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## CONTENTS

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Staff and School Officials ... ..	5
Editorial ... ..	6
Staff Changes ... ..	6
Founders' Day ... ..	7
Speech Day ... ..	7
Presentation of Junior Certificates ... ..	8
Parent-Teacher Association ... ..	8-9
Guild of Old Bedans Loan and Scholarship Fund ... ..	9
Report of School Charities ... ..	9-10
Student Christian Movement ... ..	10-11
Junior Student Christian Movement ... ..	11
School Savings Group ... ..	11
Music Report ... ..	11-12
The Current Events Society ... ..	12
The Science Society ... ..	13
The Photographic Society ... ..	13
The Prefect's Room ... ..	14
Theatre Visits ... ..	14-15
The School Geography Outing ... ..	15-16
Pony Trekking ... ..	16-18
A Visit to Wembley ... ..	18-19
Examination Results ... ..	19-20
Physical Education ... ..	20-23
Guild of Old Bedans—Competition Essays ... ..	23-29
Prose and Verse ... ..	30-49

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**BEDE GRAMMAR SCHOOL FOR GIRLS  
1962-63**

Head Mistress ... ..	Miss Bradbury.
Senior Mistress ... ..	Miss Hayton (History).
Form Scholarship VII	Miss Wilman (Mathematics).
Form VII ... ..	Miss Harding (Biology).
" VI Arts ... ..	Miss Taylor (French).
" VI Science ... ..	Miss Carlin (Biology).
" V S ... ..	Miss Heslop (Geography).
" V L ... ..	Miss Duns (German).
" V (i) ... ..	Miss Burt (Geography).
" V (ii) ... ..	Mrs. Youngs (English).
" IV S ... ..	Miss Bernard (Music).
" IV L ... ..	Mr. Cox (Classics).
" IV (i) ... ..	Miss Wheeler (French).
" IV (ii) ... ..	Mr. Hartley (Music).
" III S ... ..	Miss Wilde (Classics).
" III L ... ..	Mrs. Wilkinson (Chemistry).
" III (i) ... ..	Mrs. Everett (History).
" III (ii) ... ..	Mr. Saell (Geography).
" II W ... ..	Mr. Nottingham (Scripture).
" II X ... ..	Miss Milbanke (Needlework).
" II Y ... ..	Miss Graham (Art).
" II F ... ..	Miss Crone (Art).
" I W ... ..	Mrs. Bryce (Mathematics).
" I X ... ..	Mrs. Smith (Scripture).
" I Y ... ..	Miss Walsh (French & German).
" I Z ... ..	Miss Kinch (Mathematics).

Miss Azagra (Spanish).

Mrs. Bell (Domestic Science).

Miss Carter (Chemistry).

Mrs. Chen (Biology).

Miss Donkin (Physical Education).

Miss Fall (English).

Miss James (Physical Education).

Mr. Marshall (English and Mathematics).

Mrs. Proud (English).

Mr. Rogers (History).

Miss Scott (Domestic Science).

Mrs. Sheriff (Mathematics).

Mrs. J. Smith (General Science).

Mr. Taylor (Physics).

Miss Thompson (English).

Mrs. Watson (French).

Visiting Staff: Miss Elliott.

School Secretary: Miss Stewart.

Captain of School: Elke Burnham.

Vice-Captain: Carol Stewart.

## EDITORIAL

Dear Readers,

We hope that "The Bedan" has again achieved its aim of being a reflection of academic and social school life, and that the contributions represent the creative and imaginative talent, latent among Bedans until released by the stimulus of the School Magazine.

As editors, we had never realised how much work is entailed in the production of a magazine and we feel that we have benefited greatly from the experience of writing business letters and attempting to contact elusive business men. Our wary, groping steps into the world of high finance and the technicalities of publishing have, we feel, unfolded to us vistas (and difficulties) undreamt of.

An effort has been made to achieve "The Bedan's" solvency by the inclusion of advertisements, and we hope that our readers will realise that the controversial step was an essential one. Consequently we have been able to include lino-cuts for which we thank Miss Graham and her artists.

We would like to take this opportunity of mentioning that great pleasure has been derived from studying the articles, and we were especially pleased at the surprisingly increased proportion of prose contributions.

Finally, we trust that those whose contributions have not been printed will realise that we do not have the space to include many of the worthy efforts which we have received.

A. GOOCH }  
M. CARTER } Editors.

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 STAFF CHANGES

It was with regret that we said goodbye to Mrs. Plumpton, Miss Macnab, Miss Richardson, Miss Dunn and Mrs. Renny at the end of the school year 1962. In September, we welcomed in their places Miss Donkin, Miss James, Mr. Marshall, Miss Graham and Miss Carter who we hope will be very happy with us.

## FOUNDERS' DAY

Founders' Day this year was commemorated on 26th April. Holy Communion was celebrated at Durham Road Methodist Church and at Bishopwearmouth Church. The communicants had breakfast in Bishopwearmouth Church Hall where tea was provided for them, and afterwards joined the remainder of the two schools for the commemoration service.

The lessons were read by the School Captains and the anthem, "Worthy is the Lamb" from Handel's "Messiah" was sung by the combined Choirs. The Reverend D. N. Goldie, Rector of Bishopwearmouth Church, gave the address on the subject of striving not only for knowledge, but also for wisdom when at school. Prayers were led by the Reverend K. Waights of St. John's Methodist Church.

The blessing brought another service for Bede Grammar Schools to a close.

ELKE BURNHAM.

## SPEECH DAY

Speech Day was held on Thursday, 29th November, 1962 for the first time in the Empire Theatre thus enabling the whole school and a large number of parents to be present at the occasion.

As usual the school song was sung to open the proceedings. After the address of the Chairman, Councillor E. Armstrong, Miss Bradbury gave her report of the School's activities throughout the past year. The Junior Choir's singing of two songs by Diack and Mozart preceded the address of Miss M. A. Robson, M.A., an old Bedan. Miss Robson urged the present Bedans to enjoy their school days as she had enjoyed hers, and her reminiscences of the school as it was in her day proved most interesting. The Senior Choir's rendering of two songs by Elgar was followed by Miss Robson's distribution of prizes and certificates to the girls.

A vote of thanks was moved by Alderman J. Tweddle and was seconded by the School Captain, Elke Burnham.

The singing of the National Anthem brought to a close a memorable Speech Day.

ELKE BURNHAM.

### PRESENTATION OF JUNIOR CERTIFICATES

On Friday, 22nd February, 1963, a miniature Junior Speech Day was held in the school hall for the presentation of Achievement and Effort Certificates.

After we had been entertained by members of the school orchestra, Miss Bradbury led on to the platform Mr. & Mrs. Dorward, representatives of the Parent Teacher Association.

The friendliness and charm of Mr. Dorward as he spoke to us and presented the certificates reminded us of the family feeling we have come to associate with Junior Speech Days.

Marie Gilmore expressed simply and sincerely the appreciation of us all to Mr. & Mrs. Dorward for their welcome presence at this happy function.

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### PARENT TEACHER ASSOCIATION

We are reaching the end of our 1962-3 season and the twenty-eighth year of the Association's existence. Just prior to going to press the School held its second swimming Gala and would anticipate that following the success of both galas this will continue to be an annual event.

Owing to the prolonged adaptations to the stage the dates fixed for certain functions have had to be changed or deferred. As a result the Christmas party was, of necessity, held in the boy's school by kind permission and this function continues to be an outstanding success. Nevertheless, it creates a mammoth task for the parents serving on the social committee and the provision of refreshments is a major operation.

The Association continues to give financial help to various projects such as Speech Day and Sports prize funds and annually the Pestalozzi Children's Village Trust receives the support of the Association.

A very enjoyable social evening for parents was held in November but on these occasions we would like to see greater support. The Executive Committee are considering the introduction into the programme later in the year of an "Any questions" panel of experts to answer selected questions of a general educational nature but unfortunately the response to date is most disappointing.

We are anxious to introduce into the programme each year anything which we feel would interest and receive the support of the parents so please do not hesitate to suggest to us any innovation which you feel would appeal to parents—we are always open to suggestions.

J. W. BIRROCK (Hon. Joint Secretary).

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### THE GUILD OF OLD BEDANS LOAN AND SCHOLARSHIP FUND

This Fund was created many years ago, by Bedans, for Bedans. Grants from the Local Authority and the Ministry of Education have not always been on the present generous scale and many Old Bedans of former years have been grateful for the help they received from this Fund. The interest from the Fund is available to help Bedans to take up training for a career on leaving School, and loans are made on the understanding that they will be repaid as soon as possible after training is completed.

Any girl wishing to apply for a loan, should write to the Secretary stating the amount she wishes to borrow, and giving details of her intended career and the training it necessitates. Applications should be made not later than July 1st, 1963.

D. M. WILMAN (Hon. Secretary).

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### REPORT ON SCHOOL CHARITIES

Twice during this last year our planned programme of appeals has been set aside to make way for an appeal of greater urgency. The first occasion was in September, 1962 when we sent £123 to the Persian Earthquake Disaster Fund, and the second was in November 1962 when we sent £42 to the Seaham Lifeboat Disaster Fund. The emergency appeals on these two occasions were made by Miss Heslop and Mrs. Youngs respectively.

