

THE BEDAN

1959

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BEDE GRAMMAR SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

1958—59

Head Mistress	Miss Moul.
Senior Mistress	Miss Carrick (Chemistry).
Form Scholarship VII	Miss Waggott (English).
Student Teachers ..	Miss Harding (Biology).
Form Upper VI Arts	Miss Wilman (Mathematics).
„ Upper VI Science	Miss Carlin (Biology).
„ Lower VI (1)	Miss Hayton (History).
„ Lower VI (2 & 3)	Miss Heslop (Geography).
„ IV C	Mr. Taylor (Physics).
„ IV G	Mr. Rogers (History).
„ IV Bma	Miss Barnes (Needlework).
„ III C	Miss Tweed (French).
„ III S	Mr. Cox (Classics).
„ III Bm.	Miss Bernard (Music)
„ II W	Miss Thompson (History, English, Mathematics).
„ II X	Mrs. Lewis (French and Latin).
„ II Y	Miss Bell (Divinity).
„ II Z	Mrs. Wilkinson (Chemistry & Biology).
„ I W	Mrs. Bryce (Mathematics).
„ I X	Mr. Shrimpton (Spanish).
„ I Z	Miss Duns (German).
	Miss Azagra (Spanish and History).

Miss Balloch (Physical Education).

Miss Crone (Art).

Miss Fall (English).

Miss Hall (Domestic Science).

Mr. Hartley (Music).

Mr. Hymas (English).

Mr. Nottingham (Divinity).

Mrs. Proud (English).

Miss Richardson (Art).

Miss Rutter (Physical Education).

Miss Simpson (Geography).

Miss Taylor (French).

Visiting Staff: Miss Elliott (Violin).

School Secretary: Miss Stewart.

Captain of School: Ursula Field.

Vice-Captain: June Liddle.

Staff Changes.

In the Summer term, 1958, we said "Goodbye" to Mrs. Raven and we are delighted to know that she has now a baby son. In July, we were sorry to lose Mrs. Watson and Miss Jackson, and at Christmas, Miss Bratt.

In September we welcomed to the school Miss Azagra, Mr. Nottingham and Miss Richardson, and hope they will be very happy among us. We were pleased to have Miss Tweed back after her year's teaching in France. At the beginning of the year we were pleased to welcome Miss Stewart, our new Secretary, and hope her stay with us will be a happy one.

MISS GIBBONS.

In December, we bade farewell to our friend, Miss Gibbons, after twenty-one years' service as School Secretary. We shall never forget her kindness and helpfulness on all occasions. We take this opportunity to wish her a long and happy retirement. We are always happy to welcome her whenever she is able to pay us a return visit.

Letter from Miss Moul.

My dear Bedans,

When I left the Latymer School in Edmonton, London, from which I came to Bede, I was surprised to find that what I missed most was the music played for a few moments after Morning Prayers. I have no musical gift and no musical training. I had not consciously assessed the worth of the musical contribution by the music master but I suppose that the regular outpouring of beauty had filled my mind with infinite satisfaction. The habit of listening had grown on me, and when there was no longer need to do so, I felt oddly deprived.

Only months now divide me from my departure from Bede, and I can no longer refuse to face up to the fact. I wonder what I shall miss most? Perhaps it will be the routine of business. A time-table is irksome only when there is something more alluring to tempt one away. I have no doubt that you, too, will find, when school days are over, how satisfying was the following of regular studies and regular times.

I have just realised, with a shock, that I have been learning consciously, through following deliberate instruction, for sixty years. I cannot congratulate myself on the amount I've learned, though I do most gratefully acknowledge my debt to some of the ablest teachers I have ever met. I remember that I was taught to write by first making pothooks and strokes. I was taught to read by my grandfather who began the morning by reading a chapter of the Bible, and then a newspaper. These were my textbooks before I went to school. Thereafter my seven-year-old reading, at boarding school, was "Christie's Old Organ", "Stepping Heavenwards" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin", literature chosen by my mother for its "improving" quality. I do not remember that I ever questioned her taste or that of the teachers who stacked, to the very ceiling, the shelves in a large room. Classical stories lay cheek by jowl with travel yarns and Dickens' tales alongside sentimental stuff like "East Lynne". I read every single book, in no particular order, and with no other purpose than I was captivated by the written word,

and I cried so much over the dying Willie in "East Lynne" that my nose reddened and swelled as well as my eyelids. I was able to read as much as I did because the boarding school was so organised that outside our lesson times and one hour's "prep" or homework, we had long hours of freedom. My only science was from a Primer in Botany which introduced me to a dicotyledon. I taught myself Latin from first lessons in a magazine called "Tit-Bits" or "Answers". We read French in school without pronouncing a single word according to the French tongue. It was years before I realised that French was a living, spoken language. I thought that it was as dead as Latin, and that the French people spoke English. You will realise at once that my curriculum of studies was narrow compared with yours, and that my early education was unsystematic. Its value lay in the emphasis that was laid on "thinking", which built up good habits of mind, and in the freedom that was ours to fill our considerable leisure as we chose. We had to make our own fun. We had no wireless, no cinemas, no tape recorders, no films, no cine-projectors. Very occasionally we were enthralled by a conjuror or by a Punch and Judy show.

After forty years' teaching I know that what matters is not so much what we read or how much we learn as what we do with what we read and learn. If we do not apply our learning, all our learning is in vain. You, then, in the rapidly-moving fast-changing world, will pursue your scientific and historical studies in order to make the modern world intelligible to yourselves. As for me, I see that I have been trained for the more leisurely world of retirement.

