

SEE P7



THE BEDAN,

JUNE, 1929.

FOREWORD.

“ANOTHER year has passed away” and once more the “Bedan,” the “blest child of our industry,” makes its appearance as a record of our scholastic, athletic and literary achievements.

We were sorry to say goodbye to Miss Lodge last July, and we are very grateful for the beautiful statuette she left us as a memento and incidentally as a Tennis Trophy. We were pleased to welcome Miss Simpson, our new Classics Mistress, to whom we are already indebted for two extremely interesting lectures.

The past year has been distinguished by one or two interesting events. We celebrated the end of the Autumn Term with a Carol Service, in which every form nobly bore a part, and which proved a most enjoyable entertainment.

At the beginning of the year, for the first time in the history of the school, we underwent the somewhat trying ordeal of a Medical Inspection from which, however, we emerged with “flying colours,” the majority of us rejoicing in the assurance of perfect health. Further proof of our physical capabilities was given on Thursday, May 30th, when the annual competition for the “Charlton Shield” for Gymnastics was held. Miss Reed, of the Training College, very kindly acted as judge on this occasion and the shield was finally awarded to Form Upper Vb.

We would thank the Guild of Old Bedans for its kindness in offering to us a prize of fifteen shillings to be awarded at the discretion of the Editress of the “Bedan.” The details and results of the competition will be found elsewhere.

As this will be, we hope, “absolutely the last appearance” of a “Bedan” from the Old School—the next issue will, the Gods permitting, be born amid the pristine glory of the New School—we trust that it may find favour in the sight of all Bedans, Past, Present and Future.

ISABEL LUNDY.

Silver Lining Society.

The Silver Lining Society has been generously supported and we sent the annual subscription of £25 to the Children's Hospital in December.

Two small parties of girls visited the Hospital in November and were much interested to see some of our own old girls in nurses' uniform.

We sent 628 fresh eggs at Easter and we have a large parcel of clothing, made chiefly by Forms Lower Vb., Upper IV. and Lower IV., almost ready to send now. The girls have made night-dresses, bed-jackets, vests, bibs and feeders. We hope the last-mentioned will please the little patients, for almost the whole farm-yard is represented in the various decorations.

D. S. ARKLE.

Baby Fund.

This Fund now collaborates with the Silver Lining Fund and no separate collections are made for it.

The joint collections have received very good support and our "Baby" has not suffered at all by the change in our arrangements. He was very pleased, indeed, with his Christmas presents of a Meccano Set and a book of stories. We also sent him his usual birthday present of a large homemade cake, and his mother said how proud and delighted he was to show it to a little friend whom he invited to tea!

M. G. WILSON, Secretary.

Silver Paper.

School's zeal for amassing silver paper still continues, and mistresses hand over surprising quantities at regular intervals. These eventually find their way to the Guild of Help. Last year over £60 was thereby realised for good works in town.

Bedans may be interested to learn that their collection heads the list of contributions from the schools. Do Bedans really consume more chocolates and fancy biscuits than other schoolgirls, one

wonders? Perhaps they badger their friends and relations more persistently! However that may be, the Guild of Help Committee is very grateful to them for their efforts.

M. E. HAGGART.

Netball, 1928-29.

The netball team has had a fairly successful year, in spite of the fact that only two of last year's team remained at school. At the beginning of the season we were rather weak but with keen practice we improved greatly.

We wish to thank Miss Ward for the time and energy she has spent in coaching us, and also those of the Staff who took charge of the matches which Miss Ward was unable to attend.

Our thanks are due to Hilda Lisle, Isabel Lundy, and Eleanor Wilson for the most capable fashion in which they have catered for our refreshment.

We were sorry to say goodbye to Miss Lodge last July, and we hope she is happy in her new school.

Peggy Donville, who played centre for the team, has left the town and is now living in Glasgow. We were very fortunate in not losing her until after all the matches were played.

Netball Criticisms, 1928-29.

- ✓M. BARNES—Has made a very promising start. She works well and is improving considerably but her passing needs to be much neater.
- ✓M. GRAYSON—Has played a good game on the whole, but she is inclined to be erratic.
- ✓N. CROFT—Is a great asset to the team. She has played a quick, thoughtful game and both her attack and defence work are good.
- ✓P. DONVILLE—Improved greatly and did some very useful work in the centre. Her passing became much more careful and intercepting was good.
- ✓K. BELLAMY—Is still inclined to be too hasty and thoughtless. If she could overcome this, her play would reach a good standard as she is quick and works hard.
- N. WAITE—Has played a good game throughout the season. Her shooting is steady and she dodges well.
- ✓A. SHIELD—Has made a good Captain. She has worked well and her shooting has been very good.

Hockey Notes, 1928-29.

The weather was not altogether favourable for hockey during the season just finished, but we made the most of every opportunity.

Of the 15 fixtures arranged, 5 had to be cancelled, and 2 of the remaining 10 matches were lost.

Considering that we were not able to get as much play as usual and that we had a majority of new players on the team, the season was quite successful.

I should like to express the thanks of the hockey team to Miss Ward for the time she has spent on us, and also to Betsy Powley, Edna Craggs and Mary Robertson, for so successfully and willingly looking after refreshments at home matches.

B. FAIRGRIEVE, Captain.

Hockey Criticisms, 1928-29.

FIRST ELEVEN.

- M. HAYTON—Showed signs of doing well in goal but unfortunately she had to leave school early in the season.
- G. STEWART—Is promising but she must play more of a team game, working with her Half and other Back.
- E -P. OKE—Has improved and is more reliable. She has a stronger hit but must guard against obstructing when tackling from the left.
- C. BAKER—Is another promising player. She is improving but still needs to work more with her Back and to know just when to interchange.
- B. FAIRGRIEVE—Has played a very good intelligent game throughout the season. Her stickwork is good. She has been a great asset to the team as Centre Half and has made a good, helpful Captain.
- K. CROSBY—Has greatly improved and has played a steady reliable game. Her chief fault is her tendency to obstruct.
- D -W. HALSTEAD—Has made a good beginning. Her speed and shooting are good, but her stickwork needs improvement, and she should tackle back more frequently.
- P. ATKINSON—Works well but she still loses opportunities through weak stickwork and inability to decide quickly whether to dodge or pass.
- ✓ J. SPARKLING—Has been changed to Centre Forward this season and has played a good game. She is steady and works well; and her stickwork and shooting show much improvement.
- N -D. WARD—Is much too erratic. Occasionally she is really good but on the whole has been rather disappointing. Her stickwork and dribbling need a lot of improving.
- ✓ M. PARSON—As Left Wing has improved since the beginning of the season. She is speedy, shoots well and, as a rule, shows neat stickwork.

RESERVES.

- L. FORSTER—Has improved and has done some useful work, though she still finds it difficult to tackle from the left.
- M. WADE—Is promising, but she is much too slow owing to poor stickwork, and her shooting is weak.
- E. BEATON and W. RIDDELL—Have both been tried in goal. The former needs more self-confidence and judgment but promises well. The latter, with practice should also do well.

 Tennis, 1928-29.

We had the privilege of using the Grange for tennis last year, but few girls took advantage of it, as the ground is not really conducive to good tennis.

The team practised, and played matches on the public courts but the matches played were very few. However we won these, chiefly owing to the capabilities of the first couple who played well.

The team regretted having to say "good-bye" to Miss Lodge but I am sure that the Upper School Girls will look forward to competing for the beautiful statuette presented by her to the school, in order to encourage the tennis practice.

BETTY FAIRGRIEVE.

TEAM.

1st Couple—	2nd Couple—
Connie Fairgrieve.	Gwen Clark.
Elaine Field (Captain)	Betty Fairgrieve

 Le Cercle Français de la Cinquième Classe.

Cette année nous nous sommes réunies toutes les trois semaines le lundi. A chaque séance quelques jeunes filles ont fait des causeries et donné des devinettes etc.; puis nous avons chanté, et nous avons joué à des jeux. Pour terminer chaque séance nous avons chanté "La Marseillaise." Mdlle. Shearer nous a fait des causeries bien intéressantes sur "La Littérature française" que nous avons aimées énormément.

Nous voudrions bien remercier Mdlle. Shearer de nous avoir fait ces causeries et de nous avoir aidées à arranger les programmes.

Nous remercions aussi Mdlle. Lloyd qui a bien voulu nous prêter sa salle.

M. B. ATKINSON.

League of Nations Union.

The girls of the Upper Fourths were made eligible for membership of our Junior Branch this session, 1928-9. They responded nobly by swelling the number of members to over a hundred. The meetings have, on a whole, been well attended and debates proved a very popular item of the programme. Miss Tulip kindly visited us in March and talked on the League Headquarters at Geneva in such a way as to make us wish to attend a summer school there.

The new officials elected in 1928 are:—B. Powley, President; I. Lundy, Vice-President; E. Brown, Secretary; and K. Bellamy, Treasurer. We are very grateful to Miss Parkin for the interest she has taken in our Branch and to the committee of representatives from every form for the help they have given in arranging programmes.

E. BROWN.

National Savings Association.

The Bede School Branch of this Association has saved about £100, by means of stamps, during this year. At present there are not more than 30 girls who save regularly; this can hardly be called a "School" association in these circumstances. There are some schools in the country where every girl is a member, that would mean for us 350 at least, and a possible £1000.

Next September is to be a new beginning in many things; can you not add the habit of "Saving for the future" to this list? There is a "Pedlar of Dreams" who holds out for us all in the future great prospects; these dreams may come true, if we do something now to make them tangible.

J. FARQUHAR.

Bedan Competition.

The Editresses are disappointed that there were not more entries for the Competition. The quality of the work sent in was, however, of fairly high standard.

The prize in the Senior Section is awarded to Margaret Turner, Form Upper Va., for "Ecstasy." We commend Clarice Nelson, Form Upper Va., for "Pegasus and Bellerophon" and Evelyn Share, Form Lower VI., for "To Schubert."

