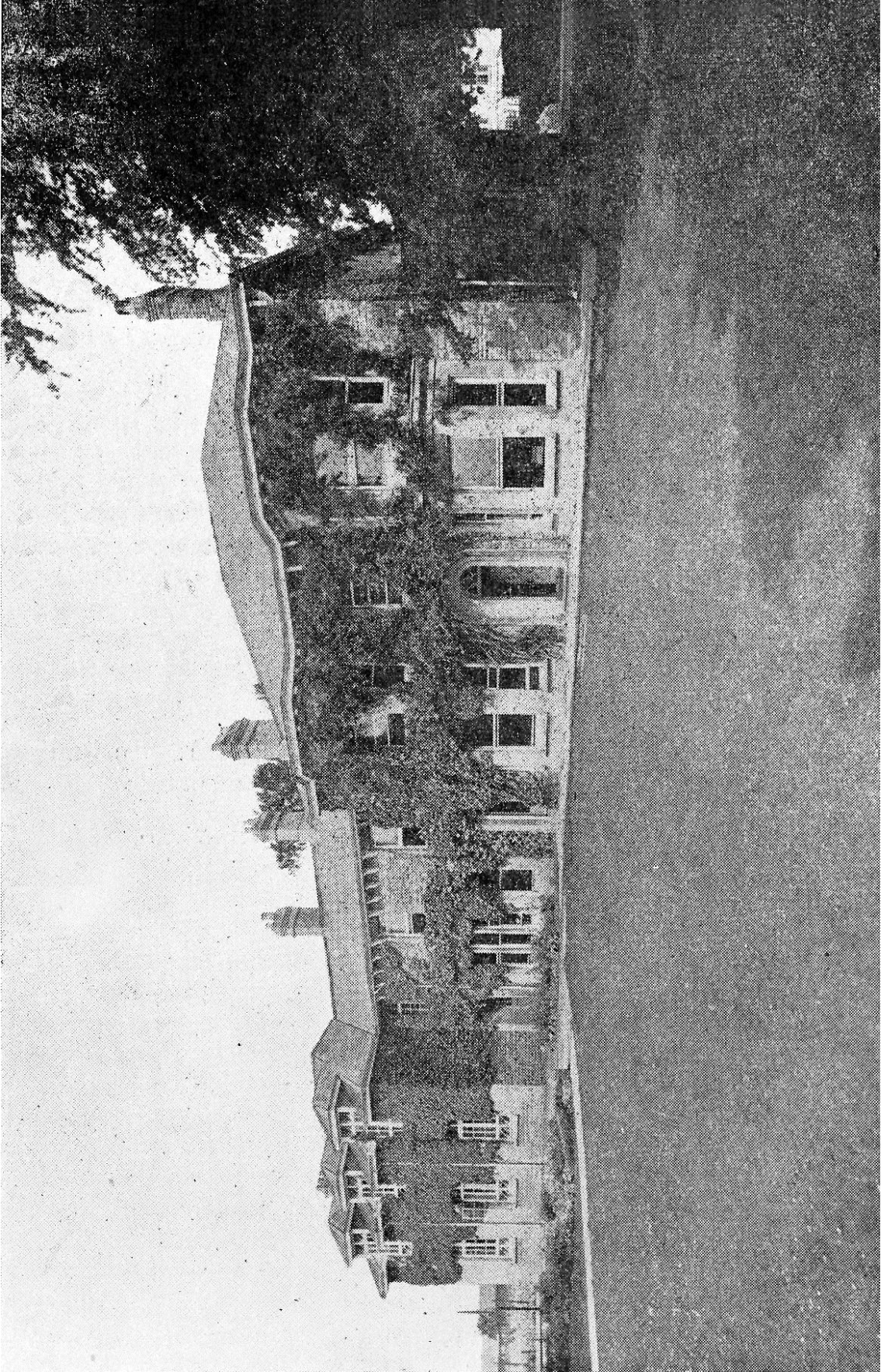


“Larkfield Times”



No. 10. 1943-44



LARKFIELD SECONDARY SCHOOL.



LARKFIELD TIMES.

No. 10.

JULY, 1944.

Vol. 1

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EDITORIAL.

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Sub-Editor: Y. ALLEN.

Magazine Committee:

K. KEAGAN, E. BROWN, J. VINCENT, G. NORKETT, T. S. O'NEILL.

Dear Readers,

Despite war-time conditions and the grievous shortage of paper, we have succeeded in bringing to you the tenth edition of the Larkfield Times. It gives a fairly complete record of the School's activities throughout the past year; unfortunately, the account of this year's Sports and the results of the Summer House matches cannot yet be published.

The standard of articles contributed to the Magazine is again very high, and we are sorry that we are unable to include more.

We are pleased to hear from our Headmaster, Major Webb, but regret that he has been unable to visit us during the past year. We continue to hear from Mr. Ball, who is also engaged on war work. We hope that both will be back with us by next year.

We extend a warm welcome to Mr. Davies, our new Mathematics Master, and hope that he will be happy in his new surroundings. We are sorry that Miss Mackenzie has had to leave the School owing to illness, and hope that she will soon be restored to health.

West Ham Municipal College left us at the end of last summer term, after a sojourn of three years. We hope that they enjoyed their stay and carried back, with them many happy memories.

The School has again done well in National Savings, the total for the year being £5,360 10s. 6d., whilst £3,915. 11s. 6d., was invested in " Salute the Soldier Week."

Although Red Cross collections occur with great regularity, the School always manages to contribute in no small way to this deserving cause.

The work of Mrs. Greening and her staff is thoroughly appreciated by the School, and we think that the way in which she has maintained the high standard of the mid-day meals is worthy of praise.

The list of Old Students is, we believe, fairly complete, but we should be glad to hear from those who have lost touch with the School. To the friends and relatives of those Old Students who are killed or missing, we offer our deepest sympathy.

In conclusion, we should like to thank all those who have contributed to the success of the Magazine.

O. B. WHITCOMBE D. BARTON,..Co-editors

THE ACTING HEADMASTER'S REMARKS.

The Summer Season with the issue of the School Magazine is here again. We can scarcely realize that another year has passed. The rush of events, and the whole time pre-occupation with our professional duties, and the extra war efforts, required of each and every one of us, leave us with no time to "Stand and stare". This state of affairs in the prolonged emergency, which still exists, and which is as imperative as ever, is not the normal healthy way of life. There is a definite place in the scheme of nature for contemplation and a quiet reflexion. Creative thought can only be born of freedom from the cark and care of the every day world. Artistic appreciation and the growth of culture require respite from the high speed action which is the order of the world to-day.

Let us hope that the promise of normal life in the cessation of hostilities in the western sphere of action will take place within the year.

The fashioning of the new order will require constant vigilance and circumspection, with resilient planning to allow for the adaptation in the unforeseen and unpredictable situations which undoubtedly will arise. Our experienced young veterans from all parts of the world will gradually be absorbed into the new society, which, with their stimulating and varied experiences, they will in a very large measure help to form.

It is amongst the "Old Pupils" that the School Magazine has its proper place, particularly amongst those in the Services and those doing work of national importance. The Magazine is disseminated far and wide.

The contrast between the setting of Larkfield with its surrounding country, and the setting in the various theatres of war must vividly be presented to our serving men and women. We in our part try to visualize the environment and to sympathise with them in difficult and dire situations.

