

FOREWORD.

THIS is the second *Bedare* to be produced in the New School and contains the record of our activities during the first year in these "Palatial Buildings." It has been a very busy year, for it was quite a while before we settled down in our new home, and we spent much time wandering vaguely through the labyrinthine corridors—for such they then seemed to us. We are now, however, quite "at home" and already memories of the Old School are fast receding into the dim recesses of the past.

In September there were again some changes in the Staff. Miss Neilson left us to take up a post at Bingley Training College, and in her place we welcome Miss Locker; Miss Birchall has at last had her great desire for an assistant fulfilled by the advent of Miss Biggs; and Miss Peters, who divides her time between the Training College and Bede, lends her valuable assistance to Miss Ward three days a week, so we now rejoice in the possession of "one and a half gym. mistresses." We shall be very sorry to say good-bye to Miss Farquhar when she leaves us at the end of this term, and we wish her every happiness in the future.

During the Easter term Miss Hutchinson was, unfortunately, absent, owing to illness. We missed her very much, although we had an able substitute in Miss Smith, and we hailed her return with joy. We hope her health will continue to improve.

In March the School was visited by His Majesty's Inspectors, who seemed quite pleased with what they saw of our work. The annual competition for the Charlton Gymnastic Shield was held in July. Miss Reed was unable to be present, so Miss Edith Alexander, a former school-captain, very kindly came to act as judge. The Shield was awarded to Upper IVb. Owing to Miss Hutchinson's absence the Singing Competition was postponed. Instead of being on the last day of the Summer term, it was held on Thursday, November 20th, and the Cups were awarded to Upper IVb. and VI. and Students. All other news of the School and the Guild of Old Bedars will be found elsewhere in this magazine, which we now commend to our readers, hoping that they will be as pleased with it as they have been with its predecessors.

I. LUNDY.

E. WILSON.

"Prometheus Unbound"—An Appreciation.

As a diversion from our work for the Higher Certificate Examination we have recently been studying "Prometheus Unbound." Formerly it was quite unknown to us, and we soon realised of how much our ignorance had deprived us. We hope that this effort will act as an incentive to others to further their acquaintance with the poem.

Shelley himself described "Prometheus" as a lyrical drama; its claim to be a drama may be disputed as it contains very little action, but it is written in dramatic form, being divided into acts and scenes. Of its lyrical quality, however, there can be no doubt, as may be seen from the following example:

"My soul is an enchanted boat
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the waves of thy sweet singing."

The story is briefly this—Prometheus has been chained by Jove to a rock in the Caucasus and is attended by Ione and Panthea, who signify Hope and Faith. He has cursed Jupiter, but revokes the curse, as he wishes "no living thing to suffer pain." The hour destined for the deliverance of Prometheus at last arrives and Demogorgon, a mysterious power, ascends from the underworld and overthrows Jupiter. Prometheus is then unbound and re-united to Asia, whom he loves. The fourth act is a song of rejoicing sung by the Earth and the Moon.

The story has also an allegorical significance. Prometheus represents the mind of man which is chained by Tyrannical Ignorance in the person of Jupiter. Asia is Intellectual Beauty, and only when Prometheus is capable of the supreme act of forgiveness can he be re-united to Asia.

The theme running through the poem is:

"Fate, Time, Occasion, Chance, and Change. To these
All things are subject but eternal love."

The poem, especially in the first act, conveys a sense of boundless space and limitless time as for example in

"Three thousand years of sleep, unsheltered hours
And moments, e'en, divided with less pain
Till they seemed years."

and

"The loftiest star of unascended heaven
Pinnacled dim in the intense vastness."

This provides a fitting background for the colossal figure of the Titan and is in keeping with the loftiness of the theme.

The verse itself is very beautiful. It is full of picturesque images :

"The loud deep calls me home even now to heed it
With arms outstret from the emerald arms
Which stand for ever full beside my throne."

and vivid patches of colour :

"I saw two azure halcyons clinging downward
And thinning one bright bunch of amber berries
With quick long beaks, and in the deep there lay
Those lovely forms imaged as in a sky."

It is also very musical. The blank verse is varied with bursts of song in different metres. This is especially the case in Act IV., where we have the "deep music of the rolling world" :

"The joy, the triumph, the delight, the madness,
The boundless overflowing, bursting gladness,
The superious exultation not to be confined."

and the "clear, silver, icy, keen undernotes of the moon" :

"The snow upon my lifeless mountains
Is loosened into living fountains,
My solid oceans flow and sing and shine."

These qualities are apparent to the most casual reader, but further study ever reveals fresh beauties. If those who have not read the poem will but be persuaded to do so, we are sure that they will agree that it is not only one of the finest of Shelley's poems, but also one of the finest in the English language.

ELIZABETH WILSON, } Upper VI.
ISABEL LUNDY, }

Silver Lining.

Last Christmas we sent our annual subscription of £25 towards the upkeep of "Our Cot" in the Children's Hospital and have now the funds in hand for the coming year.

More than 500 eggs were collected in school at Easter and sent as an Easter gift to the Hospital.

Some of the Needlework Classes made little garments, which were much appreciated by the Matron, and we hope the children liked the "animal" feeders. This year four Forms are busy making little articles of clothing, and some girls are dressing dolls at home, which we hope to send to some institution where the children do not get many toys at Christmas.

The Treasurer would like to take this opportunity of saying that she has felt it a real pleasure to be connected with an effort which is so unselfishly and generously supported.

D. S. ARKLE.

St. Dunstan's Fund.

No separate collections have been made for this Fund; but it always receives a fair proportion of the "Charities' Collection" made each term. As these have been most generous the Fund is in a flourishing condition, and little John is in no danger of becoming a pauper! Some nice presents were sent to him last Christmas and a birthday cake in February. He acknowledged these himself in a grateful little letter and sent us his photograph. Bedans who have helped to support him in the past will be pleased to know that he has practically all the Christmas presents that they have ever sent him and still plays with them.

S. O. S.

The School's collection of tinfoil has been decreasing of late, but the Guild of Help's need for it has not. Save your silver-paper and help the Guild!

National Savings Association.

The School membership of this Association still remains small, an average of less than 30 for the year—and it might be 300!

We would make another appeal to the girls who will be leaving school in the next two or three years to begin this habit of saving; it will stand them in good stead all their lives. If only the new girls would begin now they would have quite a large sum of money to their credit when they come to leave school.

The amount paid in from September, 1929, to the present time is about £80.

J. FARQUHAR.

Hockey Notes, 1929-30.

The hockey team was very unfortunate last season, as there was a great deal of rain, which did not improve an already poor pitch. This did much to hinder our practices, and many matches were cancelled. But, owing to the kindness of Miss Rand, we were able to use Spark's Farm pitch for practices and occasional matches. All things considered, we did not do badly and, even if the pitch was not to our liking, the spray baths afforded us great pleasure. This season, with the advantage of our new pitch, we hope to go from strength to strength.

The team expresses to Miss Ward its appreciation of her valuable coaching and its thanks to Mary Fairclough, Margaret Turner, and Isabel Scott for so ably preparing the refreshments at home matches.

D. PAULINE ORR, Captain.

Hockey Criticisms, 1929-30.

- 2. MICHA NELSON was, on the whole, very reliable and in some matches played a really good game. She should not, however, entirely forego the use of her stick, and must return to her position immediately on clearing.
 - 4. MARY THORNTON made a promising start. She must work with her ball and not leave the opposing inner in order to tackle the wing until absolutely necessary.
 - 6. PAULINE ORR was a great asset to the team. She played a sound, thoughtful game, her stickwork improved greatly, and she was a reliable secretary.
- JESSIE HARTON worked well and showed promise; but her stickwork needed improvement, and she did not back up her forwards sufficiently.
- C. BARNES was somewhat erratic and inclined to obstruct. She was a useful member of the team and some of her stickwork was very neat.
- NANCY CRUTE did some good work as left-half. She, also, should have backed up her forwards more than she did.
- 2. WINNIE HALSTEAD showed improvement. Her speed and shooting were good; but she should learn to do the unexpected and to have more ball-control.
- FROST ATKINSON played a much sounder game this season and her stickwork improved considerably.
- JOAN SPARLING made a good captain. Her work was neat and steady, and her shooting good.
- 3. M. WARD's play would benefit considerably if she could improve her stickwork. She has not sufficient "dash"; but her "following-up" shots in the circle are good.
 - 4. D. WARD was very speedy and her shooting was good. Her play would improve if she could concentrate on more ball-control.

Rockey Colors.—P. ATKINSON, P. ORR (Captain).

S. J. WARD.

Netball, 1929-30.

Despite the unfavourable weather conditions which prevailed throughout the season, we were not obliged to cancel many of our fixtures. The weather played havoc with our practices, but we managed to keep smiling and did not fare so badly after all.

Towards the beginning of the season our Secretary, Kathleen Bellamy, had a most unfortunate breakdown and was unable to play any more netball. We should like to express our sympathy with her.

We wish to thank Miss Ward for her valuable assistance in coaching the team throughout the season, and Hilda Lisle, Isabel Lundy, and Eleanor Wilson for supervising the teas.

BETTY ROSS, Captain.

Netball Criticisms, 1929-30.

MARION BARNES improved considerably this season and played a very sound, reliable game.

MAY GRANTON was inclined to obstruct; but she did some good work with the goalkeeper.

KATHLEEN BELLAMY was unable to play owing to illness, and her place was taken by MARJORIE STEPHENSON. Marjorie made a promising start, but was somewhat inaccurate in passing and needed to be much more speedy.

NANCY CAUTE played a good game throughout the season and her play reached a high standard—the feature of her play being her speed and ability to intercept. She made a good captain.

BETTY ROSS played a good, thoughtful game and was a great asset to the team. She is a neat, speedy player, and her jumping is good.

JOAN SPARLING was good on the whole. She played a quiet, but effective game.

HILDA JOHNSON'S shooting was fairly steady; but her weak point was her slowness in dodging and getting free.

Netball Colours.—MARION BARNES, NANCY CAUTE (Captains).

S. J. WARD.

Tennis Notes.

