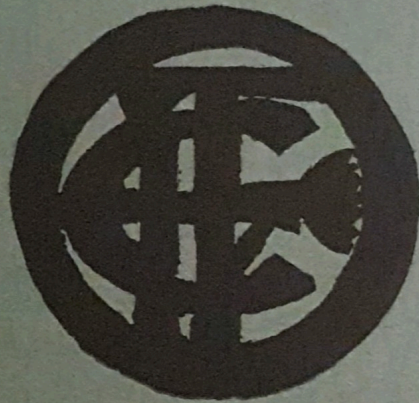


1967

SCHOOL  
MAGAZINE



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

M A G A Z I N E - 1967LETTER FROM MISS MACLEOD

Dear Parents,

Since last year Mr. Clare has joined the Staff and we feel the richer for his cheerful, enthusiastic disposition and for the liveliness he is bringing to our French lessons. Most unfortunately, Miss Smith our Head Matron, was forced to leave us at Xmas owing to ill-health. She has made a delightful new home for herself in Chichester and we wish here a very happy retirement. Miss Hankin joined us to take charge of the Matron Staff in the New Year. Miss Taylor who has welcomed and supported many an apprehensive three-year-old at the beginning of school-life, married at Easter and is now Mrs. Cook. We wish her every happiness in the future.

By the time you open your magazine you will have already received a copy of our Project brochure telling you all about our building plans for the future. I know you will all be very interested in this and that you will agree with me that if a school is to be worthy of its ideals it can never be content with standing still but must always be reaching out into the future and thinking of the generations to come. Some of you will be able to recall the old buildings at Barons Court where the trains rattled by every few minutes and where now the traffic roars along the Cromwell Road extension; others will remember happy days at Little Gaddesden during the war and a small number of you will recollect the early beginnings at Ibstock Place when the gardent huts were class-rooms and the teaching Staff did all the internal decorations during their holidays. More recent pupils have been fortunate in working in the new class-room wing of 1951 and later the new gymnasium of 1964. It is interesting to trace the steady development through the years and we should be grateful for the forethought of those who have made this possible. Now we are setting of on another project and know that all of you will be as generous as your means will allow in helping us to reach our target.

At times like this it is perhaps a salutary thought that although good buildings are important what does on inside them is even more so. I hope we shall always continue to develop our ideas and further our research for the benefit not only of our own children but for primary education as a whole.

Sheila Macleod.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

2.

PART OF A TAPE-RECORDED CONVERSATION BETWEEN CORDELIA,  
FRANCESCA, GIDEON, JANE AND ANTONY.

TRANSITION

Cordelia. "You know we were talking about machines - well I wondered how you got the first metal without a machine, and you need metal to make a machine

Francesca. You see they couldn't dig to get the metal without a spade and how did they make the spade without a machine ?

Gideon. Well they could have got flint from the ground and sharpened it on a rock. Then got a piece of wood and make a slit in it and then they could sort of tie it together.

Cordelia. "Someone said this morning that they would have rubber spades but the rubber comes from the ground.

Francesca. No, RUBBER doesn't come from the ground I shouldn't think.

Jane. Well I would think rubber comes from the gum of a tree.

Francesca. A rubber spade wouldn't be any good unless it was very, very, very thick.

Gideon. It would bend.

Antony. This morning I said to Adam - "Where would you get metal from ?" and he said - "From the ground", and I said - "where would you get your spade from ?" and he said - "Make it", and I said "what if spades hadn't been invented ?" and he said - "Dig with my hands", and I said "Who made your hands ?" and he said "God"; and I said "Who made God ?" and he said - "No one" but I said "Well you can't just say 'Abracadabra' and God's here".

Francesca. He's always here.

Jane. I disagree. Actually God has no beginning and no ending.

Francesca. I don't think you can go back as far as that. Its hard to believe, but he's always been there.

Gideon. That was before pre-historic monsters.....

OUR VISIT TO THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM by Form II

When we went to the Natural History Museum we all went round together so we could see all the animal section. I decided to draw the nine-banded armadillo. It was very difficult to draw because of the pattern on its armour. Then we went to get our picture-postcards. I got one of a Tyrannosaurus rex, a Triceratops and a Pterodactyl. When we got back to school it was four o'clock.

C. Anson.

When we went round for the first time I thought that the brains and eyes were very interesting. I never knew that a monkeys looked like ours except that our brain has a bigger cortex. (that is the top part of your brain) I also thought that some of the animals looked small like the grizzly bear. I also thought that the peacock looked very beautiful. I thought that the water the beavers were swimming in looked like marmalade because it was so still. I always thought that pandas were black and white but the one I saw was brown and white. When I was looking over the stairs I heard a great big roar. I thought that one of the animals had come alive. But it was only Philip. I nearly fell over the banisters. And that would not be very funny!

S. Hyman.

When we went to the Natural History Museum we went quickly round and then we would go and draw something. I drew some baby rabbits. Then when we went up some stairs I saw something white and bubbly. It was an elephant's brain. It was like a piece of rock which had been made round by the sea. Then I saw an animal which looked like a musk-ox but it had no hair on the back of it. It had very small horns and I thought it looked like a man who had shaven the wrong end. I walked on and saw an ant eater. It had a long curved nose like a banana. Then we went to get post cards. There was a long queue but I got the card I wanted. It was an owl.

V. Ewart.

## THE TOWER OF LONDON

4.

