

# THE BEDAN

1964

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## BEDE GRAMMAR SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

1963-64

Head Mistress ...	Miss Bradbury.
Deputy Head Mistress	Miss Hayton (History).
Form VIIA ...	Mrs. Youngs (English).
" VII S ...	Miss Harding (Biology).
" VI A ...	Miss Taylor (French).
" VI S ...	Miss Carlin (Biology).
" V L ...	Mrs. Johnson (French).
" V S ...	Mr. Rogers (History).
" V (i) ...	Miss Heslop (Geography).
" V (ii) ...	Mrs. Wilkinson (Chemistry).
" IV L ...	Mr. Cox (Classics).
" IV S ...	Mr. Nottingham (Scripture).
" IV (i) ...	Mrs. Dawson (Art).
" IV (ii) ...	Miss Duns (German).
" III L ...	Mrs. Everett (History).
" III S ...	Mrs. M. Smith (Classics).
" III (i) ...	Mrs. Watson (French).
" III (ii) ...	Miss Kinch (Mathematics).
" II W ...	Miss Milbanke (Needlework).
" II X ...	Miss Azagra (Spanish). ✓
" II Y ...	Miss Crone (Art).
" II F ...	Miss Lee (French & German).
" I H ...	Mrs. G. Smith (Scripture).
" I S ...	Mrs. Chen (Biology).
" I N ...	Miss Walsh (French & German).
" I E ...	Mrs. Harper (Domestic Science).
	Mrs. Bell (Domestic Science)
	Miss Bernard (Music).
	Mrs. Bryce (Mathematics).
	Miss Carter (Chemistry).
	Miss Donkin (Physical Education).
	Miss Fall (English).
	Mr. Hartley (Music).
	Mrs. Irving (Physical Education).
	Mr. Marshall (English).
	Miss Marwood (English and Geography).
	Mrs. Neale (English and French).
	Mrs. Proud (English).
	Mrs. Readman (Geography).
	Mrs. Rice (English and French).
	Mrs. Sheriff (Mathematics).
	Mrs. J. Smith (Chemistry).
	Mr. Snell (Geography and Economics).
	Mr. Taylor (Physics).
	Miss Wilman (Mathematics).
	Visiting Staff: Miss Elliott.
	School Secretary: Miss Stewart.
	Captain of School: Vivienne Greener.
	Vice-Captain: Christine Sanderson.

## EDITORIAL

This is the third year in which the magazine has been edited by a committee of seventh formers and we feel that this system is firmly established and has proved successful. As the unsuspecting editor, however, I appreciate much more fully the work that has been put into past editions of 'The Bedan' now that I have taken part in it myself.

We, that is the committee and I, feel that this year's magazine does present a true picture of the school's activities, though we were disappointed at the results of the competitions: the juniors' essays on 'Hadrian's Wall' were not as imaginative as we had hoped, nor did the seniors produce many original thoughts on Shakespeare. The number and quality of the prose contributions was very encouraging and we hope this trend will continue.

A further disappointment to us was the lack of a Shakespearean crossword suitable for inclusion in the magazine, as we had hoped to make this a special feature. We have been able to retain photographs and lino-cuts, however, in spite of increased production costs. I need hardly add that much pleasing material could not be included owing to lack of space.

Finally, I should like to say how much I have enjoyed editing the magazine and to thank all those who have contributed to its production, above all, the committee and members of staff, especially Mrs. Youngs and Miss Fall.

BARBARA M. GILCHRIST, Editor.

## MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

Miss Bradbury	Elizabeth Goodson
Mrs. Youngs	Valerie Livingstone
Miss Fall	Irene Makel
Barbara M. Gilchrist	Christine Sanderson
Pamela Byers	Carole Scott

Lesley Sharpen



STAFF CHANGES

At the end of the school year 1963 we said goodbye to Miss Burt and Miss Wilde who left to take up new appointments and to Miss Thompson who is taking a course in Drama. In September we welcomed Miss Lee, Miss Marwood, Mrs. Neale, Mrs. Readman, Mrs. Rice and Mrs. M. Smith, and hope that they will be very happy with us.

FOUNDERS' DAY

Founders' Day was commemorated on 28th April. Holy Communion was celebrated at Durham Road Methodist Church and at Bishopwearmouth Church. Afterwards the communicants went to Bishopwearmouth Church Hall for breakfast, where the ladies of the Church kindly provided cups of tea. Later the two schools joined for the commemoration service.

The lessons were read by the School Captains and the anthem "Round about the Starry Throne" from Handel's "Samson" was sung by the Combined Choirs. The Reverend K. L. Waights of St. John's Methodist Church gave us a challenging address on the subject of developing one's personality and maintaining the moral laws of society. The Reverend D. N. Goldie, Rector of Bishopwearmouth, conducted the service and prayers were led by the Reverend F. H. Hawkins of Roker Presbyterian Church. The blessing brought the service to its close.

VIVIENNE GREENER.

SPEECH DAY

Speech Day was held on Thursday, 28th November, 1963, in the Civic Theatre.

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 three songs, "The Handsome Butcher" and "Apple, Apple" by Matyas Selber and "Ol Zip Coon" by Frederick Firth, preceded the address of Mrs. M. Holdsworth, M.A., Principal of St. Mary's College, Durham. Mrs. Holdsworth spoke about the Robbins Report on education and the advantages of further education. The Senior Choir's rendering of two songs by Mendelssohn and Handel was followed by the distribution of prizes and certificates to the girls.

A vote of thanks was moved by Alderman Tweddie and was seconded by the School Captain, Vivienne Greener.

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

VIVIENNE GREENER.

### DISTRIBUTION OF CERTIFICATES AND AWARDS for the Year 1962-3

On the afternoon of Monday, 25th November, 1963 (the Monday preceding Speech Day), the distribution of certificates and awards took place in the School Hall. Miss Bradbury took the chair and the Guest Speaker was the Mayor of Sunderland, Ald. Mrs. Hedley. Mrs. Hedley gave a most interesting account of her duties as Mayor, adding much information about Sunderland as it is developing today. She then presented the certificates and awards for the School Year 1962-63. The vote of thanks was proposed by the School Vice-Captain, Christine Sanderson and seconded by Ann Gartland, Form II W.

CHRISTINE SANDERSON, FORM VII A

### PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION

Our 1963-64 session is drawing to a close after 29 years of activity. Just prior to going to press a Spring Fête was held and it is estimated that the net result will produce a profit to the Association of around £150. This splendid result will establish a prize fund and help provide framed pictures for the school. I take this opportunity of thanking staff, parents and pupils for their wonderful response to our appeal in connection with this effort.

The parents' social evening was held in October and although we could have hoped for a better attendance the evening was most enjoyable. The "Any Questions" evening was well supported and the parents submitted a wide variety of questions of an educational nature which produced interesting discussion. The school's third swimming gala was an outstanding success and in this connection the P.T.A. provided two further trophies.

The Christmas Party was again a highlight of the year and received excellent support from both parents and pupils.

The Association continues to give the usual financial support to the various school projects, Speech Day and Sports prize funds, and the Pestalozzi Children's Village Trust was again helped financially by the Association.

It is with great regret I report the resignation of Mr. Howes-Bassett, Honorary Joint Secretary following his appointment to a post in Birmingham.

If parents have any ideas on the introduction of some new activity into the annual programme of events which they feel would appeal to our members, please do not hesitate to let me have details. Any suggestions would be welcomed by the Executive Committee.

J. W. BUSBECK, Hon. Joint Secretary.

### REPORT ON THE OLD BEDANS' LOAN AND SCHOLARSHIP FUND

The Committee administering the Loan and Scholarship Fund is empowered to make interest-free loans to applicants who desire them for the purpose of undergoing various kinds of professional training after leaving school. Such loans are made on the understanding that they are repaid during the first year that the recipients are in employment.

Girls wishing to apply for a loan should write to :—

The Secretary,

The Loan and Scholarship Fund,

Bede Grammar School for Girls.

and should state the amount they wish to borrow and the purpose for which they need the money.

In recent years, doubtless because of the generous grants made by the Local Authority to University and Training College students, few applications for Loans have been received by the Committee. Consequently, in the summer of 1963, legal advice was sought on the question of awarding Leaving Grants to girls proceeding to Further Education and it was decreed that such grants should be made "in kind"; that is, in the form of books, scientific or musical instruments or other equipment needed at University or Training College. The Committee stipulated that girls should be selected for these awards strictly on academic achievement, the criterion being good results in the G.C.E. examinations at Advanced Level, and authorised the Headmistress to make recommendations to the Committee after the G.C.E. results were announced.

Obviously the number of grants, and the value of the award may fluctuate from year to year, as they are governed by various factors, including the sum of money available for distribution. This comes partly from Repaid Loans. In 1963, sixteen girls were granted Leaving Awards. It must also be made clear that no Leaving Awards can be made until all applications for Loans have been considered.

D. M. WILMAN, Hon. Secretary,

Loan and Scholarship Fund.

### REPORT ON SCHOOL CHARITIES

The year 1963 was an eventful one for the school charity committee. In reply to an appeal made by the Mayor, a whole term's subscriptions were sent to the Freedom from Hunger Campaign to help build a farm training school for boys in Sarawak. Charity monitresses arranged many events to help swell the fund, including car-washing, twist-sessions, sale of sweets and many competitions. The school responded with enthusiasm and generosity and a grand total of £178 was achieved.

Appeals during the rest of the year raised a further £150 for other causes.

D. M. WILMAN.

A. KIRCH.

### STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

The S.C.M. has almost completed its first year without the assistance or otherwise of the boys from next door. Before the break, however, the joint society spent an enjoyable day touring the Border Abbeys. A committee was elected in September with Mr. Nottingham as President and one representative from each year group in the Senior School.

During September and October we took the theme, "The Bible", and a group of seventh formers led discussions on the Old and New Testament and their relevance to modern living. Rev. E. Harrison spoke to us on the writings of St. Paul and we watched two films, "God of the Atom" and "Bible Background".

After half-term we turned to missionary work in Asia and Canon Allen gave an illustrated talk on his work in Kobe, Japan, and we also had a film, "India", about everyday life in India. With the help of the rest of the school we have collected a very large number of used postage stamps which will be sent abroad to help the unfortunate people of the world.

Part of the Spring Term was devoted to carrying out projects on six English Cathedrals. These will be displayed in the school and we hope will provide interest for everyone. The remainder of the meetings of this term were spent reading "Curtmantle" by Christopher Fry.

The Annual S.C.M. Conference for sixth formers took place this year at South Shields Grammar School. Bede was represented by twenty girls who discussed "Christianity Today and Tomorrow", after the address by Rev. John McHugh.

We are now looking forward to our closing service which will take a new look this year. For the first time the service will be held in St. Nicholas' Church and will be conducted by Rev. R. L. Haver.

DOROTHY SHEADD.

### JUNIOR STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

During the past year the Junior Student Christian Movement has been very busy and has continued to hold regular meetings.

Last year, just before the Whitsuntide holidays, members produced two plays. These plays were modern versions of the two parables, "The Good Samaritan" and "The Prodigal Son" (in this case the Prodigal Daughter) which they wrote themselves and produced with the invaluable help of Mrs. G. Smith.

Before the Christmas holidays, the Junior Student Christian Movement made toys for a children's nursery. The first and second formers gave their time to dressing dolls and making toys, whilst the third formers took on the task of decorating and furnishing a doll's house. These toys were originally meant to be taken to the Burdon Children's Nursery before Christmas by three or four members, but as the weather was so bad, this visit was postponed and a van came to collect the toys. It is hoped that one or two members will be able to visit the children in the near future.

