

THE
HARLOVIAN



The Magazine of
Harlow College,
Essex.

Vol. 8. No. 60.

DECEMBER, 1932.

PRICE - ONE SHILLING.

SCHOOL OFFICERS: Autumn Term.

Prefects: J. CHATER,
R. RIPLEY,
K. HODGES,
O. B. PARKER.

Sub-Prefects: S. MEE,
P. TUTHILL,
E. JUDD,
G. LAMPARD,
C. STANSBURY,
G. RICHARDSON,
J. O. SMART,
E. WELLS.

Football Captain: R. RIPLEY.

„ *Vice-Captain:* K. HODGES.

Captain of Beatty House: R. RIPLEY.

Captain of Nelson House: K. HODGES.

Captain of Rodney House: M. ROLPH.

THE HARLOVIAN.

VIII.]

DECEMBER, 1932.

[No. 60.]

SCHOOL NOTES.

Termly Examinations.—The results of the examination held in December are as follows:—

Upper V.—(1) O. B. Parker; (2) R. J. Ripley; (3) C. B. Stansbury.
Lower V.—(1) F. Dicksee; (2) R. A. Cakebread; (3) J. Gattford.
Form IV.—(1) J. H. Wood; (2) E. Larter; (3) G. Barkham.
Remove.—(1) D. Tuthill; (2) T. Rudduck; (3) R. Tebble.
Form III.—(1) S. F. Browne; (2) J. Jones; (3) M. Owers.
Form II.—(1) G. Dowson; (2) R. Wells; (3) R. Browne.

WAR MEMORIAL PRIZES FOR ENGLISH LITERATURE.—The prizes this term were awarded as follows:—

Upper V.—(1) C. B. Stansbury; (2) R. J. Ripley; (3) E. O. Clayton.

Lower V.—(1) G. Pearce; (2) R. A. Cakebread; (3) F. R. Dicksee.
Form IV.—(1) B. R. Browne; (2) K. C. Constable; (3) R. G. Westell.

Remove.—(1) C. L. Bennet; (2) T. A. Barrow and T. Rudduck.
Form III.—(1) S. F. Browne; (2) D. H. Barns; (3) J. H. Jones.
Form II.—(1) E. Wells; (2) G. Dowson; (3) J. Davis and N. Hartrey.

Our Dramatic Entertainment.—On another page of this issue there is a reprint of the report given by the "Herts and Essex Observer." In this we wish to fill up a few gaps. First of all, we are glad to say that the entertainment was in every way a great success. The acting far excelled anything we have attempted before, the singing was excellent, the hall was filled with an appreciative, indeed an enthusiastic audience, and finally the financial result was satisfactory, £10 8s. 9d. being realised—a large amount when we consider the small seating accommodation of the Victoria Hall and the heavy expenses for royalties and entertainment tax.

In the acting, Miss Ward and Mr. Cairns would have done credit to a West End theatre. Their rendering of "Legend" was the finest thing ever done by the College Dramatic Society, and held the audience

as by a spell. Miss Jessie and Mr. Roe also did very well indeed. A great acquisition to the Dramatic Society is Miss Joan Horsey, a niece of Mr. Horsey's, who has recently come, with her father and mother, to live at Hatfield Heath, four miles from Harlow. She gave a most effective portrayal of the widow in the last play, and we hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing her many times again.

Of the boys who took part, we can truly say that they were worthy to act with the staff. C. B. Stansbury was particularly effective as a pert servant maid, J. W. Chater acted the clergyman to the life, and P. Tuthill played the difficult part of Mr. Tolbooth in "A Little Fowl Play" with great success.

It was a wonderful stroke of luck securing the help of so great a celebrity as Billy Merson. For this we have to thank Captain Maynard, who became very friendly with him during the war. Billy was as great a success behind the scenes as he was on the stage. He was very complimentary about our plays and delighted the hearts of our boy performers by giving them signed photographs of himself with the inscription "From one actor to another."

The Glorious Fifth.—We celebrated November 5th with our usual feelings of contempt and dislike for that vile traitor Guy Fawkes, the unkind criminal who obliges us every year to build a huge bonfire and to let off fireworks galore. For a fortnight or more a doughty little band of six enthusiasts worked might and main to erect Guy Fawkes' pyre, and at last on "The Night" they were rewarded by the sight of such a bonfire as Harlow has never seen before. The tradesmen of the neighbourhood, as usual, took advantage of the chance of getting rid of any inflammable rubbish lying about their shops, and gladly allowed us to wheel it away in our ever useful garden cart. This year among our spoils we had 20 gallons of rancid motor oil from the garage. The consequence was such a glorious blaze that it could be seen as far away as Roydon Station.

Much amusement was caused by Mr. Roe and his unrehearsed box trick. While letting off a rocket, Mr. Roe unluckily dropped a lighted match into the above mentioned box. Bang! Fizz! Sptztz! went its contents, while Mr. Roe executed a backward leap which would have done credit to one of Bertram Mills' trained acrobats. But in spite of the loss of some of our show pieces, we had a great time running round the fire, letting off cannons and whizz bangs, and were quite ready for supper and bed when the whistle went.

By the way we noted a mysterious property about fireworks, which perhaps Mr. Robertson, our science master, will explain next term in one of the newly constituted after supper lectures. Can there be some chemical or other affinity and attraction between saltpetre and adult human bodies, particularly scholastic adults. It was most noticeable that as soon as a squib, cannon or cracker left the hands of a boy, it was impelled, by some strange force, into the immediate neighbourhood of the nearest master. A falling apple put Sir Isaac Newton on the track of the hitherto unknown law of gravitation. It may be that the flight of a simple squib will reveal to Mr. Robertson some other epoch-making discovery. He should certainly look into the matter.

Sadler's Wells Theatre.—Shakespeare at Sadler's Wells, or The Old Vic Theatre, is always a joy. "Macbeth" is a special favourite. It is better known than most of the other plays, it is full of horrors—and boys adore horrors—and the grandeur and beauty of the work appeal, perhaps unconsciously, to even the most prosaic schoolboy minds. This term a party, under the charge of Mr. Cairns, saw the play at Sadler's Wells. The theatre is now easily accessible from Harlow by Green Lane Coaches and Tube. As usual, we ate our lunch in the coach and in due time found ourselves safely in the theatre, immediately in front of a row of excited and giggling Spanish girls. The play was greatly appreciated, so was the large tea at Lyons that followed it. These visits to Shakespearean plays are not only very enjoyable for their own sake, but they are of real practical help in the School Certificate Examination. We hope they will take place frequently.

R. J. RIPLEY.

Wireless Club.—A promising little Club, known as the Wireless Club, has sprung up in the College under the supervision of J. Chater, an Upper V. boy. The subscription due at the beginning of each term amounts to 6d., which, by the way, is very little, for the subscriber learns all about wireless and is shown "all the tricks of the trade."

Mr. Monk, a wireless expert in the town, and an Old Harlovian, very kindly offered to help these boys in their studies and experiments, and consequently the meetings are held, by the kind permission of Mr. Horsey, in the laboratory every Monday evening.

Many useful crystal sets have been made and there is a great hope of making a 3-valve set. This, indeed, is enough to show that the clubmen are enthusiastic. "Chin-chin" to Chater and his Club.

R. J. RIPLEY.

Fives Tournaments.—The Fives Tournaments, Senior and Junior, have provided us with some spirited and keenly-contested games. There were one or two dark horses; Meek in the Seniors and Hill in the Juniors both played remarkably well. We shall have to bear that in mind when assigning the handicaps in next term's contests. For the beginners, who, in a very sporting spirit, decided to try their luck against the veterans of the game, we have nothing but praise. We would mention especially Murphy i in the Seniors and Linton i in the Juniors. Let them pay no heed to the numbers on the score-sheet, but keep pegging away!

In the Seniors, Hale gained a well-deserved first place with 118 points out of a possible 120. He was followed by Ripley i and Hodges, who tied with 108 points each. In the Juniors, Gatford came first with 85 out of a possible 90. He was closely followed by Ripley ii, who scored 84 points.

D. BRIERLEY.

Leisure Hour.—Those uninitiated into the mysteries of school-boys' mentality would naturally believe that, after a day of strenuous work and sport, the seniors would enjoy spending the hour between supper and bedtime in such amusements as ping-pong, bagatelle, chess, draughts, cards, reading, &c., &c. But none of these things seem long to retain their power to keep at bay the modern curse, boredom—(this word, by the way, was hardly known 100 years ago, when life was hard, schools like prisons, and amusements few)—and the leisure hour was in danger of becoming a nuisance and an incubus instead of a blessing. Mr. Horsey, therefore decided, this term, to devote the hour to some easy and he hopes, interesting work on subjects outside our ordinary school curriculum. The staff welcomed the plan and co-operated nobly; consequently we had, during the last half of the term, courses of lectures on architecture, astronomy, mechanics, literature and general knowledge. Saturday evening being still reserved for bridge and other games. The new scheme was, at first, regarded with a certain amount of suspicion, but we believe that now they have tried it, the majority greatly prefer it to the old time killing routine. We append notes by members of the staff on their own part of the work.

E.P.H.

A series of lectures in **English Architecture** have been attended by the Senior Boys this term.

These lectures have taken the form of a general survey of buildings from the time of the Early Saxons to those of the present day.

Opinions amongst the boys seemed to be divided as to the popularity of these lectures. At their outset some were sceptical, but few remained so.

Admittedly the study of Architecture at first does not sound very entertaining. It is said there are two sides to every question, and without doubt this applies to that of Architecture. There is the rather heavy technical side as opposed to the historical side, showing the evolutions through which buildings have passed from Saxon times up to the present day.

It is to the latter side that the lectures have been devoted.

It was soon discovered how much more interesting old Cathedrals, Churches and domestic buildings became when the processes through which they were derived was known.

It is hoped that next term excursions will be made to study at first hand examples of various styles of Architecture in the vicinity.

J. ROE.

It is said that a well-educated man is a man who knows everything about something and something about everything; and as in these days, to prepare for the achievement of the first requisite, the timetable of ordinary school subjects has to be rigidly adhered to, the second can be accomplished only by out-of-school interests. Hence it is that the new late prep. curriculum can do something towards a fuller general knowledge.

Added to weekly lectures on Architecture, Mechanics and Astronomy, there is one evening devoted to browsing intelligently here and there in the various literatures and branches of science. In the four evenings already utilised we have touched on the advent of culture in England; the history of the epic, classical and romantic; the study of fungi, with their commercial uses in especial; something of Pepys and readings from the delightful Provencal studies of Alphonse Daudet.

With time we should be able to mention enough names to spare not a few blushes in later life.

P. CAIRNS.

The idea of **Mechanics** during one evening of each week was hailed with enthusiasm by the "late prepers." When it was found however, that the subject dealt not with motor engines, but with moving bodies, velocities, forces, &c., the enthusiasm waned slightly.

