

THE OLD BEDAN

2010

ANNUAL LUNCH

Due to the possible conflict of interests, the date of the lunch has been changed to 6TH MAY 2011

Other details remain the same.

Please also note the death of
JOAN SQUIRES (BUCHANAN)

WINTER REUNION IN BEDE CENTRE

From ~~4pm~~ to ~~8pm~~

Tickets £7

Please bring cup. Plates provided.

Final numbers needed by 24th January

Dinner tickets will be available on this evening.

FRIDAY 29th APRIL 2011

ANNUAL LUNCH in the Sea Hotel, South Shields.

At 1pm. Tickets £16

Payment must be made by 10th April.

TUESDAY 14TH JUNE 2011

SUMMER REUNION at the Marriott Hotel Seaburn

Buffet lunch (optional) at 12 noon

THURSDAY 15TH SEPTEMBER 2011

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

Office Bearers and Committee 2010 – 2011

President

Doris Henderson (Wilton)
21, Dovedale Road, Sunderland. SR6 8LP Tel: 5489429

Treasurer

Judith A Rosenstein
3, Alexandra Park, Sunderland. SR3 1XJ Tel: 5229102

Chairman

Dorothy Jobling (Singleton)
6, Beamish Drive, Rickleton, Washington NE38 9HS Tel:4153649

Magazine Printer

Pat Marley (Binding)
7, Corby Gate, Ashbrooke, Sunderland. SR2 7JB Tel: 5227383

Secretary

Dorothy Stephinson (Harpin), High Burnes House, Jaw Blades,
Burnhope. DH7 0EE Tel: 01207521706

Editor

Moira Cuddeford (Dixon), 10, Viewforth Drive, Sunderland. SR5 1PX
Tel: 5486952

Committee

Pat Cruddas (Suell) Ex.Officio Tel: 5293313

Barbara Swift (Broderick) Tel: 5511443

Iris Harvey (Bennett) Tel: 5489259

Lynda Batey (Forster) Tel : 5529557

Brenda Liddle (Fleming) Tel: 5483263

Eileen Brass (Atkinson) Tel: 5496316

Sylvia Pratt (Hill) Tel: 5485801.

EDITORS COMMENTS

Here we are again with another magazine!

Last year our own private printer, Pat Marley (Binding) had practical difficulties when actually printing the sheets for the magazine. We had to call on a Good Samaritan from All Saints Church, Cleadon, to help us out at the last moment, and this assistance was very willingly given. This year, however, John Broderick, the son of Barbara Swift (Broderick) has kindly offered to do the actual printing for us.

We send our thanks to John in advance for his help and kind offer, which also includes the paper, which is quite costly!!

We wonder if you have all been aware of the cost of producing and posting the magazine? The Committee do what they can to hand deliver as many copies as possible, but the postage alone cost £151 last year, and this will increase considerably in 2010. Paper and ink has also had to be provided as well.

You can see why all donations and the proceeds from the raffles are so important to us as we have no other source of income.

You will also notice that, due to the expected VAT increases, the costs for the reunions have also had to be increased.

Our kindest thoughts go to you all, especially those of you who have lost family or friends during the last year, and we hope you keep in the best possible health.

MOIRA CUDDEFORD (DIXON)

DORIS HENDERSON (WILTON)

Our President Doris Henderson (Wilton) had a large family party in the Marriest Hotel Seaburn to celebrate her Diamond Wedding Anniversary. We all wish her many more happy years.

WINTER REUNION 2010

January 29th was bitterly cold, but it did not deter 48 members of the Guild from coming to the old school for the Winter Reunion.

If there were doleful feelings because of the chilly weather, I am sure they were quickly dispelled by the cheerful and friendly welcome given by our new Chairman, Dorothy Jobling.

As soon as we were seated at the long tables, "Battle Commenced", or rather we began the first quiz. It was quite a hard one, though. Silence reigned for a little while. Then the whispering and hissing began. "Psst, what does this one mean? Has anyone got a clue about number five?)" And so on!

Eventually time was called. Of course, there was a winning table, but even their score was low. The second quiz was much easier, and the winning table had a very high score, and spirits rose.

Then came the high point of the evening – the refreshments!

The tea pouwers were soon bustling about with the large teapots and other members of the committee were carrying around large trays of delicious sandwiches and cakes, including cream cake to tempt the weak willed.

As soon as supper was over, and the tables cleared, an air of suppressed excitement settled over the room. The raffle was to be called.

Ablly assisted by Dorothy, Judith Rosenstein called out the numbers. Now such is the generosity of the Old Bedans, there seemed to be a prize for everyone, and judging by the pleased look on many faces. They were good ones. The raffle realised £66. Thank you everyone.

