



THE BEDAN,

DECEMBER, 1931.

FOREWORD.

ANOTHER year has passed in the New School and once more the BEDAS makes its appearance. Since the last issue, the House System has been introduced into the School—the girls have been divided into six "Houses," the initial letters of the names of which form the word "Bedas." The suggestion to have "Houses" was enthusiastically received by the girls, and the system has proved to be a great success.

At the beginning of the term we heard, with deep regret, of the sudden death of Mr. Bailes, and offer our deepest sympathy to his bereaved wife and family. We welcome Miss Talbot, an Old Bedas, who has come to take his place. We said good-bye to Miss Ward at half-term, and we wish her every success in her new position and hope that she will remember to visit us frequently. We extend a welcome to Miss Peters, who has taken Miss Ward's place, and to Miss Smith, who is assisting Miss Peters. We hope that they and Miss Talbot will be very happy with us.

For the first time in the history of the New School we held a Sports Day, the events of which were very keenly contested. We have to thank our two very competent Games Mistresses who helped to make it the success it was.

The School is very proud of the honour gained by Isabel Lundy in winning a State Scholarship, and we wish her every success in the future.

Again we offer our magazine for the perusal of Bedas, past and present, with the hope that they will find much of pleasure and profit within its pages, that it may serve as a reminder of our never-failing desire for their continued efforts, and that it may prove an increasingly valuable link in the chain which binds every one of us to the School.

B. WICKENS.

M. STEPHENSON.

Miss Jeannie Farquhar.

By the resignation of Miss Jeannie Farquhar, in December, 1930, the School lost one of its oldest and most valued members of staff. Appointed to the dual position of Senior Mistress and Senior Mathematical Mistress in January, 1909, Miss Farquhar strove with patient perseverance, calm courage, and unflinching kindness to fulfil the arduous duties of her position. That she made her influence felt was amply shown by the many letters of thanks and tokens of appreciation she received on her retirement, from past and present Bedans and their friends.

And this was fitting—for not only did Miss Farquhar give herself freely to School and school-life, she was intensely interested in the doings of Old Bedans, and kept in close touch with many of them. Furthermore, she found time to give to work outside of school—to the Guild of Help, to the Junior Organisations Committee, and to the Social Service Club of the Guild of Old Bedans.

In June of this year Miss Farquhar spent a delightful holiday in Switzerland. She has now gone to live at South Croydon, and we have already had two visits from her at School. We hope to see her again in the near future and, in the meantime, we wish her good health and long life to enjoy her well-earned rest.

L. H.

LETTER FROM MISS FARQUHAR TO THE SCHOOL.

November 12th, 1931.

MY DEAR BEDANS,

The Editors have been kind enough to ask me to write to you on my doings since I left you last Christmas.

I have seen you twice to my great joy, so you know I must have been travelling about. I was able to go and see my friends in many places in the Spring, and in Scotland it was like Summer.

In London, these days, it is beautiful. There has been no Summer; but October has had a beauty of its own—sunshine, lovely colours, glorious flowers in the parks, of every hue. I saw the parks in flood-light too, and here the flowers were as if the sun had been shining on them.

Have you ever been to Canterbury? You must go some day. I had a day there—a Festival—the bluest of skies, perfect light, every turret and spire looked as it really is, carved stone, perfect in the smallest detail. I can never forget it. I learned a great deal of

history inside, and saw some very ancient things, such as the chair of St. Augustine, and then some of the clothes worn by the Black Prince, and the hair shirt of Thomas à Becket. You would have liked the music too—I said it was a Festival—the voice of Astra Desmond, from the organ loft soaring to the roof and echoing along the pillars, the strains of the violin, mingling with those of the organ, were unforgettable things.

Then, in time, I was able to go to Switzerland in time to see the flowers and the unmelted snow: this was my greatest joy, some of you know already of my passion for flowers!

I set off with these friends. We went first to Villars; if you look on the map you will see the Rhone valley and the Lake of Geneva, just beyond the far end of the lake is Bex, and if you mount 4,000 feet you find this charming place at the top. The road up is a series of hair-pin bends: the Swiss are marvellous engineers, these roads are made through rock. When you reach the top you see a whole panorama of mountains, a full semicircle. Villars is on a shelf, so to speak, and you have always before you the Dent du Midi, Mont Blanc, and many less well-known peaks. There was much snow as it was a bad spring, and we saw it gradually melting on the lower slopes as the June sun grew hotter and hotter. To wake up and see from your window these lovely things was a joy indeed; they were always beautiful. I saw sunrise and "alpen" glow on them many times. And what of the meadows? You may have seen, in the Lower Vith room as you passed, the picture "June in the Austrian Tyrol," that is the kind of meadow I saw everywhere, just one mass of colour. There were also special places where one found rare things, such as lilies of Paradise, primulas, soldanellas, growing out of the snow, alpine rose, and starry gentian; but the joy was to find things we grow in the garden growing wild—columbine in flower, with flowers three times as large as ours. Then there were gentians, red, blue, and yellow, mauve asters, anemones, violas, yellow and blue, orchids of every shape and form, one with a rare fragrance too.

After a fortnight here we went up to higher regions still, to Grimentz and to Fimal, further along the Rhone valley on the other side. We started off gaily one morning expecting to arrive at tea-time. When we got to Siere, our starting point for the heights, they said there had been a landslide and the "post" had gone that day! We found out incidentally that this had happened a fortnight before and yet we were not warned of it! Fancy spending a night in the hot, stuffy plain after our heights! To our amazement during the evening we heard nightingales, just by the railway, too; we felt better able to bear mosquito bites with this accompaniment. Next morning we went to the "post" and found a small car. When we got up to the landslide we knew why; the road had been swept away and they were making a new one through a tunnel of rock—a precipice beneath—we were thankful to be on the other side of that! The "post"

only goes part of the way to Grimentz, and we were to be met by a motor. On arrival, we looked and saw nothing but a motor lorry of the roughest type! This, however, was our coach; you would have laughed to see us! I was given the seat of honour next the driver, a real brigand type, the others sat on the back on the floor mixed up with bread, lump oil, and various other things! The hotel had a delightful hostess, who made us very happy for the next few days. The walks are heavenly and if you can climb a bit, you get close up to the mountains and you are able to find rare alpine plants. We spent the last week at Fimal. You walk from Grimentz for about three hours, mostly through pine woods; your luggage goes by mule. Fimal is at the end of the valley and you are really right up against the mountains—snow, snow in shelves as if it had been cut with a giant's knife. The views higher up were magnificent. I only wished I could walk as well as the other members of the party who saw much more than I did. So ended a delightful month; you must go too some day, when times are normal again.

Since I began this letter I have moved into my little flat and I am trying to get order out of chaos. My things from Sanderland came yesterday and your beautiful coffee set will give pleasure to other people, too.

I hope you are having a happy term and that your "Houses" are still flourishing.

I send you my love.

Yours affectionately,

JEAN FARQUHAR.

Gifts to the School.

This year we have been singularly fortunate in the number of beautiful and useful gifts which have been lavished upon us by both past and present Bedans and friends.

First, we must thank Mrs. Scarsfield Richardson for her gift of books for the library. The gift was very acceptable, although the event which occasioned it was one that we wished need not have taken place, for it was to commemorate the long association with the Bede School of Miss Farquhar, who left us last December, and Miss Farquhar herself gave us a beautiful picture, a companion to the one given previously, both of which now hang in the hall for all to see.

We have also had a book plate, bought by Old Bedans with the money left over after the purchase of the clock; and gifts of books from the Guild of Old Bedans and from Esk House, welcome additions to our library shelves, which, although not so empty as



formerly, still have plenty of room for many more. In addition, Jessie Kell kindly presented us with a copy of "The Good Companions," and our thanks are due to Mrs. Verity for a set of volumes of "The Musical Educator."

During the Spring and Summer Terms the Botany Mistresses, Miss Birchall and Miss Eggs, organised a popular Flower Competition and presented a beautiful blue flower vase as a trophy to be competed for each year by the various Houses. We wish to thank these Mistresses for the trouble they took and are taking in arranging this and other competitions.

On Sports Day we had a pleasant surprise, for the Upper Sixth presented a Silver Cup to the House gaining the championship, to be held for one year, and to be competed for every Sports Day.

During the Autumn Term we have lost Miss Ward, our Gym. Mistress, to our great regret; but she left us, as a memento, blue girdles to match our blouses, to be presented each year for department, to secure which there will no doubt be keen competition.

We are sincerely grateful to the donors for all these gifts, and for their kindly thought and interest in the School, which are much appreciated by one and all.

Mr. Bailes.

It was a very great shock to us all to learn on the eve of the School's assembly for a new year that Mr. Bailes would not again be with us.

He joined the staff at a time when it was difficult to obtain women graduates in science, the war having absorbed them in occupations other than teaching.

At first we wondered how the experiment would progress, but soon we knew that we should not want to part with him. We reassured ourselves with the thought that, as long as we remained in the old building, no change would be made. Then, when the new school was so long in materialising, we said that it was an ill wind that blew nobody any good. When the actual removal to Durham Road did come, we said he was too deeply rooted in us ever to be removed. In September we found he had, without warning, gone from us.

Everybody liked him—he was so good natured, so constant, so sane, and so very sound. No exaggerated speech ever came from Mr. Bailes; he could always see both sides of a question and compromise. Mass opinion did not sway him—he was always an independent thinker. He had a fund of dry humour. Many of his comments in class must be remembered by Bedans with great pleasure. They will, no doubt, remember, also, the sudden squaring

of the shoulders and the quickened step down an aisle, signalling that danger was ahead.

He had much sympathy for slow thinkers and a very large stock of patience. These qualities must have helped very greatly in the teaching of Mathematics.

He often used to say how he wished girls would do more reading for themselves and not lean so heavily on their teachers; how he wished they would realise that nothing worth having is achieved without considerable effort. Perhaps his own House, Strath, would like to adopt as their motto the last words of Pasteur, "Il faut travailler," for they are exactly in keeping with the spirit of Mr. Bailes.

If Mrs. Bailes and her daughters could have had sent to them all the comments made by Bedans, showing the affectionate regard they had for him, they surely would feel a very large measure of comfort.

D. E. B.

The Guild of Old Bedans' Prizes.

The Guild of Old Bedans' Prizes this year have been awarded for Essays.

In the Junior Section the prize has been won by B. Maccoly, Upper IVa., for her essay on "Dickens' Children," a particularly good entry.

Very highly commended: M. Marshall, Lower IVb., and M. Arkless, IIIa. ("The Wind").

The number of entries in this section was especially gratifying and many of the attempts were pleasing, but unfortunately the entrants did not, in many instances, confine themselves to the subject, especially in the essay on "The Wind."

In the Senior Section the number was disappointing. Prize winner: K. Whitfield, Upper VI., "The Fairyland of Science."

Very highly commended: M. Gibbon, Lower Vc., "The Poetry of Walter de la Mare."

We are grateful to the Guild for their kindness, and value it especially as an aid in encouraging the girls towards literary effort and achievement.

DICKENS' CHILDREN.

Twilight was falling and a sick boy tossed and moaned restlessly on his couch in a darkened room, lighted only by the dying embers of the fire. The room was alive with soft, grey shadows, which seemed

to move forward and close round the boy, and then, afraid of the heat and warmth of the fire, flee back to their corners, only to move forward again as irregularly as before. He lay watching and wondering at them, and, at last giving up all thought of sleep, he began his favourite pastime—that of imagining that the characters in the books which he had read came forth and acted the parts which had made them famous. As he was always ill, and was an only child, he loved them like human beings and was never tired of thinking about them. He loved Dickens' children best of all, because all of them had had times in their lives when they had suffered great sorrow, and he liked to think that he understood their sorrows, and they his.

He gazed into the deep shadows behind his couch and his imaginative mind could make out a bare cold room, in which a class of boys were learning their lessons. Boys? He stared again and wondered if there were any boys living now, who, were so pale and thin and ill clothed. He noticed that all their eyes were fixed in a terror-stricken stare, and following their gaze he almost shrieked aloud at what he saw. A mere skeleton of a boy was clutched in the hands of a man whose face was so ugly, sly, and wicked that he thought it must belong to Satan himself. The man was thrashing the boy unmercifully, and he could see that the boy was a cripple and could hardly stand. He forced himself to turn away from the cruel sight, and when he grew calmer he began to think. Of course, the cripple must be poor Smike and the man Mr. Squeers, the master at Dotheboys Hall.

