

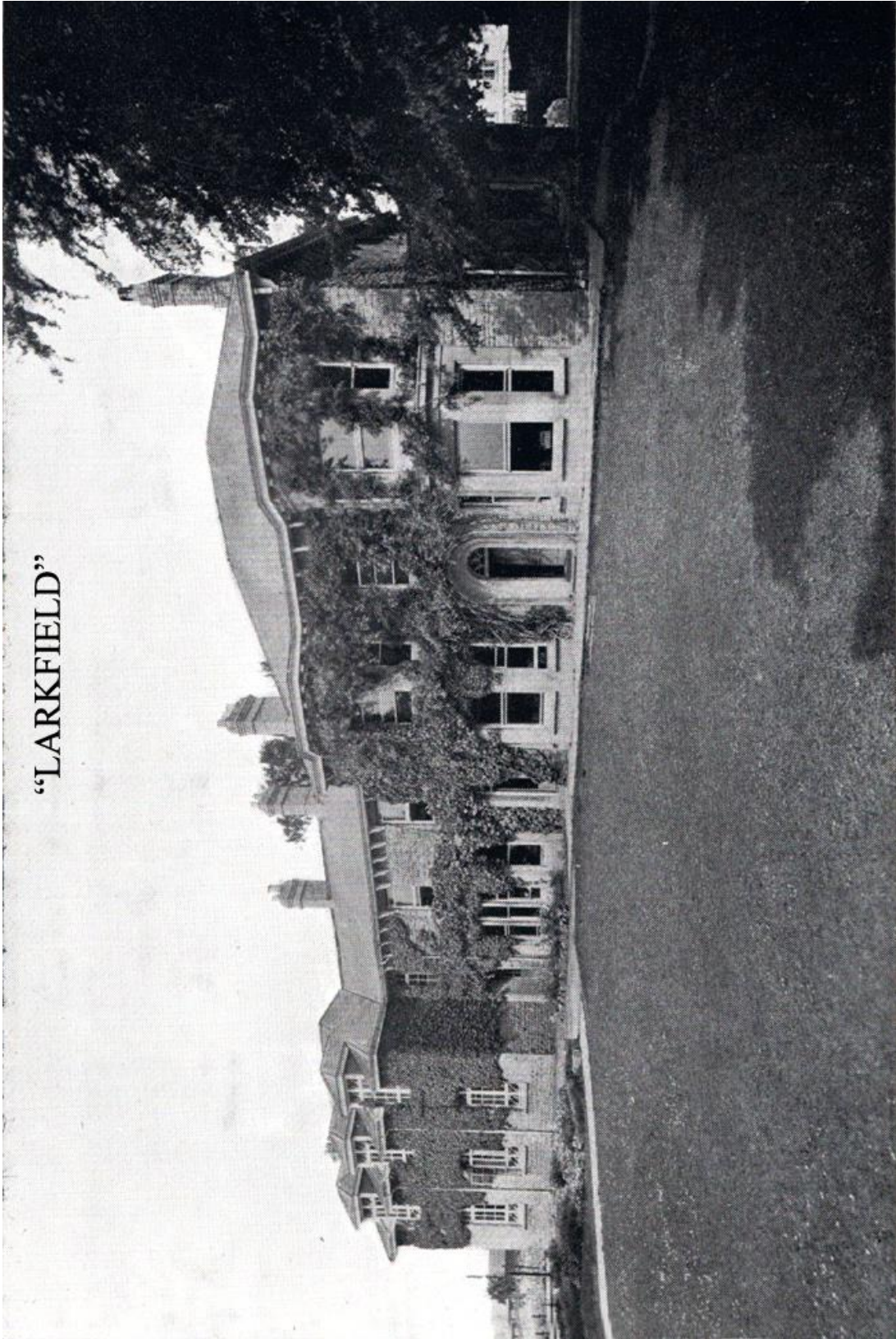
# “Larkfield Times”



1937-8

No. 4

“LARKFIELD”



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**Co-editors: B. BARTLETT and J. T. MOORE.**

Magazine Committee :

H. HERBERT, E. EDMUNDS, E. WARMER, D. CHUBB, T. GRIFFITHS, C. LEWIS.

Dear Readers,

We have much pleasure, this term, in presenting the fourth number of the School Magazine. Although it is being produced too early this term to include the summer house matches, no other events of importance have to be omitted and a full account of this year's sport and of the school's social functions is given.

The articles are, if anything, even more numerous, and we are glad to say more representative than formerly. We are sorry there are none in this number forthcoming from the Staff, and should also welcome more contributions from Old Pupils as the latter are always of great interest to all readers of the Magazine.

The Old Pupils' section of the Magazine has once again been prepared with customary care and should be welcomed by those people who are no longer in the district and have lost their former close contact with the school.

It is with greatest regret that this term we have to say good-bye to our Headmaster, Dr. Birch. As the first Head of Larkfield he has laid the foundations of the schools of which we are all so proud. In a world in which ideals are often forgotten in the rush of modern life he has taught us to value honour, courtesy and service. And we are grateful. We wish also to thank Mrs. Birch for her keen interest in the school. For us her cheery presence in the kitchen has always heralded some festivity and the outcome of her labours has always been to our enjoyment. As a school we are proud that the Bishop of Monmouth has rewarded Dr. Birch's services to the Church by appointing him Rector of Llanwenarth-Citra. We hope that Dr. and Mrs. Birch will be happy in their new sphere, and will come back often to see us.

We wish, finally, to thank all those who have contributed to the Magazine or who have helped in any way with its production.

**Yours truly, B. BARTLETT, J. T. MOORE, Co-editors.**

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Dr. Birch.

### **A HEADMASTER LOOKS BACK.**

A friend asked me the other day on the telephone, "What does it feel like to be retiring"? and this query set me thinking, and supplied a sort of text upon which to hang my random thoughts. If they are more rambling than usual, pray put that fact down to that garrulous tendency incidental to my time of life and to a latent consciousness that very soon I shall be outside the range of your criticism, and actively and, I believe, hopefully engaged in acquiring the technique necessary for the due and adequate performance of a new job. Believe me; I look forward to it with far more trepidation than I did to the task allotted me by the Education Committee some 14 years ago. Now let me look back. The job, I think I know best is that of teaching. I began in Worcestershire, where I did not stay very long, then I had experience in Lancashire, North Wales, and for a short time in Ireland. Then I came to Monmouthshire where I have been ever since. Whatever professional skill I may have acquired in my somewhat varied career has been crystallised and focalised during the 14 years I have been in Chepstow. If you are as discerning as I believe you to be you will see that that is a very delicate, if subtle, compliment to you, for it is on you that I have sharpened whatever wits I may possess. You have made me what I am. Now as I think I am not an altogether contemptible product, you can see that, as the cause is generally greater than the effect, so must you be ..... but I will leave the conclusion to you. Now to get back to my "text". Really, I cannot tell you yet what I feel like and for at least two reasons, first my temperament is such, that I must keep on keeping on or stop altogether, not "stand and stare"! and, secondly, because I cannot help feeling a sort of "urge", "pull" or "draw" towards the other task which lies before me. So now you know as much or as little about my inner emotions as I know, which is very little, really. You who have been so used to hear me hold forth from any old text at any old distance from that text will, I know, allow me just one more opportunity of showing how wise was the old cynic who said "Language was given to us to conceal our thoughts". But I will try to give you the benefit of my accumulated experience of those victims upon whom I have practised my art (or is it a science, or both?)

I am not going to flatter anybody. You know how often and how nauseatingly you have been told that you are better than your fathers, in fact, almost little angels doomed for a short while to suffer grief and pain at the hands of unimaginative instructors and instructresses and to sit for and, sometimes, to pass examinations that are all wrong, out of date or even only worthy of being scrapped. Well, I don't believe any of these things. I think you are very lucky, enviable people and that you have at least a fair share of original sin and "cussedness", and I know that in your secret hearts you know it too. The quality which I have found most universally distributed among English, Welsh and Irish boys (I have no knowledge of Scotch boys) and girls is a sense of justice. The boy or girl I know expects a "square deal". If he has that at your hands, other things will follow as the night the day. Do not ask me, please, to differentiate or discriminate between boys and girls. That would be about as thankless and hazardous a job as to be asked to be a judge at a baby show. Now a few words about teaching. Pray remember I speak for and of myself and not in any representative capacity. I am sure we do far too much for our pupils these days, not too little. In this respect, I think, the education of 30 or 40 years ago was better. We are too apt to "prepeptonise" the diet, i.e., to make it more easily assimilable by our pupils. We make the educational field too safe for youthful democracy. We are always tempering the wind to the shorn lamb! Would it not be better to tell the lamb to grow a little more wool? Our school environment, too, is not always conducive to the turning out of virile characters. Things are made too easy for us these days. We are becoming so "humanised" that we cease to be human. Man is naturally predisposed to adopt "the line of least resistance"; there is no reason why these lines should be so multiplied that our main object in life seems to be to do as little as we can in as long a time as we can. That way madness lies. The weaker brother is made weaker by the extra concessions made to him, often by those who have to go without themselves or to do more than their

share in order that he may do less. Most things these days are being mechanised and man is in danger of becoming either a machine or one who looks after a machine. That is one of the real dangers of today. We may gain the whole world and lose our own souls. Education cannot be mechanised; not, I mean, true Education, for it has to do with those seemingly unreal things which are, in the end, the most real, viz.. Truth, Beauty, Goodness those eternal verities which are part of God Himself and which will survive "eternal in the Heavens" when all their earthly counterparts or dim reflections shall have passed away. So you see I end on a serious note after all; I have, at long last, come back to where I began. That is what I feel like on retiring from the "daily round, the common task". I feel I have been engaged in a worth-while task in which I have learned something about human nature.

