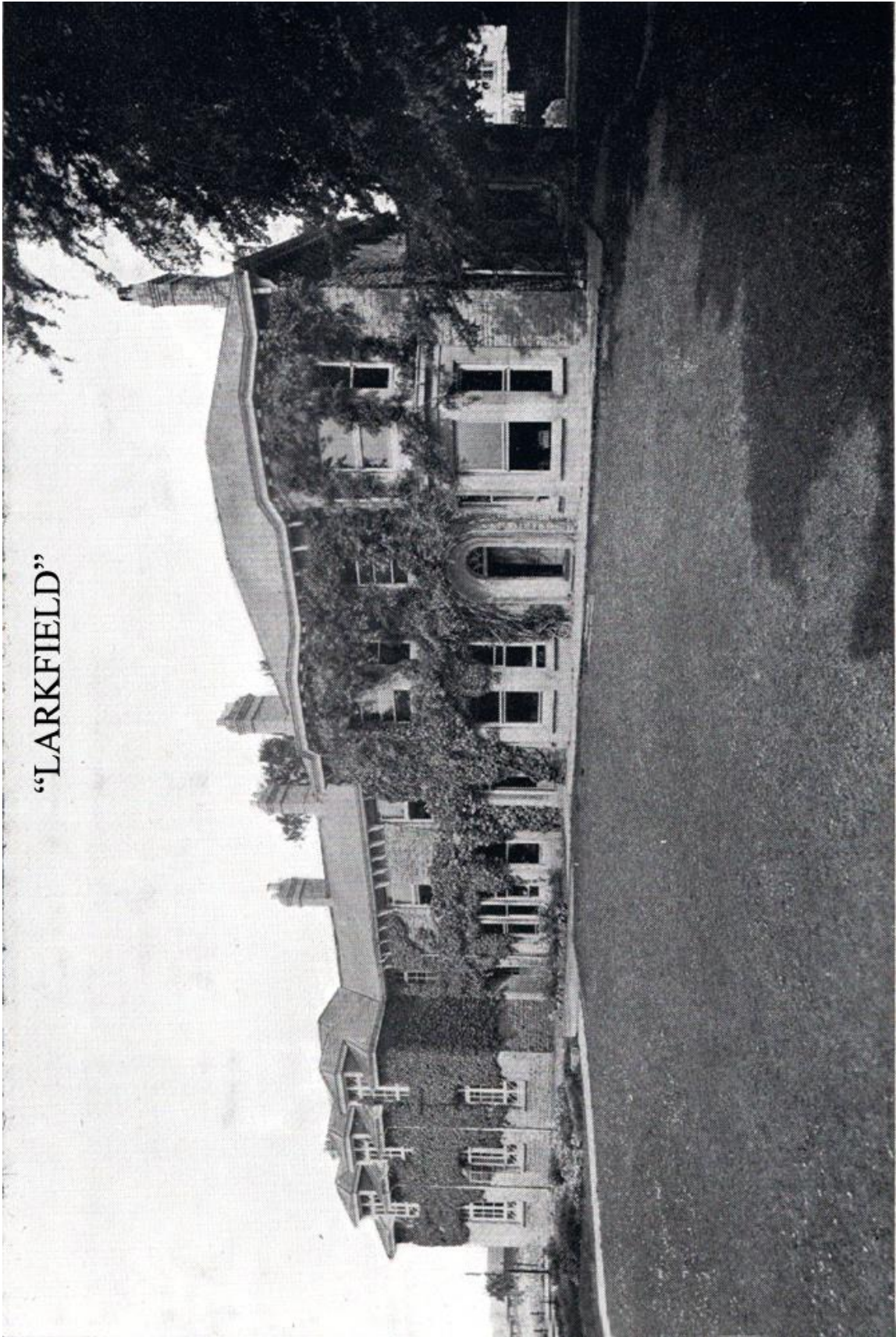


# “Larkfield Times”



No. 12. 1945-46

“LARKFIELD”





No. 12

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Vol. 1

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**EDITORIAL.**

**Co-Editors: W. M. WATKINS and B. ROBINSON.**

Sub-Editor: O. BUTLER.

Magazine Committee: D. FREEBURY, J. EVANS, C. WRIGHT, G. MORGAN.

Dear Readers,

It is with great pleasure that we present the twelfth edition of the Larkfield Times, and we hope that it maintains the standard of former issues and includes something to suit all tastes. We are sorry that we are unable to include the results of this year's Sports, which were to have been held on June 5th but were postponed, owing to bad weather, to the end of term.

There are a few changes of staff to announce; Miss Sheen, B.A., has been appointed Geography Mistress at St. Julians High School, Newport, and Mr. Maurice Baker, B.Sc., has temporarily taken her place. Miss Biggs has secured the position of P.T. Instructress at Tottenham High School for Girls, and is succeeded by Miss Searle. We were sorry to say good-bye to Mrs. A. Evans, B.A., who was teaching mathematics in the absence of Mr. Ball, who has now returned. We extend a warm welcome to them and wish all the members of the staff who have left prosperity and happiness in their new work.

We also anticipate the return of our Headmaster, Lieut. Colonel Webb, who has been released from war service. We are sure that the School will join in a very hearty welcome to him when he returns in the autumn, after his long absence.

Mrs. Greening and her staff continue to provide the School with excellent hot mid-day meals, and we much appreciate her untiring efforts under such difficult conditions.

This year has seen a drop in War Savings, due somewhat to different conditions, but despite this Mr. Wilding maintains a very high standard, £2,755 being collected during the year. We would like to remind pupils that the need for saving is as great as, if not greater than; it was during the dark years of war.

We would like to take this opportunity of expressing our admiration for the way in which Mr. Robinson has fulfilled his many and arduous tasks in the difficult days of school life in wartime.

To the candidates of the C.W.B. examination, we wish the best of luck. Finally we wish to thank all those pupils, past and present, who have made any contributions to the Magazine and to express our gratitude to Miss Smith, without whose help and guidance the Magazine would not prove such a success.

**W. M. WATKINS & R. ROBINSON Co-Editors.**

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**ACTING HEADMASTER'S REPORT.**

The School Magazine should be mainly concerned with the affairs of the School during the current year. The records of activities help us to capture a renewed experience from a more detached angle, School Sports, School Eisteddfod, School Matches and School Tea Parties, etc. so that perhaps we may be tempted in a weak moment to say with Colonel Chinstrap, "I say, Coles, old boy, do you remember bowling against Blankshire team, when you took six wickets for no runs? A very wet wicket; a very wet wicket."

The magazine should also publish articles of some literary merit, which should appeal to present pupils. It should give evidence of the stuff of which we are made. Humour and wit should be commingled with serious, informative and interesting efforts.

We realise that there is a definite continuity between the work of pupils in school and their welfare and experience of life after leaving its portals for the outer world. In our war numbers the Magazine has fulfilled the dual purpose of being a magazine for present pupils and also the magazine of the old Pupils' Association. We have been very happy to foster this close association, which has given a mutual interest and an enrichment of experience to both phases of our lives.

However the magazine should cater for the interest of the School as a self-contained community. We do not want it to be weighed down with ponderous precept on the duties incumbent on every pupil in his preparation for life. We would not always be chiding. We would like within limits, to indulge in fun and humour while we may. There is a time and place for both serious reflection and for the enjoyment of lighter and more fleeting pleasure. An unbecoming display and excess of either will detract from a well poised and well ordered experience of life.

I am therefore refraining from any observations on the chaotic position in which the world finds itself after this world war, because we are acutely conscious of the position during the whole of our waking hours. I would only like to say that we can never forget the sacrifice of the lives of so many old pupils in the cause our Christian Democratic way of life, which gives us the opportunity of personal service and the liberty and privilege to make our contribution to the life of the community.

I wish to say on my behalf and on behalf of the School, that we most heartily welcome Lieut. Colonel J. H. E. Webb, M.Sc., M.B.E., T.D., back to the School on his resumption of his duties as its Headmaster, also on his return and the return of Mrs. Webb and young Henry Webb to their home in Chepstow after so many years of absence caused by Colonel Webb's service with His Majesty's Forces.

