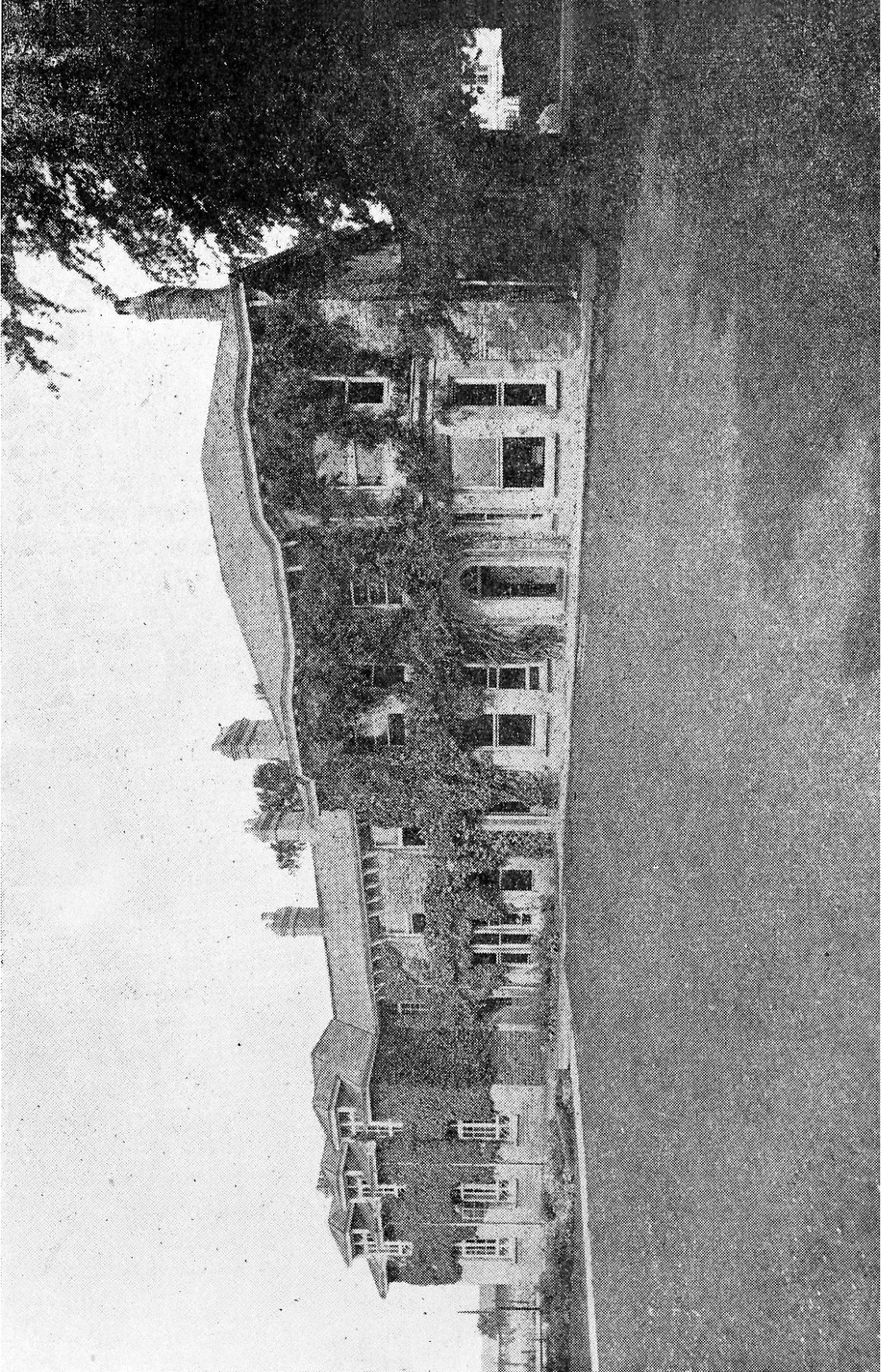


# “Larkfield Times”



**No. 11. 1944-45**



**LARKFIELD SECONDARY SCHOOL.**





No. 11.

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Vol. 1

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## EDITORIAL

Co-Editors: M. Hutchings and O. Robinson  
Magazine Committee: O. Baker, C. Wright, D. Williams.

Dear Readers

It is with great pleasure that we present the Eleventh Edition of the Larkfield Times. The results of most of this year's matches are included, although a few are still outstanding.

With the complete and absolute collapse of the European Axis Powers, Germany and Italy, we feel that this issue may be regarded as a Victory Issue to commemorate our victory over, and our deliverance from, the most ruthless military machine that the world has ever seen.

We regretfully record the departure from our staff during the year of two of its esteemed members; Mr. L. Morgan, B.Sc., who has been appointed head of Glan-yr-Afon Secondary School, Blaina, and Mr. R. Williams, M.Sc., who has received a post in Abersychan Technical College. We congratulate them on their appointments, and wish them every success in their new work.

We welcome into our midst three new members to our School staff, Mr. N. S. Taylor, M.Sc., who takes charge of the Physics Department, Mrs. A. Evans, B.A., who teaches Mathematics as her main subject, and Miss P. Sheen, B.A., whose main subject is Geography. We extend to them a cordial welcome with the hope that their stay with us may be both long and prosperous.

On behalf of the School we wish to congratulate Lieut. Colonel J. H. E. Webb, M.Sc., M.B.E., on his promotion to that rank, and to convey to him and his family our best wishes for their continued health and happiness.

We are publishing the results of this year's sports, which were held in May under ideal weather conditions and with the accompaniment of the inevitable Larkfield weather.

Under the leadership of Mr. F. C. Wilding, B.A., the School National Savings Association continues to flourish and the truly amazing sum of £22,700 has been collected, a sum which bears eloquent testimony to the immense amount of hard, unspectacular work, which has been put into the movement.

In conclusion, we wish to thank those who have in any way contributed to make this Magazine a success.

Yours truly, M. HUTCHINGS O. ROBINSON Co-Editors

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### HEADMASTER'S REPORT.

The School Magazine should be a mirror of the changing mood of the school life. It should also give some indication of the trend of events in the outer world, for which the school training is a preparation. It is addressed to present pupils and to that wide and scattered circle of past pupils whose thoughts revert to their school days, so happy in retrospect.

The great and overwhelming movements, which to-day are testing and for some time to come will severely test, the capacity of civilisation to put its house in order, provide an embarrassing and baffling wealth of subject matter, which almost invite and entice me to inconclusive discussion.

I must avoid the maelstrom of swirling waters and confine myself to a brief and limited comment.

In common with all allied subjects, the School is pervaded with a feeling of thanksgiving and relief that the two Axis powers in Europe have been defeated, and that we have narrowly escaped from national blackout, absolute and irretrievable. We may be allowed to indulge in a quiet and sobered joy in our hearts that, thanks to the British indomitable spirit and the sacrifice of many brave young lives, we refused to know when we were beaten, and were delivered from this overwhelming calamity. Let us not begin to use the language of facile optimism. Let us not forget that we can no longer relegate our obligation to preserve our country, inviolate from hostile operations, to our insular position.

We have to maintain our position by personal and collective effort, naked and unsheltered, in open competition with countries, rich in virile man power, natural resources and large scale organisations. Unrelenting service in its best form is the watchword of to-day and of the future. "Omnibus Quisque."

These may appear to be hard and exacting words for young people. Nevertheless, the experience of life shows that happiness, freedom and liberty cannot exist in a vacuum. They only exist in responsible and obligatory service to mankind.

We welcome back from His Majesty's Forces our young men and women who have given several years of their lives, and who have faced the hazards of war, so that we, who have been able to preserve the even tenour of our way, with minor inconveniences, unmolested and undisturbed, may prove ourselves worthy of their sacrifice and service. We hold in sacred memory those ex-pupils who have lost their lives in the War.

The Old Pupils' Association is raising a fund to commemorate the fallen in a manner worthy of the sacrifice of these brave lives. We also intend to welcome home ex-service pupils in an appropriate and becoming manner.

We shall be delighted to welcome back to the School and to Chepstow our Headmaster, Lieut.-Colonel J. H. E. Webb, M.Sc., T.D., M.B.E., Mrs. Webb and Master Henry Webb, after several years of specialised service with the Forces

**W. ROBINSON.**

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**MISS M. B. MACKENZIE.**

It is with deep sorrow that we have to announce the death of Miss M. Mackenzie, who became the mistress of mathematics after Mr. Ball was called to take up duties with the Admiralty.

During the 2½ years Miss Mackenzie was with us she made a brave struggle against ill health, putting all the energy she had into her teaching, and having the interests of every child at heart. She endeared herself to both pupils and staff by her frank, open nature and by the courage with which she expressed her opinions even when they differed from everybody else's.

Miss Mackenzie fought with enduring courage for a year and a half a losing battle against a very cruel disease, and those who visited her during that period were overcome with admiration for her brave spirit.

