

Alfredians



A newsletter for Old Alfredians

Spring 2019

Students joined staff, parents and guest speakers to deliver powerful TEDx talks at King Alfred on Saturday 9th February 2019

Taking over the Phoenix Theatre for the day, the 21 speakers took to the stage, many for the first time, to tell personal stories, make passionate pleas and bring lesser known viewpoints to life in 10 minutes or less on the theme of 'Transformations'.

One of the stand-out talks saw Sixth Form student **Tara** talk about how the King Alfred School culture of using teacher's first names, has positively transformed her experience of education. With students making up a third of the speakers, topics ranged from anxiety and autism to volunteering and cryptocurrencies.

Kara Conti, President of KASS, who organised the event, said:

"We had no idea what we were letting ourselves in for when we started out on this TEDx adventure. Our first task was to choose from a wealth of enthusiastic proposals and get a fine balance of staff, parents and students to be our final team of speakers. Then we embarked on a day of professional coaching where the group really bonded together in a wonderful mix of ages. This was the overwhelming and unexpected factor that made the experience so special – a true breaking down of boundaries between adult and child. These brave individuals supported each other and formed a TEDx family that will last long beyond the event. It was my privilege to facilitate this and work with them until we reached a level of achievement of which we are all proud. The day of the talks was a fitting climax with the whole experience ending up more than the sum of its parts. The emotional response of the audience provided the final touch of magic. We will repeat this again next year, involving more and more students and hopefully tempting some Old Alfredians back to join the mix."

Head **Robert** said:

"At The King Alfred School we have such talented students, staff and parents, so it was amazing to get

TEDx

KingAlfredSchool

x = independently organized TED event



them to share their wisdom and insight with each other and with us. TEDxKingAlfredSchool was a wonderful day and it was incredible to hear so many talks which demonstrated the value of our educational philosophy. Every speaker had to search deep inside themselves to prepare – it is no

easy feat to lay yourself bare before an audience – even the warm, loving and receptive audience we had. I take my hat off to each and every one of them."

Speakers, subjects and links to talks available on the school website: www.kingalfred.org.uk

In this issue...

Features inside include Message from the Head, Memories of Nikki Archer (1921 – 2016), The New Treehouse and Connecting with King Alfred.



Nikki Archer



The new KAS Treehouse

Message from the Head

Looking out of my window, my eyes are drawn to a group of teenagers reading under a tree in full blossom, and my ears to the sounds of the ducks in the farm competing with the children charging across the field. Spring is always a special time at KAS, and our community is teeming with life, as ever.

It is an exciting time for the school with developments afoot on our curriculum and our site. Within the prevailing climate of an ever more exam-based approach to schooling, we stand proud in our commitment to the education of the whole child. Our uniqueness has recently led to a significant upsurge of interest from others both in this country and abroad. We were delighted to welcome a delegation from Israel who came from the Democratic School Movement and who found much inspiration in their visit. We also hosted a group of South

Korean educators who are looking to broaden their approach; they were so struck with our school they are sending a much larger cohort in the summer. It was also a real privilege to be invited to take part in a symposium on innovative education in China (by video-conferencing alas!) with 700 delegates, and a panel of fellow speakers from Helsinki, Sao Paulo and Seoul.

Closer to home, we have recently made connections with schools who share our historic tradition (Bedales and St Christopher's), and with more recently created free schools (School 21, The Archer Academy). It is always flattering to be the object of others' attention, but more significantly the dialogue not only enables us to share what we do, but also enables us to learn from others, and support our own growth and development.

One particular area where we are seeking to evolve is the coherence of the journey from four to eighteen. Lower school and upper school are working more closely together so that the experience for an individual flows



smoothly from the beginning to the end. Of particular interest here, is the transition at age 11, and we are developing bold plans on how to structure these years in an innovative way, learning from best practice around the world.

I hope that you find the updates in the newsletter interesting, and I will be delighted to welcome you back at one of our school events. With best wishes,

● Robert

Old Alfredian Anthony Meacock and the new KAS Tree House

After the original tree was sadly found to be rotten, the school undertook to replace the KAS Tree House. With the financial support of current parents, a new project was undertaken. Last year, the concept for the treehouse, designed by Xular Architecture with feedback and contribution from parents, staff and students, was approved. Old Alfredian, **Anthony Meacock** (OA 2015) from the architecture collective Assemble has come on board as the principle contractor. Assemble will work with students and staff to complete key phases of the project, a community led build with education being at the forefront.