He turned to the shadows again, and this time he saw a small boy lying in bed, whilst a little girl was seated beside him holding his hand. From time to time his grief-stricken father came into the room, but the child did not recognise him. How sorry he felt for poor Mr. Dombey! The son whom he loved was dying and did not recognise him, but only recognised his sister, Florence. Florence was not loved by her father, whose whole life was centred round his ailing boy, Paul; but Paul would have died if Florence was taken away from him. He turned away from the sad picture and a few tears rolled down his cheeks.

His gaze wandered to the fire, and he saw a little girl wearily dragging her feet along and supporting her old grandfather and their Punch and Judy show. Poor little Nell! What a hard life she had had, and what few pleasures!

A cavern had formed at the back of the fire, and he seemed to see in it the high prison walls at Marseilles while Little Dorrit wearily passed out of the gates, her basket on her arm and her large black bonnet on her head. How alike these two girls were! How they had looked after their grandfathers and supported their families when they should have been enjoying the pleasures of childhood.

He turned to the quiet of the shadows again, and saw a boy walking along the street with a pile of books under his arm. Suddenly, as he was turning the corner, a young woman pounced upon him and tried to drag him away with her. He began to shout for help and a crowd gathered; the woman told them that the boy was her son and had run away from her. Thus she was allowed to carry him off. A few moments later another boy appeared, dressed in a coat which reached to his heels and trousers rolled round the bottom to make them fit, as they were much too long. He brushed past a rich old man, and a few moments later took out of his pocket a rich silk handkerchief and a gold watch. The boy laughed and said, "The Artful Dodger." Then he said, more soberly, "And, of course, Oliver Twist."

The heat of the fire was making him drowsy, and the rest of the pictures passed in quick succession: Pip, playing cards with Miss Haversham; David Copperfield talking to old Peggotty; and Old Tony Weller playing with his little grandson, Tony; and, at last, he fell asleep, murmuring, "The best friends in the world, Dicken's children."

BESSIE MACCOLLY, Upper IVa.

THE FAIRYLAND OF SCIENCE.

The world of Science presents a scene far more wonderful than any imaginary world of fairies.

What fields of wonder are presented to us, for instance, in the studies of Astronomy, Botany, Chemistry, Electricity, Engineering, and the other branches of science. Let us, in our very limited knowledge, explore some of these "fairy" lands.

Does not one marvel at the magic of those wizards who put before us the infinitude of the starry heavens? One's imagination staggers at the distances revealed by them, the blazing orbs full of tremendous action; the dead worlds; other worlds perhaps like ours, teeming with living beings, thinking and moving like ourselves; we ourselves like grains of sand on a globe, the globe itself a mere unit, revolving, like others continuously, never still, and with such regularity that our wizards tell us to the minute when our shadow will be over the moon, or that the moon will eclipse the sun and throw us into semi-darkness. Time and space—eternity inconceivable.

To come back to earth, let us enter the land of the botanists. Was ever fairy story invented which could describe half the beauties

there to be seen: flowers and trees, endless variety: colours excelling those of the rainbow or the rarest gems. Look through the microscope—what a wonderful variety of shapes and structures. No artist ever painted such beauties, no architect ever built such works, no sculptor could embellish his work with such delicate and systematic tracery. Science tells us how they grow, how they manufacture the foods, oils, and other material for our use. Our very existence depends upon their endless production. Even in death, plants serve us by providing coal, which keeps us warm and which supplies heat necessary for the further development of science.

Aladdin's cave did not contain the wonders that the study of electricity can produce. Look at the marvellous effects of lightning. Aladdin would indeed have treasured his lamp if it had contained an endless store of electrical energy. We all know the force let loose by a flash of lightning: the fiery ribbon and the terrific noise. From the substance of lightning, our cruel and terrible foe, science has been able to find a friend and unrivalled worker. That which strikes in lightning and grows in thunder has been converted into a docile servant, to carry messages over the whole earth, to drive machinery, and to generate heat to a higher temperature than ever before known.

How amazing are the works and effects of chemistry. Oh, for an "Open Sesame" to open the doors to her mysteries, to show how wonderful changes are wrought on the various substances of this complicated earth.

The sounds we hear, the music, the discord, the echo; the light we see, the colours in a ray of sunlight as seen through a prism, they all come in waves. Whence? How?

Where is one to stop when talking of science? Where can one stop? The subject, like the things which come under its examination, is endless. We can only be guided by our scientific, fairy godmothers and godfathers. Each fairy has a realm of its own to show us, and we try to understand their teaching and profit thereby.

K. WHITFIELD, Upper VI.

Charities.

The Silver Lining and St. Dunstan's funds are now combined. Subscriptions are given to the joint fund by each of the six Houses.

The annual subscription of £25 for the upkeep of "Our Cot" was sent to the Children's Hospital in December, and £13 was sent to St. Dunstan's in February, for the maintenance of John Gordon Featherstone, no longer "our baby," but a sturdy boy of twelve.

An Easter gift of about 600 fresh eggs was sent to the Children's Hospital. Almost every girl brought at least one egg, and there were remarkably few accidents in transit.

Through the medium of the Silver Lining Society, of which Marion was a member, Mr. Davis presented three little chairs to the Children's Hospital in memory of her.

The Society bought 48 dolls, which were dressed by girls in the School. Besides these, Lower Va. prepared a delightful surprise. The organisers of the Charity were invited to visit Room 3, and found every girl sitting with at least one doll in her arms, dressed and ready for some poor child's Christmas. Altogether, eighty-one dolls were sent to the children in Highfield, and eight to Grindon Convalescent Home.

The girls have also done a considerable amount of sewing for the Children's Hospital, and large parcels of nightgowns, frocks, vests, bibs, and feeders have been carried across the hockey pitch to our nearest neighbours.

M. G. WILSON.

D. S. ARKLE.

The Bede Collegiate Girls' School Junior Branch of the League of Nations Union.

The past year has been one of steady activity and, though all our members did not give their full support to our fortnightly meetings during the Autumn and Spring terms, yet the keener members enabled several good debates to be held. Two of the most hotly contested statements concerned the value of the League's work and the desirability of war films. On these occasions some of our members developed their talent for speaking and argument to good effect.

The Autumn Term closed with a Social Meeting, when games, national songs and others, and a League crossword puzzle helped to make the evening a great success.

All members could help considerably by prompt payment of their subscriptions and by bringing pictures and newspaper cuttings for the Branch newsbook.

E. M. F.

F. U. W. G. S.

The School was well represented at the "Camps" held this Summer by the Federation. Twenty-one Barkins—a record number—attended "Camps" in various parts of the country, and all returned full of enthusiasm and eager to renew camp friendships next Summer.

We hope that next year others, who have not enjoyed the joys of "Camp" life, may do so. Any girl over fifteen years of age on July 31st, 1932, will be eligible for next year's "Camps."

SEDBURGH CAMP.

Sedburgh Camp is held in an old-fashioned grey-stoned house, with lead-paned windows and masses of ivy growing profusely over the walls, until now the ivy has reached the vivid red roof, which can be seen for miles around. The school nestles on the lower slopes of Winder Fell, and the village itself lies snug in an amphitheatre of fells. The school boasts a swimming pool, and two good lawn tennis courts, with a modern gymnasium down at the bottom of the meadow. From every point of view Sedburgh Camp is an ideal place for a jolly holiday.

RITA DAVIDSON.

ASKRIGG BARN CAMP (I.).

My expectations of a barn camp were more than fulfilled at Askrigg. Not only out-of-doors was the scenery glorious, but indoors was rich with fellowship. All girls appreciated the kindness and helpfulness of the officers.

MARGARET HOGG.

GREAT AYTON CAMP (I.).

In spite of bad weather we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves at Great Ayton. When it was too wet to go out of doors, we played games in the gymnasium, or had treasure hunts in the school. We are all eagerly looking forward to camp next year.

CISSIE HENDERSON.

LOCKEARNHEAD CAMP.

At the foot of Ben Voirlich, a field's distance from the shining blue waters of Loch Eara, stands a barn, with a burn running alongside. Here, during the Summer, campers journeyed from near and far to enjoy the beauty of the glorious Scotch scenery. Long rambles, bathing in the loch, and then games by the lochside with sporting officers and jolly campers, formed only part of the day's programme.

MOLLIE DUNCAN.

CROWN EAST COURT (II).

Three miles from Worcester, overlooking the Malvern Hills, there stands an old Manor House. There, under the shadow of Turkey oaks and beside lakes matted with golden water-lilies, Crown East Camp was held. There, days spent in sharing the same duties and interests fostered a feeling of comradeship and laid the foundation of many a lasting friendship.

MARJORIE TAYLOR.

MOLLIE GARBUTT.

The Geographical Association.

The Sunderland Branch of the above Association having been formed recently, the girls in the upper school have been given the opportunity of joining as Associate Members. The next lecture is to be held on November 30th, at 7 p.m., in the Bede Boys' School, the subject being "A Slovene Holiday," and the lecturer Mrs. Heslop, B.Sc. Any Old Bedans who are interested and would like to join should write to me for any information required.

J. S. B.

National Savings Association.

The sale of Savings Stamps has fallen off considerably this term, the number of girls buying stamps regularly being smaller than in the Easter Term. This may, perhaps, be accounted for by the prevailing economic conditions; but, in a school of this size, one would expect the Savings Association to number more than about thirty members. So far, very few of the new girls have made any attempt to join the Association. The secretary will be pleased to give information to intending members at any time, and to enrol new members any Tuesday at 1-45 p.m. in Room 3.

E. BRIGGS, Hon. Sec.

Hockey Notes, 1930-31.

We had not a very successful season last year, 1930-31, as regards fixtures. Many important matches were scratched through bad weather.

Our highest score was in a match against Henry Smith School, Hartlepool, played on a Rugby pitch—an exceedingly muddy one, too—which resulted in 5-1.

The second team had two matches to its credit, and all the girls made a very promising start.

The match we seemed to enjoy most was one against the High School. We went on to the field determined to be victorious, and the result was 4—3 in our favour.

The spirit and feeling in all the matches was very satisfactory.

We must thank Miss Ward for all the time and energy she spent in training the teams, and for taking so much interest in them.

We also thank Margaret MacLauchlan and Connie Ferguson for being kind enough to look after the refreshments for us at every home match.

MOYRA NELSON.

Hockey Criticisms, 1930-31.

- M. NELSON was rather disappointing at the beginning of the season; but she recovered and played a really good game. Her kicking is a strong point, and she makes a thoroughly reliable goalkeeper.
- M. THRELKELD is somewhat erratic, but her stickwork has improved greatly and she is a most promising player.
- F. OWE was a splendid captain. She made a really good left back, and did some extremely useful work for her team.
- A. BAURSTON played a good persevering game as right half, though her right pass was rather weak; but she improved during the season.
- N. VOSS BARK would have played a more reliable game if her stickwork had been better, and if she could have placed better passes for her forwards; but she did some useful work.
- B. DEAN made quite a promising start, and worked well, but her stickwork can be improved a great deal.
- W. HALSTRAD's great asset was her speed. Her play improved considerably from last season, and she did some really good work as right wing. She proved a most reliable Secretary.
- K. SCOTT made a good start. Her shooting was sometimes very slow, and she missed some good opportunities; but her play in midfield is very promising. She gives some good passes to her wing.
- M. WADE was hampered by her rather weak stickwork, but her play improved, and her "following up" in the circle continued to be her strong point.
- M. OLLSON was making a most promising start as left inner when she had to leave school.
- D. WARD's play improved considerably and she made a very speedy, reliable wing, doing some good work for the team.

S. J. WARD.

COLONY—M. WADE, W. HALSTRAD, D. WARD.

Netball Notes, 1930-31.

Our Netball team was most unfortunate last year and we hope Miss Ward was not too disappointed with us. We are very grateful for the time and energy she spent in coaching us, and we wish we had put it to greater advantage. We lost one of our members shortly after the season had started, but we managed to fill her position successfully.

We would like to thank Isabel Lundy and Bessie Johnson for doing the "seas."
 BETTY ROSS, Captain.

