

THE BEDAN

28th APRIL, 1954.

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BEDE GRAMMAR SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

1953—1954

Head Mistress	Miss Moul.
Second Mistress	Miss Carrick (Chemistry).
Form Scholarship VII			Miss Waggott (English).
.. Upper VI. (1)	...		Miss Wilman (Mathematics).
.. Upper VI. (2)	...		Miss Carlin (Biology).
Student Teachers	...		Miss Harding (Biology).
Form Lower VI. (1)			Miss Hayton (History).
.. Lower VI. (2)			Miss Woodford (Spanish and French).
.. V. General	...		Miss Bell (Divinity).
.. V. Domestic Science			Miss Hall (Domestic Science).
.. IV.C.	Mr. Cox (Classics).
.. IV.Bm.	...		Mrs. Twigg (Geography).
.. IV.Ba.	Mrs. Wilkinson (Chemistry and Biology).
.. III.C.	Miss Duns (German).
.. III.Bm.	...		Miss Crone (Art).
.. III.Ba.	Mr. Shrimpton (Spanish & English).
.. II.C.	Miss Fall (English).
.. II.Bm.	Mr. Taylor (Physics).
.. II.Ba	Mrs. Bryce (Mathematics).
.. I.C.	Miss Bernard (Music).
.. I.B.	Miss Cunningham (English).
Mrs. Fisher (French).			
Miss Heslop (Geography).			

- Miss Kinch (Mathematics).
Miss Metcalf (Physical Education).
Miss Norman (Art).
Miss Robson (English).
Miss Taylor (French).
Miss Wedderburn (Physical Education).
Mr. Hartley (Music).
Mr. Hymas (Divinity and English).
Mr. Rogers (History).

- Visiting Staff: Miss Elliott (Violin).
School Secretary: Miss Gibbons.
Dining-Hall Superintendent: Miss Hornberger.
Laboratory Assistants: Sheila Greig; Rita Thompson.
Captain of School: Joyce Bathgate.
Vice-Captain. Sheila Thompson.
Tennis Captain (Summer, 1953): Joyce Nisbet.
Rounders Captain (Summer, 1953): Joyce Young.
Netball Captain (1953-54): Eleanor Lennon.
Hockey Captain (1953-54): Sheila Thompson.

Staff Changes

We were sorry to lose Mrs. Simson at the end of the Summer Term and said goodbye to her with much regret.

Miss Wedderburn joined the Staff in September, 1953. We welcome her to the School and hope that she will enjoy her work here.

LETTER FROM MISS MOUL

Dear Bedans,

After extraordinary exhilaration one is apt to feel mentally deflated. Therefore, after the excitement of Coronation year we feel that we should, at school, as far as we can command events, have a period for quiet reflection. Do you agree that life is a series of ups and downs? that the rhythm of life seems to require them, that after a long spell of the even tenour of life one feels like bursting out of one's boots, and that after a fever of creative activity comes a critical period and a quiet time for taking stock?

We seem now to be more sure of the method of examination for a Certificate of General Education, and despite the change in labels the medicine seems the same. We are not satisfied with a mere pass-fail result, and are looking forward to the Examinations Board distinguishing between work of excellent quality and that that is merely satisfactory. When we fail, we are not so much interested to learn whether failure is disastrous or a near pass. This is on a par with our habit of breaking eggs for omelettes in order to see that they are good, not in order to see if they are bad. Eggs that are even a little bad are too bad for use.

I draw your attention this year to our Library. The room that Old Bedans know has been panelled and painted and curtained and looks inviting. Many of the shelves are, however, bare, and I am hoping that the generosity of all readers will be stirred into sending the school one book at least. Especially would we welcome any well-bound, exquisitely-tooled books. These we would put into a special exhibition cabinet. The English department believes that if we saw beautiful books and if we handled exquisite things, we would learn to attach more value to books, which are among the most precious tools of an educated and cultured society.

With Easter greetings to all Bedans.

I am,

Yours sincerely,

WINIFRED J. E. MOUL.

Founders' Day, 1953

The annual Founders' Day service was held on 28th April, 1953, in Bishopwearmouth Church. It was conducted by the Rector, the Rev. C. L. P. Bishop, and was based on the order for Morning Prayer. The lessons were read by the two School Captains, and the Senior Choirs from the girls' and boys' schools sang the anthem, "I was glad," which was sung at the beginning of the Coronation Service as Her Majesty the Queen entered Westminster Abbey.

The Rector of Bishopwearmouth took as his text, "Our citizenship is in heaven." The sense of adventure, he said, was innate in each one and it was our duty as Christians to see that the adventurous spirit did not find an outlet in violence. He compared our earthly life to that of the Greek colonies. Just as their civilisation reflected the life of Athens or Sparta, so our civilisation should reflect the Heavenly Life. We should always be mindful of our responsibilities as colonists of Heaven.

Founders' Day will always remain a vivid memory. It is an outstanding occasion which provides an opportunity for all Bedans to re-dedicate themselves to God.

PAMELA COWGILL and CAROLE DAVIDSON.

Speech Day, 1953

Speech Day for the Senior School, which was held on Thursday, 26th November, was opened by the singing of the School Song, led by the choir, after which the Chairman, Councillor Mrs. J. E. Hedley, introduced His Excellency, M. A. H. Ispahani, ~~High~~ Commissioner for Pakistan, our chief speaker.

In her report of the school year 1952-53, Miss Moul remarked on the special activities of the school during Coronation Year and paid tribute to the help and support received from the parents. The Head Mistress also spoke of the wide range of careers followed by girls who have passed through the school; she remarked that, as yet, we have no Member of Parliament.

His Excellency, who was welcomed by Miss Moul on behalf of the school, gave a stimulating address, in which he outlined the life of women in his country and the changes which were taking place. He emphasised the right which the mothers of the rising generation have to express their opinions, and try to help to build a world in which their children may live in peace. His Excellency then presented the prizes and certificates.

During the evening, the school choir sang part-songs, "Music," "In Praise of May," "Sumer is i-cumen in" and "The Raggle Taggle Gipsies."

A vote of thanks was proposed by Councillor W. Wilson and seconded by Joyce Bathgate, School Captain.

Our Speech Day was a very successful occasion which we all enjoyed.

JOYCE BATHGATE and SHEILA THOMPSON.

Parent-Teacher Association

The Parent-Teacher Association is now nineteen years old, which is young, even in the eyes of school girls, and it relies on the youthful energy of its Executive Committee to fulfil its tasks.

During last year, we saw the realisation of a cherished project, the opening of the new Bede Memorial Library. Everyone who has seen this graceful room, agrees that it is "a thing of beauty," and will be, if not "a joy for ever," a pleasure and will provide profitable study for many years. There are still some additions to be made to the Library, before it can be said that the scheme is completed. The P.T.A. will, when funds allow, purchase the furnishings and books, which will give the added facilities.

