

# The Bedan.

[SUNDERLAND BEDE HIGHER GRADE SCHOOL MAGAZINE.]

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## CONTENTS.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
<b>LEADING ARTICLE :</b>		ALAN PILLING .. .. .	326
BEDAN NOMENCLATURE. (II.) .. .. .	325	EDITORIAL NOTES AND SCHOOL NEWS .. .. .	330
<b>ILLUSTRATIONS :</b>		THE SCHOOL'S BIRTHDAY .. .. .	334
INTERIOR OF HARTLEY'S GLASS WORKS .. .. .	327	MOVE ON ! .. .. .	335
THE OLD CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN FAW- CETT STREET .. .. .	328	LEAVES FROM THE IRREPRESSIBLE'S DIARY .. .. .	335
THE VICTORIA HALL—AS ORIGINALLY DESIGNED	337	SLIGHTLY MIXED .. .. .	336
MONKWEARMOUTH RAILWAY STATION .. .. .	338	BEDE SCHOOL ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CLUB .. .. .	339

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## BEDAN NOMENCLATURE. (II.)

WE have been assured that our first Article on this subject was read with interest. This may have arisen from the fact that, inevitably, mention had to be made in it of some scores of Old Bedans whose names have, perhaps, not often appeared in the Magazine. Lists of names, though frequently wearisome to the general reader, seldom fail to excite at least the passing notice of the persons expressly mentioned.

Bede School has always had one park *outside*, and has generally had many Parks *inside* of it. Numbers of people have commented on the school's fine situation, but probably few of them were aware of the range and diversity of the natural objects enclosed within its walls—Hills and Dales; Mountains, Peakes, Craggs, and Craigs; Moors, Commons, Downs, and Fells; Land, Peat, Meades, and Meadows; Forrests and Apple-garths; Green-woods and Green-wells (besides Woods and Wells of colour not specified); with numerous rivers, Scottish (Clyde, Irvine, and Liddle), English (Blyth, Ure, Don, Greta), and even Biblical (Jordan), having Banks, Fords, and Ferries, and fed by many a Beck and Burn, the Waters occasionally tumbling over Weirs and Lynns, and at other times gliding away to Marshes.

At the present time it is natural to think of royal personages. Many Bedans have names associated with British monarchs: Arthur, the mythical, shadowy hero, of whom we may remark in passing that the Venerable Bede, in his History, makes no mention; Edgar, Egbert, Oswald, Edwin, Alfred, Harold—all strenuous figures in the troubled Saxon and Danish periods of our Island story; William, far the commonest, we believe, of English names, and borne, amongst our sovereigns, alike by the Conqueror, eight hundred years ago, and by our late Queen's immediate predecessor; Stephen, the Usurper; John, the Coward; Henry, Richard, Charles, James, George—five names recalling nineteen kings who reigned over England throughout nearly five centuries; and Edward, the designation of seven of our rulers whose occupancy of the throne stretches through 135 years, the first of the seven, Longshanks, warrior, statesman, and law-giver, ranking as the greatest of all the 46 men who, in the past millennium, have swayed the English sceptre, while the last of the seven is our present gracious and well-beloved Sovereign.

Send him victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us;  
God save the King.

The School has abounded, too, in queenly

names—Victoria, Mary, Elizabeth, Anne, Matilda, Eleanor, Katherine, Caroline, Charlotte, Wilhelmina, and even Maria Theresa!

Anybody passing through the playground at recreation time, and hearing the racket which our youngsters, both boys and girls, then generally delight to make, might perhaps not go so far as to imagine himself in Pandemonium, but yet, remembering that *Saints* usually love tranquillity, he would probably never expect to find any of *them* in Bede School—in spite of its name. But he would err;—for we have had an Ambrose, a Cuthbert, a Lawrence, a Patrick, a Benedict, and a Bernard, as well as a Hilda, an Agnes, and an Ursula. Besides, Palmers and Fryers, Priors and Bishops (with Croziers), and more or less learned Clarks and Priestley boys have, without leaving our class-rooms, often gone to Kirk, to Church, or to Chappel.

We try to give our pupils moral training and intellectual food, but we do not cater for their bodily wants. We like them to go home, when possible, for their meals. But we keep—though, as we have said, not for consumption, either on or off the premises—Coves, Hoggs, Harts, Hinds, Lamb, Venison, Rolls, Fowles, Ryce, Beer, Porter, Pike, Jack, Whiting, Herring, Olives, Lemons, Pears, Nutts, and Almonds.

Some parts of the Girls' School have at times been almost like a garden with Roses, Violets, Lilies, Daisies, Marguerites, Elder, Alder, Ivy, Myrtle, Lavender, and (alas!) Thorns and Brambles.

"The world is not very large after all" is nowadays quite a trite saying, the truth of which is brought home to us with some force when, occasionally, admitting a new pupil, we say "Where was your last school?" and are told "In Buenos Ayres", or "At Halifax, Nova Scotia", or "In Johannesburg"—to quote but three comparatively recent answers; or when, noticing some lad's absence and asking his class-mates what is become of him, we are informed "Please, sir, he's gone to Monte Video in his father's ship". To go to sea "just for the voyage" is, indeed, a rather common practice with some Bedans, especially when the Midsummer Holidays are approaching. Then not a few of our boys and girls have permanently established themselves abroad—in France, Belgium, Germany, India, Africa, America, Australia, New Zealand. But is the adventurous spirit of Bedans to be wondered at when we find amongst them many a Livingstone, Stanley, Baker, Park, Grant, Cameron, Blake, Hudson, Franklin, Cook, Murray, Burke, Wills, and McClintock?

We have known the little namesakes of several generals—Marlborough and Wade, Wellesley and Havelock, Colley, Warren, and Roberts; and of three great admirals—Nelson, Colling-

wood, and Duncan; and one of our boys, son of a brave captain who went down with his ship, is called after an old sea-king—Rollo.

From the big catalogue of more or less uncommon Christian names, some short and some long, which Bedans have borne, we select just a few:—Mazo, Vida, Luida, Mora, Abra, Verner, Gladwyn, Myra, Leo, Leon, Edis, Johnina, Bergetta, Elfrida, Liliias, Ethelwyne, Valentine, Marmaduke, Alicia, Valeria, Philamena, and Theodosia.

Often Aurora has come into the school, followed by Morn, and then by Day; but sometimes they have put in an appearance in just the reverse order; and more than once they have presented themselves simultaneously! And—strange topsyturvydom of times and seasons!—even March, May, August, Yule, and Easter, have been known to walk in *together*!

Of what may be called representative Sunderland names our registers contain a good sprinkling, as the following list will show:—Mordey, Kayll, Doxford, Pinkney, Abbs, Hines, Mesnard, Simey, Douglas, Barwick, Robson, Allison, Crown, and Thompson.

