



THE BEDAN,

DECEMBER, 1943.

FOREWORD.

Dear Bedans,

Recently we had our first Speech Day of the war, the previous Speech Day being on December 1st, 1938, within a year of which, as you know, the whole school was compulsorily evacuated to Richmond, Yorkshire.

The examination results are good. This year every pupil entered for the School Certificate Examination was a Special Place holder. The result shows that, when every girl gets a chance to do those subjects in which she shows some appreciation and proficiency, her chances of success in examination are real and her standard of performance high. The average mark in Higher and School Certificate was Credit plus. Two girls were on the reserve list for State Scholarships, but this year we won no scholarship. We had 100 per cent. Higher Certificate passes, and 95.7 per cent. passed the School Certificate, for which there were 70 entrants, three only excluded through illness. This year two of our would-be candidates were affected by the blitzes. One, alas, has since passed away, and the other is only now recovering. I look forward to the Examining Body's granting, in cases of grave illness, "aegrotat" certificates similar to those granted to University graduates who have finished their studies but failed, through illness, to sit for examination. Both girls would certainly have passed.

The school has now run on to normal lines. Most of our extra-school activities still flourish as you will realise from later accounts. Some members of staff have inspired Salvage Drives, and others have undertaken the thankless task of supervising School allotments. Milk drinking is a definite activity organised by Staff, Helpers and Prefects. The Sports' account will show that the last season was successful for Games. Our Swimming activities are particularly commendable. Our aim is to get every girl to swim at least a short distance. We haven't yet succeeded. I still cherish the hope that some generous donor, perhaps from the P.T.A., or a rich evacuee from Australia or Canada, whose income hasn't been eaten by Income Tax, will give us a swimming bath here in the school grounds. The water from the reservoir on Humbledon Hill is near and with sufficient drop to offer no engineering problem. Besides, if our adventurous girls become engineers as we'd like, **they** may do the work for us. We were very glad to receive for the encouragement of swimming in the School two lovely silver cups from our ex-chairman, Mrs. Hedley. These were won by Forms last year, but will be awarded to Houses next year.

The mention of Houses enables me to say that we have restored the Houses in the school. Our aim is to give every girl through her House a sense of identification with the **whole** school so that whether in the first form or the sixth all shall know themselves members of one great family.

The problems attached to uniform have been light. The reasons seem to be that here the parents are resolved to keep to the school uniform as far as humanly possible, the girls are co-operative and obedient, form mistresses are helpful, and the second mistress, Miss Lloyd, has immensely helped matters by conducting an Exchange Mart to which ex-pupils contribute their uniforms. The thanks of the school have been earned by the second mistress who has generously taken off my shoulders much of the School's strain.

We have a Careers' Mistress, Miss M. White, who will be assisted by the Careers' Committee, of all Fifth Form Mistresses. We thank her for undertaking her extra duties, as we thank her predecessor. Many a girl owes to Miss Shearer's encouragement her own choice of a career, involving extra study and professional training, instead of slipping into a job without prospect and without stimulus to creative work. Miss Shearer leaves us at Christmas. This Bedan contains our valedictory messages of goodwill.

The Norwood Report occupies our minds. Our enthusiasm for its proposals is tempered by our knowledge that there are not nearly enough teachers, and that the scarcity will continue well beyond the first days of peace. Parents might consider this fact when weighing the prospects of a career for their daughters. No pupil who has not a vocation for teaching should be forced into it, but any who have yet to make up their minds should consider this among the first needs of the country. It takes as much to train a secondary school pupil as a good mechanic or ship's fitter at least £200. If this money were the interest on capital at 2 per cent., each secondary schoolgirl would represent a capital of £10,000. This is not much if the nation receives a return in good citizenship, in alert minds, in sensitive souls; in people ready and willing to be responsible for the right conduct of affairs. It is money thrown away if the only product of such expense is a certificated girl, self-centred, greedy, and mean-minded.

There have been many changes of staff since our last Bedan. The war has offered chances of new appointments and different work, and teachers have been wise to embrace the chances. At present we are glad to have with us Miss Showell for Art; Miss Adamson for History; Miss White for Mathematics; Miss Carlin for Science; Miss N. I. Abbott for Music. I ask parents to support her in her endeavour to re-constitute in due course the Bede Orchestra, and to address enquiries to her as to school arrangements for the teaching of Music. We have a violinist and two pianists as visiting teachers. We have not forgotten Mr. Hooker whose ill-health caused him to leave us recently. Miss Postlethwaite is a new appointment for the teaching of Divinity, which draws attention to the importance now attached to Divinity as a secondary school subject, and to our own hope that this great study will enrich the life of the school. To all these mistresses we extend a cordial welcome and wish them happiness.

We have taken leave of many old friends with great regret. Last year Mrs. Nicholson, who had brought Music to a high standard, was obliged for health reasons to limit her teaching activity. We remember her when we use her lovely Book of Prayers. Miss McKitterick, History Mistress, left us for an appointment in Liverpool. Though Miss Stirk has transferred her allegiance to the Technical College, she isn't lost to the Bede School, for she visits us regularly as the Area Commandant of the G.T.C. We are indebted to her for her generous donation of a prize in Biology. Miss Smith, Mathematics mistress, has taken up an appointment in London with the National Committee of the G.T.C. We wish all happiness and a thrilling job of work.

The Parent-Teacher Association is one of the most important bodies connected with the School. It is at present concerned to interest parents in a Scholarship Scheme through which grants, in aid of higher education, will be made to pupils entering upon any career in any training centre in the country. The capital sum is being raised through social efforts, through donations, and through subscriptions. I make an appeal to all parents to become members of the Association, to consider not whether they can attend the P.T. Conferences, which are held frequently, nor the social functions, nor the open-days held in the school, but to consider simply whether they are glad to have their children at the Bede and whether they feel that the privilege isn't worth membership of the P.T.A. The cost per parent is 2/- a year or 3/- for a joint subscription, a sum which is not prohibitive. If every father and mother were members we should have well over a £100 yearly from membership fees, and the P.T.A. would be able to do more than it does now. The Officers and the Committee of the Association are active, hard-working and unselfish in their attitude to the School. We are grateful to all, not least to

1950 BEDE GIRLS' COLLEGIATE SCHOOL 1950

SCHOOL MOTTO

— 'AFTER DARKNESS — LIGHT' —



AT RICHMOND



AT SUNDERLAND



K. F. BELL VC.

that untiring genius, the Honorary Secretary. The renewed publication of the P.T.A. News-sheet in early November was eagerly awaited. We are grateful to its editor, Mr. Shearer.

The life of a big school is so intricate that it is impossible to conceive of its existing but for the devoted work of many workers. I am sensible of the debt owed by the school to every member of the staff; to Miss Gibbons, our Secretary; to the Laboratory Stewards; to Miss Thompson in the Dining-hall and her domestic staff; to the caretaker and his staff, to the gardeners, indeed to all who work with insufficient material under hard conditions.

As the war enters a decisive and hopeful stage our pleasure is sobered by the fact that the settlement after the war will be difficult, costly and indefinitely prolonged. This time we have made a conscious "date with destiny." We are awed by the prospect of responsibility for the settlement of the world. We are awed too by the expectation of the world that Education and the Teachers must produce the men and women who are to find the solutions to world problems. One thing is clear. This is a time for greatness. We are glad that we are alive to answer so thrilling an invitation. We are proud to belong to a School, determined to be in the thick of the fight.

Yours sincerely;

WINIFRED J. E. MOUL.

The Parent Teacher Association.

Dear Parents,

It seems but yesterday that we were planning the 1942 issue of "The Bedan" so swiftly do events crowd upon us in this fearful struggle, the outcome of which is plain for all to see. Although we can, and rightly so, view affairs in a much more optimistic light, we must avoid, at all costs, that most dangerous of maladies, apathy. As in the National effort, so in the P.T.A. We do not exist merely to run social events. There is a much more practical side to our work. This does not mean that we decry social functions—far from it. They are, necessarily so, complementary to the practical in as much as they provide, in no small measure, the funds that enable us to carry on.

During the past year we have donated over £11 for prizes, educational and otherwise, and have raised our Scholarship Grant in Aid Fund to well over £150. This money is earmarked for the use of any girl or girls of the Higher Certificate standard. In this connection I shall be delighted if the parents of these girls—yes, and the girls themselves—will write to me at the school on their ambitions in the choice of career to see whether the P.T.A. can help. Together we can ensure the attainment of our hopes and make the administration of this fund extremely successful. All communications will be treated as confidential.

In conclusion I should like to take this opportunity of wishing all a really happy Xmas and a bright New Year.

"ONSEC."

Miss Shearer.

Miss Elspeth R. Shearer joined the staff of Bede School in 1917 as Senior French Mistress. Her retirement at Christmas, 1943, brings to an end a period of 26 years' service in the cause of education which will be an inspiration to generations of Bedans.

The organisation of the work of the French Department was her primary task, and she brought to that task a scholarship, an enthusiasm,

an energy, a resourcefulness and a power of hard work which showed themselves in many ways: in the coaching of the older girls for university scholarships, often in her own time; in the institution of the school Cercle Français, later superseded by the form circle; in the arranging of French correspondents for hosts of Bedans; in the helping of individual girls to exchange themselves into French families; in the organisation of a bazaar to help a French village to rebuild its school; to mention only a few. Latterly she has been made the representative in Sunderland of the A.V.F., and she has given much time and thought to furthering the interests of the Fighting French.

But Miss Shearer's energy was not confined to the French Department and the classroom, it embraced all the many sides of school life. The founding and establishment of the Loan and Scholarship Fund, charitable activities, games, amusements and school gardens owed not a little to the infectious enthusiasm and stimulating originality of the Senior French Mistress. And amidst all this she found time to be a member of the Committee of the Sunderland J.A.C. and School Careers Mistress.

For many years E. R. S. helped to edit the Bedan, and her delightfully racy notes on Old Bedans have given pleasure to countless old girls, who have found in them a link with their school days that they would otherwise have missed.

In 1928 she undertook, cheerfully and enthusiastically, the stupendous job of re-organising the Guild of Old Bedans. This she did together with a committee of old girls, and, under her guidance the Guild flourished and became a real factor in the life of the school. Unfortunately, the war interrupted its activities but, this year, E. R. S. once more accepted the challenge and the Guild has recommenced its work most auspiciously.

So much for what can be seen and more or less measured. There remain the imponderabilities which are worth more than all the rest, the high ideal of personal life and conduct, the passionate zeal for truth, the fearless stand for right and justice, the unflinching devotion to duty, the sense of fun, the unfailing sympathy and understanding which made Elspeth R. Shearer respected by all her pupils and colleagues and loved by not a few of them.

A Tribute.

It is the sincere wish of all Old Bedans that Miss Shearer should have good health with which to enjoy to the full the years of retirement which lie before her; for, regardless of her physical well-being, she has given selflessly of her best during the many arduous years she has taught at Bede. Upon Bedans has been expended that store of mental energy, that vital life-flow of the ardent spirit, that takes toll of bodily health; yet in all she attempts Miss Shearer never ceases to display whole-hearted and boundless interest, great capacity, and that remarkable devotion and unfailing loyalty which are marked features in her character.

As Careers Mistress she has devoted much time and thought to the future of her pupils, exploring every avenue in her zeal to find the best possible careers for them to follow.

Old Bedans turn to Miss Shearer as to a true and trusted friend. To them she is that link with school that we all delight to preserve. It was largely due to her vision and ceaseless labour that the Guild of Old Bedans was formed some fifteen years ago. All this time she has been its Secretary, Adviser, and Friend. It is with deep gratitude that Old Bedans remember this, and are happy to have her assurance that she will continue this work for the Guild for some time to come.

