

THE
HARLOVIAN



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Harlow College,
Essex.

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DECEMBER, 1934.

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SCHOOL OFFICERS: Autumn Term.

Prefects: F. DICKSHE.

M. DONNELLY.

H. MINETT.

J. MURPHY.

G. RICHARDSON.

D. STOCK.

K. STOCK.

E. WELLS.

E. WOOD.

Football Captain: G. RICHARDSON.

„ *Vice-Captain:* D. STOCK.

Captain of Beatty House: M. P. DONNELLY.

Captain of Nelson House: K. V. STOCK.

Captain of Rodney House: E. WOOD.

Captain of Keyes House: H. MINETT.

THE HARLOVIAN.

VIII.]

DECEMBER, 1934.

[No. 66.]

DEATH OF MR. J. G. HUTHWAITE.

It is with deep regret that we have to announce the death of Mr. Huthwaite, who passed away recently at the age of 79.

There are few people whose influence and personality have made a deeper impression on Harlovians than Mr. Huthwaite's. And rightly so, for there was something almost heroic in his character. At the beginning of the War, and after 40 years of successful teaching, he found himself, through no fault of his own, stranded. He came then to Harlow, merely we thought as a stop gap, and during the war was the only male member of the staff. But he threw himself so wholeheartedly into his work, he served the School so loyally, and, in spite of his age, showed such remarkable keenness, energy, and ability, that we were all very glad he could remain with us after the Armistice. He was with us for 16 years altogether. In December, 1930, being then 75 years old, he was forced to retire, and as a mark of our appreciation we gave him a purse containing £200.

Once again, however, ill-fortune pursued him. His only son died, his daughter's husband became a permanent invalid, and her boy dangerously ill. Yet he bore up bravely, he still wrote cheerfully to us, and a letter from him appeared in our last number.

He never lost his interest in the School. Even during his last painful illness he was thinking of us, and a few days before his death he begged his wife to find out if the last examination results were satisfactory.

He was indeed "a fine old English gentleman," whose loyal devotion to his work, and long courageous fight against troubles are a great example to all who knew him.

E.P.H.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Christmas Term Examination.—The results of the termly examination were as follows:—

- Form V.—A. A. Allan.
 Lower V.—T. Rudduck, K. Constable.
 Upper Remove.—F. Harris, G. Valentine.
 Lower Remove.—E. K. Dimond, L. Linton.
 Form III.—A. J. Ritchie, D. J. Skeet.
 Form II.—R. A. Spicer, K. Muir.
 Form I.—R. Spicer, A. H. Elwell.

War Memorial Prizes.—The War Memorial English Literature Prizes were awarded this term to the following:—

- Form V.—Wood ii, Davies, Larter.
 Lower V.—Constable, Malbert, Barrow i.
 Form IV.—Prior i, Vallé-Jones i, Walker, Jones.
 Upper Remove.—Harris, Valentine, Browne iii.
 Lower Remove.—Brettell, Linton i.
 Form III.—Ritchie, Heath.
 Form II.—Spicer, Merrell.

The Winter Term.—At the time of writing these notes, we are nearing the end of the first term of a new session. Gone now are the lingering days of the golden summer, with their irresistible call: fog envelopes the land, and the naked fields gaze sullenly at the leaden skies whenever the mists lift. Instinctively we turn to the warmth and light of indoors, and take up the pursuits which belong to the fireside. It is better even to study than remain in the outer world! No doubt, if we were treated to an "old-fashioned" Christmas card winter, we should tumble out again, but nowadays, alas! we can be no longer content to ask with Villon,

On sont les nieges d'antan?

but almost go as far as to say, "What is snow," in an almost judicial fashion. Dingley Dell and its festivities sound as strange as stories of a foreign land, and the younger generation can only stare in wonder when they hear the older people speak of the joys of a "white winter."

N.M.

Harlow College Dramatic Society.—A few impressions of the annual dramatic entertainment, of which the newspaper report is printed on another page, may not be unwelcome. The first thing that struck one was the great popularity these shows have won for themselves in Harlow, as was shown by the crowded hall and the

number of people unable to gain admittance. The second was the large amount of sterling talent which had won this popularity, and its seeming inexhaustibility. Although three stars of past years—Miss Ward, Miss Jessie and Mr. Roe—have dropped out, very much to our regret, others have risen who gave a fine performance.

Mr. Cairns was, as always, excellent. He has never played any part equal to his representation of Queen Elizabeth. He brought out the complex qualities of that remarkable woman with great skill, particularly at the pathetic close of the play, when the Queen showed us how poor a substitute all the might and the majesty of a monarch are for the homely joys of a wife and mother.

Mr. Wenham and Mr. Rhodes are valuable recruits from the staff. Mr. Wenham's portrayal of Sir Walter Raleigh was one of the best features of the evening. He did very valuable work, too, as producer of the play "Shivering Shocks." Mr. Rhodes had a much smaller part—the Earl who had touched the heart of the Queen. But he played it very effectively. Of the old hands, Miss Joan Horsey and Mr. Compton, we can say that they were even better than they were last year, which is high praise indeed. The College is very fortunate in having five such really good actors on the staff.

The star of the boy actors was undoubtedly G. Barkham. He has real histrionic ability, and when he has got rid of the beginner's natural tendency to over-emphasise, he should go far on the stage. Running him very close were F. Dicksee, G. Bartlett, and J. Langer, while those who played the smaller parts—P. Goozee, R. Wells, L. Ofengenden and F. R. Henfrey—all did very well.

We must not forget the beautiful dresses which we owe to the skill and tireless energy of Miss Ward. Miss Ward seems to have some of the qualities of Cinderella's fairy godmother. Over worn-out, discarded clothes, and odds and ends of material, at which any self-respecting old clothes woman would turn up her nose, she waives her needle-shaped wand, and, lo and behold, they are transformed as if by magic into Elizabethan dresses, which might have come straight from Willie Clarkson himself.

Finally, there was the Harlow College Dance Band, organised unaided by H. E. Minett, K. V. Stock, D. L. Stock and G. M. Glegg. As to the writer of these notes, jazz music and crooning are pet aversions, he is unable to do the artistes the justice they undoubtedly deserve. He can only say that they fetched down the house, were rapturously encored over and over again, and how glad he is that spontaneous activity on the boys' part should have such successful results.

O.B.

New Work.—To the school boy the winter term usually means new work. Most pupils have moved to higher classes, and have entered upon new paths of knowledge, while pursuing the old ones further. In the region of the Remove, new and alarming phenomena make their appearance—geometry, algebra, Latin, French, science—and the scholar finds himself at grips with things strange and formidable. In the higher sections of the school begins the intensive training for the course which will end with the "Oxfords" in July. But schoolboys seldom see as far ahead as that; between them and the grim unknown of summer lie the delights of Christmas—a pleasant green isle on which to rest a while before setting forth on further wanderings.

The Old Boys' Day.—Winter is the great time for festivities, and as far as the School is concerned, the chief event of this term is Old Boys' Day. It fell this year on the 3rd of November, and was fully up to the standard of former years. The representatives of by-gone days met the present generation on the field of football, with results detailed elsewhere. Then in the evening the "old and the new" sat down at the festive board in the dining-hall, and passed the time away pleasantly with talk, with laughter, with music, and with song. A glance round the tables showed that the Old Boys who turned up this year did not carry such heavy burdens of years as some who have attended on previous occasions—either that, or someone has discovered the secret of perpetual youth. It is very gratifying to see that so many of the old boys remember the School, and make a point of being present at such gatherings, perhaps many years after "their time."

Hallowe'en.—North of the Border it is customary in many districts to mark the beginning of winter with the observance of Hallowe'en (All Hallows Eve), and the practices associated with this particular date are of very ancient origin. It was decided to celebrate Hallowe'en at the College this year, and as it was found impossible to hold it on the 31st of October, we reverted to the Julian Calendar, and had the party on the 12th. The staff and the senior boys joined in, and carried out a traditional Hallowe'en programme, which was enjoyed by all.

Chess.—A welcome revival of interest in chess has been manifest in the College during the last term among the boarders, and consequently it has been possible to organise a number of competitions. There were sixteen entries for an open knock-out tournament. Ransom and Seed i won their way through to the final, and after a close game the former ran out the winner. A second competition was confined to those boys who had only learned the game this term. Competitions

will be held next term along similar lines, and it is hoped that the interest aroused will be maintained.
L.P.W.

Table Tennis.—Great enthusiasm for table tennis has been displayed among the Upper and Middle School boarders this term. "Ping-pong" has proved to be a welcome relaxation after school during the long dark afternoons and evenings of November and December. As a result of the assiduous practice put in a number of boys have become quite proficient.

On November 19th, 1934, the senior boys saw a team representing the Staff meet a team from the Harlow Badminton Club at the College. The Staff won easily by 15 games to 1. Our thanks are due to Mr. Miller for his hospitality. It is hoped to arrange a knock-out competition between the boys either this term or next, and also a match between the College and the Staff.
L.P.W.

