



THE BEDAN,

DECEMBER, 1935.

FOREWORD.

I am happy to avail myself of this opportunity of establishing contacts with the friends of the School.

Our regret at losing Miss D. Elliot last term, who had been a loyal and generous colleague for many years, is tempered by the knowledge that we have her as friendly neighbour, busy in congenial work at the Training College. We welcome Miss N. Taylor, A.R.C.A. in her stead, not least because we expect her youthful passion for "colour effects" to fire the girls to a similar enthusiasm.

Miss E. Biggs is leaving at Christmas for a Senior Science post at her old school. We shall miss her, not only from the laboratories, but from the Staff Room and from School journeys. In particular, those scholarship pupils, who have been so generously nursed by her, deplore her going. We all wish her great happiness in her new responsibility.

For gifts to the School we thank our friendly donors, Mrs. J. S. Nicholson and Mr. Walter B. Allan for library books, Alderman J. S. Nicholson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Yosill, the Guild of Old Bedans, and the Parent-Teacher Association for prizes, and Mr. Herbert Reed for the imposing silver cup to be awarded annually for the best House record. The Upper Sixth, on leaving, gave us a gong, Miss Elliot 2 Bells, and the Lower Sixth helped to furnish the aquarium.

Most of the lecturers who have entertained us are mentioned somewhere in the "Bedan" except Mr. MacKanness who introduced us to "America," Miss Sybil Cropper who gave us a Song-Recital of English Lyrical Ballads, Miss Cherry-Garrard whose lecture on "Egypt, Palestine and Syria" is too recent to be recorded, and best of all, Miss M. Nevill whose lecture "The Problems of Adolescence" enthralled her audience.

There are three achievements in the past year of which the School is justly proud. The one is the wonderful achievement of an active and vigorously interested Parent-Teacher Association, which already, within a year of its formation, numbers 450; another, the winning by Eva Maccoby of a State Scholarship which has taken her to Newnham, and the third, the phenomenal success of the productions by the re-organised Drama Club.

The School activities have enormously increased and quite rightly. It is an educational truism that at least as many lessons are learnt out of school hours as in them. The Bede Girls' School is not an institution measuring its value by the number of verbs and formulae that it knows, but rather

is it a Laboratory for Living, where the impulses of action, the motives of conduct, the heart's desires can be tested, weighed, checked and accepted. There is room in our laboratory for experiment. We view with equanimity the possibility of error for we have the assurance that in the end will come improvement.

By the time that the "Bedan" is in print we shall have welcomed a new Director of Education to whose enthusiastic service for education we wish success; and we take farewell of Mr. Herbert Reed, to whom, more than to any other single man, we owe our lovely School, and a debt of gratitude for friendly co-operation. We wish him a happy retirement.

We are, in education, at the end of an epoch. We can assist at the birth of a new and better age. Many changes are foreshadowed. New opportunities are offered us, old estimates are to be reviewed, new plans to be perfected. As the old order yields to new, we should be blind to miss the achievements of the past or to disregard its obvious lessons. We know that we can look forward with optimism to the future, and to the goal of High Endeavour.

WINIFRED J. E. MOUL.

Nursery Schools.

A very interesting lecture on Nursery Schools was given at the end of the Summer Term by Miss Jennings. A film was shown and Miss Jennings described admirably the change in conditions afforded to the young children who are admitted, and aroused whole-hearted interest among the girls, who were all eager to see the schools for themselves.

PEGGY BIRCH.

The Montessori System.

On Friday, July 19th, Mr. Claude A. Claremont paid us a brief visit in order to lecture to the Upper School on the Montessori System. After giving an outline of the life of Dr. Maria Montessori, he explained the origin of her system, and its beneficent results when applied to normal children. At the close of the lecture, those who were interested were invited to remain behind to examine the examples which Mr. Claremont had brought, of the apparatus used in Montessori teaching, and prospective Montessori teachers were warmly encouraged to take up this branch of the profession, in which there are many opportunities for the right type of girl.

E. J. MACCORY.

A Lecture on Home Life of British Birds.

One Thursday in September, Mr. Frank Lowe kindly consented to visit Bede School in order to give us a lecture on "the Home Life of British Birds." The lecture was made more interesting, if that was possible, by the addition of lantern-slides actually taken by the lecturer himself. Mr. Lowe also imitated bird calls most realistically, with the help of whistles.

He began his lecture by describing birds which we know, such as the skylark, which, although it soars so high builds its nest on the ground. He went on with birds which are further away, such as razor-bills. These ingenious birds live on the cliff side, therefore they lay oval eggs. When the wind blows the eggs rotate on themselves and many of them are preserved from falling into the sea.

The juniors present were held enchanted by a charming slide showing a family of young hawks, which were a mass of white fluff. These birds, however, when they are old enough, catch small birds and kill them.

The lecture was pleasantly interspersed with many humorous incidents, and at 3-20 p.m. we left the Art room with many regrets, so that the Seniors could listen to the lecture.

ELSIE KINCH, IVb.

Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven."

To many of us the works of Francis Thompson, the Welsh poet of the later nineteenth century, were slightly unfamiliar until a poet of today descended upon us and opened our eyes to the beauty to which we have too long been blind.

To many of us no doubt the figure of the poet himself was a mere shadowy and unreal presence in the history of literature, but as we listened to Mr. Leahy, this immaterial shape became a living vital person in whom we were intensely interested.

We followed with unswerving attention the story of Francis Thompson's life, his desperate struggle against poverty and starvation, tramping the endless grey pavements of London by day, and sleeping under grimy railway arches by night, lulled to rest by the thunder of trains overhead.

Like so many of the great men of this world, recognition came too late to Francis Thompson. It was not until years after the poet's death that his work was seized upon and acclaimed.

To Wilfrid Meynell belongs the credit of "discovering" Francis Thompson, and to his sister Alice, a personal friend of Mr. Leahy, that of encouraging Thompson to carry on despite the odds he faced.

Having so remarkably kindled our interest in Francis Thompson himself, Mr. Leahy turned to the poet's greatest work, "The Hound of Heaven," a thing of exquisite beauty, worthy to rank with the poems of Shelley and Coleridge on whose style Thompson modelled his work.

The central theme of the poem is as old as the philosophy of Plato, and drawn directly from the "Confessions of St. Augustine," the literary-minded monk of a bygone romantic age. The strength of the poem lies in its vivid portrayal of the pursuit of Man by Divine Love or Divine Beauty, the Hound of Heaven, from whom he flees in blind terror, seeking refuge by filling his life with empty trivial things. But it is in vain, the fugitive falls exhausted at the feet of the Pursuer, to be raised with infinite tenderness, alive at last to the realisation that without the Hound of Heaven life is as dust and ashes in the mouth.

The charm of Mr. Leahy's lecture lay in his delightful manner of speaking, his power to hold his audience, and his use of witty amusing illustration to drive home his remarks.

Our only complaint was that time ran short and the address had to be curtailed and passages from the poem itself omitted, although we found consolation in the promise Mr. Leahy made that he would at some remote future date continue his interrupted discourse.

After all, who is more fitted to show the beauty of poetry than one who is himself a poet?

JOYCE CRUTE, L. VI.

The School Visit to Durham, May 27th, 1935.

The steep streets of beautiful old Durham were bathed in sunshine as nearly four hundred Bedans made their way to the Cathedral. Durham was celebrating the anniversary of the death of the Venerable Bede, twelve hundred years before. One felt that there could have been but little change in the cool, stately Cathedral during those centuries, seemingly aloof as it is from the outside world that has been so vitally affected by the progress of time.

After a short, but very interesting survey of the history of the Cathedral by the Dean, we visited in groups the various reconstructions of Anglo-Saxon villages and monasteries;

talked to very realistic-looking Saxon thanes and ladies about the life—manners and customs, pursuits and pleasures,—of the people, twelve hundred years ago, and now and then caught a glimpse of the white figure of a monk flitting silently along the shadowy aisles. In a stone chamber beneath the Cathedral proper, we listened to a service such as took place in the days of Bede, and were charmed by the strange, sweet harmonies of Anglo-Saxon hymns.

Then came an interval, during which we viewed some of the age-old treasures of the Cathedral Library, and afterwards many of us wandered by the river, until the time arrived for returning to the Cathedral, where, in the Cloister Garth, a pageant of the life of Bede was to be staged. There, for more than two hours, we remained entranced by the scenes that were enacted before our eyes. The sombre gowns of the monks, the bright tunics of peasant and thane, and the gorgeous robes of Papal legates, set amid the age-old, grey cloisters, with the Cathedral spire soaring far into the air; the melodious chime of the bells, and the husky cawing of the rooks overhead; the clear blue sky above, and the soft green turf beneath—all blended perfectly, and, combined with the sympathetic acting, were able to bridge successfully the space of centuries, and transport the audience back to those far-off days.

In the evening, we returned once more to the Cathedral, where a commemoration service was to be held, the preacher being His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. Long before the appointed hour the Cathedral's vast space was taxed to its utmost, for thousands desired to attend this service. First the clergy of the diocese in their snow-white surplices entered, and took their places in the body of the Cathedral. Then came a very solemn and imposing procession of high Church officials, preceded by a sweet-voiced choir, the Bishop of Durham and the Archbishop of Canterbury with their attendants bringing up the rear. The service itself was very beautiful, and the Archbishop of Canterbury in a dignified address, paid homage to Bede as a historian, as a translator of the Bible, and as a Christian.

Outside once more in the sunny quadrangle the Bedans reassembled, and then came again the slow-moving, straggling column through the narrow, winding streets to the railway station. Many will treasure long the last glimpse of old-world Durham, snatched from the train that was rapidly bearing us back home, and the bustling twentieth century,—a vision of close-packed houses nestling around the turreted Castle and the majestic Cathedral, with, below, the swaying greenery of trees near the sparkling river.

Alice W. Lawther, Form Upper VI.

A Trip to Holland.

On Saturday, April 18th, sixty-five girls and seven mistresses from Bede School set off from Sanderland en route for Holland.

The train journey was, due to careful planning of the time-table, very brief, while reference to the sea voyage in some cases is better omitted altogether. However, the majority of us managed to assemble on deck on the Sunday morning to obtain our first glimpse of Holland.

The first faint blue-grey line gradually grew into definite shape, and when we entered the river Maas, the view on either side was one of wide, sunny, flat grasslands stretching right up to the water's edge. Clumps of willow, roads and buildings, together with the people, seemed, because of the extreme flatness, to stand out in a distorted perspective.

After threading our way past the numerous wharves of Rotterdam, we reached the quay at noon. After lunch we set foot abroad. Our guide was Mr. Cohen, the chaplain of the Missions to Seamen in Rotterdam, who, after proudly showing us round that institute, conducted us through the city. We passed through wide, sunny streets of tall flat-faced houses and shops where the general atmosphere of bright cleanliness was heightened by the sight of numerous trees and small parks. The greater part of the traffic consisted of bicycles without brakes, to quite a few of which were fitted carriers, whereon one or even two of the family were seated. The Dutch people were disappointingly English in appearance, but there was a difference remarked by the Dutch themselves. Some members of the school, although questioned whether they were orphans because of their uniform, were assured that their nationality was known to be British because of their smiles, which contrasted with the solemn expressions of the Dutch.

The following morning we shopped at the "Beehive," a huge, modern, yellow-bricked building, very similar inside to any British departmental store. Here we contrived to make ourselves understood by means of signs, and on the whole managed fairly well. In the afternoon, in three very comfortable 'buses, we set off for the floral exhibition at Heemstede. At first the wide, straight, smooth road was bordered on either side by scenery typically Dutch—black and white cows, some wearing mackintosh covers, grazing in extensive flat meadows veined with long narrow canals, and here and there small windmills. On the left we passed Delft with its picturesque old market gate, while to the right we saw the roofs of Leiden. Near the Hague the way lay through leafy woods where the bright façades of many

villas glittered in the sun. The view opened once more, but this time it was a view of rows upon rows of bulbs in flower, hyacinths of all shades of pink and blue, and daffodils of varied yellow. At Heemstede itself, the walks between beds of flowering colour and the profusion of most beautiful blossom under the glass dome, must all be seen to be believed. Time for lingering, however, was short. From there we proceeded to Noordwyk by the sea.

On Tuesday we passed through Amsterdam with its Dam, its prison and old city gates, on our way to Volendam, the road following a broad sunny canal for the latter part of the journey. Volendam was the most Dutch-looking town we had yet seen—narrow streets of small houses and the fishing fleet beached on the shingle. The people here wore the national costume, but, as we afterwards learnt, they cast this, their stage dress, at 5 o'clock each night.

After passing through Helder, our attention was proudly drawn by the driver, to "our navy" lying in the canal, rather seaweedy looking vessels most unlike the powerful Dutch navy of olden times; the sight of them almost tempted us to think that Van Tromp would have used his brush more satisfactorily in sweeping clean his own ships; we returned by way of Bergen where we stopped for tea. Here the Red Ensign was hung out at the café door in our honour. Darkness set in shortly afterwards, and, though we could see none of Haarlem's famous flower bulbs as we passed through the town, the streets were illuminated with electric lights, effectively modelled in the shape of flower heads.

We did not go so far afield on the day of our departure. At Delft we stopped to photograph the market gate, tall spire, and blushing policeman. On the outskirts of the Hague we encountered a detachment of Dutch soldiers in their grey-green uniforms, whom we also photographed. In the city itself we saw the princess's palace and the queen's, neither building appearing very imposing from the outside. We greatly enjoyed a visit to the Peace Palace with its mosaic floors, tiled walls, lofty ceilings, and inner rooms richly furnished with the gifts of many nations. The Mauritshuis Art Gallery was also visited. Here, besides many other famous works such as Paul Potter's "Ball," were several of Rembrandt's paintings, including his gruesome "School of Anatomy."

The afternoon was spent in exploring the "Beehive" once more. At six-thirty we set sail.

The journey back to England was pleasant, but it was not without regret that we sighted the grey Spurn Point, the first view of Britain, at the end of an all too short but very enjoyable holiday.

MARY ARKLESS, V.C.

The Visit to the Nursery School.

Following a film on Nursery Schools, given by Miss Jennings, a visit was paid by the Sixth Forms to the Sunderland Nursery School in High Street.

The building is situated on a wide open space, and is delightfully airy and fresh, with its garden and sunny verandah. Here little folk from two to five years of age spend very happy days. They play games, romp about the garden, sing easy nursery rhymes, and all the time, though they scarcely realise it, they are learning cleanliness, tidiness, and good manners.

The school is well-organised, and, one hopes, will be the forerunner of many more of its kind.

DORIS MILLER, Upper VI.

The Welsh Children's Annual Radio Message.

On May 18th, Goodwill Day, the children of Wales broadcast their annual message to the children of all the World. A reply was sent from this School. It was the joint effort of girls in various forms, and was put together finally by the prefects. Here it is :—

We girls of the Bede Collegiate School, Sunderland, receive your message with joy, and feel that your thoughts are such as will find an echo in the hearts of all children of the world.

We will gladly forge our link in the chain of friendship with which you are seeking to encircle the globe, and hope you will continue to send your messages of Goodwill which are always so eagerly anticipated and gladly welcomed.

L. F.

Careers.

Various attempts have been made to place girls—a few of these have been successful. One thing stands out—the remarkable unwillingness of parents, especially of "father," to allow girls to go out of Sunderland, even to posts where a comfortable hostel and supervision are guaranteed and in which promotion is possible.

Too large a proportion of girls still give the answers "teaching" and "office-work" to the question, "What kind of work do you want?", and those who ask for the second seem to think no further training is necessary for them.



CISSIE SOLLEY.
FORM VS.

There is in the school, a fair library of books and journals containing suggestions for careers and giving particulars of training for these, and girls would do well to examine them and to consult the Careers Mistress a few months before leaving school.

E.R.S.

The Nativity Play, 1934.

