

THE
HARLOVIAN



The Magazine of
Harlow College,
Essex.

Vol. 8. No. 58.

APRIL, 1932.

PRICE - ONE SHILLING.

SCHOOL OFFICERS: Spring Term.

Prefects: P. COMPTON.

R. RIPLEY.

K. HODGES.

G. H. FLETCHER.

Sub-Prefects: S. MEE.

J. CHATER.

P. TUTHILL.

E. JUDD.

G. LAMPARD.

C. STANSBURY.

O. B. PARKER.

R. SIMPSON.

Football Captain: R. RIPLEY.

„ *Vice-Captain:* E. O. CLAYTON.

Captain of Beatty House: R. RIPLEY.

Captain of Nelson House: K. HODGES.

Captain of Rodney House: E. O. CLAYTON.

THE HARLOVIAN.

VIII.]

APRIL, 1932.

[No. 57.]

SCHOOL NOTES.

Past v. Present Cricket Match.—The annual match will be played on Saturday, July 9th. Will those wishing to take part please send in their names early to the Hon. Games Secretary, F. Dutton, Churchgate Schools, Harlow. We should like to have some music, as usual, after supper, so hope that all who possibly can will bring songs with them.

War Memorial Prizes for English Literature.—The prizes this Term were awarded as follows:—

Upper Fifth.—(1) P. A. Compton; (2) L. Payne; (3) C. K. Hodges.

Lower Fifth.—(1) G. Pearce; (2) C. B. Stansbury; (3) F. Dicksee.

Form IV.—(1) W. Malbert; (2) R. Mawhood; (3) R. Cakebread.

Form III.—(1) T. Barrow; (2) G. G. Jefferys and E. Copas; (3) S. Browne.

Form II.—(1) D. Baker; (2) D. Barns; (3) D. Chater.

The Bazaar.—As announced in our last issue, we are organising a bazaar in support of the Harlow Young People's Sports Association, which is trying to convert the Town Recreation Ground, at present merely a rough meadow, into a proper playing field for the Elementary School children of Harlow, and to equip it with a giantstride and other apparatus. The Bazaar will take place on Saturday, June 4th. It will be opened at half-past two. Mrs. G. B. Hoare, the daughter-in-law of the donor of the field, has kindly consented to perform the opening ceremony.

We hope that Parents and Old Boys will be present in goodly numbers and support us to the best of their ability. This will be the first occasion on which the School has made an organised effort on behalf of a charity, and we should be very disappointed if all our hard work was not crowned with success.

Marriage of Mr. Taylor and Miss Hockley.—On Saturday, April 2nd, Miss N. Hockley, who has acted as Music Mistress here since 1924, was married to Mr. W. E. Taylor, Mathematical Master at Lyme

The Library.—Many thanks to L. Scragg for presenting the following books:—

Terry's Thrilling Term, by Hayden.

Young Lion Heart, by Bevan.

Held by Rebels, by Bevan.

Silvete.

Davis, J. A.; Harris, D. R.; Linton, L. A.; Linton, H. C.; Mawhood, R. F.; Rundle, P.; Tree, D. G.; Wells, E. H.; Wells, R. E.; Valle-Jones, A. F.

Valeta.

Aratoon, G. A.; Brinsmead, G. V.; Crafter, E. W.; Crouch, K. D.; Dewhurst, F. R.; Gregory, G. H.; Harris, J. M.; Hessey, E. G.; Lewis, D.; Manley, C. W.; McLeod, J.; Pinch, L. A.; Pollitt, R. J.; Tarling, R.; Tustin, O. A.; Tustin, B.

OLD HARLOVIANS' ANNUAL DINNER AND DANCE.

The Annual Dinner and Dance was held on Saturday, February 6th, at the Palace Hotel, Bloomsbury Street. We had feared that the influenza epidemic, which was at its height about that time, and the economy cuts, would greatly reduce our numbers, but we were agreeably surprised to find nearly 100 guests present, about the same number as last year. After the excellent dinner which the Palace Hotel always provides for us, had been disposed of, and the King's health drunk, Neville Smith proposed the toast of Mr. and Mrs. Horsey, Miss Jessie, and the School. He said:—

Mr. and Mrs. Horsey and Family, Ladies and Gentlemen, it is my very pleasant duty this evening to propose the toast of "The School."

Recently, in the course of casually reading a newspaper, the following statement attracted my attention:—

"The defect in our modern education is that it is dominated by Schoolmasters who consider their mission solely as that of preparing boys for examinations and not for life."

Now, my knowledge of Schoolmasters and their methods is definitely limited, but I am quite certain from experience of this fact, that the above statement in no possible way applies to Mr. Horsey and Harlow College.

Surely it is just this task of moulding character during the critical school-boy age, this task of preparation for the battle of life, that makes the teaching profession rank the highest of all. The responsibilities of a Schoolmaster are, in fact, greater than those of any parent, and I should like to take this opportunity of expressing to Mr. and Mrs. Horsey the debt of gratitude which we Old Harlovians owe them.

Now, before I sit down I want to pay tribute to what I consider two outstanding features of Mr. Horsey's personality. They are these: Firstly, courage, and secondly, optimism. I am sure it required supreme courage, I am sure it required supreme optimism, to undertake the duties of Head-

mastership at the age of 19 years. I am convinced of this, that it is largely due to these sterling qualities that Harlow College has attained its high state of efficiency as a private School, and will always hold under Mr. Horsey's leadership.

With these few remarks, ladies and gentlemen, I ask you to rise to the toast of "The School," coupled with the names of Mr. and Mrs. Horsey.

Mr. Horsey returned thanks, and the room was quickly cleared for dancing, which the younger members carried on with vigour till nearly midnight, while some of the more sedate indulged in bridge. Old Harlovians' dinners are like new-born babies in one respect. Each one is declared to be superior to all its predecessors, and the dinner of 1932 was no exception to the rule. We must not omit to thank the Hon. Secretary, Miss Phyllis Edwards, for her excellent work in organising such a successful meeting in these difficult times. A word of appreciation, too, is due to the excellent and indefatigable band, which is such an important factor in the enjoyment of the evening.

We give below impressions of the evening kindly contributed by two prominent Old Harlovians.

Foolishly, and in a weak moment, I consented to Mr. Horsey's request to write a few impressions of the Old Harlovian Dinner and Dance at the Palace Hotel, Bloomsbury, on February 6th. A request from anyone else would certainly have met with a very definite refusal, but I rather regarded this as a command, and who dare disobey? Now presumably the Editor will be in a quandary. He (or she) will have to decide, between publication, which incidentally means the lowering of the very high literary standard of "The Harlovian," or, alternatively, the extensive use of the blue pencil, which however, Mr. Editor, I can assure you will not offend me in the least.

Upon the all important factor of organisation depends the success or failure of any dinner, and I think the first impression I got was the splendid way all arrangements had been made by our worthy Hon. Secretary. To get together nearly one hundred Harlovians in these times of duress, when an ever-grasping Chancellor of the Exchequer leaves many of us with little for anything but the barest necessities of life, was no mean feat. The dinner itself was excellent, and the dance went with a splendid swing throughout.

How it could be done for 5s. 6d. is beyond my comprehension. Congratulations, Phyllis! A real good show.

Then the speech of Neville Smith in proposing the toast of the School was a surprise and a very great pleasure. Certainly Smith should go a long way. He has youth on his side. His remarks were apt, and he ably conveyed what was in the minds of us all.

Personality, in my humble opinion, is the greatest factor in all spheres of life and business. Private Schools to-day are having a slump, but Harlow has never been more successful. Need I say more? As Euclid would say, "Q.E.D." (and I am an authority on Euclid, as Mr. Horsey automatically marked all my papers with a nice blue O, without troubling to look at them!!)

The Head's speech was excellent, and no doubt he was pleased to be able to talk to so many of his Old Boys at the festive board.

I am not an authority on dancing. To me it is a highly over-rated pastime, but frankly I did enjoy dances with Miss Jessie and Phyllis Edwards, and this, if they only realised it, is the highest compliment I can pay to them. I cast several shy glances in Margot's direction, but invariably found her very much engaged.

There are so many points I could write about. I have already taken up too much space, but I would like to emphasise how much we Harlovians appreciate these re-unions, and the efforts of all those who are responsible for their success, and I hope Old Boys of all generations will support this annual dinner and dance, in spite of income-tax and other horrible deterrents. It is certainly worth while.