Nevertheless, in the letters received from ex-pupils, we are struck with the fact that these experiences have given rise to an expression of humour, and a strong sense of the incongruous situations under which the School Magazine has finally reached its destination.

Some magazines have had a quick delivery. Some have been out to Singapore and almost back to England before being delivered. One copy has been carried by air, dropped by parachute and finally carried by yak to bring a bit of Larkfield to somewhere in India. Another has been received in a Bedouin Arab tent in the desert where the etiquette of hospitality and a punctilious conformity by the guest have prevented him from refusing to participate in unaccustomed dishes in order to revel in the news of Larkfield pals.

It is just in these situations that the School Magazine is doing a great social service. It is a link, binding ex-pupils to each other and to the parent school.

We hope that Major J. H. E. Webb, our Headmaster, will be able to return in the very near future to take up the work to which he had set his hand, when the war descended upon us so abruptly. We wish to express our congratulations to Major and Mrs. Webb in their proud possession of a very thriving and flourishing son and heir, Master Henry Webb.

We would like to convey to Dr. Birch, the first Headmaster of Larkfield, and Mrs. Birch our best wishes for a very happy retirement from official public life.

W. ROBINSON.

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" THE INVASION OF SICILY."

I should like to express my thanks to Mrs. E. G. Woodgate, of Tutshill, for permitting me to take the following extracts from letters which she received some time ago from her son, Lieut. W. D. Woodgate, then serving with the Central Mediterranean Force. They give a clear and vivid account of the landing in Sicily, and it is unfortunate that they cannot be given in full.

D. BARTON.

"When we moved from our pleasant spot on the coast and dumped down in the midst of the fly-ridden sandy wastes, we knew that we were being collected up for a merry outing of some kind but we had not the vaguest idea where, when or how. Eventually we moved on to an equally sandy and even more fly-ridden spot quite near to a large port. One thing of importance happened whilst we were in this area. We were summoned one day to be addressed by the Army Commander no names, no specific army mentioned, but we made a fair guess, and we were right; it was, in fact, the one and only Montgomery; the fact that this was to be our leader would, I think, have dispelled any qualms we might have had but, as I have said, we weren't having any".

"We were still in quite a daze about the whole thing and so uncertain as to what it was all going to be like that we couldn't possibly be worried. Well, we got to the ship, still not knowing where we were going. I don't know what your ideas of an invasion are, I thought possibly you travelled packed tight in a destroyer clutching a rifle in one hand and a tin of bully in the other. Well, we didn't we travelled on a very presentable Canadian Pacific liner; we went aboard, were shown to very comfortable cabins under much less crowded conditions than I travelled under at Christmas descended to a very comfortable saloon, most reassuring with its white table cloths and attentive stewards, and enjoyed an excellent four-course lunch, complete with ample supplies of Bass and Worthington".

"As soon as we were under way we were put completely in the picture as to the whole operation. I emphasize this because it is, I think, typical of the splendid organization and spirit of

the whole operation. The trip was practically a pleasure cruise; we ploughed on daily through very calm water, we sun-bathed, played cards, read, and really felt very happy and confident. Our favourite tune, played almost nightly over the ship's loudspeaker system was, 'Oh! what a surprise for the Duce.' This attitude of quiet clam prevailed right up to the end. Friday, the 9th, was just like any other day, except that our convoy was now immense. That night we had our last dinner aboard I have the menu with me now: Potage Minestrone, Fillet of Haddock Meuniere, Roast Ribs of Beef, Cold Roast Pork, Green Peas, Roast Potatoes, Plum Pudding, Coffee. Not bad for the night before an invasion".

"The next morning we had a very early breakfast, and later I and the little crowd I was looking after crowded into one of the small flat-bottomed motorboats which were being used for landing. Everything looked very placid all the convoy were anchored round, ships as far as you could see right up to the horizon and dozens of smaller craft plying to and fro from the beaches. We got ashore quite without mishap except that at one period our coxswain took his mind off his work to watch some aircraft, and bumped into another bloke who was coming back. This was rather annoying as I had taken up rather a striking pose in the bows ready to lead my men ashore after all, there was always the off-chance that there might be some Movietone men on the beach and there's nothing like cutting a dash on these occasions and the collision threw me off my balance. On the beach there were no traces at all of fighting, but every sign of excellent organization a great number of M.P.'s to direct you on your way and believe it or not, any amount of sign-posts. I got my gang together and we slogged away uphill from the beach to the very pleasant and shady almond grove which had been assigned to us as our resting place. Soon after this things began to look a bit more warlike, because the Germans began to send a few bombers over to try to upset the operations. They didn't come over in very great force and they didn't hold things up at all, but they did produce one or two rather sharp raids that day and the next. I don't think many of them got home to tell the tale; our invaluable Spitfires usually came galloping up at the crucial moment amidst great cheers from our forces".

"Our equipment came ashore in quite good order, and we quitted our almond grove and moved on here to do our job. To date it hasn't been very difficult. I wish I could make my share in the proceedings sound a bit more glorious, but it wasn't I just went where I was told, when I was told, and all was well. I think the real heroes of this operation are the blokes who planned it they did a magnificent job".

"To sum up I think our day has dawned at last. After all, the big bogey throughout this war has been the German Air Force; well, if the pitiful show they have put up in this battle is any indication, then that force is pretty well finished. As for our Air Force well; Heaven help the Jerries when we get the air fields in Sicily working. And all the time I can't help comparing that placid scene on the beach on July 10th with our forces and equipment pouring ashore with what I imagine would have happened to any German force which had tried to land in England after Dunkirk."

W. D. WOODGATE. (1925-32.)

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HOLLAND.

Contrary to the general belief, Holland is not a country where the women wear long skirts, white caps and clogs, and the men wear multi-coloured pantaloons with patches in them. These dresses are worn only in the remote country places, and by the fisher folk living on the coast. Clogs are worn, certainly, but only to save shoes, in the mud and dirt of the country; never in the towns. But Holland is a country of tulips, daffodils, hyacinths, canals and windmills.

The tulip fields are found only in certain parts of Holland, and in the spring miles of motor-cars and cyclists could be seen making excursions to them, returning with their vehicles covered with beautiful garlands of flowers. The windmills or "molens" and the watermills have their huge

wings turning ceaselessly all the day, either to grind wheat into flour or to keep the fields free from water. For Holland is a very flat country and there is always the danger of flooding.

To keep out the sea great dykes have been built, most of them being wide enough to have roads running along the top. It has taken hundreds of years to get the land free of the sea, and now the Germans have destroyed a lot of that work by having parts of the country flooded.

In the rural districts because of the damp atmosphere, open windows have to have mosquito nets placed over them at night. The most noticeable things in the small towns and villages are the pretty green curtains hanging at the windows of the houses.

Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Delft and Dordrecht are towns of much water, having canals running through most of the streets. The cafes are very continental, with their bands, and having chairs and tables with sunshades outside on the pavement. Vehicles were not allowed in the main street of Rotterdam during the rush hours before the war. Now this street does not remain as most of Rotterdam is destroyed.

Christmas in Holland is essentially a religious and serious time, the time of festivity being December 6th, the day of St. Nicholas.

Let us hope that the day when St. Nicholas and his black servant go round to the people of Holland giving away sweets, biscuits and presents will soon return,

K. KEAGAN, VA.

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AUSTRIA'S CONTRIBUTION TO ART.