In the Junior Section the prize for "A Child's Prayer" is divided between Bessie Lawson, Form Upper IVb., and Nancy Stewart, Form Upper IVa.

Ecstasy.

Ecstasy was a thin, half-starved slim girl, transplanted through the kindness of some rich people from a London slum to a Devonshire farm.

Why she was called Ecstasy no one knew, and as for Ecstasy herself, she did not know the meaning of her name, having had little enough chance of experiencing it in her hard, unpleasant, London life. One of the kind ladies who had helped to send her to Devon had tried to explain it to her, and had given her the dictionary definition—"A state in which the mind is, as it were, separated from the body"—but she had only maddled Ecstasy more than ever.

It was on the second day of her stay at the farm that Ecstasy wandered into the little wood and stopped with a gasp of amazement at its beauty. Trees were blossoming, and the ground, carpeted with soft green velvety grass, was dappled by the sunshine streaming through the network of the branches. Here and there daffodils grew. Ecstasy had never seen a daffodil!

With a little sob of happiness she tore off her shoes and stockings and her white, bare feet twinkled in and out amongst the daffodils as she danced over the sward. What mattered it that the tune she sang as she danced was "Constantinople?" In her green dress, her auburn hair an aureole round her pale uplifted face, she was as some wood nymph, dancing for the sheer joy of it.

Suddenly, as she danced, it came to her that *this* was ecstasy, this overpowering happiness in the beauty of things!

When she returned to the farm and the kindly farmer's wife asked her where she had been, Ecstasy replied "jus' wanderin' in the hawthard." But the next time a lady asked her patronizingly if she knew the meaning of her extraordinary name, Ecstasy's face lit up, as she replied with a ring in her voice "Yes, miss, I know."

M. TURNER, UPPER VA.

A Child's Prayer.

Loving Jesus, hear my prayer,
Keep me ever in Thy care,
Help me every day to be,
Gentle, true and good like Thee.

Help me some little service give
To those who need it while they live,
My lessons learn from day to day,
O Jesus for these things I pray.

And when at night I lie in bed,
May angels watch around my head,
To keep me from all harm and ill,
O Jesus, if it be Thy will.

NANCY STEWART, Upper IVa.

A Child's Prayer.

Lord, who art in Heaven so high,
Hear my prayer to-night;
Guard me till the shadows fly,
Until morning light.

Keep my parents and my friends,
Safe within Thy care;
Lord, Thy love for us still tends,
To bless us everywhere.

BESSIE LAWSON, Upper IVb.

Pegasus and Bellerophon.

The Boy was told a wonderful story by the Country Maiden who gave him a drink at the Spring in the mountain-side. The Boy had told her that he wished to soar in the clouds as Pegasus did of old.

"Once," said the Maiden, "I saw a beautiful, glistening, silver creature; it had wings, and it skimmed along the sky. It must have been Pegasus. It shouted to the Sun . . . I am sure it was Pegasus."

The Boy was filled with a great desire to see this wonderful silver horse; he wished to have it for his own. He haunted the Fountain and once he thought he saw Pegasus reflected in the limpid waters, but it was only a fleecy cloud. The Maiden had seen Pegasus—why should not he? "Pegasus!" he shouted, and again the rocks re-echoed "Pegasus!" As if in answer to his agonised cry the Boy saw a beautiful creature in the distant regions of the azure sky. How it roared! Softly at first and gradually louder. How its wings flashed! How smoothly its lissom body glided through the air! The rocks resounded with a joyful shout—"My Pegasus!" A little later it alighted near him, and a Man in a strange garb drew near the boy, who was weeping bitterly. Not a horse of flesh and blood—a huge metal monster! The Rider of the Metal Pegasus asked the Boy why he cried . . . the Boy told him. "Come!" said Bellerophon, "Jump on to my Pegasus. Would you like to fly?"

The only flaw in the Episode was that there was no Chimera to see.

CLARENCE NELSON, Upper Va.

Commemoration.

(*Prophetic*).

The grass, dew-laden, wets your feet with tears,
The sinking sun a glory sheds, and peers
Into your face to read your thoughts, as you
Gaze pensive through the ethereal depths of blue.
Why linger here? The air grows cold. You seem
To dwell upon some great, enthralling theme.

A month ago, you might have seen me there—
A student at my desk, without a care
The ancient Towers of Babel above my head;
The dear old floors that felt my heavy tread.
Above my head the shelf that raised such lumps
Upon my skull; these thoughts give me the dumps.

To think of quitting these familiar friends!
 No more the staircase with intricate beads!
 No, never more the healthy breeze that played
 Through crack and crevice, and discomfort made
 In that part of the School called the "Tin Tab,"
 And lastly blew the odours from the Lab.

Instead of Bede School of the roaring fires
 We see a New Bede School. The World admires
 The newness of its desks, the walls so clean,
 The playing fields so trim, and flat, and green,
 With modern central-heating, up-to-date.
 How we deplore the Irony of Fate!

Oh for our field, though far removed! How can
 We play without our turfy bumps? We ran,
 Bounding from ridge to ridge in glorious style—
 You've never felt the thrill, that's why you smile.
 Farewell, ye kindly Towers of ancient Bede!
 Farewell, thou most auspicious lawn, Grange Mead!

The sun has fled, the stars are shining clear,
 Commemoration's charm has claimed your ear.
 Stranger, remember those who mourn as lost
 Their dear, dilapidated Bede! Accost
 Whatever Bedan you may chance to meet,
 To you this tale of woe she will repeat.

One hope illuminates the approaching gloom.
 When, on account of constant wear, our room
 Has lost its look of perfect newness bright,
 And when the walls no longer greet our sight
 With unbedimmed splendour, this New Seat
 Will seem like our old room in Bede School Street.

CLARICE NELSON, Upper Va.

A Midsummer Tale.

The fell side was wrapped in sultry haze, and all was still, save for the drowsy droning of the bees. No human ever ventured to tread the winding path down the fell, on such a summer day, for the legend held that whoso crossed the moor, would surely see a child rise from the golden haze. She would come tripping along, then suddenly vanish, and the only trace of her coming would be the fading echo of a voice singing

"Dream-a-day, dream-a-day, heigh-ho."

She was known as the "Devil's Child," so fair she was, but the old folk said it was the spirit of the little girl lost years ago on Midsummer Day.

On such a summer day a little old woman came out of the cottage door leaning on a maiden's arm, and through the golden heat mist, they began to wend their way, across the winding path that led down the fell side to the fields below. On the moor there was nothing to be heard but the sleepy droning of bees, and the murmur of the old woman's trumbling voice, as she talked excitedly to her companion. " . . . and it was just such a day as this many years ago, Midsummer Day. To think that I should come back on the very day to

the same spot where all my sorrow began." I can just picture her now, dancing and tripping along, singing in her childish voice and then she vanished, Margaret vanished suddenly in the mist, and I never saw her more. I was just such a maiden as you are now, when I lost her on this moor, never to see her again. . . Can you sing me that song I sang to her sitting on this stone here?"

The old woman gazed around her dreaming of the time long passed, while Margaret sang, and as the song ended,

"Dream-a-day, dream-a-day, heigh-ho,"

there merged from the mist, a child with golden hair gleaming in the sunlight, and as she came dancing up the moorland path, the old woman laughed with joy, and stretching out her hands as though impelled by some mysterious power, she ran towards the dancing vision. But as she came close to the child, a strange cold breeze seemed to pierce her to the heart, and she stood transfixed while the vision tripped heedlessly by toward the stone where Margaret was sitting; and as it drew near, it seemed as though a sad moan filled the air, and the child vanished, while the fading echoes sang

"Dream-a-day, dream-a-day, heigh-ho."

When the last sound had died away Margaret ran to the old woman, whose eyes seemed to be wildly searching the mist, and at the touch of the maiden's hand she laughed and sank to the ground murmuring

"Dream-a-day, dream-a-day, heigh-ho."

MARY ROBERTSON, Upper VI.

Street Vendors.

In the winter's cold,
In the summer's heat,
They line the busy, jostling street.

"Who'll buy a posy
So fresh and so sweet?
White pink and glowing red,
See, they are so neat."

"Who'll buy red apples,
And oranges too,
Toffee and peppermint,
Eggs cheap and new?"

"Lace, fine as gossamer,
Bright wools, and toys,
Trinkets and jewellery,
Jack knives for boys."

In the winter's cold,
In the summer's heat,
They line the busy, jostling street.

IVY WINTER, Upper Vc.

The Old Bede School.

For many years Bedans have been promised a New School, and gradually this promise has materialised, until now the actual building is almost completed, and we are told that by September, 1929, the New School will be ready for occupation.

During the past few years we have heard a great deal in praise of this New School, but few have praised the Old School, which is so worthy of praise, especially in the eyes of older Bedans of to-day, and of Old Bedans.

As Lamb loved the green earth, so "I am in love with this Old School." Lamb was "naturally shy of novelties;" in the same way senior Bedans are naturally shy of the New Bede School with all its novelties.

The greatest advantage which the Old School has over the New, is that it is ancient.

"Antiquity, those wondrous charm, what art thou, that being nothing, art everything!"

At some future date, when an Old Bedan, who knew and loved the Old School, revisits it, what sorrow will she feel! what memories will return to her! There will be there "a desolation something like Balclutha's."

This was once our school, the centre of all our interests. Three hundred Bedans thronged hither to pursue their studies, here spent most of their youthful years, and learned to love the Old Bede School.

This was Room 39, the coldest room in the cold "Tin Tab," and this was Room 37, which sufficed us as a hall; we had no need for the stately, magnificent, modern hall of the New Bede School.

The New School may have many advantages and comforts, but there are many bonds which make Old Bedans prefer the Old School, with all its disadvantages and discomforts; for them, the Old Bede School is The Bede School.