The first Tower of London was built in 1066. It was a wooden tower on a mound. When we went to the Tower we saw the crown jewels in a glass case. The oldest and most important building is the Keep. It is called the White Tower. The inner ward is defended by a wall with thirteen towers in it. The entrance is on the South Side. The outer ward is defended by another wall with six towers in it.

R. Sandford. Form III

## OUR FAIR

Our Fair was for the Save the Children Fund. I think it was a great success.

It cost sixpence to come in and see the plays that all of us had put our fists into. Our first play was about the Tower of London and I was the narrator for it. Then we had the Indian Dance by Aruna Douglas. After that, the Fashion Show and I was in that too. Last of all there was the Fireworks Dance.

Then we sold the food and other things. All in all we collected £37. 10s. and that's a lot.

M. Lebon. Form III

## OUR COMPUTER

We made a computer out of a cardboard box and got some different coloured card and cut it into small squares. We had different colours of card for different subjects and we punched six holes in each card. We wrote some questions for each subject on a piece of paper. We opened the holes when the answer was no and left it if it was yes. Then we went to ask people these questions. Some of the subjects were called likes and dislikes, appearance, area and where you live. This is a punchcard system.

M. Nabeshina.  
S. Chedzey. Form III.

BOOK REVIEW

The book called "The Green Children" by Kevin Crossley-Holland is very short and is exciting.

It all begins in August and the green people came into this world by coming through a cave and, when they tried to get back, they lost their way and had to remain on earth.

Some people found these children in a pit and gave them red apples, but they could not eat them because they only ate green things.

All this was supposed to have happened in the reign of King Stephen and it is a legend that the knights would have heard in the old castles and manor houses.

M. Nabeshima. Form III.

OUR VISIT TO RICHMOND PARK - FORM LIV

When we arrived at Richmond Park, we set off towards the car park. There is a copse just by the car park and that is where we went. There I found the bark of an oak tree, its leaf and an acorn cup. I could not, however, find an acorn. I think that the squirrels must have eaten them or the acorns could have rotted away. Just on the edge of this copse we came to a place where the mud was hard and flat without any grass. There we dug until we found a worm, centipede and a pupa. Then we walked on to the cricket pitch where we spotted some ducks' feathers, two male ducks might have had a fight. Anyway one was dead, but we only found one of its wings not the whole body +. At Adam's pond we fished out some pondweed and in it were lots of tiny water insects. We looked for frog spawn and tadpoles but we were unsuccessful.

When we eventually arrived back at school we had quite a collection of things and we found that we had worked quite well.

+ A group of boys later found the other wing but not the body.

V. Seale

BOOK REVIEWTHE WIND IN THE WILLOWS by KENNETH GRAHAME

This is a very good book that brings in the life of animals and gives them characters. Usually I do not like books about animals that dress in clothes and live like humans. But this one is an exception. It is so real, beautifully written and it brings in the reality of sadness, peacefulness and restlessness. The animals get into all sorts of difficulties and deal with all sorts of problems. The best thing I thought was that slowly you could see all through the story a character changing from a boastful, bragging person to a modest thing. The story never stays on the same thing too long, but gives you just enough of it and then changes to something else. Every chapter leads up to another and you are never left in the middle of something. But when an episode does finish it ends exactly as it should.

I can not find anything boring or dull about this book and I enjoyed it enormously.

S. Stammers Lower IV.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

On Thursday 9th March we were invited to go and visit the Houses of Parliament. We were met by Mr. Ryle, and he very kindly showed us round.

Outside the Houses there is a statue of Richard I in bronze. During the war his sword was bent by a piece of shrapnel but later it was straightened out again.

When the Queen opens Parliament, (as she does every year) she has to go to her robing room. This is quite small and has a lot of carvings on the walls and ceiling. When the House of Commons was bombed, the members used The House of Lords. The Lords used the Queen's robing room as their meeting place. In the Peers' Library we saw The Petition of Rights, and the death warrant of Charles I among other documents. One of our party noticed that Gladstone's name was spelt without an e on one of his statues.

We all enjoyed our visit very much.

Claire Paneth. Upper IV A

A VISIT TO THE HOME OF MR. & MRS. BAILEY

On the 27th June the U. IV boys went to Mr. Bailey's house at Ewhurst in Surrey.

Mr. Bailey began by showing us round his house. In every room there was a panel of buttons that controlled various functions: turning the lights on and off, operating a call system whereby Mrs. Bailey could call Mr. Bailey and even running the bath. The latter could be done either from the bathroom, the bedroom or from the kitchen.

In the sitting room there were tiny lights in the ceiling that were in the shape of the stars that could be seen at night. In this room there was also a Hi-Fi installation composing of Gramophone and tape-recorder. Although this was equipped for stereo we did not have the extra loudspeaker required. We did however listen to some records through some sterero-head-phones.

The radio and T.V. aerials were not conventional aerials but holes, cut in the copper roof to the shape of the corresponding aerial, i.e. H, X, T.

The back-door of the house was unlocked not by turning a key but by dialling.

When a car came into the garage the beam from its headlights shone on a photo-electric cell that turned on the lights of the garage.

The laboratory, the door of which could be unlocked from the house, had a cat-door going into it. The cat pushes down a lever that makes an electrically operated door swing open. The door stays open for a pre-set time (about 20 seconds) to allow the cat to get in. It then closes automatically.