The sympathy of the staff and pupils goes out to her widowed mother, sister and brothers, and her relatives who loved her and looked after her with such devoted care.

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**"CAIRO."**

Cairo, capital city of the Arab world, is a city of contrasts. On the doorstep of opulence, beside modern flats, squat the most repulsive, dilapidated, unhygienic and bug-ridden hovels you could wish to see. Each district, each street has a double identity on the one side, tall splendour, on the other windows and walls present a scene of irretrievable chaos. Compare a scene of respectability prosperous sun-bathed streets, with urchins, discarded tin cans, lurchers and villainous old men scattered haphazardly around the roads, while through the middle of it trundles sporadically and fantastically a tram.

The Island of Gezireh, that English oasis, is the only part of Cairo where crudeness can be avoided. Here Britons, clinging desperately to English habits and customs, here, indomitable fortress of pink gins, cricket and white women, you may sit back and talk regretfully of Ministries of Labour and Chancellors of Exchequer and wonder who will win next month's golfing medal now that Ponsonby has at last got his regiment. Here, indeed are you secure from the "foreign element." As the declining sun casts its rays over flat roofs and "feluccas" swing down the Nile, with their awkward grotesque sails spread out, as if gasping for air, mellowness descends and everything becomes quiet.

But leave this placid isle and calm is shattered. Then you are the catch of every tout and hawker in the city, who have a reputation of being the most unsavoury and persistent of their breed in the world. These horrific specimens, clutching assorted wares to shrunken chests, attack you from all sides like a bad dream they creep from the alleyways and gutters where they have apparently been only interested in sleeping and breathing in flies. In turn, a fly-whisk, a pen, a mirror, shaving cream, everything imaginable is thrust into your face. The fact that they are ignored merely incites them. In rapid succession another host of improbable and useless nick-nacks is thrust at you, when you continue your way, mustering all the dignity you can, there comes a stream of venomous abuse.

In addition, there exists an army of pestilential creatures who can waylay you. Dragomen are chief offenders. They always know a stranger. They are better dressed than the majority of their countrymen, therefore are infinitely more crafty. You are waylaid outside your hotel and then in a throaty and intimate whisper are told you are to be conducted on a tour to the Bazaars. Another annoying type is the one that creeps up on you and makes conversation like this:

Annoying Type: "Time pliss, major!"

Haughty Englishman walks on.

A.T.: " Time pliss, colonel.!"

Haughty Englishman keeps silent.

A.T. reaches out palsied hand, " Time pliss, sir?"

H.E.: " I haven't got a watch."

A.T.: " Then give me a piastre, pliss."

This is the only way their mind works. Illogical and unscrupulous they have an indefatigable taste for coins. Surely, their dreams are of millions of millionaires.

The night life of Cairo is reflective of its day-time moods. Alternately pompous and cheap, respectable and otherwise. In large hotels, where the catering is conventional, luxurious and very, very expensive, the cabaret is invariably abominable small words indeed to condemn the monotonous series of women who gyrate in lack lustre manner around a two by four floor. They neither sing, dance and are never original.

If having visited the Pyramids, the Mohammed Ali Mosque and seen the bazaars, hotels, and streets, been driven mad by flies, hawkers and touts, you feel you have not seen Cairo, well I pray a benign Air Force never to send me out again.

F. W. FYFIELD, F/Sgt. B.A.F.

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### NIGHT SCENE.

Around a corner,  
From the nightmare of awareness  
The quiet lapping of the London River  
Breathes forgiveness  
Over Man's insanity.  
Lying still on the river,  
Like a dog with one eye watchful,  
The ship with glowing porthole,  
Seems apprehensive  
And longing for the sea.  
A solitary searchlight  
Silhouettes the mast-head,  
Like a cool, white bandage,  
Binding a silver star  
To the sky's dark brow.

A bridge draped in shadows,  
Wears a golden lamp for a jewel  
And spreads a soft reflection-path  
Upon the sharp-scented water.

Like a sad, lighted ghost,  
Impatient and frustrated;  
A tram clanks between  
The Embankment trees  
And Heaven lies upon their leaves,  
While Big Ben chimes a lasting peace  
To Cleopatra's Needle.

**P E. WARNER.**

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### **TYPES OF HUMOUR.**

Humour is anything which appeals to one's sense of the incongruous or the comic. Except that it must cause amusement there are no rules as to what does, or does not, constitute humour.

Individuals differ very much, however, in their opinion as to what is amusing, and the humour which moves Mr. Smith to immense and uncontrollable mirth may leave Mr. Jones impatiently wondering what it is all about. In just the same way Smith possibly listens enraptured to an evening of Bach, whilst Jones idea of a musical treat consists of a spirited rendering on a mouth organ of "Pistol Packing Momma" and similar items. In humour, as in music, one man's meat is another man's poison.

Families have been rent in twain before now on the issue of whether or not Tommy Handley is funny. There are those who settle down with an anticipatory grin to listen to "Old Mother Riley", others hastily switch off the radio at the first sound of that Irish whine. I always thought that Gillie Potter was one of those radio humorists about whose laugh raising capacities there could be no question, but I once heard a person say disgustedly that he could see nothing in the chap." The fact is that certain types of humour appeal to certain kinds of mind.

Probably the simplest form of humour and one, which is appreciated by almost everyone, is that which involves a mishap to someone else (really, of course, it is equally funny when it happens to oneself, but only those with an exceptionally highly developed sense of humour can properly appreciate that). The exact nature of the mishap matters hardly at all, though naturally some are funnier than others; but it must not involve any real hurt to the person involved. A pompous gentleman slipping in the street; a stern and forbidding lady sitting in a chair that isn't there a smudge on an otherwise immaculate face; a collision between two choleric individuals and the consequent scattering of parcels such incidents can be relied upon to fill the hearts of all beholders with joy.

Some would-be humorists endeavour (often with considerable success) to add to the jollity of life by assisting providence in matters of this kind, by placing orange peel where the pompous gentleman can slip on it, by removing the chair from the vicinity of the lady about to seat herself, by placing the smut, or engineering the collision. Somehow the joke then falls far short of the one happening naturally, except, of course, for the actual perpetrator of the mishap. Practical jokes, though usually far more elaborate than the incidents mentioned above, come into the same category, being attempts to obtain laughs by someone else's discomfiture this is considered by many to be the lowest type of humour, but nevertheless has its appeal for the young and for others in their less intellectual moods.

Humorous stories and films dealing with a succession of amusing mishaps have their following, particularly amongst children. The so-called "slapstick" comedies sometimes seen in our cinemas are good examples of this. A well-meaning little man decides to decorate, his house, and

whilst so doing contrives to get himself hopelessly entangled in rolls of wallpaper, whitewashes the cat, nearly drowns himself in distemper, breaks all the crockery, and is finally discovered by an extremely irate wife, in a state of complete dishevelment, amidst the ruins of his home.

The best sort of humour is that contained in the spoken or written word, and of this there is such diversity that it is impossible to do more than refer to them briefly.

There is the humour which is based on an exaggeration of certain national peculiarities. These usually begin, "Have you heard that one about the Scotsman " or the Irishman, or the Jew, or the American. The point of the first will lie in the reputed thriftiness of the Scot; the Irishman in the story will give utterance to a "bull"; the Jew will be on money-making bent, and the American will be quoted telling of the biggest something or other in the world (to be found, of course, in the States). A similar type of humour deals with local or county characteristics.

One large class of funny story is that in which the apparently simple-minded person scores over the superior individual who tries, "to take a rise out of him". Indeed, it seems to be a rule in this class of story, that the weak shall triumph verbally over the strong; the servant over his master; the rustic over the townsman; lunatics over their keepers; schoolboys over their teachers. Mention of the latter reminds me of that class of story known as "howlers", which are mistakes often made by schoolchildren in which some little confusion of thought results in some very incongruous picture being conveyed to the reader, such as the effort of the boy who stated that "the Anglo-Saxons were a lazy and glutinous race".

Mothers-in-law, drunks, dear old ladies, sweeps, curates, charwomen, and burglars, are all common subjects for another type of funny story. Stories about children come in a class by themselves; so do those about the "oldest inhabitant". In fact almost every type of person sometimes figures in a funny story, though some appear to lend themselves to it more easily than others.

One should not omit to mention the so-called, "shaggy dog " stories, which are so ridiculous and preposterous they can hardly fail to amuse.

I have referred mostly to funny stories because it is much more rarely that one happens to be present when a spontaneously humorous remark is made. Spontaneous humour when it happens is certainly far more amusing and appealing than the mere story.

Time and space will not permit me to discourse on humorous writers, since each of these would take a whole essay to discuss (even if it were within my powers to do so), though I should, perhaps, mention a few. In the last century there was Mark Twain, Charles Lamb, Dickens and Lewis Carroll, and coming to the present day we have A. P. Herbert, H. V. Morton, A. A. Milne, and that master-humorist, P. G. Wodehouse.

