

1986

SCHOOL  
MAGAZINE



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

M A G A Z I N E - 1 9 6 6LETTER FROM MISS MACLEOD

1966 is a sad year for Ibstock Place because at the end of the summer term Miss Duncan will retire from the Staff on which she has served since 1933. Elsewhere in this issue Miss Priestman has written at length about Miss Duncan's special contribution to the school, but I know she will forgive me if I add my own brief tribute for no-one will feel Miss Duncan's departure as keenly or as deeply as I shall.

Throughout the nine years since I first made a tentative beginning here she has supported me with her knowledge, her sympathy, her serenity, her wisdom, her humour and her liberality, and, above all, with her friendship. Hardly a day has gone by when I have not said, "I must ask Miss Duncan about that," and when she has not helped to unravel a difficult tangle or to suggest the right course of action in a problematic situation. It is often said that no-one is indispensable and, in a sense, this must be true, but there are some people whose qualities are unique and Miss Duncan is one of these. To know her is both a privilege and a delight.

Another member of Staff of long standing, Mr. Murray, left us at Christmas and Mr. Scrivens who took a temporary post with Form I in September left in the Spring. His place for the Summer term was taken by Mrs. Coomes who is holding the fort until Miss Appleyard's return from the College Diploma Course in September. Miss Triggs left at Christmas to get married and Miss Connie Stuart is now working with the Lower Kindergarten. Miss Gillian Bailey joined the Staff in a temporary capacity in January and soon became so much at home that she is to stay on permanently in September. Mr. Trevor Clare, a former pupil, will complete the Staff in the Autumn when he takes over the French.

The topography of Clarence Lane seems likely to change once again as the Greater London Council creeps up on us. The old site of Primrose House next door to the school, and long an unofficial adventure play-ground for the children of the neighbourhood, has now been acquired by the Council and men are already working there and have felled all the great elms which had bordered the lane and helped to make it so leafy. These old rugged trees were rotten and dangerous but it seems strange and bare without their dignified presence. New flats are likely to appear shortly and we hope the architects will show the same imagination which has been demonstrated elsewhere on the Roehampton estate.

So things go on changing but I like to think that the essential spirit which was at the heart of this school when it first came into being is still there and that all old Froebel pupils may still return and find refreshment from Ibstock Place.

Sheila Macleod

## SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

2

### THE PALACE OF WESTMINSTER

On the 15th July, 1965 we went to the Houses of Parliament.

Mr. Ryle, who was working with the Committee for Nationalised Industries, showed us round.

The oldest part of the buildings is Westminster Hall, which was built by William Rufus in 1099. The rest of the old Houses of Parliament were destroyed by fire. We were shown in the Lords' Library where we saw the death warrant of Charles I, which was signed by Oliver Cromwell. We went into the House of Commons and saw the place where Harold Wilson sits. We also went into the House of Lords.

On many of the walls were carvings of the Tudor Rose and pictures of Kings and Queens. We followed the route which the Queen takes when she opens Parliament each year. We saw the door that the Queen's Messenger Black Rod hammers on. We saw the statues of famous statesmen, such as Gladstone and Pitt. We spent an enjoyable two hours. At 12 o'clock Mr. Ryle had to leave us and we left the building.

Harry

Upper IV

### TRANSITION SCIENCE EXPERIMENTS

1. We did experiments, Gavin, Hamish, Christian, Stephen and I and we burned a hole in the top of a long, big cardboard box because it was easier and quicker than cutting it. We made some paper smoulder at one end and the smoke came straight up out of the hole. It went straight up. It wasn't windy.

Wilkie

2. I put paint in a little plastic jar, water and little pieces of paper and then I put 2 wax crayons and then I put some salt and glue. Everything mixed but the wax. There wasn't much of a smell but it was a lovely colour.

James

3. Do you know how to make water come up inside a jar?

Have a saucer full of water - then you light a candle and put it in the saucer and very carefully you put a jam jar over it. Wait a minute or so and then the light goes out and the water starts going up inside the jar. It's most interesting to watch.

Hamish

### OUR VISIT TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY

We liked the choir stalls best. Behind them were lovely glittering gold arches. We saw men putting gold leaf on these parts. Each man had a small booklet and he picked out little gold leaves with tweezers. Then he patted the gold on to the arches with a tiny palette so that he did not touch the gold with his fingers. There was a lovely lacy kind of arch at the end of the choir stalls and blue, red and gold had been painted on it.

C. Dalglish,  
C. Lovell, Form III

### OUR FAIR

Everybody in Form III had a Save the Children Fund Fair to raise money to go to the Pak Jong Ook Family in Korea. First we acted two plays called "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight" and the "Pig that Could Whistle".

After that we had lots of stores that you could buy things at like sweets, tins of food and cakes.

If you wanted to, you could play games. In one game you had to push model cars down a ramp. The cars landed on different numbers and then you kept your score. In another one you had to see how many different things you could pick up with Japanese chopsticks.

We made Twenty Pounds for the Korean family.

F. de Alberdi,  
N. Livingston, Form III

### GEOLOGY

Every Friday, for the first part of term, we went up to College to work with the students. There we could do The Ice Age, Fossils, Rock Identification and Volcanoes.

