



# THE BEDAN,

JUNE, 1924.

# FOREWORD.

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ONCE again we are glad to be publishing "THE BEDAN," and to greet our readers, old and new.

Much has happened since last year, and in the following pages will be found references to the various activities of the School. Among outstanding events we have to record the Bazaar, held in October, and the success of the Netball Team, to whom we offer our hearty congratulations.

Like everybody else, we have been much interested in the Empire Exhibition, and last term great excitement was aroused by the proposal to form a School party to visit Wembley. Willing mistresses were quickly found to take charge of eager pupils, and we are only sorry that the visit will take place too late in the term for us to publish their impressions. We wish both them and the party that will be going to France during the summer holiday a very pleasant time—and very fine weather!

We were extremely sorry to hear of Miss Wilson's serious illness; but we are glad she is getting on so well. We feel sure she will be pleased to know that the sale of biscuits and chocolate has not languished in her absence; indeed, it has been carried on briskly by her able lieutenants, and we have no doubt that the Scholarship Fund has benefited considerably owing to their untiring efforts.

Last year we called attention to the fact that we would like a far greater number of contributions to "THE BEDAN." This year we have to say that on the whole our appeal has been received very sympathetically, and that we have been gratified and cheered by the response, which we trust will be forthcoming every year. We hope the School Magazine is of interest to every girl, and we ask each to make a personal effort to support the Magazine; for we, as editors, depend upon the continued encouragement and help of all our readers.

## The Bazaar.

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After more than a year of unceasing endeavour on the part of all those connected with and interested in the School, the long-awaited Bazaar was held in St. George's Hall, kindly lent for the occasion, on October 12th and 13th. On the Thursday evening and the Friday morning all the stall-holders and helpers were busy preparing their stalls, the decorations for which had been provided by a local firm, and all strove to lay out their wares in as attractive a manner as possible; and as one went round the room one wondered at the goodly supply on each stall, a striking testimony to the generous hearts and willing hands of all who had rallied to support the cause. One cannot single out any stall for special mention, for all were deserving of praise, from the White Elephant Stall in one corner to the Confectionery Stall almost opposite. All the while the clatter of tea things could be heard from the end where those responsible were getting the Refreshment Stall ready, and downstairs preparations for Competitions and Concerts were going apace.

On Friday afternoon the Bazaar was opened by Mrs. Pemberton, and on Saturday by Councillor Mrs. Gordon Bell, and on each occasion a few words were said by the Mayor, by the Chairman of the Local Education Committee, some of the Governors of the School, and other friends, to draw attention to the object for which the money was required, the Loan and Scholarship Fund, an object worthy of whole-hearted support, in that from it girls, on leaving school, who otherwise would be unable to proceed with their education, could receive the required financial assistance.

In the earlier part of the first afternoon there were not a great many people; but by tea-time the room was very full. The stall-holders did well in spite of the fact that there were numerous counter-attractions, for the concerts drew off good numbers from time to time, and much interest was shown in all the competitions. Every now and then all helpers at stalls were required to meet the demands made upon their services; but, as thorough arrangements had been made by "a little army" of workers to ensure the success of the proceedings, every helper was off duty at some time, when she made her way to the Refreshment Stall or wandered downstairs. Many there were in the hall who would have liked the baby doll whose name was so hard to guess, and the cake awaiting the fortunate individual who would tell the exact weight, and great was the excitement as each result was made known. In this connection mention must be made of the pupils of the School who nobly did their duty in persuading

all present to part with their sixpences or shillings, showing irrefutably how little was the cost, how great the prize!

All manner of entertainment was provided. An opportunity was even given to those who wished to pierce the veil overhanging the future: nor was usefulness overlooked, for at the stalls visitors could obtain needful household utensils, clothes, articles of food, ornaments, and altogether as varied an assortment of goods as they could desire. Nor did they fear to purchase extensively, for the Parcels Department was at hand where the several articles were skilfully put into convenient and portable parcels.

Heavy showers somewhat reduced the number of visitors the second evening, and all goods were not sold as had been hoped; but a very great deal was accomplished, and it was a source of pride to all concerned to feel that the satisfactory sum of £375 had been realised. Later, practically all the things left over were disposed of privately and helped to swell the total, so that to-day the Scholarship Fund amounts to £770.

It is particularly gratifying to feel that the effort was so successful in a time of much depression, and very hearty thanks are due to all who contributed in any way towards its success. It was naturally expected that those directly connected with the School would do their utmost; but Old Bedans, friends of the School, and parents also did all in their power, and the satisfactory result was achieved by the united and unselfish efforts of all.

We wish to thank the "Old Bedan" who anonymously sent £1 as a donation to the Loan and Scholarship Fund.

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### L'Aventure (Prize Story).

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C'était le mois de Novembre; le jour était sombre, et il pleuvait à verse. C'était beaucoup trop pluvieux pour aller à la salle de gymnastique.

Mademoiselle Dubois m'a envoyée donc, chercher Mademoiselle, notre maîtresse de gymnastique, pour lui dire, que nous n'allions pas à la salle de gymnastique.

Avec beaucoup de vitesse, j'y ai couru. J'ai frappé à la porte de la chambre de Mademoiselle.—Je n'ai reçu nulle réponse. "C'est étrange" ai-je pensé, "mais peut-être que Mademoiselle ne m'a pas entendue." Avec cette idée, j'ai frappé encore une fois. Mais en vérité, c'était inutile; personne n'y était.

J'ai eu l'idée que Mademoiselle était dans la salle de gymnastique. Je suis donc sortie de la vestiaire: la porte en arrière a retenti mais je n'ai fait nulle attention à cela.

