

*The School at the End
of the Lane*



*This book is dedicated to Miss Inez Routledge
in honour of her sixty years at Reedham Park School.*

'A truly remarkable achievement by a lovely lady'

*'Train up a child in the way he should go and
when he is old he will not depart from it'*

Proverbs 22.6

*The School at the End
of the Lane*



Reedham Park School, Purley
Diamond Jubilee
1992

Introduction

I remember the day I fell under the spell of Reedham Park School. It was October 5th 1953 and my parents, brother Dan and myself had that day moved into our new home in 71 Old Lodge Lane. Just turned five years old, I was exploring the vast new garden when I heard the distant sound of singing from the direction of a building just visible through the trees. The afternoon singing lesson sounded to my puzzled ears like a heavenly choir.

My first memory of Miss Routledge herself is of being told off for writing my name in chalk on the steps going up to Lady Bowyer's. Not only had I to clean up the step, I had also mis-spelled my name Tohmas. Not bad—discipline, spelling and cleanliness in one hit.

For me, and for hundreds of others, the school has held a special charm that has not diminished with the years. That is entirely due to one of the most indomitable, eccentric and warm-hearted individuals you could hope to meet, who has fashioned a place unlike any other and has enriched the lives of all who have passed through it.

I hope you will enjoy this distillation of all that is good about Reedham Park, and that it will rekindle memories of your own about one very remarkable lady and the School at the End of the Lane.

Tom Boyle

Acknowledgements

Many people have given a great deal of help in preparing this book, and without their assistance it would never have seen the light of day.

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Tom Boyle, 17th November 1992.

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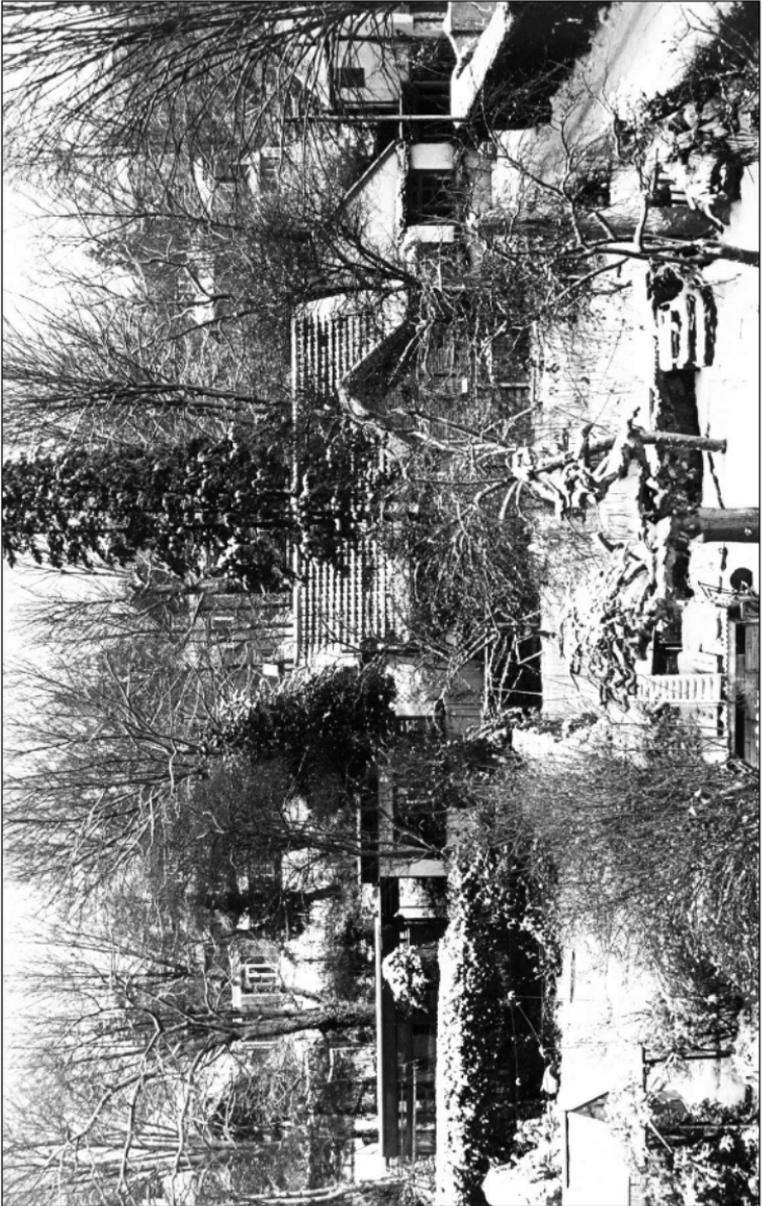
The School at the End of the Lane





The School at the End of the Lane





On previous pages:

Page 8: The whole school on a showery day in July 1992 (except afternoon teachers and Mrs Dunmore who had broken her arm)

Page 9: The 1992/93 Kindergarten.

Back row, from the left—Sacha Kearns, James Ireland, Jennifer Burt, Russell Sturgeon, Tessa Van Der Vord, Rodney Davies, Leanne Kane.

Middle row, from left—Lucy Ann Martin, Damon Marchini, Lauren Osman, Adrian de Souza, Josephine MacDonald, Michael Bird, Jenna Beatty, Akash Rughani, Abbey Martin, Ben Leonard.

Front row, from left—David Hudson, Lucy Gallagher, Giovanni Damiani, Louis Blair, Ruveen Phull, Alexander Demetri, Joseph Eastwood, Louise MacDonald, Daniel Brady.

Pages 10 and 11: Summer and winter. Mick Simpson's picture taken in July 1989, and the view from 71 Old Lodge Lane about ten years earlier.

The School



It is not possible to say precisely when a building first existed on the site of Reedham Park School. Early maps show nothing in the vicinity, and the first authoritative map of the district, by Thomas Bainbridge in 1785¹ shows only one building, known as Lodge Farm, between the Brighton Road and Wattendon. This stood on the site of the present Lodge Hill opposite the tennis courts.

The first building we know of on the school site was a stable, probably built in the nineteenth century to serve the farm. At that time there were no houses nearby. Purley expanded greatly in the

¹Bainbridge was recording the Estate of Thomas Byron Esquire, Lord of the Manor of Coulsdon. Coulsdon and Wattendon were recorded in the Domesday Book of 1086. The Byron family (Lord Byron the poet was a distant relative) were Lords of the Manor until 1922 when the land passed to the control of the Coulsdon and Purley Urban District Council.

second half of the nineteenth century and the Reverend Andrew Reed built an orphanage on a site now occupied by Beaumont School and the Fairbriar Reedham Estate. But by 1906 the development of Old Lodge Lane reached only as far as no. 73, and even then there were houses only on the east side of the lane. Hartley Hill opposite was still open fields, as it had been since the Middle Ages when it was famous locally for its rabbit warrens.

The premises were used variously as a garage and a church before it was first used as a primary school in the 1920s. An interesting account of the ecclesiastical interlude is given in a 24-page booklet on the history of St. Barnabas Church entitled *Cradled in a Stable*. (The church which now stands in Higher Drive was originally established at 71a Old Lodge Lane). Appropriately for premises which had previously served as a stable, the first service was held on Christmas Day 1910.

The premises were first used as a preparatory school in the 1920s when the Principal was a Mrs Taylor. When she decided to give it up, interest was expressed by a Miss Pick, a dramatic teacher in Croydon with whom Miss Routledge had worked. The original plan was for Miss Pick to lease the property to run a drama school. Miss Pick was to

run the drama side while Miss Routledge would look after the academic side. However, when the solicitor heard the details of the buildings (the Big Room only—the Milk Room had not yet been built, and the flat, Kindy and Lower Prep were not included) he advised against taking the premises as there was no living accommodation. The deal appeared to have fallen through.

But then some friends suggested that Miss Routledge take the school on single-handed. Mr and Mrs Smith, the parents of a friend of Miss Routledge from her days at college, urged her to seriously consider the idea. She took the bull by the horns, made the legal and financial arrangements, and in the summer of 1932 found herself the slightly bemused Principal of a prep school with a roll of twelve pupils.

‘I was terrified,’ she said. ‘I remember going round to visit all the parents to introduce myself. I didn’t want to do it. I thought they would think I was too young, you see.’

Miss Routledge quickly established the principles and routines which have changed little in sixty years and the little school began to prosper and thrive. That first Christmas there was a small dance performance—it was the following year that the first production of *Cinderella* inaugurated



Purley Centre about 1930. The fountain now outside Purley Library stood in its original position, and Russell Hill Road was still a residential road.

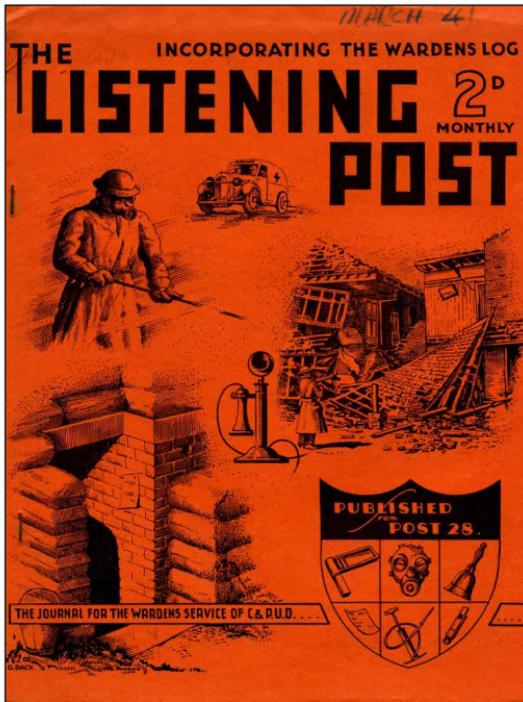
an event which has caused more hilarity down the years than any West End production could ever hope to achieve. In May 1933 the new maypole was brought out, resplendent with new ribbons, to celebrate the crowning of the first May Queen, Hazel Coppen. The maypole itself was replaced many years ago when the netball posts were put up, but the same ribbons have been twined and twirled in all sixty May dances. That same year the first Sports Day was held, won by Green (though Orange won the next year).

Numbers began to grow—first sixteen, then twenty four, then forty. Those were halcyon days, with a summer fortnight in a rented house at Hayling Island one of the highlights of the year.

But then came the war. Everyone's life was changed—though not at first. There was a long period of inactivity by both sides, so much so that the conflict began to be called the Phoney War. But in 1940 the Germans launched the full might of their air power against Britain, culminating in the Battle of Britain in September 1940. Kenley Aerodrome, at the top of Old Lodge Lane, was one of the Fighter Command posts whose job it was to stop the German bombers. It was also a prime German target. On 15th August the Germans set out to attack it, but succeeded only in bombing



From the early 1930s: Miss Routledge and Mrs Smith on a day out on the River Thames. Mrs Smith and her husband were instrumental in Miss Routledge's decision to move to Reedham Park



Left: The cover of The Listening Post (incorporating the Wardens' Log) of March 1941, which contained an emotional tribute to Miss Routledge and her fellow Air Raid Wardens (below).

POST 45 Greet The New Year.

New Year's Eve saw many of the Wardens from the above Post at the School Room, Old Lodge Lane, by the kind invitation of Miss Routledge to spend a social evening and to greet the New Year in.

Miss Routledge proved herself a Host of Hosts, and it is still a wonder to all present how in these days of rations such a splendid feast had been prepared.

The evening started with a Dart throwing competition for which a prize had been offered. Where there's a prize there's a Scotsman, ask F/W Thompson. The fun then became fast and furious, games being intermingled with dancing. These Wardens, symbolic of the whole nation, threw aside all reserve and each and everyone thoroughly and wholeheartedly enjoyed themselves. I experienced a grand thrill to think how at one moment all these people so imbued with the seriousness of their tasks as Wardens, and the next moment could enter into the lighter side of life so heartedly. What chance has any Dictator against such a people.

The Grand Finale of the evening came with the Xmas Tree from which everyone received a small gift with a big thrill.

Wardens of Post 45 I salute you. Each and everyone of you are real personalities. May we enjoy many more similar gatherings with the dark war clouds all dissembled.

ANON.

Croydon Aerodrome by mistake. But from then on hardly a day passed without the air raid sirens sending out their eerie wail. Attacks on Biggin Hill, Kenley and other RAF airfields frequently turned into spectacular dogfights, visible on the ground for many miles around. There are still bomb craters visible in the woods beside the Coulsdon Court golf course—the same golf course where fighter pilots including Douglas Bader played in their hours of relaxation.

The Spitfires won the struggle for supremacy, inflicting the first defeat of the war on Hitler, but for most of the war the threat of an air raid was an ever-present reality. There were many tragedies, and one of the worst happened not far away at Catford at lunchtime on Wednesday 20th January 1943. A German Focke Wulf fighter-bomber dropped a 1,100lb high explosive bomb on Sandhurst Road school. Thirty eight children and six teachers were killed, and more than sixty others seriously injured.

Miss Routledge had a well-drilled routine for shepherding the children into the shelters when the air raid warning sounded—and for occupying them while inside, chanting tables all the way from two twos to twelve score, songs and running stories. She became an Air Raid Warden and gained a good deal of notoriety for some lively



*Miss
Routledge
and Mr
Smith, who
advised her
to take on
Reedham
Park School
single-
handed.*

*Frolics in
the sea at
Hayling
Island
in the
1930s.*



*Gordon
Newman
and
Sleeping
Beauty
from
about the
same time.*

social events. Her New Year's Eve parties became legendary and many recall the morale boosting effect of Miss Routledge's unique contribution to the life of the community

After the war it was some time before things settled into a more even rhythm. It was 1951 before food rationing ended, but as the 1950s dawned the school was growing again. Then in 1956 came a crisis. The owner of the property, Mr Frederick Betts, a builder who lived in Haydn Avenue, died and the executors wanted to sell it. The estate agents had found an interested party. Miss Routledge would be able to stay, but she knew the rent would go up and up and that soon she would not be able to afford it. She went to see Mrs Betts and asked that as the sitting tenant she might have first refusal. Mrs Betts agreed and Miss Routledge went to see her bank manager.

'He said that it seemed like a good idea to bid for the school and that the bank would like to help me,' said Miss Routledge. 'He said "Before we talk about a mortgage let's see what savings you've got." So we added up all my savings and it came to exactly what they were asking. I can't remember how much it was, but I do remember that it was exactly the right amount. It was ever so extraordinary. I still can't get over it, even to this day.'



Build-up to Bonfire Night on the field in the mid-1980s.

Miss Routledge's offer was accepted, to the chagrin of the estate agents, and overnight the situation was transformed. From being the very unsettled tenant of the Milk Room (built by Mr Betts), the Big Room and the tiny kitchen (which had also served as bedroom for twenty years), Miss Routledge became the outright owner of all these and the buildings next door as well.

On April 13th 1956 Mr and Mrs Stan Casbon, who had lived in the flat, moved to a new house in Dale Road with their sons Ken and Keith, both pupils at the school. Miss Routledge finally enjoyed

the luxury of a choice of bedrooms, a living room and separate kitchen, as well as a large amount of ground floor space, for the moment choc-a-bloc with builders' materials.

The first big improvement meant removing the Hut, the outside classroom at the Burcott Road end of the school. It was a room with walls of thin asbestos cement, delightfully cool in summer, where Mrs Causley, a good friend of Miss Routledge's, took classes. A coloured map of the English Counties hung on the end wall. Also demolished was a smaller but more solid structure on the opposite side of the path which then ran up to the steps to the field. The prefabricated concrete coal bunker, built against the wall of the Big Room under the little window, had provided a handy vantage point at end of term concerts for those too late to find room in the hall. It had also provided tempting access to the rope attached to the bell above the school.

In their place was built a new classroom which now also served as the stage. This brought to an end a ritual which had lasted from time immemorial, putting up the stage for the end of term concert. This involved a lot of contortions on the part of the fathers and a lot of excitement on the part of the children.