The Society of Amateur Actors.—Besides the "official" dramatics, there is much evidence of work by the body known as "The Society of Amateur Actors," which at one time seemed to consist of J. Henfrey, but which has now enlarged its membership, although J. Henfrey is still the Chairman, Committee, dramatist and leading actor. He is continuing in the best Elizabethan tradition of actor-playwright, and on the 29th November the whole School was invited to St. John's to witness a performance of "Misled," a play in six acts. It is difficult to determine the school of dramatists to which Henfrey belongs, although it was evident that he had made ample allowance for the old English leaning towards melodrama. One also noted the fearful train of consequences which arises when Varsity men turn to gambling, and we remember with misgivings some games of "Nap" played for matches in the University common-room.

We trust these young hopefuls will go on with their Society. Out of school activities, carried on without the aid of the staff, are an excellent thing for the boys. Moreover, this Society is a nursery for the official Dramatic Society. It has this term discovered two young actors of real ability, Parker and Humphrey, who should be a great acquisition later on.
N.M.

The Visits of the F.A. Soccer Coach.—An enterprising county has decided that it was worth its while to seek raw material for soccer teams, and hit upon the idea of sending round a coach to various schools. Fortunately for us this county was Essex, and we therefore had the pleasure of welcoming Mr. White (late of the Arsenal F.C.) on two occasions this term.

On the first of his visits he dealt mainly with ball control, trapping, chesting, &c. On his second visit the finer points of the game were entered into, positional play, &c.

After the practical work he gave a very interesting lecture on the duties of the players in every position on the field. We hope to see the result of his good work in coming games.

Twenty-two boys were chosen from Essex Secondary Schools for a trial game, and from these eleven were taken to play against a county team. One of the eleven, we are proud to say, was our D. Stock. The game was played at Colchester, and though the boys were of course beaten, they put up a fine fight and showed clearly how much they had gained by being coached by such an expert.

F.D.

Freedom from Colds.—At the risk of being thought boring, we cannot refrain from mentioning once again the fine health record of our 90 boarders. In spite of the very frequent rainy days, the wet playground, and the damp feet, we had no epidemic, and hardly any colds. On the other hand there was a good deal of illness and many a cold among the day boys, a day never passing when at least one was absent.

We wish we could persuade the day boys' parents to take the same precautions with their sons as we do with the boarders. Twice daily we make them snuff up the nose a little of the following prescription given by a Harley Street doctor:—

Menthol, 5 grains.

Oil of Eucalyptus, 5 minims.

Vaseline, 1 ounce.

We have done this now for some years with very satisfactory results. This was specially so in the Spring term of 1931, when, although there was much 'flu among the day boys, and four of the resident maids were down with it, the boarders escaped scot free, as they had done the two previous years. This can hardly be a mere coincidence.

O.B.

Salvete.—Ashwell, G. P.; Chase, S. A.; Clark, D.; Dimond, E. K.; Douglass, P. F.; Field, R. C.; Foster, J. R.; Glegg, G. M.; Goozee, P.; Heeley, J. M.; Holberton, H. W.; Isaacson, J. W.; Martin, A. R.; Minall, R. H.; Monk, E. J.; Moore, A.; Prime, F.; Shearer, N. C.; Skeet, T. J.; Simons, R. E.; Wilmott, D. L.; Wilmott, A. M.; Whitewright, I. S.

Valete.—Chater, D.; Davis, J. G.; Dean, R. B.; Durston, R.; Goddard, P.; Gray, H. M.; Henfrey, G. P.; Malbert, W. T.; Mee, S. B.; Meek, D. J.; Miller, F. C.; Pearce, G.; Rolph, M.; Sanderson, J.; Somerville, H. G.; Stansbury, C. B.; Tonkin, F. D.; Watson, M.

THE SCOUT HUT.

It is with great pleasure and no little pride that we print in this number a picture of the Hut which our Scouts have made this term. It is the second large building that has been added to the School since Mr. Miller came less than two years ago. It is just the sort of thing which all real friends of the School must rejoice to see. It is creative; it will be extremely useful; and, above all, it is the outward visible sign of that spirit, without which there is, morally, no life in us, namely, the willingness to work unselfishly for the good of the organisation to which we belong. We have to thank Mr. Miller for giving the site and allowing the profits of the tuck shop to be used to buy the building materials; Miss Ward and others for managing the tuck shop and so gaining the profits; Mr. C. M. Coleman and his son, R. Coleman, an Old Harlovian, for drawing the plans and giving much professional advice; Mr. McKay, Mr. Robertson and Mr. Compton for acting as foremen; and for doing a great deal of the practical work, and all the boys who helped, especially Murphy.

The building is situated at the end of the tennis court. It measures 35 feet by 16, and the roof is 15 feet high. It is built of wood and has a strong concrete and brick foundation. Only the shell and windows are completed. The floor has yet to be put in, the inner walls lined, and cupboards, lockers and shelves to be made, so the Scouts will have plenty of practical work to do for a long time. But it can be used at once for keeping Scout uniform and other possessions, and for Scout games and exercises in bad weather.

We are proud indeed to have a new building that is such a grand acquisition to the School, and prouder still that it was built by our own staff and boys.

T.O.B.

ENTERTAINMENT BY HARLOW COLLEGE DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

(Reprinted from the *Harlow and Epping Gazette*.)

In aid of the funds of the 10th Harlow Scout Troop, an excellent entertainment was given by the Harlow College Dramatic Society in the Victoria Hall on Wednesday. There was a good attendance and the programme was much enjoyed. Everything went with a swing, and the producer, whose name was not given, is to be congratulated upon the success of his (or her) efforts. The players were well drilled, and the different sketches were intelligently read, a difficult task, perhaps, owing to the restrictions of the stage, scenery, &c. The stage manager (also un-named) did well with the limited space he was allowed, and the details on the stage were very well

worked out. No praise can be too high for the players themselves; they put their heart and soul into their parts, and showed considerable ability. The dance band, too, shared in the honours of the evening; the four members had evidently practised together and practised often. The programme started with a pianoforte solo, played by Mr. H. E. C. Sewell, which put everybody in a good humour, and appreciative of the rest of the numbers. Then Miss Joan Horsey and Mr. P. Cairns acted in a sketch, "Light and Shade," by L. du Garde Peach, which was played in darkness. Consequently the players had to depend entirely upon their voices to "put it over"; rather after the manner of broadcasting. Miss Horsey and Mr. Cairns did this very well indeed, and set a good example for the others by the clarity of their voices as heard at the back of the hall. In fact, the elocution of the whole company was good and added to the enjoyment of the evening.

The band then gave their first interlude, a burst of "hot" rhythm. H. E. Minett, K. V. Scott, D. L. Stock and G. M. G. Glegg were the aspiring Duke Ellington's. "Shivering Shocks," a thriller by Clemence Dane, was effectively acted by P. A. Compton, P. K. Goozee, M. P. Donnelly, G. Bartlett, J. Langer and G. Barkham. A mystery sketch of this kind is always difficult to perform; it is hard to keep up the suspense without giving away the plot. Still they did it very well and it was generally liked. The band then gave another short selection. Miss Joan Horsey and Mr. P. A. Compton presented a short sketch, "Stung," by L. du Garde Peach, and gave a polished and good performance.

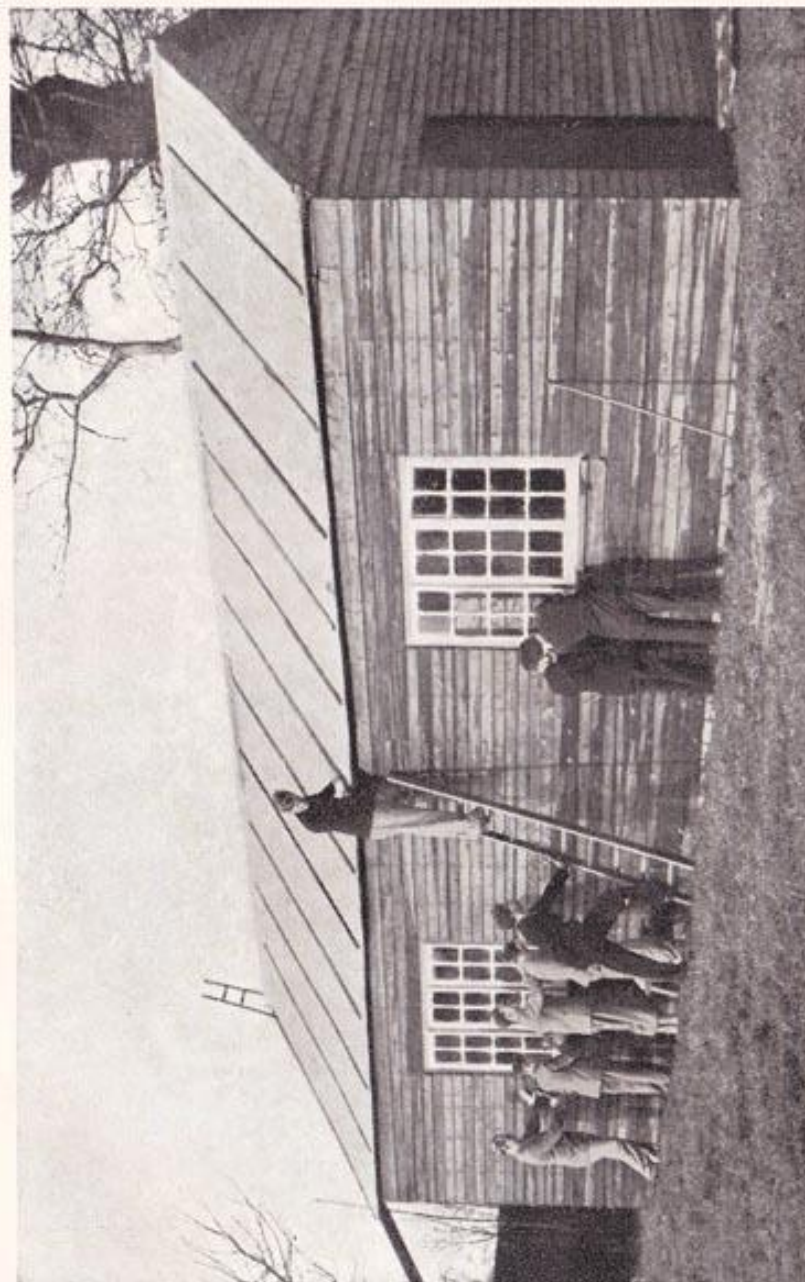
After an interval, Mr. Sewell rendered a pianoforte solo. To conclude a good programme was a short play, "The Lion's Cub," by N. Mackay. It was all about Queen Elizabeth, the different sides of her character, good and bad. The scenery was excellent for the two acts, and the players well rehearsed. Altogether a charming and entertaining play. Taking part were:—P. Cairns, L. P. Wenham, M. P. Donnelly, Miss Joan Horsey, G. G. Barkham, F. R. Dicksee, J. F. Henfrey, P. K. Goozee, R. Wells, L. Ofengenden and R. B. Rhodes.

