

THE
HARLOVIAN



The Magazine of
Harlow College,
Essex.

Vol. 5. No. 50.

AUGUST, 1929.

PRICE - ONE SHILLING.

SCHOOL OFFICERS:

Prefects: J. KEIGH.
R. KREP.
S. ASSAD.
R. ALEXANDER.

Sub-Prefects: L. ABBOTT.
N. NEW.
L. HALE.
C. JEFFERIES.
T. ROGERS.
G. GREEN.
E. RIPLEY.
A. GREGORY.

Cricket Captain: L. HALE
,, *Vice-Captain:* C. JEFFERIES.

Captain of Beatty House: J. KEIGH.
Captain of Nelson House: C. JEFFERIES.

THE HARLOVIAN.

V.]

AUGUST, 1929.

[No. 50.]

SCHOOL NOTES.

The results of the School Certificate (Oxford Local Senior) Examination are as follows:—

E. Curtis	..	1st Class Honours, Distinction in Mathematics, Exemption from London Matriculation, Oxford Responsions and Cambridge Previous.
E. A. Hailes	..	3rd Class Honours, Exemption from London Matriculation, Oxford Responsions and Cambridge Previous.
T. Rogers	..	3rd Class Honours, Exemption from Oxford Responsions and Cambridge Previous.
R. G. Alexander	..	Pass.
R. E. Keep
JUNIOR.		
P. Compton	..	2nd Class Honours.
L. Bloore	..	3rd
A. Gregory
F. Harris
D. White
R. Deards	..	Pass.
L. Hale
J. Pullin
K. Wells
K. Wood

Great credit is due to E. Curtis for obtaining 1st Class Honours, distinction in Mathematics and exemption from London Matriculation at the age of just fifteen, and after a secondary school course of only three years (two years only in German). As a result of this success he has been given a free scholarship at Bishop's Stortford College, one of the most flourishing of the newer public schools. Here he has begun working for an Oxford scholarship in English History and Modern Languages, in which endeavour we wish him luck. We feel that some acknowledgment should be made to Mr. W. Taylor, our Mathematics Master and to Mr. B. Cambridge, the late headmaster of his elementary school at Broxbourne, to whose excellent grounding no small part of the success must be attributed.

E.P.H.

The following are the results of the termly examination of the Forms not taking the Oxford Locals:—

Form V.—(1) R. Selwyn; (2) J. Fennings; (3) E. Clayton.

Form IV.—(1) P. Painter; (2) P. Stansbury; (3) R. Ripley.

Form III.—(1) A. Allan; (2) K. Stock and C. Neale.

Form II.—(1) J. Seed; (2) O. Tustin; (3) G. de Faye.

Form I.—(1) L. Scragg; (2) F. Wrighton; (3) J. Chivers.

The War Memorial Literature Prizes this term were awarded as follows:—

Form VI.—(1) T. Rogers; (2) E. Curtis.

Form VI.2.—(1) K. Wells; (2) D. White; (3) L. Bloore.

Form V.—(1) H. Gregory and J. Fennings; (3) B. Parker and R. Selwyn.

Form IV.—(1) P. G. Painter; (2) P. Stansbury; (3) C. Stansbury and F. Heat.

Form III.—(1) H. Coates; (2) C. Neale; (3) K. Stock and G. Pearce.

Form II.—(1) J. Seed; (2) J. Taylor; (3) G. Barkham and G. de Faye.

The Seabrook Memorial Prizes for Mathematics have been awarded this year as follows:—Form VI., E. Curtis; Form VI.2, P. Compton.

The special prize for French, kindly presented by Monsieur H. Renauleaud to the pupil who does best in that subject in the School Certificate Examination, has been gained by E. Curtis.

In July, boys from Form III. upwards sat for various divisions of the Royal Drawing Society's examinations. 55 gained Honours and 48 Passes.

Form I and Form II Class-rooms.—For a long time it has been felt that Form I. and Form II. Class-rooms were not worthy of the School. The shape of the rooms was awkward and the furniture of an antiquated type. During the summer holidays the rooms have been completely re-modelled and re-furnished. New wooden flooring has been laid down, and a part of the old lobby and cloak-room incorporated, with the result that we now have two large, well-lit rooms, measuring 14 by 20 feet and 18 by 20 feet respectively. The partition between the rooms is movable, so that we can throw the two rooms into one measuring 32 by 20 feet, and thus obtain much-needed extra accommodation for lectures and other purposes. The rooms have been

equipped with new dual desks of three different sizes, two extra roof lights and one other window have been added, and the walls distempered with a cheerful cream colour. A new lobby for day boys' coats, &c., has been made, with a separate door of its own. This will add greatly to the comfort of the day boys, whose growing numbers had made the former lobby quite inadequate.

C.J.A.E.

Forthcoming Hobbies Exhibition.—In response to an almost unanimous request by the boys, Mr. Horsey has decided to have another Hobbies Exhibition next spring. We shall begin working for it at once, and adopt the plan that proved so successful last time. Saturday evening's preparation and the Sunday afternoon walk will be excused for those boys who wish to work at their chosen tasks.

The question of hobbies is receiving more and more attention from our leading educationalists. Among those who have recently expressed themselves very strongly on the subject are the Archbishop of Canterbury and Dr. Alington, Headmaster of Eton. The Archbishop says that "the real test of education is how people use their leisure," and he quotes Aristotle's dictum "that we work in order that we may enjoy leisure," just as "we make war in order that we may enjoy peace." Dr. Alington thoroughly agrees with the Archbishop and adds, "The Greeks understood this very well, and they have imprinted their view on the language. For 'school' is a Greek word, and the first translation which the dictionary offers is 'spare time, leisure, rest.' The second meaning is that of 'a learned discussion in which such leisure is employed,' and so we pass to 'the place where such discussions are held.' A Schoolmaster may be forgiven for quoting a Greek Dictionary when it tells against himself, and if he is one of those who think that the Greeks are a fountainhead of most human wisdom, it may be hoped that he and his colleagues will try harder in the future to fulfil their great mission of instructing the youth of their country how to spend their leisure time."

So our Head finds himself in excellent company in attaching great importance to hobbies. On one point, however, he ventures to disagree even with so great an authority as Dr. Alington. He does not believe that the youth of the country can be "instructed" how to spend their leisure time. He thinks that dictation of choice, formal instruction, and compulsion kill the true hobby spirit, and so defeat their own object. But on the other hand he does hold that boys can be encouraged to use leisure wisely, and that they will learn to do so if only opportunities are put in their way. It is in order to afford this encouragement and to provide the necessary opportunities that another exhibition has been arranged.

T.B.

