

Hild Bede Alumni Association magazine

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College of St Hild
and St Bede
Durham University



2019

**NEVER
FORGE**





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and St Bede
Durham University

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Principal's letter

Dear Friends. This will be the last letter I write to you as Principal of Hild Bede because, as many of you know, I am standing down from the role as from the end of August. I must emphasise that this was not an easy decision for me to take. I love Hild Bede and always will, but felt for all sorts of reasons (some professional and some personal) that I was not the right person to take our beloved College on into the future.



The Principal, Jan Clarke, with Norman Sherrington, former staff and students and Ann Boynton Award winners.

As many of you know, my parents are unwell and getting down to Derbyshire to see them as often as I would like is not really compatible with the weekend working that is required as Principal. I also spoke to you in my last letter about the discussions that were ongoing around the development of the College site. Since then, things have proceeded steadily but, as is almost inevitable given the complexity of our site, we still have no definite plans nor indeed absolute confirmation that the development will proceed. However, if and when it does go ahead (and I must emphasise that from the College's point of view it is absolutely vital that it should), it is certain to be a lengthy process and involve the College being moved temporarily into different accommodation. This all comes at a time in my life when I was starting to think about taking things a little

easier. My research work is also very important to me and I feared that, as the planning and building progressed, this would require more than 50% of the Principal's time if it were to be done properly, and I did not want to sell short either the College or my research. Finally, and perhaps most importantly, I thought that it would be in the best interests of College to have someone in post to oversee the whole project, from planning to 'decant' to bringing Hild Bede back on site and taking it forward into the future. It is for all these reasons, then, that I decided that the time was right for me to stand down.

I am not, though, leaving the University – just going back to my department full time. And I very much intend to remain involved with College, primarily as a member of the Senior Common Room.

When speaking of the redevelopment and how long it may take, I do not wish to alarm you in any way. We all love the College (and the two Colleges from which it sprang), but our versions of these are all different. And in order to survive, the College must continue to evolve. One thing that has given me great satisfaction as I have participated in planning meetings during the course of the last year is the extent to which the University and its planners, as well as those of the Durham County Council Planning Department, are appreciative of and sensitive to the College's history, and how far they are prepared to go to

ensure that it is honoured and preserved as far as possible. We all know how shabby College has become over the years – I have received many letters and emails from you on that subject! This project will enable us to offer first-class facilities to incoming students, while respecting the Hild Bede traditions and ethos of which we are all so proud.

Finally, I would like to express my appreciation to you all for welcoming me into 'your' College; to the students (many of whom are now alumni) for being such delightful young people (even if a very few of them have occasionally caused me to tear my hair out!); and, last but not least, I would like to thank all the wonderful Hild Bede staff who have supported me so well during my time here. I really will 'Never Forget'.

I will be handing over the reins to Professor Simon Forrest, who is joining us from the University of Newcastle (you will find out more about Professor Forrest elsewhere in this magazine). I wish him every success and hope that he will be as happy at Hild Bede as I have been.

With all good wishes,

Jan Clarke
Principal



Meet the new principal **Professor Simon Forrest**

Simon has 30 years' experience of teaching, research and activity in practice in policy associated with the social aspects of HIV/Aids, Sexual and Reproductive Health, Gender and Sexualities, and the social sciences in medicine and health. He came to academic life via teaching, youthwork and a short career as a professional musician.

Simon has been working in the Institute for Health & Society at Newcastle where he led a UK Research Institute Doctoral Training Pathway in 'Health, Wellbeing and Society', Chaired the Institute Board of Examiners, was the Director of Education and the Faculty Director of Equality, Diversity and Inclusion. He sat on the University

Advisory Group for Social Justice and Rainbow Network.

Between 2009 and 2017, he was Head of the School of Medicine, Pharmacy and Health in Durham. He has a background that spans higher, secondary, further and prison education. Public engagement and support for social change is central to his work and reflected in authorship of not only academic outputs, but work with the mass media and publication of several guides to sexuality and health for young people, parents and schools. He is Chair of the Board for an international Aids charity and a HEA Sir Ron Cooke International Scholar.



He came to academic life via teaching, youthwork and a short career as a professional musician.



Shelter from the Storm

Nuala Ellwood (Hild Bede 1998-2001) was chosen as one of the Observer's 'New Faces of Fiction 2017' for her first thriller, the bestselling *My Sister's Bones*. Nuala teaches Creative Writing at York St John University and lives in the city with her young son. *Day of the Accident* is her latest novel.

We are all, each of us, at any one time, just a hair's breadth away from catastrophe. Peace, order, safety: these are temporal states, vulnerable to the whim of governments, ideologies, extremes of weather. It is the tie that binds us as human beings, the fact that your life can turn on a dime at any moment. A hurricane hits your city, leaving death, destruction and chaos in its wake; war erupts; your village is gassed; a dictator comes to power and decides to eradicate everyone who believes in your god. It could happen anywhere at any time: from New York to Nuremberg; Aleppo to Aberdeen.

So the worst happens. What do you do? Well for most of us, the answer would be to scoop up your loved ones and get the hell away. But where do you run? What if the nearest safe haven is across a perilous sea? What if the only means of transportation is a flimsy boat, packed to the gills with hundreds of others just like you? You know the answer. You get on that damned boat, clutching your loved ones tightly, and you try to keep that safe haven in your head, because it is the only thing that will keep you going on that interminable journey. And what if you make it to the other side? What then? What awaits you? Shelter? Food? Warmth? Or a closed border?



• Nuala Ellwood (Hild Bede 1998-2001)

These questions, and the sense that we are all just teetering on the precipice of peace and stability, have haunted me for most of my adult life. As the daughter of an Irish immigrant, I grew up listening to stories of the Great Famine, where approximately one million people died and a million more emigrated from Ireland when blight decimated the potato crop. The West, where my family originate, was one of the worst affected areas. A number of my ancestors either

perished or boarded disease-ridden coffin ships bound for America. Those who survived that horrific journey slowly pieced together a new life in the land of the free. As a family, we remember these journeys, not only through the stories that filtered down the ages, but also deep in our bones. Those voices haunt us like a half-remembered song. My father recounts the time he visited Ellis

find work. His idea of England up until that point had been a kind of Arcadia – a blissful land of undulating hills, shiny black cabs, beefeaters, and palaces. The small North East town they arrived at that first rain-soaked night did not quite live up to the fantasy but it became home: the place where he established roots, met my mother, raised a family, and became an award-winning television journalist. But he never forgot his real home, the mystical country across the water that he and countless others before him had been forced to leave behind.

And so the sense of movement, of fleeing hardship and persecution, or leaving your country behind to find a better life, is written into my DNA. It influences everything I do: from being unable to settle in any one place for more than a few months to the themes I explore in my work. My debut thriller, *My Sister's Bones*, published by Penguin in 2017, tells the story of a troubled female war reporter who returns from Syria to her childhood home on the North Kent coast and starts to fear that something horrifying is happening in the house next door. Running parallel to this story are her recollections of Aleppo and the family she befriended there, among them a lively, football-mad ten-year-old boy named Nidal. It is through Nidal, and Kate's interactions with him, that the true human cost of the Syrian conflict is explored, in particular the effects on the ordinary men and women caught up in it and their reluctance to leave cherished homes and communities to head out into the unknown.

Every day of our lives we are weaving in and out of potential disaster and that disaster need not come via war and famine.

On a domestic level, we place faith in things that could so easily be swept from under us: marriage, home, children, friends, our state of mind. In my current novel, *Day of the Accident*, the protagonist, Maggie, wakes from a coma to find that everything she believes in, everything she loves and cherishes, has been taken away. Her daughter is dead, killed when the car Maggie was driving plunged into the river; her husband has left, and the house she thought they owned turns out to be rented and has been sold on. In a matter of moments, the life Maggie knew ceases to exist and she is thrown into a stark new reality, a world of social housing, rehabilitation, loneliness, and a grief so raw she can barely breathe. Added to this is a deep sense of confusion. Maggie has no idea what happened that day at the river and she can't shake the feeling that somewhere, somehow, her daughter is still alive.

The story is set against the beautiful yet eerie marshland of East Sussex, a place that has both fascinated and haunted me for as long as I can remember. It is here that, in 1941, the author Virginia Woolf put stones in her pockets and stepped into the river and liquid oblivion, and where my character, Maggie, loses everything in a few fateful moments by the water's edge. I first encountered this landscape when I moved to Sussex in 2007. I was seven months pregnant with my son Luke and, as I walked across the Downs, the river snaking alongside me, I felt strangely disconnected, both from life, and my changing physical state. A pregnant woman's body is not her own. It is at the mercy of doctors, nurses, midwives, even passers-by on the street - I lost count of the number of 'well-meaning' people who thought my pregnant state gave them the right to touch my stomach and ask when I was due.

This sense of powerlessness, the concern that life is changing beyond your control, is something I wanted to explore in *Day of the Accident*, though it would be a decade on from those days by the river in Sussex that it would come to fruition. Yet it was a project called *Writing Motherhood*, where myself and other writers

travelled across the UK giving writing workshops to new mothers, that really opened my eyes to the fears and uncertainty experienced by creative people when they first have children. One of the young mothers told me that she wrote in secret, when her child was asleep, as she felt that writing was a luxury, a guilty pleasure. This idea that creativity should be hidden, that we don't value it enough in this country, struck a chord with me, and I used the idea of it to form the character of Maggie, a woman who had to put her creative life on hold when she became a mother and whose attempts to reignite her writing career led to deep feelings of guilt and shame.

The success of my two novels - I was named as one of the *Observer's* New Faces of Fiction for *My Sister's Bones*, which has been published in ten territories and been optioned for film, while *Day of the Accident* was a number one bestseller - has been amazing. It has been a long journey since my days at Hild Bede: a journey that saw me go from Durham University to Soho, where I spent my early twenties living opposite Ronnie Scott's, writing and singing songs and working in the Chelsea Arts Club. But it was a move back north, to York and an MA in Creative Writing at York St John University that helped me realise my dream of being a novelist. If someone had told me on my first day at Durham, as I climbed the hill to Charles Stranks House, clutching my suitcase, kettle and boxes of books, or as I sat on Palace Green on graduation day wondering what would become of my life, that one day I would see my own novels on the shelves of my favourite bookshops, I would never have believed them. But then, it is this unpredictability, the fact that life can change on a dime, that excites and drives me, both as a person and as a writer. Stories help us make sense of the world and, in times of tumult, they are our life rafts, the only constant we have.



I first encountered this landscape when I moved to Sussex in 2007. I was seven months pregnant with my son Luke and, as I walked across the Downs, the river snaking alongside me, I felt strangely disconnected, both from life, and my changing physical state.

From the River Wear to The Black Sea

(Via The Mary Rose)



Jon Adams (Bede 1972-1976), Professor of Maritime Archaeology at the University of Southampton and Director of its Centre for Maritime Archaeology, describes his time as a member of Bede Boat Club and his recent, stunning discoveries in the Black Sea.



I started at Bede in 1972 on the three-year 'Cert. Ed.' course. I'd been accepted for it before I took my A levels and I have to admit that this led to a certain throttling back on the effort I put into them! Then I took a gap year and everything changed. Me and three friends took a VW minibus to the Hindu Kush in the days when you could drive through Iran and Afghanistan. This took us through the astonishing ruins of every ancient culture between here and there and, by the time I got back, I was wondering, what chance of archaeology as a career? It was too late, however, to change course, so I duly arrived in Durham, where I spent my first year negotiating my transfer from the Cert. Ed. course to the Archaeology department, then based in the old mill under Prebends Bridge. This was not possible until the next academic year, so I indulged in Bede's excellent art course - and... I learned to row.

I happened to be allotted a room in Thorpe on the same corridor as John Coates, then Bede's Captain of Boats, and John Hedley, a stalwart of the Bede Senate four and the University First Eight. I didn't realise how significant this was until one day I was down at the boat house. There were several crews out that day and my first impression of rowing was that it was a bit noisy (the clonking of oars and the exasperated shouting of coaches), as well as a bit wobbly and splashy. Then the Bede Senate four came past: Colin Barratt at stroke, Jeremy Spencer at 3, John Hedley at 2, the infamous Jock Wishart at bow, and Charlie Curtiss as Cox. They were different: perfect balance, perfect timing, seemingly effortless and quiet! They basically oozed class. It got better. On the command 'Paddle firm', the blades locked into the water as though guided by machine. The boat seemingly leapt out of the

Figure 2. A Greek ship virtually intact, lying in over 2000 metres of water in the Black Sea. Its size and the fact it was both sail and oar-powered mean that it is likely to have been a pirate vessel (ancestors of Hild Bede rowers perhaps?) (© Black Sea MAP, Pacheco-Ruiz).



Figure 1. Bede Senate crew 1973 (far side): David Trace, cox; Andrew Gaskell, stroke; John Hedley, 3; Jon Adams 2, Jock Wishart, Bow).

very much the Bede way where sport was concerned. The joke was that when Castle students dressed for a formal dinner it was in DJ and gown, but Bede students put on a clean track suit! Jock and John soon had us going quite well, but we didn't enjoy immediate success, embarrassingly losing a race we should have won at home (Wear regatta). This elicited a string of expletives from Jock that would have made a Bede rugby player blush and not in the least obscured by his Scots accent ('Bloody yowsless' being one of the mild ones). At the end of the tirade he hurled his bike in the river and for all I know it's still there. We rowed thereafter not for ourselves but for Jock and for Bede. We duly won Novice Fours the next weekend. I kept rowing the whole time at Durham after that, winning Senate twice: once with Jock (bow), John Hedley (3), Andy Gaskell (stroke) and Dave Trace (cox) in a record time (Fig.1) and ending up in the University First Eight coached by the much loved Eric Halliday. Wonderful, wonderful days, especially as by then I was also doing archaeology, and yes, the social life was pretty good too!

