

THE BEDAN,

JANUARY, 1941.

FOREWORD.

DEAR BEDANS,

Despite the war we are producing the Bedan this year. Our plan for the school is to act in as normal manner as possible. "Safety First" is as unsatisfactory a slogan for a great school as for a great nation. The School has enjoyed many interesting experiences since our last publication.

When in September, 1939 we were suddenly pitch-forked into Richmond, Yorkshire, there must have been many besides myself who went with misgiving and heart-burning. The reality was worse than our expectation from the point of view of material provision, but at the same time the beauty of the country was greater than anything we had imagined. The position called out the very best in an adventurous and courageous staff and school. We found, on arrival, that there was no school that could house us. The Girls' School could accommodate only about one-third, and so we had the pleasure of going part-time into the Boys' Grammar School too. The mornings when we had no school premises were a nightmare. The first fortnight was spent looking for a place where we, four hundred of us, could seat ourselves. There was little accommodation in Richmond not already appropriated by the Military authorities. Finally we discovered the Methodist Chapel where the pastor and trustees bravely invited us. Here the whole school found seats and a roof for shelter, and here our Music Mistress, with stoic courage, worked at an American organ. The alternative to the whole school's being so housed was to separate into local units, thirty here and fifty there, or to sit all the morning in Church singing hymns. The North-allerton Education Committee wisely vetoed the first. Within the first month of our going to Richmond we had established ourselves for work in every denominational centre. We used the Church of England Parish Room, the Congregational Parish Room, the Methodist Chapel, and the Convent Courts. We used also the Town Hall, the Boys' Gym, the Y.M.C.A., and finally Lennox House. We furnished this private house with pews and trestle tables from a Methodist Chapel, and the staff rooms with wash-hand stands for tables, and a carpet and underfelt lent us by the owner.

One-third of the school and staff were distributed into the country areas as far Aldbro' St. John about 10 miles distant. At first our country cousins found trying the travelling by special bus, the light of oil lamps, the early rising to come to school, but after a few weeks they became so rustic that many petitioned against being brought into Richmond.

In a very short time the school was working almost full time. Hundreds of articles were knitted and sent to our neighbours in Gatherly Castle and to Sunderland men wherever they were known to be. We gave regular First Aid and Home Nursing Classes ; we planted our gardens, the pupils growing from seed much produce which we sold. We made jam and jelly from the fruit in our gardens. Indeed the activities at Richmond were the richer for coming spontaneously out of the goodwill and co-operative spirit of staff and children. A year of evacuation was a testing time which brought out all the good and inventive genius in our folk. It gave the girls a new sense of independence and responsibility and of freedom. It gave the staff a new opportunity for viewing the pupils in out-of-school circumstances. Indeed we had the difficult but very interesting opportunity of running a Day School on something like Boarding School lines. In season and out I have preached that School Certificate Examination results are not the best and certainly not the only measure of a secondary school's achievements. This is not to cover poor results. Judge for yourselves. Fifty one full certificates were won and this number is second only to those gained in a very big non-evacuated school in Durham County.

Billeting produced its problems. The " fluttering " that ensued when a hostess required a particular size in evacuee, objecting strongly to being over-awed by a six-footer, can be imagined better than described ! Some preferred those who sang, and some preferred those who did not. Some were misfits because they did not talk, some others because they did not stop talking. The separation of families often caused parents to fret needlessly so that they took pupils away before they had time to settle down. Correspondence with parents, Education Offices, Evacuation Departments, Reception areas, mounted alarmingly. In our next evacuation, profiting by our previous one we shall look forward to an over-seas home or somewhere equally distant from kind enquiries ! Two and sixpence distance only adds to our difficulties ! And talking of overseas evacuation reminds me that Eleanor Wright, rescued from a torpedoed ship, has a dramatic, awe-inspiring story to tell. This we must publish as soon as she is completely recovered, for you will want to know the facts.

From the first the School was encouraged to enter heartily into the life of Richmond and to make such contribution to its activities and needs as possible. We joined the Musical Society, girls gave help in the Town Library. We gladly assisted in making habitable one of the rooms put at our disposal by the Y.M.C.A. to which we owe a debt of gratitude. Soldiers white-washed the room and we made the curtains. Not only did this

room act as a classroom, but also was our dance hall. The upper school will remember the pleasure they enjoyed here.

Not least of the surprising facts at Richmond was the wonderful health of the pupils. We sat for months in our caps and coats, so that one of the major problems of post evacuation days was to induce thoughtless people to remove caps which they seemed to have grown into! The winter was the severest for half a century, nevertheless nothing seemed to daunt the hearts of the courageous girls and staff of the Bede Girls' School.

We have to take leave of some of our friends. Miss Birchall, our senior mistress, was called away by family reasons. We hated losing her and think of her now, as when we were closely associated with her, with love. Our grateful thanks are due to her for a goodbye gift of £5 to the Loan and Scholarship Fund. Miss Gales married and resigned, and now has gone to a new important post in a big Boys' School in Sheffield. We wish her and her husband every happiness.

This letter gives me a chance of thanking all the friends of the Bede School and particularly our kind hostesses in Richmond, Gilling, Melsonby, Aldbro' St. John, Easby, Brompton, Catterick. The kindness of these folk of goodwill is beyond repayment.

Among the folk for whom we feel special gratitude are the Director and the Sunderland Education Committee who arranged for us Educational Films, which were a real joy; the Northallerton Education Committee that took a real interest in our housing and all other problems; the Northallerton Library which lent us a splendid selection of books; and, last but not least, the Bede Girls' School Parent Teacher Association. The P.T.A. is reformed, very vigorous and generous. Acting on its motto "Not for Ourselves alone" they have planned the P.T.A. Bede Scholarship Scheme about which every parent and friend of a Bedan ought to make enquiries.

This year there is to be no formal presentation of Prizes. There will, however, be some certificates and the special subject prizes won by the pupils of the years 1938—39 and 1939—40.

To all Bedans, present and absent, the school joins in sending warm good wishes for a New Year, full of hope.

Yours sincerely,

WINIFRED J. E. MOUL.

Miss D. E. Birchall.

“ There be some labours delight in them sets off ”—and in this attitude of mind I sit down to write, inadequately, I'm afraid, an appreciation of Miss D. E. Birchall as a teacher and a friend.

Miss Birchall left us in July, 1939, after a long and close connection, as both pupil and teacher, with the Bede Collegiate Girls' School, during which time she endeared herself to many hundreds of Sunderland families. “ Families ” is used advisedly, for the pupils who were fortunate enough to come under her guidance looked upon her, not only as a teacher who unsparingly gave of her time and energy to the utmost to help them forward in their studies, but also as a very dear friend whose name was a familiar household word for kindness, sympathy and gentleness.

Indeed, it was this last quality that distinguished Miss Birchall from the rest of her kind. Her gentle voice and manner and her reasoned and benevolent outlook on life drew pupil and colleague to her involuntarily, as if by magic. And what is more, she had that faculty of surprising those that came to know her intimately by revealing qualities that, on the surface, were wholly unsuspected. Who would have believed that “ D.E.B. ” who seemed totally absorbed in her chemical activities whenever one passed the “ Chem. Lab. ” could deliver extempore a speech whose humour could make her audience of teacher and taught rock with boisterous laughter? Indeed, hers was a character with many facets, each of which shone with a brilliance of its own. As a dancer, an actress, a gardener, yes, and even as a golfer, she excelled, for her patience in the last activity was amazing.

But it is in connection with the laboratories and the work done therein that the records of the Bede Collegiate Girls' School reveal what a great debt the School owes to Miss Birchall.

Many an Old Bedan can look back on her school life and say proudly, “ If it had not been for Miss Birchall I should not be in the position I am in to-day. ” Her enthusiasm for her subject was unbounded and she infused her pupils with a like enthusiasm that made them give more than the specified Time Table time to the pursuance of their Science studies, an enthusiasm that often resulted in brilliant achievement.

