



THE BEDAN,

DECEMBER, 1933.

FOREWORD.

AS most of our readers know, this year's Bedan has been produced under less happy circumstances than former ones, since Miss Boon is still away from school, and has not yet fully recovered from her illness of last term. Past and present Bedans, will, however, be pleased to hear that she is nearly better, and will probably be with us once more next year.

We were pleased to welcome back Miss Robinson, who we hope will enjoy better health in future. While the staff was short-handed, we were helped by Miss Parker, Miss Munro and Miss Taylor, all Old Bedans.

There have been many changes in the staff since the last Bedan was published. Last term the school bade a regretful farewell to Miss Wilson, who has shepherded so many Bedans through their first years of Latin and History. Miss Herbert, however, has joined our ranks, to carry on Miss Wilson's work. We were also very sorry to say good-bye to Miss Locker, who left to be married, and to Miss Smith, the assistant games-mistress, but we welcome in their stead Miss Littlehales and Miss Bernard, and we hope that the new mistresses will be happy with us.

In the matter of gifts, the School was exceptionally fortunate last year. Books were kindly given to the Junior Library by IIIa. and IIIb, while we are grateful to Ben House and the L.VIth., for very welcome additions to the Senior Library, and to a present Bedan for a book for the L.Vth. Library. Vera Harrauld, our last School Captain, presented us with "A Second Spring," and Miss Locker left, as a parting gift, three housewifery books, which we hope many Bedans will "read, learn, mark and inwardly digest."

We must also thank Miss Wilson for the picture, "The Duchess of Milan" which now hangs in the Hall. To encourage youthful needle-women, Mrs. Marley presented a silver needle-work trophy; we are very grateful to her, and to the U.VIth., who left a very acceptable gift in the form of a Junior Hockey Cup.

School results last year, both in work and games, were very good. A record number of girls obtained Higher and Subsidiary Certificates, and eleven girls obtained Honours in School Certificate. In games the standard was also high. The first rounders' team did not lose one match during the whole summer season, and the hockey and netball teams were almost equally successful. This term, the first hockey team won the Tournament at Durham, and one girl, whom we should like to congratulate, was chosen for the Junior County Hockey Team. Further details of these results, and accounts of the various activities and associations will be found within these pages.

In conclusion, we hope that all Bedans will find interest in what has been provided for their perusal and enjoyment.

E. MACCOBY, L.VIa.

J. McLACHLAN, L.VIa.

An Appreciation.

Miss M. G. Wilson retired in July last, after spending the whole of her teaching days and the latter part of her own schooldays at Bede School. She was a pupil of the old Higher Grade School, then she entered the Durham College of Science, which we now know as Armstrong College, Newcastle, where she was among the first students to graduate with the degree of B.Litt., and at the end of her college course she came back to teach in her old school, so that her connection with it has been an exceptionally long one.

Miss Wilson somehow has always belonged specially to the younger girls; she was interested in them, she understood them and she liked them best; she saw to it that they were brought up in the way they should go and they, in their turn, appreciated her efforts on their behalf and they gave her something more than mere obedience—the bond between them was one of affection.

In the many-sided activities of school life one learned to count on Miss Wilson, on her ready sympathy, on her practical help, and on her unflinching generosity, and the School Charities owe her a deep debt of gratitude. For many years she looked after the interests of John Gordon Featherstone, the son of a blinded soldier, she saw that he was provided with birthday cakes and Christmas presents in addition to the amount sent annually to St. Dunstan's on his behalf; she worked hard for the Silver Lining Society, which provides for the up-keep of a cot in the Children's Hospital, and she cared, too, for the needs of hungry Bedans, chocolate was always forthcoming at the right moment to stave off a scanty lunch or to satisfy a more than usually sweet tooth! Indeed one wonders how, in a life as full as hers was, she found time to devote to so many causes.

And Old Bedans will be glad to know that Miss Wilson still intends to keep in touch with school, she has been to see us a few times this term, she is a member of the Committee of the Social Service Club of the Guild of Old Bedans and her interest in the well-being of present Bedans is as keen as ever it was.

In conclusion we should like to say that, in spite of the fact that Miss Wilson's retirement has left a gap which we find very hard to fill and that, for our own sakes, we should have been glad to keep her with us, we do wish her the best of good luck and every happiness in the coming days.

L. H.

F. U. W. C. S. Camps.

The number of Bedans who camped this year was not so great as usual, but all who did enjoyed it to the full.

CROWN EAST COURT, CAMP II.

Ten days of the summer vacation were spent at Crown East Court, a stately old house situated amidst fields and woods and rose gardens. A beautiful lake lay at one side of the building, covered with water-lilies and sheltered from the intense heat of the sun by the spreading branches of immense oak-trees.

The pleasant summer days were spent either in going for excursions, or revelling in the pleasures the "Camp" afforded, at the tennis courts, the swimming pool, on cricket and hockey pitches, or in the gymnasium. The evenings were spent in entertaining, or being entertained, by plays and songs.

Indeed, "Camp" life is ideal in every way and
Lo! here is fellowship.

NANCY McKENNY.

DOLGELLY CAMP, 1933.

A delightful camp holiday was spent this year in the New Council Schools overlooking the town of Dolgelly. Many rambles and excursions were made to the surrounding districts, the chief of the excursions being the ascent of Cader Idris. Every evening after tea sing-songs were held followed by talks, which were thoroughly enjoyed by both officers and campers.

BETTY RITCH.

OAKLEY HALL, CIRENCESTER.

The school camp, a large ivy-covered house, stood in spacious, flower-decked grounds.

Every morning prayers were held in the church attached to the building.

For amusement throughout the day there were the gymnasium, tennis court, and roller-skating rink.

Through the grounds and across a large playing field, where cricket and hockey games were enjoyed, was found the swimming pool, inviting tired and dusty campers to sport in its cool depths, after a ramble through the vast wooded parks, or the interesting town with its beautiful old church.

FREDA SMITH.

PATTERDALE BARN CAMP.

Patterdale Campers had a most enjoyable time. The weather was remarkably fine in spite of expectations to the contrary. Whole days were spent out in the open, and those who braved the toil and fears of the climb over Striding Edge to Helvellyn were amply rewarded by the view. The happy spirit of comradeship felt by all added much to the joy of the holiday.

DOROTHY ATKINSON.

SUMMER CAMP AT ST. DAVID'S.

Four Bedans had a rather cold time travelling overnight to St. David's, but the next ten days spent at camp proved well worth the journey. The camp consisted of about forty-three Welsh and English girls, who spent their time walking, or swimming in one of the many lovely bays which form the chief attraction of this little Welsh city. Then at night, forty-three weary campers were glad to spend the time singing round the camp fire, before seeking the somewhat doubtful comfort of a straw-stuffed palanquin.

HILDA HOSKISON.

The Geographical Association.

The meetings of the Geographical Association are held monthly in the Training College, Ryhope Road, and usually take the form of an illustrated lecture.

New members are invited, the subscription for Associate Members being 1/6 and that for full members 6/-.

J. S. BRIGGS.

National Savings Association.

During the year the Association has adopted another of the Government schemes for School Associations in place of its original one. This has been done chiefly to bring the Bede School Association into line with those in the elementary schools from which new members come. It has the advantage of allowing girls either to save money to buy 16/- certificates, as before, or to save 20/- in stamps, which can then be invested in a Trustee Savings Bank. The latter is advisable when the money is to be withdrawn after a short period. Girls are reminded that if they save money by National Savings Stamps it is to their advantage to belong to the School Association, as, through it, their certificates are predated several months, making them mature earlier than if they are bought independently at a Post Office.

All members of the Association are asked to watch the notice board outside Room 1 for information and instructions.

Membership at present is 43 and the amount saved during the year was £30.

E. BRUCE, Hon. Sec.

Research Club.

In the Autumn term of 1933 it was decided to form a club for Chemical Research to foster the spirit of chemistry among the members of forms from U.V. upwards.

Meetings have been held after school, and after an alfresco meal in the laboratory much useful work is done on the various problems being investigated.

The following representatives were elected:—Mollie Garbutt, Chairman; Jennie Hey, Secretary.

We are very grateful to Miss Biggs, the Honorary President, for her kind supervision and never-failing help.

JENNIE HEY.

Charities.

The contributions to the Charities Fund by the various Houses have been generous and we sent our annual subscriptions of £25 to the Children's Hospital and £15 towards the maintenance of the son of a soldier blinded in the War, whom we promised to help when the little son was about a year old. He is now fourteen and from his letters we think he must be rather a nice boy.

We remember him at Christmas and send his birthday cake in February.

We had a doll-dressing competition at Christmas and the prize winners were as follows:—

Sewers:—Kathleen Scott, Upper Vb.

Juniors:—Muriel Watson, IIIb, and Marjorie Clarke, IIIb.

Marjorie Hanson (L.IVa.) and Marcel Marshall (Upper IVa.) were highly commended.

The dolls were sent to children at Highfield, at the Hospital and at the Eye Infirmary, and they were much appreciated.

The Easter collection of eggs, which we sent as a present to the Hospital, broke all records. We got 1257!

We have made nightgowns, bibs, feeders and frocks for the Hospital.

During the Summer term parties of girls visited the Hospital and, thanks to the kindness of the Matron and nurses, we saw a good deal of the little inmates, and some of us came away feeling very sad to see so much suffering, especially among tiny children.

It was with greatest regret we said "good-bye" to Miss Wilson who left in July. She has always been associated with this organisation, and we shall miss her cheerful and generous assistance. Miss Seddon has kindly undertaken to help in her place. D. S. ARKLE.

School Branch of the League of Nations Union, 1932-33.

At the opening of the new session we felt that there were so many interesting events happening in the World, that we decided to discuss Modern events as well as League of Nations activities, since they were so often re-acting on one another. One cold, grey day when we met in the Sewing Room, the kitchen fire seemed so attractive in passing that we eagerly migrated and since then the group has gathered regularly around the kitchen fire.

Although the members were fewer in number than last year, the informal talks and discussions were keenly followed, especially the series on Russia—via Revolution to the foundation of the U.S.S.R. under Lenin—and so to the influence of Stalin and the Five Years Plan on present conditions.

In the Spring Term the events in Germany and Central Europe could not fail to arouse interest, for the rise of Hitler and the change of public opinion in Germany was too notable to pass lightly over, even when our session closed at Easter.

To all girls in the Upper School who are interested in present day affairs, we extend a hearty invitation to join us in our debates and fireside talks.

E. M. PARRIS.

Netball Notes, 1932-33.

Last season the weather was decidedly unkind, forcing us to scratch many of our matches, leaving only four to be played. Of these we won three and lost one. Of the four matches played by the second team two were lost and two won.

Owing to bad weather conditions the County Netball Tournament was also cancelled on the first arranged Saturday. As the next fixture fell on the same day as Junior County Hockey Trials we were only able to enter a Junior Team for the Tournament. This team was very successful and won its Section. The Senior Section was won by the Old Bedans.

We would like to thank Miss Peters for the time spent at practices in coaching us, also Edna Sayers and Jean Taylorson for preparing refreshments for home matches.

DOROTHY GRIERSON (Captain 1933-34).

Netball Criticisms, 1932-33.

- M. WILKINSON quickly settled down to a new position—her determination is a great help, she never gives up but marks her opponent astutely.
- D. GRIERSON. Though her intercepting is good, her marking is not so good—she seems to lose her opponent at the vital moment. She has been a very good captain.
- R. HALLIDAY } soon settled down and combined well—their speed, energy
C. SIMPSON } and tactics are good. Rene and Molly find their height most
M. GARRATT } useful—while Cassie's ease of play and ball control are
 } excellent. R. Halliday has been a most reliable secretary.
- E. COLLING } they are keen players and anxious to improve, Elsie makes
W. SCOTT } excellent use of her spring to compensate for lack of height—
 } her dodging and catching are good. Winnie has improved greatly, her
 } long shots are particularly good.

