

THE BEDAN

28th APRIL, 1955

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BEDE GRAMMAR SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
1954—1955

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

Miss Bell (Divinity).
Miss Hall (Domestic Science).
Miss Metcalf (Physical Education).
Miss Norman (Art).
Mrs. Proud (English).
Mrs. Richards (Spanish and French).
Miss Taylor (French).
Miss Tweed (English and French).
Miss Wedderburn (Physical Education).
Mrs. Wilkinson (Chemistry and Biology).
Mr. Hartley (Music).

Visiting Staff : Miss Elliot (Violin).

School Secretary: Miss Gibbons.

Dining-Hall Superintendent: Miss Hornberger.

Laboratory Assistants: Diane Dixon; Joan Rixon.

Captain of School: Valerie Williamson.

Vice-Captain: Dorothy Amiss.

Tennis Captain: (Summer, 1954): Joyce Brown.

Rounders Captain (Summer, 1954): Ann Mawson.

Netball Captain (1954-55): Marjorie Tweddle.

Hockey Captain (1954-55): Edith Osborne.

Staff Changes

During the last year we have said goodbye to Mrs. Fisher, Miss Robson and Miss Woodford. We are very sorry that they have left and we send to each one our good wishes.

We offer a warm welcome to Mrs. Proud, Mrs. Richards and Miss Tweed and hope that they will be very happy among us.

LETTER FROM MISS MOUL

Dear Bedans,

It is nearly twenty-one years since I came to work at Bede. In a very real sense life began for me then, for "living" is not a mechanical drawing of breath so much as a vivid sense of being involved at the heart of a growing whole. I am sometimes asked what it is that I remember in looking back over a teaching life which has already lasted thirty-six years. Do I, in recollection, remember only the happy events, or does the unhappy experience or a sense of frustration loom largest? I can truthfully answer "No" to all. I suppose that age brings the wisdom that accepts all experiences as having some worth. The recollection that creases my face with mirth is no more valuable than that that causes my conscience to wince, and only age has enabled me to see it. But what is happiness? Your questions set me thinking. I wondered if I could analyse the happy state sufficiently to arrive at a sort-of-recipe, and a definition. What is essential for the happy life?

I feel that I must put "belonging to" someone first. The lack of family, the fear of being alone, are crushing burdens. Few can claim the self-sufficiency of Proteus in "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "I to myself am dearer than a friend." Befriended, one is buoyant and hopeful. Friendless, one is stranded and hopeless. The first essential seems to be a friend with whom to share one's hopes and successes, one's fears and failures.

And honest and useful work lags not far behind. This is the work that calls out every ability and uses my every part. It is the work that demands investment of the whole self and self-expenditure to my last ounce of strength. Such work brings contentment through self-fulfilment, and the keen satisfaction that comes from dedicated labour.

For happiness I need interests outside myself. When my life is stirred and stimulated by the life and movement of events about me, I am happier than when I sit in splendid isolation. The cooped and pent-up life, suffocated and unexpended, without enthusiasm, without passions, is limited and confined. Happiness seems to demand my plunging from the deep end into Humanity's pools. Laying out my life, I enrich it. Hoarding it, refusing to rub shoulders with the poor and scruffy and mischievous, I lose the fine flavour of living. I find that all who would win joy must share it. "Happiness was born a twin."

You will find that there comes to every man, some time in life, the stern and forbidding experience that drives him in on to himself.

No outward fortune aids him. Pitiably indeed is he who then discovers that his spiritual cupboard is bare, that he has not even a bone for the dog.

And now will you agree with me that an indispensable ingredient of the recipe for happiness is a good fight? Who regrets the battle if the cause be just? Who refuses to wear a black eye as a decoration if the result of the fight be victory? There never was a slogan less inviting than "Safety First." There cannot be many who would choose to stay at home, stuck in the mud, rather than launching out into the deep. The Captain of the Adventurous Soul is most likely to find the secret of valiant living.

Family affection, creative work, wide interests, shared experience, inward spiritual resources, are the substance of a full, satisfying and happy life. And having the recipe we, whose lot is cast in pleasant places, know also where is the source for all the ingredients of happiness.

Happiness is that over plus, that flowing over, that plus quality in life that comes from living close to God.

This is less an essay, dear Bedans, than my considered convictions which I felt that I should like to share with you.

With Easter greetings,

Yours sincerely,

WINIFRED J. E. MOUL.

Founders' Day, 1954

On April 28th, 1954, the Bede Grammar Schools attended the annual Founders' Day Service in Bishopwearmouth Church. The Service was conducted by the Rector, the Reverend C. L. P. Bishop. The lessons were read by the Schools' Captains, Joyce Bathgate and Alan Cowie, and the choirs of both Schools combined to render the anthem, "Zion hears her watchmen's voices," by Bach.

The address was given by the Reverend S. J. Voke, whose theme, the personal significance of God to each one of us, was presented in three stages. Each he summed up in a single sentence: "Jesus died for me; Jesus lives in me; Jesus rules over me"; and these he expanded in a direct, convincing manner, clearly understood by all.

The sermon was inspiring in its sincerity, and our enjoyment of the service was increased because our fellow pupils took part in the reading and singing. All combined to make this, the fourth Founders' Day Service, a memorable occasion for everyone present.

PATRICIA CURRY and JULIA REED.

Speech Day, 1955

On the evening of February 17th, Senior Speech Day was held in our recently decorated hall, complete with new red curtains. The chief speaker was Lady White, O.B.E., wife of the High Commissioner for Australia, and in honour of her visit, Australian flags decorated the panelling.

As the platform party entered, bouquets and buttonholes were presented, and the girls rose to sing the School Song. The Chairman, Alderman Eden Johnston, in his address encouraged us to face willingly all tasks before us. Miss Moul then gave a very interesting and comprehensive account of Bedan activities during the school year 1953-54.

After the choir had sung two part-songs, the Chairman introduced Lady White, and spoke of her many services to the community. Lady White then addressed the school and inspired all present by her charm, her friendliness and her wit. We were greatly interested by her account of school life in Australia and of the system of education by radio for those in remote parts. We all felt deeply the sincerity and earnestness with which she stressed the importance of being a good citizen.

After the choir had sung Elgar's "Land of Hope and Glory," Lady White presented the prizes and certificates for the year 1953-54, and she had a friendly word for each pupil.

The vote of thanks was proposed by Councillor Miss Lydia Hill, and seconded by Valerie Williamson, the School Captain, and the evening came to an end with the singing of the National Anthem.

There was a delightful sequel to Speech Day when, on the following morning, Lady White returned to pay an informal visit to the school. It seemed almost a miracle that the snow should cease falling just long enough to allow her to plant a cherry tree in the grounds.

In the hall, Lady White accepted the gift of a "Pyrex" dinner service as a souvenir of her visit to Sunderland, and she presented to the library a copy of her husband's work, "Sky Saga," in which Sir Thomas White has paid tribute to the men of the Royal Australian Air Force. To the sound of "Waltzing Matilda" Lady White left the hall to go to the library, where the Staff and the Scholarship VII were delighted to welcome her to coffee. It was a very great pleasure to receive such a visitor, and we shall long remember the happiness of the occasion.