No doubt I shall often wish I were back, perhaps at times I shall feel that the job I am embarking on is as interesting as the one I am leaving. I am still going to be a teacher and I feel sure that what I may have learned at your hands will be of great help in the task which I have to face very soon. I am going to end with a piece of advice. Be honest in thought and deed, loyal, courteous, sympathetic and always try to live up to the full measure of the standard that has been set before you at Larkfield. Then you will not go far wrong and you will make the world a better place to live in.

I should really like to end with a few lines of Latin which my friends and critics seem to think is the idiom in which I feel most at home but as this would be to take a mean advantage of some of you and might cause me trouble later on, let me conclude with some words (first written in Greek) by one who regarded himself as a teacher. The words will sum up much more admirably than I ever could my conception of Education. They are these: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think of these things". Philip IV. 8.

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### **90° IN THE SHADE.**

You go to a motor race because you're keen, or because you've been dragged there by somebody who is keen. If you belong to the second category, and it is your first experience, you will immediately discover that your so delicate senses are being subjected to assault and battery of a very violent nature. Once you have become accustomed to an almost perpetual ear-splitting crackle, a thoroughly disgusting smell of exhaust smoke and dope (being the popular term for racing fuel), and the spectacle of a great number of people in garments whose brilliancy is undeniably injurious to the eye, you will begin to enjoy yourself. Racing grows on you. In a very short time you feel that the noise, the smell, and the colour are indispensable to your enjoyment. You are inclined to regret that you alone do not possess a tartan shirt, or at least a tyrolean hat.

The thing to do when you get to a meeting is to make for the paddock, for there everyone congregates before a race, drivers, mechanics, stewards, reporters, and all kinds of important and unimportant people. There is always a pleasant and intimate atmosphere in a paddock, because it is one of the few places where Englishmen will indulge in animated conversation with complete strangers. In the paddock you are free to examine the cars closely, ask questions about them, touch them if you like. You can enjoy the strange luxury of standing within a yard of a man whose name is a household word in racing circles, listening to him chaffing his mechanic, watching his hands, brown with tobacco stains and not quite as steady as one would have expected. A man will sit in a car for twenty minutes at a time doing nothing but blipping the engine up to 2,000 revs. and listening for any untoward noises. "Blip" is an inspired word that almost exactly reproduces the delightful sound of an engine being rhythmically accelerated and decelerated.

There is a surprising amount of last minute preparation at every motoring event. Big modifications are often carried out the evening before and during the morning of the day of the race itself. Serious engine trouble during practice, frantic telegrams to the works for new parts, and a

gruelling night's work to get the car ready for the next day is no uncommon thing for a racing concern to contend with. At Shelsley I have seen three men change a complete back axle in a few hours because after practising, they had decided that the ratio was too high for the hill. The car ran in the afternoon. Less fortunate was the crew of a car in last year's T.T. In this case the back axle gave up right on the starting line. They pushed it to the pit and began to change the axle. Half-way through the race it started. It ran for half an hour, and then retired, the driver having reported weird noises from the back axle every time he took a right hand bend. Two and a half hour's work for nothing, and the knowledge that if one of the team's cars can develop axle trouble, so can the other two.

Resourcefulness is a great quality among racing people. A leak in a petrol tank or a radiator is stopped by commandeering the pit personnel's entire supply of chewing gum and jamming it into the breach. There's no knowing whether it'll hold, but there's always a chance. A broken fuel pipe is a different matter, but one ingenious competitor in a certain sports car race calmly detached the necessary article from an identical machine in the car park, and left a note to the owner tied to the steering wheel. There are other disasters, major and minor, that may overtake a racing car at any time. When a man has been in three times to have his brakes adjusted and still continues to take the escape road at one corner in every three, it only remains for him to drive carefully round to the pits and let the mechanics push the machine into the Dead Car park. Sometimes a car will give up quite suddenly and entirely without warning. It will come into the pit sounding perfectly healthy, it will be replenished with petrol and oil, and just as it is about to roar away again, there will be a most almighty bang and a lot of smoke. When this has cleared it is quite likely that underneath the car will be seen a complete connecting rod and piston, very much bent, and simmering slightly in a pool of oil. I don't know how they get pushed through a wall of particularly tough steel, but they do.

When a team of cars races it runs to a strict schedule. Car number 1 makes the running to draw out the corresponding car of an opposing team. Number 2 stays behind. If number 1 succeeds in its task of cracking up its particular rival, all the better. There is one less of the enemy to contend with. But if, as so often happens, number 1 itself has to retire, number 2 will be expected to come up and take its place. The three cars in a team are allowed to indulge in dog fights with other teams, but not among themselves. Should two drivers in the same team so far forget themselves as to pass and repass one another a few times the pit manager very soon appears exhibiting a black board with the words "No scrapping till after 95 laps" clearly chalked on it. And most obediently the cars drop back to their proper places.

Racing is dangerous, even to watch, but, considering the number of accidents and miraculously close shaves that occur, serious injury is no more prevalent than in any other fast moving sport. And you should see some of the narrow escapes. A man will come into a corner some ten miles an hour too fast, take the grass in a vicious skid, turn completely round once, perhaps twice, and finish up with the tail of the car flattened against the barricade that separates him from the crowd. Without a moment's loss he will make a very violent getaway, and the incident will be over. Nobody cares to think what might have happened if he had been going just a little faster. Spectators do not, as a whole approve of reckless driving. They welcome a thrill once in a while, but they prefer to see accurate driving. It is fascinating to watch a car in the hands of a master taking the same corner lap after lap with the wheels following to within an inch or so, the exact tracks they followed on the previous round, just so close to the grass, just the same suggestion of a slide as last time, and held and corrected with just the same coolness and finesse. Such driving earns far more praise than that of the "fireworks merchant", as a certain type of driver is known.

To watch a racing driver, it would seem that he had his hands and his head fully occupied, but most of them find time to do the most amazing things. If there happens to be a corner which, once rounded, offers a view of the track to the rear, almost every driver will turn his head and look back over



his shoulder to see who's behind him, while his car dashes forward at an ever increasing speed, guided apparently by providence. And almost invariably, whenever a car pulls over to let another pass, both drivers unhurriedly raise one hand from the wheel in a solemn salute, however greatly the situation seems to warrant full attention to the control of their machines. A charming touch, this exhibition of old-world courtesy in a modern sport.

There is so much more to say about racing, stories of incredibly thrilling finishes; races of a hundred miles won by a split second; a burst tyre at 120 miles an hour with nothing to show for it but a great brown scar in the green turf at the edge of the track where the car has skidded fifty yards to a standstill. There is rich reminiscence, too, in motor racing. Remember the 1927 Le Mans, when the entire Bentley team piled one on top of the other at the White House Bend at 2 o'clock in the morning, and the last one to crash limped out of the mele with one lamp out of action and damaged suspension, yet somehow got going again and won by a fraction from the lone Frenchman who was almost certain of victory.

Yes, there's too much to tell you should go and see for yourself. It s a game worth learning.

**E. A. STEPHENS.**

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**GOOD COMPANIONS.**

A friend is the most precious jewel the world has to offer, but to deserve this description is beyond the power of most. So many people who are called by someone "friend" have not the slightest claim to such a title. A true friend is also a good companion and few people possess that happy "knack". Good companions are indeed not a large species; yet surely this is strange, for only one person is necessary while the other half of the partnership may be supplied by almost anything, a dog, horse, coat, pipe, a garden perhaps, or even though this unfortunately happens rarely, a human being.

Companions of this type have many enviable qualities; they are thoroughly at ease in each other's company; they do not invariably agree, that is by no means the essence of good companionship; tolerance and loyalty are worth far more than an insipid calm, never disturbed by any dispute. The latter quality especially establishes an unshakeable confidence in its possessor and only people who experience this certain confidence know true companionship. Any uneasiness, lack of trust or sustained ill-will destroys this feeling at once. In each other's company good companions are as one there is a sentence in the Bible which would, I think, make a fitting epitaph for these good companions: "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives and in their death they were not divided".

Again "give and take" is finely developed between the two and they have the sovereign remedy of being able to laugh at one another without rancour. This is the best way of overcoming difficulties, yet one all too little employed. Taking each other all in all they are perfectly satisfied. A man with one true friend knows greater happiness than the hail-fellow-well-met type with innumerable acquaintances, for a crowd is not company. He may call them by their christian names, but this does not establish the vital bond of sympathy and they are no more his good companions than he is theirs. Then there are people who are invariably inseparable and vow eternal friendship, behaving for a time like David and Jonathan. Good companionship grows slowly and endures. This is because it has understanding; I do not mean literal understanding, but a broadmindedness, a capacity for putting oneself in the other's position and, while not sharing his point of view, yet appreciating its possibilities. We all hope one day to find the ideal comrade and no doubt in an ideal world we should all be good companions one of another, but at present we must content ourselves with things as they are, and the substitutes are often most comforting.

