

THE  
**HARLOVIAN**

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The Magazine of  
Harlow College,  
Essex.

Vol. 8. No. 61.

APRIL, 1933.

PRICE - ONE SHILLING.

## SCHOOL OFFICERS: Spring Term.

*Prefects*: J. CHATPER (Senior Prefect).

G. LAMPARD.

S. MEE.

E. WELLS.

*Sub-Prefects*: C. STANSBURY (Senior Sub-Prefect)

E. JUDD.

G. RICHARDSON.

K. STODK.

J. HALK.

D. MEER.

J. SANDERSON.

J. SMART.

*Football Captain*: J. D. HALE.

„ *Vice-Captain*: E. O. CLAYTON.

*School Captain*: J. G. LAMPARD.

*Captain of Beatty House*: J. G. LAMPARD.

*Captain of Rodney House*: M. P. G. ROLPH.

*Captain of Nelson House*: J. SANDERSON.

# THE HARLOVIAN.

VIII.]

APRIL, 1933.

[No. 61.

## A JOINT HEADMASTER FOR HARLOW COLLEGE.

At the Annual Old Harlovians' Dinner in February, Mr. Horsey, replying to the toast of the School, announced that Mr. Donald H. Miller, M.A., was coming to the College in May as partner and joint headmaster. For fuller details we refer our readers to the account of the dinner reprinted from the *Herts and Essex Observer* on page 632.

The announcement came as a great surprise to most of those present, as Mr. Horsey had been the Autocrat of the "Old Coll," for so long, that they had come to look on his presence there as a sort of dispensation of nature, and found it difficult to picture him relinquishing even a part of his authority to another. However, a little consideration soon convinced them that he was taking a wise step, and the conviction was reinforced by the excellent impression made on the gathering by the new joint Headmaster and his wife.

Mr. Horsey is *not* retiring. He will continue to teach for the greater part of the school day, though Mr. Miller will relieve him of much responsibility, especially in connection with out of school activities, in which the help of a younger man has for some time past been very desirable. Mr. Miller will occupy the Headmaster's House. Mr. Horsey has taken a smaller house a few minutes' distant from the School and called *Baythorn House*, after his first school founded in January, 1888. Mrs. Horsey will assist Mrs. Miller in the domestic management, and Miss Jessie will stay on at the College in her old capacity, and continue to act as guide, philosopher and friend to boys and parents alike.

There will be no breach of continuity. The School will be conducted on the same lines as hitherto. Educationally and domestically things will be practically just as before, but the introduction of some young blood into the management should lead to a marked development of all out of school activities, and to a great increase in the happiness of the boys and the general efficiency of the School.

**SCHOOL NOTES.**

**War Memorial Prizes.**—The prizes this term were awarded as follows :—

Upper Fifth.—(1) C. B. Stansbury ; (2) E. H. Wells ; (3) K. A. Collins.

Lower Fifth.—(1) G. C. Pearce ; (2) F. R. Dicksee ; (3) R. A. Cakebread.

Form IV.—(1) B. R. Browne ; (2) J. S. Payne ; (3) J. H. Wood and C. E. Lawrence.

Remove.—(1) J. Norris ; (2) T. Ruddock ; (3) C. L. Bennet.

Form III.—(1) D. B. Baker ; (2) S. F. Browne ; (3) R. J. Lofts.

Form II.—(1) R. Wells ; (2) G. R. Dowson ; (3) A. F. Vallé-Jones and R. Hartrey.

**The Easter Term.**—The term began unfortunately, as in the first week we started a slight epidemic of mild influenza. However, this worked itself out before long, and we were able to enjoy to the full the most glorious spell of sunny weather ever recorded in the Spring term. The football teams had a good record, and the House Competition was spirited. We were very pleased to see that Rodney House—the day boys—had at last thrown off its lethargy and attained the second place. In other respects the term, like the corresponding one last year, was rather humdrum and uneventful. It was largely owing to the lack of " pep " in out of school activities, which has been noticeable during recent terms, that Mr. Horsey was led to seek the help of a young partner. Coming terms, we hope, will have a very different tale to tell.

**Revival of the Scout and Wolf Cub Troops.**—The first fruits of Mr. and Mrs. Miller's advent are the revival of the Scout and Wolf Cub Troops. These Troops were first formed in 1912, thanks mainly to the enthusiasm of Mr. W. Robinson, one of the masters. They were very flourishing for a time and had two splendid summer camps, one at Ambleside in 1913 and one in the Wye Valley in 1914. The war, however, deprived us of our Scoutmasters, and after the war the young masters seemed to have lost their interest and enthusiasm for scouting, and as a successful Troop is impossible without an enthusiastic Scoutmaster, we were forced, very reluctantly, to disband.

Now, however, the Troops are to be revived. We believe we have found an ideal man for Scoutmaster in Mr. N. McKay, our new Master, who will have the valuable help of Mrs. Miller as Wolf Cub Mistress, and of Mr. Compton as Assistant Scoutmaster. As an

example and a stimulus to the newly-formed Troops, we are re-printing an article on the old Scout Troop ; it appeared in April, 1913, in the first number of the " Harlovian," which started its career exactly 20 years ago.

**June Athletic Sports.**—One of the great features of the School in the old days was the Sports, held in the summer and attended by parents and crowds of other visitors. They entailed an immense amount of work and no small expense, but Old Harlovians, whose memory can go back 30 or even 40 years, will agree that they were well worth it, as they were generally recognised as being among the jolliest and most successful gatherings of the whole summer. They were last held in 1912. They were dropped in 1913 and 1914 owing to measles and mumps, and during the war, owing to the expense and the lack of men teachers. After the war they were revived in a modified form, but only as a part of the House Competitions, in the Spring term, and without prizes and guests.

Now, through Mr. Miller's initiative, they are to be revived in the old form. They will be held on Saturday, June 24th, and Mrs. Winston Churchill has very kindly consented to give away the prizes. In 1912, when the Sports were last held, the generosity of the parents and friends of the boys provided a prize fund of £37. We trust that we shall do equally well this term and that we shall be able to re-capture something of the " fine rapture " of the Sports days of old. Contributions should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer.

**" The Harlovian."**—" The Harlovian " has now completed its twentieth year, the first number having appeared in April, 1913. In that number the hope was expressed that the Magazine would prove to be a visible sign of the bond which unites all who have been educated at the same School, that it would help us to keep in touch with old boys, and that it would develop *esprit de corps*. The hope has undoubtedly been realised. " The Harlovian " has done all this and more. It has not been merely a record of football and cricket matches, of little interest to any but the actual players, but it has contained matter which appeals to parents, old boys and many who had no direct connection with the school.

Its most distinguishing feature is the " Letters from Old Harlovians," which began to appear in the second number—July, 1913—and which have appeared with unfailing regularity ever since. The strange thing about these letters is, that, though few of them have any literary charm, and though most of them begin with a formula-like

apology for not having been written before, yet they are read with such interest, even by complete strangers. It has been said to me literally hundreds of times:—"I do enjoy reading 'The Harlovian,' especially the letters, which I always read first."

Now that the School is entering on a new régime, I venture to make a special appeal to all Old Harlovians not to allow any falling-off in this unique feature of the Magazine. Their letters will be more welcome than ever; so, I may add, will their visits. I shall be delighted if Old Harlovians will come and see Mrs. Horsey and myself at Baythorn House, our new home.

E.P.H.

**Staff Changes.**—Unfortunately a re-organisation such as has taken place this term cannot be carried through without staff changes. Consequently we have had, with very great regret, to part with two old and trusty friends. First, there is Miss Eaton, who for 16 years had taken charge, with conspicuous ability and loyalty, of the difficult work of starting the Form I. boys on their educational career. Secondly, Mr. Roe, who for six years has been in control of Form III. and of the drawing throughout the School. The large number of successes in the School Certificate and Royal Drawing Society Examinations are a sufficient proof of the high standard of his work. On the last day of the term, Mr. Horsey presented them with parting gifts from himself, Mrs. Horsey, Miss Jessie, the staff and boys, given as a token of their affection and appreciation. They carry with them every possible good wish from all.

Mr. Roe is succeeded by Mr. N. MacKay, M.A., B.Com., and Miss Eaton by Mr. Horsey's niece, Miss Joan Horsey, who, being a Gold Medallist and certificated teacher of the Royal Drawing Society, will also take some of the drawing.

**Late Prep.**—Continuing my weekly efforts to combine pleasure and instruction in late prep. this term, I have pursued a policy of variety, the success of which can be measured only by the listener. For the first three evenings I endeavoured to trace the history of detective fiction in the modern period, from Edgar Allan Poe and Conan Doyle to Chesterton and Austin Freeman, illustrating the various methods of the writers and their special genres by copious (and, surely well appreciated) readings. And all this with special insistence on the purely intellectual exercise and pleasure to be derived therefrom in contradistinction to the thrills of what is merely sensational.

