

# The Bedan.

[SUNDERLAND BEDE HIGHER GRADE SCHOOL MAGAZINE.]

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
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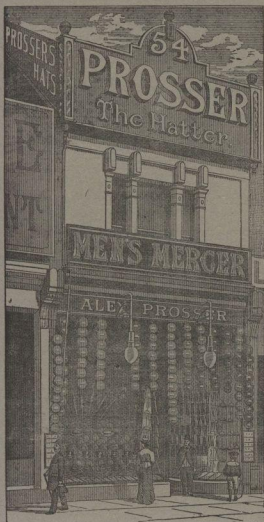
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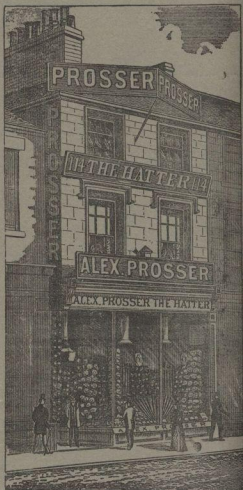
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## ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS :

Christmas, 1901.

## Teaching Staff.

## BOYS' SCHOOL.

*Head Master :*

G. T. Ferguson, B.A., B.Sc. (London University)

*First Assistant Master :*

R. W. Willis, B.Sc. (Durham University)

*Assistant Masters :*

F. A. Scholefield (London University)

G. F. Park

R. F. Jarman (London University)

T. H. Blyth, A.Sc. (Durham University)

J. G. Wordsworth (London University)

D. M. Chapman, B.Sc. (Durham University)

C. K. Witter, B.Sc. (Durham University)

F. E. W. Mason, B.Sc. (Durham University)

*Pupil Teachers :*

A. J. Smith (London University)

S. Lister (London University)

C. W. King (London University) and A.A. (Oxford University)

*Teacher of Woodwork :*

R. Simpson

## GIRLS' SCHOOL.

*Head Mistress :*

Miss J. M. Todd (Newnham College, Cambridge)

*First Assistant Mistress :*

Miss E. Todd, LL.A. (St. Andrews University)

*Second Assistant Mistress :*

Miss A. L. Taylor (London University)

*Assistant Mistresses :*

Miss K. Coburn, B.Sc. (Durham University)

Miss E. G. Graydon, B.Sc. (Durham University)

Miss K. Parkin, Inter. B.Sc. (London University), and  
Royal College of Science

Miss M. G. Wilson, B.Litt. (Durham University)

Miss E. W. Wells

Miss E. M. Walker

Miss M. Robson, B.Litt. (Durham University)

Miss L. Hutchinson, B.Litt. (Durham University)

Miss R. J. Ewart

*Pupil Teacher :*

Miss E. Johnson

*Art Master :* J. W. Hawkins*Teacher of Singing :* J. McCallum*Caretaker :* J. Annandale

## Organization.

Both the Boys' and the Girls' Departments have an Upper and a Lower School.

## (i.) LOWER SCHOOL.

*Constitution* :—Classes answering to Standards IV., V., VI., and VII. of the Education Code. The Ages of the pupils range from nine or ten to thirteen or fourteen years.

*Curriculum* :—Scripture, Reading, Writing, Dictation, Composition, Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography, Drill, Swimming, Singing, Algebra, and French, with Needlework (for Girls), and Drawing (for Boys).

## (ii.) UPPER SCHOOL.

*Constitution* :—A school where scholars of ages ranging from thirteen to eighteen years, and who have been well grounded in elementary work, go through a systematic and fairly comprehensive course, embracing the ordinary literary and commercial subjects, together with mathematics, drawing, and some branches of science and technology (studied practically, as well as theoretically).

The full course can be covered only by those pupils who stay for four years; and it is highly desirable that boys and girls who go into the Upper School at all should stay at least two years.

*Curriculum* :—Scripture, an English Author, English History and Composition, Geography, Drill, Swimming, Singing, Arithmetic, Algebra, Euclid, Mensuration, Trigonometry, Advanced Mathematics, Latin, French, Practical Geometry, Freehand and Design, Model, Perspective, Light and Shade, Theoretical Mechanics, Sound, Light, Heat, Magnetism, Electricity, and Chemistry, with (for Boys) Woodwork, and (for Girls) Dressmaking, Botany, Hygiene, and Physiography.

## Preparation for Special Examinations.

Pupils are prepared for the Oxford University Local, London University Matriculation, King's Scholarship, and some other Examinations.

## Full Prospectus.

The Full Prospectus, giving Particulars of Conditions of Admission, Fees, Hours, Recent Successes, School Cap, Badge, Magazine, &c., may be had on application at the School.



## EDITORIAL NOTES AND SCHOOL NEWS.

[The Editor and the Editress would be very grateful for items of news of Old Bedans—as to appointments, successes, details of careers, or any other matters on which Bedans may be expected to like to have information of each other. Even now this News Column is, by common testimony, read with much acceptance. It might be made interesting to a very wide circle if Old Bedans—whether at home or abroad—would be a little more communicative. Let this be remembered: Whatever directly concerns one of the big band of Old Bedans appeals in some measure to *all* the rest.]

We hope our readers will appreciate the Illustrations which appear in this Number. They are full-page, and are printed on fine art paper. To put four such pictures in *every* issue of *The Bedan* would be too expensive; but, if the Magazine continues to be well supported, it will pretty frequently have similar, or even superior, pictorial embellishments.

Some of our Annual Subscribers will forgive us for reminding them that the subscription for the year 1902 is now quite due.

By defeating the Chadwick Memorial School team, at Newcastle, on Saturday, February 22nd, our football eleven gained the right to enter the semi-final round of the Northumberland and Durham Schools' Competition.

We desire to thank Mr McSwiney and the Brothers of the Chadwick Memorial School for the kindness and handsome hospitality shown to our boys and to Mr Blyth, both before, and after, the match.

AN OLD BEDAN, now and for a long time resident in London, had, some little time ago, a curious—and, what might easily have proved, very serious—accident. He is a careful and experienced cyclist who, as he finds it convenient to use his machine every day except when the weather is very stormy, sometimes rides as much as eight thousand miles a year, and can pilot his way along a metropolitan street about as well as anybody. However, one damp Saturday lately, he had been visiting a friend in the country, and was cycling homewards when, just at midnight, as he was riding along a suburban road where some tram lines intersect, he overtook and passed a horse and cart, but came to grief in attempting to cross over in front of the horse so as to get to his proper side of the road again. For, his back tyre catching in one of the switches, he was thrown to the ground, and had barely time to drag himself out of danger when the horse—a big, heavy animal, as it happened, travelling at a slow, steady trot—pulled the cart right over the bicycle, which was rendered simply

a shapeless mass. And no wonder! For now comes the odd incident of the case. The cart stopped; and our unfortunate O.B. saw that, while it was drawn by *one* LIVE horse, it contained, as a load, *three* DEAD horses!