Dogs are amongst the most favoured of companions, possibly because; in their complete unselfishness they serve as a foil to our more egotistical natures. They too have understanding. An old

shepherd on a bleak, rugged mountain in North Wales would prefer his rough collie to any human friend. They are perfectly attuned. At one word from the master the struggling, bleating crowd of sheep is transformed into an orderly flock and a panting, quivering dog lies once more at his master's feet, mutely asking for a word of praise. And such a little suffices him then. A word or two and he is utterly happy, for animals have a great beauty in this respect; they never require to have conversation laboriously made for them. It contents them to lie about in worshipping silence, and on the other hand if one is inclined to talk, they make the best of listeners. They never interrupt, never obtrude their views. How many old maiden ladies in their lonely little homes pour out their hearts to their cats? They may have spent the whole afternoon gossiping with other equally maiden ladies, but it is one pet alone who knows their innermost thoughts. Animals are trust-worthy. You can tell them anything and be sure that your confidence will be respected. Perhaps this is the secret of their popularity, for between human beings there exists too often a tiny sneaking fear that the feelings of one's heart poured out in an unguarded moment may be communicated to unsympathetic ears or even, dreadful to imagine, laughed at.

Actually a good companion need not be alive. Books are, many say, the best of all companions. Certainly they introduce to us friends, who, if they live on the written page, are nevertheless as charming as the most delightful of real persons.

Myself, had I to choose between the real and unreal characters in life, I would probably incline to give the majority of votes to the creatures of fiction. Books are very generous. They mind not in the least your sharing in their adventures and you have only to open their covers to find yourself with Alice breathlessly hurrying after the White Rabbit, or with Jim Hawkins listening open-mouthed to the yarns of old Long John aboard the Hispaniola, or setting out in the umbrella with Christopher Robin and Winnie-the-Pooh to rescue Piglet from his flood-threatened home in the hollow tree. From these examples it may be inferred that my literary tastes have not progressed much since the nursery, but I submit that none of the volumes we scan afterwards have the same appeal as our childhood loves. As we grow up the habit of reading grows strong in us and we skim so many books, many of them with only their newness to commend them, that we have little time to add to our store of old, tried friends; for a book must be read time and time again until its covers are frayed and its pages loose to be a valued companion.

Clothes too gain a sentimental value as they grow older. In the presence of newness in any form we are self-conscious and on our best behaviour. Only when things grow shabby are we at ease again. Men have more appreciation of old clothes than women; we, on the whole, lack the male's friendly attitude towards them. Give a man an old coat mysteriously stained with innumerable spots, and its pockets bulging from indiscriminate use and he is perfectly contented. This is why a man can make a good companion of clothes whereas a woman would be worried by their dinginess. The only way to have a friend is to be one and this means mutual respect. These "Hartogs" as E. V. Lucas calls them should never be given or thrown away. Surely a friend merits better treatment than that. They are given the honour of a funeral pyre while their owner looks on with unaffected regret pulling at his pipe; another of his good companions the while.

These are our good companions. Most of us have found one in our lives, whether man, animal, inanimate object or some toy we are fond of. They have served us faithfully and well, brought us comfort in days of trouble, and shared our joys and shared with us too still content. Through them our happiness has reached fruition. We owe them much, our good companions, for they have made our hours beautiful and fair; our gratitude to them can never be paid.

**B. BARTLETT (VI).**

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## IN DEFENCE OF THE FAIR SEX.

Just why, at the beginning of things, men should have taken precedence over women, I don't know. Their brains are no more fertile and they are certainly not any more attractive than women. The feminine sex has certainly shown its true worth, for one hundred years ago we had none of our present prestige. We were quite content to be merely ornamental. The education of girls only began about a hundred years ago; boys were educated centuries before. Now, in any school, you'll find the girls equal to, and more often surpassing, the boys in work and sports.

But what were the women doing until a century ago letting the menfolk have the run of things. It hasn't added to their opinion of us; indeed, all the unpleasant traits of mankind are attributed to women. We do all the gossiping, spread all the rumours and slander, in fact we are the general cause of all the strife, nagging and unrest in the world. The general tendency of the menfolk is to blame things on the women.

In a sudden brilliant moment some bright spark produced the following vile lines: "God made the world in six days, and then he rested. He then made man and rested again. He then made woman, and, since then, neither man, woman, nor anything else has rested".

The coward responsible, very wisely wished to remain anonymous. It was certainly the best policy. To think that I might one day find myself talking to this same man in blissful ignorance of his identity!, or maybe he has escaped from this weary world and found his rest at last which reminds me of the young lady who asked a reverend gentleman why, since marriage was a holy thing, there was none in heaven. The witty old Dean replied, "Because there are no women", to which came the quick retort, "Women there are, but I'm afraid they cannot find a priest". Perhaps that was a little unfair of me, for that remark hits only one section of the male community.

But really, men go walking around the universe with the mistaken conception that they are responsible for getting everything done that has to be done. Poor things, we would hate to shatter their illusions, but we would ask them to reflect for a moment. The head of our great empire is the King. His wife, solely by virtue of her husband's position, is Queen. The King, we admit, holds the more important position but only because he comes of royal blood, not because of his sex. Queen Victoria was more important than her consort and was the nation's figurehead, so was Queen Elizabeth, and they are two of England's greatest sovereigns. Is there any King who can boast a higher place in English history?

Though the statesmen of England have always been men, and women obtained the franchise, as recently as 1928, principally in recognition of their work during the Great War, when they proved their capability in all branches of men's work, to-day there are several women members of parliament. And it has taken only ten years to achieve. We may well be proud of ourselves. We have women police officials, women doctors, and in office work neither sex can be said to outshine the other. Yet the male sex is still very loath to admit feminine equality. In the world of aviation, Jean Batten, Beryl Markham and Amy Johnson are foremost among record-breakers. We play hockey, tennis, golf, cricket, and we swim as well as any man why we even have women's football teams and who says we won't be playing rugby soon? There are quite as many women as men drivers on the roads to-day. In the Far East women are fighting for their country's liberty, and even those who remain at home, unarmed, are doing the work of the absent menfolk as well as their own and are bearing most of the suffering. Who will dare still to say that women are inferior to men? Didn't Grace Darling row through a raging sea to the rescue of shipwrecked sailors? Wasn't Florence Nightingale responsible for the relief of thousands of suffering men, men suffering from cold, disease and hunger in the Crimea? And didn't she defy her own friends, the lethargic government, and the hostile authorities, to perform her errand of mercy? For doing secret service to her country, wasn't Edith Cavill shot as a spy? A woman's brain was

responsible for the discovery of radium. How, then, can the men look down upon us? Why, we can not only do almost everything a man can do but more we can run a home. We'd like to see the men try.

Probably the menfolk are a little jealous of the way we have learnt to do things so easily in such a short time, and many of them maintain that it is not by hard work or by brain power that we succeed. Lord Beaconsfield himself, was amongst these. He said, "Women are the only people that get on. A man works all his life, and thinks he has done a wonderful thing if, with one leg in the grave, and no hair on his head, he manages to get a coronet; and a woman dances at a ball with some young fellow or other and pretends she thinks him charming, and he makes her a peeress on the spot". A little shattering at first, you may think. But really it's something to be proud of. A woman marries the King and is crowned Queen but a man might marry fifty Queens (if this were possible) and could not possibly become King. We certainly take the lead this time!

### **B. GROVES (VA).**

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#### **LEGENDS OF CAERLEON.**

A dreamy rural village, rapidly becoming modernised, situated on the River Usk about seven miles from the estuary such is Caerleon. Its external beauty is apparent, its ancient legends and interesting associations known to few. Caerleon means Camp of the Legion, while the Roman name was Isca Silurum, Isca meaning Usk.

The elementary school of Caerleon which I attended is a modern school, but the fund supporting it is the result of a fortune amassed about two hundred years ago by an inhabitant of Caerleon, Charles Williams. Following a duel in which he killed his opponent, he fled to France and made three fortunes. He left all his money for the benefit of Caerleon to be used for the Church roads, and school. The funds are derived from Treberth Estate and farm situated between Christchurch and Caerleon Bridge, and from collieries originally bought by Charles Williams. The oak tree under which the duel was fought is supposed to exist still, near Penrhos Farm on the Usk road, and the sword, with which Charles Williams wounded his opponent, is preserved in Newport Museum. Caerleon School benefits a great deal from this fund and is called Caerleon Endowed School.

At the foot of the playing fields of this school there are excellent foundations of a Roman barracks, in which ovens have recently been discovered.

In the fields beyond can be seen the famous Roman Amphitheatre, which is in an excellent state of preservation. The several exits and entrances can be clearly distinguished and the positions of the tiers of seats can also be seen. Sometimes the name of a legion which built a particular part, can be seen engraved on a stone. Caerleon is rich in Roman antiques, and a fine collection of these can be seen in the quaint little museum, though some of the more valuable ones have been sent to Newport and Cardiff.

There is supposed to be a castle in Caerleon, the place referred to is generally known as the Mynd, and from the back of it there are two underground passages, seven feet high, four feet wide with flagstone floors. The one is said to lead to Caerwent, the other to Newport Castle.

