

THE BEDAN

1960

**BEDE GRAMMAR SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
1959-60**

Head Mistress	Miss Bradbury.
Senior Mistress	Miss Carrick (Chemistry).
Form Scholarship VII	Miss Wilman (Mathematics).
Student Teachers	Miss Harding (Biology).
Form Upper VI Arts	Miss Taylor (French).
„ Upper VI Science	Miss Carlin (Biology).
„ Lower VI (1)	Miss Hayton (History).
„ Lower VI (2)	Mrs. Youngs (English).
„ Lower VI (3)	Miss Heslop (Geography).
„ IV C	Miss Tweed (French).
„ IV S	Mr. Cox (Classics).
„ IV Bm.	Miss Bernard (Music).
„ IV Ba.	Miss Burt (General Subjects).
„ III C	Miss Crone (Art).
„ III G	Mr. Rogers (History).
„ III Bma.	Miss Milbanke (Needlework).
„ II W	Mr. Nottingham (Divinity).
„ II X	Miss Kinch (Mathematics).
„ II Y	Miss Short (Mathematics).
„ II Z	Miss Thompson (General Subjects)
„ I W	Miss Dove (Music).
„ I X	Miss Duns (German).
„ I Y	Mrs. Bryce (Mathematics).
„ I Z	Mrs. Wilkinson (Chemistry).
	Miss Azagra (Spanish).
	Miss Brown (Physical Education).
	Miss Fall (English).
	Miss Hall (Domestic Science).
	Mrs. Henderson (Physical Education).
	Mrs. Proud (English).
	Miss Richardson (English).
	Miss Simpson (Geography).
	Mrs. Smith (Divinity).
	Mr. Taylor (Physics).
	Mrs. Watson (French).
Visiting Staff:	Miss Elliott (Violin); Miss Gilroy (Art).
School Secretary:	Miss Stewart.
Captain of School:	Patricia Dorward.
Vice-Captain:	Patricia Hoey.

FOREWORD

As I write this foreword, I find it difficult to believe that almost exactly a year has passed since I first visited Bede.

For me it has been a year of new experiences and interests, crowding impressions, frustrating efforts to learn and to apply correctly the names of over six hundred Bedans—it has, in fact, been a year of “exploration”.

For the school it has been a year of great change. The retirement of Miss Moul after a distinguished headmistress-ship of twenty-five years has constituted the greatest change of all. To this must be added an unusually large number of staff changes.

Other changes, of which we have been only too well aware during the course of the year, have been connected with the extensions to the premises and the installation of the new heating system. Indeed, the noise and commotion of building operations have become so much a part of our school life that we are in danger of regretting their absence when we occupy our new and well-equipped rooms in September, 1960!

In the midst of all these changes Bede has reached a notable milestone in its history: it has celebrated its seventieth birthday. The seventy years have established Bede as a school with a fine tradition and high standards. This heritage has been created, surely and steadily, by successive generations of Bedans who have used well their opportunities to uphold and enhance the good name of their school. Perhaps the finest way in which we can mark this seventieth birthday is to determine that the future of Bede shall be worthy of its past.

E. J. BRADBURY.

SENIOR SPEECH DAY

On the evening of Thursday, 12th November, Senior Speech Day took place under the Chairmanship of Councillor Mrs. Grundy. The speaker for the occasion was Miss Alexander, Principal of the Dartford College of Physical Education, and an Old Bedan.

The presentation of bouquets and button-holes was followed by the singing of the school song, after which Miss Bradbury gave her report. She spoke of the warm welcome she had received upon her arrival and thanked everyone for the kindness shown her. She told of her first impressions of Bede and of her later discoveries, including the owl above the entrance. Her account of School affairs during the year was obviously, she pointed out, gained at second-hand but the compiling of it had given her a valuable insight into the life of the school.

Two part-songs by the School Choir, were succeeded by Miss Alexander's address. This was delivered in a charming and relaxed manner which put everyone at ease immediately. Miss Alexander's journey, which began in smog in the early morning, certainly did not prevent her giving an amusing and sparkling address in which she asked us to make the most of our opportunities, and to exploit and enjoy them to the full.

The School Choir then gave an excellent rendering of "O rejoice that the Lord has arisen", after which came the distribution of prizes and awards graciously performed by Miss Alexander.

Mrs. Mouat proposed a vote of thanks which was seconded by the School Captain, Pat Dorward.

The singing of the National Anthem marked the end of Speech Day which, everyone agreed, had been an inspiring and enjoyable occasion.

PATRICIA DORWARD.

JUNIOR SPEECH DAY

Junior Speech Day this year was held on the afternoon of Wednesday, 11th November, in which the officials of the P.T.A. took part. Following the presentation of button-holes, and the singing of the School Song, the Chairman, Mrs. M. Proud, welcomed everyone present. Then Miss Bradbury gave an account of the year's work, and her first impressions of the school.

Following the singing of two songs by the Junior School Choir, Mr. A. J. Nelson (Vice-Chairman) gave an interesting address on his experiences as an Old Bedan and reminded us of our duty to keep up the high standard of the school for the sake of those who followed us. Mr. Nelson then presented the prizes and certificates to the successful Bedans.

Finally the Junior Choir sang two more songs and a vote of thanks was proposed by Mr. J. W. Birbeck (Secretary) and seconded by Barbara Gilchrist (IIG).

The singing of the National Anthem concluded a very pleasant afternoon.

BARBARA GILCHRIST.

PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION

On the 15th July last year, members and friends bade an official farewell to Miss Moul on her retirement at a presentation dinner held in her honour. Some 130 members and guests were present and the evening was voted a most successful one.

At the Annual General Meeting last September, we extended our welcome to Miss Bradbury and assured her that, with the co-operation of all members, we would be prepared to direct our efforts in the support of any projects in which Miss Bradbury feels she would like our help.

In addition to the usual social functions provided by the P.T.A. a Parents' Social Evening was held early in the New Year and, although we could have hoped for greater support, those present thoroughly enjoyed the evening and we have had many requests to hold a further similar function.

In an outstanding role of service to the school the Association has, over the years, provided amongst other things a new library, new curtains for the school hall, musical instruments for the school orchestra, subsidised lectures and film shows and donated to Speech-day and Sports prize funds. These items are mentioned so that parents may have some idea of the scope of financial assistance to school projects provided by the Association.

If you are not already a member of the Association I hope that after reading this brief account of the activities you will feel that your membership of the Association and your active support would help us to further help the School—JOIN NOW !

J. W. BIRBECK,
Joint Hon. Secretary.

SCHOOL PARLIAMENT

The School Parliament meets regularly with the School Captain, Pat Dorward, in the chair.

Miss Bradbury attended the first meeting to become acquainted with the procedure. Many interesting and useful points have been brought up but much of the business concerns breakages in form rooms which in future should be reported to the Form Mistress and not brought to Parliament.

Representatives assure us of the desire of many girls to wear panamas in summer instead of school hats.

Parliament encourages girls' interest in school affairs and in seeking remedies for problems and therefore plays an important part in school life.

PAT HOEY, Secretary.

THE GUILD OF OLD BEDANS LOAN AND SCHOLARSHIP FUND

In 1926, the Guild of Old Bedans, having raised a considerable sum of money, invested it with the object in view of using the interest to help girls who had left school to be trained for any career, by the loan of money to be returned when the borrower is in a position to do so.

Any girl who is leaving school in July and feels that she needs financial assistance to help her in the career on which she is embarking, should make application in writing to the Hon. Secretary, not later than 10th June, 1960.

K. M. CARRICK,

Hon. Secretary.

REPORT ON SCHOOL CHARITIES

To mark World Refugee Year, we have had several special efforts on behalf of refugees. We sent £27 to the Mayor of Sunderland's Refugee Fund, and £35 to the Director of Education's appeal for the Save the Children Fund. £14-10-0 was sent to the Oxford Committee for Famine Relief and £8-10-0 to the British Pestalozzi Village Association.

In addition we have continued to support many of our regular Charities. £9-10-0 was subscribed for Cancer Research and £2-15-0 for Cancer Relief. To help the Blind, we sent £8 to the National Institute for the Blind; £5-10-0 to the Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies; £1-10-0 to the British Commonwealth Society for the Blind; and £7 to the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association.

In November, £19 was raised by the sale of Poppies, and a wreath was taken as usual by the School Captain and Vice-Captain to the Cenotaph on Remembrance Sunday. Christmas Seals were sold again, and £5 was raised for T.B. Care, £1 for Spastics and £1 for Diabetics.

Animal care has not been forgotten, and we sent £6 to the P.D.S.A. and £7-10-0 to the R.S.P.C.A. The Local Meals on Wheels Service received £2-7-6 and the Grindon Hospital League of Friends profited by £2-5-0. A small gift of £2-15-0 was sent to the Martyrs School in New Guinea and a gift of £8 was made to B.E.L.R.A.

