

BEDE GRAMMAR SCHOOL
FOR GIRLS,
SUNDERLAND.



THE BEDAN.

DECEMBER, 1948.

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BEDE GRAMMAR SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

December, 1948.

Head Mistress	...	Miss Moul.
Second Mistress	...	Miss Orme (Classics).
Form Upper VI	...	Miss Waggott (English).
„ Lower VI. A.	...	Miss Carrick (Chemistry).
„ Lower VI. B	..	Miss Murray (Geography).
„ V.C	Miss Craggs (French and German).
„ V.B1	Miss Harding (Biology).
„ V.B2	Miss Duns (German and French).
„ V.H	Miss Carlin (Biology).
„ IV.C	Miss Wilman (Mathematics).
„ IV.B	Miss Bell (Divinity and History).
„ IV.H	Miss Powell (History and English).
„ III.C	Miss Heslop (Geography).
„ III.B	Miss Cross (English and Latin).
„ III.H	Miss Kenneth (History & Economics).
„ II.C	Miss Burrige (History).
„ II.B	Miss Taylor (French and Spanish).
„ II.H	Miss Kinch (Mathematics).
„ I.C	Miss Rudd (Divinity and English).
„ I.B	Miss Crone (Art).
„ I.H	Miss Cunningham (English).
Mrs. Bryce (Mathematics).		
Miss Campbell (French and Latin).		
Miss Davies (Spanish and English).		
Miss Frankland (Music).		
Miss Hall (Domestic Science).		

Miss Lockey (Biology and Mathematics).

Miss Metcalf (Physical Training).

Miss Norman (Art and Needlecraft).

Miss Robson (English).

Mrs. Wilkinson (General Science).

Mr. Hartley (Music).

Visiting Staff ... Miss Elliott (Violin).
 Miss Hunter (Pianoforte).

School Secretary: Miss Gibbons.

Dining-Hall Superintendent: Miss Thompson.

Laboratory Assistant: Norma Emerson.

Captain of School: Dorothy Dodd.

Vice-Captain: Irene Reed.

Tennis Captain (Summer, 1948): Christine Holt.

Rounders Captain (Summer, 1948): Celia Pipe.

Netball Captain (1948-49): Brenda Johnston.

Hockey Captain (1948-49): Isabel Hall.

Magazine Committee: Miss Moul, Miss Waggott, Miss Cunningham, Miss Robson, June Charlton, Dorothy Dodd, Freda Levinson, Irene Reed, Dorothy Sutton.

FOREWORD

Dear Bedans.

My thoughts have for some time past been centred on the programme that we might offer in 1950—the year of our Diamond Jubilee. We have been studying records to discover the date of the school's opening. For a time we feared that the Bede School Founder's Day would have to be April 1st. Now we know that April 28th was the date on which Mr. Ferguson, the first Head Master, and Miss Todd, his senior assistant, took office. The Bede School Staff and our Parent-Teacher Association are engaged in drawing up a suitable programme of events. We feel that we shall need a week in which to celebrate our Diamond Jubilee. Easter falls happily for our plans. Easter Monday is April 10th, and school will re-open after the Easter Holiday on April 24th. The School hopes to offer a gymnastic display, a concert, and a dramatic performance. The Easter season seems to us appropriate, for we would like to begin our celebrations with an act of public worship. We hope that the school as a whole may meet in church to give thanks to God for all his blessings to us. We shall cordially invite to join us all Old Bedans and the parents of our girls. I am giving early notice of our Jubilee plans in order to invite suggestions. Will you help me?

I send my greetings for Christmas and the New Year to past and present Bedans.

Yours sincerely,

WINIFRED J. E. MOUL.

Staff Changes

Last year, the School regretfully said goodbye to Miss Joyce Harris, Miss Rutter, Miss Summerbell, Miss Leggett, Miss Moore, Miss Sproat and Miss Hardy.

A warm welcome is offered to the new members of the staff, Mrs. Bryce, Miss Cross, Miss Davies, Miss Lockey, Miss Metcalf and Miss Norman.

Miss Joyce Harris

Miss Joyce Harris joined the staff of Bede Girls' School as Physics and Mathematics Mistress in October, 1938.

As Physics Mistress, she worked with such enthusiasm both in and out of school hours that she developed in the girls in the Upper School a keen interest in the subject. During the course of her stay with us, the Physics laboratory became well equipped with modern apparatus. Her clear, logical teaching was greatly appreciated by all to whom she taught Mathematics.

On the outbreak of war, Miss Harris started a Bede School National Savings Group, and it was entirely due to her keenness that the membership grew from a mere handful in 1940 to almost 100% membership in 1944.

Her interest in youth was exemplified by her forming the Bede School Girl Guide Company. Many Old Bedans will have happy memories of the camping holidays spent under the leadership of their Captain, Miss Harris. No time or effort was spared in making the preparations for these camps as perfect as possible.

Miss Harris also served as a member of the Careers Committee for three years, during which time she gave valuable advice to girls who wished to take up a scientific career.

It was with real regret that we said good-bye to Miss Harris in July and we would like to take this opportunity of wishing her every success and happiness as Physics Mistress at King Edward Grammar School for Girls, Birmingham.

Speech Day, March, 1948

Speech Day for the Senior Forms was held on 23rd March, 1948. We were fortunate in having as our speaker Dame Louisa Wilkinson, a former pupil of the School and now Matron-in-Chief of Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service.

After the School Song had been sung, the Chairman, Alderman Eden Johnston, in a brief address spoke of the importance of our early education as a foundation for later life.

Before giving her report as Head Mistress, Miss Moul offered a warm welcome to Dame Louisa, who had spared time, in the midst of her important duties, to take part in our Speech Day.

Then followed an account of the activities and achievements of the school during the preceding year. Miss Moul said that

the results of the external examinations taken in 1947 had proved that a high standard of work was being maintained in the school. His Majesty's Inspectors had been favourably impressed when they visited the school, even though winter snow-storms had created difficulties for the inspectors and for staff and pupils.

The Head Mistress then urged that, in the interests of higher education, girls should consider remaining at school after the fifth year.

In closing, Miss Moul spoke with gratitude of the co-operation of staff and parents with the Head Mistress.

Dame Louisa expressed her pleasure in the invitation she had received to visit her old school and spoke with modesty of her own career, which had been outlined for us by Alderman Johnston. She described the development of the Military Nursing Service and the tasks it had undertaken in many parts of the world. "Q.A.s" had, for instance, nursed British soldiers in many European and Eastern battle-zones during the war, so that their slogan had become, "Join the Q.A.s and nurse the world." Dame Louisa's enthusiasm for her profession and her charm of manner evoked a sympathetic response in her hearers. She concluded by reminding pupils of the qualities which are needed for success in any walk of life. Dame Louisa then presented prizes and certificates to those who had won them.