**W. ROBINSON, B.Sc., Acting Headmaster.**

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**1939-1946.**

It would not be fitting that this issue of the Larkfield Times, which extends a hearty welcome to Lieut. Colonel Webb on his return, should not also record the debt owed by the staff and pupils to Mr. Robinson the Acting-Headmaster during the years of the war.

Larkfield has been fortunate that in the absence of the Headmaster on Active Service there was one on the staff able to carry on the work and tradition of the School with such success as Mr. Robinson. These years have not been easy ones for the School; it has known great changes. The numbers have increased by fifty per cent; the building inadequate for the increased numbers, has been shared for three years, and in a most friendly spirit, with West Ham Junior Technical College; two new laboratories, an art room and canteen have been opened. That all this has been done smoothly speaks for itself. And whatever the difficulties, the Acting-Headmaster has retained his genial outlook and his warm interest in the pupils both past and present.

The Old Pupils owe him, as Chairman of their Association, a great debt in putting the School at their disposal for any of their meetings; these have been uniformly successful, particularly the Sports and Fete in 1944, and the Welcome Home dinner for the ex-Service pupils in March this year.

In addition to his work in the School, Mr. Robinson has been associated with all the education and social work of Chepstow during the war and has brought the name of Larkfield into enviable prominence.

We believe that Geography is his first love, and wish him many happy days back in the classrooms surrounded with his maps and charts and in close touch again with the pupils, of whom he always has so much understanding.

**D. M. SMITH.**

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**LIFE IN AUSTRIA.**

Just over a year ago and soon after the capitulation of the German Forces in Italy and Austria, I found myself part of the occupation forces in the British area in Austria. At first this area consisted of the province of Carinthia and that part of the province of Styria lying south of the River Mur. Later the area was extended to include the whole of Styria, as the Russians withdrew northwards.

It was in different parts of Styria that I lived for almost five months and really got to know the country and the people; but I did manage to scrape at least a passing acquaintance with Carinthia and the Austrian Tirol.

Austria, as everyone knows, is almost entirely a mountainous country, divided up by long river valleys; these mountains are highest in the west, where they are a continuation of the mountain glory that is Switzerland, and get generally lower and lower until they become low hills and eventually merge into the Hungarian plain. The mountain scenery in these eastern provinces is not so breath taking or majestic as the mountain monarchs of the Tirol and the jagged pinnacles of the Dolomites. But what they lack in supreme grandeur they gain in the variety of their composition, colouring and the human scene. Bare rocky crags and pinnacles do exist in the north and south, while in between there is a vast array of greener but still imposing mountains, separated by wider valleys, richer in human interest than those of the west. Clustering along these valleys in all parts of the country are a succession of picturesque villages and small towns, with tiny chalets and huts clinging to the slopes of the hills and invading the woodlands. Sometimes amongst the rocky crags and in the higher valleys a number of small lakes are discovered to complete the picture. But however beautiful the scenery, a kind weather god is required if true appreciation is to be achieved.

The weather during the summer months was delightful. It is true that generally there were thunderstorms during the late afternoon but for the rest of the time brilliant sunshine, not without its cooling breezes, prevailed. Similar conditions are met with until September, after which one can feel the cold of winter approaching, the rain increases, and at any time may come the forerunner of the real snows that fall from November onwards and stay for keeps through winter months in all but the lower parts.

We first came to Austria at the beginning of June and travelled along the famous "Victory" route, which followed the Tagliamento valley as it twisted its way through the gorge, it had carved in the colossal mountains of rock. We noted the change of scenery as we crossed the frontier at the head of the pass and commenced to descend gradually down the ever widening green valley leading to Villach, and then on, past the inexpressibly beautiful Worther See, to Klagenfurt, the scene of so much tension with the "Jugs"; and then still on through battered Klagenfurt, northwards to the River Mur valley and then eastwards to Judenburg. What a superlative introduction to Austria that journey was a gloriously sunny day and almost a surfeit of wonderfully varied scenery!

Our destination ultimately proved to be an area centred around the villages of Obdach and Eichenfels, both places having a population of about a thousand people. Billeting became our first problem, for the area was crowded with refugees from Vienna and Graz who had fled westwards as the Russians had advanced; eventually everyone was accommodated, but billets were scattered widely throughout the area, and we had already broken all the rules concerning billeting and non-fraternisation.

We now became responsible for the local administration, the policing, and the security of the whole area. In these early days there was a ban on movement of more than a few miles without a pass, and there was a curfew, which had to be rigidly enforced. We had to run a small Prisoner of War Cage and a Refugee Camp; we had to search for and collect all enemy material into central dumps and finally we had to clear the area of all undesirables. These undesirables were of two types: there were the armed and uniformed S.S. men, soldiers and other Nazi officials in hiding or transit in the mountains and forests, and there were the local "turncoats" in the villages themselves. Many of the latter were educated people and spoke good English, and some were employed by us as interpreters, often greatly to the annoyance of the villagers, until sufficient evidence of their former activities were forthcoming.

It became my job to purge the countryside of the first type of "undesirable". This called for all sorts of patrols to investigate reports of armed S.S. men, Cossacks and soldiers, all hungry and desperate, who had been seen or encountered near some isolated hut or other in the wooded valleys or on the mountain sides. Often we would go out at night, and sometimes we were away for 36 or

48 hours at a time. Very often such patrols and raids would prove a wild goose chase, but some produced prisoners; while there were others that ended in tragedy the individuals concerned, when they saw that they were trapped, committing suicide rather than be taken prisoner and later brought to justice. There was one special patrol which I shall always remember; it was the one when I took a standing patrol of twelve men to occupy the Zirbitzkogel Hutte, the hut on the very top of the highest mountain in this area. It was about 8,000 feet above sea level, and I had climbed it previously and found two Austrian Air Force meteorologists and some most interesting meteorological equipment. I had been very much impressed with its commanding view of the whole area, and the report that S.S. men and soldiers, usually armed and on horseback, had called there. Hence our standing patrol! The "guest" house was quite comfortably furnished with about 20 beds and blankets, and possessed a small kitchen. Normally it was used by hikers and climbers in the summer, by skiers in the winter. Altogether we spent 10 days in that hut, at least three days more than we anticipated, and I shall always remember them because of the freakish weather we experienced. In rapid succession we had warm sunny days with a clear view for distances varying between 50 and 80 miles; bitterly cold days when the winds reached gale force and the rain clouds simply raced past and around us; a day when we were enveloped the whole time in cloud and the very air was wet; a day when we existed in a world of our own above the thick cotton-wool clouds that filled the valleys and blotted out everything below; and finally two days when a full-scale blizzard sprang up and the sky was full of whirling snow-flakes. When the snow eventually stopped, the bare upper slopes on all the surrounding hills were covered with snow. The sun came out and there was the most magnificent sunset that evening. Small wisps and puffs of cotton wool clouds were floating past in the strong breeze, their edges flecked with gold and rosy pink by the setting sun. No one can ever forget that calm after the storm, those wonderful cloud framed views of the surrounding countryside. Throughout the whole of this period we were in wireless communication with Regimental H.Q. at Obdach, except for a few hours during the blizzard, when even the wireless lost touch with the outside world.

Another memorable occasion was the transportation and handing over of the Don Cossacks of the Turcomen Division, which had fought for the Germans in Italy, to the Russian forces. We were one of the regiments which had to line a section of the route with armed sentries every 50 yards to ensure that no Cossack could jump out of the vehicles and escape alive; the Russian bear demanded his exact pound of flesh!

In these and many other ways we were kept continuously busy during the first few weeks, but as the days went by our duties became less onerous and our leisure time increased. Then it was that we began to sample the chief sporting activities of the Austrians during the summer season. Parties started to go out fishing and shooting, for the streams and smaller rivers were well stocked with trout and the woods and hills harboured many varieties of deer. A guide made the fishing expeditions much more remunerative, and it was nothing unusual to return with a catch of twenty fish after a few hours fishing; moreover, to stand any chance of getting even a shot at a deer, an experienced stalker was a very necessary companion. In this way many a leisure hour was profitably spent, and the officers' mess, at least, benefited by occasional trout and venison dinners.