My dear Bedans, I have given you, in the quarter of a century which I have spent with you, everything that I am. I have nothing left to offer you. I hope that I shall be able to keep some contact with you. I long to hear noble reports of you. I believe that each one of you is capable of becoming a specialist in some department of Nature or knowledge whose interpreter you then are for the rest of mankind. Every ship, that puts into Sunderland or any port, got its charter from some Columbus. Every novel we read is a debt to Homer. I would have you become discoverers and road-makers who increase the area of life. I would have you seek the company of the good and great with whom life is sweet. Above all I would have you kind and gentle and charming women.

I know that you will progress under your young headmistress, and that you will welcome her as warmly and serve her as loyally as you know how. I am happy to leave the school in her hands.

With gratitude for the joy that has been mine at Bede and for your many kindnesses, believe me always,

Yours affectionately,

WINIFRED J. E. MOUL.

FOUNDERS' DAY.

As in past years Founders' Day began with the celebration of Holy Communion in Bishopwearmouth Church. This year, for the first time, there was a Communion Service for members of the Free Churches at Durham Road Methodist Church.

The service was conducted by the Rector of Bishopwearmouth, Canon C. L. P. Bishop, and the lessons were read by the Captain of the Boys' School, Garth Pinkney, and the Captain of the Girls' School, Ursula Field. The combined choirs sang the anthem "Then Shall Your Light Break Forth", from Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

The address was given by the Bishop of Jarrow, the Rev. Mervyn Armstrong, who took as his theme the parable of the ^{Right} talents. He emphasised that true education is more than the acquiring of information, and that sincerity of purpose and faithful service are as important as worldly success. Prayers were led by the Rev. F. H. Hawkins of Roker Presbyterian Church.

This service, which made us aware, not only of the benefits the past has given to us as a school, but of the challenge which the present offers to each pupil, was a most inspiring occasion.

JUNE LIDDLE.

IRENE TURNBULL.

SPEECH DAY.

Senior Speech Day was held on Thursday evening, November 13th, under the chairmanship of Councillor W. Wilson. Our chief guests were Sir Gilbert Rennie, High Commissioner of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, and Lady Rennie.

After the presentation of bouquets and the singing of the school song, Miss Moul gave a very interesting and comprehensive account of the school's activities during the previous year. She commented on the wide range of careers followed by former Bedans. In thanking Miss Moul for her report, the Chairman expressed his regret at her forthcoming retirement.

The chief speaker of the evening, Sir Gilbert Rennie, gave a stimulating address. In the course of it he told us much about education in Rhodesia. He said that he would like to leave with us two thoughts which might help to guide us: we must aim at courtesy, which he defined as "consideration with a smile"; and we must learn tolerance, "the imaginative entering into the other person's mind".

After a song by the School choir, Sir Gilbert distributed the prizes and certificates and Lady Rennie was presented with a copy of "The Land of the Three Rivers", as a souvenir of her visit to Sunderland.

A vote of thanks was proposed by Councillor H. Graham and seconded by the School Captain, Ursula Field. A very pleasant evening was then brought to a close by the singing of the National Anthem.

URSULA FIELD.

THE PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION.

The activities of the Association over the past year have been confined to routine with no special efforts for specific purposes. As in past years the members have assisted in the organisation of dances and socials for the pupils. Early in the year a successful Question Quiz programme was held with parents as panel-members and many provocative questions were raised by parents and pupils.

Just before Christmas more than 350 parents, teachers and pupils attended a Christmas Party and Whist Drive organised by the P.T.A. at which Mr. Berry, Chairman of the Association, presented the School Secretary, Miss I. Gibbons, who retired at the end of the Christmas term after twenty-one years' service, with a tea-service in recognition of her work for the Association and as an expression of our affection and esteem.

We are deeply conscious of the fact that this will be our last year of work with Miss Moul as our mainstay. It was her inspiration which brought the Association into being and we trust her successor will be as actively interested. We assure Miss Moul that her "infant" having now reached maturity, will continue to thrive in old age!

The Association suffered a sad loss in the sudden death of Mr. Dawson, our Honorary Joint Secretary and we would like to record our sincere appreciation of his services and extend our deepest sympathies to Mrs. Dawson and family.

J. W. BIRBECK,
Hon. Joint Secretary.

Just before Christmas a van-load of Toys was collected and sent to Dr. Barnado's Homes at Shotley Bridge. In return, the Juniors have been invited to visit the children during the Summer Term.

Under the direction of Brenda Emmerson, the J.S.C.M. collected £22 2s. 4d. for the National Children's Home from the sale of "Sunny Smiles". The proceeds from a sale of books, £1 17s. 0d., were sent to the S.P.G.

During the summer term we hope to collect used British stamps to send to the British and Foreign Bible Society; they will be sent abroad and sold as foreign stamps. By this we hope to aid the finances of the organisation.

After the performance of the school play, four members of the J.S.C.M. cleaned and tidied the property-room one Saturday. Their help was an extremely good effort.

PAULINE FEATONBY,
Chairman.

MUSIC.

During the past year three celebrity recitals have taken place. Bernard Brown, in a programme entitled "Sound the Trumpet" and the well-known 'cellist Florence Hooton made a return visit to the school. In February a brilliant, young Canadian pianist, Malcolm Troup came to us for the first, but we hope not the last, time. His recital took the form of a musical "tour of the world." He played many interesting compositions from early Keyboard music by John Dowland to Gershwin's "Prelude".