Mrs. Carr Humphreys rose to thank Dame Louisa, on behalf of all present, for her interesting talk, and the vote of thanks was seconded by Pat Scorer, Captain of School.

Two songs, "O Mistress Mine," by Herbert Brewer, and "Shepherd's Dance," by Edward German, were sung by the school choir in the course of the programme.

PATRICIA BAGLEY	}	Form Upper VI.
PATRICIA SCORER		

The Parent-Teacher Association

We are all familiar with initial letters. B.B.C. and P.A.Y.E. are two examples taken at random; they represent something which is the concern of most men and women in this land. Our reactions depend on how these things affect us and those for whom we are responsible. Whether we appreciate or deprecate these elements which have become part of our lives, we realise that they are intended to be beneficial to the community.

P.T.A. are other well-known initials and our own Bede Association, having completed fourteen years of its life, can look back with pride upon the past and with confidence to the future. The excellent attendances at the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Year Parents' Nights, we feel, augur well for the success of the new session.

Our aim is still to promote closer co-operation between Home and School for the welfare and benefit of the pupils, and we hope that the many successful functions arranged last year and those planned for this will achieve the objecture of uniting parent, teacher and pupil for the good of all.

Various Sub-Committees have been formed and will welcome any suggestions which any interested person cares to offer.

May we appeal to all to support the various efforts, lectures and concerts of which due notice will be given through the school.

J. W. DAVISON	}	Joint Hon. Secretaries.
J. W. FYFE		

The Loan and Scholarship Fund, 1948

During the past twelve months, applications for loans have been received at various times, and the Committee has been gratified to note how useful and important a purpose is served by the fund, and how greatly its existence is appreciated by our senior girls.

Eight loans were made during this year, and the intended careers of the applicants were suitably varied and interesting. Scholarships of £5 each were awarded to Patricia Scorer, School Captain, Florence Farrow, Vice-Captain, and Celia Pipe, Games Prefect, for their services to the school; and two scholarships of similar value were awarded to Marie Anderson and Pauline Humphreys, in recognition of their achievement in the 1947 Higher School Certificate examination.

Three former recipients of loans have recently repaid their debt to the fund. Such repayments are welcome and necessary if the required help is to be given to others who are newly embarking on their courses of training. The demands on the fund are likely to increase with the growing numbers in our senior forms, and it is hoped that no genuine need will be disregarded owing to lack of resources to meet it.

D. L. J. ORME (Secretary-Treasurer).

Report on the "Silver Lining" Fund, 1947-48.

The following list summarises the wide scope of our response to appeals received during the year:—

Hospitals—	£	s.	d.
Sunderland Children's Hospital	50	0	0
Sunderland Royal Infirmary	1	5	0
Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street	1	5	0
St. Bartholomew's Hospital	1	10	0
Sunderland Eye Infirmary	1	5	0
Moorfield and Westminster Central Eye Hospital	10	0	0
Care of the Blind—			
Sunderland Institute for the Blind	1	5	0
London Association for the Blind	10	0	0
Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies	3	3	0
St. Dunstan's	10	0	0
Care of the Deaf and Dumb—			
Sunderland Institute	1	5	0
Care of Children—			
Dr. Barnardo's Homes	3	5	0
Farningham and Swanley Homes for Boys	1	5	0
Lord Mayor's United Nations Appeal ...	2	2	0
Care of the Aged—			
Little Sisters of the Poor (Sunderland) ...	1	5	0
S.O.S. Society	2	0	0
Social Services—			
Sunderland Missions to Seamen	1	5	0
Y.W.C.A. (Local Branch)	1	0	0
Y.W.C.A. (Central Organisation)	10	0	0
Pearson's Fresh Air Fund	1	0	0
Bishop of Durham's Youth Council	1	5	0
Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society	15	0	0
National Vigilance Association & Travellers' Aid Society	10	0	0
Five Million Club	1	1	0
African Students Welfare Society	15	0	0
Ex-Services Welfare—			
The Victory (Ex-Services) Association ...	10	0	0
Ex-Services Welfare Society	10	0	0
The Navy League	10	0	0

Care of Animals—						
P.D.S.A.	1 5 0
Help to other Countries—						
China—Bishop Shen's Appeal				3 3 0
Red Cross Society's Appeal for the Women and Children of India and Pakistan	...					2 2 0
Africa—Book parcel sent via Mr. McNicoll, ex-Nigerian Missionary				1 5 0

Germany—

Parcels of food and of shoes were sent through the "Save Europe Now" organisation to the Helene Lange School in Hamburg. The girls' letters of thanks were ample reward for all the labour that these involved. This is a typical letter: "To-day I had a big surprise. I received a pair of very beautiful sandals in school, which fit me as if made to measure. You simply cannot imagine how glad I was. You see I had not a single pair of shoes left and thought very anxiously about the cold rainy time which will be coming. A load has been taken from my heart. I do thank you very much for your lovely gift. It is nice to know that there are still people in all countries who have kind hearts and who help us in our great need."

Once again our thanks go to the girls for their generosity and eager co-operation.

F. M. RUDD.
D. M. WILMAN.

The School Parliament

The School Parliament has continued the good work begun last year and the monthly meetings have brought up a great variety of subjects for our consideration.

We feel that this institution has won an important place for itself in the life of the school, as is shown by the interest taken by the Members of Parliament in the meetings and by the liveliness of the discussions.

Our grateful thanks are due to those members of staff who have willingly given us their time and much good advice. Especially are we indebted to Miss Moul, our indefatigable Chairman, for her never-failing help and sympathy.

ANNE SHEARER (Secretary).

A.V.F.

About eighty Bedans were members of the A.V.F. last year. We hope that all of these have remembered to pay their 1s. 6d. subscription for this year. The need for helping the stricken parts of France is still great.

Members of the A.V.F. showed great enthusiasm throughout the year. Girls of Forms III, IV and V knitted cardigans and jumpers. The Lower VI ran the A.V.F. Junior Club for Forms I and II, who were invited to make small articles to sell. A gift of £2/10/- was sent by the Club for Christmas and a donation of £3 made to Miss Boyle, the A.V.F. Secretary in London, who visited us in March. Her talk on the work of the A.V.F. and the photographs she showed were extremely interesting. She brought a number of diaries to be given to the girls who had shown most interest. After her visit we adopted a school at Danvou, in Normandy. In the summer term we sent them a parcel of attractive toys and clothing to which many generous girls contributed. Another parcel is to be made up and all contributions will be gratefully accepted.

We should like to take this opportunity to welcome all new First-Formers to the Club.

ENID NOBLE, Form U.VI.

