



THE BEDAN,

DECEMBER, 1929.

FOREWORD.

FOR years Bedans have looked forward to, and longed for, their New School hoping against hope for it to materialise during their schooldays, only to be disappointed again and again. But at last we have come joyfully into our inheritance and are basking in the light which has followed a long darkness.

The school extends sympathy to Miss Farquhar and Miss Haggart, who have both been ill during the term, but who are both back again with us now.

At the beginning of the term we welcomed to our staff Miss Neilson, our new Domestic Science Mistress, and Miss Dunn, our Housekeeper who supervises the strenuous business of providing dinners for over 100 boys and girls daily.

Since the beginning of the term several interesting events have taken place.

We were lucky in having a beautiful day for our opening, and this ceremony was very interesting. Sir Charles Trevelyan, the opener, very kindly gave instructions that the money which would have been spent on a golden key for him, should be expended on books for the school libraries. Our library has therefore been enriched by the addition of two volumes of "Shakespeare's England," two volumes of "Histoire Illustrée de la Littérature Française," "A Companion to Latin Studies," and a "Handy Royal Atlas."

The Old Bedans' Week-end, when we were presented with a grandfather clock by the Guild of Old Bedans, proved a tremendous success, and many old girls and mistresses attended the various functions.

On Armistice Day we had a service in the hall which was very impressive and at which the musical chimes of our new clock gave the signal for our two minutes' silence.

Although we rejoice in our new buildings, as may be seen from the celebrations there have been this term, we have not forgotten the old school, which served us faithfully and well though old age crept on apace. We therefore take the opportunity afforded in this, the first number of our magazine to be published in the new school, of hailing the new buildings and taking an affectionate farewell of the old—"Ave Atque Vale."

MARGARET TURNER, Lower VI.

An Appreciation.

Miss Boon spoke to Bedans, past and present, on Saturday, November 9th, 1929, of the school in its early days, when its fortunes were directed by the late Miss Janet M. Todd, its first Headmistress. Only those of us who knew Miss Todd personally, fully appreciated the force of Miss Boon's remarks, but it was a good thing for younger Bedans to be reminded that the school to which they have the privilege to belong, existed as long ago as 1890 and that, even in those far off days, it did work of which the town of Sunderland had good reason to be proud.

We cannot wish for the new school anything finer than that it should build worthily on the foundations which were laid for it in the old school, by Miss Todd, her colleagues and her girls.

L. A. H.

To the Girls of the Bede School.

30/11/29.

DEAR BEDANS OF TO-DAY,

This is a message of gratitude to you. It was a great happiness to hear the School Song at last, and to hear it beautifully sung and to have that cordial welcome from you. Miss Boon made the kind suggestion that I should come to school and speak to you to-morrow, but it cannot well be managed; and I do really prefer to let the song remain as my message, if you will have it so.

Yours, in the fellowship of Bedans,

M. L. V. HUGHES.

The Old Bedans' Week-end.

The Old Bedans' Week-end was a unique event in the history of the school. It had been eagerly looked forward to for many weeks with mixed feelings, partly with pleasurable anticipation, partly, at least by those who were to perform, with a desire to "get it all over." However, hopes were realised, while fears proved groundless, for the entertainment passed off without a hitch, and the pleasure expressed by the audience was ample repayment for the weeks of hard work that had gone to the perfecting of each item.

To Old Bedans the week-end meant meeting old friends again and talking over old times, and though it is the Old School that is full of recollections for them, yet the New School did its share in bringing back memories, for more than one Old Bedan, being shown round the laboratories was heard to remark, "Do you remember in the old chem. lab., when we did so-and-so——?" The new building was a source of continual wonder to them—that ever Bedans should be so fortunate as to inhabit such a school! They were interested, too, in the Bedans themselves, in the new school uniform, in the smallness of the Third Form girls—surely, they thought, we were never so small as that when we were in the Thirds; and as for the Sixth, why, when we were at school they were quite grown-up!

The occasion was interesting for present Bedans in that we learnt much about the school in former days; moreover it was quite exciting actually to meet people who had been known hitherto merely by name.

Finally, the Week-end brought together all Bedans, and this sense of unity was especially felt during the singing of the School Song at the beginning and end of the Week-end. It was sung with especial fervour because of the welcome presence in our midst of Miss M. L. V. Hughes who wrote the words. It was the desire to have a permanent link with the school which led the Old Bedans to make their present of a clock. Many people waited at the end of the concert specially to hear its melodious chimes.

ISABEL LUNDY, Upper VI.

Mice.

During our school life we have often been honoured by the visits of mice to our classrooms. Far down the ages—we were in the fourths—we received our first visitor, whose advent was hailed by shrieks and jumping on desks (we blush now to think of our behaviour when we were very young). The career of this mouse was short-lived, and it soon disappeared we knew not whither.

Time rolled on, and there came a year when, selected from the rest of the school, we lived in the "Grange." Here, two bold, adventurous mice managed

to reach the second storey and live under our fireplace. We soon discovered they liked chocolate, and we entertained them hospitably for some days. But our favourite, Marmaduke we christened him, became too bold and went into training as an acrobat. How could anyone work while a mouse was climbing higher and higher and doing the most unmouse-like tricks on the fire-guard? We could not, and so one morning we returned to find that our two friends had met their death during the night.

Our next visitor, we received in Room 14. Some of you will know that there was a wooden ledge along the wall of this room. Well, this mouse ran hither and thither along this ledge and finally disappeared behind a cupboard. We must admit there was some confusion on this occasion, but not by fear, rather by the unexpectedness of the appearance, were we moved.

We never heard the inhabitants of Room 14 complain of this visitor, so we surmise that there is a bond of sympathy existing between our form and the animal world.

HILDA JOHNSON, Upper VI.

A Nursery Rhyme in "Crossword" Language.

(With Apologies to Stephen Leacock.)

Mary owned a small young sheep
 Its coat of wool was unblemished as frozen moisture
 Which falls from the atmosphere in light white flakes,
 And to every place to which Mary proceeded
 The young sheep was certain to follow her.
 It pursued a personal pronoun
 To a place of instruction in six letters, one day;
 It was contrary to the regulations,
 It caused the children to make the noise
 Showing or caused by mirth.
 And to sport in four letters
 At perceiving or catching sight of a young sheep
 At an instigation of learning.

ELEANOR WILSON, Upper VI.

The Last Day in the Old School.

For the last time Bedans had started "the trivial round" in the Old School. It could hardly be called a schoolday, for no lessons were done. Girls sat at their desks chatting to each other, not of the future in the New School, but of the past in the Old School. The morning dragged heavily and monotonously on, the only variety in the proceedings being the coming of the removal men to take still another familiar object into some unfamiliar place. At last the morning ended and Bedans experienced the last dinner hour in the Old School.

In the afternoon, Bedans seemed to be rather subdued, and several of them were heard to remark how unbelievable it was that there were only two more hours to spend in the good Old School, and that never again would Bedans study within its walls. Soon, the school would be filled with aliens for whom the markings on the desks would have no significance.

Eventually, the bell rang and the school assembled first in Room 37, and then in the school-yard. Girls moved about solemnly, although it was, by rights,

a time for rejoicing—for were not Bedans going to the Eldorado for which they had longed, for so many years? The New School, which up till that time had been some kind of an unreal dream was now substantial and real. It seemed a great pity that influenza prevented our Headmistress from being with us for the last few minutes in the Old School; she must surely have been disappointed, too.

A simple service was held, and there was something infinitely touching in the knowledge that never again would Bedans sing their School Song there. The next time it would be sung in a beautiful hall. Our feelings were mixed, we did not know whether to be glad to have a New School to go to, or to be sorry to leave the old one, wherein so many happy days had been passed.

D. PAULINE OAK, Lower VI.

Trees.

They stand, like sentinels, against the sky,
 Their shadows lengthening upon the grass,
 Lonely and motionless with branches high,
 Mute harpstrings, waiting for the wind to pass.

Within the forest green the great trees rise,
 Like pillars in some dim cathedral aisle,
 Tow'ring, their boughs arch upward to the skies,
 A sanctuary, where Nature rests awhile.

You grove is eerie with a clinging gloom,
 The withered trees are bowed beneath a blight,
 These are the ghosts of trees that once did bloom,
 Now stark, unlovely, in the day's cold light.

All pink and white the blushing buds unfold,
 With tender leaves a-flutter in the breeze;
 Nestlings are cradled in their sheltering hold,
 The miracle of Spring has touched the trees.

M. FIELD, Lower VI.

What Present Bedans will Miss.

Many young aspiring poets and prose writers have held forth at length on all the advantages, which the magnificent buildings of the New School offer to Bedans. No one, however, tells of the things that Bedans will miss, through having left School Street.

No future Fourth Form will taste the delight of gaily sailing down the bannisters from Room 31. They will not feel any thrill of adventure, as we did, when we sped down the bottom flight, wondering if we would bump into a Mistress at the bottom—girls did not matter.

