



# THE BEDAN,

JUNE, 1925.

## FOREWORD.

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WE present yet another number of "THE BEDAN" to our readers, hoping that this one, like its predecessors, will be a link between past and present and that it will give equal pleasure.

Among the many items of School news which are recounted in the following pages, one of the most gratifying is the splendid achievement and well-deserved success of Eveline Blackett, to whom our heartiest congratulations are extended.

To the Netball Team, which has, for the second year in succession, secured the coveted and hardly-contested trophy, the Netball Challenge Shield, we say "Well done!" and to the Hockey Team, which once again fought hard in the final for the Northern Counties School Challenge Shield, we offer encouragement to carry on and success will come.

Beset by almost insuperable difficulties we have contrived to contribute generously towards the The Silver Lining Fund, The Baby Fund, and The Scholarship Fund, which is yet something short of the much-desired sum. In addition to these funds the response to the appeal of the Mayoress, Mrs. Nicholson, to support "The Young People's Brick Scheme" in connection with the extension of the Royal Infirmary, was very satisfactory, and we have to thank those who helped, by their support and presence, at the concert held in the Mayor's Parlour.

It is always interesting to hear news of past Bedans, and many will be pleased to learn that Vera Porteous, an old Bedan who now lives in Tasmania, has written several "newsy" letters giving an account of her life abroad and asking for news of her old School. Our good wishes are broadcasted to her!

We are glad to hear that Miss Hughes, who left us last Summer, is enjoying her work at the Morpeth High School, and we are delighted beyond measure to be able to participate—though it be from a vast distance—in the interesting and absorbing work in Switzerland of Miss L. V. Hughes, who was once a mistress at Bede School, and who wrote for us our School song, of which we are very proud. We leave her letter, printed in these pages, to speak for itself of her enthusiasm for, and devotion to, the cause of universal peace and good fellowship.

Now, Bedans, young and old, past and present, may we again appeal to you for continued interest in, and support for your School Magazine, which, being a "School" magazine may be small and unpretentious, but is nevertheless dear to all of us, because it is our own creation, the beloved child of our united brain!

### Our Captain and Vice-Captain.

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Bede School is very proud of Eveline Blackett. She has won an Exhibition of £25 at Somerville College, Oxford, and also a Scholarship of £80 tenable at St. Mary's College, Durham. In this examination she headed the whole list of students, men as well as women.

Lena Thompson is Captain of our School and Eveline is Vice-Captain. These girls are both excellent students, but what the School cares more about is that they are both so absolutely loyal and trustworthy and helpful to all of us. We believe that whatever the future has in store for them they will have the wisdom to choose the best things, and that they will be given courage and strength to carry on the good work they have already begun to do here. They are two of the best Sixth Form Prefects Bede School has ever had. Indeed we are proud of them.

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### The Fellowship School.

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GLAND,

CANTON VAUD,

SWITZERLAND.

MY DEAR BEDANS,

Once, long ago, I wrote for "THE BEDAN" an account of my first visit to Italy. The subject was a far-off one, but I was with you at the time, writing in Sunderland. Then, not so long ago, I was given the very proud and delightful task of making your school song. This time the writer was far off, but the subject was a near one for you. And now both writer and subject are far from you. How shall we bridge the gap?

I will begin with the outside of us. We can see a great range of Alps, with Mont Blanc, from our garden and from most of our bedrooms. On the other side are the Jura, perhaps as beautiful in their gentler greener way. The snow has nearly left them now, but last month we were up there with toboggans and skis. At the foot of the garden is the very blue Lake of Geneva, in which we bathe as often as we please. A few people have kept it up even in December and January; I stopped in November. We have two boats of our own, and you can imagine that the Lake is a part of our very life, with its indescribable beauty and its endless changes and its many delights. Lest you should be too envious, I will tell you that the winters here are

very cold and the indoor heating inadequate. We often have our dinner out of doors in winter because on sunny days it is warmer out than in, especially at mid-day.

We live in five buildings, all in the same grounds—two big houses, two chalets, and one villa right at the edge of the lake. We have built a great deal, including two lovely big halls for dining, dancing, and gymnasium, and play, etc., since the school was founded three years ago.

And next, Who are we? About thirty children and about twenty grown-ups, representing about ten nations. Most of us are British; there are several Germans and Americans; and there are also (or have been within the last year) Swiss, Dutch, Italian, Austrian, French, Belgian, Czecho-Slovakian, and Russian. A Norwegian is just coming. You will think the proportion of grown-ups is big; so I must explain that we are servants as well as teachers; and also that several people come "au paci," learning as well as teaching. In fact, we all teach each other, and we all do chores, and this is one of the things I like best about the school. My special job at present is the stairs of the boys' house—a job which I share with little Swiss Pierre, a rascal of nine. He generally begins by saying, "I'm not going to do it"—just by way of asserting his liberty—and then I say, "All right; which broom will you have?" and it generally gets done. (Pierre strains and tests our principles more severely than anyone else, I think, though we have two or three other children who might fairly be called "difficult." It will be very interesting to see if this kind of school really helps them.) Of course, we all look after our own rooms; and once a week I take my turn at preparing the evening meal; and once in six weeks I and my "family" of five take our week of "kitchen squad," thoroughly cleaning the beautiful big kitchen after dinner. The "families" are groups of children with one grown-up specially in charge of them, who tries to keep them well and happy, and help them if need be.

On Saturday mornings we are still more domestic, and spend two hours cleaning the whole place. We all collect in the big halls first, and while some one plays music we "scratch" the floor from end to end, i.e., we rub it with "paille de fer," in Swiss fashion, using our feet. Everyone enjoys this, and we often sing at it. ("Paille de fer" is something like the coils of wire you clean saucepans with, but softer and looser." Then we sweep, and then we polish, and later on put the furniture back. The result of our efforts is that Saturday, after 11-0, is the best time for you to come and visit us! For an hour or two we really need not feel ashamed of ourselves as regards tidiness. But in

general it is not a strong point, in spite of painful efforts, and in spite of giving the first hour daily to it:

I have said so much of the domestic side that you will wonder if we ever have "lessons," and if we are a school at all. So here is the Time Table, for which, as Director of Studies, I am mostly responsible, though it was all discussed and arranged at a general meeting of the whole school.

