

F. E. I.

SCHOOL MAGAZINE

1936

EDITORIAL

AS THIS is our first School Magazine, I think I should tell you something of the original idea. Well, Miss Priestman, one English lesson with the Upper IV, stated that she needed some School news done by the form, to put into the "The Old Frobelians' News Letter." This is a small yearly magazine sent to the members of the Old Froebelians. We were talking about the subject when suddenly someone suggested, "Why shouldn't we have a magazine?" — or words to that effect. Well, why shouldn't we? The idea was generally approved. And so we got down to work. The first job was to elect the directing staff. So in due course an Editor was elected with C. Mann as Sub-Editor, R. Allan, Financial Manager, J. Lloyd and M. Wood, Sports Managers. Unfortunately, our Head Boy, J. Barnett, who was one of our good contributors, left to go to St Paul's. I should like to say a good word for our contributors. Lack of space makes it impossible to print all contributions, so better luck next time to those who have been unfortunate. I hope you will all enjoy reading our first number, and I shall be only too glad to receive a note just saying how you enjoyed it.

It is also interesting to know that this magazine has been kindly printed by an old boy, Mr Pepler, of the Ditchling Press.

R. Heyland (Editor)

EVENTS OF THE YEAR

Autumn Term

WHEN we came back to school at the beginning of the Autumn, we discovered that Miss Lawrence had very kindly had the corridor painted and a new floor put down; and we had four new teachers:-

Miss Catley for the Nursery, Miss Ginger for the Third Form, and Mrs Byles for the Middle Fourth. Miss Underwood for Kindergarten A, came in January.

We collected a lot for the Harvest Festival, and took it to Somerstown and Notting Hill Nurseries, and to Fulham Hospital.

Then we had a lecture at Grove House, and Osken-
onten, the Red Indian, gave it.

The last thing was the Fair, in which we had side shows and various performances.

Spring Term

The first event was a lecture by Grey Owl at Grove House; and then Notting Hill Nursery Pound Week in which we got many pounds. The Upper and Middle Fourth visited Bryant and May's factory. Then, owing to measles, we could have no matches and had to break up early. The last event was the Stockbury week for the Upper Fourth.

Summer Term

Kindergarten A room was painted in the holidays by a few of the mistresses.

We went to see the Spring Festival Exhibition and Nature Films.

The Middle and Lower IV have gone on a School visit to Stockbury for five days.

Events we look forward to

The Little Ones Picnic at Grove House, July 14th.
Sports on July 17th to which Miss Jebb has kindly invited us again.

A concert of Miss Cornish's and Miss Calvert's pupils on July 20th.

Open day for Parents. Thursday July 9th.

Cecily Mann (Sub-Editor)

THE FOOTBALL TEAM

Captain: J. Lloyd

Vice-Captain: R. Heyland

Secretary: J. Barnett

THE TEAM

J. Lloyd, J. Barnett, S. Booth, R. Allan, R. Heyland, C. Keeble, W. Annear, D. Williams, C. Herzig, J. Coker, C. Bell.

The average age of the team is 11 years, 2 months.

The results of the matches are:—

School v. Gladstones 2nd XI.	Won 9 - 0.
School v. Gladstones 1st XI.	Lost 12 - 1
School v. " "	Lost 4 - 0.

John L. Lloyd

THE CRICKET TEAM.

Captain: J. Lloyd

Vice-Captain: C. Keeble

Secretary: R. Heyland

TEAM

J. Lloyd, C. Keeble, R. Heyland, S. Booth, R. Allan, C. Herzig, D. Williams, M. Mager, C. Bell, J. Coker, and W. Annear.

The average age of the team is about 12 years.

The results of the matches are:—

School v. Gladstones 1st XI.	Won 27 - 24
School v. Gladstones 1st XI.	Won 33 - 16

Three other matches have been arranged for this term.

John Lloyd.

NETBALL

Captain: Mary Wood
Vice-Captain: Cecily Mann
Secretary: Brenda Bell

TEAM

J. Cockrell, M. Wood, B. Coker, B. Ackland,
C. Mann, S. Douet, B. Bell

MATCHES

School v. Broomfield House. Lost 12 - 11
School v. Oakhill School. Won 13 - 1
School v. Parkfield. Drew 10 - 10
School v. Challoner School. Drew 7 - 7
School v. Challoner School. (under 12) Lost 18 - 3
School v. Kensington High School. Lost 27 - 3

ROUNDERS

This term the girls play rounders. At the time of going to press, the team has not been finally picked but five matches have been arranged already.