The P.T.A. has for its object the fostering of good relations with the Staff, and in co-operation with the latter, the promotion of schemes which will benefit both pupils and School. Much good work has been done by members of Staff, with the Head Mistress a "shining example," whose zeal has always been an inspiration to the Executive. This happy relationship of Staff and parents enables the work of the P.T.A. to proceed smoothly, and will enable even wider opportunities of service to be attempted.

Pupils can assist the P.T.A. by interesting their parents in the work of the Association, and persuading them to become members. There is room for much improvement in the number of parents who are members. Probably only half of the parents are members, and pupils who successfully influence their fathers and mothers to join the P.T.A. are doing good work. This recruiting of members could be a splendid way of expressing thanks to the P.T.A. for what the latter is doing for the School.

JOHN D. McBAIN (Joint Hon. Secretary).

The School Parliament

The School Parliament continues to meet regularly, the School Captain being in the chair.

A number of useful points have been raised. The Student-Teacher Group complained of the smell of stale tobacco in the Lecture Room, but nothing can be done about it, as this room is used for evening classes. Miss Moul invited answers to a questionnaire on school dinners and the amounts of potato, cabbage and milk puddings to be placed on each table. IV.B.M. asked when it was the correct time to begin wearing summer dresses, and IV.C asked if it would be possible for those girls who arrive at school early to be supervised in a room until 8-35 a.m.

Requests that the drinking fountains in the quadrangle be repaired, and that mirrors be placed in the Third and Fourth Form cloak-rooms are being considered.

SHEILA M. THOMPSON (Secretary).

The Sunderland Bede Collegiate Girls' School Loan and Scholarship Fund

This fund was established in the year 1924 as a result of £1,000 having been raised by the Guild of Old Bedans. The interest from this money is used to help girls, after leaving school, to be trained for any career, either by definite award of scholarship or by loan of money, to be returned when the borrower is in a position to do so.

Any girl who is leaving school in July and who feels that she is in need of help from this fund should make application to the Secretary, not later than 14th May, 1954.

K. M. CARRICK (Hon. Secretary).

Report on School Charities, 1953-54

Bedan generosity is always conspicuous in times of crisis. When floods devastated the East Coast areas in February, 1953, there was a spontaneous urge to show our sympathy in a practical way, and £50 was sent to the Flood Disaster Fund. The ease with which this total was collected resulted in the Charities Committee deciding to make an innovation, in the hope of stimulating interest, and consequently increasing weekly contributions. It was obvious that when the **need** was appreciated, sympathy

would open our purses; so it was decided to select a limited number of appeals and explain each in turn to the School, at fortnightly intervals from the beginning of the Summer Term. The girls who have made the appeals have all been volunteers from among the Charity Monitresses, and nobly has each risen to the occasion. Each has made a study of the cause in which she is interested, and can speak with conviction and sincerity of the good work being done. She presents the facts in a way that will rouse our sympathies, and though her courage may falter at the thought of the ordeal of speaking in the Hall to the assembled school, she has her reward when she sees the total sum her appeal has raised in the fortnight allotted to it. Form Prefects, too, have been most helpful in prompting their Forms to send in a contribution each week. The success of the scheme can be judged from the list given below:—

Summer Term, 1953—

Appeal made by	On behalf of	Response
Edna Stragham, Ann Watt, Scholarship VII.Local Blind and Local Deaf ...	£3 15 0
Ruth Crompton, IV.C.	...British Pestalozzi Children's Village ...	£3 0 0
Elizabeth McLaughlan, U.V.I.A.Infantile Paralysis Association ...	£2 2 0
Miss Wilman (deputising for Anne Mawson, hurt on Sports Day)Spastics ...	£5 10 0
Patricia Beattie, L.VI.A2	...National Playing Fields Associa- tion ...	£1 10 0

Autumn Term, 1953—

Hilary Wheale, III.C.	...Limbless Ex-Servicemen ...	£3 6 0
Alethea Mote, IV.C.	...Greek Earthquake Appeal Fund	£5 10 0
Dorothy Allen, L.VI.A1.	...National Society For Cancer Relief	£5 10 0
Joyce Wilson, IV.C.	...Save the Children Fund, International Help for Children ...	£4 0 0
Valerie Mason, III.Bm.	...Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies	£4 0 0
Audrey Blenkinsop, L.VI.A1.	T.B. prevention and after-care.	over 5000
Miss Moul ...	Sale of Xmas Seals ...	seals sold
Miss MoulWestminster Abbey ...	£8 8 0

Spring Term, 1954—

Margaret Taylor, L.VI.A2.	...Guide Dogs for the Blind Assoc. ...	£3 10 0
Jean Clifford, III.C.	...Sunderland Guild of Help ...	£3 10 0

The Charities Committee continues to maintain friendly contact with the Helene Lange School in Hamburg. This is the school to which Bede sent parcels of food and clothing through the "Save the Children" Fund, in the period after the last war. To mark Coronation Year, we sent them in July, Country Life's Picture Book of the Coronation; and last December we sent them another "Beautiful Britain" calendar. They expressed their pleasure in both gifts, and sent us a calendar made from twelve line-cuts designed and printed by their pupils.

Student Christian Movement, 1953-54

The School branch of the S.C.M. continues to hold successful meetings jointly with the Boys' Society, whose co-operation is greatly appreciated.

Last year the group studied the doctrine of the Trinity, and is now discussing the influence of missionary work in Africa and India. We have had several speakers and films, showing us the many difficulties which a missionary must face.

The annual conference was held on Saturday, March 7th, 1953, the subject being "The Image and Personality of God." There were two speakers, Canon Greenslade, Professor of Divinity in the University of Durham, and Rev. J. C. Bacon.

Much more time was allowed for discussion this year, and it proved necessary. The talks were provocative and stimulating and gave much ground for discussion.

Representatives from over twenty Grammar Schools attended, as well as a number of staff.

The Conference was again indebted to Miss W. J. E. Moul, M.A., for an admirable "summing up," which enabled many of us to crystallise our ideas and thus derive considerable benefit from the talks and discussions. DOROTHY ALLEN (Secretary).

Music

During the past year there has been a great deal of musical activity in the school; not only have the Choir and Orchestra taken part in concerts, but we have also had the pleasure of entertaining June Mills and James Maddocks, who gave a recital of Elizabethan Music, and Shulalom Shaw, who gave a recital of Folk-Songs. The school has been visited by the Bishopwearmouth Choral Society, for a performance of Handel's "Messiah," and by the Durham Youth Orchestra. A recital was given recently by David Martin, the distinguished violinist.

In 1953, the Senior Choir, accompanied by the Orchestra, took part in Purcell's "King Arthur." For the service at Bishopwearmouth Church, on Founders' Day, 1953, the girls' Senior Choir joined with the choir of the Bede Boys' School, to sing the Coronation Anthem, "I was glad when they said unto me," by Parry. Members of the Junior Choir and Orchestra and various soloists provided musical items on the occasion of the opening of the Bede Memorial Library. The Junior Choir again visited Redby Infants' School to give a short recital of carols, and at our own Carol Service, both the Orchestra and Choir took part.

