



THE BEDAN

1965



You can become a Pharmaceutical Chemist with Boots The Chemists. Four years' training—college and practical—meets your quality. You will find that pharmacy offers a particularly interesting career if you wish to combine a scientific outlook with the desire to serve the community. With Boots you commence at £1,875 p.a. plus bonuses, assured increases and a good pension scheme. There are opportunities, too, in branch management. Find out more about your prospects from the Manager of your local Boots branch. Or write for a copy of 'Pharmacy with Boots The Chemists' to:

Mr. D. G. Scott, M.P.S.
Territorial General Manager
81 Jesmond Road
Newcastle upon Tyne, 2

N.B.—For girls who have studied up to 'O' level standard there are opportunities for training as dispensers.

CHOOSE A CAREER
WITH



THE CHEMISTS

Binns



**FOR THE BEST DRESSED
GIRLS AT SCHOOL!**

Binns are Agents
for Bede
Grammar.

Binns give you that GO-AHEAD feeling — not ONLY in up-to-the-minute fashion — but also in neat school uniforms, designed for their look, comfort and durability.

CAREFREE PARTIES GO BY COACH



I*T doesn't matter a jot what kind of party you are getting up. Or how big it is. Or how small. The most sensible thing you can possibly do is decide to hire a coach.*

Organisation headaches never get a chance to begin when you hand all your party problems over to us. We know how to look after parties. After all, we have been doing so with success for longer than we care to remember.

As for the cost per head, it really is most attractively low. If you don't believe this, ask us for an estimate or tax. Go when you want, where you want — by luxury coach. It pays. Not only in the long run but in the short run too.

**'PHONE, WRITE OR CALL IN—WE'RE READY
RIGHT NOW TO GIVE YOU IMMEDIATE
ATTENTION**

NORTHERN
GENERAL TRANSPORT COMPANY LTD.

112, PILGRIM ST., NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE 1.

Telephone 29905

SPORTS — GAMES
Athletic Equipment
Indoor and Outdoor

WILLIE WATSON SPORTS LTD.
18 NEW ARCADE
SUNDERLAND

TEL. 50323

CASLAW, HAYTER & TATE

LIMITED

FOR OVER 60 YEARS WE HAVE SPECIALISED
IN SCHOOL OUTFITTING

Consult us for all your needs

Regulation

BLAZERS, HATS, PULLOVERS, RAINCOATS, SATCHELS

220 HIGH STREET WEST—SUNDERLAND

Telephone 3338

CONTENTS

Staff and School Officials	5
Editorial	6
Birthday Greetings	6-8
Staff Changes	8
Founders' Day	9
Speech Day	9
Presentation of Junior Certificates	10
Report of School Charities	10-11
The Winston Churchill Memorial Fund (Poem)	11
Student Christian Movement	12
Junior S.C.M.	12
School Savings Group	13
Music Report	13
The Current Events Society	14
The Science Society	14
The Art Club	15
The Photographic Society	15
Geography Outing	15-16
Devonia Cruise	16-17
Tag of War	17-18
Derwent Hill	18-19
The Sunderland/St. Nazaire Exchange Visit	20-21
Twelfth Night	21-22
Careers	22-23
French Lecture	23-24
A Ballet Demonstration	24
The Mock Election	24-25
Examination Results	25-26
Physical Education	26-32
Petition 1964	32-33
Guild of Old Bedans — Competition Essay	34-36
Bede 2040 — Competition Essay	36
Prose and Verse	37-55

BEDE GRAMMAR SCHOOL FOR GIRLS 1964-65

Headmistress	...	Miss Bradbury.
Deputy Head Mistress		Miss Hayton (History).
Form VII A	...	Mrs. Youngs (English).
" VII S	...	Miss Harding (Biology).
" VI A	...	Miss Taylor (French).
" VI S	...	Miss Carlin (Biology).
" VI R	...	Mrs. Bell (Domestic Science).
" V L	...	Miss Heslop (Geography).
" V S	...	Miss Kinch (Mathematics).
" V (i)	...	Mrs. Everett (History).
" V (ii)	...	Miss Duns (German).
" IV L	...	Mr. Cox (Classics).
" IV S	...	Miss Thompson (English and Drama).
" IV (i)	...	Mrs. Watson (French).
" IV (ii)	...	Mr. Rogers (History).
" III L	...	Miss Warren (Classics).
" III S	...	Mr. Nottingham (Scripture).
" III G	...	Miss Bernard (Music). ✓
" III P	...	Miss Wilman (Mathematics).
" II H	...	Miss Milbanke (Needlework).
" II S	...	Mr. Snell (Geography and Economics).
" II N	...	Miss Crone (Art).
" II E	...	Mrs. Dawson (Art).
" I H	...	Miss Lee (French and German).
" I S	...	Mrs. Bryce (Mathematics).
" I N	...	Mrs. Chen (Biology).
" I E	...	Miss Walsh (French and German).

Mr. Almond (Chemistry).

Miss Argyle (Mathematics).

Miss Fall (English).

Mrs. Ford (English).

Mrs. Harper (Domestic Science).

Mr. Hartley (Music).

Mrs. Irving (Physical Education).

Mr. Marshall (English).

Mrs. Neale (English and French).

Mrs. Proud (English).

Mrs. Readman (Geography).

Mrs. Robinson (Classics).

Miss Simpson (Physical Education).

Mrs. Shooter (Geography and English).

Mrs. G. Smith (Scripture).

Mrs. J. Smith (Chemistry).

Mr. Taylor (Physics).

Mrs. Tweedle (Chemistry).

Mrs. Vincent (Physical Education and Mathematics).

Miss Winterbottom (Spanish).

Visiting Staff: Miss Elliott (Violin), Mr. Waller (Violin).

School Secretary: Miss Stewart.

Captain of School: Jean Barnes.

Vice-Captain: Pat Stirling.

EDITORIAL

This year for the fourth time, a committee of seventh formers have co-operated in the production of the magazine. We as editors have undoubtedly profited from this interesting though arduous task.

1965 marks the seventy-fifth anniversary of the school. To celebrate this occasion, birthday greetings from former members of staff have been included and entries were invited for a special competition on the subject "Bede seventy-five years hence". What we found rather disturbing about many of these essays was that behind the glamorous facade of a machine-age, material paradise, they reflected a clearly prevalent view of education as a process of accumulating facts rather than as an essential development of the mind itself and of the ability to use and interpret knowledge.

Our special thanks must go to Miss Bradbury, Mrs. Youngs, Miss Fall and the seventh form English groups for all their help in the production of this year's "Bedan". We should like to thank the staff and girls of the Art Department for their pleasing illustrations and we are indebted to Jacqueline Henzell for the design on the cover. Finally, our thanks are due to the many girls who submitted prose and verse contributions.

MARY FRANCIS | Editors.
GLENNIS GORDON |

The Printer regrets that owing to untoward circumstances it has not been possible to print the lino-cuts. He tenders his apology for the omission, most especially to those scholars who produced them.

SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

One of the happiest things about birthdays is to receive greetings from our friends and so to know that they are thinking about us and wishing us well.

As we prepare to celebrate the seventy-fifth birthday of our school on 28th April, it has been a great joy to receive greetings from some former members of staff and from the Guild of Old Bedans. We thank them not only for their present thoughts and good wishes but also for the part they played over the years in creating "the Bede" and establishing the traditions which we cherish and seek worthily to uphold.

E.J.B.

I remember with love, gratitude and pride the teachers, men and women, who were the girls' friends. I remember the girls who, though laughter-loving, were determined to succeed in life; and their parents, identified with the school, whose generosity was boundless. I believe that seventy-five years of effort, directed to great achievements and crowned with success deserve celebration. I know that the Sunderland Bede Girls' Grammar School has made its mark on past generations. I pray that it may be left to advance with grace to influence the future, and to have many more years of happy life.

WINIFRED J. E. MOUL
(Headmistress 1934-59).

After more than thirty years as a teacher at Bede Collegiate Girls' School I am glad to send a greeting on its seventy-fifth anniversary.

Many hundreds of children passed through my hands and I have many happy memories.

May Bede School flourish and grow, living up to its old traditions.

D. S. ARKLE (1914-45).

I first met Bede Girls' School when she was twenty-seven. Staff and girls alike were imbued with a strong sense of responsibility and freedom, and were happy, friendly, and enthusiastic in all that concerned their common life. This life gave to Bedans much of lasting and imponderable value, made them proud of their name and led them in their turn to give loyal service to their school and to the world outside. Now, growing old, Bede School looks to Bedans of today to enjoy with humble pride their fine tradition and to pass it on, pure and unbroken, "to those who shall take their place". Thus, surely will she have what I wish for her, a happy seventy-fifth birthday and a future worthy of her past.

ELSPETH R. SHEARER (1918-43).

It is with pride that I, a past Deputy Head of this school, write to celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary of the school's birthday.

From its very beginning, its achievements have been notable in every branch of learning, so that its reputation is good, not only locally, but throughout the land.

There is hardly a country to visit where there is not an old Bedan in a position of responsibility, and power, through prowess in Science, Literature and Art in its widest sense. In sport, too, their success has been remarkable.

The very loyalty and affection for the school is evident from the flourishing Old Bedans' Association, and one feels the good influence which radiates from the past Bedans who attend the various meetings of the Association.

May it long remain to carry on the good work, and not have its individuality submerged in a Comprehensive School.

K. I. F. LLOYD, (1907-45).

My warmest greetings to the staff and girls of Bede Grammar School on the occasion of the seventy-fifth birthday of the school. May the girls continue to maintain the high tradition of the school in both work and play.

K. M. CARRICK (1936-61).

The Guild of Old Bedans welcomes this opportunity of sending greetings to the school on the occasion of its seventy-fifth birthday.

The fact that, as our President, Miss Bradbury shares a real and practical interest in the Guild, forges a link with present Bedans. We number among our members some of the very first Bedans of seventy years ago and we are always glad when very new Old Bedans join us. May their loyalty and affection to our School continue throughout the years to come.

(Guild of Old Bedans).

STAFF CHANGES

Valere.

Mrs. M. Smith (Easter 1964), Miss Azagra, Miss Donkin, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Sherill, Mrs. Wilkinson (Summer 1964), Mrs. Rutherford, Mrs. Moss, Mrs. Todd, Miss Carter (Christmas 1964), Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. G. Smith (Easter 1965).

Salvete.

Mrs. Robinson (Easter 1964), Mr. Almond, Miss Argyle, Miss Simpson, Miss Thompson, Mrs. Vincent, Miss Warren, Miss Winterbottom (Summer 1964), Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Shooter, Mrs. Tweddle (Christmas 1964), Mrs. Montgomerie (Easter 1965).

FOUNDERS' DAY

Founders' Day celebrations for the School's 75th Anniversary were held on Thursday, April 29th, 1965.

Communion services at Thornhill Methodist Church and Bishopwearmouth Church preceded the Joint Commemoration Service held in Bishopwearmouth. The service was conducted by the Rev. R. Grey, curate of Bishopwearmouth and the preacher was the Rural Dean, Canon C. H. G. Hopkins, who spoke about the problem of searching for truth, and Christian living. The anthem, "Judge Eternal" by Marchant, was sung by the Schools' combined choir.

In the afternoon a School Party was held, during which the birthday cake candle was lit by Miss K. L. F. Lloyd, one of the first Bedans, and several members of staff gave us reminiscences of their long associations with the School. The celebrations were concluded by a concert given by the Seventh Forms.

JEAN BARNES.

SPEECH DAY

Speech Day for the year 1963-4 was held on Thursday, 19th November, 1964, in the Empire Theatre. In the absence of Councillor E. Armstrong, M.P., his deputy, Alderman J. Tweddle, Vice-Chairman of the Education Committee, presided. The evening commenced with the singing of the School Song and an address by Ald. Tweddle.