The Junior Student Christian Movement would like to express their thanks to Mrs. G. Smith for helping them in all their activities throughout the year.

JEAN TAYLOR, Form III S.

### SAVINGS GROUP

The total amount saved during the year was £815. 2s. 9d., a slight decrease on last year's total, though the number of girls who save regularly remains much the same. Our thanks again to the National Savings Movement in Sunderland which has supplied us with colourful calendars and wall charts.

B.N.

## MUSIC REPORT

Music has again played an active part in the school's activities this year.

The choirs as usual, have been very busy. In April, 1963, the combined choirs, under the direction of Miss Bernard, gave their annual concert. They sang Handel's "Messiah", and the performance was enjoyed by everyone concerned. The combined choirs will once more present their concert, consisting of Stanford's "The Revenge", a selection of songs by Edward Elgar, and the first of "Five Tudor Portraits" by Vaughan Williams, in April of this year. The choirs sang at the Founders' Day service in April 1963. The Junior Choir conducted by Mr. Hartley and the Senior Choir under the direction of Miss Bernard sang on Speech Day and also at the Carol Service on the last day of the Christmas term, the latter receiving added strength from the school orchestra which has continued its practices faithfully throughout the year.

In May 1963, the Madrigal Group, the Junior Choir and several individual girls took part in the North of England Musical Tournament. The Madrigal Group under the guidance of Mr. Hartley succeeded in winning the Tallis Banner.

An informal concert took place in school at the end of the year. The proceedings were brought to a close when the school joined in with one of the "artists" to sing North Country folk songs.

During the summer holidays, a small party of girls and two members of staff spent four days at the Edinburgh Festival. They saw and heard many wonderful musicians and on behalf of the girls concerned I should like to thank Miss Bernard and Miss Harding for their sincere effort in making this a memorable and happy visit.

In November, a party of thirty-nine girls and two members of staff visited the Empire Theatre to hear the Slovak Philharmonic Orchestra and we thoroughly enjoyed the programme which included some music of the orchestra's own country by Smetana.

At the end of the Christmas term, Dr. Chalmers Burns, Director of Music at Newcastle University, visited the school to give a lecture on the composer Delius. We all thoroughly enjoyed Dr. Burns's most entertaining lecture and look forward to his next visit.

BARBARA A. CLEMINSON, Form VII Arts.

### THE CURRENT EVENTS SOCIETY

During the past year the Current Events Society has held its weekly meeting in the Domestic Science room under the guidance of Miss Hayton, Mrs. Everett, Miss Azagra and Mr. Marshall.

This eventful year, the year of President Kennedy's assassination, the turbulent Cyprus issue and the Cuba question, has given rise to much discussion: the affairs of our own country have naturally been scrutinised and the group has even examined Sunderland's plans for expansion.

The meetings have stimulated interest in political concerns whilst providing a period of friendly argument and an opportunity of hearing varied opinions. They have usually been well attended and it is hoped that many new members will be attracted to the Society next year.

CAROLE SCOTT, Form VII Arts.

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### THE SCIENCE SOCIETY

The Annual General Meeting was held on September 26th. This year Miss Carlin is Chairman, Vivienne Greenier is Vice-Chairman and Pauline Peters is Treasurer. Miss Bradbury consented to be President.

At the October meeting, Vivienne spoke on heredity and Pauline talked about atomic structure.

In December, Miss Carrick, who retired recently as deputy head, visited us and gave an illustrated talk on a holiday in Italy.

The February meeting was visited by Mr. Oliver from Sunderland Technical College who talked about Science Fighting Disease and in March we were visited by Mr. Starsfield from the museum who spoke about Natural History and the Museum.

The annual outing will take place in May but the destination has not yet been decided upon.

Meetings have been well-attended this year and we hope that this encouraging trend will continue.

SHEILA BATTY (Secretary).

## THEATRE VISITS

Of the six plays we saw at Stratford, "The Comedy of Errors" and "The Wars of the Roses" Trilogy were most enjoyed. The Trilogy was composed of an edited production of the three parts of "Henry VI" the second of which was re-titled "Edward IV" and of "Richard III", and developed throughout the expiation of the curse of Richard II. The great epic thus produced glowed with the nightmarish fascination and repetition of history, the curse reaping its vengeance in a circle of ambition, rebellion, assassination, revenge and war, until the rightful heir could eventually be restored to the throne. Of the plays themselves, they needed to be seen in sequence, for "Edward IV" removed from it would seem to be episodic and barbarous. The three central figures of Henry VI, Margaret and Richard (III), Duke of Gloucester, as portrayed by David Warner, Peggy Ashcroft and Ian Holm, developed vividly throughout the three plays. The stark, mobile set was adapted by the suggestions of flown motifs and effective lighting into a battlefield (complete with appropriate sound-effects of strife), the French court, an English throne room, or a garden.

Clifford Williams's colourful production of "The Comedy of Errors" was appreciated by all, even by those who argued that the production was too farcical. A terraced, wooden ramp dotted with stools was the set, and the actors were introduced in a grey, characterless parade; they then donned their costumes, and brought rich colour, life and character to the real action of the play.

Nightmarish characteristics seemed predominant at Stratford this year, for the production of "The Tempest" was science-fiction, stark, severe and frightening—not a Romance. The set, with various lighting effects was changeable; becoming the cave or the island, but the parts of the floor that moved up and down, and along were rather disconcerting. The masque was disappointing, it was certainly no "spectacle". The shepherds resembled animated hay-stacks.

John Blatchley's production of "Julius Caesar" was received with two views. Some felt that in producing the play in semi-Roman, semi-Nazi costume, it fell between two stools, while others felt that the associations with present day politics and the repetition of history redeemed the treatment of the play.

The visit to Stratford was obviously the highlight for Bedan theatre-goers, but during the year eager bands of pilgrims have journeyed to the People's Theatre in Newcastle, to see Marlowe's "Edward II" and Oscar Wilde's "An Ideal Husband". Both productions were well received. Nor has Sunderland been behind in



theatrical presentations, and the members of the Sunderland Junior Empire Theatre Society have made full use of their concessions and have enjoyed the varied programme at the Empire throughout the year, the highlight being, of course, the second North-East Theatre Festival.

CATHERINE BEANEY, FORM VII A.

### A VISIT TO STRATFORD

On Wednesday, 23rd October, 1963, a party of fifth, sixth and seventh formers, accompanied by Miss Fall and Mrs. Youngs met in Park Lane at the beginning of a week's visit to Stratford-upon-Avon.

After travelling for most of the day, we arrived at "The Fold" where we were to stay. As well as visits to the theatre, excursions were planned to places of interest in and around Stratford.

The morning after our arrival was spent in viewing the houses associated with Shakespeare, the more well-known ones being his birthplace and the cottages of his wife and mother. Our afternoon was left free for us to explore the town.

Friday and Saturday were devoted to tours of the neighbouring Cotswolds and Malvern Hills, where we passed through delightful old-world villages, rejoicing in such names as Snow-on-the-Wold and Moreton-in-the-Marsh. Cities which we visited were Worcester, Gloucester and Hereford, and in each case the first place to be seen was the Cathedral.

Our visit on Sunday was to Coventry and its modern cathedral, although we did not stay to hear a service. We came away from there debating about the cathedral but, whatever our opinions of it were as a church, I think that we were all impressed by it as a modern building.

The ancient town of Warwick was our next stopping-place. There we laid a short siege to the ancient castle whilst trying to persuade an unco-operative lady in the ticket office to allow us to enter the castle at party-rate. Our siege was successful and very worthwhile, for we all thoroughly enjoyed the visit. It delighted us to find that we made our exit from one room through a secret door and down a secret staircase. From there, we entered a mediaeval panelled room, which the guide told us—after carefully locking the door—was haunted by a previous owner of the castle who was murdered.

On the following day we passed through some very pretty countryside on our way to Oxford. In Oxford itself we gazed at the numerous colleges, and visited the OXFAM shop. A few of us also visited the Bodleian library, where we were fortunate to view a fine collection of letters and manuscripts written by many famous people including Queen Elizabeth I.

Bath was the destination of our last excursion before our departure for home next day. In Bath we were impressed by the elegant Regency houses, built when the town was one of the centres of social life. In the old Assembly and Card rooms, we were enthralled by the museum of costume, and partook of the famous waters, but they were too warm and tasted too much of iron for our liking. Our final visit that day was paid to the Roman Baths, which were very hot and steamy, but extremely interesting.

Our holiday, having passed too quickly, had to come to an end, so the next morning we departed sadly from "The Fold". We were able to look back, however, with enjoyment on a most happy week.

We would like to thank Miss Fall and Mrs. Youngs for all their efforts to make our holiday a memorable one.

MARGARET HODGSON, FORM V L.

### VISIT TO ST. NAZAIRE

Visiting St. Nazaire with the school party has opened up new vistas in my life. Not only have I seen a foreign country and met foreign people; I have lived as one of a French family as if their country was mine.

Of course it was strange at first. I had to learn to eat 'à la française' and to enjoy it. Simple things such as making beds, setting the table and even opening a window were done in a different way from at home. I had to remember not to come indoors without changing into slippers. Even then it was easy to forget that one had to shuffle across the polished floors on little felt mats. Most of all I had to learn to speak to my hosts in French and understand them when they spoke to me. These were only a few of the difficulties, but the sincere friendliness of all the family soon solved them all and I began to fit into their way of life.

Each morning, after a breakfast of delicious coffee, crisp rolls and marmalade, Chantal and I would make our beds, then go the messages. It is far more exciting to run errands in France than it is in England. (though Chantal did not think so). Madame le Goff would give me a slip of paper with a list of all she wanted and, if possible, the correct change. With careful directions to the 'boucherie' or the 'Doc France' or 'La Rûche' I would set off reciting the list as I went:

un pain d' un kilo pas trop cuit  
 une bouteille de vin rouge  
 trois yaourts  
 une livre de beurre  
 un paquet de riz et  
 un paquet de langues de chat s'il vous plaît.

However carefully I recited the lists, I never quite managed to say them properly to the shop assistant. On Wednesdays and Saturdays it was a different matter. The market was open. Armed with enormous shopping baskets and long lists, Chantal and I would walk or cycle there, passing groups of people returning with their purchases. Most people went by bicycle, balancing live chickens round the handlebars and wobbling precariously along the pitted road. Outside the actual building of the market, stalls were ranged round in a circle. There one could buy anything from a bathing costume or a pair of shoes to a mop or a toothbrush. Everyone crowded round looking at this and that, fingering the clothing, trying on the jewellery, squinting in the bright sunshine at the carpets displayed on the ground. Inside the market proper there was just as much bustle and bargaining and complaining and arguing, but it was dark and cool. In the sun we had "window-shopped". In the cool interior we did the real shopping. Enormous fat peaches and gigantic ridged tomatoes; carrots and potatoes and perhaps some yoghurt; an artichoke, a pound of butter; great hunks of strong-smelling cheese—were all packed into our bags. Then, just before we left, we would each buy a cream cake to eat on the way home. Just one more quick glance at the hot stalls outside, then we would trudge home to a cool drink of wine and water, cider, or "Pshitt!"

Mornings were for chores—shopping, making the beds, dusting and laying the table, but after lunch, in the afternoon, Chantal and I would go to the beach or to the Goëlands swimming club with her friends. Hot sands, warm waters, a brilliant blue sky—these were the order of the day. Even the muddy sea-bed did not prevent us from swimming and splashing in the waves.