Netball Criticisms, 1930-31.

- W. HALSTRAID on the whole, played a good sound game as goalkeeper, and worked well with her defence.
- F. OUN was also a reliable player and did some hard work.
- K. BOURNELL made a most promising start, and together with her centre and centre attack did some very useful work. Her intercepting was good.
- B. ROSS made a good captain and did a great deal of work for the team. She is speedy, works hard, and gives some excellent passes.
- M. STRAINSON'S play improved considerably, and sometimes she did some really good intercepting. She should mark her opposent more closely when not attacking. Her work as secretary is good.
- G. VINCENT'S shooting and dodging were good. She made a very good start in the team.
- C. HENDERSON could play a good game, but, on the whole, she is much too erratic. Her shooting needs to be very much steadier.

S. J. WARD.

Colour—B. Ross.

Tennis Notes, 1931.

We had a very fortunate tennis season last year. The members of the previous year's team remained with us, and the new member was a distinct asset to the team. The weather favoured us, and we won all our matches except one.

We sincerely thank Miss Ward for her valuable coaching, and we would also like to thank Connie Ferguson and Vera Bibby for so ably catering for our home matches.
 B. ROSS.

TEAM.

M. MACLAUGHLAN.

F. OUN.

J. MANNING.

B. ROSS.

Colour—MARGARET MACLAUGHLAN.

Rounders.

Rounders were played most enthusiastically this season and we intend to have more fixtures with other schools in future. The School has made a really good start. We played Durham County School and lost by a half a rounder, and we won our match against Sunderland High School's 2nd Team.

S. J. WARD.

Pixie Land Fair.

"Ribbons and laces from Pixie land,
 Sang dainty fairies who danced hand in hand,
 "Come to the fair,
 We've trinkets so rare,
 In silver and gold and jewels so gay,
 To capture the heart of each dainty boy."

"We've baskets of cherries, and sweet honey too,
 And fine silver calcelets, tinted with blue,
 So come to the fair,
 Forget every care,
 And buy of our dainties; enjoy yourselves well,
 And delight of the fair to everyone tell."

O. STOVINGTON, IIIc.

Our Baby.

Two years ago a great, glorious event happened in our home. How happy we were and how proud too; but alas! how things change. Blessings become —, well, not quite such splendid things as they seem.

It was a cold, snowy night when our baby brother came. He was so soft and tiny, just like a perfect doll. He had the loveliest blue eyes and a mop of black hair. His hands were like rose petals and his feet were so very small that we could not get a pair of booties for him.

For quite eighteen months we three girls quarrelled about him; we each wanted him entirely to ourselves to take him to the park in the grass, or to take him into the country, or to hold him in our arms.

Now alas! things have changed; we all quarrel "with" him now. He breaks our toys and tears our books if we happen to leave them about; we must put everything away after us or we lose it. He can use the scissors as well; only the other day he practised on the tablecloth. He uses every possible chance of mischief while we are busy in the evenings with our homework. He makes the most awful noises possible; first, he is a "bawman, next, a horse or a dog, then he is a lion; only when he is asleep do we have some peace.

If he finds anything that answers the purpose of a weapon, we are at once on guard.

Still, through all our misfortunes, he is our darling brother; he is a great trouble to us sometimes, but no one could have a baby like him. We are

exceedingly proud of him, for he is very intelligent. We do enjoy our romps before going to bed and in the intervals between school hours.

We would not change him for all the gold in the world for he is beyond price.

NANCY ADAMSON, IIIA.

The Fruit Seller.

She sits at her stall the livelong day,
In her bonnet and gown so drab and gray;
Her apples are red, her oranges gold,
Two for a penny they are sold.

We find her there, in heat or cold,
Although she is so very old;
Our pennies we give her to buy her wares
And help her through life's toils and cares.

We'd miss her if she were not there,
Although her customers are rare;
Her worn face beams with a smile so gay,
As we pass her by, and say, "Good-day."

MARGARET FRISK, IIIA.

A Dell in the Wood.

As I walked through the wood one morning, the sun shining and a blue sky above, I came to a dell in the middle of the wood. Flowing down through the dell I saw a rippling stream, bubbling furiously over the stones. Round about, I noticed, were trees and shrubs of various kinds, and a thick carpet of green grass, with a sea of primroses and violets just peeping out of their bed of green leaves in the early morning sunshine. I was happy.

BRENDA METCALFE, IIIA.

A Child's Prayer.

Great God, High and Mighty,
Hear a little child,
Make me meek and lowly,
Pure and undefiled.

Great God, High and Mighty,
Make me brave and true,
Chaste, good, noble, holy,
Honourable, like you.

Great God, High and Mighty,
Make me trusty, kind,
Loyal unto Thee, O Lord,
Pure in heart and mind.

BETTY SAYER, IIIA.

An Old Lady.

Such a kind little old lady lives in the tiny cottage on the common. She is always willing to help anyone in need, and is just as sweet and fragrant as the lavender she grows in her own small plot of ground. Such twinkling blue eyes are hers. They twinkle even more when she smiles; but she can be sympathetic and sad too.

Her hair, which was once red-gold, is now turning white. Stray locks are ever being blown, by the playful breeze, over her rosy cheeks.

She keeps her garden as she keeps her little cottage, trim and neat. She makes a very pretty picture as she sweeps her path in the morning, or sits knitting in the setting sun at evening.

EDNA SUTHERLAND, IIIb.

May in School.

May sits at her desk apparently very busy. But her mind incessantly wanders. Her thoughts are something like this:—

"Twice one make two and one is three,
Someone is sniffing; oh! it's Ben.
Twice four are eight, and two makes ten,
Oh dash! this horrid scratchy pen!
Twice ten are twenty, that's a score,
Arithmetic's an awful bore:
And twenty twice is forty quite,
I'm sure that clock cannot be right.
Five tens are ten, and carry one.
Oh! what a way Nell's hair is done.
Ah! Joan has sweets, she chews quite near.
I wish she'd pass them over here.
There goes the bell! Now all is well!
A minute yet—I'll read it through.
I think this rule is good, don't you?
If forty men take forty days
To plough a field in forty ways,
What would a hundred strong men take?
This is the answer that I make,
One hundred miles and forty chains:
Thank goodness, I was born with brains!"

MARION MARSHALL, Lower IVb.

The Story of a Bronze Chrysanthemum.

I grew, with many other flowers of my kind, in a small garden in a certain town.

One day, the owner of the garden was watering the flowers as there had been no rain for a few days, an unusual happening in that part, when his daughter came in from school and asked, "Oh! Dad, may I have some flowers for the form-room, please?"

"Um, I'll see," was the rather unwilling reply.

An hour or so later the girl entered the garden and hastily began to pluck the flowers and push them, head foremost, into a slipper bag. I was among the sufferers. When she had pushed in as many as possible she pulled a string and fastened the bag. I could see nothing, but, from her movements, I concluded that the girl ran and jumped on to a bus, such as I had often seen passing. After a while the bus stopped, and the owner of the slipper bag leaped out and ran, as the sound of a bell was heard in the distance.

Soon the bag was put down for a short time, then picked up and, I think, carried up some stairs, after which the girl stopped and entered a room. The bag was opened and the flowers were dragged out and put, one by one, into a pretty green vase which contained water.

There I now stand, a looker-on in a form-room in Bede Collegiate Girls' School.

KITTY BLOOM, Lower IVa.

Ode to Ice Cream.

Oh, ice cream sweet, why is it so
That Officers of Health say, "No,
It is not good for one to eat,"
And stamp their large and well-shod feet
On ice cream sweet? Why is it so?

Oh, ice cream sweet, why is it so
That people say we should not go
To buy our penny cornets? Shame,
That some day hot will be your name!

Oh, ice cream sweet, why is it so?

Oh, ice cream sweet, why is it so
That schoolgirls will no longer know
Your pleasant taste on grilling day,
If doctor stern must have his way?

Oh, ice cream sweet, why is it so?

Oh, ice cream sweet, why is it so
That our great-grandchildren will grow
In ignorance of your creamy taste?

Oh, what a shame! Oh, what a waste!

Oh, ice cream sweet, why is it so?

N. JOHNSON, Lower IVa.

The Brook.

The little brook was born in the hills of the west, a beautiful, babbling, sparkling infant, clear and pure as a spring dawn. It trickled on through the pretty, lush, green glades where wild flowers nodded a welcome in unison with the whispering trees. Away it flowed past the old moated castle where one could fancy the terrible old baron still held sway. After passing the grim, hoarsted structure the little brook rippled into the fairy woods; there it had glorious sports, leaping and dancing among the rocks and boulders, springing from high crags and forming rainbow sprays below. The fairies needed no other music for their revels, and artists tried to reproduce its sylvan beauty. It emerged upon the placid meadows where the gentle cows stood reflected in its loveliness. On, on, it gently flowed, till it reached the rather ocean like a tired little child returning from a day's frolic; here it was welcomed and soothed and rocked to rest in the waves.

MARGUERITE ROBERTS, Lower IVb.

Rainbow Reflection.

A rainbow reflected in a pool is a very pretty sight, and one I chanced to see from the carriage window of a train.

The pool was situated among purple heather with the Highlands far away in the distance. There had been a rather heavy shower, but the sun soon peeped out again from behind the clouds. Small patches of blue in the sky began to grow larger, and then the rainbow became visible.

Blue, yellow, orange, red, green, and purple, intermingling with one another, and the whole reflected in a crystal clear pool fringed with purple heather.

A very beautiful sight indeed, and one which is not to be seen every day.

LEONA DUNNET, Upper IVc.

October Leaves.

October's leaves are falling
Down, down, down;
And some of them are russet,
And some of them are brown,
And some of them are golden
Like a royal crown;
And they're fast falling, falling
Down, down, down.

And now if you can catch one
A happy year you'll gain;
They're falling on the rooftops,
And right down yonder lane.

So see if you can catch one,
They're falling down like rain,
They're falling, falling, falling,
Like rain, rain, rain.

DEBORAH COATES, Upper IVa.

A Hallow-e'en.

After the sun dressed in its scarlet robes of state had sunk into the West, when the dusk fell over the moorlands and woods, and stars peeped out of the heavens, the time when the phantoms of the night roamed about was at hand.

All was silent save for the hoar of owls and the sound of bats flapping their wings into the black countenance of Night. Then out of the darkness of the wood came a grove carrying a lantern, peeping into one corner, then another, but he could see no mortal. Then a host of others came.

Round and round in a ring they danced, carrying their lanterns, one behind the other, through the bushes and tall flowers, looking like glow-worms to a witch who was riding on her broomstick high above the tops of the trees. She sent down a shrill mocking voice which echoed through the wood.

Further in the wood another witch was brewing her evil spells in a big black cauldron over the fire, while her startling cat looked on.

Then a cock crowed and all disappeared. Day had arrived and Hallow-e'en was over, yet to return again.

N. McKEOWN, Upper IVb.

The Roses Red and Splendid.

The roses red and splendid
In a mansion garden fair,
They have a sweet and lovely scent
Which perfumes all the air.
But my white and pink-tipped daisy
At the breaking of the day
With the glistening dew-drops on her
Is simple, fresh, and gay.

The roses red and splendid
Are the dainty ladies' beds;
They are the sign of true love
With their proud and stately heads.
But my white and pink-tipped daisy
Is a wild and graceful maid.
She shyly hides among the grass
As if she were afraid.

The roses red and splendid,
Emblems of English men,
Have velvety soft petals;
But they have a thorny stem;
While my white and pink-tipped daisy
Is unblemished, pure, unscarred,
As white as any lily,
And no thorns its stem have marred.

The roses red and splendid
Are for the rich and great;
But my little humble flower
Is for men of lowly state;
My sweet white pink-tipped daisy
Brings the welcome news of spring,
And when the small birds see it
They with joy begin to sing.

ELAIN SEASON, Upper IVb.

A Picture in Miniature.

It was a cold winter night and as I approached the sitting-room a warm red glow shone from underneath the door. I opened it and entered, then passed in contemplation of the scene before me. In the grate a huge fire roared and splattered, and the figures of the merry throng sitting before it in the half-darkness were silhouetted against the yellow blaze. A never-ceasing chatter went up, punctuated by the occasional pop of a chestnut. The whole scene was a merry one, though the fire threw shadows on the walls which lurked mysteriously in the corners, and I was sorry when the cold electric light was switched on to take the place of the warm red glow of the fire.