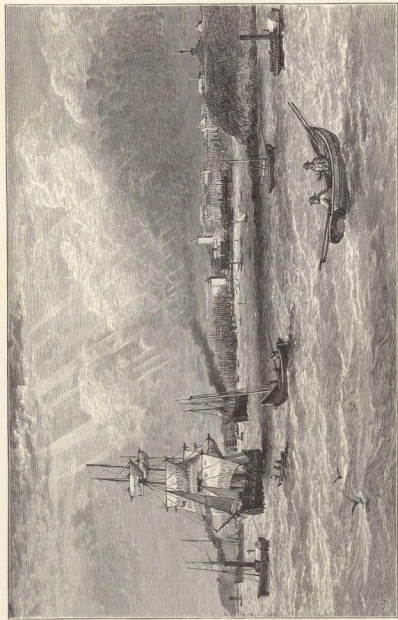
It is strange how the mind sometimes becomes detached from what might be expected to take up all its attention, and whimsically concentrates itself upon a comparatively trifling circumstance. The O.B. concerned assures us that, though his wrist and arm were badly hurt and his good old machine was utterly ruined, neither wrist, nor arm, nor bicycle, was uppermost in his thoughts until he got to bed and went to sleep, but, rather, the question "What the dickens was that chap taking three dead horses into London for, at twelve o'clock on a Saturday night?"

"Breaking up" day is always more or less exciting in the Girls' School. At Christmas the excitement is greater than on other occasions, for mysterious signals are passing from one girl to another [which the mistresses do their utmost not to see], the culmination being the presentation of Christmas gifts from the various classes to their respective teachers. Some of the presents showed quite remarkable discernment on the part of the girls as to the needs and tastes of the recipients, who wish in this brief note to thank their generous pupils, not only for their offerings, but for the kind thoughts and wishes that accompanied them.

One teacher at Bede School,—the rack would not make us reveal her name,—who is daily requesting, urging, entreating, and commanding her pupils to *think*, received, along with a present from her girls, a card in the middle of which was *one* word,—THOUGHTS. She wondered if it was a delicate way of saying "We *do* think, though you don't recognise the fact".

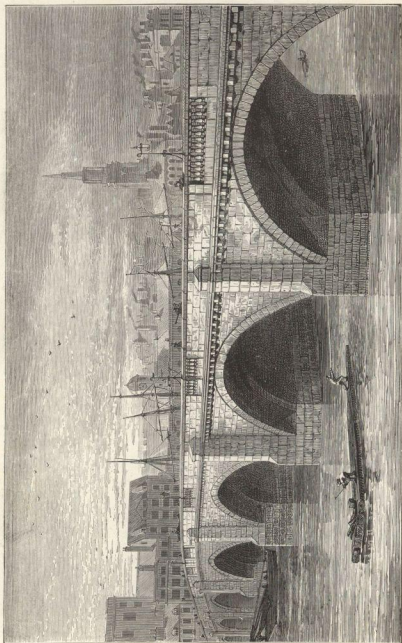
Everybody in the Girls' School, from the Head Mistress to the smallest little girl, was heartily glad when the holidays, which are, alas! all too short, finally arrived. For every girl had been examined in several subjects. In the Upper School, each girl had worked at least fourteen examination papers. As there are 110 girls, it can soon be calculated that at least 1500 papers had to be marked and returned in that part of the School alone. Young Bedans who read these appalling figures will perhaps now to a certain extent realise that examinations are no more popular with their teachers than with themselves.

The examinations have their funny sides, too. One young lady who had been learning a French lesson telling how a child goes to bed, after describing his drowsiness in her paper went on to say 'Il fait sa prière *avec une allumette*'—which



SHIELDS HARBOUR.—ENTRANCE TO THE TYNE.

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THE TYNK BRIDGE—REMOVED 1873.

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makes one imagine that, like the subject of her story, 'elle avait sommeil et s'assoupissait' during the examination.

The French lesson is often relieved by funny translations. When reading the very interesting letter in French in the December issue of *The Bedan* one eager young woman, who apparently wished to render every word into English, gave *John the Baptist* as the translation of *jean de la Fontaine*, the author of the famous Fables; while another amused her class by announcing that "on déjeune toute l'après-midi" which is no doubt true of certain civic authorities who love "high living" more than "plain thinking". But most of us have enough common-sense to feel shocked at spending a whole afternoon over a meal, believing that "plain living and high thinking" are desirable and laudable aims.

But it is not the French lessons only which sometimes raise a laugh. A class was asked the other day for the definition of a stool. Here is one of the answers:—A stool is a seat for one without a back. Another Bedan though we are glad to say a very new Bedan, when asked to draw a memory map of India and to insert the mountains, seemed to think that any mountains would satisfy her teacher, and cheerfully set about inscribing the names of apparently all the hills she had ever heard of, finishing her sketch proudly by showing the *Cheviots* in the extreme south of Hindustan!

Miss Charlton, who severed her long connection with Bede School in July last, paid a flying visit here the day the School re-opened in January. She is much pleased with her new work in Londonderry, and has quite fallen in love with her Irish pupils.

Another visitor was Lindsay Littlehales, an Old Bedan, who, after being a pupil teacher for some years at Chester Road Girls' School, and while there matriculating at the London University, entered Stockwell Training College, where she is preparing for the Intermediate Arts Examination of London University. It is a long time since Lindsay previously visited her Alma Mater. We hope she won't let such an interval again elapse.

Dorothy Ross and Constance Johnson called during their holidays. We are glad to say that both these Old Bedans have passed "Collections"—the end of term examination—for what is known as the "Second B. Litt.", and that Constance shared with another student the honour of being top of the list, and so is the winner of half the "Collections" prize.

The literary people of America and England are convulsed at present—in some cases with excitement, in others with laughter—over the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy. An American lady, Mrs. Gallup, has announced her conviction that Bacon, once Lord Chancellor of England, wrote the plays generally accounted Shakespeare's. Her proofs of this are so terribly complicated, so mysterious, and are such deadly dull reading, that most of us would rather attribute the famous dramas to the wrong author than wade through the screeds of ingenious nonsense which Mrs. Gallup offers to the public for perusal.

We at Bede School seem likely to originate another heated discussion on "Did Shakespeare write his greatest plays before or after his death?" In an English lesson a short while ago, it was explained to the class that no *folio* editions of Shakespeare's works were printed during his life. Afterwards, in recapitulating, the teacher asked "Now, if you saw a first *quarto* edition of any particular Shakespearean play, of what fact would you at once be certain?" "That it was written BEFORE HIS DEATH" was the prompt reply.

During the Christmas holidays the Head Mistress received a letter from Vena Burnham, who is, as many Bedans know, at school at Thildonek in Belgium. It was full of good wishes, and contained the promise of a letter in French for the Magazine—a promise that we hope will soon be fulfilled.

Probably few girls have severed their connection with Bede School leaving behind them more pleasant memories than Laura Reavley. Beginning eight years ago at the bottom end of the school as quite a little girl, and passing upwards year by year, she is indeed a thoroughbred Bedan. Every teacher knew her well, and regretted losing a pupil whose disposition was so lovable. With her little sister Edith she said good-bye to Bede School in December, on the removal of her parents to Penarth, near Cardiff. A few days ago letters were received from both of them containing descriptions of their new home. Roses are now blooming in the garden!!

Arthur Reavley was as well liked in the Boys' School as were his sisters in the Girls'.