Nevertheless, once this fact was realised, some useful work was done, even if only from the arithmetical point of view. As yet, only the barest outlines have been attempted, the subject being too vast

for a detailed study in such a short period, but such words and phrases as weight, force, acceleration due to gravity, have taken on a new meaning for that select company who, if they do not burn the midnight oil, at least work when the rest of the School are in bed.

E. A. E. ROBERTSON.

On Wednesday evenings throughout the term the Senior Boys have attended a course of lectures on **Astronomy**. Some variety has been provided by occasional lantern lectures. The Astronomy course is designed to emphasise the practical value of the subject. The boys are taught such facts about the heavens as can be observed without the use of instruments. It is hoped that on clear evenings during the holidays they will use their eyes to supplement what they have learnt in the class-room.

Two of the lantern lectures are especially worthy of note. The first dealt with all phases of the vast L.M.S. railway system. The boys of a mechanical turn of mind were much interested in the many and varied locomotives, and in the railway construction works at Crewe. Our thanks are due to the L.M.S. Railway for the loan of slides. At a later date we saw something of the wonders of "Tube" railway building, for which we are indebted to Underground Railways.

D. BRIERLEY.

After the ambitious efforts of my learned colleagues comes my humble achievement—that of giving the boys a helping hand in grasping some of the intricacies of **Bridge**. Yet humble though my part is, it is perhaps not less profitable than theirs. In these days a knowledge of bridge is a social asset, almost a social necessity. Cards, too, give the mind just that change of work which we are told is the best rest. "What a miserable old age he is preparing for himself," said the great Talleyrand, on hearing that a friend refused to learn whist. So it is very gratifying to find that, on our weekly games evening, the fellows are keen and interested. They seem to enjoy the game for its own sake, though no doubt the small prize provided by the tuck shop is an added stimulus.

K. E. WARD.

The Tuck Shop.—The accounts for the last term are given below. It is interesting to note that the general depression has affected even our tuck shop. The boys have evidently received fewer or smaller tips than usual, with the result that the profits this term are barely half those of the corresponding term last year.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
Balance from last term	1	0	11	Ping-Pong Balls	..	0	1	8
Profits on Sweets	..	2	5	Whist Prizes	..	0	5	6
				Bridge Prizes	..	0	1	6
				Wastage	..	0	8	6
				Balance	..	2	14	8
	£3	6	5		£3	6	5	

HARLOW YOUNG PEOPLE'S SPORTS ASSOCIATION.

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

That Harlow Young People's Sports Association owes much to Mr. E. P. Horsey and the Staff of Harlow College was again evidenced on Friday evening, when an excellent entertainment, arranged by the College Dramatic Society, was given in the Victoria Hall.

The three plays, "A Little 'Fowl' Play" (by Harold Owen), "Legend" (by Philip Johnson), and "Captain Cook and the Widow" (by Stuart Ready) were exceedingly well performed. Special mention should be made of the clever character acting of Mr. P. Cairns in all three plays. A very special attraction was Billy Merson, the well-known comedian, in his original songs and entertainment, which delighted the large audience. The songs of Mr. H. C. Lillywhite, an Old Harlovian, were well received, his enunciation being particularly good.

Mr. A. S. Horsey opened the programme with a pianoforte solo and also played the accompaniments throughout. Those taking part were:—

"A LITTLE 'FOWL' PLAY."

Gilbert Warren (an author)	Mr. P. Cairns
Sibyl Warren (his wife)	Miss J. Edwards
Mary (a maid)	C. Stansbury
Mr. Tolbooth	P. V. Tuthill
Boy	J. Smart

"LEGEND."

Mrs. Walters	Miss K. Ward
Mrs. Reed	Mr. P. Cairns
Rev. J. Fallows	J. Chater
The Stranger	Mr. J. Roe

Effects by J. Sanderson and R. Mawhood.

"CAPTAIN COOK AND THE WIDOW."

Captain Emmanuel Cook (a retired sailor)	... Mr. J. Roe
Benjamin Spragget (a grocer) Mr. P. Compton
John Dutton (a butcher) Mr. P. Cairns
Emma Dowsett Miss K. Ward
Matilda Parsons Miss J. Horsey

APPEAL FOR THE ASSOCIATION.

During the first part of the programme an appeal for the Association was made by Captain F. J. MAYNARD, who was accompanied on the platform by Mr. Billy Merson and Miss Merson. On June 4th last, he said, a very

successful garden fete was held at Harlow College. In a speech on that occasion Mr. S. W. Webb, chairman of the Parish Council, said: "At present the Young People's Playing Field is not much more than a simple plot of grass land, although it is true there are some swings." Out of the proceeds of the fete they now had a giant-stride, parallel bars, horizontal bar, an excellent shelter, and the ground was in good order.

Captain Maynard said that from those facts his audience could see that the Association had progressed, but they wanted the wherewithal to carry on and maintain the ground in order during the winter months. That was the primary reason why Mr. Horsey and his Staff had come forward and arranged that entertainment.

Continuing, Captain Maynard said the reason the Parish Council had not given more financial support was because they were loath to take money from the rates at this time of economic stress. "I do hope," he said, "it will always be possible here in Harlow to get the necessary support for the children's playground, rather than it should be a charge on the rates, and I feel sure that the people of Harlow have only to be told the position to remedy it. We have had a good example of this to-night, as Colonel Gosling has sent £10." (Applause.) Christmas was drawing near, he said, and it was a specially appropriate time of giving to the children. He asked them to try and send a special Christmas donation to the Treasurer, Mr. Hoare. The numerous sports in Harlow could appeal for themselves, but the children could not, and after all, the children's sports ground was the nursery for all the others.

"I can hardly finish my appeal," he said, "without saying how much the Committee of the Young People's Sports Association realise what the Association, and Harlow children generally, owe to Mr. Horsey and his Staff, who have done and are doing so much." (Applause.)

Introducing Mr. Billy Merson, Captain Maynard said that in addition to coming down to support his appeal and help generally, he had given £1 from himself and 10s from his daughter towards it.

Miss Merson was presented with a bouquet by Anne Cook, Mr. Merson a box of cigarettes by Geoffery Emberson, and a suitable little speech of welcome was given by Reigh Andrews.

Mr. Merson said he was pleased to support the appeal. He was greatly interested in the welfare of the children throughout the country. They should be our first care, for they would reap the benefit of the struggles we were going through at the present time. He appealed to everyone to do all they could.

OLD HARLOVIANS.

Mr. and Mrs. Horsey and Miss Jessie send sincere thanks for Christmas greetings to the following old boys:—R. F. Abbott, L. Abbott, R. G. Adamson, R. Alexander, G. Aratoon, W. Atkinson-Grimshaw, L. Bloore, R. Bloore, C. H. Barker, A. K. Baktiar, G. Baktiar, C. Bond, H. Bristoll, L. Crisp, G. Cole, P. A. Compton, J. W. B. Cowlin, D. Clark, G. Clark, K. W. Clarke, P. Case, W. Cheesman, H. Cox, G. Croly, E. S. Curtis, A. Deans, F. J. Dutton, F. R. Dewhurst, C. Elkington, S. W. Edwards, R. Fenn, G. Fletcher, B. Gardner, W. Greene, G. D. H. Green, R. Green, A. Greatrex, T. Gatto, L. Gripton, G. G. Harris, F. B. Horsey, D. Hopkins, G. Jefferys, K. Jones, K. Killerby, R. Larking, R. Leith, A. Le Cren, T. Le Cren, H. Lillywhite,

O. Livermore, J. Livermore, H. Meek, R. G. Payne, R. Poynter, E. R. Pipe, E. Perris, S. F. Porcher, E. Peel-Yates, C. Pullin, J. Pullin, A. J. Pedley, E. Ripley, P. H. Renauleaud, H. C. Randall, T. Rogers, W. Rintoul, D. Rintoul, F. Scammell, H. Smith, C. E. Sweney, H. R. Sercombe, L. Scragg, F. Toms, L. Tesch, F. Warriner, A. W. Wright, C. Whyte, J. R. Whyte, E. Whittleton, J. Wilson, D. Wilson.

Also to the following old members of the scholastic, domestic and office staff:—Matron Allen, D. Andrews, Mrs. Booth (Miss Barker), Mon. Barrand, Miss Gibson, Mrs. Griffiths (Miss Chapman), Mrs. Green (Miss Rendall), H. F. B. Harris, H. Hendin, M. Janvier, H. Rendall, W. Taylor, Mrs. Taylor (Miss Hockley), Miss Salmon, Miss York, and to the many present pupils who also sent cards.

The Annual Dinner and Dance will be held on Saturday, February 25th, at the Palace Hotel, Bloomsbury-street. The tickets will be the same price as in recent years, namely, 5s. 6d., a remarkably small amount for a good dinner, a beautiful private room in a West End Hotel, an excellent band, a dance, and last, but not least, an opportunity of meeting again many old School friends of whom we have lost sight. Last time about 100 were present, and we are hoping to have as good an attendance this year in spite of the hard times. If any Old Harlovian has not received an invitation will be communicate with the Hon. Sec., Miss Phyllis Edwards, 18, Buxton Gardens, Acton, W.3. (Telephone Acorn 0770.)

Specially hearty congratulations to Colin Bond on his engagement to Mrs. Horsey's niece, Molly Pryke. For reasons of health, Miss Pryke lived at Harlow from her tenth to her fourteenth year, working with the boys. She passed the Oxford Junior Local with Honours, and what is more important, she made such a deep impression on Colin Bond's heart that he sought her out after leaving School with the result mentioned above. As Miss Pryke is one of the most charming girls imaginable and Bond is "one of the best of the Old Harlovians," we congratulate them both and wish them all possible happiness.

We were very pleased to have a visit from Mr. H. Rendall and his sister, Mrs. Green. Mr. Rendall has an appointment with the Surveyor of Taxes at Chelmsford, and we are hoping to see him often now that he is living so near Harlow.

Paul Stansbury, who in July, 1930, gained a scholarship from here to the training ship "Worcester," has now finished his training and secured an appointment on the Commonwealth and Dominion liner

"Port Alma." He did well on the "Worcester." He gained a first-class in seamanship and gained the much coveted distinction of being made a Petty Officer, a rank which corresponds somewhat with our senior prefects, but which entails far more responsibility.

We were glad to get a cheery note from Mr. Huthwaite, who is very busy helping the Institution for the Blind to prepare for a sale of work.

Congratulations to R. G. Adamson on securing an appointment in the R.A.F.

We are very sorry to hear that J. Livermore has been compelled to return to England from New Zealand, whither he sailed with high hopes about two years ago. The ghastly trade depression has hit that country as it has ours. Just at present there seems little prospect there for English settlers. Let us hope that the Ottawa Agreement will soon make its effect felt, and that New Zealand, in the future, will provide prosperous careers for as many Old Harlovians as it did in the past.

