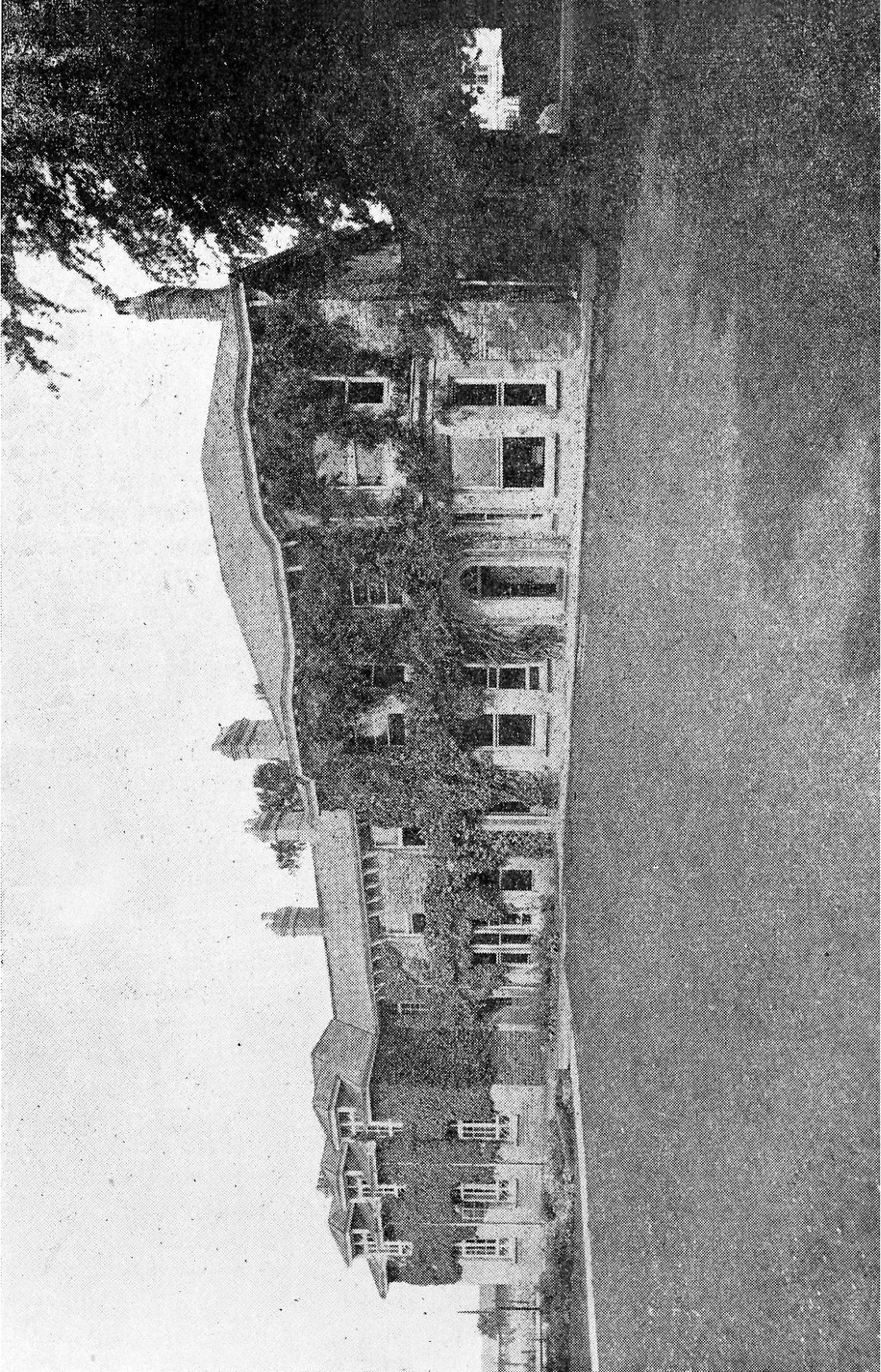


“Larkfield Times”



No. 13. 1946-47



LARKFIELD SECONDARY SCHOOL.



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EDITORIAL.

Co-Editors: M. B. STEPHENS & G. E. MORGAN.

Magazine Committee: J. EVANS, J. REYNOLDS, P. BEHRENDT.

DEAR READERS,

Since last year's issue of the Larkfield Times, several changes have taken place at school, the most outstanding and pleasant being the return of our former Headmaster, Colonel J. H. E. Webb, M.Sc., M.B.E., T.D.

Col. Webb has been back with us since September, 1946, and has already established a spirit of comradeship between himself, the staff and the pupils. We sincerely hope that in the years to come, he and his family will have many happy memories of Larkfield.

During the Christmas holidays, the interior of the school was entirely decorated, much to everyone's joy. Owing to war difficulties the task of doing this had had to be postponed but it has at last been accomplished, and Larkfield now ranks among the best decorated schools in Monmouthshire.

Once again there are several changes of staff to record: Mr. Maurice Baker who was with us temporarily, has now taken up a post at Hereford High School and his place has been filled by Mr. G. R. Rees, B.A., who is already a familiar figure during games periods. We were exceedingly sorry to lose our Latin Mistress Miss E. Rees, B.A., who was a friend to everyone, however we extend a warm welcome to her successor Miss B. Smith, B.A. An additional member to the staff is Mademoiselle H. Bessah, who has joined us from Paris to assist the pupils in French conversation. We give Mme. Bessah a hearty welcome, and hope that her stay at Larkfield will be a happy one.

In conclusion we should like to take this opportunity to wish the best of luck to all C.W.B. and Higher candidates and would remind them that the road to success is paved with hard work.

M. STEPHENS & G. MORGAN Co-editors.

HEADMASTER'S NOTES.

Larkfield had already passed its majority when we started the present school year. The school was opened in October, 1924, with approximately 60 pupils. The staff consisted of the Headmaster, Dr A H Birch, Miss D. M. Smith, Miss D. I. Lawrence (now Mrs. B Westcott), and Mr. Selby James. Miss Smith, Senior mistress since the school commenced is the only founder member on the present staff. We are now 14 staff and there are 280 pupils. It is difficult to say how long Larkfield will continue to exist as a Grammar School. The present plan of the County Education Committee is to build a new "multi-lateral" school at Caerwent to cater for the educational needs of all the pupils of the area over a certain age. In consequence Larkfield will cease to exist as a Grammar school.

Hardly had we settled down to our year's work before the severe weather gripped us, but in spite of frost, snow and ice and the general breakdown of transport we continued to hold school. This meant a severe strain on the organisation but all essential services continued to function.

As if to brighten things up a bit, the school was redecorated from end to end and top to bottom and, we are pleased to record, in colours of our own choosing. This was indeed an event of first class importance, as the building very badly needed painting and colouring after 21 years service as a school.

For the last eight weeks or so, an air of subdued excitement has pervaded the classrooms. Passers-by will have noticed a large number of neatly parked cars in the drive. The Ministry of Education Inspectors have been in residence, conducting a "Full Inspection" again the first in the history of the school.

Now that the war is over and travelling more normal our Educational tours have been revived. Visits have been made to places of historical and educational interest, and include Warwick Castle, Tewkesbury, Bristol, and the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford. We hope to continue this special feature of school life throughout the years.

Arrangements have been made for a series of sound films to be shown at the school. This has been made possible by the co-operation of the Ministry of Education. The first film, entitled "The Beginning of History," was an unqualified success. Others will be shown during the term and there is every reason to believe that full value will be obtained from sound films and other modern aids.

HEADMASTER.

SENIOR ENGLISH: ALFRED IN EXILE.

SCENE I.

