



THE BEDAN,

FEBRUARY, 1946.

FOREWORD

Dear Bedans,

This, Victory year, finds us with 590 girls in the School, with the biggest Sixth in our history—56—and still with staffing difficulties. One effect of the Act seems to have been the immediate migration of teachers towards home. Since there are no allowances for extra expenditure incurred by living away from home there seems little reason to spend money needlessly. Of our fifty-six girls, forty-eight are training to be teachers through Universities or Training Colleges, and four are training for a University Medical Course.

We have taken leave of many staff and more are on the point of leaving. Miss Parkin, Mrs. Horton, senior History Mistress left at Easter to be married. We miss her gentle, generous, co-operative spirit and are reconciled to her loss only by the fact that we know she will find happiness in her new home. The school joins me in sending warm good wishes to her and to her mother.

Miss Dunbar left us at Easter to go to a mixed school. Though she does not teach the boys gym, she has her hands full with the girls' problems for she is senior gym mistress. We were happy to see her at her half-term. The warmth of the welcome given her must have assured her of our appreciation and of our continued friendship.

Miss French, Mrs. White, left the school at the end of the summer term anticipating her call to China where her husband has been for the last two years. She sailed at the beginning of November. We are all waiting to hear of her safe arrival, and hope that she will find happiness in her great adventure. We miss her blithe spirit. Her sense of fun and gaiety and light-heartedness made a real contribution to our community.

Miss Postlethwaite, Mrs. Edwards, married at Easter, left at the end of the summer term. The difficulty of running two jobs, experienced by all married women, made it impossible to reconcile the claims of her husband in Essex with those of her work here. We are grateful for the zeal that she put into starting our Divinity school, and for the high standard reached by the first entrants for Subsidiary Higher in Scripture. We send her our congratulations and warm good wishes in the new important task she has undertaken for the church.

At the very end of the summer term we were electrified by the news that Miss Briggs, our Geography specialist, was leaving, having been appointed Lecturer in Geography to the Sunderland Training College. It was with deep regret that we parted from her. She not only carried the burden of the Geography department alone, but managed our "Corinthian Club," and, while we were able to travel, all our School Journeys. Under her guidance we have been to Norway, Denmark, Belgium, Switzerland, Northern Ireland—not to mention the exciting Geography lessons of the Sixth-formers in the dales and fells. Our near neighbourhood to the College gives us a chance to see her, and the girls are glad to keep up their association with her in the Training College. We wish her every good thing.

Miss Littlehailes, Mrs. Beaney, is leaving at Christmas. Our appreciation for the way that she has managed so generously the work of the school while establishing her home is unlimited. However, she feels that the time has come to concentrate her energy on one of the tasks. We shall miss her lovely sense of order and method in the school kitchen and at all functions which she has hitherto managed. We wish her success and happiness.

Miss Arkie is leaving at Christmas after thirty-one years of honourable service. To her is due the foundation of our girls in English. She has also offered her help in the French department, and has yearly brought

girls up to a high standard for School Certificate in Needlework. Her interest in social service is exhibited by her management of the school charities. We shall miss her strong personality and quiet generous service. The affection and good wishes of a great number of girls, Old and present Bedans, will flow out to her in her retirement.

Last of all we must take leave of Miss Lloyd who has served the cause of education in general, and of the Bede School in particular, for more than 41 years. She has been second mistress for the whole period of the war. In one sense this offered unexampled opportunities of service. Every imaginable emergency was forced upon our attention and into her capable hands converged a dozen jobs never contemplated by any second mistress. She was headmistress for a time of the school evacuated to Richmond. It is impossible to assess the contribution she made to the school through her courage, sense of fairness, and motherly temper. Her room had sometimes the appearance of an old curiosity shop as she struggled with an Exchange Mart in order to help the girls and their parents to keep the School Uniform.

Our links with the past are every year becoming less obvious. The fact that we still keep so much of the old Hope and Faith and Enterprise is evidence of the contribution of the past. In the face of some service we are all humbled. In this spirit we take leave of our great colleagues.

It would be churlish to omit the warmest possible welcome to the new members who have fitted in so well and are already making their contribution felt. Miss M. A. Barkess came to us from Sheffield. She has undertaken all the many tasks connected with the History department, the Modern Events' Club, the Council for Education in World Citizenship, and the Ministry of Information Lecturers. Her gracious manner and friendly ways augur well for her classes in the school. Miss A. Rutter, replacing Miss Dunbar, comes to us straight from College, and we congratulate ourselves on having secured "the best student of her year." Miss L. Crone, known to us in her student days, has come to assist in the Art department. We realised her worth then, and are happy to have her on the permanent staff. Miss M. D. Muir is in charge of the Scripture department. Her vast experience with Guides and in Secondary schools, as well as her personal charm, promise a happy and useful stay with us. Miss M. B. Main comes from Doncaster to help with Science and Mathematics. She has taken charge of the school allotment, being particularly interested in agriculture. We have done little more than prepare the soil but we are looking forward to a bumper harvest! Miss F. M. Rudd came to us last summer to meet one of our most pressing needs, a General Subjects' teacher. She soon made herself one of us.

We have been unable to replace Miss Briggs by a permanent specialist. However, we have found a happy solution for our Geography problems. The Higher Certificate candidates are working with the Convent girls, thanks to the generosity of the Headmistress; and the School Certificate group is being taught by Mrs. Proud, who came gallantly to the rescue; and the rest of the school from the first forms to the pre-certificate scholars are taught by Miss Heslop, who has been lent to us by the Authority. To Mrs. Proud and to Miss Heslop we extend our warmest gratitude.

Space prevents my making any reference to the rich life that is flowing in our veins. Subsequent accounts will give a good deal of information. I must, however, tell you that Heather Gardiner, vice-captain of the school, won a scholarship to Nottingham University College.

I wish you a real, a merry Christmas, and an adventurous, Happy New Year.

Yours sincerely,

W. J. E. MOUL,

Head Mistress.

Miss K. I. F. Lloyd.

Miss Lloyd came to the Bede Girls' School in 1907 after having taught for four years in other schools under the Authority. She has therefore spent a lifetime with us. It would be interesting to get from her a picture of the changes that have taken place in the town, in the school, and in herself, during this long period. Few of us can begin to imagine the things that will happen, the fortune that will overtake us; when we first set out. To Miss Lloyd a recollection of the happenings must be all drama. To us who stand at the end with her, having to take leave, only the finished thing appears. Our grief at parting is tempered by the knowledge that to one so active, so vitally alive, so critical and kind and positive in outlook, retirement means only a slowing down of the machinery and not its scrapping.

Miss Lloyd's service to the school which began with Needlework widened until it covered all aspects of the life of the school. As she loves drama she produced many plays, and desisted only in war-time because of the difficulty of keeping pupils for practice in the black-out. Her English teaching was masterly: simple, direct, and lucid. She was stern in her demands for correct writing and at the same time most generous in appreciation of effort. She recognised the great adventure that there can be in first discovering within ourselves the power to control the machinery of thought. She encouraged pupils in their early essays. Many girls' love of language and poetry is owing to her inspiration. She tried experiments in voice production and correct speaking for student-teachers.

She was always among the ablest teachers, but education is much more than instruction and she is primarily an educator. Although a senior, she was among the youngest in mind in her readiness to try an experiment. Hers is the open mind. She spent herself in the service of girls. Her warm heart led her into undertaking some of the least agreeable offices. Many a Flag-day in town owes its total to her organisation. Hers is the open heart. The great adventure of the war found her ready to tackle the "unlisted" jobs. As Headmistress of the evacuated school in Richmond, Yorkshire, she kept staff and girls busy, happy, and filled with a sense of achievement. The school is lucky that the difficult times found so great a woman, for Miss Lloyd always put service above profit. And nothing that she ever did was so hard, and nothing so great, as her coming back from retirement as a temporary assistant immediately after being second mistress. She gave herself to everything that she undertook. Her single-mindedness remains as her memorial. Many of our friends flash upon the inward eye of contemplation on our reading a poem or hearing a refrain. Miss Lloyd's image recalls to mind George Eliot's verse:—

"What times are little? To the sentinel
That hour is regal when he mounts on guard."

Miss Lloyd's royal service, throughout a lifetime, is our humbling and inspiring recollection.

W.J.E.M.

