

BEDAN'68



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BEDAN

The Magazine of Bede School, Sunderland.

1967-68

' Post tenebras lux '

Editorial Committee :

Bruce Hammal	Ian Squires	Alastair Wheeler	
Judith Ahl	Marjorie Bailey	Carol Barnes	Ann Bulmer
John Bistleton	Jon Fine	Robert McKeith	

EDITORIAL

' Is this the **Bedan** I see before me ?'

Yes once again we have astounded somebody and pleased nobody by making the magazine available to everybody at the giveaway, once only price of 2/6 (that's 12½ new pennies to you readers) and no one can say it has been easy. Even as we write this in our office (otherwise the weight-training room) the mission of illiteracy are all around us; the Advertising Manager is pinned to the floor by a 300lb. weight carelessly left lying around by some would-be Louis Martin in the fifth form; the copy editor armed only with last night's Sunderland Echo and his Personal Private Timetable is fighting off the incessant attacks of a karate expert, who trains as we write; whilst the sub-editor, removing a light-weight glass fibre javelin from his thigh, placed there in jest by a member of the gym staff, is attempting to placate an irate member of the classics department and convince him that a base remark, made from the windows of our cell, was not after all intended for him.

With a heavy heart we must say that even the schools themselves were reluctant to help (with the exception of those who did at least put pen to paper). Apathy reigns supreme and the general reaction on being asked to write for the magazine is, "Eeh, why Ah canna write". How true, how true. Even those threatened with physical violence refused to make some contribution—they will never be quite the same again. Nevertheless **BEDAN** exists, despite all, we categorically deny that all the articles were written by the committee. We still have some friends.

We are not seeking retribution (not much we aren't, mate!) and despite exponents of the noble arts, weight lifters, perpetual sirens and little boys in flannels dying cricket pads cream, we have produced for you this amazing and incomparable magazine.

From the bowels of the school we have a glorious view of the rapidly diminishing playing fields and the ubiquitous "pre-fabs". Oh, many's the afternoon we have stood on each other's shoulders and squinted through the cracked and dirty windows at the foot passing outside, wondering what new hell was awaiting them. The entertainments over, we descend the window sills and, not having very much to 'edit', lie on the floor and contemplate the names carved in soot and nicotine on the ceiling—Bengy . . . Big Alf . . . Scratch . . . Herbert . . . Desdemona. Desdemona! Of course, a girl! We're quick like that you know. Not that we see many of the opposite sex down here in Dante's Inferno, but we do know about them. And that's another thing to remember in your prayers tonight.

So, as an air of organised chaos descends quietly upon this cultural Valhalla, and the inebriating aroma of confusion percolates the inner sanctum of educational efficiency, let us gird up our loins, hold in our hearts a little tolerance for those around us and remember these famous words:

"Please do not shoot the pianist, he's doing his best!"

Ian Squires, Bruce Hummel, Alastair Wheeler.

VALETE *Many hearts we wish we could ease the school, these
some were reluctant to help (with the exception of those who*

Undoubtedly, the most melancholy part of any school magazine is the formal farewell to those members of staff leaving us. This year we are losing into retirement five stalwarts of the school, and to them especially we wish a sad but fond farewell.

Miss D. M. Wilman retires this year after thirty six years with the school. Joining the staff in 1932 she has served under three of the four Girls' School's Headmistresses, and was acting deputy headmistress herself in the last two terms of the Girls' School. She became head of the Mathematics Department in 1936, and was evacuated to Richmond in 1939. An energetic woman, she inspired many with her own love of maths. As both maths teacher and form mistress she expected of her pupils the same high standard which she set herself. In a lifetime of devoted service to the school she has made a notable contribution to its traditions and standards, and is now teaching a second generation of pupils. Higher Certificate Mathematics only became a principal subject after Miss Wilman came, and in the later years of the school many girls studied mathematics at 'A' Level. Her many extra-curricular activities include school expeditions to Belgium and Austria, and the organisation of charity collections.

War-time saw the arrival of Miss D. Harding, in 1941, as an assistant science mistress at the Girls' School. In time she became head of the Biology Department. Her enthusiasm for her subject is matched only by her interest in the pupils, and she has always had large numbers in the Biology Sixth Form. Outspoken and forthright, a mistress of the Seventh Form for many years, she demanded from herself and from her pupils a high standard of conduct and attainment. She accompanied several expeditions to the Edinburgh Festival, organised by Miss Bernard.

Mr. J. Harrison is also retiring this year. He joined the staff of the Boys' School in 1932 as an assistant art master, and subsequently became head of the Art Department. He has taught art throughout the school, and his work is greatly appreciated, especially by those with an artistic bent. His son was a pupil at the school, and is now studying for his Ph.D. at Cambridge.

Mr. G. B. Thompson retires this year after twenty two years with the Boys' School. An Old Bedan himself, he joined the staff in 1946. He has taught History throughout the school, and it seems difficult to imagine the History Department without him. In his earlier, and perhaps more energetic days, he organised the school tennis. Mr. Thompson and his equally well loved brother became almost an institution within the school. He has always been well known for his wit and good humour, and his going leaves a gap impossible to fill.

Mr. J. Kirk joined the staff of the Boys' School in 1947. He has developed in many of his pupils a musical appreciation, and his work has left two generations of pupils better men. He has organised a school orchestra, a choir, and many concerts. His main extra-curricular interest has been sport. Three sons have passed through the school, a credit to it and to their father.

The departure of these long-standing members of the staff is a great loss to the school. It will be impossible to replace such masters and mistresses, whose many years of devoted service, unceasingly given, have been a shining example to pupils past and present. Their going must surely mean an end of an era. We wish them a long, healthy, and happy retirement.

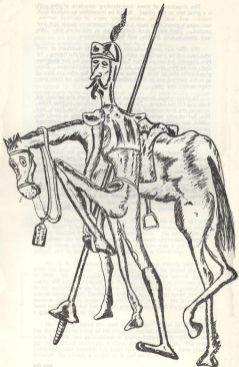
We offer our congratulations to those lady members of staff who have left to provide us with possible pupils of the future. To Mrs. Phipps, for her daughter Ruth; to Mrs. Blair, for her daughter Gail; and to Mrs. Hodgkinson, for her son Thomas Lancelot. Congratulations also to Miss Trotter and Miss Marley who are leaving us to be married and to Mr. Laidler and Miss Heslop on their marriage earlier this year.

To those whose careers have taken them from the school, we wish luck for the future. To Mrs. Baron at Gosforth; to Miss Blake-more at the International School at Hamburg; to Mrs. Neale, and Mrs. Berrell who came to the rescue in our moments of need; the school was indeed fortunate to find such keen and experienced people - we wish them well in their future careers. Goodbye also to Mrs. Orbeck, Mrs. Ferry and Mrs. Beveridge, for their invaluable contributions, we thank them.

It is farewell too for Mr. Blair, who is leaving for Southmoor Technical School to take up the post of head of the Geography Department. Goodbye also to Mr. Hamnal, now at Richmond, Mr. Fairbank, now at South Shields, and Mr. Ure. Mr. Hodgson has been seconded to Hull University.

To all those who are leaving us this year, we give our best wishes. We bid them goodbye, good luck and thank you.

Jon Fine LY12



(The darkest knight that ever saw the light of day)

- Don Quixelot galloped, as sly as a fox,
As tall as a tree, but though strong as an ox
This running about soon tired him, of course,
So he used all his coupons and bought him a horse.
Now on the look-out for wrongs to put right
And damsels to rescue, was this brave knight.
He would jump on his horse and be off straight away,
Then he got on again and rode round all the day.
He soon saw a dragon, decided to fight,
They battled all day and into the night.
At last said the dragon, with fearful shriek:
"It's time for me tea. Can you come back next week?"
The following August, next week came around,
But the naughty old dragon was not to be found,
Said valiant knight "He's not done what he said,
So I'll go off to search and just see if he's dead."
He discovered the dragon locked up in a jail,
When asked what he did there, he uttered this tale:
"One day with me hot breath some flames I had fired
When me license to flame had just gone and expired.
Me defence was cut-iron and couldn't have failed,
But something went wrong and that's why I was jailed.
Me watch, it had stopped, and so, don't you see!
It said half-past July when 'twas quarter to three.
I looked at the jury, but to my dismay,
Found clocks were abolished the previous day.
Although I'm imprisoned, I still shouldn't cry for
Me sentence of death was commuted to life or
A sixpenny fine, which I just couldn't pay.
So here I shall be till I wither away."
If you see a knight who's trying to raise money,
Don't think he is simple, or queer, or funny,
And into his cup don't throw buttons or crash in,
He's waiting till dragons come back into fashion.

Written with the Lady, the Knight and the
His name, *Quixelot*, *Quixelot* *Quixelot*
"Oh, my *Quixelot*!" *Quixelot*
Wherewith these names have *Quixelot* *Quixelot*
Annoyed. Praised be the Lord for *Quixelot*
Arms and Arms.

HERMAN AND THE WHOLY MEN: Bruce Mammal LV13
(and muscle-bound at that)

Herman J. Floosk lay on his back soaking up the Mediterranean sun with all the energy he could muster. The oil glistened on his fat, hairy body and he looked for all the world like an overgrown chip. A fly, struggling its way through the dense oily jungle of black hair, roared Herman with its tickling feet and he spread it over his belly with a smack that sent his fat into waves like those of the sea a few yards away from him.

**With his own right hand and with his holy
arm: hath he gotten himself the victory**

He smiled. Herman was a big man now, as the size of his paunch mirrored—in the States the amount of fat closely reflected the amount of success. Herman was very successful and thus very fat. He hadn't always been successful—

YES SIR! I WAS A SEVEN STONE WEAKLING!

—and he had worked up from the bottom, carefully stepping on everyone he could on the way.

**AND THANKS TO YOUR COURSE, I'M NOW A TWENTY
SEVEN STONE WEAKLING!**

Yes sir, Herman was a big man—when he said jump, they all jumped (at least the unsuccessful ones did, the executives just shook their bellies).

A sudden cold breeze made Herman scowl. He cursed it and it stopped. Herman smiled again.

Oh sing unto the Lord a new song

For he hath done marvellous things

Yes, Herman was the biggest there was. There'd been competition at first, but not for long.

**They that dwell in the wilderness shall kneel
before him,**

His enemies shall lick the dust.