Mary Wood (Head Girl)

CHIEF OSKENONTON

CHIEF Oskenonton is a Red Indian Chief. He played the parts of Hiawatha, and the Witch-doctor in the play 'Hiawatha'. Last year he came to Grove House and gave a lecture on Indians.

He showed us a great many things including a Witch-doctor's and two chief's headresses, a tomahawk which could also be used as a pipe, and a tom-tom, which is a kind of drum made out of a slice of a tree-trunk about 6 inches thick. This is hollowed out leaving sides and one end about 1 inch thick, then some leather is stretched tightly over and bound in

place by a thong. The note can be regulated either by wetting the leather (which makes the note low) or leaving it dry (which makes the note high). If the leather is wet the water can be scraped off with a blunt instrument.

Reginald Allan, Upper IV.

GREY OWL.

GREY Owl the Canadian Beaver Hunter, has always loved Beavers since he was a boy. He was born in Canada, and has written many books about Beavers.

The students at Grove House heard that Grey Owl had come to London, to show his Nature Films at Schools and Colleges, so he was invited to Grove House, and it was there we first met him

He is a tall fine man, dark skinned with black hair, in two plaits on either side, and he wore an Eagle feather. By the way, if he wears his feather down he is friendly, but when worn up it is a sign of unfriendliness.

The clothing he wore was made out of deerskin hide — his trousers, Moccasins, and jacket. He had beads on the top of his Moccasins, and on his Jacket. His gloves came up to his elbows.

He and the beavers are good friends, he taught them to be friendly to human beings. Sometimes he finds the beavers inside his hut, and not only that but on the table.

He has made his home very near to the beavers.

He has saved the beavers from being wiped out, by going to different countries, and giving lectures about them, and how they live and build their houses, and telling the people not to keep on killing them.

Crawford Keeble, Upper IV.

GUILDS.

THE Mayor, Miss Priestman was the founder of the school Guilds two years ago, and everyone chose the Guild they desired to be in. There was the Bookman's Guild led by Miss Fanchiotti, Miss Tosh had the Music Makers and different members of the staff have had the Needlework Guild, the Tinker's Guild, the Naturalist's Guild, the Artificers Guild and Les Troubadours.

At the end of the first year we acted the "Pageant of Courtesy" in which each Guild acted a story out of the Bible.

The first year the Artificers made a paddling pool in the garden for the nursery children, the Music Makers acted a play and the Art workers painted the studio.

During the Autumn Term we had a fair in aid of the Nursery Schools at which each Guild did a turn on the stage, a play or a dance or some other entertainment. After that Mrs Smith provided tea in the hall served from the First Form and there were also side shows and competitions. The fair was a great success and with the willing help of the parents we collected fourteen pounds.

Barbara Bell, Upper IV.

TWO ACCOUNTS OF THE LOWER FOURTH'S VISIT TO
STOCKBURY IN JUNE 1935

Yarrow's account of our week-end visit

I WAS sleeping peacefully in the orchard when I was suddenly awakened by a loud noise, the sound of children shouting and suitcases banging on the stones. I sprang up and ran and saw a big green object

with wheels at the gate, and people swarming out of it. I saw it was a party of children. A few minutes later when they had tea, I ran about the tables looking for tit-bits to eat. Next day they all went out somewhere and came back laden with flowers which they sorted out and put in water. Next day they went to study trees, and they said they were going to see the fox's den, so I wish I could have gone with them. They came back with drawings and a lot of bones. That evening they played a game with a stick and a ball which they called rounders, and I chased their ball and got it.

(Note. Yarrow is adog) *Michael Herzig, Middle IV.*

Edward's account of a week-end

I AM a donkey and my name is Edward. I am seventeen years old and one day some children came to stay with my mistress Miss Pugh. The night they came, Miss Pugh brought them all round to see me, some of them had rides on me. Then my Mistress gave me my supper and went on to feed the pigs. Then I think they went to bed. The next morning they all got up very early and had rides on me round and round my pen.