Later the last classroom, now Upper Prep, was built and the netball court was tarmaced; Miss Routledge also acquired the upper field, which had been divided into two tennis courts. The one at the Burcott Road end had belonged to the Hendersons who lived in Haydn Avenue, while the other end was part of the land owned by Sir Eric and Lady Bowyer. The Bowyers' end had been used regularly by the schoolchildren for games and sports, and when Sir Eric died Lady Bowyer gave it to Miss Routledge as a memorial to her late husband. Several years later Miss Routledge bought the Hendersons' end and merged the two fields into one.

By then the Bowyers' end had seen some hard use from dozens of small boys in football boots and at times was better described as a flat piece of mud with occasional grass than a tennis court. The grass has been relaid a number of times, and for several years in the 1980s the field was used for a Bonfire Night spectacular around November 5th. Some of the bonfires were enormous, so much so that one year two of the sixty-foot trees beside the field nearly caught fire.

Gradually over the years the face of the school changed, though its spirit has remained unaltered. There has always been an air of harmony with



Sports Day action on the field about 1987.

A Lesson from Miss Chips

REEDHAM PARK prep school in Purley, Surrey, is unique. It offers an 'old-fashioned' style of education that money alone cannot buy. The standard of learning by the age of eight would put most primary school children to shame.

When children apply for a kindergarten place at four-plus, it's the parents who have to pass the entry test... NOT the youngsters.

Fees are a mere £35 a term and the 120 pupil school has the charm and flavour of the very best village school.

First hurdle for parents, a probing evening interview with the grey-haired but sprightly proprietress and head, Mrs Inez Routledge, who's run the school for 45 years.

'Routy', or 'Miss Chips' as parents soon admiringly learn to call her, believes education has to be a 'winning partnership between teachers and parents. Morals and manners, she believes, are every bit as important in the making of man, as good teaching and dedication to study.

When I visited Reedham Park, five-



BY CHRISTOPHER ROWLANDS
EDUCATION CORRESPONDENT

year-olds eagerly vied to read fluently to me about Cinderella, others were chanting tables and coping with multiplication and division.

The key to this success is the co-operation between home and school.

At weekends parents go off with their youngsters on nature walks — collecting wild flowers this term and nuts and berries next, which are all labelled and identified in class the following week.

Each night youngsters take home a list of ten words they must learn to spell — and be tested on next day. One six-year-old was already coping with 'opaque' 'observatory' and 'noticeable' and will have a vocabulary of 1,500 words by the end of the summer term.

At six, they start French and at eight the bright ones are starting Latin. Dads in particular 'must' be involved in the youngsters' schooling, Miss Routledge believes. And, at the weekend, they're enrolled to help cut the cricket pitch and keep the grounds tidy, deperate and chop logs.

That way the school is miraculously able to keep fees down to £35 a term. No child is denied the chance of an education at Miss Chips school because their parents cannot afford the fees.

There is a four-year waiting list to get local youngsters into the school.

'Please don't write about my school,' Miss Chips appealed to me. 'It is not that I'm not very proud of it... but I just hate to have to turn parents away when they beg me to let their children come here.'

That's understandable when eight year olds race through IQ tests for eleven year olds. And the school walks away with a high proportion of places at local independent schools. And those who go on, at eleven, to the State schools are always in the A-stream.

COMMENT IS IN CENTRE PAGE

17/6/79

The infamous Daily Mail article.

nature, whether it is the sight of a squirrel scampering up to an open window to see what he has been left for breakfast, or the profusion of wild and climbing plants (including the only known hop plant outside Kent). In this idyllic setting generations of children have been stimulated and stretched intellectually as well as being introduced to the wider world of arts, science and languages. Over the years they have consistently gained outstanding results, especially when it comes to gaining scholarships and awards.

Miss Routledge has never sought publicity for the school yet she is frequently oversubscribed for the 125 places available. (The figure used to be 160 but Education Authority regulations now restrict the number).

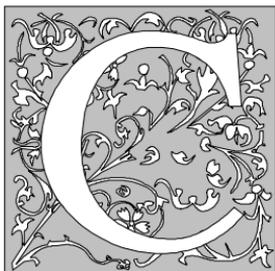
On one occasion in 1979 the *Daily Mail* Education Correspondent had the temerity to run an article on the school. Miss Routledge was furious. Not because of what the article said about the school—indeed, it was highly complimentary if a little fanciful in its choice of the ‘Miss Chips’ epithet. Miss Routledge’s ire was more to do with the prospect of a surge of applications for children to join the school. Despite protests to the newspaper, the fear became reality and for months Miss Routledge had to turn away a stream of parents seeking a place for their child.

Those who do find themselves drawn into the world of Reedham Park seldom regret it, either as children, parents or teachers. The ethos of the school has much to do with this, the idea that the whole family should be involved in the school. An extra bonus for hard-pressed parents is that the fees are low, though it does mean payment in kind with occasional help on the maintenance rota. No-one ever feels that the school is run primarily for profit, at least not in the financial sense. In a world dominated by money, there is a refreshing other-worldliness about Miss Routledge's attitude to finance. Clearly someone who is prepared to spend twenty years sleeping on a camp bed cannot be too concerned about a life of luxury.

There is a story, true as it happens, that one Sunday a few years ago a parent on maintenance duty asked Miss Routledge how much she thought the whole school was worth. 'I really don't know, my dear,' she replied. 'About a thousand pounds, I should think.'

Memories

Before the War



ongratulations to Miss Routledge on her Diamond Jubilee—a truly remarkable achievement by a lovely lady. I attended the school from 1925 to 1929, when we moved away on the death of my mother. At that time the school was run by a Mrs Taylor, a widow, who lived in South Croydon and who collected children as she walked up Old Lodge Lane every morning. Our numbers then were just 16! However, I returned to the address in 1934 to live with my aunt, whose daughter, Hazel Copen, also attended the school. Hazel later became a character actress of stage, screen, TV and radio, but sadly died in 1975. I renewed my acquaintance with Routie during the war, when she was well known for her fancy dress parties—a great morale booster.

Joan Timlett (née Baddeley), Petts Wood, Kent.

I remember so many things: the kindness and patience above all and the untiring help; how we used to sit at

those little desks and listen to stories being read, particularly *Jungle Book*. I loved going to school on Wednesdays because we had stories about the Saints at Prayer Time. But oh, those awful lists of spellings, ten words every lunch-time and the raps over the knuckles if we got them wrong in the afternoon!

Olive Peacock (née Matthews).

I well remember with pleasure and gratitude my time at Reedham Park School. How fortunate we were to have Miss Routledge as our first teacher! She had endless patience and love, set standards of behaviour which were impossible to forget, yet was such good fun too. I remember games at lunch-time when Miss Routledge played with us and taught us *What's The Time, Mr Wolf?*, dancing lessons, rehearsals for pantomimes and concerts, having to plait the May Pole and the bunches of flowers we presented to the May Queen, outings to the Science Museum and Natural History Museum, to the theatre to see *Where The Rainbow Ends* and to the Albert Hall to see *Hiawatha*.

I remember a visit to Fairyland—in fact the garden next door, which was transformed by spring flowers and where there was a pond. We watched tadpoles and baby frogs and had a treasure hunt for a bar of chocolate, which I won! We had hay



Frolics in the hayfield in the 1930s.

fights in a field on the other side of the school, and we used to walk to Higher Drive recreation ground to play rounders.

I remember two holidays at Hayling Island when we helped with the preparations, assisting with the potato peeling and making very thick jam.

Miss Routledge had a wonderful gift for storytelling, (much better, we thought, than the people on the wireless) and she would tell us the stories in instalments, breaking off at the exciting point. She encouraged us to join the local library and recommended books for us to try.

Each morning we started school by kneeling

with Miss Routledge facing the Raphael picture of the Virgin Mary, John and baby Jesus for prayer time together. At the end of the day we all stood by our desks and said, 'Good afternoon, Miss Routledge, and thank you.'

After sixty years, hundreds are still saying thank you for the wonderful start she gave us all.

Jean M. Smith, 1934-39.

I was born in 1931 in Old Lodge Lane and in due course made the short walk across the road to Reedham Park School. I only spent the first four years of my school life there as my family had to move away in 1940 when my father joined the Forces during the war. They were memorable years and I always look back on them with happiness.

I remember always the May Queen crownings and collecting wild flowers that grew on the field behind my home. Then every year we did a Christmas Pantomime. I can remember being cast as a snowflake one year and a fire maiden another.

Doreen Miller (née Vaughan).

The things that stick in my mind are: a flit gun spraying tar oil disinfectant to kill germs in the

air; the ruler; ‘Were your bowels open this morning?’; Morning prayers, spelling tests and tables; gathering peascods; fun in the hay in the adjoining field; the May Queen (I must have been sweet on her); Hayling Island holidays.

Gordon Newman, Minehead, Somerset. 1930-35.

I suppose I should have many happy memories of my time at Reedham as I was one boy among five girls—Jean Smith, Gillian Clark, Olive Matthews, Rita Morgan and Betty Heap. Classes were small at that time. There were a few part-time helpers including Miss Lambourn, Miss Clark and Miss Osborne.

One naturally remembers the good things—hay fights in a field adjacent to the school, trips to the London museums and the annual holiday trip to Hayling Island. It must have been a nightmare to organise for pupils under ten years of age.

Donald Newman, 1934-39.

My first memory of Miss Routledge is of a white-haired lady with a voice scarcely above a whisper, who always seemed to be nursing an extra large black Persian puss, combing the hair to stop it being swallowed and, as she used to tell us, making little hair balls in the cat’s stomach.

It was 1935 when I entered Upper Prep. My classmates, two boys and a girl, had been with her from the beginning. There were 28 of us in the school, housed in the main room with the Kindergarten on the stage and the rest of us in four groups with a screen being deployed where necessary to give extra privacy for concentration. Home for Miss Routledge was the little kitchen which also served at Panto time as dressing room. Miss Routledge was assisted by a slim, dark girl, Miss Lambourn, who years later I was delighted to find again in the guise of Mrs Dunmore!

As senior class, whenever weather permitted, we took our desks outside against the wall (later to be part of the first extension to the building). Looking back I believe as much of our time as possible was spent out of doors. Standing under the fir tree by the main door at 9 in the morning reciting our tables to Miss Lambourn, playing tag outside what is now the Kindergarten, romping in the hayfield (now the asphalt playground). This was supposed to be beneficial to our health, something that Miss Routledge was ever-conscious of. One year during exams we had a bronchitis kettle steaming away and always at 11 after she had made us hot drinks we all had to lie flat for fifteen minutes while she sprayed the air with a flit-gun.

Many of our lessons were learnt at 'teacher's

knee' when Miss Routledge taught us our History, Geography, English and French in her own inimitable style. I remember sitting round the fire learning our needlework with Miss Lambourn. Judging by the state of the guest towel I still have, she never did get me to master drawnthread work!

On Wednesday afternoons all the desks were pushed back facing the walls and if your weekend composition was up to standard you were allowed to join in the Tap, Ballet and Grecian dancing. As this was the highlight of the week for me it was a really bad day when I was one of those banished to my desk. One event that stands out is the arrival of the new bench, still in use today, and the balloon battles that were fought on it during the Drill Display.

Being crowned May Queen was a great thrill. In those days we were allowed to wear special dresses and if you were still at the school the next year you crowned your successor. Almost forty years later I was able to watch my own daughter Alice become May Queen. As far as I know, I believe we are the only two to have achieved this.

For two glorious weeks each summer Miss Routledge rented a house on Hayling Island and the older ones among us 'went to camp'. In memory, our days were filled with sunshine and fun –

pre-breakfast walks on the beach sucking oranges, lying on the stubbly grass in the garden after a swim, having oil rubbed in our backs and enjoying hot beef tea and dry Ryvita, piles of jam sandwiches made every day for tea, sand castle competitions and Black Magic chocolates on the beach. And to cap it all, a midnight feast and pillow fight.

When I became a teacher many years later I was fascinated to find the more sophisticated present-day children getting just as much enjoyment out of the old games and country dances as we had in our day and I am sure a lot of this stems from the personality of Miss Routledge, a born storyteller.

To my mind her two outstanding attributes are the abiding interest she has for all the children who have passed through her school and her fantastic memory. Soon after I joined her staff and we were reminiscing about the old days, Miss Routledge was trying to recall to my mind a girl who had been a pupil with me. 'Oh but you must remember her,' she said. 'She always wore a pink bathing suit at Hayling.' We were talking of 1936!

Mrs Audrey Ball.

The War Years

A few recollections of an old Reedhamite:

‘Good morning Miss Routledge, and thank you.’

The daily ritual chanting from twice two to twelve twelves. How could you forget your tables after that?

The daily game played during the morning break in the yard between the garages and the wall. It was a question of rescuing the guarded prisoners and avoiding being caught. Miss Routledge umpired to see fair play.

The stage with its many creaks and groans!

During my years at Reedham there was no electricity. Lighting was by gas, accompanied by the hiss and smell. Country dancing was on Monday afternoons, the music being provided by a portable wind-up gramophone. Many a time the music ground to a halt in the middle of a dance! Games were on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons and were for the enjoyment of all but the ‘bad spellers’.

During the war years lessons were often interrupted by the dreaded wailing of the air raid siren. Miss Routledge somehow managed to bundle everyone down the Anderson shelter with remarkable speed. When I first attended Reedham lessons were interrupted for another reason—Polly the parrot! Or

was he a macaw? There was also a beautiful Persian cat of whom the children were very fond.

Many congratulations on an outstanding sixty years service to education and the community.

‘Good afternoon Miss Routledge, and thank you.’

Colin Norvall, Horsham. 1943-49.

My earliest memories of Reedham Park School go back to the days of the Second World War. These were times of austerity, rationing, black-outs, air raids, Kenley Aerodrome operational with fighter planes, Home Guard (Dad’s Army as it became known), fire watchers and A.R.P. (Air Raid Precautions). The last three of these were manned mostly by men and women considered too old for the Services. My father was among these and became an Air Raid Warden, one of several for this area.

Entertainment then was very limited compared with today. No TV for a start. Cinemas and theatres were closed. Few people ventured far from their homes because of the black-out and public transport was not reliable because of the bombing.

The wardens at Old Lodge Lane Post and their families decided to make their own entertainment and approached Miss Routledge for permission to

use the school hall. This was readily given.

It began with a New Year's Party at the school and as you can imagine Miss Routledge was well to the fore with the organising. Naturally it was a great success and everyone agreed that once a year was not enough. From that time social events at the school became a regular part of community life in the area.

Miss Routledge instituted monthly Old Tyme Dances where she set a target of at least twenty dances for the evening, including teaching the steps as well as the dancing. Those targets were met! A lot of people considered this to be a marathon performance but marathon or not, Miss Routledge was still going strong at the end. A dramatic society was formed with much of the material written by the members, with expert advice from Hazel Copen who had taken up a theatrical career and became a leading stage and film actress. Costumes were made up where necessary from black-out material—old curtains, anything that could be found was put to good use, bearing in mind that all clothes and fabrics were rationed and coupons were precious. School furniture provided most of the props. Some of the performances were hilarious and tickets went like hot cakes. During a rehearsal of a ballet scene involving two men, one in drag, the 'female' received a too-vigorous up-and-over and damaged gas mantles by which the school was lit.

I can recall a New Year's dance when we finished by dancing the conga, filing out of the school up to Lodge Hill, still dancing in the complete darkness with the usual wartime noises going on in the distance.

The choral society was well supported even though the male voices were often called away from rehearsals for more serious things. Carol singing round the streets at Christmas was an opportunity to collect money for the Spitfire Fund. I remember a fancy dress ball where nobody was allowed to spend more than one shilling (5p) on their costume. It was amazing how people managed to achieve marvellous results with so little outlay.

I have mentioned only a few of the activities that were centred on Reedham Park School during those war years. It must be said that without Miss Routledge's generosity and help, life would have been very different for many residents of this area. Some of those people are no longer with us, but those who are I am sure remember those days and Miss Routledge with great affection. They would join me in thanking Miss Routledge for the major part she played in bringing some light and humour into our lives during those grim war years.