The scene is a small one-roomed hut surrounded by thick woods. The walls are of roughly hewn logs and the floor is of beaten clay. A wood fire is burning in the centre of the room; there is a hole in the roof to let out the smoke, but the room is still smoky. There is little furniture; a rough table and a few benches take up most of the room. Denulf, a cowherd, is finishing his evening meal. His wife, Elfrida, is sitting opposite him. The room is dimly lit by a rush candle.

Elfrida: It's a stormy night. Hark at the wind. I hope no harm has come to Edwin, he's very late.

Denulf: Yes, it shouldn't have taken him all this time to go to the village and back. I hope he has not met with one of those prowling bands of Northmen. Since they defeated King Alfred no place is safe from their attacks.

Elfrida: We're safe enough here, with these huge woods around us. I'll wager Edwin has tarried to gossip at the village. I hope he hasn't let those rogues at the village cheat him over that cow, for we can't spare another. You should have sold it yourself, Denulf.

Denulf: Well, you know I'm not very good at trading. You would get a better price than I you're clever at dealing. Anyway, we'll soon know how Edwin got on, I hear him coming now. (Knocking at door) I'd better make certain before I let him in though (opens shutter, shouts) "Is that you, Edwin"?

Alfred: (from outside): No, I'm not Edwin but a weary wanderer lost in the woods. Will you give me shelter to-night?

Denulf: Who are you, and what are you doing out in this weather ?

Alfred: I will tell you if you let me in.

Denulf: (to wife): Shall I let him in, Elfrida ?

Elfrida: Only for to-night, if you must let him in. To-morrow he must go on his way.

Alfred: Hurry up, I'm getting cold.

Denulf: All right, I'm coming. Just a moment, though, are you armed ?

Alfred: I have a sword.

Denulf: Pass it through the window (Denulf takes it and unbars the door).

Enter Alfred, wet and ragged.

Denulf: Come and sit by the fire, you are wet through.

Alfred: This fire is welcome, friend, as is indeed the shelter you have given me. But for you, I would have had to spend another night in the open.

Denulf: Why have you been doing that ?

Alfred: I was a soldier in the army of King Alfred, but we were overwhelmed. I have fled westward away from these heathen Northmen.

Denulf: What is your name ?

Alfred: My name is Alfred.

Denulf: Why, that is the King's name.

Alfred: Yes, I have the same name as the King. But could you spare me some food, friend? I have had little save berries and roots for three days.

Denulf: Why, you must be famished. Here is salt beef and barley cakes.

Alfred eats ravenously.

Denulf: (to Elfrida): I'm worried about Edwin. Do you think he has lost his way?

Elfrida: He knows the path like the back of his hand. Still, the wood is not safe after dark, with wolves and robbers prowling round.

Denulf: You're right, wife. I'm worried about these Northmen. I think I had better go to meet him.

Elfrida: Don't go and get lost yourself.

Denulf: Have no fear about that. (Goes to door.) Bar the door after me, Alfred.

Alfred: Are you going far?

Denulf: Only to meet my son. You had better stay here and recover your strength.

(Goes out; Alfred bars door.)

Alfred: Where has your son gone that he has not yet returned?

Elfrida: To the village to sell a cow. Denulf would have gone, but he had to look after the kine, and Edwin is not very good at trading. He hurries over his bargaining to have time to gossip with any travellers in the village, though they are few enough. Edwin wants to leave home to fight with the King against the Danes. But nobody knows where the King is, though it is thought he is in hiding somewhere.

Alfred: Is Edwin then so willing to support the King?

Elfrida: Yes, he would have gone to the King's Court at Chippenham had we not told him his errand would surely be useless. Edwin wants to learn to read and write, though what for I don't know. Denulf manages well enough without such knowledge.

Alfred: It is a pity Edwin could not be taught, since he is so keen to learn.

Elfrida: I'm not so sure. Edwin wastes enough time as it is, without learning anything which might make him decide to seek his fortune at the courts of kings. (Knock at door.) That's Denulf and Edwin. Set them in Alfred.

(Alfred opens door.) Enter Denulf and Edwin, supporting an old man.

Elfrida: Who on earth is this you've brought home. Anybody would think you want to turn the place into a monastery for the help of the poor and needy.

Denulf: Don't get cross, Elfrida; we couldn't leave this poor old man to die from lack of food and shelter.

Elfrida: So you brought him home for us to feed. Anybody would think we had food to throw away. Well, Denulf, don't blame me if you go hungry this winter.

Denulf: Don't worry, I think we will get through the winter with care. But we can't hold this man up all night; let us seat him somewhere.

Alfred: Set him to sit here by the fire.

(They help the old man to sit down.)

Old Man: Your aid was timely, friends; I feel better now. Another night's wandering would have killed me.

Alfred: This is no weather for old men like you. Why are you wandering in these woods?

Old Man: I am fleeing from the Northmen. They have no love for scholars like me. But for the aid of Edwin I would still be looking for shelter. But you look as though you have been sleeping in the open, if your clothes are anything to go by.

Alfred: You are right, friend. Like you, I am fleeing from the Northmen. I was a soldier in the army of the King.

Old Man: What is your name ?

Alfred: My name is the same as the King's, Alfred.

Old Man: I have reason to love that name, for King Alfred gave me a home at his court at Chippenham.

Alfred: What, were you at Chippenham?

Old Man: Yes, I stayed there reading and studying for many a year, until I had to flee from the Northmen. But I seem to know your face. I wonder if I have seen you before.

Denulf: What, do you know Alfred ?

Old Man: I thought at first he was but I am mistaken. My mind must be wandering; I am very weary.

Denulf: Come then, let's go to sleep. You can have my bed, old man; the straw is warm and clean. Alfred, you and I must sleep on the ground, I fear.

Alfred: Well, so long as I've a shelter for my head, I'll not be troubled if I have no bed.

(End of Scene I.)

SCENE II.

The scene is the same, about a month later. Alfred and the Old Man are talking.

Old Man: Did you tell Denulf you were the King?

Alfred: No I did not think it best to do so; not because I do not trust him, but because he would be in an awkward position if he know who I really was. As it is, he thinks I am an ordinary soldier, and gives me plenty of work to do to earn my keep. He is very kind-hearted to let us stay here all this time. It is over a month since we came. I have told Edwin my true position, though.

Old Man: Was he surprised?

Alfred: Not nearly as much as you were. I think he guessed there was something unusual about me the very night I came.

Old Man: Yes, Edwin is a very clever youth. You did well to trust yourself to him.

Alfred: Well, as he offered his services, I asked him to find out if there are any of my soldiers in hiding near here. He has found that there are several bands of them scattered in the forests, and to-day he has gone to meet some thanes of the royal bodyguard. I told him to lead them here, and I shall set about making a new army.

Old Man: Elfrida will be angry; she is grumbling that you take up too much of his time when he should be looking after the cattle. Quiet now, here she comes.

Enter *Elfrida:* What, you two gossiping still. Well, I can't stay; I have to meet Denulf and help milk the kine. Both of you are too clumsy to do that yet, so you had better stay and watch these barley cakes, and whatever you do don't let them burn, or you'll have no supper.

Alfred: How will I know when they are cooked.

Elfrida: Wait until they're nice and brown, then take them off carefully. But don't let them burn, or you'll have me to reckon with.

Alfred: We'll take good care of them.

Elfrida: See that you do. (Goes out.)

Alfred: They won't be done for a long time yet. I'll go on with what I was saying. When Edwin comes back with these thanes, I will tell them to seek out all other soldiers around here, and collect them together. I know a lonely glade near here where they could hide until we were strong enough to meet the Northmen. There are some caves there, and a clear stream. Nobody would know they were there. Then we could send out bands to spy out the land and how strong the Northmen are. Since they defeated us I have no doubt they have grown careless. We could suddenly attack them one night while they were carousing. Then-----

Old Man: Just a minute, don't go building castles in the air. For aught you know, these thanes may not believe you are the King, and then what will be the use of your plans ?