The last day we went down to the field that I plough and they had turns riding on me there. Then they all said good-bye to me and then they went home.

Sheila Douet, Middle IV.

STOCKBURY, March 1936

IN the holidays the Upper IV. went to Stockbury. It is a tiny village in Kent near Maidstone. Four boys, three girls, and three Mistresses went down and we had a very jolly time.

Miss Pugh owns the Farm and she lets people live in it.

It is a very old cottage. Round Stockbury are some woods, Steps Wood, and Squirrel Wood, and there is a hill called Fox's Hill because of all the fox's dens on it. From Fox's Hill you can see the mouth of the river Thames and Medway, and the Isle of Sheppey.

In the Village there is only one shop, and it will sell anything you want.

We had to do our own cooking and cleaning and we did lessons in the morning from ten thirty till eleven and then had forty-five minutes break and we played rounders or touch ruggar. After that we had lessons for another hour.

In the afternoons we went out for walks and one day Miss Caiger-Smith gave us a treasure hunt, and another a man hunt, and other days we would go in the woods or on to Fox's Hill where we found the skulls and bones of rabbits eaten by the foxes. In the evenings when it got too dark and misty to play we went indoors and sat round the fire, and we played charades and made up limericks. We went to bed at half-past seven and got up at six o'clock in the morning.

Cecily Mann and Brenda Bell, Upper IV.

SCOTT

ACROSS the wild expanse of ice and snow,
Where often mighty blizzards fiercely blow,
Across the sea the English hero came,
To win his country everlasting fame.
He faced the hardships of the bitter cold,
His great, undaunted, courage ever bold.

He struggled on, nor spared his life nor limb,
He struggled on, and fought through thick and thin.
And when he reached the object of his goal,
The far and icy regions of the pole,
He found a black flag fluttering in the breeze,
He found his wanted prize already seized.
He turned and faced the wastes that he must roam,
On that great fateful journey to reach home.
He saw his chances fading in the light,
He saw his homeland fading from his sight.
He rests beneath the fields of ice and snow,
Where often mighty blizzards fiercely blow.
There lies that English hero who once came,
To win his country everlasting fame.

Rowley Heyland, Upper IV.

THE BIRD MAN'S FIRST FLIGHT IN ENGLAND

IT was on Saturday May 2nd 1936 that about 90,000 of the British public witnessed Clem 'Bird man' Sohn's first flight in England at the Hanworth Air Park.

The crowd had been collecting since one o'clock and the roads were blocked with cars.

Then at 3.45 p.m. the programme started.

First, the pilot who was to take Clem Sohn up, showed the paces of a 'B.A. Swallow' from which the bird man would jump. This plane had been chosen because of the easy access to the wings and because it could fly under perfect control at the amazingly slow speed of 25 m.p.h.

Then followed some crazy flying, paper cutting, and a parachute descent.

Then came the great moment! The swallow

carrying the pilot and the bird man started punctually at 4.30 p.m. It circled over the aerodrome followed by seven photographer's planes. The planes continued circling for about twenty-five minutes, and by that time they had reached the altitude of 10,000 ft. Flying over to windward of the aerodrome, the swallow slowed until it was safe for Clem Sohn to climb out onto the wing. The pilot then fired a very light, a prearranged signal that Sohn would jump in a few seconds. Ten seconds later he jumped, dropped about 50 ft then opened the fin attached between his legs, let off a smoke bomb fixed to the fin, and dropping about another 200 ft he opened his wings. It was then that he started diving, looping and turning. Reaching about 1,000 ft he released his parachute and floated gently to earth.

As he opened the parachute a cheer broke forth, and the crowd surged after the lorry which was to bring him round for all to see, However as the aerodrome was covered with people this could not be done.

Reginald Allan, Upper IV.

SPRING

SPRING is happy and joyous,
Full of life and fun.
Children all can frolic,
Spring's about to come.
Trees will bring their flowers,
Birds will build their nests,
Everything is happy
When she's at her best.

Barbara Brand, Lower IV.

CRASHED IN THE ALPS

GEORGE aged 28, and Edward aged 23, wanted to explore the Alps.