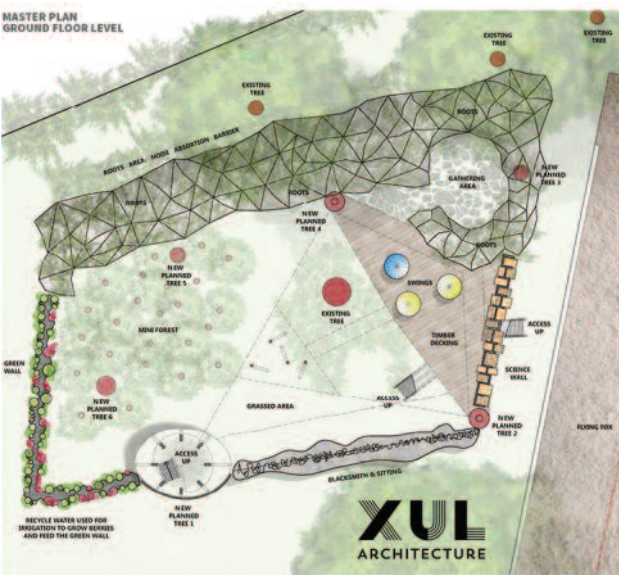
Two Choice sessions per week will make the project cross-curricular in its engagement of pupils. Given the unique nature of the project, it will take longer than 'off the shelf' play equipment, but will leave us with a brand new play structure that will serve us for many years to come. During the recent March Choice sessions, students from Years 10-13 have been working with **Stephen Debrett** and Old Alfredian Anthony to measure the trees and plan the layout of the trunks. These trees will provide the structural support for the treehouse and they will enable a sturdy build with room for expansion in future.



Tree house models



The original tree house, 1945



Staff News

Rod Jackson, current Upper School Head is taking up the post of Head of International Community School, London in the summer, after 7 years at KAS. We are grateful for his outstanding contribution to KAS during this time. He will be missed and we wish him every success in his new role. We thought you would enjoy these words from Rod, whose daily emails to staff always inspire a moment of reflection.

Dear all

They say every dog has his day and that day is today, according to Sir Anthony Seldon – educational guru, former Head of Wellington College and now vice- chancellor of Buckingham University, speaking at a recent conference on wellbeing: "The quickest and biggest hit that we can make to improve mental health in our schools and to make them feel safe for children, is to have at least one dog in every single school in the country." And as if that weren't enough Damien Hinds, Education Secretary chipped in with: "On my travels – and I have had

the opportunity to go to many schools – I've met more than a couple of wellbeing dogs. First I was a bit surprised but actually it's a great thing... For the kids it can be really uplifting – particularly kids that have different ways of expressing themselves and coming out of themselves. And the dog or the pets can really help." But we know that because we have **Alfie!** Maybe we should lend Alfie to Parliament to spend a few days with all of those MPs struggling under the pressure of the Brexit dilemma. Here's a poem by the great late 19th, early 20th century Australian poet Banjo Patterson – Alfie, take note!

The dog's mistake

He had drifted in among us as a straw drifts with the tide,
He was just a wand'ring mongrel from the weary world outside;
He was not aristocratic, being mostly ribs and hair,
With a hint of spaniel parents and a touch of native bear.
He was very poor and humble and content with what he got,
So we fed him bones and biscuits, till he heartened up a lot;
Then he growled and grew aggressive, treating orders with disdain,
Till at last he bit the butcher, which would argue want of brain.

Now the butcher, noble fellow, was a sport beyond belief,
And instead of bringing actions he brought half a shin of beef,
Which he handed on to Fido, who received it as a right
And removed it to the garden, where he buried it at night.

'Twas the means of his undoing, for my wife, who'd stood his friend,
To adopt a slang expression, "went in off the deepest end",
For among the pinks and pansies, the gloxinias and the gorse
He had made an excavation like a graveyard for a horse.

Then we held a consultation which decided on his fate:
'Twas in anger more than sorrow that we led him to the gate,
And we handed him the beef-bone as provision for the day,
Then we opened wide the portal and we told him, "On your way."