By now the evening was coming to an end, and people were making their farewells. It had been another happy and successful reunion and we thank the committee most sincerely for making it so.

We went out into the very cold night. I hope everyone got home safely, because by 11 o'clock there was a two inch covering of snow! How fortunate we were that it had not come earlier. Bode good luck had been with us once more!

PAT BITTLESTONE

MEMORIES OF EVACUATION

I never really understood why I was being sent away. I heard my father say "If we don't let her go, she will lose her place in the school" He had apparently been notified of this officially. My father took me to Millfield Station, and I remember him asking an older girl if she would keep an eye on me! I have no recollection of the train journey, or of how we got to the reception centre in Richmond. We sat around waiting to be allocated to a billet. I wondered why I was not chosen first! It was very demoralising to be left as the numbers dwindled.

Eventually I was sent to the home of a young couple and their baby. I don't think I was there more than an hour! They wanted an older girl. My second billet was with a very nice family, living on a new housing estate above the main town. We walked down a steep narrow path to reach the centre of Richmond. We lived near to a barracks, and the sound of a lone bugler still brings back a surge of memories.

One afternoon, I went blackberrying with my hostess's daughter, and we put our booty in my school hat. I tripped and fell on the hat, and for the rest of my schooldays, I wore a hat with a purple lining!

All sorts of activities were organised to occupy our time.

First aid in the Town Hall.

Knitting. I can't remember what!

Going long walks – sometimes in awful weather!

Going to a room with tiered seating, and playing games, e.g. Buzz and Fizz, and taking dictation without the i's or dotting the i's.

At some point we were told not to eat ice cream in the street, and we were not allowed out after a certain time unless we were accompanied.

There were, I think two cinemas in Richmond, and one Saturday, while we were waiting to go into one of them, a car drew up and two children alighted. Someone said " They are Anthony Eden's children". We looked at them and they looked back at us!

We spent some time in Richmond Boys Grammar School. The only lesson I recall was an art lesson in the main hall. I think everyone was there. We were asked to paint a part of a field from the point of view of an insect!

Not even my greatest admirers could call me artistic, and to this day I really do not know what I was expected to do. I was brought home again after two months, and for a very short while, I felt like a stranger in my own home.

JOAN LIDDLE

YET MORE MEMORIES OF 1939!

I remember arriving in Richmond, and being placed in an empty room with everyone else – they were all collected by their hosts, until I was the only inhabitant – very worrying! I was eventually collected by a middle-aged lady, and taken to a farmhouse on the riverbank. Her husband was the farmer, and there was a son about my age. A new aspect of life! The boy (I cannot remember his name) had a raft which he used on the river, and he had built a log and driftwood “path” across part of the river to reach an island in the centre. We were permanently wet!

One of the farm buildings was large for corn storage. This overlooked an apple orchard, with a nearby house in which they had tenants. This did not stop us (the boy and I) from getting out of a window and collecting windfalls, (some still on the tree!) I had a hand knitted skirt on, and as I put the apples in my skirt the elastic in the waist stretched, so I had great difficulty keeping the apples from falling out. I was only there for a few months, because the farmer had a heart attack, and they could not cope with the extra body.

My next hosts lived on the village green, and were a young couple. Again I was quite happy there – it was nearer the river, and I used to spend hours lying on my stomach, on the riverside, looking into the river watching fish. Unfortunately, one day my fountain pen (very precious!) fell out of my top blazer pocket into the river and I never saw it again!

Then calamity – the husband was a painter and decorator and he fell off a 20ft ladder and broke both his legs – needed a bed to himself –so I moved on again.

This time it was one of the top roads of lovely houses with gorgeous gardens. I had a beautiful room, which overlooked a magnificent garden. Two sisters who were school teachers owned the house. I was extremely happy there.(I was happy in both my other abodes too). We sang songs around the piano at night!

Then my mother arrived and took me home with “My child is not going to be moved from pillar to post!

Incidentally, no-one told me, that back at home, at Bede they only went half days at school, and that they alternated with one week mornings and the next week afternoons, so I got a great shock when I arrived on the second Monday morning to find nothing but boys!

I was actually in Richmond for about a year.

EDNA CLEMENT

HOME FROM ABROAD (WELL, RICHMOND N.YORKS!)

1939

Picture, if you can, a September Sunday Morning, and a long column of girls, all dressed in distinctive uniforms, and walking in pairs, all carrying suitcases, rucksacks, satchels, bags and gas masks, and proceeding from Bede Collegiate Girls School, Durham Road, to Millfield Railway Station, destination Richmond, North Yorks and safety!

Among them a 'new girl' me – aged 11+ leaving behind her beloved family, pets, friends, the well known ethos and teachers of High Southwick Junior School, and with some of her school friends, entering a new world and way of living. War had been expected and had been declared on September 3rd. Gas masks had been fitted and sand bags filled. Air raids, bombs and invasion were supposed to be coming.