Miss D. S. Arkle

On the retirement at Christmas, 1945, of Miss D. S. Arkle, Bede School loses one of its best loved and most esteemed members of staff.

Miss Arkle joined the staff of Bede School in 1914, as Form Mistress to the seven-year-olds, and since then she has been guide, mentor and friend to generations of Bedans of all ages, who have learned to value her sympathy and understanding and sound common sense.

In 1921 she was put in charge of the Needlework of the school, and numberless past Bedans have cause to bless her now for the dainty garments they make for themselves and their babies. What a saving in

money and coupons this must have proved for them in the war years! No less valuable has been the help she has given to the English and French Departments.

Amongst all her other activities, Miss Arkle has found time to run the School Charities with unfailing efficiency and zeal, her special care being the "Silver Lining Fund" which provides for the upkeep of a cot at the Children's Hospital.

In her early years she did a great deal to bring the school to the fore in the Sports Field. She it was who introduced us to Netball, and much time and energy has she spent in coaching the victorious teams of yester year.

For these, the more tangible of her services, we shall be for ever in her debt. As for that other service which cannot be measured, the gift of herself; the honesty of purpose and generosity of spirit which she has brought in every task, how can we show our appreciation? But of this we may rest assured; something of her personality will be ever with us, and every Bedan, past and present, who has had the good fortune to come under her influence, is the better for that experience.

Thank you, D.S.A., for what you have been to us, and for what you are. May you have a long and happy retirement.

G.M.S.

Ave Atque Vale

Since the last publication of *The Bedan* we have to record the departure of four mistresses who spent a long time with us.

Miss Briggs came to us in September, 1927. She not only imparted much useful geographical information during the long period she was with us, but gave valuable practical instruction in the many tours and excursions which she so willingly and efficiently arranged for us, even overcoming, as far as it was possible, the many difficulties created by the war in this respect. We remember with pleasure our trips to Holland, Switzerland, and other countries, and our many Whitsuntide excursions in the course of which we learned to know more of our own land under her guidance. But we also remember the help given by Miss Briggs when we practised enthusiastically, if not always tunefully, on recorders during the dinner hour, and her keen and never failing interest in the girls whose careers she followed long after they left school, and who were always pleased with the friendly concern she showed for them and in their progress. Still, we feel we have not lost her entirely as she is now attached to the Sunderland Training College, and we hope to see her in our midst on a future occasion. She knows she has our best wishes.

Mrs. Horton, whom we remember better as Miss Parkin, joined the staff at the same time as Miss Briggs. Many a Bedan thanks Mrs. Horton for her knowledge of History, not only of the facts and movements with which it is necessary for a student to be familiar, not only for the careful preparation for examination, not only for the detailed study of national requirements and international relations, but for the sound, thoughtful, and unbiassed frame of mind with which she judged all matters which came within her province. She tried, with success, to teach her pupils to think, a difficult lesson to learn, and one for which they will always be very grateful to her. In addition we recall the many lectures for which Mrs. Horton was responsible, especially those given during the war by speakers sent from the Ministry of Information; the excursions she arranged; the desire she aroused in us to learn about and understand not only political problems but social conditions and form of government in our own country and town. Her influence will now be felt more deeply in her home in which she will find, we hope, very great happiness.

Mrs. Beaney, Miss Littlehailes, presided over the Domestic Science Room from October, 1933. Many Bedans owe their proficiency in the culinary art to her expert teaching, and in all probability many husbands and children, though they may be unaware of the fact, have been saved from digestive and similar complaints through the efforts of Mrs. Beaney, who initiated her pupils into the mysteries of vitamins and the necessity for a balanced diet long before the formation of the Ministry of Food. She has done wonders during the war years with rationed goods and points, and we fully realise how much of the success of many functions was due to her practised hand and the help she so cheerfully gave. Morning coffee will continue to remind us of her, and we shall miss her at our "tea parties." But she has a special place in our thoughts for we gladly recall that she is an "Old Bedan," and that she has given considerable assistance at the social gatherings of the Guild. We are pleased that she, too, is to remain in Sunderland, and that she will continue to be one of us. We do not need to assure her that we wish her every good thing in her married life; we do know that our loss is Mr. Beaney's gain.

Mrs. White—D.f.f.—has gone far afield, and our thoughts have accompanied her all the way to China. Her ability to arouse a love of beauty, a desire for careful workmanship, a pride in the art of the craftsman, does not require to be enlarged upon; from 1937 every Bedan knew and cherished it. Her influence was felt in many directions; in dramatic activities, exhibitions and displays, in Christmas and party decorations, and last but not least in the souvenir cards she so strikingly designed whenever a member of staff was leaving the school. But this was not the only sphere in which we realised the value of the service she rendered; we recall her personal interest in the religious teaching which she gave, teaching all the more effective because D.f.f. so whole-heartedly believed that "example is better than precept." We hope she will write long and newsy letters to us which will always receive a very warm welcome from those in the Bede School who have known and remember her so gladly.

We miss them all more than we can say; we wish them well; their memory lingers with us as we regretfully utter the words, "Ave Atque Vale."

The Parent-Teacher Association

Dear Parents,

In the annals of our Association this past year has been a momentous one. At the beginning we had the misfortune to lose the services of Mr. H. V. Stanford as Hon. Secretary, on his departure from the town. Mrs. Stanford, however, remained with us during the year, and must feel gratified at the financial results of this her last year as Chairman of our Social Sub-Committee.

Our "Grand-in-Aid Fund" has been increased by over £200, a record for any year so far, and a very gratifying result to the combined efforts of all. The Garden Fête, an entirely new venture on our part, proved a success and helped greatly towards this grand total. You are no doubt aware that this Fund is available to any girl or girls in the school who obtains the Higher Certificate; it is administered by a Management Committee consisting of the Head Mistress, one staff member, the Chairman, Hon. Secretary and Hon. Treasurer of the P.T.A., and two parent members.

We try to keep our interests as broad as possible and have continued to make donations for prizes and towards the library.

Careers have continued to be a subject of utmost importance to our Association, and many parents received much valuable information from the meetings of our Brains Trusts on this subject.

Another milestone in our history was the decision to give the school a Victory Party. This was a large undertaking for our Association.

Yet another significant event sponsored by our Association was the formation of the Joint Committee of Sunderland Parent-Teacher Associations. Miss Moul has been elected its first Chairman.

We hope to continue to provide in this year for the interests of the parents and the welfare of the girls.

J. SHEARER,

Hon. Secretary.

The Guild of Old Bedans' Essay Competition

This competition with its two prizes of 10/6d. ought to have attracted many more essays, especially among the seniors.

In the junior section the most popular subject was "A Room of My Own." Most girls, while showing great interest in their own private belongings, were too concerned with descriptions of furniture and colour-schemes. The essays were therefore stereotyped and over-loaded with detail, though those by Ruth Willingham and Sybil Baker had attractive individual touches.

Those girls who wrote on "Friends I Have Known in Books" made some interesting comments on the characters they liked. They tended, however, to spend too long telling the story of some particular book, but the prize-winning essay by Laura Faulkner showed a real sense of form and a pleasing mastery of words. Norma Burnside's essay is also commendable.

There were not many essays on "My Most Precious Possession," but they were interesting because of their personal tone; in this group Margaret Estell's effort must be mentioned, a praiseworthy attempt from Form I. These failed, however, to win the prize owing either to lack of concentration on *one* possession or by faulty spelling, untidy writing and careless construction of sentences.

In the senior section the prize goes to Shirley Sinclair for her essay on "All Experience is an Arch." She brought out the meaning of the metaphor in a thoughtful way, and showed herself possessed of considerable literary ability.

Pat Swan and Jean Straughan who wrote on "Woman's Place in the World of To-day" are to be commended for well-planned essays. Among the younger competitors Betty Cox deserves praise for the thoughtful, personal touches which she introduced.

More care should in many instances be given to spelling, punctuation, grammar, careful construction of sentences, and logical arrangement of ideas.

Senior Section: Shirley Sinclair, L.VI.

Junior Section: Laura Faulkner, IIIc.

We are indeed grateful to the Guild of Old Bedans for its continued interest in the school.