No Third Form, inhabiting Room 39, will be able to establish a spotless reputation at the expense of the Fourth Form next door. Never again will a Third Form have time to quickly settle down before their open books, and to appear to be studying earnestly.

Never again will any Lower Va girls be able to hide under the key-board of the piano, concealed by the white canvas cover, and so dodge the Prefects, and spend their interval before the warm fire, instead of in the cold yard.

Probably, however, the Mistresses are glad of this, especially as now no girls can be seen, or felt, rushing down stairs, and round corners, knocking over anyone who crosses their path.

MARGERY WADE, Lower VI.

On Leaving School.

The die is cast. I have found a job, and am leaving school at an early date for another sphere of activity.

I do not know whether to be glad or sorry at the prospect. Probably I am not quite conscious of what lies before me when I take my place with others in the competition for success. I say success advisedly, because with the ardour of youth, I do not dream of failure. But as I am writing this my thoughts travel backwards to the day when I joined the select band of Bedans, and I cannot recall a really unhappy day since then. I am obliged to register my sorrow at the necessary parting of the ways.

The lessons, the games, the teachers, the many friends I leave with regret. Just the memory of all these I carry with me now, and always, I trust, they will remain to me very pleasant ones.

No girl would be other than happy, who has had an experience of school life such as mine.

May the success of Bede Collegiate Girls' School continue.

GABRIELLE STEWART, Upper Va.

Random Memories.

I can remember my brother and myself watching the trains out of the window, on my third birthday. It was during the War. Our Daddy had joined up, and we were living with a very lonely Mammy in a little cottage in the country. A lonely little cottage it was. There was another next door, but the next was quite a half-mile away.

Just across the road flowed the River Wear which I heard tossing and foaming in the time of floods. Flat green pastures lined the opposite bank, and beyond these lay the railway lines on which ran the trains we used to watch.

I could see the lambs and sheep in the opposite pastures. How they reminded me of our dear, black curly retriever who was left at home, just because he would chase them!

We had no animals with us in the country. Six little kittens arrived at the neighbouring farm, and because I had the very inconvenient habit of bringing stray cats from the village, I was allowed to have one. The next arrival was a little tortoise, rescued by Daddy from a ruin in France, and forwarded in a cardboard box.

I can never go to the country without thinking of those happy days spent in the woods, on the hillside, or by the river banks when Daddy came home on leave.

Daddy always brought something with him even if it was only his old knibag which we watched him unpack. But more often it was toys, for he was a wise Daddy, and knew that my doll would not last for ever. He romped and played with us to our heart's content. Then the happy days ended, and he went to the front once more. We were sorry to lose him, but too young to understand where he went—it was our Mamma who suffered.

Childlike we soon recovered spirits and once more ran and played together. We climbed trees, bathed, raced, and played all manner of games. I have a recollection of falling from the top of a tree, hitting the ground with a thud, and getting up with only one comment: "Ain't I clever!"

Schooldays were now approaching, and we had to attend a funny little village school, where about eight classes assembled in one class-room, and were taught by one mistress. Each class consisted of about eight pupils.

We often came to town to see our grandparents, and our beloved dog who was staying with them. How I loved that dog! I have always been very fond of dogs, and my favourite book, I think, was for a long time "A Day in a Dog's Life," which I got when I was too young to read it myself, but which I have since read over and over again.

Now everything is changed, we are once more living in town and feeling very much older. Instead of our retriever who died when he was ten years old, we now possess a spaniel and a mongrel, and the cat's place is taken by her kitten.

I cannot think of the sea-shore in the same way as the country. It is a great pleasure to me to feel the country air fan my cheeks, and to wander, lost in thought, over the wind-blown moorlands.

Often have I passed through our little village since. How little changed I find it! The cottage, the hills, the river—everything unchanged, yet with a difference that I cannot explain.

BERRY SUFFIELD, Upper Va.

F. U. W. G. S.

This Summer three Bedans were at Schoolgirls' Camp, two in Wales, the other in Ireland; when two of them met at the beginning of term they entirely agreed that Camp is quite the best way a schoolgirl—or a mistress—can spend her holidays. There are Camps in all parts of England, in Wales, in Ireland, and during the Easter holiday, in Scotland. Camp is run by University Women, who are the officers; the Camp is held either in a house, a school, or in a barn. The campers are divided into squads for orderly work, and generally sleep in dormitories. One of the advantages of Camp is that it is a cheap, enjoyable holiday, with the additional privilege of a considerably reduced railway fare.

The chief purpose of Camp is to give officers and schoolgirls between the ages of fourteen and nineteen an enjoyable holiday, and to present before them the highest ideals of Christian life and service. In the evenings prayers are held, and then the officers give short informal talks which are a great help; on some mornings Bible Study Circles are arranged and campers spend a short time in group study and discussion.

Among the recreations provided are: bathing, hockey, tennis, cricket, and other organized games; and excursions are made to places of interest.

After tea every evening comes sing-song, when campers entertain each other—the dormitories generally do this in turn—and many campers find this quite the jolliest part of Camp life.

No one need be nervous about going to Camp because everyone there is prepared to be friendly; each camper wears a label with her name and nickname upon it, so in a very short time each one knows everyone else.

A stay in Camp is wholly delightful, but among its greatest benefits the following may be mentioned; fresh ideas are engendered, and a fine spirit of fellowship created, bringing the joy of having letters all the year round from friends made at Camp.

MARY G. FAIRCLOUGH, Upper Vb.

The New Bede School.

On Durham Road in Sunderland,
A mighty building new doth stand,
Firm and majestic, lofty, grand—
'Tis the New Bede School.

Two owls upon its summit sit,
With learned heads and brows well knit;
Two tokens of the work and wit
Of the New Bede School.

And doomed behind that famous wall,
In class-room drear, or lonesome hall,
Sit all the Bedans, great and small,
Of the New Bede School.

But alas and shock! For many a rule
Is enforced, to keep Bedans calm and cool.
There are rubbers attached to every stool
In the New Bede School.

No noise must be made with slippers feet,
No word exchanged, if friends should meet:
All Bedans must be trim and neat
In the New Bede School.

No one must run in the corridors,
No ink must be spilt upon the floors—
And woe to the Bedan who breaks these laws,
In the New Bede School.

For if you forget but one of these,
"One hour's detention, if you please!"
From a mistress whose stony glance might freeze
In the New Bede School.

ELsie WHITE, Upper Vb.

School Dinners.¹

This is the first year that school dinners have been provided at Bede School. They are quite a success, though some girls are very hard to please. When one hears grumbling about roast beef, plus cabbage and potatoes, or Irish stew, one wishes to take girls back to Lamb's days at Christ's Hospital when the boys

had "quite fresh boiled beef on Thursdays (strong as caro equina) with detestable marigolds floating in the pail to poison the broth," or when they had "grudging portions of the same flesh, rotten roasted or rare" and thought they were lucky!

At first the idea of having no table-cloths appalled us, but when we saw the beautifully-embroidered orange linen table runners on the white-scrubbed tables we were ashamed of our thoughts.

The business of serving out is allotted to those who sit at the top of each table. To divide a dish of jelly or blanc-mange into eighteen parts is a difficult job, but the girls seem to manage very well.

School dinners are indeed a luxury to those of us who were used to having a few sandwiches and a Thermos flask of coffee round the fire in the "Tin Tab."

DOROTHY SHOOT, Upper Vc.

The Garden.

Sweet, happy music floats among the trees,
 And childrens' laughter fills the garden fair,
 Birds swell the merry strain, and drowsy bees
 Wander among the clustering blossoms there.
 The golden sun smiles at the children's glee,
 Regretfully he thinks of years to be.

Those years have passed, that garden now is still,
 Hushed is the joyous song of long ago,
 Silent the warblers' carefree, rapturous trill,
 Faded the flowers which once so bright did blow,
 Yet the same sun smiles on the sad decay,
 And lights up nooks where children used to play.

MARY HUMPHREY, Upper Vc.

Fast Castle.

The ruins of Fast Castle stand on one of the rugged headlands of the east coast of Scotland.

On clear days the famous Bass Rock can be seen away to the north, while St. Abb's Head lies to the south-east.

This romantic spot was chosen by Sir Walter Scott as the setting for his tragic story "The Bride of Lammermoor," Fast Castle being the Wolf's Craig of his story. The castle is now a ruin, but sufficient remains to show the size and strength of the old place, and it is not difficult to picture the grim old fortress of Scott's imagination.

A rough sheep track leads steeply down from the barren moorlands above to the desolate ruin which completely covers the small, rocky headland on which the castle was built.

Grey rocks rising sheer out of the sea form the solid foundations on which the castle stands, and the foaming waters of the ocean dash angrily against their base.

On the neighbouring rocks thousands of sea gulls, guillemots, and other sea birds make their nests, and fill the air with their weird, half-human cries.

