

THE OLD BEDAN

2005

IMPORTANT DATES FOR 2006

FRIDAY 27TH JANUARY 2006

WINTER REUNION in Bede Centre, to right of Girl's School

From 7pm to 9.30pm

Tickets £5

Dinner tickets will be available on this evening.

FRIDAY 28th APRIL 2006

ANNUAL DINNER - LUNCH in the Sea Hotel South Shields

At 1pm. Tickets £15 NOTE CHANGE OF VENUE AND TIME

PLEASE NOTE THAT FINAL NUMBERS AND PAYMENT

MUST BE MADE THIS YEAR BY 10th APRIL.

TUESDAY 13th JUNE 2006

SUMMER REUNION at the Ramside Hotel, Durham at 7pm

Please make a special effort to attend, as the numbers were very low in 2005

FRIDAY 22nd September 2006

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING at 2pm.

This will be held at 3, Alexandra Park, Sunderland SR3 1XJ

The home of our Chairman Judith Rosenstein. The Committee hopes more members of the Guild will be able to attend if this meeting is held locally, and during the day.

Please make a note of all these dates **NOW** and ensure you pay for any tickets well in advance. In any correspondence please give your maiden name first followed by your married name in brackets to enable us to quickly identify who you are.

THANK YOU

GUILD OF OLD BEDANS

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EDITORS COMMENTS

Another combined effort by the committee to make sure you receive your magazine. Thank you to all concerned. Grateful thanks, yet again to Margaret Crowe, Anne's daughter, and her secretary, for printing the list and labels for the magazine. This year they have gone to considerable trouble to check and update the whole list, which must have been a time taking process. Thank you both.

Remember, we always need copy for the magazine. And we need it by the end of September. If none arrives there will be no magazine for you to read!

Please note this year the change of venue and timing for the Annual Lunch - not dinner.

COMMITTEE





WINTER REUNION

For a wet drizzly evening, the re-union on 28th January 2005 was well attended, 61 members.

"Something Special" who usually cater for us have now retired, and late in the day "The Snow Goose" stepped into the breach and did us proud, with delicious sandwiches, cakes etc.

As usual we had two excellent games, courtesy Lily Richardson (Lawson). How she thought of them I do not know. As you will see, Lily has sadly died since this re-union, and she will be greatly missed in the future as she was such a regular member on these occasions. She always managed to produce thought provoking games for us to play, and we will be hard pressed to keep up her high standards.

After supper, the raffle was held, with more donated prizes than usual, I'm sure.

Judith Rosenstein provided some very pretty floral table arrangements which also went as raffle prizes.

Judging by the loud chatter, everyone had a lovely evening.

Special thanks to the Committee who had to provide caps and saucers and even take them all home to be washed!

MARJORIE CALVERT

ANNUAL DINNER

This year's dinner was held at our usual venue, the Marriott Hotel on 22nd April 2005. It was pleasant to be in it's warm, comfortable interior, because outside it was a cool and cloudy evening.

As members gathered in the dining room, the sound of greetings, and friendly chatter grew, as once again we began to renew friendships and hear each others 'news'.

There was just over sixty of us, and when we were all seated at our tables, we were warmly welcomed by our Chairman, Dorothy Stephenson.

Sadly in her remarks we heard of the death of Joan Boswell (Rough). Joan had been in the guild for many years, and had served on the Committee. Her passing is a sad loss to her friends.

Dorothy had special thanks for two of our present Committee members – Pat Marley (Binding) and Judith Rosenstein. Pat for her hard work in making sure the Old Bodan magazine gets printed. It is a great boon for the Guild that the magazine can now be printed by Committee members, as it saves such a great expense. The first years had lots of 'teething troubles' and even now problems and anxieties can still arise. So when Dorothy asked us to thank 'Pat the Printer' (her very words!) in the usual way, we did so very willingly.

I think we must also thank the Editor, Moira Cuddeford (Dixon). She works steadily behind the scenes, editing our contributions and photographs.

Judith spent a lot of time, making arrangements for the dinner. To make the evening a success, plans and table arrangements have to be carefully worked out, and Judith had to make several trips to the Marriott to see the staff and to make sure everything was in order. We were all very happy to show our appreciation for all the work and effort she, too, makes on our behalf.

Then thanks to Mary Reed (Lawson) who accompanied on the keyboard, when we sang The School Song.

After these events, the meal was served. First there was celery and apple soup, with stilton. Followed by pan fried turkey escalope, with cranberry sauce, and the dessert was chocolate truffle scented with Rum Syrup.

As there was no organized entertainment this year, we were content to relax, and chat until it was time to draw the raffle. This year we made £63.50.

At 10.30pm it was time to say our farewells. Thank you, members of the Committee for arranging this enjoyable evening once again.

PAT BITTLESTONE

SUMMER REUNION

Tuesday 14th June 2005 brought a very small number of Old Bedans together for this re-union at the Ramside. Only twenty members in all – but the lack of members did not result in a lessening of the chatter and the devouring of good food and drink. We were, in fact, treated to a succession of visitors, who, noting the O.B. reserved signs on the tables, came to have a word. The first was an O. B. member, Joan Hunt, who attended Bede from 1933-1939, and is now aged 83. She was visiting Ramside with a friend, when she espied the O. B. sign, and came to see if anyone from her era was present. Sadly that was not the case, but she spent quite some time reminiscing the early days.

Following Joan, an O. B. by the name of Peter Manners, came to ask if a similar organization existed for the O. B. boys. He is 54 years old and is currently living in Stakeford,

Northumberland. He asked if his cousins Audrey and Dorothy Amiss attended O. B. meetings.

He stayed with the group for quite a while, telling us he was a keen cyclist. It came to light that he is a member of the Barnesbury Cycling Club and was astounded when Audrey Knight disclosed that her uncle was one of the founder members of that club.

At this juncture, Pat Craddas (Snell), suggested that we should obtain his address, in order to send him a copy of the magazine *so he could read the ~~Sports~~ ~~Club~~ ~~News~~ ~~Letter~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~Club~~ ~~Members~~ ~~'s~~ ~~activities~~. He was delighted to proffer the information and appeared to enjoy the time spent with the group.

*(the report on the evening's)

Finally we were approached by another gentleman, who said his wife was an O.B. and asked if any of us had been responsible for painting the owl on the top of the roof bright red! This had happened sometime during his wife's time at school. We all claimed to have no such knowledge of such an escapade, telling him our worst misdemeanor had been to be seen on a bus without our uniform hat!