VALERIE WILLIAMSON.

The Parent-Teacher Association

A Parent-Teacher Association is a bridge between school and home and provides a convenient link for the exchange of information and ideas.

The Bede School P.T.A. had another useful year of activity in 1954. Perhaps the most important task undertaken was the raising of money to provide new curtains for the School Hall. The cost of this project was £116, and both parents and pupils deserve congratulations for the whole-hearted manner in which they supported the Christmas effort. Another source of income was the Elsa Wilkins Dance Recital, which raised the handsome total of £43. We are very grateful to Miss Wilkins for the delightful dancing display which her pupils gave, and for the grand financial result. The curtains will be hung by the time these notes are in print, and will add colour and warmth to the newly decorated hall.

Several school schemes receive the support of the Bede P.T.A. For example the train fare is paid for two pupils to attend the conference of the Council for Education in World Citizenship; a sum, usually of fifteen guineas, is given to the School Lecture Fund; seven guineas are donated to Sports Day Prize Fund, and the School Films Fund is supported. These items are mentioned so that parents may know the type and scope of our financial assistance to School purposes.

Probably one of the least-known funds of the Bede P.T.A. is the Grant in Aid Fund. This was raised in order to assist financially those pupils who had passed their Higher School Certificate Examination and who, wishing to proceed to either Training College or University, found the expense too great for their parents to bear. An appropriate grant was made from the fund to assist needy pupils. To-day, with the very generous grants which the Local Education Authority makes to students proceeding to Colleges or Universities, the need for this Grant in Aid Fund is not so great. However, should any pupil incur expense in the pursuit of her ambition to enter College or University, which is not covered by the Authority's grant, she can apply to the Bede P.T.A. for assistance and the matter will receive sympathetic and, if necessary, practical consideration.

I would ask parent-members for their support of P.T.A. projects and for their continued interest in its affairs.

JOHN D. McBAIN (Hon. Joint Secretary).

School Parliament

The School Parliament has met each month during the year. The School Captain takes the chair. These meetings are useful in that they give the younger members of the school a chance to

Speak out freely, voice their complaints and suggest improvements.

Through Parliament, a question which has been recurring every winter for some years has been finally settled: it has been decided that navy-blue woollen socks, instead of white ones, should be worn throughout the school as winter uniform.

The growing popularity of rubber and plastic mackintoshes has led some girls to complain that it is difficult to wear school hats underneath rain-hoods; however, the school rule is that school hats must always be worn outside with school uniform and girls must obey this rule.

Parliament has proved helpful this year in seeing to many repairs. The representatives of the forms report breakages, a list is made and referred to the office.

Let us hope that School Parliament continues because the meetings are interesting and profitable.

DOROTHY AMISS (Secretary).

The Guild of Old Bedans Loan and Scholarship Fund

The object of this fund is to help girls, after leaving school, to be trained for any career. Those who receive loans are asked to sign a formal receipt which embodies an undertaking to repay the loan as soon as possible. Any girl who is leaving school in July and who feels that she is in need of financial assistance should apply, in writing, to the Secretary, not later than the 20th May, 1955.

K. M. CARRICK (Hon. Sec.).

Report on School Charities, 1954-55

Last year's experiment in making a fortnightly appeal on behalf of a specific cause, instead of simply making a weekly collection for a fund which was disbursed by the Charities Committee at the end of each term, was an undoubted success and has therefore been continued. Our thanks are due to the girls who so readily undertook to make the appeals to the school, as well as to the charity monitresses, who have shown real enthusiasm. The success of their efforts may be judged from the following list:—

Spring Term, 1954—

Appeal made by	On behalf of	Response
Margaret Taylor Guide Dogs for the Blind ...	£3 10 0
Joan Clifford Sunderland Guild of Help ...	£3 10 0
Margaret Armour Korean Relief Fund ...	£5 10 0
Ann Foster Central Council for Care of Cripples ...	£6 0 0
Alethea Mote P.D.S.A. ...	£4 0 0
Pat Bergson Seamen—Missions to Seamen (local), Royal Lifeboat Society, British Sailors Society ...	£3 0 0

Summer Term, 1954—

Ethne Nixon and Jean Davison Local Deaf and Blind ...	£4 0 0
Joyce Wilson Church of England Children's Society ...	£5 0 0
Ann McClement Pestalozzi Children's Village Association ...	£5 10 0
Pat Dorward Infantile Paralysis Fellowship ...	£7 0 0
Doreen Close R.S.P.C.A. ...	£3 0 0

Autumn Term—

Pauline Kelly Orleansville Earthquake Disaster ...	£5 10 0
Norma Harris Cancer Relief ...	£4 10 0
	... Save the Children Fund ...	£2 2 0
Dorothy Allen United Nations Children's Fund ...	£5 5 0
Pat Clarke T.B. Care Committee ...	£5 0 0
Pat Steeley Spastics ...	£4 0 0

In addition to these activities we were able, at Christmas, when so many touching appeals had accumulated, to make small donations from our reserve fund of £8-10-0 to other twelve deserving causes.

The School's contact with the Helene Lange School, Hamburg, begun in the difficult days after the war, has been maintained by the Charities Committee. The German School no longer needs assistance but the two schools continue to exchange greetings and good wishes at Christmas.

D.M.W., A.A.Y.H.

National Savings

During the Autumn Term, the National Savings Group was revived and has met with a good response. Savings stamps are on sale each week and so far, the amount saved averages £25 a week. We feel, however, that this amount is still insufficient, considering the number of girls in the school, and we hope to increase it this term.

By buying these stamps which are now so easily accessible for purchase, you are playing your part in the current nation-wide National Savings Drive. 15/- worth of savings stamps can easily be exchanged at the Post Office for a Savings Certificate or can be used to open a Post Office Savings Account. Have YOU joined the group yet?

A.R.T.

Student Christian Movement, 1954-55

The climax of last year's meetings was a Conference, held at the Bede School, on March 6th. The subject was "The Missionary Challenge To-day in Africa and India." There were two speakers: the Rev. G. W. H. Hewitt, who is Area Secretary for the North of England Universities' Mission to Central Africa, spoke on "The Challenge of Africa," and the Rev. L. F. Geddes, M.A., on "The Challenge of India." The Headmistress, Miss W. J. E. Moul, once again provided us with an excellent summing-up at the end of the Conference.

We continue to hold meetings jointly with the Boys' Society and have been studying "The Christian in Society," which was the theme of an Area Conference held on November 13th, at Seaham Harbour Girls' Grammar School. The speakers at this Conference were the Rev. W. W. Tymms, Vicar of Blaydon, whose topic was "The Christian Basis"; the Rev. R. O. Bowlby, Curate of St. Luke's, Pallion, spoke about "Work"; Miss Alice Eden, Lecturer in Education at King's College, Newcastle, gave us a talk on "Personal Relationships," and Mr. E. Armstrong, a Methodist Local Preacher and a school-master, who is connected with many local activities, chose "Citizenship" as his subject.

We are now studying The Gospel according to St. Luke, and have already arranged an interesting programme for the term.

The Junior Christian Club, for those who are not old enough to join the S.C.M., has been re-organised by Miss Bell, who is now assisted in the club by several members of the S.C.M.

