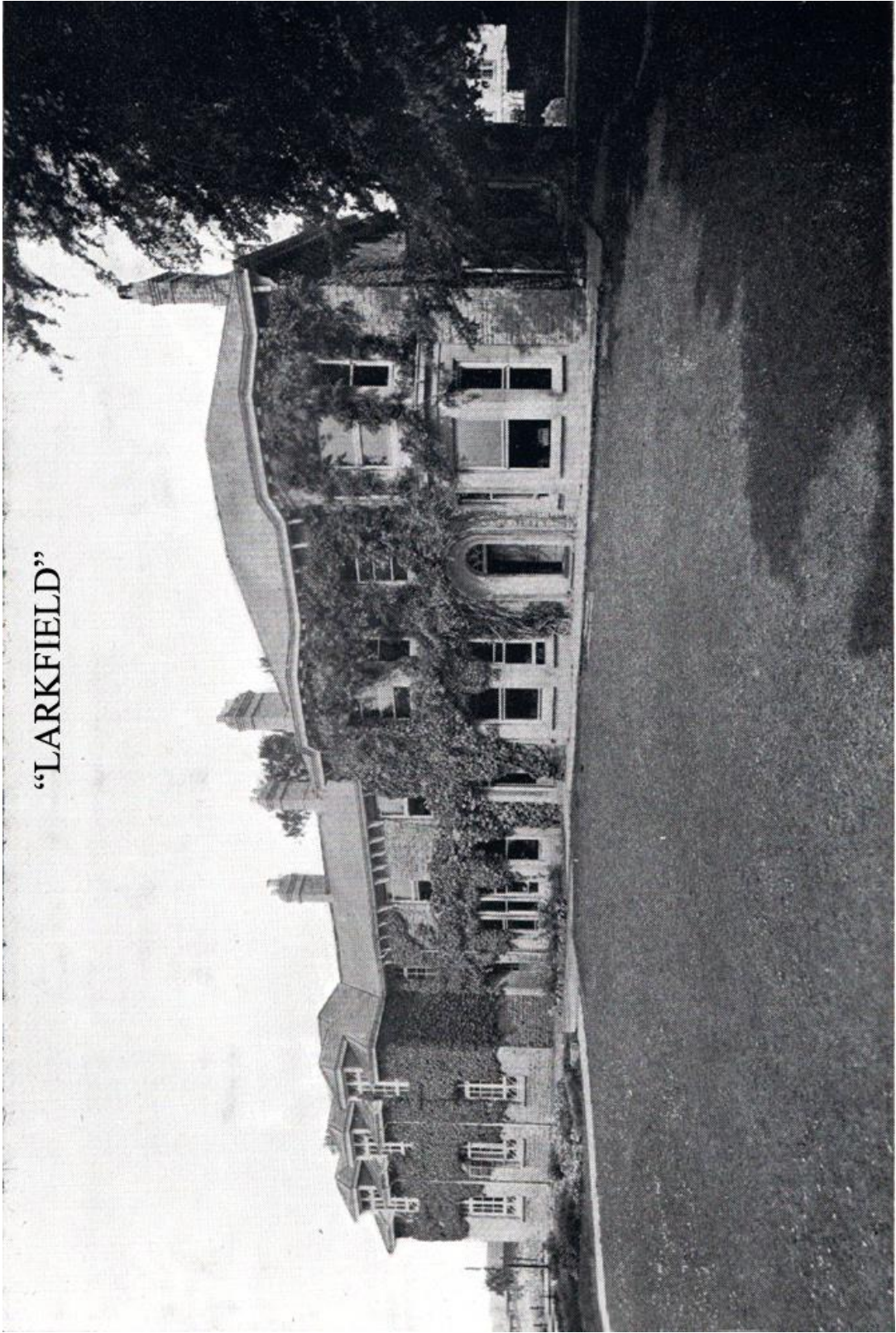


# “Larkfield Times”



1936-7

No. 3



"LARKFIELD"

---



---

**CONTENTS**

	Page
1. Editorial	4
2. Ski-ing in Austria. Miss E. M. James ...	4
3. Some Impressions of an Excursion in N. Germany and Denmark. Mr. W. Robinson	5
4. Keeping up the old Tradition. Margaret Lusty	7
5. The Beginning. E. A. Stephens	7
6. Three Days in London. H. Herbert	9
7. The Doughnut King. P. Waters	11
8. A Trip on a Cargo Boat. J. R. Manson	11
9. Signature Tunes of the School	12
10. Chepstow Castle. Beryl Groves	13
11. Humour in the Classroom. F. Fyfield	14
12. Only a Dream. B. Millard	14
13. Life in Oxford. B. Woodgate	15
14. Shakespeare at Larkfield. J. Lewis	16
15. School Jottings :—	
(a) Speech Day	17
(b) Quality Street	17
(c) Eisteddfod	18
(d) Sports Day	19
16. Sports Section and House Notes :—	
(a) House Notes	20
(b) Hockey	21
(c) Netball	22
(d) Rugby	22
(e) Tennis	22
(f) Rounders	22
(g) Cricket	23
17. Old Students' Editorial	24
18. Old Students' Notes	25

**Co-editors : B. BARTLETT & E. A. STEPHENS.**

Magazine Committee : M. BROWNE, H. HERBERT, J. STREETER, J. R. MANSON.  
G. D. VAUGHAN, R. D. B. WHEELER.

DEAR READERS,

It is three years since the Larkfield Times first made its appearance, and it has now become a recognised feature of the school year. It is being produced a little earlier in the term than usual, but without having to omit any events of importance to the school other than the Summer House-matches, and the Old Pupils' tennis and cricket matches. These will be included in the next issue.

The articles are more numerous this year and are selected from the upper forms rather than the juniors and we could wish for more representative articles. Only one Old Boy has submitted an article this year, but the inclusion of two interesting articles from present members of the staff is a new idea. The Old Pupils' section is again prepared with customary thoroughness by its very efficient secretaries.

The circulation of the Magazine is about 300, and naturally most of them go to present members of the school, but we hope the Magazine will be interesting and entertaining to everybody who reads it, and particularly to those Old Pupils who have left the district and have lost touch with its activities.

We wish to thank everybody who contributed to the Magazine or helped with its production in any other way.

**Yours truly, BETTY BARTLETT, E. A. STEPHENS, Co-Editors,**

=====

### **SKI-ING IN AUSTRIA.**

Abroad! The word itself is full of glamour and excitement. Who would not leave dull, grey England even at Christmas time, to be in a paradise of sun, snow and ski-ing? As I write, I come across a treasured possession the "edelweiss", a kind of velvety crocus found only in regions of snow-clad peaks, and I long to hurtle down a slope on skis, with the sun and wind in my face.

Korbersee, situated 5,000 feet high in the centre of the magnificent territory of Vovrlberg, Austria, is an hotel one hour's walk from the nearest village. I was not disappointed when I found out that ski-ing and beauty of scenery alone constituted its attraction. Dancing, in full evening regalia, and cocktails were considered out of place and unnecessary. We danced in our ski-kit, or changed into the very attractive national costume of Austria.

There were six ski (pronounced "she" in Austria Ski in France) teachers, and a Ski-Doctor at the hotel. The Doctor did not look after your ailments (no one is ever ill in such an invigorating atmosphere) but, he -attended to your ski-ing apparatus, skis, sticks, boots, skins, etc., and so for the first few days we went to school to learn the various runs and turns. It really is the funniest sport. I was helpless with laughter from morning to night, because, when I started, I simply did nothing but fall. Falling is very comfortable on snow. but getting up with your feet strapped in skis almost twice your own height is far more difficult. Then all of a sudden, I could manage a fairly long slope without crashing, and in the afternoons, those who had passed a test, were allowed to go on delightful excursions. Later on, expeditions were made to villages seven and eight miles away. We would start in the morning and be back at sun down. What energy people have out there! They never seem to be tired, their spirits never flag, and they are all as happy as the day is long.

My two favourite ski-teachers were Fritz and Franz, followed everywhere by an adoring dog, Bergman Fritz, was short, fair, bronzed, with blue eyes, and a smile that conquered the world Franz, tall, dark, dashing, with the reputation of having played soccer for Innsbruck against the Arsenal.

On Christmas Day, towards noon, we saw, on the heights in the distance three dim forms, wending their way slowly through the snow. As they drew nearer, we could see that they were dressed



in garments of many hues, blue, green, red. They formed a vivid contrast with the white snow of the slopes. This motley trio represented the Wise Men from the East who entertained us with carols.

The Austrians are a charming and friendly people, not only to their guests, but also among themselves. Whereas our good-will may terminate with the customary "good morning"; theirs go on throughout the day with "good eating", "good ski-ing", and "good sleeping". And what is more, we felt they meant it.

Singing and yodelling in harmony is a common Austrian achievement, and many also play the guitar which is always found hanging on the wall of many an inn. It was one of the delights of the evening to listen to the guides and ski-teachers singing their folk songs and yodelling in their clear, crisp voices. I found great pleasure in joining in lustily with the folk songs, but I shall have to pay many more visits to Austria in order to master the art of yodelling.

