

THE HARLOVIAN.

III.]

APRIL, 1920.

[No. 25.]

THE APPEAL OF THE FEDERATION OF INDEPENDENT SCHOOLS.

With the last two issues an appeal has been sent out from the Federation of Independent Schools begging the friends of Private Schools to write to their Members of Parliament and ask for their support in remedying the injustices under which our schools are suffering. The greatest of these is that service in any school not receiving State aid is not allowed to count as qualifying service towards the pensions given under the Teachers' Superannuation Act. In effect, this exclusion acts as a direct inducement to our teachers to desert us, and threatens all but the very wealthy schools with extinction. Schools in England would then be entirely State-managed and controlled, and the Government would then be able to repeat in the educational sphere those great triumphs which State management has achieved in the railways, coal mines, and telephone service, a very pleasant prospect, particularly for the middle classes!

There are two stock excuses for not recognising service in our schools. Firstly, some of our schools are inefficient. More shame, we say, to the Government for not closing them; we have been urging, for years, that no private school should be allowed to exist that could not give reliable proof of its efficiency. Secondly, it is said that the recognition of service in our schools would increase the cost of carrying out the Superannuation Act. The hollowness of the last objection is shown conclusively by the following recommendation, made by the Committee which investigated the huge public expenditure on education—over £97,000,000 a year:—

“Your Council recommends that the advantages of the Teachers' Superannuation Scheme should be made available for all teachers in efficient schools. Evidence was given that many good Secondary Schools are being closed owing to their inability to provide pensions for their teaching Staff. It would be more economical to make the suggested concession to such schools than to undertake the maintenance of new schools, and the education of the pupils at present taught in the schools that are closing down, particularly as the opening of new State-Aided Secondary Schools must involve a liability in respect of superannuation for the extra teachers engaged.”

OLD HARLOVIANS.

On June 4th will take place the Old Boys' Cricket Match, to be followed, as usual, by supper at the School. All Old Harlovians who can attend will be heartily welcome. Will all who intend to be present please send in their names to C. H. Barker, The Broadway, Harlow? Those who can sing are specially requested to bring music.

We were pleased to hear again from Khan Baba. He tells us that he is Governor of a district in Persia. He tells us also that he, Amir, and Gholi are all married and fathers of flourishing families. We should be very pleased if he or Amir would tell us about the doings of the Bolsheviks. We hear such conflicting reports that first-hand evidence would be extremely interesting.

A. J. Pedley writes that business is so terribly slack in the engineering world that he has had to leave the firm to which he was articled and enter a bank. It is to be hoped that the slackness is only temporary, as so many boys nowadays seem eager to take up engineering on leaving school.

Congratulations to P. Bourgoïn on being a member of the football team which won the championship of Paris.

We have to thank Rex Lamming for sending a splendid selection of books for the School Library.

R. L. Strina writes that he is doing very well in the Eastern Telegraph Company.

Heartly congratulations to G. W. M. Laurence on his engagement, and to J. Walford on his marriage.

Visitors to the School this term include:—Miss P. Edwards, P. H. Crimp, R.N., B. Eady, E. Hudson, O. Livermore, C. E. Sweney, H. Lobb, and C. H. Barker. Letters have been received from:—T. E. Doolittle, F. Granger, G. Lamming, G. W. M. Laurence, Khan Baba, O. Näf, J. A. L. Rogers, F. Scammell, T. D. B. Thomas, and many others.

THE WAR MEMORIAL.

The War Memorial Scheme is now in full working order. The scheme, as most of our readers are aware, has for its object the encouragement of the study in the pupils' spare time of English Literature and Current History. The funds are sufficient to provide a termly prize for the upper three forms. Accordingly the following works were set this term:—

Upper VI.	Dickens	..	"Great Expectations."
	George Eliot	..	"Mill on the Floss."
	Charlotte Brontë	..	"Jane Eyre."
	Thackeray	..	"Pendennis."
Lower VI.	Dickens	..	"Tale of Two Cities."
	Blackmore	..	"Lorna Doone."
	George Eliot	..	"Silas Marner."
V.	Reade	..	"Cloister and the Hearth."
	Dickens	..	"Christmas Carol."
	Conan-Doyle	..	"The White Company."