Mrs D. W. Lee.

When I joined the school in May 1941 aged five, there were six children in Kindergarten. The two newest children, myself and a small boy, sat in the front row; the next row contained three children who had joined the previous term; and the 'senior' boy in the class sat in solitary state in the back row. All the other classes were taught in the other, big room, one in each corner. There were only thirty children in the whole school.

The main thing I remember about the war is the procedure during air raids. There were two underground shelters outside the school and when the alert sounded we all had to go out to them. Miss Routledge used to sit on the steps leading to one shelter, near the top so that she could be heard in both of them, and then we had to chant all our tables (up to 12 times, then inches, feet, ounces, pounds etc) very loudly.

This was to drown the sound of bombs or aeroplanes, I think! If we had finished all the tables and the All Clear had still not sounded, Miss Routledge used to tell us stories. These were exciting adventure stories (which she obviously made up herself) and I think they went on like a serial, from one occasion to the next. So you can imagine, we always hoped the air raids would be long ones because there were never any stories until the tables were finished!

Daphne Palmer (1941-46)

I have known Miss Routledge for over fifty years and for most of that time have been connected with the school in some way.

I started at the school during the war and in those days we had to be prepared to jump in and out of bomb shelters at a moment's notice. I can remember sitting in the shelter singing French songs. There were only about fifty pupils at the school and only two classrooms, five classes being taught in the Big Room by Miss Routledge all at the same time. However, she still got the same results as she gets today.

The routine then was very much as it is today; of course, there were one or two differences. The stage had to be erected and dismantled completely twice a year. For Christmas concerts electricity was borrowed from the house at the bottom of the lane. The concerts went on all through the war. We still wore our ballet dresses although they were rather different from those worn today and our parents had to be very inventive. My first ballet dress was made out of a neighbour's old pair of pyjamas and book muslin, rather scratchy, but I still felt very glamorous.

I was thrilled to be May Queen and still have the poems the children wrote. Miss Routledge started her Brownies while I was at the school and I was at the first meeting.

After I had left the school I still continued to go once a week to Olde Tyme dancing classes. These were very much enjoyed by some of Miss Routledge's friends and a few old pupils. Every so often we had a Dance on a Saturday night. For this we dressed very formally, the men in dinner jackets and the ladies in long dresses and Miss Routledge provided us with a delicious supper. I really used to enjoy those dances.

In 1961 I got married and of course Miss Routledge came to my wedding. I do not think I saw much of her for the next six years but then my son Michael started at the school and then three years later my daughter Helen. I later became a Kindergarten teacher at the school teaching the children just the same things that Miss Routledge taught me all those years ago.

Jill Tyrrell (née Ordoyno), Purley.

I am interested in amateur radio and was in the RAF during the War. During the Battle of Britain in 1940 the weather was quite fine and Miss Routledge was very mystified to hear morse code coming from the school bell. This went on for some time so she reported it to the local Air Raid Warden, thinking that she was involved in some espionage by a foreign agent.

It turned out to be nothing so sinister. What Miss Routledge did not know was that while my

transmitting equipment had been immobilised by the GPO I still had my receiving equipment. As I was home on convalescence leave I was in the habit of listening to morse, and as it was warm I had the windows open. The tone of the signals happened to be the same as her school bell, which turned out to be resonating in sympathy.

Bernard Wynn, 67 Old Lodge Lane.

I first met Routie when I was seventeen and she, I believe, was about twenty three. I was a general dogsbody at Sterndale School in return for coaching for my Oxford School Certificate, and she was the newly Froebel-trained teacher there. As well as collecting milk monies and doing cloakroom duty, I was made a sort of assistant to Miss Routledge. I do not know if I was of much assistance to her—she was quite capable of teaching and controlling vast numbers of small fry on her own—but I remember being full of admiration at the way her fire kindled the little minds she was dealing with. They say, ‘If a teacher sits the class sleeps.’ I certainly never saw her sit down!

She became a great friend, not only of mine, but of our whole family. When she announced she was starting her own little ‘Dame’s School’ we were full

of delight and admiration; and when, later, we came to live at 71 Old Lodge Lane, her little school became the starting ground of the scholastic careers of almost all our vast family of ten.

From the beginning our children were able to achieve Higher Education at no cost to ourselves because they were well trained enough to gain scholarships to grammar schools and universities. We have five BAs and one Diploma of Design and those who did not go to universities could have done so if they had wanted to, and have, in any case, all grown into thinking men and women because of her excellent start. So we are greatly indebted to Routie in the academic line! But the side not so many people know about, the side full of personal kindness and interest, I saw a lot of during those unforgettable days of the War.

My husband, Philip, was in the army from the beginning and on service in the Middle East for three and a half years. During those years, apart from briefly fleeing to Devon from the threat of the Blitz and to Yorkshire from the V2s, I spent battling on at 71 where as soon as my babies turned four I was able to pop them through the hedge to school for a few blessed hours each day.

I have several vivid memories of those days.

The first is of my arrival with three small children and the fourth a few months away, at my new home in Old Lodge Lane. Much to my dismay the removal men would not unpack my things until I had paid cash for the work. I had no cash, only a cheque, but Routie seeing us arrive, came racing down with cries of greeting and, when she knew the situation, the necessary cash.

My own adventures were pretty lurid, what with air raid sirens, bombs, doodlebugs, the thunder of guns as well as measles, scarlet fever and whooping cough. My memory is of a kind and wise friend always there, a real fairy at the bottom of the garden!

When the air raids became a serious threat, Routie became an Air Raid Warden, and I acquired a Morrison shelter. This was a thing like a huge dining room table, but made of steel designed to stand the weight of the house should it fall on one. Into this I put a double mattress and so had a relatively safe place to put the children all in a row while I stayed handy, ready to leap in and put up the wire mesh sides at the first sound of a bomb. Whenever the alert sounded, Routie, complete with tin helmet, appeared on my doorstep and between us we carried the sleeping children wrapped in blankets down to the shelter.

There really did not seem much time or use in being

afraid and somehow we always saw the funny side of it all. But I cannot think how I could have managed with my own kind and dear Philip so far away had I not had Routie's cheerful example and presence.

When we moved to Russell Hill after our family began to burst the sides of the smaller house, Routie always remained our dear friend and our youngest sons were coached by her for their eleven plus. Now settled in the Midlands we cannot see as much of her as we would like, but still keep in touch at Christmas.

A brave, clever, kind and altogether remarkable lady!

Marcia Winstanley.

After the War

Miss Routledge's wonderfully generous friendship with my family began in January 1946 when David, the eldest of our children, joined the Kindergarten. He learned to read and write so quickly that my husband and I realised very soon that we had chosen well when we had bought a house immediately behind the school at 10 Haydn Avenue.

What we couldn't know then was what a

tremendous lot we would owe her as the years went by, for Margaret, Jean and Andrew followed David and learned that, for their headmistress, anything less than their best simply wouldn't do.

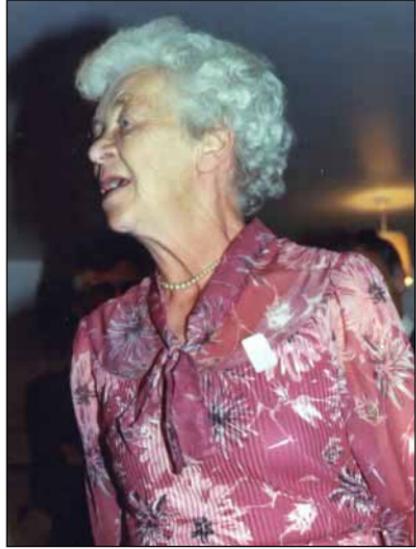
For several years the top forms went up to our house on Wednesday afternoons to write their compositions. This was before the new classrooms were built and they came to escape the noise of the extremely energetic percussion band!

Many memories come to mind, the concerts and prize-givings, with lovely books to be treasured for life; the Drill Displays and crowning ceremonies of the May Queens; the plays, those astonishing plays with at least one line for every child to say; the struggle to make the costumes, particularly when clothes were rationed; the sweet sight of the Kindergarten children marching round the garden singing; Miss Routledge trudging up Burcott Road to coach the boys in football on the recreation ground; the spellings to be done each evening, the antonyms and synonyms.

But what stands out above everything else is Miss Routledge's utter dedication to her pupils, her continuing interest in them when they go on to their bigger schools and her amazing memory for the details of the lives of the hundreds of them who

are now grown up and who all think of her with affection tinged with awe.

*Lady Caine
(formerly Lady
Bowyer).*



Lady Bowyer (now Lady Caine) pictured at the Golden Jubilee celebrations.

I remember the two classrooms had gas lights, and the little kitchen off the main hall with the gas ring and square sink. Miss Routledge kept her bed in the kitchen which was a pull-out chair. Heating was by log fires with metal guards. The stage was kept up in the roof of the main hall and outside the entrance yard. This was made of trestles and boards and was put up by the Dads the weekend before the Christmas Pantomime. Everything creaked and we all had to stand very still waiting our turn to speak. There were black drapes for the back and sides of the stage, brown drape curtains for front of stage, and lights in biscuit tins.

Electricity for the lights came from the Winstanleys'

house at the bottom of the lane which was plugged into the bedroom light. Power had to be limited or the fuse blew and put the Winstanleys and the Pantomime into the dark. Children from Reedham Orphanage came to see the dress rehearsal of the Pantomime.

In summer when it was too hot for lessons inside it was not unusual to go for a nature walk or have reading out on the large grass path leading to the tennis court. I also vividly recall the smells on returning after summer holidays—floor polish, carbolic soap and fresh tar wash in boys' toilets. Writing and spelling were always practised but the one part that lingers from this is the daily list of synonyms and antonyms—and the only drink available at lunch-time for the sandwich eaters, Beetox.

David Leighton, 1944-47.

During my time I remember:

Learning the alphabet thoroughly from the picture chart on the wall.

The Winstanleys who lived on the corner. They always brought Miss Routledge her lunch—one member of the family would call out her name at the wire door (long since gone) and bring in a large tray with the lunch on it.

Sitting in the class rooms at Pantomime time

surrounded by frocks hanging on a piece of string trying to do lessons!

The unmade road up to the school which was full of puddles in rainy weather and treacherous in the winter!

Singing *Little Lamb Who Made Thee* at the end of the summer term concert. I have never heard it since I left the school.

The teachers I remember were Miss Clark (who was reputed to play the harp); Mrs Causley who lived in Haydn Avenue (she had an unfortunate mishap one day taking us back up the lane and slipped on the ice), and Mrs. Harrison. She too lived in Haydn Avenue and played the piano for dancing and the Pantomimes. Finally who could ever forget Fluffy the cat—sometimes she used to lie in front of the coal fire in the Big Room.

Mrs J. Allan (1945-49)

Things I remember:

All the school (except Kindergarten) playing 'Witch' outside at break time between the stable block and the wall, trying to get from one side to the other without being caught by the ones in the middle. Sitting stitching a sampler hankie case while the boys made engines out of cocoa tins and wood, which I would have loved to have done.

Practising balancing on up-turned forms, bending down on the correct step with hands on head.

Half term outing to the Tower of London.

A glass ornament in the Kindergarten room with hanging prisms that showed the colours of the rainbow when the sun shone on them.

Learning the ten spelling words at home in the lunch break.

End of term excitement when the dads came and erected the platform in the Big Room for the pantomime.

Learning ‘The River Thames starts as seven little springs in the Cotswold Hills, where there is a metal slab on which is written Here O Father Thames is thy seven-fold source.’

Valerie Palmer, 1946-50.

It was in 1946 that I began my teaching career. I had been at a loss to decide which direction my career should finally take, when my father learned from a member of the church choir at St. Aidan’s Catholic Church at Coulsdon of a vacancy for an untrained teacher at Miss Routledge’s school.

Recalling my great interest in the Girl Guide movement which I maintained through a very

difficult war period, my father thought my future career could lie in the education of children. I contacted Miss Routledge and was engaged in her school where I was to spend two happy and fruitful years.

In 1948, thanks to Miss Routledge's training and the practical experience I gained, I was accepted for a teacher training course at Weymouth. After this I quickly obtained a teaching post and continued a teaching career which I have enjoyed ever since.

A little girl called Valerie Child was in the Kindergarten class in which I taught as Miss Sellars. I did not know the family then but I married her elder brother Peter in 1954.

Margaret Child, South Godstone.

Miss Routledge's school always was and I'm sure still is a happy but well disciplined school. Both Roger and Diane gained very much from being there. I think one of my happiest and most touching memories was the Pantomime *Sleeping Beauty* when Roger was chosen to be King and Diane his daughter the princess. What proud parents we were!

E. Roberts (Ponsford)

My three were pupils from 1949 to 1957 and a better foundation both scholastically and socially would be hard to find. Miss Routledge is a great disciplinarian, which I have never heard any ex-pupil disagree with, and at the same time the kindest and most understanding-of-children person I've ever known.

Her method was straightforward and simple. All the pupils (then numbering about 85-90) were seated in groups in the hall, then the only building apart from the Hut which housed messy lessons like painting and modelling. Round the walls were some six or seven blackboards. When the lesson started the children worked their way up from the easiest board to the most difficult, so that no bright child was ever held back by slower ones.

I also remember the Christmas pantos, especially the St George's dragon made entirely of milk bottle tops, Cinderella's coach made from a discarded pram with a superstructure of gold-painted cardboard and fairy lights off a battery, pulled by four white horses with mop-top manes and knitting wool tails.

I was detailed to paint scenery, so on many mornings I was able to witness Miss Routledge's authority at first hand. A babble of incredible loudness until Routie appeared. Absolute silence without ever being asked for. Then the register

was called, then tables, then weights and measures, then pounds shillings and pence. This may have been parrot-fashion learning and frowned upon today, but when Routie's pupils came to do oral exams or arithmetic papers they knew their numbers automatically. No bad thing to know, in spite of pocket calculators!

On the lighter side Miss Routledge enjoyed Old Tyme dancing, and for many years twenty or thirty parents had a most enjoyable and energetic three hours non-stop to her gramophone records. When the evening ended we put back the desks and chairs which had been stacked in the corner, fixed the big fireguard round the open fireplace, untied the gym ropes that had been tied to the wall bars and left Routie in her old armchair drawn close to the fire with a great pile of homework books at her elbow, to be corrected before school started the next day. Her energy was the envy of us all.

Elaine Dellière, Farnham, Surrey.

I remember the erection and dismantling of the stage above the present low platform in the Big Room for the pantomimes. The helpful daddies turned up after school on the day before the first

performance and proceeded to clear desks, chairs etc. so that a ladder could be put up to the rafters to get the planks down. The school lighting in those days was by gas mantles on fittings, some of which were attached to the rafters, so quite often mantles shattered, causing miniature snow storms. Miss Routledge, ever resourceful, produced her store of new mantles for replacement.

Sturdy trestles were arranged on the platform and then the planks were fixed on the trestles to form the stage, making sure they were all arranged in their proper numerical order, otherwise small gaps and overlaps became apparent. Before this, folded desks and the children's piles of books were stored between the trestles so that they were out of the way for the performances.

During the performances the hall was packed to capacity and some spectators used to watch through the windows at the back of the hall, in the wall across where the front of the present stage now is. After the final performance on Saturday afternoon some of us used to stay on and start dismantling the stage in readiness for the final clearing up the next morning so that preparations for the Christmas parties could go ahead.

G. W. Winter (1947-54).

It was the autumn of 1947 when I made my first acquaintance with Reedham Park School. I took my son on his first day and met him at 12 o'clock coming down the drive, with rebellious mien and avowing his intention of 'not going to that school any more!' But in three days he waded me back across Burcott Road with 'You needn't take me—I know the way!'

I discovered that my education began too. The Table Battles of which my son spoke were not the orgies of vandalism flashing through my mind, but a method of learning arithmetic.