Many nationalities, numbering a hundred, were gathered under this roof. Dutch, Belgians, French, Austrians, Germans and English. The spirit of bonhomie" that prevailed made international differences and fear of war an illusion. A thing which struck me forcibly as it often does on the continent was the ability of other nationalities to speak English, and another foreign language. Despite our system of education, the appalling indifference of the Englishman to speaking foreign language is a well-known trait abroad. An Englishman, if he happens to know a few words of German will sprinkle these with his own and expect to be understood, as when an ex-Indian Army Colonel's wife, in order to indicate to the maid her husband's presence in the bathroom said "•Mein Herr is in there". We English should remember that a knowledge of the language means closer contact with and an understanding of the people and adds considerably to the enjoyment of the holiday. Ski heil !'

**E. M. JAMES.**

---

### **SOME IMPRESSIONS OF AN EXCURSION IN N. GERMANY AND DENMARK.**

In attempting to describe a trip to the continent within the compass of a few pages, a certain amount of elimination of detailed description is necessary. I am therefore going to give impressions and generalized statements rather than minute records of the sequence of events. The trip started in its most novel phase at the point where we departed from the English shore. We embarked upon a L.N.E.R steamer at Grimsby. Here we were in that entertaining and titillating stage of immediate anticipation of novelties to come and a lively anticipation of the dimly apprehended, and a tantalising stimulation of the pleasures about to be unfolded.

The voyage across the North Sea took two days and two nights. Gradually we got accustomed to the confines of the vessel, the wash of the sea against the prow, the rhythm of the engines and the smack of the cool salt-sea air. The persistence of these impressions, for two whole days, brought home to the mind the immensity and inevitableness of even a small sea. One could not but reflect upon the dramas which had been enacted in the environment the Jutland battle, the high stakes of which must have engendered the most thrilling experiences in the hearts of the participants, who knew well the critical issues involved. One thought also of the Vikings who, following the westward urge, raided the British coasts in their row boats and so helped to shape the destiny of these islands.

The temporary confinement and the repetition of familiar sounds tend to make us turn our attention inwards to an appreciation of the company of our fellow passengers. An early appraisalment of the social qualities was a valuable aid in breaking down that barrier of reserve which is so characteristic of Englishmen at home and abroad. Before we made Hamburg the rigid crust of reserve had thawed. There was an easy flow of spirits which added greatly to the success of the tour.

We landed at Hamburg the great port most vital to the trade of Germany. It is no exaggeration to say that with the exception of Berlin, it is the most important city in Germany. It is the outlet to the sea board of N.W. Europe and the ocean beyond. It is of the very heart of the people of the Fatherland.

It is indeed a city to be proud of. The lay-out is magnificent the plan is conceived on the large scale. The working out of the details of the parks, lakes, municipal buildings and streets within the framework is a triumph of German civic designing and engineering skill. I may say that the atmosphere of the city is charged with an alarming thoroughness, perseverance and cleanliness in all departments. Masonry is generally massive and its transport services are almost painfully efficient. Let me give one example of the cleanliness and orderliness of the people. I did not see on any occasion, the least garbage or litter about the streets. Further everybody was dressed respectably, if not always with the best taste. No man detracted from his self-respect by slovenly dressing or the donning of disreputable clothing. This statement applied to the station shoeblack as well as to the high official of state. We visited the observatory, secondary schools, University buildings, the Tiergarten, the theatres and restaurants and also made a tour of the harbour. The ultimate impression is that the people are virile, energetic and serious; too serious in many ways. They seem to have so drilled their thoughts that they have lost to some extent, the art of abandoned enjoyment. One thinks that they lack humour and miss much of the purpose of life. Physically the people are heavier and taller than we are. I was rather surprised at the size of the members of an orchestra of one of the chief restaurants. Huge, robust fellows were sawing away at their violins, and playing the various instruments with great gusto to the accompaniment of the bustle of animation of an audience engaged in gastronomic activity.

With regard to catering in restaurants, both in Germany and Denmark we found it substantial and sustaining. There seemed to be much more of the wholesome cereal of mother earth, about the bread and pastry than the devitalized concoctions we often have served up in our restaurants, as the business man's luncheon. There were the usual varieties of sausages and the dishes were rather on the heavy side, but the light laager with the tang and bite of hops and malt compensated to a large extent for any grossness in this respect.

I must pass on some remarks about Lubeck our next stopping place. Here we visited the old Merchants houses of the members of the Hauseatic League, as well as their Hall of Council. We examined tapestries, old measures, tallies, account books, secret doors and passage ways. All these indicated methods of accountancy belonging to the period when the merchant had an eye as it were into the immediate security of his wealth, when this part of the world was in a state of unrest when inter-state confidence had not reached the stage it has attained to-day. Trading in those days had to be accompanied by a show of force.

From Lubeck we went by steamer along the coasts of Slesvig, Holstein and Denmark, until after a night in the steamer, in the early hours of the morning, we skirted the low chalk cliffs of Zealand, and came upon Copenhagen or Kobnhavn which is the key to the Baltic. It is the half-way house between the North Sea and the Baltic Sea. It is a very cosmopolitan port in a part of the world still very conscious of racial purity. It is a great port in a small country. In the days of its greater relative dominance it belonged to N.W. Europe rather than the peasant of the soil. It gave the Dane a rather commanding position in the balance of policy in N. Europe.

We were now in the country famous for the evolution of the Folk High School Movement of Adult Education. The Folk High School was intended as a cultural movement to deepen the meaning of life to the individual rather than an education with an economic bias. Peculiarly enough, this background of an enlarged philosophical outlook has led to a great development of a highly successful cooperative movement, which has produced an obvious advance in material well-being.

The uniformity of soil conditions and the absence of the distracting interests in minerals has favoured the development of a vigorous agricultural policy. It has enabled the country to make the best use of its land and to evolve a highly efficient technique in dairy farming. The people of Denmark found that by studying the external market and by a careful and discriminating choice of the best strains

of cattle, pigs and seed, they were able to smooth out the asperities in the alignment, between supply and demand, an essential preliminary to the capturing of new markets.

Space does not permit me to comment upon the phases of our instructive holiday in this part of Europe. I cannot end without saying that in all our excursions, visiting farmsteads, agricultural colleges, museums and factories in Germany, Denmark and South Sweden, we met with unfailing courtesy and the warmest hospitality. We were thus able to penetrate very far into the affections of the people. When we left Estberg, bronzed, happy, refreshed in body and mind, with an added viewpoint, we felt that the financial outlay was trivial when compared with the accession of new and pleasant experiences. It was with feelings of great satisfaction that we stepped ashore at Parkeston Quay, Harwich, and departed for our respective homes in different parts of Great Britain.

---

---

**KEEPING UP THE OLD TRADITION,**

Now "Larkfield" is a famous school,  
    Keeping up the old tradition.  
No pupil ever breaks a rule,  
    Keeping up the old tradition.  
From out its portals scholars go,  
To make their mark, as we all know,  
With good advice from "Doc & Co",  
    Keeping up the old tradition.

Miss Smith and Doctor are "hot stuff",  
    Keeping up the old tradition.  
They see that we work hard enough,  
    Keeping up the old tradition.  
At morning prayers, in accents firm,  
Says Mr. Robinson, "Right turn"!  
And ne'er a smile can we discern,  
    Keeping up the old tradition.

Four years though all too quickly fly,  
    Keeping up the old tradition.  
Then off we go (with old school tie!)  
    Keeping up the old tradition.  
To find some niche in life to fill,  
And send to "Larkfield" with good will,  
A cheque to show that we are still  
    Keeping up the old tradition.

**P. LUSTY, VA.      (With apologies to the Western Brothers).**

---

---

**THE BEGINNING.**

I came to Larkfield in 1930, among the ranks of some fifty small boys, who, judging by the times we were called by the wrong name must have looked identically alike. True, certain individuality lay in that some were smaller than others. It was one of these very small boys, somewhat unfortunately christened Magnus, who, recognizing me from Examination Day eyed me with undisguised amazement and said: "Oh, so you won after all". Magnus, we discovered, was not usually given to irony.

Actually, that first day was rather eventful for me. In the first place I made a very important friend. A fellow had been transferred from somewhere the term before, and was being retained in 11a. Doctor had humorously remarked on the first morning that we of II a would be in Findlay's form. During break a slim, fair-haired boy pale, almost sallow skinned dressed in the orthodox black coat and pin stripe trousers, came up to me and said: "Are you in Findlay's form?"

"Yes. Who are you?"

"Findlay".

And that was that.

And another thing I had a row on my first day and no mere ticking off from a junior master either. I got it straight from the Head, not two hours after I had been in the place. Good going that, in my opinion.

It appeared that certain fortunate people were to be presented with their scholarship fee at 11 o'clock, and they were advised and even warned, that waiting patiently in the corridor would be more profitable to them than playing football outside. I had no idea I was among their exalted numbers, and consequently I had to be brought in from the football field by an elated person of the same name as mine who nearly got my wiggling. I wish he had. People who know me, said, (quite unjustly I think) that they were not in the least surprised.

For the first two days, I might tell you, I hated Larkfield. During that first week-end I would gladly have accepted the remotest opportunity of getting from the place for good. I suppose it's the usual thing, and I got over it in no time, but I wouldn't like it to happen again. For the first week we were led to believe that most of the people above Form 3, and the more ambitious members of that form as well, were prefects, but we soon got wise to the real ones. One used to come down from the Sixth very often, and borrow a rather natty little ruler of mine for a week at a time. I've got it still, covered with Indian ink from the diagrams he used to draw with it.