In the laboratory we saw our voices on a machine that measured their frequency. We were able to recognise some of the patterns it made as sine curves.

Timothy  
Stephen

Upper IV A



ALFRISTON

On July the first all of group 14 set off for the Youth Hostel, in Alfriston by car. On the way there we saw a carving of a white horse, in the limestone. The hostel was quite big and we had to separate to go into dormitories, ten had to go into one and six into the other. On the first evening we went down to a small shop which had an adjoining cafe, to buy postcards, etc. Then we went back to the hostel for our supper, which we cooked in the members' kitchen. We had to use sheet sleeping bags, and we had to bring our own cutlery, plate and cup. On the Saturday morning we made up our beds, then had breakfast, and made the pack lunches. Then we did our hostel duties, and set off. We walked ten miles on Saturday to the sea, where we had a picnic lunch and swam. On the way back we walked on the narrow lane of grass by the river, till we got to a white bridge which was near the hostel, and then we walked back to the hostel. That night we were allowed to stay up half an hour, later, than usual. Sunday we walked to the Long Man of Willmington, which is a man carved out in the limestone. Then we had lunch and walked to Miss Duncan's cottage to have tea, which was super. We saw some of her paintings, which were very good. On the Monday we got up early, did our jobs packed our rucksacks, and walked to the town centre, to wait for the cars to come and pick us up.

L. Dalton. Upper IV A.

THE ENCHANTED CIRCUS

In the autumn term some of the senior children went to see a play called "The Enchanted Circus". It was acted by Group '64 of which Miss Bailey, one of our teachers, is a member. It was about a circus who, when they were to perform before the King of another land got involved with the witch of the forest. She had transformed the King's son into a ferocious bear in order to gain all the King's possessions in exchange for his Son. While the Circus people were trying to help the Prince they themselves were enchanted. After many adventures they freed the Prince and travelled on.

The acting, particularly that of the forest creatures, was very good. The play was held at Wandsworth Town Hall and lasted about an hour. We journeyed by coach and we all thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

H. Spearman.  
J. Tintner. Upper IV A

THE INNS OF COURT

I never realised how complicated civil law was until I went to the Inns of Court in the Autumn of 1966. Mr. Martin showed us round the buildings. When you enter the temple yard it is as if you are entering a bird sanctuary because it is so quiet, and only the noises of the starlings and the low purr of diesel engine taxis bringing people to, and, from, the Court, can be heard. There were notices everywhere saying "Do not make a noise or you are liable to be prosecuted".

There are four inns to which barristers have to belong. Each Inn has its own dining hall, library and chambers. They are not as lavishly decorated as the Houses of Parliament, and also they are not as interesting or alive as Parliament. We saw the Middle temple (formally the dwelling place of the Knights Templars). In Temple chapel are the tombs of four knights who fought in the crusades. The Temple dining hall was magnificent. All round it, about six feet from the floor were carved painted wooden statues of Richard I, fighting the Infidels. The way the statues stuck out of the wall seemed to bring them to life.

I enjoyed my visit to the Inns of Court but thought it was too remote from the vivid clash which I had expected to find in these surroundings.

C. Gebler. Upper IV A

THE CONCERT

The seniors went up to college to listen to a concert performed by the students. First of all there was a violin and flute duet, which was beautifully played. A student sang a solo called "Tarry Yet". There was a very amusing Japanese percussion piece, which consisted of a large gong, chinese blocks and some cymbals. It ended rather suddenly with a "Bong" on the Gong and everyone chuckled. The concert ended with all the students taking part, singing.

by Julie  
Lisa  
Melanie

Upper IV A.

CHESS CLUB

Once again this year a chess club was formed with the very great help of Vivian Martin to whom we are all very grateful. In addition to meeting every Wednesday afternoon the Club met on several Saturday mornings for a much longer session. It was on these occasions that we discussed openings and tactical manoeuvres.

We all hope that this enjoyable club will be continued for years to come.

Stephen  
Nicholas

Upper IV A.  
Upper IV A.

LECTURE

On February 22nd. the two top forms were invited to a lecture at College. It was called "Digging up London's Past" and was given by Dr. Norman Cook, the chief curator at the Guildhall.

Dr. Cook and a team of experts had been going around London excavating in the hope of finding Roman remains. He showed us some very interesting slides about the city wall. His team had found many valuable objects including gold coins and we heard of the interesting custom of putting a gold coin beneath the mast. This was proved when a group of archaeologists found this very happening in an old Roman barge. At the end we saw some lovely pieces of jewelery, emeralds carved to represent bunches of grapes.

S. Instone.

N. Ryle. Upper IV A.



SCHOOL FOOTBALL

During the 1966-67 football season many of our more inexperienced players have begun to show very promising signs.

Although the season was not entirely successful, we are certain that in the coming years the school team will improve rapidly.

The results were as follows

Home	Ibstock	2	-	1	Glengyle
Home	Ibstock	3	-	1	Willington
Away	Ibstock	0	-	2	Willington
Away	Ibstock	2	-	0	Sheen Gate
Home	Ibstock	0	-	2	Roehampton Gate
Away	Ibstock	3	-	1	Glengyle
Away	Ibstock	1	-	2	Mortlake County
Home	Ibstock	1	-	2	Greycourt.

Our team goalkeeper, Ian Sachs, left in the former part of the season and his goalkeeping skill was greatly missed, but a reliable substitute was found in H.P. Schoyen-Grue.

