

# THE OLD BEDAN

2009

IMPORTANT DATE FOR 2010

FRIDAY 29<sup>TH</sup> JANUARY 2010

WINTER REUNION IN BEDE CENTRE

From 7pm to 9pm

Tickets £6

Please bring cup. Plates provided.

Dinner tickets will be available on this evening.

FRIDAY 23<sup>RD</sup> APRIL 2010

ANNUAL LUNCH in the Sea Hotel, South Shields,

At 1pm. Tickets £15

Payment must be made by 10<sup>th</sup> April.

TUESDAY 8<sup>TH</sup> JUNE 2010

SUMMER REUNION at the Marriott Hotel Seaburn

Buffet lunch (optional) at 12 noon

THURSDAY 16<sup>TH</sup> SEPTEMBER 2010

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING at 2pm

This will be held at 6, Beamish Drive, Rickleton, Washington, NE38 9HS.

The home of our Chairman, Dorothy Jobling, (Singleton).

Please make a note of 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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Sylvia Pratt (Hill) Tel: 5485801.

## EDITORS COMMENTS

We would like to ask all members to please keep us informed if they, or anyone they know, change their address, or sadly, dies. We seem to have magazines returned each year with addresses not known, and even on occasions, a magazine returned when the member left that address years earlier. This is such a waste of our money.

Thank you also for your generous donations, which we are pleased to receive. Very often the same people give a donation every year and this helps us to remain solvent!

Keep sending us your news and articles for inclusion in the magazine, and try to remember to include your maiden names with married names in brackets.

One of our members has requested an email address to enable anyone to contact us more easily, not using snail mail!

My email address is [dixons@almodixon.freemove.co.uk](mailto:dixons@almodixon.freemove.co.uk) also [pat.binding@googlemail.com](mailto:pat.binding@googlemail.com) (Pat Marley (Binding))

This may be of use to some of you.

Good luck and best wishes to you all, especially to those of you who are no longer in the best of health.

## MOIRA CUDDEFORD (DIXON)



## WINTER REUNION 2009

We gathered together on a cold wintry but dry evening, in the main hall of the old school, which was lovely and warm, thanks to the caretaker.

The first quiz asked us to identify several well known personalities (not celebrities as they call all and sundry now!) Then we had to continue by answering a question about them!

Next we had to add up "old" money after we had interpreted even more questions-i.e. an old fashioned bicycle-a penny farthing. In spite of having played the game some years previously, we had a struggle to finish.

Then we had a delicious supper from Mullers, with really dainty and mouth watering food. The tea and coffee were made by the committee, who really pulled out all the stops. They were helped most willingly by some of the members present, for which the committee were very grateful.

A final game and I was pleased to notice that I was not the only one whose memory failed to deliver!

However, as Old Bedans usually do, we managed some scintillating conversation and enjoyed our evening. Finally, a superb raffle made £94-many thanks to all who donated the prizes, and all who bought the raffle tickets too!

There were 53 members present, and as usual our committee had delivered a "cracking" evening and we all look forward to 2010.

DOROTHY COCKBURN (DUGDALE)

## EVACUATION

Not everyone had the same experience of evacuation, though we all started off on 4<sup>th</sup> September the day after war was declared, with a day at school; to get our instructions for our evacuation. (It was also my 14<sup>th</sup> birthday, not much of a birthday present!)

We were to leave from Millfield Station on the following Sunday, and were told to travel light, taking a minimum of clothes etc. It was suggested that we packed our belongings into a haversack, so off we went to buy one. What I can't remember is how we got to the station, whether we met at school and then by bus, or made our own way there, of course with parents to wave us off. It was an old fashioned train, no corridor. I don't remember a thing about the journey, except that we had Miss Sneddon in our carriage. I think we went to Darlington and were probably ferried to Richmond by bus. I know we went by bus to our various billets in the Richmond area. We were all taken to a large hall and given a carrier with a few things in it, (the only item I remember was a tin of baked beans!) From then on our experiences were very varied. I went with about 10 more girls to a little village called Scotton, with Miss Stirk in charge. Dorothy Taylor (Watt) and I were billeted on a very young army wife with a baby of three weeks, who had not any idea how to look after herself, let alone two teenagers who could probably have managed better than she could. The next day, after the only thing we had to eat was the tin of baked beans, Miss Stirk had us moved to a bungalow with an elderly couple.

There was great confusion in Richmond and Northallerton when Bede School evacuees arrived. Richmond had expected boys and Northallerton girls and of course the reverse happened. There was also horror that the teenage girls were sent to Richmond a garrison town, almost part of Caterick Camp. The village of Scotton is right in the middle of the camp, and I know my parents and several others, were at the Education Office objecting, and we were moved to Richmond at the end of the first week. Education was very sketchy in Richmond and indeed for the whole of that year. We went to various locations in the mornings – church halls – cinemas etc. Then we shared the Girl's High School in the afternoons and had some lessons.

The people Dorothy and I stayed with were very good to us, but they did not really want us and I did not go back to Richmond after going home for Christmas.

### EVACUATION (cont)

Jean Rough (Alderson) and I spent the Spring term mostly together, listening to dance bands, knitting, visiting the sea and about once a week going to Moira Mahoney's (Bambrough) for a lesson with Miss Clark, the only member of staff left in Sunderland.