In April 1958, a party of girls visited South Shields to see a film of the Bolshoi Ballet Company.

Two visits have been made to hear the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra. The first, a performance for schoolchildren, took place at the Odeon cinema, Sunderland. The second, arranged by Sunderland Education Authority, was in the City Hall, Newcastle.

The school choirs have shown great enthusiasm throughout the year. The Junior and Senior choirs sang at their respective Speech Days and at the Carol Service. In March the Senior Choir combined with the Boys' Choir to give a performance of Mendelssohn's "Elijah". Under the direction of Miss Bernard, and with Mr. Hartley at the organ, the concert was a great success.

SHEILA IRWING.
JUDITH WILLIS.

THE SCIENCE SOCIETY.

The Annual General Meeting of the Science Society took place on September 24th. Miss Moul again consented to be President and Mr. Taylor is Chairman this year. The Vice-Chairman is Judith Rosenstein and the Treasurer is Carol Henderson.

In October, Minnie McMillan gave a talk on the Crossing of Antarctica which was illustrated with photographs. At the other extreme, in November, Dr. Gibson gave a talk on Nigeria which was illustrated with colour slides taken when the doctor was working out in Africa.

The next meeting was held in February and took the form of a lecture given by Mr. Agar on "Lighting through the Ages". Mr. Agar's assistant performed several experiments illustrating different types of lighting-methods and showed some examples of lighting equipment from very early times to the present day.

At the March meeting of the Society it was decided that the Annual Outing in May would be to the Edinburgh Zoo.

The Society has a large membership this year and the meetings have been quite well attended; we hope that it will continue to flourish.

MAUREEN SAYER, Secretary.

HOUSE ACTIVITIES.

At the end of the summer term an inter-house choir competition was held. All the houses formed choirs and worked enthusiastically. The set piece was "Golden Slumbers" and then each house gave a song of their own choice. Mr. Kirk judged Ness House to be best, with Esk House second.

In sports, the honours have been shared by several houses. The tennis tournament was won by Ben. Avon won the senior hockey tournament and Ness the junior. All the matches were very well supported.

This year it was decided to hold meetings only when there was something special to be discussed. The houses met in September for the election of officers and to discuss a competition to be held

in December. In this competition each house displayed Christmas gifts and the idea was to see which house could produce the best selection of articles at small cost. Miss Dickie came to judge the displays, and awarded Esk House the first prize. She praised the high standard of work and the variety of gifts on all the stalls.

On the afternoon of Founders' Day the houses held a quick meeting to decide who should perform in an impromptu concert. Many volunteers gave an entertaining programme of singing, dancing and piano-playing. Two members of Drom gave an interesting rendering of the Toreador song from "Carmen", and Strath presented an excellent impression of a silent film. Undoubtedly the star performer was Mr. Hymas, who gave a demonstration of rock'n roll.

Members have enjoyed all these activities and look forward to continued friendly rivalry among the houses.

HAZEL OLIVER.

THE SCHOOL SAVINGS MOVEMENT.

The School Savings Group has again made good progress this year. Under the Sunderland Trustees Savings Bank Envelope Scheme, the school saved £680, an increase of £130 over the previous year's total.

The school took part in a "Top of the Form" Quiz organised by the East Durham National Savings Committee but had the misfortune to be defeated in the first round by the A. J. Dawson Grammar School at Wingate.

The school must thank the National Savings Movement for sending numerous copies of three colourful posters depicting the Holy Land, Fashion through the Ages and A Treasure Chest of English Literature.

C. J. SHRIMPTON.

VISIT TO MALHAM TARN FIELD CENTRE.

On October 1st, 1959, after five rail changes and a switch-back ride in a Land-Rover, we arrived at Malham Tarn Field Centre. Our first view of the district was magnificent—which was fortunate, because for the next six days our vision was limited by a heavy mist.

On the first evening we were given an introductory lecture on the geology of the area which we were to explore in the course of the next week. During our stay we saw the usual features of glaciated and limestone topography; boulder clay, drumlins, screes, limestone pavement, dry valleys and pot-holes. Our spirits were not dampened by the four inches of rain which fell in the first forty-eight hours.

Individual field work was not very successful. Despite the aid of maps and compasses, we wandered round the vicinity of Victoria Cave three times but never found the entrance. At the time we blamed the mist, but when, on a clear day, we failed to find Parson's Pulpit, we began to think that we ourselves were at fault.

During our course we made many friends and in the evenings we had lively discussions on a wide variety of subjects including dialect, cameras, food, music and fossils. At the end of a strenuous but exciting week, we returned home with our knowledge of geography considerably increased.

IRENE TURNBULL,
Form Scholarship VII.

AYSGARTH FALLS AND SEMMERWATER.

On a cool morning in June, four members of staff and an excited group of Bedans boarded the buses which were to take them to Wensleydale.

We stopped at Richmond for about half an hour and walked round the walls of the castle. Unfortunately we did not have time to go in and look round, for we were to observe glacial features in Swaledale.

Two hours later we arrived at Aysgarth Falls and decided that this would be a good place for lunch. We picnicked near the first of three waterfalls where there is a watermill, and set out in search of the others.

On arriving at Semmerwater we left the buses and went down to the lake, which was reputed to cover a drowned village. On the shore we found stones containing fossils of crinoids, and a causeway leading from a huge erratic boulder into the lake. Afterwards we set off in quest of a hanging valley. We found it, but lost interest after discovering it to be waterless. We returned across the fields to the buses, climbing stone walls on the way, but replacing any stones which we knocked off.