And when the first Christmas Pantomime loomed ahead, how on earth could I make my son look like a stickleback, using green American cloth but no pattern?

A few years later my little daughter joined the school and it was easy to follow where her brother led. When she left, in 1957, I joined the school myself, to teach singing and percussion and play for the dancing.

I know that Miss Routledge, and many of her teachers, have experienced over and over again the personal satisfaction that comes when one sees the dawn of awakening understanding in the eyes of a pupil, whether the subject is English or Mathematics, Music or Geography, Art or Ballet or whatever. It is a kind of rapport between teacher and taught and,

once attained, it is the beginning of a journey. One particular occasion comes to my mind. It was during the latter part of my teaching, when I had spent the afternoon playing for the last rehearsal of the Drill Display. I had not been well and Miss Routledge very kindly offered me a seat near the fire and invited me to listen to the Art Lectures.

An accompanist is not usually free to concentrate solely on watching any performance, so I thoroughly enjoyed this. When the last lecturer took up her stick and commenced, into my mind came the memory of this same girl, years ago, looking up at me with childlike appeal as I listened to her singing *Ten in the Bed*. Now here she was, speaking with confidence and clarity and displaying an intelligence that was a delight to witness.

I liked the art displays when budding artists gave parents proof of their talents. And the collection of autumn fruits and berries was a wonderful lesson in observation and provided a valuable link between school and home.

My children are grown up now, but the things they did at Reedham Park still have a personal meaning. I was reminded of this a few years ago when I flew to Lusaka to visit my daughter. After an all-night flight over France, Italy, the

Mediterranean and the hot red sands of Libya, we finally landed at that hour when all English women welcome a cup of tea. It arrived, borne in by the houseboy, proudly displaying the tea-cosy my daughter had made at Reedham Park School!

Mrs I. M. Dubois, Purley.

I remember the little three-legged stools which were all different colours, and the Mr and Mrs Peg books with which we learned to read.

There was a teacher called Mrs Causley. She used to boil up all 'found' handkerchiefs and have them handy in case anyone did not have one for drill time when Miss Routledge would ask us all to produce our hankies. The school plays were very memorable, with lots of preparation. I had to go to the dress-maker's to have my Snow White dress fitted, and I shared the part and the dress with another girl about my size. I had to sing *One Day My Prince Will Come* all by myself and was so nervous my voice seemed to disappear.

Miss Routledge was always very strict that we learned our tables and I remember a teacher, Miss McHugo, taking us first every morning for a test.

As small children we were all very imaginative

and all wondered where Miss Routledge slept. There were big discussions on the subject. Miss Routledge took the Brownies at the school and I used to return in the evening expecting to find her bed made up in the corner.

Of course as we were Catholics the First Communion and Confirmation were attended by Miss Routledge and I remember after the Confirmation we all went back to the school for a party.

As you got on in the school if you were naughty as a punishment you had to go and lie down at rest times with the little ones. There was a roll of matting which was unrolled and everyone had to lie down, hands by their sides, eyes closed and knees up, supposedly to go to sleep. I think some actually did.

Linda Bigby, 1948-53.

I can picture the girls of my class sitting embroidering our samplers in a little walled garden—and it seems like looking back into another age. There are many such distant memories of life at Reedham Park.

One incident which stands out in my mind stems not only from the relationship we had with Miss Routledge as our headmistress, but from what we considered to be an extra special relationship: she

was our Brown Owl. As Brownies we were to take part in the celebrations and competitions of Thinking Day to be held in the bright lights of Purley. The day's prize was the Magic Carpet, on which the successful Brownie Pack would stand its toadstool at each meeting for that year. Looking at Miss Routledge's reputation, it's hardly surprising that we won it! Being ten-year-olds, we were all to go straight home after the event (and I can remember getting into trouble for not doing so), but we all agreed that our most pressing duty was to bear the good news to Brown Owl. We were enthusiastically invited into her flat (a great honour for us) for a celebratory orange squash. We regaled her with every detail of the day's hopes, anxieties and final triumph—and I am quite sure that our Brown Owl was every bit as proud of us as we were of ourselves!

Caroline Carrington (née McGrath) 1957-62.

I started at Reedham Park in 1957 aged four and a half years and along with three brothers and a sister, all separated by approximately two years, stayed there until the age of eleven.

The pupils, then, generally had a fear of being sent into the Big Room when they were in trouble as this was where Miss Routledge did most of her

teaching as she strode up and down. The fear was not so much of getting the slipper, the main form of punishment, which involved handing Miss Routledge your own slipper and holding out your hand which she then proceeded to hit, and which never hurt anyway. No, the fear was the anxiety involved in waiting for Miss Routledge to finally look up and glower at you, thus conveying her displeasure and at the same time acknowledging that you were there and in trouble. She was able to go several minutes before making eye contact, by which time she had created a feeling of high anxiety.

Many a tearful child would stealthily prise open the Big Room door, which creaked on its hinges, squeeze through a two-inch gap, try to camouflage themselves against the wall and pray not to be seen. But the noisy door always gave you away. Of course Miss Routledge heard straight away but she really let you sweat it out. None of that for me, however.

‘Gallagher go in!’ and I would burst into the Big Room, slamming the door behind me and forcing Miss Routledge to immediately acknowledge my presence. The dreadful waiting would then be over.

To me the funniest and I suppose at the time most frightening thing that ever happened was when we put Alka-Seltzer in the ink wells.

A friend of mine, Keith Gonye, a Canadian Indian who lived opposite the school, brought in the offending tablets. During the first break he popped a piece into his mouth which quickly fizzed up, and when he opened his mouth there was a foaming mass of white saliva. This looked great, so two or three of us also did it and we were greatly amused. Somehow we gravitated to the back porch which was known as the Ink Room as it housed several rows of ink wells.

Someone dropped a tiny piece of Alka-Seltzer in one of the ink wells and to our amazement it immediately erupted into a foaming blue mass like a mini Vesuvius. Blue lava flowed down the side of the ink well. We couldn't believe our eyes. In next to no time we had broken up the Alka-Seltzer and dropped pieces into all the ink wells which all started erupting. We nearly died laughing.

Time to resume our lessons and off we went. In the afternoon, being in Form 1 Upper, it was our job to hand out the ink wells for Dictation. Miss Routledge began dictating and children began dipping their pens into wells. No best joined-up writing today, however.

Almost immediately cries of alarm and disbelief started to fill the air, quickly followed by Miss

Routledge looking over a couple of shoulders. What she saw was not beautifully formed rounded characters but large spidery blotches which continued to spread on their own as if by magic. The Alka-Seltzer, which we had forgotten about, had caused the ink to act as if on unglazed paper, but with a supercharged effect. The ink had gone mad—and so did Miss Routledge!

It quickly became apparent that this magic writing was happening to everyone. It dawned on me that our little game had quite unforeseen consequences.

Miss Routledge demanded to know what had happened to the ink wells and who was responsible. We owned up, of course, and took our punishment like men, which involved a lot of shouting and a few painless slaps with the slipper.

That night Miss Routledge phoned our parents and described the day's events. The upshot was that I lost three weeks pocket money to pay for a bottle of Quink towards replacing some of the ink we had unwittingly ruined. All in all a small price to pay for an event which to me conjures up abiding and vivid memories.

Dr Mike Gallagher.

I remember when we returned from West Africa in 1962, with our two children, we were anxious to find a suitable school quickly as Siobhan was already five years old. A friend at church told us about Miss Routledge and Reedham Park School and life was never the same again! With her usual unfailing kindness and consideration Miss Routledge accepted Siobhan to start in September, though she was already overcommitted as regards numbers. And so it all began.

The birth of our third child was imminent but I managed to waddle round the shops to find the correct uniform and on the first day Siobhan emerged from her chrysalis as the perfect Reedham Park pupil resplendent in green and complete with Reeves paint box to black plimsolls. Her sister Bridget was soon to follow in her footsteps and I had a brief period of time to spend with our third child, Claire.

As parents we soon discovered that Miss Routledge believed in hard work for all, not just the children. I remember that she once told me that she believed in the children being 'stretched.' I became aware, however, that this did not apply just to the children and we were soon involved in nightly homework, drawing the Eiffel Tower, the Leaning Tower of Pisa, the Seven Hills of Rome etc. Our first

Christmas made us realise that preparation for the Pantomime required strict training throughout the year, if we were to survive Grandparents' Day, Mothers' Day and Fathers' Day with panache.

Then came Easter with Art Lectures and the Drill Display, our dreams were filled with the Blue Boy, Forward Rolls and Bunny Hops. Summer brought the delights of the Wild Flower Collection and Special Book. This truly involved all the family and I must confess it was my delight to read to the children. As a result of this *The Wind in the Willows* became my favourite book and Miss Routledge may be pleased to know that I gained minor fame for my reading of a passage from this book at an Drama Festival. But it was the athletic fathers who risked life and limb to reach coveted wild fruit and flower specimens, swinging from branches and sinking in quagmires so that their offspring could win praise from Miss Routledge. I remember it was after one of those delightful days out that we had to return home quickly for the birth of our fourth child, Oona.

All this might seem to be a fairly full time occupation but Miss Routledge did not stop there. May Queen provided a delightful air of expectancy, with nosegays and bouquets and freshly laundered dresses. Sports Day was in more ways than one an

endurance test. Mothers arrived early with children, picnics, rugs etc. against the keen winds on Higher Drive Rec. Husbands arrived hot-foot from the City and soon were engaged in supervising egg and spoon races, sack races, etc. Frenzied excitement surrounded the announcement of scores for Green and Orange, culminating in the obstacle race with paper hats and balloons and the rows of sticky buns hanging from the finishing line. The Summer Fete was an amazing feat of team work, which brought not only entertainment and fun but much needed financial support.

Looking back, one cannot fail to realise that Miss Routledge and her truly dedicated staff not only seek to teach our children in the highest standards of academia and an appreciation of art and culture, but also an introduction to arts and crafts, sports etc. Her commitment is to the whole person and the whole family. How fortunate we are to have been influenced by her uniqueness. Long may she continue.

Mr and Mrs B. Wills.

I remember a very poorly Miss Routledge watching children leaving school at 3.45pm saying, "There they go with their little satchels on their backs—

how I wish I could be down there with them.’ This simple statement told me how much all the children in the school meant to her, as they always had done and always would do.

A.I. Symons.

I started at Miss Routledge’s in 1961, following in my two older brothers’ footsteps—and trousers!! My memories of my early school days are still very vivid—but I did not like having to go to school. Looking back I now realise that it was the very best primary education I could have had. I was not very good at reading and Miss Routledge used to get hold of my index finger and point to the words on the reading card and shout the letters out. I had a slight speech impediment at this time and could not pronounce my ‘S’s’ very well so that when it was ‘S’ for snake I used to say ‘nake’ and I was really in trouble. Miss Routledge suggested to my parents that I should see a consultant and it was found out that the large doses of antibiotics I had had as a baby had affected my speech centre. Miss Routledge gave me a part in the Christmas Pantomime where nearly all the words began with ‘S’ and having to speak these out loud to the audience helped me to conquer the impediment.

Peter Martin.

I think of Miss Routledge's school only with happy memories, though I was there for only two years of my primary education. I no longer believe that one's schooldays are the happiest of one's life, but I can certainly say that my days at Reedham Park School were the happiest of my schooldays. Numerous small events constantly come to mind. Lunch boxes in winter, everyone's can of baked beans or tomato soup on the benches at the front of the old hall; with organised games afterwards if it was wet outside. The two fields behind the buildings for games in summer; I think there was a rope hung from an old tree which we all took turns to swing on.

I started in the front row on the stage, and still recall the delights of progressing towards the back of the class as my work improved. Every Friday our arithmetic included a long division sum; at the weekend we had essays to write for English, to be three paragraphs long. In the summer we had some lessons outside. I remember chanting French verbs sitting on benches at the back of the classroom.

We were taught to make an effort in our work; rewards of coloured stars were an added incentive, as well as coloured badges to be worn by those coming top in various tests—mental arithmetic and spellings, held each week. I certainly learned

never to be content with second best while at the school, and I like to think that it was Miss Routledge who set me on the path to what I have achieved today.

Dr Lesley George.

Miss Routledge prides herself that things have not changed in her sixty years at the school. Some may criticise this but when you meet the splendid products of this education you can only praise her.

Miss Routledge's constant success at achieving scholarship awards for her children at local public schools is legend. However, besides the three R's pupils are taught an appreciation of Art—they can all recognise a Monet, Turner, Picasso, etc. Music—Miss Routledge personally teaches each child how to play the piano and they can all sight-read music by the time they leave her and can recognise pieces of music by the style of the composer.

Sport is high on the list and for many years Miss Routledge used to teach her boys football herself. To this day she teaches all her boys carpentry and they produce splendid pieces of fretsaw work. The girls are taught basic ballet and embroidery and stitching.

Miss Routledge believes in family life and activities shared by the whole family. End every spring she



Mrs Dunmore and Miss Routledge at the Golden Jubilee Ball at Cinderella Rockafella's (now Jaz)

encourages the families to prepare wild flower collections and every autumn half-term Mums, Dads and children don wellington boots and trudge through the woods compiling their 'Fruit and Nut' collection.

Every holiday a book is set which is often far too advanced for the children to read themselves. Miss Routledge does this purposely to encourage parents to read to their children. When they leave her they all have a knowledge of the classics—*Pilgrim's Progress*, Thackeray, Shakespeare etc.

As Father Salmon said at a Thanksgiving Mass

for Miss Routledge's Golden Jubilee, 'The happiness and educational philosophy of Miss Routledge's school endears her to all who visit the almost Jane Austen-like village school, and her natural vocation has remained unruffled and steadfast.'

Miss Routledge teaches her children respect, obedience, good manners, consideration for others and a knowledge of the Christian faith. She shuns publicity, is a very humble and kind person who is devoted to children and has dedicated her life to teaching them. She has thoroughly deserved her Diamond Year 1992 and we send her our congratulations and very deep affection.

From a very satisfied family: Ashley Tisshaw (1972-1977), Alison Tisshaw (1974-1979).

On his first day at Reedham my four-year-old son Ashley was asked by Miss Routledge during a Religious Education lesson: 'Ashley, are you a Roman Catholic?'

'No, Miss, I'm not—I'm a human being!'

Jane Tisshaw, Caterham.

My first impression of Reedham Park School was a very dark and careful walk up the lane aiming for

the light shining in what I now know to be class Form 1 Upper. Nervously knocking at the door I could see Miss Routledge surrounded by a pile of exercise books and prodding small embers of the fire into life.

Within minutes I felt welcome and knew that if Miss Routledge would take our boys under her wing then their formal education as we had envisaged it would begin.

Day One for Piers began Summer Term 1975; for Alistair, Spring Term 1976. Mrs. Ordoyno was welcoming and very kind. She has seen more nervous mothers than nervous children and knows that, once settled, a four-year-old will soon fit in to the system.

Those seven school years were sometime hectic, sometimes quite difficult—I never mastered nummersets or all the artists—but very happy. We have always felt part of Miss Routledge's 'home' and the boys know that Reedham Park prepared them for the future with confidence and optimism.

Alicia Heaton-Armstrong (Parent 1975-82).

Things We Shall Never Forget:

Walking up the lane, through the cloakroom tunnel
Wriggling into plimsolls and into the Big Room,
Finding a pile, searching for a pen holder,

Clutching a ruler, frantic for a paint brush.
Covering books, rewrites, gold stars and VGI
Standing on the bench, propping up a corner
Getting the slipper—Robbie got most
Climbing the ropes, Confirmation parties.
'Seven little springs in the Cotswold Hills'
Drinking straws, warm milk,
May Queens and bunches of flowers,
Threading a needle, nursing your blade
Latin at Lady Bowyer's.
Table Battles, Orange and Green
Walking up Burcott, sticky buns on string.
'At Crécy the Black Prince won his spurs.'
Daniel Defoe and Jonathan Swift
Rudyard Kipling who wrote so many
And Marconi who invented the wireless.
The Black Book for the School Inspector,
Synonyms and Antonyms,
Counting through Concerts, Drills and Pantomimes.
'King John's crown rolled under a bush.'
Scratchy mats, *Lamb's Tales*, Aesop and the Bible,
Joined-up writing, ruling off, *Frère Jacques*,
Fruit collections, spring flowers and Special Book.
Form I Upper, last day, getting a prize.
'Little Lamb God Bless Thee.'

