

*Vol. 7. No. 57. Dec. 1931.*

# THE HARLOVIAN



The Magazine of  
Harlow College.  
Essex.

Vol. 7. No. 57.

DECEMBER, 1931.

PRICE - ONE SHILLING.

## SCHOOL OFFICERS: Autumn Term.

*Prefects:* G. ARATOON.

J. McLEOD.

A. H. GREGORY.

F. DEWHURST.

*Sub-Prefects:* P. COMPTON.

D. LEWIS.

G. LAMPARD.

R. RIPLEY.

C. STANSBURY.

O. B. PARKER.

R. TARLING.

R. SIMPSON.

K. HODGES.

G. H. FLETCHER.

*Football Captain:* G. ARATOON.

„ *Vice-Captain:* J. McLEOD.

*Captain of Beatty House:* A. H. GREGORY.

*Captain of Nelson House:* G. ARATOON.

*Captain of Rodney House:* F. T. HARRIS.

# THE HARLOVIAN.

VII.]

DECEMBER, 1931.

[No. 56.]

## SCHOOL NOTES.

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

Upper Fifth.—(1) P. A. Compton; (2) F. R. Dewhurst and O. B. Parker; (4) R. J. Ripley.

Lower Fifth.—(1) C. B. Stansbury; (2) G. Harris; (3) K. V. Stock.

Form IV.—(1) R. A. Cakebread; (2) E. Judd; (3) S. Neale.

Remove.—(1) J. H. Wood; (2) D. Meek; (3) C. Lawrence.

Form III.—(1) T. A. Barrow; (2) D. Carnall; (3) S. F. Browne.

Form II.—(1) D. Baker; (2) J. Meikle; (3) A. J. Radford.

Form I.—(1) P. Forsdyke; (2) A. Ritchie; (3) R. J. Pollitt.

**School Certificate Examination.**—Two special candidates entered for the Oxford School Certificate Examination in December were successful, namely:—

G. H. Gregory: Pass, with exemption from London Matriculation, Oxford Responsions, and Cambridge Previous.

O. C. Clayton: Pass.

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

Upper Fifth.—(1) F. R. Dewhurst and J. S. Payne; (3) C. K. Hodges and R. J. Ripley.

Lower Fifth.—(1) C. B. Stansbury; (2) F. R. Dicksee; (3) K. V. Stock.

Form IV.—(1) R. A. Cakebread; (2) E. Judd; (3) not awarded.

Remove.—(1) J. S. Payne; (2) J. H. Wood; (3) R. Westell.

Form III.—(1) T. A. Barrow; (2) S. F. Browne; (3) G. G. Jefferys and R. F. Cutler.

Form II.—(1) D. Baker; (2) G. Chater; (3) J. Owen.



**Dramatic Entertainment.**—The dramatic entertainment, which, for some years now, has been a regular feature of the autumn term, stands out this term prominent above all previous efforts for more than one reason. To begin with, we had a brand new stage. The old stage was very ineffective on account both of its smallness and its low elevation above the floor of the hall. Mr. Roe then conceived the brilliant idea of building a new platform on top of the old one, 2½ feet high, and projecting a yard further into the hall. Mr. Horsey approved of the idea and defrayed the expense, Mr. Warriner, the father of one of the boys, kindly let us have the wood at cost price, Mr. Roe acted as architect, foreman, head carpenter and general factotum, Aratoon as head carpenter's mate, and many others as willing assistants. Through their combined efforts a really excellent permanent stage is now at our service. It is a great asset to the School, and will greatly extend the range of choice of plays for our Dramatic Society, as the smallness of the old stage made it impossible to attempt anything that had not the simplest scenery and that did not require the minimum of stage space.

Another outstanding feature of this year's entertainment was the fact that one of the plays was an original work by a member of the staff. Mr. D. Brierley, working on an Arabian Nights' Story as a foundation, had constructed a charming little play of real dramatic and literary merit. It was acted entirely by boys. Everybody, without exception, who took part acquitted himself well.

Harris, Barkham, Gatford and Chater showed real histrionic ability, which should be fostered carefully for future use. The full cast is as follows:—

Ali Cogia	..	..	..	Harris.
Ali Akbar	..	..	..	Barkham.
Caliph	..	..	..	Chater.
Vizier ..	..	..	..	Stansbury.
Cadi ..	..	..	..	Gatford.
Akbar's Wife	..	..	..	Gray.

Minor Characters—Dicksee, Emlyn, Tustin, Meikle, Jeffrys, and Warrener.

Yet another outstanding feature was the excellence of the acting in the two plays done chiefly by the staff,—“The Rest Cure” and “That Brute Simmons.” In “The Rest Cure” the acting of the two chief characters, namely, Miss Ward, as the kindly nursing home drudge, and Mr. Cairns, as the alleged invalid, would have won applause in a West End theatre. Miss Jessie and Tuthill as nurses, and Stansbury, as the patient's wife, were also very good indeed. In “That

Brute Simmons,” Miss Ward again stood out supreme. She extracted every possible ounce of fun while portraying the terrible Mrs. Simmons, and yet never degenerated into farce or made the mistake of over-acting, which so often spoils this highly amusing little play. Mr. LeCren, as the crushed worm of a husband, who plucks up courage to turn at last, and Mr. Roe, as Mrs. Simmons' ne'er-do-well original husband, gave exceedingly good representations of their parts. The general verdict was that the School Dramatic Society have never given a performance of such general all-round excellence. We owe to all who took part a great debt of gratitude.

The whole entertainment was repeated the following week at Hatfield Heath in aid of the funds of the local Wolf Cub Troop. It was just as great a success there and realised a profit of £4 14s. Miss Ward and Mr. Cairns also assisted in a performance of “The Rest Cure” given at the Victoria Hall, in aid of the Church Funds, and once again “brought down the house.”