Holiday at School

Last March some of our girls spent a very enjoyable Easter at the French School, Elmwood-Lothian, Harrogate. We arrived, feeling very shy, and were given into the charge of a French lady, who to our great dismay gave us complicated instructions in French. The only answers we could blurt out were, "Pardon" or "Oui!" The "mam'selles" were very interesting, especially one who had been a member of the French Resistance Movement during the war. We had lessons in the mornings and went on several delightful excursions in the afternoons, to Fountains Abbey, York and Knaresborough. We had a Fancy Dress Ball which was a great success, and on the last evening we all contributed to a concert in French. We hope that it is "Au revoir" and not "Adieu" to Elmwood-Lothian.

The Dramatic Society, 1947-48

President: Miss Moul.
Treasurer: Pat Scorer.

Vice-President: Miss Waggott.
Secretary: Sheila Fenwick.

The Dramatic Society, which was revived last year after a lapse of almost ten years, began the season with a fairly large

membership. Meetings were held on the second Friday and last Wednesday of each month and were enthusiastically supported.

In the Autumn Term it was decided that the Society should produce a play for presentation to the public at some time during the Summer Term. The committee chose Sir J. M. Barrie's "Quality Street," and casting and rehearsing began immediately. Rehearsals continued throughout the Easter Term. Three performances were given at the end of May and the audiences were kind enough to show warm appreciation. Those who took the parts of Phoebe, Susan and Valentine Brown received special praise.

The Dramatic Society would like to offer its thanks to all who helped in any way to make the production of the play a success.

SHEILA FENWICK (Secretary, 1947-48).

The Music Society

The first meeting of the newly-founded Music Society was held on the 6th of January, 1948, when the whole school was invited to attend a lecture given by Mr. Archie Camden, the well-known bassoonist. Since this meeting many lectures and recitals have been enjoyed by members of the Society.

Among these were a recital of violin and piano music composed by Cesar Franck, given by Mr. Gray and Mr. Hart, and a very interesting programme of songs given by Mr. Denis Weatherley, baritone.

Visits were made to Bishopwearmouth Church to hear an organ recital by Dr. Melville Cook and to Newcastle City Hall for a performance of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion."

The Music Society looks forward to an enterprising and active future

JUNE COWELL (Secretary).

Modern Events Society, 1947-48

President: Miss Moul. Chairman: Enid Noble.
Vice-President: Miss Murray. Secretary: Joan Hardy.

The Autumn and Spring Term programme was devoted to a study of India and Pakistan. Miss Heslop gave us two extremely interesting papers in which she outlined the geographical, historical, economic and political problems of that great country.

We are greatly indebted to Miss Heslop for granting us so much of her time, and giving to us opportunities to understand more clearly the reasons which led up to the separation and foundation of India and Pakistan as independent Dominions.

A paper on Mahatma Gandhi, his life and contribution to Indian independence, was read by Joan Hardy.

On Mrch 2nd two Indian gentlemen were our guest speakers. Mr. Khundkar, of Pakistan, gave us a very vivid account of the life of an Indian town-dweller. Mr. Popli, of India, read a paper tracing the history and growth of Buddhism and Hinduism.

Both gentlemen apologised for being able to tell us so little about the life and education of girls in India; we felt that they were rather surprised that girls in British schools were allowed to discuss freely problems of education and government.

During the Summer Term it was possible to hold only one meeting. Following a request, the theme was "Communism." Different girls read papers.

The first paper on "Russia and Communism" told of Russia's rapid economic and political expansion within the U.S.S.R. The second paper dealt with "Communist Influence within the Balkans" and discussed how Communism now influences a region containing twenty-three million people in an area extending south from the Danube to the Mediterranean. The Czechoslovak coup d' état had just taken place and the third paper dealt with the extension of Communism influence into Central Europe. The fourth paper dealt with the struggle of Finland to retain a measure of independence against the westward spread of Communism in North Europe. Following these papers a long and keen discussion took place on the desirability and practicability of Communism.

We have enjoyed our year's programme and the committee would like to take this opportunity of thanking all those who have contributed to its success.

JOAN HARDY (Secretary).

The Science Society, 1947-48

President: Miss Moul.

Chairman: Mrs. Wilkinson. Vice-Chairman: Muriel Orr.

Secretary: Kathleen Allen. Treasurer: Florence Farrow.

During 1947-48 the Science Society continued to meet on the first Thursday of each month. In response to an invitation by Mr. McCrum, who had previously spoken to us about electricity,

the members of the Society, in October, visited Sunderland Corporation Generating Station, where they were shown, among other things, the power station and control room.

During the course of the year, papers were read by members of Forms V and VI on: "The Domestic use of D.D.T.," "The life of Darwin," "Plastics," "The work of Banting," "Regeneration," "Half man, half beast." "Glass," "Rubber" and "Cosmic rays."

In the Spring Term Messrs. J. and F. Rose explained and demonstrated the Cathode Ray Oscillograph and its applications to radar and television. The graphs of sound produced by the B.B.C. programmes were particularly interesting.

In place of the May meeting the Society spent a very enjoyable day visiting the Abbey Mills near Morpeth, where Mr. Ashton showed us the stages of washing, carding, spinning and dyeing raw wool when manufacturing woollen tweed. The variety of tweeds manufactured, even under present restrictions, was amazing and everyone enjoyed the visit immensely.

In June the entire senior school visited the Regent Cinema where we saw the film "A Historical Approach to Atomic Physics." The film was illuminating and instructive, though in some parts rather difficult to understand.

This last visit concluded a very full and enjoyable year.

SHEILA L. WILSON (Secretary).

S.C.M. Report

The school branch of the Student Christian Movement began the year with a Conference, the speaker at which was the Rev. A. B. Davison.

The group is indebted to the many outside speakers who have visited us during the year and who have dealt with difficult and controversial problems. Some of our own members have also spoken and to these we extend our thanks.

In April three delegates were sent to the Sheffield Conference and spent a profitable week-end.

On June 18th a social week-end was held in order to raise money for the next Conference. The Seniors enjoyed a dance, while the Juniors were entertained by a film show, a ventriloquial act and other amusements. The success of this event is attributed to the willing help given by so many girls and members of the staff.

The year has been one of sincere and happy work together and we hope that the forthcoming year will be equally successful.

SHIRLEY BONNELL (Secretary).

Report of the S.C.M. Conference, October, 1948

The conference this year was a great success.

After the many visitors had arrived we went to the Dining Hall where an attractive tea had been prepared. We then made our way to the Art Room and the Chairman, the Reverend A. J. Trillo, introduced the speaker.

Dr. Barclay's subject was "What do we mean by God?" and it was extremely interesting. His voice was attractive, and he spoke distinctly and forcefully.