So all in all we had a depleted gathering, but a very interesting evening. A word of praise for Audrey Skinner (Sanderson), who attended, despite having to use crutches to get about. Hope the knee is much improved now Audrey.

We hopefully anticipate next year's meeting of the twenty, plus many, many more.

MARJORIE SNOWBALL (CUDDEFORD)

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING 2005

This was held at 49, Park Avenue, Roker, at 2pm on Friday 23rd September.

It opened with one minutes silence to reflect on the sad loss of our President, Lily Richardson (Lawson).

The Chairman welcomed everyone and thanked Iris Harvey (Bennet) for her kind hospitality, in offering her home as the venue.

Apologies for absence from Pat Cruddas (Snell).

Minutes of the 2004 meeting were read, agreed and signed.

The Chairman's report was combined with the Secretary's Report and can be read, in full, elsewhere in the magazine as can our Treasurer's Report.

Sadly lots of deaths were listed during the year. But despite this, we still have a healthy membership, to which new members are still being welcomed. These are all listed in the magazine.

Dorothy Stephinson (Thompson) thanked all the committee, for their gallant help and advice, over the previous two years in office as chairman. She then welcomed and installed, the new chairman, Judith Rosenstein, who has agreed to continue to oversee our funds, in addition to her chairman's duties

The new chairman then listed the dates of events for 2006, which you will see on the inner fold of the front cover.

The final act at the meeting was to invite Doris Henderson (Wilton) to be our President. She accepted with pleasure, and we wish her well in her new position.

The meeting closed at 3.15pm.

DOROTHY STEPHINSON (THOMPSON)

SECRETARY

SECRETARY/CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

Good health, kind fortune and best wishes to all Old Bedans. It has been a pleasure and privilege to serve as chairman 2003/2005, and all my thanks are due to all who gave advice and assistance.

(Quickly change hats) I can only apologize for any shortcomings on the secretarial side, I can in future give my undivided attention to the minutes!

It is with sadness, that I draw attention to several deaths, which are listed in the magazine, but especially to the loss of our President, Lily Richardson (Lawson). Due to my telephone main cable being severed, I was unaware of this until the funeral was past, and apologize for not attending. Fortunately we were well represented by other members, to pay respects to a popular lady who has given years of sterling service, and cogent advice. She also gave us yearly amusement and laughter, by providing innovative brain-teasing games for the Winter Reunions, and will be much missed. After a month my phone was restored, and I caught up on various messages, which it would have appeared I was ignoring, and I felt quite badly about it.

We have been fortunate, in gaining some new members to the "family" and may I take this occasion to welcome them gladly. The Winter Reunion ran relatively smoothly, against all odds. I telephoned Joan Harvey in December to organize catering, as usual, only to discover that arthritic hands made the creation of her delicacies too painful and slow to make "Something Special Catering" viable. After searching around, Pat Cruddas (Snell)

saved the day. She persuaded a relative, who has the 'Snow Goose' at Roker, to cater for us – but they did not cover ancillary needs.

The committee duly arrived with 70 china cups and saucers, some full sugar bowls, milk jugs, knives, spoons, trays, tea, coffee and paper plates, to find excellent food prepared and waiting. Everything was set and we launched into our games. Towards the end of the second game, Moira checked the boiler, only to find that it must have switched itself off, and was only partially warm. Thus ensued that classic situation of the watched pot. The energy released by mass-ventilation, must have helped, because it eventually provided us with drinks, to wash down the food we had already consumed.(Situation NOTED for next year).

This delay caused the raffle to start late and we had more lovely prizes than ever before, so we had just finished when it was 9.30pm, and the committee frantically bagged the debris and packed all the china etc., into the various owners' bags. However the caretaker said he always looked forward to attending to his 'lovely ladies', and as long as he was empowered to do so, he would open the premises and have everything ready for us, and come back later to lock up and it really was his great pleasure! Who could ask for anything more?

The Annual Dinner was the usual happy occasion. We did not have entertainment, but never has so much been spoken so quickly by so few, so I don't think it was missed this year. There was a minor panic when we sold all the raffle tickets and had none left for some people, so strips had to be shared! Another panic was due to a misunderstanding about dates, and we found our pianist was not with us. We were fortunate to find a replacement amongst us who could sight read, but whereas Jean Bagley's talents ran to transposing down to a lower key, our life saver had to play in the original key, designed for young sopranos – but we didn't really have any of those anymore! It was a feeble school song, manfully accompanied by a pianist under great duress.

The food was mostly good, but the turkey portions were geared (in size) to hungry rugby players, and unhappily one unfortunate table had the product from a really leathery old

broiler – reminiscent of Charlie Chaplin's attempts to eat his boot soles. We could not complain about the largesse, but we did about the tough servings. There were discussions after dinner about changing future format, to accommodate those who are reluctant to leave their homes at night (very understandable in this day and age). Some, however, still prefer the formality and sparkle of an evening out. It was mooted that we should try a luncheon. The next occasion will be in Judith's term of office, and since she always attends to negotiating advantageous prices and booking the venue, it was decided to allow her time for exploratory negotiation and further discussion will occur at the A.B.M. Notification will be in this magazine.

Our Summer Reunion at Ramside was down to twenty this year. It appears that many regulars were away on holiday. Those present enjoyed the splendid food and gossip session as always. There is always lots of news, and I hope you can add support in 2006.

This year's A.B.M. has been arranged to try to accommodate those who need a local venue. Iris Bennett kindly volunteered as hostess at 49, Park Avenue, Roker, which is on a main bus route



.Our intrepid committee have travelled to my highland hideaway, overlooking Lanchester, for two years. External entertainment was always laid on with diverting ducks and dancing hens cavorting on the lawn. The Gander (he is in charge) peers through the window and bangs

his beak on the glass to let us know he's there. The dogs would like to join in with the meeting, but are not allowed, and the sheep view it all from the garden with feigned disinterest (They're actually very curious)



No thanks are due to your chairman in the compilation of this magazine. I listed it on a Friday in December (the date was correct) but it was actually to be on Thursday. I appeared all bright and chipper, on Moira's doorstep, to do my stint. I was greeted by Alan, who looked a little mystified, until the expression showed dawning amusement as he explained that they had all been here yesterday, and the magazine was sorted. Apologies once again, for being in the wrong opera!

It remains for me to thank all of you for your support and for any contributions you may have sent in for your magazine. We are dependant on them to make it interesting. On your behalf, and on my own, I thank the committee for all their work.