As far as I remember, my principal attribute, and that of the rest of the infants of my year, was being a useful person to fetch things. The usual formula adopted by the seniors was:

"Here you, what's your name?"

"Stephens" a bit cockish-like.

Right, you can cut that out. You speak properly".

Oh, right-ho Stephens" in a tone slightly subdued. Then "I say, what are you doing?"

"I'm banging your head. I should have thought you'd noticed"

"I had".

"Good, that's promising. Anyway, go and get my cap".

"Yes. Where is it, please?"

"In the cloakroom third peg on the left. I'll be out on the field, so get a move on".

Of course, there never was a cap on the third peg on the left, but it was no good explaining to those chaps, they simply didn't believe you, so you went back and had a shot at the third peg on the right, and perhaps you were lucky.

I don't remember much about the staff at the beginning. Those who did not teach us were regarded from a distance, with certain awe, bred of the fearsome reports that had filtered through to us from the terrorists among the second year people. Of those who did teach us, none was really petrifying, except one fellow who used to say. "You see me at four", which was his way of putting you in detention. The others however, subdued me into writing with meticulous neatness for at least a month, lest their wrath should be aroused. They had their various methods of keeping law and order. Some put you quietly into detention, some let you off with a good hard welt over the ear, and some had a discomfoting habit of making you feel like a small pool of water if you were foolish enough to



annoy them. But we could not complain. They weren't so tough really indeed within a month or so they were to us as old friends, only we did not address them as such. It is not meet they know how we did love them, as Will Shakespeare said or was it Will Hay?

**E. A. STEPHENS,**

=====

**THREE DAYS IN LONDON.**

At precisely 10.15 on the 18th May, 1937, a passer-by might have wondered at the sight of a group of Monmouthshire Secondary School students gathered on the steps of the County Hall, Newport. The party consisted of twenty-four boys and girls selected to represent their schools at the Empire Rally and Service of Youth to be held in London during Whitsun week. Very luckily I was one of the twenty-four. We were all wearing the green badges previously sent us from London bearing the words "Empire Service of Youth and Rally, May, 1937", on the front, and our names and London addresses on the back. Our excitement having momentarily calmed down while our photos were being taken, we proceeded, a chattering crew, to the station accompanied by Mr. Osborne, of Abertillery County School. We left for London at 10.35. During the greater part of the journey we used our compartment as a bank while Mr. Osborne presented each of us with thirty shillings pocket money and, with the help of the mathematicians, eventually succeeded in squaring accounts.

The train was rather late in arriving at Paddington where our hosts and hostesses, wearing white badges, awaited us on the Lawn. Having received instructions to meet again at 3.30 the following Thursday at Paddington we were helped by stewards, recognisable by their red badges, to find our London friends. With barely time to take stock of each other, there came a rush for the underground, then the journey out on the dirty, little North Finchley line, twenty minutes walk from the station, introductions, a wash and a welcome meal.

After early tea we had to hurry back again in order to be in our seats for the Rally in the Albert Hall by 6.30. By 7, the great dome-shaped building, so gloomy and unattractive from outside, presented a striking sight with its red drapings and tier after tier of seats shining with five thousand youthful faces, red-blazered Canadians, excited Australians in the gallery and representatives not only of the schools of the whole Empire, but of every youth organisation imaginable from the League of Health and Beauty to the Y.M.C.A. While we waited selections were played by the Dagenham Girl Pipers Band. Meanwhile the Duke of Gloucester, the Prime Minister and Lady Baldwin had arrived, and at 7.30 the speeches commenced. The Duke of Gloucester welcomed us on behalf of the King and Queen. The High Commissioner of India, a picturesque figure in his white turban, aroused much enthusiasm, and resounding cheers from the gallery echoed through the building, when the Australian Prime Minister, Mr. J. A. Lyons, mentioned in his speech the growth of Melbourne and Sydney. Then, as the strains of Kipling's "Children's Hymn", sung by the youth of the Empire, died away, silence fell. Mr. Baldwin rose to make his last public speech to a great audience. "I have had my hour", he said, "I pass soon into the shade. But for you, life lies before you like a boundless ocean, and the imagination of youth is busy launching flotillas of dream-ships upon its waters". Again the building rang as the Prime Minister sat down after delivering one of the most moving speeches of his career. The singing of "Jerusalem" by the whole gathering was followed by the reading by Mr. Alfred Noyes of his fine "Ode to Youth", especially written for the occasion, and then the National Anthem brought to an end the first Rally of Empire Youth. Slowly the Hall began to empty. An hour later we were in bed.

We got up the following morning to find a drizzling rain railing. Not a very bright outlook to be sure. Anyway, we were at the station by 8 and an hour later were wandering around St. James' Park, where the tulips blazed resplendent even through the rain which showed no signs of ceasing. By 11.30 my friend and I were seated in an open stand opposite Buckingham Palace. What we expected was to see the King and Queen drive in state from the Palace at mid-day. The stands were crowded with the

young people who had met the previous evening in the Albert Hall. Some of them had travelled from the Antipodes, but they all appeared quite at home in the metropolis, which was certainly treating them rather unfairly that morning. The rain began to pour down. The pavements already crowded, became a sea of umbrellas. In the stands, those who had no umbrellas, made use of newspapers which proved quite ineffectual as the rain continued. Twelve o'clock came. The guards and police had now been lining the route for over half an hour. It still rained. Then an announcement was made. Their Majesties, owing to the weather, would drive through the city without escort. Still we waited. Suddenly three cars followed one another out of the Palace gates. The King and Queen. Everybody cheered and shouted. Handkerchiefs fluttered. One glimpse and they were gone.

We succeeded after about half an hour in getting out of the stands and obtaining some lunch.

The next item was the Empire Service of Youth. We were not lucky enough to have seats in the Abbey itself for the service which was relayed to us in Westminster Hall. The latter adjoins the Abbey and was sufficiently impressive, with its famous wooden roof of Gothic architecture, its bare walls and cold, stone floor. Before the service we were given a short account of its history. It was built during the eleventh century by the ambitious William Rufus. The wooden roof, arching above us, was not erected however until three centuries later, when the old one was in danger of falling in. This was in Chaucer's day, and it was probable that the old man, then in his seventieth year, often came in to see how the work was going on and stopped to chat with the workmen. By 1900 this finely built roof had fallen a prey to the death watch beetle and something had to be done in order to prevent it collapsing, so, during the war, it was reinforced by an invisible steel framework which made it perfectly safe for centuries to come, without detracting from its original form and beauty.

At 4 o'clock the service commenced. The Archbishop of Canterbury gave his address entitled; "The Challenge of the Coronation". The rain had evidently stopped at last, for, just before the end a ray of sunshine fell through one of the windows producing a delightfully mellow effect on the brown tracery of the historic roof. After the service, the white-haired Archbishop came into the Hall and spoke for a few minutes. All those who had not previously seen the Abbey then lined up to be taken through. We entered the annexe, still in its Coronation setting and proceeded, with footsteps hushed by the blue carpets, into the Abbey, with its Coronation seats draped in blue and gold, casting a dim reflection on to the delicate arch of the roof. We proceeded past the Unknown Warrior's tomb where a beautiful wreath of red roses had been placed by the King, to the spot where the Coronation ceremony had been performed. There stood the two thrones and behind them King Edward the Confessor's celebrated chair, a worn-looking structure with its straight, high back, gold cushion and the Stone of Destiny, a blackish object, fixed beneath it. We passed around these and out of the Abbey.

We spent our free evening wandering round the city seeing the Admiralty Arch and the avenue of banners down the Mall, St. Paul's, the Law Courts, Scotland Yard, the Horse Guards in Whitehall and the Monument erected at the spot where the Great Fire of London commenced. My last day in London was fine and we spent a very enjoyable morning on the Thames. A trip had been arranged by the Middlesex Education Committee. Starting from Westminster we sailed under Tower Bridge, past the Tower of London, down the river to Greenwich. After the trip the three hostesses from Finchley High School and their guests were treated to lunch by the school. One of the guests was a Swansea girl. I had now exactly two and a half hours left before my train was due to leave, so the six of us decided to go to the Monument and climb the three hundred odd steps to the top. Having done so we were rewarded with a fine view of London, mile after mile of buildings of various kinds, historic and otherwise, stretching beneath us into the hazy distance. There was hardly any time left when we came down, so we tossed up whether the last visit should be to St. Paul's or the Tower of London. St. Paul's won. By the time we found our way to the cathedral, however it was twenty minutes to four and there was no time to go up into the dome as we had intended. My friend and I said goodbye, left the others

and rushed to the Underground Station. We reached Paddington at 4. The remainder of the party had already arrived, and ten minutes later the train was speeding through "England's green and pleasant land" back to Wales.

