

THE  
**HARLOVIAN**



The Magazine of  
Harlow College,  
Essex.

Vol. 6. No. 53.

AUGUST, 1930.

PRICE - ONE SHILLING.

## SCHOOL OFFICERS:

*Prefects:* G. ARATOON.

A. GREGORY.

L. HALE.

J. PULLIN.

*Sub-Prefects:* A. CANTOR.

A. DEANS.

R. FORWARD.

F. HARRIS.

F. LE CREN.

J. MCLEOD.

L. KEEP.

E. RIPLEY.

*Cricket Captain:* L. HALE.

„ *Vice-Captain:* G. ARATOON.

*Captain of Beatty House:* G. ARATOON.

*Captain of Nelson House:* A. GREGORY.

# THE HARLOVIAN.

VI.]

AUGUST, 1930.

[No. 53.]

## SCHOOL NOTES.

**Examination Results.**—The results of the School Certificate and Oxford Local Junior Examinations held in July are as follows:

### School Certificate (Oxford).

F. T. Harris.—Third Class Honours. Exemption from London Matriculation, Oxford Responsions and Cambridge Previous.

L. Bloore.—Pass. Exemption from London Matriculation, Oxford Responsions and Cambridge Previous.

L. R. Hale.—Pass. Exemption from Oxford Responsions.

P. A. Compton.—Pass.

E. W. H. Snell.—Pass.

### Oxford Local Junior.

G. H. Gregory.—Second Class Honours.

J. McLeod.—Second Class Honours.

E. O. Clayton.—Third Class Honours.

R. E. Selwyn.—Third Class Honours.

F. R. Dewhurst.—Pass.

A. B. Durston.—Pass.

J. M. D. Fenning.—Pass.

L. V. Keep.—Pass.

C. W. J. Manley.—Pass.

M. P. Painter.—Pass.

In the School Certificate Examination the most successful subjects were as follows:—

	<i>Passed with Credit.</i>	<i>Passed.</i>	<i>Failed.</i>
Latin	7	—	0
French	6	2	0
German	5	3	0
Mathematics	6	1	1
Drawing	4	2	0

In the Oxford Junior the most successful subjects were:—

	<i>Passed with Credit.</i>	<i>Passed.</i>	<i>Failed.</i>
English	10	—	3
History	10	1	2
Latin	6	4	1
French	10	1	2
Mathematics	10	—	3
Drawing	7	—	1

**Worcester Training Ship Scholarship.**—Paul Stansbury has won the scholarship of £50 per annum, for two years, offered by the Grocers' Company. Heartiest congratulations.

**War Memorial Prizes for English Literature.**—The Prizes this term were awarded as follows:—

Upper Fifth.—1, L. Hale; 2, P. Compton; 3, L. Bloore.

Lower Fifth.—1, G. H. Gregory; 2, J. Cook; 3, E. O. Clayton.

Fourth Form.—1, L. Payne; 2, F. Dicksee; 3, P. Stansbury.

Remove.—1, H. Coats; 2, G. Pearce; 3, K. Collins and A. Allan.

Third Form.—1, S. Neale; 2, D. Meek; 3, A. Sanderson and B. Browne.

Second Form.—1, R. Westell; 2, L. Scragg; 3, E. Healey and G. Jefferys.

**Special Prizes.**—The Seabrook Prizes established in memory of the late Lieutenant H. S. Seabrook and awarded to the pupils who do best in mathematics in the Annual School Certificate and Oxford Local Junior Examinations respectively, were gained by P. Compton and J. M. D. Fennings. The prize given annually by Monsieur H. Renauleaud to the best French pupil for the year was won by F. T. Harris.

**Royal Drawing Society Examination.**—There were 114 papers sent in this year. Of these 25 gained Honours Certificates, 42 attained Honours Standard, but were over age for the Certificate, and 35 gained Pass Certificates. The winners of Honours Certificates were:—

**Preparatory.**—T. Barrow, G. Barkham, B. Browne, D. Carnall, D. Gray, G. Hill, E. Ripley, A. Sanderson, J. Seed, N. Smith, J. Taylor.

**Division I.**—B. Browne, J. Ross, E. Wood.

**Division II.**—K. Collins, J. Hale, D. Stock.

**Division III.**—G. Drane, G. Gilpin, A. Knight, G. Lampard, L. Payne, E. Ripley, R. Simpson, J. Whittall.

Browne was one of the seven candidates in the United Kingdom, who gained a prize in the Preparatory Division. Heartiest congratulations.

**Retirement of Mr. Huthwaite.**—Harlovians of many generations will learn with regret that next term is to be Mr. Huthwaite's last. After fifteen years' devoted service to the School, he at length feels that the time has come for retirement. Most vigorous of septuagenarians, Mr. Huthwaite is still a fine teacher and disciplinarian. And a fine sportsman, too. He has only recently given up cricket;

he refereed in football matches until last term, and he still organises the fives tournaments, and plays an occasional game. One need not point out to old boys what a loss his departure will be. Not one of the hundreds who have been under his care but retains a warm affection for "Jumbo"—the nick-name is an open secret—and the School will not be quite the same without him. All will wish him a successful term and the fullest enjoyment of that well-earned leisure which is to follow it.

**Accident to Mr. Frank Horsey.**—All our regular readers will, we are sure, be sorry to hear that a serious accident has befallen Mr. Frank Horsey, the "F.H." whose clever and amusing "Perversions of English History" and other contributions are such a striking feature of the magazine. He was knocked down and run over by a motor-car, and sustained three bad fractures between the ankle and knee of the right leg. He was taken to Beckenham Cottage Hospital. At first the doctors thought they would have to amputate the leg, but fortunately they were able to save it, and now, after a ten weeks' exile, he has returned home and is hobbling about on crutches. It was a very narrow escape for a man of over 70.

One of his "Perversions of English History"—William Rufus—appears in this number. It is one of the best, if not the very best he has written. We all hope, not only that he will completely recover the use of his leg, but that he will continue to amuse us with his delightful work.

**Visit to the Zoo.**—On June 19th the junior boys woke in high spirits and greeted with joy a warm and sunny day, for we had planned an outing to the Zoo, and part of the enjoyment lay in the fact that we were going all the way by "Acme" coach. By 9.45 we were all ready, 43 boys, under the care of Miss Jessie, Miss Ward, Mr. Roe and Mr. Tschirren. We waited in the garden, with packets of sandwiches in our hands, and money burning holes in our pockets. How long those minutes seemed, while we strained our ears for the sound of the motor. Ten o'clock was the time appointed for our start, but at ten minutes past there was still no sign of the coach. An urgent telephone call brought the news that the coach was then on its way, and loud were the cheers when this was made known. With difficulty we all fitted in the coach, but at last we got off, and about 12.30 arrived at our destination.

We saw quite a lot of London on our way, as the driver took us from East to West, and then North-West, having, apparently, never before visited the Zoo. We ate our lunch on the Mappin Terrace, and then divided up into parties and agreed to meet at four o'clock for

tea. Some visited the lions, others could not be torn away from the monkey cages, a few more took rides on the elephants, and a fourth party visited the aquarium and reptile house. Whatever we saw filled us with delight, and the time was all too short. Four o'clock saw us assembled at the restaurant, and when everyone was seated, heads were counted. To our horror we were one short. Could one of the boys have been dragged through the bars of a lion's den, or have been mistaken by one of the keepers for a monkey and popped into a cage?

With a sigh of relief our four harassed elders saw a hot and breathless, but entirely unrepentant Copas, speeding towards the tea-room. After a substantial tea we all made for an enclosure near-by to watch the chimpanzee tea party. No-one came late to that feast, and we all admired the manners of the father chimpanzee, when he handed his wife and daughter to their places and waited patiently while they were served. His behaviour was exemplary until almost the last, for he cleared up the remains of the meal and stacked up the chairs on the table, but now there was a falling off. When the keeper's back was turned he seized the milk-jug and drained it dry. This, perhaps, raised a bigger laugh than all the rest of his antics.

Our time was now up, so we made our way to the gates and once more boarded the coach, arriving home tired but happy, somewhere about eight o'clock.

**Change of Form Names.**—The names of the forms have been changed so as to bring them into agreement with those now generally used in Secondary Schools. The names of the forms in the Junior School remain as they were, namely, forms I., II. and III., but the form midway between the Junior and Senior Schools, which formerly was known as Form IV., is now called the "Remove," while the senior classes are now named Fourth, Lower Fifth and Upper Fifth. It will be seen that the name "Sixth" disappears, the custom now being to apply the name "Sixth" only to those forms which take post-matriculation work.