The following are some of the Press comments on the December *Bedan*:—

*Newcastle Daily Leader.*

"The December number of 'The Bedan', the organ of the Sunderland Bede Higher Grade School, is again bright and interesting. An editorial at the outset calls to mind that it is three years since the magazine first appeared, truly a long life for a school publication. 'The Bedan', however, is excellent enough to last, and its circulation is assured amongst the over

coming and ever-going students. The notes and school news contain much delightful information about the old boys and girls. A very funny verse is contributed by an Old Bedan from Cornwall, and there is a humorous article on "High Art" by "The Irrepressible". Amongst other features worthy of note are the contributions by "Sal Volatile, jun.," and "Viatrix", which are well worth reading. There is also an interesting letter in French, from an ex-young lady student, now in France; a satirical poem worthy of the attention of the Sunderland Corporation; and many other readable articles."

#### *Sunderland Herald and Post.*

"Three years ago this month that entertaining little magazine, *The Bedan*, was launched upon the world by "Bedans", the primary object being to provide a means by which past and present members of the Sunderland Bede Higher Grade School could keep in touch with each other. The success which it has achieved is conclusive evidence that this, as well as the other objects, have been attained, and the promoters have every reason to feel satisfied with the result of their venture. The high standard of excellence which has been achieved is fully maintained in the current issue, the leading article of which, in dealing with the anniversary, states that the circulation continues to increase, and the financial position of the magazine is very strong. Other interesting contributions, in addition to the editor's notes and school news, are, "An Episode in Bombay", "By Mount and Stream and Sea", "The Re-union", "High Art", "A Letter in French", etc., etc. An exhaustive list of prize and certificate winners is also given."

#### "Elfin" in the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*.—

"From a social point of view, there is much to be said for publications like "The Bedan", the magazine of the Bede Higher Grade School, at Sunderland. The contents of the number issued in December, a copy of which I have received, are various and interesting, and should appeal to "old" Bedans, many of whom are filling important positions. The magazine is published six times in the twelve months; and, as it is now three years since the first number appeared, the boast of its conductors that it has lived longer than more pretentious publications is quite justified. As I am interested in the North and in the doings of its people, I hope that the request of its editors, that "old" Bedans may be more communicative with each other, will have attention from those to whom it is addressed."

#### *Sunderland Daily Echo.*

"THE BEDAN.—The December number of 'The Bedan' has just been issued. It contains some really excellent articles. It is only three years since the magazine was started, and the development that has taken place is very creditable. The reading is bright and 'raey'. The contributions from past and present pupils are exceedingly interesting. The editorial notes are crisp, and contain lively gossip. "An Episode in Bombay", as related by the 'Rajah Chawles' in a humorous poem, is cleverly written. Other good articles are 'High Art', and an interesting Letter in French about French rural scenery, Paris street sights, etc. A statement of accounts of the Bede School Prize-giving, and the prize and certificate lists, conclude a really meritorious publication."

#### *The Newcastle Daily Journal* said—

"That bright and interesting organ of the Sunderland Bede Higher Grade School, *The Bedan*, is now three years old, and it is gratifying to learn—as we do from the current issue—that the conductors have every reason to be satisfied with the position, financial and otherwise, that the magazine has attained. Three years, as the editor points out, is a longer period of existence

than is enjoyed by not a few more pretentious publications. *The Bedan's* circulation is still increasing, and therefore it is not surprising to find that a healthy glow of enthusiasm permeates the editorial comments for December. The general contents are quite up to the high standard of excellence which especially characterises this school magazine. The contributions include a letter in French from a young lady who was formerly a pupil at the Bede School, and who is now domiciled in France. It is possible that some of the young Bedans who have, as their fond parents are aware, been taught to glibly recite in public from Molière, will be able to detect several errors in the printing of this interesting communication—errors which, while they would be of really little consequence in "more important publications" of the daily type, are not so easily excused in the case of a scholastic magazine."

The *Journal* reviewer's strictures are perfectly justified. The misprints alluded to—for there were no mistakes in the MS.—ought to have been corrected in the proof-sheet. We looked over it late at night, corrected several errors, and must have been asleep not to notice the others—which were obvious enough when *The Bedan* came out. As a matter of fact the scholars, when reading the letter in class, were asked to pick out the misprints; and they indicated the faulty words quite readily.

We were very sorry to note that William Edward Marsh, second son of Pastor Marsh, died on December 24th, 1901, aged 20 years. For a long time he was one of our boys, and then went to Southwick School as a pupil-teacher, but, owing to deafness, could not continue there. He next entered the service of Messrs Fisher & Sons, with a view to becoming the manager of one of their shops. After ill-health had compelled him to give up work altogether, he bore a long illness with cheerfulness and Christian fortitude. His brothers Fred and Arthur, and his sister Ethel, were all at Bede School for several years.

Bugler Alexander Orr, the volunteer whose portrait, with an account of his death in South Africa on July 22nd last, appeared in the local newspapers a few days ago, was not an Old Bedan, but his brother Arthur attended Bede School; and his brother John once had a Temporary Assistantship there.

In a recent Number of *The Incorporated Accountants' Journal* we see it announced that Albert Edward Armstrong, Clerk to Fox, Sissons, & Co., 9, Austin Friars, London, E.C., has passed the Intermediate Examination—held in December, 1901—of the Society of Accountants and

Auditors. We are very glad of his success. He is the brother of the first Art Master of Bede School.

We join in the general chorus of congratulation to Mr. George Henry Saxby on his being appointed to the important post of Stationmaster of Newcastle. Mr Saxby has had four daughters—Bertha, Nellie, Mildred, and Lena—at Bede School, the first two of whom have contributed some capital articles to *The Bedan*. A teacher who should wish for a more intelligent pupil than Bertha Saxby, or one with a sweeter disposition than her sister Nellie, would be very hard to please.

We wish Mr. Saxby long life and still higher preferment; and, now that he is leaving Sunderland, we desire to acknowledge, though not for the first time, the very great kindness which our scholars, whenever they have gone to Newcastle or elsewhere as a school party, have always received from the gentleman who, until lately, was stationmaster of Sunderland, and who, we have excellent reasons for knowing, was particularly well-affected to Bede School.

The December *Bedan* neglected to chronicle an interesting item of news. Miss Maria Abrahams was married on November the twentieth at the Jewish synagogue to Mr Morris Joseph, of Sunderland.

The bride was admitted to Bede School as a pupil in June, 1891. In August, 1892, she was appointed to the post of Assistant Mistress in the school and remained here for six years. Mrs Joseph has the good wishes of all her former colleagues and pupils.

Of the Christmas Cards sent to the Head Master by pupils, past or present, by no means the least pleasing came from F. Ernest Warburton, of Cathcart, Cape Colony. Warburton also sent a copy of the Martial Law Regulations now in force in the district where he is living. This is a big bill which the boys have seen on the Notice Board at school, and a perusal of which will make anybody understand that Martial Law has some very real inconveniences. We may have something to say on this subject in a future Number.