The sound of music came drifting spasmodically across the sands. Herman opened one eye and saw a pretty young girl with a transistor, snapping her fingers and generally grating to the tiny sound.

Praise him in the cymbals and dances:

Praise him upon the strings and pipe

'Turn that goddamn thing off!'

'Drop dead, daddy!'

**Let hot burning coals fall upon them: let them be
cast into the fire and into the pit that they never
rise up again**

'Turn it off, will ya!'

'Ah, beat it!'

**If they break my statutes, and keep not my com-
mandments:**

I will visit their offences with the rod,

And their sins with scourges

'O.K., Honey, I'll come an' turn the blamed thing off myself!'

'Hey! Knock it off, bud!'

'I say!'

'Mon dieu—quel scelerat!'

'Mein Gott—was löuzy Yank!'

'Mama mia!'

'Push off, you scam!'

'Take one step near her, Mac, an' I'll beat your löuzy
brains in!'

'Hoi sassi!

'Me too, old fruit!

'Ja'

'Si!

Many oxen are come about me: Fat bulls of
Bassan close me in on every side

'You can't do dis to me! D'ya know who I am?'

'Sure, some fat punk who can't mind his own business!'

'Il est fou!'

'Let's give the old a lesson, what?'

'Si!'

'Ja!'

Break their teeth O God in their mouths:
Smite the jaw bones of the lions, O Lord: Let them
Fall away like water that runneth away; and
When they shoot their arrows let them be rooted out.

KAPOWEE! ! !

'That'll teach him!'

'I'll say, what?'

'Sans doute!'

'Guten Tag!'

'Haito bene!'

I am feeble and sore smitten: I have roared
For the very disquietness of my heart

'O.K., honey bunch!'

'I say, are you all right, sweetie pie!'

'Comment va-tu ma chouchou cheri!'

'Lernen sie sich an mich.'

'Pupils dei miei occhi.'

'Well, thank you boys!'

Herman carefully raised his tormented body from the sand
and inspected his wounds. No abdominal injuries—his success
had prevented that—only a few red marks where fists had sunk
into the protective layer. His face though.

'Ooh, bunch a' hoods!'

As he spat out a gold tooth and gently caressed a puffy eye.

'Lousy punks'

He shall recompense them in their wickedness
And destroy them in their own malice: yea the
Lord our God shall destroy them.

'Where did you boys get so strong!'

'HONEY, AH USED TO BE AS WEAK AS A KITTEN UNTIL
I TRIED HERMAN J. PLOOSK'S MIRACLE BODY BUILDING
COURSE'

'I say, old boy, you too!'

'EH OUI, HERMAN J. PLOOSK, TRES BIEN! MAINTEN-
ANT JE SUIS TRES FORT!'

'Ja, Herman J. Ploosk, Gut No?'

'Haito bene—Hermano!'

Ascribe unto the Lord the honour due unto
His name; bring presents and come into his courts.

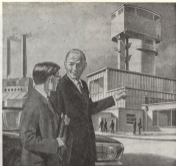
'Ooh, my eye—sunumbitch!'

Wherewith thine enemies have blasphemed
Thee, and slandered the footsteps of thine
Anointed. Praised be the Lord for evermore.
Amen and Amen.

THE GOOD TIMES ARE COMIN' Michael Boundy Uvi
(a poem about the bomb—again!)

Whoops, it's happened,
The bomb is a-droppin'
I'm sittin' here barrin'
I think I've caught flu.
Your face is a-melting,
Have you caught it too?
And look at that sky,
In shades of red,
You've started to sing, man,
You got cold, go to bed.
There goes the mushroom,
The Chinese are startin'
Your hair is gone man,
Only your head has a pertin'.
Is this the end
Like the poems have said?
You are decaying, baby,
Please go to bed.
I've gotta type this message,
It's the END of the land.
Whoops, my arm's fallen off,
I'll type with one hand.
Here comes the Commies,
This is gettin' big!
Lead me the spade, bud,
I got something to dig!
I gotta go, man,
Who's Sarnt the door,
Now that my eyes've gone
Nothing matters no more.
I can feel myself goin'
I think I'll cry,
Check out the colour
Of that crazy sky.
Hep, man, where are you?
You're just a pool on the floor,
Why couldn't you melt somewhere else?
God, you've made me sore!
Well, here comes the bomb, kid,
Get ready to go, kid,
In years to come,
They'll forget what they did,
There'll be a lot of forgivin'
Lee's turn on the radio
And see just what's given
It's all right, Pool/George/Frank/whoever you are
It's an April fool

This epic, if sung to the tune of *Roll out the Barrell* makes a good protest song/Xmas carol. If sung to the tune of *The Red Flag*, anyone'll tell you it doesn't fit: Voice of the younger Generation—Michael E. Boundy—with Xavier Cugat's rhythm section, the Big Ben Banjo Band, Paul Newman and the Seventeenth Century Gymnastics Class)



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INQUIRIES TO

Mr. E. Hall
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I went into the house
 I knew I was late; by their faces
 I could see they were angry.
 Accusing eyes
 Watching the clock,
 Their mouths opened; A
 Flood of angry words poured out . . .
 The worry I had caused them,
 The anguish they had suffered.
 I waited, till
 Their anger had died down.
 I answered quietly their
 Enquiring questions,
 I went to bed thinking
 About the threat of
 No parties
 No dances
 For a month—
 Knowing it would never be fulfilled.

RAIN :

Colin Usher 3 AP

It began with spasmodic bursts like rifle-fire
 ended with a sudden fall in the storm
 but in the middle it was a fusillade
 of nature's madness.
 Rain,
 with its wetness
 its woeful, dank smell
 and its ceaseless dropping on the window.

Pools, mud, dripping leaves and
 sodden stalks of grass.
 Grey heavens catapulting the rain earthwards.
 Mother nature avenges the destruction of her helpless children.
 Then it ends,
 Suddenly.



CERBERUS :

adapted from Virgil's *Aeneid* VI describing the three headed dog, Cerberus.

The barking from the three throats
Of Hades Hell's guard couched in the cave
nearby

Causes the kingdom of the dead
To echo its reply.
His neck encircled with fanged snakes,
The noble prophet sees and offers
A poison cake of honeyed fruit
With drowsiness contained.
With hunger mad, the sop he takes
And, barded in a drunken sleep
Unbends his back and stretches out
Immense, throughout the cave.
The Trojan creeps towards the dog
And, seizing the unguarded realm,
Quickly passes the Stygian bank
Of the flood of no return.

David Taylor

Lviii

**B.B.C. tea-pots, B.B.C. biscuits, and
B.B.C. Mike Neville.**

It was raining outside. The tall, bronzed, bespectacled figure of Mike Neville glided smoothly through the studio door.

"Ah, found you at last."

We recovered our composure only to have it shattered again by a voluptuous nubile figure which intruded her way past the door with a tray of tea-pots in outstretched arms.

"What, teapots! First time I've ever seen a tea pot in this joint," and, added facetiously, "I'll be mum".

Flexing all fingers at once, he placed sugar in his cup and began to stir. Silence descended. There was a sound of tea cups, B.B.C. tea cups.

"You know, when you say you've been to interview Mike Neville, they'll say Mike Neville, who's he?"—and so he proceeded to tell us who Mike Neville was.

His first tentative steps into the world of journalism were taken at the age of sixteen as a Junior Editorial Assistant in the Newcastle office of a national daily paper, under the pretext that he could write shorthand at 60 w.p.m. However the day came, as such days invariably do, when—his typewriter having broken down—Mike had to take dictation in shorthand. Being able to write no more than 15 w.p.m., he was soon in trouble. The news editor was prompted to remark, "Ere, lad, you got this job under false pretences, delin' yer?"

The gods still refused to smile as he moved into a more fluid job with a nameless tatty repertory company and a date at a seaside chauxe perched on a pier. The theatre had been launched many years earlier and had never really recovered. Thus, one night, during a quick change in the dark, Mike, having descended the stairs into the "start" dressing room, was almost carried away by a tidal wave! which nearly drowned his knee-caps.

Continuing his wanderings, he swam on in the stream of life to that sun-drenched playground of the rich—Blyth!

"Rotten place—met my wife there." !

His cultural activities continued in Scaenhorpe with a certain play. "It was filled with incest, murder and rape—all on stage; that bit was fun."

After that the company moved on to Darlington. One night, having missed every available form of Transport, he arrived at the theatre too late for his first entrance. The audience had been told that there had been an accident and Mike, like the great showman he is, played the next act with a convincing limp.

"They were a lovely audience—all twenty five of them."

In the wings the stage manager explained that the audience were under the impression that it was Mike's parents who had had the accident.

"Well, I mean, I've played the whole thing with a limp, ain't I!"

Exit Mike pursued by a tearful stage manager leaving the leading lady clutching a bunch of plastic bananas (plastic bananas!)

The next morning, all wrath spent (on beer) he returned to the grindstone. He started off the day in his usual manner by going into the chorus girls' dressing room (there were no chorus girls in it at the time) to press his trousers. Inside, one of the huge mirrors was cracked from top to bottom. While wondering what prospective Snow White had asked a silly question and got a silly answer, the stage manager came in,

"Oh, I did that last night. I was in such a temper, I threw something at it."

"What?"

"Me, ducky, me!"

So, now we know who Mike Neville is, what does he do?

"Well I roll in about ten and knock off when the parking meter's up. I'm supposed to go home for lunch, but there's this pub on the corner and I never seem to make it round the corner to my house."

And there was the time when, having failed to come up with a fancy intro for a programme, the producer decided that Mike should do a straight walk across the studio to his desk and sit down. However the cable of Mike's mike got fastened under the feet of the cameraman and our intrepid hero, aware of the pressure around his neck nonchalantly, savely, sophisticatedly proceeded to choke.

"Here, flash, you're on me cable!"

Finally Mike's anguished cries reached the non too sympathetic ears of 'Flash' who promptly lifted his feet and precipitated Mike across the studio to cries of 'more!' So much so in fact that 1½ minutes of air space was lost.