**Diving Lecture.**—On October 21st we had an excellent lecture on “Diving” from Captain Lawson Smith. Some of us thought we were in for a technical and somewhat dry talk, but we were well entertained for some two hours. Captain Lawson Smith has a fund of quiet humour and interesting anecdotes. He brought his dress and some apparatus with him which, with considerable assistance from Aratoon and McLeod, he put on, explaining each piece as it was adjusted. Finally the headpiece was screwed on, and he presented a most startling appearance. He explained the various signals which are given to the divers when it is impossible to speak to them, and “Two taps on the head and all is well” was a saying in the School for some weeks.

**A Remarkable Record.**—It cannot often be that old boys are present together in one room covering every day of so long a period of Headmastership as 44 years. Yet this is what happened on Old Boys' Day in November last. Among those at supper was Arthur Parsons, one of the original pupils when Mr. Horsey, little more than a boy himself, opened his school at Acton. He, Otto Näf, and R. Abbott covered the six Acton years of the School. R. Abbott, O. Näf, and R. G. Payne carried on the story through the 10 years at Waltham Cross, and R. G. Payne, J. Howis, C. Sweney, and many others brought down the history of the School to the present time. The Editor thinks he may with justice call this a remarkable record.



**Departures.**—With great regret we part this term with four Prefects, and we cannot let them go without a word of farewell. It was the lot of Garnick Aratoon to come from the far east, and not only take his place in an English boarding school, but rise to be Head Prefect and Captain of the Football and Cricket Teams, in both of which capacities he showed great capability, energy and initiative. Now, after five years in England, he is returning to his native Baghdad, where we hope he will have all possible happiness and prosperity.

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A. H. Gregory spent more than eight years at Harlow, and left rejoicing at his recently gained Matriculation exemption.

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J. McLeod was here nearly seven years, and F. R. Dewhurst four; both gained School Certificates, and all three were useful members of the Football and Cricket Teams and efficient Prefects. We wish them prosperity and happiness. We have no doubt that their honourable School record will, even in these days of depression, soon enable them to make a start in successful careers.

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Their places as Prefects have been taken by E. Ripley, P. A. Compton, K. Hodges, and G. H. Fletcher. New Sub-Prefects this term are F. Tuthill, E. Judd, and S. Mee.

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**Our Spring Bazaar.**—As announced in our last number, we are preparing for a bazaar in aid of the funds of the Harlow Young People's Sports Association. The Association wishes to make the Recreation Ground, kindly presented to Harlow by Captain Hoare, fit for the children of the elementary schools to play cricket and other games upon. It also hopes to provide a giant stride and other apparatus for the children, and a shelter for their parents.

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There is for us something very attractive in the idea that the College should take a leading part in bringing about so desirable an improvement in Harlow, and we hope the idea will make an equally strong appeal to Old Harlovians, and to the parents of pupils both past and present. Good progress has been made in various kinds of handicraft work by our hobbies enthusiasts, but much remains to be done. We trust that all—day boys as well as boarders—will do their best to make the bazaar the great success we hope for.

This paragraph is intended specially for Old Harlovians and parents and friends of boys past and present. In every house there are a certain number of articles of the class described as "white elephants," that is to say, things valuable enough in their right environment, and yet nothing but a nuisance and encumbrance where they are now. Will you send them to us to help furnish the stalls at the Bazaar? By so doing you will be adding to your own comfort and at the same time giving us most useful help. We shall, of course, be very grateful, too, for gifts of other kinds or for money contributions.

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**Lantern Lectures.**—This term Mr. Brierley, our geography master, allowed his contribution to the Seniors' recreation time after evening prep. to take the form of lantern lectures. Fortunately, the School possesses a good lantern, presented, as a leaving gift, by the grandfather of John and Edward Baker, and Mr. Brierley was able to obtain some beautiful slides from Canada House and like places. We had some interesting lectures on Canada, its scenery, mines and general progress, and others on Burma and Ceylon.

To complete the series, Mr. LeCren, who had spent his summer holidays in Germany, gave us a delightful lecture on that country.

These lectures have been much enjoyed, and we hope they will be continued during the Easter term.

P. A. COMPTON.

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**The Small Field.**—Very good progress is being made towards giving a tennis-court-like surface to the whole of the small field. All the outer portion which was left rough last summer has now been scythed and rolled down hard with a heavy horse-drawn roller. During the holidays the mounds are being removed and hollows filled in, and the 1932 cricket season should see us with a cricket ground at our very door on which any team might be pleased to play, which will give us greatly increased facilities for practice, and save us the vast amount of work and trouble which playing our cricket matches in the large football field necessarily entailed.

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Not playing football in the small field has caused no inconvenience at all. The football field is so large that there was no difficulty in providing two more good-sized football pitches and so enabling 66 players to practise every fine afternoon.



**The House Competition.**—The fight for the cup was one of the best we have had since the competition was instituted. The issue remained in doubt till almost the last day of the term, when Beatty House won by the narrow margin of 78 points to 71. Rodney House—the day boys—put up a most inglorious fight in spite of their superior numbers, and only gained 10 points. Day boys often lose one of the greatest advantages of school life by not taking a greater part in the sports and other out-of-school activities. It is in these activities that they acquire *esprit-de-corps*. To be in the school and not of the school is bad for the individual pupil and a source of weakness to the school itself. We appeal strongly to the senior day boys to try to bring about an improvement in this respect.