We ate our tea on the village green at Bainbridge, not far from Semmerwater. The main interests here were the village stocks on the green, and a huge drumlin with the remains of a Roman fort on the top.

Unfortunately it was then time to leave, and we set off for home after an instructive and happy day.

VALERIE NOTTINGHAM,
Form L.VI.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION — 1958-9.

Hockey:

The First Hockey XI had an enjoyable season, although several matches had to be cancelled owing to bad weather. The team won six and lost five of the matches played. At Christmas, we were sorry to lose our centre-forward, Iris Wood, but, after a few adjustments, the new forward line proved quite successful. The Junior team has been successful this season and will provide a sound basis for future senior teams.

The following girls represented the First Senior XI during the season:—Jean Farrar, Ursula Field, Veronica Harrison, Christine Kirby, Clare Masterman, June Miller (Captain), Edith Powell, Anne Thompson, Muriel Watson, Ann Wiggins, Iris Wood, Sonia Wrangham.

At present, three girls, June Miller, Ann Wiggins and Iris Wood hold their hockey colours and the following girls have been awarded colours for their play during the season:—Ursula Field, Veronica Harrison, Clare Masterman, Muriel Watson and Sonia Wrangham.

Netball:

The netball team had a successful season during 1958-9. Out of the fourteen matches played, only three were lost. All the matches played against the boys were lost, though only by very narrow margins. Those who played for the 1st Senior Netball VII were:—Freda Curry, Pat Gorringer, Paula Hodgson, Carole Jones, Pat Lawson, Winifred Pickering (captain), Carol Rosenstein, Alison Smith and Sheila Winton.

Because of the extensions being made to the school, netball can not now be played in the quadrangle. Some of the last matches of the season had to be played on a grass court, which was not entirely satisfactory.

Tennis:

Owing to bad weather only six matches were played during the season, of which Bede won five and narrowly lost the other.

The Singles Championship was won by Elizabeth Laws while Winifred Pickering and Neil Wright won the Mixed Doubles Tournament. Ben House retained the Senior Trophy.

Those who played for the School VI during the 1958 season were:—Elizabeth Laws, Winifred Pickering, Pat Pickering (captain), Judith Rosenstein, Carol Rosenstein and Anne Thompson.

For the first time the school had a junior team which was successful in the two matches played and it is hoped that it will have continued success in the future.

Swimming:

In 1958 five Bedans were chosen to represent Sunderland Schools in the county schools' swimming gala. They were:—L. Hulsmeier, M. Watson, J. Birbeck, J. Ritchie and M. Beresford. Our under fifteen freestyle team was placed fifth in the county. From this gala J. Birbeck and M. Beresford were chosen to compete in an inter-county gala with Yorkshire, and then they went to Rochdale for the All England Schools' Championships.

Our Cox Trophy Memorial Team, J. Birbeck and A. Wrightson, won the Sunderland round of the competition and in the county final they gained second place. This is the first time in the ten years that the Sunderland Competition has been running that a school has won the competition twice.

Certificates received this year were as follows:—

Intermediate	18	3rd Class	9
Bronze	8	2nd Class	4
Bronze Cross	18	1st Class	3
Unigrip	5	Special	3
Bar to Bronze	3	Medallist	3
Bar to Bronze Cross	2		
Bar to Silver	1		

18 of our girls gained places in the Sunderland Schools' Gala held in November.

Sports Day:

Sports Day took place on Wednesday, May 13th, 1959, and for the first time in many years we had excellent weather. We were pleased to welcome the Mayoress, Mrs. Wales, who graciously presented the prizes.

The Senior Cup was won by Ben House with 33 points, the runner-up being Drom with 21 points. Strath House carried off the Middle School Cup with 36 points, followed by Ness with 27 points. The Junior Cup was won by Ben with 38 points followed by Avon with 19 points.

This year the individual champions were presented with a shield instead of a cup. Carol Kemp (Ben) won the Junior Championship and Marjorie Makel (Ness) the Middle School Championship, while Joan Wallis and Joan Watson (Esk and Ben) were joint Senior Champions.

EXAMINATION RESULTS.

In July, 1958, the following girls were successful in the University of Durham examinations of the General Certificate of Education.

Advanced and Scholarship Level:

Rona Batey, Gillian Collins, Sylvia Ellwood, Robina Foster, Norma Gray, Margaret Hodgson, Betty Howat, Ann Irving, Sheila Laybourn, Joan Leonard, Martha Lockie, Hazel McCree, Doris McMullan, Kathleen Marshall, Jean Nicholas, Gwynne Page, Patricia Pickering, Anne Powell, Charlotte Robinson, Margaret Robson, Irene Smith, Norma Walsh, Hilary Wheale, Maureen Wilkinson.