The swimming club called "Les Goëlands" (the Seagulls) is held in the river amongst the docks! I am most proud of the fact that I jumped from the dock-side into about two hundred feet of oily water—something I had never attempted even in six feet of water! This state of affairs is to end soon however: I read in a newspaper that St. Nazaire is to build a swimming-bath for the Goëlands.

Home in time for dinner at seven o'clock, I usually met with horrified 'oh la la la's and 'qu'est ce que tu as fait, toi?' from Madame because however much sun-tan lotion I plastered over myself, I still came back from the beach looking like a boiled lobster.

Lunch and dinner could sometimes be quite trying times. Plates full of cold potatoes covered in olive oil and vinegar were very frequently eaten by themselves. Alternatively there would be hot or cold mounds of macaroni or 'des haricots verts' (French beans). Nevertheless, Madame le Goff's cooking was excellent. Rabbit, mushrooms and vegetables cooked in a delicious sauce was one of her special dishes. Tomatoes and lettuce were often eaten, and after each meal we ate a large juicy peach.

Picnic meals were almost as elaborate as ordinary meals, and much more enjoyable than English sandwiches. Until Monsieur le Goff began his holidays we did not go for picnics during the week. One weekend, however, the whole family set off early in the morning to see Mont St. Michel and the Normandy coast. This was something I shall never forget. We passed through beautiful country which was well-wooded and through tiny villages of thatch-roofed cottages. The peasants were rather behind the times, using horse-drawn implements of a primitive nature which was undoubtedly picturesque though very surprising. Mont St. Michel itself was one of the most wonderful sights I have ever seen—the rocky island surmounted by its Benedictine Abbey and patterned with steep winding streets rose up from the sea and could be seen many miles away. Its streets were full of quaint old houses, little souvenir shops and cafés. The abbey was dark and sombre, contrasting sharply with the bustle and brightness outside.

It was the Normandy Coast, however, which left me with the deepest impression. There we saw 'Le Point du Hoc'—a blasted, shelled and shattered gun-base on the edge of a rocky cliff. Hunks of reinforced concrete lay in bizarre positions just where they had been blasted. Great bomb craters yawned near half-destroyed gun-turrets. One realised what France had suffered in the War. Vast German and American War Cemeteries stretched out as fields upon fields of un-named crosses. It was grim but I am glad I saw it all.

At home once more in St. Nazaire, the civic reception took place, followed by an excursion to the Ile aux Moines. The picture I hold of St. Nazaire and France was growing with each experience.

But three weeks is not a long time to spend among friends such as 'my' family. The days sped by with an interesting, though hot, visit to the St. Nazaire 'Cité Scolaire', busy souvenir hunts in the town, cinema-going on wet afternoons, and photograph-taking of such places as the brand-new and impressive Hôtel de Ville. In no time the last morning had come, the last breakfast had been eaten, the last photograph taken. It was 'goodbye' to Chantal and her little sister, Dominique, to Monsieur and Madame, to all their relations and to all my new friends. It was 'goodbye' to St. Nazaire.

What, then, have I gained from my visit? My French has improved, or at least my liking of French has increased; I have lived as a French girl and learned to understand and respect the French way of life as well as my own. My life has been enriched with new experiences. But, most of all, I have gained new friends.

CHRISTINE PHILLIPS, FORM VI A.

### DERWENT HILL

During the week preceding October half term, a party of thirty fifth, sixth and seventh formers accompanied by Mrs. Johnson and Mr. Snell, visited Derwent Hill. This is a large house now owned by Sunderland Education Authority for the use of young people of Sunderland.

Our visit was intended to give us some practical experience, in the field of recognising geographical features caused by glaciation and their subsequent alteration, in a highland area.

We arrived at lunch time, and then for the afternoon went for a short walk to, and up, Catbells. This was our first taste of what was to follow! The next day we were taken by bus to Lodore Falls and climbing up the side of the Falls, continued along the course of the Watendlath Beck. It was then that we were introduced to the notorious Derwent Hill packed lunches—a handful of nuts and raisins, a slab of flapjack, an orange and a small bar of chocolate!

This was usually supplemented by our own potato crisps, biscuits etc. After this we crossed Grange Fell and very nearly lost three or four of our party who chose to return a different way!

Most of the party climbed "Great Gable" on the third day while the rest (mainly seventh formers and the "injured") conducted a land utilization survey of Borrowdale Valley. This would have been more successful if all the farmers had not been at the annual market when we wished to interview them.

To give us a little rest on the fourth morning we all walked around Newlands Valley, enjoying a pleasant half hour in the "Barn Coffee Shop". During the afternoon the more fortunate who could swim went canoeing under the supervision of Mr. Collighan, one of the instructors. Except for the fact that it was raining, that three of the canoes leaked, and only one canoe out of seven was left intact at the end, we all thought this was great fun and it also supplied some very amusing cine film.

More strenuous things followed, for on the next day we climbed the Langdale Pikes and then looked round the village of Grasmere. The final excursion was Helvellyn, where two parties led by Mr. Baxter and Mr. Collighan crossed from opposite sides of the mountain.

The week was thoroughly enjoyed and I am sure all those who went would like to thank Mrs. Johnson and Mr. Saell for giving up their time to take us to Derwent Hill.

ELIZABETH GOODSON, Form VII Sc.

### EXAMINATION RESULTS

The school's congratulations go to Gillian Farnsworth, who gained entrance to Newnham College, Cambridge, where she is studying medicine.

In July, 1963, the following girls were successful in the University of Durham examinations of the General Certificate of Education—

#### Advanced Level:

Jennifer Baillie, Annette Bassetti, Linda Behrman, Elke Burnham, Marilyn Carter, Margaret Collins, Marie Crozier, Gillian Farnsworth, Kathleen Gatenby, Anne Gooch, Gayle Harrison, Brenda Hodgson, Carole Humphrey, Margaret Moore, Judith Painter, Judith Raine, Gillian Richmond, Anne Robson, Margaret Smith, Gillian Tagg, Joan Webb, Sandra Woodcock, Mavis Woodmass,

Christine Barnett, Jennifer Buthlay, Kathleen Carr, Kathleen Cooper, Jill Dark, Maureen Forman, Judith Gribble, Olive Hetherington, Patricia Hutton, Dorothy Lithgoe, Linda Meddis, Pamela Purvis, Carol Stewart, Esther Teacher, Vivien Washington, Jennifer Wood.

#### Ordinary Level:

Janice Arnold, Jean Barnes, Mary Bearman, Natalie Beheman, Sarah Cazenove, Lorna Cook, Pamela Fawell, Maureen Ferry, Glennis Gordon, Elizabeth Kerr, Lynda Lewis, Susan Melton, Anthea Minchom, Linda Murgatroyd, Joyce Newton, Margaret Nichol, Anita Pescod, Joan Riley, Audrey Robson, Edith Robson, Carol Smith, Carole Smith, Patricia Smith, Shelagh Smith, Susan Smith, Diane Stankler, Jennifer Stewart, Patricia Stirling, Janet Thompson, Jean Watson, Margaret Williams, Barbara Wilson, Brenda Youngusband.

Avril Anderson, Mavis Bamborough, Wendy Bell, Stephanie Bergson, Mary Berriman, Diane Bindman, Lesley Binks, Christine Callum, Sandra Davies, Janet Dawson, Barbara Dent, Avril Foster, Mary Francis, Elizabeth Hargreaves, Doreen Henderson, Pamela Holmes, Doris Hornsby, Christine Johnson, Carole Kemp, Lynne Lurcock, Brenda Manchester, Denise McKenna, Isobel Moor, Dorothy Nelson, Wendy Oliver, Patricia Ord, Christine Phillips, Grace Purvis, Joyce Robertson, Kathryn Russell, June Sanderson, Joan Traeman, Judith Wharton, Margaret Wilkinson.

Susan Airdie, Ann Bartell, Sandra Bergson, Maureen Balmer, Avril Burgess, Jean Carse, Heather Clemenson, Sheila Craig, Noreen Cummings, Heather Duckett, Margaret Dye, Sheila Farrer, Florence Hamilton, Sandra Hardy, Valerie Hickson, Marjorie Houston, Kathleen Hudson, Linda Keeler, Elaine McClelland, Jean McKenzie, Christine Moor, Irene Nelson, Alison Ord, Hilary Powell, Jennifer Smith, Pamela Swan, Heather Wardle, Barbara Wilkinson, Kathleen Wrightson.

Christine Arthur, Judith Berg, Linda Dale, Jennifer Foester, Anne Godfrey, Rheby Gooderick, Jacqueline Grantham, Margaret Hay, Joyce Henderson, Jacqueline Hensell, Bronwyn Lark, Jean Leithes, Valerie Maddison, Barbara Pentney, Audrey Robinson, Marjorie Rountree, Gillian Russell, Edith Scott, Vivien Thompson, Janet Wagstaff, Joan Wood.

### TENNIS REPORT 1963

The tennis team had a very poor season, most of their matches being cancelled due to bad weather. Only four senior matches were played, one of which carried the team through to the second round of the Northumberland and Durham Tennis League Tournament where they were narrowly beaten by Whitley Bay. The Junior team did extremely well in the Dairy Festival Cup in which they were runners-up.

The school's singles tournament was won by Patricia Ord who beat Marilyn Carter in the final. The House doubles tournament was won by Avon Senior and Ness Junior teams. One afternoon, girls' and boys' senior teams combined and played a mixed staff team in which the pupils won by 169 to 121 games.

Regular members of the teams were:—

Judith Gribble, Marilyn Carter, Carole Kemp, Barbara Birbeck, Susan Nell, Suzanne Butterfield, Linda Bell, Joan Webb and Margaret Nichol.

The tennis teams would like to thank Miss Donkin for her time-taking efforts to coach them.

CAROLE KEMP (Tennis Secretary).

### ATHLETICS REPORT 1963

The school had a very successful Athletics Day in May and for once, good weather prevailed. Prizes were presented by Mrs. W. Thompson. The Senior Championship was won by Carole Kemp, the Middle Championship by Sheila Peterson and the Junior Championship by Patricia Conlin. House trophies were won by Ben House (Senior), Esk House (Middle) and Ness House (Junior) teams.

The school was very well represented in both the Town and Durham County sports and many of the girls who took part were successful in gaining several first, second and third place awards.

Girls who represented the town in the county sports at Houghton were:—

Elke Burnham, Judith Gribble, Judith Painter, Mary Berriman, Carole Kemp, Isobel Moor, Heather Wardle, Susan Melton and Kathleen French.



It is hoped that next season more time will be devoted to athletics and an athletic club will be formed.

Thanks are due to Miss Donkin and Mrs. Irving for their invaluable assistance last season.

CAROL KEMP, Form VI S.

### SWIMMING REPORT

June 1963 — March 1964

#### June 1963:

Bede were placed second in the Sunderland A. C. Cox life-saving competition and second in the Sunderland Heat of E.S.S.A. Life-saving competition.

Kathleen Boyd gained her Scholar-Instructor's Life-saving Award.

#### July:

Bede won their section in the Sunderland Heat of the "Vaux Trophy" competition.

Several girls were selected to represent the town in the Northumberland and Durham Schoolgirl championships.

#### September:

Bede were placed 6th in the Northumberland and Durham Freestyle Team Race. In the County Final of the "Vaux Trophy" Competition, Bede were also placed 6th.

#### October:

Bede Girls' Gala was held in High Street Baths. The trophies were presented by Miss J. Bagley.