MARGARET CORRY, Upper IVa.

The Docks.

Some people, perhaps, would see no hint of romance among the noise and rattle of the docks, but for me they are a never-ending source of pleasure and delight. What is better than a ramble through our own docks in Sunderland, with the lamps twinkling between the masts of the ships, and the tang of the sea, damp weed, and tarry ropes filling the pure fresh air? No railings interfere with the pleasure of looking down on the black reflecting waters and on the still ships which lie like peaceful monarchs taking their rest; and here and there one sees an old diseased anchor, covered with strange shellfish and shrivelled seaweed, lying among the old iron and debris which block the quay.

Through the silence, broken only by the sound of some solitary hammer, there comes to us the echo of a ship's buzzer, one of the most melancholy, yet pleasing sounds in the world. Three blasts resound through the still air, slowly the bridge swings back, and a great monarch of the deep majestically passes through, its flags flying, its funnels steaming, and odd members of the crew scattered at various points, faint shadowy figures in the approaching dusk.

Yet how different are these vessels and sailors from those of past generations. One can still see in the mind's eye those stalwart, weather-beaten men who roamed the globe in their little vessels with neither compass nor wireless to aid them. Through the thin haze of memory still looms the dark quayside, with its "Mermaid's Tavern" and cozy bars, comfortable retreats from the heavy night for these sailor men.

Yes, it is indeed a place of romance, with its ships and timber, its twinkling lights, and its jolly memories; and it is with a sigh and many a backward glance we turn, and leave them all behind as we wind our way homewards.

I. McLACHLAN, Lower Vb.

Leisure.

(With reminiscences after reading "Leisure" by W. H. Davies.)

What is this life if, full of strife,
We have no time to peep at life?

No time to see when in the woods
The lilac and the chestnut buds.

No time to stare beneath the hedge,
And watch the slowly withering sedge.

No time to see, when day doth break,
The rippling waters of the lake.

No time to haze in sunny gleam
And hearken to the cheerful wean.

No time to tute at music's charm
While passing 'neath a shady palm.

No time, while in a fragrant dale,
To stoop and gather daisies' trail.

No time while tripping through the corn
To listen to the hunter's horn.

A poor life this if, full of strife,
We have no time to peep at life.

WALTER COMBEY, Upper IVa.

Reverie.

Through the long day, though dull and drear,
My favourite leisure hour is here,
When winging thoughts afar will roam,
When twilight falls and shadows come.

And as the flickering shadows fit
About me as I pensive sit,
Self and surroundings fade away,
And I dream dreams of yesterday.

And past me file, stately and slow,
Knights and fair dames of long ago;
Brown-robed monks with solemn hymn
Glide past, then fade in shadows dim.

And highwaymen and pirates, too,
And scowling villains, not a few,
Go flocking by on every hand—
Come from the Never-Never land!

The scene is changed: sweet music floats
On balmy air from passing boats;
And ever-moving come and go
Gay crowds upon the Rialto.

Women laugh, and wise flows free,
And all disport themselves with glee;
Mystic music, laughter, screams
Mingle in my disordered dreams.

And as the fire still brighter burns
My wandering spirit home returns,
And, one by one, they fade away,
These ghosts of a fair yesterday.

And oh they, by some happy chance,
Seep from the pages of Romance
And visit me, as my thoughts roam
When twilight falls, and shadows come.

ALICE LANTIER, Upper IVa.

A Visit to Oxford.

We enter the beautiful city of Oxford by the Banbury road, passing first of all the Martyrs' Memorial, erected to Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley. Leaving the car here we walk along, obtaining our first view of one of Oxford's many colleges, St. John's. Passing the ancient church of St. Giles, we enter Broad Street, known as "The Broad" by the undergraduates. Here in the road we find a cross placed on the very spot where Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley were burnt at the stake. We pass the gates of Balliol and Trinity Colleges on the left and the Sheldonian Theatre on the right, where degrees are conferred by the Vice-Chancellor of the University. Turning the corner we see the famous Bodleian Library and Radcliffe Camera. We enter the latter and ascend the winding staircase to the roof, and then we hardly know where to look first, for all the lovely city lies at our feet, bathed in glorious sunshine—the city of

"Dreaming Spire," with its twenty-two colleges, their beautiful gardens and velvet lawns, hundreds of years old.

From this point of vantage we try to identify some of the towers and roofs. Descending the staircase we pass along a narrow street and so into the High—the famous moving street, lined with beautiful buildings. We walk on as far as Magdalen College with its tower, where the choir ascend and sing to greet the morn on May 1st. Leaving Magdalen, we turn down Rose Lane and proceed to the Meadows and so arrive at Christ Church College, founded by Walsley. We enter the gateway, pass under Tom Tower, and stand in the first quadrangle.

There is so much of beauty and interest in Oxford that we decide to end our first view here. There are so many interesting details in each college, and so much to see and learn that we decide to visit each in turn and give ourselves an opportunity to appreciate them thoroughly, and to realize the incalculable influence they have upon the hundreds of young and eager students who enter the University year by year.

J. MANNING, Lower Vb.

The Hikers' Song.

Hurrah, we're off a-hiking,
Off to the road again,
We love the dusty highway,
We never need the train,
We leave to the weary traveller
The motor and the bus,
By the roadside you will find us,
Where we camp with little "fuss."

Off early in the morning,
We tramp all night in dose,
By villages and hamlets
All basking in the sun;
By river and by seaside,
By waterfalls and brooks,
Where the sunbeam lights the shadows
In the gloomy grotto nooks.

With our packs between our shoulders,
Sometimes singing in the rain,
Full happily we wander
Along a country lane;
Dear Nature is our good friend,
She shows us with delight
Her tiny birds and flowers,
Her stars that shine by night.

Goodbye, we're off a-hiking,
We leave you in the towns,
We leave the smoky chimneys,
We seek instead the downs,
The meadows and broad spaces
Where we can wander free;
A hiker's life is a merry life,
That is the life for me.

LILLIAN DAWSON, Lower Vc.

The Dirge of the Dunce.

I sit alone. Outside, the sun
 Shines brightly and the wind blows cool,
 Here I must sit, until my task is done,
 Leaving French verbs and many a Latin rule,
 And as I try to think with pebbled brain,
 I often wonder what I'll ever gain
 From so much trouble, drudgery and pain!
 For what they teach us now, it seems to me,
 Will be no use at all in 1945.

Just think of Latin: as we're all aware
 This language has been dead for many a year.
 The fact that Virgil wrote 40 B.C.
 It surely nothing has to do with me,
 And though great Cæsar was a follower of Mars,
 We've heard intensely by his Gallic Wars.

But of all tongues I truthfully can say
 My "bête noir" is one called "le français."
 Of what use are its rules to me I fear?
 For ten years hence do you believe I'll know
 That "aller" calls for "être" and means "to go"?
 Or that "to be ashamed" is "avoir honte"?
 Perhaps I shall remember, more probably I won't.

And then facts geographical—need I know
 That Andes peaks are high and topped with snow?
 Or that the rubber plant is grown in Malabar
 When I am sure I'll never go as far?
 And you can take each subject thus in turn,
 Each one you'll find is useless quite to learn;
 Thus these examples prove this definite rule,
 No useful thing is ever learnt in school.

M. GIBSON, Lower Vc.

The Broken Wall.

"Oh Daddy!" Three small figures buried themselves at Daddy and five young voices greeted him as he entered the dining-room. My sister and I had kept our seats to preserve our dignity but we were quite as excited as the "kids." Now Dad's voice was heard: "One at a time, please," so Lucia, as the eldest of the "kids," explained. "Oh, Daddy, the men came this morning to mend the wall, an' they're coming back tomorrow, an' we won't be able to climb over the wall any more, an' oh Daddy, what'll we do?" she wailed, all in one breath.

Daddy laughed. He explained that he was much more concerned for our safety than we seemed to be; also that it was time we stopped climbing over walls to recover balls instead of knocking at the door to ask for them like civilized persons. At this we all looked highly indignant, as you might expect.

The facts of the case were these. From time immemorial the wall dividing our yard from the next had been so broken down as to render it an easy task to climb on to it from a ladder, jump down on to a conveniently placed soap box, retrieve a ball, and return in the same manner. As the next-floor people always locked their door, this saved them trouble and us time. They



THE LITTLE FRUIT SELLER.

LINO CUT.

B. MACCoby, UPPER IVA. ASS 136.

therefore aided and abetted us, especially in the matter of ladders and soap boxes. The next door girls were Lorna's friends, and they occasionally used this method to regain balls, but our door was generally unlocked and they came and went freely. The repairing of the wall would certainly affect us more than them.

Lately, however, the bricks had taken to tumbling down on the slightest provocation, and one had fallen near enough to my small brother's head to give us a severe fright—hence this visitation! Daddy had sent for the men to mend the wall, but we all considered the proceeding to be completely unnecessary, and said so.

It was of no use, however. We protested for a long time, but with no visible effect. All this happened a long while ago, and now, in the light of mature knowledge, we see that perhaps Daddy was right.

But we have never ceased to mourn that broken wall, our "private entrance."

EVA MACCOWY, Lower Va.

Winter.

(With apologies to Robert Bridges.)

Winter goeth all in grey
 Hiding out the light,
 She dons her scowls abroad each day,
 And lengthen for the night;
 Grey boughs are overhead,
 Grey mantles hide the grass,
 All nature is in bed,
 Till Winter long doth pass.

MARION SCHELAIR, Upper Va.

My Bedan Contribution.

Pen and paper I've put ready,
 But my hand I cannot steady;
 What on earth am I to write
 For our magazine to-night?

Shall I write of our pet cat,
 Which now is lying on the mat?
 Or shall it be of knights so bold
 And of damsels proud and cold?

Praps I'll tell of our School camp,
 Where we did not need a "gamp";
 Or shall I write a thrilling yarn
 Of murders in a lonely barn?

What on earth am I to write
 For our Bedan mag. to-night?
 Alas! Alack! It's far too late,
 This hopeless thing will have to wait.

MARGUERITE DAVISON, Upper Va.

Travellers Ten.

The old stage-coach for Brighton town,
 From London city came rolling down,
 Inside there sat the miser's son,
 Who like his father was sure to become;
 He kept his hand on his glittering gold,
 Brightly it shone, but its touch was cold,
 And next to him sat a portly fool
 Who laughed at the miser and his hoard;
 He gave to the poor all the money he had,
 And helped the sick and cheered the sad,
 And the other eight travellers all were gay
 For they to a ball were going that day.
 The stage-coach rattled along the road
 Creaking and straining under its load.
 The night it was dark and the night it was cold,
 And up came a highwayman, brave and bold.
 He stopped the coach and its travellers ten,
 And searched the trembling, fearful men,
 Nothing he took from John, my lord,
 For he had his eye on the miser's hoard,
 And the miser's son had nothing left,
 For all had gone in that daring theft,
 John from his gold much pleasure had had,
 But the miser's gold had made him sad.

Then hearken to my woeful rhyme
 Of these travellers ten of olden time,
 For though 'tis best at times to save,
 Don't you take after that miserly knave.

JOHN NEWBY, Lower Va.

That Heel!

Knit two, purl two, slip one, turn,
 Knit two, purl two, slip one, turn,
 What comes I wonder now?
 Oh, how I wish that I knew how
 One turns a heel.

Knit four, slip one, then decrease;
 Will that chatter never cease?
 How can I do this right,
 When they talk with all their might?
 Knit two together, slip one, turn,
 Will I never learn?

See then what comes, of course, that's right,
 When try you do with all your might,
 And if you persevere
 There'll be no need to dread and fear
 The turning of a heel.

ELSA GARRETT, Upper Va.

Fishing for Frogspawn,
being the Chronicle of a Zoological Expedition.