The subject could easily have been incomprehensible but Dr. Barclay treated it so clearly and simply that everyone understood him.

The Discussion Groups were lively and the questions resulting from them were intelligent and they gave an indication of the deep thought behind them. Mr. Trillo said "It would take Dr. Barclay a week to answer them," and this, I think, shows the enthusiasm and eagerness which animated the Conference.

Later, two films were shown; they were "The Sower" and "The Prince of Peace."

On Saturday, Dr. Barclay gave his second talk on "What the Bible tells us." and discussion and questions followed.

After tea, the Reverend E. H. Patey conducted a short service which was a fitting climax to a successful week-end.

MARIE WALKER, Form U.VI.

Junior Christian Club, 1947-48

The past year has seen the carrying out of many new ideas. At every meeting a serial story, "Doubting Thomasina," by Dorothy Dennison, has been read. A members' library has been formed, and visits have been planned to places of special interest. On October 1st some of us went to the Y.M.C.A. to hear David Shepherd, the Welsh evangelist, and during the following week we went on different nights to hear him at Bethesda Chapel, Tatham Street.

Correspondence with those who have left school has been maintained.

We are starting out on this year with great enthusiasm.

NORMA BURNSIDE.

The Historical Society

The Historical Society was inaugurated in March, 1948. It was arranged to hold meetings once a month and interesting talks and discussions have taken place, on such subjects as "Victorian Woman's Place in Society," "The Suffragette Movement," "Mrs. Pankhurst" and a debate on the motion that "Women have played a more important part in history since 1919."

Two of the prizes offered by the Guild of Old Bedans have been won by Margaret Garrick of L.VI and Julia Reed of II.C. To encourage historical interest in the school, further prizes for the best essay in each year are to be given by the History Staff.

We take this opportunity of expressing our warm gratitude for the invaluable help and guidance given to us by Miss Burridge and members of the History Staff.

ENID NOBLE.

National Savings

During the school year 1947-48 the School Savings Group collected nearly £200. This year we are attempting to double this amount, and we hope that each form will increase its number of regular contributors.

An exceptionally good beginning has been made by Form V.B., which now has 100% membership.

A. KINCH.

The Guild of Old Bedans

The Magazine Committee would like to express the warm thanks of the school for the interest taken by the Guild of Old Bedans in "The Bedan" and for the generosity of the Guild in offering each year two prizes of half a guinea for competition in the magazine.

In the session 1946-47 no prize was awarded as no entry was of sufficiently high standard: as a result four prizes have been available for competition this year. Two of these have been won by Jennie Garrett, Form IV.C., and Margaret Fitzgerald, who wrote on themes suggested by the Geography Department; Margaret Garrick, Form Lower VI, and Julia Reed, Form II.C., have gained prizes for essays on subjects suggested by the History Staff.

Below are printed two of the prize-winning essays, and a letter to the school from the Chairman of the Guild.

7 Evelyn Street,
Sunderland.

Dear Bedans,

I wonder how many of you realise that there is a Guild of Old Bedans to which we shall be very pleased to welcome you when you leave school? This Guild is run with the object of providing a link between the happy carefree days of school life and the equally happy, though by no means carefree days of our busy life upon leaving school. There are at least two re-unions held during the year, and these provide an excellent means of meeting old friends with whom we might otherwise lose contact. There are also flourishing Hockey and Netball Clubs where new blood will be welcomed.

May I point out that the Upper Sixth can become Associate members of the Guild upon payment of a subscription of 1/6, and that a subscription of 2/6 per annum entitles any Bedan to full membership after she has left school.

Do come and join us, and bring along your own ideas for the Guild programme.

Yours sincerely,

CATHERINE I. MCCREE,
Chairman of the Guild of Old Bedans.

Is the Spirit of Adventure as Alive To-day as in the Past?

As long as man is, like Rudyard Kipling's *Elephant's Child*, full of "satiating curiosity" the spirit of adventure will remain alive in him. Kipling says in one of his poems:

"I keep six honest serving men
(They taught me all I knew);
Their names are What and Why and When
And How and Where and Who."

Just to live is a great adventure, but whether the spirit is as alive to-day as in the past is a question which requires much thought.

The child of every age loves adventure. His life is:

"One million Hows, two million Wheres, and seven million Whys!"

Nowadays, children have much more chance of adventure, for a good education is provided, free of charge, opportunities for travel and for meeting people are given, and more interest is taken in the younger generation. I think that in children the spirit of adventure is more alive to-day than in the past, but if the young ones of by-gone days had been offered some of the opportunities of modern children, they would have been quick to grasp them: look how the Spartan boys were taught to endure, and the Athenians to think.

In England, the spirit of adventure is definitely more alive in the women of to-day, than in their ancestors, although in some countries women are still treated as inferior. In the past, only rare women, such as Boadicea, Grace Darling and Florence Nightingale, were at all adventurous, for in those days men were superior and all that the women did was to look after their menfolk. Nowadays women go forth into every profession; they are men's equals if not their superiors, and every woman has every chance of an adventurous life and is often eager to grasp it.

As we remember Marco Polo, Magellan, Columbus, Cook, Livingstone, Drake, and all the heroes of the past who ventured forth into unknown lands, our first thoughts suggest that there is to-day no adventurous spirit to equal theirs. There are, of course, the war adventurers, but all men of all ages will go forth to defend the country they love, and to use that as an argument would perhaps not be quite fair. Yet, would the heroes of this war, in the air, on the land, and on the sea, have shown such overwhelming courage, if an adventurous spirit had not matched the love they felt for their country? Even though all the continents have been explored, scientists have much to learn. Why do men risk their lives to discover atomic power, to find ways to make the mines safe and to effect improvements in all directions, if the spirit of adventure is not as alive to-day as in the past? Indeed, I most emphatically believe that it is.

JULIA REED, Form I.I.C.

I Found These Worth Looking at

As I leaned over the rail of the steamer, I could see the reflections in the water. They were the reflections of mountains and trees, true to life in the still water. Rainbows sparkled in the spray, as the ship cut its way through the unsounded depths of Loch Lomond.

The rain clouds were receding, as if veils of tulle were being drawn apart. The peaks still held that touch of magic left by the

rain, as the sun gleamed down upon shining pieces of granite, covering the mountain top with diamonds.

Ben Lomond towered above his fellow peaks, the green of the grass and fir trees merging into the deep purple of the heather, while the summit was hidden by a plump cloud, looking like a wad of soft cotton wool.

A gushing splash was heard as a merry mountain stream tumbled into the loch, causing the foam to rise and sparkle in the sunshine.

How different the grey, sombre peaks looked in the sunshine! Their sulky, misty gauntness was changed to bright happiness. The day might be one in springtime.