On two more successive evenings, I tried with the aid of some cyclo-styled pamphlets to inculcate the barest rudiments of the Spanish language and to illustrate the comparative ease with which, through their knowledge of French and Latin, the boys might make out the meaning of a not too advanced Spanish text. In this way we read in the original Columbus's Discovery of America and samples of the work of the Spanish lyric poet Ramon de Campoamor, and of the Spanish Aesop, Félix Maria de Smanego. As a further earnest of what treasures are open to the student of Spanish, I read in English three tales by Gustavo Becquer.

On yet another evening I took my audience with me on my modest travels abroad, substituting, instead of the usual list of public buildings, the interest of contact with foreign peoples, with the insistence that international understanding is the path to international peace. Again, in the hope of provoking discussion, I undertook to speak extempore for three minutes on each subject given me (one from each boy), and found myself groping for information on all kinds of topics from Disarmament and Popularity to Love and the Duchy of Cornwall. Finding, however, my experience too curtailed to lecture adequately on such diverse subjects, I took with me on the next night the "All Experience" of Ethel Mannin, and read where I might about Air Travel and the ascent of Vesuvius, Prize Fighting and the Cats of the Trajan Forum.

To round off the series, I incorporated some lectures on food values and wise eating as an introduction to the growing science of dietetics, with the rider that hunger is the best of sauces, and the faddist a nuisance to established society.

I think I enjoyed myself.

PETER CAIRNS.

**The Need for a Permanent Theatre.**—It must be evident to all who take even the slightest interest in the growth of the child mind and personality that every available opportunity should be afforded for self-expression. And as it is also well recognised that the child needs variety, the more outlets for self-expression, there are, the more profitably will the child energy be expended.

The results of self-expression will often be ludicrous to the more or less crystalised (and often too stereotyped) mentality of the adult, who does not realise (or that but dimly) that the child lives in a world of fantasy which dies away gradually as the "shades of the prison house" we know as civilised society begin to close upon him, which they do only too soon.

It is with this object in view therefore (the object of fostering one more avenue of self-expression) that I would advocate the introduction of a permanent or semi-permanent theatre. By permanent I mean something more than the annual (which is nearly sporadic) production of one or two plays, invariably under an adult impress. I would suggest that there should be placed at the disposal of such boys as so desire a stage with real curtains and properties with which they could express themselves in drama, song or mime, or indeed in any theatrical medium they might evolve.

Already we are blessed with a stage and curtains, but properties are not yet abundant. Would it be too much, then, to ask those Old Harlovians who may chance to read this to confer on this infant theatre any bric-a-brac, costumes, curtains, &c., for which they may have no further use?

Even if the experiment of allowing boys to run their own theatre and write their own plays did fail (and there is no real reason why it should), I feel that a large amount of pleasure could be derived on wet days and dark evenings from "simply messing about" (Kenneth Graham knew something about children), simply messing about with things.

And even if the messing about with cast-off bric-a-brac, reduced the very material damage which idle hands find to do (mis-directed energy), the theatre would have its *raison d'être*.

PETER CAIRNS.

**Astronomy Lectures.**—This term's evening lectures in Astronomy might well have been entitled "Time and Tide," for we have been largely occupied in a survey of the more scientific aspects of those two words. An attempt to answer the very simple question, "How is time measured?" led us into a number of interesting astronomical by-ways, ranging from the use of the stars as a clock to the mysteries of the "equation of time." One evening we devoted to a very elementary study of the manner in which Tide-Tables, so indispensable to the sailor, are worked out. On another occasion we considered the principles upon which the various kinds of astronomical telescope are constructed. We concluded the course with a brief sketch of some of the main tasks which are involved in a night's "star-gazing" at an observatory.

D. BRIERLEY.

**Footer Fives Tournaments.**—In the Senior Competition, Hale came first with 108 points out of a possible 110. Hale's play was consistently good, and he well deserved the victory which he gained in spite of heavy handicapping. Rolph and Meek were level for second

place, with 101 points each. Meek especially is to be congratulated upon his play; his improvement this term has been remarkable. Time has amply justified our last term's estimate of him as a dark horse! Other players who have made exceptional progress are Judd, Barnes and Murphy.

In the Junior Division, Gatford, 100 points, went through without the loss of a single point, a very creditable display. Ripley came next with 94 points. He should prove a hard man to beat in the next competition. Hill, with 77 points, gained third place. Hart, Tree and Sueur all played very well, despite their short experience of the game.

D. BRIERLEY.

**The Wireless Club.**—The nine or ten boys who first belonged to the Wireless Club have now become fourteen or fifteen. All are very enthusiastic and are getting along very well.

Every Monday night at 6.30 p.m. we all joyfully troop across to the Laboratory, where the work is carried out, for our evening's instruction. Here we meet our instructor, Mr. W. Monk, an old boy and a wireless expert. The work carried on in this "shop" varies from the making of crystal sets to the study of "Television." We have been able to get the hang of it fairly well, and hope in time to be able to build one of these sets. I am glad to say that all the crystal sets made last term give good results and the builders are very pleased with their work. We have a very fine aerial, which runs from the top of the College to our workshop, and also a very efficient two-valve set, which brings in 34 stations.

For some time we have been trying to master the "Morse Code," a very difficult language. Most of us can now spell our own names. For those interested this is a very useful study, but it needs a great deal of practice and patience. We were very grateful to an "Old Boy" who very kindly sent us a large number of useful wireless parts. We are now about to use these parts in building a 3-valve set.

I shall not be here next winter, but I hope someone else will take my place as leader, and that I shall read in future "Harlovians" of great work done by the Harlow College Wireless Club.

J. CHATER.

**Skating.**—For the first time for many years we were able to get some skating during the Easter term. Some of the staff and those of the seniors, who were lucky enough to possess skates, had a glorious week of it on the lake in the grounds of Moor Hall, kindly opened to the

public by John Balfour, Esq. Naturally there were a few bumps now and again, but there were no casualties, except for Jack Smart, who, in trying to bring off a fancy turn, found himself on thin ice and "got into hot water," although he probably thought it very cold.

FLIP.

**The Tuck Shop.**—The accounts for the Easter Term are as follows:—

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Balance from last Term	2 14 8	Books for Library ..	0 18 6
Profits on Sweets ..	1 15 2	Ping-Pong Balls ..	0 3 6
Profit on Oranges ..	0 1 4	Bagatelle Balls ..	0 1 0
		Bridge Prizes ..	0 6 0
		Various ..	0 0 4
		Wastage ..	0 2 6
		In hand ..	2 19 4
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	£4 11 2		£4 11 2

Examined and found correct.

E. A. E. ROBERTSON, B.Sc.

**The Cult of the "Uke."**—Yo-Yos have gone just as quickly as they came. Why on earth they have been succeeded by the "Ukelele" is hard to say, unless it is because this invention of the evil one makes a noise. To make a noise is one of the aspirations of every school-boy, and thus the "Ukelele" descended on the school. Quite a few Harlovians are able to play the wretched thing, but the trouble is that these can play only one tune—"Way Down upon the Swanee Ribber," and that is not a tune, but a dirge.

Happily, as I write this, I hear a rumour that may be quite unfounded, but nevertheless may be true, that someone has learnt another tune. Let's hope so!

"ANTI-STRUMMER."

P.S.—The new tune is "Poor Old Joe." I'm going for a holiday to the North Pole.

SALVETE.—P. Akhurst, G. Bartlett, H. M. Gray, J. Langer, W. Renny, J. Snawdon, R. Wykes.

VALETE.—K. Hodges, R. Mawhood, J. Owen, O. Parker, R. Ripley, P. Tuthill, D. Tuthill.

## OLD HARLOVIANS' ASSOCIATION.

### Joint Headmaster for Harlow College.

The annual dinner and dance of the Old Harlovians' Association was held on Saturday at the Palace Hotel, Bloomsbury-street, W.C. There was a large attendance, and, as usual, both dinner and dance were much enjoyed.

After dinner, the toast of "Mr. and Mrs. Horsey, Miss Jessie Edwardes and the School" was proposed in felicitous terms by Mr. Colin Bond, and was received with acclamation.

Mr. Horsey, responding, thanked the company for their kind reception of the toast and expressed the great pleasure it gave Mrs. Horsey, Miss Edwardes and himself to be present at such gatherings of Old Harlovians and their friends.

He referred to the serious effect which the general depression had on the fortunes of schools, and expressed his gratitude that, thanks to a combination of fortunate circumstances, Harlow College, though there had been a small decrease in the number of boarders, had suffered far less than most schools.