The work done showed that the books had been read carefully, and I hope with real pleasure. The following are the prize-winners:—

Upper VI.	1, N. J. Way; 2, J. G. Horder.
Lower VI.	1, A. Gray and B. Smith (equal); 2, E. Rich.
V.	1, E. Pipe; 2, G. S. Green.

In our last issue I expressed a hope that the fund would be sufficiently increased to allow the scheme to be extended to other Forms. In response I have received the following extremely kind letter from Mr. Wellings:—

47, Palace Road,
Streatham, S.W. 2.
23rd February, 1921.

MY DEAR MR. HORSEY—

"The Harlovian" brings to my notice that you are desirous of raising a further £50 for the endowment of prizes for form four. Mrs. Wellings and I gladly respond to subscribe half this amount, which I hope will act as an incentive to others to come forward with the remaining £25. Please find cheque herewith, trusting you will speedily realise more than a modest £50 for so good an object.

Wishing you and yours the best of health and all the good things of life.

I remain,

Your sincerely,

A. F. WELLINGS.

E. PERCIVAL HORSEY Esq.,
St. Mary's College, Harlow.

I have no hesitation in repeating my appeal, for the Memorial is indeed a great and lasting influence for good. Thanks to it, the majority of boys passing through the four upper classes will read in their spare time from 30 to 40 of the works of the greatest English writers. This is an education in itself. They will then leave school, I hope, with that most precious of all gifts, a love of good literature, which will be a source of happiness to them all their lives. And,

more than this, Literature is Life—life as observed and interpreted by the greatest minds of their day. Consequently, the boy who has made the acquaintance of the varied types of mankind created by the masters of English fiction, will have served, as it were, an apprenticeship to real life, and will to a certain degree know how to judge men and conduct when he leaves school. No-one, for example, who has learned to love Colonel Newcome, Mr. Pickwick, or Mr. Toots, can have any doubts as to the meaning of that indefinable word "gentleman." No-one who has grieved over the tragedy of Hetty Sorrel or Little Em'ly can have any delusions as to the consequences of vice. No one can study the career of Tito Melema, Pip, or George Osborne without realising the effect of selfishness on our nature? And so one could continue without end.

An old boy recently told me that he was specially indebted to me for two things: First, for having taught him how to study a Modern Language, and so enabling him to tackle Indian dialects with ease; and secondly, for persuading him to read Thackeray's "Henry Esmond." I believe that in time to come many an Old Harlovian will in like manner bless the War Memorial.

E.P.H.

THE OLD SOLDIERS' PARADISE.

Our Mother Eve did tempt deluded man
To taste—Alas!—the bitter fruit of knowledge.
The Modern Eves have quite another plan
Who grace the Matron's Room at Harlow College.

If when the hour of evening prep. draws nigh
We're suffering from corporal distention,
Up to our shirker's paradise we fly
For ills—that don't exist—to seek attention.

With streaming eyes we tell of fearful pain,
And show some trifling graze on foot or finger.
Dear simple souls! We do not plead in vain;
They never guess Harlovians can malingering.

Thus, with thoir help we manage to evade
Poor Adam's fate, the horrid curse of learning;
For preparation's over, I'm afraid,
Before we ever think about returning.

We Tired Tims and Weary Willies ask
The powers above to grant them every blessing,
And in their pleasant Paradise we'll bask,
While studious fools up learning's heights are pressing.

T.B.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

We have had a moderately successful team this term. The 1st XI. won 8 matches and lost 5, while the 2nd drew both its games.

There were four places in the team to fill this term, and although the new players were not quite as good as the old ones, they did very well, their chief drawback being lack of weight.

The following members of the team played consistently well throughout the season:—Monsieur, in goal; James, at back; St. John i., at half; Green, at inside left; and Reynolds, on the wing.