Again, last year, a large choir of Bedans presented "Christmas-tide," under the guidance of Miss Hutchinson and Miss Lloyd, helped by Miss Elliot. On this occasion more mummers took part in the procession, and several carols of outstanding beauty were incorporated in the play. These included two French, and two German carols, besides the delicately lovely "Sleep, Holy Babe," and once more our School Hall was ennobled, and transformed, for a short space, into a place far removed from the tumult and petty fuss of every-day — a place of music, and of peace.

The Magic Fiddle.

On Tuesday, November 12th. in the King's Hall, Armstrong College, Paul Brann's Munich Marionette Theatre presented "The Magic Fiddle."

Fairy-like music heralded the commencement of the play, and as the actors were revealed, murmurs of admiration came from the audience. It was difficult to realize that the tiny actors were only dolls, carved, painted and dressed by human hands, and controlled from above by skilful fingers. Every movement was intensely real, and the doll's "voices" expressed so much emotion, that the audience entered into the spirit of the play with the utmost enjoyment. The beautiful and varied scenery added greatly to the success of the play. The cavern of the Copper King was most striking, the dark rocky background being lit up by the shimmering, crimson robe of the Copper King himself.

The dolls were beautifully dressed, especially the pretty Princess, who lost her heart to the hero Signor Macaroni, alias Kasper. As Kasper he was lazy and therefore a failure, but as Macaroni he charmed every heart with his light, tripping melodies. While praise is due to Signor Macaroni, we must not forget the performance of Llewellyn's cow Cissie, who played quite a prominent part and delighted the audience when she waved her tail and said "Moo." The fun and light-heartedness of every scene was fully enjoyed by the audience, and it was with great regret that we saw the last scene close with the inevitable happy ending.

DOROTHY MORTON, Vc.

The French Performance in Newcastle.

This performance, which took place at the Empire Theatre on the fifth of November, was not as well attended as usual. This year, two plays were presented, "La Grammaire" by Labiche and Jolly, and "La Poudre aux Yeux" by Labiche and Martin. Both were comedies full of amusing situations. The acting was extremely sympathetic. Especially appreciated by the audience were the humorous performances of M. Pierre Cayan as a servant in both plays and of M. Georges Adet as M. Ratinois in "La Poudre aux Yeux," while much comment was evoked by the appearance of Madame Malingear in blue checked stockings. The plays seemed to be thoroughly understood and enjoyed by all Bedans present.

MARARET CURRY, Upper VI.

Housecraft Notes.

The school has received a very generous gift. Recently two electric cookers complete with pans and two kettles and also an electric wash boiler have been fitted in the Housecraft room. These have been given to the school by the Sunderland Electricity Department. In connection with this a party of 45 girls had a most interesting demonstration in the Electrical Model kitchen on the use of the electric cooker.

Other lectures which have been given in school include:— "The Washability of Modern Fabrics" by Lever Bros. (Lux) who kindly gave prizes for the three best essays on the lecture; "Milk" by Miss Morris, Lecturer, Durham Co. Some girls have visited model Farms to see the production of clean milk.

The Gas Co., too, gave an interesting demonstration on the use of their equipment, giving to the school a new Regulo gas stove in place of a very old type of cooker.

Viennese Art Exhibition.

On Wednesday afternoon, October 16th, a party of 45 from Forms IIIb and IIIc went by coach to an Exhibition of Viennese Children's Art held at Newcastle.

The Exhibition although small proved extremely interesting; the colours used were bright and gave a very lively atmosphere to the work. The choice of subjects was rather unusual, such as war, fire and epidemics. The results were good, showing tremendous vitality, but it was a matter of

regret that many of the pictures were done from first hand knowledge, and these by children from 11-13 years of age. The lino-cuts were also interesting, but some were almost brutal in their execution.

The vivid imagination of the Viennese Children greatly impressed us, and their use of bright colour; it was agreed that all had thoroughly enjoyed the Exhibition, and found it very interesting.

The Modern Events Club, 1934-35.

Stimulated by the threat of gathering storms in Europe, interest in the Modern Events Club was keen this year, and the numerous meetings were well attended.

Topical events were the motive force behind most of the lectures, and the tragic death of King Alexander, the momentous restoration of the Saar to Germany, and the disturbing personality of Mussolini, each in its turn provided food for discussion.

Internal conditions in Germany excited considerable interest and curiosity, and the Club was fortunate in being able to hear the opinion of an English visitor to Germany, and, later, that of a typical young Nazi, who was on a visit to England, both speakers being cordially received. Another "outside" speaker gave an excellent personal talk on internal conditions in Russia as they appear to an impartial but necessarily restricted English visitor, and a discussion on "War and the League of Nations" was held under the auspices of the N. Area representative of the League of Nations Union, whose speaker illustrated his strongly anti-war speech with incidents from his experiences during the Great War.

The only debate of the year followed short, explanatory speeches, by girls of the Fifth and Sixth Forms, on Fascism, National Socialism, Socialism and Communism. The motion "That Democracy has not proved to be the best form of Government" was defeated by an overwhelming majority, the Head-mistress taking a prominent part in a stirring battle with the unfortunate Proposer.

In conclusion, we should like to offer our sincere thanks to all the speakers who contributed towards making the year 1934-35 so successful, and to extend a hearty invitation to the Middle School Forms which this year become eligible for membership.

E. J. MACCORY, PRESIDENT 1934-35

Geographical Association.

The meetings of the Sunderland branch of the Geographical Association are held in the Training College, where lantern lectures are given on varied subjects.

The membership fee for students over 15 years of age is 1/-, and all Bedans are invited to join if interested.

J. S. BRIGGS.

Science Society.

Many enjoyable meetings have been held during the past year, when excellent papers prepared by members of the society were read, and discussed. We also had lectures given by members of the staff, and outsiders, and it was found that these lectures were well supported, whilst the support given to the girl performers was not so good.

The picnic held on July 6th at Hawthorne Dene, proved very popular.

The following Committee was elected for the year 1935-36:—J. Hey (President); M. Suffield (Vice-President), Miss Birchall (Staff representative), G. Gould, N. Adamson, D. Nicholson, M. Wilkinson (Form Representatives), N. Oldfield (Secretary).

The Committee asks for more whole-hearted support

N. OLDFIELD. (SECRETARY)

School Journey Savings Bank.

Eleven girls so far have taken advantage of this scheme, the idea of which is to help them to realize that any big purchase or undertaking needs preliminary planning. By saving 2s. 6d. weekly a sum of £6 10s. is realized, and this is sufficient for most school journeys. Girls may start saving at any time. Contributions may be brought to me on Mondays. We are grateful to the L. N. E. R. for their gift of Holiday Club collecting cards.

L. F.

National Savings Association.

Membership of the association has fallen off since last year the number of members at present being 33 as compared with 47 last year. This is chiefly due to the fact that very few of the new first form girls have joined the association and the loss in membership owing to girls leaving school has thus not been made good.



THE CAST OF "A PRIVATE COUNCIL" AS PRESENTED ON NOV. 7TH.

The rate of interest on National Savings has again been slightly altered during the year. Savings certificates now cost 15/- and become worth £1 in 10 years. This still represents the most advantageous method of saving small sums, and girls are urged to avail themselves of the advantages of the School Savings Association in saving money for whatever purpose they may need it, in the future.

E. BIGGS, HON. SEC.

Le Cercle Français.

Il y a trois ans, dans la classe "Lower Fifth" Mademoiselle Shearer a organisé un Cercle Français parmi les jeunes filles de notre classe, et l'année dernière, ce petit cercle a reparu sous la forme du "Cercle Français de la Classe Lower VI."

Les séances ont lieu tous les quinze jours et tout le monde les trouve à la fois amusantes et avantageuses. Il n'y a pas de programme fixe mais chaque réunion nous offre quelque chose de nouveau, quelque chose d'intéressant. Les jeux, surtout, sont d'une grande variété.

Nous avons passé quelques séances à lire trois pièces de théâtre "La Grammaire" et "Maitre Corbeau" et "La Poudre aux Yeux" qui nous ont plu énormément. Toutes les jeunes filles attendent avec impatience les séances du Cercle Française qu'arrange notre présidente, Nancy Lawther, à l'aide du comité Elsie Garrick et Doris Miller.

"Le Cercle Français" prend cette occasion de dire un grand "merci" à Mademoiselle Shearer qui a organisé ce Cercle et qui assiste à nos réunions quoiqu'elle soit tant occupée et à notre présidente qui passe beaucoup de temps à préparer les programmes de nos séances.

Drama Club.

A meeting was held on December 3rd, 1934, to elect the new officers for the year 1934-35. Dorothy Morton was elected Vice-President and Nora Johnson, Secretary; a committee of six was also elected. On July 22nd the Junior members of the club took part in the play "Under the Greenwood Tree," written by our headmistress, Miss Moul; they were also aided by Ila in scenes from "A Midsummer Night's Dream." It was a very successful evening,—the dancing and the lighting effects being especially appreciated by the audience. The proceeds amounted to £13 10s. 0d.

At the beginning of the Autumn term it was decided that the senior members should give two plays, "A World Without Men," by Philip Johnson and "The Privy Council," by Richard Price and Lt.-Col. Drury. After a great deal of hard work these two plays were produced on Thursday, November 7th. They were played to a "full house" and were an instant success. We should like to thank the kind friends of the school who lent the valuable antique furniture and properties. The girls who took part in "The Privy Council" had the thrill of being filmed, and they did not mind giving up part of their half term holiday when they thought of becoming prospective film stars. We took about £14, but as the expenses were rather high, the profits only amounted to £6 9s. 3d. We are grateful to Miss Lloyd, Miss Stirk, and Miss Herbert who have worked so hard to establish the reputation of the Drama Club and to give it the standing it deserves in the school.

We hope to produce a play next term which will include both juniors and seniors. The play which we have in view is Lord Dunsany's "The Gods of the Mountain."

DOROTHY C. MIDDLEMASS, President.

The School Charities.

The School Charities have been very generously supported. The sum of £25 was, as usual, handed to the Children's Hospital for our Cot. In addition to his cake, a cheque for £5 together with a silver watch was sent to John Gordon Featherstone as a parting gift from the school on his 10th birthday.

As John is now independent of us, the Committee has, after careful consideration, decided to set aside part of the yearly collection for the Grindon Convalescent Home, and this year we have sent a cheque for £10. We hope that the school will be interested in this new charity which is one closely connected with the town, entirely supported by voluntary contribution and which looks after the welfare of convalescent children to give them a chance of real recovery.

In addition to the above we have sent help to the following:—

- The Nursery School.
- The Sick Animals' Fund.
- Young People's Brick Scheme.
- The Mission to the Deaf and Dumb.

We also collected 1267 eggs for the Hospital at Easter.

Some bed jackets, nightgowns and babies' dresses have been made in the sewing classes for the Hospital and dolls have been dressed to give away at Christmas.

Some good work was done by girls who entered for the doll dressing competition in December. The senior prize was awarded to Bessie Potts, UVb, and the junior to Brenda Heddie, Ilc. The following were highly commended:—

Marguerite Roberts (senior) UVb.

Dorothy Snowdon (senior) LV.

Alice Donkin (junior) Ilc.

Jean Vincent (junior) Ilc.

The dolls were afterwards sent to the Cottage Homes and Grindon Convalescent Home.

G. M. SEDDON.

D. S. ARKLE.

F.U.W.C.S.

Camp this year proved even more popular than last year. The "junior-junior" camps, for girls from 12-15 years, have passed the experimental stage and become a definite part of the yearly Camp programme.

The following accounts show that all the Camps were successful in achieving that spirit of fellowship which it is the aim of the Movement to foster.

Abergele Camp, 1935.

Two Bedans spent a most enjoyable holiday this year at Abergele Camp, amid beautiful surroundings.

The camp was situated by the sea-side and, as the weather was very beautiful throughout the ten days, many happy hours were spent on the beach and in the sea.

At night, sing-songs and entertainments, in which we all took part, were held at the camp.

When the time came to depart, no one was more loth to leave than we two Bedans.

MAY WOODHILL, Vb.

Ben Rhydding Camp.

Six Bedans spent ten most enjoyable days of the summer vacation, at Ben Rhydding Camp, amidst delightful surroundings.

Many jolly rambles were arranged, most of these being over Ilkley Moors. The long excursion, when we went to Barden Tower and Stone Cross Cavern, like every other minute of the holiday, was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone, despite the rain.

A swimming pool, a tennis court, playing fields and a ping-pong room were a source of hours of happiness.

For a short time each morning Bible Study Circles were arranged, when many interesting discussions took place.

A sing-song was held each evening before prayers, when each dormitory took it in turns to arrange the programme.

A fine spirit of fellowship was in evidence at the Camp and both officers and campers, after such a good holiday, were extremely sorry when the time came to depart.

————— CISSIE SOLLEY, Vb.

Ben Rhydding Junior Camp.

At Ben Rhydding, near Ilkley, in the lovely old "Clevedon House," a Junior Camp was held in the summer. Six Bedans attended this, and enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent.

Many rambles and excursions were made to the surrounding districts, and very often we had tea on Ilkley Moors (bah't 'at). The spacious grounds included swimming baths, hockey fields, croquet lawn, rockeries and rose-beds.

Even when the weather was not favourable we were not at a loss for amusement. There were sing-songs, concerts, and games, in which everyone took part.

At the end of the ten days, although we were loth to leave the many friends we had made at Camp, we all returned home very happy, sunburnt, and laden with heather.

————— JOY BROWN, Vc.

Lochearnhead Barn Camp, 1935.

Ten delightful days were spent at Lochearnhead Barn Camp. The campers came from all parts of the British Isles, and all were loth to part.

The weather allowed many excursions to the surrounding districts. On the last night, Camp Fire was held by the side of the loch; and it was here, joined together in a ring, that we learned the true spirit of fellowship.

————— MARJORIE PRUST, IVc.

Wooler Barn Camp.

This summer I spent the most enjoyable holiday of my life at Wooler Barn 'Camp.' I was the only Bedan there, but never once did I feel lonely or homesick, for all the girls and officers were extremely nice and very friendly.

Everyday was filled with excitement and pleasure. The weather was kind, and we went for many walks among the bracken-covered hills, lurching out of doors and enjoying every moment.

For the first few days we dined outside, among the haystacks, and very exciting they were when the wind blew the hay all over us. We had "hay-pudding" everyday.

There were many fields in which we could play games or climb haystacks. Saturday was our visitors' day, and we held sports in the biggest field. Everyone enjoyed the day very much, especially the farmer, Mr. Guthrie, to whom we presented a tiny toy lorry, in which to take our luggage to the station on the last day. He appreciated the joke very much.

Near the camp there was a beautiful valley with a real stream "quite deep enough to drown in" as our chaplain exclaimed on seeing it. We christened it "Happy Valley," and spent many enjoyable hours bathing there.

On the Monday, a beautiful day, we visited Bamburgh, with its intensely blue seas and sky, its yellow sand, its islands and its castle. The town itself was small for it mainly consisted of quaint little shops and rose covered cottages. This was the happiest day of all.

On the last night there was a huge camp-fire, and the new-campers were presented with their badges. Squad-songs and many others were sung, and "Squish," a Lancashire lass, told us a very funny story. Then at the end we sang the camp-fire song, very feelingly, for the last words appealed to us all.

"The joy I've had of knowing up
Will last my whole life through."

OLIVE ADAMSON, I. VI.

Pannal Ash French Holiday School.

Bede School was well represented at Pannal Ash this year. The eight girls who attended the French course had a delightful time, despite the "extra dose" of French lessons. These however, were not nearly so terrifying as the usual school lessons, since they consisted chiefly of oral work, and after about a day of dumbness, 'Bede' was chattering away as readily as any.

The school is situated in a charming part of Yorkshire, and has itself extensive grounds. Thus various outdoor games such as tennis tournaments and treasure hunts, could be held, and proved most enjoyable. Indoor entertainments were also provided, while excursions were arranged to various places of interest. Bede Singing was especially appreciated.