**HELEN HERBERT, VI.**

=====

**THE DOUGHNUT KING.**

Once I heard a running commentary on a dinner. I'm going to give my impression of the doughnut eating championship. The announcer announces:-

WE are now taking you over to fourteen Acacia Villas to hear the final of the doughnut eating. May we inform listeners that this commentary is copyright of the B.B.C., etc. Over to Acacia Villas,

Well, here we are ladies and gentlemen, watching a titanic struggle between Max Maxwell of Australia, and Bat Jennison of America. There are only four minutes to go and both men have eaten ninety-six nuts. Jennison during the past five or six minutes has pulled up five on Maxwell and both men are now putting on a finishing spurt. As you all know Jennison defeated our own representative Teddy Brown in the semi-final, and consequently is favourite at three to one. Maxwell is slightly longer at seven to three.

During those few details both men have been doing well, and Jennison now leads by ninety-nine to ninety-eight. Jennison has a big advantage; he is adept at catching his nuts. He used to play for New York Giants, whilst the only things that Maxwell ever caught were sheep. Only two minutes to go. Jennison is a hundred and one and Maxwell fumbles a catch, it drops in his inside, he tries to hide it there, but an official matches it out, and Maxwell carries on Jennison had downed another", he's taken a brilliant catch right down by his feet he can't see them; one more to Maxwell. Jennison a hundred and three. Maxwell one nought one and a half.

Only a minute to go; the cheering is deafening, and both men are stuffing 'em in whole. Yes, there they go, I'll give you the time; one, two, three, four, five, six. Fifteen seconds to go ten five; time, and Jennison has won. And so, ladies and gents, Bat Jennison of New York Giants has defeated Max Maxwell of Botany Bay by a hundred and twelve to a hundred and ten thus becoming world's champion.

Now we are taking you back to the studio to hear Mr. Penny.

And that folks is my idea of a running commentary on a "nut eating competition".

**P WATERS. Vb.**

=====

**A TRIP ON A CARGO BOAT.**

Last summer holidays my friend and I went for a trip on a cargo boat. We had to join the ship at Port Talbot, where she was loading a cargo of dust coal for Rouen. This proved to be a very unpleasant cargo, which penetrated everywhere, even appearing at frequent intervals in the butter. We left at mid-night, and by four o'clock the next evening we were off Land's End, and from here to Havre the sea was wonderfully calm.

We arrived at Havre late at night and had to wait until morning for the pilot. In the morning, belts of swirling mist gave promise of a hot day. The first ten miles up the river were very uninteresting, the only scenery being low mud banks; after however, everything changed limestone cliffs, whose tops were covered with trees and large red closely latticed houses, with green lawns down to the waters edge and often a trim dazzling white yacht anchored to the bank. By mid-day the heat had become intense, even the decks becoming so hot that they could not be touched.

At Villequier pilots were exchanged, and the sombre forbidding looking pilot who had brought us this far, was replaced by a large rotund gentleman in a large straw hat, with whom we carried on a conversation, he in bad English, we in worse French, until we reached Rouen. It was six o'clock when

we docked and as no Customs men came aboard we went into the town. The Customs delayed their visit until six o'clock the next morning, when swarms having appeared, and awakened everyone; they vanished as if by magic.

As it was Sunday no unloading was done, but on the Monday, every grab having been put into use, we were able to leave by eight o'clock in the evening for Goole.

It was a dull grey, misty morning with the brown sullen white-capped rollers of the North Sea tossing the outward bound fishing fleet about like corks, when we picked up the Humber pilot boat off Spurn Head. Taking aboard the pilot we proceeded up to Hull, where we had to wait for the tide up to Goole. We loaded up at Goole, from whence we were bound for Dublin.

So far during our trip the weather had been good, but when we got round the South Foreland we felt the full force of a gale which was blowing up the Channel. However, things were not too bad, as it was a head sea and except for shipping seas, and the racing of the screw, no real discomfort was felt. It was when we reached Land's End, our speed having been reduced from the usual ten knots to four, and began to turn towards Ireland, thus bringing the full force of the Atlantic rollers on our beam that the rolling and pitching really started. Green seas appeared from nowhere, over the sides, over the stern, over the foc'sle head, it even seemed that waves were falling from the skies. With a shudder the ship shook herself, only to be buried once more, but the worst was over and righting herself she stuck stubbornly to her course.

Eating now become a precarious occupation, breakfast, with one hand clasping one's coffee cup, and with the other trying to convey food to one's mouth, while one's legs were wrapped tightly round a table leg, was a long and tedious operation. At dinner; however, it was even worse, soup had to be ruled out as impossible, and one continually appeared to be chasing knives and forks which had strayed. Washing was impossible, the bathroom floor swam under four inches of water and we could put an inch, if we were lucky, in the washbasin. Added to this the medicine chest and a chair which had broken loose were playing tag in the saloon. While in the galley the china had an orchestra all on its own. Up on the bridge one had to hang on like grim death while the ship heeled 48 degrees from the perpendicular.

This, however, only lasted a day and a night and once within the lee of Ireland things were comparatively calm and we made good time to Dublin. At Dublin we were unloaded by gangs of men shovelling the coal into skips, a somewhat laborious task which was accomplished in four days. On the evening of the fourth day we sailed for Cardiff; arriving the next evening. Here we left the ship after having been aboard her for three weeks.

#### **J. R. MANSON, VA.**

---

---

#### **SIGNATURE TUNES OF THE SCHOOL.**

Doctor Birch:	"Oh you can't do that there 'ere".
Mr. Robinson:	"I feel like a feather in the breeze".
Mr. Westcott:	"Don't do the dirty on a fellow Larkovian".
Mr. Morgan:	"When troubles trouble you, sing baby sing".
Mr. Wilding:	"Don't you think a scooter is a cuter little car of dreams?"
Mr. Ball:	The Love-Bug will get you if you don't watch out".
Mr. Edwards:	"Down among the dead men let him lie".
Miss Gillatt:	"Come into the garden"—Form 5a.

Miss Davies: "I'm one of the ruins that Cromwell knocked about a bit.  
Miss C. Smith: "Looky, looky, looky. Here comes Cooky".  
Miss James: "Mademoiselle from Armentiere", parlez-vous"?  
Miss Freeman: "Left right, out in, then you'll never get a double chin".  
Miss Bailey: "You're lovely to look at, delightful to know".  
Wheeler: "Little man, you've had a busy day".  
Moore: "Old Faithful".  
J. R. Manson: "I'm throng to the finith coth I eat my thpinach".

**N. SEARL, E. BLUETT, J. STREETER, VA.**

---



---

### **CHEPSTOW CASTLE.**

Chepstow Castle, although now in ruins, is a beautiful old building, standing on a rock rising sixty to a hundred feet above the River Wye. It is strange that we, who live in the shadows of this lovely ruin, should take such a slight interest in it and often pass by without noticing it, whereas visitors come from all parts of the country to see its splendour.

The castle was built during the reign of William I, between 1066 and 1071. It was part of a chain of castles which he had built throughout the country. It was built by William Fitz-Osborn, the Earl of Hereford and has since passed into many different hands. It was in 1306 that it was first known as Chepstow Castle, before that it was called Striguil, the spelling varying greatly from time to time.

During the Civil War between the Roundheads and the Royalists in the time of Charles I, the castle was at first in Royalist hands, the King himself visiting it in the year 1645. It was such an important stronghold that Cromwell himself besieged it, and, although he failed to capture the castle himself, the Royalists were later forced to surrender by Colonel Ewer, a Roundhead captain. The Royalist leader, Kemys, and forty others were murdered by the Roundheads when the castle was taken.

The Castle is divided into four courts, each surrounded by dungeons and towers. The best-known tower-is the one in which Henry Marten was imprisoned in 1660 until his death twenty years later, and which now bears his name.

After this time Chepstow Castle ceased to be used as a fortress. With the growth of new ideas and inventions the famous building fell into decay. Now the old ivy-covered walls, many of which are unsafe, seem to be sleeping and to have forgotten their younger days when they looked down upon fierce battles and terrible bloodshed. The fortress still stands dreamily above the river, the only companion reminiscent of its active days. Its defensive moat has disappeared. Around its ancient walls modern houses are continually springing up, and every day powerful cars go speeding by and aeroplanes swoop overhead. And whereas in olden days knights would come riding up, dusty and tired, on their steeds, sound their horns, and enter by the drawbridge, ready to be lowered at their signal of approach; to-day sightseers drive up in comfort in char-a-bancs or speedy streamline cars, ring the bell and are admitted through the postern gate. Every day it watches people walking, cycling and driving across the Wye footbridge which it watched being built. What does it think of this human progress? For nearly nine hundred years it has stood above the river, watching the changes in the progress of a growing civilization. It has watched men growing up from childhood and has studied their habits, seen their frequent and unnumbered mistakes, witnessed their many deeds of kindness and unselfishness and their equally many wrongs to themselves, their friends and their country. Can it prefer the busy yet higher standard of life to-day to the barbarous and ignorant ideas of long ago? I

think after watching for all these years the gradual growth of knowledge it must think, if it be able to, that the world to-day is a more interesting place than it was of old.