By this time every regiment in Austria had acquired a reasonable string of horses. We were no exception, and possessed about twenty altogether. For a small fee, riding and riding lessons became available to all who were interested. Although a rather indifferent performer myself, I can well remember how invigorating it was to go for a sharp canter before breakfast in the keen, early-morning air. Moreover, the various military formations then in Austria began to organise special race meetings, several excellent courses were made, and some very enjoyable race meetings, complete with "totalisator," were held.

Then there were some of us who really did enjoy walking and climbing in the hills. I had fortunately made great friends with a refugee family from Gray, and, with them as guides and companions, I spent many whole days in this way, often covering over twenty miles a day,

including some very tough climbing. This is perhaps the normal Austrian's most popular summer pastime, especially during the weekends.

Finally, it was now possible to remedy the grossly overdue leave situation, most of us having had but two weekly periods of leave in over two years. To achieve this the famous Worther See, near Klagenfurt, in the province of Carinthia, was turned into one vast holiday camp. Official leave centres were set up, but in addition most regiments set up unofficial tented camps, and every opportunity was taken of sending men down to the lakes for five-day periods. Facilities for rowing were made available, and formations even formed their own yacht clubs, considerable numbers of yachts being requisitioned from the Austrians for this purpose. Eventually an O.R.'s club was set up at the Lido, and the famous 5 Corps Officers' Club the Viking Arms took over one of the more famous lake-side hotels. There can be no doubt that the Worther See is one of the most beautiful and popular holiday resorts in the world!

During, the whole of this period there was "officially" no fraternisation with the local people. At first we all tried to carry out the official ruling, and most of us adopted a suspicious, but scrupulously correct attitude to the friendly overtures all around us; for we ourselves wanted to be sure of their sincerity! Most of them were so obviously hurt and puzzled by this attitude that we could keep up this enforced coldness no longer; and then we began to learn the true meaning of "hospitality". It is impossible to say just how warmly we were welcomed amongst the families of all classes, especially when the non-fraternisation was lifted. Everywhere I went I made some very good and sincere friends; and so did everyone else. I came to the conclusion that this was as much because we were British and they really did like us, as the result of their very real fear and hatred of the Russians. There was also no doubt in my mind that they generally disliked and despised the Germans, and that above all they were intensely proud and jealous of their Austrian nationality.

So far in this article I have tried to give you some idea of the life of the British occupational troops in Austria. Perhaps some of you wonder how the normal life of the Austrian compares. I think it would be very similar in the country districts and considerably gayer in the towns. The villages and small towns will still be just as self-supporting; the larger villages will still have their own doctor and farrier, tailor and boot and shoemaker; they will still have their own small cinemas, concert halls, swimming baths and sport stadiums. There will still be lots of strangers in the village once the tourist influx starts again, and even better and brighter concerts and dances than those we organised will be held. Their leisure time in summer they will occupy by indulging in similar sports and activities to ours, while in winter, winter sports become not only a universal attraction, but skiing in many areas becomes a very necessary accomplishment.

Town and city life in the various parts of Europe seem to have become remarkably standardised as regards human behaviour. Once one has got used to the change in language, the differences in architecture and has got to know the "geography" of the place, life in any Austrian town would not seem at all peculiar, except perhaps for the remarkable cleanliness everywhere. There is even the same sort of exodus at week-ends and holiday times; only instead of rushing to the sea-side as in this country, they seek the fresh air of the mountains, and where possible the lakes.

Perhaps it is in dress that the typical Austrian is so distinctive, but the women's famous national costume seems to have been largely ousted by more modern fashions. The womenfolk generally are smartly dressed, and occasionally one does see a modified form of the colourful national costume. But the universal concession to traditional dress is the little brightly coloured apron, which is worn almost all the time in the country, and not just because the wearer has forgotten to take it off.

The every-day male clothing is characterised by the word "leather". Leather shorts for summer use and leather breeches for the winter, and even leather jackets are almost universal. But the donning of his "Sunday best" produces quite a transformation, and traditional medium grey suitings, with lapels and pockets edged with Steirmark green (in the province of Styria) are



characteristic and the most common sight. The turnout is completed by a green felt hat invariably adorned by a "gemz" brush providing of course that its owner has shot his own gemz.

The houses are usually well built, but the half-wood, half-stone type is not nearly so universal as I had previously imagined. Some are entirely of stone and others entirely of wood. These last are easily the most attractive in appearance. Balconies are almost universal and so are the window boxes with their brightly coloured flowers. Light and power, except in the case of most remote and isolated houses, are provided by the development of hydro-electric power everywhere, and electric light is so cheap that economy in its use isn't even thought of, never mind practised. Fuel for heating is almost entirely wood, and a special type of wood-burning stove has been designed. These can be most attractive, and I can vouch to their efficiency. Other universal features are the "double" windows, which are most effective in keeping out the winter cold. Perhaps the main disadvantage is the absence of modern sanitation and baths in country districts, but even here modern houses, the larger houses and guesthouses are well equipped. Finally, the majority of people, even in the country, live in flats, and new houses are invariably built on this principle.

I have now come to the end of this article, and as always I keep remembering incidents and details which should have been included; but it would require a book to write them all down, and so after describing one or two personal incidents of the early days, I have tried to build a general picture. At any rate I hope the result will not prove too uninteresting and that it will not prevent your visiting the country and seeing these things for yourself. Anyone who appreciates beautiful scenery; a country where everyone and everything is refreshingly clean; a healthy out-door life; and finally a land whose people have so much of "thought, word and deed" in common with us, should make certain of visiting Austria when it becomes possible. I am convinced that Austria will make a speedy recovery and that never again will the cheery, happy-go-lucky outlook of the Austrians delude them into allowing a minority of unprincipled desperadoes to become the power behind the scenes, and so precipitate another such disaster as the Anschluss.

Her future would seem to depend on the devising of a sound and independent economic policy somewhat on the Swiss pattern. There are many in this country who will watch anxiously for signs of her complete recovery, and I am but one of many, who having tasted the joyous concoction that comprises Austrian life, wish her people every possible success and hope in the not too distant future to return for a second helping, this time with a winter rather than a summer seasoning perhaps a holiday at Christmas-time in the middle of the winter sports season would be the ideal.

**W. H. M. BAKER.**

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### **THE LOCAL CRICKET MATCH.**

August Bank Holiday! Ah!!

The aforementioned is the day looked forward to by all the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages of Little Mudhampton and Much Phyddling-in-the-Fenn. It is the day of the Annual Cricket Match.

The sun was blazing down on the perfectly rolled green sward as the two rival captains, Colonel Cottah-Pinn (one of the Cambridgeshire Cottah-Pinns) and Squire Algernon Featherstone-haugh anxiously watched the umpire's last remaining half-crown glitter as it spun in the air.

Winning the toss, the Colonel decided that his team should bat on the perfect batting wicket.

After removing the ancient bovine quadruped from the chestnut tree end. Farmer Wurgel's recently reconditioned mowing machine from the duck pond end, and the stumper from the Cow and Cucumber, the opening bats strode bravely to their respective wickets to the sound of thunderous applause from the milling multitude massing the mossy mounds. The opening bowler, who in private life was the village blacksmith, took a short ponderous run and sent down a perfect

ball, narrowly missing the umpire at square leg; upon which the latter signalled four byes to the recorder of rural runs.

After two hours' steady play with various intervals, the main one of which was to retrieve the ball from Farmer Wurzel's duck pond with the aid of the Vicar's shrimping net, Colonel Cottah-Pinn's side were all out for the sum total of thirty-seven, the captain's own unaided score being six, five of which were byes.

Then came the long awaited lunch interval and with joyous whoops the motley multitude marched to the marquee.