P. M. PETERS.

Netball Match Results.

Team.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.
1st VII. - -	4 -	3 -	1 -	0
2nd VII. - -	4 -	2 -	2 -	0

Durham County Netball Tournament. Junior Section won by Bede School.

Inter-House Match Results.

Junior—Dron. Senior—Dun.

Hockey Notes, 1932-33.

During the hockey season, 1932-33, the weather was mainly satisfactory but the teams did nothing really brilliant. The first team played 8 matches and only managed to win two. However we were second in our Section in the Schools' Tournament at West Hartlepool. The 2nd team did slightly better, winning 2 matches out of 3.

Rene Halliday, our left inner, was chosen to play for the Junior County Team last season and we felt very proud of her.

Many of the school travelled to Wallsend last November to see the England versus The Rest match, which was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone.

We offer our grateful thanks to Miss Peters for the time she has spent coaching us, and we also wish to thank P. Allan, H. Hunter and E. Solley for preparing the refreshments at our home matches.

M. THURLBECK (Captain).

Hockey Criticisms, 1932-1933.

E. COVER saved well in most matches, her kicking is much stronger this season—her chief weakness is quick close shots which she seems unable to sight in time.

J. MANNING and M. THURLBECK } were most reliable, their combination and teamwork was excellent—they should remember that they are neither of them very fast and must not be tempted too far up. Mary Thurlbeck was an excellent captain.

The Half-line was reliable and hard working.

M. WILKINSON is an untiring player—she was always ready to defend or attack and supported her forwards most sympathetically.

C. STURSON did well for a first season—her unflinching speed and energy are her chief assets—at the moment her strokes are not definite enough and she frequently failed to hit with sufficient force—she trusts too much to flick shots.

D. GARRISON is an equally untiring and determined player, her marking is especially good.

The Forwards improved greatly in combination and initiative; by the end of the season they were really attacking and forcing their way through.

M. GARNETT has found her correct position as right wing and settled down well; in this position she uses her speed and dribbling, which are good and has not that opportunity for meddling which was her chief difficulty in the centre. Her centre pass is good. She has been a most reliable secretary.

K. SCOTT. Although well uncontrolled, improved towards the end of the season; at times she is a most forceful player, but this too often leads to her great fault, over-running the ball.

E. COLLINS did well in the centre—her energy and enthusiasm are untiring—with more experience she should lead her forward line well.



"FORGIVABLE LARCENY"

MARGARET CURRY, UPPER VA.

- E. HALLIDAY* was quite the most useful forward—chiefly because her stick-work and therefore her control were so much the best. Her passing is sympathetic and her attacking tactics sound and well judged throughout.
- K. SMITH is mastering a difficult pass well; she is keen and energetic. Her great weakness is her inability to keep "outside" and on several occasions good openings were wasted through her being penalised—if she overcomes this fault with more experience and sounder stickwork she should be a good player.

P. M. PETERS.

* Denotes colours.

Hockey Match Results.

Team.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.
1st XI. - - -	7	2	2	2
2nd XI. - - -	4	1	0	3

Inter-House Match Results.

Senior—Drawn.

Junior—Strath.

Rounders Notes, 1933.

We have had a very successful season, winning all our matches; while the second team only lost one of the eight matches played. The Junior team only obtained one fixture, which unfortunately they lost.

We wish to thank Miss Peters for her valuable coaching, and also the girls who prepared the refreshments for home matches.

RENE HALLIDAY (Captain, 1933).

Rounders Criticism, 1933.

- L. SMITH has bowled and fielded well—she has gone through the whole season without ever penalising her team with "3 no balls." Her batting has not been so good this season.
- C. SIMMONS has again fielded well—her throw is quick and accurate. She has the honour of having scored 5 rounders when last man "is" during a match.
- E. HALLIDAY has fielded and captained her team well—but her batting has been disappointing.
- J. MANNING is a good all round fielder and batsman, who generally manages to score.
- K. SMITH, though not playing as well as last season, has done some useful batting and catching.

- M. GARRETT has fielded well. She is a most useful secretary.
- K. MARLEY is a neat fielder—her throwing is excellent.
- D. GIBSON is a neat, reliable fielder, who throws quickly and accurately.
- E. COLLING has batted fairly well—and adapted herself well to a position which is not really her own.

F. M. PETERS.

Rounders Match Results.

Team.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drew.
1st IX.	7	7	0	0
2nd IX.	7	4	1	1

Inter-House Match Results.

Junior—Esk.

Senior—Strath.

Tennis Notes.

The standard of tennis has improved this season for two reasons: firstly, because this has been the second year's play for several of the girls, and secondly, because of the fine summer very few games periods were wasted, and, in addition, the courts were used more regularly in the dinner hour and often after school.

We still have only four courts, but the whole senior school played instead of, as in the previous season only six forms.

F. M. PETERS.

Bedan Essay Competition.

SENIOR SECTION.

A number of entries were submitted in the Senior Section, and the editors feel that the longer period of time allowed proved an advantage, and gave the girls an opportunity of doing their best with the subject they selected.

"The Social Changes Witnessed by the River Wear in the last Four Hundred Years" and "The Power of the Spoken Word" attracted most entrants. The former provided those who selected it with an opportunity of displaying their powers of imagination, and some very interesting efforts were the result, among which may be mentioned Audrey Hayton's, which gave in great and vivid detail the personal experiences of the river.

"The Power of the Spoken Word" produced quite a few well planned and well thought out essays, indicating that the subject had been carefully considered, and finally it was decided to award the prize to Eva Maccoby, whose work was excellent in form and revealed a thoughtful and comprehensive study of the subject.

Another good entry was Irene McLachlan's "The Conquest of the Air": she showed considerable ability in arousing enthusiasm for the subject, and a marked power of expression in her descriptions of the air as a region which will never cease to lure adventurous man. This essay was placed second.

The scientific subjects failed to produce any very noticeable efforts, "The Co-ordination of Flowers and Insects" having been attempted by only two or three girls; and there was one essay on "The Civilising Effect of Clothes."

The variety of subject and of treatment was a pleasing feature, and the editors hope that next year will bring an even greater harvest; the improvement in the general standard of the work was noteworthy, and afforded much satisfaction.

JUNIOR SECTION.

There was a really good response to the Bedan Essay Competition from the Juniors this year.

Not only were there many entrants but the standard was decidedly high. Among those selected for consideration were two very creditable character sketches of an old lady by Olive Adamson and Mary Healey. Kathleen Newrick's attempt on the subject, "If I were blind, what I should miss," though short, was interesting and well-expressed. Nora Johnson, too, acquitted herself well writing on the same subject, for her treatment was human, interesting and almost exhaustive, and approximated very closely to the successful essay.

Among those who wrote interesting accounts of "How I sailed the Spanish Main with Drake" were Doreen Graham and Connie Wray, whilst Emily Durrant's essay on "Which I prefer, a Summer or a Winter Evening" was the best of its kind.

"Dreams" was quite a favourite subject, and was handled fairly well on the whole, but Joan Hoey's treatment, though old beyond her years, was certainly on original lines.

Jean Richardson's "English Hedgerow" was quite a good attempt but the successful entrant was Yvonne White whose writing was most picturesque, true, and vivid. She seemed to make the reader breathe the atmosphere of a country lane in the various seasons of the year, and her feeling for the right word was most conspicuous.

It proved to be a really hard task to discriminate between the various attempts for they approximated so closely to each other.

An English Hedgerow.

An English hedgerow is, in all seasons, a subject worthy of acclamation. The natural beauty of its simple splendour is characteristic of English scenery; and well favoured by Nature is the man who can interpret the wonderful language of its insect and bird life and understand the beauties and wonders of its flora.

Let us walk along a country lane in April, the month of sunshine and showers.

There are willow boughs in the hedge, flowering in silver tufts which cling close to the twigs, as though seeking shelter from the sharp gusts of wind which whistle through the branches of the hedgerow slims. Such a gust rushes through the lane as we turn the corner, and we pause, watching the tall bare trees in which the rooks are building, swooping and bending, and see the half-built nests falling to the ground.

April can be quiet too, for the wind ceases, and as we toss the hair from our eyes, we see here a few early violets, and there a hedgebank carpeted with primroses. A cabbage butterfly flutters a short distance along the ridged bank, alights and flies again, as if it were not in very good practice. In a neighbouring field the cuckoo calls, and, remembering the saying

"Summer is a coming in,

 Loosely sing cuckoo,"

we decide to be off and await the coming of the summer.

When next we walk this way, it is June, the month of roses and summer glory. The hedgerow is a blaze of rich colouring, and a perfect maze of butterflies is to be seen dancing over the clustering roses, their multi-coloured wings glistening in the sunshine, while the greenery of the hedge forms a delightful background to this wealth of beauty. The foliage of the wayside trees and bushes is at its richest and thickest, and forget-me-nots, honeysuckle, and a host of other flowers all claim our attention and admiration; for with their rich colouring and delicious fragrance, each vies with the other in splendour.

Let us now travel through the months until we come to September, the golden month. As we pass along the lane once more, we remark that Nature seems to have mingled the passing glories of the summer with the more sombre hues of the coming winter. The rich, deep tones of the fallen leaves make the lane a golden pathway, for leaves appear more beautiful when dead or weather-beaten, than when they are clothed in their summer greenery. Many of our bird friends of the hedgerow have flown to warmer lands, but some still linger for winter to come ere they fly hence.

We must now see a hedgerow in December. Winter has come in reality. The trees are destitute of leaves, and not a flower may be seen. The ground is covered with a soft carpet of snow, and the boughs are bent down under their burden of white flakes. Here and there, a solitary robin darts in and out among the cracking tangle of twigs. All is bleak and desolate, and clouds are gathering overhead. We must retrace our steps, for a storm threatens, and so we bid one another adieu.

YVONNE WHITE, Lower IVa.

The Power of the Spoken Word.

In the early days of Western civilisation, when the Roman Catholic Church was almost the only civilising element in a turbulent Europe, the priests who strove to teach their religion to the semi-barbarous people among whom they lived, were forced to do so in a fashion they could understand. Vivid, word-of-mouth descriptions of the pains of purgatory gave them their first motive for renouncing the sins of their fathers, and attempting to follow the new religion.

In the intimacy of the sick-bed and the confessional the priest spoke to men for the good of their souls, and the forceful words of one who believed with all his heart and soul had more influence than any modern tract or pamphlet can wield.

As these Dark Ages gave place to the Middle Ages, the Church grew in wealth and power, and as it grew, so the spoken word became ever more powerful. The art of reading and writing was a monopoly of the Churchmen, but their unlettered congregations, rich and poor alike, had still to be taught. The hard and fast ideas of Heaven and Hell which had captured the allegiance of the barbarians of five centuries ago were still taught to the people, and still by means of direct speech, but in addition to the home truths from the pulpit, miracle and mystery plays taught the ancient Bible stories. Against the dark barrier of ignorance, nothing but the spoken word could hope to battle.

Later, as the Middle Ages progressed, lowly-born people could obtain education by taking minor orders and travelling, generally on foot, to listen to the speeches of famous scholars, and it was once more by word of mouth that learning spread. In those days of few books and fewer people who could read them, there was no way save by the spoken word by which knowledge could reach the great masses of the people.

As the Middle Ages drew to a close, clever men began to see much in the Church which needed reforming. As yet, however, though learning was becoming general among the upper classes, very few poor men had any education, and such reformers as Wycliffe, Luther, and Zwingli had need to be orators as well as reformers. Wycliffe travelled through England, and everywhere his passionate words made converts. Luther and Zwingli lived here, and were helped by the new art of printing and the rather more widespread knowledge of their time, but they too preached to packed congregations, and their speeches were of vast importance in influencing and converting those with whom they came in contact.