Old Bedans now number thousands, and those who are members of the Old Bedans' Association which Miss Birchall was mainly instrumental in forming, as well as those who are not, will, without doubt, endorse the sentiment that “ to know her was to love her. ”

A Memory.

Miss A. Robinson came to the Bede Girls' School in January, 1932, and was with us until July, 1938, though her connection with the school did not cease officially until July, 1939. During this period we learned to know and value her, her quiet efficiency, her self-effacing but fine service, her self-sacrificing spirit, the ready help she so willingly gave in whatever demand was made upon her, her transparent sincerity, her sound judgment, independence of thought, and her sanity. Junior and Senior pupils benefited greatly from her instruction, for they learned from her to understand the satisfaction derived from thorough and well-done work ; with Miss Robinson precept and practice went hand in hand, which gained for her from us an ungrudging respect and esteem, deepening into affectionate admiration when some of us were privileged to see her never-failing cheerfulness, courage and endurance during weary months of ill-health and pain : her life exemplified the assurance, " In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."

Miss Robinson was taken from us all too soon, but her influence and memory remain to help and guide us to pursue unwaveringly " whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report."

The Bede Collegiate Girls' School in Richmond, (Yorks).

We are a small select school of twenty seven! All that remains in the reception area of more than three hundred and seventy pupils of the Sunderland Bede Collegiate Girls' School. And we very soon will no longer exist as a separate entity for we are to amalgamate with the High School here, and become a part of it.

But this last term has been anything but uneventful. We have worked and we have played ; we have walked and we have had games. Yes, few though we are, we have managed to have a game or two of hockey and thoroughly enjoyed them. The one and only long walk afforded a very pleasant change to the usual ramble along the riverside to Easby which, though beautiful, and which therefore should be " a joy for ever " became so "familiar" as almost to " breed contempt."

But the memory of such rambles in the days to come will always recall the beauty of autumn and its colouring, and the happy little family which we were as we formed the " outpost of the Bede Collegiate Girls' School."

Charities.

In December, 1939, we gave our annual contribution of £25 to the Children's Hospital in aid of "Our Cot."

It may interest our readers to know that "The Bede Collegiate Girls' School Cot" was founded in 1920, when the School promised to endeavour to give £25 a year towards its upkeep. That was twenty one years ago and when Christmas comes again we hope to be able to pay our twenty first donation.

We have not been able to help other institutions this year, for we have been using our collections for another purpose which has nothing to do with charity.

We have bought wool and made comforts for the Forces. All the time we were at Richmond we worked hard, and since we came back we have been sending parcels of woollens, sweets and reading matter to four trawlers.

While the Schools were joined during the summer term the boys and girls collected money and the girls did the knitting. Four trawlers were suggested by the pupils, two by the girls and two by the boys, and to these we send the fruits of our labours.

We receive friendly letters of thanks from various members of the crews, and these little personal notes make our help seem more real to us.

Since writing the above we have been asked by an Old Bedan to add a certain High Speed Launch to our "Flotilla." So, Bedans, you will have to knit and do not forget the chocolate and magazines. If you care to send a note of good wishes with your present it will be enclosed in the parcel. Up to December 31st, 1940, the total number of articles sent to the forces and to the Red Cross is 1,153.

School Excursions during Evacuation.

Shortness of pocket money and curtailment of bus services made excursions into the Yorkshire dales difficult to arrange, but on June 1st a party of Bedans went by bus to Muker and walked from there over the Buttertubs Pass to Hawes, where ice cream and tea were eagerly consumed. After completing the walk down the valley to Bainbridge, the return to Richmond was made by bus.

Bainbridge was revisited on July 22nd, when Bedans walked from the village to Semerwater and back by the delightful river Bain. Luckily, time allowed a visit to Aysgarth Falls, from which point the bus was taken to Richmond.

Upper Swaledale was the object of the third excursion on August 26th, when the party went by bus to Keld, walked by the pleasant riverside path down to Gunnerside, when we rejoined the bus.

Unfortunately the departure of most of the Bedans from Richmond prevented further exploration of the Yorkshire countryside, but it is hoped that all who took part in the above walks have been fired with a desire to know the dales still better.

Modern Events.—Activities in Richmond.

Owing to the difficulties arising from evacuation, the black-out and the scattering of pupils who travelled by bus, we made no attempt to run a Modern Events Club as we had formerly done in Sunderland. We seized many opportunities in class to consider the march of events; indeed they were to develop so swiftly as to leave us breathless! Miss Moul was able to arrange for instructional films on certain Friday mornings and some of these were excellent for our purpose—especially one showing the Growth of Prussia into Germany. Here the rapidly sketched, maps, with their graphic filling in were fine, and no "Chalk and blackboard maps" could hope to compete.

On four other Friday mornings, Miss Moul invited Miss Atkinson from the Ministry of Information to talk to us, the aim being to open discussion on the problems to be faced in the New Europe, after the war. Among other things we considered was Streits' idea of Federation, but the shock of Holland and Belgium's collapse—followed so tragically by that of France, seemed to stun us all.

It was now a life or death struggle and the possibility of Britain's invasion had to be faced.

During the "by-term" the countryside was so attractive we planned combined History and Art expeditions, when we hoped to trace developments in architecture and make sketches in illustration of these. Our recall to Sunderland, at the end of August, came suddenly and brought such plans to an end. Still, I think our knowledge of local affairs, as well as world affairs, was enriched rather than handicapped, by our year spent in such different surroundings, as "evacuees."

National Savings.

The Bede School National Savings Group is making an average weekly contribution of £3 to the Nation's War Effort, by the sale of savings stamps.

The formation, in the summer term, of a new group, among those evacuated to Richmond, met with a very good response, over 90% of the girls there becoming members.

We expect greater achievements next term when we hope for a larger membership among the Bedans now in Sunderland.

National Savings—School Department.

WAR WEAPONS WEEK.

Bede suffered from an acute "fever" in the week Nov. 4th to the 8th.

The silver in the thermometer rose by leaps and bounds until on the last day the glass burst with a temperature of 4270 shillings.

Members of VB and IVB decorated the hall with lettering, bombers and spitfires, one bomber circling dangerously near the Headmistress's desk!

We are grateful for the enthusiastic services of Joyce Hughes our cashier, and proud of the support given by all, from our 2d. to our £33 10s. 0d. donor.

School Musical Activities.

School Musical Activities continue to thrive. A concert of music and dancing given last term in aid of the Red Cross raised well over two pounds. The Choir and Recorder classes are flourishing, and we have recently formed a Gramophone Group which meets weekly. Miss Chandler has seven violin pupils, and twenty-four girls attend Mr. Hooker's piano classes. This augurs well for the future. Perhaps the best of all is that twelve girls of the fourth form are preparing to offer music as a School Certificate subject.

Altogether, Bedans are doing good work in helping, through music, to conjure up good spirits to combat the evil spirits abroad in the world to-day.

The School Choir.

The activities of the school choir did not cease, despite great difficulties, when we were evacuated to Richmond. At first the only available accommodation was the Methodist Chapel where we sang to the accompaniment of an harmonium. Later we were able to meet in the hall of the Boys' Grammar School every Tuesday at 3-30. Here we rehearsed, and later produced, a concert of Easter carols for our hosts and hostesses.

Since the school's return to Sunderland the choir has met in the school hall every Tuesday at 1 p.m. We are learning a cantata, a modern setting by Armstrong Gibbs of Tennyson's beautiful poem, *The Lady of Shalott*. This is proving very enjoyable to sing and we hope it will be equally enjoyable to listen to.

JOYCE BAILEY, L.VI.

Recorder Class.

