



THE BEDAN,

DECEMBER, 1941.

FOREWORD.

Dear Bedans,

We have spent a normal year in our own premises. A full programme of work has been followed. We have added Physics for the good mathematician and Spanish for some good language pupils. Both additions will benefit post-certificate work. Although there are thirty Sixth-formers, I shall not be satisfied until there are nearer twice that number, a not impossible total for a big school when it awakens to the advantages of higher education. Except for Music and P.T. every school subject can now be taught in the Sixth to principal standard. We have pupils who have been fired with enthusiasm for both exceptions, but the lack of financial support for their study in the Universities makes our pursuit of them in school a hazardous venture. When will we grow out of the error of thinking that cultural subjects are soft options!

Our results are excellent. Five Higher Certificates, 100% success, fifty-three School Certificates, 90% success, and twenty-one other entrants who succeeded in various subjects make a proud record. In addition, Doris Lawson won an Open Entrance Scholarship in Classics to Hull University.

The P.T.A., now happily reformed, are busy with generous schemes. Regional secretaries and officers are appointed for bringing Bede families together, for collecting National Savings, and for familiarising with the plan of the Bede Scholarship Scheme those parents who are still unaware of it. Mr. H. V. Standford has accustomed us to going to his home, 31, Farnham Terrace, even in the deepest black-out, and wonderfully well the whole committee is pulling together. Mr. Adamson is as generous as wily in winning our support for his social activities. The School is grateful to the P.T.A. for its services, the women members not least.

School hours during the winter months are altered to meet black-out needs. This necessitates a short dinner-hour. More than three hundred girls and as many boys stay to a 5d. lunch which is the envy of British Restaurants. Miss Dunn, our Superintendent, is the presiding genius.

A valuable document has appeared at Bede. It is the log book of the School's Fire-Watchers. The whole staff has volunteered for fire-watching, and a few of the senior girls. We have twelve-hour shifts, a no mean task. So far we have had no help from the Pool even when members are absent through illness, but this uneconomic use of generous women is too indefensible to be indefinitely continued. The log-book records such events as, "No incidents to report except visit of hedgehog!" and "Heavy gunfire. Building patrolled. Raiders passed." Rumour has it that some on duty could hardly tear themselves away from the spectacle of a trial invasion. We shall have to bury in some safe place our gas-masks and steel helmets, our stirrup-pumps and demolition and fire-fighting apparatus, so that Bedans of 2041 A.D. may estimate aright the services of the staff in The Last (?) World War. Our sea-evacuee's story has yet to be published. Some of our girls, like Brenda Hudspith and Ruth Wilson, have made happy homes in U.S.A. and Australia. All these tales, and our own history during and after evacuation, will one day make interesting reading.

Our activities are only little curtailed. We still have our Choir, a gramophone class, recorder classes, senior dancing, and there are eight junior and six senior netball teams and four junior and four senior hockey teams, many rounders and tennis teams in season, the whole school swimming after Whitsun, a rather anæmic debating society, a French

circle, the Sketch Club, and the Modern Events' Club. We are hoping to produce our own plays, and in the meantime welcomed the Pilgrim Players whose "England's Green" and "Murder in the Cathedral" were an inspiration and delight. We were able to use our hall for it is blacked-out in funereal black to a Government specification. Mr. Shoran Singha paid his periodical visit, this time to talk on Russia's influence on India. Miss Parkin, through the M.O.I., secured Miss Jacob to give us a sympathetic talk on Italy and the Italians.

Family reasons caused Miss H. Barnshaw to leave us. Her entire experience of the Bede School was limited to our evacuation year in Richmond and to the few girls left there after our return. We had no sooner learned to appreciate her gentle friendly helpfulness than she was summoned home. She is very happy in a boys' school where she is teaching senior Physics and Maths. We have managed to find her successor who, however, comes to us only after Christmas. We have been the whole term without a Maths, Geography teacher. Nevertheless, the normal time-table has been followed through the generous co-operation of other members of the staff, some of whom have had not one free period for marking.