As a result of the last war, Austria became a very small country, the population of which did not exceed six million people. It had, however, been the heart of the great and powerful Austro-Hungarian monarchy for many centuries and had made a very considerable contribution to European art; and culture. The centre of all cultural activity was Vienna, where the best examples of brilliant art are to be found.

The great churches and cathedrals were built in two distinctly different periods, and therefore there are two different styles which are characteristic of Vienna, namely, Gothic and Baroque style. The best known example of Gothic style in Vienna is St. Stephen's Cathedral, the landmark of the town. Among other things it is famous for its steeple, which is about four hundred and fifty feet high and so is one of the highest towers in the world. The exterior of the cathedral with its beautifully decorated doorways, high mosaic roof showing the Imperial arms and finely chiselled structure of the steeple, makes a great impression. The interior has many interesting features, including three artistically modelled chancels and a lavishly decorated main altar as well as numerous oil paintings and tombs, and beautifully stained glass windows. This cathedral is only one example of many smaller churches of the same style.

The most prominent of ecclesiastical buildings of the Baroque style is St. Charles Cathedral. Its chief characteristics are a huge dome covered by a layer of green copper and two massive columns in front of the main doorway. These columns show in relief the story of the life of the Roman Emperor Trajan.

The Imperial Palace, the old Town Hall, and many fine residential buildings of the former aristocracy show the high standard of culture in Austria.

Whenever Vienna is mentioned one connects with it the waltz. It is indeed true that this form of music originated and was brought to its most perfect form by Viennese composers, the most famous being Johann Strauss and his father and uncle. For centuries Vienna has been the home of classical music too. When Mozart was a child of six he played the piano at the Court of the Empress Maria Theresa and he composed all his music in Vienna, where his operas were performed for the first time. Beethoven, too, though not Austrian by birth, spent most of his life in Vienna, and it was there that he was inspired to write his great symphonies.

All this belongs to the past. At the moment Austria is ruled by brutal force, and the prospects for the future are not very bright as far as art is concerned. But all these splendid

creations of by-gone days will remain as a permanent monument of Austria's contribution to European culture.

ALICE PORGES, VA.

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LARKFIELD.

Larkfield, or to give it its correct name, Chepstow Secondary School, has now been established for twenty years. During that period from 1924 to 1944 the school has progressed from a handful of small boys and girls, sitting in long rows, on wooden benches to a school of over two hundred strong, divided and sub-divided into various forms, from IIb to VI.

Every year, Larkfield's strength is made up by a worthy collection of lads and lasses who are to fill the ranks of Form II. When these arrive (the male section, anyway), fearful glances are cast to right and to left, and a fairly safe retreat is ear-marked in case any of the fierce denizens of Forms III and IV should be prowling around, on the look out for prospective victims.

Then the bell rings! School has commenced. Everyone files into the Gymnasium, where, after a pause of a few minutes Mr. Robinson appears, casting a searching glance over the sea of new faces (before which, the aforesaid sea wilts like the proverbial lily). Mr Robinson then announces the number of the hymn which is to be rendered by the fine baritone voices of the boys of Form VI, aided, of course, by the rest of the school. After this, some of those who are lucky, or unlucky, enough to be near the front, may hear a confused mumbling emanating from a member of Form VI, who is standing in the gangway with a little book in his hand. This mumbling is concluded with a relieved, "Here endeth the lesson", from which, those gifted with a fund of deductive ability might conclude that a portion of Scripture had been imparted to them. After several prayers have been offered, Mr. Robinson reads the "Riot Act". This consists of a long, long list of what a pupil must and must not do. It invariably has the effect of leaving the very new pupils in a somewhat dazed condition, and with an idea that the best thing to do is stay in the form room all day.

The idea is, however, not practicable, because in the morning break a horde of prefects descend upon the various form rooms and, with blood-curdling cries, eject the occupants thereof with much force.

This, coming upon the strain of the first three lessons, is too much for the new student, and he wanders outside in a very fatigued condition. Suddenly, as he is making his way over what appears at first sight to be the school's "dig for victory" effort, but is later round to be the lawn, he observes a dense cloud of smoke rising from the new physics laboratory. Thinking that a fire has broken out, he fills his lungs with intent to broadcast the information. Before he can do this, however, he notices a peculiar, but somehow familiar aroma to the smoke. It soon becomes apparent what this is for, surrounded in dense clouds of smoke Mr Morgan our respected Science master, issues forth from the door of the laboratory, puffing happily at his pipe.

After the mystery of the smoke has been solved, the remainder of the break passes quite peacefully for the new pupil, apart from being imprisoned in the school air raid shelter for about a quarter of an hour, and later embedded in one of the School holly bushes which closely adjoins the shelter.

The next two lessons introduce the new student to the mysteries of French irregular verbs, and the intricacies of ancient, Roman legends.

Then, Dinner!

School dinners used to be rather uneventful in the days when pupils transported them to school each morning from their respective homes and devoured them hungrily, with the aid of certain liquids which the manufacturers thereof sold as lemonade.

However, the old order changeth. Nowadays the School (for the sum of 6d. per student per diem) assembles in the canteen each dinnertime, and consumes a meal of two courses. This usually consists of potatoes and meat, followed by a sweet. This same meat is said by some to have once

been part of some long deceased equine quadruped, but the truth of this statement can, of course, be disproved by partaking of one of these excellent dinners.

A few weeks ago the advent of a certain wild animal, of a somewhat ferocious aspect, caused a great stir in the school. After careful examination by our respected Biology mistress it was discovered that the beast had been defunct for some few weeks. This caused a still greater stir in the School.

I am not quite sure as to the ultimate end of the creature, but rumour has it that the poor animal was seen, some time later, in the School canteen. This, however, has not yet been proved, so let us hope that the poor beastie was given a decent burial.

When four years have passed many will leave the School for the last time, but, although they may, be gone, they will never forget their days at Larkfield.

D. N. WILLIAMS, VB.

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"IT'S A HARD WORLD."

Mr. Jones was a patriotic sort of fellow, who did his utmost to aid the war effort. He worked in an aircraft factory, often doing overtime; he was a corporal in the Home Guard and attended parades regularly twice a week; whenever he could, he dug for victory on his allotment. Now and again, it must be admitted, he spent an evening at the "local", playing darts, but such occasions were rare. Mr. Jones was also secretary of his Street Savings Group; he did his fire guard duty every Wednesday night, and whenever there was an alert, he turned out in the neat blue overalls and white tin hat of a warden. Moreover, not content with these active contributions to the war effort, Mr. Jones went to bed early every night in order to save fuel; he ate more potatoes and less bread; he never bathed in more than five inches of water, and he invested all his spare cash in National Savings.

Mr. Jones then, was a very busy man, and feeling a little jaded with his manifold activities, and in need of a change, he decided one day to visit a friend who lived in the country. He did not make this decision without some inward qualms, being, as we have seen, a conscientious man who took very seriously all the injunctions issued for his guidance, and felt a little guilty about taking a wholly unnecessary journey.

Nevertheless, a change he felt he must have, and he made his preparations. Remembering what he had read about travel difficulties, he rose early, intending to catch the earliest possible train. His wife nearly caused him to be late at the station by insisting on him taking his "rations", and then the discovery was made that the clock had lost during the night, and that he'd have to run for his train.

This Mr. Jones did in fine style, feeling a sense of elation at embarking at last, on a day of pleasure. Panting into the station he enquired of a porter if he was in time for the 7.15 to Ginton. "No train until 9.55," said the porter in an unconcerned voice. "But I wanted to catch the eight o'clock connection from Ginton to Runton," said our Mr. Jones.