I would especially like to welcome Judith Rosenstein, our new chairman for 2005-7. I'm sure she will enjoy her term of office as much as I have. I am particularly pleased to reassure you that she will continue to oversee our finances. She runs a much sounder ship than certain chancellors I could mention – but I won't – why spoil the magazine?

I hope you all have an excellent festive season and a good 2006, and look forward to seeing many of you at the Winter Reunion.

DOROTHY STEPHINSON (THOMPSON)

TREASURER'S REPORT

Our balance sheet shows a small profit on this year's account. Many thanks to the members of the Guild who have sent donations. We are very grateful for these contributions.

JUDITH ROSENSTEIN

SCHOOLDAY STORIES

Asked to write a magazine article in Election Year 2005, my mind raced back to a Mock election at Bede, in which, as a keen member in the Debating Society, I was persuaded to stand as a candidate. Two days after the poll I was summoned to the study of our Head, Miss Winifred J.E. Moul. Since I was a 'good girl' (on the whole) I entered in fear and trembling, wondering if I had treated the campaign too flippantly and was in trouble for my levity. I was amazed, therefore, to be asked to reveal my plans for the future after I had left school. My friends knew that I wanted to be a teacher, but I had not told them of my hope, after a few years experience in this country, to teach on the Indian sub-continent. Miss Moul listened patiently, then told me that I should learn more about politics and perhaps become the Girls' School's first M.P.!

I have to confess that I never even attempted to become a local councillor, but I married Alan Chesters, an Anglican clergyman, who later became Bishop of Blackburn and spent several years serving in the House of Lords. So, although I did not become a parliamentarian, I married one. Somehow I do not think Miss Moul would have approved me walking the corridors of power without the hard slog of constituency work and London speeches.

Owing to family circumstances I never taught on the Indian sub-continent, but in the 1980's I spent four years as Head of a large First school in Dewsbury, next to what then claimed to be the largest mosque in Europe, with space for ten thousand worshippers. The children were all from an Asian heritage background and of the Muslim faith and most arrived in school

with few words of English. This was a far cry from my previous schools, including being Head of Commercial Road Infants, and later Hillview Infants. In the nineteen forties and fifties nobody envisaged the Indian sub-continent coming to us, rather than vice versa!

My year group at Bede had spent their entire primary school years from five to eleven as War children, so the school motto 'After darkness Light' was literally true for us as we began at Bede in 1945. Enlightened legislation meant that many of us were beneficiaries of the wonderful 1944 Butler education Act, by which children were to be educated according to the three A's - Age, Ability and Aptitude. This Act changed the lives of many of my generation as did the creation of the Open University by Harold Wilson, which enabled me to read for a B.A. in my forties.

I remember that Miss Moul did not name the three streams in each age group as A, B or C, as was then the case in most secondary schools. Our streams were named after science subjects, C (Chemistry), B (Biology) and H (Hygiene). I was in the C stream although as an arts' student I am still awaiting my first chemistry lesson! We soon learnt to answer visiting hockey or netball players, who asked which form we were in with 'Third year top stream' rather than 3C, which required lengthy explanations which never sounded convincing.

Teachers sometimes made ambiguous promises which proved amusing. There was a Math's' teacher who realized that we did not understand a new theorem. She commanded us 'Watch the board girls, and I'll go through it'. Miss Moul was thrilled when she made a plea for clothes for victims of a serious flood disaster, in the Netherlands, I seem to remember. In those days of austerity we filled a large basket on the platform, The very first morning, 'Tomorrow girls', she promised. 'I shall have a bath on the platform'. Neither of these promises was fulfilled in quite the way we had envisaged.

Among school societies I particularly enjoyed the choirs. As a thirteen year old I was invited, like many others, to join Mr. Clifford Hartley's new Bishopwearmouth Choral Society. 'And shall we sing contralto Jennie?' enquired Mr. Hartley. 'But sir,

.I sing soprano' I feebly protested, to be told very firmly 'You have a contralto speaking voice and we are short of contraltos-you shall sing contralto !' And so I did, continuing in the Choral Society until 1975, when I married and left Sunderland. The result was many years of choral singing and a life long passion for good music. So much for doing as the teacher said! Every year those of us who were learning Latin joined in annual Saturday 'Saturnalia' celebrations. Miss Orme, the Latin teacher, gently agreed that I should drop Latin before O levels, saying 'because of your creativity' This meant that when I did not know a verb I made it up with 'creative 'results. Subsequently I have been motivated to learn a great deal of ecclesiastical Latin through choral singing. My favourite subject was history, and I felt very privileged to attend a school named after such an eminent historian. The Venerable Bede has featured much in my life. I met Alan when we were both Governors of the College of St. Hild and Bede in Durham. Our wedding reception was held in the Bede College Dining Hall. When we lived near Durham I proudly showed visitors around Durham Cathedral, pointing out the tombs of St. Cuthbert and the Venerable Bede and talking about their lives. Perhaps one of the greatest legacies Bede School gave me was a number of life-long friendships. It is fashionable, in some quarters, these days to mock Christmas round robin letters, but I look forward to hearing from friends from the UK and from overseas whom I first met at Bede. We all rejoiced when Sunderland became a city on St. Valentine's Day 1992. Sunderland's motto, often mentioned in school assemblies, has been a beacon to me in hard times 'Nil desperandum, auspice deo' I am grateful, in retirement for the foundation for life I received in Sunderland's Bede Girls' Grammar School. Long may the women educated there continue to enjoy one another's company and reminisce about their school days together.

JENNIE GARRETT (CHESTERS)

LIVES REMEMBERED

LILLIAN RICHARDSON (LAWSON)

It is with regret that I have to report the death of Lily on July 18th 2005. She had a stroke at the end of last year and was recovering very well, but unfortunately she had another, more serious one, and died in hospital.

She was the centre of a loving and supportive family and friends, including many Old Bedans, as was shown by the packed church, for her funeral.

Lily was an active and faithful member of the Guild of Old Bedans, for many years, serving on the magazine committee from 1982, and as Vice Chairman for two years from 1987/1989, then Chairman from 1989 until 1991.

No Winter Reunion would have been complete without the word games and quizzes that she regularly provided for our entertainment. These were greatly enjoyed and caused much laughter and cheating. I knew her first as a fellow pupil at the new Bede School, then later at Fulwell Infants School, where we were colleagues for more than 20 happy years until retirement.

Lily will be greatly missed by all who knew her.