The very scene is suggestive of romance and tragedy, and one can vividly imagine the incidents portrayed by Scott.

As one looks back at the old ruin from the heights above and tries to picture the old fortress which for hundreds of years fought a stern battle against wind and wave, one cannot help contrasting the modern home with those forbidding habitations of long ago.

H. BOCKENHAM, Lower Va.

Blow, Wind, Blow.

(After Tennyson's Blow, Bogle, Blow.)

The moon shines high in the storm-swept sky,
The gallant ship sails o'er the main.
Her wearied crew their hopes renew,
Of safely reaching home again.
Blow, wind, blow, and send the ship a-fleeing.
Blow, wind, answer, boys, greeting, greeting, greeting.

The breakers roar on the rocky shore,
And anxious wives through the whole night long.
See the welcome beam from the lighthouse gleam.
Hear the storm bell sounding, clear, and strong.
Blow, wind, blow, and send the billows rolling.
Blow, wind, answer, bell, tolling, tolling, tolling.

The sun shines high in the clear blue sky,
The good ship rides on the heaving wave.
While safe on shore, brave hearts once more
Give thanks to Him who is strong to save.
Blow, wind, blow, and send the bells a-ringing.
Blow, wind, answer, children, singing, singing, singing.

WESTMAN SWANSON, Upper Va.

Some Adventures of a Safety Pin.

I am not going to give you my name, for you all know me very well. I am now rather old and my back is rather bent.

I started my career on a card where there were ten of us in the family. We all lived there very happily, till, one day, I was separated from my mother by a small girl whose stockings had met disaster during a gymnastic lesson. She was certainly not a lazy girl, for as soon as we arrived home, I was removed and stuck in a pin-cushion.

That was only a temporary home, for next day I was taken in a case, which was full of dresses to a large building. There, with a fellow companion, I held together a paper dress, which I gathered was to be seen by a large audience. On to the stage I was carried with my owner, who tripped on with "the light fantastic toe." The girl was jumping and twisting, and I admit I could not say I was feeling too well. The audience was watching, inspired by what

must have been a wonderful sight. But I was thinking, "What a horrid girl joggling me about, so I have a good mind to come open! Should I? Yes!"

So, taking a deep breath I let myself go, and the girl was in my power.

She did not seem at all disturbed, and just dropped to the ground in a deep curtsy! It was the end of the dance! I was clung on to until we came to a dressing-room, and there the following conversation was carried on:

"Well, I am certain Bede School has scored another success this evening," I heard a voice say.

So this was Bede School.

"Yes," continued another, "and I really think we shall have many more Old Bedan 'week-ends!'"

K. CARA, Upper IVa.

A Lullaby.

Hush thee then my little child,
Outside the wind howls shrill and wild,
But nought shall hurt thee, baby mine,
And see, the stars above thee shine.

They seem to say, "Child, have no fear,
Guardian angels are ever near."
So then, my pet, to dreamland go,
And dry thy tears of fear and woe.

MARGARET GARRETT, Lower Va.

A Child's Fear of a Bogey Man.

When I am put to bed at night,
And Mamma has turned out the light,
I curl myself up in my bed
And cover the bedclothes over my head.

And when I lie awake at night,
(I always do when they put out the light,)
I see that great big bogey man
Coming to me as fast as he can.

That bogey man takes a great delight
To visit me when they put out the light,
And oh! I wish he would go away,
But I'd let him come through the day.

And if I've been a naughty boy,
Have cried and stamped or broken a toy,
The bogey man laughs at me through the door,
And then I vow I'll be cross no more.

MARY AGAR, Lower Vb.

A Tragedy.

No sound is to be heard, no person is in sight, I creep silently up the stairs. Up, up and along one of the spacious corridors. I pause and look stealthily around, peering this way and that, and then, like a conspirator I open the door of Room 2. I enter and clutch the box. Like any stalled Bill Sykes, I creep down the stairs and on the middle step, I heave a sigh of relief. A heavy hand is laid on my shoulder, and the silence is broken by an awful voice " Girl, where are your slippers? Take detention to-morrow night! " I look guiltily at the offending members of my anatomy, and solemnly vow never to go back on any account to the class-room for such a mere detail as my homework again.

MARY BAKER, Lower Vb.

To Miss M. L. V. Hughes.

O cherished one of Bedan fame,
How loved by us thy song!
We drink thy health,
And wish thee wealth,
To help thy life along.

Thou friend of Bedans, old and new,
And those that are to be!
Though times may alter
And feet may falter,
We'll aye remember thee.

O writer of our song beloved,
How much we owe to thee!
When life seems wrong,
We'll sing our song
And hearts will happy be.

MARJORIE WALKER, Upper IVa.

1970.

As I floated over the top of Humbleton Hill I came to the school of my childhood, then called the New Bede School. Large trees guarded the entrance, girls were playing hockey, and the boys were playing football. The girls still wore blue blouses, white collars, and navy blue tunics, the boys in their football rig-out still looked as they had done in my youth; the only difference on the field was the change of mistress. I was so moved at this sight which recalled so many old memories that I glided down and landed on the field beyond the school.

Entering the gates I proceeded into the great hall. The grandfather clock (a gift from the Old Bedans) and the school coat of arms on the balcony seemed unchanged, except that they looked somewhat worn. The floors too were worn and dark, the paint looked old, and the chairs were scratched.

After spending some time in the form-rooms, I went outside again, passed the cloak-rooms, and heard shouts and yells coming from within a closed door. I opened the door, and a very pretty sight met my eyes—crowds of girls standing

round the swimming baths, dressed in many-coloured bathing suits. This was a great improvement, and yet another surprise awaiting me was a beautiful new gymnasium. In former times we longed for a gymnasium and a swimming bath, but there were no available funds.

I was about to leave when I heard a class in the music-room singing the school song. I had to stop and listen, for it brought back many happy memories of bygone days.

I had then to end my visit, as time was flying as if on wings. As I again glided from view I cast a last longing glance at the Bede School.

MARIA COLLINS, Upper IVc.

The Clock.

In Bede School hall stood a clock so tall,
The brightest thing and the neatest,
Its words were few but always true,
As its chime rang out the sweetest.
"Tick tock," it said, "are you ready for work?
For nine I'm giving warning,
You'll never have wisdom or knowledge profound
Unless you work all the morning."

Still hourly the clock went on and on,
As it stood on the dais smiling,
And hallowed the tune by a merry chime
With the help of a pendulum beguiling.
"Tick tock," I heard, "are you ready for work?
For two you will hear quite soon,
You'll never have wisdom or knowledge profound
Unless you work all the noon."

ERIE CROWE, Upper IVb.

The Fair.

Hurrah! Hurrah! I'm off to the fair,
I've got a sixpence to spend down there,
A whole silver sixpence, so shining and bright!
Oh! I am so happy and full of delight.

There is an old woman—so I've heard say—
Who sells hot muffins the live-long day.
There's a wolf, and a bear, and a gipsy too,
Oh! How I do hope all these things are true!

I've come from the fair, and seen all the fun,
I've spent my sixpence and won a toy-gun,
And now towards home I must hurry quite fast
And tell my Mother of the joys now all past.

MARIE HERWITZ, Upper IVb.

THE BEDAN.

The Owl.

The owl sits up on the highest point,
Of a building huge and tall,
But from it one has never heard,
A hoot or sound at all.

It sits and stares all night and day,
And ever can be seen.
One never sees it fly away—
Whatever can this mean?

Ever the owl keeps to its perch.
It stays there all alone,
It cannot move, nor hoot at all,
For it is made of stone.

The owl, the bird of wisdom is.
It grimly keeps its stand,
And no one, in this wide, wide world,
Can its followers withstand.

MILLIE ALLISON, Upper IVc.

Halloween.

Turnip lanterns eerie glow,
On the night of Halloween,
In the forest dark, and gloomy,
The moon glows with a silvery sheen.

Then, from out the gloomy shadows,
Come the goblins hunched, and brown;
Then the pixies small and sprightly,
And the queen in a flowing gown.

Through the dark sky overhead,
Fly the witches with their cats,
Black, and gloomy on their broomsticks,
With their tall and pointed hats.

ANNIE SOUTH, Lower IVa.

The Lady Guinevere.

"She walks the lady of my delight,
A shepherdess of sheep."

But sad to say, this is not true, because she does not walk; nor, for that matter, is she a "shepherdess of sheep," but she certainly is "the lady of my delight." I see her every day. But then I could not help seeing her, she is in such a prominent position, and I am sure that she is not a sight worth missing. I can hear you saying, "Who is this wonderful person of whom you speak?"