The earliest recorder players at the Bede School (Richmond) began their efforts with diminutive squeaks in their form rooms, for which they received lines from irate members of staff. As they became more proficient through practising in 'The Passage' and behind hedgerows, they began to pipe cheerily under Miss Thompson's rule. Staff approbation was shown when Miss Briggs joined the class. At Easter a concert was given which was not appreciated in the true sense of the word by all. At the beginning of the summer term, Miss Thompson was lost, having to return to Sunderland. Miss Briggs then kindly took on the work of controller of squeaks, Miss Thompson meanwhile teaching a mixed class in Sunderland. In October there was a grand re-union and soon a demonstration was given at the Training College to Sunderland teachers; this was greatly appreciated. Now two classes are being held, the advanced and beginners', and any girls are invited to join these classes.

M. Kirkpatrick	} IV C.
P. Armstrong	
D. Martin.	

Digging for Victory.

Seniors :—

Bede School was to have half-time schooling throughout the summer vacation! How was the time to be occupied without formal lessons? We began to dig!

A meeting of those interested was held in the Boys' Hall, and a Secretary, Treasurer, and a Committee of four girls elected. It was decided that each girl should pay one penny per week until

enough money had been collected to provide each allotment with a number of vegetables, after which seeds and plants would be brought by the owners of the plots. A similar arrangement had already been made in the Junior School

The head gardener kindly offered to measure out the plots, lend such implements as were needed, and give assistance with the strenuous task of digging over the ground. Altogether about thirty allotments were planned

For many days after that, Bede Girls' School was a hive of industry, as each girl did her part towards winning the war. Girls were to be seen wielding spades almost as big as themselves or carrying huge stones with which to divide plot from plot. There was great excitement when one day a press photographer arrived, complete with camera.

Then came the day when the first girl was ready to plant her vegetables. The Secretary and Treasurer were sent on bicycles to a near-by nursery garden to purchase spring cabbage, leeks, savoys and brussels sprouts. This was the first of many adventurous outings. Once, trying to find a short cut, the two lost their way, and although they left school at 9-45 a.m. it was 11-30 a.m. before they returned.

The shortage of gardening implements caused many humorous incidents. Most of the tools had to be borrowed from the gardeners, and the most serious deficiency was in the matter of spades, which had to be carried from sheds at the furthest extremity of the school grounds. As it was a case of "first come, first served," there was generally a race for the possession of these precious implements. Again, the watering of the plants presented no small difficulty. All the water had to be carried from a tap. There were only two pails for this purpose; one had a hole in it. As the best pail was invariably seized by those whose allotments were nearest the tap, those unfortunates who had to travel some distance had to make the best of the one which leaked; the usual result was that a bucket, full at the beginning of the journey, was almost empty by the time the destination was reached. Again, the head gardener stepped into the breach by allowing the girls to use the mobile water cart; and the mistresses in charge bought a much appreciated watering-can.

Eventually all the allotments were filled, and we had but to sit back and watch the vegetables grow, with occasional examination of the plants to destroy insect pests.

These little plots give one a feeling of pride at the thought that, small as they are, they are helping to win the war for Britain, and I am sure that the thanks of all concerned are extended to

Miss Shearer, Miss Clark and Miss Barnshaw, whose unflinching energy and encouragement helped to make possible Bede School's contribution to the "Dig for Victory campaign."

MARJORIE EDWARDS, FORM Vc.

Juniors :—

The school grounds were getting neglected; there were not enough men to look after them. It was no wonder, then, that the head gardener, Mr. Garbutt, thought we should work together in threes or fours and contrive to make some part of the ground more useful. Most girls were interested, and took to the idea straight away, led by Miss Shearer. A plan of campaign was drawn up and each plot carefully laid out.

We were excited and wanted to begin at once. We thought we should be able to begin to plant things in a few days, but no! The plots were covered with grass, and we had to dig and break up the grass sods; or first of all the turf was cut, and then dug up into squares, carried away in wheelbarrows and piled up ready to serve for other purposes. What fun it was, trundling those wheelbarrows to and fro, emptying the soft green turf, and perhaps taking turns to ride back!

Oh, what a thrill it was when we found our allotment looking as if all our hard work had been worth while! There was a great rush for seeds and plants which we put in proudly and without delay. Every day we watered the plot, and across it we laid a path so as not to damage the garden.

Mr. Garbutt encouraged and aided the gardeners, and other helpers were Miss Shearer, Miss Clark, Miss Barnshaw and Mr. Taylor, the Acting Headmaster. These five kind people helped to make our gardens what they are to-day.

Just before the two schools were separated, prizes were offered by Mr. Taylor and Mr. Garbutt for the best kept allotments, (boys' and girls'). What excitement! How we worked to put the finishing touches to our plots before the judges came to see them! We expect to have another competition later.

Our plots are not very big, but we girls worked hard, and we are doing a little to help the Government.

JEANNE GIBSON, DOREEN GLOVER, JEAN
HAMILTON AND AUDREY HODGSON.

All. :—

FORM IIB.

The School thanks Mr. Garbutt for all his help and also for the prizes he gave.

Report of Netball, 1939—40.

During evacuation the school was lucky to have the use of two hard Netball courts through the kindness of the Richmond Convent School.

The courts were, however, rather a long way from the centre of Richmond so that playing time was much reduced and it was hard to arrange practices. In the Easter term the weather was so bad that no Netball was possible for several weeks. In spite of these difficulties the 1st and 2nd VII's practised keenly and regularly on Saturday mornings and the 1st team played matches against the Convent and a Darlington Team. The match experience gained will be useful to them this year.

A Junior team was also raised and played matches against the Convent Juniors.

This year the school starts with the disadvantage that many girls got little or no Netball last year, so that the general standard of play is rather low at present. There are now four Junior and four Senior teams having regular practice so that there should soon be a marked improvement in team play.

Games Reports. Season 1939-40.

Hockey.

Progress in Hockey during this season was rather hampered by evacuation and the inadequacy of the field at our disposal.

The 1st XI. played two matches against our reception school, the Richmond High School for Girls, losing the final and drawing the second which was a fast and exciting game between two well-matched teams.

The 2nd XI. played one match against the Richmond Convent winning by 6 goals to 0.

Five matches were arranged for the Spring Term but adverse weather conditions caused them all to be cancelled.

Captain	-	Mary Burton.
Secretary	-	Hilda Andrews.

Rounders at Sunderland.

Matches this season were limited as our usual opponents at Durham and Newcastle could not travel to Sunderland owing to war conditions. However, matches were played against Sunderland High School, St. Anthony's, and Durham County School away.

Throughout the season the 1st team played well and reached a high standard, which the 2nd team did not emulate, owing to lack of experience of match play.

Captain, MARY BURTON.

Rounders Match Results.

Team.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	For.	Against.
1st IX ...	5	4	1	26	17½
2nd IX ...	5	2	3	30½	36½

Tennis at Sunderland.

Captain - Joyce Harding.

The season opened with some excellent coaching given by Miss Foley, an Australian whose tennis style is faultless.

There were noticeable improvements in service and drive afterwards, and it was a pity that these improvements were not maintained throughout the season.

The first match was played against the Bede Boys who won 54 games to 27. Three other matches with the Boys' School were arranged and these took the form of tournaments.

The 1st VI. played one match against Durham County 2nd VI., losing by 8 games to 1.

A match against the staff was also lost.

These poor results were due in part to the fact that many of the better tennis players were still in Richmond and to our lack of good courts.

Next season it is hoped that a higher standard will be reached and more matches played.

P. V. COLLIS.

Careers.

In all the years of Bede School's life, the mistresses have been glad to help girls anxious about their future work.

The Careers Mistress continues to give what information or advice she can to those parents and the many girls who ask for it. She sometimes gives it unasked !

A number of girls have again found work through help given them at school. It is, however, grieving to us that so many have taken posts which have no real future.