Alas, on leaving Durham I also left rowing. The archaeological world didn't fit with the demands of elite rowing. However, it was to be 'maritime' archaeology and therefore being on (and in) the water remains a constant. It was actually the two youngest members of staff in the Archaeology Department at Durham (Chris Morris and Anthony Harding,

later Professors in Glasgow and Exeter respectively) who encouraged me to think about combining diving and archaeology. I'd learned to dive at school and so, clutching my BA certificate, I pitched up in the office of Margaret Rule, the Director of the team then excavating Henry VIII's warship Mary Rose, sunk in action against the French in 1545. Margaret was looking for divers who were also trained archaeologists. I was by no means the finished article, but in those days you could count the number of diving archaeologists on the fingers of one and a half hands so I was in. After another six years and much time underwater (c. 30,000 dives between us), we recovered the ship that is now in an amazing museum along with 19,000 objects in Portsmouth.

From Mary Rose I moved from project to project, gaining experience with the aim of ending up at a university. I did my PhD at Stockholm University as by then much of my research was carried out in the Baltic - a place littered with well-preserved shipwrecks. Eventually, the trail led to Southampton, where the Archaeology Department had responded to student demand for someone to teach 'maritime'. So I started as a visiting lecturer. It proved popular enough for the University to commit to a permanent post. I got it and I've been there ever since. We launched a Masters programme in 1995 and the Centre for Maritime Archaeology in 1997. Now we're the biggest research



...I was by no means the finished article, but in those days you could count the number of diving archaeologists on the fingers of one and a half hands so I was in.

water. The blades powered through to the finish leaving boiling puddles well clear of the stern. The blades snapped out round the turn and away, the crew floating forward for the next stroke, the blades exactly level and never a stray drop of water. Even the sound was intoxicating: the hiss as the hull passed through the water and the 'smack-whoosh' of each stroke as they swept down river faster than anything else afloat. 'Struth', I thought, 'I've got to try that!' Needless to say, they won Senate with nonchalant ease - they were half the University First Eight after all.

My rowing career started that very weekend with John Coates devoting a lot of his free time to fast-tracking me in a tub pair. I was soon in a Novice four and being trained both by John and Jock Wishart. Jock expected us to adopt the same work ethic he had: hard, uncompromising and bloody-minded! In fact, that was



Figure 3. A Roman ship, virtually intact, upright on the seabed at over 2,000 metres depth with its mast still standing. These images are produced by photogrammetry, in which thousands of overlapping hi-res photos taken with cameras on robotic vehicles (shown right) are aligned to generate a 3D model of millimetric accuracy (© Black Sea MAP, Pacheco-Ruiz).



unit within the Department and one of the two biggest maritime research units in the world. That means critical mass, which in turn increases the potential to attract good students and research funding.

In 2015, we won our biggest grant yet – for research in the Black Sea. It's a place where there is fabulous prehistoric archaeology but with a few mysteries that add to its allure. There's controversy too: the interesting thing about the Black Sea is that it was isolated from the world's oceans during major glacial cycles. As water gets locked up at the poles, global sea levels drop. At -35m the Bosphorus dries and the Black Sea becomes a lake. This last happened about 25,000 years ago. As the world warmed again around 15,000 years ago, global sea levels started rising. At around -35m they reconnected with the Black Sea but exactly when that happened and how, as well as, what impacts were felt by human populations – that's what no-one could agree on.

In 1997, two geologists published a paper that theorised that the Bosphorus had failed like a giant dam, and the resulting deluge was the origin of the story of the biblical flood. Others disagreed. So, in 2015, I took the 'Black Sea Maritime Archaeology Project' to the

Black Sea for the first of four seasons of fieldwork. Now, after 2,000 km² of seabed survey and 92 geological core samples up to 10m in length, we think we are able to say with much more precision what happened. To cut a long story short, we don't see evidence of a sudden re-filling of the Black Sea, although change in the water level over time was dramatic and would have been noticeable at least on a generational basis. So it might well have contributed to a flood myth (along with other events in the Middle East and the Indus Valley).

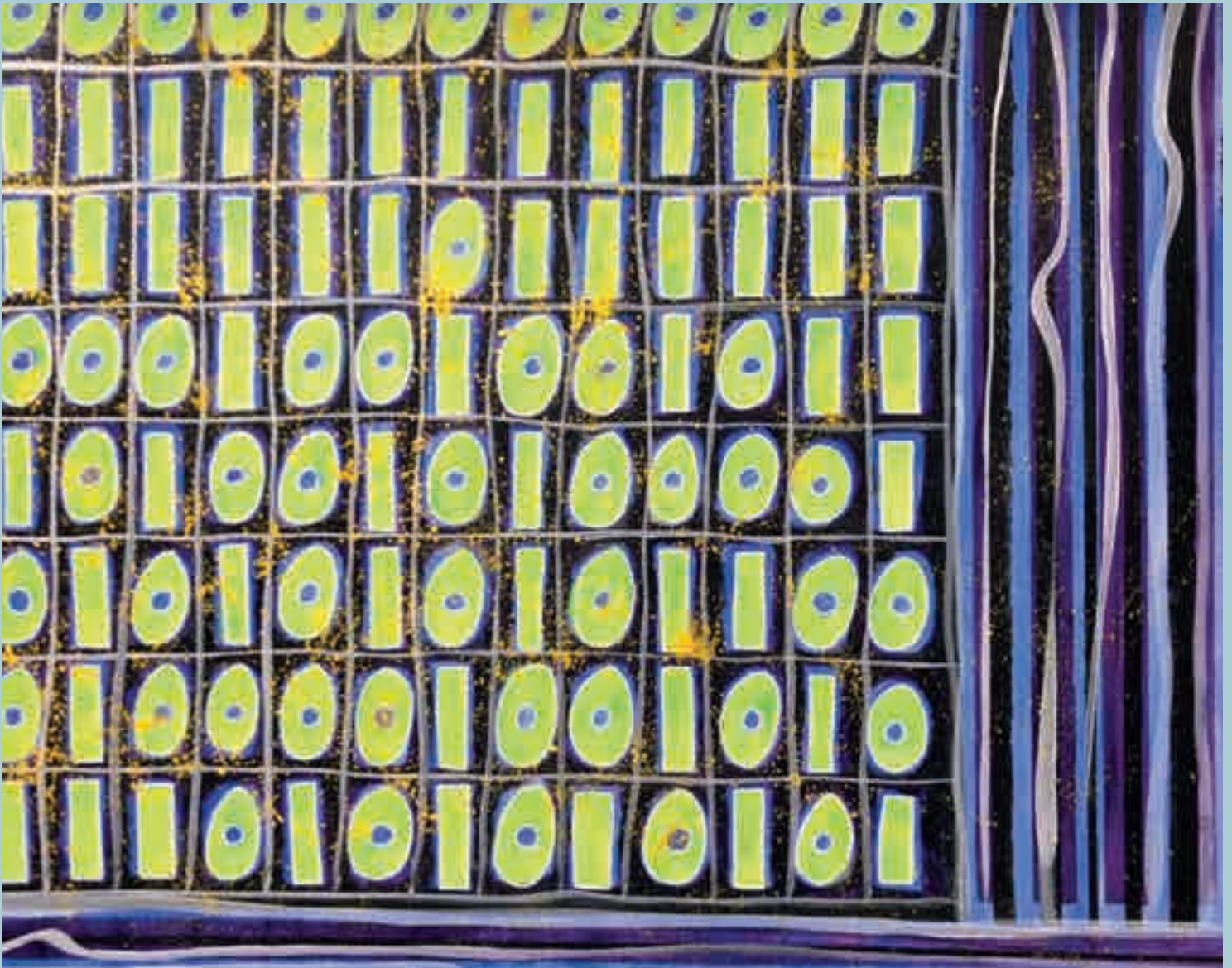
The added value of the project was the discovery of 65 shipwrecks from the Greek, Roman, Byzantine, and Ottoman empires, and this is what the press went daft over last October. The oldest was a Greek ship from c. 400 BC and virtually intact (Fig. 2). Another, a 1st Century AD Roman ship, sat upright on the seabed with its mast still in place and ropes still draped over the frames (Fig. 3). The stuff of Clive Cussler books yes, but more to the point, the best preserved and most complete examples of their type ever discovered.

So the rowing, the archaeology and a lot else besides go back to my time at Bede as it was then – though wandering through Bede or Hild's in those days, it would not have been

obvious to the casual visitor which was which! I look back on those days with great affection and fondly remember both fellow students and staff with great affection, especially my personal tutor, Jimmy Lawrence. I'm now back in touch with John Coates and John Hedley, as well as several other crew members from those days, and of course Jock, who never leaves us alone for long and who never ceases his ambassadorial mission for Durham.

It's a place where there is fabulous prehistoric archaeology but with a few mysteries that add to its allure.

The Art of Seeding The Dream



Diwei Chen

(Hild Bede 2011-2013) tells us how, in her own words, 'her time at Hild Bede sowed a dream that became a reality'.

When I first joined the creative writing class as a mentee of Fadia Faqir at Durham University, I didn't know it was a seed of a dream that would grow into a reality which would eventually lead to me running an art exhibition with the Swedish artist Kristoffer Kullengren. Every Wednesday, I left Hild Bede and walked along the riverside then climbed the stairs up the hill, where Durham Cathedral was the eye that dotted the cerulean canopy. It began to feel like a literary ritual. Once I arrived, we made a circle around Fadia, reading what we wrote. Being the only non-native there, daunted me so much that my

voice quivered in timidity. She looked at me as if she understood my fears. She felt that the class might be a challenge for me so, with a slight Arabic accent, she smiled and said, 'Just keep writing.' It was at that particular moment that I realized Fadia, like me, was writing in English as a second language. Although English was not her first language, she had achieved to gain an international audience and her book *My Name is Salma* was published in 13 languages. Being able to express my words through painting had been my dream, and Fadia planted that belief in me. When she took us to the Baltic

...it would eventually lead me to collaborate with the Swedish artist Kristoffer Kullengren.



Art Museum in Newcastle to see the exhibition of Elizabeth Price, who later won the Turner Prize for her video installation 'The Woolworths Choir of 1979', Fadia challenged us with an opportunity: 'If you can write something good, it will be displayed here'. Excited as much as I was terrified, I felt the opportunity was formidably precious. When she handed back my submitted draft with congratulations on having made it, this was the moment I truly began to believe that I can write. Having my work be associated with art only increased my interest and it would eventually lead me to collaborate with the Swedish artist Kristoffer Kullengren. Creating literary works with his art has brought me the kind of life experience and connection with others that I'd never imagined. And it all began with our first collaboration, *Walking on Sunshine*.

How the art journey started, the story behind *Walking on Sunshine*

From my first collaboration with Kristoffer, the creative process of *Walking on Sunshine*, I learned how true art takes form and how it can create a bridge message through empowering emotions as well as reach another soul in a way no other kind of communication can achieve. That experience laid a deep foundation for what we would do in later years. The work, *Walking on Sunshine*, is a tribute to an artist in the west of China named Mrs Xia. She was one of the few Chinese artists whose works were collected and displayed at national museums as well as cultural heritage sites such as the Thatched Cottage of Du Fu, the former home of the great poet Du Fu of the Tang Dynasty, in Chengdu. Mrs

Xia, as accomplished in art as she was, she selected my mother to be her last student, teaching her to paint and asking for nothing in return. I saw my mother's painting that began as a few sketches and then it was transformed into a full autumn landscape where maple leaves danced about in the wind, and her passion for art transcended how she sensed the world.

I always wondered what drove her to share her skills, as she had always been generous to nurture people's artistic abilities. I received my answer when we first met during her chemotherapy. Surprised and unprepared, she smiled and took me by her side. Mrs Xia stated, 'The doctor told me there's no medicine or treatment that can work now except for my will. Any day can be my last.' She almost laughed at how absurd it sounded, but the tears lingering in her eyes said it was true. She couldn't hide her deep love for life and art, knowing that her days were numbered. She believed that the only thing she could do now was to teach people how to paint. To me, it seemed as though she was extending a legacy larger than her life. I wanted to honour Mrs Xia, therefore, Kristoffer and I worked on creating works that could express how we feel and that was how *Walking on Sunshine* came about. I wrote the poem as a way to give her strength because it was the only thing we could do.

*Walking on Sunshine
Storm could be
Heavy
at certain times of life*

*Yet, it's only one part of life
That tests how much love
We have for our life*

*Like sunshine
With love you give
Love and warmth you
will receive*

*To help you find
Hopes and strengths*

*To walk on Sunshine
And live through Storm*

*For nothing, but:
Love for life
Life for love*

Little did we know, she was not only pleased at seeing what we did for her, but it also brought an unexpected



medical turnaround – she left hospital a few days later and lived for much longer than the doctor had predicted. This was the first time we saw how much art could make an impact on a person's life when all the other means have failed. Since then, we took art to more serious contexts.

The *Between Dream and Reality* exhibition: how the seed of dreams grew into the shape of reality

Last October, we were invited by Xi An Contemporary Art Museum, the first contemporary museum in western China, to bring our exhibition 'Between Dream and Reality' to the local audience. It became a local hit with more than 30 media outlets covering the event and they recommended it as 'One of the most worthwhile exhibitions

to visit this November'. It was a dream-like cultural experience to have a western contemporary art exhibition in an old city like Xi An. Here are some artworks from *Between Dream and Reality* exhibition:

Digital Slavery

The artist wrote 'Digital Slavery' in binary code to express his concern over humanity succumbing to being consumed by technology.