To Miss Shearer, then, we offer our best wishes for a long and happy retirement.

ONE OLD BEDAN.

Verse Translation Competition.

After weeding out, from the efforts sent in, some that were not verse at all, others that had no rhymes and were not, as one candidate hopefully explained, "blank verse," and a few that were rhythmic and interesting but that could not possibly be called translations, we were left with some quite good work. The great weakness is lack of sustained effort; good verses are spoilt by one weak stanza. Many of the best verses, too, departed too much from the original or added too much to rank as translations (even one of the prize verses errs on this side), while many of the better translations limped somewhat too painfully to be reckoned as poetry!

As the poems varied considerably in difficulty, the task of judging the competitors' work was hard, both for ourselves and for Dr. Milne, of Birmingham University, who was kind enough to give the final verdict. Here is her criticism:

Junior Section

"Taking into consideration (a) the difficulty of the poem, (b) the age of the poet, (c) the effort to render the difficulties, and (d) sense of form and presentation, I should put the first five in this order:—

Prize 1. Muriel Mackay (**Four Little Niggers**). A nice little effort which fits the French, although a good deal is left out.

Highly Commended, 2. Irene Denton (**Winter**). Better rhythm and a far more difficult poem. The second verse is weak but it is so in all the translations of this poem.

3. Florence Farrow (**The Disobedient Frog**). Spirited and has the right emphasis, though again much that is difficult has been left out.

Commended, 4. Pat Scorer (**Winter**). A little laborious but carefully done; and

5. Anne Bates (**The Disobedient Toad**). Shows little sense of rhythm, but has some good points, and I liked her last verse very much.

Senior Section

Prize (equal) 1. Sylvia Simpson (**Dance, Little Maid**). Really very good, with only one weak line, third of the second verse. I think her "Little Maid" wins the day, and

Prize (equal) 2. Phyllis Whitfield (**Winter**). Rhythm very good. Her choice of a long line leads her to some "padding" and improving of the text, but it is a very good effort for a fifteen-year-old girl.

Highly commended, 3. Jean Sutherland (**Winter**). Errs in the other direction from No. 2. She "rarifies" the text. I like stanza 3 (though is "daims familiers" "his friends the deer"?)

Commended, 4. Audrey Hudson (**Cradle Song**). A long way behind the first three, but her first two lines in each stanza are good, though she cannot sustain them by a third and fourth.

We are sorry to have no space to mention about twenty other names, for many other poems entered had good points, and some were tuneful. A private criticism may be had on application. Nor is there room to quote the French originals. We print, however, the prize translations.

To all who tried, we say "Try again!" You will find it easier next time. And congratulations to Muriel, Sheila and Phyllis!

Four Little Niggers.*(Translation of Quatre Petits Nègres Blancs).*

Four little white niggers,
 On a bench did sit;
 One fell to the ground,
 And the dust he bit!

Three little white niggers
 On a bench sat there;
 One ran a long way off,
 And there remained a pair!

Two little white niggers,
 On a bench they sat;
 One flew in the sky,
 And one remained after that!

One little white nigger
 Sat on a bench feeling small;
 Growing bored he too went off,
 And there were none at all!

MURIEL MACKAY
 (12 years 5 months).

Winter.*(Translation of L'Hiver, by Léon Vêraux).*

Holly-berries, ruby-red, gleaming on the spray;
 Mistletoe with pearls mist-white, softly shining there,
 Glinting on the branches green, lighting all the way—
 Where the cuckoos build their nests, in the woodland fair.

Winter, king of dreary days, ornaments his crown
 With the jewels of the wood, harvesting with them,
 In December's shortening days, branches green and bowing down
 With their load of jewels bright, for his diadem.

Thus adorned, he roams afar with his treasures rare,
 Showing to the friendly deer holly-rubies round,
 Pearls which are the mistletoe, emerald branches fair
 From the pretty woodland where cuckoos' nests abound.

Holly berries, ruby-red, gleaming on the spray,
 Mistletoe with pearls mist-white, softly shining there,
 Gathered in the pretty wood, lighting all the way,
 Where the cuckoos build their nests in the woodland fair.

PHYLLIS WHITFIELD.

(15 years 2 months).

Dance, Little Maid.*(Translation of Danse by Tony Lérye).*

Dance, dance, under the apple bough,
 Dance, little maid!
 Dancing is better than dreaming, I vow,
 Dance, little maid!

Dance, dance under the lilac trees,
 Dance, little maid!
 Picking the purple flowers of these,
 Dance, little maid!

Dance, dance in the warm sunlight,
 Dance, little maid!
 Like the sky, your soul is bright;
 Dance, little maid!

Dance, dance in the flowery mead,
 Dance, little maid!
 Which is fresh like the life you lead,
 Dance, little maid!

SYLVIA SIMPSON.

(15 years 1 month).

Social Service.

Collections last year amounted to £61 6s. 3d., a generous sum, which was allocated as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
23rd Annual Subscription to "The Bede Collegiate Girls' School" Cot in the Children's Hospital ...	25	0	0
Penny Brick Scheme	2	2	0
Royal Infirmary	2	2	0
Monkwearmouth and Southwick Hospital	1	1	0
Local Deaf and Dumb Institute	1	1	0
Local Blind Institute	1	1	0
St. Dunstan's	2	2	0
Waifs and Strays	2	2	0
Local Sick Animals	1	1	0
Dr. Barnardo's	5	5	0
Hospital for Sick Children (Great Ormonde Street) ...	3	3	0
Local Missions to Seamen	1	0	0
Local Life-boat Fund	1	0	0
Five Million Club	1	1	0
Red Cross and St. John's Fund	2	0	0
Prisoners of War Fund	3	0	0
Russian Red Cross	1	0	0
China Red Cross	1	0	0
Aid to Greece Fund	1	0	0
	<u>£57</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>0</u>

The Tuberculosis campaign was helped by a good sum raised by the sale of Seals.

The Needlework Classes have made many little garments for the Children's Hospital, and some knitting has been done by individual girls for our own Forces and for the forces of the Fighting French.

Sixteen families have offered hospitality to French soldiers who have nowhere to go when on leave; fourteen members of the Fighting French Forces have benefited by these offers, several more than once. Many girls have given up their Saturday mornings to help in the selling of flags in the town.

D.S.A.

G.M.S.

National Savings Group.

The National Savings Group has continued to save steadily during the past year with an average weekly total of £40 saved as compared with £30 last year. The "Wings for Victory" Week, held, owing to the school holidays, a week before that of the town, realized a total of £689 0s. 6d. Over 85% of the girls contribute regularly to the School Group.

Allotments.

"Gardens are not made
By singing 'Oh, how beautiful!' and sitting in the shade."

The spare plots of ground round Bede School are much coveted, and there is always a "waiting list" of prospective gardeners. It is sad, therefore, to have to say that, while a few girls worked valiantly at difficult soil last year, others neglected the gardens they had begged to be given.

Only regular and hard work will make a fruitful garden; so, gardeners of this year, show yourselves worthy of the privilege granted you—and dig—and weed—and hoe!

19th Bede Girl Guide Company.

This Company has had a successful year. Those Guides who joined at the beginning of the year were enrolled by Miss Harris (Captain of the 19th A Bede Company), on March 1st, 1943. These Guides are now trying hard for their 2nd class.

To raise money for the Lord Baden Powell Memorial Fund a Beetle Drive and Social was organised, from which we made £4 5s. 9d., and money has also been made by selling Economy Labels. Altogether, we have contributed £14 12s. 2d. to the funds.

There was a successful Guide Rally for Sunderland and district, when Lady Baden Powell visited us on June 16th, 1943.

We thank all those who helped the company by taking classes for proficiency badges or in any other way, especially Miss Postlethwaite, who took the company during Miss Harding's absence.

DAISY GETTINGS, VB.

Bullfinch Patrol Leader.

19th A Sunderland Bede Guides.

During the past year the 19th A Sunderland Guide Company has increased and flourished. We welcome all new-comers and hope that they will enjoy guiding and benefit from it.

We are greatly indebted to our Captain, who has given so much of her valuable time in preparing enjoyable Guide meetings, and who has readily led expeditions of adventurous Girl Guides on many unforgettable Saturday afternoons. The mention of rambles brings to mind "hostelling."

"Youth hostelling" we have found, is a very good war-time substitute for camping. During the summer holidays a small party of Guides went with Captain and Lieutenant to Youth Hostels at Edmundbyers, Acomb, and Bellingham. All returned looking fitter and browner, and the adventures they told would fill a book. We hope that we shall be visiting the P.T.A. Camp near Richmond in the near future.

The rally was a great event in Guide history in Sunderland. Lady Baden-Powell, the chief guest, mentioned among other things, her appreciation of the camp-fire sing-song, in which we participated.

On several occasions, just before the Rally, numbers of Guides were seen parading round the quadrangle, heads erect, and arms swinging. This practice was well worth while, as, on the great day of the Rally, our Company brought honour to the Division by helping to win the "Marching Cup." We look forward eagerly to other such Rallies.

Our effort towards raising money for the Baden-Powell Fund took the form of a social evening, when we entertained parents and friends with

plays and variety items. This performance was also repeated at Sans Street where it was enthusiastically received.

During the year the company has worked extremely hard to secure badges, especially First-Aid, Child Nurse, Health, and Cookery. The results have been gratifying.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Brenda Riddles, who has been our Lieutenant for two years, for her invaluable services to the Company. We are very sorry that she has had to leave us, but we hope that she will be very happy at college, and will come back as often as possible to see us.

As the newly-appointed lieutenants we will do our best to carry on Brenda's good work through the coming year.

HELEN GARRICK, Vc.

SHEILA MARWOOD, Vc.

Lieutenants.

Music Report.

The musical activities of the past year have been many and varied. Our choir has flourished, gramophone classes have been held for School Certificate candidates, we have had very pleasant music from girls playing in the hall before prayers, and last, but not least, our hymn players have acquitted themselves creditably. (Incidentally, we should very much like to have some fresh volunteers for hymn playing.)

It was with great regret that we took leave of Mrs. Nicholson, at the end of the summer term. She had been our guide and inspiration for several years, and we hope that she, too, can look back with pleasure upon her association with the School. We all join in wishing her every success and happiness in the future, and would welcome a visit from her. We assure Miss N. Abbott, her successor, of our most hearty co-operation.

Our congratulations are extended to Miss Moira Mahoney, who recently was awarded a Gold Medal by the Associated Board. We hope that she is enjoying her studies at King's College, Newcastle.

During the Easter term the Choir performed Henry Purcell's opera, "Dido and Aeneas." We had commenced practices at the beginning of the school year, intending to produce the opera at Christmas, but it had to be unavoidably postponed.

Miss Sharp supervised the costumes, scenery, and stage management, and Miss Showell kindly stepped into the breach caused by her departure. Miss Dunbar directed the dancing, and we are indebted to other members of staff who took charge of the lighting, "noises-off," and make-up.

Unfortunately, at the last moment, Mrs. Nicholson was prevented by illness from seeing the fruit of her labours; everything went off well, however, and the two performances were a great success. Part of the proceeds of the opera provided the school with entertainment in the form of a string quartet concert, which was much enjoyed.

K. BELL, Vc.

Modern Events Club.

1942-43.

This year it was arranged that we should have the advantage of hearing lecturers arriving periodically in the town for public meetings, and sponsored by the Ministry of Information. We thus had opportunities of hearing many fine speakers, and invitations to attend these talks were extended to St. Anthony's School and to the Bede Boys' School. We ranged the world and found our interest stimulated in widely differing countries and in their particular problems. Speakers were keen and vigorous and ever ready to answer the many questions put to them.