Appended is a short criticism on each player:—

<i>Goal:</i>	Monsieur. Excellent.
<i>Left back:</i>	James. A cool and clever player.
<i>Right back:</i>	Cannon. Has a powerful but unsure kick; a trier.
<i>Left half:</i>	Mr. Ruben. A hard worker, but rather apt to wander.
<i>Centre half:</i>	St. John i. Vice-Captain. A tireless worker; always to be relied upon.
<i>Right half:</i>	Pipe. Slow on the ball, but a trier.
<i>Left half:</i>	Potter i. Slow; he has, however, a sure kick.
<i>Outside left:</i>	Reynolds, better known as "Ginger." Fast, tricky, but inclined to kick wildly at times.
<i>Inside left:</i>	Green. A good, clever player; always does his best.
<i>Centre forward:</i>	Langton, Captain.
<i>Inside right:</i>	Palmier. A trifle slow on the ball.
<i>Outside right:</i>	Martin i. Fast but lacks weight.

Below will be found the fixture list together with the results:

<i>Team.</i>	<i>Ground.</i>	<i>Result.</i>
Moreton Athletic	Away ..	Won 2—0
Newport Grammar School	Home ..	Lost 2—0
Harlow Common	Away ..	Lost 4—1
Broxbourne F.C.	" ..	" 7—1
Newport Grammar School	" ..	" 13—0
Harlow Common	Home ..	Won 2—0
Broxbourne F.C.	" ..	Lost 3—0
Sawbridgeworth	" ..	Won 1—0

2ND XI. GAMES.

Harlow Boys	Home ..	Draw 3—3
Harlow Boys	" ..	" 1—1

S. LANGTON,

Captain.

THE INTER-HOUSE COMPETITION.

Nelson House won the Cup this term by 59 points to 40. The results are given below :—

	POINTS.	
	Beatty.	Nelson.
FOOTBALL.		
1st House match, Nelson won	2—1	0 .. 12
2nd " " " "	7—4	0 .. 10
3rd " " " "	4—2	0 .. 8
4th " " Beatty "	5—4	6 .. 0
FIVES.		
1st Footer Singles. Sowerbutts i. beat Ives.		0 .. 2
2nd " " Potter beat Langton.		0 .. 2
1st " Doubles. Sowerbutts and St. John i. beat Ives and Bond ii.		0 .. 4
2nd " " Langton and Hammond beat Potter and Pipe.		4 .. 0
Hand Game, Singles. St. John i. beat Cannon.		0 .. 1
" " Doubles. St. John and Pipe beat Cannon and Dorey.		0 .. 2
BILLIARDS.		
A—St. John i. beat Langton.		0 .. 2
B—Bond i. beat Way.		2 .. 0
CHESS.		
A—Langton beat St. John i.		2 .. 0
B—Green beat May.		2 .. 0
C—Sowerbutts ii. beat Larking.		0 .. 2
DRAUGHTS.		
A—Langton beat St. John i.		1 .. 0
B—May beat Green.		0 .. 1
ATHLETIC SPORTS.		
TUG-OF-WAR.		
Over 14, Nelson Won.		0 .. 2
Under 14, Beatty Won.		2 .. 0
THROWING THE CRICKET BALL.		
Senior—1, St. John i.		0 .. 1
Junior—1, Baker ii.		1 .. 0

RUNNING.

4 Miles—1, Langton ; 2, Cannon ; 3, Martin i.	5	..	1
440 Yards, Senior—1, Langton ; 2, Altenloh.	3	..	0
440 " Junior—1, Baker i ; 2, Simmonds.	2	..	1
100 " Senior—1, Langton ; 2, St. John i.	2	..	1
100 " Junior—1, Baker ii. ; 2, Simmonds.	2	..	1
Relay Race, Senior—Nelson Won.	0	..	3
" " Junior—Beatty "	3	..	0

JUMPING.