Humanity

Humanity is painted in a graffiti style on a city background fading in excessive consumption of technology. The last generation of nature, the blue mountains and clear sky, is about to be in the past whereas there are 'sky eyes' supervising all we do.

Ghost trees

A desolate desert with lifeless trees is a surreal view of our cosmopolitan life, where we live in soulless skyscrapers tapering towards the neon-lit sky like ghosts on a concrete ground.

Like the best education that creates profound lifelong influence by a simple act of planting a dream, great art achieves the same just through a different language connecting with the soul. We believe that art has a paramount role to play in our time to build bridges between cultures, countries, races, and genders, and sometimes most importantly, between the differences within ourselves, because if we can achieve peace with ourselves, we can extend love and care to those who're different from us. And that appreciation of difference is one of the best parts I take with me from my Durham education, and now we are spreading that seed through the art we create.

We are very interested in connecting with those who'd be interested in art and can share what they think about this. For more of the art we do, please see: www.krsart.com

And you're more than welcome to contact me (Diwei) through: diwei.chen@hotmail.com





Private Andrew Wilson, Durham Light Infantry

Ian Rawles sent us the following article about a former Bede Man that had appeared in a booklet produced by the Great Bavington United Reformed Church to commemorate soldiers from the local area who gave their lives during the Great War. We thought it would be of interest to you and Ian was kind enough to give us permission to reproduce it here.

Private Andrew Wilson,
Kirkwhelpington War Memorial.

Just over one hundred years ago, on 26 April 1915, a student teacher from Bede College, Andrew Wilson, died at a dressing station after being severely wounded during the Battle of Gravenstafel Ridge. This was the earliest conflict of the Second Battle of Ypres.

The author became aware of Andrew's story during his research into a war memorial, known as the 'Roll of Honour', held within Great Bavington United Reformed Church. Great Bavington URC is the oldest former Presbyterian church still used for worship in Northumberland, and the second oldest in England. It lies at the heart of a tiny village within rural Northumberland some sixteen miles north of Hexham and sixteen miles west of Morpeth.

The Great Bavington 'Roll of Honour' consists of a single handwritten column on white card within a simple black frame. Nineteen local men, who served in WW1, are inscribed under the sub-title 'The Great War 1914-1918'. Eight men, who lost their lives in the conflict, are then inscribed under the sub-title 'Roll of Heroes'. The memorial hangs between two windows on the south side of the church. Andrew Wilson is the final name included on the memorial.



Great Bavington school photograph from May 1905. Andrew Wilson is first on the left in the middle row.

Andrew Wilson was born on 5 March 1894 at Hartburn, Northumberland, but his mother died while he was young. The 1901 census shows his father, also Andrew Wilson, as a widower being helped by his sister and the family living at the Cottage at Sweethope, Northumberland. His father was an itinerant shepherd so the family moved frequently with his work. While they were living in Sweethope, Andrew attended Great Bavington School, some two miles away, across the Northumberland fells. According to The Great Bavington School Managers' Minutes from 6 July 1906 state that Andrew Wilson had passed the school exam and was eligible for a minor bursary.



...on 26 April 1915, a student teacher from Bede College, Andrew Wilson, died at a dressing station after being severely wounded during the Battle of Gravenstafel Ridge.



Andrew therefore attended King Edward's Grammar School in Morpeth as a boarder.

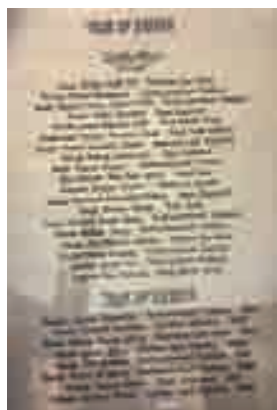
By 1911, Andrew was a student lodging with his Uncle and Aunt Dobby and their family at 105 Scarborough Road, Byker, Newcastle. In 1912, he was offered a place as a student teacher at Bede Teacher Training College in Durham. While at the college, he joined the college military unit, affiliated with the Durham Light Infantry, with whom he trained part time. He qualified as a teacher in 1914. During his studies, he was also a student teacher at Kirkwhelpington School (a larger village just over three miles from Great Bavington).

Andrew was enrolled as a private in Company B of the Durham Light Infantry and left Folkestone for Boulogne on 19 April 1915. He marched into action near Ypres on 23 April. He died on 26 April when his and the adjoining companies came under sustained attack by the German forces. A detailed analysis of Andrew's movements in France and the events of 26 April have been researched and published by his grandson, Ian Wilson, in the Commemorative 1914-1918 issue of the Northumberland and Durham Family History Society Journal, Autumn 2014, volume 39, number 3. Andrew's father and stepmother were still living at Mirlaw House, Capheaton, near Great Bavington at the time of Andrew's death.

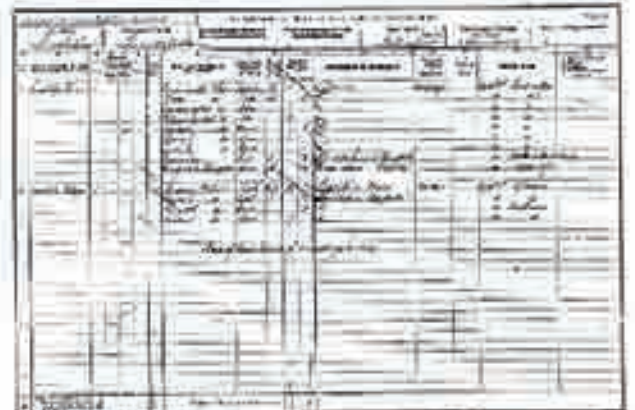
In addition to the Great Bavington 'Roll of Heroes', Andrew is commemorated in several other places. His name is recorded on the Menin Gate memorial, panels 36/38. He is also remembered on a family stone in Kirkharle churchyard, the Kirkwhelpington War Memorial, the Bede College WW1 memorial, and in the college chapel.



Great Bavington United Reformed Church.



The Great Bavington 'Roll of Honour'.



?????



Thomas Derrick Griffiths

Jan Alexander wrote to us about her father, Thomas Derrick Griffiths, who brought bells to Bede. He sadly passed away in 2012.

Thomas Derrick Griffiths (always known as Derrick), 1928-2012, joined the College of the Venerable Bede in September 1945, aged seventeen. The only child of Tom and Annie Griffiths, Derrick seemed destined – by a combination of determination and charisma – to succeed in whatever he tackled. As when, at 14, he was the youngest competitor by far in the Mile Swim in the River Dee and, on a bitterly cold day, he was one of only two who managed to

complete it. Or, when having taken him to Rhyl on holiday, his parents were horrified to see him at the top of a high-diving board at the swimming pool. 'Derrick, come down!' He did...

Derrick was educated at Chester City Grammar School, but left school without going on to the Higher School Certificate. This was because a friend of his parents had told them there was a good job opening for him at the County Offices, adding that a lad of Derrick's flair might rise to a high level in time, but an immediate application was needed. So Derrick applied and, shortly afterwards, began work. He was, however, already in a strong relationship with his future wife, Joan. They had met when, as 15-year-olds, they both started bell ringing. Joan, who had gone through her high-school career a year early, wanted to go into teaching and, having given the matter a great deal of thought, Derrick

decided he would do so too and resigned from his job at the County Offices after one year of employment. They studied the available colleges. Whitelands College, usually based in London, had been evacuated to Durham during the war and Joan applied to it. Derrick had always wanted to visit Durham, liked the look of the college, and felt that their being in Durham together for their two-year training would be a very good idea. He applied, and was accepted. Only a few weeks before term began, Joan had a letter informing her that the Whitelands buildings, though needing to be fumigated after wartime use, would be available and that she would, therefore, have her two-year college course in London! The best-laid plans...

Much disgruntled, Derrick and Joan set off for college life hundreds of miles apart. However, they both very much



Thomas Derrick Griffiths - middle row, 2nd from right



enjoyed their time at college and formed friendships that would last for the rest of their lives. Derrick's college accommodation was arranged alphabetically, and he and neighbours Ivan Garnham and Alan Harrison became a strong trio. All three went on to successful headships (and a child from each family went into teaching.) In his first week at college, Derrick went for a walk around Durham. Perhaps looking a bit lost and forlorn, he met a middle-aged lady who appears to have taken an instant, motherly liking to him – she took him back to her house and fed him tea and scones! She asked where he was from and when told 'Chester', said encouragingly, 'Well, that's not far away!' She thought he meant Chester-le-Street. Later – his two friends being local lads – he would sometimes go home with them. At Ivan's house in Tanfield Lea, he had a regular engagement to play 'chequers'

with Ivan's Grandad and, in the process, learned broad Geordie. Another memory was the three of them going to watch a ship being launched – presumably from Newcastle. They also, from time to time, met girls from another college, probably St Hild's. One got back in contact in later life, describing herself as 'fat, fair and forty'. It's strange that Derrick's college exam results appear to say that he failed RE. A regular churchgoer and chorister from childhood, he knew the Bible well. However, this early failure doesn't appear to have affected him, and overall his results were good.

On leaving college, Derrick and Joan both found teaching jobs in the Chester area. He had been in his new position only one month when his call-up papers arrived and he had to leave to spend two years in the army. There, he became a Warrant Officer – the highest possible rank without joining

up – and had responsibility for instilling the basics of literacy and numeracy into those who had managed to leave school without any. Their reading books, he said, were somewhat different from the norm, with phrases like 'Bill has a fag'! Derrick was reasonably happy with his enforced two years in the army, though not when they were sent to Scotland, where quarters were very cold. Later, being stationed close to Brecon, where Joan's uncle owned a pub, was much more to his liking – he could walk there to enjoy some home comforts, a pint and a good game of billiards! His superiors very much hoped that Derrick would join up properly as his two years came to an end – they forecast a successful army career for him – but Derrick had other plans.

He and Joan were married in August 1950, both having teaching jobs at Cherry Grove primary school in the city of

...he had a regular engagement to play 'chequers' with Ivan's Grandad and, in the process, learned broad Geordie.

Chester. They soon bought their own home and, in November 1951, became the proud 23-year-old parents of a baby girl. Finances weren't easy. Joan had to return to full-time work six weeks after the baby was born (cycling two miles back to her parents' house at lunch-time to feed her daughter) and Derrick took out-of-hours temporary work such as the Christmas post, or tuition, to augment his teaching salary. They were able to afford a small car – always known affectionately by its registration 'IH' – and it brought a new dimension to their lives as they spent happy summer evenings exploring lanes and villages which, although only a few miles from their home, they had never seen before. Derrick put in a successful application for a deputy headship in a village school some five miles out of Chester. A year later, the head-teacher decided to move on. Derrick applied for the headship and became, at 29, the youngest head in Cheshire. At his interview, a lady on the interview panel asked how many children he had and was startled to be told that he didn't really know. 'Well, when I left for this interview I had one, but my wife had gone into labour so I might have two by now!' In fact, their son was born in the early hours of the following morning.

The family moved to live in the School House at Tarvin, this having been a pre-condition of the appointment. The house had a tiny downstairs bathroom in a lean-to, no central heating, and the toilet was a bucket arrangement in a shed in the back yard. (The school toilets were also buckets, it being the unenviable job of the caretaker to trudge down to the end of the school garden to empty them!) It was a Church of England school, and Derrick worked closely with the vicar, becoming a churchwarden and lay reader as well as running the village library and planning riotous fund-raising entertainments with other like-minded people on the PTA. He was a teaching head, with a staff of three ladies and, between them, they taught ages 5-14. However, two years later, a secondary school opened in the area and the 11-14-year-olds went there. This left Derrick on a salary

appropriate to the numbers there had been in Tarvin school on his appointment, but actual numbers in the school reduced by about 30 pupils.

Two more children arrived in the Griffiths family (a girl and a boy, in orderly sequence) but, by 1962, Derrick had become somewhat exasperated with suggestions from the County that he should try to find a position commensurate with his salary. He did so – applying to suitable schools all over the country. Joan had pleasant thoughts of travelling with him to job interviews. Derrick was immediately short-listed for a headship in Rugby, went for that one interview and accepted the position (much to the horror of not only his parents, who saw the 100-mile distance from



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Chester as enormous, but also of his 11-year-old daughter, who did not want to leave a place where she had enjoyed a very happy childhood.) The idea was that they would live in Rugby for some five years, then Derrick would find another headship in the Chester area and they would go back home. The best-laid plans, again...

The family moved to Long Lawford, Rugby in the summer holidays of 1963. It was a split-site school at that time, in the process of transferring itself from the 1870 school building to a new one some half a mile away, so the new Head was required to expedite the move. Derrick, Joan and family again moved into the School House

attached to the old building. This one had better facilities, but the garden was very overgrown, and Derrick – having learned a good deal about gardening through the need to keep one step ahead of his pupils in gardening lessons at Tarvin – set about transforming it. Derrick was to be the very popular Head Teacher of Long Lawford school for over twenty years – the grand plan of a return to Chester being foiled by the children's education and then the arrival of grandchildren. He and Joan were soon integral members of the village church, and although Derrick had said he would avoid being drawn into other community things, such was his nature that he was, inevitably, very much involved in several. In the 1970s, the teaching of French in primary schools came

At that point they discovered a clause stating that if the building ceased to be used for educational purposes, it – and the attached house – must revert to the ownership of the family that had donated the land for it over 100 years earlier. This left the Authority in a somewhat awkward position, and the upshot was that Derrick and Joan, aged only 55, were offered early retirement. They accepted and, with their joint lump sum, were able to buy a house across the road – just before the boom in house prices, that would have put it beyond their reach.