Our first visitor in December, 1942, was a Canadian officer, who outlined for us the splendid services rendered by this Dominion, especially in view of its small population. In March, 1943, the New World was again most ably represented by an American, Tom Elliott. He was a member of Congress and a fine speaker, young and vigorous like his country, and he aroused much interest in America and its problems, now that America was so definitely "in" the war. When Captain Wyglenda visited us later in March, a film was shown in the dinner hour, showing some of the beauties of Polish towns and countryside. Our visitor spoke quietly, but very effectively, of the part played by Poland in 1939 and afterwards, and we were impressed by his charm of manner and by his astonishing command of English. In April Alderman Ammon, M.P., spoke to us, emphasising the part we could all play both in war and in the even more difficult days when peace would return.

South Africa's position in the world of to-day was well portrayed for us by Captain Allan Smith, a former lecturer from Johannesburg, who had just returned from the N. African front. He was keen and eager to tell us about his country, and was particularly good in answering the many questions, especially those connected with the large native population. The whole school had the opportunity in June of listening to another speaker fresh from the Tunisian Campaign. He was a New Zealander—Major Skinner—and he brought home to us the very great problem of transport in modern warfare.

Shortly after this, several forms heard the lively talk given by Miss Poole, who had travelled both in China and Japan. She had much to say on the position of girls and women in Japan, but though great interest was shown in the shoes we could handle, and in her charming doll in its Japanese dress, not a Bedan wished to change places with a Jap girl.

Apart from these varied and interesting talks, we ourselves were considering problems nearer home, e.g., Town Planning and Housing. We gained permission to visit the Housing Exhibition arranged in the Public Art Gallery, and on March 11th the III and IV Forms held a most promising debate on "The Advantages of Houses v. Flats." Both sides presented their case with energy and skill, but despite the allurements of ultra modern blocks of flats, there was a very large majority in favour of houses.

We live in such stirring times that I would like more discussions to take place, and hope that many debates will be possible in the coming year.

E.M.P.

Ten Days at Drumtochty Castle.

(August 11th—21st, 1943).

I was fortunate enough to be invited to the International Youth Rally at Drumtochty Castle, at which camp were assembled children representing Scotland, England, America, France, the Netherlands, Poland, Greece, Czechoslovakia, and Norway, numbering eighty in all.

This camp was founded in 1934 by the Education Committee of the League of Nations and named in memory of Fridtjof Nansen, Norwegian explorer and scientist. The castle itself was really a school for Norwegian refugee children and the Norwegian Minister of Education was there. The flags of all the nations present were handed to him by representatives of those countries and will be taken to Norway after the war.

We divided into tribes with names reminiscent of Nansen's Polar achievements; Reindeer, Polar Bear, and Whale. These were sub-divided into smaller groups or clans, each with a leader chosen by its members.

Formal names were not used to address these leaders. Mr. C. W. Judd, the secretary, was named "Snap," and his wife, the quartermistress, was "Chips." The camp doctor, Mr. Howard, was "Garibaldi."

Each day began with "physical jerks" at 8 o'clock, led by Dr. Ambros, one of the men who made football popular in Czechoslovakia, and a camp leader whose name was "Bold Chicken."

On August 14th, Dr. Minna Specht, who formerly ran an International boarding school in Germany, gave us a talk on "Germany," the first in the series of talks on "Absent Countries."

In our separate tribe meetings, each tribe discussed a different topic. I was a Reindeer, and our subject was "Education." It was very interesting to compare the different standards in education, and I discovered to my amazement that the foreigners know much more than we do. For instance, in Czechoslovakia, at the age of 14, the children can speak four languages (including their native tongue) because they begin to learn as soon as they go to school.

On Sunday (15th August), representatives from Czechoslovakia, France, and Belgium, told us of their escape from their homelands when these were overrun by the Nazis. They were very exciting but rather touching stories, told without any frills or preparation.

Every evening of our stay at the camp we gathered round the camp fire from 8 p.m. to 9.30 p.m., and sang songs and told stories. The different tribes often provided some form of entertainment, which was very much enjoyed. Often our friends from Norway and Poland performed their national dances. On Wednesday (18th August) the local Home Guard pipers came to the Castle and piped for us.

When the camp broke up, everyone unwillingly departed, but with the hope that next year's camp would be held in Norway, when freedom would have been restored to the world and all the refugees would have returned to their dear native countries.

PHYLLIS WHITFIELD, IVc2.

Saturnalia, 1943.

The annual celebration of the Saturnalia on November 27th, was, as usual, the occasion of much gaiety. The gods and goddesses of Olympus once again honoured us with their presence. This time the mighty Hercules also appeared, bringing with him the victims of his twelve famous labours—a fearsome looking procession of monsters of every description, whom we rather suspected of being fourth-formers in disguise. The mock trial of numerous modern celebrities by the ancient gods caused much merriment, as did also the spectacle of a procession of togged Romans dancing the modern "Cokey-Cokéy,"—an amusing prelude to a very jolly sing-song. A troupe of Greek dancers provided one of the few serious, and certainly one of the most enjoyable, items on the programme. And, last but not least, the "Cena" was a great success, as usual.

Our thanks are due to all, both mistresses and girls, who helped to provide so much fun. Everyone entered into the spirit of our Roman gala day, and proved once more the aptness of our Horatian motto, "Dulce est desipere in loco."

The Science Society's Report.

As everyone in the upper School will know the Science Society meets regularly on the last Thursday of each month. Owing to evacuation, the Society was discontinued but was brought back into existence in January of this year. Miss Moul consented to be our President, and all the Science Staff were elected Vice-Presidents.

During the year we had as lecturers, Mr. Jolly of the Boys' School, whose subject was "Evolution"; Miss Bolton of King's College, who gave a delightful lecture on "Herbal Plants," illustrated with lantern slides; and Miss Lamb, a school dentist, who gave a talk on "Teeth in the Animal World."

At other meetings, girls have read papers on such varying subjects as birds, life on Mars, the birth of our planet, electricity in the home, anaesthetics, and the camera. Various girls spoke on Mme. Curie, Scheele, Fabre, Priestley, and Pasteur. All these talks greatly interested Society members and added much to their supply of scientific information.

In the Summer the Society paid a visit to Houghall Experimental Station. Unluckily it rained, but in spite of this, all had an interesting time.

The new year has begun well, and many Fourth Year people have joined the Society. It is hoped that this year will be even more successful than last, and any prospective members are asked to get into touch with their representative, who will be delighted to bring them along to the next meeting.

S. MARWOOD, Vc, Secretary.

French Leave.

During the summer holidays six of our girls spent an enjoyable week at the French Holiday School in Harrogate. Our time was divided between concentrated French and the amusements provided by the School and the Harrogate Holidays-at-Home Committee. We slept in dormitories and our sleep was not disturbed even by the sight of purple-hued peacocks on the wallpaper! On the last night entertainment was provided by each form, and it was very amusing to see one of our number valiantly trying to imitate a baby from behind the piano. The prize for progress was awarded to Kathleen Humphrey amid the tumultuous applause of her companions. We all look forward to visiting the "Briary" again at Easter.

S. MARWOOD,

K. HUMPHREY, Vc.

Form IIIc French Club.

This term Form IIIc has formed a French Club for the members of the form. Our first meeting was held on Friday, November 12th. Friday afternoon is our meeting day, when we hope to have many interesting forms of entertainment. At each meeting we will sing French songs and we hope that many girls will give recitations or tell short stories. We will, of course, sing "La Marseillaise" at the end of each meeting. We hope that with Miss Shearer's help we shall have many enjoyable meetings during the course of term. As well as being a form of amusement we hope that this French Club will widen our knowledge of French.

THE COMMITTEE.

Le Cercle Français de la Classe Upper VI.

Nous avons continué de jouir de notre cercle inauguré à la classe Lower VI. Aux séances, qui ont eu lieu tous les quinze jours, nous avons lu plusieurs pièces de théâtre—des histoires—des poèmes. Nous nous sommes efforcées de faire impromptu de petites causeries, et nous avons joué à des jeux et chanté de bon cœur les vieilles chansons de la France. Tout a été très agréable et nous nous sommes toutes bien amusées.

Association des Amis des Volontaires Français.

(Official Welfare Organisation in Great Britain for the French Forces).

Nearly a hundred Bedans are members of the "A.V.F.," and some parents, sisters, friends, mistresses and governors as well; and since the publication of the last Bedan, we have continued to help in various ways the men and women of the French Fighting Forces in this country.

Forty-five pounds of wool have been knitted into comforts, while cigarettes and greeting cards were sent along with the December parcel. The money to buy the wool has been raised mostly by the private efforts of individual members and by a collection made at the Dancing Entertainment kindly given by Mr. Bowes in the School Hall in aid of the Association. The entertainment itself resulted in the sum of £13-18-6 being sent as a donation.

Acknowledgment of help given to our Wool Fund is made to the following:—

(a) Before July: The Staff; M. Chastney and M. Graham; H. Watson; I. Walker, K. Joicey and two friends; A. Anderson, C. Clark, L. Heptinstall and E. Tynemouth; Form IIIH, and Form Up. VI which contributed a guinea from wages earned by potato planting during the holidays.

(b) Since September in answer to an appeal "We have no wool left: Can You Help?": R. Kilner; H. Watson and S. Renwick; Forms VH; IIIB: IIC: IIB: IIH: IVC2; IIIC and VB; N. Knowles, Joan Smith, and L. Jacobs. Some of these generously sacrificed visits to the "Pictures" for the good of the cause.

Others have helped by making the society known and by bringing new members, notably Edith Brown, and Maud McLeod who, we hear, is busy with propaganda work in Essex.

Twenty volunteers have spent their leave in Sunderland, the majority in Bedan homes, and several have returned a second—even a fourth—time. We have had privates, officers, soldiers, airmen, parachutists and of course Francis, aged eighteen, who made some of us try very hard to speak French and who answered our questions about his escape a fortnight before with an expressive "Oh . . . c'est toute une histoire!"

Tennis Season, 1943.

Throughout the season the tennis team worked enthusiastically, showing a marked improvement in their strokes, especially back-hands and services. Play became consistently better as the team gained more experience and the season, as a whole, was most successful including enjoyable matches against the Staff and the Boys, while Inter-Form tournaments were also arranged. Colours were awarded to Brenda Riddles and Betty Mitchell.

Members of the team would like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Abbott and Miss Dunbar for their valuable coaching throughout the season.

Rounders Season, 1943.

This season the Rounders' teams have been very successful and have attained a high standard of play, owing to the hard work of the players and the valuable coaching given by the Games Mistresses.

We should like to take this opportunity to thank the Games Mistresses who helped and encouraged the teams, and also the sixth-formers who convened at the home matches.

Results.

Team	P.	Cancelled.	Won.	Lost.	D.	For.	Against.
1st IX ...	5	4	4	1	0	41½	24
2nd IX ...	3	4	3	0	0	63½	18

Colours were awarded to Eleanor Marston and Kathleen Pears.

KATHLEEN PEARS, Captain.

Hockey Season, 1942-43.

The Hockey season was very successful this year. Both Bede teams played up to a good standard throughout the season and remained unbeaten by any school in the county. Two teams were entered in the Inter-Schools Hockey Tournament, and Bede 1st XI were the winners. The Junior XI's have once more had a season with only two games, one of which had to be abandoned, but we hope that the extra practice they receive will stand them in good stead when they are on Senior teams. All hockey players would like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Abbott and Miss Dunbar for their valuable coaching and also sixth-formers who convened at home matches.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Goals	
					For.	Against.
1st XI ...	18	14	3	1	89	35
2nd XI ...	7	6	1	0	38	12

Colours were awarded to: Marianne Allinson.