**" All experience is an arch where thro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move."**

Experience is wisdom and knowledge gained throughout life by trial and error, and often by close observation. Anyone who is described as experienced is very often thought of as being old or, at least, staid. Too frequently we forget that experience does not necessarily depend upon age. A small girl without a mother, has to care for her baby brother, and act as housekeeper for her father. Gradually she acquires discrimination and self-confidence in her work, she realises more and more what it means to be a mother; she understands, much more than she used to do, about baby's ailments, cooking, the value of money, and other household matters. Thus in all her work she senses a striving towards something better, she becomes more adept, but she is not satisfied, nor can she ever be, because she has been shown a path she feels she must follow, and that road stretches before her until death. She will never reach the end of the path, since to do that would be to gain perfection, and no human being can be perfect.

Experience frequently involves emotion. Anyone who has suffered a great deal physically or mentally may become embittered. His mind is hardened, and he cultivates selfishness, jealousy, irritability, and other unpleasant qualities. He may strive to find a way out of his trouble, to forget what has gone before, but once he has set foot on the Road of Experience, he cannot turn back; and if he begins in the path of unpleasantness so he will continue, becoming more and more embittered.

Experience comes to everyone, even in the smallest things of life; a child having once burnt himself by playing with fire is not likely to try to amuse himself again in that way. Everyone in this world learns from experience, and it proves to be a very hard and bitter lesson for some of us.

Older men and women sometimes envy the young because they are inexperienced. I am young, and I frequently wonder why youth is envied. We are only approaching the arch which leads to the Plain of Life; we long for experience and hesitate, not knowing which path we ought to follow. We cannot benefit by experience, in knowing which path leads to an unhappy life, full of longing for what might have been, and a life that is happy, one in which we strive towards the fulfilment of our desires.

We have experiences all our lifetime, leading us further and further along the path we have chosen. We never see the end of the road we must follow, but we may not turn back:

" The moving finger writes; and having writ
Moves on; nor all thy piety or wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all thy tears wash out a word of it."

I shall be glad to have experiences, because they open up a new world. Various duties which must be done, help to give a person responsibility; we are taught in this way to be decisive.

War, despite its horrors, has done some good in this way. It has taught men to co-operate to help one another, to distinguish between right and wrong. On the other hand, men must not forget the terrible sufferings innocent men have endured in the recent war; concentration camps, gas chambers, ghettos, and the ever present enemy of mankind—hunger. The world of to-day must understand that the victory which has been so dearly won represents the arch. The experiences of the past six years will have to be used to build a world better than the one we live in now; men must look into their future experiences to their fullest extent to realise what we lack on this earth.

Everyone must be thankful for experiences which help to make life worthwhile, since they form a never ending chain which links the weary aged man to his far off childhood.

SHIRLEY SINCLAIR, L.VI.

Friends I have met in Books

After the long day is over I often pick up my book, settle myself in a comfortable chair, and spend a quiet hour reading. I find many friends in the books I read, and sit enthralled as I meet the realistic yet imaginary characters drawn from the imagination of great men and women.

The great Baroness Orzcy favourite, Sir Percy Blakeney, or "that gay elusive Pimpernel," ranks high among my personal favourites. His debonair manner, his faultless and polished ease, his sense of humour, coupled with his ingrained sense of honour and duty, easily made him the leader of his fellow adventurers. I can imagine him clearly as he accomplishes some dare-devil plot; take for instance the time when he helped some French nobles to escape from Paris. Sir Percy was disguised as an old hag who used to haunt "Madame Guillotine." The nobles were put into a cart, which the "hag" said contained the bodies of relatives who had died of small-pox. With some of the supposed small-pox victims, he drove out of Paris, past one of the reputed best sentries of that time. This exploit, which was thought out and completed to form an intricate pattern of action, was one of the Pimpernel's most daring accomplishments.

Now we must think of another Baroness Orzcy character, the Lady Marguerite, Sir Percy Blakeney's wife. We find her a loving and faithful wife and a good, beautiful, though rather imperious woman. Her capacity for loving made her beloved of all her friends. When we first meet her, we find her in rather a strange predicament. Her brother is in danger in France: to save him, she tries to discover who the Scarlet Pimpernel is. After her marriage to Sir Percy she finds out that he is the Scarlet Pimpernel. The story explains the mental struggle which is brought about by this situation. She is torn between the love of two men, but the turmoil rights itself as the story progresses and we find her, at the finish, possessed of the love of both husband and brother, and loving each in return.

Baroness Orzcy is one of the few authors or authoresses who are able to make their characters live in the minds of their readers.

We find, too, some marvellous character studies in the books of Alexander Dumas. The most famous of the Dumas characters is Edmond Dantes, alias the Count of Monte Cristo. A short resumé of his character gives the impression of a determined man, swayed by his lust for revenge. When I first met him, a gay carefree youth of nineteen years, I was greatly impressed by his flair for leadership, his honesty, his love, and above all his innocence of the trickery of life. I learned of the great love which he offered his father, to Mercedes, his fiancée, and to the Abbé Faria, who was his friend in gaol. He was imprisoned through the jealousy of two men and the greed of another. When at last he escaped from prison he was a hardened, embittered man, bent on revenge. Even though partially blinded by his desire for revenge, he still retained his sense of justice. He seized the opportunity of revenge by wronging his enemies as they had wronged him, but he also gave happiness to those who had loved and helped him.

These are only one or two of my friends. These friends are true indeed, and help me over long hours which otherwise would seem idly spent, and, I hope, as the years roll by, to add still more to the steadily increasing list.

LAURA FAULKNER, IIIc.

The School Houses

The School Houses have been functioning during the past year, and the monthly meetings have been held regularly. In addition there were three "Happy Afternoons" at Christmas, the various sporting and musical competitions were keenly contested, and a healthy spirit of good-humoured emulation on the part of members of the different Houses was much in evidence on Sports Day last July.

"Silver Lining" Society, 1944-45

The Charities and Social Service Collections have kept up their high standard through the generosity and regular support of the girls. From these collections we have been able to make gifts to the following:—

	£	s.	d.
"Our Cot" in the Children's Hospital	25	0	0
Merchant Navy (special collection)	8	8	0
Overseas Tobacco Fund (Empire Day collection) ...	6	5	0
Missions to Seamen	5	5	0
Aid to China Red Cross	5	5	0
Ex-Services Welfare Society	5	5	0
R.A.F. Benevolent Fund	5	5	0
Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies	5	5	0
Local Deaf and Dumb Institution	3	3	0
Local Blind Institution	3	3	0
Pravda Home for Children	3	3	0
Prisoners of War Fund	3	3	0
Montgomery Home for Little Boys	3	3	0
Wounded Soldiers at three Local Hospitals	3	3	0
Local Animal Dispensary	2	2	0
St. Dunstan's	4	4	0
Life-boat—Sunderland	5	5	0
Sunderland Royal Infirmary	2	2	0
Monkwearmouth and Southwick Hospital	2	2	0
Hospital for Sick Children (Great Ormonde St.) ...	2	10	0
Waifs and Strays' Society	2	2	0
Dr. Barnardo's Homes	2	2	0
Local R.S.P.C.A.	2	2	0
A.V.F. for Children in Devastated Areas	2	2	0
Five Million Club (for playing fields)	1	1	0

At the meeting in July it was unanimously decided that we should in future allocate the collections at the end of each term, instead of yearly as heretofore, remembering always that we have an obligation to see that at Christmas there is £25 in hand for our subscription towards the upkeep of "Our Cot" in the Children's Hospital, our nearest neighbour.

Many girls have generously given time and energy to help with Flag Days in the town, and a Dr. Barnardo's League exists in the school and has quite a fair number of members.

As this is the last report I shall write, I should like to end on a personal note and to say what pleasure it has given me to run, or help to run, the "Silver Lining Society" for more than twenty-five years. My pleasure has been due to the generosity and goodwill of the school-girls, which made the smooth running of the society a foregone conclusion. I wish the "Silver Lining Society" every success in the future.

D. S. ARKLE.

National Savings

Bedans are still 100% "National Savers." We collect an average of £70 weekly and in addition £800 was collected during Merchant Navy Week and £1,000 for Victory Week.

M. J. HARRIS.

American Correspondence

Hundreds of girls still keep up a regular correspondence with America, and many new Bedans ask for correspondents every year. Some of our letters go to New York; others to Chicago, Youngstown (Ohio), Bristol (Pennsylvania), and Mountain Lakes (New Jersey). We keep up subscriptions to "London Calling" and send it to the three chief groups of American boys and girls with whom we correspond, and we have received letters thanking us for these magazines and saying how much they are appreciated.