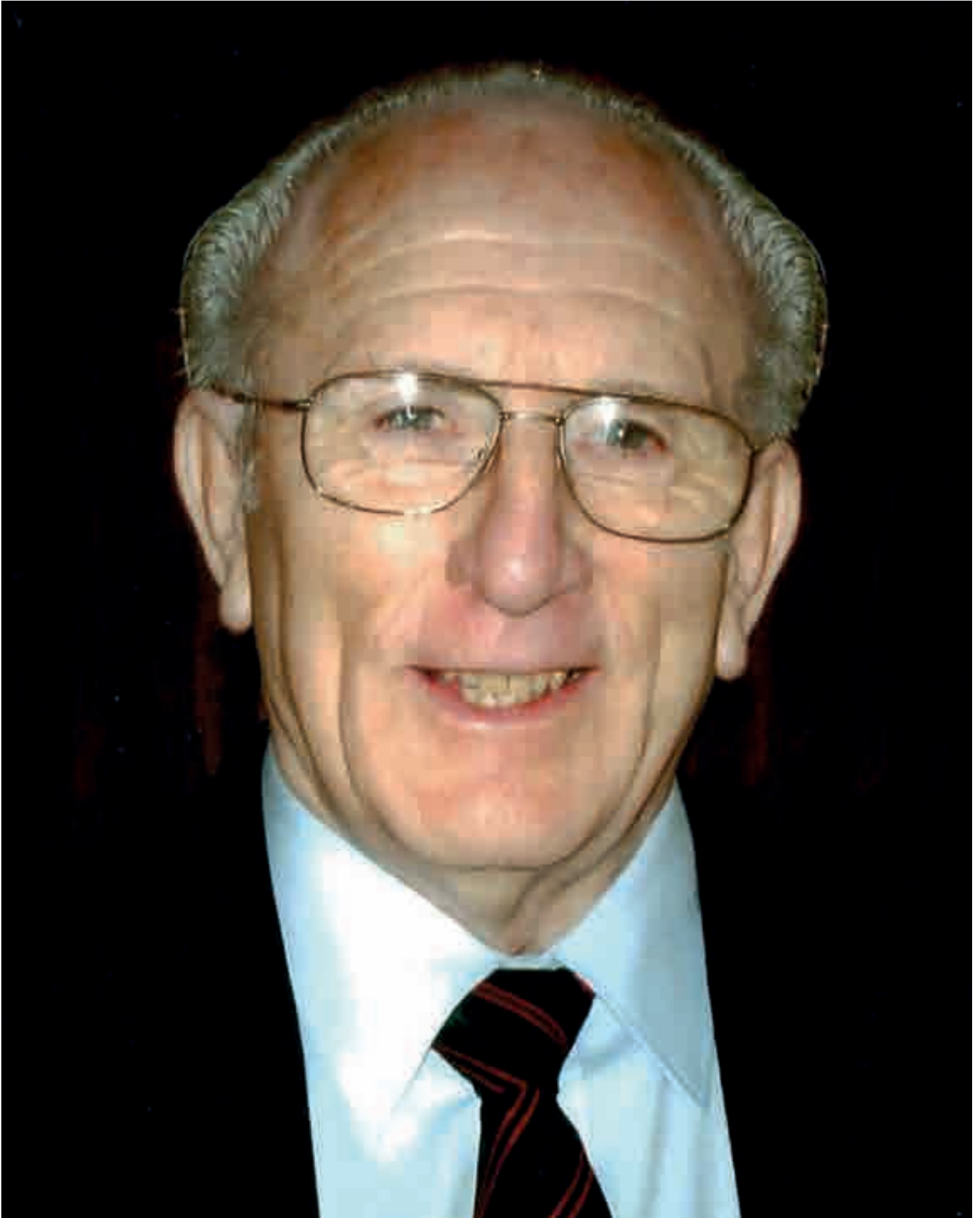
They had an extremely happy retirement for almost 30 years – doing supply teaching work when it suited them and, for some years, spending summers in France as wardens of a caravan site, where Derrick put his fluency in French to good use. Their family grew and they became the much-loved grandparents of twelve grandchildren and (to date) ten great-grandchildren. But, in his mid-80s Derrick developed an annoying cough and, although his first words to the specialist were 'I'm as fit as a fiddle', it transpired that he wasn't. He died of lung cancer six months later, in September 2012, aged 84. There are now none left of the group that became such good friends in Durham at the end of the 1940s, but they all left their very positive mark on so many lives. So many memories!

Joan was able, for the first time, to visit Derrick's college, in August 2018. Seeing the place where he had spent two happy years meant a great deal to her, and she was so very grateful for the kindness shown in arranging a visit (when she was shown round by the patient, friendly and informative Ms Stephanie Maurel), and also that Dr Michael Stansfield took the trouble to look for Derrick's records in the archives. Calling him 'the man who brought bells to Bede' and 'something of a stylist, with initiative, real courage, and unusual self-control', this record – previously unknown to the family – forecast that he would become 'a teacher of far more than ordinary power.' How right his tutor was!

in. None of Derrick's staff was as fluent in French as he, so it was he who enrolled in the necessary training – which involved three months in Paris, at the Sorbonne. Derrick had a wonderful time (again finding a motherly elderly lady – a Russian émigré – who took to him!) Joan, at home with three children (the eldest now at college) and in full-time teaching, probably enjoyed it a lot less.

Retirement came early, and by a freak circumstance. The old school building, having been used a teachers' centre for years, became surplus to the Education Authority's requirements and they wanted to sell it for housing.

Thomas Derrick Griffiths (*always known as Derrick*), 1928-2012





Pat with her mother Vera.

Three generations in college, from the 1930s to the 1960s, and beyond...



Pat Ninham and her mother both studied at Hild's, and now her grand-daughter carries on the tradition.

I have been familiar with the name St Hild's from being a little girl. My mother, Vera Henderson, née Patterson, spent two very happy years training to teach there from 1937 to 1939. She loved working in the garden and using the potting shed under the chapel. She later wrote:

'We were expected to be in College by four o'clock in the winter and nine o'clock during the short summer term. If we attended dances, we had to sign in before midnight.

Only two weekends were we allowed to go home and we were expected to attend chapel every morning at 8.30 am and in the evenings too. For the first term, I was quite unsettled as I had not found any kindred spirits. However, after Christmas I became a member of a group of eight Northumbrians. We joined together for weekend teas and cups of coffee at mid-morning break. We shared our joys and sorrows, successes and failures. I developed my love of Art and Biology [...]. I admired Miss Lawrence, she seemed so wise [...]. Meanwhile, there were rumblings of war, we were taught first aid and procedures in case of gas warfare [...]. When I left St Hild's, it was to take some five-year-olds to be evacuated from Newcastle to Cumbria wearing labels on their coats.'

She kept in touch with those friends for the rest of her life.

Vera died in 2006 and, as I retired, we came to Yorkshire to help her in those last two years. She was a wise and wonderful mother of five children, who combined that with teaching and working in my father's parish. Her great faith permeated through every task and person she helped.

I (Pat Henderson) arrived at St Hild's in 1962 and stayed there until 1965. It was my first choice and a dream fulfilled. On the first day, I met Pat Colby who lived on the same corridor in Lawrence wing. We remained friends until she sadly died in December 2015. There was a group of us, and we gravitated together between lectures and school 'pracs'. I remember June Gascoigne, Dorothy Smart and Lynda Hasleden. My overriding memory of Hild's was of feeling secure and amongst friends. We joined various activities and societies: some university ones and some within college. Of course, we had to join in

university activities to meet the opposite sex, and I remember having a few relationships. Alcohol was not important to me at that time; how things have changed! Our co-ed systems are so much better where boys and girls get used to working and living together.

I studied Geography and Religious Education as main subjects, and loved learning to play the guitar as my violin was no use with infants. School 'Pracs' were major worries, but we all supported each other. Miss Cowell, our tutor, would invite us to her flat and chatter away about her life as well as asking about ours! I joined the Christian Union and we all went to St Nicholas's church in the Market Place. My faith strengthened at this time. In my last year, I was voted to become Secretary of the Student Union – a role I was very proud to hold. I had to write to invite all the Senior Men and Women of other colleges to supper. Little

did I realise that I was writing to my future husband, Tony Ninham (1960-1965), Senior Man of St Cuthbert's Society! That evening, he didn't speak to me but sent a formal note the next day! He played hockey for the university and he would take my friends running on the Race Course to get fit!

Tony got a teaching post at Ipswich School; we married the next summer and I joined Tony, but in the Prep School. We were very happy there and our son Mark was born. Tony wanted to be a housemaster and was offered the senior house at Norwich School. We moved and had our daughter Kate in the same week! We lived in the Old Bishop's Palace in the Close with 50 senior boys. The night our son Richard was born, there were cars parked for a school event blocking our car! They were hastily moved for me to get to hospital! The Dean of Norwich Cathedral, Alan Webster, was keen to get some

We joined various activities and societies: some university ones and some within college. Of course, we had to join in university activities to meet the opposite sex, and I remember having a few relationships.



Pat with some of her friends.

Tony and I went to Hong Kong to the British Schools Exhibition for four years to recruit Chinese pupils.

younger people worshipping at the cathedral. I attended a meeting to discuss the way forward. We young parents said that we would come if there was provision for children, and he suggested a Sunday Club be formed. Two clergy wives and I opened this with our own children and met in a room for part of the service then joined in the worship. My training at St Hild's helped me to plan the teaching programme; we had parties and outings and Christingle processions, and great fun. We had 50 children on the register and their parents enjoyed the services. As our children started school, I got a part time job at Town Close School Pre- Prep Department in Norwich. My guitar was well used there in teaching music to two classes.

Tony was ready to move on after 13 years as housemaster.

He then became Headmaster of Denstone College Prep School at Smallwood Manor near Uttoxeter in Staffordshire. I was sorry to leave the Sunday Club and Town Close but taught English part time at Smallwood. Numbers were down when we arrived, so Tony informed the parents that we hoped to start a Pre-Prep Department and also take girls. Initially there was no response, then one day I was pulled from a class to meet some Americans who had just moved to the area. They stated that if I started a Pre-Prep they would send their two children! The Governors agreed to this as long as it didn't lose money, so I suggested that I would not initially take a salary. So, in 1984, I opened a Pre-Prep Department for 4-7 year olds with 10 pupils, a friend, the Art teacher, did some afternoons to relieve me for other duties I had in the school. The next

year we opened another class, and another, and then two more. I loved teaching there for twenty years, by which time the department had grown to around a hundred pupils. The children played in the woods in track suits and wellingtons. We had outings, parties, drama, musicals, swimming galas, sports days, and nativity plays. My faith has always meant a lot to me. I planned the Religious Education for the department, with assemblies and Bible teaching, and we joined the main prep twice a week for worship in the school chapel. Friendship too has been important – Julia was always a great ally in those days and still is. My old school friend still comes here for lunch!

We lived in the Manor with fifty boys. At the same time as opening the Pre-Prep, we started taking girls and



At Durham Cathedral, Jean and Vera were looking after the children of Mothers Union Members.

acquired two girl boarders! As a dormitory, they had a bedroom in our apartment. Then, as the numbers of girl boarders grew, they had their own dormitory. Tony and I went to Hong Kong to the British Schools Exhibition for four years to recruit Chinese pupils. We became very close to them and their parents and we valued their presence in the school. As Headmaster's wife, I had to supervise the cleaning staff and matrons. I would often go up and help at bath time, especially cutting nails or to read stories to the young ones. Running the tuck shop was a great joy. We had a lovely family feel in the school. My father, now an Archdeacon, and mother would come and stay and he would preach in chapel. The Bishop came to confirm pupils, and our boss Provost, Keith Wilkes, and his wife came regularly to officiate and have lunch. Sport, music,

art and drama were all woven into a very full calendar giving the children a wide range of experiences.

A great perk of both of us teaching were the long holidays. We made the most of them and travelled all over the world. I got to love snorkelling and still do! Mark had joined the sea scouts at Norwich School and learned to sail. He then taught Richard and I, and we all still love to be on the water. I loved horse riding after school, china painting and Art.

After thirteen years at Smallwood, Tony left and went into the Schools Inspectorate. We moved out of school into our own home down the road. I stayed on running the Pre-Prep for another seven years. Our three children all went to Denstone College; the two boys boarded in the sixth form.



Katie Ninham, Pat Ninham's grand-daughter.

Mark went on to Nottingham to read Medicine, Kate went on to Newcastle to do a B.Ed., and Richard went to Edinburgh to read Economic History. Kate is teaching in Leeds, and she and Chris have Charlotte and Olivia. Richard is a housemaster at King's, Canterbury, and he and Annabel have Hugo, Beatrice and Piers. Mark is a GP on Portland in Dorset, and he and Jo have Christopher and twins Ellie and Katie.

And so the link with Hild's again! Katie Ninham applied to Durham to read Physics. She is also a Grade 8 organist. I pointed out to her that Hild's is quite a way from the Science Site but she wanted to try for Hild Bede. On the Open Day, she went to Southampton to come up by air, but no planes were flying because of snow! She told me that she wanted to see Durham before making a firm decision. I agreed to bring her if she came to us in Harrogate by train. I rang the Alumni Office to say



As Headmaster's wife, I had to supervise the cleaning staff and matrons. I would often go up and help at bath time, especially cutting nails or to read stories to the young ones.



we were coming and Katie rang the Physics department. We had a really memorable day looking round Hild Bede and the Physics department, then taking Tony back to St Cuthbert's.