Ordinary Level:

Marcia Ainsworth, Merle Anderson, Yvonne Armstrong, Connie Bailey, Beatrice Baker, Elizabeth Baker, Jill Bartlett, Joan Bell, Margaret Beresford, Patricia Bergson, Alyda Black, Anne Bulmer, Denise Cansfield, Jean Carlton, Maureen Chalk, Helen Chambers, Doreen Close, Kathleen Conley, Rosalind Cooper, Christine Cope, Rita Corbett, Anne Corcoran, Vera Coulson, Kathleen Craig, Marion Cunningham, Angela Curtis, Judith Davidson, Emily Dawson, Patricia Deans, Gillian Ditchburn, Patricia Dorward, Maureen Elliott, Joan Ellison, Sylvia Ellwood, Anne Fambely, Wendy Fawcett, Dorothy Forster, Valerie Gibson, Rosemary Gilchrist, Frederica Graham, Kathleen Hall, Muriel Hares, Pamela Harris, Anne Harrison, Judith Harrison, Veronica Harrison, Anne Hawkins, Ann Hayhurst, Barbara Hedworth, Carol Henderson, Judith Henderson, Judith Hird, Shirley Hodgson, Patricia Hoey, Barbara Hopper, Valerie Hughf, Pearl Iley, Sheila Irwing, Dorothy Knight, Margaret Knox, Joyce Lake, Elizabeth Laws, Joan Leonard, June Liddle, Ann Little, Jean Lockie, Norma McCain, Anne McClement, Doreen McKinley, Margaret Maddison, Dorothea Makel, Valerie Marshall, Clare Masterman, Dorothy Mennear, Marion Milburn, June Miller, Edith Morgan, Patricia Nichol, Anne Nicholls, Hazel Oliver, Hilary Orr, Valerie Owen, Jean Pace, June Pain, Wendy Parr-Burman, Olive Parsons, Ann Phipps, Winifred Pickering, Judith Plemper, Lesley Potts, Maureen Purdy, Sylvia Refson, Valerie Ritchie, Jennifer Rogers, Judith Rosenstein, Jean Royal, Elizabeth Sewell, Dorothy Sharp, Anne Shepherd, Ann Simpson, Janet Simpson, Elizabeth Smart, Winifred Smith, Joan Soppit, Irene Stanness, Sandra Stevens, Dorothy Stewart, Eileen Stiff, Elke Stoltz, Ann Taylor, Anne Thompson, Irene Turnbull, Pamela Turnock, Elizabeth Usher, Brenda Van Ham, Clare Verne-Jones, Ann Vosper, Dorothy Wardle, Hilary Wheale, Joan When, Ann Wiggins, Doreen Wilcock, Valerie Wilkinson, Iris Wood, Patricia Wynn.

“LADY PRECIOUS STREAM”

We imagined that the production of “Lady Precious Stream”, a simple Chinese play, would be easy, but during the months of rehearsals we found that this was not true.

After casting, the next problem was providing costumes for the cast of forty. Unlike last year, when a Roman soldier could be dressed in only two yards of material, this year it was discovered that Chinese attendants needed five yards for their costumes. A way

had to be found to manufacture authentic costumes at small cost. Miss Carlin did this by buying remnants of material cheaply from Sunderland stores and girls helped this economy by sewing materials on to old petticoats. The graceful styles worn by the women and the mandarin-style costumes of the men helped to create a truly Chinese atmosphere. The colours, at times effectively blended and at others excitingly contrasted, enhanced the simplicity of the action.

The play meanwhile, under the production of Mr. Hymas, was growing into the amusing yet moving story the author had meant to portray. Like a typical Chinese play "Lady Precious Stream" had a great deal of miming and pantomime in it. An effective snow-storm was created by releasing white paper "snow" from a roller-blind. Hsieh Ping Kuei rode an imaginary horse, with coconut shells providing the sound effects.

Yet another difficulty was revealed at the dress-rehearsal—makeup. We obviously needed a great deal and this at close quarters gave us the appearance of circus clowns and rendered us quite unrecognisable even to our friends.

On the first night, our nervousness, which had been steadily mounting throughout the day, was suddenly dispelled when the Honourable Reader introduced each character.

We soon became aware of the friendliness of the audience, and their warm-hearted response meant that everyone on the stage enjoyed to the full the performance on this and the following night.

TWO MEMBERS OF THE CAST.

THE GUILD OF OLD BEDANS

Once again, the Editors, on behalf of the school, express their thanks to the Guild of Old Bedans, for their kindness in giving two prizes in the annual essay competition. We much appreciate their keen interest and encouragement.

This year the subjects were set by the Geography Department. The senior prize has been won by Judith Ann Harrison (Form Scholarship VII) and the Junior prize by Kathleen Cooper (Form III Em). Their essays are printed below.

“OH, TO BE IN ENGLAND.”**Some Home Thoughts From Abroad.**

When you wake to a dreary, drizzling English day, do you ever say to yourself, “Oh, to be on a tropical island with silver sands and sunlit skies!”? You may find it difficult to believe that someone else may be saying to himself, “Oh, to be in England.”

“Today we went to Maracas Bay, but the view of palms, silver sand and mountains was spoilt by showers of rain from the North-East, which seemed to attract sand-flies and mosquitoes in countless numbers.” This is an extract from the diary I kept during the time I lived in the West Indies.

Another entry describes the horrors of the tropical bush, where lizards, sleek and slippery, glide into the undergrowth; where the sunlight is obscured by creepers; where everything is cloaked in mystery, and the silence is complete until pierced by the shrill cry of a cigala. In the bush I remembered walks I had taken in English woods, spring woods with a roof of delicate green, and autumn woods with a carpet of copper and gold.

Our West Indian garden and its orchids, bougainvillea and hibiscus made me long for the delicate fresh spring flowers of England, the bluebell and snowdrop, whose faint perfumes are so much sweeter than the overpowering scent of the tropical flowers.

The stifling humidity of the air made me yearn for our high windswept cliffs, and for the gentle rain which, unlike the swift tropical downpours, gives real refreshment to the earth.

Driving along bumpy cart-tracks, I could remember the smooth roads of England where the springs of the vehicles are not ruined after six months, and where, after rain, the way is not lost under “rivers or lakes”.