High, Senior—1, Langton ; 2, Green.	1½	..	0½
" Junior—1, May ; 2, James.	1½	..	1
Long, Senior—1, Langton ; 2, St. John i.	1	..	½
" Junior—1, May ; 2, Simmonds.	0	..	1½
Total	40	..	59

Appended are the teams of both Houses :—

BEATTY HOUSE.

1st XI.	2nd XI.	3rd XI.	4th XI.
Langton.	Hills.	Allen.	Larking.
*James.	Lobb i.	Baker i.	Boatman.
Green.	Jago-Brown.	Lee.	Clarke i.
Cannon.	Harrison ii.	Dutton ii.	Le Cren ii.
Hockley i.	Hammond.	Drouet.	Buszard.
Bond i.	Gruaist.	Kimpton i.	Lobb iii.
Hockley ii.	Gatto.	Herbert.	Cunningham.
Bond ii.	Altenloh.	Brown i.	Lobb ii.
G. Brown.	Boys.	Kimpton ii.	Baker ii.
*Ives.	Drake.	Langman.	Coleman.
Dorey.	Hockley iii.	Harrison i.	Cunliffe.

*Unable to play.

NELSON HOUSE.

1st XI.	2nd XI.	3rd XI.	4th XI.
St. John i.	Pyle.	Wood.	Simmonds.
Palmer.	Moulton.	Talbot.	Rae.
Potter i.	Sowerbutts i.	McMichael.	Sowerbutts ii.
Pipe.	Turner.	Wilson.	Rich ii.
Philpott.	Ward i.	Mason.	Young.
*Monk.	Rintoul.	Tovey.	Pullin i.
Reynolds.	Roxburgh i.	Walker.	Roxburgh ii.
Martin i.	Robertson.	Pitcan i.	Yates ii.
Martin ii.	Scott i.	Parsons ii.	St. John ii.
Potter ii.	May.	Way.	Ward ii.
Wardle.	Perris.	Roles.	Wash.

*Unable to play.

S. LANGTON.

THE MIDNIGHT BANQUET IN DORMITORY 5.

Scene: DORMITORY 5 IN HARLOW COLLEGE.

Time: Nearly 10 p.m.

Characters.

Boys of Dormitory 5—Hubert, Cyril, Rupert, Clarence, and Chorus.
Boys of other Dormitories—Wilfred, Douglas, Eric, Gilbert, and Chorus.

Hubert— Hist; Cyril! Art awake?
Cyril— Ay, that am I!
And have been so since o'er the azure sky
The sable robe of night was drawn.
Hubert— 'Tis well.
Ere long from yonder tower St. John's great bell
Will boom with mellow tone the hour of ten;
And, on the stroke, Harlovians will then
From dormitories creep and hither steal
To join us in a surreptitious meal.
Cyril— Meal, say you? Nay, it surely would be right
To call it banquet! We shall have to-night
Such varied luxuries that every bed
Will groan beneath the dainties on it spread.
(Church Clock chimes ten. Enter on tip-toe boys from all other
dormitories.)

Chorus (*pianissimo*).

Dormitory 5.

Hush! Tread softly! Let no sound
Reach the ears of those below,
Punishment, if we are found
Follows, as you doubtless know.

Guests.

What you say is very true.
Heedful of your good advice,
On our journey up to you
We were quieter than mice.

Hubert— Welcome, my friends! We can't express our sense
Of joy at your arrival. 'Tis immense!
Cyril— Now for three rousing cheers! But mind that these
Are given *solto voce*, if you please.
Wilfred— This courtesy we guests will now repay
With whispered shouts of Hip-hip-hip-Hooray!
Hubert— Boys of Dorm. 5! Now let us do our best
To gratify each highly honoured guest,
And for a motto let us choose to-night,
"May good digestion wait on appetite."
Douglas— A proper maxim!
Aye, and one forsooth,
Peculiarly appropriate to youth.
Hubert— On this nocturnal banquet I opine
We have expended fully two-and-nine.
Sardines are here; Swiss milk and bloater paste,
And saveloys of rich ambrosial taste.