After Easter so many people had returned home that the school was reopened in the Boys' building with girls upstairs, boys downstairs and Waff Taylor Acting Head. We returned to normal lessons in September 1940, but 1939-1940 school year was really a year of lost education. Evacuation for us, had been a waste of time. Sunderland did have some very bad air raids, but not in that first year, and I only remember having to go into the school shelters once, before I left school in 1943.

### KATH YOUNG (CRAGGS)

#### SPRING LUNCH 2009

The lunch was held as usual in April, again at the Sea Hotel, South Shields, which everyone agrees is an ideal venue. Seventy Old Bedans (literally!) attended, and it was lovely to greet old friends, not seen, in some cases for many years. After a lot of chat, our Chairman, Pat Marley (Binding) welcomed everyone and said Grace, before the meal. As usual there was a very good menu to choose from, and lunch was quickly and efficiently served. After lunch the raffle was drawn and there were some very good prizes, all chosen by our Chairman. £91.50 was raised towards our funds, and thanks must go to all our members who bought tickets.

Then we tried to sing the School Song, without any word sheets to prompt us! Consequently, it was shortened to just the first verse, ably accompanied by Mary Reed (Lawson) on the keyboard, provided by Sylvia Pratt (Hill). After a lot more conversation, people began to think of going home. It is surprising how the time flies and it was nearly 4pm before we finally left. A most enjoyable day, thanks to the efforts of all members of the Committee.



## SUMMER REUNION 2009

Once again our Summer Reunion was held in the Marriott Hotel, at lunchtime. What a great day was had by all. 41 Old Bedans invaded the Marriott Hotel, Seaburn, on Tuesday 9<sup>th</sup> June between 12 - 12.30pm - many more than we expected!!

However the staff were up to the test - they moved us into a more comfortable section of the hotel, and although they had a conference booked in, served us with speed and efficiency. So much so that I wrote and complimented the manager on his staff - both in and out of the kitchen. I had a very charming reply. We had the choice of a meal, sandwiches, soup or just tea or coffee as required. From the comments I received as everyone was leaving, this year was a resounding success and I look forward to an even bigger gathering next year.

### PAT MARLEY (BINDING)

#### NOTES FROM THE SUMMER REUNION

Eileen Calvert, Ann Chisholm, Eileen Robinson, Christine Cox and Valerie Graham, now know you can't carry chairs unless you are a member of staff!! Its Health and Safety you know!.

We enjoyed the warm atmosphere inside, contrasted with the cold, grey, choppy seas out. We know all about Valerie's white sports car with the 'vroom, vroom' exhaust (not bad for a 65 year old). Eileen C told us Ann Duffield was unable to come, because of a foot operation. Ann C is very happy with her bus pass and makes full use of it. Christine does a lot of voluntary work with St. John's and met the Queen last July at Buckingham Palace Garden Party. Eileen C sings in a choir and is a volunteer at the hospital - she is a 'meeter and greeter'!

If Harry Hill had been invited to give a candid observation of our gathering, he would surely have noted the harmonious blend of humour and nostalgia with his characteristic quips and sardonic merriment.

(Cranford - out - take)

### YEAR OF '53 AND '54

Valerie Nottingham (Hammond), Kathleen Robson (Carter), Elaine Pell (Davidson), Joyce Hindmarsh, Pat Sturt (Bell), Dorothy Stuart (Miller). First timers, Valerie came up from Seaford (South Coast) especially for this get-together. Good Gossip, which we thoroughly enjoyed. Only one is still working!



## ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING

Pat Marley (Binding) welcomed us most warmly to what was her last occasion in office.

Dorothy Jobling (Singleton) was installed as our new Chairman and was delighted to take on the task, saying that she would do her best to continue standards. She then commenced duty by chairing the remainder of the meeting. The dates and venues for the coming year as listed on the inside cover of the magazine were then discussed.

Various pleas re singing of the school song – Sylvia Pratt (Hill) has kindly transposed the music to a couple of notches down scale, in an effort to help our ageing squeaks but it was decided to keep it for those who want to sing. Further discussion at the Winter and/or Spring reunions. It would seem that our efforts have entertained the staff at the luncheon, but no one has been so rude as to openly display this! Contralto version may produce the goods!!

The possibility of inviting old staff members to our functions as guests arose – to be explored.

A vote of sincere thanks to Pat, for entertaining us so – it has to be said – sumptuously – (especially on this final occasion) were given ( and this on top of the magazine production etc) – We owe Pat a great deal.

## DOROTHY STEPHINSON (HARPIN)

## TREASURER'S REPORT

Our accounts have been checked and found to be in good order.

We are very grateful to the membership for their support and donations given to the funds.

## JUDITH ROSENSTEIN

## SECRETARY'S REPORT

Sincere thanks to our Treasurer and Chairman for an excellent year of care and stewardship.. The combined magazine/committee November meetings go from strength to strength. We are reaching the 'ready to post' state by lunch time, and fortified by Moira's quiches, we usually see all the business off by about 3pm. A well oiled machine, one might say and it is gratifying to know that our efforts are popular 'world wide', and we save a lot of money, due to Moira and Pat's efforts. Time for a PLUG – keep your snippets coming, we need your wonderful anecdotes to keep it going.

The winter reunion was splendid. Our caretaker had drawn close those lush purple velvet curtains and turned up the heat a notch or two, the food was good, the company excellent, and the games and raffle very entertaining and profitable.