Last season the tennis team was very unfortunate, as every player was inexperienced in match play; we were further handicapped in that we had to use the public courts, as our own were not completed. In spite of these misfortunes, however, we had several matches which we thoroughly enjoyed, and our play improved towards the end of the season.

The inter-form matches which were arranged, unfortunately, could not be played, because of inclement weather.

We should like to express to Miss Ward our appreciation and thanks for her untiring energy in coaching us; also to W. Halstead, M. Wade, and D. Ward for preparing the refreshments at home matches.

First Couple.

- C. P. ORR.
D. M. MACLAUCHLAN.

Second Couple.

- C. BARKER.
A. B. ROSS.

MARGARET MACLAUCHLAN, Captain.

Rounders, 1929.

Last Summer we started rounders and everyone was most enthusiastic about the game, which was new to us. It was arranged that inter-form matches should be played; but, owing to the disappointing weather, we were unable to finish them. We are looking forward to next season, when we intend to have a team to meet other schools.

D. PAULINE ORR.

Bede School Junior Branch of the League of Nations Union (1929-30).

We have again to record a good membership and a successful year's work, although steady support of the Union by *all* its members should be their aim. Many of the speakers from the Upper Forms gave good papers and engaged in vigorous debates, particularly on "Disarmament." We were able to secure only one outside speaker, Mr. Nicholas Wood, but he gave us a most interesting talk on "Minorities" at our last meeting of the session. We hope to build up a small library, and all magazines, pictures, or newspaper cuttings on topics of the day will always be gladly received. Our fine new poster for the notice-board, designed by Marjorie Walker, has already added colour and attracted attention to our corner of the corridor.

E. M. PARKIN.

Verse Translation Competition.

The prizes are awarded as follows:—

Senior Section.—Margaret MacLauchlan, Form Upper VI. (Hérod's "Berceuse").

Proxime Accesserunt.—Emma Rouse, Form Upper Va.; Eleanor Wilson, Form Upper VI.; Eva Miller, Form Upper Va.

Junior Section.—Joan Daniels, Form Lower IVb. ("Berceuse").

Proxime Accesserunt.—Brenda Scott, Form Lower IVb.; Doris Miller, Form Lower IVa.; Audrey Arnold, Form Lower Va.

Many really good verses were submitted and we are sorry not to have space enough to quote, or to give a detailed criticism, for many girls whose names cannot appear have sent us in work which deserves a mention. We must limit ourselves, however, to a few special commendations.

As is usual in a translation competition, we received some poems complete and pleasing in themselves, but departing too much from the original French—such were, for example, those of Marjorie Wilson, Vera Brown, and Suzanne Rae, and Kathleen Mair's "Cradle Song." Others were very good only in part, for example, the first stanza of Ethel Davison's "Mon Bateau." Although the "Ronde Flamande" in the Junior Section is more difficult to translate satisfactorily than the other two poems, we received several creditable versions. None appears at the very top of the list, because the best poems did not bring out the repetition which is an integral part of a "Round." Some of the "Mon Bateau" efforts were spoilt by grammar mistakes due to the exigencies of the rhymes. The "Berceuse" was the popular choice, and produced, besides many pretty verses, some wonderful and original rhymes, e.g., "car" and "where," "lamblet" and "hamlet," "cradle" and "ladle!"

In the Senior Section, the translation of "Toute Fesée est une Fleur" did not reach quite the same standard as the other poems, though Vera Harriald had two good verses.

The title "Royauté Très Simple" is certainly not easy to translate, and competitors were more successful with the verses themselves. In this section, too, the "Berceuse" was the popular poem, and several good versions were submitted. In nearly every case the refrain is satisfying and musical. Only lack of space forbids our quoting. The short lines and the whimsical ideas of the "Danse des Libellules" make this poem difficult to translate, and we commend the enterprise of the five girls who attempted it.

We asked Dr. J. J. Milne, of Birmingham University, to judge the poems, and we quote from her letter:—

"I think Margaret MacLauchlan's 'Berceuse,' in spite of three rather feeble lines in stanza 1, is the best poem. Her refrain and her second and third stanzas are what they set out to be—a cradle song. But, of course, she is older than the others, and the 'Cradle Song' of Emma Rouse is very good too, in spite of blemishes and in view of the fact that it is the work of a girl three years younger. Eleanor Wilson's work is good, though I do not like 'mourful Philomel' in a cradle song or 'gifts is giving,' or 'mystic new delight.'"

"Then the 'Danse des Libellules' was more difficult to make convincing. I think that Eva Miller deserves great commendation for her translation and especially for the short lines, though the last stanza is spoilt with inversions and 'rights'."

"*Juniors*.—I think some of the productions excellent. I would put Joan Daniels first for her understanding of a lullaby, her rhythm, and her understanding of the poem, of the pictures in the sky, and of the good village dog. It seems to me an extraordinarily good bit of work for a child of 12½."

"Next I should put Brenda Scott for her gentle sheep; but her work is a little marred by the 'gate' in stanza 2, and by 'ferce and wild' in the last. About equal with her is Doris Miller, but her 'golden shoen' and *four* dog spoil a pretty lullaby."

"Audrey Arnold's 'My Boat' is good and light, and deserves commendation, though 'so' and 'go' are feeble."

"I showed the translations to a colleague in the English and Training Department. She was tremendously impressed with the general excellence of the performance, and wants to know if the girls get a lot of practice. So am I impressed!"

In addition to the girls mentioned above, the following are Highly Commended:—

Senior Section.—W. Halstead, M. Wade, S. Verity, and N. Voss Bark for the "Berceuse." R. Glahelm, K. Maie, and D. Ward for the "Libellules." Edith Johnson for "Royauté Très Simple."

Junior Section.—E. Batty and L. Dawson for the "Berceuse." E. Stonehouse and P. Tennant for the "Ronde." Brenda Scott for "Mon Bateau."

The following are Commended:—

Senior Section.—A. Hunter, P. Orr, and N. Davidson for "Berceuse." C. Ferguson for "Libellules." I. Lundy and B. Cortes for "Royauté Très Simple." V. Harrauld for "Toute Pensée."

Junior Section.—M. Lawson, L. English, A. Souter, B. Gallie, and Margaret Robinson for "Berceuse." A. Lawther, J. Hay, M. Suffield, N. Trewitt, E. Lynch, D. Robinson, and W. Scott for the "Ronde." B. Wheldon and J. Davis for "Mon Bateau."

The Prize Poems are printed in full.

Cradle Song.

("Berzusc," Hifoid.)

Sweet was the song of the nightingale
 Sung in the depths of a woody vale.
 Sleep, little ones, the night is clear;
 She gives to you her wealth to hold;
 She opens for you her eyes of gold;
 Children, throw off your dim dark fear.

Sweet was the song of the nightingale
 Sung in the depths of a woody vale.
 Come, little ones, dream happily;
 No cruel monsters here abound,
 But fragrance sweet from fields is found;
 The sea on shore beats laughingly.

Sweet was the song of the nightingale
 Sung in the depths of a woody vale.
 Love little ones the mystery
 Of leaf, of fruit, of flower, of tree,
 Lose this, thy power to hear and see,
 Lose life, lose all humanity.

Sweet was the song of the nightingale
 Sung in the depths of a woody vale.

M. MACLAURIAN, Upper VI.

Lullaby.

("Berzusc.")

Sleep, sleep, my little one, sleep,
 For out there in the cold are the sheep;
 Sleep, for the lambs are in the fold,
 Sleep, my little one, be not cold,
 Sleep, sleep, my little one, sleep.

Sleep, sleep, my little one, sleep,
 Up in the golden sky are the sheep;
 See the moon with her flock up there,
 As she guides them across the heavens with care,
 Sleep, sleep, my little one, sleep.

Sleep, sleep, my little one, sleep,
 And do not you so loudly weep,
 Or out of the basket the big dog will come,
 To take you away from your cot and your home,
 Sleep, sleep, my little one, sleep.

Sleep, sleep, my little one, sleep,
 For out there in the cold are the sheep;
 Go, good dog, away to your flock,
 And let me in peace my little one rock,
 Sleep, sleep, my little one, sleep.

J. DAVILA, Lower IVa.

The Bede School Badge.

Few girls who pass through Bede School ever stop to consider the meaning of their badge. Most of them know the meaning of our motto, "Post Tenebras Lux," but do not seem to realize that each part of the badge has also a meaning.

As the older pupils reach the higher forms and thence go out into the world, new girls come into the school and take their places. To represent this "ever-renewing stream" of scholars is the Phoenix, from whose ashes a new bird was thought to rise in olden times. This bird is outspreading its wings over the other symbols, thus suggesting that Bedans can master all.

The main object of school life is doubtless to train the mind, and so we find an open book representing the work done in the school, but as all work and so play would make us dull and unhealthy, beside the book is a ball. This ball symbolizes the games—tennis, hockey or net-ball—which we play throughout the year.

It is only right that, in our badge, we should have something to represent the town in which Bede School stands, hence the western part of the coat-of-arms of Sunderland, forms part of our school badge. To symbolize the trade of the town is a sailing-ship, rather inferior, no doubt, to the large steamships which are built to-day.

The motto "Post Tenebras Lux" has a great purpose in conveying that no matter how "dark" may seem the learning to the mind of a young Bedan, as she passes through the school the meaning will become clearer, till when she finally leaves the school, the darkness will have been turned into light.

Let us therefore remember the meaning of our badge, and especially of our motto, as we strive to understand what may at the time seem very "hard" and difficult.

EDITH RUSSELL, Lower VI.

A Song of Praise.

When winter grips with icy hand
Both hill and dale,
And casts his mantle o'er the land
With snow and hail;
When piercing north-east winds do blow
With bitter blast,
And streams that did but lately flow
Are frozen fast;
When icicles drip from the eaves
Into the lake,
And Jack Frost nips the fairy leaves
Upon the pane;
When bare trees shudder with the cold
And gleam with frost,
When gloomy months even hold
That summer's loss,
One warm and loving friend have they
If they be wise,
Who gloom and cold drives far away
A very price;
When cruel winter's icy grasp
Their flesh does spot,
They hug with close and loving clasp
A bottle hot!