DOROTHY MIDDLEMASS (SUGDEN)

LILY RICHARDSON (LAWSON)

Our late President was a very caring person, who always had the interests of Bede at heart. Following her death, her daughter Elizabeth, kindly passed on to me, some early copies of Old Bedan magazine, and a special booklet commemorating the Diamond Jubilee in 1950, to add to my collection. The booklet proved to be of particular interest, containing several old photographs, such as girls aged 14+ on opening day in 1890; morning prayers assembly; netball team in action and girls leaving at home time, looking very smart in their uniforms – complete with hats!! A truly fascinating reading – thank you Elizabeth.

IRIS HARVEY (BENNETT)

LILLIAN RICHARDSON (LAWSON)

Lily was an active and faithful member of the Guild of Old Bedans, for many years, serving on the magazine committee. Lily was born in 1922, and she eventually won a scholarship to attend

School for friends
friends for
teacher at
and was
student, to
in
on to teach
Barnes
Fulwell.
life.

She retired
her
looking
who lived
100th
Lily
stroke



Bede Grammar
Girls, making
there, who became
life. She trained as a
Langham Towers,
evacuated as a
Bedale
Yorkshire. She went
for 40 years, first at
School; and then at
Teaching was her

in 1982, and spent
retirement years
after her mother,
to celebrate her
birthday.
unfortunately had a
about a year ago,

but she was a fighter, and she recovered well, still attending all the Old Bedans events, which she loved. She was so proud to have been asked to be the President. Sadly she suffered a second major stroke from which it is impossible to recover. She enjoyed the challenge of providing a new set of games to be played at the Winter Reunions of the Guild, and she will be sorely missed at all the meetings.

ELIZABETH LAWSON (CALVERT)

MARGARET EASTON FERSHL CARR (MARTIN)

A phone call from Eileen Young (Oliver), informed me of the death of Peggy, who died 2 days after her 102nd birthday. She surely was our oldest Old Bedan! We printed an article in the 2003 magazine, on the occasion of her 100th. She is survived by her husband Bill aged 94, who rightly is very proud of her and her achievements. Our condolences to Bill and Jennifer.

IRIS HARVEY (BENNETT)

MAVIS BERRIMAN (JACKMAN)



Mavis wrote a letter for the 2003 magazine, in which she mentioned that she knew she had a photograph of a hockey team. But although she and her husband Tony "had turned the place apart" they could not find it.

Obviously the 2003 Spring clean has done the trick and she has sent it to me with the request that I identify everyone. With the help of various individuals USA, Old Bedans and those in the Rambling Club, I have been partly successful. It has been comforting to hear the phrase from everyone (including me) "Oh I know that face so well but cannot put a name to it" Can anyone provide the missing names?

Mavis and her family are well and happy, although of course saddened by the dreadful tornados in the gulf, as we all are. She sends her good wishes to all who knew her.

The hockey players are

Jean Sangster ? ? Miss Abbott Celia Pipe Joan Wilson
Joyce Smith

Joyce Wilson Mavis Berriman Jean Brewis Irene Joyce ?

MARGARET LAIDLAW

SNIPPETS

DOROTHY OAKS (CLARKE) flew up, from Ivybridge in Devon, to stay with Audrey Skinner (Sanderson) so that she was able to come to the Re-Union Dinner in April. Thank you for making such an effort Dorothy.

MAUREEN WALLACE (HILTON) in Australia, sends best wishes to everyone, especially those in her year. (1945's)

MARGARET BERRY sends her good wishes from Hemel Hempstead. She is sorry that her work with the C.A.B. makes it too difficult to come to Sunderland on a Friday.

JENNIE GARRETT (CHESTER) is now living in retirement in Chester, as her husband has now retired from being Bishop of Blackburn. Her life is full and happy, and she was delighted to join the 1945/52 group at the Dinner in April.

MARJORIE FORD (FAIRBRIDGE)

Marjorie says "Once again a lovely evening at the Marriott Hotel. Where are all the girls from 1950/57? Do come. You will not be disappointed. I am now living in Morecombe, but come regularly to see my sister in Newcastle'

JOAN LIDDLE has had a kidney removed by keyhole surgery. She is fine, but was unable to make it to the Dinner.

MARGARET NICHOLSON (GRACEY) is planning to visit her daughter in Germany. Her son-in-law, who is a judge, has just retired, and they are going to celebrate by having a holiday in the Black Forest.

VIOLET ADDISON, Margaret Botcherby (Scott) and Margaret Skipsey (Easdown), would like to trace Violet. All three started at Barnes Infants and went through Bede together until 1950.

BRENDA CUNNINGHAM (STODDART) awaits the arrival of a second grandchild in San Francisco. (1943/48)

MORE SNIPPETS

1934

The Social Service Club collected clothes and spent £7 on jersey's, trousers, vests knickers and stockings. Fifteen parcels were sent to poor schools, which were brought to our notice by Old Bedans. Mothers wrote to thank the Guild, and one five year old sent a portrait of himself (hand drawn) , in his fine green jersey, entitled "Here I am". We regret we cannot publish it in the Bedan.

An interesting note, in 1934, related to members of the Old Bedans in the Capital and suggested they start a London Branch.

Last year we had a letter from Doreen Ward (McRae), explaining that numbers had dwindled, and so reluctantly this branch was sending its final report! Not bad going – nearly 70 years, and I believe the same lady founded the branch, and deserves an accolade for sterling service.

In the 1935 issue, a debating and current affairs club noted a discussion on "The disturbing personality of Mussolini" and a lively discussion followed two addresses – from a recently returned English traveler in Germany, and a member of the new Nazi party. There was then a debate on whether or not Democracy was the path to follow, suggesting that it may have been found wanting. The outcome, which it would appear involved the intervention of the Head Mistress, threw out the motion and resulted in a somewhat crestfallen proposer.

Also in 1935, it was noticed that there was much parental reluctance to let girls leave the town to follow careers. An admonition to make use of libraries and seek career active followed.

The 1936 Bedan was much concerned with charitable works. The annual sub. of £25 was noted for the upkeep of "Our Cot" at the children's Hospital (founded in 1920 by Bede Collegiate Girls) 500 Easter eggs went to the same place, and needlework classes and hobbies produced garments and dolls, also for the

hospital. Funds were sent to St. Dunston's for our John (presumably an adoptee of the school!) and all tinfoil had to be saved for the Guild of Help.

Nov 4-8 1941 – War Weapons Week Bodans raised 4270 shillings. The hall was decorated with Bombers and Spitfires. The Guild was suspended in 1939, but all were still involved, with the school, in knitting comforts for Sunderland forces. (The 1915 edition reports similar activities)

BEST (OR WORST?) HEADLINES OF 2003

We had the BAFTA's, the Oscar's have been and gone, but how about an award for those nice people who work in journalism, especially those who write the headlines.