VALERIE NORTHOPE, JANET McKERELL.

King Arthur

In April, 1953, the school presented "King Arthur," by Henry Purcell. Every player responded enthusiastically and rehearsals were lively and enjoyable.

Warm congratulations are due to Miss Bernard for her success in training the singers and musicians. Difficulties of production, costume and scenery were overcome by the imaginative skill of Miss Cunningham, Miss Robson and Miss Crone, to whom we offer our grateful thanks. The school platform became now a Saxon altar; now a battlefield. Many of the cast who had never before attempted knitting, now found that with a little effort they could produce quite elegant coats of mail.

Rehearsals and performances were enjoyed by every member of the cast, and we were grateful for the kind appreciation of our audiences.

MAISIE HUNTER.

The Dramatic Society

This year the members of the Dramatic Society in the Junior and Middle Schools presented two plays at Christmas. Under the direction of Miss Fall, the First and Second Formers produced "The Knave of Hearts" in very attractive style, while Miss Robson directed the Third and Fourth Formers in a diverting performance of "The Invisible Duke."

Rehearsals are now in progress for Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan," which we hope to present during the week of the school birthday. Miss Carlin has undertaken the difficult task of wardrobe mistress.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Cunningham, Miss Robson and Miss Fall for their help and interest in the society.

PAT CURRY (Secretary).

The Modern Events and Historical Society

President: Miss W. J. E. Moul.

Vice-President: Miss A. Hayton; Chairman: Vera D. Bage.

Secretary: Beryl A. Berry; Treasurer: Barbara Watson.

The Modern Events and Historical Society continues to meet on the third Wednesday in every month.

In September a strip-film of the Roman Wall was shown. This served to remind us of our outing on May 28th, 1953, when we visited the Roman Wall, going via Chopwell and Slaley in

order to see something of the work of the Forestry Commission. The weather favoured us and nothing could have been more delightful than our walk along the Wall from Housesteads to Twice Brewed.

We were very pleased that once again two of our members, Eileen Moore and Lillian Bamborough were able to go to London at the New Year for the Conference held by the Council for Education in World Citizenship. At our January meeting Lillian gave us a report of the Conference. We hope that our Society will continue to be represented at it.

The Society would like more members, and we extend a cordial invitation to any who would like to join us.

The Council for Education in World Citizenship Conference

The Council for Education in World Citizenship for 1953, held in the Central Hall, Westminster, had for its subject this year "The Challenge of Africa."

The lectures were divided under two headings, "Problems of Africa" and "Patterns for Africa." We were disappointed that the Rt. Hon. James Griffiths was unable to attend, owing to a bereavement. The speakers included Lord Hailey, who opened the Conference; Lord Hemingford, formerly Rector of Achimota Training College, Gold Coast; Dr. Kenneth Little, Head of the Department of Social Anthropology, University of Edinburgh; Mr. Peter Abrahams, South African poet and writer; and Mr. Julian Duguid, formerly B.B.C. correspondent in South Africa.

After the afternoon lecture on each day we were divided into groups which discussed the political, economic, racial, cultural, social or religious problems of Africa. The discussions were very enjoyable and at times very lively. An exhilarating Brains Trust brought the conference to an end.

We are very grateful for the opportunity to attend this conference, and should like to thank the Parent-Teacher Association for their very generous donation towards our expenses.

LILLIAN I. BAMBOROUGH; EILEEN MOORE.

Science Society

This year Mr. Taylor is our chairman and we have sixty members. Meetings are held on the first Thursday of each month and they are generally well attended.

The Annual Outing took place on Friday, May 15th, 1953, when fifty-six girls and six members of staff visited the Cleveland Hills. We stopped at Stokesley and Helmsley and we visited the ruins of Rievaulx Abbey and in the grounds were able to collect floral specimens.

At the November meeting Mr. Pattinson gave us a talk called, "How cold can you get?" He showed us a number of experiments using electrical apparatus, solid carbon dioxide, ether, and liquid air.

In December, Mr. Cox gave a talk on "Science in Antiquity."

JOAN CROMPTON (Secretary).

The Inter-Schools Debating Society

The programme last year was very varied, and provided scope for keen debating. The most heated discussions were aroused by the motion approving of capital punishment, and by that stating, "Woman will be the last thing civilised by man."

The winners of the cup debates last year were Josephine Baxter, M. Duffell, and C. Marris. The Society also took part in a debate with Fulwell Community Association when the motion "War is never justified" was defeated.

Other meetings have taken the form of a "Mock Trial," a "Radio Evening," and a Christmas Party.

Although the attendance was good last year, ranging from fifty to a hundred, most of the debating fell on the shoulders of the main speakers, and it is hoped that this term there will be more general discussion in the house.

VALERIE WILLIAMSON (Assistant Secretary).

French

Last year, during the summer holidays, we spent a week at Elmwood-Lothian, Harrogate, with the intention of improving our French.

We arrived just before lunch, and after visiting our dormitory, went to meet the other girls. In the evening we watched a variety show in the Valley Gardens and were surprised to see many people from Sunderland there. The next morning we awakened rather apprehensively. However, throughout the week the lessons were interesting and enjoyable.

On Saturday night a fancy dress dance was held. All the costumes were original and the competition was won by a Scots girl dressed as "The Flying Scotsman." Several outings had been arranged for us, and on Monday we saw Sonia Dresdel in "After my Fashion." Arriving back at school, we were met by Miss Blundell, the Assistant Head-Mistress, who offered us large cups of steaming cocoa. A visit to Fountains Abbey had also been arranged but since we had presents to buy, we decided not to go. The entertainments, in French, which each class had been preparing, were given at a concert held on Tuesday afternoon, and on Wednesday we visited Knaresborough, where we met several Bedans. The next day we returned home, determined to go to Harrogate again.

DOROTHY ALLEN and DENISE KENNY, Form Lower VI.

Teacher's Note:— Denise Kenny won the prize for the pupil who made the greatest progress during her week.—D.M.T.

Latin at Lumley

Perhaps the words "Latin Week-end" sound to some people very dull and uninteresting, and bring to mind, as they did at first to mine, pictures of stern-faced Roman citizens in togas. There is, however, a different approach to Latin, and nine Bedans spent a very pleasant week-end at Lumley Castle, trying to recapture the atmosphere of Greece and Rome, in the time of the first stoics.

We had sufficient time, on our arrival, to make a tour of the beautiful castle and inspect the rooms and winding staircases, which fascinated us during our stay there. When lectures were over, we spent our time in making new discoveries about our surroundings, in going for walks in the castle grounds, or amusing ourselves in the well-equipped recreation rooms.

Lecturers and professors from Durham University came to give us instruction and to help us to further our Latin studies. Our first lecture was in a very inspiring one on the stoics, after which we knew more about Diogenes than that he used to live in a barrel. Afterwards, although most of us had no knowledge of Greek, we were quite willing to join in the singing of songs in both Greek and Latin.