I remember Old Harlovian dinners in the old days, the very old days, when they were exclusively masculine. At that far-off time there would be some thirty dinner jackets round a table in a smallish room. The wearers would dine and remain there all the evening, listening at intervals to speeches and a singer, while the atmosphere grew ever denser with smoke and rumbled ever more deeply with male laughter and talk.

They were pleasant, those long-ago dinners, powerfully recreative of old friendships and memories, informal, a man's evening.

I was comparing those past dinners with the present one as I took in the scene at the Palace Rooms on February 6th.

Four tables were needed for this gathering, and when the diners were in their places the scene was gay, almost to brilliance.

Each dinner jacket had its complement of coloured diaphanousness; perfumes mingled with the fine haze of cigarette smoke hanging above, and treble notes floated dominant on an underflowing baritone murmur.

This dinner and those far-off dinners showed their kinship at speech-time. Again that difficult feat was accomplished—a speech on a subject which has been treated dozens of times before—yet a speech alive and amusing.

But there was no exchanging of reminiscences in a thickening fog of smoke until twelve or so, instead, dancing on a shining floor, revealed when the tables were moved.

There were chats between the dances, of course, and even more interesting than exchanging anecdotes with a man, was studying the woman who accompanied him. It told much about the man's development.

How almost fantastic to have to believe that Clark, famed in the past for an inky collar and daily "koshings," was the fiancee, without outward blot or weal, of the willowy lady in green and ear-rings! And that Brown, the jester and practical joker of one Harlow era, had two "nippers" at home and a smiling wife at his side!

Exactly here the difference lay—in the women. It was they who fixed the gulf between those past dinners and the present ones—and they who told one, gracefully, daringly, fluffily, but always most divertingly, and without a single word, just what their escorts had become.

DEATH OF R. J. FURZE.

The deepest sympathy and regret was felt in all the district by the death of Mr. R. J. Furze, of Chambers Farm, Sheering, after an illness lasting about a month. Mr. Furze contracted influenza, from which he appeared to be recovering, but complications set in, and although every effort was made, he passed away at his residence on Monday. The deceased was extremely well-known, coming from a family of farmers. His father, Mr. Sidney Furze, of New Hall Farm, Harlow, being one of the leading farmers of Essex and known practically throughout the county. The deceased was his only son, who, after marrying, took up farming on his own account at Sheering.

He was educated at Harlow College, and was at one time a regular playing member of the Harlow Cricket Club, and being of exceptionally fine build, could hit a ball with terrific power, while also he was a fearless wicket-keeper. Of a quiet disposition, he was very popular and the deepest sympathy is felt for his widow and also with his father and family.—*The West Essex Gazette.*

THE FOOTBALL TERM.

The annual exodus of elder boys, which occurs usually at the end of the summer term, was delayed a little this year, with the result that, after an excellent Christmas Term's football, we were left in January with one excellent goalkeeper, one sound back, three good forwards, and six gaps.

The first step towards the composition of a team out of this material was to transfer Ripley i, elected Captain this year, from outside right to right half, where he has been very effective. The forward line was then balanced up by Bakhtiar's going to inside right, which left the two wings and the centre forward position to be filled. Paddick ii was the obvious choice for outside left, while Compton was tried at centre forward and Stock ii at outside right. For the two empty half-back positions, Simpson and Hodges had shown fairly good form in the first practice, while Parker i had performed surprisingly well at back; and these three were chosen to fill the three gaps in the defence.

It was with this very experimental side (except that Hodges stood down for Mr. Le Cren at half) that we set out for Ongar and our first match. Imagine our feelings when we found ourselves in print, on bills at the entrance to the ground, and saw quite a large crowd, and a decidedly hefty team assembled and awaiting us! The greater length of leg and greater weight of our opponents were too much for us, but the game showed us that Parker i, despite an awkward style, was better than we had dared to hope, and that Stock ii, who is so frail that he can be brushed off the ball, was, nevertheless, fast, and possessed of quite a good kick, and that he could combine well with Bakhtiar.

We had every reason to hope that, with the inclusion of Mr. Robertson, our side would be definitely good and our results not far short of last Term's. Vain hopes! For on the rare occasions when 'flu and colds would have permitted us to field a full side, our opponents had to scratch.

Yet we have had many good games, and more wins than losses. The most meritorious win was that over Harlow Wednesday, though unfortunately a somewhat malicious spirit seemed to enter into the game and to spread to the spectators. Or perhaps it started with the spectators? In this game, as indeed in all our games, chief credit

went to Bakhtiar and John, for scheming and obtaining goals, and to Rolph and Clayton for preventing our opponents from scoring.

One other game deserves especial mention, our victory over Czarnikow Club, in which we had the assistance of the elder Hale, Vasey and Smith, and thanks to this extra strength were able to win fairly comfortably. P. Hale was very good indeed, while Vasey, a goalkeeper of no small fame in this part of Essex, performed in a most praiseworthy way at centre forward, and scored two excellent goals.

The 2nd XI., sad to say, were able, for various reasons, to play only one of the few fixtures they had. A great pity this, when the XI. contains players of such ability and keenness as Hodges, Hale, Ripley ii, Porter, Lampard, Fletcher, Stansbury and Cakebread.

T.B.

FIXTURE LIST.

Opponents.	Ground.	Result.	Score.
Ongar Wednesday	Away	Lost 4-2
Ongar Wednesday	Home	Scratched.
Harlow Wednesday	Home	Won 3-2
Harlow Wednesday	Away	Lost 7-2
Epping Green	Home	Won 6-3
Epping Green	Away	Won 5-1
Thornwood F.C.	Away	Lost 5-4
Thornwood F.C.	Home	Scratched.
Czarnikow F.C.	Home	Won 4-1

Matches Played	7
Matches Won	4
Matches Drawn	0
Matches Lost	3
Goals For	26
Goals Against	23

TEAM CRITICISM.

RIPLEY I: Captain.

CLAYTON (Vice-Captain): An excellent stopper, but should learn to kick with his left foot.

ROLPH: A very good goalkeeper, with very sound judgment.

BAKHTIAR: A very good inside forward, very fast, with good ball control, and a good shot.

JOHN: A very tricky inside forward, never gives in, and has good ball control.

PARKER I: A back who has much improved, uses his head to advantage, but his kicking lacks accuracy and finish.

SIMPSON: A slow but reliable half-back, who should learn to kick with the left foot, and to pass with better judgment.

COMPTON: Has neither shooting ability, ball control, nor weight, but nevertheless "gets there."

PADDICK II: A tricky winger, with great determination, but lacks size.

STOCK II: A good winger, who lacks size, however.

Mr. ROBERTSON, Mr. LE CREN, Mr. BRIERLEY, and SMITH have given valuable help this season, while our thanks are due to Mr. ROE for assistance in refereeing, and to Miss JESSIE for our fixture list.

R. J. RIPLEY.

GOAL SCORERS (INCLUDING HOUSE MATCHES).

Bakhtiar	20
Compton	5
John	3
Smith	3
Ripley i	2
Vasey	2

SPORTS DAY.

Although the weather was not very promising in the morning, and the ground was decidedly slippery, the Sports were very well contested, and this, coupled with the excellent carrying out of a programme very well organised by Mr. Robertson, made Sports Day this year very enjoyable.

In the Open Hundred Yards and the Senior Relay Race, Rodney managed to gain quite a few points, thanks to Paddick i and Rolph, but the only other event they won was the Tug-of-War.

Nelson gained many second and third places, but the only event in which they were definitely superior was the Senior High Jump and the Mile.

Beatty won nearly all the other races, and Ripley i in Senior events, and Stock ii in the Junior ones, were very conspicuous; in fact, so conspicuous, that much of the interest was lost.

In spite of Beatty's marked superiority, Nelson and Rodney put up a wonderful fight and divided the remaining points quite equally.

THE INTER-HOUSE SPORTS.