The meetings of both groups have been well attended and the whole year has proved very successful.

ANN FOSTER (Secretary).

The Council for Education in World Citizenship

The 1954 Conference of the Council for Education in World Citizenship was held at the Central Hall, Westminster, and the members discussed Latin America, "a continent on the march." The lectures proved interesting and provocative because they were based upon personal knowledge of the area. Among the lecturers was Mr. Camacho, head of the European Productions of the B.B.C., already known to us for his literary ability. There were in addition authors, broadcasters and business-men, all of whom had spent part of their lives in Latin America.

We discussed the vital problems of Latin America to-day, such as social inequality, illiteracy, political instability and international relations. Attempts are being made to solve these

problems, though many grave difficulties impede progress. Most of the speakers were confident that the future of Latin America would be happy. The continent, hitherto apparently backward, is possessed of many rich resources and is becoming a factor of ever-increasing importance in the international field.

A happy change from serious discussion was afforded by the concert illustrative of South American music and dancing, produced by Dona Naruna Sutherland. The music and singing were very lively and the traditional costumes rich in colour.

We should like to offer our very warm thanks to the Parent-Teacher Association for making possible our interesting visit to the Conference.

FIONA ELVIN and SHIELAH DOWNEY.

Music

The School Choirs and Orchestra have been active this year. The Seniors joined with the Bede Boys' Choir for the service at Bishopwearmouth Church on Founders' Day, 1954, to sing the anthem by Bach "Sleepers, Awake." The Junior Choir and a few soloists provided some of the items at a concert given in St. Aidan's Church Hall at Grangetown. Miss Bernard and Mr. Hartley played some pianoforte duets. The Junior Choir sang at their Speech Day, and everybody was charmed by the clear, youthful voice of Dorothy Mennear, who sang unaccompanied. The Juniors also visited Redby School to give a short recital of carols. The two choirs and the orchestra took part in our own carol service. At Speech Day on 17th February, the Senior Choir sang three two-part songs, "The Merry-go-rounds," by Alec Rowley; "Star Candles," by Michael Head; and Elgar's "Land of Hope and Glory."

Last term we were all pleased to have a return visit by the well-known guitarist and singer of folk-songs, Patrick Shuldham-Shaw. He was accompanied by Miss Gwen Marchant, who also played two solo pieces; the first, a set of variations by Byrd on the theme, "Go from my window, go," and the second, a piece in Latin-American rhythm by Bela Bartok. The School greatly enjoyed a very delightful hour with these two musicians.

DOROTHY AMISS.

"Saint Joan"

The choice for the school play lay between "She Stoops to Conquer" and "Saint Joan." The latter was considered by many to be beyond our powers of acting, and to have little appeal for a

school audience. However, after each member of the Dramatic Society had read the play, it was preferred, and the other was rejected.

The first casting meetings were held in October and continued for some time, as the task proved difficult, but the final results justified the trouble taken by the producer.

At the first rehearsals, no-one knew her part, no props. were available, and the failure of the cast to capture the atmosphere of the play was reflected in their acting. In later rehearsals, held with growing frequency throughout the Spring Term of 1954, the acting improved, thanks to the practical guidance of the producer. Cuts were made in order to adapt the rather lengthy text to our needs. Parts were learned, props. assembled, and Miss Carlin began her herculean task with the costumes.

Several unfortunate members of the cast, who had to knit chain mail with size three needles and dish-cloth string, were desperately grateful to her for making surcoats which had everything but the sleeves of these creations. The clerical characters were dressed in surplices lent from Bishopwearmouth Church, and in sheets from home. Mr. Hymas also proved a great help to us in lending garments for the two bishops. The costumes, through the ingenuity and resourcefulness of Miss Carlin, proved one of the most successful features of the production.

We were also extremely grateful for the help of Mr. Jolly and some members of the Boys' School, who assisted with the lighting and who lent effects, including a magnificent gadget to summon members of the cast on stage. Miss Bell produced a Norman window, which was a feature both of De Baudricourt's castle, and of the Dauphin's bed-chamber twenty-five years later. Miss Robson and a team of stage-hands, who attended all the long rehearsals, worked hard so that scene-shifting took place quietly and efficiently.

An all-day rehearsal was held during the Easter holidays: a despairing cast decided that this would certainly prove the worst school play in "Bede" history. This feeling was intensified as the day of presentation approached.

The dress rehearsal was as dreadful as all dress rehearsals are. Those in charge of make-up applied lines, wrinkles and beards to the shining faces before them, whilst last-minute alterations to costumes and scenery made it seem impossible that everything could be ready in time.

However, despite our qualms, all went well on the night, and everyone felt that Miss Cunningham deserved the highest praise for having made this production such an unqualified success.

The inevitable flat feeling when everything was over was alleviated to some extent when parts of the play were filmed "in glorious technicolour." The absence of a sound track, and the fact that it was "shot" under extremely windy conditions made the film seem amusing, rather than dramatic, but it provided an interesting record of a school play which was thoroughly enjoyed by all who took part.

TWO OF THE CAST.

Science Society, 1954,55

At the Annual General Meeting we decided to revive the custom of having a girl as Chairman of the Society. Miss Moul consented to become our President again, and Miss Carrick became our Vice-President for this year. Edith Osborne and Norma McCartney were elected Chairman and Treasurer respectively.

The October meeting of the Society took the form of a lantern lecture by Mr. Jolly, of the Bede Boys' School, the subject being "Evolution." The lecture was interesting and informative without being too technical to be understood by non-biologists.

In December a debate was held on the motion, "This house believes that the physical sciences have benefited mankind more than the biological sciences." The motion was defeated, the general feeling being that, though the two sciences were supplementary, it could not be said that the first had done more for humanity than the second.

At the February meeting Denise Kenny and Joan Johnson read a paper on the Structure of the Atom. They gave us an excellent account of the growth of modern Atomic Sciences tracing their development from the Greeks, to Newton and Einstein. They also gave us many instances of the uses of radio-active material in medicine and warfare, and as a source of power.

At the next meeting we are hoping to be shown round the Pathological Laboratory of the Sunderland Royal Infirmary.

GILLIAN GARNSWORTHY (Secretary).

The Inter-Schools Debating Society

The Debating Society had a full programme last year. One meeting proved to be quite unorthodox, as the speakers supporting the motion "That respectability is the curse of civilisation," came

attired in garments suited to their speech, and produced much hilarity in the house. The Society also enjoyed a balloon debate, a session of "One Minute, Please," and a Christmas party.

As usual there have been various Cup Debates. Barbara Watson won the "Ferguson" Cup and brought honour to the Girls' School by being the first girl to win this trophy, which, some years ago, was won by Mr. Renford Bamborough, a former Bede pupil. Mr. Bamborough will be remembered by many in the Girls' School as the speaker at our Senior Speech Day in 1952.

Although we now have more speakers from the house, we should like still more support from the Girls' School and would urge any who are interested to join the Society next year.

ANNE BLACKNELL (President).

"Top of the Form"

We were all much interested when Miss Moul told us in the Summer Term that the Bede Grammar School for Girls had been selected to take part in a "Top of the Form" contest with the boys of Hymers College, Hull. Later in the term Joan Clark came to interview our prospective team and four girls were chosen, Denise Kenny, Gillian Collins, Anne McClement and Anne Fambely.