Perhaps to teach us to be *moral* and *philosophical* we have been furnished with numerous little replicas of Locke, Bain, Browne, Butler, Bentham, Cudworth, Sidgwick, and Hamilton; and the annals of Bede School should surely be well compiled, and should, as a whole, supply instances of nearly every possible excellence of style, seeing that a Freeman, a Froude, a Hume, a Gibbon, a Surtees, an Alison, a Hyde, a Burnet, a Thirlwall, and a Gardiner, have themselves helped to *make* the history, and would therefore seem peculiarly fitted to *write* it.

*The Bedan* sometimes contains tolerable verses. But, would that some of our old pupils could "live up to" their *names*! What boundless treasures of lyric, dramatic, didactic, and satirical poetry might there then be in the Magazine! We have actually had a WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, Beaumont and Fletcher, Burns and Ramsay, Gray and Goldsmith, Pope and Dryden, Brown-ing and Phillips, are old scholars whose contributions, *in the case supposed*, we should be delighted to insert, and their plays and poems could be critically reviewed by other Old Bedans—Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Traill, and Ruskin.

Further, still abiding by our rule of putting into the Magazine nothing but the productions of persons connected with the School, we could have a Diary by Evelyn, stories by Gaskell, and novels by Scott, Hardy, Charles Kingsley, and George Meredith. Indeed, we have got some novels "ready set up"—Charles O'Malley, Donovan, Emma, and Amelia; but, they being each considerably more than five feet high, we fear it would be difficult to squeeze them into our pages. Namesakes of characters in fiction, the drama,

and general literature can, we need hardly say, be found by the score in the great band of Bedans. Corisande makes one think of Beaconsfield's *Lothair*; Beatrice, of Dante and *Much Ado about Nothing*; Stella, of Swift's Correspondence; Ida, of Tennyson's *Princess*; Leonora, of the libretto of Beethoven's only Opera. Sylvia, Helena, Cordelia, Gaunt, Hubert, Duncan, Macbeth, Jacques, Oliver, and Goodfellow are, of course, Shakespearean. Kerr and Cranston recall Scott's picturesque *Lay*. Annabel Lee and Lenore set us repeating Edgar Allan Poe's two best-known poems. Higgs, Ethel, Honeyman, and Costigan bring back to our minds Thackeray's masterpiece, *The Newcomes*, and his *Pendennis*. Hettie and Dinah, Rosamond and Dorothea, remind people acquainted with George Eliot's writings of *Adam Bede*, her most popular work, and of *Middlemarch*, the longest and perhaps the best.

We trust that all who have ever passed through Bede School will "play their parts" well on Life's stage. They ought so to do—for have they not had the opportunity of many a time seeing more than one Garrick, Booth, Kendal, Irving, Benson, and Robertson? Let the boys imitate, in devotion to work, blamelessness of conduct, and simple nobility of character, the great and good man after whom the School is called; and let the girls copy the constancy, the sweet disposition, and the perfect unselfishness, of the ladies who made for ever honourable the last two Bedan names which this Article will mention—Flora Macdonald and Florence Nightingale.



### ALAN PILLING,

A Bede School Boy

From Midsummer, 1892, to Midsummer, 1898,

DROWNED,

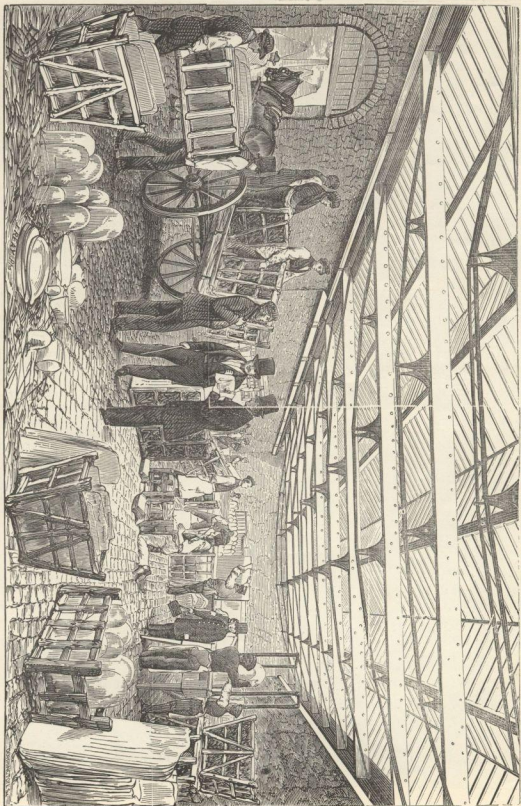
Friday, July 4th, 1902,

In the 21st year of his Age,

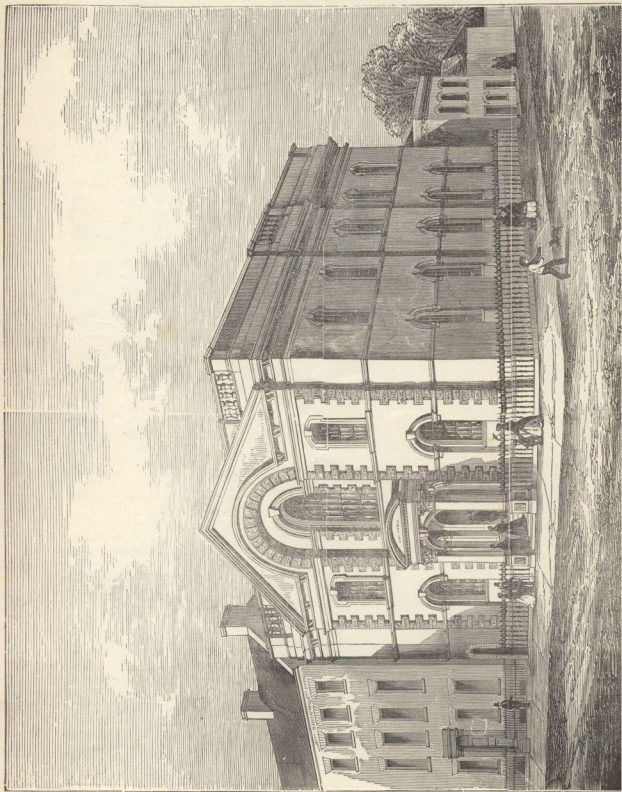
Through the Capsizing of a Canoe  
On the Thames, at Windsor.

WITH very much pain and most sincere regret we chronicle the death of Alan Pilling, a widely-known and well-loved Old Bedan. The following extract from the *Sunderland Daily Echo* of July 5th gives an account of the sad misadventure by which he lost his life:—

"The Thames at Windsor claimed another victim yesterday, when a young Sunderland gen-



INTERIOR OF HARTLEY'S GLASS WORKS.





tleman, A. Pilling, aged 20, Roker Park Road, was drowned. The deceased was staying with Mr A. Stephens, Down House, Richmond, for a holiday. Yesterday morning, in company with his host and Miss Stephens, he proceeded to Windsor in a Canadian canoe. Just after passing the stately Castle Mr. Stephens was towing the craft, and deceased, who was steering the boat, pointed her head amid-stream, bringing the canoe broadside, and, the rope tightening, the frail boat was overturned in 14 feet of water.