DOROTHY WILSON, Hockey Captain.

Netball, 1942-43.**General Summary and Criticism of the Season's Play.**

	Played.	Cancelled.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	For.	Against.
1st VII ...	13	1	11	1	1	237	178
2nd VII ...	12	1	3	8	1	129	129
Juniors.							
1st VII ...	9	—	2	7	—	78	119
2nd VII ...	5	—	—	5	—	34	67

Colours awarded to Sheila Johnston, Marjorie Edwards.

General Criticism.

The 1st VII enjoyed a very successful season, losing only one of the thirteen matches they played. All the members of the team worked hard and well together, and their performance reached a high standard.

The 2nd VII, while not winning so many matches, nevertheless tried hard and gained experience which should prove of the utmost value next season.

The 1st VII was entered for the County Netball Tournament, held at St. Anthony's in April, and although not a match was lost in the preliminary league play, the Bede team was beaten in the final.

The Junior 1st and 2nd VII's played several matches without a great deal of success, but they too will profit by the experience of match play which they have gained.

Members of all teams would like to thank Miss Abbott and Miss Dunbar for their unflinching help, encouragement, and patience throughout the season. Thanks are also due to those members of the VIth Form, who so kindly convened at "home" matches.

MARJORIE EDWARDS, Captain.

National Association of Training Corps for Girls, Sunderland Area.

No. 364 Company.

This Company has continued to meet at the Bede School on Wednesdays and Fridays throughout the year. In addition to the ordinary Company activities visits were arranged to the Cleadon Gun Battery and Fenham Barracks, and in the summer some of the Cadets were able to go to camp.

In February, 1943, Miss Stirk, the first Commandant, had to resign owing to pressure of work as a result of her appointment as Area Commandant, and the Company suffered another serious loss when Miss E. Smith left Sunderland to join the N.A.T.C.G. Headquarters Staff in July.

During the year a Junior Company was formed for girls between 14 and 16 with Miss Littlehailes as Commandant. The Company is most grateful for the use of the school and would particularly like to thank Miss Littlehailes and the Science Staff for the facilities provided by the Kitchen and the Biology Lab.

A. L. M. ABBOTT, Commanding Officer.

Loan and Scholarship Fund.

The Loan and Scholarship Fund continues to function for the benefit of Bedans needing financial help to pursue their training for a career, after leaving school.

It was decided to make it known that applications for a renewal of a loan from the fund, a year after leaving school, should reach the Scholarship Committee here at school by the second week of May at the latest.

Several girls benefited by applying for loans in May and June of this year. The Committee wishes to thank those girls who, in the past, were granted loans, for the repayment of such, and asks others if they could try to do the same for the sake of future generations of Bedans.

List of New-comers.

Adams, Mary E.; Applegarth, Doris A.; Armitage, Rita; Armstrong, Sheila; Barnett, Isobel A.; Bell, Audrey A.; Bew, Audrey; Blair, Muriel; Brandt, Lily P.; Brewis, Freda J.; Briggs, Audrey B.; Broderick, Margaret R.; Brooks, Shelagh; Brown, Margaret; Burnside, Norma; Capeling, Mary B.; Capper, Margaret; Champness, Elizabeth C.; Chapman, Thomasina; Clark, Marjorie; Cleugh, Dorothy M.; Common, Dorothy M.; Cook, Betty G.; Cooke, Patricia A.; Corkhill, Marion; Cottam, Mabel G.; Cowe, Kathleen; Craggs, Pauline; Crone, Dorothy; Cunningham, Brenda; Davidson, Mary I.; Davis, June; Dell, Dorothy; Dodds, Irene; Donkin, Heather; Duffy, Elizabeth M.; Garrick, Margaret R.; Goldsbrough, Audrey V.; Greenshields, Margaret; Grieves, Joan; Hardy, Joan E.; Harrison, June; Harrison, Mary B.; Hartford, Rhoda M.; Haswell, Jean; Hedinburgh, Elizabeth; Hendry, Esther; Henlev, Muriel J.; Henney, Jean A.; Hepple, Elizabeth J.; Heptinstall, Muriel P.; Holbourne, Patricia B.; Holt, Christine; Howe, Constance M.; Hubbard, Dorothy; Jackson, Dorothy; Jackson, June R.; Jameson, Irene; Johnson, Nora; Johnston, Brenda; Jones, Barbara; Jordan, Audrey I.; Kidd, Audrey E.; Leckonby, Joan; McLeod, Jean; Laming, Anne; Marshall, Olwyn; Massingham, Margaret;

Milburn, Eileen; Miller, Margaret E.; Miller, Sorrel L.; Milner, Frances M. E.; Moore, Margaret; Newham, Marjorie; Ord, Jeanne F.; Pillans, Elizabeth; Prest, Audrey H.; Ramsay, Sheila; Renwicks, Constance; Ritchie, Doreen G.; Robson, Mary; Rutherford, Rosalind M.; Sanderson, Dulcie; Schiffman, Ruth; Simpson, Moira K.; Slate, Rhona L.; Stoker, Rose M.; Summerside, Margaret; Sutton, Christine W.; Teall, Sarah; Thompson, Maureen; Thompson, Millicent I.; Veitch, Pauline; Vipond, Jean M.; Ward, June; Whitfield, Sheila I.; Wilson, Gladys; Wilson, Muriel; Wilson, Sheila L.; Youern, June I.

Examination Successes, School Year, 1942-43.

University of Durham Examinations.

q—English Language; e—English Literature; h—Modern History; g—Geography; l—Latin; f—French; ar—Arithmetic; m—Elementary Mathematics; pam—Pure and Applied Mathematics; p—Physics; c—Chemistry; bi—Biology; mus—Music; a—Art; dom—Domestic Science; hy—Hygiene; b—Botany; z—Zoology; sp—Spanish.

The letters after the names indicate the subjects in which each candidate has attained pass (or higher) standard.

HIGHER CERTIFICATE

Where there is no suffix "pass" is indicated. The suffixes 1, 2 and 3 mark "Credit," "Special Credit" and "Distinction" respectively. A letter in brackets indicates that the subject was passed at Subsidiary Subject standard.

Edwards, Eleanor M.l2	f2	h2	(e2)
Johnston, Sheilae2	f2	h2	(l2)
Kinch, Audreypam1	p1	c	(bi)
Paltzer, Olga K.l2	f2	h2	(e1)
Sutherland, Joanc	b1	z1	(p)
Turnbull, Margaret D.l1	f1	g1	(e)
Wilson, Dorothyl1	f2	h2	(e1)

The following candidates have satisfied the Examiners in the subjects specified:—

Agar, Elsie	(e	bi1)
Allinson, Marianne G.	(e	bi)
Foreman, Ethelpam	(h1)	
Aveson, Olive H.	(r2)	
Kirkpatrick, Mary B.	(e	h2)
Lynn, Elsie	(e	h bi)
Mahoney, Moira(l1	e1	f2 mus2)
Martin, Margaret D.	(pam	p)
Phalp, Marjorie R.	(e1	h2)
Riddles, Brenda P.(l2	f2	h1 mus)
Robson, Joyce	(h)	
Robson, Kathleen A.	(h)	
Rough, Jean M.	(e	h)
Scorer, Joan	(e)	
Young, Kathleen E.	(f	h)

SCHOOL CERTIFICATE

Where there is no suffix "pass" is indicated. The suffixes 1 and 2 mark "Credit" and "Very Good" respectively.

Angus, Elizabeth H.q	e1	h1	f1	bi1	a	hy1
Bell, Enid M.q1	e1	g1	l1	f1	m1	bi1 a1
Berriman, Rosemaryq1	e1	h1	g1	f2	bi	a1 dom1
Bower, Murielq1	e	h1	f	m	bi1	a1 hy1
Cairns, Edith M.q2	e1	g1	f2	m1	e2	bi2 must1
Collier, Patricia P.q1	e2	g1	l	f	m1	bi1 a1
Cooper, Dahliaq1	e1	h	g	bi	dom1	
Crowcroft, Verna P.q1	e1	h1	f1	m	bi1	a hy1
Crown, Eileenq1	e1	h	f1	bi1	a1	hy2
Curtis, Joyceq1	e1	f1	m	c1	bi1	a1
Davison, Marionq1	e	g	bi	a	dom1	
Dawsey, Hildaq1	e2	h1	l2	f1	m1	bi2 a1
Durrant, Marian A.q1	e1	h1	ar	bi1	a1	hy1
Elliott, Vera A.q1	e1	h	f1	m	bi1	a hy2
Gardiner, Heatherq2	e2	h2	g	f2	m2	p2 c2
Geddes, Fredaq1	e1	l	f1	m2	pl	c a1
Gettings, Grace R.q2	e2	h1	l2	f2	m1	bi1 a1
Goodrich, Joanq1	e1	l2	f1	m2	pl	c2 a1
Grant, Lily M.q	e	h1	f	m	bi1	a1 hy2
Green, Thelmaq1	e1	h	f1	bi1	al	hy1
Greenfield, Dorothyq1	e	h	bi1	mus1	hy1	
Hawking, Una J.q1	e1	h	f	bi1	a	hy1
Hopper, Dorothyq2	e2	h2	l2	f2	m	bi1 a2
Hornsby, Ednaq	e1	h	l1	f1	m	bi1 a
Hudson, Audreyq2	e1	g	l2	f1	m1	bi a1
Hunt, Doreenq	e	h1	g	bi1	a1	dom1
Ilsley, Joan H.q1	e	h	l2	f2	bi1	a
Jackson, Gladys B.q1	e	f	m1	bi	a	hy1
Jackson, Margaret J.q1	e1	h	f1	bi1	al	hy2
Jessop, Marguerite M.q	e	h	m	bi1	al	hy1
Kewell, Doreenq	e1	l	f	m1	pl	c1 a1
Lamplugh, Bessieq2	e2	g1	l1	f1	m1	bi1 a1
Lawrie, Ireneq2	e2	h2	l1	f2	m1	bi must1
Lister, Margaret E.q	e	h2	f2	m1	bi2	a1 hy2
Lowndes, Dora E.q1	e	h1	f1	m1	bi1	al hy2
McLeod, Edith M.q1	e1	h1	f2	sp1	m	bi1 a
McNichol, Hildaq	e1	h	g	bi	dom1	
Marston, Eleanorq2	e1	l1	f1	m2	c2	bi a1
Middleton, Annieq2	e2	h2	g1	l2	f2	m2 bi1
Mitchell, Elizabeth G.q2	e1	l2	f2	m2	p2	c2 must1
Mosley, Kathleen E.q1	e1	h	f	ar	bi1	al hy2
Orr, Joyceq	e	h	g1	f1	bi1	al dom2
Pears, Kathleenq	e1	h	f1	m	bi1	a hy2
Perkins, Dorothyq1	e	h1	l2	f2	m2	pl must1
Phillips, Evelineq1	e2	h2	f2	sp1	m	bi1 must1
Potter, Moyra D.q2	e2	h1	l1	f1	m	bi1 must1
Reed, Muriel E.q2	e2	h1	f1	m	c2	bi2 a1
Renton, Lilian E.q	e	h	f1	m1	bi	a hy2
Richardson, Joyceq2	e1	h1	l	f2	m	bi1 a1
Richardson, Jean M.q	e	h	g	f1	a1	dom1
Riddle, Evelynneq1	e1	h1	f1	sp	m1	bi a1
Robinson, Miriamq1	e1	h	g1	bi	a1	dom1
Robinson, Rhodaq1	e1	h	m1	bi1	al	hy2
Robson, Joan M.q	e2	g	f1	m1	c1	bi1 a1
Rochester, Freda C.q1	e1	h1	f1	m	bi1	hy2
Sanderson, Annieq1	e1	g	l1	f2	m1	bi a1

