



THE BEDAN,

DECEMBER, 1934.

FOREWORD.

THIS year's Bedan has the honour of welcoming to the School our new head-mistress, Miss Moul, and we hope that she will be happy here. Miss Boon, who was with us for so many years, carries with her the affection and good wishes of us all; we feel that she is not entirely lost to us since she is still residing in the town, while the three beautiful pictures now adorning our Hall are daily reminders of her thoughtful care.

We regret that Miss Ewart is absent owing to serious illness, and we hope that she will soon be well enough to resume her duties, which are at present being nobly performed by "Marion" and Lorna Dunnett.

Changes have also taken place in the Library, which is now open to all girls. Miss Moul's gift of "The Cambridge Modern History" is a welcome acquisition, as also are the books presented in July by the Prefects. Thanks to the generosity of last year's L.VIb we now have a piano stool worthy of the Hall and of the piano; and this term the Science Department has been enriched by a handsome cabinet—the gift of Shell-Mex. To Shell-Mex and to the other kind donors we offer sincere thanks.

This term has proved eventful to the older girls, who have visited Newcastle on several occasions; Molière's "L'Avare" was greatly enjoyed, as were also a lecture by Madame Tomlinson on "Les Gens de France," and two plays presented by the Munich Marionette Theatre. Several other lectures held in School have successfully combined pleasure with profit, three of these being in connection with the Modern Events' Club, and one, on "The Roman Wall," for the benefit of those interested in classics. The musical education of the School has not been forgotten, as a delightful song recital was given by Miss Sibyl Cropper. An effort to raise School funds took the form of a bazaar. The Nativity Play held last December was so much appreciated that it is to be repeated this year. Short pianoforte recitals have been given daily in the Hall from 8-40 to 8-55 a.m. Winifred Scott, Alice Lawther and, latterly May Wilson, have shared this work.

A meeting between parents and staff took place this term to discuss the future careers of girls; this is certainly a useful innovation, and one which should deepen the understanding between parent and teacher.

The results of games played during the past year have been highly satisfactory, and new impetus has been given to the juniors by the presentation of a Junior Hockey Trophy by Ness House.

We trust that these activities, mentioned in greater detail within the pages of this magazine, together with its many contributions in prose and verse, will be of interest to friends of the School, and will prove a link between Bedans past and present.

ALICE LAWThER, L.VIa.
DORIS MILLER, L.VIa.

Miss M. E. Boon.

Miss Boon joined the School Staff as Senior Mistress in January, 1908, on the resignation of Miss Emma Todd, and she became Head Mistress in September, 1908, when Miss Janet Todd, its first Headmistress, died. From that time till she retired in July, 1934, she devoted herself whole-heartedly to furthering the interests of the School and to the welfare of the girls committed to her charge, and her task, especially in the early years, was by no means an easy one.

Throughout her tenure of office she put into practice one of her favourite theories, namely, that having done one's best to find the right person for a job, one should leave her to do her best in it, a policy that may not commend itself to everybody, but one which abundantly justified itself in our case by its results. For, during Miss Boon's long illness, our work went on quietly and efficiently and every Bedan, big and little, saw to it that the School Miss Boon came back to should not fall short of what she expected it to be.

Music, Scripture, Art and Domestic Science were the subjects which appealed to her most, though in her first years at School she specialised in teaching English and French, and her first gift to us was a Silver Cup to be competed for as a trophy for singing by the Junior girls from Forms III-U.IV. Very proud Miss Lloyd and her girls are of the cup and much strenuous work they put in in their efforts either to capture it for the first time or to keep it when they have gained it. Her talks on the works of the great Italian and Flemish painters were much appreciated by the older girls and she gave us a fine copy of Watt's "Love Triumphant" which hangs above the gallery as well as a Madonna and Two Groups of Angels which are not only lovely in themselves but which are an inspiration and joy to us all.

And the mistresses have Botticelli's Spring to feast their eyes on when they are wearied with the sight of the inevitable exercise-book, be it brown or yellow, blue or red, mottled green or grey, and to remind them of the many happy years of close fellowship which Miss Boon spent among them.

We were glad, very glad, that she gathered enough strength to come back to School and to finish her work as she wanted to do, and if evidence were needed to convince her of the affectionate regard in which we held her, the reception we gave her must have provided it.

Many of us, past as well as present Bedans, can testify through long and often difficult years to Miss Boon's unflinching sympathy and kindly interest. Little by little, as is the way of the "hard-headed Northerner," we let her win her place amongst us, and by degrees she strengthened that place, and she held what she won. We hope that the future may hold many happy days for her and that not the least happy will be those that are filled with memories of Bede School and Bedans.

L. H.

 "Christmastide," 1933.

Just before Christmas last year, the School gave two performances of a Nativity Play, under the guidance of Miss Hutchinson, Miss Lloyd and Miss Elliot. We are not guilty of over-praising the creation of a society to which we belong when we say that the audiences were thrilled and moved. One of the tableaux was of outstanding beauty; there was a sudden catch of the breath when behind a dark film appeared the three angels in their celestial light, while not a few found themselves unexpectedly near to tears at the unaffected clear singing of the 'mummers' as they approached in the lantern-flecked darkness, their *Afeste, Fideles* calling all to draw near with them, at their reverent lullabies and their triumphant *Herald Angels* with its flutelike descant, as they wended their way homewards, their worship over.

 Off the Beaten Track in French and German.

 "L'AVARE"

Over a hundred of the older girls attended a presentation of Molière's comedy, "L'Avare" in Newcastle on October 31st. The actors were French, members of various Parisian companies, and the play was greatly enjoyed by all. The difficult rôle of the Miser was impressively rendered, evoking both mirth and sympathy, whilst Mariane's sweet manner called forth murmurs of approbation from the male members of the audience. Most of our girls seemed to understand and appreciate this production more than that of previous years.

 ALICE LAWTHOR.

 THE FRENCH LECTURE.

A few members of the Upper and Lower Sixth Forms visited Rutherford Boys' College, Newcastle, on November 21st, when Madame Tomlinson gave a highly entertaining lecture on "Les Gens de France." She contrasted the manners and customs of the French with those of the English, and pointed out the advantages and disadvantages of both modes of life. The lecture was plentifully furnished with amusing stories couched in very simple French, well within the scope of the audience.

ALICE LAWTHOR.

THE FRENCH FILM.

On Saturday, November 24th, several members of Forms Upper V and VI spent a pleasant and profitable morning when under the guidance of three mistresses, they visited Newcastle to see the French film "Le Petit Roi." This was greatly enjoyed by all, though it is doubtful whether we should have followed the film quite so well without the captions thrown upon the screen.

P. TENNANT.

DR. JOHN FAUSTUS.

On Monday evening, 26th November, in the King's Hall, Armstrong College, the Munich Marionette Theatre presented in German the original legend of Faust. The appreciative audience could scarcely realise that the players were lifeless dolls—their every movement controlled by string.

Hans Wurst seemed to be the favourite with the greater part of the house, even though the awe-inspiring Mephistopheles, appearing in the Flames of Hell, gained more admiration, mingled perhaps with fear, than that excited by the amusing antics of the incorrigible clown.

A sketch, "Goethe im Examen," was also produced. This, together with the incidental music skilfully introduced, added considerably to the evening's entertainment.

BETTY GILLIS.

THE GERMAN NATIVITY PLAY.

The same company presented a German Nativity Play on November 27th. From the moment when the curtain rose, revealing a little "Starnsinger" against a background of white snow, dark blue sky, and silvery stars, on through the five Christmas scenes, until the strains of the angels' song died away at the last, every minute was keenly enjoyed by the audience.

Each character was excellently portrayed, and though the actors were only wooden puppets, their appearance and action was so realistic that that they seemed more than human, and each had its own personality. The fact that the figures were actuated by strings was



"THE WAY INTO SCHOOL."

EFFIE CHASE.
18 YEARS.

an asset in one case, for the angel Gabriel, in the scene of the Annunciation, could lightly descend from the sky in a much more spirit-like manner than if his rôle had been played by a rather solid human being.

The scenery was most beautiful, and exquisite colour-effects were obtained by means of tinted lights. In the snow scenes, which made the greatest appeal to the aesthetically-minded, the night sky was deep, velvety blue, lit by a big yellow moon, while a greenish light cast on the snow made it gleam frostily with a strange radiance.

An orchestra, comprising violin, piano and organ, rendered an accompaniment to the various chorales by Bach and Handel. The singing was superb, and had an ethereal quality that especially suited it to the occasion.

It was not, however, actors, scenery nor singing alone that evoked the sympathy of the audience, but these together combined to reveal the underlying spirit of the play, and to re-awaken in the memory the ever-new story of the birth of the Christ-Child.

DORES MILLER.

WE WIN A PRIZE!

As we go to press, we learn that our School has been placed seventh in an inter-school competition in French arranged by "La France," and has won a beautifully illustrated book on Paris, presented by the "Association France-Grand-Bretagne." Several girls entered the competition for individuals, and six of these were chosen by us to represent the School. Of these, Alice Lawther obtains a prize in the Second Class; Margaret Curry and Betty Gillis are "accessits" and Doris Miller and Nora Johnson obtain Honourable Mention.

The League of Nations Union and Modern Events Club, 1933-4.

The old title of the League of Nations Union was officially changed in September, 1933, to that of the Modern Events Club, with which the Union has been merged. The scope of the Club was therefore considerably widened and several members who are hostile to the League of Nations, but interested in what is happening in the world to-day, have been enabled to join. A gratifying increase both in numbers and in the keenness of the members has been the result.

A number of meetings were held last year, and discussion ranged over a wide field, notably Germany's withdrawal from the League, the causes of the Great War, a lively debate on "Dictatorship v. Democracy," and a talk on "The Growing Menace of Japan." Meetings were held in the kitchen, where the bright fire was most tempting, but this year increased numbers, and the formality necessitated by outside speakers have caused a migration to the Art Room.

For next term we hope to arrange debates in which the girls themselves will take part, and a sincere invitation is issued to all the Upper School to join us, especially to those who are not too shy to talk.

E. J. MACCOBY, President.

Classical Lecture.

On Wednesday, November 23rd, Mr. Blackett, of Durham, visited our School in order to give a lantern lecture on "The Roman Wall," which proved to be most instructive and enjoyable. This was the first of what we hope may be a series of lectures on classical subjects, which have been offered by the extra-mural department of the Durham University. The large attendance was sufficient testimony to the popularity of the new venture, which we hope will help to stimulate the interest, not only of the Latinists, but of the School as a whole, in the time-honoured subject of Classics.

School Charities.

The contributions to the School Charities have been very generous this year, £25 having been sent to the Children's Hospital and £13 to the St. Dunstan's Fund. At Easter, 1324 eggs were collected and sent to the Hospital—a record number.

There was a good entry for the Doll-dressing Competition, several of the competitors reaching a high standard. The Prize winners were:—J. Errington, W. Wood, M. Gray. M. Watson was commended. K. Scott sent in a beautifully dressed doll but as she was the only entrant in the Senior School she withdrew from the competition.

The dressed dolls and a number of dolls and toys given by the girls were sent to the Hospital and Cottage Homes and were much appreciated. The following garments were made for the Hospital:—dresses, nightgowns, collars and feeders.