We thank the many Charity monitresses who have made the appeals for all these different causes. They will be cheered to know that Miss Bradbury has expressed herself as being "most impressed" by the splendid way they have all acquitted themselves.

D.M.W.

A.A.Y.H.

STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

The S.C.M. has continued to hold regular meetings every week. On October 16th a group of us joined sixth-formers from other schools in Sunderland and South Shields at a Conference held at South Shields Grammar-Technical School for Boys. The theme of the Conference was "Why Christianity?" and the two speakers, Archdeacon Stranks and Rev. Raymond A. Short, took as their subjects:—"Is Christianity Relevant Today?" and "What is the Authority of the Christian Faith?"

In our own meetings we decided not to discuss any set topic but to leave the speakers to choose their own subjects and because of this many topics have been covered. A high standard of discussion has been maintained from which we have all learned a great deal.

Our most interesting meeting proved to be a Brains Trust, the panel of which was:—Miss M. Brydon, Rev. J. Bramley and Rev. P. Spargo. There was much lively discussion and most of us were stimulated by this meeting.

Some of our members hope to be able to help Rev. C. Lacy-Jones in his excavations at St. Peter's Church, Monkwearmouth in their summer holiday. He asked us for help in this way earlier in the term when he spoke at our meeting, so we are looking forward to a fine summer to enable us to dig.

ANNE BERRIMAN, Secretary.

The Junior Student Christian Movement has continued to hold regular weekly meetings throughout the year. Attendances have increased considerably and we have a maximum attendance of 47 and a minimum of 7. This gives an average of 27 which is an improvement on last year.

The Chairman for this year is Pauline Featonby of UVI Arts, the Secretary, Judith Wharton, and the Treasurer, Pat Ord. Valuable assistance has been given this year by Mrs. Smith, who has ensured the smooth running of the movement.

We have continued with our regular activities, discussions, quizzes, Biblical talks and films. We have helped in different ways two causes, Dr. Barnado's Home at Shotley Bridge and the British and Foreign Bible Society. At the harvest festival we took several boxes of fruit, vegetables and preserves and at Christmas we took a car-load of toys to the children. We know these were greatly appreciated.

A new venture this year was the production of a nativity play, called "Light is Come" and we would like to take this opportunity of thanking members of staff who helped with this production.

JUDITH WHARTON, Secretary.

MUSIC REPORT — 1959-60

During the past year, we have had three recitals by well-known musicians. The 'cellist, Florence Hooton made another visit to the school. Lambert Flack, the flautist gave a very enjoyable recital as well as some instruction on playing the flute. David Martin, the Canadian violinist, gave a recital to a party of girls and boys in the boys' hall. Interest was greatly aroused on finding that he was playing a Stradivarius violin.

In February, 1960, a party went to the Civic Theatre to see a performance of "Coppélia" by the Ballet Rambert.

Two visits have been made to hear the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra. The first was for school-children in the Odeon Cinema, Sunderland. The second was in the City Hall, Newcastle, and the programme which included Rachmaninov's 2nd Symphony and Beethoven's 3rd Piano Concerto gave us a great opportunity of watching different sections of the orchestra as well as hearing the famous pianist, Mindru Katz. A visit to the Theatre Royal, Newcastle to hear the Sadler's Wells production of Mozart's opera 'Don Giovanni' was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The school choirs have been very active during the year. At Founders' Day, the combined choir sang the anthem "And then shall your light" from Mendelssohn's 'Elijah'. The choirs sang at their respective Speech Days and at the Carol Service. The combined choir gave their concert on April 6th, when the programme included 'The Highwayman' by Armstrong-Gibbs, 'Hiawatha's Wedding-Feast' by Coleridge-Taylor and two anthems 'Zion hears her watchmen calling' by Bach and 'O thou the central orb' by Charles Wood.

HELEN CHAMBERS.

THE SCIENCE SOCIETY

The Annual General Meeting of the Science Society was held on October 22nd. Miss Bradbury consented to be President, and this year Mrs. Wilkinson is Chairman. Pat Dorward is Vice-Chairman and Margaret Newrick, Treasurer.

In November, Pat Dorward gave a talk on "Radioactivity" and in December, Dr. Gordon gave a talk on "Bacteria", which he illustrated with cultures on Petri dishes.

About seventy girls in three parties have visited the Physiotherapy Department of the General Hospital, where they were shown patients being treated.

This year, at the Annual Outing, the Science Society will go to Guisborough and, after lunch, one party of girls will visit the I.C.I. factory at Wilton and another, Paton and Baldwin's factory at Darlington.

MINNIE McMILLAN, Secretary.

THE SCHOOL SAVINGS MOVEMENT

The School Savings Group has again made good progress this year. Under the Sunderland Trustee Savings Bank's Envelope Scheme, this school saved £925, an increase of £245 over last year's total.

The Junior School took part in a competition organised by the Sunderland Education Committee to promote savings in schools. At the time of writing, the results have not been published and so we remain optimistic.

The school must thank the National Savings Movement for a generous supply of colourful and interesting posters which brighten our form rooms.

M. SHORT.

THE MOCK-ELECTION

As election-fever was running high in the country it was decided to hold a mock-election in school. Under the able guidance of Miss Hayton, this was modelled as closely as possible on a real election.

Pat Dorward as Returning Officer received the Chancellor's command to hold the election and told the school of this and the arrangement for the adoption of Candidates. Each of the candidates carried out an intensive campaign, issuing election addresses and holding meetings for all sections of the school. We were fortunate to secure, in the midst of their election campaigns, a visit from political candidates in the area. Mr. Paul Williams who was returned M.P. for Sunderland South; Mr. Ernest Armstrong, Labour Candidate for Sunderland South, and Mr. David Thompson, Liberal Candidate for Tynemouth, each outlined his party's policy and answered questions.

After these preparations the school went to the poll on October 7th. Each year had its own polling station where officials carefully checked the electoral register before issuing a ballot paper, while party officials without, marked off those who had voted and sought to persuade dilatory supporters to go to vote. Even votes by proxy were arranged for those unable to attend in person.

The result of the election was a victory for the Conservative Candidate, Gillian Ditchburn, with the Labour Candidate, Jean Royal polling second highest number of votes. The Liberal Candidate, Marion Cunningham, polled more than the number of votes necessary to keep her deposit.

Needless to say, the school awaited the result of the General Election with an interest intensified by their recently-acquired knowledge of political affairs.

PAT HOEY.

THEATRE VISITS

The Arena Theatre Company in Newcastle is a company which caters for a variety of tastes. During its eleventh Play Festival, which ran from January 16th to February 23rd, some of the seniors were able to attend matinee performances of Shaw's "Pygmalion" and a Victorian Melodrama "Maria Marten".

We were agreeably surprised by the unconventional lay-out of the theatre's interior. The stage formed a semi-circle backed by scenery and the audiences were seated in tiers around it. Consequently, microphones could be dispensed with, the productions gained a third dimension, and the view was equally good from any angle.

Though practically everyone was familiar with the story of "Pygmalion", very few had actually seen the play performed. The company did justice to Shaw's inimitable talent. In just over two and a half hours, Eliza was transformed from an inarticulate Cockney flower-girl into a society beauty. The delighted applause of the audience indicated that every minute of this Shavian comedy is as appealing to the youth of today as it was to that of half a century ago.

"Maria Marten" was an unexpected burlesque of the typically gory melodrama which delighted our Victorian predecessors. The versatility of the actors seemed unbounded as they romped their way through the tragic story of Maria. An outstanding contributor to the production was an aloof young man, impeccably dressed, who tinkled his accompaniment on a tinny old upright piano. The realism of his music, especially at the villain's entrances, served to instil in the audience the feeling of the moment.

These visits to Newcastle do not indicate a lack of talent in Sunderland. In March, Sunderland Amateur Dramatic Society produced Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing". The party from Bede went to the Royalty Theatre with not entirely impersonal feelings for Hazel Oliver of Scholarship VII had a leading part in the production. Hazel is to be congratulated on her handling of the part of Hero, a valuable contribution to an extremely good production.

Youthful audiences have a reputation for being critical but their appreciation of these three productions has shown that youth gives credit where credit is due.

DOROTHEA MAKEL.

RICHARD OF BORDEAUX.

"Darling Richard, you look like a flower", sighed Anne of Bohemia. Richard II immediately dissolved into sniggers. "No!" cried Mrs. Youngs, the producer, "Begin again!"

Rehearsals for the production of "Richard of Bordeaux" were in full swing. Miss Carlin and her troupe of assistants were busy converting last year's Chinese robes into convincingly mediæval costumes, and an assortment of felt hats became fashionable fourteenth century shoes with long, pointed toes—which just goes to show, we reflected, that the latest Italian-style footwear is not so original as all that!

The great day grew nearer. Rehearsals were now accompanied by barely-muffled hammerings, and actors had to dodge round ladders at the top of which various small boys, precariously perched, were arranging curtains and lights. As the days went on, the hammerings became louder, the lights switched with startling suddenness from blue to yellow and then to blue again, giving the effect of a precipitate sunrise and even more hasty sunset. All this was very trying to the artistic temperaments which the cast felt they possessed.