● Rod Jackson

You may also remember **Thelma**, one of the School's longest serving staff members. Thelma has worked in the kitchens at KAS for over 25 years and is looking forward to retirement with more leisure time for her hobbies and interests. Her cheerful and smiling face will be missed by all of us at KAS.



David Weale

In December 2017, after over 10 years of dedicated leadership, David Weale retired as Head of Lower School to pursue a new career as a psychotherapist. David has had a long and very personal relationship with KAS which started long before he was appointed Head of Lower School. In 1990 his daughter Rose joined the school in Year 3 followed by his second daughter Olivia who joined Reception in 1992. Both girls stayed at the school until Year 13. During this time David developed a deep commitment to King Alfred and its ethos and demonstrated this further throughout his time on Council from 1992-1998 and then again from 2000-2006, where he was a well-respected educationalist bringing his expertise and wealth of experience from previous roles.

David quickly became a much loved and respected member of the community. Staff and children knew that his door was open to them and he always had time to talk through any issues in his measured and sensitive way. David's generosity and kind spirit meant that staff and pupils would often get handwritten cards, thanking them or acknowledging a particular piece of work. He had the ability to make everyone he worked with feel special and heard.

David's talents extended beyond his leadership skills and included such things as; creating camp registrations for the children whilst simultaneously holding meetings and public speaking without notes on pretty much any subject. This was always inspiring to watch. A highlight of each year was the way he transformed himself into a World Book Day character with spectacular flair.

David held the Lower School community in his safe hands throughout his Headship at KAS, we all felt valued and supported and he brought out the best in everyone. He will remain a dear friend to many of us for years to come and we know he will make a difference to many lives in his new role as a psychotherapist.

● Tracy Preston, School Counsellor and James Griffiths, Deputy Head Lower School

Memories of Nikki

Nikki Archer joined KAS in 1959. From 1970 to 1983 Nikki served as King Alfred’s first solo Headmistress and, at the time, the longest serving Head of a recognised progressive school. Here, Old Alfredians, colleagues and friends share their memories of Nikki.

Guardian Angel

My first year at KAS was Nikki Archer’s final year at the school but looking back, it is clear that those precious months were the most positive and transformative days of my life. Sometimes, I worry to imagine where life may have taken me if it had it not been for the courage, compassion and vision of this former Head of King Alfred School.

It all began in the late Autumn of 1982 when my worried parents came to visit Nikki Archer during a time when I was having profound personal and emotional problems. No one knew what the future might hold for me. KAS Middle School had full attendance and was already deep into the academic year. But none the less, Nikki made time to meet my parents and wanted to hear my story. No one listened like Nikki. She had so much understanding and empathy. By the end of the meeting she told my parents that she wanted to help – and invited the Head of Middle School, Denise Gibbs to join them. That meeting changed the course of my life forever...

A few weeks later, Nikki and Denise arranged for an extra desk to be brought into Class 1A and made space in a classroom that was already full. They

First met Nikki in 1971 when as head teacher she had already established an outstanding place of learning. I had applied to work at King Alfred and was offered a part-time admin role as well as teaching French. But it was in admin that I was able to witness her hard work and dedication. My first impression of Nikki was of a highly gifted woman who could identify talent in children and adults alike and encouraged them to reach their true potential. She was truly ahead of her time and I especially remember her pioneering vision in establishing



Nikki Archer, 1966

counselling at KAS, the value of which is now widely recognised. She was a formidable lady who commanded great respect and loyalty in her staff and students. Nobody wanted to let her down. Above all, I remember Nikki for her great compassion. She really cared for

structured a system to ease me back into an academic curriculum and watched over me from a distance as the ethos and community of KAS began to work its magic.

By the time Nikki left in 1983, my family and I had closed a challenging and unhappy pre-KAS chapter in my life and were now looking forward with hope, confidence and happiness.

KAS in general and Nikki and Denise in particular taught me lessons that go beyond what any academic curriculum ever could... About community and compassion, about standing up for who we are rather than what people might like us to be. And about leading with kindness, mindfulness and humility. Nikki led by example and showed that respect needed to be earned, not given. And she taught us to modify our behavior by recognizing the human consequences of our actions rather than fearing punishment.

Above all, Nikki believed in the vast potential of the students - individually as well as together as a community. Those lessons are engrained in so many of us who had the privilege to know and be inspired by her and we carry them proudly with us, on whatever path life leads us.