Of course life isn't all girls and B.B.C. tea, he has to work sometimes (we're only joking), there is the odd action packed moment; when he was sent, for example to ride on a silkie (a silkie closely resembles a horse, two wheels, an axle and a seat!) Like a charioteer of yore, Mike set off on his world beating ride. Unfortunately he did not realise that such horses are like the Chinese, they do everything backwards. Thus when tugging at the reins merely succeeded in sending the horse into fits of acceleration, exit Mike in a cloud of dust and pebbles!

There was a lot more, but that's all we've space for.

Thanks, Mike.

(Interview by the editors)

Agent 0061, known internationally as 006.333 recurring, real name Nelson Horatio, was cornered in a blind alley. His arch enemy, Ernst Nigel Blofeld, was bellowing orders with his infamous stentorian vocal cords (code-name: Thundergutz) to his henchman Unusual Task, alias Oddjob, who was approaching Nelson with his lethal gold-plated tizzer aimed menacingly at the secret agent's jugular vein. Waiting till the last microsecond, Nelson pressed his middle shirt button and a secret panel in his trousers slid silently open to reveal a seedy Soho night club, into which he disappeared and was soon lost among the crowd. Little did he realise, as he sat down to drink an ice-cube laced with vodka/oni, shaken not stirred, that Unusual Task, having been catapulted half-way across London by the spring-loaded second hand of his 17 jewel Swiss-proof (curse those neutrals) Batman watch, was homing in on his left ear, secretly impregnated with radio-active alternahe. Suddenly, Nelson felt a tingling sensation in his hyper-reactive long-range shoe-laces that warned him of danger. Without turning he shot a glance at the mirror in front of him and saw the reflection of a face at the window. Immediately he recognised it; it was the same window that had always been there. The face looked familiar too. It was Unusual Task, who was setting up a high-powered laser to cut his opponent in two. But Nelson had seen the film, and dashed outside to confront the beaming Chinaman. "Ah so! We meet at last!" Nelson couldn't think of a witty reply, so he leapt, emulating Tarzan, his hero, onto the neon sign outside the building from where, as it was dark, he aimed a blow with the night-club which narrowly missed and made the great hole which is immortalised to this day in Nelson's honour at Trafalgar Square. But the fight was not yet won. Swinging from his perch he hit Unusual Task in his centre of gravity with a force equal to the inverse square root of his mass, sending the Chinaman hurtling through the window, and putting a chink in the mirror. Knowing that a broken mirror meant seven years bad luck, and that a secret agent with bad luck is worse than no agent at all, he leapt onto his time bicycle, preparing to go seven years ahead in time to avoid his bad luck. But by evil chance (or could it have been Blofeld's scheming?) the time machine became perpetually stuck in the twilight zone between the 4th. and 5th. dimensions, known as B.B.C.1

Bad Luck.

AFTER A FOX HUNT :

David Usher 3AP

I entered the clearing through a gap of disrupted bracken,
And there I saw it, saw the miserable creature
The cause of our fine day's sport which had amused us so well,
Frenzied and broken.
It looked up with dreamy and drunken eyes
And through those eyes I viewed the misery we'd caused it.
The fox renounced for his cunning and elusiveness lying before me
Torn and beaten as if to the very earth from where she came,
By a pack of man-trained hounds.
Her silky brush, her pride and glory, no longer even a tail,
Her earth-brown fur protrudes in ugly lumps
Liberating long thin streams of weak, plasmatic blood,
To dry forming mud brown stains.
Countless beads of perspiration chafelled their way
To fill her hot and fiery eyes
Which blazed with inconceivable torment.
Hot, white foam lined the lip of her slack lower jaw
Irritably.
An orb of misty water slowly appeared from her eye,
Thinking about the litter of cubs she left behind
Unprotected and never to know the ways of man.
By now her heart had lost trace of its rhythmical beat
She blinked, knocking the mysterious droplet
To the joint of her lips.
There she tried feebly to get at it, but soon sank back
To rest.
I approached her, she did not mind when I plucked a hideous barb
from her ear,
She was dead.

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(Blindfold Street Corner)

He moved to the front of the bus and took a seat. The conductor came up the aisle shouting, "Fares please." He handed the conductor his money. The machine clicked and the conductor gave him a ticket. He rolled it between his fingers and then began to chew the end of it.

The world exploded around him.

The dull bus suddenly became a tunnel of light. Colours broke in through the windows. The drab grey and green of the interior was washed over by a flood of bright yellow light, as the bus turned a corner and caught the sun. The chrome poles became glistening pillars of ether. The window frames were surrounded by Saint Elmo's fire. Through the glass he saw the traffic lights. The red was the blood which flowed through his eyes. The green was green. And the amber climbed onto his mind. The bus left the traffic lights but the new amber remained with him. His world was now amber. He could see nothing but amber and heard only amber sound, beating on his face.

Then he shut his eyes and saw black as he had never done before. A black-black picture with just a little amber filtering in as the frame.

The sound of the engine was one long, smooth violin note which he heard through his face. When he opened his eyes again he took in the floor. The grooves in it became his palm and he was standing on it. The nail heads in it were droplets of sweat which sparkled like coal. He followed the grooves and saw that they led to a brilliant T.V. commercial, whiter than white brilliance. But this whiteness was marred by an abrupt, jet echoing voice shouting, "Terminus." The whiteness became a drain down which amber, red, silver, green, yellow and black poured. It was all gone.

His mouth opened and the chewed up ticket fluttered to the floor. He trampled it as he stood up.

NEW HANDY EVANESCENCE

(In a jumbo size dispenser)

George Nicholson Uv15

Salubrious ergotocracy, where
 Bureaucrats are unemployed men, wading fat their ploy.
 Third class finer now by far is than the first,
 Since three is greater than one numerically, so we're told.
 Here we can be free, for intellect breeds
 Bumbledom, that canker of the capitalist world.
 Think what sense government
 Has created for us, so we can work less for more pay:
 Paper handkerchiefs, false facades for street
 And woman-like, new sham idols, rid of ideals,
 Fine mint educated robots, free to chant eulogy.
 So they thought, correct—all dispensable—
 For in the murky depths of suburbia, the youngest child
 Awaits the freedom, the pillar-of-salt euthanasia.

The rain poured down. The floor was flooded. The team gazed stupidly out of the window, little realizing that their Guinness was going flat.

"Deen bloody English," began Logan, and stopped. He was not given to verbosity. Logan's face was comparable to rock, hewn from the Bogenrah Mountains, thrust together by volcanic force. Next to Australia, Logan's face was nature's biggest mistake to date. And those eyebrows, Christ, they were like forests. Doomed one day to meet above his nose. This handsome freak hated everyone, and everyone hated him. He was so typical . . . and Catholic.

Opposite Logan sat Scainbeck and Murphy. The former was a Jew, and thus hated Logan. Murphy was a Protestant and loved everyone. Murphy was a hypocrite. Apart from being a hypocrite, his only claim to fame was his mediocrity for which he was renowned. He looked average and felt average, and God, he was average. Murphy was a small man and he knew it. On the face of things he was resigned, but inside, oh, deep inside, he felt he could be a world-beater.

Murphy looked at Logan . . . and resigned himself. Haze grew, forested. Radio waves emanated from each man's forehead to his companion, Murphy, Logan, Scainbeck, "I hate you, I hate you, ye black Irish . . ." No-one loved them and they despised each other.

Dillon sat in the corner. He was 'chapel'. He was physically and mentally weaker than the other three and . . . Oh yes . . . he was 'chapel'. The three turned on him, each faced Dillon; they could have killed him.

They felt warmer inside.



A MAN...
IN A BOTTLE!

The plane door opened and the noise of the wind rushing in drowned out the sound of the engine. The jumper moved to the door and leaned out, his breath caught by the wind. He moved out and pushed himself away from the wing.

He was floating on air and spun a little. The weight of the parachute on his back was no longer there. He wasn't aware of any weight in his body. All he could feel was the air rushing past him. He looked down and saw the lacework of the land below. The network of fields and the centre of his vision, the white cross he was aiming for.

He tried a little aerobatics, spinning and somersaulting while falling at about a hundred and twenty miles an hour. He looked at his skimeter, 2200 ft., time to pull his ripcord. The pull ring of the release came off in his hand. He fumbled, keeping calm, trying to pull the exposed cord below. It was no good. He yanked the release of the safety chute. The white cloth covered his face and he realised by the pulling on his legs that it had tangled. And he kept on falling, twisting down at one hundred and twenty. Now he could panic. He tore the fabric of the chute from his face and saw that he was down to a thousand feet. There was nothing he could do. He was going to die and he was helpless.

He had often heard that your past life flashed by you in a few moments before you died, but his didn't. All he could think of was that he was going to die. And he thought of his wife. Tears welled in his eyes. This was death.

The ground rushed up to meet him.

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Level A. Josh Vernon stood surveying his life. He saw, in a hazy mental picture, his A-Level exams sneaking over the horizon of a burnt desert, whilst behind him happiness ran off, laughing, arm in arm with Christmas which had been his work's starting pistol. He saw his poor, forlorn soul standing, eyes swollen and bloodshot, the whites yellowed and jaundiced, scorched from absorbing print, hour after hour, day after day, as it looked at the approaching disaster that had Jane's sun shining above it and was mocking him, saying: "Tough breaks, Joshy baby!" And between his shattered soul and the rumbling monster lay books; thousands of books, their pages open but their prose tightly locked, ensuring that Josh would not appreciate their content, no matter how often he read them.

And amongst them sat a smaller Josh Vernon in a little room with an echoing silence, his head bowed, a book on his knee and insanity just around the corner, while the text bawled at him: "I'm incomprehensible to you, Josh, man, and to nobody else!" while Josh grew smaller and weaker.

And the whole dark blue vision was lit by a dying sun as it sank into the dark pool of his future.

This is what Josh Vernon saw, directly in front of him as he stood, books in his hand, ready; then he turned and smiled as he dropped the books, because behind him was a sun-land with a beach and a landscape, and the whole thing was yellow except one part which was purple and hazy. It moved neither up nor down and never came closer, and this was Josh's future. It smiled and spoke softly. "I'm gonna be alright!" it said.

"Sure you are, man," said Josh quietly and lay down on the beach.



In such moments as these one is hyper-sensitive. I can feel my hair growing and my teeth decaying. The background fades and we are left alone. He and I could have been nature's sole creations.