D. WARR, Upper VI.

THE BEDAN.

Limerick.

There was a young scholar of Bede,
Who struggled to fill a great need,
His desire for much learning,
Because such a punning,
That none else's a shadow indeed!

JOAN WISE, Lower VI.

Homework.

(With apologies to Shakespeare.)

Certainly my conscience will serve me to read my novel. The fiend is at my elbow and tempts me, saying, "Paella, Mala Paella," or "good Paella," or "good Mala Paella, take the start, read your novel." My conscience says, "No, take heed honest Mala; take heed honest Paella," or as aforesaid, "honest Mala Paella; do not read that novel, scorn reading." Well, the most courageous fiend bids me read; "Read," says the fiend, "for heaven's sake rouse up a brave mind and read." Well, my conscience says very wisely to me, "My honest friend Mala, read not." "Read," says the fiend. "Read not," says my conscience. "Conscience," say I, "you counsel wisely." "Fiend," say I, "you counsel well." To be ruled by my conscience I should do what is right; to be ruled by the fiend I should do what I like. The fiend gives the more friendly advice. I will read, fiend, I am at your command; I will read.

A. HAYTON, Lower V's.

Sunset.

I sat me on the mossy turf
That clothed the banks of a purpling brook;
And flowers were sprinkled 'neath the fern,
Which murmured with the sighing breeze.
And hills rose above tree-tops in joy,
'Till they faded away, blue to blue sky,
At the shady nook.

I gazed at the beauty all around,
At the trees aflame with the golden gleam
Of the sinking sun. And far away
The sky heightened the close of day—
A blaze of splendour away in the west,
Where the blood-red sun sank down to rest.
And daisy cloudlets, purple and pink,
Were reflected in the crystal brink
Of the chattering stream.

And now the splendour is fading fast,
The twilight breezes hold their breath;
The air is fragrant; the shadows loom
Like ghostly wraiths on the gurgling brook.
And there, in the eastern sky else
Is confirmed, by a single twinkling star
Day's golden death.

ALICE LAWRENCE, Lower IV's.

A Lament on the Death of the Heroes of R 101.

My Muse, why art thou silent thus so long,
Or art thou too o'erwhelmed now with woe?
Come, sing for me some melancholy song
In accents sad and solemn, soft and slow.

To those, our nation's heroes, tender glory,
O give my frail pen words to speak their worth,
Let their fair fame be told in song and story,
And let their valour blaze o'er all the earth.

O sweet Melpomene, do not refuse
Longer from singing in thy tragic tones
Some beautiful and melancholy strain
To mark the loss of those beloved ones.

Of each of these, unerring nature can
Say unto all the world, "This was a man."

ERASER WILSON, Upper VI.

English.

Scratch, scratch, scratch, the Muse of song and story is working hard this morning with a certain form of industrious Bedan, and the badly-used pen of my fair neighbour is loud in its complaints. The sun shines, the old horse clatters up the hill, cars and lorries roar, each louder than the last. But my Muse has flown, and no doubt gambols in some verdant meadow with the falling leaves of autumn, for it loves not this life of noise and haste. What would I not do to join in such revels in the freedom of Olympus?

DOROTHY ATKINSON, Upper Vc.

To the Princess Margaret Rose.

Daughter of royal duke, a noble sire,
And the fair duchess with the winning smile,
Whom all the folk, both high and low, admire,
Who doth all hearts throughout the land beguile;

O, thou, whose birth did fill with joy the North,
Hast thou Glancie rejoiced throughout its halls
When warm suns of late August called thee forth
To life, and thou didst bloom within its walls.

Fair Rose of York! may never wind or cold
With cruel hand destroy thy petals bright,
But may they grow, and one by one unfold
And bring, to all who see, joy and delight.

Mayst thou be fairer than each flower that grows,
The pride of Britain—Princess Margaret Rose!

MAUR. LEWIS, Upper VI.

The Broad Highway.

I sat out walking one winter night
 Along the broad highway,
 The stars were set, the moon was up,
 And all was clear as day.

I stood quite still at an old sign-post
 Which creaked and seemed to say,
 "Sit you down here, and watch for a while;
 You'll see sights of another day."

I sat and waited, and waited and watched,
 At the side of the broad highway,
 And passing me, dim, shadowy forms,
 Came the ghosts of yesterday.

First two knights in shining steel
 Rode quickly to the fray,
 Then horsemen two, weary, forlorn,
 With news of an ill-fought day.

Then came a creaking coach and pair
 A-down the broad highway,
 And after them came riding, riding,
 A highwayman in coat of gray.

These ghostly forms passed one by one
 Along the broad highway,
 They spoke of the past, that for ever is gone,
 These ghosts of another day.

The warning host of the heron's owl
 Came over the broad highway,
 It broke the spell and banished from sight
 These ghosts of yesterday.

K. Mear, Upper Va.

Dawn in the Highlands.

Here! I was awakened by the shrill whistle of the train. Where was I, I wondered. Soon I remembered; I had been asleep in the train for four hours, and now it was five in the morning.

I glanced out of the carriage window, and there a wonderful sight met my gaze. I sat and stared, spellbound, for there rose before me high, heather-clad mountains, the Highlands of Scotland. The faint gleams of the early sunrise were just beginning to show over the rugged peaks. As the train hurried along, the sun began to ascend slowly higher and higher into the heavens. Soon blue sky appeared as the clouds of darkness vanished. The sun was now a blazing ball of fire. Presently I caught sight of little farm-houses, nestling at the foot of the mountains or in the valleys. Although it was so early in the day, smoke curled lazily upwards out of the chimneys, showing that the inmates were already up. The sun, by this time, was well above the peaks; the rugged grandeur of the purple mountains gleaming in the early sunrise appealed greatly to me, and dawn in the Highlands is a sight I shall always remember.

L. DUNCAN, Lower Va.



"THE DAME AND HER DUCKS."

ELLA SOLLEY, L.V.S.

The End of a Bedan Competition.

Fires burning, red as roses,
 Keep your secret, lose it never,
 Of her story, gone for ever,
 Gone for ever is her story,
 Never to be read again.
 Alone she knew, she'd burned her story,
 Burned her story, greatest treasure,
 Given to the leaping flames,
 Flamed as crimson as the sunset,
 Flames that burn and glow unending,
 Flames that burned a common grave:
 Not a grave for that great story,
 Just a grave for joke that's hoary,
 Never grave for glorious story,
 Story from her ink pen,
 Story written while Mass was fresh.
 Lost and gone for ever is her story,
 The only memory of her fame
 Gone for ever!
 Lost in wonder sits a mistress
 Reading Bedan's great attempts,
 Great attempts at verse and story,
 All with age grown old and hoary.

Miss ROSS, Upper Vc.

Our Tuck Shop.

When school is done and we are free,
 Before we wander home to tea,
 We visit Quarry House,

It is a little farmhouse shop,
 Where ice-cream's sold and soda pop—
 The fare of Quarry House.

The ice-cream is like sacred meat,
 The drinks are nectar pure indeed,
 When had in Quarry House.

The ice-cream baked seems to say,
 "Come and buy. Don't haste away,
 Leave not your Quarry House."

The soda fountain laves away
 The parasites we have saved all day,
 They rest in Quarry House.

But soon the winter will come on,
 And ice-cream is the summer's son,
 Alas for Quarry House!

But let us not so soon despair,
 There's left another season fair,
 We'll go to Quarry House

M. ALLISON, Lower Vc.

At the Docks.

Noise and tumult, smell of tar,
Tang of sea, and clouds of dust,
Mingled are, yet do not jar.
Noise and tumult, smell of tar,
Fall the scenes of ships to-morrow,
They are borne on fresh sea-gust;
Noise and tumult, smell of tar,
Tang of sea, and clouds of dust,

Trawlers, laden cargo-ships,
Tugs and speedy motor-boats;
Side by side, each rises, dips.
Trawlers, laden cargo-ships;
Twain there heavily laden ships,
Then on ripples past them float;
Trawlers, laden cargo-ships,
Tugs and speedy motor-boats.

MARY MAUGHAN, LOWER VA.

The Piper.

The night was very black, and the moon had gone behind a cloud as I wended my way homeward. Suddenly I halted. Very faint at first, but becoming louder and louder, I could hear the shrill of the pipes. The sound appeared to be coming from the hill behind me. I turned, but nothing could be seen except the huge black shape of the Knock. The slow, mournful strains were familiar to me, but where was the piper?

The moon now burst from behind a cloud, and I could see quite plainly the top of the hill, fringed with tall trees, that appeared ghost and ghoul-like in the pale gleam. The moon seemed to shine brightly on one particular spot, and there now stepped into view the tall figure of a piper. All was still around him, and as he moved through the trees the light of the moon appeared to follow him. I was rooted to the ground, and my eyes followed the weird spectre as he flitted through the trees, the wail of the bagpipes floating down to the town below.

Suddenly, as quickly as he had appeared, the piper disappeared, the moon went once again behind a cloud, and all was silent on the hill-top.

I watched the Knock every night for the ghostly piper to appear, but he never did.

Helen Reid, Lower Va.

A Triolet.

'Tis only a grid-look, oh! so small,
That causes confusion.
A tiny squawk, a thundering brawl,
'Tis only a grid-look, oh! so small,
With piercing shriek, or plaintive call,
Whence comes this wail of desolation?
'Tis only a grid-look, oh! so small,
That causes confusion.

BEATRICE WILSON, Lower Va.

Market Day.

Harrah! harrah! 'tis market day,
Do please hurry and let's away,
For we must see the ducks and hens,
The pigs and cows and sheep in pens.

Round the stalls we wind our way,
To see the bargains there to-day,
Tapes and buttons, coats and cheese,
What a mixture, if you please.

When we have tramped the stalls around,
And yet no bargains we have found,
We to the top stall then make haste,
Articles laid out with haste.

For our bargains we have paid,
And our time we've overstayed,
Now satisfied we home must run,
Our shopping now is really done.

ELLA SOMMERSON, Lower Va.

A Dream.

Sitting on a seat in Mowbray Park the other day, wondering what I could write for "The Bredan," my thoughts began to wander, and before long I was fast asleep.