**B. GROVES, IVA.**

---

**HUMOUR IN THE CLASS ROOM.**

- (1) Amen means "that's the lot".
- (2) Grace Darling was a girl called Grace. After a while she was called Grace, Darling.
- (3) The cookoo is a bird which lays other bird's eggs in its" own nest and vice-versa.
- (4) Hargreaves invented a machine for spinning, which in honour of his wife he called Jenny Crompton, also a married man, invented a similar machine which he called a Mule.
- (5) Lewis Carroll is a famous film star.
- (6) The spine is a number of bones which runs down the back and holds the ribs together. The skull sits on one end and I sit on the other.
- (7) A cat with eight sides is an octapuss.
- (8) Book-keeping is the art of not returning books borrowed.
- (9) Dirt is mud with the juice squeezed out.
- (10) A republic is a country where no man can do anything in private.
- (11) Matrimony is a place where some souls suffer for a time on account of their sins.
- (12) Tarzan is a short name for the American Flag. The full name is Tarzan Stripes.
- (13) The home of the swallow is the stomach.
- (14) If the Fourth Bridge collapsed they would build a Fifth.

**F. FYFIELD, VA.**

---

**ONLY A DREAM.**

It was midsummer's eve in the merry month of June. The birds were chanting their evening melodies, the air were filled with the sweet warbling of the nightingale and the laverock was slowly ascending into the opened heavens. Grasshoppers basked motionless midst the tall blades of grass which waved rhythmically in the cool breeze. The bees were drowsily crooning their evening lullabies, cradled each in the heart of a dreaming rose. The scent of those sweet musk roses was wafted on the breeze. They spread their fragrance far and wide.

The sky above was a blue. Indescribable, tinted with faint streaks of golden light. Far away, over the distant hills, over the serried ranks of rigid pines, the sun was slowly sinking in the golden west. Evening was gently drawing to a close. Darkness gradually began to fall and I thankfully ascended the old, rickety staircase of my home for my evening's repose. Night rapidly set in and the old grandfather clock in the corner ticked away the fleeting hours. The full moon, like a mammoth pearl, rode high in the heavens, and shed its silvery light, into my bedside. At last the friendly old clock chimed the midnight hour, and, I fell into a deep slumber. My soul slipped from me and I was in a strange land, the land of dreams come true.

Down in the old cottage garden was an old well. It had remained there for hundreds of years and I had been specially warned by my parents, not to go near to it. But naturally, being a disobedient child I could not resist the temptation of visiting the forbidden spot. Being utterly alone and out of the view of any possible interlopers I clambered down the garden wall and hurriedly rushed through the entanglement of shrubs until I arrived at the well. I sat on it for a time without anything unusual happening, and was about to return to the house, when suddenly to my unimaginable terror, on looking into the depths of the well, I met the gaze of millions of ugly black beetles. I shrieked with fright. Ugh! the horrid slimy things. I stared blankly at them for a few wild moments. Down my back they



crawled, around my neck they curled. I screamed and shouted for help but, alas! I was left to my poor fate. My heart was filled with terror and I fell, almost in a trance.

At that moment I leapt in my bed to find my mother at my side. I immediately made up my mind that in future I would always obey my parents and never venture near a well for fear that my midsummer night's dream might prove to be true. Oh what bliss was happiness was mine, to wake and find that this ghastly experience was nothing but a dream, only a dream, just a dream.

**B. MILLARD, IIB.**

=====  
**LIFE IN OXFORD.**

To write upon so drab a subject as this, to the readers of a publication who, in previous issues, have been regaled with stories of roaring adventure in the colonies and on the high seas is I cannot help feeling the height of temerity on my part. Indeed, there will be many, no doubt, who will assert that the very title of my article is self, contradictory who will shake their heads sadly and murmur that life and Oxford are two incompatible terms, and who will add, perhaps, out of politeness, a few graceful remarks about "lost causes and dreaming spires".

But the casual traveller, on his first visit to Oxford, is apt to discover very soon that the city is not the stagnant backwater of erudition which he has visualized. The first building which meets his gaze as he emerges from the railway station is a thriving marmalade factory, later, he passes an extensive coal wharf and if he is moved to investigate further he will readily discover a pressed steel works, three breweries, and of course the Morris motor factory all working at full pressure. One aspect of life in Oxford then is full of virility.

But, there is another side to the picture. In the very centre of the city-encircled on every side by the bustle and din of commerce and industry stand the colleges; grim, blackened, ageless buildings venerable, if you like-but not always very beautiful. From without they frown forbiddingly on the noisy streets; but within their whole aspect is changed; the thick walls keep out every sound and he who penetrates through the gloomy portals finds himself in a peaceful world of cool green lawns and well-kept flower-borders which might be miles away from the marmalade factory, the coal wharf and the motor works.

To the student who has gained admittance to this strange world, life, at first is apt to seem to consist solely of clubs and coffee. There are Clubs in Oxford for the studying of everything from ornithology to railway engines, for the expression of every shade of political opinion and every degree of artistic ability and their representatives descend upon the bewildered and defenceless freshman in his first few days like a plague of locusts, till out of sheer self-defence-he is forced to appease some of them with a subscription. Thus he soon becomes the owner of a tasty selection of fixture-cards which look well on his mantelpiece and make him feel that, definitely, he is now part of Oxford.

As for the Great Coffee Ritual-that is apt to be even more puzzling. Everyone, it would seem, is quite agreed that (a) No English coffee is worthy of the name; and (b) of all foul English coffee, the foulest is that brewed in Oxford. Yet, on every possible occasion the beverage is consumed. Strictly at 11 a.m. the devotees of the cult troop solemnly out to perform their rites; after lunch the ceremony is, repeated and again after dinner, and often far on into the night though then there are sometimes more potent gods to be honoured.

Eventually, the question of work rears its ugly head but it is work in a very mild and pleasant form. Lectures the new student is informed should be attended. So off he troops prepared to be cajoled and bullied as he was at school. But neither of these things happens instead, he is ignored fairly consistently, and the lecturer delivers his address apparently quite unconscious of the lolling multitude spread out before him. "I have to do this", he seems to say but you don't have to listen, so let's get it over as quickly and as pleasantly as we can". When he does, on some rare occasion, address himself

directly to the assemblage, his remarks are invariably prefaced by a servile and ingratiating " Ladies and Gentlemen.

Oh yes, there are ladies as well as gentlemen permitted to stray about this strange land of learning : ladies who have somehow gained admittance while the attention of the rulers was directed elsewhere on some more important subject; ladies who took advantage of the topsy-turvy conditions of the post-war period to consolidate their position; and who now fill the front seats at lectures, hang on the lecturer s lips with all the assiduity of shorthand typists, and at last most despicable of all, collect a large percentage of the best degrees thus snatching the very bread from the mouth of the more needy male Undergraduates, they are called a nasty, hybrid word.

But to speak of degrees at all, is to anticipate matters a little. During his first few terms the undergraduate is superbly unconscious of such things he drinks his coffee, plays games or watches others playing them, rows or runs alongside while others row. He is put in charge of a tutor a gentleman as easily pleased as the lecturer and sometimes, in a spirit of great magnanimity he writes an essay and reads it to him, both tutor and student are usually equally bored by the little ceremony.

As the terms rolls pleasantly by, the thought begins to dawn upon the happy student that sooner or later he will have to leave these sheltered quadrangles and aged buildings and pass into the world of marmalade and motor-cars outside. He begins to study harder, clubs, sport even coffee become things of little importance beside essays and lectures. The little weekly ceremony with the tutor takes on a new importance even the words of the lecturer are attended to. The last term is spent in a frenzy of toil, diversified with short but pleasant interludes spent in cursing the whole examination system. Then miraculously, the whole thing is over, the accumulated learning of three or four years has been carefully engraved on foolscap and the student sits back, at peace once more and awaits the decision of the examiners; awaits his passport back into the outside world.

Such, briefly, is the story of Life in Oxford. There must be a moral in it all somewhere, but where it lies I am not quite certain.

**W. D. WOODGATE.**

---

**SHAKESPEARE AT LARKFIELD.**

Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form.

To Edwards Form 3a.

There be some sports are painful.

To Townsend Form 3b.

My sweet mistress weeps when she sees me work.

To Hardwick.

I fear I shall outsleep the coming morn.

To Morgan.

Mine ear is much enamoured of thy note.

To Manson.

I do invest you jointly in my power.

Doctor to new prefects.

My ear is open and my heart prepared.

Miss Smith listening to the forms' poetry.

Farewell, sweet play-fellow, pray thee for us.

To those who have left.

**J. LEWIS, IVA.**

---

### **SPEECH DAY.**

Speech day for the year 1936, was held on Tuesday, December 1st. The speaker, Mr. C. F. Scott, M.A., the ex-Headmaster of Monmouth School and a former Governor of Larkfield, delivered an excellent address giving some amusing remarks about examinations. Our Headmaster, the Rev. A. H. Birch, gave his report on the progress of the School during the preceding years, and Mrs. C. F. Scott distributed the prizes and certificates.

Then followed the programme contributed by pupils of the School. The junior girls gave a performance of physical exercises, while the boys, supervised by Mr. Wilding, gave a gym display. The school choir sang several delightful songs.

#### **PRIZE WINNERS.**

Form 6, H. K. Herbert.

Form 5a, (1) B. Bartlett; (2) L. Weeks.

Form 5b (1) L. Cox; (2) V. Bevan.

Form 4a (1) J. Brown; (2) M. Blackaby.

Form 4b (1) D. Carter; (2) R. Price

Form 3a (1) B. Groves; (2) G. Williams.

Form 3b (1) J. Morgan; (2) D. Williams.