Harlow Town Annual Swimming Gala.—This event, which is held annually on August Bank Holiday, unfortunately occurs too late for the boarders to take part. The day boys, however, gave a good account of themselves. The best performance was that of E. Snell. Though only just fifteen years old he competed for the men's championship, which is awarded to the swimmer who gains the highest number of points in five races, and he actually gained third place. He promises to become one of the finest swimmers Harlow has produced. In the junior events R. Selwyn was easily the best swimmer of the year. Although he only learnt last year he has mastered the crawl stroke and outswam his competitors with ease. He, too, promises to become a very fine swimmer.

H.M.

St. John's Choir Outing.—Punctually at 8 a.m. on Thursday morning, July 25th, 16 choir boys stood waiting to get into the car which was to take them to Clacton for their choir outing. For the third year in succession the appointed day was fine (I think the Vicar must be a weather expert). We stopped at Colchester and visited F. W. Woolworth, where some hair-oil, which was the joke of the journey, was bought. Arriving at Clacton we went to our usual spot along the sands, where we had an enjoyable longed-for dip in the sea. We then had our lunch, after which we played rounders, Mr. Bishop's team versus the Vicar's, in which game Mr. Bishop's side proved very expert, although the Vicar's side put up a good show. Another bathe followed the game, and then off we went to explore the town and find Woolworth's. At 4.30 p.m. we met at the pier to visit Sam Isaac's for our tea, after which we had another stroll, until we went to the garage at 6.30. Off we went, all having been caught by Mr. Sol. Passing through Chelmsford, the Vicar was telling us that Mr. Genders was working there, and lo, behold! Mr. Genders was walking, with his mother, up the street. We stopped and chatted to him for some time. The journey was continued, and just before arriving at Hatfield Broad Oak the car ran out of petrol. This was soon remedied, and off we went again to end our very enjoyable day. The whole choir join with me in thanking the Vicar and all subscribers most sincerely.—A. W. GREGORY.

Salvete.

S. Assad, W. Beaton, H. Bower, F. Bower, H. Meek, D. Meek, N. Moss, E. Selwood, C. Tydd, F. Wrighton.

Valete.

A. Boulenez, B. Dix, H. Horley, P. Morgan, H. Nelson, T. Pryor.

OLD HARLOVIANS.

The Past v. Present football match will take place on Saturday, November 9th, when we hope to see a goodly number of Old Harlovians. Will those who wish to play communicate as early as possible with F. Dutton, Churchgate-street, Harlow, who has kindly consented to act as Old Harlovians Sports Secretary.

A. Redman, who had been Sports Secretary for several years, is compelled, by pressure of business, to relinquish the post, much to his regret and to ours. We acknowledge, with gratitude, the excellent work he has done for the Old Harlovians Association.

In F. Dutton we have found a worthy successor to A. Redman. He has the additional advantage of being on the spot and in touch with Old Harlovian day-boys.

It is with deep regret that we announce the death, at an advanced age, of Mrs. Knight, who was for many years school matron at both Waltham and Harlow. "Old Soul," as she was always called, was respected and loved by every boy who came under her care, and all who knew her will unite in sympathy with her family in the great loss they have sustained.

We were very pleased to see W. Cheesman and his wife and daughter, who were on a visit to the old country from Canada. W. Cheesman is a living proof of what a boy of pluck and character can do in the Dominions. He landed in Canada, twenty four years ago with £10 in his pocket. Starting with work on a farm, he then went into a general store and is now head of a large asbestos business, and evidently very prosperous. He speaks most enthusiastically of the prospects Canada offers to English boys, provided, that is, they are workers. Canada has no use whatever for slackers. "Work or starve" is the motto out there. Canadians regard our dole system with horror, and think that it is sapping the manliness and self-respect of those young people who, a generation ago, would have taken their courage in both hands, and made a career for themselves in the Dominions.

An attempt is being made by L. Dorey and some other enthusiasts to organise a regular football team of Old Harlovians. They propose, at first, only to play out matches, but if the scheme materialises, we hope it may lead, ultimately, to a private ground not too far from London.

Heartiest congratulations to Mrs. R. S. Green (Miss Rendall) on the birth of a daughter, and to H. J. Lillywhite and N. G. Roseau on the birth of a son.

Also to Rev. D. Beard on his marriage to Miss Evelyn Mace.

Heartly congratulations likewise to Lieutenant C. B. R. Stubbs, R.A.S.C., on his marriage to Miss Marjorie Leonard Tabsley, at St. Mary's Church, Shoreham, on July 13th. There is a beautiful illustration in the "Worthing Herald" of Lieutenant Stubbs leaving the church with his bride, and passing under an arch of swords formed by brother officers.

Heartly congratulations to F. Potter on completing the Bankers' Institute at the early age of 23.

We are glad the steady flow of Old Harlovians to the Dominions continues. Since our last issue six more have made the venture. L. Gripton, H. Green, R. L. Strina, and E. Vasey have gone to Canada, and R. Alexander and H. Horley to Australia. We are hoping to receive long letters from them all soon.

We had a welcome visit from Captain G. G. Newman, R.N., who is now one of the medical staff at the Royal Naval Training School at Shotley.

Another welcome visitor was Mr. J. J. Evans, who was Science Master here twenty years ago, and who is now Science Master at Clare House School, Beckenham.

It was a great pleasure to get in touch again with R. S. Strina of whom we had heard and seen nothing for several years. Since leaving school he has had a most varied career in Italy, Turkey and Nigeria, and he called to see us on his way to Canada, where, we understand, he has already obtained a good post. Strina's father, who was one of Mr. Horsey's earliest pupils, is living at Milan.

On August 8th at Harrogate, Mr. Harris was married to Miss Betty Wheelhouse. They spent their honeymoon at Dawlish and are now settled down in their new home at Bassett, Southampton. Our very best wishes go with them for many happy years

The Rev. R. Capel Cure has been appointed Curate to the Parish Church of Tiverton.

The Rev. G. W. M. Laurence, formerly Curate at Chigwell, has been appointed Vicar of a church in that locality.

We are extremely sorry to hear that P. W. Sharman has had to go into the National Hospital for treatment for paralysis. However, he wrote cheerfully and was expecting to be out fairly soon. We all wish him a speedy and complete recovery.

We are delighted to hear that A. Utin has obtained the Diploma, A.R.C.A. (Associate of the Royal College of Arts), and has also gained a scholarship of £80 for next year. Heartiest congratulations.

Also that F. Horsey has gained an Exhibition of £30, for being the best theological student of the year at King's College, London.