Mr. H. G. WELLS and PRIVATE SCHOOLS.

The following letter from Mr. Horsey appeared in the last issue of "The Independent School":—

To the Editor of *The Independent School*.

SIR,—Mr. Wells, in his recently published autobiography, deals at considerable length with his experiences as assistant master at Henley House School, whose principal was none other than the brother of our dear old friend Alec Milne. The moral that Mr. Wells draws is that private schools should be, and without doubt will be, all abolished in the near future.



NEW SCOUT HUT

It is, however, difficult for ordinary people, whose minds are not biased by the Socialists' hatred of private enterprise, to gather why Mr. Wells views us with such contempt. "Manners makyth the man," and he admits that the manners of the boys were excellent. What proportion of State schools, I wonder, could make the same proud boast about their pupils? He says, too, that the system of discipline, based on honour, was superior even to that of the celebrated Sanderson of Oundle. Likewise he admits that the feeding was excellent, and that he was treated with great kindness. He says also that Mr. Milne was open-minded, and very ready to adopt new suggestions, an admission which takes all the sting out of what virtually amounts to blaming Mr. Milne for not being in advance of his age, and for having in his school defects which were to be found at the time in every school from Eton downwards.

Mr. Wells complains that the boys learnt little which would guide them through life. But is that so? By his own admission we know that they acquired excellent manners, and a sense of honour strong enough to regulate their conduct—a very good education in itself. No doubt, too, they had Christian training, and, though Mr. Wells in the autobiography pours even greater contempt on Christianity than he does on private schools, most people will consider the three things in conjunction as good a guidance as anyone could reasonably ask for his boy. As to the sufficiency of the information they acquired we need only read the list of old boys, and note what a number of their names are to be found in "Who's Who." No, it won't do. Mr. Wells's real grievance is that the boys didn't leave school ready-made little Socialists, though he doesn't say it in so many words. That private schools prevent this is one reason why they are of such value to the country.

Mr. Wells finally makes the ridiculous charge that the blunders perpetrated by our statesmen of late years are due to private schools. A man who claims to be an historian ought surely to know that Ministers can be divided into two classes, those like Baldwin, who went to public schools, and those like Ramsay MacDonald, who went to State elementary schools. The only Minister educated entirely at a private school—Disraeli—was also the only statesman of the last hundred years with real genius and vision.—Yours faithfully,

E. PERCIVAL HORSEY.

Harlow College, Essex, December 4th, 1934.

OLD HARLOVIANS.

Mr. and Mrs. Horsey, Mr. and Mrs. Miller, and Miss Jessie send sincere thanks for Christmas greetings to the following Old Boys:—
R. F. S. Abbott, L. Abbott, G. Aratoon, B. Alexander, A. A. Baker, R. Bloore, L. Bloore, C. H. Barker, A. K. Bahktiar, J. Bahktiar, H. Cox, G. Clark, D. Clark, E. S. Curtis, G. Croly, A. Le Cren, T.

Le Cren, F. Le Cren, W. Cheesman, P. A. Compton, P. Case, J. Cook, E. G. Dutton, F. R. Dewhurst, A. J. Deans, C. Elkington, John Elwell, P. Frank, W. Greengrass, W. A. Grimshaw, G. W. H. Green, H. Green, B. Gardner, L. P. Gripton, John Gilpin, W. Greene, P. Gummer, A. Greatrex, C. K. Hodges, F. B. Horsey, G. Henfrey, E. Judd, K. E. Jones, R. Kimpton, K. Killerby, H. Lillywhite, D. Lobb, R. Leith, G. Lampard, R. Lamming, G. Lamming, H. E. Meek, D. J. Meek, C. W. J. Manley, S. C. B. Mee, L. T. Payne, R. G. Payne, E. R. Pipe, Eric Peel-Yates, E. G. Perris, R. G. Ripley, E. S. Ripley, W. Rintoul, T. Rogers, H. C. Randall, R. G. Rolph, C. Stansbury, P. Stansbury, J. Smart, H. B. Sercombe, C. Sweney, Harry Smith, Neville Smith, B. Smith, F. Scammell, F. Toms, A. Thwaites, J. Walford, Ronald Wilson, J. Wilson, Alec White, Colin Whyte, E. H. Whittleton, A. W. Wright, F. Warriner.

Also to the following members of the scholastic, domestic and office staff:—Matron Allen, D. Andrews, Mrs. Booth (Miss Barker), D. Brierley, J. Barraud, W. H. Curryer, Miss Dabell, Miss M. H. Eaton, Mrs. R. Green (Miss Rendall), Miss Gibson, Mrs. Griffiths (Miss Chapman), H. F. P. Harris, H. Hendin, F. Morel, H. Renauleaud, J. Roe, Miss Salmon, Mrs. Tomkinson (Miss Saunders), W. E. Taylor, Mrs. Taylor (Miss Hockley), Miss York, and to many present pupils who also sent cards.

The Annual Dinner and Dance will be held on Saturday, March 9th, at the Palace Hotel, Bloomsbury Street. The tickets, as usual, will be 5s. 6d., a remarkably small sum for a good dinner, a beautiful private room in a West End Hotel, an excellent band, a dance, and an opportunity of meeting again old School friends, of some of whom we have lost sight. There is an additional reason now why we are hoping for an extra large attendance. A great number of Old Harlovians have not yet met Mr. and Mrs. Miller, who are very keen on making the acquaintance of as many as possible. If any Old Harlovian has not received an invitation, will he communicate with the Hon. Secretary, Miss Phyllis Edwards, 18, Buxton Gardens, Acton, W.3. (Telephone: Acorn 0770).

In 1912 Kemp Killerby found himself in the position of many a boy in these hard times—forced to leave school very early, not ready for any profession, and with little or no money. But he had plenty of grit. So he went out to W. Australia to start at the bottom of the ladder, and to make a career for himself. Now he has prosperous stores in five towns, and is one of the leading men in his part of the country. Thinking that some adventurous Harlovians might like a chance to follow his example he offers, in the letter published in this

number, to give them a start in his own business. There must be many who do not take kindly to the thought of an office stool, and we hope that some of these will accept the offer so kindly made by Killerby.

We are delighted to hear that Mr. Roe, after only four terms' service, has been made Senior Master of Camberley County School. This proves once more what a good thing it is for ambitious young masters to serve an apprenticeship in a "recognised" boarding school. They obtain there an experience and a thorough knowledge of boys, which Heads, and governing bodies of schools, value much more highly than they do the very slight amount which students working for a teaching diploma gain by giving a few lessons in the presence of a supervisor. This we think explains the success which so many of our former masters have had in securing both appointment and promotion in State schools after being at Harlow.

Donald Lobb, one of the earliest of Old Harlovians—he left some 40 years ago—and the father of three other Old Harlovians, tells us he is retiring from his post at Singapore, and beginning a long holiday by visiting his son Harold in Australia. He intends to return to Singapore, and take up work again, in which we wish him the best of luck.

Harold Lobb is doing very well in Australia. He is now the proud possessor of a son. He is building for himself a new house, which we are very proud to say he will call "Harlow," in memory of his time here. He is the second old boy who has done this, and we can assure them both that we appreciate their delicate compliment extremely. His address: Carrington Chambers, Watt Street, Newcastle, N.S.W., Australia.