A contribution of £1 was sent to the Christmas Festivities Fund of the Children's Hospital, a sum of one guinea was contributed to the Mission to the Deaf and Dumb, and one guinea subscription was also paid to the Young People's Brick Scheme. In addition the School collected £6/14/9½ at the Annual Sale of Poppies in November, and the sum of £8/15 for the Gresford Colliery Disaster Fund.

A cheque for one guinea and a box of chocolates were sent at Christmas to John Gordon Featherstone, the son of the blinded soldier adopted by our School. In February he received a cake made by Miss Littlehales for his birthday.

D. S. ARKLE.

G. M. SEDDON.

Drama Club.

The Drama Club was inaugurated in October, 1933. Great interest was evinced in the first meeting which resulted in a membership of one hundred and twenty. Beatrice Wheldon was elected Vice-President and Nora Johnson, Secretary; a committee of six was also elected. The first few meetings, which took place fortnightly, took the form of play-reading; then we decided to do something more ambitious, and determined to produce a play, "The Grand Cham's Diamond," by A. Monkhouse. The play was given on the last day of the Spring Term and was greatly enjoyed by the whole school. We should like to thank Miss Elliot and Miriam Simpson very much for their invaluable help in making and arranging the scenery, and also Miss Biggs and Miss Seddon for their coaching in voice-production.

This year we hope to produce two plays to be performed before the public, one written by our Headmistress, Miss Moul, entitled "Under the Greenwood Tree," and the other, "The House with the Twisty Windows," by M. Parkington, for which rehearsals have already started. We hope that the School and Drama Club funds will benefit considerably.

HANNAH D. COHEN, President.

The Debating Society.

Started last year by a few keen spirits, the Debating Society has apparently failed to make good its position in the school. The Upper School protests that it has neither the time nor the inclination to revive it, especially as those who might have done so find ample scope for their surplus energy in the Modern Events Club and the

Drama Club. The Debating Society therefore awaits resurrection by those who feel the need for some such institution in a school as large as ours, and who are able to devote the necessary time to its reorganisation—possibly by some future Lower Sixth. Meanwhile, keen debaters are invited to join the Modern Events Club and to offer their services to its officials, who will greatly appreciate such recruits.

E. J. MACCORY.

National Savings Association.

Ten new members have been enrolled from the new Third forms and as six members have left the school, the membership now stands at forty-seven.

The amount of money saved during the year was £30, exactly the same as the sum saved last year.

E. BIGGS, Hon. Sec.

Science Society.

A Chemical Research Club was founded in 1933 by Miss Biggs, and from it a Science Society was formed during the Autumn Term, 1934, open to girls of the Upper Fourth forms and upwards.

The following Committee was elected:—J. Hey, Miss Biggs, (Staff Representative), G. Gould, N. Adamson, D. Nicholson, (Form Representatives); D. Bullock, Secretary.

Meetings have been held and papers on various subjects given and discussed. The Committee would welcome as a member anyone interested in the Society. There is no charge for membership.

D. BULLOCK, Secretary.

F.U.W.C.S.

A number of Bedans again spent jolly holidays at various schoolgirl "Camps" organised by the F.U.W.C.S.

This year, as an experiment, a "Camp" was held for younger girls, aged 12 to 15, known as a "junior junior camp." Two Bedans attended it. The idea proved so popular that such camps are to be held every year in future. This means that "Camp" is now open to



NANDY OLOFIELD.
15 YEARS.

any girl in school, whereas previously a girl had to be 15 before she could apply.

"Camps" are held in England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland, and sometimes on the Continent. Fees for British "Camps" vary from 27/6 and 15/- (for Barn camps) to 50/- for those in boarding schools, with elegant dormitory and washing accommodation. "Camp" lasts ten days.

North East Camp Committee has secured a new site for a Barn Camp at Wooler next Summer in a lovely granary right among the Cheviots. Already many south-country campers are resolving to be first in at Wooler next year and Bedans who hope to do the same are advised to apply early.

E. BIGGS.

SEASCALE CAMP I, 1934.

Four of us spent a very enjoyable ten days' holiday at Calder House, Seascale, this year, and were favoured with moderately fine weather.

Bathing was good; the beach was almost at the bottom of the garden!

Sports day was held on a very dull afternoon but it was very good fun. "Prizes," consisting of tin-whistles, chocolate, etc., were presented by the Vicar.

Two excursions were made, to Eskdale and Wastdale, and fortunately the weather was very fine both days. The surgery was well-patronised on these two nights, as blisters were well to the fore!

The last night, however, was very wet and windy, so we had to have "Camp Fire" indoors. We all congregated in the sitting-room sitting in pyjamas, and sang community songs and drank cocoa in front of a cheerful log fire.

Everyone voted "Camp" a huge success, but we all wished it had lasted longer!

JOAN C. LAMB, Upper Vb.

MONK RISBORO' CAMP.

This camp was held in a beautiful old rectory with lead-paned windows and ivy-covered walls. Here during the summer, campers journeyed from near and far to enjoy the beauty of the Chiltern Hills. Long rambles, an excursion to Oxford, hockey, cricket, tennis and boating formed only part of the programme.

JOYCE ELLIOT.

MOLLIE KIRBY.

UNA LAIDLER.

PATTERDALE BARN CAMP.

Ten days of the summer vacation were spent at Patterdale Barn Camp. The weather was remarkably fine in spite of expectations to the contrary. One morning we saw the sunrise from the top of Place Fell; it was simply marvellous. We had glorious times boating on the lake and bathing. Every evening after tea, sing-songs were held, followed by talks, which were thoroughly enjoyed by both campers and officers.

IRIS WATSON.

AT A JUNIOR JUNIOR CAMP.

A very enjoyable holiday was spent last summer at the new Junior Junior Camp for schoolgirls from twelve to fifteen years of age. The Camp was at Grindleford, Derbyshire, in the beautiful old building, Grindleford College.

A great number of expeditions were enjoyed by all, the most popular of these being the bus excursion to Dovedale in the Peak District. Many pleasant evenings were spent in community singing and acting. The tennis courts, swimming baths, and the beautiful garden left no time for idleness.

Both girls and officers returned home with the thought that "Camp" was a far more wonderful thing than they had ever hoped to experience, and with a feeling that the spirit of fellowship had been bestowed upon them.

JOY BROWN, Lower Vb.

Pannal Ash College, Harrogate.

Eight enjoyable days of the Easter Vacation were spent at the "French Course" held at Pannal Ash College, Harrogate. Girls from all over England spent their mornings in French classes. Interesting and picturesque excursions were made to Fountains Abbey, Bolton Abbey and Knaresboro', in the afternoons.

The evenings proved to be the most popular, when all joined in dancing or in providing entertainments. The happy spirit of comradeship added much to the enjoyment of the holiday.

JOYCE ROBSON.

Netball Notes, 1933-34.

Last season the weather was very kind to us, enabling us to play all our matches, which, we are glad to say, were won without exception. Both teams have set up a record, which, we hope, will remain for many years to come.

The Tournament however was postponed three times before it was finally cancelled owing to bad weather.

We are indebted to Ness House for having presented us with a trophy for Junior House Teams.

We should like to thank Miss Peters for her coaching, and also Edna Sayers and Jean Taylorson, who prepared refreshments for all our home matches.

DOROTHY GRIERSON (Captain).

Netball Criticisms, 1933-34.

J. HAY, G.K., for her first year as a defence has played well. Her passing is accurate and with more practice in intercepting her general defence should be good.

D. GARRESON, D., has captained her team well. Her general play has improved and her ability to assist the attacks is a useful asset.

R. HALLIDAY, C.D. } have again played well together. It is impossible to
C. SHERMAN, C. } criticise them separately as the interchanging combi-
M. GARRETT, C.A. } nation and speed of each one has only reached its high
standard because of the co-operation of the other two. Rene has been a reliable secretary.

E. COLLING, A. } have combined well together. Their dodging and freeing
W. SCOTT, S. } tactics are only so successful because of their untiring
energy.

P. M. PETERS.

Denotes Colours.

Netball Match Results.

Team.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.
1st VII.	5	4	0	0
2nd VII.	5	5	0	0

Inter-House Match Results.

Junior—Ness. Senior—Aven.

Hockey Notes.

The weather was fairly kind to us during the hockey season 1933-34, and both teams were quite successful.

The first team played seven matches, and managed to win six of them. The second team was more successful, winning all seven matches. The Schools' Tournament was won by our first team, while the second team did fairly well in its section.

Joan Manning, our right back, was chosen to play for the Junior County; Molly Garbutt and Kathleen Scott, who were chosen as reserves, played in all the County Matches. We were very proud of them.

The hockey stick presented to us by Mr. Joseph for the girl whose stickwork showed the greatest improvement, was won by Rene Halliday. We should like to thank Miss Peters for the time she spent in coaching us, also Ella Solley and Hilda Hunter for preparing refreshments for home matches.

J. HAY (Captain, 1934-35).

Hockey Criticisms, 1933-34.

- M. SHOULD, G.K., has done extremely well for a first season—with further practice and experience she should prove a reliable and steady member of the team.
- J. MANNING* R.B., has greatly improved her play—chiefly because of her improved stickwork—her stopping is sure, her clearing accurate and she is always ready where she is needed.
- M. THORNTON, L.B., has been a keen, enthusiastic captain and a useful player; although her stopping is not so reliable as Joan's, her clearing is forceful and determined.
- J. HAY, R.H., is acquiring neat and accurate stickwork, her passes to the forwards are most sympathetic, and, perhaps because she was a forward herself the previous season, her interchanging with her wing is well introduced.
- C. SIMPSON, C.H., has an excellent ball sense—and because of her speed she can place herself well. Her energy is unflagging and she has therefore been both a "defence" and an "attack."
- D. GIBSON, L.H., by her determination and keenness has been a most useful half. Her stickwork is improving and her passing is sympathetic.
- Forwards.* Without exception the forwards have combined and interchanged well with each other.
- M. GARBUTT, R.W., makes good use of her speed; she dribbles well in mid-field and ceases well on the edge of the circle; on occasions she outpaces her opponents and shoots with force.
- K. SCOTT* R.L., has proved much more forceful this year. Her pass to the right and her hand shooting are good.
- E. COLLING, C.F., has held the forward line well together. Her combined dribbling and shooting are good but she must try to use her inners when they are in better shooting positions than herself.
- R. HALLIDAY, L.L., has excellent stickwork. Her teamwork, accuracy in receiving and passing, and quick shooting have been a valuable help to the scoring of the team.
- K. SMITH, L.W., has combined well with her inner, and done some useful individual attacking. Her pass to the right has improved.

P. M. PETERS,

* Denotes Colours.

Hockey Match Results.

Team.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.
1st XI.	8	7	1	0
2nd XI.	8	8	0	0

The 1st XI. won the Schools' Hockey Tournament at West Hartlepool.

Inter-House Match Results.

Senior—Esk. Junior—Strath.

Rounders Notes, 1934.

On the whole this season was most successful. The 1st Team won all their matches, and the 2nd Team won all their matches but two.

The Team would like to thank Miss Peters, who spent so much time in coaching them, and also the girls who prepared the teas for home matches.

Rounders Criticisms, 1934.