If I could leap from the chair, fling back the walls like curtains and surge up into the sky never to return to a Maths lesson . . . glance through the window for help . . . Mums, she's nice . . . but that's all. I'm lost. I am rigid in the chair which has become part of me. If my head had dropped off, I couldn't have picked it up.

The life's work of someone is spread before me, and I stare meekly into the eyes of my aggressor. One of my eyes says, 'Sire, if the name of pi and all that's holy, spare me!' The other! if looks could kill, who'd be more dead! He grows and is sixteen feet three inches tall.

Our minds are quite open to each other and we read freely, yet the 'cat and mouse' continues . . . I wish I knew a good trick, it would go quite well. Please God make the bell ring.

It rings.

Ta.

He shrinks to sixteen feet four inches, but it is still there: my tortured mind slumps. Blinded by sweat and mentally crippled I open my mouth . . . not a word.

'Till tomorrow, then, mm, ah!'

I burn the air in my flight from the room and I am lost behind a haze of dust, pebbles and lies.

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REJECT :**J. R. Pattison S AP**

He closes the door with an air of finality,
Cutting him off from the outside world,
Which rejected him in every possible way.
He sits on a chair, the only piece of furniture
Ornamenting this wet, musty, hateful room.
His troubled mind longs for peaceful content
But he thinks, thinks of the insurmountable problems,
And looking at the stubble on his ugly face in the mirror,
He resolves to carry out the only possible course of action.
He searches and finds the tablets in the tinced bottle
Washing down the contents with cold tea.
The reject has found his place at last.

THE UNOBTAINABLE :**Marilyn Trotter Lvi?**

Everyone will find there is something just beyond his grip
Unobtainable;
Insubstantial;
Some ghostly form which appears, approaches,
Comes within reach—
You reach out—extend an arm,
Try to find something definite,
Something tangible;
But like a fleeting dream it slips away,
Eludes your groping hands,
Which desperately cling to the remnants of a mirage;
A spectrum
An image of something seen
Persisting when the eyes are closed.

THE COUNTRY : FIFTY FIFTY, THENTH **Kevin Buckle SA**

Along the path there the wind rushes
Now warm, now cold.
Those paths are hard and shining
From each there are gates
Which lead into the enclosed fields,
Into the future. Here dwell the insects,
Black, engrossed in incessant toil,
Along the paths crows may come,
Or birds of different feather, causing
Panic to the scattering prey.
They enter each into a separate field
And gorge themselves.
There in the far off fields
Are kinder birds.

The insects try to get there, but
The crows.
Perhaps, one day soon.

PLASTIC TIGER : **Kevin Buckle SA**

Plastic tiger walk and fight
Walk in town at dead of night.
Walk in country, walk on high
And watch as lower life moves by.
Plastic tiger with rubber claws
Trample life and break its doors.
Enter in and walk, so tall
You so big, and we so small.

HAN'ANDLING GRAVES : **homme extraordinaire**

Well friends, here I am again, happy as . . . well maybe not, in the circumstances. O.K. so you told me so—but is this the spirit that launched a thousand ships and burned the topless waitresses etc.? 'The Bedan' would be a work of art, and moreover enjoyable with it. There would be copies in every seat of learning, Oxford, Cambridge, Harvard, Yale—everywhere, a thing to be treasured, like the Dead Sea Scrolls and Embassy coupons. Alas (and slack) my hopes were in vain. Week after week I sat with slobbering bestial editors in that subterranean refuge known as the weighty, in imminent danger of extinction from flying karate blows and sweaty weightlifters.

But there was a job to be done, and who was the man to do it? Your guess is as good as mine, mate! If you are reading this now, then it means they got a magazine out after all. I wouldn't know, I'm taking it easy trying to get blood out of a stone at the South Pole. Take my advice; put on a pair of sensible shoes, get yourself a Ramblers' Guide and join me here. It's action packed compared with your place. Just a minute, who be this a' comin' over yonder rise? Good grief! It's them! Half a crown? What half crown? For the magazine! You must be joking mate. I'm in it? Half a crown, eh! Can't be bad. Here you are, let's have a look. Oh, yes . . . there I am. Quite a good magazine this. In fact worth double the price. "Han'andling Graves—homme extraordinaire!" Very true, very true indeed.



"Get out of my office! And don't bother to come back again. You're fired!"

Sadly, Jack Slade left his manager's office, and went out at the rear entrance of the Acme All Purpose Automatic Boot and Shoe Cleaners. He had never liked his job, and now it seemed he would have to search for another.

Having started his car he lay back against the seat and closed his eyes, the car having already been programmed to take him home. As he lay there, his face twisted into a smile. He was thinking how blissfully peaceful, yet full of activity, life in the dim past of the twentieth century had been. The smile grew till his whole face was glowing with joy. Then suddenly, it was shattered. The car had stopped.

Slowly he made his way towards the door of his house as his car put itself away in the garage. The front door whirred softly as it opened for him and closed after him with a slight metallic click. Once inside he was greeted by a faint hum mingled with whirrs and clicks. It was not loud, but irritating, and the whole house seemed alive.

In the process of removing his glasses, he dropped them with a clatter to the floor. Before he could even bend down to pick them up again, a metal arm had reached out and given them back to him. He called out for his wife, but heard no reply and concluded that she had gone to a neighbour's house and was watching the television screen there. They had no children, as his wife couldn't bear "the repulsive little creatures" as she called them.

Jack was a very lonely man. He rarely saw his wife; in any case she didn't care about him and was devoted to the television and all other machines. In fact everyone worshipped the machines and Jack was different. He hadn't a friend in the world. "But surely there's someone else like me, somewhere," he thought to himself.

He sat down at the table and pressed some of a battery of brightly coloured buttons. A few seconds later his meal appeared in the form of meaningless cubes, which on being, however, produced the desired flavour. A glass of the selected beverage also, a little later.

While meditating over his meal he became intrigued at the antics of a little mouse which had somehow gained entrance to the house. He crumbled some of his food and threw it to the mouse which readily consumed it, presumably not having eaten for days. The sight of the mouse sparked off a glow of happiness in Jack's eyes, and then to his horror, he suddenly remembered! . . . But

It was too late. The rodent exterminator had already chugged into action and was whirring across the floor towards a terrified mouse, hypnotized with fear. At the last moment the mouse's instinct and sense of danger overcame everything else, and it darted for the safety of a ventilator. Equally as fast, a metal grab shot out and broke the mouse's neck, and then deposited the remains in the incinerator.

Disappointed and deeply fatigued, Jack decided to take a shower to refresh himself. While standing amid the shower of cool water he soon forgot the sadness which the mouse's death had caused him. Suddenly, he jerked his arm upwards as the mechanical scrubber reached a tender spot. Waiting for him as he stepped out from the shower were his clothes, cleaned, washed and pressed.

Having dressed, he went to the library and sat down, contemplating the formidable list of titles before him. Instead of books there were buttons; row upon row of buttons. He selected one, apparently at random, and sat down. An unearthly voice pierced every fibre of his body. "The Essentials of Modern Government," it began. Jack listened patiently to the first few chapters, then switched it off in disgust. How he longed to be able to read a book, a real book, just as people had done many years before. But nowhere was there a book to be read.

Jack just stood there, alone, and yet he wasn't alone. The house was with him. The house was alive. The incessant whirr was driving him mad. He had to do something about it. At last he had had enough of his melancholy and isolated existence. His first reaction was to rip out the electrical connections to the library. Then, he took a long metal rod and smashed the surrounding metal gadget. The death screams of the mouse came back to him, and he fought even more vigorously to destroy the machines. He derived an intense pleasure from smashing everything, in every room of the house. Then, silence! A silence full on the house that he had never felt before. It was so deathly still, that his own breathing resounded throughout the rooms. The whirring had stopped!

He stepped out into the chill of the night air and was carried along by the moving pavement. On the bridge he stepped off the pavement and gazed at the river beneath. Through the darkness he could make out the black outline of the trees and he saw a bird silhouetted against the starry heavens. Below him he could hear the waters gurgling along continuously. Standing on the bridge, he was alone, but at peace. Nothing could make him return now. He took a last look at the tranquillity of the starry sky, climbed onto the parapet of the bridge and launched himself into the air. As he disappeared beneath the black waters he knew he was free at last. A pair of rubber arms grasped him firmly, but not too tightly, round the waist. It was the mechanical life-saver.

ILLUSIONS OF MY HEROES : P. Candler 3A

I illusioned how two of man's heroes,
While living in this mellow core of this life,
Sought to part parallel paths
Because there was too much milk in the tea.

I illusioned how man's multitude of heaven-worshipped heroes,
Took two sides,
Because there was too much milk in the tea.

I illusioned how many brave workers and soldiers faithfully joined
their pinnacles,
For their pinnacles had forgot togetherness,
And drank their own sweet wine,
Buildings and progress fell to the guillotine of war.

And then illusions came to me of a woman with a child in her arms,
Falling superfluous to a hero's background,
But they died because two cowards sought to part parallel paths,
Because there was too much milk in the tea.

A TALE OF NO PITY : George Nicholson Uv15

On this land was never good
Outcome. Over the boundary
Of a single fence with weeds
Margold's are rooting freely.

Here is the refuse of life
Scattered without remembrance
Poor water here; glimpse a leaf
Of weed returned for finance.

Offal is a tragedy,
Son of ignorance and lies,
That tragedy is not free
From reluctant blaze eyes.

A foolish townsman to try
(Not even college knowledge)
To rob the rich, buy a dray
And claim the tip with no hedge.

Confuse the soil with rich peat,
(Worse so, with unground, the tip)
Farmers know, when it's too late,
Good intent must kill the crop.

The night was cold and silent,
 I opened the squeaky gate
 Carefully;
 Soakily, I crept inside.
 The gate moaned
 Disturbed.
 An upstairs light switched on
 And curtains drawn back,
 A cat!
 In the back door,
 Quick as a flash,
 Up the stairs
 Quietly,
 In my room at last.

NIGHT PROWLERS :

Lindsay Cunningham 211

Slinky bodies,
 Sly green eyes,
 Very cruel,
 Very wise,
 Treading soft
 On padded paws
 Past the dark
 Forbidding doors,
 Through the night
 Their vigil keep,
 While all the others
 Are asleep,
 Ears pricked,
 Tails held high
 Till the moon
 Has left the sky.

