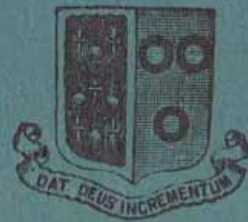


THE
HARLOVIAN



The Magazine of
Harlow College,
Essex.

Vol. 7. No. 55.

APRIL, 1931.

PRICE - ONE SHILLING.

SCHOOL OFFICERS:

Prefects: G. ARATOON.

A. GREGORY.

L. KEEP.

J. PULLIN.

Sub-Prefects: L. BLOORE.

A. CANTOR.

P. COMPTON.

J. FENNINGS.

H. GREGORY.

D. LEWIS.

J. McLEOD.

R. POYNTER.

R. RIPLEY.

Football Captain: G. ARATOON.

„ *Vice-Captain:* R. SMITH.

Captain of Beatty House: L. KEEP.

Captain of Nelson House: G. ARATOON.

Captain of Rodney House: R. SMITH.

THE HARLOVIAN.

VII.]

APRIL, 1931.

[No. 55.

SCHOOL NOTES.

War Memorial Prizes for English Literature.—As usual, there was no termly examination at the end of the Easter term, so there are no Form places to record in this number. The War Memorial Prizes for English Literature were awarded as follows:—

Upper Fifth.—(1) L. Bloore; (2) P. A. Compton; (3) J. W. Cook and E. O. Clayton.

Lower Fifth.—(1) C. B. Stansbury; (2) C. K. Hodges; (3) F. G. Heat.

Form IV.—(1) G. C. Pearce; (2) K. A. Collins; (3) F. R. Dicksee.

Remove.—(1) R. A. Cakebread; (2) J. D. Ross; (3) S. C. Neale.

Form III.—(1) K. C. Constable; (2) E. A. J. Healey; (3) C. L. Bennet and B. R. James.

Form II.—(1) G. G. Jefferys; (2) D. Baker; (3) D. Frost and R. J. Lofts.

Freedom from 'Flu.—This has been a particularly trying and long drawn-out winter, lasting into the second half of April, and cursed with fogs during the first part, and week after week of piercing north and east winds during the second. Consequently there has been much illness (particularly 'flu) among children, in some schools as many as a third of the pupils being absent at the same time.

At Harlow there was a fair amount of 'flu among the day boys, and four of the resident maid-servants were down with it at the same time, so the boarders were exposed to a good deal of infection. Yet for the third year in succession they escaped scot free.

There can be little doubt that this is due to the nasal ointment which every boarder has to use daily after breakfast and tea. As perhaps some Old Harlovians and other readers might like to have the prescription, which came originally from a Harley Street nose and throat specialist, we give it below:—

Menthol, 5 grains.

Oil of Eucalyptus, 5 minims.

Vaseline, 1 ounce.

Installation of Wireless Set and Loud Speaker.—For some time past there has been a desire for a loud speaker in the School, particularly for the interval between the end of preparation and the time the seniors go to bed. We heard, through a friend, of a very good second-hand set going for £8 15s. 0d., and worth probably double. This is just the sort of minor luxury for which the tuck shop is so useful, but there was not sufficient money in hand. This difficulty, however, was got over by a loan from Mr. Horsey, and the School is now in possession of a very effective apparatus. The loud speaker stands generally on the top of the Library cupboard in the Dining Hall, but it can also be used in the large School-room.

The most interesting occasion of its use during the Term was the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race. All the boarders and many of the dayboys were present in the Dining Hall and followed the race with keen interest. The staff had drawn two clear diagrams of the course on black boards, so it was easy for all to understand the description of the commentator.

It will be interesting to see whether the School wireless will develop in the boys any liking for good music. Up to the present the football results and Jack Payne's Dance Band are by far the most popular items.

The Tuck Shop.—The Tuck Shop Accounts for the Term just elapsed are as follows:—

<i>Receipts.</i>	£ s. d.	<i>Expenditure.</i>	£ s. d.
Balance from last Term	3 17 11	2nd Ping Pong Table ..	1 4 6
Profits Easter Term ..	3 6 1	Draught Board ..	0 1 0
Credit	0 2 2	Gramophone Records..	0 8 0
Owed to Headmaster ..	4 15 0	Scales	0 3 9
		Hobbies	0 2 0
		Wireless Set	8 15 0
		Wire for Set	0 9 9
		Postage	0 0 6
		Wastage	0 2 6
		Stock	0 3 0
		Cash in Hand	0 11 2
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	£12 1 2		£12 1 2
	<hr/>		<hr/>

The Library.—The following books were added to the Library this Term:—

Presented by H. FLETCHER:

Captain Cain	..	by P. F. Westerman.
Capture of Tripoli	..	by P. F. Westerman.
The Mutiny of the Elsinore	..	by Jack London.

Presented by J. PULLIN:

The Fencing Master	..	by A. Dumas.
The Secret Submarine	..	by Guy Thorne.

Presented by Miss WARD:

St. Martin's Summer	..	by R. Sabatini.
Beach of Dreams	..	by de Vere Stacpool.

Many thanks to the donors. As a result of the numerous recent gifts, the Library is now in a more flourishing condition than at any previous time since its foundation.

Visit of the Rev. F. Peel-Yates.—Harlovians who were at School ten years ago will be interested to know that during the term their old Vicar paid a very welcome visit to Harlow, his first since leaving in 1911. He preached at one of the week-day Lenten services and spent the night at the Headmaster's House, which was formerly his Vicarage. His old friends, of whom there are many in the parish, were glad to get the opportunity of renewing their acquaintance. He much admired the changes which have been made in the garden.

Entertainment.—On February 21st Mr. Frederick Chester gave us a delightful entertainment in St. John's Room, his impersonation of the oldest inhabitant of the village, singing to his cronies, being especially appreciated. He also showed us some good card tricks and gave us various humorous and serious recitations.

Schools in 1815.—The following advertisement, copied from the *Times* of June 22nd, 1815, may interest our readers:—

"Education, Winton, near Borough in Westmoreland. Boys are educated, furnished with books, boarded and clothed by the Rev. J. Adamthwaite, D.D., beneficed Curate of Badly, at 22 guineas a year, and Parlour Boarders at 40 guineas. There are no vacations at this school, and from the close attention of Dr. A. and his assistants to the education of the scholars, no school in the kingdom can boast of finer boys. Dr. A. who was for many years an usher in the public schools and tutor to a nobleman's family, attends each day between the hours of 11 and 1 at the Clapham Coffee House, St. Pauls. References to Bishops, Clergymen and Laymen of equal eminence."