A long letter from D. de Lisle, received just before Christmas time, tells us of his move to Gingindhloon, Zululand, where he is doing well. His eldest boy is on the gold mines near Johannesburg, and the second is farming. His two youngest children are still at school. When they finish there de Lisle hopes to pay a long promised visit to England. He reminds us that it is just 28 years since he left Harlow, and though, in most of his letters, he had made some mention of a journey home, it still has not materialised.

TERM VISITORS. G. Rowe, (1905–1909), Mr. Brierley (Master–1933), H. Langman (1921–1924), J. Garton (1922–1928), C. G. Clarke (1923–1928), R. Ripley (1926–1932), R. Leith (1891–1901), A. Deans (1924–1930), J. L. S. Abbott (1923–1929), R. Selwyn (1922–1931),

S. B. Mee (1924-1934), N. R. Tarling (1928-1931), L. V. Keep, (1924-1931), J. Walford (1905-1910), G. Lampard (1922-1933), E. Pipe (1919-1921), E. H. Whittleton (1922-1928), J. E. Sanderson (1931-1934), F. P. Hale (1926-1928), J. Hale (1926-1933), F. Simmonds (1920-1926), R. A. Smith (1921-1931), E. O. Clayton (1927-1933), M. P. G. Rolph (1928-1934), D. E. Simons (1926-1932), F. Tuthill (1909-1913), P. Tuthill (1931-1932), D. Tuthill (1932), F. Dutton (1916-1922), R. Coleman (1922-1927), C. W. J. Manley (1929-1931), J. W. N. Chater (1927-1933), H. Morgan-Gray (1932-1934), H. Speake (1921-1926).

THE OLD BOYS' MATCH.

The Old Boy's team is always a matter of uncertainty until the last moment and this year's was no exception. It contained however the rather formidable names (to the present boy) of P. Hale, Simmonds, M. P. G. Rolph, E. O. Clayton and R. Smith. With these players as a backbone a good game was expected. We were not disappointed.

From the kick-off it was evident that if only P. Hale and Simmonds could be stopped the Old Boy's attack would be innocuous. But could they—no.

Before ten minutes had passed P. Hale scored with a delightful shot. After this however the Present settled down to play good football and half time arrived with the score 4-3 in our favour. In the second half P. Hale was at centre half for the Old Boy's which made for strength in defence but weakened the forwards. The Present rather luckily increased their lead to 5-3. Then the Old Boys got going. The score in favour of the Present read 5-4, 6-4, 6-5, 7-5, 7-6, 8-6. It was now nearly time and the Old Boys were attacking cautiously. With practically the last kick of the game P. Hale scored with a glorious shot, the best on the school ground for many a year, to make the score 8-7. It is fairly certain that if the game had lasted another five minutes the Old Boys would have drawn the game and very possibly have won it for P. Hale within 30 yards of the goal was a distinct danger.

Goal scorers : P. Hale 4, Simmonds 3, Murphy 1, Prior 1, Stock 1, Mr. Compton 1, Mr. Robertson 4.

Present Team Richardson, Wood, Copas, Donnelly, Mr. Wenham Mr. Rhodes, Stock II, Prior, Mr. Robertson, Mr. Compton, Murphy.

Past Team Rolph, M. P. G., Clayton, O. E., Smith, R., Simons, D. E., Tarling, N. R., Sanderson, J. E., Clarke, C. G., Simmonds, F., Hale, P., Hale, J. D., Tuthill, P.

THE OLD BOYS' SUPPER.

Old Boys' Day, probably the most enjoyable day of the whole term was held on November 3rd. The supper following the day's events was a great success, the Old Boys present being Messrs. R. Leith, F. Dutton, R. Coleman, C. W. J. Manley, J. L. S. Abbot, A. G. Deans, N. R. Tarling, L. V. Keep, J. W. Chater, E. H. Whittleton, S. C. B. Mee, J. E. Sanderson, F. P. Hale and J. Hale.

After the supper Mr. Tarling, on behalf of the Old Boys, offered a vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Miller for their kind hospitality. Mr. Miller, in answering, said that he hoped they would always take advantage of his hospitality and come again next year. Mr. Horsey was then called upon by the whole company, and he delivered an admirable speech on the spur of the moment. Mr. Dutton said that he hoped chorus songs would be taught throughout the whole school, so that they could be sung at future gatherings.

Mr. Miller then started the entertainment by asking the Rev. H. Bothamley to sing, which he did. This was followed by songs from Mr. Dutton, in the choruses of which we joined. We were next amused by the "Band," consisting of Minett, Stock II., Stock I., and Glegg, a newcomer this term, which played several dance tunes, including their signature tune composed by Minett.

Miss Douglas and Mr. Coleman on violins and Mr. Cairns accompanying on the piano, played us two pieces. Mr. C. Manley then entertained us with his mandolin, followed by Mr. Deans who sang us three delightful songs, accompanied by Mr. Cairns who had previously accompanied all the former singers. After singing Auld lang syne, the company broke up, having enjoyed a most delightful reunion.

F. R. DICKSEE.

HALLOW E'EN.

On Monday 12th November, Mr. Mackay, our master from the Outer Hebrides announced that we were to hold Hallow E'en. None of us except a few boys from Scotland had heard of this ancient Scottish custom, and we were most inquisitive as to what it was.

Preparations were made to start at 8 o'clock, and approximately at that time we did start. First we sang chorus songs, and these were followed by Musical choirs, which was voted a great success. Next came three acts of a play, "Mised," produced and written by J. Henfrey, a newly appointed member of the Upper School, and although one blank cartridge gun refused to act, the play was highly applauded.

Mashed potato, in which numerous threepenny pieces and other trinkets had been concealed, was served to everybody, and the immediate funds of several boys were slightly raised. With the aid of one of the threepenny "bits" Mr. Mackay then did some most amusing

"quack" fortune telling, which received immense applause. Following this was another musical game which made us exceedingly hot and tired, for it had already been preceded by "spinning the platter." We settled down now to less energetic games, which were however more amusing than ever. Eating the sticky apple was a great favourite and several boys when they had finished, closely resembled chimney-sweeps with their faces covered with black treacle. The next and final event of the evening somewhat cleansed the treacly faces, or at least thoroughly wetted them, as we had to pick apples out of deep tubs of water without using our hands. It was most amusing, and cooling after our evening's exertions, and having cleared up the mess we retired contentedly to bed, convinced admirers of the institution of celebrating Hallow E'en.

F. R. DICKSEE.

JUVENILIA.

The dust in the middle of the Sahara is not so dry as is my verbal inkwell at present.

Yesterday the metaphorical sun was shining, birds were singing and everything in the Maconachie garden was scintillating, superb and let me add soporific. To-day how different a panorama unfolds itself. A blight has descended upon the agricultural plot, the golden sphere is eclipsed and the birds are casting their plumes—they are moulting in fact mouldy. The wind whistles and moans round Castle Maconachie and the banshee is abroad along with its kindred spirit the bagpipe. Ho, varlet! light the Belisha beacon, that by its ruddy glow I may be able to throw off the gloom and despair that surrounds me.

Dear reader, in fact, dearest or darling reader "I am" as Omen Khyam did or did not say, "up a tall and very sticky gum tree."

It is a case of "water, water everywhere nor any a drop to drink." In the brains (or vacuum) of every boy in the school, there must be literally thousands of the most perfect howlers, perfect in every detail and all ready for the press. But the matter which has percolated through to me is like that which emerges from the sausage machine—not all suitable for human consumption. Much of it loses its point by not being in the right setting, some is unprintable, some unreadable yet other of it unpalatable.

Dear, dearest or darling reader prepare yourself (or if more than one reads this article) yourselves, for a shock. Juvenilia has been on diet and is but a mere skeleton of its former self—bones and precious little meat. I have done my best, but the stuffing (provided by the

lower school) is sadly lacking. However one does make soup from bones, so here goes:—

"Henry I reigned from 1100—1135 which was rather a long reign for him."

Rather long for most schoolboys also.

* * * *

"The Speaker is Mr. Henry Hall."

A loud speaker.

* * * *

"Ale is a sort of beery drink."

Nowadays a sort of watery drink.

* * * *

"The Feudal Cistern."

Probably provided water for the Papal Bull.

* * * *

"Prohibition is murder."

Verra true.

* * * *

"Mr. Winston Churchill is a great MINSTER."

With rather a shiny dome.

* * * *

"O.H.M.S.—On His Majesty's Ship."

Similarly L.H.M.P. In His Majesty's Prison.

* * * *

"Julius Cæsar came to 'conker' Britain."

Rather a chestnut now.

* * * *

"A crooner is a funny ship."

Now we know why they sound like a ship siren.

* * * *

O most magnanimous reader. Juvenilia has listened to reason and gone off the diet—howlers have been served up at meals and Juvenilia is absorbing positively cartloads of vitamins.

"Greater Garber (Greta Garbo) is a statue."

And about as Talkative."

* * * *

"— Henry I was reserve."

For the Royal and Ancient Club we presume.

