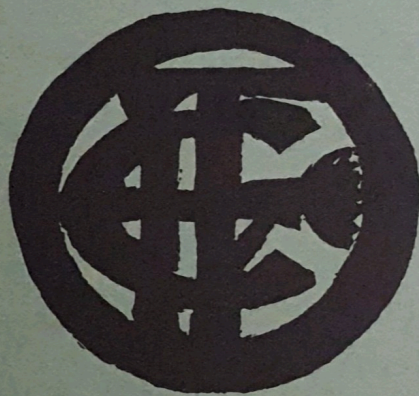


1957

SCHOOL MAGAZINE



O.F.'s. & PRESENT PUPILS OF
THE FROEBEL SCHOOL

M A G A Z I N E - 1 9 5 7LETTER FROM MISS PRIESTMAN

This year I am doing many things "for the last time". The phrase has a sad sound yet it is being a strangely happy year because one sees things more vividly when doing them for the last time. Perhaps I am more careful in noticing, when consciously making a store of sights and sounds. I do not think that anyone can have a larger stock of happy memories - memories of the people I have worked with, of children growing up, of friendly parents, of lessons and of parties, and of odd things like a moonlight picnic in war time, or the Nursery and K.G. singing to old people at Christmas time, or of drinking cocoa by the Scouts' fire. These are things that live and grow in one, and I know that my work in Jamaica and my life after will be the better for them. I know, too, that Miss Macleod is going to enjoy the same sort of thing that I have enjoyed, as well as special pleasures of her own; so the change feels like a growing, and not like a cutting off. Now there will be three of us - Miss Bain, Miss Macleod and I - to feel that wherever we are this school in a special way holds our hearts.

It has been a good year, as I hope you will realise when you read this magazine. Even when first Miss Stainsby and later both our cooks, went down with mumps we found the household still carried on and another "What would happen if.....?" terror was laid.

Mary Burleigh, as you will read in the O.F.'s news, has won a Foundation Scholarship at St. Paul's which makes us very proud. Indeed many O.F.'s in many places are doing a great deal to build up the school reputation.

Miss Brearley has been coming to school dinner quite often this term; Miss Jebb came to read to us at prayers before Christmas; and Miss Macleod has been dropping in to bedtime story and supper on Thursday nights. All nice things.

I am delighted to say that Miss Woodruff is better and hoping to be married soon. Miss Mottelson who arrived so opportunely from the U.S.A. to tide us over this year, has given of herself most generously. Miss Gowar who trained at Grove House will come to us to be Nursery Class mistress in September. Miss Thornton now wants to return to class teaching of younger children, and in the Autumn her work here will be taken over by Mrs. Martin, B.A. Oxon. We

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have a great deal for which to thank Miss Thornton, and I don't think anyone has ever before brought so much energy and tact to the Lost Property problem. We shall also, in July, be saying goodbye to Miss Hutchison who has in view an interesting post at King's Choir School, Cambridge. She has given the school much in her three years here.

Next year there will be two Lower Fourth's and I am glad to say that Miss P. Smith will have finished her training and will come to take the companion form to Miss Akester's.

So it goes on - children and staff - slowly changing all the time. Some stay a long time and some a short. As I write Sebastian Pollitzer is leaving us for Westminster after nearly eleven years, surely a record here! The important thing is, whether we be young or old, that we should all leave something of ourselves behind, something we have created; and that we should also carry something away, something we have learned. It is this that knits us all together - pupils, staff and O.F's. This builds the tradition of the school, made by us all, and helping to make us.

Barbara Priestman.

LETTER FROM MADEMOISELLE BLANCHARD

Chers Amis,

Permettez-moi de vous appeler tous ainsi. Vous venez de me donner une telle preuve d'amitié que j'en suis profondément émue.

Bien souvent, il m'est arrivé de dire: les paroles me manquent pour exprimer ce que je ressens, mais je ne l'ai jamais écrit avec autant de sincérité.

Comment vous remercier, non seulement de votre généreux cadeau mais aussi d'avoir contribué à rendre mes années au Froebel parmi les plus heureuses de celles passées en Angleterre?

En effet, "Words are failing me". Acceptez donc un chaleureux merci et l'assurance de mes sentiments les meilleurs.

Madeleine Blanchard.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

EXPEDITIONS

There have been many expeditions during the year, including some new ventures as well as the usual visits to the various museums, which to some are now very familiar.

During last summer term Upper IVA and B with Miss Duncan and Mr. Murray went to the British Museum Print Room at the invitation of Tania Croft-Murray's father. He gave us a very interesting talk and showed us many original prints of the seventeenth century.