THE SONGS OF THE HEAVENS

GREY WALLS :

By Dorothy M. Johnson
Doreen Char'ton Lvl 2

Grey walls,
Plaster cracking, flaking;
Ink stains, dirt,
Clenched fists;
Sweating palms,
Face flushed . . .
Silence: pleading,
Isolating,
Panic! panic . . .
A cough
Eases the tension,
Head down
On desk scribbling
Furiously,
'Time up!'
Eruption
of relieved chatter,
Thank heavens
It's over—
Till next time.

George Nicholson U-15

PICTURE :

Lana Douglass I EB

To the music of castanets,
The sonorita dances,
Her audience is filled with joy
As she pirouettes and prances,
And in the flickering, warm dim light
The accordion plays so sweet,
They clap their hands and shout 'Ole!'
To the stamping of her feet,
Her dress is swished from side to side,
The end must soon draw nigh,
Yet still the sonorita dances,
As we softly say 'Goodbye.'

THE SONGS OF THE HEAVENS
Doreen Char'ton Lvl 2
Lana Douglass I EB
page thirty-two

'Arry used to say he was, if at any time he wished to say extra, and hampush for ambush, and then he hoped that he had spoken wonderfully, whenever he had said hampush with all the strength of his lungs. I expect that his mother, his uncle and his grandma and Grandad had spoken in this way. When he had been sent into Syria, our ears began to take a rest from everything he said; they heard things now gently and lightly and afterwards they began not fear such words as his. Then suddenly a terrible message was announced, "The Ionian wars, after 'Arry had gone there, are no longer Ionian, but Hionian."

LOVE WITH LESBIA :

David Taylor Lové

Let us live, my Lesbia, and let us love, and let us value all the chattering of staid old men at a farthing. Suns fall and rise: but when once the brief light has fallen on us, the night must be spent, perpetually in sleep. Give me a thousand kisses, then a hundred, then another thousand, then a second hundred, then yet another thousand without interruption, then a hundred. Then, when we have done many thousands we shall confuse the reckoning in case we know the number of kisses, or in case someone can cast an evil eye upon us, since he knows how many kisses we gave.

(translated from the Latin of Catullus)

SOCIETIES

Continued from page 10

MUSIC :

George Nicholson (Hon Sec)

This year's musical offerings have proved to be extraordinarily extensive in their outlook, ranging from the monochromatic piano-and-drums music provided for the Christmas Concert by M. Bousely, G. Nicholson, H. Syme, and P. Syme, to some of the more opulent aural manifestations which occasionally emanate from the Music Club.

The Senior Choir, under Miss Bernard, played its usual role in such annual school functions as Speech Day, the Christmas Carol Service and the Founders' Day Service. But the most memorable of their performances was that of Stanford's "Songs of the Fleet" at the Annual Concert. With Peter Gollightly as the baritone solo, and Mr. Hartley at the organ, the choir did their utmost to communicate the work to the audience. However, despite their efforts, Stanford's utterance seemed a trifle protracted and rather academic. The choir seems rather dependent on members of staff for its continued existence; young male singers seem to be particularly reluctant to join, but the dominance of the females, so obvious to the eye, is not, however, so apparent to the ear.

At the same concert, on April 2nd, we witnessed the first and last outing of both the Junior Choir, under Mr. Hartley, and the School Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Kirk. In a very few weeks Mr. Kirk raised the latter from a state of oblivion and ignominy to the pitch required for performance of quite difficult pieces by Dvorak and Curzon. Special mention must be made of Roger Bettes, who, in a matter of days, mastered the double bass parts of both works; it was his introduction to the instrument. It seems that, after so many years of undue neglect, there is hope for the Orchestra at last; but more string players would be very welcome.

Apart from performances by the two choirs and the orchestra, we also heard solo contributions on April 2nd, by the following girls: M. Birrell, E. Bown, O. Campbell, S. Cowen, H. Fenwick, K. Pitt, J. Sargent, and by the following boys: D. Joyner, G. Nicholson, I. Squires, S. Thorne, K. Turnbull and J. Vick. These items ran the whole gamut from classical works through folksong to jazz.

The music Club has continued to meet on Friday evenings, apparently impervious to change, with R. Bettes as President and S. G. Trotter as Vice-President. Encouraging, however, is the increasing interest shown by members of the middle school; some of their enthusiasm for Wagner has rubbed off on to the existing membership.

Our thanks are due to all the music staff for the work they have done this year. We express our gratitude to Mr. Kirk, not only for the enthusiasm and verve he has shown in this, the year of his retirement, but also in every task he has undertaken in his many years at the school. We trust that he will not disappear altogether from the active musical scene, for his idealism and the great demands we have come to expect from him are very rare nowadays.

In keeping with its aim of being a lively and thriving organisation, the Junior Empire Theatre Society has not hesitated to reorganise where necessary. Thus the membership age has lowered to eighteen to reduce the age range and more activities have been introduced to cater for this age group. The half price concession, of course, will stand.

Meetings of the executive committee were held once a month to discuss subjects brought up by the representatives of schools in Sutherland. Matters discussed during the year included finance, the painting of the JETS rooms in the society rooms, the organisation of the Junior Stage Group and Folk Group and the Christmas dances. A dance to be held in the summer was also discussed.

The Christmas dances were for two age groups and the senior one was supported by members of our school society.

The numbers in the school society were down this year compared to last but it is anticipated that more will join next season.

A few of the Senior pupils were members of the Film Section and enjoyed selected films ranging from *La Grande Illusion* to the Beatles' film *Help*. Those who were interested in drama were provided for in the formation of the Stage Group, which included classes in stagecraft. The folk group was not quite as successful and its future is in the balance. The coffee bar has provided a friendly meeting place in the evening. School representative this year was Olwyn Ross to be succeeded next year by Alastair Wholer.

BRIDGE :

D. Kennedy LVII

A bridge club was formed this year by Mr. A. Smith, who organised the club and took upon himself the arduous task of running it.

The membership of the club, when it first started was extremely promising, ranging from the more experienced and proficient players to absolute beginners. Later in the year membership declined slightly, but a core of the more hardened addicts always attended the meetings, which were held every Thursday evening. Activity consisted of duplicate bridge played by the more experienced members and tuition by Mr. Smith of the beginners in the rudiments of rubber bridge.

The club wishes to express its sincere thanks to Mr. Smith for the provision of the duplicate bridge hands and for his taking the time to teach the beginners; his guidance and skill were of the greatest benefit to all.

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A revived and we hope revived senior drama society has got off the ground this year, despite one or two set backs and the interruption of examinations and suchlike. Before the end of the year the school will see a modern dress production of Wilde's **The Importance of Being Earnest** and be able to tell just how well this farcical comedy stands a little bit of judicious updating.

Early response to the society's formation was extremely encouraging though, unfortunately, the greatest amount of talent, numerically, seemed to come from the girls. This fact meant that early plans for a production of John Arden's **Left Handed Liberty** had to be abandoned, the play requiring eighteen actors capable of dealing with large and complex parts. Though **Earnest** has a small cast, which meant disappointing a large number of promising auditioners, we hope we are building solid foundations for an ever expanding society. Plans are already under way for a pre-Christmas show, with the provisional title **This England**.

Meanwhile, do come and see us—July 16th, 17th, 7-10 p.m. Lower School Hall. All we need now is an audience.

JUNIOR DRAMA : **Steven Dyke 3A**

The Bede Junior Drama Club was formed last October under the direction of Mr. Marshall. Its membership was originally restricted to Estrick House, but was soon extended to the whole Lower School. It meets on Wednesdays after school for rehearsal.

After many weeks of rehearsal our first production was performed to the whole lower school last December. **Miserly Old Scrooge** is Dickens' **The Christmas Carol** was played by Peter Brown (3A), Bob Cratchett by David Hindmarch (3A), and Eric Kennard of the first year played the orphan boy and Tiny Tim. Other members were Keith Airey, Michael Dennison, Michael Archer, Ken Arkley, Lynne Pallas, Denise Graham, Vivien Wilson, Susan Askew and Judith Pringle.

Considerable emphasis was placed on stage decor, with much of the scenery built by members themselves. Lighting and sound effects added considerably to the authenticity of the play and it proved quite successful.

After the February exams the club met again and rehearsed scenes from **Oliver Twist**. Although several new members joined, lack of support from others has made it unlikely that another play will be performed this year.

However several members have shown considerable talent and in later years may well become successful members of Bede Drama, much valuable experience having been gained in the past months.

This award was introduced by the Duke of Edinburgh as a challenge to girls and boys between the ages of fourteen and twenty. Its purpose is to act as an incentive and encouragement for the discovery and development of interests and aptitudes demanding initiative and perseverance. The emphasis is more on genuine effort, enthusiasm and individual progress than on the attainment of any fixed standards.

However the award is divided into three stages, Bronze, Silver and Gold, although a candidate may enter at any stage, dependent on age.

Where there is a similarity between the Boys and Girls Award, a joint syllabus has been produced.

Those gaining awards this year were; Gold—K. Flowers; Silver;—Olwyn Peacock, Olwyn Ross, Maureen Scott; Bronze—Sheila Ditchburn.

Mr. Miller will be pleased to give information to anyone interested in taking up the challenge.

C.E.M. : David Cooper Uv12

The Christian Education Movement struggled during the Christmas Term to rise above the disorder brought about by the changed status of our schools, and it was not until March that regular meetings commenced. They have been attended by a regular core of people always ready to martyr speakers with piercing questions; only one speaker left unchallenged. The number of people present at these spectacles was seldom less than twenty-five.

It has been felt however that our meetings have been too evangelical, not sufficiently ecumenical. This observation led to a recent re-assessment by the committee of the principles which should govern the role of C.E.M. and from that discussion the following are matters relevant to the school and worthy of publication.

(a) Meetings should be held in a more informal and intimate manner with greater participation in discussion and comment by the audience. It was felt that this situation could be stimulated by meeting in the new study rooms and by serving coffee.

(b) Speakers should be invited from a wider scope of activity and meetings would thereby become more practical and less doctrinal. The C.E.M. is not a church attempting to gain converts by doctrinal persuasion, but ought more to show an active way of life rather than intellectual meditation.

(c) As a gesture of Christian citizenship a worthwhile community project should be undertaken, involving as many pupils as possible.