Sunderland was a prime target, with the heavy industry, coal mines and shipyards, hence the evacuation of the children to a safer place.

I had never been on a train before and was quite excited. I loved my new school uniform and was conscious of all my new clothes (dutifully name taped) in my case – the most new clothes I had ever had, with my new school equipment, satchel, P.E. kit, and my Conway Stewart fountain pen! I was directed to a carriage with much older girls, all friends, and very glamorous (to me). They completely ignored the "first former" in the corner seat!

Imagine, no bottles of water, take out meals, mobile phones, police, social workers or counsellors, and above all NO TEARS!

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

Richmond Station, (now a listed building) and a teacher (I later found out she was Miss Stirk) with a pair of corsets rolled up and fastened under the flap of her rucksack – suspenders dangling!

Reception Centre. We were given paper carrier bags of provisions for our "hostesses" – I remember corned beef and biscuits. Then we were assembled in groups to be taken to our "billets". I was with several other first formers, and arrived at 13, Queens Road, Richmond, a very pleasant semi-detached house, quite near to the Market Square. Next door, Kathleen Tait and Eileen Young found refuge, and next to them Sheila Snowball and Isobel Price. We soon became good friends.

My Billet. My hostess was a single elderly lady, who had just retired that summer as head teacher of a small infant's school. She was not motherly, but was very kind to me and was an amazingly good cook. She had already

HOME THOUGHTS (cont)

accepted 3 other evacuees. They were a married lady helper, Mrs Johnson and her little girl Margaret aged six and another little girl, Betty Atkinson, also aged six. They were all from Gateshead. I shared my bedroom and my bed with Betty, a lovely little girl. We lived in the kitchen, where a triplex range kept it cosy and warm (no central heating).

After tea we played games, listened to the "wireless" did our homework, or wrote letters home. Despite no T.V., D.V.D's, C.D.s, records, phones, computers or computer games etc, we were never bored, and got on surprisingly well. At 7p.m. we undressed, washed and got ready for bed (all in the kitchen) then cocoa, 3 biscuits each and bed!

My hostess went to Richmond Market every Saturday morning, looking back I can see her now, dressed in her country felt hat, tweed suit, sensible shoes and with a sturdy square wicker basket. She would have made a perfect Miss Marple. We had pigeon pie for lunch every Saturday – it was new to me but delicious!

Flashbacks An air raid siren during an assembly in Richmond Town Hall – Miss Moul made us all sit on the floor and don our gas masks. After much wheezing and grunting being told it was "all clear" and emerging red faced and shaken

The smell of paraffin heaters in the hall and bedroom to take away the chill of a bitter winter.

Learning to play the recorder with Miss Thompson. I still have the music books with my name and Richmond address!

Knitting with Miss Arkle on the ground floor of the Town Hall while the courts were held upstairs – policemen and, I presume, prisoners kept passing by.

Miss Sharp taking us to see the frozen river Swale, and waterfalls – really dramatic. Sneaking home, unofficially for a weekend with Doreen Dawson. She had full permission, as her mother was very ill. The bus from Darlington dropped us off at the Technical College, and I found my way through the blacked out town to Fawcett Street, then the tram to Southwick Green, then literally groped my way to Broadheath Terrace and home! My mother was not pleased to see me, and I never repeated the experience!

Having a bath. Although I came from a home with a lovely bathroom, I had never run my own bath, or bathed myself, or washed my hair in the bath – always in a separate enamel dish with rain water especially heated for the occasion. The bath was almost overflowing before I got the temperature right. What a learning curve! 7.

Education We had use of the boys Grammar School buildings in the afternoon, but lessons ended about 3p.m. so that the girls who were billeted in the outlying villages, such as Melsorby, Aldbrough, Gilling East, Gilling West etc. could be bussed home. The rest of us were supposed to, do our homework. We walked all over Richmond for the morning lessons, which I remember took place in empty houses, furniture stores, the Town Hall and other places.

We walked everywhere, round the Castle walls, through the woods to Easby Abbey (a picture when carpeted with snowdrops). We went to the Convent on Reeth Road to play netball and the other side of town to play hockey. Did we learn anything? Perhaps not academically, although I can still remember a lot of *Midsummer Night's Dream* and Miss Wilman's maths, but otherwise it was a revelation!

I returned home for good at Easter 1940, just in time for the proper war to begin, and to a very familiar but strangely different town.

The war time slogan was "Keep calm and carry on"==== WE DID!

RHENETTE ELLISON (LOFTHOUSE)

MORE 1939 NEWS

My first year at Bede School! We were evacuated to Richmond about a week after the war started. We went by train to Richmond and somehow arrived at the village of Gilling West with a group of Bedans of a variety of ages, where we were sorted into billets.