BREAKFAST .. .. .	7-30
HOUSEWORK .. .. .	8-9
"MORNING MEETING" .. .. .	9
STUDY .. .. .	9-25-12-40
Three periods of 1 hour each, with $\frac{1}{2}$ hour break.	
DINNER .. .. .	12-45
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FREE TIME OF CLASSES .. .. .	1-00-6-0
Dancing, Carpentry, Handwork, Netball, Football, Wireless, etc., etc.	
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SUPPER .. .. .	6-0
RECORDS .. .. .	7-0
READING .. .. .	7-30
DANCING .. .. .	8-30
CURFEW SONG .. .. .	9-0
LIGHTS OUT.. .. .	9-30

The morning "study" is partly "lessons" in the ordinary way; but we are using more and more the Dalton method, with "assignments," and much individual private study. We have a fairly good library, which kind friends are constantly making better. We find the "Children's Encyclopaedia" invaluable—one of our last gifts. Our children have such very varying needs and capacities, as you will readily understand, that it would in any case be impossible to work satisfactorily with big classes or forms. But they are grouped, for ordinary purposes, into A's, B's, and C's—the A's being the most advanced. Each group allots its three morning hours as follows: One to Languages, one to Science or Mathematics, one to History or

Literature or Geography. For the average child—if such a person exists—this plan is simple, and should secure a reasonable development on all sides. For others, it is possible to concentrate on the specially needed subject, whatever it is, by giving extra lessons in that subject in another group (for the hour will be different), and giving less time to something else. The classes are very small—often 3 or 4, and seldom more than 6 or 7.

The afternoon looks long on the time table, but is generally too short in practice, for there is a big choice of good things to do. Besides the classes and occasional lectures, there are cycle rides and walks, or bathing and boating, or skating and tobogganing. The "records" which are written each day after supper would give you the best idea of our life, if I could send them to you. Sometimes they encourage one, sometimes they depress one, and sometimes (often) they amuse one. One of our oldest boys, a real student and thinker, wrote one day that after a "desultory" lesson he "improved himself with a sight of Mont Blanc." The little boys' records just now are full of their afternoon doings at "Turf Village"—their own creation—turf houses, with windows and stoves, and frying pans, etc., to which, if you are favoured, you may one evening be invited to supper. I do admire the energy and perseverance with which they have built these houses. The records also show that a fair amount of serious thinking gets done by some people in their free time, as well as an unfair (?) amount of gossip and idling by others.

And this brings me to the last topic, What are we really here for? What is the Fellowship School really trying to do? The Head is a Quaker, and in her own words the school's first aim is "to make some contribution to the peace of the world." Then, I think, she would put next, freedom for every individual to live his or her own best life, while respecting the freedom of all others. Thus we are trying to be a self-governing community, making our rules and plans together at meetings of the whole school. Thirdly, health is a dominant ideal with us—health of body, mind, and character. We are all vegetarians, partly for physical health, partly on moral and humanitarian grounds.

Deeper than all these principles, we realise our need of some strong religious foundation, and here we find our chief difficulty, and our chief cause of failure. Not all here are Christians, and it is hard to find a common meeting-ground and a common way of worship. Some of us, including our Head, think we shall never rise to our true standard of endeavour or fulfil our ideal for the School until we do unite in this deeper way, acknowledging our

utter dependence on God, and together turning to Him both for our vision and for the strength to live in obedience to it. We must go on trying to solve this problem, and just at present several of us are specially occupied with it, as there is a question of having a School Chapel.

Well, dear Bedans, if this account is too long or too dull, do not read it! I am sorry you are too far off to pay us that Saturday visit! But you are not too far off for me to send you my cordial good wishes, and also my sincere congratulations on the splendid efforts you have made for your own School. Miss Farquhar sent me "THE BEDAN," and I know quite a lot about it all, and do really think you have done wonders.

Your friend-at-a-distance,

M. L. V. HUGHES.

### Competitions.

Only lack of space prevents our giving a detailed appreciation of the poems received, for the work sent in, especially from the Upper School, is well worth it. We congratulate the competitors.

In the Junior Section we divide the prize between B. WILKINSON, IVb., and C. NELSON, IIIb. Highly commended are K. Bellamy, IIIa., and T. Meakin, IIIb. Commended, M. Curry, IVa.; H. Johnson, IIIa.; and E. Wilson, IIIa.

In the Senior Section it was difficult to decide to which of the three best renderings to give the prize. It is awarded to RINA HANDE, Up. VI., who has retained the metre and spirit of the original and at the same time produced a finished poem.

Very highly commended—E. Blackett, Up. VI.; G. Wilkinson, Up. VI.; A. Wilson, Up. Va.; and C. Hill, Up. Va., for their *Inquietude*. B. Byfield, Up. Va. for *Clair de Lune*.

Highly Commended—For *Les Elfes*: A. Munro, Up. Va.; K. Simpson, Up. VI.; W. Talbot, Up. Va.; M. Arnold, Up. Va.; A. Wilson, Up. Va.; and H. Udale, Up. Vb. For *Clair de Lune*: E. Whiting, Up. VI.; and B. Cowen, Up. Va.

## The Witching Hour.

(After *Clair de Lune*, by Verlaine.)

The moon's pale light  
Gleams through the trees  
That to the night  
Breathe melodies,  
Beneath the bough,  
Ah, dear one, now—

When you still mere,  
By willows green  
O'erhung, shows clear  
Their forms severe  
Mirrored in sleep—  
Let us dream deep.

For in the sky  
The moon shines fair,  
And from on high  
Through the still air  
Floats bright-winged Peace  
Who brings—release.

KINA HANDS, Up. VI.

## An Unexpected Visitor.

What is a spot? A mere pimple on the skin, a mere blot upon the landscape. But a whole colony of spots marring the delicate beauty of the complexion—no longer are they to be looked upon with disdain, but with horror, a sure sign of—what? No longer are you any common or garden being, you are apart from your fellows, an object to be loathed and yet stared at. The many and various members of your family stand around and peer at your disfigured countenance, from a guarded distance, as though you were some strange oddity. Valiantly you attempt to assume a dignified expression, and you remind them how rude it is to stare at anyone, however uncommon she may be—but all in vain. Measles, fever, smallpox, and even leprosy are comforting comments.

However, you do not endure this inspection for long. Soon you are borne away, and find yourself alone with your spots for twenty-one tedious days. The doctor is almost as obstinate as your affectionate family. Sadly he shakes his head over you as indignantly you try to defend yourself, saying a headache or a sore throat are unknown to you, that your health is perfect, and that never, in your existence, have you experienced running at the eyes! All is useless—you are condemned to entertain a measles microbe.

For the first week, however, you feel quite proud of yourself. Measles is such an uncommon affliction, especially that foreign



type which, perhaps owing to the enormous appetite with which it endows you, is called German! You toss about feverishly in your bed for the first few days. You must rest until that hideous rash leaves you in your natural dimensions once more. Anxiously you glance at a mirror to see how you are getting on. Soon you are trying to recognise your normal self in that strange creature that meets your gaze. You see reflected a nose perhaps three times its original size, anxious eyes bulging forth from swollen lids. You turn away in disgust. With what affection do you look back upon your true complexion, and wonder whether your skin will ever be so smooth and soft again. For the first time in your life you feel thankful that no inquisitive visitor can come to gaze around your bed.