The Annual Lunch at the Sea Hotel was excellent. A special touch was the manager's production of a beautiful large white menu-folder specially printed with our school badge in full colour. (These all disappeared into handbags as a lovely memento and a special note of thanks was sent for such a lovely gesture).

The Spring Reunion at the Seaburn Marriott almost wasn't! Last year was our first experiment away from Rainside Hall, which I had always organised. Someone else arranged the Seaburn one. I did not check – I assumed it was arranged for this year. A good secretary never assumes! So I apologise unreservedly. However, the staff pulled out all the stops and coped with a very large turnout, in addition to the 'medical conference' already booked. (We are already booked for next year!!)

We also had a further delightful surprise. A new face (albeit an old member) stunned and inspired us all. A smart, young looking, sylph-like Lady, in neat high heels, pencil skirt and golden pony-tail, walked in and asked if we were Old Bedans. No one could place her, nor did they recognise Laura Raymond, but when she said her daddy was Tubby Maccoby, the celebrated Maths teacher of the Bode Boys Dept., we began to see the light. It transpired that Laura Maccoby started Bode in 1932 and this sylph was in her 90<sup>th</sup> year.

We hope she will be a regular !

Please remember that we cannot invent news and in this time of perpetual bad news we have a lovely diversion to offer - IF YOU SEND YOUR SNIPPETS!!

## SECRETARY'S REPORT (cont)

I have noticed over the years an acute interest in the welfare of fellow Old Bedans. We seem to have an entrenched 'Esprit de Corps' and a great dearth of the catty aspects usually associated with females in large numbers. I'm sure I'm not alone in noting this – so keep your news coming!

Heartiest greetings to all Old Bedans, a good Christmas and a much better world in 2010.

## DOROTHY STEPHINSON (HARFIN)

### MESSAGE FROM THE CHAIRMAN

My two years as chairman have just flown by, and as last year we have had a very good year.

Our reunions have been well attended and the lunch at the Sea Hotel a great success.

I was very pleased that the Summer Reunion was so well attended – I hope it will be better than ever next year.

I would like to join the committee in welcoming our new Chairman, Dorothy Jobling (Singleton) and hope she enjoys her two years as much as I have enjoyed mine.

The committee have been a tower of strength for which I thank them. Judith and Moira in particular. Judith seems to be behind the organization of everything and does a lot of unseen work. Moira is always at the end of the telephone and sorts out problems particularly with the magazine.

Thank you all for your support.

On behalf of the Guild I would like to send our sympathy to all members who have lost family members this year. To those who have been ill we send our Best Wishes for a speedy recovery and return to good health. Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year to you all.

## PAT MARLEY (BINDING)

### THE 39er's

The photograph I enclose is of our little group of six, who were at the annual lunch this year. We have a fairly good turnout, usually, but this year two of the group are in hospital, and others have various medical conditions, or ailing husbands.

I look forward to the lunch as it is always a very pleasant occasion.

### JOYCE SPOORS (STRUTT)



This was held, as usual at the Rainside Hotel, in August, with the following members present:-

Kathleen Phorson (Miller), Marjorie Harris (Stothard), Joyce Spoors (Strutt) Edna Clements, Joan Liddle, Joyce Townes (Morrison), Muriel Staddon, Stella Butterly (Chambers), Marjorie Bailes (Webb), Rita Manning (Dix), Rhennette Ellison (Lofthouse), Betty Scott (Glancey)

These were the comments made at the meeting.

### RITA MANNING

Enjoying my return after a long absence due to Archie's illness. I am now in the process of selling my Inverness home and relocating to the Isle of Berneray(?) in the W. Isles, of which Archie had family connections, so watch this space! This being almost the 70<sup>th</sup> anniversary of becoming a pupil at Bede, I felt I had to make the effort to attend.

It is an absolute joy to reminisce about old times.

### KATHLEEN PHORSON

I'm here and thankful to be so!

MURIEL STADDON No Norway this year – no boats – won't fly! Lovely to see everyone again.

## Her's (cont)

### BETTY SCOTT

Good news and bad! Son was married in July; won £1000 at football; was in hospital all of October, eldest son had severe stroke in November, so you see, good and bad! Still keep smiling!

### RHENETTE ELLISON

Lovely to be with the evacuees of 1939. All very happy to be here and wonder where the 70 years have gone. Love and good wishes to all who couldn't make it.

### JOYCE SPOORS

One of my happy times – wonderful to see everyone. Smiles all round. I come to Sunderland every six months. It just seems as if two months have passed!

### JOYCE TOWNES

Zoe is still very ill, but met her grandson who lives in Japan. Joyce Harris (Maths) died November, aged about 96 years.

### MARJORIE WEBB

A better year than last, sciatica gone, and now step great grandms to 3 babies!

### JOAN LIDDLE

Here we are again. Miss Moul's 'dear warriors'. We all looked, yes; I've got to say it, absolutely gorgeous. Honestly. Anyone ready for a visit to The opticians would have thought we were at a 21<sup>st</sup> birthday party!

## MEMORIES OF MARGARET LAIDLAW

If you were present at Margaret's funeral, you will have heard the stories about the blue bell photo and the raised pie in Hawick. Ask other friends to tell you. They are only two of the many happy memories I have, I shared holiday rooms with her on many Ramblers and WFC occasions, and sometimes we laughed till we ached.

One time there were three of us in a room, two O.B's and a much younger 'foreigner'. I use the term in educational context, as Pam was a product of the grammar school north of the river! But we three got on famously.