My friend Judy Phipps (a Welch girl who left Bede altogether in 1941) and I were taken to an old stone cottage about a mile outside the village. We stayed for a while with a very old couple, who must have found us a great burden. We were very glad when our parents (who visited us when they could) persuaded the village shopkeeper and his wife to take us in, so it was very kind of them

We were quite happy there, and at the school in Richmond, which we shared with the local schoolgirls.

We enjoyed the freedom of roaming the village, and along the riverbanks, but we were very pleased when our parents decided to bring us back home. The whole school reopened in September 1940 - just as the "phony" war came to an end.

JOYCE TOWNES (MORRISON)

THE SPRING LUNCH 2010

Oh, we do like to be beside the seaside! Especially the Sea Hotel, which as usual, provided a varied menu to chose from.

This year, 81 Old Bedans attended, and by the noise level it sounded like 181!

Our Chairman, Dorothy Jobling (Singleton) welcomed everyone and said Grace. The excellent staff speedily served us, and we all seemed to enjoy our meals.

It was lovely to meet and greet old friends, and we had a very special Old Bedans on our table – Laura Maccoby (Raymond). She is 90 this year and is still very active and full of fun. She was bemoaning the fact that there was nobody of her year there! She had written a very interesting article for last year's magazine. We all had tickets for the raffle, and it raised £117. This was an amazing amount to make, and we thank everyone for contributing, as raffles are now our main source of income.

Thankfully we were all issued with the words of the school song, so, with Joyce Robson (Bagley) on the keyboard, we raised the rafters. As usual time just flew and we suddenly realised it was getting on for 4p.m. Thanks again to the committee for all their hard work. A most enjoyable time was had by all.

When applying for tickets next time, please put your year as well as your maiden name, so that you can be sated more easily near to your friends.

MARJORIE CALVERT

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

SUMMER REUNION 2010

The morning of 8th June dawned overcast and dull, with a swelling grey sea, but inside the Marriott Hotel (a.k.a. the Seaburn) the atmosphere was warm and cheerful. Here 26 members of the Guild of Old Bedans gathered to enjoy lunch and a good gossip. Among those present, all were delighted to see seven new younger members. We hope you will all continue to come to our other meetings. All these glamorous "Old Girls" tucked into their steak sandwiches, or just drank their coffees, while the Marriott resounded to the high pitched buzz of conversation and the clatter of cutlery for over two hours.

Conversations covered every topic, from Shakespeare to the world cup. One table giggled as they remembered their ambitions and unsuccessful to join Miss Taylor's school choir. What high standards she set! They all failed although they were all convinced they all sang like perfect angels! On this occasion, however, they refrained from demonstrating their high notes!

Our meeting was over all too soon, but we are looking forward to resuming our chat at the winter reunion.

JOYCE FLEMPER (WESTWICK)

MESSAGE FROM THE CHAIRMAN

I am pleased to report that one year on from taking over as chairman, I am not wilting under the pressure. It is a very pleasant duty to perform. We have had a successful year on the social side of things and all of our official reunions have been well attended and enjoyed by all. No complaints have been heard, so we must have done something right.

At the Annual Lunch there was a good choice of dishes to suit most preferences and we all like being able to choose our three courses on the day rather than some weeks before the event.

We were a little short on numbers at the Annual Business Meeting, there being only ten people there due to holidays and health reasons. At this point I would like to send the very best wishes of all the committee to Pat Cruddas (Snell) after her stay in hospital. We do hope that you will be well enough to join us at the committee meetings again, Pat.

I will close by wishing all Old Bedans everywhere the very best of health in the coming year. I hope to see many more of you at our official functions.

DOROTHY JOBLING (SINGLETON)

SECRETARY'S REPORT

A general thank you is due to all committee members, for their willingness and patience to help out at all times. It has been a good first year for Dorothy Jobling (Singleton's) term of office. Our treasurer, Judith Rosenstein, has continued to look after our finances with extreme care and diligence.

We are, despite our well oiled "magazine machine", contemplating a change in our printing arrangements. Our assorted 09/10 reunions went off well, with everyone appearing to enjoy the occasions, but there are murmurs about our winter one. It is a sad reflection of the times that people cannot rely on reaching home safely on dark winter nights. The enjoyment that some people achieve from "granny bashing" makes me wonder what our generation have raised to give rise to such an unhappy state of affairs.

Our kindly caretaker is retiring but is endeavouring to solve this problem before he goes. We are exploring a reunion tea party e.g. 4 pm to 7 pm, since afternoons seem problematic.

The spring reunion at the Sea Hotel was excellent in all respects. Sylvia Pratt (Hills) has lowered the key, and we all sang the school song respectably this year. The manager, once again provided lovely menu covers, this time in white card with the school badge.