"No train until 9.55", reiterated the porter woodenly, "the other's been taken off." The porter was clearly uninterested in the intricacies of Mr. Jones's journey, and proceeded to sweep the waiting room with slow, measured strokes.

The 9.55 was certainly too late, so Mr. Jones decided to walk the three miles to Ginton and catch the 8 o'clock connection from there. The walk was not unenjoyable, though the parcel of food was a burden, and Mr. Jones wished himself without a coat, which, because of the earliness of the hour, he was wearing. These discomforts were aggravated in the last half mile, which he had to do at a trot.

The extra spurt proved to have been quite unnecessary, for at the station, Mr. Jones was directed to the end of a depressingly long queue waiting for the next train to Runton at 10.30, the 8 o'clock having been cancelled. 10.30 seemed aeons away; the queue stretched through a dismal, airless waiting room; he dared not put his parcel down; his neighbours, apart from the fact that they

occasionally took a step forward, seemed to be without life. I won't dwell at length on the long-drawn out misery of that long wait, a wait which continued long after 10.30. It was, in fact, some time after 11 when the train came in.

Mr. Jones had thought that he could begin to enjoy himself once he got on the train; how wrong he was. He was squashed between two extremely large and voluble individuals, who talked to each other and ate sandwiches and munched chocolates across Mr. Jones. He, poor man, was cramped and hot. He wanted his handkerchief, but could not reach it. He wanted a smoke, but could not get his pipe. One stout lady breathed down his neck, and the other peered over his shoulder to talk to her companion. When he tried to ease his position, he inadvertently trod on the foot of a small child; the child began to cry, and Mr. Jones received a baleful look from its mother.

Everything comes to an end. After what seemed hours of misery, the train reached Runton, and Mr. Jones gently eased his aching body out of the compartment, and staggered onto the platform. Leaving the station, and having ascertained that the bus no longer ran frequently, he toiled up the hill to his friend's house. After a two-mile walk he was happy to reach the house, and walked jauntily up the garden path with new found energy. He rapped on the door. No answer he waited, and knocked again still no answer. A neighbour who was passing kindly volunteered the information that his friend was away on a Home Guard exercise.

Reluctantly Mr. Jones turned away, looked round with a last despairing look, and trudged down the hill. Near the station he was accosted by the village constable, and on his failure to produce his identity card was marched off to the police station, where he sat despondent and shamed whilst the police telephoned his home town. Finally he was allowed to depart, but with a sad conviction that he had not heard the end of the matter.

Of Mr. Jones further trials on the homeward journey I cannot bear to write. They were too painful. It is sad to think that such a well-meaning, hard-working man could not have spent one pleasant, well-earned day of recreation in the country. But so it was.

D. BARTON, Form VIA.

OVER THE WILTSHIRE HILLS.

It was early morning when we mounted our bikes and raced to Beachley to catch the ferry. Nine o'clock found us standing at the pier head watching the Severn Queen coming in. We got our tickets and went aboard. Half an hour later we were pushing up the hill to Aust and from there up a very steep hill to the main road.

After going in the wrong direction for half-a-mile we found the quiet country road, free from jeeps, that led to Iron Acton. It was an easy road, past young wheat and old farms, fat cattle knee deep in quiet ponds, green lawns before the houses, and hedges white with may.

Iron Acton was soon reached and D..... and I examined the old church with a fine tower and nave. The run to Chipping Sodbury, through Yate, where the old village is hidden amongst factory chimneys was hot but not too hard. Chipping Sodbury was a town of enormous streets, two hundred feet wide, where the old market was held.

It was after Chipping Sodbury that we started climbing. The day was warm and we were warmer, and on reaching the top of the ridge we were glad to sit down and rest a while. The wind was against us but we consoled ourselves with the thought that it would be with us coming home.

On top of the hill the land was fairly flat, and but for the wind we would have raced along. After passing Acton Turville, a huddle of thatched cottages, we stopped for lunch just outside Malmesbury, as we thought. Lunch over we pushed on. We pushed on for six more miles and then when we did at last reach Malmesbury it was early closing day and everything, even the abbey, was closed. We went on. The sun was hot, the hill was steep, a lorry load of lime passed us half way up and thereafter remained obstinately about fifteen feet ahead. At last we reached the top and began a thirsty but otherwise easy ride.

After three or four miles we found a small general post office open and bought a couple of bottles of "pop". The road began a run down and at the bottom we met "Pepper", who escorted us into Swindon, where we arrived at four o'clock, to be welcomed by the first of Mrs. Adams's many cups of tea.

T. S. O'NEILL.

THE HOLY CITY.

Jerusalem, as we may or may not know, is set on seven hills in the midst of the Judean hills at a height of almost 3,000 feet. Away to the west lie the plains of Southern Palestine and the blue Mediterranean south is a wilderness of sand stretching from Hebron to the Gulf of Suez, east is more wilderness with the Dead Sea and Jordan and the hills of Moab, dark and sinister in the background. North are the plains of central Palestine rising away to the hills of Galilee.

From its earliest days it has been the scene of countless struggles; nations have destroyed its buildings time and again, earthquakes have shaken its very foundations, but like the Phoenix it has always risen proudly from its ashes. The boundary has altered from time to time, the present walls have mostly been built since the time of our Lord and now encompass the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, although the old wall can still be seen running inside the mound of Calvary.

Shall we then take a stroll From Jaffa Gate and go into the city. On the right is the bastion known as the tower of David, but which is actually Turkish, built on the foundations of a palace of one of the Herods. The street (David's Street) is six to eight feet wide and descends in a series of long steps. On either side are shops of all sorts, butchers, greengrocers, curios, haberdasheries, silversmiths, silks and so on and so forth. Here on the left is a street leading to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where of especial interest to British folk, lie the bones of Baldwin, second Crusader King of Jerusalem. The church itself is one mass of gold and priceless jewels but rather over stacked and ornate.

Continuing down David Street, jostling with heavily laden donkeys, and rosy cheeked Arab girls from the villages carrying huge bundles on their heads, darkly veiled Moslem wives, grim faced Arab shepherds shrouded in their goats hair cloaks, be-whiskered Jews padding patiently down to the Wailing Wall to lament their lost glory, and the inevitable small boy. He knows exactly where you are going and is most anxious to guide you; and that much better than anyone else for a small consideration, of course.

We are now in the Suk or Market, and if it is summer probably 100 in the shade. Here are little streets completely roofed in except for small holes, probably for ventilation purposes, but that is open to doubt. In one street are the tanners, in another the wool merchants, while yet another houses the sellers of farm accessories. A pair of shoes may be bought in the Suk for 15s. especially for you sir), always provided you have the time and patience and a very hard heart, otherwise the shoes, will cost at least £2 10s. 0d. So leaving the Suk but not its smell, we pass barbers' shops and villainous looking cafes and come to an alley leading to the Wailing Wall, which is the nearest place Jews can get to their Temple Area.

Anyhow, we will not visit the Wailing Wall this time but go straight on down to the Dome of the Rock (The Haremees Sharef), commonly but incorrectly known as the Mosque of Omar. Actually the Caliph Omar did a lot to help renovate the building but did not build it. Here on Mount Moriah, where Abraham would have offered Isaac as a sacrifice, where Solomon built the Temple to house the Ark of God, where Christ drove out the money changers and where the prophet Mohamet is believed to have ascended into heaven stands one of the loveliest buildings of the East.