Heartiest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Harris on the birth of a son.

The following Old Harlovians have visited the School since our last issue:—S. Assad, A. Baktiar, J. Baktiar, A. Cantor, L. Crisp, A. Cannon, J. Elim, R. Faircloth, Miss Gibson, J. Gilling, W. Horley, E. Hailes, L. Keep, J. Keigh, R. Larking, R. Leith, H. Lillywhite, J. McLeod, B. Michell, M. Mitchell, H. Nelson, O. Näf, E. Ripley, W. Roles, R. Smith, S. Speake, R. Tarling, E. Wash, J. Whittall, E. Whittleton, C. Wyatt, J. Wyatt.

THE OLD BOYS' MATCH.

The coinciding of Old Boys' Day with Guy Fawkes' Day must have necessitated a holiday for the Clerk of the Weather, but his place was evidently taken by a very kindly and efficient "locum tenens." For, contrary to the usual run of things, the afternoon was sunny and calm.

The Old Boys, captained by Speake, turned out a representative side, and what they lacked in team work they made up in individual talent.

The Old Boys scored first through Cannon, who ran through on his own. Throughout the game he, Simmonds, and Larking combined excellently, and often had the School defence in a tangle.

At half-time the score was 2—2, Simmonds having scored for the Old Boys with an excellent ground shot, giving our goalie, Rolph, no earthly chance.

The second half opened with a concerted attack by the College, but they failed to score, and after a considerable amount of pressure by the Old Boys, Clark headed a goal for them from a corner. The game was exceptionally fast and interesting, and the Old Boys must be commended upon the way in which they stuck to their guns.

Bloore was good at left-half, and Cannon and Simmonds in attack, and T. Vasey in defence were a continual source of trouble to the College.

For the College, Rolph played his usual inimitable game in goal, while Clayton and Mr. Simond gave an excellent display of tackling. Hale played a good game in a position somewhere between left-half and inside left, his clean kicking being noticeable. Ripley i, too, played with great skill, his powerful kicking being prominent. Mr. Robertson gave a very good display of his excellent football, whilst Stock ii worked very hard. It can indeed be said that each and all of the players played a very good game.

The whole game may well be represented by the score of 3—2 for the Old Boys.

THE FOOTBALL SEASON.

From the first practice match we realised what a loss we had sustained when Bakhtiar and John left the College. But the process of team building commenced, and very soon we had a fairly good team to put in the field.

The forwards were a trifle small, but the defence was strong, and we began to look forward to a good season. It was not to be, however, and the season has only been a moderately successful one. We have very often only lost matches by a small margin, which, with a little luck, might have been won. The team must be commended for their 4—2 win over Newport after losing at Newport 5—1.

The Old Boys' match, which is reported elsewhere, was perhaps the most enjoyable game of the season, but it can be said that whenever the College fielded a team, they did so with the idea of playing the game and enjoying it, win or lose.

2ND XI. FOOTBALL FIXTURES.

	Home.	Away.
Loughton School	...	Lost, 5—0
Loughton School	Lost, 4—3	...

Owing to the smallness of the team they lost both these matches. Nevertheless the College 2nd XI. played good football, but their opponents were bigger and heavier.

The 3rd XI. played Fawbert and Barnard School twice, winning one and losing one. They also played Churchgate School, which they won easily.

"DUBBER."

FOOTBALL FIXTURES.

<i>Opponents.</i>	<i>Home.</i>	<i>Away.</i>
Epping Wednesday	Lost, 3—8
Saffron Walden Friends' School	Won, 2...0
Loughton School	Lost, 3—1	...
Thornwood	Won, 2—1	...
Ongar School	Lost, 8—3
Loughton School	Won, 1—0
Harlow Wednesday	Scratched	...
Saffron Walden Friends' School	Scratched	...
Czarnikow Club	Lost, 9—1	...
Harlow Wednesday	Lost, 4—2
Old Harlovians	Lost, 3—2	...
Ongar School	Scratched	...
Newport School	Lost, 5—1
Thornwood	Lost, 2—1
Mr. A. K. Bakhtiar's XI.	Won, 5—2	...
Newport School	Won, 4—2	...

Played, 13; Won, 5; Lost, 8.

TEAM CRITICISM

Ripley, R. J. (Capt.). R. Half.

Clayton, O. E. (Vice-Capt.). A sound tackler and uses his head to great advantage. A great asset to the team. R. Back.

Hodges, C. K. Much improved. His passing to the wing man is very good. Tackles well, but a trifle slowly. L. Half.

Parker, O. B. Very useful with his head and fearless at tackling, but has a rather uncertain kick. L. Back.

Rolph, M. P. A very good 'keeper with sound judgment. Latterly has played at centre-half with success. Kicks well with both feet.

Compton, P. A. Usually plays centre-forward, but perhaps has a natural position at right-half, where he plays well. Does not fear a tackle or a heavy charge. C. Forward.

Paddick, H. C. Inclined to hang on to the ball, but dribbles and centres very well. Should learn to kick with his right foot. L. Winger.

Hale, J. D. Inside left officially, but seems to have a roving commission. Keeps cool and excels in ground passes. Should keep to his position and not do the half-back's work.

Stock, D. L. Small but fast. Centres well, but ought to cut in more on occasions. He has been rather unlucky this season. R. Winger.

Lampard, G. Only in the team for the last three matches, but has made sure of a place in the future. Inclined to hold the ball too long, but nevertheless centres fairly accurately.

Richardson, G. Brought into the team to let Rolph play out. Is good at high shots, but uncertain at low ones. Must use his hands more for these shots.

Mr. Robertson and Mr. Simond have played whenever needed, and done much towards the success of the team.

Thanks are due to Mr. Brierley and Mr. Roe for refereeing, and also to Miss Jessie for the very good fixture list.

R. J. RIPLEY.

HOUSE COMPETITION.

Beatty, who had won the cup for the last two years, were this year second. Nelson gained a well-deserved first place, with Rodney once more bringing up the rear. It was a well-fought competition from beginning to end.

In the senior Football Beatty were on top, although they were unlucky only to draw with Nelson. Nelson drew both their matches, thanks to their Captain Hodges, who played a real captain's game, Rodney being lucky to draw with them.

In the junior football Nelson were victorious, winning both their games, which was not unexpected, seeing their team played as a team and not as eleven men. Rodney with a strong side beat the Beatty side.

In the fives again Nelson were triumphant, although by a small margin. The hand fives were Beatty's domain, with Ripley i as an outstanding player.

Thus Nelson gained a well-deserved victory. Well deserved because Hodges and Parker have tried hard for their House during the four terms they have been captain and vice-captain. Thanks to the keen support of the Nelson boys, they have at last gained the reward of their labours, the coveted cup.

Ripley i was unlucky for there was really not much material in his house, and with the back-bone of it leaving term after term, he had only one or two players to call upon.

Rodney were unsuccessful, but this term they certainly gained more points than before. Perhaps next term, with a little more effort, they will finish first. We shall see.

"OBSERVER"

THE HOUSE COMPETITION.

	Points.		
	B.	N.	R.
FOOTBALL.			
<i>Senior.</i>			
Beatty, 7 (Ripley i 3, Compton 2, Lampard 1, Chater 1); Rodney, 4 (Rolph 3, Clayton 1)	12	—	—
Nelson, 3 (Hodges 2, Ripley ii 1); Rodney, 3 (Paddick ii 2, Clayton 1)	—	6	6
Beatty, 2 (Ripley i 1, Stock ii 1); Nelson, 2 (Hodges 2) ...	6	6	—
<i>Junior.</i>			
Nelson, 4 (Ransom 3, Hill 1); Rodney, 1 (Payne 1) ...	—	9	—
Rodney, 2 (Collins 2); Beatty, 0	—	—	9
Nelson, 3 (Hill 2, Sueur 1); Beatty, 1 (Barrow 1) ...	—	9	—
FOOTER FIVES.			
<i>1st Singles (Senior).</i>			
Hale (B.), 20; Rolph (R.), 10	3	—	—
Hale (B.), 20; Parker i (N.), 17	3	—	—
Parker i (N.), 20; Rolph (R.), 19	—	3	—
<i>1st Doubles.</i>			
Hale and Lampard (B.), 18; Parker i and Gatford (N.), 20 Paddick ii and Rolph (R.), 18; Parker i and Gatford (N.), 20	—	5	—
Hale and Lampard (B.), 16; Paddick ii and Rolph (R.), 20	—	—	5
<i>2nd Singles.</i>			
Ripley i (B.), 20; Hodges (N.), 10	3	—	—
Ripley i (B.) 20; Clayton (R.), 6	3	—	—
Hodges (N.), 20; Clayton (R.), 10	—	3	—
<i>2nd Doubles.</i>			
Ripley i and Compton (B.), 20; Hodges and Meek (N.), 19	5	—	—
Ripley i and Compton (B.), 19; Clayton and Drane (R.), 20	—	—	5
Hodges and Meek (N.), 20; Clayton and Drane (R.), 18 ...	—	5	—
HAND FIVES.			
<i>Singles.</i>			
Ripley i (B.), 20; Hodges (N.), 15	3	—	—
Ripley i (B.), 20; Rolph (R.), 17	3	—	—
Hodges (N.), 20; Rolph (R.), 14	—	3	—
<i>Doubles.</i>			
Ripley i and Hale (B.), 20; Rolph and Clayton (R.), 4 ...	5	—	—
Ripley i and Hale (B.), 20; Hodges and Parker i (N.), 12	5	—	—
Hodges and Parker i (N.), 20; Rolph and Clayton (R.), 10 ...	—	5	—
Totals	51	59	25

Cup Winner: Nelson House.

YE CHRONICLES OF HARLOWE.

Bifell thatte after ye Knightes, Squyeres ande Yeomenne hadde rested theyre weary lymbes during ye waxing ande waining of a moon, ande hadde basked themselves in ye radyence of King Sol, they returned onto ye castel.

And lo! they looked one onto ye othre ande didde beholde each hadde turned a wondrous browne frome sleepyng and baskyng in ye sunshyne, havyng caste off theyre armoure for ye Vac. Butte ere ye Terme hadde passed butte half, King Sol had gone and ye roasted hides likewise; ande therefore didde ye Overlords bid ye serfs gird up theyre loynes, for ye anciente and worthie sport, "Footbawl".

Righte mightily didde ye warriors struggle withe theyre foe, but alas! Ye forces hadde been weakened by ye departure of Sir Creden, Sir Baktiar ande Sir John ande odre greate warriors who had foughte so valiently in ye olden dayes.

Nevertheless didde Sir Leyrip lead hys menne to ye victoryes of greater number thanne defeates!