People in England often talk enthusiastically about the brilliantly coloured birds of the tropics, but the macaw and keskadee lose their charm when their voices are heard, for they utter raucous sounds totally unlike the sweet chirruping of small brown sparrows.

Even the grey streets of England seemed to me preferable to the garish streets of Trinidad where one is besieged by beggars holding out clutching hands. These poor people are either emaciated living skeletons, or are gross with the dreaded elephantiasis. When out shopping I saw rats playing about the openings of sewers. On the roofs of stores sat the vultures, especially the corbeau, its

hooded eyes deceptively alert for the death of some creature to provide it with a meal.

In Trinidad I remembered English houses, their neat gardens, brightly-coloured paint and gay curtains. How different were my memories from the actualities around me! The Indians' wattle and daub huts, their thatched roofs so low as almost to reach the ground, are very unhealthy to live in. In Shanty Town the houses look like hen-coops and each occupies a piece of land so small that the address might read "11 $\frac{1}{2}$ Siparia Road".

I believe it was the sight of beggars and the appalling conditions under which people lived that made me most homesick so that at last I was glad to come home.

But that was almost three years ago, and now when I wake to a dreary drizzling English day I say to myself, "Oh! to be on a beautiful tropical island with silver sands and sunlit skies," and a longing for Trinidad steals over me.

JUDITH ANN HARRISON,

Form Scholarship VII.

A MAGIC CARPET FOR A WEEK.

If I could have a magic carpet for a week, I should go to Auckland in New Zealand, to visit my future sister-in-law and her family.

It must be noted that the magic carpet travels at a great speed, and one can fly on it without the aid of oxygen or safety belt. It has no controls but, because it is magic, it can obey spoken orders.

I begin my journey at nine o'clock on a Sunday morning and I travel westwards at a speed which keeps pace with the earth's rotation so that the hour remains nine o'clock all the time. At such a rate I am moving much faster than the ocean liners or even the Trans-Atlantic air liners and I see very little. I can, however, have a peep at the New Seaway on the St. Lawrence which is soon to be opened and which will allow ocean-going vessels to sail as

far as Lake Superior. I speed on over St. Louis on the Mississippi, over the Rockies and over the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Here I fly very low to catch a glimpse of the many-coloured rocks.

In the Pacific I have to cross the International Date line where it becomes nine o'clock Monday morning, and this time is maintained until I reach Auckland, where I ground the carpet and meet my hosts.

For the next six days we cruise around, visiting places I have heard of. I see the Thermal Region of Rotorua in North Island where there is thermal activity within a few yards of the main streets. At night, everything is floodlit and the beauty of this strange area is at its best. On another day we visit the Southern Alps and fly over them via Arthur's Pass. Under the pass is a tunnel, five and a quarter miles long. I am anxious to see a glacier and, as these are quite numerous in the south, our third excursion is to South Island, to the Franz Josef Glacier. On the Canterbury Plains sheep are reared in great numbers and I watch the sheep-shearers at work with keen interest. The latter part of my stay is taken up with visits to Maori settlements such as that at Ohinemutu and to cities such as Christchurch, Wellington and New Plymouth.

After saying good-bye to my friends I begin the journey home at nine o'clock on Sunday morning, and adjust my speed to keep pace with the earth's rotation.

At first I fly due west to Sydney, then across Australia to Singapore and from Singapore to Calcutta. I fly almost due west again to Karachi and from here over the Persian Gulf to Abadan. After that I cross Mesopotamia, the fertile land between the Tigris and Euphrates. Soon I obtain a fleeting glimpse of the island of Cyprus and I am eager to see what it looks like for it has been much in the news recently. The next stages of the journey are over Athens and Rome, and then over the Alps to Paris.

The last stage brings me to England and on this lap of the journey I have to increase my speed to be sure of being down on English ground at nine o'clock on Sunday morning. I do not want the carpet to disappear while I am still many thousands of feet in the air.

KATHLEEN COOPER,
Form III BM.

THE SACRIFICE.

They wait; a small, silent group,
Clustered near the entrance to the black and shining Hell
Which has become the centre of their lives;
The Target for curious eyes, The object of whispered sympathies.
But they see only the face
Of one who left in the cold grey of the morning.
They hear only the voice
Of one who bade no farewell. Such silent anguish is theirs
As must surely pierce the stony earth
And reach those entombed beneath their feet.
They beg the earth to restore to them
Those whom they entrusted to her deepest dungeons.
The name of God hangs unspoken in the air.
But God is not here. They pray for mercy.
But Nature will show no mercy to those
Who have eaten deep into her very heart.
She must be placated. She awaits her sacrifice.
They wait in vain.

URSULA FIELD,
Form Scholarship VII.

REFLECTIONS ON WATER-SKI-ING.

No brilliant sunshine beating down from cloudless skies, no palm-fringed beaches and no warm blue-green waters, just clouds and more clouds, drizzle and a biting wind as cold as the water—a perfect holiday, because of water-ski-ing.

All would-be skiers, myself included, clad in bathing costumes or trunks and as many sweaters as we could muster, stood, marshalled on the jetty, waiting for the time when we should don skis and be pulled along on the surface of the water, by small cream speed-boats. It looked so easy, just to put on skis, sit on the edge of the jetty and wait to be pulled along.