During the Christmas Holidays we had the pleasure of meeting Fred Turnbull who was once at Bede School—just as his sister Jane is now—and afterwards served his apprenticeship as a draughtsman at Messrs J. L. Thompson & Sons' shipyard (under Mr F. W. Armstrong's brother). Mr Turnbull now has a good post with a big Tyneside firm.

John Malcolm Shaw. He is one of the big contingent of Sunderland students at the College of Medicine, Newcastle-on-Tyne. If we remember rightly, Shaw attended Bede School for more than five years without ever being once absent. He is very loyal to his old school, and mentioned, with exultation, the fact that, now, for three years in succession, the First Year Prize for Physics and Chemistry at the Newcastle College of Medicine has fallen to an Old Bedan, the prize-winners being William Gibbons, Harold Currey, and Wilfrid Fairclough.

We congratulate Richard James Green on his appointment as one of ten Dental Surgeons to His Majesty's Forces in South Africa. He is stationed at No 11 General Hospital, Kimberley, and his post carries with it the allowances and status of Captain. Dental-Surgeon-Captain Green attended Bede School for more than three years; was at Mr Hanna's school for a time; served a three years' apprenticeship to Mechanical Dentistry with his father, Mr E. T. Elkins Green, and, concurrently, attended some lectures at the Durham College of Science, Newcastle; passed (in 1899) the Preliminary Science Examination of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, and entered as a Medical and Dental student at Guy's Hospital, London; was appointed Demonstrator in Conservation Room, April, 1900, and passed the First Professional Examination in May; was made, in April, 1901, Assistant House Surgeon (Dental)—the highest appointment open to a Dental student of Guy's; and, in November, 1901, passed the Final Examination for the Diploma in Dental Surgery of the Royal College of Surgeons, England.

We wish young Green continued success in his profession, and hope that his example may be a stimulus to present-day Bedans to work as hard and as earnestly as he has always done.

William Green, Dick's elder brother, who was with him at Bede School for a time, is now with an uncle in York. We are glad that he has recovered from his recent severe attack of pneumonia.

R. H. Howard Duncan, A.R.C.S., has been appointed Demonstrator, under Professor Goodman, in the Engineering Department of the Yorkshire College, Leeds—the College where Principal Branford, of the Sunderland Technical College, used to be Mathematical Lecturer.

In natural ability Howard Duncan has had few superiors among all the boys of Bede School. And he worked hard, too. It was a very notable success when, in 1894, he completed his four years' course in the school by gaining, in a Competition open to British subjects of any age, a Free Studentship at the Royal College of Science

On the same occasion we were glad to meet

in London—for he was then *only 15 years old* (and, of course, much the youngest of the successful candidates), and his numerous Government Certificates included one for passing in sixth stage Mathematics (Differential and Integral Calculus). The boys in the highest class at Bede School at present have done a certain amount of work in differentiation and integration, chiefly as an aid to their study of electricity and mechanics; but we fear that they would be quite unable to tackle an old sixth stage paper.

After spending three years at the Royal College of Science and taking his Associateship there Duncan did some teaching in London, and then got a post in the well-known 'Salt' Schools at Shipley, where he stayed until going to Leeds to take up his new duties. Needless to say, he has our best wishes. He recently wrote "I am glad to see from *The Bedan* that the old school is still flourishing. It will always have a warm place in my memory. It scarcely seems like close upon eight years since I left it. Please remember me very kindly to all old friends."

Duncan has a facile pen. He contributed a very good article to *The Bedan* quite a long time ago. We should be glad if he would send us another.

Mr D. M. Chapman, B.Sc., went, at the New Year, to South Shields Higher Grade School, where he has got a more lucrative post than that which he held at Bede School. We were most reluctant to lose so good a fellow and so excellent a teacher. The Head Master not only had known him at Bede School—latterly, as a colleague, and, previously, as a pupil—but also remembered having him as a young boy at Valley Road School, nearly seventeen years ago; and was therefore particularly sorry to part with him. Mr Chapman's fellow-teachers gave him a set of Thackeray's Novels on the day when he left. We hope—nay, we are confident—that he will be successful in his new sphere. It is a serious drawback to his old school to lose his services, especially in the middle of the School year.

We now hear that South Shields Higher Grade School has captured another member of our staff—Mr F. E. W. Mason, B.Sc. ! Mr Mason will leave us at the end of February. It is rather exasperating that Bede School should have become merely a sort of jackal, or lion's-provider, for the capital South Shields School, the excellent Head Master of which—our good, old friend, Mr A. Scott, B.A.—is doubtless not sorry that South Shields School Board adopts the wise policy of giving recognition, in the form of extra salary, to men with exceptional qualifications.

The following paragraph appeared in the local

newspapers on January 31st:—

"BEDE HIGHER GRADE SCHOOL.—At Christmas *The Practical Teacher's Art Monthly* offered prizes and certificates for Christmas card original designs executed in brush-drawing by competitors over 12 and under 16 years of age. The judges' report, now published, says: 'The number and quality of the entries for this competition show that the subject of brush-drawing is receiving a large amount of attention throughout the country.' Of the six prizes offered the first three have been awarded to John H. Taylor, Harold J. Jordan, and W. Fred. Sutton, all of Bede School, Sunderland. The list of pupils of that school who have gained certificates is as follows:—1st class: the foregoing prize-winners, and Edward Ranson, Geo. Barlow, Jno. W. Davidson, Chas. Hunting, Gilb. H. Wood, Bernard C. Logan, Thos. Hetherington, Robt. Ross, Geo. Dunning, Ethel Thorpe, Jno. Bailes, Edgar P. Lumley, and Arthur C. Hey. 2nd class: Frank Duncanson, Ada Thomas, Wm. C. Sunter, Herbert J. Cook, and George Hardy. Of the six prizes awarded to those teachers whose pupils gained the largest number of 1st class certificates in the competition, the first goes to Mr J. W. Hawkins, the able art-master at Bede School. The five others have been gained by teachers at Aberdeen, Halifax, Sandown (Isle of Wight), Newbury, and Leytonstone."

We congratulate very heartily Mr Hawkins and the successful competitors named in the above list. In our School a good deal of attention has, in the past six years, been given to the subject of Design, and (as the boys know) numerous examples of our pupils' work in that branch of Art are, from time to time, framed, and hung up in the corridor.

[By the way, if the *walls* of the corridor display aught of what is beautiful, it must be confessed that the *floor* often presents a most unlovely sight. Not only when the whole School is admitted (morning, afternoon, and after the recreation intervals), but also when any class has been in the Workshop, or the Physical Laboratory, or the Chemical Laboratory, or the Lecture Room, the boys have to step straight out of the playground into the corridor. What this means, after a heavy rain, or snow, or a thaw, is a wet, muddy, comfortless passage, which would be positively unbearable if it were not swept several times a day by our very willing Caretaker, Mr Annandale.

*A porch at the School door would make the corridor both warmer and cleaner.]*

John Henderson Taylor, who heads the foregoing list of prize-winners, deserves special mention for the excellent work which he always does

—particularly when any drawing is involved, or can possibly be brought in. It is not every lad who, having to write an essay on the Electric Tramways System, can embellish a page of his exercise book with a coloured illustration, practically perfect, of one of the double-decked cars of which we in Sunderland are so proud; or can head a written account of Christmas festivities with beautiful coloured drawings of holly, mistletoe, cherubs, &c.; or would think, when simply told to find the circumference of one of the wheels of a locomotive (the diameter of the wheel being given), of making, in his arithmetic notebook, a splendid, coloured picture of a complete engine!