All the other appeals have been made by volunteers from among the Charity Monitresses. Through their efforts, a further

£164 has been raised, and has been disbursed as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Sunderland and District Institute for the Blind	10	0	0
Guide Dogs for the Blind	8	0	0
Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies	5	0	0
Sunderland Guild of Help	5	0	0
Sunderland "Meals on Wheels"	8	0	0
Dr. Barnado's Homes	7	0	0
National Children's Homes	8	10	0
British Pestalozzi Village Association	6	0	0
Save the Children Fund	20	0	0
Cancer Research	10	0	0
N.S.P.C.C.	5	10	0
Muscular Dystrophy Research	11	0	0
Thalidomide Babies Fund	12	0	0
B.E.L.R.A.	11	0	0
Freedom from Hunger	9	0	0
P.D.S.A.	8	0	0
Haig Fund for Disabled Ex-Servicemen	14	0	0
Christmas Seals to Aid Spastics	1	0	0
Discharged Prisoners Aid Society	5	0	0

D. M. WILMAN,  
A. KINCH.

### STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

The S.C.M. has continued to hold regular weekly meetings. Several speakers were invited and asked to choose their own topics. In this way, we have had a variety of meetings from which we have learned a great deal.

As a further contrast, we have discussed among ourselves, the question of whether or not women should enter the ministry of the church. We have also had a session of twenty questions and a Brains Trust.

During the Spring Term an effort has been made to raise money for "Oxfam" and donations of 3d. per week have been given by most of our members.

On March 29th, a number of our members attended the annual S.C.M. Conference which was held in Bede Boys' School. The topic of the Conference was "Personal Problems" and the speaker was Rev. D. Galliford.

We are hoping that the Rev. J. McNaughton will conduct our closing service. The S.C.M. outing, to the Border Abbeys, will take place during the last week of the summer term.

This has been a profitable year, although membership could have been better. A warm welcome will be given to anyone who is interested.

DOROTHY SHEDDEN, Secretary.

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### JUNIOR S.C.M.

The Junior Student Christian Movement has continued to hold regular weekly meetings and has followed an interesting programme of debates, discussions, quizzes and films. The members also assisted the S.C.M. in the collection of fruit for the Harvest Festival.

The alterations to the school hall prevented the Nativity Play from taking place this year, but we hope to produce another type of play next term.

Attendances have fallen slightly this term, and we remind first, second, and third formers that they are welcome to all our meetings.

FLORENCE HAMILTON, V(i).

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### SAVINGS

There was a slight all round improvement in the School Savings Group during the last year; the number of regular savers increased, as did the total amount saved — £884. 17s. 2d.

Again we must thank the National Savings Movement for the colourful posters and calendars which serve to remind people of the importance of saving.

B.N.

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### MUSIC REPORT

During the past year there has been a great deal of musical activity.

On November 14th, the second years went to see the Festival Ballet Company at the Empire Theatre. There were also three evening visits. On March 2nd, a party went to Kings' College, Newcastle, to hear a performance of Bach's 'St. John Passion' given by the Newcastle Bach Choir.



The school orchestra has performed three times this year. They played at the school concert in May and at the presentation of certificates in March as well as playing at the Carol Service in Bishopwearmouth Church.

The Junior Choir, under Mr. Hartley, entered the North-East Music Tournament in May. At Speech Day they sang two songs, "Little Jack Horner" by Michael Diack and "Ye who can measure" by Mozart. At the Carol Service they sang "A virgin most pure".

The Madrigal Group also entered the North-East Music Tournament and came second. They also performed at the concert in May.

The Senior Choir, under Miss Bernard, sang two songs by Elgar at Speech Day: "The Shepherd Song" and "Land of Hope and Glory". At the Carol Service they sang "Thou must leave thy lowly dwelling" by Berlioz.

The combined Senior Choirs sang "Achieved is the Glorious Work" from Haydn's 'Creation' at Founders' Day. Part of the choir combined with other North-East choirs to give a concert in the City Hall, Newcastle in May; the programme included the cantata "Highways" by Jacob and arrangements of North country songs. This year's musical achievements culminated on April 4th with a memorable performance of Handel's "Messiah" by the Combined Choir under Miss Bernard.

JOAN WEBB.

### THE CURRENT EVENTS SOCIETY

The Current Events Society meets every Tuesday in the friendly atmosphere of the Domestic Science room.

The members have discussed a wide range of topics including the situation in Central Africa, Christianity's power in combating Communism, the prospective amalgamation of the Methodist and Anglican churches and even how far television is responsible for juvenile delinquency. These discussions have been held under the stimulating guidance of Miss Hayton, Miss Azagra, Miss Burt, Mrs. Everett and Mr. Marshall.

This term we have had a visit from Mrs. Parr who gave a very interesting and instructive talk about Japan.

The meetings have been well attended and we hope members will continue to come enthusiastically.

A. BASSETT (Scholarship VII).

### SCIENCE SOCIETY

At the Annual General Meeting of the Science Society, which was held on 24th September, the Officials were elected. Miss Bradbury again consented to be President. This year's Chairman is Mr. Taylor; the Vice-Chairman, Elke Burnham; Treasurer, Gillian Tagg; and Secretary, Carol Stewart.

In October, Elke Burnham, Gillian Tagg and Carol Stewart gave short talks on Telstar, Bacteria and Diabetes, as is now customary for the officials to do at the first meeting of the year.

The November meeting took the form of a lecture in Newcastle, and the February meeting was addressed by Mr. Nottingham. He showed slides while describing the structure and functions of the brain, and he also told us some of the history of brain-surgery.

Mr. Thompson of Durham University, gave an illustrated lecture on Corsica at the March meeting. The photographs were taken by part of the Durham University Exploration Society in the summer of 1961. This meeting proved especially interesting to geographers.

This year the Society is going to Rowntree's Cocoa Factory in York for the annual outing.

The Society's membership this year has been great, but the meetings have been badly attended, and we hope that this state of affairs will improve in coming years.

C. A. STEWART (Secretary), Form VII

### PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

In March 1963, the Photographic Society marked the first anniversary of its establishment. The number of members had sadly decreased, but the enthusiasm of those who remained has encouraged a wide range of activities during the past year.

Illustrated lectures gave rise to practical work which included the developing and enlarging of negatives and taking of portraits. Perhaps the most interesting feature was a film of Sunderland made by some of the older girls. The film, although not yet completed, has been shown along with similar films from other schools, to members of the Education Committee at the Art Gallery. More members would be welcome, for then such things as competitions could be organised.

V. LIVINGSTONE (Secretary).

## THE PREFECTS' ROOM

At the beginning of October it was decided that the Library Annex could be used as a Prefects' Room. By the October holidays sufficient money had been made by selling toffee-cakes and biscuits to buy patterned material for corridor window curtains, net material for the quadrangle window curtains, and Fablon for two table tops. Miss Heslop donated a carpet, Miss Carlin some chairs and small tables and Miss Harding bought liquid lino paint for the floor. This paint was applied at various intervals of time, the final coat being completed on Friday, 29th March. The arrangements in the prefects' room are now almost completed and the room should be quite comfortable for next year's prefects.

ELKE BURNHAM.

CAROL STEWART.

## THEATRE VISITS

The second week of the Autumn term saw three visits to the Theatre Royal in Newcastle. The three plays we saw were "Troilus and Cressida" by William Shakespeare, "Curtmantle" by Christopher Fry, and "The Devils" by John Whiting. They were performed by the Royal Shakespeare Theatre Company. It was very enjoyable to be able to see "Troilus and Cressida", one of Shakespeare's less frequently performed tragedies, well acted and coloured by sumptuous costumes which modified the stark set. Both "Curtmantle" and "The Devils" were plays by contemporary writers and both were historical. "Curtmantle" was an interesting interpretation of the struggle between Henry II and Thomas à Beckett. The plot was outlined and the play was explained by a chorus, whose easy style helped relieve some of the tension of the dramatic atmosphere. The most outstanding features of the production were the one-piece set, various parts of which were used for different scenes, and the way in which the brilliant colours merged together. The last of the three plays "The Devils", which was based on a book by Aldous Huxley, was perhaps the one which impressed us most. Apart from the outstanding acting of all the cast, especially the principle parts taken by Richard Johnson (Urbain Grandier) and Dorothy Tutin (Sister Jeanne of the Angels), the tiered set, which was adapted by backcloths and some small moveable pieces of scenery was suitably striking.

Later in the term a party of girls made another visit to Newcastle to the People's Theatre, to see "Twelfth Night". The most outstanding features of this production were the beautiful set and the musical accompaniment. A small repertory company however, is limited in casting, and a thin "Sir Toby" and a buxom "Marie" marred the production.

The Civic Theatre in Sunderland, aware of the value of young audiences, enabled us to see the Old Vic Company, which performed here for one week in October. At the Schools' matinee a party of Bedans saw its production of "Julius Caesar"; unfortunately the performance was spoilt by an inattentive audience and an average interpretation by the cast.

In February, the first North-East Festival opened in Sunderland. The first play we saw was "Hamlet". Young audiences are reputed to be the most critical and perceptive, but while the schools' audience rejected anything they found unconvincing in this production, many enjoyed it so much that they went again to an evening performance. The second play in the Festival was "Arms and the Man" by Bernard Shaw. This delightful comedy made an enjoyable change from the former diet of Shakespeare. The cast responded to the audience's approval and did full justice to Shaw's pungent wit in an appropriate, convincing setting.