Humour is one of the blessings of life, which everyone, of whatever rank or station, can enjoy, though there are some unfortunate individuals who are entirely devoid of a sense of humour. Humour lightens many dull moments; it relieves otherwise tedious and monotonous tasks; it provides us with momentary respite and amusement in our humdrum day-to-day existence. Life would be dull indeed without humour and the capacity to enjoy it.

#### **D. BARTON, Form VIA.**

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#### **"BASIC".**

The return of the basic petrol ration made the heart of many an erstwhile motorist beat madly with an exultation surpassing even that of the housewife who has just purchased a pair of kippered herrings. V.E. day was regarded as being outstanding by many people, but on the day when the B.B.C. announced with perfect Oxford accent that "Basic" was to be restored, even V.E. was temporarily eclipsed.

On that glorious day of days, a certain Mr. Brown, of London Town, in company with thousands of motorists throughout the length and breadth of this fair isle made a bee-line for his



garage, in which was housed a cobweb covered chariot of steel, the pride and joy of its owner four or five years before.

Upon entering his garage Mr. Brown becomes acutely aware of a ghastly smell, which is pervading the whole of the garage. After making a vain search for defunct cats he notices that this monstrous odour, this king of smells, is concentrated mainly in the region of the petrol tank; upon opening this he is shaken by the intensity of the odour which now issues forth. After the air in the immediate vicinity of the tank has cleared somewhat, he discovers that the cause of the stench is the four-year-old petrol, which has congealed into a black treacly mess. On examination of the engine it is discovered that the aforementioned treacly mess has choked up most of the more inaccessible valves and feed pipes.

Before long, Mr. Brown has practically disappeared underneath the car, and only his feet protruding from under the radiator indicate his presence. It is in this attitude that he is discovered by Mrs. Brown, who, upon smelling the petrol, promptly faints, thus making Mr. Brown even more hot and bothered than he was before.

After several days' hard work Mr. Brown manages to get the engine running, and charges into the house, uttering loud Indian war whoops to announce his success to his wife. Mrs. Brown is quite thrilled by the news, and goes out to view the miracle. Said miracle has by now ceased to function, and Mr. Brown raises the bonnet muttering things about oily plugs, and making vague threats of what will happen if the engine doesn't begin to go soon. He continues to tinker with the engine for several hours, then gives it up in despair and departs for the local to console himself with a pint of bitter. Next day he discovers, after more tinkering, that the engine will not go because he has exhausted the supply of petrol in the tank.

By dint of much pleading and cajoling he manages to persuade his next-door neighbour to lend him a gallon of the necessary. The car soon responds to this and Mr. Brown throttles it down to a nice contented purr. He then calls Mrs. Brown, who by now is becoming rather cynical.

However she brightens up when she realises that the car is really running and demands to know when they can use it. Mr. Brown informs her that they will go for a run to the sea on June 1st, and retires once more to the Cow & Cucumber, where he settles down in a corner with a contented sigh and a pint of the best, and contemplates the happy times ahead.

**D. N. WILLIAMS, Form VB.**

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**"ELEPHANT RIDGE."**

Far across the paddy fields an impatient cockerel challenged the coming dawn, but Bengal still slept.

"All parties ready?" came the hushed voice of Colonel "B" from the riverbank.

Four quiet "Yessir's," answered back.

"Eight, then let's go."

Almost noiselessly the canoes slid off the sand into the current and disappeared in the swirling river mist.

Good-bye India! Little did we think that we would not return for almost a year?

"Well, so far so good," thought I, endeavouring not to be alarmed at the precarious rocking of the dugout canoe and its bare three inches of freeboard. By the time the night mist lifts we should be far away from prying eyes.

Slowly the events of the past eight days passed through my mind. Those fateful words of the Divisional Commander, "Remember, gentlemen, the successful advance of the Division into Burma depends on your finding a way over these mountain ranges. The weary six day train journey across India. The checking and re-checking of arms, equipment and rations. Last letters home, and how yesterday we sat far into the night over maps and aerial photographs. How ominous those maps looked no friendly green but instead a foreboding mass of dark brown mountain ranges cut by

countless tortuous waterways! "Dense Jungle" was printed everywhere. I thought of home and those I loved, and of the happy years at Larkfield.

For hours the swift current swept us forward, then suddenly the mist lifted. The paddy fields had disappeared, and in their place shrouded in a blue haze were the Burmese hills that marked the commencement of our task. They rose almost perpendicularly like a giant step, a tangled mass of jungle. The canoes leaped forward as the river narrowed to twist and turn through the hills everywhere was evidence of the mighty force of the monsoon flood waters. Colossal tree trunks and boulders tossed into grotesque positions high up on the riverbanks.

Hordes of monkeys chattered with inquisitive excitement as we swept by, and the narrow strips of sand that fringed the river were etched with the tracks of the jungle animals. Every few hundred yards elephant tracks led down to the waters edge, and with them the huge mud holes like bomb craters in which "jumbo" loves to wallow. Gaily coloured birds and waterfowl watched us without fear, whilst far up in the hills baboons looked down and screamed derision. Despite the years we had spent in the jungles of West Africa we felt uneasy; ahead of us lay hundreds of miles of such country and the Japs.

Any luck, sergeant?" I asked wearily.'

"No, sir, it's hopeless."

Three weeks had passed and each day for the whole fourteen hours of daylight we had struggled to overcome our sector. Our jungle green battle dress was torn to shreds, boots gaped, and arms and legs were covered with the scars of leeches and razor sharp bamboo and elephant grass.

A thousand feet directly below us lay the narrow strip of paddy that marked the end of our first task. It seemed hopeless or the past seven days from dawn to dusk we had hacked miles of track in an effort to find a way off the ridge. We found the ridge almost two weeks ago, after a week of disappointment in the deep valleys. In very few places was it more than twenty feet wide, and in one place for forty yards erosion had caused it to narrow to three foot six inches; on each side was a sheer drop of eight hundred feet. But fantastic as it appeared it was feasible and we still believe the only route across.

The next day at dawn I was to set out on my journey to report to Colonel B, who anxiously awaited news of my progress.

"We'll have one last shot at it, sergeant. Who knows we may be lucky". I tried to sound optimistic.

Slowly we picked our way through the bamboo. How long we struggled I can't remember, but the sun was just setting when our diminutive Burmese guide motioned us to stop. I was about to voice my irritation when my African orderly tugged my sleeve then my less keen hearing caught it, far below us came a weird noise, muffled grunts and laboured breathing. It was ascending the ridge. Our guide made a quick motion by passing his hand from his nose to his waist indicating an elephant's trunk. Elephant impossible, I thought. There had not been the slightest trace of spoor all along the ridge.

The noise grew louder, and with rolling eyes my African troops began to fidget. "Quiet," I hissed. "If elephant be fit to come far up, we be fit to go far down."

My heart pounded with excitement, for it was well known to us that elephants always pick the easiest paths. Where he could go we could soon improve for jeeps and artillery.

Hundred yards, Eighty, Sixty, Forty. "God," I thought, what if he is a rogue, we only have the ridge and its sheer drop along which to retreat."

With a terrific noise he suddenly entered the bamboo then he scented us. For a few seconds he stood motionless, his tiny eyes trying to ascertain just what we were. He was a magnificent young bull, three quarters grown and sporting a beautiful pair of tusks.

Seconds passed like hours, and then with a squeal that was almost babyish he swung around and lumbered off down the hill.

"After him," I yelled joyously. "He will show us the way." He did too; half-an-hour later we lay at the foot of Elephant Ridge exhausted and soaked with perspiration, but gloriously happy we had succeeded in our first task thanks to Jumbo.

**H. J. MADLEY, Captain, R.E.**

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**HOME, SWEET HOME.**

The average small boy fights shy of the one place where he never seems to do anything right. The place in question is home.

As soon as he sets foot inside the gate, a voice automatically raises itself in the cry: "Close that gate!" He walks up the path, and enters by the back door. The voice again, this time yelling: "Wipe your feet, Johnny, and close the door!"

Hardly has he done this, when he is ordered to go back and clean the mud off his boots, and told that he can't come in until he does so. After having complied, he attempts to go upstairs. But can he? Most decidedly no. If he goes up, he stays there for the rest of the day.

Rather subdued, he returns into the back yard. Suddenly, a piercing screech rends the air. At once the command is: "Stop that noise at once!" "But I'm only wis'lin'", is met with the threat that if there is no immediate cessation he will have to submit to confinement in the house with some work thrown in.

The poor fellow decides to visit the garden. "Keep away from those flowers", is the next order from the voice, and an added warning about keeping away from the garden.

He wonders if he can climb the garden wall, and proceeds to make an attempt; and after much labour, he reaches the top. While throwing stones at a cat in the road he is ordered down. That voice seems to haunt him. "And don't let me see you trying to climb that apple tree; my lad" is the next order, as he stands thoughtfully contemplating it.