The results were as follows:—

House Championships—Senior: Drom and Avon.  
Junior: Ness.

Individual Championships—Senior: Susan Melton (Avon).  
Junior: Joan Tulloch (Ness).

**November: SUNDERLAND SCHOOLS' ANNUAL GALA**

Bede did extremely well, breaking many records. M. Vliegels became the Town Senior Champion and J. Tulloch was placed second in the Sunderland Middle-Schools Championship. Bede won the Sunderland Schools' Freestyle Team Race.

**BEDÉ BOYS' GALA:**

Junior Medley Team: 1st Girls.

Middle Medley Team: 1st Girls.

Senior Medley Team: 2nd Girls.

S.C. Parkinson Trophy Life-saving Competition—  
3rd and 4th Girls.

**December:**

Bede competed in their first ever Swimming Match against the Central Newcastle High School. Although Bede were well beaten, the competitors gained valuable experience.

**March:**

Several girls were successful in obtaining life-saving certificates; Susan Melton gained her Instructor's Certificate.

The following girls have been in teams which competed in County Finals:—

J. Tulloch, K. Harris, R. Bolton, S. Vosper, D. Shapiro, E. Burnham, M. Goldsack, P. Lazenby, C. Rooks, M. Vliegels, H. Stewart, E. Stirling, A. Rumley, J. Marshall, S. Melton.

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

SUSAN MELTON (Captain).

**BADMINTON 1963-4**

Three Badminton Clubs were established at the beginning of the Autumn Term for the Senior, Middle and Junior schools respectively.

There were four school teams; Senior and Junior Girls and, combining with the Boys' School, Senior and Junior Mixed teams. The teams enjoyed a reasonable season, winning four of the seven matches played.

The following girls took part in the Sunderland Schools' Junior Tournament:—

S. Butterfield, L. Bell, A. Rumley, C. Parish, C. Rooks, E. Karlson.

Celia Parish did exceptionally well in reaching the 3rd round of the Junior Singles Tournament.

In the Town Senior Tournament the following girls competed—

P. Ord, C. Kemp, H. Clemenson, J. Robertson, M. Nichol, D. Logan.

Heather Clemenson and Joyce Robertson played brilliantly to reach the final of the Girls' Doubles Competition where they were narrowly beaten, and Patricia Ord played very well to reach the 3rd round of the Singles Tournament.

In the School Badminton Tournament, Patricia Ord became the Senior Champion and Suzanne Butterfield the Junior Champion. The Senior doubles was won by P. Ord and C. Kemp and the Junior Doubles by S. Butterfield and L. Bell.

The teams and the members of the Badminton Clubs wish to thank Mrs. Irving, Mrs. Smith, Miss Carter and Mr. Marshall for their valuable assistance and coaching throughout the season.

MARGARET NICHOL (Treasurer).

SUSAN MELTON (Secretary).

#### NETBALL 1963-64

Because of a general lack of enthusiasm and a preference for Saturday work amongst the Senior part of the school, the Netball team has not been up to the standard of recent years. From the eight games played, three have been won, and from the six games which the Juniors played, four have been won. The Junior team also did very well in the town tournament and managed to fight their way to the semi-final. The second form team shows outstanding ability and the first forms are very enthusiastic. The Senior Netball VII was represented by D. Snowball (captain), S. Peterson (secretary) C. Hodgson, M. Miller, P. Muncaster, A. Morgan and K. French. Colours were awarded to—Carolyn Hodgson, Sheila Peterson, Dorothy Snowball.

**Inter-House Results:**

The Junior House Championship was won by Drom House and the Senior House Championship was won by Ben House.

DOROTHY SNOWBALL (captain).

**Hockey Report 1963-4**

The 1963-64 Hockey season has been most successful with fewer games being cancelled because of bad weather than in the previous season.

The First Senior XI won 11 games, lost 1 and drew with Bishop Auckland and Chester-le-Street, who won the Junior County Tournament in October. Bede reached the semi-final in this tournament but were beaten by Chester-le-Street. As a result of their play, S. Melton, P. Ord and J. Wharton gained county trials and S. Melton was selected to play on the Junior County Team.

The Second Senior XI, though somewhat shakily supported, succeeded in winning 4 and drawing 1 of its eight games, while the Junior XI improved considerably towards the end of the season, to win 3 and draw 2 of its 8 games.

This year a First Form XI was coached by two senior team players and is to be congratulated on its keen effort although defeated by older opponents in its first game.

The House Hockey Tournament was held in November, Ben winning the senior section and Ness the junior section.

The teams wish to take this opportunity of thanking Mrs. Irving and Mrs. Johnson for their valuable coaching and umpiring.

Regular senior team players are as follows:—

J. Taylor, A. Porter, P. Ord, A. Pescod, S. Melton, M. Berriman, M. Nichol, H. Powell, C. Kemp, J. Wharton, I. Moor, J. Barnes, J. Robertson.

Colours have been awarded to:—

M. Berriman, C. Kemp, S. Melton, I. Moor, M. Nichol, A. Porter, H. Powell, J. Robertson.

P. ORD (Captain).

J. BARNES (Secretary).

## ESSAY COMPETITIONS

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

Prizes have been awarded to Shelagh Buchanan for her essay on "The Eternal City" and to Joan Davis for her account of "A Visit to Rome".

The Editors have awarded a prize to Pamela Byers for her essay on "Shakespeare's Image Today" which was set as a special subject in this anniversary year.

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**THE ETERNAL CITY**

"The Museum of all Ages", "Urbs Urbium", "City of the Seven Hills". How many names have been attached to Rome? Yet, all the names so far mentioned reveal only certain facets of the city and its history. Only the title of "Eternal City" even begins to suggest the Grandeur that was Rome and still is. Rome was the centre of the Ancient Roman Civilization; in Western Europe it was the centre of Christianity; and even today it is the centre of the Roman Catholic Church. It was once the centre of the Renaissance, and now it is the Italian Capital. No city in the world has played such a large part in the history of our civilization.

During the Iron Age, settlements were clustered amongst a group of hills, interspersed with marshy valleys. Legend has it that Romulus built this city on 21st April, 753 B.C. (but yes, Rome WAS built in a day!) on the Palatine Hill, one of the seven hills near the mouth of the Tiber. The probable truth of the matter is that from that original nucleus of small settlements, the ancient city developed. The Tiber was bridged and the marshes drained. Shops and houses were built on the low ground. The extended area was surrounded by a great wall, the Wall of Servius.

Rome, before the great emperors, was a city of narrow, winding streets. One-storeyed houses of sun-dried brick lined these, except where an occasional blind wall, composed of square blocks of volcanic stone, marked the residence of a noble. The religious centre of Rome was the Capitol, and this area was reserved for temples including that of Jupiter Capitolinus, most famous of all. The centre of civic life was the Forum, which lay in the hollow between the Palatine and Capitoline Hills. It was here that public meetings

and displays were held. Round it stood shops and offices, together with monuments and shrines of various periods. The Curia was on slightly higher ground, as was the Rostra, the orators' platform, which looked down on the Forum. Here took place some of the most dramatic events in Republican history.

By contemporary Greek standards, the city of Rome, in spite of the importance of the Republic, was not a very grand city. Under the earlier Emperors, however, Rome was transfigured, and by the second century A.D. it had attained its greatest splendour. Augustus completed Julius Caesar's bold plans for remodelling the Forum. Also, he re-organized the administration of the city: police and fire brigades were instituted, the Tiber banked, and additional aqueducts built to improve the water supply. The earlier wooden temples and theatres were rebuilt in stone. Basilicas, huge bathing establishments, colonnades, and triumphal arches sprang up on all sides and statues filled every available space. The hills were covered with the houses of the rich, while the poor crowded together down below. At its greatest extent the population of the city, drawn from all parts of the Empire, must have numbered nearly a million. Rome, under the Emperors, had become the centre of the civilized world.

With the rise of Constantinople in the fourth century, Rome's star waned. The eastern city was rapidly becoming the centre of civilization. Nevertheless, Rome's capture by the Goths under Alaric in 410 was felt as a universal disaster. The real decay of both buildings and population began with the Vandal attack of 455. During the Gothic siege of 537, the aqueducts were damaged and the surrounding country laid waste. Although Rome's imperial importance was as good as dead, a new fame was rising amongst the hallowed walls: the fame of the centre of Christianity. In the fourth century, after freedom of worship had been granted by Constantine, buildings for Christian worship began to appear—among them the Lateran, Santa Maria Maggiore, and old St. Peter's, where Charlemagne was crowned Holy Roman Emperor in 800. Many other churches, as well as monasteries, were built during the following centuries, mainly of materials from the ancient monuments. Throughout the Middle Ages, Rome was a place of pilgrimage, special attention being paid to the traditional sites of martyrdom. Yet the buildings of Imperial Rome, to which strange legends were attached, still dominated the scene.

In the sixth and seventh centuries, the Byzantines had protected Rome against external attack, but when the Byzantine Empire became more separated from the West, the Frankish rulers for a time took over this rôle. As various powers fought over Rome, the noble ruins assumed the character of fortresses. By the end of the fifteenth century, the Papacy had proved the victor, and Rome became the

centre of the Papal States. Round about this time, the Renaissance movement was abroad, centred in Rome, and the Vatican Palace was rebuilt and the present St. Peter's Church constructed. The seventeenth century, age of baroque architecture, gave to present-day Rome much of its characteristic appearance. Fountains now graced the numerous squares and buildings were repaired in the contemporary style. In 1870, when the Papal city became the capital of the Kingdom of Italy, modern Rome began to take shape. New bridges crossed the newly-embanked Tiber; new suburbs were added to accommodate the rapidly increasing population (today it is well over a million); there were also new administrative buildings.

Amidst the alterations of the centuries, the Romans have faithfully guarded their most precious possessions—the ancient monuments. Long years have flowed past under the bridges of the Tiber, and Rome is the hub of a tremendous tourist industry, but, in spite of the changes, Marcus Aurelius, on his bronze horse, still looks down over his people, Trajan's column calls and summons people to read the story on its mighty trunk, and the Colosseum raises up its massive walls to tell its tortuous tale. Modern Rome belongs to no century, for it is a monument to all centuries, a "Museum of all Ages", a symbol of the Grandeur that was Rome. Ancient, and yet ageless, it sprawls amongst its hills in all the simplicity and confusion of its Eternity.

SHELAGH D. BUCHANAN, FORM VII A.

### A VISIT TO ROME

The word "Rome" conjures immediately in the imagination of the majority of people, a picture of a romantic city filled with numerous ruins, statues and handsome Romans. Their imaginative picture is only half complete, however, for modern Rome can at times be a hot, dusty metropolis, filled with the noise and hectic pace of any large city.

The remains of the Colosseum was naturally one of the ruins that I was most interested to see during my visit to Italy's capital. I was not disappointed. Much of this arena where gladiatorial contests and other entertainments were held still remains, and it was particularly enjoyable to be told where the dressing-rooms of the performers were, and to imagine the noise of the excited crowd as they screamed to see the Christian martyrs come to their terrible end. Other attractions of the Colosseum also highly delighted me; particularly a beautiful Italian model, being photographed leaning against one of the ancient pillars for a women's magazine.

This peculiar mixture of ancient and modern is everywhere in Rome. The public squares which in ancient days had heard the voices of Emperors and Senators, and the beautiful works of musicians and poets, resounded during my visit to the cries of "Vota Communista", for election time was close, and pamphlets were being handed out.