H. LESTR, Lower VI.

My Books.

Books are my friends; as day succeeds to day
 New, wondrous realms they open to my eyes
 To other spheres, to worlds beyond the skies,
 I am transported by their magic sway.
 To knowledge clear they are the great highway,
 They lead me unto wisdom's glorious prize,
 Before my sight make lands of pleasure rise,
 They're garnera stored with learnings bright array.
 Books are to me a world of sheer delight;
 Elysium, a bower of endless bliss,
 A garden filled with nature's rarest art,
 Books are repose when toil has taken flight,
 Books are a joy, when all has gone amiss,
 Books are a glimpse of Heaven, a world apart.

ELEANOR WILSON, Lower VI.

THE BEDAN.

The Spectre.

(A true story.)

One night I awoke with an oppressive feeling that all was not as usual in my bed-room. The room was very dark, and the corners were so gloomy and eerie-looking that I had to restrain myself from hiding my head under the bed-clothes in my fear.

Suddenly a small silver patch of moonlight, floating on the quilt, caught my eye. I glanced towards the window, thinking the light came from there,—and I became transfixed with fear! I clutched the bed-clothes, my eyes started out of my head, my heart seemed to race along, and little shivers ran up and down my spine. Looking out of the window, its back turned towards me, was a still figure! Its eeriness was enhanced by the pale light of the moon which fell on it in patches. Surely, I thought, this must be a ghost!

At last I could bear the strain no longer. I felt that I must do something. I had an idea, and I clutched at it as a drowning man might clutch at a straw. "Annie," I whispered. The figure did not answer for a moment, and I caught my breath. Supposing I was wrong, and it really was a ghost! To draw its attention to me, if it actually was a ghost, was the last thing I wished to do. Then, to my relief, the figure turned, and in a voice which seemed to me sweeter than anything I had ever heard, my grown-up sister said, "What! are you awake at this time of the night? Try and go to sleep at once!"

MARY MAUGHAN, LOWER IVA.

Night.

'Tis summer 'neath an azure sky,
The air is calm and sweet;
The eventide is drawing nigh,
And all things homewards fleet.

As tranquil night steals softly o'er
The perfumed country side,
The gentle lark is heard no more,
The moon on high doth ride.

A crimson tint now fills the sky
And overwhelms the blue;
The night owls from the bellry cry,
The grass is gammed with dew.

Then one by one the stars appear
To smile with kindly eyes
Upon the earth where far and near,
Dame Nature sleeping lies.

And now 'tis night; how wonderful
To gaze upon that scene,
For earth and sky and sea are full
Of mystic moonlight sheen.

PHYLLIS TENNANT, IIIA.

An English Hamlet.

Guarded by the ruins of a stately old castle lies the little village of Bolton. Just a few small farmsteads, an ancient church with its historic bellfry, a small shop and a reading-room.

Throughout the winter evenings when the cold, bleak winds howl among the ivied ruins, everything is silent and dreary; not a sound is heard except that of a farmer looking round his farmstead before he retires to bed, then

"Darker and darker, the black shadows fall,
Sleep and oblivion reign over all . . ."

But when the warm sun that brings seed time and harvests has again returned, and primroses bloom in the woods and hedges and the cuckoo's ever welcome notes are heard, and, when,

"The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud,
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad,"

the village of Bolton awakes from its sleep, while as Spring is followed by Summer, the sweet odour of newly mown hay gives a joyous welcome to all; the stately ruins of the castle are no longer dim shadows but a place dedicated to pleasure,

But, alas, too soon the Summer is no more, and the pleasure-seekers say goodbye to the dear castle. The fields now are covered with ripened corn and the harvest moon shines overhead.

The village falls once again to sleep, to waken again in the freshness and newness of life at the first signs of the coming Spring.

MARY MILBURN, Upper Vb.

Commemoration.

Our King is ill—
The nation's heart is sad,
Both high and low before his threshold stand,
The silken Rich, the Poor Man humbly clad,
Obscure, and famous, waiting hand in hand.

His Empire waits—
The long months slowly fade,
The People's love clings steadfastly to prayer,
The shadow lifts, the chilling hand is stayed,
O'ercome by skill and love in measure rare.

Our King is well—
The Nation's heart is glad,
And Rich and Poor thank-offerings gladly send
To those who suffer still, whose heart is sad;
Our King is well—we all the World would mend.

M. FIELD, Upper Va.

Bede v. Durham.

Saturday morning at Bede School hockey field, and an eerie stillness prevails over everything. The very birds in the air seem to pause and wait for the moment to pass. At last we breathe freely once more—the goalkeeper has made a brilliant save. With a spot of white below it something green dashes out to the wing. It is our centre half with the ball, and we become once more a crowd of joyful spectators.

Alas, our joy is short-lived: a faulty pass, and the ball is once more travelling down the field towards our goal. Mud is flying everywhere, the clash of sticks and the moaning of the injured is only deadened by the furious cheering of the spectators. "Shoot, shoot—oo!" shout Durham. "Clear" cry Bede. "Oh—played!" and in goes a goal for Durham.

Determination is stamped on the faces of the Bede players and the game begins again. Slowly, steadily it nears that fateful spot, the "goal circle." Joy unspeakable is seen on the face of the Bede supporters; a little figure capers up the side line waving its arms, and frantic words of encouragement pour from its lips—"Come on Bede. Bee—eeds!" An agonised look on the goalkeeper's face—green everywhere, not a speck of brown. "What shall I do?" thinks she. Alas for Durham, it is too late. The little white ball reposes peacefully in the net and frantic cheers rend the air.

Once more the struggle begins. The clash of sticks reigns supreme, and the spectators huddle together to freeze rather than desert their posts. At half-time the score is equal.

After a brief respite the players start again. Up and down goes the ball and at last a figure dashes up the field, past the backs, and there is silence for a while. On into their goal circle retreat the greens and ruthless still remain the browns. The whistle blows and loud cheers break forth once more—another goal for Durham school.

"Push it in next time" we hear the Bede team tell each other. Valiantly they try. There are five minutes left to play. The greens fight for supremacy, gradually nearing their goal. Once more the goalkeeper makes a valiant effort, and the result—a corner. Claspng and unclaspng our hands, our faces drawn with pain, we see the ball nearing our opponents' goal. "Oh why don't they shoot?" Alas, the ball is in the middle of the field once more. The referee looks at her watch—time. The game is finished, and Bede has lost, but shall we ever forget that memorable fight?

CATHER BARKER, Upper IVb.

Bede School Commandments.

Thou shalt not communicate by looks.
 Thou shalt not borrow thy neighbour's books.
 Thou shalt not keep the windows shut
 Nor in thy desk thy gym shoes put.
 Thou shalt not loiter near the gate,
 Neither shalt thou enter late!
 Thou shalt not forget to wipe thy feet
 Lest with a mistress thou shouldst meet.
 And she who keeps these golden rules
 Shall make Bede School "the school of schools."

E. ALDER, Upper IVa.

Grannie's Cat.

My Grannie had a cat named Souff,
Her fur was like a ball of fluff,
Her eyes were bright, and warm and green,
Her ears were soft as silkiest shoon.

She sat and purred the whole day long,
I rather thought she sang a song.
At night she sat beside the coal,
And watched a small wee mouse's hole.

One night she caught the mouse so wee,
And thought she'd eat it for her tea:
But Grannie's cat was overfed,
And now that greedy puss is dead.

PEGGY ALLAN, Lower IVb.

A Friend of Mine.

There are many beautiful dogs in the world, but the most beautiful dog to me is a little dog called Vic, belonging to a friend of mine.

If you ask what breed he is, I cannot tell you, for his head resembles that of an Alsatian, his tail that of a pom and his body and legs are indescribable. This little dog visits us nearly every day: he announces his arrival by making a scratching and scuffling noise in the passage, and when the door is opened he flashes along the passage like a streak of lightning. Then, after jumping up and licking everyone, he seats himself upon his own particular chair so that he can "View the landscape o'er," and especially the table. Then he is not content until everyone has petted him and called him endearing names.

Now this little dog, although of a most lovable character in the house, is hated by all policemen, who are always threatening to take him away to be "put down." This, everyone agrees, would be rather a difficult proceeding, for Vic certainly is not tired of life yet, and is full of artful dodges where policemen are concerned.

Once Vic had a severe illness and we mourned him as lost, but, lo and behold! within a week he was back again scratching and scuffling as usual.

Cats are certainly not the only animals with numerous lives.

D. PAULINE OSG, Upper Vb.

My Little Bwuvver.

I've got a little bwuvver,
He's not as big as me,
He's just up to my s'oulder
'Cos he's only twee.

If I take his choc'late
He begins to cwy,
And muvver says I'm howwid,
But I don't know why.

My bwuvver he is naughty,
As naughty as can be,
But muvver never smacks him
'Cos he's only twee.

I don't like little bwuvvers
When they only twee,
'Cos they get most evwyfink
And nofinks left for me.

ADA BUNDEED, Lower Va.

The Two Gardens.

The King had a beautiful garden,
 Where blossomed the proudest of flowers,
 Where were birds with the rarest of plumage
 And sweet odours made fragrant the hours.
 In finest array were the beds set,
 And cunningly mingled the hue
 Of pale amethyst and deep scarlet,
 Of amber and violet and blue.

The fountains that stood in the arbours,
 Gleamed white in the rays of the sun,
 And around them the sweet little cupids
 Seemed to mock at the hearts they had won.
 As they stood round the bowl of the fountain
 Besprinkled with drops light and free,
 Like gems from the heart of the mountain,
 Like pearls from the depths of the sea.

The King's gardeners planted this garden,
 Set forth in such perfect array,
 And the King was the lord of the garden,
 And his law over Nature's held away,
 And from near, yea and far came the people
 To witness this glorious sight,
 And all praised the skill of his gardeners
 And envied his riches and might.