Following last years blip at the summer reunion at the Marriott Hotel, the Chairman and I booked the 2010 reunion as we left, and we both phoned to remind a short time before, so they were ready for us. They provided us with our own seating area, which was just as well, as there was a good turn out.

I was telephoned late one Sunday evening, to ask if it was possible to have any representation at the Service of Thanksgiving at Durham Cathedral the following afternoon. The friend to be celebrated was Muriel Woodruffe Heron, and the caller was Emily Durrant Walker, from the Glasgow area. She was arriving in Durham by train, and I advised her to get a taxi to the Cathedral, and head straight for the Undercroft Restaurant therein. I managed to round up our Chairman and Sylvia Pratt, and we met her at the Undercroft having had a good lunch. We then made our way to the nave, where we were directed to seating and (odd word to use) we enjoyed an inspiring service of thanksgiving.

As we were leaving, we were asked to join with everyone in the Great Hall of Durham Castle for tea. It was a very extensive tea, much enjoyed, and I

SECRETARY'S REPORT (cont)

was pleased that our newly found friend was well fortified for her journey back to Kilintilloch.

A most uplifting day, in many respects, as you will read in the piece about Emily Mary Durrant, (aka Semi). She did not like Emily, and was known at school as Semi, and is now Mrs Mary Walker.

I had a further phone call from Roma Gibson (Kipling) who left school in 1935. She reported that her sister Maureen (Nicky) Gibson (Durning) had died last year aged 86. These two had been off on safari three years previously. I am not sure of Roma's age, but there is hope for us all. So I urge you not to put down your pens, nor to throw out your hiking boots etc. Who knows what urges may overtake you in your very advanced years?

We on this committee all wait with eagerness for your fascinating accounts of what you are up to as do all our readers – your fellow Old Bedans.

Every good wish for the coming year.

DOROTHY STEPHINSON (HARPIN)

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING 2010

Held at the house of our chairman, Dorothy Jobling (Singleton), we were handsomely received and welcomed.

Business was, as usual, - a good year in general and still financially sound, but with the proviso of a few minor precautions. We mostly cover our expenses and keep everything at as reasonable rate as possible, but the impending VAT increase will affect our reunion prices slightly, and the ever increasing postage on our magazine distribution received some consideration, having cost a little over £150 last year.

Printing ink was also becoming a bit of a problem, but this has been resolved, by the generous offer of free printing, from John, the son of Barbara Swift (Broderick). The Committee will still sort out and assemble. And Pat will still type furiously for us, but she is relieved of the printing problem, for which we are all truly thankful.

All dates are sorted with the exception of the winter reunion. Our kindly caretaker, who has looked after us so well for many years, has retired. At this point in time we are still negotiating, but hoping this will all be resolved next week.

On a lighter, or perhaps I should write "lower" note, our school song was well rendered, in April, due to the kind efforts of Sylvia Pratt (Hill), who

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING 2010 (Cont)

re-wrote the sheet music in suitable key, for our elderly and well stretched vocal cords.

Greetings to you all and may you all thrive and prosper in 2011.

DOROTHY STEPHINSON (HARPIN)

OBITUARY MAUREEN GIBSON (FRENCH)

My sister, Micky, died last year. I spent the last few days by her side. She was very cheerful, and enjoyed singing campfire songs that she loved when she was a Guide!

Her husband died aged 38, being in the navy, and he had survived in the North Atlantic and Malta runs. She was left with a little girl, Alison. Returning to her secretarial skills, she became organiser of a teacher's centre in Waterlooville. Her daughter later took her to Africa, at about 76 -- She loved it there, especially the people of Nairobi.

Alison had a staff of three, so she knew them all their lives, and their families. She had a maid who cared for her -- she loved her and was loath to leave when Alison's husband had to go to Malta.

She came back to the U.K. with Alison and lived happily in a lovely rest home, until she became ill after a fall.

She loved her two grandsons, but loved and missed Africa.

She was borne out of Church to the sound of Africans singing, and drums. Bedans who knew her will remember her sense of humour and mischief at School. Miss Moul once said of her "Oh you happy warrior" , and she was!

ROMA GIBSON (KIPLING)

Roma included a letter with the above obituary, in which she says she herself is registered blind. She said both she and Micky were Old bedans and they often sang the song together. Micky came to Bede in 1935. She eventually left when she was sent to the M.O.D., measuring metal parts with a micrometer. Roma discovered later that they were Bailey Bridge parts. She later worked in Regent Street, London in the Temperance Building Society. She married Charles and had her daughter. Widowed at 38, she never married again.