A visit was also paid to the Sunderland Drama Club, to see "Androcles and the Lion", a comedy by Bernard Shaw. This proved to be an interesting and colourful production for an amateur cast.

Had it not been for the willingness of the English staff in making the arrangements for these visits, many of us would have missed these opportunities and a great deal of pleasure. We appreciate to the full the very real effort that is being made by our Civic Theatre to inculcate a genuine interest in drama in the youth of Sunderland. Today, in our School, many Bedans are truly theatre-minded; it is a stimulating thing to have live theatre on one's doorstep.

CATHERINE BEANEY, VI A.

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### SCHOOL GEOGRAPHY OUTING 30th May, 1962

At 8 a.m. on Wednesday, 30th May, 1962, about seventy Bedans and four members of staff set out from Park Lane on the annual geography outing. Fortunately, the day was sunny, though rather breezy.

After a stop of half-an-hour at Barnard Castle, we drove up the Stainmore Gap and then to Kirby Lonsdale where we lunched by the River Lune.

We then passed through Ingleton and arrived at White Scar Cave on the slopes of Ingleborough. However, we could not go into the caves for another three-quarters of an hour, so Mr. Snell took us all for a walk along the banks of the River Greta. When we returned to the cave we were divided into three parties, each with its own official guide. We discovered that the temperature in the cave is a constant 45°F. The cave is liable to flooding and the guides pointed out to us the high water mark on one of the electric light bulbs. We saw among other things, two underground waterfalls and numerous stalagmites many of which have been named after people and objects they are supposed to resemble, such as the Buddha and George Bernard Shaw. We were surprised to see ferns growing underground, stimulated by the electric light. Our guide took us half a mile inside the mountain, although a further two and a half miles of passage have been excavated, strictly for the enthusiast!

On the way home, at Hardraw, we walked behind the waterfall, and many of us bought Wensleydale butter and cheese at the local inn.

We ate our tea in the bus as we drove down Wensleydale to Leyburn where we stopped for a short time. We then drove home via Richmond, Darlington and Durham, reaching Sunderland about 9 p.m.

We should like to express our thanks to Miss Heslop, Miss Burt, Mr. Snell and Mr. Nottingham for a most enjoyable day.

SHELAGH D. BUCHANAN.

BARBARA M. GILCHRIST.

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### PONY TREKKING IN SCOTLAND

On the morning of Friday the nineteenth of October, a party of fourth and fifth formers with two members of staff, left Sunderland Station for a week's pony-trekking holiday in Scotland. The interesting but tiring train journey was broken by a stop in Edinburgh where we had just enough time for a quick walk in Princes Street.

It was late afternoon when we arrived at our destination, a sheep farm called Dalbrack, situated near the River Esk. We were greeted by Mr. & Mrs. McIntosh, divided into groups, and told where we would be staying. Some of us stayed in the large farmhouse while the remainder stayed in a cottage, some hundred yards away. Later in the day, after a splendid meal, it was decided that we should be divided into two groups for the trekking and each group should have a half day trek on the first day, while for the rest of the week each group should have alternate day's trekking.

At the beginning of every trek, the ponies had to be groomed and inspected to see that they had no sores, then saddled and bridled. These ponies were Highland ponies which were quiet and obedient in most cases. Before each trek each person was supplied with a large, well-packed lunch and a flask of coffee or tea; the hot drink was most welcome and helped to get our blood back into circulation for sometimes it was so cold that we could not feel our limbs. Our rides took us many miles into the Highlands and the ponies did not seem to mind the steep, rugged slopes or the stony ground, for, despite the condition of the ground, they were very sure-footed and hardly slipped at all.

On our first day trek we had a beautiful clear day and an excellent view of the countryside for miles around. On our second trek we were not so lucky for we got caught in the mist and it was very cold. On this occasion we had climbed high up into the hills and could see Lock Lee directly beneath us. We could also hear the eerie noises of the deer and occasionally even caught a glimpse of them. We were rather startled one day at lunch when everyone had been remarking on how nice the meat was, to be informed that the venison was nearly a year old and had been in deep freeze. Our third and last trek took us nearly to Aberdeen; we were also very near Balmoral Castle but the biting wind and the bitter cold urged us to go back. Although it was so cold, I enjoyed this ride most of all because the first snow of the year had fallen and this slight covering added to the beauty of the scenery.

The days on which we were not trekking were spent in walking; sometimes we walked into the tiny village of Tarfside, three miles away, which consisted of only two shops and a small group of houses. On one occasion we visited the "Retreat" which had once been a shooting lodge but in later years was used as a museum. The museum was very interesting, for it contained a collection of objects that had belonged to the folk of the Glen many years before. One afternoon we followed the River Esk as far as the "Queen's Well" which was erected just after Queen Victoria had visited the Glen on pony in 1861. The well was built by Lord Dalhousie in the shape of the Ancient Crown of Scotland; it stands twenty feet from the ground and is surmounted by a cross.

The evenings were spent watching television or singing or, if we were not too tired, walking. One evening a dance, especially organised for us, was held at Tarfside. Most of us thoroughly enjoyed this dance for the people were so happy and friendly. On the night before we left, the staff arranged for some films to be held at the farm. These were also enjoyed by everyone; we then ended the holiday with a sing-song.

It was a very downhearted group of girls that left Dalbrach the following morning. We all agreed that the time had gone too fast and that we had never enjoyed ourselves so much. We owed Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh so much for making us so welcome and also the members of staff without whom none of it would have been possible.

JENNIFER FORSTER, Form V (ii).

#### A VISIT TO WEMBLEY — MARCH 1963

On 9th March, 1963, a party of 60 Bode girls together with three mistresses assembled in Sunderland Station complete with food, rucksacks, travelling rugs and miscellaneous paraphernalia for the International Hockey Match at Wembley between England and Wales. At 7.30 a.m. the special train, which was also carrying other parties from Newcastle schools, arrived, and with a party from Sunderland Church High School, we were herded into our respective carriages, where we remained for the main part of the journey, except for occasional visits to the buffet-car, etc., until our arrival at King's Cross at 1.45 p.m.

We were then hustled into a special tube train which took us to Wembley Park for the game. We took our seats and joined in the community singing with sixty thousand schoolgirls. Of course, typical English weather prevailed throughout the match, damping both our banner and spirits, as well as the morale of England's team. Nevertheless we all enjoyed this first-class hockey match, but were rather disappointed when Wales gained a victory over England (although certain Welsh natives amongst us were elated).

Fortunately there were no accidents on the return journey to King's Cross, apart from several second formers being misled (?). Following a meal (?) at the Capitol Banqueting Hall !!! we divided into groups for visits to various London Theatres.

After a walk to Trafalgar Square and a visit to the Tower of London, we returned to King's Cross in time for the 12.35 a.m. train back to Sunderland and Newcastle. One would have thought that

everyone would immediately fall asleep, but Bedams apparently have boundless energy, for it was not until about four o'clock in the morning that everyone was finally exhausted, and all lay sprawled across the carriage.

Fortunately we awoke in good time to revive a little, and so were reasonably tidy when we arrived in Sunderland at 7-12 a.m.

Our thanks are due to Miss James, Miss Carter, Miss Wheeler and Mrs. Davis who met us in London, for making our visit such a enjoyable one.

J. BARNES	}	Form V.
C. KEMP		
P. ORD		

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### EXAMINATION RESULTS

In July 1962, the following girls were successful in the University of Durham examinations of the General Certificate of Education—

#### Advanced Level:

Elke Burnham, Eileen Carlton, Linda Carr, Ann Chisholm, Andrea Clayburn, Mary Coates, Irene Conroy, Christine Cowey, Christine Cox, Patricia Dennison, Jean Farrar, Jean Garrick, Kathleen Gatenby, Anne Gooch, Dorothy Gray, Paula Hodgson, Jennifer Hoskins, Jennifer Hutton, June Laybourn, Margaret Leck, Glenys Makel, Marjorie Makel, Valerie McLaren, Edith Powell, Margaret Pritchard, Elaine Reece, Janet Ritchie, Elizabeth Sanderson, Jean Sewell, Margaret Sharp, Rosamund Shaw, Dorothy Smart, Carole Stacey, Kay Stafford, Valerie Stewart, Sonia Storey, Ann Stubbs, Patricia Telford, Sheila Thomas, Catherine Thompson, Valerie Wood, Mavis Woodmass.