The regret of all at leaving was only alleviated by pleasant memories of a happy holiday, and the thought of a possible return next year.

DORIS T. MILLER, UPPER VI.

Rossall French Holiday Course.

During the Easter Holidays 1935, we attended the French Holiday Course at Rossall School, Fleetwood, about seven miles from Blackpool.

It is a beautiful old school with a sea front of its own. There is a very up-to-date gymnasium, and a delightful ex-army sergeant supervised us during the hour we spent there each day. The food was good!

In the mornings we had enjoyable lessons with volatile but very helpful "mesdemoiselles," who were patient in explaining any individual difficulties.

Excursions were arranged every afternoon either to Norbeck Hydro for swimming, Fleetwood or Blackpool.

In the evenings, we had charades, concerts or plays, dancing or community singing.

We worked hard, then played hard, and spent a very enjoyable and profitable fortnight.

DORIS M. BOUNDY, }
E. UNA LAIDLER, } Upper VIs.

Hockey Notes, 1934-1935.

The Hockey Season 1934 to 1935 proved quite a successful one, the weather being more favourable than usual. The 1st. XI. lost only one match and the 2nd. XI. did not lose any. We should all like to thank Miss Peters and Miss Barnard for their valuable coaching and encouragement during the season, and also U. Laidler, D. Middlemass and E. Garrick who were kind enough to do the teas.

J. HEY.

Hockey Criticisms, 1934-1935.

- M. SHIELD, G.K., has done well on the whole but has had very little opportunity to show her ability in matches, this is a pity as with more match practice she should be really good.
- J. SQUIRES, R.B., improved greatly in the latter part of the season. She has helped with the attack and still been able to get back to support the defence.
- L. WRIGHT, I.B., was very unreliable to begin with as her stopping was so erratic, but she made good effort and in the 2nd term was taking her share of defence work.
- W. COMMON, R.H., has done good work for the team as a half and, on occasions, as a back. She "recovers" well, and has shown much more aptitude for placing herself. Her passing has been much more sympathetic.
- E. DURRANT, L.H., for a first season has done fairly well, she has unbounded energy and determination but at times has difficulty in centering the ball—with practice and experience she should master this awkward pass and so prove of much value to her attacks.
- S. BLACK, R.W., has been the chief goal-scorer of the team. At times her play has been brilliant and her hard shots from the wing have often proved sure goals. It is a pity that her tendency to be "offside" robs her of the ball on so many occasions.
- W. SCOTT, R.I., has played with keenness and vigour. If she would only learn to go straight for goal, her play would be more forceful, as at present she slows up the game badly by running in a circle.
- J. HEY, C.F., Captain, has led her forward line well—but is inclined to play too much of a defensive game, but she can hardly be criticised for that as her correct position is right half and she has willingly played centre forward all the season for the sake of her team.
- D. MILLER, I.L., although not yet a 1st team player and at the beginning of the season not a "forward," has made tremendous efforts to "pull her weight," her stickwork has greatly improved and throughout the season she has shown more force in her passing. After more practice in keeping up with a first team forward line she should prove a useful team member.
- K. SMITH, I.W., Secretary, after the promise shown last season Kathleen's play has been disappointing. She takes the ball up the field well but from there her play is fussy and she wastes valuable time; if she would only centre harder and sooner her play would greatly improve.

The following are to be congratulated for their play on the 2nd XI.
G. SHEWAN (Capt.), N. OLFIELD, R. NELSON, D. SMITH,
H. FREEMAN.

Colours:—J. HEY, W. COMMON, D. GRIERSON.

P. M. PETERS.

Durham County Junior 2nd XI.

J. HEY, D. GRIERSON, J. SQUIRES (later 1st XI), M. SHIELD.

(All these played at least once for the 1st XI).

Hockey Stick presented by Mr. Joseph.

J. HEY for improvement in stickwork and good services to the team.

Hockey Match Results.

Team.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Goals for.	Against.
1st XI	9	7	1	1	36	7
2nd XI	6	5	0	1	24	5

House Matches.

Senior—Esk. Junior—Esk.

Netball Notes, 1934-1935.

The season 1934-35, although successful in most respects, saw an end to the record held by Bede for the past two years. During the spring term we lost the match against the High School. Although the score was as close as 12-11, it meant that our good record was lost. This, however, was the only match lost, and the others we won by a good margin in every case.

At the Tournament held in October at Monkwearmouth Central School, we did not excel ourselves. We entered three teams—one senior and two junior—and the senior and second junior teams were second in their respective sections, while the first juniors were only third in a section of five teams.

Once more Miss Peters has spent much valuable time in coaching us, and we should like to show her our appreciation for the time spent with us. Two others who deserve our grateful thanks are Nancy McKenny and Marjorie Saffield, who prepared refreshments for all our home matches.

DOROTHY GRIERSON (Captain 1934-5).

Netball Criticisms, 1934-1935.

- J. SQUIRES, G.K., made good use of her height in her defence work—and has passed well and accurately.
- D. GRIERSON, D., Captain, has improved greatly—her chief asset is her ability to assist with the attack and yet get back in time to defend; her jumping to intercept passes is well timed.
- W. COMMON, D.C., has worked well for the team. She would improve her play if she marked her opponent more closely.
- J. HEY, C, although really a defence player has done good work in the centre. She has speed and good footwork and can recover quickly.
- K. SMITH, A.C., has played fairly well. She also needs to get back more quickly and mark her opponent more closely.
- W. SCOTT, A, Secretary, played and shot well at the beginning of the season but in the last few matches her shooting has been disappointing.
- S. BLACK, S., greatly improved her play at the beginning of the season but her shooting was poor towards the end, or.
- H. FREEMAN, improved during the season—and by the end was a most accurate shooter.

The following have played well for the 2nd VII.

A. PROCTOR, P. VICTORY, F. BLAKEY.

P. M. PETERS.

Netball Match Results.

Team.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Goals For.	Against.
1st VII	5	4	1	0	86	67
2nd VII	5	4	1	0	115	75

House Matches.

Senior—Esk. Junior—Strath.

Rounders Notes, 1935..

The Rounders Teams had, on the whole, a good season. The 1st XI. lost only two games and the 2nd XI. lost one and drew one.

All members of the Teams wish to thank Miss Peters and Miss Barnard for the great interest they have shown. We should also like to extend our thanks to Una Laidler and the other girls who helped her with the teas.

K. SMITH (Capt.)

Rounders Criticisms, 1935.

- N. LAWTHER, Bowler, has greatly improved her bowling. Although she has not scored many rounders she generally manages to hit the ball.
- K. SMITH, 1st post, has played very well—and has scored half the total number of rounders for the team.
- A. PROCTOR, 2nd post, is very keen; her fielding is good and with further practice her batting should improve.
- J. SQUIRES, 3rd post, has done fairly well—She can field well but her batting is disappointing.
- W. COMMON, 4th post, is a steady reliable fielder who can bat well.
- J. HEY, deep, has played well she moves into position quickly and throws hard and accurately.
- J. LAMB, deep, is sometimes slow in getting to the ball but once there her throwing is good. Her batting has improved.
- W. SCOTT, deep, moves quickly to position. She wastes too long in preparing to throw but from then her throw is accurate.

Colours—K. SMITH (Captain).

F. M. PETERS.

Rounders Match Results.

Team.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Rounders.	
					For.	Against.
1st IX	9	7	2	0	634	394
2nd IX	9	7	1	1	52	30

House Matches.

Senior—Esk. Junior—Strath.

Tennis.

The Tennis season proved uneventful; the weather on the whole was good and play went on steadily. As in previous years, owing to our limited number of courts, the senior school only played.

In many cases the standard of play has improved considerably and some girls, particularly D. Grierson, W. Common, J. Hey, W. Scott and M. Shield, show considerable promise. The only way in which girls can improve is to play as much as possible in their own time as the time available for each form and the shortness of the summer does not allow for sufficient practice in school hours.

P. M. PETERS.

House Match.

Esk.

Sports.

SPORTS CUP—Avon.

COMPETITORS	{	Junior—L. Wilson (Esk).	1
		Middle—A. Proctor (Strath).	
		Senior—D. Grierson (Avon).	

Gymnastics.

COMPETITORS	{	Senior—L. VI.
		Junior—U. IVa.

House Shield—Avon.

Department Girdles—G. Robinson (Ber), J. Turnbull (Drom).

Highly Commended—F. Blakey (Drom).

Bedan Verse Competition, 1935.

The Prize Poems.

Prize Poem—SONNET ON THANKSGIVING—by Doris Murray?

A very good sonnet showing real appreciation of sonnet form; neatly constructed and strong, "volva" excellent. I particularly liked the contrasting colour of the two quatrains: the first all "grey," "white," "misty," "pearly gale," and the second lit by "starry-candles," and "jewels" of hoarfrost. The poem shows distinct feeling for words. In the first quatrain the "ds" of "slown," "dreaming," "drowsy," "departing," and in the second the echoing vowel sounds are pleasant to the ear. The active verbs "tip-toeing," "dreaming," verbs that "shake," hoarfrost that "hangs jewels" are good and the phrase "complement of love" is exactly right since, without fuss, it states its meaning clearly. I admired, too, the courage shown in the repetition of the word "lonely" twice in one line. The last two lines are the weakest. I think the poem needs a more "metaphysical," seventeenth century twist to set a seal on it.

In the musical and lyrical quality, and in the mastery of sonnet form this poem excels all the rest submitted. It is quite unusually good.

"MARTHA SOUTH."

Winnie Storey was the runner-up in this section and her poem was commended for "its rhythm," "its rhyme," "its serenity," and "its vigour."
The Editors.

JUNIOR DIVISION.

Prize Poem—THANKSGIVING OF A BIRD—Joan Hoyt.

The subject is original and the treatment lyrical. The metre is interesting, the long third line with its internal rhyme is well thought out, and together with the repetition of a phrase in lines 1 and 2 of each stanza (except the 4th) really suggests, when read aloud, the plaint of a small bird. The fourth lines of each stanza are excellent, being simple like the bird's final call. The poem is not entirely successful, the metre limps when it should lift, and line 3 of verse 1 really needs a rhyme to "moor" instead of "o'er." Also I doubt whether the change of form in verse four is a change for the better. A little polish, notably the removal of "now" from line one would improve the poem immensely and since it is already so good would be worth while. A most promising attempt.

"MARTHA SOUTH."

Four poems claim the second place.

IRENE BURNHAM'S—rhythmical, vigorous, straightforward, too long, but promising.

E. HARRISON'S—a good little poem about a cat, idea good, treatment rather ordinary.

J. HOYT—thrilling picture of dog fight in modern idiom, of its kind it is good.

D. NICHOLSON—pictorial quality good: needs compressing.

"MARTHA SOUTH."

The editors wish to commend, and appreciate the efforts of all who competed—the poems were interesting and many showed real promise.

Thanksgiving.

For dawn tintoeing in with skirts of grey,
White moonlight dreaming on a misty lake,
Thin veils of twilight, pearly-pale, that shake
A drowsy curtain o'er departing day;
For night sky, starry-candled, for the way
Hear frost hangs jewels on a leafless brake,—
Such beauties as the heart a prisoner make—
For these, our blessings at thy feet we lay;
But earth's delights alone the soul ne'er fill
With lasting pleasure; nay, the human heart
A complement of love requires.—Who trod
His lonely way up to a lonely hill,
And gave His life that he might love impart,
For Him we give These thanks, our Saviour-God.

DORIS MILLER, VI.

Thanksgiving of a Bird.

O Lord, now summer's at an end,
The golden summer's past.
The purple glory of the moor, the happy carefree days, are o'er,
And summer fadeth fast.

O Lord, the swallow's left the eaves,
The swallow's flown away,
The happy, wild, free life, left unstained by pain or strife,
Has ceased upon the note of winter's lay.

O Lord, the flowers have died away,
The flowers are gone again,
The scents of moor and copse, and the golden waving crops,
Have melted with the summer, o'er the plain.

O Lord, the earth is cold and chill,
And dank the wind is with decay,
My moor is lonely now, and the sky is dark and low,
And my friends of summer days have flown away.

O Lord, but when the gale is loudest,
When all the earth is wet and wild and bare,
As I shrink down in the heather, and softly preen each feather,
I am thankful for thy thoughtfulness and care.

JOAN HOBY, IVc.

Humorous Incidents at the Zoo.

Two years ago I paid a visit to the Zoo, and I am going to tell you of two funny things that happened.

First of all we went into the monkey house, and waited a few minutes to watch a boy teasing a monkey. He had a banana, and he would put it in the cage, then suddenly draw it out again. In time the monkey got into a little temper, and before we could see what he had done, he swooped down and grabbed off the boy's cap, and ran with it to the top of the cage. The boy tried to entice him down, but the monkey refused to come. The boy, then, thinking his cap was lost, began to cry. The monkey immediately put the cap on his head and wiped his eyes as though he was crying too. The boy dropped the banana into the cage, and the monkey climbed down the cage, picked up the banana, peeled it and with the cap still on his head began to eat it. It was not till some time afterwards that the monkey gave up the cap. The boy hurried away looking quite sheepish, and I am sure that he would not tease a monkey again.

As we were going out, my auntie stopped near a parrot. She stroked his head and talked to him. When she was turning away, the parrot stooped down and touched her hand. "Bless him," said my auntie, "he is kissing me." She did not say "Bless him" a few minutes later, when she discovered that the parrot had pecked off the fastener from her new glove.

BERRY ROUGH, 1b.

Secrets.

"Will you come into my garden?"
Said little June to John.

"It's the sweetest little garden
That you have ever looked upon.

"Down this winding pathway
Shall we take a walk?

There's an arbour at the bottom
Where we can have a talk."

Arriving at the arbour,
They found a cosy nook,
And talked there together
Till night them overtook.

IRENE CORROD, 1b.

My Pet.

My pet is Barney, a large red setter. He lives next door and is the property of Miss Hinkley.

He is always full of mischief and has had many adventures. One day in the winter we built a snow-house in the back-lane, when all at once round the corner came Barney. He charged into the snow-house and there under a pile of snow, he lay, a shivering and bedraggled dog. We got him out with the aid of a brush and shovel, and he was restored to his kennel.

After dinner I take him chop bones and he always gives a paw and will not stop until the food is given to him. The children are frightened of him because he lifts them by the waist and hugs them, then deposits them in the gutter. When Barney is taken out for a walk he turns three "daisy-go-rounds" then dashes head-long down the street. He chases motor cars and a policeman described him as "a menace to the roads." He is sometimes very naughty but even then I still love him.

PAMELA EKER, 1b.

Wishes.

I wish I had a garden,
With flowers fresh and sweet,
A tiny silvery fountain
And a little garden seat.

I often dream about it,
And wish it were my own,
I'd be as happy and contented
As a Queen upon the throne.

V. BURN, 1b.

Sunrise.

One morning very early,
I jumped up out of bed,
I looked out of my window,
And to myself I said,
"Oh, what a lovely sunrise,
It bathes the clouds in light,
It drives the darkness from the skies,
And makes the heavens bright."

JOAN HERRON, 1c.

My Pet.

I have a canary at my home,
A ball of white and yellow,
With small black eyes, each like a pin;
He's quite a charming fellow.

He hops about his cage all day,
And greets all friendly birds,
With chirps and tweets he sings to them,
For these are birdies' words.

THE BEDAN.

He eats until he is quite full
 Of seed, and apple, and sand,
 And at mealtimes when he wants some food
 I feed him from my hand.

On sunny days his cage is hung
 Beside the window-pane;
 And then he asks for a bath so fresh
 And the water descends like rain.

I'm sure you'd like my little pet,
 Although he is so small,
 For when he has just preened himself
 He's quite a fluffy ball.

DOROTHY SINCLAIR, 1c.

The Pleasures of Home.