Mais j'étais destinée au désappointement car Mademoiselle n'y était pas.

Je me suis décidée à retourner au lycée, car Mademoiselle n'était pas à la salle de gymnastique, cela, c'était certain. Mais quand je suis arrivée à la porte de la vestiaire, elle était fermée—fermée à double tour et, il n'y avait pas de poignée!

Que faire!—personne n'y était, et moi, j'étais emprisonnée entre la salle de gymnastique et la vestiaire.

J'ai pensé un moment, et puis j'ai eu une idée. J'avais pensé à la manière dont je pouvais sortir.

Il y avait un mur de bois, qui était haut de deux mètres et demi, environ, et qui donnait sur une cour dans la rue de Florentin; un morceau de bois était fixé à travers le milieu du mur, sur lequel je suis montée. J'ai vu de l'autre côté du mur, une maison de poules, sur laquelle je suis descendue; de là, j'ai sauté à la terre.

Le temps volait; j'ai traversé donc la cour en courant, j'ai sauté sur un petit mur et je me suis trouvée dans la rue de Florentin.

J'étais libre! J'ai regardé le mur et je me suis dit "À l'ordinaire, je ne pourrais pas grimper par ce mur-ci, et sauter de si haut."

Mais, n'est-ce pas que, quand on est en danger, on a besoin de beaucoup de courage, et qu'on ne pense point aux conséquences?

A. WILSON, L.Va. (age 14).

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### The Hockey Final.

The Hockey Team this year has had a very successful season. We managed to reach the final of the Northern Counties School Challenge Shield, after beating the Sunderland High School in the first round, 7-2; Darlington High School in the second round, 2-1; and West Hartlepool, 3-2, in the semi-final. Thus we qualified to meet Bishop Auckland on March 15th, on the Women's University Ground, Durham, before many supporters from both schools. From the outset it was a hard-fought game, half-time score being 2-2. Soon after half-time Bishop Auckland again scored, we drawing level about ten minutes from the close. Just on time, however, when it appeared as though the game would end in a draw, Bishop Auckland scored once more. The final score thus being 4-3 for Bishop Auckland. Miss Boen then

presented the Shield to the winning team, who have secured the Shield for the first time.

1st XI. criticism:—

- AGNES CLARK—Has played a steady, sure game during the season. Stick work good. Has made an excellent Captain.
- MARJORIE JENKINSON—Improved; worked well; stick work still requires much practice; must remember not to stop balls with reverse stick.
- ELIZABETH CARE—Has improved; a hard worker, and now makes a reliable back.
- CHRISTINE MORGAN—Plays a steady determined game; stick work very good.
- GLADYS WILSON—A neat player; backs up her forwards and wing halves excellently; good stick work.
- JENNIE VINCENT—Is not determined enough. Improved towards the end of season; but still does not back up her wing sufficiently.
- HANNAH DEAN—A player of promise. Is quick to take the ball up the field and to make the most of her opportunities.
- ELEANOR CARLILL—Has also improved; but is still too slow in the circle.
- LENA THOMPSON—Shooting splendid. Has played an excellent game throughout the season. Has made a helpful Vice-Captain.
- DORIS JENKINSON—Shows promise, and with practice ought to make a good player.
- KATHLEEN THOMPSON—Was disappointing; but improved towards the end of the season. Still tries to shoot from impossible angles instead of passing.

### Netball, 1923-1924.

This year the Netball season has been most successful. We reached the final for the Netball Challenge Shield by beating, in succession, West Hartlepool, 24-19; Bishop Auckland, 18-9; and in the semi-final, Sunderland High School, 22-12. We met Rutherford College, last year's victors, in the final, which was played on Redby ground, on March 22nd, before many spectators. The game was a very close one, and at half-time the scores were 7-7. During the second-half of the game the scores were level; but Bede School eventually drew ahead, and won 16-13. The Shield was presented by Mrs. Pochin, headmistress of Rutherford College, at the end of the game. This is the first time we have won it, and the School would like to record its thanks to Miss Arkle for her untiring enthusiasm in the cause of netball and to Miss Logie, who has helped in many, often unnoticed ways, to make the season a success. Our thanks are due to Eveline Blackett and Elsie Davidson, who have catered for the teas in a most capable fashion.

#### Netball Team.

- N. SHEARMAN\* (Captain)—An excellent defence. Arms continue to be as long as ever. Has been a capable and reliable Captain.

- H. NICHOLSON—A keen player; jumping and catching very good. Careful attention should be given to marking. Should model her style on that of older members of the team.
- N. SENIOR\*—Showed steady improvement. We regret her accident which prevented her from finishing the season for us.
- W. GIBSON\* (Secretary)—A steady, reliable, clean player. Style particularly good.
- C. HILL—Developing on the right lines. Has repaid coaching, and promises to be a really good player.
- L. CROMBIE\*—Very good; a strong, clean player. Will be a great loss to the team next term, for her determination and grit have never failed to help us through.
- M. DAVIDSON\*—Has fulfilled early promise, and is a great asset to the team.
- M. CLAXON\*—A good, steady player. We were sorry to lose her early in the season as a result of her illness.
- J. KELL\*—Reserve for first team. Play has improved very much this year.

The following girls have played for the 2nd team:—

- M. WALTON, M. SCOTT\*, L. THURLEBECK, A. COLLIN, J. CURRY, B. COWEN, R. RICHARDSON\*.

\* These girls have helped with the coaching of the Form teams.

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## Tennis.

Thanks to the generosity of the Governors, the Upper School and Students have secured the use, on games days, of some tennis courts on the West Park. They are a great improvement on the courts we had last season. An inter-form American Tournament has been arranged for Saturday, June 14th, when two couples from each form will take part. The winners will receive the rose bowl, which was won last season by the Students.