Miss Bradbury gave her report concerning the numerous activities and achievements of the School during the past year. "The Song of Momus to Mars" by William Boyce and "The Ship of Rio" by Benjamin Britten were sung by the Junior Choir.

We were addressed by the Very Reverend E. H. Patey, Dean of Liverpool, in a most stimulating manner. He urged us to extend our interests and to guard against the dangers of being "boxed-in" within the narrow confines of our own subjects.

The Senior Choir sang "Milkmaids" by Warlock and "Young Love lies Sleeping" by Somervell. After the Revd. Dean had presented the certificates, prizes and awards for the year, the proceedings were concluded with a vote of thanks proposed by Mr. Crozier, a member of the Education Committee and seconded by Jean Barnes, the School Captain.

JEAN BARNES.

DISTRIBUTION OF CERTIFICATES AND AWARDS for the Year 1963-4

On the afternoon of Monday, 16th November, 1964 (the Monday preceding Speech Day), the distribution of certificates and awards took place in the School Hall. Miss Bradbury took the chair and Mr. Berriman, the Chairman of the P.T.A. was the Guest Speaker. After he had presented the certificates, Mr. Berriman said, in his interesting talk, that this is "a great time to be alive". A vote of thanks was proposed by Marjorie Baillie, Form II N.

MARJORIE BAILLIE, Form II N.

REPORT ON SCHOOL CHARITIES

Every term the Charities Committee meets to decide upon a programme of appeals. This is no easy matter, for there are innumerable causes deserving of help, and it takes time and thought to balance the needs of children the world over, against the needs of handicapped children in Sunderland; to keep in mind the hunger and poverty in under-developed countries while trying to relieve the distress of the sick and disabled in our own country.

In the course of the past year gifts to charities have been made as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Oxfam	11	0	0
"Save the Children" Fund	10	0	0
Dr. Barnado's Homes	7	0	0
The National Children's Homes	6	0	0
Mentally Handicapped Children in Sunderland	5	0	0
Deaf Children in Sunderland	9	0	0
Thalidomide Babies' Fund	10	0	0
Missions to Seamen (Sunderland Branch)	8	10	0
The British Red Cross Society	4	0	0
Muscular Dystrophy Research	6	0	0
Cancer Research	10	10	0
The British Diabetic Association	8	0	0
The Marie Curie Homes	7	10	0
Northumberland & Durham Mission to the Deaf and Dumb	4	10	0
British Commonwealth Association for the Blind	7	10	0
Spastics (by sale of Christmas Seals)	4	10	0
Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society	7	0	0

As in former years, we supported the scheme for distributing food parcels at Christmas to the needy old people of Sunderland; and thanks to the generosity of Parents, a handsome collection of groceries, sweets and other items was distributed through the Old People's Association, the Meals on Wheels Service, and the Guild of Old Bedans Social Service Committee.

In March 1965, a special appeal on behalf of the Churchill Memorial Fund resulted in £60 being collected and Jean Barnes, as School Captain, had the pleasure of presenting the cheque personally to the Mayor, on behalf of the School.

D. M. WILMAN.
A. KINCH.

THE WINSTON CHURCHILL MEMORIAL FUND

On Monday, March 22nd, Miss Carlin and five representatives of the Sixth and Seventh Forms were invited to the Mayor's Parlour, where they were entertained to coffee and the Mayor was very pleased to receive the cheque for £60 — the school's contribution to the Winston Churchill Memorial Fund. Miss Carlin had previously made a most moving appeal to the school, the response to which was immediate and generous.

BRENDA YOUNGHUSBAND (Form VII Arts).

A TRIBUTE TO SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL

By God's good grace
With Sir Winston Churchill we were blessed:
Where would we be today if he had not possessed
The character well shown within his face?

His square and jutting jaw,
Showed well his great resolve,
By his great powers, to deal with and to solve
All our problems which he foresaw.

Do we not betray him,
By our great lack of zeal
To make our country great, whose destiny he did seal?
Therefore let us not betray him.

JOSEPHINE COSLEY, IV So.

STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

The S.C.M. has continued to hold regular weekly meetings. During the Autumn term we had a series of talks on "Social Work". These included a talk about the teaching of the blind and a visit to the Blind Institute Workshops; a film about the National Children's Home entitled "Who Cares?" followed by a talk and discussion concerning their work; and a talk on the mentally deficient and criminally insane.

During the Spring term we had a programme varying from talks by an Anglican Nun and a Rabbi to a discussion and questions evening on Methodist-Anglican Unity.

We also attended two S.C.M. Conferences. The sixth form conference in March was held at Ryhope Grammar School. The theme of this conference was "Is Christianity Necessary?" and the speaker was Mr. Donald Maxwell. The Twenty-first Anniversary Festival was held at Durham, the conference being preceded by a service in Old Elvet Methodist Church conducted by Mr. Mark Gibbs, from Manchester. The topic for discussion was "The Moral Confusion Today" and the introduction was given by Rev. Canon Bryan Green. Both conferences were well attended and enjoyed by all.

In the past year we have given donations to Cancer Research and to the United Society for Christian Literature. The former was collected immediately before Christmas when the boys' and the girls' societies joined together and went Carol Singing. The latter was raised from the sale of fruit at the Harvest Festival.

We have had a profitable year, and membership has improved. A warm welcome will be given to anyone who is interested.

JEAN CARSE, VII 5 (Secretary).

JUNIOR STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

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

When the School Harvest Festival was held, members assisted in the collection and sale of the harvest gifts. In the Autumn Term we rehearsed a Christmas play entitled "Light is Come", but unfortunately were unable to perform it for an audience. Throughout the year members held several interesting discussions and quizzes which were enjoyed by all.

The Junior Student Christian Movement express their thanks to Mrs. G. Smith for her invaluable help in all their activities.

MARGORIE BAILLIE, Form II N.

SAVINGS GROUP

The School Savings Group has grown somewhat this last year, mainly in the lower forms. It is to be hoped that this interest in saving is maintained. The gross total saved in the year 1964-5 was £890.

MUSIC REPORT

This year music has continued to play an important part in the life of the school.

As usual, the choirs have taken part in various school activities. The combined choirs, under the direction of Mr. Kirk, sang the anthem "Round about the starry throne" by Handel at the Founders' Day service in April, 1964. The Senior Choir under the direction of Miss Bernard, and the Junior Choir under Mr. Hartley, sang on Speech Day and also at the Carol Service in which Dorothy Nelson sang the "Magnificat" and a seventh form group sang the carol "O Little One Sweet". The school orchestra accompanied the singing of the Carols.

The highlight of the choirs' year was the annual concert which took place on 6th April, 1965. The combined choirs under the direction of Miss Bernard, sang Dvorák's "Stabat Mater" and Bach's "Jesus, Priceless Treasure". The Madrigal Group, directed by Mr. Kirk, sang a selection of five madrigals. Isobel Moor, a member of the Seventh form, was the alto soloist in the "Stabat Mater".

The school orchestra, which has continued with its practices throughout the year, and the Madrigal Group provided musical items in an entertainment towards the end of the Summer term.

This year saw the second of the Burns's Lectures when Dr. Chalmers Burns gave an interesting talk on the composer R. Vaughan Williams.

In February we were fortunate to receive a visit from a string quartet drawn from the Sadler's Wells orchestra who played items by a varied selection of composers.

BARBARA WILSON, VII ARTS.

MARY BEARMAN, VII ARTS.

CURRENT EVENTS SOCIETY

The Society, under the guidance of Miss Hayton, Mrs. Everett and Mr. Marshall, has continued to meet on a Tuesday after school and has enjoyed the warmth of the cookery room and its tea making facilities, especially after the recent temporary banishment to the cold comfort of Room Five.

Discussions have ranged from teenage problems to world peace, from the remodelling of Sunderland to the setting to right of the world. The group with the ease of those free from real responsibility has settled all those problems which defeat the statesmen of the world.

BARBARA C. WILKINSON, VII S.

SCIENCE SOCIETY

At the Annual General Meeting of the Science Society which was held on September 10th, the Officials were elected. Miss Bradbury again consented to be President. This year's Chairman is Mrs. Chen; the Vice-Chairman, Dorothy Nelson; Secretary, Christine Callum and Treasurer, Grace Purvis.

At the September meeting a party of girls attended a lecture on "Cold" given by Professor Curtis at Newcastle University, Newcastle upon Tyne.

In October, according to custom, the officials, Dorothy Nelson, Christine Callum and Grace Purvis, each gave a short talk to the Society. The topics chosen were:—History of Medicine, Modern Research in Grafting, and Hypnosis.

The November meeting was addressed by Mr. Horrell whose talk, entitled "Extinction" was illustrated by various rock specimens and fossils.

In December, Mr. Oliver, Head of the Pharmacy Department at Sunderland Technical College, gave a lecture entitled, "The brain and how it works" and Mr. Dartnell, Assistant Curator at Sunderland Museum, addressed the February meeting.

Dr. Crone from the Pathological Department of Havelock Hospital addressed the March meeting on "Immunology and Individualism" which was extremely interesting.

The present officials wish the Society a successful year in 1965-66.

GRACE PURVIS (Treasurer).

THE ART CLUB

The Art Club has met regularly each Friday night under the supervision of Miss Crone. This year its usual activities of drawing, painting and handicraft work have been extended to include lessons in pottery and visits to the local art gallery to view current exhibitions. Mrs. Dawson's first form Craft, as well as doing handicrafts and bookbinding, held a competition on "Costume through the Ages". These societies encourage girls to experiment in activities outside the scope of ordinary lessons and although its work is little publicised, it continues to promote a keen interest in Art and Craft.

MARY FRANCIS, Form VII A.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

The Photographic Society has increased both its membership and its range of activities over the past year.

The outing to Swaledale at the end of the Summer Term provided negatives for enlarging throughout the Autumn Term and 1965 saw the beginning of a new project: a film of the school. The Society also arranged a musical background for Mr. Snell's film of the Devonian Cruise shown to the P.T.A. in October.

The P.T.A. has been most generous in buying a new school camera and film, so our film record of school activities is now well under way.

PAT STIRLING (Secretary).

SCHOOL GEOGRAPHY OUTING

On Friday, July 10th, 1964, about seventy girls and four members of staff set out from Park Lane on the annual geography outing, the object of which was to see some Karst topography.

We drove to Richmond where we stopped for about half an hour. We then continued our way up Swaledale, over the Buttertubs Pass, and on to Hawes where we stopped for lunch.

After lunch we made for Ingleton and arrived at White Scar Caves on the slopes of Ingleborough. There had been recent heavy rain on the hills, so we were advised to wear raincoats in the caves to protect us from dripping water. After dividing into two

parties, each accompanied by an official guide, we were taken half a mile inside the cave and saw two underground waterfalls, the noise of which was deafening due to the added water after the rain. We also saw numerous stalactites and stalagmites many of which were named after people and objects they resembled, such as Buddha, an elephant and George Bernard Shaw.

The cave was lit by electric lights and everyone was wondering what we would do if they went out, when suddenly this happened and we were plunged into total darkness. Fortunately the lights came back the next moment.

On the way home, we stopped at Hardraw Scar and were able to walk behind the waterfall. Standing behind it looking through the water, one could see many beautiful rainbows.

We then drove down Wensleydale, stopping on the way to buy some local butter and cheese, to Leyburn, where we had tea. About eight p.m. we arrived back at Sanderland.

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

MAVIS SIDNEY.