She is a doll in a pompadour gown, covering a telephone. I call her "the Lady Guinevere." My greatest delight is to weave tales around her. I usually imagine her as a court lady whose hand is much sought after by the knights and gentlemen of the court. Sometimes in my tales, such are sought, and when the conquering hero comes to claim her, she politely declines, saying that she does not wish to marry. This lady of mine is very beautiful. Her eyes are soft, her skin fair, and her hair, which is "real" is copper-gold. She wears a sweet smile upon her beautiful face. Her frock of peach-coloured taffetas is very much in keeping with her lovely hair.

It has often been said that little things mean so much, and although Lady Guinevere is certainly not a "big thing," she is quite as dear to me as if she were a human being.

SILVIA BREWER, Lower IVb.

Market Day among the Fairies.

Over the hill and over the dale,
Through the sunshine, through the gale,
Round the bend and through the glade,
In the breeze and in the shade
Go the little fairy folk
On their way to market.

Then by Robin's farm they pass
Dancing through the dewy grass,
Blowing leaves and scattering seeds
All among the velvet roads
Go the little fairy folk
On their way to market.

I have seen them many a day
As they dance along their way.
Over the hill and over the dale,
Through the sunshine, through the gale
Go the little fairy folk
On their way to market.

JOAN NEWBY, Lower IVa.

A Squirrel's Confidences.

Leaping through the branches of the trees, looking for nuts, is what we squirrels are doing now. I have hidden heaps of nuts for the winter—now where is that third store of nuts? I cannot remember, but I do hope Mrs. Brighteyes next door does not get mine by mistake. I thought that I might have hidden too many, but it's better to have too many than not enough.

I woke up very thin last Spring, but the nuts have been very plentiful this year, so I am making myself as fat as can be.

How funny the trees are looking at present, with no leaves except one or two, which must have been fastened on more tightly than the others. Some nuts have tumbled off with the wind, and are lying on the ground among a carpet of leaves.

This place has been noisy this year, with the passing up and down of so many girls, and I really think that next year I shall go farther afield—unless they are only a plague that will pass away, like another plague of the year—wasps. The girls little know that brown-eyes are watching them from the trees, as they go by; they won't hear our little chatter as they are too busy talking.

It's cold and dreary now, and this weather does not seem to agree with me, as I always feel sleepy: I am now going to have my last meal before I go to my winter residence for my long winter sleep.

MARGARET SUFFRAN, Illa.

The Highwayman.

Riding, riding all the day long,
Beating his own unmusical song,
With the switch of his whip,
And a masterful grip,
Hail! hail the highwayman!

Galloping, galloping over the hill,
Over the stream and by the old mill,
With the switch of his whip,
And a masterful grip,
Hail! hail the highwayman!

DOUGLAS MCCREAN, Lower IVb.

A Red Letter Day.

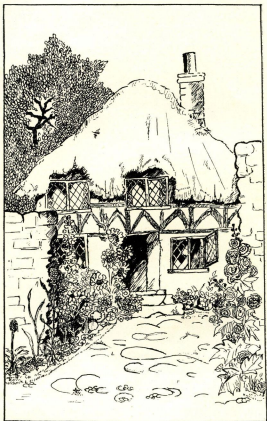
Whirrre! I was standing in a field near Hylton, when I heard the whirring of an aeroplane. It belonged to Sir Alan Cobham and was called the "Youth of Britain." The whirring became louder as from out of the clouds came a little "Moth" aeroplane. All the people in the field began to flock round it as it landed. Out of it stepped the Chief Inspector of Folicer; he had been looping-the-loop with the pilot of the Moth.

By this time the "Youth of Britain" was preparing to make a flight. People who had got their tickets for this trip were filing up to the aeroplane. At last they were all in and ready to ascend. Whirrre! at last they were off. After a while the plane was lost in the clouds above. How I envied those who were having this flight! As I watched it disappear my father said to me, "Would you like to go up?" Oh! this was just what I wanted. "Yes," I almost shouted. So we bought our tickets.

When we got into the aeroplane we sat down in a bucket-shaped seat. It began to rise. I experienced a sickly sensation for the first few seconds, and then I felt very excited. The aeroplane passed over various shipyards, the district of High Barnes, Thornhill, and then eastwards towards the sea. At this point a circular route was taken over the sea towards Roker, on towards Hylton passing over Hylton Castle, and then landing in a field two miles north of the castle. The journey lasted no longer than ten minutes.

I felt rather dazed on reaching ground again. But I am looking forward to a much longer aeroplane journey next time I have the opportunity.

DOUGLAS ROBINSON, Illa.



Lucerne.

When the dawn of day is breaking, and the shadows flee away,
Then the towering hills are mirrored in deep waters cold and grey;
And the night-owl melts to silence, and the cocks their note prolong,
And the closed flowers open, and the birds burst into song.

When the noonday sun is shining, tinged all with golden ray,
Then the lake is blue and sparkling, and the snow-capped hills mauve-grey;
And the slim, sure-footed chamois leaps along the mountains' brow,
And the air is steeped in fragrance, for the flowers are open now.

When the twilight dusk is falling, and the flickering shadows come,
Then there's music in the cow-bells as the cattle are led home;
And the towering hills are softened to a dim and shadowy grey,
And a crimson glow far westward tells me of a dying day.

When the pale, calm moon is shining, riding through the starlit sky,
Then night-owls, again awakening, fill the air with their lone cry;
And the lapping of the water sounds on either distant shore,
And the lake, with Night's dark mantle, once again is covered o'er.

ALICE LAWTHOR, Ills.

Evening.

Hush! Hush! the shadows fall,
Night is coming;
The birds fly home one and all,
Night is coming.

Gentle breezes come and go,
Day is dying;
Nodding flowers wave to and fro,
Day is dying.

Night steals over all the land,
Nature sleeps;
The moon shines on the silver sand,
Nature sleeps.

JESSE ROSS, Ills.

A Wood in August.

One beautiful hot day I walked along a path in a wood. The sun was peeping through the trees, and everything was at its best.

There was the humming of bees coming and going from their hives; beautifully coloured butterflies were chasing each other from flower to flower. The pretty path was covered with a carpet of soft leaves which were putting on their autumn tints and beginning to fall. A little stream trickled along the side of the path, and fish were swimming about in the water. Birds were hopping among the trees, and singing sweet little songs.

As I walked along I saw the sun in the west through the trees. It was just disappearing into the clouds, so I knew the hour must be late, and that I must not linger longer in that beautiful wood.

AsT ROBINSON, III.

The Blackamoor.

"See," cried the merchant, "I have bought me a slave,
A fine looking fellow is he!"
His wife, she did stare at the black looking knave,
And thought he with washing might be.

So they washed him and washed him for many an hour,
And lathered him with all their might,
But nothing they did to that poor blackamoor,
Could ever turn black into white.

JAN DOUGLAS, III.

Upper VI. Form Notes.

This year we have not led such a secluded, monastic life as formerly Sixth Forms were wont to lead. Owing to the revealing effect of a window, and a glass door opening on to the corridor, we have been interrupted in our studies by the inquisitive glances of every passer-by. Nevertheless we have found refuge behind the thick doors of the Room of Silence, i.e., the Library. We have a very beautiful view from our windows, and everyone will have noticed how homelike is our room, with its carpet, its clock and its table-runner. The desks themselves are very comfortable, being fitted with book rests to facilitate our studies. On the other hand, alas! everyone is agreed, that we inhabit the coldest room in the school. During the few days when the pipes were out of action, our room was—well, Miss Hutchinson said it was infernal, but we think it was much too cold—positively Arctic.

After much meditation, and concentration, and consultation, the Form regrets that it is unable to increase the length of these form notes, or to conclude them in any highly poetic manner; it therefore bids a fond farewell to its readers.

ELEANOR WILSON, Upper VI.

Lower VI. Form Notes.

In days gone by Form Lower VI. seemed a most enviable spot, but now that we have actually reached it we are rapidly finding that it is by no means a "bed of roses." We are beginning to feel the responsibilities of age weighing us down.

If you should, perchance, enter Room 7 and find it deserted, do not imagine that we have passed away beneath the strain. It is more likely that at least two of our members are performing the duties of turnkey, another is dusting the clock in the Hall, another pioneering in the Realms of Domestic Science, while the rest are engaged in equally useful occupations, such as ringing the bell (which, however, does not always come off at the right time!).

Despite these cares, however, we have not yet become accustomed to the window in our room through which the faces of inquisitive "third-formers" continually peer. We have often been on the point of buying curtains to hide these faces; poverty alone prevents us from doing so.

It has been unfortunate that Miss Farquhar, our Form Mistress, has been ill for a week, but we kept in touch with her by means of mysterious little notes and are very glad to have her back again.

M. FIELD, Lower VI.

Upper Va. Form Notes.

With the advent of the New School, we Bedans of Upper Va. have enjoyed many privileges. We find, however, the Chemical Laboratory a somewhat mixed blessing and already clumsy fingers have knocked over things, which, on our old bench, would have stood quite firm.