We wonder if Dickens had this copy of the *Times* before him when he wrote the celebrated advertisement of Dotheboys Hall. It was

the issue in which the Duke of Wellington's despatch on the Battle of Waterloo was published, so Dickens had probably seen it. We print it below for comparison :—

"EDUCATION. At Mr. Wackford Squeer's Academy, Dotheboys' Hall, at the delightful village of Dotheboys, near Greta Bridge in Yorkshire. Youths are boarded, clothed, booked, furnished with pocket money, provided with all accessories, instructed in all languages, living and dead, mathematics, orthography, geometry, astronomy, trigonometry, the use of the globes. Algebra, single stick (if required) writing, arithmetic, fortification and every other branch of classical literature. Terms twenty guineas per annum. No extras, no vacations, and diet unparalleled. Mr. Squeers is in town and attends daily from 1 till 4 at the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill. N.B. An able assistant wanted, annual salary £5, a Master of Arts would be preferred.

The resemblance is certainly very striking. Dickens put in comic touches which did not grace the original, but on the whole he did not exaggerate. Dr. Adamthwaite was evidently as big a liar and hypocrite as Squeers and a frightful snob into the bargain. We are inclined to think that the boys had even a worse time at Winton than at Dotheboys Hall.

Salvete.

J. Bakhtiar, G. R. Dowson, F. A. Emlyn, H. J. H. Gatford, K. N. Hartrey, B. Khan, A. J. Ritchie.

Valete.

W. H. Carpenter, A. G. Deans, A. W. Gregory, H. M. Lindrea, J. D. Lindrea, M. Painter, A. J. Sanderson, J. C. Taylor, K. B. Walter.

OLD HARLOVIANS' ANNUAL DINNER and DANCE.

The Old Harlovians' Dinner and Dance took place on February 14th at the Palace Hotel, Bloomsbury Street. Although owing to illness and bad times, the numbers were not quite up to last year's, about 85 Harlovians and friends were present, and there was no falling off in good spirits and enjoyment.

During dinner a telegram arrived from Douglas de Lisle, who left Harlow in 1906 and is now living in South Africa. It said :—

"My thoughts and best wishes are with you to-night.

May the old College flourish till nature expire,

Its glories ne'er fade till the world is on fire."

This kindly message from another Continent, arriving so exactly at the right moment, was much appreciated.

After a dinner of the usual excellence, T. B. Le Cren proposed the toast of Mr. and Mrs. Horsey and Miss Jessie. It was surprising to

learn that this was his first speech, for though he declared himself to be in a state of great nervousness, it was in a really practised way that he went on to say :—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I have been asked to propose the toast of the College, and such a toast, of course, includes the names of Mr. and Mrs. Horsey and Miss Jessie. Unfortunately, I have to say a few words as well. Unfortunately for me, because this is a maiden speech, and unfortunately for you because you have to listen to it.

My great difficulty is my inability to express in words that appreciation and affection which we all feel for those who have made Harlow what it is for us. But when I think of it, I realise that after all there is no need for me to try and express it. The numbers here to-night, the numbers who turn up every year, many twice a year, to the Old Boys' Days at Harlow, and the astonishing number who pay flying visits to the College, all do it for me.

Yet, if I cannot express our appreciation, I can at least tell you of another boy's appreciation of all that his headmaster did for him. A certain Jones had one day committed a whole series of "crimes," and knew that next day he would have to atone for them. Accordingly, when he got up he made all due preparation, and he was not disappointed, for, when prayers were over, he was asked to remain behind. "Your conduct lately, Jones," said the Head, "has been far from desirable. I hope you realise that there is now about to be a very serious performance." "Yes, Sir," replied Jones, "I do, Sir, I have booked my seat."

Ladies and Gentlemen, we, too, have a performance here to-night, and though it does not necessitate the same precautions which Jones took, I hope you have all a drop of something in your glasses, so that I may ask you now to rise and drink this toast to the College, Mr. and Mrs. Horsey and Miss Jessie.

In reply, Mr. Horsey said :—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

Mr. Le Cren's reference to the ordeal he has had to face recalls to me very vividly the first after-dinner speech I made in my life, which was when I was about nine years old. It was quite an unpremeditated effort on my part, and yet it had the qualities which make for success in after-dinner speaking. It was short, it was couched in simple language, and it raised loud laughter. What more could one want? It happened after supper at a large children's party, where we had just been enjoying a gorgeous spread. There had fallen on the company one of those awkward silences which are the bane of good hostesses, when suddenly the silence was broken by a childish voice—my voice—which, speaking with a deadly clearness, which was audible in the furthest corner of the room, said, "Are you full yet, Lily?" (Loud laughter.) Now, ladies and gentlemen, that question which I put so crudely and publicly to my little girl friend of long ago, I do not propose to ask you to-night; but I do hope you have all thoroughly enjoyed your dinner. For my own part, I should have liked it more, but for the fact that I had to make a speech after it; for, to tell the truth, I find that, as the years advance, good feeding is not conducive to mental activity, and that, in fact, after a hearty dinner, I am much more inclined to take forty winks than to make a speech. This reminds me of a dialogue which took place once between a very puritanical person and an author who was in the habit of doing himself very well at table. "Have you," said the puritanical person, "ever tried writing on an empty stomach?" "Certainly not," said the other, "I am only a literary man, not a tattooing operator." (Laughter.) Well, ladies and gentlemen, I am only a schoolmaster, who are proverbially

the dullest speakers in the world, and not a skilful after-dinner speaker, so you must not expect anything in the nature of an oration to-night. May I tell a little story to illustrate the wisdom of not expecting too much? A Bishop was invited to stay at the house of some rather lively people, who kept very late hours. On coming down to breakfast the first morning he found no-one in the room but the young daughter of his host. Wishing to ascertain what sort of training she was receiving, he asked her "Do you say your prayers?" "Oh, yes," she replied. "And do you know the Ten Commandments?" "Oh, yes," she said, "I know all those." "And can you say the Catechism?" This was more than the poor child could stand. "Dammit!" she cried, "I'm only seven!" (Laughter.) But, ladies and gentlemen, I'm afraid I have strayed from the point. I must get back to my subject. I thank you most sincerely on behalf of my wife and Miss Jessie, as well as for myself, for the hearty reception you gave to the toast of our health. Above all, I thank my friend Tommy Le Cren for the kindly words he said in reference to us, and I compliment him most sincerely on the success of his first appearance as a public speaker. Le Cren is an Old Harlovian of whom I am particularly proud. This is not only because he distinguished himself at School both in work and in sport, but because he threw up a safety first job in the City, and cheerfully undertook the hard grind of preparing himself for a University degree, in order that he might devote himself to the particular work in life for which he believed himself best fitted. And, mind you, during the time of preparation, he has refused to be beholden to other people for his bread and butter, but has gone on with his studies after doing a good day's work. We heads of private schools believe that this healthy spirit of independence is one of the special characteristics of our pupils, as contrasted with the parasitic, dole-drawing spirit that is too often fostered in the State schools. Private schools have many hostile critics, but as long as we can turn out men like Tommy Le Cren I don't think we need have any fears about our future. Ladies and gentlemen, once more I thank you most sincerely. (Cheers.)