Ande duryng ye weekes of Octobre manye of ye Knyghts didde sally forthe frome out ye castel walles unto ye outer worlde. Ande theye didde push and shove before themme ye smalle chariot to ramasse therein the débris of ye village ande didde retourne and dump ye contentes in ye smalle plaine (Divers of ye Knyghts and Squyeres didde donne ye comie helmets of ye villains of Harlowe and didde cause greate stir in ye village.)

Ye sojourn onto ye village havyng beene done manie tymes, there rose a huge pile within ye walles of ye castel, and on ye fifth daye of Novembre, whenne ye sun hadde sette, ye Knightes, Squyeres and Yeomenne—yea, even ye small fry—didde celebrate ye feaste of Guy Fawkes and didde sette fyre onto ye pile and didde dance withe delyght ande make merrie.

Ande certaine of ye base serfs, withe thoughts of murdur ande revenge in their hearts, didde lighte ye explosifs under ye feete of certaine overlordes with intent to cause grievous bodyly harm, and only by the grace and protection of ye Gods were theye preserved.

Ye rockets whizzed, ye squibs squeaked, and ye merrie makyng didde continue till ye moone was hygh in ye heavens.

Nevertheless so greate was ye fyre thatte Father Tyme coude not vanquish him for three dayes.

Bifell there came a cry frome ye laymen of ye outer village thatte theyre small-fry didde neede yet furthur supporte to gain ye equipments for theyre playne of sportes. Ande righte noblie didde ye Overlordes of ye Castel of Harlowe give worde to prepare ye grande festival of Dramatics thatte theye myght collect ye gold of which there wasse mightyie neede.

Thenne with one accorde didde certaine of ye Overlords make choise ande didde caste ye squyeres and yeomenne into ye strange costumes. Then didde ye taskmaster eclept "Rehearsal" begin hys reigne ande didde work ande slave hys subjectes till longe paste ye curfew, butte alle didde worke righte merrily.

Ande were not ye praizes longe and loude whenne ye knyghtes, squyeres ande yeomenne didde gather before themme ye myghtye crowdes at ye Victoria Halle to showe the resultes of theyre laboures! Fore alle didde declare of one accorde ande proclaime ye excellence thereof.

And now ye ogre "Terminals" doest caste hys shadow on ye faithfulle warriors, yet are theye not downcast, for the spirit of Yuletyde is neare atte hande ande soon theye will sally forthe to the halles of theyre fathers, whither theye will joine in merrymakyns and ye greate feastyngs of ye season of "Eates"

Ande the reste of ye doughtie deeds of ye knyghtes, squyers and yeomenne of Harlow, are theye not written in ye booke of ye Harlovian?
EORJ YE SCRIBE

JUVENILIA AND REMOVILIA.

For the most part humour has been lacking this term. Examination howlers have been few and far between, and those that were committed have been of a very mediocre type and little worthy of appearing in print. In spite of (or maybe because of) this, however, life in the lower and middle school has been quite hectic, and the following items have drifted through to the editorial sanctum:—

A great struggle for the leadership of Dorm 7 has been progressing throughout the term between M—y and N—s. Up to the time of going to press neither combatant has succeeded in completely outwitting his opponent. It is more than likely, our correspondent informs us, that a coalition will be formed.

Our Form I. correspondent reports that the class can now talk in German. On consulting the charge d' affaires (Miss Eaton), however, we learn that the so-called talking is limited to an occasional "yah yah," with perhaps "damit" thrown in now and then.

Form II. in their spare moments have been taking instruction in the art of hammock making. That one of their members was sea-sick two nights running is, we understand, quite untrue, and the rumours that sea chanties are sung every Wednesday night in the bath-room is as yet unverified.

According to themselves Form III. have been models of quietness and efficiency throughout the term, but conflicting reports, from our special correspondent, seem to indicate that at times there has been a seething activity beneath this apparent calm.

Great excitement prevailed when it was thought that L—n had discovered a new French verb, but on entering into the matter it was found to be our old friend avoir disguised as avior.

[This seems a great pity as research on French verbs is far too infrequent even at universities.—Ed.]

Again on a personal interview at the Harlow Laboratory with Prof. — we ascertained and proved, by actually seeing the experiment performed, that his assistants in this form were weighing and measuring various objects to the nearest milligram and millimetre respectively. We feel sure that the results so obtained would have brought a glow of satisfaction to the heart of any of H.M. Inspectors of Weights and Measures. The amount of work then going on behind the scenes in this lab. is truly phenomenal, and the British public will be greatly astonished at the excellence attained, when in a few years time these scientists are let loose on the world.

From the Remove come reports of rioting and striking. We learn on the highest authority that there was a lock-out or rather a lock-in for a short period, but that now amicable relationships are once more established.

STOP PRESS.—A general strike has been declared (by the Schoolboys' Executive) to commence on December 17th. It is expected to last three or four weeks "Work cannot commence again until January 18th, 1933," say the strike leaders

YBBOR.

WHAT THE SCHOOLROOM WANTS TO KNOW?

Who said the plural of monkey was chimpanzee?

* * * * *

What caused Mary Queen of Scots to flee over the "boarder"?

* * * * *

Who won the battle of Trafalgar Square?

* * * * *

If the Upper Fifth were disappointed when they found that Astronomy did not include "film" stars?

* * * * *

Who mentioned a certain boy's ears in the Third Form resembled a species of fungi.

* * * * *

Who is "Useless," what is he?

Proverbs in Form III. revised :—

"A rolling stone knocked him down."

"It is never too late to get up."

"A bird in the hand gathers no moss."

* * * * *

Whether a "smart" young errand boy seems to think that
O.J.M. has taken up his residence in New York?

* * * * *

Who are "Sea and Music"?

* * * * *

Which "whickid old which" a certain Remove boy was thinking
about in his French paper?

* * * * *

Who thinks Jamaica is in the "Gulp" of Mexico.

* * * * *

Which boy in the Remove said that Goliath was dressed in
"greases"? Was he also among the Channel swimmers?

* * * * *

Does the goal fit Richardson, or Richardson the goal?

T.A.M.

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

At Hatfield Heath not long ago
There lived a hale old man named Joe.
His eyes were bright, his back was straight,
His age was close on sixty-eight.
His little cottage, all his own,
Was picturesque and over grown
With climbing roses, red and white,
It made indeed a pretty sight.
His windows, as might be supposed,
Were almost always tightly closed.
Said he, "I loves fresh air outside,"
"But air indoors I can't abide,"
"There's plenty folks has caught their doom"
"Through breathing of it in their room."
Conditions made it pretty clear
That total lack of atmosphere
Was not unhealthy. Joe contrived

To do without it and he thrived.
He washed such parts of him as showed,
His features positively glowed
When scouring had removed the trace
Of grime from his good-humoured face.
And Joe was wealthy, so to speak,
His wages were one pound a week,
This sum enabled him to feed
And also met each daily need.
One day when Joe was at his gate
A passing motor slacked its rate,
Its owner, Marcus Gutterstein,
Remarked to Joe "The weather's fine!"
"Ah! that it be!" was Joe's reply,
"And come to that, Sir, so be I."
"Yes," Marcus said, "but can you tell"
"What makes you look and feel so well?"
"Why, that's an easy one!" said Joe,
"Cause I lives here!" "If that be so,"
Thought Mr. Marcus Gutterstein,
"I wish this little place were mine."
Now Marcus wallowed in his wealth
But latterly had wretched health,
For this he had himself to blame,
Since self-indulgence was his aim.
He questioned Joe in artless tone,
"This cottage is your very own?"
"Aye!" answered Joe, "A hundred pound"
"Won't buy it from me!" "I'll be bound,"
Said Marcus Gutterstein, "that you
"Would sell it if I offered two."
"Well, you just offer it and try!"
Was Joe's immediate reply.
The deal was clinched and Joe when paid
Thought what a bargain he had made.
It wasn't such a bargain though,
For in the end it settled Joe!
On drink his money simply flew,
When all was gone, then Joe went too!

* * * * *

Then Mr. Marcus Gutterstein
Said "Now this charming place is mine,"
"Henceforward here I mean to spend"

"A simply glorious week-end."
 "But first," he added, "I'm afraid"
 "Some alterations must be made."
 "A marble staircase, parquet floors,"
 "And richly decorated doors,"
 "A hall wherein my friends may feast,"
 "And twenty bed-rooms at the least."
 "Then in this cottage I shall grow"
 "As healthy as that rustic Joe."
 When all was finished, "Ah!" said he,
 "The simple life appeals to me,"
 "This back to Nature stunt is one"
 "Which promises no end of fun,"
 "And Hatfield Heath seems just the place"
 "For meeting Nature face to face!"

Each week-end crowds of friends came down,
 Gay fashionable folks from town,
 With feasting, woman, wine and song
 They kept it up the whole night long.
 Of moderation none gave sign,
 For one and all were flushed with wine.
 A foreign chef designed their fare,
 Of delicacies rich and rare,
 His guests got tight on bubbly wine,
 And so did Marcus Gutterstein!
 Wild revels, dancing, ceaseless noise,
 And fiercer Bacchanalian joys
 Engaged them till their weary quest
 For novel pleasure lost its zest.
 On Mondays, tired, with aching heads,
 They dragged themselves from sleepless beds,
 And tore away in cars to town
 Worse off than when they first came down.
 Six months of "simple life" avail
 On devotees to tell the tale,
 And Marcus Gutterstein, Esq.,
 Who'd gratified each base desire,
 Now paid the price and soon pegged out,
 He died from self-inflicted gout.
 A sad mistake, these verses show,
 Was made by Gutterstein and Joe.
 For happiness, wise men declare,
 Depends on *how* one lives, not *where*.

F.S.H.

AN EXCURSION—WITH ALARMS.

"Here's your candle, sir!" It sounds rather like bedtime in a country inn, but alas! When those words were spoken to me I had little enough thought of bed and the delightful, homely things that word conjures up. I was standing in a black, evil place, running with chilly moisture, soft eiderdowns, hot water bottles, and lavender-scented sheets had no place in this dark under-world. A loose-fitting wooden door led to the outer world, to sunshine and green fields, but it was shut. I looked at it longingly, then thrust temptation behind me—reluctantly. I had put my hand to the candle, and there should be no backsliding—though I had some misgivings about the backsliding—for the place was literally dripping with moisture, and my feet were indeed in slippery places.

Then the descent commenced. For what seemed like years we went down rough steps, and steps—and then more steps, all hewn out of the solid and very wet rock. Finally the steps ceased, and I have a vague recollection that the guide mentioned how many of them we had descended. I believe it was something under three hundred, though I could have taken my oath it was nearer three thousand. By the time I reached the bottom my legs had acquired a sort of second wind as regards steps, and I must have proceeded for a good twenty yards along the level, doing a species of goosetep by way of reaction. At least, it felt like that. In descending those steps there are three problems to be faced. One is to avoid missing a step, a by-no-means easy accomplishment, since no two steps are alike. The reason is plain. Suppose you have descended x steps when you miss one. Then you have to fall (something under 300) $-x$, and where x is a small number, as the mathematics master would say, there you have a tidy drop.