1. And it came to pass that they did sail forth to fish for frogspawn.
2. And lo! Douglas, the brother of Marjorie, was there and his heart was filled with mischief.
3. And they did behold a pond afar off, and did run to it. And their jansars did rattle.
4. And Marjorie did bend in rapture over the pond that she might the better feast her eyes upon the frogspawn. And Douglas did see her!
5. And the Devil reasoned within him, saying "Push her! O Douglas, and thine heart shall be filled with laughter and thine ears shall ring with merriment."
6. And he did push her, with a mighty push.
7. And lo! the water did rise up in great confusion about her. And when she did crawl out she was like unto a drowned rat.
8. And Douglas did laugh with great abandon.
9. And when she did see how Douglas did laugh, she was exceeding wrath, and she did rise and smite him with great force.
10. And Douglas grieved sore, weeping woeful tears, the sight thereof making glad the heart of Marjorie.

MARJORIE DICKINSON, Lower VI.

Encouragements to a Writer for "The Bedan."

(After the manner of Sir J. Sackling.)

Why so lanky, tired and careworn?
Pythos, what's the need?
Will that anxious look and brow drawn,
Help thee to succeed?
Pythos, what's the need?

Hast dismissed Jest, Glee, and Fun?
Why summoned Thought so deep?
What thou must heed ere aught is won,
Is sweet refreshing sleep!
Frost and vice will keep.

Arise refreshed, and wake the Muse,
And sit thy stool upon,
And write ye then, there's no excuse,
A contribution.
Anon! Anon!

EVA CHAPPEL, Lower VI.

Chrysanthemums.

Four chrysanthemums in a vase,
Tall and stately and white,
White as the snow on the mountain top,
As dazzling and as bright.

Their leaves and their stems are a beautiful green,
Like grass that is fresh with the dew.
Oh, why must they wither and die so soon,
When now they are fresh and new!

I love them more for the message they bring
Than their beauty so white and tall,
For they tell that Christmas is drawing near,
The happiest time of all.

Tell your message, O beauteous flowers,
Tell it that all may hear;
And 'twill gladden the hearts of the weary and sad
To know that you are near.

HENRI WATSON, Upper Vb.

To My Pen.

Thou helpful friend of many a weary toil,
I'll sing thy virtues in my humble lay.
Oh have I sought another page to spoil
Thy help; yet never did I thee repay.

Far dearer, than to me, than choicest gold,
From which the finest fountain pens are made;
Though ink thy bosomed stem will never hold,
No blots, by thee, upon my books are laid.

Companion thou hast been for many a year,
'Tis I have changed thy face, once fair, to black;
I could not leave thee now without a tear,
Thee, who once borrowed, never gave I back.

I prized thee for thy nib, and ne'er did hear
One single scratching from thy dear self spoken;
Long may I use thee, may thou e'er be near,
My own lov'd pen—Confound it! it is broken!

MARJORIE JACKSON, Lower VI.



THE WILLOW PATTERN PLATE BREAKS.

M. E. MAUGHAN, UPPER VA. AGE 185.

Willow Pattern.

First stands the maiden, then the man,
 And last the puffing mandarin,
 She clutches still her iv'ry fan,
 The maiden followed by the man:
 He fears the grasp of old Pootan
 Who gazes where the boat draws in,
 First stands the maiden, then the man,
 And last the puffing mandarin.

They stood thus when the artist drew,
 And caught and still'd them in his spell:
 The loon-birds fly as e'er they flew—
 (They flew thus when the artist drew)
 The willows and orange-trees, sad blue,
 The ripples round the sombre dell,
 Were all thus when the artist drew,
 And caught and still'd them in his spell.

MARY E. MADRAN, Upper Va.

Fame.

Oh, what is fame, 'tis but a name,
 An unsubstantial thing;
 It lends no help when we are lame,
 Oh, what is fame, 'tis but a name
 Which soon grows old and weak and tame,
 And does not comfort bring:
 Oh, what is fame, 'tis but a name,
 An unsubstantial thing.

Fame does not care if we go bare,
 Once it has had its day;
 When we are poor and food is rare,
 Fame does not care if we go bare,
 And if we have no penny to spare,
 And rags are in our humble fare,
 Fame does not care if we go bare,
 Once it has had its day.

MARJORIE WALKER, Upper Va.

A Holiday in France.

It was a cold, misty, unpleasant day when the Continental train pulled out of Victoria station on July 26th, 1901. I settled down comfortably into my corner seat and looked at my friend opposite—our adventure had begun! It took about an hour-and-a-half to reach Folkestone harbour, where all was bustle and excitement. We followed the endless stream of holiday-makers and soon struggled up the gangway on to the boat, and in a little while we were being pitched and tossed on a very rough sea.

At five-thirty in the afternoon we arrived in Boulogne, passed easily through the Customs, found our seats in the Paris-bound train, and blessed sighs of relief that the worst part of the journey was over.

It took three hours to reach Paris, and then what a sight met our eyes! French people were embracing each other on both cheeks and gesticulating excitedly, accompanying their movements with torrents of French of which—naturally—we did not understand a word.

We were feeling rather lost when an interpreter came up to us and said, "You are Miss Kar'lsen, yes?" Then he led us to the barrier where we met my French correspondent's parents. They were exceedingly nice and we managed to make them understand us, though neither of them could speak English. That same night my friend left Paris for the South and I was left alone—a stranger in a strange land! However the Coussys were very kind and helped me all they could with the language. Two days later we motored down to a seaside place called "Caudebec-Plage" in Normandy and there I met Suzanne, my French correspondent. After that my days were filled with new and interesting experiences. There was a large company of boys and girls on holiday, and I soon became acquainted with them and able to understand their conversation. We played tennis every morning and bathed nearly every afternoon. Sometimes it was so hot that we all lay on the sands for hours in our bathing costumes, or played with a big rubber ball until the tide turned, then we would all have another deliciously cool bath at about five-o'clock.

Many times I wished for a cup of tea at tea-time, but being in France I had to resign myself to eat and drink as the French people did. After a time I grew to enjoy all the food, and even when it came to tasting concrete garden seats, I did so quite cheerfully. They abounded in large quantities in the gardens and sometimes I helped to gather them for dinner. They tasted quite good, though the salt flavour of our own windows was lacking.

During the five weeks at Caudebec we went for many picnics and several fine excursions, and by then I could talk and understand French so enjoyed all the fun. One fine day we went to the Mont St. Michel, a grand old Abbey-fortress, built in the tenth century. Crowds of tourists of all nationalities were buying souvenirs in the quaint little shops inside the big gateway. We did likewise—to remind us of the happy day.

Another never-to-be-forgotten day was when we visited St. Malo, with its wonderful rocks, golden sands, and deep blue sea, where hundreds of people were basking in the sunshine.

After five weeks of fresh sea air and sunshine we returned to the busy life of Paris where I had still more exciting experiences. I saw most of the important buildings, monuments, and shops during this last week, and was thrilled at the spectacle of ever-moving Parisian life. Everyone seemed to hurry so, no matter what he was doing, that sometimes I felt quite bewildered, and the speed and seeming recklessness of the taxi-drivers, as we were rushed from one part of Paris to another, left me almost breathless.

Altogether I had a simply wonderful holiday with exceedingly kind people, but as all good things come to an end, our holiday did too, and on September 5th my friend and I met again, and we left Paris with deep regret.

Later, as the shores of France faded from view and dear old England—with our friends and homes—drew nearer, we both agreed that we had had a marvellous experience during the Summer vacation of 1931.

KATHLEEN M. BUSHNELL, Upper VI.

A Hockey Tea.

(With apologies to Pope.)

Close by a hill less'er beset with noise,
Where girls with pride survey its grace and poise,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
A school, which from a great name takes its name.
Here sporting Bedouins oft the fall proclaim
Of Hockey teams, who come to play the game.
Here victors gay and vanquished too sojourn,
To taste aside the dainties of Milburn
With schoolgirl appetite; in talk, they pass
A half an hour, 'til all is gone—alas!
One speaks the glory of the sewing-room frieze,
While one consumes a sandwich made with cheese;
A third her fingers all with chocolate smears,
As the last scrap of biscuit disappears.
A bit or drink supplies each pause of chat,
With talking, laughing, eating, and all that.

COSSIE FRANCESCO, Upper VI.

Ben House Notes.

Since the formation of our House we have been fairly active and, at the risk of being accused of boasting, may claim that we have achieved a measure of success in the various School Competitions.

We hold the Sports Trophy, kindly presented to the School by last year's Upper Sixth Form, a tribute to those of our members who are fleet of foot, and all praise is due to the junior member who gained a Red Star for our House by winning the Junior Championship.

The Senior Hockey Picture came our way after some thrilling games, and another Red Star, received for Senior Rounders, shines from our Record Sheet; nor did our juniors do badly at Rounders, being second in merit. In Gymnastics we missed the Shield by a very narrow margin.

There must be some artistic talent in our House, for we won the Art Picture.

The Flower Competition afforded some of our members an enjoyable and intellectual pastime; here again we were a close second. The Pound Sale which we held last year in aid of the Charities realised £2.

A number of House Meetings have been held, and we are deeply indebted to our Mistresses for many suggestions and assistance in the conduct of our affairs. We hope that each member realises that

success in competitions and enjoyment of meetings depends upon each of us "pulling our weight."

We wish our former House Captain, Margaret MacLuschan, every success in her studies at St. Andrew's University.

K. WHITFIELD, Captain.

Esk House Notes.

As the "House" system was inaugurated only at the beginning of the Easter Term of last year, we have not been able to carry out as much as we hope to do in the future.

We were fortunate in having as a most helpful House member and Games Captain, Pauline Orr, the School Captain, who gained for us a Red Star.

As a House we have been very unlucky in games and have not carried off a single trophy; however, we have twice gained the honour of winning a Red Star for losing fewest marks, and our hopes for success in the future, both in competition and conduct, are by no means dead.

Our charity collections have been quite generous, and we appreciate the good work of many of our House members who traded individually with money.

A Penny Bazaar, held on 23rd June, added considerably to our funds. We were glad to be able to hand over the necessary amount to the School Charities, make a present of thirty shillings' worth of books to the School Library, and yet have a small sum in hand, from which, at Christmas, we intend to spend two pounds on gifts for a class of poor children in one of the town's schools.

Three girls made scrap-books which we sent to the Children's Hospital.

At one meeting we had a Spelling Competition with a team from Ben House.

During part of the Summer Term we accompanied Ben, Ness, and Strath Houses on their weekly visits to the baths. These visits were enjoyed by all who participated, and we hope they may be continued in the future.

Under the kindly auspices of Miss Simpson, a Rambling Club was inaugurated, but, owing to the unkindness of the weather, only one expedition to Finchale Abbey could be made.

We should like to take this opportunity of offering our thanks to our House Mistress, Miss Shearer, and to Miss Haggart and Miss Simpson, who have generously helped the House in innumerable

ways, and we feel especially grateful to Miss Elliot, who has designed for us a very beautiful Roll of Honour.

Special thanks are also due to Elizabeth Clark, who has printed the names for the Roll of Honour, to Mary Maughan, who has twice provided us with a poster for our House Notice Board and also with a House Motto; and it is with grateful pride that we sing the House Song, composed for us by Irene MacLachlan.

Thus, if our successes and activities seem few during this, our first year, we hope that at some future date Esk House, by "hitching its waggon to a star," may attain greater heights.

CONNIE FERGUSON, Captain.

Drom House Notes.

During the past year Drom House has held eight meetings, all of which have been thoroughly enjoyed by its members who attended regularly.

In sports, our juniors fared much better than the seniors. They gained Red Stars for us by winning the Hockey, Netball, and Rounders championships.

We were fortunate enough to have two girls in our House who gained School Colours, thus adding two more Stars to our list. Also two of our members gained honours in the School Certificate Examination, and one a distinction in the Higher School Certificate Examination.

In the Singing Competition the House gained first place, and were runners up for the Art Picture, losing to Ben by a small margin.

Seven pounds fifteen shillings and eightpence halfpenny has been collected for the charities.

A Drama Club has been formed and we hope to give a recital sometime, to show the qualities of our budding actresses.

K. CARR, Captain.

Avon House Notes.

We of Avon House first began our history on January 16th 1931, and since then we have striven to make our House the best in the School.

On the field of sport we have had various successes and failures. To put the best first, we are very proud to say that the Netball Shield

was won, though not until after a very hard fight. In the case of Hockey, Gymnasium, and Singing we were not so lucky, though we can say quite truthfully that we were not very far behind the winners. Everybody enjoyed Sports Day, and though we did not quite win the Cup, we were the runners-up. If determination and hope counted for anything we would go a long way!