Miss M. E. Haggart left us last Christmas. After some time at home she went to a boys' school where she is very happy. I came recently on a report on school business written by Miss Haggart and her vivid personality flashed upon my recollection. It is not possible to prevent change and useless to regret it. We wish all our past colleagues the very best in life. We have nothing but gratitude for their good services.

Miss D. Taylor, an ex-Bedan, has come in Miss Haggart's place. We welcome her, and wish her well, particularly in her new charge of the Spanish of the School. Miss D. Harding has taken Miss Barnshaw's place. She became one with the school in record time and has already given valuable service to Science and to the Guide Company of juniors of which she is the first captain. We now also formally welcome Miss B. E. Sharp, assistant Art mistress. We are looking forward to her puppet show, produced entirely by the juniors.

I thank, in conclusion, the parents for their help in trying times, especially for enabling their children to come so punctually and regularly to school, the girls for their obedience and their wonderful kindness and generosity, and every member of the staff, including the clerical staff, for quiet, effective work incomparably well done.

Yours sincerely,

WINIFRED J. E. MOUL.

Silver Lining.

We sent our annual subscription of £25 for the upkeep of "Our Cot" in the Children's Hospital. We did not need to send our usual donation to Grindon Convalescent Home as it is taken over for land-workers, but we supported the Infirmary Brick Scheme.

We much regret that we can no longer send comforts direct to our trawlers for which we worked quite hard last year. Now we must knit for the forces under the auspices of a recognised organisation, and this we are doing.

Offers to do knitting will be gladly received.

This term we are also taking an interest in the Free French Forces and girls have offered to knit comforts, to adopt French soldiers, and some kind parents have volunteered to give hospitality to homeless French soldiers on leave.

We also sold £10 worth of badges in aid of the French War Charities' Society.

Needlework Classes have given their usual help in sewing for the Children's Hospital.

The Christmas Seals in aid of the Tuberculosis Campaign are now being sold and the response is generous.

RECEIPTS.					£	s.	d.
Collections	36	8	2
EXPENDITURE.					£	s.	d.
" Our Cot "	25	0	0
Infirmery Brick Scheme	1	11	6
Wool for Forces Comforts	1	10	0
Postage for Trawler Parcels		8	3
Materials for Hospital Work		10	3½
					<u>£29</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>0½</u>

National Savings.

Since the Bedan was last published the National Savings Group has raised its average weekly contribution to the Nation's Savings from £3 to £20, and a total of nearly £1,000 has been invested in Savings Certificates and Defence Bonds. This increase is in a great measure due to the untiring efforts of the members of VH, who have collected the money week by week and superintended the dressing of our soldiers. We would like to congratulate these girls upon the results of their efforts.

Song of the Undressed Soldiers.

Seventeen soldiers of Bede,
For suitable clothing we plead;
Our looks most pathetic
Beg purse sympathetic
To open to monetary need.

Dressed in peculiar style!
Remember our plight, if you smile;
Caps, without boots on,
Shorts, but no suits on,
Depending on you all the while.

Seventeen soldiers of Bede,
From pity and ridicule freed;
Now uniforms splendid
Our troubles have ended:
Bedans have answered our need.

National Savings Poster Exhibitions.

During War Weapons Week members of the Sketch Club exhibited posters in the Art Gallery. Some of these were selected and forwarded to London, and two, those of Marjorie Telford and Beryl Johnson, were accepted and hung in the London Exhibition. We offer them our congratulations.

Musical Activities.—Recorders.

This year has not proved as eventful for the Recorder Class as the previous one.

During the summer term a concert was held in aid of the Red Cross, in which we provided an item in conjunction with a choir composed of III c. girls. Two songs, "Drink to Me Only" and "Loch Lomond" were sung, to which we played the descant.

There are still two classes held—one on Monday under Miss Thompson, and the other on Tuesday, conducted by Miss Briggs; Miss Abbot, too, is kindly helping by teaching the first form enthusiasts. In the senior class we are now able to play trios for two descant parts and a treble.