Then another kind of drop calls for attention. About every five yards or so a large drop of water (abominably cold water, too) detaches itself from the roof of the stairway and proceeds to fall, very frequently—much too frequently—inside your coat collar. "The temperature of this underground water never varies," said the guide. I did not contest his assertion, for I at all events failed to remark any perceptible increase in warmth as drop followed drop between my undervest and spine.

Finally we came to candle grease. The Derbyshire miner has a wholesome contempt for candlesticks, and is content to clasp the guttering candle without any aid save his fingers. Now hold a lighted candle on the level of your shoulder and descend (something under 300) uneven, slippery steps. What will happen to most of the melted candlefat? Why, it will promptly find its way up your sleeve, and will supply you with a fine wax impression of your cuff-links, while you

wait, so to speak. I am prepared to wager that if I had gone down many more steps an expert could have done an excellent etching on my waxed shirt sleeve!

For nearly a mile we crept through a wretched tunnel that would have given Dante the creeps even when he had finished writing his "Inferno," and that's saying something. I was chilled to the marrow, my shoes were sopping, and my eardrums almost bursting in the unearthly silence, when suddenly the guide swung round upon me. "This was a place where two lots of miners working in different shafts met one another," he said, in a terrible voice. "You don't say so," I replied, somewhat alarmed at his manner. "I suppose they fell upon each other's necks." His answer knocked all the wind out of me. "No, sir!" and his voice cut the stillness like a blasting charge. "They fell upon each other—with their picks and shovels!" And I was alone with this creature in the depths of the earth? As I wiped the perspiration from my forehead I thanked Heaven that *he* had no pick or shovel! I am an admirer of the dramatic—on a wooden stage, but in the bowels of the earth, nothing doing! You never quite know what may happen with a fellow who retails gruesome anecdotes—con multo espressione—as the musicians say—half-a-mile beneath the surface of the earth. So we turned back, my guide protesting that we could just as well go on for another three-quarters of a mile. But on this point I was adamant, yes, sir, adamant. I would go not a step further. Which brings me back to the (something under 300) steps. Climbing steps is usually something of a bugbear, yet I ascended that flight like a three-year-old. And all the proprietors of the Bradwell mine are ever likely to see of me any more is my name (written shakily) in the visitors' book.

D. BRIERLEY.

THE MERCHANT NAVY AS A CAREER.

I have set down these notes with the idea of suggesting this particular career as one worthy of following. It should be understood that the sea life is rather a hard one, but it is healthy, and a boy is given ample scope to see the world and meet all kinds of people.

The sea as a profession is worth consideration, especially in these days when there can be so little choice for the boy leaving school. Our country will always be dependent on trade with her colonies and other countries, and will always require a Merchant Navy to foster her needs.

Now that the days of the sailing ship have passed, there are only two ways of going to sea. One way is to put in two years in one of the recognised training establishments, namely, the "Worcester," the "Conway," or the "Nautical College, Pangbourne"; the other,

to go straight to sea. Much has been said for both methods, but in my opinion the former is the better way to commence, inasmuch as a sound Nautical Education is essential while a boy is young.

It cannot be overlooked, however, that a great number of very efficient officers have been trained in the past through the latter method. They have had practical sea experience from the start, and have completed their training, many of them, before sitting for their examinations, by attending special coaching schools, of which there are now several, situated in nearly all large sea-ports both at home and abroad.

A boy should be between the ages of fifteen and sixteen to enter one of the above-named training establishments, but they can be taken at fourteen. Two years is the usual time to go through, and that period is allowed to count as *one* year's sea service—a special concession granted by the Board of Trade. The total sea service required for the first Board of Trade Examination (Second Mates'), being four years. Should a boy decide to go straight to sea and perform all four years' service in an ocean-going vessel, he need not leave school until he is seventeen. The system for receiving Cadets is practically the same in all large Shipping Companies. There is not room to deal with every case, but when a boy is accepted a premium of about forty or fifty pounds must be paid down, and he has to sign indentures with the owners of the company, generally for a period of from four to six years. In most cases a percentage of the money is refunded when indentures have been completed.

Perhaps it will not be out of place here to enumerate the main duties of a Cadet at sea. As a rule he will share one large cabin with three or four other boys; one or two of the larger liners have two cabins for them. The average number of Cadets carried in one ship is four, as many as six are accommodated in some vessels, but seldom over six. The Chief Officer is responsible to the Captain of the ship for their training from the disciplinary point of view, and usually the Second or the Third Officer instructs them in navigation and seamanship.

At selected times during a voyage, they are put on watch-keeping, and have to do their four hours on the bridge in order to understudy the "Officer of the Watch," and learn to keep a lookout. This watch-keeping part is of great importance, embodying as it does, a host of other duties such as taking soundings for depth of water, observations of the sun, moon, and stars for ascertaining ship's position and for compass correction, the use of charts, and the working of tidal calculations.

Occasionally, for a week or so at a time, they are given day-work, under the eye of the Chief Officer they learn to chip, paint, sew canvas, and are given every opportunity to see for themselves the general

scheme of how the crew should be employed, and the ship kept in good order. Once a day the Cadets report for half-an-hour's signals (Morse and Semaphore), or they may be asked questions on "The Rule of the Road at Sea," &c. Most Companies insist on them keeping a journal in their spare time. At the termination of each voyage the Captain makes a report on their conduct and progress to the owners.

In both methods of entering the Service, after the first certificate has been obtained, a Cadet is eligible to become an Officer, either Fourth or Fifth Officer, according to the number carried in the particular ship he happens to be appointed to.

Three more examinations follow, two compulsory, one voluntary. These are the details briefly:—

CANDIDATE FOR FIRST MATE—minimum age 21½ years—Sea service required, 1½ years in effective charge of a watch.

CANDIDATE FOR MASTER (Captain)—minimum age 23 years—Sea service required, 2½ years in sole charge of a watch.

EXTRA MASTER—Voluntary, and only intended for such Officers as wish to prove their superior qualifications and are desirous of having certificates of the highest grade.

I might add that the two latter examinations are rather difficult ones, the subjects include among others, Higher Mathematics, General Science, Magnetism and Electricity, Marine Surveying, Meteorology, Oceanography and Economical Geography, and Commercial and Legal Knowledge, also an oral examination, partly on written work and partly on seamanship.

I can only generalize on the question of salaries, but I think this a fair average:—

Fourth Officers	£120	per annum.
Third	..	£144,	rising to £170 per annum.
Second	..	£180	" " £240 " "
Chief	..	£250	" " £400 " "
Captains	£500	" " £600 or £700 per annum

in smaller classes of ships, and as much as £1,200 per annum in Mail Ships of the Liner class.

This profession is open to any boy (British subject) endowed with physical fitness and good eyesight, provided he can produce favourable testimonials from school.

These notes may appear to be rather of the tabulated variety, but I have tried to cover the main points. I shall feel pleased if they only serve to enlighten an interested individual on the more obscure details of how to become a Navigating Officer of a Merchant Navy.

R. A. B. KIMPTON.

LETTERS FROM OLD HARLOVIANS.

Bahrein,

Persian Gulf,

September 12th, 1932.

DEAR EVERYBODY,

Here I am now, right down the Persian Gulf, at the island of Bahrein. It is a remote island about 500 miles South of Mesopot., and is ruled over by a Sheikh. I arrived here yesterday by R.A.F. flying boat, and the fun began at once. We were met by the Sheikh's financial adviser—sort of Court Chamberlain, who, to my astonishment, was an Englishman! So was the Customs Officer and the Doctor *and* the Surveyor who is putting in electric light.

They all appear to have wonderful jobs and nice houses, and appear quite happy, helping to run this little island kingdom!

Directly we stepped ashore, we were told the Sheikh would like to see us! So off we stepped and were met by six delightful old fellows—the Sheikh, his uncle, and his brothers and eldest son. They were handsome old fellows—goodness knows how old the uncle was—he had a henna beard of flaming red, and was soon attached to me and gaily talking fast Arabic, of which I understood never a word! They were all dressed beautifully in their coloured robes and looked, in face, just like a meeting of particularly nice old bearded bishops.

They were really delightful old men, and ever so pleased to see us. Their politeness, the Arabs, is most embarrassing. There's much hand-shaking and bowing and "how-de-do's"—everyone shakes hands with everyone else, and then the Chamberlain (an Oxford man—late Foreign Office, called Belgrave) said the Sheikhs (all the family) wished us to have coffee with them.

It was mid-day, 123 degrees in the shade, humidity 85, and coffee was *not* what I wanted. However! off we went. The Group Captain R.A.F., who flew me down, Fletcher, our Ground Services manager, and myself. My red bearded friend (uncle of the ruling Sheikh) grasped my arm—at least, I gave him my arm, as I thought he was rather decrepit—and off we went. Thank heaven the Customs Officer (with whom I'm staying now) was beside me to act as interpreter, as the old man gabbled on, occasionally grasping my arm tighter and looking me earnestly in the face. I was told later that he had taken a fancy to me and was really being most polite. We then went into a walled garden (only one here!) and up to a roof, where, before they entered, the Royal household removed their sandals. Good job we don't have to do the same, as I'm *sure* I had a hole in my sock and probably "nifty" feet.

We then all sat down, and the noise was terrific. All the dear old fellows, in their flowing black and white robes, talked merrily on—my interpreter worked overtime, I assure you. Then the coffee came round. It was served out of a gold pot and we each had only a drop or so put in our cups. Jolly good job, too, because any more and I should have been ill. It was the strongest coffee imaginable, scented heavily with some perfume, and tasted what I should imagine a bottle of Houbigant "quellques fleurs" would taste like, if mixed with coffee essence. The Arab rule is that unless you waggle the cup about, it will continue to be replenished—so I waggled mine furiously, so did the Group Captain, and so did our Ground Services friend!

Then a long towel was brought in, and each one of us solemnly wiped our mouths with it. Then followed a bearer with an open fire of incense, and we each wafted some of the smoke towards us. Then a bowl of rose water appeared and we washed our hands with it, sprinkling some on our faces. We then rose, sandals were put on, and the "party" was over. It was all like a religious ceremony and most impressive.

I kept a wary eye on my Sheikh friend and did just as he did—it worked well!

To-night I've got to go and have dinner at the Palace with them all. Heaven knows what happens there, but I think we all sit on the ground and pick our food up with our hands—that's the custom.

I am very attracted by these men. They look such dears, but I believe that they can be pretty nasty enemies!

They all have beards and they all look so clean. None of your Ethel M. Dell Sheikh about them, however. They look, as I say, like a lot of dear old whiskered parsons or doctors. They're not big men, as I imagined, and must be all over 50. Old red whiskers must be about 80, but he's a fine old man, with steel blue eyes and an attractive face, with a turn-up nose, slightly. None of them are of the hawk-faced type, so imagined in novels.