#### Ordinary Level:

Marilyn Bassett, Sheila Batty, Catherine Beaney, Barbara Birbeck, Lesley Brass, Ann Budd, Pauline Bulmer, Joyce Colling, Jennifer Crawford, Judith Dalby, Ingrid Davis, Diane Davison, Lorraine Evans, Patricia Fletcher, Elizabeth Goodson, Sheila Graham, Vivienne Greener, Mary Hughes, Linda Hulsmeier, Gaynor Jones, Sandra Kitching, Mavis Liddle, Valerie Livingstone, Maureen Lowdon, Sheila McCree, Judith McKenzie, Marjorie Miller, Marjorie Patterson, Pauline Peters, Judith Priceman, Joan



Samuelson, Christine Sanderson, Lavinia Scott, Elizabeth Stevenson, June Thompson, Valerie Whitfield, Judith Alden, Anne Archer, Kathleen Boyd, Donna Brown, Shelagh Buchanan, Pamela Byers, Angela Charlton, Barbara Clemison, Joan Davis, Barbara Dawson, Sheila Elliott, Patricia Fielding, Pauline Gallagher, Barbara Gilchrist, Denise Hart, Carolyn Hodgson, Judith Hunter, Eileen Johnson, Glenda Lawson, Ann Loutit, Lynda Marshall, Sandra Morgan, Margaret Munday, Susan Nell, Judith Parker, Pamela Pickering, Irene Ridley, Valerie Rountree, Carole Scott, Lesley Sharpen, Dorothy Sheadd, Sandra Smart, Kathleen Stafford, Diana Thompson, Anne Trimby, Patricia Worsfold, Ruth Zahn, Jean Barr, Mavis Beaumont, Marguerite Bennett, Ruth Berg, Jennifer Bowman, Norah Carr, Isabell Eastwood, Joy Elliott, Brenda Faith, Rosalyn Gordon, Ann Hall, Sheila Hall, Iona Halliday, Hazel McGhie, Irene Makel, June Nixon, Jacqueline Pearce, Dahlia Phillips, Carol Price, Sheridan Robinson, Sylvia Snowball, Owen Spensley, Marilyn Slatton, Ethel Stonehouse, Sheila Storr, Mary Sutherland, Sandra Svenson, Mary Webb, Marilyn White, Carol Willis, Pamela Winter, Barbara Wright, Sandra Wright.

### NETBALL REPORT

Many of the matches arranged for the 1962-63 season were cancelled owing to bad weather. However, the senior team won seven and lost two of the nine matches played. The junior team played eight matches of which they won seven and lost one.

The seniors finished a successful season by winning the Grammar Schools County Tournament after beating Barnard Castle in the final. The junior team won their section of the County Tournament and reached the semi-finals of the Towns Tournament, but in both cases they were beaten by the eventual winners.

The following girls represented the 1st Senior VII this season :—

Elke Burnham, Brenda Hodgson (captain), Marjorie Miller, Heather Wardle, Joyce Newton, Maureen Ferry, Avril Forster, Pamela Muncaster, and Carol Smith. Colours were awarded to E. Burnham, B. Hodgson, J. Newton and H. Wardle.

The senior and junior house tournaments were both won by Ben.

The teams wish to thank Miss Donkin for all her help.

HEATHER WARDLE (Secretary).

## HOCKEY

The 1962-63 Hockey season began very well with the 1st Senior XI winning all its matches. In the Durham County Schools' Hockey Tournament held at Bede on October 6th, the first senior team reached the final and after a hard game succeeded in winning the County Championship for the first time in the school's history by beating Darlington Grammar School 1-0.

As a result in their play in this Tournament, S. Melton, J. Robertson and J. Wharton gained trials for the Durham County Junior Hockey Team. J. Wharton was selected to play goalkeeper on the 1st Team and S. Melton left-half on the 2nd Team.

From December to March there were few matches because of the bad weather. Nevertheless, since then the team has continued to gain victories and has won all of its seven matches.

This season a 2nd Senior XI was formed, winning three out of its four matches, while the Junior XI lost its first three games but improved with experience to win the last two.

Regular 1st Team players are as follows:—

J. Wharton, M. Berriman, K. Russell, P. Ord, S. Melton, M. Nichol, J. Stewart, S. Farrer, J. Robertson, J. Gribble, J. Barnes, C. Kemp and H. Powell.

Colours have been awarded to J. Gribble, P. Ord and J. Wharton.

The teams wish to thank Miss James and Miss Wheeler for their invaluable coaching and umpiring.

P. ORD (Captain).

J. BARNES (Secretary).

## TENNIS

The First VI won four matches out of five matches played. The team was defeated in the first round of two of the tournaments they entered, but got into the 2nd Round of the Northumberland and Durham Tournament.

The following girls played for the First VI:—

S. Thomas (Captain), M. Carter, J. Gribble, R. Shaw, B. Birbeck, S. Nell, C. Kemp and J. Webb.

Colours were awarded to M. Carter.

S. Thomas won the School Singles Tournament.

The House Championships were won by Esk House.

M. CARTER (Secretary).

### ATHLETICS 1962

Athletics Day was held on Wednesday, 23rd May. In spite of a very strong wind we were able to enjoy all events, but shortly before the last relay event there was a tremendous "downpour". However, this lasted for a few minutes only, and we were able to complete the programme by 4 p.m.

#### HOUSE RESULTS—

Senior: Strath. Middle: Ben. Junior: Ben.

#### INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIP RESULTS:—

Senior: Elke Burnham, Judith Painter.

Middle: Carole Kemp.

Junior: Kathleen French.

Miss P. M. Peters, Organiser for Physical Education, presented the awards.

### RESULTS OF SWIMMING EVENTS

Since June 1962

#### June—

SUNDERLAND LIFE-SAVING COMPETITION:

1st—Bede.

SUNDERLAND HEAT OF E.S.S.A. LIFE-SAVING COMPETITION:

3rd—Bede.

#### July—

COUNTY FINAL OF A. C. COX MEMORIAL TROPHY LIFE-SAVING COMPETITION:

3rd—Bede.

**September—**

**NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM FREESTYLE TEAM RACE:**  
2nd—Bede.

**YALUX TROPHY COMPETITION:**

Sunderland Heat: 1st—Bede.  
County Final: 3rd—Bede.

**November—**

**SUNDERLAND SCHOOLS' ANNUAL GALA:**

Bede did not do as well as usual, but nevertheless broke several records.

**BEDE BOYS' GALA:**

Junior Medley Team: 2nd Girls.  
Middle Medley Team: 1st Girls.  
Senior Medley Team: 2nd Girls.

**S.C. PARKINSON TROPHY LIFE-SAVING COMPETITION:**

1st and 4th Girls.

**March—**

**BEDE GIRLS' GALA:**

House Championships—Senior: Esk.  
Junior: Ben.

**Individual Championships—**

Senior: Susan Melton (Avon).  
Junior: Susan Vosper (Drom).

Trophies were awarded by Mrs. F. Bridge.

The following girls have been in teams which competed in County finals—

J. Tullock, A. Gartland, K. Harris, R. Bolton, S. Porter,  
S. Vosper, D. Graham, D. Shapero, P. Reed, L. Knowles,  
P. Usher, S. Melton, S. Graham, E. Burnham.

Susan Melton gained her County Swimming colours.

ELKE BURNHAM.

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## MONEY

The sweets are handed across the counter, the shopkeeper holds out his hand and with a smile accepts the piece of paper handed to him by the purchaser. A piece of paper in exchange for a bag of sweets? Ah, but there is something special about this piece of paper. It is what all Britain knows as a one pound note. What is a one pound note? It is money. Just as cattle may be exchanged

for goods in other countries so one of these one pound notes is used in exchange for goods in this country. But Britain's currency has not always consisted of notes and coins.

The earliest coins made in Britain are dated about 100 B.C. Before then the more important forms of money were cattle, grain, salt, metal objects, shells, a few beads, a lump of iron, a plaited mat or some dogs' teeth. In the early days the wealth of a man was settled by the number of flocks he owned. Cattle were the most important store of wealth and were the most wide-spread money substitutes.

Even today in many out-of-the-way parts of the world, there is no money because there is no need for it. Instead, bartering is used. For instance, an Eskimo might exchange a silver-fox skin for flour, tobacco, sugar, matches and other things. An Aboriginal might exchange a kangaroo skin for a bit of iron to make a spearhead, and a man from New Guinea might collect sago and trade it for a cooking pot.

Some time ago, if a man killed another man, the killer would have to pay the deceased man's wife or family a sum of money, for the death of a man meant the loss of his services to his family. This sum of money was called blood-money.

In the same way, if a young man wanted to marry, he had to pay his future father-in-law some money because the woman did most of the work in the household and if she got married it meant the loss of her services to her family. This sum of money was called bride-price or bride-wealth.

Julius Caesar who invaded Britain in 55 B.C. and 54 B.C. gave a description of the money being used at that time. Besides mentioning bronze and gold coins he added that the British also used iron cuttings, weighing a certain weight in place of money.

The first gold coins to be found in Britain were brought over by the Belgæ in about 75 B.C. These gold coins had the head of Apollo on one side and a two-horse chariot on the other.

The earliest native British coinage is usually called tin money and is dated between 100 and 75 B.C. These coins had the head of Apollo on one side and a charging bull on the other.

Offa was the first man to unify the country and to be called the King of the English. In about 774 A.D. Offa minted the English silver pennies, the only coins that were used in the next five centuries. These pennies had his portrait and name on them, and show many different designs; crosses, wreaths, banners, flowers and snakes.

The first halfpennies in England were issued by Halfdene, the Danish king of north-west England in about 876 A.D. But these round halfpennies were very rare and as a rule halfpennies and farthings were just pennies cut into halves and quarters. These coins were very clumsy so forgery was easy and committed often.

Every local borough had its own mint and the moneyers often issued coins of short weight to make an extra profit. Clipping, too, was a common crime, for when pennies were cut up to make halfpennies and farthings a little extra clip was simple and profitable. To prevent this Henry III had a long cross penny made. This was a penny that had on one side a cross that had its edges touching the sides of the penny, and no penny was legal tender unless all of the cross could be seen.