- M. TOWNSHEND, Bowler, (1) has learned to introduce much more variety into her bowling and has therefore been of great assistance in preventing the opposing team from scoring.
- C. SIMPSON, Back Stop (2) has again fielded neatly and accurately, but has not hit so well as last season when she did exceptionally well.
- R. HALLIDAY, 1st Post, (15) has been a keen and interested captain. Her fielding and batting are good, the latter having improved considerably.
- S. BLACK, 2nd Post; (3) fields well but her batting in matches has been disappointing.
- K. SMITH, 3rd Post, (5) fields fairly well; her catching is good.
- M. GARRETT, 4th Post (7) has fielded well; her hitting is fairly good and she has managed to score in nearly every match.
- D. GIBBERSON, Deep, (3 3) (7) is an exceptionally neat fielder, an accurate thrower and has done some good hitting towards the end of the season.
- J. BEY, Deep, (3 4) (4) fields and throws well and can hit well.
- J. LAMB, Deep, (1 3) (3) fields and throws well but her hitting in matches has been disappointing.
- K. COLLINS (4) is a neat, precise fielder and can bat well.

P. M. PETERS.

The figures in brackets denote number of rounders scored in inter-school matches.

Rounders Match Results.

Team.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.
1st IX.	8	8	0	0
2nd IX.	8	6	1	1

Inter-House Match Results.

Senior—Esk. Junior—Strath.

Tennis Notes.

Once again we had a most successful season, and the whole senior school played regularly both in and out of school hours.

We were most grateful to Mr. Goldsbrough and to Mr. Joseph who each presented the school with a racket; the former's was awarded to Molly Garbutt who although not the best player in the school was considered to have the best style; the second racket was played for in a knock-out singles tournament and was finally won by Dorothy Grierson with Connie Simpson a very worthy runner up.

P. M. PETERS.

Tennis Trophy won by Esk House.

Bedan Essay Competition.

The prize of 10/6 given by the Guild of Old Bedans has been won by Phyllis Tennant, in the Senior Section. Her essay is printed in this issue of "The Bedan."

The number of entries this year was disappointingly small though good work was sent in by those who did compete. The editors would be glad to see the Seniors emulate the enthusiasm of the Juniors in the matter of entries; one junior sent in three attempts, all of them worthy of consideration.

In the Junior Section the prize is awarded to Joan Hoey and a consolation prize of 5/- has been won by Margaret Crow. Good work was submitted by Phyllis Willcock, Upper IVb, and by Margery Wilson, Lower IVb. The latter's story of a day in the life of a monk of Finchale Abbey was arresting in its simplicity and directness. Mention must be made, too, of Yvonne White's essay on Toys—a sympathetic treatment of the subject, which would probably have been in the running, except for the fact that it was a late entry. Yvonne thought that since she had won the prize last year, she was ineligible to compete again. Generous, but mistaken.

The editors thank the Juniors, especially Form III., for the multitude of essays they sent in; numbers *do* make the job of judging more interesting though they also make it more time-consuming.

THE EDITORS.

"Oh! what know they of harbours,
Who toss not on the sea?"—*E. Radford.*

Consider the difference between the attitudes of the sea-faring and the non-sea-faring man towards a harbour! To the latter it may merely appeal as a place of beauty, pleasant to the eye—a small expanse of calm water bounded by a picturesque head in a rugged coast. The man absorbing the peace of the

harbour from its beach or cliff; the man drifting over its gently rippling waters in some pleasure boat; the man revelling in its cool security as a basking hound—surely the foregoing types know something of the harbour. Doubtless to them it is a place of peace, dear to an artist's soul, a place of rest where leisure may be indulged, or a place of recreation where safe exercise may be enjoyed. Do they realize what a narrow step it is from the ripple to the billow? Do they contrast the gentle ebb and flow of the harbour waters, with the ceaseless thunder of the billows on the open beach? Do they realize that the peace within the harbour is maintained by the stalwart arm of the break-water? Probably it is sufficient for them that the harbour is there and offers them its peace and security.

What of the seafarer? To him comes the knowledge of the real function and the value of the harbour. To him it has often times proved a friend indeed. He alone can fully appreciate the inestimable value of those havens of refuge, whose sheltering arms have welcomed many a crew who might otherwise have perished in the waters. The man "who goes down to the sea in ships and does business in great waters"—he knows the horrors of a stormy sea and the contrasting yearning for the familiar sight of the harbour with its welcoming light and comforting embrace. Thus literally one may reiterate the poet's words:

"Oh! what know they of harbours,
Who toss not on the sea?"

Behind these words, however, a wider meaning lies—a meaning which might be applied to almost every sphere of life. Those who live in daily content are quiescent to that state, whereas the homeless wanderer looks with hungry eyes into a forest rove and covets all its charms. To him, it is a heavenly place, a haven from the elements without. Like the prodigal his heart is overwhelmed with longing, so that, if his lot at length provides a home, it becomes to him the dearest of his treasures. Again, to the friendless one, whose lonely days are spent in company with none, the finding of a friend is like sailing into a harbour where only fair breezes blow; the caring hands of love and sympathy are constantly ministering to the joy-starved heart.

What rest does the idler know? His days must be monotonous in their very inactivity! How different is rest to the toiler whose weary limbs, after a laborious day, find relaxation. This rest is a physical joy—a real pleasure. Just as the darkest night is the precedent of the most radiant dawn, so, by contrast is the rest of the worker the greater, in proportion to his weariness.

The homeland is dear to every true patriot, but dearer far to the exile, in whose mental vision, the green fields of England, her white cliffs, her "thousand ancient mountains," her grey, little villages and her laughing streams are endowed with a beauty not of earth, because they lie "so far away and safe."

In yet another sense the quotation may be interpreted as referring to life. Life is the ocean, whose billows of circumstance, feeling, hope, tears, love, smiles, all beat with relentless persistency against mankind, the hapless mariners thereof. What of life's harbours? They are within the human heart, and they who see not the harbour lights, nor find those blessed havens, are the wretched of the earth. All along the ragged coast-line, their numbers too great to name, the harbours of life are scattered for those who will enter in. To the different mortals who find them, their names are in different guise—but the winds that blow seaward from each of them, whisper one word to the stern-board: "Heartease." Heartease to the mourning means comfort reached by crossing affliction's bar; to the despairing it stands for hope new-born after battles with doubt; and to all it spells peace after warfare and rest after turmoil and strain.

"Oh! what know they of harbours,
Who toss not on the sea!"

It is sweeter to rest in joy's harbour after striving with sorrow's tide, than to anchor in idle fashion and never face the storm. Childhood and youth are the periods when the heart beats high with the love of adventure. It is well to sail

on the high seas of life, meeting adventures there; then when the shadows fall and "years darken round us," rest will be all the restorer, for that we have tossed upon the sea and we shall anchor safe in the harbour, in the golden eventide.

PHILIP TENNANT, U. VI.

What the Moon Saw.

It was a soft balmy evening in September and the moon cocked a large golden eye down upon a narrow street in London. The timbered houses leaned drunkenly against each other, their white-washed walls showing up coldly in the moonlight. Faint wisps of misty smoke rose into the deep, blue sky and the oil lamp at the street corner grew paler and paler as the moon waned stronger. The peace of the sight was broken by the sharp metallic ring of horses' hoofs on cobbles and the oil lamp flared up suddenly and then went out, as two riders swung round the corner and dismounted at "The Fox and Pleasant" whose red-curtained windows sent forth a cheery glow. Almost at the same moment there was a deafening blast of a horn and the coach rushed past and stopped with a noise of brakes which even the moon seemed to hear, for she paled considerably and rusted behind a cloud. Then the guard screamed himself hoarse, the driver coughed himself so dry he had to go within and partake of something liquid which brought colour to his nose and light to his eye, the horses neighed, the harness jingled, while the passengers yelled and gesticulated in a vain attempt to outdo the guard in lung power and incidentally to claim their luggage. Finally the passengers, thoroughly exhausted, retired into the inn and the coach with another discordant screech rattled off—while the moon sank behind a pile of soft grey clouds.

The scene is changed—the lofty picturesque houses are gone, and in their place a row of small red, semi-detached villas bask in the softening glow of the moon. Each is the exact replica of the other and all wear the same expression of smug complacency.

No smoke issues from the chimneys—they are all centrally-heated. No coal lies in the coal house for all fuel if needed are electric. Behold! the modern house.

A motor car glides past, purring softly and almost as soon as its streamline hulk has disappeared round the corner, a taxi appears on the scene, its occupants huddled closely to the wireless which is installed in its interior. This in its turn disappears and for a moment there is quietness, with only the moon shining down upon the smooth hard road—then with a roar and a boom, an omnibus rushes past—a glimmering oblong of brilliant light. In a moment it has gone, but not before it leaves its mark—a ginger beer bottle! Big Ben is heard, its voice booming, but softened by distance, giving a feeling of infinite peace and customs which seemed to soothe and heal the minds of many busy careworn people hurrying along asphalt paths into little red houses which sport home to them, and all the peace one can get in this world! A fog gathered closely over London, leaving the street lamps as blobs of light in a vast wilderness of grey spongy substance, a ship's stern beamed softly, and leaving a world whose borders of cause had well nigh overpowered it, the moon slipped away into the great wide spaces of eternity behind the clouds, to rest.

With a sweep of the hand, Time brushed aside all little red villas, and in their place were built square, concrete, flat roofed houses. There they stood, each street in its own park, many with small aerodromes built beside them. The evening post could be heard high in the air, but not till it came within the beams of the great arc lamps surrounding the landing field could it be seen—a neat grey plane with G.K. in red upon it. Neatly it dropped the bag containing the evening mail into the man's ready arms, and having taken off again, turned quickly and whirred away again towards Westminster, standing black and vigilant against the evening sky.



"JACK AHoy."

MARGARET CHAPMAN.
15 YEARS.

Enormous searchlights moved restlessly about near the coast—showing with movement swarms of aeroplanes, dipping, diving, landing and taking off. A party returning in aeroplane from the theatre, and made somewhat hilarious by the cold night air and clear atmosphere, waved and shouted gaily to the moon as they passed, but she only smiled a look to herself, and remained as cold, as calm and as bright as ever. An enormous torpedo-shaped car went along the moving road, steered by a robot. In it sat the Prime Minister, watching intently the assassination of Germany's Dictator and telephoning directions to the Royal Family, then staying in Belgium. Small boys ran about with small electrically-run carts selling concentrated meals—but do not become alarmed, dear reader, for this is only the dim and distant future when everything will be changed, except—the Moon!

JOAN HORN, U. IVa

What the Moon Saw.

Round and round revolved the earth. Round and round revolved the moon. Only the sun remained stationary, sending its golden rays on to the moon, which reflected them palely on to the earth, lighting up the dark night. For millions of years the moon has done this, and for millions of years it has just stood by, and watched.

It has seen Old Father Time change everything. It has seen forests change into cities, which, in their turn, have been razed to the ground, only to be built still more beautifully. It has seen wars, seen men conquer the sea, the air—but let the moon tell its own story.

I have watched the world change from an uncivilised, forested land, into large civilised cities.