She was so funny and found humour in everything. Seeing her in her last week looking so lovely in pink sheets, I said "You look like Lily the Pink" So of course she started to sing the song and Alison and I joined in!! Roma adds her good wishes for our efforts to keep the Bedan bonfire burning. She is too old to travel, but says she would love to be able to come to one of our reunions. She sends love to all Old Bedans.

Editors Note.

NEW MEMBERS

- Eleen Guy (Lydiatt) 1962 – 1967
Julie Reed (Frankland) 1962 – 1969
Margaret Sneddon (Humble) 1961 – 1968
Vivienne Duffield (Hardman) 1962 – 1967
Sylvia Glass (Brough) 1962 – 1969
Mary Scott 1954 – 1961
Kay Tindle (Marshall) 1964 – 1969
Susan Gardiner (Rinaldi)

DEATHS

- Enid Bagley (Elgie)
Doreen Smith (Witten)
Maureen Wallace (Hilton)
Beryl Schwam (Morris)
Muriel Woodruffe (Heron)
Ruth McBain (Harrison)
Vera McBain (Whitehouse)
Zoe Crowcroft (Waddington)
Kathleen Cowe
Maureen (Micky) Gibson (French)
Marie Winter (Pattison)
Gladys Bowman (Stacey)

MAUREEN WALLACE (HILTON)

In September 1945, Maureen joined us first formers, at Bede Grammar School. When she was 14 years old (I think) her family decided to emigrate to New South Wales, Australia. Before they left, she asked many of us for our addresses, in order that she may keep in touch.

Now, 62 years later, we were still corresponding with each other. She married Ken, and they had beautiful twins, Rob and Jeanette.

Maureen and her younger sister, visited England about 7 years ago, staying with relatives in East Boldon. This visit coincided with one of our dinners at the Marriott, which was a lovely reunion.

Sadly over the last few years, Maureen has battled with cancer, and she lost the battle in May, 2010. Naturally Ken and her family are devastated. Although we have never met them we plan to keep in touch.

JOAN ROBINSON (CRAIG)



OBITUARY MURIEL WOODRUFF (HERON)

6th June 1919 – 3rd July 2010

Muriel Woodruff was born in Sunderland in 1919, the daughter of William Woodruff and his wife Margaret. The family home was in Percy Terrace, and Muriel attended two local junior schools before moving to Bede Collegiate Girls School in 1930 to commence her senior school education. Her years there (1930-1935) had a profound effect on her and she could not have spoken more highly or more happily of her time there. Upon matriculating from Bede, she continued her education by obtaining a scholarship for the Teacher Training Course in Domestic Science at Northern Counties training College in Newcastle. Here she gained credits in science and hygiene, completing her training in 1940. She then returned to war time Sunderland to be with her recently widowed mother. She taught in several local schools during these years (West Sleekburn, Deptford Terrace, Monkwearmouth Central and Grange Park Secondary Modern) and told many inspiring tales of the spirit of resilience of her pupils and colleagues during the worst of the bombing raids. She subsequently returned to Northern Counties College as a Lecturer until her marriage to John Heron in 1949.

John started his own solicitor's practise in Durham, where the family remained for the rest of John and Muriel's lives. Muriel was, first and foremost, a devoted wife and mother, helping John in every way possible with his growing practice and providing a loving, caring and supportive home for their two young children. And yet, Muriel also found time to become an active contributor to community life in Durham. She was a Marriage guidance counsellor, a founder member of the local telephone Samaritans, Chairman of the Durham branch of the NSPCC and an active Member of the Durham Inner Wheel Club. Over the years she went on to fulfil many official rolls in Inner Wheel at Club, District and National levels. Later in life she also became President of the Invalid Children's Aid Society.

Maybe inspired by her happy years at Bede, Muriel pursued education, into her middle and later life, obtaining an Honours degree in Humanities through the Open University, and being an active member of the U3A until ill- health prevented her from attending. Her main past-times and sources of enjoyment in old age were threefold. She loved travelling and

MURIEL WOODRUFF (HERON) (cont)

was still going on extensive trips well into her 80's, she delighted in being a member of the team of Breeders at Durham Cathedral and she committed herself to re-learning to play the piano, finally achieving Grade 8 at the grand age of 83.

PATRICIA STEWART



LETTERS

Letters are a precious thing,
To send to those you love,
A billet doux upon the wing,
Like magic from above,
Over seas, words can fly
To someone quite alone,
To ponder over by and by,
Unlike a voice on telephone,
I record my thoughts in verse,
My love flows through my pen,
To family o'er the universe,
Who may not meet again.

Lovers still communicate
By hand, to hold and keep,
Hopeful words of future fate,
To dream about when sleep,
Letters keep romance alive,
When even hope is dead,
Thoughts can keep a love alive
When live itself has fled.