Photographs were taken by various newspapers (any resemblance to the play was entirely accidental) and a garbled account of the appendicitis which hit the cast appeared in the Sunderland Echo (any resemblance to what really happened entirely unintentional).

At last it was May 4th. Preliminary terrors were lived through, and the play was on. Wonderfully, everything went well; we almost felt we were a credit to our hard-working producer. The play was a success!

And the grateful thanks of the whole cast go to all those who made it so. First among these are Mrs. Youngs, the producer, and Miss Carlin, who made the costumes. Then there are Miss Thompson, Miss Short and our indefatigable prompter so many people who helped twenty-eight stage-struck girls to accomplish a successful play.

TWO OF THE CAST.

VISIT TO MALHAM TARN FIELD CENTRE

On 9th March, 1960, the Advanced Level Geography group travelled by rail to Settle in Yorkshire. We arrived in a blizzard, at a cottage about half a mile from the centre and soon settled in. The cottage was very comfortable, and each day, after long hours in the open, we returned to its shelter with thankfulness.

After an introductory lecture on the area around Malham, we set out during the next five days to see the interesting features of the district for ourselves. This is a limestone country with pot-holes, water-sinks, underground caverns, emerging streams, and limestone pavement. To the majority of us the most spectacular feature of all was Gordale Gorge, where we stood overawed between beetling limestone cliffs at the foot of the great waterfall. One day we climbed to the top of Fountains Fell, but a thick mist prevented us from finding the tarn on its top. On another day we took a coach trip through the Craven lowlands and into Wharfedale.

On the last day each group was given a problem to solve. Four of us had to study a river valley but, unfortunately, we ran into army manœuvres and were held hostage for two hours in a barn. Fortunately one of the soldiers had a good knowledge of the geography and geology of the region, so our time was not entirely wasted.

After a strenuous but enjoyable week, we all returned home with much more knowledge than we possessed when we left. Our practical experiences have brought new life to geography lessons.

ALYDA BLACK.

THE FOURTH FORM GEOGRAPHY OUTING 1959.

On Friday, 5th June, two 'busloads of Bede girls and four members of staff set off for York for the Annual Geography Outing.

It was raining when we started but when we stopped at Thirsk for a break the rain had ceased and we decided to press on to York for lunch.

We climbed the steps to the walls at Mickle Gate, walked further round to a defender's platform where we had lunch, and came down afterwards at Bootham Bar.

We paid a brief visit to York Minster before going on to a most important appointment at Rowntree's factory just outside York. We spent an enjoyable afternoon being shown around the chocolate works and were very pleased with the presentation boxes which we were given at the end.

Afterwards we came back into York for tea and set out for a trip on the river. Unfortunately the storm clouds, which had been gathering, broke, and there was a terrific thunderstorm. Nevertheless, most people still had their river trip when the storm was over.

We left York at seven, had a brief halt at Yarm, and were home by ten.

CHRISTINE COWEY.

HOLIDAY IN SAINT NAZAIRE,

Summer, 1959.

It was my good fortune to be one of the party of Bede boys and girls who left Sunderland on July 27th, 1959, at the beginning of a three-week holiday with pen-friends in Saint Nazaire. Naturally our excitement was intense, and it was with eagerness, that we awaited the London train, at Sunderland station.

After spending a few hours in London, we left for Southampton, where we embarked upon the longest stage of our journey. We boarded the "Falaise" for a ten-hour channel-crossing and at seven o'clock the next morning, we found ourselves to be approaching the harbour of Saint Malo.

My first impressions of France were of a romantic, antique country, quite contrary to what I had read. Bordering the coastline was a series of ancient, ruined "châteaux," and in the distance I perceived numerous tiny fishing boats, moored all along the bay.

Saint Malo was exactly as I had hoped; cobbled streets, and a typical continental port.

As we approached Saint Nazaire on the final lap of our journey, we peered eagerly from the windows of the train, until eventually we noticed the panorama of cranes, chimneys and various other constructions, common to an industrial town.

"Saint Nazaire, whose splendid harbour can accommodate the largest ships; Saint Nazaire, whose engineering industry is now so important and prosperous—" I read these words in an explanatory holiday brochure I had acquired, and indeed they are authentic, as both the port and the various aspects of industry are a credit to the town, destroyed so pitifully during the Second World War.

This is an entirely new town, and is in an excellent position, as regards access to the local beauty spots.

There was a civic reception for the English schoolchildren and their friends from the local "high school," and an excursion had been arranged for us to visit Quiberon, a wonderful seaside resort, about forty miles from Saint Nazaire.

After this we were free to visit anywhere we wanted, with our own pen-friends.

I was taken on a steamer, to the other side of the Loire estuary, to a wonderful town—Saint Brévin les Pins, so called because, behind the beach, stretches a row of pine trees. Here, most of the shops sell souvenirs, the majority of which are made locally, by hand.

My next excursion took me to Piriac-sur-Mer, a tiny, fishing port, whose streets were lined with open-air cafés and confectionery stalls, and at almost every corner, fish was being sold.

I also visited Le Croisic, which is well-known for its sea-foods, and famous for its "crepes"—a type of pancake.

"La plus belle plage en Europe." This sign met the eye, on arrival at La Baule, which certainly lived up to its reputation; with its Casino, and stretches of sparkling, golden sands, which were so hot that one could feel the heat, even through a pair of shoes.

Further around the Bay of Biscay, was Le Pouliguen, a picturesque little harbour, full of brightly-painted, privately-owned fishing boats.

Other places of interest which I visited were, Guérande, an ancient walled town, into which one enters, through the narrow gate—"La Porte de Saint Michel," and Nantes, another industrial city, with a magnificent cathedral, whose masonry is a credit to the craftsmen.

Visits to these places, and lazy afternoons on the beaches, (there are six in Saint-Nazaire), and the glorious weather, made my holiday in France an enjoyable and unforgettable experience.

JEAN FARRAR.

CURRENT EVENTS SOCIETY

Under the guidance of Miss Hayton and Miss Duns, the Current Events Society has continued its meetings with energy and enthusiasm.

Fortified by cups of tea, the members have informally discussed a wide range of topics including India, Algeria, apartheid, communism, trade unions and modern youth.

On one occasion Miss Azagra entertained us with an interesting and illuminating talk on conditions in Spain under General Franco. Our feelings were mixed when we learned that many Spanish children, through lack of teachers and buildings, still have but little education: we wondered whether to envy or pity.

MARY SCOTT.

ADRIENNE COGGINS.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION 1959-60.

Hockey Report:

The first senior hockey team have had a fairly successful season, having played 18 matches of which 9 were won, 8 lost, and 1 drawn. The following people represented the first team this year:—Ann Wiggins (Sec.), Clare Masterman (Capt.), Joan Bell, Anne Thompson, Sonia Wrangham, Christine Cox, Edith Powell, Jean Farrar, Ann Chisholm, Muriel Watson, Sheila Thomas, Yvonne Anderson, Mary Coates, Jill Bartlett, Patricia Telford.

At the Junior County Tournament, Muriel Watson was selected to play for the first Junior County team.

The following people have been awarded colours:—Clare Masterman, Muriel Watson, Anne Thompson, Joan Bell.

SECOND TEAM—

Owing to the changeable second team they have not had a very rewarding season. Members of the team who have played regularly include: Patricia Telford, Susan Melton, Diane Coulson, Margaret Beresford, Gillian Ditchburn, Jill Bartlett (Capt.), Kathleen Cooper, Jacqueline Kent, Valerie Stewart.

Our thanks go to those who have played at short notice.

Netball:

Many of the matches arranged for the 1959-60 season were cancelled due to bad weather; and owing to various accidents the same team rarely played together more than twice.

Out of the twelve matches played, six have been won and six lost.

Girls who played on the first team included:—Patricia Lawson, Andrea Clayburn, Alison Smith, Christine Burton, Paula Hodgson, Carol Rosenstein (Captain), Maureen McDougall and Joan Berry.

Tennis:

The Tennis VI had quite a successful season; out of the twelve matches played, seven were won and five lost. The team reached the semi-final of the Northumberland and Durham Schools' Tournament where they were narrowly beaten by Tynemouth.

Most regular team members were:—Carole Jones, Heather Purvis, Helen Chambers, Judith Rosenstein (Captain), and Carol Rosenstein. Jean Farrar, Sheila Thomas, Frederica Graham and Marilyn Carter also played for the first team.

The second team played six matches, only two of which were lost, and the junior team had two matches both of which were won.

Carol Rosenstein won the School Singles Championship and, partnered by Judith Rosenstein, won the School Doubles. Carol Rosenstein and Neil Wright won the Mixed Doubles Championship.