Thousands of years ago, the earth was enveloped in an inky blackness, and I could only faintly discern a few rugged outlines of an occasional building, or of a forest, but now the earth has become my adversary. In most of the places upon which I look down, lights twinkle up at me, as if defying me to shine my utmost, and try to beat them. The advantage, to me, of the advent of all these lights into the world, is that I can see buildings and places much more clearly than of yore.

To-night it is in the depth of winter and my cold beam of light dances frostily on the sparkling snow of Scotland. Aha! What is that dark shape down there? Why? It is two little archies still tobogganing down the hill side, and it is past ten o'clock. There is the glimmering light of a farmhouse in the neighbouring valley. That is where their mother will be sitting worrying about them, while they, young vagabonds, are laughing light-heartedly, and having a delightful time.

I cannot see my smiling old countenance in my Scottish lakes to-night, for they are covered with a substantial layer of ice. There will be some fun on them to-morrow when I am replaced by the Wintry sun, but by that time I shall be gazing upon the sleeping inhabitants of Australia.

To the North, a range of rugged, snow-covered mountains rear their massive heads. They do not reach up so near to me as the Rockies, the Alps, or, indeed, many of the mountain ranges I cross near, but they seem to me more beautiful, more friendly, if such a word could be used.

Here and there my light picks out a black fir wood. I can imagine the boughs breaking under the tremendous weight of the snow on them.

An occasional gaunt old oak, or tall elm, stripped naked of its leaves by the icy fang of Winter, and silhouetted against the virgin white of the fallen snow, tosses its great arms to the wind.

Now my light is beginning to shimmer on the turbulent Atlantic seas, and I realize that Scotland is behind me, and I am heading for America. From there I shall pass over warmer lands, where snow is never seen, and the trees are thick with leaves, but in rather less than twenty-four hours, I shall be back again over Scotland, reviewing the same scene as I have just finished watching."

So the moon watches everything. What will it see in the years to come? Well! It will see as it has always seen. It will look down upon the revolving world, and just stand by, and watch.

MARGARET CROW, U. IVa.

Football Boots.

Can you imagine a schoolboy's thrill when he is given his first pair of football boots? Can you imagine the thrill of seeing the small brothers who are still "the babies" to you, wearing football boots for the first time? Just such a thrill did I experience when I returned home one night last week and saw, among the shoes and slippers under the dresser, two small pairs of football boots.

Such little things they are—ridiculously little for such masculine objects as football boots. Apparently they were an unexpected gift, being Mother's reaction to the deplorable state of the boys' shoes after every "field-day," and as I ate my supper I was regaled with an account of their surprise and joy. Up and down the house they had tramped, the studs on the boots making a joyful noise on the floor. The carpet on the stairs muffled all sound, so that was spared, but not so the kitchen linoleum! I laughed as I heard of their reluctance to doff their new treasures. Nine-year-old David had wanted to go to bed in his, while his brother was bewailing the fact that the shopman had forgotten to put any laces in the parcel. Not until Mother had promised to buy him some "first thing to-morrow morning" would he take them off and sit down to supper. As he dropped off to sleep he heaved a contented sigh and murmured "All I want now is a new football"—a broad hint which was possibly not intended to provoke amusement, but which certainly did so.

I picked up the boots and examined them, immensely tickled by their smallness, and by their resemblance to Daddy's big ones. I realized suddenly how quickly they were growing up, these small brothers of mine, and for a moment I sighed for the lovable babies who had given place to noisy, clumsy schoolboys. Then I looked at the little boots, and knew that I would not turn the clock back even if I could; and I smiled again, for I had caught the same half-ashamed pride as Mother's face.

Dear little football boots!

EVa MAGGEE, U. VI.

An Early Morning Ride with the Foxhounds.

Those of you who do not rise early are quite unaware of the joys of being out and about while the rest of the world sleeps.

The joy is one which I often experience; and one Saturday morning in October, I awoke as the ancient village clock was chiming five. I suddenly remembered that I intended going to the first cub-hunting meet of the season—and I had many miles to ride.

Ten minutes later I was busily engaged grooming and harnessing my dearly-loved haster, Mack—polishing his already shining creamy-brown coat, and carefully combing his jet-black tail and mane. Mack is certainly a horse to be proud of, full of spirit, with an unending store of energy; yet he is exceedingly good-tempered.

As I mounted the grassy slope which led out of the valley, I looked back at the sleeping village behind me,—straggly tacked away between two hills. A tiny river glided lazily past the village, where the churchsteeple stood out against the horizon.

Far to the East, beyond the deserted village, the rising sun was turning the grey morning sky a gorgeous orange, which seemed to merge into the gold and brown of the leaves on the trees at my side—leaves which were rapidly falling—a sure sign of winter's approach.

At intervals I caught the faint fragrance of the distant moors ahead of me, and when at last I reached them the purple heather invited us to race over it, or so Mack seemed to think, but I wisely restrained him, since I knew that before midday he would need all his surplus energy.

When at last we arrived at the Meet, the hounds and hantomen were just on the point of starting. Riders and horses alike shared the excitement as we raced from field to field; then to the moor and across the heather at a breath-taking pace, alternately jumping ditches and dodging holes. Now we climbed a hillside and suddenly drew up, as a slimy bog loomed ahead of us. We clambered through as fast as possible, leaving the less fortunate to their fate. Suddenly the pack led us to a hedge, and as there was no gate in sight, the hantomen cleared the hedge immediately. Mack and I had jumped fences many times, but never a blind hedge. Nothing daunted however, we raced on, and landed safely on the other side of that fearsome obstacle. Dangerous, you remark? Maybe! But who thinks of danger at such a time, with the wind whistling past one's ears as one follows the lead of a wild pack of foxhounds and three equally excited "redcoats."

But there was more excitement to follow, for the fox retreated to its hole. The hantomen began to dig it out while the rest of us waited.

As I waited I could not help thinking of those lines written by Charles Kingsley—

Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Down the roaring blast;
You shall see a fox die
Ere an hour is past.
Go! and rest to-morrow,
Hunting in your dreams.

The lines were true for me that day, for the fox was caught and killed before we had been hunting an hour. As the youngest member of the Hunt I was formally presented with the fox's mask, a great honour in the eyes of a haster, and so the meet ended.

As I returned home to my little village in the valley, I could not help noticing how different the scene was from that which I had left behind me early that morning. Motor cars buzzed frequently up and down the village streets; dogs barked, and in the schoolyard children shrieked at each other. What a difference! But I was glad that I had my fox's mask to remind me of the happy morning that I spent with the foxhounds.

MOLLIE YOELL, L.V.Ds.

Mixed Ingredients.

"J'avais — tu avais — il avait." I wonder who won the football match? "J'avais —." I must learn this to-night. (Yawn, Yawn). "Who invented avoir? J'ai en — tu —. That's the wrong tense." (Another yawn). Tick-tock, tick-tock. Sleep — sleep. "J'a — vais." Sleep — sleep —.

Whatever is that sitting in the armchair? It was a haggard-looking creature, dressed in a rustic robe that reached to his sandalled feet. To the hem of his gown, stretched a long, thick, grey beard, which would have made an ideal home for stray mice.

"I am 'Avoir,'" the heron (or shall I say supernatural?) haystack said, "you have insulted me to-night! I am old, very, very old, therefore I should be respected. If you insult me again—YOU SHALL BE PUNISHED. He lifted an accusing, threatening finger. "Do not try to insult me, or else —!"

Here, the heron for stray mice brought forth from his cloak two large daggers, and one small one. The former were labelled "Ignorance" and "The Wrath of the French Mistress," and the third "Bad Term Report." Then springing forward, he prepared to plunge the second of the large daggers into my heart. I was just beginning to wonder what Heaven was like—when the murderer vanished.

Then I heard a heaving in the passage, and a great deal of groaning. I hoped with all my heart that the haystack had trodden on his beard. But no such luck—yet another strange creature rolled through the door. Bump! Bump! Thud! Thud! Groan. Sigh. Its face was ashy white, and horrible. Yet it was very round, and a piece of wet parchment flopped over one ear. It was moving towards me. I recognised it to be—how can I tell you?—the next pudding I had made in cookery that morning!

"You are the cause (bump!) of all (it toppled over again) my troubles. Oh dear! oh dear! You (he raised a weak pastry finger at me) didn't (groan) chop all the next and (thud!) you put too much flour in me. You didn't fasten the paper properly, and all (bump! bump!) the water ran in. Now nobody will eat me. I —."

Here the pudding broke into loud cries and wails. I felt so sorry for it, that a tear ran down my face, as fast as those sticky ones which ran down the grey, pastry countenance of my poor pudding. I was so sorry that it should be left to the tender mercies of the dust-like men, that suddenly, I picked it up, and devoured the miserable thing. But oh! it was hard work! It was like chewing rubber, and the taste surpassed that of the next puddings of yesterday.

Then, through the door, poured Roman soldiers headed by Labienus seated on a horse that closely resembled Julius Caesar. The army surrounded me. The end had come. Labienus threatened me in a tongue I could not understand, while "Julius Caesar" smiled amiably. A dagger—"The Wrath of the French Mistress"—pierced my heart. I fell to the ground, murmuring "J'avais — tu avais"—a French book covering my face.

DOES EAST, U.IVb.

Legend.

There once a prefect who said
 "Don't talk on the stairs or stairhead!"
 She said it so often,
 Her brain it did soften,
 And she found herself saying it in bed!

WISFORD SCOTT, L.VIa.

Sacrifice.

Silently, as the sonorous chimes ring out,
 We humbly bare our heads and worship mournfully
 As we recall the brave who died for us,
 In Flanders fields, where blooms the crimson poppy,
 Which as a tribute to our mighty fallen,
 We wear as we behold the cross of peace.
 Those valiant soldiers gladly gave their lives
 That there should never more be warfare fierce—
 The muffled thunder of the guns, the groans
 Of soldiers wounded, fighting in the fray,
 To keep their country in the realms of peace.
 Thinking of their loved ones left behind,
 Whose faces we recall, with saddened hearts
 And pay our tribute to the glorious dead.

WINIFRED D. SCOTT, L.Via.

A Broken Record.

To heed and to heed if a motorist dares,
 And not care a rap for Bellaha's "BEWARES,"
 Will surely result, as experience has taught,
 In a fine that's enforced by a magistrate's court.
 At times of the day, when noise is permitted,
 If you drive on in silence, a crime is committed,
 His bescoms and crossings, we can almost forgive,
 For we're certain they have not much longer to live.
 Not long ago the country was thrilled,
 For in Sunderland town there was nobody killed;
 The coroner's book was kept on the shelf,
 Till Bellaha came North to see for himself.
 He came and he saw this wonderful place,
 And then he departed with well-meaning grace,
 But very soon after the record was broken—
 Three people were killed . . . we should not have spoken.

BETTY GULLIS, L.Via.

On the England—Australia Air Race.

Eliminated soon be time and space
 By man the puny, man the eager-soled,
 Who ventures all in his endeavour bold
 To further still the progress of his race,
 O, long and lone the way where perils lurk
 'Mid restless waves and burning desert sand,
 'Mid purple peaks that tower above the land
 And karek giants loosing through the mark,
 Worthy of mightiest ancestors they are—
 Of men that faced, undaunted, the unknown,
 To aid mankind, uphold their country's name—
 Who in this later age to climb afar,
 Disdaining space and woeing time, have flown,
 Their end achieved, though soon forgot their fame.