Girls are urged once more to "take a long view," and to fit themselves by specialised training after leaving school, for a useful and satisfying career.

The Loan and Scholarship Fund.

War conditions have made it difficult for many organisations to function normally, and this has been so in the case of the above fund.

Nevertheless, loans to three Old Bedans to the value of £30, were made to enable them to pursue their courses of study to a successful end.

This year, no doubt owing to the upheaval of war, no repayments have been made, but it is hoped that next year many who have benefited in the past by this fund, will be able to repay at least some small amount to maintain the fund, so that future Bedans may also be able to benefit by it.

Le Cercle Français

Pendant l'année 1938-39, le Cercle français de la quatrième et de la cinquième classe s'est réuni régulièrement. Nous avons joué à des jeux, chanté, et écouté de petites causeries. A la dernière séance, nous avons joué, devant les membres et quelques invitées, une petite pièce de théâtre " le Collier de Perles." On a bien joué, surtout Joyce Stafford, qui avait eu beaucoup à apprendre pour jouer le rôle de Bernard, le petit détective, et dont l'accent a été vraiment français. Il n'y a pas eu de cercle français pendant notre séjour à Richmond.

Miss M. E. Haggart.

Miss M. E. Haggart left the Bede Girls' School at Christmas to our great regret. Bedans, past and present, will recall with appreciation all that she did for them during the fourteen years she was with us, her thorough and conscientious work, her persevering efforts with pupils who found French difficult, and her unfailing helpfulness are fully remembered by us: and in the Staff Room her presence and characteristic remarks will be much missed. We wish her all the best in the future.

Colours of the Year.

Green field,
Green leaves,
Reflected in the river ;
Green trees,
Green grass,
Everything a-quiver.

Blue sky,
Blue sea,
Sunlight on the stream ;
Blue flower,
Blue bird,
Like a fairy dream.

Brown boughs,
Brown leaves,
Autumn now is near ;
Brown soil,
Brown fence,
Soon winter will be here.

White sky,
White ground,
On a frosty morn ;
White hills,
White dales,
Looking so forlorn.

ELSIE TYNEMOUTH, IH.

A Walk in the Country.

When you are bored, with nothing to do,
 When you are restless or feeling blue,
 If the weather permits, it is good for you,
 To go for a walk in the country.

If in the Spring a walk you would go,
 The birds will be singing so high and so low,
 You will walk with a spring and sing, "Heigh-ho !
 I love a long walk in the country."

If a walk you would go in the Summer time bright,
 The sun will be shining, a beautiful sight,
 The flowers blooming, your worries take flight,
 If you go for a walk in the country.

If the Autumn should call you your time to employ,
 Walking in the woodland, imagine your joy
 At seeing the leaves ; you will feel like a boy,
 When you go for a walk in the country.

If a walk you would go on a Winterday bleak,
 The wind and the rain might sting your warm cheek,
 But when you grow older, you'll never feel weak,
 If you go for a walk in the country.

So when you are bored, with nothing to do,
 When you are restless, or feeling blue,
 If the weather permits, it is good for you,
 To go for a walk in the country.

DOROTHY PERKINS, IIIC.

Beauty.

This world is full of beautiful things,
 All that is here is fit for Kings,
 If we stopped to look as we passed by,
 At the beauty of earth, and sea and sky.

The dew on the violets at early morn ;
 A golden field of waving corn ;
 The primrose pale, by a tumbling brook ;
 An eagle haunting a craggy nook.

The pattering rain, the setting sun
 Is a ball of fire when the day is done ;
 The silver stars that are twinkling bright,
 In a purple cloak, at dead of night.

M. ROBINSON, IIIb.

Ducklings.

Ducklings big, and ducklings small,
 This is how we feed them all,
 Speckletail and Yellowbill,
 Empty beaks with food to fill.

On sweet meat they dine and sup,
 Oh ! how fast they eat it up ;
 It is indeed a pretty sight,
 Soon the pail is feeling light.

Quack ! when dinner is begun,
 Quack ! they say, when it is done,
 Please and thankyou say they all,
 Big and little, great and small.

Then the pretty feathered things
 Hide their heads beneath their wings,
 Just as if for want of rest,
 All go to their cosy nest.

Later, in the evening cool,
 You will find them in the pool,
 Speckletail and Yellowbill—
 No empty beaks with food to fill.

KATHLEEN PEARS, IIIb.

The School Bell.

It rings to let us in to school,
 To start another day ;
 It tells us when it's time for work,
 And when it's time for play.

Every girl from every form,
 The mistresses as well,
 Whatever is the time of day,
 Depend upon the Bell.

It rings for lessons to begin,
 It rings their end as well ;
 And when it's time for us to go,
 It rings its last farewell.

It stands as it has stood for years,
 Upon the window sill ;
 We hope 'twill stand for years to come
 Its duty to fulfil.

P. COLLIER, IIIc.

A Prayer.

Lord keep safe this night, I pray,
 The sailors on the sea,
 And when their duty they have done,
 Let them give thanks to Thee.

Also this night keep out of harm
 The soldiers, Lord, who fight
 To ward off evil from our shores,
 And guard the glorious right.

And with Thine Almighty Hand
 Guide to-night, O Lord,
 The airmen on their wondrous flights,
 And arm them with Thy Sword.

ELSIE BLAKEMAN, Ic.

Lullaby.

Lulla, lulla, lullaby,
 Sleep my pretty dear,
 Father's on the ocean deep,
 Mother's ever near.

Baby close your eyes and rest,
 Sleep till morn is nigh,
 Angels grant thee perfect rest,
 Lulla, lullaby.

EILEEN SCORER, 1h.

Biology.

In the lab I sit this term,
 Learning of the fish or worm ;
 Writing in my book, a note
 Of something which seems quite remote :
 Making sketches of the trout,
 Explaining the inside and the out ;
 Reading from my book of tales
 All about the lives of snails :
 Listening next, while I am told
 Of the slug so black and cold :
 Surely soon the time will come
 When I shall wend my way back home.

R. CUTTER, FORM IVh.

Daffodils.

Born of the sun, the fleeting wind blown light,
 The sweet, fresh raindrops, and the laughing gale ;
 You smile beneath the fair skies' cloudy veil,
 And dream, while stars gleam through spring's frosted night.

Over the hills, where the light breezes play,
 You scatter far and wide your precious gold ;
 And, where the forest trees their young green leaves unfold,
 Your joyous radiance greets each shining day.

Yours is the first flush of the shimmering dawn,
 Yours is the verdant youth and joy of spring ;
 You, with your laughing, golden magic, bring
 The message of a glad world, newly born.

MURIEL SOOTT, IVB.

Trials of an Upper Sixth.

Giving conduct marks in hall
 Improves offender not at all.

Running in the corridor
 Could be much, much horridier ;
 But the flow of blood
 Wouldn't do much good.

To those who want the cloak-room key—
 " Force the lock, but don't ask me ! "

Five glass bottles on the floor ;
 Comes a First form, now they're four.

If you do not keep your hat on
 By a prefect you'll be sat on.

The things we say about detention
Are not exactly fit to mention.

Girls who think they can be late
Well deserve their awful fate.

We're not, e'en at start, a very Big Five ;
By July of next year we'll scarce be alive.

G. GARNSWORTHY, U.VI.

Children of England.

Children of England, valiant and strong,
Whose chivalrous deeds ring the whole world through,
Think not of the changes which threaten you now,
Think only of being upright and true,
Through the years of hardship which yet may ensue
The fate of the world will be resting on you.

Children of England, lovers of freedom,
Who against tyranny stand firm to the end ;
We shall never yield the land of our fathers
Never before any foe shall we bend ;
God to us patience and endurance will send,
And for ever our land we shall stoutly defend.

E. NICHOL, L.VI.

The Joy of Flight.