Scott, Evelyn M.q1	e1	l2	f1	m1	c1	bi	a
Shaw, Gertrude D.q	e1	h	l	m	bi	a	
Short, Marjorieq2	e1	g	f2	m1	c2	bi1	a1
Smith, Ednaq	e1	h1	g	f1	bi1	a1	dom1
Standford, Valerie D.q1	e1	h1	f1	a	hy1		
Thirkell, Margaretq1	e2	h1	f1	m	bi1	a	hy2
Walker, Rosalie M.q	e	l1	f	m	bi1	mus1	
Waters, Freda T.q1	e1	g	m	bi2	a1	hy2	
Williams, Dorothy I. V.q2	e2	h1	l2	f1	m1	bi1	mus1
Wright, Eleanor M.q1	e	h1	g1	f	bi	a1	dom2
Young, Dorothyq	e1	h1	l	f1	bi1	a1	

The following have satisfied the Examiners in the subjects specified:—

Agar, Elsiec2	dom2
Allinson, Marianne G.hy2	
Cutter, Rosinadom1	hy1
Hope, Hilda M.l2	
Kirkpatrick, Mary B.hy2	
Lynn, Elsiehy1	
Martin, Margaret D.hy2	
Phalp, Marjorie R.hy2	
Potts, Audreydom1	hy
Robson, Joycehy1	
Robson, Kathleen A.hy1	
Rough, Jean M.hy1	
Scorer, Joandom1	
Stone, Olga Z.hy1	
Teasdale, Joycehy2	
Young, Joan A.e1	
Young, Kathleen E.hy1	

Special Prizes—School Year 1942-43.

"JANET TODD"—Dorothy Wilson, E. Marjorie Edwards, M. Doreen Turnbull.

"MARGARET IRENE MALLEN"—Science and Mathematics: Joan Sutherland, Ethel Foreman, Audrey Kinch, Doreen Martin, Joyce Teasdale. Geography—M. Doreen Turnbull.

"JENNIE SEYMOUR"—Olga K. Paltzer.

"YOULL"—E. Marjorie Edwards.

"HUTCHINSON"—English: Sheila Johnston, French: Olga K. Paltzer.

"EWART"—Mary Kirkpatrick.

"GUILD OF OLD BEDANS"—Senior: Kathleen Bell, Junior: Doreen C. Walker.

"STIRK"—Hilda Dawsey.

"PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION"—Domestic Science: Elsie Agar, Rosemary Berriman, Eleanor Wright. Music: Moira Mahoney. Hygiene: Marianne Allinson.

"SCHOOL"—Joan Scorer.

"HEAD-MISTRESS"—Annie Middleton, Heather Gardiner.

"GAMES"—Eleanor M. Edwards, Sheila Johnston; Kathleen Pears, Eleanor Marston; Brenda Riddles, Elizabeth D. Mitchell; Florence Farrow; Eleanor Richardson.

"SCRIPTURE" (Miss E. Stewart)—E. Marion Cairns, Doreen Hornsby, Helen Garrick, Jean L. Boudge, Jean Harrison, Enid Noble.

The Elfin-man.

As I lay by the side
Of a little rippling brook,
I heard a tiny tinkling
Come from a shady nook.

As I peered through the shadows
I espied a little elf;
He was sitting all alone,
And thinking of himself.

So I crawled a little nearer:
To see what he would do;
But the instant that he saw me
Off into the woods he flew.

JOYCE HEPPLÉ, Ib.

Mother.

"Mother"—That name brings back such thoughts; illness, when she cared for me; failure, when she sympathised with me; Christmas, Birthday, when my little present would be loved more than the richest one.

She is not tall. Her hair is black, with a few grey hairs peeping out here and there to tell that little worries have fallen upon her.

Mother has a bright face which could gladden any dull person. Her character is as you can guess. There could not be a more lovable, generous and kind person in the whole world. SHEILA WILSON, Ic.

The Weather.

On days when the wind is moaning,
And whistling through the trees,
The world seems sad and lonely
And not a soul feels pleased.

But when the sun is shining,
And the day is bright and fair,
Everyone feels happy,
And there's gladness everywhere.

CHRISTINE SUTTON, Ic.

Grandfather.

He looks impatient,—weary, and his face is drawn and haggard. His scanty hair which hangs over his forehead is entangled with his thick steel-grey, bushy eyebrows. His eyes are a cold blue. But what kindness there is in this stern-looking, old man!

He hobbles from the kitchen to the dining-room in his heel-trodden slippers. He sits from day to day either with his gentle, wrinkled, shaky hand steadily "cobbling" his socks or just with hands clasped together in silent thought.

What, I wonder, are these thoughts? Perhaps of his loving grandchildren who some day may carry on his name, or of his youth and his days of courting and marriage. His hands are ever ready in his pocket, and he is never tired of concocting some small toy, or nursing the baby, or listening to the prattle of the boys in their games. I also wonder if his thoughts are of the day when he will meet his loved ones who went before him.

MURIEL J. HENLEY, Ic.

I Would Now, Wouldn't You.

I'd like to go to Paris,
To see what Frenchmen do;
I'd like to walk the boulevards,
I would now, wouldn't you?

I'd like to be a sailor,
To sail the sea so blue,
To guard our Merchant Navy men,
I would now, wouldn't you?

I'd like to go to China,
To see a Chink or two,
I'd like to use their chop-sticks;
I would now, wouldn't you?

SHEILA MILBANKE, Form III.

Christmas Joy.

Little Michael went to bed
With thoughts of Christmas in his head,
Because that night was Christmas Eve
He wondered what he would receive.

He'd love a little aeroplane,
Some smart tin soldiers and a train;
A fort, a drum, a teddy bear,
Some horses, and a small toy hare.

While the gentle shadows crept,
Little Michael softly slept;
All thoughts of Christmas he forgot,
As he lay sleeping in his cot.

When he awoke on Christmas Day,
He jumped for joy and cried, "Hooray!"
Heaps of toys lay on the cot
For that happy, tiny tot.

ROSE ANGUS, IIB.

Geography.

Geography, Geography,
The subject haunts my mind,
Some interest in Geography
I simply cannot find.

Romantic France, the Netherlands,
Why were you invented?
The rugged North and Africa,
Drive me half demented.

Latin and French and Maths. and Art,
Are subjects I adore.
English, Scripture and Chemistry,
They never seem to bore.

Geography, Geography,
I'm nearly driven wild,
And when my Dad gets my report
The climate won't be mild.

P. MARLEY, IIB.

Stars.

I looked up to a starlit sky,
 One night in early June;
 Moths did fly, owls did cry
 Beneath the large full moon.

Dog Sirius, he barked full well;
 Orion's belt shone bright;
 And down the Milky Way, pellmell,
 The Sisters ran in fright.

A Serpent bold, a Giant Bear,
 A Little Bear, so sweet,
 A Harp, a Horn, a starry Hare
 Did run on feet, so fleet.

Until, at last, the dawn did break,
 Upon the distant shore;
 They thereupon their leave did take,
 And soon I saw no more. ANNE SHEARER, IIc.

The Wings of England.

We see them swoop across the sky,
 Silver birds way up on high;
 One bright instant patterning the blue,
 The cream of England form their crew.

Gallant, bold, both staunch and true,
 Prepared to give their lives for you;
 They have no qualms, they show no fear,
 To them this island is so dear.

When the steady note of bombers hum,
 Suddenly there is a flash of gun;
 We know our heroes will not fail,
 A shadow looms across the Dornier's tail.

As that battle in the sky
 Rages up above on high,
 The bomber's hum becomes a shriek,
 Death faces the crew, stark and bleak!

But when we hear the last "All-clear,"
 Heroes will come from far and near;
 We won't forget those boys in blue,
 Who gave their all for king and you.

JEAN DAVIDSON, IIIH.

My Allotment.

An allotment was given to me,
 And I'm as proud as I can be,
 Leeks and cabbages I do grow,
 Each of them in a separate row.

Potatoes too I have planted there,
 Never a moment have I to spare;
 Putting in seedlings, pulling out weeds,
 Oh, what care a garden needs!

THE BEDAN

" Dig for victory!" they say;
 " Flowers can wait for another day;"
 An assortment of vegetables we must sow,
 Some growing high, some growing low.

Leaves are scattered on the ground,
 Weeds keep peeping up all round;
 But in winter the ground is bare,
 My allotment then needs little care.

SYLVIA PAYNTER, Form IIIH.

The Ghost.

I stood at the window of my room,
 And looked outside into the gloom,
 'Twas a dark, cold night, and the whispering trees
 Seemed to be strangely ill at ease.

Something moved in the deep, black night,
 Something which gave me a horrid fright;
 A glowing spectre, tall and gaunt,
 Came up from the ground, this world to haunt.

I stood, as one stands in a dream,
 I couldn't move, I couldn't scream.
 The ghost then rose with a wailing cry,
 And I saw it go 'mongst the clouds on high.

I woke with a start and in great alarm,
 To find my mother touching my arm;
 I told her my dream, but she only said,
 " You would eat cheese before going to bed! "

RHODA HUDSON, IIIB.

More Precious Than Gold.

What book do we hold that's more precious than gold,
 That's so eagerly sought for by young and by old?
 Sending strong men into rapturous delight,
 As its contents of values come into their sight?

There are some who may think it is really absurd
 For hours to be spent in perusing each word;
 While others go out in the shops to explore,
 For goods which are scarce, and rarely get more.

Now what is this Book that all of us cherish,
 Which to read and to hold is to live and not perish;
 Its title I feel I must now to you give,
 " 'Tis your Ration Book, friend, and to read is to live."

MARJORIE WILKINSON, IIIB.

Loves of Life.

So many loves there are in life;
 The love of a child, the love of a wife;
 The love of a friend, the parents' call,
 In the human heart there's room for all.

MAVIS ILLINGWORTH, IVc.



Kathleen Humphrey I.C.

AUTUMN DAY

The Trawlers.

They used to sail to nor'ard,
 A few days' trip or so,
 With just a look-out for'ard,
 Mid rain and sleet and snow;
 Till they dropped their trawl off Iceland,
 And swept the depths below,
 For cod and plaice and turbot,
 Till the ship was full and low.

And still they sail to nor'ard,
 As King's ships now they go,
 With a handy gun up for'ard,
 To smite an air-borne foe;
 And they sweep in line
 For the hidden mine,
 As the convoys come and go.

D. WAGER, IIIc.

An Impression of a River.

I once spent a glorious week of fine weather at a little country place in Yorkshire.

I remember it better than any other time in my life. Everything seemed to be perfection itself, yet I was most thrilled by the small, enchanting river.

I often sat on the bank and looked at its beauty with a feeling of deep gratitude. I used to bathe in it, and although I could not swim at the time I was "as happy as a king" in its cool, refreshing waters. I sometimes rowed on it, in a little boat which I had hired for an hour, and somehow I always counted that hour as the most pleasant part of my day.

The scenery round about looked as if Nature herself had taken a fancy to the little place and painted her picture of beauty there.

I have never thought of other rivers as I did of this one. They have all seemed cold and dull. I do not know its name. I only know it is one of the most beautiful rivers in England.

AUDREY SPENSLEY, IIIc.

The Sunset.

The sun was sending a red glow on everything as I looked up from my work. I stood up and stretched myself, and walked over to the open window.

The curtains were swaying lazily in the breeze of evening, and there was a bird twittering in a tree outside the window.