**The School Library.**—We acknowledge with many thanks the following gifts to the Library:—

From J. Fletcher:		
The India Rubber Men	..	By E. Wallace.
The Secret Service Man	..	.. S. Horley.
Runagate's Club	..	.. J. Buchan.
From Miss Joan Thurgood:		
Blue Peto	..	By Jenkins.
In Times of Steel	..	.. Sherwell.
Heroes of South Pole	..	.. Jack London.
P. Smith, Journalist	..	.. Wodehouse.
If I were King	..	.. J. McCarthy.
Garden of Eden.		
From C. Hodges:		
Coral Island	..	By Ballantyne.
On the Wings of the Wind	..	.. Westerman.
From G. Harris:		
William's Happy Days	..	By Crompton.

**The Tuck Shop.**—The Tuck Shop Accounts for the Autumn term are as follows:—

<i>Receipts.</i>			<i>Expenditure.</i>		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Balance from last Term	0	13 4	Postage .. ..	0	0 8
Profits on Sweets ..	3	7 6	Ping-Pong Balls ..	0	4 9
Profits on Biscuits ..	0	19 0	Children's Magazine .	0	4 0
			Wastage .. ..	0	5 0
			Wireless .. ..	1	15 0
			Balance .. ..	2	10 5
	£4	19 10		£4	19 10

*Salvete.*

D. H. Barns, R. F. Cutler, C. E. Driver, A. C. E. Fer, E. H. Friend, P. Forsdyke, F. W. Fletcher, J. H. Gilling, G. B. Hart, E. P. Larter, P. W. Madden, W. T. Malbert, D. R. Malbert, M. B. Mascell, P. R. Meikle, J. F. Meikle, G. A. Porter, G. V. Pryor, A. J. Radford, D. O. Ransom, G. Richardson, J. E. Sanderson, E. Shrubsole, W. R. Skeet, D. T. Turnbull, F. C. P. V. Tuthill, E. D. Vallé-Jones, M. F. Willy, R. G. Wilson, J. H. Wood, K. G. Woodruffe.

*Valete.*

J. W. Bird, L. Bloore, J. W. Cook, L. J. S. Crouch, J. M. D. Fennings, A. L. Frank, J. A. Heaps, W. Jenkins, L. V. Keep, A. Lewis, H. E. Meek, R. Poynter, J. F. Pullin, J. D. Ross, R. E. Selwyn, N. S. Smith, R. A. Smith,

**OLD HARLOVIANS.**

Mr. and Mrs. Horsey and Miss Jessie send the following sincere thanks for Christmas greetings:—R. F. Abbott, S. Assad, Matron Allen, B. Alexander, R. J. Adamson, Mrs. Booth (Miss Barker), L. Bloore, R. G. Bloore, Clifford Barker, D. Bull, Colin Bond, Mr. J. Barraud, G. Bremer, H. Bristol, A. Cantor, E. S. Curtis, H. Cox, M. Cantacuzino, K. W. and R. Clarke, G. and K. Clark, W. Cheesman, G. Croly, Miss Chapman (Mrs. Griffith), A. Deans, F. and E. Dutton, M. Devaux, Mr. R. Ewing, C. E. Elkington, J. and J. Elwell, P. Frank, B. Gardner, W. Greengrass, G. W. H. Green, W. Green, H. Green, T. Gatto, Miss Gibson, W. Grimshaw, L. P. Gripton, Mr. H. F. P. Harris, J. Howis, Mr. Huthwaite, Major Hendin, P. Heathfield (Crimp), L. James, K. Jones, J. Keigh, K. Killerby, O. and E. Livermore, R. Larking, A., T., and F. LeCren, S. Langton, G. H. and R. Lamming, H. E. Meek, K. Morris, H. Nelson, O. B. Näf, G. Picken, R. G. Payne, E. Pipe, C. and J. Pullin, J. Pedley, R. Poynter, E. S. Ripley, H. C. Randall, P. Rintoul (Mrs. Hetherington), W. and D. Rintoul, P. Rogers, Miss Rendall (Mrs. Green), C. Sweney, Mr. Simmons, B. Sercombe, H. Smith, Miss Saunders (Mrs. Tomkinson), N. and B. Smith, L. Tesch, F. Toms, Mr. Taylor, A. Thwaites, D. White, A. H. White, A. W. Wright, E. P. Yates, Miss York, and also to the many present boys who also sent greetings.

We have to offer our sincere sympathy to E. Dutton for a very severe accident which nearly cost him his life. Motor-cycling back to Bognor one morning in October, he rode head on into a stationary lorry, broke his jaw and one leg, and cracked his skull in five places. He has made a wonderful recovery and hopes to return to work shortly.



Heartiest congratulations to:—

*Alan C. Thwaites* on his marriage to Miss R. O. Grady at Bournemouth on October 7th.

*Clifford Barker* on his appointment as manager of branch of a bank at Southampton.

*V. New* on passing the final examination of the Professional Associateship of the Surveyor's Institute.

*C. Scruby* on the birth of a son.

*T. Chapman* on the birth of a daughter.

It is with very great regret that we announce the death, at Sawbridgeworth, on January 15th, of Percy H. Sharman, aged 22, and offer our sincere sympathy to his recently widowed mother.

The following Old Harlovians have visited the School since our last issue:—R. F. S. Abbott, L. Abbott, R. Clark, A. Cantor, F. Dutton, L. S. Dorey, G. Edwards, H. Fenn, D. Faircloth, S. A. Gregory, Miss Gibson, J. Greenboam, L. Hales, E. Hockley, E. Hailes, W. Horley, J. H. Horsey, F. T. Harris, J. Howis, L. Keep, A. LeCren, H. Langman, R. Larking, B. Mason, G. Marshallsay, B. Mitchell, O. Naf, J. Pedley, A. Parsons, R. G. Payne, D. Rintoul, F. Rogers, W. Roles, R. Smith, N. Smith, B. Smith, H. Smith, E. Snell, S. Speake, C. Sweney, F. Vasey, E. Whittleton—42 in all.