The regular team was

	Ian	G.	& H.P.	
	R.B.			L.B.
	Stephen			Simon
	R.H.		C.H.	L.H.
	Nicholas		Stephen	Guy
	I.R.			I.L.
	Colin			Stephen
	O.R.		C.F.	
	Nigel		Fabian	O.L.
				Ian
Reserves	.....	P.	Russell-Cobb	
	.....	P.	Withers-Green.	

Colin  
Stephen & } Upper IV A.

BROADSTONE WARREN

It never rains,  
But it pours !

The first night at the Scout camp at Broadstone Warren was, I think, the worst night of all. We nearly lost a tent - luckily it wrapped itself round a tree.

The poor boy inside crawled into our Scoutmaster's tent which was a troop tent and was a large one and also held our food supply.

Only one tent was left untouched and not leaking. That was the tent Steven Cox and I were in.

The tents were a terrible trouble for us and in the end three of us went up to a hut that was cleared especially for flooded patrols and one of us was ill so four of us were out of the way.

We kept the fire (with some difficulty) going all the time and we lit one under a cover to dry our clothes.

I. Sachs. Upper IV B.

CONCERNING AN ONLY CHILD

I look up from my book  
And I have a momentary look  
    Into my world.  
    I am, I observe,  
    An only child.

I am of a quiet nature and I am not very wild.

I don't mind being a single child  
    And the only,  
Because I am very rarely, if ever, lonely.  
    I like my life this way.

I would not really change it for another, any day.

So now I have had a quick, satisfactory look  
I may return to the heroes and heroines of my book.

Janet                      Upper IV A

" A YEAR PASSES "

Is it I getting older,  
 Minute to minute,  
 Hour to Hour,  
 Day to day ?  
 Or is it Time getting older  
 Week after week  
 Month after month  
 Year after year  
 With the last minute  
 Of the last hour  
 Of the last day  
 Of the last week  
 Of the last month  
 A whole year passes.

Toby

Middle IV

There are all sorts of Grandfathers. There are old ones with big beards and a little red mouth behind them, with small eyes full of curiosity. There are the ones who are always coughing and wear plain clothes and are not very interesting. Then there are the ones who always have lumbago and perhaps a bit of swollen knees and have always got an illness. But the Grandfather I am talking about now, was quite odd.

We would see him always after school. He lived in the woods. The thing I found so fascinating about him was his stories. He would say how he sailed the seas to many a land; whether it was true or not, it was interesting and exciting. He would tell the story until the most exciting moment and then say "Now you'd better go home" and then we would beg him to continue and he would then tell the story to the last detail.

He looked old but even so he had young ideas.

He would always have a story to tell us and when we came round to him he would say "Ah Hello I imagine you want a story". We would say "yes please" ! Then he would say "Well I have not got any thing really interesting to tell you". But he would have.

I was fascinated with this old man. He was quite a character.

Simon

Middle IV.

THE CASTLE

The castle stands alone on a tall hill.  
 All by itself with nothing else  
 It tries to look splendid dignified and wise.  
 But you can see it's old, dirty, dejected and has  
 seen better days.  
 People pass it by and to them it's just the Old  
 Castle.  
 It tries to cry out and say "look at me look at me I'm  
 a castle look"  
 But they won't.  
 It looks so sad and un-happy up on the hill mourning  
 for the past glorious days.  
 But still no-one sees its misery and they just walk  
 by.

S. Stammers. Lower IV.

THE COTTAGE - Past.

The little cottage stood at the top of the hill.

The newly thatched roof looked very smart on the top  
 of the uneven bricks, and it seemed to say to anyone who  
 came up the hill, "Get off the hill, it's mine ! " When  
 you looked out of the window some odd feelings came over  
 you, to see this vast expanse of land unfolding before your  
 eyes.

The people who lived in this curious cottage were a  
 family with three children, a mother and a father. The  
 father ploughed all the day long, the mother cooked and  
 fetched the water from the stream that gushed past the bottom  
 of the hill. The children played all day.

THE COTTAGE - Present

The roof is made of straw and has flower-like weeds  
 growing out of it.

The door is a-jar and it seems as if some empty spirit  
 lives there. Most of the panes of glass look as if they  
 really hurt because they are all broken.

The children who have played here in their youth have  
 all grown-up now.

When there is a storm on the Yorkshire Moors, the door  
 of the little cottage sways to and fro with the wind, and the  
 rain leaks through the roof.

When it is nice and sunny the flower-like weeds dance  
 with the breeze, and the butterflies hover here and there.

C. Dalgleish. Lower IV



A DESERTED HOUSE

I open the gate and walk into what was once a garden. The grass is getting on for two feet tall, and the foliage of the shrubbery is like a tropical rain forest in the Amazon basin. It is very near impossible to tell where once the border between lawn and flower-bed was. Many of the windows in the house are broken and I peer through one of the remaining panes. As the pane is badly requiring cleaning I can only just see through the filth. The door leading into the room has almost come off its hinges. The paint on the skirting boards has been badly chipped and warped. The room is bleak, barren and bare, the boards on the uncarpeted floor are needing polish. On the walls the paper has been partly stripped off. I think how once this was a home for someone. Where are they now? Would they not be sad to see their home in this state?

Suddenly a little grey mouse scuttles cautiously into the centre of the room as though he expects to see the ghosts of former occupants. He hears me shuffling outside and rushes back to his house. At least something is making use of this desert place. Suddenly I want to run. The loneliness scares me. I run, through the garden and out of the gate. I am glad I am not still there.