The grass was a beautiful dark green, and every flower in the garden stood out clearly in the dying light.

Then I looked up towards the sky; I caught my breath in wonderment. The sun was a ball of fire, descending behind a cloud which was tinged with crimson and gold. The sky round about was a profusion of glorious greens, blues, mauves, pinks and yellows. It was far too wonderful for human tongue or pen to describe; even the brush of an artist could not have caught the glory.

I stood there for a few minutes, thinking, while a cool breeze fanned my cheeks and stirred my hair. The bird had ceased its chirping, and I turned from my window; but I could work no more.

I felt as though I'd seen some wonderful act of God's, and could feel His presence as I turned to the window again, and looked out into the gathering dusk.

JOYCE HEPPLÉ, IVh.

The Ghosts.

On a clear, cool night when the moon is high,
And the stars are shining bright,
They rise from their graves with piercing shrieks
And plunge into the night.

They dance in rings around the trees,
Howling and shrieking loud;
And their cries are echoed on the breeze
From beneath each fluttering shroud.

Yes! They frighten the mice from their homes in the ground,
And even the cats run away,
For their bones make such an unearthly sound,
As they dance till the break of day.

So if ever you hear on a clear cool night,
Howls and shrieks from far away,
Don't bother to go and investigate,
It's only the ghosts at play.

NORMA SCOTT, IVb.

Reflection.

The other day I laid down my book and walked out of the town. Out of the murky streets I went, away from the busy traffic and the harsh city sounds—away from everything that reminded me of the present and of the war; and as I walked the landscape gradually became greener. First came the little hedgerows by the side of the road; then the road itself merged into a rough stony path dotted with clumps of turf, and then away to the left and right of me stretched green fields, cool and inviting. I squeezed through the hedge, and lay down on the deliciously soft, dewy grass. A rabbit peeped from his burrow, and a lark rose into the air and circled round and up in a seventh heaven of delight—delight in the sun and the air, and in his liberty; and lying there, I asked myself why men were fighting, and why the world was in turmoil when there was so much beauty to occupy the mind. But my question was soon answered: everything, the blue sky, the sun, the grass, the rabbit, and the lark on high, gave the answer. And I knew then that to try to escape from myself and the present was useless and wrong. I sprang up with fresh courage and turned and faced the town, and returned to my tiring everyday duties, knowing that when I and others played our part, peace would descend upon the whole world, and once more we should enjoy its beauty undisturbed.

E. WHITE, Vb.

The French Lesson.

"Bonjour, mesdemoiselles," said Miss Shearer,

"Bonjour, mademoiselle," said we;

"I hope you have all done your homework,"
They all have—except me.

"Now take out your books," said Miss Shearer,

"I hope you have got them all here."

I pick up my satchel to get them,
One's missing, my stars! Oh dear!

"Now give me the French for 'What time is it?'"

"Quelle heure est-il?" we quickly say;

"Sheila, give me the French for the subject,
Or on Monday in you will stay."

The subject, what is the French for the subject?

I look round the class in vain;

They either don't know or won't tell me,
That's the only thing that is plain.

Then I suddenly remembered the French for the subject,

"La confiture," I said,

When I saw her advancing upon me,
And I simply wished I was dead.

What is that I hear in the distance?

The bell, the bell, the bell,

There's a picking up of books and of pencils,
And "Au revoir, au revoir, Mademoiselle."

SHEILA KNIGHT, 11h.

The Beauty of a Sunset.

There is no limit to the variety of moods and appearances we may find in the sky. The wind may give this vast kaleidoscope a shake, and it may change its sombre grey dress for a lighter and more frivolous creation of lacy folds. Or again, the sun, weary from her daylong vigil, may lend a mellow, subdued radiance to one part of her, forsaking the other to the devouring night.

In this sombre and mysterious half-light the sky is at its best, and the golden gleams that are scattered, redeem even the ugliest man-made objects.

Here a floating barrage balloon, appearing like a great, comical, silver and gilt toy fish; there a pithead silhouetted against this background of sullen fire, is belching forth clouds of glowing black smoke, for all the world like the dreaded eruption of an Eastern volcano; all the multitude of humdrum things, characteristic of our monotonous existence, are gradually converted into something akin to beauty, by this wonderful medium. As we look around the veiled exotic scene, we cannot help thinking vaguely or subconsciously to ourselves, that life is truly worth living in this glorious world.

JEANNE GIBSON, Vc.

Per Ardua ad Astra.

Lest we forget, as we are apt to do
The debt we owe to those brave men in blue;
(Their sign, the colour of a grey and stormy sky,
Symbol of the angry clouds in which they fight on high;
Their battles fierce and perilous, as they will ever be,
While they fight on to build a better world for you and me.)
Let us, in the little time we have for quiet reflection,
Give thanks to them who acted as our shield and our protection
In those dark days when danger was almost on our shore,
And now that we can see with joy the ending of this war.

First, may we remember the very gallant few
Who strove in mortal combat, streaking through the cloudless blue;
Who from a trifling handful who defied the maddened foe
Have grown into a glorious force for whom the trumpets blow;
A force of brave, undaunted men, who fly by night as well as day
O'er hostile skies where danger lurks, along the trackless way.
Their minds are keen as sharp-edged swords, their spirits high and
strong,
They go aloft with cheerful hearts and on their lips a song.
For the men who fought and still fight on for the glory of our land,
Let us pay our grateful tribute to undaunted Fighter Command.

Next, let us render thanks anew to those men of iron will,
The men who first attacked the foe, and who attack him still;
The crews who on the wings of night fly out across the sea,
And fight their way through twilit skies to drop bombs on Germany:
Who take off from the runway in their monstrous metal birds,
Their job to do, our thanks for which we can't express in words;
Then from some corner of our hearts must ascend a thankful prayer
For all the gallant bomber crews who fly out over there,
For the men who fought and still fight on, for the glory of our land,
Let us pay our grateful tribute to valiant Bomber Command.

We pay our debt of gratitude to those sailors of the sky,
The men who in their Sunderlands and Catalinas fly,
From the Mediterranean, sunny, up to the icy North,
To protect the convoys setting out from Thames and Firth of Forth;
The men who keep for hours on end their vigil o'er the sea
To guard the "little ships" which bring the food to you and me;
Although they fight 'gainst loneliness, the greatest foe of all,
They're not afraid to do their job, they answer to the call.
For the men who fought and still fight on for the glory of our land,
Let us pay our grateful tribute to gallant Coastal Command.

There are those who make it possible for those brave men to fly,
In fighters and in bombers to go streaking through the sky;
Who wait on the long runway till the 'planes come roaring home,
To service all the crippled ones which limp back to the 'drome;
They take a real interest in the exploits of their crews,
If their 'plane shoots down a German, they're the first to hear the
news:
Perhaps by now you've realised the men whom here I praise
Are the less familiar ground crews, regarded as the flying men's
mainstays.
To those who work with all their might, yet still find time to laugh,
Let us pay our grateful tribute to the men of the Ground Staff.

Lastly, we want to thank the men who spend their days and nights
 Leading dull and oft-times dreary lives on bleak and lonely sites;
 To bring a German raider down is their one and only aim,
 Though they win no brilliant honours, and they do not ask for fame;
 So in some quiet moment let us think of those men who
 Must possess stout hearts and active minds to prove an able crew:
 Their shining silver galleons go sailing through the cloud,
 And they have a fighting record of which they can be proud.
 For the men who fought and still fight on for the glory of our land,
 Let us pay our grateful tribute to our brave Balloon Command.

So let us try not to forget as we are apt to do,
 The debt we owe to those brave men who wear the Air Force blue.
 (Their sign, the colour of a grey and stormy sky,
 Symbol of the angry clouds in which they fight on high;
 Their battles fierce and perilous, as they will ever be,
 While they fight on to build a better world for you and me.)
 Let us, in the little time we have for quiet reflection,
 Give thanks to them who act always as our guard and our protection;
 To those who always fly along the straight and narrow course,
 Let us pay our grateful tribute to the glorious Royal Air Force.

EDITH BROWN, Vb.

The Lincoln Imp.

The Devil was in a good mood one day, so he let all his sprightly young demons out to play; one dived into the sea and did not get wet, one jumped into a furnace and did not get scorched, but the Imp with which we are concerned amused himself by climbing on to the back of the wind and driving to Lincoln. He was heard conceitedly to say, "There'll be, ere I leave it, the Devil to pay."

He told the wind to take him into the church where he would tear down everything from the sanctified walls, and wreck the Cathedral thoroughly.

The wind has his faults, but he would not enter the church because he is very orthodox, but he said that he would wait outside. The Imp replied that such half-hearted folk were far better outside, and he went in, alone.

Once inside he destroyed everything that he could, even breaking the candlesticks on his knee.

He then saw the Angels, and he cried, "Pretty things, a sackful of feathers. I'll pluck from their wings to make me a couch when I'm tired of this joke."

Soon he was sorry that he had spoken so, for the tiniest Angel of all, a beautiful spirit with hair like spun gold, rose before the altar and pronounced in dignified tones, "O impious Imp, be ye turned into stone," and the Imp is there in the Cathedral yet, in the Angel Choir.

The wind still waits outside the Cathedral, and you will find that he will take your hat, if you are not careful when visiting the Imp.

MAVIS BERRIMAN, IVc(2).

Light and Shade.

Mist from the sea, a pallid rising sun,
 Rippling wavelets running o'er the sand,
 Haze-bringing heat, a summer day begun,
 With trilling larks arising from the land.

At noon the poppies in the golden corn,
 Dispense their heavy perfume on the air,
 But suddenly a cooling breeze is born,
 A dull green hue refreshes everywhere.

Leaves then do turn their silvery backs in scorn,
 As lightning tears the darkening sky asunder;
 They firmly hang their heads and are not torn,
 But unconcerned smile at the roaring thunder.

For nature's fearful rage will soon be spent,
 And mild and gentle will she be e'er long;
 Approaching from her cloudy, sombre tent,
 And lulling earth with soothing even-song.

Dim dusk is falling steadily and deep,
 The moon through silver trees a trellis makes,
 The world is hushed in tranquil, restful sleep,
 But, hark! The owl awakes.

H. GARDINER, L.VI.

Washing-Up.

I often think that washing-up
 Is such a tedious job;
 I'd rather sweep the kitchen out,
 Or brighten the door-knob.

I know it seems a queer thing,
 But if everything is done
 Except the washing-up, it's I
 Who's the unlucky one.

I do it with a grudging "Yes,"
 And break a plate or two.
 And then my sister says to me,
 "That's always just like you."

I hate to get my hands messed up,
 And hate to clean the knives,
 And often wish that we were like
 Our Henry and his wives.

I hope that you will understand,
 And sympathise with me.
 And never ask me to wash up,
 When I come to your house for tea.

DOREEN HORNBY, IVB.

WORDS BY R. L. STEVENSON

MOYRA PORTER LVI

REQUIEM

Un-der the wide and starry sky, Dig me a grave and let me lie

Glad did I live and gladly die and I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me: Here he lies where he longed to be

Home is the sailor home from the sea — and the hun-ter home from the hills

The Shoe Villa Crowd.

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe;
 (I am sure you have heard that before!)
 She must have been dreadfully crowded, I fear,
 For of children she boasted a score!

And that was the reason she hadn't a house,
 For landlords are obstinate folk,
 Who often object to a crowd of small fry,
 And twenty, you know, is no joke!

They'd break doors and windows, they'd kick off the paint,
 And make such a hullabaloo;
 So no one was willing to rent them a house;
 I really don't wonder, do you?

J. T. BROOKS, IVc1.

While Rivers Run.

While rivers run, there will be these—
 The perfect beauty of the trees,
 The endless twisting of the lanes,
 The pattering rain on window panes.