● Ed Fraiman (OA)

us all and showed this in so many acts of generosity. One example of this was in offering my family the use of her cottage in Suffolk for holidays and I know that we were not the only ones to benefit from her kindness. When Nikki left KAS, we remained in contact for several years and I last saw her when she was in her mid-eighties. She had driven from Minehead to my home in Bristol and when her car pulled up I was surprised when she did not immediately appear. I went out to see if she needed any help but on the contrary, she was simply changing from her driving shoes into more elegant footwear. During a wonderful afternoon reminiscing, she talked of her recent holiday in New Zealand and of her adventures paragliding. When I asked why on earth she would want to do such a thing, she said: “Well, my dear, how else could I fly through the air in the arms of a handsome young man?” Nikki had lost none of her joie de vivre. Sadly, sometime after that we lost contact and I was never able to express just what she meant to me and to thank her for everything that she did for the whole King Alfred community.

● Denise Gibbs
(former Head of Middle School)



In 1966 I met Nikki Archer when I had come for an interview for the post of French teacher. Having been quizzed, just before, in a very formal way, by the joint headmaster, Alan Humphries, I was feeling nervous.

With a warm handshake and smile Nikki put me at ease while showing me around. Indeed it was her ability to listen, her generosity and fairness which marked my relationship with her. I will always remember her telling me, in her caring and persuasive way, that my children were my priority. She certainly made my life at KAS a happy one. She was not just my headmistress, she was my friend.

These qualities were in evidence in her relationship with students and in the management of the school.

● Françoise Burford (former Head of MFL 1966 to 1986)

First met Nikki in my late teens, a couple of years after she got together with, and married, my father.

She won me over almost instantly. She was full of enthusiasm for anything you could mention, always keen to offer advice, and because she seemed in those days to know everyone, always happy to put you in the way of someone who might be helpful. I used King Alfred’s as part of my dissertation for my teaching degree in the early 1970s.

She was confident, upbeat and endlessly talented. Of course, she had to excel at whatever she did – so if she made a curry she did it properly, with instruction from an Indian friend. (I remember her politely lukewarm “oh yes, dear, you’ve gone for a nice simple style”, or words to that effect, when I once had the temerity to cook a “curry” for her and Dad. I was a novice, mind...) She made jewellery. Once retired, she took up Art, small miniatures, huge paintings, then sculpture. I have three terracotta busts of hers which I love.

Over the years she mellowed, was less competitive, and warmer. My father adored her.

I did love her. She was remarkable.

● Karen Archer

Pear Attack!

One sunny school day in September, Nicky Savva and I snuck out of Lower School during break-time and headed up to Squirrel Hall deep in Middle/Upper School territory.

It was there that we stealthily climbed into the rafters, picked pears from the nearby fruit tree and lay patiently in wait, ready to ambush unsuspecting 6th Formers on their balcony. After a couple of well aimed hits, we suddenly heard a window open and a voice boom out from the Headmistress’ office. “You two! My office. Now.”

Our hearts sunk as we climbed down and embarked upon the long, stressful walk to Nikki Archer’s office. We’d been caught red-handed and were now

Teachers are important, particularly head teachers, and Nikki was important to and for me. Her KAS was the school I remember best: I was there from 1966 (when she was still sharing the Head’s responsibility with Alan Humphries) until I left after A levels in 1974. The timing was in some ways fortunate: I saw Nikki at her best and she and I had the opportunity to become friends. She went out of her way to take an interest in our 6th form; promote my various activities, including to parents she hoped might help my career; and, on one memorable occasion, she drove me to Cambridge to stay with a don at the university. Nikki was surprised and unimpressed that I was so clumsily inexperienced at filling a car with petrol.

One story about Nikki which captures some of her spirit during that rumbustious era: the filmmaker Stanley Kubrick was a parent at KAS at the time (in fact my mother taught German to one of his children). Nikki, as well as her role as Head of our proudly liberal school, also sat as a magistrate and was growing increasingly concerned by the number of young men who came up in front of her for committing violent crimes while dressed as “Droogs” (characters of distinctive style from Kubrick’s new film, A Clockwork Orange, recently launched to

When I heard that Nikki Archer had died I was saddened but also surprised. Although I had not seen Nikki for a very long time, and not known of her illness, I believe we remember people as they were when we last saw them, and I could not imagine that this beautiful, vibrant woman was no longer with us.