S. French. Upper IV A

HOW THE BEAVER GOT HIS FLAT TAIL.

Once the beaver did not have a flat tail. One day he said, "I must find a way to carry the mud I need. I know I'll ask elephant to flatten my tail!". He did, so every beaver that was, that is, and will be had a flat tail.

Christopher  
Form II.

JUMPING WITHOUT STIRRUPS

You see the jump ahead.  
Your whole body is shivering.  
The pony is excited.  
You just about scream.  
The stirrups are not there!  
The pony is rising for the jump.  
You can't stop him.  
He's over!  
Why did I ever panic?

L. Dow. Form III.

THE CHRISTMAS STORY

The donkey's half shod hooves clattered resoundingly against the stones, and thumped down on the dusty surface. Mary and Joseph were travelling to Bethlehem to be counted. The donkeys head drooped and he began to roll, so they stopped by a sparkling stream, while they rested and gathered their strength. Then they trudged on until they finally came in sight of the walls of Bethlehem crowned by the sinking sun, and shining out like a palace, for to the two weary travellers that's what it seemed like. They quickened their pace and soon they were there, and how it had changed ! New buildings were up, like the Mosque. The old well had dried up, so now there was a new one, and there were lots of inns, but even so none could accommodate them until the last one remembered "Ah", he said, "I am sorry. Full up, but there is a stable. Its hay is good and clean, and you will have the asses for company, Oh and there is a lamp with some fresh oil." With that he shut the door. As they plodded round to the back of the inn, they came to the shed, and lay down to sleep, as the inn-keeper said, with the company of the asses and the pigs, and the geese, and soon they had the company of another, Jesus Christ.

S. Gebler. Lower IV.

GETTING UP ON A RAINY DAY

I fling off the sheets with a surge of joy,  
 For today is the day of the match.  
 I dress quickly and run down stairs,  
 Rush through my breakfast, pull open the door  
 And ..... Rain.

My joy falls through into a world of disillusion,  
 My hopes and fears for the match are cut short.  
 Hopes of centuries, of hat-tricks and catches  
 All that is left of them lies in the puddles of water  
 Now it's only the monotony of the water against the pane.

Nicholas Upper IV A

The cries of the horsemen  
The hoot of the horn  
As they pass Green Acre  
And I'm in the corn  
Three miles to go and I've won the race.  
But now it is telling, this fearsome pace.  
On every step the hounds draw nearer  
Their shouts get louder, their howls get clearer.  
Away from the dale and on to the road  
My feet have got older they're more of a load  
I've past the Old corner and Dangle Dell Sedge  
I dart off the road into the hedge  
Across the fields and over the ledge  
Ahead is my hole and home sweet home.

Colin

Upper IV.A

THE LAST SURVIVOR

There were two of us, John Kellton and myself. We were stranded after our companions had been caught in quick sand a few miles from the edge of the Libyan desert. One of them had taken the compass with him. We had been searching for oil but that had gone down too.

We hit upon a big problem, in fact a matter of life and death ! There were only enough provisions for one to go on, the other would be left to die.

This decision was made by rolling a penny it seemed a matter of hours before the penny stopped. Then, as the penny slowed down I saw to my relief it was heads. I was to live. Then I looked at John. His expression was one of sadness. Though he was a grown man of about 28 the tears were streaming down his face.

The next morning at sunset John said "Good bye" and went to die. But I could not see him starve so, quickly I raised my gun to my shoulder and fired, Zing. Once, twice three times John fell dead.

I wrapped him in a thick black woollen blanket and buried him. Then I made a primitive cross and prayed.

The next day I went on my way. I travelled many miles over the sandy desert.

About three months later I arrived at Ghana  
The Last Survivor.

E. Spearman. Lower IV.

## KARACHI

19.

When I went to Pakistan, I went to see my father in Karachi.

In Karachi it is rather noisy and poor, but the beaches are very nice and hot. Some parts of the beaches are rocky and some are sandy. There are a few low cliffs with little paths leading down from them on to the beach.

The people get salt from the sea by letting the tide come over a piece of flat land, and when the water goes down, it leaves the salt and then they sweep it up with brooms.

On the beaches you can get camel rides. When the camel gets up, you get thrown forwards, because it gets up by its hind feet and it is the same when you get down.

A. Douglas. Form III

### TWO POEMS ABOUT THE NIGHT.

There is only one patch of light in the night  
And that is the moon.  
The moon is the king and the stars around it  
Are the people in their houses,  
Sleeping with their lights on,  
But it does not wake them.

-

The night is cold  
But the breeze is nice  
And gradually the wind goes.  
It crumples into little bits  
And then is the new born day.

by Sarah

Transition.

THE STREAM

Born in the mountains after the snow,  
 Tumbling down the hill I go.  
 Through the woods and through the trees,  
 On my journey, as I please.

Leaping, swirling through the reeds  
 Past the rocks and the weeds,  
 Dragonflies hover on my back  
 And my waves throw them back.

Deep in the valley the river flows  
 And on together our journey goes.