The recording of the contest took place in September, when Robert MacDermot acted as our Question Master. The competition between the two schools was very keen. For much of the time our team kept a point or two ahead, but in the last round Hymers College took the lead and won the contest by two points.

The team (despite inward tremors) and the audience greatly enjoyed this exciting afternoon.

French Holiday

Early one April morning twelve excited Bede girls impatiently sat in the train which was carrying them to Harrogate. We were to spend a week's holiday at a boarding-school which had previously been two large houses. Arriving at Elmwood-Lothian, we were greeted by the Principal who later escorted us to our dormitories.

The rising bell was rung the following morning at seven o'clock, when most girls had just fallen asleep, with the result that the majority were late for breakfast. Lessons began at nine o'clock

and consisted of six half-hour periods. We dealt mainly with composition, conversation, dictation, translation, grammar and also with preparation for a concert which was to be presented on the last day. The lessons were made interesting by the young French students who were so full of vitality and friendliness.

Between lunch and supper (the latter being followed by one hour's preparation) we were allowed to do as we wished. We visited many places of interest and were especially fascinated by the Dropping Well at Knaresborough. An outing to the theatre was also arranged.

To show our appreciation of the French students, we invited them to a mid-night feast. While we were enjoying cream-cakes, footsteps were heard in the corridor. Food was immediately stuffed under the blankets and the panic-stricken students hid themselves in cupboards and under beds. However, this proved to be a false alarm.

We returned home with an increased knowledge of French and with very happy memories of our French holiday.

CATHERINE HOWAT and ANNE OSBOURN.

York Mystery Plays, 1954

On a Sunday in June, a party of girls and mistresses went to York to see the York Mystery Plays and to visit the Minster. The "Mystery" is a cycle of short plays with a Biblical theme and was first performed in the Middle Ages by members of the various Tradesmen's Guilds. Each guild produced a play, frequently one appropriate to its own trade. The Shipwrights, for example, would present the Building of the Ark, and the Goldsmiths, the Story of the Three Wise Men.

York, with its historic back-ground of ancient streets and buildings, of twisting city walls and above all, of its splendid Minster, is the ideal city to house its own mediaeval plays in the twentieth century. When the plays were first produced, they took place on huge drays, or waggons, and made a tour of the city. Two plays were performed in that manner in the evening, but the main cycle was presented in the grounds of Saint Mary's Abbey.

The ruined Abbey made an ideal setting for the plays. At the top of the only wall still standing, amidst its stone arches, Heaven was situated and a flight of stone stairs descended thence to Earth, which occupied most of the grassy floor, leaving a portion for Hell. This place was very startlingly represented by a dragon's huge mouth and head; down the throat one could see very realistically painted flames.

Given against a background of antiquity and in mediaeval costume, the plays grasped our attention from the moment we saw God surrounded by His angels to the impressive scene of the Last Day. The atmosphere throughout was sustained and strengthened by the unusual and beautiful music which was contemporary with the plays themselves.

DOROTHY NEW, Form Upper VI.

The Guild of Old Bedans

The Editors of "The Bedan," on behalf of the School, have great pleasure in thanking the Guild of Old Bedans for their generosity. Once again the Old Bedans have kindly offered two prizes for essay competition, and the Magazine Committee are very grateful.

This year the subjects were set by the Modern Languages Department and girls could choose to write on "An interesting French (German or Spanish) Character," or on "Some Interesting Aspects of Life in France (Germany or Spain)."

The prize-winning essays by Barbara Watson (Form Lower VI.) and Dorothy Keenlyside (Form IV.C.) are printed below. The judges highly commended the essays submitted by Dorothy Amiss ("Life in Brittany"); Vera Bage ("Goethe"); June Strong ("Napoleon Bonaparte") and Gillian Ditchburn ("A Wedding in France").

Two Great Frenchmen in the Field of Medicine Jean Charcot (1825-93)

It is said that a prophet is never recognised in his own country. If Jean Charcot may be called a prophet then he emphatically belied this rule, for he was recognised as a great man in France during his life-time and his work was noted, and made use of by other countries with progressive medical systems.

Charcot's father was a carriage-builder, quite prosperous, but not of outstanding brilliance. As a boy Charcot could not decide whether to take up medicine or art. He eventually decided on the former. Soon after qualifying he went to the Salpêtrière, which will always be associated with his name for the wonderful work he did there.

Throughout his career at the Salpêtrière, Charcot was guided by a maxim of Coleridge: "The best inspirer of hope is the best physician." He inspired hope in many people that a cure would be found for nervous disorders and for polio.

Modern neurology is mainly the result of French research from the time of Duchenne of Boulogne. It was immensely advanced by the work of Charcot and his pupils. Charcot was a great teacher. He believed in telling all his findings to the world. His "leçons de mardi" were a wonderful series where Charcot spoke to the ordinary citizens of Paris who flocked to his lectures.

His public clinics were unique, and designed to help his great audiences. He demonstrated his cases in a miniature theatre. The patients stood in front of the footlights, whilst a number of lights illuminated them from different angles. Charcot stood at the side of the stage and imitated the tremors or constrained postures, whilst he elucidated his case. His audiences were the largest at any clinic of its kind in Europe.

His clinics were regarded as a place at which to learn and even his enemies came and criticised his work. The great physicians of this time did not work together, but were openly rivals of each other. Charcot dismissed one of his pupils who admitted having been to a lecture given by his rival neurologist, Nancy.

Charcot had a beautiful home. His wife was a lady of wealth; this enabled him to live in easy circumstances throughout his life. His home was open to colleagues and students once a week. Although cold and reserved at his work, Charcot was a charming host.

The study of medicine through art was not originally Charcot's idea, but it was through his work that it became established. He and his pupils worked together to ensure the soundness of this new method of research. In this sphere he did much work with Paul Richer.

Charcot was himself a talented artist. He drew many comic sketches of the Paris Faculty, and was a skilled decorator of porcelain. It is from Richer that we have received a great many characteristic studies of Charcot, and a magnificent portrait. Charcot and Richer made a collection of 5th Century mosaics and Charcot was able to do a great deal of research into diseases of that time. He published a book of photographs of patients of the Salpêtrière.

Charcot taught the facts which he discovered to his pupils and wrote them down in his books. His work attained a high standard of accuracy.

The work of Charcot has provided a basis for all modern neurologists. His work has saved the lives of many, and has rescued thousands from terrible suffering. His far-sightedness in writing down all his observations has proved invaluable to his followers in this sphere of medicine. Jean Charcot was a great Frenchman who left a heritage of medical research to posterity.

Louis Pasteur (1822-95)

Louis Pasteur was born in 1822 at Dôle in the district of Franche-Comté. His father was a tanner and it was only after a hard struggle that Louis was able to enter the Ecole Normale in Paris.

Even in his earliest childhood, Pasteur made up his mind to be a chemist and he was encouraged by his father.

It is surprising to learn that when Pasteur received his graduating diploma, he was marked "mediocre" in chemistry. This was probably because his work was so original. Pasteur was not discouraged and taking as his motto "the will to work," he went on to study for his doctorate in chemistry.