We lately saw an exquisite copy which Taylor had made of a series of illustrations, originally given in *Chums*, showing the adventures (mostly the reverse of happy ones) of a set of Christmas 'Waits'.

The Head Master of Bede School gets endless catalogues, specimen text-books, official forms, etc., sent to him through the post; but not until this month did he ever receive, *at school*, a postal packet containing *bride's-cake*. However, on February 12th, such a thing was delivered to him, with an intimation of the marriage, at St. Michael's Church, Westoe, on the 10th inst., by the Rev. J. T. Brown, B.A., of Mr T. T. Minns, of New Herrington, to Miss Christina Harding, of Westoe. He congratulates the happy pair, and wishes them much joy. So does every other teacher of Bede School who remembers Tom Minns.

It is pleasant to notice that Minns and his school comrade, Fred. H. Robinson—who hailed, in their school days, from Murton and Hetton respectively—have had very satisfactory careers. Each of them has got a Colliery Manager's First Class Certificate, and the one is Under-Viewer at Herrington, the other in Derbyshire.

Tom Minns has had two younger brothers, James and Wilson, at his old school. Among those who visited Bede School more than once, years ago when Tom Minns figured as a pupil, was Mr Brown, the clergyman who has now officiated at his wedding.

During the autumn months Dr. J. H. Vincent gave, at the Sunderland Subscription Library, the University Extension Course of Lectures, the subject being "Photography and its Relation to the Science of Light". We are glad to observe that Cuthbert William King was one of the two candidates who gained Distinction at the Examination held at the end of the course. King was the Bede School boy who, last Midsummer, both matriculated at London University, and also, at the Oxford Senior Local Examination, gained

Honours and the title of Associate in Arts of the University of Oxford. He is now one of our Pupil Teachers. We believe that his latest success will gain him a prize from the Students' Association—a prize similar to that which Wilfrid Turpin gained a year or two ago.

In the list of candidates who passed Dr. Vincent's Examination we noticed, too, the name of Mrs Galley (Miss Coupland), once one of the mistresses at Bede School.

Mr William Walton, B.A., was for seven years on the staff of Bede School—for most of the time as Second Assistant Master; and, for the past four years, he has been Head Master of Burnley Higher Grade School. We are delighted to be able to state that he recently was appointed Head Master of Widnes Higher Grade School. Everybody who knew Mr Walton in Sunderland liked his disposition, honoured his character, and admired his ability; and we notice that, on leaving Burnley, he was presented, by his colleagues and scholars, with a very handsome roll-top secretaire, as a pledge of their appreciation of his qualities.

There are no fewer than 43 Scholarships, each worth, on an average, £12 per annum for three years, tenable at Widnes School. Of the £36 required for each of these Scholarships, some person, or persons, in the locality, must provide £15; the Board of Education, South Kensington, will then make up the balance of £21. Years ago, we had several such Scholarships at Bede School; now, we have none. The local contribution was derived from the profits of the big Schools' Concerts formerly held every year in the Victoria Hall, but now discontinued. We notice that manufacturers, and all sorts of people, help to maintain the Widnes Scholarships. Would that a similar spirit of generous enthusiasm for education were evinced in Sunderland! The Scholarships that we used to have were productive of great good. Not *one* of them ever fell to anybody thoroughly unworthy, and they were gained, for the most part, by really clever boys and girls the subsequent careers of many of whom have been brilliant.

It may perhaps be mentioned that, according to a newspaper report which has been sent us, the Chairman of the Educational Committee of the Widnes School Board said, in proposing the appointment of Mr Walton, "The Head Master of Bede School has given that gentleman the best testimonial that I have ever read". Well, if Mr Walton had got anything short of a very good testimonial, it would have been less than his due—for, in Sunderland, both the man and his work were excellent.

This mention of a particular Testimonial sug-

gests a word or two on the whole question of Testimonials.

The Head Teachers of Bede School have to write *scores* of Testimonials every year, and the task is often tiresome. Of course, their *colleagues* have a perfect right to ask, upon occasion, for such things. Those of their pupils, too, who have been for years in the school, would seem to have a just claim to them. But, often enough, a young whipper-snapper whose connection with the school lasted just a few months comes back and says, quite airily, "Please, sir, I should like you to give me a Testimonial. I have to be at such-and-such a place at such-and-such a time, and I want to take the Testimonial with me *now*." Still, a request of this sort, though it cannot always be granted—coming, as it may, when a dozen other and more important matters are pressing for attention—is often based on no worse quality than thoughtlessness. But a certain Form of Testimonial issued by a Government Department, and sent to the school when a past scholar is applying for a post in that Department, "takes the cake" for unblushing audacity and unreasonableness. It coolly asks the Head Teacher, first, to answer a long list of questions with regard to the Candidate, and, next, to get a magistrate or "a recognised minister of religion" to certify that the Head Teacher is a person whose testimony is credible! Could impudence go farther?

What it is hoped will be gathered from this note is that the Head Teachers of Bede School, while willing and glad to satisfy all reasonable requests made for Testimonials by pupils with right and proper pretensions to them, are not *always* at leisure for Testimonial-writing; and do not regard it as a compliment, exactly, to be asked to ask a magistrate or a clergyman if he thinks that they can tell the truth.

Mathematics is usually considered by the average schoolboy to be "Dry Rot"; yet it seems that even this subject has its humorous side. In a recent Mathematics lesson at Bede School, it was explained that the *square root of minus one* is represented by the symbol "i", because it is an imaginary quantity. Two such quantities "i", when multiplied together, give a product equal to *minus one*. On being asked "What is the product of three 'i's'?" a boy gave, in words, the answer "*Minus one i*", which, though mathematically correct, sounded so exactly like "Minus one eye" that it set all his companions in a roar. They evidently thought it very curious for the distinctive mark of a Cyclops to arise from a little algebra.

## LE MÉDECIN ET LA MALADE.

Il y a quelques semaines, un beau jour qu'il faisait très froid, j'avais écrit plusieurs lettres et je craignais d'arriver en retard pour la levée de la poste. Je courus sans mettre un manteau au-devant du facteur,—je l'ai manqué, et j'ai attrapé un bon rhume; ce qui n'était pas tout à fait la même chose. On a remarqué que je tousais, et on m'a dit : "Il faut vous soigner", à quoi j'ai répondu : "Ce n'est rien, cela se passera!" Les jours coulaient et le rhume en question, au lieu de se passer, augmentait; jusqu'à ce qu'un beau matin je ne puisse plus me lever, tant je me sentais malade. Madame arriva, me regarda, et envoya vivement chercher le médecin; tandis que moi je me sentais de plus en plus malade.

En vérité, il me semblait avoir été battue par tous les membres, et j'avais un mal de tête épouvantable. Comme je réfléchissais à ma triste situation, j'entendis du bruit en bas, et deux ou trois voix, puis des pas qui montaient; enfin la porte s'ouvrit, et je vis entrer un monsieur très correct, très grave, et on annonça "Monsieur le Docteur L.—".