Our only practical event of the year was Christmas carol singing, a most memorable evening's work, after which we were entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Montgomerie. A cheque was sent to an Indian Hospital superintended by an Old Bedon.

During the Easter Holidays, another science course of the Inter-Schools Christian Fellowship was held at Lyndon Hall, one of the Halls of Residence for Queen Mary College, London University.

The mornings were taken up by lectures for the Mathematicians followed by problems on the themes of the lectures. The Physics and Chemistry groups followed a programme which included the viewing of the practical application of these subjects in factories and works.

The afternoons were free for exploring London or simply using the sports facilities of the Hall. Before dinner seminars were held, to give us ideas on subjects at University level—a great help to those thinking of applying for university entrance.

Although much time was spent on academic subjects, the main purpose of the course was to show that Christianity has an important place in society. Lectures and discussions on this theme were held in the evening.

Another course to consolidate this is to be held in the summer—for those interested in the subject and in Christianity, a worthwhile course to attend.

CHESS:

S. Parry, B. Robson

The chess Team, once again, has had a successful season. It has won all of its friendly games and also the North-East Zone of The Sunday Times Competition for the second time in the last three years. This included a fine performance in avenging last year's defeat by Gateshead Grammar (3½-2½), Beds winning four boards to two. Unfortunately, the team was disappointingly beaten by Bolton Grammar School (Lancs.) in the first round of the National Championships. The team was represented on all occasions by A. Donkin, S. Parry, D. Simpson, P. Robson, J. Millican, S. Pratt, and Titson. Robson, Reed, and Ans enjoyed the occasional game.

The Chess Club has been well supported by the Junior School, giving us hope for next season when Donkin and Simpson are leaving. The Club would like to extend a hearty welcome to all pupils, both male and female, especially to those in the Upper School from whom we have had so much support apart from those in the Chess Team itself.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Whitfield and Mr. Maylor for their support and encouragement to the club and to the team.

The aim of the society is not, as its name suggests, to explore uncharted regions of the Amazon or darkest Africa but to rescue the masses of the sixth from their ignorance of the country around us.

The first outing was to Houssteads on the Roman Wall. The weather was not perfect but nothing could spoil the scenery or the mystery of the historical remains surrounding us.

The society's appetite was whetted for more and the coach headed towards Wensleydale. On arrival, we raced up the hillside to arrive on top exhausted but rarin' to go—we went on a hike across the moors and a "dangerous river crossing"—ask Tom McIvor of the LVI if you can bear the details.

That was all for the time being—further trips are being planned by the LVI, the committee being involved in exams and things. We hope anyway to see a lot of the LVI on the next outing, a scramble up Helwells via Striding Edge.

SCIENTIFIC : Marjorie Crompton (Hon. Sec)

A co-educational Scientific Society was held in December, 1967, by the amalgamation of the science societies from the former boys' and girls' schools.

Officials for year 1967—1968 were :

President:—Mr. S. Temple.

Chairman:—Mr. J. Brandon.

Committee Members:—Marjorie Crompton, Rochelle Stuart, Doreen Charlton, David Hart, Roger Bettes and David Simpson.

A varied programme of lectures was organised with the intention of introducing members of the fifth and sixth forms to aspects of scientific work not normally encountered in the school curriculum. Interest in the Society's activities was reflected in the excellent attendances at the five lectures given by visiting lecturers. These were:—

"How we learn to be good," by Mr. Graham, B.Sc., from the Department of Psychology, Durham University.

"Gore Galore," by Dr. A. C. Watt, a police surgeon.

"Drugs and their Effects on the Brain," by Mr. F. Oliver, M.Sc., from the Sunderland School of Pharmacy.

"Computing," by Mr. B. R. Marsh, M.Sc., from the Sunderland Technical College.

"Diamonds," by Mr. Hewitt, Flynn's Ltd., (Jewellers).

In addition, a party of sixth form pupils visited the Consett Iron Works where they saw various aspects of the production of iron and steel, and were conducted around the highly mechanised rolling mills.

It is hoped that members of the society will visit the Farne Islands before the end of the summer term.

SPORTS

SOCCER : 1st XI

Under the captaincy of Neil Matthams the team had a very successful season, scoring a record 172 goals, and winning the first ever Durham County Senior Schools' Cup by beating Durham Johnson 2-0 in the final. At the time of writing this article the team is also in the final of the Tyneside Cup and will play Hookergate, the all England finalists.

The team's strength lay in attack and here Lawton scored a record 52 goals. He was ably backed up in attack by Matthams, Wyness and Wilkinson, who again received admirable service from the wingers. In defence the team was capable of holding back the liveliest of attacks.

This year, for the first time, a tour was arranged for the team—in Liverpool. It proved invaluable to a team who won three out of four games and beat the Merseyside champions 8-0.

Colours were re-awarded to Matthams, Wilkinson, Swanson, and new awards were made to the rest of the team.

Thanks are due to Mr. Griffiths for coaching the team, refereeing the matches and arranging the tour, and also to Mr. Barden who also refereed some of our matches.

Prominent in the goal scoring list were Lawton (52), Matthams (28), Wilkinson (27) and Wyness (22).

The regular team pool consisted of Barnes, Swanson, Armitage, Dent, Hills, Ewart, Wilkinson, McConochie, Wyness, Lawton, Matthams, Goal, and Reed.

Jim Barnes, (Hon. Sec)

STOP PRESS: The result of The Tyneside Grammar Schools' Cup match against Hookergate was yet another victory for the school, 3-0.

SOCCER : U18

The team had a middling season, playing eighteen games in all—twelve league, five cup and one friendly. The friendly game was against Darlington when we played well to win 4-2. In the Cochran Cup, we beat Hylton Red House 3-2 after two drawn games, West Southwick 1-0, only to be knocked out in the quarter final 3-1 by Thorney Close.

A league game worth mentioning is that against league leaders, St. Aidans which we won 2-0 after playing half of the game with only ten men. R. Elstob was chosen to represent the town.

P. 18 W. 7 D. 3 L. 8 F. 41 A. 38

The main pool consisted of P. Hart, A. Hardy, D. Mitchell, P. Ewart, B. Thompson, R. Elstob, K. Farrar, W. Mitchell (6 goals), J. Robison, (19 goals) D. Riddell (9 goals), D. Stewart, N. Johnson, P. Little. Reserves: H. Smith, I. Wright, P. Marshall, K. Parsons.

B. Thompson (Captain)

SOCCER : U14

Although no honours were gained, this has been a fairly successful season. Three semi-finals were reached, the County Cup, the Duncan White Cup and the Davison Cup.

In the County Cup we were the first junior Bede team to reach the semi-final, and were narrowly beaten in a closely contested game by South Shields G.T.

During the Easter holidays we were fortunate enough to be taken on a football tour of Liverpool. We stayed at "Holly Lodge," and played the following teams:—

Holt Comprehensive, Collegiate, Abop Grammar and Bootle Grammar.

We suffered many injuries and were unfortunately beaten by fitter teams. Although we were beaten, everybody enjoyed himself thoroughly.

On the following Tuesday we played Bergen and, still suffering from injuries, we were beaten.

The team was supported well by a strong defence consisting of Hope, Hozzack, Binding, Crompton, Wyllis, and Candler was the leading goal-scorer, and was capably assisted by Potts, Cooney, Coulton, O'Leary, and Irwin. The following boys were picked to play for Sunderland Boys' Team:

Candler, Binding, Coulton and Crompton.

P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.	P.
29	17	2	10	72	50	36

Thanks are due to Mr. Graham who ably kept the team together throughout the season.

T. Crompton (Captain)

SOCCER U13

Although the team finished behind their most powerful rivals, Southmoor and St Aidan, in the league and suffered at their hands too in the cup, several promising features emerged in the course of the season. In particular it became obvious that, were facilities available, two teams at this level could be fielded each week. Excepting the single occasion when two teams were actually fielded, team selection was confined to a group of fifteen players, including two fine goalkeepers, Suddick and Woolfer and one promising first year, Moon.

The regular defence comprised Fletcher, Fraser, Johnson, Boyd, and Crews, all of whom emerged as technically competent footballers, although defensive unity in critical situations was occasionally absent. The forward line was usually drawn from six players, Barradough, Liddle, Shepherd, Cooper and Scott. Shepherd in particular gave some splendid displays at centre forward, rarely failing to score and scoring on one occasion five goals in a single game. Regular wingmen, Barradough and Scott gave good service in the middle too, while finding time to score several important goals. Cooper played strongly throughout in mid-field while the second inside forward position was held in turn by Fraser, Crews, Liddle and Moon, the latter scoring the quickest hat-trick of the season. Finally, great credit must go to M. Johnson for his efficient and sporting captaincy of the side.

League record: P. 13. W. 9. D. 3. L. 1. F. 52. A. 21.

C. Rendall (master) (c.)

RUGBY : The school XV has shown improved results this season and, when it is remembered that we are the only Sunderland team to play such teams as Grangefield, Darlington, Hartsopools and Dame Allan's, the results give grounds for satisfaction. They have been achieved in spite of the youthful nature of the team, eight of whom will still be available next season. So keen has been the interest in the game that we have been able to field a 2nd. XV.

The senior XV has shown improved results this season and, when it is remembered that we are the only Sunderland team to play such teams as Grangefield, Darlington, Hartsopools and Dame Allan's, the results give grounds for satisfaction. They have been achieved in spite of the youthful nature of the team, eight of whom will still be available next season. So keen has been the interest in the game that we have been able to field a 2nd. XV.

Our congratulations go to L. Armstrong who played full back for the Senior County XV and to D. Batty, J. Burnside, R. McKeith and W. Francis who represented us on the town XV. L. Kinnear, playing again after a long absence from the game, had a consistently good season in the pack, which was well led by D. Batty (Captain). R. McKeith looked well and was strong in the loose, whilst W. Francis always seemed to the fore in a pack which played well. J. Burnside, with his excellent running, was outstanding in the 'throat' whilst the kicking of H. Cook and I. Armstrong gained valuable points.

This year saw the first Staff v. Boys game, in which the school, despite their lack of weight, held their own and shared the honours, a good result against a team including Mr. G. Fairlamb (of Sunderland R.F.C. and Northumberland County) and Mr. D. Blair (Captain of Sunderland R.F.C.). We were narrowly beaten in a game against a combined Staff and Old Boys side.