We contributed two songs to the Old Bedans' Week-end, one of which "O men from the fields" was new and strange. We enjoyed doing it and hope it gave pleasure on the eventful evening to those who heard it, but, we must confess that we made weird noises in our attempts to master the unfamiliar harmonies and some of us felt inclined to re-echo the words of Keats,

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

on more than one practice day. The remoteness of the Singing Room probably saved our reputations. Some members of our Form took part in the plays and we all, with the rest of the Upper School acted as hostesses to the Old Bedans. We spent a most enjoyable week-end.

As it is early in the year we have not yet decorated our room with the trophies which may be won; we are content to leave those on "the knees of the Gods" at present.

BETTY SUFFIELD.

Upper Vb. Form Notes.

To be promoted to the dignity of the Upper Fifth, is, as most of us have discovered to our disgust, by no means unmixed bliss. Father Time who was wont to move with staid and leisured tread in the Third Form, when we were young and carefree, now makes gallant but alarming efforts to exceed the modern demand for speed. Such haste is unnecessary, we think, because the fateful month of July brings the dreaded Durham examination. Beware the Kalends of July, Oh Bedans!

But we have our consolations. We are allowed to enter the sacred portals of the School Library, nominally at least, for few of us find time or courage to consult the volumes of wisdom concealed behind its mysterious oak door; indeed we entertain grave doubts as to whether it is perfectly safe to venture within.

Our second, and somewhat embarrassing consolation, has been to act as hostesses at the Old Bedans' Re-union. We tongue-tied damsels were thrust into the arms of a totally unknown Old Bedan, and requested to show her round. Our feelings must have been somewhat similar to those of Mark Twain's "Guide to Rome," as we chanted nervously "This is the Botany Laboratory, and the sinks are said to be the latest ingenious devices of modern invention."

But tea and conversation loosened our tongues, and our self-possession, and we trust that the Old Bedans had as happy an evening as we had, as they contrasted our present palatial surroundings with the decrepit but beloved "Tin Tabernacle."

We note with regret that the eagle eye of our crocodile no longer beams upon us from the cupboard top. Perchance he was considered to be too disreputable to accompany us, but we miss the sight of the broad and graceful tail waving above the piano, and the occasional blissful vision of those enormous jaws consuming our translations of Virgil and the theorems of Pythagoras.

Joyce Taylor.

Upper Vc. Form Notes.

We occupy Room 4, one of the rooms which face the main road. Sometimes it is quite pleasant in here but when there are heavy waggons rumbling up Humbledon Hill the noise is very distracting. But as our room is very comfortable we must not grumble unduly.

Before a certain lesson one can often see an array of white pinafores with occasionally a white cap here and there. These belong to



HALLOWEEN.

DORIS MILLER IIIA

the girls who take Domestic Science, a subject which they all seem to enjoy. The remaining girls are knitting jumpers this term, during this period. This week, however, they have been doing mending for the hospital.

The coldest places in the school must be the Laboratories. We know from experience that the Botany Lab, which we visit frequently, is the coldest of the cold. The general rush to heating pipes immediately the class enters brings to Miss Birchall memories of the Old School. Yet though the Lab, is cold we are very sorry to have only four botany lessons per week and would put on extra coats and mufflers to have an extra one. Now that we are in the new school we are enjoying a privilege, dancing at interval, that we have never been able to have before. We thank Miss Boon very much for allowing us to do this.

We have ahead of us the Durham examination—this subject we leave to be thought about, not discussed. Our thoughts give us unpleasant feelings, talking about it would be worse. Still we all hope to do well in this examination and be a credit to our school.

FREDA SCOTT.

Lower Va. Form Notes.

What a change in school since the last *Bedan* was edited! But we are glad to say it is a change for the better. We all enjoyed coming back from the summer holidays to our beautiful new school which we all appreciate. Prayers are very impressive now, as they are held in the large Hall; we find it a great change from prayers in Room 37, as we have much more room and have seats provided for us. Our desks are very nice but we find it very difficult to keep them tidy because they are so small; our chairs are very comfortable. There is a great improvement in the look of our Form; if we may be allowed to say so, we look very nice and smart in our blue blouses. Our behaviour, too, has improved considerably; whether it is due to the influence of the new school or to the fact that this year we are in the Upper School for the first time, we do not know.

The only fly in the ointment is that we now have detention, but we hope that it will in time be abolished, but many people seem to be ardently supporting it at present.

We now have numerous responsibilities. One of these is the great care which we have to take to avoid spilling ink, another is to resist the temptation which the windows offer. These are responsibilities which the whole school shares, but we have an extra one; we possess a door which shuts more easily than any other door in the school, and also it is liable to drop to pieces when any violence is used,

We all enjoyed the Opening Day, but most of all we enjoyed the Old Bedans' Week-end. We were pleased to supply the flowers to decorate the rooms, and we contributed to the performance by singing the song which won us the Singing Cup. We like and admire the clock which the Old Bedans presented to the school, and which now stands in the Hall.

Our Form is the only Form in the school which has the privilege of making a frieze for the sewing-room. We also have the privilege of having the School Captain as our form-prefect.

Now we are all looking forward to three things, the School Party, Christmas Holidays, and Speech Day.

Altogether we are much more content in the new school than in the old one, and we hope that *The Bedan* will grow and prosper every year.

M. GARBUTT,
M. WILSON.

Lower Vb. Form Notes.

Alderman Nicholson at the opening of the new school, said that we were on the heights of Olympus, but we feel now that it would have been more appropriate had he said that we were on Greenland's icy mountains, rather than upon the heights of sunny Greece. It is so cold that we envy the Eskimo his clothes, the squirrel his winter sleep, and the caterpillar his power to turn into a chrysalis until the warmer spring days.

Our Form has not been very outstanding in any respect, but as a result of our Domestic Course we hope it soon will be. We have been very fortunate in our Laundry Lessons, because each garment we have washed has still fitted the same person for whom it was made. Later we shall be learning cookery and we hope our efforts in this line will not overtax our digestive systems.

BESSIE LAWSON.

Upper IVa. Form Notes.

We had thirty girls in our Form but a change was made and now we only have twenty-one.

So far nothing very eventful has happened, except for the interruption of a few interfering wasps during the warmer weather, and the addition of a new girl, the latter being more welcome than the former.

We have a very helpful form-mistress, and we greatly sympathised with her when she was absent for a few days, and tried our best to keep things going.

We have had some very amusing incidents in our cookery lessons, some girls' pastry being harder than the plate it was baked on.

We are very glad to have the picture which was presented by Miss Hughes, in our room. We hope to do well in games and altogether

To have a very happy year,
 And also a successful one,
 To win the pictures, cups and shields,
 To leave our mark when we have gone.

ETA COHEN.

Upper IVb. Form Notes.

We are a new Form, in a new school, with a new Form-mistress. Naturally all this newness has spurred us on, and we have already been told by one mistress that we have improved since the beginning of the term.

Our Form takes cookery this year, another new venture which we have all found to be very interesting and exciting.

PEGGY ALLAN.

Upper IVc. Form Notes.

Ours is the Form of Upper IVc.,
 The classroom which I'd like you to see.
 It's painted green with pictures all round,
 And in that room much beauty is found.

We each have a desk of dark oak wood,
 Also a chair of fair altitude.
 We keep our room quite tidy and neat,
 We tidy our desks, we wipe our feet.

From our room is a wonderful view,
 Its glories I shall relate to you—
 Straight down below a garden is found
 Outside the arch of the playing ground.

We all enjoyed the Opening Day, but most of all we enjoyed the Old Bedans' Week-end. We were pleased to supply the flowers to decorate the rooms, and we contributed to the performance by singing the song which won us the Singing Cup. We like and admire the clock which the Old Bedans presented to the school, and which now stands in the Hall.

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Altogether we are much more content in the new school than in the old one, and we hope that *The Bedan* will grow and prosper every year.

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M. WILSON.

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Also a chair of fair altitude.
We keep our room quite tidy and neat,
We tidy our desks, we wipe our feet.

From our room is a wonderful view,
Its glories I shall relate to you—
Straight down below a garden is found
Outside the arch of the playing ground.

The hill's across the road to our school
 And is fringed with trees, both large and cool.
 'Tis covered with brownly withered grass
 Which once was green, but has died, alas!

Now think of our teachers, how hard it must prove,
 Teaching girls who will shuffle and move,
 But new resolutions all have made,
 And "good-bye" to bad ways all have bade.

FLORENCE LEITHEAD.

Lower IVa. Form Notes.

Thirty-three desks in a room designed for thirty is a rather tight fit; but, three extra desks having been fitted into Room 17 we Lower IVa. girls—the occupants of the said desks—entered our new abode on the first day of term and settled down quite comfortably.

The term, so far, has been an eventful one, what with the change of Form-mistress—we had to have ours changed at the beginning of the term because of some hitch in the time-table—the hockey film, the hockey match, the Latin lecture—to which we were not invited—the boy's concert, and the collections for the Silver Lining and the Baby Fund.