Outside fall the snowflakes lightly,
 Through the night loud raves the storm,
 In my room the fire glows brightly,
 And 'tis cosy, silent, warm.

Musing, sit I on the settle
 By the firelight's cheerful glare,
 Listening to the busy kettle
 Humming long-forgotten lays.

FREDA DAVIDSON, Form IIb.

The Treasure.

I've got a baby sister,
 With a freckle on her nose,
 Her eyes are of the bluest blue
 And she has chubby toes.

She never cries the slightest bit,
 Nor pulls her mother's hair,
 She has such dimpled fingers,
 And her hair's as fair as fair.

Oh! yes I love her dearly,
 She's the sweetest little thing,
 I would not part with all her charm,
 For the riches of a king.

IRVING CHEEVERS, III.

The Clock.

Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock,
 List to the tune of the Grandfather clock,
 It's never too quick and it's never too slow,
 It's pendulum swings all day to and fro,
 Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock.

Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock;
 I love the sound of that grand old clock
 He stands so straight in his antique case
 And beams on us all with his shining brass face
 Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock.

VERA CARTLEDGE, III.

The Bazaar.

Hustle, hustle all around,
 For this place is busy ground,
 A bazaar it is, and very fine,
 (Oh, don't those lanterns brightly shine!)
 Girls rush around with cakes on trays,
 For this is one of their best days.

Mothers, Aunties, Children gay,
 Get their purses out to pay
 For lemonade and ice-cream cool,
 To refresh their friends who have come to school.

The flowers gay give fragrance sweet,
 Not anywhere is there a seat,
 The prices drop, and work grows hard,
 One halfpenny now for a Christmas card.

When visitors at last have gone,
 Bargains to capture, there are none,
 Scraps of papers, drops of ice,
 Only left to feed the mice,
 Girls are tired; feet like lead,
 We'll now go home and so to bed.

MARJORIE WALKER, 11b.

Autumn Leaves.

Dancing and twirling,
 Fluttering and curling,
 The leaves come prancing down;
 Red and yellow,
 Gold and mellow,
 Some of russet brown.

Rustling and bustling,
 Tossing and jostling,
 Over the fields so free;
 Twisting and frisking,
 Leaping and whisking,
 Dancing, and full of glee.

MARGARET BARD, Form 11b.

Night.

The sun is sinking in the west,
 The stars begin to shine,
 The birds are homing to their nests,
 And I retire to mine.

Night sheds her cloak around the world,
 The moon's high in the sky,
 No sound of laughter or of mirth
 But the wind's low sigh.

MARIE PENNELL, Form 11c.

The Snowdrop.

The little white snowdrop
Comes straight through the snow
It's the first of the flowers
As I think you all know.
It comes up in the springtime
As fresh as can be
And holds up its head
For each person to see.

In the snow-covered park
Where the air is so keen
Are the little white heads
And coats of light green.
They're spread thickly about
'Neath bushes and trees,
Then they wither and die
In a late springtime breeze.

MARJORIE EGGLESTON, Form IIIh.

Hobbies.

All work and no play,
Makes Jack, so they say
A dull boy, and still
This applies to each Jill.

It may be a garden, a dog or a cat,
It may be this or it may be that,
It may be using your hands or your feet,
What ever's your hobby it may make life sweet.

It may be swimming or running a race
It may be reading or learning to trace,
A hobby's a thing that you do in your leisure,
And you'll find it will give you lots of pleasure.

So whether you be poor or as rich as a King,
A hobby's a thing about which you can sing.
It helps to cheer up the duldest of days
In many different kinds of ways.

MARJORIE ROCHESTER, Form IIIh.

London.

To London I should love to go
To see the mighty Tower; and oh!
Madame Tussaud's fine wax-work show,
To London I should love to go.

And I should go into the Zoo,
To see giraffe and kangaroo,
And oh, what thrills when I do see
The ape Booboo and Jubilee!

I'd like to go to Palace Yard,
To see the changing of the Guard,
And watch all loyal subjects stand
To hear the boom of the big brass band.

And when I visit London Town,
 I'll tiptoe past the jewelled crown,
 And bring back happy tales to tell
 Of Westminster Abbey's tuneful bell.
 And when I'm home quite safe and sound,
 The family will gather round
 Spellbound and still, while I make known
 The sights and sounds of London Town.

CATHERINE HOPTINSTALL, Form IIIb.

The Appeal.

Winter is approaching,
 The year will soon be done;
 Dark cold nights are on us
 Hurrah! for Christmas fun.
 The snow will soon be falling,
 Then sport again we'll see;
 With sledges, skates and snowballs
 We play around in glee.
 When we finish playing,
 On the village tea,
 Everyone runs home to have
 Muffins hot for tea.
 With cherry fires a blazing,
 Door, windows, all closed tight,
 We hear the wind a whistling,
 Outside with all its might.
 Now spare a thought for birdies,
 Often cold and numb;
 It isn't any trouble
 To save each single crumb.
 So listen, lads and maidens,
 This is my small request,
 Birds really do grow hungry:
 So, please, all do your best.

MYRA GRAY, IIIb.

A View from a Hilltop.

While we were spending the summer holidays in the Western Highlands of Scotland, my friend and I decided to climb a near-by hill. The day was ideal, a faint breeze cooled the sun's heat. Suitably clad, and equipped with the necessary provisions we set off at a very early hour. On and on, up and up, very slowly we wended our way to the summit. The absolute stillness gripped our imagination; occasionally we were startled by the darting of a rabbit across our path. After a strenuous climb we reached the top.

What a wonderful panorama met our gaze. Far away to the west was the vast expanse of the Atlantic, broken by the beautiful Isle of Skye. Some small craft, looking so peaceful, were resting quietly in the harbour. To the North great hills and mountains loomed before us. Down these rushed torrents, dashing over the black rocks in their beds, and sometimes roaring over a waterfall. Down in the quiet valley along a narrow, ribbon-like road a tiny motor-car travelled very slowly. As we looked to the right, there in the distance was a small

craft nestling in a valley; round it, on the hillside, several sheep were grazing and a sheep-dog was at hand, doing his duty efficiently. A little village lay peacefully to the south, too far away to be seen distinctly, but a little nearer in the valley, at the foot of the hill on which we were standing, was a loch, motionless and like a mirror.

Around us lay one of the loveliest views in Scotland. We felt very insignificant standing there, amid all the beauties and glories of nature.

ANN M. GARRETTSON, IIIc.

Preparing for School.

Seven o'clock on a chilly morning and I wake with a yawn. I slowly get out of bed and having washed, dressed, and had my breakfast, I begin to search for my books. I know I was learning my English in bed last night, but where is the book? What's that? A French book in the bathroom! How could that have got there. Ten past eight! How quickly the time does go. How can I get my lunch into a bag that is already full to overflowing? Will these straps ever fasten? I grab my hat and coat, but where are my gloves? Now, who would have thought they were there all the time. A glance at the clock, a quarter past eight! How thankful I will be if the car is a minute late! I run out of the house, my coat flying open behind me. A passing thought: have I any money? No, I thought not, now I shall certainly miss the car. Where did I put my purse last night? Now I have found it again. I run down the street. Luckily a kindly friend in the car, noticing my plight asks the conductor to wait for a minute and I am not late after all.

FREDA HUMPHREY, IIIc.

Delight.

Sing a song of Seaburn,
On a summer's day,
Hear the children laughing,
Watch their merry play,
Blue sea for a background,
In front the golden sand,
The prettiest sight you ever saw
Made by Nature's hand.

ELSIE KESCK, IVb.

Ferns.

We found them on the lonely hills;
We sought them out in rocky alleys;
We plucked them on the banks of rills
That trickled down through smiling valleys.
There bloomed no flowers upon their stems;
No perfume filled the air around them;
But drops of dew: like crystal gems,
Were sparkling on them when we found them.
Their leaves were fresh and green, the tide
Of life in every vein pervaded,
We cut them down, they drooped and died,
Their freshness went, their colour faded.

Yet, while their lovely forms remain
 Untouched by death, decay can never
 Their beauty mar: they still retain
 A charm which is a joy for ever.

DOROTHY SNOWDON, IVb.

A Snapshot in Autumn.

The harvesters were returning home. Through the fields they could be seen slowly wending their way through the untrodden paths, leading the lumbering cart horse, laden with golden grain. The background was indescribable in its beauty: hills bathed in the rays of the setting sun which was sinking to a haven of rest behind the fortress upon which it bestowed its parting warmth. It was dying like some great king, regal to the very end.

MARY FRESTMAN, IVb.

Soliloquy on Bedan Contributions.

"All Bedan Contributions must be in by November 8th. Every girl must produce something.

H'm! Where do they expect us to get the time from? Well, I s'pose I'll have to do something. Umum! Let me see. Poetry! Well it always has a chance. Spring! Everybody writes about spring. No good! Summer let me think.

"O fairest season of them all!"

What rhymes with "all"? Ball, hall. Balls and halls have nothing to do with summer. No good! What about Autumn. But there's nothing to say about Autumn. There's the harvest festival of course, by the way, wonder what I've got for that harvest composition we did. Never mind. Winter—

"Frost is all around,
 Snowflakes on the ground."

That doesn't sound exactly like Shakespeare. Frost doesn't go with snow, anyway; or does it? Heavens, 8 o'clock; shall have to hurry up. Oh no! of course you don't have half-an-hour on this—more likely to be three half-hours, what! Let me see, moonlight is very pretty; suppose I should write something on moonlight—well, what shall I say?

"Moonlight's streaming through my window!"

Nothing seems to rhyme with window, and anyway, my poetry has such an uncanny knack of changing its metre.

Uncanny, uncanny—suppose I wrote something creepy. (Heavens! this cold of mine's getting worse. Mother'll have to be getting a new supply of pocket handkerchiefs). What was I thinking?—something creepy. But then there never is anything creepy in the Bedan—might frighten the juniors, I suppose. No good! Anyhow, let's try an essay. What about describing a place I've visited—Southampton Dock—wish I'd taken a little more notice of it when I was there.

"C'est regrettable, mais c'est comme ça." Who wrote that? Oh yes, it was Marc Ceppu somewhere in "Toujours des petites contes." I really should read my "La France," there are some jolly things in it—but how on earth do they expect one to read French magazines when there are Bedan Contributions to do? What! Supper already! Been ready half an hour, has it? Well I don't know what they'll say. Never mind; I'll just have to leave it for to-night. When is November 8th? Is it only that far off? Well they'll just have to do without my contribution, I'm thinking.

MASSIE RICH, IVc.

Idyll to a Prima Donna.

There is silence in the classroom,
 Where a maiden stands alone,
 Her brow is creased and wrinkled,
 From her lips there bursts a groan,
 Which trickles onwards, upwards,
 A-quivering and a-shake,
 She heavily doubts the giggles
 For her reputation's sake,
 But it's really not successful,
 Her brow is cold and drawn,
 And, collapsing on her seat, she looks
 Quite pale, and weak, and worn.
 She knows she's not a singer
 But she really tries her best,
 And when the torture's over
 She sinks at last to rest,
 Oh! how she **dreads** each Tuesday,
 That fateful lesson bringing,
 That moment when she stands alone
 A-singing, singing, singing.

DOROTHY NICHOLSON, IVc.

A Fantasy in Porcelain.

She was dainty and fair,
 As she stood smiling there,
 And her pale blue dress fell to her feet
 And the flowers in her arms,
 Bravely vied with her charms,
 Oh! so modest was she and so neat.
 Not a hair out of place,
 Round her shy wistful face,
 A picture of maidenly pride,
 And her lovely blue eyes,
 Were raised in surprise,
 To the gentleman, there at her side.
 He was all dressed in gold,
 Quite a joy to behold,
 As he gently inclined from the waist,
 And his touches of lace,
 At **just** the right place,
 Showed his excellent fashionable taste.
 They had stood there for years,
 And troubles and fears,
 Had left them unruffled in pose.
 But what each of them said
 When the world was in bed,
 Is a mystery—nobody knows,
 But one day they found,
 Lying down on the ground,
 The gay courtier, all smashed up and broken.
She was still standing there,
 Just as calm and as fair,
 And as sweet; oh, if only she'd spoken!

For this maiden so shy,
 As the long years went by,
 Had tired of the gentleman's awe,
 And she, I confess,
 Had lifted her dress,
 And **kicked** the poor man to the floor!!!

DOROTHY NICHOLSON, IVc.

Canine Courtship.

She was a fat old lady,
 He was a gay young spark,
 And every day he met her,
 'Neath the gateway of the park.
 Now **she** could hardly waddle,
 While **he** could run a mile,
 Yet her charms surpassed in **his** eyes
 The enchantress of the Nile.
 Who are these faithful lovers,
 Who put to very shame
 Here and her Leander
 Of ancient Greek myth's fame?
 The lady's name is Molly,
 And **his** is Bob, you see
She lives at No. 29,
 And **he** belongs to me!

JOAN HOET, Form IVc.

London.

London, there is something bewildering about the very name. Where does London end? It is stretching its arms out farther and farther every day, and beneath its shelter there live more people than in all Canada. To some, it is a fast wilderness of brick and mortar, to many, it is the whole world.

London is not the whole world, but it is the vital part of the world, the heart. It is the greatest centre of finance and commerce, and the collecting centre of all England. All great railways converge on this focus.

While standing on Westminster Bridge as the rising sun illuminates the great dome of St. Paul's, it is one of the most beautiful cities in the world, but when the damp, choking fog descends upon it, it is one of the ugliest.

Probably no other city has such a cosmopolitan population. Almost every race seems to shelter beneath its straggling arms. The Chinese and Indian quarters give parts of London an alien, foreign atmosphere. "There is no man living, who has seen all its 28,000 streets."

The history of London is almost the history of England, and as far back as the Romans, it has been the chief city in England. The Kings of England have always made London the seat and strength, in justice and power, of England.

Other great cities of the world have had their periods of waxing and waning, but London has gone steadily on, until now, the voice of London is the most powerful voice in the world.

KATHLEEN KELSALL, Form Vb.

Roads.

I love the road going through our grove,
A lonely road with trees 'long each side,
Tall trees like soldiers guarding those they love,
And trees behind which children like to hide.

Then there's the road which leads down to the sea
Along which drifts the murmur of the waves,
A queer road, an old road which quite appeals to me
With sand and rocks and weird, gloomy caves.

Oh! there are many roads, but best of all
I love the winding road that twists and turns,
Full of surprises; here a waterfall,
And there, a patch of primroses and ferns.

ROSE HUMPHREY, Vb.

The White Man.

A description of his knowledge of the white settler by an old black chief.

"From the sky he comes on shining wings. They speak in the air; on the earth they are silent.

The white man is small, his voice is low. His voice is small but it is heard at the ends of the earth. From little boxes his voice comes forth.

He has great wisdom. The lions roar at him. His right hand shrieks with fire; the lion roars no more.

With thunder and long arms of steel, he comes to the little mountain. And behold, the mountain is removed. Upon the dry land he makes a lake.

He fixes stars to the earth,
I have seen. It is true."

MARY ARKLESS, Vc.

Say it with Music.

Astronomy—"Why do stars come out at night?"

Chemistry—"Smoke gets in your eyes"

Domestic Science—"Looky looky looky, here comes cookie"

History—"With my eyes wide open I'm dreaming"

Latin—"Why do I love you?"

Gym—"Bend down, sister"

Maths—"Maybe I'm wrong again"

Singing—"I've got a note"

Full marks—"Once in a blue moon"

Scripture—"Love thy neighbour"

French—"Au Revoir"

Botany—"Trees"

Mistress's absence—"Just making conversation" "Cheek to cheek"

Conduct marks—"Don't be afraid to tell your mother"

4 p.m.—"Fare thee well, Annsabel"

Homework—"One alone"

School Party—"I won't dance"

Term Exam—"I believe in miracles"

Results—"I couldn't believe my eyes"

End of Term—"Back to those happy days"

NANCY WALKER, Vc.

Mistaken Gallantry.