The next I can remember was walking round the park viewing the beauties of nature—the trees in all their autumn glory—the leaves being chased by the wind—the beds of flowers and the daisies, which were almost hidden by the long grass. Even though they seemed hidden they held their heads high, and looked proud to be growing in the park, and I wondered why. Soon I found out, in a very strange way. I began to realize that I was not walking alone, and I did not know the people I was walking with. I had noticed a sparrow also flying about with me, and to my amazement it said, "Chirp, chirp, you are blind if you do not know why the daisies are proud to be in this park, a park teeming with memories of the glorious past of this country."

I suddenly recognized the men who were with me—Jack Crawford, the hero of Camperdown, who was born in this town. He risked his life to nail the flag of his ship upon the mast, General Havelock, the great soldier who won a great victory for England. There were two other men walking with me—an officer and a "Tommy," two of the thousands of our glorious dead who served their country so bravely and nobly during the Great War.

Then I seemed to hear a cry, and it came from the Winter Gardens. On going in I found the birds, flowers and goldfish, and also the parrots, all crying because there is a suggestion that they should be taken down to Sea Lane, and they did not like the idea at all.

Some boys fishing in the pond made an extra loud shout because they had caught a fish, and then I found I was sitting on the seat in the park.

I had been asleep. I felt as Alice must have felt when she woke up after having been in Wonderland.

A. McKINER, Lower Va.

A Triolet.

A SEVEN IN TIME SAYS NINE.

A match in time says nine they say,
 And this is very true, alas!
 From this advice we often stray,
 A match in time says nine they say,
 For holes grow bigger every day
 And hopes of mending quickly pass,
 A match in time says nine they say,
 And this is very true, alas!

G. VINCENT, Upper Va.

A Cathedral.

A great cathedral is one of the most wonderful sights in the world.

As one enters, one is struck with the stillness which prevails, broken only by the echo of one's footsteps, which enhances the absolute quiet, and seems to bring out the vastness of the wonderful structure, the work of man's clever fingers.

Standing at the rear end of the cathedral one sees at the eastern end the organ, the choir seats and the raised-off chancel.

While looking at these parts, something indescribable seems to draw one's attention to the window above, glowing, as it seems, the eyes, till they rest on a picture, the Madonna and the Child, painted in the most beautiful colours.

After gazing at the tremendous organ, one looks towards the west of the cathedral, and immediately gapes in astonishment at the sheer beauty of the sight: the sun is shining through a wonderfully coloured window, designed in the most delicate colours.

The carvings, the old battle flags, the tombs and the statues fill one with a great awe and a feeling of wonder. Outside are the cloisters; one can almost see the monastic monks walking, with arms folded, along the darkened avenues.

On leaving the cathedral one looks up at the great building, a monument to the skill of man, and to the greatness of his works.

M. NIXON, Lower Va.

Chicken's Milk.

My little brother is eighteen months' old. From the age of eight months, his chief article of diet has been Chicken's milk. He is a big, strong boy, and weighs two stones eight pounds. When we take him to the park, we meet other mothers with their babies, who admire him and ask what his food is. I may add that they refuse to believe that he has been brought up on Chicken's milk. Last week a friend came to me, and when asked whether she preferred Chicken's milk or condensed milk, she replied, "There is no such thing as chicken's milk." But there is. A friend and I had an argument about it. She persisted in telling me that it is impossible to obtain milk from chickens. However, she was quite convinced when I took her to Chicken's shop and showed her the bottles of milk arranged on the counter.

OLIVER ARTHUR, III.

My Treasure Shop.

Down past the house with the old green blinds,
And down by the cobbled lane,
You'll see me at my treasure shop,
My nose glued to the pane.

The big red motor-car with lights,
Beside that Christmas tree,
Seems now to say, "You're just the man—
Why? you were made for me."

While every time the dazed gleams,
With pretty shimmering lights,
Among their folds the glass toys peep,
Like twinkling elfin sprites.

Beside that plump brown teddy bear,
Six jambs, squat and fat,
And oh! I'd simply love to have
That cuddly pump out.

And wistfully I gaze and sigh
At all the toys I see,
For how can I buy all these things
With one small halfpenny?

JAMES McLENNAN, Upper IVa.

Flowers and their Meaning.

From time immemorial, flowers and trees, besides being lovely to see, have held a special significance. The gods of ancient Greece had individual emblems. For instance, Pluto, King of the Underworld, had as his emblem the funeral cypress; Bacchus, the merry god of wine, was represented by the vine; Apollo, god of music, by the laurel leaf, while the olive was dedicated to Minerva, wisest of gods and goddesses.

Long afterwards, when Christianity was born, the custom was still alive, and many were the floral tributes made to saints. Canterbury Bells were dedicated to St. Augustine of England, the crocus to St. Valentine. Edward the Confessor was represented in the floral kingdom by the crown imperial, and Mary Magdalene by the sweet-smelling rose.

Countries, too, have their representations. The rose of England and the lily of France are famous, but among the lesser known are the linck of Prussia, the nigelmöste of Saxony and the violet of Athens. Napoleon, by the way, was also represented by the violet.

Many flowers and trees have symbolical meanings too. The pure lily and the olive branch of peace may be garaged together with the orange-blossoms of virginity. The lovely rose is the symbol of incontinence, and several trees, such as the pine, the cypress, the myrtle, and the amarant are associated with Death.

The rose is really worthy of a paragraph to itself, so many are its significances. Besides the others already mentioned, there are various kinds of roses which have other meanings. For instance, the Rose of Sharon is supposed to represent the

Irish rose, the Burgandy Rose, simplicity and beauty, and the China Rose, grace or beauty over truth.

Throughout the ages men have woven wonderful tales round these dainty dwellers of the fields and gardens, and literature has been immensely enriched thereby. Much that is good and beautiful would have been lost to us without the lovely reminders of nature's art and beauty, which gladden our hearts and eyes as we pass them by. Surely they are worthy of the legends of which they are the centre, and of the place they hold in the hearts of men.

ESS MACCORM, Upper IVa.

Grandma's Drawer.

A stealthy tip-toe in the room,
A backward glance, a self-closed door,
Escaped sight, as I creep on
To take a peep in Grandma's drawer.

I grasp the figured handle tight,
I pull it hard, yet oh! as slow,
And hold my breath at each fresh creak,
But no one hears; they do not know.

I gaze in—oh! what's this I see!
Oh! what a pretty jewelry brooch!
See what's carved on so delicately—
Two lovely ladies in a coach!

Just see this fragile creamy lace,
And such a dainty ivory fan,
This gold ring, much too big for me,
I think it's really for a man.

Pink ribbons and such sparkling beads,
I really do wish they were mine,
I'd like to dress in these rose-silk,
Those ear-rings too, it would be fine.

This lavender sachet smells so sweet,
These satin slippers are divine.
Goodness, Mum's calling! Good-bye, drawer,
I'd like to take and say you're mine.

ESS MACCORM, Upper IVa.

The Thoughts of a Hockey Stick.

Oh me! here I am pushed back into the umbrella stand: my poor two springs nearly jerked out of me. How my sides do ache. I consider myself to have been very badly used to-day. To begin with, my owner, while waiting for her position on the field, began to knock stones about with me, and as though that was not enough, she stirred them, readily poohs around.

She received her position on the field much to my relief.

The game ended, and here I am. I have time to look at and examine my wounds. Two huge chips out of me, in my beautiful curve; in a very ready condition, and upside down in the stand. Such is life for a hockey stick!

BRIAN NORMAN, Upper IVa.

Pan.

Footsteps of the creatures wild
 Up or where, in gorges unseen,
 Pan, the wonder horn-child,
 Pipes his notes on rushes green;
 Rabbits with their coats of down,
 Noble deer that haunt the wood,
 Sparrows in their golden brown,
 Came to Pan, who understood.
 There he sat upon a mould
 With his rusky pipe so sweet,
 Tall and slender, ivy-crowned,
 With the creatures at his feet.
 Some creatures at Pan's music wept,
 For all his notes had haunting sound.
 The deer with joy and gladness leapt,
 The birds felt a joy profound.
 But Pan went on with daring sweet,
 And wove soft magic as he could
 On creatures gathered round his feet,
 There in the shady charmed wood.

HILDA WARD, Lower IVs.

Bubbles.

Bubbles, bubbles, sparkling bright,
 Gleaming with a rainbow light,
 Like clear diamonds in the sky,
 Soaring up so very high.

Up the rainbow bubbles flew,
 Clear as gleaming drops of dew,
 For a moment bright they shone,
 In a moment they were gone.

Could the bubbles stay with me?
 But I know it cannot be,
 Bubbles are not made to stay,
 Beautiful, they pass away.

ALICE HAMAN, Lower IVs.

The Story of a Hat.

I am a new girl this term, and I am very excited about being able to call myself a Bedan. I now wear the school uniform, which includes a small, blue, serge pull-on hat.

And thereby hangs the tale.

One morning I was ready for school all but my hat, and I could not find it anywhere. I searched and searched, and asked every member of the household if he or she had seen it, but nobody seemed to have seen it at all. In desperation I rushed for the 'bus wearing my colour hat, which duly brought me under the criticism of a mistress. In the meantime, a search which was made at home

during the morning resulted in the finding of my hat in the kennel of our bull-dog. From the look of it, Judy had had as much pleasure in pulling it to pieces as I had had in wearing it.

Now I possess another, and my mother has decreed that in future I must hang my hat on the top peg on the hall-ward.

DOUG BOWEN, III.

Daisies.

Daisies, daisies everywhere,
They have come at last.
In the winter, cold and bare,
Through the snowy blast.

They have come to give us joy,
They have made us gay.
Every little girl and boy,
What have you to say?

When I the daisies see,
Dancing on the grass,
Rose pink petals gaze at me,
Just one sparkling mass.

When the spring is over
And daisies all have gone,
Then we see the clover,
Daisies have we none.

MARY WILSON, III.

Overheard in a Form-room.

Oh dear! here come those girls again. We desks do not live an easy life, as you probably suppose we do. For instance, just now my owner carelessly pushed four books into me and then slammed down the lid. Now that's what I call real cruelty, and I do think somebody ought to found a National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Desks. They have them for children and animals, so why not for us?