The same group went to see the film of Richard III which was also very interesting. Upper IVA went with Miss Duncan to the House of Commons. After watching the Speaker's Procession we went into the gallery for an hour. It happened to be question time and we heard different members or their deputies give answers to questions on subjects varying from the excessive noise made by aircraft to the colouring of kippers! There was quite a lively argument between the Speaker and some of the members on a point of procedure, but the Speaker had his way.

There have also been visits to see an International Netball Tournament at Harringay and a Hockey Match between England and Ireland at Wembley Stadium. The last was by kind invitation of the students at College.

Some groups have also been to the Zoo; Rospa House; London Airport; Westminster Abbey, etc. etc.

Two forms have been going to College, one for a course of painting lessons in the Art Room with Miss Stone and the other for some physical education with Miss Grant. Upper IVA has also been very glad to have the use of the College Nature Room for their science lessons with Miss Conran.

NETBALL

In November we played Rowan Hill's 1st. team on our court and won by one goal; our second team tied in the match with their second team. We have not had many matches this term because of quarantine. Two teams went over to Claygate to play Rowan Hill. They had two exciting games although they lost. Near the end of March our team beat the Old Vicarage who came over from Richmond. As well as these games there have been inter-form matches.

SOCCER

We have had a very successful year from the soccer point of view. In spite of several boys leaving, Mr. Latchford, the games master, brought the first eleven up to its normal strength. Last term (Autumn 1956) we beat Glengyle 6-0, Sandy (3) and de Grunwald (3) being the scorers. Also that term we beat Colet Court's second XI by 8-2, Sandy (2) and de Grunwald (6) scoring the goals.

At the end of last term Graham Sandy left the school, and half way through the present (Spring) term Nicholas Hughes left. Mr. Latchford rearranged the side, and this term we beat Glengyle School 9-0, de Grunwald (5), Dee (2) and Juda (2) being the scorers, and beat Colet Court's first XI 3-1, Dee (penalty) and de Grunwald (2) scoring the goals.

The team this season was:- J. Pawsey (captain), R. Booth, B. Dee, N. de Grunwald, P. Dorrington Ward, A. Fuchs, D. Juda, L. Mayer, D. Perbohner, S. Pollitzer or B. Kretzschmar, R. Ross.

FILMS (AUTUMN AND SPRING TERMS)

Last term we had four films on Saturday afternoons: "Johnny on the Run", "Juno Helps Out" (a comical film), "The Magic Marble" (also comic), and "The Children of the Frosted Mountain". This term there has only been one film, "Genevieve", as it was very expensive. I think "Genevieve" was the most popular, on the whole, but all were very successful and enjoyable.

On Sunday evenings, however, the boarders, and day children who wish to come, watch religious films about life two thousand years ago, or lives of great men (Livingstone and Grenfell), or lives of Saints. In the lives of Saints we had the life of Saint George and of St. Patrick.

THE RABBITS

In the summer term Lady, our old Angora rabbit, lost the use of her back legs, so we took her to the R.S.P.C.A. who put her down. They said that she must have been at least seven years old.

At half term Popsy, a black part-Angora, one of Lady's children, had nine babies. Unfortunately, as she was a very nervous mother, they all died before we could name them. At the end of the summer term we sold her because she was such a bad mother.

We were then left with just Benji, a Belgian hare, who, in spite of his name, is not a hare. In the spring term, on March 3rd., in the early morning, Benji escaped from his run. He has been seen many times but nobody has been able to capture him. Altogether this has not been a very happy year for the rabbits.

THE GUINEA - PIGS

This term we had two new guinea-pigs, Snow White, which is an albino, and Nuts which is brown. On March 12th. Snow White had three babies: one black, white and dark brown; Patch (stillborn), National Velvet (Velvet for short) black, white and dark brown, and Candy Stripes (Candy for short) white and brown. They are now beginning to eat for themselves and they are rushing all over their cage.

CONCERTS

During the two winter terms the Upper IVA and B have been to the concerts at the Royal Festival Hall on Saturday mornings. They take place on an average once a month.

For the whole of the last season Trevor Harvey has conducted the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra with the exception of one when Leo Quayle conducted the Sadlers Wells Orchestra with soloists of the same company in an operatic concert. They have followed the usual pattern including two carol concerts.

We have had one especially enjoyable one when Rohan de Saram played the 1st. movement of Dvorak's 'Cello Concerto in B minor, which everyone found pleasant.

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SCOUTS

Amongst other scouts who have left were two patrol leaders, J. Clark and N. Hughes. They all carry with them our good wishes. A large batch of new recruits has helped to raise the number in the Troop to 17.