I first met Nikki in the early eighties when I spoke to a group of parents about my experience as a young people’s counsellor at a drop-in centre in Finchley. She was a warm and welcoming host. As a result of the response to my talk, Nikki and I met several times and discussed my becoming a counsellor at King Alfred. Nikki was incredibly supportive and understanding about the parameters in which I would be working.

nervously speculating on what punishment lay in wait for us.

As we knocked on her door, our hearts were pounding... Nikki summoned us inside and we sat down, expecting a harsh judgement and sentence to be passed. But instead Nikki asked us questions. “We were having a bit of fun,” I piped up in explanation. “You know, just joking around”.

After an awkward silence Nikki replied. “Well, I’m not sure it was much fun for the poor 6th Formers who got caught in your ambush.” We shuffled uncomfortably in our seats. “One day, you’ll be 6th Formers” she continued, “and I doubt you’ll enjoy being pelted by pears thrown by other members of the KAS Community.” Another awkward silence followed as we waited to discover our punishment. “Besides, what a waste of perfectly ripe pears” she said with a warm, compassionate smile. She then

much debate). As a result the Head invited the film director to a meeting; Kubrick subsequently asked for his film to be withdrawn from distribution in the UK, a ban which held for nearly 30 years. A moral, thoughtful, pastorally sensitive but not uncontroversial outcome.

It is a great loss to the collective memory that Nikki Archer has all but been forgotten by KAS, despite her many years of dedicated service to our community. Little if anything seems to remain of her rifle-shot intelligence, brilliant personal style, lively vision, educational innovation, and deep love for our school and its children.

It is a matter of great sadness that, rather like some politicians, memories of Nikki and her work should be so coloured by the end of her career at the school. There were other members of KAS staff I was close to - it was that sort of place then - and we all stayed in various kinds of touch. That meant that when things later got difficult, although I was (probably luckily) not around, I did hear what went on and saw people’s deep distress.

Many have read the official history of KAS by Ron Brooks. For a more in depth, if personal, account one should also read the biography of Nikki Archer, “Ahead of Her Time”. Apart from offering extra

Accountable to the School, yet also to my young clients, I made it clear that confidentiality was key. Students would have to trust that whatever they told me would remain with me, although it was argued that teachers and parents should know something about the difficulties the young people were facing. Nikki dealt with any queries as she always did, firmly and courteously.

Although not staff, I was made to feel, by Nikki, that I was very much part of the School.

She always had the well-being of the School at the heart of all she did. It was a privilege to have known and worked with her.

● Sheila King Lassman
(former School Counsellor)

looked at her watch and sent us on our way.

As we walked back to Lower School, I looked around proudly. I’d never felt so tall. Nikki left KAS a couple of years later, but I thought of her every year as that pear tree blossomed and continued to bear fruit. She had taught Nicky Savva and me a precious lesson about life and community.

Some years later I did become a 6th Former at KAS. And, of course Nikki was right: I didn’t appreciate it, when on one fine day in September, my brother and I were looking out at the school field from the 6th Form balcony when we heard the sudden whooshing of air. It was the first wave in a multi-pronged pear ambush punctuated by the occasional sound of young laughter coming from somewhere in the rafters of Squirrel Hall.

● Ben Bates (OA)

insights into KAS, its history and ethos, this second book sheds light on her departure, when she was deposed as Head by a minority of Council members, effectively dragged from the school after many years of success. I was neither a witness nor one of those forced to choose sides but was privy to much of the unwritten story; the best one can say is that such chaotic periods are perhaps one of the prices of democracy. In any case the impact on the school was unhappy: Nikki’s departure was distinguished by a split down the middle of staff and parents.

When I got to know Nikki again many years later, I was pleased by her good sense in not rehearsing these old stories. She started coming to dinner after she was widowed and, very touchingly, she made it to my 50th birthday party in London in 2006, much to the surprise of my old friends from the 6th form. We kept in touch but when we lived abroad this could only be by letter and telephone. I miss Nikki - her intelligence, her wit, her acute observations and keenly focussed attention - and feel her absence from the history of the school very keenly. She was a fine woman, a great headmistress and a true Alfredian.