When the Renaissance and the Reformation had worked their will on Europe, and left behind a people better educated on the whole, and with new hopes, fears and prejudices, with little of the old simple faith and with a new spirit of eager inquiry, books had begun to exert their influence, and teaching by word of mouth had lost much of its urgency. On the other hand a new school of men arose, who strove to exert their influence by means of the spoken word—the dramatists. Acted before large audiences the plays had incalculable influence over the minds of the people.

Meanwhile a new and most powerful body was arising in the land—Parliament. As yet speeches and debates in Parliament never reached the outside world and were meant only for the ears of the members. As Parliament grew—or desired to grow—in power, however, clever members soon felt the need for influencing their fellows, and eloquent speakers learnt to sway their audiences by the magic of their words. Eliot, Hampden, and Pym are famous examples of those who fought for the rights of Parliament, and their speeches, sometimes hot-blooded, sometimes carefully prepared beforehand, led the Commons farther than they realized. There is no doubt of the immense influence the spoken word has had over the destinies of Parliament.

By the nineteenth century, Parliament was composed of some of the cleverest men of the time, and though it was totally unrepresentative, its leaders were brilliant, able men, with whom oratory was an art. Politicians such as Disraeli and Gladstone well knew the power of their words—as witness the latter's whirlwind Midlothian campaign, while Palmerston's one overpowering success in the field of oratory—his famous defence of his "Civis Romanus sum" policy—established a precedent not to be lightly broken by statesmen of to-day.

The speakers of to-day are in a world apart from these giants of an older time. It is strange that in this world of wireless and newspaper reports, which gives so much more prominence to the speeches of famous men of all countries, there are no such orators as flourished in the last century. Every speech of any importance is now soon made known to the world at large, and though sometimes

they are as soon forgotten, modern leaders of thought have wisely made use of the wireless to influence their large public. The new B. D. C. plans for short political talks are, of course, another step in this direction, and a good one, for, whatever their opinions, people will hear a little of the point of view of the other side.

Yes, in this world of books, magazines and daily papers, the Spoken Word still holds first place. Only by meeting and sparking face to face, in the persons of their representatives, can the nations hope to understand each other, and to work together. In the Spoken Word there lies, not only the salvation of the past, but the hope of the future.

RNA MACCORT, Lower Via.

The Conquest of the Air.

"Special edition, special edition, great new air record." Above the noise and grind of the great city, the magic words rang out, and in a moment the small ragged newspaper boy was surrounded by an eager throng who thrust their pennies into the grimy outstretched hand, and received in exchange the precious blue paper with bold glaring headlines. Quickly the news spread from lip to lip, and small bands of listeners eagerly discussed the topic of the moment. Surely now the great expanse of sky would soon be in submission to the power of man! Flood lay in the columns of type they were so eagerly scanning. Why, that great distance had been covered in three days! True, conditions had been favourable, but the mere thought of that small airplane, rendered distinctive by the great height at which it flew, gliding into the grey perilous masses of cloud and emerging into the vast clear space once more, only served to accentuate the significance of its lone triumph. Vivid accounts of the great flight were eagerly read; wonderful events were predicted. Recent successful flights were recorded, pictures printed, articles full of encouraging prophecies were written by leading airmen, and a glowing future for aviation described.

In this confident belief the busy world went on its busy way, until once more the voice of that tattered archer rose above the roar of city life. "Special edition, special edition, terrible air disaster." Once again papers and coins changed hands, once again the cry was taken up, and the news spread among the crowds passing to and fro along the pavement. Once again the listeners banded together to discuss the grim details and interchange their theories. The air was pronounced unconquerable; man could never defeat the elements; he might hold sway on land and water, but he would never have dominion over the great sky, with its inscrutable mysteries and perils. Great air disasters were recalled, condemning articles were written, pictures of the great liner, its frame twisted and contorted as if in a last death agony were presented to the public; the smiling faces of those who had so bravely ranged themselves against the unconquerable air looked at their fellow men from the front page of a newspaper. At these pathetic evidences of man's failures in the air, at the sight of the wrecked plane, and at the thought of the brave heroes checked in their promising careers by such a death, the question rose to the lips of not a few: "Was it worth it?" Why, they said, should these men perish in pursuit of such an unnecessary project. Man could travel by sea and land, was not that all that was required? Nations were stirred to the heart by these grim tragedies, and paid their last tribute to the fallen victims.

Again and again these disasters come crashing into the news, grim proofs of another battle fought and lost, grim warnings to those adventurous spirits who would try their strength against the heavens. The proof of her victory may be horribly apparent to those daring aviators, yet still the battle goes on. As long as that unquenchable fighting spirit dwells in man, he will never abandon the attempt. The air, because of its very danger and mystery, lures him, rouses in him the gazing interest, urges him to gamble with his most precious possession—his life. There is something in man's make up, a desire to probe into all

things until he reaches a solution, and no matter how dangerous a project may be, he will always strive to succeed in it. Failure, though they may appear to quench that desire, can never really extinguish it. It is pressed upon and again in this battle with the air. Men who have felt the exhilarating thrill of being alone, free, away from the great world below them can never forget that experience, can never abandon the contest. Though they have experienced the horrors of a crash, though they have been hurried through space, trapped in a useless machine and have seen the earth furiously rushing to meet them, though they may have experienced the fearful horror of being trapped by that terrible enemy, fire, still they renew their attempts; the call of the air captures them, and once more they soar into the clouds, determined to battle anew and conquer the air.

It is owing to the efforts of such men as these, that aviation has reached such a high level to-day. Risks must be taken in all ventures, disasters must occur on land and sea, and as men improve their machines, as they learn more about the air, and increase their experience of it, the airplane will one day be as much in use as train or ship, and man will come as near to conquering the air, as ever he will be able. Aviation still advances, nearing perfection with every generation, and, as the first pioneers of the air have, by their very mistakes, pointed the way to the vast improvements in flying to-day, so shall the errors and disasters of present day airmen assist coming generations to bring aviation to perfection so that they may dare

"All that may plant man's lordship firm,
On earth and fire, and sea and air."

IANUS MCLACHLAN, Lower Via.

Our Little Visitors.

Now that the days are growing shorter and colder, many birds visit our garden for tit-bits. Many of the common birds, such as sparrows and starlings come, but there are some very pretty little birds, blue-tits and yellow-hammers. These birds are very much alike in shape. The blue-tits are a bluish black and yellow-hammers a pale green, in colour. The yellow-hammers are larger birds and are very much more vicious. They have small, sharp beaks and black beady eyes. Lately the Robin Redbreast has been seen.

We have hung a hawk outside the dining-room window. This we have filled with pea-nuts. It is amusing to watch the blue-tits fly in and out for nuts. We have also threaded some monkey nuts on a string. The little blue-tits hang on upside down, and can pick a nut out of a shell when the strongest wind is blowing.

We have also hung a piece of fat on a string for them to nibble at. In the summer we put some nuts on a tray on the inner ledge of an open window, and some daring little birds came in for one. At another closed window, we placed some pea-nuts near the glass. The birds came and pecked at the window, thinking they could easily get a nut.

We spend many hours in watching them fit in and out, and chasing each other away. We have encouraged quite a large number to come for nuts, and we are rather worried because neighbouring cats are inclined to scare our little visitors away.

MILDRED ADAMTHWAITE, Fern Hill.

Herring Fishing.

This is the busiest time of the otherwise sleepy old town of Wick in the North of Scotland. All through the long winter months this town has appeared to be dormant, but now she is wide awake.

This morning everything seems alive in the harbour where I am standing at present. Before me lie fishing trawlers. They are packed so tightly in the harbour that it is possible to get from one side to the other by stepping from

boat to boat. Herring is passed from the trawlers to the men ashore, by means of cranes. The fish are then salted, put into barrels, and hurried away on waiting lorries.

The gulls are screaming and screeching overhead, waiting expectantly for any fish that may be dropped. Then, down they swoop, fighting and squabbling over the prize.

At each side of me, too, is a sight well worth seeing—the fisher girls dressed in brightly coloured caps and aprons and large Wellington boots, standing on long benches, some of them gutting, others sorting, and still others packing the herring.

Then there are the children, both boys and girls, who flock to the harbour to beg the fishermen to give them a few herrings which they string, the girls taking them home for dinner, and the boys going from door to door selling them.

Until late afternoon all is bustle, then gradually the trawlers slowly steam out to sea, peace settles once more over the harbour, and only the gulls are left circling overhead.

When darkness falls one can see the twinkling lights of the boats over the dark waters awaiting once more the nightly harvest of the sea.

HELEN DUNNETT, Lower IVc.

A Grocer's Shop.

We open punctually at 8 o'clock and almost at once I am serving. School children, girls and boys, come trooping in, eager-eyed and bright. They are in truth, better shoppers than their mothers. They know exactly what they want; they never hesitate.

Early in the forenoon come the mothers, and I confess that I am deeply interested in all our customers. In fancy, I go home with them, and I often find myself making mental pictures of them, busy at their various household tasks. Most of them have a smile and a kindly remark for those behind the counter, yet it is seldom that anyone gives us a direct word of appreciation.

Fleets of grandmothers come into the shop, and some are so very impatient that it is hard work to keep on smiling and looking pleasant. They handle the goods, ask rude questions and make unpleasant remarks. Personally, I dislike most of all the type who come saffling in, goes saffling around, selecting the best of everything—the leanest hams, the brownest eggs, the largest potatoes. Of course, I am aware she is paying for them, but selfishness is written so large across her, that I am decidedly glad when she goes.

Another type of customer insists on having an article from the window. I wonder if it ever crosses her mind, that every good grocer is a bit of an artist too, and he hates to have to disfigure the picture he has taken pains to make and display for all passers by to see; and this, merely to satisfy the whim of a capricious customer. At night I am usually tired, having been on my feet all day, but I enjoy my work. Best of all, I love the children with their quaint requests and dull remarks to each other. So I smile and sigh and weigh and measure and tie up; doing a little polishing and dusting whenever there is a spare moment, till at last the strainers are put up and the door is locked.

PHYLLIS WILCOCK, Form Lower IVa.

My Garden.

"If only I had a garden," I said, "it would be so beautiful that everyone would be jealous. I would have arches covered with roses and twisty crested-paved paths round fountains and sundials. There would be hammocks along



"CINDERELLA."

WYNETH BOUGH. UPPER IVs.

between trees, nice climbable trees." But although I myself was convinced that I could do all this, no one else was. However I was given a small part of the garden just to try—"Just you see," I said.

The first thing to do was to dig my plot over. To see how this was done I peeped through the railings at our neighbour who was also gardening. His face wore an expression of demoralisation and agony. Therefore I tried to assume his expression and began to dig vigorously. I dug the spade into the ground, jumped on the blade—and collided with the railings. The spade had struck something hard without a doubt. Dreams of buried treasure rushed through my head, but all were brought crashing to the ground when I unearthed a brick. A very poor foundation for a castle in the air!

I went on digging. There were innumerable worms in the ground that day. I had heard that if a worm is chopped in half the tail end grows a head and the head end a tail, thus forming two worms. "Therefore," I calculated, "these very worms will be parts of the first worms ever chopped in half." While this and other such thoughts filled my mind, I was still diligently digging away. At last my labours were rewarded by a patch of turned soil and—a pain in the back. Truly gardening is a painstaking job!

Next week when I looked at my garden I received a surprise. For in it were planted all the rubbishy, weedy, old plants we had finished with last year, and the next door people's mist had come in under the railings. I did not get angry but I took my revenge. I dug out all the rubbishy, weedy, old plants and deposited them in the celery bed. I dug out the mist, and, hoping that no one's eye would receive it, threw it over the railings—and ran.