Two or three hours of dancing flew by with amazing speed. Then, while all were still on their feet, after "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the King" had been sung, Dick Leith, in a few graceful words, voiced everyone's gratitude to Miss Phyllis Edwards, the Hon. Secretary of the Old Harlovians' Association, for all the hard and able work she had done to make the occasion such a success, and, echoed by a burst of voices, said "Thank you, Phyllis."

M. PRYKE.

Below are two impressions of the Dinner from two well-known Old Harlovians, one from R. G. Payne, and the other from one whose modesty compels him to remain anonymous:—

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

I hope your journey home on Saturday was not too prolonged. We found dense fog approaching Ilford, but the evening was so enjoyable that any ultimate discomfort was well worth while.

A well-known Peer has said that "he had one claim to be called a wise man, he read *Punch* regularly every week." I too, wish to register my one claim to wisdom.

I do not think I have missed more than one Old Harlovian dinner since the inauguration of the Club.

My first impression on February 7th—one shared by most Old Boys present—was that for three people at least "Time" seems to stand still.

Perhaps the work that is being done at Harlow—the development of future Empire builders—is so vital, that Providence is unusually kind. Anyway, the impression remains. It was good to hear that, as always, dear old De Lisle had remembered the great day.

I wonder if he also remembers an afternoon, some 20 odd years ago, when we went rabbiting together—and the swift and painful punishment which followed. I hope he may find it possible to be in London next February. May I say, in conclusion, that I thought that portion of your speech which dealt with the importance of the pioneering spirit particularly apt, coming, as it did, from one who has himself been a great pioneer.

With kind regards and good wishes to Mrs. Horsey, Miss Jessie, and yourself,

Yours very sincerely,

R. G. PAYNE.

AN IMPRESSION.

A hard day's work on a dull February Saturday. A rush home and a change of clothes. Dreariness in the country; dreariness in Town; perhaps more so in the streets of Bloomsbury than anywhere else, brooded over by the cold and forbidding pile of the Museum, cold, dark and lifeless in the gloom. A revolving glass door; what a change. Life, gaiety, a warm welcome from old friends. Lots of pretty frocks. Prettier women still inside them. Prettier now than—no it can't be a quarter of a century ago—when I saw them every day. How do they manage it? An old rhyme runs through my brain. Something about falling in love frequently to keep young. Anyway, I am in love with them all, and feel like a boy again. Bright lights. An excellent dinner. The Head's health; most excellently phrased by one of the young generation. The Boss replies. Obviously he is pleased. Must be great to think you have started so many lives on the road and be able to see the results. Boss sits down. Wonder whether anybody is going to acknowledge labour of love of O.H. Secretary. Means a lot of work, correspondence all the year, arrangement of banquet; organisation perfect. She is opposite me. Would she blush? Of course she would. Beauty in distress. The sight will unnerve me. I shall make an ass of myself. The Boss rises. The waiters rush in to clear the decks. The chance is gone. Alas, for life's opportunities.

Dancing and Bridge. The Prefects do both. What a time schoolboys have to-day. Wish I were going back to Harlow. Play cards with the Boss. He is too much for me. Gets my 'bus fares for the next three weeks. Hope the weather will be dry. Gracious! how the time goes. Have enough left for a taxi, thank goodness. And so home, and to bed. Tired, but cheered and rejuvenated. What a tonic. Hurry on, next year!

O.H.

OLD HARLOVIANS.

The Past v. Present Cricket Match will take place on Saturday, July 4th, when we hope to see a good muster of Old Harlovians and to have a well-fought game. Will those wishing to take part send in their names as early as possible to the Old Harlovians' Sports Secretary, F. Dutton, Churchgate Street, Harlow. We hope that, as at the last gathering, a good number of those who can stay to supper will bring songs. A good musical programme after supper does add so immensely to the enjoyment of the evening. The last gathering was universally voted the best we have ever had.

We were very pleased to hear again from O. B. Näf, who was one of the Head's pupils in the old Baythorn House, Acton, days. For the past twelve years he has been in Cuba, where he acquired a wife and daughter. He now has a post with Waring & Gillow, and we are hoping to see him and his family at Harlow soon. O. B. Näf's joining the school was a great event in its early history. His father, a London M.A. and examiner of schools, had been asked by Mr. Horsey, with fear and trembling, to inspect and examine the school. When the anxiously awaited report arrived it said:—"I am so much struck by the work of this school, that I intend to send my own boy to it next term." There is no doubt that this report was a most valuable help in settling the newly-founded school on a firm foundation, and naturally O. B. Näf has occupied a warm corner of our hearts ever since.

David Rintoul is at present studying German in Bonn. He has passed the entrance examination for King's College, Cambridge, and will join in October.

Jack Lobb, who passed his Responsions last July, is now in residence at St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford.

R. Kimpton, after spending ten months in the Royal Navy, and passing the examinations necessary for putting R.N.R. after his name, is now one of the officers on board the P. and O. "Macedonia." Passing through Singapore last November he called on H. Lobb, father of the Jack Lobb mentioned above, and himself an old boy of the Baythorn House era.

Another old boy of Baythorn House time from whom we have heard recently is Cyril Roberts. After serving in the Merchant Service, he is now a Captain R.N.R. (retired), living at Malta. He is coming to England shortly, when we hope he will pay us a visit.

We received during the term a very welcome visit from A. Greatrex and his wife, who are home on leave from India. They were much looking forward to attending the Old Harlovians' Dinner on this, the first opportunity Greatrex has had since leaving school, but most unluckily on their way up to the hotel, their car was held up by thick fog and they had to abandon the attempt.

The present alarming state of affairs in Australia is, of course, having a serious effect on the Old Harlovians who are seeking their fortunes there. J. H. Wilson had so bad a time that he has had to return to England.

We were very pleased to see again Gordon Rowe, who was at Harlow from 1906 till 1909. He has had quite a varied career. After serving in the Army from 1915 till 1919, he became a chartered accountant. Not caring for the life, he spent three years at Singapore, and three more in the Federated Malay States rubber growing. Now he has returned to England, and is living with his wife and daughter at 68a, Gordon Road, Ealing. He is travelling for a linen firm. His brother "Digger" is married and living in Australia. Stanley is a lieutenant in the Army.