● Sebastian Cody (OA)

Nikki was Head of KAS when I first started working there in June 1980. It was a very different place back then. I was frankly terrified when I first met her but that didn’t last long. She was a woman with great strength and intellect and huge compassion. She was extremely kind to me and my family on a personal level on many occasions.

I kept in touch with her for a long time albeit sporadically, after she left. I last saw her when she was in her eighties and she came to take me out to lunch at the Bull and Bush where she showed me pictures of her recent paragliding experience! An indomitable lady I will always remember with great fondness.

● Liz-in-the-office, Liz Croker
(1980-2014)

Remembering Dave McGee (1942 – 2018)

Dave McGee, KAS groundsman for many years, sadly passed away from illness towards the end of last year. Dave was a kind and sociable man, popular with staff and students, who devoted much time and effort to making the field such a special part of our KAS community. Zah reflects on life at KAS without Dave's presence.

Outside, starlings swim up the cold grey syrup of January as I stand with your family in the still calmness of Golders Hill crematorium. You have been gone for 2 months and we are here to scatter your ashes. You were a big man and by the time we have finished walking around the lawn with the scatter tube, we have all had at least two turns each and there is still some of you left. The grass becomes a carpet of ash, marked with lines made of what you once were, just as you had marked our playing field with lines of chalk.

It seems fitting to spread you out over this vegetation, given you had dedicated the last two decades of your life tending to and cultivating grass; teaching me that grass is not simply grass, that there are six thousand species of the graminiae family. You taught me that bamboo is a grass, and about stolons and rhizomes; that all grasses are made from stems, roots, leaves, and even flowers. Your love of roots wasn't confined to the ground, we shared a love of roots reggae, the music of liberation and revolution.

When I return to school that January

day, I see in my clumsiness your ashes covered my boots and so I tread them into and shake them all over our field.

Goodbye Dave. Dave the Boxer who at 72 split open the nose of a 20 year old would be mugger – I think his ego is still on the floor of the High Street in East Barnet, Dave The Soldier posted out to Northern Ireland during the height of the Troubles, Dave The Bouncer, keeping the fans off the stage and at arms length from Robert Nesta Marley, Dave The Gate as you were known, keeping everyone safe and secure at The Sternberg centre, Dave the Groundsman of King Alfred School. Dave The Stoic, who accepted his diagnosis with a quiet dignity and strength. You don't know how strong you can be, until being strong is the only choice you have left.

On Saturday mornings, I still listen out for your heavy steps when I would put on the kettle and make you a mug of black tea so strong, it would lean over and beat the shit out of my cup of coffee.

I see the beaten tractor sitting idle and I think of the distance we shared, the distance between us and members of our families, and then too soon the distance between staying and leaving.



I see evidence of you everywhere I look; I pass the mangled old shed, its doors boarded up tight while rain streams through its punctured roof. We can never close things up easily, because every nail opens another hole and every board is the wrong size.

It's dark now as I take a mug of black tea and stomp down the stairs you used to stomp up. I stand on the grass you labored over and pour out the tea; it runs over my boots and takes the last of you into the ground.

I look up to the sky and say your name aloud. The stars are silent, and unequivocal. The grass, waiting to grow.

● **Zah Rasul,**
Head of Operations KAS

The Inaugural Past Parents' Afternoon Tea

On 28th March, **Tamlyn** and **Shalaka** hosted a tea party for a small group of past parents whose contribution to the school in their time had been exceptional. It marked the first step towards establishing "Friends of KAS", a way to welcome back past members of the community who believed passionately in the school, to keep them close and learn from their experience. The tea was thoroughly enjoyed by this small group. Memories flowed and laughter rang out. The next tea is planned for May.