Gradually, however, your spots leave you. You are graciously allowed to get up. Then it is that your pride deserts you, and you deeply sympathise with those ten unfortunate lepers of Biblical renown; but even more you pity your poor solitary self. You long for news of the outside world once more, and you certainly do receive various notes—but what curious missives! You are just congratulating yourself on your improved countenance, when one of these comforting epistles is handed in to you. It breaks in upon your reflections with consoling words, "Now, old spotty face, how are you?" or "How are the mormels to-day?" You feel most indignant, but you are helpless. You cannot even reply to such interesting letters, and tell the writers what you think—you must wait until your three tedious weeks have elapsed before you indulge in any retaliation whatever.

You think you will pass away your long days reading some exciting novel; but reading is dangerous for the eyes, and has often been known to leave the victims blind! With such dreadful stories your reading is restricted. You attempt various cross-word puzzles, but your mind becomes a blank. Your weary brain refuses to aid you, and your own scanty vocabulary totally abandons you and you give up the feeble attempt. In despair you sleep away your weary hours; but regret soon follows. You find yourself wide awake during the greater part of the night—alone with your melancholy thoughts and a microbe. Even if at length you sleep, your measly slumber is disturbed by visions of yourself careering after a strange white creature—something between a cat and a beaver—leaping over walls and other minor obstacles. At last victoriously you clutch it, and nobly struggle until you finally succeed in squeezing the protesting half-caste through the tiny washhouse window where you are rearing a menagerie.

So your hours drag by, and you look forward with joy to that longed for day when you will be allowed to bid an affectionate farewell to that objectionable measles microbe.

### Bedan Representatives—and the Rest.

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We have read in past "BEDANS" of the wretched existence of Bedan Representatives; but we have not yet discussed the trials and troubles of the rest of the girls, which are quite severe enough without being augmented by those same Bedan Representatives.

A Bedan Representative must, of a necessity, be elected, and for a week or two not so much as a squeak is heard from this official, until one morning when you are vainly trying to memorize the caprices of the verb "ferro" in readiness for a "test out of thirty," someone touches your shoulder and says, "Bedan contributions must be in by Monday at the latest, you must be quick with yours."

It is useless to argue, and it is equally useless to affect deafness; plead that you are too busy, and the implacable Representative will listen with smiling disbelief, and, after hearing your lengthy and convincing excuse, say, "Very good, then give it to me on Monday. Thanks so much."

Bedan Representatives live in a world of their own. Their vision is warped by an everlasting forage for "contributions." They are a veritable family of MacStingers—unnatural schoolgirls who dog your footsteps, and inspire you with dread in the manner of the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come. They appear in nightmares as huge, scaly dragons, who glare at you with round black eyes that sway to and fro on stalks, and breathe on you with breath that smells of printer's ink; there is no peace for you, they follow you as your shadow. If they are but casually mentioned you feel the icy finger of horror slowly trace out your spine, a sensation which many people think is caused by someone walking over your grave, but those who have had anything to do with Bedan Representatives know better.

There is only one remedy for this persecution, which might easily result in a nervous breakdown, and that is—write something for "THE BEDAN."

CHRISTINE MORGAN, Lower VI.

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### An Unexpected Letter.

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It was a dull hour on a dull day. The letter-box rattled and in dropped a letter; but, as this was quite an ordinary occurrence, I did not bother to go and pick it up. When I heard that it was for me, I felt more interested. The first thing that I noticed when I took it up was that it had on it a foreign stamp. "Surely not a reply at last from my long-lost French correspondent,"

thought I. But no, the stamp was marked "Gold Coast, West Africa." "Gold Coast," I murmured, "what can this be?" This brought to my mind a paragraph I had read in the "Weekly Telegraph," warning readers against Gold Coast negroes who wrote to English people, desiring an interchange of letters and gifts. But how could a native of Africa have obtained my name and address?

It dawned on me at once, for my name had appeared in the "Weekly Telegraph" just recently for winning a prize in a Cross Word Puzzle Competition. With trembling fingers I opened with anticipation the blue envelope. It was as I had guessed. My unknown correspondent was a nigger! Thus, trivial incidents may have great results. The letter ran as follows:—

"DEAR UNKNOWN FRIEND,

Hoping you will be very much astonished to receive such a letter note from an unknown friend in the Gold Coast.

I was only last Tuesday the 21st instant I had some News paper called 'Weekly Telegraph' in which I came across many names and addresses. But yours enchanted me most so I take you as my Best friend to with you a hearty correspondence from time to time. I determined to remit you honey. 'Ostrich Feathers Monkey Skins and Native comb' etc. But as I was not certain of your address I stopped so write to me in send them as early as possible if your address is quite right. Please replying kindly remit me one pocket watch one handkerchief and one photo. Dear unknown friend Expecting to hear from you very soon I conclude here with heartiest compliments to you self and family.

I am remain,

your unknown friend,

MR. ENOCK D. DONKAH,

Gold Coast.

West Africa."

A few moments later a prostrate figure lay on the carpet, clutching the fateful blue envelope, unable to laugh any longer; and the passers-by walked on, still wondering what meant those unearthly shrieks which issued from our house.

NORAH YOULL, Upper Vc.

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### Hockey, 1924—1925.

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We have had this year a very successful season, although we failed to bring the Northern Counties' Challenge Shield to Sunderland. Of the other 12 matches played we won 10 and lost 2, the goals scored being 34 for and 14 against. In the Schools' Challenge Shield matches we had a bye in the first

round; in the second we beat Tynemouth High School, 2—0; in the semi-final we beat Rutherford College, at Newcastle, 2—0 (after a draw, 1—1 previously). Thus we qualified to meet Bishop Auckland in the final for the second successive year. This team we met on the University Women's Ground, Durham, on March 21st, before many spectators, when we were decisively beaten by 3 goals to none. Miss Farquhar presented the Shield to the winning team, who have won it for the second year in succession. We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Macpherson for her help and enthusiasm throughout the season, and also Madge Gray and Peggy Barron for so ably catering for the teas.

- M. ALDER—Has not had much practice, shows promise, and is cool.  
 E. CARLILL—Has made an excellent Secretary. Play improved, is still rather slow in recovering.  
 A. BROWN—Has worked well, shows promise.  
 M. SPARLING—Plays with determination; stick work requires much practice.  
 K. THOMPSON—A neat player, play greatly improved; has made a good centre half.  
 C. MORGAN—Plays a steady, determined game, stick work good.  
 H. DEAN—A neat player, has played a good game throughout the season.  
 K. WALTON—Play greatly improved, shows promise.  
 B. COWEN—Plays with determination, but must remember to keep her position.  
 L. THOMPSON—Has played an excellent game throughout the season. Stick work good. Has been a capable and reliable Captain.  
 D. JENKINSON—A good shot in the circle, but must be very much quicker in getting on the ball in mid field.  
 C. FAIRGRIEVE—Shows promise, and with practice ought to become a good player.