How small I felt, compared with these great turrets of rock, these mighty castles of nature, in which the very Pan would pause to wonder. I had many people to rule over me, but these great crags had no rulers, and they lived forever, cherishing the secrets of centuries, of yesterday and to-morrow.

The scenery was like this everywhere. We were soon many miles away from Loch Lomond and its beauties, but still the mountains and glens persisted. The low clouds broke over the mountains, shedding their shining tears once more over the countryside.

The steamer docked at a port, a grey, unwelcoming port, where people scuttled for shelter from the rain. This was not so at the next port, where a flood of sunshine found its way on to the wooden landing stage. The rain had not fallen there.

How different it all seemed! All Scotland had a quaint charm of its own, and two things were never alike. Mountains, glens, lochs, the sea, pretty little hamlets, great big towns, and oh—a wonderful collection of different things and places were all worth looking at.

Away from these gaunt peaks of mystery, whose grey sombreness holds many secrets of the times when the loch and its surroundings were not penetrated by mankind, I followed the path that the tinker trod, with his tousled hair and his tattered kilt, and on I went to the Highland Games, an occasion full of tradition and strength. I heard the skirl of bagpipes, the beat of drums and saw the swish of many tartans and the flash of dirks and swords.

Against a background of beauty, the green and purple of the heather upon the mountains, and the flashing blue and silver of the lochs, the wail of bagpipes echoed over the bushy heath, the skirlers marching to the games. A thousand pipers, their

clan quarrels long forgotten, were mustered there for the memorable occasion.

How graceful the Scotsmen were when they danced the traditional Highland Fling or the sword dance! Muscles rippled when a burly Highlander came to toss the caber or throw the hammer.

How gay and exciting this seems, set in a solemn countryside, where normally the only sound is the happy note of a lark or the purling of a stream! I found these worth looking at, these beautiful, traditional gems of Scotland.

MARGARET FITZGERALD, Form II.C.

Athletics Report

Netball, 1947-48

Senior:—

	Played	Cancelled.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Goals	
						For.	Against.
1st VII ...	17	6	15	2	0	327	167
2nd VII ...	12	2	6	4	2	144	130

Junior:—

1st VII ...	8	10	4	4	0	81	108
2nd VII ...	5	7	1	2	2	25	34

Colours have been awarded to Christine Holt, Brenda Johnston and Doris Robson.

Hockey, 1947-48

Senior:—

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Goals.	
					For.	Against.
1st XI ...	21	17	3	1	104	13
2nd XI ...	10	9	0	1	52	2

The Junior Team won their only match of the season (4 goals to nil).

Rounders, 1948

Senior:—

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Rounders	
					For	Against
1st IX ...	9	8	1	0	91½	33
2nd IX ...	4	3	1	0	19	14½

Junior:—

1st IX ...	8	7	1	0	62	17½
2nd IX ...	1	1	0	0	6	0

Colours have been awarded to Brenda Johnston.

Tennis, 1948

Matches Played	Won	Lost	Games For	Games Against	Sets For	Sets Against
10	5	5	377	415	41	49

Sports Day, 1948

This year Sports Day was held on June 23rd, and as usual, was a very pleasant occasion. The weather was kind and races were run and won under blue skies and in brilliant sunshine.

A high standard of athletic ability was shown by the girls and Forms II.B. and IV.C. were successful in winning the Junior and Senior Trophies respectively. The Junior School Champion was Elsie Smith of II.C.; Sheila Bagley and Anne Middleton tied in the Middle School Championship, and Celia Pipe was Champion of the Senior School.

Great enjoyment was shown over the Staff Race and the Mothers' and Fathers' Races, and we should like to thank all those who so sportingly entered for these events.

A special thank-you must be given to the members of the P.T.A. who sold lemonade and ice-cream at Sports Day.

Our grateful thanks are also due to Miss Rutter whose help, guidance and smooth arrangements made Sports Day such a success.

VERA DUFFELL.

Award of Prizes— School Year, 1946-47

JANET TODD for exemplary conduct and high attainment	Patricia Swan
MARGARET IRENE MALLEN for the encouragement of Science Mathematics and Geography	...Edna Brown Florence Farrow Marcelle Goodall Doris Heslop, Muriel Orr Jean Rosenstein	
JENNIE SEYMOUR for LatinGreta V. Gibson

GUILD OF OLD BEDANS LOAN
AND SCHOLARSHIP AWARD

for Higher Certificates Marie Anderson
Pauline Humphreys
Greta Gibson
Patricia Kendall

GUILD OF OLD BEDANS for
Art

... Sheila Renwick
Doreen Turnbull

HEAD MISTRESS for the encourage-
ment of

History Sheila Fenwick
Mary Cameron
June Charlton
Enid Noble
Shirley Bonnell
Denise Broderick
Jeanne Ord
Jean Vipond
Margaret Chappell

HUTCHINSON for

English Mavis Berriman
Shirley Sinclair
French Greta Gibson
Patricia Swan

SHEARER for best French Scholar

Fourth Form Hilda Lewer
Third Form Thelma Richardson
Second Form Elsie Elliott

BRIGGS for Geography Joan Hardy

STIRK for Biology Margaret Marlee
June Thompson

ARKLE to the best girl in English

Third Form Jean Sanderson
Second Form Gloria Cohen
First Form Edna Straughan

HARRIS for English Denise Broderick
Patricia Swan

FLORENCE MOORE MEMORIAL

for Domestic Science Morag Philip
Kathleen Summerson

STEWART for Scripture	Mavis Berriman Greta Gibson Mavis Illingworth Kathleen Robson Enid Noble Ivy Walker Constance Howe Muriel Blair Jean Hares Audrey Fletcher Beryl Pritchard Sheila Blyth
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PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION

for encouragement of

Mathematics, Senior	...	Sheila Wilson
Junior	...	Margaret Sumner
History, Junior	...	Margaret Berry Isabel Beaton
Scripture, Junior	...	Violet Addison Elsie Elliott Ruth Willingham Margaret Crowther
German	Greta Gibson Patricia Swan
Spanish	Anne Shearer Daphne Edwards
Domestic Science	...	Dorothy Richardson
Hygiene	Jean Somerville
Music	Dorothy Dodd Aileen Martin Dorothy Waggott

GAMES:—

Hockey	Mavis Berriman
Netball	Marjorie Johnston
Rounders	...	Jessie Cook Margaret Spence
Games	Celia Pipe Jean Sangster Joyce Wilson
Best All Round, Junior	Ann Middleton	
Senior	Isabel Hall	

SCHOOL for Best School Certificate...Ivy Walker
Best Higher Certificate...Greta V. Gibson

CLASSICAL ASSOCIATION PRIZEDorothy Dodd

EXAMINATION SUCCESSES

State Scholarship awarded to Margaret Dinsdale.