I have several ink-stains adorning my person, and I am considered most useful for holding time-tables, stuck in with drawing-pins, most of which appear to have very sharp points. I am also the possessor of innumerable ugly scratches, some of them having in all probability been made by the sharp edge of a pencil-box, or a pen nib.

However, I suppose we must not grumble, although we have much cause, because the form-room would be extremely unsightly if books and pencils and rulers were strewn about the floor; and if girls had to write with their books resting on the floor, it would be very uncomfortable for them, I am sure! So, although we have much to bear, we endure it as best we can, and remember that it would be very unfortunate for schoolgirls if we were to adopt the motto, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you."

NOVA JENNINGS, III.

Our School.

Of all the schools in our fair land
There's none to us so precious,
As our new building high and grand,
Which every Bedian treasures.

They tell me that our forefathers,
Their building long lamented,
No hall was theirs or makes claim,
Except in dreams invented.

Our well equipped dining hall
Has won much admiration,
And pictures on the art room wall
Are for our inspiration.

We now have playing fields at hand,
And class-rooms full of brightness,
A spacious hall with gallery grand,
'Tis light instead from darkness.

JESSE ANDREWS, Ills.

The Woods in Autumn.

The little dancy white clouds were chasing each other merrily across a clear blue sky as I approached a wood.

The green leaves, I noticed, had all vanished, and in their stead were more leaves, but they were not green. They were dressing themselves in their autumn array. Most of them had fallen to the earth, making a red, gold, brown and orange carpet.

Here and there was a blackberry bush, with its ripe fruit looking temptingly at me as I passed.

The little pink flower of the herb robert peeped hesitatingly at me from the grass and leaves.

Occasionally a flock of birds would fly over the wood on their way to warmer countries, where they stay till the winter is over, and then, in the spring, they come back to us.

Once a rabbit scurried by, its white tail holding up and down.

Presently the trees began to grow thinner, and I left the beautiful wood saying I would come and see it again.

JESSE ANDREWS, Ills.

Upper VI. Form Notes.

In company with many other "students" we heartily endorse the statement that "much study is a weariness of the flesh." We assume that it is the dullness of study which wearies, so consider, gentle reader, how beneficial to both mind and body a "Brighter Lessons

Campaign" would be. It would certainly receive whole-hearted support from all pupils. We personally have moved one step towards that happy state of affairs and can testify to the success of the introduction of the right atmosphere as a beginning. For example, appropriately enough, we study the history of Ireland in the midst of delicious (?) odours of her national stew which drift in at our window. The command to "shoot" ascending from the hockey field, lends a touch of realism to the otherwise dull accounts of the Crimean war compiled for our benefit by learned British historians. Further suggestions we leave to the fertile imagination of other students—ours are alarmingly barren.

The attempts of various would-be poetesses in our Form to produce sympathetic translations of French verse and to compose touching little poems for the *Bedan* reduced us to tears—of laughter. These, we fear, angered the Muse, for seemingly weary of being invoked to descend from the heights of Parnassus, merely to be received with scorn, she has since refused to render us any further aid.

To be sure, we have sought solace on Olympian fields and have persuaded Apollo to play his tuneful lyre for our benefit; but, alas, no help has been forthcoming for our literary efforts.

For these notes, therefore, forgive us, gentle reader. We have been compelled to rely on such brains as the gods have given us, and, inadequate at any time, they have been numbed and rendered almost useless by the intense cold, borne from the polar regions on the wings of the north wind.

Upper VI.

Lower VI. Form Notes.

Click, clack; click, clack; all day long the sound of many hockey sticks reaches our ears, since our room, which we all feel sure is the coldest in the school, overlooks the hockey field. When the new pitch, at the back of the school, is used we are hoping for a more peaceful existence. Another cause for grievance, felt by the members of our Form, is the many vapours of great variety, some of which are not altogether pleasant, which ascend to our room from the cookery room below.

We, of the Lower Sixth, are supposed by the junior forms to enjoy a life of ease. Many are the looks of envy cast upon us as we patrol the corridors during lesson-time, en route for the library. Nevertheless, we all find various kinds of work during our studies—more work than we are credited with by the rest of the school as they see us disappear behind the great doors of the "Room of Silence."

During the term we have made several efforts to write poems, which have not been altogether brilliant; but we still have hopes that,

after more training, at least one of our girls may become a distinguished poetess, if not the first Poetess Laureate.

We are all very sorry to say good-bye to our Form-mistress, Miss Farquhar, who is leaving at the end of this term, and feel sure that all attending the Bede School will miss her very much.

—————
ETHEL RUSSELL.

Upper Va. Form Notes.

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This year our Form is composed of a mixture of last year's Upper V. a and b and Lower V. a and b. Some of us did not know that others existed before, but by now we know each other's names.

We have quite a small Form—only twenty-three—which is quite convenient for hockey, where we usually have quite a crowd of spectators who, if critical, are quite encouraging.

Our Form-room is the same that those of us who were in Lower Va. had last year, the only difference is that the picture of the gloomy Hudson has been sent to overshadow our young lives. This has not as yet taken effect, witness the noise proceeding from our room at every available moment.

We have had large quantities of flowers lately, both inside and outside under the window. It must be at these glories that those sitting near the window so often naptly gaze.

Some brilliant rescue work has been done by those sitting near the door, which is collapsible, and it has not once fallen to pieces this term!

Several times lately we have thought we must be the victims of some awful Bolshevik plot, as we seem to have heard the whirring of aircraft, the grinding of heavy vehicles, the moaning of alarm sirens; but these noises have always turned out only to be the efforts of a heavy petrol container struggling up the hill and the cows on the hill opposite expressing their joy at being alive or their sorrow at not being dead (it sounds much more like the latter).

As no more material is forthcoming, Upper Va. must conclude its notes for this time.

—————
LILY SRELT.

Upper Vb. Form Notes.

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We should have liked to tell a tale full of exciting incidents under the heading "Form Notes," but, alas! after excavating deep in

the recesses of our minds, we find few untoward events have happened to relieve the monotony of the term. Can it be that we are a dull Form? Have the thrills of school life passed us by?

So far, the most exciting event has been the collection of thirty shillings and ninepence for the Silver Lining and St. Dunstan's Funds, mainly by the efforts of one girl.

In seven weeks we have had just two games of hockey! However, instead of the games of hockey we have not played, there have been many games of netball—and our play seems passable. We eagerly wait for matches to test our prowess.

Need we say that we would willingly have spared *Bedan* readers the pain of boredom; but, in "Form Notes," the dullness of fact has to be presented instead of the thrills of fiction.

MARJORIE STEVENSON, Upper Vb.

Upper Vc. Form Notes.

Like the ancient Israelites seeking for the promised land, we wander through endless spaces until we reach a place where we can rest in peace for forty minutes. Our goal reached, we settle down to another lesson, only to find at the end of it that we must arrive at the other side of the building in less than no time. From this you will see that we are Form Upper Vc, of no fixed abode.

At last our Form has realised that there is work to be done, and the girls are now making a great effort to amass knowledge—which is necessary for our coming examination—and are finding the real meaning of our School's wonderful motto—"Post Tenebras Lux."

BERNIE LAWSON.

Lower Va. Form Notes.

A classe ther was enclosed in a scole;
Of scolers ther was nombre twentie nyen;
Ech girle did strive to lerne ech goldene rule,
To laboure welke and have a litte playen.

A goodlie maistresse hadde thilke classe,
Of whom the name was Missé Hutchinson,
She did the wightes teache to sing fulle masse,
And they the Singing Cuppe did hope to gain.

At games tho girles didt trye fülle fayre;
 And s'en in all things to tak the lede,
 That 'est from their scole they shouds repare,
 They myt make more famed the nam of "Bede."

MARIE HURWITZ.

Lower Vb. Form Notes.

We have made a change this year in coming down to Room 4, and though we appreciate the fact that we have fewer steps to climb, yet the responsibilities of occupying a Form-room on the lower corridor are great; we have been told frequently that these are "show rooms," being the first to be seen by visitors, and we are making a great effort to adjust ourselves and our conduct to our new surroundings. We must admit that the strain is sometimes very heavy; however, we continue to try valiantly.

We were very glad to find the Gymnastic Shield in our room. The sight of it may help us to try to secure it again. The girls responded very well when subscriptions for the school funds were requested, and they hope to display their talents during the singing competition.

As nothing of a very exciting nature has happened to the Form, our notes must conclude at this point, but perhaps we shall be able to give a longer account of ourselves on another occasion.

DOROTHY ADAMSON.

Lower Ve. Form Notes.

We are now the Form of Lower Ve.
 The room we inhabit is number three,
 Our Form is nearly the same as before,
 We've lost some members and been given one more,
 So we still have a full team on hockey day,
 And we have some most enjoyable play.
 All our dear members try not to be late,
 If they are, in detention they sit in state.
 In class we try hard to be very good,
 Though outside we'd be, if only we could,
 But we know we must be good and not bad,
 And make the best of conditions by being glad
 That next lesson's art, or gymnastics, or games,
 These three being the most gladdening names.
 Our room is oft decked with flowers gay,
 Of various colours, in bright array.

I think this is all we are saying this time,
As form notes are difficult to put into rhyme.

FLORENCE LEITHEAD, Lower Vc.

Upper IVa. Form Notes.

We are one of the largest Forms in the school, having thirty-five members, all amiable, hard-working girls—at least we think so.

Our room is made bright and cheerful by flowers supplied by each section in turn. Each girl pays a little every week towards the Silver Lining and St. Dunstan's Funds, so that our Form's contribution may not be deficient.

This term, so far, has been an eventful one—there has been a lecture in the Boys' School, and a lecture in the Victoria Hall on "Sea Songs and Shanties," and the Boys' Swimming Gala.

We have worked very hard to try and win the Singing Cup, but alas! it was not our fate.

VERA BROWN.

Upper IVb. Form Notes.

We are rather a large Form this year, but we have increased our number since September. We bid welcome to our newcomers, and hope they will be happy with us.