Event.	Winner.	Beatty.	Nelson.	Rodney.
100 Yards (Open) ...	1, Paddick i	5
	2, Ripley i ...	3
	3, Simpson	2	...
220 Yards (Open) ...	1, Ripley i ...	5
	2, Simpson	3	...
	3, Fletcher ...	2
440 Yards (Open) ...	1, Ripley i ...	5
	2, Rolph
	3, Hodges	2	3

1 Mile (Open) ...	1, Hodges	5	
	2, Sanderson	3	
	3, Hale	2	
4 Mile (Open) ...	4, Scragg	1	
	1, Hodges	5	
	2, Rolph		3
	3, Sanderson	2	
High Jump (Open) ...	4, Hale	1	
	Team Points	7	4
	1, Richardson	5	
	2, Lampard	3	
Long Jump (Open) ...	3, Mawhood	2	
	1, Ripley i	5	
	2, Rolph		3
Hurdles (Open) ...	3, Chater i	2	
	1, Ripley i	5	
	2, Richardson		3
Senior Relay ...	3, Compton	2	
	1, Paddick i, Rolph, Simons, Drane ...		5
	2, Ripley, Compton, Crisp, Fletcher ...	3	
	3, Simpson, Sanderson, Hodges, Mawhood ...	2	
Senior Tug of-War ...	1, Rodney		5
	2, Beatty	3	
	3, Nelson	2	
100 Yards (Under 14)	1, Stock ii	5	
	2, Ripley ii		3
	3, Payne ii		2
220 Yards (Under 14)	1, Stock ii	5	
	2, Ripley ii and Constable	2	2
	3, Westell		1
	1, Stock ii	5	
440 Yards (Under 14)	2, Driver	3	
	3, Cakebread		2
	1, Scragg	5	
	2, Tree		3
2 Mile (Under 13) ...	3, Cakebread		2
	4, Parker ii	1	
	Team Points	2	3
	1, Healey	5	
	2, Stock ii and Ripley ...	2	2
Long Jump (Under 14)	3, Copas		1
	1, Stock ii	5	
	2, Harris i	3	
	3, Healey	2	
High Jump (Under 14)	1, Gray	5	
	2, Copas		3
	3, Miller		2
Hurdles (Under 14) ...	1, Stock ii, Gray, Driver, Constable ...	5	
	2, Cakebread, Payne ii, Copas, Miller ...		3
	3, Westell, Ripley ii, Stock i, Gatford ...		2
	1, Stock ii, Gray, Driver, Constable ...	5	
Junior Relay... ..	2, Cakebread, Payne ii, Copas, Miller ...		3
	3, Westell, Ripley ii, Stock i, Gatford ...		2
	1, Stock ii, Gray, Driver, Constable ...	5	

Junior Tug-of-War ...	1, Rodney		5
	2, Beatty	3	
	3, Nelson		2
100 Yards (Under 11)	1, Curnock	3	
	2, Warriner		2
	3, Hart	1	
100 Yards (under 9)	1, Watkins		
	2, Linton ii		
	3, Forsdyke		
220 Yards (Under 11)	1, Curnock	4	
	2, Hart	2	
	3, Warriner		1

Results:—Beatty, 116; Nelson, 58; Rodney, 53.

Senior Victor Ludorum—Ripley i with 23 points.

Junior Victor Ludorum—Stock ii with 22 points.

Beatty turned out fairly easy winners this year, and, as usual, Rodney finished last, a good 25 points behind Nelson, who themselves were a 100 points behind Beatty.

In the Football, Beatty got maximum points, and perhaps the best game was between the former and Nelson, in which both Houses were without their stars. For Nelson, the defence was very strong, and Hodges, Parker, Simpson and Richardson stood out, but the weak finishing of the forwards lost them the game. In the Beatty team Ripley i and several others stood out as players on a higher level.

In the Senior Fives Rodney only won one game, and Beatty won all, fairly easily, except when Parker i and Gatford extended Ripley i and John to the last point.

THE HOUSE COMPETITION.

The Houses were most evenly divided in the Road Races, over courses of two and four miles. In the Two Miles Scragg won an unexpected victory for Beatty, and Tree, a new boy, came second for Nelson. Rodney, however, won the team points. In the Four Mile Race Hodges ran home first in the very good time of 25 minutes, with Rolph an excellent second, and Beatty managed to gain the team points; thus in the two races, only one point difference was made.

P. A. COMPTON.

Events.	Results.	Points.		
		Beatty.	Nelson.	Rodney.
Senior Football ...	Beatty beat Nelson, 3—0	12	0	
	Beatty Beat Rodney, 5—1	12		0
	Nelson beat Rodney, 6—2		12	0
Junior Football ...	Beatty Beat Nelson, 9—3	9	0	
	Beatty beat Rodney, 4—2	9		0
	Nelson beat Rodney, 3—2		9	0

Senior Fives	...	Ripley i (B.) beat Rolph (R.), 20-15 ...	3	0	0
		Ripley i (B.) beat Parker i (N.), 20-11 ...	3	0	0
(Singles.)		Parker i (N.) beat Rolph (R.), 20-15 ...		3	0
		Hale (B.) beat Clayton (R.), 20-6 ...	3	0	0
		Hale (B.) beat Simpson (N.), 20-12 ...	3	0	0
		Simpson (N.) beat Clayton (R.), 20-13 ...		3	0
(Doubles)		Ripley i and John (B.) beat Rolph and Paddick, 20-14 (R.) ...	5	0	0
		Ripley and John (B.) beat Parker i and Gatford 20-19(N), ...	5	0	0
		Rolph and Paddick (R.) beat Parker and Gatford (N.), 20-16 ...		0	5
		Hale and Compton (B.) beat Clayton and Porter (R.), 20-11 ...	5	0	0
		Hale and Compton (B.) beat Simpson and Meek (N.), 20-7 ...	5	0	0
		Simpson and Meek (N.) beat Clayton and Porter (R.), 20-10 ...		5	0
Junior Fives	...	Gray (B.) beat Ripley ii (N.), 20-18 ...	3	0	0
(Singles)		No Rodney Team ...	3	0	0
Doubles)		Gray and Scragg (B.) beat Ripley ii and Thomas (N.), 20-16...		3	0
		No Rodney Team ...	5	0	0
				5	0
Sports	...	For Details see separate Table ...	116	58	53
		Totals ...	206	98	58

YE CHRONICLES OF HARLOWE.

When thatte ye olde year hadde past awaye, ye Knights, Squyres and Yeomenne retourned onto ye castel. Ande though ther hadde beene muche feastinge at Yuletide yit wer theye not caste downe at theyre retourne, but didde grete each othre murily.

Now men doe calle thise saison ye Springe Terme, but in trouth ye name doth ill befytte it. For there is little sun, warmthe ande pleasauntness. Ande even ye snowe hath fallen ande coveredde ye earthe. Which snowe, when ye Knightes and Squyres didde beholde

it, didde saye to ye odre " Now shall we be righte joyous and sporte in ye ancient wyse," but ye snowe himself did melt speedilie awaye. Whereat theye were much downcast ande soughte consoulation in odre sportes.

Ande there wasse much murmuringe among ye Knightes and Squyres concerninge whoe shoulde leade ye warriours of Footballe nowe that ye wourthy Knight Antoonra had salleyied forthe into ye distante landes. Ande theye didde make choise amonge them one Sir Leyrip, a true and trustie knight. Ande manie have been ye victouries. Evene ye warriours of Czarnikowe bowed theyre heades at ye mightie onslaughte. Yea! truley great hathe been this terme. Ande certain of ye Overlordes yelepe " refs " have manie times placed theyre necks in jeopardie in ye fierce fray, being assailed with shoutes of " Hands," " Foule "!! and " Ply the gime "!!!! Wherefore is it not of a truth called foot-bawl?

Bifel that ye overlorde of ye Gammes didde send forthe hys decre that ye Knights, Squyres and Yeomenne should forsake theyre slothfulle livinge and make ready for ye Gonstynoges upon ye small Plaine. Wherefore didde certayn brave ande valliante ones caste offe theyre armoure and girded up theyre loynes in greate preparation for ye cross-country. Ande all departed righte gladde of hearte, but alas! manie were overcome, some by ye dragonne myles, some by hys henchmenne hilles, ande some by ye ogre, Fagge.

Ande bifel on ye appointed daye all ye Overlordes, Knightes, and Squyres bothe greate ande small didde high theme unto ye Smalle Plaine where ye warriors of Nelson, Beattie and Rodnie didde strive to vanquish each othre.

Ye small-fry and yeomanne didde laughe right heartilie when ye ancient warriours hadde a thick stringe ande certainne of theyre brethren came in angre ande didde pull it from them. Ande when King Sol no more could shew his face didde theye retourne ande reste theyre wearie limbs.

Now whenne thatte Eastertide hadde passede ye Overlordes didde saye that ye time was come for ye final great battel with ye ogre Oxford Localle.