ALICE LAWRENCE, L.Via.

THE BEDAN.

The Garden.

After wet twilight, when the rain is done,
I think they walk these ways that knew their feet,
And tread these sunken pavements, one by one,
Keen for old summers that were wild and sweet.

Where rainy blasts blow against the dark
And grasses bend beneath the weight they bear,
The night grows troubled and we still may mark
Their ghostly scrow on the quiet air.

DOROTHY ASCHER, L.Va.

The Hall of Memories.

Through lofty hall with mirrors dim and high,
Men who were heroes all, in days gone by,
Like shades, walk softly through the pillared ways,
While on the air the sound of music strays,
And through it drifts the echo of a sigh.

They are the men who for their country died,
Who for a short time were their country's pride,
And after a tumultuous life, their strivings ceased,—
They passed into these quiet halls, released
From life, in memory to abide.

Safely, they pace the aisles, while round them throng
The shadows of each noble act, no ghosts of wrong
Or evil deeds are here, only the brave and good,
The records of courageous hearts, that stood
Each test of worth, and faithful proved and strong.

JOAN HOBY, U.IVa.

Ten Little Bede Girls.

Ten little Bede girls, marching in a line,
One stopped to tie her lace, and then there were nine.

Nine little Bede girls were running, (they were late);
One fell and broke her leg, and then there were eight.

Eight little Bede girls, on holiday in Devon;
One thought she'd stay there, and then there were seven.

Seven little Bede girls, up to all their tricks;
One fell in the lily pond, and then there were six.

Six little Bede girls, getting ready to dive;
One fell in the water, and then there were five.

Five little Beds girls, entering by the door ;
One got squashed in it, and then there were four.

Four little Beds girls, swimming in the sea ;
A huge breaker caught one, and then there were three.

Three little Beds girls, making Irish stew ;
One had the first taste, and then there were two.

Two little Beds girls, basking in the sun ;
One developed sunstroke, and then there was one.

One little Beds girl, sitting all alone ;
She became heart-broken and then there were none.

ADA EARNshaw, U.I.Va.

Wishes.

I sat and wished the other day,
That I might be a cloud at play,
And chase my friends across the sky,
And race the birds which fly so high.

That I might be a rose one day,
Until my petals blew away,
And then I'd change into an ell,
And live so gaily by myself.

That I might be a harvest moon,
And store good food inside my house,
And play amidst the golden corn,
Until the reaper came at morn.

And then I'd live in stacks of hay,
Until the farmer came my way ;
Then I would be again myself,
And not a cloud, nor moon, nor ell.

MARY JONES, U.I.Va.

The Dance of the Leaves.

Swirling and curling,
In moving rings whirling,
Away from the woods and the great trees that bore us,
Away with the winds to the unknown that calls us,
Frisking and whisking,
In dances of glee.

Scuttling and bustling,
In frenzied haste jostling,
Away o'er the common, like children set free,
Racing so impishly over the lee,
Scampering wildly
In transport of joy.

JOAN KALOUZEK, U.I.Va.

The Dreamland Ship.

The sky is like a big blue sea:
Upon my back I lie,
And sail my little dreamland ship
Upon the summer sky.

Its sails are made of creamy clouds,
All stitched with silk of dreams;
It's laden high with misty hopes,
And wishes are its seams.

Down on the grassy hill I lie,
When no one's here but me,
And sail my little dreamland ship
Upon my dreamland sea.

PHYLLIS MINGOTTEN, L.I.Va.

The Men of England.

The bugles called them off to war,
"Come, come, ye men of England!"
Not heeding that which lay before
They went, the men of England.

Why did they leave their homes, their all,
The valiant men of England?
They followed with the bugle call,
To save the peace of England.

They fought and fought to end all war,
The men who loved our England,
Till many men could fight no more:
They died, some men of England.

GRACE CLARK, L.I.Va.

Lady Moon.

Slow rising o'er the darkened sky,
When clouds are gone and night is nigh,
She walks, the Lady Moon.

The bright red sun has gone to rest,
The crimson fading in the West,
While rises Lady Moon.

She is the lamp so calm and bright,
That lights the darkness of the night,
The radiant Lady Moon.

But slowly, slowly, down creeps near,
And she at last must disappear,
Good-bye! dear Lady Moon.

MURIEL DOUGLASS, L.I.Va.

The Circus.

Come to the Circus—
It's better than the Zoo;
See the clever horses,
The bounding kangaroo.

Come to the Circus—
The acrobats are there;
Watch the roaring lion,
And performing grizzly bear.

Come to the Circus—
Look at the dancing troupe,
See a fearsome tiger,
Jumping through a hoop.

Come to the Circus—
There's still much more to see,
The clowns are making whoopoo,
To attract both you and me.

MAUD BAINBRIDGE, L.IVb.

What the Oak Tree Sees.

In the large wood where I grow,
Silvery waters past me flow.
The fairies dance around at night,
As up above the moon shines bright.

They ride around on fairy horses,
Making rings on grass for courses,
To race along at night, so free,
Joyful, laughing, full of glee.

Then as the dawn begins to peep,
And mortal children wake from sleep,
The fairies trip to pretty flowers,
Which shelter them from April showers.

MARGARET WRIGHT, L.IVb.

The Fountain.

Pip! Plop!
Listen to the fountain singing,
'Tis good even its voice is bringing,
Clear and true its chimes are ringing,
Pip! Plop!

Ping! Pong!
Listen to its joyful splashes,
As with glee the pond it lashes,
As high in the air it dashes,
Ping! Pong!

THE BEDAN.

Plink! Plink!
 Listen as it spurs on high,
 Hear its musical reply
 Wafted up towards the sky,
 Plink! Plink!

IRVING BERGMAN, IIIa.

Where is my Pussy?

I've looked on the sofa,
 I've looked on the chair,
 I've looked in the garden,
 I've looked everywhere
 For my darling pussy,
 With a little pink nose,
 A little black body,
 And little white toes.

JOAN HERRING, IIIa.

Tommy the Mouse.

Tommy the mouse am I,
 Who feels not the least bit shy,
 I live in a house
 Quite fit for a mouse,
 Tommy the mouse am I!

Tommy the mouse am I,
 Who simply adores mince-pie,
 Keeps his house tidy
 And loves to play "hidey,"
 Tommy the mouse am I!

POLLY CARTER, IIIb.

Joys.

Baby's arms are chubby; Baby's face is pink;
 Baby's hair is like fresh-mown corn; soon she will
 grow, and her golden hair will turn dark, and thence
 to grey. I love my baby as she is, and I do wish she
 would stay so, as she is perfectly sweet.

It brings delight unto the eyes. We see it
 stretched so far—a never-ending glory. Along comes
 the breeze, and the eyes see little waves of joy across
 that beautiful field of golden corn.

MARJORIE WALKER, IIIc.

Three Wishes.

I wish I were a Fairy,
With gauzy little wings,
And dress of pink rose petals,
I'd play on fairy wings.

I wish I were a Flower,
With coloured petals gay,
A daisy or a buttercup,
In the merry month of May.

I wish I were a mermaid,
Swimming in the sea,
With lovely golden tresses,
And wondrous things to see.

DOUG LAWSON, III.

Gleanings from Upper IVb.

I'd be content
To live in Kent,
All in a tent,
'Cos I resent
All that is spent
On paying rent.

Little Pam
Fond of jam,
Little Dicky
Very sticky,
Both led
Up to bed.

Uncle Jim
Likes to swim,
Jack Sprat
Fond of fat,
Both found
On a mound
Eating apples by the pound.

Ada Kirk
Went to work,
Soon, slack!
Got the sack,
Left the place
In disgrace.

Ben House Notes.

During the past year Ben House has known both disappointment and success, though luckily it can be said that on the whole the year has proved a happy one.

The outstanding activity of the Autumn Term was the Sale which was held at school in aid of the Swimming Baths Fund. Scrath and Ben held a joint Cakes and Sweet Stall and the result proved satisfactory.

The party was held in conjunction with Ness on the first day of the Spring Term, and all present spent an enjoyable evening.

At games we were not successful, but in one case were beaten only in the semi-final.

On the day of the Gym. Competition we had the smallest team, but are glad to say that, together with Ness, we won the Gym Shield. On the same day two girls received department girdles, whilst several received badges.

Sports Day as a whole proved a great disappointment for Ben House, although we are deeply grateful to Emily Durrant, who distinguished the House by winning the Middle School Sports Championship.

Members of the House have contributed generously towards charities, so much so, that after fulfilling all obligations, we were able to send, in response to an appeal, the sum of one pound to the Toddlers' Play Centre in London, thus enabling four children to enjoy a week's holiday in the country.

The conduct of the House has not always been satisfactory, but we ended the year well by gaining a red star for the smallest number of marks lost during the Summer Term.

Another red star was gained by Nancy Lawther, who obtained honours in School Certificate, and of whom we are justly proud.

We owe much to our House Mistresses, Miss Hutchinson, Miss Briggs, and Miss Wilman, who have rendered such valuable service throughout the year, and we have much pleasure in welcoming Miss Peters to our House this Term.

Peter Birch (Captain).

Esk House Notes.

The year 1933-34 has been a very happy one for Esk House, for many of its ambitions were accomplished for the first time.

The conduct of the House was greatly improved and consequently for two terms we regained the red star awarded to the House losing fewest marks during the term. We lost it again, however, in the Summer term, owing to the bad conduct of a certain section of the House.

There was not a great deal of progress in the work of the House, but we were very proud of Betty Gillis, who gained for us a red star by obtaining Honours in the School Certificate Examination.

The Christmas Party with Drom, which was held in December, was greatly enjoyed by all the members of both Houses.

House charities were steadily maintained throughout the year. We were not only able to hand over £8 to School Charities, but also to give a donation of 10/- to Pauline Orr, a former games' captain of the School, and a member of Esk House, with which to buy Christmas toys for poor children in St. Peter's Church School, where she is now teaching. In the spring term we were able to give six dozen eggs to the Cottage Homes. We also made a combined effort with Drom in carrying on a "Grocer's Shop" for a few weeks. As a result we were able to hand over to Miss Reed a substantial sum to help to defray the expenses of the building of the new schools' swimming bath.

Our games teams were not very successful in the autumn and spring terms, although our Netball team was only beaten in the final by Avon after a hard struggle. Our netball captain gained a red star for us by obtaining her netball colours. In the summer term, however, for the first time in the history of Esk House, we were able to boast of our prowess in games. Our tennis couple beat Avon in the final after a hard-fought struggle, and our rounders team was equally victorious. On Sports Day we gained the much-coveted Sports Trophy.

We wish to thank all those girls who helped to win for us the Needlework Trophy presented to us by Mrs. Marley.

Regular house meetings were held throughout the year, some taking the form of "sing-songs," while at others games were played in the Hall. Certain forms provided us with entertainments, while in the summer term games were played out-of-doors. All the meetings were thoroughly enjoyed.

We wish to take this opportunity of thanking the house mistresses for their unflinching help and encouragement through the year.

We also wish to thank our ex-captain for her support and enthusiasm, and wish her every success for the future.