Tandis que je tremblais, Monsieur le Docteur s'approcha, vint s'asseoir auprès de mon lit, et me parla ainsi : "Bon jour, Mademoiselle. Où vous sentez-vous du mal?" Je le regardai tristement, et répondis encore *plus* tristement : "Mal à la tête, Monsieur, mal à la poitrine, mal au cœur, mal aux jambes, mal aux bras, mal dans le dos, enfin mal partout."

Il plaça sa main sur mon cœur qui battait très fort, et dit "Ah!" d'une voix très grave tandis que moi, je me demandais s'il allait me dire que j'allais bientôt mourir. "Ah!" répéta-t-il solennellement, "ce n'est rien cela—l'émotion de mon arrivée!" (Il se trompait bien, car je n'avais que quelques palpitations.)

Ceci n'était pas très encourageant, spécialement quand il dit à Madame "Mademoiselle est très nerveuse, n'est-ce pas?" Moi, je répondis vivement, "Pas du tout, Monsieur!"; mais il me lança un regard dédaigneux, et répéta "Mademoiselle est très nerveuse!" d'un ton qui disait qu'il n'y avait pas à discuter sur le sujet. Puis il demanda une serviette, et mit son oreille contre mon dos, puis contre la poitrine, et il écouta la respiration, et me tâta le pouls qu'il trouva assez agité.

A ce moment une idée ingénieuse me frappa, et je demandai très gentiment "Savez-vous parler anglais, Monsieur?"

Monsieur le Docteur sourit, et secoua la tête en disant "Pauvre Mademoiselle! non, je parle un peu l'allemand!" et moi, désappointée, je le regardais, pendant qu'il produisait un petit thermomètre qu'il mit sous le bras, pour avoir la



température. Après son examen Monsieur le Docteur donna son avis : "Mademoiselle a la grippe; il faudra que Mademoiselle prenne des précautions; qu'elle reste dans son lit; et qu'elle prenne garde de ne pas attraper froid. Il faudra donner à Mademoiselle de la tisane, beaucoup de tisane, du bouillon aux herbes, des fleurs du tilleul, et de la camomille;" (je me demandais quand il allait finir) "enfin de la tisane à volonté,—mais" (dans un ton tragique) "chaude, Madame! très chaude! des cachets de quinine, du bouillon, du lait, et du sirop."

Enfin il fit son ordonnance, et allait partir quand soudainement je me souvins de quelque chose. "Est-ce que je pourrais prendre du thé, Monsieur?" demandai-je. Le grave médecin eut un grand sourire : "Ah! je l'attendais là!" dit-il, "sans cela, vous ne seriez pas anglaise, Mademoiselle," et enfin il ajouta "Pas de thé, pas d'anglais!"

Puis il est parti, en me disant comme consolation, que le temps était très mauvais, et qu'on était mieux dans la maison que dehors; et moi, je suis restée à contempler le grand feu de bois qui flambait dans la cheminée, et à réfléchir sur les inconvénients de la grippe.

JENNIE CLASPER.

France,

le 6 janvier, 1902.



## GHOSTLY REMINISCENCES.

Scene. Play Park, Sunderland.

Time. 11'30 p.m., December 31st, 1901.

Dramatis Personae: Serious Ghost;

Merry ditto.

*Enter the Two Ghosts—arm in arm.*

*Serious Ghost (in a stage whisper).* Glide soft, my Brother, and with ghostly tread, let us revisit our good old Bede School, and talk solemnly of "days that are no more".

*Merry Ghost.* Oh bother! you're always wanting to reminisce. And you can't do it, you know. Your memory's clean gone. You were given to doting, occasionally, even when we were boys together!

*S.G. (angrily withdrawing his arm from that of his companion spirit).* O base and shapeless vapour! O contemptible fragment of mist! Speak'st thou thus to me? Away, I'll none of thee!

*M.G.* Good gracious! you didn't use to talk in that Early English style. Besides, I'm quite as substantial as you, anyway—old hay wisp! As for having none of me—well, of course, do as you like; but what on earth did you ask me to come here for?

*(A long and strained pause.)*

*M.G., continuing.* It's a jolly old place, though. Had some ripping games here. Do you remember our old football team. You were centre forward, weren't you, and I was half back. That wretched little A— used to be inside right. And do you remember how we punched S— when he funk'd? Beastly little whipper-snapper he was! But wasn't L— a splendid back, and, eleven years ago, when we reached the Final in the Roker Cup Competition, could anything have been finer than W—'s goal-keeping? What an interest poor P— always took in the team! But I hear that the present eleven actually has the advantage of being coached by nothing less than an old First League player, called B—.

*(Another long pause, during which both ghosts gaze into the far distance.)*

Fellow spectres tell me that more Bedans than ever learn swimming now, and that somebody named W— takes exceptional pains with the lads at the Baths. What advantages these moderns have, to be sure! Always knew I was a generation too soon. But, never mind, old Funeral Face. Tom W— belonged to *our* day, and Bede School has never again produced such a swimmer!

*S.G. (weeping affectionately on the M.G.'s neck).* O brother! Think of the times when we two, we happy two, did revel in much wickedness in this very building now looming up before our spectral eyes? Canst call to mind the toffee of our youth—so sticky, so luscious, so mouth-filling; and how we safely sucked it 'neath the friendly shadow of the dual desk? And the secret notes! Ah, dost thou mind the bits of paper passed from hand to hand, or which I cautiously conveyed, crawling along the floor, as if to pick up my fallen piece of pencil! Ah! that was joy indeed. That was life!

Oh! running stream of sparkling joy—

To be a soaring human boy!

*(Both Ghosts are overcome with emotion for several minutes.)*

*M.G. (brightening up).* Yes, my dear old James, Jacobus, alias Jimmy, I recollect your pranks very well indeed. What a rascal you were, to be sure. Always a bit stupid, you know; but, more mischievous than melancholy *then*, though not *now*. By the way, do you remember that fight we had with the Tadpoles. Awful little bouncers they were. Thought they were great. We did 'em, though. O Jimmy! didn't we thrash 'em in that snow-ball battle. Look! there's the very road where they skeddaddled.

*S.G.* My brother, it grieveth me sore to hear you reverting to the slang of your corporeal state. It ill befits your present condition. A lofty type of speech—somewhat like mine, for instance—would be much more becoming.

(*M.G. looks abashed and gazes towards the Town Hall.*)

*M.G. (recovering his spirits and attempting to dig S.G. in the ribs).* Oh, what an awful little cram B—was. He used to stew like mad—never did much in exams., though. I say, old chap, how would you like exams. now? Bet you've forgotten all your chemistry, and physics, and Euclid, and stuff. Do you remember how scared we felt while they gave out the papers. And the different old Johnnies who came to superintend or vigilate always read out the same old thing—'Any candidate found breaking any of these rules will be expelled from the examination room and his paper cancelled'—something like that, wasn't it?

*S.G. (sighing)* Yes, something very like that. I remember I used to get very tired of it when it came to the 14th exam.