**Revival of the Tuck Shop.**—In the pre-war days we used to run a flourishing tuck shop. It was dropped during the war owing to the sugar shortage and other difficulties, and for various reasons was not started again. Now, however, thanks to the tireless energy of Miss Ward, it has been revived. The new venture is very well patronised, and returns a good profit, which will be used to help various School activities. Accounts will be published from time to time in the Magazine. Many thanks are due to Miss Ward for so kindly taking yet another burden on her willing shoulders.

**Gifts to the School Library.**—Many thanks to T. Rogers for his splendid parting gift to the School Library.

If other boys wish to make parting gifts, will they please note that any of the following books would be very welcome:—

Conan Doyle's Collected Stories, Book I.  
 " " " " " II.  
 " " " " " III.

Great Sea Stories of the World.

Great Modern British Plays.

Complete Jane Austen.

My Best Stories.

The Father Brown Stories.

Any works by Wodehouse, A. Bennett, W. W. Jacobs, A. E. W. Mason, Baroness Orczy, H. A. Vachell, P. C. Wren.

**A New House.**—The division of the School into two houses has been an undoubted success. But it has shown one weakness. It could not, from the circumstances of the case, make the same appeal to day boys spending only a few hours here daily, as it does to those who pass the whole of their time, day and night, on the School premises. Mr. Horsey discussed the question thoroughly with the Prefects at the end of the term, and it was suggested that the way out of the difficulty was to take advantage of the rivalry which always exists between boarders and day boys. Accordingly, in future the day boys will form a separate house known as "Rodney." This house will, it is true, be larger than the Beatty and Nelson Houses. But, on the other hand, it includes boys who have to travel daily to and from Broxbourne, Bishop's Stortford and other rather distant places, and so can only take a comparatively small part in School sports. It also includes a good number of Form I. and Form II., who are too young to make any serious contribution to the strength of their house. This should equalise matters, and we hope that some very keen contests will result. The day boys have chosen as their first Captain M. Painter.

**St. Swithin.**—For the first time within living memory, the weather forecast based on the legend of St. Swithin has proved true. We had rain on St. Swithin's Day, and on every day without exception for 40 days after. Extremely interesting, no doubt, to meteorologists, but a horrid nuisance to everybody else in general and to boarding schools in particular. The long continued cold and rain interfered with cricket practice and cricket matches, made it difficult to go bathing,

and completely spoiled the tennis season. We could not start play till the end of June, and had to leave off in the middle of July. At the time when this note is being written we have at long last a gloriously hot sunny day. Let us hope that the American's gibe at our weather "This year we had summer on a Tuesday," will not be justified.

**Some Farewells.**—The School Certificate Examination and the end of the School year in July are always somewhat tinged with sadness, inasmuch as they mean the departure of those who, having "finished their education" in one sense, are now about to begin it over again in another and a more important one.

We say farewell with great regret to Fred Le Cren. Now for the first time for 17 years there will be no Le Cren on the roll call, though we hope that the name will figure for many more years on the staff list. We shall badly miss L. Hale, perhaps the best sportsman the School has produced. E. Snell set a good example to day boys by his keenness in sport and is to be congratulated on passing the School Certificate Examination.

We must not forget "Granny" Gilpin, probably the most popular boy in the School, who is leaving us to go to a public school—the Imperial Service College—with a view to entering Sandhurst later on. His passing of the Common Entrance Examination was a very creditable piece of work, as a serious accident and a whole term's absence from school not long ago were a great handicap. To all of them we wish happiness and success.

**The Independent Schools Association.**—This year the Association held its autumn conference at York, Mr. Horsey acting as Chairman. The proceedings terminated with a public luncheon. Speeches were made by the Lord Mayor of York, Dean Lionel Ford (late Headmaster of Harrow), Mr. A. Milne (Headmaster of University School, Hastings), and Mr. Horsey. Dean Ford uttered a strong and eloquent warning against the danger of education becoming standardised and uniform in this country, through excess of State control.

*Salvete.*

D. S. Carnall, J. L. F. Curnock, L. W. Ripley, N. S. Smith, F. M. Warriner, W. C. Watkins, C. Wellings.

*Valete.*

C. A. Jefferies, B. Poole, E. N. Stewart.

## HOBBIES EXHIBITION at HARLOW COLLEGE.

(Reprinted from the *Herts and Essex Observer*.)

Some exceedingly good examples of what can be done by school boys in their spare time were shown at an Exhibition of Hobbies and Handicrafts, held at Harlow College on Saturday. All kinds of articles ranging from felt slippers to wireless sets and model engines were on view, and the general quality of the exhibits reflected great credit upon the boys. The Headmaster of the College, Mr. E. P. Horsey, is a firm believer in the educational value of useful hobbies, and gives every encouragement to his boys to occupy their spare time in whatever branch of handwork appeals to them. The school engineering and woodwork shops are made full use of, and with the help and guidance of members of the staff, some surprisingly good work has been turned out.

A large number of parents and friends of the boys were present at the exhibition, and the various articles were very favourably commented upon. Some exceedingly well finished brass gongs and trays and some model steam engines were shown in the metal-work section and there was a good display of wooden cupboards and shelves. Leather bags and other articles with embossed designs, coloured parchment blotters and lamp shades, and attractively coloured wooden boxes and candlesticks were among the many interesting features, and some artificial flowers made of paper were very effective. Pewter work, stencilled designs and lino-cuts, and some useful papier-maché bowls were among a good variety of different classes of work. In fact, almost everything to which a boy can turn his hand was shown, including Meccano models and an up-to-date wireless receiver. There were fretwork clock stands and photo frames, brilliantly coloured butterflies made from fishbones, baskets and trays, and also some very good drawings and sketches. Two racing pigeons and a pair of rabbits were included in the exhibition.

The exhibits were judged by Major and Mrs. M. G. Browne, of Harlow.

Prizes were distributed by Dr. N. Wallis, of Stalham, Norfolk, an old boy of the School.

The Headmaster, in the course of a short address, said that, excepting for sports, the leisure time occupations of schoolboys used to be entirely disregarded. In later years, however, there had been a great change, thanks to men like Lord Baden-Powell and the Boy Scout Movement. Many educationists to-day believed that if you took care of the leisure hours, the working hours would take care of themselves. He did not wish to make any exaggerated claims for hobbies, Mr. Horsey said. He did not for a moment believe that because a boy could make a leather wallet he had solved the problem

of how to spend leisure time. He had, however, acquired a love of creative activity and was laying the foundations of a hobby which would afford him an immense amount of pleasure in later years. Among hobbies enthusiasts of to-day, said Mr. Horsey, was Dr. Alington, Headmaster of Eton. In an article advocating hobbies in schools, Dr. Alington had said "Schoolmasters have a great mission in instructing the youth of the country how to spend their leisure time." With all deference to such an authority as Dr. Alington, Mr. Horsey said he did not believe that any schoolmaster could do that. Young people, he thought, would naturally—and wisely—resent any such attempt. A hobby was a private and personal matter, and a boy had as much right to choose his own hobby as he had to choose his own wife. He tried to encourage hobbies in the school, as he was a great believer in their educational value. In conclusion, he wanted to thank all those who had put in such excellent work in connection with the exhibition. Miss Ward, Mr. Roe and Mr. Cairns, members of the staff, had given an immense amount of time and work, and without the loyal support of the staff such results would not have been possible.

The Rev. J. D. Elwell, R.D., Vicar of Potter Street, Harlow, proposing a vote of thanks to Dr. Wallis, said that education at the School seemed to have been made extremely interesting and attractive. When he was at school, boys had no hobbies in which to spend their spare time. They were certainly fond of carving, but the wood which they used was not always provided for the purpose. (Laughter.) In conclusion, Mr. Elwell congratulated Mr. Horsey and his staff upon the up-to-date methods by which the School was being conducted.

Dr. Wallis congratulated the boys upon their work, which, he thought, was extraordinarily good. He much appreciated his visit to the School after a number of years, and was pleased to see such an interest being taken in the work of the boys.

#### PRIZE-WINNERS.

The following were the prize-winners in the various sections:—  
Lino cuts—1, Selwyn; 2, Pullin; highly commended, Snell i, Manley.

Papier Mâché—1, Gregory ii; h.c., Tarling, Meek i.

Raffia Work—1, Bower i; h.c., Maynard i, Healey.

Various—1, Pinch; 2, Cook; 3, Coats; h.c., Pullin.

Form Work—Form I. Fretwork—1, Parker i; 2, Lawrence; h.c., Meek ii. Pewter work—1, Aratoon; 2, Pullin.