The bird up to the sky did wheel,
While from its throat a song did peal,
And I felt I'd give my all to feel
The joy of flight.

Into the blue my eyes I strained,
Which soon upon the bird were trained ;
All, but my soul, to earth was chained
From the joy of flight.

At last my fetters from me roll,
And I know that I shall reach my goal,
In the exulting lifting of my soul
In the joy of flight.

N. CROZIER, L.VI.

Escape.

'Twas a perfect walk thro' that sunlit glen,
Away from the strife of the world of men ;
The sun-beams peeped thro' the leafy trees,
Which gently swayed in the playful breeze.

A blue tit perched and he winked at me,
As he watched me from a neighbouring tree ;
Then quick as light he flew away,
Darting and twisting in his play.

There is a darkening all around,
And drops of rain fall to the ground ;
And from my dream I waken then
To find I'm in the world of men.

N. CROZIER, L.VI.

Recollections of Richmond.

It was eight o'clock of a Sunday morn,
 One fine September day,
 When we left the Bede and boarded the train,
 And merrily steamed away ;
 All of us tried to be Britons brave,
 And not to show our fears,
 But when we arrived at Richmond Square,
 There were some of us nearly in tears.

Some went here, and some went there,
 But I went last of all,
 For billets were scarce, and helpers few,
 And we were First Formers small :
 At length I arrived at " Midland Bank,"
 Where a welcome awaited me,
 And after the introductions,
 We all sat down to tea.

The adventures I had, both gay and sad,
 Would fill a book or two,
 For although I was nearly three months there
 Those months were much too few.
 I enjoyed my work, I enjoyed my play,
 I enjoyed the fun as well,
 And when I returned back home again,
 I had many a tale to tell.

But Sunderland dear is the place for me,
 (Although it is on the coast !)
 And now that our school is open again,
 I'd be happy and glad—almost,
 If only the war was over and done,
 And the world was gay and free,
 I'd like to return to " Midland Bank,"
 And my host once more to see.

KATHLEEN M. BELL, IIc.

The Air Raid.

Midnight at the Wardens' Post,
 Is everyone awake ?
 There's the air raid warning,
 Hurry, for goodness sake !

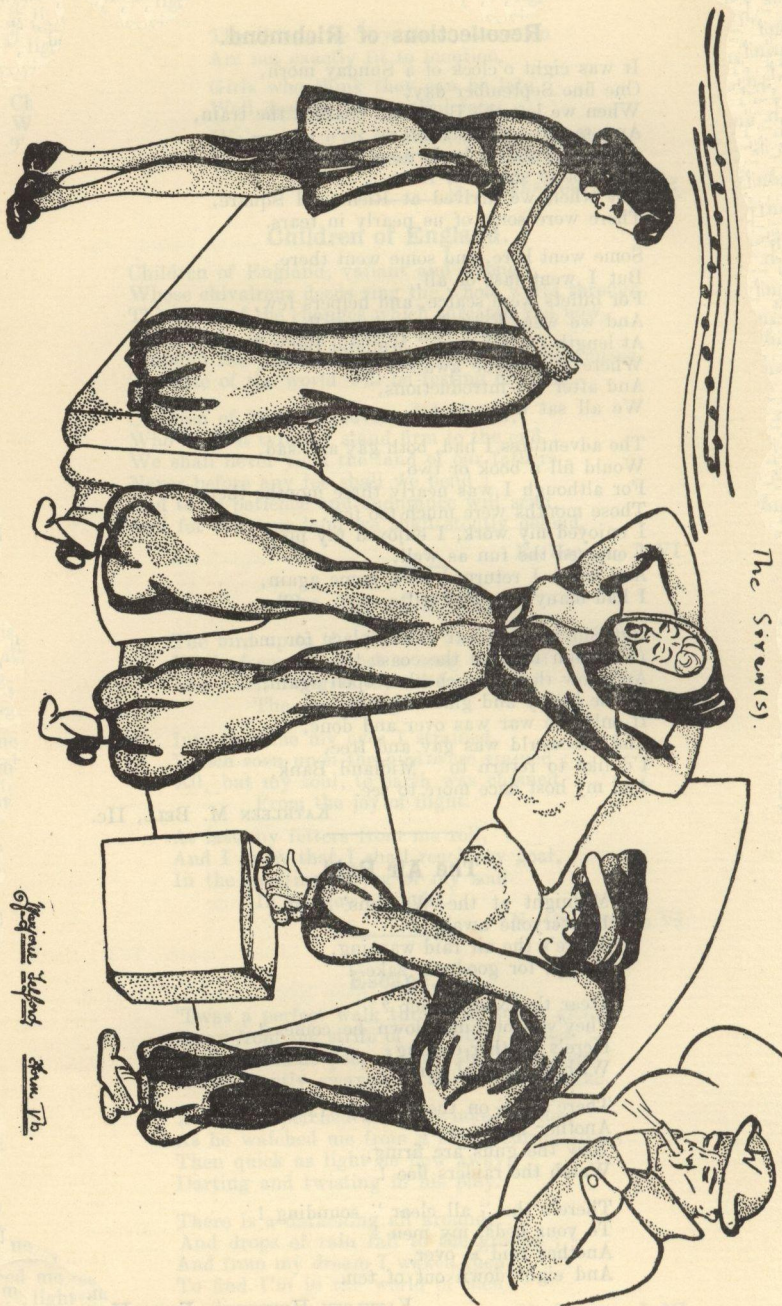
Hear the Nazi raider ?
 They've got him—down he comes !
 Here's another coming,
 With his load of bombs.

There's one on the railway track,
 Another in the sea,
 Now the guns are firing,
 Watch the raiders flee !

There's the " all clear " sounding !
 To your beds, my men !
 Another raid is over,
 And eight down out of ten.

KATHLEEN HUMPHREY, FORM IIc.

The Sirens).



Original design shown to.

Dunkirk.

The heroes lay on the wave-washed shore,
 Keeping the foe at bay ;
 Defeat was standing at their door,
 Death was not far away.

When suddenly out of the blue,
 A glorious sign of cheer,
 The ships of every kind and hue,
 Crossed the horizon, and drew near.

Back in their land these heroes live,
 Telling the tale of yore,
 Of how they kept the foe at bay,
 On Dunkirk's wave-washed shore.

ABENETTE ELLISON, II B.

Our Shelter.

Oh, little iron shelter, that stands within the yard,
 You'll never know the things of worth that you have got to guard.

You may not be attractive, with your corrugated walls,
 But you're always there and ready when the wailing siren calls.

And when the bombs are dropping, and danger is quite near,
 The people close within you have never cause to fear.

And when the war is over, and peace is here again,
 Though we may never need you, forever you'll remain.

RHENETTE ELLISON, IIB.

A Plotte to Blow up Ye B.C.G.S.

Mine fellowe conspirators,

Here followeth your instructions :—

On the nite of the 13th ye are to meete me on the stroke of ten of ye clock, at ye portals of ye schoole. Thence shall we procede to ascend ye afore-mentioned portals, after whiche, withe muche stelthe, shall we excavate one lengthy tunnel frome the lawne in the foreground into the headmystresses studye. (Fifi Squiggles, she will bring her pneumatic drille to aid us in this procedure).

When the studye is reached, two of ye will confiscate each object that is out of place, and make the mystresses pay a pennye each for every article. Then each of ye must take a quantity of dynamite and place a sticke in every classe roome in the schoole. (If on youre rounds you find any of ye innocent souls of IV B. still in detention, release from afore lighting youre fuses of youre dynamite.) When ye have succeeded in this perilous adventure and consumed all youre dynamite, I will give three shorte blastes on a bugle from the quadrangle, on whiche signal ye will lite the fuses and crawl threwe the tunnel as quickly as possible (speede is essential in carrying out this part of the planne.)