At last, he goes in to tea, after moodily throwing stones very inaccurately at another cat, which appeared on the wall, remaining impassive and utterly oblivious of the fact that it is the target.

Of course, it's the same at tea, "don't do this," "Where're your manners? No more cake," and so on. But the meal fortifies him.

His spirits somewhat higher, he commences to emit that heart-breaking moan which his family know so well as his version of singing. The inevitable "Get out!" immediately follows it.

A game of football in the garden is ungracefully interrupted with outraged yells and likewise indications of acute disapproval. "Well, I'm not hurting," is met with a bellow of rage and "Look at those cabbages and those beans! It looks as if wild elephants have been over on them!"

Indignantly, our friend protests, but in vain. Weed the garden is the command next to be given, he knows of old. It comes, but he also knows that if a few plants are pulled up as well, he will soon be unemployed. It is so in a few seconds.

He hears his mother come out and call to his father, "Where's Johnny?" Instinct tells him "another job."

He sidles unobtrusively out through the hole in the hedge, to freedom, more or less.

**A. J. HALL, Form IVs.**

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**AN ADVENTURE IN THE INDIAN OCEAN.**

We had a very adventurous journey home from India, and we were given only 24 hours in which to be ready to leave. I was very sorry to leave India, as I had lived there most of my life and was used to the surroundings.

We arrived at Bombay on March the 18th, but the ship was a little way out of harbour and we had to go out to it in ferryboats. That evening we set sail as the sun was setting, casting a golden gleam over the water. I stood on deck and watched Bombay, and with it India, disappear over the horizon.

The first five or six days on board ship were very exciting. A friend took us down to the engine room, and I was glad to come away because the engines made an awful noise. The ship was the "Felix Roussel," a French luxury liner, and it was the last to leave Singapore before the Japanese took it. Suddenly the sun went in, and we knew a storm was brewing. My mother was very ill with seasickness and I did not feel very well. All we could see was a stormy sea and a dark sky. The ship was rocking from side to side and it made me feel very dizzy. We had run into a cyclone. That night I went to bed quite early, but I woke up in about the middle of the night. The ship was lurching horribly. Everything was sliding from one side of the cabin to the other, and I could hear faintly, crashes, marking china falling to the floor. There were rails on the side of the bed to prevent people from falling out if the ship rolled, and I clung to one of these. I was very frightened! It seemed like a terrible nightmare and I was to suffer. We were told to stay in our cabins because if we walked around in the corridors accidents would happen. One man broke his leg, and another nearly broke his skull.

The next morning it had cleared up considerably, but there was still a heavy swell. I heard the sad news that the dining room had been completely wrecked. The storm had battered down the windows and the water had gushed in. Some gallant French sailors tied ropes to one another and battled their way through the water to close the windows. We were unable to have our food there as all the tables had been washed away, and all the crockery broken. We had to drink out of tin mugs and live on ships biscuits and cheese for over a week.

That day I went up on deck and I saw a terrible sight! The deck was piled up with debris and half of the rails had been washed away, and with them two of the lifeboats. Even if the ship had sunk we would not have been able to launch the lifeboats, as they would have been dashed against the sides of the ship. I learned later that the decks had been completely flooded with water. A few days later we reached Mauritius, a little island off the south east coast of Madagascar, where we had to have repairs. Then we continued to Cape Town, and reached England safely in the month of June.

I think God must have wanted us to live on, as we narrowly escaped death on the sea.

**PATRICIA BURRAGE, Form IIIA.**

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**PARADISE.**

If only I could  
Live in a wood,  
In a tent I could dream all day.  
Then at night  
I should light  
My old wooden pipe  
And let all my cares fly away.

What fun it would be,  
No P.A.Y.E.,  
No office, no boss, nor a wife.  
Just a tent,  
No rent,  
Not needing a cent,  
Don't you think you'd enjoy my life?

**IRENE GILL, VB.**

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## "SHAKESPEARE."

The man who is the greatest of all England's poets is, of course, William Shakespeare. The most surprising thing about him is how little, that is absolutely definite, we know about his life, apart from his literary genius. We can trace that astonishing life in outline but with a scarcity of details, though a whole library of books has been written about him. A modern essayist, Hilaire Belloc, in one of his humorous essays, "On an unknown country, gives a remarkable simile on Shakespeare: "Like an exceedingly rich man who, every now and then, gives out a handful of Jewels to his friends", thus referring to Shakespeare's wonderful lines of poetry.

In the little town of Stratford-on-Avon, still one of the most beautiful in the Midlands of England, Shakespeare was born on April 23rd, 1564. His boyhood would, in all probability, be passed like that of any other tradesman's son of the time, with the sports of a rural town for pastime, and the local Grammar School (under Master Walter Roche) as his source of learning Shakespeare would be forced to up betimes, for the lessons began at six o'clock in the morning in the summer weather as daylight was precious in those days. In his play "As you like it" the world-famous lines spoken by Jacques, describe his attitude extremely well towards going to school! The lines are these:

"the whining schoolboy, with his satchel  
and shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school."

The strange style of writing known as Old English was the style taught by Master Roche, who was rather behind the times. But whatever the defects of the course of education at the Stratford Grammar School may have been, William Shakespeare learned enough there to enable him to express, with all the power of his wonderful genius, the great and beautiful thoughts that later blossomed in his mind. He received during the six years at the school the key with which he was later on to unlock the treasure house of his imagination, for all the world and for all time.

When he was almost nineteen, he married Ann Hathaway, the daughter of a well-to-do farmer near Stratford, who was eight years older than he was. Round about 1585 to 1586, Shakespeare went to London to seek his fortune. After a while, he became one of the members of one of the very few theatrical companies, which existed in those days. By 1590, he had begun to try his hand at writing or more likely revising, plays, while he was now himself appearing on the stage as a performer although not a brilliant actor.

Shakespeare's series of great comedies and tragedies, which began, most likely with "Love's Labour Lost" in 1591, and ended with the, "The Tempest" in 1611, were such a success that he was a comparatively rich man by the year 1600, as well as part owner of the Globe Theatre. But the most successful years of Shakespeare's life came after 1600, when his popularity both as a dramatist and an actor was at the highest, and the success of the Globe theatre brought him a splendid income. Altogether he was the author of 37 plays (among them being "Hamlet", "Twelfth Night", "Mid Summer Night's Dream", "Julius Caesar", "Macbeth", "Romeo and Juliet", "Merchant of Venice," and many others), as well as 154 sonnets. In 1612, he settled down at Stratford as a man of wealth and property". The later part of his life says the dramatist Nicholas Bowe, who edited Shakespeare's works in 1709, was spent in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends.

Shakespeare came at the right time, when interest in the stage as a medium of poetic entertainment and instruction had revived. His native powers were so much greater than those of all the scholars of his day that (even in an age when learning and scholarship was dearly prized, and he had less, in a scholastic sense, than many of his fellow-dramatists), he outshone, and will outlast, them all. In every sentence of his plays and poems we can see the easy, confident hand of a mighty master, and one knows that he himself was conscious of his greatness, for he writes in one of his beautiful sonnets:-

"Not marble, nor the gilded monuments  
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rime"



In March, 1616, the poet was taken ill, and on his birthday, April 23rd, 1616, William Shakespeare died in his fine house at Stratford. He was laid to rest in the chancel of the parish church where over his grave these rather feeble words are carved on a flat stone:-

"Good friend, for Jesus sake forbear  
To dig the dust enclosed here.  
Blest be the man that spares these stones  
And curst be he that moves my bones."

It is not known who wrote these lines, but no one has ever ventured to break this solemn command and there the dust of England's greatest poet still reposes.

**O G. BAKER, Form YA.**

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### **IVA PARTY POLITICS.**

We know the election is coming quite near,  
So the boys of IVA are full of good cheer  
They walk round the school, in bunches of hearties,  
Each shouting out their political parties.

First Sid says he's Labour, but Light can't agree  
For he wants to live in a country that's free  
What! Government owned, each nut and each bolt  
You couldn't do that, there would be a revolt

Now Fardoe is National, looking quite sinister,  
He stands for Churchill, a jolly good minister,  
So gallant in war, and so brave during peace,  
For he, it was, settled the trouble in Greece.

I think, he said, Churchill was brave during peace,  
Well, he was told that by old Ebber Reese,  
A great politician, as everyone knows,  
From the crown of his head to the tip's of his toes.

But now its all over, this trouble and strife,  
We've now settled down to a nice quiet life,  
And for the old students, we've made a collection,  
Completely forgetting about the election.

**DENNIS L. JONES, IVA.**

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### **SCHOOL NOTES.**

#### **SPEECH DAY.**

The annual Larkfield Speech Day and Prize Distribution was held on December 5th, 1944, in the Public Hall. The Rev Ivor Davies, B.A., Chairman of the Governors, presided. Mr. W. R. Robinson the Acting Headmaster, in the unfortunate absence of Lieut.Col. J. H. E. Webb, delivered his report of the School's progress during the preceding year.