This year's Lower IVa. is a mixture of last year's IIIa. and IIIb. and, as there was a good deal of rivalry between the two forms, we find it hard to settle down together. This feeling is wearing off, but it will take time for it to disappear entirely—by which time, I suppose we will be in Upper IVa. and will have the whole process to begin again.

EVA MACCORY.

IIIa. Form Notes.

We are twenty-five specimens of very rough models, only partly moulded, but the corners are already being carefully smoothed down by the skilful hands of our mistresses.

Life, so far, has been singularly uneventful; the only exciting incident being when a wasp desired to obtain some knowledge of Latin grammar, and visited our class-room uninvited. After a thrilling chase with a duster, accompanied by shrieks of laughter, and sundry writhings on the part of the more timid members of the Form, the intruder was banished from our sacred precincts.

We cast covetous eyes upon the History Picture, a charming portrait of Princess Elizabeth, which was won by IIIa. last year, and which we are endeavouring to keep. Our history lessons are inspired by a picture of King John signing Magna Charta, which glares at us from the far corner of the room. We also have a drawing of Lady Godiva adorning the walls, along with a Dutch Girl, the Piper, and others.

Our room is made bright and pleasant by flowers, which are supplied by each section in turn.

We inhabit room 13, but remain undaunted by this, and have resolved to do our best at work and play.

IIIb. Form Notes.

Our is a Form of twenty-five,
 We look like a swarm of bees in a hive,
 In our room, numbered ten plus four,
 Over our books we steadily pore.

In hockey we are not far on,
 Having had as many games as one.
 In netball we are more fortunate,
 Having at least had games of eight.

This is the term when physics we take,
 And in sewing useful things do make.
 To keep us in order a prefect have we,
 And a mistress too, who forgets the key.

From our window is seen the reservoir,
 For looking out we put in detention are.
 This is all we have to say,
 Perhaps you will hear more another day.

B. MACCORY

IIIc. Form Notes.

Our Form is composed of an entirely new set of girls. In our last school we were almost in the senior form, but now we are in the very lowest form, and are almost considered "babies."

Our impressions of the new school are varied. Some of us delight in the noise of the buses that pass by, and enjoy the disturbance; others, however, consider the noise distracting.

As our form room is the music room, and is at the top of the school, the climbing of innumerable stairs tires us by the end of the day. Then we frequently have to move to other form-rooms as those forms have to come into our room for their singing lessons. The majority of us like this exceedingly, and enjoy the bustle and excitement of going up and down stairs; but some think it would be an advantage to remain in our own room all the while.

Only a few of us have played hockey and net ball before, therefore we all look forward to games-day. As we have played no matches against other forms we do not know exactly how we are getting on.

We are not very good at lessons, and one or two of us are inclined to forget our hair-ribbons, gym shoes, and the keys of our desks.

However,

We always try to do our best,
And try to keep up with the rest,
And do our daily work with zest.

Marriages.

- SCOTT—HARRISON.—Echel Scott to Alfred George Harrison.
 WEBB—HARDY.—Elizabeth Webb to J. A. Hardy, November 6th, 1929.
 FERRY—TAYLOR.—Eva Ferry to R. C. Taylor, November 20th, 1929.
 JOHNSON—MITCHELL.—Phyllis Johnson to A. Mitchell, July 2nd, 1929.
 HOLMES—ANDERSON.—Molly Holmes to J. M. Anderson, July 22nd, 1929.
 HODGSON—RUELL.—Dorothy Hodgson to D. A. Ruell, July 25th, 1929.
 HENDERSON—CRUTE.—Maude Henderson to H. H. Crute, September 10th, 1929.
 BEAL—THOMPSON.—Nancy Beal to M. Thompson, August 10th, 1929.
 PEAKE—GREEN.—Bessie Marion Peake to F. M. Green, August 14th, 1929.
 TIPPIN—BURN.—Pearl Tiffin to H. W. Burn, August 12th, 1929.
 FORSTER—SCOTT-RUSSELL.—Phyllis Mary Forster to N. Scott-Russell, August 31st, 1929.
 BLUETT—RICHMOND.—Marion Bluett, to T. Richmond, September 7th, 1929.
 JACKSON—MACKINTOSH.—Doris Tindel Jackson to K. Mackintosh, September 28th, 1929.
 HETHERINGTON—NIXON.—Gwyneth Hetherington to John J. Nixon, July 10th, 1929.
 HOWITT—TURNER.—Madge Herbert Howitt to J. A. Turner, October 23rd, 1929.
 GRIERSON—WRIGHTSON.—Olive Mary Grierson to J. Wrightson, August 26th, 1929.
 ALEXANDER—WALKER.—Helene Alexander to J. Walker, July 29th, 1929.
 SHARE—BIEBER.—Deborah Share to Louis Bieber, January 9th, 1929.
 WELLINGS—OSWALD.—Ella Wellings to J. Oswald, July 29th, 1929.
 COOK—NEWBOULT.—Elsie Cook to E. B. Newbould, October 1st, 1929.
 MAIR—NICHOLSON.—Doris Mair to J. S. Nicholson, October 31st, 1929.

Births.

- To Mr. and Mrs. Thomas (Gertrude Rickaby) on September 1st, 1929, a son.
 To Mr. and Mrs. A. Nicholl (Lucy Peggate) in October, 1929, a son.
 To Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Wilson (Margaret Rogers) on September 24th, 1929, a daughter.
 To Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Phillips (Gladys M. Gibbons) on September 5th, 1929, a daughter.
 To Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Rees (A. Keedy) on August 20th, 1929, a son.
 To Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hindmarch (Janie Clements) on July 30th, 1929, a daughter.
 To Mr. and Mrs. P. Banks (Hilda Hartley) on June 29th, 1929, a son.
 To Mr. and Mrs. S. Hudson (Molly Milburn) on September 10th, a son.
 A mistake was made in last year's Bedan. The report should have read: To Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Froom (Mabel Fosts) on December 7th, 1928, a daughter.

In Memoriam.

Margaret Arthur, September 4th, 1929.

The Guild of Old Bedans.

As this goes to press, the membership of the Guild of Old Bedans is 337—11 Life Members, 315 Annual and 11 Associate Members.

The Annual Subscription of 2/6 is now due. Those members who have not yet sent it to the Treasurer are asked to do so.

The Winter Social Re-Union of the Guild will be held in the School on Friday, January 17th, from 7 till 11 p.m. Tickets, price 2/6, may be had from any of the Committee.

Members of the Guild are asked to wear their names at all meetings. Discs (price, 1/d.) may be had at School or at meetings.

The Secretary asks members of the Guild to be punctilious about letting her know when they intend to be present at meetings where refreshments are provided.

The Secretary thanks all those who offered hospitality to Members of the Guild for the Old Bedans' Week-end.

Any change of address should be intimated to the Secretary.

E. R. SHEARER,

Bede Collegiate Girls' School.

The Annual Business Meeting, September 24th, 1929.

At the Annual Business Meeting, held in the Hall of the new school, Miss Boon, the President of the Guild of Old Bedans, spoke for a few minutes welcoming the members at this, their first meeting in the new buildings. There were about 120 present.

The Secretary's and Treasurer's Reports were read and adopted; the Balance Sheet is printed below.

The following suggestion, made by the Committee, was approved by the meeting, brought forward as a motion and passed, viz. :—

"That Student-Teachers and members of Form Upper VI. be invited to become Associate Members of the Guild at a subscription of 1/6 (*The Bedan* not to be included)—this arrangement to hold for one year as an experiment."

According to the Constitution, drawn up and adopted by the Guild of Old Bedans on May 2nd, 1928, the Reconstruction Committee resigned office, being however eligible for re-election. The following Office-bearers and Committee were elected :—Chairman, Catherine E. Mallen; Vice-Chairman, Mary Mackintosh; Joint Secretary and Treasurer, E. R. Shearer; Committee, Hilda Adamson, Maisie Curry, J. Farquhar, L. Hutchinson, Betsy Powley, Lena Thompson, Jennie Vincent, and Elsie Wilson.

Reports were next given by the Secretaries of the various Branch Clubs and by the Treasurer of the Loan and Scholarship Fund, and of the Gift Fund.

The question of the gift to the new school was the next business. It was keenly felt that the gift should be something that could be enjoyed by all, and after considerable discussion suggestions were reduced to a picture or a clock, either to be for the Hall. It was decided that all subscribers, absent as well as present, should be asked to vote on these, and the Committee was instructed to see to this and later to elect three of their own number to buy the gift decided on.

The date of the Winter Re-Union was next fixed. This concluded the business of a long meeting, and the company dispersed after singing the School Song.

The following is the Treasurer's Account from Feb. 2nd, 1928, when the Guild was first suggested, to Aug. 31st, 1929.