"Miss Stephens managed to swim out, but the deceased, after giving one or two strokes, sank, and did not rise to the surface again.

"Assistance was procured as quickly as possible, but when the body was recovered life was extinct.

"Mr Alan Pilling was the youngest son of Mr Pilling, chief draughtsman at Clark's Engine Works, and had been with the Durham College of Science Corps of Volunteers in camp at Aldershot till some days ago, when he went to spend a holiday at Richmond with his college chum, Stephens. Pilling was a lad of the brightest and sunniest of natures, universally beloved, and, after an early school and later college career of quite exceptional promise, had just passed with double honours in the term exams. The deepest sympathy will be extended to his sorrowing parents and relatives in their terrible loss."

In *The Bedan* for April, 1899, under the heading "Old Bedans; Alan Pilling", there appeared an Article which began thus:—

"The subject of this notice was admitted into Bede School on August 8th, 1892, and placed in one of the lower Standards. He was at that time a dark-haired, bright-eyed, pale-faced, intelligent-looking little boy, scrupulously neat in all things, and remarkable for a frank inquisitiveness which, devoid of even the slightest suggestion of impertinence, made him a very engaging pupil.

"As time went on he always showed himself one of the best boys in his class, and, in 1895, at the end of his first year in the Upper School, he was placed second among the 54 boys in his Division, John Barron being first".

After giving some account of Pilling's contemporaries at school, the Article remarked that he passed the Oxford Junior Local Examination in 1896 and gained numerous successes in Science and Art in 1898. It then went on:—

"The characteristics which distinguished Alan Pilling as a little boy persisted throughout his school life. His dress, methods of work, drawings, and exercise books were all marked by singular neatness, and his direct speech, combined with much inbred courtesy of bearing and "sweet reasonableness" of disposition, was always noticeable.

"He is fond of exercise and sport as well as of study, and, altogether, is a type of Old Scholar of whom his school has no reason to be ashamed."

On leaving school Pilling, then a tall, smart lad nearly seventeen years old, began work at Messrs. Clark's Engineering Works at Southwick. In September, 1900, he gained a Scholarship offered once every four years to be competed for by engineering apprentices belonging to the North-East of England, and, with this, he went to the Durham University College of Science at Newcastle, intending to take the three years' course for the B.Sc. degree. At the end of the first year he headed the list of Engineering Students, and was awarded the Thomas Young Hall Scholarship. At the second year's examination, held less than a month ago, he gained double honours—in Mechanical and Electrical Engineering. Then came his week at Aldershot, his short holiday at Richmond, and his tragic death.

Alan Pilling had great ability and attainments, as his brilliant career, now brought to so sudden and so untimely a close, clearly proves; but it was a certain remarkable loveliness of disposition and character which procured him his troops of friends. Old people, young folks of his own age, and little children, were alike attracted towards him, and are alike now sadly conscious that they are poorer by the loss of one of the most glad some and joyous of spirits.

We desire to express to Alan's father, mother, and brothers, at this time of their poignant grief, the warm sympathy with them of everybody connected with his old school. In 1637 Edward King, a young and learned friend of John Milton's, was drowned, and the great poet, at the beginning of one of the most exquisite monodies ever written, mourned for him thus:—

"Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,  
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer."

But, later, remembering his young friend's blamelessness of life, and confident of his joyful resurrection, Milton says to all who were bewailing his death,

"Weep no more,  
For Lycidas (your sorrow) is *not* dead,  
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;  
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,  
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore  
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;  
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,  
Through the dear might of Him that walked  
the waves.

Where other groves, and other streams along,  
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,  
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,  
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love,  
There entertain him all the saints above,

In solemn troops, and sweet societies,  
That sing, and singing in their glory move,  
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes."

These noble lines, and the glorious truth which they set forth, may certainly be applied to the case of the frank, pure-minded, high-souled  
ALAN PILLING.



## 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.]

"God Save the King."

So sang all the teachers and scholars very fervently when, on Wednesday afternoon, June 25th, Bede School "broke up" for the two days' holiday which, it had been arranged long before, should then be given. Bedans, in common with the rest of His Majesty's subjects, realized that afternoon that a most valuable life was in grave danger, and that, to have it spared, was a thing well worth praying for.

The Holidays, in view of the King's condition, were a sort of chastened pleasure. Everybody felt it right to seem glad, seeing that the King was alive; and yet everybody felt it indecent to seem *very* glad, seeing that the King was not only not having his long-projected Coronation just then, but was even almost at death's door.

If the Coronation had taken place as originally arranged, Bede School would have been gaily decorated for Thursday and gaily illuminated on Thursday night. The teachers, the boys, and the girls had made great preparations; but, no decorations having actually been displayed *before* the news of the postponement of the Coronation, it appeared a mockery to make a show at all—at any rate until the King was out of danger. However, the fairy lights, the candles, the flags, the bunting, the mottoes, the designs, etc., will all *keep*, and, when the Coronation *does* take place, we believe that Bedans will be well satisfied with the look of their School, both during the day and at night.

The Head Teachers wish to thank all—colleagues, pupils, parents—who bought the decorations and illuminations, or helped to get them ready; and hope that the expense and labour

enthusiastically undertaken will, by and by, be rewarded by a thoroughly gratifying result.

Mr Simpson and Mr Hawkins deserve special thanks: they did an enormous amount of work. Cuthbert King, Herbert Wood, William Logan, and Alf. Moore rendered very useful service. Mr Annandale was always willing to lend a hand, and, one night, Mr McIntyre came and made himself helpful. All the teachers did what they could: some of the mistresses stayed at school until nine o'clock on two or three evenings, getting things ready.

We thank Mr J. Laidler, of the Low Quay, for readily lending us some ships' lamps; and we gratefully acknowledge the particular kindness of Mr J. G. Hanson, Painter, Aubrey Terrace East, who not only lent us ladders giving access to the School Tower, but also came himself and made them secure on the roof.

Monday, August 25th, will be the Opening Day after the Midsummer Holidays. By that time the lists of Candidates successful at the London Matriculation (June), Oxford Local (July), and some other Examinations in which Bedans, present or past, are interested, will have been published. If our representatives figure in them as well as we have reason to hope that they will, and as well as they have done in other Examination lists lately, we shall then be in a position to say that the School has had more, and more varied, successes in 1902 than in any previous year.

John Barron, Exhibitioner of New College, Oxford, took Mathematical Moderations last month.

Angelo John Smith, who will go to Oxford in October as an Exhibitioner of Brasenose College, passed Responsions, with the Additional Subject (Livy), last week. We heartily congratulate him on what, the other work he has had on hand since November being considered, is a most creditable performance.

Our heartiest congratulations to John Neill, B.Sc. He is only eighteen years old, and must be one of the youngest University Graduates in the country. For nearly five years he attended Bede School, took the complete course of our Upper School, gained numerous successes (Honours and two Distinctions at the Oxford Junior Local Examination included), and then left at Midsummer, 1899, to go to the Newcastle College of Science. There, eleven months after leaving school, he was third in Honours at the 1st B.Sc. Examination. In June, 1901, he passed the 2nd B.Sc. Examination, and gained the prize in Mechanical Drawing. Last month he passed the

Final B.Sc. Examination, with Double Honours (Mechanical and Electrical Engineering).