Exactly one and three-quarter hours later play recommenced on a pitch slightly worse for wear. The Squire's opening batsmen scored four between them, but at this juncture the Colonel's bowlers concentrated on a mole heap at the duck pond end, with the result that four consecutive batsmen were dismissed with a lot of sympathy and bruises but no runs. These four batsmen, however, were followed by some rather more courageous comrades who started to knock up runs to the number of nineteen, in forty-five minutes, which brought the total score to twenty-three for six wickets.

With four wickets in hand fifteen runs were necessary to win the match!

Then in went the idol of the crowd, the man of mighty muscle, commonly known as Charley the blacksmith, swinging his bat much as he was used to swing his heavy hammer. He then carried the score to twenty-nine after placing a beautiful six in the bar parlour of the Cow and Cucumber. On the next ball he tried to repeat his performance but was horrified to hear a heart rending crash as his middle stump left the ground and stumped the stumper, the latter being brought round by continued immersions in the duck pond, much to the disgust of the feathered inhabitants.

By a series of threats and cajolings the smith was eventually persuaded that he was actually bowled and he retired in high dudgeon. The following batsman was caught at silly mid-on by the local basket maker to the accompaniment of various advertisements for his wares. The representative of the law then took his stance and won the hearts of the multitude by disturbing the crows in the chestnut tree, thus raising the score to thirty-five. On the last ball of the over his partner, Horace the milkman, was caught quickly at the wicket from a beautiful spin bowl delivered by the Colonel's crack bowler, the licensee of the local hostelry.

Horace was replaced by Izzy Sligh, a man of integrity in the poaching fraternity. The constable opened his shoulders to the next ball and sliced it neatly to square-leg, scoring one run. Izzy faced the bowler and as the ball tore towards him he closed his eyes and mechanically proffered his hands. When he realised what he was doing he hastily recollected himself and took a mighty swipe, only to find the ball had passed him approximately three minutes previously. His swipe, however, came in contact with the third bowl of the over and the batsmen took a single. Unluckily the constable fell over his own wickets so the match was declared a draw.

Thus ended the most thrilling match ever recorded in the village's cricketing history and the discussions lasted until closing time at the Cow and Cucumber, where, it was said, the constable was seen consuming pale brown liquid in great quantities, ably assisted by the undefeatable Izzy, whose score was, one not out.

### **C. P. WRIGHT, VA.**

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#### **THE RIVALS.**

"My dear chap," said Jim, loftily, "don't talk to me about that Allpull seven. My grandmother wouldn't drive it! Take the baffle plates. The co-sectional ..."

"Let me tell you I did Funny's Hill to Marsh dyke in forty five minutes," growled Tom Jeremy," and she wasn't even warmed up. Your old cocoa tin! Have you ever seen such cock-eyed gearing? The spran-bur alone is a horror."

"Oh, is it?" sneered Jim. " Well, at least I clean it."

I scowled behind my paper and nodded sympathetically to Wallace in the opposite corner. We suffered this, six days a week, winter and summer. Our efforts to discuss politics were cut short by Jim and Tom arguing over the continental motor races. Wallace and I walked home together. "Those asses should marry," said he, "give them something else to think about."

"Wallace," said I as we parted, "that's an idea!" For being secretary of our social club, to me arranging introductions was easy, and it was thus Moira and Eva Tompkins came into the lives of the motor fanatics. For the next few weeks they were strangely silent, Jim gazed, cow-eyed, out of the window, while Tom looked slightly bilious and read poetry.

The double wedding was a tremendous success. Jim was so happy, he was driven away in an old taxi he wouldn't have looked at before. Time passed and both boys sold their cars to cut down expenses. Wallace and I thought our triumph complete.

Then came Monday morning. "That new perambulator of mine is a marvel," said Jim. "Sun-roof bearings, oil-bath and goes up hills simply ..."

"Not a patch on the one I've got," said Tom. "I've got the neatest brake system and convex ratchet as for up-hill! I pushed from the fire station to Digby's in five minutes."

"Bosh!" said Jim. "Your bar-springs make no allowance for baby comfort."

"Baby comfort, my eye!" said Tom. "I wouldn't trust my child in that soap box you trundle along! Take your back axle, for instance ..."

Wallace and I rose and went into the corridor, and henceforth we found peace by using a separate compartment to The Rivals.

#### **T. DUGGAN, VA.**

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#### **MY VISION.**

The haunted house stood on the hill,  
'Twa bleak and dark and all was still,  
When suddenly I heard a sound,  
And as I slowly turned around,  
I saw a vision standing there,  
With piercing eyes and tawny hair.

I stood there staring in a trance,  
When suddenly I saw my chance,  
The vision with the piercing eyes  
Had turned away; to my surprise  
It fluttered to the branch of a tree  
And sat as still, as still could be.

As I was running for the brake,  
'Twas then I found out my mistake.  
The fearful ghost was but an owl,  
Looking for mice on his night prow;  
With relief I heaved a sigh,  
I looked at him and he winked his eye."

#### **JILL ADAMS, IIIA.**

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#### **A HOLIDAY ON THE ISLE OF CAPRI.**

In 1937, we spent a fortnight on the Isle of Capri, and in order to ensure fine weather and a not too high temperature, we chose the beginning of October.

During the holiday we made many unusual excursions on that picturesque isle. Yet my favourite walk was to the Piazza, the colourful market square, where vendors of all imaginable

types of goods stood behind their stalls and proclaimed in loud, yet melodious voices the virtue of their particular ware, to all passers by. In the streets, it was particularly noticeable that the shops and stalls selling jewellery outnumbered those selling other merchandise, and shaky tables in the open air displayed all kinds of coral and cameo necklaces, bracelets, tiepins and brooches, all beautifully carved.

My mother bought a cameo bracelet, and when we were walking along the Piazza a few days later, someone, seemingly by accident, brushed against her and the bracelet fell to the ground, never to be seen again. Only a shadow, and the momentary sound of feet hurrying down a darker side street gave us a clue to the direction the bracelet had taken.

Usually, there was seated in one of the beaded, curtained doorways, an old man, his wrinkled face as brown as a berry, his beard strangely white by contrast. He wore the brightly coloured native costume, and being the only one, he was noticed by all. It was a splendid picture to see him seated, peacefully smoking his pipe, on a folding stool, occasionally selling view postcards.

From the Piazza, the Gulf of Naples could be seen, and its white buildings beneath a deep blue, sunny sky with Mount Vesuvius smoking silently in the background presented a picture of such peace, that when looking behind you on dirty, sunburnt children, laughing and playing, the activities in the market region, and the voices of foreign visitors, who, seated in basket chairs in open-air cafes, were enjoying Italian ices, and exchanging holiday experiences, it was hard to realise that only a steamer trip of two hours across the blue Tyrrhenian separated the two scenes.

A day or so before our departure we visited the famous Blue Grotto (Grotto Azzurra). The grotto is to be found in one of the three high rocks (Faralioni), which stand out in the sea just off Capri. We hired a boat and started from the Marina Grande, the larger of the two bathing beaches; the boatman, a typical Italian fisherman, made several attempts to talk to us, so, very politely we answered "Si" to all he said, since our lack of knowledge of the language and his lack of teeth prohibited conversation. Seeing that his remarks were wasted on us, he sang "Santa Lucia" instead, and this was assuredly more pleasant, especially as other boatmen, likewise visiting the grotto, joined in, and their voices rang out across the water.

Having arrived at the entrance of the grotto, we had to await our turn to enter, and while waiting I wondered for the first time what exactly we should find inside. Then I noticed that a man in one of the boats was taking the fee for admission and it amused me to find that he kept the money in a painted earthenware vessel, very similar to a vase. Finally it was our turn to enter, and having watched others, we knew that we had to keep our heads well down, for the opening was small. Our boatman pulled the boat in by means of a chain suspended by the cavity, and we shot from brilliant sunlight into semi-darkness. The grotto was amazingly spacious; there were at least a dozen boats inside, all of which were able to row about quite freely. The fact that light only came in through the opening, which, compared with the size of the cave was very small indeed, and the angle at which it fell on the water inside, made the water a silvery blue, almost ghostly. On putting my hand into the water, that too became ghostly silver; I had always imagined mermaids that colour. We were not able to stay very long in the grotto, but even so it appeared to us when we emerged again into daylight, that we had returned to reality; the grotto had only been a dream.