Our own Christopher Wren journeyed to Palestine to study it, and modelled the Dome of St. Paul's from it, while replicas of its dome are to be found the world over. Under the dome the building is octagonal in shape and is built of stone inlaid with green and blue glazed tiles, while the dome itself is a blue slate colour. I think the thing that strikes one most of all is the huge simplicity of it, standing there high on the rock with the Mount of Olives away to the east and Mount Zion to

the south west, both places so venerated by Christian people, and yet between them stands the sanctuary of the Moslem world.

I really must end here. What have I said of The Via Dolorosa, Gethsemane, Bethany, Bethlehem, Siloam's Pool or Hezekiah's Tunnel? I fear it would take a small book to describe all those places I came to know so well and to tell of all the customs of the people with their strange methods and ways. Yet I think with a little patience and sympathetic understanding I was able to probe a long way into the minds of these simple yet most complex folks.

L. R. SPOONER (1924-28).

THE QUEEREST SIGHT I'VE EVER SEEN.

The gentlemen of our Sixth Form
Have really marvellous hair,
To see one wearing his school cap
Was a spectacle most rare.
One day this breaking of a rule
Was noticed by the " Head."
In future, I expect you boys
To wear your caps," he said.
Next morning we were all amazed
At the sight that met our eyes,
All we could do was stand and gaze
And titter with surprise.
On top of every noble skull
Was perched What could "it" be?
Amid the waves it looked quite lost
And was difficult to see.
On looking at it once again
Twas a cap that we could see,
By its size and its condition
It was purchased in Form Three.
Oh! all you stately gentlemen,
With locks both dark and fair,
It really was an awful shame
To cover up your hair.
SHEILA WITHERS, IIIA.

INTER-HOUSE ANNUAL SPORTS, 1943.

Sports Day proved a great success last year, and marked the conclusion of the stay of West Ham Junior Technical College at Larkfield. Mr. W. H. Turnbull, Chairman of the Governors, Mrs. Turnbull and Councilor E. J. King were present. The Chairman referred to the impending departure of West Ham and wished them a happy and peaceful return to their homes.

Mr. W. J. Lewis, B.A., B.Sc., Headmaster, West Ham College, expressed thanks to all who had helped to solve their evacuation problems and to make them happy during the three years they had been at Chepstow.

The Sports were held in the usual Larkfield weather, but the track itself was slippery owing to a previous storm of rain, and spikes were an added advantage.

West Ham competitors ran as a separate House and their points did not figure in the final total.

RESULTS.

(The letters U. W. and S stand for the three Houses, Usk, Wye and Severn.)

100 yards, Junior boys : 1, R. Edmunds (U); 2, G. Edmonds (U); 3, D. Meacham (W).
100 yards, Senior boys: 1, D. Lewis (S); 2, G. Hoggins (S); 3, D. Norkett (W).
80 yards, Junior girls: 1, O. Baker (S); 2, J. Voss (W); 3, J. Simmonds (W).
80 yards, Senior girls: 1, E. Evans (S); 2, I. Gill (W); 3, J. Reese (W).
220 yards, Junior boys : 1, R. Edmunds (U); 2, G. Edmonds (U); 3, C. Wright (U).
220 yards, Senior boys: 1, D. Lewis (S); 2, B. Jordan (W); 3, D. Williams (W).
440 yards, (Open): 1, G. Norkett (U); 2, G. Hoggins (S); 3, G. Edmonds (U).
880 yards (Open): 1, G. Hoggins (S); 2, D. Lewis (S); 3, G. Edmonds (U).
Egg and Spoon, Girls (open): 1, E. Stafford (S); 2, H. Hill (U); 3, B. Smith (S).
80 yards skipping, junior girls: 1, J. Voss (W); 2, J. Simmonds (W); 3, O. Baker (S).
80 yards skipping, senior girls : 1, E. Evans (S); 2, A. Morgan (S); 3, V. Dobson (S).
Late for school, junior girls : 1, H. Radcliffe (W); 2, J. Voss (W); 3, B. Smith (S).
Obstacle race, Senior girls: 1, E. Stafford (S); 2, E. Evans (S); 3, B. Henderson (W).
Four-legged, Senior girls: 1, Usk; 2, Severn; 3, Wye.
Hurdles, Junior boys: 1, G. Edmonds (U); 2, R. Edmunds (U); 3, W. Paul (S).
Hurdles, Senior boys: 1, D. Lewis (S); 2, W. Phillips (S); 3, D. Watson (S).
Hurdles, Junior girls: 1, J. Voss (W); 2, I. Jones (S); 3, M. Trussler (U).
Hurdles, Senior girls: 1, E. Evans (S); 2, B. Baker (U); 3, I. Wilkins (U).
Long jump, Junior boys: 1, G. Edmonds (U); 2, R. Edmunds (U); 3, W. Paul (S).
Long jump, Senior boys: 1, D. Lewis (S); 2, D. Watson (S); 3, D. Norkett (W).
High jump, Junior girls: 1, I. Jones (S); 2, J. Williams (U); 3, H. Sims (S).
High jump, Senior girls: 1, M. Turner (U); 2, B. Whitcombe (W); 3, E. Evans (S).
High jump, Junior boys: 1, W. Paul (S); 2, R. Edmunds (U); 3, A. Lewis and J. Reese (W).
High jump, Senior boys: 1, D. Lewis (S); 2, K. Foster (S); 3, W. Bailey (U).
Throwing cricket ball (Open): 1, D. Barton (W); 2, D. Lewis (S); 3, D. Williams (W).
House relay, Girls: 1, Wye; 2, Severn; 3, Usk.
House relay, Boys : 1, Severn; 2, Wye; 3, Usk.
HOUSE POINTS : 1, Severn, 78; 2, Usk, 45½; 3, Wye, 38½
Victrix Ludorum: Eileen Evans (S).
Victor Ludorum: Donald Lewis (S).
It is worthy of note that D. H. Lewis contributed 19 points to his House total.
Shield winner: Wye House.

OFFICIALS.

Clerk of the Course : Mr. F. W. Wilding, B.Sc.

Recorders : Mr. L. Morgan, B.Sc., and Miss D. Hutchings.

Starters: Mr. B. Westcott, B.Sc., and Mr. W. Parks, B.Sc.

Stewards : Messrs. W. H. Turnbull, E. J. King, W. Robinson, B.Sc., W. J. Lewis, B.A., B.Sc.,
Miss D. M. Smith, M.A., and Miss M. Gillatt, B.A.

G. NORKETT, VB.

SPEECH DAY.

Larkfield Speech Day was held in the Public Hall on November 30th. Mr. Turnbull, Chairman of the Governors, presided. Mr. Robinson, Acting Headmaster, read his report of the School's progress in the last year.

Mr. C. D. Harrison, Headmaster of West Mon. School, gave an illuminating address on "Courage". Mrs. Harrison then distributed the prizes as follows: -

Form Prizes: 6, R. P. Rowlands; 5A, D. Barton; 5B, T. S. O'Neill; 4A, B. Henderson; 4B, G. Norkett; 3A, S. May; 3B, I. Gill; 2A, R. Stewart; 2B, D. Roberts.