In 1279 A.D., Edward I struck silver halfpennies, farthings and also larger coins worth four pennies called groats. Groats continued in use and were joined by the silver sixpenny and threepenny bits in the reign of Elizabeth I.

Florins or two shilling bits were brought into use in the year 1849 A.D. and they are still used today.

Today our money consists mainly of pennies, halfpennies, threepenny bits, sixpenny pieces, florins, halfcrowns worth two shillings and sixpence, ten shilling notes, one pound notes and five pound notes.

Nearly everyone today loves the above mentioned currency, for it can buy things for them, because it is— MONEY.

JEAN TAYLOR, Form II X

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## MONEY

Before there was any kind of money in the world, men exchanged animal skins for food or cooking pots. This form of trading was called "barter" or "truck". The only thing wrong with this, however, was that a man might wander for days on end without finding anyone with whom to exchange his goods. Men, however, got on very well with this trading system.

Even as late as 1887 factory-workers were paid in goods instead of money and again were obliged to find people to exchange their goods with. This was stopped with the passing of the 1887 Truck Act.

"Barter" still goes on in many parts of the world. The Pygmies of Central Africa are an example of this. These natives hardly ever see the people who exchange their goods. They put their skins and meat on trees outside the villages that are dotted around on the outskirts of the forests. The inhabitants of the villages then take the skins or meat, and exchange them for vegetables, maize or certain fruits. These also are left on the trees. There is never any swindling because each tribe knows what the goods are worth. In Northern Rhodesia, one tribe leaves maize or millet and next day returns to find fish. A passing fisherman must have exchanged these goods.

Many people think that money was invented because "barter" was not suitable. This is partly so, but not all true. Many Africans still prefer to trade with goods, although money is available. They often exchange and re-exchange their goods in one day and, whether they return home a little richer or a little poorer they are thoroughly satisfied with their day.

Money became more important as the world became more civilised and more goods went into circulation. Money, however, has only become really important in the last few hundred years. It is said in Edward I's reign all the coins in the British Isles would not have added up to half a million pounds. Money was not needed in those days as much as it is today. There were many moneyless communities in Britain. Monks are an example of this and in return for various jobs they were clothed, fed and housed. Practically the same thing happened in the Medieval Manors. Here the peasants hardly ever saw a coin in their lives. They also did jobs and their overlords fed, clothed, housed and gave warmth to their "serfs". Another example of this were the Incas of Peru which is in South America. When the Spaniards reached Peru in the sixteenth century, which was over two thousand years after the first coins were minted in Lydia (a country of Western Asia Minor in 600 B.C.) they found a highly civilised people. They were apparently quite happy people, without any kind of money.

Each Inca man and woman had his or her own appointed tasks. Even the blind and crippled had work to do on the roads or looking after sheep. In return for this, like the peasants and monks of the Middle Ages, they were given food, clothing and housing of a primitive kind, also they were given a form of bloodthirsty entertainment.

This may seem a good way of living, but each Inca was no more than a slave, except for a few rulers who lived in luxury. They were not allowed to be married or even have their hair cut without permission from the overseer. So far, history has shown that no moneyless state has yet been constructed for completely free men and women. For most people life is very hard without freedom.



*Senior Prizewinners, 1962*





*Junior Prizewinners, 1962*

## SCHOOL 1st SENIOR HOCKEY TEAM, 1962-3



Back Row, left to right—

Patricia Ord, Mary Barriman, Judith Wharton, Judith Griddle, Margaret Nichol, Miss James

Front Row, left to right—

Joyce Robertson, Sheila Farmer, Carole Kemp, Joan Burns, Hilary Powell, Susan Melton,

SCHOOL 1st SENIOR NETBALL TEAM, 1962-3



From left to right—Brenda Hodgson (capt.), Heather Wards, Maureen Perry, Avril Foster,  
Joyce Newton, Marjorie Miller, Pamela Murcaster.

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It is said that the first money consisted of cowrie shells. These can be found on the Pacific Islands. The shells were used mainly by people who lived on hot islands and did not need much clothing. They used them to ornament themselves. Soon, people wanted to collect these shells, and they gave food in exchange for them. Before they realised it, they had money. They could recognise rich men by the rows of shells with which they adorned themselves.

Money originally came from China. In China, a few thousand years ago, such things as chisels, knives, spades and cloth were used as money. A person could buy land with a cartload of these articles. The remedy came in 1200 B.C. when the Chinese Government had metal models made of these things and this made things slightly easier. However, these models were still very heavy and difficult to count, so in the end they made round coins with a hole in the middle. This became known as cash. These coins were easily carried around, because they were easily threaded onto a piece of string.

On street corners in Rome, money changers' benches were a very familiar sight. These benches were often called "bancos". Men gathered there to exchange a coin of one country for a coin of another. They threw the coins down onto the bench to see what kind of noise they made. This way, they were able to tell how much each coin was worth. If there was any swindling, the customers smashed the money changers' "banco" and they were immediately bankrupt.

When the Greeks started to use money, they had an easy way out of the difficulties of "barter". They said that one coin was worth so many oxen, so many sheep or so much olive oil. They did not measure the value of things as we do today.

Money is essential for life today, because without it we cannot buy clothes, food or even housing of a primitive kind.

SANDRA DENDY, FORM I W.

## ENGLAND AND I

My coming to England was an accident I must confess. I came here though I might have gone anywhere else; but the opportunity arrived and here I landed, with very few ideas about the country and none whatsoever of its language. My attitude was quite negative: I wanted to change my surroundings and so I did as soon as the occasion presented itself. It is now curious, even funny,

to remember my first impressions. Peculiarly enough, I did not feel alone, I was not even conscious at that time of the tremendous handicap of the barrier which was going to be so unbearable later, when the English people, and not the external observations, were the important element in my life. Yes, the incapacity of communication with the others made me suffer quite a lot, and so I started learning English, which made me still more miserable. What a language! Can you, by any chance, spell and read dough, through, thought, bough, cough and enough? And what about the subtle differences of pronunciation in chip, cheap, ship and sheep? But this was afterwards. When I arrived I was perplexed and interested by everything and anything. I was simply a spectator and I enjoyed in a detached way what was spread in front of my eyes, that is to say, of my glasses.

Looking back at these first impressions, silence comes to me; I was impressed by the silence of England. As I was coming from a very noisy country I had to be affected by the silence of the streets, the houses, the people. (At that time, of course, I had not had any contact with schoolgirls. Now, and as in very many matters, I have changed my mind on this point). But I remain imperturbable with regard to my surprise on seeing the enormous amount of tea you are able to drink. "A nice cup of tea" was the first sentence I could comprehend. I heard it often enough. And I was amazed: in Spain the only people who drink tea are the sick. I had to come to England to understand how it was possible that one of the most decisive motives of the independence of the United States had been the increase in taxes they had to pay for tea. Obviously tea is, for English-speaking people, vital. For years I looked at the English drinking tea; one day I joined them; I drank it and it was all right. Only all right.

Another cause of perpetual worry at the beginning was the weather. When I arrived in England it was raining and it has not stopped yet. The very first week—it was October—I got a cold; it lasted until July. As I could not spend the whole year in bed, I had to go out, and it was awful: in the street I needed to be 100% fit because concentration was essential to look at the cars coming on the wrong side of the road; I don't know how I survived this period of adaptation; in any case, the English system is better than the Spanish one, since in Spain you never know in which direction the car is going.

These were my first, very superficial impressions of England. I must add a visual one, my discovery of the beauty of the green fields, a green I had never imagined.

But I have been here for more than seven years; the weather, the tea, or the silence (?) are now the normal ingredients of my background. But if I came by accident, I did choose to stay. My reasons for it are not circumstantial; they are deep, essential. I admire England because of her serenity and balance; because she can reason, because she tries to see both sides of the question; because she is fair, because she has sense of humour, because she disapproves

of violence, intolerance, cruelty: because she is polite, discreet and welcoming. Mainly, perhaps, because she is organised.

Believe me, I could prove and illustrate all that, but it would be too long a task. At least, I must be able to compare and that is, no doubt, something. In fact, these qualities are here. And so I like England. I like to live in England.

Oh dear, what a country she is! Have you heard of anywhere else where there are bird watchers or leek growing competitions?

G. R. AZABRA.



## LA ESCULTURA

Se levanta, solitaria,  
 Rodeada por una muchedumbre de ojos aturcidos;  
 Un portento, dicen, de piedra.  
 ¡Piedra! desbastada por los fuertes  
 Desde un sitio repugnante y  
 Transformada  
 Como si por ensalmo  
 En una imagen exquisita  
 Pero fantástica de algo  
 Que podía ser  
 Pero, de verdad,  
 No es.

BRENDA HUDSON, Scholarship VII.

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## FEET

I woke up with a thankful heart  
 And counted my toes—just ten !  
 I'd had an awful dream that night  
 May it never happen again.

I dreamed I was a centipede  
 With a corn on every toe ;  
 What I suffered in that dream  
 No-one will ever know !

One hundred feet, five hundred corns  
 To be trimmed and plastered too,  
 Now you know why I woke with a smile  
 To find it wasn't true !

SHEILA WILSON, Form II W.

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## EUREKA

A small brown seed; a tiny root;  
 A hint of green; a minute shoot;  
 A stem constructed like a tower;  
 And then at last.....Yippee! a flower.

ANON.