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## La Société Française de la V<sup>e</sup> Classe.

Cette année, la classe L. V.(a) a commencé un cercle français qui s'appelle "La Société Française." Nous avons nos séances tous les lundis. Mdlle. Shearer a assisté à nos séances et elle nous a aidées beaucoup.

Nous avons choisi une Présidente, Winnie Talbot; et une Vice-Présidente, Frances Fordyce; et un Comité qui consiste de quatre personnes—E. Beattie, E. Gusack, H. Hardwick, et E. Johnson.

Nous avons appris deux chansons que nous aimons mieux que toutes les autres. Elles s'appellent "L'éléphant" et "Le

Pompier." Celle-ci est très utile pour nous aider aux mathématiques.

Dans notre société il y a passablement de pianistes et de jeunes cantatrices que nous aimons bien écouter. Plusieurs des jeunes filles de la Société nous ont donné des causeries intéressantes, et nous avons aussi des charades originales et des jeux.

Nous n'avons pas eu beaucoup de séances, et, par conséquent, nous n'avons plus de nouvelles, mais nous espérons en avoir plus pour le "Bedan" prochain.

LE COMITÉ.

### The Bede Rule.

I was going to the Bede girls' school,  
As a new pupil, not knowing the rule.  
When one of the mistresses, a tall stately dame,  
Stopped me in the yard and began to exclaim,

"The badge on your hat, according to rule,  
Should be bought with the band which stands for the school!"  
I shook in my shoes as I tried to explain  
That I thought the badge stitched would act just the same.

She smilingly answered, "Well, as you are new,  
The band on your hat you need not renew;  
But next time, when buying a hat for this school,  
Remember to buy according to rule."

EILLEN SOUTER, FORM II.

### A Summer Night.

From the moonlit leagues of sleeping meadows, veiled in a crystal mist of June rain, the odours of a summer night are borne upon the breeze—the scent of hay, lain long in the dripping fields; the breath of the meadow-sweet and pale wild rose; the perfume of late white violets and clambering honeysuckle.

The fragrant mystery of night lies heavy in the air, and the silver sickle of the moon flings wavering shadows on the whispering grass.

Great moths flit to and fro in the darkness, and mottled spiders, running swiftly from twig to twig, weave their silken prisons for the morrow's booty. A grey owl, venturing forth from some gloomy retreat, mingles her harsh scream with the throbbing note of a nightingale as it sings to its nesting-mate; the mournful chaunt of a sedge bird sobs in the river, whilst myriads of voices rise and fall in tuseful harmony, faintly sorrowful, yet infinitely sweet.

Here in the drenched grass a wounded leveret, turning its glazing eyes to the moon, raises a pitiful lament; there a tortured bee, trailing its broken wings, hums sadly amongst the thyme; but even to these the night, dim-robed and gentle-fingered, bears her message of rest and peace.

The rain, sweeping in from the ocean far away, patters softly on the soaked brown earth, and the damp drips ceaselessly from wet leaves.



High in the heavens the wan stars grow pale and fade in the wakening radiance of the coming morn; great masses of sombre cloud sail on to the distant hills already amber-flecked; the creeping things of the evening, fearful of the growing light, crawl to sequestered crannies beneath the stones, and soon the dawn breaks, laughing like a golden crocus flower, from out its sober sheath.

GWENYTH WILKINSON.

## King Midas and the Golden Touch.

King Midas was a greedy king  
Who often wished for gold.  
He had a little daughter,  
Whose name was Marigold.

He went into the garden  
And turned the plants to gold.  
Then up came his small daughter  
And a sorry tale she told.

King Midas touched her tenderly,  
And then, lo! and behold!  
His poor little daughter  
Turned a solid mass of gold

"My daughter! oh! my daughter!"  
The poor King Midas said.  
"I must bring some fresh water  
And pour it o'er her head."

The pouring of fresh water  
Was by a stranger told,  
Who gave the King the Golden Touch,  
Then saved poor Marigold.

KATE ANDERSON, FORM II.

## Despair!

Alas! The life of a Bedan representative is not a happy one.

To be eligible for this important position one must possess a considerable amount of persuasive power, the patience of Job, and determination.

A person who is the lucky possessor of all three attributes and is a member of a very "brainy" or responsive Form might have a pleasant existence. But if the Form is not responsive and professes to be brainless, well, what is to be done?

I, myself, have tried all methods imaginable, but in vain. I have wasted time and chalk in laboriously writing long notices upon the blackboard which have been rubbed off times out of number by thoughtless people, who, imagining themselves artists, delight in decorating the said blackboard with their artistic endeavours.

I have turned artist myself and have adorned our rather bare walls with numerous caricatures, which, although the source of much excitement and admiration, hardly obtained the desired result.

Then again, I have shouted myself hoarse in order to make my appeals heard above the din which issues from our Form room at all intervals; but it has been of no avail.

Then, finally, when I go to deliver a small handful of Bedan contributions, an unsympathetic mistress murmurs, "Is that all?" Do you wonder that I feel desperate?

Who envies the lot of a Bedan representative? Not I.

ELLA BOWEN, IVb.