Therefore didde ye revision begin of all ye worke thatte was donne so thatte shame myght not befall ye ancient warriours, whose deeds of valour be inscribed in gilded scripture on ye Boardes of Honour.

Ande the reste of ye doughty deeds of ye knights, Squyres and Yeomenne are they not written in ye booke of ye Harlovian?

EORJ. YE SCRIBE.

THE FOLLOWING ALSO PLAYED.

How often do we read in the daily papers, in sports magazines, and to a more limited extent in School Mags., of a certain player who played a brilliant game in some particular match? But what of the other ten or fourteen men or boys who backed him up? What of those players whose names only appeared in the team list, and whose play was, perhaps, mediocre, but who, nevertheless, did their best? And after all, in School games anyhow, do not this class make up the majority of the players? Where almost every boy in the School plays games, it is not always easy to obtain a position in one of the elevens or fifteens. As, however, the greater percentage of players are of this mediocre type, let us discuss a hypothetical case. Take for example Smith iii, thirteen years old, as keen as mustard, but neither in the first or second eleven. He manages, however, to get into his 2nd House Eleven, and these games to him mean what First Eleven School games means to an elder and more skilful boy. Great care should therefore be taken that this type of game is properly fostered. It is all very well to say "Only a Second House match," but to those participating it has all the thrill of a cup final.

The game of this sort only gets the barest details in its report, and the players are only criticised on the field, and then very often adversely. With this in view, I should like to write a few words on some of this Term's players who are otherwise not mentioned. It is obviously impossible to give a criticism of each and every player, and those who do not find their name in this article must not think that their play has passed unobserved. It is only due to the fact that too much space would be required and the coincident remarks would tend to be very tedious.

BEATTY HOUSE.

CHATER I: He has perhaps done as much for the side as any player.

Quite a good shot, and what is more important, a giver of praise where that is due to any other member of the side.

HEALEY: A very keen player, with no sign of funk. Next year he should at least be in the College Second Eleven.

MEE: Big, and perhaps awkward, but has the habit of doing the right thing at the right time.

NELSON HOUSE.

WARRINER: Small, but keen. He has "the will to win," and of necessity will improve with experience.

SANDERSON: A hard worker, and a great help to his side. Should cultivate a left foot kick.

TUTHILL: Greatly improved, but lacks the finer arts.

RODNEY HOUSE.

SIMONS: An exceptionally hard worker and much improved player. His enthusiasm is catching.

CAKEBREAD: Should make a very good half-back. Has brains and keeps cool.

PEARCE: Goalkeeper. Is rather inclined to get flurried, and has a weak kick. Otherwise plays a sound game.

THE REST: Have played the game in the right spirit and will, I hope, continue so to do.

E. C. E. ROBERTSON, B.Sc.

WHIST DRIVES.

"The parties in whist are spectators and principals too. They are a theatre to themselves," quoth the gentle Elia. And indeed his dictum was strikingly illustrated this Term, when every Monday and Thursday evening, thanks to the indefatigable and painstaking Miss Ward, the Prefects and other of the initiated sat down to the ancient (by current standards) game and play of whist.

There in the comfortable Form II., with the added zest of biscuits or sweets and the chance of some free tuck on the morrow if one did well—"There are incentives of profit with honour, common to every species," says Elia, and we know that species—a battle royal was waged. Always the same routine—the hush as the cards are dealt, a whispered reference to bad or good luck last time, a caution or two to a partner who is not quite so good as oneself, and then the rigour of the game.

The rigour of the game! Let Sarah Battle be thanked for teaching us that word, for, in Form II., on such nights as the clock gives out eight-thirty, commences such a veritable tournament as makes me wonder if our Waterloos are not won at the playing table of England instead of in its fields. At any rate, "these shadows of winning amuse us."

P.C.

12.30 P.M.

There's the boy who "couldn't do it,"

And the boy who "had no time."

There's the boy who looks on working

As though it were a crime.

There's the really hardened sinner,

Who looks with mild disdain

On such a futile punishment—

He well deserves the cane!

There's the boy who "didn't mean to,"
 And the boy who "quite forgot,"
 And the boy who "didn't think you
 Meant"—each at his own impot.
 There's one for Tommy working,
 And one at Cairns's French,
 Another with a hundred lines
 For cutting up the bench.

They sit there in the School-room
 With a sulky sullen air;
 And each boy tries to tell himself
 That "he really doesn't care."
 But yet they go on writing
 At an extra special speed,
 Till at last their toil ended,
 They're from the School-room freed.

J.R.

MOUNTAINEERING IN BRITAIN.

The man who has never climbed a mountain is a very unfortunate being, for he has missed something that is very much worth his while. It is well to remember that now that we are beginning to think about that most important question, "Where shall we go this summer?" The word "mountain" usually conjures up pictures of Switzerland, or The Himalaya, or The Rockies, but alas! few of us can hope to visit those delectable places. The vast majority of us must perforce be content with something nearer home. It is my purpose here to put forward some suggestions as to how one may enjoy the pleasures of mountaineering without leaving the shores of our islands at all.

In the first place let me explain what I mean by "mountaineering." I do not propose to say anything about the scaling of mighty peaks, such as Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn. Such ascents involve work—and I would stress the word—of a specialised and highly technical character, and require physical and mental qualities such as comparatively few people possess. Not one person in a thousand would *enjoy* the effort demanded in climbing a 15,000 feet summit. I am speaking in these notes of the average person, and when such a one is set down in a mountain district he has no wish to spend most of his time spreadeagled on the face of a towering cliff, or creeping timorously along a ledge where no self-respecting goat would dare to set his foot. The average person prefers to wander about at his leisure, now following the course of some twisting stream, now scrambling up to a summit, or, if the mood take him, making a cross-country journey to some place of interest. He likes the mountain-tops, of course, but he has

no desire to jeopardise his neck in getting there. A man like that can find enough to pleasantly fill all the holidays of his lifetime without ever leaving Britain.

Let us glance for a moment at the first page of the "Good Companions," where we read, ". . . Great winds blow over miles and miles of ling and bog and black rock, and the curlews still go crying in that empty air as they did before the Romans came. There is a glitter of water here and there from the moorland tarns. . . . In summer you could wander here all day, listening to the larks, and never meet a soul. In winter you could lose your way in an hour or two and die of exposure perhaps, not a dozen miles from where the Bradford trams end or the Burnley trams begin."

Priestley was writing there of the Pennines, but what he says is equally true of hundreds of square miles in Wales, in the Lake Country, on Dartmoor, and in Scotland. And the glory of those wild places is that they are so easy of access. Take a train to Derby, and then walk out northwards until you are clear of the town. You may go on then, without ever losing sight of naked rock and heather, until you look down upon the battlements of Edinburgh. Journey to Exeter, and a hard day's walking to the West will take you to the highest spot in England South of the Thames. From there turn South, and you can tramp for another whole day across one of the most desolate tracts in Britain. Travel to North Wales, and round about Snowden you will find climbing for which even the great men of Himalayan mountaineering have nothing but respect. The man who feels disposed to belittle our British mountains should read what Smythe has to say about them in his wonderful book "Kanchenjunga."

I will not enlarge upon the many and varied interests for which food may be found in any of our mountain districts. Suffice it to say that the man who takes pleasure in studying rocks or plants or the wild things of nature will be certain to carry away many happy memories. Of scenery I will say only this, that if a man cannot discover for himself the beauty that dwells among high places, no words of mine will be of any avail.

For the man who wishes to make the most of a mountain holiday, there are a few practical points which I will endeavour to summarise. First and most important of all; never set out without leaving behind some information—no matter how scanty—as to the locality in which it is proposed to pass the day. Should any accident occur, the tourist will then have the comfort of knowing that the men who will assuredly go out to search for him will not waste precious time on a false scent. The next two points explain themselves; "Get the map and compass habit," especially the latter, and "Travel light." The great danger to all who wander in mountain places is fog. Even on Dartmoor it is amazing how swiftly the mists descend. Cumberland shepherds who

have walked the hills from infancy are frequently taken by surprise. When that happens, the man with a strong constitution is well advised to stay where he is until the fog lifts, although the wait may be long and wet, and the cold piercing. How many men in Wales and the Peak country have tried to carry on in mist, and have finished up in a deep ravine or in some deadly quagmire, which the fog had hidden until too late! The experienced hillman always carries a small flask of good brandy for such emergencies.