The head Sheikh (dinner to-night) is friendly with Britain and employs these Englishmen as heads of his various departments. He's wise, because he's now very rich. We've found oil on his island, given him electric light (of sorts) and built a fine road. He's got a telephone and two good cars. All the same, he and the rest of them cling to their old customs and live in a large Eastern Palace and have five or six wives, who they discard with disconcerting rapidity. Divorce is just saying I divorce you, I divorce you, I divorce you (three times); the wife is given a sum of money and she's then sacked! A woman's life out here isn't a bed of roses! They marry at 15, and unless they bear sons they get the sack quickly. The favourite wife is, of course, kept on, but the rest are in a precarious position somewhat!

Of course, nobody sees a woman here. They are not allowed out usually, and only on certain occasions are they seen, and then they are completely covered, all but the eyes. Once they're married they disappear from sight into the Palace.

In spite of their curious customs, these Sheikhs are very moral and also deeply religious. It's not for us to question their ways, and, anyhow, the women are happy so I'm told.

We usually wear shorts in these climates, but not so here in Arabia—it's considered indecent for a man of high repute to show his knees, so we wear either flannels or else the complete Arab dress. I've got both, and believe me, I look quite good as an Arab!

I shall bring my dress home with me, as it's a real Arabian made affair, of coarse material, but with flowing head dress and a curious coil of camel hair which I put on my head, and which at the same time holds the head-dress into position. A long shirt down to the ground and sandals—and there you are! The other five Englishmen here all wear the same when not in flannels.

Bahrain will be the first port of call for us going down the Persian Gulf towards India, and I shall be the first pilot to land here next month. I jokingly asked one of the Sheikhs if he'd come with me, and he's quite made up his mind to come to Karachi with me. The other old fellows are just as keen! I suppose I shall have another reception when I arrive here.

Bahrain is just about the hottest and most humid place I've been in. When I tell you that I'm having to put a handkerchief beneath what I'm now writing to prevent the perspiration from pouring off my arms on to this letter, you can guess how warm it is! It drips, drips, drips from us all day long, but I don't mind it at all! I'm acclimatised now, I suppose.

The water at the shore edge is *blood heat*! We tested it yesterday. I've actually bathed, therefore it *must* be warm!

This survey for my Company means very hard work. I'm at it nearly all day—seeing about petrol and viewing places for aerodromes, &c. The Customs man has a nice house at the harbour, and he's doing me very well. I sleep on the roof at night under a most wonderful sky. There is a full moon nearly at present, and you can't imagine what a wonderful sight it is to see the white buildings and the mosque in this strange bluish white light of the Eastern night. It looks like the stage setting for a play.

There are many Jews here, and they continually chant well into the night, their strange monotonous keeping me awake at first. Its near the Feast of Atonement, and they are gradually working themselves up into a suitable state for this ceremony.

Then again, the Sheikh's sentries patrol the small town all night, and arrest anybody out and about after 11 p.m. (7 p.m. Arabic time is 11 p.m. really!)

The Arabic Sheikhs do not allow anybody about after that, except ourselves. The sentries challenge each other with a loud, long-drawn hollah! hollah! which echoes a long way—the next one picks it up and shouts it on. This is to prove that they're not asleep, and as they're stationed a good way apart, they shout like this every now and then, and I can hear the answering shout go right round the town. It's uncanny at first, but I'm used to it now. It goes on all night, at 15 minute intervals, until dawn.

Dawn in Arabia is an important hour. Everyone prays at dawn and repairs to the mosques.

It is always the time when any enemy is rapidly despatched, either by a bullet or knife—a ways just as the victim is about to enter the Mosque *at dawn*! So dawn has a certain significance, somewhat sinister!

No violence is allowed in the Mosque, but my word! the victim gets no time to get inside. Anyhow, he is allowed a night's rest before they polish him off.

Actually, the Sheikh at present is a quiet old man, but even he has had two people "removed" in this fashion this year.

"I've just discovered that old "fiery whiskers" is not only the Sheikh's uncle, but also the father of his favourite wife, so he's father-in-law and uncle in one!

There's a lot of intermarrying in Arabia, though this type of wife has a luxurious time compared with the concubine, who, as I said, is sacked when "no further use," so to speak.

Well! I'm now looking forward to my dinner with the Sheikhs, in true Arab style. I hope old "ginger" is there—I like him.

I'll continue this letter late to-night on my return. To-morrow I'm leaving Bahrain, centre of the pearl industry, and am flying by R.A.F. to Shargah—another town with its Sheikh—only he's a young man and somewhat warlike. Well! Here's fun! I saw some beautiful pearls yesterday, just brought in from the sea to be valued. One was a beauty and worth more than I could say. I'm now going to change my shirt, as this one is soaking wet, though it's only been on four hours!

And now I'll continue. Tuesday night at Bahrein—The Shiek's Dinner.

September 15th,

Basra.

What a sight! We went to the Sheikh's Palace and amidst much pomp, &c., we were ushered into a large room. I sat next but one to the Sheikh. When I say *sat* I meant sat on the ground. No chairs of course. In the centre of the room was a dish with a whole sheep roasted and surrounded by mountains of rice. On smaller plates around the circle were all kinds of food. Puffs, fish cakes, Turkish delight and many things which tasted good, but I haven't the slightest idea what they were, some of them.

The Sheikh then stretched his *right* hand and took a mighty grab of the rice, which he, leaning forward, plomped on to *my* plate, with his hands. He gave me enough to feed a dozen men. He then grabbed a piece of the sheep, tore it off with his hand, and gave me that as well.

It's good manners to always serve your neighbour, so I stretched out, grabbed some rice, dropped some of it (it's not easy grabbing hot rice and meat with your right hand only, believe me! Anyhow, I leaned over and put the lot on *his* plate, which pleased him immensely.

So the dinner went on. My word! They do eat, no wonder they get fat. We finished with sweets, date fudge and dates. No drink, the Sheikh doesn't like it, and he won't allow smoking either. We then rose and the old fellow sat on his "throne." I'd become so used to sitting cross-legged that when I got up my legs went to sleep and I was in agony for a while. We then had coffee, as usual, in tiny cups, and a tiny amount, always taking it with the right hand. The left hand is unclean and must *never* touch food in Arabia. We then talked a while through interpreters, then the old man rose, so did we, and the party was over. It had been a really wonderful sight. In a large room, covered with beautiful carpets, a huge circle of food, crowned in the centre with this complete cooked sheep. Lots of smaller plates of food around it, and then six of the Royal household in their robes, the Sheikh's brother, uncle and four sons, and the four Englishmen, a Group Captain R.A.F., the Financial Adviser and Customs Man and myself, all sitting round this circle of food, with black slaves (they *are* slaves) hovering round behind us and watching us.

I was absolutely full up when I reached the home of the Custom's Office—and so was he. So I slept like a top.

Wednesday.

Off we went again on the flying boats and flew to our next suggested stop—Shagah—on the celebrated and dangerous Trucial Coast of Arabia. It's here where the Sheikh is supposed to hate the British and has quite a lot to account for. A gunboat keeps a firm eye on him from the sea. So as we had to go and see *this* fearsome individual. I thought *this* was going to be *some* fun.

We had planted an Englishman at Shagah last month to superintend the making of the aerodrome. We quite expected to find he had been murdered or locked up!

Imagine my surprise when we were met at the seashore of this Arab town by the Sheikh, his father-in-law, his adviser (not an Englishman this time, but another old Arab), and some other relatives, and *the Englishman!* He looked very well, and what's more introduced the Sheikh by saying "This is the Sheikh—and he's getting much too fat, aren't you?" The Sheikh is only 32, but looks 50, with his black beard. Can't understand a word of English, but guessed by signs what was said and roared with laughter. His uncle (I think) is a fine old fellow, a rich pearl merchant, and has lived in Paris for four years. He had been to England, but only on a short visit.

He spoke good French, and we got on like a house afire! Then the Englishman said "Oh, but not such a paunch as old Uncle Ben here!" and gave my Sheikh's uncle's friend a dig in his particularly round tummy. I was amazed and expected a fight any moment, instead of which they all loved it! I have made firm friends of the only Englishman on the island. He can do practically what he likes already, so that bust the danger bogey!

He (the Sheikh) isn't dangerous, not a bit—the whole lot of them are just a bunch of dear old men, and only too anxious to help us (at a price). The Shagah crowd are very modern, and under the Englishman's influence, have learnt to like a cigarette and a drink. Personally, I think it's the influence of naughty Uncle Ben, the old one who had been in Paris four years.

I shall be stopping the night here on the first service, and have an open invitation to go round to the Sheikh's fort any time I like. So that's that. We slept that night on board the R.A.F. flying boat, which was very comfortable, but rather hot. The wind dropped, the moon came out, and it was a pretty sight to see three Calcutta (R.A.F.) flying boats all lights on at anchor in the Shagah creek. Someone had a gramophone. About 11 p.m. we turned in, and yesterday left Basra again, where I hope to catch the Imperial's machine back to Cairo to-morrow.

Love to all,

From
JOHN.

(CAPTAIN JOHN HORSEY.)

"Merlin,"

20, Gainsborough Avenue,
Dartford,

5/11/32.

MY DEAR MISS JESSIE,

I will not even attempt to make any excuses for not having at least written to thank you for sending the "Harlovian" each term. I am glad to hear that everything is going as smoothly as ever with the College. I have been intending to pay a visit for a long time, but somehow or other something always crops up and it has to be put off. Lately, most of my spare time has been taken up by amateur dramatic shows, which is great fun, but sometimes jolly hard work. Luck has been with me recently, having been promoted from the humble position of junior to that of ledger clerk, which is also a humble position, but anyway a step in the right direction. One usually has to wait about four years for such a move, so I consider myself very fortunate. Now comes a request which I expect you think must inevitably accompany any letter from me. It is to know whether you have my certificate for the Oxford Senior Examination or whether I have to apply to the authorities for it. I am taking the Institute of Bankers' Exam. this year, and I have to show my certificate to gain exemption from the Preliminary Exam., so if you still have it and would kindly send it on, I would be very grateful. You will, by this time, be thoroughly sick of this jargon, even if you can read it, which I very much doubt. Being in a Bank, my writing is none too good. Trusting everyone is as well as ever. Please remember me to Mr. and Mrs. Horsey and as many of the Staff who have not forgotten me.

Yours very sincerely,

FRANK HARRIS (III.).

School House,
Bishopswood Road,
Highgate,
September 25th, 1932.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

Please excuse me for not having written to you before, but I have not had much time, what with settling down here and making new friends. The head boy of this House is an old Harlow boy; his name is Bull, and I fag for him.