At length I stole back. Where I had dug out the r, w, o, p, and the m, was a ditch. Why not make a pond? I filled a pail with water and poured its contents into the hole. The water stayed for a minute, that was all, and then was gone to make a hot spring in New Zealand. So much for the pond. Next I secured some peas which were sleeping for to-morrow's dinner and planted them where the pond had been. They would probably have risen out of the ground by to-morrow, I reflected very optimistically.

They were, but not in the way I expected. The fowls of the air had been and were busy feeding at my garden. I uttered a cry and made a dash. A sparrow who was seeing roared joined in the chase and in doing so, completed the damage to the garden.

I made up mind not to be hasty to another feathered beast, not at least, unless the feathered tribe was to be the object of the verb "to eat." So I made a scarecrow! It consisted of two sticks crossed, the upright one upholding an empty-headed grinning turnip. Since all the old clothing of our household had departed to a jumble sale, the only thing I could obtain was a hat borrowed from the hall-stand when no one was looking. Secretly I was very proud of my scarecrow and it was with reluctance that I bade him good-night.

There was rather a strong wind during the night. I was quite anxious for the poor scarecrow. But I need not have worried. There was nothing whatever to worry about, nothing at all. In fact the scarecrow existed no more. The hat had been removed from the branches of a poplar tree and returned to the hall-stand with a threat. In the centre of the garden I found the remains. The face had been pecked by the birds. It had three eyes like a Chinese god and the mouth was turned down at the corners. It scowled ferociously and so did I. I, for one, did not appreciate the birds' sense of humor.

"If you like," I said at dinner that day, trying to assume a generous expression, but relapsing into the gardening expression at which I was now an adept. "If you like, you can have my garden back. It is really too small for what I want. Hullo! whatever is the joke?"

I failed to see what amused people so much.

MARY ARLEIGH, Upper IVa.

A Thunderstorm.

The sky was full of lowering clouds which appeared to menace humanity as they slowly glided over to what not completely all that was left of the summer blue. The wind had sunk to a mere breath which had not even the power to stir the leaves on the trees. All Nature seemed to await some dread occurrence as a hushed silence filled the atmosphere.

Suddenly upon the awful stillness of the earth the distant rumble of thunder crashed out and, as though in relief, a gust of wind swept through the trees. The moment of suspense was over, and closely following the herald of the storm the lightning lit with a fearsome radiance the darkened scene. The lonely traveller gazed with wonder on the spectacle, realising the futility of mankind before the force elements, then called his dog and, quickening his pace, sped to the nearest shelter as the first large drops of rain descended. Heavier and heavier the deluge descended on the fields, parched with the summer drought, and, in spite of its harshness, the flowers and trees, bending before it, yet welcomed its cooling freshness.

Louder and louder raged the tempest, the gale, once aroused, shaking violently the remaining trees. Flash after flash of lightning illuminated the black heavens, and the clouds, heavy with rain, moved laboriously before the peals of thunder, and, as if vying with the thunder, the sea boomed hollowly as its huge breakers it dashed against the stubborn rocky crags.

At last the sound of thunder became less frequent, and the lightning's fearsome darts ceased to flare across the clearing sky. Patches of blue became evident, and the sun made a timorous attempt to creep from its shelter of murky clouds. The mighty blasts of wind retired to their eastern cave, blowing before them the last remnants of that gloomy pall. Summoning its courage the sun shone forth again in splendour, and the landscape received its former calm and peaceful aspect.

The traveller stepped out from the refuge to which he had fled and, breathing in the clear air, scented with the fragrance wafted from the fresh dewy flowers, passed on his way, humbled, yet invigorated by the sight of the serene heavens torn asunder in the passionate fury of primitive Nature.

FRANK SMITH, Lower Va.

The Witch of Wookey.

While touring the Mendip Hills during the summer holidays, we visited the famous Caves at Wookey, near Wells. On entering we felt the sense of oppression which one usually feels when passing from the bright sunshine to the darkness of a cavern. Following the guide through the outer cave we passed along a lighted passage into the Witch's Kitchen, where we were introduced to the Witch herself.

The hag-like rock is, according to legend, the petrified remains of the Witch, who terrorised the district, away back in the Middle Ages. The story goes that, being brought to bay by the Monk Bernard, who defied all her spells, the Witch fled, cursing and shrieking, into the inner cave. The monk followed, and, as he did so, an enormous rock detached itself from the roof of the cave, and crashed to the spot where, a moment before, he had been standing. Still unafraid, he proceeded with outstretched arms and pointing finger towards the hag, who, powerless under his fearless gaze, stood rooted in terror to a mound of rock. Slowly and imperceptibly a change came over her and to this day she stands what she then became, a grotesque and horrible figure of stone, dark and sinister in death as in life.

Emerging once more into the daylight, it was a relief to us to see the sunshine and hear the song of the birds which contrasted with the gloomy silence of that subterranean cavern and the evil presence of the Witch of Wookey.

JEAN NICHOI, Lower Va.

Bedana.

B is for best, the best you can do;
 E's for enthusiasm, energy too;
 D is for duty, that's always a rule;
 A's for admiration and honour for your school;
 N is for neatness, in this we must pass;
 S is for silence and obedience in class.

KATHLEEN ROCKLIFF, IIIb.

Night.

The sun sinks in his easy bed,
 And there he rests his sleepy head,
 The sky is tinted with reds and golds;
 And the silent night her wings unfolds.

The moon like a queen, glides up in the sky,
 To their nests the ravens homeward fly;
 Slowly the sun in the west sinks low,
 And the weary kine to the farm must go.

Cold moon-beams shine on the tranquil lake,
 Children are sleeping now till morning must wake,
 The shadows longer and longer creep,
 On the silent world which is fast asleep.

J. RABBOURNE, Lower IVc.

The Sea.

Oh restless waves on a rock-bound shore!
 What a tale you could tell to me,
 Of the toil and strife of the roll and roar
 Of that turbulent heaving sea.

You could tell me, too, a tale of peace
 When the sunshine touches the crest,
 And fishing boats ride gently at ease,
 And all is stillness and rest.

MARGORIE ROCHESTER, IIIb.

My Bird.

The grass was green,
 The sky was blue,
 When out of the tree
 My little bird flew.

He flew so fast,
 He flew so far,
 Until I thought
 He had reached a star.

THE BEDAN.

But he came back
At last to me,
And perched himself
On the apple tree.

My little brown bird,
When he wanders away,
Always comes back
At the end of the day.

MARIE HENDERSON, IIIa.

The Harvest Mouse.

There was a little harvest mouse
That frisked among the wheat,
And to her toony-weony house
Carried ripe ears to eat:
The corn stalks swaying in the breeze
Appeared to her like golden trees.

She slept on straw, and for her head
A cushion pillow made
Of poppy petals: on her bed
For counterpane she laid
A white convulvulus, the queen
Of flowers in the cornfield season.

When reapers cut her forest down,
The little harvest mouse,
Went gleaning in the stubble brown:
Her toony-weony house
She filled with grain, a golden hoard
Of treasure for the winter stored.

MAY HOOD, Form Lower IVb.

Fishing.

Sometimes we go out fishing, Elizabeth and me.
And while we're fishing for them she's as keen as keen can be;
But when we've hooked them safely on catly headed pins
Elizabeth gets anxious and her worrying begins.
She wonders if the fish we've caught are and without their mothers;
She wonders if they're missing all their sisters and their brothers;
Perhaps, she thinks, they are Murray fish, which makes her worry too.
And hapless plight of baby fish she dreadfully does rue:
I think they look quite happy, swimming round and round the jar,
But Elizabeth is quite frantic, because she doesn't think they are,
And the thought of orphan fishes gives her tender heart such pain,
That in the end I always have to throw them back again.

ELISE KNOWLES, Lower IVa.

The Road.

Oh, where is your end,
 Oh, great white road!
 Up to the mountains,
 Or under the tree?
 Down past the fountains,
 You go at your ease.
 Round every bend,
 Do you ever end,
 O great winding road?

Over the purple moor,
 Or down to the sea?
 Through smoky towers:
 Over big bridges,
 Over the downs:
 Along narrow ridges,
 Round every bend,
 Do you ever end,
 O great winding road?

CARA DAWSON, Form Upper IVc.

The Daisies.

Come along, come along, out on to the lea,
 Where daisies are growing as thick as can be,
 Each one hides a fairy who's singing a song
 Calling to us "Come along, come along."

We'll gambol and play there—what fun it will be
 Dancing 'mid daisies out there on the lea!
 And then we will go, with the fairies, to room
 Until the sun tells us it's time to go home.

So come along, now, out on to the lea
 Where daisies are growing as thick as can be;
 Each one hides a fairy who's singing a song,
 So come along, children, quick, come along.

E. TALSOT, Form Upper IVc.

Tim.

Tim is so handsome, so lordly and good,
 Though his hair is so grey, he's still young;
 He rescued a kitten when no one else could,
 And his praises from far are still sung.

He never does actions unworthy of praise,
 There's something praiseworthy in that!
 The ladies look at him with wondering gaze,
 But the truth is—he's only a cat.

WYOMING ROSS, Upper IVb.

THE BEDAN.

The Essay.

When you're starting on an essay, and don't know quite,
What in the world you are going to write,
Does not the paper seem large and white?

You've title and date at the top of the page,
Books beyond number that tell of the age
When Shakespeare wrote all his plays for the stage.

And of all the chapters, not one of them seems
To give you a hint as to what a man means,
When he asks you to tell one of Shakespeare's dreams.

Then you say to yourself "What am I to do?"
And play with your pencil, and fasten your shoe,
While the time flies on, and your thoughts do too.

When you come back to essays and what you're to write,
And an idea strikes you, but near no slight,
You look at the clock and "pack up" for the night.

DOUG FERRIS, Form Upper IVa.

Music.

Oh! what is it that thrills my soul! 'tis music.
Be it the sound of chiming bell,
Or mellow twang of mandolin,
A babbling brook o'er fern or fell,
Or warbling whine of violin.
It moves to tears him that hears it,
Soothes the troubled mind, and cheers it.

Oh! what is it that fills the air, 'tis music.
There's music in the moaning trees,
The whistling wind, the rustling grass,
There's music in the ocean breeze,
And drone of faghorn as ships pass.
'Tis God's good gift to me his child,
It gives me joy and peace of mind.

KATHLEEN KELLALL, Upper IVb.

Definition of a Vacuum.

Full of emptiness,
Packed with space,
Lighter than cobwebs,
Or strands of fine lace.

Softer than woadsdown,
Queer to explain,
This little ditty
Might make it plain.

You ask what it is,
Not a pear or a plum,
But just an invisible
Plain vacuum.

MARGERY ROSSON, Form Upper IVa.

Billy.

Oh Billy was a naughty boy,
A naughty boy was he;
He would drink water at the tap,
And always spill his tea.

And when he toddled off to school
He dawdled on the way;
He pulled poor pussy's little tail
A hundred times a day.

He did not always wash his neck,
His boots were never clean;
And blots upon his copy book,
They numbered seventeen!

One evening little Billy boy,
(He wasn't much in size)
Went creeping to the pantry,
And feasted on mince pies.

Now mince pies are delicious,
As everybody knows,
Eaten in moderation,
And not in threes and fours.

Now in the night poor Billy thought
He heard a fancy sound,
This frightened him so thoroughly,
He hardly dared look round.

An ugly sound of giant's snore,
(Beside his face as that!)
A mighty weight upon his chest,
A giant pussy cat!

Two great big gleaming eyes looked down,
As big as saucers quite,
Great whiskers too, of fiery hue,
The rest of it was white.