* * * *

"A crooner is an annoying person."

And so say all of us.

* * * *

"A tenor is a man or boy that can get right up to the top of the scale."

Not the Burnham Scale surely.

"Prohibition is to take down the small sky-scrapers and build bigger ones."

It is wonderful what can be done with a little "hooch" tucked inside one.

* * * *

"A coroner is a kind of sieve."

He certainly sifts matters.

* * * *

"Mr. Churchill is a preacher."

Congratulations!

* * * *

BULLETIN.

The crisis is now passed—a cure is but a matter of time. In 3 months Juvenilia should be as good (or bad) as ever.

(signed) MACONACHIE.

A RUNNING COMMENTARY.

(With apologies to the B.B.C.)

Announcer. From my precarious perch on the top of the College flag staff, I have an excellent view of the course over which the youthful athletes of the School are soon to disport themselves.

It is an enchanting November morning, dull and murky, with heavy, leaden clouds above. A thick mist makes one feel life is really worth living, while an occasional scatter of rain adds but another touch of life to this animated scene.

Beneath me, I can distinguish the grim, gaunt outlines of the College buildings, while away to the North West the hoar frost shines on the half-roofed Scout Hut, ever-present witness of the Colleges' well-known motto, "Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

It is now a little after 7 a.m. and the hum of excitement is increasing. No! Sorry! that was a lorry coming up the hill from the Station. Mr. M-ll-r has not yet appeared. As usual, this is a great day for observing the latest fashions. I have just noticed B-tr-c in a delightfully chic Marina apron. We are taking you over now for a short while to Dorms 8 and 9 where some of the runners are getting ready.

* * * *

There is a long silence, broken only by "noises off" from Of-nd-n.

At last there comes a sleepy voice, possibly R-ch-rds-n's, "Did old Rh-d-s say there was a run this morning?"

A long silence.

"I say, you chaps, did?"

The snores increase suddenly.

Then there is a long whistling sound such as the wind makes in the Lower Remove room.

Announcer. The noise you have just heard was the happy little sigh of relief R-ch-rds-n gave as he subsided between the sheets.

Now, in spite of the slumbrous tendencies of Dorms 8 and 9, no less than 7 people have assembled for this run, which, for a school of not quite 200 is at any rate worth thinking about.

They are ready at last.

They're off!

The noise you have just heard was made by Merrell II, in his excitement, dropping the piece of cake he was eating.

We are taking you now to a point on the river bank about 2 miles from the school.

M-yn-rd, B--st and H-rt are patiently scraping mud off Br-db-ry who has just been rescued from the placid torrent.

Br-db-ry: "We've come at least 6 miles, have'nt we?"

M-yn-rd: "Oh, easily."

B--st: "Come on."

H-rt (shrilllilly): "Wait for me."

Announcer. The tearing noise you have just heard was made by B--st, leaving most of his pants on a barb-wired fence.

* * * *

We hasten to take you to another part of the course. D-nn-lly is is just about to speak to L-ng-r.

"Is that a log across the path!"

"No, only a St-ck."

"I or II?"

"Oh, only one."

Announcer. The runners are puffing at the rate of 34 to minute. Just listen to them for a moment—Puff-pant, puff-pant, puff-pant. How fine it sounds, doesn't it?

* * * *

There is a loud splashing sound.

Announcer. The noise you have just heard was not made by a hippopotamus, but by M-rphy, running quite normally.

* * * *

Announcer. We are taking you back to the School field now. It has been a grand run. Nearly everyone is in, but one of the masters is still anxiously viewing the landscape o'er.

He turns to a boy beside him.

"What's that blob on the horizon—a bull?"

"No, sir."

"Well, two bulls?"

"Oh no, sir!"

"What, then?"

"Oh, only B-rkh-m, sir!"

Announcer. Finally, we are able to let you listen to an exclusive interview with one of the French competitors, M. B-rd-s.

"Well, Monsieur, how far have you been?"

"Up to ze neck."

R. R.

THE FOOTBALL SEASON.

With only 3 old colours left a considerable amount of team building was necessary but those who had put in an occasional game with the first XI last season were still with us so it was not too difficult to get the backbone or rather skeleton of a team, prepared. Contrary to the usual run of things the attack has been the chief problem this season. The defence has been the same or practically so throughout the season; but the practice of moving a member of the defence to the attack when a forward has been either ill or injured, has been discontinued. Instead members of the 2nd XI have been brought in who have been playing in the position for the whole term. With what success it has been attended is a matter for conjecture but if it is followed in forthcoming seasons it will, I think, help to strengthen the side as a whole and it certainly makes for better team work.

A member of the XI. has again been awarded his county colours for Essex. This year Stock ii. has attained that honour. He has our congratulations and every good wish for his future football.

Once again our best matches have been against Southgate Wanderers and the Old Boys (a report of which match may be found elsewhere). Unfortunately for our two games with Newport we had to field a much depleted eleven, which, although it played pluckily, could not manage to stem the Newport attack. Both matches were lost.

A new fixture with the Old Chelmsfordians proved a very attractive one, and we were unfortunate to lose by the odd goal in five. Had the day been fine, however, the result would probably have been a draw.

Following are a list of goal scorers and results of the matches:—

		1st XI.	
<i>Opponents.</i>		<i>Home Result.</i>	<i>Away Result.</i>
Thornwood	Won 6—4	Lost 3—1
Newport School	Lost 5—2	Lost 5—0
Earl's Colne Grammar School	Won 5—4
Old Chelmsfordians	Lost 3—2
Southgate Wanderers	Lost 3—2
Churchgate St. Old Boys	Won 3—2
Old Harlovians	Won 8—7
Epping Wednesday	Drawn 3—3	Lost 5—4

<i>Opponents.</i>		<i>Home Result</i>	<i>Away Result.</i>
St. John's Ambulance	Scratched	Scratched.
Bishop's Stortford A	Lost 7—1
Saffron Walden Friend's School	Scratched.	Won 2—1

Played 13; Won, 5; Lost, 7; Drawn, 1

Goals for, 39; goals against, 52.

Goal scorers—Ripley, 5; Mr. Compton, 6; Prior, 4; Murphy i., 3; Stock ii., 6; Mr. Robertson, 13; Friend, 2.

2ND XI & under 14 games.

The success of our 2nd XI and under 14 XI augers well for future years.

These elevens have had a most successful term. In Maynard i, Constable, Camp, Manley and Dellow we have some most promising footballers and the 1st XI next year should be up to its usual strength. Appended are a list of goal scorers and results.

		2ND XI.	
<i>Opponents</i>		<i>Home Result</i>	<i>Away Result</i>
Ongar School		Won 6—1	Won 3—0
Woodford College		Won 6—1	Won 2—0
High Garrett Hall		Scratched	—

Played 4. Won 4. Lost 0. Drawn 0.

Goals for: 17. Goals against: 2.

Goal scorers:—Constable 5, Maynard i 4, Prior i 2, Hart 2, Tree 1, Barnes i 1, Akhurst 1, Minett 1.

TEAM CRITICISMS.

Richardson (capt.) goal:—Rather an enigma at times: lets in easy shots but makes marvellous saves on occasions. Has improved in the last few matches.

Wood i (r back):—A find at the beginning of the season. Broke ankle in game against Newport. May he have a quick recovery. He will be needed.

Copas (l back):—Can be very good—can also be the opposite—a good tackler.

Donnelly (r half):—A worrier, slow but keeps to his man. Rather a weak kick, but uses his head.

Compton (centre half):—A forceful player: strong kick with either foot, ball control good.

Langer (l half):—Much improved but not too certain a kick. Heads quite well.

Barnes (lh or il):—A good neat player, tackles very strongly quick on the ball and good at passing. Hangs-on to the ball a trifle too long.

Stock ii (OR):—Fast and good. Has played well in every game without exception.

Prior (IR):—A good constructive player with Stock ii. Has made right wing a great success.

Ripley (CF):—Unfortunately absent for the greater part of the term owing to illness. A real footballer.

Murphy (OL):—Slow. Unfortunately has a very weak right foot. Must learn to anticipate. Centres very well indeed.

Stock i (inside forward), Friend, Constable, have assisted the team occasionally.

HOUSE MATCHES

This term owing to a superabundance of fixtures the House games have been played on the knock-out system.

RODNEY v KEYES.

On paper an easy game for Keyes as Wood i, Rodney's house captain was unable to play owing to a broken ankle.

However, owing to some excellent work by Prior at centre half. Rodney kept Keyes out in the first half and then put on a spurt in the second half scoring two quick goals. Keyes retaliated and brought the score to 2—1. Rodney however scored again and Keyes although pressing hard to the end could only score one more goal.

Result: Keyes 2. Rodney 3.

NELSON v BEATTY.

A battle of the giants. It would be difficult to find two more evenly matched teams. In the first game, played under vile conditions each side had scored one goal. In the replay at full time again neither side had scored. An extra five minutes each way was played. Still no score. In desperation an extra eight minutes each way was started. In the first of these eight minute, halves Nelson managed to score one goal. They hung on grimly to their lead until the final whistle blew. Twenty two weary and mud bespattered boys trudged up to the college for a bath. It was unfortunate for Beatty that in the second game they had to play without Donnelly who was ill. With him in the team a result probably would not have been arrived at even after three and a half hours plays.