In the Volcano Group they were making a volcano and when they had finished the model, they called us to see how a volcano worked. Nicholas got some vinegar and some baking powder, put them both in a bottle and put a cork on it. Then we shook it up. About one minute later the cork shot up and landed about two feet away.

In the Fossil and Rock Identification Groups there was a pot of acid which we used to experiment with. We put a little acid on a stone and if it fizzed, we could call the stone Lime-stone.

David Connick,  
Charles Silverlight, Form III

MAKING A FLAY

We decided to do a play, which in the end turned out to be "Bedknobs and Broomsticks". But before we did this (and it took a long time to think of) everyone had run out of ideas. We even had auditions for one about Mary Tudor and Queen Elizabeth. For the audition you had to bow down with a sweeping curtsey and say some dramatic words. No-one could stop laughing at this. So in the end we had to abandon the idea. Then suddenly Fiona came up with the brilliant idea, "Why not do "Bedknobs and Broomsticks"? Everyone agreed at once. We decided to do the cannibal chapter. The story is of three children and Miss Price who, with the help of a magic bedknob, fly on a bed to a sunny island, where they are caught and nearly eaten by cannibals. But Miss Price turns the witch doctor into a frog. They jump on Miss Price's broomstick and land on the bed, which is floating on the sea. Paul turns the magic bedknob and they arrive at home. Miss Price flies out of the window on her broomstick and the children get into trouble because of the wet eiderdown.

Stephanie

Form III

ART EXHIBITION

On Wednesday 9th March we went up to College to see an art exhibition. First we went into a room which had lots of tie dyes. They were very good. The students had even tried them on paper. They could only do proper ones on tissue paper because on ordinary paper they would not fold. There was also a loom and a student was threading it up. Some of the students had been making paper out of rags. (It was their first try so the paper was rather flimsy). After that we went up to the studio. There we saw some metal and bits of paper stuck on to hardboard. There was a very nice one, which was made out of things like net and wood, then blue and green paint was sprayed on which looked like the sea. There were lots of other things, such as sticking nails on to a piece of straw board and sculpture with bits of bicycle (it did not look much to me!) and chairs at odd angles on top of each other. We all enjoyed ourselves and were given lots of ideas.

Teresa

Camilla

Lower IV

CHRISTMAS CAROL

The school was giving a play festival. Our class was doing "Christmas Carol" by Charles Dickens. I was to provide the costumes. First of all we had to read the book because hardly any of us knew the full story. It seemed quite a good story to act, but how were we to produce the ghosts, particularly Marley's because it says in the book that he was nearly transparent? In the end it was decided that the only way was to make them solid and to have a narrator to explain the things we could not express in our acting, and most of the parents thought it was good.

Toby

Lower IV

THE FILM UNIT

It was on March 15th when we went to see the Film Unit. The film was called Fahrenheit 451. Some of it was being made on a car park, in the Roehampton Estate. The film was about the year 2,000. Our form went to see it twice. There were many lights there, and men were putting up false bushes so that they hid the cars in the car park. There was a fire engine which was very strange; the firemen were dressed in a very strange manner. The second time we went, there were a few men with cameras taking photographs of a fireman holding a flamethrower. I saw a picture of the Director of the film in the newspaper. His name is Francois Truffant; he is a famous French Director. The main characters of the film are Anton Diffring, Julie Christie and Oscar Werner.

Patrick  
Teresa

Lower IV

NEWS FROM THE ART ROOM

I liked the "Modern art" we did. I got my brush and put it on top of the painting and it started dripping. Then I turned it round and did the same and it formed a criss-cross pattern.

I liked it better when it was wet because the drops of paint were glistening and stood out.

Jackie

Remove

I like drawing portraits and roses. When I drew some roses I got some paper and put some glue on it and spread it thickly on the paper and then covered the paper with mauve, pink and red. Then with cardboard combs designed my rose pattern.

Catherine

Remove

I like Pottery best. I made an ash tray which is fairly small, which has a hole at one end for the cigarette. It made it on the wheel. I found the wheel was rather difficult at first - the foot pedal would keep getting stuck.

Melaine

Remove

## A VISIT TO THE BONNARD EXHIBITION

I went to the Bonnard Exhibition and my first thought - "oh what a bore!" - but I decided to make the best of it and take a good look round before I left.

I found it was very interesting to see how Bonnard had developed his work. It started when he drew his pictures just by making the round outline of the figure he was drawing. He painted many pictures of his wife in the bath. The reason that he painted so many pictures of his wife in the bath was that she enjoyed bathing and he could see the effect of the fantastic colours and painted them.

I feel that he expressed himself mainly through colours more than drawing the details. Bonnard also painted many beautiful pictures of landscape in France. In many of his pictures he used purple, red and black. He did a very good yellow picture of his wife. He really made great use of colour.

David

Remove

## NEEDLEWORK

Monday is the day when the seniors have their own choice: whether they would like to do Art, Design, Music, Needlework or Woodwork. Ten girls chose Needlework as their choice taken by Miss Housby our Needlework teacher. At first Miss Housby asked us to make small things and then gradually we were allowed to make anything we would like. Some children made hand-puppets, suits, dresses, nighties and pyjamas, cushions with embroidered covers and one of us made an eiderdown for her dog! In Needlework now we have two hand machines and one electric, which was given to us by the Upper IV girls as a leaving present. This term a steam iron arrived for us to use. We find needlework a very enjoyable and creative afternoon hobby.