Mr. Horsey went on to say: "But it is very unfortunate for the School that this depression comes at a time when, having reached the age of nearly 65, I feel that I have not now all the vigour, initiative and driving power which are so necessary in an institution like Harlow College. And this brings me to an announcement I should like to make, if you will give me your indulgence for a minute or so. In view of the difficulties to which I have referred, I have gladly welcomed the opportunity of securing a partner and joint Headmaster in the person of Mr. Donald Miller, M.A., who will join us next term and bring to the School just those qualities of which I am feeling the lack. Mr. Miller was educated at Blundell's School, Tiverton, and is an exhibitor of King's College, Cambridge. He is at present mathematical master at Colet Court, the preparatory school for St. Paul's. Although only 30 years of age, Mr. Miller has had a wide experience of teaching, not only in England, but also in Rhodesia, Canada and America, so he will have the great advantage of being able to speak to the boys about the Empire from direct knowledge. He is an excellent sportsman, having represented his school or college at cricket, football, athletics and shooting. He is also a great believer in the Scout movement, and intends to revive the College Troop, which was so flourishing before the War. His wife was a contemporary of my daughter at Roedean School, and, like most Roedeans, is a thoroughly good sport. She also has the rather uncommon qualifications of being the star pupil of Roedean in carpentry, and a trained

gardener, having studied in a horticultural college on leaving school. She ought, therefore, to be a great asset at Harlow, where such stress is laid on handicrafts, hobbies and out of school activities generally. I feel sure that in Mr. and Mrs. Miller I have just the right people to help in these critical times. With them at my side, I feel confident that we shall pass triumphantly through the rest of the slump period, and in after years, when I have bowed to the inevitable and retired from teaching altogether, I shall leave the School with the greatest confidence in Mr. Miller's hands. I hope indeed that I may live to see my dream realised, and find Harlow College reckoned among the smaller Public Schools."

Mr. Miller, in a brief speech, expressed his pleasure in joining his fortunes with those of Mr. Horsey and the School, and his great hopes for the future of Harlow College. The secret of the School's success was perhaps contained in a remark which Mr. Horsey had made to him recently, and which he would not easily forget. "Whatever has happened," Mr. Horsey said, "I've always put the School first." It gave him (Mr. Miller) great pleasure to meet so many Old Harlovians in such enjoyable circumstances, and he hoped that the acquaintance made that night would be renewed at the Athletic Sports which were to be held next term.

A short speech of welcome to Mr. Miller was made by Mr. O. Näf, who said that he was the oldest "old boy" present, but was not strictly an Old Harlovian at all, having joined the School over 40 years ago, in its original premises at Baythorn House, Acton. He had, however, another connection with Harlow, as his nephew had just entered the School. Mr. Näf was delighted to know that the College which was founded and brought to its present highly flourishing condition by Mr. Horsey, was to be carried on with such able assistance.

#### PROGRESS OF THE SCHOOL.

It is interesting to add that when Mr. Horsey first came to Harlow, nearly 30 years ago, he found the School nearly moribund: there were only a few boarders and one day boy. Six years later, 1909, the School was recognised by the Board of Education as an efficient secondary school, being one of the first private schools for boys to obtain this distinction. There were, even now, only 18 such private schools for boys in England.

The additions and improvements during his time include house for Headmaster, a carriage drive from Station Road, five new classrooms, engineering shop, carpenter's shop, chemical and physics laboratory, covered play room 60ft. by 20ft., new bath-room with shower and spray baths, new sanitary accommodation, new drainage system, &c., &c.

The number of pupils is at present 77 boarders and 64 day boys. The Essex County Council send some of the scholarship pupils from the Council elementary schools to Harlow College. Fourteen of these have passed through the School, 12 of whom have gained School Certificates.

Other examination successes include a large number of Matriculation and School Certificates, and many Scholarships at different Public Schools.

Now after nearly 30 years' work in Harlow, and 45 years of head-mastership, the time has come when, in the interest of the School, Mr. Horsey feels that he must hand over part of the burden of responsibility to younger shoulders, though he hopes his connection with the College and with Harlow may last long yet.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller made a most favourable impression at the Old Harlovians' gathering, and there is every hope that they will prove a great acquisition to Harlow.

—Reprinted from the *Herts and Essex Observer*.

#### OLD HARLOVIANS.

We had during the term a welcome visit from Luis Moreno, who was a prominent member of the football team in 1918. On leaving school he went to the Philippine Islands, where he has done very well, married and become the father of a flourishing family.

We were very sorry to hear that George H. Coleman was suffering from a nervous complaint and at a nursing home. A letter from him appears in this number written in good spirits. He was one of the cleverest boys we have had at Harlow, and among other distinctions gained in 1912 the prize for modern languages offered by the College of Preceptors. On the outbreak of War, though he had always been a quiet, studious boy at school, taking no part in games, he was one of the first to join up, and gained the M.C. almost immediately on reaching France, at the cost, however, of a serious wound, from the effect of which he is still suffering. At the end of the war, when it was almost impossible to find trained teachers, he came back to Harlow for a time as junior master. May he have a speedy recovery.

Another welcome visitor was Ray Kimpton, On leaving school he, like several other Harlovians, joined the training ship "Worcester," from where, in due course, he went as a junior officer to a P. and O. liner. Not long ago he had the alarming experience of being arrested in Japan for taking a photograph near a military station, and had some trouble in convincing the authorities that he had no nefarious designs.

Congratulations to F. A. Brown on his marriage.

**MATRICULATION EXEMPTION.**

Below is a letter written by Mr. Horsey which appeared in the last issue of *The Independent School* :—

**MATRICULATION EXEMPTION.**

To the Editor of *The Independent School*.

SIR,—Education, more than any other subject, seems to be the victim of passing crazes, that have their little day, and then pass away into the limbo of forgotten things.

At present it is suffering from a bad attack of anti-Matric. exemption fever. Do away with the possibility of getting a Matric. exemption in the School Certificate Examination, we are told, and the defects and shortcomings of our schools will vanish as if by magic, and all will be for the best in the best of all educational worlds. The fool or villain of the piece, according to the anti-Matric. theory so popular to-day, is the business man, who, in spite of advice to the contrary given by "experts," will insist, when engaging boys fresh from school, in giving the preference to those who gave secured the objectionable exemption. But is the business man really so dense as the "experts" believe? He at least realises that the exempted boy has gained five credits in a fairly wide range of subjects, whereas the non-exempted one may have gained credit in one only, and he argues, not unnaturally, that there is, to say the least, a strong probability that the exempted boy is smarter than the average product of the secondary school. The "experts" complain further that heads of schools pander to the depraved taste of business men for Matriculation Certificates by arranging their curricula with a view to obtaining exemptions. But even supposing they do—which is by no means certain—can we really believe that they thereby injure education in any way? Is it undesirable that those boys who wish to do so should have the opportunity of being instructed in English, maths., a foreign language, a scientific subject (or Latin), and some other subject chosen from a wide range? These subjects are the very foundation of a sound education. Moreover, they are not forced on all pupils indiscriminately: the weaker brethren can still get their school certificates with the help of "soft" options.

I suspect that the real objection to the exemption is that only a small part of the school population can hope to get it, and modern democratic principles require us to observe a decent reticence about the fact that all people are not equal, and to cover up the unpleasant truth by abolishing inconvenient arrangements which give it prominence, Matric. exemption for example, and honours and distinctions in the School Certificate Examination, which I understand are now doomed.

Speaking as a Head Master of very long experience, I can truthfully say that I have never known a boy who has been in any way injured by trying for a Matric exemption, while I have known scores who have been led by the chance of getting it to make a wholesome effort that nothing else would have induced them to put forth. It may seem absurd to give exemption to boys who never intend to go to a University. But, on the other hand, I have met many young men who, after starting a business career, have decided to abandon it and enter a profession, and have blessed the day when they obtained an exemption which saved them from the disagreeable necessity of going back to school.

What becomes then of the theory that the abolition of the exemption is the panacea for all the ills of modern English education? For my own part I am a whole-hearted and entirely unrepentant believer in the Matric. exemption and all other means of separating the cream from the skim. Long may they continue.

March 11th, 1933.

DIE HARD.

**YE CHRONICLES OF HARLOWE.**

Ande whenne ye feastyngs of Yuletide hadde longe passed, ye knyghts, squyeres ande yeomenne didde gird up theyre loynes ande prepare themme to retourne unto ye castle of Harlowe fore ye so called terme of Sprynge. Ande on ye very daye didde ye snowe lay rounde about, ande great wasse ye sorrow to ye Small Fry thatte they must labour ande slave at theyre work whenne theye would fainne have filled ye collars of theyre brethren withe snowe, ande caused discomfort to ye overlordes by ye buzzing of snowe in theyre direction. Yet whenne ye worke wasse well done didde they make merrie in ye small playne rolling ye myghtie snowballs, yea! even as gross as ye myghtie cannon-balls. Ande certaine of ye yeomenne whome ye Gods hadde endowed withe ye artistic talents didde build themme a myghtie effigye in snowe in the shape of a warrior. Some didde saye in ye shape of a certaine Overlorde, butte who can saye, for ere ye sculpture was donne King Sol didde laugh theyre work to scorne, ande ye monument was withered at a glance.