Rounders:

Owing to the lack of enthusiasm in the Senior School the team was compiled of seniors and juniors. Those who played for the 1st Senior Rounder IX were:—Ann Adair, Joan Berry, Elke Burnham, Ann Chisholm, Veronica Harrison, Sheila Haydon, Paula Hodgson (Vice-Captain), Muriel Watson (Captain), Pat Wilkinson.

Only four matches of the season were played, of which three were won and one lost.

When the Players junior formed their own 1st Junior IX the senior team was disbanded.

We look forward to renewed enthusiasm next year and a successful season.

Gymnastics:

In February, 1960, a group of girls aged under 15 years took part in a non-competitive demonstration of gymnastics at Thorney Close Secondary Modern School. Nine schools took part and had the opportunity of seeing each other's work.

Miss J. Thompson, Physical Education Organiser for South Shields, was the adjudicator, and her report was very pleasing.

Swimming:

Throughout this year the school has done extremely well in this sport. The excellent results have been achieved in spite of the fact that swimming is, unfortunately, a very minor part of our athletic activities.

At the Sunderland Schools' Swimming Gala twenty-four girls represented the school. Susan Melton and Mary Sutherland won the Middle and Senior Schools Championships respectively and both of our life-saving teams won in new record times; these were only two of the many records broken by the school.

As a result of the Gala, Elke Burnham, Linda Hulsmeire, Margaret Ditchburn and Jacqueline Hobson represented the town in the County Schools' Gala and all gained their town colours for this achievement.

Our Cox Memorial Life-Saving team, Elke Burnham and Jacqueline Hobson, won the Sunderland Round of this championship and then went on to win the County final for the same event.

At present E. Burnham is taking a life-saving class in the dinner hour to gain her Scholar Instructor's Certificate. We wish her every success in this task.

In Bede Boys' Swimming Gala we were invited to swim against the boys in four events of which we won three.

In July we will lose Margaret Beresford to whom most of our success is due. Not only is she an outstanding performer but she has always given of her utmost to help other girls in school to success in the Royal Life Saving Society examinations. She is also the only girl in the town ever to gain the Distinction Award of the above Society while still at school. We thank her most sincerely for all her work and encouragement and wish her every success in her career.

SPORTS DAY.

Sports Day was held on Wednesday, 11th May, and although the weather could have been warmer, at least it did not rain. A gratifying number of visitors attended to watch the events and displays of dancing and gymnastics out of doors and needlework and art in school. Generous support was given to various competitions and efforts sponsored by the School and P.T.A., to raise money for new team uniforms.

The prizes were presented by Mrs. A. J. B. Budge. The Junior Cup was won by Carol Kemp, Ben House; the Middle School Cup by Judith Painter, Esk House; and the Senior Cup by Marjorie Makel of Ness House. The Junior Sports Cup was won by Ben House and the Middle School and Senior School Cups were both won by Strath House.

House Activities:

The main activities which have taken place are the house netball and hockey tournaments. Ben had a decisive win in the junior and senior netball tournament. They also won the senior hockey cup and drew on points with Ness for the junior hockey cup, finally winning on goal average.

EXAMINATION RESULTS

In July, 1959, the following girls were successful in the University of Durham examinations of the General Certificate of Education.

Advanced and Scholarship Level:

Beatrice Baker, Gillian Ditchburn, Joan Ellison, Brenda Emmerson, Ursula Field, June Gardner, Barbara Gilchrist, Ruth Goulstine, Frederica Graham, Kathleen Hall, Margaret Harding, Pamela Harris, Judith Harrison, Carol Henderson, Sheila Irwing, Dorothy Laidler, June Liddle, Anne McClement, Minnie McMillan, June Miller, Edith Morgan, Hilary Orr, Valerie Porter, Lesley Potts, Sylvia Refson, Maureen Sayer, Elizabeth Sewell, Anne Simpson, Elizabeth Smart, Irene Turnbull, Elizabeth Usher, Maureen Vine, Anne Vosper, Joan Wallis, Valerie Wilkinson.

Ordinary Level:

Anne Adair, Brenda Ainsworth, Veronica Allen, Patricia Antliff, Yvonne Armstrong, Pamela Atkinson, Jill Bartlett, Ethel Beddingfield, Christine Bell, Margaret Beresford, Anne Berriman, Joan Berry, Judith Birbeck, Carole Bolt, Marion Bond, Evelyn Cameron, Denise Cansfield, Helen Chambers, Kathleen Chapman, Sylvia Cleugh, Doreen Close, Adrienne Coggins, Anne Conley, Kathleen Conley, Carole Cooper, Rosalind Cooper, Anne Corcoran, Sheila Crossley, Freda Curry, Lesley Davison, Gillian Ditchburn, Patricia Deans, Patricia Dorward, Anne Fambely, Kathleen Farrar, Pauline Fawcitt, Pauline Featonby, Rosemary Gilchrist, Sheila Gooch, Frederica Graham, Gillian Hagel, Norma Hair, Norma Hammal, Margaret Harding, Veronica Harrison, Marjorie Hedley, Barbara Hedworth, Marjorie Herdman, Joyce Hindmarch, Judith Hird, Margaret Hodgson, Paula Hodgson, Shirley Hodgson, Anne Hughes, Anita Hunter, Sheila Irwing, Anita Judge, Elizabeth Judson, Jacqueline Kent, Doreen Laidler, Janet Langley, Marjorie Laverick, Pamela Leigh, June Liddle, Jean Lockie, Norma McCain, Jean McDonald, Doreen McKinley, Patricia Marwood, Patricia Moore, Margaret Newrick, Anne Nicholls, Patricia Nichol, Valerie Nottingham, Hazel Oliver, Wendy Parr-Burman, Kathleen Patrick, Elaine Pell, Judith Porter, Heather Purvis, Eve Richardson, Valerie Ritchie, Kathleen Robson, Carol Rodenby, Marjorie Rieves, Carol Rosenstein, Jean Royal, Mary Scott, Elizabeth Sewell, Valerie Short, Elizabeth Smart, Moira Smith, Winifred Smith, Patricia Sturt, Dorothy Stewart, Elke Stoltz, Rosemary Suttill, Eileen Swan, Anne Thompson, Brenda Thompson, Valerie Thompson, Jean Thornton, Margaret Walker, Oriel Wallace, Brenda Watson, Joan Watson, Muriel Watson, Joyce Watts, Anne Wiggins, Doreen Wilcock, Emily Williams, Sonia Wrangham, Anne Wrightson, Pamela Young.

THE GUILD OF OLD BEDANS

The Editors once more express their gratitude to the Guild of Old Bedans for their generosity in offering two prizes in the annual essay competition.

This year the subjects were set by the Domestic Science Department and although the entries from the Junior School were of a very high standard, making selection difficult, it is regretted that there was not the same response from the Seniors. They have decided therefore not to make an award in this section, although Joan Scott of Form IV Ba. is to be commended on her entry.

The winning essay in the Junior Section is printed below.

A YOUTHFUL GOURMET ON A WORLD TOUR.

Someone has presented me with an extremely extravagant birthday gift—an air ticket for a journey round the world and I am allowed to break my journey at whatever places I wish. As I pride myself on being a gourmet I immediately fell to dreaming of all the exotic and strange foods which as yet were only names to me.

I decided that my first port of call would be Copenhagen in Denmark, where I would sample smorrebrod, the open sandwiches I had heard so much about. These sandwiches consist of very thinly sliced black bread, buttered and then covered with every conceivable type of filling, anchovies, chopped herring, (fish, chopped, fried, and boiled), tomato, lettuce, cucumber, eggs cooked in hundreds of ways and a whole host of savoury and sweet fillings.

Germany, Denmark's next-door neighbour would be my next stop, for the only place where German cooking can properly be appreciated is in Germany. I would like to have sauerkraut and prune dumplings; sauerkraut is shredded cabbage pickled in a sweet sour sauce, stewed with onions and finally seasoned with wine and sugar. When cooked, it gives off a delicious aroma. Another delicacy I have longed wished to taste is Nuremberg Lebkuchen, large biscuits sold in tins which are world famous. They consist mainly of ground almonds, eggs, sugar and nutmeg.

Tangier, the once international city of Morocco, would be my next stop for I have long cherished a desire to have a genuine Arabian meal. My ideal menu would have first soup, Merrira,

rich, hot and satisfying, normally served to Moslems in the evening during the month of Ramadan after they have fasted all day. Pastilla, an intricate dish of pastry and poultry would be next on my list but this would probably make a sizeable hole in my pocket as it takes a trained cook eight hours to complete it. My main dish would be cous-cous, a world famous Moroccan dish. I would prefer a chicken cous-cous. I believe that first a large serving dish is filled with softened cous-cous, a type of semolina made of wheat, then this would be covered by slices of soft white chicken covered in its turn by onions and raisins. On top of this, some more cous-cous is heaped and the whole is then garnished with almonds and raisins. Served with it might also be a bowl of broth and a hot sauce of chili peppers, oil and water. Although I would by this time have sampled only three courses whereas a normal Moroccan meal consists of eight or nine courses, I think that after this orgy I certainly would suffer acute indigestion.