While waters flow, these things shall be—
 The distant murmuring of the sea,
 A flash of white against the sky
 As flocks of gulls fly swiftly by.

While rivers run and waters flow,
 Rain still falls, and winds do blow;
 These are something naught can sever;
 For beauty surely lasts for ever.

PAULINE HUMPHREYS, IVc1.

Room 7.

The lower sixth form room certainly has some advantages, but if there be any hungry souls in the school (and there are many) avoid it like the plague last lesson in the morning. For at that time, whether through malice aforethought on the part of the Domestic Science Mistress and her army of white-aproned cooks I do not know, but then entrancing delicious, tantalising odours float in through the open windows and make our attention wander from the subject in hand to the fact that it is cruelty to children to place us above the cookery room. Then indeed, any chance passer-by might remark in us a striking resemblance to the figures in the advertisement "Ah! Bisto." The tortures of Tantalus were nothing compared to ours, and as we wait in anguish for the welcome sound of the bell, we are almost reduced to eating our neighbour. However, we control ourselves with heroic efforts, and I defy any of the staff to distinguish when we are thinking of the potato soup being concocted in the cookery room and when of Latin Grammar; but directly the first note of the bell is heard we chafe until dismissed, and then, dear warrior, if you notice a stampede on the part of the sixth-formers, henceforth you know the reason why.

N. MIDDLETON, L.VI.

Interlude.

Droops on her withered stem the faded rose,
 And southward wings the bird in swift retreat;
 The brilliant sun no longer shines above,
 And homeward speed all creatures' hurried feet.

For soon will Winter, o'er the earth supreme,
 Let fall upon the ground his icy cloak;
 And, robbed of leafy splendour, bleak will stand,
 The sycamore, the larch, the aged oak.

But see how, for a while, Dame Nature lingers,
 Before she dons her winter raiment cold;
 Adorned with bright-hued jewels, warmly glowing,
 She stands forth, clad in richest red and gold.

So brief an interlude, and yet how glorious!
 Then Nature sadly sheds her splendour sweet;
 The moment passes, and in the cold, drear distance
 Is heard the tread of winter's icy feet.

H. M. HOPE, U.VI.

In Memoriam.

Alderman Mrs. BELL,

STELLA BAILES.

ANNA RULE (Mrs. Rae).

JOAN MANNING.

JOAN JEMISON, Form Vb.

JEAN SUFFIELD, Form IVc.

The Guild of Old Bedans.

Message from the Retiring Chairman.

Dear Fellow-Members,

The news of the revival of the Guild came as good news to me as to many Old Bedans.

Until I received this news, I had imagined that I had vacated the Chair after the customary two years, but it seems that I have only been sleeping quietly in it since war began, to be awakened with the news that the Guild was alive and that I must function once again as its Chairman. It was a great pleasure, therefore, to be able to attend the revival and as chairman to say "Hail and Farewell."

There was such a happy mixture of new and old members of the Guild including members of the staff, that one felt sure that it had come to life to some purpose. That, however, depends on one thing. Those of us who have been members of the Guild since its formation know well that its success depends on a continuous stream of new members who will come along with fresh ideas and be prepared to take the lead in some of its activities. We extend a welcome to all who have left school to join us in the Guild of Old Bedans.

No one could be Chairman of the Guild without becoming aware of how much it owes to the work of Miss Shearer as Secretary. I should like to thank her on behalf of the Guild and express the hope that she may continue in office until we are well and truly on our feet again.

Yours sincerely,

MOLLY MADDISON (née Hinkley).

Information.

Office Bearers and Committee for 1943-44.

President	-	-	Miss MOUL.
Vice-President	.	.	Miss BOON.
Chairman	.	.	ETHEL THOMPSON.
Vice-Chairman	.	.	G. M. LITTLEHAILES.

Secretary and Treasurer:

E. R. SHEARER, 40, Ashwood Terrace, Sunderland.

Assistant Secretary:

BESSIE TAYLOR, 29, Rowlandson Terrace, Sunderland.

Members of Committee:

Norah Hunter, Florence Jackson, Nora Johnson, K. I. F. Lloyd, Cathrine McCree, Winifred Scott (Mrs. Thomas), Dorothy Teasdale and Muriel Woodruff.

*Annual Subscription—2/6.

*Life Subscription—£2 2s. if paid within two years of joining the Guild—otherwise £2 12s. 6d.

Associate Subscription—1/- for members of Form Upper VI and Student Teachers.

*These entitle the member to a copy of the BEDAN.

The Guild of Old Bedans Hockey Club wants members, especially forwards. Apply to Gladys Shewan, 80a, Bright Street.

Are you interested in **Dramatic Work**? Apply to Kathleen Kelsall, Greenbanks, Silksworth Lane.

Would you like to play **Badminton** again? Write to Mrs. Brown (Betty Ross), 1, Hathaway Gardens.

Would you like to be taught to **Make-Do and Mend**? If more than sixteen undertake to attend a class, one will be formed. Considerable trouble has already been taken in finding a qualified instructor for a Guild of Old Bedans' Class, as twenty-four Bedans had said at the September meeting that they would like one. The effort failed owing to lack of sufficient support by these. Other Old Bedans, however, may be more enthusiastic. If so, they should write at once to: Nancy Harrison, 3, New Durham Road; or to Mrs. Ramshaw (Flora Hollingshead), 2, Southhill Crescent.

The News Sub-Committee consists of:

Mrs. Gardner (Lilian Chalk), 1, Grange Crescent, Newcastle Road.

Elsie Wilson, 102, Ewesley Road.

Barbara Rose, 39, Nookside, Grindon.

Dorothy Wilson, 32, Rockville, Fulwell; and the Secretary of the Guild.

Please help by collecting information about Old Bedans of your own school days, and by sending it, along with news of yourself, to one of the above members. We thank especially Elsie Wilson, Winnie Scott (Mrs. Thomas) and Nora Johnson for their contributions towards the Notes in this issue.

Lack of space forces us to omit the usual list of new members. 90 Bedans have joined the Guild since December, 1938 and seven have become Life Members,—D'Arcy Hogg, Peggy Davidson, Ethel and Lena Thompson, Beryl Shaw, Eleanor Wilson and Isabel Lundy.

Any Old Bedan who has not already done so should send her subscription now to the Secretary and Treasurer, who will be delighted to add the name of yet another old friend to the Guild Register.

E. R. SHEARER (Secretary and Treasurer),

40, Ashwood Terrace, Sunderland.

The First War-time Meeting.

September 30th, 1943.

So many Old Bedans regretted the long silence of their Guild and missed it as a link with school-days that the Committee met and called a meeting of Old Bedans on September 30th.

About a hundred and twenty were present—a goodly gathering in these over-busy days.

After a short speech of welcome by the President, Miss Moul, the Chairman, Mollie Hinkley (Mrs. Maddison) told the company why the meeting had been called; and the unanimous vote of those present, as well as the expressed wishes of a great number who could not be there, brought the Guild into active being again.

After the election of the new Chairman for 1943-44, the retiring Chairman said a few words of good wishes and welcome and vacated the Chair. A message from her appears in this BEDAN. The new Chairman is Ethel Thompson. She thanked the retiring Chairman for the efficient and kindly way in which she had conducted the affairs of the Guild during her term of office and, after the election of the other officers and the committee, she went on to give a short summary, for the sake of new members, of all the various activities of the Guild since its reconstruction in 1928—Singing, Drama, Rambling and Social Service Clubs; Netball, Hockey and Badminton Clubs, the Loan and Scholarship Fund and the London Branch Club. The Secretary added a short account of the Old Bedan Week-end.

The Treasurer spoke on the financial affairs of the Guild, and as a result the meeting allocated the sum of seventeen guineas as follows:—one guinea for the annual "Guild of Old Bedans Prize," one guinea to provide prizes for a competition in the BEDAN; seven guineas to the Red Cross Prisoners of War Fund; three guineas each to the Children's Hospital and to the Association of Friends of the French Volunteers, and two guineas to the Sunderland Guild of Help.

Then the company moved from the Art Room to the Hall to have coffee and biscuits and to meet and greet old friends.

After this interval, the winter programme was discussed. A Social Evening was asked for "soon" (it will take place on December 2nd) and interest was shown in a prospective Drama Club, a Badminton Club, the Hockey Club, which has never quite ceased to function even during the Guild's years of rest, and a Make-Do and Mend Evening. A proposal, much appreciated by the Secretary, that a News Sub-Committee be formed to collect news of Old Bedans, resulted in the formation then and there of a Committee of five.

After a busy scene, when various enrolments went on in different parts of the room, the last Old Bedan went off into the "Black-out."

Late News. In November, Miss Boon very kindly sent "A small gift for the Guild of Old Bedans." This was used to buy prizes for the Social Evening on December 2nd. The winners and the rest of us are most appreciative of her thought of the Old Girls.

Notes on Old Bedans.

"I do hope you will be able to have several pages in the next BEDAN; the doings of Old Girls make interesting reading," writes one optimistic member of the Guild. And indeed, the tale is long—had we but space.

There are sad things to tell, though, as well as happy. We mourn the loss of Alderman Mrs. Bell, a good friend of many years' standing to Bedans present and past and a welcome guest at many Guild functions. We liked her and she liked us. We grieve too to record the death of several Guild members, including four very young ones, cut off by sudden illness, accident or enemy action. For Margery Wade (Mrs. Smith) we feel especial sympathy in her double loss, and our sympathy is also with those other Bedans who have been deprived of relatives or friends as a result of the war. Marjorie Suffield, who suffered sad loss and was seriously injured through recent enemy action, is, we are glad to say, now able to be out and about again, and Margaret Turner (Mrs. McLean) who had a similar sad experience in an earlier air raid, writes that her "own injuries have not really left any permanent effects." She lives at Bebington and has "a small (actually, rather large) son seventeen months old."

How often in the first year of the war we wished we could publish OLD BEDAN NOTES then, for interesting news came in thick and fast. Evacuation experiences alone could fill a volume! Take two London schools. Mary Robertson, with one of them, was "one of the lucky evacuees" and had much interesting and varied Domestic Science work to do; she later had a long article on *School Needlework in War-time* published in the *Domestic Science Journal*. On the other hand, Enid Crowe's school found itself billetless and schoolless in the wrong town, and later, after girls and mistresses had settled in at their correct destination, the part of the new school buildings they were to share was burnt down. We ourselves used to meet lone Bedans at week-ends, making their way back from the world of home to some hill fastness at the far end of a bus route in Yorkshire. Some of our Old Bedans have remained in evacuation quarters for a long time—Ella Solley, for example, and Elizabeth Mee who now has charge, in a tiny Yorkshire village, of the whole school, reached by a mile's walk through pasture land. She supervises evacuees in five villages.

Most of the news of these earlier days, being no longer topical, must remain for ever unchronicled. It is in good company, though, for notices of the many recent Bedan weddings and births are also not printed this time. Not even war-time economy, however, must make us pass over in silence the marriage of Kathie Mallen, now Mrs. Elmes. Kathie was chairman of the Reconstruction Committee at that interesting stage of the Guild's history, was the first chairman of the Guild and has served again on its committee; she represents the Old Bedans on the Loan and Scholarship Fund Committee and is a Governor of the School. The good wishes of all Old Bedans are with her.