*Margaret and Michael Winckless, Barbara and Guy
Pounder, Nigel Mortelman, Mark and Robert Collins.*

A few memories of the parents of Annette, Carol and Rosemary Smith:

Ten Spellings, Antonym and Synonym. Five nights a week!

The Slipper—ages before I found out what this meant.

The bi-annual collections—Wild Flowers in the Spring, Autumn Fruits in September.

The Wednesday night ritual—‘Ask your father to come and see me on Wednesday night.’

Making the costumes for the Christmas Panto.

The thrill of the phone call when 11-Plus was passed.

As parents of ex-Reedham children and grandparents of a new generation we feel it a pity that the Routledge philosophy has not been adopted as a standard for the education of today.

Mr and Mrs Edward Smith, Penge, SE20.

As a secondary school teacher I see many children who have been taught in our modern primary and middle schools, who do not seem to know nearly as much as I did when I was eleven, having just completed my primary education at Reedham Park. Oh yes, the majority know their tables, and can spell moderately well, and know the rules of netball or football (which

I never did!), but few can answer even the simplest of questions on art, or wild flowers or a myriad of other topics that Miss Routledge believed (rightly in my view) we should have some knowledge of.

Even now, thirty years on, I could describe in some detail a painting by Annigoni (learnt by heart, ready for the art display) and remember the names and families of all the Kings and Queens of England from the Normans to the Windsors (do you remember *No Plan Like Yours To Study History Well?*) I remember also the knowledge gained from collecting and naming wild flowers in the spring and fruits in the autumn—an irksome task at the time (the woods on the golf course never seemed to grow anything I needed!) but a joy to relive now on country rambles.

And let us not forget the basics—the Three Rs. Few of the pupils now at age 11 can give the parts of speech, or can define an antonym or synonym. Remember the spelling tests—words such as “necessary” or “immediately”, taught in a sing-song way that I can still hear, and shall certainly never forget. Mathematically too. The ability to do good mental arithmetic would help considerably many of my present students at A-level standard. And how many pupils in this day and age learn Latin at all, let alone at the tender age of ten? Not for them

now the joy of discovering that the word Cathedral comes from the Latin word *cathedra* meaning ‘chair’.

So many memories of personal events come to mind as I think of Reedham Park and Routie; the time I could not be bothered to complete a painting properly, because it was time to go home, and Miss Routledge gave me a sound ticking off and insisted that it was finished correctly; the honour and pride I felt when I was the Christmas Fairy one year; the pleasure, tinged with a little envy, when my best friend was May Queen; the year I gained 100 per cent in mental arithmetic; the week we had to be in school during the holidays to prepare for our eleven-plus examination; the winter when I had chilblains and had to wear woollen gloves all the time, and was not excused from doing needlework; the good times, the bad times of a happy time at school are still treasured.

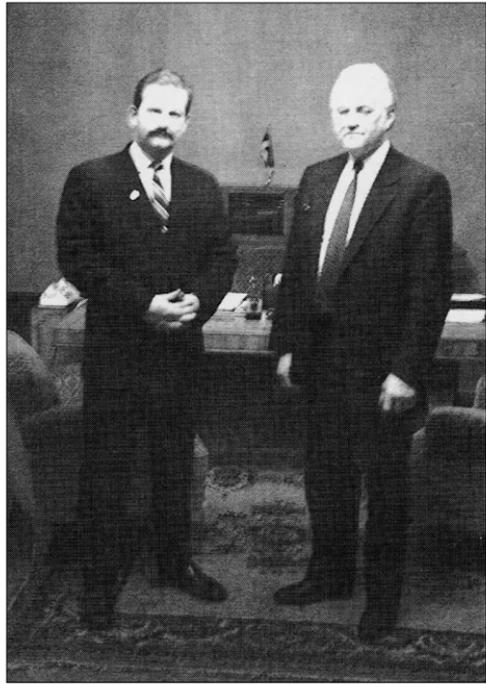
And not only memories of Miss Routledge and Reedham Park do I treasure. Being a compulsive hoarder I still have my exercise books, my school reports, my book prizes and my embroideries, all of which get looked at and thought about even now, and still in the same way—with a deep feeling of love, respect and gratitude to a person who celebrates her Diamond Jubilee this year. Thank you, Routie.

Christine Woodhouse.



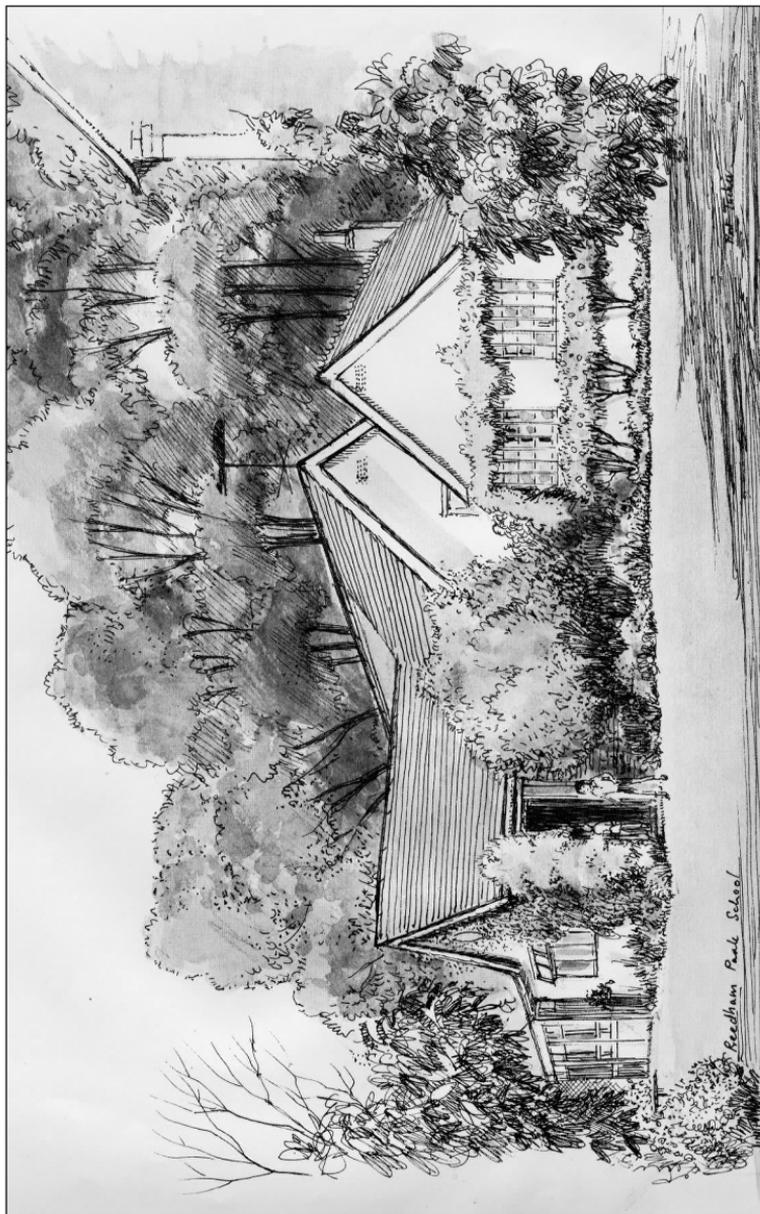
*James with Gordon Jackson, Lewis Collins and
Martin Shaw of The Professionals*

Several former pupils have gone on to become doctors, but James Shortt must be the only medically qualified anti-terrorism consultant. As senior anti-terrorist adviser to the Estonian and Latvian Government, he is pictured right with President Arnold Ruttell of Estonia in 1991.



James tends a wounded Mujahadin guerrilla during the conflict between Afghanistan and the USSR.

The School at the End of the Lane



Teachers



Teachers tend to stay a long time at Reedham Park—though they don't always plan it that way. Mrs Ordoyno agreed to help out for a fortnight and ended up staying for thirty years and more. Mrs Dunmore was one of the very first teachers, but then moved away during the War. On her return she settled down to raise a family. But one day in 1956 came a telephone call. Could she help out for a while . . . ?

Mrs Dunmore

I have known Miss Routledge for sixty years, and remember clearly the first time I saw her.

My brother was already a pupil at Reedham Park when she took it over, and Miss Routledge called to introduce herself to my parents. I had a Victorian-type stepfather, who believed girls should stay at home. Miss Routledge, however, had a different view

and it bothered her to see me without anything to do. She therefore lost no time in persuading him to let me help her at school. I used to teach the Kindergarten which consisted of very few pupils, who had their tables on the platform until the room we call the Milk Room was built on. We were very excited about that, and it was used as the Kindergarten. The cloakroom was in the porch and to get to the loo one had to go outside and round the back. This meant, of course, coats and shoes if it was wet. Another memory is of heating milk in a saucepan and pouring it into mugs

for the children.



Mrs Dunmore in the 1930s

Before Miss Routledge first came to Reedham, while she was training, she used to take holiday posts looking after children who were home from boarding schools. She taught at a school in Wallington and while there she met a Miss Kathleen Lambert-Smith who took her home to visit her

parents, and she became very friendly with the family. Mr Lambert-Smith helped with the legal side of starting Reedham Park. Although Miss Routledge had very little money she would not borrow from them but just managed to make ends meet. Mrs Smith became almost a mother to her.

Miss Routledge had a large black tabby cat called Niggy. Niggy spent a lot of time on the top of the porch, which he reached by climbing up a wire door. He was always exercised on a collar and lead,



Mrs Dunmore in the uniform of her secondary school in Streatham. 'It was scarlet and violet and I hated it,' she said.



Miss Routledge and Niggy the cat, pictured during a rare descent from the porch roof.

and I remember he used to sit on my lap if we were having tea in front of the fire in the big room. Miss Routledge used to say it was because I always sat still, and she was more restless!

One year Miss Routledge started taking parties of children to Hayling Island for two weeks holiday. She would rent a house called Creek View, which I believe belonged to a teacher friend. We took extra camp beds and also Niggy in a basket. There would be two or three helpers, of whom I was always one. There would be a walk before breakfast, wet or fine, with half an orange to suck, then back to breakfast with cereal. There were morning trips to the beach where they had swimming lessons; after lunch playtime on the beach with sand castles and other model competitions; some days we would go for trips, one of which would be to Portsmouth for Navy Week. There the children would be taken over various craft—an aircraft carrier, a submarine and always over *HMS Victory*. There was also a small amusement park with bumper cars which the children loved. Miss Routledge would never go out in the evening leaving the helpers in charge, but would guard the children herself just as she does now! These holidays of course ceased when the War started.

Miss Routledge had a guardian, Miss Willen, of whom she was very fond. Miss Willen became a nun



Creek View, Hayling Island.



Miss Routledge and Mrs Dunmore on the beach at Hayling.

and one afternoon during the War I was having tea with Miss Routledge when a taxi came up the school lane and out stepped Miss Willen. The Convent had been taken over by the military and the nuns had to move out. Miss Willen took a room in Croydon and occupied herself with good works until her death.

During the War the fathers made two air-raid shelters, one was underground and the other an Anderson. We used to have half the children in each one. As I was inclined to suffer from claustrophobia I used the

Anderson. If the All Clear did not go before lunch, Miss Routledge would go and cut sandwiches for the children. In those days all the children went home at lunch-time unless their parents sent a note.

If the warning went in the afternoon and it got past school time, parents would collect them and sometimes I would take them home if there was no enemy activity. I wasn't with Miss Routledge for all the War as she had too few children to need me. Most were evacuated.

I was married in 1941. Miss Routledge, with her usual generosity, took me into Croydon and bought my wedding outfit (my stepfather died before the War). I then moved out of the district and missed all the excitement of the later part of the war years, when Miss Routledge became a Warden.



Mrs Dunmore on the day of her wedding to her late husband Godfrey.

I came back in 1949 and of course started seeing her again. My eldest son Christopher was born in 1948 and she bought me a lovely pram for him. Of course when he started school he went to Reedham Park, and it seemed to me that neither Miss Routledge nor the school had changed. In fact one day when I asked him what he had been doing he replied, 'Mummy, you know, you used to teach there!'

It seems that the curriculum has always been the same, except of course for being brought up to date. Reading, Arithmetic, English and General Knowledge have always played an important part, with many extras to help broaden the children's minds.

She has always been fond of the theatre, and I remember before the War we would go up to town, call at a Lyons Corner House, probably the one in The Strand and collect sandwiches etc., then queue for the 'gods' to see various plays.

She studied ballet and tap dancing to teach the children and even took up fencing for a while. Then there were the outings with the children—museums, the Tower of London, the Zoo. Originally they were taken by train and underground and they would be taken into a Lyons for a drink of orange and a bun. Then the school grew and a coach became necessary. The outings stopped when the IRA scares started.

I remember Miss Routledge used to take the children up to the Recreation Ground in Higher Drive for cricket and football, and the spring sports, before she had her own grounds. The school plays were performed on a platform which was put up by the fathers every year, the planks being kept up in the rafters in the big room. Everything used to be packed under the stage. Until the Milk Room was built the children changed in the little kitchen, which was also her bedroom. She had a camp bed which she put up every night, and did her cooking on a gas ring.

My second son, Anthony, was born in 1951 and followed his brother in 1955. One day the following year the phone rang and a familiar voice said, ‘My dear, one of my teachers has had a breakdown, will you come and help me out for a little while?’

I’m still there!

Mrs Ordoyno

I came to live in Old Lodge Lane in 1932—I believe I am the longest-serving resident in Old Lodge Lane—and Miss Routledge started her school in the September. My two daughters Jill and Carol were pupils and did well when they went on to their big schools. After they married they each had two children.



Mrs Ordoyno at the piano for Drill Display.

It was before my first grandson was born that one day Miss Routledge stopped me in Sainsbury's and asked me if I could help out for a fortnight until she found another teacher. That was over thirty years ago! My four grandchildren, now married and settled down, all came to the school and I was their first teacher in Kindergarten. Over the years I have made many good friends through the school, and my late dear husband George joined in all the activities connected with the school.

A strange coincidence was brought to my attention only this year. The same day that I was born in Nottingham, the little school was first consecrated as St Barnabas church. So it seems like fate that I have had so much to do with the school.

Mrs Gonsalves

We had just moved to Coulsdon (Hannah was barely two), and the Avon lady called. She stayed for coffee and told me about this wonderful school in Purley run by this old lady. 'She must be 60 something' she said, 'and it's such a good school you really should get over there quickly and see if she'll take Hannah. You have to put their names down at birth, you know!'

The following Wednesday I waited nervously in the Big Room for my interview with this terrifying person. She wrote Hannah's name down and told me to come back in two years time! When we returned she confirmed the place, fishing out the original scrap of paper. Just as we were leaving, Miss Routledge said, 'I'm losing my music teacher at the end of this term.' 'I'm a music teacher,' I said. That was it, really.

When Hannah and I arrived on our first Thursday I wondered how I would tell Routie that I was expecting a baby next April. I can see her face now. 'Oooh!' she said, 'How lovely! I love babies.' And I had thought she would be cross at the inconvenience. Millie was immediately put on the list.

There followed thirteen years of my happiest teaching. Abiding memories are . . . of Dougie Irvine's trousers wound round the wheels of Cinderella's carriage, necessitating his public debugging by Routie

... of Fireworks Nights making soup and hot dogs in the pouring rain with my dear friend Jan Lane, the bonfire having been built by Roger and John and other Dads in the afternoon ... of fun-packed Games Nights brilliantly organised by the Lockes ... and, of course, the New Year's Eve parties, a tradition that Routy has kept for sixty years.