The time passed very quickly, and after we had had two lectures on Saturday morning, when we learned of Roman culture and the influence of Grecian art, we were taken into the city of Durham. It was indeed a pleasure to be shown around Durham Castle and Cathedral by someone who was well

acquainted with the surroundings and who was able to tell us many interesting and amusing stories in connection with them.

We returned to Lumley for tea, and then took part in a treasure hunt, which had been organised by one of the lecturers. Despite the fact that all the clues were in Latin, we were able to solve them, and amidst the bustle and confusion, to make our way through corridors, up staircases, into cellars and across courtyards, in order to follow up these clues.

The same evening, rehearsals for a play, "The Clouds," by Aristophanes, were in progress in the banqueting hall, and those who were not concerned with these were free to spend the evening as they pleased. On Sunday, a service was held in the castle, and from there we went to our last lecture. In the evening the final performance of the play was given, and on this lighthearted note we ended our week-end at Lumley Castle.

ANNE HEADS, Form Scholarship VII.

The Guild of Old Bedans

The Editors of "The Bedan" are glad to be able once again to offer the thanks of the School to the Guild of Old Bedans. They value very much the interest shown by the Guild in the magazine and are grateful for the generous gift of two prizes for essay competition.

This year the subject was set by the Art Department, and the two prize-winning essays "On Looking at a Picture" were submitted by Beryl Smith (Form Upper VI.) and Pat Bergson (Form IV.Bm.).

On Looking at a Picture

Above the mirror which is in the centre of the picture of "Jan Arnolfini and his wife," by Jan Van Eyck, is written with a justifiable flourish: "Johannes de Eyck fuit hic 1434"—Jan Van Eyck was here in 1434. The room in the picture was an upper room in a house in Bruges, occupied by Giovanni Arnolfini and his young wife Jeanne de Cerami. A wealthy person and one of local importance, Arnolfini could scarcely have thought that five hundred years later, his face would be known throughout the world.

This picture is typically Flemish, with its individualism, rich harmony and varied colour. The small subjugated country of the Netherlands developed an artistic character of its own.

There was no court to paint for and most people tended to want pictures for their own homes; the paintings, therefore, are generally of their own people and country, and are usually small in size. As the paintings were intended for small houses where there was less room in which to view them, the detail and careful work, so characteristic of Flemish painting, were necessary.

The objects and details are handled with loving care and the utmost realism, yet we are not allowed to forget what this picture really is, namely, a portrait of a man and his wife. They are surrounded by many objects, each with its share of careful work, from the ornate bed on Jeanne de Cenami's left, to the open window on Jan Arnolfini's right. The two figures are centrally placed, their faces being the most outstanding parts of the picture. From their faces our eyes are led to the open window, the light from which shows the wealth of colour in the clothes of the couple and in the room itself. The mirror, placed centrally between the two figures, gives the spectator a feeling that he himself is part of the picture. It is a picture within a picture, for the mirror reflects the interior of the room, Jan Arnolfini and his wife, and the painter and his apprentice.

The thing that strikes one about this picture is that each different substance, fur, cloth, linen, wood, glass, metal, enamel, fibre, hair, flesh, orange-skin, is exactly rendered and every minute detail has its full share of the painter's attention. It is the colour and care for detail which binds this picture together; indeed it seems that the very air surrounding the objects is the main factor which unites it. In this aspect, so characteristic of Flemish painting, Van Eyck has produced a masterpiece. It gives one infinite pleasure, to see such painstaking art, such a love of doing something well.

BERYL SMITH, Form Upper VI.

On Looking at a Picture

I have no difficulty in choosing my artist, Degas. I find his paintings as enthralling as any by Hogarth, Rembrandt or Rubens.

Looking through a number of his reproductions, I gather many different impressions of his qualities as an artist. Sometimes he is wild, bold and unconventional; at other times, applying his brush with infinite delicacy and care.

Degas is noted for his paintings of the ballet. One painting characteristic of this is "The Rehearsal," which shows a rather dingy room connected by a spiral staircase to the one above.

Behind this, several dancers are practising. In the right foreground is a small social group, including an elderly lady, in a tartan shawl and a black bonnet, and an old white-haired gentleman whom I presume to be the dancing master.

Classic white ballet dresses are worn by all the dancers and are decorated by sashes of rather extravagant size, which provide almost the only splashes of colour in an otherwise cold atmosphere. The other colour is provided by the elderly lady and the white-haired man, who wears a gaudy, red shirt, rather out of keeping with his years.

The composition of the picture is striking. The objects are placed in two groups with nothing between them. They are connected by the repetition of colours in the sashes, made lighter in the further group, and by the intricate colours in the shadows and light.

Degas manages, I think, to achieve his purpose of using the graceful postures of the dancers to bring beauty into the picture; he does not use the background for any other reason than to emphasise them.

I have chosen this picture because, although it is not one of Degas' best-known works, I find it as enthralling as any of his others, and in my amateur eyes, it is a very good representation of a rehearsal.

PAT BERGSON, Form IV. Bm.

Athletics, 1953-54

Hockey

The 1st Hockey XI has been successful in winning three of the seven matches played so far, losing two by small margins, and drawing the other two. Matches against the boys have proved popular, and very good practice.

The team consists of Joan Crompton, Gillian Garnsworthy, Helen Hatcher, Ann Masterman, Anne Mawson, Valerie Northorpe, Edith Osborne (vice-captain), Maureen Savage, Marjorie Smith, Elizabeth Ripley, and Sheila Thompson (Captain). Ruby Browne and Norma Duxbury have proved reliable reserves.

In the Schools Tournament, Bede reached the final but were defeated in an excellent game by Washington, 1-0. Four girls were sent up for the Junior County Trial, Helen Hatcher, Valerie Northorpe, Edith Osborne and Sheila Thompson. Edith Osborne gained a place on the team for her second season, while Sheila Thompson gained a place as reserve.

Netball

So far during the 1953-54 season, twelve matches have been played, seven of which were won, four lost, and one drawn.

The team consists of the following: Jean Bell, Ruth Crompton, Ann Hall, Eleanor Lennon (Captain), Maureen Phillips, Eileen Robson and Marjorie Tweddle.

Rounders

During the 1953 season only four matches could be played. Of these, one was drawn and the remainder lost. Two matches were played against the Bede Boys' School; of these each team won one.

The following girls played for the 1st IX during the season. Marion Leece, Anne Mawson, Joyce Bathgate, Joyce Quayle, Shirley Green, Joyce Young, Margaret Parker, Marjorie Smith, Margaret Coppin, Denise Kenny and Sheila Thompson.

Tennis

The following girls played for the School VII during the 1953 season: Joyce Nisbet (Captain), Margaret Turnbull, Sylvia Middlewood, Jean Petch, Edith Osborne, Maureen Gordon, Joan Clayburn, Joyce Browne and Eileen Moore.