In order to pay for his expenses, he took pupils and rationed his food and fire-wood.

Influenced by the great chemist J. B. Dumas, Pasteur wrote two theses for his doctorate, instead of one. When he received his degree, there was great happiness in his home.

Pasteur was then appointed laboratory assistant to Professor Laurent at Ecole Normale. Here, he did a series of experiments in crystallography (the study of the forms of the structure of chemical crystals).

In 1848, when revolution broke out, Pasteur gave his savings and offered to give his life for the cause. He left his position at the college and enlisted in the National Guard at Orleans.

Afterwards he returned to his work and helped to lay the foundations of the discovery of several new compounds.

His discoveries came to the notice of M. Pouillet, Professor of Physics at the Sorbonne. He gave Pasteur a letter of recommendation to Strasbourg University.

In January, 1849, he took up the post of Professor of Chemistry at Strasbourg and in May, 1849, he married the daughter of the Rector of the University.

Pasteur then began the work which made him famous in the eyes of the world. He established evidence concerning the nature of the origins of life and became interested in the problem of the preservation of life. He discovered a remedy for a silkworm disease which was threatening to ruin the industry. While he was working, three of his children died and he himself suffered a paralytic stroke.

Pasteur, however, went on to do greater things: he introduced the process of "pasteurization," and he began the practice of disinfection in surgical operations which led to Lord Lister's great work in this field. One of his greatest triumphs was the discovery that inoculation can prevent hydrophobia and he established the germ theory in animal and human diseases.

He worked against opposition and unjust criticism and his discoveries have saved many lives. The French people realise his greatness and to-day his picture appears on some of the French postage stamps.

DOROTHY KEENLYSIDE, Form IV.C.

Athletics, 1954-55

Hockey

Only five matches have been played by the 1st Hockey XI so far this season; four of these have been won and one lost.

The team consists of Gillian Garnsworthy (Vice-Captain), Anne Masterman, Anne Harland, Olive Smith, Edith Osborne (Captain), Beryl Wrangham, Sheila McBain, Judith Parker, Norma Duxbury, Sylvia Thatcher and Doreen Anderson.

In the Inter-Schools Tournament, Bede were finalists for the second year in succession but were defeated 1—0 by Seaham Harbour. Gillian Garnsworthy and Edith Osborne were selected to attend the Junior County Trials, where each gained a place on the 1st Team.

Netball

The 1st Senior Netball Team players are: Ruth Crompton, Sheila Gibson, Norma Gray, Margaret Hodgson, Audrey Johnson, Sally Swales and Marjorie Twedde.

Of the fifteen matches played, six have been won, seven lost and two drawn.

Rounders

The following girls played on the 1st Rounders IX last season: Jean Bell, Ruby Browne, Ruth Crompton, Anne Harland, Eleanor Lennon, Anne Mawson (Captain), Joan Meddes, Marjorie Smith, Pat Thompson and Marjorie Twedde.

Owing to poor weather only six matches were played, of which three were won, one drawn and two lost. At the close of the season colours were awarded to Jean Bell, Eleanor Lennon, Anne Mawson and Marjorie Smith.

Tennis

The girls who played on the 1st Tennis VI during the 1954 season were Maureen Gordon, Joyce Brown (Captain), Edith Osborne, Sheila McBain, Ann Wilmot, Joan Clayburn and Norma Duxbury.

Of the eleven matches played, Bede won four and lost seven. We reached the second round of the Northumberland and Durham Inter-Schools Tournament, where we were beaten by Blyth Grammar School.

The School Singles Tournament was won by Edith Osborne (Upper VI.). Maureen Gordon (Form V.) and Alan Armstrong won the Mixed Doubles Tournament, and Form Upper VI.A1 were the winners of the Inter-Form Tournament. A colour was awarded to Joan Clayburn.

Sports Day

The ^{EX} Mayoress of Sunderland, Mrs. ^{English} Hedley, kindly presented the prizes on Sports Day, June 2nd, 1954. The Senior Champion was Eleanor Lennon (29 points); the Middle School Champion was Marjorie Tweddle (26 points) and the Junior Champion, Gloria Thompson (18 points). Form II.Bm. won the Junior Form Championship Cup, with 27 points. The Senior Form Championship Cup was gained by Form IV.Bm., with 39 points.

Swimming

Three classes were formed this year for life-saving, the instructors being Ruth Crompton, Connie Parkinson and Ann Ranson. All the girls were successful: some gained bronze medallions or bronze crosses, and others won additional bars to their awards. Ann Ranson gained her "Scholar Instructor" award, and Ruth Crompton her "Full Instructor." Connie Parkinson gained her bar to "Award of Merit." Margaret Beresford won her "Advanced Medal" for speed swimming.

Connie Parkinson represented Durham County in a match against Yorkshire, and also took part in the English Schools Nationals, gaining third place in the finals of the 100 yards butterfly race.

The Bede School was well represented at the Town Schools Gala, where our swimmers secured ten firsts and various other places.

Special Awards

ROBSON CUP for Domestic Science Valerie Williamson

Hockey—Junior CupForm 3 Bm.

BRUCE Senior Shield ...Form Scholarship VII.

Netball—Junior CupForm 3 Bm.

NICHOLSON Senior Shield Form Student Teachers

Rounders—Junior CupForm 3 Bm.

BRIGGS Senior Cup ...Form Lower VI. 1.

Tennis—THOMPSON Singles Shield Edith Osborne

LODGE Senior Trophy ...Form Upper VI. 1.

Swimming—

Coun. MRS. HEDLEY Junior Cup Margaret Beresford

Coun. MRS. HEDLEY Senior Cup Ruth Crompton

Games: Best All-Rounder—

JOSEPH CUPAudrey Johnson

Sports—Junior CupForm 2 Bm.

Senior CupForm 4 Bm.

Sports Champions—

Junior SchoolGloria Thompson

Middle SchoolMarjorie Tweddle

Senior SchoolEleanor Lennon

EXAMINATION RESULTS

In July, 1954, the following girls were successful in the University of Durham examinations of the General Certificate of Education.

Advanced and Scholarship Level

Joyce Bathgate, Patricia Beattie, Jean Bell, Dorothy Bellerby, Norma Bellerby, Josephine Bird, Mary Coates, Anne Coxon, Joan Crompton, Audrey Cullingham, Patricia Curry, Elsie Donkin, Shielah Downey, Margaret Gallant, Helen Hatcher, Anne Heads, Pauline Humphrey, Sheila Humphrey, Maisie Hunter, Audrey

Johnson, Rita Johnson, Sylvia Kirkhouse, Eleanor Lennon, Elsie Long, Sheila Macdonald, Janet McKerell, Elizabeth McLaughlan, Joan Maconkie, Norma Miller, Valerie Northorpe, Oriel Pow, Moyra Prior, Julia Reed, Eileen Robson, Marjorie Smith, Patricia Steeley, Anne Stobbs, Muriel Taylor, Sheila Thompson, Maureen Torbet, Ruth Wilson.

On their results in this examination **State Scholarships** were awarded to Patricia Curry and Elizabeth McLaughlan.