Let me conclude by paying tribute to the splendid spirit which has sent men forth in the dead of night and in all weathers to risk their own lives in bringing succour to those who have met with accidents on our mountains. It is that spirit which has helped to make mountaineering, together with its humbler offspring, hill-tramping, one of the finest of all manly pastimes.

D. BRIERLEY.

A FANTASY.

Imagine a world in which printing had never been invented! The thought may make Gutenberg and Caxton turn in their graves; but let us consider for a moment, not too seriously, a few possibilities.

Such a thing as a standard spelling might be non-existent, since all spelling would almost certainly be phonetic. It can only be the wide-spread knowledge of a printed word which has persuaded people to go on writing it in that original printed form. For the ever-changing spoken word has frequently assumed a very different sound from that represented by its original printing. We write "man" and "pun" and "many" and "puny," but if it were not for the stabilising effect of the printed form, we might now write for the second of these two pairs "meny" and "piuny."

If all spelling were phonetic, and no one form was stabilised, many varied spellings would exist, on account of the manner in which pronunciation varies in different parts of each country. So that whereas a boy now makes six guesses at the spelling of a word, frequently all wrong, he would probably happen on an existing form within his first three tries. Teaching, one imagines, would be one of the least popular of professions.

Strangers to our land, too, would never have to struggle with such apparently similar but actually different forms as bough, cough, dough, thorough, rough, through.

Books would vary according to the dialect of their authors. Fancy reading a novel by a "rarthah refaned" young lady, or one by a man from "oop Wigan way." And I suppose Cholmondeley would be spelt "Chumly," and I might live in "Arler." No, I don't think I could bear it.

QUEEN ANNE AND GEORGE IV.

Concerning Anne there's little that's exciting to be said
Excepting that it's currently reported she is dead.
The fact of her interment lends some colour to the view
That partially, at any rate, the rumour may be true.

The absence of official contradiction makes us guess
That very likely Anne has kicked the bucket, more or less.
It's only loyal sentiment and pity which forbid
Our saying if she hasn't yet, it's nearly time she did.

Her death, which brought her lasting fame, possesses this defect
It rather looks as if it were a straining for effect.
She sought for notoriety and found it. She has been
For generations known as Anne, our late lamented Queen.

And so that's that! Now, by your leave, to George the Fourth we'll
turn

And see if from that Ruler's life some lessons we may learn.
We own to our extravagant delight in pointing out
That as to *his* decease there's not the very faintest doubt.

Three Georges had preceded him upon the British throne.
Three men whose vices cried aloud, whose virtues were unknown.
This trio, who did many things which moralists deplore
Were models of perfection when compared with No. 4.

In every man, however vile, we're told there's latent good
Some little trait which shows that he'd be better if he could.
With double-million-magnifying microscopes you *might*
Perhaps detect in George a trace. But only very slight!

Throughout his far too lengthy and disreputable life
His stony-hearted treatment of his miserable wife
Made all who had for decency the very least regard.
Declare they'd like to kick him. And to do it jolly hard!

This monarch in himself combined, if we may trust report
The morals of the farmyard with the manners of the Court.
"First Gentleman in Europe, he!" to which we make reply
If this was true, then in those days the standard wasn't high.

Though loyalty and passionate devotion to the throne
Lie deep in every English heart, as history has shewn
Yet one more man like George the Fourth, on this we may depend
Might bring our list of English Kings abruptly to an end.

F.S.H.

June 29th.

Baggron,
Aspatria,
Cumberland,

25-4-32.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

As the Easter holidays are drawing to a close, you will therefore be looking forward to the final polishing of the candidates for the Oxford, as well as enjoying some games at tennis and at cricket, in all of which I wish you success.

It has been a pleasure to me to read the "Harlovian" term after term, and notice that the old Coll. is still keeping up its numbers.

The 16 years I spent among you I look back upon as among the happiest of my life, with the exception of the day when old age drove me to resign. Teaching never worried me as it does so many men of advanced years, and even now I feel I could enjoy what I used to call the "Cocks Class" if my sight were better.

I have made application to the Educational Authorities at Carlisle to try and obtain a pension because of incapacity for working my ordinary calling, and although I have been interrogated by a medical man I have got no reply yet.

Every now and then some Harlovian drops me a line or two, generally to inform me whether or not the Cricket team or the Footer team has had a run of success, or to report the result of the Exams.; and, by-the-bye, I must not forget that more than one old pupil asked my advice about the line of life I thought most suitable for each of them. To these, of course, I replied to the best of my power.

We lead a very quiet life in this little village, with its some 20 houses. A few years ago a mine was worked under it, but as the seam either ran out, or did not yield a sufficient quantity of coal to encourage the owner to continue the working of it, it is now closed. Very few places have a milder climate, and we have an excellent view of the mountains and fells, especially Skiddaw and the Griesdale Pikes, which are 12 miles distant. The nearest lakes are Bassesthaite and Overwater, some nine miles off, the latter of which supplies this village with water.

We have neither a Cricket Club nor a Football Club, so that I have to journey to Aspatria, four miles away, to see a Rugby match, or to Brayton Park, a seat of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, to see a cricket match.

Occasionally Otter Hounds hunt our river, and as they go slowly I am able to keep up with them, and thus enjoy a sport almost unknown at Harlow. You will guess from this that my ardour for sport is as keen as ever. Whilst I remember, let me say that I had a fortnight's trout fishing in Yorkshire, which was attended with good sport.

When I retired I had hopes of being able to publish a book of problems in Arithmetic from the quantity of questions I had compiled and used successfully in class work. This idea was in accord with the views of the Examiner in Mathematics who visited Harlow a few years ago, who thought that such a book was needed. Several hindrances, however, have marred my progress, so I have abandoned the work.

During a visit to my son I became acquainted with a one-legged man whose example of perseverance and pluck may perhaps give heart to your very dullest pupils. When a boy of 10 years age he could neither read nor spell the simplest words, but his parents made him attend a Sunday School, where he was taught some poetry, which he had to recite at an anniversary meeting. Shortly afterwards his father one day asked him to read from a book and show off his learning to a visitor. Now it so happened that his father opened the book at the very page which contained this poetry;

luckily for the boy, but when he turned over the page and asked him to continue, the boy stuck fast at the first word, which was "His." So disgusted was the father that he threw the book at the boy and told him he was not going to pay any more money for his schooling, and sent him out into the world to earn his own living. Starting without a penny, he made his way uppermost until he acquired several houses, building sites, and a farm, and became the proprietor of four cinemas.

Like thousands of others, I was disappointed that my ticket that my son got for me for the Grand National Sweep brought me no luck.

Please give my kind regards to Mrs. Horsey, Miss Jessie, and Margot, as well as to the Staff and any of my old pupils that visit the Coll.

Yours sincerely,

J. G. HUTHWAITE.

P.S.—Glad to say that Mrs. Huthwaite and myself are in excellent health.—J.G.H.

Box 748,
Maclean,
Clarence River,

N.S.W.

14-12-31.

DEAR SIR,

Just a line to let you know I am still alive. It is nearly three years since I last wrote to you, but I have often thought of you and the old School.

My brother has been sending me the "Harlovians," and I am pleased at the great headway the School seems to be making at exams. and games.

I was very disappointed to see that you are now playing the cricket matches in the small field instead of in the football field. It was my fervent hope that some day I would return to England and be able to see the football field all mown and a laid wicket on it, but one can't always get one's wishes.

Things are very bad in this country at present, as you will know by the papers. They are a lot worse than they read. There are thousands of men walking the roads looking for work, and all they have to live on is what is known as the dole, or in other words a food order for 7s. 6d. weekly. It is really marvellous the way they all take the rough with the smooth. The other day at a camp for these poor unfortunates, I met a dentist, a journalist, and a chartered accountant, camped amongst a lot of uncouth bush hackers (station hands). They kept to themselves as much as possible, but had on different occasions to rub shoulders with the others; but still they grinned and bore it.

No doubt my brother told you about my recent operation, from which I don't feel marvellous yet. I hope to be going to Sydney shortly on business, and will look Bob Alexander up if he is still at the same address as given in the "Harlovian."

I have put in for the New Guinea Police, and am anxiously awaiting the reply, now I have been passed physically fit; a bit weak in my eyesight, but nothing to worry about, so the examiner told me. I will let you know as soon as I do hear definitely if I am accepted or not. I suppose Wally has given you all my news, so I will close, wishing you all the best of luck and prosperity. My kind regards to Mrs. Horsey, Miss Jessie, and all the Staff, and the teams representing the School and Beatty House.