The Inter-Form Tennis Championship was won by the Student-Teacher group. The Open Singles Tournament was won by Sylvia Middlewood.

Sports Day

Sports Day, 1953, was held on Wednesday, 10th June, and warm weather made it all the more enjoyable. We were very pleased to welcome Mrs. Bridges, wife of the Deputy Director of Education, who kindly presented the prizes.

The Junior Cup was awarded to Form III.Bm., with 43 points, and the Senior Cup to Form Upper VI.A2., with 45 points. The three School Champions were: Sylvia Frame (Junior, 18 points); Marjorie Tweddle (Middle School, 15 points); and Audrey Johnson (Senior, 20 points).

The cricket match against the Fathers took place after the Sports and was won by the Fathers.

Swimming Awards

In 1953-54 Intermediate Certificates were awarded to twenty-seven girls, Bronze Medallions to eleven girls, and the First Bar

to the Bronze Medallion to five girls. Two girls received the Silver Award of Merit. Joan Crompton gained an Instructor's Certificate, and Connie Parkinson a Scholar Instructor's Certificate.

Prizes, 1952-53

- JANET TODD, for exemplary conduct
and high attainments Muriel Hedley
- MARGARET IRENE MALLEN for
the encouragement of Science, and
for success in Science, Mathematics
and Geography Margaret Coppin
Elspeth Fyfe
Muriel Hedley
- JENNIE SEYMOUR for Latin ... Evelyne Leonard
- SHEARER for the best French
Scholar in—
Fourth Form Barbara Tunn
Third Form Valerie Stafford
- BRIGGS for good work in Geography
in Third or Fourth Forms Ruth Crompton
- ARKLE to the best girl in English in
Third Form Valerie Cuthbertson
- ORME for best Latin Scholar in Fifth
Year Jean Wolfe.
- MARGARET MILLER for Divinity Eileen Edmundson.
- MRS. HARTLEY for Music Carole Davidson
- MISS BERNARD for School Accom-
panist Carole Davidson
- HEAD MISTRESS for History ... Pamela Cowgill
Josephine Baxter
Eileen Edmundson
Muriel Taylor
- FLORENCE MOORE MEMORIAL
for excellence in Housewifery ... Joan West
Elizabeth Freeman
Mavis Branch
- GUILD OF OLD BEDANS—
for Art Gillian Rhymer
Kathleen Moses
for "Bedan" Competition Margaret Shorrock
Pat Hunnam

STEWART for encouragement of
Scripture Study—

Sixth FormShirley Stone
Fifth FormOriol Pow
Fourth FormJudith Parker
Third FormKathleen Tagg

PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION
for the encouragement of study in—

MathematicsGillian Garnsworthy
HistoryOriol Pow Eileen Moore
GeographyNorma McCartney
GermanEvelyne Leonard.
SpanishEdna Straughan
FrenchElizabeth McLaughlan
LatinDenise Kenny
SciencePatricia Curry
HygieneMaureen Makel

GEORGE HILDREY SCHOLAR-
SHIP Marie Henderson

GAMES for proficiency in—

HockeyJoyce Young.
NetballEleanor Lennan
RoundersMargaret Coppin
TennisMargaret Turnbull
SwimmingConnie Parkinson
Best All RoundJoyce Young

Special Awards

ROBSON CUP for Domestic Science Joan West

Hockey—Junior Cup Form III.Bm.
BRUCE Senior Shield ... Form Lower VI.1.

Netball—Junior Cup Form III.Ba.
NICHOLSON Senior Shield Form Upper VI.2.

Rounders—Junior Cup Form III.Bm.
BIGGS Senior Cup ... Form Upper VI.2.

Tennis—THOMPSON Single Shield ... Sylvia Middlewood
LODGE Senior Trophy ... Student Teachers

Swimming—
COUNCILLOR MRS. HEDLEY—
Junior Cup Pat Thompson
Senior Cup Connie Parkinson
Joan Crompton

Games—JOSEPH Cup	Joyce Young
Sports—Junior Cup	Form III.Bm.
Senior Cup	Form Upper VI.2.
Sports Champions—			
Middle School		...	Marjorie Tweddle
Senior School		...	Audrey Johnson

EXAMINATION RESULTS

In July, 1953, the following girls were successful in the University of Durham examinations of the General Certificate of Education:

Advanced and Scholarship Level

Josephine Baxter, Isabel Beaton, June Bestford, Zena Callum, Margaret Coppin, Carole Davidson, Eileen Edmundson, Gwendoline Fenwick, Elspeth Fyfe, Elizabeth Graham, Muriel Hedley, Marie Henderson, Eveiyne Leonard, Margaret McGahan, Kathleen Moses, Joyce Nisbet, Jean Petch, Gillian Rhymer, Anne Stobbs, Shirley Stone, Edna Straughan, Doreen Wareing, Ann Watt, Jacqueline Wilkinson, Ena Willencyk, Joyce Young.

On her result in this examination a State Scholarship was awarded to Edna Straughan.

Ordinary Level

Audrey Allison, Dorothy Amiss, Margaret Armitage, Vera Bage, Lillian Bamborough, May Barrow, Kathlyn Bates, Patricia Beattie, Dorothy Bellerby, Norma Bellerby, Beryl Berry, Moira Bevin, Josephine Bird, Anne Blacknell, Mavis Branch, Joyce Brown, Marjorie Brown, Morag Brown, Vera Bulmer, Marjorie Burton, Kathleen Cairns, Pamela Charlton, Mary Clavering, Greta Close, June Cowie, Anne Coxon, Shirley Donkin, Shielah Downey, Moira Dunning, Norma Duxbury, Fiona Elvin, Joan Elwin, Betty Freeman, Margaret Gallagher, Margaret Gallant, Gillian Garnsworthy, Jennie Glass, Marjorie Glendenning, Eleanor Graham, Jean Harris, Margaret Henney, Rosemary Hepple, Audrey Hogarth, Joyce Horn, Audrey Hugill, Pat Jackson, Audrey Johnson, Rita Johnson, Elizabeth Jones, Rosemarie Kent, Sylvia Kirkhouse, Barbara Lee, Marion Leece, Elsie Long, Norma McCartney, Edith McKeever, Janet McKerell, Muriel McLaren, Joan Maconkie, Maureen Makel, Florence Marshall, Anne Masterman, Anne Mawson, Jean Mellentin, Eileen Moore, Margaret Munday, Rena Musgrave, Valerie Naisby, Edith Osborne, Margaret Parker, Marie Parkinson, Doreen Pearlman, Shirley Pearlman, Mary Pearson, Sylvia

Phillips, Hilda Potts, Sheila Pounder, Oriel Pow, Irene Pulling, Joyce Quayle, Marie Quenet, Betty Redfearn, Julia Reed, Marjorie Reeves, Mary Reid, Mavis Richardson, Joan Riddle, Elizabeth Ripley, Lillian Robertson, Margaret Robinson, Eileen Robson, Gwen Rylance, Freda Salmon, Jean Samuelson, Maureen Savage, Muriel Searle, Brenda Sharp, Margaret Shorrock, Margaret Short, Muriel Slawther, Beryl Smith, Joan Smith, Margaret Solomon, Brenda Stafford, June Tallintire, Elizabeth Taylor, Rhoda Taylor, Ann Thompson, Elaine Veitch, Margaret Wardropper, Margaret Wayman, Frances Welburn, Joan West, Anne Weston, Mary Whitehead, Joyce Williams, Valerie Williamson, Greta Wilson, Joan Wilson, Ann Window, Jean Wolfe, Marjorie Young.