RECEIPTS.		£	s.	d.	EXPENDITURE.		£	s.	d.
384 Subscriptions at 2/6 ..	29	5	0	Printing	3	4	6		
1 Subscription at 10/- ..	0	10	0	Stationery (including Minute Book & Cheque Book) ..	1	14	8		
10 Life Subscriptions at £2 2s. Od.	21	0	0	Postage	1	5	7½		
Balance from Meeting, Jan. 1929	1	7	9	" Bedans"	9	15	0		
				Deficits on Meetings—					
				May, 1928	14	9			
				July, 1928	6	0½			
				Sept., 1928	14	0			
				July, 1929	5	8			
							1	19	10½
				Deficit on discs not yet sold	0	1	9½		
				Grant to Drama Club to cover deficit	0	4	1		
				To Education Committee and extra tips in connection with use of room for meetings	0	4	6		
				Total Expenditure	18	10	0½		
				Balance in Bank—					
				(a) On Deposit Account	25	0	0		
				(b) On Current Account	7	9	1		
							32	9	1
				Balance—Cash in hand	1	8	7½		
				Total	52	9	9		
Total .. £52 9 9									

Sunderland,
September 16th, 1929.

E. R. SHEARER,
Hon. Treasurer.

Examined Vouchers and found correct.

F. BAILLES,
September 30rd, 1929.

The Guild of Old Bedans' Week-end.

The Guild of Old Bedans held its first Week-end on Friday, November 8th, and Saturday, November 9th. It was arranged to coincide with an entertainment given by the school to celebrate in its own way its entry into the new buildings.

A few Old Bedans were able to profit by Miss Boon's invitation to attend School Prayers on Friday, and expressed their pleasure at being allowed to come. In the evening about a hundred and ten Members of the Guild of Old Bedans were present at an entertainment given by the Schoolgirls. A telegram of greeting and good wishes was received from Miss Logie and read to the meeting.

On Saturday morning a Netball Match and a Hockey Match were played between the School and the Guild, resulting in each case in a victory for the latter—the scores being, Netball—Guild 17; School 10; and Hockey—Guild 4; School 1.

In the afternoon proceedings opened with a reception at 3.30. Miss Boon received and the girls of Form VI, and Upper V, acted as hostesses, providing the tea and entertaining the guests, of whom there were about 140. Among these were Mrs. Gordon Bell, Alderman and Mrs. Nicholson (Governors of the School) and Mr. Reed (Chief Education Officer), and a message was received from Mrs. Stansfield Richardson who was unable to be present.

After tea, the rest of the present Bedans arrived. Greetings were read from former Members of Staff, and from absent Members of the Guild of Old Bedans, and then Miss Boon told the meeting the story of the school from its beginning in 1890 to the present day. The Chairman of the Guild of Old Bedans, Catherine Mallen, then addressed the meeting. Speaking on behalf of the Members of the Guild, she said that though as Old Bedans their memories were all associated with the old School, they welcomed the opportunity which this occasion gave them of making fresh links with the new. Prompted by this feeling, many Old Bedans had wished to offer to the School some expression of their one-ness with it. She then unveiled the grandfather clock which the Old Bedans had chosen as their gift, and asked Miss Boon to accept it. Miss Boon replied on behalf of the School, and an entertainment followed in which both present Bedans and Members of the Guild took part.

Old Bedans were especially glad to have the chance of meeting again several former members of staff who were also the guests of the School on this occasion.

Old Bedans' Week-end—Programme.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8th.

SCHOOL PRAYERS	8-55-9-10 a.m.
ENTERTAINMENT BY SCHOOL	6-30 p.m.
School Song
Dance	Pavane
One-Act Play	...	"The Princess and the Woodcutter"			
Songs	}	"The Lost Hen"
					"He Goes Away Riding"
Dances	Greek Myths
Dramatized Ballad	"The Heir of Lynne"	
Song	"It was a Lover and his Lass"	
One-Act Play	"The Only Legend"	

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9th.

NETBALL MATCH	10 a.m.
HOCKEY MATCH...	10-45 a.m.
RECEPTION	3-50 p.m.
TEA 4 p.m.
ADDRESS BY MISS BOON 5 p.m.

Presentation of the Old Bedans' Gift.

JOINT ENTERTAINMENT BY SCHOOL AND GUILD6 p.m.
Song	"Five Eyes"
Dance	Pavane
Tableaux	Emotions
Dramatized Ballad	"The Heir of Lynne"	
One-Act Play	"Sister Clare"	
Tableaux	Emotions
Song	"O Men from the Fields"	
One-Act Play	"The Only Legend"	
Dances	Greek Myths
One-Act Play	"Campbell of Kilmohr"	

School Song.

Old Bedans' Loan and Scholarship Fund.

Two prizes of £20 each were awarded this year—one for purposes of residence abroad, to Annie Wilson, Armstrong College, and the other to Isabel Mushens, now at St. Hild's College, Durham, while Lillian Mottram received the second instalment of the scholarship awarded to her last year. This year, the Committee for the management of this Fund, consists of Miss Boon, Miss Mallen (Old Bedans' Representative), Miss Farquhar (Sixth Form Mistress), Miss Shearer (Staff Representative), and Miss Birchall (Treasurer).

Guild of Old Bedans' Rambling Club.

As the summer months are naturally the time of greatest activity for Rambling Clubs, there is little to report of the doings of this Club since the last Bedan appeared.

All the excursions—picnics or short walks—have been very enjoyable. We only wish that more ramblers would attend these, and we should like to have some new members. We do not overdo our tramping, and no one need fear that what we undertake would be beyond her powers.

NORA PALLISTER (Secretary),

103 Cleveland Road.

Guild of Old Bedans' Singing Club.

We have embarked upon our second season. There are 37 members and we welcome all new faces. We meet every other Wednesday at 7 p.m. in the Music Room about which we have grown quite blasé. We are visiting the Borough Sanatorium again this year to entertain the patients, this time appearing as niggers.

Our meetings are most enjoyable and to Miss Hutchinson and Miss Ewart who make them possible, we are very grateful.

MARY MACKINTOSH (Secretary),

19 Co-operative Terrace.

Guild of Old Bedans' Dramatic Club.

The Guild of Old Bedans' Dramatic Club has resumed its activities. Already four meetings have been held, and among the plays read are one-act plays by several authors, *Widowers' Houses*, by Shaw, and *The Door on T'Chain*, by F. Carmichael-Brunton.

There is a membership of thirty and any new members will be gladly welcomed.

At present we are rehearsing a play to be given at a concert in the Borough Sanatorium.

Our financial position is sound and we hope to finish the season solvent.

HILDA M. UDALE (Secretary),
15 Riversdale Terrace,

Guild of Old Bedans' Social Service Club.

The Social Service Club has entered upon the second year of its activities. There are now 55 members. Their immediate interests are (1) a concert to the patients at the Borough Sanatorium on December 12th—we much appreciate the help of the Singing Club which has offered "nigger minstrels," and of the Drama Club, which has promised a sketch.

(2) A collection of clothing, toys and books before December 3rd.

(3) The visiting or teaching of several cripple or invalid children. We are sadly in need of apparatus and books for this teaching. Help with regard to this will be greatly appreciated.

D. S. ARKLE, Bede Collegiate Girls' School,
ELSIE WILSON, 102 Ewesley Road.

Joint Secretaries.

Gift to the New School.

By a considerable majority of votes, it was decided that the gift be a clock, and the Committee of the Guild of Old Bedans asked Miss Farquhar, Miss Mallen and Miss Shearer to buy it.

It is an oil-polished mahogany grandfather clock, with three sets of chimes (Westminster, St. Michael and Whittington) which can, at need, be silenced. It bears on a small silver plate the inscription, "A Gift to the School from The Guild of Old Bedans," and it now stands on the platform in the New Hall.

The details of the Fund are as follows:—

RECEIPTS.		EXPENDITURE.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
204 Subscriptions ..	65 5 0	Clock Alteration and In- scription	68 5 0
		Less Discount	6 10 0
			61 15 0
		Balance in hand	3 10 0
Total..	65 5 0	Total..	65 5 0

What is to be done with the small balance will be decided at the Winter Meeting of the Guild.

Notes on Old Bedans.

At this time of so many new beginnings, it seems opportune to recall what our Old Girls are doing.

We are represented on the staff of nearly every school in Sunderland and of many of the business houses. At the present moment, we have students at the Universities of Durham, Oxford, London, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Edinburgh and Glasgow, and at many of the Elementary Training Colleges. Old Bedans are teaching in all parts of England and in all kinds of schools including a School for Deaf and Dumb Children and a Fresh Air School; others are dispensers or nurses in various Infirmarys. We are represented in Medicine, Art, Physical Training, Domestic Science, Banking, Social Work, Millinery, Dress Designing, Hairdressing. We have Bedans who are Librarians—who are Matrons in schools—who run hotels; we have many who are home-makers.