Soon afterwards we left Capri to visit Naples, Mount Vesuvius and Rome on the return journey. I wonder if we shall ever go back?

**S. E. MAY, VI.**

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**A MONDAY MORNING.**

The sun had long risen at Larkfield,  
There was only one sound in the air  
It was some poor soul stoking coal down below,  
For alas! Monday morning was there.

Then mournfully somebody shouted,  
And someone else cried out with glee,  
The unhappy crowd wept and silently crept  
To that hotbed of trouble, Five B.

They solemnly started their homework  
Which had lain all week-end on the shelf,  
Pausing only to look at the solitary book  
Of the swot who had done it himself.

First lesson on Monday was English;  
Of interest there was no lack,  
And during each pause one could hear gentle snores  
From the half-awake boys in the back.

And so it continued till home-time,  
From first lesson through to the last,  
Till that magical sound pealed forth all around  
And once more a Monday has passed.

For fifth-formers always are tired  
And can't keep awake, though they might  
If they tried to be good, didn't eat so much food,  
And stopped riotous living at night.

They all hate a Monday like poison,  
Though for most of the day they're asleep,  
As each girl and each boy dreams with rapture and joy  
Of Saturday, best day of the week.

**A. J. HALL, Vsc.**

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### **THE ADVENT OF RAGS.**

He was a funny little beggar, as he sidled up to me that raw November day. It being England, the weather was not only raw, but damp, and miserable, as only an English winter's day can be, and as he crawled up to me, belly flat on the ground, the whole of the day's misery was depicted in his wet, dirty coat and his piteous appealing eyes. With a little whine, he lifted his paw and limped after me, for he was hurt. It was this last fact that decided me, and, without thought of the consequences, I made up my mind to adopt him. He was a mongrel, no doubt, and as filthy as only a lost dog can be, but his rather sad eyes were looking appealingly at me, and he was lame. So I brought him home in, what proved to be, short-lived triumph.

The family, consisting of father, mother and grown-up sister, were decidedly unenthusiastic. They glanced at the bedraggled object standing apologetically at my heels, then at me, and there was cold disapproval in their looks "What is this?" asked father, putting the emphasis on the first word. "What on earth is this?"

"A dog," I replied, rather inanely.

"That's obvious," my father remarked scathingly. "I merely wondered what made you bring it."

"I'm going to keep it," replied I, my words defiant in meaning, but rather doubtful in tone.

"You'll do nothing of the sort," almost roared my father. "Put that, that beast out at once. At once!" So I did. When one's father is in a mood like that, it is not much good to argue. And that was the end, or so we thought.

Next morning, consternation! Rags, for so I had decided to call the dog, had been discovered serenely sleeping on the doorstep. And so it went on, day after day. Rags would not go. Having run into the prospect of a home, he was not going to relinquish that prospect easily. Besides which, I fed him. Nevertheless, father still would not allow him in, and this presumably nettled Rags, although he might merely have been following his natural foraging instincts. However that may be, my father began to receive wrathful notes from various owners of cats, poultry and gardens, from the general trend of which it appeared that Rags was in danger of being shot on sight by various normally even-tempered gentlemen, while one particularly irate keeper of poultry threatened to shoot both dog and owner, naturally supposing father to be the said owner. All of which was hardly calculated to make my father feel very amicably disposed towards Rags. In fact, at the mention of the dog's name, I had seen him cast queer, longing glances in the direction of the little-used shotgun hung in the hall. Luckily for Rags, before the gun made one of its rare appearances in its owner's hands, something happened that pushed this affair into a secondary place.

Upon our normally serene and cheerful household, descended, amidst an avalanche of luggage, our Aunt Henrietta Josephine. Aunt Henrietta Josephine is all that her name suggests, and used to make several visits of varying lengths each year. This being, as I have said, November, she would most probably stay till after Christmas. Consequently, we clenched our teeth, and bravely resolved to endure what seemed to be our fate until such a time as IT pleased our aunt to go.

She had, of course, to hear the unfinished saga of Rags, and having heard it, to make the characteristic comment of "ridiculous!" After which she, the redoubtable Miss Henrietta Josephine Puddlecombe, set herself to eject the even more redoubtable Rags, and, like everyone, she failed. This, not unnaturally, having put her out of temper, she took up her throne in the living room, whence she issued such commands as it pleased her to make; commands which the various members of the family performed as badly as they could without incurring her wrath. Her downfall, however, was at hand, and when I say downfall, I mean it both literally and metaphorically. It happened like this.

On the night of the first frost, presumably through a forgotten window, came Rags, to take up his abode in the hall. Now, our dear aunt's greatest fad is to rise early, a fad, which she unfortunately expects everyone else to share. Thus, with regal air, she descended the stairs that winter morning, her head filled, no doubt, with remarks concerning the slothful habits of the household. On reaching the dark hall, she commenced to walk with her usual majestic step across it. Halfway across, however, her foot came in contact with a squirming ball of fur, a contact which was immediately followed by a sharp pain in her ankle. I awoke to the noise of hysterics.

Aunt Henrietta Josephine is an amusing sight at the best of times, to all but her relations (they dare not be amused), but to see her in hysterics was more than I could stand, and, at the risk of being branded a callous brute, I must record that I laughed as I had never laughed before.

That evening our Aunt Henrietta Josephine had gone. In the centre of the hearthrug, before a blazing fire, a smile in his erstwhile sad eyes, sat Rags. At last he had found a home.

**P. L. BEHRENDT, IVA.**

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**SPRING.**

Spring went through this mossy lane,  
Just a little while ago,  
And flowers among the grass again  
Their starry faces show.

Celandines and violets sweet  
Sprang up beneath her feet,  
Fragrant cowslips, drench'd with dew,  
Made her passing, oh! so new.

Lovely roses, dressed in red,  
Crowned her as she passed;  
The hawthorn trees and lilac said  
That Spring had come at last.

Spring came down this path to-day,  
Singing softly as she came,  
I heard the snowdrops on the way  
Whispering her lovely name.

**MARY CLEMENTS, IVA.**

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### SUMMER.

At last exultant school days have found a mistake in that hitherto infallible book known as the Oxford Dictionary.

"Impossible!" some very doting English mistress exclaims.

"Ah, no, dear friend!" we joyfully maintain.

For there you may see, boldly printed in black and white, the most fallacious statement ever made. There anyone may read that, in some one's opinion, Summer, Summer, mark you, is "the warmest season of the year," while precisely at the period referred to, he sits cowering over a meagre fire with a draught at his back, rain splashing down the chimney into his face, and the perpetual rumble of thunder overhead.

Every lucky person, inhabiting at this season the mountain hamlets of the Wye Valley, who attempted to enjoy their Victory Celebrations, will join in exposing the absurdity of this definition. Then perhaps in their next edition, the publishers of this renowned storehouse of knowledge will take note of the wisdom of that ingenious man who so ambiguously described the sixth month of the year "flaming June". Never has anyone so unwittingly hit upon a truth that will stand in all weather. For as the esteemed Editor of this worthy magazine would say (expressly for the benefit of Form II, who neither sufficiently interest themselves in Latin nor have enough faith in the Oxford Dictionary to know the meaning of ambiguous), our esteemed Editor, I repeat, would with her usual aptness remark that there are "flaming Junes", and "flaming Junes".

Now all this is not said without proof. For in that honoured abode of learning where the intellectual elite of Striguil gather regularly at 8.50 a.m., all can bear witness that in the early hours of the day on which Philip Cole was about to show his prowess in hurling cricket balls from Tuck's Garage, Jupiter, not to be out-done even by *ce véritable fils d' Hercules*, began to hurl thunderbolts from the so-called lofty Olympus. Whereupon, Mr. Robinson, completely overwhelmed by this "tour de force," lost all faith in Larkfield's traditional Sports Day weather and thus deprived Cole of his forthcoming glory. Whereupon Jupiter, secure once more as the ruler of gods and men, dried his tears and smiled complacently upon the world.