Katie achieved higher than the grades required at A level and is now a very happy student at Hild Bede. It is early days for her, but she has joined the Boat Club already. She had a wonderful time at the Winter Ball and has made some good friends. It has been interesting to go back to

college; there are really very few changes. The old building is still beautiful, as are the surrounding grounds. However, the old potting shed is now the bicycle shed and there is the huge car park down in the garden.

We have recently met up with the Revd Edward Tildesley in Weymouth, who is an old boy of Bede College. He and Pippa taught Mark at Norwich School, and they came to a concert where Katie and Ellie were performing.

Since retiring in 2004, we came to live in Harrogate, Yorkshire, where I was able to help my mother and our daughter, who had two young girls, and who wanted to get back into teaching. We are members of a wonderful church, St Mark's, and have run the Bookstall there. I am also in the Mothers Union and arrange flowers. I taught the Climbers (6-7 year olds) until I was 72, so my Hild's training came in useful again. Together we ran the Harrogate Church Mission Society group. With Inner Wheel, the University of the Third Age and a cocker spaniel, Maisie, life is very interesting. We love spending time with our eight grandchildren, and it gives us so much pleasure to see them progressing and planning their futures.





Modern pentathlon at Bede College in the 1960s

Paul Middleton (1962-1966) describes one of Bede's greatest sporting achievements

I was so lucky to go up to Bede in 1962, looking for new academic and sporting challenges. At Bede, I immediately felt at home under the wing of George Smith (Ganges), the Vice-Principal.



Joe Bucsko

In those days, Bede was the premier sporting college — at its height, there were 700 students. I was basically a swimmer, so joined the college and university teams as a freestyler. And then I met Joe. Joe Bucsko was 32, married and lived outside Bede. He was reading English, having left Budapest in 1956 at the Russian invasion. He had lived in Cheltenham for 6 years, founding Cheltenham Modern Pentathlon Club, but decided to improve his education. He was already a British international pentathlete. In 1962, at Bede, he formed an ad hoc MP team, and by the end of 1963, had signed up 6 athletes, with Ian Tunnicliffe as captain. In 1963, Joe extended his influence beyond the college to the university, and then the really hard training began. I remember in my training notebook recording a week with 25 sessions: 11 swimming, 7 running, 3 fencing, 3 shooting and 1 horse riding, plus the odd weights session. All this was fitted around academic work. A few athletes from other disciplines joined 'the Gang' but, with one exception, swimmers became the best pentathletes. Swimming is a hard discipline in which to reach a high standard in your twenties! Looking back, I now realise how lucky we were. Norman Sarsfield, a legend in north-east swimming, gave us a key to the Baths; Durham School CCF Sgt Major gave us a key to the range and gave us free ammunition; Fencing Club gave us épées, and we used to pop down the A1 for free riding lessons. Joe's ambition was relentless. He formed DUMPA, which took on a legendary status in Durham. In 1964, he entered us in the British

Universities and Civilian Club Championships in Cheltenham, and we became national winners of the Dowty Cup at the first attempt. The team was Joe, Mal Deans and myself from Bede, and John Livesey from St Cuthbert's. After that success, we gained entry to many other championships over the next 2 years, competing as guests in the Navy, Army, RAF, Southern Command, REME, and Police championships, mixing with British and European Olympians. In 1966, Durham came first in the swimming team event in the British Championships, as Guy Tunnicliffe had recently come up to Bede. He took over from me as captain of both the swimming and modern pentathlon teams. Joe left Durham in 1966 and became coach to the Canadian Olympic team for the Munich Games in 1972. He passed away in his mid-seventies, having dedicated his life to the sport. A rogue, a mentor, a brilliant water-polo player, pentathlete and human being, he taught me never to give up, but above all to treat wins and losses equally. Lessons I have never forgotten.

Joe's ambition was relentless. He formed DUMPA, which took on a legendary status in Durham.

Congratulations

To the **Hon. James D. A. Ramsbotham (1978-1981)**, on receiving a CBE in the Queen's New Year's Honours, 2019, for services to Business and the economy in the North East.

To Student Support Secretary, **Ashleigh Snaith**, on the birth of her baby Thomas, seen here with big brother Ollie.



Alumni News



Alan Pearson (Principal of Hild Bede, 2000-2008)

Alan Pearson with Norman Sherrington, who awards the Ann Boynton award annually, and Joe Elliott, Bede man (1973-1977) and Principal of Collingwood College.

Dear member of the Association,

Once again, I am pleased to be able to pen a few words of greeting to you for inclusion in the alumni publication. One of the problems, however, is that it seems like only yesterday that I was doing the same thing – something about ‘being over 21’, I presume! That said, I hope that things are going well with you as they are with Dorothy and I. We very much appreciate being invited back into College

in order to attend many of the traditional functions; College Day, Sounding Retreat, etc. Pleasingly, we are also able to maintain contact with former students whose educational experiences span a number of generations of attendance. It was a particular pleasure to be able to re-associate with a number of you at Reunion last September and to be reminded of forgotten events and instances! However, the difficulty for me in some cases it is not so much an issue of assigning a name and a face to a year, but to a decade!

On a number of occasions I have commented on the loyalty shown to the College by specific alumni groups who return on an annual basis, e.g. the Odinians and the Twos Up Club, whose association with the College(s) spans many

decades – this year being the 60th since the foundation of the latter from within the College of the Venerable Bede. Even more impressive is that Brian Kent has fulfilled the post of Hon. Secretary for the last 50 years of the Twos Up Club. By any measure this is an outstanding achievement and one that has ensured the club’s continuity and successful survival – 32 members attended the annual reunion dinner in April. Over the years, the College(s) has changed and will continue to do so, but with this as an example I have every faith that personal loyalties will be maintained.

These days, it seems that increasing column inches and footage are being devoted by the media to aspects of our education system; the tendency being to highlight the negative. With regard

to university education in particular, a look around Durham could not fail to give the feeling that here, at least, there are some very positive developments, particularly with regard to the maintenance of the college system. It is very much anticipated that future generations of students, recruited from diverse backgrounds, will continue to enjoy the enduring benefits of collegiate life that many of us experienced and appreciate today.

On that note, I feel I should sign off and, on behalf of Dorothy and myself, wish you well in your lives with the very sincere hope that our paths may cross again in the not too distant future.

Alan Pearson



Odinian trophy winner and HBBC cox, Nellie Chadwick-Smith, with the Men's 1st VIII.

Bruce McCulloch on the 2019 Odinian Dinner

We had a good meeting for our 59th gathering in College. Nowadays somewhat sad as well, having lost two more members during the year. Roger Chicken and Tom Clish both passed away. However, 13 members came and we had apologies from 5 so are hoping for a good turnout for our Diamond Jubilee in October this year. For the first time in our history we had a female student, Nellie Chadwick-Smith receiving the Odinian

Sport Trophy. She also brought SRC President, Bryony Symes along for company as Jan was unable to be present. I do hope they enjoyed themselves amongst the geriatric brigade. The College as usual came up trumps; the meal was very good. It was a pleasure to see Alan and Lee, two previous Principals, and we all hope Vernon will be able to attend this year. I think that's about it, our numbers are getting less and less, which is inevitable, but to get 20ish Odinians intending to be present in 2019 out of the 65 who left in 1959 is quite an achievement.

Kindest regards, Bruce (Odinian Club Secretary).

Honorary Secretary, Brian Kent, reports on Twos Up Club activity in 2018 and 2019

Twos Up Club Reunion, 2018

A lively crowd started the celebrations of our 57th Annual Reunion in a packed Vernon Arms, where we were joined by our special guest, Julie Blake, Principal's Secretary and Alumni Relations Officer. We were disappointed that, once again, Vernon Armitage, President Emeritus, could not be with us, but, as Alan Pearson, President, so rightly said, 'We know that Vernon is always with us in spirit!' Following our warm up in 'The Vern', we moved to the Gerald Collier Room for dinner. Before saying the Grace, Alan Pearson asked everyone to observe a minute's silence in memory of Bob Huey and Barry Storey, who had recently passed away. Toward the end of yet another excellent meal, Lee Worden, Vice President, proposed the Loyal Toast and the Toast to the College and the Club.

Speeches by Alan Pearson, Lee Worden and Jan Clarke, Principal, which are an important

feature of our Club Reunions, were, as ever, well received and warmly applauded. During Alan's address, he made, on behalf of the Club, the offer of full membership to Julie Blake who was pleased to accept - that means we have quickly doubled our number of ladies! The traditional silence was observed while the Hon. Sec. read out the names of the twenty-nine men who have died since the Club's foundation in 1961. We have lost some very good men - great friends who will never be forgotten. A number of written messages were circulated and, in addition, a further twenty apologies for absence/best wishes were recorded. In August, the Hon. Sec. set up the Club's Annual Golf Competition in Barnard Castle, where he was joined by Bill Allen, Roy Dawson, Geoff Dixon, Jim Fletcher, Mike Hind, George McLaughlan, and Bryan Woodward - good weather, good food, good company (all in all, a very good day!). Though our numbers are gradually declining, the Club spirit remains as strong as ever. Long may it last!

With every good wish to everyone in the Hild Bede family,

Brian Kent



Bede College Twos Up Club Reunion, 2019

Our 58th Reunion was a most significant event. Most importantly, it marked sixty years since we all came together as a year-group in Bede, and also marked fifty years in office for the Hon. Sec., who received a magnificent presentation from the Club. Our special guest was Bryony Symes, SRC President. A most memorable occasion - a fuller report will appear in the 2020 Alumni Association Newsletter.

Brian Kent (April, 2019)



Julie Blake shows off a cushion bearing the Hild Bede crest in the foyer of Hotel Indigo in Durham (in the former Old Shire Hall).





Staff News

So, what has the Chaplain been doing?



Tim Ferguson fills us in on another busy year



This year, chapel has continued to be a warm, and welcoming community. The new intake for choir have enjoyed singing with us and we have even picked up a few people who are regular members of the congregation. We have been very fortunate to have excellent directors of music in Katy Moorhouse and Charles Gurnham, who have led us well and chosen a magnificent selection of music. Once again, the carol service was a special event and the chapel was full to hear the choir at their best.

In evensongs, we had sermon themes around 'Stories that shape us', following the arc of the Hebrew Bible from Creation to Exile, and 'We must stop meeting like this: what does traditional Anglican worship have to say to a digital age?', which both gave opportunities for students to preach. This term, our themes have been 'Vocation' and a series on 'the Mystics', and we have had a range of interesting preachers for these themes. After the Sunday morning service, we have had discussion around Rowan Williams's book Being Disciples. We are half way through reading it, and it has provoked some thoughtful contributions so far around

the themes of forgiveness, discipleship and 'faith, hope and love'. We have had the pleasure of a Cranmer student on placement with us. Esther has been a valuable person to have around and good company. She has got to know people in the chapel community and helped me out in chapel,

The students heard more stories of the devastating impact of Universal Credit and the great work being done by some of the projects in the area.

while also learning to preach and lead services. This year we had another fundraiser concert for Syria, which brought together three choirs and was an excellent evening of choral music and managed to raise £200 in the process.

There has been a concentration around the Citizens UK Mental Health campaign. I worked alongside Bryony Symes, our SRC president, to meet with Sam Dale, and worked with him and the university on three areas: **1.** improving communication for out of hours help; **2.** increased Mental Health

First Aid Training; **3.** a round table suicide protocol. This work is ongoing, but there have been some good improvements made since the campaign started. I have run mindfulness meditation sessions both in college and also in the Bill Bryson library as part of the wider university chaplaincy activities. They

It was a really enjoyable evening with some great questions and thoughtful lines of enquiry.

This weekend was the Just Love Road Trip, which took us out of Durham City and to Hetton, Shotton Colliery, and Shildon. The students heard more stories of the devastating impact of Universal Credit and the great work being done by some of the projects in the area. Bishop Mark used to organise these trips, but asked if I would do it once he had gone. It was great to travel with them and then reflect and pray with them at the end of the day. After a very long time trying to get this going, we have some students volunteering in St Hild's School doing some reading with children. The school is awaiting Ofsted and reading is one area where they are keen to see some improvement. The students' efforts are much appreciated. I continue in my role as governor there with a Pupil Premium responsibility. The Pelaw View Community Centre also got up and running this year with students helping the children perform a Christmas drama.

Clubs and Societies



Basketball

It has been another strong year of sporting performance for Hild Bede's basketball club.

Presided over by third-year Law student Kathy Lee, the club has grown in size to over thirty members and it comprises of three different teams. Every Monday evening, the teams train together at Bede gym, running drills and playing practice games to learn new skills and to improve club chemistry. The inclusivity of practice sessions, catering for men and women alike of all skill levels, has been

instrumental to the club's success across all levels during the season.

On 24 February, the club had the fortune of representing Team Durham at the College Varsity tournament against York. The mixed team of twelve staged a late scoring surge to bring the game within one point with four seconds left. A buzzer-beater shot by first-year Charlie Clark spiralled around the rim and eventually dropped into the net, giving Team Durham a 46-45 victory in front of a thrilled home crowd.

A Varsity win was the crowning achievement to a successful

season that saw the men's A team win the premiership for the fourth year in a row and the women went undefeated in their league. The men's B team, captained by Chi An Dong Páez, improved dramatically whilst playing in a new league filled with tough opposition. Despite some unfortunate results they grew closer as a unit and their chemistry was always apparent on the court. The season finished on a high note for Hild Bede as the men's A's defended their silverware by winning the knockout tournament. They defeated Hatfield and St Mary's in the run to the final, and held on to a fourth quarter lead to beat Van Mildert 42-40 in the

cup final. It was a fitting final game for men's A team captain Hyunggyu (HG) Kang who has been a committed member of the team throughout his time at Durham. HG led the A's extra training session on a Sunday evening which caters for those with more basketball experience.