The routine here is very different from that at Harlow. We get up at 7.20 a.m., go down to prayers, then have our breakfasts and make our beds. We then go up to School. Chapel begins at 9 a.m., and real school starts at 9.30. At 12.30 we turn out for football. Lunch is at 1.15, and School starts again at 2 p.m. At 4.30 we again turn out for football, and tea is at 5.50. At 6.30 prep. begins, and lasts till 8.30, when we have prayers and supper and then bed.

I hope to get into the under 16 House team, and the under 14 School team, which plays about three matches a term. I hope you have got a strong team this season, and I only wish we played you.

The Latin here is easy, and I well remember the "golden rule" at Harlow. Here it is: "Do not write nonsense."

If it is not too much trouble, would you please send me a copy of the full results of the Junior Oxford, as I am very anxious to see how the other boys got on in maths., &c.

Please remember me to Miss Jessie, Mr. Robertson, Mr. Cairns, Mr. Brierley, &c., not forgetting Matron.

I remain,

Still your affectionate pupil,
G. G. HARRIS.

Prospect House,
Baldock,
Herts.

DEAR MISS JESSIE,

Thank you very much for the "Harlovian," which you kindly sent to me. I am sorry I have not written before, but I have been out practically every evening for the past week rehearsing for "Rose Marie" (The Therpians next production), and going on to "Imp" dances and meetings.

"The Belle of New York" was a great success. We hired the new Hermitage Cinema, which seats fourteen hundred and fifty people, and we filled it every night. We gave away two hundred pounds to the Hospitals and other Charities.

I am very sorry I have not been able to get down to Harlow on one of the "Old Boys' Days," but Harlow is a very difficult place to get at from here. I wanted to get down last summer term, but I had to go down to St. Osyth, where we have a hut on the beach, and Father could not spare the car for me to come to Harlow from there; but will do my best to get down on November 5th.

Please remember me to Mr. and Mrs. Horsey and any of the staff who were at Harlow during my time.

Yours truly,

ALAN G. DEANS.

P.S.—I enclose three shillings for "Harlovian."

50, Victoria Road,
Barrow-in-Furness,
15/10/32.

DEAR SIR,

Many thanks for the "Harlovian," which I very much appreciated, as it is a bit lonely up here. Life here is very different from life at Harlow. I have to be at work at 7.30 a.m., which means that I have to get up at 6.15. However, I have survived a whole week of it. I noticed the red line against the announcement of Old Boys' Day, and am sorry to say that I shall not be able to get down for it. The only holidays we get are ten days in August and two days at Christmas, and one at the New Year. For fellows living a long way from home a special leave is granted, which consists of two days at Christmas and one at the New Year, and all the days in between.

I am afraid I shall not see you at Christmas, for Miss Jessie says you always go away then; but I am hoping to see you in August.

I remain,

yours truly,

A. B. DURSTON.

Heshloam,
Church Street,
Ilkeston,
Derby.

20th October, 1932.

DEAR UNCLE,

I thought I would write and let you know how things are going on here with us. To start with, the first big gate is jumped. I've done my first sermon, and for a really refined variety of torture I don't think you'll be walking up the pulpit steps in front of a packed church and a gazing congregation. It was agony, but not quite so bad when I'd once started. Anyhow, I have got a month's peace now before the next one, though next Sunday I've got to give a Hospital address. But that's quite informal and hasn't got to last more than five minutes.

Yesterday Harry (my Vicar) took me all over a coal mine, at least the works department on top. He calmly walks around, going into all the engine rooms, crawling about underneath railway trucks, etc. The fact that there's a notice up "No admittance" doesn't make any difference. Every single man there, from the manager down to the engine drivers know him. Wherever he goes they call out "Good afternoon, Vicar," run up and shake hands with him. So we were shown all the engines and electric departments. He seems to be known by all of them, and has managed to rake most of them into his Men's Club once a week. So that shows you that the poor old Church isn't dead, provided it's got the right man in the right place.

Last Thursday week he got up a potato pie supper and whist drive, for men only, in the parish room. About 70 men turned up, ate enormous suppers, and played whist. At the preliminary meeting so many volunteered to bring their pies with them, about 13 all told, enough to feed all the lot. No women were allowed, and they all enjoyed themselves. He certainly has got hold of the men up here, though they're all of them ordinary workmen, mostly coal miners working down in the pits. What strikes me most of all up here is the way they look at the Church and its officials. Instead of sneering and looking down their noses, they all look up to him and the Church. You can walk around with a dog collar on, and instead of people sniggering

at you, they come up, shake hands, and ask how things are going. That's finally convinced me that it isn't that people nowadays have no religious feeling, or that Christianity is dead, as you here so frequently said, but that the Parsons are at fault. Get a good man in the right place, and the people flock to him. Of course, our man works like a nigger, but where he excels is that he's not parsonic, and when, for example, he had a social evening with potato pie suppers, etc, he doesn't start prayers and make everybody feel uncomfortable. Also he knows exactly what he wants, and has got the people under his thumb. But I do believe that if there were a few more men like him instead of the awful nincompoops that usually get into parishes, there would be a tremendous revival, and the Churches would be packed. And yet they still allow anybody who wants to go to King's or Oxford, pass his exams, and then be ordained, without any sort of care being taken that he's what the Church wants. My man is not a scholar in any sense of the word, but he doesn't want to be. He's just a jolly good hard-working, genuine man, who does the job he was ordained to do; and they're mighty few and far between.

Marie and I are now quite settled down. I don't get a minute to spare all day, as the Vicar keeps me on the run pretty steadily, and watches and guards over everything I do, with the intention of turning me out when I've finished with him, a man qualified to take on a similar sort of job, with working men. Every single evening there's either a men's club or Boy Scouts or something or other going on in the Parish Room. I have very little to do with the female department up here.

No more news. Give my love to Auntie Kate and Auntie J.,

Yours,

BING (F. B. HORSEY).

"Somme Villa,"

Victoria Road,

Abersychan,

Mon.

30/12/32.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

I have been intending to write you this long time. You will see we are home again from New Zealand, though I wondered if you heard from my brothers.

New Zealand has got into a very difficult position, and was getting worse all the time we were out there.

It is chiefly the result of spending too lavishly as well as of the general world depression. The unemployed problem is very acute, in spite of the small population. Solicitors and other professional men can be seen on relief work, side by side with the ordinary workman.

So we decided to return while the way was open, being convinced there would be but a poor living to be obtained there for some years.

We returned via Australia, calling at Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Fremantle, and then had a very rough passage to Colombo. We passed through the Suez Canal, called at Port Said, Naples (from where we paid a short visit to Pompeii), Toulon, Gibraltar, and finally landed at Plymouth.

I am doing nothing at present, but hope to find something satisfactory in the New Year. The above address will find me if I have made a move.

With best wishes to you all for the New Year, hoping you are keeping well, and the school flourishing.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN E. LIVERMORE.

"Harlow,"

Vicarage Rd.,

Chelmsford.

7/10/32.

DEAR MR. AND MRS. HORSEY AND MISS JESSIE,

Just a note to express my appreciation of the cordial welcome which you extended to my sister and myself on the occasion of our recent visit.

It was really delightful to see the old College and your own good selves again after such a long time.

Unfortunately I am afraid opportunities of visiting Harlow will be few until the spring.

In the meantime I should very much like to receive copies of the "Harlovian" as and when they are published, and for this purpose I am enclosing cheque for 5s.

Perhaps Miss Jessie will be good enough to let me know the amount of the annual subscription so that I can renew it when due.

With kind regards and best wishes to you all,

Yours very sincerely,

E. H. D. RENDALL.

P. & O. S.S. Peshawur,

Sandon Dock,

Liverpool,

8th September, 1932.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

It is a long time since I last wrote to you, and feel rather guilty at having not done so. I am afraid things have rather changed for me.

My brother Hedley died in March, 1929, while I was away at sea. It was a terrible blow for us all. He was only ill ten days—septic pneumonia. My father was ill at the same time; he had pneumonia, too, but fortunately not septic; he only just pulled through though.

I am at present in the above-named ship. We are running between Liverpool and Australia, and do long voyages of six months at a stretch.

Needless to say, we are cut down to the very last word in economy. Only three officers, where we used to carry four. I am Third Officer and keep a watch alone now, which is a good thing, because my time is all counting towards my Master's Examination. If I were in one of the larger ships now my watch would have to be kept under the supervision of a Chief Officer, and the time would not count. I hope to sit for my Captain's at the end of next year.

We built four big liners last year, two of 23,000 tons (biggest we've ever built), and two of 15,000 tons. They sent me to one of them to assist in taking her over from the builders. I had a very busy time, and a very interesting one. I should have stayed in her, but when I found that I could not be allowed to keep a sole watch, I applied for this ship. It was very hard really, because I had to take a reduction in pay.

My word, it would do some of the shore people good to sail here, specially the "grumblers." Iron decks, no winter fires (electric heaters not allowed), "iron food" very often, and plenty of rough weather. I enclose two photographs; they were taken when we were running the "Easting Down," last voyage in about 38 degrees S. latitude.

I had a letter from Molly, your niece, a few days ago. She tells me about the new drive up to the College; it must be a great improvement. Also about the Council houses; what a beastly shame, because that side of the School was mostly country I remember.

Next time the ship comes home I must try and visit the old School again. The trouble is, that nearly all my time is spent away from England, and my leave at home very short.

I have only met one "Old Harlovian" since I left School, Lobb; he is in Newcastle, N.S.W., I believe.

This is the first ship where I have had my own watch to keep; it was rather worrying to begin with, but now I have become quite used to it. In the "Macedonia" I was always on duty with a senior man. I must say I rather miss the Mail Ships with all the passengers round about. At night time it was very interesting to see the members of the fairer sex at the dances, looking very beautiful in their latest dresses and gowns. I hardly ever took part in these gay shows; we were seldom allowed to. We were permitted to be mere "lookers on" until about 10 p.m., then we had to fade away and go to our cabins.

The hour of ten sometimes came round with amazing rapidity, still, I will say no more; I shall be giving the impression of being a fast sort of person.

We sail on Saturday at noon, and my address after that will be c/o Elder Smith & Co., Ltd., Freemantle, Australia. At least, that is until 21st September, the last mail date.

How is Mrs. Horsey, also Margot and Miss Jessie? Please give them my kindest regards, and best wishes for a happy Christmas and New Year. Afraid this letter is rather scrappy.

I hope you are well and that I may see you in the New Year.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

RAYMOND A. B. KIMPTON.

c/o Bank New South Wales,
Threadneedle Street,
London,

October 2nd, 1932.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

I was sorry I could not arrange to visit the College while you and Mrs. Horsey were there, but I was so pleased to see Miss Jessie and your daughter looking so well.

Kemp said to ask you if you know of any good boys who want to emigrate, boys who would turn their hands to anything, until they got something they really liked.

If you do, I think we could nominate them, and would give them a job in our store, or driver for a truck, &c.

Kemp said good soccer players for preference.

I was so pleased to hear your School has gone ahead so, and so will Kemp.