Alfred: Oh, there's no fear of that. I entrusted Edwin with a rare jewel which any of them will know belongs to me. I told him first to find out how they felt towards me, then show them the jewel and bid them follow. If they are of my bodyguard they will surely do so.

Old Man: You were wise to be cautious. One moment though, can you smell something rather er unpleasant.

Alfred: (sniffs): Yes, you're right. I wonder what it can be. Anyway, as I was saying, if only I could rid Wessex of these Northmen I could set about making it more prosperous and happy than ever before.

Old Man: Yes, but quiet! Here's Elfrida coming.

Alfred: Saints preserve us, I've forgotten the cakes'

Enter *Elfrida:* (she sniffs): Why, what's that burning. A plague on your souls. Look at those cakes, you idle, good for nothing vagabonds. They're burnt to a cinder. Well, they're the last cakes you'll get in this house. (Seizes stick and beats Alfred.) Take that and that and that.

Enter *Denulf:* running: Why, wife, what are you doing?

Elfrida: I'm doing something that should have been done long ago. I'm turning him and his rascally old crony out of the house.

Alfred: Good lady, if you will just listen to me . . .

Elfrida: Listen to you ! It's too much if that we've been doing. I told you to look after those cakes, and when I came in they were burning as merrily as the fire itself. You'll have to look elsewhere for a lodging to-night, and you'll take your friend with you.

Denulf: Just a minute, Elfrida, Alfred does a lot of work with the kine.

Elfrida: Oh, does he ! Well, he sends Edwin to all ends of the shire at his bidding. Here he comes now, on some errand of his I've no doubt.

Enter *Edwin:* Why, mother, what ails you?

Elfrida: You're just in time to see the last of your new friends. Either they or I must leave this house.

Edwin: They can't go now, the thanes be will here upon the instant.

Denulf and Elfrida: together : What thanes ?

Edwin: I can't tell you now, here they are.

Enter three thanes. On seeing Alfred they kneel.

Chief Thane: Our joy to see your Majesty alive and well knows no bounds.

Elfrida: The King! (She and Denulf kneel.)

Alfred: Come, do not kneel, my kind hosts. And you, Elfrida, be not confused at the thought of your cross words. We have quite forgotten them, but we will never indeed forget your great services towards us. You may well rejoice, for your kindness shall not go unrewarded.

Denulf: Your Majesty is very kind, but if I had only known who you were I would never have let you do menial work.

Alfred: That is why I did not tell you. But you need never fear hunger and poverty again, Denulf, for I will make certain provision for you. (To thanes) You may all rise, my loyal subjects. (They do so.) These worthy people, my noble thanes, sheltered and fed me when they did not know my true rank. Such charity is rarely found even among those from whose upbringing and rank it might have been expected..

Chief Thane : My lord, we shall be mindful of your words. But to our more immediate purpose: in these great woods and rugged hills there dwells a host of faithful and courageous men who seek you to command their stalwart troop against the war-like Guthrum's savage band. They but await your word, my sovereign liege, to rise and drive these heathen from our shores, and in this vexed and ravaged land set up a state so wisely ruled that praise of Alfred's name shall sound from lips of generations yet unborn. All ages shall unite to bless that King who gave this land the priceless gift of peace.

Alfred: My lord, we are well pleased with our greeting. We must set about our task by raising an army fit to challenge that of Guthrum. But to do this I must leave your refuge, my kind hosts. As you have deserved of us, so shall you be rewarded. I have one thing yet to say. Your son Edwin, who has already proved his zeal in our cause, wants to accompany us in our further ventures. What do you say, Denulf, will you let him come ?

Denulf: I will be indeed sorry to lose Edwin, who has been a very good son. But he has always wanted to serve the King, and I know he will do it well.

Alfred: Do you agree, Elfrida?

Elfrida: I also will be sorry if Edwin leaves us, but it will be better for him to accept your Royal Highness's offer of protection, and he will then be able to support us in our old age.

Alfred: So be it, then. Edwin, you will join our bodyguard, and we will interest ourselves in your welfare. Denulf and Elfrida, we must take our leave. We'll seek a battle with the Danes, our fortunes to retrieve. (Exeunt Alfred and attendants:)

(End of Scene II.)

R. O. ROBINSON, VI Arts.

LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES.

It seems to me so very unkind,
To eat an orange and leave the rind.
To go to bed at half-past nine,
And miss a bright and jolly time.
To stay at school 'til sixteen years,
Would be nice if it settled careers.
To go to school in a coloured blouse,
Facing the staff and endless rows.

For once the staff agree with us,
Inspectors make a dreadful fuss.
Tennis for boys is a manly game,
But cricket for girls is a thing of shame.
Learning hymns is a bit of a mystery,
But I'm sure we've got to pass in history.
While prefects sit and warm their feet,
We're turned out in the driving sleet.

These little things so common place,
Occur throughout the human race.
To know tobacco is debarred,
That hits the workman pretty hard.
The same thing goes for British beer,
Seems a pity 'tis so dear.
The growing child is starving fast,
Vitamins A, B, C will hardly last.

There should be houses and to spare,
But they are castles in the air.
Our fires and light, they must go out,
For Shinwell says we're warm without.
Our clothes are getting less and less,
'Twill be a case of woad I guess.
Man and master are much akin
When they slip on a banana skin.

ELIZABETH JONES, V Biology.

THE DIAMONDS.

"Rattling good party last night," said Jenkins, the butler, who rather affected an "Oxford accent" in the absence of those presumably entitled to use it.

"It was, indeed, and there were a lot of the gentry come, too," replied Mrs. Higgins, the cook, who had no pseudo-aristocratic inflections in her speech. Walter and I, as footmen, made no remarks, partly because we had little to say, but mainly because our entry into the conversation

would have been considered, by Jenkins, as unmannerly presumption on our part. Indeed, our lot was not a happy one, for while the giggling maids were far beneath our notice (except, possibly, on Saturday afternoons), we ourselves were equally below the notice of the cook and the butler, who were, in their turn, looked down upon by Miss Gray, the nurse. Thus does the snobbery of great ones enter even into the lives of their servants.

By now, however, you will be wondering where and when the above little conversation took place. The place was the servants' quarters at Harlenbury Abbey, a house of the Earl of Harlenbury. The time? It was early morning, the 8th of September, in the year but what after all does the year matter? It all took place many years ago in the times when a title still meant riches; when the ladies of the village still curtsied to his lordship's son; when such terms as "class warfare" or "communism" were merely debating points for the intellectuals. To return, however, to the conversation, which had flagged, and the meal, which was breakfast.

"I'm glad the Earl's brought his children," remarked the butler.

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Higgins, " and the pretty things they do make with their beads. Necklaces and bracelets and _____

"H'm," broke in the butler, "the young girl's inheriting her mother's love of finery. The boy though (here the butler leaned back in a very patronising way) is quite a nice little chap. Saw him handling a gun the other day. He'll make a good shot one of these days." The fact that he himself had never handled a gun in his life, never spoilt Jenkins' zest for the "huntin' and shootin'" type of conversation. What other remarks he might have made concerning the future workmanship of the destined Earl will never be known, for there occurred at this moment an interruption of the most unusual kind. It was, in fact, none other than the appearance of the Earl himself! He looked what he was, an English gentleman, a type which, though exclusive, is well known, and needs no further description.

The staff rose, with a unanimous, "Good morning, m' lord." The Earl replied, then looked gravely around and began to address them: -

"As you know," he said, "there was a ball last night. At that ball, my wife, the countess, lost a diamond necklace, of which she is very proud. As well as that, it is quite valuable, and I am assured that the four largest diamonds are worth over £300 each. I don't think it has been stolen. I think it was lost, and is somewhere in this house. We are going to find it. You, Jenkins, will help me search the ballroom. The rest of you will search in any place that occurs to you as likely. Five minutes, Jenkins". With that he left, leaving behind him a little assembly whose feelings were very well summed up by Walter's expressive whistle.