Another time Margaret and I could not get a place at Derwent Hill, but we arranged to sleep and breakfast in Keswick, and spend the rest of the time at Derwent Hill. When we entered our bedroom we were hysterical. It was the smallest room we had ever seen. The toilet was a cupboard and Margaret was a tall lady. If she sat forward on the 'throne' her head was against the door. We were literally falling over each other at every turn. But laughter was ever present.

Our last memory! This time we were at Gilsland Spa, and we arrived early so our leader could squeeze in an extra walk. Somehow it lasted longer than he thought and he ended up hurrying us over a really difficult section. Margaret did not hold her feelings back, and when we trudged through reception we were told to leave boots there and go directly to the dining room. The jeers from the non-walkers set Margaret and I off on our giggles again!

Oh, Margaret how I miss you, not just for our silly times, but all the lovely occasions we shared. I can think of many other people who will be thinking the same. They will not stand up to be counted, but they are all over the country, the world even.

Farewell our dear friend.

## MOIRA SIMPSON (SHEARER)

## DOREEN WARD (MACRAE)

From 1924 Doreen was a pupil at Bede, on a scholarship. She Matriculated and then went on to 'Higher' the equivalent today, of 'A' levels. She won several book prizes for academic achievement, and in fact, she re-read one of them towards the end of her life. 'Great short novels of the world' a prize for good work in Geography and maths, given in January 1930. She had also received 'Great modern British plays' for excellent work in the school year 1929-30 and an overall grade of A! She shone on the school hockey pitch, which had originally been a ploughed field and still had the ridges and furrows. She claimed that that was how they ran in such straight lines and won so many matches!

Doreen's family was not able to send her to University, so she prepared for the civil service entrance exam, in which she came top of all the women entrants. She then worked for Customs and Excise in London, for several years, where she met Kenneth, her future husband.. She continued to play hockey for a Civil Service team at County level.

By 1951 Doreen had married and was mother to three children. Her focus was now on looking after her family, managing her house and garden and playing an active role in the community. She was renowned for her home-made scones and biscuits, jams, chutneys and wines. She and Ken kept bees, and she made mead from the honey.

As soon as her children were old enough to be left Doreen visited Bede for the annual reunion. Later in life she was able to go to several of these reunions. She always spoke warmly of her time at Bede and kept up lasting friendships with teachers and fellow pupils, some right up to her death. She coordinated in the London old Bedans and hosted their reunions every other year at home in West London. Nancy Hubicka hosted the alternate years, and the two of them met regularly over a decade to play piano duets. Doreen was an excellent pianist, having become an Associate of the London College of Music, before she left school, and headed up family quartets on two pianos at concerts and music festivals. She loved ballroom dancing and went to classes for several years. She and Ken also enjoyed fell-walking and made the most of Holiday Fellowship holidays, involving long walks every day.

She never forgot the poverty she had seen in Sunderland during the Depression, and remained a staunch defender of the underdog to the end of her life. For many years she helped with 'Meals on Wheels', did door to door collections for the NSPCC and other charities helped to exercise a child with severe disabilities, and at 85 she was still cycling to visit housebound friends. When obliged to stop cycling, she continue to visit them in the car until a mild stroke two years later prevented any more visits. After Ken's death in 2004, she reluctantly moved to a very comfortable residential home from where she remained in phone contact with as many friends as possible. A further stroke lead to her peaceful death in May 2009. She leaves a son, two daughters, eight grandchildren and six great grandchildren.



SHEILA MERLOT (daughter)

Thank you for putting me in touch again with Doreen Ward (Macrae). We have had some cosy chats of late. My 2008 Old Bedan arrived safely. Sadly Doreen has since died. Editor.

ISABEL LUNDY (MUNRO)



## DEATHS

Doreen Smith (Winter)  
Gladys Burrell  
Jean Franklin (Wynn)  
Connie Leonard (Jones)  
Dorothy Pullan (Hunter)  
Margaret Sheila Milbarke  
Marjorie Spurling  
Margaret Laidlaw  
Joan Wilson (Murta)  
Jean Wilson (Dobson)  
Doreen Ward (Maerae)  
Joyce Harris (Staff Maths)  
Gwen Strickland (Wood)  
Marianne Alinson (Moffat)  
Joyce Dunning (Henderson)  
Margaret Nicholson (Gracey)

## NEW LIFE MEMBERS

Hilda Cousins (Barclay)  
Margaret Summerside (Miller)  
Kathleen Robson (Carter)  
Marjorie Phalp (Snaden)  
Anne Wilmot (Thompson)

## LETTERS FROM HOME

Every year, when 'The Old Bedan' arrives on the doormat I drop everything and read it from cover to cover, and every year I tell myself I must write this year, and I don't! However this year as you so kindly included a reference to our Diamond Wedding I thought I really must do something about it. When I spoke to Dorothy (my sister) she said she hadn't put the article in, so I don't know who did. Obviously someone who knew about our special celebration, Sadly there are just a few people left who were at our wedding, but some of them are Old Bedans.