One or two Societies and Clubs were formed during the Summer months last term; amongst them were a Debating Society and a Rambling Club. The former held one or two meetings, which were very much enjoyed by those who attended. It is being continued this term, and is already showing signs of activity. The Rambling Club also enjoyed its brief term of existence, though we did not ramble very much or far; next Summer will, we hope, bring forth better days for our hopeful "hikers."

At our last meeting a Dramatic Society was formed, and the next time we all meet together we hope this Society will show its worth by entertaining the House with some amusing items.

Altogether, we have a very enthusiastic House, which does not always, alas, prevent some of our lively members from losing an appalling number of marks. Better results are expected this month, as everybody is really trying very hard to be good.

In the matter of conduct, as well as of sport, we owe a great deal to the encouragement and help of our three House Mistresses, and we take this opportunity of thanking them. They have not only given us their moral support, but have spent much time and energy in active service, helping us to enjoy our different Societies and monthly House Meetings, all of which have encouraged the House spirit.

Our House Song is lively and rousing, and at some future date we hope to fulfil the "hopes and aspirations" of which we now only sing.

KATHLEEN BURNICLE, Captain.

Ness House Notes.

House Notes are an innovation in place of Form Notes, and as it is almost impossible to chronicle all the activities of our House since its inception, we must content ourselves with giving a brief summary. First, we must observe that, considering last year was the first year of the introduction of the "House" system, the members of Ness House quickly acquired the House feeling.

The House Meetings are very well attended by the members, and consisted usually of a business meeting followed by a social programme arranged by the Entertainment Committee. This took the form of games, or, at one meeting, a dumb show was given by the

Lower Fifts, and at another a Wax Work Exhibition was given by the Thirds and Fourth. These were much appreciated by the rest of the House.

We are also very proud of the fact that we are the possessors of a House Song.

In July we organised a most enjoyable House Picnic at Finchale Abbey, the more adventurous tramping the twelve miles in true "hiking" fashion, with pack on back, and our Swimming Club has its faithful members.

During the course of the year a Sale was organised, which helped to swell funds for charitable purposes.

On the whole, Ness House had quite a successful year; and, although the House teams were unable to carry off any of the Games Shields, the Gymnasium Shield came our way. Most of the members of the House entered enthusiastically into the Botany Competition; this enthusiasm was rewarded in the winning of the Vase given for the Competition.

This year we hope to be more successful at games, and thus increase the number of proud holders of shields whose countenances will fittingly adorn the pages of our House Album, our record of the achievements of the House.

VERA BERRY, Captain.

Strath House Notes.

The "House" system, which is a new venture for Bede School, was started in the Spring Term last year and has, so far, proved very successful.

The death of Mr. Bailes at the end of the Summer vacation came as a terrible shock and caused us all very great sorrow. He was much beloved by members of the House and was always willing to help any girl. We have missed him very much.

Miss Birchall and Miss Elliot have proved very valuable to the House and are very helpful in all ways. Miss Elliot's idea of an Entertainments Committee has proved extremely useful in providing amusements at House Meetings. We were very pleased to welcome Miss Talbot, who is a new mistress this term, into our House.

Strath should be proud to be the first House which can boast a Red Star for a State Scholarship. This was won by Isabel Lundy, our Captain, who is now at Armstrong College. The School should be grateful to her for the extra day's holiday at half-term. On leaving, Isabel presented us with a House Snapshot Album, for which any snaps will be gratefully received by Miss Elliot.

Our other achievements last year were the winning of the Singing Cup, the Tennis Trophy, and the Senior Sports Championship. We were also runners-up for the Senior Hockey and Netball Shields.

Our total of marks lost may have seemed rather large, but the loss was chiefly due to a few girls who appear to be the black sheep of the flock. We hope they will try in future to keep their coats white.

Three late members of our House are now student teaching, and Mollie MacNaught is studying at the Technical College. The House is always very pleased to see or hear from old Strathornians.

BETTY COATES, Captain.

Marriages.

- SHARPE—WILKINSON.—Irene Sharpe to John Wilkinson, May 22nd, 1930.
- COOPER—NEWCASTLE.—Eva Maudy Cooper to William Alexander Newcastle, December 24th, 1930.
- NEISH—HARTER.—Alice Maude Neish to Thomas Sanderson Harper, January 3rd, 1931.
- WELLS—FERRITT.—Marion Welford to Maurice Copeland Ferritt.
- TOWERS—CORNWELL.—Vera Isabel Towers to John Cornwall, February 14th, 1931.
- CARVERHILL—GIBSON.—Isobel (Bila) Carverhill to William Edward Gibson, February 16th, 1931.
- WHITTAKER—DAVISON.—Winifred E. Whittaker to Aubrey Davison, March 18th, 1931.
- MOXBRAY—CROMPTON.—Florence Mowbray to Thomas W. Crompton, April 21st, 1931.
- FOYTS—LAUTERBACK.—Isabella Foits to Ernest Lauterback, April 22nd, 1931.
- HUGGALL—DODD.—Dorothy Huggall to Dr. Robert Hobson Dodd, June 1st, 1931.
- SENIOR—WEST.—Lilian Senior to Wellard P. West, June 27th, 1931.
- PATERSON—PEACOCK.—Greta May Paterson to Morrison Peacock, July 15th, 1931.
- PICKERING—FORSTER.—Gladys Pickering to Christopher Pickering Forster, July 20th, 1931.
- WHITFIELD—WATSON.—Eva Constance Whitfield to John William Watson, July 22nd, 1931.
- WHEELTON—BALL.—Ivy Wheelton to John Ball, July 22nd, 1931.
- WOOD—SNOWDEN.—Olive K. Wood to William B. Snowden, July 28th, 1931.
- RISBOROUGH—RALPH.—Olive Risborough to James R. Ralph, August 17th, 1931.
- PEARLMAN—LEVINE.—Rose J. Pearlman to J. Levine, August 29th, 1931.
- DODSON—SMITH.—Kathleen Fanny Dodson to Hugh Latimer Smith, September 3rd, 1931.

- SHARMAN—WILCOX.—Mollie Dixon Sharmar to Harry Theodore Wilcox, September 9th, 1931.
- DUFF—POWERS.—Maymie G. Duff to Norman A. E. Powers, September 30th, 1931.
- MCLINDON—KING.—Agnes Clark McIndoo to Sydney King, November 15th, 1931.
- DAVIDSON—HALL.—Ethel Beatrice Davidson to Walter Leslie Wyatt Hall, November 30th, 1931.

Births.

- To Captain and Mrs. MITCHELL (Phyllis Johnson) on December 15th, 1930, a son.
- To the Rev. and Mrs. CHANTER (Miriam Coates) on January 11th, 1931, a son.
- To Mr. and Mrs. FRED E. FROON (Hazel Fatts) on January 22nd, 1931, a daughter.
- To Mr. and Mrs. J. C. WALLACE (Esther McLachlan) on January 29th, a son.
- To Mr. and Mrs. M. THOMPSON (Nancy Deal) on March 4th, 1931, a son.
- To Mr. and Mrs. LOUIS BLACKSTONE (Elsa Garack) on April 25th, 1931, a son.
- To Mr. and Mrs. F. M. GREEN (Hazel M. Peake) on May 31st, 1931, a daughter.
- To Mr. and Mrs. RICHARDSON (Dorothy Gibson) on July 15th, 1931, a son.
- To Mr. and Mrs. H. F. SETTLE (Bertha Lawrence) on August 15th, 1931, a son.
- To Mr. and Mrs. D. MACRAY (Helen Fisher) on October 3rd, 1931, a daughter.
- To the Rev. E. C. and Mrs. OSWIN (Marjorie Fairclough) on October 15th, 1931, a son.

In Memoriam.

- Mrs. MARGO CONSTANCE TURPIN, January 17th, 1931.
- MARGARET EDNA CROGG, March 25th, 1931.
- LILIAN THOMPSON, March 26th, 1931.
- ELIZABETH CONSTANCE DAVIS, July 7th, 1931.
- Mr. FREDRICK BAILES, September 29th, 1931.

The Guild of Old Bedans.

DEAR GUILD MEMBERS,

I have been asked, as retiring Chairman, to write a short foreword to the Guild section of the *Bedan* and I am glad of this opportunity to thank you all for the support and co-operation you have given me during the three years that I have had the honour to be your Chairman. I am sure you will agree with me that the Guild is really alive and fulfilling a useful purpose, and I am equally sure that the success is the result of your active and sustained interest. A corporate body such as ours, organised not only for our own recreation but for the support of the school and the town, has a splendid opportunity of contributing to the school tradition, but in order to be really effective it must be representative. I want therefore to urge all members to recognise the claims of the different generations and interests represented by the old girls; only thus shall we build up a really sound and good tradition.

I want also to thank Miss Boon for the interest she has shown in Guild affairs, Miss Shearer for her unstinted service on our behalf, and the Committee for its willing support. I value very much the acquaintance I have made with those who belong to other school generations and whom I have got to know only through the medium of these committees.

In conclusion I wish Miss Mackintosh, who succeeds me, as pleasant and harmonious a term of office as mine has been and our Guild continued growth and usefulness.

Yours sincerely,

C. E. MALLEN.

The Guild of Old Bedans.

Information and Notices.

Officials and Committee for 1931-32.

President	Miss BOON.
Chairman	MARY MACKINTOSH.
Vice-Chairman	MISSIE McMILLAN.
Joint Secretary and Treasurer	E. R. SHEARER.
Assistant Secretary	WINIFRED GIBSON.

Committee:—CATHERINE MALLER (retiring Chairman), D. S. ARKLE (staff), J. S. BRIGGS (staff), ELSIE DAVIDSON, MARGR GRAY, MARY ROBERTSON, LESLIE SERVICE, ETHEL THOMPSON.

The Guild of Old Bedans has at present a membership of 392, comprising 13 Life, 365 Annual, and 14 Associate Members. These numbers do not include twenty-nine members who have not intimated their resignation, but who have omitted to pay their subscription for 1930-31. Twenty resigned in the course of the year, and there are 59 new members, whose names are published in this *BEDAN*.

The Annual Subscription of 2/6 falls due on September 1st, and should be paid as soon as possible after that date. Any Old Bedan who wishes to resign her membership should intimate the fact to the Secretary not later than the Annual Business Meeting; otherwise unnecessary expense is incurred by the Guild in the form of *BEDANS*, postage and printing. In future, members of the Committee may call on members to collect subscriptions still unpaid by about the end of October.

Annual Members may become Life Members at any time by making their payments up to £2 12s. 6d., or, if within two years of joining the Guild, to £2 2s.

Will members please inform the Secretary at once of any change of address?

The Winter Re-Union will be held in School on Friday, December 18th, from 7 till 11 p.m. It will take the form of a Christmas party. There will be a Christmas tree and each member is asked to bring a small gift (value, about sixpence). The toys

will be given to poor children. The programme is roughly as follows:—

7—7.30. Reception, Music, Tree-decoration and Talk.

7.30. Whist, and then Carol-singing.

After Supper—Dancing.

This meeting is open to members of the Guild only, and admission is by ticket. Tickets (price 2/6) may be had from the Secretary. Will members please apply for these before December 15th?

A Dance will be held in Wetherell's Rooms on Friday, January 29th, from 8 p.m. till 1.30 a.m. The President and Chairman of the Guild will receive guests from 8.30 till 9 p.m. The music will be by George Wolfson's Band and the refreshments at Café prices. Tickets (price 2/6) may be had from the Secretary or any of the Committee. Members are asked to keep the date free. An announcement will appear in the "Echo" in January but no further notice will be sent.

Members are asked to wear their names at meetings of the Guild and to introduce their friends and themselves to other old Bedans and to members of the School staff.

Discs for names may be had at School—price ¼d.

Samples of Blazers for the use of Old Bedans will be on view at the Winter Re-Union on December 18th.

E. R. SHERRER,

Rev. Secretary and Treasurer.

Bedo Collegiate Girls' School.

Presentation to Miss Farquhar.

On December 10th Old Bedans made a presentation to Miss Farquhar before her retirement from the School staff. The gift took the form of a cheque, together with a pewter tea service and a book containing the signatures of the contributors.