Our grateful thanks go, for all their efforts in training the teams, to Messrs. Fairlamb and Blair and to Mr. Berry whose work behind the scenes did so much towards the smooth running of the team.

The 2nd. XV showed much promise and it was a pity that so many of their games were cancelled owing to poor ground and weather conditions.

The UIS XV had a mixed season, beginning badly because of lack of training. Towards the end of the season, with this fault corrected, the team began to show spirit and results improved. Congratulations go to Brison (captain), Bell, Gallantree, Gilbertson, Tescaro and Mann who played on the town UIS side. Our thanks go to Mr. Hutchinson who did so much for the UIS team and who arranged a school visit to the England v. Scotland international at Edinburgh.

○ The U14 side had a good season largely due to the team effort and in particular to Parkinson (captain), Foster, Field and Edmundson. We thank Mr. Hodgson who had charge of the team and also Mr. P. Robinson who looked after the U13 XV. The latter team were rather disappointing but Smith, the captain, played excellently and with better support he would have turned some narrow defeats into victories.

The records are :-

	P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.
1st. XV	19	7	12	0	153	226
2nd. XV.	9	5	2	2	72	35
U15 XV	18	4	13	1	69	257
U14 XV	17	11	4	0	193	143
U13 XV	13	2	9	1	32	147

W. M. Francis (Hon. Sec.)

(My thanks go to D. Batty, who captained the senior XV and to W. M. Francis for his secretarial duties so well done).

M. Berry (Master i/c Rugby)

CROSS-COUNTRY :

The lack of interest in cross-country in the Upper School was sadly reflected in that only two members of the Sixth-Form, David Hill and Michael Coombes, regularly represented the school in this sport. This resulted in no senior team being run. Hill and Coombes, however, running as individuals, did attain some degree of success, both being selected for the Sunderland Schools team and then going on to represent the Durham County Schools team in the National Championships at Stoke-on-Trent.

BASKETBALL : Senior

The first basketball squad maintained its high standard throughout the year, and once again proved itself the best in the area. Only one game was lost in the season, and this was in the Darlington Tournament, when an understrength team lost to Grangefield G.S. In the Harlequin Tournament, however, revenge was gained and the school went on to win by a convincing defeat of Grangefield in an early round. Later in the season, the Tyneside School's Cup was also added to the collection. It may be interesting to note that this trophy has been in existence for eight years, and the name of Bede is on it eight times.

Much of the credit for this season's successes must go to Swanson, who as captain gave a fine example to the team, and a solid foundation to their play; and also to Matchams and Vine whose scoring ability was both prodigious and constant. Add to these three the many skills of Waugh and Betty, and the reason for the superiority of the team becomes obvious. This has its drawbacks however, as the team has tended to rely too much on these five, and when one of the other members of the squad has been brought in it has tended to confuse the team, and consequently reduced their potential. Armstrong, Howell and Thompson have proved a competent, if not always required, reserve strength.

P. J. Thompson

BASKETBALL : UIS

During the past season, the team achieved considerable success by losing only one league match (to the Tech.) and eventually winning the league championship. However, after being given a bye in the first round of the Tyneside Grammar School Cup, we were soundly beaten by a strong South Shields team.

Another honour for the team was winning the League Tournament Cup which was strongly contested by eight teams. In between the league and cup matches the team was strongly progressing to the final of the County Cup. This match between Houghton and Bede was played at Seaham Grammar. Houghton came out eventual winners by 46 points to 38.

The school had J. Robison, D. Riddell, D. Britton and P. Hart representing Sunderland basketball team and Robison also received a County place.

The team record, including both league and cup matches :

P. 21 W. 18. L. 3. F. 956. A. 478.

D. Riddell

HOCKEY :

The hockey team enjoyed a most successful season.

The 1st. senior XI played eleven matches, winning ten and losing one. In addition to this, they won the Durham County Schools' Tournament held at the beginning of the season at Thorney Close School, defeating Thornhill, Hookergate, Bishop Auckland and West Hartlepool before gaining victory over Chester-le-Street by two goals to one in the final. Throughout the season the team conceded only twelve goals while they scored sixty-six, the leading scorers being Margaret Binding (19), Kathleen Cassop (16), Ann Rumley (13) and Sheila Porter (9).

As a result of their performances in the tournament, seven of the 1st XI were selected for County Trials and Kathleen Cassop, Ann Rumley and Jean Taylor all gained their places in the Durham County 1st XI. Later in the season these three players attended the North of England trials at Manchester and all three again gained 1st. XI places.

The 1st. XI also enjoyed a match against the staff but with a depleted side unfortunately lost to the stronger team by three goals to nil.

The second senior XI played five matches, winning four and drawing one and scored eleven goals, conceding only two. The 1st. junior XI played seven matches, winning four and losing three—but their goal record was also good—they scored twenty seven and conceded only eleven.

Hockey colours were awarded to Sheila Johnson, Helen Nichol, Lynn Anderson, Marilyn Beavers, Margaret Binding and Sheila Porter and re-awarded to Ann Rumley, Kathleen Cassop, Dorothy Beavers, Celia Parish and Jean Taylor.

The hockey teams would like to express their thanks to Miss Gribble for her invaluable coaching and umpiring throughout the season.

Jean Taylor (Secretary)

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TENNIS :

The tennis team enjoyed a very successful season, the 1st XI winning all of their six games. Unfortunately the juniors lost both of their matches.

The school annual 'knock out' tournament was held, the senior singles championship being won by Suzanne Butterfield and the junior singles by Kathryn Stewart.

The first XI played extremely well to reach the final of the Owen Williams Trophy. The final was an all Sunderland affair, Bede being narrowly beaten by St. Anthony's Grammar School.

The junior team were again winners of the June Darcy Festival Cup for the fourth year running, beating Monkwearmouth, the Church High School and St. Anthony's Grammar School.

Suzanne Butterfield and Celia Parish were selected to play for Sunderland against Middlesbrough.

Colours were awarded to Suzanne Butterfield, Marilyn Beavers, Dorothy Beavers and Anne Ramsey.

Regular team members also included K. Cassop and J. Taylor.

On behalf of the school teams I wish to express our thanks for the advice and expert coaching we received from Miss Thomas.

Celia Parish (Secretary)

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Sweeney, Canada
and Jack Taylor

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NETBALL :

Throughout the season, the 1st. Senior team played some very good games. From the seventeen matches played fifteen were won, one drawn and one lost. The 2nd. Senior team showed much ability and a number of players are of first team standard and may well be promoted next year. The Junior Teams played progressively well, the 1st. Junior team playing with understanding and spiritude.

An experimental 1st. Year team proved very successful. They drew their only game, playing with great enthusiasm. Credit should be given to some of the 4th. Year team who regularly helped to coach the Juniors.

All the teams would like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Marley and Miss Wright for their valuable coaching.

G. Watson (Secretary)

MORRIS DANCING TEAM :

Formed on New Year's Day, 5728 on the Jewish Calendar (5th October, 1967) the team underwent a difficult period. Unable to gain local recognition, the stalwart nucleus of dancers set their sights far afield and reached the final of the 'Lancashire Guild of Non-Conformist Schools Annual Morris Dancing Competition' and eventually won the event after the Hendon University Team was disqualified for dancing with 'greased sticks'.

Encouraged by this success the team then entered the 'Hexham and Haltwhistle Co-operative Wholesale Society Morris Dancing Cup', held annually in the Sunderland Town Hall, and after a close game, in which one member cracked his stick, the Bede team won the cup, thus maintaining and re-affirming their position as the top school Morris Dancing Team in the North East.

Support from the school as a whole was disappointing and the team ran into many financial difficulties. Not being able to provide the correct uniforms, we found it rather cold in the winter, but often strategically placed bells made all the difference.

Bill Montezuma, from the fending team, proved a valuable asset, especially in the solo events, but was unfortunately disqualified in the Saxon Slice knockout cup after using an uncapped rapier.

We are indebted to the metalwork and woodwork departments for their help in producing bells and sticks.

Christian Tovarowitch, IAP

SWIMMING : Lower School Gala

The first annual Lower School Swimming Gala was held in Newcastle Road Baths on the evening of Tuesday, 14th. November, 1967. The evening was a very successful one with plenty of activity and excitement. It was obvious by the encouraging cheers from the large numbers of spectators present that the house representatives were well supported and the competition was tense throughout.

Mr. E. L. Milward presented the trophies to the individual champions and the captains of the winning house.

The results were as follows :—

Girls' Champion —Ann Bailey—Pemberton—26 points.

Boys' Champion —Keith Hobson—Pemberton—28 points.

House Champions—Pemberton—236 points.

—Estrick—230 points.

—Fawcett—165 points.

CYCLING :

The past year, cutting, as it does, across two cycling seasons, has been a most successful one for the riders of Bede School.

By the end of the 1967 season in October, they had won the team awards in all three championships for North East schoolboys. On the track Dave Aisbett won the championship on the Gateshead track with Ray Foley second and Geoff Edwards fifth. The road race championship, which for schoolboys has to be held on a closed circuit free of traffic, was held over six laps of a very testing circuit in Barnes Park. Bede did not provide the individual champion, but with Dave Aisbett being second, Geoff Edwards fourth and Ray Foley sixth the school had no difficulty in winning the team race. A time trial differs from a road race in that each rider sets off individually at one minute intervals; on the continent it is known as the race of truth. Bede again had the best team in the local championship held over a ten mile course near North Shields with Geoff Edwards being third, Dave Aisbett fifth and Ray Foley seventh. In the national final in the south of England, Geoff was 19th out of 120 riders with a time of 25 minutes 50 seconds for the ten miles.

The school riders have started the 1968 season as they finished the 1967 one by being at the top. The North East 10 miles time trial championship was held in May, and again we had the best individual rider and the best team. Ritchie Grey won in 26 minutes 3 seconds, Dave Aisbett was second with 26 minutes 12 seconds after being in the lead at the turn, and Geoff Edwards was third with 27 minutes 4 seconds. All three of these will be competing in the national final on July 13th., on a course to the east of London.

The 1968 440 yards North East Schoolboy championship this year has also been claimed by Bede who also filled the first three places. The event was won by Geoff Edwards followed by Dave Aisbett and Ritchie Grey.