The Anglo-Soviet Council Competition

During the Spring Term, 1945, some of the girls entered for the Essay Competition arranged by the Anglo-Soviet Council for the first time.

The subjects set concerned political problems and social conditions at home and abroad, and were designed to promote increased knowledge and a better understanding of domestic and foreign relations. The competition was divided into a junior and a senior section, and entries were submitted from home and overseas. It is gratifying to state that one of the supplementary prizes in the senior section was awarded to Heather Gardiner U.VI.

Victory Parties

Thanks to the generosity of the P.T.A., parties were given to the whole school to celebrate Victory. Owing to the large number of pupils, the parties were held on three different occasions. The Third and Fourth formers set the ball rolling by having a hilarious evening with games and dancing, not forgetting the much-appreciated refreshments. On the following Friday a social was held for the Fifth and Sixth formers "with partners." This was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Finally, the First and Second formers had a fancy dress party, the fancy dresses being so ingenious and original that it was very difficult to choose the prize-winners. All the parties proved very successful indeed.

We are greatly indebted to Mr. Shearer, the P.T.A. Committee, the staff, and the parents, for their kindness and generosity, and thank them most sincerely for providing such enjoyable entertainment.

H. GARRICK, U.VI.

The School Choirs

Musical activities during the past year have been varied and numerous. The choirs have increased in number and have sung on several occasions.

At Christmas the junior and senior choirs gave performances of Edgar Moy's "The Captive" and Gilbert and Sullivan's "Trial By Jury," both of which proved very successful.

We also continued our annual practice of singing carols to the patients of the Municipal Hospital.

In the Easter term the senior choir particularly enjoyed giving two performances of a programme of North Country Folk Songs to both the Grange Townswomen's Guild and our own P.T.A.

Visitors to the Garden Fête, organised by the P.T.A., were delighted by a charming recital of songs, violin and piano solos, given by members of the junior choir.

The choirs have been hard-working and enthusiastic, and we should like in particular to thank Miss Abbott who has given us so freely and generously her support and service.

SHEILA SNOWBALL	} U.VI
KATHLEEN M. BELL	
HELEN GARRICK	

Bede Gramophone Club

We now have a flourishing Bede Gramophone Club for Fifth and Sixth formers and ex-Bedans. We have held six meetings since May 30th when the club was founded. Through the generosity of Miss Abbott and Miss Showell the meetings have been held in the warmth and comfort of their flat. Members of the club regularly tip-toe, in Indian file up the stairs, owing to a rather wakeful baby in the flat below! There is usually a short interval during our recital, when we enjoy informal refreshments.

Our programmes, presented by Miss Abbott, have been varied and interesting, covering a wide range of music. Mr. and Mrs. Paley, our only visiting "lecturers" so far, gave us an enjoyable evening of modern English music.

We are looking forward to many more such meetings, and take this opportunity of thanking Miss Abbott and Miss Showell for their enthusiasm and kindness in this new venture.

HELEN GARRICK, Secretary.

French Activities, 1944-45

The members of the Fifth forms met once a month throughout the year to play games and sing French songs and generally further their interest and gain facility in the French language.

The French Circle of the U.VI. met once a week for literary discussions and conversation.

We have an ever increasing number of members of the A.V.F. (Friends of the French Volunteers), some of whom have been very generous in their support of the Association. The dance committee of the U.VI. handed over the magnificent sum of £13/5/9, the proceeds of a dance given in aid of the A.V.F.

As usual we sent girls of the Fourth and Fifth forms to a French Vacation Course at Harrogate during the Easter and summer holidays, where, according to the students, though much hard work was done, an enjoyable time was had by all, and rapid strides were made in the study of French.

Several of the girls now have French correspondents and get a great deal of interest and benefit out of an exchange of letters with French boys and girls. We hope that it will not be long now before an interchange of visits may be once more possible.

Modern Events Club, 1944-5

Because of its topicality, and its interest to growing girls, the M.E.C. concentrated, during this year, on the problems of housing and town planning in all their aspects. Using many illustrations and diagrams we discussed first building materials and their relative merits, going on to contrast permanent houses with temporary and pre-fabricated ones. We were particularly interested in the kitchen units and built-in cupboards, and felt that the good design of the temporary houses should be applied to permanent and well-built ones. Many attended the housing exhibition in the Art Gallery.

19th A Sunderland, Bede Company, Guide Report

The 1944-45 Guide year has been quite successful and eventful, and steady work was continued till the summer holiday. All the Guides who joined at the beginning of the school year passed the Tenderfoot Tests, and many have now passed the Second Class Tests.

The whole company took part in the classes which were begun to obtain the Fire Badge. The lectures and training were given by Mr. Dell. With great enthusiasm, we crawled round the darkened physics lab, on our "tummies," hunting for suffocated and senseless people, climbed up and down ladders, did stirrup-pump drill and artificial respiration, and slid down ropes. Everyone passed the tests, and we are proud to be one of the few complete companies to have this unusual badge.

We had a merry time at the fancy-dress Christmas Party, which was organised by former lieutenants, who, then, were still with us. The ingenuity of the Guides was evident in the quaint and varied costumes which were produced.

Hostelling occupied a week of the October holidays, when the Captain, two ex-lieutenants, the Patrol Leaders, and Seconds, went to Bellingham and Acomb. We all returned looking fit and happy, after having riotous fun and innumerable adventures.

Hallowe'en was celebrated with a party arranged by the Patrol Leaders and the Seconds for the Company, with the Captain and the three ex-lieutenants as guests of honour. A display of fireworks concluded the party; it was much enjoyed by everyone.

Meetings are becoming shorter now, as the nights close in so early, but in the spring they will begin to lengthen again. The Company is growing, owing to the enthusiasm of the younger members who have joined this year. The Company is open to all girls, who will be warmly welcomed, should they wish to join.

It is with much regret that we take leave of Helen Garrick, Kathleen Bell and Sheila Snowball, the lieutenants who left the Company in October, as they are preparing for the Higher Certificate Examination. We, who take their place, will do our best to continue their high standard of work through the coming year.

We would also like to convey our grateful thanks to Miss M. J. Harris. It is largely due to her cheerful guidance and unflagging efforts that the Company has been successful.

Lieutenants	{	MORAG PHILIP,
		MURIEL ORR,
		DORIS HESLOP,

The Science Society

Unfortunately this year the Science Society was unable to meet until the Easter term and has therefore had only four meetings.

At the first meeting, the officials for the ensuing year were elected. It was the unanimous wish that Miss Moul be asked kindly to continue as President, while the members of the Science Staff were asked to act as Vice-Presidents. Miss Carrick was thanked for her work as Chairman during the past years, and Miss Harding was welcomed as her successor. The Secretary elected was Stella Butterly with Sheila Snowball as Treasurer, supported by a Committee of two girls from each of those forms which are members of the Society.

At the next meeting, short lectures were given by three members of the Sixth form; one on the life of Robert Koch, and the other two on sound from its musical and scientific aspect.

The Society greatly appreciated having Mr. Campbell at the third meeting, who performed many experiments and delivered a most interesting lecture on Liquid Oxygen.

At the last meeting of the year, 1944-45, various members of the Fourth gave short talks.

This meeting brought to a close a most interesting and instructive year; and, while we have this opportunity, we add how greatly we appreciate the service of all who have, in any way, contributed to its success.

STELLA BUTTERLY, Secretary.

Netball Summary, 1944-45

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Goals.	
					For.	Against.
1st VII ...	14	12	2	—	255	134
2nd VII ...	9	7	2	—	146	90
Juniors.						
1st VII ...	10	6	3	1	136	98
2nd VII ...	5	4	1	—	36	21

Colours awarded to Elsie White.

On the whole this season has proved quite successful for all Bede teams. Many matches had to be cancelled, but in those played the teams played with enthusiasm. Towards the end of the season all teams had reached a high standard. Two girls, Dorothea Robson and Florence Ord were selected as members of the Senior Schools County Team, and one, Margaret Baitey, for the Junior Team.

The House to win the Senior Netball Trophy was Avon. Strath won the Junior Netball Cup.

Members of all teams wish to thank Miss Abbott and Miss Dunbar for their help and encouragement throughout the season.

DOROTHEA ROBSON, Captain.