How delighted she was when a camel turned up one year (we were in Arabian fancy dress!). It cavorted around the room, and then Des O'Rourke and Noel Cuniffe stepped out from under each end! A French theme led to Annette Sargeant choreographing a Can-Can (we practised all afternoon). We had Victorian, 20s, 40s, film stars, you-name-it themes, all ending up with the now traditional sing-song round the piano (song-sheets provided).

We can never repay Miss Routledge for what she has done for us as a family; for the friendship and love we have had over the years; and for the priceless foundation she has bequeathed our children.

Oh, by the way ... the Avon lady was Jackie Irvine!

Mrs Goodwin

My first introduction to Reedham Park was in 1959 when my daughter, then aged four, started school.



*Above: Mrs Goodwin
Below: Mrs King*



My son was soon to follow. I joined the staff years ago, teaching Lower Prep full time. After eleven years of enjoyable hard work I decided to retire. I had a good rest and joined the staff part time five years ago. Thanks to Reedham Park and the children I still enjoy work.

Mrs King

A friend introduced me to Mrs Parker who in turn introduced me to Miss Routledge. Mrs Parker's two boys were at the school and I was looking for a school for my son. That's how Reedham has always functioned, on a family or introduction basis. Little did I know what was in store!

One morning I was

watching my son walking up the lane when another parent gave me a message—would I please see Miss Routledge at once. My blood ran cold. ‘What has Kevin done now?’ I thought. With trepidation I made my way to the Milk Room, where Miss Routledge greeted me with a smile. It can’t be too bad, I thought.

Miss Routledge asked me if I would cover for Mrs Thompson, who was convalescing. It would only be reading, and just for one term. I agreed. My experience as a Sunday School teacher, Brown Owl, and teaching various subjects in primary school would stand me in good stead, I hoped, and besides, I love working with children.

I wasn’t sure what I had really taken on. My senses told me it would be more than just reading! Little did I know. My mornings, indeed my life, would never be the same!

Mrs Thompson was a very good teacher. Filling her shoes would not be easy but I would do my best. She returned at Easter 1982 but I was not leaving! Miss Routledge asked me to take Trans in the afternoons. I entered a whole new world of woodwork, art, ink writing, homework on every conceivable topic and eventually needlework.

In due course I took on Upper Prep in the mornings which meant I was working all day.

After a couple of years I found it necessary to give up the afternoons and Trans to reduce my hours and allow me to work with my son on his O-levels.

When I was working full time I remember my first task of the day in winter would be to de-ice and replenish the bird-baths. One morning, after a particularly bad storm, I arrived to find Miss Routledge, mop in hand, ankle-deep in water. On another occasion Mrs Gordon and I were caught in a freak downpour in Purley and arrived at school drenched right through. Miss Routledge could not contain her amusement as she hastily despatched someone to bring towels for us to dry off.

Of course there are many such memories—risking my life on those rickety steps to pin up art pictures; staggering into school with giant sunflowers; fainting on a trip to the Science Museum; the Bonfire Nights, the Christmas Panto, the staff dinners all spring to mind—ask Mrs Gonsalves about the foil and the Yorkshire pudding!

My favourite memories naturally concern the children. I remember when Kirsten Cownie was in Trans how her mother met me at the bottom of the lane, saying, ‘I know your secret—you’re afraid of spiders.’ My brave attempt to remove a rather large specimen from Kirsten’s jacket had not fooled

her, who related to her mother how I had trembled. James Eke I remember for his knack in diverting my attention while placing a spider on my head, to the delight of the class.

Not to be forgotten is the dance with a skeleton, on loan from Mrs Shortt for an anatomy lesson. I forgot that with the screens down Miss Routledge had a clear view from the Big Room of my waltz, and my embarrassment was as great as the children's amusement.

By far the nicest birthday was my last one when the children gathered in the classroom, not an adult in sight, and ushered me inside to the tune of *Happy Birthday*. I was so unprepared that tears of joy rolled down my cheeks. Thanks, Naomi! My home is be-decked with treasured pictures of the children and their gifts, and I have kept all their notes and cards.

Just as roses have thorns, so it hasn't all been plain sailing at Reedham. There have been occasional disputes over the years, and sadness too. I recall the most recent being the death of Richard Wilkes. It saddened me greatly having seen him battle through Transition and having a happy year in Upper Prep, go on to senior school then lose the fight against leukemia. We shared the same birthday and I treasure his cards and his memory.



Mrs Martin

Mrs Martin

My association with the school started about thirteen years ago when I first met my husband, who was an ex-pupil of the school. My husband's family are close friends of Mrs Ordoyno and I used to love listening to Glad telling us her tales of the Christmas Pantomime.

I was very fortunate one year to meet Miss Routledge at my in-laws' house and was fascinated at her life story. At the Golden Jubilee I attended the afternoon function with my husband and met many of his classmates. When my husband and I started to think about a school for our eldest daughter my husband said there was no other place for our children to go but Reedham Park. We were delighted that Megan was accepted and with great pride I went to the first pantomime. It lived up to all my expectations and I could relate to all the stories that I had heard from my husband and his family.

Later I was asked by Mrs Mole if I could come in to the school to hear some of the little ones read. I was

in the school once a week for two years. In the summer of 1992 I was asked by Miss Routledge if I would help her over the lunchtime period, where I make sure the children eat all those goodies that are in their lunch boxes. I also help some children with their reading and watch over the children while they let off steam in the playground during lunchtime.

My youngest daughter has now joined the school and both my daughters are surprised that my husband knows what they do at school. It is a great satisfaction to my husband and myself that our children are able to participate in the 'Reedham Park School Experience' and all that can be gained from it.



Mrs Smith

Mrs Smith

One day my mother arrived to say that my worries were over! She had found a school for my four children.

My mother's love of books had led her to meet a lady in our local book shop. This grandmother was frequently seen buying

books of all kinds—dictionaries, classical, nature etc. These were all for her seven- and nine-year-old grandchildren at Reedham Park School.

After searching along Old Lodge Lane several times, I finally managed to discover the school, nestling quietly amidst the gardens. Two of my children have since left the school and moved on to their senior school, and my third is due to leave at the end of this year. They all feel that Reedham Park and Miss Routledge helped them get where they now are.

I first began to work at the school in 1987, taking over the needlework from Mrs Woodley who was semi-retiring, though she was still to judge the Autumn Fruits and Spring Flowers. The Seasons was to be my first theme! How to make lambs, rabbits, Victorian ladies in an English country garden and robins on snowy branches look realistic by the hands of six- to ten-year-olds. It was quite a task. I spent much of the year threading and rethreading needles. But I must say the end result was very pleasing.

The following year I took over Lower Prep, as Mrs Shortt was leaving to have a baby. That first day I don't know who was more nervous, me or the new class! At the beginning of my first exam week, I remember managing to knock over both jugs of water during the painting exam! A little girl

sweetly put her arm around me and said, “You don’t seem to be having a very good day, do you Mrs. Smith?” It certainly put me at ease!

I thoroughly enjoy working with the children and their lovely smiles and chatter seem to take away one’s little day-to-day problems. Only last week a little boy in my class asked: “Mrs Smith, can I put a python at the end of my writing?” He meant of course a hyphen.



Mrs Tann

Mrs Tann

Unlike most of the other members of staff I had no previous connection with Reedham Park School, in fact I had never heard of Reedham Park School.

One Sunday morning I received a visit from a colleague I worked with at a local state primary school telling me a Miss

Routledge at Reedham Park School was looking for someone to work in their kindergarten. Two telephone calls and three days later found me driving up and down Old Lodge Lane searching

for Reedham Park School. After three quarters of an hour I finally found and met Miss Routledge and so began my association with the school.

It has taken me some time to understand and learn the traditions and methods of this unique education, but as I have progressed, my own upbringing and seemingly unimportant life events are now coming into their own. This has led me to believe that fate has played a part in my life and introduced me to a remarkable lady, Miss Routledge.

Mr Valenti

When I moved to Purley in September 1957, (with my first child only three monthsold), I littlerealised that I would, some four years later, be beginning as long an involvement as I have had, with ‘the little school across the road’; first as a parent, then as a successor to Tom Boyle’s father Desmond as Mass chauffeur and occasional helper, then as a grandparent and finally as a not very good part time teacher. In settling for a house in Old Lodge Lane, I had lined up



Mr Valenti

a convenient station, convenient shops and what appeared to be a convenient school.

What I had sinfully overlooked was a convenient Church, and before I was able to afford a car, my wife and I found ourselves saddled with the purgatory of getting to Dale Road every Sunday. I wouldn't recommend pushing a pram up Burcott Road to anybody! It was, however, at around 7.30 a.m. on my first Sunday in Purley that I first set eyes on the lady who was to play such a large part in my family's life.

I fairly quickly found out who she was, but I cannot remember how I found out that I had to get in quick if I wanted my daughter to attend the school. Fortunately I did find out and so it came about that I waylaid Miss Routledge after Mass one Sunday morning and obtained the application form by the completion of which I unknowingly sentenced myself to a longer term than the Great Train Robbers!

I remember, in the early days, helping to erect the stage for the Christmas Pantomime, an annual chore. The boards and supports rested on the beams above the room where the audience now sit and so the proceedings commenced with a fairly tricky ladder act to get everything down. Although the number of pupils was smaller in those days, so was the room available for spectators, and the annual crush for this event has been an eternal problem. I

remember too how worried I was whether Miss Routledge would see my fourth child through. He has just left university! The day that my grandchild was born Miss Routledge marked the occasion by breaking her ankle, and I began to worry whether or not my grandchild would make it to the school. She is now in her third year!

Outside of this my chief memories as a (parent) relate only to homework and the trials and tribulations thereof with four children all completely different in character and each presenting a different set of problems with regard to the way they tackled it. At occasional tired moments I impishly persuaded them to add little embellishments to their compositions for which, regrettably, they suffered and not me; but it was fun to get away with it at times, as for example did the rendition of the 1066 sentence 'William told his soldiers to pretend to run away' as 'William commanded his battalions to simulate a precipitated retreat'. I never knew how that one got away!

While on the subject, I should, I suppose, own up to the worst May poem ever written, which went:

*All hail to our May Queen,
The fairest yet;
But in our English summer
She'll just look wet.*

The ensuing reprimand and inevitable rewrite was not taken too lightly by the offspring that suffered, while I grudgingly thought that my 'wit' had gone unappreciated. I recounted all this at work the next morning and was firmly put in place by the following which I found on my desk after lunch:

*'I am', said a chap called Valenti,
'One of the cognoscenti.'
But his efforts at rhyme
Were rewarded in time
With a mark of nought out of twenty.*

In normal circumstances that would, I suppose, be a reasonably humorous note to finish on, except for the fact that it would be quite wrong not to acknowledge the eternal debt of gratitude which all my family owes to Miss Routledge. Everyone that I meet who has had some sort of connection with the school always mentions what a deep and lasting impression the school makes. My family is no exception, and at every family get-together, the conversation invariably turns at one stage or another to the school, and then the anecdotes from all my children fly thick and fast.

It is difficult to imagine how differently my children may have developed without Miss Routledge's guidance and help, but I know that they will always be grateful for that guidance and

help and will always treasure the memories that they built at the school. As for me, I know that given Miss Routledge's longevity, I have a job for life! Thank you again Miss Routledge, congratulations on your Diamond Jubilee, and long may you continue to do your great work.

Mrs Woodley

How did I become involved with nature study? I really couldn't say. I have always, since a very young child, been interested in wild flowers. Living in London it wasn't a very easy hobby to pursue. Fortunately my parents loved the countryside and the family spent all available holidays walking the woods and downs around the perimeter. Our main two weeks of the year we went to what were faraway places in the 1920s—parts of Devon, Cornwall and North Wales, staying on farms in remote villages. In these places I found plenty to interest me.

I also received a good deal of help from people I met at school and church, bringing me plants they had found on their holidays to identify. The most unusual plant to come my way was in much later life, an enormous sugar beet brought in from Lincolnshire by one of the carmen, when I was at business.

At grammar school I studied botany and was

the first pupil to achieve distinction in the Matriculation examination in that subject.

I passed my knowledge on to my daughter. From her earliest days I took her for long walks in her pram talking about the flowers I could see, mostly to amuse myself, as it was war time and my husband was in the RAF and I lived alone. It must have done some good as by the time she was two she knew a good many common flowers. While she was at Reedham Park she won the Nature Prize each year and when the time came for Miss Routledge to find a new judge I was asked to fill the gap.



Mrs Bird



Mrs Coombe



Mrs Mole and Mr White



Mrs O'Rourke

The School Year



Thursday in early September—school *always* starts on a Thursday—and the long summer break is over. School uniforms in pristine condition, shoe bags checked, pencil cases at the ready, some one hundred and twenty youngsters trudge, skip, saunter and scurry up the lane, back to the familiar rickety wooden desks and chairs and the distinctive smell of polish, pencil shavings and carbolic soap.

For most it is a day that brings mixed feelings. No more lying in bed if you want. No more playing all day in the sun. No more trips. No more fun and excitement. No more freedom. Today it's time to start the autumn graft. Homework. The nights drawing in. Winter is not far away.

But it's not all bad. Now is the chance to meet all your friends, catch up on tales of holiday escapades, run around in gangs at break time. And of course you are now a year older, a year more grown up, in a new

class with a new teacher. For some, of course, it is none of these. For the new boys and girls in Kindy it's a whole new world. There are tears from some, wild excitement from others. But under the kindly eyes of Mrs Ordoyno and Mrs Tann the 'babies' soon settle in.

For Trans it means you now go to school all day, not just the mornings. And you have homework to do as well. At least it's only drawing and colouring. When you get older you have to do spellings every night. And it gets harder the older you get. Spellings have to have antonyms and synonyms. Then they have to have sentences. Then there is the second homework subject every night—English on Monday, Geometry on Tuesday, the hated Test corrections on Wednesday, Intelligence on Thursday. The weekend is the worst. Weekends mean Compo, and that is real hard work. Makes spellings look a doddle. Happy the child who completes the work on Friday night or Saturday, because homework on a Sunday is a chore. It always seems to take twice as long on Sunday.

However, it is not all hard work. The Christmas play dominates the school day more and more as term goes on. Parts are given out, lines have to be learned. Rehearsals begin.

Then almost before you know it, half term is

here. A blessed week of freedom—except for one thing. The Wild Fruit collection. But come the Monday the plants have been gathered, the debates over names have finished, the collection is labelled and presented and it's up the lane again.

Now the pace is somewhat faster. Exams are nearly here and stress levels rise. For a whole week you have to sit and pour out all you know (or should know if only you had been listening). It's gruelling and demanding. But then the exams are over, except for the Special Book, and it's downhill all the way to Christmas. There's Bonfire Night and the Christmas Fair to look forward to. (In the 1980s the parents organised some spectacular bonfire and fireworks parties on the field). But most of all it's the Christmas play, in many ways the highlight of the year.

Every pupil past and present has their own vivid memories of this magical time of year. The nerves over whether you will forget your lines or make a mistake. The costume fittings, the last minute changes, the final chance to get it right at the dress rehearsal. Then the big day itself—the last day of term. No lessons, just the Table Battle (and the exam results). Reports are given out and it's off home early to get ready for the afternoon show.

Nothing can compare with the astonishment a



White Ballet and final ensemble from Sleeping Beauty



young child feels when finally on stage in full costume and make-up, the lights shining bright in your face and the audience a dim sea of faces across the footlights. Can you spot Mum out there and not miss your cue? Is that her at the side? Hard to tell. There's so many people!

Saturday is just as exciting. This time it's try-and-spot-Dad time. Then at last the play is over. Was it as good as yesterday? It seems a shame not to do it again and again, after all the hard work you have put in. But at least there's plenty to look forward to. The party next week—Little Ones on Tuesday, Big Ones on Wednesday—with games, egg sandwiches, jelly and cakes, rounded off with carols in the darkened Big Room. In the glow the poster of Father Christmas on the wall comes alive and the Christmas tree seems to stretch up to the rafters.