### OLD BOYS' DAY.

Perhaps the Clerk of the Weather overlooked our Old Boys' Day, or he had a very busy time, for he quite forgot to send us one of the usual downpours which distinguish Old Boys' Day from other days.

The game itself was a great surprise, for the Old Boys had a side not nearly as strong as last year, while our team was much stronger, and we felt rather "cock-sure" about our chances. The Old Boys, however, played with such dash as completely to unsettle us, and Horley and Dorey were constantly giving us anxious moments. R. Abbott and D. Rintoul, too, proved a staunch barrier at back and never allowed our forwards to find their form. All praise to the Old Harlovians for forcing a draw, 4—4.

After tea fireworks were bought and let off in the small field, round a truly wonderful bonfire, and this over, we repaired to the dining hall. After the supper Payne proposed the toast of "Mr. Horsey and the School." Mr. Horsey, in answering, pointed out that there were boys present representing every year of his headmastership, the eldest of whom, A. Parsons, was one of Mr. Horsey's pupils when, at the age of 19, he began with seven pupils at Baythorn House School, Acton, in January, 1888.

The Old Boys, as ever, gave us songs and choruses, and when the party broke up all voted it one of the best evenings of this sort.

T.L.C.

### THE FOOTBALL SEASON.

There is always an undeniable pleasure in being able to say "I told you so," and looking over the magazine of last Christmas term, I cannot help indulging in this pleasure. For last year's results were frankly miserable, and there was a tendency to despair of a revival for a year or two at least. Yet this term's results rank alongside those palmy days of the elder Hales and Horley, when a defeat was practically unheard of.

Our School team at full strength has never been beaten. The two defeats we suffered in School games were inflicted on teams weakened by several absentees for exams., and other reasons. Of our other losses, against Harlow Wednesday we had but ten men (though it is only fair to state that in the first game our opponents were in the same predicament), while against Epping Wesleyans we were out-weighted, and against Czarnikow we were outplayed. This game with Czarnikow was one of the most enjoyable of the term, and productive of the best football, Aratoon especially being brilliant. To beat Ongar twice in one term was, perhaps, the most satisfactory of the victories, especially as our forwards made no mistake about their job. Harlow Wednesday have also long been a sore point with us, and our decisive victory over them, when Mr. Robertson scored eight goals, paid off a little of our reckoning with them.

A special word of praise is due to Aratoon, our Captain, for his whole-hearted enthusiasm and his never-say-die spirit, even when his team were several goals down. He has proved a most successful forward, and he and Ripley formed a very good right wing. With Bakhtiar and John on the left, and Gregory in the centre, our forward line has, in fact, been the outstanding feature of our side.

Our Second XI. has been unfortunate in obtaining two matches only, with Loughton School, winning at home, and losing away. There is considerable talent here, although next term, when several of the players will be needed to fill the gaps in the First XI., they will probably have only slight success. This is on account of their size, and although by next year they will probably have grown sufficiently to do themselves full justice, for next term we must be prepared for a less successful season. The best of this coming generation is undoubtedly Hale, the youngest of this sporting family, while others of note are Stock ii., Simpson, Hodges, Parker, and Paddick, and of the slightly smaller boys, Gatford, Ripley ii., Porter, Cakebread, Stock i., and Tustin ii.

T. LE CREN.



## MATCHES PLAYED.

Saffron Walden Friends' School	..	..	Away	..	Won	2—0
Thornwood Football Club	..	..	Away	..	Won	4—0
Ongar School	..	..	Away	..	Won	11—1
Epping Wesleyan Club	..	..	Home	..	Won	9—2
Saffron Walden School	..	..	Away	..	Lost	0—6
Newport School	..	..	Away	..	Won	1—0
Ongar School	..	..	Home	..	Won	8—1
Old Harlovians	..	..	Home	..	Drawn	4—4
Saffron Walden Friends' School	..	..	Home	..	Won	6—3
Thornwood Football Club	..	..	Home	..	Won	3—1
Czarnikow Club	..	..	Home	..	Lost	5—4
Harlow Wednesday	..	..	Away	..	Won	14—2
Epping Wesleyan Club	..	..	Away	..	Lost	7—1
Newport School	..	..	Home	..	Lost	3—0
Harlow Wednesday	..	..	Home	..	Lost	3—1

Matches Played, 15; Won, 9; Lost, 5; Drawn, 1.

## CRITICISM OF THE TEAM.

ARATOON (Captain).

MCLEOD: Has played many good games as back, but is occasionally a little shaky, and inclined to dribble.

CLAYTON: A sound back, though his clearances are often rather inaccurate.

ROLPH: Has had one or two off-days, but is, nevertheless, the best goalkeeper we have had for many years.

LEWIS I.: A good half, who tackles well, and fears nothing, but lacks ball control.

TARLING: The greatest improvement in the side, and a thoroughly useful centre half.

HARRIS II.: Has very good ball control, but over-inclined to dribble, and rather slow for a wing half.

RIPLEY I.: Despite off days, has proved a good winger, with excellent ball control.

GREGORY: Has constantly had to change his position, but has always played well, although his kick is weak.

JOHN: The trickiest of our inside forwards; he should swing the ball about more. A prolific scorer in the first half of term.

BAKHTIAR: A fast and powerful winger, who is rather over-keen to score goals.

DEWHURST: A valuable reserve both in and out of goal.