At last my turn came. I fixed on my six-foot long skis—they seemed like lead—sat on the edge of the jetty and put my legs in the water. At the last possible moment I took off my jumpers; my skin seemed as rough as sandpaper with gooseflesh. I was then given a wooden handle, attached to a rope, which was attached to the boat. It chugged slowly away. I was told, "Knees bent,

arms straight". The rope tightened and in I fell. It was very cold and I was very wet and everyone was amused—except me. I made a resolution to do better next time. I was still making this resolution three days later. I always fell in before going far.

Then, once, I felt the rope tighten, my arms were straight, my knees bent and there I was, skimming over the loch, crouched on my skis, the water creaming and frothing beneath them. I cautiously straightened my legs—I was standing—the sun shone, the wind blew through my hair, the fields and forest flashed past me, I felt I could go on to infinity.

But all good things must come to an end. No one told me how to get off skis; they were too busy telling me how to stay on. So I let go the rope, curled up, and fell into the water; it was just as cold as ever, but the glow of success warmed me.

At last I could ski.

MINNIE McMILLAN,

Form Scholarship VII.

A BUNCH OF FLOWERS.

Oh! how I hate elastic bands
 Strangling the tender green of
 Bright tulips,
 Turning the curved spears,
 That pointed stiffly round the flower,
 Into ragged, drooping strips.
 Sweet, dancing flowers,
 That lit the meadow's face,
 Imprisoned, bunched, confined
 In cardboard space,
 Lift them with gentle hands,
 To breathe again,
 And take away those tight,
 Restricting bands.

PATRICIA STURT,

Form Lower VI.

AFTER THE STORM.

All night the sea was sighing in the trees,
Sucking and swelling in storm;
And now the morning bursts in blue-brightness.
And the flood has gone.

But see! where on each green frilled branch,
Sighing disturbedly still,
The waves have left a frothy foam of white,
Of bubbling jubilant blossoms;
And finches, foam-flicked,
And sparrows, splashing in spray,
Bathe in the branches.

GILLIAN DITCHBURN,
Form Upper VI.

 THE ORDEAL.

The Scholarship Seventh were having a council meeting. The business was grave: the maintenance of the Bede School's prestige over her rivals, St. Anthony's. We could not hope to triumph without suffering. It would mean a long wait in the cold. We decided that it was necessary.

At five o'clock on Saturday evening, the first Bedan arrived to begin the vigil: by six, there were thirteen of us. The next two hours passed very slowly as we lamented the fact that we had not wrapped up more warmly for the expedition.

At last the doors opened and the frenzied attack began. The determination of Hillary as he climbed Everest could not equal the desperate determination of the Scholarship Seventh on their rapid ascent. We were exhausted yet could not lessen our speed, for our rivals were close behind. The sight of the summit was as water to a thirsty man, yet our journey was not ended. There was now a descent, far more treacherous than the climb. Then we rested, every muscle trembling with exertion, content in the realisation that the Scholarship Seventh had triumphed. We were now the proud possessors of the front seats in the "gods"

The curtains opened and the ballet began.

MAUREEN VINE,
Form Scholarship VII.

CHOOSING A BIRTHDAY CARD.

April 17th: Paul's birthday tomorrow. I knew I would have to buy him a birthday card, but what sort of card does one send to a tall, lank-haired, bespectacled student at Oxford? I had no ideas, so after school I went to the town to find a birthday card for my cousin.

There was a large selection in the shop and I began looking through them. "To my dearest cousin with best wishes for a very happy birthday," said one. Paul was not "my dearest cousin". He usually ignored me, sometimes addressed an occasional patronising remark towards me when our parents were present, or was very sarcastic and teased me unmercifully. Red roses and purple violets tied with a yellow ribbon? Definitely not. Three white kittens in a basket trimmed with pale-blue bows attracted me, but Paul did not like cats. A beautifully painted Chinese card in delicate colours was too dainty; and although I wondered about a card of Van Gogh's "Road with the Cypresses", I decided against it as Paul was taking a degree in mathematics and despised art.

I was very much tempted to buy a card with "For a dear little boy who is one today" on it, but I did not think Paul would appreciate it. Another had a clown blowing up a balloon on the front and "I hope you have....." Inside, written in large lime-green letters, were the words, "a bang-on birthday!" I was sure that nobody could like that, so I examined some more cards. There were several which showed horses looking over stable-doors and spaniels gazing into space, but my cousin was more interested in things mechanical.

At last I decided to buy a Gordon Fraser card which had an amusing Victorian lamp-post drawn on a royal-blue background and the simple greeting, "Best wishes". As I had to send the card immediately I took out my address-book to make sure of the house number and underneath was a note, "Birthday April 16th." Yesterday!

ELIZABETH SANDERSON,

Form IV C.

TO A BOIL.

How dare you sit so bold upon my nose,
 You ghastly, shining mound of burning rose ?
 You must be worst of all the many foes
 A girl may have.

I've suffered with you now well-nigh a week,
 I cannot rest, work, think, nor speak
 But I am conscious of you on my beak,
 You dev'lish thing.

How can I go amongst the Bedans fair,
 And look my best, with you a-sitting there,
 Attracting each and all to stop and stare
 At such a sight ?

You ugly brute, you've tried my patience sorely,
 Your impudence is such as one meets rarely,
 In faith I fear at times you make me fairly
 Stark, raving mad.

But now, I vow, I'll make short work of thee,
 And have no more of this insanity,
 This lance will end your life of merry glee ;
 Then I'll have peace.

ROSAMOND SHAW,
 Form IV C.

DEVASTATION.

There are workmen at the bottom of our garden,
 In the places where the roses used to grow,
 There is gravel for the concrete in the playground,
 There is mortar, there is water, here below.