A treble recorder may be borrowed from Miss Thompson. Other girls are invited to purchase the smaller descant recorder, price 6s. 2d., and to join one of the classes. All are cordially invited to attend a Recorder Class, for we hope to make the coming year a successful one.

M. KIRKPATRICK	}	Vc.
D. MARTIN		
P. ARMSTRONG		

The Gramophone Class.

Every Friday at 1.15 p.m., a small group of girls make their way to the Music Room for the Gramophone Group, or, as it is more usually termed, "Records." The regular attendants consist mostly of girls taking music in School Certificate, although we would like to remind any girls interested that this class is open to any who would like to attend. The Records played to us are usually music of composers under study for School Certificate; but programmes vary from week to week. This class has now been in being for over a year, and we hope that future music girls will enjoy it as we do.

BRENDA RIDDLES, Vc.

The School Choir.

In the New Year, the Choir continued to practise the setting by Armstrong Gibbs of Tennyson's poem "The Lady of Shallott." We also studied Bach's chorale "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring," and the Welsh song "Troead y Droell" (The Whirling of the Spinning Wheel), arranged by Joseph Haydn. Our efforts were not in vain, for, besides the personal satisfaction gained, we also had the opportunity of rendering these pieces in a concert of music and dancing in aid of the Red Cross.

This term, when the Choir has been reinforced by many second formers, our efforts have been mostly engaged in learning carols, old and new, for the Christmas festivities. Also, much amusement has been gained by trying to sing, in true Australian fashion, the famous "Waltzing Matilda."

DOROTHY SINCLAIR, U. VI.

Le Cercle Français.

Mademoiselle Shearer et les sixième classes se sont réunies tous les quinze jours pour recommencer notre cercle Français. Nous avons lu la comédie de Maître Corbeau, et nous avons fait des causeries, en tirant au sort pour savoir sur quel sujet il fallait parler. Nous voudrions bien remercier Mademoiselle Littlehailes, qui nous a Prêté sa cuisine, où nos séances ont lieu.

NORMA CROZIER.

Debating Society.

This society took on a fresh lease of life in the summer term, under the direction of Gladys Garnsworthy and Nancy Utton. Attendance was irregular but many enjoyable meetings were held, sometimes in the form of open discussion rather than formal debate.

Subjects ranged from the questions of community feeding, digging for victory, and school uniform to propaganda and many current topics. Members found practice enabled them to overcome their first shyness. They will always find it useful to be able to express themselves clearly.

Vegetables!

One hundred and one gardeners continue to dig. Last year's allotment holders have enjoyed, or are enjoying, the profits of their labours. The garden adjudged the best in July was that worked by four First Form girls:—Ellen Cameron, Betty Clark, Lena Coates, and Mavis Craggs.

Hockey Report, 1940-41.

The greater part of the season was spent in building up new teams owing to the set-backs preventing their organization the previous season during evacuation. On the whole the teams settled down quickly but were handicapped, at the beginning of the season, by a complete lack of match experience. The 1st XI. suffered many disappointing defeats, but the 2nd XI. remained unbeaten in every match. Colours were awarded to Norma Crozier.

Junior Hockey team were selected in which, by the end of the season, were many promising players.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Abbot and Miss Collis for their help throughout the season — also all those who helped with the convening.

NORMA CROZIER.

	Matches Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Goals	
					For.	Against.
1st XI.	10	4	4	2	23	24
2nd XI.	5	3	0	2	13	5

Netball.

The Netball season 1940-1941 was, on the whole a successful season for the school teams. There were four senior and four junior teams, and much practice was needed after a year at Richmond, where, owing to the difficulty of obtaining courts and arranging fixtures, the teams did not get adequate practice.