The patrols are at present as follows, though there is a possibility that the third patrol, the Swifts, may be revived next term:-

Woodpigeons: P. Dorrington-Ward (P.L.), F. Hewetson (2nd.), N. Worthington, J. Liddell, T. Grigson, D. Juda, T. Harris, A. Mortada, R. Salmang, S. Mendoza.
Kestrels: N. de Grunwald (P.L.), R. Booth (2nd.), L. Mayer, M. Wright, R. Ross, D. Perbohner, B. Dee.

During Bob-a-Job week last year, each scout earned an average of 10/-.

We congratulate N. Worthington on having attained his Oarsman Proficiency Badge. Several other badges are being attempted.

The most sensational of our activities in Richmond Park seems to have been the exploration of a tunnel, in which an added attraction was a mysterious pair of eyes. Opinions as to the identity of the owner grew from 'blue rat' to 'badger'. Certainly no-one can deny the devastatingly real effects on those who were privileged to see 'the thing'.

The long summer camp will, we hope, be held in the grounds of Twyssenden Y.H.A. near Goudhurst in Kent.

This year is the centenary of the founder, the late Lord Baden-Powell's birth and a short service of commemoration was held on his birthday, February 23rd.

We take this opportunity of thanking our retiring sponsor, Miss Priestman, for all her hard work and valuable advice. We would also like to express our gratitude to the Scout Committee, Miss Hall who gave us a most interesting talk on First Aid, Miss Stainsby and many others who have so kindly helped the Troop in various ways.

THE BOOK EXHIBITION

During the last week in June 1956 we had a Book Exhibition, organized by Miss Duncan and the form representatives on the Library Committee.

Each form from I upwards chose an author and prepared a wall chart with illustrations and articles on his work and these lined the walls of Upper IVB classroom. There were charts on Charles Dickens, Sir Walter Scott, R.L. Stevenson, Lewis Carroll, C.S. Lewis, Geoffrey Chaucer and Henry Longfellow. Upper IVA also prepared two charts on the history and development of printing and books.

The other part of the exhibition was a varied collection of books, very large and very small; very old and very new; some bound in leather or by hand; some illuminated by hand; some in very old type and some in very modern type of an unusual sort. We had some books from which our grandparents and great grandparents learned to read, and there was a bound volume of the Illustrated London News of over a hundred years ago.

We are very grateful to many parents and friends who lent us books for the exhibition.

THE SCHOOL GARDEN PARTY - 1956

An Appreciation by A Parent.

In the middle of a spell of, to say the least of it, uncertain weather, the school garden party was blessed with as fine an afternoon as can reasonably be expected in June. Perhaps virtue is its own reward for certainly the efforts behind this delightful occasion deserved success.

On Parents' Day at Ibstock Place we are offered entertainment of varying kinds but whatever form this may take there is always an atmosphere of enjoyment marked by the absence of fret and anxiety. The form plays this year were typical - "behind scenes" were themselves so public that the audience could not fail to be aware of any back-stage drama and it seems that either nothing went wrong or else nobody worried about it, which is even better! I believe that comparatively little time was given to the preparation of these productions and if, on occasion, they lacked a certain "drilled finish" I think we are grateful that the children's naturalness and spontaneity and, indeed, their classwork, was not butchered to make a parents' carnival.

The provision of ice-cream for the children seems to me a humanistic idea delightfully Froebelian in spirit and I mention it because it does, I am sure, add to the "natural" atmosphere and help the children to "be themselves".

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It is to their credit that it does not seem to interfere with their "sense of occasion".

Domestically, the usual care and forethought were apparent. Tea was served charmingly by the Lower IV waitresses whose efforts were a miracle of attentiveness while the boys of the same form looked after the seating arrangements assiduously - if anyone missed the part of the entertainment they wished to see it could not have been the fault of the stewards.

In fine, the arrangements went forward with the sort of smooth, uncrowded, unhurried graciousness which is, inevitably, taken for granted. For this reason I would like to thank Miss Priestman, the staff, both teaching and domestic, and the children for a lovely afternoon.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM THE SCHOOL

BITTER TEARS

Jane sat on the floor, sniffed, and began to cry again. She considered that she had good reason to cry, because she had broken the jug - her mother's cherished jug. It was glass and looked as if it would break if even looked at, and Jane had done more than look at it. Her mother had gone into the town, and Jane had persuaded her to leave her behind. Jane had roamed around the house a bit, and then went to look at the jug. It had looked lovely standing there on the shelf, and she felt an irresistible urge to take it down and look at it and feel its beautiful curves. She had taken it down, and as she was fingering the graceful handle, it had slipped. She had made a wild grab for it, but in vain. And now the jug lay before her, in pieces.