The following have visited the School since our last issue:— R. Abbott, R. Adamson, W. Atkinson, R. Bloore, H. Bristoll, R. Capel Cure, W. Cheesman, C. Diggory, L. Dorey, F. Dutton, B. Eady, Mr. J. J. Evans, R. Freeman, Mrs. Green (Miss Rendall), J. Garton, J. Horder, W. Horley, H. Horley, J. Howis, G. W. M. Laurence, H. Langman, R. Leith, R. Larking, K. Morris, G. G. Newman, E. Pipe, F. Potter, E. Perris, C. Pullin, D. Rintoul, W. Roles, B. Smith, N. Smith, H. Smith, R. L. Strina, F. Vasey, E. Whittleton, B. Watkins, A. Wilson, A. Young, and also R. Nicholson-Lailey, who was a pupil of Harlow College from 1890-93, during the Headmastership of the Rev. L. Towne.

OLD BOYS' DAY.

Low scoring and high spirits seem to have become the established rule for the Past v. Present Cricket Match. The low scoring can be seen from the appended score. The high spirits are known to anyone who has enjoyed the company, on these occasions, of such jovial Old Harlovians as the Rev. R. Abbott and B. Eady, and in a younger generation, of "Bobby" Larking and his contemporaries. The enjoyment of the game was not in any way diminished by the size of the score, and with W. Horley exerting all his bowling wiles, the Rev. Abbott doing a little demon bowling, Vasey showing to advantage (too much so for some of us) behind the stumps, and Mr. Huthwaite delighting friend and foe alike with some master touches on the off, what more could any Harlovian desire?

Much supper and more conversation kept an excellent gathering of some sixty busy for a considerable part of the evening. Such remarks as "Guess whom I saw the other day," "Heard about old X?" &c., were rife, and if there were sixty Old Harlovians present, there must have been nearly six hundred Old Harlovians with burning ears in various parts of the world.

Many stayed in Harlow for the week-end, and Sunday found quite a number renewing acquaintance with that most delightful of Harlow's summer attractions, the bathing place. Then off again in different directions, but with one settled purpose—to spend the next five months storing energy for that terrific "hiding" they have sworn to inflict on us at Soccer (if they can).

T. LE CREN.

PRESENT.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
R. Alexander, c Vasey, b Horley	... 9	c Vasey, b Horley	... 0
C. Jefferies, c and b Horley	... 5	c Dorey, b Horley	... 2
D. White, run out	... 4	c Wilson, b Laurence	... 11
L. Hale, b Horley	... 0	lbw, b Horley	... 2
T. Le Cren, c Horley, b Laurence	... 1	not out	... 2
R. Keep, c Larking, b Horley	... 2	c H. Horley, b Horley	... 0
J. Keigh, c Larking, b Laurence	... 10	c H. Horley, b Abbott	... 13
Mr. Horsey, b Laurence	... 4	c H. Horley, b Horley	... 0
S. Assad, lbw, b Laurence	... 0	run out	... 11
R. Deards, not out	... 1	c Abbott, b Horley	... 0
Mr. Huthwaite, b Horley	... 4	b Abbott	... 3
Extras	... 2	Extras	... 4
	42		48

PAST.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
F. Vasey, b Jefferies	... 2	b Hale	... 0
R. Larking, c and b Hale	... 1	c Le Cren, b Hale	... 1
A. Wilson, run out	... 2	c Hale, b Jefferies	... 0
W. Horley, c Alexander, b Hale	... 9	b Hale	... 11
G. Laurence, b Hale	... 1	b Hale	... 4
H. Horley, b Jefferies	... 1	b Jefferies	... 0
B. Eady, b Hale	... 2	retired hurt	... 0
R. Abbott, c Hale, b Jefferies	... 1	c Assad, b Jefferies	... 5
B. Diggory, b Hale	... 1	c Keep, b Hale	... 2
L. Dorey, b Hale	... 2	b Hale	... 0
F. Pipe, not out	... 3	not out	... 0
Extras	... 1	Extras	... 3
	26		26

THE CRICKET SEASON.

Several factors have contributed to make this a memorable season. Firstly, there is our splendid record of 18 matches won and only 2 lost, an improvement even on last year's achievement. Secondly, there are the things which have made the first factor possible, namely, the all round batting strength of the team, the bowling of Hale, and the batting of Alexander. Thirdly, there are several matches which will always rank among the School's best performances.

From the spectacular point of view, the feature of the season has been the batting of Alexander. The best batsman the School has ever seen, he has proved a tower of strength to the team, and by his willingness to pass on his knowledge of every shot in the game to all who show any interest in cricket, and by the example of his own finished style, he has done much to improve the batting in both the First and Second Elevens. In bowling, our Captain, Hale, has proved far superior, not only to any other bowler in the School, but also to any bowler in any of our opponents' teams. His feat of 126 wickets

at the cost of 2.97 runs apiece is a record for a School which has always possessed bowlers above the average, "Sleepy" Hale, Horley, Baker, St. John, Potter, to name a few.

But that all this may not seem an idle boast of prowess, let us look at a few of our deeds. Perhaps the most noteworthy of all was our defeat of Hertford Grammar School (a new and excellent fixture, thanks to the ever-enterprising Miss Jessie). After a dull first innings, in which Hertford proved victorious, they set us 51 to get in 15 minutes. Hale and Jefferies produced 64 in 12 minutes—'nuff said. Noteworthy, too, was our total of 210 against Stortford School; our defeat of Hatfield Heath by 7 runs with a half first eleven—half second eleven team; and our score of 163 for 5 wickets against Stansted, with a second wicket stand of 102; our fierce struggle with Weston ending in a tie, when we got rid of their last two batsmen for one run; and last, but certainly not least, our victory over the combined forces of Newport Grammar School and the clock, brought about by a brilliant one-handed catch by Hale.

We could excuse our two defeats and draws by saying that in one we were without our Captain, Hale, that we were attempting what no Harlovian team has ever attempted before in tackling Harlow First Eleven, and other like apologies, but to every team come these ups and downs of fortune. We are proud alike of our victories and defeats, and are content to let our record stand.

T. LE CREN.

The season's record is as follows:—

Matches played	22
.. won	18
.. drawn	1
.. lost	2
.. tie	1

1ST XI. FIXTURE LIST.

RESULTS.

	Home.	Away.
Great Parndon	Won	Won
Stansted	Won	Won
Bishop's Stortford School ..	Won	Won
Hertford Grammar School ..	Won	—
Harlow Common	Won	Lost
Newport	Won	Won
Saffron Waldon School	—	Won
Harlow 2nd XI.	Won	Won
Ongar School	Won	Won
Takeley	Won	Lost
Weston	—	Tie
Old Harlovians	Won	—
Harlow 1st XI.	—	Drawn
Harlow 2nd XI.	Won	—

1ST XI. BATTING AVERAGES.