Both Senior and Junior teams had practices twice a week, and matches were played at home and away. The first team players co-operated and reached a high standard of play, while the second team improved towards the end of the season. The third and fourth senior teams did not play in matches, but it is hoped that the practice and experience gained will help them to maintain the standard of the teams next season.

The first junior team had its first year of match play and the results were very good.

The members of the Netball teams wish to thank Miss Collis and Miss Abbot for the invaluable help and kind criticism given throughout the season, as well as Dorothy Bird and everyone who helped with refreshments when matches were played at school.

Netball Match Results.

Team.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Goals.	
					For.	Against.
1st VII.	7	4	3	0	112	97
2nd VII.	6	2	4	0	74	105

Colours were awarded to:—Nancy Frater, Elsie Long.

NANCY FRATER (Captain).

Rounders Report, 1941.

The Rounders season was quite successful this term. Six schools in the county were played and four of them were beaten. Both senior teams improved towards the end of the season, but there was room for still more improvement in the fielding. The Junior IX'S had more matches this term than in previous years. Some of the juniors were very promising and the experience gained in match play will prove a valuable asset to them when in senior teams.

All members of teams would like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Collis and Miss Abbott for their valuable coaching, and also Dorothy Bird and Roma Gibson who convened "at home" matches.

Rounders Match Results.

Team	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Rounders	
				For	Against.
1st IX	9	6	3	98	46
2nd IX	8	5	3	55	44
Junior 1st IX ...	7	4	3	37½	19½
Junior 2nd IX ...	5	4	1	42	8½

Colours were awarded to Doreen Turnbull.

DOROTHY WILSON (Captain).

Tennis Notes.

This summer the School was allowed to use the Barnes Park Hard Courts as the School grass courts have been swallowed up by the proposed extensions. As a result of regular form and team practices for the Seniors the standard of tennis showed an improvement by the end of the season, but a good deal of hard work is still necessary before the Bede can hope to compete with other schools on a really equal footing. For this reason the Tennis VI had rather a disappointing series of defeats, but the players must realise that they have gained greatly in experience, and with this behind them and promising new players to call upon to fill vacant places, they may look forward to greater success next year.

19th Sunderland Bede School Guide Company.

Our Company was formed on May 12th, 1941, with 20 recruits. We chose names of birds for our Patrols and have Skylarks, Robins, Kingfishers and Bullfinches. Captain organises games and other activities each week, together with Tenderfoot and 2nd Class work. During the summer months we met out of doors very often, and on July 14th we had a picnic tea followed by games on the top of Tunstall Hill. One fine Saturday we had an enjoyable walk to Hylton Woods, where we played games based on stalking and tracking.

Our meetings are usually from 4.30 p.m. to 6 p.m., but on account of the black-out we now begin at 3.30 till 4.50 p.m.

The most important event so far in the history of our Company was the enrolment of recruits. This took place on October 27th, and Lady Raine (Divisional Commissioner) kindly came to enrol the Guides. Miss Raine (District Commissioner) and Miss Bretherton (Divisional Secretary) were also present. The East Herrington Guides very kindly lent us their Colour Party and Colours for the ceremony, for which we were very grateful.

We have gradually added to our numbers and have now 30 Guides, but we invite more to join us if they wish to do so.

RITA GETTINGS, Bullfinch Patrol.

Guides.—19th A Company.

Our Guide Company has been in existence for two terms, and in that short time the Company is able to boast four Second Class Guides.

The majority of the Company were enrolled, at a recent enrolment service, by Lady Raine, and the ceremony was most impressive.

From suggestions of the Company, the Patrols took their names from those of flowers, and our five Patrols are now known as Honesty, Orchid, Rose, Pimpernel, and Shamrock Patrols. We hope soon to form a sixth Patrol.

The Guide Shield, awarded for best work and the largest number of points gained in games and inspection, was last term won by the Honesty Patrol.

At the end of last term we held a social to which each Guide invited a friend. All the Guides enjoyed the games organised by Captain and the Patrol Leaders.

The Guides are now engaged in producing a Shadow Play, which we hope to show at Christmas.