But far, far away was a garden,
 Where humbly the mean tiny plants,
 In the shade of the trees, blossomed sweetly.
 The warm sun and cool rain, their sole wants,
 And the sweet nightingale and the swallow
 Lent their beauty of grace and of song,
 And the wild thyme's refreshing sweet fragrance
 Filled with perfume the air all day long.

And the sun beaming down on the garden
 Flashed bright on the sparkling brook,
 Where glittered its myriads of diamonds
 As it flowed by some cool shady nook.
 And the plants and the trees and the flowers
 In this garden were free as the air,
 God Almighty planted this garden
 And the birds were the visitors there.

K. BELLAMY, Lower VI.

Learning to Swim.

I had never been so happy before. I had been given a beautiful black and green swimming costume and a bathing helmet which was sure to look fine in the water, for it was sea-green in colour.

The day seemed strikingly fine as I walked by my brother's side down to the shore. He was to teach me how to swim. I could imagine myself racing him and beating him, too.

My imagination carried me as far as the beach, as far as the bathing tent, as far as the water's edge and then ceased to carry me further.

I must, however, have looked quite nice trying to wet myself more and daring myself to venture a little nearer to my brother, who was swimming much further out.

At last came the time for my lesson. I was really very brave. He beckoned me to go out to him and I did so up to my chest. He then showed me how effective were the life-saving strokes whilst I mimicked the whale and kicked up as much water into the air as I could. I think I could not have kicked much into the air, although I seemed to do so.

As soon as possible I fled from his reach, my nearest and dearest hope being to reach the shore, but lo! what obstacles stood in the way—stones of every description, all with their points uppermost. I am practically sure my feet did not miss any of the sharpest ones and often my hands came in contact with them, too. Ugh! the mouthfuls of sea-water I swallowed as I tried to reach the shore. Have you ever pressed a sea-anemone to see the water spurt out of it. Well, I am sure one could not possibly contain as much water as I did. At last I reached the shore and dried myself and then I hurried home. I may assure you I never went bathing in my nice new costume and helmet with my brother again.

HILDA HOSMASON, IIIA.

Commemoration.

(To Schubert).

Thy songs O gentle bard of silver tongue,
Proclaim the glory of thy noble soul.
Thy symphony like to a bell doth toll.
Thy ballads soft and sweet have oft been sung
Though countless ages ever past may roll.
The wood'rous strains which from thy heart hath sprung
Shall in our mem'ries yet be ever young,
And nought can ever them enough extol.
Though Fate deprived thee of thy love's desire,
From Orpheus thou did'st gain a priceless gift,
And sadness never marred thy beauteous lyre;
To heaven we in praise our voices lift,
Oh Schubert, though thy body did depart,
Thy soul lives on for aye in music's heart.

EVELYN SHARR Lower VI.

Dear Moon.

Beautiful silvery queen of the night,
Far, far away, and shining bright;
Giving a light to the world below,
As through the darkened heavens you go
Attended by the twinkling stars,
While never a cloud your beauty mars,
Sailing serenely on your way,
Reigning supreme till break of day,
Dear, tender, lovely mother moon,
The day draws on too soon, too soon;
And dreams, and sleep, and rest, and these,
Vanish in nothing, mysteriously.

E. WHITE, Lower Vb.

THE BEDAN.

To the Brook.

O little brook,
My darling brook,
How very swift you flow.
Please, little brook,
Just stay a while
To tell me where you go.

O'er low green hills,
Past whitewashed mills,
Through forests dark and green,
There are cottages low,
And whate'er I go
Happy wee maids are seen.

You can never be sad,
With a heart so glad
For fresh you always look,
You're filled with song,
All the day long,
My gentle, rippling brook.

MARJORIE WALKER, Lower IVa.

Happy Hours.

Merry laughter, childish play,
Romping through the house all day,
Merry voices saying to you,
"Come and find us, Mummie do."

Little golden toasted mops,
Bending over whips and tops,
Toys about the nursery floor,
Dollies propped against the door.

And when bed-time comes at last,
Into bed they're tucked quite fast,
Then you say the last good-night,
And bid them sleep till morning light.

LILIAN MCCREK, IIIb.

The Emblems.

In the meadows of Old England
I heard the swallows say,
To-day they wear the pure white rose
For 'tis St. George's Day.

In the mountains of dear Scotland
I heard the cattle say,
To-day they wear the thistle
For 'tis St. Andrew's Day.

In the mosses of Old Ireland
I heard the peewits say,
To-day they wear the shamrock
For 'tis St. Patrick's Day.

In craggy heights of wild wild Wales
I heard the eagles say,
To-day they wear the small green leek
For 'tis St. David's Day.

Oh England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales,
Together then agree
The Rose and Thistle, Shamrock, Leek,
Shall all united be.

KATHLEEN MAIR, Upper IVa.

An English Garden.

I love an English garden fair,
And all the flowers blooming there.
I love to wander through the grass,
And see the roses as I pass.

I love an English garden fair,
And all the old trees growing there.
And as I wander by the brook,
I see the fairies in their nook.

I love an English garden fair,
And all the creatures living there.
The blackbirds and the thrushes too,
Who sing of woodlands, clothed in blue.

I wander through this wonderland,
The fountain plays upon its sand.
I think of old and happy days,
When Lords and Ladies sang sweet lays.

They wandered through this garden fair,
They saw the flowers blooming there.
I seem to see their shadow cast
Returning scenes of days now past.

FLORENCE LEITHHEAD, Lower IVc.

Upper VI. Form Notes.

Scene—Twilight in the Prefect's Room in Old Bede School—Enter Aged Spirit, dressed in scholar's cap and gown, which have grown green with the years.

Aged Spirit—"O bitter Fate! that hath decreed such sorrow for me in my old age. Loneliness! Everlasting loneliness! Nought but loneliness!" [Deep sobs shake his form and for a few moments he cannot speak. Then he grows calmer and continues thus]. "Never more shall I rejoice at the dear happy faces of those who, for one short year, come to bear me company. When they first enter my domain they are without a care in the world, for how promising seems the Prefect's life then! With eager joy they long to exercise their new powers, to enjoy their privileges, and to be considered the heroines of the school. But soon their fond hopes are dashed to the ground. To stand day after day on a cold draughty staircase and remonstrate with talkative girls proves a weary task, and as the months pass the very word "exam." calls up before their vivid imaginations, the figure of an unrelenting tyrant waiting to crush to the ground all poor little schoolgirls.

"But Bedans are optimistic by Nature, and soon they cast off those depressing thoughts to contemplate with more pleasure the coming competitions in Gym, and Singing, and all the excitement of Speech Day.

"Ah! woe is me! Such hope is only for youth. What hope is there for me when they are gone?"

[The momentary silence which follows is broken by the sound of a harsh, cracked old voice].

Voice—"Nil desperandum, auspice Deo!"

[The owner of the voice now steps out of the deepening shadows and shows himself to be a bent, tottering figure, with long grey beard—he is Time, with scythe and hour-glass complete].

Time (in sepulchral tones)—"Thy time has come, O Spirit of Bede School. The sands tell out their tale. To other scenes thy children have fled. But 'tis not for thee to follow. Here, in these ruins, doth Death await thee. Yet, first, take thou this one last comfort—think of the dying phoenix from whose ashes riseth its successor full of buoyant hope and a lively spirit. So shall thy successor be born from thy ashes—remember, "Post tenebras lux."

[And now the last grain has fallen and the Aged Spirit of Bede School sinks slowly down in death, but his face bears the light of hope, and the calmness of perfect peace. Time, without a glance in his direction, moves back into the shadows, and now the twilight gives place to night, and all is still].

ISABEL MUSHENS.

Lower VI. Form Notes.

As the gods of old dwelt on Mount Olympus, secluded from all mortals, so we Lower Sixthians dwell, this year in the Grange School isolated from all Bedans.

But do not imagine that we are lonely in our seclusion—far from it. The delightful (?) odours which emanate from the cookery below, help to remind us of the world outside where people eat, while the budding young athletes who frequent the gymnasium next door, on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, prevent the silence from growing monotonous.

As well as these invisible companions, we had some visitants from the animal world at Christmas time—two tiny pink mice, whom we kept alive on chocolate until the Powers that Be decreed that they must perish.

As regards our room itself, it is simply but elegantly furnished with chairs and desks picturesquely arranged in a semi-circle, an oxidized fender, a picture, a wastepaper basket, numerous vases of flowers which transform the room into a garden, and last and best a handsome oak clock (15/-).

The walls are pale green except during one week when the chimney needed sweeping, then they were a delicate shade of grey. One must not forget the delightful view which can be obtained from our window, of a daisy besprinkled lawn, a much patched roof and the dome of the Technical College.

So much for our environment, now we shall relate our adventures and experiences. We began the year as a Form of twelve, but as Jenny Shadforth and Grace Marks left us after one term we are now but ten (a simple process of arithmetic).

Even our spare hours have not been wasted for, after much research, we have compiled a pamphlet on Captain Cook, to celebrate his centenary, which pamphlet, we have dedicated to the Lower Sixth Form library. We are hoping, shortly, to celebrate Schubert in another fashion, by a festival of his music. We hope Mr. Bunyan will not feel slighted.

In spite of the fact that we joined the Upper Sixth for games we have failed to win any matches, but we are not disheartened as we have decided to secure for ourselves the Singing Cup in lieu of the Games Shield. We are all optimists.

E. SHARE.

Upper Va. Form Notes.

We who inhabit Room 13 seem to take no small pride in likening our room to Pandemonium (since we study "Paradise Lost" we know all about that place) and are often reproved for our noisy behaviour, whereupon we look very penitent, and resolve to do better in future. Milton does not seem to affect our morals in the proper way.