Oh Billy could not move an inch,
He was so very weak;
When to his great surprise, he heard
That pussy to him speak.

"Now Billy, you're a naughty boy,
A horrid boy," said she,
"So come along, now, hurry up,
You're coming out with me."

She took him down the garden path
And through the shrubbery,
And there he saw a host of cats
Beneath the willow tree.

"He pulled my tail;" "He threw me down;"
"He kicked me yesterday;"
"He hit me with a great big stick!"
He thought he heard them say.

THE BEDAN.

They turned around with hateful eyes,
A truly frightful glance,
And Billy had a feeling odd
Of creeping in his hair.

He fled as fast as he could go
Towards the kitchen door,
And landed with an awful bump—
Upon the bedroom floor.

Next morning Billy's head felt sore;
He rubbed it tenderly,
While pussy winked one eye at him,
And purred mysteriously.

Now Billy is just everything
A little boy should be,
A model of behaviour
And strict propriety.

His hair is brushed, his clothes are neat,
His neck is always clean,
And blots upon his copy book
Are never to be seen.

And now he's pussy's greatest friend;
But sometimes "on the sly"
She'll look up into Billy's face
And smile, and wink one eye.

MARGUERITE ROBERTS, FORMER LOWLY Vb.

Discovery.

No knowledge had they of the lands and seas,
Or rocks and winds, and yet they sailed away;
Eastward and northward, westward swept by the breeze
On! swiftly on, to north or tropic day.

Columbus pushing on-wards found America;
De Gama, sailing eastward, India saw;
The Cabots together reached Newfoundland;
To world-wide trade Magellan found the door.
Bruce entered fearlessly into Assyria;
To far Australia Captain Cook essayed;
While David Livingstone the "Great Pathfinder"
In darkest Africa his pathway laid.
Brave, dauntless Captain Scott, to the Antarctic
Unlocked the gate, but perished at his goal.
And Shackleton, aboard the doomed "Endurance"
Went bravely North towards the Great South Pole.

They made it possible that we should be,
An empire 'neath the never-setting sun;
Divided only by the seven seas,
Linked by our Navy and by Englishmen.

ELLEN BARNARD, FORMER Vb.

The Fairies in the Wood.

As I was in the woods one day,
I saw a lot of fairies play;
Dancing round the fairy ring,
In the centre stood the King.

The King was happy to be their guest;
The fairies were dressed up in their best
For it was an unusual thing
To have with them the "Fairy King."

DOUGLAS DENT, Illc.

Then—and Now.

The simple dress of olden times for centuries was worn
By ladies of Britannia, and few new styles were born;
But in the fourteenth century, amid its stress and strain,
Dame Fashion in Old England took up her august domain.

Then skirts became quite full and long; close fitting gowns she wore,
And hoppers, trailing from their sleeves, the ladies did adore.
Then the fashionable lady of next century did wear
A tall and bonnet head-dress, and its weight with patience bear.

Puffed sleeves were fashionable in the time of Henry Eight,
And ear-rings too, and little hats with feathers most ornate.
Fine ruffs and wigs were often seen in the days of Good Queen Bess,
And silken, dress-like crinolines became the favourite dress.

The ladies in society in George the Third's long reign
Were powdered wigs and silken gowns; but later frocks were plain.
Then followed "leg-of-mutton" sleeves, poke bonnets, too, and ruffs,
And hats with veils and feathers, and capes with frills and puffs.

In modern times (is it because kings are running short?)
The dressmakers in Paris to old fashions now resort,
In order to be "up-to-date," and please the critic's eye,
The modern miss must don the frocks of centuries gone by!

NOVA JOHNSON, Lower Va.

Sunderland.

In the days of long ago,
When our town began,
No stout ships sailed into port,
No metal engines ran.

Then the love of glittering gold
Brought in the thought of trade,
And at this town upon the Wear
The first ships were made.

When other industries arose,
Grew Sunderland in fame,
Warehouses, docks and quays were built
To which the tramp ships came.

THE BEDAN.

But still the world's in need of coal,
 And ships and goods; from Cumberland
 Sailed far across the seas,
 And in exchange for Durham coal
 They brought back luxuries.

Then the Great War shadowed all,
 Depression in its wake,
 The shipyards lay in idleness
 Until the clouds should break.

But still the world's in need of coal,
 Her exports daily grow,
 "Nil Desperandum" is her code,
 And then "Auspice Deo."

MARGARET CHAPMAN, Lower Va.

Whispers.

A wind crept up from the road and crossed
 A strange wild song to the night;
 And the daisy meadows made drowsy reply
 To the old dark hills that loomed to the sky,
 Secure in their massive height.

Then the willow bent and softly dressed
 To an eear-murmuring stream,
 Till the slender glimmering bushes heard
 And the ferns on their mossy couch silently stirred,
 Roused from a quiet dream.

And the shy pale face of the moon peered down
 Over the murmuring wood,
 To where a hare in the sweet, wet hay
 Slightly watched her; and only then
 Listened and understood.

H. WARD, Upper Va.

I Wonder.

There's a little white road winds over the hills,
 O'er woodland and meadow, o'er sparkling rills,
 It passes thro' cities and hamlets and towns,
 Continuing its course right over the downs.

There's a clear little brook that flows from the West,
 Thro' woodlands and mountains, o'er Mother Earth's breast,
 It gurgles o'er boulders, past many a lee,
 Meandering on to the infinite sea.

The road reaches a byway,
 The brook reaches the sea,
 But what on Life's Highway,
 Is destined for me?

MAY PURNIE, Upper Va.

Thoughts on seeing a Picture of the British War Cemetery in Passchendaele.

This picture raises no wild martial thrill,
 But rather, these mute symbols of man's sacrifice,
 Which must not be in vain, impart a chill
 O'erwhelming sense of agonizing awe.
 They paid their price;
 That strife and hate like chains should be no more.
 They served each arm
 With hope and high endeavour,
 That children, and their children's children, never
 Should know, like them, the horror of war,
 Each silent cross, each foot of hallowed ground,
 Emfolding the beloved brave who fell
 Breathes out a noiseless message, we are bound
 By all the laws of loyalty to hear.
 "Death brought for us no choir, no flowers, no bell,
 No Holy Sacrament, to banish fear,
 No loved ones hovered nigh, no teardrops fell,
 No gentle fingers smoothed away our pain,
 Yet we were glad to die, that war should end
 And freedom firm and undisturbed reign."

Where English rose and Flemish poppy twine,
 In earth once sodden with their blood they sleep.
 The Garden of Remembrance is a shrine,
 At which the youth of all the world must keep
 A sacred trust, and this their pledge renew:
 "No more shall war's wild music thrill the skies,
 Nor sulter hate flame in a nation's eyes;
 The sacrifice they made will keep us true,
 Men of the Somme, we will keep faith with you."

CHRISTINA HARTNESS, Upper Va.

Holiday Snapshots.

Onward the ship speeds,
 Ploughing the waters,
 Leaving behind it
 White path of spray.
 Eastward, the daybreak
 Streaking with scarlet
 Grey crest of breakers,
 Tossing and heaving
 Forever and aye
 Westward, unseen now,
 Shores of the homeland,
 Lost in the distance.

Long, lazy days in the blaring sunshine,
 Soft splashing waves on the shingle break low,
 Mingling their music with gay, human laughter,
 While far above loom dark cliffs, on whose bosom
 Nestle white villas, 'mid branches that blow,
 Swayed by soft breezes. Below, the grey city,
 Shimmering and still in the bright noonday glow.

THE BEDAN.

It's wonderful out in the garden
 In the calm of the summer night,
 When shadowy leaves are rustling,
 All soaked in silver light,
 And the fragrance of countless roses
 Pervades the heavy air,
 And the fig-tree bends to listen
 To strange sounds that reach him there,
 Sweet music is borne on the stillness,
 Soft voices take up the strain,
 With the liquid notes of a mandoline
 Swelling and dying again.

Too soon, too soon the dreaded night,
 Its grief and its parting sore,
 The last, fond glance at familiar sights,
 Which now will be seen no more,
 Down the wide, white street, with its cabs gay,
 And its happy laughter, led,
 To the dark, drear quay and the waiting ship,
 And the last farewells are said,
 Farewell, dear land, dear land of the sun!
 Thy twinkling lights fade fast;
 Farewell! for cruel are Time and Tide,
 And the holidays are past.

ALEX LAWRENCE, Upper Va.

The Quest.

The muse has flown, and the crystal stream,
 Of music now no longer floods
 My soul.
 The muse evades, elusive as a dream,
 And leaves but dark, tempestuous moods
 Of gloom.

O muse! elusive ever, I pursue
 Thee through the surging, silent mark:
 I strive
 To keep thy 'parting spark in view,
 Yet mortalising horrors lack
 And loom.

Before me darkness, save one gleam divine
 Which guides me o'er the treacherous way
 I tread.
 Oh, may thy light return again to shine,
 And flood of inspiration's day
 Illume.

BEATRICE WHEATON, Lower Va.

Farrago.

After the First Hockey Match of the Season.

"I cannot lift my legs to know
If these be life in them or no."

On the Returning of an Exercise.

"They brought me bitter news to hear,
And bitter tears to shed."

During Examinations.

"I gazed—and gazed—but little thought,"

On my Valiant Attempt at Translation.

"Say not 'The struggle sought availeth,'"

Sunday Night on attacking Week-end Homework.

"I'll to my book!
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining."

Alarming Discoveries during Hygiene Test.

"Life! I know not what thou art."

On Being Questioned in Class.

"I remember, I remember" (?)

On my Speaking Inaudibly.

"But tell me, tell me, speak again."

When a Match is to be Played.

"The rain set early in to-night."

A Plea on Behalf of the Farm.

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered Saints."

Trying to do Homework.

"My thoughts hold mortal strife;
I do detest my life."

During Lessons.

"A slumber did my spirit seal."

Farm (?) during Singing Lesson.

"Shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats."

Oral French.

"Prithee, why so mute?"

The Willow Pond.

The quiet pond lies wrapt in gentle sleep,
The willows droop their shapely leaves to trail
The dark unruffled water, as they weep
Into its silent depths the raindrops pale,
That slowly gathering, tremble on their ribs.

Each slender, sudden reed beneath the trees
Points proudly from the water its slim shaft
Of darkest green, unstirred by passing breeze,
And peeps between the down-bent willow leaf,
Drenched by such tear that down it gently drips.

No whisper of the wind disturbs the calm
Nor stirs the rushes round the quiet pond,
The silent darkness folds within its charm
The sleeping pool, but in the fields beyond
The clouded moon has dropped her first bright beam.

Then lo! the moon unveils her light and stoops
The drooping willows in her radiance clear,
A whispering breeze among the branches creeps,
They sigh, and bend their quivering leaves to hear,
And make the Willow Pond a silver dream.

IRVING M. McLACHLAN, Lower Via.

December Skies.

Cold, steely-grey was the sky in the morning,
Grey as the sea, when the mist's hanging low,
Dark clouds, and sharp, biting wind give the warning,
"Winter is here, and there's promise of snow."

Light, shining bright are the white sky and white earth,
Fields were so barren; now white hides the brown;
Emblem of purity, dawn of a new birth,
Sifting, and drifting the flakes flatter down.

Now, past the pine-trees the sunlight is falling,
See, fiery ball, says goodbye to the day;
Heavens to blue and to purple are palling,
Far in the West fades the last golden ray.

Thickly the snow lies, first, on this first eve,
Pale, oh so pale is the moon's gentle light,
Into the rivers of silver her beams weave
Nature—a study in black and pure white.

PACIFIC BRANCH, Lower Via.

Ben House Notes.