Another enjoyable excursion made whilst in Rome was to the Catacombs, the hiding place of the Christians during the persecutions. I was enthralled as we descended deep into the earth and were led along dark winding passages, the guide continually pointing out interesting relics. Never will I forget the atmosphere of those chill subterranean passages. The air was stale and to my mind even smelt of dead bodies. It was a relief to reach the surface once more and advance upon the nearest ice-cream man, for Roman ice-cream is truly delicious.

Whilst in Rome it is impossible to forget that it represents the very core of Roman Catholicism. The Vatican city in the very centre of Rome contains the Papal Palace, as well as the majestic Cathedral of St. Peter's. This must surely be the most beautiful church in the world, and within it are stored some of the world's greatest treasure. I managed to have a peep at the rows of seats arranged for the Ecumenical Council, but no-one was allowed to go very close.

Unfortunately, I never saw the Pope during my visit, but monks and nuns from all over the world were to be seen continually, for it was shortly after Easter, the most important religious occasion for Catholics.

Shopping facilities in Rome are in as sharp a contrast as are the buildings. In the centre of the city are the exclusive shops which are common in any modern city. My interest, however, was captured by a Roman market which was found in a side street. Brightly-coloured materials were displayed on the wooden stalls as well as a various assortment of wares. Many times I was tempted to spend some of my precious lira, but fortunately I managed to drag myself away, after buying only two pairs of nylons, which I considered to be extremely cheap. When I eventually wore them, my illusions were crushed, for the stockings were laddered, and I had been swindled by a Roman.

There was only one thing I disliked about the Eternal City — the food. Normally possessing a voracious appetite, I found it necessary to exist on the barest essentials when continually presented with greasy lettuce, soaked in olive oil. Never will I forget the moment when, opening a lettuce leaf (supposedly washed), there crawl



out a live slug, which contentedly settled down to sleep on the edge of my plate. Next time I visit Rome, my suit-case will contain a certain amount of tinned food.

My visit was unfortunately over too quickly and very soon I found myself saying farewell to this city which had captured my imagination. Often I look back with great pleasure to the time I spent there, for it was both amusing and interesting, and some day I hope to return to Rome.

JOAN DAVIS, FORM VII ARTS.

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#### 400 YEARS AFTER — SHAKESPEARE'S IMAGE TODAY

This year we celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Shakespeare, a dramatist married at eighteen to a wife eight years older than himself, his education finished in his fourteenth year. He is probably the most renowned and respected of all English figures. Certainly the town of Stratford-upon-Avon has cause to be grateful to the "Immortal Bard", whose name is flourished and exploited there. He draws crowds of visitors from far and wide to see his plays performed at his memorial theatre, picturesquely set beside the river. The charming cottage of his wife, Anne Hathaway, and New Place, where he spent so much of his time, are open to the public, willing to pay handsomely to touch objects and capture some of the atmosphere once so familiar to Shakespeare himself. His commercial value is obvious in many aspects. The name and bald head of Shakespeare are stamped into trinkets and his birthplace is reproduced on postcards, and hotels also bear his name. He is the first person, other than royalty, to be featured on a postage stamp. Recently, the Royal Shakespeare Company made a highly successful trip to Germany and Russia, where they were received by huge and appreciative audiences. This year the numbers of Britishers and foreigners who visit Stratford during the season are likely to be increased when the historical cycle is performed in honour of the anniversary. Shakespeare has turned Stratford-upon-Avon into a town noted for its old-world charm and tradition and into a thriving tourist centre.

Yet behind all the commercialism lies true greatness, which has caused his plays to survive and still prosper. Shakespeare's understanding of people, all their complex, paradoxical qualities and the blended comedy and tragedy of life, was his special gift. His humour is lasting. The sight of Malvolio in "Twelfth Night", usually

so dignified, pompous and sombrely dressed, who changed to wearing yellow, cross-gartered stockings and abandoned his quiet and solemn way of speaking to please Olivia, as he believed, is always very entertaining, in spite of the underlying pathos. This is true also of Bottom, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream", while unaware of his ass's head, he basks in the glow of Titania's love. The scene at the end of the play, when he and his workmates perform "Pyramus and Thisbe" is uproariously funny, especially as they themselves never discovered how amusing their performances were. Shakespeare's plays are filled with lifelike situations and characters. "Henry V" for instance, has romance, humour, stirring speeches, as well as the horror of battle and death. The tragedies are magnificent, adding grandeur and richness of experience to the life of anyone who watches the play. With Macbeth, the audience sinks into depths of hideous and inescapable crime, suffers increasing nervous tension and the inevitable and wretched end of one whose life once promised so much. With Hamlet, is shared the agony of indecision and dreadful loneliness. Shakespeare was also a poet in his own right and it is typical of his kindness that he gave one of his most beautiful speeches to the pathetic, half-witted and enslaved Caliban. His qualities as a dramatist and poet are innumerable and his understanding has made his work timeless. The position he holds as one of the greatest advertisements for England, and an incalculable asset to English prestige abroad, is by no means undeserved.

It is with affection and pride that the English look upon their second patron saint. Even with recent attempts to discover if he really wrote his plays, popular faith in him is not noticeably diminished. Undeniably, his position is unique; he is not of England but of the world.

PAMELA BYERS, FORM VII A.

### BEFORE THE PLAY

When Miss Thompson first decided to produce "The Rivals" I went to the audition hopefully, but I was very surprised and pleased when my name appeared on the cast list. For me, there began weeks and weeks of rehearsals, night after night, going over and over the same scene till I was in despair. I can well remember the nights sitting eating biscuits and drinking tea in the Cookery Room, then

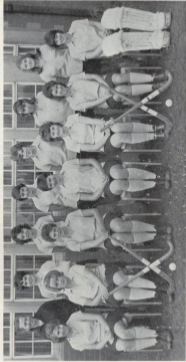


*Senior Prizewinners, 1963*



*Junior Prizewinners, 1963*

SCHOOL 1st SENIOR HOCKEY TEAM, 1963-4



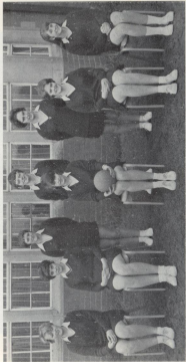
Back Row, left to right—

Mrs. Irving, Jean Barnes, Joyce Robertson, Mary Bertman, Susan Michon, Sheila Farrow, Hilary Freedl.

Front Row, left to right—

Linda Dale, Margaret Nichol, Carole Kemp, Patricia Old, Jennifer Stewart, Isabel Moss, Judith Wharton.

SCHOOL 1st SENIOR NETBALL TEAM, 1963-4



Back Row, left to right—Dorothy Logan, Carol Turner, Majorie Miller

Front Row, left to right—Patricia Anderson, Pamela Manchester, Dorothy Sweetball, Pamela Ellis, Sheila Peterson

trying to act on a stage, which at times was only half there. Many nights I waited, only to return home having done nothing—I had not been needed that night.

Gradually the play began to take shape as people forgot to look self-conscious and stopped giggling about how silly they looked. As well as rehearsals I also had to attend fittings for my costume and as I learned my part I sat and stitched at material, material which I felt would never look like a costume.

As the new stage was being built, the play had to be postponed time and time again, but eventually the date was fixed. As it grew nearer, rehearsals became more frantic. Miss Thompson declared that the play would never go on, we were all hopeless, and she did not know why she bothered with us. The dress rehearsal was utter confusion. In between appearing on the stage people dashed down to have more pins fixed in them as well as the costume, and then reappeared with one arm in a coat and the other encased in an old shirt. The photographer and reporter came from the "Sunderland Echo" and we were all hurried out to the grounds to have our photograph taken. The principals and those whose costumes were complete were placed at the fore, while those who were still half-undressed were pushed to the back of the group. We were then marched up and down the drive to the delight of the whole school who hung out of the windows watching.

The night came, and the cast arrived early to dress and be made up. Once they were complete they either sat in a corner with a book, trying desperately to look over their words, or sat and tried to appear calm. All declared that they did not know their words, they were sure they would forget them. Cries of "I must have a safety pin quick! I'm coming apart", and "Has anyone seen my shoes? I must have them," rent the air. Friends dissolved into giggles at the sight of each other complete with make-up. The time came for the first scene, and those taking part were hustled on to the new large stage. Those behind stage were hushed, then the music began, the curtains opened and the play had begun.

JEAN HALL, FORM V S.

FOOTNOTE—The play was a resounding success and congratulations are offered to Miss Thompson and all members of the cast.

A MEMBER OF THE AUDIENCE.

MODERN ADDITIONS TO THE PROLOGUE  
(with apologies to Chaucer)

The drummer was a slendre, younge man,  
His berd was shave as ny as ever he can.  
His heer was by his nose round y-shorn,  
His face was dokked by it his even biforn.  
Ful longe were his legges, and ful lene,  
And without his ringes was he name sene.  
With him ther was another, was his frende,  
Whan he his gitar woulde loude rende  
The maidens him love with al thir herte  
Down from thir places woulde they soon sterte  
With muchel glorie and great tolempnitee  
Received they him in his hoom contree.  
A third, of oon an twenty yeere,  
The women hade took within thir care  
And sweeten senden him, more than he nede  
An every word he spak those maiden hede.  
The last, long henge the lokkes that he hadde  
And set upon his heed a blacken cappe.  
Ful loud he song, ay, "Yeah, Yeah" wold he crye  
And "Money, Money" was his philosophye.  
But sore wept women, ful thir herts with stryf  
Oon day this knyghte taken him oon wyfe.  
Well played the four an singen with ful throat  
And certainly they hadde a merry note.  
Upon a day they got them more moneye  
Than any other got in monthes tweye.  
To liven in delyt was evere thir wone  
For ech of him was Liverpooles owne sone.

Carole Scott, Form VII A.

CHARLIE HURLEY

(with apologies to Chaucer)

Charles Hurley is a stout earl for the tones,  
Ful big he is of brawn and eke of bones.  
A bettre captaine I trow ther nowher none is,  
Of his stature he is of evens lengthe  
And wonderly delivere and greet of strengthe,  
With lokkes crulle as thei wer leyd in presse,  
Of twenty year of age he is I gesse.  
For Eire hath he oft tyme worn the greine,  
At hoom on Saturday is he alwey sene;  
Wel can he tackle a man and hede a bull  
He is an anguish unto enemies all.  
Ful many a cap has graced his black knot heed  
And blithely does he wear the whyte and rede.  
Oft people maken music and eke syng  
Of Hurley, Sunderland's captaine and ther kyng.

LINDA COONEY, Form IV ii.



## ARITHMETIC BY HALVES

Those of you who have been unable to grasp arithmetic beyond the rudimentary 'two times table' and who when faced with the involved multiplication problem of finding the cost of 3,973 tons of tea at 3,319 shillings per ton, regularly contrive to reach the wrong answer, may find the key to mathematical powers via the Ethiopians.

The primitive Ethiopian, with his simple, uncomplicated mind, cannot understand our complex arithmetic for he can only halve, double, and total numbers of pebbles. When buying 29 goats at 23 Ethiopian dollars each, he obtains the correct answer by squatting in the sand and playing about with his pebbles.

Place 29 goats in a right-hand column and 23 Ethiopian dollars in a left-hand column, halve the figure in the left column, disregarding the fraction—Ethiopians have never heard of fractions. Continue in this way until you have 1 on the left, then double the number on the right. You should now have two columns like this:—

Dollars	Goats
23	29
11	58
5	116
2	232
1	464

Since even numbers on the left are evil, according to superstition, erase them together with their corresponding numbers on the right. Now add together the figures in the goats column and you have the answer—657.