Perhaps the number of our room has something to do with our bad luck in games (so far) but we are quite determined not to let it interfere with that all-important matter, which gives us quavers in the lower regions to think about, the Durham Examination. We cast anticipating glances at the Gym. Shield, Singing Cup and Matriculation Certificates.

We have a fine library worthy of any school, and this valuable literary collection offers great scope to quotation-hunters, since our Form-mistress very kindly allows us to rove about among its masterpieces.

We have three vacant desks in our room, which are very useful for the baggage of those who sit near them. We would much rather see them filled. One belongs to Peggy Domville, who sought other spheres last term, and is now in Glasgow. The netball team bewail her departure. Amelia Kahn left us in the Spring term on account of her father's death, and we sympathise deeply with her. The other very unfortunate member of our Form is Edna Craggs, who has been seriously ill for a long time. We hope very much that she will be able to come back to school next term.

While we are hard at work, the hockey teams of by-gone years smile benignantly down on us, and we can imagine them saying "When I was at school" We flaunt our tunics in a very superior manner as we gaze disdainfully on their antiquated habiliments.

We are very happy in our room, despite its number, which now has no effect on us; and we bask in the sunshine, and thank the gods for having removed us from the "Tin Tabs," and given us hopes of a New School at last.

CLARICE NELSON.

Upper Vb. Form Notes.

This year again we occupy Room 14 which is pleasant and fairly sunny, and the ash tree continues to "wave its airy arms above" outside.

We have been fortunate enough to win both the Hockey and Netball Shields, and although we have been "warned off" the Singing Cup and Gym. Shield we should like to make a big effort to carry off those, too, if possible, as our Form Mistress informs us that she has never had a Singing Cup.

Our Form Room is, as a rule, adorned with several jars of rather dead-looking flowers, or plants in embryo. This is not due to neglect on the part of our flower mistress but to our curriculum. Miss Arkle says there are disadvantages in having a Botany Form.

It is seldom that an Upper Fifth loses many of its members during the year. We had to say goodbye to four—Vera Thomas, Mary Hayton, to whom we extend our sympathy in her loss, and Lily Forster, who was needed at home. We sincerely hope that Irene Stephenson, who has been so ill, will soon be well enough to join us again.

KATHLEEN CROSBY.

Upper Vc. Form Notes.

It is a good thing for Upper Vc. that its members are optimistic, for we are trying our luck at practically everything this year. For want of floral decorations to beautify our room, we resorted to growing two specimens from bulbs, and when the two pitiful heads came up, we were pleased to stretch our imaginations, and call them hyacinths. They did not last for long, however, and now, in their place, we have weird labelled specimens adorning the window-sills. These, I suppose, are to remind us that we do learn botany. Who knows, perhaps soon, we may sport window-boxes containing geraniums.

We did quite well in netball, and managed to get into the final, but alas! we were beaten. We were not quite so lucky in the hockey matches, for we only won one.

However, we are not disheartened yet, and are looking with longing eyes at the Gym. Shield, the Sports Prize, and Singing Cup, and we hope to become "all-glorious" in at least one of these.

MARY EAGLE.

Lower Va. Form Notes.

Although I asked the girls for suggestions as to what I should write about the Form no suggestions were forthcoming, showing, I think, that we must be a very dull Form. There are twenty-six girls in the Form and as everyone thinks herself perfect!—there is nothing else to say except perhaps a word of assurance. No doubt peculiar noises have been heard to issue from Room 15 on Thursday afternoons; I just want to assure girls that there is no need for alarm as it is only the members of that room practising their singing. Although it is not very pleasant to listen to now, we of the Lower Va. are hoping that the peculiar noises will blossom forth into a beautiful song, which will win for us the much-sought-for Singing Cup.

M. GARRICK.

Lower Vb. Form Notes.

We, Lower Vb., are a small Form inhabiting Room 12 which, as most girls know, is next to Miss Boon's room. It is very pleasant and the girls do their best to keep it bright with flowers, many of which are wild; but we like these none the less for that as the whole Form is keen on botany.

In games we were not very successful, having beaten Lower Va. at netball but having lost the match against Upper IVa. At hockey we were quite unsuccessful, having missed most of our practices. We are not down-hearted yet, however, for there is the singing competition and tennis tournament to come.

The Form has collected a great deal of silver paper and is encouraged to continue doing so by our Form Mistress, Miss Haggart. The girls have also been generous to the school funds throughout the year.

Upper IVa. Form Notes.

During the last term of the school year we were rather unfortunate in losing Isa West, one of the Form's most popular members, but, during the first term we obtained two new members. We have done quite well at games. At hockey we worked our way up into the semi-finals, winning the matches with Upper IVb., Lower IVc. and Lower Va. in succession. In netball we gained another laurel by getting into the semi-final again, only to be beaten by Upper Vc. We also made strenuous efforts for the "Baby" and "Silver Lining" Fund, and, as a result, we have made a good sum of money.

At present we are working very hard to try and win the Gymnastic Shield which we are eyeing covetously. Sometimes rather peculiar noises are heard issuing from our Form Room after we have had a singing lesson, but there is no need for alarm as it is only our Form practising for the approaching singing competition.

Upper IVb. Form Notes.

Our Form is the only Junior Form in the Upper School Building and consists of twenty-eight girls.

We had a very exciting hockey match against Upper IVa. last term. At half-time the score was in our favour, 1-0; but Upper IVa. managed to score two goals in the second half, and won the match, the result being 2-1. In netball also they were very successful and beat us by thirteen goals.

Although we have not been very successful in Form matches one member of the Form has been put into the first hockey team and another into the second netball team.

Our charitable efforts, except in the matter of silver paper, have not reached a very high standard, but we had one of the largest collections of tinfoil and silver paper.

Lower IVa. Form Notes.

Lower IVa. is housed in Room 31, and there are thirty members of the Form.

Each girl has a locker which must be kept tidy, as our prefect, Eleanor Brown, inspects them every Friday.

Our Form Mistress, Miss Harris, encourages us to keep our room tidy, and to brighten it with flowers.

We have not been very successful at games this year, as we were beaten by Lower IVb. at netball. We gained a victory against Lower IVb. in hockey, but were defeated by Lower IVc.

In other matters we have been rather successful, as we continue to hold the Art Picture, and also the History Picture.

We were sorry to say goodbye to Bessie Bailes last term, but we wish her the best of good luck in her new home.

We are putting forth our best efforts to contribute towards the charities, and we have a good collection of silver paper.

Lower IVb. Form Notes.

We drew in the first hockey match against IVa., but lost when the game was replayed. However we met with better success at netball, defeating Lower IVa. and Lower IVc., but we were beaten by Upper IVa. Still we secured the picture given to the Lower School. As we have the Singing Cup in our room, won by last year's IVb., we are endeavouring to retain it. We are also trying to win the Gymnasium Shield.

Form IIIa. next door, are an entirely new form and at the beginning of the year we tried to set them an example, but I am afraid this failed as we made more noise than they did, but we are going to try and make an effort this term.

Lower IVc. Form Notes.

Our Form has not gained much praise for good work, but we have had better luck in games. We won our first netball match against IIIb. but were defeated by Lower IVb. In hockey we were more fortunate and succeeded in winning all junior matches until we met Upper IVa when all our hopes were shattered to the ground.

We have supported the charities to the best of our ability.

IIIa. Form Notes.

We have not many successes to record this year. We were beaten by IIIb. in the netball match, 20-9, though we defeated them in return in hockey with a score of 2-0, and were vanquished by Lower IVc. with a score of 4-0.

Our class-room has been well supplied with flowers both this term and last, each section taking turns to decorate the room. Miss Wilson gives a prize at the end of the term to the section which gains the most marks.

The picture of Princess Elizabeth which Miss Wilson gave to the Third Forms for History, we won. Though we lost the one for neatness which all Lower School could compete for. IIIb. gained this.

IIIb. Form Notes.

There are thirty-two girls in our Form. Our room is not very pleasant but the girls try to make it bright with flowers.

We have not been very successful in hockey, losing against IIIa. but winning the netball match against them.

The collections for the various funds have also been successful.

We are all looking forward to Summer Holidays and also to the happy times we will have in our new school in Durham Road.

Births.

- To Mr. and Mrs. N. Wilson (Letty Airey), a daughter.
- To Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Everett (Hilda Osborne) on October 30th, 1928, a daughter.
- To Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Proom (Dorothy Potts) on December 7th, a daughter.
- To Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Lowe (Elsie Lax) on December 25th, 1928, a daughter.
- To Dr. and Mrs. Mair (Vera Jacques) on December 27th, a son.
- To Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Reaks (Erid Jackson) on January 11th, 1929, a son.
- To Mr. and Mrs. R. Neill (Dorothy Scott) on February, 1st, 1929, a daughter.
- To Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Fryers (Jessie Rae) on February 15th, 1929, a daughter.
- To Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Skipper (Dorothy Spain) on March 4th, 1929, a son.
- To Lieut. and Mrs. Villiers (A. Hilda Hall) on May 28th, 1929, a daughter.
- To Mr. and Mrs. Whitfield (Gladys Hogg) on May 30th, 1929, a son.

Marriages.