WILLIAM D. SCOTT (Captain).

Avon House Notes.

The year 1933-4 was not a very fortunate one for Avon House, although all the House Meetings were enjoyed by its members.

There were no important functions in the Autumn Term, as the party with Strath was held in January. This proved a very happy evening for all present.

Of the four teams in the Spring Term, only one was successful. The senior Netball team won the Shield, which Avon has only lost for one year. The senior Hockey team reached the final, but was beaten by Drom, while the Juniors lost in the first round of each game.

We were not successful in the Gym. Competition, but the Netball Captain gained a red star for the House by winning her colours. No Avon girls were presented with department girdles, but we hope that those girls who won badges will improve sufficiently to obtain girdles this year.

The Summer Term was again uneventful for Avon. We were once more finalists in the Tennis matches, and were only beaten after a very hard game with Esk. The senior and junior rounders teams were both defeated in their first game.

We are very proud that the Junior Sports' Champion, Nancy Mitchell, is a member of Avon House. She obtained a red star, while our present Captain gained a red star for winning the tennis racquet presented to the school by Mr. Joseph.

Our former captain, Mollie Duncan, gained a red star for the House by obtaining the necessary points in the Higher School Certificate.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking our House Mistresses for their valuable assistance during the past year. The conduct of the House left much to be desired last year, and we trust that the girls in Avon House will make every effort to improve the matter this year. We wish all Avon girls who have left the school every success in whatever they have undertaken, and feel sure that, in spite of increasing and varied interests, they will not forget the House of which they were so proud during the days they were at school.

DEBOTHY GRIBSON (Captain).

Drom House Notes.

Last year, 1933-4, was not a very fortunate one for Drom House. We did not succeed in carrying off any of the trophies, although we reached the semi-final in some matches. However, Connie Simpson won some glory for us by gaining the title of Senior Champion on Sports Day. Connie also gained her colours for Netball last year, and was runner-up in the Tennis Tournament. On the day of the Gymnastic Competition several members of the House were presented with department badges.

We are proud of some of our examination results since three girls gained red stars for the House, Audrey Hayton for her Higher Certificate results, and Bessie Maccoby and Margaret Curry who both obtained Honours in School Certificate.



DORIS FORSTER,
14 YEARS

There was a splendid response to all charity appeals last year, and the Pound Stall held with Esk House was a great success.

The House party held in December, also with Esk, was very much enjoyed.

We should like to thank our House Mistresses, Miss Seddon, Miss Herbert and Miss Robinson, very much for the continuous help they have given to Drom House throughout the year, thus contributing greatly to the enjoyment of the House Meetings and at the House activities.

HANNAH D. COHEN (Captain).

Ness House Notes.

The year 1983-84 has been one in which satisfaction has mingled with disappointment. Regular House Meetings have been held and these have been thoroughly enjoyed.

The conduct of the House has had occasional lapses throughout the year, especially during the Spring term, but towards the end of the year it showed a marked improvement. Contributions towards School Charities have been collected regularly throughout the year.

The members of the House worked well, and we have gained the picture "Winter," presented by the Old Bedans to the House making most progress during the year. In games we were not so successful, our only final victory being won by the Junior Netball Team.

Unfortunately we have lost the Botany Trophy, thus spoiling our record, but we made up for this by winning the Junior Singing Cup and sharing the Gym. Shield with Ben.

Marjorie Suffield gained a red star for the House by obtaining Honours in the School Certificate Examination.

We should like to thank our House Mistresses, Miss Harris, Miss Biggs and Miss Frankenburg, for their valuable assistance and encouragement during the year.

JENNIE HAY (Captain).

Strath House Notes.

We are pleased to report that Strath House has made good progress in the past year.

Fewer marks have been lost, but there is still room for further improvement in the conduct of some members. For three terms the House has gained a red star for final A grades. We hope to maintain the record in future.

Through hard work on the part of the members, the House obtained the highest number of marks in the Botany Competition. We are thus the proud possessors of the Botany Vase. The Juniors won the Rounders Tournament, which they certainly deserved, if keenness counts for anything. We also succeeded in gaining the Art Picture.

Doris Miller gained a Red Star for the House by obtaining Honours in School Certificate.

The Betty Coates Badge was presented to Joan Manning, our Captain, who is now at Fenwick's, in Newcastle.

We were allotted a Cake Stall, together with Ben House, in the Christmas Bazaar, and members contributed very generously to it. Our Christmas party, held in conjunction with Avon, was a splendid success, in spite of the fact, that it took place after the holidays.

We should like to thank Miss Birchall, Miss Elliot and Miss Lloyd for their very valuable help throughout the year, and to welcome Miss Barnard to the House. May she never regret joining us!

We offer a hearty welcome to all new members and wish success to all who have left us. We should be very pleased to have news of them.

GWEN DONALD (Captain).

Marriages.

- BEED—BRYER—John Beed to Eonnda Bryer, December 15th, 1933.
 COLE—SAUNDERS—Arthur Cole to Bessie Saunders, January 17th, 1934.
 CHAPMAN—HODGSON—Edwin Chapman to Eva Hodgson, January 30th, 1934.
 GILLESPIE—THOMPSON—William Gillespie to Winifred Thompson, February 24th, 1934.
 WARRINER—SCRIVEN—Alan E. Warriner to Edith Scriven, March 31st, 1934.
 CLARK—DE PRIEN—E. W. Clark to Dorothy De Prien, April 2nd, 1934.
 STEPHENSON—TOWERS—C. O. Stephenson to Irene Towers, March 29th, 1934.
 DAWSON—SMITH—Norman Dawson to Bessie Smith, April 7th, 1934.
 DAVISON—HOOKS—Geoffrey Davison to Edith Hooks, April 9th, 1934.
 PARKER—HUCKELS—J. A. Parker to Phyllis Huckels, May 14th, 1934.
 WHEEDON—NICHOLSON—C. H. Wheedon to Hilda Nicholson, May 11st, 1934.
 DEE—HAMMOND—J. B. Dee to Mianie Hammond, June 10th, 1934.
 ROBSON—DOBSON—Cecil Robson to Eva Dobson, June 12th, 1934.
 STONMCK—COOPER—Robert Stonmck to Madeline Cooper, June 26th, 1934.
 HUNTER—WRIGHT—E. F. Hunter to Georgina M. Wright, July 18th, 1934.
 SIMMONS—DIXON—A. Simmons to Winifred Dixon, June 25th, 1934.
 HORNSWILL—CHRISTIE—Rev. M. Wilson Horawill to Ruby Christie, July 23th, 1934.

Marriages—continued.

- DAVIES—WILSON—John Davies to Edith M. Wilson, July 28th, 1934.
 ROBSON—APPLEGARTH—W. L. Robson to Evelyn Applegarth, July 30th, 1934.
 McBAIN—NEILSON—J. D. McBain to Elma F. Neilson, August 4th, 1934.
 WILSON—WARBURTON—E. A. Wilson to Corrie Warburton, August 1st, 1934.
 BELLARS—BETTS—Norman Bellars to Kather Betts, August 25th, 1934.
 KEMP—WALTON—Arthur Kemp to Mary Walton, September 12th, 1934.
 BARKER—BLAIR—Jack Barker to Belle Blair, September 3rd, 1934.
 CROFTERS—HIBBERT—Henry Crofters to Nellie Hibbert, August 18th, 1934.
 JONES—WILKINSON—G. B. Jones to Bronwen Wilkinson, August 4th, 1934.
 WAKEFORD—KAE—John E. Wakeford to Siebel M. Kae, September 17th, 1934.
 JOBLING—ANDERSON—Norman N. Jobling to Peggy Anderson, Sept. 18th, 1934.
 EADES—SMYTH—J. Gordon Eades to Nellie Smyth, September 19th, 1934.
 CHARLTON—FORSTER—J. W. Charlton to Marjorie Forster, September 23rd, 1934.
 KIRBY—RAMSAY—Thomas F. Kirby to Isabella Calick Ramsay, December 3rd, 1934.

Also married during the year (details not to hand)—

Alice Carter, Jennie Charlton, Dorcas Hutton.

Births.

- To Mr. and Mrs. Stephenson (Gladys Wilson), on Dec. 2nd, 1933, a daughter.
 To Mr. and Mrs. King (Evelyn Young), on April 30th, 1934, a daughter.
 To Mr. and Mrs. Eric Davison (Maudie Armstrong), on April 30th, 1934, a daughter.
 To Mr. and Mrs. William Towline (Lillian Harrold), on May 4th, 1934, a daughter.
 To Capt. and Mrs. Talloch (Winifred Trewfart), on July 5th, 1934, a son.
 To Mr. and Mrs. Carle (Norah Robson), on August 14th, 1934, a daughter.
 To Mr. and Mrs. Hargreaves (Kitty Thompson), on October 3rd, 1934, a son.
 To Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Sanderford (Ada Talbot), on Oct. 6th, 1934, a son.
 To Mr. and Mrs. Uewin (Marorie Fairclough), a daughter.
 To Mr. and Mrs. Nichol (Lucy Pongate), on October 9th, 1934, a son.
 To Mr. and Mrs. Dentford (Edith Perry) a son.
 To Mr. and Mrs. W. Ker Wilson (Margaret Rogers), on December 6th, 1934, a son.

In Memoriam.

MISS JEANIE FERGUSON, May 25th, 1934.

JANE SKYMOOR, Form VI, June 29th, 1934.

The Guild of Old Bedans.

Miss JEANNIE FARQUHAR.

It was with regret that the School learnt of the death of Miss Farquhar in the early summer of this year.

She was appointed Second Mistress on Bede School staff the year that Miss Boon became its Head Mistress and held that position till her resignation in December, 1933, in ill-health.

Bedans will remember her in the class-room seeking for their mathematical ability, but they will longer remember her very sincere interest in their general welfare. She was indefatigable in her support of all school activities whether of the Bedan of the moment, or of Old Bedans, and seemed to have an inexhaustible supply of information concerning their doings long years after they had left school.

In the town, she was actively associated for years with The Guild of Help, The Juvenile Advisory Committee and The Juvenile Organisation Committee.

In her retirement in Croydon she was sought out by many Old Bedans and in her last illness it must have been some comfort to find that Bedans were still rallying round.

Her gracious self will be remembered as long as there are Bedans who knew her.

D. E. B.

Information and Notices.

Officials and Committee for 1934-1935.

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

Committee:—

D. S. ASKLE (staff), D. E. BIRCHALL (staff), WINIFRED GIBSON, MADGE GRAY, Ivy LOCKET, MARY MACKINTOSH, CATHERINE MALLEN, WINIFRED WHITING.

At the present moment, the membership of the Guild of Old Bedans is 418, consisting of 15 Life, 397 Annual and 6 Associate Members. There are in addition 23 members who have intimated no wish to resign, but who have not, so far, paid their subscription for 1933-1934. Eighteen resigned in the course of the year, and there are 47 new members, whose names will be found on page 47.

The Annual Subscription of 2/6 falls due on September 1st and should be paid as soon as possible after that date. Any Old Bedan who wishes to resign her membership should intimate the fact to the Secretary not later than the Annual Business Meeting in September.

Members who have not yet paid their subscription for 1934-35 are urgently requested to do so now.