Now it is true that this word Summer is capable of many meanings. When the beginning of the Summer Term comes round again it affects different people in different ways. For Mr. Robinson, it brings the opportunity of once more expressing the hope that we have come back from our holiday refreshed and invigorated to begin our studies anew. For my mother, it denotes the arrival of a new generation of moths to haunt, the vicinity of the ancient family wardrobes. For at least one member of the VI Form it means that the buzzing of Mayflies will trouble her sleep (beauty or otherwise). For the lower forms and the highbrow members of the staff it carries with it,

amongst other pleasures, another visit from the Trio. For some thoughtless and optimistic person it evidently means warm weather. Ah! well, who knows? Perhaps he will be right yet. For to me it gives a gentle reminder of C.W.B. examinations and the prospect of glorious Summer evenings spent swotting, which also makes me wonder why I waste my time writing this.

**B. J. HENDERSON, VIA.**

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### SCHOOL NOTES.

#### SPEECH DAY.

The annual Larkfield Speech Day and Prize Distribution was held on December 6th, 1945, in the Public Hall. Mrs. Day presided in place of the Chairman of the Governors, Mr. J. Keenan, C. E. Gittins, Director of Education for Monmouthshire, gave an extremely interesting address. Mr. W. Robinson, the Acting Headmaster., delivered his report of the School's progress during the preceding year. Mr. Gittins was thanked by Mr. J. F. Price, Chairman of the Chepstow Council, and the Chairman was thanked by the Rev. Ivor Davies and Dr. A. H. Birch, Larkfield's former Headmaster. The prizes and certificates were then distributed by Mrs. Day.

#### PRIZE-WINNERS .

Form Prizes: VI, D. Barton; VA, O. G. Baker; VB, D. N. Williams; IVA, R. G. Stewart; IVB, C. T. K. Greene; IIIA, P. M. Burrige; IIIB, G. Rosser; IIA, L. J. Murphy; IIB, I. H. Mayo. **Special Prizes:** Form VI: English., D. Barton; History, D. Barton; Geography, D. Barton; French, Y. Allen. Form V: English, I. M. Gill; French, E. H. King; Latin, O. G. Baker; History, O. G. Baker; Mathematics, D. N. Williams; Physics, D. N. Williams; Chemistry, P. March; Biology, O. G. Baker; Geography, P. March; Art, A. D. Stevens; Cookery, W. M. Welkins; Woodwork, I. M. A. Edwards; Service, M. E. Evans; Lyn Harding Prize, T. S. O'Neill.

**School Certificate:** R. B. C. Adams, O. G. Baker, O. C. Butler, P. W. Cole, G. E. Davies, I. M. A. Edwards, T. I. Edwards, J. V. Field, J. G. Gilbert, I. M. Gill, A. W. Grainger, E. E. Harris, H. F. Heycock, E. M. Jones, M. E. Jones, Mary E. Jones, E. H. King, D. Lewis, P. V. March, S. E. May, B. N. G. Morgan, W. C. A. Paul, M. E. Phillips, G. R. Roberts, W. R. B. Robinson, B. Rowson, B. M. Sheppard, G. H. Simmonds, B. M. Stephens, A. D. Stephens, W. M. Watkins, D. N. Williams, E. K. Williams, C. P. Wright.

**Supplementary Certificate:** B. Jordan, R. O. Robinson, P. Whittaker.

**Higher School Certificate:** H. Y. Allen, D. Barton.

In conclusion, the School Choir, conducted by Miss M. Gillatt and accompanied by Mary Hutchings, sang " Fairest Isle", "My Lady Greensleeves", "Down in the Orchard", and "My Sabots go gaily singing". The boys gave a physical training display and Mary Hutchings and Dennis Jones gave a piano duet.

### DINAH FREEBURY.

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#### THE LARKFIELD EISTEDDFOD.

The annual eisteddfod was held on March 1st. Unfortunately our Headmaster, Lieut. Colonel Webb, was unable to attend.

The entries were of an unusually high standard in both quality and quantity. It is worthy of note that for the first time in the School's history a boy won first place in Cookery. We were very grateful to the members of the staff who helped to make the day a success.

#### RESULTS.

Senior Girls' Solo: 1, M. Williams (Severn); 2, B. Henderson (Wye); 3, P. Lewis (Severn).

Junior Girls' Solo: 1, P. Burrage (Usk); 2, I. Jarvis (Wye); 3, H. Knight (Severn).

Senior Boys' Solo: 1, P. Whitaker (Wye); 2, GL Morgan (Severn); 3, G. Simmonds (Usk).

Junior Boys' Solo: 1, D. Richards (Usk); 2, E. Williams (Wye); 3, B. Seaborne (Wye).

Vocal Duet: 1, P. Lewis and M. Williams (Severn); 2, D. Freebury and E. Reece (Usk);

3, S. May and M. Stephens (Wye).



Senior Pianoforte: 1, D. Jones (Wye); 2, M. Hutchings (Severn).  
Junior Pianoforte: 1, D. Jarvis (Severn); 2, J. Murphy (Wye); 3, M. Meek-Welsh (Severn).  
Pianoforte Duet: 1 (equal), M. Hutchings and D. Jarvis (Severn) and D. Jones and D. Evans (Wye); 3, J. Murphy and I. Nailor (Wye).  
Solo on instrument other than piano: 1, D. Evans (Wye); 2, S. Guardhouse (Wye).  
Senior English Recitation: 1, B. Henderson (Wye); 2 and 3 divided between M. Stephens (Wye), M. Hutchings (Severn) and T. O'Neill (Severn).  
Junior English Recitation: 1, M. Meek-Welsh (Severn); 2, S. Jones (Severn); 3, M. Jones (Severn).  
Senior French, Recitation: 1, W. Watkins (Wye) ; 2, D. Freebury (Usk); 3, E. King (Wye).  
Junior French Recitation: 1, P. Burrage (Usk); 2 (equal), J. Murphy (Wye) and E. Tuck (Wye).  
Impromptu Speech: 1, P. Whitaker (Wye); 2, D. Anderson (Wye); 3, P. Huckson (Severn).  
Senior English: 1 (equal), L. Brookes (Severn) and B. Bullock (Wye); 3. B. Henderson (Wye).  
Junior English: 1, N. Price (Usk); 2, B. Cullinane (Severn); 3, J. Phillips (Wye).  
Geography, Senior: 1, E. Phillips (Usk); 2, T. O'Neill (Severn); 3, D. Lewis (Usk).  
Geography, Junior: 1, C. Taylor (Usk); 2, P. Edwards (Usk); 3, D. Harper (Wye).  
Biology, Senior: 1, G. Wright (Usk); 2, L. Brookes (Severn); 3 (equal), Y. Gatehouse (Usk) and M. Howell (Wye)..  
Biology, Junior: 1, M. Tubb (Wye); 2, Myrtle Tubb (Wye); 3 (equal), J. Harrison (Usk) and J. Phillips (Wye).  
Physic, Senior: 1, E. Phillips (Usk); 2, T. O'Neill (Severn); 3, B. Sheppard (Severn).  
Physics, Junior: 1, G. Taylor (Usk); 2, W. E. Jones (Usk); 3, B. Stinchcombe (Wye).  
Chemistry, Senior: 1, E. Thomas (Severn); 2, S. Beddow (Severn); 3 (equal), D. Lewis (Usk) and T. Greene (Severn).  
Chemistry, Junior: 2, J. Phillips (Severn); 3, J. Day (Severn),  
Woodwork, Senior: 1, J. J. A. Rees (Wye); 2 (equal), S. Beddow (Severn), J. Hare (Usk) and D. Vivian (Wye).  
Woodwork, Junior: 1 (equal), L. Reece (Severn), E. Warren (Usk) and D. Williams (Severn).  
Art, Senior: 1, D. Anderson (Wye); 2, W. Gibbons (Severn); 3, B. Bullock (Wye).  
Art, Junior: 1, P. Clemett (Severn); 2, D. Phillips (Usk); 3, N. Price (Usk).  
Cookery, Senior: 1, D. Jones (Wye); 2, L. Brookes (Severn); 3, B. Williams (Wye).  
Cookery, Junior: 1, M. Edwards (Wye); 2, J. Phillips (Severn); 3, I. Jarvis (Wye).  
Cookery, Open: 1, P. Huckson (Severn); 2, M. Hutchings (Severn); 3, B. Owen (Severn).  
Needlework, Senior: 1, M. Reese (Usk); 2 (equal), O. Butler (Severn) and L. Brookes (Severn).  
Thrift, Senior: 1 (equal), I. Margrett (Usk) and W. Watkins (Wye); 3, M. Woods (Severn).  
Darning, Senior: 1, E. M. Jones (Usk); 2, D. Mayo (Severn); 3, E. Jones (Wye).  
Knitting, Senior: 1, M. Jones (Severn); 2, W. Watkins (Wye); 3, E. Morris (Wye).  
Plain Sewing, Junior: 1, J. Harrison (Usk); 2, M. Baghurst (Usk); 3, B. Major (Severn).  
Knitting, Junior: 2, M. Marendaz (Usk).  
Embroidery, Junior: 1, N. Price (Usk); 2, M. Meek-Welsh (Severn); 3, P. Smith (Severn).  
Embroidery, Open: 1, J. Phillips (Wye); 2, J. Adams (Severn); 3, M. Daw (Usk).  
Country Dancing, Senior: 1, Wye; 2, Usk; 3, Severn.  
Country Dancing, Junior: 1, Wye; 2 (equal), Severn and Usk.  
House Choirs: 1, Severn; 2, Wye; 3, Usk.  
House Plays: 1, Wye; 2, Usk; 3, Severn.