Home for Christmas—what will Santa bring?—and a blissful three weeks of fun and play. No Test, no compo, no work (except for the holiday reading book, and that can wait) until the New Year. And that seems an age away.

But all good things must come to an end, and with the cold dark days of January the routine starts up all over again and it's up the lane to start the Spring Term.



The entry of the coach and the final tableau from Cinderella



Thursday in early January and school is back. This term starts in a low key, as befits the dark and chilly days of mid-winter. The tempo builds up as Valentine's Day and Shrove Tuesday come and go, the days grow longer again. Nature revives, evidenced by the jam jars of tadpoles—did you know they like raw meat?—and work begins on preparing for the Drill Display at the end of term.

If the Spring Term is relatively quiet, The Summer Term is a buzz of activity. Before half term comes the event which rivals the Christmas Panto for memorability, the crowning of the May Queen.

Little boys have never been quite able to understand all the excitement that goes with the May Queen. But for little girls it is a different matter. There is no higher honour than to be chosen as May Queen. And no greater disappointment than to be passed over. To be chosen means that your name will be added to the scroll on the wall in the Big Room, adding another line to an unbroken succession that goes back to 1933. It means you are feted and fussed over, dressed in finery and garlanded with flowers, presented with gifts and poems from every child in the school as they bow and curtsy before you. But most of all it means recognition. Your friends—and those you hardly know—have declared you the kindest, most consid-



Father Salmon instructs the First Communion candidates, Trinity Sunday 1988.

erate, indeed the most attractive girl in the school. That is what really makes it so happy and glorious. You are truly Queen for a day.

At half term there is the wild flower collection (though the best specimens always seem to have passed by half term). About this time too the Catholics celebrate their First Communion. Miss Routledge has always had close links with St John the Baptist church in Dale Road, and many priests have made the trip up the lane for Catechism classes (described recently by one Kindy boy as “going in for cat licks”). It used to be that children would make their First Communion on Trinity Sunday at the 8 a.m. Mass at



Miss Routledge with Father Salmon during the Golden Jubilee celebrations in 1982.

The School at the End of the Lane



Top left: Derek Read wins the sprint circa 1958.

Top Right: More Sports Day action. Above: The school soccer team about 1962. Left: Graham Dolan and Michael Winckless about 1960.

St John the Baptist, followed by breakfast in the church hall. But in latter years Miss Routledge has been keen where possible to have Mass celebrated at the school (remembering that the Big Room started life as a church), and at Christmas too there is usually a special service at the school.

The summer term is also the time of year when the annual Sports Day takes place and rival teams from Green and Orange vie for the title of champions. In days gone by that meant a trek up Burcott Road to the Higher Drive Rec. for a succession of contests involving eggs and spoons, sacks, obstacles and sticky buns. On the rare occasions when the weather was bad the sports were held in the Big Room. Nowadays the festivities take place on the field above the school,



The school soccer team from the 1970s.

though the contests themselves have changed little in sixty years. Rumours abound that Miss Routledge fudges the figures to make sure that the number of victories is always more or less even. With a total so far of 35 wins to Green and 25 to Orange, she clearly isn't making a very good job of it! However, her reputation for having a hotline to Heaven is regularly borne out as the weather, like a well-mannered child, always seems to behave perfectly on the big day.

After half term it is only a short time until the end-of-year exams and preparation for the concert and prize-giving. This last event is an emotional time, especially for Form 1 Upper as they sing *Little Lamb* for the last time and say farewell to friends they have known for more than half their lives.

It is also the time for speeches. In recent years one of the most memorable was given by Roger Lane in July 1989 when he donned a well-worn school cap and tried to sum up what Reedham Park School meant to those present, particularly the leavers and their parents. As one parent said afterwards, 'I'm sure all of us there felt that Roger had expressed exactly what we all felt.'

This is what Roger said:

I know you're all very hot, but we can't go through ten years of Routie's without saying

a little something. So please bear with me for just a little bit longer while this ‘Old Boy’ goes up to his big school.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I have been asked, and was proud to accept, to make a farewell speech on behalf of all the old parents who are going up to big school.

I’ve been at the school now for about ten years. I started off in Kindergarten, and slowly, and sometimes with great difficulty, I’ve made my way through the school. Now throughout that time, I, along with lots of you have done hundreds of hours of homework and lots of compos. I’ve drawn little pictures when I started here of the moon and the marathon, and the crocodile pulling the elephant’s trunk. I’ve written compos referring naturally to the notes in the back of the book. These notes have been rubbed out so many times it was difficult to tell the difference between Napoleon and Romeo and Juliet.

I moved on through this bewildering maze of knowledge, the maths and the geometry, the nummersets and the formulas which I still can’t remember. On to history—William and his Doomsday Book; the Hundred Year

War where I finally won my spurs—and there were times, believe me Miss Routledge, when I could have willingly stuck them somewhere—and heaven forbid I should forget John and the Magna Carta.

The geography—do you remember that little boat? I rounded the Cape of Good Hope in that little boat. I've visited exquisite places and collected all manner of things. And there were times late at night when I was still slaving away, and the children were fast asleep on the table, when I wished that boat could have sunk! I've crossed the Himalayas; I've been up Everest and down into India where we picked cotton and tea. Onto Australia with gold and dairy products. But Africa, that for me takes the biscuit! What did I do in Africa? Hang on, I've forgotten Canada—mustn't forget Canada. I trapped beavers, canned salmon, cut timber and searched for oil. And then Africa. We mined for diamonds, dug for gold and collected copper. And I wandered up the Zambesi to those waterfalls. What were they called? The Angel Falls? The Niagara? No, I've finally got it right—the Victoria Falls. And Africa, well it wouldn't be the same without Her Majesty's Tree House and those bloomin' ostrich feathers. And do you know, for all that work, I

don't think I ever got my fair share of VGIs and star sentences.

I've had ten years of berry collections and flower collections (illegal though it may be to collect them). I tore my arms searching for Robin's Pincushions, and finally yesterday, which is perhaps most significant, I realised that the Scarlet Pimpernel had nothing to do with the French Revolution.

I've learnt in my time here about inventors and inventions. I am now one of the few people to know that Mr Bell did not invent whisky. I am an expert on art and artists; and I can now tell the difference between a Holbein and a Holsten! The 'special' books—all those books. You remember Rudyard Kipling's famous book *Puck of Pook's Hill*—you try reading that when you've had a few Bells and Holstens.

The chairs, all those chairs you've had to endure after all those years; the Concerts, the Drill Displays and the Pantomimes. I don't think I ever got comfortable. And the Pantos—I've been to so many that I know the words to them all. And I still find, that no matter how loud that audience warbles, Miss Routledge—and today was no exception—



'And again, this time louder!'

never seems to forget her famous words: 'And again, this time louder!'

That was a quick flashback to the childhood of the school; and now I should like to say a little about the parents and the social events, without whose work this delightful little seat of learning would never have survived. The weekends mixing cement, cleaning windows, putting up the plastic roof upside down (only to find that the first time it rained the cloakroom was wetter than it had been to start with). The firework nights, humping all that timber, the ladies making all those hot drinks and hot dogs—I don't think they ever saw the fireworks.

And the year when everyone had gone home, and all of a sudden at 3 o'clock in the morning Miss Routledge decided to have her own private display when the shed caught fire.

The games nights and the wonderful race nights that came on later. The summer fairs and the Christmas fairs. The wonderful Jubilee Party and the fancy dress parties where we always had such a delightful spread of food from the ladies.

But for me, it was the New Year's Eve Parties and the themes of those parties. Do you remember the French night and the Twenties Night; and the Victorian Night where I came late dressed as a vicar and Miss Routledge was quite worried when she saw a vicar walk in and asked for the noise to be turned down. But whatever the theme, Miss Routledge was always Queen Victoria. All the songs that were sung, those wonderful English seaside songs, and I could just keep on going.

I haven't mentioned any names because it would be unfair to miss anybody out, and I'm sure as I've covered the certain functions of the school we all remember how much work we've put in to make them a success.

Anyway the most important name today is Miss Routledge, or Routie as she'll always be remembered. My daughter summed it all up yesterday. She rushed home and said, 'Isn't it wonderful, I've finally finished at Reedham.' A few minutes later she said, 'But isn't it a shame, because really I'm going to miss all my friends.' And I think that can be said for all of us.

And so finally, I say to all of you, as you move on now to your big school and later to your chosen careers: have a wonderful time; work hard and do well; and no matter where you go or what you do, don't ever forget where it all started.



Going up to big school, July 1991.

May Queens



HAZEL COPPEN

MAY QUEEN 1933

The first girl to be crowned May Queen was Hazel Coppén. She later gained fame as an actress on stage, screen and television, and helped with a wartime drama society at the school.

The latest is Ceri Sherlock (below). Ceri is now a pupil at Croydon High School.





1934 *Rita Morgan*



1935 *Jean Knight*



1936 *Audrey Cracknell*



1937 *Joyce Gildea*



1939 *Jean Smith*



1940 *Joan Chapman*



1938 *Efiane Schonholzer*



1941 *Gillian Clark*



1942 *Sylvia James*



1943 *M. Stafford*

The School at the End of the Lane



1944 *Celia Harvatt*



1945 *A. Portlock*



1946 *Ingrid Gustavson*



1947 *Gillian Ordoyno*



1949 *Marion Winstanley*



1950 *Joyce Chittenden*



1951 *D. Smith*



1952 *Jacqueline Mulberge*

The School at the End of the Lane



Jacqueline Mulberge in later life



1953 *Elizabeth Waller*



1955 *L. Smith*



1956 *Diane Ponsford*



1958 *Felicity Dorling*



1959 *Philippa Redgrove*



1960 *Elizabeth Fannin*



1961 *Jocelyn Dorling*

The School at the End of the Lane



1962 *Helen Gould*



1963 *Joanne Woodruff*



1964 *Jill Pursell*



1966 *Hilary Boyle*



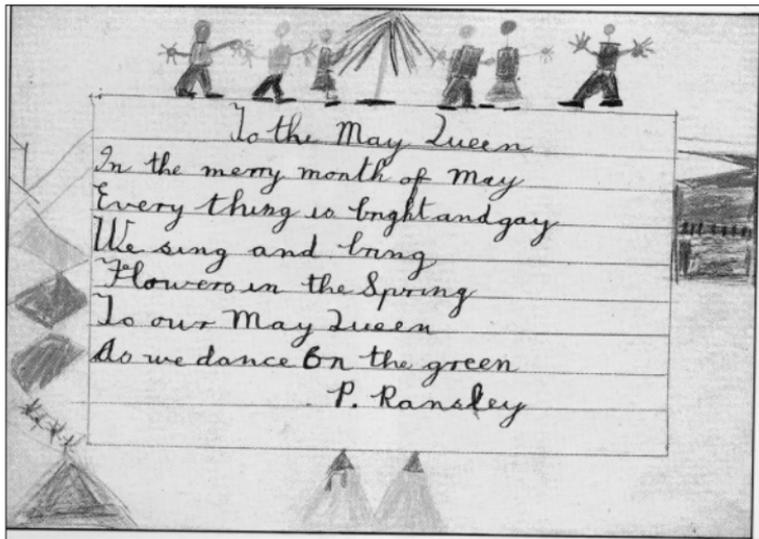
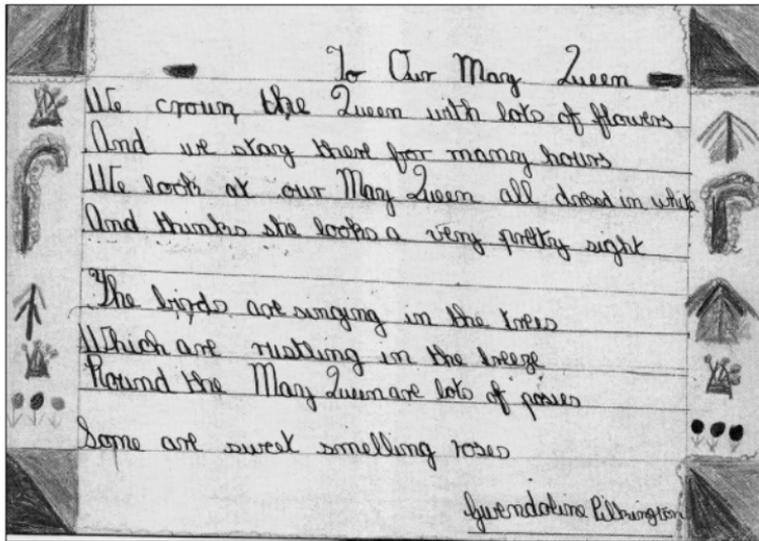
1967 *Lyn Kettley*



1968 *Gwen Pilkington*



1969 *Caroline Cogle*



Poetic Gems from May 1966



1970 *Adrienne Lowe*



1971 *Nicola Ragge*



1972 *Deborah Whittingham*



1973 *Karen Holden*

The School at the End of the Lane



1974 *Sarah Kendell*



1975 *Alice Ball*



1976 *Vanessa Pryor*



1977 *G. Garcia*



1978 *Susanne Casbon*



1979 *Sarah Roach*

The School at the End of the Lane



1980 *Kirsty Harris*



1981 *Karen Bromley*



1982 *Maria Carpenter*



1983 *Abbé Perry*



1988 *Kimberley Argles*



1990 *Lauren Mole*



1987 *Sinead O'Rourke*

The School at the End of the Lane



1991 *Caren Clark*

Appendix

Teachers

<i>Miss Inez Routledge</i>	<i>Headmistress</i>
<i>Mrs Elizabeth Dunmore</i>	<i>Form 1 Upper and Form 1 Lower</i>
<i>Mrs Louise Mole</i>	<i>Form 1 Lower</i>
<i>Mrs Christine King</i>	<i>Upper Prep</i>
<i>Mrs Goodwin</i>	<i>Upper Prep</i>
<i>Mrs Christina Smith</i>	<i>Lower Prep</i>
<i>Mrs Mary Spiteri</i>	<i>Lower Prep</i>
<i>Mrs Mary O'Rourke</i>	<i>Trans, Netball and Rounders</i>
<i>Mrs Coombe</i>	<i>Trans</i>
<i>Mrs Valerie Tann</i>	<i>Kindergarten</i>
<i>Mrs Gladys Ordoyno</i>	<i>Kindergarten</i>
<i>Mrs Judith Gonsalves</i>	<i>Music</i>
<i>Mrs Russell</i>	<i>Sewing</i>
<i>Mr Peter Valenti</i>	<i>French</i>
<i>Mr White</i>	<i>Football and Cricket</i>
<i>Mrs E. Joan Woodley</i>	<i>Wild Flowers & Fruits</i>
<i>Mrs Barbara Bird</i>	<i>Helper</i>
<i>Mrs Estelle Martin</i>	<i>Helper</i>

Parents Association Chairmen

<i>John Holden</i>	<i>1965-1968</i>
<i>Bill Miller</i>	<i>1968-1970</i>
<i>Bernard Wills</i>	<i>1970-1976</i>
<i>Hugh Roberts</i>	<i>1976-1983</i>
<i>Graham Black</i>	<i>1983-1984</i>
<i>Ian Munro</i>	<i>1984-1989</i>
<i>Nigel Thorpe</i>	<i>1989-</i>