She wondered what her mother would say to her. Once before she had been let off after breaking a vase but this was different. Admittedly it had been a rather nice vase, but this was her mother's most precious, most cherished jug. Also the broken vase had only been partly her fault, but this was all her fault, because she should not have taken it down. Jane knew that she would be punished for it, but how? Perhaps she would have to miss the trip to the zoo which she had been promised. Jane hoped it would not be that, for she had been longing for it for weeks.

Oh, how she wished she had never taken the jug down!
But she had, and now it lay before her in little pieces.
She began to cry again.

Virginia Roundell (Age 11)

SPRING IS COMING

The snowdrops come first
White as snow,
Then come the crocuses
Bright with dew.
Then come the daffodils
Yellow as the sun.
Blue are the bluebells
Blue as the sky,
Daisies are white
White as the clouds,
Then come the wallflowers
Red and yellow.
Summer is coming
Roses are budding.

Alison

(Age 8)

THE FIRST ARTISTS

The Upper Palaeolithic men painted pictures and believed in magic and evil spirits and thought that if they did a very nice picture it would please the evil spirits and they would get good luck the next day they went hunting.

These artists used twigs with frayed edges as brushes to paint with. They used for their palettes a sharp shoulder bone of some animal. Their lamp was a bone hollowed out with a stone and filled with animal fat; as a wick they used a bit of moss.

We know all this happened because we have found some paintings and a lamp in a cave in France.

Diana

(Age 9)

THE FARMER

The farmer's life is different somehow from that of the hairdresser, factory-workers, taxi-men and all the others who are working away at their tasks in the noisy town.

The farmer's life is a much quieter life. I knew a man named Eddie Macdonald - the nicest farmer I ever met on my visit to Yorkshire. He was almost a giant, long arms with muscles that bulged and big legs too. I went to help Eddie on the farm one day, because his assistant was ill. I went at six o'clock in the morning and, finding no-one at the cottage, I hurried into the yard where he was busily feeding the hens. "Ah, Johnny", he said to me, "help me with the geese and get the eggs; it should be a good lay". When we had finished the poultry he said to me, "We will milk the cows". Now he went into a barn and brought out two pails. It was lucky I learnt to milk a cow when I was at college and now I was going to perform the task. After that we fed the goats and milked them. It was surprising how time had passed and it was lunch time already. After a lunch of cold chicken followed by cheese Eddie ploughed the fields to grow grain. This took till teatime and I was very hungry. For tea we had a big lump of fish and then more cheese: then I went home to my cottage after an enjoyable day.

John (Age 10)

THE OLD MAN

Who's the old man that plays in the street
 With his hair so long and no shoes on his feet.
 Where does he come from?
 And where does he go?
 I think he lives by a river I know
 In a house that's so old that it shouldn't
 be there.
 It's roof is all rotten and rooms are quite
 bare.
 I feel so sorry for the poor old man
 His back is so humped that I can't see his
 face.
 And he wanders around to any old place.

Gabrielle

(Age 12)

QUIT

The stillness of the blossom
 The shine of the leaves
 The twigs stir slowly
 Amid the shadows of the trees.

Amina (Age 10)

DARK

The moment 'dark' is mentioned I think of the lights in a town. Houses with lights showing in the windows, and suddenly going out as a child is put to bed. Then late at night all the lights are out, except street lamps which stay on all night. In large towns and cities people come back from going to the theatre, or after having an outing, - the coloured lights on factories, flashing on and off.

When it is dark, all cars have their headlights switched on. I like to be in a car going down hill, in the dark. On a busy road you can see all the red rear lights of the cars ahead of you. You can also see the plain headlights coming towards you, and nearly blinding you. Cats' eyes shine a greeny colour in the night, and sometimes give people a terrible fright.

In the dark queer shapes form. The moon shining through trees, making them cast eery shadows. The fox and badger creep out of their dens, to hunt rabbits or steal the farmer's hens. Rabbits sit outside their burrows, and wash themselves in the moonlight.

As I lie in bed, at night, I hear the gentle breathing of my brother. My elder brother creeps by our door as he goes to bed. The light shines under the door, making the desk cast an eery shape on the wall. I can tell whose footsteps are whose as my parents walk across the landing. I hear all the noises outside of owls hooting and cars passing by. As I lie in bed I think over the events of the day, and remember how a quarrel started, and what happened. Then I drift off to sleep, regardless of the noises outside.

Anne (Age 12)

A SNOWY NIGHT

Silent snow is on the land,
 Calm and sleepy, as if a great hand
 Had sprinkled sleep among the trees.
 Who would dare to tread upon
 The smooth white snow that has fallen there?
 The tangled twigs of the silver birch,
 The shadows that darken the white, white snow.
 What hand? What snow
 Has whitened the land?
 Who has sprinkled snow upon the land?