Lamp Shades—1, Gilpin; 2, Snell i.

Painted Boxes—1, Harris iii; 2, Gilpin; 3, Ripley i; h.c., Bloore, Fennings.

Parchment Work—1, Tustin i; 2, Copas.

Stencil Designs—1, Ripley i; 2, Gilpin.

Metal Work—1, Aratoon; 2, McLeod; 3, Jones; 4, Heat.

Meccano—1, Copas; h.c., Selwood.

Leather Work—1, Ripley i; 2, Harris iii; 3, Poynter.

Suède Work—1, Ripley i; h.c., Tustin i, Gilpin.

Cane Work—Trays: 1, Harris iii; 2, Crafter; 3, Ripley; h.c., Smart. Baskets: 1, Tustin i; 2, Haigh. Toast racks, Senior: Barnes. Junior: Parker ii. Stools: 1, Haigh; 2, Drane.

Woodwork—1, Gilpin; 2, Knight; special prize, Browne.

#### OLD HARLOVIANS.

The Past v. Present Football Match will be played on Saturday, November 8th, when we hope to see a good muster of Old Harlovians and a well-fought game. Those wishing to play should send in their names as early as possible to F. Dutton, Churchgate Street, Harlow. It would add greatly to the enjoyment of the evening if more of those who attend would bring songs. It is hardly fair to leave the after-supper entertainment entirely to one or two willing helpers.

F. Scott set up a record by cycling all the way from Rugby in order to be present at the all-day cricket match on Whit-Monday. Needless to say, we were very pleased to see him. Since then he has been appointed Second Electrical Engineer of S.S. Platano, United Fruit Company, the engine of which he helped to make. We hope he will be back in time for the Old Boys' Match.

W. Rintoul has graduated in science with Second Class Honours at St. Andrew's University. He is now going to study for a time in Vienna. Heartiest congratulations.

Also to C. Barker on completing the final of the Institute of Bankers Associate Examination.

We have had a very interesting letter from S. Langton, a former School Captain, now in Government service in Bechuanaland, but he unkindly says we are not to print it, thereby depriving his many old friends of a great pleasure. He is hoping to pay a visit to England before very long.

Mr. Horsey has had some very interesting correspondence with Cyril Sweney, a member of the Indian Police Force. Only one of the letters can be given, as the others deal with official matters, that could not very well be published. Sweney, who has long and first-hand experience of India, takes a most serious view of the situation there. He holds that the attempt to impose a European and democratic system of government on Asiatics is doomed to failure, and that unless the authorities show more back-bone, we run the risk of terrible disaster.

Dr. Neville Wallis, an Old Harlovian of the Rev. L. B. Towne's time, very kindly came from Stalham to our Hobby Show, gave away the prizes, and made a very good and amusing speech. Very many thanks.

H. Gummer has been appointed Secretary in personal attendance to Lord Beaverbrook. It is a most interesting post, which will bring him in intimate contact with many celebrities.

We were very pleased to get into touch again, after a long interval, with Hector Cox, who paid us a welcome visit during the holidays. He is flourishing, is married, and has a son, whom he hopes to send here later on.

Other very welcome visitors were Doctor Cyril Sherris and his wife. Sherris has the practice in Cheshunt formerly owned by Doctor Clark, so well-known to those who belonged to the School in the old Waltham Cross days.

### THE CRICKET SEASON.

When we review a season we are rather apt to let the most recent events loom largest, and to forget the earlier opening happenings of the term. Yet to one of these, namely, the very good practice wicket prepared under the direction of Mr. Robertson and that veritable trojan, Aratoon, we owe a great part of our success this year. With only two of last year's players left, much practice and a certain amount of experimenting was necessary with the team, and the fixture list shows how it has acquitted itself.

The prime factor of our success has been Hale's bowling. No school around has a bowler his equal—nor has any town or village, unless, perhaps, it is Bishop's Stortford 1st XI., a first-class club. This is no idle boast, for whenever he has been available Harlow Town Club has snapped him up, and in every game in which he has played there has been no better bowler in either team. He is the best bowler the College has had for the past fifteen years. Will it be another fifteen years before we see his equal? With the greatest regret and the certainty that he will do well in club cricket we part with him this term. What we lose in our bowling we may to some extent gain in batting next year. In Lampard we have a batsman of considerable promise. A series of "not outs" decided us to try him as an opening bat, and in his second try in this position he obtained 35 and enabled us to put on 52 before the loss of a wicket. McLeod is another promising bat, and has a habit of catching anything and

everything that comes near him. Mr. Horsey, after an indifferent season last year, seems to have "got his eye in" again, and we are hoping for a hurricane 50 or two next year.

Cook and Heat are useful bowlers, while Harris is a dark horse, who, if he should stay, will probably prove our best all-rounder next year. Lastly, there is the third of the Hale family. The first is busy making centuries in club cricket, the second will be getting wickets in the same sphere next year. What of the "nipper." A year's strength and length (especially the latter) may well make of him a worthy successor to his brothers.

T. LE C.

#### CRITICISM OF TEAM.

*L. Hale* (Captain).

*G. Aratoon* (Vice-Captain): Has played well behind the stumps, but has been rather unfortunate in his batting.

*F. Harris*: Batting has improved immensely this term. Very good in the field.

*J. McLeod*: Has batted well in most matches, and is also good in the field.

*G. Lampard*: Has batted well throughout the season. Fielding has improved during the term.

*R. Smith*: A "slogger" and good change bowler.

*M. Painter*: A good bowler, but very disappointing bat.

*R. Ripley*: Batting and fielding much improved during the term. Should do well next season.

*Mr. Horsey, Mr. Robertson, Mr. LeCren, Mr. Roe*, Have rendered valuable assistance whenever possible.

*R. Forward*: Has been a very good umpire.

To Miss Jessie for our fixture list and for the smoothing out of any little hitch which has arisen in our programme, our sincerest thanks.

#### 1ST XI. FIXTURE LIST.

	RESULTS.	
	Home.	Away.
Newport School .. .. .	Draw	Lost
Bishop's Stortford Postal Service .. .. .	Won	Won
Harlow 2nd .. .. .	Won	Won
Epping Wednesday .. .. .	Won	Won
Gilston .. .. .	Won	—
Great Parndon .. .. .	Lost	Won

The season's record is as follows:—

Matches played .. .. .	11
„ won .. .. .	8
„ lost] .. .. .	2
„ drawn .. .. .	1

## 1ST XI. BATTING AVERAGES.

	Innings.	Runs.	Not out.	Average.
G. Lampard .. ..	10	85	6	21.2
L. Hale .. ..	15	251	1	17.9
R. Smith .. ..	14	120	2	10
Mr. Robertson .. ..	11	96	0	8.6
Mr. Le Cren .. ..	11	77	0	7
Mr. Horsey .. ..	7	41	0	5.7
J. McLeod .. ..	15	78	0	5.2
F. Harris .. ..	15	67	0	4.4
M. Painter .. ..	10	43	0	4.3
Mr. Roe .. ..	10	84	1	8.7
R. Ripley .. ..	9	20	1	2.5
G. Aratoon .. ..	15	30	0	2

## CATCHES OF THE SEASON.

F. Harris .. ..	10	Mr. Roe .. ..	2
J. McLeod .. ..	10	Mr. Robertson .. ..	2
G. Aratoon .. ..	6	M. Painter .. ..	2
L. Hale .. ..	3	Mr. Le Cren .. ..	1
R. Smith .. ..	3	R. Ripley .. ..	1

## BOWLERS' AVERAGES.

Name.	Overs.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Average.
L. Hale ..	170	233	54	90	2.58
R. Smith ..	94	170	28	36	4.72
M. Painter ..	84	212	15	33	6.42

L. HALE.

## HOUSE COMPETITION.

The House Competition this term has again proved a victory for Nelson, though not by any great margin. In the Cricket they were far superior to their rivals, winning three of the four matches. It was feared that the 1st House Match would be a walk-over for them, as their side included Hale, but thanks, mainly, to a valiant twenty-five from Lampard and some useful bowling by Smith and Painter, Beatty managed to put up a good fight. The 2nd House Match was a personal triumph for Compton, whose twenty-six went a long way towards giving his side victory. Hockley bowled well for Nelson in the 3rd House Match, while in the 4th, Ripley iii, with both bat and ball, completely dominated the game. In the tennis, too, Nelson carried off every game, both singles and doubles, as Hale i, Harris iii, Aratoon and Ripley i, were too good for Gregory i, Bloore, Ripley ii, and Smith, the latter proving somewhat of a disappointment. In the Footer Fives Beatty made up for some of their other losses by winning every game, including the surprise victory of Gregory ii over Hale i in the first Singles. The Hand Fives were another success for Nelson, but Beatty avenged this by carrying off the major portion of the Swimming

events, of which a detailed account is given elsewhere. A special word of praise is due to Gregory i, who for the last few terms has had the somewhat unpleasant task of captaining a House far weaker than its opponents, and although he has never really had any hope of success, he has never been "down in the mouth" or slack in the interests of his House.