THE 'DEVONIA' CRUISE — JUNE 1964

The "Devonia", formerly the troopship "Devonshire", is a 12,800 ton vessel which has been converted into a school ship to take hundreds of children on educational voyages to various parts of the world. Our cruise was to the Baltic Sea to visit Norway, Denmark, Poland, and then through the Kiel Canal to Heligoland.

Oslo, we found, was a very modern, clean city. We almost stepped off the ship onto the roadside. In Oslo we had an educational visit to see Vigeland's Park, the Kon-Tiki raft, the Fram and some Viking ships. We also saw the famous Holmenkollen ski-jump where important events are held once a year. The visit to Norway seemed short but I am sure that we had learnt a lot.

Copenhagen was the next port of call and this again was a clean city. After shopping in the morning we went sight-seeing on a coach tour in the afternoon, visiting Amalienborg Palace, the King's residence, Rosenborg Palace, the Little Mermaid and the famous Tivoli Gardens which contain a boating lake, fair-ground, restaurants, music halls and many gift and souvenir shops. I

noticed that many of the Danish children wore clogs which looked quite uncomfortable and not very protective if it started to rain. Feeling rather green, after experiencing the Danish "Big Dipper", we returned to the ship in taxis.

The ship herself must not be forgotten, because life on board was just as much fun as going ashore. Activities during the day consisted of deck games, swimming, table tennis, editing the ship's newspaper, photography, chess, sunbathing and many other things. I had visions of boring lessons but instead, illustrated lectures were given on the ports we were to visit. At night we had many dances or films, and the younger children had sing-songs. Once there was a fun-fair in which great sums of money could be won, and a fancy dress parade caused great hilarity.

Gdynia and Heligoland were both bombed heavily in the war, but Heligoland is now a really modern little island, though, as it is so small, it has no transport. Gdynia has not yet recovered and is still quite a poor city but the singing and dancing at the "Palace of Polish Youth" was very entertaining.

All too soon the cruise ended and before we knew it we were back at grey Tyne Dock, with lots of news to tell our families and friends.

I am sure that all the girls who went on the cruise want to thank Miss Heslop, Mrs. Rutherford, and Mr. & Mrs. Snell for all their help in making the voyage so enjoyable.

JANE HOLLAND, IV S.

THE 'DEVONIA' CRUISE — TUG-OF-WAR

It was sports day on the good ship "Devonia". This was the day when all the muscular young Hercules aboard the ship were presented with the chance of showing their strength to admiring girl friends in the tug-of-war contest. The younger boys' and girls' chance to shine in sport came with deck hockey matches; but what about us? We, the girls of the fourteen years and onwards age group, tried to console ourselves over the lunch table by telling one another we did not really want to dash about playing deck hockey and we certainly did not want to disgrace ourselves in a tug-of-war contest. No! We would just relax in deck-chairs and watch everybody else running around making a fool of himself or herself.

Just as we were leaving the dining-hall an announcement came over the Tannoy inviting any girls' dormitory which wished to partake in a girls' tug-of-war contest to arrange a team and report to the sports square.

Our dormitory, Grenfell, never being one to resist a challenge, managed to scrape together eight girls willing enough to lead or try to lead the name of Grenfell to the great heights of being renowned as the strongest, or perhaps the heaviest, girls' dormitory aboard ship.

A coach, that was our next demand. Now who could possibly coach us in tug-of-war routine. Of course! Who else but Mr. Snell? Here our team would like to take the opportunity of thanking Mr. Snell without whose invaluable assistance anything could have happened!

The first two teams Grenfell pulled against they beat easily by two straight pulls and were beginning to feel most confident when they came up against the rest of the Bode contingent representing Gilbert dormitory. This was Grenfell's hardest pull but they managed to win the third and decisive pull thus winning through to the final.

Now the honour of Sunderland as well as that of Grenfell was at stake. The Finchley team must not beat us. After much struggling, puffing, panting, shouting, heaving and hauling, Sunderland and Grenfell eventually won through to win the girls' tug-of-war title.

JEAN TAYLOR, Form IV Sc.

DERWENT HILL

During the week October 10th—16th, a party of V, VI and VII form girls, accompanied by Mrs. Harper and Mr. Snell, visited Derwent Hill. This is a beautiful old house, now owned by Sunderland Corporation, at Portinscale near Keswick.

The purpose of our visit was to combine a holiday and physical exercise with a study of the glacial features, their subsequent changes and economic effects in the Lake District, a typical highland area.

An arrival, having established our possessions in our respective bedrooms, we all walked into Keswick to accustom our feet to the unusual stiffness of climbing boots.

The following day, we were introduced to that notorious mid-day meal, the Derwent Hill lunch-packet, which consists of peanuts, raisins, one orange, one oatcake and a small bar of chocolate. (It must be said in defence that this constitutes a substantial meal, especially when subsidised by biscuits, potato-crisps etc.) We caught the bus to the Lodore Hotel, and climbed the steep cliff

beside the falls. Having rested a while to enjoy the glorious view of Derwentwater, we followed the course of Watendlath Beck, to its source in the tarn. During the afternoon, we climbed back into the Derwent Valley and followed the River Derwent to Grange, where we again caught the bus back to Keswick.

A short time each evening was devoted to discussion and instruction about the geography of the area, with reference to the features seen that particular day.

Monday, October 12th, was a more strenuous day. Having bused to Seatoller, we walked to the top of Honister Pass (motorists familiar with the road please note the operative word). We climbed Dalehead Crag, which commanded an excellent view of Newlands Valley, and walked back along Cat Bells to Keswick. The same evening, Mr. Snell and ten girls attended a slide-show of the area, in Keswick.

Tuesday was "canoe-day", when those able to swim went canoeing on the lake under the supervision of Mr. Collighan, an instructor. This incident had its usual minor mishaps but was thoroughly enjoyed by all. The weather became rather stormy and descriptions of the scene by those concerned were reminiscent of "Robinson Crusoe". Non-swimmers visited Keswick Museum, climbed Friar's Crag and recuperated in "The Barn" coffee shop.

Our next excursion was to Grasmere. We walked to Easedale Tarn in the morning and spent the afternoon in walking round the lake. Eight girls climbed Red Bank, a taxing but most rewarding experience.

Our last, full day, (that of the General Election), saw us divided into two parties; one, accompanied by Mr. Snell, climbed Causey Pike; the other party consisted of small groups doing independent surveys of the Derwent Valley. Isobel Moor and Mr. Collighan succeeded in conquering Scafell Pike. The evening was spent singing around the fire.

On October 16th we sadly (despite our blisters) returned to Sunderland.

We were very fortunate in enjoying exceptionally good weather for the time of year. The week was basically dry and warm and, although autumn mornings in the Lake District are characteristically misty, Thursday was the only day on which light fog was any hindrance to vision.

Thanks are due to Mrs. Harper and Mr. Snell who, with the staff of Derwent Hill, helped to make it such a thoroughly enjoyable and memorable week.

SANDRA DOONEY, Form V S.

“... TO SEE OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US”

The Sunderland/Saint Nazaire Exchange Visit

One would never think that such ordinary everyday things as toast-and-marmalade, coal fires, or zebra-crossings would be strange and fascinating to a visitor from abroad. Yet it was so with Chantal. Not that this was her first visit from Saint Nazaire; no—this was the second time she had crossed the Channel and braved the horrors of British Railways in order to stay three weeks on Wearside. The North End of the station was not perhaps the ideal place for a reunion, but it did not daunt her spirits, and the holiday began in a typically English way with a run for a double-decker bus whose destination seemed like all the others, to be “Shop at Binns”. Binns—another of those fascinations, like the toast, the coal-fires, and the zebra-crossings. All were encountered and wondered at in the first few days of the vacation. Now toast is a thing very rarely eaten in France, or at least in Chantal’s household—which constitutes an excellent excuse for eating at least four slices every morning. Coal fires are rather ugly, and certainly create a lot of work, but they are useful for toasting. Zebra-crossings are a different matter. Oh, the feeling of power and superiority when the traffic stops to allow one to pass! The English are so polite—and the bus conductors call you such nice names; “pet” and “love”, and “chick”. Thus was Chantal’s vocabulary increased—no doubt to the horror of her English master in Saint-Nazaire, who had already encountered, after her last visit, such colloquial gems as “scaddin ‘ot” and “scumfished”.

Binns was already established in her mind as the store in Sunderland. Did you want a post-card? “Chop at Beens”. Were you looking for a coat? or a box of matches? or a hat? “Chop at Beens”. Had the store in question been more alert in its advertising department, it would have seized upon this efficient and voluble propagandist.

Binns was almost synonymous with buses, with their large and inevitable slogan “Shop at Binns”. And buses meant bus tickets. Collect bus-tickets and you had undeniable proof of the way these mad English people use buses. A bus to the town, (“treppeny please”); a bus to school (“sroe ‘alfpenny please”—more difficult); a bus to Seaburn (“fyfe penny please”). Most of them were green, some red. But every one said “Chop at Beens”.

If further proof were necessary to convince her that Britons are mad, she soon found it. First of all there was tennis. Having tennis-courts in public parks was a very good idea, but the style these English have! Crouching low, swaying from side to side and leaping about the court not caring a bit what they looked like.

Now the French; for them tennis is an art. (*C'est comme le ballet, tu vois*), and the movements are graceful, full of beauty and suppleness. So they are not such good players as the English? *Eh bien! cela ne fait rien!*

What with tennis, and then this business of bowls: "Does your father win many spoons, Christine? Your Mother, does she wait long for her spoons?" Awkward questions like these did not particularly improve father's prowess at the ancient game. But remarks such as "Your father is beautiful, no? when he plays the bowls?" may have restored his ego.

Buses, tennis, bowls — was there anything else needed to prove how mad the Anglo-Saxon race could be? Only one thing, perhaps. The extraordinary antics of those girls at Bede. Dressing up, and performing many strange and curious things on the stage. And in front of the Headmistress! And — the final proof — that the staff should do the same!

It was proved conclusively, then, that the English were mad. Not so the French! They only go to the swimming-baths, wearing their bathing-costume under skirt and lace-work blouse, and, once well-immersed in the water, inform their pen-friends that they have forgotten certain very necessary articles of clothing, and, — "how are they please to go home?"

It is probably not apparent so far—but the visit did have its more serious side. There were visits to York and Durham, and other places of interest, and frequent afternoons spent on the beach at Roker and Seaburn, (even if the sea was icy, and the sun rarely shining). Of more importance was our meeting Konstanze Damianos, an Austrian girl visiting England for the first time. English, French, Austrian—and my cousins from Canada: what a lesson in international co-operation! It was indeed the unspectacular things we did together—playing tennis, going to the beach, and eating toast at breakfast—that will, I am sure, be what Chantal remembers most of her holiday in Sunderland.

CHRISTINE PHILLIPS, Form VII A.

TWELFTH NIGHT

The cast was selected from pupils of the Boys' and Girls' Schools in July by the producer, Mr. Watson, and rehearsals began the following September. These took place after school in the girls' hall every Monday and Wednesday and during the holidays of October, January and February.

While the cast were rehearsing, volunteers from the Art Department of the Boys' School were planning and constructing the set, under the supervision of Mr. Jolly; in the Girls' School, Miss Carlin was searching for facts about the fashions of the age. Having gathered together all her information and materials, she began to make the costumes. She was ably assisted in her task by girls of different forms in the school. At a meeting with the mothers of the boys of the cast, she instructed them in the making of their son's costumes.

By the beginning of February, the producer was satisfied that the play was almost ready for an audience. The music had been composed by Mr. Kirk and the musicians began to take an active part in rehearsals. During the half-term holiday, full scale rehearsals took place, the set was erected and everyone began to realise just how close the first performance really was.