*M.G.* I've heard that they don't do much at the Science and Art exams. now. They've rather chucked that—go in more for an Annual Inspection, and for Oxford and Cambridge and that sort of thing, you know. Never had the chance in my time. Always said I was born too soon.

(*The Town Hall clock strikes Twelve.*)

*S.G.* 'Tis now the very witching hour of night! Likewise the old year passes. Let us remove our ghostly presence while wishing success to our old school throughout Annus Domini 1902.

*M.G.* What! are you breaking into Latin? I must do ditto, Care Senex. Here goes.

*FLOREAT SCHOLA BÆDÆ. Now let's scuttle.*

(*Execunt the two Ghosts, vanishing into space.*)

K.A.S.



## SUNDERLAND—A STRANGER'S FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

☉ course we made enquiries before we came.

'Sunderland', said the youth with the superior manner, 'Oh! Sunderland is a wretched place', and his nose was so uplifted, and his tone so crushing, that had we not known that he invariably surveyed the world from a pedestal, which he had mounted in virtue of a little natural cynicism, and a happy freedom from emotions, we might have felt a little, just a little, bit discouraged; but we recognised the certainty of inexperience and were not surprised to find that the youth had generalised from a rapid rush down High Street,—for he had only been to Sunderland once on business.

'Sunderland' said his maiden aunt. 'Sunderland is simply delightful'; and happy recollec-

tions of successful shopping cheered her into reminiscences of a certain Fawcett Street—for the Maiden Aunt had visited Sunderland on pleasure.

'There is a sea-side place just near', chimed in a voice, so gentle, that we guessed its owner had reached the age when busy thoroughfares and shopping have lost their common charm.

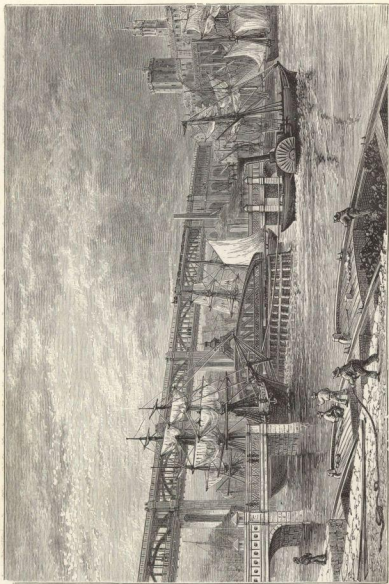
'And we have the finest Car system in the country'; the remark itself proclaimed the Man from Sunderland. Of course, we knew even then that he was wrong, so many inhabitants of large towns have told us the same thing; but it was no good attempting to rid him of his delusion. As a matter of fact *our own* town possesses the best Car system in England; but it is just as well to let people keep what municipal pride they have.

All of which only told us, what we knew already, that the main features of a town are in the eye of the beholder. Truly, that which touches us personally is of prime importance to us,—a toothache at home will affect us more than a general election outside; the opening of a Technical College is a small matter to the schoolboy whose very being is inflamed at the thought of 'kicking a goal'. And High Street, Fawcett Street, Seaside, Cars, take a back place in the mind of a person, whose destination is the Bede Higher Grade School.

What is it that impresses us most? The amazing way in which the streets deliberately mock one's efforts to reach one's destination by the, apparently, shortest route? [This experience is not, of course, peculiar to Sunderland. There are people whose instinct always leads them aright in questions of locality; there are others whose heads are screwed on 'askew'. It is long since I accepted the painful truth that mine is 'askew'.] Is it the east winds? *All* east winds, whatever their destination, must surely travel via Sunderland. Nay, the winds here, from whatever quarter, have an asperity which makes one conclude that somehow, and morally speaking, they are all easterly.

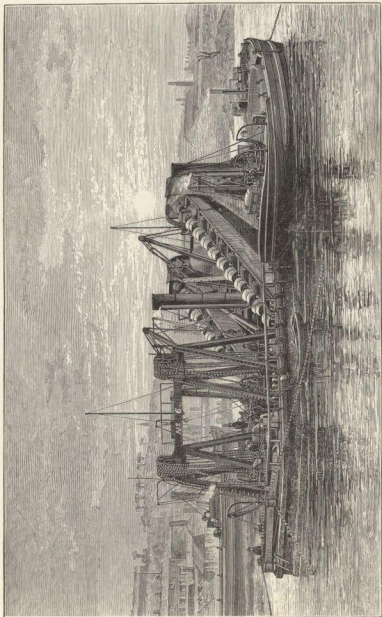
Or, coming to the school itself, is it the intricate ways to the various outside buildings, and the involved and impossible combinations of keys and keyholes—the big key with the mark, for the little door to the left—the small box with three keys in it (only one of which apparently is intended for use,) to be always placed at the top right-hand corner of the upper cupboard in the middle—The . . . . But why enlarge further on what we cannot even now ourselves appreciate? After a very few days even our ungeometrical mind becomes familiar with the directions of certain streets; the wind ceases to be, even morally speaking, east; the mystery of the keys becomes clear to us; and it is only occasionally that we forget which way to turn to





**HIGH LEVEL BRIDGE AND SWING BRIDGE.**

(By permission of Andrew Reid & Company, Limited, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.)



ONE OF THE LARGE DREDGERS ON THE RIVER TYNE.

(By permission of Andrew Reid & Company, Limited, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.)

get to the physical laboratory without going through the back passage and the boys' corridor. From the homogeneous mass of people there crystallise out the individuals, like ice-flowers from a block of ice, and the Bede Higher Grade School assumes its normal place in Sunderland perspective.

Truly, the calm at intervals is broken. One morn we find ourselves besieged by tides or rather whirlpools of desks, our ears are deafened by unwonted noises, and one more nightmare is added to those in general recognised as orthodox. This tumult annually precedes the Bede Girls' Reunion—but of this we must not speak, unless we change the title of these few stray remarks, for the Reunion is such a genial and sociable institution that its influence makes one feel no longer

A STRANGER.



### TIME'S COMPLAINT.

THE Bearded Sage stood still to pass  
His hand across his eyes,  
And nearly dropped his precious glass,  
So great was his surprise!

He muttered "What is this I hear?  
They talk across the sea  
Without a wire? It's very clear  
They'll soon be beating me.

'Twas just the other day I raced  
An air ship over space;  
And had the sails been better placed,  
It would have won the race.

But Dumont and Marconi each  
Must reckon soon with me,  
My scythe is sharp—and long of reach:  
I'll shew them! They shall see!"

Vain boast, O Time! Another mind  
The work shall still pursue;  
Though these men die, they'll leave behind  
Others to carry through

The marvellous tasks they have begun;  
And soon the human race,  
Shall soar on pinions towards the sun,  
And float through realms of space.

X.Y.Z.



### OLD BEDANS.

(10.) MR. ROBERT GAIR RICHARDSON.

FOR the comparatively long period of eleven years Bede School had no change whatever in the *personnel* of its Head and its First Assistant Teachers, Miss Todd and Miss Emma Todd in the Girls' Department, and Mr Ferguson and Mr Richardson in the Boys', remaining continuously on the Staff from Monday, April 28th, 1890, when the School was formally opened, until Monday, July 1st, 1901, when Mr Richardson got well-deserved preferment in the shape of the Head Mastership of Sunderland Thomas Street School.