- HARTLEY—BANKS.—Hilda Hartley to Percy Banks, July 25th, 1928.
 GIBBONS—PHILLIPS.—Gladys M. Gibbons to G. A. Phillips, July 31st, 1928.
 TALBOT—SUNDERLAND.—Ada Talbot to R. Sunderland, August 2nd, 1928.
 BREWIS—STAFFORD.—Ida Brewis to E. A. Stafford.
 BLUETT—CARLEDGE.—Marion Bluett to J. Carledge, August 7th, 1928.
 LOGAN—MIDDLEMISS.—Greta Logan to R. Middlemiss, September 15th, 1928.
 HALL—RUSSELL.—Elsie Hall to G. L. Russell, October 15th, 1928.
 HASWELL—WOODHALL.—Gladys Haswell to D. Woodhall, October 15th, 1928.
 CROSBY—WALKER.—Nora Crosby to J. Walker, October 17th, 1928.
 DAVISON—MARWOOD.—Rhoda Davison to J. S. Marwood, November 13th, 1928.
 READ—COATES.—Elsie Read to S. Coates, November 27th, 1928.
 JUPE—CAMPBELL.—Muriel Jupe to A. Campbell, December 19th, 1928.
 HUNTING—MANSFIELD.—Mona Hunting to A. Mansfield, January 5th, 1929.
 FISHER—MACKAY.—Helen Fisher to D. Mackay, April 6th, 1929.
 SIMPSON—HUTCHINSON.—Nellie Simpson to J. Hutchinson, May 2nd, 1929.

Deaths.

- Lilian Warburton, on February 7th, 1929.
 Olive Shiel, on February 12th, 1929.
 Jeannie Watson, née Graham, on March 14th, 1929.
 Gwen Thomas, on May 23rd, 1929.

The Guild of Old Bedans.

THE GUILD OF OLD BEDANS is now established; a list of its 245 members is published in this BEDAN.

Its main aim is to continue as far possible the community life of school, and to keep alive old associations; and all girls leaving school this year are invited to join its ranks. The subscription is 2s. 6d. per annum, or, for Life Membership, £2 2s. if paid within two years of joining, or £2 12s. 6d. if longer be taken. A copy of the BEDAN is sent to every member.

Since the publication of the last BEDAN, the Guild has held four meetings, short accounts of which will be found elsewhere. These were of varying types, but the enjoyment seemed to be equal, and the members showed at all of them the same reluctance to go home.

In September we hope to meet in new quarters. These may be more comfortable, but they cannot have, for Old Bedans, the same attraction as the old. Yet, though, to many of us, buildings have associations that are dear, the real life of a school is its inner life, and that goes with the people wherever they go; so we, who are of the past, rejoice with the school at this new milestone, and are glad "for those who will take our place."—E.R.S.

Notice to Old Bedans.

There will be a meeting of the Guild on Wednesday, July 10th, from 5 till 7-30. Members are urgently asked to let the Secretary know by July 4th whether or not they intend to be present.

The Annual Business Meeting will be held on 24th September. If any member wishes to bring any motion forward at this meeting on Constitutional or other matters, she should send it in writing, along with the name of her seconder, to the Secretary not later than September 1st.

The Annual Subscription, 2s. 6d., falls due on September 1st, and should be paid to the Treasurer as soon as possible after that date.

The Treasurer's Report given at the September Meeting is not published, as the next one (that of September, 1929) will cover the whole period included in the first annual subscription viz.—from May 2nd, 1928, until August 31st, 1929. It will be printed in the next "Bedan."

Copies of the School Song (price 6d.) and discs for members' names to be worn at meetings (price $\frac{1}{2}$ d.) may be had at School or at meetings of the Guild.

Notes on Old Bedans are held over till the next issue.

We wish to thank the Editor of the SUNDERLAND ECHO for printing accounts of our meetings, and the present Bedans for delivering our notices.

Any change of address should be intimated to the Honorary Secretary and Treasurer of the Guild, E. R. Shearer, Bede Collegiate Girls' School.

The Guild of Old Bedans' Garden Party.

The first meeting of our newly-formed Guild was held on Wednesday, July 4th, 1928, in the grounds of the Grange Practical Instruction Centre, and took the form of a Garden Party. All afternoon the eyes of the members of Committee kept straying to the heavens, lest the flying clouds should settle; but we were favoured, and the sun shone on the eighty Bedans who gathered about half-past four. After tea and much conversation, the company took part in a treasure hunt (it was wonderful how many "treasures" we contrived to find in the Grounds that the judges rejected). Later we had sports of an amusing nature, while those not actually competing sat round and encouraged the sports-women and ate with enjoyment the ices that the Chairman of the Guild Committee so kindly provided.

A few announcements were made, prizes were presented to the winners of the various events, and we said goodbye to each other after singing the School Song.

Annual Business Meeting.

On September 26th, 1928, the first Annual Business Meeting was held. The Secretary's and Treasurer's Reports were read, and the Secretaries of the Branch Clubs gave some account of the beginnings of the Clubs, and their plans for the winter. Further activities were suggested, the most popular being the formation of a Social Service Club. The Meeting acknowledged and appreciated Mr. Youll's gift of 300 copies of the Constitution, the BEDAN Editors' generosity as regards the charge made to the Guild for 150 copies of the BEDAN and the helpfulness of present pupils in delivering notices.

A motion "that the Guild make a gift to the New School" was passed unanimously, and this was followed by the motion "that a sum of money of not less than £50 be raised for this purpose." Discussion of the form of the gift should take was left over till a later meeting.

After the business, there followed refreshments, a little dancing and a great deal of conversation. The School Song was then sung, and the Meeting dispersed shortly after 9 o'clock.

Winter Social Re-Union.

The Winter Social Re-Union of the Guild was held in School on January 11th. All the rooms in the Temporary Building were in use for the occasion and their many inconveniences did not seem to worry the very merry company of 92 Old Bedans who gathered there. Mrs. J. S. Nicholson was present as a guest of the Guild, and apologies for absence were received from Mrs. Stansfield Richardson and Mrs. Gordon Bell.

The meeting was a very happy one—"What a pity there's only one re-union!" was the remark we heard made in heartfelt tones by one Old Bedan. There were dancing and games, competitions, and items contributed by the Guild's own Singing Club and the Guild's own Drama Club. The meeting was brought to a close by the presentation of prizes and the singing of the School Song, the National Anthem, and Auld Lang Syne.

Our Sing-Song.

On Wednesday, March 20th, a company of about 70 Old Bedans met at the invitation of the Guild Singing Club and made merry for two hours, singing enthusiastically favourite songs of their schooldays and enjoying it thoroughly. During the intervals we greeted our old friends.

On Miss Hutchinson as conductor and Miss Ewart as accompanist the onus of the evening fell, and their kindness was sincerely—and we may add—enthusiastically—appreciated by the meeting.

Old Bedans' Loan and Scholarship Fund.

This Fund reached the sum of £1,000 after much effort. The interest on it is devoted to helping girls to equip themselves for their careers. It is administered by a Committee consisting of (a) the Headmistress of the School, (b) an Old Bedan, (c) a Member of the Staff, (d) a Sixth Form Mistress and (e) the Treasurer of the Fund, and the help given may take the form of a Scholarship, Prize, Grant or Loan according to circumstances. Last year a scholarship of £15 for three years was awarded to Lilian Mottram, and grants were made to Flora Fields, Annie Hutchinson, Ina Russell, and Kathleen Walton.

Donations to the Fund from Bedans, Old Bedans, or friends interested will be gratefully received at any time. There is more need

of help than there is money to give—especially in these early days. Later probably those who have benefited by it will be glad to help some one else through it.

The Treasurer is Miss Farquhar.

Branch Clubs.

Any member of the Guild may join any or all of the Branch Clubs. These are self-governing and self-supporting. Details may be had from the various Secretaries.

Guild of Old Bedans' Rambling Club.

The Rambling Club had enjoyable and interesting excursions last summer and was lucky in having fine sunny days for them. It has a "snap" album given by Bessie Peake and in it are collected souvenirs of the outings.

A varied and attractive programme has been arranged for this summer, including excursions on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons to different places of interest. These usually take the form of a picnic and are very jolly. Walks and shorter rambles are also planned for Wednesday evenings.

A list of outings may be had from the Secretary.

Hon. Secretary—Nora Pallister, 103 Cleveland Road.

Guild of Old Bedans' Drama Club.

The first year of the Drama Club has not been an unqualified success. Out of 65 who gave their names to the Secretary, only 26 paid the 2s. subscription. As expenses for this Club were very heavy we have finished the season slightly in debt.

Many interesting plays were read. It was hoped to give a varied programme at our Christmas entertainment, but owing to small numbers, we had to content ourselves with the one act play—"The Man in the Bowler Hat." We hope for larger numbers next season.

Hon. Sec.—Hilda Adamson, 6 Wolseley Terrace.

Guild of Old Bedans' Singing Club.

Under the leadership of Miss Hutchinson, the members of the Singing Club spent some jolly evenings. With part songs and "The Scottish Student" we revelled in old times.

Twice we performed—at the Winter Re-Union, when, as of old, we rose to the occasion, and at the Borough Sanatorium when we helped to “pack the troubles in the old kit bag.” Our last meeting took the form of an open night when we invited all members of the Guild “to sing it as we used to sing it.” Each meeting closed with the singing of the School Song.

Hon. Sec.—Mary Mackintosh, 19 Co-operative Terrace.

Guild of Old Bedans' Social Service Club.

Since its inauguration on December 3rd, 1928, this Club has done some work to fulfil each of its aims.

(1) We have had two collections of clothing, new and old, which were generously supported. The garments were sent to poor children in schools, the Guild of Help, the Salvation Army and to poor people connected with Councillor Priestley's Mission.

(2) We have had a children's party to which fifty poor children were invited. Councillor Priestley kindly lent us a hall, and owing to the generous help of our members the party was a great success.

(3) Several of our members go for an hour a week to occupy and teach cripple children in their homes. All these find the work interesting.

The Club, helped by the Guild members and friends gave a concert at the Borough Sanatorium, and some members helped in the house-to-house collection in aid of the Grindon Convalescent Home. By the time the BEDAN is published we hope to have entertained a party of poor children at the School Games Field.

In December we sent out an invitation to all members of the Guild to join our Club. May we renew the invitation now?

Hon. Secs.—D. S. Arkle, Bede Collegiate Girls' School.
Elsie Wilson, 102 Ewesley Road.