A very interesting and enlightening address was given by Larkfield's former, and much esteemed, Headmaster, the Rev A. H. Birch, M.A., Ph.D. The prizes and certificates were then distributed by Mrs. Birch.

#### **PRIZE-WINNERS.**

**Form prizes:** VI. J. B. Northcott; Va, B. J. Henderson, I. Sharvell, M. Hutchings;  
Vb, J. Vincent, P. Whitaker; IVa S May, E.M. Jones; IVb, E. B. Robinson, P. March,

IIIa E. Stewart D. Roberts; IIIb, T. Greene, D. Reeves; Ila, P. Burrage P. Huckson; I Ib, G. Rosser, M. Reese, G. Chappell.

**Special Prizes:** English, E. O. Robinson; French, P Whitaker; History, E. Brown; Latin, Biology, B. Henderson; Geography, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, J. Vincent; Woodwork H Jones; Art, A. D. Stevens; Service, E. Evans; Hubert Rowland Memorial, D. Barton, G. L. Norkett.

**C.W.B. School Certificates:** B. N. Baker, O. G. Baker A Ballinger, W. J. Brace, E. E. Brown, E. J. Chappell G N Davies, G. E. Davies, I. M. A. Edwards T. I. Edwards E. E Harris, B. J. Henderson, A. E. Hopkins, M. T. Hutchings H Jones, B. J. Jordan, K. M. Keagan, G. L. Norkett, J F Pitcher A. E. Porges, R. O. Robinson, T. I. Sharvell, G. H. Simmonds, E. K. Tamplin, J. Vincent, W. M. Watkins, P. Whitaker S J Whittaker, D. N. Williams.

**C.W.B. Higher Certificates:** J. B. Northcott, D. J. Watson.

**Supplementary Certificates:** H. Y. Allen, B. N. Leach, T. S. O'Neill.

**Old Pupils' Scholarships:** E. Warner, J. B. Northcott.

**School Colours:** Hockey, I. Wilkins, E. Evans, Y. Allen, M. King; Netball, M. Evans, M. Pitt; Tennis, B. Baker, N. Leach; Rugby, B. Jordan, G. Norkett, K. Tamplin. J. Vincent Cricket, W. Bailey, B. Barton.

As a conclusion to a very successful afternoon, Forms II, conducted by Mr. A. E. Edwards and accompanied by Dennis Jones, sang "La Marseillaise" and "Il etait un' bergere." Then Madeleine Stephens, Va, gave a recitation, and finally the School Choir, conducted by Miss M. Gillatt and accompanied by Mary Hutchings, rendered the following delightful songs, "Art Thou Troubled," "Cradle Song," "Russian Carol," and finally that rousing song by Feltcher, "Summer Morn."

## O. BAKER.

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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 because of his military duties; but, in spite of this, the day was very successful.

The general standard of events was high, the girls' vocal duets being remarkable. The Hobbies Section yielded several fine models of ships and aircraft, and the girls produced some excellent results in their Handicrafts Sections.

The results are as follows:-

Junior English Recitation: 1, E. Jones (Severn); 2 F Attewell (Severn); 3, M. Meek-Welsh (Severn).

Junior Piano Solo: 1, D. Jarvis (Severn); 2, J. Murphy (Wye); 3, M. Jones (Severn).

Junior French Recitation: 1, E. Morris (Wye); 2, J. Murphy (Wye); 3, N. Menage (Usk)

Senior Piano Solo: 1, M. Hutchings (Severn) and D. Jones (Wye).

Junior Girls' Solo: 1, P. Lewis (Severn); 2, P. Burrage (Usk) and B. Williams (Wye).

Impromptu Speech (open): 1, T. S. O'Neill (Severn); 2, Y. Allen (Severn) and I. Evans (Severn).

Senior Boys' Solo: 1, G. Edmunds (Usk); 2, G. Morgan (Severn); 3, T. I. Edwards (Usk).

Junior Boys' Solo: 1, E. Williams (Wye); 2, D. Richards (Usk); 3, P. Clement (Severn).

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

Senior Girls' Solo: 1, E. Reece (Usk); 2 B. Henderson (Wye) and E. Evans (Severn).

Pianoforte Duet (open): 1, M. Hutchings and D. Jarvis (Severn); 2 D Jones and D. Evans (Wye); 3, M. Jones and M. Meek-Welsh (Severn).

Senior English Recitation: 1, M. Stephens (Wye); 2, T S O'Neill (Severn); 3, M. Hutchings (Severn)

Open Pianoforte: 1. M. Hutchings (Severn); 2, D. Jones (Wye); 3, D. Evans (Wye).  
 Vocal Duet (open): 2 B Whitcombe and B. Henderson (Wye); 3, B. Williams and S. Lewis (Wye).  
 Junior Cookery: 1, J. Davies (Severn); 2, J. Murphy (Wye); 3. L. Jones (Wye)  
 Senior Cookery. 1, L. Brookes (Severn); 2, B. Belsham (Wye); 3. V. Davies (Wye).  
 Open Cookery: 1 V Adams (Severn); 2, B. Sykes (Usk) and D. Williams (Wye).  
 Junior Art: 1, V. Adams (Severn); 2, B. Brown (Usk) and J. Day (Severn).  
 Senior Art: 1 A .Stephens (Wye); 2, H. Heycock (Usk); 3,V. Davies (Wye) and J. Field (Usk).  
 Junior Model Aircraft: 1 H. Olliffe (Usk); 2, G. Rosser (Usk); 3, P. King (Wye).  
 Senior Model Aircraft: 1, D. Barton (Wye); 2, D. Jones  
 Junior Model Ship. 1, P. King (Wye); 2, R. Clement (Severn); 3, D. Evans (Wye).  
 Senior Model Ship: 1, D. Barton (Wye).  
 Junior English Essay : 1, P. Behrendt (Severn); 2, R. Meyrick (Wye); 3, J. Murphy (Wye).  
 Senior English Essay: 1, 1. Sharvell (Wye); 2, E. Evans (Severn); 3, H. Heycock (Usk).  
 Junior Physics: 1, E. Boon (Severn).  
 Senior Physics: 1, A. Stephens (Wye); 2, G. Norkett (Usk) and M. Edwards (Usk).  
 Junior Chemistry. 1, B. Williams (Wye); 2, P. Burrage (Usk); 3, G. Picton (Wye).  
 Senior Chemistry : 1, J. Gilbert (Wye); 2, A. Stephens (Wye); 3, G. Norkett (Usk).  
 Junior Geography: 1, S. Beddow (Severn); 2, R. Clement (Severn); 3, E. Meyrick (Wye).  
 Senior Geography: 1, E. Harris (Wye); 2, T. S. O'Neill (Severn); 3, O. Robinson (Wye).  
 Junior Biology: 1, A. Sharvell (Usk); 2, J. Savage (Severn) 3, F. Roberts (Severn) and J. Peach (Wye).  
 Senior Biology: 1, 1. Sharvell (Wye); 2, O. Baker (Severn); 3, H. Heycock (Usk) and B. Henderson (Wye).  
 Junior Needlecase: 1, L. Price (Usk) 2, M. Baghurst (Usk); 3, M. Reese (Usk).  
 Junior Pixie Hood: M. Woods (Severn); 2 M Reese (Usk); 3. D. Edwards (Wye).  
 Junior Embroidery : 2, M. Meek-Welsh (Severn) and D. Jarvis (Severn).  
 Senior Braid Bag: 1, L. Brooks (Severn).  
 Senior Thrift: 1, W. Watkins (Wye); 2, M. Tewkesbury(Severn); 3, S. Lewis (Wye).  
 Senior Darning : 1, D. Roberts (Wye); 2, D. Mayo (Severn); 3, M. King (Usk).  
 Senior Knitting: 1, M. Jones (Severn); 2, B. Belsham (Wye); 3, S. Stafford (Wye).  
 Junior Country Dancing: 1, Wye; 2, Severn and Usk.  
 Senior Country Dancing: 1, Severn; 2, Wye; 3, Usk.  
 House Choirs: 1, Wye; 2, Severn; 3, Usk.  
 House Plays: 1, Wye; 2, Severn; 3, Usk.  
 Final Positions: 1, Wye, 105½; 2, Severn, 95½; 3, Usk, 46.

**D.N.WILLIAMS.**

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**SPORTS DAY 1944.**

This issue of the Larkfield Times has to record two Sports Days. In July 1944 Sports Day was combined with a Fete organised to provide funds for paying for the new School piano and helping the O.S., Comforts Fund. The Fete was opened by the Rev. Ivor Davies (Chairman of the Governors), supported by Mrs.Davies and members of the School Governing Body, and proved to be an unqualified success in brilliant weather.

The. Fancy Needlework Stall and Produce Stall were quickly surrounded while long queues were waiting for a lucky dip in the Bran Tub provided by Form IVa.