J. Vernon-Hunt. Form III

OUR CAT

Our cat is very tall and slender. He walks cautiously as if prepared for anything. His green eyes are like emeralds. His nose is always very moist and his fur is black and beautiful and shines like glossy black paint. Usually when we are eating an evening meal our cat jumps up on the window ledge outside. He walks up and down, then eventually he stops and looks at us. Occasionally he opens his little mouth and lets out a penetrating miaow and he looks pitifully at us as we eat. At last Mother lets him in. Then he goes straight to his food, looks at it as if it is not what he wants, then trots away proudly and leaps like a tiger up the stairs where he settles down on someone's bed. Later on in the evening he slowly walks down the stairs and into our back room where the fire is. He moves cautiously towards the fire. When he feels the warmth he collapses in a ball with his little nose under his paw.

Liver is a thing our cat is very fond of. When-ever liver is around he is always hungry. He seems to talk to you by what he looks like. He usually looks very pitiful. When he is outside, he rolls over on the pavement and if he sees me he turns over quickly and looks at me in a funny way: then he arches his back and walks away.

His names are Tibbs Richard Nocte of Abinger, Pusky, Kisky Putten, Old Black Fur Coat, Ricky, William Whiskers, Pusy Kin and Cat.

Mark

Middle IV

A DAY OF RAIN

The sky is getting darker,  
 So is my temper.  
 The rain is getting stronger  
 My morale, weaker.  
 Day equals night,  
 Night is dull  
 Monotonous and quiet.  
 A new life is needed  
 Happy and gay  
 Bright and jolly  
 Unlike this day.

K. Parkhouse. Upper IV

IF I WAS A MULTI MILLIONAIRE

I would wake up at 6 o'clock in the morning and would have hot chocolate and three croissants for breakfast and then I would get dressed in my hipsters and a Tee shirt, so that I could have my run up and down my field for an hour with my dog (He would be called Metzola)

Then I would go back to the palace and get my rifle and shoot rabbits until lunch. After that I would have a rest for one hour with my five dogs and two pups. Then I would go swimming for the rest of the day, while my servants would be looking after the palace and tidying up.

In the evening I would come back to the palace with my dogs and watch T.V. I should go to bed at 9 o'clock.

By M. Lebon. Form III

THE GHOSTS

It's the dark of night.  
 The road is dusty.  
 And the owls hoot.  
 Cats scream, and the trees creak.  
 Silently, swiftly run the ghosts,  
 Over the wet grass,  
 The white shapes glide  
 They slip between the trees  
 and away into musky night.

C. Gugenheim. Middle IV.

ADRIFT IN THE OCEAN

You're hot and thirsty. Your stomach feels as if it's a flat tyre and needs to be pumped up. Then, to your great horror, you look down at the bottom of the canoe and see a slit staring you in the face. It looks mean, almost mocking you. It seems to say "Try and stop this trouble. Admit it you're going to die anyway". You tear a piece off your shirt but, no it will not stop trickling in. You look around to see if there is a possible sight of land. What is that ? A cliff !! ?? . No it can't be, it's a cloud. Then your thoughts turn to the leak. You tear off more of your shirt but the water trickles round the gaps. You glance at the axe by your side. It's your only hope. The water will sink the canoe but it won't sink a log. They will float and support your weight. With one blow a plank falls off. After about ten blows of the axe the canoe has fallen to bits and you are floating. A wave passes over you. You try not to swallow the water but you do and the water is fresh !!

This only means that a strong river is near and that means you're near land !!!!

Sinon

Middle IV

THE SEASONSSummer

The summer's night is very warm,  
 And the breeze begins to yawn.  
 In the morning,  
 Light is dawning,  
 Children get up  
 To have a cup of tea.

Winter

In the morning,  
 The rain is falling.  
 The sun might come out  
 And the leaves on the ground  
 Rustle around.

James

Form I

TIME

Time is a four lettered word.  
 Time is a measurement of between now and now  
 Time is a measurement of change.  
 Time is a pause.  
 Time is waiting  
 Time is moving  
 Time is being on time  
 Time is being late for school.  
 Time is hunger  
 Time is a tick.  
 Time is a century.  
 Time starts and ends nowhere.  
 Time is an old man.  
 Time is light  
 Time is man made.  
 Time is life and death.  
 Time is the subject of this poem.  
 Time is.

C. Crabtree. Upper IV B

THE END OF DAY

It is night. The light ebbs from my Room. The sun  
 is in the West. The book I am reading fades before my  
 eyes. I feel tired and irritable. I lean back, staring  
 up at a starry sky. I feel soporific. I get up, languid  
 and clumsy. I stumble across the room to the door of my  
 bed-room. I half scramble, half fall in to bed. I'm  
 finished for today.

J. Wheeler-Bennett. Lower IV

INVASION 1066

Chipping, chopping, creaking, crashing !  
 As the men run with axes to fallen trees.  
 Cutting the poor trees in planks and hammering and  
 thumping them into ships.  
 Then the real excitement begins  
 After six weeks of waiting for the right wind,  
 The boats set off, and two of them go down.  
 Into the dark, cold, mysterious, salty water.

S. Itkin. Form III



THE RACE

The cars are at the starting line : the  
one right at the rear is mine.

The starter raises the Union Jack.

Down it comes and I'm at the back !

Round we go on the first lap when suddenly I see a  
gap and through I go at quite a speed

And by the fourth lap take the lead.

In my mirrors I see the rest but they can't catch  
me for I am the best.

And though they try, they seem to lag.

And I am taking the chequered flag.

Up I go to receive my prize

Which is a cup of magnificent size

Down I come and all I am hearing is the sound of the  
crowd wildly cheering.