### While Miranda Plays.

When gentle, supple fingers glide  
O'er ivory keys, and I beside  
Them listening, the air around  
Re-echoes with the soulful sound,  
My easy spirit, bird-like, floats  
High 'midst the clouds, as larks' sweet notes;  
And Spring's glad mirth as a gentle breeze  
Rustles thro' the green-decked trees;  
And, as I listen, tinkling brooks  
Bubble o'er stones in shady nooks,  
And lowing cattle standing, cool,  
At ease, in the refreshing pool.  
But now the music's changed—I hear  
The reaper's song and corncrake near,  
The Harvest Home, thanksgiving strains  
For corn that's saved from Autumn's rains;  
The sound of whirling leaves now fills  
My ears, and th' roar of rushing rills  
Rain-swollen: leaden skies weep  
Patt'ring tears on trees that sweep  
Earthwards, before the whistling wind.  
Then snow, soft-footed, white and kind,  
Protects the earth from frost's keen bite;  
Strains of carols through the night,  
And Christmas hymns, bustle and noise,  
Betoken festive, Yule-tide joys.  
Then the world waits, grey and sad,  
'Till Spring bursts in to make her glad.  
All hail, thou cheeriest season of the year!

The music stops! All that was near  
Fades, elusive fancy's flown,  
Like thistle-down the wind has blown.

PEGGY RAE, Upper Va.

### The Joys of Listening-in.

My brother entered the room—there was certainly no doubt about that, nor was there any doubt that he remained in the room. I was about to protest; but, as patience is a virtue, I refrained. I thrust my fingers into my ears, and turned again to the eccentricities of quadratic equations.

"Want to listen-in, Chris?" he asked in a while.

I looked up. The expression on his face was after the style of the one which I imagine illumined the face of Napoleon after Austerlitz. His hair (which he wears longish because, I believe, Marconi does) was ruffled, and he was in a great state of excitement.

"I've got Bournemouth as plain as anything!" he announced.

I put on the 'phones, and was greatly impressed by the similarity between the sounds which Bournemouth was broadcasting and the sounds which our Form broadcasts at interval.

"What is it?" I enquired anxiously.

He consulted *Radio Times* and found that I should be listening to a lullaby by Schumann. I listened to the ear-splitting din till I could stand it no longer. My teeth were on edge, and besides it was not fair to Schumann.

"This is not a lullaby," I expostulated. "In fact, it's more like——"

After the politeness of boys, he snatched the 'phones from me and quelled any further remarks by making hissing noises at me in the nasty way that boys have. Presently he handed back the 'phones.

"You must have been listening to atmospherics! This is a misuet."

"But it's all on one note," I complained.

"Don't be silly!" he snapped.

"It's you that is silly, and this is all on one note."

"Oh, I know," he said, "as an unusually thoughtful look passed across his brow, "that will be Cullercoats."

At last I was able to hear quite distinctly—a man was speaking about the latest motor-cycle models. Out of the kindness of my heart I told my brother, and he pulled the 'phones from me.

"I want to hear this," he said.

I arose with all the dignity (and Mathematics books) I had at my command and left the room, closing the door with expression—the room was too small for us.

MORAL.—Do not encourage anything more than a lukewarm regard for wireless in your brothers—it has a demoralising effect, it destroys the few manners small boys possess.

CHRISTINE MORGAN, Upper Va.

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## Exams.

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I'm in a very dumpy mood  
This lovely April day,  
For teacher says it's understood  
Exams. begin to-day.

My head is never very clear,  
But everything I've known  
To-day just seems to disappear,  
And I am left to moan.

So when exams. come round again,  
I've quite made up my mind,  
That listening to my work is gain,  
Which all of us will find.

MARGARET McLAUCHLAN, FORM II.

## Thomas the Rhymer.

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While Thomas lay on Huntlie Bank he perceived a lady riding by the eilden tree. Her dress was of the greenest silk, and her mantle of the richest velvet. On her milk white steed hung fifty silver ringing bells.

Thomas bowed graciously to this lady, who was the Queen of Elfland, greeting her as one of his own kind. She told him if he were to kiss her lips, he would be compelled to follow her and become a serving man for seven long years.

She remounted her steed and took Thomas up behind. When they reached the wide desert, the Queen pointed out to him three long roads. One of these was very narrow, thickly beset with thorns and briars—that was the road to Righteousness. The next broad road, which lay across the lily meadow, was the path to Wickedness; but some called it the road to Heaven. The last road was a bonny road, where the Queen and Thomas must wend their way. Thomas was told if he spoke one word he would never be seen in his own country.

They rode on, and farther on in the dark, dark night, wading through red blood to the knee, for the blood that is shed on earth runs through that country.

Then they came to a garden, and the Queen pulled an apple from a tree and gave it to Thomas for his wages. He thanked the Queen for her goodly gift.

He has got a coat of woa cloth and shoes of green velvet; but seven long years have passed, and Thomas has never been seen.

PHYLLIS BYFIELD, IIIa.

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## I'd Like.

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I'd like to be where Wembley is,  
Far from the School to-day;  
I'd like to "shoot the rapids,"  
And run about and play.

I'd like to see the cafés,  
And ride in 'buses too;  
I'd like to try the "Underground,"  
And pay a visit to the Zoo.

I'd like to try the railways,  
And watch the cowboys bold;  
And travel round Nigeria,  
Where, I hear, they dig for gold.

And as I sit and plan and wish,  
I notice time has flown;  
So bid my mind forget such things,  
Till older I have grown.

DOROTHY METCALF, IIIb.

## My Visit to the Children's Hospital.

I was one of the lucky representatives to be chosen from our Form to go to the Children's Hospital.

There were three girls chosen out of each of the Fourth Forms, and with two prefects we started from School for the Hospital at 4 p.m., each with a few balloons to distribute among the children.

On arriving we were shown into a ward, and then on to the verandah, where there were eight patients enjoying the fresh air. All the children were delighted to see us, but some were very shy.

The balloons made the children friendly at once, and it was wonderful to hear the noise they contrived to make with them.

The boy in the Bede Cot was a lively little chap of 5 or 6 years, who blew his balloon heartily.

