

THE BEDAN

1961

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BEDE GRAMMAR SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
1960-61

Head Mistress	Miss Bradbury.
Senior Mistress	Miss Carrick (Chemistry).
Form Scholarship VII			Miss Wilman (Mathematics).
Form VII	Miss Harding (Biology).
" VI Arts	Miss Taylor (French).
" VI Science	Miss Carlin (Biology).
" V C	Miss Hayton (History).
" V S	Mrs. Youngs (English).
" V B.M.	Miss Heslop (Geography).
" V B.A.	Mr. Rogers (History)
" IV C	Mrs. Wilkinson (Chemistry).
" IV G	Mr. Cox (Classics)
" IV B.M.	Miss Milbanke (Needlework).
" III C	Mr. Taylor (Physics).
" III S	Miss Fall (English).
" III (i)	Miss Crone (Art).
" III (ii)	Mr. Hartley (Music).
" II W	Miss Thompson (General Subjects).
" II X	Miss Burt (General Subjects).
" II Y	Mrs. Smith (Scripture).
" II F	Miss Simpson (Geography).
" I W	Miss Kinch (Mathematics).
" I X	Mrs. Bell (Domestic Science).
" I Y	Miss Wheeler (French).
" I Z	Miss Duns (German).

Miss Azagra (Spanish).

Miss Bernard (Music).

Mrs. Bryce (Mathematics).

Mrs. Cornwell (Biology).

Miss Hall (Domestic Science).

Miss Jackson (Art).

Miss Macnab (Physical Education).

Mr. Nottingham (Scripture).

Mrs. Plumpton (Physical Education).

Mrs. Proud (English).

Miss Richardson (English).

Mrs. Sherriff (Mathematics)

Mrs. Watson (French).

Visiting Staff: Miss Elliott (Violin).

School Secretary: Miss Stewart.

Captain of School: Eve Richardson.

Vice-Captain: Pauline Fawcitt.

FOREWORD

Though the school year 1960-61 has seen many and varied activities, it will, perhaps, prove most memorable for the completion of the building extensions. Now that we are in full occupation of our attractive and well-equipped new rooms, all the noise and discomfort of last year's building operations seem to have been decidedly worth while.

The year has brought its staff changes. In July Miss Tweed left us to become Head of the French Department at Keighley Girls' Grammar School. She had been at Bede since 1954 and we are grateful to her for all that she did, not only to foster interest in her own subject, but also for the corporate life of the school. We wish her every success in her new appointment. We were very sorry, too, to have to say "Goodbye" to Miss Dove and Mrs. Henderson who had been with us temporarily throughout the year and to Miss Gilroy who had been with us part-time for two terms. In September we welcomed Mr. Hartley "home" from his year at Monkwearmouth Grammar School, also Mrs. Bell (Domestic Subjects), Miss Jackson (Art), Miss Macnab (Physical Education) and Miss Wheeler (French). The end of the Christmas Term brought another change when Miss Short left on the occasion of her marriage which has taken her to Oxfordshire. However, we are pleased to have Mrs. Sherriff to take her place in the Mathematics Department and also Mrs. Cornwell to give additional help in the Biology Department.

The school year will also be remembered as marking the retirement, shortly before Christmas, of Mr. Norwood, the senior caretaker. Mr. Norwood took up his duties in 1929 when the school moved to its present building and, from the start, identified himself with the "Bede" in no ordinary way so that he became a real part of it. We miss his cheery and amiable presence. Our best wishes go to both Mr. and Mrs. Norwood for a very long and serene retirement. We hope that they have carried away with them many pleasant memories of their thirty-one years here; we shall always remember them with affection and gratitude.

To Mr. Norwood's successor, Mr. Horn, we extend a very warm welcome.

It has been our pleasure, during the year, to welcome to Bede a number of visitors. We were specially delighted to have Miss Moul with us for Senior Speech Day and to see her looking so well and happy in her retirement.

I should like to take this opportunity of thanking all who have helped to make the past year eventful, interesting, and successful. We can, I know, seek inspiration from the past and so look to the future with confidence.

E. J. BRADBURY.

FOUNDERS' DAY, 1961

Founders' Day, 1961, began with the celebration of Holy Communion in Bishopwearmouth Church for members of the Anglican Church, and in Durham Road Methodist Church for members of the Free Churches. After breakfasting in Bishopwearmouth Church Hall, the communicants joined the remainder of the two schools in Bishopwearmouth Church for the Founders' Day Service.

The service was conducted by the Rural Dean, Canon C. L. P. Bishop, with lessons read by the Captain of the Boys' School, Peter Wood, and the Captain of the Girls' School, Eve Richardson. The combined Senior Choirs sang the anthem "How lovely are Thy dwellings" by Brahms. Prayers were led by the Rev. F. H. Hawkins.

The preacher was the Rev. Graham Foley, Adviser in Religious Education in the Diocese of Durham, who told us to have pride in our school, and to go forth into the world not only as scholars, but also as Christians.

On Founders' Day we realise the value of communal worship, and the important contribution this service makes to the spiritual well-being of the Bede Schools.

PATRICIA STURT.

SENIOR SPEECH DAY, 1960

Senior Speech Day was held on November 10th, 1960. Alderman J. Cohen, O.B.E., J.P., was in the chair and the chief speaker was Miss Ida Cook, writer, novelist and refugee worker. The evening began with the presentation of bouquets and the singing of the school song. Miss Bradbury then gave her report on the school year 1959-60, which had been a very busy and successful one. She thanked especially all who had helped her during her first year at Bede. The school choir then entertained us with two songs.

Alderman Cohen called upon Miss Cook to address the school, adding that as a Jew he felt a personal link with her because of the work she had done for his people during the war. Miss Cook gave the school a most interesting talk covering the wide range of her experiences from a successful novelist, under the name of

Mary Birchall, to a refugee worker in Nazi Germany. She left us with the impression of a very vital and courageous woman. Her advice to the school epitomised her own life for she urged us to seize every opportunity and make the most of it.

After another song by the choir, Miss Cook kindly distributed the certificates and prizes. (She also noted several of the girls' names for use in her next novel!).

A vote of thanks was proposed by Mrs. J. A. English, a member of the Education Committee, and seconded by the School Captain, Eve Richardson. A most pleasant evening was then brought to a close by the singing of the National Anthem.

EVE RICHARDSON.

JUNIOR SPEECH DAY

Junior Speech Day was held on the afternoon of Wednesday, 9th November. The proceedings began with the presentation of button-holes and the singing of the School Song. Mr. Nelson, chairman of the P.T.A., then welcomed everyone present.

The Junior Choir sang "Ducks" by Rowley and "Song for a Festival" by Dyson, after which Miss Bradbury gave a report of the year's work.

The Junior School joined with the Choir in the singing of the hymn "Jerusalem".

Mr. H. Carr's address followed, in which he took the word "Bedan" and made its letters stand for qualities we should develop while at school. He concluded his interesting talk with an encouragement to work hard and always be a credit to the school. The prizes and certificates were then presented by Mr. Carr.

The vote of thanks was ably proposed by Mrs. M. Proud and seconded by Christine Callum.

The singing of the National Anthem brought to a close an enjoyable afternoon.

CHRISTINE CALLUM.

PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION

The highlight of the year was the Christmas Market on the 2nd December which was held to augment the funds of the Association. The result was most gratifying and the General Funds benefited to the extent of £214 12s. 6d.

Additional to the usual social functions for the pupils, a Parents' Social Evening was held again and proved most entertaining and enjoyable despite the fact that we could have hoped for greater support.