Our most grateful thanks are due to our Captain, Miss Harris, who has organised this Guide Company and has done a great deal of work which has ensured the smooth running of the Company.

BRENDA RIDDLES,
SHEILA ADAMSON,
MARIANNE ALLINSON,
MOIRA MAHONEY,
MARY KIRKPATRICK,

} Vc.

The Sketch Club Dance.

The War has put an end to most of the School's social functions. We were, however, able to manage a Sketch Club Dance towards the end of the Summer Term, taking advantage of the extended daylight.

The only "flaw" was the "floor." Having no ballroom polish we decided to use soap powder as a substitute. This, unfortunately, resulted in tears and sneezing! But it served its purpose, and also provided a fresh subject of conversation for those usually dependent upon "What a crowd there is here to-night."

Apart from the sneezing, everything went off even better than expected, and we must thank all those who contributed in any way to a most enjoyable evening, especially Miss French and Miss Sharp for their help and support, and the Juniors for the decorations, which were a source of great amusement.

ELSIE LYNN, Vc.

The Classical Society.

Since the War began the Classical Society has temporarily ceased to function as such, but in November, 1941, there was a happy revival of the Saturnalia. It was held on a Saturday afternoon and was attended by a large proportion of the School. We were pleased that Miss Moul and so many of the Staff were also able to be present to join in the fun.

Many girls came in Greek or Roman costume, and an imposing array of Roman deities (in the somewhat earthly persons of the Sixth Form) graced our gathering. We were, moreover, greatly honoured by a brief visit of the winged horse, Pegasus, which caused much merriment.

Miss Collis's Dancing Class gave a very delightful display of Greek dancing, which was greatly appreciated by everyone. The Sixth Form produced a charade comprising a number of scenes from classical legends, and culminating in the very amusing "Pyramus and Thisbe" episode from Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Not the least successful item on the programme was the "Cena," prepared, with admirable efficiency, by the Fourth Formers.

The proceedings wound up with a very jolly sing-song led by the Third Formers, who appeared as authentic Roman bards. We have now discovered that "If You were the Only Girl in the World" was probably an ancient Roman Love-song.

"Dulce est desipere in loco,"

SHEILA JOHNSTON, L. VI.

Loan and Scholarship Fund.

This year in July, 1941, the Loan and Scholarship Fund was again active. Four Bedans, one already in College, and three others about to begin their training, were substantially assisted, and a new departure was made when two Upper Sixth Form girls were awarded "small" scholarships in recognition "of their consistent hard work and perseverance throughout their School career."

It is gratifying to record that this year seven Bedans who formerly benefited by the Fund have repaid, in full or in part, amounts lent to them, and have acknowledged the great assistance the loans gave at the time. The Committee of the above Fund takes this opportunity to thank the above girls.

The Storm.

The world was mad—
All nature felt the torment in her soul;
The wind, enraged, urged on the mighty waves,
The seas, in answer, sounded thro' the caves,
Destruction was their goal.

The ship pressed on—
The helm cut thro' the seething foam;
But winds whirled, whistling wildly o'er the waves,
And they, submissive—Fury's willing slaves—
Drove ship and men from home.

The seaman prayed—
Upon the sea-swept deck he knelt in prayer;
The mighty God, in pity, sent His aid;
The seaman smiled, nor was he then dismayed,
His heart relieved from care.

The earth is still—
The world is lulled once more in peaceful rest,
The waves are calm although the tide is high,
The seaman, thankful, gazes on the sky,
And all the world is blessed.

DOROTHY SINCLAIR, U. VI.

Thoughts in the Twilight.

The sun was setting in a blaze of glory. It seemed as if some giant match had set fire to the fleecy white clouds in the Western sky.

In the window seat of a cosy nursery a little girl was sitting, curled up amongst the cushions, gazing wide-eyed at the glory outside. To-morrow was her birthday—a day of rejoicing! What presents she would receive! What a party she would have! Oh! how grand life was! Her mother was calling her; it was time to go to bed. With a final glance at the crimson horizon, she turned and left the room. And the sun sank, and darkness fell.