Journalists, you may well think, are usually highly educated people who take a pride in their work and have a careful and commanding grasp of English language and grammar – or do they? After reading the following headlines you may begin to question this. These are my nominations for what could be "The most ridiculous headlines of the year award". I assure you that these are all actual headlines that were published in newspapers last year – hard as it may be to believe....

Something went wrong in Jet Crash, Expert says

Iraqi Head Seeks Arms

Prostitutes Appeal to Pope

Panda Mating Fails; Veterinarian Takes Over

Teacher Strikes Idle Kids

Miners Refuse to Work After Death

Juvenile Court to Try Shooting Defendant

War Dims Hope for Peace

If Strike Isn't Settled Quickly, It may Last Awhile

Cold Wave Linked to Temperatures

Enfield Couple Slain; Police Suspect Homicide

Red Tape Holds up New Bridges

Man Struck by Lightning Faces Battery Charge

New Study of Obesity Looks for Larger Test Group

Kids Make Nutritious Snacks

Chef Throws his Heart into Helping Feed Needy

Local School Dropouts Cut in Half

Hospitals are Safer by 7 Foot Doctors

Typhoon Rips Through Cemetery; Hundreds Dead

MESSAGE FROM THE CHAIRMAN

Greetings to you all. I am very honoured to be the new Chairman of the Guild of Old Bedans. Once again the committee has been busy putting together the magazine. We do it for you, but we do need your news and contributions to make it even better. So put pen to paper, or if you prefer use the computer and share your memories, travels, interests etc.

You will notice from the front of the magazine that we are having a lunch at the Sea Hotel, South Shields in April, instead of an evening dinner. This is a trial – nothing permanent as yet. We do hope you will try to attend. We do not have to choose a set menu, as we did at the Marriott, so you will be able to decide what you would like to eat on the day. If anyone thinks they will have difficulty getting to South Shields, would they get in touch with a committee member, and we may be able to arrange a lift.

My best wishes to you all for health and happiness in the New Year.

JUDITH ROSENSTEIN

PLEASE NOTE

Due to unavoidable circumstances the centre pages have been added very late. They are therefore out of sequence and not numbered.

DEATHS

JOAN HAYTON
JOAN BOSWELL (ROUGH)
SHIRLEY STONE (HORN)
MAJORIE MAKEL (DONKIN)
LILY RICHARDSON (LAWSON)
AGNES MARY HUNTER
PEGGY THIRKELL (JOHNSON)
ELIZABETH HENDERSON (HENDERSON)
MARGARET CARR (MARTIN)
ELSIE GARRICK (SMITH)
MOIRA HODGSON (SPOORS)
IRENE JOHNSON (AUSTIN)
ENA BELL (ALLISON)
MAY S. PEARLMAN (DYMOND)
ADA MARGARET EASTON PERSHL CARR (MARTIN)
JOYCE KEERIE (HARVEY)

NEW MEMBERS

GWEN STRICKLAND (WOOD)
JOYCE PLUMPTON (HOWE)
EDNA ANDERSON (MARSON-SMITH)

JOAN HAYTON

Joan's many friends will be sad to know that she died in hospital in January 2005.

Joan had a great many interests and friends. A retired Deputy Head of Quarry View Junior School, she was an active member of the Antiquarian Society, and a voluntary steward at Cragside.

She had been a strong supportive member of the Guild of Old Bedans, and was much concerned in the distribution of the magazine, until physical problems curtailed her involvement. I and many others will miss her.

LILLIAN DAWSON (DODDS)

From 1982 until I took over in 1997, Joan kept membership records up to date, also arranged the distribution of the magazine. In those early days, in fact until 1989, all envelopes were hand written – a formidable task!!! How lucky we are to have Anne Mitchell's (Crowe) daughter Margaret and her secretary, Margaret Dooley to print all of our labels, and send them on to us from Leeds, free of charge! Many thanks.

Joan suffered a arthritis, which was really great joys was fellow member of the National how, on N.T. always to be seen, everything in I am grateful to



great deal from especially in her hands, cruel, as one of her photography. Being a the Durham branch of Trust, I well remember outings, Joan was happily snapping sight.

her nephew, Geoff Hayton, for sending this photograph, which I know many O. B's will recognize. She will be remembered with affection.

IRIS HARVEY (BENNETT)

AGNES MARY HUNTER 1913 – 2005

Educated at primary schools in Sunderland, Miss Hunter moved, with her family, to West Hartlepool, but entered the sixth form at Bede when they returned

A graduate in English of St. Hild's College, Durham, she obtained her teaching diploma before becoming an M.A. in 1937. Her first teaching post was at Henden Board School. In the early days of the war she was evacuated to Malton, but was forced to return home due to ill health. She taught at Monkwearmouth Central School before joining the English Department at Seaham Grammar School, where she was in charge. Her Shakespeare productions of fifth form texts and her grounding in poetic criticism were especially outstanding. In 1953 she took up a post at Darlington Training College, finally moving to Sunderland Teacher Training College. Following a Cambridge course in the Care and Management of School Libraries, she took over the running of the college library (designing the interior) until her retirement.

DOREEN STANNIFORTH (SIMM)

PEGGY THIRKELL (JOHNSON)

I was very sorry to hear of Peggy's death in 2003.

At Chester Road School, I shared a classroom with her and we each had a group of over 40 children! It was great fun, but that was Peggy, full of fun, whether as a teacher or as a customer in the Trustee Savings Bank, where I once heard her asking if they had any 'free filthy fivers'. And yet she showed great concern for my mother and me when my father died. For most of her teaching career, she worked tirelessly as N.U.T. representative. A great character and a great miss.

LUCY MILLS (DAVISON)

JEAN ALEXANDRA MITCHELL (PENTOLFE)

Our friendship spanned two continents and 64 years, almost to the day. Jean died suddenly, from a heart attack, on 5th September 2004. Paramedics and the Trauma Unit were unable to save her.

We met on our first day at Bode, in September 1940, and from that day on we were 'friends forever' as the saying goes. Jean and I formed a gang at school with Sheila Triggs, Pat Kendall, Joan Marshall and Moira Hodgson. Although Jean and I were

not in the same class, we shared many activities; ballroom dancing in the hall on wet lunchtimes; we were members of the choir (both were wives in Dido and Aeneas), and we entertained captive audiences in the cloisters, used as air raid shelters. I will remember our rendering of 'Little Sir Echo'! There were no DVD's, Walkmans or TV's. Life was austere in the war years.