The Association not only helps the social activities of the School but provides financial assistance for various projects and donates prize funds to Speech Day and Athletics Day. Help has been given this year towards the provision of sports uniforms for the Netball and Hockey Teams.

On the occasion of the Christmas Party the opportunity was taken to make a presentation to Mr. Norwood to mark his retirement after many years of splendid service to the school and for the ready help he so willingly gave to the P.T.A.

Many good causes await the assistance of Associations such as ours and whether it be school activities or school amenities that call for help, I know the Executive Committee will always respond. It only remains for the parents to give us their active support. If your parents are not already members encourage them to join—you will derive the benefit.

J. W. BIRBECK,
Hon. Joint Secretary.

SCHOOL PARLIAMENT

The School Parliament has continued to meet regularly with the School Captain, Eve Richardson, in the chair. Two Members of Parliament from each Form have attended and have shown great interest in school activities. The problems discussed have covered a wide range, with special interest in the revision of school uniform and the new paper owels and liquid soap in school.

Parliament gives its members a chance to speak out freely, voice their complaints, and suggest improvements. This opportunity encourages interest in school affairs in every Form.

PAULINE FAWCITT, Secretary.

LOAN AND SCHOLARSHIP FUND

The object of this Fund is to lend money to any girl in order to assist her to train for any career after leaving school. The loan is to be repaid either as a lump sum or in monthly instalments once she has begun to earn her living. Any girl who feels that she is in need of such help should apply in writing to the Secretary not later than 31st May 1961.

K. M. CARRICK,

Hon. Secretary.

REPORT ON SCHOOL CHARITIES

During the past three terms the School Charities Committee has been as active as ever and the School has raised over £200 for twenty-one deserving causes. Two collections were particularly gratifying, namely one of £35 5s. 6d. for the Save the Children Fund and another of £27 10s. 0d. for the British Red Cross for Congo Relief.

A new departure was made (or perhaps it would be more true to say that a very old custom was revived) when the committee decided to make a gift in kind and use the money collected for the Cherry Knowle League of Friends to donate a garden seat for the use of the patients.

The School is much indebted to the volunteers who have given time and thought to preparing and showing real persuasive power as well as courage in making the fortnightly appeals. The monitors too, though their task must often seem a thankless one, have for the most part worked enthusiastically to render the School's contribution to each of the chosen causes a worthy one.

D.M.W.

A.A.Y.H.

STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

The S.C.M. has continued to hold regular weekly meetings. A new feature of this term's meetings has been the cups of tea and biscuits provided by the boys. This year's meetings began with a formal service conducted in the Art Room by Rev. H. Ford.

On March 17th many of our members attended the Sunderland and South Shields Sixth Formers' Conference, held at the Church High School. The theme of the Conference was "A Continent in Turmoil," and the two speakers, Rev. J. P. K. Byrnes, B.Sc., and Rev. G. R. Berriman, M.A., took as their subjects "Race and Colour in Northern Rhodesia" and "South African Visit".

In our own meetings we decided that in the Autumn Term we should follow the Study Guide, "What difference does it make to be a Christian?" and have different speakers for each section.

For the Spring Term we had a complete change and had play readings and a Brains Trust. The remaining meetings were spent preparing for the Conference with the aid of Rev. G. R. Berriman on one occasion.

As we began this year's meetings with a formal service we decided to end in the same way and we are hoping that the Rev. A. Cornah, M.A., B.D., will conduct this service.

ANNE BERRIMAN, Secretary.

J. W. BIRBECK,

Hon. Joint Secretary.

J. S. C. M.

The Junior Student Christian Movement has continued to hold meetings every Tuesday in the old Art Room. Attendance increased considerably before Christmas so that we had a maximum attendance of 50 and a minimum after Christmas of 6. This gives an average of 28 which is a slight improvement on last year's average which was 27.

The chairman for this year is Pauline Featonby of Form VII, the Secretary, Margaret Graham, and the Treasurer, Jean Barnes. Valuable assistance has been given this year by Mrs. Smith, who has given up much of her spare time for the movement.

During the year we have had Biblical talks, quizzes and discussions. Pauline Featonby gave a talk on the subject of S.C.M. holidays for people under 18.

The Doctor Barnardo's home at Shotley Bridge was pleased to receive a gift of fruit at Harvest Festival.

At Christmas we produced a nativity play called "A Christmas Pageant" and we would like to take this opportunity of thanking all members of staff who assisted in the production.

FLORENCE HAMILTON.

MUSIC REPORT 1960-61

During the past year the musical interest in the school has, as usual, been very much alive. In February 1961, the third and fourth forms enjoyed a visit to the Civic Theatre to see a mixed programme by the London Festival Ballet Company. In their turn, the senior school went to a matinee performance by the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra which gave us a good selection of items. Interest was aroused when it was discovered that the last piece, "Shepherd's Hey", was written by Percy Grainger who had died only the previous evening.

Three visits have been made to Northern Sinfonia Orchestra concerts in the Seaburn Hall, and in November 1960, a party of staff and girls went to the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, to hear the Sadler's Wells production of "The Barber of Seville".

The school choirs, too, have been active during the year. At Founders' Day, 1960, the combined choirs sang the anthem, "O Thou the Central Orb" by Charles Wood. The choirs sang both at their respective speech days and at the Carol Service. The school orchestra also took part in the Carol Service and are soon to give an evening performance for parents and friends which will also include items by the Junior Choir.

We look forward also to the annual concert of the combined choirs which includes Mozart's "Requiem Mass," Vaughan Williams' "Toward the Unknown Region" and "How Lovely are Thy Dwellings" by Brahms. This Concert will be of particular interest as it marks the first performance of the "Trio in E Minor" by Mr. John Kirk of the Boys' School.

ANNE HUGHES.

THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

On Monday, August 29th, 1960, a small party of staff and girls left Sunderland station for a four-day visit to the Edinburgh International Festival.

We began our holiday with a visit to the Glyndebourne Festival Opera and enjoyed a performance of Verdi's "Falstaff". Several of our party again visited this opera company to hear three short operas, including the British premiere of "La Voix Humaine" by Poulenc.

We were privileged to hear performances by three distinguished soloists. Dame Myra Hess played a Beethoven Concerto with the Scottish National Orchestra, who also performed works by Mozart and Bartok; Halina Czerny-Stefanska gave an impressive pianoforte recital of music by Chopin, and the famous operatic and concert singer, Victoria de Los Angeles gave a memorable performance, accompanied by the celebrated pianist, Gerald Moore. At another recital which a few of us attended, the famous violinist, Isaac Stern, was the soloist. Those who saw the Military Tattoo were impressed by the high standard attained.

Our knowledge of Scottish History was improved when we saw the World Premiere of Sir Sydney Goodsir Smith's play, "The Wallace" and our visit to the historic castle was of great interest. On another occasion we visited the famous Zoo, where, unfortunately, we lost the staff!

The lovely weather added to our enjoyment in this wonderful city and we returned home with many happy memories after a stimulating holiday.

We take this opportunity of expressing our appreciation to Miss Bernard for arranging our holiday.

ANNE BERRIMAN and JOYCE HINDMARCH.

SCIENCE SOCIETY

The Annual General Meeting was held on October 6th. Miss Bradbury consented to be President; Miss Carrick is this year's Chairman; Eve Richardson, Vice-Chairman; and Margaret Newrick, Treasurer.