The Amateur Photographer

Biologist, about to go on Science Society outing, finds camera broken. No time to take it to shop, so must mend it herself. Feels very confident, having made it click successfully, so disregards one or two spare parts lying on table.

During outing, one enthusiastic photographer takes twelve carefully-posed-for and specially-smiled-for photographs of members of Society smelling flowers and doing other interesting biological actions. Usually glum faces of companions wear happy smiles.

After outing, one jubilant biologist rushes to get photographs developed and, full of excitement at prospect of seeing happy, smiling faces of companions, hurries to collect finished snaps. Arrives at chemist's shop. Assistant goes to look for snaps. Excitement of biologist increases. Assistant returns, smirk on face. Imagine shame, disappointment and misery of biologist when price of films is only sixpence (usual price for developing and printing is five shillings). Assistant announces this in loud voice, so that whole of crowded shop turns to regard miserable amateur photographer. Hanging head in shame, biologist returns five shillings to pocket and produces six pennies. Departs from shop, clutching twelve completely black negatives.

Next day, confronts wrath of companions. Tries to explain that happy, smiling faces of friends must have broken camera. Happy smiling faces of friends begin to close round eager-to-please companion and assume menacing expressions.

Silent Night

It was a warm, clear night. The dark outlines of the surrounding hills were silhouetted against the sky. On the distant slopes, lights from solitary farmhouses gleamed responsive to the twinkling stars.

Between the quiet fields a late traveller journeyed along the road. The headlamps of his car cut through the darkness and he could see rabbits bounding into the ditch by the roadside, as the car sped on its way. After he had passed, silence dominated the landscape. There was an atmosphere of expectancy and watchfulness. Slowly the moon rose above the hills in the east. It sailed high in the sky, shedding its light over field and wood, upon hillside and farmhouse. It illumined the open spaces but cast the river and the wooded banks into impenetrable shade. The tents of a camp down the road, softly bathed in moonlight, stood erect, on guard over the sleeping valley, where everything was now deep in slumber. The lights had vanished as if, with the rising of the moon, the countryside had fallen asleep. A breeze stirred the trees and the river flowed on through the silent night.

JOYCE BATHGATE, Form Scholarship VII.

"On First Looking into the Study"

(with apologies to John Keats)

Much have I travell'd in the realms of Bede,
 With many goodly forms and teachers been;
 Full many changes in the school I've seen
 As rules were altered to the pupils' need.
 Oft of one guarded room had we been told
 The deep-brow'd Seventh ruled as their demesne,
 Yet never did we breathe its pure serene
 Till "Scholars" we became and prefects bold:
 Then felt we like explorers of the skies
 On entering those portals once so grim;
 Or like Aladdins, as with eagle eyes
 We gazed at all before us—and, prefects trim,
 Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
 Silenced, by what we saw therein.

NORMA MILLER, Form Scholarship VII.

Trades, Professions and Occupations

I was one day rather cursorily flicking over the pages of a local directory of the north country for the year 1778 and my interest was stimulated by the unusual occupations listed.

Nowadays, one visualises a town's officers as the Mayor, Aldermen and Councillors; and such dignitaries as Sword-Bearer, Sergeant at Mace, Town Marshal and Chamberlains sound strange to a modern ear. Amongst the town's officers of that year is a person occupying the position of Town Gaoler, whose address is given, appropriately enough, as Execution Dock. One often hears of the modern waste of time in government offices but what is to be said of the Clerk of the Chamber and, presumably, his Chamberlains, whose hours of business were "from ten till one in the forenoon, and two till four in the afternoon, excepting between November 22 and February 2, when no business is transacted in the afternoon"? What were the clerk and his chamberlains "up to" on these winter afternoons? If they were hibernating, they at least had the courtesy to advertise the fact that they were unable to transact business. We do not meet this refreshing candour to-day.

It is puzzling to find six individuals who give their occupation as "Chairmen." We who are to-day accustomed to all sorts of committees may be led to the erroneous conclusion that in this respect there has been no change since 1778. But we are given a clue in being advised to refer to the back of the book if we are seeking information on Common Carriers."

When we come to the occupation of "Fringe Maker," we may think that the printer has made a mistake in not grouping this with "Peruke Maker," until we recall the amount of work occasioned by the multitude of fringes with which such things as antimacassars and four-poster beds were festooned.

"Heckle Maker"! What is this? Animal, vegetable or mineral? Perhaps some enterprising gentleman of those days set himself up as a supplier of awkward and inconvenient questions to be put to candidates at election times. This trade is no longer mentioned in modern directories.

It was a little surprising, at first, to find ^onew fewer than three Circulating Libraries mentioned in this very old directory. Whatever fun we may poke at the occupations, trades and professions of the subjects of George III, at least we must honour them for the encouragement they gave to readers.

The Crowd was the Beast

Out of a wide infinity of blue, the harsh, gold rays beat down on the dust. The Plaza de Toros is filled with a mass of noisy enthusiasts, waiting eagerly for the afternoon's sport. As the president enters his box, the music blares forth compellingly and round the arena marches the impressive procession, the men who are to provide the entertainment

They leave, and the first bull is released into the ring. A tense silence falls upon us all, as a cuadrilla approaches the beast, waving his cloak. There is a wave of anti-climax as the bull refuses to charge, gazes disdainfully when offered provocation to fight and ambles placidly away. Screams of anger increasing in volume rise from the disappointed crowd.

But we, the tourists, unappreciative of the finer points of this art, like the little bull, and are glad that it is sensible and refuses to throw its life away.

Later come the real bulls, the brave bulls, each in its turn to be slaughtered, till the brown dust is brightened with crimson. Nor do the matadors escape: one, slipping at a vital moment, is torn open from knee to waist by the quick, cruel horns; another is rendered insensible by a crushing buffet from the toro.

As each beast is mastered and falls to the ground, cries of pleasure and acclamation rise into the sunlight, little girls, barely out of the infancy, scream with delight, applauding each slaughter and vociferously demand more.

And then it is finished and we leave the plaza; we, the tourists, who can not understand why this senseless and savage killing should have become a nation's favourite sport.

We learned afterwards what seemed the cruellest thing of all. The first bull, who would not fight, who scorned the ring, did not escape, he merely postponed his death and later, as tradition demanded, was butchered.

JULIA REED, Form Scholarship VII.

A Gift To God

A little chapel on the hill —
 A congregation calm and still:
 The missionary stands a while;
 Then on his face there comes a smile.