Rounders Report, Summer, 1945

	Played.	Cancelled.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	For.	Against.
1st IX ...	10	5	5	4	1	53	58½
2nd IX ...	5	4	0	5	0	18	31½

This term Bede 1st IX were fairly successful but the 2nd team never really settled down. Bede 1st IX improved a great deal towards the end of the term in their fielding.

This term Avon House again won the Senior Inter-House Rounders Cup. Ness House won the Junior Cup.

The teams take this opportunity for thanking Miss Abbott for her great help and encouragement throughout the season.

ELSIE WHITE, Captain.

Hockey Report, 1944-45

The hockey season this year was quite successful, though rather disappointing because of adverse weather conditions. The team played quite well together, and by the end of the season had developed a good team spirit. The 2nd XI kept up the good record of the preceding 2nd XI: for of their seven matches they won six and drew one, thus remaining unbeaten.

Members of all hockey teams would like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Dunbar and Miss Abbott for their valuable coaching and encouragement throughout the season, and also all those who prepared tea for home matches.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	For.	Against.
1st XI ...	19	10	4	5	36	21
2nd XI ...	7	6	—	1	25	9

A. HUDSON, Captain.

Loan and Scholarship Fund

The Loan and Scholarship Fund continues to prove a source of help to girls entering a University or Training College, and since July, 1944, £80 has been granted in loans or small scholarships to five of our Bedans beginning to train for their careers.

In addition, £175 accrued interest on the Fund has been invested in Sunderland Corporation Stock. Old Bedans who have benefited formerly continue to repay loans with letters of appreciation for the help they have afforded.

List of Newcomers

Violet Addison, Audrey J. Amiss, Ethel M. Anderson, Dorothy D. Armstrong, Norma Baines, Greta Beadle, Audrey Beeson, Margaret R. Berry, Edna Best, Jean Blake, Margaret I. Botcherby, Norma Bradburn, Eileen J. Brass, Brenda Bristow, Dorothy Bruce, Joyce Clasper, Gloria Cohen, Jean H. Collier, Shirley V. Crowcroft, Patricia Crowthers, Kathleen M. Davison, Patricia Davison, Thelma A. Doberman, Jean Dodds, Jean P. Elliott, Jean E. English, Margaret R. Estell, Vera A. Fairburn, Jean Faulkner, Annie M. Fletcher, Jeannie N. Franklin, Joan E. Fuller, Barbara Garrard, Jennie Garrett, Margaret F. K. Gault, Margaret R. Gibson, Sheila Gibson, Winifred A. Gowland, Gwendoline Grace,

Marjorie Gray, Jeanette Hannon, Lilian Hardy, Moira M. Hornsby, Florence M. Hopper, Edith M. Humphreys, Elizabeth Jenkins, Verna Jenkins, Dorothy Jobling, Enid Joice, Norma Jowsey, Hilda M. Lawson, Marjorie H. Lawson, Sarah D. Leonard, Kathleen M. Linfoot, Jean Lowes, Patricia M. McCoy, Margaret McGahan, Doris MacLeod, Doreen Measor, Audrey M. Morton, Joan Nelson, Dorothy Oakes, Joan Pallin, Doreen Peace, Brenda Powell, Sylvia Pratt, Joyce Pyburn, Jean Randle, Rosemary E. Richardson, Audrey Robson, Joan Robinson, Jean Singleton, Audrey Skinner, Margaret Skipsey, Joan Smith, Ann E. Stark, Dorothy Stephenson, Margaret J. Sumner, Norma L. Swan, Pauline Talks, Dorothy W. Tate, Florence P. Taylor, Joyce Walker, Anne Wallace, Maureen Wallace, Marjorie Wanless, Ella Ward, Patricia Warren, Lily Watson, Audrey White, Cynthia Wilkie, Joan Williamson, Ruth Willingham, Anne E. Wilson, Edna M. Wright.

Brenda Colling, Lorna Little, Joan Redpath, Doreen Turnbull, Sheila Wilson, Sadie Barkess, Audrey C. Howe, Anne Middleton, Marjorie Pattinson, Mavis Poole, Enid V. Baker, Edna Bolton, Joyce Dunning, Elsie M. Elliott, Grace Entwistle, Doris Gibson, Ruth Robinson, Sylvia Tait, Joyce Turner, Audrey Wallace, Shirley Rutter, Agnes M. Forster, Jean Payne.

University of Durham Examinations

Examination Successes, School Year 1944-45

q—English Language; r—Scripture Knowledge and Church History; e—English Literature; h—Modern History; g—Geography; l—Latin; f—French; sp—Spanish; m—Elementary Mathematics; am—Applied Mathematics; pam—Pure and Applied Mathematics; p—Physics; c—Chemistry; bi—Biology; mus—Music; a—Art; dom—Domestic Science; hy—Hygiene.

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 the Subsidiary Subject Standard.

The following were awarded Certificates:—

Brydon, Maryl f1 h1 (l)
Campbell, Patricia E.pam2 p2 (c2 bi2)
Gardiner, Heathere3 f2 h2 (l)
Hopper, Dorothyl1 f2 (e1 sp2)
Hudson, Audreyl f1 (e1 g)
Lamplugh, Bessieg bi2 (pam1 p1)

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

Butterley, Stella I.(pam2p2)
Campbell, Lilian M.(r1)
Caven, Joan I.(r)
Currer, Marjory(bi)
Farquhar, Jean(r2)
Geddes, Fredap1 (am1)
Gettings, Daisy(bi1)

Plempner, Joyce H.q1	e1	h1	f2	bi	a	hy	
Pritchard, Joycelynq	r1	e1	h1	f1	bil	a1	dom2
Renwick, Sheila V.q1	r1	e1	h2	f1	bil	a	
Rich, Patricia B.q	e	g	f1	m1	c	mus2	
Richardson, Edith W.q1	e1	g1	f	bil	a1	hy2	
Rosenstein, Jean A.q2	e1	g1	f1	m2	p	ci	mus2
Schlesinger, Rosieq	r1	e	h1	l	f1	bil	
Scott, Normaq1	e1	h1	f1	bil	hy1		
Simpson, Sylviaq1	e	h1	g1	f1	bi	a	
Sinclair, Shirley P.q2	e2	h2	g1	f1	m1	bil	mus2
Smith, Alice M.q2	e2	h1	l1	f1	m	bil	a
Swan, Patricia R. C.q2	e2	h2	g	f2	m1	bi2	mus2
Thompson, Edna M.q1	e2	h1	g1	f1	m1	pl	a2
Triggs, Sheilaq	r1	e	h	f1	m	a	
Tulloch, Maryq1	e1	g	f1	m1	bil	a1	hy1
Twitchett, Fay V.q	e	f	m	bi	mus2	hy	
Waggott, Dorothyq1	e1	h1	f1	m1	bil	mus2	hy1
Waldron, Alice M.q	e1	h1	f1	m1	bil	a1	hy1
Walker, Doreen C.q1	r	e2	h	f1	bil	a2	
Ward, Joyceq	e	m1	bil	a1	hy1		
Watson, Hazelq1	e1	h	f1	bil	a	hy	
Wells, Marjorieq1	e	h	bi	a	dom		
Wharton, Hildaq2	r1	e	h1	f	bi	a1	dom1
Whitfield, Phyllisq2	r1	e1	h1	f1	m	bil	a
Whorlton, Joyce R.q2	e1	h2	g	f1	m1	bil	a1
Wild, Margeryq	e1	g	f1	m1	bil	a1	hy1
Wordingham, Teresa A.q	r1	e	g	f1	bil	dom2	
Young, Dorothyq1	e1	g	f1	m1	bil	hy1	

The following candidates, who did not enter for the full Certificate, have satisfied the Examiners in the subjects specified:—

Allen, Kathleen S.l1	m1						
Anderson, Ednal1	m						
Bagley, Patricial2	m2						
Balmer, Marjoriel2	m2						
Bates, Anne J.l1	m						
Bolton, Adal1	m1						
Boudege, Joan L.l1	m1						
Brunskill, Jeanl1	m1						
Carverhill, Mary E.l1	m						
Caven, Joan I.q	hy1						
Crowcroft, Zoëdom1	hy1						
Currer, Marjorydom2	hy						
Donkin, Ruth G.l2	m1						
Ellison, Rhenettedom2	hy1						
Emerson, Barbaraq1	e	g	f				
Farquhar, Jeanq	dom2						
Farrow, Florencel1	m2						
Fenwick, Sheilal1	m1						
Gettings, Daisyq	f						
Graham, Margaretq	dom2						
Greenwald, Blossoml	m1						
Hawdon, Dorothyl1	m2						
Hughes, Patriciahy							
Hulse, Mary L.q	hy						
Laverick, Lilian F.l	m1						
Leith, Marjoriem1							
McBride, Patricia M.bil							
Maughan, Margueritel2	m2						
Miller, Kathleen M.hy1							