Mr. ROBERTSON and Mr. LECREN: Have given great help in all games other than with schools.

To the above-mentioned Masters, and to Mr. ROE and Mr. BRIERLEY, our thanks are due for all the assistance they have given in refereeing, and for their interest in the success of the team.

On the whole the team has played well, and proved a good combination.

G. ARATOON.

## GOAL SCORERS (INCLUDING HOUSE MATCHES).

Aratoon	..	..	..	19	Ripley i.	..	..	5
Bakhtiar	..	..	..	17	Gregory	..	..	4
John	..	..	..	13	Rolph	..	..	2
Mr. Robertson	..	..	..	11	Tarling	..	..	1

Total Goals For, 68; Total Goals Against, 37.

## THE HOUSE COMPETITION.

This term the House competition was peculiarly well fought, and resulted in a win for Beatty House, though by only a small margin.

The senior football was a triumph for Nelson, who won their games against both Beatty and Rodney. In the remaining game, Beatty beat Rodney by 5 goals to 1. The most exciting of these three games was that between Beatty and Nelson, in which Beatty, with a side hardly as good as Nelson's, managed at first to keep them out, but later crumbled, to lose by five goals to one.

In the junior football, however, Beatty was on top, beating Rodney by 7 goals to 2, and Nelson by 4 goals to *nil*, after being level at half-time. This was largely due to the strenuous efforts of "Nipper" Hale and some others.

The footer fives were Beatty's domain, and the most exciting games were those between Aratoon and Gregory, and between the latter and Harris ii. Gregory won both these, after the scores had been 18—14 and 19—16 respectively, in his opponent's favour.

The hand fives, in which Nelson was most successful, were not a great success, as the popularity of this game never approaches that of footer fives.

P. A. COMPTON.

## THE HOUSE COMPETITION.

FOOTBALL.	Points.		
	B.	N.	R.
<i>Senior.</i>			
Beatty, 1; Nelson, 5	...	...	...
Beatty, 5; Rodney, 1	...	...	...
Nelson, 8; Rodney, 0	...	...	...
<i>Junior.</i>			
Beatty, 4; Nelson, 0	...	...	...
Beatty, 7; Rodney, 2	...	...	...
Nelson, 5; Rodney, 0	...	...	...
FOOTER FIVES.			
<i>Senior.</i>			
<i>1st Singles.</i>			
Gregory (B.), 20; Aratoon (N.), 18	...	...	...
Gregory (B.), 20; Harris ii (R.), 19	...	...	...
Aratoon (N.), 20; Harris ii (R.), 14	...	...	...



1st Doubles.			
Rolph and Harris ii (R.), 20; Ripley i and Gregory (B.), 16	—	—	5
Ripley i and Gregory (B.), 20; Tarling and Aratoon (N.), 13	5	—	—
Aratoon and Tarling (N.), 20; Rolph and Harris ii (R.), 14	—	5	—
2nd Singles.			
Hale (B.), 20; Rolph (R.), 15	...	...	3
Tarling (N.), 20; Rolph (R.), 17	...	...	3
Tarling (N.), 20; Hale (B.), 19	...	...	3
2nd Doubles.			
Hale and John (B.), 20; McLeod and Bakhtiar (N.), 17	5	—	—
Hale and John (B.), 20; Clayton and Paddick ii (R.), 16	5	—	—
McLeod and Bakhtiar (N.), 20; Clayton and Paddick ii (R.), 18	...	...	5
JUNIOR FOOTER FIVES.			
Singles.			
Ripley ii (N.), 20; Gray (B.), 13	...	...	3
Ripley ii (N.), 20; Porter (R.), 15	...	...	3
Gray (B.), 20; Porter (R.), 16	...	...	3
Doubles.			
Healey and Gray (B.), 20; Hill and Ripley ii (N.), 11	...	...	5
Ripley ii and Hill (N.), 20; Porter and Haigh (R.), 13	...	...	5
Healey and Gray (B.), 20; Porter and Friend (R.), 14	...	...	5
HAND FIVES.			
Singles.			
Ripley (B.), 20; Rolph (R.), 13	...	...	3
Aratoon (N.), 20; Rolph (R.), 15	...	...	3
Ripley (B.), 20; Tarling (N.)	...	...	3
Doubles.			
Aratoon and Tarling (N.), 20; Rolph and Harris (R.), 15	...	...	5
Rolph and Harris ii (R.), 20; Ripley and Gregory (B.), 12	...	...	5
Ripley and Gregory (B.), 20; Aratoon and Tarling (N.), 15	...	...	5
Totals	...	...	78 71 10

CUP WINNER: BEATTY HOUSE.

### THE FIVES TOURNAMENT.

As has been the custom for many years, fives tournaments were held this term, but contrary to the usual custom, two cups were bought instead of money prizes, one for the Junior Champion, one for the Senior Champion.

As the term drew to a close it was seen that in the Senior Competition two boys only were in the running, Aratoon and Gregory. These two had played all their games and lost only 2 points each. To decide which of them should receive the cup, a tournament was arranged between the two.

Gregory, who had beaten Aratoon in the House tournaments, had every chance of winning, but Aratoon, after a hectic struggle, eventually won by 20 points to 16, and thus won the Senior Cup.

The Junior tournaments have not yet been finished, and will therefore continue next term, with Hale and Simpson as favourites.

P. A. COMPTON.

### THINGS THE SCHOOLROOM WANTS TO KNOW.

Who said he couldn't go to St. John's Room "because they were rehearsaling"?

\* \* \* \* \*

Where that mystic place "the mend" really is, since Ritchie said he was going there to fetch his boots?

\* \* \* \* \*

What member of the staff said that he would "see someone in Jericho with a capital H"?