Fila

Deborah

Middle IV

## FOOTBALL

Whenever we start a match, in about the first minute we are nearly always one goal down. I think it's because we are all a bit nervous.

I think in all our matches we have scored all our goals in the second half. We always have a tremendous finish.

We have lots of accurate passes, and, once the ball is in our opponents' half, we nearly always score.

Here are the matches which we have played last term and this term.

Won	Last term	Home,	Ibstock,	9 - 1	Sheen Gate
Lost		"	"	3 - 5	Roehampton Gate
Lost	Junior team	"	"	2 - 6	Roehampton Gate
Won		"	"	5 - 0	Glengyle
Won		"	"	8 - 2	Sheen Gate
Won		"	"	6 - 1	Glengyle
Won	This term	Away	"	3 - 1	Mortlake
Won		Home	"	5 - 1	Glengyle
Lost		Home	"	0 - 2	Roehampton Gate
Lost	Junior team	Home	"	1 - 4	Roehampton Gate

The Ibstock football team

G.

I. Sachs

R.B.

N. Ryle

L.B.

G. Leibschner

R.H.

C. Shorvon

C.H.

S. French

L.H.

F.R. Cobb

R.W.

M. Dinnage

I.R.

L. Berne (Capt.)

C.F.

C. Breeze

I.L.

S. Cox

L.W.

S. Instone

Laurence Bernes, Upper IV

NETBALL

We had very good netball matches. We won nearly all of them but the Junior second team lost a match against St. Paul's Junior School.

The morning before the Seniors played against Rowan Hill, there was ice all over the netball court. We were very disappointed about this, because if ice was still on the netball court the match would have had to be played in the gym. So the senior girls in the Upper IV spent all their spare time scraping the ice off. We managed to clear the ice off in time for the match. We had a lovely game and tea, but unfortunately we lost the match.

We had a very good netball match against the mothers and the staff.

Lily

Carolyn

Upper IV



NETBALL RESULTS

Putney High	1 team	Won:
Mother's match		Won:
St. Paul's	2 teams	Won 1st    Lost 2nd:
Rowan Hill		Lost
Mortlake County		Won:

---

Mortlake County		Won:
St. Paul's	2 teams	Won:
Putney High School	2 teams	Won:
Staff Match		Won:
Rowan Hill		Won:

BASKETBALL

The basketball club has had a very enjoyable and successful season. The club meets every Tuesday after school, and we do shooting and passing as well as having practice games.

We have played against The Royal Ballet School and, although our first team has only three girls and theirs has all boys, we usually managed to beat them.

When the girls played the boys the first time, the boys won 18 - 8 (with Mr. Green helping them!), but the second time they were thoroughly beaten - Girls 28, Boys 6.

Basketball is a new game to us this year.

Lily

Upper IV

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM THE SCHOOL

THE VILLAGE AT NIGHT

The village at night is eerie, and the old timber and plaster seem to be staring at you. The death-black night, sprinkled with shimmering stars, is looking down on you from its perch in the Heavens. The only noise is that of the brook, rippling its way between the two banks, choking, gurgling, gasping. The cobbled street, slimy from hours of fog and damp, seems to form figures that jump and dance until they gradually dwindle back to cobbles again. That mysterious figure, he seems to come out of the tree and then go back again, slowly mixing into the shroudy mist. A sudden dong brings you back to your senses. One o'clock. The figures are gone. The staring eyes from the sky are no more.

M. Dinnage, Middle IV

THE QUARREL

Thick and fast come out the words like a mountain ledge.

Rough and smooth as they fall, to die, but not to be forgotten, come out the words.

The quarrel goes on, hard and soft come out the words.

Black and white the words come out, but still the quarrel goes on.

Andrew Remove

THE RABBIT TWINS

Mrs. Rabbit lived in a sandy burrow in the forest. One morning Mrs. Rabbit came out of the burrow, sat up blinking at the sun and began to wash her face. Suddenly two pairs of bright eyes appeared; two soft brown bodies followed. They were the rabbit twins; they had bright black eyes and soft bob tails and long silky ears. They sniffed around and nibbled the green buds but they did not like it much. They hopped over to their mother for their breakfast of warm milk; it tasted very nice. Mrs. Rabbit looked at them with loving eyes, she thought they were the most beautiful twins in the whole of the green forest. Then she had her breakfast, nibbling the tender green shoots and sweet grass. The twins' names were Bobtail and Velvet. They began to look around, staring up at the big trees and the blue sky. They heard running water and their mother began to hop towards it. The water was cool and clear; yellow and brown stones covered the sandy bed and a small waterfall splashed over the rocks. Velvet squeaked with fright when she saw the water, but Bobtail went near for a drink like he had seen his mother. It was their first day in the big world.

Louise

Form II

FIRE

Flickering flames glowing in the darkness.  
Bright red, orange, yellow.  
Pricking up like waves.  
Logs piled high with flames licking out of them.  
I have a special feeling.  
The heat goes through me!  
The rough smokey feeling  
Is sending me to sleep.