● **Kara Conti, President KASS**



(L-R) Xenia Bowlby, Kara Conti, Mana Brearley, Lisbet Davies, Shelley Frazer, Robert Lobatto, Gwyneth Berman, Jan Howe and Pam Oliver

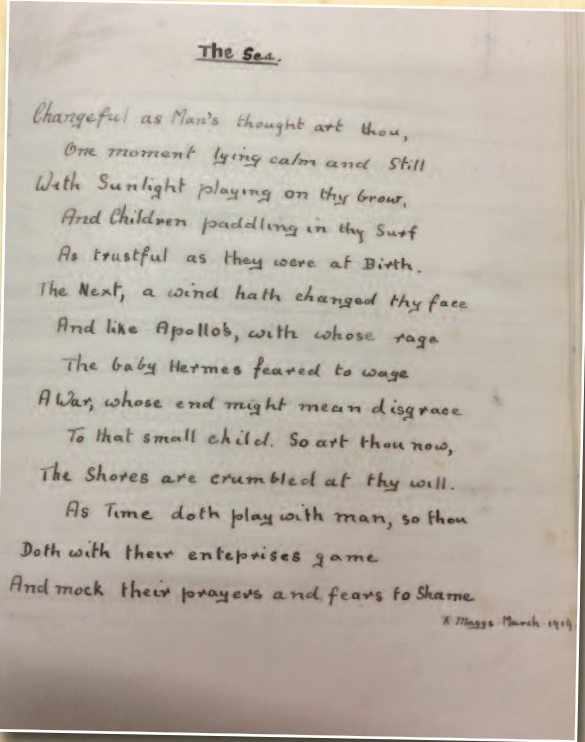
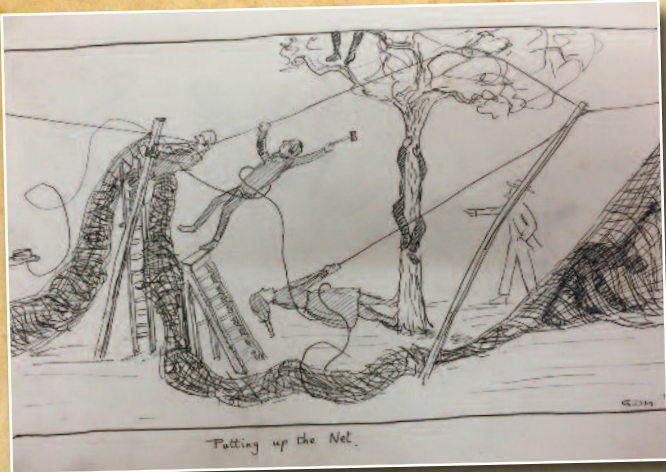


Celebrating Lisbet's birthday!



From the Archive

This new, regular section will feature our amazing **King Alfred** archives. We thought it might be fun to reflect on KAS one hundred years ago. **Areta Hautman**, a long serving Council member with specific responsibility for the archives, found the original **School Magazine** from 1919. Produced and bound at KAS, this is a remarkable, hand drawn, handwritten history of the year.



We need your email address!

KAS is **GOING GREEN** and saving trees by reducing our printed communications.

We would like to share information on **NEWS, EVENTS AND ACTIVITIES** by email.

Let us know if you prefer to receive this newsletter electronically rather than in hard copy.

E: oa@kingalfred.org.uk



The Outside Classroom at KAS

Forthcoming Events

Kastonbury: Saturday 22nd June 2019

Fireworks: Saturday 9th November 2019

Recent Leavers' Drinks: December 2019

70th Birthday Reunion

Are you turning 70 this year? **Liz Callis**, née **Pulver**, is gathering Old Alfredians from her year on **Tuesday 16th July 1pm at the Bull and Bush**. **Jonathan Webb**, **Michael Hurwitz**, **Jennifer Leigh**, **Claire Yacobi**, and **Glasha Peters** have all been in touch. Liz hopes to see many more in the summer. Please get in touch with us if you plan to join us.

Your Newsletter

Please let us have your news and views for inclusion in the next Newsletter. Alfredians is published twice annually and is circulated free to Old Alfredians and KASS Honorary Members and Life Members.

Calling All Villagers

Stephen de Brett wants to include your memories of life in the Village in the book he is writing. Please contact the Old Alfredians Office in the next few weeks.

From the OA office



Tamlyn Worrall (right) and Shalaka Karlekar (left)

The Old Alfredian Office is about you and here for you. We are here to help you get in touch with your former classmates and to help organise reunions. KAS students also value their connections with Old Alfredians. Sharing your experiences with the next generation is a vital part of our KAS community.

We're proud of our Old Alfredians and we're always interested to know what you have been up to since leaving KAS. Please share your memories of King Alfred School with us, the friends you made here and the stories you remember of your teachers, your exploits and your adventures.

● **Tamlyn and Shalaka (Editors)**

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