Gilbert— The mere recital of this *menu* seems
To make the hearer fancy that he dreams!
Cyril— Our space is limited. We can but seat
At each bedside a dozen. While they eat
It may be that their pleasure in the feast
Would be refined, exalted, and increased
Were we to sing to them.
Wilfred— It would. We crave
The joy of hearing Hubert troll a stave.
Hubert— Nay, nay, my friends, I pray you don't insist.
The 'cello obligato would be missed
And spoil my song.
Wilfred— But Cyril shall produce
Sweet notes upon the comb. Come, no excuse!

Song, HUBERT.

Oh I'm a boy who does a heap
Of thinking, though perhaps
This interesting fact is not
Apparent to you chaps.
And I have just discovered what
Is sad but very true,
Which is that all the nicest things
Are those you mustn't do.

I'll take this grand blow-out to-night
To illustrate my song.
What makes it so enchanting is
The fact that it is wrong.
The reason we enjoy the grub
On which we're being fed,
Is just because we know we ought
To be asleep in bed.

Douglas— A right good song!
Gilbert— And fealty sung withal,
Such is, I ween, the judgment of us all.
Eric— Cyril, as vocalist, we fain would hear
Your dulcet efforts, musical and clear.
Cyril— I'll try; although I cannot give my best,
This saveloy lies heavy on my chest.

Song, CYRIL.

Suppose a fairy gave to me
A magic golden ring,
And said that while I wore it she
Would grant me anything.
Though quite uncertain what I'd do,
I'll venture this remark,
My deeds would quite astonish you,
And prove a joyous lark.
I'd dine on turkey twice a day,
Three helpings would I take,
I'd charm the breakfast bricks away,
And turn them into cake.
The masters into boys I'd change,
We'd all be jolly then,
And just to make it nice and strange,
I'd turn the boys to men.

Clarence— Oh, Cyril! What a noble theme you sing,
I hope, oh, how I hope, you'll find that ring!
How say you, Gilbert?

Gilbert— 'Tis a quaint conceit,
And if came true my joy would be complete.

Wilfred— So would not mine!

Clarence— Oh, Wilfred, prithee deign
To tell us why.

Wilfred— My ballad shall explain.

Song, WILFRED.

I've heard to-night, with great delight,
And some amusement, too,
The charming things that Cyril sings,
And all his brave imaginings,
Of what he'd like to do.
And I declare with all my heart,
I love the gormandising part.

But yet I vow I don't somehow
Approve of all his plan;
Because you see, it seems to me,
Preposterous to wish to be
Transformed into a man.
For no man that I've seen enjoys
Such happiness as comes to boys.

In point of fact to be exact,
Men are a careworn lot,
And if I may, I like to say,
To change would fill me with dismay,
And so I'd rather not.
Until I'm shewn what I should gain,
A happy boy I'll still remain.

Eric— Now Gilbert sing.
Gilbert— I can't. My vocal chords
Are clogged with jam.

Eric— Nay, Gilbert, that affords
Slight ground for your refusal. You'd be wise
If you were now to do as I advise.

Song, GILBERT.

Of the many worthy people who annoy me, I confess
The one I can't endure at any price,
Is the irritating idiot—I call him nothing less—
Who pesters you with fatuous advice.
He says you should do so and so,
And bids you do it now,
He tells you why and tells you where,
But never tells you how.

That my vocal gifts were paltry I was perfectly aware,
My audience by now must know it too,
Yet on your advice I'm singing, and indignantly declare
I've made myself an ass, and thanks to you!
You said I should do so and so,
And bade me do it now.
You told me why and told me where,
But didn't tell me how!

Cyril— What ails thee, Douglas, lad? Thy features tell
Of some uneasiness.

Douglas— I am not well.
A strange sensation in my diaphragm
Suggests that sardines mixed with cake and jam,
Though toothsome viands, are unsuited quite
For boys' digestion rather late at night.
Something within me hints that I, ere long,
May reach an awful crisis . . . Quick! My song!