Mills, Lucindaq1
Orr, Muriel12 m2
Palmer, Patricia12 m1
Plumpton, Joyce12 m1
Price, Isabeldom2
Ragg, Audrey11 m1
Raine, Mildred E.11 m2
Richardson, Eleanor M.hy
Robson, Hilda D.hy1
Russell, Joan F.dom1
Scorer, Patricia12 m2
Scott, Elizabeth A.12 m2
Shwam, Berylc2 b1
Sigsworth, Joan11 m2
Smith, Joyce11 m
Somerville, Jean K.11 m1
Spensley, Audrey M.12 m1
Stewart, Eileen12 m1
Townes, Josephine M.dom1 hy1
Wager, Dorothy B.11 m
White, Elsiedom1 hy1
White, Joyce11 m1
Wilder, Beryl N.12
Wilson, Joan11 m
Wilson, Margaret11 m1
Wright, Olga E.11 m2

Award of Prizes, School Year 1944-1945

"JANET TODD" for exemplary conduct and high attainments—Mary Brydon.

"MARGARET IRENE MALLEN" for the encouragement of Science, Mathematics and Geography—Greta V. Gibson, Marcelle Goodall, Patricia Kendall, Jean Rosenstein, Stella Butterley, Patricia Campbell, Audrey Hudson, Bessie Lamplugh.

"JENNIE SEYMOUR" for Latin—Dorothy Hopper.

"EWART" for Services to the School—Kathleen Bell.

"HUTCHINSON" for appreciation of English—Heather Gardiner; French—Dorothy Hopper.

"SHEARER" for best French Scholar in Second Form—Shelagh Brooks; Third Form—Margaret Anne Shearer (Honour, M. Dorothy Dodd); Fourth Form—Patricia Bagley.

"HEAD MISTRESS" for the encouragement of History—I. Mavis Berriman, Audrey Calvert, Helen M. Garrick, Shirley P. Sinclair, Edna M. Thompson, Dorothy Waggott.

"BRIGGS" for Geography—Audrey Kidd.

"STIRK" for Biology—Patricia Kendall, Patricia Swan.

"PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION" for encouragement of Mathematics—Marjorie Balmer, Florence Farrow, Olga E. Wright; Domestic Science—Marjorie Curren, Isabel Price, Joycelyn Pratchard; Hygiene—I. Mavis Berriman, Olive Cairns; Music—Kathleen Bell, M. Dorothy Dodd.

"GUILD OF OLD BEDANS" for Art—Kathleen C. Humphrey, Doreen C. Walker.

" THE BEDAN " awarded by Guild of Old Bedans: Senior Section—Doreen C. Walker; Junior Section—Ileanne Hetherington.

" SPECIAL "—Marie Anderson.

" SCHOOL " for best School Certificate—Patricia Kendall, Patricia Swan; Higher Certificate—Patricia Campbell.

" MISS S. MOUL " for the encouragement of Spanish—Pauline Humphreys; English—Edith J. Brown; Music—Sheila Snowball; Scripture—Audrey Hall, Morag Philip.

" MISS E. STEWART " for the encouragement of Scripture—Enid Noble, Jean Straughan, June Cowell, Avril Trembath, Margaret Chastney, Brenda Snowball.

" MRS. M. EDWARDS " for the encouragement of Scripture—Patricia Palmer, Mildred Raine, Joyce Smith, Mavis Illingworth.

" GAMES ": Netball—Florence M. Ord; Hockey—Audrey Hudson; Rounders—B. Geraldine Cook; Swimming—Margaret Baitey; Good General Standard—Dorothy Hopper, H. Dorothea Robson, Elsie White.

Special Awards, School Year 1944-1945

ESK HOUSE (Captain, Elsie White):—

Junior Hockey Cup.

Hedley Junior Swimming Cup.

DROM HOUSE (Captain, Maureen Richardson):—

Boon Junior Singing Cup.

Stansfield Richardson Senior Singing Cup.

Marley Needlework Cup.

Reed Record Cup.

Lloyd Art Picture.

AVON HOUSE (Captain, Dorothea Robson):—

Biggs Senior Rounders Cup.

Nicholson Netball Shield.

Robson Domestic Science Cup—Marjorie Curren.

NESS HOUSE (Captain, Isabel Price):—

Junior Rounders Cup.

STRATH HOUSE (Captain, Dorothy Hopper):—

Junior Netball Cup.

Hedley Senior Swimming Cup.

Sports Cup.

Bruce Hockey Shield.

Guild of Old Bedans' Picture for Progress.

FORM IIIH:—

Junior Gymnastic Cup.

FORMS VB and VI:—

Charlton Gymnastic Shield.

Teddy

Dear Teddy Bear is soft, and brown,
 He often wanders into town
 To meet his little friend the clown.
 And between them they have such fun
 Until it's time to homeward run.

Mother Bear waits at the gate
 To see what's making Teddy late,
 When down the lane his mother he spies
 Then Teddy quickly homeward flies.

Teddy now is washed, and fed,
 Then mother tucks him up in bed.
 Good night, my dear, and pleasant dreams,
 And sleep all night till morning gleams.

AUDREY WALLACE, 1h.

A Lullaby

Sleep, my little baby, sleep;
 I am near you, do not weep;
 Dreamland calls you, baby dear,
 Sleep on, sleep on, do not fear.

Close those big blue starry eyes
 While angels watch you from the skies,
 I await you, baby dear,
 When you awake, so do not fear.

CYNTHIA WILKIE, 1b.

" Aunt Joan "

She was not really our aunt, but from the moment we saw her merry face, her frank grey eyes, her ripply brown hair and her vivacious smile, and heard her clear voice and her joyful laughter, we admired her, and soon we had adopted her as one of the family.

She used to teach us new games, and would always be ready to tell us a new and thrilling tale that her vivid imagination had conjured up. She was not like other aunts we had experienced who said, " Don't do this," and " Don't do that," every alternate second, but she was strict in a quiet persuasive way.

When she married and went to another part of the country to live, we were very sorry to lose " Aunt Joan," who had come as a complete stranger to our house in the role of governess to the younger members of our family and ended her career as one of our dearest friends.

JENNIE GARETT, 1c.

Woods in Autumn

I was walking through a wood the other day and there was a real autumn smell in the air. I enjoyed the walk very much as the scenery was so beautiful.

The big trees stood up tall and stately, their branches almost bare. On the ground was a wonderful carpet of leaves. They were of all colours, red, orange, brown and russet. Lying on the ground there in the dusk they looked very pretty. Before I left, however, a little breeze sprang up which gradually became stronger until it was a fierce wind. Soon all the leaves were dancing and prancing and merrily whirling around. As the wind grew stronger more leaves were falling from the trees.

I stayed there quite a while watching it; it all seemed so unreal, as though hundreds of fairies were dancing madly about. When I reached home and was in bed that night I dreamed of that lovely scene, and still I have not forgotten it.

MARGARET BERRY, I.c.

The Junior Choir

Sparkling eyes, and gleaming teeth,
Tunics navy blue,
Trim they look, and sweet they sing,
In voices clear and true.

Every Monday after dinner,
Each girl plays her part
In joining in the melodies
Which music does impart.

To show the school what we can do
Each year we give a play,
We sing the songs the whole school knows
To end the happy day.

BERYL FITZGERALD, I.Ih.

Tumble-down House

In our woods is a house,
With a chimney and a door,
And a window you'll find
But no second floor.

It's a cosy snug dwelling
In a tumble down tree;
All creatures who live there,
Are happy and free.

It's the home of the elf;
Of the gnome, and the mouse;
And the squirrel keeps the treasures
In Tumble Down House.

JESSIE DONALD, I.Ih.

THE BEDAN

The Woods

I climbed the stile that led to the woods,
The new fresh woods with budding trees,
It was Spring then and the young green buds
Were bursting into leaves.

I climbed the stile that led to the woods,
The cool green woods with shady trees,
Summer now, the thrush's song
Was carried on a gentle breeze.