At the end of the afternoon the Shield was presented to the Wye House Captains and it was announced that the Victrix Ludorum was Eileen Evans, the Victor Ludorum G. Norkett.

Thanking all who had helped in any way, the Headmaster, Mr. W. Robinson, announced that the substantial total of £85 had been raised.

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### SCHOOL SPORTS 1945.

The usual Larkfield weather prevailed on the day of May 16<sup>th</sup> although the Sports Day was held rather early this year. The Sports were well attended and the customary high standard of performance was maintained:

#### OFFICIALS.

President, Rev. Ivor Davies, B.A., Chairman of the Governors.

Among the Judges were Councillor J. F. Price, J.P., Rev. Dr. A. H. Birch, M.A., Inspector A.

Butler, G. H Baker, Esq, W H Turnbull, Esq., Rev. Canon Hughes, M.A.

Stewards: Lieut-Colonel J. H. E. Webb, M.B.E., T.D., M.Sc. (Headmaster), W. Robinson, Esq., B.Sc., Miss D. M. Smith M.A., Miss M. M. Gillatt, B.A., Miss S. M. Davies, B.A., Miss G. E. S. John, B.Sc., Miss P. Sheen, B.A., Mr. N. S. Taylor, M.Sc., Miss M. V. Williams, Miss L. Biggs, Miss E. Fees B A

Clerk of the Course: F. C. Wilding, Esq., B.A,

Starter: B. Westcott, B.Sc.

Recorder: G. Mellish, Esq., B.Sc.

Timekeeper: A. Edwards, Esq., B.A.

#### RESULTS.

Throwing the Cricket Ball: 1, D. Barton (W); 2, G. Edmunds (U); 3, P. Cole (W).

80 yards, junior girls: 1, J. Savage (S); 2, M. Woods (S); 3, S. Gatehouse (W).

100 yards, junior boys: 1, D. Davies (S); 2, P. Behrendt (S); 3, T. Lock (W).

220 yards, junior boys: 1, D. Davies (S); 2, T. Lock (W); 3, P. Behrendt (S).

Egg and Spoon Race: 1, J. Simmonds (W); 2, A. Rowlands (W); 3, N. Roach (S).

100 yards, senior boys : 1, B. Jordan (W); 2, G. Edmonds (U); 3, D. Barton (W).

80 yards (senior girls): 1, J. Simmonds (W); 2, I. Jones (S); 3, E. Evans (S).

220 yards, senior boys : 1, B. Jordan (W); 2, G. Edmonds (U); 3, D. Barton (W).

80 yards skipping, Senior girls: 1, J. Voss (W); 2, J. Simmonds (W); 3, E. Evans (S).

80 yards skipping,, junior girls: 1, J. Savage (S); 2, M. Woods (S); 3, N. Menage (U).

Hurdles, junior girls: 1, J. Savage (S); 2, M. Skinner (W); 3, F. Jones (S).

Hurdles, senior girls: 1, E. Evans (S); 2, M. Trussler (U); 3, I. Jones (S).

Late for School, junior girls: 1, D. Jarvis (S); 2, M. Woods (S); 3, P. Burrage (U).

880 yards (open): 1, D. Barton (W); 2, C. Wright (U); 3, G. Edmonds (U).

High Jump, junior girls: 1, J. Savage (S); 2, G. Chappell (U); 3, E. Jones (S).

High Jump, junior boys: 1, E. N. Morgan (U); 2, P. Behrendt (S); 3, P. Evans (W).

High Jump, senior girls: 1, J. Williams (W); 2, B. Whitcombe; 3, M. Trussler (U).

High jump, senior boys: 1, W. Paul (S); 2, J. Reese (W); 3, B. Jordan (W).

Four-legged Race, senior: 1, Wye; 2, Severn; 3, Severn.

Hurdles, junior boys: 1, S. Beddow (S); 2, D. Evans (W); 3, E. Morgan (U).

Hurdles, senior boys: 1, B. Jordan (W); 2, J. Reese (W); 3, O. Robinson-(W).

Obstacle Race, senior girls: 1, A. Sharvell (U); 2, I; Jones (S); 3, E. Evans (S).

House Relay, girls: 1, Severn; 2, Wye; 3, Usk.

House Relay, boys; 1, Wye; 2, Usk; 3, Severn.

Long Jump, senior boys: 1, G. Edmonds (U); 2, B. Jordan (W); 3, J. Reese (W).

Long Jump, junior boys: 1, S. Beddow (S); 2, P. Behrendt (S); 3, T. Lock(W).

HOUSE POINTS: 1, Severn, 64 (Shield); 2, Wye, 62; 3, Usk, 38.

Victrix Ludorum: E. Evans and J. Simmonds.

Victor Ludorum: B. J. Jordan.

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

### NATIONAL SAVINGS, 1944-45.

During the year we were very sorry to lose our Savings Organiser, Mr. L. Morgan. Mr. Wilding, however, ably replaced him, and during the year £900 has been saved, making the total to the present £22,700. This splendid total has been reached after five years and five months of regular saving by pupils, but the total from June, 1944, to the present is lower than in the other

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years because there has been no special National Savings Week to correspond with others in the preceding years.

The number of savers is, however, still low compared with the number of pupils in the School, so we must try and increase our total in the coming year.

**C. P. WRIGHT.**

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**SEVERN HOUSE NOTES.**

Girls' Captain: M. E. Evans. Boys' Captain: W. Paul.

This year has been a very successful one for the Severn House. The girls did very well in the Hockey and Netball matches, being victors over both the Usk and the Wye. The boys, however, were not so fortunate, and lost both their Rugby matches.

We were top in School work, we won the Sports, and came second in the Eisteddfod. Finally, we are very pleased to say that after several years of striving the Severn has at last succeeded in winning the Shield, and we hope that this will be only the first of many successes.

**M. E. EVANS, W. PAUL.**

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**WYE HOUSE NOTES.**

Girls' Captain: O. B. Whitcombe. Boys' Captain: D. Barton.

After winning the Shield for the last two years, we were very disappointed to lose it this year by three points.

Again we were successful in the Eisteddfod and gained second place in the Sports, the one Victrix; Ludorum, J. Simmonds, and the Victor Ludorum, B. J. Jordan, being in the Wye.

The boys were more successful than the girls in House matches, defeating the Severn and drawing with the Usk in Rugby.

The girls lost both Hockey matches, won the Netball match against the Usk but lost to the Severn.

We hope the Wye will work harder than ever and so be victorious next year.

**O.B, WHITCOMBE, D, BARTON,**

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**USK HOUSE NOTES.**

Boys' Captain: G. NORCKETT. Girls' Captain: H. HEYCOCK.

This year, unfortunately, the Usk has not attained its usual position owing to the scarcity of members in Forms IV and V. We hope to be more successful next year as Form IV has many promising members.

The boys won their Rugby match against the Severn and drew with the Wye. The girls beat the Wye at Hockey but lost to the Severn. We unluckily lost both Netball matches.

This year we have had to take third place, but the Usk hopes to regain prominence as we have done in the past.

**G. NORCKETT, H. HEYCOCK.**



### **HOCKEY NOTES.**

Captain: M. E. Evans. Vice-Captain: H. Y. Allen. Hon. Secretary: M. Hutchings.

This season proved a fairly successful one for the Hockey team, although some of our matches had to be cancelled owing to bad weather. Of the matches we played, we won two, drew two, and lost two. We were again able to run a Second Team, and this has provided us with several promising players for next year.

We are grateful to Miss Davies and Miss Williams for the help that they have given us, and look forward to a successful season next year.

Colours were presented, to: I. Wilkins, M. King, Y. Allen and E. Evans.

Team: M. Philips, M. Jones, H. Heycock, M. King, Y. Allen, B. Whitcombe, J. Savage, P. Gill, J. Voss, O. Baker and E. Evans. Reserves: M. Carlick and J. Williams.

Scorers: J. Voss 6, E. Brown 3, P. Gill 1, E. Evans 3.

**E. EVANS.**

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### **RUGBY NOTES.**

Captain: D. Barton. Vice-Captain: B. J. Jordan.

Last season's Rugby results were again disappointing. Although members of the team played fairly well individually, G. Norkett being outstanding, they lacked the combination and coordination necessary in a team. This fault could have been remedied by more practice.

The team again suffered from lack of weight and are at a great disadvantage when playing against heavier teams. In all, we lost 4 matches, 3 to Beachley and one to Newport High School. In the match against St. Julians neither side scored, and we also drew with the Old Students. The latter match was a very close game and the issue was strongly contested until the final whistle. The score was 8-8.

Team: D. Barton, G L Norkett, B. J. Jordan, B. Rowson, O. Robinson, E. Harris, P. Coles, J. Gilbert, B. Bullock, M. Edwards, T. Stevens, J. Simmonds, E. Thomas, J. Pitcher, W. Paul.  
Reserve: T. Edwards.