Form 2a (1) C. Hill; (2) D. Powell.

Form 2b (1) J. Walker; (2) P. Parry.

#### **SPECIAL PRIZES.**

French: B. Bartlett.

Mathematics : L. Weeks.

Geography : H. Farr, L. Cox, R. Vincent.

Botany : M. Greenhaigh, M. Vaughan.

Art: R. Vincent.

Public Service : M. Vaughan.

#### **SCHOOL COLOURS, 1935-1936.**

Hockey : M. Browne, A. Wills, D. Carter, E. Edmunds, J Morgan.

Netball: Dorothy Williams, P.Lewis, M. Trueman.

Rugby: E. A. Stephens.

Cricket: E. A. Stephens, H. T. B. Kear, H. D. Chubb.

#### **HIGHER CERTIFICATES.**

R. Dent, R. Edmunds.

#### **SCHOOL CERTIFICATES.**

B. Bartlett, V. Bevan, M. Browne, A. Cook, L. Cox, E. Edmunds H. Farr, M. Greenhaigh, M. Groves, G. Harris, K. Hill, E. Hotchkin, J. Howells, H. Kear, H. Stoddart, J. Streeter, D. Swan, G Vaughan M. Vaughan, G. Vigers, R. G. Vincent, M. Walters, L. Weeks.

#### **SUPPLEMENTARY CERTIFICATES.**

R. Dent (Domestic Science), R. Edmunds (Domestic Science), H. Herbert (Domestic Science), R. D. B. Wheeler (Woodwork), E.A. Stephens (Mathematics and Art).

#### **J. M. STREETER.**

---

#### **QUALITY STREET.**

J. M. Barrie's "Quality Street" was produced during the Spring Term and was presented on March 10th at the Town Hall. Work started on the play almost a term before, and Miss Gillatt and Miss James gave much of their time to the consideration of the production. Rehearsals continued all through the term and the actors were word perfect in ample time, so that the rest of the time could be

devoted to the technique of the acting and getting the right atmosphere. The result was that the play was a complete success, with none of the halting speech and empty silences that characterise amateur acting as a rule.

Audrey Grassby, the principal actress, in the part of Miss Phoebe Throssel, acted really well, and Kenneth Pask, as the gallant Valentine Brown played a difficult part skilfully. The smaller parts were well portrayed, and Joan Streeter created precisely the right atmosphere with her performance of Patty, the maid. John Manson and Douglas Vaughan represented young regimental officers and Ronald Wheeler was an old soldier.

The production was not intended to be a financial proposition because the royalties and the cost of the properties and costumes were considerable, but altogether the play realised £18/10/0.

#### **E. A. STEPHENS.**

=====

#### **EISTEDDFOD.**

At the end of the Spring term Larkfield held its second Eisteddfod. This competition between the houses, which aroused much active rivalry last year, was amply supported, and the points gained contributed to the winning of the Shield. The Staff as adjudicators put in a great deal of work to ensure the success of the day.

They were :

English	Miss Smith and Dr. Birch.
French Poetry	Miss James and Mr. Edwards.
History	Miss Davies.
Geography	Mr. Robinson.
Botany	Miss Gillatt.
Music	Miss Gillatt and Mr. Edwards.
Art	Miss Bailey.
Woodwork	Mr. Wilding.
Dancing	Miss Freeman.

The results of the Eisteddfod were :

Solo, Girl (under 14): 1, E. Mason (S); 2, M. Burns (S); 3, J. Vicarage (U).

Solo, Girls (over 14): 1, G. Vigers (W); 2, D. Williams (U) and E. Ballinger (S).

Solo, Boys (under 14): 1, Holloway (U); 2, Turner (S); 3, Townsend (S).

Solo, Boys (over 14): 1, Vincent (W); 2, Moore (U); 3, Waters (U).

Piano Solo, Junior: 1, Roberts (W); 2, Nancekievill (U); 3, M. Harris (U).

Piano Solo, Senior: 1, A. Wills (U); 2, Joan Streeter (S); 3, D. Williams (S).

Violin Solo: Sparkes (U).

Duet: J. Streeter and N. Searl (S).

English Essay (under 14): 1, Nina Bevan (W); 2, Doreen Davies (W); 3, Shaddick (U).

Senior Essay: 1, Stephens (U); 2, J. Brown (S); 3, Wheeler (S) Vaughan (S).

Junior Ballad Poem : 1, Rhona Davies (U).

English Recitation: 1, Joan Streeter (S); 2, B. Groves (U); 3, L. Rees (U).

French Recitation : 1, Joan Streeter (S); 2, L. Rees (U); 3, Vaughan (S).

Unpunctuated Prose: 1, D. Swan (W); 2, H. Herbert (S); Wheeler (S).

Impromptu Speech : 1, Wheeler (S); 2, Manson (U); 3, E. Bluett (U).

History: 1, G. Vigers (W); 2, L. Rees (U); 3, D. Hunt (W).

Geography, Junior: 1, P. Adams (U); 2, K. Marshall (S); 3, Baker (S).

Geography, Senior: 1, Manson (U); 2, K. Price (S); 3, Brown (W).

Woodwork, Junior, 1, Coombs (S); 2, Tamplin (U); 3, Lewis (W).

Woodwork, Senior: 1, Hunt (W); 2, Rowland (W); 3, Butler (U).  
 Art, Junior: I, G. Jones (W); 2, Margretts (S); 3, Price(U).  
 Art, Senior: I, L. Williams (S); 2, C. Webb (U); 3, M. Edwards(S).  
 Knitted Garment, Junior: 1, J. Culshaw (S); 2, V. Hurle (S).  
 Knitted Garment, Senior: 1, B. Bartlett (U); 2, A. Grassby (U); 3, L. Rees (U).  
 Thrift Garment: I, L. Williams (S).  
 Embroidered Chair back: 1, L. Williams (S); 2, N. Bevan (W); 3, M. Lightfoot (W).  
 Plain Needlework: 1, L. Williams (S); 2, J. Streeter (S); 3, W; Jones (U).  
 Gingerbread Cake : 1, I. Pinfold (W); 2, W. Jones (U); 3, E. Edmunds (U).  
 Wild Flowers: I, B. Groves (U); 2, H. Herbert (S).  
 Country Dancing (Junior): 1, Severn, II; 2, Severn, I; 3, Wye, 1.  
 Country Dancing (Senior): I, Wye and Severn; 3, Usk.  
 Play : 1, Severn and Usk; 3, Wye.  
 Final results: Severn, 74 Usk, 64 Wye, 42

**B. BARTLETT.**

=====

**SPORTS DAY.**

On May 26th we celebrated our twelfth Annual Sports Day. The weather was not so kind as usual and throughout the morning and early afternoon it poured with rain. By three o'clock, however, it had cleared sufficiently to allow most of the events to be run off.

Mrs. Hartland kindly consented to present the prizes. The Severn House won the shield with the Usk coming second and the Wye third. Both the Victrix and the Victor Ludorum, K. Price and T Griffiths belonged to the Severn House.

Results of the races were :—

200 yds. (Senior Boys): Boys: 1 T. Griffiths (S); 2, J. Manson (U); 3, Rowlands (W).  
 220 yds. (Junior Boys): 1, Spear (S); 2, J. Lewis (W); 3 Margretts (S).  
 Three-legged Race: 1, K. Price P. Parry (S); 2 M Brown R Anthony (W);  
 3, M. Jones, P. Adams (U).  
 100 yards Senior Boys 1 T Griffiths (S); 2, J. Manson (U); 3, H. Price (U)  
 Skipping Race Girls M- Thomas (S) 2, R. Anthony (W); 3, A. Shock (W).  
 100 yds. Junior Boys: 1, J. Lewis (W) 2 D Margretts (S); 3, G. Spear (S).  
 Hurdle Race (Junior Boys) 1 Margretts (S) , 2 Britton (S); Groves (S).  
 House Relay Race Girls, 1.Usk; 2 Wye; 3 Severn  
 House Relay Race (Boys): 1,Usk, 2.Wye. 3..Severn  
 High Jump (Junior Girls) 1 W Price (W);2 M Thomas (S) 3 M Edwards (S)  
 High Jump (Senior Girls): 1 A. Wills (U) 2 M. Edwards (S); 3, Doris Williams (U).  
 High Jump (Junior Boys) : 1, L. Friend (S); 2, J. Lewis (W); 3, P. Wood (U).  
 High Jump (Senior Boys) : 1, H. Price (U); 2, J. Manson (U); 3, T. Griffiths (S).  
 Long Jump (Junior Boys): 1. Margretts (S); 2 Lewis (W) 3 Woods (U)  
 Long Jump (Senior Boys) I H Price (U); 2, Brown (W); 3 Wright (U).  
 Egg and Spoon Race (Girls) 1, K. Price (S); 2, B Burns (U); 3, J. Streeter (S).  
 Hurdle Race (Senior Boys): 1, A Stephens (U), 2 T. Griffiths (S); 3, J. Manson (U).  
 Hurdle Race (Girls Open): 1, W. Price (W); 2, V. Saysell (U); 3, J. Brown (S).  
 440 yds: (Handicap Boys), 1, T. Griffiths (S); 2, B. Wright (U); 3. E. Brown (W)  
 Late for School Race (Girls): 1, D. Carter (U); 2, M. Lightfoot (W); 3, D. Jones (U).  
 80 yds. (Junior Girls) : 1, P Parry (S) 2 W Price (W) 3 M Thomas (S)  
 100 yds- (Senior Girls): 1, K. Price (S); 2, A Wills (U); 3, E. Bluett (U).