The year 1932-33 has proved an exceedingly happy one as far as Ben House is concerned, even if we have not reached the goal we aimed for at the beginning of the year.

Apart from the Christmas Party held with Strath House, which was very much enjoyed by all, the Autumn Term was on the whole marked by few notable incidents.

The Spring Term however, with its Netball and Hockey Matches, proved more eventful.

We did not meet with very much success in the Hockey Matches although the Junior Team were only just beaten after a hard struggle with Strath in the final. At Netball we fared better and managed to win the Shield.

The Gym Team, consisting of all the girls from the Upper Fourth upwards, succeeded in winning the Gym Shield in conjunction with Avon, and two members of the House gained Department Girdles.

On Sports' Day another member, Emily Durrant, gained further honours for the House by winning the Junior Sports' Championship.

The artistic side of the House has not been neglected either, as we succeeded in sharing the Art Picture with Strath.

The House has contributed generously to charities throughout the year, and collected the highest number of eggs for the hospitals.

The regular House Meetings have been well attended, and the entertainments, arranged by the various forms in turn, have always been very much enjoyed.

We wish to thank our House Mistresses, Miss Hutchinson, Miss Briggs, and Miss Wilman, who have given such valuable assistance to the House during the past year, and to welcome Miss Taylor who has joined us this term.

E. SOLLEY, Captain.

Esk House Report, 1932-33.

Esk House must be a happy house, because it has no history whatsoever.

The conduct of Esk House on the whole was fairly satisfactory, although there is still room for improvement, and although in the last term of last year, it lost the honour it had held every term since

the house system started, of gaining a red star for losing fewest marks for bad conduct during the term.

The progress in work was very slight, but in games we did a little better, winning at rounders and reaching the final in the tennis inter-house matches. We were beaten by Ness in the hockey, after three hard-fought games. One of our members was given the Hockey Stick presented by Mr. Joseph, for greatest improvement in stickwork during the term.

The collections of last year were good and we were able to give in £8 to School Charities and still have a little money in hand; we also gave a number of garments to the Grindon Convalescent Home at Christmas, and we sent six dozen eggs to the Cottage Homes at Easter, besides contributing to the School Collection of eggs for the Children's Hospital.

We were very proud of Lily English, who gained a red star for the house, by gaining honours in the School Certificate Examination.

We wish to thank the house mistresses for their valuable help throughout the year.

R. HALLIDAY (Captain).

Drom House Notes.

Another year has passed and it is again time for House reports.

Drom House has had a quite successful year in all ways. The members of the House as a whole worked very well, and tried to earn a good reputation: we did do this, for we won the picture "Winter," presented by the Old Bedans for the House making the most progress during the year. We were also fairly successful in games, for the hockey team won the Senior Hockey Shield, and the Junior Netball Trophy was also gained. Two of the members of the House earned Department Girdles, and we are very proud of them.

In December we had a very enjoyable House party with Ness, and everyone is looking forward to the next one.

The House was very sorry to say good-bye to Miss Wilson, who was such an able House Mistress: we hope that she will enjoy her well-earned rest. We have already had one visit from her, and hope that we shall often see her in the future.

Miss Seddon took the late House Mistress' place, and we hope to please her very much, and show her just what the House can do. The two Assistant House Mistresses are now Miss Robinson and Miss Herbert: Miss Herbert only came to this school in September, and we hope that she will be very happy with us.



THE DANCE.

JENNIE HEY, UPPER VA

Our collections for House funds and for charities have been quite good, although there are still a few who do not do as much as they could in this respect.

The meetings during the year were thoroughly enjoyed, especially those which could be held out-of-doors: we hope that the members of the House will always think affectionately of their House, and do their best to give it an excellent spirit and reputation.

HELEN SUTHERLAND (Captain).

Avon House Notes.

During the past year Avon House has held eight House Meetings which were quite enjoyable, although the Captain was not always able to give a very satisfactory report. We hope, however, that the conduct of the House will improve this year.

Brenda Scott and Ellen Lynch obtained red stars for the House by gaining honours in the School Certificate, and we are proud of this achievement.

We accomplished nothing outstanding in the field of Sport during the Autumn and Spring Terms but, in the Summer Term, we were rather more successful. On Sports Day we were fortunate in gaining the coveted Sports Trophy; and in both Junior and Senior Rounders we reached the final, but were beaten by Strath and Esk respectively.

The Christmas Party, which was held with Esk, was enjoyed by all and we are looking forward to another pleasant evening at our party this year.

The House is very grateful to the House Mistresses for the help which they have given in many ways.

We were very sorry to lose Miss Locker at the beginning of this term, and hope she will be very happy in her new life.

Avon House extends a hearty welcome to all its new members, and especially to Miss Littlehales, who has come to take Miss Locker's place.

We will always be pleased to hear from past members of Avon House, and wish every success to the Avon girls who left school last term.

MOLLIE DUNCAN (Captain).

Ness House Notes.

Another year has passed during which Ness House has progressed satisfactorily. Regular House meetings have taken place during the year, and these have been well attended and thoroughly enjoyed.

The conduct of the House has had occasional lapses during the year but an improvement has already been noticed, especially among the girls in the Upper School. Contributions towards School Charities have been collected regularly throughout the year. We have had hard luck in games, not being finally successful, though we were runners-up in the senior hockey and netball. We retained the Botany Trophy, however, which has been well supplied with flowers this term owing to the generosity of individuals and of other Houses.

Eaid Bagley and Lillian Galloway were both successful in gaining honours in the School Certificate Examination, and thus two red stars have been awarded to the House.

We should like to thank our House mistresses, Miss Harris, Miss Biggs and Miss Frankenburg, for their generous help and encouragement during the year.

M. THURLECK, Captain.

Strath House Notes.

The House system, which has now been established three years, has proved a very successful organisation.

The five meetings of the House last year were thoroughly enjoyed by the members. One of the summer meetings last year took the form of a rounders tournament. This proved very successful and the girls look forward to another such "meeting."

Our House, as far as games were concerned, was not very successful last year, the juniors faring better than the seniors by winning the junior Hockey and Rounders, while the seniors won the Tennis Trophy.

We were fortunate enough to share with Ben the Stagg Art Picture and we had the distinction of having the highest number of girls with an "A" grade the first and last terms, and tying with Drom the second term. We hope that Strath will continue in this way.

The marks lost were mainly due to the thoughtlessness of a few girls. We would ask these girls to consider the reputation of the House.

In charities Scrath House has been rather behind, but we hope this coming year, with our new method of approach, to be able to do our share and more, if possible.

We would ask our few "lukewarm" members to show more interest in the doings of our House. We are each a part of it.

The "Betty Coates" badge was awarded to our Captain, Bessie Johnson. It is worn for a year by a member who loses no marks during the previous year and who gives much help to the House. This was Betty's request when she gave the badge on leaving school.

We are pleased to record the successes of our late Captain, Bessie Johnson, and of Irene Gallewski in Higher Certificate, and of Gwen Donald, Eva Maccoby, Jenny Seymour, and Phyllis Tennant, who gained Honours in School Certificate.

The House wishes to take this opportunity of thanking the mistresses for all their valuable assistance, and also Phyllis Tennant for the painting of notices and of the roll of members.

JOAN MANNING, Captain.

Marriages.

- BRADFORD—COUPLAND.—Florence Bradford to G. Coupland, Dec. 24th, 1932.
 FLETCHER—TULLOCH.—Muriel Fletcher to P. Tulloch, January 30th, 1933.
 COWAN—ROBINSON.—Florence Cowan to S. Robinson, April, 1933.
 PAGE—TULLOCH.—Winifred Page (née Trewfoot) to Captain Tulloch, April, 1933.
 GRAHAM—TWEEDY.—Elsie Graham to E. G. Tweedy, May 30th, 1933.
 MADDEN—YOUNG.—Thomson Madden to G. Young, May 31st, 1933.
 RAMSHAW—HARDY.—Kliss A. Ramshaw to A. S. Hardy, May 24th, 1933.
 WHITE—PALMER.—Kathleen L. White to G. M. Palmer, May 25th, 1933.
 ALDRIDGE—MASON.—Elsie M. Aldridge to L. C. Mason, June 17th, 1933.
 LAWS—DODDS.—Kathleen Laws to G. E. Dodds, June 6th, 1933.
 CARNEY—ROGERS.—Muriel L. Carney to A. Rogers, July 25th, 1933.
 FERRY—BESTFORD.—Edith Ferry to E. H. Bestford, July 5th, 1933.
 HANSON—LAMB.—Jean Hanson to Rev. G. Lamb, July 26th, 1933.
 JOHNSON—HOWE.—Marian W. Johnson to R. A. Howe, July 1st, 1933.
 DECK—DAWSON.—Annie C. Deck to J. G. Dawson.
 GREIG—LINDSLEY.—Ethel M. Greig to R. M. Lindsley, August 13th, 1933.
 RICHENBERG—GOLDBLATT.—Leva Richenberg to A. Goldblatt, August 26th, 1933.
 ROBSON—CURTIS.—Norah B. Robson to E. S. Curtis, August 22nd, 1933.
 KEEDY—CROLLIN.—Annie Keedy to A. T. Crollin, September 18th, 1933.
 PROCTOR—POWLEY.—Ethel M. Proctor to W. Powley, September 6th, 1933.

Marriages—continued.

- SIN—HOPPER.—Gladys Sin to R. W. Hopper, September 18th, 1933.
 BRANCLIFFE—SWALES.—Anne E. Brancliffe to T. Swales, October 15th, 1933.
 DEANS—TURNBULL.—Margaret Deans to J. E. Turnbull, October 17th, 1933.
 LOCKER—RIPPIN.—Lillian Locker to J. Ripkin, October 18th, 1933.
 THOMPSON—TARR.—Kitty Thompson to G. R. Tarr, October 19th, 1933.

Births.

- To Mr. and Mrs. Miller (Gladys Thornley) in December, 1933, a son.
 To Mr. and Mrs. Nichol (Lucy Fougate) on February 19th, 1933, a daughter.
 To Mr. and Mrs. E. Sanderson (Constance M. Hill) on March 18th, 1933, a son.
 To Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Turner (Madge Howitt) on March 13th, 1933, a daughter.
 To Mr. and Mrs. W. P. West (Lilian Senior), on March 11th, 1933, a son.
 To Mr. and Mrs. F. Smith (Madge Parker) on March 7th, 1933, a son.
 To Mr. and Mrs. F. B. G. Salter (Olive Alcock) a daughter.
 To Mr. and Mrs. T. E. New (Annie Beckwith) on June 6th, 1933, a daughter.
 To Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Beaks (Evel Jackson) on June 11th, 1933, a son.
 To Mr. and Mrs. A. C. F. Hesse (Olive Margaret Chapman) on July 9th, 1933.
 To Mr. and Mrs. Bryson (Irene Scott) on July 19th, a son. [a son.]
 To Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Boys (Lilian Middlewood), a daughter.
 To Mr. and Mrs. L. Burdes (Dorothy Proom) on August 17th, 1933, a son.
 To Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Crompton (Florence Mowbray) on August 18th, 1933, a
 To Mr. and Mrs. Robson (Beatrice Harder) in August, 1933, twins. [son.]
 To Mr. and Mrs. Richardson (Dorothy Gibson) on September 4th, 1933, a son.
 To Mr. and Mrs. R. Ord (Jenale Vincent) on September 29th, 1933, a son.
 To Mr. and Mrs. Nelson (Elsie Bell) on October 13th, 1933, a son.
 To Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Figg (Lilian Waite) on November 12th, 1933, a daughter.
 To Mr. and Mrs. Stephenson (Gladys Wilson) on December 2nd, 1933, a daughter.

In Memoriam.

- MARGARET F. S. HODGSON, January 7th, 1933.
 MARGARET OGBURN, February 1st, 1933.