HELEN FRANKENHALL &amp; LYNNE SUMRY, 2 Y

### THE FARRIER

Beckoned by the sound of hammer striking anvil, I hurry to the door of the smithy, and peer inside. Silhouetted against a cascade of sparks, I see the Farrier, shaping a horseshoe out of a straight piece of almost white-hot iron. Every blow of the hammer brings forth a shower of sparks, as the Farrier bends and shapes the iron, which loses heat fairly rapidly. Then the Farrier plunges the partly-made shoe into the fire, to reheat it. After a few minutes, it is brought back to the anvil, and, amid sparks, and the clanging of the hammer, the Farrier completes the horseshoe; an operation that never fails to fascinate me.

EILEEN BOWN, Form I X.



## A TWENTIETH CENTURY HAMLET

To live or not to live — that is the question ;  
 Whether 'tis easier in the mind to suffer  
 And to accept the insanity of man  
 Or to revolt against annihilation  
 And by a protest survive? To burn, to die —  
 No more; that by a blast they mean to end  
 The existence and the thousand natural joys  
 That man is heir to. 'Tis a culmination  
 Too hideous for thought. To die, to live ;  
 To live; by fate to remain. For there's the dread ;  
 For in that active air what horrors may be  
 When they have nullified this ephemeral life,  
 Must make one fear.

JOAN WESS, Scholarship VII.

## THE EVENING NEWSPAPER

An evening newspaper seems to be almost entirely made up of all the irrelevant facts that morning papers ignore. Perhaps all the news has been used up, or perhaps they think to soothe us after a day in the big, trouble- and crisis-filled world. Do they imagine tired, lined, businessmen and workmen returning to their own fireplaces in the evening, picking up reverently their local news, and burying themselves in its comforting depths; the starving millions and the bomb forgotten, and in their stead, flower shows, baby shows, bazaars and the mayor? If they do, then they are quite wrong.

Taking my own home as typical of thousands, I shall explain the daily fate of our own worthy newspaper.

Five o'clock and my father crawls in, throws himself into a chair and growls a demand for the 'Echo'; this is dutifully presented. Ignoring the headlines screaming at him that they are going ahead with plans for a brand-new workmen's club at Pallion, he turns to the back page, where belongs our football team; reading of their various ailments, he turns with a barely suppressed sigh to the centre pages, whereon is written the cream of all journalism.

What fascinating tit-bit is currently being featured? "A History of Murton Colliery!"

Judging by his expression he cares little for such a history. With one last hope in his heart he turns his eyes to "Letters to the Editor" and eagerly scans the page in search of his own epistle. For this is what the evening newspaper means to him, and to many more—a chance to prove to themselves that they can write something worth printing and a chance to argue, to show that they know better than the mayor, council, and government put together. If they have printed his latest mean we can be assured of his temper being pleasant, his expression contented for the rest of the evening.

After we have dutifully read his letter, my mother is allowed to take her fill of editorial culture.

Ignoring the bazaars and their like, this good woman turns her eye to the advertisements, proudly bearing the news that Binns are being magnificently generous and selling off Wellington boots at half-price. You may say that she is none the better off for having read this news, but nevertheless it heartens her to think that if she needed some new Wellington boots the very next day, she would save half the money; her mind and her purse greatly enriched, she casts her eye to the second treat of the evening. The four pages of columns near the back which make up the most widely read part of the newspaper: Births, Deaths, Marriages, Engagements, Personal, Wanted and Vacant: here lies the 'open sesame' to gossip; one well-versed in these columns may hold her own in any conversation.

When my turn finally comes around, two-thirds of the pages are crumpled and well-turned, it is now for me to fulfil my own simple tastes: the Personal Column, and the TV page; after which the 'Echo' lies used and dying on the floor, to be chewed and worried by the kitten, until it gives up the ghost altogether.

It hardly seems worthwhile. Hurrying, scurrying reporters racing from one end of the town to the other; harassed editors vowing for the thousandth time that they will never make the deadline; press-bags, printers, tea-makers, newspaper-round boys, all pulling together to provide us, at, it must be admitted, a meagre sum, with our evening newspaper, which we barely appreciate.

However, the thought of going without it is detestable, no matter how many times such drastic action is threatened.

The evening newspaper is an institution, a solid comfort to all, and long may it prosper.

IRENE NELSON, Form V (i).

## WINTER

The birds have flown.  
The north winds moan.  
Winter is here.  
Trees face the icy blast  
And everyone knows at last  
Winter is here.

The snow is born  
In clouds forlorn.  
Winter is here.  
It tumbles, caressing  
The ground with its blessing;  
Winter is here.

JEAN PURVIS, Form III S.

Snow covers all,  
The birds no longer sing,  
Trees are bare;  
But children's voices ring,  
In merry play they sledge.

Iceicles hang  
From every leafless bough,  
Time stands still;  
Yet can it be, that now  
A snowdrop rears its head?

JACQUELINE GOLDMAN, Form III S.

Morning came with a touch of ice,  
Cold and sparkling clear.  
It crunched and crackled underfoot.  
On the pond enticing young children to put  
Their feet a little too near.  
And eager young hands were outstretched to feel  
The iceicles, sharp and as hard as steel  
Which clung on  
To each tree; defiantly avoiding the eager hold  
Of destructive, warm hands, which soon became cold.  
And were gone;  
Leaving Nature alone to admire with delight  
The Beauty of Winter — the work of a night.

SANDRA DORNEY, Form III S.



## A FROSTY MORNING

Rising slowly in the cold, grey sky the orange sphere of the sun makes an attempt to brighten the cold, frosty morning. The road appears to be covered by a white blanket of hoar frost broken here and there by the lines of tyre marks of an early motorist. A few children are scattered about playing happily—their cheeks made rosy by the nip in the air. Brightly-coloured woollen scarves and hats worn by the children provide a splash of colour to the cold greyness of the sky, the snow which lies on the gardens, and the general feeling of grey dullness.

Late risers peer mournfully through windows which are temporarily opaque because of the patterns made on the glass by the frost. The air has been cleared by the frost. The smoke rises vertically from the chimneys and the customary sounds of cars starting-up, doors being slammed and the solitary bird's song all seem to be crisper and louder. Odours, too, seem to be stronger. Fumes from the exhaust of a lorry struggling gallantly up a steep hill are more acrid than usual.

As one breathes, one's breath freezes and hangs in tiny, frozen particles. Where the pavement has been damp the water has frozen and lies in patches of white surrounded by dark, wet patches. The earth which can be seen below the snow is frozen as hard as iron.

In general the whole atmosphere seems cold and crisp although at the same time dull and grey.

OLWYN PEACOCK, Form II W.

## THE MISCHIEVOUS MOUSE

There's a mischievous mouse  
Who lives in our house,  
When she comes out  
And scampers about,  
She loves to explore  
And sample our store  
Of jam, bread and cheese,  
And never says, "Please".

She can bite through string  
Can this mischievous thing,  
A hole can she chew  
Through a paper bag too.  
I chase her in vain;  
In the cupboard again,  
I hear this wee mouse  
Who lives in our house.

BARBARA SCOTT, Form II X.

## THIS ENGLISH LANGUAGE

We have many strange words in the English language, but do you ever wonder how some of them came to be used as they are in games? Do they conjure up amusing pictures in your mind? For instance, when the referee in hockey calls "bully off", do you picture the largest and roughest member on the field being carried off? Or does a "free kick" in football suggest the bully being held down for his victim to take revenge? "Stand off" in rugby must surely mean "don't come near me!" Do you feel embarrassed when the umpire at a tennis match calling out the score, addresses you as "love"? Why must so many games be marred by players "dribbling"? How can a bowler really run properly with "two short legs and a long one(s)" or "a square leg"? And those men in the "slips", are they in nylon with lace trimmings or plain satin? Do they give the batsman a "wide ball" when he keeps missing the ordinary sized one? When you hear a golfer talking about a "birdie" do you picture him furtively attaching a pair of wings to his ball to help it on its way? As for "bogeys" they must be the mischievous little sprites lying in wait to turn the ball aside, just before it reaches the hole! Why accuse an unfortunate rower of "catching a crab" when he is not even attempting to catch fish? Are not some of these boxing terms silly; of what use would a man be whose weight was that of a fly or a bantam? When a referee calls "foul" does he hold his nose and make a face? It is an odd language, isn't it?

VALERIE COPLAND, Form III L.

## SIR JOHN

Sir John lies dead.  
The brave knight with the golden hair.  
Who weeps about his head?  
Who killed him? Who dare?

One person knows and nobody cares.

A maiden fair  
Knows of the death of Sir John,  
A quarrel there was 'twixt the pair,  
She killed him. She dare.

One person knows and nobody cares.

JOSEPHINE CONLEY, Form II X.

## THE PERSIAN GULF — OLD AND NEW

Four of us jumped ashore from the Arab dhow onto the barren island of Yas in the Persian Gulf. The temperature was about 85°F; the date, December 28th, 1962. The children of the hamlet not far from the shore came running out to see the intruders and stared at us with their big, black eyes. Led by our Arab host, we walked past the village and down to the sandy beach, where we spent a glorious hour swimming, sun-bathing and collecting strange shells.