Total Points: Wye, 90; Severn, 89; Usk, 70.

To these were added qualifying points: one-tenth point per entry, less one-fifth point for cancelled entries; Wye, 22; Severn, 21; Usk, 18.  
Grand Total: 1, Wye, 112; Severn, 110; 3, Usk, 88.

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### **VISIT TO BRISTOL.**

On Saturday, April. 13th, the members of Form Va, together with six members of Vb and also a number of Form VI, paid a visit to the Theatre Royal in Bristol to see a matinee performance of William Shakespeare's " Macbeth."

The main party, under the supervision of Miss Gillatt, left Chepstow station at 9.10 a.m. and had two carriages reserved for them. Miss Smith, other members of the staff and pupils joined Miss Gillatt's party at Severn Tunnel Junction and then all proceeded to Bristol.

After arriving about 11 a.m. the pupils were shown the theatre and then were allowed to break up and do as they wished until the performance commenced in the afternoon. Many pupils, however, took advantage of their visit and went to the Zoo, where they were able to see many interesting animals and birds, including Alfred the gorilla.

Arriving again at the theatre at a quarter to two the pupils received their tickets and afterwards entered the theatre. The audience was almost entirely composed of young people, which factor contributed largely to the enjoyment of the pupils.

The company gave an excellent performance and were applauded enthusiastically and also greatly appreciated by the pupils, who left the theatre after an afternoon of intense enjoyment. Everyone felt extremely grateful to Miss Smith and Miss Gillatt, who were so good as to plan the trip for them.

### **JACQUELINE EVAN'S, VB.**

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### **TALK BY PROFESSOR SHAXBY.**

During the course of the summer term Forms IV, V and VI enjoyed a very interesting lecture, given by Dr. J. H. Shaxby, of the University College, Cardiff. The subject was the principle of the atomic bomb, which, as can be well realised, is an exceedingly difficult subject to compress into a short space of time. However, Dr. Shaxby succeeded most admirably in expressing himself in such a way as to be understood by his audience and we all feel greatly indebted to him for spending his valuable time in paying us the visit.

**G. MORGAN.**

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### **NATIONAL SAVINGS. 1945-46.**

In the past year the School's National Savings average has been cut by one half, that is, since the termination of hostilities. The grand total is now ,£25,544, £2,755 of which has been saved in the past school year. The main part of tins total was invested in the Thanksgiving Week, the sum, total for that week being £2,084 12s. 6d.

All the work connected with the National Savings is most ably carried on by Mr. F. C. Wilding, B.A., and he passes on the information that savings are more important than ever now to help in reconstruction all over the country. As he said: "If you saved for destruction why not save for reconstruction?"

**C. P. WRIGHT.**

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### **THE VICTORY TEA.**

An enjoyable afternoon was spent on Wednesday, 29th May. It was decided to hold the preliminaries for the Sports and also the Victory Tea on that day. The weather was fine, and the preliminaries were held successfully. After this, the Chairman of the Governors, the Rev. Ivor Davies, delivered a short address. All the pupils enjoyed the Victory Tea, which included jelly and

blancmange besides cakes of various kinds, and our thanks are due to Miss Williams and all those who helped to produce such a good tea.

**R. ROBINSON.**

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**SEVERN HOUSE NOTES.**

Girls' Captain: M. Phillips. Boys' Captain: R. Thomas.

This year has been a fairly successful one for the Severn House. The girls did very well in both the Hockey and Netball matches, defeating the Usk and the Wye. The boys were unfortunate in losing the Rugby match to the Usk, but were victors over the Wye.

We have been second in School Work for the last two terms, and also second in the Eisteddfod, two points from gaining first place.

We are looking forward to Sports Day with excitement and hope that we will be successful in winning the Shield for the second year in succession.

**M. PHILLIPS, E. THOMAS.**

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**WYE HOUSE NOTES.**

Girls' Captain: J. Simmonds. Boys' Captain: P. Cole.

The Wye has not been very successful this year either in School Work or in House Matches. We had the lowest number of marks in School Work and lost most of the House Matches, but we were more fortunate in the Eisteddfod, winning by a narrow margin of one point over the Severn. We have, however, better hopes of success on Sports Day, and we intend to make a valiant effort to regain the Shield. Our failure this year is greatly due to the lack of seniors but our future success depends upon the pupils of Form II, where already great promise has been shown.

**J. SIMMONDS, P. COLE.**

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**USK HOUSE NOTES.**

Girls' Captain: Mary E. Evans. Boys' Captain: Graham H. Simmonds.

This past School year the Usk House acquitted itself very well. Showing great prowess on the Rugby field the boys defeated both Wye and Severn. The girls won two out of four House Matches, a creditable effort. In the Eisteddfod the House was not so successful, taking third place, with a considerable deficit of points. However these have been made good by leading in School Work for the last two terms, so taking into consideration the Sports yet to be decided, the Usk should be in a very favourable position.

**M. EVANS, G. SIMMONDS.**

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**HOCKEY NOTES.**

Captain: M. Phillips. Vice-Captain: J. Simmonds. Hon. Secretary: W. Watkins.

We have been very unfortunate this year, as we lost several members of the team, including our Captain, Yvonne Allen, in the middle of the season.

By the end of the season the team was quite successful, winning the last three matches against Bassaleg 3-1, Coleford 8-1, and the Old Students 3-1. We were able to run a Second XI again this year, which proved successful and showed several promising players for next season.

We are grateful to Miss Davies and Miss Williams for their help.

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Colours: H. Heycock, M. Jones, J. Voss, O. Baker, M. Phillips.

Team: J. Evans, B. Williams, M. Howell, M. Carlick, M. Clements, J. Savage, B. Boxall, P. Gill, J. Simmonds, J. Williams. Reserves: M. Woods, L. Brookes.

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**NETBALL NOTES.**

Captain: M. Evans. Vice-Captain: B. Sheppard.

The netball team has had a very successful season, winning six matches out of ten, and losing the other four by a very small margin.

The standard of playing has been high, and we were fortunate in retaining all the members of the team.

Team: P. Cox, M. Hutchings, D. Freebury, S. May, H. Sims, B. Sheppard, M. Evans.

Reserve: A. Sharvell.

Colours: B. Sheppard, B. Belsham.

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**RUGBY NOTES, 1945-46.**

Captain: P. M. Cole. Vice-Captain: R. Thomas.