The club will look to continue their success and further expand their community in the new academic year. For updates on the club's results, social events, and news you can follow @HildBedeBasketballClub on Instagram, as well as the Team Hild Bede Facebook page.

Boat Club

Hild Bede Boat Club is one of Durham's most vibrant, energetic and successful college sports teams, there is always work being done at HBBC and this year was no different. With new faces, new challenges and even new boats, the past year has been one of the most successful and exciting in the club's history.

The summer of 2018 saw both Hild Bede's Senior Men and Women crowned as their respective fastest college crews at Durham Regatta along their road to Henley. Both squads would enter into highly competitive events at Henley Women's and Henley Royal Regatta facing stiff competition from across the UK and internationally. Although both crews narrowly missed out on qualification, it was a fantastic experience for them racing on an international stage.

The strength of the club has carried on into this academic year, with our Senior Women being undefeated amongst the Durham Colleges. It has been fantastic to see the girls having one of their most successful years to date and is testament to their efforts on and off the water. Due to weather conditions they were unable to race at Women's Eight Head of the River Race in

London but hope to continue their winning streak at Durham Regatta. Our senior men have also had a great season, despite composing of a relatively inexperienced squad. They have consistently been in contention for fastest college, creating a strong platform moving into next year. These successes have been mirrored within the club's novice programme. The first Novice Cup saw the Novice Men claim fastest crew, a testament to their coaches after only having rowed for two months on the water. Our Novice Women also displayed a fantastic performance, having three crews in the top ten, going on to take home fastest crew at the second Novice Cup in February. The strength of the Novice Programme this year must be attributed to Novice Women's Captains Lizzie Bodmer and Lucy Roberts, and Novice Men's Captain Vicki Higgs, we are excited to see what these squads can achieve as they move up into the Senior Squad.

HBBC has also seen great success off the water this year. At the annual Hild Bede Clubs and Societies Formal, the boat club took home a number of awards. Ellie Reakes-Williams received the award for 'Sportswoman of the Year', Hugo Morgan the award for 'Most Outstanding Contribution' to a club, and Nellie Chadwick-Smith to a club, and Nellie Chadwick-Smith was recognised for both her sporting prowess and academic record, taking home the prestigious Odinians Award. With much to celebrate, it has been fantastic to gather both

current members and alumni at recent events, such as the 135th anniversary at Phyllis Court in Henley, the Alumni dinner at Cellar Door, and the annual Boat Club Ball at the Marriott Hotel in Durham.

The club had its most exciting delivery in January this year, following a long fundraising campaign led by Alumni Officer and Ex-Captain of Boats, Hugo Morgan, to facilitate the purchase of a new first VIII. From events such as the 135th anniversary in Henley, to selling the Official T-shirt at the 2018 Durham Regatta, the club has been engaged in this fundraising effort for over the past year. We must also give a huge thanks to donations from parents and alumni, as well as the generous loan from the Caedmon Ceolfrid Trust, which has facilitated the purchase of this new eight. The club owes the sincerest thanks to Hugo Morgan, who has not only dreamt of providing Hild Bede Boat Club with a new first boat but has tirelessly fundraised alongside his degree to oversee the delivery of the new boat. The new Hudson Super Predator eight was delivered on the 23rd January, after being refurbished from Eton College. The boat has provided a much-needed upgrade from the club's now-dated Vespoli, offering both Senior Squads a fantastic vessel to train and race in.

The new Hudson was officially unveiled in front of a crowd of current members and alumni on the 23rd February, where the

new name "Lady Penelope" was announced (although thankfully avoided the traditional method of smashing champagne on the bow). In order to fully repay the loan to the Caedmon Ceolfrid Trust, there is still an opportunity to purchase a seat in Lady Penelope, the fundraising link is available on the Dunelm website. The Boat Club will be undertaking a number of further fundraising campaigns later this year, including a bid to sell the Durham Regatta T-Shirts at the 2019 regatta.

In addition to the purchase of Lady Penelope, Nellie Chadwick-Smith, alongside Captains of Boats Ellie Reakes-Williams and Sam Powell, managed to secure a new VIII for our novices from local club Chester-Le-Street. Following a small fundraising event at the Boat Club Ball, we are happy to announce that the VIII will be named "Captain Morgan", in honour of our ex-President Hugo Morgan's immeasurable contribution to the club.

We are so excited to see what the club can achieve in both these new additions to the fleet, following on from the successes of this year. We will be holding various gatherings of members old, current and new throughout the rest of the year, so please do keep updated through our Facebook page @HildBedeBoatClub for news of training, races or events - it would be great to hear from you.





Chapel Choir

The chapel choir have had a fantastic year so far, singing a variety of music to a high standard.

From the onset of Freshers' Week, we were excited to welcome both new and former members of the choir. The Michaelmas Term saw a great highlight in the yearly carol service, with the chapel packed and exciting music ushering in the festive period. The musical offerings including 'Tomorrow shall be my dancing day' (Gardner) and 'Magnum Mysterium' (Lauridsen). The choir greatly enjoyed this highly anticipated event, enjoying the opportunity to sing with the accompaniment of a snare drum and tambourine, as

well as forming an important part of college Christmas celebrations.

In addition to our regular Wednesday and Sunday services, the choir have enjoyed hosting a charity concert on Friday 22nd February in aid of the Hands Up Foundation's 'Singing for Syrians' Campaign for the second year, raising over £200.

The choir were delighted to be highly commended in the category of Best Society for the second year in a row at this year's Clubs and Socs Formal. The evening was a fantastic opportunity to celebrate the achievements of the year so far, while also looking forward to upcoming events.

We are looking forward to the rest of the year, particularly our opportunities to sing in fantastic buildings such as Durham Cathedral and York Minster. We are delighted to be singing at College Day in the cathedral on 4th May, offering Ireland's 'Greater love hath no man' and 'O Quam Gloriosum'. We are also delighted to be returning to sing evensong at York Minster (24th June) and St Paul's Cathedral (2nd September).

We are excited to be going on tour to Belgium in July, particularly the opportunity to explore Ghent and sing services of both Eucharist and evensong during our stay.

The Michaelmas Term saw a great highlight in the yearly carol service, with the chapel packed and exciting music ushering in the festive period.



Women's Football: The Mooses

This time last year, at festival of sport, we had the changing of the guard and a hoard of graduating mooses, left just four freshers in their wake to continue the Mooses legacy. A sports fair and 10+ football-keen freshers later, a new set of Mooses have magnificently emerged!

With training sessions regularly booked at Maiden Castle, along with jaunty socials where we would either go for a night out or have a fun meal together and mingle to our hearts' content, the team bonded right away!

Socials included the pyjama and tied socials (tying each of the girls to a member of the Hild Bede football boys) even though certain individuals didn't quite make it out!

We were all pretty new to the football experience back then but soon, we all began to bond and form great friendships, as we doggedly powered through tough games! Our general motto is 'not today, hoe' and it's with this affectionate spirit that we raced to the floodlit cup final and maintained a solid league position! Even when the chips are down the mooses are notorious for our validation - during any given match you are likely to hear a chorus of 'slay queens' and 'we stan' and 'yaaas gals' which may sound like a foreign language but you soon get used to it!!

Also - just in case anyone thought these accolades went unnoticed, we only went and won the highly coveted club of the year award for Hild Bede this year - a true story of rags to riches and we can't wait for what's to come!

We never would have ever expected such a great team to

form after our first sports fair, but we have flourished into an exceptional ladies college football team! We are confident that the current freshers will continue to keep up the great success of this truly wonderful team!

Moose love



Even when the chips are down the mooses are notorious for our validation - during any given match you are likely to hear a chorus of 'slay queens' and 'we stan' and 'yaaas gals' which may sound like a foreign language but you soon get used to it!!



Scholarships and awards



The poster for 'Poseidon's Playhouse' which was printed onto leaflets and posters to help with publicity of the play.



The cast and production team in Edinburgh pictured outside our venue, Greenside!

Principal's Fund

Beatrice Mather-Cosgrove

Beatrice tells us about travelling to Edinburgh and taking part in the Fringe Festival from receiving the Principal's Fund which is funded by both the SCR and Darren Funnell.

Father Ted meets The Office – an intriguing concept perhaps but one which was brought to life through the student written production, Poseidon's Playhouse (written by Alex Julian-Ottie, a fellow member of Hild Bede College). Having performed in the play as a part of Durham Drama Festival in February and proving quite a hit with 4* reviews, we, the cast and production team, were keen to take the play to Edinburgh Fringe Festival this summer. We figured the quirky and slightly outrageous style of humour

of the play would be sure to fit in nicely at Fringe and, it would be a way to showcase both the cast's love for theatre and represent the university's student writing.

Such an endeavour would not come easily or cheaply, I was therefore grateful to be awarded £150 from the Principal's Fund. The production team swiftly confirmed an excellent venue at the festival (Lime Studio at Greenside), booked the accommodation and train tickets and ready we were for an adventure from 2-10 August!

I remember pulling into Edinburgh train station with bags, cases and blow up beds galore, stepping off the train to be greeted by an overwhelmingly electric atmosphere; I couldn't believe my luck! Having visited the Fringe Festival before, I had an idea as to what to expect, but the feeling of actually performing there somehow gave the city an even more exciting and lively edge. On opening night, we were welcomed by

a sell-out performance which, despite first performance nerves, went down extremely well. The tech ran smoothly, lines flowed near perfectly and the audience roared with laughter in all parts we were hoping for.

...the feeling of actually performing there somehow gave the city an even more exciting and lively edge.

Indeed, with such high morale the whole cast were raring to flyer on the Mile the next day to make sure we continued to have such a successful run with a full packed audience. I found that even the task of flying contributed hugely

to my Edinburgh Fringe experience, as I rapidly picked up on the weird and wonderful flying techniques to grab. Each performance was special and varied in its own right whether depending on audience size or the reaction of the audience to certain jokes and this contributed towards the enriching and diverse adventure as a whole.

I can honestly say that Fringe was one of the best experiences of my life so far and I am more than eager to return next year. This endeavour wouldn't have been possible without the Principle's Fund so I thank Hild Bede once again for allowing me to experience such exciting opportunities.

Palmyra- views from Qalaat Shirkuh before the IS occupation
(credit: Judith McKenzie/Manar al-Athar).



Caedmon
Ceolfrid Trust

Dr Eris Williams-Reed

Eris has been offered a grant from Caedmon Ceolfrid Trust which enabled him to present a paper at the Celtic Conference in Classics at St Andrews. Here he discusses how religious communities engaged with water in the Roman Near East.

My research focuses on the different ways ancient communities engaged with their local environment. This interest developed during the course of my doctorate, *Water and Religious Life in the Roman Near East. Gods, Spaces and Patterns of Worship*, a study of the various means by which religious communities characterised gods, organised sacred spaces and developed

patterns of worship in response to different hydrological landscapes. The Roman Near East spanned the modern-day countries of Syria, Jordan, Lebanon, Israel/Palestine and parts of Turkey, Iraq and Saudi Arabia. The region is well-suited to the study of water and religious life on account of both its diverse religious communities and varied local environments.

The grant I received from the Caedmon-Ceolfrid Trust in 2018 enabled me to present a paper ('Ecology and religious life in the Roman Near East: methodologies, applications and future directions') as part of the 'Approaching landscape in the classical tradition' panel at the Celtic Conference in Classics in St. Andrews. Presenting at the Celtic Conference in Classics was an excellent opportunity for me to share my research and enhance my professional development. During the conference, I received feedback on the methodology of my doctorate - which I was awarded in December 2018 - and enjoyed collaborative discussion that has

since helped me to articulate the position of my research in the academic community. The discussions I shared with several scholars also granted me the opportunity to become involved in a new book series on ancient environments.

My conference paper discussed one site in particular: Palmyra. Located in modern-day Syria, Palmyra made headlines in August 2015 after IS deliberately destroyed many of the site's monuments and artefacts. In antiquity, the city was home to a vibrant, multicultural population that developed a range of sacred spaces in which to worship their gods. Previous studies on the city's religious topography have focused mainly on Palmyra's temples, whereas my research focused on the development of sacred spaces around environmental features. One such space was the Efqa Spring, where worshippers developed a cult site around the springhead itself. Worshippers descended to the spring via a staircase and then entered the water to reach the altars

positioned in several rock-cut grottoes. The dedications on these altars reveal that the Palmyrenes worshipped an enigmatic god known as 'He whose name is blessed forever', who is described as listening to the prayers of his followers. Given Palmyra's location in the middle of the Syrian steppe, it is unsurprising that the city's inhabitants developed a cult site around the spring upon which the community relied so heavily. Although the spring dried up after the construction of a nearby hotel in the 1970s, reports emerged from Syria in early 2019 that the waters of the Efqa Spring are flowing once again.





Female royal flycatcher



Great fruit-eating bat.

Dan Nesbit

Dan writes about the work he did as a research Assistant for Operation Wallacea, in Mexico from a fund he has received from Caedmon Ceolfrið Trust.

Due to the generosity of the Caedmon-Ceolfrið Trust this summer, I was able to spend a month in Mexico as a research assistant with Operation Wallacea. Operation Wallacea are a research and conservation organisation with sites in numerous countries across the globe. Their terrestrial site in Mexico is situated within the Calakmul Biosphere Reserve, which is part of the Selva Maya, the largest expanse of tropical forest outside the Amazon. The primary purpose of Opwall's research in the Yucatan peninsula is to collect long-term monitoring data on the diversity and abundance of a number of different animal taxa within the reserve.