	Runs.	Inn-ings.	Highest Score.	Not Out.	Average.
R. Alexander	532	23	71	1	24.1
L. Hale	332	23	68	0	14.4
C. Jefferies	313	24	69	1	13.04
D. White	205	24	41	1	8.9
J. Keigh	136	19	25	2	8
R. Keep	122	22	23	5	7.2
Mr. Le Cren	78	15	28	1	5.5
S. Assad	70	14	14	1	5.3
R. Deards	101	22	17	2	5.0
R. Ripley	59	16	14	3	4.5
F. Harris	24	17	7	5	2

CATCHES OF THE SEASON.

L. Hale	14	S. Assad	5
C. Jefferies	12	F. Harris	5
D. White	11	J. Keigh	3
R. Keep	10	Mr. Le Cren	3
R. Alexander	9	R. Ripley	1
R. Deards	8		

1ST XI. BOWLING AVERAGES.

	Wickets.	Runs.	Overs.	Maidens.	Average.
L. Hale	126	309	222	77	2.97
C. C. Jefferies	67	328	173	51	4.8
R. Alexander	39	260	90	22	6.7

THE CRITICISM OF THE TEAM :—

- L. Hale : Captain.
 C. Jefferies : Vice-Captain. A much improved bat and a good bowler.
 R. Alexander : An excellent bat and a useful change bowler. An enormous asset to the team.
 D. White : A capable run getter.
 R. Deards : A safe batsman and smart wicket keeper.
 J. Keigh : A good bat and very good in the field.
 R. Keep : Very safe as a batsman and fielder.
 S. Assad : His batting has improved tremendously during the term. A good fielder.
 F. Harris : An improving but nervous player.
 R. Ripley : A promising player, but lacks enthusiasm.
 Mr. Le Cren, Mr. Horsey and Mr. Huthwaite have never failed to render valuable assistance when required.

THE HOUSE COMPETITIONS.

One of the closest finishes for many a long day gave Beatty House the victory in the House Competition this term. Many of the individual events, too, were very closely contested, especially the Senior singles at Fives, in which, after a hectic game, White beat Keep, and the first doubles and second singles at Tennis. In the first doubles Hale and Jefferies put up a staunch fight against Keigh and Alexander, and though defeated were not disgraced. The second singles were won by Hale, who was altogether too steady for Keigh. Two of the cricket matches, the first and fourth, went to Nelson, the second and third to Beatty. The scores in the first House match were astonishingly low, and the brightest feature of an otherwise rather slow game was a tremendous boundary hit by Hale.

Appended is a list of results, teams, &c. :—

EVENT.	RESULT.	POINTS.	
		Beatty.	Nelson.
1st House Match ...	Nelson	—	12
2nd " " ...	Beatty	11	—
3rd " " ...	Beatty	10	—
4th " " ...	Nelson	—	0
<i>Fives.</i>			
1st Singles ...	White beat Keep i	—	3
2nd Singles ...	Hale ii beat Knight	3	—
3rd Singles ...	Hale i beat Keigh	—	3
1st Doubles ...	Keep i and Keigh beat Jefferies and White	3	—
2nd Doubles ...	Knight and Pullin ii beat Hale ii and Stansbury ii	—	3
3rd Doubles ...	Abbott and Wood beat Ripley ii and Gregory i	—	3
<i>Hand Fives.</i>			
1st Singles ...	Hale i beat Keep i	—	3
1st Doubles ...	Keep i and Keigh beat Hale i and Jefferies	3	—
<i>Tennis.</i>			
1st Singles ...	Alexander beat Jefferies	5	—
2nd Singles ...	Hale i beat Keigh	—	5
1st Doubles ...	Keigh and Alexander beat Hale i and Jefferies	5	—
2nd Doubles ...	Ripley i and White beat Gregory i and Keep i	—	5
<i>Water Sports</i> ...	(Separate table)	18	5
	Total	58	51

THE SWIMMING SPORTS.

Seldom does any feature of the House Competition provide so much amusement or prove such an interesting spectacle as the Swimming Sports. For who can watch the Learners' Race or the Junior Diving without being amused, and the Senior Diving without feeling a thrill of admiration. Certainly not the good townfolk of Harlow, of whom there is always quite a considerable gathering at every point of vantage.

In order of fun, the Junior Diving undoubtedly comes first, the chief mirth-makers this time being Neale, Gilpin, and Simpson, who toppled off each board in succession, with an amount of pluck which cannot be too highly praised, and an amount of grace which could not gain them very many marks. The Learners' Race was one glorious splash from start to finish, but the wildly-lashed water did not hide a very pretty piece of rescue work by Aratoon, who, with Harris' arms clasped firmly round his neck, resisted all the latter's determined efforts to drag him under, and brought his charge safely to shore. Selwyn won the 40 yards junior from Cook, who swims with his head on one side, gazing peacefully skyward, and invariably takes the longest possible route to the finishing line, a habit very amusing to the casual spectator, but rather alarming to his supporters. Cook also provided a surprise in the Senior Diving, where he was third to Alexander and Aratoon—no mean performance for a lad of 14. Snell, the "star-*turn*" of the School where speed is concerned, romped away with the 80 yards open, and made a valiant effort to win the Senior Relay for his House—but even Snell cannot give Smith 15 yards in 40 and beat him. Many thanks to Miss Molly David for so kindly judging our diving, and to Mr. Roe for a faultless programme.

T. LE CREN.

EVENT.	RESULT.	POINTS.	
		<i>Beatty.</i>	<i>Nelson.</i>
Learners' Race	... 1, Stansbury ii ; 2, Tarling	... 2	1
80 Yards (Open)	... 1, Snell ; 2, Smith ; 3, Gilpin	... 3	3
40 Yards (Junior)	... 1, Selwyn ; 2, Ripley ii	... 3	—
Relay (Open)	... Alexander, Smith, Selwyn, and Clayton beat Snell, Cook, Ripley i, and White	... 5	—
Senior Diving	... 1, Alexander ; 2, Aratoon	... 2	1
Junior Diving	... 1, Stansbury i ; 2, Selwyn	... 3	—
	Total	18	5

THE COUNTY OF ESSEX, ONTARIO.

[Written specially for the Harlovian by the Agent-General for Ontario.]

In my native country—the Province of Ontario, Canada—there is a small place with a post-office named Harlowe, but I regret that it is spelt with a final "e." However, there cannot be any doubt that your English county was the prototype of our Ontario county of Essex, while in Ontario generally we have many other localities which the early pioneers named after their birth-places in the pleasant corner of England called Essex. For example, in Ontario we have such places as Colchester, Chelmsford, Tilbury, Mersea, and Rainham, and also our river Thames.