Continuing further I decided to fly direct to Moscow, the capital of Russia and the home of Communism, and taste some especially Russian Dishes. Firstly, I would have to have that famous soup Borshch or Borsht, a delicious bright red soup served hot or cold. It is made principally of beetroot and other vegetables and sour cream.

Two products invariably connected with Russia are caviar and vodka, so that I would out of mere curiosity taste them. Caviar, the roe of the sturgeon, is best served cold or pressed, garnished with parsley and lemon and it is washed down with vodka of which I would have the merest thimbleful as it is reputed to be an extremely potent liquor.

After seeing the sights in Moscow I would take a modern jet plane on the long journey to oriental Persia.

People usually say 'Persia' in the same breath as 'carpets', but to me something very different is signified. I think of Persia's national dish, 'chelo-kebab' which is rice and charcoal-broiled strips of lamb and chopped meat moulded on to long skewers. A raw egg yolk is mixed with the hot rice completing a delicious dish.

From Teheran, capital of Persia, I should like to fly east to the United States from which after climbing up monuments and gazing at skyscrapers, I should depart to fly once more, this time to Budapest, Hungary's lovely city on the Danube. There I should like to eat not Hungarian dishes but special Jewish dishes which originated in Eastern Europe and have now spread all over the world. My first choice would be Gefülte fish, a traditional Jewish dish eaten on Sabbath and festival. It consists of fresh water fish such as carp or bream, the hollow part of which is filled and the whole is boiled in fish gravy. I should also like to taste 'latkes' or potato pancakes which are popular in winter months.

I have now completely encircled the world, picking out dishes here and there but this does not mean I am now devoid of ideas; exciting new dishes chase each other in my mind's eye; these I have penned here are merely my first dreams of dishes on a round the world tour.

RUTH ZAHN, Form III G.

GENESIS.

The world was waiting as it whorled in space
Under the spirit's brooding breast shadowed
From the shrouded Mind.

It waited. Sudden

The world lay bare—it saw—

A voice thundered "Light!"

The earth contracted

With a sob.

Reverberated, echoed, felt—"Let there be....."

"Let there be Light!"

Felt itself throb with life,

Pulse, issue bear, produce: all trees

And living things sprang forth, beauty born,

The earth was teeming, whirling and

Shining in glory. Man rose ready

To obey.

To obey.....

Would that in the Chaos of today

Man would hear.

GILLIAN DITCHBURN,
Form Scholarship VII.

VOYAGE TO THE FARNE ISLANDS

Looking very conspicuous in our anoraks and jeans we mingled with glamorous bathers as we made our way to the end of the pier. We clambered down the worn, sea-weed covered steps to the white motor-boat and waved to the fishermen who ceased smoking their pipes and mending their nets to shout goodbye.

The boat was soon met with the heavy swell of the open sea and we found ourselves climbing the waves only to drop abruptly over the crest. Out here it was windy and the spray blew in great gusts as the prow of the boat broke the surface of the cold green water. We laughed with sheer exhilaration to have the wind and sea on our faces. We could taste, smell and feel the salt on our hands and lips, and did not mind the quiet teasing smile on the face of the boatman. At times, when we rose on the crest of a wave we could see our objective: the red and white light-house standing alone amongst the rocks and the sea.

Within the shadow of the islands the sea was calmer and we were able to devote our attentions to the thousands of birds. Soon we caught sight of the great grey seals with their big, curious eyes and languid posture on the rocks, enjoying the sun. As we sailed near they slid gently into the water watching us with cool interested stares. And all the while kittiwakes, terns and petrels wheeled and screamed overhead. Cormorants dried their black shining feathers, standing proudly on a rocky promontory, whilst others flew swiftly over the sea, skimming the surface.

Eventually, we reached the red lighthouse and were welcomed by the keepers. They showed us the great, two-foot wide oak door that the sea had broken open the previous winter, in spite of the iron supports on the inside. We then scrambled over the island; watched the antics of the seals and the salmon or purple-coloured jelly-fish lying indolent in the clear water, where numerous coloured seaweeds swayed with the currents.

Once more we boarded the boat and sailed between the rocks to the Inner Farne. Here was a green island with a beautiful little cove of fine silver sand beside the jetty. We walked over the soft sand to a turfed path amongst the rocks and reached the tiny chapel of St. Cuthbert and the ancient keep. Here the terns were predominant and we saw many young birds, some still unable to fly, which were fluttering amongst the grass, their grey-brown fluff ruffling in the breeze.

We passed the electrically-run, spotless, white lighthouse and sat on the cliffs, high above the angry sea. Here the birds perched on the cliff face, and fought furiously for places. Presently Ronny, the bearded zoology student, who was making a survey of the birds, took us to the edge of the cliff and pointed to a ledge a few feet below, where a young guillemot sat, crying plaintively for its parents.

The student then took us to the west side of the island and suddenly bending down he lifted a piece of turf and plunged his

hand down into a small hole. He lifted out a struggling puffin, who, though he protested wildly was quite friendly in a cheeky way. He allowed us to play with him but if we teased him too far he did not hesitate to bite our fingers.

We put the puffin back into its home and climbed over the wire fence to the rocks and the sea. We followed Ronny over the slippery black rocks to a great hole which gaped dark and gloomy at our feet. This is commonly known as "The Churn" and is a deep chasm, going down to the sea, which could be heard rumbling ominously. The voyage home was calmer, the wind being behind us and we noticed Holy Island, Bamburgh and Dunstanburgh Castles silhouetted against the evening sky.

The laughing blue eyes of the fisherman gently mocked us as we expressed our rapture on the voyage and exploration of the islands. However, in spite of his raillery he seemed to realise that we had something in common with him: a deep love of the sea and a feeling that its salt and sting ran in our blood, as it did in his.

MARGARET NEWRICK, Form U.VI Sc.

AN EMPTY VICTORY

The stars,
Torn from their lustral pride,
Gleam once with ephemeral glitter, piercing the
Olympian mists,
Then fade forever,
Sinking to be merged in the swell upsurgent
From the jaws of sated Hell;

Whilst the moon roams restlessly,
Irradiating ruin,
Till over the peace profound of Earth
She hovers benignly,
Over eagle, serpent, lamb and beast of prey:

Armageddon has been resolved,
And with Man's carnage,
All Sin is bowed beneath the fatal void
Of Innocence.

ADRIENNE COGGINS, Form U VI.

MISSIE AND ME.

I met Missie seven years ago and we spent a week's holiday together in Scotland. She had wide innocent eyes and grey hair, her figure was somewhat plump and she had sturdy, shapely legs; in fact, she was a Highland pony.

About thirty other people besides myself had decided to spend a week's holiday in the saddle and see the wilds of Scotland.

We were all herded into a cattle truck and driven off to be introduced to our mounts. Missie was very unimpressed with me and clearly preferred her hay. She took sugar lumps from me as if it were her due, instead of a favour. All the ponies were allowed to graze in an enormous field during the night. In the middle of the field was a small graveyard—was this where previous pony trekkers lay at rest?

Missie, being somewhat plump, had, of course, to have a special saddle, a German cavalry officer's saddle. In fact it was so heavy and cumbersome it would have needed a cavalry officer to lift it onto her back. After all the trials of saddling her, I was given a bag of oats to give her at dinner-time, and as an afterthought I was given my own lunch, consisting of two sandwiches and an apple.

I was assured that these ponies were sure-footed, quiet and tame, but Missie had the delightful habit of jumping over streams to avoid getting her feet wet, and I ended up with my arms clasped passionately about her neck, my nose in her mane. Trees with low branches acted as a magnet for Missie; she selected a tree whose branches were sufficiently high for her, but too low for me to pass under, and innocently started trotting towards it. In the ensuing battle of wits I managed to persuade her from her purpose and caused her to trot in some other direction.

Lunch provided the most problems, however. After Missie had guzzled all her oats, I was instructed to tie her neck to one of her ankles, to prevent her straying far while grazing. This was, of course, ineffective. She put her head down, started to eat the grass, walking while she ate, functioning like a mowing machine. I thought that covering half a mile during lunch was very good going. One lunch time, however, Missie did not choose to stray; instead she nuzzled up close to me, while I was finishing my dinner. Blindly I thought I had won a place in her affections at last until she ate the apple I was eating. By the end of each day, I dearly wished that latex-foam saddles had been invented, but one must suffer for one's pleasures.

At the end of the week, I said a fond farewell to Missie. She gently nosed at my pockets, while I produced sugar cubes—the last of a pound which she had consumed during the week. When she was sure I had nothing more to offer she turned away and walked out of my life for ever.

M. McMILLAN, Form Scholarship VII.

TOWN CENTRE.