Butte ye rulers of Winter hadde not yet finished theyre task, ande theye didde send theyre serf iclept Jack Frost to laye hys fingers over all ye earthe and holde it in hys gryp for half a moon. Thenne didde ye taps freeze and ye pipes burst; likewise ye Small Fry, but withe laughter ande joy at ye thoughts of ye Sports of Winter. Ande some of ye Squyeres didde sally forthe withe ye overlords to ye Hall of Mark ande didde don theyre skates and make merrie on ye ice. Butte stay! Ye Chronicles nigh a tragedie hadde to reporte! A certaine yeoman eclept Trams, whose skill at ye art of skates didde surpass hys fellows, yea even certaine of hys overlordes, didde in hys folly venture too close to ye sign DANGER, and lo! there fell on ye air a crackyng, a gurglyng, a shoutyng, and a wailyng, ande our worthie warriar Trams didde passe under ye surface. Only by ye kindness of ye Gods wasse he preserved. Theye didde bryng hym forthe therefrom besmerched withe ye mud of ages, ande like unto a drownéd rat. Yet were hys spirits not drowned fore he didde flee unto ye Castle ande didde retourne within ye hour prepared againe for ye fraye.

Ande as Father Tyme didde cutte offe ye monthes fromme ye termme withe hys sythe, King Sol didde reign once more in hys kingdom and there didde spread fair weather over all ye landes and ye knyghtes, squyeres ande yeomenne didde look on ye approachyng feaste of egges with eager hearts. Nevertheless were theyre hearts saddened, fore ere ye closing of ye termme great changes didde take place for certaine of ye knyghts and squyeres didde prepare to sally forthe unto ye outer worlde, yea even divers of ye overlords withe themme, theyre worke being completed. Ande all ye menne of sporte



didde bewail ande bemoan ye exodus of Sir Ybbor who fore manie moons hadde guided ye warriors ande led themme to battle ande to victorie. Likewise, too, Eorj ye Scribe does passe beneath ye portals of ye Castle to retourne no more as overlorde, ande does bequeathe hys pen to ye chief warriar of ye Upper Fifth to scribe ye hystorie of ye deeds and doings of ye myghtie menne of Harlowe, so thatte ye recordes shall be known unto all who have sallied forth and do waite for news.

Adieu to ye knyghtes—adieu to ye squyers, ye yeomenne and ye small fry, of whome ye reste of ye doughty deeds, are theye not written in ye booke of Ye Harlovian? EORJ, Ye Scribe.

### SOME MINOR HEROES.

In poems by the score and high romances, English Kings  
Have been belauded, aye, and blamed; but no-one ever sings  
Of mute inglorious heroes who, on history's dark page  
Have blazoned deeds which shall not fade in this or any age.

It's time that one of England's influential Magazines,  
For instance, "The Harlovian," forgetting Kings and Queens,  
In deathless numbers should recall the exploits of a few  
To whom a long forgotten debt of gratitude is due.

Though time, with his relentless hand, has swept them all away,  
The consequences of their deeds continue to this day.  
Alas, we can't allege that conscientiously we strive  
By meditation's aid to keep their memory alive.

While running to the Station for a train that must be caught,  
How few of us there are who pause to give a fleeting thought  
To that forgotten gardener who owned the tree whereon  
The peaches grew which caused the death of odious King John.

Yet, though it seems incongruous, this solid fact remains  
To us, to-day, that tree means more than even forty trains  
Suppose there'd been no peaches and that wickedest of men  
Had cancelled Magna Carta! Where on earth should we be then?

Poor slaves, perhaps, beneath the heel of some despotic brute!  
That gardener foresaw this risk and grew his luscious fruit  
And John, of whom his subjects were unanimously sick  
Devoured them by the dozen and the peaches did the trick.

While tearing through the country roads upon his motor bike,  
With sweetheart on his pillion, oh, how seldom does it strike  
The modern youth to stop, dismount, and with his girl invoke  
Rich blessings on the man who planted Charles the Second's oak!

And yet that oak as we may see with half a moment's thought  
Means more to us than all the cycles money ever bought  
If hunted Charles had failed of refuge in it's leafy shade  
An end of our monarchic system Cromwell would have made.

Then we who love our good King George and pray that he may reign  
For many happy years to come should thank and thank again  
The patriot whose insight led him by a master stroke  
To plant that acorn which in time became the Royal Oak.

When gallant youth and maiden are by circumstances placed  
Her head upon his shoulder and his arm around her waist  
What is it that they whisper? The exception, not the rule,  
Would be to find them eulogising William Shakespeare's school.

And yet the unknown pedagogue who exercised his skill  
In teaching him who afterwards became immortal Will  
Means more to that young couple and to everyone, in sooth  
Than all the passionate romance that dazzles us in youth.

The suitor might not see it thus, for love they say is blind  
His eyes would soon be opened if he bore this fact in mind  
If Shakespeare hadn't learned to read in boyhood's early days  
It's more than doubtful whether he'd have written half his plays.

F.S.H.

### ON NOTHING IN PARTICULAR.

Little do you imagine, dear reader (if you are one not dear, but reader) as you skim through these few lines of print, of the untold agonies, of the wet towels, of the ice which have gone to their making.

For writing an article is one thing, but when one has no matter with which to write the aforesaid article, then, as Shakespeare puts it, "there's the rub." It is an easy thing for those with the gift of the gab to write essays, theses and proses by the score, but for us tongue-tied (and at the present pen-tied) mortals it is another matter.

You gentlemen and gentlewomen of England who sit at home at ease, as it were, and criticise, are to be envied. Have you ever sat down and really tried to put into decent English some episode or happening of your life? Try it, gentle scanner of this article. While you are so doing I can have a badly needed rest of ten minutes to a quarter of an hour.

What! Your M.S.S. is still blank. Tut! Tut! and likewise Dear! Dear! That means I must commence once more.

You see, dear persons, having nothing to write on is easy as long as you have not to write, but when the fair unsoiled paper has to be covered with hieroglyphics, why then, as Shaw would say, it's

But getting back to our respective jobs, you to finish this as soon as possible and the writer of it to do likewise, let me finish with a definition of nothing.

It is that which Smith Minor or Jones Perkins is doing when questioned during the time supposedly set aside for Latin prep. It is that which we invariably have in our pockets at collection time in church (No, not the half-crown, the other pocket I mean).

And lastly, it is that which is written here and in all probability, O gentle peruser, your estimation as to the worth of it all.

E.A.E.R.

### ELEGY WRITTEN IN A HARLOW DORMITORY.

The curfew tolls the sign of ceasing play,  
The few that sleep turn round uneasily,  
Throughout the dorm the master plods his way,  
And leaves the night to darkness and to me.

Now fades the dazzling torchlight from my sight,  
And o'er the air a solemn quietness holds,  
Save where the sleeper moans his restless night,  
And drowsy snores come mixed with snuffling colds.

Save that from yonder ivy-covered hall,  
The weary Boss does of our work complain,  
That is to him as wormwood and as gall,  
And sadly frets his ancient noble brain.

Beneath this college roof and darkness shade,  
Where heave the clothes in many a jumbled heap,  
Each in his narrow cube till morning laid,  
The noble prefects of the college sleep.

The frosty call of cold and chilly morn,  
The boys all yelling from the stone built shed,  
The bell's shrill clarion and the breaking dawn,  
Shall soon arouse them from their snug warm bed.

C. DRIVER.

### HOUSE COMPETITION.

This term the House Competition has been more keenly contested by all three houses than on any other occasion. Rodney, who have formerly filled the last place, made a great effort this term to take the cup from the boarders. They very nearly succeeded, and had it not been for the Fives Tournament, in which Beatty won every game, the cup would undoubtedly have gone to the "Day boys."

In the Fives Beatty once again proved their superiority, Hale, in particular, playing in his usual fine style, beat Gatford, of Nelson House 20—7 and Rolph, Rodney's champion 20—13. The best and most exciting game, however, in the whole House tournaments was that between Rodney and Beatty, when after a finely contested struggle Lampard and Judd, the Beatty representatives beat Clayton and Paddick 20—19. In the Hand Fives Beatty were again successful through Hale and Lampard, who won all their games. Nevertheless Rodney managed to gain a few valuable points by beating Nelson in both the singles and doubles.

The four and two mile races were both well supported by all three Houses, as shown by the entries, forty-five in the four and forty-six in the two mile. Nelson, in these races, made a grand effort to bring their total number of points to the levels of their opponents. In this attempt they were partly successful, chiefly due to the great and praiseworthy efforts of their captain, Sanderson, who won the four mile himself in fine style. In the two mile, Tree and Parker ii., who were first and second respectively for Nelson, followed in their captain's fine example, and received the greater share of the points. Nevertheless Rodney and Beatty representatives fared well.