On November 3rd two members of staff and twenty-five girls visited the Pathological Department of the Royal Infirmary, where they were shown around the Haematology, Histology, Biochemistry and Bacteriology departments.

In February, one hundred and twenty girls attended an illustrated lecture on liquids given by Professor Curtis at King's College.

This year's outing on May 10th is to be a biological excursion to the Lake District.

ANNE THOMPSON, Secretary.

CURRENT EVENTS SOCIETY

During the past year the Current Events Society has continued to meet and, in an hour or so of "profound" deliberation, disposed of the world's problems each week.

Tongues have been loosened regularly by a greatly appreciated brew of tea, the only exception being that lamentable Tuesday afternoon when the tea-makers-in-chief found the teacups securely locked away and, having no spare gelignite on their persons, had to retire baffled. Nor has entertainment been lacking, the highlight being Miss Duns' splendid recitation of "Eeny, meeny, miny, mo" in an attempt to dispose of an egg sandwich.

Discussion has ranged from such problems as the ever-present one of Communism to those of South Africa and Algeria. In all discussions some aspect of the degeneracy of this age of materialism seldom fails to find comment if only tacitly in the fact that most of the inspiration for discussion seems to be gathered from sitting in front of the television and allowing "Panorama" to feed the mind.

Then came the death scene from *Romeo and Juliet* is dead. On waking, Juliet finds the dead Romeo and she, too, kills herself.

SCHOOL SAVINGS GROUP

The School Savings Group continued its good work although there was a slight decrease on last year's total. Under the Envelope Scheme the school has saved £867 during the year.

In the Annual Savings Quiz the school was represented by Ruth Zahn, Christine Callum, Janet Barber and Sandra Dobney. The team did very well, being beaten by only a very narrow margin.

BARBARA WILSON B. NOTTINGHAM.

VISITS TO THE THEATRE

In October members of the senior school visited the Theatre Royal in Newcastle to see the Old Vic Company's productions of "Macbeth," "Saint Joan," and "The Importance of Being Earnest."

"Macbeth" was of particular interest to the fifth-formers, who are studying this play for their examination. Although there was some controversy as to the merits of the production, we all agreed that the acting was superb, with excellent interpretation by Paul Rogers, in the title role, and Barbara Jefford as his leading lady. An atmosphere of eeriness and mystery was maintained throughout.

Having viewed "Macbeth" from the heights of the gallery, we descended to the comfort of the front stalls to enjoy a stirring production of Shaw's "Saint Joan". Here again, Barbara Jefford excelled and gave a truly magnificent performance, as the simple peasant girl who by her faith, courage and vivacity saved France. The scenery and costumes were striking and, together with the ingenious lighting, made an effective and realistic set. The performances of the supporting cast, especially that of Sunderland-born William Russell and of George Baker, added to the enjoyment of this memorable evening.

In the true Oscar Wilde fashion, "The Importance of Being Earnest" was witty, sparkling and gay. Once more, Barbara Jefford showed her versatility. In this case the scenery was more elaborate and the costumes extravagant and beautiful.

We were thrilled to learn that the Company on its visit to Moscow performed the same plays and received great acclaim. We look forward to further visits of the Old Vic Company to the North-East with great anticipation.

MARGARET NEWRICK and ANN ADAIR.

VISIT TO THE PEOPLE'S THEATRE

We feel that our visit to this theatre is worthy of note because of the outstanding performance of Richard II which we were privileged to see.

The action and production were extremely good in spite of the fact that this is only a small amateur company. Worthy of special praise was the portrayal of King Richard, and also of Bolingbroke, together with that of the young pages whose attention never wandered and who stood so still, throughout the whole play.

The opening and closing scenes were rendered effective by a dim light focusing on a crown and throne, on the otherwise empty stage. We look forward to another visit to this theatre, and feel sure that any future performance will be equally memorable.

ADVANCED LEVEL ENGLISH GROUP.

A VISIT TO THE SUNDERLAND CIVIC THEATRE

On Wednesday, 8th February, the third forms and part of the fourth forms, with many other Sunderland school children, visited the Sunderland Civic Theatre to see a performance of the London Festival Ballet.

First of all we saw 'Les Sylphides', the story of a young artist who goes into a wood where the sunbeams begin to dance, and where he dances with them.

Next, we saw, 'The Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy' from the 'Nutcracker Suite'.

Then came the death scene from 'Romeo and Juliet'. In this, Romeo kills himself because he thinks Juliet is dead. On waking, Juliet finds the dead Romeo and she, too, kills herself.

I think we enjoyed this most of all for the dancers had many curtain calls.

Last of all, we saw 'Prince Igor,' a rousing, colourful Russian Ballet based on the buying and selling of slaves.

We all left the theatre still in a daze and sorry that the afternoon was over.

BARBARA WILSON, Form III S.

OBERAMMERGAU, 1960.

I was fortunate enough last August to go to Oberammergau and see a performance of the Passion Play. The villagers were honouring a vow made three hundred years ago when the Black Death was raging in Europe.

The play was performed on an open-air stage with a background of mountains and trees. It began at 8-15 a.m. and lasted until 5-30 p.m. with a two hour break for lunch.

As this was a religious act, no artificial aids were used—no wigs, no microphones. So well trained were the people with the speaking parts that each one of the audience of five thousand heard perfectly. A year before the play the villagers were requested that no one should shave or cut his or her hair from that date.

Everyone in the villages took part in the production. There was a magnificent choir of forty-eight men and women, and a large orchestra.

As in 1950, the part of Christ was played by Anton Preisinger, a hotel manager. The girl chosen to act the part of the Virgin Mary had to be unmarried.

The play was spoken in German but the story is well-known. The acting and singing was superb. Will any one present ever forget the whispered words of Christ "Meina Mutter, meine lieba Mutter", to his Mother at the poignant parting at Bethany, or the agony of Judas when the truth of the betrayal dawned on him ?

The people certainly worked hard. The play was performed three or four times a week, from May until September. Shops were open from 7-30 a.m. till 9-30 p.m. Immediately a performer's part in the play was finished he or she was back at his or her normal job.

Now Oberammergau will be quiet, and during the next few years life in the village will go on as usual until it is time to prepare for 1970.

ANNE THOMPSON, Form Scholarship VII.

VISIT TO MALHAM TARN FIELD CENTRE

On March 10th, 1961, four members of the Advanced Level Geography group travelled to Malham Tarn Field Centre in the West Riding of Yorkshire.

After a pleasant journey we arrived at Settle and were greeted by cold, damp, misty weather. We were taken by one of the Centre 'buses to a small cottage half a mile from the main house. The cottage was warm and comfortable and we enjoyed its shelter and privacy after the long hours in the open air.

We spent the following five days exploring and learning about the interesting features of the countryside. We were ably led by the Centre staff who showed us pot-holes, water sinks, emerging streams and limestone pavements, as well as explaining the geology of the region. Perhaps one of our most exciting times was when, examining mole-hills for pre-historic remains, we were rewarded by finding the remains of several flint implements and arrowheads which were last handled by Neolithic man. On our 'free' day we visited Victoria Caves, and it was so fine a day that, from the top of Langcliffe Scar, we could see the Lake District Hills. On another day we took a coach trip to Ribbleshead, visiting Ingleborough and Alum Pot, an enormous pot-hole.

We were lucky because the weather was quite good in spite of the uncertain beginning. By the end of the week we decided we never wanted to climb another hill in our whole lives, but in spite of this we had an interesting and extremely enjoyable time.

MARGARET NEWRICK.

THE FOURTH FORM GEOGRAPHY EXCURSION

8th June, 1960.