L. P. James, whom we were very pleased to see again during the term, is also travelling for a firm in the West of England. In his spare time he has been doing some big things in the tennis world.

We were pleased to have a visit from Basil Alexander. He is a theological student at King's College, London, among his confrères being F. Horsey.

Congratulations on their engagements to Jack, Jim and Bertie Greenboam.

R. C. Larking has now joined the Prudential Assurance Co. and is living at Eastbourne.

The following Old Harlovians have visited the School since our last issue:—B. Alexander, A. Greatrex, F. T. Harris, L. Hale, F. Horsey, L. P. James, G. Rowe, B. Smith, N. Smith, R. Smith, F. Vasey, Mr. Taylor.

HOUSE COMPETITION.

Nelson's again! and the faint hope that Rodney might win vanished for another term. Why the hope for a Rodney win? Because once let the day-boys' house capture the cup, and no boarder will rest content until he has done his bit to wrest it back from "those day-boys"—and no day-boy will let it go while he has any breath left to prevent it.

Nelson deserved their victory this term. Aratoon worked hard for it, and he saw to it that his house worked with him. He was untiring in "spotting" talent and encouraging it, and had he captained Rodney, they would not have taken the field with nine men, as they

did on one occasion. Nelson also possessed two most useful boys, Tarling and Knight, as a glance at the sports results will show.

Of the football games, the most meritorious in the senior section was undoubtedly Rodney's victory over Beatty, achieved without their Captain and most useful player, Smith. A very heavy Rodney defeat was generally expected, but, due to some astonishingly fine defensive play on the part of the backs, Harris ii. and Clayton, and the goal-keeper, Rolph, the day-boys managed to maintain the one goal lead which Mattingly obtained for them early in the game. Against the more determined Nelson attack, however, in the next game, they held out for a long time, but eventually crumbled, and Aratoon, Bakhtiar and Knight "made rings round them."

The Junior Section of the football produced only one good game, that between Beatty and Nelson. The teams were fairly evenly matched, but Beatty gave the impression of being more of a team and of working better together. Hale was their most dangerous man, while Harris, Lampard, Stock ii. and Stansbury all did useful work. By contrast, Ripley ii., Nelson's best man, seemed all alone in the forward line, and to have to do all the work himself, only Gatford being of any real help.

In Footer Fives, Beatty were slightly superior to Nelson, while poor Rodney had virtually no say in the matter.

Better luck next Term, Beatty! But most of all I should like to see a victory for Rodney.

T. LE C.

SPORTS DAY.

A perfect day, the usual two or three surprises, a little pleasant fun, and a great personal triumph for Knight, who set up several new Junior records—these were the salient features of this Sports Day.

In one or two cases the humour and surprise were mixed, as in the second heat of the Cycle Race, which became known after one lap as the "Old Crocks' Heat," and which was won by Keep, who rattled his way round the course with great determination. This same Cycle Race provided a surprise in the final, where Aratoon beat Simons after losing to him in the first heat, while Lewis i. and Aratoon were a rather unexpected first pair in the Mile. For sheer humour, however, first place must go to the Relay Sack Race, a most amusing innovation, with the sight of Constable running second, and the hundred yards under ten a good third. The Junior section of the contest was marred by the fact that one knew in every case that if Knight would not be second he would be first—generally the latter. But close on Knight's heels always were a very select band of six—evenly matched, of natural ability, seemingly untiring, and very keen—Hale, Stock ii., Ripley ii.,

Tustin ii., Lewis ii., and Stansbury. These six, with Gatford and a few others it was, who put the "kick" into the Junior events. To Knight among the Juniors, and Tarling among the Seniors, Nelson owe much of their success.

The addition of a day boys' House tended to lengthen the proceedings somewhat, but the many fine results, the glorious weather, and the excellent organisation and carrying out of the programme by Mr. Robertson, made this Sports Day one of the most enjoyable we have spent for a long time.

SPORTS POINTS and RESULTS.

EVENT.	WINNER	TIME	POINTS.		
			N'son.	R'ney.	B'tty.
4 Miles (Open)	1, Heat	25 mins. 45 secs.	—	5	—
	2, Lewis	...	3	—	—
	3, Lampard	...	2	—	—
	4, Cantor	...	1	—	—
	Team Points	...	8	9	5
2 Miles (Under 13)	1, Stansbury	14 mins. 15 secs.	5	—	—
	2, Maynard i.	...	—	—	3
	3, Lewis	...	—	2	—
	4, Gray	...	1	—	—
	Team Points	...	8	9	7
1 Mile (Open)	1, Lewis i.	5 mins. 17 secs.	5	—	—
	2, Aratoon	...	—	3	—
	3, Cantor	...	2	—	—
	4, Selwyn	...	—	—	1
Bicycle Race (1 mile)	1, Aratoon	1 min. 50 2-5th	—	3	—
	2, Keep	secs.	2	—	—
	3, Simons	...	—	—	1
Tug-of-War (Open)	1, Nelson	...	—	4	—
Tug-of-War (Junior)	2, Beatty	...	4	—	—
440 Yards (Open)	1, Tarling	1 min. 10 1-5th	—	3	—
	2, Cantor	secs.	2	—	—
	3, Callé	...	1	—	—
440 Yards (Under 14)	1, Knight	1 min. 18 3-5th	—	3	—
	2, Stansbury	secs.	2	—	—
	3, Stock ii.	...	1	—	—
220 Yards (Open)	1, Mattingley	28 1-5th secs.	—	—	3
	2, Tarling	...	—	2	—
	3, Paddick i.	...	—	—	1
220 Yards (under 14)	1, Stock ii.	33 3-5th secs.	3	—	—
	2, Knight	...	—	2	—
	3, Lewis ii.	...	—	1	—
100 Yards (Open)	1, Paddick i.	12 secs.	—	—	3
	2, Mattingley	...	—	—	2
	3, Tarling	...	—	1	—
100 Yards (Under 14)	1, Knight	13 1-5th secs.	—	3	—
	2, Stock ii.	...	2	—	—
	3, Lewis ii.	...	—	1	—
	Hale	...	1	—	—