P. Withers Green. Upper IV B

HOW THE PANDA GOT BLACK PATCHES

In the Jungle there lived an old women. She made  
black treacle and there was a panda who loved treacle. One  
day a little mouse ran up to a can of treacle and knocked  
it over and all the treacle ran away. The panda put his  
paws in the treacle and licked them. Just then the old  
women came down stairs. The panda ran back to hide. When  
he got back he wiped his paws on his side. Some treacle  
went on his sides but none came off his paws. He went  
down to a stream and tried to wash it off but it would  
not come off. That is how the panda got his patches.

V. Ewart. Form II.

It was a grey day and looked like rain soon. The bogs were soggy and the rushes that grew from them were an Indian red colour. The thick coarse grass was gently swaying in the wind and the pools of peaty water had ripples over them. Where the ground was firm there was short heather. The bogs are dangerous because sometimes when the ground looks firm it is only a top layer of grass and underneath there is water. Sometimes there are sheep tracks through the bogs. The sheep always make tracks because the whole flock walk in single file. The tracks are used a lot so the grass is much shorter.

I turned my horse and galloped along the ridge of the hill knowing that I was safe from the dangerous pot holes. When I got to the end I slowed down and I could hear Rulette (my horse) panting and I could see her breath in the fresh morning air. We walked over to King Arthur's Hall and looked in through the two granite posts at the gorgeous red rushes in the middle fading out to yellowy brown at the edges. We turned and galloped home.

Julie Throssell Upper IV.A

TORTOISE

Winter is over.  
Tortoise is waking.  
From unfinished dreams,  
of lettuces lush.

Covered in armour  
Carefully oiled  
The ancient reptile  
sleeps in the sun.

TREES IN SPRING

After Winter's cold time  
After slow time Winter,  
After trees having no leaves,  
After snow and sleet and rain.

Comes the Spring with birds nestmaking,  
Comes the buds the blossom and bees,  
Comes the chestnut's pink and white candles,  
Comes the fragile green and gentle Spring.

T. Ewart. Middle IV

SOLITUDE

The dripping of the tap, was the only sound in the small room which overlooked the vines. The bright hot midday sun penetrated into my solitude. I suddenly realized the great beauty of the small sweet grapes amongst the forest of entwining leaves and stalks. The valley was still and silent like a big beautiful painting that had captured the great beauty of life in it. I heard a bird chatter and sing in the distance as it stood out against the silence. Then I heard the sound of a mule's hoofbeats against the rough rugged road and the squeak of an unoiled wooden cartwheel.

By Lisa Dalton. Upper IV A

THE TRAMPOLINE

Bounce up ! Bounce again !  
 Up. Down.  
 Higher, higher.  
 Bounce.  
 Jump, jump  
 Do a somersault.  
 Jump - up, down, up, down,  
 Dive off the trampoline  
 And be caught by Mr. Green.  
 He takes you by the feet  
 And turns you round.

T. Moini. Form III

AUTUMN LEAVES

The golden, amber, bronze, tan maroon and chestnut leaves relaxed on the soft cool green grass and lay shaded by the waving trees which creaked and groaned under the heavy force of the wind that whistled in my ears in an attempt to hurry on.

by Victoria Seale, Lower IV

THE CAPTURED MOMENT

I will never forget the moment when I thought that I had missed the train from London to Newport when I was going by myself. Just before, I had been feeling quite pleased with myself, buying a colourful book to read, some paper, and a pencil, out of my treasured savings.

But when it dawned on me that I had missed the only train, my heart missed a beat, and I seemed to freeze in my tracks. All the hustle and bustle seemed much louder, and things seemed a very great deal 'true to their words'. The hissing and puffing seemed very penetrating, and every word that I heard from the loudspeaker seemed to concern me. I heard a baby wail, an engine leave, and I caught many whisps of chatter floating through the chilly air. A dark man smoking a cigar and carrying a brief case brushed past me, and I hated a motorized trolley for making me 'wake up' by blasting a note on his horn. I moved though. My duffle bag and books seemed my only companions. Then I put my cold hand into my warm pocket, and it wrapped itself round my pocket knife. Another treasured property. My hand groped around, and found my nylon cord.

With these comforts, I looked more thoroughly, and there was the beautiful green express train which was to take me to my destination. What a huge wave of relief passed through me, as I saw, in big, red letters, the name "Emerald Princess".

Mark Edwards Jones. Upper IV A

THE OP ART AT THE TATE GALLERY

We walked into a room,  
And suddenly we were hit,  
With the dazzle and sparkle  
of the mobile Art.

There were wheels and waves,  
Mirrors and shapes  
All invented by different artists.

The moment you walked in,  
There was an impression of confusion and noise.  
The shapes were almost shouting at you.  
Everywhere you looked,  
There were shapes laughing at you.

Claire Paneth, Upper IV A

### BRIGMEN STATION

The station was full of spider's webs and floorboards were missing. On one chair sat an old man (who must have been the stationmaster). There was one pane of glass in the one window, but it was cracked. At night the station master heard ghost trains, which were actually trains from functioning stations. The stationmaster was scared stiff every night when he heard the trains. He lived in the waiting room because there disadvantages with the other rooms, like no floorboards at all or no window holes etc. broken tables, no legs for chairs and hundreds of ant's and spiders he NEVER went in these huts. It was very creepy at BRIGMEN STATION. But it was quite a nice place when the station was still functioning. It was not a mass of spiders and ant's nor spider's webs. It was spick and span. It was not rubble, cracked glass and broken glass. Nor just missing floorboards and rusty track. It was a busy place with about ten porter's and there were even working chocolate machines, shining rails dazzling in the sunlight and a young brave stationmaster. What a place sparking in the sunlight. But all this is gone in ruins except the stationmaster with his long, long, story to tell.