Some of the children on the verandah had been in hospital over a year, and were quite happy and did not wish to go home. The newer patients were rather homesick; but the nurse said they would soon get over that feeling, and the room looked so bright and cheerful that I was certain they would.

I am sure we ought to be pleased to think that Sunderland has such a pleasant place for children who cannot be nursed at home. I think that every Bede girl who visits the hospital will in future support the "Silver Lining" more liberally.

L. WAITE, Form IVb.

## My Alphabet.

- A**'s for ambition, well known in Form Four.  
**B** is for beauty (I'd best say no more).  
**C** for the charities we ably support.  
**D** stands for dances, we're not of that sort!  
**E** is for ease, which we gain after school.  
**F** for form-room, light, airy, and cool.  
**G** is for games, at which we excel.  
**H** stands for happy, which we are when we're well.  
**I** is for impa, which I hope we're not named.  
**J** is for jumping, for which some are famed.  
**K** for the knowledge we get at the Bede.  
**L** is for the lessons, of which we take heed.  
**M** stands for mistress, we love them all dearly—  
**N** for the noise, which they say they hear clearly.  
**O** is for order, which we're told we don't keep.  
**P** for our parties, well-managed and cheap.  
**Q** for the quakes an exam, always brings.  
**R** for reports. Ah — terrible things!  
**S** stands for Sunday, our one day of rest.  
**T** for the trouble attending each test.  
**U** is for useful. Some say we are that.  
**V** stands for verbs: *alter, singa, amat*.  
**W** is for wisdom, which we long to acquire.  
**X** is in algebra, of which we soon tire.  
**Y** for the yearning we have for success.  
**Z** is too hard, so I'll leave you to guess.

MOLLY HINKLEY, IVa.

## Felix.

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Have you heard of Felix,  
The cat that's won renown?  
I think you have, for Felix  
Is known throughout the town.

Just step into the Havelock  
When you are feeling sad;  
And when you've seen, you will declare,  
It's the best time that you've had.

His antics are quite funny,  
His ways are very cute,  
His fur is black and silky,  
And he beats old Puss-in-Boots.

Have you heard of Felix,  
That Puss of picture fame?  
He's beaten all the actors,  
Who hide their heads in shame.

CHRISSE YOUNG, IVe.

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## The Stream.

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It rises where man hath never been,  
On yon lone mountain side,  
Where the rocks and heather, and bracken gold,  
Away from the world's view it hide.

When it issues forth from its fairy home,  
It takes a rocky course,  
And wanders thus till it enters in  
To a glen of golden gorse.

From thence it steadily wends its way,  
Through a field of ripening wheat,  
And on each bank in abundance grows  
Fragrant meadow-sweet.

Then suddenly it disappears  
Into a darkened copse,  
The music of its trickling blends  
With the sigh of the old tree tops.

And thus a simple little stream  
Becomes a river wide,  
In all its beauty meets the sea  
As lovely as a bride.

HILDA HARDWICK, Lower Va.

## My Perfect Day.

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I stood by my window watching  
 The amber light of dawn.  
 I saw the East awake from sleep,  
 I saw the day begin to peep,  
 And I found that it was morn.  
 To me each change in the roseate hue  
 Was just another thought of you!

I sat in the sunshine, working  
 Among the flowers of May,  
 I heard the laugh of a child on the air,  
 And this old world seemed wondrous fair  
 In the glorious light of day.  
 For the brightness of the Summer skies  
 Was like the brightness of your eyes!

I am here in the twilight resting,  
 And the day is nearly done.  
 The ev'ning zephyrs whisp'ring near  
 Sound like sweet music in my ear.  
 In the West low lies the sun,  
 And in the dusk of evening here  
 I seem to feel thee standing near.

I see the night approaching  
 With shadowy, sable wings.  
 And now I see the moon arise  
 Silv'ry pale in the Northern skies;  
 And sweetly the nightingale sings.  
 I hear, and listening, I rejoice,  
 For his song reminds me of your voice!

At midnight I am drifting  
 In other worlds to this.  
 Floating down a fairy stream,  
 In the beauty of my dream,  
 I see the moonbeams kiss.  
 And in my sleep I often smile,  
 For you are with me all the while!

HILDA SAXBY, Upper Va.

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## Life's Little Happenings.

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Dorothy walked slowly upstairs to Room 31 thinking how strange it was that she was first at school that morning. She, who was usually among the last to arrive!

Suddenly she paused and stood listening. Surely those were voices coming from the classroom? Then she was not first after all. She hurried up the remaining stairs, and at the door she stood quite still, astonished, for the room was empty but for the desks and chairs.

Again she heard a voice saying "Oh, how my poor legs do ache! I really cannot understand how it is that some people take a delight in balancing me upon my back legs. I can assure you it is *most* unpleasant."

"That is surely coming from one of those chairs in the back row," thought Dorothy, as she waited awhile.

"I quite agree with you, friend," said another voice, proceeding this time from a chair in front. "I should really like the thoughtless girl who occupies my chair to feel what it is like!"

"Oh, dear! that is *my* chair," said poor Dorothy. "I do hope nothing happens!"

But, unfortunately for Dorothy, she was at that moment seen by one of the chairs in the front row, and immediately she was propelled by some unseen force into the middle of the room. At once she saw that the chairs seemed to be grotesque persons, who began to crowd round her in menacing attitudes.

"You are a cruel girl!" said a voice, which she recognised as belonging to her own chair. "I shall punish you severely."

Dorothy felt that she was being shaken, and felt a splash of cold water on her face. Oh, whatever should she do!

"Come, Dorothy, wake up. You will be late for school."

Dorothy glanced up sharply. Where were the chairs in their terrible attitudes?