We congratulate, too, the following Old Bedans now at the Newcastle College of Science, on their last month's successes indicated below:—

George R. Goldsbrough: Final A.Sc., with Double Honours. 1st on list in Mathematics; 2nd in Physics.

Henry Moutat, Jos. F. Robinson, and James H. Thompson: Final A.Sc. (Physics and Geology).

Lawrence Smith: 2nd B.Sc., with Honours in Mechanical Engineering.

Alf. G. Cowen: 1st A.Sc., with Honours.

Richd. F. Coates: 1st A.Sc.

Of the six 2nd or 3rd year Newcastle College of Science students who gained Double Honours last month, three—Neill, Goldsbrough, and the late Alan Pilling (whose successes are referred to in another part of this Number)—were Old Bedans.

The Girls' School is feeling very proud of the fact that the nine girls who lately sat for various examinations at the University of Durham were all successful. Stella Bailes, Diana Birchall, Kate Burnett, Norah March, and Lily Wright have all, within two years of leaving school, successfully passed the second of the three examinations for the degree of B.Sc. Last week they all received the title of Associate of Science. Further, Diana Birchall won distinction in Chemistry, while Norah March and Kate Burnett divided the Botany prize.

Muriel Watson, who also left Bede School two years ago, passed the second examination for the degree of B.Litt., while Alberta Farrow, who has been at College one year, passed the first examination for the same degree. All these seven girls are students at the Durham College of Science, Newcastle.

Constance Johnson and Dorothy Ross, who are both at St. Hild's College, Durham, and who left school only a year ago, have both passed the second examination for the degree of B.Litt.

When the results were announced to the girls of Bede School a few days ago, a very hearty clap was given, which after all was only a faint indication of the pleasure which the news of the success of the fortunate "nine" gave their former teachers and comrades.

Three of these happy young people have called at school since their examinations were over,—Muriel Watson, Norah March, and Alberta Farrow. We hope it will not be long before their excellent example is followed by the others.

received by the Head Mistress in May. Gretchen Körner, a Bedan from 1890 to 1896, left school to go for a while to Germany. Some time after her return she entered the University of Durham, and a year ago left with her degree—B.A. Lately Gretchen competed for the Hebrew Scholarship offered by the University—and won it. This is the first time it has been carried off by a woman, so Gretchen is to be doubly congratulated. Hebrew is *not* among the subjects taught at Bede School, and the teachers felt that they could not fairly claim any credit for their old pupil's success in it, but Gretchen and her friends insist that she owes much to her six years' education at the school where she was trained to be thorough and taught *how to study for herself*. Gretchen is an occasional and always welcome visitor to Bede School, and an occasional—we wish we could say 'frequent'—contributor to *The Bedan*.

Miss Winifred Bryers, who has been a year at Girton College, Cambridge, was placed First in the First Class in Modern Languages in her Examination there last month. Miss Bryers is not an Old Bedan—though her two brothers, Charles and John, were once pupils of the present Head Master of Bede School; but it gives us much pleasure to record the brilliant success of this lady, as she is the daughter of Mr Bryers, the esteemed Clerk to the Sunderland School Board, who is officially connected with Bede School, and has always shown a warm, personal interest in its affairs.

The other day we saw Lynn Wilkinson, an "original" Bedan who left the school as far back as eleven years ago, and we noted, with pleasure, how well he looked. He has had a splendid holiday in Egypt, and has visited Cairo, Ismailia, Suez, and other interesting places. He made a lively and enjoyable return passage in a ship which was bringing back 1200 soldiers from South Africa.

We congratulate Lynn Wilkinson's father, Councillor J. B. Wilkinson, a constant subscriber to *The Bedan*, on his recently-gained municipal honours.

Miss M. H. Charlton, B.Sc., formerly for years a scholar, and then for years a teacher, in Bede School, was here on July 7th, for a good part of the day. She is now at home at Durham, the school in Londonderry in which she is Science Mistress having already "broken up" for the Midsummer Holidays. Ireland seems to agree with Miss Charlton, who, her old colleagues and pupils were much pleased to notice, looked happy and in excellent health.

Another very gratifying piece of news was

Charles Gibson, son of the Stationmaster at

Hartlepool, is doing well in South Africa to which, for the sake of his health, he went out some time ago. He has been appointed a Clerk in the Office of a Diamond Company at Kimberley, at a salary of £280 a year. He is a sterling fellow, and we wish him continued success.

"Royal Oak Day,  
The twenty-ninth of May,

If you do not give us holiday, we'll all run away."

This is what boys used to sing, forty or fifty years ago, in school play-grounds, on the morning of the anniversary of Charles the Second's Restoration. But nobody takes any notice of Royal Oak Day in this twentieth century of ours. This year the Examination of our Upper School took place on May 28th and 29th, and was conducted by Mr. Gordon, assisted by Messrs. Hartley, Hinton, Page, and Mawdsley. We were exceedingly glad to see Mr. Gordon looking much better than on his previous visits since his serious accident.

Quite a number of Old Bedan girls have been entering into the matrimonial state lately, as the following notices, which appeared in the local papers, show:—

PRENTICE—HEDLEY.—At the Grange Congregational Church, on April 2nd, by the Rev. Ebenezer Rees, Arnold Thomas Prentice, of West Hartlepool, to Charlotte Ethel Hedley, daughter of W. Hedley, of this town.

HARRIS—MORTON.—At St. Paul's Parish Church, on April 21st, by the Rev. Ridley Barker, M.A., of South Shields, assisted by the Rev. C. F. Ayerst, B.A., of Sunderland, Ralph Hodgson Harris, of South Shields, to Jane Morton, daughter of James Morton, of Sunderland and South Shields.

BUTCHART—ROBINSON.—At Christ Church, Sunderland, on June 17th, by the Rev. G. A. West, assisted by the Rev. G. S. Skene, Sidney George, eldest son of George Butchart, to Lilian, only daughter of Thomas Robinson.

Charlotte Hedley and Jane Morton were enrolled as pupils of Bede School on the day it opened, twelve years ago. They were bosom friends, were warm-hearted loyal pupils, and did not forget their old school after they left it, but paid occasional visits, took part in the Reunion, and, we believe, *subscribed* to "*The Bedan*". Lily Robinson was admitted to Bede School in 1891 and left in 1894. She was for a long time one of Miss Marshall's pupils, and with one of her brothers took part in the famous school concert given in the Assembly Hall. Nursery rhymes

formed the chief item of the programme, and we believe that Lily appeared in "Oranges and Lemons".

Will all three brides accept through the medium of *The Bedan* the best wishes of their former teachers, in which we are sure their old school-fellows will heartily join?