Ordinary Level

†

Beryl Aiken, Dorothy Allen, Sylvia Allen, Doreen Anderson, Margaret Armour, Bella Babad, Lilian Bamborough, Anne Blacknell, Audrey Blenkinsop, Mavis Branch, Marjorie Brown, Ruby Browne, Stella Burnside, Joan Clayburn, Pamela Cowell, Jean Crompton, Ruth Crompton, Jean Davison, Patricia Donkin, Evelyn Dreyer, Norma Duxbury, June Edwards, Fiona Elvin, Marie Farrow, Doreen Fenwick, Anne Foster, June Foster, Margaret Gallagher, Maureen Gordon, Dorothy Gray, Madge Grieves, Lily Grimes, Margaret Hall, Sylvia Hardy, Anne Harland, Norma Harris, Patricia Harrison, Sheila Harrison, Sylvia Harrison, Dorothy Hawkins, Patricia Henderson, Jean Hoggett, Freda Hopper, Patricia Hull, Patricia Hunnam, Freda Hutchinson, Marjorie A. Jackson, Marjorie E. Jackson, Joan Johnson, Hilary Jones, Pauline Kelly, Denise Kenny, Brenda Laverick, Rita Lawson, Joan Leck, Patricia Leckonby, Dorothy Lennon, Brenda Liddle, Eva Lincoln, Margaret Lumsden, Sheila McBain, Muriel McLaren, Anne Mawson, Elsie Moore, Margaret Nash, Dorothy New, Ethne Nixon, Jean Olley, Eileen Ord, Enid Pain, Judith Parker, Judith Ann Parker, Connie Parkinson, Sheila Paton, Sylvia Phillips, Glenda Pickering, Patricia Pickersgill, Marise Piper, Barbara Poston, Beryl Potts, Carol Race, Kathleen Ralph, Hilary Richardson, Lilian Robertson, Margaret Robertson, Jean Rostron, Vera Russell, Gwen Rylance, Joyce Sandall, Maureen Savage, Marie Scott, Brenda Sharpe, Barbara Smith, Beryl Smith, Violet Smith, Lilian Surtees, Audrey Swales, Anne Tait, Margaret Taylor, Sylvia Thatcher, Patricia Thompson, Vera Trotter, Margaret Trueman, Barbara Tunn, Elaine Veitch, Dorothy Venus, Irene Warwick, Anne Waterworth, Catherine Watson, Sheila Watt, Frances Welburn, Joan West, Gladys White, Valerie Williamson, Anne Wilson, Ann Window, Elizabeth Wood, Pauline Wrightson, Patricia Beattie, Jean Bell, Josephine Bird, Joyce Brown, Anne Coxon, Audrey Cullingham, Patricia Curry, Elsie Donkin, Margaret Gallant, Anne Heads, Pauline Humphrey, Sheila Humphrey, Audrey Johnson, Rita Johnson, Sylvia Kirkhouse, Eleanor Lennon, Sheila Macdonald, Joan Maconkie, Marie Quenet, Eileen Robson, Marjorie Smith, Anne Stobbs, Muriel Taylor.

The Lone Widow

Alone she sits, in this dull, dreary room,
 Whose walls the obvious tale of dampness tell,
 Confined a prisoner in her narrow cell;
 Her almost sightless eyes strain thro' the gloom
 To see beyond, perfected in the loom
 Of time, a vision bright, beyond the knell
 Of hope, which in her heart serves to dispel
 The fear of death, the last dread call of doom.
 Learn then, that even in the poorest place
 Gleams Hope's bright jewel, the lode-star of our Faith,
 That outshines all upon the earthly plane;
 And I, intruder, looking on her face,
 Find written there, pale beauty, holy wraith,
 And in her eyes, the gleam of youth again.

VALERIE M. WILLIAMSON, Form Scholarship VII.

Winter

Faery tracings silver the latticed panes,
 Reflecting in cold labyrinths of delight
 The tricks that lead the eye 'midst winding lanes
 Of hoary frost that gleams like starry night.
 In deep, swift-spirall'd troops pearl'd snowflakes dance
 And haste to clasp in glee some verdant spray
 That o'erlooks berries bright as festive manse
 Made gay with spiced ale on Christmas Day.
 Beyond, the fields lie wrapped in lacy snow;
 Robins seek their downy nests, hares now go
 In search of warmth, and stabled oxen low.

FIONA ELVIN, Form Scholarship VII.

Interior

Four walls; one vivid red, as if in anger shouting at its opposite number striped with green and plumed with gold; the third covered by clinging white lattice up which ivy crawls crazily; the fourth, all window, draped with provocative-patterned curtains in angular geometric figures, black on yellow; a broad window-ledge on which writhe tortured wooden shapes beside cruel, spiked cacti, zig-zagging up towards the startling, starred ceiling—

A stubby green carpet spattered madly with dark dots like an invading army of flies, their progress impeded occasionally by strange, carved wooden structures; these, curving, sweeping, dipping in the centre, but jutting into and out of the corners: the

upholstery, red honeycomb, as if fashioned by some gigantic insect—

Illuminated by a corrugated-shaded lamp perched on a spiral—

The whole is not some strange fantasy, but merely a contemporary room.

EDITH OSBORNE, Form Scholarship VII.

"L" Drivers

The engine screams, gears crash and with a jerk the car begins to move.

"Simple!" I think, as the instructor's hands grab the wheel to steer us off the pavement, for I have only narrowly missed wrapping the car round a lamp-post.

Back on the road the going is easier and after a difficult moment in which I try to lift the gear-box out of the floor, we are in second.

"Second what?" you ...may ask. Here I confess I never found out.

The car no longer complains but is determined to be on the other side of the road. I look round to see if we are being followed as a double-decker bus swerves to avoid us. The instructor mops his brow.

"Stop here," he says. Unfortunately I am unable to remember where the brake is and in my agitation, step more heavily on the accelerator. With a Silverston spurt the car leaps forward. The engine registers its protests and a cyclist flings himself on the grass verge as I pass. The instructor loosens his tie violently.

Realising I have done the wrong thing, I remove my feet from the controls on the floor. I am amazed to find that we still travel at a remarkable speed. The instructor crouches, as I concentrate on steering, and leaning across, applies the hand-brake. The car and engine stop rather suddenly.

"Better to stall the engine than to have no engine to stall," he says, lighting a cigarette with shaking hands.

Once more we run through the routine: clutch, gears, accelerator, brake. This time the car refuses to move: The instructor lights another cigarette. All my valiant efforts seem in vain; I have forgotten the brake. "Oh, well!" Now the car moves but it seems most interested in the gutter, for this is where we soon stop with a bump. As I point out to my trembling instructor, "I can't steer and change gears."

I find it possible after all and on returning home along the road, I pull up sharply to impress my friends, and jerk the instructor against the windscreen. He ruefully rubs a swelling bump on his head and staggers out of the car.

"What an angry look!" I think; "I wonder what can have annoyed him?"

ANNE MASTERMAN, Form Scholarship VII.

Ignorance is Bliss

At last opportunity had knocked; an ambition was to be fulfilled. I was to play the piano for morning prayers.

With mixed feelings I awaited the fateful day. At last it dawned, the sun playing hide-and-seek among the clouds.