We had a wonderful day of celebrations. We had invited about one hundred people for an informal party, starting at coffee time, then lunch and supper. Over 80 of our friends were here for most of the day, and in spite of such miserable weather in July, we were lucky enough to have the best weekend of the summer. We were able to have the whole party outside in glorious sunshine. Some of our family and friends were too frail to travel from the north, but we did muster some Old Bedans, my sister Dorothy Young (Wheldon) and her 2 daughters, Gillian Wheldon (Parker) and Pat Wheldon (Vole), My sister in law Rita Craggs (Young) died a few years ago but her daughter Margaret and son Christopher were there with their families, my friend Elsie Lynn (Turner), Jean Farrar (Wood) who was also at our wedding, as a toddler, but her mother, my cousin, Joyce Elliott (Farrar) was not well enough to travel from Harrogate. We also managed a few Old Bedan men, Alan, of course, Ken Wheldon, Peter Wood and Roy Swanston. We are so lucky that we are reasonably fit and have a lovely caring extended family, most of whom are living so close to us in our village. Our daughter lives next door and we now have a 15 month old, great grandson who is the light of our life!

With Good Wishes. Keep the magazine coming.

KATHLEEN YOUNG (CRAGGS)

## SNIPPET

### ANNE WILMOT (THOMPSON)

989, Crown Isle Drive, Courteney, British Columbia, Canada. V9N 8R6  
Anne has since joined the Guild and we welcome her. I mentioned that Mrs Forster of Nanaimo, lived near her in Canada, and Anne said she might try and make contact with her. EDITOR

## LETTERS FROM HOME

This is to bring you up to date and conclude my hospital saga. First of all I would like to thank everyone who has asked after me. I have at last been discharged from the orthopaedic department (10 years after having my first knee replacement) and gynaecology department. Also along the line I have had a hip replacement, which went very well, and a pace maker fitted. I am now quite bionic!! If I go near a radio I send it 'bonkers', I am not allowed to go through the barrier at the airport, as many other people who have a pacemaker will know I now have the pleasure of being 'frisked' . Seriously though, anyone needing a joint replacement, go for it. It is not as bad as it seems, and it is all worth while. The majority of people do not have the problems I have had. I was just unlucky. Mind you, I miss my crutch, it was beginning to be part of me.

So now, as so many people have told me, that I have had my share of the NHS, I will say thanks to the doctors and staff of the hospitals I have attended, I am now writing my invitation to the doctors Christmas party!!

AUDREY SKINNER (SANDERSON)

## MORE SNIPPETS

A friend of mine told me of the Old Bedans in 1999. I did nothing about this at the time, but have just sorted out some cupboards, and found the copy of the magazine she gave me. I would like to join the Guild. My name was Wilmot and I attended Bede Grammar School from 1954 to 1957. I am now living on the east coast of Vancouver Island, but I visit England regularly.

I promised to write and tell you about our Diamond Wedding celebration, so here goes! We celebrated our Anniversary on September 24<sup>th</sup> 2009, with a party at the Rosedene Hotel, for many family and friends. The family included my son and his family who presented us with our first great grandson! They all travelled from California, and the day after the party, the baby, who was just 2 months old, was christened in our local church. I almost forgot to mention the card I received from The Queen – it made me feel quite important!

ENID SPENDLEY (TINDLE)

## LETTERS FROM HOME

### A childhood reflection of the war

It was a warm summer's day in August 1941, at around midday, when we decided to go to Fulwell Dene. That was one of our favourite places to play; jumping across the stream, gathering wild flowers, or building a den. We loved it. On this particular day the sun was shining and we were happy, chatting and giggling in childish ignorance of what we were about to experience.. As we were walking up Fulwell Road, making our way to the dene, we heard some buzzers blowing. They got louder and louder and more and more joined in. We all stopped, wondering what was going on. We knew it was not the air raid warning, because that was completely different. We were all looking around, and up in the air, when a terrific noise sounded and we looked up at the sky to see a German aeroplane flying very low, seeming to be flying right through the tree next to the Blue Bell across the road. As quick as a flash a huge bomb fell from the plane and we all turned on our tails and ran as fast as we could back towards home. There was an almighty explosion and things started flying through the air, like bricks and a bucket and loads of dust and debris. I was running and stumbling, frantic to get back home. Suddenly I felt myself being pulled into Cowley's newsagents shop on the corner of Atkinson Road. It was then I realised that I was crying with fright.

As you will realise I escaped without injury, but the memory is still as vivid today as the day it happened. I have since learned that there were two houses demolished and many more damaged by the high explosive bombs that dropped that day on Mayswood Road. Tragically, four people were killed and two seriously injured by the blast.

### DOROTHY JOBLING (SINGLETON)

This is not really a storey about my fall (not from grace) but about the ensuing delights. Friends far and near, many of whom were Old Bedans, rallied round in force. Flowers, fruit, groceries, visits, phone calls. It was amazing. Perhaps amazing is the wrong word, 'caring' would be better, they were ex Bedans after all. I use ex instead of saying 'old Bedans'

### Contributer unknown

## LETTERS FROM HOME

An old friend has suggested that I write the following perhaps, for an Old Bedan Magazine. As I thoroughly enjoy reading the magazine, here goes! Some older teachers in Sunderland may remember me, first as Head of Commercial Road Infants, and then Hillview Infants Schools. My grandparents had taken me to live with them in Sunderland, when my mother died in childbirth, and we had all been happy to live together until they died in the 1970s. Alan Chesters was the CofE Director of Education for Durham Diocese; we married in 1975 and lived in Brancepeth Rectory. I continued teaching at Hillview, celebrating 10 years as a Head by having a baby boy, becoming a full time clergy wife and mother.