Three hours later found us still searching. For perhaps the tenth time, a new, and brilliant, idea struck me. The countess might, perhaps, have gone up to the nursery, and might there have dropped her diamonds. Unlikely? Yes. Impossible? No. And so I climbed the stairs to the nursery. The place seemed deserted, and I thoroughly searched it without being disturbed by any one. Under the bed, behind cushions, in drawers. "Perhaps it's on the mantelpiece. No, it's not there. Hallo, what's that shining by the cupboard. Oh, only silver paper". And so, as before, I drew a blank, and went thoughtfully into the corridor. Halfway along, my foot kicked against something that went rolling away to my left. "Some child's toy," I thought, and went on. "No harm in looking, though," I thought again, and turned back. Something gleamed in the darkness, a gleam that made my eyes start from my head. Was it a diamond? It must be a diamond. I picked it up. Brilliant and shining, beautifully cut, it lay in my palm. What's that? Another? Yes, it is. And there's another, and beside it one more. There they lay, in the palm of my hand. Four diamonds. £1,200. In the palm of my hand. My hand. No! No! My mind protested at the thoughts, but they came back, black and malignant, £1,200. I had them, and there was no one who knew. Four diamonds. I moved my hand slightly, and as they rolled a little from side to side, the light gleamed off them in brilliant showers. Four stars to guide me to my freedom. Why not, after all. Why should I work" and do the bidding of a fellow man. Was I not as good as he? And no one knew I had them. "And

no one shall," I said. I would have to be careful though, very, very careful. For a few minutes more I gloated, then I rose to my feet, dusted my knees, and went downstairs.

By that evening, no one had found the necklace, or any part of it. In the words of one of the maids, they 'adn't even smelt the bloomin' thing. Only I knew where the diamonds were. Only I. At the thought, a sudden, mad desire to laugh rose in me, and it was with difficulty that I restrained myself.

That night I tossed and turned, and got neither sleep nor rest, but all through the dark hours four gleaming balls of fire rolled and spun before my eyes. What one could do with £1,200. No one knew I had it. If they found out?" The sweat poured off me at the thought, but by a tremendous effort I overcame it. "No one knows", I whispered, "No one can".

As the week drew to its close, I grew wan and drawn, for days of search; sleepless nights and a guilty conscience are not conducive to good health. Finally, however, came Saturday afternoon, and temporary freedom.

"I'd go and see a doctor," Jenkins told me. "You look all in".

"Yes," I replied, with the most casual air I could assume, "I am going to town to day, and may look in at some doctor's".

In London, however, it was not to a doctor I went, but to a jewellers, Sintrall & Jorryth. In the quiet and secluded atmosphere of this exclusive establishment, my thumping heart appeared to me to be making painful inroads upon the silence. Nevertheless, after a short conversation with a smartly dressed young man, I entered the office of Mr. Jorryth. There, I pulled forth a little bag, and let the four stones drop onto the table before him. He glanced at them, then at me, then back at the four sparkling stars on his table. "My dear sir," he said, "I'm afraid you've been swindled. These", and he swept them aside, "these are glass-beads used by children to make necklaces and beads, and ..."

I heard no more, for I had fainted.

P. L. BEHRENDT, V History.

NOON AT THE DRAGON.

(A Chaucerian account of an interesting meeting with some Very very strange people.)

Befell that in that seson on a daye
In Chepstowe at the "Dragon" as I laye,
At noon was come into that hostelrye
A group of sondry folk in companies
And some were stout and others thin and tall,
But yet of children were they techeres all.

The firste of them (as thus he seyde to me)
Had long tyme taught at scole geographic.
His head was balde and shone as any glass,
A wise man and a good I trowe he was.
His face was red as if he were anoint;
He was a man ful fat and in good point.
Well coude he rede a lesson or storie,
And when he sang his voice was loud as three.
With him there was a ladye fair and wise,
Who taught her pupils ancient histories.
Her hair was brightest yellow as is flax,
And smooth it was as if 'twere rubbed with wax.
Straight downe in pieces hung this hair she had,
And with it she her shoulders oversprad.

Well did she bind it round about her crowne,
But, sooth to say, it was not all her owne.

And next there was a Doctour of Phisik.
In all this world was never one him lyk,
His time he spent in a laboratrie
Where none must him disturb lest they should see.
How he worked his magyk natureel
Of which his knowledge was a ful great deel.
A good man was there who had travelled far,
In Egypt had he been and Syria.
He could write merrie songs and well compose,
But of his countenance he was morose.
He was a language master verrily,
And Frensh he spoke ful fair and esily
After the scole of Larkfield-at-Chepstowe,
For Frensh of Parys was to him unknowe.

With apologies, E. H. KING, VIA.

LIFE IN INDIA.

The last stage of a dusty journey to Raniphet is made by road. The daily train to Kathgodam should arrive in the early morning, which is somewhat cooler than the plains of the previous evening.

On arrival at the busy, little station, which is about 1,000ft. above sea level, one is greeted by masses of coolies trying to earn a few annas. All the luggage is dragged from the train by hosts of these bustling people, all shouting and gabbling in hitherto strange words. They wear huge turbans on their heads, sometimes five or six yards long this enables them to carry your entire possessions on their heads. Then proceeding with quick, short, springy steps, they load everything into a dozen or more native buses standing outside the station. Of course, they look disappointed and complainingly at you when you offer them four annas, but that is just the usual attitude adopted with the so called Sahib-log.

In a very short time these wooden buses, which are far from being comfortable (containing wooden seats and no windows), are rumbling up and down the mountainsides, people bulging everywhere. After 55 miles of twisting, hilly road, the dangers of which are almost indescribable, Ranikhet is in sight. We are now at the northern tip of the United Province.

It is a very widely scattered village in the Kumaon Hills, surrounded entirely by tall pines, though all our English trees are there too. It lies a little more than 5,000ft. above sea level, and there are roads and passes converging from Lepal, the Kumaons and even Tibet. The population is mainly Hindu, comprising Brahmin, Rajput and several of the depressed castes.

We have a moderate climate, which is also fairly reliable from day to day. The monsoon begins about mid-June and ends in September. This doesn't mean there is incessant rain for three and a half to four months; usually it rains every day for several hours with beautiful, bright periods in between. The Indian's livelihood literally depends on the success of the monsoon for his rice, though very little is produced in Raniphet.

From the road which runs above the bazaar there is, in my opinion, one of the most beautiful and grandest views to be seen anywhere. One can see a magnificent snow-clad panorama of the Himalayan range of mountains standing out against a clear, blue sky. The range is roughly 110 miles away with a valley in between. The highest peak is Nandadevi, 25,000ft. high, the highest mountain in the British Empire, it appears a mere day's walk beyond.

When the sun sets in springtime, and there is no rain in the sky, the whole range of snows is lit up by a golden, rose-coloured reflexion from the west. I have often stood and watched the colour appear, and shortly afterwards gradually disappear, from the tips of those snows, then comes the return to their former shade, only now the sky becomes darker and the mountains turn very blue in the distance.

My house is two miles away from the centre of the village, down the Khudside and through the pines. The whole woods are invaded by monkeys, the small, brown variety, which is not a true hill native. There is an occasional panther, leopard and tiger, though, fortunately, I have never met one through these parts. Years ago, I am told; the monkeys were so troublesome in their profusion on the plains, that they were taken up to the hills in busloads. Incredibly enough, however the destructive ones are sacred to the Hindu, which prevents him from killing them.

I very soon learnt sufficient of the language to make life much more interesting, I could ask questions and take part in minor conversations.