King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table are thought to have lived in old Caerleon, and some of the fields are known as the Round Table fields. Tennyson is said to have written the Idylls of the King, referring to the same King Arthur in the Hanbury Arms, Caerleon, and it is thought that he wrote the "Lady of Shalott" there also, Camelot being Caerleon and the island in the river Usk.

The Hanbury Arms is a very old public house, said to have been used by smugglers in days gone by. Most of the smuggling on that coast was done by Avonmouth, Bristol and Caerleon. The bed-room and furniture reputed to have been used by Tennyson are still the same as they were during his lifetime. In one of the rooms in this inn there is a huge, open fireplace and to the left of that there is a large, wooden cage connected by wheels and other devices to a spit in the fireplace. In the olden

days a dog was placed in the cage, and as he pawed the bars he turned the wheels, and so caused the meat to cook on the spit. These relics of old customs can still be seen to-day in the Hanbury Arms.

Ye Olde Bull Inn is also of historic interest and in one room a hidden fireplace was discovered.

These are merely a few of the more well-known legends, but who knows what other hidden glories may lie beneath the soil. Excavations are rather hindered at present owing to lack of funds, and the workmen's huts and materials are being moved to Caerwent. It seems a great pity that such wonderful antiques should remain hidden from the eyes of men, and what a tragedy it would be if a row of Council houses were to be built above the ruins of a Roman habitation, to be forever lost.

The legends referred to would not be of sufficient interest to ensure an influx of sight-seeing tourists into Caerleon, but they may interest the individual who likes to hear of the mystical entrancing legends of local history.

#### **V. HICKS (VA).**

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#### **DEATH OR GLORY.**

I had often watched Secondary School County Cricket matches and wondered if ever I should be chosen to play. Well for once my wish came true, I was selected, but when the day of the game arrived an uneasy and peculiar feeling seemed to arise inside me. I looked at the sky praying for rain, but not a cloud was to be seen, instead it was a very hot day. Nearer and nearer came the start but nothing turned up, and before I could recollect my thoughts I had changed into my flannels and was sitting on a seat outside the pavilion.

The captains came out to toss; our captain being captain over the home team tossed a bright new half-crown; how I hoped the visiting skipper, who had cried heads, would call correctly and elect to bat as this would help me to get acclimatized. The coin seemed to take hours to fall to the ground, and when it did to my horror "tails" stared me in the face and we were to bat.

Our opening batsmen were soon on the "field of battle" and again my luck was out, as before I could settle down three wickets had fallen and I was now on the long trail out to my fate. How I got there I don't know even now. An unsteady hand held an unsteady bat, while a wavy voice asked for "centre". The umpire obliged and the bowler walked slowly back to his mark and commenced his run. The only thing I wished for then was an earthquake, as the object hurtled at me. My bat unsteadily went forward and to my delight and with surprise I felt (I definitely did not see it as all was black before me) something almost rocked the bat from my hands. The bowler gathered the ball, walked back and again advanced towards me. Down came my enemy, the piece of leather, and I knew as it left his hands I was beaten. I didn't know whether to play back or go forward and hit it, so I stayed "put". It was a fatal move for me, that bat had let me down (not my fault of course) the ball snicked the edge, half afraid I turned, and it was hurtling towards the low outstretched arm of the wicket-keeper. Would he catch it? That ball made my heart almost jump out of my mouth, it seemed as though gravity was trying to torment me by holding it back because the time it took to reach him, I could swear, was minutes. It hit his glove; he'd held it, perhaps he'd, yes, he'd dropped it and I was to breathe again, and fight back in the opening overs of my first County game.

#### **H. D. CHUBB (VB).**

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## **A HOLIDAY AT THE SCILLY ISLES.**

People of to-day enjoy holidays abroad, because I suppose they think it sounds rather grand, but if I had to choose between a holiday abroad and in England I should certainly choose England. There are so many places to visit without tearing across the continent in an aeroplane and feeling depressed afterwards because of the money one has spent.

The Scilly Isles situated about 40 miles from Penzance are a group of islands where very few people go. It can be reached by either air or sea, but I prefer the waterway as it is generally rough and cooling as well as less expensive. "The Scillonian" which leaves Penzance on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays is a small boat used to transport the bulbs and flowers from Scilly Isles, as well as the few passengers. The rough crossing is exciting, and, I have heard it said that even on a very calm day it is rough because of the meeting of the Severn Oceans' currents at this point. I don't know whether this is true but Mr. Robinson will willingly tell all those desirous of verifying this statement.

The harbour is quite big compared with the size of the island and the Scillonians who meet the boat are tanned and friendly, helping all those who are unable to help themselves. St. Mary's which is the chief island has a long main street with a few shops and, here and there, alleys leading down to the water. Leaving this main road, which in the mother country, we would consider as belonging to some small village, one reaches the open moors, with a few houses here and there, and high hedges of cypress. These are planted to protect the flowers from the winds, and these flowers are really wonderful. Fields of tulips, daffodils, narcissi, irises and every other flower one can think of, make the island a vivid sight.

Rocks are also found here high and rugged, which form a cliff down to the sea, or rocks to climb which slope a little more gently. Unexpectedly one comes across small bays with yellow and white sands, and the blue sea breaking on to the beach in white sprays of foam. When the wind is blowing and the sea-gulls are flying around a person can imagine that they are miles from everywhere and all their cares have gone. Staff please note!

The other islands are somewhat on the same plan, except that they are kept up by gentlemen with money, who spend it upon gardens, tennis courts, swimming pools and other pleasures. Anybody can enjoy these pleasures if they wish to hire a boat and row across and they will feel that these islands are not so far off the globe as they had imagined. There is one island which is uninhabited and here rabbits, penguins, sea-gulls and birds of every type make their homes. In fact, it is nature in its natural regions.

These islands have many types of scenery, and are, in my opinion one of the best holiday resorts for a change. They have the climate of a South Sea Island, the rugged cliffs of North Wales, the flower fields of Holland, the moors of Sussex and the bays and sands of Devon. If anybody isn't satisfied with this as well as recreation grounds and sea trips included, they must be very hard to please and nothing short of a tour around the world would suit them, I should think.

**AILEEN WILLS (VB).**

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### **QUOTATIONS WITH ALL DUE RESPECT TO SHAKESPEARE.**

- |   |                    |
|---|--------------------|
| (1) Make your excuse wisely, you were best.   | To J. LEWIS (IIB). |
| (2) This fellow is wise enough to play the fool<br>And to do that well craves a kind of wit.                    | WOODGATE.          |
| (3) He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his<br>age, doing in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion. | WEST (Iib).        |
| (4) I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.   | MR. WILDING.       |
| (5) I know you by the wagging of your tongue.   | To MARGARET MOORE. |
| (6) I shall see thee, ere I die look pale of love.  | To MR. BALL.       |

- |   |                      |
|---|----------------------|
| (7) That strain again ! it had a dying fall.  | To MOORE.            |
| (8) God hath blessed you with a good name.  | DOCTOR.              |
| (9) I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.   | K. BALL (IIIA).      |
| (10) You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear the<br>small monstrous mouse that creeps on floor. | MISS DAVIES.         |
| (11) A fortnight hold we this solemnity<br>In nightly revels and new jollity.                         | PUPILS TAKING C.W.B. |
| (12) Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.  | THE STAFF.           |
| (13) Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules.   | GRIFFITHS.           |
| (14) A goodly, portly man, i' faith and a corpulent.  | EDWARDS (IVA).       |

**H. HERBERT (VI).**

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**HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD. By Dr. BIRCH.**

Oh to be at Larkfield, now that Winter's there.

**Pupils:** (Every one is freezing, in the classrooms bare).

Oh to be at Larkfield, at the morning prayers

**Pupils:** (On the floor the scholars sit 'cause there are no chairs).

Oh to be at Larkfield, at the Latin test.

**Pupils:** (How thankful we will be when Latin has a rest).

Oh to be at Larkfield to see the Rugby Team.

**Pupils :** (Winning all their matches, it would be a dream).

Oh to be at Larkfield, to see the teachers now.

**Pupils:** (Telling noisy pupils not to make a row).

**WINNIE PRICE (4B).**

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**HOLIDAY HINTS.**

This is the season of the year when every newspaper is busy meddling with your summer holiday.

They warn you not to go in swimming while carrying a beefsteak ballast that is likely to sink you. They also tell you what tips to distribute along the hotel palm-avenue when you leave, and how to tell mushrooms from toadstools before the next morning.

So why should I remain silent? I know as much about these things as the next man.

Before leaving home for a summer's holiday it is a good plan to seal with putty the space between the floor and upper edge of the back and front doors. This simple precaution will, in the event of the bathroom tap running, prevent the goldfish from escaping from the house.

When going sea-fishing from a boat, make absolutely certain that the bung is in, as it is very unpleasant to find, when you are about two miles out, that your boat is half full with water.

To avoid being stung by insects at a picnic, the face and hands should be bathed in spirits of hartshorn, if that is the name of the stuff. If you don't like the odour, you can at least hope that the insects don't either.