The little black boys sit around:
 They form a circle on the ground.
 They listen and their eager eyes
 Shine bright like stars in darkened skies.
 Pictures he shows of English boys
 Who give their money, books and toys
 To missionaries travelling far
 To teach in lands where black boys are.
 The "gift" plate then is taken round:
 A small child puts it on the ground
 And sits upon it, full of care—
 He does not see the others stare—
 Looks up, as if the Lord to see,
 And pleads, "Oh! please, dear God, TAKE ME!"

MARGARET GALLAGHER, Form Upper VI.

A Winter Afternoon

A man, buttoned into a raincoat, walked along the otherwise deserted promenade, head bowed and shoulders hunched against the cold wind that buffeted him at every step. The sea lashed against the rocks and cascaded over the railings like drops of glistening, liquid silver, brightening the cold greyness of the winter afternoon. The wind howled round every corner, flecking the waves with a curling white foam, while a fitful sunbeam glittered on the grey-green waters and wet stonework. Overhead the gulls soared aloft on silent wings, soaring and swooping, wheeling and turning in constant graceful motion. Their discordant cries, borne on the wind, filled the air with a tumult of sound. Far out to sea, scarcely distinguishable in the sea-song, a bell-buoy tolled its sonorous warning. A small fishing vessel made its way through the heavy sea to the calm stretch between the breakwaters. Slowly, imperceptibly, the sky darkened and dusk fell.

VERA D. BAGE, Form Upper VI.

The Air, the Sky, the Sea

A heart in love with nature will never fail to hear
 Birds singing in the hedges at any time of year,
 Though silent be the parklands, and bare the leafless lane,
 They will look for beauty and will not look in vain.

The wind may howl around them, and the sky be dark and grey,
 But, joy they will discover, wherever lies their way.
 In April or December, a thrill there'll always be
 For those who love the open—the air, the sky, the sea.

VIOLET SMITH, Form Lower VI.

The Magic of Ballet

The crowd was tense:
 No sound was heard;
 As though to breathe
 No-one had dared.

At last there came
 The music gay,
 And noiseless gloom
 To light gave way.

Curtains parted,
 Swan-maids danced;
 The audience sat
 As if entranced.

Too soon ended
 That brief, sweet spell
 Of magic in
 A woodland dell.

RUTH CROMPTON, Form Lower VI.

Summer Holidays

Put away the text books,
 What a pleasant thought!
 Find yourself a library book,
 Crime! Adventure! Sport!

No need for alarm clocks,
 Waken at your leisure,
 Lie and daydream if you wish,
 Life's one round of pleasure.

Put away the gingham,
 Wear your tennis shorts,
 Forget about the homework,
 Concentrate on sports.

No more darning white socks,
 Cleaning old black shoes;
 Let the sun get to your feet,
 Wear sandals when you choose.

Forget about the school meals:
 Eat ice-cream till your'e blue,
 Six whole weeks of pleasure;
 It's too good to be true.

LORNA GRIMES, Form V.

Contrast

The girl wandered through the fair-ground. The noise was indescribable. It tore through her mind, setting her teeth on edge and her nerves jangling. It came from all around her, merging into a constant uproar that had no sense or meaning. Everyone seemed to be trying to make himself heard over the general din, but no-one succeeded.

Light glared down at her from every angle, and even from beneath her feet. Not one light was stationary. They revolved and shook, twinkling in an endless pattern, until she felt that she was in the centre of a gigantic firework display.

The crowd streamed past her, each one intent on his own pleasure. There was an air of forced joviality, as if people had come prepared to enjoy themselves, and were now finding pleasure rather elusive. The girl felt stifled by the dust stirred up by countless feet, and the hot, stuffy air seemed insufficient for those who jostled and pushed her at every turn.

As she walked on, noises separated themselves from the roar, grew louder until they dominated everything, and then dropped again into the background as others took their places. She compared the experience to pushing one's way through a thick jungle, with something new at every turn and unknown dangers lying along the way.

At last she reached the edge of the crowd and turned down a nearby street. The night air was cool and untainted, and the only sign that a fair was round the corner was a discordant jumble of noises, muted by the rows of houses between herself and the fair.

She was alone, and before her the whole street seemed to be asleep. The only illumination was that of gas-lamps at intervals along the street. She noticed abstractedly that when she approached one of these, her shadow became short and sharp, and as she walked away from the lamp, it grew long and undefined. Often she had no shadow at all, and she stumbled along in almost complete darkness.

She could pick out separate, far-off sounds. Here a cat was mewling, there a baby was crying. She was alone and it was dark, but she was not afraid. She liked the long, empty streets before her, where everything was at peace and only the noise of her feet broke the silence.

The River

Down it trickles,
 Gaining force,
 Over pebbles
 On its course,
 Ever onwards
 To the sea,
 Bubbling over
 Joyfully.
 Rumbling, tumbling
 Through the pool,
 Past the wood, so
 Green and cool;
 Fields and houses
 Flying by
 Seem like swallows
 In the sky;
 Rushing, gushing,
 On it goes,
 Spreading joy
 Where'er it flows,
 Till at last
 So full of glee,
 It rushes on
 To meet the sea.

MARY McHARG, Form IV.Bm.

Beauty in Winter

God sends us beauty e'en in wintry days:
 The radiant sunset with its fiery blaze,
 The flaming rowan on the mountain crest,
 The happy robin with his scarlet breast,
 The bright-hued holly gleaming in the wood
 All tell the story—God is very good.

EDNA MITCHESON, Form IV.Bm.

The "Swot"

Bending over homework,
 Slaving all night long,—
 And before you know it,
 Twelve has come and gone.

Never time to stop and look,
 The battle must be won;
 Pages come and pages go,
 Till each subject's done.

Biology, Geography —
 On and on we plod;
 If we don't get through it,
 We'll never get a job.

Mother's calling up the stairs,
 "It's time you went to sleep."
 We tell her that it won't be long
 Ere into bed we leap.

Finally it's all complete,
 But do we know the lot?
 Did Frank Sinatra conquer Rome?
 Or was it Randolph Scott?

MARGARET BUNN, Form IV.Ba.

Eals Village

When one thinks of a village, one imagines two or three dozen houses, one or two telephones, shops and a bus stop. But the village of Eals has none of these things. The only place which can be called a shop, is a post office, four miles away, in a village beside a single-line railway station. The baker and grocer send a van round twice a week, but very often, in winter, the village is "snowed up."

Eals village is situated in the Pennines. It consists of five houses, four farms and a tiny Methodist Church, in a row. The village forms an island, between the south Tyne river and the narrow road leading to Haltwhistle, and is flanked on either side by tall hills. There is no gas or electricity: all the farm work is done by hand, and oil lamps are used in the houses. The only sign of communication with the outside world is a letter box, nailed on a tree.

The houses, most of them built in the late eighteenth century, have large, cold rooms. The whitewashed stone of the exterior walls is covered with red or pink roses.