RODNEY v NELSON.

The final was perhaps taken too much as a foregone conclusion before the game commenced. Certainly from the way in which Nelson surrounded the Rodney goal in the first half one would have expected a colossal score in Nelson's favour.

However it was not until nearly half-time that they did score, through Ripley. Apart from a few breakaways Rodney were not dangerous.

In the second half, from a good pass by Prior, Maynard raced down the field and scored for Rodney. Things were now more interesting and Nelson increased their efforts and after some ten minutes play obtained a goal, Ripley again begin the scorer.

Rodney fought back and Maynard had very hard luck in not scoring. With five minutes to play Barnes scored with a hard shot from some distance out.

Final Score: Nelson 3. Rodney 1.

Nelson thus became possessors of the football cup.

FIVES.

Beatty won the fives competition losing only one game, in the footer doubles. Some close games were witnessed, and although Rodney did not get many points as regards games won, the number of points won on individual games was quite up to the average.

Below is a table to take in players and results.

FIVES.

FOOTER.

		1st Singles.		B.	K.	N.	R.
B. v. N.	...	Stock ii. v. Barnes I., 20—15	...	3	—	0	—
B. v. R.	...	Stock ii. v. Prior, 20—7	...	3	—	—	0
B. v. K.	...	Stock ii. v. Friend, 20—6	...	3	0	—	—
B. v. K.	...	Prior v. Friend, 20—19	...	—	3	—	0
R. v. N.	...	Prior v. Barnes i, 14—20	...	—	—	3	0
K. v. N.	...	Friend v. Barnes, 18—20	...	—	0	3	—
				9	3	6	0

1st Doubles.

B. v. N.	...	Stock ii. and Donnelly, v. Barnes i. and Ripley, 20—10	...	5	—	0	—
B. v. R.	...	Stock ii. and Tanger v. Wilson and Prior, 20—13	...	5	—	—	0
B. v. K.	...	Stock ii. and Donnelly v. Copas and Friend, 16—20	...	0	5	—	—
R. v. K.	...	Copas and Friend v. Wilson and Prior, 16—20	...	—	5	—	0
R. v. N.	...	Prior and Wilson v. Barnes i. and Ripley i., 7—20	...	—	—	5	0
K. v. N.	...	Barnes i. and Ripley i. v. Copas and Friend, 17—20	...	—	0	5	—
				10	10	10	0
Total Points ...				19	13	16	0

FIVES.
HAND.

1st Doubles.				B.	K.	N.	R.
B. v. N.	...	Stock ii. and Donnelly v. Stock i. and Murphy, 20-11	...	5	—	0	—
B. v. R.	...	Stock ii. and Donnelly v. Prior and Wilson, 20-9	...	5	—	—	0
B. v. K.	...	Stock ii. and Donnelly v. Copas and Minett, 20-6	...	5	0	—	—
R. v. K.	...	Prior and Wilson v. Copas and Minett 20-19	...	—	0	—	5
R. v. N.	...	Prior and Wilson v. Stock i. and Murphy, 2-20	...	—	—	5	0
K. v. N.	...	Copas and Minett v. Stock i. and Murphy, 6-20	...	—	0	5	—
				15	0	10	5
				B.	K.	N.	R.
B. v. N.	...	Stock ii. v. Stock i., 20-14	...	3	—	0	—
B. v. R.	...	Stock ii. v. Prior, 20-8	...	3	—	—	0
B. v. K.	...	Stock ii. v. Copas, 20-9	...	3	0	—	—
R. v. K.	...	Prior v. Copas, 20-18	...	—	0	—	3
R. v. N.	...	Prior v. Stock i., 11-20	...	—	—	3	0
K. v. N.	...	Copas v. Stock i., 20-8	...	—	3	0	—
				9	3	3	3
Total				24	3	13	8
Footer Total				19	13	16	0
Final Total				43	16	29	8

Average points per game.

B. 19.6, K. 14.8, N. 16.2, R. 12.3.

DO BOYS LIKE WORK ?

Dear Sir,

With your permission I shall now address the crowd
On this occasion all who raise objection are allowed
To search throughout these pages in an effort there to find
A substitute more fitting to their meagre sort of mind.

The subject I have chosen for my metrical discourse
Is one which, at this time of year, appeals with special force
"Do boys like work." The verdict of the boys shall be my guide
Harlovians themselves are therefore called on to decide.

Now if to this enquiry there's a negative reply
I place you in an awkward fix by simply asking "Why"
It can't be due to laziness as you perhaps might say
For see how energetic boys can be when they're at play.

To put the fault on other people hardly seems the game
Although I think when boys hate work you Masters are to blame
The remedy is in your hands, the cure is up to you
When boys decline to love their work, well, whack 'em till they do.

In argument on any subject I have always tried
By artfulness to make it seem I'm on the winning side
To pin myself to one opinion I'm entirely loth
In choice of either black or white I wisely favour both.

So if this meeting holds the view that work is liked by boys
Or swotting is an occupation anyone enjoys
Well, my position's clear enough. Supposing this were true
Of course I should believe it, But I haven't said I do.

I daresay you have often found that every now and then
Ridiculous mistakes are made by very clever men.
Why, even I'm not always right, but this, you must agree,
Is scarcely to the point because well,—after all, I'm me.

Now many of these clever ones it's painful to relate
Are prone to one grave error when engaging in debate
They never try to prove you're wrong, their efforts are, alas,
Confined to an attempt to make you look a silly ass.

That's why I'm always cautious in avoiding if I can
Dispute with one who justly might be called a clever man.
For instance in the present case I'm arguing with you
The other sort would make me look an ass and prove it too.

I fear I've shewn what some might call a tendency to shirk
A definite pronouncement as to whether boys like work
I look on this as prudent and a sign of common sense
And like the politicians take my stand upon the fence.

And finally I'll give you the suspicion of a hint
I've written this because I want to see the thing in print
Since no one else would publish it,—there's no one else so green,
I packed it up and sent it to the Harlow Magazine.

I realize that you might very properly reject
Such balderdash and if you did I could not well object
I'd bow to the decree of one of high scholastic rank
And, all submissive sign myself

Your rhyming brother
FRANK.

AN ISLAND MYSTERY.

As I sat by the warm fire an hour or so ago, I heard the wireless announcer say that a gale was raging on the north-west coast of Scotland. So now, as I sit writing, the great Atlantic rollers, with their mile-long crests of foam, are sweeping through the dark, racing madly before the howling pack of the South-West, and the salt sea spray, the rider of the storm, is scudding over the top of Flannan Isle. High up in the midst of the storm, keeping watch with unsleeping eyes, a lighthouse keeper maintains his lonely vigil, an apparently insignificant speck of humanity shut up in a fragile glass cage from the fury of the elements, though at times one would imagine him to be the genius of the Atlantic brooding over the storm. Far down in the depths of the tower two men lie sleeping: he alone is awake in the midst of the primæval chaos, a solitary spark of sentient life firmly set, like a small flame steadily burning, amidst the insensate raving of earth's elemental forces. From the lantern beside him, the great shafts of light spring out, man's challenge to Nature. He might be the great high priest officiating at the altar of light, while round him the wind, the rain, and the ocean, raise their awful symphony. The tower beneath him sways and trembles in the storm, the wind howls hungrily round the lantern seeking to destroy, and on the great black rocks of Flannan Isle the soaring waves surge in thunder, shattering into clouds of spray. As the rays of light shoot out through the moving night, he can see the great white tops rear out of the depths, and sink roaring away to the leeward; and over him sensed rather than seen, race great billowing clouds, borne on the furious wings of the storm.

Of what does he think, this watcher? Is his mind overwhelmed and set loose from its firm setting by the terror let free without? Or are all his faculties massed and prepared to combat another fear, the more destroying because it is more subtle, the fear of the unknown, the intangible and the unseen? Do his thoughts stray back to another night, when another watcher sat there, and two men slept their last sleep on Flannan Isle? If he thinks of them, and tries to pierce the veil which dropped between them and mortal men, a new, chill terror may flow into his heart, and the faintest sound within the lantern may acquire a significance never possessed by the wind and the wave. For a greater terror than that of the storm broods over Flannan Isle, and even on the brightest, calmest days, a shadow lingers there, the shadow of the Unknown and the Unseen, more blighting than the blast of the hurricane.

Towards the end of the last century, the group of rocks at one time called the Seven Hunters, but now known as the Flannan Isles, were a menace to the ships that ran on the northern sea lanes, and many a vessel met an untimely end at the foot of the towering cliffs. And there was no hope for those on board, for round these rocks the sea is never calm, and the Atlantic waves have no mercy on those caught in

their grip. It was decided to build a lighthouse on the islands. The task confronting the builders was a formidable one. All the materials had to be transported thither by ship, and had to be slung up to the top of the cliffs, because only the narrowest and slipperiest of paths led up the face of the rock. Patience and ingenuity triumphed, and the beginning of the present century saw the highest of the rocks crowned by a white tower which was to send its warning rays into the night two times in every minute.