The hill man is a happy fellow with slightly Mongolian features. He wears "jodhpurs" or perhaps "pyjamas," fastened with a long cord round his waist and shirt tucked in. Sometimes the plainsman wears his dhoti with loose shirt and differently wound "pagree" (turban) denoting his caste. The Mussalmein, who is not a native of these regions, wears his traditional baggy trousers and shirt. The women are most colourful. They like a wide circular skirt with perhaps a ring of embroidery round it, a little blouse and a short sar tucked in her skirt, draped over her head and thrown over her shoulder. These people live in their villages; scattered between the hills are tiny stone houses, lined with mud, containing one or two rooms. They grow little of their own produce because the land is so poor and the destruction of the monkeys so great. The men appear to be more domesticated than the women-folk in cooking, spinning and knitting.

We grow everything in our garden with the help of a good irrigation system and a man on permanent "monkey duty". Besides oranges and lemons we have bananas, mulberries, peaches and apricots in abundance. We, too, kept our own fowl and one cow. Every morning at 10 o'clock I hold my "out-patients' clinic," which I first started on experimental lines. But the idea became so popular that it was a regular thing to see a queue outside my window. It was very interesting work and gratifying to know that the men liked attending for treatment of cuts, bruises and other minor ailments. They appreciated someone showing an interest in them, and I found in return a friendly crowd of coolies willing to do anything we asked them.

I remember one; day a man brought his cousin from his village five miles away. He had been mauled by a panther, which was not surprising, for he told me that he and his friends had smoked the animal in its cave and afterwards proceeded to prod it with long canes. The man was very fortunate to escape with only maulings of the scalp and wrists from the angry beast, and his wounds soon healed. He was so grateful to me that some days later he returned with a little bag of apricots for which I thanked him profusely. I haven't space to tell of all my experiences and acquaintances. I am told that an old Hindu proverb says, "An Indian never worships the setting sun," but when I go to my new home in Simla, I hope my time will be as happy as it was in the peaceful surroundings of the Raniphet folk.

EVA FERRIS (Culshaw-1934-9).

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IF IT WASN'T FOR THE HOUSES IN BETWEEN.

"If it wasn't for the houses in between" is a statement, which, doubtless, has many meanings other than its literal one. It seems hardly reasonable to suppose that who ever first made this statement thought only of the solid brick and stone buildings which we call houses.

It is quite true that, if it wasn't for the houses in between, the world, or at least the part of it known to us, would be quite a different place. One has only to think of the glorious views, enclosed and hidden from the vast majority, by edifices, large and small, imposing and insignificant, to realise that. However, as we all must live in something, and most of us prefer houses, their

importance cannot be disregarded. Still, houses, like most other things, can, and have been, overdone, and it is possibly these houses which are, as it were, overdone, that find themselves the subject of this statement.

One can imagine some person wistfully murmuring, "Oh, if it wasn't for the houses in between", and thinking of all those houses, in sordid little rows, built years ago, which one comes across in large towns. Perhaps those houses hide the view of a woodland or meadow, both very desirable and beautiful, but then again they might hide the infinitely worse prospect of a gasworks, which although very necessary, cannot, even after the widest stretch of the imagination, be called beautiful, in which case the above statement could quite possibly have been made in thankfulness.

Most people in their frenzy to be rid of such eyesores would support the demolition of the rows of overdone squalid houses, but perhaps, after all, their view would be made all the more unpleasant by the distant gasworks, and they would have lost that air of friendliness which seems to settle on such houses.

Again, if it wasn't for the houses in between, may have a totally different meaning, and one, which, I think, applies to it far better than do the real houses. It is a statement that can be applied, rather well and fully, to life. How many of us wish for things which are hidden and above our reach; we toil daily on and on, always seeing our goal ahead of us, but yet hidden by those steps or houses, in between. Those houses or steps have to be surmounted, perhaps by age or examinations, or perhaps just time, but, nevertheless, they are there and very real obstacles in the way.

Then eventually we pass those houses in between and we emerge on the other side and what do we see? some of us possibly see the woodlands and meadows unfortunately more often it is the gasworks.

JACQUELINE SUSAN EVANS, VP.

FREEDOM.

Why can't I write some verses as other fellows do?
Each subject have I scanned. I know that birds and flowers and dew
Are things that one can rhapsodise upon; and yet my thoughts are few

The country is so lovely. 'Tis May and Spring is late,
Heavy blossomed trees perfume the air,
The birds are full of gladness, the backbird calls his mate,
And sunrise gilds the sky with colours rare.

So peacefully the river flows, as swans go gliding by;
Of pleasure, yet it seems to me
The best in life is surely free.
Such contrast with the recent snows, it makes one heave a sigh

A. P. BOOTH, IV Physics

APT QUOTATIONS.

"Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure."—Gray.
(Form IVb Boys.)

And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like a snail
Unwillingly to school. *Shakespeare.*

(?)

Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure. *Shakespeare.*
(A Schoolmaster).

Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me! *Shakespeare.*
O, there has been much throwing about of brains. *Shakespeare.*
(Exams imminent).

What are these,
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants of the earth
And yet are on't? *Shakespeare.*
(What! no coupons).

If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die. *Shakespeare.*
(The Trio).

O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural. *Shakespeare.*
(Current events).

Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he.
(The form wag). Oliver Goldsmith.

SCHOOL NOTES. SPEECH DAY.

Larkfield's Annual Speech Day was held on December 2nd, 1946 at the Public Hall. It was a function a little different from those that have preceded it, in that it proved to be the occasion of Mr. Robinson's publicly relinquishing the post of acting headmaster, which he had held during the war, and the resuming of these duties by Lt -Col Webb, who had been in the army. The chief speaker was Mr. H. C. Edwards, C.B.E., M.S., F.R.C.S.. and the interest which annually centres on the person to take this role was considerably augmented by the fact that he is the brother of our popular Frenchmaster. The form prizes were presented by Mrs. A. C. Edwards, and the School Colours by Mrs. Ivor Davies.

P. L. BEHRENDT.

Central Welsh Board Higher School Certificate: Beryl J. Henderson, T. S. O'Neill.

Central Welsh Board School Certificates: B. C. Adams, B. M. Bullock, M. J. Evans, *C. T. K. Greene, *K. A. Jones, D. Lewis, *R. N. G. Morgan, E. J. Reece, *G. R. Roberts, *B. M. Smith, M. V. Sunderland, R. M. Williams, L. M. Brookes, P. W. Cole, *D. B. Freebury, *A. J. Hall, M. E. Jones, *G. E. Morgan, D. G. Powell, *D. E. Reeves, *A. J. Sharvell, *B. M. Stephens, J. D. Waters, M. R. Woods, R. G. Brown, T. F. F. Duggan, R. F. Goodman, D. L. Jones, A. Lewis, R. J. Morgan, P. N. Pritchard, D. E. Roberts, J. H. Simmonds, *R. G. Stewart, *G. M. Watts, *C. P. Wright.

* Equivalent to Matriculation.

Supplementary School Certificate: O.C. Butler, B. J. Henderson.

Scholarships: County Major : B. J. Henderson.

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS.

School; Colours.

Hockey: J. S. Evans, D. M. Clements, P. D. Gill, M. R. Carlick, J. V. Williams.

Netball: M. T. Hutchings, S. E. May.

Tennis: M. E. Phillips, M. T. Hutchings, S. E. May.

Rugby: R. G. D. Thomas, R. J. Morgan, C. P. Wright.

Cricket: R. J. Morgan, R. G. D. Thomas, G. E. Morgan.

FORM PRIZES.