½ Mile Handicap (Boys): 1 B Wright (U), 2 P. Walters (U); 3, E. Brown (W).  
Obstacle Race (Girls): 1 B. Burns (U); 2, J. Rees (W); 3, B. Groves (S).  
Consolation Race (Girls) 1 J Henderson (S): 2. I. Baker (W); 3, A. Shock (W).  
100 yds. (Girls, Open) : 1, K. Price (S); 2, A. Wills (U); 3, V Saysell (U)

**J. R. MANSON.**

---

**HOUSE NOTES.**

**USK HOUSE.**

Girls' Captain : B. BARTLETT. Boys' Captain : E. A. STEPHENS.

Although the house has failed to win the shield this year, it has retained second place, and its standard, both in school and sport has not deteriorated. We repeated our performance of last year in the inter-house Rugby by beating the Severn and losing to the Wye, while the Hockey fared similarly. We lost both the cricket matches played last year however, but atoned for this in some way by winning the tennis. This term we hope to do better in cricket, for H Price had the distinction of playing for his county against Glamorgan some weeks ago.

In the Eisteddfod this year we were again second to the Severn by ten marks, and also occupied that position in the final term and examination marks of the year. We seem to be blessed with certain amount of intellectual talent particularly in the lower and middle school, and the house should have a good future before it.

**WYE HOUSE.**

Girls' Captain: M. BROWNE. Boys' Captain: H. T. B. KEAR.

Having realised our ambition by winning the shield three years in succession, we were unlucky to lose several useful members of the house this year and that accounts for our teams not being up to the usual standard.

The boys easily won their Rugby matches and did fairly well in the Sports of last year, also winning one of their Cricket matches. The girls did quite well in the Sports but this year we did not retain our position. The Hockey team gained an outstanding victory over the Severn but lost by a small margin to the Usk. We lost both netball matches.

We have many promising members in the lower forms both in work and sport. As regards the Eisteddfod, our position has not improved but we hope to be more successful in the near future. The ambition of the house this year is to regain our former prestige by winning the shield once again.

**SEVERN HOUSE.**

Girls' Captain: H. HERBERT. Boys' Captain: R. D. B. WHEELER.

The Severn House has had a very successful year, although many valuable members including the former captain have left. We are very pleased to announce that at last the "Severn" has outrivalled the other houses and won the Shield for the first time.

Our members have shown good form, both in school and on the playing-field. This year we have won the School Sports, chiefly by the fine performance exhibited by the Victrix and Victor Ludorum, both of the Severn House.

The Rugby standard was high but the other houses were slightly stronger. The Cricket, however, was superior to that of the Usk and Wye, both of whom we defeated.

The girls were fairly successful with the tennis, hockey and netball. The "House" obtained top marks for work this year and also won the eisteddfod. We sincerely hope that we shall maintain our position as winner of the Shield again next year.

---



## HOCKEY SEASON, 1936-37.

Captain: M. BROWNE. Secretary: H. HERBERT.

Unfortunately, owing to bad weather, we were forced to cancel three matches. However, we won seven out of thirteen and drew one.

Two of our girls V. Bevan and A. Wills were chosen to play for the Monmouthshire Schoolgirls' Team against Glamorgan, but unfortunately, A Wills was unable to play during the season or in either match. We were sorry to lose two of our best players M Vaughan and V. Bevan during the Christmas Term. Miss James continues to coach the team in her efficient way, which we all appreciate and has for the second time played against England, Ireland and Scotland for the Welsh Team. We must also congratulate D. Madley one of last year's team who was chosen as a reserve in the Welsh Team and played in the match against Ireland.

Colours were presented to D. Carter, M. Browne, J. Morgan A Wills and E. Edmunds.

### RESULTS OF MATCHES.

Abergavenny (Home) won; Abergavenny (Away) lost; St. Johns Home, won; St. Johns (Away), won; Lydney (Home), lost; Bassaleg (Home) draw; Bassaleg (Away), lost; Coleford (Away), won; Cinderford (Home), won; Newbridge (Home), won; Newbridge (Away) won; Chepstow Ladies, lost; Old Students, lost.

### CRITICISMS ON THE HOCKEY TEAM.

D. Maxfield Shows promise, kicks well but is erratic and does not know when to come out and tackle.

E. Edmunds Has played well throughout the season, tackles and covers well but should learn to have a longer hit.

O Sheppard Improved towards the end of the season. Hits hard but wildly at times. Does not mark closely enough, covers badly.

I Williams A very promising player. Hits and tackles well. Marks closely and is fast. Good stick work and should make a good half.

M. Browne Does not play as well at centre half as at left half intercepts well but is inclined to wander too much. Has worked well with the team.

E. Bluett Has not played up to form this year. Marks well but does not hit cleanly. Covers badly in the circle.

R. Anthony Fast, possesses a good centre but is inclined to muddle her inner by not keeping out on the wing.

L. Rees Promising stick work fairly good. but does not hit hard enough in the circle Must learn to combine better with her wing and centre.

V. Saysell Showed promise at the beginning of the season but went off badly Is fast and follows up well but does not use her head Stick work and shooting ability not up to standard.

N. Searl Has done fairly well in a difficult position but does not possess sufficient dash and speed for a centre. Weak in the circle at times. Must learn to hit harder.

D. Carter Disappointing. Far too temperamental and erratic. Combines well with her wing but is unable to hit hard to the right and at goal. Has played one or two good games but lacks that extra dash so essential to a forward. Flicks and dribbles well.

J Brown Has cultivated a hard centre but does not use her head. No variety about her play. Must learn to dribble and take the ball down the wing. Not fast enough.

On the whole the defence much more promising than the attack.

=====

### **NETBALL, 1936-37.**

Captain: D. WILLIAMS. Vice-Captain: P. LEWIS.

On the whole the juniors were more successful this season than the seniors. Several matches were cancelled owing to bad weather and one or two were played in very unfavourable conditions.

Those who played for the Senior Team were: D. Williams, P. Lewis, M. Shaddick, J. Morgan, B. Britton, B. Burns, K. Price, P. Parry, M. Jones.

The Junior Team: B. Britton, J. Morgan, P. Parry, B. Burns, V. Hurle, D. Davies, M. Jones.

Senior Fixtures: Newbridge (Away), lost; St. Johns (Away), lost; St. Johns (Home), won; Newbridge (Home), lost; Abertillery (Away), won.

Junior Fixtures Municipal, Newport (Away), won; Municipal, Newport (Home), won. Both Lydney matches were cancelled.

---

### **RUGBY NOTES.**

Captain: R. G. VINCENT. Vice-Captain: J. R. MANSON.

Hon. Secretary: R. D. B. WHEELER.

Team, 1936-37: B. Wright, P. Waters, J. R. Manson, E. A. Stephens, E. Brown, H. F. Price, R. G. Vincent, J. Trigg, R. D. B. Wheeler, T. Hunt, J. Moore, R. Price, B. Baker, T. Griffiths, H. T. Kear.

The Rugby team this season has shown a remarkable improvement on its previous season's form. The three-quarters have been playing with more cohesion and the forwards, although very often overwhelmed by lack of weight, fought back gamely and secured the ball against far heavier packs. Consequently we won four matches, drew two more and lost the rest by very small margins.

Raymond Vincent, who only just missed his Welsh cap, but who captained the County Team against Bristol, proved to be a pillar of strength at stand-off half.

---

### **TENNIS NOTES.**

Captain : B. BARTLETT. Vice-Captain: A. WILLS.

Secretary : H. HERBERT.

We have been lucky in that none of our matches have yet been cancelled owing to bad weather. Unfortunately, we have lost four of our last season's team, but A. Wills is now playing again and we hope to make up for the rather unfavourable start of the season.

Results of the matches: Abergavenny (home), lost; Coleford (home), lost; Old Students (home), won; Lydney (away), lost; Coleford (away), won; St. John's (away), lost.

Team, 1937: B. Bartlett, A. Wills, M. Browne, V. Saysell, H. Herbert, N. Searl.

---

### **BASEBALL NOTES, 1937.**

Captain : JOYCE MORGAN. Vice-Captain : B. BURNS.

The Rounders team has had a very successful season. The team has played very well and the girls have come out to practice very often.

Abergavenny, won 9 to 3 rounders. Coleford, won 13 to 2 rounders.

Lydney, won 4 to 1 rounders.

#### **ROUNDERS MADE.**

P. Parry	8 rounders	B. Britton	1 rounder
J. Morgan	4 rounders	B. Burns	1 rounder

M. Lightfoot	4 rounders	K. Price	1 rounder
M. Thomas	3 rounders	J Vicarage	1 rounder
W. Price	3 rounders	Toatl	26 rounders

### CRICKET NOTES.

Captain: E. A. STEPHENS. Vice-Captain: H. T. B. KEAR.

Hon. Secretary : R. D. B. WHEELER.