Last June, a party of exuberant fourth-formers set out on a visit to Alnwick, Chillingham and Wooler accompanied by four teachers. The coaches in which we travelled were comfortable and in beautiful condition and we were told that they were to be used in Switzerland one week later.

We journeyed north through Newcastle where a few of us jumped down from the 'bus to give a push for a harassed driver whose car had broken down. After passing through the industrial area we entered the more open country where we enjoyed the wide views of the Northumberland pastures.

First, we arrived at Alnwick and, in bright weather, ate lunch by the river.

We paid a visit to Alnwick Castle and this was very enjoyable. We were shown around the various beautifully furnished rooms by a guide who told us many interesting things about the castle. On tables in various rooms were large earthenware bowls filled with rose leaves and lavender.

Next, we visited the museum which was in a small tower and here were many items of interest including Harry Hotspur's shield.

The walls of the castle bore lookout posts and an embrasure in the top of one part was called "Hotspur's seat".

Leaving Alnwick, we journeyed on until we arrived in Chillingham where, after crossing a stretch of swampy ground, we found that the unique breed of wild, white cattle were close to the fence and we could see them clearly.

After tea in Wooler we made for home.

BRENDA GIBBONS, Form VB.M.

HOCKEY

The School Hockey XI have had a most successful season, rounding off their achievements by beating Bede Boys by three goals to two in a most exciting game.

Of the fifteen matches played ten were won, two drawn and three lost.

In the annual County Tournament, Bede won their section and met the Sunderland Church High School in the semi-final. The result was a 1—1 draw but High School won on a penalty corner. Ann Thompson and Muriel Watson were selected for county trials and subsequently gained places on Durham County Junior XI and played throughout the season.

The School XI consisted of:—S. Thomas, D. Gray, J. Farrar, M. Watson (Captain), A. Chisholm, A. Thompson, S. Wrangham, C. Cox, P. Hodgson, G. Ditchburn and P. Telford.

School colours were awarded to A. Chisholm and C. Cox.

Town colours were awarded to A. Thompson and M. Watson.

Inter-House Results:

The Junior House championship was won by Ness and the senior House championship was won by Ben House.

M. WATSON, Captain.

NETBALL

The first senior netball VII have had a very successful season; all of the twelve matches played have been won. Those who have played for the netball team are:—

Joan Berry, Jennifer Hoskins, Alison Smith, Andrea Clayburn, Carol Rosenstein (Captain), Pat Lawson, Elke Burnham, Christine Burton and Brenda Hodgson.

The junior teams have also enjoyed a successful season. Colours were awarded to Alison Smith.

Inter-House Results:

The junior house championships was won by Ben House and the senior house championship was won by Ben House.

CAROL ROSENSTEIN.

TENNIS — 1960

Out of the seven matches played the tennis VI have won five.

The team reached the final of the Owen Williams Trophy where they were beaten by Darlington High School. Those who have played for the tennis team are:—Heather Purvis, Carole Jones, Carol Rosenstein (Captain), Sheila Thomas, Marilyn Carter, Helen Chambers and Anne Thompson.

C. Rosenstein won the School Singles Championship and H. Purvis and A. E. Wilkinson the Mixed Doubles Championship. C. Rosenstein played regularly for Durham County 'under 25' tennis team and also represented the County at Junior Wimbledon.

C. ROSENSTEIN (Captain).

ROUNDERS

The School Rounders IX had a fair season winning six of the eleven matches played. Unfortunately, bad weather cancelled many of the fixtures.

The girls who played for the school team were:— J. Berry, J. Newton, M. Miller, A. Chisholm, P. Hodgson, B. Hodgson, M. Watson, C. Burton, L. Sharpen.

School colours were not awarded.

M. WATSON, (Captain).

GYMNASTICS AND DANCING, 1960-61

During the summer term seven junior and two senior girls took part in a gymnastics competition which was held on the playing field at this school. A number of Sunderland schools took part.

Joyce Robertson was placed first in the vaulting section, Sheila Farrar was placed second in the agility and vaulting section, and the junior team gained second place for agility work.

On 8th March 1961, Form 2 W took part in the Movement and Dancing Section of the Sunderland Schools' Music Festival. The Festival was held at Thorney Close Girls' School. Two English Country Dances were performed—"The Sylph" and "Galopede".

EXAMINATION RESULTS

In July 1960, the following girls were successful in the University of Durham examinations of the General Certificate of Education. Two girls, Gillian Ditchburn and Anne Fambely, were awarded State Scholarships on the results of these examinations. Last year, too, Minnie McMillan was awarded a Nuffield Scholarship tenable at Oxford and a Coal Board Scholarship; she is now studying chemistry at Somerville College, Oxford. The school's congratulations go to Gillian Ditchburn who has been awarded a place at St. Anne's College, Oxford.

Advanced Level:

Jill Bartlett, Joan Bell, Margaret Beresford, Alyda Black, Anne Bulmer, Helen Chambers, Adrienne Coggins, Kathleen Conley, Rosalind Cooper, Marion Cunningham, Patricia Deans, Gillian Ditchburn, Patricia Dorward, Anne Fambely, Norma Hammal, Veronica Harrison, Patricia Hoey, Valerie Hughf, Jacqueline Kent, Jean Lockie, Dorothea Makel, Clare Masterman, Doreen McKinley, Patricia Nichol, Anne Nicholls, Hazel Oliver, Wendy Parr-Burman, Judith Plemper, Sylvia Refson, Jean Royal, Winifred Smith, Irene Stanness, Sandra Stevens, Dorothy Stewart, Elke Stoltz, Brenda Van Ham, Doreen Wilcock.

Ordinary Level:

Ann Adair, Yvonne Anderson, Margaret Armstrong, Barbara Auchterlonie, Jean Baker, Isobel Batey, Ethel Bedingfield, Anne Berriman, Joan Berry, Judith Birbeck, Cherry Bishop, Marjorie Blenkinship, Valerie Blyth, Carole Bolt, Marion Bond, Joan Brewitt, Sandra Brown, Eileen Calvert, Eileen Carlton, Linda Carr, Sheila Carter, Ann Chisholm, Andrea Clayburn, Vivien Clayburn, Doreen Close, Mary Coates, Anne Conley, Anne Conrad, Irene Conroy, Diane Coulson, Jean Coulthard, Noreen Cowell, Christine Cowey, Christine Cox, Margaret Davison, Susan Dawson, Patricia Dennison, Arline Denton, Jean Devine, Anne Dewart, Margaret Ditchburn, Ann Duffield, Eileen Elliott, Jean Farrar, Pauline Featonby, Sylvia Forrest, Kathleen Fowler, Jean Garrick, Kathleen Gatenby, Carolyn Gillis, Brenda Goodfellow, Patricia Gorringe, Jennifer Gothard, Valerie Graham, Dorothy Gray, Valerie Guy, Dorothy Hammond, Sheila Haydon, Oriel Hepple, Marjorie Herdman, Joyce Hindmarch, Paula Hodgson, Shirley Hodgson, Jennifer Hoskins, Anne Hughes, Jean Hutchinson, Jennifer Hutton, Marjorie Hyam, June Jepson, Carole Jones, Anita Judge, Anne Lawson, Patricia Lawson, June Laybourn, Margaret Leck, Marianne Leck, Glenys Makel, Marjorie Makel, Anne Marshall, Dorothy McCain, Jean McDonald, Vivienne McKay, Valerie McLaren, Joan Milburn, Joy Morgan, Margaret Newrick, Valerie Oliver, Kathleen Patrick, Edith Powell, Margaret Pritchard, Heather Purvis, Sylvia Randle, Elaine Reece, Eve Richardson, Janet Ritchie, Patricia Robinson, Kathleen Robson, Carol Rodenby, Carol Rosenstein, Mavis Rutherford, Elizabeth Sanderson, Margaret Scarth, Joan Sewell, Margaret Sharp, Rosamund Shaw, Dorothy Smart, Gillian Speight, Carole Stacey, Kay Stafford, Valerie Stewart, Sonia Storey, Ann Stubbs, Patricia Sturt, Carol Swan, Eileen Swan, Anne Telford, Patricia Telford, Sheila Thomas, Audrey Thompson, Brenda Thompson, Catherine Thompson, Jean Thornton, Gloria Walker, Brenda Watson, Joan Watson, Muriel Watson, Brenda White, Anne Wiggins, Kathleen Williams, Sheila Winton, Valerie Wood, Beryl Worthy, Sonia Wrangham.