We have been in the New Bede School a year, and we hope to do it credit during this year. Although we are named Upper IVb., we hope to show the ability of an "A" Form.

We have in our Form-room the Singing Cup, which was well earned by the Upper IVb. of last year. We have striven to maintain it through another year, and are proud to say that we have done it.

We are also looking forward to the Annual School Party and hope it will be a success.

EVELYN LAWSON.

Lower IVa. Form Notes.

Our Form this year consists of twenty-seven from last year's IIIa., b, and c, and now at half-term we are comfortably settled down in our new quarters, Room 18, as a united Form, all of us working for one thing—the prosperity of the Form.

We are practising hard at netball and hockey now, for when the inter-form matches come round we hope to be quite expert and show what Lower IVa. can do at games!

One day at the beginning of October you would have been very much surprised if you had come into our room and found us all attired in coats, scarves, and gloves, because the heating was not on; but I really believe you would have been jealous.

Half of our Form is taking Cookery this term; so far nothing dreadful has happened, though one or two have forgotten the salt, or flavouring, or sometimes put too much. But with the help of our mistress we have turned out quite edible dishes.

We all are practising hard for the Singing Competition now and hope to do well.

WINIFRED JAMES.

Lower IVb. Form Notes.

We are all glad to be back in the New School after the Summer vacation. It is still spoken of as the "New Bede School," although it has been occupied for a year and many ink marks on the floor tell the tale.

Nothing very eventful has happened this term. Our first Form-mistress left us and Miss Parker took her place, so we have had the privilege of having two mistresses. We were also pleased to welcome a new girl.

Half the Form take Art this half-year, and the remainder Cookery—a new subject, which is enjoyed by all. I am afraid some mysterious concoctions have been taken home, but as yet there have been no resulting illnesses.

E. SEADON.

Lower IVc. Form Notes.

Our Form consists of seventeen girls who try to work with a very good will.

This year we are taking Cookery, a lesson we think great fun, and when one girl expects to take a tart home without bringing a dish for it, her forgetfulness causes roars of laughter.

In our room there are five pretty vases; but, alas, they contain no flowers. All we have is an extraordinary plant, which is the only decoration for the windows.

Throughout November one of the monitors has to instruct a girl in the method of measuring the amount of rain, but, unfortunately,

on the second day, one of the girls broke the measuring jar and had an uncomfortable five minutes making a confession before a new jar was produced.

As already stated, we are trying to work: but the passing traffic is a source of distraction, and it is very difficult not to look out of the windows when the trams go up and down just before twelve and four each day. However, we endeavour to avoid falling into temptation and hope to be more and more successful.

S. BLACK.
D. COATES.

IIIa. Form Notes.

Nearly all the girls in our Form are new Bedans, but we have settled down to the usual routine. There are twenty-eight of us, but we have recently welcomed a new member into our Form.

Our room is number thirteen, but none the less we hope to be very successful both at work and at play, and to make a change in the old belief in "Unlucky thirteen." Some people think that our room is affected with evil influences because it is so numbered, one mistress evidently suffers from this idea for she is always hurting herself against desks and other articles of furniture.

We keep our room bright with flowers supplied by the different sections, and on the desk is one solitary plant, which is a "bone of contention," so the "forest," beloved of our Form-mistress, has a very unsettled existence.

We have yet to choose our hockey and netball captains, these games being new to some of us. Last year IIIa. won the Hockey Shield, which we will endeavour to keep, but not at the expense of our other lessons.

J. ALDER.

IIIb. Form Notes.

Ours is the First Form
In the Bede Girls' School,
And the twenty-nine of us
Try not to break a rule.

During the first fortnight
We numbered twice times ten,
But now the number's bigger,
It's grown by nine since then.



"DAWN."

D. PAULINE ORR.

At games we're just beginners,
Although we're very keen.
We try as hard as can be,
The hardest ever seen.

And we are trying very hard
To be a model class,
Our heads to stock with knowledge,
And all our tests to pass.

MARJORIE WHITEING.

Marrriages.

- EASTON—ELLIOTT.—Olive Marguerite Easton to G. C. Elliott.
 HORNER—HARRISON.—Elsie Horner to E. Harrison, December 26th, 1930.
 WILSON—NEEDITT.—Irene Maude Wilson to F. R. S. Needitt, March 1st, 1930.
 SIM—THOMPSON.—Doris Sim to Alan Thompson, March 5th, 1930.
 PARKER—SMITH.—Margaret Parker to Fred Smith, April 12th, 1930.
 PROOM—BORDEN.—Dorothy Proom to L. Borden, April 14th, 1930.
 YOUNG—KING.—Evelyn Mary Young to J. G. King, April 17th, 1930.
 FAIRCLOUGH—UNWIN.—Marjorie Fairclough to R. C. Unwin, April 22nd, 1930.
 JAMES—KIRKALDY.—Leslie James to C. W. Kirkaldy, May 29th, 1930.
 CUTCHER—TAIT.—Norah Cutcher to W. F. Tait, June 2nd, 1930.
 COOCH—LAMBERT.—Marjorie Cooch to S. Lambert.
 WEATHERALL—FITCH.—Elsie Weatherall to S. Fitch, July 22nd, 1930.
 TOOTH—WOODWARD.—Mabel Tooth to S. G. Woodward, July 29th, 1930.
 ANDERSON—GIBB.—Dorothy Anderson to C. Gibb, July 30th, 1930.
 BRANFLOOT—McFARLANE.—Dorothy Branflood to R. S. McFarlane, August 4th, 1930.
 WAGGOTT—KING.—Isabel Waggon to W. E. King, August 26th, 1930.
 HARDER—ROBINSON.—Beatrice Harder to E. Robinson, August 27th, 1930.
 BYFIELD—GIBSON.—Mary Byfield to W. Gibson, September 17th, 1930.
 HINDMARCH—JOHN.—Laura Hindmarch to A. H. John, September 17th, 1930.
 GIBSON—RICHARDSON.—Dorothy Gibson to H. W. Richardson, October 2nd, 1930.
 COWRY—SNOWBALL.—Marjorie Cowry to A. F. Snowball, October 3rd, 1930.
 TATE—COOKSON.—Winifred Tate to J. W. Cookson, October 7th, 1930.
 TAYLORSON—REAY.—Joanice F. Taylorson to E. Reay.
 JUDGE—JEFFERSON.—Bertha E. Judge to A. J. Jefferson, November 1st, 1930.

Births.

- To Mr. and Mrs. McEAIN (Lilian Aldridge) on December 2nd, 1929, a son.
 To Mr. and Mrs. T. E. NEW (Annie Beckwith) on January 2nd, 1930, a son.
 To Mr. and Mrs. HUGH FLYNN (May Bailey) on March 19th, 1930, a daughter.
 To Mr. and Mrs. W. TINDALL (Bessie Gierman) on May 2nd, 1930, a daughter.
 To Mr. and Mrs. J. H. SENECLAIR (Vi Corrance) on May 28th, 1930, a daughter.
 To Mr. and Mrs. DUNSTON WOODHALL (Gladys Howell) on August 8th, 1930, a daughter.
 To Doctor and Mrs. ARTHUR RYELL (Dorothy Hodgson) on September 13th, 1930, a daughter.
 To Mr. and Mrs. J. GORDON CAMPBELL (Ribel Monday Armeson) on October 24th, 1930, a daughter.
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In Memoriam.

- BLANCHE STAFFORD, December 2nd, 1929.
 JOSEPHINE SHARR, January 2nd, 1930.
 NOBA GAUNTLETT TAYLOR, January 5th, 1930.
 ELIZABETH CARR FRANK, February 3rd, 1930.
 SALLY BENTHAM, February 7th, 1930.
 MARIE ROCHFORD, June 2nd, 1930.
 JANET SMITH, October 1st, 1930.
 MARKER DAVIS, October 15th, 1930.
 MRS. LAM MACNAMER (Lucy Bell), October 31st, 1930.

The Guild of Old Bedans.

Since the publication of the last *Bedan* the membership of the Guild of Old Bedans has increased considerably. A list of the new members is published in this issue. At present there are 13 Life, 340 Annual, and 24 Associate Members—these numbers do not include 23 members who have omitted to pay their subscriptions for 1929-30. Eight Old Bedans resigned their membership. We hope no more will leave us. It is, of course, impossible for quite a number of our members—many of these among our most loyal—to attend meetings; but they are at least kept up to date in the doings of their friends by the Guild notices, and especially by the *Bedan*.

The Committee of the Guild would be grateful for suggestions as to how members not resident in Sunderland may be brought into closer touch. So far, the Social Service Club, which might perhaps act as a link, has only two out-of-town members, while members resident, say, in the London or Leeds district, or in the West, have not yet suggested forming a local branch, or even meeting each other informally!

The attention of all members is called to the following notices.

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

The Life Subscription is £3 12s. 6d., or, if paid within two years of joining the Guild, £2 2s.

The Annual Winter Social Re-union will be held in School on Friday, December 12th, from 7 till 11 p.m. Tickets, price 2/6, may be had from any of the Committee or from the Secretary. Attention is called to the fact that this meeting, like all Guild meetings, is open only to members.

Members are asked to wear their names at meetings of the Guild and to introduce their friends and themselves to other Old Bedans. There is no need to stand on ceremony when all present are members of one family.

Copies of the School Song (6d.) and discs (4d.) may be had at School.

E. R. SHERKES,

Hon. Secretary and Treasurer.

Bede Collegiate Girls' School.

Meetings of the Guild of Old Bedams.

Since the Old Bedams' Week-end—the last meeting reported in the *Bedan*—the Club has met five times, while the Branch Clubs have met regularly throughout the year.

The Winter Social Re-Union, January 17th.

About 130 members attended the Winter Re-Union, and Mrs. Gordon Bell was present as a guest. Mrs. Stansfield Richardson and Mrs. J. S. Nicholson were also invited, but were unable to come.

Miss Boon and Miss Mallen received the guests and a merry evening was spent. Dancing occupied the greater part of the programme; but the whole company spent one hilarious hour at Military Whist, and the Guild's own Singing Club sang three Nigger Minstrel songs to a very appreciative audience. The supper, ices, and lemonade were provided by the School kitchen staff, under Miss Dunn, while Miss Hannah Wright—herself an Old Bedam—and a friend played for the dancing.