This system holds good for any two numbers no matter which is halved or doubled. And, of course, your civilised highly-developed brain can follow the Ethiopian's facile method.

JEAN BARNES, Form VI S.

## FRIEDENSSIEG

Der Wind.  
 Er kommt aus Osten,  
 Mit stürmischem Geräusch fliegt er  
 Über dem Land vom Meer heraus.  
 Sich verhüllt er um die leidenden Bäume,  
 —Krach—als vom Himmel fällt ein Ast zur Erde.  
 Und stärker heult der Wind.

Aber horch' !  
 Der Wind, er vergeht.  
 Zu seiner Stelle sinkt der Nebel,  
 Und mit den sanften Fingern  
 Streichelt er die überragenden Wälder.  
 Weich. Direkt vom Himmel kommt die Urgrossmutter  
 Der Museu. Nun lebt das Land  
 Im freien Fried' des Frühlings.

SHELAGH D. BUCHANAN, FORM VII A.

## AUS DEM FENSTER

Die verdrossenen Bäume schwanken im Wind.  
 Stark, schwarz, ohne Blätter,  
 Ein Frühling ohne frisches Leben.  
 Und zweckloser Rauch schwebt über den Schornsteinen.  
 Schornsteine, die typischen Sinnbilder  
 Einer flüchtigen Sicherheit.  
 Zwischen den schmutzigen Steinen, dem streifigen Rot  
 Der kleinen vorstädtischen Heimateu  
 Erreichen die Kirchtürme zum Himmel.  
 Dünner, grauer Nebel nun wickelt alles ein,  
 Und grau beherrscht überall,  
 Im Geist des Zuschauers.  
 Aber—ein Schimmer  
 Spitzes Grün, Blünchen,  
 Weiss und golden, noch vollkommen im Wind,  
 Der Schrei der  
 Emporschwingender Möwe, frei und hoch,  
 Und ist echter Frühling wieder,  
 Alles möglich  
 Alles neu.

Pamela Byers, Form VII A.

## DEEP IN THE WOOD

Green are the trees deep in the wood,  
Where all the wild animals hunt for their food.  
Blue is the lake, cold and deep,  
Where through the trees the sun does peep.

Tall are the grasses, blown and swayed,  
Like a green ocean down in the glade.  
A winding path goes on its way,  
Passing wild flowers oh so gay.

Happy birds sing high in the trees,  
Far away from the deep, green seas.  
All is quiet and all is calm,  
Deep in the woods where there's no-one to harm.

VICTORIA WISE, Form 1 H.

## HANDS OF TIME

We see the hands upon the clock,  
And hear the sound of its tick-tock.

These hands can make our lives seem glad,  
Or drag along when we are sad.

They quickly move when we have fun,  
And in exams, they almost run!

T.V. has made them seem to fly,  
It's time for bed, so now "Good-bye".

ANNE DICKINSON, Form 1 E.

## THE CURIQ-SHOP

It stood in the corner of a small curio-dealer's shop. No-one knew where it had come from, and no-one cared where it got to until one strange night.

Mr. Jenkins had bought a stuffed Guchiminga from a strange old man in a dilapidated corner shop. The man declared that nowhere else in the world was a stuffed Guchiminga to be found.

When he got home, Mr. Jenkins examined the Guchiminga very carefully: it had seven purple legs on a square body, and a tail at each corner. It had the usual number of eyes, but four mouths and no nose. He put it in the corner of the shop and forgot all about it.

One night about three weeks later, there was a flash, a bang, a crash, a roar and then complete silence. Mr. Jenkins was terrified. He crept downstairs and looked inside the only downstairs room, his shop. There, he saw the Guchiminga dancing a sailor's hornpipe with a duck-billed platypus pygmy (said to be the only duck-billed platypus pygmy in the world). "Aaaaah"—said Mr. Jenkins and promptly fainted.

When he awoke next morning he looked around him and was amazed to see he was lying on the floor of his shop. Then, remembering what he thought had happened last night, he looked around. There, he saw a purple leg and a duck-bill suspended in mid-air, so he let out a sigh, said, "Aaaaah" once more and promptly fell to the floor again.

When he awoke his wife was kneeling over him, shouting at the top of her voice. When all the little Jenkinases came down there was bedlam with everyone running round and feeling the leg and the bill.

Suddenly there was a flash, a bang, a roar, a crash, and then the purple foot started tapping and the bill flapping.

Then they exploded, and when the smoke had cleared, the family found that they were standing beside the old man on a red island in Mars. They were surrounded by flapping feet and tapping bills, at the sight of which the family said, "Aaaaah", and—fainted.



ODE TO THE MERSEY BEAT  
(with apologies to Widdecombe Fair)

Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Dawson, lend me your car,  
All along, down along Mersey Beat,  
For I want to buy an electric guitar,  
From George Harrison, John Lennon, Paul McCartney,  
Ringo Starr and young Brian Epstein and all,  
And young Brian Epstein and all.

Mr. Hartley, Mr. Hartley, please give me some lessons,  
All along, down along Mersey Beat,  
For I want to go to recording sessions,  
With George Harrison, John Lennon, Paul McCartney,  
Ringo Starr and young Brian Epstein and all,  
And young Brian Epstein and all.

Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Bell, please lend me some burs,  
All along, down along Mersey Beat,  
To help me play upon my new drums,  
With George Harrison, John Lennon, Paul McCartney,  
Ringo Starr and young Brian Epstein and all,  
And young Brian Epstein and all.

Dear Staff, dear Staff, you've been so kind,  
All along, down along Mersey Beat,  
But it so happens that I've changed my mind,  
So goodbye to George Harrison, John Lennon, Paul McCartney,  
Ringo Starr and young Brian Epstein and all,  
And young Brian Epstein and all.

KATHRYN FINE, Form IV I.

## THE CYCLIST IN THE WIND

I shouldn't have the bike out this morning; too windy.  
It's cold; that wind; I wish it didn't get in my mouth;  
My ears feel as if they may fall off  
I may fall off, too.

It's all right for him, he's in a car.  
Wonder if he has a heater in it—  
Hope he hasn't; still warmer than I am,  
But I'm getting exercise—  
More than he is.

Why do these buses come so near?  
Nearly swerved into him;  
All the fault of this wind.

My eyes always water in the wind,  
I can hardly see now.  
The wind should dry the tears on my cheeks,  
It feels cold where they have been blown  
Back almost into my hair.

My face must look red and eager  
And cold—  
It hardly matters, does it?  
Who are you hoping to impress?

If this car is travelling faster than it should be,  
I'll hit it;  
His fault;  
Never mine.

You're too tired to be out on a bike;  
Good job you're not driving a car.  
Change gear, you fool!  
You'll never make it in this wind.

If only I didn't have to push so hard and get nowhere.

## L'AUTOMNE

Les feuilles d'automne  
arrachées des arbres et tournantes  
s'élèvent  
mais tombent enfin à terre, mourantes.

Les fleurs gaies  
de mon petit jardin sont disparues.  
Les oiseaux exotiques  
se mettent en route, par le froideur vaincus.

ANN MORGAN, Form IV S

## UMPIRING A HOCKEY MATCH

To blow or not to blow: that is the question.

Once prepared with whistle, watch, score-card and pencil, I walked on to the field to umpire a hockey match for the first time. Learning Hockey rules was one thing, putting them into practice is a totally different matter.

I stood on the centre line unnerved, wondering whether to blow to start the game. The seconds ticked by as I watched the other (experienced) umpire; everyone was onside and without any hesitation, she started the game.

The ball went into the other half of the field. How relieved I was that it had not come immediately into my half. Beads of perspiration began to form on my forehead as I saw the right wing bring the ball up into the half of the field that I was umpiring. Then came a half-back who took the ball from her but, in doing so, caused obstruction. Realizing this was not allowed, I blew forcefully on the whistle. Play was stopped and all the players turned to me for a decision. After feeling so confident in blowing my whistle, I said in a meek, cracked voice, "Free hit to the High". Once I saw everyone was correctly in position, she took the free hit which went soaring into the other half.

I was relieved but not a moment passed before the ball came back into my half. This time the ball arrived in the circle. Remembering I must move in for close play in the circle I hurried to a good position. Whilst in the circle, one of the attacking team kicked the ball. Once again I blew the whistle but only a tiny peep came out, which no-one heard. What was I to do as play continued? Although quite panic-stricken, I blew fiercely. All heads turned, play stopped. Then came the task of explaining the situation to the somewhat taller, larger and older girls who slightly intimidated me. Once I had explained why I had stopped the game, I boldly shouted "Free hit from the edge of the circle". I had not realised I could shout so loudly.

Just as I felt I was gaining confidence, the other umpire blew for half-time. I went over to my more experienced colleague to see how I had fared. She said I had umpired all right although I had missed three turnings and two obstructions but I should not be disheartened.

In the second half I certainly had more confidence. Two goals were scored, each against the home team in my half. The umpire blows her whistle after a goal and then once again to restart the game—providing every player is outside. That meant I blew all of four times—I was finally getting used to the whistle.

Other things occurred such as 25-yard bullies, corners and roll-ins, which I managed reasonably well.

Fortunately, there were no penalty bullies which, out of sheer nervousness and anxiety, I am sure I would not have been able to manage. Although in the game there were tense and anxious moments, I suppose they all added up to my becoming a successful Grade "C" umpire.

EILEEN WILLIAMS, FORM V S.



## THE COMFORTER

Do not grieve, my friend.  
 Men hate and fear you  
 Because you lie beyond the positive;  
 Beyond life itself; you are  
 The Unknown.  
 You, only the thought of you mars their complacency  
 As they stand poised, to meet eternity.

I know this should not be.  
 What fear is there to know your loving face?  
 What joy you bring to those who know your peace!  
 The tortured mind of the suicide,  
 The body riddled with disease, tormented, in agony,  
 The senile souls, ageing in their beds  
 Helpless, stinking and unloved.

That you offer peace and rest  
 Few only have discovered, and so cease to fear.  
 But I know you  
 I accept you  
 You are my challenge,  
 My adventure into the Unknown  
 Which I set out to meet  
 Alone.

IRENE MAKEL, Form VII A.

## HUNGER

The smouldering sun scorches o'er the plain  
 Flies hover, pinch and dart,  
 Acrid smells from ditches,  
 Mangy dogs paw the ground in vain,  
 Here no food.  
 Jowled faces expressing dire want and need;  
 Puny bodies twisted—  
 Mere living skeletons.  
 Mothers' yearning hearts begin to bleed,  
 Watching aged youth.

VIVIENNE GREENER, Form VII S.



### COWS

They spend all day grazing in fields,  
 Munching, chewing, swallowing,  
 Swishing their tails to ward off flies,  
 Their huge eyes staring,  
 Friendly and soft,  
 Lazy and brown;  
 They plod over soft earth, their hooves almost soundless,  
 But click over roads, their offspring following  
 With playful gaiety.

Cows are patient things;  
 They follow each day's ritual without qualms,  
 And calmly stand while they are milked,  
 Still munching, chewing, swallowing,  
 With swishing tails and staring eyes.