A little boy was reading
 In a book of history
 Of how Sir Walter Raleigh,
 In the age of chivalry,
 Made known to Queen Elizabeth
 How gallant he could be.

For as she reached a muddy pool,
 His handsome cloak took he
 And laid it down before her
 To lead her to safety,
 And thus to Queen Elizabeth
 He proved his gallantry.

The little boy set out for school,
 This story in his mind,
 And there he spied, across the road,
 His playmate Rosalind
 About to step into a pool,
 Could Fate be so unkind?

Without a thought, his coat he took
 And laid it in the pool
 So that his little friend could pass
 In safety to school.
 If only he had stopped to think
 He'd have used another tool.

For when he did return from school,
 His mother did him scold,
 And tried to make him realise
 He was not Raleigh bold,
 And that those deeds were just performed
 In chivalrous days of old.

WINIFRED COATES, Form Vc.

Poppies.

Red poppies for remembrance and its pain;
 Bringing back thoughts of loved ones sacrificed
 In war, for England; wakening new fears
 "Will war, thus kept alive, e'er come again?
 No! No! It must not. Keep us, guard us, Christ;
 Help us to see the light beyond our tears."¹⁷

Unstained by blood, like stars that pierce our gloom,
 Emblems of Hope and Peace, White Poppies shine.
 They point the way to freedom, truth and love;
 Freedom from jealousies and sudden doom,
 Pure love for fellow-men, a real and free
 Respect for Peace, for which our Heroes strove.

Shall we look back on years of hate and strife,
 Or forward—to a new and better life?

OLIVE ADAMSON, L. VI.

Armistice.

Two minutes silence—for remembrance.

Thousand upon thousand, rank after rank, they stand with bowed heads before the white marble cenotaph in the great thoroughfare. Around them the leaves are falling on to the dusty pavement, yellow and brown and deep red, red as the poppies smothering the base of the shrine, red as the tokens gleaming on every breast, red as the blood of the men who fought and fell in the mud, to be forever still, dying for an ideal, the last stable thing in a frenzied world.

Over the battle-fields of Europe the leaves are falling too, drifting in the frosty November air, down on to the rough wooden crosses and the scarlet flowers sprung from the blood of the dead. Is there no end to these symbols of human suffering and folly?

The world is remembering that day, years ago, when the guns were silenced and peace came to tortured nations once more.

All the world over, German, Frenchman, Russian, is brokenly murmuring words of thankfulness that the Hell that is War is over, and praying incoherently that it may never be again—"Oh, God, make us better men and women, make us worthy of their sacrifice; help us, Lord."

Suddenly a sob breaks the stillness.

Two minutes silence—for remembrance.

JOYCE CRUTE, I. VI.

An Interview with Cyril.

(A Most Puerile Contribution).

It was with no little trepidation that the Professor ushered the Distinguished Personage into Cyril's rather awe-inspiring presence, for Cyril was not like other robots (or at least, let us hope not). Apart from his unfortunate name (chosen, as you might guess, by the Professor's wife), he had some defect in his brain-box, which the Professor, try as he would, could not rectify. It seemed as if he could not think for himself, but could only repeat what he had heard, and as a great deal of this was the Professor's daughter's homework, you can imagine what happened:—

"Good afternoon, Cyril," said the D.P. rather self-consciously, "I am very pleased to meet you."

A voice which issued from somewhere near Cyril's middle said tenderly,

"I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more."

The D.P. was slightly taken aback by this burst of affection, but he went on,

"Er.—hum. Now, what does it feel like when one's a robot?"

"Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane," cooed Cyril gently.

The comparison seemed somewhat strange to the D.P. (he was not acquainted with Kilmeny); he thought he had better try a less poetical subject.

"Let me see, now, do you know any mathematical formulae?"

For once Cyril played up, and recited off Pythagoras' theorem with an accuracy that took the D.P.'s breath away.

"Splendid!" he applauded, "any more?"

But Cyril's brain was not equal to giving two consecutive correct answers.

"Ah tank ah go 'ome," he said, in the approved manner.

There was a hastily suppressed snigger at the back of the room, where the Professor suddenly decided that the telephone was ringing, and made a hasty exit.

Meanwhile, the D.P., whom the Garbo epidemic had left unscathed, had attributed the remark to Cyril's boredom, and reluctantly decided to pursue a more frivolous subject.

"Do you know any funny stories?" he asked, a little shocked at his own levity.

There was a faint whirring sound, as if Cyril were taking a deep breath. Then—

"It is an Ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one in three"—

The D.P. had forgotten most of the poetry learned in his youth, but he knew the awful portent of those words. He picked up his hat and fled.

NORA JOHNSON, *Lower VI.*

On Visiting York Minster.

It came upon me suddenly. I emerged from the narrow, winding old street, where the very houses seemed to bend towards each other in confidence as though divulging the weighty secrets of all the history that they had heard and seen, and found myself in an open square which seemed to be dominated by this towering and regal old pile. I almost bowed in reverence; the very air seemed breathless and hushed with awe. And then, overcoming my feelings of reverence, but still having the sensation of trespassing on something holy and sanctified, I pushed open the massive oak door and entered. The sun was shining through the rose, amber, emerald and royal blue of the stained glass windows and reflected a myriad rainbow hues on the floor and pillars: somewhere in the distance an organ was playing melodious strains, low at first, a mere 'pianissimo' but gradually loudening to a 'piano,' then louder and louder and still louder, until, in a triumphant burst of 'fortissimo' the ecstasy of harmony rushed through the building carrying away everything on its tide of music.

I moved on very slowly. I felt inclined to stand motionless forever, for here time seemed to cease to count, and life, with its numberless worries seemed to pass by the minster leaving it calm and undisturbed.

Tombs of Archbishops and other dignitaries of the Church lay near the lofty walls; they had passed from this life years ago and now existed only in the epitaph in Latin, understood by few people, and in the statue above it. Their stern faces looked down in disapproval as I passed, as though they resented the passage of time which was going on outside and daily taking their memory further from the world of men.

There were epitaphs in memory of soldiers who had died in the Seven Year's War, the Napoleonic Wars, the Crimean War, the Boer War and the Great War; men who, though of separate generations, were now linked by common suffering.

In the pews the carving, each piece of which must have taken years to perfect, had evidently been done by men who gloried in working for the Church they loved. Their craftsmanship has stood the test of all time and the huge majestic building, in the construction of which they took such infinite pains, will give delight to many generations yet to come.

As I came out of the door, the strains of the organ were dying away. I passed from the quiet and shade of the Minster to the hurly-burly of modern traffic feeling stunned by the noise in contrast to the deep calm I had left behind; but imprinted on my memory remained the recollection of an experience which had, even if only for a moment, brought the utter calm and tranquillity of mind, such as I had never enjoyed before.

IRENE ANDREWS, Lower VI.

A Bedan's Commandments.

1. Thou shalt not talk where thou hast been forbidden to talk, lest the wrath of the Prefects descend on thee and "thy tongue cleave to the roof of thy mouth."
2. Thou shalt not chew, save only in the Dining Hall, lest thou lose a conduct mark, or thy teeth.
3. Thou shalt be duly labelled even all thy apparel, lest thy raiment fall into the hands of another.
4. Thou shalt set thy volumes in order, lest great be the tumult when the covering of thy desk and thy Prefect's voice be raised.
5. Thou shalt fulfil thy duties with a faithful heart, lest thou bring upon thy head the anger of the mighty.
6. Thou shalt not deceive—"neither a borrower nor a lender be."
7. Thou shalt at all times conduct thyself secretly, lest the shadow of lies pursue thee.
8. Honour thy badge and uniform, lest thou bring discredit upon this seat of Learning.
9. Thou shalt carefully secure thy baggage, lest upon going into the Hall of Assembly, the contents thereof be scattered even as chaff.
10. Thou shalt take no writing fluid within the Room of Silence, lest the walls thereof become stained.

K. SMITH, Upper VI.

A Village of Yesterday.

Tt-r-or-ill, sweet and clean the song of the birds drifted through the window. I stirred, opened my eyes, blinked, and looked round me. Where was I. Jumping out of bed I flung open the latticed window, and there beneath me in the valley lay the tiny village of Sprotborough, nestling at the foot of the hill on which stands the centuries old church. In the grey morning mist I imagined I could see the Crusader, famous in local legend, slowly climbing the hill to kneel in the church and thank his Heavenly Commander for his safe return from the Holy Land. Breathlessly I awaited to see spring from the bushes the wild cat which attacked him so many years ago on that very hill. For seven long, weary miles did the gallant knight resist its attack, and finally he lay down to die in the sanctuary of the church—in the

neighbouring village of Bamborough. Here alas, by some strange irony of fate, the cat stretched to rest, and as he passed to join his fallen comrades, the knight crushed beneath his heavily spurred boots, his most cruel enemy. But now the sombre grey of the knight's armour was fading, as in the distance the sky showed a faint line of pink, and slowly but surely a golden pattern traced itself across the sky. The world was,

"tiptoe on the threshold of the dawn."

Suddenly day broke and a flood of golden light filled the sky, illuminating the stately old castle of Coniborough, which Scott has immortalised in his novel "Ivanhoe." And it was in this village that Scott found his inspiration for and wrote "Ivanhoe." His cottage still stands, in its own, old world garden filled with hollyhocks.

The lowing of cattle brought me from a fairy-land of dreams, to a fairy-land of reality. Beneath me, in the garden, the flowers sparkled with dew and their fragrance was indeed refreshing after a year of town life. Just beyond the cottage gate a stream bubbled and chattered over the stones. The water rippled under a gentle breeze, and pebbles in the bed of the stream seemed to have not one, but a thousand sparkling rainbow colours. Further on, I knew, that stream would flow past the old ruined water mill, and wind like a silvery serpent through the woods surrounding that sentry of former days, the ancient castle. Miles away that stream would become a mighty river, but few looking on it then, would recognise in it the beautiful stream which flowed through and left behind this village of memories, or would dream of the existence of this charming village of yesterday, standing on its banks.

JESSIE DAVIS, U VI.

An Auction Sale.

I saw a large crowd of people assembled in a shop doorway, and feeling a certain amount of curiosity as to what was taking place, I entered the shop. Well, I had stumbled upon nothing more than an auction sale, but it proved quite entertaining. The goods put up for sale were not interesting, but the spectators were, and the auctioneer was priceless.

A wardrobe is up for sale. The auctioneer's cry, I beg your pardon, shout, rings out, "A well made wardrobe, in good condition, £2 for the wardrobe, £2, £2, £2 for the wardrobe, any advance on £2, £2 for the"

A pair of blue eyes are fixed intently upon me, blue eyes that never waver. I feel uncomfortable. Is my hat straight? Is my hair tidy? I look away, but am forced to look back again—the blue eyes still upon me. I determine to see the contest through to the end. We gaze and gaze into each other's eyes, while in the distance, afar off, I hear a sound which seems vaguely familiar . . . something about a . . . wardrobe . . . three . . . pounds . . .

Bang!! The hammer comes down with a crash. The tension is broken. The owner of the steady blue eyes turns them away sharply, and nestles down comfortably in his mother's arms. Victory is mine, so I walk triumphantly out of the shop, not with a wardrobe, but with a vivid recollection of two lovely blue eyes belonging to a charming one year old infant.

ELSIE GARRICK, Upper VI.

From Our Own Special Correspondent.

With regard to the **Italo-Abyssinian** question:—

"The lower orders" having violated the rules of the "league" (school) unless they agree to the terms of the "council of six" (House captains) there will be sanctions put upon them. Strict watch will be kept, by special guard, on all those against the council, and unless this puts an end to the feud, there will be sterner measures taken.

A rising of the "lower orders" has immediately been suppressed. There has been no report of fatalities, on either side, as yet. Invasion of territory (cloak-rooms) by the enemy has met with no success. "Guerrilla warfare" (dodging of Seniors from Juniors), seem to be the order of the day.

A WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW—CONCERNING BEDANS.

Rumours as to suspicious persons loitering after hours, have reached the ears of the state. Therefore all are warned that there will be a complete "Black Out" (light out) immediately after hours. Perhaps this will prevent the need of "masks" since a Bedan's toilet is such a long, fatiguing business, nowadays, that by the time it's finished, she's quite "done up":—(Editorial Note:—It must not be forgotten that the Bede motto is "AFTER DARKNESS LIGHT").

DENAH LEVIN, U VI.

Shallcross.

They are Building on Shallcross.

To anyone whose childhood has been as closely bound up with Shallcross as mine has been, such sordid activity on a beloved spot is little less than sacrilege.

In my early childhood I regarded this plot of waste land sundered by a murmuring, if muddy, brook as a paradise, possessing advantages denied to all clean, well-organised, modern play-parks. Under the swaying branches of Thorahill Gardens close by, we gathered the blood-red berries, which it was our daily joy, in the Autumn at least, to race down to the stream, where, standing on the narrow bridge by the tennis courts we would drop them in fery handfuls into the turbid water. I say handfuls advisedly—it was quite necessary to send them off in handfuls, because long before they could reach "the home stretch," under the big bridge, dozens of them would have been lost, snatched up by the green, moss trailing branches of overhanging hawthorns, lured by some side-currents into the treacherous shelter of a water-rat hole of ground between two lumpy stones.

Sometimes, if foresight had provided us with Wellington Boots, we would follow the berries, wading downstream with them. The shallow water, swirling over the smooth ground pebbles of the stream bed would suddenly become quiet and dark, as they passed under the threatening arches of gloomy foliage, and held infinite romance.

Shall I ever forget that Shrove Tuesday, the only one on which pancakes were ever denied me, after coming home up to the knees in mud, and trying to look as though I had not been playing at the forbidden Shallcross.

My mother's accusations against the place, that it was dirty, unpleasant, and the abode of dead cats, were perfectly justified and unquestionably true, but I am not ashamed that I loved dirt just as much as any child of my age.

Then, there were the great jumping contests, which took place whenever the rain had swollen the stream sufficiently to make jumping across it in its widest places a proceeding fraught with unbelievable peril, and Bushy Lodge. . . .

Whenever the sky threatened rain we would make a bee-line for this haven of refuge. There was only room for one at the top of the tree, which we all knew as Bushy Lodge, but latecomers would settle themselves on its trunk, each lower than the last, in the shelter of its friendly leaves.

And they are building on Shallcross.

MARGARET CURRY, Form Upper VI.

Bathing Baby.

I open the Nursery door, and a warm sweet smell assails my nostrils. I cross the warm firelit room and draw the white dimity curtains, then turn and look at the occupants of the room who have just entered.

There is Nanny—dear, comfortable, Nanny with her wizened old face, her brown skin wrinkled into innumerable creases, and her eyes, just twin points of twinkling good humour. Then baby:— Ah! there is an object over whom poets might rave! There he lies on Nannie's capacious bosom, laughing and gurgling and beating the air with his podgy fists. I take baby on my knee, while Nanny prepares his bath. I bend over him, closely studying him as I take off his garments. What a lovely delicate skin he has, softly flushed to a beautiful pink! What rich Society Lady would not give half her wealth to possess such a skin? And as I think thus Baby turns and looks up at me, and I catch my breath as I see his eyes. Those eyes, clear and lupid, utterly innocent and of such a glorious blue as is only seen pictured by such old masters as Da Vinci, and Raphaelo. Then Nannie comes bustling in with baby's bath, her starched skirts creaking and rustling, as she takes baby in her arms. Feeling the warm, scented water, to see if it is the right temperature, Nanny places baby boldly in the bath.

This is the part of the day he likes best, as he sucks his sponge and is gently reprimanded by Nanny as she takes the offending article from him. This gives rise to a sudden squall on baby's part, which is soon forgotten as he realises the advantages of a certain piece of soap, which arrives at the same place as the sponge, but is hastily dropped as the taste is not to his entire liking. Then he finds great amusement in beating his hand and feet upon the water, thus causing nearly more water outside the bath than in.