100 Yards (Under 10)	1, Crafter	...	15 secs.	...	3	—	—
	2, Curnock	2	—	—
	3, Frost	—	—	1
High Jump (Open)	1, Tarling	...	4ft. 7ins.	...	—	3	—
	2, Cook	—	2	—
	3, Lampard	1	—	—
High Jump (Under 14)	1, Knight	...	4ft. 1 in.	...	—	3	—
	2, Tustin ii.	—	1½	—
	3, Harris i.	1½	—	—
Long Jump (Open)	1, Mattingley and Heat	...	16ft. 4½ ins.	...	—	—	2
	2, Aratoon and Tarling	—	2	—
	3, Stansbury	—	1	—
Long Jump (Under 14)	1, Hale	...	13ft. 2ins.	...	3	—	—
	2, Knight	—	2	—
	3, Stansbury	—	1	—
Relay Race (Open)	1, Nelson	...	1 min. 35 9-10th	...	—	4	—
	2, Rodney	...	secs.	...	—	—	2
	3, Beatty	—	—	—
Relay Race (under 14)	1, Nelson	...	1 min. 50 2-5th	...	—	4	—
	2, Beatty	...	secs.	...	—	2	—
	3, Rodney	—	—	—
120 Yards Hurdles (Open)	1, Tarling	...	20 2-5th secs.	...	—	3	—
	2, Bakhtiar	—	2	—
	3, Cook	—	1	—
120 Yards Hurdles (Under 14)	1, Knight	...	24 4-5th secs.	...	—	3	—
	2, Hale	—	2	—
	3, Harris i.	—	1	—
					70	83	31

FOOTBALL.

A respectable fixture list in the Easter term is a rather rare occurrence, and this term has been no exception. Whatever programme Miss Jessie may have arranged for us, it can seldom be carried out. Sometimes we are the offenders, but this term we have been free from even the mildest scare of 'flu, while opponents have scratched games on account of illnesses ranging from paratyphoid fever to the common—all too common—cold.

Our best performance was undoubtedly the draw at Ongar, a ground which generally sees a defeat for Harlow, without our Captain, Aratoon, while on the same day our Second Eleven defeated that of Ongar 6—0. It is unfortunate that so few neighbouring schools play second eleven games, and especially so for us at the present time, when the greater part of the football talent of the School is to be sought among this section, and when we have several players who alternate between the two teams, so little is there to choose between them.

Two Persian boys who came during the course of this term have helped to strengthen the forward line, Bakhtiar especially proving a

great asset. The brightest augury for the future, however, is the genuine football ability shown by such boys as Paddick ii., Knight, Hale, Simpson, Compton, Collins, Cakebread, Hessey, Ripley ii., Gatford and others. With these boys we hope soon to be able to build a team such as we possessed in 1926 and 1927, when we suffered only four defeats in twenty-five games.

FIRST XI. FOOTBALL TEAM (1931).

G. Aratoon (Captain).

R. Smith (Vice-Captain): A very useful man, but inclined to dribble too much.

J. McLeod: A safe back, with good judgment.

R. Tarling: Is fast, but lacks ball control.

J. Harris ii.: Is a very safe but slow half.

G. Gregory: Has shown improvement, but his physique handicaps him.

R. Ripley i.: A good tackler, but is rather slow and easily disheartened.

G. John: A tricky player, with good judgment, but inclined to dally.

A. K. Bakhtiar: Has good ball control and is a good shot.

O. Clayton: Improved after being moved to defensive position.

F. Heat: Greatly improved, but rather nervous.

Mr. Robertson

Mr. Brierley

Mr. Le Cren

Mr. Roe

} Have given valuable help when desired.

FIXTURE LIST.

	Home.	Away.
Harlow Wednesday 1st XI. Lost, 8—3	
Harlow Wednesday 2nd XI.	Won, 4—2
Ongar School 1st XI. Lost, 5—1	
Czarnikow Club Lost, 3—2	
Newport School Draw, 4—4	
Newport School	Lost, 1—0
Ongar School 1st XI.	Draw, 1—1
Ongar School 2nd XI. Won, 6—0	
Czarnikow Club Lost, 6—3	

1st HOUSE MATCHES.

Beatty v. Rodney	Rodney, 1—0
Beatty v. Nelson	Nelson, 6—2
Nelson v. Rodney	Nelson, 4—2

2ND HOUSE MATCHES.

Beatty v. Rodney	Beatty, 12—0
Beatty v. Nelson	Beatty, 4—2
Nelson v. Rodney	Nelson, 13—0

HOUSE COMPETITION.

FOOTBALL (SENIOR).		B.	N.	R.
Beatty v. Rodney ...	Rodney, 1—0 ...	—	—	12
Beatty v. Nelson ...	Nelson, 6—2 ...	—	12	—
Nelson v. Rodney ...	Nelson, 4—2 ...	—	12	—
JUNIOR.				
Beatty v. Rodney ...	Beatty, 12—0 ...	7	—	—
Beatty v. Nelson ...	Beatty, 4—2 ...	7	—	—
Nelson v. Rodney ...	Nelson, 13—0 ...	—	7	—
SPORTS (see Sports Points and Results)		70	83	31
FOOTER FIVES (SENIOR).				
1ST SINGLES.				
Nelson v. Rodney ...	Aratoon (N.) beat Smith ...	—	3	—
Nelson v. Beatty ...	Gregory (B.) beat Aratoon ...	3	—	—
Beatty v. Rodney ...	Ripley (B.) beat Smith ...	3	—	—
2ND SINGLES.				
Nelson v. Rodney ...	Knight (N.) beat Harris ii. ...	—	3	—
Nelson v. Beatty ...	Knight (N.) beat Ripley i. ...	—	3	—
Beatty v. Rodney ...	Hale (B.) beat Harris ii. ...	3	—	—
1ST DOUBLES.				
Nelson v. Beatty ...	Hale and Gregory (B.) beat Aratoon and Knight ...	4	—	—
Beatty v. Rodney ...	Hale and Gregory (B.) beat Smith and Harris ii. ...	4	—	—
2ND DOUBLES.				
Nelson v. Beatty ...	Parker and Knight (N.) beat Ripley and Cantor ...	—	4	—
JUNIOR SINGLES.				
Nelson v. Beatty ...	Gray (B.) beat Tustin ii. ...	3	—	—
JUNIOR DOUBLES.				
Nelson v. Beatty ...	Barnes and Tustin ii. beat Gray and Harris i. ...	—	4	—
HAND FIVES, SINGLES.				
Beatty v. Rodney ...	Smith beat Gregory ...	—	—	3
DOUBLES.				
Beatty v. Rodney ...	Smith and Harris ii. beat Gregory and Cantor ...	—	—	4
		104	131	50

THE EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF ART IN MODERN SCHOOLS.

It may be considered that mere imitation is not art, just as the teaching of drawing as an end in itself is not the business of an art-master of a private school. The old school regarded drawing lessons solely as a means for a training of accuracy, dexterity, and observation, but these are mere sidelines of art and can be fostered in other departments of school teaching such as in science, woodwork and metal work.

Even the lower animals can imitate and it is the line of least resistance to produce work on imitative lines even with the additional interest of colour, as in still life.