THE GUILD OF OLD BEDANS

The Editors wish to express their thanks to the Guild of Old Bedans for their kindness in offering prizes in the annual essay competition which this year was set by the English Department.

There were some very pleasing entries from the Junior School and several people are to be commended on the quality of their entries, particularly three first-formers: Maureen Henderson (I W), Barbara Wilkinson (I W), and Valerie Copeland (I X). The prize in this section was awarded to Mary Francis (III C) for her story "The Phantom Horse".

While entries from the senior school were not so numerous, work of a high standard was submitted. The Editors decided to award two prizes in this section, to Ruth Zahn (IV G) for her original essay on "Words" and to Vivienne Greener (IV C) for her praiseworthy sonnet "Strife".

The winning compositions follow.

NOMEN EST OMEN

As the population of Britain increased so surnames increased in use. This was necessary in order to distinguish between John, the son of Richard; John the archer; and John who had black hair. In times these names became Richardson (or Richards or Dickinson) Archer and Blackett (black head).

Surnames were thus used as a distinguishing mark; describing occupation, father's name, any personal characteristic or perhaps the location from which the owner came. Such names as Davidson, Macgregor, Fitzpatrick and Pritchard are clearly patronymics and Archer, Taylor, and Smith, too, are obviously occupational. Therefore it is not the obvious name which engages the attention, but that which has an obscure derivation or an interesting history.

Some surnames denoting personal characteristics are far from complimentary, the first proud Campbell, for instance, must have had a crooked mouth whilst a forerunner of the stubborn Stuart Kings was a swineherd. Names like Doolittle, Makepeace and Lovejoy are interesting reflections on one's ancestors and Drinkwater or the French 'Boileau' denote some early safe driver.

The famous financiers, the Rothschilds, had in the family home in Frankfurt in Germany, a red shield outside their door. The German for this is Rot-schild which eventually was anglicized into Rothschild. Eisenhower is simply translated into 'iron worker', while Kennedy, rather less straightforward, means 'ugly head'.

There are names given in jest. At the end of the nineteenth century many people were forced to flee into Germany from the pogroms and persecutions of Czarist Russia and Poland. In these countries, surnames were not yet demanded by law. Therefore when the immigrants, often clad in poor and ragged clothing and clutching parcels of meagre belongings, presented themselves at the German custom-houses, they were found in need of surnames. The guards, with that typical Teutonic sense of 'humour', inflicted names of their choosing on these people. Thus, those most ragged and destitute of all the pitiful bunch were saddled with 'Goldberg', 'mountain of gold' or some incongruous name as 'Rosenfeld', 'field of roses', or even some most disparaging title, 'Wasserstein', 'sink' and 'Kanalgeruch' 'canal smell'.

That frequently recurring type of name, the patronymic is found more often in English than in some languages. It denotes a name of one of one's ancestors expressed in varying forms. In English the simple 'son' may be added or even just 's' to John or William. The same suffix might be added to the 'dear little pet' or hypocritical form of the name, Wilkinson (son of darling William), Hutchinson, of Hugh. The Gaelic prefix Mac is well-known but not so perhaps the Welsh form Ap- or P- or B-. The names Rice, Price, Rees, Rhys and Bryce all mean 'son of a king'. The Anglo-Norman form Fitz- (from the French, 'fils') can be seen in names such as Fitzgerald.

When one leaves England, one finds in Denmark-'son' in Sunder-son, whilst in Germany the patronymic, though not very widespread does exist, Mendelsohn (son of Mendel). In 'Heine' we find the simple affectionate diminutive of 'Heinrich'.

Those, however, who for reasons of fancy, convenience, or alliteration, choose their own names, are of no interest to the etymologist though, perhaps, to a psychiatrist. Surnames provide an inexhaustible subject for research or amusement. Could not an earlier Gaitskell have had a knowledge of ways? Or Grimond have come from the grey mountains?

This leads to my own name 'Zahn' which in German means 'tooth'. Maybe an earlier Zahn was a dentist or had a fine protruding upper canine!

RUTH ZAHN, Form IV G.

STRIFE

The billowing, belching smoky tower
 Stands high o'er man-made mounds of dusty earth;
 Steel pinnacles lurk near the wat'ry berth.
 The clash of tools, the noise—strife for power
 Of man, by sweat of brow, yields his shower
 Of stones—to earn pecuniary worth.
 Whilst looking from the oily, filthy firth
 Proud flames, on the land appear to glower.
 Where now is England's pleasant land of green?
 Bowed down to industry, in dire despair;
 Gone are the shady, wooded leafy miles,
 Cowardly trees and shrubs are yearly seen
 To run from the onslaught of molten glare:
 Industry, new god of these ancient isles.

VIVIENNE GREENER, Form IV C.

THE PHANTOM HORSE

The night was dark. Not a star showed. Everything was shrouded under a blanket of darkness. Everything was quiet. No gentle breeze drifted across the still air. A deathly hush seemed to hang over the moor. There was a tense, foreboding atmosphere; a sense of silent dread, of some unearthly happening which savoured of the unknown. It was as if everything was waiting for something to happen.

A strange glow appeared in the western sky. The darkness fled before it like the stars before the dawn. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, it spread until the whole moor was flooded with a weird, greenish glow; illuminated as clearly as in daytime. A figure appeared on the sky line and drew gradually nearer.

The magnificent figure of a horse came galloping over the moor. He loped easily, tirelessly, making no sound and seeming to float on the air without touching the ground. He was white all over but was bathed in a greenish-yellow light. His neck was arched and his milk-white mane and tail flowed out behind him. The great stone wall was knee-high to him and he soared gracefully over, like the foam-flecked surf on the crest of a wave. He galloped on across the moor and disappeared over the sky-line. The glow faded and the silence grew interminable. A shrill scream rang out across the moor, then all was quiet.

Three times I saw this strange, ghostly figure, but the fourth time was different. As he galloped across the moor he turned and came towards me. He was huge and awesome, yet I could not be afraid. I found myself on his back and reached out to touch his flying mane. It flowed like water under my touch. As we tore through the wind I felt him flowing out underneath me and I seemed to be travelling back into time itself.

I saw again the chase; the ruthless hunters bent on capturing the beautiful horse. I saw him turn on the ledge, cornered but still unconquerable; then watched him turn and leap out into the chasm and heard his shrill scream of terror as he plunged down into the depths below. Then, suddenly, I understood. He had preferred death to captivity and now he was free for ever; free to race wild across the lonely moors and mountains he had loved so well.