Camilla

Lower IV

THE WHALE

People were hanging out washing and doing work. Some were even just looking at the reflection of the sun on the river, for it was a bright sunny day in the year 1240.

Suddenly there was a sound of feet on Old London Bridge and everyone went to their door to see what it was. It was a messenger and you could tell that he had been running a long way for he was all out of breath. "Th-there is a wh-whale coming up the r-river" he managed to say. He was all flustered with excitement.

The people stared at each other in surprise. "A whale and coming up the river to go under their bridge". For a moment everyone was too excited to even say a word.

Suddenly someone uttered a shout "Look!" and there, coming along, was the whale.

When the whale reached the bridge everyone thought that it would get stuck in the arches but it did not and it went up the river, minding its own business.

Soon it was caught and killed.

Pamela

Form III

THE GHOST SHIP

On Thursday on the afternoon tide, a small fleet of fishing vessels set out to sea.

They sailed into the setting sun until the land had disappeared.

The red sun had almost sunk below the horizon when the outline of a ship appeared.

As the fishing boats drew nearer, a chilly wind blew over the deck, and dark ugly clouds gathered overhead.

There were no lights on the strange vessel, nor did it seem to move.

A sudden flash of lightning showed up what seemed to be a skeleton of a ship, with one ghostly figure aboard.

Two of the fishing boats turned back.

The third vessel drew a little closer to the strange ship, The wind was howling now, and the waves menacing.

As the crew struggled to bring the net in, a monster wave hit the deck, and the men were swept overboard into the dark water.

The captain, now alone, tried to search for his mates, but there was no trace of them.

At last he decided to go back to port.

As the fishing boat turned, the lightning forked, to show the skeleton ship, and now there were four ghostly figures on the bridge.

As the lightning flashed again, he looked a second time, but the strange ship had vanished.

D. Brouwer,      Remove

WATER

Tasteless, scentless, colourless liquid.

Halfway state from steam to ice.

Colourless, tasteless, scentless compound.

Oxygen once, hydrogen twice.

Scentless, colourless, tasteless water.

Lakes, rivers, rain and tears.

Toby

Lower IV

THE TIGER

Slowly, crouching, hidden in bushes,  
 Creeping, crawling without sound,  
 Silently, slyly he pushes,  
 Sniffing, shuffling like a hound.

Suddenly he is as agile as a deer,  
 Leaping, running after his prey.  
 The underbrush beneath him shakes with fear,  
 His rippling strength never tires on the way.

Micheline

Upper IV

A LITTLE GIRL ENJOYING HERSELF

One day a little girl went for a walk.

Her Mother told her not to go too far because if she went too far, she would get lost - but she forgot. She went on and on, picking flowers and running about, and she got her dress a little muddy and she climbed lots of trees and threw leaves up in the air.

Soon she wanted to go back - but then she forgot which way she came, so she just wandered about. She didn't have any toys to play with and her dog had gone back sometime before, because he knew the way. Her Mother got very worried and told Daddy all about it when he came back. Then Daddy thought of an idea:

"If we send the dog out, he will lead us to where she is and bring her home" -

and this is what they did.

Victoria

Transition

F O G

I came out of the gate and looking down the street I could only just see the end. The lamp post seemed to be giving off a kind of luminous glow. There was a feel of damp moist coldness and a dank smell. Eventually I reached the car and began to drive down the street. The fog seemed to rush at the windscreen. My headlights were just a blur, they would not go forward, they just spread out at the sides. The next thing I knew I was down the road works pit at the end of our road. So no-one should drive in dense fog.

John

Remove

COLOURS

Red is the colour of my blood, blood comes out of me,  
 Blue is the colour of the sea, where boats speed away,  
 Boats speed away on the blue, blue sea,  
 Yellow is the colour of leaves in Autumn,  
 The leaves are yellow in Autumn.  
 Purple is the colour of one kind of paint,  
 Paint is sometimes purple.  
 Orange is the colour of an orange,  
 It is nice to eat and is orange.  
 Green is the grass where I play every day on the green, green grass.  
 Brown is the colour of bark on the tree,  
 Grey is the colour of rain clouds,  
 Rain clouds are grey.  
 White is the colour of sun clouds,  
 Sun clouds are white.  
 Black is the colour of a top hat,  
 A top hat is black.

Michael

Form II

ARE SIAMESE CATS?

Are Siamese cats  
 Very very fat?  
 No, our two cats  
 Are not too fat.

Are Siamese cats  
 Very very good?  
 No, our two cats  
 Always gobble our food.

Are Siamese cats  
 Always climbing trees?  
 No, our two cats  
 Are always sitting on our knees.

Are Siamese cats  
 Good at catching mice?  
 No, our two cats  
 Are far too nice.

Miranda

Lower IV

EVENING

The riverside lights were making rainbows on the water. Sea-gulls fluttered silently over the swiftly running river. The bell in the Park clanged a warning "Hurry, Hurry! Home!"

Conway

Form III

SPRING

The Spring has come. I like the Spring - birds sing, and green leaves come; the countryside is full of sound. The cows moo, the gates creak; the countryside is full of sound.