On May the twenty-third, Isabella Kidd called to see Miss Todd. She, too, can almost consider herself one of the "patriarchs", being a pupil here from 1891 to 1895 when she left to begin teaching. However, her throat was not equal to the strain, and so Isabella several years ago left the profession. She still considers herself a Bedan, attends the Re-unions, and reads the magazine.

On the same day and at the same time Miss Todd had another visitor, Kate Mitchinson, who was enrolled here on the opening day, and after a six years' course at the school began to teach at Valley Road Junior School, first under Miss Mackenzie and afterwards under Miss Marshall. Kate was successful in the last King's Scholarship Examination and hopes to begin work in September at Darlington Training College where we have no doubt she will read as hard and do as well as when she was at Bede School.

Mabel Naylor, who left Bede School a year ago after a two years' course in the Upper School to begin teaching in Redby Infants' School, made use of a half-day's holiday lately to visit her old haunts. Mabel was always fond of her French and did well in it. On this occasion she asked if Miss Todd could find her a French correspondent. Mabel will be glad to learn that Adrienne Pillard, École normale, Moulins, Alliers, France, will be glad to hear from her.

Kate and Maggie Rutherford made their holidays a few weeks ago an opportunity of looking up their old Bedan friends. Maggie was admitted on the opening day twelve years ago, left to become a pupil-teacher under the Sunderland School Board, then went for two years to the Durham College of Science, Newcastle, and is now a teacher under the Gateshead School Board. Her sister Kate passed direct from Bede School to the College at Newcastle, and, after qualifying there as a certificated mistress, taught for a while under the Sunderland School Board, and now fills a similar post at Newcastle. Doubtless many of their old friends will be glad to hear of the whereabouts of Kate and Maggie.

The unconsciously funny Bedan has been fairly

busy lately. Lord Salisbury in his youth was, we understand, the model for a figure in a stained glass window, but not because "he was burnt to death for being a Lollard in 1413", a fact vouched for by one damsel. Magna Carta we are accustomed to regard as of immense importance in the history of the English, though not of world-wide interest. It is therefore surprising to learn that one of its clauses was that there should be "one weight and one measure throughout all the earth". And what are we to think of the girl who when asked "Who was Joan of Arc?", replied,— "Noah's wife"?

Although to consult the dictionary is necessary if one would use one's mother tongue correctly and forcibly, to depend on it alone for the true comprehension of the meaning and use of words is a mistake—as the following examples prove. "Destiny" and "vassalage" were two among a number of words which a certain class was required to embody in sentences. "The poor woman had a vassalage of taking fits" seems incomprehensible until one remembers that "vassalage" is "the state of being subject to". The young person who wrote "They made their destiny a field" was evidently confusing *destiny* with *destination*, as was also the author of "I arrived at my destiny about four o'clock".

In discussing the characters in David Copperfield one youthful Bedan wrote that Ham Peggotty "died a brave and watery death". One has often read of a *watery grave*, but a watery death is a figure of speech not often indulged in. The absence of punctuation often makes sense read like nonsense. For instance: "Peggotty gave him some cakes which she herself had made with a purse containing money from his mother".

An enterprising firm of manufacturers lately made an offer to the Head Mistress to supply each of the girls of Bede School with a card having on it the picture of a little bird. It is difficult to imagine even the children of Standard IV finding any amusement in the contemplation of this work of art. It is *impossible* to picture the Bedans who are entering this month for the Oxford examinations, or indeed any girls over nine years old, looking at the ridiculous card for half a minute. Does someone think that this is an Infants' school? *The offer was not accepted.*

The Girls' School breaks up for the summer holidays on Thursday, July 17th. It has been decided to hold an exhibition of the Drawing, Painting, and Needlework done by the pupils in the Upper School, on the afternoon of Wednesday the 16th. Experiments will be performed by the girls in the Physical and Chemical Laboratories.

Parents and friends of any pupil in the school are invited to be present from two till four o'clock.

The School's birthday was duly celebrated on April 28th. Twelve years old! The building was en fête for the occasion, thanks to the girls who supplied flags and flowers. [One big flag, one regrets to say, was completely blown away by the high winds which prevailed on Monday night, leaving "not a wrack behind".] Miss Reid, Miss Dudgeon, Miss Smith, Miss Marshall, Mrs. Turnbull, Mrs. Galley, Mrs. Joseph (all former teachers at Bede School), Miss Burlinson, one of the "patriarchs", and Miss Roussy, our very generous friend, accepted Miss Todd's invitation to meet the present staff at tea. It was delightful to hear everybody "reminiscing"—and highly amusing many of the reminiscences were. Miss Marshall, as usual, had more tales and funnier ones of the early days of Bede School than anyone else. The doings of both girls and teachers in the playground will be doubtless chronicled on another page. There is no doubt that the School's twelfth birthday party was heartily enjoyed by everybody present.

Amongst the Newspaper Notices of our May Number were the following:—

#### *Sunderland Daily Echo.*

"THE BEDAN."—This organ of the Bede Higher Grade School maintains its excellence this month. The 'Editorial Notes and School News' must afford pleasant reading to the old and young Bedans, and the article on 'Bede Nomenclature' deals happily with the names of various scholars at the school, classifying them in a way that makes their association curious. 'Behind the Scenes' is an article describing the series of tableaux recently shown in connection with the prize distribution. 'Winter Swimming' refers to the school practices and gala in March, and 'How A, B, and I Clomb Helvellyn' is a racy contribution, whilst 'French Girls as Letter-Writers', the verses 'A Cure for Melancholy', and a description of a holiday at Harrogate will also win admiration. The number includes some old illustrations of the school reproduced on art paper."

#### *Newcastle Daily Leader.*

"THE BEDAN."—We have before us *The Bedan* for May. As our readers are now fully aware, this smart little publication is the official organ of the Sunderland Bede Higher Grade School, and has become not only a link, but quite a bond between old and new scholars and teachers. The first article in this issue embodies the results of a search of the registers for the names of present and past students, and a strange nomenclature is disclosed which cannot fail to interest all. The trials of those in charge when an entertainment is to be got up are humorously set forth in an article entitled 'Behind the Scenes', and there are some good notes on winter swimming. The head mistress has opened up French-English correspondence between the Bedan girls and the girls of a school at Iftouaix, and some very interesting and rather amusing letters are quoted."

#### *Newcastle Daily Journal.*

"The leading article in the current *Bedan* on 'Bede Nomenclature' strings together in an interesting and extremely witty manner many of the distinctive names contained in

the present and past registers of the Sunderland Bede Higher Grade School. The editor has still plenty of material for further contributions on the same subject. The pictures in this number are very fine, being reproductions on art paper of illustrations of the main block of the school and of portions of its interior. The matter to which greatest prominence is given—and rightly so—in the letterpress is an account of a bi-lingual correspondence that has been entered into by the girl Bedans and French pupils at school in Roubaix and Moulins. This is undoubtedly an excellent, as well as agreeable, method of enabling students of a foreign language to acquire some degree of facility in expressing themselves correctly and colloquially in that tongue. Such rational systems are, in fact, rapidly superseding the old-fashioned orthodox methods that have been too long in vogue, and with such ludicrously unsatisfactory results, in this country. As is well known, it is quite a common experience to come across persons who, though having studied for some years when at school one or two foreign languages, and having been taught to deliver themselves too mechanically on innumerable grammatical rules—to say nothing of exceptions—some of which are matters of doubt among educated natives, yet could not, even if it were to save their lives, put together a brief, simple letter in either language. The Bede magazine prints several lengthy specimens of English as written by the mesdemoiselles of the Roubaix and Moulins schools; and these ought to serve a useful purpose in giving the fair Bedans some idea of what their own missives must appear as seen through French spectacles."