Kindest regards to you, Mrs. Horsey and Miss Jessie.

Yours sincerely,

S. E. KILLERBY.

P.S.—We sail on next Friday, 7th inst., from Tilbury, per S.S. "Strathnaver."—S.E.K.

Archbishop Holgate's

Grammar School,

York.

21/9/32.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

Now that I have completed a week's work I have been able to form some idea of what I have to do here and what sort of material I have to handle. With the time-table as it stands at present I teach only German and French, though I may collect an odd lesson in something else as the term progresses. Do you remember telling me that up here in a State school I should find no hopeless duds? I'm afraid this was a disappointment. I have found plenty, whole forms of them. Classes are divided into A, B, and C forms, and sometimes the A and B are further sub-divided in A1 and A2, B1 and B2. Thus the Upper Fifth, with all its sub-divisions, contains over 100 boys. These C forms are terrible—especially Upper Vc, with whom I get six forty-minute periods a week of French. They are both dull and lazy, and know practically no French. One saving grace is that they are accepted "duds," and one is not expected to get any brilliant results from them. Many of them are York City scholarship holders, and it appears that many of these scholarships are given to people who never deserve them. I have a dozen or more of these in Upper Vc. Two other C forms, the 4th and 5th, fall to my lot in French, and a pretty tough proposition they are, too.

The German classes are a different matter. They are not taken exclusively from A forms, unfortunately, but are a mixture from A, B, and C forms. From what I have seen of them so far they seem fairly promising, and since I get five forty-minute periods a week with them, I hope to be able to get some fairly decent results. The grammar I'm using is Otto, and the reader *Marchen und Erzählungen* by Guerber. Unfortunately I am only allowed to give a very little homework, but the times for this are not fixed yet, so I'm not quite sure exactly how much I can set and when. Notes, of course, I give just as I did at Harlow, and in fact I conduct the whole class in the same way, except that instead of having reading and grammar all in one lesson I have one lesson grammar, one reading.

The general time-table of the school is so arranged that there are eight periods each day, all of forty minutes duration. Break in the morning is from 10.55 to 11.0. Every form in the school has at least one half afternoon games per week. Games begin at 1.30, and this batch returns to class always at 3, while another goes from 3 to 4.20. I was very impressed with the school's football, but then it should be good with about 150 boys over sixteen to choose from.

Another thing which impressed me was the discipline, or rather the apparent lack of it. By this I do not mean that there is any rowdiness or unruly behaviour—far from it. There seem to be very few restrictions, and yet privileges are not abused. For instance, lunch is at 12.45, and is generally over by 1.5 or 1.10. From then until ten to two the boys may go where they like down the town with the exception of one street, the main one of York. On Sundays they go out for a walk by themselves, or in two groups each under a prefect, and there never seems to be any trouble of any sort. The prefects are really excellent, and when I am on duty it is the prefects who do everything; should a prefect be in charge of any job, it is, I have found, just "not done" for the staff to interfere in any way. The other day I was in charge of the locking-up and noticed that a window was open. The prefect, whose job it was to see to this, had forgotten it, but then later,

apparently, remembered it, for he came into the room just as I was shutting it. "Oh! sir," he said, "you shouldn't do that. You should report me if you find any windows open!"

Prep. is rather a long business, 6.30 to 9, but there is a break for supper at 7.30. Boys above the fourth do not come into prep., they work anywhere they please. Whether or not they work properly, with no-one to see that they do so, I have not yet had an opportunity of discovering for myself, but I understand that they do.

York is a most delightful city, and considerably larger than I had anticipated. The various gates, Gillygate, Stonegate, Goodramgate, etc., and all the bars, Bootham Bar, etc., I found confusing at first, but by now I can find my way about pretty well. The country just around York is very flat, and one has to go twelve to fifteen miles in any direction to find really good scenery. Once out of the plain of York, though, there is some glorious country. I went a few days ago to Kirkham Abbey with another man on the staff, and then to Castle Howard, the ancestral home of the Howard family, which I found more imposing than beautiful—perhaps you know the country north or York? On Sunday if the weather continues as wonderful as it is at present, we are going over the moors to Whitby, taking all possible advantage of what is left of summer time.

This letter seems to be getting rather long, and I think it would be better if I were to wait until later in the term before I send you any more impressions of life here.

I should, however, like to take this opportunity to thank you for everything you have done for me since I first came to Harlow, and for your very kind assistance in helping me to get this post, though I'm afraid that all my thanks can be but a very small return for all that Harlow has been to me.

My kindest regards to Mrs. Horsey, Miss Jessie, and Margot.

Yours very sincerely,

THOS. B. CREN.

Heathfield,

Raymond's Hill,

Axminster,

Devon,

25th September, 1932.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

I am afraid some time has passed since I last wrote, but many things have conspired to prevent my good intentions from materialising.

The taking of a wife and the calls of a garden of one acre have occupied a considerable amount of my spare time. In addition, many of my weekends were taken up last time in visiting my father, who was seriously ill, and, I am sorry to say, has now passed away. I am now getting a little more leisure, having by this time gathered in the potatoes, &c., &c. Everyone seems to consider my having turned gardener a great joke, though we both find much pleasure in it.

We were fortunate in securing a most convenient modern bungalow, with excellent accommodation, about three miles inland, and about 700ft. above sea level. The view from the bedroom on a clear day extends anything up to 30 miles, and I believe I have seen the Quantock Hills in the far distance on occasions. So you can see we are well up in the world, living

in the clouds at times. The whole acre is not cultivated; we actually use, perhaps, a quarter of it, the remainder, being discreetly situated behind the house, can be forgotten, though it does ensure privacy, and a certainty of not being built in. I will send you a snap some time.

We have been quite busy at School. We moved into new quarters at Easter, in the new school, which has a magnificent site overlooking sea and valley. Our examination results were pretty good, at least as far as mathematics, with which I had most to do, were concerned. We take London School Certificate and H.S.C. There may be advantages as regards matriculation, or the carrying on of a higher work in the University of London, but the examination has the disadvantage of taking place in June. However, we have our School terminals during the same time, and then resume normal work for another month.

I called during the holidays and saw Miss Jessie, who was, as usual, very busy. I was sorry to miss you and Mrs. Horsey. My stay in Essex was very short, so I did not get another chance of going to Harlow. By this time you will have begun your new term and year. I wish you and the College a very successful one.

Please convey to Mrs. Horsey, Miss Jessie and the Staff very best wishes from my wife and myself.

Yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM F. TAYLOR.

c/o The Bank of London and S. America,

Caixa Postal No. 20,

San Paulo, Brazil,

7th December, 1932.

DEAR SIR,

I feel most guilty while writing this. I have to thank you for numerous "Harlovians," which no sooner arrive than they are eagerly read from cover to cover. I have followed the various changes with interest.

As you know, we had another revolution this year—the most serious Brazil has ever had. For a country like this it really reached alarming proportions, though the people living in San Paulo were not inconvenienced as much as they may have been at other times. We had to eat what was called war bread, made with a percentage of Indian corn, and our milk and butter supply was cut off once or twice towards the end as the Federal troops advanced.

I won't tell you exactly what happened, as I fear mails are being censored, but I hope to tell you personally in about a year and a-half when my leave falls due.

The real object of this letter is to wish you, Mrs. Horsey, Miss Jessie and Miss Horsey the very best of the season's greetings.

Yours very truly,

DAVID HOPKINS.

Nazeing,

Essex.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

First I must thank you for your letter and apologise for not answering it before, but must plead business. To write all of my experiences since I left Harlow I am afraid would fill a book, but will do my best to give you a rough account of my doings.

After leaving Harlow, I spent two years at the Harper Adams Agricultural College in Shropshire, learning Agriculture in all its branches, but by the time I had finished my training Agriculture did not seem very promising, so decided to see some of the world. So in May, 1922, left for Western Australia by the White Star Liner "Demothenesse," *via* way of South Africa. We had a very enjoyable trip out, although it was not so interesting as the trip home *via* the Suez Canal.

On landing in Australia I spent 18 months learning the Australian way of farming, and found it very different from the English methods, such as ploughing with eight horses, the process of harvesting (reaping and threshing) both done at the same time in the field; the carting of water during the summer from the railway siding 12 miles away for the stock to drink up on arriving home, was all very new to me. Actually the water we fetched was pumped up from Mundaring Wier (Perth), 200 miles away. We had to take in a waggon with three horses and three 200-gallon tanks. Go in the early morning and out in the afternoon.

To write of all my experiences during my stay in the bush would take too long, so I'll carry on. Tiring of the quiet life in the farming districts, I decided to go to the Goldfields and see what I could learn about gold. I landed in Kalgoorlie and managed to obtain a job on one of the big mines, working underground. Here I spent about 14 months, most of the time working 1,700 feet below the surface. My first shift down (commenced twelve o'clock on the Sunday night) was my worst. We were promptly dropped to the bottom level, 1,700 feet. This was not the first time I had been down a mine, as I have recollections of going down a coal mine with the College Scouts when we were in camp, and always remember a miner looking at our shoulder badge and saying "Harla! Harla! Where the devil's Harla?"

Having arrived at the bottom of the mine, I had as a mate a Scotsman, and our work was to clear away where the afternoon shift had been driving and had blown out with gelatine. During our shift we came across a large rock, too large to handle; so our Scotsman friend says "You leave it to me. I'll put a blister on it." He got some dynamite and fuse and stuck the charge on with wet clay. Told me to stand round a corner and lit the fuse. Bang! Away goes my candle, plus hat, and I really thought the world had come to an end, but it was quite all right, and after a week or so I could handle the job as good as he could. The process of abstracting the gold from the rock is another long process by means of cyanide. From the Goldfields I went to Perth, where I spent four years in the motor business, and also met my wife. Having been away about six years, decided to come home.

Then commenced the best of my experiences. We left Perth by motor-car for Port Augusta (South Australia), going overland a distance of 1,700 miles, which we completed in eight days, most of the way over just rough tracks, salt lakes, &c.

At one of the Cattle Stations we stopped at for bread we were invited to have a hot bath, and were very surprised to find the bath in a clump of bushes, with hot water running day and night. It turned out to be a hot spring, and was most refreshing, as we were covered with dust, with the temperature over the 100 degrees in the shade.

From then on to Sydney we travelled by train, staying at Adelaide, Melbourne and Sydney.

We then caught our boat at Sydney for England, calling at Tasmania, and home by the Suez Canal, and so ended a very happy trip. One of these days I hope to see Australia again, as I have very pleasant memories of that country, more so my wife being an Australian.

My advice to anybody who wants to see some of the world, Australia is a fine place, and gave me a fine training on how to look after myself and knocked the soft spots out of me. Well, Sir, now I must close, with kindest regards to Mrs. Horsey, Miss Margo, Miss Jessie and yourself.

Yours sincerely,

L. B. PYLE.