In this part of Mexico, there are virtually no rivers as a result of the permeable limestone on which the peninsula sits, therefore the only sources of

water above ground are in aguadas (low lying areas that fill with rainfall). When the torrential rains in the winter fail, as they have done for the past five years, these aguadas quickly dry up. Opwall has been collecting data for many years and therefore can assess the impact this lack of water is having on life in the forest.

There are four camps across the reserve, and each has a number of 2km transects from which data relating to birds, bats, butterflies, herpetofauna and large mammals is collected. This is done using a variety of techniques. Birds and bats are caught in very fine nets known as mist nets, which they are unable to see and therefore fly into. Once caught, they are removed and processed. They are identified, sexed, aged and a number of morphometric measurements are taken. They are then released unharmed. Butterflies are caught in baited traps that are hung at various points in the forest and at different heights. The species are then identified, and the number of individuals counted. Herpetofauna surveys are carried out during the day and at night. The length of

the transect is slowly walked, any amphibians or reptiles encountered are caught, identified, measured and weighed. Lastly on mammal surveys you are unlikely to see any mammals but rather their footprints or scats.

Birds are a particular passion of mine, so I decided to focus primarily on bird surveys. Whilst in Mexico, I saw a total of 109 different species of bird, 84 of which I had never seen before. The great thing about catching birds in the mist nets is it gives you a chance to interact with and get up close to birds you would normally only get a fleeting glimpse of, or perhaps not see at all in the thick foliage. I enjoyed the whole trip immensely and it was of great value, teaching me many techniques that will prove invaluable in my future scientific career.



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Lauren Irwin

Lauren was given support by the Caedmon Ceolfrið Trust to help her with her rowing. Here she tells us about what she has achieved in the sport both before and during her time at Durham.

My rowing career started at my secondary school at St. Bede's in Peterlee where my PE teacher encouraged me to start rowing. There was a group of us who competed against local schools which I enjoyed. I then competed at the Junior Indoor Rowing Competition held at Maiden Castle where I won 2 years in a row. I got involved with a junior rowing programme taught by Durham University coaches and current students called the 'Junior High-Performance Programme', where I was coached on the water, ergo machine and in the gym. This programme gave me support and knowledge which helped the development of my rowing and as a person. I was encouraged to join my local rowing club, Chester-Le-Street ARC to continue this development. After 2 years and plenty of training I was selected to represent Great Britain at the Junior World Championships in the Womens Pair in 2016 held in Rotterdam.

After a successful Junior season, I came to Durham University with the same ambitions to compete for my country again. Studying Sport, Exercise and Physical Activity has increased my knowledge and understanding of subjects such as the nutrition and psychology of an elite athlete which I have been able to use to help me become a better rower. During term time we train 6 days a week, twice a day. A 5:30am start to the day and getting home as late as 8pm. These sessions range from on the water, on the ergo machine or strength and conditioning training to keep things varied. As you may guess, training 6 times a week, two or three times a day and studying can be quite stressful, and therefore relies on being organised and dedicated.

I am currently in my 3rd year and have rowed for Great

Britain for two years at Under 23 level after making the step up from a junior to under 23 in under a year. In my 1st year at university, I raced in Bulgaria in the U23 World Championships and Poland in the U23 European Championships where we finished 3rd place after a long summer. From this success, myself and another member of the boat club won championship women's pair at the British University Championships Regatta (BUCS) to be the first women's crew to win a gold medal in several years for the university. I was selected to row for GB again in summer 2018 at the U23 World Championships in Poznan, Poland where we finished 4th place in the women's 8 by 0.2 of a second behind 3rd place, just missing out on a medal.

Alongside training and studying, I have been working with Durham University Boat Club coaches and students, coaching at the Junior High Performance and giving back to the community. As this programme was the development of my rowing career, I was very keen to get involved and meet people who are in the same position I was in years ago. The programme runs over an 8-week period to support and develop local junior rowers. Students act as mentors in this programme and lead a group of juniors who we coach, support and share on our knowledge and experience to help them develop as rowers.

After a very successful programme, I have recently obtained my Level 2 Coaching qualification where I am now able to get involved with more coaching roles to give more back to the sport, but also support others. This qualification required 4 pre-requisites to be completed before you could start the Level 2 course. This was very time consuming but along the way I developed knowledge and understanding of the demands a coach has, as well as how to handle situations both on the water and on the ergo machine. I have really enjoyed watching junior rowers develop in the programme at Durham University and I am excited to see what the future may bring.



Myself and 3 other DUBC members who represented GB in the summer U23 World Championships 2018 held at Poznan, Poland.



Racing at the U23 World Championships in 2018 in the women's 8 at Poznan, Poland. I am the girl 7 from the back or 3 from front (including the cox).



All U23 GB women and men on podium at U23 European Championships in Poland. We came 3rd place in the womens 8.



King's College, Cambridge.



The Backs,
King's College, Cambridge.

Xin Shao

From Durham to Cambridge, Xin writes about her study experience in Cambridge with the help from Caedmon Ceolfrid Trust.

As a Chinese international student, the first time I got to know about Cambridge was through the well-known poem 'On Leaving Cambridge' written by the early 20th century

romantic Chinese poet Zhimo Xu, who studied at King's College, Cambridge. I remember that some lines of this poem deeply touched me:

Softly I am leaving, just as softly as I came; I softly wave goodbye, to the clouds in the western sky ... To seek a dream? Go punting with a long pole. Upstream to where green grass is greener. With the punt laden with starlight, and sing out loud in its radiance ... Quietly I am leaving, just as quietly as I came;

Gently waving my sleeve, I am not taking away a single cloud. (Chen, 2008, p. 29)

Thanks to support from the Caedmon/Ceolfrid Trust, College of St Hild and St Bede, I had the opportunity to attend the training course 'Closing the health/wealth gap? An introduction to the sociology of health and illness' held in the University of Cambridge in March 2019. This professional training, which was closely related to social justice and social mobility, enriched my knowledge of this area of sociology and contributed to the literature review of my PhD dissertation.

During this training course, I met researchers from different areas of sociology and together we explored the root causes of inequalities in health, the theories and concepts relating to health inequality and possible ways to narrow the health/wealth gap. All the intellectual conversations that I had with my colleagues during the lectures and seminars further inspired me to think deeply about our society and how we human beings, both individually and together, can contribute to

building a better world for everyone.

At the same time, I took the opportunity to explore Cambridge as a city. I went punting along the picturesque route along the historic college backs along the river Cam, passing Queens' College, the Mathematical Bridge, King's College and Trinity College, etc. The images described in Zhimo Xu's poem - To seek a dream? Go punting with a long pole - made me wonder what kind of dream we human beings always try to seek. It must be a dream to pursue knowledge; a dream to understand ourselves as human beings; and a dream to explore the world that we are living in - just as Sir Isaac Newton, Charles Darwin, Bertrand Russell and many more have sought.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank the Caedmon-Ceolfrid Trust for its very kind support for this unforgettable and thought-provoking journey. This specific course came to an end, but my journey of seeking a dream goes on ...



Poster Session YAO Hamburg, 2019.

Parth Patel

Parth had the occasion to travel to Hamburg, Germany to present a poster at the Young Atom Opticians from a grant that he received from the Caedmon-Ceolfrid Trust.

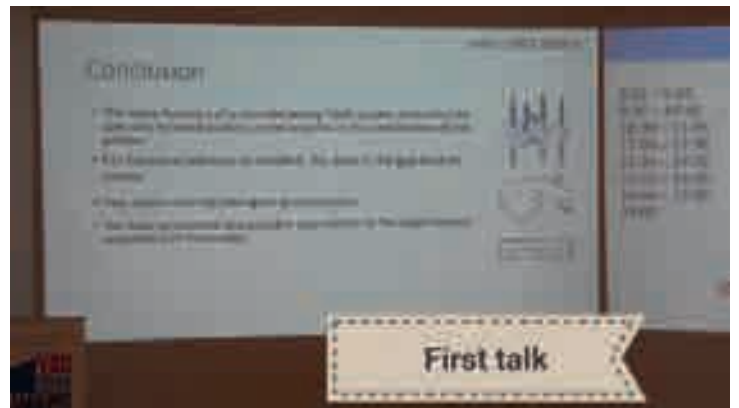
In May, 2019, I was selected to present a poster at the Young Atom Opticians 2019, conference at Hamburg, Germany from 29 July, 2019 to 2 August, 2019. Normally, conferences consist of mostly Post Docs, researchers and professors who have been in the research field for a long time. It is difficult for young scientists to participate in conferences such as these and this is what lead to the creation of Young Atom Opticians. It was the 25th edition of the conference in Hamburg, Germany. This conference was formed by Ph.D. students and it was designed for early career scientists like Ph.D. and Master students to get together to share ideas and discuss their research. I am a research master student; this conference was a perfect

opportunity for me in order to learn about current research.

I was worried about the finances needed to participate in the conference. I am a self-funded student and the application fee, the flights, visa fees and other travelling expenses needed for this would be hard for me to support by myself. I was informed about the Caedmon Ceolfrid Trust.

This conference was a dream come true. I got to meet many young Ph.D. and Master students from around the world and discuss research. This really helped me broaden my horizons and learn what is being done around the world in my field.

It's a great opportunity for young scientists like myself to be able to participate in events like these, I thank the Caedmon Ceolfrid Trust, which made this possible. Without this support it would be almost impossible to attend by myself.



First Talk at YAO, Hamburg 2019.



It is difficult for young scientists to participate in conferences such as these and this is what lead to the creation of Young Atom Opticians. It was the 25th edition of the conference in Hamburg, Germany.



Hild Bede postgraduate education scholarship



Daniel Jones

Daniel was awarded an opportunity to do an MA in Education and tells us about his time at Hild Bede.

When applying to study a Master's degree in Education, I was unaware of the opportunity for scholarship at Hild Bede. Since applying and being awarded the scholarship, I can say that this has been the most significant factor in shaping my time as a postgraduate at university.

Initially, the financial aspect of the scholarship has allowed me to become more fully engaged with my studies, being able to purchase resources that I have come to depend on, such as textbooks and IT equipment. Whilst my gratitude for this cannot be understated, I feel

that the true value of the scholarship advances beyond its financial component and can actually be found in the community engagement that this promotes. On a college level, I have relished the opportunity to become involved in postgraduate events, both socially and academically such as the postgraduate presentation evenings. The opportunity to discuss other aspects of academia and different viewpoints that I may not have otherwise considered has been enlightening and sparked new interests that will extend beyond my time at university.

Through my responsibilities attached to the scholarship, I have enjoyed working closely with both Education postgraduates and undergraduates, using my own experiences to offer support whenever possible, along with

engaging with dissertation research projects. This process has benefitted my own work as well as the work of others, as I have been able to challenge my own opinions, compelling me to adopt a wider perspective towards issues in education. The opportunity to attend education conferences, held both at Durham University and elsewhere, has been similarly rewarding and this has allowed me to build strong connections and relationships with leaders in the field of education, many of whom I remain in close contact with. I was invited to participate on the Durham University China Teaching Programme as an ambassador, supporting undergraduates who were teaching in a range of primary schools for two weeks in Shenzhen. I particularly enjoyed the opportunity to speak in front of an audience of headteachers and government officials about education in the

UK. Not only was the Hild Bede scholarship instrumental in providing me with the necessary finances to attend this trip, but moreover, it allowed me to build the relationships that initially created the opportunity and for this, I am beyond grateful.

The Hild Bede scholarship has been pivotal in my time as a postgraduate and I would recommend it to anybody that is interested in postgraduate studies in Education. I will always be grateful for the diverse range of opportunities that the scholarship has afforded me, along with being able to participate in such a welcoming and vibrant college community.

The Graduation Ceremony for my first week of the Université BELC Hiver in Paris.



An interesting exchange with TV presenter Ivan Kabacoff at the Université BELC Hiver.



Ian Cramb Scholarships

Clorrie Yeomans

Clorrie recommends saying 'Yes' to every opportunity.

I am a Third Year student of Modern Languages and Cultures. Before embarking on my Year Abroad, Professor Jan Clarke advised me to 'say yes to every opportunity'. I have therefore made the most of my Year Abroad in order to perfect my language skills, get to know new cultures and develop both personally and professionally. However, I would never have been able to accept these invaluable opportunities if it were not for the Ian Cramb Scholarship.

I started my Year Abroad in Barcelona, where I worked as a marketing intern in an international travel technology start-up from June to September last year. It was my responsibility to manage all written and face-to-face correspondence with external companies in Spanish. Outside of work, I participated in the regional festivities of this buzzing city; my favourite of which was undoubtedly Sant Joan (Summer Solstice). I also

explored Andorra, which must not be merely overlooked as a crossroad between France and Spain. I was fascinated by how locals naturally switch between French, Spanish and Catalan during the same conversation!

I am already looking forward to my third and final adventure of the Year Abroad! From June to September 2019, I will be completing an internship in Mendoza, Argentina with a travel journalist and editor.

Next, I undertook a British Council English Language Assistantship from October 2018 to April 2019 in Toulouse. I worked in the Toulouse Hospitality and Catering College where I indulged in French cuisine! I was selected to represent my school at the Université BELC Hiver held at the Centre international d'études pédagogiques (CIEP) in Paris. This prestigious two-week-long course welcomed professionals who represent the French

language and Francophone culture in 37 countries. Thanks to the Ian Cramb Scholarship, I was able to fund this invaluable course which involved 60 hours of workshops delivered in French and numerous inspiring networking events with teachers, TV and radio presenters, ministers and academics. Alongside my internship, I volunteered as a Scout Leader in my local community, which was an extremely rewarding experience.

Plus, there is no better way to test your language skills than by taking a group of French children hiking in the mountains and tree trekking!