University of Durham Higher School Certificate: Patricia Bagley (Special Credit in Principal English, Distinction in Principal French, Credit in Principal German, Special Credit in Subsidiary Latin); Doreen Chapman (Credit in Subsidiary Biology); Margaret Dinsdale (Distinction in Principal Latin, Special Credit in Principal French and History, Special Credit in Subsidiary Greek); Ruth G. Donkn (Credit in Principal French and History, and in Subsidiary Latin); Florence Farrow (Credit in Principal Chemistry and Biology, Special Credit in Subsidiary Pure and Applied Mathematics); Sheila Fenwick (Credit in Principal English, Special Credit in Principal History, Special Credit in Subsidiary Biology and Scripture); Poppy Gould (Credit in Principal History, Special Credit in Principal Scripture, Credit in Subsidiary English and Biology); Doris A. Heslop (Special Credit in Principal Pure and Applied Mathematics, Credit in Principal Biology, Special Credit in Subsidiary Physics and Chemistry); Muriel Orr (Special Credit in Principal Pure Mathematics, Credit in Principal Applied Mathematics and Physics, Special Credit in Subsidiary Chemistry); Patricia Palmer (Credit in Principal Latin and Scripture, Distinction in Principal History); Celia Pipe (Credit in Subsidiary History); Kathleen Robson (Special Credit in Principal History, Credit in Principal Scripture, Credit in Subsidiary English); Patricia Scorer (Special Credit in Principal English, Distinction in Principal French, Credit in Principal German, Special Credit in Subsidiary Latin); Elizabeth Ada Scott (Credit in Principal French, Special Credit in Principal Art, Special Credit in Subsidiary English and Biology); Joan Sigsworth (Credit in Principal English, Special Credit in Principal Art, Special Credit in Subsidiary History and Scripture).

University of Durham School Certificate

Subjects in brackets are of Very Good standard.

Mary Adams; Doris Applegarth; Rita Armitage; Sheila Armstrong; Vera Ballard (Scripture); Sadie Barkess (Scripture); Isobel Barnett (English Language, Geography); Muriel Beaumont (English Language, Art); Audrey Bew (Physics, Mathematics); Patricia Bittlestone (Hygiene); Muriel Blair (Scripture); Shirley Bonnell (Scripture); Lily Brandt; Freda Brewis; Audrey Briggs; Denise Broderick (English Language, English Literature, History, Biology); Margaret Broderick; Sheelagh Brooks (English Literature, French); Margaret Brown (Domestic Science); Sheila Brown, Norma Burnside (English Literature); Mary Capeling (Mathematics); Margaret Capper;

Marjorie Clark (Scripture); Dorothy Common; Betty Cook (Mathematics, Chemistry); Marion Corkhill; Mabel Cottam; Pauline Craggs; Dorothy Crone; Brenda Cunningham; Mary Davidson (English Language, English Literature, Latin, French); June Davis (French, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry); Dorothy Dell (Physics); Iæne Dodds; Elizabeth Duffy; Laura Faulkner (English Language, English Literature, Mathematics); Ada Fenwick (Domestic Science, Hygiene); Marie Fielder; Agnes Forster; Margaret Garrick (Scripture); Audrey Goldsbrough (Physics); Margaret Gray; Margaret Green-shields (History); Joan Grieves (English Literature); Margaret Hails; Norma Hancock (Hygiene); Joan Hardy (English Language, Scripture, English Literature, History, Geography, Mathematics, Physics); Jean Hares (Scripture, Biology); Mary Harrison, Mavis Hartford (English Language, English Literature); Jean Haswell (English Literature); Elizabeth Hedinburgh; Muriel Henley; Jean Henney (Mathematics, Physics); Muriel Heptinstall; Irene Hewitson (History, Hygiene); Patricia Holbourne; Christine Holt (English Literature); Audrey Howe; Dorothy Hubbard; Dorothy Jackson; June Jackson (English Language, Mathematics); Nora Johnson; Brenda Johnston (Scripture, Mathematics, Chemistry); Audrey Jordan; Rose Judge; Joan Leckonby (Mathematics); Olwyn Marshall; Anne Maynard (Art); Pamela Merskey; Dorothy Midgely; Eileen Milburn (Scripture); Margaret Miller (English Language, Scripture, English Literature, Latin French, Mathematics); Sorrell Miller; Marjorie Milner (Scripture); Marjorie Newham; Jeanne Ord (Scripture); Audrey Prest; Sheila Ramsay (Mathematics, Physics, Music); Constance Renwicks; Sheila Ritson; Averil Robinson; Doris Robson (History, Domestic Science, Hygiene); Mary Robson (English Literature, Music); Rosalind Rutherford (Geography); Jean Simpson; Moira Simpson; Margaret Summerside; Christine Sutton; Sarah Teall (Mathematics); Audrey Thompson; Maureen Thompson; Millicent Thompson (Geography); Jean Vipond (Domestic Science, Hygiene); Dawn Wales (Domestic Science); Sheila Whitfield; Muriel Wilson; Sheila Wilson (English Language, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology); Margaret Young (Domestic Science).

Flight to Italy

Anyone seeing me that Friday morning, clutching an armful of maps and a flying helmet, and in grave danger of being swept off my feet by the slipstream of Willie Jig's four powerful engines, would never have thought that I was the girl who, only one week before had been quietly sitting at a desk, contemplating with mixed feelings the great adventure of leaving school. For one

thing, if I'd turned up at school in navy slacks, a grey sweater, and a W.A.A.F. overcoat which had seen better days I should probably have been expelled on the spot.

I climbed into the 'plane through an emergency exit near the tail, made my way forward and deposited the maps in the rack behind the navigator's table. The navigator himself, who was commonly known as Mitch, and who had an enormous moustache, followed close behind me. The rest of the crew took their places, and after testing controls and engines the pilot signalled "chocks away," and the great 'plane moved out on to the runway. In three minutes we were airborne, circling round the aerodrome before setting out for the coast. We crossed it at Dover, and there beneath us was a dot of a steamer, ploughing along in a white furrow on its way to Calais, which we reached long before the steamer had seen the last of the English coast.

Soon we were flying steadily across flat, open countryside. Motor cars moved like tiny, black flies on white roads edged with long rows of poplar trees. In many places the ground was heavily scarred with white bomb-pits, telling their own grim story of the battle which had raged in the sky through which I was now being borne.

I found myself constantly being called upon for pin-points, so for a while I kept my eyes glued to the map. I was squatting on the floor in the perspex nose of the Halifax, while Mitch potted around with instruments and maps, waggled his moustache, and occasionally checked up to see that all four engines were running as they should. From where I was sitting I could just see the feet of the pilot and the co-pilot (both Polish, with un-pronounceable names, but known respectively as Zab and Jay), and once I caught a glimpse of Johnny North, the engineer, as he stretched his long legs. Mike, the wireless operator, was well hidden from view in his comfortable cubby-hole, but one could hear him arguing spasmodically with Mitch over the inter-com.