The next night I watched him come across the moor, As he passed, he halted, then reared high with his mane and tail flying out behind him. For a moment he remained poised against the sky; wild in his majesty; magnificent in his freedom. He vanished over the sky line and the glow began to fade. Then his wild, shrill scream broke the stillness of the night; ringing out across the valley; echoing and re-echoing, till the very mountains themselves rang with the strangeness of that cry. Then the last echoes faded away and the moor was silent once more.

MARY FRANCIS, Form III C.

RESPICE FUNEM

The sky was beneficent-blue, a diaphanous veil
 Gathered to the liquid, silken locks
 Of the numinous Head
 By a single radiant sunflower.
 The gibbet on the placid heath
 Seemed but a mellowed, harmless relic
 From the freakish adolescence
 Of today's maturity,
 Ability
 To progress along the smooth, soothing path of psychology.
 Veil, hair and all were wrenched aside,
 Disclosing the miasma of the mind,
 Livid, luring, blotched.
 The gibbet seemed to mouth, savage,
 A maw of sin insatiable.
 Today's complacency, prosperity, are but after all
 The nacre of the pearl;
 Men's souls, the pearl's initial dirt.

ADRIENNE COGGINS, Form Scholarship VII.

NORWAY

Mountains in mist,
 Sea and shadows blue-green in mystery,
 Sun, golden and glittering,
 Starring on ice:
 In mauve sunshine I ran laughing and sighing,
 Joyful in a land of sun and quietness;
 Water reigns supreme,
 Swirling and sparkling
 Creating life in the stillness.
 Peace
 In this land of green depths and high wastes,
 In its happiness and beauty,
 Yet quiet in its love, and fair in its children.

MARGARET NEWRICK, Form Scholarship VII.

EURYDICE

The daffodils
 Have sprung again:
 The quickening rain
 Has fallen soft on sleeping hills
 And slumbering plain,
 The swelling earth sprouts new.
 One year has moved
 Its pattern round
 Since I lost you.
 A summer's blaze
 Has burned, subdued
 To autumn's golden fire,
 That sweet, sad fire
 Of fall and loss,
 Of grief renewed
 With every drifting leaf,
 And bare tree's toss.
 Cold winter's bleak embrace
 Has never touched,
 Through stiff, iced earth,
 Your form and face.
 So I have lived
 This long year through, alone,
 And biting sorrow dwells
 Immutable within me,
 And haunts me still,
 Eurydice!

PATRICIA STURT, Form Scholarship VII.

A VICTIM'S WARNING

"Oh to be in China, now that June is almost here."

Although I do not profess to be a Robert Browning, I have decided to write a warning in prose to all you unsuspecting fourth-formers.

Beware those smiling teachers who refer to some hazy, distant future, in which you will be taking part in a public examination. They may be making a half-hearted attempt to warn you, but it is all a trap, a well-concealed trap.

At the beginning of your fifth year, 'Wham!' you are plunged into a vast abyss of work, from which very few escape unscarred. Those smiling faces of people you once trusted change. You are surrounded by ugly monsters, carrying revision courses instead of pitch-forks, all screaming in various discordant notes, "Work!" "You must work!"

"Why didn't someone tell me?" you moan. "What have I done to deserve this?" Those monsters, which have doubled, even trebled their size by this time, can supply the answer. You can almost hear their words in your sleep. "You must pass in Maths." "It's essential you pass in English Language."

You happy light-hearted beings, I was once like you, a little bored, perhaps, by the monotony of school routine, but otherwise no cloud dimmed my horizon, until that fatal day when I, along with thousands of others, fell victim to G.C.E.

I hope I am still in existence this time next year, when you will be taking your School Certificate. I shall turn and smile a little condescendingly, but benevolently, I hope, on you and say:

"It's rather fun to be in England—now."

GAYLE HARRISON, Form V S.

THINKING OF G.C.E.

Wordsworth, Blake and many more,
 Have written poems by the score,
 They seem to write them with such ease,
 But I just sit with book on knees
 And nothing ever seems to rhyme
 But maybe it will come in time.

Their subjects range from youthful days,
 To love of nature and the ways
 Of women, history and seasons,
 But all I think of are the reasons
 To have worked and worked much harder
 With more feeling, will and ardour,
 For in a few months time you see
 I'll be sitting G.C.E.

DOREEN DUNBAR, Form V C.

MOONLIGHT

It is a cold, clear night and the full moon glides across the black sky, passing the stars, pale and small by comparison.

The frost on the trees and bushes glistens like Christmas decorations. The church tower stands clear and white against the sky, casting a black shadow on the ground. The smooth surface of the village pond reflects all around like a mirror.

ELEANOR HAYES, Form I Z.

HIAWATHA'S NEW SUIT

(with apologies to Longfellow)

Hiawatha's suit was shabby,
 Old and shabby was his best suit,
 So he went to buy a new one,
 Went to J.....'s for a new one,
 First he looked at 'Harris Buckskins,'
 But he thought them too expensive,
 Far too dear for his poor savings,
 So he looked at 'Smither's Sailcloth,'
 "Smither's pink and purple Sailcloth,"
 "This", he said, "will do me nicely,
 How much is it ? I will pay now".

The suit was made up by the Thursday,
 And he came back to collect it,
 But he found it did not fit him,
 Far too short the legs and sleeves were,
 Far too short for Hiawatha,
 For he was a very tall boy,
 Tall and thin was Hiawatha ;
 So he ordered yet one more suit,
 This time made of "Brown's Best Woollen,"
 But he took this homeward with him,
 So that there could be no error,
 Be no disappointing error.

Now he is a well-dressed "Injun,"
 Best-dressed "Injun" in the camp now,
 Very proud is Hiawatha,
 Very proud of his new best suit,
 Red and yellow is this new suit,
 Red and yellow stripes and splashes,
 All the other braves are jealous,
 Very jealous are his brothers,
 So they all pop down to J.....'s,
 Down to J.....'s for a new suit.

IRENE NELSON, Form III (i).

DOGS

I hate dogs, especially big ones. When you are visiting a friend and are just beginning to embark upon a very interesting subject of conversation, a loud "thump" is heard against the door. At first, this is ignored but again the solid lump of living tissue is again almost knocking down the door.

The friend, almost unconsciously, rises and says, "That will be Bess, I had better let her in." You watch the door, expecting to see a small girl come bouncing in, but instead, in charges a great "hunk" of a dog which then pounces upon your chest and pins you to the back of your chair. "Bess is very playful, isn't she"? asks your friend.

Your reply being "Yes," you try very gently, and sometimes successfully, to ease the great paws from your aching body. After a few minutes, the dog comes bounding back to you and puts its large, wet jaw upon your knee, letting a slight trickle of saliva drip down your leg and you are almost on the point of tears partly because you are afraid of the dog and partly because of your hidden anger.

The conversation is continued and then there is a ring at the door bell. At this, Bess jumps up, almost knocking you clean from your chair, and gives out a series of almost deafening barks which do not stop until its master is safely back into the room. We again settle down and the dog sprawls on the rug before the fire, so stopping anyone else from getting near enough to feel any heat.

Before leaving, you are almost begged to, "Give Bess a kiss," and a large, wet, "slobbery" tongue, licks round your face and you are both relieved and pleased when you leave the house and the door is closed behind you. You walk along the pavement to your car and thank heaven that you do not own a dog like that.

As you drive home, you almost crash into a tree and the thing you are trying to avoid is almost certainly to be—A DOG!

LAVINIA SCOTT, Form IV G.