\* \* \* \* \*

Whether Barnes ii got any credit for narrating the fact that a man was girt about his loins with camel-hair as "he was all dressed up in rags round his chops"?

\* \* \* \* \*

Who wrote that "in chemestey we deal with the composition of the mater"?

\* \* \* \* \*

Who exclaimed "Ma foi!"—hence the English "My foot!"?

\* \* \* \* \*

Whether Donnelly still thinks that asbetos comes from aspidistras?

\* \* \* \* \*

If Somerville i is a horse-racing "fan," as suggested by the following translation: "Gaius equum ducebat"—"the gay horse was leading"?

\* \* \* \* \*

Who said that the worst thing that could be made from a hundred weight of metal was a roller?

\* \* \* \* \*

What great devourer of crime literature threatened "to amblebush and double-mail" someone?

### SIDELIGHTS ON THE PLAYS.

The people are wondering:—

To which of our staff it was that Chater i bore a striking resemblance when made up?

\* \* \* \* \*

Whether Mr. Cairns enjoyed his dinner at Hatfield Heath, consisting of warmed-up glove and "curried" string?

\* \* \* \* \*

Whether Mr. Roe deserved a diploma for making faces?



Whether "Mrs. Reid" is so strikingly pretty in real life?

\* \* \* \* \*

Why Tustin took the part of Olive merchant (and taster) ?

\* \* \* \* \*

Whether Dicksee and Emlyn think that cocoa feels as nice as it tastes?

\* \* \* \* \*

Where Mr. Cairns' pyjamas came from?

"OBSERVER."

## JAMES II.

When someone told James Stuart that his brother Charles was dead, "Oh, well then, I am James the Second now!" was all he said.

And that was all he ever was. On looking at the past, We find it a consoling thought that he was James the Last.

Of royal qualities this man had absolutely none, The throne was his because he chanced to be his father's son. He, like his predecessors in the feckless Stuart line, Believed that Kings inherited a right that was divine.

This doctrine, so refreshing if one happens to be King, Was somewhat out of favour at the time of which we sing, And James, ere long, discovered he had more than he could do To get his stubborn people to adopt his point of view.

They argued thus: "That Kings have rights we readily concede, "But so have we. Upon this point all Kings are not agreed. "Those rights we're ready to enforce as we have done before, "But not, this time, by bloodshed and infernal civil war.

His bigotry, oppression, double dealing, lies and greed, All testified that he was of the proper Stuart breed, His subjects often said when his misdeeds were at their height, "The only thing divine about him seems to be his right!"

At length the people swore "Such conduct we shall not allow, "This man must be abolished!" Then arose the question "How?" "The wretch is not worth killing. Let him perish on his bed, "This manly course we urge him to adopt!" they bodily said.

"We've not forgotten Charles the First with his insistent plaint, "I want to be a Martyr and a Blessed Royal Saint, "One Royal Martyr's quite enough. We'll let this rascal live, "For Stuart Saints are hardly worth the trouble that they give."

Now James was highly popular,—that is among himself, And hadn't any notion of retiring to the shelf. He didn't care a cuss for the opinion of the mob, And meant to hang on tight to what he called a cushy job.

And he was very healthy too, and took a keen delight In keeping very much alive. But this was due to spite. His subjects, when disgruntled, found consolatory peace In optimistic forecasts of his premature decease.

They finally decided on a very simple plan, For ridding this old country of a bad and faithless man. "Let's pack him off to France with half-a-crown or so to spend, "To stay there till we send for him. And then we needn't send."

They sent an invitation to a Ruler, it is true, For since the throne was vacant 'twas the proper thing to do, But owing to some error or confusion as to names, It reached the Prince of Orange and was not addressed to James.

A nice clean revolution is a salutary thing For nations when afflicted with an arbitrary King, A first-class single ticket to some distant foreign shore Gets rid of him and saves the cost of needless civil war.

F.S.H.

## LETTERS FROM OLD HARLOVIANS.

St. Alban's School,  
Brockville,  
Ont.,

Dec. 4, 1931.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

Will you please thank Miss Jessie for sending me the September copy of the "Harlovian"? I should have replied sooner, but at any rate am in time to send my Christmas greetings. This year I went home for my summer holidays, my first visit in three years, and had I found the opportunity, I would have called to see you. But I was in Ireland most of the time, and spent only the latter part of my holiday in England, in Shropshire, and later in Surrey, with but two visits to London. I was, of course, delighted to be at home again, and enjoyed the rain as well as might be expected. To depart again was a distressful occasion, yet not the least agreeable part of the holiday was the return passage, sad for me only in its conclusion which scattered over a Continent our happy companionship. But this time, when I stepped ashore at Montreal, I felt no longer an exile.

The end of next summer term will conclude my fourth year at this School, and I am now seeking a post in British Columbia, for I can be content no longer to live in this part of Canada.

The mildness of the approach of winter this year must be almost without precedent. The days are spring-like, warm and moist as April weather in the South of England. With no snow, and no enduring frost, the garden grass is still green, weeds grow on the ploughed lands, and round the protecting boles of the maples and pines, delicate blades of new grass sun themselves in the soft air—even the lilacs are budding secure in the warmth of neighbouring houses. We would prefer the colder weather, for without snow there can be no winter sports.

Please remember me to Mrs. Horsey.

Yours sincerely,

R. D. EWING.



P.O. Box 3047,  
Johannesburg.

DEAR SIR,

I am almost chary of reminding you of my existence, so disgraceful has my prolonged silence been. I would emulate my political forbears of the Peel variety in the matter of excuses, but I feel that, however eloquently my excuses were couched, it would be impossible to avoid the true reason—indolence.

