonna show me on the way home. You know I envy them Comprehensive lot."

"Yeah?"

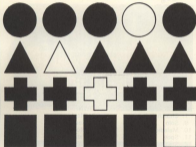
"Yeah. Better than here. Who'd wanta go here if they had a choice. You know, mate, I've always said Comprehensive schools were a damn' good idea. I mean Grammar schools. Too old. Dated, mate."

"Yeah."

Mike Boundy, L6 Arts (1)

Polly put the kettle on,  
Polly put the kettle on,  
Polly put the kettle on,  
They've all come for tea.

Sukie take it off again,  
Sukie take it off again,  
Sukie take it off again,  
They want lemonade.



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### Crossword solutions.

#### Cryptic:

##### ACROSS:

1. Church-bells
9. Solo
10. Malediction
11. Spot
14. Steamer
17. Overt
18. Elite
19. Stoic
20. Tosca
21. Okapi
22. Lease
23. Recut
24. Dread
25. Mapless
28. Cent
32. Illuminated
33. Also
34. Unnecessary

##### DOWN:

2. Meal
3. Reef
4. Moist
5. Extra
6. Loose
7. Complicated
8. For the birds
12. Potter's Clay
13. Seasickness
14. Stealth
15. Moose
16. Records
19. Stamp
26. All in
27. Louse
28. Spine
30. Pass
31. Leer

#### Quickie:

ACROSS: 1. Mathematics. 9. Idea. 10. Reconstruct. 11. Emil. 14. Drayman. 17. Image. 18. Audit. 19. Corfu. 20. Treat. 21. Gamer. 22. Unite. 23. No sir. 24. Tones. 25. Eagerly. 29. Riot. 32. Hot cross bun. 33. Open. 34. Unnecessary.

DOWN: 2. Apex. 3. Hoof. 4. Miser. 5. Tardy. 6. Cocoa. 7. Adam Adamant. 8. Early to rise. 12. Sitting-room. 13. Baker's Dozen. 14. Denture. 15. Morse. 16. Naughty. 19. Cling. 26. Acom. 27. Etc. i.e. 28. Loose. 30. Isis. 31. Ruhr.





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9th Class	9	Mr. J. H. G. G. G.
10th Class	10	Mr. J. H. G. G. G.

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6th Class	6	Mr. J. H. G. G. G.
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8th Class	8	Mr. J. H. G. G. G.
9th Class	9	Mr. J. H. G. G. G.
10th Class	10	Mr. J. H. G. G. G.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The editors wish to acknowledge, with thanks, the excellent illustration work done for this issue by D. Batty, J. Bullock, T. Moore and M. C. Wilson.



For them raidfaeras  
thonsnottura  
to ymbhyggannas,  
hwaet his gastes  
softer deothdaege

naenig uniuorthil  
than him tharf sie,  
aer his hiniongas,  
godas aethra yfloc  
doemid uueorthas

ΟΙ ΑΓΗΡΑΟΙ ΜΑΧΑΙ  
ΤΟ ΤΣ ΠΕΡΕΑΣ ΕΝΙΚΗ