George said "Why don't we? We have got the money for equipment and Dad has got a plane, I vote we leave in a week's time".

Edward answered, "That suits me".

The day before they left both of them cleaned the plane, and oiled the engine. When they had finished her, she looked grand. The day came for them to start, they took off at 5.45 a.m. They were flying over Paris at 7.15 a.m. and flying at a normal height, and fast, George piloting.

Edward saw a snow peak, so Edward phoned George. George answered, "Right, I will lower her down. Now we are flying over the Alps".

While lowering, the engine broke down. Before long they found themselves whirling down to the snow, so they hoped for the best. Smash! they hit the ground. George scrambled out through flame, with a sprained ankle, a burnt arm, and face. Edward was flung about six yards with a bruised forehead, burnt arm and leg.

But when they tried to S.O.S. to Croydon, they found that the wireless had been smashed to bits. Edward got to work by making a shelter with the remains of the plane. Some of the food was saved, and a petrol tank. They made a fire of grass, sticks and petrol. The first aid box was still in use. Edward bandaged George. The only means of getting water, was to get some snow and boil it in a leaking pan.

They were in the freezing Alps for five days. George was nearly finished and it was quite dark, when suddenly Edward heard two aeroplanes flying quite low. Edward, half frozen, shone his dim torch up into the

sky, signaling S.O.S. and a light came from one of the planes answering, "We are coming down."

Edward said to George, "We are saved. The planes are coming down." He gave him their last drink. George feeling a bit better sat up and said, "Thank God for sending the planes or my life would have gone".

A voice from one of the pilots said, "come along; we will take you back to England".

"Thanks," said Edward, "George would have gone if you had not been here".

Crawford Keeble, Upper IV.

SUMMER 1936

(by R.L.S. and Form III.)

THE rain is raining all around,
It rains on field and tree,
It rains on the umbrellas here,
And on the ships at sea.

R. L. Stevenson.

It rains on sheep and cattle,
It rains on chickens too,
And it rains on all the people,
It rains the whole night through.

Jill Summers.

Every-one is glad to hear,
The rain is coming very near,
The corn and wheat will soon be here,
For breakfast and for tea.

Audrey Coyle.

The rain is raining all around,
The puddles are getting high,

It rains on everybody,
Black clouds chase through the sky.

Peter Bettany.

The rain is raining all around,
It rains on everyone,
While children stop at home all day
Until the sun doth come.

Julian Sabbe.

HECTOR HICCOUGH, THE DETECTIVE

HECTOR Hiccough came tearing down the street in his 1922 Ford, going at the terrific speed of 10 miles an hour, while Constable Cuddlecop held up his hand because he thought that Hector had passed the thirty mile limit. Hector came to a jarring halt that made him swallow his false teeth.

"What do you mean by stopping me constable?" bellowed Hector.

"I have my horders to do sir. I have my horders to stop hevery car that passes me, for Lady Ramsbotom's priceless 6d. glass earings have been stolen".

"I will have to put my nose into this!" cried Hector, biting a lump off his steering wheel.

So Hector started up his engine and roared off. He arrived there just as his car ran out of petrol, oil, water and air.

Hector jumped out of his car ran up the steps and pulled the bell. A man opened the door and said, "W'ya want".

Hector let out a roar like a badly oiled steam-engine that made his hat and his wig jump off his head.

"Do you not know whom you are talking to, my man? I, the great! My well known name is Detective

James Thomas Booth Growser Hector Hiccough!"

"Sorry Mate!" cried the man, "Step right in".
Hector went into the hall where he was met by Lady Ramsbotom. "HA! My dear Hector!" she gurgled, "My ear-rings were stolen in this room".

Hector took his magnifying glass and started to examine the room. Lady Ramsbotom showed him the box where the ear-rings had been stolen.

Suddenly Hector let out a yell of joy. He took a little red hair from the box.

"Your butler stole the ear-rings! he yelled. "He has red hair". Hector rushed out of the room, tripped up the butler, gave him an upper cut and biffed him on the head.

Hector got a handsome reward of 100 shillings 2 pennies and four farthings.

Cambell Bell, Middle IV.

QUID FACIAMUS?

N.B. The characters in this poem do not refer to any living person.