The Guild of Old Bedans.

Message from the Retiring Chairman.

DEAR FELLOW-MEMBERS,

Now that my term of office is finished, let me thank all those who have made that time such an interesting and valuable experience.

I know just how hard the Committee and Officers of the Guild work to keep fresh and interesting the link with School, and therefore I would say to you, "Do not expect to get out of the Guild more than you yourself put into it. If it is worth while being a member, then it is worth while caring greatly about at least one of its activities. Why not be an active member instead of a sleeping one? Let each member give a little instead of a few giving a lot, for it is only with everyone's help and enthusiasm that a big organisation like the Guild can succeed in bringing together into one flourishing community so many diverse elements."

I have been really proud of my position as Chairman of the Guild and I wish my successor as happy a time as I have had.

Yours sincerely,

MARY MACKINTOSH.

Information and Notices.

Officials and Committee for 1933-34.

President	Miss BOON.
Chairman	MINNIE McMILLAN.
Vice-Chairman	ALICE MUNRO.
Joint Secretary and Treasurer	E. R. SHERRER (staff).
Assistant Secretary	WINIFRED GIBSON.

Committee:—

MARY MACKINTOSH (Retiring Chairman), D. S. ARELS (staff),
 MADGE GRAY, MOLLIE HINCKLEY, L. A. HUTCHINSON (staff),
 MARY PARKER, KATHLEEN WALTON, WINIFRED WHITING.

At the present moment the membership of the Guild of Old Bedans is 361, made up of 15 Life, 368 Annual and 8 Associate Members. There are in addition 20 members who have not intimated their wish to resign but who have not so far paid their subscription for 1932-1933. 22 resigned in the course of the year, and there are 39 new members whose names will be found on p. 47.

The Annual Subscription of 2/6 falls due on September 1st every year 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 in writing, not later than the Annual Business Meeting in September; otherwise much unnecessary trouble and expense are incurred (see the Treasurer's Report, p. 40).

Members who have not yet paid their subscription for 1933-34 are urgently requested to do so now.

Annual Members may become Life Members at any time by making their payments up to £2 13s. 6d., or, within two years of joining the Guild, to £2 2s.

Members are asked to inform the Secretary at once if they change their address.

Members are asked to note and keep free the following dates—which appear also on the Membership Card.

There will be Informal Meetings in School on the first day of December, February and March.

The Winter Re-Union will be held in School on Thursday, December 13th, from 7 till 11 p.m. There will be a Christmas Tree, for which members are invited to bring a gift (value sixpence) to be given later to some poor child. Like all Guild Meetings except the Dance, the Re-Union is open to members of the Guild only, and Tickets (price 2/-) may be had from the Secretary or Committee up till December 11th.

A Dance will be held in Webberell's Rooms on Friday, January 19th, from 8 p.m. till 1-30 a.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 from any of the Committee.

No further notice of the above meetings will be sent, but an advertisement will appear in the *Echo* about a fortnight before the Re-Union and another before the Dance.

Members are asked to introduce themselves and their friends to other Old Bedans and to new members of the School Staff at meetings and elsewhere.

The Guild Prizes offered for Essays in the *Bedan* of 1932 were won by Irene Gallewski, Form Lower VI; Doris Miller, Form Lower Va; and Mary Arkless, Form Lower IVa. This year's results appear elsewhere in this issue.

The Guild Trophy for Progress was won last year by Drom House.

Members who were not present at the Business Meeting may care to know that flowers were sent from the Guild to Miss Boon in her illness, and a letter of thanks and appreciation to Miss Wilson, when she retired last July.

Mr. Blyth again acted as Auditor of the Guild Accounts. We offer him our thanks.

Anyone wishing for further information about the Guild and its activities is invited to communicate with the Secretary.

E. R. SERRAER, Bede Collegiate Girls' School.

Meetings.

MONTHLY EVENINGS, 1932-1933.

Informal Meetings were held in November, December, February and March, and pleasant evenings were spent. There was one domestic evening—with knitting, gramophone and talk; the second was hilarious, with gramophone again, tiddley-winks and cards; the other two both fell on Singing Club nights, and most of the company spent the first hour in the music room and then came downstairs to tea and games. Members of the badminton club also called in on these evenings.

CHRISTMAS PARTY, DECEMBER 16th, 1933.

Although the Winter Re-Union was very jolly, and much enjoyed by those who were present, the gathering was very small—owing to illness and to pressure of engagements. Only about 50 were there. Miss Birchall and Miss McMillan received the members, and we were glad to have Mrs. Nicholson with us as a guest. There was an hour's Military Whist before supper, and dancing and entertaining games occupied the rest of the time until 11 p.m., when the evening ended with a few carols.

THE THIRD ANNUAL DANCE, FEBRUARY 3rd, 1933.

At the Dance too, owing partly to the fact that there was another big dance that night, the numbers were disappointingly small, and it did not even pay its way financially. Socially, however, it was a very pleasant function and a great success. Miss Boon and Miss Mackintosh received the guests. Mr. Udale was a most efficient and kindly M.C., and floor, music, and refreshments were all voted excellent.

SUMMER MEETING, JULY 12th, 1933.

The Summer Meeting took a new form this year. Tea was served in the Library, where Miss Hutchinson and Miss McMillan received the guests who numbered 51. Afterwards the company dispersed—some to play rounders and tennis in the grounds, others to badminton and tennis courts in the Hall, a few to play ping-pong, and several to tiddley-winks and to cards in the Medical Rooms. All the games roused enthusiasm, but perhaps tiddley-winks provided the greatest number of real thrills. At seven o'clock the party reluctantly broke up.

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING, SEPTEMBER 27TH, 1933.

About 60 members were present at the sixth Annual Business Meeting. Miss Hutchinson, as Acting Headmistress, welcomed these, gave the meeting a message from Miss Boon, and spoke shortly in appreciation of the work done by the officials of the Guild. The Guild, she said, had developed amazingly since the day she suggested its re-organisation. It had been fortunate in having first Miss Mallen and then Miss Mackintosh as Chairman, and whatever might become of the Guild in the future, it had now been established on firm foundations.

The Minutes were taken as read, and the SECRETARY'S AND TREASURER'S REPORTS were read and adopted. The substance of the SECRETARY'S REPORT appears in various places in this *Bedan*. The TREASURER reported, for the first time since the re-organisation of the Guild, a loss on the year's working of £8 11s. 10½d. This was due entirely to the fact that 79 subscriptions remained unpaid.* The Balance Sheet appears on page 41.

After announcing the OFFICE-BEARERS AND COMMITTEE ELECTED as the result of the postal vote—the full list is to be found on page 37—the Retiring Chairman, Miss Mackintosh, addressed the meeting. Her message appears on page 37. From this point, the new Chairman, Miss McMillan, conducted the meeting. She paid a tribute to the efficiency of the Retiring Chairman, made sympathetic reference to Miss Boon and Miss Wilson, and then urged those present to work hard for the Guild, to attend meetings and make them “go,” and to make the Guild doings known to Old Bedans who were not yet members.

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. The next item on the Agenda was the DISPOSAL OF GUILD FUNDS. It was first resolved unanimously to change the annual sum given for prizes for a *Bedan* competition from one pound to one guinea. After this, there was considerable discussion as to whether the Guild had or had not any funds of which it ought to dispose. It was felt keenly by those present that an effort should be made to do something at least for present Bedans in need of help—a cause that lay so near home—and finally the meeting agreed that £5 be given to the Social Service Club for that purpose then and another £5 later when the Treasurer and Committee felt that the state of the funds warranted it. A suggestion was made that at the Winter Re-Union those present should be informed how the funds stood at that moment, and the Treasurer was asked to make every effort meanwhile to persuade the defaulters to pay their belated subscriptions.

With regard to the Winter Programme it was agreed to continue the monthly informal meetings, and the dates of the Re-Union and the Dance were fixed. This concluded the meeting.

* Of these, 28 have since paid, 7 have resigned without paying the arrears, and of 26 nothing has so far been heard.



"POST TENEBRAS LUX"

DORIS MILLER, UPPER VA.

GUILD OF OLD BEDANS.

Statement of Accounts, Year ending August 31st, 1933.

(A) BALANCE SHEET FOR YEAR 1932-33.

RECEIPTS. £ s. d.		EXPENDITURE. £ s. d.	
Subscriptions—		Printing and Stationery	5 11 5½
28 New at 2/6	4 7 6	Postage	7 7 5½
19 Associate at 1/-	0 19 0	Cost of Meetings—	
257 Renewals at 1/6	31 7 6	Business Meeting 28.9.32	0 4 6
18 Averages at 2/6	1 18 6	Winter Re-Union	
Interest—		16.12.32	1 12 6
On Deposit Account	0 5 9	Dance 3.2.33	0 14 6
On War Loan	2 1 1	Informal Meetings	0 13 8½
Sale of Bedas	0 1 0	Summer Meeting 12.7.32	1 4 6
Loss on Year's Working	8 11 5½	Gifts—	
		To Infirmary	3 3 0
		To Grindon Convalescent	
		Home	3 2 0
		To Guild of Help	2 3 0
		To G. O. B. Social Service	
		Club	10 0 0
		To Prizes for "Bedas"	
		Competition	1 0 0
		To Miss Bees—Flowers	0 5 0
		"Bedas"	20 10 0
		Games for Meetings	0 7 6
		Vase to replace one broken	0 2 6
Total	<u>£49 5 7½</u>	Total	<u>£49 5 7½</u>

(B) TOTAL FUNDS.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Balance on August 31, 1932	50 18 11½	£57 1—Made up as follows—	
Less Loss on Year's Working	8 11 5½	Balance in Bank—	
		(a) Deposit Account	2 17 8
		(b) Current Account	24 1 9
		3½% War Loan, 1929-47	48 7 2
		Balance in Cash in hand	0 0 6
Total	<u>£42 7 1</u>	Total	<u>£57 1</u>

Sunderland, September 23rd, 1933.

E. R. SHAWES, Hon. Treasurer.

September 27th, 1933.

THOS. H. BLVET, Auditor.

Old Bedans' Loan and Scholarship Fund.

The Committee for the year 1932-33 consisted of Miss Hutchinson (as Acting Headmistress); Miss Harris (in lieu of Sixth Form Mistress); Miss Wilson (Staff Representative); Miss Mallen (Old Bedans' Representative) and Miss Birchall (Treasurer).

Five grants were given to Bedans proceeding to College—one of £5, one of £10 and three of £15. It has been decided that, in future, Bedans to whom grants are made will be told that some return is expected unless the grant takes the form of a scholarship. One gift of £5 and another of £10 have been made to the Fund by Old Bedans who benefited not so very long ago by it. As the money these girls had received had been awarded to them definitely as prizes, the gifts were unexpected and doubly welcome. We thank them for their generosity.

There are many calls on the Fund and twice the amount at the disposal of the Committee could well be used in providing much needed help.

D. E. BIRCHALL, TREASURER,
Bede Collegiate Girls' School.

Guild of Old Bedans' Rambling Club.

The Rambling Club has had to be disbanded, the rambles in the neighbourhood of Sunderland having been exhausted. Perhaps some members of the Guild will re-organise it.

N. STEPHENSON (late Secretary),
Linden Lea, Boldron, nr. Barnard Castle.

Guild of Old Bedans' Singing Club.

Although the numbers rarely exceed eighteen, we continue to have the jolliest of meetings. Half the time is spent singing miscellaneous songs from the new Fellowship Book and the rest is devoted to the singing of part songs tastefully chosen by Miss Hutchinson. Both she and Miss Ewart marvel at our efforts at sight reading; indeed we can scarcely believe our own ears.