When David was six and thoroughly settled in school, he wistfully said one day 'Mum, all my friends' Mums go out to work, Can you not?' David had wonderful health, so I applied for a classroom post for Durham L.E.A. I was told a Head was needed for a primary school, and I should apply.

I enjoyed my work as Head teacher of the St.Hilds School, Durham, until Alan was appointed Archdeacon of Halifax. We lived in Brighthouse and when we were well settled I applied for another job. This was my most difficult yet most fulfilling post as head of a First school with 100% Asian heritage children, where many of the children started school without any English. I was there for four years. I then changed my career when Alan became Bishop of Blackburn and I became a full time diocesan bishop's wife. During the fourteen years we were in Lancashire I was involved with many kinds of voluntary work.

We retired to Tarvin in Cheshire six years ago. David and his wife Kate, live in Hampshire, where he is a Lieutenant Commander in the Royal Navy. Kate was a solicitor, but since their beautiful daughter was born, she has found a new role.

I enjoy reading the Old Bedan – it brings back happy memories. I should be delighted to hear from old school friends, if they care to write or email.

### JENNIE GARRETT (CHESTERS)

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alanandjenniestesters@googlemail.com

## LORNA MACCOBY (RAYMOND)

Hello! Dear old friends, and I mean OLD. My Bede days began in 1932 (born 1920) and not many of you are still with us. Alas!

When I answer to my name, I am never very sure whether I am being recalled as 'Tubby Maccoby's kid' or as Morrie Raymond's wife. (Tarot Reader Extraordinaire) and I am proud of it).

My father Tubby Maccoby was Senior Master who taught Maths at Bede for 42 Years, long after we children had been and gone.

The ladies at the Summer Reunion, I attended for the first time, being much younger than myself, remembered Morrie better than me. It seems they were converted to booking his personal sessions, and really missed his advice.

There were five Maccoby siblings who graced Bede with their presence over a ten year period. The eldest, Eva, went off to Cambridge, and after marrying an American aerial photographer, during the war, went to live in America. Bessie became an outstanding painter, while producing a Pearlman Dynasty, of very learned, happy families.

Lorna - that's me, stayed home, looked after deaf mother, worked hard at evening Craft Classes at the Art School, while trying not to recall some of my own exam answers about Spaghetti growing in Northern Italy.

One younger brother became a successful Author, and Lecturer, and the youngest member of the family travelled the world as an Artist of some repute.

I was recruited into the A.T.S. at 21 years old and became a Sector Room Plotter at Coltishall American Airbase in Norfolk. Some of it was fun, and some was not. Like being billeted in Henry Hall's house, while in London on a course, while Buzz Bombs chugged overhead!!!

I have two fine sons, and four rather large grandsons. Michael, my eldest, is a Professor in charge of the chemistry faculty in a presidius college in Dublin. Paul is the Worldwide Quality Assurance Owner and Angela lives near me, well settled in a happy life, but still pursuing her artefacts (Fossils) interests.

I write poetry, try to get books published and paint a huge variety of subjects, including a series of life portraits, much appreciated by repair men as they record my own youth.

I have visited Eva and her family many times over the years, in New Jersey. Now she and my brother Hyam are gone, and the years have flown away

## LORNA MCCOBY (RAYMOND) (cont)

I don't intend wasting the experiences that life still has in store for me, and I drive around marvelling at what is supposed to be 'The New Age' and think that I prefer much that has gone on before, especially the wonderful friendships, and with my long gone, precious family members.

At the same time, I must admit that becoming a member of the U.3.A. (University of the third Age) has brought comfort and companionship, spreading like a modern miracle!!

SHALOM.

## LORNA MACCOBY (RAYMOND)

Thank you Lorna, we hope to see you at many more of our functions

## MEMORIES OF MISS MOUL

When I meet up with Old Bedan friends, we very often find ourselves talking about our time at Bede, remembering friends with whom we have lost touch, experiences we shared, members of staff etc. Sometimes, the conversation turns to Miss Moul and, for the most part, she is remembered with a certain amount of warmth, even affection.

Looking back to those days, I recall that I was in awe of most of the staff, e.g. Miss Waggott, Miss Carrick, Miss Wilman. Miss Moul certainly came into this category. Not for them to develop a friendly rapport with pupils, as was the case years later, when I entered the profession.

It was discovered that I could that I could sing, and I recall that in 3C or 4C we were having a visitor during Miss Moul's R.E. lesson. Goodness knows what it was all about, but Miss Moul, in her wisdom, decided that whatever point was being made could best be illustrated by me, leaping up and bursting into song. Now, my long term memory is usually good (its things that happened or were said in the last month that sometimes escape me. Any of you know the feeling?) The song I had to sing is the exception to this rule, but I am pretty sure it was either 'The Minstrel Boy' or 'David of the White Rock'. Suffice it to say I did not distinguish myself! I started

### MISS MOUL(cont)

singing in far too high a key and realised this almost immediately. Instead of stopping, saying so, and starting again on a lower note, I carried on, the squeak of the high notes becoming more and more embarrassing for me, and I'm sure, more and more painful for my audience. A very belated apology to any members of my class who are reading this!

I have absolutely no recollection of what the reaction was when I came to the end of the song, I do know that Miss Moul never made that mistake again!