#### *Sunderland Herald and Post.*

"The May number of *The Bedan*, the Sunderland Bede Higher Grade School Magazine, contains much interesting reading and illustrated matter. Among the latter are some photographs of the interior of the School printed on toned paper showing the girls and boys at work. The leading article is on 'Bede Nomenclature,' the first of a series culled from present and past registers, which include the names of more than five thousand boys and girls. The editorial notes are, as usual, crisply written, and contain much interesting information. Among other attractive articles are "French girls as letter-writers" and "How A, B, and I clomb Helvellyn." The whole issue is carefully edited, and should be welcomed not only by scholars past and present, but also by the general reader."

We notice that Mr. Jarman has taught his boys the Latin grace "Non nobis, Domine, sed Nomini Tuo da gloriam", to a canon composed by William Byrd in 1590 A.D., and that they sing it remarkably well.

We are very sorry that Mr. Arthur Pickering, B.Sc., (Victoria), will leave the School at Midsummer. He has been here just long enough for us to get to know him and like him. He is going to Bradford to a more lucrative post than his present one, and he carries with him our kind regards and good wishes.

We fancy that the Illustrations in the Magazine this month will perhaps interest the fathers and grandfathers of Bedans, as well as Bedans themselves. The first shows the Interior of Hartley's Glass Works, once the head-quarters of one of the chief industries of the town, but now demolished: the central figure is the late Mr. James Hartley, M.P., and, next to him on the right, is the late Mr. Kayll (from whom

Kayll Road takes its name). The second picture, the old Congregational Church in Fawcett Street, where the congregation of Grange Church once used to worship, lets us see how what is now known as the Assembly Hall (a place which will be pulled down presently) originally appeared. The third indicates what the Victoria Hall would have been, if built according to the original designs. The fourth is Monkwearmouth Station.



## THE SCHOOL'S BIRTHDAY.

ON the 28th of April Bede School celebrated its Twelfth Birthday. Some little Bedans insist on speaking of the School as "she", and certainly, fine dress, such as the school donned for the occasion, conveys a distinctly feminine impression; so that if "Goodness, how old she is getting," had come from downstairs, it would have had a terribly unchivalrous ring. It didn't, however. It came from the same young person who expressed her view of the rejoicings thus, "The festivities attending the School's Birthday were much appreciated by the scholars, who kindly consented to rejoice instead of the School herself." Neat, wasn't it?

But it was a lovely day. If you remember, it fell about the time when Nature began, with smiles, to promise that the belated Spring should ripen into a lovely summer—a promise which on Midsummer Day was still unfulfilled. The Birthday, however, left nothing to be desired; and well was it for every single individual teacher that this was so. What four walls could have comfortably contained the crowd of girls and boys whose ceaseless flow of spirits rippled and bubbled (surreptitiously) all the morning, and in the afternoon overflowed without let or hindrance?

By eight o'clock in the morning enthusiastic Bedans were hard at work hanging out flags, festooning chandeliers, decorating walls, arranging their offerings of flowers; so that by the time lessons seriously began—They never did seriously begin, you know they didn't, but they ought—the dear old place was transformed from end to end. Brother Bones—the skeleton well known to all Bedan girls—was arrayed in frock coat and silk hat, and, but for what can only be described as his unfortunate expression, would no doubt have contributed his full share to the gaiety of the proceedings. As the sole representative of the masculine element upstairs, however, he lent just the requisite touch of variety to the scene; and the active members of the community more than made up for any apparent indifference on his part. Poor Bones, up there on his pedestal, what a pity he can't tell us some of the

things that have been going on under his nose all these years.

His, however, is not the only pedestal in Bede School. I should be afraid to say off-hand how many there are; but just spend a half-day (that isn't a Birthday, a holiday, or Centenary, or anything of that sort,) with the Guardian of your particular tap at the Fount of Knowledge, and if you don't (figuratively) fall up against something hard at least once, I don't know what I'm talking about. That's the pedestal. He (or she) can't help it, poor thing. "Circumstances over which they have no control," have chained that pedestal to each of them; and you can only guess that they must often want to climb down and can't.

On this day, however, not a pedestal (except that of poor Bones) was anywhere visible. You could run up to the Most August Personage in the School and say anything you liked, and be sure of a smile. Nay, more, I didn't see it, but it was told to me by one who did, that the same August Personage skipped more than sixty times! (Goodness, how young she's getting!) Also I was told that one who is only two degrees less august skipped till "her *chestnut* hair was hanging down her back." I do not however vouch for these things: "I tell the tale as 'twas told to me." But neither of these people won; the useful article of domestic decoration which formed the prize fell to a teacher in the Lower School, as did also the Booby Prize, which, *with its wrappings*, measured some 18" by 24".

I am afraid, however, that were I to attempt an account in detail of the games that were played, the songs that were sung, and the tales that were told on that eventful afternoon, I should trespass on more space than the Editor allows. Suffice it to say that although every teacher in the school confessed to feeling just a little tired, the voices of the happy crowd who sang "God save the King" in the school playground at the end of the afternoon were as fresh as if their day were but beginning.

When, after cheering her lustily, the last scholar left the school for the night, the teachers were able to turn and greet those who were their predecessors, and who had come, according to custom, to wish their old school "Many Happy Returns". Some of them didn't know either present teachers or present scholars, but they gave us the impression of being just as glad to see us as if they had known us all their lives; and their appreciation of the School's appearance was unstinted. Success, and many happy birthdays to Bede School!

X.Y.Z.



## MOVE ON!

YOU'RE a free and mighty nation,

But how many of you dare  
Hold a standing conversation  
In a crowded thoroughfare?  
You have such a wretched feeling  
And your nerves are on the rack  
When the man in blue comes stealing  
To exclaim behind your back

"Move On!"

Should the favourite of Fortune  
Find a lolling place to please,  
When another's needs importune  
Him to leave his life of ease?  
Should the busy folks around him  
Buzz and bustle all the day  
Through achievements that confound him  
While they jostle him and say

"Move On!"?

Maybe you're a new Bede scholar  
Clad in knickerbocker suit  
And a faultless Eton collar;  
Are you indolent to boot?  
Do you skulk? Why then, we'll know you  
For a laggard at a glance:  
But we'll take due pains to show you  
How a *Bedan* must advance.

Move On!