They had gone, and as she saw her mother's smiling face above her, she knew it had been a dream.

"Nevertheless," thought Dorothy, "I shall not tilt my chair in future."

EILEEN GAUNTLETT, FORM IVa.

## When the Great Fall.

(After reading Shakespeare's *King Richard II.*)

Crowns of diamonds, pearls, and gold,  
Sceptres, thrones, and wealth untold,  
All would I give, only to hold  
One narrow grave.

Scorned as I am by foe and friend,  
Peace I know not, wood and glen  
Comfort me not, rather me send  
On to my end.

God, I pray thee, grant me peace:  
Grant my wretched life may cease.  
Only one thought doth give me ease—  
That of my end.

FLORA FIELDS, LOWER Vb.



## Autobiography of the Singing Cup.

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On Miss Lumb's book cupboard in Room 39 I stand. I am made of silver, and I am inside a glass case and am placed upon a trestle made of black ebony. I am very young, in fact I am barely a year old yet, and the inscription upon me relates that I was presented by Miss Boon to Form IV. b, for winning a singing competition in the year 1923.

On the whole, I think that Room 39 is a very noisy one. On one side is a garage, on another is a playground, where children play every afternoon and make a great deal of noise; and, lastly, the members of IV. b do not know how to walk, but jump and bounce into the room so that I am considerably shaken.

I attend to most of the lessons, and some I find quite interesting.

During the holidays I am locked away in a cupboard with many other valuables, and during the last holiday I became acquainted with another cup and we did have a fine time. I was quite sorry to part from him. But we hope to meet again, and we have planned how we shall spend our holiday. But speaking of plans, I often overhear plans, jokes, and secrets in Room 39. Still, as they are secrets, I shall not tell anyone about them.

I do think some girls are clumsy. Why the very first day I arrived my case was tilted by one of them, and it was a miracle I did not fall through the glass. But luckily nothing dangerous has happened so far; and I must give the girls their due and say that they are very proud of me, and that they like me very much indeed.

After all, I think I have spent a very pleasant year in Room 39, and I hope that the next year will be as pleasant.

BERTHA BERGER, Form. IVb.

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## The Autumn Breeze.

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Red, brown, and gold, the leaves so old,

Are falling from the dreary trees.

The willows bare, and the flowers so rare

Are tossed and fretted by the breeze.

Whirl, breezes, whirl, set the wide world a-bustling.

Whirl, breeze among the leaves, rustling, rustling, rustling.

The bonny bracken soon will blacken,

And the purple heather fade away.

But the heath will whisper, and the fern grow crisper,

When the Autumn breezes come to stay.

Whirl, breezes, whirl, set the wide world a-bustling.

Whirl, breeze among the leaves, rustling, rustling, rustling.

By the river where the long reeds quiver,

And the bulrush rears its stately head,

The breezes moan in an undertone

Through the foliage, brown and dead.

Whirl, breezes, whirl, set the wide world a-bustling.

Whirl, breeze among the leaves, rustling, rustling, rustling.

MABEL ALEXANDER.

## My Lady of the Moonlight.

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You came to me my lady, when my heart was heavy laden,  
 You came to me to comfort me, my beautiful moon-maiden,  
 From your shining home of brightness to this dull and anxious earth,  
 You came to me, to comfort me, to lure me back to mirth.

Your grey eyes shone with love for me, outstretched your dear white hands,  
 And there upon the threshold I saw you take your stand,  
 And then you came towards me, with your quick, light, graceful head,  
 And down to your white shoulder, you drew my weary head.

And when I felt your presence, my heart much lighter grew,  
 Because of your low, tender voice, your gentle words and hue,  
 And when you saw me smile again, you gently stole away,  
 For night was quickly fleeing, and the dawn brought back the day.

Oh, my Lady of the Moonlight, you are but a dream I know;  
 But never I'll forget you when I see the moon aglow,  
 And you will come to comfort me when I am worn and sad,  
 And looking in your lips again, once more I shall be glad.

KATHLEEN SIMPSON, Lower VI.

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## The Sad Mishap of the First of the Three Little Pigs.

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Three little pigs set out one day,  
 They travelled far along the way.

Each one to build a house was sent,  
 Where he could live and pay no rent.

The first he built a house of straw,  
 It had a lovely little door.

The wolf came round one stormy night,  
 And huffed and puffed with all his might.

The house fell down, and, sad to tell,  
 A sorry fate that pig befell.

He tried to run; but he was beaten,  
 And by the wolf he soon was eaten.

ENA BELL, Form II.

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## Geography in the Bath Tub.

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I would like to set before the public notice a new, and, I believe, an original method for teaching children the facts of geography. This method may be used at the bath hour.

The water is the sea, and the child the land. Hence an example of an island. An arm is surrounded on three sides by water, therefore a peninsula may be seen. The curve of the neck is a bay, while excellent deltas are found in floating hands.

Lakes, rivers, mountains, and plains are all to be found in the bath. Hot springs shoot up, geysers are formed, and O joy, even an iceberg appears. Let the child be half-floating in deep water, and tell him to look at his feet. Nine-tenths are under water and toes are sticking out. Woe to any ship if she should pass that way.

If electric light brightens the room, then the sun beats down in the tropics; if gas-light, then the moon beams; if but a candle, then there are twinkling stars.

Suddenly a cold drop is felt, quickly succeeded by many others, soon it is raining heavily. The rainy season is approaching, and natives must seek shelter speedily. The child looks up and sees the shower turned on.

But the tropics still prevail, for, behold, an earthquake is taking place. The land rocks, and the sea rolls violently; everything is disturbed, and tumult reigns (sad splashes may occur at this period, but then they may be utilised for evaporation and for the formation of rain).