We add two items of unusual interest. Eveline Blackett, who obtained a First-class Honours Degree in French at Durham, is at present studying at Oxford to which University she gained a Research Studentship a few months ago. She was also placed *proxime accessit* for an International Fellowship, which later, owing to the withdrawal of Dr. Robinson of India, fell to her. It is tenable at Crosby Hall, London, whither Eveline goes in January.

Isabel Alexander has just been elected Senior Woman Student at King's College, London. As the position entails representing over 600 women, it is one of considerable responsibility, and we are glad that the honour has fallen to one who was so recently our Senior Prefect.

Of our last year's prefects, Eleanor Brown is studying French and Latin at Leeds University, Doris Taylor the same subjects at Armstrong College; Isabel Mushens is at St. Hild's College, Durham, and Betsy Powley and Mary Robertson are at the Northern School of Cookery. All except Eleanor have been to visit us in our new quarters, and from her we have heard. We wish them all success.

The School is interested in all its children and would fain have first-hand news of any new post they accept or any new venture they undertake.

E. R. S.

New Members of the Guild since July, 1929.

* Associate Member.

- Abrahams, Marie (Mrs. Joseph) 5 Salem Hill South, Sunderland.
- Anderson, Dulcie, C/o. Cunningham, 18 Backluch Place, Edinburgh.
- Anderson, M. Peggy, 2 Waldron Square, Sunderland.
- Arnold, Marion, Glen Mallon, Westcliffe Road North, Sunderland.
- Barron, Peggy, Glen Villa, Cedars West, Sunderland.
- Bell, Ema, 16 Gordon Terrace, Southwick, Sunderland.
- *Blacklock, —, (Mrs. Hedley).
- Blacklock, Mary (Mrs. Smith), 6 St. Albans Street, Sunderland.
- Brown, Elnor, Brookside Cottage, Ashbrooke Road, Sunderland.
- Caldwell, J. (Mrs. Caldwell-Brown), 9 Onslow Gardens, Low Fell, Gateshead-on-Tyne.
- Cattle, Helena, 38 Picton Street, Sunderland.
- Carr, Margaret, 10 Gladstone Terrace, Gateshead-on-Tyne.
- *Chapman, Joan, 43 Eglinton Street, Sunderland.
- Charlton, Jennie, 3 Byron Terrace, Monkwearmouth, Sunderland.
- Collin, Marjorie, 95 Cleveland Road, Sunderland.
- *Cox, Daisy, 121 St. Leonard Street, Sunderland.
- Davison, Elsie (Mrs. Kirkby), 17 Rosebery Crescent, Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
- *Dennis Cicely, 1 Hunter Terrace, Sunderland.
- *Eagle, F. E. Mary, 47 Croft Avenue, Sunderland.
- Earnshaw, Mary, 10 Thornhill Gardens, Sunderland.
- *Fairgrieve, Betty, 21 Humbledon View, Sunderland.
- *Forster, Lily, 8 Colchester Terrace, Sunderland.
- Fraser, Catherine, 24 Percy Terrace, Sunderland.
- Gilbow, Muriel, 23 Rowlandson Terrace, Sunderland.
- Habgood, Nancy, 65 Cleveland Road, Sunderland.
- Hall, Dorothy, Melrose House, Ryhope, Co. Durham.
- Hardy, Madge, 9 Mount Road East, Sunderland.
- Harper, Lena, 36 Dunbar Street, Sunderland.
- Henderson, Thelma (Mrs. Williams), 9 Tynesdale Avenue, Monkseaton.
- Herdson, Agnes, 26 Argyle Square, Sunderland.
- *Hinkley, Mollie, 23 Estrick Grove, Sunderland.
- Howe, Ivy, 21 Tunstall Vale, Sunderland.
- Jarman, Nellie (Mrs. Watson), 13 Tunstall Vale, Sunderland.
- *Johnson, Hilda, 4 Argyle Street, Sunderland.
- Keill, Amy, 12 Dundas Street, Sunderland.

- Lazenby, Berta, 3 Salem Avenue, Sunderland.
- ✓ Lath, Ethel, 99 St. Leonard Street, Sunderland.
- ✓ Lisle, Hilda, 104 Cleveland Road, Sunderland.
- ✓ Lisle, Irene, 104 Cleveland Road, Sunderland.
- ✓ Locky, Edith, Down Hill Farm, West Bolton, Co. Durham.
- ✓ Logie, E. C., 164 Queensberry Road, Rosyth, Fife.
- ✓ Lundy, Isabel, 52 Stratford Avenue, Sunderland.
- ✓ Macpherson, E. F. S., Romney House, Kendal, Westmorland.
- ✓ McCree, Gwen, 25 Croft Avenue, Sunderland.
- ✓ McLachlan, Esther (Mrs. Wallace), 4 Woodstock Avenue, Sunderland.
- ✓ Minski, Irene, 11 Athol Park, Sunderland.
- ✓ Margatroyd, Doreen, 4 Ingleby Terrace, Sunderland.
- ✓ Mashers, Isabel, 20 Kitchener Street, Sunderland.
- ✓ Neilson, E., Belvedere House, Belvedere Road, Sunderland.
- ✓ Nelson, Clarice, 77 Sydenham Terrace, Sunderland.
- ✓ Orr, Marion, 119 Cleveland Road, Sunderland.
- ✓ Parish, Margaret, Coalside, Southwick, Sunderland.
- ✓ Petch, Elizabeth, 12 Sydenham Terrace, Sunderland.
- ✓ Potts, Martha, 3 St. Andrews Terrace, Roker, Sunderland.
- ✓ Powell, Freda (Mrs. Herbert), 19 Riversdale Terrace, Sunderland.
- ✓ Powley, Betsy, 6 Ewesley Road, Sunderland.
- ✓ Powley, Jean, 6 Ewesley Road, Sunderland.
- ✓ Rackley, Clara, 85 Ewesley Road, Sunderland.
- ✓ Richardson, Millicent, Glenholme, Glen Path, Ashbrooke, Sunderland.
- ✓ Robertson, Margaret, 29 Eden Vale, Sunderland.
- ✓ Robertson, Mary, 4 Westholme Terrace, Sunderland.
- ✓ Robinson, Vivien, 22 Park Parade, Roker, Sunderland.
- ✓ Rosenberg, Mildred, 90 Ormonde Street, Sunderland.
- ✓ Senior, Lillian, 13 Ewesley Road, Sunderland.
- ✓ Senior, Nora, 13 Ewesley Road, Sunderland.
- ✓ Shadforth, Jennie, 80 Ormonde Street, Sunderland.
- ✓ Share, Evelyn, 11 Thornhill Terrace, Sunderland.
- ✓ Shield, Annie, Whitehouse Farm, Whitburn, Co. Durham.
- ✓ Simpson, A., 7 Mount Road East, Sunderland.
- ✓ Simpson, C. Joy, 45 Hepscott Terrace, Westoe, South Shields.
- ✓ Summerbell, Janet, 3 Salem Avenue, Sunderland.
- ✓ Taylor, Doris, 21 Ormonde Street, Sunderland.
- ✓ Taylor, Grace, 11 Argyle Street, Sunderland.
- ✓ Temmerley, Ella, 29 Nesburn Road, Sunderland.
- ✓ Thirlwell, Beatrice, 3 Sidecliffe Villas, Sunderland.
- ✓ Thirlwell, Winifred, 3 Sidecliffe Villas, Sunderland.
- ✓ Thompson, Lillian, 10 Ivanhoe Crescent, Sunderland.
- ✓ Tindle, Violet, 12 Nelson Street, Sunderland.
- ✓ Tropaz, Lily, 20 Salem Hill North, Sunderland.
- ✓ Tranter, Joyce, 124 Wellingborough Road, Northampton.
- ✓ Veitch, Dorothy, 27 Chester Road, Sunderland.
- ✓ Walmley, Maggie (Mrs. Scirling), 13 Eastfield Street, Sunderland.
- ✓ Walton, Mary, 264 Cleveland Road, Sunderland.
- ✓ Ward, S., 12 Cuba Street, Sunderland.
- ✓ Wardropper, Annie, 4 Derby Street, Sunderland.
- ✓ Wanson, Marjorie, 13 Tunstall Vale, Sunderland.
- ✓ Wearmouth, Lorna, 8 Rower Street, Fulwell, Sunderland.
- ✓ Welch, Madge, Blairholme, Halton, near Leeds.
- ✓ Wilson, Edith, 102 Ewesley Road, Sunderland.
- ✓ Wilson, Eleanor, 6 Westheth Avenue, Sports Farm Estate, Sunderland.
- ✓ Winton, Janie, 14 Elwin Terrace, Sunderland.
- ✓ Wright, Hannah, 23 Iver Street, Pallion, Sunderland.
- ✓ Young, Hilda (Mrs. Hindle), 11 Azalea Terrace North, Sunderland.

Doreen Youll has become a Life Member.