Art is essentially creative. It is the development of emotional and intuitive faculties as opposed to the logical and intellectual. In a word, success can be brought about only by the "feeling" and not by reasoning.

Art masters in private schools do not aim at producing artists or even perfect draughtsmen, but strive to instil into their pupils that ever-increasing desire to create and give vent to self-expression which comes about through the teaching of appreciation and love of the æsthetic.

Realism must give place to the decorative. Pattern and beauty must be sought after in every department of the work. Each boy has a latent pattern instinct inherent in him, though it may be somewhat atrophied through the growth of material civilization; and this instinct must be unearthed and given free scope.

In this manner each boy (who must be in the future a potential consumer or producer) will do his share to help lift the general standard of public taste.

The introduction of hobbies into the College has given us ample proof that art is no longer the drudgery of the olden days, for each boy shows a delight in evolving an original design and colour scheme, and transferring them to whatever article he may be decorating, with that sense of fitness and proportion which he has learnt by giving play to those creative instincts, which differentiate man from brute creation and ally him to his Maker.

WAT TYLER.

We often hear it said by folk who ought, of course, to know
That Englishmen are softer than they were long years ago.
They say we're sentimentalists and decadent. In short
They deprecate our conduct both in business and in sport.

In olden days the working man had little chance for sloth,
He either had to work or starve and did a bit of both,
If agitators told him of his wrongs and bade him hope
They spoke their perorations from the loop end of a rope.

To-day no British working man will do what he dislikes
And having a distaste for work he consequently strikes.
When thereby he has lost his job he smiles, for on the whole,
He finds it less fatiguing to be living on the dole.

They say we've lost that virile touch, that healthy native pride
Which once distinguished Englishmen. Nor can it be denied
That craven politicians, far too numerous and strong,
Reject the patriotic cry "My Country, right or wrong."

This slackness now has reached the Church. It's painful to relate
That even Bishops seem to be forgetting how to hate
No longer do they burn us. When they wish to be severe
They shrivel opposition with a supercilious sneer.

Our forebears when unjustly taxed displayed uncommon grit
And Kings discovered there are things to which we won't submit.
To-day the spineless Englishman, no longer bold and free
Allows himself to be despoiled by Snowden's Schedule D.

Our character has weakened since Wat Tyler's spacious day
Brave Wat it was who used his sacred right to disobey.
He taught the second Richard that an Englishman has rights
And further, that when robbed of them, he generally fights.

Non-payment of the Income-tax, a highly risky thing,
Occasioned all the bother with Wat Tyler and the King.
A tax-collector said he ought to pay when he was bid
And Tyler answered that he'd see him gormed before he did!

King Richard's Inland Revenue kept very lax accounts,
Its income came in fitfully in varying amounts.

So long as Richard got his share he made it understood
That those who gathered in the dubs might stick to what they could.

This principle, while popular with Civil Servants, led
To grave irregularities and factious critics said
That friends of the Collector got off lightly, while they found
That others were assessed at 4s. 6d. in the pound.

"The tax I'm asked to pay," urged Wat, "exceeds the sum I earn."
"No doubt it does," the answer came, "but you'll be glad to learn
That such a scheme of Income-tax commands my warm assent,
"Because on every pound you pay I scoop in 10 per cent."

Then Tyler sought exemption and he sought it with a knife,
He did this so effectively the man mislaid his life.
We're not quite sure where Tax-collectors, when defunct, are sent.
We have a shrewd suspicion. Anyway, that's where he went!

Of course a rumpus followed, though King Richard didn't fret
At losing a Collector, there were plenty more to get.
Said he "This fellow Tyler may have friends I should subdue,
"I'd better send my soldiers down to massacre a few."

His sympathisers numbered twenty thousand men at least,
In clash of arms poor Wat became extensively deceased.
Which only shows the risks attending him who rashly dares
To dabble unofficially in national affairs.

His unresisting followers were into prison flung,
Where scores of them were flogged to death and many others hung,
(I should, of course, have written "hanged," forgive me, please,
this time,
I had to use the shorter word, the other wouldn't rhyme.)

On Tyler's death we let our native stubbornness relax,
And substituted grousing for resistance to the tax.
Which leads us to conclude that since the days of gallant Wat
We English have declined into a chicken-hearted lot.

This little glimpse of history all thoughtful men must own
Well illustrates how flabby modern Englishmen have grown.
If cogent proof be needed that we've all become weak-willed,
Well, Income-Tax Collectors now are scarcely ever killed!

LETTERS FROM OLD HARLOVIANS.

Hudson Hope,
B. Columbia,
Canada.
23rd Jan., 1931.

DEAR SIR,

Conscience has at last prompted me to indite an epistle to you, to whom I, in common with many other ex-pupils, owe so much. Before proceeding any further, I must apologise for not having written for so many years, and regret my inability to find any suitable excuse.

As a matter of curiosity, you may be interested to hear about my own fortunes, and that I still display, without apparent effort, the same marvellous inconsistency that I was wont to display while under your guidance.

On leaving School, I obtained an apprenticeship on a coffee estate, near Giberao Preto, in Brazil. Leaving there, I entered the Brazilian Telephone Co. as junior engineering clerk, but on the prospects of higher pay I joined a textile firm as general office assistant. From this firm I was "sacked," not, I am pleased to say, through any fault of my own, but owing to the fact that the firm found it necessary to curtail overhead expenditure, and did so by reducing the staff. This firm subsequently relieved my feelings by going "broke." I returned to the Telephone Co., and reached the dizzy position of chief clerk in the engineering dept. I left them and returned to England, where I worked for an export firm as a shipping clerk, but finding life devoid of interest, I decided to come to Canada, where, for the first time in my life, I discovered how objectionable hard work really is. I first worked for a pedigree stock breeder near Toronto, but left without finding out how much they were going to pay me. I tried to get a job in the Telephone Co. in Toronto, but decided it was not worth waiting for, so went west to Winnipeg, but there, in spite of the fact that I extolled my virtues to every firm in the city, I was unable to obtain work of the type I wanted, so I turned my attention in desperation to the lure of the farm, but after working but a short while, decided that there must be something better than breaking the sod for a prairie farmer, so returned to Winnipeg, where I succeeded in getting on as draughtsman on a Railway survey party, working through Alberta and British Columbia. I am now trapping, and, at the close of the fur season, shall take up cattle ranching on my own behalf. All this in the space of eight years. If I make out well at ranching, I shall return to England and complete a B.Sc. course which I started at night school while in London, since I have notice that a qualified engineer has no difficulty in getting a good paying job in this country.