Nanny now takes a part, and with the sponge, rubs him all over. The cleansing operation finished, she lifts him out of the bath, and places him on a warm towel on her knee. In front of a merrily blazing fire, she proceeds to dry him with another warm towel; dusting him all over his wee pink body with a sweet smelling powder she puts on his nightshirt. Then I ask Nanny if I may put him to bed. With a smile, she agrees, after brushing his little tufts of golden downy hair. I carry him into the small, white night-nursery, and lay him tenderly in his cot, this fragrant bundle whose head is already nodding. Then kneeling down by the cot, I bow my head and ask God if He will protect and keep pure and innocent, the sleeping child.

Lighting the night light and opening the window, ever such a little (for the nights are cold) I take one more look at the sleeping face, and depart silently, and almost reverently.

NORAH WALKER, Form IVh.

The Bird King.

There was a rare bird, that dwelt in a wood,
His eyes were like stars in the blue,
He'd a tuft on his head in the shape of a crown
And his plumes were all golden with dew.

He could soar so high for a long space of time,
Yet his voice was so loud and so clear
That wherever you were in that forest so gay
The sweet notes of his song still you'd hear.

ETHEL HUNTER, IIc.

An Impression of Epstein's Christ.

Epstein's figure of Jesus Christ, a picture of which appeared in our local paper, has been considered by our form. We found that the general effect was harsh, cruel and forbidding. The figure seems to portray an Eastern potentate—pugnacious and ill-tempered, which quickly destroys our own secret picture. There is no pleasing effect: even the hands are cruel. The eyes are not sympathetic but watchful and critical and the body appears too weak to support the head.

All parts considered separately have character, but the whole is repulsive, emphasizing rather the idea of Justice than Mercy. We appreciate the artist's attempt to portray the humanity of Jesus Christ, but, to us who are Christian, it seems a caricature and a violation, by a Jewish sculptor. However, it was right not to portray Him as an Englishman. "Ecce Homo" is more clumsy than the Egyptian gods, by whom the sculptor seems to have been inspired, for it gives a feeling of restlessness.

Even, Mr. Epstein is not too great to have some regard for tradition which stresses the tranquillity, not of foolishness, but of certainty, of One Who had "the secret of life."

Form IVb.

Ben House Notes.

The year 1934-35 has proved a happy one for Ben House. Regular House-meetings have been held throughout the year, and all have been well attended and thoroughly enjoyed.

The Christmas Party, which was held in conjunction with Drom, was greatly enjoyed by all present.

Our House, as far as games were concerned, was not very successful last year, but our Rounders Captain gained a red star for us by obtaining her Rounders Colours. On the day of the Gym Competition, Gwen Robinson gained another red star for us by being awarded a Department Girdle, and several other members of the House were presented with badges.

We were successful in gaining the Senior Singing Cup, and we would also like to take this opportunity of thanking all members who helped to win for us the Needlework Trophy.

The House has contributed to Charities generously throughout the year, and, after fulfilling all obligations, was able to send £1 1s. 0d. to the Sick Animals Dispensary.

Two red stars were gained for the House by Doreen Bullock and Emily Durrant who gained Honours in School Certificate, and of whom we are justly proud.

The conduct of the House was not always satisfactory, but we hope that a great improvement will be shown this year.

We would like to thank our House Mistresses, Miss Hutchinson, Miss Briggs, Miss Wilman and Miss Peters, for the unfailing assistance and encouragement that they have given throughout the year.

KATHLEEN M. SMITH (Captain).

Esk House Notes.

Esk House has been very successful in games this year, but we have had many disappointments in other ways. On the whole, the conduct of the House has greatly deteriorated—this being the first year we have not gained a red star for losing fewest marks in any one term. The work of the House, moreover, did not show as much progress as it should have done.

Esk carried on a Grocer's Shop once again, in conjunction with Drom, to make money for the School Bazaar, held in the Christmas term, while we had a small handkerchief and provision stall on the actual day. Our efforts bore fruit in so far as we were able to hand over a very substantial sum to school funds.

The Esk-Strath Christmas party was greatly enjoyed by all who were present, and we were very happy to have Miss Moul with us.

The House games teams were very successful throughout the year. In the autumn and spring terms, the senior House teams won the hockey and netball shields, while the juniors upheld the honour of the House, by winning the Junior Hockey Cup. In the summer term, the tennis team was able to retain the tennis trophy, and the rounders team was victorious over Strath in a rather unexciting Rounders Final.

The House was justly proud of Olive Adamson and Joyce Hebron, who obtained red stars for us by gaining honours in the School Certificate Examinations.

The Charity collections were steadily maintained throughout the year, and at Easter, besides contributing generously to the school collection of eggs for the Children's Hospital, we sent a gift of six dozen fresh eggs to the Cottage Homes.

We were sorry that Miss Orme could not be present at all our meetings, owing to ill-health, but are glad that she is now recovered and with us once again.

Several meetings throughout the year have taken the form of sing-songs, while at others, we have been entertained by various forms. In the summer term, we played games out-of-doors.

We heartily thank all our House Mistresses for their invaluable support throughout the year.

WINIFRED D. SCOTT (Captain).

Drom House Notes.

In the past year Drom House has known both success and disappointment. We can boast of no signal achievement upon the field of sport; indeed, the only directions in which we proved successful were in Art and Sewing. We managed to carry off the Art Picture, while Bessie Potts gained the 1st prize in the Senior Section of the Doll-dressing Competition, with Maguerite Roberts highly commended, and Brenda Heddie the 1st prize in the Junior Section. We are also very proud of Jean Turnbull, who won a department girdle, and of the other girls who were presented with department badges.

Our conduct and work, on the other hand, have been much more satisfactory. At the end of each term last year, Drom House was awarded two red stars, for losing the lowest number of marks, and for gaining the highest number of A-grades, respectively. We have great pride, also, in Joyce Crute who won a red star for her House by her splendid results in the School Certificate Examination.

The House has responded very generously to Charity appeals throughout the year, and the Pound Stall, which we held with Esk House at the Bazaar, proved most successful. Great thanks are due to all who contributed to it.

The Christmas party, which took place in December with Ben House, was much enjoyed by all who attended it. We should like to thank Nancy Lawther, who contributed greatly to our pleasure by playing for us.

The House wishes to express its appreciation of the sympathetic help extended by its mistresses, Miss Seddon, Miss Herbert and Miss Robinson, and hopes that its achievements in the coming year will be such as will justify their interest and pride in it.

MARGARET D. CURRY (Captain).

Avon House Notes.

Our fifth year of existence has been one of ups and downs.

This has been especially true in the games world; we were unsuccessful in hockey, netball, rounders and tennis (though we are excusably proud of the losing battle fought against Esk in the tennis final), but strangely enough, we carried off the Gym. Shield, awarded this year for individual work, and the Sports Trophy. For the latter we are greatly indebted to our ex-captain, Dorothy Grierson, who for the second time gained a red star by winning the Senior Sports Championship.

Members of Avon House are regrettably "unbotanical," and we were again unsuccessful in the Botany competitions; however, we have tried to make up for this as far as the vase is concerned by supplying flowers for it occasionally.

In the Needlework competition, too, we had no success, and our voices were evidently not quite angelic enough to secure the Singing Cup for us.

House meetings have been held regularly, the enjoyable entertainments including a rather baffling treasure hunt and a rounders match with Drom.

The Charity collections have been well supported, and we had a small surplus at the end of the year. In the Bazaar, held last November, we had a cake and sweet stall, in conjunction with Ben, and found it very profitable.

The House party, held with Ness in December, was very enjoyable, and we were pleased to have Miss Moul there with us.

Last year we gained a red star for having the School Captain in the House, and two more for members of the House gaining Honours in School Certificate.

The conduct of the House still leaves much to be desired, but "hope springs eternal —"!

In conclusion, we should like to convey to the House Mistresses our sincere thanks for the help they have given us in every way during the past year.

NORA JOHNSON (Captain).

Ness House Notes.

The year 1934-5 has not proved a particularly successful one for Ness House, but it has been a very happy one.

Regular House meetings have been held throughout the year. They were well-attended, and everyone enjoyed the entertainment, which the forms provided in turn.

The conduct of the House was not all it might have been, but the improvement shown towards the end of the year was encouraging.

The Christmas party held in December in conjunction with Avon, was greatly enjoyed by all present.

The House contributed generously to Charities during the year. £7 was handed over to School Charities and 25/- was sent to King George's Jubilee Trust Fund.

At games we were not very successful, reaching the Senior Netball final only to be beaten by Esk. We obtained a red star however, when our captain gained her hockey colours. We were not fortunate enough to win either the Gym. Shield or the Sports Trophy.

Although the House did not distinguish itself at games, we are pleased to say it maintained a satisfactory standard of work throughout the year, obtaining the Picture given by the Old Bedans for Progress. The Botany Trophy is once more in our possession, and we hope that all present and future members of Ness House will see that there is no recurrence of the lapse of 1931.

The House captain gained a red star for the House by gaining Honours in the Durham School Certificate Examination. She was also presented with the hockey stick given to the School by Mr. Joseph.

We should like to thank our House Mistresses, Miss Harris, Miss Biggs, and Miss Frankenburg, for their support and encouragement during the year. We shall be very sorry to lose Miss Biggs at the end of the term, and take this opportunity of thanking her for all she has done for the House, and we wish her every happiness and success in her new position.

We should also like to welcome all new-comers to the House.

JENNIE HEY (Captain).

Strath House Notes.

The year 1934-35 has seen the steady improvement of Strath House, as far as conduct is concerned, and it is hoped that members will maintain this high standard, which has taken so long to reach.

The House has contributed generously to Charities throughout the past year.

The Christmas party, was held in conjunction with Esk, and was greatly enjoyed by both Houses.

Meetings have been held regularly, and have all been thoroughly enjoyed by members who attended well. During the Easter term, however, we did not have the ordinary type of meeting. Our House had not then done its part in helping to raise funds for school activities, and House meetings were given up to the practising of folk songs, songs from Punch, Greek and Chinese dances, to the acting of the ballads, "The Heir of Lynne," "King John," and of a play, "The Maker of Dreams." We were amply awarded for all our labour by the appreciation of the large audience on the night of the production.

For the second time since the House System started, Strath can boast a red star for a State Scholarship. This was won by Eva Maccoy, who is now at Newnham College, Cambridge. Two more red stars were gained by Rose Johnston and Irene Andrews, who obtained Honours in School Certificate.

In sports, our juniors fared much better than the seniors, winning the Netball and Rounder Tournaments. On Sports Day, Alice Procter won the Middle School Sports Championship. Four members also gained Department Badges.

The juniors also succeeded in gaining the Junior Singing Trophy, while the seniors were runners-up. We are no longer the proud possessors of the Botany Vase, or the Art Picture, though the latter was lost by a very narrow margin.

We are sorry to have lost Miss Elliot whose services have been invaluable to Strath House, and we wish her every success and happiness in her new work. The House gives a cordial welcome to Miss Taylor and hopes that she will be very happy with us.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Birchall, Miss Barnard and Miss Lloyd for their continuous help and encouragement throughout the year.

We wish success to all Strathonians who have left us, and offer a hearty welcome to all newcomers.

NANCY OLDFIELD (Captain).

A Prize for the School.

Bede School has been placed eighth and won a prize, presented by the French Ministry of Education in an Inter-School Competition in French, organised by LA FRANCE. Of the six competitors chosen to represent the School, Margaret Curry and Betty Gillis won prizes; Nora Johnson and Winifred Scott were among the next in order, and Doris Miller and Mary Arkless got Honourable Mention.

Marriages.

- HUDSON—WOODHALL—Meda Hudson to A. Leslie Woodhall, December 12th, 1934.
- PHORSON—LOVE—Elsie Phorson to Gordon Love, December 12th, 1934.
- LEE—BRIDGES—Lena Lee to Robert George Bridges, January 16th, 1935.
- RITCHIE—WOOD—Alice Ritchie to ——— Wood, January — 1935.
- DIPPY—SPEIGHT—Daisy Dippie to Philip Speight, February 2nd, 1935.
- DANN—DAVIES—Veronica Dann to George Crown Davies, March 16th, 1935.
- WRIGHT—TUNN—Hannah E. Wright to William M. Tunn, April 8th, 1935.
- THOMPSON—MARLEY—Lilian Mary Thompson to Kenneth Tulip Marley, April 24th, 1935.
- DAVIDSON—KIRKWOOD—Elsie Isabel Davidson to William Oliver Kirkwood, April 27th, 1935.
- HAGOOD—FRENCH—Nancy Hagood to T. French, April 27th, 1935.
- THOMPSON—LAWS—Marjorie Thompson to Angus Graeme Laws, April 27th, 1935.
- HUGHES—TELFER—Winifred Hughes to Douglas Telfer, May 2nd, 1935.
- HORSMAN—CHAPPELL—Dora Horsman to Herbert Chappell, May 27th, 1935.
- THOMPSON—HASTEWELL—Dorothy Trobe Thompson to William Arthur Hastewell, June 15th, 1935.
- ROTH—HOUNAM—Dorothy Roth to Graham Hounam, June 17th, 1935.
- BARRON—BRAITHWAITE—Margaret Scott Barron to George Hildrer Braithwaite, June 20th, 1935.
- MCCRIRICK—MILICAN—Eva McCririck to Alfred Joseph Millican, June 24th, 1935.
- BROWN—RANDLE—Alice Dodds Brown to Edwin Noel Randle, July 27th, 1935.
- JOHNSON—AUSTIN—Irene Johnson to Arthur Stothard Austin, July 27th, 1935.
- JOHNSON—ELLIS—Evelyn Johnson to Albert Goodall Ellis, July 27th, 1935.
- JOHNSON—STONES—Marion Adelaide Johnson to D. E. Stones, July 19th, 1935.
- SCOTT—WILSON—Gladys Scott to Lewis Wilson, July 1st, 1935.
- WILKINSON—EJEWENS—Gwenyth Wilkinson to Jean Christian Ejewens, July 27th, 1935.
- AIRD—ARMSTRONG—Evelyn Aird to Joseph Gordon Armstrong, August 5th, 1935.
- ARNISON—THOMPSON—Marguerite Greta Arnison to Norman V. L. Thompson, August 2nd, 1935.
- BAILLES—JONES—Betty Bailles to Robert Jones, August 16th, 1935.
- HOWISON—REA—Bertha Howison to Gordon Rea, August 17th, 1935.
- FRATT—BULLMAN—Doris Fratt to Herbert W. Bullman, August 17th, 1935.
- KNAPPER—LOXSDALE—Winifred Knapper to Edward Lonsdale, September 28th, 1935.

Marrriages.—continued.

- PRETTY—METCALF—Mary Elizabeth Pretty to Robert W. H. Metcalfe, September 14th, 1935.
- MACLAUCHLAN—STOEL—Margaret MacLauchlan to James Steel, September 3rd, 1935.
- VEITCH—LEE—Dorothy Veitch to John Edward Lee, September 19th, 1935.
- SCOTT—GRAHAM—Joan Scott to Norman Hamilton Graham, October 3rd, 1935.

Births.

- To Mr. and Mrs. Warriner (Edith Scriven), on December 22nd, 1934, a daughter.
- To Mr. and Mrs. S. King (Agnes C. MacIndoe), on January 31st, 1935, a daughter.
- To Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Gibson (Mary Byfield), on February 2nd, 1935, a daughter.
- To Mr. and Mrs. K. McKenzie (Marguerite Barclay), on February 1st, 1935, a son.
- To Mr. and Mrs. Peitch (Elsie Weatherall), on February 23rd, 1935, a daughter.
- To Mr. and Mrs. L. Jones (Alice Carter), on March 18th, 1935, a son.
- To Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Davidson (Elsie Draper), on April 17th, 1935, a daughter.
- To Mr. and Mrs. H. Baxter (Betty Dabner), on May 3rd, 1935, a daughter.
- To Mr. and Mrs. Byers (Irene Scott), in June, 1935, a daughter.
- To Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hudson (Florence Wilson), in June, 1935, a son.
- To Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Turnbull (Marianne Deans), on June 20th, 1935, a daughter.
- To Mr. and Mrs. F. Hunter (Marion Richardson), on September 9th, 1935, a son.
- To Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Parker (Phyllis Heckels), on September 12th, 1935, a daughter.
- To Mr. and Mrs. W. P. West (Lilian Senior), on September 19th, 1935, a son.
- To Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Dodds (Kathleen Laws), on November 2nd, 1935, a son.
- To Mr. and Mrs. J. D. McBain (Elma Neilson), on November 16th, 1935, a son.
- To Mr. and Mrs. Norman Figg (Lily Waite), on December 7th, 1935, a son.