It was manifestly impossible for the families of the lighthouse keepers to live on the island, so a shore station was built for them on the island of Lewis, about thirty miles away. There were four keepers, and it was arranged that they should take duty in pairs, a month at a time. The system of duties was not quite so simple as it sounds, and it was found necessary at times to have a third man on the island. In order to meet this difficulty a Lewisman living near the shore station was engaged in the capacity of temporary keeper. Getting these keepers ashore on the island was no easy matter, nor is it still. On calm days they could make a perilous landing on the rocks, and climb up the steps hewn in the face of the cliff, but when heavy seas were running they had to be slung ashore in a breeches buoy. Then for a whole month they were cut off from all communication with the world, and saw only the "wandering fields of barren foam," except to the eastward, where the dim blue hills of Lewis and Harris rose up against the rising sun.

Once started, the arrangements worked smoothly, and for a time no untoward event occurred. The only mishap that was anticipated was some failure on the part of the machinery in the new lighthouse, and as a range of hills prevented the people in the shore station from making direct observations, a man from a village further along the coast of Lewis was instructed to watch each night, and to report if the light failed to function.

Winter drew on, the season of great danger for those who have dealings with the sea. It is a time little liked by light house keepers, for in these northern latitudes, the winter nights set in early, and the light has to be tended through long dreary hours of darkness. Then, too, the great gales spring up out of the Atlantic, and it is difficult for the men on Flannan Isle to stir out of the lighthouse, as the wind might sweep them over the edge of the cliff into the boiling waters, hundreds of feet below. Sometimes the world is in the grip of the great frost, and the streaming stars hang low. Then out of the frozen north there springs a gleaming host, which sports and dances in the numbing cold. It is the Aurora Borealis, the great white shafts which merrily play over the grey, tumbling sea, and mock the deep sea light.

Towards Christmas, the watcher on the coast reported that he saw no light on the Flannan Isles, and it was surmised that the machinery had failed in some respect. It was getting near the end of the month,

and the relief ship would soon arrive to take home the men who were on the rock, so no great notice was taken of the occurrence—except by one man. He was one of the lightkeepers, who was at home in the shore station. He had a dream one night, and in it he saw the flight of steps which leads from sea level up to the top of the rock, where the lighthouse stands. And up and down these steps there paced a great grey wolf. So vivid was the dream that the lightkeeper awoke, and he was much troubled by what he had seen, for he was sure that it was born of evil. Wolves are not to be found anywhere in Britain, and so singular an apparition could not portend good. It happened to be the night on which the watcher along the coast had first noticed the failure of the light, and his report had not yet reached the shore station. The lightkeeper was so oppressed by a feeling of disaster that he felt he had to ascertain if the light were still flashing forth in the normal way. He could not observe it directly from the station, for, as has already been mentioned, a range of hills stood in the way, but by going inland and climbing a high hill, he could see through a gap in this range. This he determined to do. He got up and dressed hurriedly, then set off through the night. Over broken moorland, and up the rough mountain side he stumbled in the dark, and at last struggled to the top. Long and earnestly he gazed in the direction in which he knew the light to lie, but the darkness remained unbroken, sinister, and fearful. In the dawn he returned home with his load of foreboding doubled.

At the end of the month the relief ship arrived and took on board the two men who were to spend a month in the lighthouse—one of them being, of course, the man who had had the dream. They approached the islands in the cold grey dawn, and as they neared they scanned the shore, but no sign of life or movement could they see. As a rule the men came out on to the lighthouse balcony to greet the ship, but now the great tower stood blind and silent above them, and no answer came to their signals. There was certainly something amiss, but what they could not tell.

A boat was lowered and a party went ashore. Slowly they made their way up the steps in the cliff face, each wondering what they were to find. At last they stood in front of the door. Above them rose the tower, white, lofty, and forbidding, against a racing background of dark grey clouds. In front of them was the great door, black, and slightly open. To the men who stood there it was no longer an ordinary door; it had acquired an aspect at once sinister and fascinating. What did it conceal? What lay behind that small gap between the door and the doorpost?

The leader moved forward and pushed the door open. The rest made a sudden movement together, and crowded after him into what was the living-room of the lighthouse. It was less startling but more strange than they expected. The table was set, apparently for

breakfast, and the meal was half eaten. Of the three chairs round the table two were pushed back, and the third was overturned on the floor. The food on the table looked old and dry, and an atmosphere of desolation filled the room. But where had the men gone? A search began forthwith. In the sleeping quarters they found the bunks neatly made and everything throughout the lighthouse was in perfect order. But no trace of the men could they see. They stood and called their names, but the only reply was the cry of a gull as it wheeled over the great lantern, the lantern which, as was now obvious, had not gone dark through any defect in machinery. These three men had gone, summoned suddenly in the midst of their breakfast, though no-one knew whence had come the call.

Further investigation brought no solution of the mystery. The log book had not been signed for many days, and the last entry, which did not indicate anything amiss, coincided with the date of the observed failure of the light. Many theories have been brought forward to explain the disappearance of these three men, but they are all unsatisfactory in some respect. The Flannan Isles guard their secret still.

And so, to-night, when these rocks are renewing their age-long struggle with the shock battalions of the Atlantic, when the tall tower sways in the storm, and the tormented spray lashes on the glass windows of the lantern—I wonder in which direction do the thoughts of the lonely watcher drift? He is not completely cut off from his fellow men, for now, in the event of emergency, aid can be summoned by wireless telephone. But he may not be thinking of the uproar without; each faint sound that reaches his straining ears from within the lantern or the lighthouse may cause him to think of a man who, in his hurry, overturned his chair and did not come back to pick it up.

LETTERS FROM OLD HARLOVIANS.

47, Forster Street,
Smethwick,
Birmingham.
29th January, 1935.

DEAR MISS JESSIE,

Thank you so very much for continuing to send me the "Harlovian" (which I am three months late in acknowledging), in spite of the fact that I must be falling into arrears. I enclose a cheque for £1, and perhaps you will let me know if I still owe anything—and if so, how much?

I was very interested to see a letter from Mr. Huthwaite in my last "Harlovian" (September, 1934), dated in July. I had lost his address so I was unable to write to him before. However, I wrote at Christmas, and was very grieved to receive a letter from Mrs. Huthwaite saying that he had passed on. I am sure we must all feel very deeply the loss of one

who was such a good "pal" to us all. My recollections of him are very vivid, for he was at Harlow all the time I was there, and he seemed to form such a great part of our school life. I expect you notice his loss all the more, after his so long connection with the School.

I notice the date of the Old Harlovians Dinner is March 9th, and this year I really hope to come. Geoffrey Lampard, who is in our Sutton Coldfield Branch, and whom I see now and again, may come as well. If we do come, we should like to pay a flying visit to Harlow to see the old "Coll."

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

Yours very sincerely,

JOHN G. HORDER.

5, Kleine Neugasse,
Wiew V.

7th November, 1934.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

I take the liberty to write to you to-day, as I have a favour to ask you, and I hope it won't trouble you too much.

Lately I have been studying in Vienna economics; now I have the opportunity to get a "job" in Bulgaria as French, English and German teacher in a commercial school in Sofia, and you would do me a great favour if you would send me an attestation certifying that I spent a year, from September, 1932, till July, 1933, in Harlow College.

I hope that you are still in the best of health, as well as your family, to whom I beg you to convey my best regards. Please remember me to everyone in Harlow College, especially to the staff. Very often I think of the good time I had in England and somehow regret that the time there is over. This past year has been in Vienna far from peaceful, as you heard by your papers; but now, under the new regime, it is to be hoped we may look forward to better times, and that we shall not undergo new political upheavals.

As far as I am concerned, I have been studying up to now for my doctorship in economics, and I trust that my new "job" will grant me the necessary free time to finish that "drudgery." I don't suppose that I have forgotten a whit of English, as some of my best friends here are American students, and I am very fluent now even in Yankee slang, which I may be proud of having mastered.

Looking forward to hearing from you at your convenience,

I am, dear Sir,

Respectfully yours,

AMI SIMOND.

Cei Herrn Vallender, 5, Kleine Neugasse, Wiew V.

"Rawalpindi,"

Edward Avenue,

Camberley,

Surrey,

January 10th, 1935.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

I'm afraid this letter will have to begin in a true Harlovian style, and that is, to begin with an apology for not having written to you for so long. I do feel really guilty, and I hope you will forgive me.

I know that you will be interested to hear that I have been appointed Senior Master here at Camberley.

Our former senior man had to retire from ill-health, which left rather an unexpected vacancy. You can imagine my surprise when I was offered the post, but really it was only the outcome of the valuable experience which I was fortunate enough to obtain at Harlow.

Our staff consists of eleven up to the present, but two new men are to be taken on in September next.

The new English Master was for a time an assistant at the Dover County School, so we feel that a kindred spirit exists.

At the moment we are busy producing two plays for our annual School Concert. One, I believe, is an old Harlow favourite, "The Dear Departed," although it was never produced during my time. It is an excellent little play, and I have often heard Miss Ward sing its praises.