Charlotte (Age 8)

TOOTHBRUSHES

John and Jane Blackett just would not brush their teeth. Mrs. Blackett could buy pink toothbrushes, blue toothbrushes, green toothbrushes, toothbrushes in the shape of rockets or motor cars, but nothing - I say NOTHING - would induce John and Jane Blackett to brush their teeth. There the toothbrushes would sit in their bright blue mugs in the bathroom, and there, in the bright blue mugs in the bathroom they would stay, until Mrs. Blackett reminded her children, with a smack on the hand, that they were to be used. Even after they had been reminded, John and Jane nearly always pretended that they had forgotten, and every time they went to the dentist they had lots of fillings and teeth to be taken out. So take my advice and clean your teeth every morning and evening.

Philipa (Age 12)

THE WRECKED SHIP

Crashing, dashing through the storm,
 Dashed upon the rocks she lay.
 Shattered and tattered there she lay.
 The rocks were gloomy, and cliffs were steep,
 There she lay for ever to sleep.
 The sea was dark, the sea was deep.

John (Age 8)

PIANO AND MUSIC

I started learning the piano at my Aunt's when I went to stay with her last year. I was very interested in music and wanted to learn very much, so my Aunt started to teach me and gave me the book.

When I went home I missed being taught, but when my Aunt came to see us she would hear me play what I had practised.

My Mummy arranged that I should have a music lesson every Thursday at 5.30 p.m. and I enjoy it very much.

I got my love of music from my father who has a gramophone and plays it persistently when he is home from work, but I still enjoy sitting and listening to it even though he plays it so loudly!

For my interest I naturally need a piano and music books. We have a very old piano that plays rolls of music by pressing pedals, but at least it is a piano and is better than nothing.

I am very fond of Beethoven and Daddy has a lot of his music.

Elaine (Age 9)

A FARM LABOURER WALKING HOME IN THE DUSK

It had been a hard day's work. He started across the fields to his house. It was a silent night - not a sound except for the squelching of mud beneath his feet. The sun made a crimson glow over the tops of the trees. All the wood was quiet except for the dripping of water and a rustling of leaves as a snake slipped by.

He had a few miles to go and was not in a hurry. Dusk was coming quickly and the gathering gloom made ghostly shadows across his path. He made his way across a small brook by way of a tree trunk. He skirted a wood and made across the fields to a small lane.

The lane was overgrown with brambles and flowers. There had been somebody down there lately it was plain to see. Some black clouds touched with red rolled across

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the sky and the stars began to appear. The moon shone through the darkening sky. He had not far to go. Now he heard an owl hoot, chasing some prey. He could now see his house and he quickened his pace. The lights shone merrily on the dark countryside.

Peter

(Age 12)

THE POTATO

If the onion befriends man the potato sustains him. People take this great vegetable far too much for granted. Was there not chaos in the potato famine of 1954? This just shows that potatoes are the pedestal of the everyday British meal.

When treated properly this unjustly underrated food becomes a delicacy. A large King Edward baked in his jacket with cheese melted over his top makes one of the most delicious meals known to man. While new potatoes eaten warm with plenty of butter melted round them can be eaten alone with the very greatest of enjoyment. Without this king of vegetables no Sunday dinner is complete, for not only does he form the main part of the meal but also the most enjoyment.

Although he is now the most widely eaten food in England he is not a native of this country. Some people say that he arrived through the hands of Hawkins, but I consider it far more likely that the great Raleigh brought this still greater vegetable to England.

Steven

(Age 12)

HOW THE PANTHER GOT HIS COAT

In the deep, dark, dreary jungle in the tropical heart of Africa, lived a panther. Panthers are sly, shy creatures and this panther was extraordinarily sly and shy and he lived in the deepest, darkest, and dreariest shadows of the jungle.

All the animals of the jungle, the tiger, the zebra and the giraffe laughed at him though they didn't laugh

too loud when he was near, because he kept in the shadows. "Such a magnificent fellow, with your shining white coat should come out and show yourself. If you don't look out the shadows will like you so much that they will stick to you for life!" They did not mean this, of course, but the panther in his shadows felt very miserable indeed and decided that he would just show those animals.

So he stayed in those shadows for days on end without ever moving, and all through days of drought and days of flood he sat there and grinned. Then one typical tropical day he emerged from his shadows and bounded unnoticed to the nearest drinking pool and gazed with wondering eyes at a coal-black beauty of a panther in the pool. So he gave a jump in the air, turned round three times in the process and bounded off to his astonished tormentors.