## RESULTS.

EVENT.	RESULT.	POINTS.
		Beatty. Nelson.
1st House Match ..	Nelson .. ..	0 12
2nd " " ..	Beatty .. ..	11 0
3rd " " ..	Nelson .. ..	0 10
4th " " ..	Nelson .. ..	0 9
FIVES.		
1st Singles ..	Gregory ii beat Hale i .. ..	3 0
2nd " ..	Gregory i beat Knight .. ..	3 0
3rd " (Junior) ..	Stock ii beat Tustin ii .. ..	3 0
1st Doubles ..	Gregory ii and Ripley ii beat Hale i and Knight .. ..	4 0
2nd " ..	Gregory i and Hale ii beat Aratoon and Harris iii .. ..	4 0
3rd " (Junior) ..	Stock ii and Harris i beat Tustin ii and Stock i .. ..	4 0
TENNIS.		
1st Singles ..	Hale i beat Gregory i .. ..	0 3
2nd Singles ..	Ripley i beat Smith .. ..	0 3
1st Doubles ..	Hale i and Ripley i beat Gregory i and Smith .. ..	0 4
2nd " ..	Aratoon and Harris iii beat Bloore and Ripley ii .. ..	0 4
SWIMMING SPORTS.		
Separate Table ..	.. ..	24 15
TOTALS		56 60

## SWIMMING SPORTS.

The most noteworthy features of this year's Swimming Sports were the much-improved programme of events, the horribly cold weather, and the welcome supply of hot tea to fortify the competitors against the icy water.

New features in the programme were plate diving, a back-stroke race, and a junior 40 yards race. Plunging, an aquatic tug-of-war, and a comic event were also planned, but it was decided to abandon these on account of the weather. And who could grumble about the lack of a comic event after seeing the weird strokes used by various competitors in the back stroke race, or Gregory ii, swimming with the major portion of his anatomy out of water, or Cantor's bathing dress.

The tit-bit of the programme was undoubtedly the Senior Relay, and for their victory in this Beatty House have chiefly Selwyn to thank, for he managed to swim the opening 40 yards every bit as fast as Snell. In the 80 yards open, too, he was a very good second to



Snell, who has greater experience and greater strength. Cantor did not even secure a place in his heat for this event—that costume must have weighed him down. The biggest surprise of the day was Gregory ii's victory in the Senior Diving, in which Harris iii was unfortunate enough to hurt himself in his dive from the top board, and had to retire. The plate-diving was a close contest between Selwyn and Cook, the former winning by one plate on the third dive. I am sorry Cantor did not compete for this. If he could have got down to the bottom there was room for him and an entire crockery shop inside that costume.

EVENT.	RESULT.	T. LE C.	
		POINTS.	
		Beatty.	Nelson.
Plate Diving (Open)	.. 1, Selwyn ; 2, Cook	2	1
Back Stroke, 40 Yards (Open)	1, Deans ; 2, Ripley i ; 3, Gregory ii ..	4	2
Relay Race (Open)	.. Selwyn, Smith, Clayton, and Gilpin beat Snell, Aratoon, Ripley i, and Cook ..	5	0
Relay Race (under 14)	.. Ross, Compton, Tustin i, and Ripley ii beat Knight, Tustin ii, Neale, and Parker..	4	0
Learners' Race	.. 1, Mattingley ; 2, Carpenter ..	—	3
80 Yards (Open)	.. 1, Snell ; 2, Selwyn ; 3, Aratoon ..	2	4
40 Yards (under 14)	.. 1, Compton ; 2, Tustin i	2	1
Diving (Open)	.. 1, Gregory ii ; 2, Aratoon	2	1
Diving (under 14)	.. 1, Ripley ii ; 2, Neale	2	1
40 Yards, Breast Stroke (under 14)	.. 1, Parker ; 2, Ross ..	1	2
		24	15

The entire programme was arranged and carried through by Mr. Roe, and our thanks are due to him for the fact that there were none of those hitches which are so boring to the spectator and so unpleasantly cold for the competitors.

### WILLIAM RUFUS.

Grave moralists have warned us of the perils that beset  
The thorny path of him who has a tendency to bet,  
They dwell on the accepted truth that wagers, as a rule,  
Are made between a rascal and a pudd'n-headed fool.

But though these highly estimable gentlemen forbid  
The luxury of betting, they will gaily risk a quid  
Upon a Sweepstake Ticket if perchance they can arrange  
To get one that is issued by the London Stock Exchange.

Which only shows that while we have improved a lot of late,  
The best of us are wonky when it comes to running straight,  
While human nature's what it is, we oughtn't to forget  
That every mother's son of us would love to win a bet.

We'll now look back some centuries, to ages long ago,  
When William Rufus ruled our land in one-one-double-o,  
This date is most significant, for betting then was rife,  
In fact, it was a bet that cost poor Copper-Nob his life.

It happened thus. His royal Nibs, whose ugly Norman head  
Was crowned with unattractive hair of most obtrusive red,  
Was hated by his subjects, who united in the view  
That, like his hair, his temper was too roseate in hue.

His chief delight was betting. He invariably lost,  
As bookies of the period discovered to their cost,  
They found that when he lost a bet he lost his temper, too,  
They therefore paid him what he asked. The safest thing to do!

One day when he was sober conversation turned on game,  
And one of his companions, Walter Tyrrell was his name,  
Declared he was a deadly shot at anything alive,  
And backed himself to knock it over six times out of five.

At this the royal Ginger-Nut leapt up in rage and cried  
"With one hand tied behind me I could beat you if I tried!  
"We'll put the matter to the test, I'll bet you I shall score,  
"And anyhow I'll back myself at odds of six to four."

Now Rufus with the bow was quite a reputable shot,  
Which Tyrrell, who was swanking, most decidedly was not,  
So on the day the match was held Sir Walter felt regret  
At having been too hasty in accepting such a bet.

They went into the forest, where they hunted running deer,  
And Rufus soon was two ahead. To Tyrrell it was clear  
That marksmanship unaided by the exercise of brains,  
In such a match stood little chance of adding to his gains.

Said he, "This ruby-headed wretch remarked for all to hear  
"That he, as King, was worth far more than twenty thousand deer,  
"It follows, then, that if I put an arrow through his heart,  
"That's 20,000 points to me! A very useful start!"

This thought flashed through Sir Walter's mind as Rufus drew his bow,  
Discharged an arrow at a stag and laid the creature low,  
At this fine shot the Knight, now anxious, shivered in his shoes,  
Such scoring made him realise that he was bound to lose.

"I'd better shoot him now," said he, "and win this tiresome bet,  
"Although this may perhaps involve a breach of etiquette,  
"But popular opinion will, I'm sure, be on my side,  
"They'll want to know precisely *when*, not *how*, the blighter died!"

A deadly shaft Sir Walter then adjusted to his string,  
And aimed it at the second waistcoat button of the King,  
A punctured and displeasing death the cruel Rufus met,  
And all because he would indulge a tendency to bet.

F.S.H.

### THE CHARM OF ESSEX.

To the uninitiated Essex is too often merely a synonym for flatness and dreariness. Yet, to some very sound judges of rural beauty she has charms greater even than much-belauded Surrey, Kent and Sussex. Several articles in praise of our beloved county have appeared recently in the Press. One of these extolled the beauty of the group of villages near Harlow, called the Rodings, one of which, White Roding, is declared by many to be the most beautiful village in England. We give below some extracts from another article in the *Evening Standard* by the well-known writer Horace Thorogood.

To realise that incomparable charm and beauty of Essex you must penetrate to the very heart of the county, for they belong exclusively to rural Essex. Fortunately the heart of Essex is a very large one. The county, in fact, is nearly all heart. Cut off the twenty-mile-deep southern belt that the rash of London overruns, and the ten-mile-wide eastern or coast strip, and the rest, right up to the Herts and Cambridgeshire borders on the west and the Suffolk border on the north, is a county of villages.