In Memoriam.

ISABEL WAGGOTT, (Mrs. King), April, 1935.

ANNIE A. McLENNAN, (Mrs. Bathgate), September, 1935.

The Guild of Old Bedans.

My dear Old Bedans,

I have completed my term of office as Chairman of your Guild of Old Bedans.

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking, first, the committees with whom I have worked, for their enthusiasms and loyalty towards any plan which promoted social well-being in the Guild and then Miss Shearer, our Hon. Secretary and Treasurer. It is owing to her incessant care that our Guild funds are in such a flourishing condition that we have been enabled annually to make charitable contributions to the Social Service Club and others. Miss Shearer's services as Secretary to the Guild are so constantly and quietly performed that we are apt to take them for granted. I myself feel deeply indebted to her for her help during my two years of office.

Those of you who attended the Annual Business Meeting in September will pardon this repetition. "In the last two years we have made Guild history. We have welcomed a new President in Miss Moul. We have created a Vice-Presidency to be held by Miss Boon, our first President and now our first Vice-President. We have married off our Assistant Secretary; and we have enjoyed a really hot summery day for our annual summer meeting."

Those of us who attended the several social gatherings of the Guild know how thoroughly hearty and joyous they were. I could only wish that more of you might have come to join in the fun.

I nervously followed two excellent Chairmen, and now I cheerfully give up the Chair to my successor, Alice Munro, knowing that she has both pleasure and interest ahead.

May I close with this wish to the Guild, "May it continue to flourish!"

Yours faithfully,

MINNIE F. McMILLAN.

Information and Notices.

Officials and Committee for 1935-1936.

President	- - - - -	MISS MOUL.
Chairman	- - - - -	ALICE MUNRO.
Vice-Presidents	{	MISS BOON.
		MRS. STANSFIELD RICHARDSON.
Vice-Chairman	- - - - -	MOLLIE HINKLEY.
Joint Secretary and Treasurer	- - } - - - -	E. R. SHEARER (Staff).
Assistant Secretary	- - - - -	EDITH LOCKEY.

Committee:—

MINNIE McMILLAN (Retiring Chairman), D. E. BIRCHALL (Staff), WINIFRED GIBSON, L. A. HUTCHINSON (Staff), IVY LOCKEY, CATHERINE MALLEN, HILDA UDALE, MARGERY WADE.

Members who were unable to be present at the Winter Re-Union will be glad to know that Mrs. Stansfield Richardson has kindly consented to become a Vice-President of our Guild and, further has expressed her wish to become a Life Member. We all know what a good friend Mrs. Richardson has been to Bede Girls' School and we are pleased and honoured to have her associated with us in this way.

At the present moment the Guild of Old Bedans has a membership of 389 made up of 1 Honorary Member, 23 Life 361 Annual and 4 Associate Members. There are in addition 37 members who have not intimated their wish to resign, but who have not so far paid their subscription for 1934-35. Twenty resigned in the course of the year, and there are 50 new members, whose names will be found on page 63.

The Annual Subscription of 2/6 falls due on September 1st every year, and should be paid as soon as possible after that date. Any Old Bedan who wishes to resign her membership should intimate the fact to the Secretary in writing, not later than the Annual Business Meeting in September; otherwise much unnecessary trouble and expense are incurred.

Members who have not yet paid their subscription for 1935-36 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 their 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 Syn-copators, will be held in Wetherell's Rooms on January 23rd, and there will be a Dinner, which Old Girls, members or not, are invited to attend—in the Palatine Hotel, on February 26th. 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 1934 were won by Phyllis Tennant, Form Upper VI, and by Joan Hoey, Form Upper IVa. This year's results appear else-where. Ness House again won the Old Bedans' Trophy for Progress, while the Guild's School Prize, awarded in 1935 for the first time, was won by Alice Lawther, for good work in School Certificate Examinations and Services to the School. School.

Mr. Blyth has kindly audited our accounts for us again; we thank him for giving us of his time.

N. B.—The Secretary begs all members to make a point of letting her know whether or not they intend to be present at meetings, as the difficulties of catering in any other circumstances are insuperable.

Anyone who would like further information about the Guild and its activities is invited to communicate with the Secretary,

E. R. SHEARER,

Bede Collegiate Girls' School.

Meetings.

THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY, OCTOBER 31st, 1934.

- | | |
|----------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. Hallowe'en Reception. | 9. Peeps into the Future. |
| 2. Bob-Apple and Ban-Bites | (a.) The Race of Life. |
| 3. Jig-saw. | (b.) The Danger Zone. |
| 4. Ghost Story. | (c.) The Oracle. |
| 5. Owls and Howls. | 10. Monkey-nuts and Melodies |
| 6. Supper. | 11. Wrapt in Mystery. |
| 7. Hallowe'en Elimination | 12. Broom Stick. |
| Dance. | 13. Auld Lang Syne. |
| 8. Cheshire Cat Contest. | |

Such were our plays! At the door we were met by a horrid spectre; we were lighted to the room by grinning ghost lanterns, and decorated as we entered it with artistic but fearsome emblems, which enabled us to find the

particular horde of Hallowe'en creatures, to which we belonged for the evening. With craning necks and strained muscles, we bit at tantalising buns; we bobbed for apples; we pieced together Hallowe'en jig-saws, and our successes were rewarded with Lollipops; "We looked into the future;" we sipped under the eyes of owls and pirates, turnip and pumpkin faces, cats and witches. Even the cakes bore ominous figures, and the very oranges leered, while by our plates were mystic symbols, which we found later led to further glimpses into the days to come, when we discovered the "key" in the party-room. Nor was that enough!—

" Spirit! Answer ere you go!
 Questing mortals seek to know
 What life holds of weal or woe!"

uttered a sepulchral voice in the blackness of our Hallowe'en circle, sending a shudder down our spines. But the shudder was mild compared to our feelings when the mysterious light of the witch herself darted upon us, and we were told:

" Dread and dismal is your lot!
 You'll teach and teach until you rot!"

or our shrieking horror when, in the darkness, our fingers touched the horrid entrails of the victim of the hair-raising Ghost Story.

After all this contact with the weird, all these comunings with witches and their kin, they were breathless Bedans who found themselves at last safely outside

" On this night when witches fly
 In the black and windy sky."

SOCIAL MEETING, DECEMBER 5th, 1934.

Of the four hundred Old Bedans invited to this party, fewer than forty came, but these had a very jolly time. Members were especially pleased to have Miss Boon there, and the small catering committee was grateful for her help before the meeting.

The original intention had been to have Community Singing, but on looking at us, our Musicians decided that games were more in our line; so games we had! Later, Madge Gray brought some friends and presented an entertaining mime, while Janie Witten gave several recitations in character. These were all much enjoyed. After this Miss Moul thanked the entertainers and gave a short talk on her impressions of Sunderland. After a sociable little supper, arranged on this occasion by a few hard-working members of committee, the company went home at 9-15.

THE FIFTH ANNUAL DANCE, DECEMBER 28th, 1934.

The date of the Dance, chosen as an experiment between Christmas and New Year, proved to be popular, and, the Dance was a very successful and pleasant function.

Miss Boon and Minnie McMillan received the guests, and Mr. Udale acted as M.C. Bell's Frisco Syncopators provided the music; the lighting effects were appreciated and the extempore playing and singing of our versatile Mary Mackintosh in the intervals added to the enjoyment and gaiety of the evening.

THE BRIDGE AND WHIST DRIVE, FEBRUARY 20th, 1935.

The Bridge and Whist Drive was arranged for members and their friends. A pleasant evening was spent, although the company was small. About nine o'clock, both sets of players met in the library where supper was laid. After this, play was resumed until about 10-30, when prizes were presented by Minnie McMillan. Miss Boon was present for a short time as a guest.

THE SUMMER MEETING, JULY 10th, 1935.

The most remarkable feature of this meeting was the weather. Miss Moul and Minnie McMillan received the guests of whom there were seventy-three. After a pleasant friendly tea in the Library, the company went outside and amused itself, chiefly in conversation with friends. It was a lovely day and too hot for games, but the guests enjoyed the garden and grounds and the summer air, and dispersed reluctantly soon after seven o'clock.

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING, SEPTEMBER 25th, 1935.

About 60 members were present at the eighth Annual Business Meeting. The Minutes were taken as read, but at the request of the meeting, the Secretary gave a digest of these, and THE SECRETARY'S and THE TREASURER'S REPORTS were read and adopted. The gist of the Secretary's report appears in various places in this BEDAN. The Treasurer reported a balance on the year's working of £21 13s. 10½d., which, however, included the profits on the dance, two life subscriptions and two advance subscriptions. The Balance Sheet appears on page 64.

After announcing the Office-Bearers and Committee for the new year, the Retiring Chairman, Minnie McMillan, addressed the meeting. Her message appears on page 50.

A vote of thanks, proposed by Miss Hutchinson, and seconded by Winnie Gibson, was accorded her for her work for the Guild. From this point the new Chairman, Alice Munro, conducted the meeting. She was proud, she said, to join the great company of "M's" who had been Chairmen—Mallen, Mackintosh, McMillan—appreciated the flourishing condition in which she found the Guild—and hoped that her successor would find it no less flourishing.

Reports were next given on the Loan and Scholarship Fund, and the Various Branch Clubs. These appear elsewhere.

The next item on the Agenda was the Disposal of the Guild Funds, and the following allocations were made:—

£1 1s. 0d. to the Editors of Bedan for prizes.

£1 1s. 0d. to the School "for a prize in some subject for which no prize already exists."

£10 2s. 2d. (the profits of the Dance) to the Social Service Club for its work among present Bedans.

and £4 4s. 0d. to the Guild of Help.

With regard to the Winter Programme it was agreed to hold the Winter Re-Union on November 13th, to have a Dance and later a Dinner. This concluded the business.

OLD BEDANS' LOAN AND SCHOLARSHIP FUND.

The Committee for the year 1934-35 consisted of Miss Moul (Headmistress), Miss Hutchinson (Sixth Form Mistress), Miss Shearer (Staff Representative), Miss Mallen (Old Bedans' Representative) and Miss Birchall (Treasurer).

This year there were only three applications for help. Three sums of ten pounds were lent and some money is still available.

In January, £50, made up of unused interest and returned loans, was invested. The fund now has a capital of £1050, the interest on which is £49 5s. 0d. per annum.

D. E. BIRCHALL, (TREASURER.)

BEDS COLLEGIATE GIRLS' SCHOOL.

Guild of Old Bedans' Singing Club

Only eight meetings of the club were held during last winter season. This was due to the dates of the Hallowe'en Party and musical concerts in the town coinciding with those fixed for meetings. We offer our sincere thanks to Miss

Hutchinson our conductor, Miss Ewart our accompanist, to the two Bedans who played for us during Miss Ewart's illness and to all those who so willingly lend us copies of music.

And now—where are all the old Bedans who simply loved the singing lessons? Try to come along some Wednesday! Take a peep now at your Calendar of Events, and decide on the date!

MARY MACKINTOSH (Secretary),

19, Co-operative Terrace.

GUILD OF OLD BEDANS' SOCIAL SERVICE CLUB.

The number of members this year is 84,—a slight increase on last year's membership.

The interests of the Club are two-fold;—(a) External,—the work done for the outside world, and (b) internal,—the work done among present Bedans.

(a) EXTERNAL.—We have had two collections of clothing new and second-hand and we spent £5 on garments for children. We had a fair number of appeals from members of the Guild who come in contact with needy cases, and we sent 12 parcels of clothing to schools, 5 to other institutions, and 3 to private cases. We had two parties,—one at Christmas, when, in the Jeffery Hall, kindly lent us by the Rev. S. Landrith, we entertained 100 little boys and girls from Thomas Street Schools to tea and a conjurer's entertainment,—and the other in the Summer, when we invited 100 girls from James William Street and the Moor Schools to a picnic in the School grounds. For all these we needed money, and this was raised by donations, subscriptions and a very successful Bridge and Whist Drive.

For some years now, some of our members have been running a Junior Club in the East End of the town, under the auspices of the British Federation of University Women. We had thought of taking this Club over, and of being entirely responsible for it, finances and all, but, although we had offers of help from a few more members, we decided that the time for this was not yet ripe.

(b) INTERNAL.—It will probably surprise Old Bedans to realise how very much the School has changed since their day. Many of our present girls have fathers who are unemployed, and who are struggling to give their children a chance. We have tried to help these. For this purpose we have spent £15 5s. 8½d., most of which was a grant from the Guild and the rest taken from the general fund of the club. With it we have provided 200 dinners, 1,242 bottles of milk, help with



Yin Yang lei (in the distance) (in the distance)

books, fees, bus fares, clothing and equipment. May we make an appeal here? It is very hard to find out the REALLY needy people, and we should be very grateful if any Old Bedan who knows of girls who really need help would give us information regarding them.

We should like to say here how much we, as a Committee, appreciate our members' generous and ready response to our appeals, and to thank the Guild for its monetary support. We are also grateful to a few outsiders whose kindly and practical interest has helped us greatly, to those who wish to remain anonymous and have sent generous donations, and to the "Old Bedan" who has "adopted" one present Bedan, whose future school life should now be free from worry.

We welcome new members at any time. The Annual Subscription is 6d. to cover postage and stationery. When you become a member, you give an unwritten promise to send in annually one new garment for a child, and undertake to consider, but not necessarily to support, any appeal made by the Club.

ELSIE WILSON, 102, Ewesley Road.

ETHEL TATE, Cliftonville, Barnes View.

Joint Secretaries.

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

School Representative.

NETBALL CLUB.

We had a very happy and successful season. Unfortunately the weather did not favour us and several of our matches had to be cancelled.

As a result of winning the County tournament, we represented Durham County in two matches against Northumberland, and one against Lancashire. We are very sorry that we were unsuccessful in these matches, but lack of practice brought about our defeat. We won the tournament again this year, and are very hopeful of bringing some victories to Durham County.

We should like to thank Miss Moul for so kindly allowing us to use the school and the pitch for our home matches.

New members are always very welcome. We play on Saturday afternoons and the subscription is 3/6. Anyone desiring to join should apply to our captain:—

ELIZABETH ROSS, 2, Stratford Avenue,

Sunderland.

Guild of Old Bedans' Hockey Club.

The 1934-35 hockey season was notable for two things—the frequency with which rain and snow, and sometimes both, fell in large quantities on Saturdays and the fact that the "O.B.'s" reached the final of the second County tournament. Despite the bad weather, however, we managed to get successfully through most of a full fixture list from September to April.

We played on our usual pitch at Spark's Farm and, as before, dispensed hospitality to visiting teams in our converted tram car.

As the subscription of 7/6 can never possibly cover the many expenses of running a hockey club, we have held several whist drives among members in their homes which have been alike hilarious and financially successful, thus enabling us to remain solvent.

Perhaps from these notes Guild members will have gathered that it takes more than bad weather plus mounting expenses to dash our spirits and they will be tempted to join us. We hope they will do so and they may be sure of a warm welcome.

W. GRAHAM, (Hon. Secretary).
20, Mount Road East.

The Guild of Old Bedans' Badminton Club.