Then the child is drifted away by sweet perfumes. He is in the country and all around him grow lilies of the valley. Roses give forth their fragrance, and the song of a bird is heard. Suddenly something slips—it is the soap!

Such an occurrence brings back the mind to industry—manufacturing and products. But soon there comes a dream of Turkish baths and Oriental living, as the Turkish towel is applied.

And thus the child continues to learn geography in many ways; till, suddenly, there is a start, for a voice is heard at the door—

“Whatever are you doing with that child? Do you know you’ve been in there nearly an hour?”

ALICE MUNRO, Lower Va.

### Upper Sixth Form Notes.

We are seven—a studious crew,  
 The head of all is Nancy New,  
 Our room is small, but very cheery  
 (Save when lessons make it dreary !);  
 Two libraries we do possess,  
 Which are crammèd to excess.  
 We have the clock which rules the School  
 (But it is tardy as a rule !).  
 Of pictures we’ve a fine array  
 And photos of a former day.  
 We have a line on the floor,  
 And tell us, What can girls want more?  
 Our coal box is our dearest pride  
 (Its broken lid we try to hide),  
 We lock the gate, we toll the bell,  
 Do lots of other jobs as well.  
 But if you’d like to know some more,  
 Just come and knock upon our door.

### Lower VI. Form Notes.

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As the Lower VI, it is unfortunately our lot to be dignified: we flatter ourselves that in this respect we leave nothing to be desired. Our very desks are arranged in a superior line of battle, so that by just glancing into our form-room anyone may see that

" We will not jump with common spirits,  
Nor rank us with the barbarous multitudes."

The year has not been unmarked by incident, and last term quite an exciting thing happened. We were experiencing the thrilling delight of a lesson in European history, and the fire was burning briskly. (I mention this not because it is an extraordinary occurrence, but because it has something to do with the incident.) Suddenly it was discovered that smoke was rising from behind the stove. Further investigation proved that the wastepaper basket, which modestly conceals its beauty behind the stove, was on fire. The mistress in charge jumped on it most courageously, and by the time someone returned with a kettle full of water the fire was out, much to our disgust. Since this the fire has never burned briskly.

Our room would delight a musical soul. When the footballers on the Park desist for a few moments from their vocal efforts, we become aware that an organ-grinder also is striving to entertain us. We felt that a climax had been reached when someone with bagpipes entered the competition, and we now appreciate Keats' words and sympathise with his feelings as he wrote them:—

" Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter."

We have prospered in netball to such a degree that we have already captured the picture; and we leave it to the gods and our netball team to vanquish Upper Vb, against whom the final for the shield is to be played.

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### Upper Va. Form Notes.

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We feel that within the awesome precincts of Room 13 we are able to preserve quite an atmosphere of dignity—we pay income tax. (The income is that which we receive on Saturdays from our parents if we are good.) We are told by those who know that our ancestral room is very sunny; but as yet we have not experienced any superfluity in that direction, and the little

that has found its way through the window panes has been mercilessly excluded by the girls sitting there drawing the blinds. Therefore, in order to overcome this deficiency, we decorate the sills with flowers. Each girl pays a little each week towards the fund, and this constitutes our income tax.

We gave a concert in February, in aid of the Loan and Scholarship Fund, and raised 25/-. Judging by the applause which greeted our efforts, we think that our audience was agreeably surprised, as, it must be confessed, we were ourselves, for the charade was practically invented on the spot. The excitement which prevailed during lesson hours on that memorable day was so intense that the mathematics lesson passed unnoticed!

We have now reached the stage in the life of any normal examination candidate—we wish we had worked harder, instead of regarding the onrushing examination in the light of the "bogey-man who puts naughty little girls who will not eat their crusts in his sack and runs away with them." Indeed, each striving member of the form (with a few unnatural exceptions) has been making anxious enquiries concerning her wisdom teeth—we all hope they will come in time for June 30th.

Towards the end of this term our form mistress, Miss Wilson, was taken seriously ill, and for some days her condition was very grave. We sent her some flowers, and when she was a little better we stood outside her window and waved to her.

Although we lost the Hockey Picture to Upper Vb, we hope our victory over Upper Vb and Sixth in the Hockey Shield matches and also our victory over the Students at netball, will cheer her, and we hope to welcome her school-coming with the Hockey Shield and the two netball trophies.

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### Upper Vb. Form Notes.

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We are quite a small Form and we are in one of the nicest rooms in the School, for there are actually two or three trees outside our window; but we have heard that these are to be cut down soon.

Although we have our examination looming in front of us, we still have time for games, for we won the Hockey Picture, and we are soon to play the VI. for the Netball Shield. In July we are going to try to gain the Singing Cup for our room too—so, if our hopes are fulfilled, our room will be nicely decorated for next year's Form.

### Upper Vc. Form Notes.

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Upper V.c is one of the smallest Forms in the School, and, whilst its members acknowledge the distinct advantage during term time, they feel themselves very much handicapped during the games season, when the Form teams have to be arranged. The Form has been beaten in both hockey and netball this year. We are very proud of our small classroom, and at the beginning of the year we were the proud possessors of a small carpet; but time proved that its dust-collecting capacity was injurious to the health of the Form, and it had to be discarded. Our lessons are often disturbed by the discord produced during the simultaneous singing lessons in the Girls' and Boys' Schools; but to this and other distractions we are more or less resigned. Wembley and the forthcoming Tennis Tournament are the two chief topics of conversation this term. It is remarkable to note the number of girls who can rise an hour earlier to practise for the latter. We all miss Miss Wilson very much, and hope that she will soon be with us again. On the whole, we have had quite a successful year, and have very little to complain of in the conduct of our neighbours—the Upper VI.