I am already looking forward to my third and final adventure of the Year Abroad! From June to September 2019, I will be completing an internship in Mendoza, Argentina with a travel journalist and editor. I have really enjoyed writing for Durham University's Modern Languages and Cultures Magazine, The Definite Article, during my year abroad. Therefore, I am keen to gain some professional experience in order to hopefully make the next step in pursuing a journalism career.

Finally, I would like to thank Ian Cramb and the dedicated staff at Hild Bede whose support is enabling me to gain a world class degree, as well as many indispensable life skills through the Year Abroad.



Breakfast with Nirmal, a local teacher, and his daughter.



The daily morning assembly of physical exercise for the whole school.



Teaching the students ultimate frisbee.

John Simpson Greenwell memorial fund

Evonne Baltrock-Nitzsche

With the help from the John Simpson Greenwell Memorial Fund, Evonne had the opportunity to travel to Siptindhara, Nepal to work with teachers and students.

Thanks for the HELP!

As a child, did you ever have to climb into school? In flip flops?

Last summer with the financial support of the John Simpson Greenwell Memorial Fund and the Caedmon Coelfrid Trust, this became an everyday routine for myself alongside the teachers and students I had the pleasure of working with for 4 weeks in North Nepal. The Village of Siptindhara (or the three fountains) in the Indrijwati municipality is a friendly and lively community, roughly four hours' drive from Kathmandu. Depending how many landslides you get caught in!

Villages in this region were hit hardest by the 2015 earthquake, and three years later the houses and lives of people across Nepal were still being rebuilt. Despite this, those who live in this village are the most cheerful and hospitable people I have ever met, and we made friends for life among the school and village community.

This wonderful opportunity occurred through the Helambu Education Livelihood Partnership, also known as HELP, a grassroots partnership supported by the international charity Mondo Challenge, founded by Jimmy Lama, a University of Sussex 'Human Development' graduate, who grew up in this region of Nepal. I would strongly recommend this scheme to anyone looking for voluntary work with small charities that may develop teaching skills and the experience of living within a whole new culture.

A typical day in Siptindhara consisted of being woken up by the family's animals, followed by a breakfast of black tea, rice or noodles with all the teachers after a humid walk along the muddy footpaths on the side of the stunning green steep hills. The children began their school day after an already busy morning helping with their family farms, by singing the Nepali national anthem and performing drills in an assembly in the school yard. The students then sat in half hour lessons until the day ended at 4 o'clock, with a lunch break at 1, and were expected generally to sit and listen to the teachers and copy as they did, and work from the outdated government textbooks. This made our job exciting as we went through all the classes throughout the day teaching new styles of learning by playing games and using visual aids to teach children new vocabulary, until by the end of our time many of the older pupils could engage in full English conversations about themselves. A vast amount of singing 'head, shoulders, knees and toes' was naturally involved.

We were given a goodbye assembly on our final afternoon, with speeches from both teachers and students followed by ourselves about the importance of education and international friendships, and what we can learn from each other's ways of life. I of course could not keep my eyes dry. The final gifts to me were ceremonial guest scarves and a sari that I was dressed in by teachers and made to do a dance (I only knew the macarena); our final gift to the school was a frisbee and newfound knowledge in how to play bingo. The school community of Siptindhara were incredibly caring and truly committed to improving the lives of those in the school. We cannot wait to visit again someday.



Elizabeth Matson

Elizabeth travelled to Argentina as part of her year abroad with the help from the John Simpson Greenwell Memorial Fund.

I am a Combined Honours in Social Sciences student, studying Geography and Spanish. As part of my year abroad, I have just spent six and a half months in Argentina, where I worked at an English Institute and also conducted the fieldwork for my Geography dissertation, to combine all aspects of my combined honours degree. My time in Argentina has enabled me to hugely improve my Spanish language skills, understanding of a different culture and customs through living with Argentinian families, and use my geographical research skills in Spanish.

My dissertation focus is on the importance and impact of the winemaking industry on local development in the province of Mendoza in Argentina. I am considering this in the context of the industry's increasing transnationalization and integration with the global market, in other words how this global system has affected the local context, with a focus on employment and social equality.

My initial thoughts of a dissertation topic focused on agriculture which is of huge importance to the country in terms of the economy and employment. As my geography interests and studies have focused on development studies, I concentrated on the interaction of agriculture with local communities and development. In my first few months in Argentina I conducted background



research and I visited some agricultural production sites in Buenos Aires. I conducted interviews with landowners and with members of various agricultural organisations, such as La Sociedad Rural Argentina, an important organization for producers to voice their concerns and challenges, as well as with someone from the Ministry of Agroindustry (El Ministerio de Agroindustria de la Nación).

This background research helped me to develop the focus of further fieldwork. When considering development, my research highlighted a key theme of the inequality in landownership, which has contributed to social inequality. I found that agricultural products, such as soy, that dominate national exports are mainly controlled by largescale landowners and has encouraged the accumulation of power and

capital in a small elite group. This encouraged me to consider the winemaking industry in Mendoza, which differs in that it is dominated by small and medium scale producers. Whilst this industry is less significant to the national economy, it is very important on a provincial scale. Therefore, my dissertation now focuses on how this industry, which is increasingly integrating with the global market, affects local development in Mendoza differently to agricultural

industries which contribute to the national economy and exports on a larger scale.

For my fieldwork in Mendoza, I conducted interviews with wine producers and relevant organizations such as the Argentine Winemaking Corporation and the Association of Winemakers of Mendoza (La Corporación Vitivinícola Argentina and La Asociación de Viñateros de Mendoza) to consider the impact of this industry on the provincial economy and on local development. Having just returned from Argentina, I am now in the process of writing up my fieldwork which I will use to write my dissertation in my final year starting in October 2019.

I am very grateful to the John Simpson Memorial Fund for supporting my dissertation fieldwork in Argentina, allowing me to conduct in-depth background research and thorough fieldwork in Mendoza to form a topical and relevant research area. It also allowed me to spend more time immersed in the country to continuously improve my Spanish language skills, enriching my language experience in Argentina.

In memoriam

Vera Mary Bell nee Berriman

Vera was a Durham girl through and through. She was born in Coxhoe, and lived all her life in and around Durham City. She knew half the resident population of the City and the surrounding villages. Mention someone local to Vera and she would know their parents and their offspring. Her entire teaching career was in the City, first at what was then known as St Hild's College Demonstration School and then at St Margaret's Primary School.

Vera was the eldest of a large and happy family. She came up to the University to read for a degree in 1946 but was very distressed when a much wanted boy was born who was severely disabled. Vera switched to training as an infant teacher (key stage 1). She did so well that it was natural that the College recommended her to the head of the Demonstration School as suitable teacher. The school was where the university nursery is now situated and it was very much part of the life of the college.

Vera's deep Christian faith probably made it inevitable that she would seek to teach in Church of England schools. It was while teaching at St Hild's School that Vera met her husband. John Bell had spent his National Service in the RAF and then came to Bede College to train as a teacher. During his training he attended a demonstration lesson given by Vera. Before very long they were engaged and married. Their joy was complete when the twins, Stephen and Sarah, came along.

Vera was invited by the College Principal, Nina Joachim, to become a member of the College Governing Board as a representative of the alumni. Inevitably she became very involved in the Old Students Association (later the Alumni). For many years the Association was run by the College staff but eventually its organisation and running was handed over to the former students themselves. Vera became secretary of the Association and in the early 1980s, she took over from me as Chairman. Vera organised

reunion every year and, until her death, she never missed a reunion. When some of us were fading by the end of a long day, Vera would still be going strong.

When her mother was no longer able to care for Richard, Vera's disabled brother, Vera, supported by John, took responsibility for all aspects of his life. She fought valiantly and successfully to prevent him being taken into care. In spite of the heavy commitment of caring for Richard she never stopped learning. She took an M.A. and then a Ph.D. studying children's charities. While studying she continued her involvement in College as a personal tutor and then as a mentor. Vera was never someone to take on a role without being completely committed and she and John spent much time on their students.

Vera was my contemporary in College and I admired her greatly for her commitment to College and, especially for the way she sought to enrich the life of Richard.

Lilian Groves

Nigel Holmes

Nigel was a former BBC Radio Cumbria producer. He acted as our publicity trustee when I was the sole member of staff at the Community Foundation. He also master-minded the official launch of the Community Foundation in August 1999.

Nigel was active in his church and Parish Council amongst many commitments and accomplishments. I saw Nigel about three years ago and he was interested to learn of our successes. More recently Richard Roberts has been in discussions with Nigel's son who is a judge in London.

HAZEL HOWARD né WOOD 1928-2019

Hazel was one of 40 or so young women who arrived at St Hild's in 1946, just a year after the end of WW2. It was a time of great shortages but the one thing we weren't short of was friendship. We all supported one another and mucked in

together. Hazel and I became friends through our involvement in college chapel. The college chaplain was Canon Alan Richardson, who was known to all students as 'Canny Alan'. He was a distinguished New Testament scholar and we were incredibly lucky to be taught by him. Since he had to fit in his work as Chaplain and teaching us, with his main responsibility in the University Theology department and as Canon in the Cathedral, the running of the College Chapel was mainly in the hands of the chapel wardens of whom Hazel and I were two. We also sang in the chapel choir but Hazel also played the organ several times a term. The chapel wardens were invited from time to time to lunch at the Richardson's house in the 'College' at the Cathedral. On one special day the Chaplain took us on a tour of the triforium or upper levels of the Cathedral. Now Hazel wasn't too keen on heights but she was determined not to miss out. She was as white as a sheet, but persisted and this was a characteristic of Hazel - if you take something on you persevere.

After College, Hazel went to teach history in a secondary modern school in Leeds. Her head of department was John Howard. Hazel and John married and went to live in Scarborough where John became head of a large comprehensive school. They had two sons and a daughter and Hazel gave up teaching to bring up her children. She continued to play the organ for her local church and on retirement volunteered at the local Oxfam shop, where, since all the other volunteers were nervous of it, she took charge of the till. Her daughter Catherine married a man from Malta and went to live in Turin, where Hazel had many happy holidays with Catherine and her children..

Until she was too frail to travel, Hazel regularly attended College Reunion and always remembered her college days with pleasure.

Lilian Groves

Rev Peter Hallam

It is with great sadness that Rev Peter Hallam M.A. Cantab, or as he was known to many of us, 'Noddy' has passed away on May 10. He was buried at Briercliffe St James Blackburn on the 23rd May. Peter was ordained in 1958 and served his curacy at Heyhouses on Sea, St Annes. In 1962 he took on the role of Assistant Chaplain and Tutor Bede. In 1967 he returned to the Diocese of Blackburn to become Vicar of St James, where he remained until he retired in 1998, Peter was made an Hon Canon at Blackburn Cathedral in 1992. Although he was only at Bede for 5 years his influence on many of us was considerable, he was one who could always be relied upon for sound advice and 'liquid' support.

Tom Jackson. Chorley, Lancs.

Joan Mildred Pütz (Nee Harrison) - 1929-2019

College of St Hild - 1949-1953

Joan graduated in 1952 with a B.A. in General Arts, specialising in English + R.E. She obtained a diploma in Education in 1953 - all 4 years were spent at St Hild's and enjoyed the caring, Christian life of the College, attending services in College chapel and Matins on a Sunday morning at the Cathedral (wearing gowns of course!!). After leaving College, Joan taught at York College and later in Lytham St Anne's where she and her husband Johannes Erich Pütz made their home. Her last 3 years being spent at New Thursby Nursing Home, Lytham on her back. Joan had a strong, Christian faith and was an inspiration to all who had met her. Hannes pre-deceased her. Our thoughts and prayers are with her daughter Catherine, her husband Ben and their children Josie and Freya.

An Appeal on Behalf of the Caedmon Ceolfrid Trust

In 1982, the College Alumni generously set up a trust to enhance student experience while at College. If you are wondering why we chose this title for the Trust, it was because the talents of Caedmon, the first English hymn writer, were nourished by St Hild, while Ceolfrid was the friend and teacher of Bede. We felt this indicated the way in which it was hoped the Trust would help the life of the College to flourish.

Many of you will remember your College Day with affection, but did you realise that the hiring of the marquee that is such a feature of the day was funded by the Trust? This is, indeed, the Trust's major single item of expenditure each year. Also, at an early stage, the Trust enabled the establishment of a number of choral scholarships to enhance the music in chapel. These continue to be awarded and have been tremendously successful.

College societies are helped in a variety of ways. Some of you will have belonged to the Boat Club and know that rowing is a very expensive sport. The purchase of a new boat is only ever possible thanks to a

substantial loan from the Trust, which the club pays back over several years. Others of you will have been involved in theatre. The Trust is able to help with a mixture of grants and loans. Other clubs have been helped in similar ways.

Each year, we receive requests from individual students for help with music lessons, for example, or who have the opportunity to attend conferences or represent the College (and sometimes even the country), or who see other ways of fulfilling their dream, but are unable fully to fund their participation. We always try to give at least a small sum to those we feel fit the Trust's terms of reference.

Why are we telling you all this? Over these years, in spite of occasional donations, the capital has diminished. Moreover, the interest on the capital has shrunk dramatically in the last few years. Will you consider making a donation to enable the students of today and of tomorrow to have the opportunities you enjoyed? We very much hope so.

Lilian Groves
Trustee
Caedmon Ceolfrid Trust

To donate please see the College's online donation site:
dunelm.org.uk/donations/colleges/hildbede

or

alternatively send a cheque made payable to The Caedmon/Ceolfrid Trust to Julie Blake at the College of St Hild and St Bede, St Hild's Lane, Durham, DH1 1SZ.



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