The county of Essex is the most southerly portion of Ontario. There is only the Detroit river separating the western boundary of the county from the State of Michigan, U.S.A. This section of our country was amongst the first parts of Ontario to be settled by British people, the townships of Mersea and Colchester having commenced to be settled in 1784, and the township of Harwich in 1794. The whole of Southern Ontario was then a forest wilderness, and naturally the early settlers lived a very primitive life. They had to cut down and burn the big trees in order to make little clearings on farms around their log house. There were no roads. When I was a boy I talked to an old pioneer, a relative of my own, who, about the year 1829, had to carry a sack of wheat on his back over fifty miles through the forest in order to get it ground into flour.

When one remembers those primitive conditions, it is wonderful to see what British pluck, industry and enterprise have accomplished in Ontario within the past hundred years. To-day Ontario is one of the most beautiful and prosperous countries within the British Empire, with a population of over 3,000,000 people, mostly of British birth or descent.

The part of Essex, of which the City of Windsor is the centre, is now a busy manufacturing district, with about 200 factories of various kinds. The manufacture of motor-cars is the leading industry of Windsor, which has a population of about 70,000.

Essex, Ontario, is an important agricultural county, with a rich soil and with peculiar climatic advantages owing to its occupying a position in the extreme south of Canada. In addition to general farming, early vegetables are extensively grown, also tobacco, sugar beets, onions, peaches, and other fruits.

Many Harlovians are doing well in Canada. I was very interested to hear that a few weeks ago the College received a visit from one old Harlovian, who went to Canada twenty-four years ago with only a

few pounds in his pocket, and who is now a very prosperous merchant in Montreal.

Three more boys from the College went out to Canada last term, and I most heartily wish them every success in the new land.

I find that a good many boys nowadays are ambitious to go to Canada after leaving school. Some of them have friends and relations already established in that country, who help to give the new-comers a start. Others wish to learn farming, but have only themselves to rely on.

So far as Ontario is concerned, there are at present two schemes of settlement available for British boys who wish to engage in farming in Canada:

(1) As students at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Canada, where a thorough training in scientific and practical farming is given. Students must be over 17 years of age. The cost is approximately £50 each school year (from September till April), living in. From April till September students are employed by farmers, and receive wages as well as board and lodging.

(2) As boy farm learners. Under this second scheme, approved boys over 15 and under 19 years of age are granted free passages to Ontario. On arrival the boys are placed in employment with selected farmers, from whom they receive wages (about £2 a month to start), as well as board and lodging, and the washing and mending of their clothes. The Government of Ontario provides the after-care necessary for the boy's welfare for at least three years after his arrival in Canada.

Over 1,000 boys have already been settled under the boy farm learners' scheme, and more boys continue to go out every month from March to November each year.

When a boy who goes out to Canada under a Government scheme has reached twenty-one years of age—provided he has acquired the necessary experience by working for wages on a farm in Canada, and has saved approximately 500 dollars (or £100)—he will be eligible for a Government loan up to 2,500 dollars, on easy terms, to assist him to start farming on his own account.

I am always glad to correspond on the subject with any boy who wishes to go to Canada, or with his parents or schoolmaster, and I will give any correspondent connected with Harlow College the best advice I can.

WM. A. NOXON,

Agent-General for Ontario.

WEST.

All Michael's things went West. Nanny said so. It was a pity that topping clockwork engine had gone too.

There was absolutely nothing to do. There never was when one went to stay with Uncle John in Sloane Square. No toys, no other kids, not even a decent dog to tease.

Michael stuffed his hands into his knicker pockets and kicked the wainscoating. His fingers closed round two pennies Uncle John had given him to buy sweets with. There were no shops near Uncle's house, and the two pennies were still unspent. Michael looked round him. No-one was about. Nanny was still making beds, or something, upstairs. Cook was cross . . . cook always was . . . and Uncle John had his patients to see to.

Michael seized his coat and school cap, and with the two pennies firmly gripped in his hand, he slunk away out of the house and into the road.

It was really going to be fun. He was going out in search of "West," and if possible he'd bring back the train, a beloved gramophone, and a clay pipe to blow bubbles with . . . all these things Nanny had said had gone "West." He crossed the road without difficulty, and turned into the Underground Station.

But still, a chap of six wasn't afraid. He could spell a bit, too! He was going to ask somebody where West was, when he saw a machine with "Westbound Trains" printed on it. The other words didn't matter. He caught the word "West" and did what everyone else did—put his two pennies in a slot. The machine did the rest for him, and gave him a green ticket. He was ashamed of being a little bewildered, and followed the crowd. A ticket collector punched his ticket, and still filled with the spirit of adventure he found himself on the platform. He wondered how many of his toys would be there, how he should carry them back, and whether Uncle John could mend any of them.

A train came in, and Michael was swept in with the crowd. He found a seat by an old gentleman with a shiny top hat who was smoking a cigar.

Michael wondered how many stations it was. He sat and swung his legs, trying to look just ordinary. It was a bit worrying, but he pulled his cap on straight, and made himself look like a chap of ten, and after all, lots of boys of ten went in the Underground by themselves.

The train pulled up at a station. It was a dark-looking station, and a few people got up, and a lot got in. He peered through the

window, but saw no sign of the word "West." The old gentleman didn't seem to like him getting up and kneeling on the seat, but how was a chap to see out unless he did so? Two more stations passed, but he didn't get up. The old gentleman spoke to him at last. He wasn't half so bad as he looked. He didn't ask many questions but looked at Michael's ticket. He had to arrange his glasses to read the words on it, and Michael couldn't help laughing at the funny way he puffed out his lips every time he breathed out.

After looking at the ticket he looked at Michael, then at the roof of the carriage, and then at each of them again.

Michael began to be doubtful if he would ever get there, and when the old gentleman gave him back his ticket he somehow couldn't help his bottom lip from shivering. He looked down at his shoes. No-one was looking his way. He got out a very dirty hanky and blew his nose. Still more stations passed.

It seemed like ages and ages that Michael sat there; and he had to blow his nose ever so many times. Bother! he must have a cold coming on.

Presently he felt it would make things easier if he told the old gentleman . . . who by this time had one of his hands firmly gripped in his, and every now and then gave it a friendly squeeze, so he told him where he was going, and what he hoped to bring back with him. The old gentleman laughed, and when he laughed his waistcoat went up and down like a feather bed, and he made funny wheezy noises and got awfully red.

Presently they got up, and Michael found himself on the platform. Still firmly gripped by the hand, he went up the stairs and out into the open. No-one would notice now if he sniffed now and again. He felt dreadfully miserable, and disappointed, as he reached daylight.