The houses stand,
 Windows and doors extracted
 Like teeth, in the gaping mouth of the street.
 A staircase lolls against the peeling wall;
 An empty fireplace, blackened with the grime
 Of countless fires, now harbours
 Fallen lime.
 Desolation.
 Can there be made
 From this same ruined pile
 Of plaster, bricks and wood,
 A fair new stretch
 Of shops and boulevards in splendid style?
 Walk on with me in Time
 To see this far new stretch
 Rise Phoenix-like from all
 These remnants dark.
 A tree-lined boulevard
 Where slums once lay
 A pleasant sight to see
 On any day.

PATRICIA STURT, Form U VI Arts.

 PROTEST.

No howling mob
 Whose loud protests
 Disturb the ordered peace of daily life,
 But, swift and strong,
 They march towards their goal,
 Undeterred by crowds who taunt their every step.

And soon they reach
 A building huge
 Before whose gates they end their silent walk.
 With banners raised
 They look up to the sky
 And pray to God
 That man will learn: o trust his fellow men.

ANN ADAIR, Form U VI Arts.

THE JOYS OF HIKING.

Oh! It's fun to go a-hiking
 O'er moorland, dale and fell;
 Oh! It's fine to go a-rambling
 O'er land you love so well;
 There is nothing I like better
 Than to stroll by a bubbling beck,
 With a ten-stone ruck-sack on my back,
 And rain trickling down my neck.

Oh! It's fun to go a-wandering
 Through the English countryside;
 Oh! It's grand to go a-climbing
 And down mountain-sides to slide;
 There is nothing I like better
 Than through wooded slopes to go,
 And to sit at night a-sighing
 Over blisters on my toe.

Oh! It's fun to go a-tramping
 Down pretty country lanes;
 Oh! It's good to go a-sauntering
 O'er widely rolling plains;
 There is nothing I like better
 Than to reach home after nine,
 And to lie awake at night-time
 With lumbago in my spine.

MARJORIE C. HERDMAN, Form U VI Sc.

EPITAPH FOR AN EIDERDUCK.

Thou wert ever joyous, as thou didst waddle along,
 Often wouldst thou charm me with staccato yet melodious song:
 "Quack, quack."
 Ah, such sweet compelling music to th' attentive ear.
 Now art thou sacrificed to bless humanity.
 "Man before beast." — O presumptuous vanity!
 Alack!
 Soon must thou fill an eiderdown, I fear.

KATHLEEN E. CONLEY, Form Scholarship VII.

ON MEETING A VAGUE ACQUAINTANCE.

Desperation ! Which way to look ? Does one cross the road or gaze thoughtfully at, and ponder on the knowledge (gained from Miss Heslop) that the clouds may be called nimbus or stratus or wonder with fascination what land structure is hidden under the pavement? The reason for this sudden interest in geography can be attributed to a figure who is approaching with great embarrassment. We are vague acquaintances and, being reserved in the typical English manner, are dubious whether to greet each other enthusiastically or formally, smile faintly, grin horribly or ignore each other completely.

When one has eventually overcome this problem and decided to give a charming smile with complete poise, another problem arises. Do you advance with the smile frozen on your face, or approach your victim, humming and looking straight through her and then with great surprise grin brightly? It is obvious that you did not see her. Although both of you know this is mere pretence, appearances must be kept up.

Personally, I prefer the handkerchief method. For this a clean and preferably expensive handkerchief is needed. One's handkerchief is pulled out, the nose gently wiped and the handkerchief returned to the pocket as the acquaintance is reached. The prepared smile is then given.

If your smile is a reflection of that of your acquaintance, it turns out to be a nervous grimace, but the effort is appreciated by both parties just as it should be.

How I wish for the hand-shaking of France !

ELIZABETH SANDERSON, Form L.VI 1.

VALLEY IN THE SNOW.

A vast white carpet of snow
 Stretches over hill and dale,
 And crystal-clear streams, which once
 Ran down the mountain slopes,
 No longer gurgle over stones
 Which barred their path.
 The trees stand black and bare
 Against a leaden sky, cloud-laden.
 Valleys which once echoed with the murmur
 Of living things are silent and still,
 Patiently awaiting the first whisper of Spring
 When earth will ring once more
 With joyous sounds of life.

SHEILA THOMAS, Form L. VI 3.

'DIE ANKUNFT VON WINTER'

Die Tage sind kurz;
Die Nächte sind lang;

Der Himmel ist grau;
Die Sonne scheint nicht.

Die Bäume sind stark;
Der Schnee fällt.

"Ja!" hat man 'sagt:
"Der Winter ist hier."

MARY COATES, Form L.VI 2.

THE BIRTH OF SPRING

Coal fires lose their frosty glow:
Now flickers a flame in the garden,
Cherished flowers begin to show
Shy, tender, buds.
Charmed by a capricious sun, suddenly
In mingled clusters, gloriously they flout
The fear of winter's rude return
And bring a bubble of hope to all who see.
Yet seeing, still we know that one icy, wintry thrust
To such beauty
May bring
Death.

VIVIENNE MCKAY, Form L. VI 2.

CLIMAX.

He was driven to it. Who could blame him? He tried time after time not to say it, but what else could a man do in a similar case? Could he carry on for an indefinite time with a thing like that looming up in front of him? No! He was faced with it at every turn. His pleasure was marred and he had paid so dearly for it. At last he decided to speak: "Excuse me ma'am, would you kindly remove your hat? I can't see the screen."

MARGARET ARMSTRONG, Form L. VI 1.

THESE I HAVE LOATHED
(With apologies to Rupert Brooke)

These I have loathed:—

Used plates and cups, chipped, breaking,
 Ringed with brown lines of stale, cold tea.
 Dull hair, lifeless, limp; a friendly smile ignored,
 The rasp of finger nail across the board.
 The voice, dull droning, that in the memory lingers
 Long after pen has dropped from numb fingers.
 The smell of ink which speaks of work
 When holidays in my mind lurk.
 Fat, slithering slimily down my throat.
 Sharp vindictive tongues which gloat.
 Hands, ruffling my hair in play;
 The shrill alarm at break of day.
 The shock of cold water; worms to touch;
 The dank smell of wet clothes and other such—
 Noise, the motor cycle's raucous cry,
 Shattering the stillness as I lie
 Sleeping. Last year's fashions
 Dear mistakes
 And thousand others throng to me !

JEAN GARRICK, Form L. VI 1.

AN AFTERNOON AT THE BULLRING.

Everyone was silent, the crowds waited expectantly for the bull to charge into the arena. When the animal, a strong bull with well-set muscles, hurled into sight, charging and snorting with anger an "Olé" from the crowd filled the air. This was the moment that they had waited for; the bullfight had begun.

Members of the cuadrilla darted across the ring, trailing cloaks, tantalising the bull and trying to see with which horn it tossed. Often a man just managed to squeeze behind a barrier as the bull thundered past. Pepe Caceres, a well-known bullfighter, stepped into the arena and immediately all attention was turned to him, as with skill he passed the bull, showing brilliant capework. He seemed to be able to judge when the bull would stop charging, and would just turn his back on it without any fear of being tossed. His performance was worth seeing, but the next stage of the fight had begun.

At the sound of a trumpet, a horse was led in. This horse was blindfolded and padded on one side of its body. On its back rode a picador, carrying a long stick with a sharp point on the end, almost like a spear. The bull charged at the horse, sticking its horns into the padding and trying to toss the terrified animal. As this happened the picador thrust the spear into the muscle behind the neck of the bull and tried to weaken the bull. This produced a large wound from which blood surged down the bull's side. Often the horse nearly fell, but it was rescued by another summons from a trumpet which meant that that stage of the show was over. It was led out with much booing and hissing from the crowd for many Spaniards do not like this part of the bullfight.

Men then made the bull charge them by standing and shouting "Torro." As it shot towards them, they swerved and planted paper-covered harpoons into the bull's back, in exactly the same spot as the picador had made the wound. This went on until the bull had six gaily-coloured weapons hanging from it.

Caceres then started more capework and at one point his costume, which was of green silk and satin decorated with sequins was smeared with blood from the bull's body passing so close to him. After he made such daring passes as looking into the air while passing the bull, many "O lés" came from the spectators. Soon it was time for the kill. Caceres acknowledged the President in his box and then dedicated his bull to the crowd.

Then he took his sword and, after getting the bull in the correct position so that its front feet were together, took his position before the bull. He took aim by looking down the sword and then plunged it into the bull. It was a wonderful kill; the bull fell dead immediately although its nerves still twitched.

The crowd stood up, waving handkerchiefs at the President, to show that they wanted Pepe Caceres to have an award. Smiling, the President sent a man who cut two ears off the bull and presented them to Caceres.

The bullfighter was then carried round the ring and wine containers, flowers, jackets, fans, and even sandals were thrown into the ring so that Caceres would return them. At the end of the afternoon's entertainment the crowd surged out of the arena, passing the sheds where the bulls could be seen hanging, skinned for market, but the people were more interested in seeing the bullfighters and cuadrilla ride through the town in their horsedrawn carriage and they followed, cheering and laughing.