I am,

Yours sincerely,

HERBERT HORLEY.

Busselton,
Western Australia,
Saturday, March 26th, 1932.

DEAR MR. AND MRS. HORSEY AND MISS JESSIE,

I want to thank you very much indeed for the Christmas greetings. They were very much appreciated.

I have just received the latest "Harlovian," and see that there is a Tuthill there—surely not the son of the Tuthill that was at School with me? I feel quite old at the thought! There was also a letter from Mr. Dalglish. I wonder if he remembers me. I was in the choir for a couple of years. John Horsey seems to be sticking to flying. I hope he doesn't have any bad luck with it. It seems really wonderful to think that he has been flying for so long without an accident—speaks well for his skill and British engines! I well remember John's early love—railway engines. I wonder if he remembers confiding in me why he was called Trid at home.

I always look forward to the verses by John's father. Are they published in book form by any chance?

I think I told you previously that my father died—January, 1925. We have now suffered another loss. One of my sisters, who was a trained nurse, contracted T.B. and after about 18 months passed away on the 5th of last month; she would have been 27 years old at the end of February last. She was the picture of health and a fine-looking girl in every way. We think she became run down through over-work and so was not capable of resisting the disease. She was at a sanatorium for some time, but when it was found that she couldn't be saved, we had her home, and Mother (who also was a trained nurse) nursed her during the last few months. It all seems very sad, but we have these trials to bear, and have to try and think it is all for the best.

In order to give Mother a rest and to try and take her mind off her loss as much as possible, we have sent her and my youngest sister to England for a twelve months' holiday. This is their first trip home since we came out here—20 years this year. They intend buying a car and touring the British Isles and the Continent, and also hope to have the pleasure of calling on the College to see you.

Their address is c/o The Bank of New South Wales, Threadneedle Street, London.

It will be very nice for them, especially Mother, who has so many relatives and old friends to see. Moyra (my sister) hardly remembers England, as she was about four years old when we left. She is to be the chauffeur and is an excellent driver. I would like to be able to make the trip myself, as I have not been over since the War, and of course that was not the same as being on holidays, though I had some very good times on leave.

As I have to catch the English mail with this letter in a few minutes, I will have to close, though I feel that I could write for quite a long time now I have started.

Very kind regards to you all.

Your old pupil,
KEMP KILLERBY.

The Institution,
Shoreham-by-Sea,
Sussex.
29-2-32.

MY DEAR SIR,

I expect, on opening this, you will wonder what all the above means. Well, as you probably know, I have drifted into the same line as father, and am now Assistant-Master here, quite close to Brighton. It is a much larger place than at Epping. We have upwards of 600 patients, and the whole thing is like a small town on its own.

I ran across Potter (R. A.) in Brighton last week, and he tells me that Larking is down this way. I wonder if you would be so good as to let me have his address.

I shall be in Epping again shortly, when I hope to come over.

Kind regards to all.

Yours sincerely,

FRANK SIMMONDS.

Cognac,
25th March, 1932.

DEAR MISS JESSIE,

I find on my return from a long trip in the Northern Countries the School Magazine of last December, and I hope I am not too late in participating in your Spring Bazaar. As it would be difficult for me to send you some "White Elephants" because of the customs, I have instructed our agents in London to send you two bottles of "Cognac Monnet ***," which please accept as my modest contribution.

I am afraid I forgot this year to send you a cheque for the annual prize for the best scholar in French, and I am enclosing it herewith.

We are in very good health and hope you are all well.

With kindest regards from both to Mrs. and Mr. Horsey and yourself.

Yours very sincerely,

P. H. RENAULEAUD.

"Mayfair,"
Beccles Rd.,
Oulton Brd.,
6-1-32.

DEAR SIR,

I think that it is about time for me to acknowledge your letter, received at least two weeks ago.

As you may expect, I was very pleased with the results of the examination. I received a letter the other day informing me that I was on the waiting list at Lloyds, but they also said that they had not taken on a junior for months, so it seems to me that unless something else turns up I am booked for a long wait.

Before I close this letter, I would like to thank you for all you have done for me during the seven years I have been at Harlow.

Yours affectionately,

G. H. GREGORY.

13, St. Jude's Avenue,
Mapperley,
Nottingham.

DEAR SIR,

Many thanks for sending me the "Harlovian."

I think it must be time I sent some more money for it, so I enclose ten shillings.

I have been in Nottingham six months now, and have got fairly settled, although I can't say I'm particularly enthusiastic about this part of the country.

I've been wondering if, in a big city like this, there might be perhaps some other Old Harlovians living. If you know of any, particularly those more or less contemporary with me, would you be so good as to let me have their addresses.

My people have recently left Hatfield, Broad Oak, and are now living close to Eastbourne, not far from where my brother is farming.

Please give my kind regards to Mr. and Mrs. Horsey, Miss Ward, and other members of the Staff with whom I am acquainted.

Yours very sincerely,

FRANK L. POTTER.

St. Anthony's Hospital,
North Cheam,
Sutton,
Surrey.

DEAR MISS JESSIE,

Just a line to let you know that all is well. Last Saturday week I went to a dance, Sunday I came into hospital, Monday I had the operation, and have felt nothing since. In fact, at 9 a.m. on Tuesday I was sitting up shaving myself. The doctor says it is a good thing out, as the next attack would have been a bad one. The operation nowadays is, as you said, "like shelling peas." I lose my stitches to-morrow, and then perhaps they will let me get up.

A little girl of three had her appendix out yesterday, and they say it was a very bad one. Also last night a small boy was rushed in for an immediate operation. I sincerely hope you have recovered from yours.

Please give my kindest regards to Mr. and Mrs. Horsey. I trust he is now quite better.

Yours sincerely,

JACK WATFORD.

Norra Larnigatan, 11-13,
Gothenburg.

5-3-1932.

DEAR MISS JESSIE,

Many thanks for all the "Harlovians" and Christmas cards you have sent me. I hope you will excuse me for not writing during these years, but I have really thought of doing so many times, and at last it has come off.

I am now practising in the drawing office of a house and bridge-building firm, and in the Autumn I will probably continue at the School and try to become an architect.

I am afraid that my English is very bad, but I hope you will understand me. I have not often had the opportunity of speaking English, so of course have forgotten a lot.

I would like very much to come over to England and see you and all at the School. I have been thinking of it, but this Summer I will get much work, so I think I must wait until the next.

I am now living in Gothenburgh, and will perhaps be staying here a couple of years.

Would you kindly let me know how much I owe you for "Harlovians"? And at the same time give me the addresses of Boulanez, Whittleton and Aratoon, because I would like to write to them and hear how they are getting on.

My regards to you, Mr. and Mrs. Horsey, and all at the College.

Your affectionate,

LARS TESCH.

Chiltern,
Pheasants Way,
Rickmansworth,
Herts.
25-2-32.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

I am afraid that I am a dreadfully bad correspondent, as it is now over a year ago since I wrote to you. I had then emerged from hospital with a "newly repaired" leg, which is now a pretty useful limb. I am now with a firm of Auctioneers and Estate Agents. Another of your old pupils is living only a few hundred yards from my house, G. C. Grammer. Perhaps you remember him. I shall be very glad if Miss Jessie will let me know to what extent I am in her debt for "Harlovians."

Please remember me to Miss Jessie, Mrs. Horsey, Miss Ward, and any of the Staff who may have known me.

Hoping to visit you soon,

I am,

Yours sincerely,

L. Q. BAMBER.

Prospect House,
Baldock,
Herts.

3-3-32.

DEAR MISS JESSIE,

I received the "Harlovian" which you kindly sent me. I am wondering how I stand with regard to the "Harlovian." I forget when I sent you the last subscription, so I do not know whether I am in debt or not, but I am enclosing a P.O. for three shillings, and perhaps you will be good enough to let me know how I stand.

Please forgive me for not writing before, but I have been very busy for the last three weeks. We have started a new "Junior Imperial League" (the other one fell through), and what with Committee meetings and helping to cast plays, I have not had much time to spare.

"The Hitchin Thespians" are doing "The Belle of New York." I have the art of the "Secretary," and we have been having three rehearsals a week, so you see I am rather a busy person during the evenings, as well as in the day time.

Please give my kind regards to Mr. and Mrs. Horsey, Miss Ward, Mr. Cairns, and any other Masters that I knew.

Yours sincerely,

ALAN G. DEANS.