And from that day to this all panthers have the shadows of the deep, dark, dreary jungle attached to them.

Katharine (Age 11)

KNITTING

One of my favourite hobbies is knitting. I started when I was five, my Grandmother taught me how. When my sister and brother went to a party I was all alone with my Grandmother so she taught me then. When my father came home I presented him with a very thin and holy scarf.

Since then I have knitted myself a jumper, a cap and a whole lot of other things. I can knit about five different stitches. The jumper is a little big for me but I can wear it. There is also a cap, and a pair of mittens and a scarf to go with it, but I have not knitted those yet.

For Grannie's birthday I have knitted her a red and white hot-water-bottle cover. It took me quite a long time to make but I enjoyed it. Now I am going to knit a stuffed dog for my brother.

Susan (Age 10)

MOUNTAINS

Mountains are magnificent things;
 The Himalayas, "Abode of Snow",
 All glistening white while the sun shines
 Brightly upon the trees, flowers and scenery.

The Alps with forests,
 Mountains not high, not low.
 Skiers dancing down,
 Sliding through the woods and whiteness.
 Rocks, crags and snow-capped peaks
 Which dazzle the climbers;
 The sun still shining here with all its brightness.

The Andes and Rockies of America,
 Rock, dust, crags, dirt,
 Nothing but bare, barren world.
 But on mountains, rocks, dust, crags, dirt
 Mean much. Andes and Rockies are beautiful
 In their own special way.
 Their rocky crests are high,
 And lie looking forlorn always, night and day.

The British mountains low, good for walking,
 Cambrian, Cumbrian, Highlands, Pennines,
 Lakeland district, high, rocky, dangerous and splendid,
 The Lakes, beautiful with spring scenery enclosing them,
 Inns in the valleys there.

New Zealand's 'Southern Alps' with highish snowy
 Mountains - but Everest,
 Everest, Godwin-Austen, Kanchenjunga
 Not many men to assail would dare.
 Mountains are magnificent things.

Nicholas

(Age 11)

SPRING

One day when the sky was high
 And the grass was green
 I loved to watch the rising sun
 And the trees were very green
 A shower of primroses came scattering down
 On the shining grass.
 The very lovely flowers came out
 And daffodils were small and stout.

Michael

Janet

, Sarah

and Richard

(All aged 7)

THE GHOSTS

With a ghostly hush
Of phantom feet,
The ghosts come drifting
Down the street.

The hollow eyes,
The shrouded head,
The rattling bones,
Which long have been dead.

The clank of chains,
The creak of bones,
Accompanied by their
Wailing groans.

When morning comes,
And dawn is seen,
Away the ghosts!
With eerie scream.

Jacquetta (Age 9)

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELSPETH KINNEIR

I was born in 1945 in a tiny cottage hospital near Bath. My father was still in the army, and did not see me till I was at least six months old. When he came home we moved to a flat in Cheshunt and my father became a designer. We had a little garden at the back of the flat which Mother and Daddy tended with great care. When I was two weeks old we went to London and I had my first picnic in a turnip field. When I was twenty-one months old I had a brother called Ross. While Mother was looking after him Daddy took me to Devon to stay with Granny and Grandpa; they lived in a house high on Exmoor.

When I was just two we all went to live in a very big Landing Craft in the river Thames. I had to learn to be very sure-footed because instead of a front path we had a gangplank. The boat called Pike was moored in a very pretty place among willow trees. On the lake were dinghys and we learnt to row. We also had swans and moorhens. My youngest brother was born while we lived on the boat. He was called Oliver.

When I was nearly three I went to Harrods and there I

had my first ice cream. The waiter brought the ice in a very elaborate glass cup and put it on a high table; the ice had a long spoon. I looked at it for a long time and then stretched up to it to take a little on the end of my spoon, and then said thoughtfully, "Very.... cold....for....Ebbly".

Elsbeth (Age 11)

OUR DIET

When I was in the navy
 We all ate nothing but gravy.
 When we went to Bahamas
 We all ate Bananas.
 When we went to Mauritius
 They tasted very delicious.
 When we went to Crete
 We fed ourselves on wheat.
 At the Bay of Biscay
 We drank a gallon of whisky.
 When we came to Dover
 We felt quite sober.