A RIVER.

From a babbling spring on the side of a hill
The young river leaps over rocks, until
It reaches the valley below.

Here it flows to a still dark pool;
Then meanders through woods quiet and cool,
Steadily swelling in size.

Through a smoky town it curves its way,
By slimy banks thick with mud and clay;
Struggling towards the sea.

No strength, no purpose, no joy is left,
As the weary river meets its death
In that cruel, devouring sea.

MARIE CROZIER, Form IVC.

THE KITTEN.

Twinkling, blue, mischievous eyes,
Life to him is all surprise,
The kitten wakes to play.
Rolling, tumbling, all a-caper,
Chasing threads and bits of paper.
Round and round as in a gale,
Trying hard to catch his tail,
Ceasing in dismay.

Up the curtains, down the chair,
Here, there, and everywhere,
Around the stool he peeps.
Flurry, scurry, heart a-beating,
Pitter-patter, feet still fleeting.
But at last, beside the fire,
Rest and peace is his desire,
Snug and warm, he sleeps.

JACQUELINE HOBSON, Form IV C.

DOWN ON THE BEACH.

Laughter and screams,
 Dripping ice-creams;
 Sunshine and waves
 Dark, gloomy caves.
 Children are playing,
 Donkeys are braying.
 Sand in the food,
 All tastes good,
 Down on the beach.

Laughter is gone
 One is alone,
 Up comes the moon
 'Twill be evening soon.
 The sea is a-heaving
 Sand castles disappearing
 The waves are creeping.
 The seagulls sleeping.
 Down on the beach.

MARILYN CARTER, Form IV C.

MY FAVOURITE ROAD.

My favourite road, or should I say track, was the road leading to my primary school in Newcastle. It led over two fields, past a stream, and then on to the cement road in front of the school.

The track was all ruts, where children with prams or bicycles, had crossed it when it was muddy. The fields lay on either side, green, yellow and brown in the summer. Poppies, dog-daisies, and tiny violets and clover, grew in between the tall grass and corn. The field on one side of the track was bumpier than the other, and when I was little, my friends and I used to see who could reach the far hedge first without falling down. Also on this side was a long ridge of bumps of clay, about two feet high at the highest points and a foot at the lowest points. These were called, by us, the "Bumps." Never would we go to school without running up and down these. Even in rainy weather we would slip and slide over them, trying to jump across the muddy pools in the hollows.

On the opposite side of the track, were fields of long grass, where we used to play hide-and-seek, or gather the wild flowers. At the far end of this field was the 'Ash Path' and a little bubbling stream. The 'Ash Path' was so named I suppose, because it was a path of a black, gritty substance, which always seemed to get in our shoes when we were late for school. The little stream, although it seemed deep to us, could only have been about two feet six inches at the deepest point. Here in the summer and spring we would search

for tadpoles, and, I may add that it was only the very lucky ones, who ever seemed to be able to find them.

In the hedges, we used to find deep hollows; they were prickly and dark, but made fine secret hide-outs.

In the winter, although the track to school did not seem so engaging to us, we often had fine snowball fights. The trees would be heavily laden with snow, and some wretched boy would shake them sending showers of snow all over us. If the track was frozen we would break the frozen puddles by standing on them or breaking them with stones; and woe betide the person, who, standing on a seemingly frozen puddle, was soaked by the water that gushed over the top of his shoes.

Everyone was so disappointed and grieved when we found that we were going to be deprived of our "Bumps," and 'Ash Path,' in fact the whole of the fields and meadows. The Council had bought them to build an Estate there. Sadly we saw the 'Bumps' flattened, the stream drained and the fields churned up. Now if ever I walk down my once favourite road, it is a cement road, with impersonal council houses and flats on either side: but always I, and I am sure my friends, will remember our 'Favourite Road' to school.

GILLIAN RICHMOND, Form IV Sp.

IMAGES.

In the wandering of my soul
weird images glimmer and fade.
Images
half forgotten
half remembered
only known
(and yet not really known but felt)
through the dreams of each individual man
who has walked this earth as myself,
has felt the warmth of the noonday sun
as well as the urgency of a lover's arms,
has viewed the earth with reverent awe
as well as the sky's beckoning stars,
has dreamt strange dreams,
felt strange things,
and
has dared to believe the strangeness not strange.
But suddenly this shifting mist
is mist no more,
and the images no longer unreal.
The real and the unreal are one now
or is it just that
the unreal has always been real?

MARIE VERSCHOOR, Form IV S.

PARTS OF SPEECH.

A verb: it tells you what to do:
 Run, hop, skip, sew;
 An adverb how it's done does tell:
 Badly, nicely, slowly, well;
 An adjective tells you what it's like:
 Sad, gay, dreary, bright;
 A noun's the name of a place or a thing:
 Ball, chair, dress, wing;
 A pronoun takes the place of the latter:
 Me, thou and he—etcetera;
 A preposition's in front of a noun:
 On the wall, or, through the town;
 A conjunction joins two things together:
 Short but sweet, wind and weather;
 An interjection shows surprise:
 "How beautiful!" and "Oh, how wise!"

They come in every sentence,
 To learn them, such a bore,
 I only hope they stop at eight,
 And don't make any more.

SHELAGH D. BUCHANAN, Form III G—

SALE !

A long queue stood outside the shop,
 With aching legs about to drop.
 Doors were opened and people pushed;
 The sale began and in they rushed.

Shop assistants gazed in awe
 As garments skimmed across the floor;
 To buy a hat for half-a-crown,
 They even knocked a dummy down.

The bargain that I wished to get,
 Was a pretty crimson wool twin-set;
 But my reward was one black eye,
 A laddered stocking and the manager's tie.

DENISE HART, Form III G—

"SPIRITS"

Around and around They fly,
 Twisting and turning,
 Dancing and twirling
 Perpetually whirling;
 Soaring and swooping,
 Diving and looping,
 Going in dirty, coming out clean,
 All these things I have seen
 In our washing machine.

BARBARA BIRBECK, Form III C.

WHY AM I NOT ATHLETIC ?

I am the same shape as everyone else,
 So why can't I do Gym ?
 I feel so faint when the mistress says,
 "Go on, jump in and swim."

I can't run fast like other girls,
 I cannot catch the ball,
 I can't even throw a discus without
 Causing myself to fall.

Why is it that I possess two left feet
 At every dancing class ?
 At hockey, the captain always says,
 "Why you can't even pass."

The only answer which appears to me,
 (It's unlikely to be true)
 It was said, "There must be one bad at sport,
 So why can't it be you?"

DIANE DAVISON, Form III C.

MOONSTRUCK.

In this alarming day and age,
It is the nation's latest rage
To land
A manned
Rocket on the moon.

Millions are spent in this race
To conquer the mysteries of space,
All strive
To arrive
First on the moon.

People wonder what is there;
I suspect a Martian lair,
A cow's knees
And some blue cheese,
To be found soon
There on the moon.

RUTH ZAHN, Form III G.

EN HIVER.

En hiver, la neige tombe à la terre,
Le ciel est gris, souvent il pleut;
Les arbres forts ne sont plus verts,
Mais la saison sera brève, on veut.
Toute la forêt est très noire,
Et la ville est sombre, ces soirs.
Mais un beau jour soudain on sent
Que bientôt il sera le printemps.

BARBARA GILCHRIST, Form III G.

THE FIRE.

Leaping, flickering, haunting ;
 The gold flames danced and swayed
 'Midst the glowing heap of logs
 Whose fierce heat forbade
 Close comfort :
 Warming the room in rosy-hued splendour
 The prancing, licking flames
 Made grotesque shadows on the fender
 That restricted the red phantoms of light
 Silently dying.

ANN HALL, Form III Bma.

THE WHOOSAM BIRDS.

There's a pair of curly whoosams at the bottom of our garden,
 These nest, as a rule, in Baden-Baden,
 The people who come are very keen,
 To see for themselves these birds who preen
 Their moulting feathers, beside their nest
 And I think that it is best,
 To keep away from the whoosams' haunt,
 When they decide to go on a jaunt,
 For then they fly in a definite arc
 Because they think it is just a lark
 To attract everyone into our garden,
 While they return to Baden-Baden.

JENNIFER BOWMAN, Form III Bm.

IN A PERSIAN MARKET.

The sun blazed down on a typical oil port in the Persian Gulf, as the ship, in which I had travelled so many thousands of miles, tied up for yet another cargo of oil. My concern, however, was not with ships and cargoes, but with sight-seeing and as soon as possible I was ashore. A five-mile taxi ride brought me to Bandar Mashur, a small Persian town. The minute I alighted from the car I was the centre of interest, particularly for groups of small children who seemed to be everywhere. Many of them followed me, smiling and staring, for they had probably seen few white girls before. Some of the little girls and most of the women wore large gold earrings and silver anklets for adornment. The children were clothed mainly in long cotton trousers under thin summer dresses, while the ladies wore the haik, a long black cover from head to foot, the traditional costume in the East.