Colours were awarded to: G. Norkett, B. Jordan, K. Tamplin, J. Vincent.

**D. BARTON.**

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### **NETBALL NOTES.**

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

Although the weather was very bad this season and few matches were played, the team played extremely well as a whole.

Several of the matches were cancelled, and we have lost one of our players. We have been most unfortunate, having lost every match. We are looking forward to a more successful season for next year.

Colours were presented to: M. Evans, M. Pitt.

Teams Betty Belsham, Mary Hutchings, Marion Tewkesbury, Sylvia Lewis, Mary Evans, Jean North, Barbara Sheppard. Reserve: Iris Jones.

**M. EVANS.**

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### **TENNIS NOTES.**

Captain: M. Phillips. Vice-Captain: H. Heycock. Secretary: M. Hutchings.

The unusually wet weather and the general shortage of balls have prevented our playing much tennis this term. As yet all the matches have been cancelled through unfavourable weather conditions.

We were sorry to lose a promising new member to the team, Maisie King, whose place has now been taken by the reserve.

Colours were presented to: N. Leach, B. Baker, M. Phillips.

Team: M. Phillips, E. Williams, T. Heycock, M. Hutchings, M. King, S. May.

**M. PHILLIPS**

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**BASEBALL NOTES.**

Captain: J. Williams. Vice-Captain: M. Carlick.

The team have been unsuccessful this term in matches on account of bad weather; but the team are very keen, so there is still hope.

Team: A. Rowlands, M. Carlick, G. Chappell, B. Williams M. Nailer, J. Savage, M. Howells, H. Sims, J. Williams.

**J. WILLIAMS.**

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**CRICKET NOTES (1945 Season).**

Captain: B. Rowson. Vice-Captain: P. Cole. Secretary: D. Barton.

Out of the very few fixtures arranged for the season, one match has been played. This was against Lydney who defeated us by 16 runs. Our score included a fine innings of 36 by D Barton, but otherwise a general lack of batting proficiency was revealed.

We are greatly handicapped by the lack of a decent cricket pitch, but hope that this will be rectified for future seasons now that the European war has ceased.

Colours were presented to: Bailey, Barton.

Team: D. Barton, B. Bullock, P. Cole, G. Cullinane, J. Gilbert, E. Hams, B. J. Jordan, A. Lewis, R. Morgan, Powell B. Rowson, T. Stevens, R. T. Lomas, C. Simmonds.

**B. ROWSON, Vsc.**

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**LARKFIELD OLD STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.**

OFFICERS 1945-46.

President, Dr. Birch

Vice-Presidents, Lt.-Colonel J. H. E. Webb and Miss D. M. Smith;

Chairman, Mr. W. Robinson-

Treasurer, Mr. B. Westcott;

Committee, Miss M. Gillatt, Miss I. Flowers, Mrs. H. Powell, Miss M. Rees, Miss L. Rees, Miss M. Spooner, Miss M. Edwards, Miss J. Brown, Mr. H. Wilding, Mr. J. G. Weeks, Mr. T. Evans;

Hon. Secretaries, Miss A. H. Baker and Mr. E. Brown.

The main activity of the Association during the past year has been to keep in touch, as much as possible with all the Old Students on Active Service. We were able to send out 141 Christmas Parcels, but unfortunately were unable to send more through lack of information regarding other serving members. We should be pleased to receive any addresses, which would help us to make our lists more complete.

Several dances were held with the object of raising money for the Comforts Fund. On December 27th a Social Evening held at Larkfield was enjoyed by many Old Students and their friends.

It has been decided to start a Welcome Home Fund for the benefit of Old Students who have served in H.M. Forces, and it is hoped that all Old Students still in "Civvy Street" will support this worthy cause. We cannot speak too highly of all our Old Students who have rendered and are continuing to render splendid service in all branches of the Services. At this point it would be appropriate to mention several Old Students who have been awarded decorations in the past year. Captain H. Madley has been awarded the M.B.E., F/Lieut. Reeves (posthumously) and P.O. Griffiths the D.F.C.

We extend our congratulations to Lt. Col. Webb, our Vice-President, on his promotion to the rank of Lieut-Colonel.

During the year we played enjoyable matches against the School teams at Tennis, Cricket, Hockey, Netball and Rugby, with creditable results. We lost both our Secretaries during the past year. Mr. J. Dixon has gone to Nigeria to take up a Government Post, while Miss K. Price has resigned on account of her health. To both we wish to express our sincere thanks for their valuable services. Now that hostilities have ceased in Europe we are hoping that the Association will be able to resume its normal activities. Reunion dinners to welcome home all members of the Forces are to be held. Finally we should like to express our appreciation for the help and co-operation we have received from the Headmaster and Staff. Without their assistance we should find it difficult to function as an Association.

**H. BAKER, E. BROWN, Hon. Secretaries.**

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**MARRIAGES.**

**Marshall-Singleton.** Mary Kathleen Marshall to Lieut. Reginald A. Singleton (R.N.V.B.), on October 18th, 1944, at St. Mary's Church, Portskewett.

**Talbot-Pascoe.** Barbara E. Talbot to Brian J. Pascoe, on October 21st, 1944, at St. Mary's Church, Portskewett.

**Burns-Ward.** Barbara Burns to Harold Ward, in March, 1944, at St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Irlam to th' Heights, Salford, Lancs.

**Plant-Saunders.** Muriel Plant to P/O. J. E. Saunders, on June 17th, 1944, at Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs.

**Gardner-Davies.** Constance May Gardner to Pte. C. H Davies on June 2nd, at St. Stephen's Church, Gloucester.

**Griffiths-Slingsby.** Mollie Slingsby to F/O T. Griffiths (R.A.F.) (1933-1938), on July 25th, 1944, at St. Mary's Church, Chepstow.

**Reeves-Smith.** F/Lieut. C. Reeves (1937-1940) to L. Smith on July 22nd, 1945, at St. Luke's Church Manchester.

**Tittley-Jones.** Constance M. Jones (1938-1942) to F. J. Tittley, in May, 1945, at St. Mary's Church, Rogiet.

**Williams-Jones.** Enid P. Jones (1938-1941) to Samuel J. Williams, on May 23rd, 1945, at Llanvaches.

**Henderson-Nunn.** Wren Jean Henderson (1936-1940) to Flying Officer A. J. Nunn, on May 5th, at St. Mary's Church, Chepstow.

**Townsend-Frayre.** Herbert Townsend (1938-1942) to Beryl Frayre, on June 9th, 1945, at Caldicot Church.

**Jones-Langley.** Muriel Jones to Alfred Langley, on April-8th 1944.

**Shore-Arnold.** Sergt. W. Shore, R.A.F., to Mary E. Arnold, W.A.A.F., on June 9th, at Chepstow Parish Church.

**M. HUTCHINGS, VIB.**

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**DIED ON ACTIVE SERVICE.**

Sergt. A. F. M. Cook (1931-36), Sept., 1942  
 Gunner R. Harris (1931-35), R.A. In Malta.  
 Cpl. M. Perry (1932-37), W.A.A.F.  
 Lieut. H. Rowlands, Nov., 1942. In N. Africa  
 A. F. Thomas (1927-31), Oct., 1939 In France.  
 Sergt. R. G. Vincent (1930-37), R.A.F.  
 F/O. C. J. Dibden, R.A.F.  
 Sergt. W. J. Porter, R.A.  
 Lieut. D. Pritchard.  
 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.  
 Sergt. H. Sheppard, R.A.F.  
 Sergt. B. Trivitt (1935-37), R.A.F.

H. Vaughan, M.N.

## REPORTED MISSING.

P. Phillips.

A/C. E. Blackaby (1926-32), R.A.F. In Japan  
A/C. L. Gittins (1928-32), R.A.F. In Japan.

N. A. Presley In Crete.  
O. N. Stephens.

## PRISONER'S OF WAR.

## ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

Lt.-Col. J. H. E. Webb, M.Sc., M.B.E., T.D., 2nd Batt.  
Mon. Regt

Cpl. M. Arnold, R.A.F.

Photographer B. Baker.

Sergt. H. G. Attewell, R.A.F.

Capt. W. H. M. Baker, M.C. (1927-34), R.A.F.

F. B. Baker. R.N.

Driver H. Ball (1927-32).

L/A/C. J. B. Banfield (1938-39), R.A.F.

A/C. F. E. G. Bennett (1932-36), R.A.F.

W.O. A. Bennett (1931-34), R.A.F.

Fusilier F. H. Billing, C.M.P

A/C. C. Beddis (1926-29), R.A.F.

Lt. H. R. Bowen.

Cpl. A. Bullock (1924-28), E.R.S.

F/Sergt. V. Bullock (1928-33), B.O.A., R.A.F.

A/C/W. I. J. Brown (1933-39), W.A.A.F.

Pte. S. F. Brace (1935-39), S.W.B.