The presentation was made in the School Hall by C. E. Mallen, who said that a large number of Miss Farquhar's old pupils had felt they would like to express in some tangible way their love and respect for Miss Farquhar. She would leave them an abiding influence by her example of disinterested public service, and to themselves she had been not merely teacher, but counsellor and friend.

In reply, Miss Farquhar thanked the Old Girls very sincerely for their gift, for the thought that had prompted it, and for the many kind things that had just been said. She spoke of the Guild of Old Bedans and the pleasure she had felt in the formation of a Social Service Club. She had always looked with special pride on the public spirit shown by her old pupils, and it gave her great joy to see them uniting, in the name of the School, in welfare work for the town.

The Guild of Old Bedans very kindly provided refreshments in the Library after the presentation, and over an informal cup of coffee the Old Girls who were present were able to say farewell to Miss Farquhar personally.

Message from Miss Farquhar.

Miss Farquhar asks us to say that she is hoping to thank individually all the old pupils who contributed to her gifts; but, lest she be unable to reach any, she takes this opportunity of saying how much she appreciates their kind thought of her. She would like them to know, also, that with part of the cheque she has bought a very beautiful walnut bureau, which she will be using constantly and with happy memories.

Meetings.

THE WINTER SOCIAL RE-UNION, DECEMBER 12th, 1930.

By special request the Winter Re-Union was held in December. Miss Boon, Miss Mallen, and, by invitation, Miss Farquhar, received the members, about a hundred of whom were present. The programme consisted of dancing, an hour of whist, and a one-act play, "The Rest Cure," given by the Guild's own Drama Club. All of these were much appreciated. Miss Dunn catered, and Miss Wright and Mr. Lloyd played for the dancing. At 11-15, after "Auld Lang Syne," the meeting ended informally with a "School Cheer" for Miss Farquhar, and the singing of "For he's a jolly good fellow."

THE DANCE.

A dance was held under the auspices of the Guild of Old Bedans in Weatherell's Rooms on Friday, February 27th, 1931. Miss Boon and Miss Mullen received the guests, who numbered 187. It was a great success both socially and financially, and we hope it will be the first of many such meetings.

THE GARDEN PARTY, JULY 15, 1931.

After its experience of former years, the Committee decided that, whatever the weather, the tea at the Garden Party should be partaken of in comfort in the Library. There, Miss Mullen and, in the absence of Miss Boon, Miss Hutchinson and Miss Birchall received the ninety members, and there was much talk and joyous greeting of old friends. At six o'clock a drill and gymnastic display was given out-of-doors by present Bedans, and Old Bedans were enthusiastic in their appreciation of it and of the work Miss Ward had put into it.

A stall of cakes, sweets, fruit, etc., for the benefit of the Guild Social Service Club's funds was generously supported.

THE ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING.

On September 18th we held our fourth Annual Business Meeting. About 90 members were present. Miss Boon, as the President of the Guild, welcomed these, and spoke of the retiring Chairman, Catherine Malles, and of the tact and skill with which she had conducted the affairs of the Guild, and thanked her on behalf of all the members, for the time and thought she had given during her period of office as Chairman, first of the Re-Construction Committee and then of the Guild.

Then the long business of the evening was begun. The Secretary announced that with the residue of the Gift Fund, a book-plate had been secured, and the block, designed by Mr. René Bowman, Newcastle, and 500 prints of it had been presented to the School. Details of the carrying-out of the instructions given at the preceding Business Meeting would, she said, be found in the SECRETARY'S or TREASURER'S REPORTS. These 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.

A good deal of business arose out of the Treasurer's report concerning THE DISPOSAL OF GUILD FUNDS. Four recommendations from the committee were accepted and passed, viz:—(1) that £18 be added to the £12 on deposit and the whole invested safely:

(2) that a trophy, value £4 or £5, be given to the School to be held by the House which had made the greatest progress in work during the year; (3) that the sum of £1 be given annually to the *Bedan* Editors, to be used at their discretion for prizes, and (4) that £5 be sent to a town charity. By the vote of the meeting the Guild of Help was the charity decided on. Considerable discussion arose round the disposal of future dance profits. The following decisions were arrived at:—(a) The meeting approved the action of the Committee in disposing of the profits on the dance organised by it on February 27th. (b) Any future dances would be fixed by the Guild at the General Meeting, and the following motion was passed: "That any profits from dances or similar meetings be disposed of at the Annual Business Meeting, unless urgent appeals for help were made from some Guild activity, in which case the Committee was empowered to act at its discretion."

The following MOTIONS AFFECTING THE CONSTITUTION were passed:—

(1) That the retiring Chairman should become a member of the Committee.

(2) That an Assistant Secretary be elected.

(3) That Clause X. be altered to read "There shall be a Social Meeting in December or in January, and such other meetings as the Guild may decide."

ELECTION OF OFFICE-BEARERS AND COMMITTEE. The results of the vote were announced, and in addition, Winifred Gibson was elected to be Assistant Secretary, and Madge Gray to take her place on the Committee. The full list appears on page 38. Those who retired this year are Catherine Mallen, from the office of Chairman, and L. Hutchinson, Betsy Powley, Jennie Vincent, and Elsie Wilson from the Committee.

From this point the new Chairman, Mary Mackintosh conducted the meeting. The retiring Chairman's speech appears in a letter to the Guild on page 38.

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. Catherine Mallen was re-elected as representative of the Old Bedans on the Committee of the Loan and Scholarship Fund.

As regards the PROGRAMME FOR THE WINTER, the meeting had few suggestions to make to guide the Committee; it was agreed, however, to run two* dances if possible, one in the Autumn and one in the Spring Term, and to hold the Winter Re-Union on Friday, December 18th. All arrangements for these meetings and any others were left in the hands of the Committee.

* The Committee has since found it impossible to arrange a dance in the Autumn Term.

GUILD OF OLD BEDANS.

Statement of Accounts, Year ending August 31st, 1931.

(A) BALANCE SHEET FOR YEAR 1930-1931.

RECEIPTS.	£ s. d.	EXPENDITURE.	£ s. d.
Subscriptions—		Secretarial Equipment ..	4 4 3
21 New at 1/6 ..	0 7 6	Stationery	2 3 4½
21 Associate at 1/6 ..	1 11 0	Printing and Addressing	
1 Completed Life		Envelopes	4 2 0
Membership ..	1 23 6	Postage	4 19 1
228 Renewed at 1/6 ..	28 20 0	Refreshments at Presentation	
22 Arrears at 1/6 ..	2 25 0	to Miss Farquhar,	
Balances from Meetings—		December 10.. .. .	0 17 0
Winter Re-Union, Dec.		Gifts—	
22	0 5 3	Mayor's Boat Fund ..	5 0 0
Dance, February 27 ..	11 0 8½	Books for School Library	5 0 0
July 18	0 5 2	Prizes of Book Plate ..	0 5 0
Balance from Gift Fund ..	0 2 0	To Social Service Club	
Interest on Deposit Ac-		for Necessitous Be-	
count	2 0 0	dans	11 0 8½
		Balances and Prizes for Boats	
		Competition	9 0 0
		Cables	1 18 3
		Total Expenditure	48 5 8
		Balance on year's working	
		including Interest on	
		Deposit Account ..	6 10 11½
Total	454 16 7½	Total	454 16 7½

(B) TOTAL FUNDS.

	£ s. d.	Made up as follows—	£ s. d.
Balance on year's working		Balance in Bank—	
including Interest on		(a) Deposit Account ..	32 0 0
Deposit Account ..	6 10 11½	(b) Current Account ..	29 17 8
Balance on Aug. 31, 1930.	65 7 8	Balance in hand	0 0 11½
Total	671 18 7½	Total	671 18 7½

E. R. SHEPHERD, Hon. Treasurer.

September 4th, 1931.

Audited and certified,

THOS. H. BAYNE.

September 17th, 1931.

 Lecture.

On Wednesday, November 25th, Miss A. H. Williamson, M.A., Principal of Sunderland Training College, gave an informal and very interesting talk to about a hundred Old Bedans and Bedans on "History in Song," with special reference to Jacobite times. She traced the history of the ill-fated cause in songs and ballads, and illustrated her talk with numerous songs, which she read, played, or sang herself, while a choir, composed of members of the Singing Club and of older Bedans, and guided by Miss Hutchinson, helped further by singing about a dozen more songs, in some of which the audience joined.

Those present appreciated it all to the full and were enthusiastic in their thanks to Miss Williamson and to the choir, and to Miss Hutchinson and Miss Ewart for their unflinching help.

 Old Bedans' Loan and Scholarship Fund.

The Committee for 1930-31 consisted of Miss Boon (Head-mistress), Miss Hutchinson (Sixth-Form Mistress), Miss Wilson (Staff Representative), Miss C. Mallen (Old Bedans' Representative), and Miss Birchall (Treasurer). Six applications were received in the course of the year, and grants were given of £15 in two cases, £10 in two cases, £7, and £5.

 Guild of Old Bedans' Rambling Club.

The Rambling Club is to be restarted next season provided it has sufficient support. In the early summer it was disbanded, but frequent inquiries have been made and two or three hardy enthusiasts have been walking during the autumn months. The subscription is only sixpence, to cover the cost of postage, and bus fares amount to very little.

In order that we may start our rambling before Easter, will intending members communicate with

M. I. CURRY, Secretary,

Curfield,

Hambledon Park.

Guild of Old Bedans' Singing Club.

The Singing Club had a happy and successful year. We met regularly during the Winter and Spring terms, and were glad indeed that Miss Hutchinson was able to continue her work for us. We are very grateful to her and to Miss Ewart. In addition to our regular programme, we were able to help the Social Service Club with its concert at the Borough Sanatorium in February by singing several Scottish Student songs.

This year we have already had five meetings, and though our numbers seldom exceed twenty now, we find these evenings most enjoyable. What a Singing Club we could have if all Old Bedans joined us! Why not come to the next meeting? (They are only once a fortnight!) You would be very welcome and we know you would enjoy it!

The subscription is sixpence, the time from 7 till 8 p.m., and the next meeting is on January 20th, so come and sing!

MARY MACKINTOSH, Secretary,

19 Co-operative Terrace.

Guild of Old Bedans' Drama Club.

The Drama Club began the season last October with a membership of forty and a balance of £2. The Club became affiliated to the British Drama League and obtained sets of plays, including "Joy," "Man with a Load of Mischief," "Hobson's Choice," "The Voyage Inheritance," and "Lady Frederick."

We found that in addition to the fee, the fortnightly postage for the sets of plays proved very expensive.

The Club produced two plays—"The Rest Cure," at the Guild Reunion, and "The Bathroom Door," at a concert in the Borough Sanatorium.

By the end of the season, however, the number of members taking an active interest had dwindled sadly, and under the circumstances we have decided to begin the Club anew, on somewhat different lines. Will members of the Guild who would be willing to take part in dramatic entertainments please write to

HILDA M. UNALE, Secretary,

15 Riversdale Terrace.

Guild of Old Bedans' Social Service Club.

During the past year the total number of members was 79 as compared with 49 the year before. The increase is gratifying, but more so is the generous spirit which makes the running of the Club easy and pleasant. Every appeal, whether for money or practical help, has met with ready response.

In January, we gave a Christmas party to eighty children from Simpson Street and Diamond Hall Schools. In June we entertained one hundred children from Colliery and Stansfield Street Schools in our School Grounds. Special cars carried the guests to and from the picnic and a pleasant afternoon was passed, punctuated by food and ice-cream. On February 24th the Club gave a concert at the Borough Sanatorium. Here, as formerly, the Singing and Drama Clubs helped us. The programme consisted of songs, a little play, "The Bathroom Door," and three solo dances by Marjorie Field. Two appeals were made for clothing, in November and in February. Ninety-five new garments were sent, and very many good and useful second-hand things. We were able to send parcels to seven schools in poor parts of the town, in answer to appeals from our own old girls, to the Guild of Help, the Salvation Army, two Missions, and the District Nursing Association.

Seven cripple or invalid children are being taught in their homes by members. This is not easy work and needs effort and sacrifice on the part of the teachers. It must always be a small branch of the Club's work, as the teaching must be done during the day, and only those who are free then are able to undertake it.