We have had quite a successful season so far, having won six matches, drawn four, and lost two. We lost three strong players from last year in Isaacs, Matthews and Stoddart; Vincent left in the middle of this season, and Chubb has been unable to play many matches through injury to his wrist; however, the team has played well despite these handicaps. Once more we have been able to play our matches on the High Beech ground.

We were very pleased that Price and Kear were picked to play for the Monmouthshire School Trials at Bassaleg, where Price made the top score of 35, and Kear had the best average of 4 for 18. Price was also picked to play for Monmouthshire against Glamorgan. Some high scores have been made by the team this season. Against Newport High School, we made 102 for 2, and against Howard Gardens we made 102 for no wickets. Stephens has scored 51 not out and 47; Price 54 not out; and Manson 40 not out. Kear had the remarkable bowling average of 7 wickets for 2 runs against Newport High School. We have three more matches to play and we hope that we will be successful.

Results :

April 23<sup>rd</sup> Lydney (away), drawn. Lydney 118 for 8; Larkfield 67 for 7

May 1<sup>st</sup> Howard Gardens (home), won. Howard Gardens 36; Larkfield 40 for 1.

May 8<sup>th</sup> Newport High School (home), won. Newport High School 17; Larkfield 39.

May 22<sup>nd</sup> Ministry of Pensions (away), drawn. Larkfield 25 and 88 for 5 dec.; M. of P. 57 and 54 for 5.

May 30<sup>th</sup> Beachley ((home), lost. Beachley 42; Larkfield 29.

June 5<sup>th</sup>—Abergavenny (home), drawn. Larkfield 98 for 8 dec.; Abergavenny 37 for 5.

June 12<sup>th</sup>—Bell's Grammar School (home), won. Bell's Grammar School 80; Larkfield 91 for 6.

June 19<sup>th</sup> Bassaleg (home), lost. Bassaleg 89 for 5 dec.; Larkfield 56.

June 22<sup>nd</sup> Newport High School (away), drawn. Larkfield 102 for 2 dec.; Newport High School 80 for 7.

June 23<sup>rd</sup> Old Boys (home), won. Old Boys 78; Larkfield 88.

June 26<sup>th</sup> Howard Garden (away), won. Howard Gardens 96; Larkfield 104 for no wicket.

#### BATTING AVERAGE (up to and including July 3rd, 1937).

	No. of Innings	Times Not out	Total Runs	Most in Innings	Average
E. A. Stephens	12	2	206	51*	20.6
H. F. Price	11	2	161	54*	17.88
H. D. Chubb	6	2	54	24*	13.6
B. A. Pullin	6	3	30	11	10
F. W. J. Fyfield	9	3	57	24*	9.5
J. R. Manson	11	1	88	40*	8 1
H. T. B. Kear	8	1	53	15	7.71
C. G. Lewis	10	1	59	29	6.55
T. Griffiths	5	1	26	12*	6.5

G. D. Vaughan	11	1	60	18	6
B. Wright	4	1	18	9	6.
J. Howells	1	0	3	3	3
K. Howells	3	1	6	4	3
J. Probyn	1	1	1	1*	—
J. T. Moore	2	0	1	1	0.5

\* Not out.

**BOWLING AVERAGE (up to and including July 3rd, 1937).**

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
J. R. Manson	3.2	0	9	2	4.5
H.T.B.Kear	115	43	242	40	6.05
G. D. Vaughan	28.3	4	73	11	6.63
H. E. Price	56	18	183	26	7.03
E. A. Stephens	90	25	181	23	7.86
C. G. Lewis	23	7	62	5	12.4
J. Howells	1	0	4	0	—

**OLD STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.**

The outstanding event of the past year, from the point of view of the Old Students, has been the foundation of the Old Students Trust fund, the history of which is fairly well-known to those in touch with the activities of the Association. For those not "in the the know" it may be stated that at last this scheme, for long the dream of the Staff and Old Students, is an established fact, and is to be put into operation this year. It was decided to take this course immediately the results of the Fete held last year was made known. July 22nd 1936, will definitely be written down as a "red letter day" in the history of Larkfield School. The weather, in the Larkfield tradition, was glorious one of the very few fine days of the month and the fete, opened by Mrs. Vaughan-Hughes, achieved a success which we had scarcely dared to hope for, while the Dance which followed was probably the best we have ever held. The final accounts showed a profit of over £186, of which everyone connected with the School was justifiably proud.

After taking legal advice on the subject, it was decided to inaugurate a Trust Fund rather than a direct Scholarship, in order to give more scope for the utilisation of the money. At present of course the interest on the money invested is not sufficient to make the scheme self-supporting, so it is being augmented by any small profits made on meetings held from time to time, so that a start can be made immediately. We also hope to increase the capital when the opportunity arises, by means of another big scale effort.

Apart from the Fete, Old Students activities during the year have been on similar lines to those of 1935-36. with monthly table tennis tournaments at Larkfield and a public dance for Old Students and friends at Christmas. These meetings have been most enjoyable and successful, and we should like to thank Dr. and Mrs. Birch, Miss Smith, the Staff and the masters' wives for supporting all our functions so splendidly, and allowing Old Students the use of the school and tennis courts on many occasions.

Our sporting encounters with the school have left us with a big balance on the wrong side. The solitary victory was gained by the Old Girls Hockey Team, while the tennis, netball, rugby and cricket teams lost both their matches. However, we live in hopes!

In conclusion the secretaries once more appeal to Old Students to drop their bashfulness, and forward any news of interest for publication in this Magazine. The O.S. news paragraphs seem to get scantier from year to year. Let us hear from you.

**E. IRMA FLOWERS. J. E. PRICE, Joint Secretaries.**

## **LARKFIELD O .S. NOTES.**

Congratulations to Doreen Madley who played hockey for Wales against Ireland last season. She also played regularly for Monmouthshire. 1st XI.

Lona Gardner (1927-31), Florence Stockham (1925-30), Georgina Richard (1929-33) and Dorothy Hutchings (1925-31) represented Monmouthshire 2nd XI during the season.

Claude H. Thomas (1924-29) has passed the exam for his 1st Mates Tickets. During his years at sea he has visited Australia, New Zealand, America, Canada, India, China, Egypt, and many of the European ports.

We congratulate Miss Doris Davis on obtaining Second Class Honours (1st Division) in Botany in B.Sc. (Wales), and Mr. Maurice Baker on being one of two in First Class Honours in Geography at the B.Sc. (Bristol).

## **MARRIAGES.**

On March 14th, 1937, E. R. Powell to Dora Hill.

On August 8th, 1936, at St. Mary's Catholic Church, Chepstow,  
Irene Helen Fisher (1924) to George Austin Boyce.

On June 6th at Caerwent Church Marjorie Jones (1925-29).

On February 3rd at Pontypool, Kathleen Rowlands (1925-29) to Richard Jones, Trostrey.

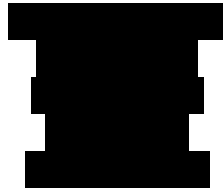
On June 26th at St. Mary's Catholic Church, Newport,  
Margery Adams (1924-28) to Leonard Martin, of Gal-way, Ireland.

## **DEATH.**

On November 18th, 1936, at Halton R.A.F. Station, T. B. Bendall.

Copies of the following booklets are available from:

Peter Bartlett



[peter-beryl@tiscali.co.uk](mailto:peter-beryl@tiscali.co.uk)

Booklet Title.	Price if collected.	Post and Packaging
<b>Larkfield Booklets.</b>		
1951 Pupils Photograph	£4.50	£1.50
Larkfield a Sixtieth Celebration	£6.50	£2.00
Larkfield 1924 to 1969, 45 years on	£5.50	£1.50
Lark	£2.00	£1.50
Larkfield Times.		
Copies of the following are available, No.1. 1934-35 No.3. 1936-37 No.4. 1937-38 No.5. 1938-39 No.6. 1939-40 No.8. 1941-42 No.9. 1942-43 No.10. 1943-44 No.11. 1944-45 No.12. 1945-46 No.13. 1946-47 No.14. 1947-48	They are available at £5.00 each plus £1.50 post and packaging. If anyone has other copies I would like to borrow them to make copies. Thank you.	
Old Students Magazines. No.1. 1958; No.2. 1959 No.3. 1960 and No. 5. 1963	They are available at £5.00 each plus £1.50 post and packaging. If anyone has other copies I would like to borrow them to make copies. Thank you	
Speech Day Programmes 1946,7,50,1,2,4,	£3.00	£1.50
St. Pierre Estate Sale Catalogue 1919 and 1958	£5.00	£1.50
Bartlett Brothers of Crick	£5.50	£1.50
Crick Memories	£8.00	£2.00
<b>Books written by Ernest E Jones.</b>		
Mathern Memories	£6.50	£1.50
Farming Encounters in the 20 <sup>th</sup> Century	£5.00	£1.50
Four Seasons of the Countryside	£5.50	£1.50
Sights, Sounds and Smells of the Countryside	£5.00	£1.50
Arts and Crafts of the Countryside	£5.00	£1.50
Living to Work or Working to Live	£5.00	£1.50

**Note.**

Booklets are normally printed to order, but I do sometimes have a one copy available.

**Photographs.**

I can also offer a service for the restoration of faded or damaged photographs at very reasonable prices,

I can also produce copies of photographs.