In country lanes tractors move. The countryside is full of sound.

Simon

Form I

THE MILL RACE AT CHATEAU FOUGERE

I heard a rushing, gushing noise.  
I hauled myself onto the rough, stone wall,  
Legs dangling, green slime down before me  
And I saw water foaming and spitting  
And rushing like huge sheets of glass,  
Stretching and distorting.  
It was fearful as it came pell mell  
Down onto the mill wheel.

Canilla

Lower IV

A STRANGE ENCOUNTER

In a small village next to a moor there lived a young woman about twenty years old. She had just been to see Mother Heberdeen, who had told her to keep away from the moor because many terrible things dwelt there.

The young woman, though, who was called Rebecca was very inquisitive. That night she was returning from another village and took a short cut across the moor. There was a full moon that night, but as she entered the moor the moon went behind a cloud and it suddenly became misty.

After walking for about twenty minutes she realised she was lost. In panic she started to run. She was not running long when she bumped into a man. Crying with joy, she asked him which way was home. As she asked, she looked at his face and it was a complete blank. He had no nose, eyes or mouth.

In terror she tore herself away from him and started running. Then she saw a coach. Jumping into it she saw a man looking out of a window in such a way that his face was hidden. She told him her story. As she came to the bit about the blank faces, the man turned and said, "Like mine".

Sasha

Form III

SEA

Over the mountains high  
Where the valleys lie,  
Lives the sea,  
With its powerful waves,  
Where many men have made their graves.

Over the mountains high  
Where the valleys lie,  
Live the mermaids of the sea,  
Who have golden hair and a mirror in which to see.

Over the mountains high  
Where the valleys lie,  
With its greed and hunger,  
Where people die,  
Lives the sea.

Joanna

Lower IV

NIGHT

The sky is as blue as the colour of my eyes,  
The stars are shining bright  
Like silver paper in electric light.

The trees are stag's horns  
Against the moon,  
They rattle like a sewing machine in the wind,  
Leaving shadowy pictures in my mind.

The moon is a lighthouse in the sea of the sky,  
The clouds are foaming round,  
But all this sea makes no sound.

Lily

Upper IV



THE ADVENTURE OF THE TALKING SNOWMAN

One cold day when Tom and James were playing with the snow, James said "Let's make a snowman".

"Yes, we will make a big one", said Tom, and started to make one. Next day it was made; it was a big one, it was about six feet high. It was the biggest Tom and James had ever made. They decided to put a stick for the mouth and stones for the eyes and another stick for the eyebrows and they put an old hat on his head and gave him a long stick. "It really looks like a fine snowman", James said, "it is big, let's call him Tim, shall we?"

"Let's" said Tom, but somebody else said "Yes".

"Did you say yes, Tom?" said James and looked alarmed.

"No", said Tom, "surely the snowman does not talk?" Then again they heard a voice say "Yes, let's call me Tim".

James said, "It is the snowman".

"Yes, it is me", said the snowman and started to move towards us saying "Come, follow me". Then James felt someone shake him; it was his mother, so he told her all about the snowman that he had dreamt about.

Masa-Atsu

Form II

A VIEW FROM MY DORMITORY WINDOW

As I lie in bed at night, I look out of my window and see the stars above. It is a beautiful sight.

I can just see the orchard now. As I look to the left, I can see the flats and yellow lights, which are from the rooms.

If I look straight down, I can see the dining room and through the window there is a speck of light - I see some plates and two spoons.

Jeremy

Form III

WAR

The bodies in the trenches, so much blood you cannot see the ground, that is what war is like. It is not glorious, but brutal and savage. It is not a game you play with toy weapons. It is very real. War is killing a man at close range, being killed, seeing your friend killed by a sniper's bullet. War is a man, blown to bits by a grenade, lying in a pool of blood. It is an army after a terrible battle, tortured beyond recognition. War is a horrible thing. It is the worst thing conjured up by man. In books it looks exciting, and there are lots of stories on war, and in these books the bad man always gets killed, and the good man gets away, but in real war a man who would normally not hurt anyone gets killed. Some people say war is glorious. Do you think it is?

John

Upper IV

THE STREAM

The stream flows down to the river, then down to the sea.  
 It flows like silk, down to the sea like silk.  
 The sun shines on the water like diamonds, like diamonds.  
 The water is new, fresh, silver and clean.  
 The banks are green, and full of dew.  
 The trees are in blossom, and the cuckoo is calling.

Andrew

Remove

WINTER SKIES

The sky is a grey blanket of air,  
 Large clouds float across it.  
 Suddenly, a cloud burst and rain came down.  
 I could see it shamelessly descending  
 Even before it reached the ground  
 Coming in a blank sheet of wetness.

In time, it passed away  
 Leaving a space in the dank sky  
 So another cloud stretched across and filled it in.  
 Like porridge in a bowl,  
 It seemed as though it would rain for ever  
 As it started again.

Katharine

Upper IV

A RUINED HOUSE

On the hill far away  
 Stands an old ruined house,  
 Whose windows are wrecked, and  
 Whose shutters are old.

Creak went the door as I walked in,  
 The lights didn't work: all was dark  
 And the floorboards squeaked,  
 As though they needed oil.