My brother (Inky) is quite different to me. He works steadily and amasses riches in a way that leaves me gasping. He owns yachts and motor-boats, and plays cricket for his bank, and is, I believe, living up to his reputation of being able to break the heart of any, and if necessary, all the bowlers on the opponents' side, with a minimum of run scoring. I think that the average duration of his innings far exceeded that of any other cricketer in Brazil.

I read a semi-technical letter in a journal called "The Autocar," which was, I believe, by Le Cren I, but regretted to note that his thesis was incorrect.

I do hope that the old Coll. is doing well. If good wishes made institutions prosperous, it would be, I'm sure, the world's most prosperous college.

Please tender my regards to Mrs. Horsey, Miss Jessie, Mr. Huthwaite, and any other of the Staff whom I knew, and please accept also my most sincere, though belated, good wishes for all of the best during 1931.

Yours sincerely and respectfully,
J. M. HOPKINS II.

"Ruislip,"
486, Hagley Road West,
Quinton,
Birmingham,
2/2/31.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,—

Please forgive my long silence. It seems ages since last I wrote, and it has occurred to me that I haven't received the "Harlovian" for some time, probably because I have changed my address, and those you have sent have not been forwarded on. Still, that is my fault for not advising you of my change of address earlier. Would you kindly let me know how much I owe for "Harlovians"? And I should be glad of a copy of the last number if you happen to have one left.

I have been transferred from the Foreign Dept. to Cape Hill Branch of Lloyds Bank, and while I do not like the work so well—it is not so interesting—I am told that it is for my own good. I am still hoping to go in for the scholarship scheme, and am concentrating on the German, which I have kept up since I left school. It stood me in very good stead this year, when I went a cycle tour on my own in Switzerland, and I found I could get on almost like a native, but no-one took me for German. Most people took me for an Englishman, but some for French and Dutch, and once, when I was particularly sunburnt, with a handkerchief tied round my head, I was actually taken for an Italian! I spent one day only in Italy, descending the Maloja Pass, round the Lake of Como, and back to Switzerland by steamer across the Lake of Lugano. It was the most wonderful holiday I have ever had.

When is the Old Boys' Dinner this year? I may be able to come, and it would be nice to see some of those I knew at Harlow. Do you know Strina's address? I have an idea he went to Canada, and I should like to write to him.

Well, I must close, with kindest regards to Miss Jessie, Mrs. Horsey and yourself, also all those I knew at Harlow.

Yours very sincerely,
JOHN G. HORDER.

c/o Messrs. Waring & Gillow, Ltd.,
164/182, Oxford Street,
London, W.1.

March 28th, 1931.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

I was very pleased indeed to get your letter and to hear that you were still flourishing and that your School was still a great success. You make me shiver when you speak about 38 years ago at Baythorn House. As to my coming down to see you, I can only assure you I will come before I go

away again, as I am only certain of remaining in my present position for this year, and after that I do not know what I shall do. I may go back to Havana, where I have left all my friends. I will probably run over with my little girl when the weather gets a bit warmer. I heard that Mrs. Alexander was over here and would ask you to give her my best wishes when you see her again. Of Sydney I fear I have had no news since he landed in Australia, but perhaps you could tell me? I am sorry I missed the annual Old Boys' dinner, but perhaps you have an Old Boys' Day at the School? Anyway, your news will always be welcome, and I shall look forward to seeing you once again. Does it matter what day? Sunday is about the only day I get free now.

Wishing you continued good results,

I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

O. B. NÄF.

P.S.—It is rather a coincidence that Warings are doing all the decorations, etc., in Lady Meux's house in Theobald's Park, near the old school at Waltham. It has become a residential hotel, as perhaps you know. I am hoping to get down there one day.

Hotel Wellington,
Seventh Avenue,
Fifty-fifth and Fifty-Sixth Streets,
New York.

April 3rd, 1931.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

Eva has just informed me that I owe you a letter, and I really believe I have not thanked you for my last "Harlovian" so please accept my belated thanks now.

We came down to New York for the Easter Holidays, expect to be here nearly a week. I have not been away from my business since I was in England and feel that the change will do me good, it is really the first time I have been able to leave things since then. I have been awfully busy; 1931 came in wonderfully for me. I am glad to say that I have kept 30 men going all the winter. I don't know whether I wrote you that I was successful in getting the Sun Life Building contract; it is the biggest building in the British Empire; takes in one city block and is 26 stories high, but that is a small building beside some in New York. One here is 102 stories and is 1,248 feet high. New York really is a wonderful city. Just over a night run by train from Montreal, 480 miles direct south.

I hope this finds you all well and trust that some day you will pay us a visit to Montreal and we will drive you down here.

Yours very sincerely,

W. F. T. CHEESMAN.

7, Westbury Road,
Bowes Park.

31/3/31.

DEAR MISS JESSIE,

Having a younger brother at Harlow is a decided advantage, for one can keep in touch with the School and one gets all the news of current events of any interest from his weekly letter, but there are some things that even a younger brother cannot do, and this brings me to the real object of this letter.

Please will you send me a College blazer? I enclose my measurements, and hope I am not causing too much trouble by my request, being rather vague as to when the order from the college went up to town.

I saw Hale I on Saturday last, in fact, I went to a dance with him, and I have seen Morris several times recently. We thought of you that glorious night of the Old Boys' dinner, and also hoped you might weather the fog. Len tells me you did, after a certain expenditure of energy by any male members of the party who had any left.

I have got my holidays in a few weeks time, and a friend and I are going walking in Sussex, along the South Downs. This should be very decent providing the weather holds good, though I am certain we shall have a good time, wet or fine.

Please remember me to Mr. and Mrs. Horsey, and any members of the staff whom I know.

With all best wishes for a very pleasant Easter, and a successful summer term.

I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

DICK BLOORE.

Overdale,

Beresford Road,

Birkenhead.

18th January.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

I expect you will be surprised to hear from me. I am writing in the first place to ask you if you would be so good as to write a testimonial for me to cover the year I was under you. I gained invaluable experience at Harlow and would like to have something to show for my work there.

It is very pleasant up here. The country is not too beautiful. Wirral, as the peninsular between the Mersey and the Dee, is known locally, is very flat on the whole. Birkenhead itself is a typical product of the manufacturing boom of the last century. However, Liverpool is a fine city, the nearest approach to London I have come across. The shops and theatres are excellent. They have a repertory theatre where they do the more serious type of drama. It is pleasant to be able to get a theatre where one can count on some intellectual stimulation.

The Mersey shipping is very interesting. Quite a number of the old boys of the School are connected with the big shipping firms. Watching the shipping on the Mersey is quite a pastime of ours.