Annual Members may become Life Members at any time by making their payments up to £2 12s. 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.

The Annual Dance, with music by the Frisco Syncopators, will be held in Wetherell's Rooms on December 28th, and there will be a Whist and Bridge Drive for Old Bedans and their friends in School on February 20th. Members are asked to keep both dates free and to make these two functions a success. Tickets for both may be had from the Secretary or from any of the Committee.

The Guild Prizes offered for Essays in the "Bedan" of 1933 were won by Eva Maccoby, Form Lower VI, and Yvonne White, Form Lower IVa. This year's results appear elsewhere.

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

At the end of the carols, the entertainers were thanked, a message of good wishes was sent to Miss Boon, and the evening finished with three rousing cheers for Miss Hutchinson, "who is always so good to us."

THE FOURTH ANNUAL DANCE, JANUARY 12th, 1934.

The Dance in Wetherell's Rooms was very successful, both from the financial and the social stand-point. Miss Hutchinson and Miss McMillan received the guests, and Miss Boon was able to look in for a short time. There were about 140 present, and Mr. Udale was again good enough to act as M.C. For the first time in the history of the Guild Dances, the "Sunderland Echo" sent a photographer.

SUMMER MEETING, JULY 18th, 1934.

At the Summer Meeting, a presentation was made to Miss Boon from Old Bedans. All subscribers, whether members of the Guild or not, were invited, and ninety-one guests were present. The Chairman of the Guild presented Miss Boon with a cheque to be used as a Book and Reading Fund, and also with a bedside table and book rest, wishing her, in the name of old pupils, great enjoyment of her leisure. Miss Boon thanked the subscribers, and anticipated that she would have much pleasure in her gifts which she hoped to use in Sunderland itself.

Before the presentation, the members amused themselves with various games indoors and tennis out-of-doors, and the evening ended after coffee in the Sewing-Room.

THE ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING.

About 60 members were present at the seventh Annual Business Meeting. The Chairman made sympathetic reference to Miss Farquhar by whose death the Guild had lost a real friend. She then gave those present a message from Miss Boon, whom illness prevented from attending, and went on to introduce Miss Moul, who spoke briefly, expressing her pleasure in accepting the position of President of the Guild, and her intention to be an active President.

The minutes of the last meeting were summarised and approved, after which the Secretary's and Treasurer's reports were read and adopted. The gist of the Secretary's report appears elsewhere in this "Bedan." The Treasurer reported a balance on the year's working, in spite of the fact that 70 subscriptions were still unpaid. The Balance Sheet appears on page 42.

* Of these, 43 have since paid, and 4 have resigned without paying the arrears. Of the remaining 23 nothing has, so far, been heard.

THE FOLLOWING MOTIONS AFFECTING THE CONSTITUTION were passed:

(1) That the retiring Headmistress be elected a Vice-President, and

(2) That the first part of Clause X be altered to read "There shall be a Social Meeting of The Guild in the Winter."

The Chairman next announced the OFFICE BEARERS AND COMMITTEE elected as the result of the postal vote; the full list is to be found on page 37.

REPORTS were then 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. The following allocations were made by the meeting:—£1 1s. to the "Bedan" editors for prizes; £1 1s. to be given annually to the School for a prize in some subject for which no prize existed; the profits on the Dance, £5 11s. 9d., to the Social Service Club for the help of Bedans, and the remaining sum of £5 16s. 9d. to the same Club to be used for any of its work. It was further decided that any arrears of subscriptions received before the Winter Re-Union be also handed over to the Social Service Club.

With regard to the WINTER PROGRAMME, the meeting settled the dates of the Winter Re-Union and the Dance, and elected them and there a sub-committee to run the latter. Arrangements for the rest of the Programme were left to the Committee.

Lastly the Secretary appealed for information about Old Bedans, and about possible posts for girls leaving school. In this latter she was enthusiastically supported by Miss Moul. The meeting was then adjourned.

Old Bedans' Loan and Scholarship Fund.

The Committee met in June last to consider requests for loans. Three applicants were granted fifteen pounds each.

Two sums of ten pounds each were returned to the fund by previous applicants, and, since the actual meeting, a further return of fifteen pounds has been made.

This returned money will accumulate until a sum of one hundred pounds is reached when it will be invested. At the moment it earns interest at $3\frac{1}{4}\%$. This interest, together with that on our invested thousand pounds, is available for Bedans needing help for their careers on leaving School.

D. E. BISSELL, Treasurer.



NANCY ADAMSON.
13 YEARS.

GUILD OF OLD BEDANS.

Statement of Accounts on August 31st, 1934.

(A) BALANCE SHEET FOR YEAR—FROM SEPTEMBER 1ST, 1933,
TO AUGUST 31ST, 1934.

RECEIPTS.		EXPENDITURE.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Subscriptions—		Stationery and Printing..	3 12 3
2 New Life Subscriptions		Postage	5 9 10
at £2/3-	4 4 0	Cost of Meetings—	
40 New Annual Subscrip-		Business Meeting ..	0 2 6
tions at 2/6	5 15 0	Winter Re-Union ..	1 7 7½
3 Associate Subscriptions		Informal Meetings ..	0 7 0½
at 1/-	0 7 0	Summer Meeting ..	2 7 6
244 Renewal Subscrip-		Gifts—	
tions at 2/6	30 10 0	Beds Prices	1 1 0
1 Completed Life Mem-		Social Service Club for	
bership	2 0 0	Succession Bedans..	10 0 0
1 Subscription	0 15 0	Flowers (Miss Parqubar)	0 10 0
41 Arrears at 2/6	5 2 6	Flowers (Miss Booth) ..	0 5 0
Interest—		Guild of Help in memory	
(a) On Deposit Account..	0 0 8	of Miss Parqubar ..	1 1 0
(b) On War Loan, 1929-27	1 18 10	Brides	11 0 0
Profits on Dance	5 11 9	Games for Meetings ..	0 1 0
		Drama Club—to cover	
		expenses	0 6 0
		Balance on Year's Work-	
		ing	18 13 6
Total	<u>£26 4 3</u>	Total	<u>£26 4 3</u>

(B) TOTAL FUNDS ON AUGUST, 31st, 1934.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Balance on August 31, 1933	55 7 1	£104 0 7—Made up as follows—	
Balance on Year's Work-		Balance in Bank—	
ing	18 13 6	(a) Deposit Account ..	7 0 4
		(b) Current Account ..	48 0 10
		2½% War Loan, 1929-27 ..	48 7 3
		Balance in Cash in Hand..	0 12 3
Total	<u>£104 0 7</u>	Total	<u>£104 0 7</u>

E. R. SUGGERS (Hon. Treas.), London, September 6th, 1934.

I have examined Receipt Books, Stock Receipts, Current and Deposit Bank Accounts, and I certify that everything is in order.

September 14th, 1934.

THOS. H. SARRIS, Auditor.

Guild of Old Bedans' Singing Club.

The Singing Club has met three times this term; the "choral hour" has been most enjoyable and we have tackled part songs and madrigals with great "glce." We were delighted to have Miss Moul at our first meeting and hope she will come again.

May we thank all Bedans who lend us copies of music. We were very sorry indeed to lose Miss Ewart's services through illness and hope that now she is much better. We all send her our good wishes. And to Miss Hutchinson and her two pianists a sincere "Thank you."

Our first meeting next term is January 16th. Will you please make a note of the date and come—all of you!

M. MACINTOSH, Secretary,
19 Co-operative Terrace.

Guild of Old Bedans' Social Service Club.

The work of this Club has been extended a little because we have had more money.

The number of members who paid subscriptions was 75. Several other people give us their support. We wish they would enrol as members too.

We collected new and second-hand clothing in November and February and the response to our appeal was generous. We also spent £7, mostly on jerseys, trousers, vests, knickers and stockings; and fifteen parcels were sent out to poor schools brought to our notice by Old Bedans. These old girls were able to see that the garments were worn and kept clean, and some of the children's mothers wrote to appreciate the help. One little boy about five years old sent us a portrait of himself in his new green jersey drawn by himself with the legend attached—"Here I am!" We regret we cannot publish it in "The Bedan."

Clothing was also sent to a Health Visitor and to several institutions in the town including the Guild of Help, Grindon Convalescent Home, the Salvation Army, and the Tuberculosis Dispensary.

To a Christmas party, held in the Jeffrey Hall by kind permission of the Rev. S. Landreth, fifty children from Grange Park School and fifty from St. Columba's were invited, and, after what seemed to be a satisfying tea, were entertained by a conjurer.

A picnic was held in the summer in Bede School grounds. One hundred children from the Moor and Gray Schools were conveyed to and from the picnic by special car and spent a happy afternoon. The grounds were at their best and the weather was kind, and elusive butterflies provided good entertainment for some of the boys.

Five of our members help at a Club in the East end of the town and one member teaches an invalid child in her home.

All these activities require money and it may interest our readers to know how this money is raised:—Firstly, there is the annual subscription of 6d., but that is practically used up in postage, etc. Secondly, we appeal to members to send help towards any mooted activity. Thirdly, this year the Club ran a Bridge and Whist Drive in School and made £7 8s. 2½d. profit, most of which was spent on clothing for poor children.

We should like to thank the parent Guild for its support, for it gave us a grant of £10 to use for the benefit of girls attending Bede School. This money, together with donations amounting to £5 1s. 8d., has been put to good use.

We should like to thank, too, those friends outside of our Club who give us support and encouragement in so many ways.

Before closing we should like our members to know that as a result of the Bridge and Whist Drive held in School on November 21st this year the Club is just over £8 richer. The supper was entirely given and the Committee thanks all who helped in any way to make the evening a success.

We would remind members who have not paid this year that subscriptions were due in September. New members will be welcomed at any time.

The annual subscription is 6d. and a member gives an unwritten promise to send one new garment for a child, and undertakes to consider, but not necessarily to support, any appeal made by the Club.

ELSIE WILSON, 102, Ewesley Road.

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

Hon. Secretaries.

Guild of Old Bedans' Netball Club.

The Old Bedans' Netball Club is now in its fifth season, a most successful one, so far. We got into the final of a county tournament open to clubs and senior school teams, and emerged from the county trials as Dusham First Team!

We are still short of players, and should welcome new members. Club matches are played on Saturday afternoons, and the subscription is 3/6.

EDITH M. LOCKY, Secretary,

Down Hill, West Boldon.

Guild of Old Bedans' Hockey Club.

The Old Bedans' Hockey Club has progressed very favourably during the past two seasons, but this season it hopes to excel itself.

Though few in membership the club has a good record as this season shows. We have won four of our five matches, the weather kindly decided the others for us!

Many new members were suggested to us, but unfortunately only three have been able to join. We are still hoping that after New Year more may come along. The fee is 7/6 and 3/6 Guild Membership, and the field leaves nothing to be desired. It is one of the best at Spark's Farm.

We would also like to add that there is something which should appeal to Bedans of the old "Tin Tab" days—the hut from the Hylton Road field now stands firmly in its new surroundings, and, with the help of a fresh coat of paint, braves all the icy blasts of winter.

W. ROGERS, Secretary.

4 Burn Park Road.

Guild of Old Bedans' Badminton Club.