We pass on now to the fifth year, when for some reason, known only to herself, Miss Moul decided that I would make a good 'Town and Country Planner'. She mentioned this as a good career move, on several occasions, but I am afraid I disappointed her, and left school after my School Certificate, (The year before it became O and A levels)

We move ahead four or five years to the last time I saw her. By this time I was pursuing a singing career, and having lessons, to that end. One day I was walking up Tunstall Road, towards the house of my singing teacher, when who should I meet, but Miss Moul. What a memory she had! In spite of all the pupils she had come into contact with since I had left school, she instantly recalled that I had not taken her advice over my career

She asked what I was doing with my life and I told her, and mentioned that I was on my way to a singing lesson. Big mistake! She asked what I was studying at the moment and I told her 'Madam Butterfly' Even bigger mistake! Her reaction was to request I sing 'One fine Day' for her.

Several replies from me would surely have been reasonable. e.g. "Are you joking" "You're not serious" "I'm late for my lesson" amongst the more polite. Even a plain "No!" But what did yours truly do?

Several years after leaving school, and long past the age when I had to do what I was told by Miss Moul, in broad daylight, on a fairly busy street, I, who, in those days, would rather die than make an ass of myself launched into Un Bel Di (In Italian of course). I must have kept going for the best part of a page before I dared stop. Can you believe it? (I can hear you do a Victor Meldrew!) Four or five years after leaving school, I think you can safely say, I still found Miss Moul intimidating, I was still in awe of her. Bless Her!

### SYLVIA HILL (PRATT)

PS The word in parenthesis is my maiden name and not a comment on my behaviour that day on Tunstall Road!



### WAR TIME EVACUATION

Linked to the topic of evacuation, here is an offering, written by a member of the Boy's School at the time. It probably reflected thoughts of some of the girls at that time also!

### DULCE DOMUM

The silent chimneys tower to the sky,  
No bird sings to me as I pass by.  
The mud lies cozing in the lanes;  
The blood runs sluggish through my veins,  
For I am far from home.  
Untrodden ground beneath my feet, and round  
Such sights as in bad dreams abound,  
No glimpse of friends who glad news bring,  
But through my mind the dark thoughts ring,  
That I am far from home.  
Whence come these gloomy thoughts of woe?  
I fight not with the German foe!  
But I must also bear some part  
So here I muse with downcast heart  
Gloomy and far from, home.  
In a country town, which holds no joys  
For town bred men (or Sunderland boys)  
Evacuated, now I crave,  
For the rocky coast, the friendly wave-  
Safe? – Yes! But far from home.

### G.R.BAGLEY (L.VI)

### SNIPPET

OLGA STONE (Hawkins) of Sunderland and Elsie Lynn (Turner), went to Walkworth in July to visit Moira Mahoney (Bamborough). They went one Saturday by bus, from Newcastle all the way to Walkworth and it was quite an adventurous journey. It did not cost them one penny!!

### Post Tenedras Lux

As young Bedars (58-65) one of my strongest memories is the annual Founders' Day service in Bishopwearmouth Church (Now the Cathedral). We just revelled in the morning 'off school' and congregated at Louis' coffee bar in the gap between the early Communion service and the actual celebration, where I sang in the choir.

Looking back, I had little idea what it was all about, and definitely no clue as to what a 'founder' might have been.

In December 2009, in remote Northern Ghana, in 35 degrees centigrade, in a village with no water or electricity, I attended another very different celebration. There was much joy, singing and speeches from the three hundred girls, teachers and local officials as well as leaders of the Muslim and Christian communities. This was the opening of a fifth vocational school; for girls, returning girls to education from lives of slavery and hopelessness. These girls learn a marketable skill, together with health care, nutrition, numeracy and literacy. There are even classes called 'entrepreneurship', although I have yet to discover exactly what this means. At the end of this truly joyous occasion-and one that had been put on hold as my flight from UK had been delayed by snow, closing the airport, I was presented with two things. One was a dress made from cotton dyed, woven and tailored by the students, the other was a T-shirt that had "Savelugu Vocational School" on the front. But on the back it simply said 'FOUNDER'

Although I have had the privilege now to be involved in changing lives for hundreds of thousands of the poorest of people, largely by making education for the girls possible, it was reading the word 'Founder' that took me right back to Bede. And so I told the gathered crowds about Bede and the motto from there that we are now working so closely with all sectors of local communities in Ghana to make a reality.

In Northern Ghana there is no tradition of schooling for girls. Poverty means that, for most, it is an impossible dream. And educating girls is a key to breaking free from poverty. The Northern villages are remote and neglected. In 1996 I was honoured as a Tribal chief of the Mamprusi people (approx. one million) with the title 'Noesim Poanaba' Chief of enlightenment and Education. This was as a reward for setting up a much needed library, then a hostel for girls so they could be safe in school that was distant from home.

### Post Tenebras Lux (Cont)

Now we have a registered charity, "The Wulugu Project [www.wulugu.co.uk](http://www.wulugu.co.uk). We do not employ anyone here or in Ghana and everything is done with fullest involvement of the local people, with Muslims, Christians and others working in perfect harmony. We spend less than 1% on administration.

In the primary schools (5-14) that we help, recruitment of girls has at least quadrupled. We give mothers income-generating loans so that they can afford to send their girls to school every day

We have also built simple rooms for female teachers. Without this it is too dangerous for women and so there are few role models. For older girls who have missed education, we have five vocational schools, some with hostels. Even three hairdressing schools!