Use your brains! Don't think you've got to  
Be a mere dumb driven tool.  
Learn to love your work. You're not to  
Make a treadmill of your school:  
It's a gold mine rich in treasure,  
Conscientious diggers say,  
Where you've profit and you've pleasure,  
Finding nuggets new, each day.

Move On!

A. J. S.



## LEAVES FROM THE IRREPRESSIBLE'S DIARY.

"I'm going to be pleased with everything about the Coronation", said I one day shortly before the 26th of June. "Yes", said the Midget, "that will be nice". We are not always pleased with the schemes of the universe as far as they concern us, but we had some reasonable expectation of being able to be satisfied that time.

Certainly our wildest ideas never came near that of foreseeing that there would be no Coronation for us to be pleased with, and we, like everybody else, were truly sorry for both cause and effect. All the Bedans, including ourselves, had been getting worked up to the proper pitch of excitement and enthusiasm, when, to use the Optimist's expressive phrase, "everything went flop".

Bedans, most of you did not know how beautiful the school was going to be; "Sisters and cousins and aunts in their dozens", to say nothing of admiring friends and yourselves, would have said so if they had seen the completed decorations. Let us hope that it will not be long before we can testify our loyalty by putting them up. Most of you must have guessed that careful statistics were being drawn up as to the length of time a candle would burn in an average fairy lamp. You must many of you have seen about the buildings, and particularly in the draughty places—which are not as a rule difficult to find—one or more lamps emitting feeble glimmers and strong smells, and have noticed somewhere near an anxious Bedan with a stop watch ready to note the exact time at which the last flicker took place. Horrid rumours were afloat that one set of candles had been bought, and that *they would not burn*, and I put it to you, Bedans, if such candles would be any good in the dark for illuminating purposes?

Certain of you Bedans can tell of long wrestling with scraps of brown paper and paste which adhered with painful tenacity to dresses, and desks, and other places, but which showed a surprising disinclination to stick when applied to candles.

Others can tell of long strips of red white and blue cloth being put together in various artistic ways to drape window sills, and of girls rushing at intervals into the street to notice the effect. They can also tell how harrowing it is to find what a skimpy decoration dozens of yards of cloth will make when the front of a big building has to be decorated.

I should advise you, Bedans, to look particularly at the little lions and other devices on the shields. They were made on the premises, as were the illuminated mottoes for the windows; and they will certainly claim your admiration when you get the chance of seeing them.

When the news came that the King was improving so rapidly after his dangerous illness, it was decided in Sunderland and the district, as you know, to light the bonfires to celebrate his recovery. Since that was the case the Midget and the Optimist and I went out with the intention of seeing as many as we could. We went along Durham Road, and first watched the bonfires on our own little hills. After we had seen them well started we went along the road, and

the Midget discoursed on the number of bonfires she was going to see. "Why", said the Optimist, "I don't believe you can count to-night. You don't seem to know that two and two make four". "They don't make four to-night", said the Midget, "they make twelve". She stood on a rail at the side of the road so as to be able to command a view of the surrounding country; the rail was not very secure, and we could not hold her very steadily, so perhaps that accounts for the fact that the number of bonfires increased so rapidly under counting; anyhow the number had risen to nineteen in a very short time. If anyone presses very hard as to where exactly some of them were situated one of us can truthfully say, "In my mind's eye," and end with the rapid commentary which the Midget always appends when she thinks she is quoting—"Shakespeare".

### THE IRREPRESSIBLE.



### SLIGHTLY MIXED.

At a certain University not altogether unknown to fame there still remains an examination in the rudiments of divinity which is incumbent upon all undergraduates (with a few exceptions such as Jews and Asiatics). The syllabus prescribes the Greek text of the Gospels, with questions on the subject matter of these and other portions of scripture. It is so universally known as 'divvers', and is so universally scamped by those who take it, that the exquisite point of the 'lapsus lingue' attributed to a well-known don who rendered a portion of one version of the Lord's Prayer as "Forgive us our debts as we forget our *divvers*" is apparent even to 'the man in the street.'

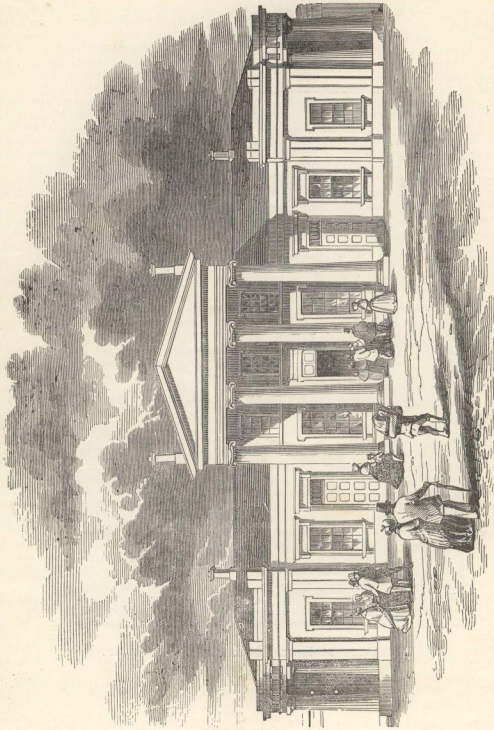
Tradition has it that of the three classes of men who go in for this examination, viz.: those who know a lot of Greek, those who know a little Greek, and those who know no Greek, the first and last are ploughed, while the second class get through. The reason for this is fairly obvious. The first class hold the whole examination cheap, take everything 'unseen', and are ploughed on subject matter; the second class prepare all the work conscientiously; the third are ploughed in Greek.

The worst part of the examination is the *viva voce*, which takes place a few days after the written work is done. Men sometimes have parts of the answers that they have given read over to them, and, when they hear their own silly statements reproduced, they wonder however they could





THE VICTORIA HALL,—AS ORIGINALLY DESIGNED.



MONKWEARMOUTH RAILWAY STATION.

have said such things in their papers, and then they often go and say much worse things to the dons who are conducting the 'vivâ.'

A favourite chestnut which seems to be told of every scripture examination in the country relates to a man who was asked in his 'vivâ' to name the first King of the Israelites. He answered at once, "Saul," but then improved upon this by saying "Saul of Tarsus." A variant of this story gives, as his reply, "Saul—afterwards called Paul."

A second victim was asked to explain, among other words, 'Susanna.' He appeared never to have heard of the ministering women, but managed, after considerable hesitation, to gasp out, "Oh, that was what the people shouted when Christ rode into Jerusalem,—'Susanna, Susanna in the highest.'" Needless to say, he didn't "get through divvers."

In another instance the parable of the Good Samaritan was thus 'emended' by someone whose wits must really have been wandering at the time: "On the morrow when he departed he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, 'Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee.' *This he said, knowing he should see his face no more.*"

Very ludicrous mistakes are made by the men who know no Greek and simply get off the translation by heart, learning 'landmarks' at short intervals. For instance, a man was put on at Pilate's remark, "Ho gegrapha, gegrapha" ("What I have written, I have written"), and immediately rushed off with "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, etc." Another man was started at "Opsias genomenes" ("When it was evening"). Mistaking the first word for some case of 'ophis' (a serpent), and the second for 'gennema' (a generation), he boldly began "O generation of vipers!"