Sometimes when climbing cliffs one slips and falls. To escape lightly from such a mishap one would be well advised to slip before climbing beyond the first two or three feet. If this is not a suitable

idea a deftly, caught, open umbrella, the property of some horrified spectator, may enable you to float down with grace, aplomb and safety

I trust many of you will be grateful to me for these useful holiday hints.

**D. MARGRETTTS (4B)**

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**ADVERTISEMENTS.**

Advertisements have always annoyed me. I would not mind the advertisers privately boasting among their friends, but to plaster public places with gaudy posters praising their products shows a total lack of modesty.

Though most people scornfully deny that they are at all deceived by the dogmatic statements that glare at them daily from newspapers and posters, there are few who can resist giving advertised goods a trial. My sister is a staunch member of this latter class, and is not ashamed to admit it. She is continually sending away postcards for "free" samples, and the house is littered with half-used boxes and bottles of cough-cures, face-creams, corn-removers and hair restorers.

Films are always disappointing if one has seen the advertisements first. The "golden voiced tenor" has generous contours, the "glamorous beauty" is artificial and the "remarkable actress" is irritating and precocious. I have been lured to the cinema by a "heart throbbing drama of real life" or a "colossal exhibition of American talent". I have come out vaguely wondering if I had been to the wrong show.

Advertisers, discontented with their scope in papers and films, have found in their radio, another means of creating public exasperation. With monotonous regularity, a "charming" voice penetrates the tranquility of the brief musical items, to proclaim the amazing qualities of Velveeta, the "new cheese food, invented by Krafts". Every Monday a Cockney workman untiringly explains the advantages of "Two-Three-Two flannel trousers, and a flat baritone advises his piece to use "the economical grate-cleaner" and her fireplace will look a picture. The housewife is told to give the children "Horlicks", and prevent night starvation or to use Colgates Ribbon Dental Cream and have teeth like pearls.

Radio advertisements are always tolerable because of the music in between or, as a last resource one can always turn them off. But the posters are there all the time, plain, straight-forward advertisements and however much hated, they have become as much a part of the scenery as houses and shops.

**DOREEN DAVIES (Form 4s).**

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**MEMORY.**

When the setting sun gilds the far, misty trees  
And the clear-throated birds sing their lay,  
I long for the sands and the salt, friendly breeze  
Of that other home far away,

I dream of the hill where tall, smoky pines  
Sweep whispering down to the sea,  
Or heather-clad moors where the bleak winds whines  
And the deer dwells wild and free.

Again I hear the call of the tide  
Where waves pound the pebbled shore,

I breathe anew the mellow scent  
Of the thatched barn's cyder store.  
But I must live in an alien land  
And bear life with a sigh  
For those deep, cool woods, and the friendly strand  
Where screaming seagulls fly.

**EILEEN WARNER (VA).**

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**NEIGHBOURS.**

Altogether we have five neighbours. There is the newly married French couple on our left who, the postman tell us, are called Monsieur et Madame Pierre Guescheui de Bretigne. I must tell you something about the French couple before I go on to tell you about the four others. Last Saturday afternoon Monsieur having the afternoon off from work started to help Madame with the washing-up of the dinner things. You may wonder how I know all about this happening ? Well ! the Green twins from over the road had arranged a fishing expedition to the nearest pond for eels. Having dug all their garden and finding only a few half-starved worms they invited me to go with them if I could obtain a lot of fat juicy worms for them. Knowing the best soil in the garden was inhabited by Dad s prize delphiniums I started at once to dig round that section of the garden which happened to be the left hand side. We were digging away to the sound of clattering crockery and the lilting voices of our French neighbours who, as I remarked previously, were washing up, when the sudden crash of smashing crockery made us all rise from our jobs of digging .and look towards the Guesheuls' house. All we saw that day was a vase apparently missing its mark and flying out of the open window. But the next day, seeing Monsieur sporting a black eye, and a beautiful smashed dinner service in the dustbin we presumed that Monsieur had accidentally smashed Madam's prized dinner service. This made Madam very angry and she started to give Monsieur a good talking to with a lot of gesticulation included, throwing her arms and other things including the vase about. She socked (I mean hit) Monsieur in the eye. However Monsieur has managed to soothe Madame's temper by the addition of a fur coat to her wardrobe.

Living by himself on our right is Major McPherson who is always telling me of his exploits. He is a typical Major, about five feet eleven and three-quarters of an inch in height, so he tells me. He is remarkably thin, with his legs bowed from riding a fat cavalry charger. His complexion is ruddy, intensifying to quite a queer shade on his nose beneath which is a straggly walrus moustache of a ginger shade deepening in colour at the tips. This, I learnt later was from smoking a pipe and drinking whisky. The hair on his head (what's left of it) is also ginger but it's a wonder it's not white since, according to the first battle he told us he fought in he must be about two hundred years old.

The other neighbours are not worth talking about because they are the kind of people who are always running other people down. But I think you will agree with me that certain neighbours are very interesting.

**D. HOLLOWAY (3A).**

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**THEY SAY---LET THEM SAY.**

Doctor to Slackers:

The luck that I believe in,  
Is that which comes with work,  
And no-one ever finds it  
Who's content to wish and shirk. Anon.

To Moore:

And if you ask me the reason of his singing  
It is because the sun is out  
And all the trees are green. Thackeray.

To Chubb :

A bumping pitch and a blinding light,  
An hour to play and the last man in. Henry Newbolt.

To Griffiths:

Bewale of too sublime a sense  
Of your own work and consequence. William Cowper.

To Battin:

An cosy here, beneath the blast  
Thou thought to dwell. Robert Burns.

To Rollings :

Up with me ! up with me into the clouds !  
Singing, singing. William Wordsworth.

To Hardwick,:

Who doth ambition shun  
And loves to live i' the sun. William Shakespeare.

**L. CARTER (Form 2A).**

**SCHOOL JOTTINGS.**

**SPEECH DAY.**

Speech Day for the year 1937 was held on November 23rd. The speaker was the late Mr. G. M. Vaughan Hughes, J.P., who delivered a not only amusing, but extremely interesting speech. Our headmaster, the Rev. A. H. Birch, gave his report on the progress of the school during the year 1936-37 and the prizes were distributed by Mrs. G. M. Vaughan Hughes.

Then followed several items given by the pupils under the supervision of Miss Gillatt, Miss Freeman and Mr. Morgan. The senior girls did some simple dance movements. Holloway and Rollings contributed two duets and the school choir concluded the programme with a series of delightful songs.

**PRIZE WINNERS.**

Form Prizes.

6a. R.D.B. Wheeler

6b. B. Bartlett

5a. 1. D. Swan

2. J. Streeter

5b. 1. D. Carter

2. R. Price



- |                     |                |
|---------------------|----------------|
| 4a. 1. J. Vicarage  | 2. B. Lewis    |
| 4b 1. K. Price      | 2. D. Williams |
| 3a 1. J. Walker     | 2. M. Jones    |
| 3b. 1. M. Edwards   | 2. V. Hurle    |
| 2a. 1. J. Henderson | 2. L. Mackie   |
| 2b. 1. W. Ballinger | 2. F. Higgins  |

**SPECIAL PRIZES.**

French: J. Streeter. Mathematics : H. Rowland. Botany : J. Brown.

History: J. Streeter; J. Brown; M. Blackaby.

Art and Needlework: L. Williams. Presented by Capt. Rimmer Clarke.

English Essay: H. Herbert. Presented by Miss O. W. Smith.

**SCHOOL COLOURS, 1936-37.**

Hockey : J. Brown, O. Sheppard.

Netball: B. Burns, B. Britton.

Rugby : H. F. Price, H. T. B. Kear.

Cricket: H. F. Price: D. G. Vaughan.

**HIGHER CERTIFICATES.**

H. Herbert, English, French (c). Botany

R. D. B. Wheeler, French (c). Botany, Geography.

**SCHOOL CERTIFICATES.**

M. Blackaby; E. Bluett; J. N. Brown; D. E. Carter; E. G. Edmunds; A. E. Grassby,

J. Howells; C. Lewis; H. R. Manson; J. T. Moore; F. R. J. Price; H. Rowland;

J. Streeter; D. Swan; J. Wallen.

**SUPPLEMENTARY CERTIFICATES.**

D. G. Vaughan, Botany.

**H. HERBERT.**

**EISTEDDFOD.**

The annual Eisteddfod was held at "Larkfield" on April 6th, at the end of the Spring Term. Entries, including those in the Art and Needlework sections, were displayed in the laboratory.

Most of the morning and afternoon was spent in the gymnasium, where the oral and musical events were judged and the adjudicators' remarks and results given.

The day proved a great success, as well as an entertainment which was enjoyed and appreciated by the whole school. "Larkfield" owes tribute to the staff for the efficient way in which they judged the various items and co-operated with the pupils in making the Eisteddfod such a memorable one.

The results of the contests were :—

**EISTEDDFOD RESULTS, 1938.**

**Music Section:**

Junior Solo Girls: 1, No award; 2, V. Howells (U); P. Adams (U).

Senior Solo Girls: 1, E. Mason (S); 2, J. Vicarage (U); 3, R. Anthony (W).

Junior Solo Boys: 1, D. Rollings (W); 2, D. Holloway (U); 3, D. Wilding (U).

Senior Solo Boys: 1, J. Moore (U); 2, K. Pask (W); 3, E. Brown (W).