School Roll 1992

FORM I UPPER

Nicholas Ball

Naomi Boyle

David Curtis

Alexandra Giles

Alison Higham

Ruth Lane

Anthony Macdonald

Christopher Macdonald

Sarah Martin

Stella McGourty

Alex Mills

Richard Smith

Daniel Thorpe

Charlotte Wells

Holly Wilkes

FORM I LOWER

Karina Allan

Victoria Anscombe

Jennifer Booth

Joe Boyle

Alex Clare

Genevieve Coombe

Christopher Dyas

Ian Gallagher

Thomas Harris

Caroline Humphrey

Ben Jack

Stephanie Liggins

Danesh Mahadeva

Luke Martin

Amber Mortelman

Darren O'Beirne

Maxeme Piris

Ann Randle

Sashy Ratnam

Kathryn Sargent

David Sherlock

Victoria Simpson

David Smith

Owen Tonks

Jordana Tuck

Lucy Wells

Victoria Wells

UPPER PREP

Sam Carpenter

Jacob Crook

Mark Curtis

Harvon Davies

Kate Fincham

Katie Gallagher

Georgina Hall

Georgina Kenlock

Victoria Lee

Jack Leonard

David Macdonald

Natasha Mahadeva

Paul Marsden

Megan Martin

Clementine Mortelman

Seema Phull

Jeyam Gunaratnam

Claudia Ritchie

LOWER PREP

<i>Kevin Boyle</i>	<i>Jonathan Ireland</i>	<i>Maria Saunders</i>
<i>Paul Bunce</i>	<i>Anthony Kane</i>	<i>Laura Simpson</i>
<i>Ashley Bussey</i>	<i>Tom Kelly</i>	<i>Tom Stewart</i>
<i>Neil Eke</i>	<i>Mary Macdonald</i>	<i>Steven Sturgeon</i>
<i>Francesca Griffin</i>	<i>Matthew Martin</i>	<i>Michael Wilkinson</i>
<i>Laura Hudson</i>	<i>Jordane Mortelman</i>	<i>Kyle Wilson</i>
<i>James Inglis</i>	<i>Hannah Perry</i>	

TRANSITION

<i>Nicole Bateman</i>	<i>Jodie Foster</i>	<i>Phillippa Lee</i>
<i>Ricci Bhogale</i>	<i>Emma Gallagher</i>	<i>Kyleigh Luby-Smith</i>
<i>Natalie Bird</i>	<i>Jessica Garland</i>	<i>Peter Macdonald</i>
<i>Natalie Bond</i>	<i>Emma Ingram</i>	<i>Kathryn Marshall</i>
<i>Bryony Clare</i>	<i>Mohsin Khan</i>	<i>Adam Riches</i>
<i>Katie Condon</i>	<i>Louise Kiamtia</i>	<i>Emma Tucker</i>
<i>Daniel Connor</i>	<i>Paul Kiamtia</i>	<i>Victoria Wilkinson</i>
<i>Helen Fincham</i>	<i>Stephanie King</i>	

KINDERGARTEN

<i>Jenna Beatty</i>	<i>Joseph Eastwood</i>	<i>Damon Marchini</i>
<i>Michael Bird</i>	<i>Lucy Gallagher</i>	<i>Abbey Martin</i>
<i>Louis Blair</i>	<i>David Hudson</i>	<i>Lucy-Ann Martin</i>
<i>Daniel Brady</i>	<i>James Ireland</i>	<i>Lauren Osman</i>
<i>Jennifer Burt</i>	<i>Leanne Kane</i>	<i>Ruveen Phull</i>
<i>Giovanni Damiani</i>	<i>Sasha Kearns</i>	<i>Akash Rughani</i>
<i>Rodney Davies</i>	<i>Ben Leonard</i>	<i>Russell Sturgeon</i>
<i>Adrian de Souza</i>	<i>Josephine Macdonald</i>	<i>Tessa van der Vord</i>
<i>Alexander Demetri</i>	<i>Louise Macdonald</i>	

May Queens

1933	<i>Hazel Coppen</i>	1963	<i>Joanne Woodruff</i>
1934	<i>Rita Morgan</i>	1964	<i>Jill Pursell</i>
1935	<i>Jean Knight</i>	1965	<i>H. Jongerius</i>
1936	<i>Audrey Cracknell</i>	1966	<i>Hilary Boyle</i>
1937	<i>Joyce Gildea</i>	1967	<i>Lyn Kettley</i>
1938	<i>Eliane Schonholzer</i>	1968	<i>Gwen Pilkington</i>
1939	<i>Jean Smith</i>	1969	<i>Caroline Cogle</i>
1940	<i>Joan Chapman</i>	1970	<i>Adrienne Lowe</i>
1941	<i>Gillian Clark</i>	1971	<i>Nicola Ragge</i>
1942	<i>Sylvia James</i>	1972	<i>Deborah Whittingham</i>
1943	<i>M. Stafford</i>	1973	<i>Karen Holden</i>
1944	<i>Celia Harvatt</i>	1974	<i>Sarah Kendall</i>
1945	<i>Anne Portlock</i>	1975	<i>Alice Ball</i>
1946	<i>Ingrid Gustavson</i>	1976	<i>Vanessa Pryor</i>
1947	<i>Gillian Ordoyno</i>	1977	<i>G. Garcia</i>
1948	<i>M. Booth</i>	1978	<i>Susanne Casbon</i>
1949	<i>Marion Winstanley</i>	1979	<i>Sarah Roach</i>
1950	<i>Joyce Chittenden</i>	1980	<i>Kirsty Harris</i>
1951	<i>D. Smith</i>	1981	<i>Karen Bromley</i>
1952	<i>Jacqueline Mulberge</i>	1982	<i>Maria Carpenter</i>
1953	<i>Elizabeth Waller</i>	1983	<i>Abbé Perry</i>
1954	<i>M. Chandler</i>	1984	<i>Claire Carpenter</i>
1955	<i>L. Smith</i>	1985	<i>Maria Martin</i>
1956	<i>Diane Ponsford</i>	1986	<i>Maria New</i>
1957	<i>Helen Cornwell</i>	1987	<i>Sinead O'Rourke</i>
1958	<i>Felicity Dorling</i>	1988	<i>Kimberley Argles</i>
1959	<i>Philippa Redgrove</i>	1989	<i>Sarah Golding</i>
1960	<i>Elizabeth Fannin</i>	1990	<i>Lauren Mole</i>
1961	<i>Jocelyn Dorling</i>	1991	<i>Caren Clark</i>
1962	<i>Helen Gould</i>	1992	<i>Ceri Sherlock</i>

Games Captains

	<i>Winning Team</i>
1933	<i>P. Victor and P. Fidler</i> Green
1934	<i>Gordon Newman</i> Orange
1935	<i>Gordon Newman</i> Green
1936	<i>Kenneth Lambourn</i> Green
1937	<i>A. Jennings</i> Orange
1938 Green
1939	<i>D. Newman</i> Green
1940 Orange
1941 Green
1942	<i>D. Golsby</i> Green
1943	<i>D. Golsby</i> Green
1944 Orange
1945 Orange
1946	<i>D. Leighton</i> Green
1947	<i>R. Chandler</i> Green
1948	<i>D. Heather</i> Green
1949	<i>R. Gustavson</i> Green
1950	<i>C. Chittenden</i> Orange
1951 Orange
1952	<i>E. Cameron</i> Green
1953	<i>E. Cameron</i> Orange
1954	<i>Brian Read</i> Green
1955	<i>Stephen James</i> Green
1956	<i>Stephen James</i> Green
1957	<i>Nicholas Leake</i> Green
1958	<i>K. Casbon</i> Orange
1959	<i>K. Casbon</i> Orange
1960	<i>Derek Read</i> Orange
1961	<i>P. Gill</i> Green

The School at the End of the Lane

1962	<i>John Magnus</i>	Orange
1963	<i>Simon Sherry</i>	Green
1964	<i>C. Baxter</i>	Green
1965	<i>P. Stonhold</i>	Green
1966	<i>R. McWilliam</i>	Orange
1967	<i>Ian Luzmore</i>	Orange
1968	<i>G. Garcia</i>	Orange
1969	<i>M. Cutts</i>	Green
1970	<i>A. Merricks and N. Pilkington</i>	Green
1971	<i>A. Goodchild</i>	Green
1972	<i>R. Morton</i>	Green
1973	<i>M. Temperley and R. Harris</i>	Orange
1974	<i>J. Goodchild</i>	Green
1975	<i>C. Townsend Smith and T. Malby</i>	Orange
1976	<i>G. Ransley</i>	Green
1977	<i>R. Rudolph</i>	Orange
1978	<i>C. Brundle</i>	Green
1979	<i>A. Grasso</i>	Orange
1980	<i>P. Harding</i>	Green
1981	<i>J. Greener</i>	Orange
1982	<i>J. Woodcock</i>	Green
1983	<i>N. Lyle</i>	Orange
1984	<i>A. Lyle</i>	Green
1985	<i>S. Godfrey</i>	Green
1986	<i>L. Smith</i>	Green
1987	<i>J. Mole</i>	Orange
1988	<i>C. Cunniffe</i>	Green
1989	<i>A. Woodcock</i>	Orange
1990	<i>Ross Munro</i>	Green
1991	<i>Rhodri Lewis</i>	Orange
1992	<i>James Durkin</i>	Orange
	<i>Victories:</i> <i>Green</i> 35 <i>Orange</i> 25	

REGISTER of ADMISSION				
** NAMES (in full)		Sex	PARENT or GUARDIAN	
SURNAME	CHRISTIAN	Mar F	NAME	ADDRESS
2 Smith	Pamela	154	O.L.L. Purby,	
Morgan	Rita	82	O.L.L. "	
Coppin	Hazel	6	Bunnett Rd	
Gray	Jean			21 O.L.L. "
Schnoblen	David			Helvetia Haydn
Victor	Philippi			7 Haydn A
Williamson	Thomas			Mossley Higher,
Tiddler	Peter			106 O.L.L.
Newman	Gordon			112 O.L.L.
Laws	Frederick			42 O.L.L.
Lanbourne	Kenneth			116 O.L.L.
Powell	Derek			16 Northwood
Preece	Cynthia			99 Brighton
Preece	Martin			"
Clark	John			Welyck Haydn
3 Barwick	Derek			Yew Tree Cottage
Gardner	John			75 O.L.L.
Roy	Geoffrey			130 O.L.L.
Jennings	Tony			84 O.L.L.
Knight	Jean			107 Brighton
Gray	Ernest			21 O.L.L.

The Register of pupils for the school's first year under
Miss Routledge.

Cradled in a Stable

The story of how the Big Room was first consecrated as a church at Christmas 1910 is told in a booklet published in 1959 entitled *Cradled in a Stable*, a copy of which is kept in Purley Library. The author of the booklet, then aged 92, was Mr E. R. Gaywood of Beaumont Road, Purley. Mr Gaywood wrote:

On 4th October 1906 a very important sale of land took place. It consisted of no less than fifty-one lots, with their frontages onto Bencombe and Burcott Roads, and three in the Higher Drive itself. This was the beginning of the development into a residential area of this part of Purley. It was originally designated 'The Reedham Park Estate' and stretched from Reedham Road (as Old Lodge Lane was then called) to Higher Drive.

Five years later a fair number of houses had been erected, furnished and occupied. The roads, however, were still not made up and conditions underfoot in wet weather were anything but pleasant. To reach Higher Drive from the Caterham Road (*now Godstone Road*) one had to pass through an avenue of trees, with an extremely narrow bridge over the railway. There were ditches on either side of the road, and the road itself was of a white sticky substance that made walking very unpleasant. At the other end was a rough track leading to Cullesden Road and so on to Hayes Lane, and owners of houses at that end of the drive had a clause in their agreements that they could drive over

this track 'without let or hindrance' at any time of the day or night. The view of the surrounding country was beautiful and was enhanced in autumn by the fields of corn with poppies growing on Hartley Hill. Old Lodge Lane as it came to be called was no less rural and one could, in summer, pick bunches of wild flowers and gather blackberries in abundance in the autumn.

To any ardent churchgoer, however, there was one great drawback, and that was that the parish church was St John's, Old Coulsdon, on the top of the opposite hill to where they had come to reside. This meant to anyone, especially those advancing in years, a very arduous journey, especially if they wanted to attend an early celebration of Holy Communion. It was these trying conditions that greatly impressed the Rev. Granville Dickson (who later became Canon Dickson), the Rector of St John's, when paying a round of pastoral visits to these outlying parts of his parish. 'Something must be done,' he said, 'especially for the older folk. But the great difficulty is, where can we hold services?'

Eventually a disused stable was brought into use at 71a Old Lodge Lane and here, one has reason to believe, on Christmas Day 1910 the very first service of the future St Barnabas Church was held, although the records show that the little place was dedicated on 21st January 1911 by the Archdeacon of Kingston. One can readily understand the eagerness of these pioneers in using the place before the official dedication, as the project had been talked about since 1907 and here at long last were hopes fulfilled, and

surely it was a most appropriate date and place, for it can truly be said of the church that like its Divine Master it was 'cradled in a stable.'

The place, of course, was tiny and would seat about thirty to thirty-six people. There was a little aisle with chairs made of rush seats. On the right hand side as one went in was a miniature fireplace, thus enabling the place to be warmed in winter. The altar was formed by a plain table covered by a frontal cloth of red, a gift from Old Coulsdon Church. The lectern was a gift from another church and was painted in lilac and gold. The little church was lit by hurricane lamps and there was just room for three people to kneel at the altar rail. There is a story that one Sunday morning a small dog found its way into the little church and hid itself under the communion table. They also say that it was fortunate that day that the sidesman was of the slender type so he was able to remove the intruder without disturbing things.

From all accounts that have come to us, however, it would seem that this smallness was really a blessing in disguise, as an atmosphere of homeliness and friendliness was created and has persisted right down to the present day. The friendships formed in that little church have lasted in some cases for nearly fifty years.

By 1913, however, the place was far too small for those who wished to attend so a piece of land in Higher Drive was purchased on which a timber and asbestos building was erected and duly dedicated on All Saints Day 1913 by the Bishop of Woolwich.

THE LAMB

WILLIAM BLAKE 1757 - 1827

GEOFFREY SHAW

Moderato
mf

Key G { 1. Little Lamb, who made thee? Dost thou know who

Key G { : d r | m : s | m : : | r : : | : d r | m : s }

The first system of the musical score for 'The Lamb'. It consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef, a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and a bass line in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the dynamic is 'mf'. The lyrics are: '1. Little Lamb, who made thee? Dost thou know who'. Below the vocal line, the lyrics are broken down into syllables with vertical lines: '1. Little Lamb, who made thee? Dost thou know who'. The piano accompaniment features a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The bass line provides a steady accompaniment.

{ made thee? Gave thee life and bade thee feed }

{ m : : | r : : | d r | m : f : s | l : f | r : : }

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'made thee? Gave thee life and bade thee feed'. The piano accompaniment and bass line continue with their respective parts. The lyrics are broken down into syllables with vertical lines: 'made thee? Gave thee life and bade thee feed'.

By the stream and o'er the mead; Gave thee cloth - ing

d r m | f m f s | l : f | r : : | s : l | s : : m

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: 'By the stream and o'er the mead; Gave thee cloth - ing'. The piano accompaniment and bass line continue with their respective parts. The lyrics are broken down into syllables with vertical lines: 'By the stream and o'er the mead; Gave thee cloth - ing'.

The School at the End of the Lane

of de - light, Soft - est clo - thing, wool - ly bright; Gave thee such a

d : r | m : s | m : f | m : d | d : t, | d : --ta, | ta, : --,

ten - der voice, Mak - ing all the vales re - joice.

r : m | s : f | f : s | : m : f : m : r | d : l | s | : --

mp un poco rall.

{ 1. Little Lamb, who made thee? Dost thou know who made thee? }

{ : d : r | m : s | m : -- | r : -- | : d : t | t, : d | r : -- | m : -- }

un poco rall.

p a tempo

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee; Little lamb, I'll tell thee!

p a tempo

mf

He is call - ed by thy name, For he_ calls him - self a Lamb;

mf

He is meek and he is mild; He be - came a lit - tle child.

The School at the End of the Lane

I a child, and thou a lamb, We are call-ed by his name.

d :--ta | ta :--l f :m | s :f f :s | m_f :m_r d :l | s :--

mp Little Lamb, God bless thee; *p* un poco rall. Little Lamb, God bless thee!

:d r | m s | m :-- | r :-- | :d t | l, :d r :-- | m :-- ||

THE END