All of the above races were organized by local and national cycling organisations, but early this year Bede had the honour to be the first school anywhere north of Leeds to promote its own races for other schools to compete in. These were in another branch of the sport known as cyclo-cross, which is virtually cross country with bicycles. Bede did not win any of these races but in the Under-16 they had Ritchie Grey second and Ray Foley third, in the Under-14 Peter Caplan was second, while in the Under-12 Brian Moon was second and Alan Petterson third.

Earlier, an Inter-Group cyclo-cross for Middle School was held; this was won by Peter McLeod in Coarse Group A.

COURSE TUTOR GROUPS :

The Middle School under Mr. P. D. Noonan now consists of 18 forms, 10 of which are boys and the remainder girls, mixed forms will occur sometime in the future. Altogether there are 546 pupils in this part of the school, 393 boys and 243 girls.

The 18 forms are divided into three streamed Course Groups A, B, and C and they are allocated respectively to Mr. J. R. Auld, Mrs. S. Hall and Mr. W. Hugill, who are the Course Tutors.

Basically the idea behind the grouping is to provide a unifying factor for the two years a pupil is in the Middle School as well as to search thoroughly into the educational and vocational desires and needs of the individual and provide help with decisions if necessary. To further these ends individual interviews have taken place since the Winter Term.

There has also been demand from the parents to meet the Tutors and one evening a month is set aside for these consultations to take place.

Early in September each Course Group formed a committee consisting of two representatives from each form and the Tutor. The Committee is an outlet for pupil opinion and grants them the opportunity of having various ideas thrashed out and action taken if warranted. It might well be said that many ideas that are put forward are not always practicable and sometimes when they are practicable they are abused.

The Course Group A Study Base for lunch time work is an example of a good idea but its misuse occurs when it is used for gossip only and its abuse when litter is left on the floor. Do we have to copy others in this matter?

At the beginning of the Summer Term the Course Group H.Q. was moved to its permanent home in Room J of the Upper School. The main body of the room is being set out with the latest literature about occupations which may be studied at leisure but we should like to ask you not to remove any booklet without permission and to keep the various shelves and tables in reasonable order by returning material to its rightful place when you have finished with it.

Another innovation that should become a regular feature next year is the provision of a series of careers films which we intend to show after school at about fortnightly intervals. Visits and lectures will of course, still form an important part of this aspect of Middle School life.

On the social side there has been some demand for dances and games and these demands have so far been met but for their continued success one thing must be made quite clear and that is whole hearted support from YOU, the pupils who in the first instance create the demand.

HOUSES

ETTRICK

As soon as you set foot inside the lower school it becomes immediately obvious that its scholars—learned or otherwise—have their blazer pockets adorned with one of three hues. Everyone sporting the most attractive colour, (blue, in case you didn't guess) is a member of that worthy institution commonly known as Ettrick House.

Ettrick House, under the command of Mrs. Bryce, is composed of forms 3A, 3BP, 3E, 3H, 2A, 3H, 1EB, 1ER and 1EY. Class gatherings are held frequently, masquerading as house assemblies and social meetings. The latter proved very popular during the winter, being held fortnightly after school and consisting of dancing to pop records, table tennis, chess, darts, table games, five-a-side football and various other pursuits. (The last word being more appropriate than one might think). At these meetings there is also a canteen selling pop and crisps—the staple diet of the masses.

Peter Edge and Christine Guy are house captains, and Graham Edmondson and Linda Cooper are house games captains.

While on the subject of games, Ettrick House has had a fairly successful season: placed second, by only six points, in the Swimming Gala held last November with teams placed first in the freestyle and boys medley events, and individuals first in eight other events. Placed second in boys and girls cross-country championships. Placed first in the February cycle-cross competition. Winning the Basketball trophy and all third year inter-house netball, rugby and soccer matches.

The first edition of the 'Blue Spotlight', the house magazine, was issued shortly before Christmas and a second edition after Easter; thus making Ettrick the only house to produce two editions of its magazine.

On the whole, Ettrick House has had a fairly successful year, and I expect that many of the third formers will miss being members of it when they move into the upper school.

Let's hope that next year will bring more fame to the mob with blue stripes on their pockets and that house activities will continue to be enjoyed.

Thanks are due to Mrs. Bryce and other members of Staff who have made possible social meetings, games, and the house magazine, and, we trust, will continue to do so.

Steven G. Dyke, 3A
Editor 'Blue Spotlight'

FAWCETT

In September, 1967, Fawcett House was born. Mr. Stafford becoming the first Housemaster of the new house.

At first the system was new and strange to many but soon everyone settled in, thinking of themselves as part of a new (and big!) family.

Every Friday morning the house assembly, apart from providing the normal routine of assemblies, provided a focussing point for all those who sported the red flash on their blazer pockets and often large badges too, proclaiming 'Fawcett is fabulous'. Once a fortnight on Thursdays we meet for a social evening—the most successful of all we claim—dancing and pop music in the Junior Hall, table games, crisps and fizzy pop in the dining hall. And our social evenings are always well attended.

Fawcett sport has had a very successful first year. We won the rugby championship, the soccer championship and the hockey championship.

Margaret Taylor won for Fawcett the Junior Badminton championship.

Not that we claim everything—to the other houses we left the netball and the swimming cups.

At Christmas, as well as enjoying our own dances and parties, Fawcett joined with Estrick and gave a grand concert for the entire Junior School.

In aid of Oxfam, we like the other houses are making a blanket of woollen squares. Everyone is helping, including the girls!

And Fawcett Focus, our own magazine for 'the best house in the school' was provided for and paid for by every member of the house.

Although the third forms will shortly be leaving for the Upper School, we're sure they feel still part of the house—we know we do.

Barbara Smith (House captain)
Ruth Tennant (Vice House captain)

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PEMBERTON

September 1967 is a memorable date in the history of Bede—new names resound over the games field—'Come on Pemberton' echoes the loudest and longest. The House colour is yellow and members are easily distinguishable by the yellow flash across the top of their blazer pocket.

Pemberton House consists of Mrs. Bell, Housemistress, Mr. Bradshaw, IIB, Miss Milbank, IIS, Miss Crane, IIN, Mr. Seall, IIE, Mr. Smith, IIAF, Mr. Hutchinson, IIBF, Miss Blakemore, IIBS, Miss Trotter, IIFY, Miss Todd, IIFR.

The first meeting of Pemberton House Parliament, which consists of all House Officials, was held on Friday 6th October. Plans were formulated for the running of the House. The House meetings were run throughout the winter months every alternate Tuesday immediately after school, the programme being dancing in the junior hall, canteen and table tennis in the lower dining room, table games in kitchen 2.

'Yellow Pages', the House magazine was the brain child of some of the senior members of the House. The first edition was published on December 18th, demand was greater than supply, which was a fair tribute to the work of the editors.

The juniors held an Inter-House Swimming Gala (organised by the P.E. Staff) on 14th November in the Newcastle Road Baths. Pemberton were the proud winners of this, the first of the inter-house events, beating Estrick by 6 points.

House prayers are held every Friday. In order to improve the standard of the hymn singing, a House Choir, under the leadership of Peter Dunn was formed.

Christmas celebrations consisted of a dance and social for the second and third forms and party for the first forms. The first years were lucky to have a visit from Santa Claus and his carol singers, who distributed small gifts at the end of the party.

Several Inter-House Events have now taken place—cross-country, cyclo-cross, hockey, netball, soccer, rugby and road safety quiz. Pemberton have keenly contested all these events and fully deserved their first place in the girls' cross-country and netball events.

A dance for the third years and socials for the second and first years were held at the end of the winter term.

On behalf of Pemberton House I should like to thank the Staff who organised and attended these events.

This term saw the formation of a Junior Red Cross Unit. Mrs. Haester gave an introductory talk to the first and second years. There is a good turn out on a Monday evening under the leadership of Mrs. Kerby, and Mrs. Vick.

I should like to take this opportunity of thanking Pemberton House Senior Prefects, Lilian Arthur, Katherine Flowers, Peter Dunn and Robert Budge for the interest and work they have taken in House activities and to welcome next year's helpers.

Jasit Maddison,
House Captain.

ENDPIECE

COMPREHENSIVE CENSUS

The census is for the information of the staff, the amusement of the prefects, the edification of the upper school and the enlightenment of the innocent and uncorrupted.

- If you are late for school do you:**
 - give your name as 'Smith I do'!
 - dodge round the back in the hope of entering unseen!
 - give your name and limp away!
- Once in School, the Assembly bell rings. Do you:**
 - hide to avoid assembly!
 - go under protest and pray for lots of notices to avoid first lesson!
 - sing angelically!
- Girls, do you wear your skirts:**
 - maxi!
 - mini!
 - micro!
 - not at all!**Boys, do you have your hair cut:**
 - twice a week!
 - on Founders' Day!
 - one at a time!
 - what's a barber!
- If a master shouts at you, do you:**

(Girls)	(Boys)
<ol style="list-style-type: none">turn on the waterworks!shout back!remind him that your father was A.B.A. champion in 1902!	<ol style="list-style-type: none">think, 'It's not me he wants'!
- In lessons do you:**
 - look politely bored!
 - write studiously (on the desk)!
 - crawl around on hands and knees seeking a mislaid pencil!
- Between lessons do you:**
 - do your homework!
 - dash to the bog for a quick flag!
 - chat up your intended!
- Do you think our school motto means:**
 - make love, not war!
 - hands off Vietnam!
 - after darkness light!
 - wash your socks in Lux!

Score 1. a)1;b)2;c)3 2. a)1;b)2;c)3 3. a)2;b)3;c)1;d)2
4. a)3;b)1;c)2 5. a)3;b)1;c)2 6. a)3;b)1;c)2
7. a)2;b)1;c)3;d)1.

19-21 pure as the driven snow (or a damn good liar)
15-19 obvious prefect material
10-15 good comprehensive stuff
0-10 prefect's nightmare—up to all the dodges.
Quote overheard in the Lower School: "The new prefects make the S.S. look like the Guild of Help!"

Joyce Mills, Helen Nichol UVI

THANKS BE TO

Messrs. Stitt, Bradshaw, Barden and Miss Blakemore for suffering with us the latent torments of the weight training room.

"Those magnificent girls on the Bands Machines" in the Physics Department for their help with early advertising.

Mike Neville

And last, Jim Ballock and the Art Group (there wot did the pictures).

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