To the end Jean sported a lump on her lower shinbone, caused by a hockey ball, hit by me!

Miss Moul, in assembly, unfailingly urged girls 'to be warriors blazing new trails' In 1952 Jean and I became two of those warriors, bound for Africa on the Athlone Castle, to a country called Rhodesia, of which we knew very little. We sailed off into the sunshine, cementing our friendship even more firmly. Jean had a warm, humorous and generous nature.

She also had an extremely quick wit. These qualities endeared all who came into contact with her. And she never changed. In all the years of our association, she was always the same, Jean from Roker.

Jean gave unstintingly of her time, to help others. She assisted with children's disabled riding, visited the sick, and people in Old Age Homes, and she also knitted hats for child cancer patients, to name a few projects. She loved her tennis, walked and swam a lot and attended church regularly. On the Sunday she died, having returned from church, she was singing away in the kitchen, whilst cooking the Sunday roast, and making scones for tea, when there was a sudden crash ---

I flew to Harare for the funeral. The church was filled to capacity, surely a measure of her loving nature and popularity. She leaves a bereft husband Jack, her eldest son in England, a daughter in Seattle, and the youngest son on the north coast of Kwazulu Natal (about 55kms from where I live) plus nine grandchildren.

I consider myself to have been blessed with a friend like Jean almost all of my life. For me, the chasm can never be filled.

Jean, I salute you.

JOAN BROOKS (RICHARDS)

Durban Kwazulu Natal, S. A.

LAURA HOWARD (TURNBULL)

Many Old Bedans will remember Laura. I think she would leave school in the fifties to take up Teacher Training in London.

In 1970, she and her husband immigrated to Australia, and they now live in Canberra. Laura and Freddie have two sons, Phil and Paul who have left home and live independent lives.

Laura was awarded the Order of Australia a few years ago, and last year, on September 18th 2004, she was invested as Honorary Canon of St. Saviour's Cathedral. This was in recognition of outstanding service and ministry, through the Mother's Union, as well as Christian witness in the wider community, through voluntary work with various clubs and Scripture in schools.

I received this news from Laura's brother-in-law, who lives in Sunderland, and has visited Freddie and Laura many times.

MARJORIE CALVERT

The foundation stone of Sunderland Museum was laid by Ulysses S. Grant, Civil War General and President of the United States.

Grant was noted for only knowing two songs. One of them was the 'Stars and Stripes' – and the other wasn't!!

DOROTHY STEPHINSON (THOMPSON)

MR. GARBUTT

Spring of 1946 spurred a group of first years, to gain Miss Moul's approval, to set up a gardening group., this to fill in the lunch break.

Small plots were made available under the guidance of Mr. Garbutt, school gardener. These were situated behind the hospital fence, near the scout hut, and implements were provided. Some considerable success was made on the vegetable front – especially marrows.

Mr Garbutt then decided that some of us ought to be introduced to bee keeping, and took us off to see his hives. We were shown, and indeed participated in sliding the cones out, and as he said, the bees were amiable. He did not deign to wear nets etc., and informed us that he raised docile bees, and in all his life had never been stung. At this point, one – who was clearly listening and deploring his complacency – landed on the rather bulbous tip of his nose and stuck its sting right in. Stupefaction does not quite describe his expression

DOROTHY STEPHINSON (THOMPSON)

HOLLAND 1949

Watching a recent documentary on R.A.F. Lancasters dropping bread to the starving Dutch people in 1945, I noted, in the background of the parts shot in Holland, Gracy Fields singing 'Sing as we Go'

This took me straight back to a school visit to Zandvoost in 1949. A group of us were taken, by a Dutch boy – Bert – to meet his parents, who promptly invited us into their home. I noticed a beautiful table-grand, as soon as we walked in. We talked a little and the father asked if any of us could sing. A few of my friends pointed to me and said 'She can'. Taking me to the grand piano he said 'Do you know Sally?' I was a little puzzled and said the only one I'd ever come across was 'Sally in Our Alley'.

'That's it,' he said, 'I'll play it, you sing!'. I gave the best rendering I could – the piano accompaniment was excellent, and the Dutch family cheered and clapped. He explained that Grace kept them alive during the war, when they secretly tuned in to the BBC, and their all time favourite was Sally!

DOROTHY STEPHINSON (THOMPSON)

MEMORIES OF BEDE

Lanky, badly coordinated, and hard of hearing, I was the despair of Miss Rutter (P.E.) and Miss Wilman (Geometry) when I entered the first form at Bede in 1946. I watched the jaguar like Audrey Knight, sprinting and the lithe Gillian Rymer, climbing the rope in the gym, with envy and admiration. In our second year, the glamorous young staff arrived, and the class number went up from 33 to 38. That year I enjoyed Science with Miss Carrick ('No sharp corners on test-tubes in your diagrams, girls') and History with Miss Powell, realizing, years later, that this was because they were audible. Miss Heslop too, was audible, and, I think, an exceptional teacher, because, resistant though I was to map work (no spatial ability) I still remember what she taught us.

In the third year, our class size increased to 43, I am indebted to the clear Scots tones of Mrs. Bryce, that special intonation of Miss Taylor and the confidence-building of our form-mistress Miss Cross, and to my friend Lyane Batey, who would lend me her notes to glean what I had not heard.

Doreen Waring made it our aim, to claim the top two positions in the summer term. Like swots we were, naughtily revising out of bounds, up a Barnes Park tree, behind the hockey pitch. Alas, though we were successful, those stolen views of the green pitches and beautiful buildings would be my last. At the end of the first week in 4M, I had to transfer to Seaham Grammar School, as we moved to Easington, weeping into my pillow, as I felt I had lost my friends for life.

I should have remembered the Bede motto - 'After darkness Light'. At Seaham my excellent maths and sixth form mistress maws the sister of Bede Miss Wilman, and it was an Old Bedan (name on the honours Board), Miss A. M. Hunter (see obituary) who taught me so inspiringly the English I was later to teach. Furthermore, at college interview stage (St. Hild's Durham) another Old Bedan, Jennie Garrett, saw my name on the board, and shepherded me around the labyrinthine college corridors.

Miss Moul, never forgot me, giving me the first year R.E. exam marking to do one year, and expressing annoyance that on

marriage, for which she sent me Bede Prayers 'from her headmistress'. I left Sunderland and could not join the staff.