But perhaps the most excruciatingly funny answer ever given—and it is one which is quite authentic—was in reply to the question "In what connection is David mentioned in St. Luke's Gospel?" The candidate had had some 'staggers' before this; but, plucking up courage, and resolving to make a game attempt to convince the examiner of the soundness of his knowledge, he said insinuatingly "Wasn't that the man *who ate* THE SHORTBREAD?"

#### VIX SATIS.



## BEDE SCHOOL ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CLUB.

Undoubtedly Bede School's one "triumph" this season has been the winning of the Hendon Cup, the School's first cup.

The Hendonians, up to the final tie of the competition for that trophy—which was the very last match of the season—had been unbeaten, and had carried all before them, having won the three local cups, including the Northumberland and Durham Schools' Cup; but at last Bedans proved their real worth before a large attendance which had anticipated Hendon as the victors.

The match may be briefly summed up thus: Hendon had the better of the exchanges in the first half, although Richardson in the first few minutes was badly tripped just outside the penalty line, without anyone to beat but the goalkeeper. A few minutes before half-time Davie of Hendon placed the ball in finely from a corner-kick, and a club mate headed straight through goal.

In the second half Bede played with more determination, but, with just ten minutes to go, were still losing by the only goal scored. Then the ball was worked down and put out to Frank Lundy on the left. He took a few steps to get into position, and from a long range sent in a lovely shot which rose only a few feet and clean beat the goal-keeper, it being so unexpected.

Score, one all; excitement, intense. More than one disinterested spectator was heard to say, "The whites (Bede) are playing hard, and *will score again.*"

Not a few of us Bedans were quite content with snatching the victory from Hendon, but when Wayman Cook, from a bully in the goal mouth, scored the winning goal a few minutes after the equalizing one, Bedans could no longer contain their excitement. Indeed, one of our masters was seen to throw his hat high into the air, after giving vent to a shout of joy, and no modest shout either.

The remaining few minutes passed with Bedans congratulating one another, and when the whistle blew, Bede School ran out winners of their first cup.

Nor was this the only feat accomplished against a team who could send no fewer than six to represent the county. In their second match of the season, Bedans—not yet whipped into shape, and not as yet having found out that they had one Andrew Craig amongst them who was to become goalkeeper for his county against Northumberland—were the first to score against Hendon, and moreover, were the only team in the

Schools' League to take a point out of them. Besides, they were the only team to score more than one goal against Hendon, and they did this on three occasions during the season. It is but fair to add that Hendon is the only team which scored more than one goal against Bede in any match of the past year.

Further, this fact is remarkable, namely, that Bedans claimed *five of the six* goals scored against Hendon throughout the season, whilst Hendon claimed *seven of the ten* goals scored against Bedans.

A singular coincidence occurred in the Hendon Cup, when Bedans, by beating Southwick by four to one, almost exactly reversed the score of three seasons ago, when, on the same ground (Selbourne's), in the same round (semi-final), in the same cup (Hendon), they were beaten by four to nil.

The season's results have been as follows:—

MATCHES.				GOALS.	
Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	For.	Against.
27	19	4	4	65	16

The goal scorers and the number of their goals were:—

Hunnam, W. ...	... 18
Richardson, J. B. ...	... 14
Gaudie, N. ...	... 7
Lundy, F. ...	... 6
Cook, W. ...	... 5
Metcalfe, P. ...	... 5
Bell, D. ...	... 3
Smith, A. ...	... 2
Brown, W. ...	... 2
Hope, E. ...	... 1
Edgar, M. ...	... 1

The other goal was obtained by Colliery awarding us our return fixture.

Perhaps a few general remarks may be made here. Hunnam, a big fellow, on his good days was the best shot in the team, as he sent the ball in hard and low. Richardson, only a little chap, our crack sprinter, used to worm his way through his opponents, and then, using his speed to clear for goal, finished up with a neat, high shot. He played centre half-back for the greater part of the season, and, as such, was chosen to represent his town. Afterwards he went centre forward, and it was as centre forward that he represented his county.

Gaudie and Smith left school soon after half the matches had been played, whilst Lundy's appearances might have been more numerous but for an illness which pulled him back, and, unfortunately, prevented him from playing for several weeks.

The member of the team who has improved most is P. Carney. He, at right half, can now use his head equally as well as his feet;—indeed, his head is “here, there, and everywhere” in quick succession.

Another terror to the opposing forwards is the before-mentioned Hunnam, especially when he is at centre half. Although he has played well as forward in most of the matches, he has done even better as half in the rest, his “great” games being against Hylton Road, Diamond Hall, and Hendon (Hendon Cup). In this last match his tackling was superb, and, as some people said, “he kicked like a MAN.”

Richardson gets through a lot of work both at centre forward and centre half, and seems to wriggle his way through a cluster of players right to the ball, time after time.

Lundy's sprints and long shots from the wing were fine, as were also P. Metcalfe's long dropping shots.

Gaudie, familiarly styled “Fatty” on the Black Watch Ground, was an energetic forward, and, when he went to live at Newcastle, all were sorry to part with so jovial a club mate.

E. Metcalfe and Hope worked well at back, and Craig was almost invincible in goal. He had only twelve goals scored against him altogether, and in one stretch of six matches and another of seven his colours were never lowered. Time after time he would save magnificently, now gently tapping a high, fast shot over the bar, now falling full length to turn the ball round the post. In clearing shots he preferred skilful, gentle touches, to sheer force and hard kicking, and frequently, sometimes to the horror of his supporters, indulged in a very effective dodge of bouncing the ball through a crowd of players. Perhaps he knew his power in that direction, but once, the only time I can recall to mind, namely in the well-remembered game with Hendon, he was tricked, and “our hearts were in our mouths”; but, happily, the ball was got away again. He was always a favourite with the spectators wherever he went, as also was Richardson.

And now let us hope that next season's team will be even cleverer and more successful than last year's has been.

H. A. W.



# MOST INTERESTING OF ALL

The BOOK OF THE BICYCLE.

ALL ABOUT

## BRITAIN'S BEST BICYCLE



which are . . .  
Guaranteed in  
Every . . . .  
Detail! . . .

# Rudge-Whitworth Cycles

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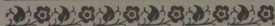
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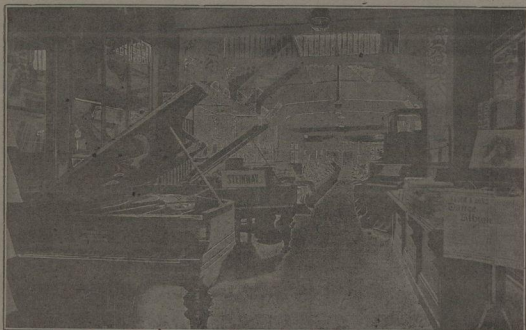
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