Special Prizes: Form, 6, Mathematics, J. Northcott. Form 5, English, D. Barton; French, M. Guy; Latin, R. Vigers; History, B. Whitcombe; Geography, D. Barton; Physics, T. S. O'Neill; Chemistry, P. Perry; Biology, D. Barton; Art, D. Barton; Cookery, R. Vigers; Service, R. Vigers, Lyn Harding, T. S. O'Neill.

C.W.B. School Certificates were presented by Miss D. Smith to:-

H. V. Allen	M. Guy	R. O. Robinson
D. Barton	B. J. Jordan	R. M. Vigers
T. H. Bevan	D. W. King	E. W. Watts
E. E. Brown	T. S. O'Neill	O. B. Witcombe
R. G. Carrivick	P. Perry	
M. E. Evans	A. S. Powell	

Supplementary Certificates:-

J. W. Griffiths	D. H. Lewis	S. D. Sunderland
B. N. Leach	J. B. Northcott	D. J. Williams

The senior boys gave a lively display of Physical Exercises, followed by "Speeches of the War" delivered by D. Watson and T. S. O'Neill.

The School Choir, under the baton of Mr. A. Edwards, concluded the afternoon by singing "Under the Greenwood Tree," "London Town" and other songs.

T. S. O'NEILL.

SCHOOL EISTEDDFOD.

The Annual School Eisteddfod was held towards the end of the Spring Term on Tuesday, April 4th. Unfortunately our Headmaster, Major Webb, was unable to attend. We were very grateful to Mr. Vaughan Williams, of Risca, who adjudicated the musical items.

As in former year's the "Hobbies" Section was a great success, and in this, as in other, sections, a high standard was achieved.

RESULTS.

Junior Solo. Boys: 1, R. Wills (Wye); 2, P. Evans (Wye); 3, A. Shock (Usk).
Girls: 1, P. Lewis (Severn); 2, D. Ashworth (Severn); 3, B. Williams (Wye).
Senior Solo. Boys: 1, A. Knight (Usk); 2, R. Rowlands (Usk); 3, D. Watson (Severn).
Girls: 1, B. Whitcombe (Wye); 2, C. Griffiths (Wye); 3, E. Reece (Usk).
Vocal Duet. 1, C. Griffiths and Gwen Williams (Wye); 2, B. Whitcombe and M. Tovey (Wye); 3, P. Lewis and E. Jones (Severn).
Piano Solo. Form II: 1, D. Evans (Wye); 2, P. Lewis (Severn); 3, V. Hunt (Usk).
Form III: 1, B. Williams (Wye); 2, D. Jones (Wye); 3, V. Sunderland (Wye).
Senior: 1, M. Hutchings (Severn); 2, G. Williams (Wye); 3, B. Pearson (Severn).
Open: 1, G. Williams (Wye); 2, M. Hutchings (Severn); 3, P. Lewis (Severn).
Piano Duet. 1 and 2, divided between B. Williams and G. Williams (Wye);
D. Jones and D. Evans (Wye).
English Recitation. Junior: 1, F. Attewell (Severn); 2, S. Withers (Usk); 3, V. Davies (Wye).
Senior: 1, M. Stephens (Wye); 2, Y. Allen (Severn); 3, T. O'Neill (Severn).
Impromptu Speech. Junior: 1, N. Allen (Wye); 2, P. King (Wye); 3, J. Evans (Severn).
Senior: 1, J. Northcott (Usk); 2, T. O'Neill (Severn); 3, R. Rowlands (Usk).
Unpunctuated Reading. 1, D. Ashworth (Severn); 2, K. Morgan (Wye); 3, M. Howell (Wye).
Senior: 1, D. Watson (Severn); 2, divided between J. Northcott (Usk) and Y. Allen (Severn).
French Recitation. Junior: 1, E. Morris (Wye); 2, P. Burrage (Usk); 3, S. Withers (Usk).
Senior: 1 and 2, divided between S. May (Wye) and Whittaker (Wye); 3, M. Jones (Usk).
Art. Junior: 1, G. Rosser (Usk); 2, V. Davies (Wye); 3, divided between J. Savage (Severn) and V. Adams (Severn).

Senior: 1, D. Barton (Wye); 2, Field (Usk); 3, Davies (Severn).
 Cookery Form II : I, J. Bevan (Wye); 2, J. Park (Wye); 3, M. Howell (Wye).
 Form III: 1, V. Adams (Severn); 2, B. Williams (Wye); 3, P. Jones (Wye).
 Senior : 1, O. Whitcombe (Wye); 2, N. Leach (Usk); 3, M. Stephens (Wye).
 Model Aircraft. Junior: 1, G. Rosser (Usk); 2, R. Thomas (Severn); 3, divided between D. Evans (Wye) and K. Faux (Severn).
 Senior : 1 and 2, divided between D. Barton (Wye) and G. Norkett (Usk); 3, divided between Gilbert (Wye) and B. Rowson (Usk).
 Model Ship. Junior : 1, D. Evans (Wye); 2, P. King (Wye); 3, R. Boon (Severn).
 Senior: 1, J. Northcott (Usk); no second; 3, G. Simmonds (Usk).
 Toys. Junior: 1, J. Rees (Wye); 2, F. Roberts (Severn); 3, Picton (Wye).
 Household Article Junior: No first; 2, Rees (Wye); 3, K. Faux (Severn).
 Senior : 1, D. Barton (Wye); 2, B. Stephens (Usk); 3, J. Northcott (Usk).
 Embroidery. Junior: 1, M. Counsell (Severn); 2, G. Evans (Severn); 3, B. Owen (Severn).
 Senior : 1, C. Griffiths (Wye); 2, M. Stephens (Wye); no third.
 Thrift. Junior : 1, I. Margretts (Usk); 2, B. Sykes (Usk); 3, B. Owen (Severn).
 Senior : 1, C. Griffiths (Wye); 2, S. Lewis (Wye); 3, M. Jones (Wye).
 Knitting. Junior : 1, I. Margretts (Usk); 2, D. Roberts (Wye); 3, N. Marende (Usk),
 Senior : 1, M. Jones (Severn); 2, N. Leach (Usk); 3, J. North (Wye).
 Darning. Open: 1, N. Leach (Usk); 2, B. Williams (Wye); 3, M. Reece (Usk).
 Country Dancing. Junior : 1, Usk; 2, Wye; 3, Severn.
 Senior : 1, Wye; 2 and 3, divided between Usk and Severn.
 House Plays. 1, Usk; 2, Severn; 3, Wye.
 House Choirs. 1, Severn; 2, Wye; 3, Usk.
 Final Positions. 1, Wye, 114½; 2, Usk, 63; 3, Severn, 61½.

NATIONAL SAVINGS ASSOCIATION.

When the general public all over the country formed Savings Groups to help the war effort, Larkfield determined not to be left out, and it organised a Savings Group of its own in January, 1940, with the aid of Mr. L. Morgan, one of our Masters. We greatly appreciate all the work he has done for our School Group. Larkfield's response to the country's appeal has been excellent, and since that time we have saved £21,743 8s. 6d. The contributions received during "Salute the Soldier Week" amounted to £3,915 11s. 6d. while the total for this year, June, 1943 June, 1944, is £5,360 10s. 6d. These are both excellent figures, especially since most of the secret hoards up the chimney and under the floorboards have already been invested, but we hope to do even better next year.

The number of savers in the School has gradually increased since the Group was formed, until now there are very few who are not members, and most of the pupils save regularly. We wish to extend our thanks to those friends of the School who invest in our Group, and to the parents who encourage their children to save, as well as to the pupils themselves. We are grateful not only for their support during "Salute the Soldier Week" this year, and other special weeks in the preceding years, but also for the sustained effort throughout the four and a half years.