Eventually the golden moment arrived. A nod from the Head Master was the signal for me to begin. The opening notes were rather hesitant and subdued, but by the end of the second verse my confidence had increased greatly, and the third and fourth verses were played with some enthusiasm.

Needless to say, by the fifth verse I was almost completely unaware of anyone else present and with great inspiration, struck the opening chords. After a few bars I dimly realised something was missing; with a jolt I was brought back to earth—no-one was singing. Suddenly the awful realization overtook me: I was playing the fifth verse of a hymn that contained only four!

VIOLET SMITH (Student-Teacher Group).

Comfort

Look not to crystal stars;
 Their light is dark:
 Turn not to piercing ice,
 For gleam is dead;
 Frost-filigree is iron;
 Snow skeletons are
 Only
 Desolation—
 Mourn not your blinded eyes;
 That berry's red
 On silvered green, the sun—
 Shot icicle,
 The surge of stream, are gone;
 For life can still be
 Found in
 Isolation—
 Forget the flash of fire
 Off Normandy.
 The freeze of wind is yours,
 The ache of breath.
 The elements, for you
 And God, will give such
 Perfect
 Consolation.

BARBARA SMITH, Form Upper VI.

The Visionary

Aloof he stands,
 Staring past mottled roof-tops and their crooked chimneys,
 Stretching horizon-ward;
 Heeds not the stately palaces, nor parks
 Lovely, as yet, in fresh and ungrimed greenness,
 Like mossy pools in this desert of brick and stone.
 Below him—crowds,
 Shuffling through crawling traffic and past dim-lit buildings,
 Creeping incessantly,
 Flies on vast fly-paper, struggling to move,
 Seeing him not, in his lone and tow'ring splendour,
 Nor, beneath him, the waters rising and splashing.
 Dusk lulls his view,
 Muffling the mottled roof-tops and their crooked chimneys,
 Dark'ning the square below.
 Then flash neon signs, electric, around him,
 Tumble and flash in their modern mechanism—
 Still Nelson stares on, over the square and the city.

DOROTHY NEW, Form Upper VI.

The Sleeping Cat

The first time I visited the house, I did not pay much attention to the cat lying curled up, asleep in the hearth. On the second visit, I vaguely remembered that I had noticed it previously, and this time I watched it but never saw it move. On my third visit it was still in the same place. My curiosity got the better of me, and when for a moment I was left alone in the room, I stooped to stroke it, and to my horror, found it was stuffed.

MARGARET WEBB, Form Lower VI.

Silence

I entered the cathedral, starting as the sound of my feet upon the stone slabs echoed round the building. It was deserted. The dim lights and the smell of burning incense intensified the stillness. The rows of pews were empty.

The unmoving figures in the stained-glass windows were a part of the silence. Great stone pillars, cold and lifeless, rose and were lost in the semi-darkness above. In the belfry chambers the four great bells hung mute: the ropes were still. The choir stalls were empty. The great organ was closed, its beautiful music stilled. The only sign of life came from two slender candles which burned before the altar.

The church was filled with the silence.

NORMA WALSH, Form IV.C.

The Tributary

It springs to life among the mountains high,
 And leaps and bounds down bare and rocky slopes.
 'Tis like a torrent coming from the sky,
 A voice expressing all life's joys and hopes;
 And now it chatters o'er a pebbly bed
 Between the lonely purple-heathered hills;
 And now by other smaller streams 'tis fed,
 And breathless radiance from its water spills.
 It passes on through fields of rippling corn
 Where poppies raise their heads above the gold,
 Where cornflowers blue the low hedgerows adorn;
 Past boulders, down by raging torrents rolled,
 Until at last its will is lost for ever,
 Drowned by the waters of a greater river.

RUTH CROMPTON, Form Upper VI.

My Favourites

My favourite food is mushrooms
 And, maybe, apple tarts.
 My favourite noise is the clippety-clop
 Of horses and their carts.
 My favourite game is hockey;
 My favourite colour blue.
 My favourite name is Doris,
 And, maybe, Alice too.
 My favourite flower's the primrose;
 My favourite fruit, the date;
 And getting up in the morning
 Is my favourite hate.

MARGARET WITTEN, Form IV.Ba.

Landscape

The tired brown path leads
 To a stream flanked by trees and bushes,
 For it runs through a wood.
 The rickety bridge shakes,
 As the torrent swirls and rushes
 In a passionate mood.
 The path wends on to a gate.
 Beyond the gate lie undulating fields,
 Fringed with trees.

GILLIAN COLLINS, Form IV.C.

Greasepaint

Monotonous months of rehearsal upon rehearsal are interrupted when the peaceful theatre is suddenly transformed into a joiner's playground.

Huge, panoramic backcloths fill the scene. Hammers sound endlessly. Cups of half-drunk tea and loose leaves of script adorn odd corners. Characters wander around in anything from a suit of armour to a tu-tu and the Press seem to appear from nowhere. A sole violinist adds to the general din with a mournful scale. Amid this babel the harassed producer secretly wishes he were dead.

By the time the first night arrives, excitement reaches fever pitch. In the wings the leading lady has hysterics. The atmosphere of expectancy heightens in the smoke-hazed auditorium. In an instant, at the wave of the baton, the crowd falls silent and the overture begins. The thrill of make-believe casts its spell. All too soon the swish of the final curtain and crescendo of applause bring the audience back to reality. Meanwhile, backstage, a happy cast forget all the heartaches of rehearsal in the pride of achievement.

An attendant whistles the haunting theme of the overture as he locks the door and wends his way home through dismal back street but behind, in the empty theatre, the smell of greasepaint and powder lingers on.

VALERIE CUTHBERTSON, Form Lower VI.

A Bedan

Of all my ambitions while I am at school,
 My dearest aim is to keep every rule;
 To please Mrs. Bryce and in Maths. to excel;
 To do well in Scripture and so please Miss Bell.
 But the poor English mistress: when I do a précis,
 It's really enough to send her quite crazy.
 My writing's too small, my book is all blots,
 I never cross t's and on i's put no dots.
 At French I'm no good; it's really a mystery
 That I ever do well in Latin or History.
 Teachers agree that my work is repelling;
 I make such remarkable errors in spelling.
 I am sure that the staff will sigh, when I leave,
 "At last she has gone," I'll let them believe,
 Until I return as one of their race,
 Depose Mr. Taylor and teach in his place.

SHEILA LAYBOURN, Form IV.C.

Why ?

Now, isn't it absurd ?
 When people use a word,
 They make it long.
 It's surely wrong !
 Here are a few I've heard.
 "Nonsensical" means "silly,"
 And "mountainous" means "hilly";
 "Headgear" means "hat."
 "Rotund" is "fat,"
 And "frigid"—that means "chilly."
 A "trick" they call an "antic,"
 A "mad man" they call "frantic."
 Now this, I think,
 Will make you blink:
 For "huge" they say "gigantic."
 Perhaps these few examples
 Explain the general trend.
 Why do they say "finale,"
 When they really mean—
 "The End." ?

ELIZABETH CHRISTIE, Form IV.C.