The sun was setting. A young woman was gazing from her bedroom window at the fiery cloud-hills on the Western horizon. To-morrow she was to be married. A new period of her life was about to begin. What would it bring? Happiness or sorrow? poverty or riches? heartaches or contentment? Her husband-to-be was a soldier—there would be long periods apart. But no matter what happened, she was ready to face life fearlessly and steadfastly. She turned away from the glory without, which seemed to be a happy omen for the future. And the sun sank, and darkness fell.

The sun was setting. An old lady sat in her rocking chair in the big bay-window, looking at the crimson beauty of the Western sky. As she sat there, feeling very old and tired, her mind wandered back across the years. They had been very pleasant years, on the whole. She recalled her hopes and fears, her struggles to make ends meet, and to bring up her children. They were all married now, with children of their own, but they did not forget her. Well, her life was almost over; she did not regret the passing of the years. As she watched, the sun sank slowly below the horizon, the crimson deepened to rich purple, which spread over the sky like some great protective mantle; the shadows deepened and the stars began to twinkle in the heavens. It was night once more.

MARJORIE EDWARDS, L. VI.

Little Ships.

Do we really think enough about the little ships,
The ones which we depend on for our life?
We hear not many stories of their exploits,
Nor miss them in these crowded days of strife.

The trawlers and the colliers and the steamboats,
Dirty tramps plying up and down the coast,
They may seem insignificant beside the mighty liners,
But they carry all our life-lines, the things that we need most.

We've heard about the massive craft, the "great big steamers,"
Of tankers bringing oil from Iran, or Curacao,
We admire them as they pass, so proud, so unassailable,
But the little ships, so vulnerable, face the same relentless foe.

We see them setting out in the blue mists of the morning,
Contemptuous clouds of smoke belching out across the sky,
And we see them limping back with their battered bows torn open,
Still defiant with that spirit which ever shall defy.

And what about the sailors who sail aboard the little ships?
Though you searched through all the world you'd not find a hardier race,
They would laugh if you suggested they should be acclaimed as heroes,
The engineers all greasy, and the "trimmers" black of face.

But their courage and their fortitude in crisis
Have saved us from incalculable cost.
Let us give them all we can, for the little ships they man,
For already without them, we should be lost!

MOIRA MAHONEY, Vc.

Sun and Shower.

Sun and shower the seasons bring,
 Sun which makes the sweet birds sing,
 Shower which makes the green things grow,
 And the sparkling streams to flow,
 Each in turn its tribute pays,
 To the circle of the days.

Sun and shower, both we need,
 To germinate the hidden seed,
 Both to balance human life,
 Ease and hardship, peace and strife,
 Sun and shower and seasons go,
 Like the tides that ebb and flow.

JUNE HOGGER, Vb.

This England.

This England is the birthplace
 Of many famous men;
 Of Francis Drake and Raleigh,
 Of Wellington and Wren.

They made this England what she is,
 A noble land and free;
 And now, along with these great names,
 A fuller roll will be.

This England is a steadfast rock
 Set in tumultuous sea;
 But yet 'twill stand against all its foes,
 Guarded by you and me.

And though this England may have swayed
 In centuries of yore,
 Holding the flag of freedom,
 It will stand for evermore.

DOROTHY TAYLOR, Form Vh

I Like Sweet Scents.

I like sweet scents.
 The smell of the blue bells under the trees,
 The whiff of the primrose soft borne on the breeze;
 The scent of the may on the hedges so green,
 The odour of violets that can hardly be seen;
 The tang of the salt sea, blown fresh on the land,
 The smell of the seaweed left behind on the sand;
 The fragrance of bracken as you tramp o'er the dales;
 The smell of marsh marigolds covering the vales;
 The scent of the lilies, so slender and tall,
 A perfume which lingers, the best of them all.

DOREEN KEWELL, IVc.