The football was Rodney's means of gaining most of their points, this being due to the greater interest of the Rodney supporters. Of the football matches themselves there is nothing much to be said except that the superior football talent of the winning teams had a hard job to overcome the grit of the losers. Perhaps the most evenly-contested games were those between Beatty and Rodney in both the senior and junior sections. The senior game was a tough struggle throughout, there being little to choose between the two teams, and Beatty were lucky to win. In the Junior game Beatty were enabled to draw through two penalty goals without which Rodney would possibly have won. Nelson gained on junior match, but their senior team, although very plucky, proved no match for their opponents.

Thus it may be seen that although Beatty were victorious, it was no walk over and next term we are eagerly looking forward to another great struggle for the cup.

C. B. STANSBURY.  
E. O. CLAYTON.

EVENT.	RESULTS.	Beatty. Rodney. Nelson.		
<b>SENIOR FOOTBALL:</b>				
	Rodney beat Nelson, 8—0 ...	12		
	Beatty beat Nelson, 6—0 ...	12		
	Beatty beat Rodney, 3—2 ...	12		
<b>JUNIOR FOOTBALL:</b>				
	Rodney beat Nelson, 4—1 ...	9		
	Nelson beat Beatty, 3—2 ...		9	
	Beatty and Rodney, drew 2—2	4½	4½	
<b>SENIOR FIVES:</b>				
<b>1st Doubles ...</b>				
	Hale and Chater (B.), beat Gatford and Stock i (N.), 20—16 ...	5		
	Hale and Chater (B.), beat Rolph and Drane (R.), 20—9 ...	5		
	Rolph and Drane (R.), beat Gatford and Stock (N.), 20—14		5	
<b>1st Singles ...</b>				
	Hale (B.) beat Gatford (N.), 20—7	3		
	Hale (B.) beat Rolph (R.), 20—13	3		
	Rolph (R.) beat Gatford, 20—10		3	
<b>2nd Doubles ...</b>				
	Lampard and Judd (B.) beat Meek and Ripley (N.), 20—6 ...	5		
	Lampard and Judd (B.) beat Clayton and Paddick (R.), 20—19	5		
	Meek and Ripley (N.) beat Clayton and Paddick (R.), 20—13 ...		5	
<b>2nd Singles ...</b>				
	Lampard (B.) beat Meek (N.), 20—18 ...	3		
	Lampard (B.) beat Drane (R.), 20—14 ...	3		
	Meek (N.) beat Drane (R.), 20—19		3	
<b>HAND FIVES:</b>				
<b>Singles ...</b>				
	Hale (B.) beat Meek (N.), 20—13	3		
	Hale (B.) beat Rolph (R.), 20—16	3		
	Rolph (R.) beat Stock (N.), 20—2		3	
<b>Doubles ...</b>				
	Hale and Lampard (B.) beat Gatford and Meek (N.) 20—8	5		
	Hale and Lampard (B.) beat Rolph and Clayton (R.), 20—15	5		
	Rolph and Clayton (R.) beat Meek and Gatford (N.), 20—10		5	
<b>Four Mile (open) ...</b>				
		5	10	9
<b>Two Mile (under 13) ...</b>				
		5	6	10
(For details see separate table.)				
		86½	57½	36

Cup Winner: Beatty House.

#### THE FOUR MILE (OPEN).

Despite the rather unfavourable conditions, the four mile race was run in the most convincing style, Sanderson, of Nelson House, leading all the way, except for a few lapses, when Paddick II, the runner-up, managed to hold him off. Soon after the start, as the runners were striving to maintain a lead up the dreary stretch

of the London road, Sanderson, Paddick, and Rolph took the lead, but Rolph was forced to drop back, and from that time forward it was a duel between Sanderson and Paddick. The latter's effort was most plucky, but it was evident that Sanderson would win even when Paddick was leading slightly a mile from home. Much surprise was caused by the fact that Wells i, rather ungainly in appearance, came third, and this was a really great achievement for him.

About an hour after Sanderson, who did the course in just over 25 minutes, a very good time, had arrived home, Dicksee, of Beatty House—another Billy Bunter—plodded in. He ran the first quarter mile and walked the rest, nevertheless it was a plucky attempt considering he knew he could never run four miles.

Winner.	RESULT.		Points.		
	Time.		Beatty.	Rodney.	Nelson.
1, Sanderson	... 25 mins. 15 secs.	...			5
2, Paddick ii	... 26 mins. 15 secs.	...		3	
3, Wells i	... 26 mins. 30 secs.	...			2
4, Hale	... 27 mins., 15 secs.	...	1		
Team Points for the Race			4	7	2
			Rodney. Nelson. Beatty.		
Total points			10	9	5

#### THE TWO MILE RACE (UNDER 18).

The day on which the two-mile was run, was completely different from that when the four mile was completed. The day was baking hot, and this made running extremely difficult and credit must be given to the first three home, Tree and Parker II., of Nelson House, and Hart, of Beatty House, who were together nearly all the way.

Winner.	RESULT.		Points.		
	Time.		Beatty.	Rodney.	Nelson.
1, Tree	... 15 mins. 0 secs.	...			5
2, Parker ii.	... 15 mins. 10 secs.	...			3
3, Hart	... 15 mins. 25 secs.	...	2		
4, Payne	... 15 mins. 50 secs.	...		1	
Team points			3	5	2
Total points			10	6	5

OBSERVER.

#### FOOTBALL.

Although last term we lost three of the mainstays of our team, namely Ripley (our captain), Hodges and Parker, we have had on the whole a good term's football. The new members of the team, although small, show every promise of becoming very good footballers. For instance, Ripley II. has all the necessary dash for a centre-forward, but lacks in height and weight. Judd and Lampard are the only additions to the team, who are capable of holding their own against men.

On several occasions the team has shown that it also possesses good fighting-back powers. At Newport, for instance, we were a goal down in the first fifteen minutes, but by the end of the half we had drawn level, and before the end we added another, thus winning 2-1.

The combination of the team is also quite good, considering we are only a school eleven. By this, however, I do not mean that it is perfect, but it is a great deal better than many schools we meet. When we played Ongar Wednesday our linesman reported that he heard whisperings flattering our combination.

The one weak point in the team is the lacking of shooting ability amongst the forwards. Paddick is a good shot when in form, but this cannot be said of the other four forwards. One cannot, however, expect Ripley II. to be able to kick as hard and as accurately as Paddick, but never mind Ripley, the time will soon come when our opponents' goalkeepers will dread your shots. There are the other two inside forwards to help you along.

The final thing to mention is the good humour of the team. This term I have not heard a single grumble when we have lost a game. Everything has been smilingly taken.

Well played the College!

J. D. HALE (Captain).

#### FIXTURE LIST.

<i>Opponents.</i>	<i>Homs.</i>	<i>Away.</i>
Saffron Walden Friends' School	... Won, 2-0	Won, 4-1
Harlow Wednesday	... Won, 5-3	Lost, 5-3
Ivy Mission Sports Club	... Scratched	Won, 4-3
Newport School	... Lost, 5-1	Won, 2-1
Czarnikow Club	... Won, 5-1	
Epping Wesleyan Club	... Lost, 5-1	Lost, 3-2
Ongar Wednesday	... Lost, 4-2	Lost, 6-2
A. K. Bakhtiar's XI.	... Won, 4-3	

Played, 13; Won, 7; Lost, 6.  
Goals for, 37; Goals against, 40.

#### TEAM CRITICISM.

Hale, J. D. (Capt.):

Clayton, E. O. (Vice-Captin): What he lacks in speed he makes up in fearless tackling and use of his head.

Rolph, M. P. G.: An excellent goalkeeper and has also played some very good games out of goal.

Compton, P. A.: A greatly improved player, who, although he blunders into tackles, always seems to get the ball and is a great asset to the defence.

Judd, E.: Has a strong kick and plays a good game, but should learn to tackle first time.

Meek, D. J.: Lacks weight, but has the advantage of kicking with both feet. He has played several quite useful games.

Lampard, J. G.: Inclined to get flurried, but otherwise quite a useful man, with room for improvement in shooting.

Ripley, L. W.: Rather small, but plays fearlessly. With a more powerful kick he will be a fine forward.

Paddick, H. C.: Although of no great weight, he tackles fearlessly, but is inclined to hold the ball too long.

Richardson, G.: Has improved during the term, but is still uncertain on how to deal with low shots.

Cakebread, R.: Has only played in a few games, but shows great promise, and will no doubt secure a place in the team next season.

Mr. Robertson, Mr. Simond, Ripley, Vasey and Smith have given valuable help throughout the season, while our thanks are due to Mr. Roe and Mr. Brierley for refereeing, and to Miss Jessie for a splendid fixture list.