Michael Edwards Jones.

### A TRIP TO FRANCE

A humming, a whirling, a short bumpy ride and we're off !

The aeroplane is airborne. Then we're allowed to loosen our safety belts and we look out to see toy cars ! Now boats are in sight. It is a calm but wavy sea. The coastline looks like a map.

It takes about two hours. Then we have a long smooth ride along a French runway. Finally the aeroplane stops. We get out.

by J. Gugenheim. Form III

## THE STORM

29.

The Storm raged on  
Water was lashing the ship's side.  
The wind was howling,  
The ship swaying to and fro.  
The sea crashed and smashed.  
The howling wind and the crashing water  
Finally sunk the ship.  
Under it went to the place where all ships go some day -  
Davy Jones' locker.

E. Kentish. Lower IV

## AN AIRPORT

A crashing squeaking noise comes out from a jet.  
A sound breaks through to your ears and brown  
blackish coloured smoke comes out with the crashing  
noise. Here we are at an airport. An airport that  
thousands of people and hundreds of aircraft land and  
take off from.

An airport's runways from which hundreds of aircraft  
take off and land.

An airport's floor that millions of people step on.

An airport's window that millions of dust particles  
stick on.

An airport's toy shop to which hundreds of boys and  
girls come.

An airport's ashtrays that millions of finished  
cigar stubs are squashed in.

This is the airport, A station of aircraft  
and a most interesting place.

by Tsukasa Nabeshima.

RUNNING FOR FREEDOM.

I'm running, I'm running away from  
 them all.  
 I'm running, I'm running I mustn't  
 fall.  
 I've got to keep going oh please, oh  
 please,  
 I've got to keep going towards those  
 trees.

I must I must or I will die,  
 I must I must or I will lie  
 I want to, I want to, I want to survive..  
 I've got to, I've got to keep my family  
 alive.

I must look back, oh, I must see.  
 Oh no ! Oh no ! they're gaining on me.  
 I've done it I've done it with my last gasp.  
 But will, Oh will it, will it last ?

Melanie Davis. Upper IV A

SCHOOL LEAVERS 1966-7

31.

In addition to those mentioned in the last magazine, these seniors left during the year 1966:-

July 1966

Steven Cox	St. Christopher's, Letchworth.
Catherine Scott	Mayfield.

December 1966

Ian Sachs	Greycourt.
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Leavers in 1967 are as follows :-

March 1967

Joanna Denman	Holland Park
Amanda Lowenthal	Michael Hall
Piers Russell-Cobb	for Westminster.

July 1967

Colin Breeze	City of London
Lisa Dalton	Hurst Lodge
Melanie Davis	Bedales
Carlos Gebler	Holland Park
Lesley Lawrence	Cranborne Chase
Celia Lovell	Sidcot
Georgina Michelli	Frensham Heights
Jackline Moini	Lillesden
Joanna Ryle	St. Paul's
Honor Spearman	Bedales
Victoria Seale	St. Paul's
Stephanie Stammers	St. Paul's
Julia Throssell	Bedales
Joanna White	Haberdashers
Rosemary Williamson	St. Paul's



SOCIETY OF OLD FROEBELIANS

32.

Committee 1967 :-

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, Winton Cottage, Alfriston  
Sussex.

Editor of O.F. News. Mrs. Denny (nee B. Roberts)  
2, Brandon Mansions  
London, W.14.

Staff Representative Miss Akester

Ordinary Members 1966 Jonathan Foreshow  
Charles Haswell  
Matthew Wright

1967 Graham Sellick-Smith  
Jeannie Sturrock  
Tom Townend  
Micaela Giaquinto  
Donat Perbohner  
Muriel Stazicker (co-opted)

LETTER FROM MISS PRIESTMAN

33.

My dear O.F's,

March 1967

Looking back I see that my letters have been growing very lengthy! This year I must be brief for a change.

First I thank all of you who have sent me such welcome and newsy letters - an old teacher's greatest joy lies, I believe, in seeing her old pupils grow up to lead happy and full lives; and so many of you seem to be doing that.

Second, I want to thank Miss Macleod and her staff, for the welcoming and lovely parties she gives us.

Third, thank you, Editors, who have taken on this Magazine from Miss Duncan and continue to make it something which we can all be so proud of.

And lastly, thank you O.F. Officers and Committee, who help to hold us all together by your work.

I do hope this year will see the launching of the scheme which will result in the permanent dining room we have dreamed of for so long, and in a new Grove House School building for our youngest ones, which will be more in line with modern standards and our aspirations.

Greetings and good wishes to you all,

Your affectionate old friend.

Barbara Priestman.

LETTER FROM MISS BAIN.

Dear Old Froebelians,

Once again I am writing to give you my good wishes in whatever way of life you have taken. I hope when you meet together and exchange news you will remember with happiness the school which in most cases gave you the first experience you had in the world outside your own home. That world demanded courage and independence then, the world demands it from you now. Don't let it down.

My love to you all, in the common love of our school.

Ethel M. Bain.