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### Lower Va. Form Notes.

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Exciting times have taken place during the year in games. Not only have we won the Hockey and Netball Pictures, but we have contrived to leave our hats and coats and the pavilion key inside the locked door of the pavilion, and some 27 woeful people were obliged to borrow coats from Lower Vb. until one of us cycled to school in a borrowed blazer and got another key.

Great excitement took place during our political election. Many and wonderful notices were pinned up in the room, and huge rosettes of red, blue, and white ribbons were sported by the various parties. A victory for the Liberals was the result by a majority of one vote, after a miscount and re-voting.

At the Bazaar, in October, we acted a pixie play. It was very good, we were told. We hope our admirers have never worn tight green trousers, nor known the exciting effect of a falling stage wall, nor, we hope, will they ever, when sent upon a stage to bow, both forget to bow and leave the stage. One pixie at the back of the stage was finally seized by his green leg and made a speedy exit. After that the other pixies were, with difficulty, persuaded to depart.

## Lower Vb. Form Notes.

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Lower Vb. has had little excitement through this year so far.

We have had some hockey matches with Lower Va. The first one we lost, 2-0. The other we won, 2-1. We have still a netball match to play this term.

The Netball Shield hangs just outside our classroom door, and catches the eye of anyone going past.

The Hockey Shield hangs above the piano in our classroom, and the other day we noticed that someone had given it a polish, which smartened it up considerably.

At the beginning of last term Miss Lloyd organised a "Reading Society." We met every week or fortnight, and stayed for about three-quarters of an hour after school and read plays. We have read "The Rivals," and greatly enjoyed it. Also we began to read "The School for Scandal."

Our attendance sheet has not been very good this year. Firstly, girls were absent for vaccination; then "flu." Gwen McCree has been absent for about a term and a half with appendicitis; Lilian Middlewood, who has since left; and Nora Senior, with a damaged leg.

## IVa. Form Notes.

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Our form last term had a very good record for punctuality. Throughout the whole of the term none of us arrived late.

Our School Party took place in January. It was most successful and went off without a hitch, thanks to those who had the arrangements in hand.

After some well-contested matches, we were fortunate enough to win the Hockey Picture, of which performance we are very proud.

We collected 88 eggs for the Children's Hospital.

We are fortunate in having Miss Farquhar for a form-mistress. Miss Farquhar has never been a form-mistress in the Lower School before.

## IVb. Form Notes.

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The girls of Form IVb. are in Room 39 this year. As this is a very cold room we have a fire, and consider ourselves favoured, as fires have been done away with since radiators have become the fashion.

We are the lucky possessors of the Silver Cup, presented by Miss Boon, to be competed for by the Junior School at the Singing competition, which we have each year. Last year IVb. was the first Form to win the Cup, and we of this year's IVb. hope to be lucky enough to keep it in the Form for another year.

Form IVb. has not done much in the way of games this year. We have had only one hockey match, against IVc., which we won, and we are living in the hope of beating IVa., against whom we must play soon.

I think IVb. has quite a good reputation for quietness and order, so far, and we hope to retain our good character until the school year ends.

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### IVc. Form Notes.

Nothing very important has happened this year in IVc. One much-needed improvement has been carried out—that of having our curtains mended, and of keeping our room and lockers tidy. Strange to say, we do not seem to have been brilliant at games, as we lost the first round of the Hockey Picture matches, being beaten by IVb., the score being 5-2. We had great hopes of putting the Netball Picture in the blank space which the hockey one will leave when taken down. But, unfortunately, our hopes were dashed to the ground, as we were once more beaten by IVb., 9-6.

We are hoping to have our lockers mended this term, as they are in a very unsatisfactory condition, apparently the result of girls shewing their approval of concerts, by drumming their heels on our innocent lockers.

We are proud to think that two of our girls managed to get over 66% last term, and we hope that we shall have more girls gaining that distinction this term.

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### IIIa. Form Notes.

Last term Mrs. McGregor very kindly presented to our Form room two beautiful pictures. One was "Do you Believe in Fairies?" and the other the well-known "Piper of Dreams." The latter was Nancy's favourite picture.

We have been very unfortunate in our games this year, having lost both of the matches which we played against IIIb.

We are proud of the fact that two out of the four girls who are going in for the North of England Elocution Contest are in



our Form, their names being Isobel Morton and Helena Cantle. We all wish them the best of luck.

It is hoped that Miss Wilson will shortly be able to return to school, for she takes us more than any other mistress.

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### IIIb. Form Notes.

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There are nineteen girls in IIIb. now; last term, however, there were only sixteen. All IIIb. are amiable, hard-working girls—at least we think so. We have a very pleasant room, No. 38. It is situated between the Common-room and a garage, the employees of which entertain us with their melodious singing.

We have been rather successful at games, having won both the Netball and Hockey Pictures, though we, unfortunately, lost both Netball and Hockey Shields.

During the term we gave in quite a good collection of eggs considering what a small form we were. We have settled down now, and are looking forward eagerly to Sports Day and the Singing Competition.

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### II. Form Notes.

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We, the girls of Form II., regret to say that we were defeated in both Hockey and Netball Picture matches last term by Form III.b, although we tried hard and played well, considering the small number of practices we had; but we hope to do better next year.

We did not collect a large sum of money for the Silver Lining Fund; but we collected a good sum for the Baby, and we sent a large number of eggs for the Children's Hospital.

Owing to a rather uneventful year we have little to report; but hope to have more next year.

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### French Competition.

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The prize has been awarded to Annie Wilson, Form L.Va. Good work was sent in by F. Fordyce, W. Talbot, B. Byfield and E. Lockey.