Any survivors will meete at ye olde tucke shoppe of Porter's on Mundae, when we shall divyde the ransom money received for confiscated propertye.

YE CHIEFE.

N.B.—If ye meete any of the mystresses in the schoole don't cutte their ears offe as is oure custome. It wille suffice to cutte their throtes.

ELSIE COLLINSON, Form IV B.

Remembrance.

I once saw a dear little village,
I can't quite remember its name ;
It's in a remote part of England,
And so is unknown to fame.

The houses in this tiny village,
Have thatched roofs and windows so small ;
But each has a beautiful garden
Where flowers grow handsome and tall.

There are daffies and tulips in Springtime,
Roses, lilies, and bluebells in June ;
And the villagers say in December,
" We'll see snowdrops and crocuses soon."

I don't think there's a shop in this village,
There's certainly no village school,
There's a tiny, grey Methodist Chapel,
And an inn called " The White Horse and Pool."

Near the inn are some towering ruins,
Ivy covered and silent as night ;
In front of the wide crumbling gateway,
A gun in the sunlight stands bright.

On the side of this obsolete weapon
Is fixed a brass plate, with the name
Of the battle in which the old cannon
Had won for itself place and fame.

It's some time since I saw that dear village,
Yet I picture it always the same ;
And I hope that some time in the future
I'll see that dear village again.

MARY BRYDON, I.I.C.

John.

As he watched the bubbles he had blown into the air, I thought how like his sister he was. His soft curls glistened in the strong sunlight, and his dark eyes shone as he turned to laugh at me. He was dressed in a black velvet suit with a white collar and white pearl buttons. He looked very old-fashioned and indeed picturesque. His face seemed to shine with the fun he was having, and his merry laugh resounded through the trees. I know this because I saw the gardener turn to catch a glimpse of his merry face. It was enough to make any one glad to be alive. Indeed, as I watched him, I thought to myself, ~~so~~ this is John, aged three !

NORMA SCOTT, I.H.

The Rainbow.

From the sky so dull and grey,
Rain has fallen all the day ;
But, look ! a rainbow bright I see,
And on it fairies dance with glee.

Old people say a crock of gold,
Is hidden, where no warrior bold,
But only people good and kind
This crock of fairy gold may find.

MAUREEN RICHARDSON, I.I.C.

This England.

This England, the land of the brave and the free,
 A steadfast island in a perilous sea ;
 We are proud of her mountains, her hills, and her dales,
 And proud of her spirit which always prevails.

Our fathers fought for her, in years long ago,
 Their dauntless courage smashed every foe ;
 'Tis for that heritage we battle now,
 To slavery and dishonour we never shall bow.

Her people are murdered, like heroes they die,
 By devils who are showering death from the sky ;
 Not one of her people would not gladly give
 His life that the good name of England might live.

So we will defend our freedom and rights,
 And through the terror of blackest nights
 We'll smile and show what England can do,
 Till the bright dawn breaks gloriously through.

JOYCE PILLANS, IVB.

Greece.

Greece, proud land of song and story,
 Scene of battles all well-fought ;
 Poets great tell of thy glory,
 Of thy freedom dearly bought.

Thine ancient temples ruined lie,
 With dust of ages covered o'er ;
 Their beauty, framed against the sky,
 Remains, despite the rage of war.

Again the foe attacks thy land,
 And bombed thine ancient cities fall ;
 But firm as ever thou dost stand,
 Thy gallant spirit conquering all.

And thou wilt fight with other lands,
 Which the Torch of Freedom bear,
 Until the New World glorious stands,
 And in its triumph thou dost share.

CONNIE LEONARD, VC.

On Playing the Hymn in Prayers.

When the fateful slip of paper is put into my hand I feel much like a poor wretch summoned to the guillotine, the slip of paper which states simply my name, form, the number of a hymn and a date. The last is the most important piece of information ; involuntarily my first thought is "How long have I ?" and the answer generally is not very reassuring. From that moment until the dread minutes have passed I have no peace of mind ; I alternate between dire foreboding and a certain short-lived sublime confidence which I like to imagine I am feeling, but which is in actual fact fraught with undercurrents of doubt. The prevailing sentiment, however, is of fear. Suppose the hymn-book were to fall on the keyboard ; it has been known to happen. I should never dare raise my head again.

Suppose——Then I try to be sensible, make up my mind to practise hard and to do my best, however many doubts may assail me. At home the household is driven nearly frantic by the repetition ad infinitum of one ordinary inoffensive hymn-tune, for at each fresh attempt the rendering gets worse, until in despair I shut the piano lid down on my apprehension and try in a vain effort to forget all about it.

When the dreadful moment eventually arrives a strange, strained feeling of calm comes upon me. My fate is sealed. During the waiting minutes, however, that calm becomes a thing of a forgotten past ; and when at last the awful moment comes my hands are cold and my mouth dry ; I feel the hundreds of eyes riveted upon me (probably fewer than half those eyes are looking in my direction). Then, the notes are heard, and the wrong ones echo and re-echo so that my shame is indescribable. Most often the final " Amen " sounds on a note of weary relief ; occasionally, very occasionally, of triumph.

There is, however, a very real pleasure and satisfaction in leading many voices in unison singing, provided one is familiar with the notes themselves. And, after all, is it not a consolation that this ordeal constitutes another link in the chain of valuable experience in accompaniment ? One can do much to " create atmosphere," to bring out and emphasise the meaning of the hymn itself, for few audiences are totally unsympathetic to genuine interpretation of music.

NANCY UTTON, U.VI.

Willie and the Poster.

When walking down the street one day our little Willie saw
 A poster telling what you ought to do when there is war ;
 Please carry your tin helmet. You know what Nazis do.
 " But what's the use ? said Willie. " It won't cover all of you.
 And that is what you really want," our little Willie said,
 " 'Cos you can't do much when you've all gone west except your head"
 Said the poster. " You must always take your respirator too ;"
 " But," said little Willie, " what a silly thing to do !
 Isn't that what they hatch chickens in ? " He gave a puzzled frown.
 " What will the little chickens do when bombs are coming down ?
 And " do not shine your torches upwards when there is a raid ! !"
 " Why not ? " asks our Willie, " When I'm in the shelter laid
 I can see enormous torches shining up into the sky ;
 And, otherwise, how could they see the planes that fly so high ?
 If they had no torch to shine on them and see them as they go
 The planes would drop their bombs on us and bump us off I know,
 So I think that it is quite a stupid thing for them to say
 That we should not shine our torches. They might save our lives some day."

ENID SPENDLEY, IVB.

Vanished Friends.

A few weeks ago Sunderland parted with two very old friends, the cannon on Building Hill, Mowbray Park. There they had stood guard since 1857, the " Gog and Magog of Wearside."

They were presented to the town by Lord Panmure, the Secretary for War, after being captured at Sebastopol in 1855, and they have delighted scores of small boys who loved to climb and slide about them. Both guns were stamped with the Russian Eagle, and one had lost a piece of its muzzle which had been blown away by an English shot,

Now "Salvage" has claimed them, and after all these years they have gone to war again.

One wonders what these old Russian cannon thought as they were hauled from the stone basis on which they had stood so long. Perhaps the motto of our own Royal Artillery had stolen into their hearts.

" Ubique "

(Everywhere)

" Quo Fas et Gloria ducunt "

(Where duty and glory lead)

MOYRA POTTER, IIIC.