Exquisite villages! They stand among fields and trees in a profound seclusion—a church, an inn, and a straggle of black-timbered thatched cottages, climbed over by roses and honeysuckle, and fronted by gardens flushed, just now, with the soft colours of snapdragons and pinks and larkspurs and stocks.

Other Home Counties have beautiful villages, too, but Essex villages differ in being entirely unselfconscious. I get tired of the "professional beauty" airs that Surrey and Sussex villages give themselves. You cannot pass through any of them without feeling that your admiration is a tribute expected of you; the pretty place tips you a saucy look like a bad girl opening negotiations for a kiss.

There is nothing of this calculated cajolery about an Essex village. It is as innocent of vanity as a wild rose on the hedge. It has grown lovely by accident, and thinks nothing of it. Artists and authors have not yet taught it the evil arts of pose and make-up.

Ever since I saw Stebbing for the first time I have believed it to be the loveliest, most unspoiled village in England; the perfect type of that accidental arrival at beauty so characteristic of the county.

Perfect beauty in perfect peace and the beauty and the peace each the slow deposit of time, in no way the result of human planning; an anonymous masterpiece.

But Essex holds out no invitation to strangers or tourists to visit Stebbing, or any other of her village gems. On the contrary, she does her best to keep people away. Few railways trouble to enter that big rural heart of her, and if you look them up in the timetable you will find against most of the names the forbidding legend, "No Sunday Trains."

Except in the more responsible hotels, the cooking is dreadful. The inns can make even bread and cheese and beer look unappetising. Why, it would seem that the very place-names have been chosen to repel. Where else in England would you find two villages deliberately calling themselves Ugley and Nasty? (The latter is just over the Herts border, but spiritually it is a real Essex village.) There are other places called Mucking, Bumpstead, Bigods, Maggot's End, Elbows, Shellow Bowells, and even Snoreham-in-Ruins.

Do the people object? Not a bit of it! To my knowledge, there have never been any petitions from the inhabitants to alter those names.

So, you see, Essex demands too much hardihood from her lovers to be popular in these soft sentimental days. No wonder she enjoys complete freedom from that scourge of Sussex, the territorial novelist.

### THINGS THE SCHOOLROOM WANTS TO KNOW.

Whether there is any truth in the rumour that, on the occasion of the match against Stortford Postal Services, Gilpin was seen by several witnesses to run quite seven yards?

Where the genius in Form III. acquired his knowledge of anatomy, as shown in the following translation:—"Charles a trois belles"—"Charles has three bellies"?

Where Cantor got that bathing costume?

If Thomas has yet discovered "Who laid those kittens"?

Who "The (?) N" is who sends little messages on visiting cards, such as this one to Tustin ii: "Death has come to this house, for you will soon wake up to find a knife in your heart," and what Tustin's feelings will be on awakening in the said condition?

What the Oxford Examiners will think if Selwyn has headed his English Paper anything like this other effort of his:—

R. E. SELWYN

presents

"THE LOVE-BIRDS."

100 % ALL TALKING, ALL SINGING, ALL DANCING MASTERPIECE.  
GORGEOUS LOVE SCENES.

O.J.M.

## LETTERS FROM OLD HARLOVIANS.

Harrogate,

13/6/30.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

Many thanks for your letter of 30th May. I can well imagine how delightful you and Mrs. Horsey will have made the grounds of the old Vicarage. I remember how you transformed the garden at the College, and it is a strange thing that whenever I think of you, the picture that at once presents itself to my mind is of you and Mrs. Horsey walking arm in arm round the front grounds. I remember that many people were impressed into work there, your guests sometimes, I think, and I remember the delight of the whole School when the news spread one day that your brother (the Naval Officer) when engaged upon some work there, on hammering his thumb instead of the nail, had shouted "Damn!" A short while ago I heard from the High Commissioner for India that I had been nominated for a second summer course of instruction at Scotland Yard—from 30th June until 18th July. This morning I was further informed that I had been *selected* for the advanced course of lectures, from 16th June till 28th June, and so I have to report at the Metropolitan Police Training School at 10 a.m. on Monday. The syllabus of the advanced course which they have sent me is a terrifying document, and every lecturer's name is wonderful to me, Spilsbury for instance. I'm afraid I shall have long hours—10 to 5, probably with a luncheon interval—but I had better make the most of my opportunity. The Government of India have intimated that they will pay my fees for the courses—10 guineas. It's a funny thing that in some jobs one never stops going back and back again to school or study of some kind.

It is no use trying to be in any way optimistic about India. We have got to get out as quickly as possible and in as dignified a manner as may be, unless the facts are really faced, and some definite action is taken against pestilential political agitators.

I have carefully read Volume I. of the Simon Commission Report. It is "pretty, pretty," and says nothing at all except what every British officer who has any service in India knows already, and then even only one-twentieth of what he could say.

It is immaterial what recommendations the Commission make in Vol. II. Indian politicians, Swarajists and Liberals, made up their minds long ago to refuse them unless they gave complete independence outside the Empire!

Simon and his colleagues have not "faced the facts" as known to men like myself, who have done two decades in the districts among the people, and since Montagu and Chelmsford stirred the country out of its "pathetic contentment" have had to bear the brunt of all the trouble resulting from the Reforms, and help the Government as well as the Local Self-Government to function. I do not believe that there can be any happy or peaceful future for India except under personal rule of Britishers, and by rule I mean and include domination.

The happiest and the finest men in India are the native troops and the native police—because they are in close and direct touch with their British officers—under strict domination and working on the wonderful organisation those officers have built up. The Army and the Police have tradition and esprit-de-corps founded and instilled into them by succession of.

Next in content and happiness come the hill-tribes of the Backward Tracts (I know because for ten years I was in the Madras Agency Tracts). Civilization has not advanced upon them sufficiently to spoil them entirely—the political agitator can't get at them—and their tracks of country are

directly administered by an Agent to the Governor, who is a *person* to them, not something nebulous like "government." The British Raj to the hill tribes is merely the Agent to the Governor, and his right-hand man the British Police Officer. They are to the jungle-men the *Sarkar* itself. The peasant masses, the ryots, are happy and contented so long as no-one tries to tax them *directly*, and there is no direct taxation of them, except, perhaps, the land-tax or rental. They neither know nor care one jot who or what politicians and their politics are. If they have any grievance they go straight to the Collector or the \_\_\_\_\_ and get it off their chests! Why? Anyway it is absolute twaddle to say as Wedgwood Benn does, that the people are clamouring for "equal status" and a share in politics. An Indian defines "equal status" as being able to insult someone of higher status than himself, and he considers courtesy as weakness, and kindness as cowardice.

Our worst enemies in India are those who have had to work the departments of Local Self-Government, handed over to them by the last reforms—especially the District Boards and the Municipalities, and the Schools, &c., under their control. The educated classes hate us because there are not enough Government jobs to go round. "Why the deuce have the British educated us?" they cry. A Brahmin once said to me, ten years ago, "What shall we do with our sons? All are getting degrees from Government, but Government does not employ them!" Well! Well! I appear to be writing a book.

I shall look forward to coming down to see you all when I can, and it will be delightful to stay with you in your new abode.

My kindest regards to Mrs. Horsey and all,

Yours sincerely,

C. E. SWENEY.

Golconda Estate,

Haputale,

Ceylon.

June 15, 1930.

DEAR HEAD,

Many thanks for the "Harlovian." I notice from the letters that most O.H.'s cry "mea culpa" at this point, when they glance back with a shock at the lost years that have "all gone away" since their last letter.

It is so with me; and the only excuse I can find ('tis a poor one, but that's the fashion, too!) is that the old world rolls round so imperceptibly to one marooned miles from civilisation that a year is over before he is well aware that it has begun.

The "Harlovian" arrived only this morning; so I have old man Time well gripped by the forelock—not this time will he escape me.

The pages devoted to correspondence interested me strangely—North, South, East and West, from the four corners of the world comes your tappal. Greatrex's letter from Cachar made me roar with laughter. I recognised the authentic touch, "roads just were not." It is on a par with the "no can do" of the gentle Sinhalese. Moreover, I had precisely the same experience with floods. I went down to Colombo about a month ago, and it took me 22 hours to get within 15 miles. At this point the train stopped and the Jaffua Tamil Guard popped his head in at the window. Yes, you have guessed it. "Roads just were not, no can do."

So I had to wade the rest of the way. Now, if only they had made adequate preparations against the flood up country—but what is the use of wasting breath?

One can say of the native "As they are now, were ten thousand years ago, and ever will be. It is written."

To give "shop" the go by for the moment, and to hark back to the O.H., who is O.J.M. anyway?