## ISRAEL.

Sand, sand and more sand when suddenly the monotony is broken by white stone buildings. This is Beersheba, a town of the old and new. In one part of the town there are modern buildings and yet on Tuesdays, the town is a remnant of the past when it is filled with market stalls and people bargaining for souvenirs from the old Arabs. This is true of all Israel—the old mingled with the new. The sun rises over Lake Tiberias, or the Dead Sea, and a sight is seen that Saul or Joseph might have witnessed, but nearby modern buildings are springing up, and people are turning farmer to make the soil flourish. In the busy town of Haifa there is certainly no sign of Biblical times, yet, next door in Jaffa, there are constant reminders of bygone days.

In complete contrast to all of this is the Kibbutz, or communal settlement, where people have gathered together in order to make the land flourish. After years of toil this is now prosperous and long rows of orange and lemon trees can be seen in the fields. Yet nearby this there still may be long stretches of sand, still unconquered by man.

Amidst this struggle to be modern, make the land flourish, are sentry boxes, trenches and defence works, dotted about the landscape. This is the constant reminder of the threat of war. Yet, despite this, Israel remains young and vital.

G. MISCOVITCH, Form V S.

## ODE TO A DISSECTED PIGEON

What now, thou dirty-winged scrounger of Trafalgar !  
 Ah, what now !  
 Thy crop dispelled of all its hoarded trash and ware  
 Didst ever think thy flight would come to this  
 Dissected ?  
 Was it the Biological supplies bruised thee thus  
 Or wast thou cheated from thy mother's cloacal chamber ?  
 Tell me, ere I plunge my knife, cut, and display thine  
 Alimentary Canal,  
 Didst ever know the systems thou contained :  
 Arterial, Reproductive, Digestive ..... ? Ah, rather thou had not.  
 Now I take thy muscles, skeleton, gizzard, heart and brain,  
 Brain, what knowledge was contained within ?  
 How much can one simple ganglion partake of life ?  
 What was thy philosophy of life ? Peck, drink and be merry ?  
 Wast ever merry or did I might thee soon ?  
 How can I go, and see thy brothers on the roof  
 Without feeling their tri-lidded eyes on me.  
 Marking me as one worse than murderer.  
 Can I ever recompense ?  
 Why do they not now peck my corn ?

NORAH M. CARR, Form VII S.

## BUSES, AND THEIR OCCUPANTS

What do you see when you climb aboard a bus ? I often think that if some great author wanted ideas for characters for a novel, he would surely collect a multitude of ideas by sitting on a bus.

When the conductor comes around to collect the bus-fares there appear to be several different approaches employed by passengers when asking for their tickets.

There is the shy approach. The passenger quietly whispers what he, or she, wants, and then turns around and stares out of the nearest window, whilst the conductor places both ticket and change into an outstretched palm.

There is the harassed approach. A mother with two or more children generally has a great deal of trouble to keep the children quiet, get out the bus fares, and keep her shopping basket upright.

There is the "old-soldier" approach, generally adopted by the ex-sergeant-major type. He marches to the bus, raises his hat to everyone he knows, plonks down heavily on the seat and asks for his ticket in a loud, rather aggressive tone of voice which antagonises many other passengers.

I sometimes think that if a bus conductor could read palms he would have quite a fascinating time reading all the palms which he sees in one working day.

People can become quite friendly and open on buses; if one passenger wishes to know where a certain street, or district, is, there is generally a chorus of voices, all offering directions to the enquirer and generally leaving that person in a more confused state than he, or she, was in at the beginning.

The noise in buses can sometimes reach screaming pitch. One baby starts to howl, so they all do; one toddler starts to sing, so they all do; and one mother starts to scold, so they all do. It is here that passengers often betray themselves. During the journey they may have sat quietly behaving themselves, and seeming very pleasant, and then they are annoyed, by something, or someone, and their impatience and annoyance begin to show.

There really is a tremendous lot of fun and activity going on on buses, and a conductor's life can never be a dull one.

M. JACKSON, Form V S.

### MY CAREER ?

An air hostess flying in the blue,  
A nurse with uniform starched and new,  
A stewardess sailing with the tide,  
Oh, how I wish I could decide.

A policeman looking so very neat,  
Ballet dancer light upon her feet,  
A librarian with books to bind,  
I really must make up my mind.

A teacher with pupils so unruly,  
A secretary ending letters, "Yours truly",  
Laboratory work is such a bore,  
Oh, what am I most suited for ?

Telephonist, receptionist, and typist too,  
All these jobs I'm sure I could do,  
But then I think I'll wait and see,  
Which subjects I pass in my G.C.E.

NORMA DOUGLAS, Form I H.

## TOOTHACHE

Mumps, measles,  
 Coughs, sneezles,  
 Tonsilitis, dermatitis;  
 Such afflictions  
 Are so sad;  
 Scarlet fever may not be bad  
 But toothache drives you mad !  
 For it jabs and it stabs  
 It twinges  
 As one  
 Cringes  
 It shoots through your gum  
 Till you wish you were numb !  
 How maliciously it tortures  
 Till your face is twice its size  
 Your mouth is round the corner and you haven't  
 Any  
 Eyes.

MARILYN PEEL, Form IV il.

## O' MY LOVE IS YELLOW PERFUMED SOAP

(with apologies to Burns)

O' my love is yellow perfumed soap  
 That's newly made from fats;  
 Those greasy oils, all mixed with salt  
 And brewed for days in vats.

As fair thou art my bonny hump,  
 So deep in grime am I,  
 That I will love thy fragrant smell  
 Till soap gets in my eye.

When soap gets in my eye, My Love,  
 My vision surely bears,  
 Yet I am clean as clean, My Love,  
 And have not any fears.

I have not any fears, My Love,  
 To wash my murky face,  
 And I will come again, My Love,  
 Unto this sacred place.

ELIZABETH KEELER, Form V S.



### GEESE ON THE WING

Across the darkness of the silent lake,  
 A sudden movement sways the shaded pines;  
 The swift roar of their flight and their wild, haunting,  
 Honking calls  
 Disturb the peace.

Geese !

Geese on the wing,  
 Silhouetted against the darkening sky,  
 Climbing up to the moon,  
 They onward speed,  
 Far, far beyond the reach of man.

LINDA BELL, Form IV S.

## THE DAYS OF CAMPING

People who think that camping is a jolly outdoor life must be mad! We acquired a tent two years ago and have discovered that it is not all it seems.

Last summer we went to spend two weeks on the wild, wet, and windy coast of Northumberland. An optimistic relation told us that it was a dry area. In the whole time, we had precisely two fine days. By "fine" I do not mean that the sun was shining, but that it was comparatively dry. On these occasions we dragged everything out of the tent and tried to dry it out. The amusing thing was that there was a water shortage! The large number of holiday-makers had put a strain on the supplies, and ours was cut off. Luckily, and for some unknown reason, the farm where the camp site was, took its water from a different supply, so we could get it there. I shudder to remember the hours I spent trudging through miles of mud, in pouring rain, just to get water.

On one occasion the stream which ran through the field was flooded, and at six o'clock in the morning, people camping beside it, found they were camping in it! Fortunately, we were not affected by this.

In spite of all these difficulties, we had a very enjoyable holiday, and now we think it was all very funny.

VIVIAN SHARP, FORM IV ii.



## THE PENGUIN

(or To School Dinners)

If a penguin wants his lunch  
 He'll swim and chase a fish  
 Which, when it is eaten raw  
 Will make a tasty dish  
 How would you like that?  
 —Better than School Dinners?

ALEX LEE, FORM IV L.



## THE DRIVING TEST

The British Government is not quite so befuddled as it appears to be. Behind those bland Whitehall faces a plan, capable of solving Britain's traffic problems and filling the nation's coffers by the sweep of a pen, has been hatched. I refer, of course, to the Driving Test. Did you: "Turn round by means of forward and reverse gears/under control/with reasonable accuracy/with proper observation?" You did! Oh, so he failed you because you said the overall stopping distance at 10 m.p.h. was three-quarters of a bus length, not half a bus length. There is always something that the poor victim has not remembered which the examiner gleefully writes on his pad. He proudly does his duty preventing another car from entering the dotted capillaries of Britain and adding another £1 to the Exchequer.

I took my Test using a driving school car. After clutching the starting key for fifteen minutes at the test centre to prevent it joining its companions further down the ring, I was led, just as scared and twice as meek, as the lamb to the slaughter, by a tall gentleman with a voice like bored treacle and a face like granite. After reading my number plate without much difficulty I was asked which was my car. I stood at a loss for a few minutes not having taken much notice of the driving school car but using my wits, not to mention my feet, I led the way to the only car parked at an acute angle to the pavement, which, I reasoned quite rightly, must be the one I had parked.

When we were both safely seated in the car he said those well-known words and in much the same tone: "Are you sitting comfortably? Then we'll begin". They had not, however, the same effect on the listener who sat terrified, willing her hand to turn the ignition key. I began quite well, negotiating my right and left hand turns, if not like a veteran driver, quite adequately. (An example of a previous right hand effort of mine is the battered concrete lamp-post next to the antique shop in Durham Road). Then I came to some cross-roads. Playing the game cautiously, I stopped, noticing a lorry slowing down on the road to my left with a man inside vaguely waving his right hand. I thought, "This should please my treacle-voiced friend, satisfying section V of the Highway Code if I let him turn right before I move off". He seemed to be a slow mover; several cars had piled up behind him and their radiators seemed to frown annoyance at the delay. Then the horrible truth dawned; he did not want to turn right; in his vague way, he was waving me on. With a sickly smile I let out my clutch and continued on my way but failure was already imprinted on my heart.

Alas, my premonition was correct and I am now busy filling in my second application form.

GAYNOR JONES, Form VII 5.

## THE EXPRESS

She stood, still and passive, while teeming people  
 Scurried busily around  
 Carrying luggage to and fro.  
 At last !  
 The shrill whistle.  
 She comes to life ;  
 Slowly, slowly, her pistons begin to beat,  
 In and out, in and out, they beat monotonously.  
 Gathering speed, she slowly moves  
 Forward, on and on,  
 A belch of smoke, choking, grimy,  
 Fills the acrid air.  
 Onward moving,  
 Roaring through the night.  
 Rhythmically rocking from side to side  
 Telegraph poles whizzing by.  
 She charges onward, into the night,  
 Devouring the countryside.

SUSAN MAWER, Form IV S.

## THE LION

Through the jungle he came,  
 With his head held high,  
 Never suspecting  
 He was soon to die.

Suddenly down the pit he went,  
 With a bullet through his head ;  
 The body was carried to the hunters' tents—  
 The King of Beasts was dead !

ANNE BAXTER, Form III L.

## GRANNY'S HOUSE

I love to go to Granny's house,  
Where all is neat and clean,  
And little copper jugs and pans  
Are polished to a sheen.

In Granny's house I must be good,  
For nothing's out of place,  
I must not jump, or bang, or shout,  
That would be a disgrace.

But Granny's face is sweet and kind,  
She's very good to me,  
And always has some home-made cakes,  
When I go there for tea.

LINDA GALLAGHER, FORM II X.

## FISHERMAN FROM THE NORTH

The air is cold  
The tale is old  
Of the fisherman down by the shore.  
He has his boat  
And he has his craft,  
He asks for nothing more.

The scent of the spray,  
In the cool of the day,  
Is fresh to the old fisherman.  
He's in his boat,  
And away from his craft,  
He'll catch a meal if he can.

The fish has been sought  
The meal has been caught,  
And he's settling down for his tea.  
He's moored his boat,  
And he's in his craft,  
Far away from the storm on the sea.

The breakers roar,  
As they toss on the shore,  
In the fisherman's house it is warm.  
In the bay is his boat  
In the valley his craft,  
And the fisherman's safe from the storm.