In the morning, in the evening, in the springtime ;
 In the summer, in the winter, when we could,
 We would linger in the clover, by the seed-bed,
 Near the mower, stringing daisies, as we stood.

In the future, pen and pencil will be wielded
 In the building which is rising from this mess.
 Would you rather have a garden in the summer,
 Or a yearning for more learning ? You can guess.

GILLIAN SPEIGHT,
 Form IV Ba.

THE PEST.

Why must he leave
 His irritating ashes
 On window sills, piano keys,
 In pots containing rubber trees,
 On china, chiefly ornamental,
 And rugs, especially Oriental,
 In vases and upholstered chairs,
 And on the carpet on the stairs?
 Why is he so keen
 To keep the ash-trays clean?

JUDITH ROSENSTEIN,

Form Scholarship VII.

A DOG'S LIFE.

A dog's life!
 That's what they say.
 Sleep, eat; sleep, play;
 If that's the way
 A dog must live,
 I wouldn't mind
 If someone kind
 Would only give
 Such life to me!
 No work, no school —
 A dog can surely be no fool.

JENNIFER HOSKINS,

Form IV C.

JUNGE BOXER HUNDE.

Zuerst sind die Boxer klein und süß,
Mit einem schwarzen Munde.
Sie trinken viel Milch und schlafen tief
Von einer zur andern Stunde.

Ihre Haut hat Falten all überall,
Und das Fell ist weich und blank.
Die Augen sind offen nach fast zehn Tagen—
Wir nennen einen Frank.

Sie bellen und boxen und spielen zusammen,
Und kauen gern einen Stein.
Sie mögen, wenn sie erwachsen sind,
Gerne vorm Feuer sein.

ELKE BURNHAM,

Form III C.

THE CYPRESS TREE.

In our garden there is a cypress tree. We planted it ten years ago when we built our house. Each year its sole accomplishment is to grow a little taller, and now it has reached the height of five feet. Throughout summer and winter, its fern-like leaves remain the same dull green which, however, is rather cheering amongst the winter browns. Its only use is to provide leaves in flower arrangements.

But now we have discovered that our tree has achieved something at last. In its heavy foliage two thrushes have set up their home, and in their nest are two blue eggs speckled with brown.

MARGARET COLLINS,

Form III S.

EASTER POEM.

Yellow-gowned the daffodils,
 In quiet vales below the hills,
 Faces lifted to the sun,
 Say, "This is Easter, everyone."

New-born lambs in fields so green,
 Fluffy chicks in farmyards seen,
 Cool, dim church where people pray,
 Tell us it is Easter Day.

Behind the city, upon high,
 A silhouette against the sky,
 Stands the cross for which we say,
 "Thank you, God, for Easter Day."

LINDA MURGATROYD,

Form I W.

SHOES.

Red shoes, blue shoes,
 Old shoes, new shoes,
 Dull shoes, gay shoes,
 Going-out-to-play shoes;
 Suede shoes, leather shoes,
 Tiny, light-as-feather shoes,
 Flat shoes and bar shoes,
 Not-going-very-far shoes;
 Shoes are seen in every place,
 And with them always—a different face.

ELIZABETH STEVENSON,

Form II X.

LE PRINTEMPS.

Le soleil brille;
 Le ciel est bleu;
 Les oiseaux chantent,
 Ils sont heureux.

Dans la forêt
 Il y a des fleurs;
 Qui sont jolies,
 Jaunes, rouges et bleues.

Les lapins jouent
 Dans tous les champs;
 Les feuilles sont vertes:
 C'est le Printemps !

BARBARA BIRBECK,

Form II Y.

THE LIFE OF A GOLDFISH.

There's one thing that I would not be,
 (Presuming that I was not me),
 And that thing is a goldfish.

All day he just swims round and round
 And never utters a single sound.

The goldfish does not go to bed
 But, looking dead, he stares ahead.

His home, a tank, is very small,
 It is not wide, it is not tall;

How deadly dull his life must be,
 I'm very glad that I'm just me !

MARGARET WILLIAMS,

Form I W.

TELEVISION.

School is over, homework's done,
Now it's time to have some fun,
On which programme shall it be,
B.B.C. or I.T.V. ?
Hurry up, it's getting late,
Channel five or channel eight ?
Finally, we all agree
Let's tune in to B.B.C.
Next day we're told we missed the fun ;
We should have watched the other one.

JUDITH McKENZIE,
Form II Y.

THE MOON.

The moon comes every night to peep
Inside the window where I lie,
And though I seem to be asleep,
I watch the moon go sailing by.

CHRISTINE MOOR,
Form I Z.

THE FAMILY ALBUM.

The family album is locked away,
We bring it out on a rainy day.
Then we have such jolly fun,
Guessing the names of everyone ;
Aunties, Uncles, girls and boys ;
Babies playing with their toys.
When we have looked, it is put away,
For such another rainy day.

LYNDA LEWIS,
Form I W.

THE PELICAN.

I'm a funny old bird
 With a comical pouch,
 That's attached to a long furrowed beak.
 I fill it with food,
 The freshest of fish,
 And I have enough meals for a week.

ANN BUDD,

Form II Z.

AUTUMN.

Nuts on the trees
 In clusters of brown,
 Swiftly red squirrels
 Go and pick down.

Cornfields all gold
 Stand bright in the sun.
 Now in the autumn
 Harvesting's done.

CHRISTINE JOHNSON,

Form I X.