Sergt. E. H. Butler (1935-37), R.A.F.

Wrt. A. L. Blight, R.N.

Sergt. E. F. Battin.

L/A/C. E. Ballinger.

J L Brace

A/C. F. Coles (1925-29).

2nd Lieut. J. Coles (1925-29).

Sapper H. D. Chubb (1933-38), R.E.

Pte. L. Carter.

F/Lieut. E. J. Cowie (1924-29), R.A.F.

L/A/C. D. C. Cullinane, R.N.A.S.

L/Cpl. S. M. Cullinane (1936-40), A.T.S.

L/Cpl. P. M. Cullinane (1931-36), A.T.S.

Sergt. P. J. Culshaw (W.A.A.F.).

Sister E. M. Culshaw, Q.A.I.M.N.S.

Cadet P. J. P. Collins.

Sergt. J. S. Dobbs (1928-32), 1st Mons.

2nd Lieut. E. J. Dobbs.

Signalman R. Davies (1931-35), Royal Corps of  
Signals.

Pte. C. H. Davies, R.A.O.C.

Pte. C. M. Dixon, A/A.

2nd Lieut. K. B. Ellis (1931-35), Worcester Regt.

Pte. B. O. Edwards.

F/O. J. B. Felton (1928-33), R.A.F.

Sergt. F. W. Fyfield (1936-38), R.A.F.

Sergt. M. K. Foster (1930-34), A.T.S.

H. Farr (1931-36), R.E.M.E.

L/A/C. R. J. Fisher (1926-29), R.A.F.

Capt. N. E. France, R.A.M.C.

L/A/C. G. R. Freebury, R.A.F.

Cpl. L. Friend.

Apprentice P. Groves (1930-35), R.W.R.

Signalman A. J. Griffiths (1929-36).

F/O. T. Griffiths (1933-39), R.A.F.

Lieut. T. D. Groves, R.N.V.R.

L/A/C/. K. H. P. Greening (1935-39), R.A.F.

Fit./Sergt. G. O. Green, R.A.F.

Cpl. K. Hill (1932-36), R.A.F.

L/A/C. C. G. Hill, R.C.A.F.

F/O. G. H. Hill (1929-35), R.A.F.

Sergt. M. Hill (1932-36), R.A.S.C.

Cpl. R. Hillman (1934-37), W.A.A.F.

L/Cpl. J. Howells (1932-37). 1st Mons.

L/A/C. T. Hunt (1933-39), R.A.F.

Capt. Chaplain H. M. Hughes (1925-31), Welch Regt.

2nd Lieut. H. W. Hickman (1929-30), R.A.S.C.

Lieut. I. J. Hoare (1929), R.A.S.C.

Sergt. R. Hardwick (1934-39), R.A.F.

Cpl. D. Herbert, R.A.F.

L/A/C. T. Herbert, R.A.F.

Sub. A. Hillier (1932-36), A.T.S.

J. R. Hill (1924-28), R.N.

Pte. R. Hicks (1929-33), 3rd Mons.

Cpl. C. Hobbs (1928-32), R.A.F.

L/A/C. R. G. Hobbs (1933-34), R.A.F.

Sergt. J. C. Harding (1930-32), R.A.F.

L/Cpl. R. Hooper (1930-32), R.A.F.

L/A/C. R. S. Hart, R.A.F.

Cpl. A. H. Harrison.

A/C.2 G. House, R.A.F.

A/C. G. Hoggins, R.A.F.

Guardsman J. Hutchings, Welsh Guards.

Gnr. A. Hotchkin, R.A.

L/A/C. E. D. Isaac, R.A.F.

Midshipman D. J. Jones (1934-39), M.N.

Cpl. S. Jones (1931-35), R.A.F.

P/O. G. Jones (1926-30), R.A.F.

P/O. (A) K. Jones (1936-40), F.A.A.

Sergt. H. R. Jenkins, R.A.F.

Sergt. K. T. Jarvis.

L/A/C. R. D. Knight (1928-33), R.A.F.

L/Cpl. J. H. Knight (1931-37), R.A.F.

Cadet H. T. Kear (1932-37), R.A.F.

Dr. J. E. King, R.A.S.C.

Sig. A. N. King, R.N.

S/Lieut. J. B. Lewis (1934-39), R.N.V.R.

Lieut. C. Lewis (1931-38), R.A.

F/O. D. E. Lang (1937-41), F.A.A.

L/A/C/W. B. Liddiard (1934-36), W.A.A.F.

L/A/C. J. A. Lewis, R.A.F.

Sgt. J. A. T. Lewis, R.A.F.

D H. Lewis, F.A.A.

L/A/C. 1 A. G. Lockyer, R.A.F.

Captain H. J. Madley (1928-34), M.B.E., R.E  
 Cpl. E. J. Mansell (1928-32), R.E.  
 Sergt. M. Matthews (1929-30), W.A.A.F.  
 L/Sergt. J. Moore (1931-38), R.A.  
 A/C/W. G. Martin (1933-36), W.A.A.F.  
 L/A/C. L. Maxfield, R.A.F.  
 Captain L. Mackie (1936-41), Airborne Div.  
 Cpl. J. C. Manson. R.A.  
 Cadet D. W. Margretts.  
 A/C. J. NicHolson, R.A.F.  
 S/Sergt. B. Nicholson (1931-36), A.T.S.  
 Cpl. L. Nicholson (1928-30), W.A.A.F.  
 Yeo. of Sig. T. D. Oakes (1923-25), R.N.  
 Leading Tel. F. M. Oakes (1930-32), R.N.  
 P/O. J. Oakes (1931-33), R.N  
 Sergt. E. R. Parry (1928-32). R.A.F  
 D. Penny (1928-32), R.N.  
 Sergt. A. Pinfold (1928-34), 1st Mons  
 Cpl. H. J. Pitt (1932-33), R.A.F.  
 L/A/C. Powell (1924-27), R.A.F  
 Sergt. H. F. Price (1932-37), R.A.F  
 J, Probyn (1937-38). "  
 L/Cpl. R. Price, 3rd Mons.  
 L/A/C/W. M. Price, W.A.A.F.  
 L/A/C/W. J. V. Parker, W.A.A F  
 P/O. D. C. Powell.  
 L/A/C. P. W. Phillips, R.A.F. Regt  
 F/Sergt. P. T. Reynolds (1924-27), R.A.F.  
 Lieut.-Comdr. L. Rowlands (1930-35) R N V R  
 A/C.I W. A. Read, R.A.F.  
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 Cpl. M. Rowlands, R.M.  
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 Apprentice G. C. Reese, M.N  
 Cadet R. H. Roberts, R.A.F  
 L/A/C. D. Ransome, R.A.F  
 F/Sergt. J. R. C. Saunders (1936-39), R.A.F  
 Cpl. N. Searl, A.T.S.  
 P.O. J. V. Shaddick (1935-38), R.N.  
 Sergt. H. C. Stoddart (1931-36).  
 L/A/C. R. C. Stoddart, R.A.F.  
 Lieut Assist. Paymaster L. R. Spooner (1924-28), R.A  
 P C  
 L/Bdr. C. Sadler (1931-35). 1st Mons  
 Pte. U. Sims (1934-37), A.T.S  
 Lt. E. A. Stephens (1930-37), S.W.B  
 Cpl. R. T. Smith (1930-35), 1st Mons.  
 Cadet A P. Shock, W.A.A.F.  
 Sergt. D. Skinner R.A.F.  
 1st Mate C. J. Thomas (1924-30) M N  
 Pte. C. Thomas (1933-36), I.T.C  
 H. J. F. Townsend (1938-41).  
 Musician D. Trivett (1931-34), R.N.  
 Lieut. J. M. Trueman (1928-33), R.A.C  
 Sub. D. M. Trueman (1934-36), A.T.S.  
 L/A/C. D. Thomas (1934-38), R.A.F  
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 Wrt. R. K. Tamplin, R.N.  
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Bdr. W. .H. Matthews (1929-33), S/L. Regt.  
 Bdr. C. Matthews (1929-33), 1st Mons.  
 Pte. G. M. Vigers, A.T.S.  
 Major C. J. Watkins (1924-29), W.A. Regt  
 Lieut. A. W. Woodgate (1929-35), R.A.S C  
 S.S.M. S. A. Woodgate (1928-34), R.A.S.C.  
 Lieut D. Woodgate (1925-32), R.A.  
 Gnr. W, L. Woodgate (1935-40), R.A,  
 L/A/C. W. J. E. Wetson.  
 Cpl. J. Weston, A.T.S.  
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 Flt./Sergt. S. M. Waters (1924-27), R.A.F.  
 Sergt. W. Weeks (1930-33), R.A.  
 D. H. West (1937-40), R.N., A.T.E.  
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 Sergt. J. Wallen (1933-37), S.W.B.  
 P/O. J. Ware (1934-38), R.A.F.  
 C/P/O. H. Welsh (1927-31), R.N.  
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