The dress rehearsal took place on Friday, March 5th and was attended by members of the press. The final adjustments were made; the members of the cast were left to read over their parts and grow anxious about the coming week of performances.

At five minutes to seven on the 5th of March, the cast, having been expertly made up by Miss Thompson, Mrs. Walton, Mr. Shrimpton and Mr. Longstaff, were assembled in the make-up room where they received words of advice and encouragement from their producer. The performance started promptly at fifteen minutes past seven and in a very short time it was over.

By the end of the week, performances were running smoothly and everyone was relieved, yet very sorry when the curtains were closed for the last time. Our success was due to the support of the pupils and their parents of the Bede Schools. For this—we thank you.

ROSALIND OLSENBERG.

CAROL LEWORTHY.

CAREERS

On May 14th, 1964, Mr. Venus, a representative from L.C.I. at Billingham visited school. Mr. Venus came to speak to any girls from the senior forms who were interested in Science as a career. His talk was illustrated with coloured slides of the laboratories at Billingham. The vote of thanks was proposed by Eileen Williams of form V 5.

A careers evening was held on Thursday, February 18th, 1965, where Miss Bradbury acting as Chairman introduced Captain E. M. Seckerson W.R.A.C., Mrs. Hall and Mr. Oliver, B. Pharm., B.Sc., F.P.S., A.C.T.

Captain Seckerson of the W.R.A.C. gave a most interesting talk on the prospects for girls leaving school at the ages of 16 and 18 with G.C.E. qualifications. She pointed out the advantages of such a career with its opportunities to travel.

Mrs. Hall from the Humbleton Mentally Handicapped Centre explained her important, rewarding and satisfying task of educating mentally handicapped children. Great patience is required in such a career, as the children, often having the mentality of somewhat younger children, practise their games for seven months in preparation for their Christmas party. Mrs. Hall invited girls to visit Humbleton Centre.

Mr. Oliver, principal of the School of Pharmacy in Sunderland explained how in this age of discovering new drugs, Pharmacy was becoming extremely important. He also invited girls interested in Pharmacy to visit the Pharmacy department in Sunderland Technical College.

Miss Duns, the careers mistress, proposed a vote of thanks after which the three visitors gladly received any individual questions from the girls and parents present.

This informal questioning concluded a most successful evening and many thanks are given to the P.T.A. who made this evening possible.

KATHLEEN SHIPLEY.

EILEEN WILLIAMS.

Form VI S.

A FRENCH LECTURE

On May 28th, the sixth form French groups of both the Boys' and the Girls' Schools, welcomed Madame Langhorne, who had come to lecture on seventeenth century French literature. The greater part of the lecture was in French, but Madame Langhorne found it easier to explain some of her points in English. She gave us an interesting comparison between the works of Racine and Corneille, pointing out that whereas Racine's style was varied and interesting, Corneille's style was in some ways even more striking

because of its greater ability to be adapted in everyday French. Madame Langhorne also gave us an amusing description of the "salons" and the people who frequented them. After a most informative and interesting lecture, a vote of thanks was ably proposed in French by Brian Kirtley.

ANTHEA MENCHOM.

BRENDA YOUNGHUSBAND.
Form VII A.

A BALLET DEMONSTRATION

The visit of Mr. Franklin White, of the Royal Ballet, during March, was a memorable occasion.

He provided an enthralling insight into the world of ballet by demonstrating some of the exacting gymnastic techniques involved, and the way in which dancers communicate through movement.

The school looked forward with interest to Mr. White's television appearance in Stravinski's "The Firebird".

D.N.

THE MOCK ELECTION

Bedans, who, several years hence, will form part of Britain's electorate, were given a foretaste of party political conflict when a mock election was held in school, in October 1964.

Under Miss Hayton's direction, the election was organised to simulate as closely as possible the conditions of the General Election. Jean Barnes, Returning Officer to the Borough of Bedeborough, published the Chancellor's command to hold an election, and announced the appointment of four candidates. Labour, Liberal and Conservative parties were represented by Jean Leithes, Lesley Binks and Dorothy Nelson, whilst Diane Bindman inaugurated the Women's Independent Party, whose policy of emancipation of women was close to many hearts.

Election addresses were issued by all four candidates, and meetings were held during lunch hours. The enthusiasm of the electorate was reflected in the colourful posters which covered the walls almost completely.

The week preceding polling day was one of intensive campaigning by all candidates, three of whom were supported by visits from local parliamentary candidates. Mr. Campbell Wardlaw, Liberal

candidate for South Shields, Mr. Paul Williams, Conservative candidate for Sunderland South and Mr. Gordon Bagier, Labour candidate and now M.P. for Sunderland South, generously afforded time at the height of their own campaigns to address meetings and answer questions.

The election resulted in a Conservative victory with the Labour and Liberal candidates polling the second and third highest numbers of votes. The Women's Independent candidate succeeded in keeping her deposit.

All who were concerned with the election are grateful to the school for their interest and support, and particularly to Miss Hayton for her invaluable advice and guidance.

DOROTHY NELSON.

EXAMINATION RESULTS

In July 1964, the following girls were successful in the University of Durham examinations of the General Certificate of Education:—

Advanced Level—

Catherine Beane, Shelagh Buchanan, Pamela Byers, Angela Charlton, Barbara Cleminson, Jean Davis, Barbara Gilchrist, Susan Goldie, Carolyn Hodgson, Judith Hunter, Glenda Lawson, Valerie Livingstone, Ann Loutit, Sheila McCree, Irene Makel, Lynda Marshall, Susan Nell, Pamela Pickering, Valerie Rountree, Christine Sanderson, Carole Scott, Sandra Svenson, Anne Trimby, Sheila Batty, Barbara Birbeck, Pauline Bulmer, Norah Carr, Diane Davison, Lorraine Evans, Patricia Fielding, Patricia Fletcher, Elizabeth Goodson, Sheila Graham, Vivienne Greener, Gaynor Jones, Marjorie Miller, Sandra Morgan, Marjorie Patterson, Pauline Peters, Sheridan Robinson, Jean Rough, Joan Samuelson, Lesley Sharpen, Kathleen Stafford, Marilyn Statton, Elizabeth Stevenson, June Thompson, Christine Callum, Doris Hornsby, Kathleen Hudson, Carole Kemp, Joyce Robertson.

Ordinary Level—

Gillian Bearpark, Jacqueline Beston, Hazel Burgham, Sandra Davidson, Catherine Ferguson, Susan Gatenby, Margaret Hetherington, Sheila Hewins, Pauline Hill, Jennifer Randolph, Margaret Hodgson, Barbara Hopwood, Brenda Howard, Hilary Keenlyside, Lynda Knowles, Barbara Landau, Marie Lee, Ruth Levine, Carol

Leworthy, Patricia Murray, Pamela Race, Susan Redfern, Anne Sice, Mavis Sidney, Jean Storey, Susan Taylor, Kathleen Thompson, Carol Turner, Kathleen Walker, Hazel Watson, Gail Welsh, Pauline Adey, Janet Barber, Catherine Brown, Jean Brown, Valerie Cowen, Susan Gray, Linda Gunning, Jean Hall, Jayne Horrell, Margaret Jackson, Elizabeth Keeler, Kathleen Lister, Gail Mincovitch, Rosalind Osberg, Elaine Pearlman, Joan Peters, Sheila Peterson, Angela Porter, Diane Shapiro, Kathleen Shipley, Winifred Small, Dorothy Snowball, Brenda Stockley, June Swinhoe, Mary Tulip, Lesley Washington, Carol Watson, Gillian Waugh, Eileen Williams, Sheila Wilson, Judith Wright, Eileen Addison, Sheila Airey, Patricia Anderson, Diane Cooke, Lilian Cowans, Jean Ditchburn, Mary Douglas, Pamela Ellis, Susan Fenwick, Margaret Graham, Judith Henderson, Lynne Hephlewhite, Carol Hill, Dorothy Hunter, Carole Johnson, Dorothy Logan, Jennifer Logan, Valerie Lough, Jennifer McGuire, Patricia McLaren, Janice Middleton, Pamela Muncaster, Kathleen Munday, Catherine Mutch, Judith Pescod, Terry Ramsay, Margaret Reah, Hazel Reay, Jeanette Robertson, Maureen Rutter, June Taylor, Brenda Atkinson, Marjorie Blenkinsop, Patricia Booth, Linda Carr, Brenda Cowie, Ann Davidson, Judith Dorward, Pamela Dryden, Linda Gibson, Bronia Gordon, Barbara Hall, Ellen Hood, Laura Keidan, Ann Kemp, Linder Kirkhouse, Kristen Lowes, Moira McGowley, Ann Middlemist, Christine Miller, Margaret Mushens, Patricia Overend, Linda Percy, Janet Reed, Linda Robinson, June Rowell, Jacqueline Sharkey, Faga Warents, Sheila Wood.

HOCKEY REPORT

The school hockey teams enjoyed a very successful 1964-65 season. This season Mrs. Vincent took over the coaching of the Junior teams with Mrs. Irving concentrating on the two Senior teams.

The 1st Senior Team played 16 matches, winning 9, drawing 5 and losing 2. They also took part in and won the annual County Tournament defeating Chester-le-Street in the final.

The 2nd Senior Team played only 3 matches, winning 2 and drawing the other.

The 1st Junior team played 14 matches, winning 12 and losing 2.

The 2nd Junior Team played 3 matches, winning them all.

Jean Barnes and Judith Wharton this season coached a first form team which, playing against a much older team, unfortunately lost its only match of the season.

Pat Ord, Carole Kemp, Susan Melton, Jean Taylor, Joyce Robertson and Margaret Nichol, all took part in Junior County Trials which resulted in Pat Ord's being selected for the 1st County Junior XI and Carole Kemp, Susan Melton and Jean Taylor being selected for the 2nd County Junior XI.

In the house matches, Ben won the Senior tournament defeating Avon in the final, and Ness won the Junior tournament.

In the School versus Staff match, School won by 3 goals to 2 after a very exciting and enjoyable match.

All the school hockey teams would like to thank Mrs. Irving and Mrs. Vincent for all the time that they have given to coaching.

School Hockey Colours were awarded to Jean Barnes and Jean Taylor.

JEAN TAYLOR, IV Sc. (Secretary).

NETBALL REPORT — 1964-65

The netball teams were well supported this year, especially junior teams. Enthusiasm is shown in both senior and junior teams and the 1st forms show promising ability.

The 1st Senior and the 1st Junior teams both won five of the matches played during the season. The 2nd Junior team won four of their matches and drew one. All the teams played well during this season but unfortunately six matches had to be cancelled. The Junior teams and the 2nd and 1st form teams were entered for their respective tournaments. All the teams played well but were beaten by the eventual winners.

The following girls represented the 1st Senior VII this season—Linda Bell, Eileen Donnan, Kathleen French, Carol McKenna, Ann Morgan, Pamela Muncaster, Sheila Peterson.

Inter-House Tournament

This year a tournament for the 1st forms was introduced. House captains had a difficult task in choosing teams as all houses were well supported and the standard of play very high.

Tournament Results:— Senior—Ben,
Junior—Drom,
1st Form—Strath.

School Netball Colours were awarded to:—Kathleen French.

The teams wish to thank Miss Simpson for all her invaluable coaching.

SHEILA PETERSON (Captain).

BADMINTON REPORT**School Year 1964-65**

Throughout the year, interest and enthusiasm for Badminton has been sustained and the School Clubs have enjoyed good support.

The Junior and Senior teams have had a most successful season, winning four of their five matches.

In the Senior Team Tournament, Bede was represented in all events and did quite well, several girls being beaten by eventual winners.

In the Junior Team Tournament the Bede representatives played well and Celia Parish reached the semi-final of the Girls' Singles event when she was narrowly beaten.