A PLEA

Now, each day dawns
 Burdened with the heavy tribulations
 Of a sordid world.
 The supposed wiser generation
 Ponder, meditating the situation.
 They remedy the fault
 From their firesides.
 What can they do? They are
 Too busy with their own lives.

As this day dawns,
 Burdened with the selfish tribulations
 Of a decaying world,
 God, help me to bring the realisation
 Of peace, to every hostile nation.
 But I am young
 They will not heed me.
 My God, tell me,
 What can be done?

PAMELA HEDLEY, Form V S.

THE LIGHTHOUSE

The sea sweeps against the rugged rocks
 And chops against their solid roughness;
 A swirling swish of green
 Licks against their sides and, like a tigress,
 Rasps its tongue over dislodging stone
 Making tossing, tethered boats creak and groan.

The lonely lighthouse, erect on solitary isle
 Separated from land and the now-silent shore.
 The noise of the world does not reach its ears,
 All is tranquillity; only the breaker's roar
 Disturbs the solitude and the keeper sitting, meditating,
 On the long months ahead of waiting, waiting.

ANNETTE BASSETT, Form V S.

CORPS DE BALLET

Snowflakes descend, groping back upwards to meet those floating down to descend again. Scenery of sparkling brightness merges into wisps of floating tulle to drift into patterns ever new. The muted sound of ballet shoes occasionally is heard above the silence of a magical world.

HILARY POWELL, Form III (i).

TIME

Staring pensively out of my window

One chill, black night,

I looked at the moon;

And was filled with wonder

That people all over the world,

People I would never know,

Could also gaze at that pale yellowness.

A strange affinity with these far-distant places and people

Crept over me—immediately interrupted by the thought

That generations from the beginning of time

Had also seen that moon.

I sensed, for a moment,

The all-conquering placid, infinity

Of time—endless time.

I then knew that the part I would play

In this vast universe,

Was so insignificant, that it if were ne'er played

No loss would be noticed—

Time would continue,

Marking the lives of generations,

Until all that remained was

Time—time—time.

ANNE GOOCH, Form V S.

THE RIVIERA

Over the French Alps is the Riviera. That is where I went for my last holiday. From where we were staying we could see the beautiful harbour of Nice, with its turquoise-blue water and brightly-coloured yachts.

The magnificent roads of Nice were lined with palm trees sprinkled with brilliant yellow mimosa, which contrast with the blue Mediterranean.

At night, the scent of the pine trees and mimosa, among many other trees and plants, rose like an exotic perfume, spicy, yet sweet in a queer kind of way.

At night, we went to sleep with the mysterious perfume of the trees lulling us to sweet dreams, the strange music of the insects ringing in our ears, and the glittering Mediterranean in sight.

MARY DOUGLASS, Form II X.

DECISION

I shall let the thought go forth to find the word.
 I shall let my wild dreams seek reality.
 I shall not doubt. I shall not deny the force
 That rises with the fervour of the ocean
 And bathes the rugged coast of my mind with beauty.
 I shall not evade the meaning that descends upon my soul.
 Life is for living. Beauty is for seeing.
 Music for hearing. Ecstasy finds the heart
 That waits for ecstasy, and Truth will find
 The mind that welcomes Truth and longs for it.

RITA SMITH, Form V S.

FRUIT PICKING

Plums! that was all I saw for three days when I went fruit-picking in the summer holidays. Having never done so much work before, my friend and I went dressed as if for tennis with beautiful white blouses and shorts. We soon discovered that we were improperly dressed as we had huge scratches on our legs. We were asked whether we had ever climbed ladders. We said "Yes," Had we ever climbed trees? "Yes." Had we ever climbed up trees on ladders? "No!" We were, however, very keen to get started so we were given baskets and the battle commenced. Very sheepishly and unsurely, we climbed the seemingly never-ending ladders, picking the very green, unappetising looking plums. Suddenly, the ladder moved and I held on for dear life. How far below and helpless everyone seemed. How was I to get down? When I did arrive safely at the bottom I felt very afraid but I quickly went up the ladder again to restore confidence and after that life passed uneventfully and happily. One resolution I made, however, was that I would never eat another plum in all my life. Never!

KATHLEEN ROBERTSON, Form V C.

THE HUNT

The scene is set, the wind is right,
The hounds are eager for the chase,
The hunters try with all their might
To make their horses stir their pace.
The horn is blown!

The cry goes up, "The fox in sight!"
The horses wait, each for his lord;
The hounds all veer towards the right
And sally forth with one accord.
The hunt is on!

Over hills and over dales,
Through woods and thickets, hard they fight;
Before this sight the quarry quails,
Still battling on with all its might.
The fight is on!

They hurry on with awful din,
The yelping hounds race on ahead,
The cry goes up, "They're closing in!"
One fearful cry: "The fox is dead!"
The fight is won!

SUSAN WILSON, Form V S.

DRAINPIPES

To most people a drainpipe is an ugly length of metal fastened to a wall. I wonder if many people have ever considered a drainpipe from any other aspect. They taper up the sides of houses with the utmost grace of slenderness. Usually, at intervals of about four feet, they are fastened with a joint to the wall in such a way that the drainpipe resembles the extended tarsus of a cockroach.

How often the beauty of these lengths of metal is obscured in a camouflage of dull paint! This disguise is so often successful that most drainpipes appear as part of the wall of a house. How much beauty is lost in this way? Who could resist gazing at the contrast formed between the brightly-coloured, slim, contours of a drainpipe and the dowdiness of a wide house-end?

I wonder how many people have considered the birds', rather full, point of view. To them, a drainpipe is a protective paradise. Its gentle curvature, running parallel to a roof top, forms a natural heaven in which a cosy little nest can be built. Apart from this, not very many cats excel in the art of climbing drainpipes.

Drainpipes have several other functions. For instance, they are quite useful in that they allow water from a rooftop to drain into a sink at ground level. They also form a firm support up which clinging plants may grow. Ah! what bliss for these species of vegetation to have something smooth and firmly upright around which to entwine their lengthy arms!

Perhaps these sections of nature regard drainpipes as something other than merely sections of metal. But what about the drainpipe itself? Does it ever receive a glance of human affection or gratitude? Are its years of withstanding the trials of the weather really appreciated? Young lovers who lean against them, or people who cling to them for support when they are under the influence of a certain liquor, may never turn their thoughts upon them. However, some day, some mighty poet may compose some sonnet which in its glory will turn the world's eye in wonder to drainpipes.

OPENCAST

The rolling pastures now are torn away,
 The works of nature widely utilised by man
 To make his own short, brutish span
 A life of luxury and worldly joy.
 Yet who would not the fallow field prefer?
 The rugged mountain and the rippling stream?
 But no! These, man has to himself denied
 And sacrificed, to Mammon; in whose praise
 Begrimed and sweating worshippers upraise
 Great concrete mosques; in which they feed
 Blast furnace altars, monuments of greed.

DOROTHY NELSON, Form III C.

CONTRAST

The forest was green,
 The trees were covered in bloom;
 Fish swam in tiny streams
 Which trickled through
 Entwined paths;
 A little foal cropped sweet grass
 In a clearing;
 Above, birds flew to and from their nests:
 Singing, whistling, chirping with joy,
 Some carrying titbits for their young,
 Some flying for sheer happiness.

When we returned to the town
 A panorama of gloom and sadness
 Lay before us:
 It was dirty, and noisy with
 Cars perpetually hooting
 To tell
 Us to get
 Out of the way.
 People who walked there looked pale, and depressed.
 Oh to return to the forest
 Where solitude and happiness
 Abound!