Our "General Schools" results last year were very satisfactory for our first attempt, only having one failure in twenty-five. In my own particular subjects I was more than pleased, as there were no failures, either in Drawing or Woodwork.

I am always pleased to read of the great progress which the College has made, as I "devour" the Harlovian as soon as it arrives. Of course, I always think of the boys as of just the same age and height as at the time I left, and can hardly believe that such small boys can be House Captains and Prefects; but I suppose that the two years, with plenty of College pudding, has told the usual tale, and they have grown out of all recognition!

We have already started work this term, and I find difficulty in adjusting myself to very much shorter holidays.

However, I am very happy in my work here, as the School has every facility for the production of really good work, and I hope to have an Art Exhibition in the Summer Term.

Will you please give my very best regards to Mrs. Horsey and Miss Jessie, and best wishes to you, Sir, for 1935.

Yours sincerely,

JAMES ROE.

KILLERBY'S STORES,

BUSSELTON.

Branches at Nannup, Jarrahwood, Cowaramup and Margaret River.
General Merchants (Wholesale and Retail), Corn and Salt Millers.
Agencies: Yorkshire Insurance Co., Dalgety & Co., Ltd., Machinery Agents.
E. P. Horsey, Esq.,
Harlow College,
Essex,
England.

7th December, 1934.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

I am posting this letter by the first Australian-England Air Mail Service, which will be leaving Perth on Sunday morning next, as I thought you might like to have an envelope stamped with this service.

I have already sent you a Christmas card wishing you "A Happy Christmas," but with this new service, I hope this letter will reach you in time to wish you the same again.

During the last few years we have put out several branches to our original store, and we are hopeful of adding to the list in the future, and I have been wondering if any of the boys who are leaving Harlow would care to come out with the idea of learning the storekeeping business and eventually taking over a branch store. There is a minimum wage which we would

have to pay, which, if the boy was fairly young, would not be sufficient to keep him, unless he was living with his own family; but should any of the boys care to try this out here, we would start them off with a minimum that would be equivalent to at least £26 per year and their keep.

I have only a few minutes now if I am to catch this mail, so I will not enlarge on this subject, but would be pleased to hear from any boys who are anxious to come out to Australia. We could put two on immediately if they are available but would only want intelligent boys, and it is not necessary to say that we want decent boys, because I am sure that if they are Old Harlovians they will be good fellows.

Again wishing you, Mrs. Horsey, Miss Jessie and Miss Margot "A Happy Christmas and Prosperous New Year,"

I am,
Yours sincerely,
KEMP KILLERBY.

St. Oswald's Vicarage,
30, Blackhorse Road,
E.17.
19th October, 1934.

DEAR MR. MILLER,

"The Harlovian" has just arrived to remind me that I have never written to thank you for the jolly day at the Old Boys' Match or the photo received shortly after that.

I went away just after the match for a well-earned (?) holiday. I had not had one the previous year—and I was so busy forgetting work, worries and Walthamstow, that everything else went west in the way of duty.

If I can, I will come down, but only as a spectator, to the O.B. footer match, but I have neither curate nor lay worker and am terribly pushed.

I hope Mr. Horsey is progressing, not simply favourably, but famously.

Yours sincerely,
G. W. MANEEY LAURENCE.

77, Summers Lane,
North Finchley,
N.12.
5/10/34.

DEAR MR. MILLER,

Very many thanks for the snap of the Old Boys' Cricket Team, which I understand you very kindly asked Mr. Leith to forward; it will bring back very pleasant memories.

May I also take this opportunity of thanking both you and Mrs. Miller for the hearty welcome and the great hospitality you have always shown us at these re-unions.

Wishing you both the very best of luck and hopes that the Old College will continue to increase in numbers and prosperity.

Yours sincerely,
W. GREENE.

"Domum,"
Harlow Road,
Roydon,
Essex.

DEAR SIR,

I feel you will be interested to learn that I have obtained a position with Messrs. Barclays Bank, Ltd., and have been attached to their Dividends Office at 37, King William St.

I hope all is well at the old College, of which I have such pleasant memories. I trust the operation you went under was a complete success and that your health in the future may benefit from it.

With kind regards to all at the College,

Yours faithfully,
G. P. DRANE.

50, Victoria Road,
Barrow,
Lancs.
13/11/34.

DEAR SIR,

I was very sorry to hear that you have been ill, and hope that you are going on very well now.

I am still working at Vickers-Armstrongs, and I shall enter the third year of my apprenticeship at the end of this month. I am working a lathe in the gun shop at the moment. It is interesting work, although at times I find it a trifle monotonous. I started on a medium-sized Hendey centre-lathe, and on that I did a considerable amount of finished turning and screw-cutting. About a fortnight ago I was put on a much larger and much heavier lathe. As it is also very old, most of the work is rough turning. All the bearings and slides are badly worn, and therefore it gives one some very good experience. If one can learn to work such an old crock with a certain degree of efficiency, one can work almost anything. At any time now I am expecting a transfer into the submarine engine shop, where I hope to get some experience in building and running Diesels.

If I do well at night school this session I shall sit for the Drawing Office Exam. next June. In the Drawing Office one does not get to work until 8.45 in the morning, whereas at the moment I start at 7.30. There is a considerable difference between the two times when it comes to getting up in the morning.

I am afraid that this is a very short letter, for I have some work to do now.

Hoping you and Mrs. Horsey are very fit,
I remain,

Yours sincerely,
A. B. DURSTON.

at 29, Kingswood Avenue,
High West Jesmond,
Newcastle-on-Tyne,
November 27th, 1934.

DEAR SIR,

You must forgive me for not writing to you before, but time passes so quickly that it is hard to believe I have left the College for two years.

Before going any further I must congratulate you on passing your operation so successfully and also upon Mr. Miller entering into partnership with you, which I am sure is proving a very great success.

Reading through my "Harlovians," I see that new class-rooms have been built, also that Scouts have once again been introduced into the College, and my only regret is that I am sorry they were not in vogue during my time.

Since leaving school I have commenced work in an Accountant's Office. The work is very interesting, but I realise that not having my Matriculation is a great handicap, and although I tried again in July I failed by two subjects. However, although I did not want to sit again, I have been greatly encouraged at home, and so I am going to have another attempt in July, 1935.

Your Summer Examinations proved what a high standard of education the School has.

I am afraid I must stop now, but please remember me to Mrs. Horsey, hoping you are both in the best of health.

From an Old Harlovian,

C. K. HODGES.

78, Kingston Road,
Ewell,
Surrey.

25th October, 1934.

DEAR MISS JESSIE,

Thanks very much for sending the "Harlovian" to us. Please find P.O. enclosed for same. No doubt you will be surprised to hear that I have not gone in for office work. My mother is very disappointed, as the gentleman who promised me a position went to Germany on business a week before I left Harlow. He told mother he would write to her. After waiting eight weeks and hearing nothing from him, I decided to make a start on my own. I went to J. Sainsbury at Blackfriars for a fortnight's schooling, and passed their test; they put me in their Epsom branch. I like it very much, but I do not intend to remain a grocer all my life. My object is to learn the trade and become a traveller, and when that day comes I hope I shall be able to travel in the Harlow district, so that I can come in and see you.

I am sorry I shall not be able to come down on Old Boys' Day, as my half-day is on Wednesday.

I wonder if it would be troubling you too much to ask Matron to post my pyjama coat which I left behind. I hope you have not got many cases in the sick-room. Please remember me to all.

I remain,

Yours affectionately,

D. J. MEEK.

18, Somerset Road,
Southsea,
Hants.

October 22nd, 1934.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

Very many thanks for the School Magazine. I was more than sorry to read you have been obliged to undergo an operation.

Sincerely hope you will soon be feeling quite your old self again (merry and bright).

The School appears to be doing wonderfully well, which must be a great relief to your mind, also to Mr. Miller's. The "Old Boys" evidently had

a glorious time at the Cricket Match. Their letters of thanks to Mrs. Horsey, Miss Jessie and self must have been very gratifying, and a solace for all you had done to make them so happy.

Only trust that you may all be spared to see many more such matches.

I am still suffering with neuritis, and must ask you to please excuse this scrawl; it's very painful for me to hold a pen.

Kindest regards to Mrs. Horsey and Miss Jessie.

Wishing you all the best.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

A. A. RODDY (Mrs.).

24, Montserrat Road,
Putney,
London.

DEAR MISS JESSIE,

First of all I must apologise for the delay in answering your letter you so kindly forwarded to me. I am terribly sorry to hear of Mr. Horsey's illness; he certainly must have been in pain. I hope he recovers very soon and gets back to his usual health.

I should now like to thank you for the address of the Old Harlovian in Australia, but since I have been away I have been making enquiries regarding a Commission in the R.A.F. I am sending the application form in to-day, and I hope to get in. I have been told I have a rosy chance. I always have been very keen on the air, and I think now's the time for it.

How are you? How is Mrs. Horsey? I hope you are both in health. Please give my kind regards to Mr. Cairns and Mr. Robertson.

Thanking you again for your trouble.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

N. R. TARLING.