The Teams and Badminton Clubs would like to thank Mrs. Irving, Mrs. Vincent and Mr. Marshall for their help and guidance throughout the season.

School Badminton Colours were awarded to Carol Kemp, Margaret Nichol, Patricia Ord and Joyce Robertson.

SUSAN MELTON (Secretary).

TENNIS REPORT 1964

The Tennis Teams enjoyed a reasonably successful season, 1st VI winning four of their seven matches and the 2nd VI three of their four matches.

Instead of their usual "knock-out" tennis tournament, the school entered for a competition arranged by "The Nestle Sports Foundation". This took the form of a "ladder" competition, where entrants challenged each other to matches, the winners of which moved steadily up the "ladder". The eventual winner, Linda Bell, was awarded the Senior School Tennis Trophy.

The Junior Tennis Team entered for the annual Junior Dairy Festival Tennis Trophy held at Thornhill Tennis Club and they did extremely well in winning the tournament.

The House tennis tournaments were won by Bea House seniors and Ness House juniors.

Regular members of the tennis teams were J. Barnes, L. Bell, B. Birbeck, S. Butterfield, C. Kemp, S. Melton, S. Nell, M. Nichol, P. Ord, C. Parish, J. Robertson, A. Rumley, J. Wharton.

P. Ord and L. Bell were both awarded their school tennis colours.

During the past few months several girls have taken part in tennis coaching courses. It is hoped that this will improve the standard of the team in the coming season.

CAROLE KEMP (Secretary).

ROUNDERS 1964

Only Junior rounders matches were played during the season and of the six matches played, four were won, one was drawn and one was lost.

The girls who played for the team were:—K. French (capt.), C. McKenna, L. Anderson, A. Morgan, C. Pallas, J. Taylor, S. Johnson, J. Bailey, L. Gallagher.

The Senior House Rounders Tournament was won by Ben House and the Junior House Tournament was won by Ness House.

JOYCE ROBERTSON (Secretary).

ATHLETICS REPORT 1964

The school's Athletics Day in May was a great success, and due to the excellent conditions a number of records were broken. The upper Sixth Sports Trophy and the Metcalf Cup were won by Ben, and the Junior Sports Cup by Ness. The Senior Individual Championship was won by Carole Kemp, the Middle Championship by Kathleen French and the Junior Championship by Judith Throup.

Thirty girls qualified to take part in the Town Sports from which a number of girls were chosen to represent the County in a meeting against Northumberland at Houghton. Pat Ord was chosen to represent the County at the Nationals in London.

Six girls received coaching to improve their standard of performance.

The Durham County Girls' Grammar Schools Athletic Association is to hold its first meeting this season and will be of great interest to a number of girls.

Thanks are due to Mrs. Irving for her valuable assistance throughout the season.

LINDA BELL (Secretary).

JUNIOR GYM CLUB REPORT 1964-65

We were very pleased to hear that the Junior Gym Club, open to 2nd, 3rd and 4th forms, had recommenced in the winter term.

In the spring term Helen Nichol, Sheila Porter and Irene Marriott went for trials to represent Britain in the Junior Olympic Gymnastics at Vienna in July. Helen Nichol and Sheila Porter brought honour to the school by being selected as members of the Junior British team. We congratulate them and wish them every success.

In March, several schools including Bede took part in the Girls' Gymnastic Display at Thorney Close Secondary School. This display, owing to the invaluable coaching of Miss Simpson and Mrs. Irving, was a tremendous success.

We should like to thank Miss Simpson for her enthusiastic help and keen interest throughout the year.

ANN RUMLEY, IV S.

SHEILA PORTER, IV L.

SWIMMING REPORT

School Year 1964-65

Bede has enjoyed a most successful year.

June:

In the "Cox Memorial Life-saving Competition", Sunderland Round, J. Tullock and C. Rooks were placed third. In the E.S.S.A. Lifesaving Competition, J. Tullock, C. Rooks, R. Bolton and M. Vleugels were placed second.

July:

In the Northumberland and Durham Schools' Gala, five Bede girls, M. Vleugels, P. Lazenby, J. Tullock, K. Hudson and S. Melton represented the town.

In the Swimming Match against Hylton Red House Comprehensive School, the result was as follows:—Bede 130 points, Hylton Red House 110 points.



Senior Prizewinners, 1964



Junior Prizewinners, 1964

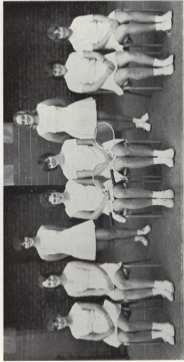
SCHOOL 1st SENIOR HOCKEY TEAM, 1964-5



Standing:—J. BARNES, M. NICHOL, J. STEWART, M. BURMAN, S. MILTON, A. PORTER.

Sitting:—J. TAYLOR, J. WHARTON, J. ROBERTSON, C. KEMP, P. OGD, I. MOORE, Mrs. IRVING.

SCHOOL 1st SENIOR TENNIS TEAM, 1964-5



Standing:—J. WHARTON, M. NICHOL.

Sitting:—L. BOU, S. BURMANOLD, C. KEMP, P. OOD, C. PARSON, A. RUMLEY.

October:

On October 7th, Bede Girls held their Swimming Gala. Mrs. J. Harrison presented the Trophies.

The Senior Champions were:—M. Vleugels (Ness), and S. Melton (Avon).

The Junior Champion was P. Lazenby (Ben).

The Senior House Championship was won by Avon and Ness. The Junior House Championship by Avon.

In the Medley Team Races against the Boys' School, Bede Girls were successful in the Middle School race, but were beaten by Bede Boys in the Junior and Senior School races.

In the Sunderland Ladies' Gala, Bede won the Inter-Schools' Challenge Shield for the Under 15 years Medley Teams, for the third successive year.

Susan Melton was selected to swim in the English Schools' Championships at Grimsby.

November:

In the Town Schools' Gala, Bede broke 14 records and gained 32 first, 10 second, and 8 third places.

The Middle Schools' Champion was Patricia Lazenby, Bede; Joan Tullock was placed third in the Senior Schools' Championship, and Susan Melton was awarded the "Swimmer of the Year Trophy".

Bede was placed first in the Inter-Schools' "Festival of Britain" Trophy Team Race.

In the County Final of the Vaux Swimming Competition, Bede was placed third.

Throughout the season, in the Senior County Championships, Bede had eleven finalists. Arne Blyth won the Girls' County Breast-stroke Championship and the County under 12 years, Breast-stroke and Butterfly Championships.

Throughout the winter, many Bede Girls were successful in gaining Swimming and Life-saving Awards.

The following girls represented Bede in Swimming teams this year:—

D. Shapero, M. Vleugels, S. Vosper, D. Graham, J. Tullock, S. Laidler, C. Rooks, A. Rumley, J. Reed, J. Marshall, R. Bolton,

E. Stirling, M. Sneddon, S. Porter, H. Stewart, E. Melton, H. Mitchell, P. Lazenby, A. White, A. Southern and S. Melton.

The teams and Life-saving Class wish to thank Miss Simpson and Mrs. Irving for their valuable assistance and coaching throughout the year.

SUSAN MELTON, VII S, (Captain).

PETITION 1964

In 1964 the subject of education was one which caused much discussion, both in Sunderland and in School. Following the Council's proposals to introduce a comprehensive system of Education in the town, Bede found itself at the centre of the storm. As the oldest maintained grammar school in the town, the School felt even more keenly the plans to remove the existing system. The girls and boys of the two Seventh Forms had long felt the need for some action by the School to demonstrate its profound objection to the project. When it was announced that Mr. Reginald Prentice, Minister of State for Education and Science, would pay a visit to the town, it seemed that here was the opportunity. A petition would be presented to the Minister.

There now ensued much activity in the Seventh Forms for this was Monday and the Minister was expected on Friday, November 20th. Petition forms were printed and distributed to every pupil. And now the School took over, playing its part with vigour and enthusiasm. By Tuesday the petition forms had been returned. They contained 4,000 signatures of those pupils, parents and friends of the School who disapproved strongly of Sunderland Local Authority's methods of introducing a new education system. There were opportunities for obtaining many more signatures but time was short. On Wednesday the forms were stapled into bundles of fifty and the petition was sealed in a large box. On Thursday morning, it was learnt that the Minister was unable to visit Sunderland. After so much effort and such wide publicity afforded by the north-east Press, it was impossible to abandon the plan. It was decided that the two School Captains, Bill Blyth and Jean Barnes, should take the petition to the Minister in London, at the House of Commons.

Bill Blyth and I went to see Mr. Gordon Bagier, Member of Parliament for Sunderland South, at his office to ask if it would be possible to give Mr. Prentice the School's petition. He was most helpful and kindly arranged for us to meet him at the House of Commons the following Thursday, November 26th, where he would

introduce us to Mr. Prentice. We then wrote to several Old Bedans in London who promptly offered their support. This concerted action aroused even wider interest and greatly encouraged the organisers of the petition.

On Thursday, November 26th, we were met at St. Stephen's Entrance to the Houses of Parliament by Elke Burnham, who was School Captain two years ago and Peter Bettiss who was the Boys' School Captain last year. This entrance leads to the Strangers' Lobby where we had arranged to meet Mr. Bagier. Inside the door we were stopped by one of the scores of policemen who are always on duty and the petition box was searched, presumably to guard against a repetition of the Guy Fawkes incident! Then we climbed a wide staircase leading to the Strangers' Lobby which is a vast, circular hall with stained-glass windows, ornate stonework and a beautiful domed ceiling, giving it a cathedral-like appearance. Here, Members may meet their constituents, guests and the Press. Here, also, the Bede deputation was met by its M.P. and a barrage of reporters.

Mr. Bagier led us through to the Members' Lobby which is similar to the Strangers' Lobby and introduced us to several M.P.'s, among them being those for North-West Durham, Middlesbrough and the Hartlepoons. Our host took us to a small lift which carried us down to another floor which was composed of a maze of corridors lined from floor to ceiling with the archives and records of centuries of Parliamentary business and interspersed with stout oak doors bearing the names of Ministers of Her Majesty's Government. These were indeed the "Corridors of Power". We entered Mr. Prentice's room, were introduced to him and, after giving him the petition, talked with him for about 20 minutes. He was most interested in our points of view and said that when the final plans were submitted for his approval he would certainly regard our petition as an indication of the opinions of many people in Sunderland.

After this interview, Mr. Bagier took us for tea and obtained seats for us in the Visitors' Gallery where we spent four absorbing hours listening to a debate in the House of Commons. We were able to identify many personalities such as Mrs. Bessie Braddock and Mr. Quintin Hogg.

The School's petition was successful in that it accelerated the emergence of those in a better position to challenge the intentions of the Council and drew wide attention to the dismay and concern felt by Bedans and their friends. What it could not do was halt or delay the plans and it now seems certain that in this, its seventy-fifth year, the School is fated to disappear in its present form.

JEAN BARNES.

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 Art Department.

Prizes have been awarded to Christine Phillips (Senior) for her essay on "Attitudes to Art" and Glenis Moses (Junior) on "The Life of a Famous Painter". We regret that we are unable to print the Junior prize-winning essay.

The Editors have awarded a prize to Gillian Moor for her essay on "Bede 2040" which was set as a special subject in this anniversary year.