I climbed the stile that led to the woods,
The colourful woods with russet trees,
'Twas Autumn now, and the leaves
Were gaily wafted on a lively breeze.

I climbed the stile that led to the woods,
The cold, white woods with the bare, bare trees;
Winter had come with ice and snow,
And now the wind did freeze.

MARY ALLISON, IIB.

Our Mariners of England

Our Mariners of England,
Who braved the stormy sea
To bring us home our daily bread,
Our butter and our tea;
Who, with undaunted courage,
Sailed on from shore to shore;
They fought the battle of the sea,
And helped to win the war,
But after many striving years
At last their task is done,
The enemy is defeated
And now the war is won.

DORIS CROSBY, IIB.

Evening

The shadows are creeping over the fold,
Everywhere is peaceful and still,
The sky is changing from purple to gold
As the sun sets beyond the hill.

The weary old shepherd is homeward bound,
With his faithful sheep dog, Shadow,
The moonbeams are playing without a sound
On the age-old oaks in the meadow.

Night will fall and day will break,
But never so calm a scene
As when sunset falls on the distant lake,
And Nature awaits her Queen.

MARGARET CHAPPELL, IIC.

A Thing of Beauty

A place of peaceful solitude and bliss
 (The place where I'm at present writing this)
 Where is it I can go to knit or sew?
 Or try to turn a heel, or finish a toe?
 Where do I go, if only for a while
 I want to see the prefects' friendly smile?
 Where do I go to make up extra work?
 Where is it I am not allowed to shirk?
 Where is it that I go to read the books
 On anything, from "Hypnotism" to "Spooks?"
 Where is it I can go to R.I.P.?
 Not "Home" but in the dear old library!

BETTY COX, IIIr.

(Dedicated to two of the Library Prefects)

Lament

Why couldn't I be a Chopin,
 Tchaikovsky, or maybe a Strauss?
 My renderings upon the piano
 Resemble the squeaks of a mouse.

I've hammered and battered for hours,
 I've simply no luck on the keys;
 I start at the bottom with gusto,
 And I end up in tears on my knees.

My music has made brave men quake,
 I've broken their strong iron nerve,
 As I swing into "Warsaw Concerto,"
 With zip, and with zing and with verve.

So as people seem to object,
 (Echoes in their ears still ring)
 I'll leave the poor tortured keyboard;
 —I'll take lessons and learn how to sing!

SORRELL MILLER, IIIh.

His Friends

The ox gave up his manger,
 The cow gave up her hay
 To bed a little stranger
 Born on a Christmas Day.

The little doves above Him,
 Looked down with ruby eyes,
 They could not help but love Him
 So little and so wise.

The ass stood near and pondered,
 How such a thing could be,
 While simple shepherds wondered
 Such a child to see.

MURIEL BLAIR, IIIb.

Fragrant Flowers

I know a fragrant garden,
Tended by a lady old,
Where grow flowers full of beauty,
All the tints from red to gold.
Truth is the fairest flower
Which grows in this garden sweet,
And many others grow there,
While joy runs on tiny feet.
Faith, Hope, Love and Happiness,
These flowers all have a part,
And I would have them blossom
In the garden of my heart.

MARGARET E. MILLER, IIIc.

The Gipsy Child

The fire was burning brightly in the grate and the shifting, leaping flames threw weird shadows on the walls. Outside I watched the rain pouring down on the gloomy, desolate road, while the trees wept and sighed as the wind shook the raindrops from their leaves and blew through their branches. Suddenly my gaze alighted on a poor bedraggled child huddled in the corner of a doorstep, trying to shelter her thinly clad body from the biting wind. I knocked on the window and she quickly turned her head. It was then that I noticed her dark skin and long black hair, but what focussed my gaze was the sad sweet smile which played around the corners of her mouth and her large brown eyes which held the hurt, reproachful look of a wounded deer. I beckoned to her, I tapped and tapped upon the window, I looked and looked again, but she had vanished, vanished completely. I turned back into the cosy room, but could not read my book, for every time I turned my gaze upon the print, there rose before me a vision, a mournful picture of that gipsy child, that beautiful little gipsy child.

SHEILA RAMSAY, IIIc.

The Nativity

In a stable long ago
 A Baby King was born;
 The ox and ass beside him stood
 On that first Christmas morn.

Shepherds left their sheep to greet
 With joy the wondrous Babe;
 They worshipped Him, and at His feet
 A new-born lamb they laid.

Then from the East came three wise men
 With incense, myrrh and gold;
 Led to the stable by a star,
 As prophets had foretold.

They gazed upon the wondrous Child
 In wonder and in awe;
 Peace came upon them as they knelt
 Upon the stable floor.

And so each blessed Christmas Day
 The angels sing again,
 "Glory to God in the Highest,
 Peace and goodwill to men."

MOLLY CAPELING, IIIc.

Solitude

Have you ever felt that you would love to "get away" from everyone and everything, and be all alone for a little while? I have, and the place of solitude for me was on a river bank, just beside a lazy river, and with a large forest stretching out behind me. I was all alone—no one to disturb me! I sat and gazed at the blue river, slowly, oh! so slowly winding its way past trees and fields until out of sight. It was early morning and the grass was wet with dew. The birds flew in and out of the forest, twittering merrily. A little rabbit sat a little way from me, washing its paws, and gazing at me very timidly. The light, morning breeze rustled the leaves of the many forest trees. A sly fox crept down to the river to drink some of the clear, pure water, with fishes darting here and there in it. All was peaceful, quiet and tranquil. A feeling of happiness and contentment hung in the air, and even the drone of the busy bee seemed friendly and comforting.

I returned to the centre of the town with its factories and busy traffic. Gone was the peace and hush of the countryside, but in my heart I carried a new strength and joy to help me through the busy day to come.

BRENDA SNOWBALL, IVh.

The Wind

The wind in his glory throws leaves to the sky
 To flutter and whirl to the heavens so high
 They curl and twist on round and round
 Then settle to earth in a whirling mound;
 But soon the wind is at his tricks
 And off go the leaves like scuttling chicks
 Up and down and round about
 Leaping and jumping like tiny trout.

It whips the sea into roaring waves
 Dashing in and out of the caves,
 Whistling into the clefts and crooks
 Blowing the dust from crannies and nooks,
 Heaving and lashing with all its might,
 Heading the birds in their homeward flight,
 On it blows, on through the night,
 On and on in its endless flight.

WINIFRED SMITH, IVb.

Pets

I'd a little black cat and a little white pup,
 But you wouldn't believe how quick they grew up,
 And I love to have something that's cuddly and warm,
 Something to curl up all snug on my arm.

But now we have something that's cuddly and new,
 A sweet little baby, all dressed up in blue;
 And a baby's more fun than a cat or a pup,
 It will take such a very long time to grow up.

E. CARLSON, IVb.

The Sea

The relentless sea, beating with uncontrollable fury against the weatherbeaten rocks, sounded like roaring dragons, or the crash and roll of majestic thunder. Rushing up the yellow, soft sands, it churned and grated as it swept over the pebbles, and left a foaming, swirling flood in its wake. The breakers curtsied to the sleeping cliffs as they curled over and left a seething, boiling mass behind them. The tiny, silver fish darted to and fro beneath the surface of the water, as though trying to dodge the pursuing waves; this apparently angered the monsters, which crashed down upon the shingle unceasingly.

The grey, gloomy rocks grumbled and muttered, and their complaints echoed and re-echoed from the depths of the caverns.

The black thunder clouds hovered overhead and tiny sparks of lightning showed in the distance. Jupiter, perhaps, was trying to spear fish in other parts of the sea.

Then a cool breeze came from the land; it transformed the sea into a restless flood, which was covered with tiny ruffles; it blew across the heavens, and scattered the threatening clouds, as a farmer's wife scatters the hens before her at feeding-time; and once more a tranquil air returned to the seashore.

MOIRA S. CUDDEFORD, IVb.

A Perfect Day

I leapt out of bed and trod on a tack,
And of course, took a hasty, but careful, step back;
I went to the window, the curtains to draw,
An ominous sound—then they fell to the floor.

I went to the bathroom, tripped over the door,
In the bath dropped the towel, the sponge on the floor;
Let the water run over, then slipped on the soap,
And picked myself up, saying, "Yet, there is hope."