At 11 o'clock the School Song was sung and the party broke up.

Lantern Lecture.

On May 14th a company of about 100 members assembled in the Needlework Room and listened with much interest and pleasure to Miss Mallen's talk on her visit to South Africa. Her account of it was rendered very living by the pictures she showed on the screen and the fluency and enthusiasm with which she spoke.

Later light refreshments were served in the Library.

The Guild's thanks are due to Mr. Bradshaw, who lent the epidiascope, and to Miss Birchall and the two prefects who worked it.

Summer Meeting.

On July 16th it was hoped to hold a Garden Party in our own grounds, but, once more, the weather was unkind, and the heroic 75 or so who braved the rain had to content themselves with tea in the Library and games in the hall. Miss Boon received, and there was plenty of opportunity for members to converse with each other before the School Song was sung shortly after 7 p.m.

Annual Business Meeting, September 26th, 1930.

We were unlucky in our choice of September 26th for our Annual Business Meeting, as it coincided with an important meeting of the Teachers' Games Club, and was also one of Sunderland's stormiest and wettest evenings.

Miss Boon, as President of the Guild, welcomed the eighty members who had braved the elements and come, and she said a few words on the growth in influence of the Guild and wished it god-speed.

Then the meeting proceeded to the business of the evening.

The Secretary's and Treasurer's Reports were read and adopted. The Balance Sheet is printed below, while the gist of the Secretary's Report appears in various places in this *Bedan*.

The following motion affecting the Constitution was passed:— "That the following be embodied in the Constitution of the Guild of Old Bedans: 'That Student Teachers and members of Form Upper VI. be eligible for Associate Membership of the Guild at a Subscription of 1/6, the *Bedan* not to be included.'"

ELECTION OF OFFICE-BEARERS AND COMMITTEE.—The Chairman, C. E. Malles, and the Vice-Chairman, Mary Mackintosh, were asked and agreed to remain in office for another year, and E. R. Shearer was re-elected as Joint Secretary and Treasurer. The four members who were also members of the original Reconstruction Committee retired, viz., Hilda Adamson, Malsie Curry, J. Farquhar, and Lena Thompson, and in their place the meeting elected D. S. Arkle, Elsie Davidson, Winnie Gibson, and Ethel Thompson.

Reports were next given by the Secretaries of the various Branch Clubs and by the Treasurer of the Loan and Scholarship Fund. These appear elsewhere.

With the surplus of £3 10s. left from the Gift Fund the meeting decided to acquire a Book-plate for the School Library, the plate to be affixed to such books as were gifted to the School.

Three recommendations made by the Committee re the balance on the year's working, shown on the Treasurer's Report, were approved by the meeting, and it was decided (1) that the Secretary be empowered to buy the necessary equipment, and to spend what money she needed to facilitate her task; (2) that a sum up to £5 be spent on books for the School Library; and (3) that £5 be sent to some Town Charity. By a vote, the meeting decided that the Charity be the Mayor's Boot Fund.

The question of the formation of Netball and Hockey Clubs was brought up again, and it was found possible for a Netball Club

to practise on the School pitch. The Hockey pitch was, however, not yet fit to be used.*

At the special request of members it was decided to hold the Winter Re-Union this year in December, before Miss Farquhar left the town, and the last Friday of the School term was suggested as a suitable date.

Lastly, the Guild decided that cables of congratulation be sent to Marjorie Cowey and Dorothy Gibson, two well-known members of the Guild, who had gone abroad to be married on October 2nd.

This concluded the business of the meeting, but members seemed to have so much private business to discuss and so many branch plans to make for the forthcoming year, that it was half an hour later when the last Bedans left the building.

GUILD OF OLD BEDANS.

Statement of Accounts, Year ending August 31st, 1930.

(A) BALANCE SHEET FOR YEAR 1929-30.

RECEIPTS.		£	s.	d.	EXPENDITURE.		£	s.	d.
124 Annual Subscriptions					Stationery		0	11	8
(new members) at 2/6 ..	23	0	0		Postage		2	10	8
11 Subscriptions at 1/6					Hemograph Jellies ..		0	10	0
(Associate Members) ..	0	16	6		Balans		8	0	0
2 Subscriptions at £1/12/6									
for Life Membership ..	3	10	0		Total Expenditure ..		11	22	7
100 Annual Subscriptions					Balance on prior's working		31	34	11½
at 2/6 (renewed) ..	12	10	0						
Balances from Meetings—									
January 17th ..		2	16	4					
May 14th ..		0	1	0					
July 16th ..		0	2	3					
Sale of Discs ..		0	2	3½					
Total ..		£43	7	6½	Total ..		£43	7	6½

* Old Bedans have since found a field on which to play, and have been able to form a Hockey Club. See notice later.

(B.) TOTAL FUNDS.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Balance on year's working	51 14 11½	Made up as follows:—	
Balance on August 31st,		Balance in Bank—	
1929	35 12 8½	(a) Deposit Account ..	25 0 0
		(b) Current Account ..	38 19 4
		Balance in cash in hand ..	1 8 6
Total	<u>68 7 8</u>	Total	<u>64 7 8</u>

E. R. SKEARER, Hon. Treasurer.

Sunderland, September 20th, 1930.

Audited and found correct.

September 25th, 1930.

F. BAILLIE.

Open Meeting of the Singing Club.

On Wednesday, October 22nd, a considerable number of the members of the Guild profited by the Singing Club's invitation to come and sing, and enjoyed an hour with the "Fellowship Song Book." They expressed their gratitude to Miss Hutchinson and Miss Ewart, and their pleasure at having Miss Hutchinson conducting them once more.

Old Bedans' Loan and Scholarship Fund.

Only one application was received this year and a grant of £10 was given, while Lilian Mottram received the third instalment of the Scholarship awarded her two years ago.

Guild of Old Bedans' Rambling Club.

The Rambling Club began its activities on May 21st, and continued them until October. This lengthy season was a new departure, as in previous years we have finished at the beginning of August. This year we thought we should arrange some outings for the Autumn, so that those who were working or away during the Summer might have the opportunity of joining us. We have had some very enjoyable trips, although we were nearly chased at Lambton, got drenched at Durham, and were given up for lost after our walk to Marsden. We have collected some amusing snaps, and

enhanced the beauty of our album with them. The turn-out has not been as good as might have been expected from the long list of members, but we hope to have a good season this year. Intending new members should give their names and subscription (5d.) before Easter to the Honorary Secretary.

M. J. CURRY,

"Carfield," Humbledon Park.

The Guild of Old Bedans' Singing Club.

Owing to Miss Hutchinson's illness, the last few meetings of the Club last season were very disappointing; but now we have started anew with vigour, and numbers are encouraging.

Our financial state is fairly healthy, so we have reduced the subscription to 5d., and propose that our new songs form a nucleus of a collection we hope to acquire as the years roll on, so that we shall be able to revise at seventy the songs we sang when twenty!

Will every member, please, make a point of turning up to each meeting, and thereby show Miss Hutchinson and Miss Ewart how much we value their help.

MART MACINTOSH, Hon. Secretary,

19 Co-operative Terrace.

Guild of Old Bedans' Drama Club.

The Drama Club was very much handicapped last season by lack of funds and consequent inability to obtain enough literature. But many enjoyable meetings were held and various plays, including "Young Woodley" and "Mrs. Moonlight," were read.

We are glad to say that, by practising the most stringent economy, we finished up with £2 in hand. This balance has enabled us to become affiliated to the British Drama League.

We have, therefore, begun this new season with a plentiful supply of literature, and have enjoyed several meetings, when we read "The Way Things Happen," C. Dane; "One Act Plays," Barrie; "The Voyage Inheritance," A. G. Barker; and "Joy," J. Galsworthy.

The membership has increased this year, and any new member will be heartily welcomed. The subscription is 2/6.

HILDA UDALL, Hon. Secretary,

15 Riversdale Terrace.

Guild of Old Bedans' Social Service Club.

During the past year there were 49 members of the Social Service Club, and the work and interests were extended.

The Christmas Party for poor children was held on February 1st, in the King's Mission Hall, kindly lent by Mr. Robinson. The Club entertained 80 children from Diamond Hall and Simpson Street Schools.

In June we had our Poor Children's Pic-nic, and it was a great pleasure and comfort to be able to hold it in our own School grounds. We invited 60 children from the Moor and St. John Schools. Children who would benefit were specially chosen by the Head Teachers of these schools. They were brought up by bus and tram by some of our members—an arduous task on a Saturday afternoon—and everything went without a hitch. We were lucky in weather, and the grounds were looking very pretty and peaceful. The children enjoyed everything—the tea, the games, the races, the sweets, and last, but not least, the ice cream. Some children decided that they would try to attend school regularly for a year in the hope of being chosen to come again next year. We felt that that was real appreciation and encouragement.

It is difficult and expensive to write thanks individually to all our supporters. We, therefore, wish now to say thank you to all who have helped in any way to make the party and the pic-nic successful.

We should like specially to thank Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Powley, Mrs. Steele, Mr. Wilson, and any other friends outside the Guild who sent us gifts which we appreciated very much.

Some members of the Club helped with Collections and Flag Days in aid of Grindon Convalescent Home and the Institute for the Blind, and four members helped with the distribution of toys at the Guild of Help at Christmas.

The Club organised a concert at the Borough Sanatorium in December. This consisted of a Nigger Minstrel entertainment given by the Singing Club and a sketch, "Mechanical Jane," provided by the Drama Club and friends. We wish to thank these two sister Clubs for their support. It is satisfactory that we can call upon the more talented branches of the Guild to help us out.

Two appeals were made for new and second-hand clothing during the year, and in each case we had quite a good collection. We were particularly pleased that eight of our girls applied for clothing for poor children in their schools, and we were able to send each a small parcel. The clothing for grown-ups was sent to the Salvation Army, the Guild of Help, and to the King's Hall Mission.

per Mr. Robinson, in recognition of his help in lending us a hall for the Christmas Party.

As the *Bedan* goes to press the first collection for this year is being made.