### Netball, 1924—1925.

Once again, and for the second year in succession, Bede School has won that much-coveted trophy, the Netball Challenge Shield. The first round was played against Newcastle Church High School, and Bede had to put forth all its powers to emerge victorious, eventually winning 24—17. The second and third rounds were comparatively easy victories, Bede defeating in succession, Blyth, 20—11, and Fenham Convent, 29—10. The final match was played on February 24th, at Newcastle, on the Church High School ground, against Rutherford College. In comparison with the supporters of the latter School, the few adherents who travelled to Newcastle with the team seemed very inadequate; however, they managed to make themselves heard, and made up in enthusiasm what they lacked in volume. The

match itself was the most exciting and keenest of the whole season. From the first minute Rutherford College took the lead and kept it by a good margin, the half-time score being 9—5 in their favour. Until two minutes from the end Rutherford retained the lead, when Bede drew level, the score being 13—13. A keen struggle ensued, in which the ball travelled from one end of the pitch to the other, neither side being able to gain any material advantage until Bede managed to shoot two goals, and the score stood at 16—13.

At the end of the game the Shield was presented by Mrs. Pochin, while Miss Boon congratulated the Rutherford team on their display.

We wish to thank Miss Arkle for the time and energy she has spent in coaching the team, Miss Logie for helping in many ways, and those Mistresses of the staff who have taken charge of the matches which Miss Arkle was unable to attend.

#### Nethball Team.

- N. SHARMAN,<sup>2</sup> (Captain)—Her excellent defence has never failed us.  
 H. NICHOLSON,<sup>2</sup>—Steadily improving; shows grit and reliability.  
 J. KELL,<sup>1</sup>—Has worked well, and is a steady and useful member of the team.  
 W. GIBSON,<sup>2</sup> (Secretary)—Has maintained her high standard of play.  
 A. COLLIN—Has been a useful member of the team; shows promise.  
 M. DAVIDSON,<sup>1</sup>—A reliable player whose shooting is excellent.  
 C. HILL,<sup>1</sup>—Has developed into a really good player; energetic, and a reliable shooter.

1—Received School Colours this year.

2—Already hold School Colours.

It has been very gratifying to see how cheerfully and enthusiastically each member of the team has "done her bit" in spite of our difficulties. We should mention specially Nancie Sharman and Winifred Gibson, our Captain and Secretary, whose efficient organisation has done much to make things run smoothly.

We should not like Eveline Blackett and Elsie Davidson to leave School without realising how much we appreciate the time they have given up to us, and the initiative they have shown in catering for our refreshments. During the past four years their reliability has freed us from all anxiety in this direction.

### The Dresden Shepherdess.

In a little backwater of a busy provincial town, quite apart from the noise and hustle of traffic, stands an old shop. A crazy doorway and two or three weather-worn steps lead down into the dim interior, while heaped together behind the blurred window pane battered pewter mugs rub handles with rarest lustre, quaint figures of beaten brass scowl hideously at each

other across piles of cracked willow-pattern bowls, and now and then a burnished copper warming-pan catches the gleams of murky sunlight which straggle down between the chimney-stacks.

Here I first met my Dresden Shepherdess. Leaning disconsolately against a heap of tattered volumes, a forlorn little figure, in spite of her pedestal and charming gown, she coquetishly smiled her way into my heart through the dusty window-panes.

It was the work of a moment to step from the street into the shop, and, after a little haggling with the beak-nosed, spectacled proprietor and the rattle of coins in the till, the dainty little lady was handed across the counter and borne triumphantly away.

She is standing now upon the mantel-shelf, and as a shaft of sunlight falls across her lips she seems to smile, as if in gay acknowledgment of her escape from the dirt and squalor of the curio dealer's window.

G. WILKINSON, Upper VI.

### Morning Song.

Sing on, sweet bird, thy lightsome note  
That through the Springtime glades is heard,  
In rapture to the skies does float,  
Sing on sweet bird.

O primrose pale, of soft moonlight  
Seem woven all thy petals frail,  
Then shine where dark thoughts shed their night.  
O primrose pale.

Dear mistress mine, in gown of blue,  
Come where the foam-white hawthorns shine,  
And weave fresh garlands, bright with dew,  
O mistress mine.

RENA HANDS, Upper VI.

### The Brook.

Surely some plaintive river-nymph haunts the brook to-night, for its voice is low and sad as it mourns above the pebbles. Yet all day long the tiny rivulet bubbled in heedless merriment between its banks of monkey-musk and red loose-strife. In its blue depths, kissed by the noonday sun, the silver fish darted to and fro, and gorgeous dragon-flies, spreading their brilliant-hued gossamer wings, skimmed the face of its shining ripples. But now the fish are sleeping in the stems of the tall reeds, the dragon-flies have vanished with the close of the summer day, and the lonely brook flows sobbing on its way to the great river.

The moonbeams quiver in its sapphire depths, and the stars are mirrored like silver tears from the face of the dum night sky.

Murmuring and whispering from stone to stone, it passes now a silent pool, where the waxen water-lilies gleam in the moon, and the river-fowl are rocked to sleep in their nests of trailing weed.

Now, half-hidden in shimmering grass, it waters a drowsy meadow, or sweeps through the waste of a sandy flat, where the stunted gorse is athirst for its cooling draught.

And the haunting voice of the river-sprite is crooning its changeful song; while far away the boom of the ocean is calling its fretful child, urging it on to the shingled beach and moonlit inlets strewn with gleaming sand, where the tired stream shall wind at last to the breast of the mighty deep.

G. WILKINSON, Upper VI.

### Lament.

Invo-  
cation of  
the Muses.

O Muses fair! sweet Cameræ!  
Who oft to us have given of grace,  
Sweet inspiration and the train  
Of thought that often Time forbids,  
As humble suppliants we bow,  
And pray that Thou wilt aid us now,  
Thy hand upon our pallid brow,  
To weed our grief.

The poet is  
dejected.

O woe is us! O woe is us!  
Alas! Alack the day!  
The blighting season of the year  
With all its woes and deadly fear  
And sorrow wan is drawing near,  
And our adieu.

O woe is us! O woe is us!  
Alas! Alack the day!  
For pagan forms when we depart  
Into this sacred hall will dart,  
And in this sanctum will start  
Their mortal fight.

O woe is us! O woe is us!  
Alas! Alack the day!  
Ten thousand foreign feet will wear  
This terra-cotta carpet rare  
And on the "Mona Lisa" stare  
Audaciously.

The poet's  
breast is filled  
with sudden  
hope.

O woe is us! O woe is us!  
Alas! Alack the day!  
But what if each unto her hair  
Might bear a thirteenth portion fair  
Of that unsullied carpet rare,  
For mem'ry's sake?

The poet,  
aided by the  
Muses, sings  
in prophetic  
strain.

O woe is us! O woe is us!  
Alas! Alack the day!  
Upon each mystic hour shall gleam  
Three letter racks with ghostly leeme,  
And phantom pots of stain shall seem  
'Neath Lisa's smile.