29, Devonshire Place,

Wimpole Street, W.1,

24th April, 1932.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

I am sorry that I was unable to give you longer notice of the dress rehearsal of Friday last. Yes, the people in the show are rather well-known. All the same, I send herewith a pamphlet, shortly describing the players' achievements. The rehearsal followed the traditions of a good play. Produced before the most critical audience in the world, made up almost entirely of "pros." as it was, the tension on the players proved overpowering, and those in the know realised that these had been a "flop." That is according to precedent, and is regarded as a portent of a lively success when the show comes to town at the Ambassadors' on the 12th of May. We were offered the Ambassador's on the strength of the dress rehearsal, which speaks well for the show. Let me disabuse your mind; I am not the author. He is a friend of mine. *You* might say that he was a wiser man than many when he threw up schoolmastering in favour of play-writing—from one jolly to fooling, as it were. Of his present play, I can say that it is one to which the modern daughter may confidently take her parents and be assured of an evening's real entertainment. Now, how do I come to be connected with the production? Only as the result of circumstance and of the desire to give a really clever, but at present almost unknown player, a leg up. I do not intend to give you any clue as to which player I refer to, because I have every confidence in the player's ability, and desire to see ability come to the front on its own merit. Later on, when you have seen the play, as I hope you will do, and when you have given your candid criticism of the players, I will tell you which of the company causes my inclusion amongst the good companions. My incidental interest is in the financial side of the show. I am the gentleman with the broad white open spaces, the beaver-lined Astrachan-collared coat, the fat cigar with the band on, and the bland countenance who, for no apparent reason at all, sits back and takes or does not take the profits. My sole claim to authorship is in the direction of my own professional work. Occasionally I write and read an original communication before one or other of the medical societies and receive kindly acknowledgments from distant parts of the globe. When, after a considerate hearing and benign discussion, I have been prevailed upon to send my matter to the printers. Such matter, however, has value only to the anatomists and the clinicians, and I fear would no more than pall on you.

You ask me to tell you of my recent doings. "Recent" goes back, I think, to the summer of 1930, the time of your last meeting. Whichever way you interpret it, the wealth of patients provided a very jolly holiday at Madeira that summer, but, a little to my embarrassment, the hotel seemed to be populated by my colleagues from this area. My wife and I went out in the Union Castle motor vessel Carnarvon Castle, on which we enjoyed the pleasures of a self-contained private suite. I don't care much for life on a ship as a rule, but I did enjoy the swimming and the gymnasium. The contrast in luxury of the modern 20,000 tonner with that of the vessel I sailed in to S. Africa some thirty years ago is almost past belief.

Except for occasional visits to my parents at Brighton, I found it difficult to leave my practice until the summer of 1931, when we went to Torboh, on the North of Lake Garda. Now, this is the place for a holiday, where I was able to slip over the side of a small boat in my original birthday suit and really enjoy a swim. I have been able to do that only once before in later years, and that at the Ile Marguerita, off Cannes—with my wife keeping

"snacks" at a little distance! Of all the places to which I have been, I like none so well as Torboh. Provided one's skin is mosquito-proof, I can recommend it to anyone. It is in the Trintino Province, rejoined to Italy during the Great War. Under Austrian dominion it was a frontier town, and therefore "off the map," but since the making of the new frontier, a considerable distance to the North, it is again an Italian town, and has been made more accessible by means of fine motoring roads—which, of course, imply the eventual "spoiling" of the district.

Naturally, whilst we were in that part of Europe, we gave up a great part of our time to Milan, Como, Cardinabbia, Lugano, Locarno, Lausanne, and Genoa. We had an unexpected pleasure at Genoa, where my wife, after her very delightful fashion, fell into conversation with a handsome native of the city, whose English was preferable to the French I seem to have forgotten since I was at school. Since all of us had a common joy in the beautiful, he very kindly introduced us into three private houses in succession to see stone and ironwork staircases of the 14th, 15th and 16th centuries. They were in their ironwork, gems of the forge, and a tremendous surprise in a city which we could on no account describe as beautiful.

I lost my eldest brother in June of last year. He died of poisoning, following a wound received while conducting a *post-mortem* examination. His death was partly responsible for the fact that we did not put in an appearance at Harlow last summer.

At Christmas we gathered the family together in London. Ken brought us all a dose of influenza, and I was so bad I had to go to bed, as I hoped, for a day. I was called out, however, at 11.30, and returned at 4.30, after which I gave up all hope of killing old man 'flu quickly. As always, Ken was most amusing, especially when some days after at Brighton he informed my father that the latter must have become 'flu infected at my house.

A few weeks ago my wife and I encountered the younger Larking at Brighton, who told us that his elder brother, who is in the C.I.D. at Shanghai (I think he said), was shortly returning to England.

A few weeks ago E. H. F. Scott dined with us. We have not seen him since, whether as a consequence of the dinner or not I don't know. He is home from Ceylon for a while. We revived our memories of Harlow, criticised the "Boss" and the rest of the Staff, said what poor mutton the present boy is compared with what we thought we were. We thought out in detail how the School should be run, and said those thousands of things you must know all schoolboys of any age have said of their heads and staffs from time immemorial. We had a game of billiards, patted one another on the back, certain in our own minds we were the best boys you had (Heaven help the others!) and parted again—for how long? I expect he has been down to see you. It was his intention to do so.

I was glad to see that Beatty had won the House Competition for a change and become the possessors of my cup pro tem. I hope that they may continue to hold it so long as they merit it. My congratulations to them on their success. This I think brings me up to date. For the future—always on the lap of the Gods—we hope this summer to take our holidays in Canada, where I look forward to attending an International Congress, and of course take a look at New York, Washington, and the Great Lakes. In 1933 we hope to take a clear six months and visit India, Egypt and Palestine.

And now (execrable English that boy writes; fancy beginning a sentence with a conjunction!), mirabile dictu (so much for Latin notes), I will put an end to this screed. With kind wishes to you all, in which my wife unites.

Yours sincerely,

BARRINGTON EADY.

Rushwick,
Nr. Worcester,
11-2-32.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

Just another short letter to link the past with the present.

You will notice by my address that I am now in the neighbourhood of Worcester, having left Bromsgrove some little time.

I have now a district of my own to attend to, having a very nice little bungalow just on the City boundary, but actually in the County, and a centre of the hop-growing industry. We see lively times sometimes during the picking, when we are over-run with half the Black Country.

I am getting inquisitive. I have often seen, when off duty, in Worcester, a boy wearing the old cap, star and badge, and I have often thought I should like to stop and speak to him and ask after the School, but I'm afraid that doing so might be thought a little inquisitive.

I haven't the faintest idea what part he comes from, but as you may well imagine, I should like the chance to make any acquaintance with a chap of the "breed." He may only have been visiting, but if I see him during the Easter "Hols.," I shall probably approach him, with due apologies.

I am hoping to get a chance to visit you all at Harlow, and bring my wife along, too. She is rather anxious to see the scene of my many confessed misdeeds.

I am very pleased to see in the Magazine about the drive on to Station Road. I'm sure it must be a great asset; the Cinder Path was not altogether an appropriate approach to such a fine building, although it was much more handy, I'm sure, than an elaborate drive, when it came to sneaking off down town.

If you reply to this letter would you please let me know if it is possible to purchase a School badge for putting on the breast pocket of a blazer, and if so, the cost?

On the whole, things are pretty quiet round this quarter of the globe, but now and again one gets a little diversion, such as a suicide or attempted ditto. I've had one or two since I've been here, but one can well do without them.

I hope that Mrs. Horsey, Margot and Miss Jessie are all in the best of health, and yourself as well.

Please remember me to any old timers who may still be attached.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

E. L. G. REYNOLDS.

486, Hagley Road West,
Quinton,

Birmingham,
26th April, 1932.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

Such a long time has elapsed since last I wrote to you that you will think I have forgotten you all. However, that is not the case; it is really lack of news.

As you know, I am still at Cape Hill, Birmingham Branch of Lloyds Bank, where life goes on just the same day by day, and the only chance to show one's originality comes once a year, at holiday time.

Last year I went with a chum to Vigo. It happened we could not have our holidays till October, and we did not know quite where to go, till we suddenly hit on the idea of going to Vigo, as it entailed a good sea trip in

each direction and Spain sounded warm. Loving friends and relations threw up their hands in horror at our idea. They talked of plague at San Sebastian, riots and insurrections in Madrid and Barcelona, and how much nicer it would be at Weston-super-Mare, but we were not deterred.