My goal was the market place, which I found was teeming with people who wandered through the narrow lanes between disreputable-looking stalls. There was everything to be bought there, and it was most interesting, if rather smelly—for hygiene seemed to be unknown. Fruit and vegetable stalls were most numerous, one or two of them selling only dates in varying stages of ripeness. More interesting than these were the craftsmen's stalls, where their trades were carried on in public view. Here I saw tailors with nimble fingers, sitting cross-legged as they sewed, surrounded by gaily-coloured bales of materials, so loved by Eastern peoples. Next were skilful men making beautiful chased silver trinkets, ornaments and table ware. Usually where groups of men were gathered to work or merely to gossip over cups of strong black coffee, there was a hookah pipe in their midst for their additional pleasure, and workmen, merchants and customers took full advantage of it. The Eastern diet is mainly highly-seasoned curries and rice, and the sharp spicy tang I could now smell was coming from stalls selling rice, dahl, and all the spices used so much in Oriental dishes. Unfortunately, there were also signs of our modern world creeping in, in the shape of cheap and tawdry plastic and tin goods.

As I left the market the minaret of the mosque was silhouetted against the setting sun and I could see the sharply-etched figure of the Muezzin or chief priest, who, in a high reedy voice, was calling the faithful to prayer. For me, it was time to return to the ship to continue my most interesting journey.

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY.

You take off your coat and you change your shoes,
 The party's begun, and there's no time to lose,
 You can hear them "Gathering Nuts in May,"
 And you're simply longing to go in and play.

There's twirl-the-tray and you twirl it fast,
 And musical chairs when you're left in last,
 There's Postman's Knock and General Post,
 And you really don't know which you like the most.

There's tea, with ginger and chocolate cake,
 And coloured jellies that shiver and shake,
 There's trifle with cream, and strawberry ice,
 There's Christmas cake too and you're given a slice.

There are dozens of crackers which when pulled go bang,
 There's a Christmas Tree too where the gay presents hang,
 And then, oh dear, how the time does fly,
 It's "Thank-you for having me, goodbye."

JEAN CARSE, Form II Z.

THE BEDAN.

If you're held up at the crossing
 By a stream of traffic passing,
 And a smart girl stands beside you
 With grace and pride of bearing
 You can tell she is a Bedan
 By the blazer she is wearing.

If a biting wind is blowing
 And it even might be snowing,
 You may see two teams at hockey,
 Oblivious of it all.
 You can easily tell the Bedan
 By the way she swipes the ball.

If you see a girl at homework
 And it seems she wants to shirk
 For she's scowling at her Latin book,
 "Why, it's worse than English prose!"
 You can tell she is a Bedan
 By a tendency to doze.

GLENNIS GORDON, Form II W.

THE WIND.

Screaming round the houses,
Underneath the eaves.
Howling through the tree-tops,
Whirling down the leaves.

Churning up the wild waves,
Tossing little boats.
Whisking off men's bowlers,
Billowing ladies' coats.

Roaring down the chimneys,
Rushing through the doors,
Raging, strong, the wild wind
Tears on without a pause.

MARY BEARMAN, Form II W.

THE PICTURE.

The murky sky was obscure with ugly black smoke, swirling and writhing above its unfortunate victims. Buildings had crashed to their doom and lay a mass of insignificant rubble.

A church alone, stood in a street where hundreds had made their homes. It looked tall and splendid, although roofless and the rest of the street seemed to have fallen and surrendered about it.

Drawing farther away from the church, gloom and misery dictated unchallenged. Death had closed her icy grip around many, leaving behind her heart-rending desolation in the souls of most survivors. Debris and rubble covered what had been grass and well-swept roads the day before, and silent figures dug relentlessly into the cruel rubbish hoping to find some precious possession to give them courage.

Arms out-stretched in despair and clothes tattered and torn, a man stood. His face revealed utter desperation as he stood and silently drank in the scene around him. An elderly man stooped and clawed viciously at the debris, turning over stone after stone, until his fingers were bleeding and swollen. He unearthed something and holding it close to him he quickly hurried away. A third figure flitted stealthily around, overturning a rock here and there, obviously not seeking to find anything in particular. The sky was beginning to redden and the number of diggers slowly decreased.

Suddenly a sharp voice shattered my dream and the sombre picture slid back into its restricting frame and my meandering thoughts were dragged abruptly back to the lesson.

JEAN MCKENZIE, Form II Z.

WEATHER.

What can we do on a cold, rainy day?
There's nothing to do and nothing to play,
So we sit down and watch the teeming rain,
And wish that the sun would come out again.

What can we do on a hot summer's day?
It's much too hot to run and to play,
So we sit beneath sun-shades and hide from the sun,
And wish for the snow and gay winter fun.

I think you will share the opinion with me,
That we and the weather will never agree.

EDITH ROBSON, Form II X.

THE BUS CONDUCTOR'S LOT.

The bus conductor's lot is surely a sad one. Why else would he be so perpetually miserable? He clips his tickets with the air of one who is oppressed by society. He hands your ticket to you looking like an unhappy bloodhound.

He hates to stop at a bus stop and is always eager to get away. That means that when you have placed one foot on the bus he thinks it time to hit the bell.

He takes particular delight in stepping on people's feet, knocking over shopping bags, and kicking one's shins. He also has the idea that the public enjoy carrying around with them loads of change; so that when given half-a-crown he gives back two and fourpence halfpenny in pennies and half-pennies.

Of course there are exceptions. There are those who are disgustingly cheerful, especially when you are feeling miserable after a late night and have a maths lesson looming ahead. They persist in telling jokes in a loud voice and often burst into song. They make fun of fat ladies and small children.

My perfect conductor is quite cheerful, polite, slim (so that he walks down the aisle without bumping) and he always waits for me when I am running for bus. Alas! I can but dream.

I must thank Sunderland Corporation Transport for giving me inspiration.

IRENE NELSON, Form II Z.

THE SPRING IS HERE AGAIN.

The grass beneath my feet so green,
 The running, bubbling of the stream.
 The multi colours of the earth ;
 And all around there is the birth
 Of young ones to the world.

Rejoice, Rejoice.

The Spring is here again.

Who could wish for a better sign,
 As the mother, looking at chicks, so fine,
 And the budding tree wishing for its leaves.
 Look at the father duck, how he heaves ;
 While eating worms among the reeds.

Hurrah, Hurrah.

The Spring is here again.

Snowdrops and daffodowndilies,
 Oh, how many are such sillies,
 Not to like these beautiful flowers ;
 Which grow and grow with dainty Spring showers ?
 Those white plants and yellow too :
 Wonder when those bells of blue
 Will show us their dress so new?

Oh Joy, Oh Joy.

The Spring is here again.

Where is that dull, dull grey,
 That roamed our skies for many a day?
 It has gone, flown away ;
 And the blue skies have come to stay.

The Spring has come. The Spring has come.

Hip, Hip, Hurrah.

ELAINE PEARLMAN, FORM I X.

THE WASTE PAPER BASKET.

You may not think it handsome,
It's only made of cane,
It stands there in the corner,
Looking oh so plain.

All day it stands so sturdy,
With rubbish to the top,
And every night it's emptied,
By some one with a mop.
Now something strange inside me,
I do not know quite what,
Makes me think that somehow,
I like it quite a lot.

SUSAN REDFEARN, Form I Y.

BAKING DAY.

On Saturdays my mother bakes
Little buns and big round cakes
And I love to come and stir
In the great white bowl for her.

You should see what she puts in!
Soft, white flour from the bin,
Yellow butter, sugar too,
Currants, raisins, not a few.

Fine chopped citron, oh how nice!
Just a little dash of spice,
And when these are mixed just right,
Come the eggs, and milk so white.

There's the moment very soon,
When she lets me take the spoon,
And I stir with might and main
Round and round and round again.

When the cakes are in the tins,
Then the greatest fun begins,
For the bowl and spoon I take
And scrape them clean of all the cake.

PAMELA ELLIS, Form I W.

HYPOCHONDRIAC !

I live on a pension,
 As I've got Hypertension.
 My face shows lumps
 I must have caught mumps.
 I've got sneezles and wheezles
 Symptoms of Measles
 I feel I must prance
 (That's St. Vitus's Dance)
 I'm shivery too.
 I'm sure to have 'flu.
 Oh! my poor head,
 I'm dying, I'm dead.

DIANE SHAPERO, Form I W.

THE GHOST HORSE.

Born one wild and blustery night,
 With silver mane and tail so white,
 All the land is his domain;
 On he gallops o'er the plain,
 The Ghost Horse of the Hills.

Rushing through the hills so dark,
 A clatter of hoofs, a wild dog's bark,
 Ever onwards he will race,
 No other horse can match his pace,
 The Ghost Horse of the Hills.

PATRICIA OVEREND, Form I Y.