E. BLACKETT, Upper VI.

## The Joy of "Camp."

Why is it that Bede School is not better represented at the Summer School Camps? Is it because girls do not know what they are missing? "Camps" are run by University Women's Camps for Schoolgirls in many of the beauty spots of England.

Camp lasts for ten days and is not, as might be supposed from the name, spent under canvas; the campers are housed in big boarding schools or houses that are vacated for the Summer, and the precious days are spent almost entirely in the open air. The campers are under the control of a staff of officers, who are almost all University women. These officers have their special names and duties, for instance at the head of the camp is Adjutant (known as Adj.); there is Housemother, Chaplain, Orderly, and others.

From "Rising Bell" at 7 a.m. to "Lights Out" at 9-15 p.m. the days are literally packed with excitement and pleasure—excursions, picnics, games, and the fun of orderly work make the days only too short. At night there is "Sing-Song," which is beloved of every camper's heart. Before retiring for the night a talk is given by one of the Officers on subjects which appeal to the campers.

Last year four of us went to Tiverton, Devon, and spent a very happy camp. The house we stayed in was part of the adjoining Boarding School known as Peter Blundell's School, the same described by Blackmore in "Lorna Doone." We visited the Blackmore county, and imagined we were skirting treacherous bogs and hearing the faint creaking of gibbets by the roadside.

Some adventurous spirits managed to get near enough to take a snapshot of the wild ponies on Exmoor. Unfortunately, when it was printed nothing was visible but a black mass.

These and many other memories I recall of camp. I could speak of the many wanderings up the wrong staircase to find our dormitories before we discovered that the house had five staircases, but I have not time.

Why not sample the joys of camp this year and experience for yourself the charm of camp life?

JENNIE VINCENT, Upper Vb.

## The Plight of Fifty Bedans.

It was not fair to outward view,  
 But still 'twas pretty good,  
 Its ghastliness we never knew,  
 Until we tasted food.  
 But we received some friendly aid  
 From shepherd's pie and lemonade.

And then the beds were hard and cold,  
 Our bones they sorely bruised,  
 A cold wet sponge was joy untold  
 To girls who over-snoozed,  
 But the hostel's frowns were sweeter far  
 Than smiles of other buildings are.

Upper Va.

N.B.—The above is most appreciated after reading "The Light of Love," by Hartley Coleridge.



### Chocolate for Sale.

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At interval, that's at eleven o'clock,  
 Two girls come round with a very big stock  
 Of chocolate, of chocolate, of chocolate for sale.  
 They've penny bars, tupp'ny bars, walnut creams,  
 And everyone is calling out, it seems,  
 For chocolate, for chocolate, for chocolate for sale.

They all crowd into Room Thirty-seven,  
 That is to say, I mean at eleven,  
 For chocolate, for chocolate, for chocolate for sale.  
 They stand around the desk, about forty I think,  
 Till the two poor girls look ready to sink.  
 Oh, that chocolate, that chocolate, that chocolate for sale.

Alas! the bell is about to ring.  
 Some go to drawing, some go to sing  
 With chocolate, with chocolate, no longer for sale.  
 And as others disperse o'er their books to pore,  
 All know that the morrow will bring a fresh store  
 Of chocolate, of chocolate, of chocolate for sale.

M. MACLAUGHLIN, III.

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### The Crossword Craze.

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America's the place for some marvellous inventions,  
 But the latest has got on my nerves.  
 The founder of crosswords may have had good intentions;  
 But lynching is what he deserves.

If you meet an old friend with a painful expression,  
 Don't imagine her mother is dead.  
 It's a crossword causing her mental depression,  
 And she can't get it out of her head.

Or one who is seemingly free from all cares,  
 Looking ever so happy and bright,  
 Will probably tell you she's filled in her squares  
 And she's certain she's got 'em all right.

Spring cleaning's neglected, the stockings have holes,  
 The squares must be filled before these.  
 We live without cooking, our shoes have no soles,  
 And we've crosswords for dinners and teas.

Oh! Father has given up working for ever,  
 He says it's the puzzle that counts.  
 Mother's thinking of making a hole in the river,  
 Because she can't square her accounts.

These squares must have circled the universe over,  
 I've heard it's the same in Japan,  
 So, if you've escaped all the worry and bother,  
 Keep clear as long as you can.

MOLLY HINKLEY, Lower Va.

### My Lady Moonshine.

Clothed in mist and dusky raiments My Lady Moonshine comes, descending from the hills to the margin of the pool amidst the pines.

Her shining locks, black as night, flow loosely, and her eyes, blue as the cornflowers which wreath her hair, are smiling.

Hidden among the folds of her gray cloak is a tiny silver wand.

She pauses by the reeds which overshadow the water and listens. Then, as all is calm and quiet, she takes the wand from within her robe, and waves it over the gloomy pool.

Suddenly a flood of light spreads over the earth. The pines are reflected in the pool, and the water, as though joyful, starts and twinkles.

My Lady smiles, and with tender eyes gazes around her, lost in thought, dreaming; for the tired world is at rest, bathed in silver moonshine.

A light wind arises, My Lady stoops and whispers to the reeds, they, rustling, reply.

Hush! It is the hour of dreams.

Now a cloud, passing in the sky, is reflected in the pool. It grows dim, the pines look sad, the reeds bow down, My Lady Moonshine frowns and fades away.

M. HUNSON, Upper Va.

### Chanson d'un enfant.

Cher petit écureuil,  
Je vous vois avec mon oeil,  
Je vous vois sur cette branche  
Éclairé par la lune blanche.  
Vot're tête est très charmante,  
Vot're queue est épatante!  
Cher petit écureuil,  
Je vous vois avec mon oeil.

A. WILSON, Upper Va.

### Chansons de Printemps.

Quand les fleurs lèvent leurs têtes,  
Quand tout est joyeux, gens et bêtes,  
Quand les oiseaux chantent toujours,  
Et les agneaux à leur tour  
Sautent joyeux près de leurs mères  
Ne pensant pas au froid hiver,  
Quand le monde le bonheur sent,  
Sois joyeux; c'est le printemps!

Chère demoiselle,  
Ah vous êtes si belle,  
Que mon coeur frappe si vite  
Dans le silence de la nuit,  
Car je pense tout à vous  
Demoiselle aux yeux si doux.

A. WILSON, Upper Va.

## La Société Française.

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Cette année nous avons recommencé notre Société Française avec beaucoup de vigueur. Elle est composée des cinquième classes. Nous avons nos séances tous les deux mercredis et nous avons notre thé dans la salle de physique. Nous dansons très vite et très bien (quelquefois), et nous chantons comme des rossignols, et nous espérons toutes être de grandes cantatrices.

Nous avons inventé beaucoup de nouveaux jeux et nous remercions avec un vif plaisir Mdlle. Shearer de son aide et des prix qu'elle a donnés aux lauréates des concours. Et nous sommes aussi très contentes de voir souvent Mdlle. Arkle et Mdlle. Seddon à nos séances.