On our way back, the headman of the village came forward to meet us. Our host explained that he wished us to visit his humble home and drink some coffee there. We stepped into the darkness of the little hut and sat cross-legged on the Persian rugs covering the ground. The walls and roof of the hut seemed to be made of some plaited fibre and the light was allowed to enter only through the hole which served as a doorway. One part of the room was partitioned off; perhaps this was the women's and children's quarters for there were none to be seen now. Arabs believe in keeping their women very much in their place. We were offered tiny cups of hot, Arabic coffee. It was difficult not to show our dislike of the taste, for Arabic coffee is very highly scented and not pleasant to our Western palates. However, we exclaimed at its excellence and then our hosts offered us a plate of yellow spaghetti-like food. This turned out to be vermicelli, probably imported by our ship or one in the same company, which the Arabs had prepared their own way. After sampling this dish, we thanked our smiling hosts and departed for the dhow. I doubt if the way of life of these people has changed very much over several centuries.

Seventeen days later, I was standing beside a broad highway, surrounded by tall, new blocks of offices and shops. Large American cars flashed past. This was Kuwait, capital of the small oil state of the same name. In the past few years, Kuwait has changed from being a typical, old, walled Middle Eastern town, into a modern city with dual carriageways and skyscrapers. Behind this façade, there is still a great deal of poverty and slums as in any other city but at least the Ruler has put some of the money from Kuwait's oil back into the state.

Between these visits to Yas Island and Kuwait, we were at Bahrain Island, to my mind the most interesting place in the Gulf. We spent four hectic days touring the island, seeing the town of Manama, the Sheik's palace, the Virgin's Pool, the oil town of Awali and, most interesting of all, the ruins of the Portuguese port, built in 1635. Bahrain is a fascinating mixture of old and new and we were most surprised to see groups of hovels side by side with large, modern stone buildings.

Besides Bahrain, we visited a great variety of places, including such primitive ports of Jabal Dhanna and Kher el Mafatta, of which we had never before heard, and the more modern towns of Basrah and Abadan. The trip was certainly a wonderful experience and one which I was extremely fortunate to have.

BARRARA GILCHRIST, Form VI A.

### REMOTE CONTROL

How helpless

A puppet on a string. I raise my arm in answer to the will  
Of another.

I cannot express

Emotions so acute, yet ever mute,

But only suppress them.

Is there no defence,

No atom bomb to kill

And resurrect for me to reconstruct at will

A soul in tune with mine

And yet Subordinate

So that I am ruler of the situation ?

PATRICIA HUTTON, Form VII.

### VARIATIONS ON A GREAT THEME

One deed, amongst many, for which the Venerable Bede was rightly famous was his faultless translation, into English, of the Bible. There are, of course, many editions of the Bible and some have peculiar features. There was a 'Wicked Bible' so called because in the seventh commandment, "Thou shalt not commit adultery," the word 'not' was omitted. Then there was the 'Bug Bible' which gained its name because of the translation of Psalm XCI, v. 5, which read "afraid of bugges" instead of the present day, "terror by night". There was also the well-known 'Breeches Bible' named after its translation of Genesis III, v. 7, which read, "making themselves breeches out of fig leaves". Another Bible with an amusing title was the 'Vinegar Bible' which had as the heading of the twentieth chapter of Luke, "The Parable of the Vinegar" instead of the vineyard.



The 'Mazarin Bible' was the first complete book printed with moveable type whilst the 'Complutensian Polyglot' prints in the New Testament adjoining columns of Greek and Latin and in the Old Testament columns of Hebrew, Latin and Greek. There are also Bibles peculiar because of their minute size. Two of the smallest Bibles in the world are the amazing 'Thumb Bible' which is one inch square and one half-inch thick and another tiny Bible only slightly larger than the 'Thumb Bible' and having eight hundred and seventy-six pages and several illustrations. With these Bibles, a magnifying glass was provided; one imagines because of the smallness of the print and not because of the illegible script of the writer!

J. BASTON, Form IV L.

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### THE END OF TIME

The day was dull and nought was heard,  
 Except for the wailing of a distant bird.  
 The sky was heavy and seemed to mourn,  
 The sea rebelled with triumphant scorn.  
 And all the world was sad.

The land was dark and arched with strain,  
 The hills were scarred and bent with pain.  
 A gull high up in the sky,  
 Gave out a weak and helpless cry.  
 And all the world was sad.

Nothing stirred except the rain,  
 The end of man, his worthless gain.  
 No more a human being would tread,  
 As the sea and the land as one were wed.  
 And all the world was sad.

LINDA DALE, Form V (ii).



## ODE TO A SUMMER EVENING

Long and slender strands of gold  
Swaying in an evening breeze.  
Velvet leaves faintly rustling  
As the wind wafts through the trees.

Evening with her dusky hand  
O'ercomes the light of day.  
The pale half-moon of Summer starts  
Upon her heavenly way.

Then deep, deep darkness envelops all  
The world in peace sublime;  
And all the universe sleeps on  
Suspended far in time.

WENDY BELL, FORM Y S.

## SCHLAF

Man schläft im Leben für vier und zwanzig Jahre:  
Hat öfters bizarre  
Und interessante Träume.

Was geschieht denn in der Zeit, wenn man schläft  
Ist was täglich erregt  
Den Förcher des psycholog' schem.

Er weiss dass der Traum farbig oder schwarz-weiss ist,  
Das man morgens vergisst  
Worüber der Traum handelte.

Aber er weiss noch nicht so schviel mehr als das,  
Doch mich int'ressiert was  
Anders wo in Schlafzeit geschieht.

Ich bedenke was für Ernstes wird dann gemacht,  
In etwa auch gedacht,  
Wenn andere Leute schlafen.

Vielleicht wird dann so etwas Schreckliches entdeckt  
Was die Erde erweckt  
Und dann auch gleichzeitig zerstreut.

ELKE BURNHAM, Form Scholarship VII.

## PLASTERED FOR A FORTNIGHT

Nearly two years ago, I slid on wet grass while playing rounders and broke my right wrist. At the Children's Hospital I was X-rayed and then sent to the Accident Hospital where I was plastered up, and given a dramatic looking sling and (still wearing only my shirt and shorts) sent back into a world of two armed people. These people with two arms seemed to be taking them for granted. Immediately I was showered with questions and rude comments.

"Been rough-housing?" and, "What happened to the other fellow?" were quite usual remarks as I took what used to be a five minute walk to the shops but which began to take fifteen minutes as so many people stopped me.

"Now you'll always be able to tell when it's going to rain", said the tobacconist, and told me how his wife broke five bones in her wrist and ever since had been able to foretell the weather by her aches and pains.

The questions and comments became so numerous that I stopped saying, "I fell down" or if I did added, "anyway that's my story."

Privacy became a thing of the past, as strangers on buses would tell me of their broken limbs, achieved or so it seemed, during various wars. One woman said she had never been able to use her "trigger finger" since, which amazed me because she did not look like a gunwoman.

My left handed life was full of pitfalls. There is something rather frustrating about having a bath with one's right arm stuck up in the air. Dressing no longer took a quick five minutes, but a laborious twenty. I could not carry a heavy tray or manage an umbrella or pay for anything without having a ledge for my handbag. Meals became hilarious; girls cut my lunch up for me at school and the only implement I could use was a fork. I remember cutting my toe-nails: the scissors just refused to 'sciss'. My hair was no problem, because my mother brushed that, even if she did take half of it out by the roots.

At first the nights seemed long, I could not get used to sleeping with a lump of concrete. Wherever I put it, it got in the way.

When I had this plaster on my arm, people were notably kinder. They stood up on buses for me, and kind schoolgirls took my satchels, shop assistants rushed to my aid—a thing unprecedented in my life.

Only at one time was I really frightened in the whole episode of the plaster and that was when I went to have the thing cut off; as the man took the huge shears I wondered if he was going to cut my thumb off! He did not, however, and I was very glad to see my wrist and arm again, even if the skin did look pale and dehydrated.



## INSECTS

Insects here, insects there,  
 Insects, insects everywhere,  
 From tiny flies to spiders big,  
 Or caterpillars on the twig.  
 Snails and slugs  
 Bees and bugs  
 Fireflies with tails that glare  
 You will also find them there.

CAROLE WATSON, Form IX.

## SPRING

The sun does arise  
 To make merry the skies;  
 And people sing  
 To welcome spring.  
 The skylark and thrush,  
 The birds of the bush,  
 Sing louder around  
 To the bell's cheerful sound;  
 While our sports shall be seen  
 On the spacious green.

BARBARA CULBERT, Form II X.

## EXPERIMENT

A lab. professor, J. J. Hirst  
 One day developed quite a thirst.  
 He spied a bottle by his toe  
 And thinking it was H<sub>2</sub>O  
 He took a drink—alas he saw  
 That it was H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub>!  
 (Or was it H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>3</sub> ?  
 Or NOCa 10Pb?)  
 A panic seized him by the throat  
 Oh where to find an antidote ?  
 This problem he must quickly solve  
 Else he would surely soon dissolve.  
 So 'round the lab. he quickly flew  
 Swallowing everything in view  
 Too near the fire he did run,  
 And all the chemicals in his tum  
 Reacted with the sudden heat  
 Knocking him right off his feet.  
 Boom !  
 'Midst billowing clouds of smoke submerged  
 A new Professor Hirst emerged  
 With hair and face and limbs turned yellow  
 What a chastened little fellow !  
 He really should have looked before  
 He swallowed the H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub>.

DIANE SHAPIRO, Form IV S.