The main part of the School here is being split up. The four lower forms are being split off as a new junior school, under what will eventually be a separate staff. This is beside the preparatory department, which we have always had. The scheme has its advantages, especially from the point of view of the extra supervision that small boys require. It, however, complicates the organisation. I am staying on the staff of the senior school. I have been doing a little commercial mathematics lately with some of the Modern VIth who are not doing mathematics for any examination. Something fresh is always useful to arouse interest especially as the boys asked for it themselves. As to its utility, I am not so sure, most business houses have their own methods, and commercial mathematics, while it does certainly teach something about the methods used in conducting financial transactions, is not very efficient as a form of mind training, which is after all one of the main functions of school work.

I wish to thank you very much for sending me the "Harlovian." I enjoy reading it very much, especially as I still remember many of the boys who appear in its pages, though they must have grown a great deal since I knew them!

I should also like to offer you my congratulations (belated I am afraid) on your election as vice-chairman of the Independent Schools Association.

The Hobbies and Handicrafts Exhibitions must have been splendid as well. Not many schools go in for it as wholeheartedly or as successfully as you do.

I have often wished to visit Harlow again, but it is such a way from Birkenhead and Dawlish that I have not found it possible up to the present. However, I hope to before long.

I hope you and Mrs. Horsey are keeping quite well. I should like to be remembered to all who knew me, especially Miss Jessie, Miss Ward, and Mr. Roe.

Yours very sincerely,

JOHN C. SIMMONS.

2, Broad Street,
Congresbury,
Somerset.

22/3/31.

DEAR MISS JESSIE,

Many thanks for sending the School Magazine so regularly without any acknowledgment on my part. Please forgive me. You perhaps remember scolding me for not writing to the Mater for long intervals.

I believe I was stationed at Newcastle on the occasion of my last visit. The firm moved me from there to Leeds, where I remained until last May, when they transferred me to Bristol. This I trust is where I take root.

It was my intention to attend the Old Boys' Dinner this year, but unfortunately we were working day and night at the time, on account of the new "Traffic Act."

I wonder if you would be kind enough to send me sufficient material for a blazer, also a badge and an Old Boys' tie? I am enclosing a cheque for £2, and should be glad if you would let me know to what extent I am in your debt for the "Harlovian."

With kindest regards to yourself, Mr. and Mrs. Horsey and Margot.

Yours very sincerely,

R. S. BROWN.

Port Said,
Suez Canal,
S.S. Morton Bay,

April 1st, 1931.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

As you can see by the above, I am on my way home again. We arrive at Southampton on April 13th at 7 a.m., and reach London at 11 a.m. So I hope to see you and Harlow before very long. I will hear all the news then. We have had a very pleasant trip so far. Leaving Sydney, we sailed to Hobart, in Tasmania, where we took on 42,000 cases of apples for England. From Tasmania we went round the coast of Australia, Melbourne, Adelaide, Perth, 12 miles inland, and Freemantle. The trip round the coast took us

over a fortnight. From Freemantle we went to Colombo, in Ceylon, and we are now about 300 miles from Suez, on the Suez Canal. I am sorry to have written so infrequently, but I am sure you will overlook that now. I shall be down to Harlow as soon as possible to see the old place.

Please give my regards to the Staff, Miss Jessie, Mrs. Horsey and yourself.

I remain,

Your old pupil,

B. COHEN.

Box 178,

Broadview,

Sask.,

Canada.

18/2/31.

DEAR SIR,

Thanks very much for sending me the "Harlovians," which arrive with such regularity. I am enclosing a money order, which I hope will cover the cost of the numbers you have been sending to me.

Please forgive me for not writing before, but time passes very quickly when one is working hard every day, as is the case on a farm in Canada.

My first year out here was spent at Creelman, which is a small town, about 90 miles South-East of Regina, where I worked on a mixed farm of 640 acres.

Then, owing to several crop failures in succession, I was unable to get another place in that district, so I returned to Regina; after waiting four or five days, I heard of this place.

This is a farm of 2½ sections (or 1,600 acres), 500 acres being under crop and the rest serves for haying ground and pasture for the 50 head of cattle. Our work during the summer starts at 5 a.m., when we milk, feed the pigs, calves, and horses, etc. After breakfast we start work on the land, either ploughing, seeding or mowing hay, according to the season. We leave the field at six o'clock and return to the farm. After supper the cows have to be milked again, and we are usually finished by 7.30 or 8.0. During the winter there is very little to do, apart from looking after the stock and hauling hay to the barns. Any spare time can be filled in cutting firewood for the summer.

The work is not too hard and farming is a really healthy life. Just at the moment it is practically impossible to find a job, as there are thousands of unemployed in the country, and the farmers cannot afford to pay wages, but this will probably alter in the spring, when work on the land starts again.

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

Yours sincerely,

LEWIS GRIPTON,

"Aysgath,"

Sunny Hill,

Hendon, N.W.4.

22/4/31.

DEAR SIR,

Thank you very much for your letter. How are you all? Enjoying all the best of health I hope, and also that you have not forgotten how to slog the balls over the hedge in the little field. You gave me many an hour's leather hunting.

If I can find time, I will try and come down and visit you and see the old Coll. once more. How I wish I was starting my ten years there once again.

Well, now I must close.

Kindest regards to all. Mother and Douglas wish to be remembered to you.

Yours affectionately,

JIM H. WILSON.

Extract from letter from W. H. Rintoul.

Bei Obst. Let. H. Langer,

III. Stanislausgasse 2,

Vienna.

4/3/31.

As you see, I have shifted my abode, and the last few days I have been getting things straightened out. I have just this minute finished unpacking, and am quite settled in. I decided that the other place in Braungasse was too far away; it took half-an-hour at least with the tram to get into the town, besides which it was not very pleasant, as the house was terribly untidy, and there were so many people there that one never got a moment's peace. This place is very nice and comfortable, and only about ten minutes' walk from the Hochschule, though there is a possibility that I may stay only two months as I have taken it over from a friend who may and may not come back after two months. Personally, I hope he doesn't, because I simply hate packing.

David is at home for a month or two yet. At present he is studying German preparatory to coming out to Germany in the spring sometime for six months before he goes to Cambridge. It is not quite fixed where he is going, either Heidelberg or Bonn, I believe. He will be farther than ever when he has finished. He is now about an inch taller than myself.

I have just taken up a new sport, namely, ski-ing. It is simply marvellous fun, even though I do spend a good deal of time unburying myself from about two feet under the snow. It is simply amazing what knots the human frame can get tied up in, when it has two bits of wood attached to its feet. I am going away this week-end with a friend to the Rax, which is a range of mountains about 200 miles from here. We were going further afield, but the place we decided on had developed a nasty habit of having avalanches now and again, so we decided, as life was good enough to stick to for a bit, we would not go.

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