VI Upper: B. J. Henderson; VI Lower: S. E. May; V. Arts: 1, G R Roberts; 2, M. E. Jones;

V. Science: 1, R. B. Adams, 2, G. E. Morgan; IVA : 1, P. M. Burrage, 2, P. E. Huckson;

IVB : I, W. G. Rosser, 2, J. A. Lewis; IIIA : 1, L. J. Murphy, 2, J. M. Hillman;

IIIB : 1, I. H. Mayo, 2, C. Morris; II : 1, M. J. Tubb, 2, L. E. Warren.

SUBJECT PRIZES.

English: B. M. Smith;

French: D. B. Freebury;

History: M. E. Jones;

Geography: G. R. Roberts;

Latin: M. Evans;

Greek: B. J. Henderson;

Biology : M. T. Hutchings;

Physics : R. B. C. Adams;

Chemistry : R. G. Brown;

Mathematics : R. B. C. Adams;

Cookery : M. B. Stephens;

Art: M. E. Jones;

Woodwork: R. N. G. Morgan.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Service : Girls : W. M. Watkins; Boys : S. E. Beddow;

Music : Girl: M. T. Hutchings;

Handicraft: Girls : L. M. Brookes, I. E. Margrett; Boys : J. Reese, R. G. D. Thomas.

THE EISTEDDFOD.

This year's annual Eisteddfod was held on March 27th, and was, as usual, a very successful occasion, enjoyed alike by the staff and the pupils. We were fortunate in having present for this years Eisteddfod our headmaster. Col. Webb, who, I think, was well pleased with the items he saw performed on the stage.

It will be seen from the results that the items were fairly evenly contested and this fact should spur the pupils to greater efforts in the sports to win for their house, the much coveted shield.

Senior Girls Solo: (1) P. Lewis (S) (2, M. Lewis (U); (3). T. Jarvis (W); and P. Burrage (U).

Junior Girls' Solo: (1), M. Hughes (W) and E. Margrett (S); (3), A. Westcott (U).

Senior Boys' Solo: (1), R. Robinson (S); (2), G. Morgan (S); (3), A. Booth (S).

Junior Boys' Solo: (1), W. Prichard (S) and D. Jones (S).

Vocal Duet: (1) M. Lewis and P. Burrage (U); (2), S. May and M. Stephens (W).

Senior Pianofore: (1), D. Evans (W); (2), E. Jones (S); (3), I. Margretts (U).

Intermediate Pianofore: (1). H. Knight (S); (2), J. Murphy (W); (3), D. Jarvis (S).

Junior Pianoforte: (1) S. King (W); (2), A. Westcott (U); (3), J. Cane (W).

Pianoforte Duet: (1), H. Knight and D. Jarvis (S); (2), J. Murphy and T. Evans (W).

Instrument other than Piano: (1), D. Evans (W).

Senior Recitation: (1), P. Behrendt (S); (2), E. Jones (S); (3), M. Stephens (W).

Junior Recitation: (1), A. Westcott (U); (2), S. Jones (S); (3), J. Hawkins (S).

Senior French Recitation: (1), E. King (W); (2), S. May (W); (3), E. Morris (W)

Junior French Recitation: (1), S. Adams (U); (2), B. Edwards (U); (3), J. Murphy (W).

Impromptu Speech: (1), D. Anderson (W); (2), R. Robinson (S); (3). F. Goodman (W) and P. Behrendt (S).

Senior English: (1), R. Robinson (S); (2), P. Behrendt (S); (3), E. King (W).
 Junior English: (1), J. Murphy (W).
 Senior Geography: (1), E. Phillips (U); (2), S. Beddow (S); (3), M. Carlick (S).
 Junior Geography: (1), C. Taylor (U); (2), J. Griffiths (U); (3), M. Tubb (W).
 Senior Latin: (1), R. Robinson (S); (2), R. Williams (S); (3), J. Lewis (W).
 Junior Latin: (3), A. Newall (U).
 Senior History: (1), A. Stinchcombe (S); (2), M. Carlick (S); (3), L. Brookes (S).
 Junior History: (1), S. Harris (S) and M. Palmer (U); (3), S. Adams (U)
 Senior Biology: (1), J. Savage (S); (2), D. Anderson (W).
 Junior Biology: (2), J. Harrison (U).
 Senior Physics : (1), E. Phillips (U) and K. Jones (S).
 Junior Physics: (1), P. Clemett (S); (2), C. Gatehouse (U); (3), C. Taylor (U),
 Junior Chemistry: (3), P. Clemett (S).
 Senior Woodwork: (1), D. Vivian (W); (2), F. Goodman (W);
 (3), D. Evans (W) and A. Newall (U).
 Junior Woodwork: (1), J. Roberts (S); (2), P. Bartlett (U); (3), J. Oakey (W).
 Senior Art: (1), J. Merrett (U); (2), B. Brown (U); (3) E. Jones (S) and J. Savage (S).
 Junior Art: (1), P. Clemett (S); (2), I. Morgan (U) and A. Tither (W); (3), S. Adams (U).
 Senior Cookery : (1), I. Pearce (S); (2), G. Evans (S); (3), J. Adams (S).
 Junior Cookery: (1), S. Woelhaf (W); (2), I. Morgan (U);
 (3), A. Westcott (U) and B. Andrews (U).
 Cookery, Open: (1), M. Trussler (U); (2), C. Taylor (U); (3), J. Phillips (W).
 Plain Sewing, Senior: (1), N. Price (U); (2), J. Adams (S); (3), I. Margretts (U).
 Plain Sewing, Junior: (1), J. Harrison (U); (2), M. Hicks (U); (3), P. Smith (S).
 Senior Thrift: (1), I. Margretts (U) and E. Morris (W); (3), I. Roberts (S).
 Senior Darning : (1), J. Mayo (W); (2), I. Pearce (S);
 (3), C. Brace (U) and M. Marende (U).
 Senior Knitting: (1), M. Stephens (W); (2), M. Reese (U); (3), M. Trussler (U).
 Junior Knitting: (1), J. Smith (W); (2), E. Irwin (U); (3), W. Wright (S).
 Junior Embroidery: (1), C. Rowlands (U); (2), S. Woelhaf (W); (3), J. Phillips (S).
 Embroidery, Open: (1), I. Margretts (U); (2), P. Huckson (S); (3), B. Bennett (U).
 Country Dancing, Senior: (1), Wye; (2), 'Severn; (3), Usk.
 Country Dancing, Junior: (1), Severn; (2), Usk; (3), Wye.
 House Choirs: (1), Wye; (2), Severn; (3), Usk.
 House Plays: (1), Wye; (2), Severn; (3), Usk.
 Total Points: (1), Severn, 158; (2), Usk, 149½; (3), Wye, 110½.

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VISIT TO BRISTOL.

On Wednesday, 29th January, the members of Form VI, with two members of Form V went to Bristol, accompanied by Miss Smith, Miss Gillatt and Miss Bessah, to see a matinee performance of "King Lear", at the Theatre Royal, King Street.

After arriving, the pupils visited the museum and art gallery, and spent an enjoyable time among many objects of interest. An excellent lunch was enjoyed by all, after which everyone proceeded towards the theatre in readiness for the performance which commenced at 2.30 p.m. William Devlin played King Lear perfectly, and the play was greatly enjoyed and thoroughly appreciated by the pupils, but it was rather unfortunate that they had to leave before the end in order to catch the train.

Everyone was extremely grateful to Miss Smith and Mr. Webb, who were so good as to plan the trip for them.

JACQUELINE EVANS, VP.

VISIT TO STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

On Thursday morning, April 24th, at 9.30 a.m., the pupils of Forms V Biology, V Physics and V History, left Chepstow for the long awaited trip to Stratford-on-Avon. We went in two buses, under the supervision of Miss Davis and Mr. Westcott, while Miss Smith and Mr. Jakeman followed in Mr. Jakeman's car.