Nous espérons avoir à la fin de l'année scolaire une grande finale qui surpassera toutes les autres séances.

LE COMITÉ.

## Soirées de Lecture.

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Nous avons lu, pendant ces séances d'hiver et de printemps, quelques livres à propos de notre programme d'examen et de plus, quelques histoires et comédies modernes—ce qui a été bien à notre gré. Nous avons trouvé les fauteuils de la salle des maîtresses bien commodes! Nous voudrions remercier Miss Shearer de sa bonté envers nous.

UPPER VI.

## To a Picture.

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Little Lady Nicolette,  
 Are you thinking of a night,  
 When the ballroom lights are bright,  
 And the music lilting low  
 Through the garden, moon aglow,  
 And you danced the minuet,  
 Little Lady Nicolette?

Little Lady Nicolette,  
 Are you thinking how the lime trees  
 Fragrant made the passing breeze  
 As you lingered by the river,  
 Where the weeping willows shiver,  
 And you plucked the mignonette,  
 Little Lady Nicolette?

Little Lady Nicolette,  
 With your pictured face aglow  
 As it was so long ago:  
 Your sweet dreaming eyes of grey,  
 Very softly seem to say,  
 That you do not quite forget,  
 Little Lady Nicolette.

KATHLEEN SIMSON, Upper VI.

## Empire Day.

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On Empire Day our thoughts fly to our great Empire—our territories in North, South, East, and West of the world. We think of our fleet, guardian of the seas; our commerce, and our lands. But is it of these we should be proud?

The answer is "No." Mere bulk is not admirable, nor is our trade and fleet any more so. We ought to be proud, not of these things, but of our character as a nation, our history, our great men who have died for England, and of our self-sacrifice, and peace-loving qualities.

The empires of the ancient world, those of Rome, Egypt, and Mesopotamia were large and powerful, yet we despise them often. Egypt for slave-driving, the others for dominant peoples who forced all conquered nations to be slaves to their captors.

In England, our Empire, everyone is free to help or decline from helping us, and the result is that our colonies love their Motherland, and come readily to our aid in time of trouble.

How faithful are the peoples of our empire, and they must with us think of good Queen Victoria, our first Empress, on Empire Day. Surely then, full of the pride of our liberty and unity, how fervently we should salute the flag, and sing our National Anthem, hoping that, like our British Commonwealth, there may be in time to come a World Commonwealth, a unity of all the peoples of this earth with peace and liberty, a glorious band of peace-loving hearts, that shall sing "Auld Lang Syne" and join in one large company, friends right through.

So may we, our School, the children of England to-day, the women of England to-morrow, strive to be worthy English people, saying now:

"Land of our birth, we pledge to thee  
Our love and toil in the years to be  
When we are grown and take our place,  
As men and women of our race."

ISABEL SCOTT, Form IIIa.

## The Origin of the Bede School.

### A Tragedy.

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*(The scene is Sussexland in the Stone Age. A stately building is in the foreground. At the sides are prehistoric flora. Any flora may be used, as tropical vegetation was very varied. Enter an OLD STONE MAN, arrayed in a sheepskin and blue dye.)*

O. S. M. *(looking at building)*.—"By my battle-axe, it is a noble erection. How original is this part with the iron roof. Would I had slaves to people it."

*(Enter DARWINUS in a goatskin and red dye.)*

O. S. M.—"Hail, Darwinus. Is not this building a mighty achievement?"

DAR.—"Hail! In sooth, yes. But why not sacrifice it to the education of the young? They could be taught strange tongues and the glories of mathematics."

O. S. M.—"By the foot of Jupiter, it is a good idea. Be it so."

(Enter an OLD WOMAN clad in loose black robes covered with strange figures. She comes in swiftly and stands leaning upon a stick. Smiling evilly, she addresses DARWINUS.)

O. W.—“Hail, Darwinus, know that my name is Malus.”

(O. S. M. and DARWINUS start violently.)

“So you would instruct the young. They deserve it, and it shall be so. But you also must suffer. Know that in years to be this noble courtyard will resemble a hen-run.”

(Collapse of O. S. M.)

“And that the building with the iron roof will be called by the ignominious name of the ‘Tin Tabernacle.’”

(O. S. M. expires.)

(With a wicked laugh she vanishes. DARWINUS starts dazedly at the corpse of O. S. M. Thunder. Enter figure of a young girl. Her robes and hair fly as though stirred by a perpetual breeze. With her comes a faint noise as of many BEDANS. Her voice echoes through the floor.)

“Hail, Darwinus, I am Chaos. This honour I confer upon your school. Truly, in it the young will be instructed, but they will be tortured and will fade to shadows. They will bemoan their fate and pronounce maledictions on you.”

(Collapse of DARWINUS.)

“And this building will be the home of Chaos, and she will rule over it.”

(DARWINUS expires. Thunder. With a wild laugh CHAOS vanishes into Bede School.)

ELLEN WHITING, Upper VI.

## A Visit to a Flour Mill.

Our Form, Lower Vb., recently paid a visit to Robson's Flour Mill, through the courtesy of the Directors of that establishment. The sights were most interesting and instructive, especially to those of us who study Botany as one of our School subjects.

The Flour Mill comprises six storeys, and on each storey we saw the progression of the making of wheat into flour.

First we saw the washing of the wheat, which was performed in large vats, where an ever-flowing current of water removed the dirt. The grain then passed, by the force of electricity, through an elevator. This consisted of a wooden case, about a foot square, in cross sections, up which moved a leather belt to which were attached, at various intervals, small square-shaped receptacles to hold the wheat. When the wheat reached the second floor we were told it was dried by machinery. On this floor the wheat was also separated from the barley and oats, which are always found mixed with it. This was done by means of oscillating sieves, which are perforated in such a manner that the wheat grains can pass through to the vat below, but the other grains are left on the sieve. This machine also separated the wheat in three grades of size.

These wheat grains were then passed to the third storey by another elevator. They were here cleaned of their chaff in a machine containing

revolving brushes. The chaff was removed, by a vacuum, from this machine to a receiver.

The chaff is the outer cover of a wheat grain, which consists of the pericarp and testa. Beneath this is a rich protein layer (this is used for bran), and within this is the starchy portion. This is the part which is made into flour. This is also the germ which is mixed with the pericarp and testa and sometimes made into brown meal at Robson's other mill.

On the fourth floor we were shown some coarse flour, which was cream and gritty, and did not look very appetising; we were told this was semolina. This coarse flour was passed through similar machines and made yet finer. It was then passed to a table-like machine which oscillated and sifted the flour through a piece of silk, which is made by hand in Switzerland. Passing down the legs of the table-like machine it was again ground on a most interesting machine, the front of which opened like a piano, and which made it whiter and finer. It was passed through many grooved-edged machines, in each of which the grooves were finer. It was passed into a bin. An automatic machine weighed the flour and put it into sacks, which were stitched by hand, and passed to the ground floor through a special spiral causeway. The mill is entirely worked by electricity, and the preparation is never touched by hand from the beginning to the end. The mill has a well of its own to supply the water needed. The air in the mill is washed and cleaned.