Part of the roof had fallen in,  
 There was mist on the hill  
 And through most of the house  
 It was getting dark in this ruined place  
 And I had to go home, but  
 Aah, The floor's gone from beneath me  
 And I'm falling, Aah!

Shirley

Upper IV

CAMBODIA

At night in Cambodia we sleep under a mosquito net, which is held up by a kind of fat stick in each corner. We don't need any blankets as it is so warm. Even so, it is cooler at night than in the daytime, so Cambodian people are always longing for the evenings.

At night-time people sit in their gardens with their family or friends, fanning themselves to get the mosquitoes away. They talk while their younger children go off to buy some ice. Some shops are open till eight or nine. Sometimes my brother and I cycle to the market, not far away, to buy some ice. That is the time I enjoy most - the evening.

Fila

Middle IV

NOISE

Down to the sea we went,  
 Down to the crashing noise,  
 Where the waves beat along the sand.  
 Down to a rock I went,  
 Down through the waters blue.  
 The noise got louder, louder and louder.  
 A shiver went down my spine.  
 The water got deeper, darker and darker,  
 Until it was over my knees.  
 Down to the sea we went,  
 Down to the crashing noise.

Louisa

Middle IV

A CAROL

In Bethlehem a Lord is born;  
 It happened on Christmas Day.  
 The angels told the shepherds so;  
 The wise men saw a star,  
 And came from far away.

Chorus    The babe was born in a stable  
           It happened on Christmas Day.

The shepherds adored the baby so  
 And the animals shared their straw.  
 The shepherds gave him gifts of love;  
 The sheep were still on the hills,  
 The lamb stayed quiet by the door.

          The babe was born in a stable  
           It happened on Christmas Day.

The wise men brought priceless gifts.  
 The first brought beautiful gold.  
 The frankincense the second brought;  
 The third brought myrrh for his grave.  
 The night was very cold.

          The babe was born in a stable  
           It happened on Christmas Day.

Christopher

Form I

JOHNNY AND HIS BOAT

One day there was a little man called Johnny. He wanted to have a ride in a boat - and so found the seaside and got in a boat which he found on the sand - and so he went off on the sea.

Unfortunately his boat didn't go off because the back was still stuck on the shore, but he didn't know this and he went on rowing away with nothing happening. He was so energetic rowing that the boat tipped over and to his surprise he found himself back on the beach again.

"Now" said Johnny, "I wonder how that happened".

Julian

Transition

### AN INCIDENT IN MY HOLIDAY

Through a motor accident my Father had two fractured ankles, and after being in bed for some time, he was allowed to go about in a wheel-chair. This wheel-chair was hired from the Red Cross, and was a very old one.

He wheeled himself into the garden, and into various rooms in the house, but this became very boring for him. One sunny afternoon when everyone was busy, my Father and I quietly disappeared through the front door, with me pushing the wheel-chair. We made good headway towards the river.

On the way we had to go up a slope, and as we reached the top, my Father asked me to take him down again because he wanted to throw a plum to the swans. Stupidly I went down the slope backwards, we gained speed and I said to my Father "Put on the brakes quickly, or we will both be in the river". He did, and we slowed down enough for me to get into a forward position but I could not push the wheel-chair up again. We found the reason, for my Father still had the brake on. At last we managed between us to get back home. It was a lovely afternoon and I will always remember it.

John

Remove

### THE SEA

The sea is often rough and foam splashes on the rocks. The sea is brooding up for a storm. It is raging and roaring and the fishermen hurry to pull their catch in. It is lashing and heaving and dark clouds show in the sky. Jagged rocks on the horizon make me think of the poor men who have been shipwrecked and have died.

But the sea can also be calm and instead of big waves splashing up on the rocks, little ripples splash up over the pebbles and there is not a gushing wind, but a breeze. This is the weather that the fishermen like, but in the silence of a coral lagoon, little sea creatures come out of their shells and eat.

Elizabeth

Form III

THIS WORLD

The breeze is light,  
 The day is bright,  
 The air is full of happiness,  
 I stand still, breathe in and think,  
 My eyes wander and stop  
 And watch a leaf flutter, flutter, flutter.  
 It comes down in golden beauty,  
 Then it lands and lies there with the old brown leaves.  
 No more is it a leaf .....

But No! The beauty of the trees, sky and world has not faded  
 And never shall.

Mark

Lower IV

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

The moon had guided me to the grand mansion. I was very curious to know if it was haunted, so I had slipped out of my bed when it was dark. My eyes made out a vague outline of the house and I tried to find the door. Then further up I saw a bridge which went over the moat. The bridge was an old one, I could see with my torch. Just as I got over, there was a loud cry. I swung my torch up and around but there was nothing. Then another cry startled me. I saw a large owl in one of the trees. I looked ahead, there was a long sort of passage, which went as far as the eye could see. As the end came there was an opening in a large number of rooms. On the floor something was stirring. I screamed only to find it was my dressing gown cord! I looked at the walls, which were smothered in pictures. There was one very stern looking picture of Sir Frances Drake. His eyes seemed to be following me everywhere I went. There was a strange junk shop of room with books, wood carvings, pottery and masses of wierd things. I found a life size man with armour on. I was getting so intrigued in all these things that I didn't notice a ghost gliding down the stairs .....