Keep it up Larkfield !

Y. ALLEN.

WYE HOUSE NOTES.

Girls' Captain: Barbara Whitcombe. Boys' Captain: Donald Barton.

The Wye House, having regained the Shield after five years, hopes, and has good reason to hope, to obtain it once more this year. After so many years of bad luck, we won the Eisteddfod last year and this year, and we once more gained top place in School work. We have done fairly well in

matches, though the boys were less fortunate than the girls, losing both Rugby matches. The girls beat the Severn and drew with the Usk in hockey and won both netball matches,

The House shows every promise of winning the Shield, and we are hoping for success in the Sports this term.

B. WHITCOMBE, D. BARTON.

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SEVERN HOUSE NOTES.

Girls' Captain: M. E. Evans. Boys' Captain: D. J. Watson.

The Severn House has not been so successful this year, although a little improvement in Schoolwork has been shown.

The boys were fortunate in winning both their Rugby matches, the girls won one of their Netball matches and lost one, but we were not so fortunate in Hockey, in that we lost both our matches.

In the Eisteddfod we were not so fortunate, and as the Sports have not yet been run off we are not able to give the results, but we hope that with everyone playing their part we shall do well.

M. E. EVANS, D. J. WATSON.

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USK HOUSE NOTES.

Girls' Captain: N. Leach. Boys' Captain: John B. Northcott.

We hope to be more successful this year, and have a sporting chance of winning the Shield, as there is a sprinkling of useful people in Form IV.

The boys won their Rugby match against the Wye, but were beaten by the Severn. The girls won one Hockey match and drew the other, and also won one Netball and lost the other.

We were second in the Eisteddfod, thanks to winning the Play and hope to be successful in the Sports.

N. LEACH, JOHN B. NORTHCOTT.

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HOCKEY NOTES,

Captain: M. E. Evans. Vice-Captain: H. Y. Allen.

Hon. Secretary : O. B. Whitcombe.

We have been very unfortunate this year, as we lost several members of the team, including our captain, Irene Wilkins, in the middle of the season.

Several of our matches were cancelled owing to bad weather. Of the matches which we did play, we lost two and drew three. We were able to run a Second XI this year, which was very successful.

We are grateful to Miss Davies and Miss Williams for the help which they have given us, and as we have several promising players we hope to do better next year.

Members of the Team: I. Wilkins, B. Whitcombe, N. Leach E. Brown. O. Baker, N. Parks, E. Williams, M. Clarke, M. Philips, M. King, E. Williams, Y. Allen, E. Evans, Reserves; O. B. Whitcombe, and M. Tovey

Scorers; I. Wilkins (3), E. Evans (2), N. Parks (2), E. Williams (1)

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NETBALL NOTES.

CAPTAIN: M. Pitt. Vice-Captain: M. Evans.

The standard of the Netball team this year was fairly high considering that only one of last season's players remained. The results of the matches, however, were disappointing, but as most of the present team belong to the Middle School, and will be playing next year, we have every reason to hope for success in the coming year.

Team : B. Belsham, J. North, B. Sheppard, M. Tewkesbury, S. Lewis, M. Evans, M. Pitt.

RUGBY.

Captain: D. H. Lewis—later K. Tamplin.

Last season's Rugby results were very poor. We suffered from lack of weight and ability to play Rugby. In all eight matches were played, out of which we won one against Lydney. We put up a good fight against the Old Students but could not stand against their weight. The representing team was : D. H. Lewis (capt.), who left half-way through the season, K. Tamplin (2nd capt.), Barton, R. Rowlands, Watson (hon. secretary), Northcott, B. Jordan G Norkett J Vincent, H. Jones, W. Bailey, B. Rowson, Gilbert, Edwards, Pitcher, Robinson Harris and Brace.

TENNIS NOTES.

Captain: B. Baker. Vice-Captain: N. Leach. Secretary : B. Whitcombe.

We have been unfortunate this Tennis season having lost practically all of last year s team. So far we have been unsuccessful, but hope to make up for it before the end of the season.

Team: B. Baker, N. Leach, M. Tovey, H. Heycock, E. Brown, E. Williams, M. Phillips.

BASEBALL NOTES.

Captain: O. Baker. Vice-Captain : N. Roach.

This year the Baseball team has, on the whole, been fairly successful. Of the three matches played, two have been lost, 2½-0 to Lydney (away) and 3-2 to Monmouth, also away The other we won, we are proud to say, the score being 5-2 against Lydney at home.

Team. M. Carlick, N. Roach, J. Williams, M. Nailer, M. Trussler, J. Voss, H. Sims, A. Rowlands, B. Sheppard (reserve).

O. BAKER.

CRICKET NOTES.

Captain : W. Bailey. Vice- Captain: K. Tamplin.

We are unfortunate in having so few of last year's members in this season's team, and also in having so few fixtures. So far we have played three matches, losing all of them. Our second match against Lydney was a very close game, the score being 86-87. There is promising material in the Lower School, and we hope to have a more successful team next year.

Team: W. Bailey, K. Tamplin, B. Rowson, D. Barton, B. Jordan, J. Gilbert, P. Coles, R. Rowlands C. Cullinane, J. Northcott, J. Vincent, Jack Vincent, Edmonds.

LARKFIELD OLD STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.

In common with other organisations the activities of the Larkfield O.S.A. have again been curtailed by the fact that most members are either serving with the Forces or are away on National Service. The efforts of the Committee during the year have been to raise money through dances, raffles, etc., in order to make some contribution to the welfare of our members who are in the Forces. With the help of the Staff and present pupils we were able to send out over 170 parcels last Christmas. We feel that there are many more Old Students in the Forces but have not sufficient information as to their whereabouts, and would welcome any addresses which would make our lists more complete.

We have played the School teams at tennis, cricket, hockey, netball and Rugby during the past year and have acquitted ourselves fairly well. We were also challenged by the Staff to a tennis match a few weeks ago, and although we were defeated, the result was a very enjoyable evening. We look forward to the end of Term, when we once more play the School team at tennis and cricket.

Mention must be made here of Captain Maurice Baker, R.A., who has been awarded the M.C. during the last year. We are very proud of the honour he has brought to us, and wish him all the best of luck in the future. Our best wishes also to Major Webb, our Vice-President, and the

great numbers of our members who are playing their part in the defence of our Empire and all it stands for. We wish them luck and a safe return to happier conditions.

We regret having lost the services of Miss D. Hutchings, a very active member of our Committee, and wish to thank her for her untiring efforts on our behalf in the past. We wish her well in her new post at Burnham-on-Sea.

Finally, we should like to express our appreciation of the co-operation and help we have received from the Headmaster and Staff, without whose assistance we should find it difficult to carry on.

KATHLEEN E. PRICE, J. DIXON, Joint Hon. Secretaries.

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DIED ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

Sergt. O. C. M. Cook (1931-36), Sept., 1942.
Gunner R. Harris (1931-35), R.A. In Malta.
Cpl. M. Perry (1932-37), W.A.A.F.

H. Rowlands, Nov., 1942. In N. Africa.
A. Thomas (1927-31), Oct., 1939. In France.
Sergt. R. G. Vincent (1930-37), R.A.F.

REPORTED MISSING.