Junior Piano Solo: 1, No award; 2, M. Harris (U); 3, R. Roberts (W).

Senior Piano Solo : 1, No award; 2, A. Wills (U); 3, M. Blackaby (U).

Piano Duet: 1, I. Vicarage, A. Wills (U); 2, J. Baker, M. Harris (U);

3, B. Millard, M. Lightfoot (W).

Vocal Duet: 1, No award; 2, E. Brown, K. Pask (W); 3, L. Rees, J. Vicarage (U).

Violin Solo: 1, L. Sparkes (IT); 2 and 3, No awards.

Literary Section,

Junior Essay : 1, K. Marshall (S); 2, D. Davies (W); 3, No award.

Senior Essay: 1, B. Bartlett (U); 2, H. Herbert (S); 3, E. Warner (W).

English Recitation: 1, E. Warner (W); 2, B. Curtis (S); 3, B. Groves (U).

French Recitation: 1, B. Bartlett (U); 2, L. Rees (U); 3, B. Burns (U).

Poem (Own Composition): 1, E. Warner (W); 2, H. Herbert (S); 3, J. Vicarage (U).

Impromptu Speech : 1, L. Rees (U); 2, E. Edmunds (U); 3, J. Moore (U).

Unpunctuated Prose: 1, B. Bartlett (U); 2, B. Groves (U); 3, B. Burns (U).

Junior Geography : 1, L. Mackie (S); 2, L. Carter (U); 3, D. Holloway (U).

Senior Geography: 1, C. Lewis (S); 2, L. Woodgate (U); 3, E. Brown (W), D. Carter (U).

Junior History : No awards.

Senior History : I, J. Brown (S); 2, E. Brown (W); 3, C. Lewis (S).

Botany: 1, J. Walker (W); 2, V. Jones (S); 3, B. Talbot (W), M. Manson (S).

Arts and Crafts:

Junior Woodwork: 1, P. Groves (S); 2, S. Webb (S); 3, H. Britton (S).

Senior Woodwork: 1, D. Chubb (S); 2, T. Hunt (W); 3, T. Griffiths (S), R. Price (S).

Junior Art: 1, P. Groves (S); 2, W. Ballineer (U); 3, E. Lang (U).

Senior Art: 1, B. Bartlett (U); 2, M. Edwards (S); 3, L. Sparkes (U).

Plain Needlework : 1, B. Bartlett (U); 2, B. Curtis (S); 3, P. Bevan (W).

Junior Knitting: 1, I. Culshaw (S); 2, I. Herbert (U); 3, M. Tones (S).

Senior Knitting: 1, B. Bartlett (U); 2, E. Edmunds (U); 3, V. Hurle (S).

Junior Embroidery: 1, P. Adams (U); 2, F. Higgins (W); 3, M. Curtis (U), K. Iles (U).

Senior Embroidery : 1, B. Bartlett (U); 2, D. Jones (U); 3, B. Curtis (S).

Cake: 1, B. Curtis (S); 2, V. Hurle (S); 3, K. Marshall (S).

Thrift Garment: 1, I. Johnson (W); 2, B. Bartlett (U); 3, B. Howard

(U). Solo Dance: 1, E. Mason (S); 2, M. Edwards (S); 3, J. Vicarage (U).

House Competitions:

Choir: 1, Usk; 2, Severn; 3, Wye.

Play: 1 Wye; 2, Severn; 3, Usk.

Spelling Bee: 1, Usk; 2, Severn; 3, Wye,

Final Results: 1 Usk, 89½ points; 2, Severn, 64½ points; 3 Wye, 39 points.

The total number of points gained by each house contributed to the winning of the Shield.

The Final Results were :—

1, Usk, 89½ points; 2, Severn, 64½ points; 3, Wye, 39 points.

**EILEEN WARNER.**

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**SPORTS DAY.**

Our thirteenth Annual Sports were held on Wednesday, May 25th, and although it was the thirteenth our luck held with regard to fine weather, as the rain cleared up by the afternoon.

The Prizes were distributed by Mrs. Brynmor Morgan, the wife of the Director of Education.

The Severn House won the shield for the second year in succession.

T. GRIFFITHS.

13th ANNUAL SPORTS, HELD 25th MAY, 1938.

220 yds. Senior Boys: 1, T. Griffiths (S); 2, G. Attewell (W); 3, J. Probyn (W).

220 yds. Junior Boys: 1, L. Mackie (S); 2, H. Price (U); 3, E. Lang (U).

Three-legged Race, Girls: 1, K. Price, P Parry (S); 2, J. Vicarage, O. Sheppard (U); 3, W. Price, A. Shock (W).

100 yds. Senior Boys : 1, T. Griffiths (S); 2, J. Probyn (W); 3, E. Brown (W).

Skipping Race Girls: 1, P. Parry (S); 2, R. Anthony (W); 3, J. Brown (S), W. Price (W).

100 yds. Junior Boys: 1, E. Lang (U); 2, John Lewis (U); 3, H. Price (U).

100 yds. Girls, Open: 1, P. Parry (S); 2, K. Price (S); 3, W. Price (W);

Hurdles: Junior Boys: 1, L. Mackie (S); 2, D. Jones (S); 3, John Lewis (U);

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

Boys: 1, Wye; 2, Severn; 3, Usk.

High Jump, Junior Girls, 1, I. Smith (S); 2, P. Jones (S); 3, P. Delaney (S).

High Jump, Senior Girls: 1, P. Parry (S); 2, W. Price (W); 3, A. Wills (U), R. Anthony (W).

High Jump, Junior Boys: 1, L. Friend (S); 2, R. Roberts (W); 3, J. Spear (U).

High Jump, Senior Boys: 1, J. Lewis (U); 2, T. Forster (U); 3, T. Griffiths (S).

Long Jump, Senior Boys : 1, J. Lewis (U); 2, B. Jones (W); 3, P. Phillips (W).

Long Jump, Senior Boys : 1 J Probyn (W); 2, T. Griffiths (S); 3, E. Brown (W).

Egg and Spoon Race, Girls : 1, J. Vicarage (U); 2, A. Shock (W); 3, B. Burns (U).

Hurdles, Senior Boys: 1, T. Griffiths (S); 2, J. Probyn (W); 3, T. Forster (U).

Hurdles, Girls : 1, W. Price (W); 2, J. Brown (S); 3, M. Burns (S).

440 yds. Boys' Handicap: 1, T. Griffiths (S); 2, C. Lewis (S); 3, Joe Lewis (W).

Late for School Race: 1, E. Culshaw (W)- 2 D Carter (U); 3, B. Groves (U).

80 yds. Junior Girls: 1, K. Iles (U); 2 J. Robinson (W); 3, I. Smith (S).

100 yds. Senior Girls: 1, K. Price (S); 2, P. Parry (S); 3, W. Price (W).

Half-Mile Boys' Handicap : 1, C. Lewis (S); 2, J. Probyn (W); 3, E. Brown (W).

Obstacle Race, Girls: 1, M. Lightfoot (W); 2, E. Culshaw (W); 3, J. Rees (W)

Consolation Race, Girls: 1, A. Wills (U); 2, M. Burns (S); 3 J Brown (S).

Old Girls' Race : 1, Mrs. G. Brown.

Old Boys' Race 1 Mr. J. Price.

Final positions:-

1, Severn, 68½ points; 2, Wye, 50 points; 3, Usk, 37½ points.

Victrix Ludorum: Phyllis Parry. Victor Ludorum: T. Griffiths.

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### **A VISIT TO CARDIFF TO SEE A FRENCH FILM.**

The news that we were invited to see a French film at Cardiff was hailed with delight, the novelty of the trip appealing to us almost as much as our love of French.

Owing to a misunderstanding a cricket match was arranged for the same day thus depriving the boys in the team of a pleasurable outing.

On the eventful morning of June 11th, the party of 17 girls and two brave boys from forms 5 and 6 assembled on Chepstow station accompanied by Miss Smith and Miss James.

We left Chepstow at 8.50 and after an uneventful train journey arrived at Cardiff. After a short hurried walk in the wake of Miss Smith and Miss James, we arrived at the Park Hall, Cinema where the French film was to be shown at 10 o'clock. Parties from many of the Secondary Schools of Wales were present and the Cinema was almost full.

Unfortunately we arrived too late to hear the speech given by Dr. Morgan Watkin, before the presentation of the film. The first film shown was that entitled "Trois Hommes et Une Corde", a description of the difficulties and dangers experienced by those who scale the Alps.

The second film which our party did not enjoy, although some may have appreciated it for its zoological interest concerned the birth and life of the sea horses.

Another short colourful film dealt with the beauty and architecture of the most celebrated French Cathedrals.

At last the film for which we had been waiting appeared on the screen "La Mort du Cygne". The story dealt with the small pupils of the Opera Ballet School and in particular Rose Souris. The latter part was taken by a very fine little actress whom we all admired. Although touching in parts it ended happily and held our interest throughout.

Then followed a short film in which J. B. Priestley contrasted, with reference to Switzerland, the two types of worlds which we are living in, one fortified with barriers dividing one country from another, the other interspersed with friendly lines of communications.

We left the cinema at 12.20 p.m. and then amused ourselves as we wished until time for the train.