THE BEDAN

Substitutes.

An orange is delicious
 But a turnip's just as good;
 We may not have an apple,
 But a carrot's better food.
 Instead of eggs and bacon,
 We can feast on bread and cheese;
 And the lack of sweets and chocolates
 Is remedied by peas.
 Pastry may be quite wholesome,
 From potatoes we won't shirk;
 But the substitute that we all want
 Is the substitute for work.

M. CAIRNS, IVc.

An Old Portrait.

The colours are faded, the lines are so faint,
 Yet the gown is an emerald green;
 This portrait so old, it's hard to believe,
 It's Grandma at sweet seventeen.
 Her bonnet so quaint, with its ribbons and bows,
 Revealing just one little curl;
 Was this really quite modern, and quite up to date
 When Grandma was only a girl?
 She looks so demure in her stiff silken dress
 That reaches right down to her feet;
 And I often wonder as I look at her,
 However did she keep so neat.
 I wonder if, some day, somebody will look
 At my picture, depicted in green,
 And say with a smile, as I do to-day,
 "That's Grandma at sweet seventeen."

FREDA ROCHESTER, IVb.

The Phantom Galleon.

When twilight deepens into night,
 And dark clouds ride on high,
 A cloak of mist spreads over all,
 The wind rocks with a sigh.
 From out the gloom a shapeless mass,
 Comes gliding, drifting forth,
 Swaying and tossing in the wind,
 Steering to South and North.
 It is the Phantom Galleon,
 A dream of days of yore,
 Of pirates and of treasure ships,
 Of ghosts that are no more.

MIRIAM ROBINSON, IVh.

Here is the News Bulletin.

Ten German Aeroplanes
Flying in the air,
Up went a barrage,
Nine were left there.

Eight German Battleships
Sailing on the sea;
Up came a British one,
Down went three.

One German aerodrome
Standing in a field;
Down came a British bomb
None were left to yield.

NORA DIXON, IIIH.

Action Front!

Father's in the Home Guard,
Mothers in the "Wrens,"
Brother's in the A.F.S.
And sister's feeding hens.

Grandad's growing onions,
And Grandma still "keeps cool";
"Polish up your buttons"
Is Uncle's "Golden Rule."

Auntie's knitting mittens
And helmets for the brave;
So theres nothing left for me to do
But "Save, and Save, and Save."

EDITH BROWN, IIIB.

The "Perfect" School.

I know a school, a school so fine,
Its rules are all embracing,
The prefects have a busy time
Small chatterers a-chasing.

When sitting in the hall one day
I happened to say "yes,"
And then I heard, without delay—
Well, you just try to guess.

Our prefects used to be so nice
When ordinary mortals,
But now they seem to look for vice
Within these august portals.

And in the hall at five-to-nine,
A booming goes the gong,
We maidens wait, our eyes ashine,
A wondering, tremulous throng.

Are we quite ready? O what care,
Now have we changed our shoes?
And have we got a Book of Prayer?
If not, a mark we'll lose.

Now did you brush your teeth to-day?
 And did you gargle too?
 Are your clothes marked, and have you checked
 That cold that's bothering you?

And if some day you chance to stroll
 Along the corridor,
 You'll see two girls in single file,
 A sight ne'er seen before.

But when at least the day is done
 A bell rings merrily,
 And we depart, to strive alone
 With homework after tea.

SHEILA SNOWBALL, IIIc.

School.

Let us wander round a school that I know, at dusk, when everyone has gone home, in the soft misty gloaming. Now we are creeping in by the side door. Silence everywhere. The cloakrooms stand, bereft of their warm covering, stark and cold. The echoes of our footsteps follow us along the cool, green corridors, giving the impression that ghosts are creeping after us. But no, all the ghosts that haunt this building are friendly little things, shadows of schoolgirls, long past and gone, meeting again, flitting through the classrooms, laughing with each other. They could be no friends of the "ghosties and ghoulies and all things that go bump in the night!"