As for babies . . . we have an extensive acquaintance with them, in person, by letter or by photograph. We meet Anthony in his pram on the hill up to school; Ian we found busily rubbing the granite setts of the roadway with a brick; "all the street will be red when you come out again," said he! One Peter has just recovered from a broken leg, another is three months old. There is Ruth, who, told by her mother that they would go, that day again, to the fish pond, put her arm round a yet younger child and said, "Do you think you can bear it?" One told us, "Je m'appelle Valerie." She "plays church" and announces, "Hymn No. 4—Baa, baa, black sheep!" There is Jean, not yet two, who "puts away the cutlery and 'helps' to wash and to set the table," and that other baby, who, as each bomb fell in a recent air raid, greeted it with a cheerful "B-ANG"! There are many others, all interesting, who must not be jealous if they do not find themselves in print. The very newest Bedan Babies we know of are Anne Wilson's (Mrs Atkins), Eleanor Frances, and the infant son of Margaret McLauchlan (Mrs. Steel). Marjorie Nicholson tells us she is a great-aunt, and yet we can remember Marjorie herself looking up disarmingly from a desk in a very young form to say to a mistress, "I like you in that blouse!" She now writes from Carlisle, "I am so pleased you are a gardener too. I certainly don't know anything about subjunctive, but I know how to plant onions."

Bedans who left school in July to go to Colleges or Universities write or speak very happily of their life there, though they "find it very different from School." As usual, many of the town's new young teachers are Bedans, while the various Government and local government offices are full of them; we hope they will all get permanent posts in the Civil Service after the war. Maud McLeod, training in the Overseas and Foreign Office of a bank in Essex, finds it interesting, as, in addition to the ordinary business of the bank, many foreign newspapers and letters

pass through her hands. She is also doing valiant propaganda work for the A.V.F. Of those who left earlier, but who are still equipping themselves for their future work, Beryl Shaw and Lillian Alexander speak with enthusiasm of their medical studies; we hear that Norma Crozier is now Secretary of King's College French Society, and we know that recently she got full marks for the translation of a French poem. She did it into English verse, as she often did others at school.

Of Bedans in the services we can mention only a few. In the W.R.N.S. are Grace Caldwell, Pat Potts, Edna Ilsley (Mrs. Marston), Kathleen Rockliffe, Marjorie Edwards (training to be an air mechanic-electrician in the Fleet Air Arm) with work that is "frightfully interesting, frightfully difficult and frightfully important"; in the A.T.S. are Margaret Kirtley (commission), Elizabeth Metcalfe, Lorna Maccoby, Dorothy Keighley, Hilary Freeman (a driver), Margaret Gummersall (serving in Nairobi); in the W.A.A.F. are Sylvia Brewer (commission), Muriel Anderson, Margery Holland, Winnie Sangster, while Jennie Hey (Mrs. Smith) is a Flying Officer (technical), and has visited R.A.F. stations in all parts of the country. Marjorie Anderson (Mrs. Curtis) is a V.A.D.

Many Bedans have changed their homes since the last Notes appeared. They are far-scattered and yet there have been interesting and often unexpected meetings. Mollie Hinkley (Mrs. Maddison) now lives in Barrow-in-Furness. She, Isabel Scott (Mrs. Hinkley) and Margaret Turner (Mrs. McLean) had a happy re-union last summer. Grace Caldwell and Olive Armitage found they were working in the same building in Greenock. Mary Robson is now Headmistress of Fulham County School where Enid Crowe is Second Mistress. Ruth Marley (Mrs. Green) has left Didsbury for Wilmslow. She looks forward "to reading the Bedan once again," and tells us that Eileen Gauntlett (Mrs. Willson) lives so near that they "could wave to one another from their respective bedrooms." Eveline Blackett's (Mrs. Brown) home is in Stockton and she now has a little son, born last spring. Betty Senior (Mrs. Comfort) still lives at Biggin Hill and her sister Norah is now married and has two little boys. Anne Wilson (Mrs. Atkins) lives at Tunbridge Wells, Alice Munro at Sidcup, and Eleanor Wilson teaches in the Commercial School at Eastbourne. Peggy Allan (Mrs. Irvine) is in Dunoon at present and Kathleen Walton (Mrs. Wood) has now two little boys. Doreen Ward (Mrs. Macrae) wishes she "could take part in some of the Guild activities, especially the hockey; after playing for seventeen years, it becomes a habit." Kathleen Bellamy (Mrs. Ditchburn), who is in Sherburn-in-Elmet for the duration of the war and whose Gillian Lesley is seven months old now, is also "longing for a game," in her case of "netball with our team." This reminds us that Marjorie Stephenson has in her charge a netball belonging to the Guild Netball Club. What about using it, Old Bedans?

May we give another broad hint? Yorkshire is large, certainly, but there are a great many Bedans in it. What about a Branch of the Guild?

Evelyn Johnson's (Mrs. Ellis) home is no longer in Ballymoney but in Wakefield; she finds life there very different. In Wakefield, too, lives Isabel Lundy (Mrs. Munro), while Elsa Engvall has had a post there for a considerable time and done much good and original work. Edna Sayers (Mrs. Hunter) lives in York and so does Amy Hussey, who has a teaching post in Mill Mount School. D'Arcy Hogg's home is in Maltby. She still has her school and is also the local Ambulance Officer (C.D.) and Secretary of the Youth Council, and serves on the County Youth Committee. She writes: "I am sorry not to be able to join in the Guild activities. Perhaps you will have a Victory Celebration that I may attend. I can remember our receiving aluminium medals in Room 37 in 1918 or 1919."

Several of our South Shields contingent have already joined or re-joined the Guild: Vera Hub, Joyce Robson, a qualified Domestic Science Mistress, and Dorothy Hedworth, now in the Audit branch of the Civil Service. Audrey Elliott was married some little time ago.

Since January, 1939, Elsie Whitfield, Hannah Graham, Annie MacDonald, Norah Hunter, Mabel Hinkley, Margaret Taylor (Mrs. Laurie), Vera Beech and Eva Gray have become Headmistresses in the town. Several Old Bedans teach in the Central Schools, while three, Doris Taylor, Ellen Carlin and Olive Adamson, have joined Gladys Littlehailes on the staff of their own old School, and Rita Craggs comes after Easter. Marv Alexander, now "B.Com." as well as "M.A.", teaches in West Hartlepool Technical School; Dorothy Stephenson, bombed out of her own Commercial School, has a post in Carlisle; Phyllis Heilpern teaches languages in Jarrow and Enid Claxton (Mrs. Harrison) Art in Annan; Edith Wearmouth is a dispenser in Nuneaton; Dorothy Forster works for the Air Ministry in London; Joan Sinclair—still in the Civil Service—is now stationed at Kingston-upon-Thames; Isobel Caldwell is studying for the third year banking examination in a bank in Greenock; Joyce Hebron is Matron of a School in Hexham, and Joan Simpson Lady Almoner for the time being at Cherry Knowle Hospital. Audrey Midwood is training to be a nurse in a Kensington hospital, and studying philosophy in her spare time; Nellie Mee is Warden of a Nursery School in Surrey. Alice Turnes is now a fully qualified F.L.A., and Ann Gilbertson has finished her studies at Aberdeen University, and is now "M.P.S." with a post in Duncan and Flockhardt's in Edinburgh. Emily Durrant, a recording engineer with the B.B.C., is going shortly to the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research. Gladys Moore is one of Durham County's three supervisors of school meals. Edith Wilson (Mrs. Davies) recognised Marjorie Hocken in the manageress of a chemist's shop in Buckinghamshire; Marjorie, too, is married, and both have returned to their former jobs "for the duration." In Llandudno, Nora Johnson came across Mary Healey, then reading Law at Oxford; later, Mary joined the Ministry of Health as an Assistant Principal and has deputised for her Chief at conferences. Laura Crombie was home recently. She is still a member of the D'oyly Carte Opera Company and appears to enjoy her work immensely. She is now Mrs. Ward, wife of the assistant musical director of the Company. Lena Thompson, very promising at the age of ten on the "ridgy" field, has been elected Captain of Durham County Hockey Team. Gladys Littlehailes was one of Sunderland's delegates to the National Conference of Women, and, by special request, gave an account of it to the Guild meeting two days later. This week's "Radio Times" shows that Eva Stromberg is one of the successful competitors in the recent Red Cross Radio Contest.

Old Mistresses too have had Bedan meetings. Miss Boon sends greetings to all from Kirby Malzeard; she sometimes sees Elsie and Gladys Woodward (Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Knox) who both live in Ripon. Miss Wilson's boy evacuees have at last gone home, but she writes that she expects to have "an oldish couple" billeted in her house in Cotherstone; "We shall have had a very representative company when this evacuation comes to an end." Miss Hutchinson's last little evacuee goes to school after Christmas, so perhaps Old Bedans may see more of her after that. Quite a few, however, have found her at her home at Bardon Mill. Miss Ewart missed the London Branch very much when it disbanded owing to war conditions. It was popular; we hope someone will revive it now. Miss Ewart, Miss Seddon and Miss Franklin all met at Oxford in summer; Miss Franklin now teaches at New Barnet. Miss Birchall we

have been glad to see once or twice since she left Sunderland; she too has met several Old Bedans at or near Sevenoaks. Miss Haggart taught in a boys' school when she left us, and, privately, we think she had a succès fou with them, to judge by the things they said of her and their valedictory poem to her in their magazine when she left last July. Miss Herbert (Mrs. Judson) is going shortly to live in Doncaster. Miss Lumb sailed last week to take up a post in Natal. Miss Taylor (Mrs. Hopkins) had a little son born to her recently in a hospital in Palestine.

Brenda Hudspith, "evacuated" to America, gained 100 per cent. at her Commercial School examination, was congratulated by the State of Albany, and is now a typist attached to the British Embassy in New York. Edith Gibson is now on nursing service in Malta, after serving in various parts of the Middle East. Her sister Dorothy (Mrs. Richardson) is in Southern Australia with her two little boys. Agnes Herdson (Mrs. Bateman) is still in Cairo. Betsy Powley (Mrs. Soulsby) hopes to be home from Oyo in January. Lucy Posgate (Mrs. Nichol) and Ida Walker (Mrs. Earl) meet occasionally in Johannesburg for shopping and gossip. Lucy's children (now growing up) find Ida's little Sally very sweet, and have no doubt warmly welcomed Robert Dennis, Sally's new little brother! Hilda Hall (Mrs. De Villiers) escaped from Sweden and is now in Buenos Ayres.

To return home again. Several Old Bedans (some older than others!) have met at the Forces Canteen in Fawcett Street. Molly and Nancy Sharman (Mrs. Wilcox and Mrs. Martin), Doris Lees, Olwen Carr and Brenda Riddles have exchanged school news "at the sink or over the chip pan." Elaine Clayburn (Mrs. Oliver), discovered in the country, gave a good account of the warm welcome given by the Overseas Reception Board in America to her two daughters. Judging by the Press reports and the girls' letters, she wonders if they will want to leave their new home! Another country re-union took place on a hot day last July when Elsie Wilson, Marion Bluett (Mrs. Cartledge), Elsie Hall (Mrs. Russell) and Sybil Brown met at a village 'bus-stand in Teesdale and found the long journey to Sunderland passed all too quickly as they "reminisced" of schooldays. Elsie Hall told us that the Scott Sisters, Helen and Stephanie, run a successful café in Warkworth, whilst her account of her own experiences as Receptionist-cum-Manageress of a large hotel in South-Western England made the "teaching Bedans" feel that their profession was somewhat prosaic!

Prosaic? . . . Our news is less "different" this war year than might have been expected, probably because we are not up to date with Bedans' war work. It is true that rumour says Bertha Byfield (Mrs. Murray) "is doing some sort of (secret) war service in a (secret) war factory near S. . . ." but for most of us the chronicle of our doings is surprisingly like the Notes of earlier days.

"C'est une toute petite vie . . . mais c'est **ma** vie."

E. R. S.