ATTITUDES TO ART

In spite of the recent increase in the sales of popular paintings—the sort chosen more for the way they fit in with the décor of a room than for their intrinsic merits—the enjoyment of art is nevertheless at a low ebb in Britain. Our large stores sell cheap reproductions—usually a villa on the Mediterranean, an angry sea, or an exotic Eastern girl,—pleasing to the eye, and of great value in brightening up a bare wall, but far from elevating. It is good that these prints should be sold, and that so many should gain pleasure from them, but one cannot help wishing that the wider aspects of Art, embracing as it does, all forms of expression, should be better appreciated. The Art Gallery is seldom frequented by more than a handful of enthusiasts, or occasionally, a family group that has wandered in from the museum. Rather it is shunned by the majority and regarded as somewhat of a dull place, housing either the same old far-from-stimulating permanent collection, or an exhibition of outrageous and incomprehensible "modern stuff". It is a tragedy, yet nevertheless a fact, that for the average man or woman in Britain today, art is quite divorced from everyday life, and has no relevance to the business of living. The very word signifies little more than painting, sculpture, and perhaps pottery, and carries with it vague ideas, on the one hand, of museums, and gloomy galleries, and on the other, of be-smocked and bearded young men executing the most hideous "creations" in some paint-daubed, dirty garret.

It is hardly surprising that such an attitude should prevail when artists, art dealers and anyone else who claims to have anything to do with art, so often give the impression that what they produce or display is in some way above the ordinary man, and requires,

if it is properly to be understood, their trained and creative minds. There is a certain snob-value in belonging to artistic circles—not that this is a criticism levelled exclusively at the artistic,—a delightful sense of "one-up-manship" which the present trend of "art for art's sake" has done nothing to diminish. The preoccupation of the modern artist with self-expression and ever-newer forms and media of expression could not but alienate the ordinary man from all kinds of art. Modern art is not of course inferior, or in any way in itself to blame for the prevalent attitude to art—far from it. But many people must surely have a strong suspicion that these modern paintings are just not for them—the artist painted them for his own pleasure, not theirs. They are deprived of the delight of the visual sense by the exclusiveness of modern artists who tend to suggest that a knowledge of the laws of composition and the techniques of painting is essential before one can enjoy a work of art. And out with modern painting go all other aspects of art.

This may be the prevailing attitude towards art in Britain today, but in dwelling upon it one must not overlook a smaller but more positive and vocal group of those who take a passionate interest in art. In this group belongs the man who buys the very latest in abstract paintings and hangs them in a conspicuous place so as to advertise the fact that he "belongs" to the exclusive set. He talks knowledgeably about the most recent schools of art, and discusses paintings, or sculptures in a pompous way, peppering his phrases with a superfluity of technical terms, carefully chosen to confound and confuse the unfortunate listener. Now a knowledge of the technicalities of art is certainly useful, as an aid to the eye and mind, in enjoying a painting or sculpture, or any other field of art. But fluency in technical terms without the corresponding use of the visual sense, is completely barren and futile. The man who so delights in exhibiting his great understanding of the arts is in fact, not an art-lover, but an art-envier—it is the snob-value of art which he covets.

Fortunately he is not in the majority—in general it is the belief that art is not for the ordinary man that predominates. Certainly very few people would ever consider passing an afternoon in an art gallery, let alone think of making a picture, or a drawing, or using their creative faculties in any way. Therein lies the tragedy. The creative impulse, so basic a part of man's nature, has been stifled, and often crushed, from childhood. Art is for everyone—not just a select few. Everyone can enjoy looking at a painting, or touching a sculpture, if only all the fears and suspicions and taboos surrounding art could be swept away. Nor is an appreciation and love of art confined to the art gallery—the painting, the sculpture, or piece of pottery. Art embraces the pleasing flower-arrangement, the colour-scheme of a room, a broken twig lying in the gutter,

tall lank grasses and weeds on a piece of waste ground—whatever the eye sees and enjoys is art. This impulse to create, and to see beauty in the common things of life, is a basic part of every man, primitive or civilised, and, were it allowed to develop instead of being stunted in infancy, would bring pleasure and a new dimension to the lives of many.

CHRISTINE PHILLIPS, VII A.

BEDE 2040

"I really can't think what they did back in 1965! Fancy not having a heated indoor pool for a dip at break or being able to go for a snack at the café upstairs. Life must have been very dull, sitting at a desk for lessons all day; they just didn't realize then how much easier it is to work standing on one's head, writing with the mouth.

I don't know how they managed, toiling up and down stone stairs every thirty-five minutes; it's really much easier to have lifts in every corner.

I hear they actually went to places like York for their "Science Society Outings" but I'm sure they would have learned much more if they had come with us for our outing to Venus last year.

Someone even told me that Bede was segregated into a Boys' School and a Girls' School; I mean, how old-fashioned can one be!

I saw a picture of the old school taken in 1965 and do you know, there were only four storeys? How could we get 17,486 pupils into four storeys? We are even cramped in these sixteen storeys.

Anyway, I must be off to the lecture on "The effect of radio-fall-out on the ant population,"—it should be very interesting."

GILLIAN MOOR, IV S.

Clerihew

Wrote verses that would worry you,
His lines didn't scan;
The silly man.

ANNE THOMPSON, Form IV S.

COMPANION PIECES

EVENING

The house is silent,
The moon is new,
The grass is wet
With evening dew.

The flowers are closed,
The trees give a sigh,
Everything sleeps
Under the sky.

PAULA HOWDEN, FORM I N.

A NEW DAY

The house is shut,
The bolts are drawn,
All is silent,
All is forlorn.

Out comes the sun
Opens every door;
Everything changes,
Joy once more.

D. PEARLMAN, FORM I N.

A NOVEMBER SCENE

If the countryside had been able to think, it would have felt ashamed. The intense greenness of spring, the dreamy haziness of summer, and the brilliant exhilaration of autumn had passed, and the land was exhausted. It wanted to rest, to recover its strength, like a child who falls asleep, tired after a reckless game; but it could not relax, because all around were strewn the remains and refuse of its seasons of joy.

The leaves were limp, defeated, lying in rain-sodden heaps, waiting until they should rot away and return to the earth which had created them. A few still clung to the stark branches, like the forgotten remnants of some ruined aristocratic régime, which cannot understand that its days of glory and greatness are ended, and can never be restored.

The grass, once a luxuriant green, had withered and faded, until it was a dull yellow, covering the untidy hillside with coarse clumps.

The road, twisting and turning perilously up the steep hill, was strewn with wet leaves, bespattered with grey mud, and shining dully with rain water reflecting the narrow, weak rays of the sun.

The sky was grey. In some parts it was like lead; cold, dull and forbidding, but, in some strange way, the hill, silhouetted against it, took on a savage beauty. The hill, and the trees, seemed to rebel against the road and the fences with which man had tried to tame them. They stretched upwards, reaching towards the huge dark clouds which hung, still and silent, above them. The sky there was waiting for something; it was filled with tension and expectation.

The sun still shone faintly, for around it the clouds were less thick, as though they did not yet dare to hide from view this thing that was so great, so dominant. The sunshine fell in beams, in shafts of golden light, which, although weakened, could still pierce between the clouds like swords, to fall upon the earth, reminding it of the warmth and light and peace that had been, and were to be, reminding it that nothing natural is ever ended, but must go on.

VIVIAN SHARP, V (ii).

SLEEP

Sleep is like a gentle stream,
Meandering along its way,
Its source is at the sunset,
And it enters the sea at the break of day.

MARY STAMP, FORM IV (iii).

THE AUTUMN RIVER

Swiftly flows the autumn river,
 Battering all within its path,
 The fallen leaves that swirl and shiver,
 Oak and ash, in all its wrath.

Up above the woods rise steeply,
 Beauty such is little known,
 Green, yellow and red, their patches mingling,
 Not by man, by nature grown.

Quietly it flows, yet swiftly,
 Deep and dark past mossy rock,
 Forming treacherous, swirling currents,
 Holding leaves in deadly lock.

E'en faster now, as river narrows,
 The surface by more rocks is torn,
 Cascading, fleeing, sparkling water,
 Rippling like the breezy corn.

Over rocks then on it stumbles,
 Stirring pebbles on its floor,
 Then to the great sea it rumbles,
 Dwarfed to shame forever more.

DENISE WILKINSON, III S.

Lady Jane Grey
 Was Queen for a day;
 Or perhaps it was more?
 I'm really not sure.

LYNN ANDERSON, Form IV S.

Stuart Macpherson
 Had a sporan with furs on,
 He got really narked
 When they asked if it barked.

ELIZABETH STIRLING, Form IV S.

President Johnson's
 Got something on his conscience.
 A mistake may he have made,
 In ordering the tear gas raid?

JANE HOLLAND, Form IV S.

WHY ?

Why does the grass grow ?
 Why does the stream flow ?
 Why does the wind blow ?
 Why am I here ?

Why does the mill turn ?
 Why does the sea churn ?
 Why does my heart burn ?
 Why am I here ?

Where does the bird fly ?
 Where does the breeze sigh ?
 And does my heart cry
 Because I am here ?

Although the forests will bud,
 And the great rivers will flood
 And Man go on shedding blood
 I'll not be here.

CATHERINE M. FERGUSON, VI A.

SOLITUDE

The leaves go by,
 Down a stream,
 Softly, softly,
 I love to dream.....
 Birds a-singing
 Sweet of voice
 In the sunshine
 Now rejoice ;
 A startled squirrel
 May be seen
 A moment there,
 Bright eye a-gleam.....
 Oh, how I love
 To sit, to dream.

IRENE PODGORSKI III L.

EXPERIENCES OF A PIECE OF BLOTTING PAPER

It was really quite funny, I mean being torn into pieces for girls to use me in an examination. I suppose you could say it rather tickled me.

I was roughly handled and then banged down on to the desk and met my usual friend the examination paper. He didn't like the idea either. He would get scratched and scraped by the rather angry pen. I myself knew I would be almost drowned in blue ink.

Then the girls filed in, rather noisily, I would say; one of them, the rude thing, knocked me on to the floor, and ten girls, ten girls mind you, trampled over me! I was annoyed, then the examinee picked me up, rather roughly I would say, and tore one corner from me. I am sure it was an accident but it nearly killed me.

A silence fell on the room as the rather stern examiner reminded the girls of the rules for an examination. The girls were told to start. My friend the examination paper granted as he was scratched and scraped. Then it was my turn; I was slowly picked up, then thrown on top of the examination paper and thumped upon. A line of blue ink was splashed across my face.

I was not used for some time and while I was waiting I had a nice chat with the inkpot. He told me how terrible the ink was. It was a freak, he said, as it had been powder at first and then water had been mixed with it. I gathered that the ink was not very friendly and had been fighting with him. The pen fortunately had settled the argument by taking some of the troublesome ink away for a while. The poor examination paper had met it and had settled it by making a smudge. I came into action; I hastily removed the smudge and warned the ink I would disintegrate it if it dared to say one word.

I started to read the questions and answers written on my face. Then I met the pen. The examinee, it seemed, could not get the answer right so while she was thinking she started to doodle on me; a duck it was, I think, but she must not have liked it as she blotted it out right in my eye.

Over on the other desk I could see my brother, George. Oh! he would get wrong from mother, he was covered with little blue dots; but there was mother, two seats in front of him, covered, just like him, in blue dots.

She would be angry; she had specially bought that dress for today as she had wanted to look smart. The examination was

called to a halt. After my friends and I had been collected in we were thrown in the dustbin, but before they had time to burn us my brother George, Mother, Father, Emily my sister and I had blown away on the East wind.

I had been right, mother was annoyed, but Father was not badly marked; Emily was splashed a bit and George was completely covered. Me! Oh, I was the cleanest but with that torn corner I was now the smallest. Still who cares, I can always grow.

ELIZABETH YOUNG, III G.

RIDDLE-ME-REE

My first is in bee, but not in sting,
 My second in circle, but never in ring,
 My third is in day, but alas not in night,
 My fourth in black, but never in white,
 My fifth is in autumn, but not in summer,
 My sixth in singer, though never in drummer;
 My whole is all of us here at Bede,
 To be thus, we are very proud indeed.