Now we peer through the glass door of the Music Room. There stands the piano, all wrapped up in its white "nightie." We can dimly see some pictures on the walls, probably of famous musicians. Let us pass on to look at some of the classrooms. Here, a desk near the door is seen to be covered with carved initials; there, an ink spot on the ceiling shows where some spilt ink soaked through from the room above. (Perhaps some of it had splashed on to the heads of the unoffending people below!) And what's this? A little hankie, torn and ink stained, silent evidence that even girls can fight, perhaps?

Listen, what's that? Laughter? Our "Inspector Hornleigh" spirit is aroused, and we tiptoe up to the Headmistress's room. The door stands slightly ajar, emitting a narrow beam of light. "Curiosity killed the cat," they say; but we are willing to take the risk, and we peep round the door. All is warmth and cheerfulness within. The easy armchairs are drawn up before a roaring fire. A pleasant aroma of coffee assails our nostrils, and a mistress with her back to us is making toast before the fire. Two other "watchers of the night" have doffed their fire-fighting gear, and are expectantly awaiting the appetising refreshments. One of them turns and we beat a hasty retreat, stumbling over the stirrup-pumps and sandbags in the dark.

On our way out, we pass the Library. By now the moon is up, and we can pick out the outlines of the rows of books. A mouse scuttles across the polished floor through a patch of moonlight to its hidey-hole in the wainscot. We pick our way home through the crisp, frosty fields, leaving behind us, the place.

"Where first we followed in learning's train,
Where first we played in the wind and the rain."

KATHLEEN BELL, Form IIIc.

Sums.

A sum is a simply horrible thing,
I wish I were a queen or a king,
I would not have such a horrible thing
As a sum.

But sometimes sums are beautiful things,
Such as sums of money fit for kings,
Then I would not mind such things
As sums.

P. BURRELL, IIc.

Peace of Evening.

I wandered through those graceful trees,
Leaves rustling in an Autumn breeze.
In my heart a welcome glow,
Sadness forgotten as stars hung low.
This world's trouble seemed to fade away,
My footsteps were airy, my laugh rang gay;
Nature's glory shrouded by the night,
Was made transparent by the moonbeam's light.

JOAN STEPHENSON, IIb.

Sing a Song of Savings.

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of dough,
Four and twenty ha'pennies,
Buy two stamps I know.

Sing a song of savings,
The Purchase Tax is on;
Everything I used to buy
Has gone up, one by one.

Sing a song of nonsense,
As I walked up to school
I lost my contribution,
And felt I'd been a fool.

IRIS HARVEY, IIa.

The Seasons.

Spring comes once every year,
It is a season of good cheer;
The coats of lambs are fleecy white,
And all the world is gay and bright.

Rosy Summer, next advancing,
Sets the children all a-prancing;
There is always lots of fun
When in a red ball comes the sun.

Autumn leaves are brown and gold,
Yellow, red, and bronze unrolled;
They whirl madly round and round,
Then they gently touch the ground.

Howling Winter clothed in white
Is a very pretty sight;
The wind it rises in a gale,
And brings with it the snow and hail.

RITA ROBERTSON, 1B.

The Worker.

I see him every night when I go home in the bus; he must not be so very old, yet his brow is furrowed and there is a network of lines about his eyes.

When I see him, he is dirty, oily, and tired out with a hard day's work, but there is a pleasant light of anticipation in his dark eyes—probably he is looking forward to a bright fire and a good dinner when his home is reached.

I do not know his name. I only know he is one of the thousands of men who work in the shipyards helping to win the war.

DOROTHY JOBLING, 1c.

Old Bedans.

To the many Bedans, who have recently married, we offer congratulations and good wishes, and to all the new little sons and daughters of Bedans, a welcome and a wish for a peaceful life.

In Memoriam.

NANCY NEW (MRS. FIELD), WINIFRED DIXON (MRS. SIMMONS),
MARIE PENNELL, STELLA BUDDLE.