" A.R.P. "

Mr. Brown, our neighbour, has joined the A.R.P.,
 And takes his various duties most conscientiously ;
 Every time the siren starts wailing in the night,
 Mr. Brown leaps out of bed and switches on the light,
 Waking up his faithful wife, who murmurs with a frown,
 " Switch the light off, Cecil dear, the blackout's taken down ! "
 Cecil in the darkness starts groping here and there,
 Feeling for his trousers which were lying on a chair ;
 Mutters, as he seizes a very large tin hat,
 " Where's my blessed gas-mask ? Blow that blooming cat ! "
 Dashes from the bedroom, and then all unawares,
 Tripping on the carpet, he tumbles down the stairs.
 Feeling rather dizzy, he gazes all around ;
 Painfully and slowly, he rises from the ground.
 Once he's in the garden he pulls up in his stride,
 Suddenly remembering his whistle's still inside.
 Back towards the house, at a gallop Cecil goes,
 Tripping on a flower bed, landing on his nose ;
 Opening the door again, up the stairs he creeps.
 And tiptoes to the bedroom where Mrs. Brown still sleeps ;
 Up jumps Mrs. Brown with a simply piercing scream,
 " Murder ! Oh, it's Cecil ! You've spoilt my lovely dream ! "
 Picking up his whistle from off the bedroom floor,
 Cecil leaves the bedroom, and runs outside once more.
 Finally arriving at the post, what does he hear,
 Disturbing all the silence with its wailing, the " All Clear ! "

BETTY MESSENGER, VC.

My Little Sister.

Who could wish for a better sister than mine ? She is so quaint and sweet that every one loves her.

She has lovely brown hair which hangs in pretty ringlets all round her sweet little head. I find much pleasure in making things for her, and she rewards me with a kiss. Her brown eyes are always laughing up at me, and when she does this two dimples appear on her rosy cheeks, and I just cannot help hugging her.

If this sister were only real !

MARJORIE BURN, IC.

Germany Calling.

Germany calling ! Bremen, D.J.A.,
 Here is our bulletin for to-day,
 Germany once more has conquered all,
 And soon Great Britain is sure to fall.

Last night when the moon was riding on high,
 And clouds were racing all over the sky,
 Our wondrous Air Force, and our incomparable air aces,
 Shot down fifty Spitfires, and returned to their bases.

Our invincible navy patrolling the seas,
 With swastika banners unfurled in the breeze,
 And bows dipping low on the swelling foam,
 Presents a proud picture to Germans at home.

Planes we've destroyed, and ships not a few,
 This is only a taste of what we shall do ;
 Our glorious seamen, so brave and so loyal,
 Three times have sunk the now famous Ark Royal.

In the memorable battle of the River Plate,
 Three British ships met their inevitable fate,
 With true German grit the Admiral Graf Spee
 With guns blazing fiercely kept them at bay.

Our Italian allies have not let us down,
 Already at sea they have won great renown ;
 Why resist further ? 'Tis quite plain to see
 The Empire of Britain must bow to Germany.

Dear Britons, we hate to be your bitter foes,
 We'll give you peace if Mr. Churchill goes ;
 Will our terms be generous ? Why of course,
 We shall take your Navy, Empire, Army and Air Force.

When we've crushed Britain under our heel,
 The rest of Europe will begin to feel
 The might of Germany, firm and strong,
 And the world will be subject to us 'ere long.

OLIVE M. JEFFRIES, VC.

Episodes from the Life of a Soldier.

First was the fear and blood of war,
 Such life was unknown to him before ;
 Recurring guns lit up the skies,
 And nearly blinded his poor eyes.
 But one day, crash, a sudden pain,
 He fell, and could not stand again,
 Then all went dark.

He woke, to find that all was white,
 Thank God : a hospital, no more fight,
 A gentle nurse came to his bed,
 And dressed his leg, and bound his head,
 And presently said, because
 Of shell-shock, treatment was,
 To be left all alone.

They daily put him in a chair,
 And wheeled him out into the air,
 Into a green and leafy wood,
 And no-one came, save nurse with food
 Or books to read ; and so , this way,
 Life was to him one lazy day,
 A sort of paradise.

But soon he sickened of this bliss,
 Was lonely, and began to miss
 The tramping feet—his regiment,
 All on the self-same object bent,
 United comradeship ; the fine
 Feeling of being in the front line,
 And he hated being alone.

The peace and green of mossy dell,
 Recalled the noise of screaming shell :
 The warm sun filtering through the trees,
 Revived the thought of cold, and seas ;
 The cool, clean foliage brought back
 The muddy trench, and aching back ;
 And he pined for pain and strife.

In time, the timid squirrels thought,
 " What could it be that here has brought
 An intruder to our forest home ?"
 And birds said, " What right has he to roam
 In our wood ? " and circled round his chair,
 The soldier, glad of their presence there,
 No longer felt alone.

After that, each day, he'd plead
 Some crumbs and scraps, with which to feed
 His feathered friends, who grew
 To hundreds from the first shy few ;
 His lust for war-like Hell had ended,
 His love to animals extended,
 That before had been for war.

The soldier thought, " How queer it be
 That these strange creatures respect me ! "
 And as he limped, and moved his chair,
 The dumb things followed everywhere,
 With love he'd never known before,
 And the only thing he now cared for
 Was the animals' devotion.

The Meet.

It is a clear, cold November morning, and at the Kennels people are astir and many sounds disturb the silence. In the stable yard is heard the musical jingle of harness as the grooms saddle the horses to be used for that day's meet. A merry fire is burning in the stable-house, and round it are grouped the young apprentices, laughing and talking. The hounds are singing in the Kennelhouse, their music forming an accompaniment to the hustle and bustle of preparation.

Ah ! here come the huntsmen, resplendent in fine red coats with gleaming brass buttons, newly cleaned breeches and snow-white cravats. They march along, rapping their hunting crops on highly-polished knee-boots, to the spot where the horses are waiting, pawing the ground, impatient to be off.

The two men mount, settling themselves comfortably in the saddle, and move out into the Kennel-field. The Kennelman is at the gates of the Kennelhouse waiting to release the hounds.

"All right, Joe, we are ready," comes the shout. Back go the gates and out rush the dogs, barking furiously, dashing up and down the field in their excitement. An answering cry comes from those left behind, and long after the hunters are on their way to the meet the dismal singing of these forlorn animals continues to disturb the still air.

The huntsmen trot along, the hooves of the horses ringing on the hard surface of the road. The hounds scurry to and fro, now running ahead, now stopping to examine an interesting hole at the edge of the road, now snapping playfully at one another. They are in high spirits, and their excitement communicates itself to the horses which step out briskly.

At the Hall many have already gathered, and the new arrivals are greeted boisterously by men dressed in hunting pink and warmly by ladies in long riding habits and wearing bowler hats. The hounds mingle with those already present, and conversation eddies to and fro as former hunts are lived over again and thrilling episodes are recalled. At last comes a lull in the conversation and a certain tense feeling of expectation is in the air. The whole company is assembled, and to the accompaniment of a loud blast on the horn, the meet moves off, all intent on capturing the thrill of the chase.

MAJORIE EDWARDS, VC.

Pippa's Song.

Music by
Karl Dean, 1882 &c.

Words by
Browning.

The year's at the spring, the day's at the morn. Morn'ngs at sev'n, the

hill-sides dew pearl'd. The lark's on the wing, the swall's on the thorn, God's in his hea-ven,

God's in his hea-ven, God's in his hea-ven, all's right with the world.

Marriages.

Details of all Bedan marriages cannot be given this year ; we must, however, give special mention to those which have recently taken place among officials or ex-officials of the **Guild of Old Bedans**.

Our Vice-Chairman (and Chairman-Elect), Winifred Gibson, has obligingly changed her name to one beginning with M, and so follows the tradition ! She is Mrs. J. L. Milburn. Members will recollect that the names of the Chairmen of the Guild, since its reconstruction in 1928, have all begun with M ; the present chairman, Mollie Hinkley, married and became Mrs. Maddison just before taking up office.

Mary Mackintosh, vice-chairman of the original Reconstruction Committee, and later Chairman of the Guild, is now Mrs. Alderson.