CAROLINE MOOR, FORM I H.



## FISH

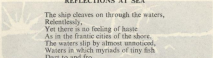
From the long, thin, graceful eel, gliding smoothly and menacingly along amongst the gently waving seaweed, to the large, fat, complacent cod, lying dolefully in the fishmonger's shop, surrounded by an over-abundant supply of artificial parsley—I hate fish! Fish comes in various shapes, sizes and colours—some even extend to exuberant red spots—and also in various prices; but all types appear to me, to be wet, slippery, cold and slimy, and some types to possess a particularly offensive odour. Fish has a decidedly “fishy” price range; while a considerable amount of cod can be purchased for comparatively little, an exceedingly small amount of caviare, which sounds rather revolting to me anyway, sells at exorbitant prices.

Fish, when cooked, presents a very unappetising spectacle. It lies in a flat, wet, soggy mass, on the plate, which when penetrated beyond the dull skin, reveals an intricate network of bones, cleverly concealed within a pathetic-looking piece of white flesh—waiting to cause some unsuspecting person unprecedented embarrassment in trying to dispose of them delicately. Nor can tempting garnishes and additions such as tasty sauces succeed in their attempts at beguiling me into erroneous admiration for long!

I think fish is, in its most fascinating form as shell-fish, which, if peculiar and clumsy in habit and appearance, is, when prepared for culinary purposes, exotic and delicious to taste.

SANDRA DORNEY, Form IV S.

## REFLECTIONS AT SEA



The ship cleaves on through the waters,  
Relentlessly,  
Yet there is no feeling of haste  
As in the frantic cities of the shore.  
The waters slip by almost unnoticed,  
Waters in which myriads of tiny fish  
Dart to and fro,  
With no apparent purpose.  
Even at sea, life is all around:  
Porpoises, two by two, pursue their course,  
With never failing gaiety:  
The whale, far off, suspects  
This man-made monster and comes no nearer.  
At evening, the pattern changes,  
Then the sun leaves the cloudless sky,  
Reluctantly,  
To light a world beyond our vision.  
The Hunter and the Plough  
With numberless attendants  
Appear, to bring the peaceful night,  
And still the ship cleaves on.

BARBARA M. GILCHRIST, FORM VII A.

## OVER THE ROOFTOPS

To view from a height  
At the end of a long clear day,  
The pleasant suburban district which is home,  
Then golden light reveals a hidden wealth of colour:  
A purple-slated sheen on firm withstanding roofs,  
The churches' silvered grey of finely chiselled stone  
And red brick glows as in a childhood memory.  
Far patterned streets, a slowly moving 'bus  
Have purpose and adventure; the shining streak  
Of sea between the sky and crowded land, protects.  
One can forget how often it is said that  
Towns are spots of strife, struggle,  
Hard success and bitter  
Disillusionment.  
For in the still, cool, mellow air of evening,  
A quiet promise winds through all the linking streets and lives.

PAMELA BYERS, FORM VII A.



### ISLANDS

Cool, calm, unending expanse of green,  
 Broken only by islands, between  
 Which the peaceful channels gently flow,  
 Beloved haven to those who know  
 Their sense of remoteness, communion  
 With God. Serene affinity, union  
 Of land and sea as one creation.  
 No sorrow, grief or lamentation  
 Obscures the everlasting presence  
 Of some profound meaning, the essence  
 Of beauty.

CATHERINE M. FERGUSON, Form V L.

A saxophone player named Lees  
 Ate soap in mistake for some cheese,  
 And when he played,  
 What a queer sight he made  
 Blowing bubbles in six different keys.

PAULINE GRAHAM, Form III L.

### NEWS OF OLD GIRLS

Although it is not customary to poach on the preserves of "The Old Bedan" magazine, the Editors thought members of the school would like to hear news of the following old girls who left quite recently and have taken up interesting careers.

## THE GLAMOUR OF THE STAGE: TWO POINTS OF VIEW

"The glamour of the stage". Don't you believe it. There is very little glamour and a tremendous amount of hard work.

I took acting and singing lessons while I was still at school and occasionally gave performances in and around Sunderland. I remember one particularly terrifying experience: singing a solo at Speech Day. The whole of the Bede Grammar School for Girls was assembled and I was so nervous that I had a piece of paper on which were written the words of the song, "To Music". I sang my solo in due course, occasionally giving a sly glance at the words and was so relieved when it was over that I screwed up the piece of paper in my hands. To everyone's surprise the Head Mistress, Miss Most, announced that she would like to hear me sing again. I had not prepared another song but could not refuse, so I sang the same thing again but this time from memory, for that little piece of paper had been mashed to a pulp in my hot little hands. I had the best report in the whole of my school history that term: it read something like this, "We were very proud of Pat on Speech Day". The usual reports said "Must try harder", "Pat is most lethargic". I regret to say that I was not a brilliant student.

When I left school I worked as a dispenser in my father's chemist shop and two years later I auditioned for, and was accepted by, the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. On leaving R.A.D.A. with an Honours Diploma and a prize for character acting, I thought that work should be easy to obtain. An agent sent me to a few auditions but I was always "Too short", "Too old", "Too young", etc. I managed eventually to play at the Cambridge Arts Theatre and the Windsor Repertory Theatre for a few months, after which, penniless, I took a job dispensing in London.

While I was dispensing I used to travel to work on the bus and often chatted to a lady whom I met each morning at the bus stop. After a few months I decided that the theatre had given me up and accepted a job which this lady offered me. This "job" was a post as a Temporary Executive Officer attached to the Foreign Office. I realised later that our "chats" each morning were like interviews. The work was very interesting and comprised writing letters to and interviewing people, examining Powers of Attorney, Wills, Nationality documents, Letters of Administration and many other types of documents and deeds, all of which were double dutch to me at first.

During the four years I stayed with the Foreign Office, I recommenced my singing studies—one hour per week. In December, 1962 I felt that I needed a change, auditioned for Sadler's Wells chorus and was accepted. A few months later I was asked to play the part of Celia in "Iolanthe" and then Pauline in "La Vie Parisienne" which the company performed at Sunderland last February.

Now, at the ripe old age of 28, I am about to embark on yet another career—marriage. I think that this career will be my last!

I often wonder what would have happened to me had I worked harder at school, though I doubt whether I could have had a more varied, interesting and happy life to date. Even so, I would not advise anyone to take my "Che sera, sera" attitude, as luck has played a vital part in my life.

PAT JACKSON (1946-1953).

At the beginning one can have no idea of what two years at drama school entails. It takes a while for the shock of entirely different surroundings lack of school discipline, coffee bars and cigarettes, to become assimilated. As I look back with pleasure on my private drama lessons, mime lessons and end of term productions (as well as the long, impassioned talks in setting the world right!), I realise that actually drama school doesn't prepare one realistically for life in the theatre.

My first job as assistant stage manager demanded that I could make a good cup of tea, sew on buttons, prompt efficiently, and appeal becomingly to the shopkeepers in Canterbury to loan their valuable goods to dress the stage in return for two complimentary tickets.

My second job asked more of my memory. We performed seventeen plays in eighteen weeks, and as juvenile leading actress, I was in all of the plays; it was exciting and terrifying; the demand made on one was always a little too much.

Theatre is a demanding life, it accepts only total surrender; all one's energies and hopes and ideas must be directed for and to the theatre. In return one can learn to become an actress and one has the joy of knowing, that in however small a way, one belongs to the great stream of artistic life which enlivens man's existence.

MAUREN PURDY (1955-1958).



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## A CAREER IN THE W.R.A.C.

**CAPTAIN JULIE MELVILLE, W.R.A.C.**

I suppose that I decided on a career in the Army in the first place because I wanted to travel. My parents had always travelled a lot and by the time I was ten I had visited most parts of Africa and quite a bit of Asia, so that I developed "itchy feet" from a very early age.

When I joined the WRAC in 1949, it had just become a fully fledged part of the Regular Army, and we were to be the first officer cadets of the newest Corps of the Army. It was all very exciting and we felt we were "making history".

### The N.A.A.F.I. and the Q Stores become real places

After we had passed our Regular Commissioning Board we went to the WRAC School of Instruction. Here, places like the NAAFI and the Quartermaster's Stores, up till now something of a joke, became a reality! We were given everything at the Quartermaster's Stores from pyjamas to our Hartnell designed best uniform—the only Hartnell creation I shall ever possess!

I found our officer cadet course hard work but fascinating. Besides learning about the Army we continued our academic studies, visited various places of interest like the Houses of Parliament and the Old Bailey and learned how to drive a car.

### Commissioning and First Command

After eleven extremely busy months at the Officer Cadet Wing, I was commissioned and sent to command my first platoon of thirty staff car drivers in a Mixed Transport

Unit at Harelow in Middlesex. I was entirely responsible for running the platoon—looking after their pay, accommodation, food, working conditions, general welfare and advising and helping them with their personal problems. I also had to test their driving ability, map reading, and knowledge of London.

There was a very happy spirit in the unit and a lot of friendly rivalry between ourselves and the male platoons as to whose vehicles were the cleanest and best maintained when the monthly workshops inspections came round. We saw to it that the girls nearly always won.

## First Posting Abroad

My next posting was to a similar job with a transport unit stationed at the Headquarters of the British Army in Germany. Besides the British men and women working in this Company, we had two platoons of Poles and two platoons of Germans. There were lots of leave centres where I spent many a happy weekend either skiing in the winter or sailing in the summer. I managed to save enough money to buy an old car and visited France, Spain, Italy, Holland and Denmark during my two year tour.

After a period with the Army Team of Lecturers, I was sent to our Staff College for six months where we were taught about "paper work" rather than about "people". Much to my surprise I passed the course and was graded as a junior Staff Officer able to replace a man in a Staff Headquarters.

## In Command in Hong Kong

Then came my most exciting posting so far. I was sent to command the only WRAC unit in Hong Kong. This was a "plum" job, as I was completely my own boss, the nearest other WRAC unit being some thousand miles away in Singapore. My platoon consisted of clerks, switchboard operators and postal workers. As we were the only servicewomen in the Colony, we were very spoiled by all the male units. It was a lovely unit to command—it was so small it was rather like a family and I got to know my girls very well. I seized the opportunity to visit Japan, Macao, Singapore and Malaya during my holidays.

## Back to England and off to Germany again

After Hong Kong I came home to our only Regular WRAC Battalion in England at Richmond Park, Surrey. I commanded a Company consisting solely of Postal Workers. This was a complete contrast to my Hong Kong job because the girls were shift workers and I had to cope with all the administrative difficulties that go with that type of work. I am now back again in Germany working on the staff of the Joint Army and RAF Commanders-in-Chief. We not only work for them in their capacities as British Commanders, but also in their NATO roles of Commanders of Headquarters Northern Army Group and Second Allied Tactical Air Force. It is fascinating working with the RAF and also with the Netherlands, Belgian and German officers who are members of Northern Army Group and Second Allied Tactical Air Force. Once again I feel that I am watching history being made.

I often wonder where I shall go next. It is a life I enjoy although of course it has had its snags like everything else. I have been given responsibility young, I have had plenty of variety both in the people I have met and the places I have visited and I feel that I am doing a worthwhile job!

If you would like further information about the Women's Royal Army Corps, you can arrange with your Headmistress to visit a W.R.A.C. unit and see the Service at work, or just write for a W.R.A.C. booklet to Brigadier Jean Rivett-Drake, M.B.E., A.D.C., The War Office, Dept. MPLA(OBS/W20), London, S.W.1.

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