Gradually, the landscape took on a wavy effect, rather like the swell on a calm sea, and away in the distance appeared the massive barrier of the Alps, with huge, white cumulo-nimbus clouds hanging above. These clouds, being of a dazzling whiteness, were a magnificent sight. They reached far below and towered high above the aircraft, which lurched occasionally in the turbulent air around them. Now came the order "Oxygen!" as we climbed to 20,000 feet to cross the Alps. I fixed the mask across my face and wriggled about until I found a comfortable position which enabled me to see below, and to be within easy reach of the oxygen supply.

The mountain scenery was really magnificent. The black, jagged ridges of rock were, in the highest places, dusted with

snow, and here and there huge glaciers swept down from their corries, breaking up as they reached lower altitudes, eventually to become tiny silver streams, winding about the vivid green of the valley floor. A cluster of white cottages looked like a flock of sheep from where I peered down at them, and a tiny blue lake lay basking in the sunshine.

It was a quick drop from twenty-thousand feet to Bergamo, so I had little time to notice the group of lakes, amongst them Lake Maggiore, over which we passed. The runway itself was shimmering with heat, so that it seemed as if we were taxi-ing into a great expanse of water, as we landed.

On coming to a standstill the plane was surrounded by a crowd of shouting, gesticulating Italians, who began loading the cargo of peaches as soon as the last person had set foot on the runway. We were taken by taxi to a hotel, where we had a lunch such as people dream of here in austerity-stricken England, with chicken, whole eggs, and, of course, spaghetti. There was also a course consisting of some strange sea-creature, rather like a small octopus, fried in batter, but this the crew advised me not to have.

After lunch, we drove round the town, the heat being too intense for us to walk. I saw a horse with an old straw hat on its head, its ears protruding like horns from two holes cut in the sides. The owner was trying by every means within his power to coax it along the road, but it refused to budge and I really couldn't blame it because the heat was terrific.

Time was short and we were soon on our way back to the airfield. Once there, I sat with Mike (W./Op.) on a newspaper in the shadows of Willie Jig's enormous wing, while Zab and Johnny checked the loading of the cargo. We had to enter the aircraft by means of a ladder to a trapdoor in the nose, as the rest of the fuselage space was taken up by peaches, and once everyone was settled and the usual testing of controls was over, we took off and quickly rose to re-cross the mountains.

Little of importance occurred until, over France, we ran into a thunderstorm, which was very unpleasant as the Halifax was not by any means water-tight. However, we made the best of this by drinking coffee, eating biscuits, and listening to jazz music over the inter-com. When we came out of the cloud the sun was shining, revealing a strip of silver sand backed by green dunes, and edged by the blue Channel water. Again the tiny steamer ploughed its way below us, this time homeward bound, and I wondered if its passengers stopped being sea-sick long enough to notice the former bomber droning overhead.

We crossed the English coast at Folkstone. Before very long the control tower and ribbon-like runways of Stansted hove

into view, looking small and insignificant, but very homely. We circled twice, the undercarriage was lowered, and the 'plane touched down. I gathered up the maps and charts and climbed down the ladder, breathing deeply of the evening air. Willie Jig's ground crew appeared to ask questions, to beam when Zab reported a trouble-free journey, and to fuss over their enormous charge.

I turned away, the roar of the engines still in my ears, and walked with the others to the customs office, very happy, very dirty and dishevelled, and suddenly tired, regretting only the fact that my first real flight was over.

NORMA PARNABY.

Music

Slowly, smoothly, with effortless grace
 Comes the flow of ethereal sound, as,
 One's eyes closed, the music of a symphony
 Fills the mind:
 Music, rising, falling,
 Like the movement of a swaying tree,
 Like the swirling of a wind,
 Like the flow of a clear stream.
 Then a note, strong and clear as light,
 Holds one for a moment in space;
 That is truth.
 Following it come the richness and depth of a harmony
 Full of the colour of autumn.
 With chords, lofty and challenging
 As the majesty of mountains,
 The music ends.
 For a moment—nothing:
 Then, opening one's eyes, vision becomes restricted
 To a small room and a wireless set.

JUNE COWELL, Form Upper VI.

My School Career

I remember very clearly my first day at "Bede." My clothes were new and spotlessly clean, my face was bright and shining, and my hair was neatly restrained in two long plaits, weighed down by two large navy bows which I was always losing. I was full of excitement and eager to make the school motto "Post Tenebras Lux" come true. One of the senior prefects said when

she saw me with my plaits, freckles and turned-in toes, "Watch out! We are going to have trouble there." Then, I was very indignant and positive that she was wrong: now, as a Sixth-Former myself, I am not so sure.

I was old and blasé in the Second Form and used frequently my unquestionable right to "boss" the First Form "kids."

For some reason which I still do not know, I did not enjoy my second year, but my third year made up for it. I was very happy. School Certificate had not yet loomed into the foreground, and the cry, "You will never get through School (Subsidiary, Higher) Certificate if you do not", to which I have been accustomed now for four years, had not yet left its mark on my mind.

It was in the Third Form that, after much crying, coaxing and display of temper, I persuaded my mother to let me have my hair cut off. I was growing up and I wanted curls to play with like other girls. At nights I suffered great discomfort, but "Pride is painful," and now, after four years, I bear the discomfort with stoical calm and am prepared to do so for years to come.

My fourth and fifth years passed quickly. Although School Certificate hung over them, they were (here opinions may differ) happy, hard-working years.

From my earliest youth I have wanted to be a teacher and to fulfil my ambition, I have had to stay at School for two more years. I am not sorry, for after years I have become attached to it and hate the thought of singing the School Song for the last time.

Now, I have reached my last year, and unless my future is a very, very happy one, I shall in all truth agree with the saying, "School days are the happiest days of your life."

MARIE WALKER, Form Upper VI.

Ancient and Modern

The sun is shining brightly when, after we have seen some picturesque bays characteristic of the island and a church of glass, the coaches draw up in what appears to be a large overgrown garden in the middle of which is a hill. Trees block out the sunlight. We make our way towards a hole in the base of the hill and enter a passage about four feet high which leads us into a very cold, stone chamber.

The burial mound, "La Hougue Bie," was built four thousand years ago with two recesses for the dead and a place for the priest. Stones of immense proportions are the walls, small pebbles and soil the floor.