Arriving in Tewkesbury about 11 a.m. we stopped for a short time and went to see the famous Abbey. We also stopped in Warwick to see the castle.

The present theatre in Stratford is not the original one. It was burned down about 16 years ago, and they built the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre on the old site. It is very up-to-date and modern.

The play "Twelfth Night," excellently produced, was very colourful, and the scenery and acoustics were perfect. The play was very humorous in parts and we all enjoyed it very much. Afterwards, we had tea in the theatre cafe overlooking the Avon.

Unfortunately, we did not have enough time to go round the town, as we had to start back fairly early to catch our buses in Chepstow.

On the way home, the buses stopped in Broadway, the prettiest village in England; it was very picturesque.

We arrived in Chepstow about 9.30 p.m., and everyone felt very grateful to Miss Smith and Mr. Webb for planning such a delightful day for them.

JUNE REYNOLDS, Form V Biology.

A VISIT TO NEWPORT POWER STATION.

On Friday afternoon, on the 28th February, a party of senior boys under Mr. Taylor made a trip to Newport Power Station. We were conducted round the works by Mr. Allen.

First, we visited the boilers and were surprised to find each was controlled by one "stoker" at a switchboard! Then we visited the pump house where we saw the pumps supplying water from the river to the condensers. While we were there we descended into the bowels of the earth to about 100 feet below the level of the river. Next we saw the apparatus for tipping trucks of coal and then we went into the main generator house. Before looking at the turbines and generators we went into the main control room. Here everything is recorded on a glittering array of dials and gauges. Amongst other things we saw on a dial how one moment Newport was taking out electricity from the National Grid and the next was putting it in.

After that we looked at the giant steam turbines and generators and then at the fireproof switchgear, which brought us to the end of a very interesting tour of one of the most up-to-date plants in Wales,

D. M. ANDERSON, VIA.

LECTURE ON ROMAN BRITAIN.

During the Autumn term Mr. Nash Williams, of Cardiff, gave a lantern lecture on Roman Britain to the school. The lecture proved to be very interesting, especially as the slides included photographs of the Roman sites at Caerleon and Caerwent.

M.B.S.

FILM ON THE BEGINNINGS OF HISTORY.

At the beginning of the Summer term the lower school was shown a film on the "Beginnings of History", provided by the Educational Film Industry. The film dealt with England when it was still part of the Continent, and the development of its civilisation through the Stone Age up to modern times.

M.B.S.

SEVERN HOUSE NOTES.

Girls' Captain: Jacqueline S. Evans. Boys' Captain: Raymond Thomas.

This year has been another successful one for the Severn House. We were fortunate enough to win the Eisteddfod and to do quite well in Netball, whilst the boys beat both the Usk and Wye at Rugby. Owing to the weather the Severn did not play the other houses at Hockey, but it is worth noting that eight of this year's team are members of the Severn.

We are all looking forward excitedly to Sports Day and hope that we will be successful in winning the Shield for the third year in succession.

J. EVANS, R. THOMAS.



USK HOUSE NOTE'S.

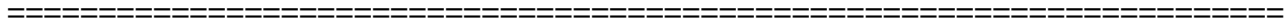
Girls' Captain: M. Lewis. Boys' Captain: B.Adams.

Owing to a scarcity of senior members the House has not been very successful. We did however gain second place.

The boys won their Rugby match against the Wye but lost to the Severn. The girls won their hockey match with the Wye, drew with the Severn in both Hockey and Netball, but lost their Netball match against the Wye.

Next year we hope to do much better as there are many promising members in the lower school.

M. LEWIS, B. ADAMS.



WYE HOUSE NOTES.

Captains: M. Stephens, R. Stewart. Vice-Captains: S. May, E. King.

The Wye has not had a very successful year, having dropped to third place in the Eisteddfod and School work.

We have lost both Rugby matches and one Hockey match, although we won the Netball match against the Usk. Owing to weather conditions we were unable to play one Hockey and one Netball match.

In spite of our lack of seniors we have some very enthusiastic members in the middle and lower school, and hope to do well on Sports Day.

M. STEPHENS, R. STEWART.



HOCKEY NOTES.

Captain: Jacqueline S. Evans. Vice-Captain: Mary Clements. Hon. Secretary : Madeline Stephens.

The Hockey team was very fortunate this year in retaining all but four of the previous season's players.

We managed to beat Pontywaun and to draw with Lydney, but unfortunately, the bad weather prevented further activities until the match, at the end of the season, in which we were beaten by the Old Students.

We were again able to run a second team which proved successful and showed many promising players for next season.

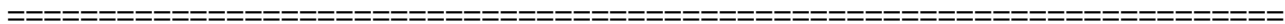
The team had great pleasure in learning that Pamela Gill, our centre-forward, was selected to play for the County School Girls team, and that Mary Clements and June Savage were reserves.

We were very grateful to Miss Davies and Miss Vaughan-Williams for their help and encouragement; we also wish to express our thanks to Madeline Stephens for arranging our fixtures.

Colours : M. R. Carlick, M. D. Clements, P. D. Gill, J. S. Evans.

Team: A. Stinchcombe, J. S. Evans, E. Jeremy, M. Howells, M. R. Carlick, M. Clements, J. Savage, Elizabeth Jones, P. D. Gill, J. Merritt, Ann Rowlands.

Reserves: M. Reese, P. M. Burrage.



NETBALL NOTES.

Captain: P. Cox. Vice-Captain: S. May.

Owing to the bad weather last season, the netball team played only three matches, winning one and losing two. The team was very enthusiastic and is hoping for a better season next term. We were very sorry to lose Miss Rees but very pleased to welcome Miss Smith who is carrying on the good work previously done by Miss Rees.

Team: W. Watkins, P. Cox, S. Adams, S. May, M. Skinner, M. Jones, M. Trussler.

Colours were presented to: S. May, M. Hutchings.

RUGBY NOTES, 1946-47.

Captain: C. Wright later R. G. D. Thomas.

Last season's Rugby football results were again disappointing, although members of the team played fairly well individually, G. Morgan at scrum-half and R. Stewart wing-forward being outstanding. The team as a whole suffered from a lack of combination, weight and ability to play Rugby football. This fault could have been remedied if a few members of the team had been sufficiently interested in Rugby football to have attended the practice matches. We had two very good and hard games with Beachley. In the first we drew 3-3 and in the second we lost 4-8. In all, we played four matches, and the other six fixtures had to be cancelled owing to bad weather conditions. We put up a good fight against the Old Students but could not stand against their weight and consequently lost 24-5.

Team: S. Beddow, P. Behrendt, G. Morgan, P. Grant, D. Davies, A. Lewis, T. Fardoe, R. Thomas, R. Robinson, R. Stewart, D. Morgan, G. Roberts, K. Jones, T. Greene, G. Harris.

Colours were presented to: R. G. D. Thomas, C. Wright, and R. J. Morgan.

TENNIS NOTES.

Captain : S. May. Vice-Captain: M. Carlick.

The position regarding equipment has improved this year, and we have managed to obtain wire netting to surround the courts. The weather too has so far been in our favour.

The team is playing well on the whole, and we have at last succeeded in breaking the past spell of bad luck, by winning the first match for four years. It is to be hoped, that we are not being unduly optimistic in looking forward to having several more victories to our credit before the end of the season. We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss B. Smith for her help and encouragement.

Matches already played :

Newport High School (A) Lost 51-30 St. Julians (H) Lost 61-38

Coleford (A) Won 62-37

Team : P. Gill, M. Trussler, P. Burrage, M. Clements, M. Carlick, S. May.

Reserve : J. Savage.

1946 Colours: M. Phillips, M. Hutchings, S. May.

BASEBALL NOTES.

Captain: J. Merritt. Vice-Captain: H. Knight.