Answer: BEDANS

NORMA DOUGLAS, Form II H.

SCHOOL BUS

Come hail or shine you stand in line
 Till someone sights the bus,
 Then the scurry. Then the flurry
 And oh! that terrible fuss!
 Those at the front end up at the back
 Mud on your hood and a tear in your mac.
 Suddenly your face goes dull
 The words you've heard are, "Sorry, full".
 This goes on the whole term through.
 Round the corner another comes
 You hold up your hands. You hold up your thumbs.
 At last you're on
 Things do look sunny,
 But you've got to get off
 You've forgotten your MONEY.

ROSSLYN MASSEY, Form I H.

THE DESERT WANDERER

He was going through the desert on a camel when it suddenly became lame and fell. He had to shoot it. So he continued on his journey through the desert with a tin of water, hoping to reach the next town before the vultures got him. The sun was blazing high in the sky. It made him thirsty. He took a drink, from his tin. How refreshing the cold water seemed in his mouth. He continued on his journey across the desert. The sun was still blazing high. He was very thirsty. He took a drink, then another, and another, until there was no water left. He then threw the tin away because it was empty. He continued through the desert, the sun was blazing, he began to feel thirsty, but he had no water. The sun kept on blazing, his tongue was hanging out, his eyes became blurred, still no water. He could taste the dryness in his mouth, still no water. Suddenly he saw something on the ground. What was it? It was all different colours. His mouth was dry, the sun was painful. He drew nearer to the object. What was it? Was it? it couldn't be, it was. It was O -- L Fruits which are made to make your mouth water.

ANNE POTTS, III S.

ETYMOLOGICAL INDIGESTION

Toxophilite!
 Ambivalence and amicable;
 How incorrigible is thy *lignum vitae*,
 Thy synecdoche how stercorous.
 Thrombosis under thy sombrero is divinely sonorous,
 Thou somnambulist!
 Why is the megalomania so hebdomadal on thy bumbledom?
 Oh, hermaphrodite!
 At last the porphyry is mine.
 (—hic—pardon me!)

JUDITH DORWARD, Form VIA.

Sir Alec Douglas Home
 Was truly made to fume
 When Labour got a small majority
 And so in the Commons got priority.

CHRISTINE AYRE, Form IV S.

LEADEN-EYED DESPAIRS

(With apologies to Keats)

Monday morning—ah bitter chill it was!
 The girls, for all their woollies were a-cold;
 The seventh limped trembling to Room 22
 Where the radiator aches with cold.
 At length they burst into the argent hall
 Where purple palled casements rose in majesty,
 And stood in awe while their all-powerful head
 Wise utterances spoke.
 Then in wan silence turned they
 And mov'd with solemn step and awful fear
 Down echoing flights and lowly arch'd way
 Unto the History Room where examination drear, —
 Sad sign of ruin, sudden dismay, and fall, —
 Awaits the feeble, palsy-twitch'd seventh form.

SUSAN AINSLIE, VII S.
 SARA CAZENOVE, VII A.

NOTHING

There is no such thing as nothing. When people ask "What are you doing?" or "What are you thinking?" it is often a common reply to say "Nothing". This is a ridiculous statement. Nobody can be doing or thinking absolutely nothing.

Perhaps, when one is just sitting or standing or lying down and not doing anything in particular such as knitting or sewing or cooking, it would sound rather peculiar if one said that one was sitting or standing or lying down, for anyone, by looking, can see this. Nobody is ever doing nothing, but often one is not doing anything in particular.

Neither is anybody ever thinking nothing. There must always be something going on in one's mind, and to give the reply that one is thinking nothing to the question "What are you thinking?" is nonsense. If one was to reply that one was thinking "about" nothing, this would be correct, for, in thinking about nothing, one is actually thinking about something, for nothing is a "thing" which is able to be thought about. One cannot think nothing, but one can think about nothing.

This essay is on the subject of nothing; therefore it is about nothing; therefore it is not nothing; therefore nothing is something. By writing this down, one can prove that nothing is something; therefore nothing does not exist; therefore this essay does not exist. Therefore, you have just read nothing.

RUTH CHAMBERS, V L.
 BARBARA WILSON, V L.

FIVE HORSES' TALES
(of Legend, Myth and Fable)

You have heard of me,
Well at least you should,
I arose from Medusa's blood,
The only winged horse ever known,
To Mount Olympus I have flown.

Famous Thracian horse am I
With spirit of great wonder,
In many battles did I ride,
Moving rapidly day and night
At the will of Alexander.

You've read the story
I am almost sure
Of when I had my greatest day,
Galloping over the long long road,
Bringing Good News from Ghent to Aix.

Steed of a horse-thief
And highwayman too,
In the end they had to hang him,
My most famous ride was that to York,
My rider was one Dick Turpin.

A hard life had I
And many a home,
With cruel and thoughtless owner,
My story's made many a child cry,
A very well known black am I.

For each, a name;
Recall their fame;
If you get the gist
Just add to my list
of
Five horses' tales
Of legend, myth and fable.

MARILYN TROTTER, III L.

Queen Catherine of Aragon
 Was indeed of goodness a paragon.
 But in spite of the fact that to her he was wedded
 Henry said "Back to Spain, or you'll be beheaded."

IRENE BIRD, Form IV S.

CHOOSING AND KEEPING A PET

(From a dog's point of view)

If you want a human being for a pet, choose it very carefully. Though the young ones, in the age group from ten to twelve, are very pleasant, a family is even better. Little girls are delightful pets, if carefully trained. Do not rush out and claim the first you see; wait until you have looked over quite a few.

You must make sure that your human beings are properly trained, that they know who is master and what their duties are.

It is essential to let them know when you are hungry. Sit with your head cocked on one side, then lick your lips and if this does not work, prod your pet with one of your front paws. If these hints do not work, beg and utter a small cry. These methods are well tried and guaranteed.

When exercising your pet, it is best to attach the lead to yourself. The human being can be trusted to keep hold of the other end all the time. Though you may see another dog and wish to talk to it, your pet will get very jealous and, desiring the whole of your attention, will pull you away. Let them have their own way and see your friend some other time.

It is not really spoiling your pets to let them use chairs and beds, but remember to test the beds now and again to make sure they are comfortable.

Do not trust your pets to bury your bones; bury them yourself. Human beings bury everything, bones, ashes, empty cans in huge bins, and I can think of nothing more unpalatable than a bone stored in such a manner.

Your pets will wish to be entertained frequently, and it is amazing what pleases them. They will love to see you carrying things for them. They will throw a ball and expect you to bring it back. This gets nobody anywhere, but they like it. When they throw a stick into the sea, retrieve it, drop it at their feet, shake yourself, spray them, hear their screams of delight and know that you have filled their cup of joy. Roll over, sit up and beg, die for your country, all these may seem puppyish to you, but perform them and they are delighted.

Remember that not much work is entailed in keeping human beings, so any dog can keep them. Remember, too, that it is wise to let them think they are keeping you.

BARRARA DOWNS, Form II H.

SOLEIL COUCHANT

Le soleil tombe dans le ciel
 Flamboyant au-dessus de l'horizon,
 La boule rouge et ronde et chaude
 illumine le ciel orange et rose,
 La mer vert foncé presque noire
 Etale ses eaux jusqu'au néant,
 Puis, peu à peu dans l'eau s'enfonce
 Le soleil qui rend le firmament
 Sombre et noir et froid,
 Foyer radieux et luisant,
 Une petite barque, comme une ombre,
 Se dessine dans la nuit
 Sur la hune autour du soleil.
 La tranquillité s'épand partout.

LESLEY J. BINKS, VII A.

LA VOIX DES ETOILES

Le livre reste ouvert sur la table
 L'étudiant l'interroge, le livre répond
 A ses questions sans importance
 Qui était - - - ? qu'a-t-on fait ?
 Puis le livre se ferme à la vue des étoiles
 Par delà l'enfer, elles disent
 "Ne croyez pas, car les ambitieux triomphent
 Et l'amour n'est plus, n'est plus.
 Donc, qu'importe Dieu, qu'importe son pouvoir !
 Venez dans l'infini,
 Apprenez à briller dans les ténèbres,
 A comprendre les mystères de l'avenir,
 De la naissance, de la vie, de la mort.
 Etudiant, soyez Dieux !
 Mais alors,
 L'amour n'est plus..... n'est plus.....

DIANE SHAPIRO, FORTI V.I.S.

BOMBAZA

Niebla,
 De vez en cuando brilla el sol
 Entre los vapores blancos.
 Poco a poco crece la luz
 Sobre las sombras nocturnas.

Aurora,
 Cadáveres negros saltan,
 Polvos terribles sofocan,
 Luces rojizas abrasan,
 Fuerzas mortales destrozan.

Raina,
 Trae el sol escenas horribandas
 Mundo quemado, ahogado,
 Pena enorme, inexorable,
 Muerte-del hombre creada.

EDITH ROSSON, VII A.

WHAT I LIKE ABOUT LIVING IN SUNDERLAND

I came to live in Sunderland at the age of twelve years after having lived in a sleepy, little country village. Naturally, Sunderland presented me with many new activities I had never had the opportunity to experience before. A whole new life opened up for me in Sunderland.

The bustling activity of the town centre frightened me at first. At the same time, I was enthralled by the beauty of the shop windows and the neon signs. Having been used to small village stores the large department stores of the town attracted me. The traffic appalled me but I soon became used to the incessant noise in the streets.

One thing about Sunderland which I like very much is the fact that there is plenty for young people to do. My favourite hobby being swimming, I was thrilled at the prospect of being able to practise in an indoor pool. Various riding stables are to be found around the town for riding enthusiasts. A new bowling alley, recently opened, has attracted hundreds of people, young and old. The ideal beaches at Sunderland give much pleasure, too, especially in summer; for the historically-minded and art enthusiasts, there is a beautiful museum in Sunderland. This building has been recently modernized and extended and can give hours of pleasure to those interested. For the older generation there are several neatly-kept parks in the town. Here, such things as bowling greens are found and different clubs for old people are often situated in the parks. In one park particularly there is a special corner of the ground allotted especially to those of the community who are blind. This gesture shows the kindness and generosity of other Sunderland inhabitants.

Despite the usual ugliness which every industrial town possesses Sunderland contains much beauty. One particularly picturesque little village near Sunderland is that of Whiteburn. This seems to be a typical country village, beautifully decorated with various trees and luscious green grass. It is surprising to find such untouched beauty near an industrial town like Sunderland.

There are a few things which disappointed me when I came to Sunderland. One of them was the air. After having been used to clean, country air, the town smog appalled me. As with everything else, I became used to it. One thing which still disgusts me is the number of slums around Sunderland. In my previous home a slum was something which was seen with disgust on television or in papers but never "down the street".

Sunderland is growing all the time. Fortunately a great deal of the slum area is being cleared and mountainous blocks of flats are rising higher each day. The number of council estates which have sprung up in the past twenty years is incredible.

One of the main features of Sunderland is the Wear. The ribbon of water which winds its way from one side of the town to the other is a wonderful sight. Rivers have always attracted me and it hurts me to see so many industries on the Wear inactive. I would like to see Sunderland as it must have been a few years ago; a booming, shipbuilding port receiving ships from all the world all the time. Now many of the shipyards lie idle and worse still, many of the men of Sunderland lie idle too.

Despite many features which I dislike about Sunderland, I can truly regard this town as home. I do not think one can really appreciate town life unless one has experienced the comparative dullness of living in the country. Sunderland has given me so many opportunities I shall be eternally grateful.