Mr Richardson served his apprenticeship as a Pupil Teacher at Byker School, Newcastle, under Mr Josiah Hammond, a veteran Head Master who retired just a few months ago. Among the many men who, at one time or another, have been on the staff of Byker School, mention may be made of Mr R. G. Richardson's brother, Mr Fred. Richardson, B.Sc., now the Newcastle School Board's Sub-Inspector; Mr John Douglas, the present able and well-known Head Master of Westmoreland Road School, Newcastle, and a subscriber to *The Bedan*; and Mr Wilson Ritson, now a farmer in Canada, whose daughter Kathleen attended Bede School for several years. It is perhaps worth remarking that many political meetings have been held in the big room of Byker School, and that Joseph Cowen and John Morley have often spoken there. The present Head Master of Bede School was a Head Master in Newcastle in the years 1881-4, and seldom missed any opportunity of hearing either of these intellectual giants. When will Newcastle again be represented by so rare an orator as the one, and so brilliant a literary man as the other?

Mr Richardson, on completing his apprenticeship, went, as a Junior Assistant, to Sunderland Road School, Gateshead—the Boys' Department of which at one time had, as its Head, Mr W. T. Eltringham, at present Sub-Inspector of Schools in the Shrewsbury District, a genial gentleman and capable official once well-known in Sunderland; while the Mistress of the Infants' Department was Miss Bowes, the intelligent, good-hearted, far-travelled lady who, for many a year, has presided over the Sunderland Valley Road Infants' School.

Before long Mr Richardson proceeded to St. Mark's College, Chelsea, which he entered with a First Class Queen's Scholarship, and where, in each of the two years of his training, he gained a First Class at the Certificate Examination. On leaving College he was appointed First Assistant Master of Sunderland Diamond Hall School, and

stayed there for more than three years. He then came to Bede School, again as First Assistant.

Bede School, on Saturday, April 26th, 1890, (the day fixed for the enrolment of the names of boys and girls who meant to begin their attendances at the time of the Formal Opening on Monday, April 28th,) was markedly different from what it now is. There was no Physical Laboratory, no Chemical Laboratory, no Workshop, no Lecture Room. The Play-ground was unpaved, the corridor littered with rubbish.

The workmen had just got out of the buildings, and everything inanimate was new, cold, and uninviting. But the enthusiasm of youngsters swarming over one another to join the school afforded a delightful contrast to the somewhat cheerless look and rather clammy feel of the only partially finished premises. It had been thought that the school might fill slowly, and so the sole staff on the Opening Day consisted of the two Head Teachers and four Assistants; but there were six hundred boys and girls from the very outset! After the first week or two of hurry and scurry additional teachers were appointed, and the school routine soon became normal.

Mr. Richardson stayed long enough at Bede School to see all the following teachers not only *come* but also *go*:—Mr John H. Brittain, one of his original colleagues, now Pupil-Teachers' Instructor at Rochdale (in succession to Mr R. B. Brierley, B.A., whose boy is now a Bedan); Mr W. Walton, B.A., Head Master of Widnes Higher Grade School; Mr David Foster, Pupil-Teachers' Instructor at Chatham; Mr E. M. Chrishop, Assistant Master, Brighton Higher Grade School; Mr J. M. Maddison, Assistant Master, St. Margaret's School, Liverpool; Mr F. W. Armstrong, Royal College of Art, London; Mr F. J. Maher, Rutherford College, Newcastle; Mr R. Littlehailes, Exhibitioner of Balliol College, Oxford; Mr J. Barron, Exhibitioner of New College, Oxford; Mr R. W. Scott, Oxford; Miss K. A. Smith, B.Sc., Normal Department, Birmingham University; Miss Soulsby (Mrs Murphy); Miss Harbottle (Mrs Turnbull); Miss Bird (Mrs Welch); Miss Abrahams (Mrs Joseph); Miss Sutcliffe (Mrs Lear); Miss Coupland (Mrs Galley); together with several of the present Head Mistresses of schools in Sunderland—for example, Miss Reid, of Chester Road (one of Mr Richardson's original colleagues, like Mr Brittain); Miss Marshall, Valley Road; Miss Woolacott, Hendon; Miss Dudgeon, Simpson Street; and Miss Smith, Redby; besides a few other teachers also at work in Sunderland—as, for instance, Mr Hindmarch, of Diamond Hall; Mr Pain, of Thomas Street; Miss Maclaren, Hendon; Miss Rhind, Claremont House; and Mr J. G. Glansfield, Head Master-Designate of the

new Barnes School. Mr Richardson also worked, for a longer or a shorter period, with practically the whole of the *present* staff of Bede School, the *personnel* of which may be seen in the Abridged Prospectus appearing in this Number.

One of the subjects which Mr Richardson taught, throughout his long period of service at Bede School, was Chemistry. He showed remarkable facility in readily illustrating any matter that cropped up during a lesson: few men could more quickly adapt, than he often did, very simple objects and apparatus to serve, with some degree of adequateness, the office of elaborate appliances. In 1893 *ten* of his boys gained *First Class Advanced Certificates* in Practical Chemistry, and in 1895 he taught William Gibbons, a Bedan of sixteen summers, who, that year, was bracketed First in First Class Honours in the United Kingdom at the South Kensington Department's Examination in that subject.

Mr Richardson was exceptionally skilful in printing lists and schemes. He often drew up, in great, bold, easily-read characters, and, withal, with the utmost rapidity, a very useful analysis or compendium of a big range of subject-matter. Such a piece of work, executed by a teacher himself in the presence of his boys, is often far more effective than anything which they merely find in books.

Mr Richardson very easily maintained discipline, and kept on good terms with his boys; and it is a fact—though one doubtless due in some measure to his exceptionally long connexion with the school—that no other Assistant Master has been so frequently inquired for by old scholars when they have called to see the Head Master.

At the Durham University College of Science, Newcastle, Mr Richardson has passed in all the Science subjects for the Degree of Bachelor of Science. To increase his scientific knowledge he has sometimes studied at South Kensington, and he once went to Germany to acquire a knowledge of wood-carving. Several years ago he married a daughter of the late Councillor Coltman, of Newcastle.

Ever since *The Bedan* was established Mr Richardson has been a fairly regular contributor to its pages. When he went to his new post, last July, his old fellow-teachers and scholars gave him a handsome present as a mark of their good wishes. He has got a large and important school, and his ability, credentials, and experience will doubtless enable him to conduct it with credit to himself and advantage to all his pupils.



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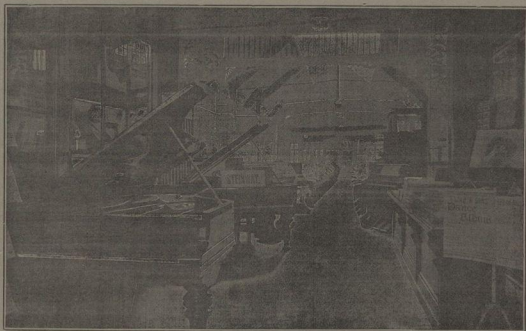
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