"**W**HAT do you make of Raleigh?"
I heard a mistress say,
"He hasn't been working for me a bit,
I don't know at all what to make of it,
Is he overworked; or not quite fit?
I *can't* make him work to-day."

What shall we do about Winston?
He always will come late.
This time it really wasn't his fault—
But you have to take that with a grain of salt.
Perhaps if we gave him Radio Malt?
It *might* keep him up to date.

Whose table is Driscoll at next week?
He really is a case,
He won't eat pudding or greens or meats,
He keeps his mouth open while he eats,
Do you think if we, fed him on sugar and sweets,
It *might* help him shut his face?

What's to be done about Latin?
We find it such a bore.
We can't be bothered with Tense and Mood
(Kaye knows a riddle that's rather rude),
If only we could have Roman food
It *might* help the Upper IV.

What shall we do about Mr Bee?
He ought to have the sack.
He's never here till after nine,
His form kicks up a duce of a shine,
Couldn't we make him take Horlick's Wine!
Then he *might* not be quite so slack.

by **L**

STORM AND SUNSHINE

L OUD is the thunder when it clashes,
Dark is the sky when it rains,
Nice it is when there is sunshine,
And blue skies over the plains.
Grey are the clouds when it's raining,
Wet are the paths that we tread,
But when the spring comes here again,
I ride on my pony Ned.

Pat Dawbarm, Form III

RIDDLES FROM FORM THREE

What am I?

I CAN be black but I am usually brown,
My feet are like my hands.

I climb trees.

I like nuts to eat.

I am sometimes in the zoo.

What am I?

Judith Hughes Stanton.

I am white usually, and I can be any colour
The more I am used the shorter I grow.

I can be broken easily.

What am I?

Fill Summers.

I climb trees.

I am small.

I eat nuts because I like them, and

I am rather timid.

What am I?

David Featherstone.

DEATH on the DUST-HEAP, or
the BOTTLE of COD LIVER OIL.

IVOR Klue the daring sleuth gazed long and carefully through a magnifying glass at a speck of dust on a cod liver oil bottle. Only that morning had he dashed to the scene of the crime on his steam-roller. He had been told by telephone, to come to the famous village of the name of Penny-whistle, where Lord and Lady Cufflink lived.

Now Lord and Lady Cufflink were well known figures in social circles. As Ivor Klue dashed up to

Lord Cufflink's ancestral home, there was a loud pop and a cork whizzed past his ear. Ivor shuddered and nearly fell off his steam-roller.

"Evidently some villain is trying to mutilate me," he muttered.

As he drew up at the door, with a shrieking of brakes, Lord Cufflink dashed out tearing his hair.

"Just my luck" he moaned lustily to Ivor. "My wife gets doped with a cod liver oil bottle, and while I and the servants were attending her, a dirty tyke stole all her valuable Woolworth's jewelry".

"Don't worry," said Ivor heroically, "Leave this to me, and bring the cod liver oil."

Lord Cufflink charged upstairs and soon returned with the dastardly bottle.

"Where did you find this bottle?" asked Ivor suspiciously.

"On the dust heap, near the house," replied his Lordship, "it will do for my wife."

Ivor Klue examined the bottle carefully. "There are only five finger marks, that means the villain must have only four fingers and one thumb", he muttered loudly. "Show me the dust heap."

He was shown the dust heap, and holding his nose tightly, he examined it carefully and all of a sudden held up a small packet.

"Liquorice powder," he muttered.

At dinner time instead of having dinner with Lord Cufflink he had it at the Pig and Whistle.

The Landlord an ugly man with a squint, sniffed rudely. "What yer want?"

"Some beer", Ivor Klue replied.

As the Landlord lifted down a mug, Ivor saw that his hands had four fingers and one thumb.

Instantly Ivor became alert, he drew out a pop-gun with a huge cork in it. "Stick 'em up," he hissed.

"O.K.," the Landlord moaned dolefully and he broke down and confessed.

.....
Ivor Klue was handed a handsome reward while the prisoner was taken to jail.

THE END

W. Annear Middle, IV.

WEDNESDAY'S DRAWING.

HEAR the tale of Wednesday's Drawing
How we tried to draw Marina.