Song, DOUGLAS.

Oh, liver! I'm simply disgusted with you,
I don't call it playing the game,
To upset a fellow and make him feel blue
At supper. Confound you! For shame!

You're not in the least overworked. I have been
For weeks the most frugal of boys,
To-night all I've had is jam roll and sardine,
Swiss milk, and a few saveloys.

To kick at a trifle like that is absurd,
You've made me feel billious and ill,
I don't wish to threaten, but maybe you've heard
There is such a thing as a pill!

Wilfred— Hubert, it is with pleasure that I rise
To thank you. Let me first apologise
For those young guests (and there be many such)
To whom this feast has been a bit too much.
Dismal and fainting, fully half a score
Have crawled to bed; while, prostrate on the floor
Lie many others, pallid, wan, and sad,
Whose aspect marks the splendid time they've had.
I can't imagine why this should be so,
Unless it be the sherbet. That I know
May often prove a disconcerting draught
When from a dirty soap-dish it is quaffed.
I'm feeling somewhat pale myself, and so
If you'll excuse us, Hubert, we will go.

(Exeunt Guests.)

CURTAIN.

F.H.

THE MASON METHOD OF TEACHING.

I have been asked by the Hon. Mrs. Franklin to print the following letter. I do so with much pleasure, and sincerely trust that some of the parents of our boys will join the Parents' National Educational Union as suggested. I am hoping also that in the course of the year a meeting of parents may be arranged to hear an address by one of the officials of the Parents' Union. It would be of the greatest help to Staff and boys to know that the parents were really in touch with their work.

E.P.H.

DEAR SIR,

Your readers have heard something of the Mason Method of teaching which is now adopted in some forms of your School.

I know that both teachers and pupils are delighting in the well-chosen books, as well as the nature, art, and music with which they are learning to establish relations.

I should like to urge on the parents of your boys to use the opportunity afforded them of keeping in touch with their boys' interests by joining the Parents' National Educational Union. The subscription of 15s. 6d. a year entitles members to the following advantages:—

A monthly copy of the *Parents' Review*.

A free ticket for the Annual Meeting, and free attendance at any Meetings or Lectures advertised in the *Review*, wherever they may take place.

Opportunity for co-operation and consultation between parents and teachers, who meet there on the same ground.

Opportunity to attend natural history excursions, reading circles, P.U.S. classes, musical appreciation classes, Shakespeare readings, study circles, &c., as may be arranged in the neighbourhood.

The use of the large Library of Educational Works, which is kept at the Central Office.

The Parents' Union School; this is open to members paying special fees.

It is all important that the older generation should put themselves in sympathy with the younger by sharing their interests. By means of the *Parents' Review* and the other publications of the Union, especially Miss Mason's books, which may be borrowed from the Library, the principles which underlie all the teaching may be appreciated.

The Union has 4,000 members scattered all over the world, and over 40,000 pupils enrolled in the Parents' Union School. This School, of which Miss Mason is the Principal, was first started as a Correspondence School for children taught in the home school-room. The wide curriculum and the methods of teaching advocated were so much valued, and the children who entered private secondary schools after working on this method were so well prepared, that gradually a large number of these (Harlow being one) have enrolled themselves in the Parents' Union School, follow the programme of work, and are tested by the examination papers. During the last five years an increasing number of Public Elementary and Secondary Schools are also working in the Parents' Union School. The fact that so many children from 6 to 18, of different classes, are growing up kindled alike with enthusiasm for literature, history, science, art, music, and nature will mean something, we believe, for the future of the world. Friendships founded on kindred interests must lead to a better understanding between class and class, nation and nation.

I strongly advise your readers—parents and teachers—to join the Union and to write to our Office, or, better still, to call there.

For those away from London meetings can be arranged, when all the work of the Union can be described.

Yours &c.,

H. FRANKLIN,

Hon. Organising Secretary,

P.N.E.U. Office,

26, Victoria Street, S.W.1.

E. Percival Horsey, Esq.

LETTERS FROM OLD HARLOVIANS.