Then I woke up, my mother was closing the windows which were letting in cold blasts of wind. "Hurry up, you'll be late for school", she said.

Catherine

Remove

SEA ANEMONES AND THE SEA SHORE

I have often watched the sea anemones. I like to feed them with bits of seaweed and watch them open. Each one is like a red ball, flat at the bottom and it clings to the rock.

When it opens, it looks like the branches of a tree, swaying in the wind, except the branches are pink. Then it goes on opening till you see the mouth and then it gulps the seaweed up. If you feed it with a periwinkle, it spits the shell out later. I used to do this in Cornwall. I went out to the rock pools every evening.

You often see rocks that are strange shaped and we used to collect bits of glass that had been grounded and grounded by the sea. They were very odd shapes.

Some of the most wonderful and interesting things can be found on the seashore.

Stephanie

Form III

### THE EAGLE

The eagle is a regal bird,  
The ruler of the skies,  
From its lofty crag-high perch  
This might creature flies.

It roams the lonely hill tops  
Looking for its prey.  
It swoops upon its victim  
And carries it away.

It was no equal in the air,  
A king in its domain.  
No bird will dare to challenge it  
On high or low terrain.

Karen

Upper IV

### MY FAVOURITE PLACE

My favourite place is a river running with a willow tree weeping over cool blue water. The little fishes swim over the stones. In the middle of the river there is a small island. On the island is where I always go. I wade across and I sit there and think. I think of the river bubbling as music and the fishes are dancers and the weeping willow tree is a King and the island his Queen. I love the music, dancers and the King and Queen.

Melanie

Remove

### THE HAPPY FAMILY

Once upon a time there was a family who had a circus, but they had no money at all, and soon found they were bankrupt.

They feared they could no longer have a circus, so they prepared for the last performance.

By a lucky chance the Prime Minister came. He thought the performance was magnificent and gave the family £20,000. So they were able to carry on and lived happily ever after.

Philip

Form I

THE RIVER IS MADE

Up in the mountain it is raining. The water finds a tiny furrow, and gushes down the mountainside, trickling over rocks, clearing a path for itself. In the valley the sun comes out, and sees a stream, instead of a trickle. The brook runs along, and it has real banks now. It gets wider. It runs through the country-side, past sheep. It has cows wallowing in it, and fishes swim around. It is a little river! The little river goes past more towns now and big roads. It gets bigger. Now a big river runs through London. It is raining again in the mountains.

Rosemary

Lower IV

NIGHT

Slowly I crept upon the trees  
 Past the beehive full of bees  
 Blackness creeping upon cows  
 Round the trees' curving boughs  
 Down the farmyard silent and bare  
 Gently round the stables with care  
 I breathe out blackness wherever I go  
 Over the countryside high or low.

Emma

Middle IV

Stand upright in soft earth  
 light blue touch paper and  
stand well clear. DO NOT HOLD

Noisy, exciting bonfire night,  
 Dark sky suddenly light.

Hover flyer,  
 A ring of fire,  
 Rockets shooting higher and higher.

Be bold  
 And hold  
 Some sparks of gold  
 That split amongst the silver.

Curling smoke, fireworks dead  
 Children dawdle into bed.

Toby

Lower IV



THE RIVER

I stood on the bridge and looked down in to the river. The pebbles could be seen quite clearly as the water rippled over them. The sky was blue, the kind of day you get only once a summer. There was not a cloud to be seen. I could smell the summer and I could feel a light breeze. Suddenly a water vole swam just under the bridge. I walked down to the bank of the river. I could hear the sound of the water. The sunset came at last and the end of another day.

David

Remove

LITTLE LISSIDEN AT NIGHT

The shilvery stars watch over the town while it sleeps, the grotanic trees sway with the breeze. Little Lissiden is peacefully slumbering, the bustling streets seem far away. But not everybody is asleep; far out on the storm-tossed sea the wind-braving fishing smacks plough along. It is these brave fishermen who provide the hungry citizens with their food.

But the groping night is fading. The jet black sky is changing into the first stabbing streaks of the dawn, which announce the arrival of another, business as usual day for the hard working people of Little Lissiden.

Nicholas

Middle IV

THE FLOOD

The flood is over, high land saved  
 The low land washed  
 The country shaved  
 Of low land grass.  
 Look, look there, over on that island.  
 A house stands alone surrounded by water,  
 Factories, big long chimneys, telephone  
   poles and slum houses,  
 Oh, yes, two huts on either side,  
 Smoke, dusty smoke is in the air,  
 Fences, bits and pieces of fences,  
 I think the streets will be dry,  
 Drier than it is now.

Ian

Middle IV

THE KING KILLER

I once lived in a small village fifteen miles from the south coast but when Duke William of Normandy was crowned King of England he drove me off and burnt my farm and planted forests where once my plough dug furrows for bread.

All this wastage of fine land was for the so-called King and his cowardly knights to hunt in. That Frenchy that calls himself the King will find an English bolt in his heart.

I never had the chance to kill William the Conqueror but when his son came to the throne, his name being William Rufus, I managed to steal into the New Forest with a crossbow and wait for him.