Draw the big black cat Marina,
Seated there before the blackboard,
On a desk adorned with paper.
She was quiet and very nervous,
Nervous of the classroom hub-bub
Swayed her tail with anger rising,
Made a dash across the classroom,
Made a reckless dash for freedom,
Made a dash to reach her kittens.
But our patient teacher caught her,
Caught and soothed and held the pussy.
Then we dabbed white paint on paper,
Wildly splashing paint on paper,
Till appeared her shapely outline,
White Marinas by the dozen.
Hear the tale of Wednesday's drawing,
How we drew the cat Marina.

Upper IV Girls

CAST UPON A DESERT ISLAND

Helen Wicks

IT WAS 1776 when I shouldered my bundle and then started my long journey to Temple Port. I was going to sea on the good ship "Vanity". My one ambition when I was a little boy, was to go to sea. And now at last my wish came true.

I heard it took three days to get to the port. I felt as if I was walking on air, as I was so excited. At last I reached my destination. I saw the captain and had a conversation and then got aboard the ship, which was anchored in the port. Before we had started I asked the captain to give me a job, and he did. I was to be cabin-boy

I had been on the ship quite three days and now there was a storm raging near the Pacific Ocean, we were going right into it.

The next day a terrible disaster overtook us, and we were forced to man the life-boats. I was squashed between two big, brawny sailors. We were tossed up and down. At last we sighted land. "Land Ahoy!" almost shrieked one of the sailors.

At night we got there and landed. Next day to our dismay we found that our boat had drifted away and now we were stranded. We did have many thrills and adventures, but I have no room to tell you of them.

Now to tell you of our rescue.

Every day and night one of us would go to the highest point we could get at.

One day Jock the sailor came hurrying down; we heard that he had seen a ship, at that news, we immediately lit the pile of wood, we had got ready, should we sight a ship, soon the flames rose high into

the air. Our joy knew no bounds as we saw it come towards us. At last it reached us. We quickly clambered aboard and started for home. How glad everybody was when they saw us. I never went to sea again as you may imagine. *Helen Wicks, Middle IV.*

SHIPS

FROM my window I can see
The river flowing wide and free,
And when the tide has risen high
Many ships go sailing by.
First like Queens the barges go
With ripples wide like skirts do flow.
With wood and coal they sail along,
Chug, Chug, Chug, their constant song.
The steamers go by many times
Rich with goods from other climes,
But of barges, boats and all the rest
I like skimming Yachts the best.

Gillian Duncan, Lower IV.

A CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE

Betty Coker

IN Christmas 1932 we went to stay with our great-Aunt in an old manor which was supposed to be haunted.

On Christmas Eve I thought it would be fun to wrap myself in a sheet and parade the manor as a ghost.

That night when everybody was asleep, I got the sheet and went out into the long corridor. It was not as much fun as I thought it would be, when I got out in the dark, but I resolved to stick to my idea; so I walked down the stairs and into the hall, then there

STOCKBURY ALPHABET

A is for animals, apples and arrows.
B is for brambles we pitched on the barrows.
C is for cats, cows, cottage and car.
D is for ducks that we saw from afar.
E is for Edward the donkey so old.
F is for foxes the farmers did scold.
G is for Gussie the car so good.
H is for ham we had for our food.
I is for illness that none of us had.
J is for some of the jokes so bad.
K is for kettle that stood on the range.
L is for lessons we had for a change.
M is for miles that all of us walked.
N is for noises we made when we talked.
O is for Owen the shaggy sheep dog.
P is for pigs the wives of the hog.
Q is for questions we had every day.
R is for rounders we all liked to play.
S is for skull we found in the wood.
T is for trails that were so good.
U is for uphill we went on the trot.
V is for village with only one shop.
W is for wood where the treasure hunt led.
Nothing is left but **X Y Z**.

Cecily Mann, Upper IV.

WHEN I'm tucked in bed at night
And snuggle warmly down
I dream of lovely daffodils
Upon a golden crown.

And then I dream of bluebells
In a dark enchanted wood
And see the sun come peeping through
As deep and red as blood.

And when the morning wakens
I dream of Speedwell blue
And as I wake I do so wish
That it would all come true.

Silvia Beamish, Form II