The Badminton Club had another successful season. We played a few matches with the Guild Hockey Club and the Mistresses' Club; we had also two knock-out tournaments with the Old Bedan Boys' Badminton Club. We feel that we have many advantages over outside clubs, for we have certainly the best hall in the town for play, and we are able to run the club very economically. The subscription is 7/6, we have room for a few new members, and if anyone is thinking of joining she should write to the Secretary.

ELEANOR GARROWAY,
16, Clifton Road, Roker.

Notes on Old Bedans.

First of all we may thank publicly those few kind Bedans who help us to compile these notes by sending authentic information? We only wish there were more of them.

Our Vice-President, Miss Boon, left Sunderland in May to make her home in London and has, since then, been on a

visit to America from where she has just returned. We send her our good wishes for her real settling-in.

All our last year's Prefects are at College now except Gladys Shewan, who has begun a secretarial training. End Bagley, Hannah Cohen, Phyllis Heilpern and Phyllis Tennant are studying at Armstrong College, and Eva Maccoby at Newnham, where she holds a state scholarship. Brenda Scott, Gwen Donald, Lily English, Peggy Birch and Jean Kerr are at Sanderland Training College and Dorothy Grierson at St. Hild's, Durham.

Of other girls who left school last year, some five or six have been taken on by Messrs. Boots, for the period of the Christmas rush, and two have given voluntary help at the Nursery School. A few, more fortunate, have got permanent appointments. Helen Thompson, for instance, is a demonstrator with the Sanderland Electricity Undertaking while Ellen Shice is a Junior Assistant with the same Company. Vera Clark has a post in Blakett's Millinery Showroom, and Elsie Cowell one at Book's. The majority, however, and all the Student-Teachers, are equipping themselves further for their future work.

Again this year, several Old Bedans have been appointed to posts in Elementary Schools in the town, while Mary Howitt has become a headmistress. Jean Wayman is now headmistress of a new Senior Girls' School in Bridlington. Winifred Talbot is Mathematical Mistress in a school at St. Helens, and Amy Hussey has a post in the Preparatory Department of the High School here. Eleanor Wilson has been appointed to a new Central School near Birmingham, and after two busy but interesting years at Stockwell Training College, Kathleen Watson has gained the London University Teachers' Certificate and is now teaching in Maidenhead. Two Old Bedans have been back with us temporarily—Hilda Johnson and Isabel Lundy. Doris Taylor and Muriel Jeffery have now received the degree of M.A. Muriel, who left us some considerable time ago, writes most appreciatively of Bede School and especially of her English lessons. She has gone, she tells us, to a new post at Bangor Collegiate School, Northern Ireland.

Speaking of teaching leads us to think of Education Week and the many Old Bedans concerned in it. Because they know our profession, they will not fear that we are being sarcastic when we say that there must have been many a Bedan Thanksgiving breathed for the morning of Sunday, October 13th.

Margaret Robinson has been released from her post in Beans' and gone to Sunderland Training College to study there.

Margaret Turner (the second*) is now Senior Assistant in Bebington Public Library near Birkenhead; she writes with pleasure of her new work. Kathleen Tansley goes in January to be Head of the Children's Library, Doncaster. Christina Hartness, who has, for the past year, been a part-time assistant in the Public Library here, is now also doing a half-day's work in our School Library. We are as glad to have her as we know she is to be back.

From time to time we read of the success, in typists' and shorthand-writers' examinations, of the many Bedans who are now studying at one or other of the local Commercial Schools; we congratulate them and wish that they may soon have good posts.

Jennie Arthur is working at Oswald Davidson's, Annie Maddison, Edna Riseborough, and Peggy Duffy at Binns'; Irene Halliday is a clerk at Vanity Fair Toffee Works, Elsie Batty at the Goods Station, Lillian Wayman at Strother's, Mary Leonard at the Avery Machine Warehouse, Joan Squires at Blackett's, Edna Talbot in a lawyer's office and Mollie Emmerson at the Pyrex Works. Margaret Holmes is receptionist to a doctor and Betty Ritch to a dentist.

Laura Manning has been awarded a Scholarship by Messrs. Pitman, which entitles her to a complete business training in London, and a maintenance grant.

Nancy Trewitt has a post at the Labour Exchange (Juvenile Branch).

Olive Sopp is training as a nurse in the Babies' Hospital near Birmingham, from which Eileen Cowan has now gone on to the London Hospital. Merle Colling, Winnie Fulton and Jessie Ridley are nursing at the Royal Victoria Infirmary, Newcastle, and May Parvis at Seaham Hall Sanatorium.

Mollie MacNaught passed the Apothecaries' Hall Examination last Christmas.

Dorothy Garraway is Assistant Matron at Mansfield General Hospital.

In addition to her Domestic Science and Needlework teaching in a London School, Mary Robertson is at present responsible for providing hot lunches for a hundred children daily. She has met Jean Rogers, who in her turn, writes that she sees Mary Thurlbeck (the first*) from time to time.

Ethel Summerbell is Sunderland's new Mayoress, an office which was sometimes filled by Sybil Brown, when she deputised for her step-mother, the late Mrs. E. H. Brown, during her father's mayoralty two years ago.

Nellie Blacklock (Mrs Hedley) is the new Chairman of the Governors of the School. Marion Proom is now back to her old post in Sunderland after a happy "exchange" year in

Canada. She spent Christmas with Marjorie Cowey (Mrs. Snowball) in Trill, British Columbia. Jennie Alexander has resigned her post in Sunderland and gone to Southport where she can make use of her music.

A number of our members have recently changed their homes. Margaret Rogers (Mrs. Wilson) goes shortly to live in London. Betty Senior is teaching in Kent, at Biggin Hill, where her sister, Nora, won the tennis cup at the local club, while Lillian (Mrs. West) has been home from Canada and was much interested to be brought up to date in Bede news by recent Bedan visitors. Dorothy Gibson (Mrs. Richardson) has gone to Singapore with her two little boys. Muriel Bruce (Mrs. Anderson) has removed from Manchester to Glasgow, and all her children now go to school there. "They say 'Scotland and England' here," says one of them, "but I'm going to put England first." Hannah Wright (Mrs. Tunn) is liking life in Brazil and writes very interestingly of all she finds new. "Our garden," she says, "is lovely just now. We hope to have grapes for Christmas. Oranges are finished for this season, but we have 'orange blossom'; if anybody should require any just let me know!"

Evelyn Johnson (Mrs. Ellis) is settling down to married life in Ballymoney and finding the people there friendly and hospitable. Winnie Dixon (Mrs. Simmons) too writes that she is very happy looking after her home and finds it interesting, especially the cooking.

In County sport we are well represented, for our Guild Netball Team is again the "County Team" for Durham; in Hockey, the Guild Team reached the final of the second County Tournament. Four Bedans are playing on the Durham County Hockey Team—Mary Mackintosh, Lena Thompson and Constance and Betty Fairgrieve. Betty played for the North last year and Kathleen Thompson, who plays for Northumberland, was a North reserve. Doreen Ward, in London, has got her place this season on the Civil Service Team which has County status.

Constance Fairgrieve won the women's singles championship of the Sunderland and District Badminton Association at the end of last season, and she also played on the junior County Tennis team.

The Secretary of the Guild Hockey Club tells us that our Hockey and Badminton Clubs have two annual matches at badminton, and that the Hockey Club wins every time! She suggests that there may be a moral here which some of us may care to point!

At the Sunderland School of Art, where, we discover, Edna Martin is Secretary, several of our old girls are

studying various branches of Arts or Crafts. Emily Anderson is a moving spirit there among their instructors, and it was she who invented, organised and staged the recent marionette play, of which, through the courtesy of the Principal, we had a private view. Suzanne Rae worked one of the puppets.

'Martha South' has written a book of children's plays, one of which was successfully produced last Easter by Cleethorpes Girls' Secondary School.

At the North of England Musical Tournament, Eta Cohen (the first*) won the Rowell Trophy for open solo playing (violin) and two silver medals in (a) the trio class (two violins and piano) and (b) the ensemble class (strings and piano).

Judith Cohen has taken over Marjorie Field's School of Dancing, in Sunderland.

Marjorie Field has a three year's contract with Sidney Carroll the London producer, and has appeared at the Open Air Theatre in Regent's Park, acting for the last week of the season as *Première danseuse*. Some of us saw her there in summer in *Midsummer Night's Dream* and in *Ballet*, and we understand she is shortly to have a young girl's part in a forth-coming west-end production.

A few of us had the pleasure of meeting Miss Mesnard recently, and we found her quite unchanged after all these years. As young as ever was she in spirit, as mischievous and as penetrating in judgment. It taxed our quickest wits to the utmost to keep up with her, and then we came off second best! We wish her congenial companionship and much happiness.

Among our New Members you will find a very new "Old Bedan" who has persuaded her mother to join the Guild along with her. Other Bedans—past and present—go ye "and do likewise"!

* See last year's Bedan.

E. R. S.

Bedan Verse Competition, 1935.

General Report. Senior Division.

The most striking feature of the poems submitted was the excellent level of craftsmanship displayed. Sonnet form, stanza form, metre, rhyme and assonance were technically very good. The content of the poems, except that of the winning sonnet, was rather disappointing, and since they were mostly songs of praise, a more varied or lighter lyrical form would have fitted them better than the forms selected. There was no doubt about the winning poem,—a sonnet by Doris Miller; in poetical quality it was much the best. The only poem that approached it in lyrical feeling was the one by Nancy Adamson, but it unfortunately failed in its last lines.

The poems in the Junior Section provided much more variety than those in the Senior Section, and were much more difficult to judge. There was no outstanding poem, but there were several original and amusing versions that promise well for the future.

MARTHA SOUTH.

New Members of the Guild since December, 1934.

* Associate Members. † Life Member.

- Adey, Emily, 24, Hunter Terrace, Sunderland.
 Anderson, Minnie, 4, Cairns Road, Fulwell, Sunderland.
 Bagley, Esid, 10, Belford Terrace, Sunderland.
 Batty, Elsie, 51, Marshall Street, Fulwell, Sunderland.
 Behram, Miriam, 5, Asalea Terrace North, Sunderland.
 Birch, Peggy, 170, Durham Road, Sunderland.
 Booth, Emily (Mrs. Durrant), 45, Silksworth Lane, Sunderland.
 Boundy, Doris, Bonanza, Herrington Burs, Philadelphia, Co. Durham.
 Clark, Vera, 26, Percy Terrace, Sunderland.
 Cohen, Hannah, Pardess, Beresford Park, Sunderland.
 Cowell, Elsie, 10, The Green, Southwick, Sunderland.
 Davidson, Peggy, 25, Newbottle Street, Houghton-le-Spring, Co. Durham.
 Donald, Gwen, 63, Chatsworth Street South, Sunderland.
 *Dunnett, Lorna, 10, Weldon Avenue, Sunderland.
 Durrant, Emily, 45, Silksworth Lane, Sunderland.
 Elliott, Joyce, 48, Estrick Grove, Sunderland.
 English, Lily, 32, Eastfield Street, Sunderland.
 *Gillis, Betty, 14, Thornhill Park, Sunderland.
 *Gillow, Lorna, 17, Belle Vue Park, Sunderland.
 †Grierson, Dorothy, 2, Valebrooke Gardens, Sunderland.
 Hartness, Christina, 107, Broadsheath Terrace, South, Sunderland.
 Heilpern, Phyllis, 46, Ormsode Street, Sunderland.
 Hindmarch, Marjorie, 9, Leamington Street, Sunderland.
 *Johnston, Rose, 94, Sorley Street, Sunderland.
 Kerr, Jean, 26, Rosedale Terrace, Fulwell, Sunderland.
 Kirby, Mollie, 2, Erith Terrace, Sunderland.
 †Knot, Elizabeth, 54, General Graham Street, Sunderland.
 Lamb, Joan, Dene Villa, Hetton-le-Hole, Co. Durham.
 Lodge, Phyllis, 5, Beechwood Terrace, Sunderland.
 Maccoby, Eva, 8, Lorne Terrace, Sunderland.
 Maddison, Annie, 18, Albany Street, Monkwearmouth, Sunderland.
 Manning, Laura, 13, Nelson Street, Southwick, Sunderland.
 McCree, Lilian, 45, Croft Avenue, Sunderland.
 Metcalf, Brenda, 114, Argyle Street, Hebburn-on-Tyne.
 Morrison, Marion, 3, Thornhill Gardens, Sunderland.
 Phaup, Olga, 9, Westholme Terrace, Sunderland.
 †Richardson, Mrs. Stanfield, Thornholme, Tunstall Road, Sunderland.
 Scott, Brenda, 25, Ivanhoe Crescent, Sunderland.
 Sherman, Gladys, 601, Bright Street, Sunderland.
 Shiel, Ellen, 2, North Hylton Road, Sunderland.
 Squires, Joan, 2, Nesburn Road, Sunderland.
 Southouse, Eva, 96, Sorley Street, Sunderland.
 Summers, Harriet, 42, Westburn Terrace, Roker, Sunderland.
 Tennant, Phyllis, 9, Primrose Crescent, Fulwell, Sunderland.
 Thompson, Helen, 1, Westworth Terrace, Sunderland.
 Turner, Nell, Loudonerry Road, Seaham Harbour, Co. Durham.

New Members—Continued.

Wakinshaw, Winifred, 10, Wear Street, Sunderland.
 Wigham, Beatrice, 17, Railway Terrace, Hylton, Co. Durham.
 Winberg, Miriam, 11, The Oaks West, Sunderland.
 Youll, Mollie, 4, Ashmore Terrace, Sunderland.

Deborah Crombie and Laura Crombie have become Life Members.

Guild of Old Bedans' Statement of Accounts.

(A) BALANCE SHEET FOR YEAR—FROM SEPTEMBER 1ST, 1934, TO AUGUST 31ST, 1935.

RECEIPTS. £ s. d.		EXPENDITURE. £ s. d.	
Subscriptions—		Printing and Stationery..	6 4 6
2 New Life Subscriptions		Postage	5 10 10
at £2/6	4 4 0	Cost of Meetings—	
42 New Annual Subscrip-		Business Meeting,	
tions at 2/6	5 5 0	September 26, 1934	0 2 6
6 Associate Subscriptions		Social Meeting,	
at 1/-	0 6 0	December 5, 1934..	1 10 9
40 Arrears at 2/6	5 15 0	Whist & Bridge Drive,	
2 Subscriptions at 15/-..	1 10 0	February 20, 1935	0 0 11½
267 Renewed Subscrip-		Summer Meeting,	
tions at 2/6	33 7 6	July 10, 1935 ..	1 19 0
Interest—		Gifts—	
(a) On Deposit Account..	0 1 9	Prize (Annual) to School	1 1 0
(b) On War Stock	1 13 10	Prizes for Bedan Com-	
Sale of Biscuits	0 1 8	petitions	1 1 0
Balance from Halloween		To Guild of Old Bedans'	
Party, Oct. 31st, 1934.	1 19 0	Social Service Club	14 11 6
Profits on Dance, Dec. 28/34	10 2 2	Balance	10 10 0
		Balance on Year's Work-	
		ing	21 18 10½
		Total	<u>464 5 11</u>
Total	<u>464 5 11</u>		

(B) TOTAL FUNDS ON AUGUST, 31ST, 1935.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Balance on Aug. 31, 1934	104 0 7	Made up as follows—	
Balance on Year's Work-		3½% War Loan, 1929-47..	48 7 2
ing, including Interest		Balance in Bank—	
on Deposit Account		(a) Deposit Account ..	11 6 1
and War Loan	21 13 10½	(b) Current Account ..	66 0 3
		Balance in Cash in Hand	0 0 11½
Total	<u>4125 14 5½</u>	Total	<u>4125 14 5½</u>

E. R. SHARPE (Hon. Treas.), Sunderland, September 20th, 1935.

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

September 23rd, 1935.

THOS. H. BLYTH, Auditor.