I'd finished my breakfast without much ado,
And heard the great news that my father had 'flu;
I opened the door, and shivered; 'twas cool,
Then I picked up my satchel and set out for school.

I trudged up the bank and soon reached the gate,
The place was deserted, that meant I was late;
That settled my future, whate'er my intention,
The next Monday night would be spent in detention.

First lesson was Science; while nobody spoke,
I knocked over a bottle, 'a test tube I broke;
Then blotted my book, found my pen-nib was crossed,
I searched for a pencil, but that had been lost.

The morning passed over, and dinner-time came,
And my early misfortune remained just the same;
Some geometry homework had yet to be finished,
But my reasoning powers had sadly diminished.

The afternoon started on quite a gay note,
In my gloom and my trouble, I seemed quite remote;
I'd received one more late mark, three conduct marks too;
What the afternoon promised was more than I knew.

I crept homeward at tea-time, my tale to relate,
Then it started to pour, it seemed just like fate;
I was soaked to the skin, so all I can say,
Is, "That was the end of a perfect day."

PAT CUTCHIE, IVb.

THE BEDAN

Huz and Buz

Two bad little puppies on mischief were bent,
 And the larder they wished to explore,
 They'd longed very often to peep just inside,
 But they never dared venture before.

Now this was a chance too good to be missed,
 The door, too, was open, they found,
 So in they went boldly, now what to do next?
 And both took a good look around.

A queer little box with cheese just inside
 On the floor, Buz gave it a tap,
 Huz put in his paw just to try the effect,
 And his paw was caught fast in a trap.

Then cook heard the crash, and the cries of distress,
 So the cause of the uproar she sought,
 But she gazed in dismay at the chaos she found,
 And the strange little "mouse" she had caught.

Then both the small culprits she quickly bore off:
 They tried to escape, but in vain.
 Then sadder and wiser, they made up their minds,
 Not to visit the larder again.

EDNA SMITH, IVc.

A Lament

Far o'er the mountains the red sun is rising,
 On the grey rugged hills of my dear native land;
 The red deer are grazing at peace in the corries,
 The blue sea is breaking in foam on the sand.

The grey smoke is rising from cottage and mansion,
 The sheep-dog is driving the cows to the byre,
 The dawn wind is rustling the leaves in the tree-tops,
 The sea-mews are circling around the church spire.

This my heart sees, tho' around me, the clanging
 And deep, sullen roar of a large, English town.
 No green hills surround me, with their changing shadows
 And the bright gleam of silver of burns rushing down.

Fain would I see thee, my land of grey mountains,
 And walk once again by thy swift-running streams;
 To feel once again the tang of the peat-fires,
 In Scotland, my homeland, dear land of my dreams.

MORAG PHILIP, Vh.

Silent Fireside Humour

Auld Tam was sitting by his ain fireside,
 When suddenly whit's this he spied,
 He look'd gie hard, then rubb'd his specs,
 And wondered what was this new text,
 Something he hadnae seen afore hanging doon aside the jamb,
 In letters printed on a caird, "Aye richt, ma canny man."
 Noo Tam just chuckled deep and quate,
 For o' his wife he was a wee thing fear't.
 But in his heid he had a plan
 For anither text on the ither jamb.
 Next nicht in guid time he sat doon
 Waiting the guid wife tae settle soon;
 This she did and suddenly saw
 The guid man's answer on the wa':
 "Never wrang, ma canny lass,"
 Were the words that stood out bold as brass.
 They smiled and baith o' them were sure
 That the texts were richt when baith were dour:
 "Aye richt" and "Never wrang" they'll be
 From noo untae eternity.

NANCY TEMPLETON, Vb.

New Year's Eve

The snow lay, an untrodden carpet. Dusk stole over the fields. A gentle breeze stirred the laden branches until they shivered with the cold and were still again, casting their shadows on the purity of the white snow.

An old man, clad in muffler, gloves and high hat, came into view over the top of the hill. Plodding over the fields he went, leaving foot-prints behind him.

The clock from the near-by town could be heard striking. The trees seemed to stop their whispering and wait breathlessly for the final stroke. Ten, eleven, TWELVE! There was silence, then quickly across the deserted fields tinkled many bells harmonising and swelling into a cheerful sound.

Back over the hill went the old, old man. His work was done. He paused for a moment to ponder. Yes, that would be the thirteenth year he had been bellringer in the parish.

He sighed, and continued on his way, alone but for his thoughts. It was almost with a feeling of apprehension that he looked forward to the coming year. The fear of the future seemed to bring him to another pause. Then, as if ashamed of his thoughts, he shrugged his shoulders and walked on with quickening steps. New Year was rung in! Everything seemed fresh, as if cleansed by the winter snows, and was ready to take the responsibilities and sorrows along with the joys which the New Year would bring.

JEAN ROBINSON, Vb.

Prisoner of War

Welcome Home, John!

Those words were blazed across the street in patriotic colours; those words were in the hearts of every-one on that happy day; those words were the first John heard when he stepped, lean and brown, in a brand new uniform, out of the train.

He had been a prisoner of war in Japanese hands for four years and now he was home. A welcoming throng of glad-hearted relatives and friends greeted him and bore him home. He and his mother stayed very close to one another.

Later, there was a party to honour the returned hero. Gifts were showered upon him and his health was drunk by countless people. They made speeches to him, all very much the same, but each word spoken was deeply sincere.

John afterwards told us about those ghastly four years he had spent; how he and his companions had starved and eaten worms and sickening rubbish. He told us of the iron bars used by the Japanese guards to beat the prisoners. He had seen one of his friends bayoneted to death by a Japanese soldier. In a rage, he struck furiously at the Japanese, only to be beaten down by several prison guards.

These things John will never forget; but we must make for him a future so wonderful that the past will take only second place in his thoughts. Look to the Future, John—to the Future!

RHODA HUDSON, Vb.

Aftermath

Have these dark years then been in vain?
 The struggle and sorrow, strife and pain,
 The sacrifice of glowing youth,
 The fervent seeking after truth
 Of those who strove to reach the sun.
 Who, with their shining victory won,
 Before their humbler fellows stride
 Supreme and matchless in their pride?

The answer lies with us alone,
 We, the survivors, can atone,
 For all the "sweat and toil and tears,"
 The long uncertainties and fears.
 It must not be said of us, "They fled";
 But rather, "With proud, high raised head,
 They went to meet the bright sunrise,
 With hope and courage in their eyes!"

EDITH BROWN, U.VI.

Thoughts on a Piece of Knitting

I was sitting, sleepily watching my mother knit a fair-isle jumper; blue, red, yellow, and green, all the colours blending together harmoniously.

I looked at the plain welt, with its rows of weary knitting, and I thought of childhood, of the never ending length of the years, as it seemed to me then. The colours begin, and one blends with the other, like the experiences of life, we grow up, and expand in ideas and influences as the knitting grows larger, and more stitches are added. As I look at the knitting, I notice a mistake; similar to the mistakes we make in life which teach us so that we do not err in that direction again.

The jumper narrows again, and I realise that it represents the steady decrease in all man's powers which comes with increasing years.

Finally, the end of the knitting is reached, and nothing is left; the same thing happens in life, when the pattern is completed, and man must leave this world.

Then the complete pattern can be reviewed, and the character of the person revealed. Thus the "Character of a Happy Life" may be described as a harmoniously worked jumper.

SHIRLEY SINCLAIR, L.VI.

Man and his Soul

Silent people by fears torn,
A cry of pain, a child is born;
A soul imprisoned in human clay
First sees the light of beauteous day.

While young, to him the simple joys
Are pleasant, other girls and boys,
Birds singing in the lofty tree,
A simple song brought by the breeze,
The pictures in the story book,
A friendly word, a tender look.

Later, the world becomes complex:
He's hard to please, easy to vex,
Dissatisfied, puzzled, questioning all,
His faith in man begins to pall.
Has man a soul? Can God exist?
Truth seems to him shrouded in mist.

THE BEDAN

When passed through this perplexed stage,
He settles down to middle age.
A wife, a family, a home,
A dog, and quite a good income.
With life he seems to be content,
Complacent, 'tween no struggles rent.

But finally there comes the day,
When soul, imprisoned in human clay,
To God sends out an anguished cry
To be set free: then, man must die.
Death comes to him to bring release,
And with him, his companion, Peace.

PATRICIA SWAN, L.VI.