THE MOST UNCOMFORTABLE MEAL I EVER SAT  
 THROUGH, OR  
 THE HAZARDS OF YOUTH HOSTELLING

We had plodded steadily along the muddy track, which served as a road in this mountainous region of North Wales, for nearly two hours with the steady drive of the mist-like rain in our faces. It was about twelve o'clock and as we had not eaten since eight o'clock that morning in the little Youth Hostel of Idwal Cottage, the pangs of hunger were striking the three of us most severely, and my stomach was not the only one which gave an occasional rumble. We had only encountered one solitary human being, and apart from seeing a few hens by a farmyard and him, we had not seen a soul and the rain showed no signs of stopping. Giving up my stoic perseverance

I asked my companions if we should stop soon and eat. I got the squashing reply that yes, we could stop now if I really wanted to squat in a morass of mud; so I subsided, and on we plodded, each of us getting steadily more and more soaked.

At last we came to a kind of river, gushing its way over large boulders, and set by the side of this were two large, flatish slabs of rock. Jackie suggested that we should stop here as she was starving, and my cousin and I heartily agreed. We spent some time in getting the plastic mats out of our rucksacks, and we really need not have bothered, for by the time we got those spread out on the rocks they were soaked, too. However, we sat down, I with a piece of jagged rock sticking most uncomfortably in me and groaning with hunger, cold, and bad temper. Elizabeth, after digging down under her pyjamas, unearthed her thermos flask of ox-tail soup, while Jackie and I held out our beakers with the attitude of persons who have not eaten for weeks. By the time Elizabeth unscrewed the cork of her flask, our beakers were just about half full of water, so we upended them, the water in mine going over my feet to add to my wet misery. Elizabeth shared out the soup, which looked a most revolting shade of dirty brown, and I took a gulp of mine before springing up and clutching my mouth. For once, the soup had been scalding hot and I felt as if my tongue and inside were on fire. The other two howled with laughter and I sat down again on my jagged rock which proved more uncomfortable than ever and turned my back on them, accepting a soggy Ryvita and somewhat "off" cheese with a mumble. My Ryvita fell in half as I conveyed it to my mouth and I spilt soup over my hand as I bent down to pick it up. The Ryvita proved tasteless, closely resembling cardboard, and was like sawdust and I said as much, as I was feeling very disgruntled with my burning tongue, hand and inside. To add to this joyous scene, I kept slipping backwards down my stone and my jeans were beginning to cling to me with a squelchy uncomfortableness. The rain dripped off my anorak hood and fell onto my cold nose as I miserably sipped the soup which had a distinctly soapy taste. I must have been starving for I accepted an apricot jam and bread sandwich from Jackie's tin.

Actually, the jam and bread was not too bad and I managed to finish my soapy soup, though I delivered a caustic comment about it to Elizabeth, who had made it. Next on this delicious, mouth-watering menu were assorted biscuits which I dug out from my rucksack but these were unfortunately almost reduced to crumbs. The rain did not add to their palatability and we feasted on these soggy, broken biscuits as the rain poured unceasingly down. There was an undignified scrabble for the whole one, which was a chocolate wafer, and Elizabeth came off victor as I did a backwards slide down my rock for about the eighth time.

Next, we shared out two oranges among us and this cheered me up somewhat even though my tongue had not yet stopped burning and my jagged rock felt as if it was growing more and more spikes. Jackie administered our ration of chocolate, but even this did not compensate for the steady, irritating drip, drip, drip of water from my anorak hood onto my nose and my cold, wet jeans clinging to my legs. "Who would go Youth Hostelling?" I asked myself miserably, as there came a terrific peal of thunder and a flash of lightning and the rain poured down more than ever. I voiced the opinions of us all as I said, "We must be stark raving mad!"

JOAN WOOD, FORM V(ii).



#### GAUNT MEMORIES OR PARADISE LOST

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred island,  
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
 This great England, that was and is no more.  
 Now does she rot and sink beneath past glories.  
 A dwindling power, drifting in the vast sea of distrust  
 That submerges civilisation. Now no part of Europe,  
 With only memories of Empire strength;  
 She is led by old men, who dither and seek to hide  
 Behind the nuclear progeny of her scientists.  
 Her children are delinquent,  
 Kept ignorant by inadequate education  
 So that their minds comprehend little  
 But strikes and National Assistance.  
 She is drained of her intelligentsia  
 Who leave for greater opportunities  
 And increased salaries. But overcrowding still plagues her,  
 And with its prefabricated and tenemented squalor,  
 Disfigures her once proud and beautiful cities.  
 This despairing country; made great by men,  
 Destroyed by men, awaits reincarnation  
 That she may rise again.

GILLIAN TAGG, FORM Scholarship VII.

## INTANGIBLE

## Reflections

Of a looking-glass limpid pool:  
 Clear Near  
 While diaphanous distant  
 As the misty mountains of the moon.

## An echo,

A plaintive wandering whisper:  
 Ringing Winging  
 But vague vanishing  
 Like a vision of faery fancy.

## Life

Insubstantial as a dream.

MARGARET COLLINS, Form Scholarship VII.

## MY FAVOURITE FESTIVAL

After the celebration of our Jewish New Year, followed by the solemnity of the Day of Atonement, I look forward eagerly to my favourite festival—The Feast of the Tabernacles.

This festival is enjoyed by all the family but primarily by the children. Each year we build our own tabernacle in a hut in the garden. The roof of this hut is opened and trellis-work placed over the opening. Father and brother derive much pleasure from covering the trellis-work with leaves, branches and autumn foliage. When this task is accomplished the rest of the family set to work. Mother and sister hang apples, pears, bananas, oranges and any other seasonable fruits from the branches. Then I, with the help of my friend, put on the walls Jewish pictures in a pattern that we try to make as attractive as possible. Finally we weave flowers in and out of the leaves and the effect is a truly magnificent one.

The festival commences at sunset and father and brother on their return from the synagogue bring back with them many friends to partake of some refreshment. Usually, only men and boys go to the synagogue in the evening, so the wives and the remainder of their family collect at our house. When all are assembled we troop out into the tabernacle and are greeted by the fragrance of fresh fruit, leaves, flowers which are freshly picked, and wine over which a blessing is made by father. This fragrance is reminiscent of Keats's poem, "Season of mist and mellow Fruitfulness".



We try to eat as many meals as possible in the tabernacle and each meal appears to me more appetising and succulent than the last. This festival continues for a period of eight days. During that time we have many visitors and each year the hut seems to expand a little further.

Each year I excitedly await the approach of The Feast of the Tabernacles as I so enjoy helping to decorate the tabernacle, entertaining friends and relatives, and finally because of the sheer joy and pleasure of being able to have a tabernacle of our very own.

RUTH D. LEVINE, Form IV L.

### POEM

Why  
Do I relentlessly need  
Escapism  
I  
Must attempt to evade  
Reality  
To  
Retain my conscious  
Sanity  
There  
Is a two fold pressure from  
Foreboding  
Of the future  
And  
The interminable  
Awareness  
Of  
Suffering and want  
Oppressions  
Which  
Produce conflicting emotions  
Together  
They drag me into the numbness  
Of despair  
I cannot live within these forces  
For ever  
I therefore must immerse myself in  
Oblivion  
That  
I remain a living part  
Of Creation.

JOAN WINS, Form Scholarship VII.

**"ARTES PHILOSOPHI"**

Striving to become a modern philosopher, I turned to various texts in order to increase my knowledge of the subject. Since then, I have come to the conclusion that the most important factor in becoming a philosopher is to adopt a gimmick. This, however, is easier said than done.

Convention would make no concessions to a modern Archimedes who, having just emerged from his bath, runs stark naked through the streets of Sunderland crying "Eureka". If, like Socrates, the fascinating trance method were introduced, I think I should horrify too much the panic-stricken friends who would frantically try to revive me. Should I, imitating Diogenes have my lodgings in a tub, I should, I think not only suffer from acute cramp, but also find it restricting and of little advantage to my career. On the other hand, if I followed the example of Demosthenes, that originator of chewing gum, and picnicked daily on pebbles at Roker, I would be more likely, from sheer starvation, to terminate my career. Marcus Tullius "Pat me on the back" Cicero, made speeches, praising himself copiously for having saved the state. Do you, O citizens, think that such audacity would be tolerated in this state of ours today? As much as I admire Aristotle, the famous Greek hiker, nothing would induce me to lead eager bands of students, back and forth along Fawcett Street.

Perhaps the French philosophers could offer me a more original gimmick. But alas! no practical help is forthcoming. Descartes only thought; while Rousseau's unique child guidance clinic seems to have misfired catastrophically. Today's philosophers seem to lead a very open air life. I have in mind Bertrand Russell, that descendant of the Aristotle school, who patrols the streets regularly, brandishing a banner of some description or other.

Having reached this point, I must arrive at my conclusion. What can it be? No one of these peculiarities seems to be outstanding, or appealing to me ..... inspiration! My mind is made up. I have chosen my gimmick!

Perhaps, one day, you will see an entranced Bedan, travelling naked through Sunderland in a tub, sucking pebbles, delivering orations, and bearing a banner, pursued by hosts of screaming children, and bands of eager students, then you may recognise her as one of your fellows, venturing forth in the quest for wisdom and a greater knowledge of life.

MARGARET SMITH, Form Scholarship VII.

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