T. R. Forster (1934-40), R.A.F.
P/O. N. Presley (1926-29), R.N.

Flt./Engineer H. Sheppard (1935-38), R.A.F., June, 1943.

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

PRISONER'S OF WAR.

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

Trooper J. Manson (1932-37), 1941. In Crete.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

Major J. H. E. Webb, M.Sc., O.B.E., T.D., 2nd Batt.
Mon. Regt.
M. Arnold (1934-38), W.A.A.F.
Sergt. H. G. Attewell, R.A.F.
Capt. W. H. M. Baker, M.C. (1927-34), R.A.
F. B. Baker, R.N.
Driver H. Ball (1927-32).
L/A/C. J. B. Banfield (1938-39), R.A.F.
A/C. F. E. G. Bennett (1932-36), R.A.F.
W.O.P. A. Bennett (1931-34), R.A.F.
Fusilier F. H. Billing, Special Signals Corps, Royal
Fusiliers.
A/C. C. Beddis (1926-29), R.A.F.
Cpl. A. Bullock (1924-28), E.R.S.
Sergt. V. Bullock (1928-33), R.A.P.C.
Sergt. E. Buller (1935-37), R.A.F.
A/C/W. I. J. Brown (1933-39), W.A.A.F.
Pte. S. F. Brace (1935-39), S.W.B.
Sergt. E. H. Butler (1935-37), R.A.F.
M. R. Brown.
Gnr. Sig. E. F. Battin, R.A.
Pte. S. F. J. Brace, Wiltshire Regt.
Cdt. W. S. Ballinger, R.A.F.
Sergt. A/G. C. Bartle, R.A.F.
A/C. F. Coles (1925-29).
2nd Lieut. J. Coles (1925-29).
Sapper H. D. Chubb (1933-38), R.E.
Sergt. E. J. Cowie (1924-29), R.A.F.
A/C.I.D. C. Cullman, R.A.F.
L/Cpl. S. M. Cullinane (1936-40), A.T.S.
L/Cpl. P. M. Cullinane (1931-36), A.T.S.
L/A/C/W. P. J. Culshaw (W.A.A.F.).
Sergt. J. S. Dobbs (1928-32), 1st Mons.
2nd Lieut. J. E. Dobbs.

Signalman R. Davies (1931-35), Royal Corps of
Signals
Pte. C. H. Davies, R.A.O.C.
F/O. C. J. Dibden, R.A.F.
Sergt. K. B. Ellis (1931-35), 1st Mons.
Pte. B. O. Edwards.
F/O. J. B. Felton (1928-33), R.A.F.
Sergt. F. W. Fyfield (1936-38), R.A.F.
Sergt. M. K. Foster (1930-34), A.T.S.
H. Farr (1931-36), 1st Mons.
A/C. R. J. Fisner (1926-29), R.A.F.
Capt. N. E. France, R.A.M.C.
L/A/C. G. R. Freebury, R.A.F.
Apprentice P. Groves (1930-35), R.W.R.
Signalman A. J. Griffiths (1929-36), W.A.A.F.
Fit./Sergt. T. Griffiths (1933-39), R.A.F.
LJeut. T. D. Groves, R.N.V.R.
A/C.2 K. H. P. Greening (1935-39), R.A.F.
Fit./Sergt. G. D. Green, R.A.F.
Cpl. K. Hill (1932-36), R.A.F.
P/O. G. H. Hill (1929-35), R.A.F.
Sergt. M. Hill (1932-36), R.A.S.C.
Cpl. R. Hillman (1934-37), W.A.A.F.
L/Cpl. J. Howells (1932-37), 1st Mons.
L/A/C. T. Hunt (1933-39), R.A.F.
Capt. Chaplain H. M. Hughes (1925-31), Welch Regt.
2nd Lieut. H. W. Hickman (1929-30), R.A.S.C.
Lieut. I. J. Hoare (1929), 3rd Mons.
Sergt. R. Hardwick (1934-39), R.A.F.
L/A/C. D. Herbert, R.A.F.
L/A/C. T. Herbert, R.A.F.
Sub. A. Hillier (1932-36), A.T.S.
F/O. G. Hill (1935-39), R.A.F.
J. R. Hill (1936), R.N.

Pte. R. Hicks (1929-33), 3rd Mons.
 Cpl. C. Hobbs (928-32), R.A.F.
 L/A/C. R. G. Hobbs (1933-34), R.A.F.
 Sergt. J. C. Harding (1930-32), R.A.F.
 L/Cpl. R. Hooper (1930-32), R.A.F.
 L/A/C. R. S. Hart, R.A.F.
 Cpl. A. H. Harrison.
 A/C.2 L. D. Holloway, R.A.F.
 Pte. J. E. Howells, 2nd Mons.
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 Midshipman D. J. Jones (1934-39), M.N.
 Cpl. S. Jones (1931-35), R.A.F.
 Sergt. G. Jones (1926-30), R.A.F.
 C. M. Jones (1933-35), W.R.E.N.S.
 K. Jones (1936-40), F.A.A.
 H. R. Jenkins, R.A.F.
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 L/Cpl. J. H. Knight (1931-37), R.A.F.
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 2nd Lieut. C. Lewis (1931-38), R.A.
 P/O. D. E. Lang (1937-41), R.A.F.
 L/A/C/W. B. Liddiard (1934-36), W.A.A.F.
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 L/Cpl. E. J. Mansell (1928-32), R.E.
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 Bdr. C. Matthews (1929-33), 1st Mons.
 Sergt. M. Matthews (1929-30), W.A.A.F.
 Rfl. D. Matthews (1929-33), 1st Mons.
 Pte. R. Matthews (1931-36).
 L/Sergt. J. Moore (1931-38), R.A.
 A/C/W. G. Martin (1933-36), W.A.A.F.
 L/A/C. L. Maxfield, R.A.F.
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 L/Cpl. D. W. Margretts.
 A/C. J. Nicholson, R.A.F.
 S/Sergt. B. Nicholson (1931-36), A.T.S.
 Cpl. L. Nicholson (1928-30), W.A.A.F.
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 Leading Tel. F. M. Oakes (1930-32), R.N.
 Leading Photographer J. Oakes (1931-33), R.N.
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 D. Penny (1928-32), R.N.
 Cpl. A. Pinfold (1928-34), 1st Mons.
 Cpl. H. J. Pitt (1932-33), R.A.F.
 Sig. W. J. Porter (1931-35), R.A.
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 Sergt. H. F. Price (1932-37), R.A.F.
 Sergt. D. Pritchard (1930-35), 1st Mons
 J. Probyn (1937-38).
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 L/A/C/W. M. Price, W.A.A.F.
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 F/Sergt. P. T. Reynolds (1924-27), R.A.F.
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 Pte. D. Rollings, R.A.O.C.
 D. Ransome.
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 J. V. Shaddick (1935-38), R.N.
 Cpl. H. C. Stoddart (1931-36).
 A/C. R. C. Stoddart, R.A.F.
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 Lieut. Assist. Paymaster L. R. Spooner (1924-2&)
 RAPC
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 L/Bdr. C. Sadler (1931-35), 1st Mons
 Pte. U. Sims (1934-37), A.T.S
 Pte. E. A. Stephens (1930-37), S.W.B.
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 A/C/W. I A. P. Shock, W.A.A.F
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 H. J. F. Townsend (1938-41).
 Musician D. Trivett (1931-34), R.N
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 Sub. D. M. Trueman (1934-36), A.T.S
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