Some of the letters received from children to whom the Social Club sent clothes:—

“Dear Lady,—Just a few lines to let you know that I thank you very much for knickers you have sent for me, and how nice and warm they are in this cold weather and what a nice present it is. Yours sincerely, Nettie L.—”

“Dear Lady,—I am writing a letter to let you know how much I thank you for the vest and knickers. It is the first time I have had knickers of this kind, and I am used to the woollen vest. They will keep me nice and warm. Mother thanks you very much and is very pleased with them, as she can't buy very many clothes out of our small income. . . . With thanks from mother and father and myself. Laura C.—”

“Dear Ladies,—I thank you very much for the warm comfortable pair of knickers I received. They are useful and most acceptable and they will last a length of time. It was very thoughtful of you, as I was in need of them. Also thanks from mother.—I remain, Yours truly, Annie.”

Guild of Old Bedans' Gift Fund.

Subscriptions to this Fund are coming in surely but slowly. The sum in the Bank is now £49 7s., and it is hoped to present the Gift early next term. The collectors are willing and anxious to receive your further donations.

Hon. Treasurer.—J. Farquhar, Bede Collegiate Girls' School.

List of Members, June, 1929.

* Life Members.

- ✓ Adanson, Hilda, 6 Walsley Terrace, Sunderland
- ✓ Aher, Madge, 8 Morford Street, Hoker
- ✓ Alexander, Isabel, 11 Crosswell Terrace, Sunderland
- ✓ Alexander, Mabel, 64 Sara Street, Sunderland
- ✓ Allison, Nancy, 1 Grace Terrace, Sunderland
- ✓ Anderson, Emily, 3 Queen's Crescent, Sunderland
- ✓ Anderson, Flora, North Moor, Fallow, Sunderland
- ✓ Applegarth, Evelyn, Southburn House, New Herrington, Philadelphia, Co. Durham
- ✓ Arkle, D. S., 48 Ashwood Terrace, Sunderland
- ✓ Armstrong, Millicent, 27 Chester Road, Sunderland
- ✓ Asher, Alberta, 8 Cuba Street, Sunderland
- ✓ Atkinson, Mollie, 5 Wooter Square, Seaview Road, Sunderland
- ✓ Bailey, Bertha, 11 Argyle Square, Sunderland
- ✓ Bates, Alice, 17 Avingdon Street, Sunderland
- ✓ Beattie, Ma, 21 Kingston Terrace, Sunderland
- ✓ Berger, Bertha, 15 Argyle Square, Sunderland
- ✓ Birchall, D. E., 22 Stratford Avenue, Sunderland
- ✓ Bird, Hilda, 1 Haylock Terrace, Sunderland
- ✓ Blackett, Eveline, 14 Ashby Street, Sunderland
- ✓ Blair, Belle, 45 Hoker Park Road, Sunderland
- ✓ Blewars, Dorothy, 125 Canon Corbie Street, Sunderland
- ✓ Booth, Janet, 22 Thornhill Gardens, Sunderland
- ✓ Bosc, M. E., 3 Hambleton View, Sunderland
- ✓ Booth, Hilda (Mrs. Kirby), 55 Harwood Road, Sunderland
- ✓ Booth, Mary, 55 Harwood Road, Sunderland
- ✓ Brantock, Dorothy, 1 Kensington Terrace, S., Sunderland
- ✓ Brettell, Lena, Crossways, Seaham, Sunderland
- ✓ Briggs, J. S., 15 Seaworth Hill, Sunderland
- ✓ Broadley, Una, 22 Mafeking Street, Fallow Road, Sunderland
- ✓ Bruce, Muriel (Mrs. Anderson), c/o Lloyd's Register of Shipping, 9 Cornhill, London, E.C. 3, England
- ✓ Buxton, Doris, Nagasaki, Japan
- ✓ Byers, Brenda, 22 Mount Road West, Sunderland
- ✓ Byrds, Marjot, 22 Oresthorne Road, Hoker, Sunderland
- ✓ Byfield, Bertha, 11 Hawthorn Street South, Sunderland
- ✓ Calkin, Mary, 14 Hawthorn Street South, Sunderland
- ✓ Canney, Evelyn, 165 Cleveland Road, Sunderland
- ✓ Carlin, Helen, 1 Barnaby Street, Sunderland
- ✓ Carr, Elizabeth, 17 Elmwood Street, Sunderland
- ✓ Carr, Phyllis, 10 Park Lane Road, Hoker, Sunderland
- ✓ Carr, Phyllis, 22 Hastings Street, Sunderland
- ✓ Clark, Lilian, 25 Newburgh Street, Sunderland
- ✓ Charlton, Minnie (Mrs. Deade), 18 Harbour Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham
- ✓ Christie, Ruby, 122 Hoker Avenue, Sunderland
- ✓ Clegg, Nancy, 9 Farquhar Terrace, Sunderland
- ✓ Clements, Jessie (Mrs. Hindmarsh), 5 Somerset Cottages, New Silksworth
- ✓ Cohen, Sarah, 1 North Elm, Sunderland
- ✓ Collinson, Blanche, 47 Mount Road East, Sunderland
- ✓ Cook, Elsie, 25 Hawarden Crescent, Sunderland
- ✓ Cook, Flora, 5 Eden Place, Newcastle Road, Sunderland
- ✓ Cowan, Florence, 7 Seaview Gardens, Sunderland
- ✓ Cowe, Edith, 22 Hawarden Crescent, Sunderland
- ✓ Cooney, Margaret, 18 Mount Road West, Sunderland
- ✓ Craig, Annie, 12 Park Place East, Sunderland
- ✓ Crombie, Deborah, Crown Mill, Boreston Park, Sunderland
- ✓ Crombie, Laura, Crown Mill, Boreston Park, Sunderland
- ✓ Cross, Eula, 20 Aurial Road, London, W. 14
- ✓ Curry, Maude, Carlisle, Hambleton Park, Sunderland
- ✓ Davidson, Dora, 13 Hoker Park Terrace, Sunderland

- Davidson, Edna, 19 Riversdale Terrace, Sunderland
 Davidson, Elsie, 37 Forster Street, Sunderland
 Davies, Thirza, 43 Devonshire Street, Sunderland
 Deana, Madeline, 31 Beatrice Street, Sunderland
 Dipple, Daisy, 14 Avenue Terrace, Sunderland
 Dipple, Nancy, 14 Avenue Terrace, Sunderland
 Dinn, Winifred, 1-4 Hyllon Road, Sunderland
 Karolinn, Elsie, 19 Thornhill Gardens, Sunderland
 Kilton, D., 31 Ashwood Terrace, Sunderland
 *Kagwall, Elsie, 9 St. John's Square, Wakefield
 *Kear, R. J., 28 Colchester Terrace, Sunderland
 ✓Katherine, Constance, 21 Hazledean View, Sunderland
 Kelson, Elsie, Colwyn Bay Hotel, Colwyn Bay
 ✓Kerphat, J., 7 The Avenue, Sunderland
 ✓Kitcher, Helen (Mrs. Mackay), 11a Wellington Road, Twickenham, Middlesex
 Kurland, Frances, 17 Clifford Street, Liverpool, Glasgow
 Forbes, Elsie, 43 The Westlands, Sunderland
 Forbes, Gladys, Hill Crest, West Hill, Sunderland
 Fox, Mahet, 3 Tunstall Terrace, Sunderland
 Fraser, Nellie, 25 Stewart Street, Sunderland
 Garraway, Eleanor, 11 1/2 Hilda Green, Eborac
 *Gibson, Gladys (Mrs. Phillips), 16 Trolayway Road, Colham, Bristol
 Gibson, Dorothy, Ivy House, Durham Road, Sunderland
 Gibson, Edith, Ivy House, Durham Road, Sunderland
 Gibson, May, Ivy House, Durham Road, Sunderland
 Gibson, Winifred, Ivy House, Durham Road, Sunderland
 Gibson, Victoria Linda, 23 Lorne Terrace, Sunderland
 Gillespie, Grace, 17 Hydebank Terrace, Sunderland
 Glassfield, Elsie, 3 Estrick Green, Sunderland
 Glassfield, Nora, 3 Estrick Green, Sunderland
 Goodair, Dorothy, 149 Hastings Street, Sunderland
 Graham, Eleanor, Herkley House, Fines Street, Fence Houses, Co. Durham
 Graham, Winifred, 158 Hyllon Road, Sunderland
 Gray, Eva, 4 New Durham Road, Sunderland
 Gray, Madge, 48 Mount Road East, Sunderland
 Greig, Betty, 5 Fox Street, Sunderland
 Greig, Ethel, 12 Belle Vue Crescent, Sunderland
 ✓Haggart, M. E., 28 Riversdale Terrace, Sunderland
 Hall, Elsie (Mrs. Russell), 48 Thebes Street, Sunderland
 Hanks, Nina, 24 Sea Road, Fulwell, Sunderland
 Harn, Nancy, 129 Hastings Street, Sunderland
 Hanson, Jean, 25 Wraith Quay Road, Sunderland
 Harwick, Hilma, 13 Grange Terrace, Sunderland
 Haris, Doris, 5 Hazledean Park, Sunderland
 Harris, I. O. M., 3 Burnville Road S., Sunderland
 Harrison, Nancy, 3 New Durham Road, Sunderland
 Haskels, Phyllis, 11 Beverland Avenue, Southwick, Sunderland
 Hogg, D'Arcy, 21 Holmhead Park S., Sunderland
 Hollingshead, Flora, 30 New Durham Road, Sunderland
 Houston, Martha, 25 Keble Street, Sunderland
 Howitt, Mary, 57 Queen's Crescent, Sunderland
 Hudson, Alice, 52 Lane Street, Sunderland
 Hudson, Gertrude, 23 Colchester Terrace, Sunderland
 ✓Hughes, M. L. V., The Garden School, Lane End, nr. High Wycombe, Bucks
 Hughes, Winifred, 12 Bernard Street, Sunderland
 Hunter, Sarah, 34 Hawarden Crescent, Sunderland
 Hussey, Amy, Holmwood, The Avenue, Southampton
 Hutcheson, Annie, 15 Gilman Terrace, Sunderland
 ✓Hutchinson, I. A., 1 Throstle Drive, Dorton Park, Sowerwood-on-Tyne
 Hutchinson, N. V. (Mrs. Hildet), Fern House, Pelton, Co. Durham
 Jackson, Florence, 10 Ashby Terrace, Sunderland
 Johnson, Doris, 45 St. Leonard Street, Sunderland
 Johnson, Evelyn, Harbour House, North Dock, Eborac
 Johnson, Irene, Harbour House, North Dock, Eborac
 Johnson, Phyllis (Mrs. Mitchell), 25 Pinkerton Place, Hough
 Judge, Bertha, 21 Robinson Street, Sunderland
 Kemptide, Elizabeth, 149 Baker Avenue, Sunderland
 Lawrence, Vera, 3 Corporation Road, Sunderland
 Lawrence, Stella, 5 Allison Place, Sunderland
 Lee, Gladys, 3 Brookside Gardens, Sunderland
 Littlehalls, Gladys, 1 Belle Vue Crescent, Sunderland
 Lloyd, Gwen, 124 Dalworth Road, Harrogate, Yorks
 ✓Lloyd, K. I. F., 3 Hillside, Sunderland
 Lockley, Ivy, Down Hill Farm West Boldon
 Lodge, F. A., Newwood, 11 St. James Road, Dudley, Worcestershire
 ✓Lynn, S. V., 42 Edgton Road, Cranspall, Manchester
 ✓Mackay, Mary, The Village, Castle Eden, Co. Durham
 ✓Mackintosh, Mary, 19 Co-operative Terrace, Sunderland
 ✓Mullen Catherine, Red House, Beechwood Terrace, Sunderland