Most of the people attend church on Sundays, and this is almost the only time when they change from their work clothes.

The church is open only at night, because the vicar has to travel from another village. There are only four small rows of

seats, a pulpit on a platform, a lectern and a very old pedal-organ. We regarded this organ with amusement, because there was only one person in the village who could play it.

Many interesting trees and flowers grow in the neighbourhood. One of these, a walnut tree, was pointed out to me by the village's oldest inhabitant. Its leaves smell like delicious apples, and I picked a few to put in my coat.

The village is built on the river bank, and the only way to cross the river is by a right-angled, stone bridge, which is very dangerous to motorists. But very few motorists pass this way, and Eals and its people are left to live their quiet lives.

HAZEL McCREE, Form III.C.

The Model Bedan

(Dedicated to the prize-winning doll in the competition).

She was quite the perfect Bedan,
Admired and liked by all,
The picture of perfection
As she passed around the hall.

In her dress she was most tidy,
In appearance, nothing lacked;
From her head down to her ankles
Every detail was exact.

At first we did not know her name,
She didn't even say,
But soon the news went round the school,
Her Christian name was "Gay."

Yet, though she looked so perfect
She was brainless as could be;
She couldn't even spell or count:
A dummy, plain to see.

She was a little dolly,
Made at Christmas time to sell,
And wherever she has found a home
We hope she will fare well.

BETTY HOWAT, Form III.C.

I Want To Be

I want to be an actor
And go upon the stage;
Or I'd like to be a fireman,
Or p'raps a gray old sage.

I'd like to be a singer
 And sing a merry song;
 Maybe a bus conductor,
 Punching tickets all day long.

I'd like to be a scientist,
 Taking acids off a shelf.
 But most of all I'd like to be
 My own plain self.

MARGARET WITTEN, Form III.Ba.

The Gale

The branches rocked and tossed on high,
 Like ships on a stormy sea,
 And the waves on the lake had small white crests,
 And the wind blew wild and free.
 The people fought against the gale,
 They were trying to reach the town,
 There were twigs on the roads, leaves in the air;
 And slates from the roofs blew down.
 The wires sang as the wind rushed through,
 And my hair was blown awry;
 The branches were groaning, the wind was moaning:
 How I wish the wind would die!

ANNE McCLEMENT, Form II.C.

The Pirate

All people are afraid of me,
 The one-legged pirate bold,
 I lie in wait for cargo ships,
 And hide in many a hold.
 I wear a coat of red and gold,
 A hat with braid to match,
 And on my hands I wear black gloves,
 And on my eye a patch.
 I own the gallant ship "Sea Hawk,"
 The terror of the sea;
 And blow the gale or lash the rain,
 A pirate life for me!

MAUREEN SAYER, FORM IIC.

Crossing London

We jump from the train at King's Cross,
 Take a taxi from there,
 Such a hustle, such a bustle;
 But I don't care.

Our taxi passes down the Mall,
 Buckingham Palace is seen.
 The Royal Standard flies on high,
 But where's the Queen ?

Oh, look at all those pigeons !
 Here's Trafalgar Square ;
 See Lord Nelson on his column
 High up in the air.

Now at Paddington Station,
 We drink a cup of tea :
 Dash down the platform, into the train :—
 Goodbye, London, from me.

KATHLEEN CONLEY, Form I.C.

My Wish

I wish I were a prefect,
 So proud and smart and tall ;
 But I am only a First-Former,
 Which isn't much at all.

For when it comes to home-time
 All a prefect has to do,
 Is to pass the noisy rabble
 And thus avoid the queue.

Yes I'd love to be a prefect,
 With my head up in the air ;
 But five more years must come and go ;
 It's more than I can bear !

CLARE MASTERMAN, Form I.C.

An Easy Job

To serve in a sweet-shop looks easy :
 And I thought I might like to try,
 But it seems there are things you've to do there,
 Not seen by the customer's eye.

There's washing of floors,
 And dusting of doors ;
 Polishing jars,
 And counting bars,
 Checking the stock.
 And winding the clock ;
 Changing the places
 Of things in show cases ;
 There's tins to return,
 And prices to learn.
 Checking the tills.
 And paying the bills.

No, I don't think it would be so easy
 Behind the shop counter to try,
 So I think, if I'm wise, I'll stay here
 At the customer's side and just buy.

DOROTHY FORSTER, Form I.C.

To London by Car

First of all your mother puts the rugs in the back of the car and you get in. Then your mother gets in, and then your father tries to start the car and can't, so he has to get out and fix it.

Then you start off and you decide to read, but the car goes over a bump and you shoot up and hit your head on the roof. Then you lie down, but the car goes over a rough piece of ground and you fall off the seat.

Your mother decides to have lunch and an ice-cream, but before you are half-way through the ice, your father says you have to go, and you leave half your ice-cream and hurry to the car.

After dinner you experience all the bumps again, because it is a horrible road. Then you can't find the friend's house where you were going to have tea, and you have to hunt for a café.

When you get to London, you find that your aunt is out, and you have to wait for about an hour before she comes in, and by that time you are fed up.

MARGARET MADDISON, Form I.B.

Winter Landscape

There wheels across the leaden sky,
 With whirring wings, a bird in flight,
 Heading south with eager cry,
 To lands where all is life and light.

Their branches stripped of leaves, the trees
 Bend and break as winds sweep past;
 As if they long for the gentle breeze,
 To give them peace and quiet at last.

Silenced the singing of the stream,
 The wood is quiet, deserted, chill,
 To nature, spring is a distant dream,
 And winter reigns unchallenged still.

JEANNE HAYTON, Form IV.C.

Spring Ladies

Such pretty yellow ladies,
 A-nodding in a row —
 Who are these pretty ladies ?
 I wonder if you know.

They wear bright golden bonnets
 And curtsy to the sun;
 The March winds come a-rushing
 And shake them every one.

Who are these pretty ladies ?
 Ah ! now you'll surely guess —
 They're daffodils a-nodding,
 In green and golden dress.

JOAN SHIELD, Form IV.Ba.

By Firelight

As I sit by the fire and gaze at the flames,
 I can imagine all manner of games
 Of pixies and fairies who dance in the caves,
 Of cowboys who're stalking Red Indian Braves.

Cinders once sat here and toasted her toes,
 Pouring out tearfully all her woes.
 I can imagine her there at the ball;
 She was the prettiest girl of them all.

While pirates are creeping down little red paths,
 I've never a thought in my mind for my Maths.,
 Or History or Science; and while this I mention,
 I'd better stop now if I don't want detention.

MAUREEN VINE, Form II.Bm.

Gypsies

Gypsies ramble o'er hill and vale,
 A carefree people are they,
 In search of fortune (though oft in vain),
 And so light-hearted and gay.

They travel for miles on the broad highway,
 And camp by the light of the moon,
 Around the campfire bright they meet,
 To sing a haunting tune.

ANN LITTLE, Form I.C.