J. D. HALE.

#### GOAL SCORERS.

Paddick ii	.. .. .	8	Lampard	.. .. .	2
Rolph	.. .. .	5	Ripley i	.. .. .	2
Mr. Simond	.. .. .	4	Hale	.. .. .	2
Ripley ii	.. .. .	4	Stock ii	.. .. .	1
Mr. Robertson	.. .. .	3			

### THE COLLEGE SCOUTS TWENTY YEARS AGO.

The following article, which appeared just twenty years ago in the first number of the "Harlovian" issued, is re-printed in the hope that the air of breezy enthusiasm and optimism which breathes in every line may be an inspiration and a stimulus to the newly-revived troop:—

#### OUR TROOP HISTORY.

It seems fitting that this, the first number of our Magazine, should contain the full history of so recent a development in the School as that of Scouting. Most of the things recorded in this article will be known to the majority of readers, but, despite that fact, I trust they will not prove stale reading, for surely there is a joy in seeing in print the account of those things which make us justly proud of our School, and in knowing that the knowledge of our deeds will live in the minds of others who did not share them.

It was the middle of last summer term that the movement was inaugurated. For some time there had been an attempt to commence a Cadet Corps, but this had failed, owing to the required permission of the parents not being forthcoming. To whom then, belongs the honour of being the initiators of our Scout Troop? Surely to Land and Crown, who, amidst opposition on the part of boys who did not then fully understand the value of Scouting, approached the Head for permission to start. Mr. Horsey at

once saw the excellency of the idea and has since ever proved our keenest supporter. In some schools it is otherwise; then there are difficulties. Mr. Horsey would have liked to act as Scoutmaster, but at that time extreme pressure of work prevented him from doing so. Mr. Hendin, too, was at that time extremely busy, and so was not able to take up the duties as the boys would have liked him to. It was then that I was approached, and having had some previous Scouting experience, and realizing that the movement might be made a real source of benefit to the College, I consented; but never did I think that in eight months' time we would reach the stage of efficiency to which we have attained—I only hoped.

We commenced with six, and how proud we were when we first donned uniform. We worked hard for two weeks. Many were amused, some prophesied we would fail, but by the end of two weeks twenty others joined. It was then that we were so pleased to welcome Mr. Hendin as chief assistant, and Sweeney as Assistant Scoutmaster. In another three weeks about twenty others had joined us, so that by the end of the term we numbered forty-five. Then commenced the work of organisation. Five patrols were formed, and leaders and seconds chosen. Sweeney was elected our Secretary, and well did he fill the office during his stay with us. In about four weeks we had saved £1, and were the proud possessors of a side-drum, in the meantime having secured a bugle. Then Greatrex brought his bugle and so commenced a nucleus of our band, now numbering through the kindness of old boys, our Chaplain and members of the Troop, nine bugles, three side and a bass drum. How well we remember our first church parade to Little Parndon, with two bugles, one side drum, and an old Royal Standard rescued from the dust bin. Then we were greatly honoured, for Miss Jessie, seeing our need, so kindly came forward and presented us with a fine Union Jack. It was a proud day when the Colours were presented, and cheer followed cheer, both for Miss Jessie and the Colours. The presentation was followed by an initiation service, conducted by the Rev Peel-Yates, M.A., who had just been unanimously elected as our Chaplain. By this time we had become recognised at Headquarters, and registered as the 10th Harlow, and we felt that at last we were really Scouts. We were sorry to lose four of our number at the end of the term, especially Land, who went to New Zealand. During the term we were pleased to have his diary posted from each calling port. Though gone, he is not forgotten, and we look forward to having articles from him in subsequent numbers of the Magazine. We are also indebted to him for a patrol tent, which he so kindly presented to us.

At the beginning of the Autumn Term the enthusiasm had not abated, and we were pleased to welcome our other two prefects. Then Sweeney and Rhode presented us with handsome Troop Colours, our Chaplain with a bugle, Mr. Seabrook and Mr. Payne each gave bugles, and Mr. Lees bought a side-drum for the use of the Troop whilst Lees remains in the School. How the bugles and drums practised under Eady, the newly-appointed Bandmaster, and much to the annoyance of those who desired peace and quietude. Now our efficiency is so great that we are to represent the district at the Grand Rally. Early in the term Mr. Horsey came forward and enabled us to purchase a handsome trek cart, which is now our prized possession. The term's work was chiefly that of Tenderfoot and Second Class Tests, and by the end of a month nearly all had passed the Tenderfoot qualifications, and by the end of the term nearly forty were Second Class Scouts. Many enjoyable outings and games did we have when the weather favoured us. Cooking was our special feature, the excellency of the results being proved by the fact that none have yet suffered ill effects from eating

the cooked articles. One of our "great days" was when the Old Boys came down. They took the keenest interest in the new movement, and Mr. Leith gave a practical demonstration of this interest by presenting us with a handsome bass drum. Mr. Horsey then, on behalf of the Troop, presented him with a gold thanks badge. Another of our "great days" was on the occasion of our district field-day, when we were to meet in combat the Harlow Troops. How it rained, but despite the fact, like true Scouts we turned out in full force, and commenced our attack on Matching, only to learn half-an-hour later that the other Troops had disbanded and left us victors in the field. Before the end of the term Mr. Horsey again showed his interest by presenting us with a flag-staff, which the Scouts repaired, painted, and hoisted. We hope soon to have a Union Jack flying from the staff. So ended our second term, and again we were sorry to say good-bye to some of our numbers, especially Williamson, who had been games captain, and led the team to victory on the two occasions when we played the Eighth Harlow.

The present term commenced well with great enthusiasm. Many others joined, bringing our number up to fifty-seven. The great work of the term has been badge winning. There will be keen competition for the cup which Mr. Horsey has promised for Sports Day. Who will be the winner? Now there are forty Second Class Scouts, eleven tenderfoot Scouts, three recruits and three officers. Altogether there are ninety-five proficiency badges, including electricians, ambulance, cooks, missionaries, marksmans, interpreters and master-at-arms. Lectures in ambulance were kindly given by Dr. Jagger, to whom we presented a swastika, and cookery lectures are now being given by Miss Jessie. By the end of next term we hope there will be many "all round cords," many first class Scouts, and a few King's Scouts. Let us see to it that we go on as we have begun. Perseverance should be our motto, and emulation the spirit to urge us on. At the beginning of the term it was found necessary to reorganise the Troop in eight patrols, and new patrols were elected. Dean became our bass-drummer, and gave a handsome subscription towards a drum apron, which adds to the appearance of the band. One of our most enjoyable outings was one to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Pyle. They kindly invited us and right royally entertained us. Our greatest loss has been that of Sweeney, who has gone to Singapore. None perhaps know the amount of work he did as Secretary of the Troop. He left with the goodwill of all, after being presented with a gold swastika. Though gone he still remembers the Troop, and already we have heard from him.

We are looking forward to meeting the district Scouts on March 29th, and trust we shall win the game, but we look forward with even greater interest to the Great District Rally to take place on April 9th. There is much work yet to be done in bridge building and drill if we are to keep up our reputation and win the prize, but Scouts are loyal, and it can be done. We have been told that we are the envy of the town, and the College is justly proud of her Scouts. If our efficiency is great, it has not been attained except by hard work on the part of all, but that work has been attended by much pleasure and keen enjoyment. Let us show our gratitude, for the pleasure we have had, by a loyalty and keenness that cannot be rivalled. Each Scout is trusted on his honour, and thus feels his responsibility, and all bids fair for the prosperity of the Troop. In closing this article, it is only right that the Troop should again tender its thanks to Mr. Horsey and family, and that the Scoutmaster should thank the Scouts for their loyalty, and say how justly proud he feels of the Harlow College Troop.

### LETTERS FROM OLD HARLOVIANS.

The attention of Old Harlovians is specially drawn to the paragraphs respecting "The Harlovian" to be found on page 626.

Wednesday, 8th March, 1933.  
At Trinidad,  
Ceylon,  
East Indies.

DEAR MISS JESSIE,

"The Harlovian," Vol. 8, No. 60, December, 1932, reached me yesterday. Let me congratulate all concerned in the production of this little green book, which arrives with an unflinching regular irregularity no matter where I be. It is a particularly good number; letters from Pyle, Killerby, Livermore and John Horsey recalled memories of fights, Boy Scouts, a pony and trap and a class mate who beat tattoos on his desk immediately behind me. The same person prompted me in French and German sentences.

I was pleased to see mention of Scammell and Sercombe, which, in case you have forgotten, dates me.

In November this year we paid a visit to Karachi; and I made enquiries for John Horsey; he had been there recently and was expected again shortly. Twelve months previously we had been in the Persian Gulf. My Arab host at Bahrim was the same who had entertained the Imperial Airway Pilot.

"Emerald" re-commissioned in March, 1931, and left Devonport two months later. In addition to cruises to the Gulf and West Coast of India, we have visited ports on the East Coast, Chittagong, Upper Burma, Andaman and Nicobar Islands. We sail from Ceylon in May for a visit to East Africa on our way home to pay off. We expect to arrive at Devonport 7th July. The personnel of the ship is 598, which fortunately includes a young surgeon. A written description of our daily life, our adventures on shore or at sea would bore you. The former are far more exciting, and quickly forgotten. Anyhow, it is a good life and as much work as one makes; this, let me say, becomes an art after a few years.