There is another side to the work of the Club in which only a few members are able to help. We have endeavored to do a little work to help organisations already existing in the town. The Guild of Help has a scheme for the teaching and visiting of cripple and invalid children in their homes. Some of our members have helped with this, and we are responsible for thirteen cases at the moment. The members who have undertaken these cases have done very good work, which has been much appreciated.

With regard to the financial working, we have now £3 9s. 7d. in hand.

We are glad to say we have had an influx of new members this year, and we hope to be able to extend our work. Suggestions for this and appeals for help for deserving cases will be gladly received by the Secretaries.

We should like the Guild members to realise that the demands of the Club are small. We only ask for a subscription of 6d. and a promise to provide one new garment for a child per year. These are the only essentials. Support of all other appeals is optional.

Subscriptions, new and renewed, will be welcomed now.

ELLEN WILSON, 102 Ewesley Road,

D. S. ARKLE, 40 Ashwood Terrace,

Hon. Secretaries.

Guild of Old Bedans' Netball Club.

A Netball Club has been started this season, and we have already had some enjoyable games. The fee is 2/-, and we would welcome any new members to complete new teams. A programme has been arranged, consisting of 1st and 2nd team matches and regular practice games for all members, on Saturdays at 2.30.

We should like to thank Miss Boon for allowing us the use of the school, and Miss Shearer and Miss Ward for the assistance they have given us in forming the Club.

M. K. HAMELEY, 23 Etrick Grove.

Guild of Old Bedans' Hockey Club.

We have at last been able to start a Hockey Club. We obtained a field at Seaburn, and after much discussion, thought, and rounding-up of old girls we collected a team which should prove a success.

We are, however, still short of members. Any Old Bedans, therefore, who wish to preserve (or renew) their youth are asked to forward their names to the Secretary, who will be grateful to receive them. The subscription is 7/6.

The Captain of the team is Connie Fairgrieve, with Margaret Parish as Vice-Captain. Owing to the weather we have only played two matches, but both of these we have won. We would very much like to be able to keep up the standard of hockey which we attained while at school, and this can only be done by having more and still more members.

W. GRAHAM, Hon. Secretary.

188 Hylton Road.

Notes on Old Bedans.

After the publication of recent "Old Bedans' Notes" we were criticized thus by a reader:—"Why do you mention only College girls? You would think no Old Bedan does anything but teach; and there is X who is doing this, and Y who is doing that. I do think they should be mentioned."

Our answer is that we should be only too pleased to mention X and Y, if only they would send us details, or if their friends would. We have often begged Old Bedans to send us news of themselves, however unimportant it may seem to them. It would interest us to know, for example, how many permanent waves were given last year by A. B., what of human interest there is in C. D.'s office, how E. F. paid for her holiday in Paris by hard work and ingenuity, when G. H., who is relatively rich, is going to make a little present to the empty School Library, what I. J. felt like the first time she appeared in print, if K. L., in her shop, feels the thrills in selling things that we used to feel "when we were very young," or if her legs ache too much, what life is like in South Africa, New Zealand, the East, or even in "that barren waste called Scotland."

Meanwhile, we have no desire to make individual distinctions, so we limit ourselves chiefly to the immediate present.

We are fortunate this year in retaining most of our Prefects of last year, either as Student Teachers or as Pupils. The others—

Era Bell, Hilda Johnson, and Lorna Wearmouth are all at St. Hild's College, Durham, where we are already represented by Evelyn Johnson and Isabel Mushens.

Among our numbers, the degree of B.A. (Honours), has been gained by Bertha Bailes (History), Dorothy Blencarn (French), Evelyn Johnson (English), Alice Munro (History), Diana Verity (English), and Annie Wilson (French). That of B.Sc. (Honours), by Winifred Talbot (Mathematics), and that of M.B., B.S., by Edna Everdell.

Among the recent changes on the teaching staff of the town are two well-known and popular members of the Guild, Lora Thompson has gone to Redny School to teach Games and Physical Training, and Mary Mackintosh now teaches Art, Music, and Physical Training at the new Central School, in our own Old Building, and has as her own room the one she knew very well as her old Form Room.

We were glad to have a short visit in the Summer from Frances Fordyce on her way home after spending several months abroad in Germany and then in France, and the Singing Class had a visit from Marjorie Pospate at its first meeting, a recently appointed mistress brought us direct greeting from Gwen Lloyd, and Eleanor Brown met at Leeds University a student who spent a year or two at Bede when she was a little girl in those rather happy days when there were seven-years-old Bedans.

It is with gratitude that we think of those members who remember that we are interested in them and who write or see us from time to time. May we make another appeal?

E. R. S.

New Members of the Guild since November, 1929.

* Associate Member.

- Archer, Edna, Front Street, New Herrington, Co. Durham.
- Atkinson, Peggy, 21 Mount Road, Sunderland.
- Barnes, Janet, 190 Hylton Road, Sunderland.
- Barber, Cathie, Hambletons, Alexandra Road, Sunderland.
- * Bellamy, Kathleen, 45 St Leonard Street, Sunderland.
- Biggs, H., Belvedere House, Belvedere Road, Sunderland.
- Bowe, Lillian, Holmleigh, Halbrook Avenue, Rugby.
- Carter, Alice, 46 Alexandra Road, Sunderland.
- * Clayburn, Winifred, 21 Gillside Grove, Easing, Sunderland.
- Colburn, K., (Mrs. Johnson), 23 Harwood Road, Sunderland.
- Curry, Jennie, 29 Greta Terrace, Sunderland.
- * Cusker, Lorna, 14 Thorburn Street, Fulwell, Sunderland.
- Davidson, Mary, 13 Azalea Terrace North, Sunderland.
- Dodd, Isabella, Glenburn, Blind Lane, Sileghworth, Co. Durham.
- * Fairclough, Mary, 9 Ashbrooke Mount, Sunderland.
- Ferry, Edith, 23 Farham Terrace, Sunderland.

- Field, Marjery, 1 Tavistock Place, Sunderland.
 Galley, Edith, 27 Sockley Street, Sunderland.
 Gardner, Dorothy, 4 Bainbridge Road, Sunderland.
 Garrick, Michm, 31 Hardsingh Road, Ealing, London, W. 3.
 Giles, Sadie, 32 Kensington Terrace, Sunderland.
 Goldsborough, Kathleen, 21 Holmlands Park North, Sunderland.
 Hall, Betty, 5 Colchester Terrace, Sunderland.
 Halliday, Louis, 4 Mount Road East, Sunderland.
 Halliday, Winifred, 4 Mount Road East, Sunderland.
 *Hastead, Winifred, 9 Speldunham Terrace, Sunderland.
 Hardy, Vera, 7 Millburn Street, Sunderland.
 Hayton, Mary, Hylton Bridge Farm, West Boldon, Co. Durham.
 Hinks, Edith, 25 Hudson Road, Sunderland.
 Hunter, Margaret, (Mrs. Brown), 14 Boundary Road, St. John's Wood, London, N.W. 4.
 Johnson, Marion, 63 Ravensworth Street, Sunderland.
 Jones, Florence, 2 Crossbarrow Avenue, Sea Lane, Sunderland.
 Kirby, Dorothy, Sea View, Roker Park Road, Sunderland.
 Koorber, Edith, 24 Farnham Terrace, Sunderland.
 Lawton, Nancy, 28 Claxworth Street, Sunderland.
 *Leithard, Hannah, 27 Ormside Street, Sunderland.
 Little, Doris, 3 Waldoome Terrace, Philadelphia, Co. Durham.
 *MacLachlan, Margaret, 7 Ashmore Terrace, Sunderland.
 Mahoe, Muriel, 36 Belle Vue Park, Sunderland.
 Marks, Grace, 9 Claremont Terrace, Sunderland.
 Marley, Ruth, The Hermitage, Roker, Sunderland.
 Marshall, Kathleen, 12 Ashleigh Grove, Fulwell, Sunderland.
 Mincevitch, Mildred, 11 Elmwood Street, Sunderland.
 *Oar, Pauline, 129 Cleveland Road, Sunderland.
 Parish, Edna, Coahide, Southwick, Sunderland.
 Ramsden, Doris, 4 Valebrooke Avenue, Sunderland.
 *Robson, Alice, 71 Nicholson Street, Ryhope, Co. Durham.
 Scott, Bessie, 30 North Street, Sunderland.
 *Scott, Freda, King's Head Hotel, Eastington, Co. Durham.
 Scott, Isabel, 26 Franchise Crescent, Sunderland.
 Senior, Betty, 13 Kewley Road, Sunderland.
 Short, Dorothy, Marina, Whithorn, Co. Durham.
 Sim, Gladys, 7 Avenue Terrace, Sunderland.
 *Simpson, Winifred, 7 Sockley Street, Sunderland.
 Sinclair, Rhoda, 46 Corporation Road, Sunderland.
 *Smith, Dorothy, Elial House, Hylton Road, Sunderland.
 Sower, Ellen, 11 Belvedere Road, Sunderland.
 Stephenson, Irene, 74 Harrington Street, Sunderland.
 *Taylor, Joyce, 149 St. Leonard Street, Sunderland.
 Turner, Margaret, 15 Park Place West, Sunderland.
 Turner, Alice, 28 Peacock Street West, Sunderland.
 *Wade, Margery, 12 Cleveland Road, Sunderland.
 Wain, Lily, 245 Chester Road, Sunderland.
 Walsky, Maggie, (Mrs. Stirling), 12 Eastfield Street, Sunderland.
 *Ward, Dorcas, 15 Mount Road East, Sunderland.
 Wilson, Milly, 25 Ashleigh Grove, Fulwell, Sunderland.
 Wright, Dorothy, Westgarth, Whithorn, Co. Durham.
 Young, Ella, 28 Gainsborough Street, Sunderland.

Lacy Welch and N. V. Hutchinson (Mrs. Kiddle) have become Life Members.

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四、 附註

1. 本報告係根據本會之調查結果，並經本會之審核，特此聲明。

2. 本報告係根據本會之調查結果，並經本會之審核，特此聲明。

3. 本報告係根據本會之調查結果，並經本會之審核，特此聲明。

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