LORNA MACCOBY (RAYMOND)

BABIES

Where have all the babies gone?
Looked in a picture book –
Often when passing by
I take it down and look,
Where is the innocence?
The questions still go on,
Why they were not born rich,
'Just beautiful 'I say 'my son'.
My daughters hair grows very long,
One son has a head of curls,
Yet eldest son is getting bald.

PENSION TIME

The age of rest does not mean joy
When work has been a pleasure.
Fifty years since man and boy
Thought seriously of leisure.
Frustration, boredom, fills the day.
Companions have departed too.
Children have gone their way.
Realising they can't depend on you.
Television's hard upon the eye
And radio's a loss when deaf.
Stairs suddenly become so high,
When heart makes short of breath.
Enjoy yourself, they say to man,
Now you have time to spare.
How long is the mortal span -
Until retired, and you no longer care?

LORNA MACCOBY (RAYMOND)

BABIES (Cont)

Must hold my hand, it whirls,
Two of them becoming men,
With children of their own,
Yet I'm still missing them,
Because they've also grown.
Cherubic babies crying out,
No sleep - just walking to and fro,
What can life be all about?
If pitying when babies grow,
I still picture, in my dreams,
Our youth, so long ago.
We are lucky. You and me,
If that's life's only bitter blow.

LORNA MACCOBY (RAYMOND)



A PORTRAIT OF EMILY (SEMI) MARY DURRANT (LAWSON)

Mary, known as Semi at school, as she did not like her name of Emily. Left Bede, obtained a science degree, and, since it was 1940, had to apply to the Ministry of Works for a job. An unsatisfactory stroke of fate sent her to work with milk! She reapplied and was promptly retrained as a sound engineer at the BBC., where she spent the war years putting out the roasting classical concerts, for which they were noted. This strengthened her already whetted appetite for music (gained at Bede also), and the rest of her life was divided between a scientist, a wife and mother, and travelling to all the great European centres of musical excellence. She learnt German to facilitate this, and also a little Italian.

In her mid eighties, she became aware of a lack in her life. The process of satisfying this lack, was to enrol at the Open University, when she was in her late 80's, and at aged 90, she obtained a second degree in history and Music. She still travels off to concerts and indeed was discovered in Durham Cathedral, when attending a wonderful Thanksgiving Service for her friend, Muriel Woodruffe. Three members of our committee joined her, and we were inspired by her vivacity. After seeing her into a taxi to the station she then returned to Kirkintilloch. Just a little day in the life of another of our intrepid nonagenarians.

DOROTHY STEPHINSON (HARPIN)

MURIEL WOODRUFF (HERON)

As you will see, Muriel, a longstanding member of the Guild, passed away in the summer of 2010, aged 91 years.

She had lived in the North East for many years, but in 2010 she had moved to Berkshire to be nearer her family, as her doctor advised her she should no longer live alone.

She was a pupil at Bede Collegiate Girls School from 1930 to 1935, and she always said that its influence on her was long and good.

Her thoughts and memories were usually in the North East, as she loved the area and the people there.

Before her death, Val Trigg (Williamson) had contacted me about a meeting, which had taken place in 2006 with herself, Muriel, and two friends, John Saddes and Harold Lister. At that time they had jotted down a song about Tubby Maccoby, which John himself had written many years before.

A copy of the song and accompanying photograph was sent to Muriel and also to Laura Maccoby (Raymond), as Val felt they would be interested.

Sung to the tune of "What can the matter be"

Chorus	Oh dear, where's Mr. Maccoby? Oh dear, where's Mr Maccoby? Oh dear, where's Mr Maccoby? Tubby was under the chair.
Verse 1	He promised to buy me a Godfrey and Siddons He Promised to buy me a Godfrey and Siddons He promised to buy me a Godfrey and Siddons If Hills had ary to spare.
Verse 2	He promised to get me some cribs for Pythagoras, He promised to get me some cribs for Pythagoras, He promised to get me some cribs for Pythagoras, But I don't believe him so there!

There may have been more verses but at 92 years old John could be forgiven for not remembering.

Kindest thoughts of Guild members go to Muriel's family.

EDITOR

THE 39'ERS REUNION

We gathered, yet again at the Ramside Hall for our reunion, I looked around and the opening words of the hymn we sang at Bede came back to mind.

"Lord behold us with Thy blessing, once again assembled here"

We were our usual, ever young, happy, smiling selves full of chitchat and light hearted news.

We reminisced more this year about evacuation, 71 years ago! There were lots of little stories and memories, and plenty of chat about our early years at Bede.

We were not actually at school when we should have been in the first form. We never walked down from the front gates proudly wearing our brand new uniforms. We all had the first year of the war under our belts, and were no longer the new kids!

Everyone there look well, bright eyed and alert, and some of us looked far too young to be talking about great grandchildren!