We left Tilbury at noon on a Saturday and reached Vigo on Tuesday morning, on the "Highland Brigade," of the "Nelson Line." They are really fine boats, and, being motor vessels, there is less vibration than with steamers. The sea was very calm each way and the sun shone brilliantly all the while. We met some very interesting folk on board bound for the Argentine, in particular a Scotsman, who had run away from home at the age of 15 because his father wanted him to go in the Church. He had worked his way to the Argentine, where he now manages 30,000 head of cattle. He painted glowing pictures of the Argentine, which set us both agog, but on the homeward voyage people did not seem to confirm his account of things out there, but it does make one wonder what the prospects are out there, banking or otherwise. I should rather like to know what any Old Harlovians think of the Argentine.

We found Vigo very quiet, for it lies in a rural part of Spain rather off the beaten track, and it struck us that the Galicians cared little what went on in the rest of Spain. We had been told in England that our Spanish currency notes would have to be stamped with the Republican emblem, but, in fact, we did not see a single note so stamped all the time we were there. When we asked about it, the general reply seemed to be, "The Spanish Government say all these notes must be stamped before November 9th, but it would be impossible, so no-one is bothering!"

Neither of us knew much about Vigo, which made it all the more interesting. We found very comfortable quarters at the Palace Hotel, which I would recommend very heartily to anyone contemplating a trip there. They charged us 12 pesetas a day each (6s.), which was the price for full board. The food is excellent and very varied, but the luncheon at about 1.30 and the dinner at 9 p.m. (not on bended knees could you get it before!) are very long drawn out, usually seven courses, with strange dishes, such as sardine pie (like sardines in a vegetable stew), cockles boiled in rice—bright yellow colour and a dish of plum jam by itself for a sweet! To go to bed immediately would be to spend the night in company with rhinoceroses and other nightmare phantoms, so the Spaniard usually goes out to theatre or cafe after dinner, the second house of the theatre starting at 10.30 p.m.! We went one pouring wet night and saw an Argentinian company, which pleased us all right, but did not appeal to some of the audience, who vented their displeasure in prolonged hissing!

We went to Santiago to see the wonderful Cathedral. It is very fine. It took 3½ hours to get there by "Express" train, but the scenery through the mountainous country compensated for a rather slow and uncomfortable journey. On another occasion we crossed the River Mino into Portugal, where the customs officer took us for Spaniards. He could not even speak Spanish, let alone English, and we could not speak Portuguese, so he gave it up as a bad job and let us go through. On the way back, the local 'bus company who ran 'buses from there to Vigo told us that there was no train back to Vigo, in an endeavour to make us use their 'buses, but we were convinced there was a train, and in the end we had to hunt for the local station down dark country lanes. There was a train after all, but in the morning we had arrived at a station three miles away, which made it all the more complicated. At the station the buffet keepers have a habit of entering the trains touting dinners, &c. On one occasion we were assured of a half-hour's wait, but I inquired of the ticket collector, who told us "ten

minutes," so we were not bitten; but they would do their best to induce runaway travellers to sit down to a dinner paid for in advance, to be abandoned at the end of the soup course because the train is ready to start. We were therefore very glad of our moderate knowledge of the language. No-one seemed to speak any language but his own, not even at the hotel, except one waiter, who knew one English word, "Fish!"—which he proudly ejaculated every meal time when the fish came on. The Spanish phrase we used most was, "No quiero!"—"I do not want," which has to be repeated to scores of itinerant pedlars, old women who pressed castanets for sale, and shrill-voiced boys who chase one with a shoe-cleaning stool, shouting "Limpia!"

The surroundings are beautiful, a wealth of mountains and valleys, with vineyards and maize fields. The Bay of Vigo stretches 20 miles inland, and is glorious. We had some fine walks in the district.

We hope to go to Spain again this year, but this time by boat to Gibraltar striking inland from there.

I have joined the Cyclists' Touring Club, also the Youths' Hostels Association, which together make things very easy for week-end touring. "Bikers" and "hikers" are generally a very jolly crowd.

Well, I must close. I was very pleased to see you all at the dinner, and looking so well, and shall look forward to the next Old Boys' gathering. Is it in June?

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

I am,

Yours very sincerely,

JOHN G. HORDER.

P.S.—I should be glad of R. L. Strina's address; also M. Morris's. I believe the latter is in the Argentine.

"Rathkeale,"

Fullbrooks Avenue,

Worcester Park,

Surrey,

26th April, 1932.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

Please imagine the usual apologies for not writing before, much better, than racking my brains for some useless excuse—all I can offer is my own slackness, although I had not forgotten the old Col. where I had Pythagoras so well drummed into my somewhat dense head, which, incidentally, has been absolutely indispensable during my time in the "Worcester." By the way the breaker of the stoutest hearts, Pons Assinorum, has so far been of very little use, and I have nearly forgotten that which I once knew so well. (I have had many pennies for being first to write the proof, and also many whacks for being last in others—from your own capable hands!!!)

I read with much pleasure and thankfulness a really good description of our life in the "Worcester" (in the "Harlovian" a little time ago), written by my old pal P. Stansbury, consequently I am really rather indebted to him for saving me a lot of ink!

I thought perhaps you would like to know a new boys' first impressions on joining our ship, which are in my memory still, though rather blurred. All I remember of the first evening of the term is that (by the way I was feeling absolutely lost in my brass buttons) I found myself and my sea-chest on a deck, which I was told by a very superior looking fellow (who turned out to be a Petty Officer—I am still amazed at my own nerve in asking him!) was the Lower Deck where we slept. I prepared myself for the worst, which

shortly came when all the new boys, 32 besides myself, were mustered outside the Chief Officer's cabin. This is an unpleasant ordeal even now, especially if you have strayed from the straight and narrow path and find yourself "on the mat." We had not been on board long enough for that, so the ordeal was over when the Chief Officer had found out all our past history. During my turn, on being asked whether I was a P. & O. Cadet, and having heard the fellow before me say "Yes," I immediately replied in a somewhat vague voice "Yes, I suppose so" (the latter part being almost a whisper, as I had no idea what he meant!) The next day I was informed that I was dense, only in stronger language, and that I was *not* a P. & O. Cadet. My first impression of the Chief Officer.

Luckily for me my hammock was slung between two other new boys, so I had no tormentors like some of my pals-to-be, who were slinging next to old hands. I got very little sleep as it was, without the help of any of the live wires who seemed to be so happy to get away from home again.

A fellow slinging further aft than me, announced in a stage whisper that he was certain their loving mothers, too, were glad to get rid of them! He had made contact with the none too soft deck at least a dozen times already!

The next day was for me nothing but being shoved, in a crowd, up and down ladders, and trying to interpret the queer sounds which the instructors made when they piped their orders. Incidentally I have learned their language now!

Well, things soon began to become familiar and it did not take very long for me to settle down completely and begin to work in earnest.

Your first three terms in the "Worcester" are certainly none too pleasant, because you have all your fagging and ragging to go through—but taken in the right spirit it is really rather fun, and you get that sort of stuff wherever you go. After your third term when you become an "old hand" life has certainly a better outlook for you, and you begin to fag people yourself, and, in fact, make yourself a thorough nuisance to everybody. You are then known as a "glorified" fourth term. This is only because you have power suddenly put upon you, and naturally you begin to think yourself rather an old man. This fit soon passes over you and you settle down to your sport and work seriously, and between times enjoy a little ragging of new boys, just to liven things up a bit.

One thing I must say about the "Worcester" is that the life is rather monotonous with always the same routine every day. You cannot imagine what a relief it is to get ashore for games on a Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, even if it is only for the 2½ hours which we get. We are fortunate in having the historic Ingress Abbey and its lovely grounds reaching to the river, the former as our Sanatorium and Offices, and the latter as playing fields and sports grounds. The summer term is better, because we go ashore in the evenings for swimming (in our own swimming bath) and tennis or cricket. Again, if you get into a team it is nice to go away to other schools and get back to civilization again. I have been lucky enough to get into the 2nd XV. at Rugger (and played in the 1st XV. as a reserve), and also to get my Hockey Colours—quite a small achievement, but it helps things on.

I hope I have not been too long-winded over this letter, for I remember your old motto, "slow and sure to be wrong."

Please remember me to Mrs. Horsey, Miss Jessie, any of the Staff whom I know, and accept my best wishes for yourself.

Yours respectfully,

J. C. WHITTALL.

P.S.—Please let me know what I owe for the "Harlovian."