Best of all, I met my old friends again years later, and they invited me to join the Guild. I cannot speak too gratefully about the kindness I have received, and the good times and memories shared.

DOREEN STANNIFORTH (SIMM)

IT'S ALL IN THE PAPERS!

Lucy Mills (Davison) who lives in Hamshaugh, would like it known that she is not a friend of the Cannabis Gran, and has never had, or intends to have, a cannabis cookie!

She does, however, indulge in some of the more interesting pursuits in the village.

Despite media coverage, she also does quite a lot of shopping in Corbridge, likes fish and chips, and is definitely not "snooty".

Let it also be known, that Marie Winter (Patterson), does pay her water bills, and she was not responsible for the disruption of the water supply earlier in the year. For ten long days, she was allowed to collect her free allocation of bottled water, and fill her pails from the Bowser nearby!

Marvellous though this was, take it from me, bottled water does not make a good "cuppa".

I am sure Miss Moul would have been proud of her "ambassadors" in the area during these hard times.

LUCY MILLS (DAVISON)

N.B. For those who are no longer familiar with our local news, the Cannabis Gran referred to was someone from Hexham, who had been found putting cannabis in her cookies, then giving them to others, to alleviate the pain of certain illnesses. The courts gave her a suspended sentence.

The owner of a travelling Fish and Chip shop complained that the populace of Corbridge was "snooty".

Following abnormally heavy rain earlier in the year, Corbridge and its station were badly flooded, up to one meter in places. Parts of the river overflowed, affecting the water supplies, so emergency measures had to be taken. ED.

A BURGHER JOINT!

I have been prompted – well maybe not so much prompted as arm twisted by Moira Cuddeford, to write this Anecdote (or saga!) for the magazine. She rang me to see how I was, seeing as I had been on crutches at the summer reunion at the Ramside. The reason? Well let me start at the beginning.

In 1999 I had two new knees. So what? Hundreds of people have new bits and pieces these days. The knees were great, no more pain, and I was back to riding my pushbike within six months. But then disaster!

Five years later I partly dislocated my left knee – a one in ten thousand chance. How? Well, suffice it to say it happened in bed! No, not what you are thinking, all I did was turn over rather awkwardly. That's my story and I'm sticking to it!

The outcome of this was that in the middle of March 2004, my consultant, Mr.Fuchs (careful of the pronunciation those of you who did not study German), said for me to go on crutches, to relieve any weight on the knee, and he would operate very soon. I'd be in and out of hospital by the end of April, or so he said. Come September, I went into hospital! Meanwhile I had learnt lots of things to do with crutches, such as , switching on the light without having to get up from the chair, open curtains without having to get ,out of bed, and other things which I care not to mention!

As I said I was into hospital in September, and had my false knee removed, to be replaced by, not another false knee, but a burger joint! Now this leaves plenty to the imagination. doesn't it? For those not medically inclined, me included. My leg was then in a back slab for 10 weeks, to keep my leg straight and support my knee-less leg. What fun – I was now the proud owner of a Zimmer frame. My 8 year old grandson thought this was a great implement to use as a gymnastics frame. Oh, that I could have done the same! Then back to hospital for a third new knee. I was then nicknamed "Jake th Fake" – not many have three new knees

This time, things were a little more complicated. Rods would be fitted into the tibia and femur. Great. Now I really will be a bionic woman!

Although I tried to keep cheerful throughout this, I must admit, at times I got down in the dumps. Who wouldn't? I'm only human. But no matter how I bad I felt at times, I thought about all the people who were worse off than I was, and even had life threatening illnesses. Also, I had the support of my husband, friends and family, so I considered myself lucky. 'Think positive' I said to myself, just think of what I might be doing next year at this time.

I'll leave out the next gory details, but I came out of hospital in time for Christmas 2004, and spent it with everyone running round after me, so it did have its advantages!

Then back to physiotherapy again, going to the gym and costing me nothing. On to the exercise bike, the rowing machine and weights to strengthen my thigh muscles, which had practically disappeared, and heigh-ho, in March, everything in the garden looked lovely.

All I needed again to assist me, was a walking stick, which I hoped to be disposing of very soon. (These are very useful when blackberrying, as I had found out in the past!). So spring was approaching. I would be able to go out and about again. I was looking forward to a holiday in Devon, and the sky was the limit!

No, I don't mean attempting to do sky diving.

But now I have come to the conclusion that my middle name is unlucky.

This time it was a 1 in 100,000 chance that something would go wrong again. Why can't I be the 1 in 100,000 to win the jack pot in the lottery? But go wrong again it did. The rod in my lower limb decided to go walk about, and threatened to go diagonally towards the bone. If it had reached the bone, I would have a broken leg to contend with. So back into hospital!

I did manage to get my holiday fitted in, and the sky was the limit. We flew from Newcastle to Exeter, and thanks to Dorothy Oaks (Clarke) I had a lovely holiday – even if I was in a wheelchair, so as to get out and about.

So now I am back to square one – been there – done that – got the T shirt.

I have just come out of hospital again and left my knee behind. I've got another burgher joint – (will come in handy for the tea). I have been supplied with a cricket pad splint to keep my knee straight, and crutches to hop around on for another 10 – 12 weeks. Roll on September when I will get yet another new knee.

Thank heavens my right knee has supported me throughout. It has taken a lot of stick, and this time I hope it will be my last visit to hospital. Someone else can have my bed, I am not booking it anymore.

I know what nurse will say when they see me (although I am expected) 'Look what the wind's blown in!' But its all in jollity. They really have been great. All the staff, from the consultants, down to the domestics. Every rung of the ladder is necessary.

When I come home again, after my next stint, I really do hope it will be my last visit. But believe me, it's a good job there are places like these when you need them. Last, but not least, can I say a big thank you to my husband, family and friends, who have been so patient and understanding with all my moods during the last two years? It's a case of – if you don't laugh you cry!

One more thing to tell you all – but keep it to yourselves. I've got a date on Friday, with another man who is after my body! He's called a GYNAECOLOGIST.

Wonder what this thrilling installment will lead to?

AUDREY SKINNER (SANDERSON)

P. S. I've become quite an expert in Sudoku, with all this spare time on my hands.

NI EDITORS NOTE Audrey sent this contribution to the magazine as a light hearted offering, and stresses she is **NOT** Looking for sympathy. We hope you continue to make good progress Audrey

39ERS REUNION 2005

It is 66 Years since we started Bede in the first months of the war.