ELIZABETH RICHARDSON, IV (i).

EXPERIMENT—VOYAGE INTO THE CENTRE OF A MINT IMPERIAL

Apparatus: 1 mint imperial (essential)
1 mouth
1 tongue
Saliva (with ptyalin).

Method: Place mint imperial in mouth and move it around with tongue. DO NOT CRUSH.

Observations: At first the mint imperial was found to be sweet and sugary. After a few seconds it turned minty and hot. Eventually, it was discovered that the mint imperial was wearing away, leaving a rough surface, which cracked. The middle protruded through the cracks. By this time, the mint imperial was radically reduced, and began disintegrating (rather sad). A whitish ash was left, which was a bit of the outside shell. This finally disappeared.

Conclusion: Mm - mm - mmmmm—
Q.E.D. (Quite Easily Done).

FAT SMITH, VII A.

A SHOPPING BAG ROMANCE

I was resting in the hall,
 Light as air against the wall,
 Suddenly with quite a flurry,
 I was grabbed in such a hurry.

Running down the busy street,
 My mistress ran with tapping feet,
 I was swinging to and fro,
 Held firmly by the hand I know.

Next thing I was on the bus,
 There were quite a lot of us,
 Some were new and some were old,
 Large and small, and one could fold.

Over on another seat,
 Gaily flowered and looking sweet,
 A basket owned by a blonde Miss,
 Caught my eye, I felt such bliss.

Once again we're on the hop,
 As we alight at a bus stop,
 Straight into the big chain store,
 Where I was filled with goods galore.

Bulging at the seams, I found
 I was almost on the ground,
 By now I felt fit to drop,
 Then relief, to reach bus stop.

When upon a seat we sat,
 I found that I was looking at
 The floral basket, bright and trim,
 I wished I could keep my sides tucked in.

The basket nudged me with a grin,
 I felt that I had no goods in,
 She made me feel as light as air,
 I hope tomorrow she'll be there.

OWEN GLEADHILL, Form I E.

CRAZE, 1964

The Beatles were the latest craze,
 Then long, thick hair was all the rage.
 'Kinkey' boots and Cilla Black,
 The Rolling Stones and slang word "whack".
 The Pretty Things and suave James Bond
 Of whom teenagers were very fond.
 Fred and MacGonk then came along,
 And P. J. Proby joined the throng.
 I really just can't wait to see,
 What this year's craze is going to be.

J. HOLLAND, Form IV S.

FACES IN THE FIRE

The small room was in darkness lit only by the mellow, shimmering glow of a flaming yule-log fire. Outside, snow was falling and a cold wind whistled around the cracked chimney-pot. Inside was warm and peaceful. The only sound was the slow, regular ticking of the big grandfather clock behind the door. Close to the old-fashioned range stood a huge patched armchair, from which emerged large puffs of blue smoke. A silver-haired old man, a long white pipe held gently in his hand, was resting quietly and comfortably in the chair. His head was turned towards the dancing flames, his wrinkled face bathed in a golden, warm orange, his tired, but beautiful blue eyes, rapt as he stared into the fire beneath him.

What did he see midst those red, glaring coals? Was it the faces of the children who had once sat with him around that fire? Was it the handsome face of his youth and the pretty face of his sweetheart, laughing and smiling, telling each other they would never be parted? But they were. For to-night he is alone—quite alone.

The phantom faces continue to appear. Faces of his childhood, of his youth, of his maturity and finally of his life today, each carrying with it a memory to be cherished and never to be forgotten.

His memories told him he was a free man. Free of guilt, free of fear or envy and free of sorrow. And so midst the coals of his fire that night the old man saw true, quiet and serene happiness, past happiness and the happiness he knew would be his in the future.

ANNE GARTLAND, Form III L.

CREDO

I believe that the only place for me is the sea,
 The peace I have always longed for,
 The place I have always sought.
 The great thunderous towering waves
 That rage and dwindle to nought.
 Even the thought of a grave in an alien world of water,
 I'm sure, could not alter
 The feeling within me,
 For the sea;
 It will stay in my bones for eternity.

D. DUFFY, Form I E.

A NOVEMBER MORNING ON THE BEACH

It was a typical November day. A solitary leaf on the top of a bare branch fluttered bravely in a cool, stiff breeze, silhouetted against the cloudless pale blue of the sky. Suddenly, it fell to the ground amongst the other blackened leaves. A few were whipped over the edge of the cliffs into the grey sea below.

The cliffs of gaunt, grey granite stood like massive sentries over the quiet bay, ugly yet magnificent. The surface was broken by cracks on which seabirds nested and springy turf found a foothold.

A bird swooped down and, in a shallow dive, landed on the water with its feet straight out before it, and a flurry of wing and water before it settled on the icy sea looking for fish. A piece of bladderwrack floated by it on its way to the shore, and was idly picked at by the lazy seabird.

But the seaweed floated on and at last came to rest on the shore of coarse sand. The sand, which had a yellow, rather brassy look about it, was already being overshadowed by the cliff, not a dark sharp shadow, but a grey seemingly wavering one, which could not have fitted better the general appearance of the beach.

It was now approaching noon and the magic of early morning had been lost, and it was, once again, a rather ugly beach, with a grey sea, and haunted only by the shrill mewling of the seagulls.

HILLEN NICHOL, IV (I).

DEATH OF A KILLER

I leaned over the handrail and looked down into the sea. The water lapped against the ship's side as I watched graceful silver-grey creatures glide and turn in the clear blue Caribbean. A sudden churning of the water and excited Chinese voices attracted my attention to a group down aft. I hurried along in time to see a powerful grey shape thrashing the water into a white foam in its attempts to resist the pull of the line and free itself from the hook in its mouth. Encouraging shouts from onlookers mingled with groans as a team of straining sailors hauled the shark close enough to the ship to put a rope around it. Then, with a final concentration of effort, the shark was hauled out of the water, slithered over the handrails and fell on the deck with a wet slap. It lay there, writhing spasmodically as the sun dried away its protective coating of sea water. The violence of these movements decreased by degrees, and when they had almost ceased, the once terrible hunter was hung up, helpless, its cruel mouth sagging open, its tail limply brushing the deck.

As the tropical dusk fell, I walked down aft, but the shark was gone; had been cut down. The Chinese crew had ravaged its majestic body, carrying off fins and liver to eat. In a corner a lump of flesh lay among dark crimson stains on the black deck.

LINDA MURGATROYD, VII A.

THE MOUNTAIN

Towering o'er the lands below,
Great in height, and capped with snow,
Alone it stands, so dark and proud,
Summit clothed in wreaths of cloud,
The Mountain.

Many men have lived and died
Beneath its crags, they lived with pride;
And o'er its many rocky forms,
Have lashed most cruel winds and storms,
The Mountain.

CAROL PALLAS, FORM III L.

THE BATTLE

Into the valley the army thundered,
Pounding the earth with hooves aflame,
Air of excitement, vengeance, hatred,
Attack and kill again and again.

Trumpets blasting out the order,
Swords raised high into the air,
Flashing banners, swords and lances
Rebels fleeing to their lair.

D. GILIGAN, II S.

POEM

Lying in bed
In peace,
Looking through the window
To the sky.
Sounds
Come clearly,
Footsteps are heard
Seeming to approach our door.
Expectation !
Pounding excitement !
But they pass.
An engine vibrates and drones
Voices drift and fade.
I sleep.

BARBARA C. WILKINSON, VII S.

Travel the
JOLLY WAY
for your
SCHOOL OUTINGS

HYLTON
near Sunderland
Tel. Hylton 2151.

All College & School Requirements

in

- PENCIL WALLETS and BOXES
- WATER COLOUR BOXES
- POSTER COLOURS
- RULERS and SET SQUARES
- PROTRACTORS and SCALES
- GEOMETRY SETS
- DRAWING BOOKS
- EXERCISE BOOKS
- LOOSE LEAF BOOKS, etc.

THOUSANDS OF SUITABLE BOOKS FOR COLLEGE PURCHASES

HILLS

17/18 WATERLOO PLACE, SUNDERLAND Tel. 4198

Do you want to become an SRN?

If so, do you know where to get a high standard of training together with a chance to travel abroad?

In the Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps. If you have G.C.E. at "O" level in English and one other subject, you can join for training to be an S.R.N. Or if you have studied for G.C.E. but have not yet passed in the two required subjects you can qualify for training by passing the General Nursing Council test instead. With either qualification you will start a three year S.R.N. training course in Army hospitals in England. Part of your training can also be in one of the military hospitals in the Far East, the Mediterranean Area or in Germany, all of which are fully equipped to give you a complete training.



Do you want a job with a future?

Once you're an S.R.N., do you want a full and rewarding career in Nursing?

If so, then the Q.A.'s can provide it. After becoming an S.R.N. in the Corps you can apply for a commission. As a Lieutenant you're launched on a wonderful career with good prospects of promotion. Pay and living conditions are excellent, nursing standards fully equal to those in civilian life and tours of duty in different parts of the world provide constant variety. You nurse not only soldiers, their wives and children but many other civilians attached to the Army as well. There are opportunities for specialisation also.

The Q.A.'s will train you for a satisfying and interesting career. You can obtain fuller details by writing to:- Matron-in-chief, Q.A.R.A.N.C., Dept. MP 6 (A) (Q57), Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square, London, W.1.



Qualify with the Q.A.'s

Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps

THE
CAN GET RIGHT THROUGH TO
YOU

TOP AT THE



there's a better career in the Post Office

There's a wide choice of work for girls in the G.P.O. Whichever section you choose, your career will be full of interest, rich in opportunities for advancement and well rewarded right from the start.

'O' LEVEL—brings opportunities in the
CHEMICAL

**POSTAL AND
SCIENTIFIC SECTIONS**

'A' LEVEL—is the key to a career in the
EXECUTIVE

**TELECOMMUNICATIONS
ENGINEERING AND
SCIENTIFIC SECTIONS**

or as
**STUDENT APPRENTICES FOR OUR
UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIP SCHEME**

And if you graduate there are attractive opportunities for careers in Administration, Engineering and Scientific Research.

Write to us for details—

**APPOINTMENTS BRANCH (BG)
POST OFFICE HEADQUARTERS
ST. MARTIN'S-LE GRAND
LONDON, EC1**



The new 600 ft. Post Office Tower being built in London for television and telephone communications

10
OUT OF
10

PARENTS KNOW
YOU BUY BETTER
SCHOOLWEAR AT

CO-OPERATIVE HOUSE

- WE ARE OFFICIAL OUTFITTERS FOR BEDE GRAMMAR SCHOOL and supply all Girls' Wear

SPORTS Dept., will be pleased to supply GAMES WEAR of all kinds.

- ASK ABOUT OUR 20 WEEK CLUB
- DIVIDEND SAVING, TOO



SUNDERLAND CO-OP



(SUNDERLAND)
Saxon's
LTD.

20-22 WATERLOO PLACE — SUNDERLAND

Telephone 57578

Kodak Instamatic Cameras

Automatic Film Loading and Counting



INSTAMATIC 50 — Single Speed,
2 Light Settings — £3. 0s. 1d.

INSTAMATIC 100
2 Speeds, Built-in Flashgun.
£5. 4s. 8d.

LARGE STOCKS OF COLOUR AND BLACK & WHITE FILM

PICTURE FRAMING

W. C. HARRISON

PICTURE FRAMER

ARTISTS' MATERIALS

STATION STREET

(North End of Station)

SUNDERLAND

'phone 5482



Come
**TEENAGE
SHOPPING**

at

THE WHOLE FAMILY
BENEFIT FROM A
MONTHLY ACCOUNT

at

Goplings

THE GREAT SUNDERLAND STORE