GAIL MINCOVITCH, Form II W.

SUSAN WILSON, Form V W

A STORM AT SEA

Below me lay a watery grave. Desperately, I clung to the steep, slippery side which was my only hope of survival. My muscles were taut and aching with the sheer effort of keeping my head above the water and my throat stung as I gulped the biting air. The waves stretched out their long and greedy arms lapping about my neck, eager to claim my wretched corpse. But in the midst of my anguish came a faint glimmer of hope. In the distance, through the swirling mist and the spray, I could vaguely distinguish a small vessel. She was tossed like a cork on the hungry waves. Her mast bowed at the will of her master, the wind. She disappeared from sight, only to re-appear the next instant on the crest of a mighty breaker. With a tremendous effort I filled my lungs with air and cried out into the stormy night. I was fast becoming exhausted. Someone had to hear me. But the angry wind only laughed and whisked the little boat far out of sight.

Despair overcame me and tears mingled with the icy drops on my cheeks. Suddenly, through my tears I saw a huge and terrifying creature, a weird bird cutting through the waves towards me. Nearer and nearer it came. Fear seized me. My fingers, white and numb, could no longer hold on to their support. I was slipping. My legs beat wildly in the black waters. Then in the storm, a voice like that of a spirit reached my ears. "Judith," it cried, and yet again, "Judith". My head reeled. My mind struggled to lift itself from the dark caverns of semi-consciousness to reality again. The mist cleared and my eyes focussed on the object about me—

—Then in one decisive move, I picked up my rubber duck and my toy boat, pulled out the plug and hopped out of the bath. The water was getting jolly cold anyhow!

JUDITH DORWARD, Form II F.

BARBARA BIRBECK, Form IV C.

A STORM AT SEA

MUSIC

Music hath charm,
So the poets do say.
At times I have doubts
Which make me say nay,
As I try to play
My clarinet.

The low notes are soft
And soothing to hear,
But on reaching high notes
My friends disappear,
As I try to play
My clarinet.

Mama looks so doubtful,
Papa seems to frown,
My sister looks mournful,
Would wish me to drown,
As I try to play
My clarinet.

An ear-piercing shriek,
Finally breaks down the nerve,
They all have rushed out,
With much vigour and verve.
I have tried to play
My clarinet.

A happier ending,
I hope to portray,
At some later date,
Too doubtful to say,
I now have—
A violin!

JOAN PETERS, Form II X.

GAR MINSKOVITCH, Form II

BEDE SCHOOL

Bede school is situated
 (If you want to calculate it)
 Half-way up the Durham Road,
 Up which I struggle with my load.
 When at last I DO arrive
 I make my way down the drive.
 (If I'm late, I'd like to mention,
 I will get an hour's detention).
 Up the stairs I rush with vigour,
 Could they possibly be bigger?
 When I get up to the end
 I nearly bump into my friend,
 Who says to me in tones of silk,
 "Downstairs my dear, and get the milk."
 When, years ago, those men so wise
 Raised our school up to the skies,
 Couldn't they, their work complete,
 Spare a thought for our poor feet?

CHRISTINE DIXON, Form I X.

THE FOOTBALL CROWD

Screaming and bawling,
 Mockingly calling;
 With utter despair,
 Fists in the air,
 Applauding and cheering,
 Clapping and jeering
 With sheer delight,
 Scarves waved with might—
 Acclamations loud
 From a football crowd.

BARBARA BIRBECK, Form IV C.

ON BEING A FOREIGNER

As the train drew nearer and nearer Sunderland I wondered what the future would hold and pondered over the remarks that I'd heard pass before my departure from London. "It's very cold up there—be sure and keep warm! The atmosphere is very dirty—you'll never get your sheets "Omo bright!" The people speak with a broad accent—you'll never understand them!" and so on.....

These remarks gave rise to grave doubts until a fellow-passenger assured us we would be made welcome, and as he himself was an Old Bedan, I at once felt at ease.

I was still in high spirits as the train steamed to a halt. For the time-being we were all busy, occupied in taking care of the strong, wicker basket, from which came frantic movements in the effort to escape. Inside, struggled the family cat. A small chirping could be heard coming from a tiny wooden box—the family budgerigar!

However, the responsibilities did not deter us from spotting father who was anxiously waiting on the crowded platform. Then, re-united, we took our first glimpse of the town, which was already in darkness.

We were all delighted to see so many well-known fashion shops and stores and thought the town had excellent shopping facilities.

We were delighted, too, with the house and so pleasantly surprised to find a neighbour call with a pot of tea, which was most welcome after the long journey.

Now, four months later, we have found the inhabitants of Sunderland most friendly and helpful, and we have come to regard ourselves as the people with the accent! The well-kept parks and very short distance to the sea help to make Sunderland all the more exciting. Sunderland's enthusiasm for her own football team amazed us all, indeed having been quite excited ourselves.

Thus we have decided that Sunderland is certainly a 'CANNY' town in which to live.

ANNE BRYCESON, Form V C.

GHOSTS, GHOSTS, AND MORE GHOSTS

THE SEINE

As the Seine flows slowly by,
 'Neath a cloudless summer sky;
 Stately bridges span its banks,
 While barges nestle against its flanks.

Pleasure-steamers filled with people,
 Pass by the city's walls and steeples;
 The Eiffel Tower erect and tall,
 Surveys the Seine and city all.

LINDA BELL, Form I Z.

THE SEA IS MINE

If I were an artist,
 I would paint the sea so blue,
 If I were a singer—
 I would sing of the sea so free,
 If I were a sailor
 I would sail the sea so wide,
 Yet I envy not the fortunate three
 —Neither brush nor song nor ship for me—
 For when I run down the golden sands
 And grasp the sea in my eager hands
 And plunge myself in the rolling brine
 The glorious sea itself is mine.

SUZANNE BUTTERFIELD, Form I W.

GHOSTS, GHOSTS, AND MORE GHOSTS

One eerie night in March 1817, just as the church clock was striking twelve, the great oaken door of Borken Castle, slowly swung open with a mournful creak. An eerie light began to glow, and six ghosts floated out from the castle. When the last one had quitted it, the door swung shut again with another mournful creak. They floated slowly round to the back of the castle, and there paused, hovering just above the ground. The ghosts debated what to do that night. One was in favour of haunting and teasing the travellers who were out late that night, but the other five did not want to do that it was too common, they argued. Why, they had done that last night! Rather subdued, the first ghost kept quiet while the other five argued amongst themselves. At last, they hit on a fine plan—namely, they and other ghosts would emigrate! They were getting sick of the place anyhow. The leader of the ghosts dispatched his five followers in different directions, with instructions to find all of their kin and send all of the ghosts who wished to emigrate, back to Borken Castle. There they would receive particulars of what to do and when to do it. That night there were hundreds of ghosts on Borken Castle ramparts and still more kept arriving.

For years after that the villagers of Borken talked frequently of the gathering of the ghosts, and from that time onward there was a scarcity of ghosts in that country.

MAUREEN HENDERSON, Form I W

We were all delighted to see the new shops and stores and thought the town was really improving.

We were delighted to see the new shops and stores and thought the town was really improving. I would sail the sea to visit my friends.

Now—
Sunderland is a fine town and I like to live there. I would sail the sea to visit my friends. I would sail the sea to visit my friends.

Thus we have decided that Sunderland is certainly a fine town in which to live.

ANNE BRUCE, Form V C