We have started the 1934 Season with quite a flourish. We have enrolled several new members, and we now play for two nights a week—on Mondays and Wednesdays. As the Old Bedan Boys' Club also plays on Mondays we have arranged one or two mixed sets. In this way we get more variety of play and by the end of the season we hope to have improved our style greatly.

The subscription has been reduced to 5/-.

E. M. GARRAWAY, Secretary.

18 Clifton Road, Roker.

Notes on Old Bedans.

Writing these notes, and remembering others, we are struck by the number of Old Bedans who are now in London. May we suggest again that a Branch of the Guild there might be interesting?

As time goes on, History repeats itself and it is difficult to make notes clear when there is more than one Old Bedan of the same name. We tried to distinguish by using "senior" and "junior"; is that perhaps not kind to the "senior"? We ventured on "major" and "minor"; that looked and sounded worse. We rejected one helpful friend's suggestion to put a date after the name, and another's to use "big" and "little" and we



"SUMMER"

FREDA BLANEY.
14 YEARS.

throw ourselves on the mercy of our readers with "first" and "second," (They'll think they are queens, especially when it comes to "fourth and "fifth," was the comment of our candid friends). Anyhow, "*tant comprisez d'est tant pardonner*"

Last year's Senior Prefects, with the exception of Kathleen Robson who is a Student Teacher, are pursuing their studies elsewhere. Mollie Duncan is at St. Andrew's University, and Audrey Hayton and Bertha Rosin are at Armstrong College; Edna Sayers is working at Hull Technical College; the others are at Elementary Training Colleges as follows:—at Sunderland, Mollie Garbutt, Ella Selley, Elizabeth Mellentin, Irene Newey and Jean Taylorson; at Darlington, Janet Walton; at Southlands, London, Vera Sutherland; at Kenton Lodge, Newcastle, Kathleen Blekinsoop.

All the Student Teachers and the majority of the other girls who left School in July are also training further for their future work—at Training Colleges, Technical Colleges, Domestic Science Colleges, Art and Dancing and Commercial Schools, and one at the new Nursery School and one at a Poultry Farm. A few have got posts—mostly as Clerks; Joan Manning and Freda Hunter are in Fenwick's showrooms, where we are already represented by Jennie Newton and Betty Nicholson; Connie Simpson has joined Moira Nelson in Boon's Library, and Christina Hartness has been appointed to the Public Library, where Lillian Dawson also is now a full-time assistant.

Here are some items of interest regarding older Bedans:—Three girls are in their Post-Graduate year of Training after taking an Honours Degree at Durham University—Agnes Hunter in English from St. Hild's College, Isabel Lundy in Classics, and Eleanor Wilson in English, from Armstrong College.

Several Old Bedans have been appointed this year to posts in Elementary Schools in the town; Annie Wardropper has become a Headmistress; Winifred Elstob has a Domestic Science post at Waterhouses, and Elsie Wilson (the second!) at Monkwearmouth Central School; Frances Fordyce is German Mistress in the Harris Academy, Dundee, and Isabel Alexander, English and French Mistress in Chesterfield High School. D'Arcy Hogg, whom we were glad to see after many years, has a country school of her own at Rotherham; Winnie Talbot is busy struggling with the Matriculation and Higher School Certificate Mathematics of Penistone schoolgirls and Mary Robertson sends girls in for Trade Scholarships in Needlework and Dressmaking from her Domestic Science centre in London.

Vera Lawrence has given up library work and has a teaching post. Margaret Turner (the second!) is a Junior Library Assistant in Birkenhead, and Flora Cook is still enjoying her important Library work in Maidstone.

In the Civil Service, Peggy Domeville is a Government Typist in the Office of Works in London, and Ellen Lynch an Employment Clerk of the Ministry of Labour in the South Shields Employment Exchange. Nora Walker, Ada Hundred and Audrey Suggett are Writing Assistants in Telephone House, Newcastle, and Edith Defty is a Telephonist in Oxford. In September, Margaret Robinson passed fifth in the Sorting Clerks and Telegraphists' Examination, and in November, Irene Sigsworth headed the list of 1800 entrants for the examination for Government typists and clerk typists.

Annie Souer has a post in the millinery shop-room of Hedley and Swan's, and Dorothy Briggs is office Book-keeper of the Purchase Journal there. From Dorothy we heard news of two Bedans who left us while still very young. Mollie Weberling, who left School to go to Canada, was recently married, and Sara Keebler, who left to go to Nottingham, is now a nurse in London.

Eva Brewster is training as a nurse at Battersen General Hospital, and Dorothy Bell and Vera Sheraton at the Fleming Memorial Hospital in Newcastle. Gwen Marley has now "got her strings" at Guy's Hospital, and Nan Stirling, who has been a trained nurse for some time, and has recently been practising Electric Treatment, Massage and Chiropody, has started on her own as a Chiropodist.

Thomison Madden has a post in a laundry, and Ella Summer-son one in a warehouse in Bradford.

Norah March, the Secretary of the National Council of Child Welfare, lectured in Sunderland in summer.

Doreen Murgatroyd and Grace Marks have passed the Qualifying Examination of the Pharmaceutical Society, and are assistants to chemists in South Shields and Durham respectively.

Lilian Shield has a shop and tea-room of her own at Whitburn and undertakes catering on quite a large scale, and Dorothy Dix has a wool-shop in Chester Road.

Ruth Marley has finished her "Norland" Training and has an interesting post as Junior Matron at Greenway Girls' School, Tiverton. Margaret Parish has taken Ruth's place in Barclay's Bank.

We were glad to have a flying visit recently from Miss Cudworth, who was for a short time a mistress with us. She has been for sometime a French Mistress in Thoresby High School, Leeds. From her we learn that Elsie Jackson, who left us to go to Thoresby, is now having a year's commercial training there before leaving school.

Rina Hands, who is a clerk in a Solicitor's office is the latest Bedan to have a "flat" in London. Mary Thurlbeck (the first!) has changed her post in London. She is now teaching in Tottenham, but is managing to make good progress in singing, and is learning to play violin and organ.

In the realm of the Arts also, and in that of Sport, we have news of Bedans. "Martha South," the author of *Wind-Shakes Timber* and *Apology of a Mercenary*, had a play, *Mortal Fingers*, produced at Bristol Repertory Theatre in June.

Marjorie Field was awarded, on her first attempt, the gold medal of the Poetry Society of Great Britain—the highest award available for Verse Speaking. At the North of England Musical Tournament, Kathleen Carr, was first in the advanced section of the Verse Speaking Competition, and Eta Cohen (the first!) was, with two others, awarded the silver medal in the trio-class for violins and pianoforte.

After a year's study at the Royal College of Music, London, Alice Hudson is now an A.R.C.M.

From the Sunderland College of Art, Mary Maughan passed the Drawing Examination of the Board of Education Diploma in Art, and two Bedans passed the City and Guilds of London Institute Examination in Needlework, Suzanne Rae in the first class and Cynthia Gillis in the second.

Lena Thompson has given up County Hockey now, but is still Honorary Treasurer to the Durham County Women's Hockey Association. Kathleen Thompson played hockey for Northumberland last year, and Betty Fairgrieve for the North of England against the American Touring Team, and Elaine Field is reserve centre forward for England.

To end with, we have three items that are "different"—

Marion Froom has gone to New Westminster near Vancouver for a year, under the League of Empire's system of inter-change of teachers: we had recently a visit at school from Miss Cadwallader, the Canadian who is taking Marion's place.

Kate Anderson has decided to take up missionary work and is giving up her teaching post here in January. She will have a year's preliminary training at the Church Missionary Society College in London. Her studies will include medicine and languages, and she will gain some experience in holding services for children and for factory workers. After that she will begin duties as a teacher in West Africa.

Winnie Gibson teaches a child at school and the child's grandmother in her Keep-Fit Class. Can any old Bedan beat this?

E. R. S.

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

* Associate Members. ; Life Member.

- Allan, Peggy, 23 Marle Terrace, Sunderland.
 Anderson, Marjorie, 23 Park Avenue, Sunderland.
 Archer, Jessie, 13 Eden Vale, Sunderland.
 Behrman, Betty, 23 Belle Vue Park, Sunderland.
 Bell, Irene, 67 Cleveland Road, Sunderland.
 Blacon, Kitty, 13 Ormside Street, Sunderland.
 Elliott, Marion (Mrs. Castlej), 22 Broad Meadows, Sunderland.
 Brown, Sybil, 24 Roker Park Road, Sunderland.
 Canby, Irene, 19 Fossiland Place, Sunderland.
 * Clark, Grace, 26 Percy Terrace, Sunderland.
 Cohen, Eva, 1 Elms, North, Sunderland.
 Cohen, Judith, 6 Thornhill Park, Sunderland.
 Cohen, Rita, 2 Brookside Terrace, Sunderland.
 Colling, Elsie, 119 Serley Street, Sunderland.
 Colling, Maie, 112 Sorley Street, Sunderland.
 * Cross, Dorothy, 4 North Grove, Roker, Sunderland.
 * Dawson, Ethel, 27 Thornton Place, Sunderland.
 Dawson, Ethel E., 23 Roseberry Avenue, South Shields.
 Drury, Alice, 20 Abbey Street, Southwick, Sunderland.
 * Duncan, Mollie, 29 Waverley Road, Roker, Sunderland.
 Emmerson, Mollie, 23 Erith Terrace, Sunderland.
 Ferguson, Marjorie, Haworth, 2 Sunnyside, Cleaton, South Shields.
 Garbutt, Elsie, 1 Talbot Road, Roker, Sunderland.
 Halliday, Irene, 4 Mount Road, East, Sunderland.
 Hammond, Marion, 20 Elwin Terrace, Sunderland.
 Herbert, K. M., 3 Melvyn Gardens, Roker, Sunderland.
 Hib, Vera, Fairholme, North Avenue, Harton, South Shields.
 James, Winifred, 12 Ardenley Street, Sunderland.
 Macoby, Bessie, 8 Lorne Terrace, Sunderland.
 Maddison, Evelyn, 14 Wilmore Street, Sunderland.
 * McLachlan, Jessie, 23 Cuba Street, Sunderland.
 * Martin, Elsie, 65 Chester Road, Sunderland.
 Mead, W. J. E., 10 Hambleton Park, Sunderland.
 Oliver, Betty, 58 Sunderland Road, South Shields.
 Orms, D. J. L., 6 Havelock Terrace, Sunderland.
 Peters, P. M., 21 St. Hilda's Terrace, Sunderland.
 ; Parrie, Sarah, Fersina, Cleaton, Co. Durham.
 Resin, Bertha, 6 Rectory Terrace, Sunderland.
 Scott, Kathleen, 6 Hunter Terrace, Sunderland.
 Smith, Mary, 25 Stockton Terrace, Graingerstown, Sunderland.
 Simpson, Constance, 1 Hainford Avenue, Ryhope Road, Sunderland.
 * Smith, Freda, 6 St. Albans Street, Sunderland.
 ; Southland, Helen, 15 Bonister Avenue, High West Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
 Wainon, Janet, 3 Hasledene Terrace, Sunderland.
 Wheadon, Beatrice, 24 Croft Avenue, Sunderland.
 Young, Gladys, 12 Shakespeare Terrace, Sunderland.

In Memoriam.—J. Paquet.