Our Bedan

We hear the time is coming,
 We hear it with a sigh;
 "The Bedan" must be issued
 And the time is drawing nigh.
 We're asked for something different,
 Fresh ideas, something new,
 That will interest our teachers,
 And perhaps the Bedans too.
 For years and years and years now,
 Five hundred girls have tried
 To make for us a "Bedan"
 That will really rouse our pride.
 They have written on all topics,
 That possibly they could,
 Poems, limericks and essays;
 And some of them were good.
 I ask this simple question,
 And I ask it now of you:
 "Is there anything they haven't done
 Which is left for us to do ?"

MARTHA LOCKIE, Form IV.C.

The Journey

Of what do dead men dream,
 Slipping, sleeping through green
 Crystal waters,
 Past coral, life through death,
 Flush, clear and amber depth
 Desolate ?
 A limbless flutter halts
 The octopus,
 Who flaps reply;
 A passing fish, who winks,
 Looks kindly at
 A sightless eye.
 With the tide he rests, and none
 Can break his dream.
 The ocean lulls
 Him still,
 The waters
 Gleam.

BARBARA SMITH, Form Upper VI.

Noises Off !

Paper rustles—somebody coughs vigorously—a match flames and dies out—an occasional arm or foot fidgets—then a muffled whisper and the sound of eating—the crunching of sweets—the crackle of potato crisps—a pungent smell of oranges assails the nostrils.

In these ways a cinema audience shows its lack of interest. There are, moreover, distractions which can mar the enjoyment of the finest film. There is the commentary of adults from the row behind, a commentary which frequently runs ahead of events. There is the shrill voice of the child who questions his father on the course of the plot.

It is seldom that two long films in one programme can hold the silent attention of an audience. How often I have longed for a cinema where little children would not be admitted; where eating and smoking would be forbidden, as in the theatre; and where the audience went to see the film, and not for an outing to the "pictures." That perfect cinema is almost within my grasp. It will seat only ten persons, but in perfect comfort. Television has made it mine.

PAULINE BERNSTEIN, Form Lower VI.

My Visit to Kuwait

Arabs do not, as most people seem to think, live in clean tents with sheepskin rugs on the floor. Neither do the sheiks have beautiful maidens to obey all their commands. In fact, they are quite different from this.

Whilst paying a visit to Kuwait town, I found that the Sheik did live in a beautiful palace with radios and cinemas. This, however, was due to the Kuwait Oil Company which has made the country prosperous and enabled the Sheik to become the richest man in the world.

The ordinary Arabs, known as Bedouin, live in the desert in much the same way as their forefathers. I met some of these Bedouin when my uncle took my cousin and me to Minageesh, a watering-place in the desert about fifty miles from the sea, where there is a Bedouin settlement. They live in low tents which are made from goat's hair and which are not particularly clean. The men wear clothes similar to those illustrated in the Bible; they believe that their womenfolk should be heavily veiled.

One night we were taken to see the "flares." This is the name given to the waste gas from the oil, which is continuously burning. These flares were very spectacular at night-time and as I watched the flames leaping up towards the starry sky, I thought of the people in England who have to pay gas bills; here in Kuwait the gas was being burned to get rid of it.

When we were not sight-seeing we spent our time at the club in Ahmadi. We arose early and by half-past six we were playing tennis. After an hour's play with an Indian who was used to the heat, we were quite ready for a swim. The average temperature of the water was about 89°F. and we spent the whole morning in the pool. After lunch we either stayed indoors or returned to the pool. In the evening we went to the pool or down to the beach. Sometimes we visited the open-air cinema.

At last my six weeks' holiday drew to a close and I had to leave behind me the summer temperature of 150°F. at the Persian Gulf and prepare myself for the summer of 50°F. in England.

CAROL HENDERSON, Form III.C.

Snow

I rubbed the patterned frost from the window and gazed out to see tiny snowflakes fluttering gaily down, covering the world.

Even as I watched, the wind gained force, blowing the snow from the ground into a misty curtain before the window. The old poplar swayed, throwing the snow from its branches in a cascade of white. Then, the snow stopped falling. A pale sun appeared, casting its beams across the whiteness and making it sparkle and glitter.

JUNE GARDNER, Form III.Bm.

The Seagull

A woman was standing by the harbour wall. In her hand was a paper bag filled with bread crusts. Some seagulls were wheeling about overhead and she began to throw bread to them. One was a very large bird: its movements were swift and graceful as it darted here and there, never failing to catch the bread. All the time, it made a sound, rather like the cry of a baby, and as it drew closer, she saw its wicked little eyes. The gull was insatiable and kept coming back for more and more until all the bread had gone.

The seagull continued to dart towards the woman, its cruel beak flashing in the sunlight. She ducked involuntarily but the bird did not touch her. It hovered in the air before her, all the time watching the paper bag that she still clutched. She stood as if too panic-stricken to move. The seagull darted at her once more and impulsively she threw the bag from her hand. The startled bird watched as the bag floated slowly down, coming to rest on the calm blue water. The gull seemed to understand her action, for with a last indignant cry, it flew away.

DOROTHY KEENLYSIDE, Form IV.C.

At Night

When I go to bed at night
 And settle snugly down alone,
 The little child I am by day
 Goes very suddenly away:
 And then I'm Mrs. Jones.
 I have a family of six,
 And all of them have names.
 The girls are Joan and Betty Maud;
 The boys are Percival and Claude
 And Jonathan and James.
 We do the most exciting things,
 Enough to make you creep.
 Cheerily, cheerily on we go
 I often wonder if I know
 When I've gone to sleep.

MAUREEN DARLING, Form IV.Ba.

At the Fair

The roundabout was speeding round, and everyone on it was screaming with laughter. As it rose and fell we were hurled against each other, and when we dared to look over the side of the car, we saw blurs of lights and vivid colours merging

into one another. The music was deafening. Suddenly a shape loomed up in front of us. It was only the man for the money. He was perched precariously on the foot-rest of the moving car. The car's speed increased till we gasped for breath. Just as we felt we could bear it no longer, the speed decreased until gradually, after a few lurches, the roundabout stopped. We staggered dizzily out, leaving our seats free for the laughing crowd rushing forward to claim them. "Roll up! Roll up!" roared the man, as the brightly coloured cars gathered speed for another mad whirl.

NORMA GRAY, Form IV.C.

My Dreams

I often lie in bed and dream
 Of castles in the air,
 But in the morning when I wake,
 Alas! they are not there.
 I often travel very far
 To places I don't know,
 And talk to strangers whom I meet,
 As on my way I go.
 Sometimes I dream of things to come,
 Like space-ships to the moon;
 At times I find that I am rich,
 But these dreams end too soon.
 Sometimes I'm climbing up and up
 And fear I'm going to fall,
 But, best of all, I like to sleep
 And not to dream at all.

DOROTHY SHARP, Form II.Bm.

The Sun

The sun is shining, round and gold,
 On her way round the world,
 Each and every day.
 She sees the white flock in its fold,
 Children on their way to school,
 Ducks and fishes swimming
 In their glistening pool.
 Trees are waving, birds fly high
 Higher, higher into the sky,
 As if they sought to reach the sun
 Before its golden journey's done.

VALERIE THOMPSON, Form I.B.