- Martha, Edna, 25 Featherstone Street, Baker, Sunderland
 McCreesh, Catherine, 7 Keeleys Street, Sunderland
 McMillan, Minnie, 7 Ashwood Street, Sunderland
 Menkin, Thora, Rosary Cottage, Walnut, Lincoln
 Moo, Elizabeth, 3 Axelsen Avenue, Sunderland
 Metcalf, Dora, 28 Otis Terrace, Sunderland
 Morgan, Christine, Brent Knoll, Naitley Avenue, East Hildon, Co. Durham
 Moulton, Lillian, 3 King's Road, Millfield, Sunderland
 Munro, Alice, 48 Park Place East, Sunderland
 Newton, Jennie, 23 Percy Terrace, Sunderland
 Nicholson, Betty, 22 Axton Terrace South, Sunderland
 Nicholson, Nancy, 32 Axton Terrace South, Sunderland
 Nicholson, Margaret, 22 Park Gate, Hoyer, Sunderland
 Orton, Alice, 19 Scale Street, Fulwell, Sunderland
 Palliser, Nora, 123 Cleveland Road, Sunderland
 Parker, Midge, Catterick Hall, Pig Lane, Hildary, Manchester
 Parker, M., 5 Astorley Street, Sunderland
 Parkin, K. M., 3 Axelsen Terrace South, Sunderland
 Parthen, Lavinia, Patterdale, Station Avenue, Farnes House, Co. Durham
 Pease, Jessie, 8 Tunstall Terrace, Sunderland
 Peachman, Rosa, 3 The Oaks, Sunderland
 Peggate, Lucy (Mrs. Nicholl), Box 28, Frender Mine, Transvaal, S. Africa
 Pezza, Dorothy, 25 Queen's Crescent, Sunderland
 Pezzy, Mary, 54 Kewsey Road, Sunderland
 Proctor, Ethel, 28 South Street, Sunderland
 Prosser, Dorothy, 12 Heathwood Street, Sunderland
 Prosser, Elsie, 12 Heathwood Street, Sunderland
 Prosser, Marice, 12 Heathwood Street, Sunderland
 Rae, Jessie (Mrs. Pipers), 4 St. George's Square, Sunderland
 Rae, Peggy, 9 St. George's Square, Sunderland
 Richardson, Bona (Mrs. Drew), 44 Stratford Avenue, Sunderland
 Riechenberg, Lena, 9 Astley Terrace, Sunderland
 Robinson, Winifred, 31 Forster Street, Sunderland
 Rogers, Jennie, 2 Astley Terrace, Sunderland
 Roblin, Ada, Jewish Fresh Air School, Norbit, Warrington
 Roddick, Mary, 3 The Westlands, Sunderland
 Role, Anna (Mrs. Wae), 9 St. George's Square, Sunderland
 Russell, Ida, 17 Hrbely Vale Road, Sunderland
 Saunders, Winifred, 4 Ellesmere Terrace, Sunderland
 Saxby, Hilma, 8 Heathwood Street, Sunderland
 Scorne, Alice, 3 Dinsdale Road, Hoker, Sunderland
 Seeger, Eveline, 2 Dinsdale Road, Baker, Sunderland
 Scott, Elsie, 124 Hastings Street, Sunderland
 Scriven, Edith, 7 North Grove, Baker, Sunderland
 Seokles, G. M., 11 Stanington Avenue, Heston, Nonesuch-on-Tyne
 Secker, Elsie, 27 Ingley Terrace, Sunderland
 Seplian, Dora, 29 Parkham Terrace, Sunderland
 Service, Louisa, 1 Vandenbosch, Tunstall Road, Sunderland
 Sharp, Emma, 123 Cleveland Road, Sunderland
 Sharp, Josephine, 11 Thornhill Terrace, Sunderland
 Shearer, E. H., 40 Ashwood Terrace, Sunderland
 Shipman, Kathleen, 228 Cleveland Road, Sunderland
 Smyth, Marjorie, 148 Cleveland Road, Sunderland
 Smyth, Nellie, 148 Cleveland Road, Sunderland
 Smith, Jennie, 29 Astorley Street, Sunderland
 Stephenson, Dorothy, 2 Leam Terrace, Sunderland
 Stephenson, Nellie, 112 Hastings Street, Sunderland
 Stirling, Joan, 5 Spidenham Terrace, Sunderland
 Stirling, Nan, 5 Spidenham Terrace, Sunderland
 Strimberg, Eva, 51 Argyle Road, Rating, Leven W. 15
 Talbot, Winifred, 24 Thelma Street, Sunderland
 Tate, Ethel, Clonsville, Mount Road West, Sunderland
 Tate, Winifred, Clonsville, Mount Road West, Sunderland
 Taylor, Annie, The Batts, High Street, Sunderland
 Taylor, Jennie, 77 Hastings Street, Sunderland
 Thackeray, Isabel, 29A, Albion Street, Sunderland
 Thackeray, Jennie, 2 St. Albans Street, Sunderland
 Thompson, Ethel, 20 Kewsey Road, Sunderland
 Thompson, Lena, 21 Kewsey Road, Sunderland
 Thompson, Kathleen, 14 Thornhill Terrace, Sunderland
 Thompson, Lillian, 15 Oakwood Street, Sunderland
 Thompson, Ne. H., 23 Cleveland Road, Sunderland
 Thurlbeck, Elizabeth, 6 Ashwood Street, Sunderland
 Thurlow, Mary, 4 Ashwood Street, Sunderland
 Todd, E. (Mrs. Walford Gossney), Northrough Park, Fourstones, North-sunderland
 Treweek, Winifred (Mrs. Page), 25 Crossade Street, Sunderland
 Turner, Margaret, Leazesbury Road, Seaham Harbour
 Udale, Hilma, 15 Riverside Terrace, Sunderland
 Vetch, Gertrude, 237 Chester Road, Sunderland

THE BEDAN.

- Verity, Dorn, 18 Belle Vue Road, Sunderland
 Vincent, Jennie, 18 Humbleton View, Sunderland
 Walker, Ida, 8 Hunsford Street, Sunderland
 Walker, Nora, 18 Ingley Terrace, Sunderland
 Walker, Kathleen, 213 Cleveland Road, Sunderland
 Warburton, Constance, 8 Oakwood Street, Sunderland
 Ward, Doris, 42 Robinson Street, Sunderland
 Wardman, Christine, 4 The Craighands, Sunderland
 Wardman, Constance, 4 The Craighands, Sunderland
 Wardman, Winifred, 4 The Craighands, Sunderland
 Warens, Louise, 10 Salem Avenue, Sunderland
 Watson, Elsie, 12 Howarth Street, Sunderland
 Wayman, Joan, 3 Valebrook Avenue, Sunderland
 Welch, Lucy, 5 Mowbray Close, Sunderland
 Welch, Nancy, 5 Mowbray Close, Sunderland
 White, Grace, 11 Beechwood Street, Sunderland
 Whiting, Ellen, 46 Cleveland Road, Sunderland
 Whiting, Winifred, 46 Cleveland Road, Sunderland
 Wilkinson, Gertrude, Bell Court, Castlefile Road North, Baker
 Hills, Francis, 283 Chester Row 3, Sunderland
 Wilson, Annie, 5 Westneath Avenue, Spurr's Farm Estate, Sunderland
 Wilson, Elsie, 103 Kewley, Road, Sunderland
 Wilson, M. G., 4 Argyle Street, Sunderland
 Wilson, Gladys, 283 Cleveland Road, Sunderland
 Wilson, A. Octavia, 4 Beechwood Street, Sunderland
 Wood, Edith, 1 Fox Street, Sunderland
 Wood, Grace, Rockwell Training College, Bishop's Startford, Herts.
 Wright, Gwen, 25 Rosalyn Terrace, Sunderland
 Yout, Dorcas, 4 Ashmore Street, Sunderland
 Yout, Nora, 4 Ashmore Street, Sunderland

In Memoriam—Lilian Warburton