In February a grant of £2 was made by the Club to provide clothing and help for accessories Bedans, and the profits of the Guild Dance (£11 0s. 8½d.) were given to the Social Service Club for the same purpose.

A stall at the Guild Garden Party raised £8 10s. 2d., so that, apart from the money earmarked for Bedans, the funds of the Club at the beginning of this year amounted to £9 13s. 4d. Of this, £2 was sent to the Grindon Convalescent Home for comforts for the patients, and has been spent, the Matron reports, on rugs. It was decided to spend £3 on clothing to be added to the usual November collection. Thanks to a member of the Committee, we have been able to buy very advantageously, and a goodly stock of little trousers, jerseys, knickers, and stockings are awaiting distribution as *THE BEDAN* goes to press. We have already had seven requests for clothing from Old Bedans teaching in our poor schools. We invite further applications.

For this year, our programme includes a Christmas Party, on January 23rd, in the Jeffrey Hall, kindly lent by the Rev. O. M. Burrows, collections of clothing in November and February, to

either of which the new garments may be sent at members' convenience; a Concert at the Borough Sanatorium in February; and a Sale of provisions, cakes, etc., in June to raise funds.

We trust that many more members of the Guild will join us this year. The subscription is sixpence and members are expected to provide one new garment in the year. Further help is entirely voluntary. We have several scattered members. Last year our most distant lived in Bristol; our latest addition lives in South Africa.

We should like to add a word of thanks to kind friends outside the Club who have helped us, especially to Mr. and Mrs. Smith and family, Mrs. Steel, Mr. Wilson, and to Mr. Robinson for the use of a hall (King's Hall Mission) for the Christmas Party.

D. S. ARKLE, Bede Collegiate Girls' School,

E. WILSON, 102 Ewesley Road,

Joint Secretaries.

Some Appreciations.

The Work of the Social Service Club has been much appreciated in kindly letters from Headmasters, Headmistresses, Old Bedans on behalf of their classes, heads of institutions, and parents."

Of the children's own appreciations, we print a few letters from "the Infants" (unaided efforts except for the "Dear Miss——" which is omitted here).

"Thank you very much for the nice nigers.

From Mabel ——."

"Thank you for the to pirs of combenashons. I got them this afternoon. We have a lot of people in our house and it takes a lot of money to buy clothes with.

From Irene ——."

"Thank you for the jersey, it keeps me warm and I like it and my mamie likes it. My Dady is not working but he goes to work to night at nine o' clock and he dasnot get much monny.

From Gertie ——."

"Thaingck very machs for thes clos and my mame was pleed and I thaingt Miss —— has well and my mame was so pleed that she sent a note and I lovd them,

From Fred ——."

I thank you vere mack for the overl and my Mother, too, she liked it. And I hoppel you well.

From Mildred ——."

"Thank you for Jersey and bloomes my Grandar is not working. I have no mame or dady. My Dady has been ded five years. I have one sister and she is older than me.

From Doreen ——."

Thomas — sends "thankos" for his "jersey," whilst his brother Henry writes — "Thanks for the stockings. They fit me vurel Nisley."

Lastly we quote a boy's remark at the Summer picnic, "By, Miss! I Aaze enjoyed myself. I am getting a tummy-ache."

Guild of Old Bedans' Netball Club.

The Netball Club is still a very small one, as it was only formed last year when most Old Bedans interested in the game were already members of other clubs. Yet last season was a very enjoyable one, during which we played most of the Northern Colleges and other private clubs. Unfortunately, we succeeded in winning none of our matches, but this year, when our membership is larger, we are hoping to achieve a better record.

The Club meets at School every Saturday afternoon, either for a practice or a match. Any Old Bedans who are interested in netball—not necessarily brilliant players—would be very welcome and should communicate with the secretary. The subscription is 2/-.

M. K. HINKLEY, Secretary,
23 Etrick Grove.

Guild of Old Bedans' Hockey Club.

Despite the fact that the Hockey Club made a belated start, it did not fare so badly. Out of twelve matches played in its first season, six were won; five matches were scratched because of bad weather.

Transport to the Seaburn Camp was rather difficult on Football Saturdays, and this year we are looking forward to escorting our opponents to the School grounds, the use of which Miss Boon and the Governors have granted us. We thank them sincerely for this privilege, which we really appreciate. We also wish to thank Miss Ward, who has helped us in many ways.

We have begun our second season by affiliating our Club to the All England Women's Hockey Association. This gives us many advantages, among them the privilege of having a coach from Durham. On September 26th Mrs. Lillingston, better known in hockey circles as Miss Bickmore, came to coach us, and we spent a happy afternoon.

In the Hockey Tournament at West Hartlepool on October 15th we succeeded in reaching the Semi-final round, where we lost to the Durham Ladies' Club.

We sent two entrants to the Durham Ladies' trials and our Captain, Constance Fairgrieve, was chosen to play Left Back on the Durham County First Eleven, while Winifred Graham, our Goal Keeper, is now Reserve Goal Keeper for the County.

We should welcome new members. The subscription is 7/6.

LILY FORSTER, Secretary,

8 Colchester Terrace.

Notes on Old Bedans.

Little response has been made to our oft-repeated appeal to Old Bedans to send us news of themselves—Our notes cannot therefore be very representative.

Of our Prefects of last year, Isabel Lundy gained a State Scholarship. She and Eleanor Wilson are now at Armstrong College; Margaret MacLauchlan is at St. Andrew's University; Pauline Orr, Winnie Habstead and Agnes Hunter are at St. Hild's College, Durham, and Hannah Leithead at Sunderland Training College. Doreen Ward and Margery Wade are studying for a Civil Service Examination and seem to have met some entertaining "French as she is spoke" since they left the solemnity of the Higher Certificate French Class.

Of girls who left us to go to other Schools, Kathleen Watson at Keswick, gained first class Honours in the Oxford School Certificate Examination; Hope Buckingham matriculated in the Northern Universities School Certificate Examination in July, and has obtained a Stock Massey Exhibition for two years at Burnley Art School; Doreen Robinson is now at Darlington High School, and Elsie Jackson was taken aback at her first French lesson to be asked how her late Form Mistress was.

Here are a few other items:—

Several more of our Old Bedans have full-time or part-time posts in the Library here.

Winifred Talbot, who has held a temporary post on the School Staff this term, goes to Sheffield in January to be Mathematical Mistress at Penistone Grammar School.

May Pearlman is studying for a degree in Commerce at Armstrong College.

Enid Crowe spent the summer in India, coming back on the same ship as Ghandi. We hope to have an opportunity later of hearing something of her doings.

Agnes Herdson, M.A., has gained the degree of M.Ed., Ina Russell and Kathleen Walton, that of B.A. (Honours) in History and English respectively.

Margaret Robertson now has a shop of her own in Ivanhoe Crescent.

Winifred Graham has been on the staff of the "Sunderland Echo" for over a year now.

Miriam Garrick is "looking after the house and family" for her father in London, and we hope that Cathie Barker has now settled happily in Harrow and made some friends there.

Gabrielle Stewart goes to Liverpool on New Year's Eve to be a nurse in the Infirmary.

Edith Alexander has been appointed Organiser of Physical Training for Northumberland, while her sister Isabel has been doing interesting welfare work as Over-woman in Peak Freese's Biscuit Factory.

Marjorie Turner, who left us some years ago to go to America, is qualifying as Physical Instructress and has—we learn from the "Brooklyn Daily Eagle"—been singled out to be placed on the Russell Sage College honour roll, and has been chosen to act as usher at a series of public convocations to be held at the College this year.

May we ask once more for news of the many Bedans who remain silent about themselves and their friends?

E. R. S.

New Members of the Guild since publication of last "Bedan."

* Associate Member.

- Adams, Greta, Patterdale House, Eastington Lane, Hetton-le-Hole, County Durham.
- Agar, Mary, 14 East View, Castletown, Co. Durham.
- Alexander, Mary, 8 Roker Park Terrace, Sunderland.
- Allison, Margaret, 82 Station Avenue North, Fosse House, Co. Durham.
- * Beattie, Mary, 164 Cleveland Road, Sunderland.
- * Burnside, Kathleen, 65 Otto Terrace, Sunderland.
- Carr, M. Helen, 81, Meritt, Durham Road, East Harrington, Co. Durham.
- Charlton, Freda, 30 Park Lea Road, Roker, Sunderland.
- Clark, Zena, Oakdene, The Oaks West, Sunderland.
- Clasper, Edith, 44 Roker Baths Road, Sunderland.
- * Coates, Betty, 6 Cambridge Terrace, Sunderland.
- Cowan, Eileen, 15 Featherstone Street, Roker, Sunderland.
- Davidson, Nancy, 8 Newburn Road, Sunderland.
- Dean, Bessie, 21 Amberley Street, Sunderland.
- Douglass, Florence, 7 Ravenskilon Street, New Durham Road, Sunderland.
- Dowley, Florie, 7 Yale Street, Chester Road, Sunderland.
- * Edwards, Hilda, 85 Ewesley Road, Sunderland.
- Ellis, Jennie, 23 Page Street, Henson, Sunderland.
- * Elcock, Winifred, Lonsdale House, East Harrington, Co. Durham.
- Flynn, Muriel, The Laurels, Boldon Lane, Cleodon, nr. Sunderland.
- Forster, Marjorie, 12 Harold Street, Sunderland.
- Gawthron, Eileen, 14 Riverside Terrace, Sunderland.

- *Gillow, Rosalie, 17 Belle Vue Park, Sunderland.
 Glabein, Roma, Langlands, Langhoie Road, East Boldon, Co. Durham.
 Harrington, Joyce, 1 Peel Street, Sunderland.
 Hodger, Ivy, 75 Inverness Street, Fulwell Road, Sunderland.
 Henderson, Alison, 33 Kestfield Street, Sunderland.
 Hodgson, Alice, 20 Turvall Terrace West, Sunderland.
 Holmes, Margaret, 57 Vahbrooke Avenue, Sunderland.
 Jackson, Elsie, 35 Gledhow Valley Road, Roundhay, Leeds.
 Johnson, Bessie, 4 Argyle Street, Sunderland.
 Johnson, Kathleen, 1 Thornhill Crescent, Sunderland.
 Kell, Jessie, 55 Elveton Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
 *Lark, Idred, 58 Shaftesbury Crescent, Hambleton, Sunderland.
 Laws, Annie, South View, Seaton Lane, New Seaham, Co. Durham.
 Leithhead, Florence, 67 Ormside Street, Sunderland.
 Leithhead, Freda, 15 Forderbridge Crescent, Ford Estate, Sunderland.
(name omitted from THE BEDAN, 1930)
 MacNaught, Mollie, 5 Ashwood Street, Sunderland.
 Magrill, Anita, 9 Thornhill Gardens, Sunderland.
 Main, Kathleen, 8 The Westlands, Sunderland.
 Mark, May, 25 Manilla Street, Sunderland.
 Nichol, Elison, 20 Henderson Road, Sunderland.
 Pearman, May, 3 The Oaks, Sunderland.
 Pollard, Florence, 8 St. Albans Street, New Henden, Sunderland.
 Quensen, Dorothy, 9 Tunstall Vale, Sunderland.
 Rogers, Winnie, 4 Burn Park Road, Sunderland.
 *Russell, Ethel, 165 Cleveland Road, Sunderland.
 Scholesfield, Edith, 184 Cleveland Road, Sunderland.
 Scott, Joan, 12 Teaghoe Crescent, Sunderland.
 Scott, Lily, (Mrs. Young) 12 Shakespeare Terrace, Sunderland.
 *Taylor, Rose, 4 Bursaby Street, Sunderland.
 Verity, Sheila, 18 Belle Vue Road, Sunderland.
 Vincent, Grace, Handon Hill Lodge, Ashbrooke Road, Sunderland.
 Von-Bark, Nancy, Cranbrook, 39 St. John's Ter., East Boldon, Co. Durham.
 Westwell, Grace, 15 The Westlands, Sunderland.
 *Whitfield, Kate, 41 Sydenham Terrace, Sunderland.
 Wilson, Marjorie, 25 Roker Park Road, Sunderland.
 *Wise, Joan, 6 Wolsley Terrace, Sunderland.
 Wood, Nancy, 16 Belle Vue Crescent, Sunderland.
 Woodward, Gladys, 19 St. George's Square, Sunderland.