Some Sunderland groups have kindly helped with the fund raising – a daunting task when there are so many charities. But we know what we do is making long term difference to the lives of thousands. Many Sunderland and district school children have enjoyed writing letters to friends in Ghana, and we are told that the replies are greatly treasured. The icing on the cake now would be to have Old Bedans involved. Just call me if you want to know more.

**LYNNE LUCOCK (SYMONDS)** 01603 810748

[lynnesymonds@googlemail.com](mailto:lynnesymonds@googlemail.com)

## **LETTERS FROM ABROAD**

August has taken me completely by surprise. Time to take up my pen has arrived. Cut-off is September. (Where do all the months go?)

Referring to my letter of last year concerning the manta ray, Sheila Triggs (Allen) has informed me that her daughter and husband, in Atlanta for a wedding, visited the aquarium and saw a HUGE manta ray. They wondered if this were "Joan's" manta ray! Yes! The very one! She is thriving, growing bigger and bigger, and drawing thousands of visitors from all over America and elsewhere. Isn't that splendid?

Her name is Nandi. She was named for Shaka's mother who was of paramount importance to him and the Zulu nation, because his father refused to recognise him.

We go from strength to strength at u Shaka Sea World where I am still privileged to work. There is always much of interest, as new exhibits are introduced regularly. Our most recent addition to "Dangerous Creatures" is the King Cobra of Asia and Australia – THE most dangerous snake in the world (Our own Black Mamba being third).

Does anyone remember the school choir's performance in the early '40's of the operetta "Dido and Aeneas" by Purcell? Jean Mitchell (Pentolfe) and I were part of the cast. It was hard work but the reward was much fun and laughter, dressed in sacks as witches or in our mother's sheets as Romans. When looking for new classical CDs guess what I found? How could I resist buying the BBC's rendition of "Dido and Aeneas" performed by the Taverner Choir and Players? Would that my dear friend Jean were alive to listen with me!

29°C here today, blue skies, light sea breeze-not bad for winter!

I looked at 2008 Old Bedan for an email address, in vain, therefore I am committed to snail mail. To assist those of us living abroad, perhaps an email address of one of the office bearers could be included in the 2009 Old Bedan Magazine. Mine is [josmrichards36@gmail.com](mailto:josmrichards36@gmail.com) (all lower case-no spaces)

Salaam and good wishes and Hamba Kalble

**JOAN BROOKS (RICHARDS)** 6, Surreyvale, 116 Valley View Ave.,  
Morningside, Durban. 4091

## SNIPPETS 2009

Wonderful to be back at the Lunch yet again-I am surprised we are here!  
It is lovely to meet my old time friends!

### Joyce Speers(Strutt)

I used to correspond with Joyce Harris (Maths) but she has sadly died. I am still in contact with Zoe Crowcroft – still not very well, but we enjoy our chats together.

### Joyce Tawnes (Marrison)

Still here and able to come to the lunch, even with two artificial hips, two artificial knees and blind in one eye.

### Edna Clement

Lovely to be here again. Still going strong(ish)! I wish I lead the sort of life where there would be tons of things to report. But there isn't! What would Miss Lloyd say about starting a sentence with a preposition?

### Joan Liddle

Is it really 70 years since we were all evacuated? Richmond station comes into my mind – and I still see some of my school friends every month, and keep in touch with several who live away. (Is this a record?) My grand daughter and her family have returned from living in Spain so I see my great grandson almost daily. It is lovely to see so many Old Bedans today at this lunch. The numbers may be slowly reducing, but the noise level is still XXX decibels!!

### Rhettie Ellison (Lothouse)

Most enjoyable meal-compliments to the chef-much appreciated.

### Muriel Staddon

I was sorry to here from Kenny Murta that his wife Joan (Wilson) had died just before Christmas. I know she had intended to come to the lunch this year.

### Joan Grabham (Marrison)

Kathleen Murds (Robson) moved some time ago from Napa Valley to Virginia near Washington. Her son is principal trombonist with the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra. Kathleen and her husband are in the Church choir and hand bell choir.

### Contributor unknown

Marion Mandy (Craggs) travelled north for her grand son's 18<sup>th</sup> birthday celebration, together with her sister Kathleen. There they met Elsie Turner (Lynn) as they share the same grand son, Philip Mundy.

### Contributor unknown

<u>BALANCE SHEET</u>	<u>SEPTEMBER 2009</u>	<u>EXPENDITURE</u>	
<b><u>INCOME</u></b>			
Subscriptions	46.00	Printing	211.53
Donations	142.50	Winter Reunion	350.00
Interest	6.42	2 luncheon rts to	
Raffles	160.50	TSB	30.00
Winter Reunion	348.00	Gifts	99.60
Annual Lunch	<u>1110.00</u>	Annual Lunch	891.00
		Annual Lunch Exp	40.00
		Annual Lunch	
		returns	<u>30.00</u>
			1652.13
		Credit on Year	<u>181.29</u>
	<u>1833.42</u>		<u>1833.42</u>

Total Funds September 2009

		3.50%	
		War	
Balance Sheet September 2008	3004.78	Stock	98.38
Credit on Year	<u>181.29</u>	TSB A/C	2655.98
		Barclays	<u>221.73</u>
	<u>3186.07</u>		<u>3186.07</u>

Checked and verified  
signed Joyce M. Lowe  
Sep-09

JUDITH ROSENSTEIN  
Treasurer