Edith Lockey, recently Assistant Secretary, and Maisie Curry and Kathleen Walton, members of Committee, are Mrs. Colin Smith, Mrs. Metcalfe, and Mrs. Wood respectively.

Doreen Ward, founder and Secretary of the London Branch of the Guild is Mrs. Macrae.

Among other Bedans recently married are :—

Joyce Alder, Marion and Audrey Arnold, Jennie Arthur, Isabel Bainbridge, Janet Barnes, Betty Behrman, Kathleen Bellamy, Mary Blencarn, Kathleen Blenkinsop, Doris Boundy, Kathleen Burnicle, Audrey Carr, Kathleen Carr, Margaret Carr, Mary Champness, Freda Charlton, Betty Christal, Edith Clasper, Dorothy Coates, Elsie Colling, Ruby Cutter, Marguerite Davison, Mabel Davidson, Isabella Dodd, Peggy Dodds, Gwen Donald, Hilda Edwards, Mary Fairclough, Betty Fairgrieve, Constance Ferguson, Freda Ferguson, Muriel Flynn, Nellie Fraser, *M. E. Gales, Edith Galley, Elsa Garbutt, Betty Gillis, Elsie Gimson, Roma Glaholm, Winifred Halstead, Joyce Hannington, Elizabeth Harrison, Mary Hayton, Cissie Henderson, Jessie Hepton, Alice Hodgson, Margaret Hogg, Hazel Horn, Marjorie Jackson, Florence Leithead, Ethel Letbe, Isabel Lundy, Bessie Maccoby, Laura Manning, Gwen Marley, Doris McCree, Gwen McCree, Mildred Mincovitch, Jean Nichol, Nancy Nicholson, Dorothy Potts, Ethel Ramsay, Olive Ranson, Hilda Reed, Vivien Robinson, Winifred Rogers, Eleanor Russell, Bessie Scott, Kathleen Scott, Nora Senior, Lesley Service, Sadie Shacklock, Winifred Simpson, Rose Smith, Margery Smyth, Olive Stonehouse, Vera Thomas, Nellie Thompson, Mary Thurlbeck (the younger), Margaret Turner (the younger), Sheila Verity, Margery Wade, Ida Walker, Louise Warrentz, May Welch, Elizabeth Clark, *E. A. Williams, Edith Wood, Lily Wood, Gladys Woodward, Gladys Young,

Our good wishes are with all of these, and with any whose names are omitted.

Births.

To save space, and for easier identification, the mother's maiden name only is given.

Congratulations to :—

Helen Alexander, Dulcie Anderson, Peggy Barron, Bertha Byfield, Brenda Bryers, Phyllis Carr (the younger), Beatrice Charlton, Winifred Clayburn, Doris Cook, Elsie Cowell, Eveline Davis, Florence Davis Hannah Dean, Edna Davidson, Gwyneth Evans, Elsie Franklin, Frances Fordyce, Nancy Hapgood, Winifred Halliday, Jean Hanson, *K. Herbert, Agnes Herdson, Marjorie Hindmarch, Flora Hollingshead, Hilda Hunter, Sarah Hutchinson, Edith Jameson, Winifred James, Dorothy Kirtley, Constance Lee, *L. Locker, Ruth Marley, Eva McCririck, Mollie McNaught, Jennie Newton, Hilda Nicholson, Pauline Orr, Ethel Procter, Isabel Reed, Bessie Robinson, Ethel Robinson,

Dorothy Roth, Gladys Sim, Constance Simpson, Gladys Stewart, *N. Taylor, Elizabeth Thurlbeck, Mary Thurlbeck (the elder), Eileen Walker, Marjorie Walker (the elder), Winnie Wilkinson, Frances Wills, Janie Witten, Dorothy Bavidge.

Congratulations also to those omitted and to all the babies' fathers.

* Former member of School Staff.

In Memoriam.

MISS ANNIE ROBINSON.

JESSIE THEODORSON.

HILDA MEADOWS.

MRS. SUDDICK.

EMMA TODD (MRS. WALFORD COMMON).

For Old Bedans, Chiefly.

The Guild of Old Bedans is suspended at present. This *Bedan* therefore, is sponsored only by the school, and copies cannot be sent free to Guild Members. By courtesy of the School Editorial Committee, however, Life Members and officials are to receive a complimentary copy.

For the same reason, the usual REPORTS and NOTES ON OLD BEDANS must be foregone ; it is a pity, as there is, this year, much to tell. Notices of marriages and births have had to be cut down, too. Everywhere, there are omissions ; readers must understand and forgive.

The only activity of the Guild since September, 1939, has been to make a collection from its members of knitted comforts for the men of the Services, and of subscriptions of money. With the latter, wool was bought, and knitted up by other members. There was a good response, and the School staff's contribution from Richmond in answer to the appeal was particularly generous.

All Old Bedans who knew Miss Robinson and who remember her patient, honest, teaching of them in their Mathematics and Physics lessons, will grieve to learn that she died just after War began. She had had much suffering ; and her interest in the School's doings and her cheerful courage during her long and wearing illness, impressed all those of us who were privileged to visit her. We offer our sympathy to her relatives.

We also send our sympathy to those Old Bedans who have suffered through the war. We know Old Bedans whose homes have been wrecked through air-raids in Sunderland, in London, on Merseyside, in Southampton and in Cambridgeshire. Elsewhere, probably, others have suffered. We are sorry.

In the happier days before September, 1939, we had the joy of congratulating Alderman Mrs Bell on having the O.B.E. conferred upon her. In her gracious letter of thanks, she says of the Old Bedans : " They have a very warm place in my heart and have had for more years than I like to count."

In July, 1939, Miss Birchall retired from her post at Bede School, and at the last meeting of the Guild of Old Bedans, her old pupils made her a gift to express their appreciation of all she had done for and been to them. She went to a new home in Sevenoaks, and wrote very cheerfully from there in spite of air-raids. Our latest news of her is that she is now in Devonshire in a farm house not very far from the home of one of our newer members of the staff. At Christmas, School loses, in Miss Haggart, yet another whose vivid personality 'matters' to Bedans. That our loss is others' gain is small comfort to us, but our good wishes and gratitude go with her.

Last Christmas we visited Miss Boon in her home in London. Shewas well and busy. She has now gone to Yorkshire, where she has taken a small cottage ; and she was hopefully waiting for her furniture to arrive from London when she wrote a week or two ago.

Miss Ewart is still in her home at Reading. She " spends a good deal of time in the Air Raid Shelter," but is still cheerful and has knitted, and is knitting, a great deal in the way of comforts.

Miss Hutchinson and Miss Wilson are both spending their days very differently from what we had envisaged for them in their retirement. At their country homes, they are looking after children, sent to them for safety ; and very busy lives they lead. " Evacuated " Bedans were glad to see Miss Hutchinson on two occasions in Richmond, and so was the " evacuated " staff ! How we talked ! We have not seen Miss Wilson for some time, though at least one " Old Bedan " met her in the village street.

As we give no notes on Old Bedans themselves this time, we think readers will like to hear of these " Old Mistresses " of ours who have helped to make Old Bedans, and with whom Old Bedans share happy memories of hard work, keen games and much fun, who are friends of all Old Bedans and who remain to them for ever " part of the School."

The School had its fiftieth birthday in April. It passed (as perhaps fiftieth birthdays should " almost unnoticed " but a few senior girls doing evening Preparation in the chill room at Lennox House in Richmond learnt of it in their two-minute-long " Break," had a little birthday present of a few sweets bestowed on them, and were allowed to eat one then and there, by way of a humble toast. Their good wishes to " Our School " were none the less sincere for this unorthodox homage.

To all Old Bedans who may read these notes, the School, its pupils, and its mistresses send greeting.—And may the Guild of Old Bedans come into life again, and that soon, with renewed enthusiasm and vigour !