His schoolboy "howlers" were priceless, even to one who out of the swim of things misses the full point—the barbed point of the pricks. I can remember how fond we were of syrup in my time (war years, with sugar at a premium), and I can also remember that we had the internal arrangements of an ostrich, but not even a ten-year-old schoolboy could digest "iron things to put the feet through when riding horses." But the small gentleman who made this little calculation must not be down-hearted. I read only the other day (and it is true enough) that "howlers" generally mean an acute perception—it is not your dullard who is capable of making a really funny "howler." I have heard of the Irishman's rule for distinguishing between rooks and crows. Here is Pat pointing out the difference between bulls and cows: "Well, 'tis like this. If ye see four cows lying down in a meadow and one of them is standing up, then that one's the bull."

Will it be an impertinence if I congratulate you on your Old Harlovian Dinner speech? As you know, I went on from Harlow to a Public School, and I recognised your three methods of making a Headmaster's speech. But you spoke of these methods as alternative, whereas in my experience all three are tried in turn, and one is left to pick and choose.

Perhaps the first of these methods is the easiest to listen to, because, after all, the chap can't mean "you"!

Please give my salaams to Mrs. Horsey and Miss Jessie.

Yours sincerely,

E. A. PEEK PHILPOTT.

Cheesman & Company,  
769, St. Antoine Street,  
Montreal,  
July 28th, 1930.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

Please forgive my not having written sooner to thank you for the "Harlovian," which is always very interesting, particularly when letters from the boys with whom I attended school appear.

It is now just a year since I was in England and had the pleasure of seeing you. As I look back it almost seems like a dream that I saw good old Harlow College again. Well, if all goes smoothly, don't be surprised if you hear that I have taken another trip over the Atlantic.

I have been awfully busy in my line, though on the whole things are not too good. The Stock Market crash last November seems to have put all the big people out of joint, and the building trade has dropped 60 per cent. on last year, and now we are in the throes of an election, which of course makes things worse for the time being. Everywhere we hear, "Wait till after elections, and then a boom." However, that remains to be seen. I hope young Westell turns out a good pupil. He seemed a nice boy what I saw of him on his way through Montreal. He wrote me some time ago, and spoke very highly of his School and the kindness of you and Mrs. Horsey. I suppose your well-deserved holidays start soon. It would be very nice if you and Mrs. Horsey could manage a trip over here. I can assure you of a very hearty welcome if you come to Montreal.

I shall now close, hoping this finds you in the very best of health. My wife and Isobel join me in extending our very kind regards to Mrs. Horsey and Miss Jessie.

Yours sincerely,

W. F. T. CHEESMAN.

Isobel has asked me to ask you for a photograph of the School, and also of you and Mrs. Horsey, if this is not too much of an imposition. I hope you will grant the latter request anyway.

United Service Club,  
Simla,

June 16th, 1930.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

I fear it will be rather a shock to hear from me, the world's worst correspondent, but I should like, if I may, to ask your advice.

Since writing the above, I have received the "Harlovian." I am glad the dinner was such a success. I wonder how many of my contemporaries were there. I see that only two appear among the O.H. correspondents, Richmond and Pagniez.

I am glad an O.H. tie has now been evolved. May I have one, please? I enclose cheque for 4s, which I hope will cover postage.

But the most interesting thing in the Magazine was contained in your speech at the dinner. That it is your ambition that Harlow may become a Public School. I sincerely hope it may, because otherwise I fear the traditions would become lost should you retire. That, it seems to me, is a drawback inseparable from a private school. "Le Collège, c'est moi."

Well, I must stop and get down to more letters.

My very kindest regards, and all good wishes to Mrs. Horsey, Miss Jessie and yourself.

Yours sincerely,

COLIN C. WHYTE.

c/o Department of Agriculture,  
Morogoro,

Tanganyika Territory,  
East Africa,

31/3/30.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

I have recently received my brother's copy of the December "Harlovian," and it reminds me that I promised you a letter as soon as I arrived back in the Territory.

It was a great pleasure to be able to visit the old College during my recent leave, even though I arrived almost under cover of darkness, and left again all too soon. I was especially glad to have the opportunity of meeting Mrs. Horsey, Miss Jessie, Mr. Huthwaite, yourself, and other members of the Staff again; also Tommy Le Cren, who frequently proved my "right-hand man" where Latin and German prep. was concerned.

I arrived at Dar es Salaam towards the end of November, having left London exactly a month previously. It was rather an uneventful trip, especially the first two weeks. Many of the passengers, not excluding myself, seemed rather depressed at having to bid adieu to the Old Country for another few years. The majority of the passengers, however, did not join the boat until we arrived at Marseilles (a week after leaving London). I have come to the conclusion that there are good reasons for doing this, if only to miss the almost invariably "kind" reception one receives in the Bay of Biscay and the Gulf of Lyons. The trip through the Mediterranean and Suez Canal, and then down the East Coast of Africa, is well worth doing, once at any rate, although during the hot season the climate in the neigh-

bourhood of the Suez Canal and Red Sea is almost unbearable. Port Said and Zanzibar I found the two most interesting ports of call on this route, more especially the latter, which I think I described to you in some detail in my last letter.

A day or so before arriving at Mombasa we held the famous "Crossing the Line" ceremony. There were about 35 novices (male and female) on board to be initiated. I was appointed a "policeman" to act in the rather lively capacity of barbers' assistant. Father Neptune and his inevitable daughter came on board with the usual pomp and ceremony. From the spectators' point of view (I was afterwards informed) it was screamingly funny, but as I feared, the assortment of "medicines" prescribed by Father Neptune's medical adviser, after a careful study of the numerous irregularities of each novice, proved too much for them. When the court was formally closed, the novices made one dive for Father Neptune and his entire staff. I think the majority of the ship's officers, from the First Officer downwards, and the ship's barber, received a thorough ducking as well in the "grand finale."

I was rather pleased in a way when I was informed that I would be stationed at Morogoro again this tour, although it probably means that I shall not have the opportunity of seeing other parts of the Territory. I was stationed here for the majority of my last tour, except for a period of nine months in 1928, when I was temporarily transferred to Dar es Salaam to take over the duties of head gardener. This is rather a vague designation, as it includes the duties of Plant Import Inspector and Coconut Inspector. There is quite a large Botanic Gardens in Dar es Salaam, commenced during the German regime, where exotic and indigenous plants of economic importance and botanical interest are grown. To return to Morogoro, it is one of the best stations in the Central Area, although I cannot yet describe it as a health resort. Comparatively speaking, it is not an expensive place. I consider a bachelor can live fairly comfortably on about £15 per month, depending upon his "extras." For a married man (without family) it would probably cost about £25—£30 per month, as in these parts a married man is looked upon to do a certain amount of entertaining, depending upon his position. It is now possible to obtain a fairly regular supply of fresh vegetables for a considerable part of the year, and this is a big asset to any station out here. The place has expanded enormously during the last few years. I suppose the European population must number about 50, of whom around 40 are Government officials. Morogoro now boasts of a Gymkhana Club, which, although not yet on a firm footing, possesses a nine-hole golf course of sorts, and two cement tennis courts will shortly be completed.

The Headquarters of our Department will shortly be transferred from Dar es Salaam to Morogoro, in order to become more central for the benefit of the Territory.

This should make an appreciable difference to the place.

I did my first "safari" (tour) last January, since my return from leave. I was away for about a week inspecting agricultural Sub-Stations in the Eastern part of the district. A few seasons ago we commenced opening agricultural Sub-Stations in certain of the more thickly populated areas of the district, to serve as demonstration farms, with a view to encouraging better methods of agriculture amongst the natives. Proved varieties of seed are also multiplied on these Sub-Stations for subsequent distribution.

I had only returned from the above "safari" the previous day, when I developed appendicitis. I was rushed down to Dar es Salaam Hospital and operated on almost immediately. It was a very close thing I was afterwards informed, but fortunately everything passed off O.K., and I returned to

my station towards the end of last month. I really think I am feeling very much fitter after the operation.

As I think I mentioned in my last letter to you, we have a large Experimental Station situated within the township area, on the slopes of the foot-hills of the Uluguru Mountains. The area of the Station is about 100 acres, of which about 40 acres are under permanent plantings, *i.e.*, several varieties of citrus, coconuts, bananas, paw-paws, pineapples, &c. There is also an Arboretum, which is run on similar lines to the Botanic Gardens in Dar es Salaam. The citrus crop will soon be ripening, when there will be a plentiful supply of tangerines, oranges, and mandarins. Limes, lemons, and pomelo seem to fruit the majority of the year round under local conditions. Another 40—45 acres have been demarcated into plots, one-tenth of an acre each, where the various experiments are conducted. Generally speaking, we are engaged in improving from every point of view the existing food crops cultivated by the native (*i.e.*, numerous varieties of legumes, sorghums, maize, and to a lesser extent millets), over a period of several years' or as soon as the object of a particular experiment has been proved. We also introduce from other countries and colonies varieties of any of the above food crops which have proved successful under similar climatic conditions to our own. These varieties are then tried out at our various Experimental Stations, and if found successful are multiplied and then distributed.