We left the mill, after spending an enjoyable afternoon, feeling grateful to those who had so kindly allowed us this privilege.

A. SMURTHWAITE, Lower Va.

## Wembley.

### A Ride on the Scenic Railway.

The most thrilling part of Wembley was the Pleasure Park, and the most thrilling enjoyment there lay in the Scenic Railway.

The railway was a tall wooden erection, which did not look at all too safe. It appeared to be only temporary.

I was very anxious to sample it, although it took all my courage to persuade me into going. At last, after much discussion with my companion, we declared, "Here goes, safe or unsafe, we will chance it!" We went through the turnstile, walked on to a small platform, and waited for the next vehicle.

We got in and took our seats quite placidly. When the car began to move, we went up and up nearly in a vertical line; but on reaching the summit I buried my face in my hands and shrieked with fright, for we went down a long steep slope with one swoop. The speed gradually increased. We went up and down and down and up in tremendous swoops. Oh! the Figure 8 was feeble in comparison. Presently we approached a tunnel with a placard above—"Keep your seats." This was terrifying; we thought something dreadful would happen in the tunnel. However, we came safely out of it, and, with one more swoop—the last and most thrilling of all, which made you hold your breath for the space of a few seconds—the vehicle began to slow down.

The thrills were over, and, although I was glad in one sense, I would not have needed much persuading to have gone again.

BRENDA COWING, Lower Va.

### The Silk Tax.

Oh, when the tax is paid on silk  
 What will the silkworms do?  
 And all silk goods will be so dear  
 'Twill make us all feel blue.

We'll then pay pounds for silken hose,  
 And more for silken frocks,  
 And oh, what will the kiddies do  
 Without their silken socks?

If hats are lined with silk, we're told  
 Their prices will be shocking.  
 Oh, Mr. Churchill, how could you  
 So tax the silken stocking?

If this will help the cotton trade,  
 The silk, I fear, will vanish.  
 Feminine fripperies we'll eschew  
 And turn severe and mannish.

N. TURNER, Lower Va.

### Short Criticism of the Budget.

Come people all of every sort, who like to hear short tales,  
 I'll try my hardest to explain wherein this Budget fails.  
 The Chancellor, when feeling good, has put no tax upon our food,  
 But on all silk he's put a tax.  
 And if he wishes to have "pax"  
 He'd better take it off again,  
 Before the ladies do complain.

A. WILSON, Upper Va.

### Upper VI. Form Notes.

At last members of the Upper VI. have a form-room almost worthy of them. To be sure, most of the pictures were seized by a rapacious mistress at the beginning of the year; the fire-guard, which has just been enamelled, becomes attached to anyone who sits on it; but, on the whole, we quite appreciate our surroundings. By virtue of our dignity we have dispensed with desks in favour of tables, the chief advantage being that one inkwell serves the whole table.

But the cynosure of all eyes and feet is the magnificent Mock-Turkey carpet which embellishes the floor. We were fain to repose on it until we discovered that it was not wholly free from dust.

Ninety-nine per cent. of our books have disappeared mysteriously from our room. We suspect the Mona Lisa who smiles complacently in a corner.

Three of the members of our Form, since that

"French of Paris was to them unknown,"

desired to acquire the same by hieing thereto. After many moons they at length recovered from their stupor, and partook of the "exotisme" that is France. They would tender their heartfelt thanks to those who arranged the visit.

The Form Hockey and Netball Shields are still on the knees of the gods. We hope to be the favoured mortals who will eventually remove them from thence. We also look upon the Singing Cup with an optimistic and possessive eye.

July and our final examination are approaching with alarming speed. In a short while we shall all be physical wrecks from overwork: we would organise a strike, only we lack the energy. Let all who are inclined to an impious youth take warning.

### Lower VI. Form Notes.

We took up our abode in Room 12 at the beginning of this year with peaceful minds, for, as the Lower VI., we were expecting to have a comparatively easy year as far as work went: but we are not finding it "a bed of roses" by any means.

The concert we gave during the first term in aid of the "Silver Lining" was a huge success, at least so the amount (45s in all) seemed to testify; but, out of modesty, and, what is more important still, lack of space, I shall say no more.

We had quite an exciting experience last term when our room nearly (but not quite) took fire. The worthy fire-mistress had carefully placed the hot blazer on the floor behind the stove, and we were trying to concentrate our attention on English, when we noticed thick fumes rising from behind the stove and a pungent odour assailed our nostrils. Naturally we all shouted excitedly, but the mistress in charge was heard to remark callously, "Let it burn!" However, someone ran heroically to the rescue, whilst another, with remarkable presence of mind, filled her fountain pen filler in readiness for action; but it was discovered that it was merely the floor smouldering from the heat of the blazer. We all subsided—the fire-mistress a sadder and a wiser girl. This is rather a coincidence, as a similar occurrence took place last year in the self-same room and in the same spot.

Most of our Form are enthusiastic members of the League of Nations Union, and turn up at every meeting in full force. Probably this is due to the untiring energy of the Secretary, which elevated but unenviable position one of the members of our Form has the honour to hold.

Everyone, of course, enjoyed the School Party at Weatherells' Rooms—quite a refreshing change from the old "tin tabernacle."



Everyone was struck by the smart appearance of the School at the beginning of last term. It had actually been painted! Even the fireguards had had a coat of paint. Ours seemed to have been extra well done, and would not dry. Imagine such a calamity! Everyone was observed to have grubby hands for weeks afterwards.

We (i.e., plus Upper VI.) have been successful in winning the Hockey Picture, and are turning hopeful glances towards the Shield.

### Upper Va. Form Notes.

Once a week in Room 13 there is a strange smell, reminiscent of spring cleaning, and we see our tidy-up mistress going round with dusters and tin making the desks, window-sills, and cupboards shine beautifully. This makes our room most bright and cheerful.

We have been unfortunate at Hockey this year, we lost the Picture match to the Sixth Form, the score being 1—0. We played them again for the Shield, and again lost by 3—0. We have two first team Netball girls and one or two second-teamers in the Form, and hope to be more fortunate at Netball.

Our room is nicely decorated by a row of photographs of various Hockey teams of bygone days. Our windows too, though rather bare at the beginning of the year, now add beauty to the room by their display of flowers, bought every week by generous members of the Form.

The coveted Singing Cup is another beautiful addition to Room 13, and we have great hopes of winning it this year.

We were sorry to say good-bye to Frances Fordyce at the end of last term. She has gone to live at Dundee, and is now attending a huge and beautiful school—The Dundee High School.