The implication of that word has attached itself to various of my social activities, letter-writing in particular, since it was first used in connection with my efforts to master the French language at the College.

However, just as one can learn French, so have I sat myself down to tell you of my doings since I last wrote some two years ago.

I am, as you doubtless know, with the Crittall Manufacturing Company, endeavouring, as a wag once remarked, to bring light into my fellow creatures' lives—through steel windows.

The firm very kindly sent me out here to S. Africa about two years ago, and as they have not yet sent me back again, I assume I am doing well; although such a statement can only be of a tentative nature, subject to the confirmation of those in authority over me.

I have recently been on a business trip to Port Elizabeth, in which city I had a very enjoyable time for a few days, and was able to do a certain amount of business.

At the end of this month I go to Capetown for several months, during the absence of our manager, who is on a trip to England.

Business conditions here are entirely different from those of the Old Country, and in Johannesburg the standard of business morality is very low, even in professional classes, and a man with no business acumen is bound to be a failure.

I have entered into the social whirl of Johannesburg, such as it is, with vigour, and dance, dine, and attend parties and do the various things one is expected to do with zest. Unless one does have plenty to occupy one's leisure moments, one can easily stagnate and get into the "Colonial rut," and develop a set, surly expression, which I would describe as one of "Colonial discontent."

I find the standard of intelligence among the average South Africans very low, but I suppose a country cannot develop its sports to the extent that S. Africa does without neglecting the proper mental education of its people.

Climatic conditions also play their part in the development of the individual, and this country offers sunshine to foster all kinds of outdoor sports and diversions.

Margaret is, I believe, connected with the Institute of Industrial Psychology, and would be interested to know that I met Dr. Myers, the Director of that Institute, both in England when he visited the works, and out here, when he came to the Rand to inspect psychological conditions in the mines.

The Mater still sends me the "Harlovian" regularly, and despite 6,000 miles between me and the College, it brings back many memories of happy days spent there, although several years have rolled by since I left.

Please convey my kindest wishes to Mrs. Horsey, Margaret, Miss Jessie, and those of the Staff who may have known me.

I remain,

Yours very truly,

E. J. PEEL-YATES.

138, Kingshall Road,  
Beckenham.

DEAR SIR,

Now that aviation is so much to the fore, and every schoolboy appears to understand the Alpha and Omega of such intricate mechanical masterpieces as the Schneider Trophy seaplanes and aeroplanes in general, it has occurred to me that another letter on flying would not be unwelcome to readers, young and old, of the "Harlovian."

In my last letter I spoke of air-mindedness and of the coming of this new form of transport—flying.

I said in the course of the letter that flying brought nation nearer to nation. In this letter I will try, amongst other things, to prove this.

Let us firstly take our own country and see how aviation has broken England's "splendid isolation" in a way undreamed of a few years back.

Until quite recently the two great capitals of two Empires—Britain and France—were at least eight hours apart. In the course of the journey it was necessary to change from train to boat and boat to train, with the result that at the end of his journey the traveller was tired out.

All that is now altered. The aerial traveller takes his seat in a huge four-engined air liner and is transported as if by magic carpet from capital to capital in two hours, or to Belgium and Germany in three. Think of the saving of time and worry. No overcrowding, no change of carriage, no worry about baggage and countless officials. Just a care-free journey in an arm-chair.

On longer distances the aerial traveller gains even further time. For instance, the boat and train time to Switzerland is 16 hours, the aeroplane 4½.

No longer does the English Channel appear as a formidable gulf between us and the Continent. No longer does it afford protection to these shores. The aerial traveller looks down some thousands of feet upon a small ribbon of water, so narrow that the shores seem but a stone's throw apart.

The aeroplane annihilates distances in an uncanny fashion. Some idea of this can be gauged from the fact that on the run from London to Brussels and Cologne, the pilots of Imperial Airways have breakfast in London, a morning cup of coffee in Belgium, lunch in Germany, and are back safely in London for dinner—and all this in one day, without any fuss at all. It's all in the day's work!

Refreshments can always be had in the air, for, just as the trains and ships have stewards on board, so have the air liners. Whilst speeding along at over 100 miles per hour high above the earth, the traveller drinks his tea, coffee, or whiskey in comfort, served by the uniformed steward.

The giant four-engined machines used on the British lines are a triumph of engineering skill. Of a luxury hitherto unknown, they are fitted with smoking and non-smoking compartments and a bar, at which the passenger can have a "quick one" to give him courage, though I assure you this stimulant to courage is unnecessary.

Any dizziness? Never for a moment, for in the air there are no angles or sharp perspectives, and, strange enough, no feeling of height. Once the traveller gets used to the air, all other forms of transport seem drab, slow, and obsolete. The true story of the clergyman of eighty-four who is too old to stand the strain of long train journeys and therefore travels by aeroplane is a pleasing one. A journey which, by train, would involve several changes and take the reverend old gentleman practically a whole day, is accomplished in 33 minutes—such are the revolutionary changes brought about by aviation.



And the future? Larger and larger machines, although the writer personally considers the aeroplane will not assume the importance of the flying boat. The flying boat explains itself—a boat which flies.

The writer has flown four-engined flying boats, built of metal and weighing more than 12 tons, and these, after ploughing through the water, gathering speed as they go, become air-borne in 30 seconds and rise gracefully into the air. Once up, they behave just as aeroplanes. The flying boat is, I believe, destined to be of the utmost importance, not only to England, but to the British Empire. The outlying portions of this great Empire of ours need to be in closer touch with the Mother Country. Within the Empire the largest and most important cities, such as Sydney, Cape Town, Bombay, and Montreal, are water-borne—that is to say, they have harbours, most of them perfect for flying boats. In the future huge flying boats will ply from these cities, entering and leaving them with the regularity of ships. Gathering speed, they will rise into the air and speed away at a rate impossible with any other form of transport.