"Cash" crops are encouraged in native agriculture after the food crops have been planted, with the idea of providing the native with money with which to purchase food should his own crops fail (cotton, the most important cash crop in this district, and one of the most important in the Territory, is a drought resistant crop and could therefore be expected to yield a fairly good crop of cotton in an abnormally dry season, where the majority of the food crops might fail). Secondly, that he may pay his annual Hut and Poll Tax, and lastly treat his wife or, more often, wives (who incidentally have to do the majority of the work in connection with the growing of the crop) to certain articles of clothing or ornaments, that is provided he is a conscientious husband!

The average native does not cultivate more than a few acres of cotton, yet he stands to earn a fairly good profit on his crop, provided he looks after it from the start. The native now realises this, I think, with the result that the annual production of this district has increased enormously.

This district, and I hear several other parts of the Territory, too, have been experiencing most abnormal rains during the last few months.

As you have no doubt read in the home papers, very extensive damage has been caused to a section of the permanent track of the Central Railway Line, situated in the Kidete Valley. Owing to the almost continual heavy rains a "lake" several square miles in extent formed and completely undermined the track, and so strong was the rush of water in places that culverts and even large bridges were washed away. The trouble commenced early last January, and I understand it has not yet been possible to effect proper repairs. Several smaller washaways have also been reported at other points on the line. At present passengers booked for stations beyond Kilosa have to tranship to motor boats, and are conveyed across the "lake" with their luggage, where they connect up again with the railway—rather a unique and somewhat muddy experience I am informed! A number of commercial firms and Indian traders, particularly in Dar es Salaam, have been seriously affected as a result of this, and incidentally, of course, the Railway Administration are losing thousands of pounds of revenue every week. It seems that a deviation of some kind will have to be made round the valley in order to prevent future occurrences.

The European Settlement in this Territory is still very small. The valley settlers consist mainly of three nationalities—English, Greek and German. Large areas are, I believe, quite unsuited to European settlement, however, and only certain of the more favourable parts have been opened up for this purpose. The native population is also small in comparison with the size of the Territory. Many parts are totally uninhabited, chiefly in the Tse-Tse fly regions.

I would be very pleased to receive a copy of the "Harlovian" in future.

I think this is about all the news for the present. With best wishes for the future, and kind regards to Mrs. Horsey, Miss Jessie, Mr. Huthwaite, and yourself.

I am,

yours sincerely,

ERIC T. WARD.

"Whitelands,"

11, Butterfield Lane, Bassett,

Southampton,

Sunday, July 20th, 1930.

MY DEAR MR. HORSEY,

I'm afraid that, as you go on seeing and hearing of letters arriving for other people from me, and never one for yourself, you may imagine that I've forgotten all about "mere Headmasters"! This is to disprove all that and to say that I really am ashamed that I haven't written more often. My wife, to whom I am known as a staunch supporter of private schools as opposed to municipal, and above all as a loyal Harlovian, is continually upbraiding me for my laxity. I ask you to believe that my loyalty is none the less strong and sincere, and that there are really times when I do suffer from something like Harlowmania. It's a queer thing to diagnose, but it just means that there are times when I get a great desire to be back in the Staff-room; down on the field; on the way to lick Ongar; playing tennis with you; yes, even going round the dorms. It all seems silly and hyperbole, but it's nevertheless true. There's something queerly psychological about getting a desire to chop logs with Mr. Huthwaite!

However, all that aside, here I am, having spent nearly three years in Southampton, still owning a great tie with Harlow. By this time, of course, I am settled down to all that this fine place offers. Perhaps School is first and foremost. It's grand to teach under the ideal conditions we do. We suffer a little from what we call "hypersuperior organisation," but I really do find my work interesting here. I am now Sports Master to one of the Houses and get something of a say in matters of sport. I manage to get some good footer, including a visit to play and beat St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford, where a number of our boys go. Cricket has given way to League tennis, which is ghastly—especially if I argue, too! I umpire occasionally, and am playing in the Staff v. Boys next Friday. I've played twice without batting! I'm hoping we bat first this year. We have always managed to knock off the runs before I got a chance to poke about in my usual style.

One feature of the School may interest you, and that is that we now have a permanent camp site for Forms II. in the New Forest, where they repair a week each this term, and mainly work at Botany and Geography, &c.; and another permanent one at Stratford-on-Avon, for the Vth. They go as soon as Matric. is over and so avoid that terrible "after exam." chaos! In

addition, this year we have a IIIrd's camp in Jersey; a IVth's at Westward Ho! and I am running a senior one at a small Normandy village north of Dieppe, called Mesnil-Saurel. We are taking about 37 boys and 4 staff. Camping is the thing this term, chiefly because our Second Master is as keen as mustard on them.

However, enough for school. Since I got married I have really settled down to enjoy life here. Southampton is a glorious place; it is such a centre for getting about. We have scoured Winchester, and also Romsey, Salisbury, Portsmouth, and all the New Forest. Southampton itself offers a fine field for the historian. We have cycled all round for miles and simply love the place. Of course, as far as we are concerned, the whole joy of living is at present centred round our house and garden. If I were to try to convince you that I am an enthusiastic gardener—well—I'd expect you to smile. But I am. I've even used a pick to get a wilderness beautiful, and then I stroll round and admire. I always remember how you and Mrs. Horsey used to walk round before school in the morning, and every morning Betty and I go and see "the estate," as if we didn't know every flower and plant! I find a curious thing happening. At first I was content to get things ship-shape and put in any old thing. Now, we pause and consider, plan and arrange, like real "dabs." Like all men, I've taken to roses, and where I was formerly content with any old bush, I'm now carefully choosing Betty Uprichard, Lady Worthington Evans, Christine, K. of K., and so on. Altogether I have well over 30 trees, and hope to have more. I find, too, that peas and beans from your own plot are a thousand times sweeter than any others, and the joy of giving my next-door neighbour a few radishes is a joy untold! Of course, there are the drawbacks of every microbe and insect under the sun—but then, my entomology wanted improving. There are the drawbacks, too, that we live 200 yards from a pseudo Hotel which has an obnoxious orchestraphone, and that two awful girls climb a tree which overlooks our garden, and there decline Latin verbs and sing "Au Clair de la Lune." Still, I've learned to smile—and put on my incinerator when they are there!

Inside I am preparing for my final B.Sc., and intend to make sure in June, 1931. My reading has been largely to that end, though I have examined Empire Free Trade and the Local Government Bill and all the other efforts of the time. I've slain Sinclair Lewis; smiled and perhaps left out chapters. I've read Upton Sinclair with an open mind and turned back to Barrie for consolation.

I've just read Neville Cardus on "Cricket," and eaten it up. "Journey's End" holds high rank in my list—as a play and as one of the few talkies I can endure. "All Quiet" I found too morbid; but "To What Red Hell" I consider the finest product of the decade. And so on and so on. I have few people here with whom I can talk of these things, and so I thrust them upon you in this terrible document of a letter. Forgive me! Perhaps it is that you had ever the open ear and heart, and so you go on suffering, even in letters!

My wife threatens to put this letter out of existence if I don't stop. *She's sure* you won't wade through. I hope you do—even if you find much that seems "silly," if there you can also find my regard for you and Harlow.

Please give all my love and kind regards to Mrs. Horsey and Miss Jessie, and a word of kind remembrance to Miss Horsey. My wife joins me in my sincere wishes to you all, but has me say that she is no way held responsible for all these my bubbings.

Ever yours very sincerely,

H. F. P. HARRIS.

Chiltern,  
Pheasants' Way,  
Rickmansworth,  
Herts,

25/5/30.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

I must apologise for not writing to you before, and I hope you will forgive me. I have had assorted adventures since I left Harlow. I went straight on to a farm, with a view to taking up farming as a career. I had not been there a month before a "binder" fell out of a cart on top of me. However, except for a smashed finger, I escaped injury. I left this farm, which was mainly arable land, and did six months on a dairy farm, where a pony ran away with me while I was driving over a railway bridge in a milk float. The pony (and myself) finished up in a thick hedge, with no damage done.