In the recent French Competition three of our girls managed to be highly commended and received lovely pictures.

### Upper Vb. Form Notes.

At present, in this Form, we are all working very diligently for our examination; but we still find time to take interest in many other things, for most of us are looking forward to the time when we have tennis on our games-day, and to the peaceful period after our examination, when, with our minds at rest, we can compete for the sports and for the much-coveted Singing Cup.

We have not been very successful at hockey this year, as we were beaten in the first round for the Hockey Shield. However,

we can still try for the Netball Shield, and if we fail—well, there is still the Singing Cup!

Our room is now used as the sewing-room for the School, and consequently has the sewing cupboard and many sewing machines in it. Also, while the Sixth Form have a comfortable study, it is in this room that they keep their desks. However, as there are only twenty-one girls in our Form and our room is very large, we manage quite well in spite of the room taken up by this additional furniture.

### Upper Vc. Form Notes.

Although a Form of only fourteen members Upper Vc. is able to produce a great deal of noise, and it is a matter for amazement that Miss Logie retains her serenity amid the din and tumult created by members of the Form. Some indulge in singing (we cannot congratulate them on their vocal efforts), some endeavour to impress upon their feeble memories sundry historical and geographical facts by shrieking out various pieces of information concerning battles and currents.

This earnest desire for information is probably due to the approaching examination. The Form grows more and more apprehensive and gloomy as the days go by—we expect to produce several confirmed pessimists by the end of the term.

We have the distinction of being the only Form in which every girl is a member of the League of Nations Union; but our representatives wish the members were more ready to attend the meetings. Several members of the Form are usually conspicuous by reason of their absence.

A Reading Club was started by the Form at the beginning of the year. Several ambitious persons, anxious to develop their dramatic powers, acted the parts of Petruchio, Falstaff, and other Shakespearian characters with varying success.

We were unable to beat the students in the Hockey match; but hope to do better in the Netball matches. Though weighed down by the prospect of the examination, we yet have been able to extract some amusement from our weary lot, and we have enjoyed the school year very well.

### Lower Va. Form Notes.

Lower Va. has had little or no excitement this year, consequently there is little to relate.

The most noteworthy feature during the year has been our winning the Hockey Picture, the only "fly in the ointment"

being the fact that we shall not have the benefit of it, but it will adorn the walls of the class-room where next year's Lower Va. will reside.

We have been practising hard last term at the play which we hope to give very shortly, and we hope that the proceeds will do much to help the cause for which we are giving it, namely The Young People's Brick Scheme for the Royal Infirmary Extension Fund.

We are extremely lucky in having such a splendid class-room in which to spend our days. Room 15 has a very pleasant outlook, especially in summer when the trees are looking fresh and green, and all the Lower Va. girls are very proud of the room.

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### Lower Vb. Form Notes.

Nothing of very great importance has happened this year; but we have one distinction—we are the only Form in the School that has Botany as a subject. Periodically we go for rambles, which we enjoy very much. We have been to Ryhope Dene and Barnes Park, and last term we paid a visit to Robson's Flour Mill.

We have been most unfortunate in losing the Hockey Picture; but we hope to have better luck when competing for the Nethball Picture.

We still support the Charity Funds to the best of our ability.

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### IVa. Form Notes.

In the Autumn Term our Form collected the most in the School for "The Silver Lining." We raised £4, and consequently were very much elated. One of our girls actually made 16s. by selling her popular toffee. We are hoping to do something else wonderful in the way of games, or of winning the Singing Cup.

Our form-room is rather secluded; this is fortunate, for on the whole we are of a noisy disposition despite Miss Farquhar's efforts to subdue us. It is a very pleasant room when it is sunny, but on a windy day—the less said the better.

Great excitement prevailed on one or two occasions when we received visits from a mouse; but sad to relate its scholastic career ended in disaster.

The whole of the Lower School had a party in Wetherell's Rooms in January which everyone greatly enjoyed.

### IVb. Form Notes.

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IVb. consists of twenty sport-loving girls, who occupy Room 39, a very cold room, and one which, unluckily for the Mistresses, overlooks Cowan Terrace School.

During the election those windows proved to be of great use; but afterwards we were held responsible for the mystery of a broken window, a somewhat unfortunate ending.

We are considered a nuisance by our next door neighbours. In order to reach our room we must pass through theirs, but, naturally, we blame the building. Although our neighbours find us a source of vexation, they do not know what a trial they are to us, for whenever we happen to look towards the door, scowling faces on the other side of the barrier can always be seen through the glass. "They seem to be far too much interested in us," we complain.

We have played two Hockey matches, and as we won the one against IVa., we are looking forward to having the Picture, given to the middle school, in our form-room.

### IIIa. Form Notes.

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This year we have a large Form, and all of us are keen on hockey. Our hockey is steadily improving, and we have been successful so far in the Picture matches.

In the Autumn Term we had seventeen girls with over 66 per cent. who had never been late, and whose names were read out before the School.

Our Form has been generous as regards School Charities, and each time we have collected our Form has managed to give in a considerable amount of money.

### IIIb. Form Notes.

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Our form-room is situated between the Common room and a workshop. It is a very large and pleasant room, and if there is any sun it shines into our class-room. There is one drawback—all the girls in Form IVb. have to pass through our class-room before they can reach theirs. At present we have the Singing Cup in our form-room, and we hope to win it again.

There are twenty-eight girls in our Form.

We played a hockey match against the Second Form, which we won, and we have also beaten IIIa., so that we expect to keep the Picture given for the Junior School in our room.

Many girls were selected from our Form to take part in the Choral Ballad on Speech Day, and, as it was given again, we took a special interest in the proceedings. We were naturally very disappointed when one of the girls of our Form who had been chosen developed measles, and another girl had to take her place.

Successful attempts to raise money have been made in our Form, and we have tried to contribute our fair share toward the School Charities.

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### IIIc. Form Notes.

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We, Form IIIc., are very proud of our class-room, which is used for all special occasions beside school hours, and which we strive to keep tidy in spite of the putting up and taking down of the desks. Some girls may think the desks are annoying and a great bother, but most of us take it more as fun than work. In our effort for the baby we made ten shillings and yet more for the cot in the Children's Hospital, so that Miss Charlton thought we had made a good effort for such a small Form.

We all looked forward to the examinations; but they are now over, and much excitement was caused by the results. After the examinations we had the pleasure of looking forward to our Easter vacation, which I think passed pleasantly for nearly all of us.

Once more we are back at School and settled down to another term's hard work and the pleasures of the sports field until the Summer holidays.

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### II. Form Notes.

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We, the girls of Form II., regret to say that we have not won any hockey matches this year. We have, however, helped certain funds very much. We had a concert and made the large amount of £1 4s. for the Scholarship Fund.

We are a very proud Form, because Miss Boon asked if we would act the little fairy play, which we acted at our little concert, at the big concert at the Town Hall.

This term our Form added eight new members to its numbers.