At present we have played two matches this term. They have been against Newport High School, and St. Julians, and we have been successful in each match. We hope to maintain the high standard reached last season and so keep up the fine record made by the team.

Team: J. Merritt, H. Knight, E. May, J. Murphy, A. Whittington, S. Harris, D. Stone, B. Evans, S. Adams.

CRICKET NOTES (1947 SEASON).

Captain: R. Thomas. Vice-Captain: G. Morgan.

We are unfortunate in having so few fixtures this season, and up to the present date the School Cricket XI has not played a single game. The first fixture is in June. This delay in obtaining fixtures has enabled prospective members of the School Cricket XI to obtain a great deal of wanted practice at the cricket nets, which Colonel Webb, the Headmaster, purchased at the beginning of this Summer Term.

It is hoped that we will play off the arranged fixtures without losing a single game this season. We have a strong bowling side, and six members of the 1945-46 Cricket XI are still at School, and are the most proficient batsmen of the team.

Colours were presented to: R. Thomas, R. Morgan, G. Morgan.

Team: R. Boon, G. Morgan, A. Lewis, R. Thomas, K. Jones, T. Fardoe, D. Davies, G. Rosser, P. Cullinane, T. Greene, M. Grant.

OLD STUDENTS' NOTES.

During the past year, the Old Students' Association has got back more to its normal activities, a gratifying fact being an increased membership; with many Old Students just demobbed showing a creditable interest in the affairs of the Association.

Among the Social Functions held during the year, are two enjoyable dances held at the Beaufort Hotel, Chepstow, both being very successful, from the point of view of Old Students getting together again, as well as the financial standpoint. On March 15th of this year, we held our Final Welcome Home Dinner, for returning members of H.M. Forces; unfortunately owing to the bad weather there were several who could not attend, among whom was our President, the Rev. Dr. A. H. Birch and also Mrs. Birch. Thanks are due to Miss Williams, and the Canteen Staff for putting on an excellent dinner. The dance at the Beaufort Hotel, which followed the dinner, was equally enjoyable.

In the matches with the School Teams, the Old Students gave a creditable performance, and the enjoyment derived from the games made the results seem unimportant.

The matter of the Old "Students' War Memorial has received very careful consideration throughout the year. Final details have still to be arranged, but it seems likely that the Old Students will lend a hand in the erection of the School Memorial; a Garden of Remembrance.

The question of Old Students' Blazers, Squares and Ties has been approached, and all enquiries concerning them should be made to the Secretary, Miss P. Dilworth, who will be pleased to give any information.

We should like to mention the marriages of our former Secretary for the girls. Miss H. Baker, and of our Treasurer, Mr. T. Evans.

All Old Students are cordially invited to join the Association the subscription being 2/6 per annum, payable to the Secretaries; members of the Association are entitled to use the School Tennis Courts on Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

Finally, we would like to express our sincere thanks to the Staff, who show much interest in the Association, and give us much valuable aid.

MISS P. DILWORTH, Ministry of Pensions Bungalow, Chepstow
MR. E. BROWN, "Overton", Beachley Rd, Tutshill, Chepstow.

LIST OF MARRIAGES.

Fyfield-Coleman on June 1st. 1946 at Leicester, Flt./Sgt. Fyfield (1935-37) to Thelma Coleman.

Hutler-Sims on June 21st, 1946, at Watford. James Hutler to Margaret Sims (1939-43).

Barnwell-Hillman. on June 26th, 1946, at Chepstow, Sgt. J. Barnwell to

Rosemary Hillman (1934-37)

Bold-Andrews. on 20th- 1946 at Norfolk, Wyndham Bold (1930-35) to Kathleen Andrews.

Bellis-Searl. on August 31st, 1946, at Chepstow, Thomas Bellis to Nancy Iris Searl (1933-37).
Higgins-Streeter. on September 7th, 1946, at Chepstow, Ralph Higgins to Joan Streeter (1932-37).
Price-Pepperall. on September 9th, 1946, at Exeter, Ronald Price (1933-38) to Joyce Pepperall.
Rawlins-Wray. on October 21st, at Chepstow, A. F. H. Rawlins to Betty Wray.
Sprague-Trivitt. on October 26th at Chepstow, Gerald Sprague to Peggy Trivitt (1933-5).
Curtis-Manson. on October 30th, 1946, at Tidenham, H. Curtis to Mary Manson (1934-39).
Manson-Dibden. on November 9th, 1946, at Tidenham, John R Manson (1932-37)
to Pearl Dibden.
Ellis-Griffin. on November 26th, 1946, at Walsall, Kenneth Ellis (1931-35) to Freda Griffin.
Payton-Cullinane on November 30th, 1946, at Chepstow Leslie Payton to
Sheila Cullinane (1936-40).
Evans-Jones. on December 28th, 1947, at Mathern, Trevor Evans (1937-41) to
Thelma Jones (1938-42).
Shott-Baker. on March 15th, 1947, at Rogiet, Eric Shott to Hilda Baker (1929-36).
Hodges-Guy. on March 22nd, 1947, at LIanvair, Joseph Hodges to Mary Guy (1938-43). -
Hurley-Williams. on March 22nd, 1947, at Shirenewton, Private W Hurley to, Annette Williams
(1938-42).
Jennings-Heaver on March 29th 1947 at Rogiet, John Jennings (1937-41) to Sheila Heaver.
Nancekievill-Smith. on April 5th, 1947, at Undy, Roy Nancekievill (1934-37) to
Iris Smith (1936-41).
Oakes-Jones. on April 7th, 1947, at Chepstow, F. Oakes (1930-32) to Myra Jones.
Stephens-Pearce. on April 7th, 1947, at Broadstairs, Alan Stephens (1930-37) to Jean Pearce.
Haddy-Edwards. on April 8th, 1947, at Caldicot, Ronald Haddy to Mary Edwards (1935-40).

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The End of: No. 13

JULY, 1947

Vol. 1

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Antony Edwards
 M. Vaughan Williams
 D. Smith B. Westcott
 G. C. Ball
 G. Mellish
 Glyn Rees
 W. H. Brown
 S. A. Davies
 W. S. Taylor
 Thiridney
 G. S. John

Betty Lykes P. Bennett Eileen Morris
 J. Oakley
"Larkfield Times"
 Muriel Innes
 E.M. Shappell
 Kathleen Morgan
 R.G. Brown
 R.G. Stewart
 Patricia Prichard
 Brenda Packer
 Sheila Withers
 Rosemary Williams
 Mary Clements
 Margo Lewis
 Donald M. Anderson
 Alan Slayton
 Eric Tenney
 William (Gibson) Martin
 D. Morgan
 Shirley Harris
 Pamela Dever Gill
 Maureen Kay Gullick
 J. Attewell
 James Jones
 Anne Westcott
1946-47
 Joyce A. Lewis
 Jacqueline Gillan
 Helen Gray
 Madeline Stephens
 na Brookes
 Dorothy Jarvis
 Valerie Lundstrom
 Patricia Burns
 Margaret



and A. W. ...
D. R. M. Dams
Grant P. E. Huxson

Rev. Parry Booth
J. B. Beldon
K. Jones
Patricia Cox
Gwyneth Evans
J. M. Day

Belmont Eileen Winifred Oakey
Coral Rowlands

G. E. Morgan
Thomas G. Lock BA esq. J. L. Fawcett

John Edwin Harris M.P.
Sybil E. May
J. Robbins J. M. Hillman
Margaret Reese

B. M. Sheppard
B. M. Gatehouse
D. Hoskins
R. J. Boon
Jennifer Merritt
W. R. B. Robinson
P. Sims

B. Sealbourne
H. Lewis
Violet Adams
M. Gatehouse
Anton Williams

Elizabeth Jones
Paddy Lewis
J. M. Atwell