Brother Jack is in London and painting the place blue with electrically-illuminated signs as result of an invention of his.

I gather that on my next visit to the big city I will be forcibly reminded that I have a brother on walking up Regent Street or down Bond Street. Quite recently I was informed the same impression would form itself on a visit to Paris or Rome.

Both Father and Mother are well, and I am sure, with me, send their kindest regards to Mr. and Mrs. Horsey and you.

To Margot and all the others, the best.

Yours sincerely,

GEORGE G. NEWMAN,  
(Surgeon Commander).

Glenhurst Lodge,  
139, Coldharbour Lane,  
S.E.5.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

I feel very guilty when I realise that this is only the second letter I have plucked up the courage to write to you since I left School.

My excuse is quite original—that writing for me is a daily employment—so that letter writing in my spare time is rather a busman's holiday.

I am doing newspaper work, mostly Court reporting, so you will realise that even in these days of trade depression I still have plenty to do in the writing line, and when I get home I am never anxious to start again.

My work is, however, very interesting, and that is a great thing. I am certain I could never sit in a Bank or Insurance Office all day or do any regular office work. It is truly said that "Variety is the spice of life," and we do get plenty of variety in our work. Police-court reporting is full of change, and I like it better much than High Court or Central Criminal Court work, both of which are too prolonged for me.

The first thing to be done in Police-court work is to harden the heart and not to dwell on the tales of trouble and poverty revealed by the proceedings. If you allowed yourself to think seriously of the pitiful side of the life of some of the poor wretches before the Court you would die of depression.

Things are not always sad, and we are often enlivened by the wonderful streak of "Cockney" humour possessed by most lower class Londoners, which they unconsciously reveal at frequent intervals during the hearing of the cases. Another great source of amusement is the irrepressible desire of most uneducated people to use words of which they do not know the meaning; for example, a man complained to the Court that he had been kicked on the ankle, "dессicating" it, when he meant dislocating it. Another time a woman complaining of assault said that ever since she had been assaulted she had had "abdominal" (abominable) pains in the head.

Our work also has its thrills and disappointments. I was sent on a job not long ago by a newspaper and had to interview a gentleman who lived in rather a lonely district. On two occasions within a week he had been shot at through a window, while at dinner, and when I saw him he had an interesting tale to tell. During the War he was a Secret Service Agent, in which capacity he did spy work in an enemy country. His theory was that he was on a "black list," and all the men and women on that list were due to be murdered. I remarked that it sounded rather like a novel, but he assured me that such things did go on, although the general public did not realise it. The shots had been made at equal periods and he expected the assailants to try again some two nights later, as he said that most foreigners were very regular in their methods. When I expressed the desire to be near when the next attempt on his life was expected, he very hospitably invited me to dinner on the night in question. I accepted and went to this strange dinner party and every moment I expected to hear the report of a gun and the crash of glass, but alas, I was doomed to disappointment, for nothing happened and I got no story. The reason the assailants had not been successful in either of their previous attempts was a story in itself. My worthy host had sometimes been in daily peril for months on end, and was up to little precautions that no layman would never think of as necessary. His view was that regular habits are the most dangerous thing a man in his position can have, and he acted accordingly.

When his potential assassin first scouted out the land, he must have come during the day, when he could see into the room from bushes near by, and from that position he could see Mr. H— sitting at the head of the table. Near the window was a table on which there was a small statue. The head of the statue was in line with the head of anyone sitting at the head of the table. By that means anyone in the bushes could aim at the person sitting at the head of the table without being able to see them. It would have been far too dangerous for the assassin to have tried this during

the day, as escape would have been difficult. The best time was obviously in the twilight, when anyone in the bushes could fire at the head of the statue and so at the head of Mr. H——. Escape would then be easy because of the falling light.

On the first night the assassin shot at the end of the table where he thought his enemy would be, but our wily ex-Secret Service man was prepared for anything of that kind and he had changed his place at the table. He told me he never sat at the same place for meals twice running.

The bullet struck the wall after passing through an oil painting which was just about on a level with where his head would have been. There is no doubt that if Mr. H—— had been there he would have been killed.

A similar thing happened on a second occasion, and it was after that that I called on him. I afterwards learned that some three weeks later another unsuccessful attempt on his life was made, and he, very wisely, moved to the West End of London, where it is much too crowded for sniping, and as far as I know he is still alive, and well.

There are many experiences of which I have no time to write, but I can assure you that the work is far from dull and suits me very well.

I trust that you and Mrs. Horsey are both well.

Wishing you a successful Summer Term and plenty of fine weather,  
I am,

yours sincerely,

G. V. TOVEY.

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The Singapore Swimming Club,  
Katong,  
Singapore, S.S.  
22nd March, 1933.

MY DEAR MRS. HORSEY AND MISS JESSIE,

I must thank you for another "Harlovian." I send them on to Harold at Newcastle, N.S. Wales, as he loves to hear of his dear old School. I read the letters from Kimpton. We were wondering what had happened to him, as we had not seen him as he passed through. So he is going seriously in for his examination. We liked him very much. All friends find my husband at the Club, hard at work these days. One dare not object to long hours, as heaps would jump at that billet, but 8 a.m. to 9 p.m. is a bit tiring for him, so we go for a motor tour on Saturdays and Sundays to "eat the air," as the Malays say.

I am enclosing £1 note for settling what we must be owing for "Harlovians" and postage, and if we get short again, please let us know at once, as I forget what was sent last time. Frank was out of a job for eight months, when a chum in the Artists' Rifles got him a billet in the Express Dairies, Hampstead. He managed to get a game of Rugby each Saturday until removed to Kent. He was able to get to Oxford to see Jack row for his College, and bump his sixth boat for St. Edmund Hall. Jack hopes to get his B.A. next June. We hoped to get him into the Malayan Civil Service, but this Government has stopped engaging cadets from England for the last two years owing to the expense of transport and leave to England. Now they are appointing Malays and Chinese of high standard in the local schools. A risky thing. I expect they will have to live and learn, while the former rulers knew what to expect. We are very disappointed, as we had hoped to have one son with us here again, after years away being educated in England.

We have had a violent thunderstorm just overhead. I am quite nervous, and not so strong as I hoped I was. The cracker firing at the Chinese New Year was a trying experience to anyone with nerves, and we are thankful that it is forbidden in future, as money is burnt to scare away the devil of bad luck by people who have felt the slump in Malaya. This new district is full of Chinese who have the old beliefs and the sudden racket of cracker firing is bad for nervous invalids. We jump out of our skin each time.

We both send you all our love and best wishes, trusting you are all well, and that you have not the depressing times experienced out East, with rubber and tin over-produced. It seems wicked to see whole plantations of fully grown rubber trees cut down for firewood.

My husband joins with me in sending our best wishes to you all. Harold loves the old School just as much as when he was with you at Harlow.

Yours affectionately,  
KATE LOBB.

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Laverstock,  
Salisbury,  
Monday, Feb. 3rd, 1933.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

With what a little thrill I saw the postmark on your envelope. I was indeed pleased to receive your letter. It was a great pity that I had not written before you came down here. Somehow or other I have been living in hopes of getting away, so did not send a letter. You know what they say about living in hope. Even if I do recover I cannot go back to teaching—but why be depressed.

Your letter seemed to be a list of forthcoming marriages. I had a good many rides with Smith while he was living at the Mill; suppose that Rees (his father) is dead now. He, as you know, was a great pal of my father's. He and Dad used to play cricket together.

I am afraid that I am finished with games now, as the stay here has undermined my health. I have to fill in time as best I can, so do a little writing—not much—and play about with languages, geography and history. Do you remember my very first German exercise—in print? I wish that you could see some of my printing in a little dictionary now. Well you shall, though not perhaps in the dictionary. *Nicht wahr*: Not so bad, eh? Have also got fairly well up in Italian. Hossfeld's are the books that I use as a rule, after Hugo.

I am glad that you have taken to a car. My uncle Prime—I think that you once met him at Netteswell, a tall man with a beard—started to drive a car when he was well over 60. He sometimes drives down here to see me. Am afraid that he will not do so again, as he had what was optimistically (or should it be euphemistically?) described as a fainting fit on Christmas Day. All the Primes are subject to hearts or seizures, though these seem to attack the female side most.

I am very glad that you are all keeping well. Wish that I could say the same. By the way, you did not tell me what was owing for the "Harlovain." Please let me know.

Think that I will close now, sending best regards.

I remain,

yours sincerely,

G. H. COLEMAN.

36, Donaldson Road,  
Kilburn, N.W.6.  
1/4/33.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

When I was last down at Harlow I promised to send you a cutting from the "Telegraph" giving Lord Eustace Percy's views on modern languages. I'm afraid I forgot all about it until I was turning out some papers the other day, but I thought you might still like to see it.