With an extra large sniff, which, in a girl, would have been called a sob, he suddenly found himself in Sloane Square again.

The old gentleman refused to let go of his hand, till he had rung the front door bell of Uncle John's house.

The rest of the story is beastly. Nanny wouldn't understand, and put him to bed, and sent for Auntie. Auntie was very cross indeed, and yet she seemed to have a cold, too, for she sniffed and kept on blowing her nose, and her eyes were very red.

When the old gentleman left, Uncle John came and sat on Michael's bed, and, do you know, he actually understood.

J.H.

GALILEO.

For many thousand years the earth hung motionless in space,
And flaming through the sky the sun performed his daily race.
He started in the East and never took a moment's rest,
Until he'd circled round the globe and settled in the West.

Men hailed this daily miracle with undisguised delight,
They hugged themselves and chortled as they gloried in the sight,
Nor were they humbled by the fact, but rather the reverse,
Said they "Our earth's the centre of this wondrous universe!"

At length philosophers arose,—we even have them now,
Dull fellows who all seek to find the wherefore and the how.
These, speaking of the sun, observed, thus raising groundless fears,
"We wonder where it goes to when at night it disappears?"

And then the Church stepped in and said "It is not yours to ask,
"To tell you what you ought to think is our important task.
"The sun, the moon, and all the stars were stuck up in the sky
"To make things nice and pretty. Now you know the where and why!"

"It must have been intended, we are confident we're right,
"That time should be divided into day and into night,
"And if the sun at eventide were not to disappear,
"We'd have no night worth mentioning. We trust we've made this clear."

Things went on fairly smoothly and the sun went round the earth,
Till fifteen sixty four which year it was that saw the birth
Of someone named Galileo, who scandalized the Pope
By movements he discovered with his little telescope.

He spied at all the planets and he knew each one by name,
And then to this Galileo an inspiration came,
And in a flash he up and cried "I'll bet you ten to one
"The sun does not go round the earth,—the earth goes round the sun!"

This took the Church's breath away. As soon as it could speak,
It said "Well, there's a sample of a saucy layman's cheek!
"We told him we would think for him. Yet see what he has done,
"We'll teach him that he can't go interfering with the sun!"

"We say it travels round the earth and that should be enough,
"This talk about a moving world is sacrilegious stuff,
"Galileo must therefore, it is solemnly decreed,
"Recant his wicked views or else we'll have him fricasseed!"

For such a fate Galileo professed profound distaste,
And, realising that he hadn't any time to waste,
He made submission and he sued for pardon from the Pope,
And put the blame for error on his faulty telescope.

In argument the side which has the power to fricassee,
Possesses some advantage. Yet to-day we all agree
That notwithstanding savage threats Galileo has won,
For from that date the Pope has let the earth go round the sun!

F.H.

APPRECIATION OF NATURE.

Few people really appreciate nature, for the secrets of the wild are only open to the observant and silent-footed. Let us suppose that we are included in the observant and silent-footed category and take a ramble along the bank of a certain stream, the position of which it would be indiscreet to state, for landowners have peculiar ideas.

The point where we meet the stream is half-blocked by a log; a log arouses no interest, but come round so that the sun causes your shadow to keep off the water, for trout delight to lie in the shadow and watch for something to pounce upon, and they are equally alert lest anybody should pounce on them. Yes, there is one there now, only a small fish, but quite alert, just move your arm so, and he is away like an arrow. Come farther on now and see if the wild duck family are still in residence in their old tree stump, leaning over the water. All is peaceful here, "peaceful" you say, with dragon flies cruising around, but dragon flies, though vicious looking, are harmless enough if let alone, not like a wasp, which will bury its sting in you on the smallest pretext. The wild duck is in residence, and the mother is on the nest, you can come right up to her and have a good view, for a nesting bird will not leave her nest till your hand almost touches her. Further up the stream a brood of moorhens is swimming in mid-stream. As soon as they see us they dive and swim under water to the bank and lie in hiding till we pass. For the next 100 yards we see no animal life, as the stream is bare of reeds and is shallow, affording no shelter to the denizens of the wild. As we again enter the shadows there is a scurry in the bushes and undergrowth, as some rats make for their retreat, after having their foraging expedition disturbed. Near here the stream widens out into a pool and, it is here that the animals come during the night for their water; even the most timid venture here for they must drink. If we waited quietly we should see the rabbit, hare, snipe and many others—all regular visitors to this oasis.

P. G. PAINTER, Form IV.

LETTERS FROM OLD HARLOVIANS.

The Air Port of London,
Croydon,

19/8/29.

DEAR SIR,

Though I paid the Old Col. a fleeting visit from above, last July when I circled over in a giant 3-engined aeroplane, I feel that a letter setting out some of the duties and adventures of an Old Harlovian who is in the realm of aviation might be of interest to others.

As you know, I am one of the 14 Cross-Channel pilots of Imperial Airways—the million pound British company, which run air lines from England to the Continent, Greece, Egypt and India.

Though flying has become commonplace nowadays, there are always thrills and incidents connected with it which lift this particular form of bread-winning above the others.

Anybody can fly. Almost anybody could pilot an aeroplane, providing the weather was good and a competent, quick brain was working with similar hands. I have seen and personally instructed young fellows who after three hours instruction have gone solo, that is, taken a machine up alone. Of course, I have also had the opposite kind of pupil—he who plodded on heavy handed, and without a vestige of "air sense"—the sort of fellow who didn't like motor-bikes and was a poor rider of a push-bike. That type of pupil is rare and never carries on with aviation, which is just as well, because sooner or later he would kill himself and probably others.

As I said above, anybody can fly, and a day spent at the London Terminal Air Port at Croydon would convince one that at last the Britisher is becoming air-minded.

He is still a bad third, both Germany and America beating him hollow. The Germans, in particular, are an extraordinarily air-minded nation. I have personally seen the house wives of Köln catching the Dortmund 'plane in the morning, complete with their shopping baskets, and thinking no more of it than we should of catching the Epping 'bus. They go to Dortmund because things are cheaper there, and it only takes them half-an-hour. Can you imagine our womenfolk doing a thing like that?

However, we are waking up. Every day in the summer five and sometimes six giant machines leave Croydon for Paris alone. Each machine carries 18 passengers, and there is rarely a vacant seat.

There is a steward on board and light refreshments are served *en route*, and by the amount of bread and butter and tea consumed by passengers on the tea service machine in the afternoon, it is obvious that air sickness is rare.