Tommy (Age 11)

THE COVENANT

In the year 1633 King Charles I and Archbishop Laud came up here to Scotland. They visited the churches and then travelled round the country-side. Afterwards when they were back in their own country they sent up a prayer book, very like the English book. One Sunday we heard that the Bishop and the Dean were going to use it in St. Giles. It was a summer morning and we dressed in our best, which was not much, and went and sat in our mistresses places till the sermon came. When the Dean began to read the prayers (and what prayers they were!) we all jumped to our feet and shouted. One woman, Jenny Geddes, picked up a stool and tried to throw it at the Bishop. We all were furious, and quite rightly too, and Dean and Bishop could not make us quiet so we were turned out. In the pushing outside I tore my dress and had to

save up for months. It was a lovely dress. A few weeks later we gathered together and signed a parchment which had written on it a promise to defend our religion. The Grey Friars and all the nobles, gentlemen and ministers signed it and then us, the ordinary citizens and poor folk. It even went round to different parts of Scotland.

Marior (Age 12)

DEVON

As I think back,
 My mind wanders to thoughts of Devon.
 That farm, with the nuzzling cows,
 Sleeky cats, warmly sheep,
 And the old rat home -
 The dusty straw loft.
 That cider press,
 The barn filled with barrels of refreshing cider.
 Golden wheat fields being gathered by large red
 machines;
 Cartfuls of hay, empty milk churns;
 Monty the collie,
 Roger the spaniel:
 That fiercesome bull
 Who stands mournfully in the muddy field.
 And above all, the dew-decked lanes
 Lined with glossy berries and blooms.
 I also see myself walking down these lanes;
 Listening to merry chirps of a cricket
 Or the repeated song of a mother thrush.

Angela (Age 11)

THE OLD GATEKEEPER LOOKS BACK

"Oh that was a shocking business that was. All right then. I'll tell you.

What I heard from Angus was like this. Macbeth was out on the moors and an old woman comes up to him and says to him that he is going to be king. So when Duncan sleeps at his castle he murders him. Horrible!

Then as I am eating by supper there is a terrible knocking at the south door and in comes Masters Macduff and Lennox and finds the king dead. Well, the old woman also said, according to Angus, that my Lord Banquo was to be father of a king. So then Macbeth kills Banquo. Horrible! Well, Macduff goes off to Britain to raise an army and then Macbeth murders my Lady Macduff and all her children. Horrible! Horrible! Then in a battle he kills young Siward, the British prince. And then Lady Macbeth dies of a guilty conscience. Serves her right too. Then Macduff kills Macbeth and Malcolm becomes king. Horrible! Horrible!

Sebastian

(Age 13)

VISITING THE PINK PALACE

When I was a little girl I lived in a little village named Kuala Kangsar. The Pink Palace was facing the Perak River that runs through the village. It was set in a beautiful garden with red and orange bouganvillia, red and yellow cannas, and red hibiscus. Down below it flowed the silver river. The Palace itself was built of pink marble. The domes were gilded and shone dazzlingly in the tropical sun. It looked more like a fairy palace than a real one.

In the Palace there lived the Sultan of Perak, his first wife who was called the Raja Perempuan, his children, his grandchildren, and all his servants. There were at least fifty of them. The Sultan usually wore a velvet cap called a sonkok, on special occasions he wore a pointed head-dress made of folded cloth. The Sultan always wore silk clothes, and on all state occasions they were yellow. When he went out of his palace, he always had a servant following and carrying a yellow umbrella, with yellow tassels, over his head.

Sometimes I used to go and have tea with the Raja Perempuan in the Palace. I used to sit on a slippery yellow chair next to her. It was rather difficult trying to speak to her in Malay. She used always to smoke cigarettes, and the smoke used to get in my eyes and make them water, but I didn't dare get out my handkerchief. The Raja Perempuan used to make crystallised papaya in the shape of baskets and fishes, to give to me. The baskets even had handles. One day when I had been to the Palace, she gave me the silver bowl in which the crystallised

fruits had been. I was very pleased and I have it still. She was rather bald and wore a silk scarf over her head.

At the back of the Palace, in the garden, there was a little outhouse. In it lived a porcupine. I used to love to watch it stretch out its quills. It had been found in the Palace gardens.

When I first saw the Sultan's Palace, the thing I liked about it was that it was pink, so I always called it the Pink Palace. Its real name was the Istana Iskanduriah.

Carolyn (Age 10)

The following children left, or are leaving, from the Fourth Forms at Ibstock Place during the year 1956 - 1957

July 1956 (in addition to those in last year's magazine)

James for Leighton Park
Merlin for St. Paul's
Jeremy for King's School, Canterbury
Martin for Merchant Taylors'

December 1956

Sally for Wentworth School, Bournemouth
Susan for Queen Anne's, Caversham
Virginia (with a scholarship) for Bedales
Graham for Davies's

April 1957

Helen for Manor House, Bookham
Sebastian for Westminster

July 1957

Anne for Cranborne Chase
Deborah for Bedales
Sally for the Mount, York
Philippa for Benenden

THANKS

The thanks of present and past Froebelians go most especially to Miss Enriquez who has found time in her busy teaching life to be our typographer and printer once more. This work takes much time and thought and it is due to her that our magazine is so pleasant to look at.