We arrived home safely at an early hour after spending a most enjoyable day. We would like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Smith and Miss James for arranging the trip to Cardiff and accompanying us on an expedition we all so thoroughly enjoyed.

**EDNA G. EDMUNDS.**

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### **SPORTS SECTION AND HOUSE NOTES.**

#### **RUGBY NOTES, 1937-1938.**

Captain: H. T. B. Kear. Vice-Captain: T. Griffiths. Secretary : D. Chubb.

The side had another bad season, only winning one match, and drawing one. We were outweighed rather than outclassed. Only two of our forwards are of any real size for forwards. Several of our players are leaving, but the remainder should pull together and do better next season.

The captain, Kear, left after the first two or three games, thus the team lost a valuable forward. We had several good games, one of which was against Cathays at home. Although we had two internationals playing against us we only lost by a narrow margin.

Our school is not large enough to meet any other school team on equal terms. We hope the school will co-operate, and win a few more matches next year.

Colours were presented to H. Price and H. T. B. Kear.

Team 1937-38: Coombs, Lewis, Probyn, Brown, Tamplin, Attewell, Griffiths, Reeves, Kear, Hunt, Banfield, Price, Forster, Moore, Edwards, Woodgate.

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#### **TENNIS NOTES, 1938.**

Captain: B. Bartlett. Vice-Captain: A. Wills. Secretary : H. Herbert.

So far none of our tennis matches have been cancelled owing to bad weather. Although out of six matches, we have lost three, the team this year is much improved and we hope to do well in the remainder of the matches. We are pleased that Aileen Wills, Vice-Captain, is now well enough to become a playing member of the team again.

Tennis Team for 1938: A. Wills, O. Sheppard, B. Bartlett, J. Vicarage, H. Herbert, D. Carter, E. Edmunds. Reserve, R. Anthony.

#### **TENNIS RESULTS.**

May 14th: Coleford (home), won;

May 20th: Lydney (home), lost.

May 28th: St. Johns (home), lost.

June 11th: Lydney (away), lost.

June 18th: Abergavenny (away), won.

June 25th: Coleford (away), won.

#### **CRITICISM OF THE TENNIS TEAM.**

**B. Bartlett.** A good steady player. Service very good. Net play would improve her game,

**A. Wills.** A keen energetic player. Very active on the court. Good at the net. Service weak.

**O. Sheppard.** A very good addition to the team. Plays a very energetic game and is strong at the net. Can always be relied on to do her best. Service weak.

**H. Herbert.** Little improvement shown this year. Needs to be much more energetic and alert on the court.

**J. Vicarage.** Quite a good service. A promising stylish player, but rather inexperienced as yet in match play.

**D. Carter.** Good style and some brilliant shots, but far too erratic to make a good match player. Her game has shown no sign of improvement.

**E. Edmunds.** A fair player. Service needs attention.

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#### ROUNDERS NOTES, 1938.

Captain: P. Parry. Vice-Captain: V. Hurle.

On the whole the team has been satisfactory, but has not reached last year's standard. The girls are very keen. Some of the girls of Form 2 are very promising players.

Coleford (home), lost, 9½-7; Lydney (home), lost, 10-9½;

St. Johns (home), won, 1½-1; Lydney (away), drew, 2½-2½;

Abergavenny (away), won, 9-5.

#### ROUNDERS MADE.

P. Parry, 12½ rounders; M. Davies, 5½ rounders; V. Hurle, 3 rounders; I. Smith, 3 rounders;

J. Reese, 2 rounders; M. Burns, 2 rounders; M. Sainsbury, 1½ rounders; N. Bevan, 0 rounders;

D. Thomas, 0 rounders. Total, 29½ rounders.

Reserves : J. Culshaw, I. Johnson.

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#### CRICKET NOTES.

Captain and Secretary: H. D. A. Chubb. Vice-Captain: C. G. P. Lewis.

We have had a very unsuccessful season so far, having only won one game out of ten, one drawn and eight lost. Probyn, one of our leading players has been unable to play regularly, thus weakening the team.

Chubb, our Captain, was chosen to play for Monmouthshire against the Rest of Wales at Newport.

The best team performances this year were by Tamplin when he obtained 53 not out against the Pensions Hospital. Also in this match Banfield had the rare distinction of obtaining a hat-trick. Chubb had a score of 49 against Bassaleg and recently Tamplin took 6 wickets for 12 runs against Cathays.

#### BATTING AVERAGES.

	Innings	Times Not out	Total Runs	Highest Score	Average
H. D. A. Chubb	9	0	158	49	17.55
L. Tamplin	7	1	75	53	12.5
B. O. Edwards	10	0	99	31	10.9
C. G. P. Lewis	10	0	75	26	7.5
J. T. Moore	9	2	52	19	7.45
E. Brown	8	3	30	8	6.0
H. G. Attewell	5	0	28	18	5.6
J. Banfield	9	0	43	14	4.77
K. Howells	3	0	13	8	4.33
T. Griffiths	9	0	32	22	3.55
R. Reece	7	1	21	6	3.5



A. Coombes	7	0	23	11	3.28
J. Probyn	3	0	8	6	2.66
J. Lewis	4	0	4	2	1.0

**BOWLING AVERAGES.**

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
H. D. A. Chubb	25	5	76	10	7.6
L. Tamplin	65.1	18	141	18	7.83
R. Reece	16	2	38	4	9.5
J. Banfield	69.4	13	190	18	10.0
E. Brown	16	3	58	5	11.6
C. G. P. Lewis	55	14	196	11	17.81

**RESULTS.**

May 7th: Bassaleg (away), lost. Bassaleg 175 for 5 dec.); Larkfield 156.  
 May 11th: Beachley (home), lost. Beachley 152; Larkfield 36  
 May 14th : Newport Secondary (home), lost. Larkfield 55; Newport 58 for 8.  
 May 18th: Newport High School (home), lost. Larkfield 33; Newport 68 for 8.  
 May 28th: Coleford (away), lost. Larkfield 63; Coleford 67 for 5.  
 June 5th: Pensions Hospital (away), won. Larkfield 150; Pensions 57.  
 June 11th: Bassaleg (home), draw. Bassaleg 71; Larkfield 63 for 6  
 June 18th: Abergavenny (away), lost. Larkfield 68; Abergavenny 70 for 5.  
 June 22nd Beachley (away), lost. Larkfield 49; Beachley 60 for 2  
 June 25th : Cathays (away), lost. Larkfield 45; Cathays 47 for 9.

**HOUSE NOTES.**

**SEVERN HOUSE NOTES.**

Girls Captain: H. Herbert. Boys Captain: T. Griffiths.

Luck and skill has been with the Severn House this year, and we won the shield for the second time running. Although we lost both cricket matches, we won both rugby matches. Against the Usk in cricket we lost only by five runs. We only managed to win by one point against the Wye in Rugby. We also had a tussle against the Usk in Rugby.

The girls won their tennis match against the Wye, but were defeated by the Usk. They defeated the Wye in hockey, but lost to the Usk. The netball team won both matches.

We were second in the Eisteddfod, losing by twenty points to the Usk.

The Victrix Ludorum, P. Parry, and the Victor Ludorum, T. Griffiths, are both in the Severn, and we won the sports easily. By good team work the Severn were second in the house relay. C. Lewis did well in the half-mile, putting on a fine spurt to beat his rivals by yards.

We had a good year and I think we should do as well next year.

**USK HOUSE NOTES.**

Girls Captain: B. Bartlett. Boys Captain: J. T. Moore.

Although the house has failed to win the shield this year it has retained second place, and its standard, both in school and sports has not deteriorated. In rugby we lost both matches while the hockey beat the Severn and drew with the Wye. The netball beat the Wye and lost to the Severn. We beat the Severn in cricket and lost to the Wye. The girls won both tennis matches and hope to do the same this year.

We came first in the Eisteddfod this year, beating the Severn by a good margin, and came first in the final term and examination marks of the year.

In the next few years the Usk should show good results as we have a number of useful members in the lower school.

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**WYE HOUSE NOTES.**

Girls Captain: R. Anthony. Boys Captain: E. Brown.

The Wye has not had a very successful year this year. The boys however, have lost only one match, losing to the Severn rugby team by a very small margin, and winning both cricket matches.

The girls have not been so fortunate, winning only two baseball matches, and drawing with the Usk hockey team.

As usual, we did not gain very high marks in the Eisteddfod, but we hope the members of the Wye House will be more enthusiastic next year, and reverse the position of the Houses.

On sports day we gained second place, Probyn gaining the most points, 12.

The Wye has done very well in work this year, scoring 50 points for the three terms.

All members of the Wye House should attempt to do better next year in the Eisteddfod, as this has been our draw-back in past years.

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**HOCKEY NOTES. 1937-1938.**

Captain: Edna Edmunds. Vice-Captain: Dulcie Carter. Secretary: Helen Herbert.

We have been very fortunate this year in having such a dry season. The fact that we were able to play at every possible opportunity, and the much appreciated coaching of Miss James, has raised the standard of hockey to a very high level. There are many promising hockey players for next season, especially in the present Third forms, to fill the vacant team positions.

We won most of our matches, losing only four out of a total of fourteen. The outstanding match of the season was the one played against Bassaleg School first eleven, at home, when we beat them 2-1, breaking their invincible record, held for two years.