Of course, there is that unfortunate individual who has made up his mind that he is going to be sick, and sick he is, though air sickness passes off very quickly. I remember one passenger of mine going to Switzerland who, as the journey progressed, grew greener and greener. It wasn't rough by a long way, and the other passengers were quite O.K. This poor Swiss stuck it as long as he could, and then rolling a glassy eye around the cabin, espied his hat. It was a new hat, rather a nice new hat, but its usefulness as a headgear was ignored, and its owner spent the next few minutes using it for a purpose it was never designed for. Quietly and unobtrusively he rolled it up and threw it out of the window—contents and all—I never knew where it fell, or whether it fell on anybody below. I only hope it didn't.

Seriously, however, air sickness is nearly a myth. On really rough days the motion of these huge machines is almost *nil*. From the passenger's point of view, to my mind, flying is most boring. It is not always so with

the pilot. There are those days when the ground is shrouded in fog, and those when the clouds are so low that they touch the tops of the high ground. Fog is our worst enemy, and causes the pilot the most anxious moments. Fog is terrible to the engine driver and the skipper of a ship, but remember both these can stop their respective craft when the fog is too thick. I can't, and ploughing through the fog at 90 m.p.h. calls for all the concentration possible. Luckily fog generally hangs low. That is, at 1,000 feet the aeroplane is above it, and looking down on a white sea stretching for miles around, blotting out all signs of the earth. Many times I have run into fog and opened up my three 500 horse-power engines, and, with a roar, we have been enveloped in the damp dense sheet of moisture. For perhaps three minutes we have seen nothing, even the wings being invisible, and only my instruments showing me that everything is O.K. Then gradually the mass around me begins to get lighter, and the sun appears as a white disc, becoming more and more brilliant, until I find myself in bright sunshine, with the fog rapidly sinking away beneath me.

It is then that we pilots have to rely on wireless direction finding to bring us safely to our destination.

By a system of wireless stations around the routes the authorities can give us our exact position, though we may be hidden from view, and flying thousands of feet above the fog. It is a wonderful sensation climbing up from the murk which covers the ground and within a few minutes being in brilliant weather. It appears to be a new world. A world totally unlike ours. All around stretches this sea of white. Occasionally an island can be seen. This is the top of a high hill which is protruding above the fog. At times the tops of the fog bank take fantastic shapes like giant hands and strange beings. Only last week I was playing hide-and-seek with these cloud banks on my way back from Paris, going round this one and through that, and sometimes skirting one particularly outstanding one with one of the wings of the machine. There is never a bump or motion of any kind when one is up above like that, and invariably my passengers have been dumbfounded with the beauty and told me afterwards that they wouldn't have missed the experience for anything. It really has to be experienced to be believed.

Thunderstorms give a thrill occasionally. The rain beats on the wind-screen like bullets, and it is impossible and dangerous for the pilot to put his head outside the cockpit. The lightning doesn't affect us, though we have to disconnect our wireless, as atmospherics make speech with the ground impossible. I flew through a thunderstorm the day before yesterday, and watched the forked lightning shoot down to the earth and spread out as it hit, like a large hand.

All these experiences are rare excitements for the pilot. Taking it all round our life is very uneventful, and day after day we cross and re-cross the Channel on our lawful occasions, with our cargo of 18 passengers, most of whom get bored in a few minutes and go to sleep, or else show a mild interest as we pass over the Channel or any interesting town.

One thing is certain—flying has come to stay. It is the quickest and most comfortable form of travel. It turns islands into continents and brings nation nearer to nation. Statistics shew it to be the safest form of travel there is. It is only the attitude of a certain section of the Press which gives exaggerated accounts of even the slightest accident to any aeroplane, that causes the man in the street still to think flying is a mug's game, and that to have one foot on the ground is safest. Come to Croydon Aerodrome any time, any of you Old Harlovians, and I shall be glad to show you round and convince you that what I say is correct. Let us teach our children to be air-minded and thus become not the third but the first country in the world in aviation.

I could fill the "Harlovian" with accounts and excitements of the last eleven years in flying, but it would probably bore most of its readers. However, perhaps in the next issue I may be able to tell you something of the journeys we do and the cities we go to, and the strange way in which we have breakfast in London, lunch in Brussels, tea in Cologne, and back for supper in London again.

Please remember me to Mrs. Horsey, Miss Jessie, and all the Staff.

Yours very sincerely,
JOHN.

Hotel Cecil,
Strand, W.C.,

June 29, 1929.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

You will no doubt be surprised to hear from one of your old boys of Waltham and Harlow, but I cannot miss this opportunity of dropping you a few lines while in London. I am spending a few weeks in England with my wife and daughter, after 25 years in Canada. We are leaving for Paris on Monday, to spend a few days there, and then return here for a few days. I would very much like to come and see you for an hour or so on my return from Paris, which will probably be a week from to-day, if this is agreeable to you. I would like to hear from you. If you address me here, I will get the letter on my return.

I trust this finds both you and Mrs. Horsey in the best of health.

Yours sincerely,

W. F. J. CHEESMAN.

White Star Line,
Deck A, Room 28,
On Board S.S. "Laurentic,"

July 19th, 1929.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

I cannot leave old England without dropping you a line to thank you for the wonderful welcome you gave us all on our little visit to Harlow. I must confess what pleased me so much was to see both you and Mrs. Horsey not a day older than you looked 26 years ago. Our visit brought back many happy memories of good old Waltham and Harlow, and I know that my success in Canada has been due to the good influence and advice that you gave, not only to me, but to all the boys. I may say that my wife and Isabel were delighted with your and Mrs. Horsey's kindness, and they have pressed the flowers as a remembrance of their visit to my old School. I do hope you decide to pay a visit to Canada some time and give me the opportunity of showing you some of the Western Hemisphere.

Please convey to Mrs. Horsey and Miss Jessie my very kind regards, in which my wife and Isabel join.

Yours sincerely and fraternally,

BILLY (W. F. J. CHEESMAN).

58, Park Road,
Rugby.

5th July, 1929.

DEAR SIR,

I feel I must apologise for the absences of Alfred Le Cren, Vincent New and myself from to-morrow's festivities. When I wrote to New to ask him "What about it?" he replied that he wished he had known the date earlier—as it is, he has let his understudy go for a holiday and has himself contracted

to remain at the office all day Saturday. Le Cren has also contracted—bronchial catarrh, I am sorry to say. And my own exchequer is temporarily contracted also.

We do not wish you to think that our non-appearance on the first O.B.D. we three have missed is due to any "party split," so to speak—they are fashionable things, but I don't think we shall indulge in one! As a matter of fact, we all had a most enjoyable ten days holiday together in Belgium, near (but not too near!) Ostend, about a fortnight ago. To this may be traced my personal contraction!

I am sure I am writing for all three of us when I express our regret at the various circumstances that are keeping us away—especially Le Cren's catarrh, and we hope that the weather will behave after the style (almost forgotten now) of the good old English summer.