You will be in your new house now, if I remember rightly, and I have no doubt that the re-planning of your garden has kept you very busy lately. When the summer holidays come I hope to be able to come and see it one day, unless I spend the holiday in Germany. Just at present, however, the exchange rate and Hitler seem a little unfavourable to a German holiday.

I wonder if you know that Bill Brown is married now. This last weekend I have been spending with him and his wife, and he was very interested to hear news from Harlow. He had not heard of the new developments, but had seen the paragraph in the "Daily Mail" about it and had been rather puzzled.

This letter should, I think, arrive just at the right moment for me to wish the new regime every success, and I hope that you, personally, will benefit from not having so much work and responsibility on your shoulders.

My kindest regards to Mrs. Horsey and to Miss Jessie,  
Yours very sincerely,

TOM Le CREN.

50, Victoria Road,  
Barrow-in-Furness,  
Lancs.  
26P4P33.

DEAR SIR,

As I have not told you anything about the place so far I will do so now. I start work at 7.30 a.m. each day. I knock off for dinner at 12.0 o'clock, and then work from 1.0 p.m. to 5.0 p.m., making 8½ hours work altogether.

At present I am working on the valve bench in the marine engine shops. All I do is to file and chip surplus metal of valve castings and valve gear. Occasionally I am given a small job to fit up. It is rather monotonous work, but it teaches one to use hammer, chisel, and file properly. I expect soon to be moved into another part of the engine shop, when, I hope, the work will be more interesting.

At the moment things are very slack, practically all over the works. The gun-shop and the submarine engine shop seem to be the only places which are at all busy. We, in the engine shop, have got the machinery for the "Orion" a cruiser which is being built down at Devonport. Also there is a complete cruiser, the Ajax, and as the turbines for the "Orion" have already gone, there is only a very little work.

Of course, before the "Queen of Bermuda" left in February there was a reasonable amount of work. I had a look round it before it left. It is equipped with a cinema, swimming bath, gymnasium, and a shop. All this equipment is for a 3½ days' run.

The ship was built to carry on a twice-weekly service with its sister ship, the "Monarch of Bermuda," between New York and Bermuda. They are owned by the Furness, Withy Company, and cater for rich Americans holiday-making in Bermuda. Each set of rooms has a telephone.

For holidays we have two or three days at Christmas, four days at Easter, one day at Whitsuntide, and ten days at August. An apprentice can usually get an extension at any time by asking for it.

From the beginning of September until the middle of April there are evening classes at the Technical School. I have three lessons per week, two lasting from 7 p.m. until 9 p.m., and one from 7 p.m. until 9.30 p.m. can assure you that by the beginning of April everybody is fed up with night school.

I do not like Barrow much, it is so dull, and it seems so isolated. Well I will end now, hoping that you are keeping fit.

I remain,

Yours truly,

A. B. DURSTON.

64, Rue Gambetta,  
Jarnac-Charente.  
December 30th, 1932.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

Years glide away so quickly that 1933 will be on within two days, and I don't want to let its beginning pass without presenting you my best wishes of health, luck, and happiness through the year—for you and your family.

I hope everything is keeping up all right at Harlow College. I'm very pleased to read every term in the "Harlovian" the tremendous successes got by your staff and boys in class or on the field.

As to myself, I've fortunately finished my military service, and I'm back at home where I'm staying, waiting for a job which is not coming quickly as our brandy trade is very depressed.

Please to present my best wishes to Mrs. and Miss Horsey and Miss Jessie.

I remain,

Yours very faithfully,

JACQUES BARRAUD.

78 Lancaster Road,  
W.2.,  
January 16th, 1933.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

I trust that you have escaped the 'flu epidemic, and if not that you have at least got over the ill effects.

The object of this letter is really to ask if you should know of any old Harlovian who is up against it as regards employment. As I explained to you when at Harlow on Old Boys' Day, I am with the Hoover Co. I have done quite well and have now been made a supervisor. The job is, at the start, purely on commission, but a man with energy, perseverance, and grit can make it a worth-while task. A man only has to sell one machine to be £3 in pocket a week, and I have sold as many as five in one week.

One week-end soon when I get my ramshackle second-hand car going, I want to bring my wife down to Harlow, while I am looking eagerly forward to the Old Boys' dinner in London.

Please ask Miss Jessie to note my change in address for further copies of the Harlovian.

Kindest regards to you all at the College,

Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR S. CANNON.



Binington,  
32, Kingsmead Avenue,  
Worcester Park,  
Surrey.

April 5th, 1933.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

I must apologise for not having written to you for so many years. I wish you every success in the new changes and fully appreciate the enormous work and responsibility that you have had. It is now time that your work was rewarded. I wish Mrs. Horsey and yourself every happiness in your partly retired life.

I am still in the same post, but have advanced as much as can be expected in these times of depression.

I was very sorry I was unable to attend the Old Boys' dinner, as one meets old acquaintances of school days.

We still live just outside Ewell, and like it very much, as it is only a short distance before you are in some of the most glorious parts of Surrey.

I should be obliged if you would send me two blazer badges.

I am endeavouring to get a blazer made at Messrs. Charles Baker & Co., in the Old Boys' colours. Also would you let me know how much I owe for Harlovians and I will settle up.

I suppose Harlow has altered considerably since I saw it last, which is about ten years ago.

My brother and I hope to visit the School during the coming summer.

Please give my kind regards to Mrs. Horsey and Miss Jessie. I hope you are keeping well and the College prospering. My brother also sends his kind regards.

Yours sincerely,  
K. S. BOYS.

Strand Palace Hotel,  
Strand, W.C.2.  
Feb. 28th, 1933.

DEAR MISS JESSIE,

I was indeed very sorry I could not attend the Old Harlovians' dinner on account of another engagement which I could not cancel. However, I hope to be back in England again soon, and I shall always drop down to see you.

I am enclosing P.O. to cover the cost of the blazer (20s), and badge (3s 6d), and I am sending another 3s 6d for the cost of an extra badge which I would appreciate very much if you would send it to me before Friday.

I was able to get a copy of the photographs from Elliot & Fry, but they could not trace the cricket team photograph of which you have a picture in the dining hall (1918). However, never mind.

With my best regards to yourself and to Mr. and Mrs. Horsey,

Your Old Harlovian,  
LUIS MORENO.

Weston Vicarage,  
Nr. Hitchin,  
Herts.  
5/5/33.

DEAR SIR,

Thank you for your letter, which I ought to have answered before. I am quite enjoying life. As you know, I am in the Letchworth Municipal Office serving my articles. This lasts for four years, and at the end of this

period I shall look out for a junior assistant's job. The staff is as follows:— (1), Town Clerk; (2), Surveyor; (3), Deputy Surveyor; (4), the other fellow taking his articles; (5), myself; (6), Surveyor's Clerk; (7), Housing Inspector; (8), Sanitary Inspector; (9), Rent Collectors; (10), Accountants and two assistants; (11), Clerks, &c.; (12), Architect. So you see that we have a fair-sized crowd for a place of 15,000 population, and it would be difficult to find a better staff to work with. As regards the work itself it is very varied. We, this usually being the two articulated surveyors, prepare plans, quantities, and estimates of all types of schemes. Since I have been here we have done (1) Lay-out of roads for 50 houses, complete with greensward, trees, &c., car park, private street works, a large lake scheme, a large amusement park, children's playgrounds, &c., and innumerable smaller jobs, such as small lengths of sewer, &c. For addition to this we have charge of all roads in the area with the grass verges, trees, refuse collecting, sewers, drains, plans for new houses (these having to be submitted to us), allotments, factories, hanging signs, and so one could go on ad infinitum. So you see we can spend a fair time of the day out of doors, if we want to. It is surprising how many jobs are found in the office, on wet days though. The one sad thing about a Council office is that we are more or less governed by the Council. These worthies are elected by the people in general, each member serving three years, so you see someone is bound to come off each year. At these local elections most of the staff get a job, which is very good fun and quite remunerative, an uncommon combination these days. Well I think I have inflicted on you quite enough "shop," and I don't expect you will have read it all.

Remember me to Mrs. Horsey, Miss Jessie, and all the staff who were unfortunate enough to have to try and teach me.

Yours very sincerely,

LANCE ABBOTT.

Extract from letter from R. Alexander, c/o David Fell & Co., 350, George Street, Sydney, N.S.W. :—

Things seem to go along much the same in Sydney. I think it is just as well for the papers that they have the leg theory to talk about, otherwise they probably would have difficulty in filling their pages. The decent sort of people here are ashamed of the way the Englishmen have been treated, and think that the Australian Board of Control's cable was most inopportune. Some seem to think that it was the newspaper folk who were responsible for the cable, as they reckon that the Board were jostled into it by the Press, but this seems unlikely. I am sure with very few exceptions the Australian players themselves are good sports, and would not be guilty of squealing merely because Larwood can skittle them by genuine fast bowling. The whole truth about the thing is that Larwood is a much faster bowler than the Australians have been used to playing. We are having an office cricket match in a few weeks, and should the weather be fine it should be a more satisfactory affair.