Our financial state is healthy, though our subscription is only 6d. and the music is provided. We should welcome any new members and assure them of a most enjoyable hour of song and "fellowship."

MARY MACINTOSH,
19 Co-operative Terrace.

Guild of Old Bedans' Social Service Club.

The total number of members for the year was seventy-eight.

The Committee members were:—Misses Curry, E. Davidson, Mallen, McMillan, Patch, Powley, Senior, Tate, E. Thompson, G. Wilson, E. Wilson, Arkle.

Two collections of new and second-hand clothing were made during the year. It is very gratifying to find that we have such a generous response to the appeal. We spent £4 of our funds to augment these collections. There were fourteen applications from members of the Guild, and some clothing was sent to the following schools and institutions:—fourteen elementary Schools in the town, Girls' Club, Pottery Buildings, Grindon Convalescent Home, Guild of Help, Salvation Army, and Bede Girls' School.

Will members who sent new or second-hand garments please accept our thanks now?

A Christmas Party for a hundred poor children from Thomas Street Junior School was held on January 21st in the Jeffrey Hall, by the kind permission of the Rev. O. M. Burrows, and a hundred children from Garden Street School were entertained at a picnic in Bede School grounds on July 1st.

Five of our members give regular help at a Girls' Club in the East end of the town and one new member has undertaken to teach a delicate child.

The Guild gave the Social Service Club a grant of £10 to be used to help necessitous Bedans, and the report read at the General Meeting showed the various ways in which our own girls have benefited. The parents and girls themselves have been most appreciative of this help, and our old girls may have the satisfaction of knowing that they have made school life a little less difficult for several girls whose fathers have had the misfortune to be unemployed during hard times.

The Committee made a little private effort to raise money in January. They held a little Whist Drive and each member undertook to provide "a table." A very enjoyable evening was spent and the sum realised was £3 15s. 11d.

The total income for the year was £17 17s. 3d. (not including money earmarked for Bedans), and the expenditure amounted to £14 7s. 1d.

We take this opportunity of thanking:—

1. Members who have responded to appeals.
2. Members who have given services.
3. Members who have given donations.
4. Friends outside the Club who have helped us.

We shall be very glad to receive any suggestions for the extension of the work of the Club. Sometimes we feel the name

might be changed to "The Giving Club," for it exists only because our members have generous hearts.

We should welcome any appeal for help for deserving children with whom members of the Guild come into contact.

New members will be enrolled at any time. The subscription is 6d. and each member binds herself to give a garment for the poor each year. Response to all other appeals is voluntary.

Joint Secretaries } D. S. ARKLE, Bede Girls' School.
E. WILSON, 103 Ewesley Road.

Guild of Old Bedans' Netball Club.

The Netball Club has now begun its fourth season. The last season was a most enjoyable and unexpectedly successful one. No one was more surprised than ourselves when we won the County Netball Tournament, thus becoming the County Netball Team. This year the County players are to be chosen individually, so we shall not be able to defend our title.

This season so far has been most disappointing, as owing to the weather we have had only one match. However, we have a complete list of fixtures ahead of us.

We would welcome any new members. The membership fee is 2/6.

M. K. HINSELEY, Secretary,
23 Estrick Grove.

Guild of Old Bedans' Hockey Club.

Although the season is not yet far advanced, prospects of a more successful programme than last year are evident. Disadvantages in the shape of sparse membership and unsatisfactory accommodation have been removed, as we now have our own ground on Spark's Farm, and are able to field a full team each week. This last, however, has only been possible after much Saturday morning exertion on the parts of the Secretary and Treasurer, and we therefore appeal to members of the Guild to augment our playing strength. For the modest fee of 7/6 you are assured of a complete season's hockey of the most enjoyable kind. We shall be pleased to hear from those interested.

W. ROGERS (Secretary),
4 Barn Park Road.

E. DAVIDSON (Treasurer),
17 Riversdale Terrace.

Guild of Old Bedans' Badminton Club.

The Badminton Club is running along successfully. New members are still coming along, but we could do with more. We hope to get ourselves very well established so that we can entertain the idea of match play. The subscription is 7/6.

E. M. GARRAWAY (Secretary),

16 Clifton Road, Boker.

Notes on Old Bedans.

A few Old Bedans are kind to us and give us news of themselves and of their friends, but we wish the habit would spread! We are honestly interested in Bedan doings, however humble.

All last year's prefects are at College, with the exception of Hilda Reed, who was obliged to leave school early in the year, and who has since been managing a branch of her mother's business. Of the others, Vera Harraid, Muriel Hemsley, and Blanche Wickens are at Darlington; Marjorie Jackson, Lily Skelt and Kate Whitfield at St. Hild's, Durham; Nancy Chicken at Avery Hill; Doreen Denton, Marjorie Dickinson, Jennie Gallewski and Margaret Garbutt at Sunderland and Bessie Johnson and Rita Craggs at Armstrong College.

Many of the other girls who left in July have gone to work for various business firms in the town or as Probationer Nurses in the district. Hairdressing and dress-making have claimed others. Margaret Gibbon is the latest Bedan recruit to the Library, and Ellen Lynch has passed the Civil Service Examination for the Clerical Class.

Eveline Blackett (Mrs. H. G. Brown), B.A. (Honours), and Evelyn Johnson, B.A. (Honours), have obtained the degree of M.A. from Durham University.

The following members of the Guild of Old Bedans have recently become Headmistresses in the town:—our Chairman, Missie McMillan, Elsie Glansfield, Elizabeth Petch and Clara Rackley.

It has been pleasant to have Old Bedans doing temporary work on the Staff recently:—Mary Parker, Diana Verity, Alice Munro, Doris Taylor, and Gladys Littlehales, the last of whom has just been appointed to the permanent staff as Domestic Science Mistress. Alice Munro and Diana Verity have since obtained posts at the West Park Central School.

Mary Robertson has a Domestic Science post under the London County Council.

Jean Rogers has left Usbridge and gone to teach in a school at Potter's Bar.

Dorothy Short has a teaching post in a new school at Billingham.

Mary Fairclough is training for nursing at University College Hospital, London, Elsie Forster is at the Children's Hospital, Gateshead, Eileen Cowan and Marjorie Wilson in Birmingham, Freda Ferguson at Woolley Sanatorium, Hexham, and Edith Gibson has gone to a new nursing post at Lincoln.

Ruth Marley is training at the Norland Nurseries, London.

Kathleen Watson has passed the Higher School Certificate of the Northern Universities' Joint Board and gone to Stockwell Training College. She has now left Keswick and gone to live at Ewell, where another of our members, Gladys Wilson (Mrs. Stephenson) has already been living for some time.

Alice Hudson is working for a scholarship for the Guild Hall School of Music.

At the North of England Musical Festival, Hilda Nicholson won the bronze medal as runner-up in the Solo singing open Aria class for contraltos, and Eta Cohen the bronze medal for second place in the Senior Violin Solo competition.

Laura Crombie is doing well in singing at the Royal College of Music.

Dora Taylor recently gained first place for the Arthur Pearson prize in the Home Teachers' Examination of the College of Teachers of the Blind.

Marjorie Field gave a short time ago an interesting Dance and Dramatic Recital, with dances of her own composition.

"Martha South" has published another book—*Apology of a Mercenary*, which we have read with much interest and appreciation.

Meda Hudson has "a remunerative post" at Messrs. Zyrot and Reynolds' in London.

Edith Galley and Sheila Marsh are Shorthand Typists at the Pyrex Glass Works, Freda Leithead with an Insurance Company and Vera Hardy with a Building Contractor, while Floris Dowley is now reception clerk to Dr. Bruce Low. All received their training at the Commercial School of another Old Bedan—Dorothy Stephenson.

Nancy Harrison has now a farmhouse near Coniston, at which she takes paying guests in the summer. She writes of her new venture almost as enthusiastically as she spoke, as a small Second Former, of the Poultry Farm she intended to run when she was grown-up.

Lastly—a thought of the next generation!

After some years at the Premier Mine, Lucy Fosgate (Mrs. Nicholl) is enjoying town life in Johannesburg, and her little boy now goes to school there. We hope he likes his little sister.

Muriel Bruce (Mrs. Andersons), who returned from Japan a year ago, was able to visit us in School, accompanied by her little boy. All her children were thrilled by the new things they met in this country. Their home is now in Manchester.

Dorothy Gibson (Mrs. Richardson) is at present at home from Penang. We have been interested to make the acquaintance of her babies too.

Helen sent "Jimmy" and "Jumbo" to the Social Service Club's Toy Collection. Helen is the little daughter of Gladys Gibbons (Mrs. Phillips), and lives in Bristol.

Writing these notes, we are reminded of Miss Wilson's characteristic answer when asked in July why she was retiring. "Oh," she said, "I'm leaving before the grand-children begin to arrive at school!"

E. R. S.

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

* Associate Member.

- *Brown, Margaret, 62 Roker Avenue, Sunderland.
- Brown, Vera, 27 Carlisle Terrace, Southwick, Sunderland.
- Chickens, Nancy, 14 Featherstone Street, Roker, Sunderland.
- *Crose, Effie, 3 Westbourne Road, Sunderland.
- Dawson, Lillian, 11 Mount Grove, Sunderland.
- Denson, Doreen, 14 Marton Street, Sunderland.
- Eaton, Isabel, 3 Beechwood Street, Sunderland.
- Evans, Gwyneth, Highfield, Cleadon, nr. Sunderland.
- Galloway, Lillian, 14 Burnard Street, Sunderland.
- Garbutt, Margaret, 4 Kensington Terrace South, Sunderland.
- *Garbutt, Mollie, 1 Talbot Road, Roker, Sunderland.
- Gibson, Margaret, 26 Beechwood Street, Sunderland.
- *Henderson, Lena, 176 Seaburn Terrace, Jarrow.
- Hogg, Margaret, 86 Ormside Street, Sunderland.
- Horn, Hazel, 101 Sea Road, Fulwell, Sunderland.
- Laidler, Edith, The Cottage, Somerrodes Riggs, Hesham.
- Lakin, Daisy, 19 Athol Park, Sunderland.
- Lawson, Fessie, 5 Albion Place, Sunderland.
- Lawson, Evelyn, 38 Chatsworth Street, Sunderland.
- Lynch, Ellen, 5 Stranton Terrace, Sunderland.
- Marsh, Sheila, 10 King's Road, Southwick, Sunderland.
- McCree, Doris, 102 Cleveland Road, Sunderland.
- *Mellentin, Elizabeth, 187 Chester Road, Sunderland.
- Newby, Joan, 74 Ormside Street, Sunderland.
- Robinson, A., Hillcrest, Clavelly Avenue, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
- Robinson, Margaret, 5 Chester Terrace, Sunderland.

- Robinson, Marial, Mount Ashbrooke, Tynwald Road, Sunderland.
 Rogers, Margaret (Mrs. Wilson), 33 Ormside Street, Sunderland.
 Sheraton, Vera, 5 Eastfield Street, Sunderland.
 *Salley, Ella, 8 Dunbar Street, Sunderland.
 Soster, Anne, 11 Westbeach Avenue, Grange-town, Sunderland.
 Steele, Dulcie, 25 Weyburne Square, Ryhope Road, Sunderland.
 Stirk, M. L. L., 28 Ashwood Terrace, Sunderland.
 *Sutherland, Vera, 22 Etrick Grove, Sunderland.
 Taylor, Marjorie, 42 Roker Banks Road, Sunderland.
 *Taylorson, Jean, 29 Hanger Terrace, Sunderland.
 Truwhitt, Nancy, 3 Beechwood Terrace, Sunderland.
 Waite, Nancy, 447 Chester Road, Sunderland.
 Wagon, Edith, 24 Jackson Street, Sunderland.

Arny Hursey has become a Life Member.