Busselton,
West Australia,
Sunday, October 24th, 1920.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

I think this is the first time I have written since I came back.

I was "demobbed" last February, leaving England nearly a year ago. I was very sorry that I was unable to attend the Annual Dinner last year, but if I remember rightly I was well on my way here at the time.

I have started off farming here, and though I haven't had any return yet worth mentioning, I think I shall do very well. I like the life except for the fact that it is a bit lonely, though I always come into town and stay with my people for the week-ends; so I am not so badly off as I might easily be. I read Eady's letter on the dental profession, and Sweney's letter on tin mining, and rubber planting. I was very interested in both, and felt that I ought to write and give some idea of life out here and try to "boom" the West a bit.

The first thing any young fellow wants to do is to put away all thought of superior breeding, &c., and become "one of the mob." Australians on the whole are a very democratic lot and wouldn't tolerate airs.

Some silly ass of a wireless operator on a boat that was in here started boasting that he was at Magdalen College with the Prince of Wales. He was almost at once "dropped," while the rest of the ship's officers, &c., got a rattling good time. Everyone here is a worker, or has been; and no matter what the work is—so long as it's honest—you are thought none the worse for it.

The principal industry here, of course, is farming and sheep and cattle rearing. Busselton and all the South-West have about the best climate in Australia. We have a 40in. rainfall here, so are not like the Australia of most Englishmen's ideas. Busselton itself is a small seaport town, from which jarrah and karri are exported in, I suppose, as large quantities as from any other port. Dairy farming, fruit growing, potatoes, and pigs are the chief industries here, and as only the South-West can practise them, we have a ready market in all the rest of Western Australia.

Anybody over the age of eighteen can get one hundred and sixty acres of land free—or practically so, I think it costs about £2—the rest, if you want it above that, varies in price from 10s. to £1 an acre, according to the class of soil.

The payment for this land is spread over 20 years. One can, if one wants, get assistance from the Agricultural Bank and Assistance Board. Returned soldiers (Imperial as well as Australian) are given every assistance, and if they so desire the Soldiers' Settlement Scheme buys farms fully equipped, or will advance the money to clear and fence your own land, and charge you at the rate of 3½ per cent. the first year, rising ½ per cent. per annum until the maximum, 7 per cent., is reached. The whole principal and interest is spread over thirty years to pay back.

Of course, one can pay it back as soon as one likes before that. Personally, I wouldn't advise anyone to come out here and plunge straight into farming. The best thing to do is to decide which district you are going to start in, and then get a job there for at least a year.

There are quite a number of young fellows here—myself among them—who come in and work the boats when they are in, and then go out and put in a few weeks on their "blocks," and so do not find it so lonely as it would otherwise be. Wages on the boats are from 18s. for 8 hours, and

time and a-half for anything over that, and as quite a number of the boats work 12 hours a day, one knocks up £1 12s. 9d. (that includes 1s 3d. for a "smoke-ho" or something). Saturdays after 12 it is 4s 6d. an hour; Sundays (if they work) is 7s 6d. an hour; and special holidays have special rates. Living here is cheaper than in England (unless it has gone down since I was there 12 months ago). There is always plenty of work for those that really want it, and good pay, only, as I said before, one has to take on anything that comes along. Since I started this letter I have been to Bunbury (another seaport town about 40 miles from here), and had the great good fortune to meet another Old Harlovian, Claude Burton. You will remember telling me, when I was over in England, that he was in Picton. So here is a nucleus for an oversea branch of the "Old Harlovians." Buck up, both young and old Harlovians, and help to make a real live branch out here. We need settlers, and there is a grand opportunity for anyone to do well out here if he makes up his mind to.

Both Burton and myself will be only too glad to give any assistance that we can to anyone interested, and if any of the present boys or old boys who are thinking of migrating to the Colonies drop either of us a line, any questions that we can answer we will be only too pleased to.

I was delighted to see by the last Magazine some of its old "vim" at cricket, and hope that you are doing as well, if not better, at footer.