We also thank the Magazine Committee - Miss Duncan, Miss Gray, Miss Thornton, Mr. Wood and Mrs. Denny - for selecting material, and Mrs. J. Fletcher for binding it for us.

OBITUARY

John James who died in May 1956 was a pupil of this school from 1922 to 1929. Into a short life of 34 years he drew much happiness and success. The sort of happiness which brimmed over and infected all who knew him.

At the Upper Latymer School he was Vice Captain of School, Captain of Football, and Vice Captain of Cricket.

He got his English Tripos at St. Catherine's, Cambridge, and returned to the Upper Latymer to teach while awaiting his call to be an R.A.F. pilot. Later he was mentioned in despatches and recommended for the D.F.C.

After the war he was Medical Records Officer at Addenbrooks Hospital, Cambridge, and later Assistant Secretary to the examining board. He had just won an excellent appointment when a short illness ended his life here. He leaves a memory of a quiet confident boy who knew well how to co-operate at an early age, and who lived this life fully and well.

OLD FROEBELIANS

Dear O.F's,

LETTER FROM MISS BREARLEY

I am very much hoping to see more of you during this next year. You will, I know, understand how busy I have been getting to know the College first but I am now beginning to know the School. In a way I felt I did know it because I have known Miss Priestman for such a long time. She will have told you about her new adventure and I know you will all enjoy it with her in the same way as she has enjoyed your adventures with you. What a lot you will have to tell each other when she comes back! We can none of us imagine the School without her. Indeed the School never will be without her. I don't need to tell you how much of herself she has put into the School and how much she has given to you and to all of us at College. And now she is off on an adventure we must let her go happily, taking our love and good wishes with her.

Miss Macleod as a friend of hers and of the College will not seem strange to you; I am sure she will welcome you all to the school and count on your support. I rather think that the best gift we could make to Miss Priestman would be help and loyalty to her successor. As we all know well, Miss Priestman always wants the best things for other people and never for herself.

Yours sincerely,

M. Brearley.

Dear Old Froebelians,

LETTER FROM MISS BAIN

I am sure the first words I write must be words of gratitude, the gratitude which all O.F's must feel towards Miss Priestman for the years of loyal and sympathetic service in our great little school. Then, of our good wishes for every happiness and success in the few months of relaxation and re-creation and for the new adventure in education which she has so wisely and courageously undertaken.

There are some O.F's who have not known Miss Priestman personally but all will remember the difficult dangerous years during which she carried on an evacuated school, adding boarders to her responsibilities, and they will remember how she brought it back, not to the old drab building in Colet Gardens, but to the lovely and gracious Ibstock Place. I wish all O.F's could see how in these

green gardens the school has flowered.

Many have seen this flowering, and proudly. They have seen changes and respected them. Some can look back through the changes of three or even four headmistresses, each one different, and through all the years see that a tradition is being passed on. This is not a static tradition but one with an ever forward movement.

Do O.F's realise that it is they who are responsible for this tradition, for its continuity and its strength? Surely they are the links in the chain of the past, the present, and through their loyalty and enthusiasm, the future.

I hope that many O.F's will come to the summer meeting, to wish Miss Priestman God-speed and to welcome Miss Macleod.

Ethel M. Bain.

Old Froebelians' Meetings.

The Summer Meeting of the Old Froebelian Society was held on July 14th. 1956 at Ibstock Place. Unfortunately it was a very wet day and the cricket match between the fathers and the First Eleven had to be cancelled. However we all enjoyed playing indoor cricket, and spent a very happy afternoon with O.F's and present pupils.

The Winter Meeting was held on January 12th. 1957. The business meeting was held after the usual wonderful tea prepared by Miss Stainsby. Miss Priestman took the chair and the following members of the Committee were re-elected:- Daphne Edwards, Enid Lysons, Muriel Stazicker, Derek Coleman Smith and Michael Halford. Dulcie Rawle and Michael Dew were unable to stand again and Valerie Hamilton, Piers Banks and Tim Scalchi were elected. The Officers of the Committee were re-elected unopposed. Miss Priestman then told us that she would be retiring at the end of the summer term after twenty three and a half years with the school. She gave a vivid and amusing account of these years and Mr. Steele, on behalf of all O.F's, thanked her for the wonderful way in which she had helped the O.F's Society. The meeting ended with Twenty Questions and the party disbanded at 6 p.m.