Colours were presented to J. Brown and O. Sheppard.

The Hockey Team 1937-1938; D. Maxfield, E. Edmunds, O. Sheppard, I Baker, I Williams, E Warner, R. Anthony, D. Carter, L. Rees, W. Price, J. Brown.

Reserves: J. Vicarage, A. Shock.

**HOCKEY RESULTS.**

Sept. 25th: Cinderford (home), won, 11-0;

Oct. 2nd: Bassaleg (away), lost 7-1

Nov. 20<sup>th</sup>: Abergavenny (away), draw 2-2

Nov. 27<sup>th</sup> Coleford (home), won 16-1

Dec- 4th: Lydney (away), lost, 16-0

Jan. 22nd .Coleford (away), won 10-0

Jan. 29th Chepstow Ladies, won 4-3

Feb. 5th: Bassaleg (home), won 2-1.

Feb. 19<sup>th</sup> Lydney (home), lost 4-1

March 5th: Chepstow Ladies, won, 6-4

March 9<sup>th</sup> Old Pupils, won 5-3

March 12th: Abergavenny (home) lost 6-1

March 17<sup>th</sup> St. Johns (away) won 2-1`

`April 6<sup>th</sup> Old Pupils, draw 4-4

**CRITICISM OF THE HOCKEY TEAM.**

D. Maxfield. Has kept up a high standard of play throughout the season always good sometimes brilliant. Kicking and anticipation very sound.

E. Edmunds. An excellent captain. A steady, reliable, and neat player. Does not always hit hard enough.

O Sheppard. Possesses a powerful hit and has improved a great deal this year. Erratic at times. Stickwork needs attention.

I. Baker. A useful player is fast. Should do well with more practice, stickwork and positioning need attention.

I. Williams A tireless pivot, but is inclined to wander. Does not always mark closely enough. She must develop the flick shot.

E. Warner. Has done well in a difficult position. Stickwork fairly good, but does not possess a good clean hit. Marks well.

R. Anthony. Has played consistently well through the season. Is fast, dribbles well and has a good centre. Hits cleanly and knows when to come in and shoot. The most improved player in the team.

D. Carter. Has improved this year, but her play is still erratic. Stickwork good, but lacks speed. Usually quick in the circle.

L. Rees. Has learnt to open out the game by distributing her passes well. Stickwork good, but lacks dash in the circle and should hit harder. A neat player.

W. Price. Fast and hardworking. Quick in the circle but does not hit hard enough. She must develop more dash and force.

J Brown. Has improved. Stickwork better but she can learn to dribble faster. Centres well and has a good shot in the circle.

Scorers: D. Carter, 20; W. Price, 17; R. Anthony, 11; L. Rees,10; J. Brown, 8; A. Shock, 1.

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### NETBALL NOTES 1937-1938.

Captain: B. Burns. Vice-Captain: B. Britton. Secretary : H. Herbert.

We were fortunate enough to win five out of nine games, one being drawn, and one cancelled owing to bad weather. We had no junior fixtures this year, but our second team played Bassaleg winning by 15-9. There are several members of the team who will be here next year, and we can look forward to brighter results then.

Netball Team: B. Burns, B. Britton, P. Parry, M. Edwards, M. Jones, D. Davies, K. Price.

#### NETBALL RESULTS.

St. Johns (home, lost, 18-9; St. Johns (away), lost 28-5.

Lydney (home), won, 15-7. Lydney (away), draw, 12-12.

Newport High School (home), lost 18-16. Newport High School (away), cancelled.

Bassaleg (home), won, 30-5. Bassaleg (away), won, 15-9.

Old Students, won, 28-8, 26-17.

#### CRITICISM OF NETBALL TEAM.

K. Price. Played well at times, but did not get the ball quickly enough. Shooting good.

B. Burns. Works hard, jumps well and plays a good defensive game.

B. Britton. Is quick, throws well and keeps the team together.

P. Parry. Is quick and alert in the circle. Her play is somewhat erratic, but she shoots very well..

M. Edwards. Has improved very much this year, but is inclined to run with the ball and muddle.

M. Jones. Plays very steadily, but is not quick enough.

D. Davis. Has improved but is not fast enough. She does not jump to get the ball,

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## **LARKFIELD OLD STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.**

Generally speaking, the past year has undoubtedly been the most successful in the history of the Old Students' Association. Progress has been made in many directions, and the Association to-day is in a more flourishing condition than at any time in the past. The great majority of those leaving school find employment in other districts, and there are now so many Old Students resident in London that it is proposed to establish a sub-branch of the Association in that city in the very near future, if possible before the coming winter. It is hoped that all those in the London area will support the branch to their utmost, and so maintain their connection with the school.

During the past year we have been able to make the first grant from the old students' Trust Fund, the award being shared by Miss Doris M. Davies and Mr. W. H. M. Baker. The fund of course, is far from being self-supporting as yet, but the efforts made in connection with it were so successful that we felt justified in making an award earlier than had been anticipated.

The year's programme has been on similar lines to that of 1936-37 except that there was no summer fete, and the monthly table-tennis tournaments were replaced by "Beetle Drives" and progressive games, which proved much more enjoyable and popular. The Christmas Reunion Dance was held on Boxing Day and attracted a record crowd of Old Students and friends, who voted it the best ever held. In connection with all our efforts during the year we should like to thank Dr. and Mrs. Birch, Miss Smith, the staff and the master's wives for supporting them all so splendidly and for allowing us the use of the school and tennis courts on so many occasions.

In sport, too, a great advance has been made in fact we have won more matches than we have lost. Equally strange is the fact that the Old Boys have been more successful than the Old Girls winning both the rugby matches and one of the cricket matches with the School, while the Old Girls lost both the netball and tennis matches and drew both hockey matches. The mixed tennis team had a great season, however, and was undefeated, beating many of the strongest local teams. In addition we have played the staff at tennis and mixed hockey (very mixed!) and on each occasion emerged victorious by a narrow margin,

And now we come to the one item which we have no pleasure in recording namely the retirement of Dr. Birch from the Headmastership of Larkfield, which takes effect at the end of the present term. What Larkfield and the whole district owe to Dr Birch needs no repeating here; what the Old Students' Association would have been without his guidance and enthusiasm does not bear thinking about, but its present flourishing condition is eloquent testimony to his influence. Few if any, schools can have been favoured as Larkfield has been in having a Headmaster to take so much interest in the pupils when their school days have finished. Sufficient for us to wish both Dr. and Mrs. Birch a long and happy retirement, and to hope that their connection with the School and Old Students, if not so active as in the past, will at any rate be carried on as fully as circumstances will allow.

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

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### **OLD STUDENTS' NOTES.**

If Old Students' news continues to come in at the present rate it will soon be invisible. Please send any news or articles of interest to the Secretaries for publication in the Magazine. Thank you.

We congratulate W. D. Woodgate (1925-32) on obtaining Second Class Honours in English as B.A. of University of Oxford.

While at Usk Agricultural College Elizabeth Wood (1930-34) won the County Continuation Scholarship in dairying tenable at the Agricultural College, Loughborough.

Doreen Adams (1929-34) has been successful in passing the Preliminary State Examination (St. James's Hospital, Balham).

H. W. D. Hickman (1937-30) M.B., Ch.B. (Birmingham University) M.R.C.S.

H. M. Hughes (1925-31) Curacy of St. Catherine's, Gloucester.

C. J. Watkins (1924-29) B.A. (Wales).

We also wish to congratulate N. E. France (1929-33) on obtaining B.Sc. (Wales) with distinction in Anatomy and the Alfred Hughes Memorial Medal in Anatomy.

#### MARRIAGES.

Watkins-Rodman. On July 30th. 1937, at St. Mark's Church, Bath,

David Clifford Watkins (1926-1929) to Anne Rodman, of Bath.

Mills-Macey. On July 10th, 1937, at Risca,

James W. H. Mills (1924-1928) to Miss M. R. Macey.

Cowie-Griffiths. On June 11th, 1938, at Bisley Parish Church, Surrey,

John Ernest Cowie (1924-1929) to Kathleen Griffiths.

On July 9th, at St. Mary's Church, Whitchurch, Freda Folding to Harry Carter.

In June, at Hipswell Church,

Donald William Francis Small to Eileen Minnie Newbold (1928-30).

On June 4th, Iris Miles (1924-28) to H. Burke.

On June 8th at St. Mary's Parish Church, Chepstow,

Kathleen Bailey (1925-27) to George Edward Panting.

On June 8th at Lydney, Roma Hutchings (1928-31) to Arthur Hawkes.

On August 3rd, at Kingston-on-Thames, John Withers to Margot Storey (1929-31).

On October 27th at St. Mary's Parish Church, Chepstow,

Douglas Rees to Marguerite Ballinger (1928-33).

On November 6th, at St. Mary's Parish Church, Chepstow,

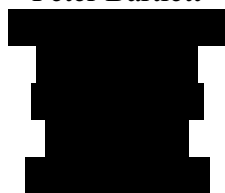
Paul Leslie Watson to Winifred Glass (1925-29).

On October 2nd at St. Mary's Parish Church, Gladys G. Evans (1931-35) to William Brown.

On June 25th at Portskewett Church, Muriel Hodges (1928-32) to P. Hillier.

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