We were pleased to welcome Sheila Snowball again this year. She had motored from the Lake District to join us and see other friends. Rita Manning and Joyce Spoors could not come. Rita for health reasons and Joyce for family reasons. We missed them.

We enjoyed the hospitality of the Ramside, and we also enjoyed our lunch. We Old Bedans still know how to address a trencher! (Remember when maids used to attend to us in the dining room?)

Those present were

Joyce Townes (Morrison)

Edna Clement

Muriel Staddon

Joan Liddle

Edna Wilson (Durrell)

Sheila Snowball (Richardson)

Rhennette Ellison (Loffhouse)

Stella Bumerly (Chambers)

Marjorie Bailes (Webb)

Betty Scott (Glancey)

Marjorie Harris (Storhard)

Guest Joyce Wilson (Craig) Edna's sister

JOAN LIDDLE

REUNION 1955 – 62

A reunion was held at the Rosedene for years 1955 – 62, on May 8th 2010. Seventeen of us enjoyed a meal together, and we had such a good evening, that we have agreed to meet up again in 2011.

Anyone interested in coming along should contact us, to have their names added to our mailing list.

ANN DUFFIELD (WIGHT) Tel. 01 748 835 105

EILEEN CALVERT (POTTS) Eileen-calvert@yahoo.co.uk

ANOTHER REUNION

In May we held a reunion in the Rosedene, many of us being 60 years old in this school year.

We had an enjoyable evening, looking at old photographs, catching up on gossip and recounting tales from schooldays.

Many had travelled a great distance to attend (Ann Rumley from Turkey). Some people I found difficult to remember, whereas others looked to me, at any rate, no different.

It was a good evening, which we hope to repeat next May and maybe manage to contact more people.

Some who attended were, Barbara Russell, Sheila Porter, Helen Nichol, Joyce Mills, Joan Seymour, Barbara Scott, Margaret Burlinson, Lesley Fawcett, Janice Barr, Liz Stirling, Lynn Harrison, Linda Stokes, Kay Washington, Marie Gilmore, Eleanor Skinner and Pauline Carter.

MARGARET SNEDDON (HUMBLE)

THE SAGE, GATESHEAD

About five years ago, I was surfing the net, looking for musical opportunities for my grandson, when I saw The Sage Gateshead's website. Now for those of you who don't know, The Sage concerns itself with all things musical, and there under a small heading were the words "Silver Singers". Wow I thought, could that mean silver hair? Well it did, and I found what I was looking for, not for my grandson, but for myself. Ever since I had stopped singing in the West End Operatic Society, Newcastle, a few years previously, I had been looking for something to replace it. I immediately sent an email to join and began attending sessions. The Sage is a wonderful modern building with dramatic architecture, situated on the raised banks of the River Tyne. Inside the building there is a holiday feeling of space and light. I fell in love with the building instantly and an added bonus was the enthusiastic singing. I wouldn't miss it for anything.

I had to go in the samba band for a year and loved it, but the day was changed and sadly I could not make the new time. There are many different choirs to participate in, but I am only in the Divas and Deep Tyne Gospel. We learn lots of different songs and greatly enjoy the excellent standard of teaching. This year, on the 9th July, we had a huge concert in Hall One, which is reported to have the best acoustics in the world. In fact, due to the large number of successful musical groups, this year we had to have separate days for the singing and instrumental groups. Next year the Divas are going to have a gig with a big band in Hall One. Looking forward to that!

Well I hope I have given you a flavour of my passion at this time of my life and I hope you may visit the Sage some time soon if you have not already done so.

DOROTHY JOBLING (SINGLETON)

<u>BALANCE SHEET</u>	<u>SEPTEMBER 2010</u>	<u>EXPENDITURE</u>	
<u>INCOME</u>			
Subscriptions	118.00	Postage	151.78
Donations	116.00	Winter Reunion	275.00
Interest	5.67	1 Winter Reunion Rtn	8.00
Raffles	180.00	Gifts &	
Winter Reunion	300.00	Donations	60.98
Annual Lunch	<u>1155.00</u>	Raffle	
		Prizes	32.53
		Annual Lunch	1054.50
		Annual Lunch Exp	43.00
		Annual Lunch return	<u>15.00</u>
			1638.75
		Credit on Year	<u>236.88</u>
	<u>1876.67</u>		<u>1875.67</u>

<u>Total Funds September 2010</u>		3.60%	
Balance Sheet September 2010	3188.07	War	98.38
Credit on Year	<u>236.88</u>	Stock	2988.65
		TSB A/C	<u>337.94</u>
		Barclays	
	<u>3422.95</u>		<u>3422.95</u>

Checked and verified
signed Joyce M Lowe
Sep-10

JUDITH ROSENSTEIN
Treasurer

*Guild of
Old Bedans*