On issuing into the fresh air, we walk to the other side of hill and descend a flight of wooden stairs. We find ourselves in a German dug-out with walls and floors of wood. The six rooms now contain relics of the Occupation; whips, rifles and examples of the terrible food which the islanders had to consume. It is not so cold down there but the air is already stale even though it is equipped with an air-conditioning plant.

What is on the hill top? We ascend the winding path and come out into the sunshine above the trees. There we find a small, stone church, capable of holding only two dozen people. It is bare and unpretentious but it symbolises the triumph of Christianity over both types of paganism at its feet, ancient and modern.

JOAN HARDY, Form Lower VI.

By the River

Silver-wanded willows whisper
 On the green banks of the river,
 And the swallow, skimming lightly,
 Over brown and placid waters,
 Startles silver-gleaming salmon
 In their home beneath the river,
 Where the pike, beside the shallows,
 Lies in never-changing stillness,
 Thinking of his yearning hunger,
 Thinking of the tiny fishes
 Playing softly in the shallows.
 Here, beside the world of water
 I would like to lie a-dreaming
 In the branches of the willows.

IRENE KIRTON, Form V.C.

A View

Have you ever seen or heard something which made you feel tense, which made your hands itch and shake to do something?

This is the sensation which over-took me when I first saw the surroundings in which I was to live for a year. I had just

come by car to our new house, which was outside Klagenfurt in Austria. I had been travelling through beautiful country, but when I saw this particular place I was astounded. I was standing on the edge of a lake, a large and beautiful lake which looked blue in the afternoon sunlight. The blue of the lake was so vivid that it is impossible to describe it.

There were reeds in the shallow edges of the lake and these were reflected in the water. On the near shore of the lake stood tall silver birches, looking very stately against their background of dark green velvet fir-trees.

Behind were hills with tiny limestone churches built in Moorish style, a relic from the days when the Moors invaded Austria, leaving behind them this picturesque style of architecture. These churches are for the use of lonely farmers.

In the distance the Yugo-slavian mountains were outlined sharply against the sky, the snow on their lower slopes sparkling in the sun.

There was a calm and inspiring feeling in that serene stillness beside the lake, which I shall never forget.

MARGARET McGAHAN, Form III.C.

The Yearning

(With Apologies to John Masefield).

I must go back to my gypsy life,
To the lonely hills and the dales;
To the song of the lark in the morning air,
In the evening, the nightingales.

I must go back to my caravan,
On the wild and open heath;
With the deep blue skies above my head,
And the brown earth down beneath.

No longer can I bear the town,
All bustle, noise and roar;
I swear! no longer will I stay;
I must go back once more.

I must go down to the forest deep,
Where deer are a common sight;
Where green and wild and vicious eyes
Are gleaming in the night.

I must go down to the glades again,
Where everyone is free;
Where no man feels as if he's chained,
With daily cares, like me.

MARGARET FITZGERALD, Form II.C.

Charlotte

Once, Charlotte was a charming child
Who always seemed so meek and mild;
She'd dimpled cheeks each time she smiled,
Had Charlotte.

Once, she was a brainy lass
Who always used to top the class;
In fact, no other could surpass
Our Charlotte.

But Charlotte went to school one day,
And, I am very sad to say,
That somehow Charlotte chanced to stray:
Oh, Charlotte!

Her heart and soul were set on sport;
The Maths. and Latin she was taught
Were never given another thought.
Bad Charlotte!

The staff no longer could this stand:
They'd take this wayward girl in hand;
Such dreadful ways were firmly banned.
Now, Charlotte.

But still in badness she excelled
And finally a court was held;
That wretched girl must be expelled:
Poor Charlotte.

Take heed, you girls who sit and play,
Or very soon may come the day
When you will go the same sad way
As Charlotte.

KATHLYN BATES, Form II.C.

Broken Silence

In the bright and early morning
 I can see the dewdrops sparkling,
 Sparkling on the grass and waysides
 In this deep and quiet forest.
 Hark! a chaffinch I hear calling,
 Calling in this quiet forest.
 Now its mate is answering clearly
 In this wood no longer silent.
 Then the trees begin to whisper,
 As a wind goes rustling through them,
 And this forest, once quite silent,
 Now is humming and a'calling.

JEAN McDONALD, Form H.C.

Pamela's Birthday

Pamela's birthday is coming;
 Pamela's going to be four.
 Presents she'll find by her pillow,
 Postmen will knock at her door.
 Mummy will buy her a dolly,
 Daddy will buy her a pram,
 Candles and cake and a party.
 For dear little four-year-old Pam.

MARY ALLEBY, Form I.H.

Firelight

How I like the firelight,
 On a dark, cold winter's night,
 Pretty pictures I can see,
 Painted, oh! so plain to me,
 How I like the firelight,
 On a dark, cold winter's night.

Dainty fairies, giants tall,
 A princess with her golden ball,
 Gipsies brown, and knights so bold,
 Pirates stealing all the gold:
 These are pictures gay and bright,
 Painted in the firelight.

MAVIS RICHARDSON, Form I.B.

Birds

The thrush ! the thrush ! the happy thrush,
Makes its nest in a hawthorn bush ;
Its speckled green-blue eggs are laid,
Beneath the blossoms all in shade.

In dreary winter robin comes,
And breakfasts on the scattered crumbs ;
He pipes his merry little song,
And cheers us all the winter long.

The blue-tit is a tiny bird,
And in the spring-time he is heard ;
To feed on coconut and fat,
He proves himself an acrobat.

In winter, summer, autumn, spring,
There always is a bird to sing,
But of all the birds so gay and free,
The lark's song sounds the best to me.

ALISON JONES, Form I.C.

The Galley-Slave

A crack of whips ! A lantern flash !
Shouts of anger, cries of pain !
Then a roar, another crash—
Hark ! That dreadful cry again !

The creak of oars sound in the night,
Clashing steel against the bow,
The galley-slave sits 'neath the deck,
Blood and sweat drop from his brow.

His eyes are blazing, sullen red,
Like the dying sun at e'en ;
His mind is wild, and dwelling on
The glories he has never seen.

JOYCE CLASPER, Form IV.C.

The Bede Girl's Pleasure and Joy

What is the thing we do each night,
Which makes our hair go grey, then white,
Which we always hope will be perfectly right?
Our Homework.

What do we start at five each day?
What do we sometimes hope and pray
That the mistresses will forget to say?
Your Homework.

Of what black horror do we dream,
And when we get it, want to scream,
While always the mistresses stand and beam?
Out with your Homework.

SHIRLEY GOTTLIEB, Form III.C.

Praise

God made the flowers so beautiful,
The grass so bright and green,
The birds and bees and everything
That by the eye is seen.

He also made the human beings
And we must praise Him, too;
In song and prayer we'll raise our voice
As all the song birds do.

JOYCE QUAYLE, Form I.C.