Owing to lack of weight and practice we did not have a very good season until towards the latter end. We had two very good and hard games with Beachley. In the first we lost 9-8 and in the second we drew 3-3. Our second game with St. Julians was also very enjoyable; we lost 17-3. Undoubtedly the best game of the season was against the Old Students when we lost 14-3. This was the best Old Students' team for years, and if Larkfield had kept up the form, which they displayed in the match, we would have won many more matches.

Team: E. Thomas, E. J. Morgan, G. Morgan, T. Fardoe, C. Wright, P. Cole, G. Simmonds, B. Bullock, D. Lewis, R. Stewart, A. Lewis, K. Robinson, D. Beeves, R. N. Morgan, P. Behrendt.

Reserves: S. Beddow, P. Grant.

Colours were presented to: B. Rowson and M. E. Edwards.

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**TENNIS NOTES.**

Captain: M. Phillips. Vice-Captain: M. Hutchings. Hon. Secretary: W. Watkins.

We have been unsuccessful this term up to the present time, losing all the matches that have been played, but hope to have a victory to our credit before the close of term.

We are very grateful to Miss Rees for her help and encouragement.

Colours: H. Heycock.

Team: M. Hutchings, B. Henderson, S. May, J. Williams, M. Carlick, P. Gill, M. Phillips.

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**BASEBALL NOTES.**

Captain: M. Clements. Vice-Captain: M. Howells.

The members of Larkfield baseball team have made a record in the history of School games by winning all their matches so far. These were played against St. Julians, Lydney, Monmouth and Newport High School, the outstanding game being against Lydney, where the School won 8-2.

Team: M. Clements, M. Howells, A. Rowlands, B. Williams, E. Burrows, P. Cox, J. Merritt, E. May, H. Knight.

Rounders scored by: A. Rowlands 3, J. Merritt 2, P. Cox 2, H. Knight 2, E. Williams 2, M. Clements 1.

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**CRICKET NOTES, 1946.**

Captain: P. M. Cole. Vice-Captain: E. J. Morgan.

At present we have only played three matches this term. In the first of these we beat Lydney by eight wickets, due mainly to a good innings of 37 by E. J. Morgan. In the second match we beat Monmouth by six wickets. The other match against Monmouth was washed out by rain. We have a good bowling side this year, but good batsmen are lacking. Despite this we hope to continue our present run of successes.

Team: R. J. Morgan, R. Thomas, G. Morgan, B. Bullock, C. Wright, A. Lewis, Gr. Simmonds, P. Cole, K. Boon, T. Fardoe and D. Lewis.

Reserves: D. Reeves, D. Powell.

Colours were presented to: B. Rowson and P. Cole.

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**LARKFIELD OLD STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.**

President: Dr. A. H. Birch.

Vice-Presidents: Lieut. Colonel Webb, Miss D. M. Smith.

Chairman: Mr. W. Robinson.

Treasurer: Mr. T. Evans.

Committee: Miss I. Flowers, Mrs. H. Powell, Miss J. Brown, Miss M. Edwards, Miss V. Dobson, Miss P. Dilworth, Mr. J. Weekes, Mr. I Hoare, Mr. M. T. Griffiths, Mr. E. Mansell, Mr. C. Hobbs.

Secretaries: Miss H. Baker, Mr. E. Brown.

During the past year the chief aim of the Association has been to provide a Welcome Home Fund, which will be used to give assistance where necessary to any Old Student who has served with H.M. Forces. Owing to the co-operation and generous donations from many Old Students and members of the staff, past and present, we are able to show £207 0s. 7d. in this Fund.

More than 200 Old Students became members of the Services, and we hope to welcome them home from time to time in a manner worthy of their service and sacrifice.

The outstanding feature of the year was the welcome Home and Reunion Dinner held at Larkfield on Saturday, March 23rd, 1946. We were pleased to welcome Dr. and Mrs. Birch, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Webb, Mrs. Davies (Miss Rowlands), Mrs. Readman (Miss Hill), Mrs. Westcott, Mrs. Alban-Thomas (Miss James), together with the present members of the staff and about seventy Old Students from the Forces. The Dinner was most enjoyable, and practically every year was represented. The success was due to the untiring efforts of Miss Williams and the Canteen Staff.

Other social events held during the year included two dances, one held in the Public Hall, Chepstow, and one in the Village Hall, Rogiet. A Christmas Party held at Larkfield on December 27<sup>th</sup> was enjoyed by many Old Students and their friends. We hope that this year it will be possible to revive the Annual Christmas Dance.

During the year we played matches against the School teams at Tennis, Cricket, Rounders, Hockey, Netball and Rugby, with creditable results. A Tennis Match was held between the Staff and Old Students, resulting in a victory for the Staff five sets to four. Tennis courts are available for Old Students on Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

Up to the present twenty-five subscriptions for the year 1946-47 have been received, and it is hoped that many more Old Students will join the Association, by forwarding their subscriptions to the Secretaries, with any change of address. We should welcome any new ideas for future meetings and a closer fellowship between Old Students.

Finally we should like to express our sincere thanks to Mr. Westcott for the valuable work that he has done as Treasurer of the Association for so many years, and to the Headmaster and other members of the Staff who have given us every assistance in all our activities.

**H. BAKER, E. BROWN.**

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**MARRIAGES.**

Hodkinson-Wetson.. On July 2nd, 1945, at All Saints' Cathedral, Cairo, Warrant Officer Albert William Hodkinson to Grace Alma Wetson (1930-1935).

Harris-Reeves. On September 1st, 1945, at Mountain, John Harris to Hilda Reeves (1936-40).

Price-Neville Ward. On September 15th, 1945, at Cairo, H. F. Price (1932-1937) to Sarnia Neville Ward.

Edwards-Price. On December 3rd, 1945, at Mathern, William Henry Charles Edwards to Kathleen Ethel Price (1934-1939).

Dixon-Rees. On January 24th, 1946, at St. Saviour's Church, Lagos, James Dixon (1926-1930) to Marian Rees (1927-1933).

Gittins-Henly. On February 9th, 1946, at All Saints', Brixton, Leslie, Gittins (1928-1932) to Marjorie Henly.

Magor-Pask. On January 19th, 1946, at Monmouth, James Hugh Magor to Freda Annie Pask (1928-1931).

Price-Hammond. On April 20th, 1946, at Altringham, Cheshire, Frederick Ronald James Price (1933-1938) to Kathleen Hammond.

Harper-Millard. On October 15th, 1945, at Rogiet Methodist Chapel, Harper to Betty Millard (1935-40).

Tipper-Sheppard. On January 19th, 1946, at St. Mary's Church, Rogiet, Reginald C. Tipper to Olwen Sheppard (1934-1938).

Hilless-Liddiard. On March 30th, 1946, at St. Mary's Church, Rogiet, S/Sergt. Hilless to Betty Liddiard.

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### Roll of Honour

Sergt. A. F. M. Cook. (1931-36) Sept., 1942

Gunner R. Harris, R.A. (1931-35) In Malta

Cpl. M. Perry. (1932.37) W.A.A.F.

Lieut. H. Rowlands. Nov., 1942. In North Africa

A. F. Thomas. (1927-31) Oct., 1939. In France

Sergt. R. G. Vincent. (1927-31) R.A.F.

F/O. C. J. Dibden, R.A.F

Sergt. W. J. Porter, R.A.

Lieut. D. Pritchard

Sergt. H. F. Sheppard. (1935-40) R.A.F.

Sergt. B. Trivitt. (1935-37) R.A.F.

H. Vaughan, M.N.

N. A. Presley. In Crete

Capt. C. C. Spooner. (Mons) In France

R. F. Townsend

N. Brindley

Sergt. C. Bartle, R.A.F.

J. E. Howells. In France

P/O. D. Holloway, R.A.F.

F/O. C. C. Price, R.A.F.

F/O. C. W. Reeves, D.F.C., R.A.F.

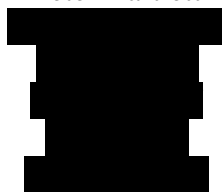
Sergt. W. S. Ballinger, R.A.F.

Sergt. T. R. Forster, R.A.F.

Sergt. B. Pullen, R.A.F.

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