Mother joins me in hoping that you are well.

With best wishes for the success of the gathering, and, may I add, of the Old Boys' XI.,

Yours very sincerely,

FRANKLIN SCOTT.

The Swimming Club,

Box 308, G.P.O., Singapore, S.S.,

26th March, 1929.

MY DEAR MRS. HORSEY AND MISS JESSIE,

I have to thank you for the very interesting magazine you sent to us. I have posted it on to Harold to read, as he will know the old boys who wrote those interesting letters.

We are doing our best to get Frank a billet as assistant on some group of rubber estates here, as Frank is fed up with indoor life and wants to come abroad. We tried to get him a post in Australia, but owing to our victories at cricket, we English were not popular in Australia just then, and every man my husband asked for a billet for Frank had a son in want of a job also. Every Australian youth is mad practising cricket, so when they send their men home, it will be a real fight, and no easy victory for either side.

Harold is the picture of health, and we love his choice, and hope they will be happy when they marry.

Australia has altered incredibly in 25 years; the city of Sydney covers all the Harbour shores and miles of surrounding country.

With kindest regards from Don to Mr. Horsey and yourselves, and love from

Yours sincerely,

KATE LOBB.

50, Porchester Terrace,

Hyde Park, W.2,

23rd April, 1929.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

I am very glad to inform you that I have obtained my diploma (A.R.C.A.) and also a scholarship of £80 for the next year. This diploma is important, of course, if I should want to teach.

I hope that you are all keeping very well. I hear great things about the School from Tommy (Le Cren). I was wild with delight to have seen Tommy. I'm very eager to hear how he got on. We all liked him very much

and think he is a really good chap. I am sorry I could not manage to come and see you this month, but I hope to see you all at Christmas.

I had a wonderful opportunity to play in the final for the N.W. Ireland Cricket Cup. I would have had to play two League matches in order to qualify for the final. Unfortunately I am going to France this year and not to Ireland, so I had to put off my only chance of a really good game of cricket.

The garden must be looking very lovely now, although I expect water is needed badly. I hope the last term has been very successful in exams., work in general, and sport. I shall be pleased if you will give my best wishes to everyone I know.

Yours sincerely,

ARCHIE UTIN.

Craven House,

Atkins Road,

Clapham Park, S.W.12.

MY DEAR MISS JESSIE,

Many thanks indeed for your letter. I am very sorry that I am late in answering it; I really have no excuse. I am quite settled down now, and am very comfortable. I know all this kindness is due to you.

My Aunt and Uncle have arrived in England. At last I have some relations in England, but alas! not for long. How is everything at the College? O.K. I hope. Please remember me to Mr. and Mrs. Horsey and all the Masters, especially Mr. Taylor, who taught me my geometry and algebra. They have both helped me enormously.

I shall try my utmost to come down on Old Boys' Day and review the College and my old School chums. I am glad to hear that the 1st XI. is doing well. I suppose the 2nd XI. is composed of small fellows; but still I hope they keep their colours flying by defeating their opponents.

At present the weather is glorious here, and I tell you that around Craven House it is very quiet; quite a change from the rush and tear of the traffic.

Well, Miss Jessie, I must close now, as it is 10.30 a.m., and I haven't had my breakfast, so cheerio!

Yours affectionately,

H. NELSON.

4, Kingscroft Road,

Brondesbury, N.W.2,

August 12th, 1929.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

I have no doubt you will be surprised to hear from me after all the years that have elapsed since I was at Harlow. I think that you will remember Greenboam ii., otherwise "Bongle."

I believe you will be interested to hear that I am about to apply for a Commission on the Reserve of Officers of the Royal Air Force. It is necessary for an applicant to secure the signature of the Headmaster of his late School. I am therefore enclosing an application form, which I am sure you will sign for me and return at the earliest possible moment. My reason for this undue haste, Sir, is that I am anxious to join the Service almost at once.

All my brothers send their kindest regards to you and Mrs. Horsey.

Hoping to see you at some early future date.

I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

HENRY GREENBOAM,

Lycee Banville,

Moulins,

le 18 Mai, 1929.

CHER MONSIEUR HORSEY,

Je suis allé en Angleterre aux grandes vacances dernières chez des cousins à Mitcham près de Londres. Si j'avais été sûr de vous rencontrer, je serais bien allé jusqu' à Harlow, mais j'ai craint que vous ne fussiez parti.

Je pense y retourner l' an prochain ou dans deux ans. Peut-être aurai-je le plaisir de vous voir. J'ai toujours des nouvelles du collège par le Harlovian.

Si vous aviez des élèves qui veulent correspondre avec de jeunes Français, vous pourriez me le faire savoir. Depuis cette année je suis directeur de l' Ecole Pratique et primaire supérieure de Moulins.

Mes louanges à Madame Horsey, à Mademoiselle Jessie, et à Mademoiselle Marguerite.

Croyez à mon meilleur souvenir,

H. MEUNIER.

17, Wickliffe Avenue,
Church End,

Finchley, N.3.

2/7/29.

DEAR SIR,

Thank you very much for sending the Magazine, for which I am enclosing a P.O. If I still owe you any more, would you please let me know? It has always been interesting to read how everyone at Harlow is getting on. It amuses me when I read the list of School Prefects, and see there several boys who were in the same Form as I was.

I am leaving School at the end of this Term, and I have made up my mind that I would not like to go into business, or take up office work, but I am keen on farming. I have written to Jim H. Wilson, in Australia to see if his employer would nominate me to the Government in Sydney under the Government scheme, but the address given in the " Harlovian,"

" Garford,"

New South Wales,

does not seem to me sufficient. If you have a fuller one, would you please send it me? Also, could you let me have the addresses of any other Old Boys out there so that I can write to them.

Judging by the interest taken in your Hobbies' Exhibition, the boys must have been very enthusiastic about it. Some time ago we gave an Exhibition at School of Science and Industry. I am sending you a programme so you can judge for yourself what it was like. It was an interesting experience for the boys in the V.'s and VI.'s, who acted as spokesmen, describing everything and answering any questions put to them. I am sorry to see Nelson's losing the cup so much, but I expect when the younger boys grow bigger they will soon get it back again. At the " Haberdashers," where I am now, they have six Houses, and it provides much more competition. We also have different shields or cups for each event, such as the " Work Shield," the " Rugger Shield," and the " Paddock Cup," &c. Perhaps you will be interested to read the copy of the "Skylark" I am sending.

I regret that I shall not be present on July 6th. Please give my kindest regards to Miss Jessie and those of the Staff whom I know.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

J. H. SCHONWALD.