I had the misfortune a couple of weeks back, whilst horse chasing, to lose my saddle-horse. He missed his footing when I was at full gallop, and somehow turned a clean somersault. When I picked myself up I found the poor brute had broken his near side fore-leg, just above the fetlock, and so I had to get him shot. I did not feel like shooting myself, as I was very fond of him. Still, I suppose these things are all in the day's work.

I will try and take a few "snaps" of items of interest from Busselton and district and send you next time I write.

Claude Burton's address is Moore Street, Bunbury, Western Australia.

It is one year ago to-day since I left England last, and about 8½ years since first I left.

Kind regards to Mrs. Horsey, Miss Jessie, Mr. Langdon, and yourself.

Yours very sincerely,

KEMP KILLERBY.

56, Portland Road,
Holland Park Avenue,
W.14,

Feb. 13, 21.

MY DEAR MR. HORSEY,

I cannot tell you how much I appreciate your sending me those welcome copies of "The Harlovian" from time to time. Nobody can tell how much in actual cash I owe for them. Perhaps the enclosed cheque for a guinea will wipe off my debt and allow me to hold up my head once more!

It was a great thrill to me when I saw you and Mrs. Horsey sitting in the stalls that night at the Garrick. I do hope you will let me know beforehand when next you are "in front," for it would delight me if we could arrange to meet during the evening.

All very best wishes to you and to Mrs. Horsey, in which my wife joins.

Yours sincerely,

HERBERT MARSHALL.

93, Avenue Kleber, XVII^e,
Paris.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

Very many thanks for "The Harlovian," which I received yesterday evening. I was very glad to get news from the College.

The football team has been doing pretty well, and I hope it will do the same this term.

I am playing in the 1st XI. of my School, and we won the championship of Paris at soccer. It is very pleasant, for we shall go through France, to Bordeaux, Toulouse, Lille, &c., trying to be champions of France. We have not lost a match during all the season.

I have a chance of going to America next year, as my father wants me to learn the practice of "business life" in New York. Then I'll be able to meet Glascock at Syracuse, where he is now.

Last week an Englishman paid a visit to my father, and I could translate everything that he did not understand. I was glad to remember that it was at Harlow that I had been learning English.

I hope everything is going well with the College. I should like to come over and see it again some day.

With best regards to Mrs. Horsey, Miss Jessie, and yourself.

I remain,

yours sincerely,

PIERRE BOURGOUIN.

29, Hitchin Street,
Baldock,

25/2/21.

DEAR SIR,

I must apologise for not having written before to thank you for the Magazine.

You will be surprised to hear that I am no longer in the Engineering trade, but have secured a post in Lloyd's Bank at Hitchin.

Engineering is getting slacker and slacker every day, and a lot of firms are having to shut down, whilst others are on short time.

For about two weeks before I left I had absolutely nothing to do except an odd job now and then, and it was a waste of time as far as learning the trade was concerned.

At this time, however, I had no intention of going into a Bank, but as my sister, who was on the temporary staff, was leaving, the Manager suggested that I should take her place.

Dad thought this a very good plan, as the prospects were much brighter, and so I applied for the post.

I was very lucky in obtaining it, for another young fellow had already applied; but they wanted a clerk in a hurry, and he had to pass an exam., from which, my having passed the Senior, exempted me, and so within a week I was installed in the Bank.

I was very thankful, for since then the Phoenix Motors, Ltd., have had to get rid of nearly all their men, and I should probably have been out of work.

I have now been in the Bank two weeks, and I am just getting the hang of things. I am glad to say I like the work very much.

I think I am very fortunate in getting into a Bank so near, as I am still able to live at home.

I am glad to see by the Magazine that the old School is still prospering, and I sincerely hope it will continue to do so. I still hear from A. G. Redman, and he is doing well at Cranleigh.

I think I must close now, with kind regards to Mrs. Horsey, Miss Jessie, and yourself.

Yours sincerely,

A. J. PEDLEY.