After two days of waiting and greasing my crossbow, I heard the thunder of hooves. I knelt in the bracken and saw Rufus galloping alone after a stag. I waited until he was ten yards away and then twang! straight into Rufus's breast sped the bolt. He slipped out of the saddle without a murmur and hit the ground with a hollow thud.

I stood above him, the rich lying in the dust in front of the poor.

Charles

Upper IV

SCHOOL LEAVERS 1965-6

In addition to those whose examinations were over in time for the last magazine these seniors left during the year:-

July 1965

James	Holland Park School
Katharine	Dartington Hall
Carolyn	Putney High School
Adrian	Holland Park School
Ziver	Weybridge Secondary School
Michael	Emmanuel School
Harry	St. Pauls

December 1965

Simon	London Nautical School
Simon	Beak Place and he is now at Clifton College

April 1966

Louisa	Miss Hugh-Jones
--------	-----------------

This year so far we know about the following leavers for July 1966:-

Sally	Millfield
Laurence	Bearwood College
Stephen	Stanbridge School
Donald	Hurn Court
Deborah	Sibford School
Nicola	Lady Eleanor Holles
Mark	Latymer Upper School
Emma	Bedales
Claudia	Tortington Park
Serena	Rye Grammar School
Micheline	Frensham Heights
Hilary	Bedales (for 1967)
Karen	Queenswood
Gordon	Bedales
Pierrette	Frensham Heights
Timothy	Bishops Stortford College
Shirley	Benenden
Colin	City of London
Deborah	Ashford Girls' School
Lily	Bedales
Claudia	Roedean
Josephine	Frensham Heights

SOCIETY OF OLD FROEBELIANS

Committee 1966:-

Chairman	Miss Macleod, Ibstock Place School, Clarence Lane, London, S.W.15.
Hon. Secretary	Mrs. King (nee K. Pearks), 11, Briar Walk, London, S.W.15.
Hon. Treasurer	Miss Duncan, Ibstock Place.
Editor of O.F. News	Mrs. Denny (nee B. Roberts), 2, Brandon Mansions, London, W.14.
Staff Representative	Miss Akester

Ordinary Members 1965	Charlotte Caplan
	Graham Sellick-Smith
	Lance Slater
	Jeannie Sturrock
	Tom Townend
	Muriel Stazicker (co-opted)

1966	Re-elected -
	Jonathan Foreshew
	Charles Haswell
	Matthew Wright

LETTER FROM MISS BAIN

Dear Old Froebelians,

I can think of nothing better to write than "thank you for remembering me in the letters you write to me, and in the visits you pay me when you pass this way".

I send my good wishes to all Old Froebelians, and my love to all those whose "Old School Marm" I am.

Ethel M. Bain

Bournemouth 1966.

LETTER FROM MISS PRIESTMAN

April 1966

Dear O.F.'s

Many of you know already that Miss Duncan is retiring from School this summer. When I went to Colet Gardens in January 1934 she had already been there for a term under Miss Bain's Headship, and she has seen Miss Macleod in too. She has been on the school staff longer than anyone else; which is hard to believe when you look at her!

In a school, continuity can be of very great importance in itself, but here it is linked with an interest in children which never forgets either their special needs or their gifts.

Over the years Miss Duncan has always been there to take responsibility, and take it so quietly and efficiently that one hardly realised all she was doing. It was she who carried on the Collet Gardens branch of the School (with less than a minimum of staff) while the rest was in Monmouthshire for our "Munich Month". It was Miss Duncan who knew the shyest children in the Little Gaddesden days: who filled the gaps - taking now the Middle School, now the young juniors, and later - as Senior Mistress - the top form with its exams and scholarships, and the organisation entailed, as well as responsibility to and for the staff room.

At first, History and Pottery were her special subjects, and some O.F.'s remember the beautiful iridescent green glaze that appeared on the Cathedral, as part of the Stockbury excursion. First one thing then another she taught, as need arose: but lately most apparent to me - looking from afar - has been her gift for helping children to write vivid and original prose; and her editorship of a School Magazine of which we are all proud.

She has seen many developments in the social life of the School, from "Knights and Ladies", through "Guilds" and the "Planets" or "Egashnevoos" of Little Gaddesden, to the Boy Scouts and Girl Campers of today.

She has the gift of giving her whole attention, and listening to those who seek her help, whatever their age; so that they go away strengthened by her candid appraisal. An unruly class, a puzzled or fearful child, a bewildered teacher or parent all have responded to the integrity of her speech, and the feeling that the reserve covers a very real warmth of affection.

Now that Miss Duncan is to retire to her cottage, her painting, and the garden she has made so lovely, we know that the School is losing someone of very great importance: but the spirit she has built up will remain and grow in the children and in those who have worked with her; for this is the power of the life of our School.

I am grateful for the generosity which prompted Miss Macleod to let me write this letter, for I know how greatly she will feel the loss of Miss Duncan. I know that I am trying to express her feelings and those of children and Staff past and present and of parents too, when I wish her a rich creative retirement with a knowledge of the gratitude for all she has given to her friends young and old, over her 33 years at this School.

Your affectionate friend,

Barbara Priestman