As both farmers with whom I stayed were steadily losing money, I decided to leave farming alone, and went into a stockbroker's office in Throgmorton Avenue. Here I met dozens of Old Harlovians, including Bloore, Adamson, Coleman, Clarke, Biggerstaff, Hale, and many others.

After six months in the City, I left and went as a pupil in a Riding School in Rickmansworth, with the idea of starting a school of my own (which, I may add, is a very lucrative occupation). However, I came a frightful cropper: the horse I was riding fell and rolled over me. This resulted in a fractured leg, and other injuries, which put an end to my riding. I am now convalescing, after four months in hospital, and hope to visit Harlow shortly.

I am enclosing a P.O. for an Old Harlovian tie, and I should be obliged if Miss Jessie would send me one, and let me know the cost of a College blazer; also if I am anything in debt as regards magazines.

Please remember me to Mrs. Horsey, Miss Jessie, Mr. Huthwaite, and any of the staff I may have known.

I remain,  
yours sincerely,  
L. A. BAMBER.

Lindisfarne,  
Ozone Terrace,  
Lyme Regis,  
Dorset,  
1st June, 1930.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

How time flies! June already, though the only indication is the calendar! since judging from the weather in general it might be any time of year. Certainly summer has not really come, though it is warm enough, but with the exception of a few glorious days, it has not been very bright. From the gardener's point of view, however, I imagine the prospect to be quite a gay one, and I have no doubt you have already a wonderful show of flowers, which will continue until the autumn. Down here we may be somewhat in advance of you, as we have had gladioli blooming for a fortnight. I have a delightful prospect from my room here, situated about 50 yards from the sea. I have an outlook straight over the bay, including the

famous Cobb, just west of which the ill-fated Monmouth Expedition landed. Lyme Regis ranked at one time as the fourth important port in England. It certainly is amongst the oldest boroughs in the county. Its glory in that respect has quite vanished. Lying off the beaten track, we get an occasional sailing ship, loaded with bricks and cement, putting in for a day or two; even this is a rare occurrence. The natural beauty of Lyme is however still existent. With the bluest sea I have ever seen, and the wonderful hilly country running back from the shore, it forms a wonderful picture, and gives one a strange sense of peacefulness. My life here, however, is quite a busy one, as I belong to both the town tennis and cricket clubs, and play matches for both. In fact, I am playing more tennis now than I have ever played in my life, both hard court and grass. I have also had some good games of cricket. Yesterday, after a short life and a gay one, I managed to hit 9, after which I was run out.

A little later on I hope to find time for a daily swim. Some hardy people, mostly females, have already bathed, but it is not yet warm enough to please me.

Our examinations, the London School Certificate, take place very early, beginning on June 17th. This is so long before the end of term that after the examinations (which will coincide with the School Terminal Exams.) we shall continue our ordinary work until the end of term. For my part, I leave here on July 28th, two-days before the end of term, as I am attending a Board of Education refresher course on the teaching of Mathematics at Durham University until August 13th. It seems necessary to keep in touch with modern methods and ideas, and, if possible, adopt any which seem useful.

I was sorry to have missed seeing you during the Easter vacation when I was in Essex. Next week-end being Whitsun, we have Monday and Tuesday free, and I shall be at home. I expect you at Harlow will be engaged in your all-day cricket match against Potter St. What sort of team have you this year? I see from the Magazine that you will have left quite a large nucleus of last year's team. We have quite a useful team here, though weaker on the bowling side.

I hope Mrs. Horsey and Miss Jessie and yourself are quite well, and that such irritating inconveniences as mumps won't occur to spoil the term.

Please give my kindest regards to all the staff.

Yours very sincerely,  
WILLIAM E. TAYLOR.

3, St. Mary's Road,  
Golders Green,  
London,

5/9/30.

DEAR SIR,

Last time I wrote I told you that I was going to take School Certificate in July. When the results came out yesterday I felt I had to write and tell you that I had passed with six "credits," thus obtaining exemption from London Matriculation. Geoffrey, who entered for Higher Certificate, was also successful.

I shall be moving into the Classical Lower Sixth next term, where I shall drop Mathematics and French and take up German instead. Boys on

the classical side who have passed School Certificate are considered to have a passable knowledge of French and so they start concentrating on German, continuing until they leave school.

Last term Geoffrey just failed to get his 1st Eleven Cricket Colours, being second in the batting with an average of about 16. He has been elected Editor of the School Magazine, and will also be a Monitor next term. This means that he can "whack" boys and give as many impositions as he likes. I think I had better keep out of his way.

I have been playing a lot of Hand Fives this year. It is a top-hole game, but not as good as the Harlow Footer Fives. I shall never forget how I was dragged into a Doubles with Hale iii against Nelson House. I remember Gregory i roaring with laughter at my shaking legs, but we managed to win, in spite of my nervousness.

We have just returned from the seaside—Harlech. There is a marvellous golf course there, and I determined to take up the game. But until I started I never knew how difficult it was to hit the ball!

I hope, Sir, that you have had your usual large number of passes in School Certificate this July. Please give my kindest regards to Mrs. Horsey and Miss Jessie.

Yours sincerely,

DOUGLAS M. CLARK.

Craven House,  
27, Grove Road, S.W.12.

DEAR MISS JESSIE,

I deeply regret that I have not thanked you for the "Harlovian" which you kindly sent.

I was sorry to hear about the death of L. Pullin, and I feel sorry for his mother and his two brothers.

Well, I see the Hockey Team were none too successful, but let's hope they will make up for it during the cricket season.

A funny thing happened the other day. I was going to work in the morning, when, lo and behold! Redman was sitting opposite me. He looked at me and I stared at him, and suddenly we recognised each other, although I wasn't at School with him. I remember playing against him in the Past v. Present match. We only had a minute's chat, as he had arrived at his destination.

I have left Marendaz, Ltd., and have joined another firm in Regent Street, called "Airways, Limited," and am glad to say I am getting on very successfully.

Please remember me to all the Masters who were there during my time, and especially to Mr. and Mrs. Horsey.

Who is Captain of the Cricket Eleven, Jefferies or Hale?

I am also glad Nelson House won the cup again. I hope they keep it up.

Well, Miss Jessie, as it is holiday time I haven't got much to say, so I will now close, and hope sincerely to see you all in the near future.

Yours sincerely,

H. NELSON.

4, Creffield Road,  
Colchester,

24/5/30.

DEAR MISS JESSIE,

Many thanks for the "Harlovian" just received. I was delighted to see that on the suggestion of several Old Boys, arrangements have been made for an Old Harlovian tie. I have been in the habit of wearing my old School Colours since I left the College, but have always felt that an Old Boy's necktie was the proper thing to have. I therefore enclose 3s. 6d. and will be very glad if you will send me one.

I'm sorry to say that I shall not be able to attend the Old Boys' Day on July 5th, for although I am taking my holiday a little later in July, the 5th is rather too close to our balance to get a day off, and also we have an Exhibition here starting on the 4th, which we have to attend in order to try to issue some Home Safes! The latter, from our point of view, are wretched things, which mean a lot of extra work, but the "Powers that be" have ordained that we must be enthusiastic about them (if possible!).

I am looking forward to coming to Harlow one day to see you all again and present my wife and son, but time off being difficult to obtain, I don't know when it will be.

Please remember me to Mr. Horsey, Mrs. Horsey, and anyone else who may remember me. With every good wish for yourself,

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

A. J. PEDLEY.

88, Monks Road,  
Lincoln,

3/6/30.

DEAR MISS JESSIE,

Just these few lines to let you know that I received the photograph quite safely. I expect you have been wondering all this time whether I got it or not. I am awfully sorry for not letting you know earlier, but I have not had the opportunity. You asked me in your letter how I liked work! Well, I like it, but the hours are a bit stiff. I have to be at work by 7.30, come home for dinner at twelve o'clock, then go back at one o'clock and work till five o'clock, and by the time I come home and wash all the dirt off, it is nearly seven o'clock. I prefer the School hours and the extra half-an-hour in bed. The worst of it is that I have to get up at 6.30, which I think is a bit too early. How are you getting on, Miss Jessie? I hope you are well and in the pink of condition. I was sorry to hear we lost against Newport, because there is a boy working at Ruston's who comes from there—but I did not tell him. We also have a boy here from Stortford College, so although I have left Harlow I don't seem to be able to get out of its surroundings.

I hope this will find you, Mr. and Mrs. Horsey, and the staff in the best of health. From

Yours affectionately,

C. A. JEFFERIES.