Pat Morgan suggested that we should meet on the 50th anniversary, and we have met every year since. Our numbers have reduced considerably since that first meeting, but we still look forward to meeting each year at the Ramside Hotel.

None of us looked a day older than last year, in spite of new Hips, Knees, Cataracts and other bits and pieces.

Joan Liddle missed the February meeting at the Marriott Hotel, having just got out of hospital, the day before, so we were glad she could make it this time. We have had additions to some of our families in the form of grandchildren, so there were quite a lot of photographs to see, including a grandson's wedding. There were apologies from Rita Manning, Joyce Robson, Doreen Dodds, Stella Butterly and Joyce Sporn, who was reputedly BUSKING at the Edinburgh Festival. (I could believe it too!)

Zoe Crowcroft is going to visit Joyce Townes in September. She and Joyce met on their first day at Fulwell Infants School, as did Betty Scott and Betty Wright.

We left at 3 o'clock, but only because we had to, after another lovely chatter.

The next meeting is at 12 noon at the Ramside, on the last Friday in August 2006. Please put that in your diaries NOW so that you do not forget. There will be no other reminder

Those present this year were:-

Edna Clement
Marjorie Harris
Joyce Townes
Betty Scott
Maureen Richardson
Doreen Dobson

Joan Liddle
Sheila Snowball
Lucy Mills
Marjorie Bailes
Muriel Staddon
Doreen Dreyer

MAUREEN RICHARDSON (ROBSON)

NEWS FROM ABROAD

A splendid new Marine World/Oceanographic Research Institute was soon to be opened adjacent to Durban Harbour, in South Africa.

After many years of enjoying the fruits of mussel and rock lobster licenses, together with the sunshine, warm sea air and the wonders of the inter tidal zone of the Indian Ocean, I decided it was 'payback' time and so a new phase of my life began. Following lectures, field trips, much study and successfully passing the resulting examinations a year ago, I qualified as a voluntary guide at the Education Centre of 'Sea World', one of the arms of the 'U Shaka' facility.

'Sea World' comprises aquarium, dolphinsarium, seal stadium and penguin rookery.

The penguins and seals are mainly rescued animals, and 'Gambir' our number one dolphin,(a great favourite) is the largest dolphin in the world. My work consists of providing visitors with information on the animals, and also helping to run courses and workshops on the many aspects of the marine world, including conservation.

Because the subject is so vast, it is an ongoing learning curve, which serves to keep my brain alive -- proof that you are never too old to launch into something new!!!

JOAN BROOKS (RICHARDS) CLASS OF 1940

The foundation stone of Sunderland Museum was laid by Ulysses S. Grant, Civil War General and President of the United States.

Grant was noted for only knowing two songs. One of them was the 'Stars and Stripes' -- and the other wasn't!!!

DOROTHY STEPHENSON (THOMPSON)

SNIPPETS

On a sporting front. References to funds being raised both in 1934 and 5, for a school swimming pool for the new building, but the lack of one ever being built, would indicate that the attempt was abandoned and the funds directed elsewhere.

1930 It was reported that the use of a field at Seaburn would enable the guild to start its own hockey club.

1941 The school was evacuated – being ‘farmed out’ all round the Richmond area of West Yorkshire. Knitting for the army, First Aid classes, Home Nursing classes, Jam and Jelly making, from locally gathered fruit, featured largely in occupations, but the Head Teacher’s report noted that ‘although a school should not be judged for the sum of its examination results, 51, full certificates were gained, despite all difficulties, and this was second only to a large school in Durham, which was not evacuated! She also noted difficulties with billeting and the vagaries of hosts preferences for small girls (some of us neared 6 foot) for those who sang – and for those who did not! – for those who talked rarely – and for those who never stopped! – such problems! But all were eventually placed!

A genuine and thought provoking ‘blast from the past’ is from the 1899 edition,

Lower School 8/9’s 13/14’s entrants must have passed standard [11] or the entrance examination.

Fees 6p per week 5sh per quarter (in advance) Extra 3p per week or 2/6p per quarter secures possession of all books.

Upper School 9p per week or 7/6p per quarter (to include books, chemicals, use of apparatus and prep for exams)

Hours – 9 – 12 noon – 1.40 – 4.15pm

Exams Oxford Senior Exam – Queens Scholarship and College of Preceptors’ Exams, London Matriculation Examination (this was noted as ‘difficult but successes have been obtained by both boys and girls)

I thought the fees relatively small, until I watched a documentary last week, which referred to some N.E. Miners earning one shilling per week! Which puts it all in perspective.

DOROTHY STEPHINSON (THOMPSON)

**A FAVOURITE RECIPE FROM JOAN BROOKS
(RICHARDS)**

MAURITIAN CURRY DHOLL

1 cup yellow split peas
1 clove garlic
½ tsp. Turmeric
1/2 tsp. thyme
2 peeled chopped tomatoes
2-3 small chopped chillies
Seeds discarded (or chilli sauce to taste)
Fresh copped parsley and coriander
1 Medium onion chopped
3 whole cloves

METHOD

Soak peas for a couple of hours, or overnight. Wash well. Place in a pan with cold water (not too much). Add garlic, turmeric and cloves. Bring to the boil and simmer for about 30 minutes until soft. Do not add any salt to the cooking water or peas will not soften. Meantime sauté onions, add the tomatoes, thyme and chilli and braise till cooked but not watery. Mash dholl, removing any excess water, then add the tomato mixture, coriander and parsley and mix well. This is to be served as an accompaniment to curry, and is rather like peas pudding, only much nicer.

N. B. Joan sent this recipe as a suggestion for putting favourite recipes together to raise funds, and she sent this to start the ball rolling.

BALANCE SHEET SEPTEMBER 2004 - 2005

<u>INCOME</u>		<u>EXPENDITURE</u>	
Subscriptions	46.00	Printing	161.86
Donations	170.00	Gifts	33.91
Interest	54.52	Donations - Stroke Unit	25.00
Winter Reunion	305.00	Envelopes/Postage	117.31
Annual Dinner	1236.00	Winter Reunion	279.00
Raffle	132.50	Annual Dinner	1149.00
	1904.02		1738.17
	<u>1904.02</u>	Credit on years working	166.65
			<u>2904.82</u>

TOTAL FUNDS SEPTEMBER 2005

Balance Sheet		310% War Stock	68.36
Sept. 2004	2216.88	TDS Savings Ac	2101.87
Credit on years working	166.65	Barclays Bank Ac	162.40
	<u>2383.53</u>		<u>2362.63</u>

Checked and verified

Signed Joyce M Low

Sep-05