Thus Great Britain and her Colonies will be brought nearer and nearer. This is no idle, Jules Verne story, but will actually become an accomplished fact, and when it does the British Empire will be stronger and more united than ever before. The aerial age has arrived. Let us make the most of it. Become air-minded. Send your foreign letters by air-mail, and when going abroad, move with the times and—FLY.

You'll never regret it.

Your affectionate old pupil,

JOHN H. HORSEY.

The Fort,  
Mwanza,  
Tanganyika,  
Dec. 13.

DEAR MISS JESSIE,

As Alec. is not a good correspondent, and moreover is kept very much occupied with work, I am being his deputy and write to wish Mr. and Mrs. Horsey, Miss Horsey and yourself a very happy Xmas and New Year from us both.

We have often talked about our very nice week-end at Harlow.

Since arrival at Bukoba last January, Alec. has had plenty of variety in his work. Very soon after getting into the house, which had been done up and greatly improved (there was no money to spend on building a new P.C.'s house), he went off for nearly three months as British Commissioner in connection with the boundary line between Bukoba Province and the Belgian Congo—meeting the Belgians from the other side. As it was very wild country, and no motor roads, it was the old-fashioned walking Safari, and he started off with 150 porters.

They saw lots of game of all sorts, and on one occasion the Safari was broken up by two charging rhino! Alec. said, in spite of the excitement of getting into safety, it was very amusing to see the porters dropping their loads and making for the nearest tree to shin up with loud ejaculations! Fortunately, nobody was hurt, and the rhino charged on.

Soon after his return to Bukoba, he took over two provinces to make into one, Mwanza and Bukoba, so, as Mwanza is a railhead and nearer Dar es Salaam, we moved over (it is 12 hours by lake steamer from Bukoba, and on the Southern shore of Lake Victoria), much to my regret, as I was very happy at Bukoba. We had such a pretty house and garden, and view, and there were very nice people in the station.

Mwanza is extremely picturesque, much hotter. One advantage is the local food markets are much better supplied, and that is always something, as food at Bukoba was very scarce at times. Here one can always get fish from the Lake at 10 cents. (one penny) each! Not expensive, is it? And lettuce less than a ¼d. each.

Our present abode is an ex-German fort perched on the top of a high hill, with a really *wonderful* view, especially on moonlight nights, surrounded by a fortified wall and machine gun towers at the corners; no garden, as the ground is too rocky, and slopes away, but a big parade ground at the back, where they probably practised the goose step, as the fort was occupied by German Commandant and officers before the war.

In March Alec. is going to take over the Tanga Province, to which they will probably add the Northern Province, so we shall be down on the coast there; very hot, but much nearer home and lovely sea bathing.

It is quite interesting to see the weekly air mail arrive at Mwanza (the terminus at present). It circles over the hills to get the wind, coming lower and lower, and finally settles most peacefully on the lake.

We are flying over from here to \_\_\_\_\_ for a little Christmas jaunt, and coming back by the lake steamer, five days altogether. Tanganyika finances, as everywhere else, are in a bad way at present, and economy and retrenchment are the order of the day. All salaries have been cut down, customs and duties much higher on everything, and further cuts in the salaries of senior officials.

We shall have to lead a very quiet life, and no longer do the entertaining we did in the past; it is too expensive. However, everyone hopes things will improve, and the election result was very cheering.

I hope you are all flourishing and well, and the weather will be at its best for Xmas.

Alec. asks me to send you all his love and all good wishes for 1932, in which I join.

Yours very sincerely,

VALERIE WHITE.

P.S.—I am sending this by Christmas air mail, so hope it arrives in time.

P.P.S.—I was very thrilled to see the classical reference to our wedding on board! Please thank Mr. Horsey, as I am sure he was responsible for it; also many thanks for the Magazine. A. asked me to send you a small cheque to help the Magazine expenses.

28, Shaftesbury Avenue,  
Southampton,

10th October, 1931.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

I have been going to write to you for some time to give you my new address, but I have had rather a busy time since coming down to Southampton early in July to take charge of our Avenue Branch. It was only about six weeks after I saw you in May when I was appointed.

The Branch has only a staff of three, but I am very pleased with such good promotion with my length of service, as I am rather on the young side for such a post. I really could not have expected to have been given an appointment of its kind for at least another two or three years.

I found rents extremely high down here, and so I have bought my house. I was not anxious to become a "landowner," but it was by far the cheapest method of obtaining somewhere suitable to live.

I am sorry to tell you that my wife has been really ill for the last three weeks, and I am afraid she will not be fit for some long time. She is thoroughly run down, and an attack of goitre of about ten years ago has



slightly re-asserted itself. Nevertheless, I am glad to say she is making steady progress to what will be a complete recovery.

I do not know whether you know this district. It is very nice, and such grand country just close at hand, too. We shall be very happy here, I am sure, as soon as my wife is able to get about as usual once again.

When the next Magazine is sent me perhaps Miss Jessie would be good enough to let me know up to what date I am covered for it. You will remember I left ten shillings with you when I was down in May.

With kindest regards to you all, and I hope you are keeping well to increase further the success and prosperity of the old School,

I am,  
Your sincere old pupil,  
CLIFFORD H. BARKER.

DEAR PRINCIPAL OF HARLOW COLLEGE,

These be troublous times,  
And thoughts are turned to politics and not to stupid rhymes,  
So why the deuce I'm versifying goodness only knows,  
Unless it is because I find it easier than prose.

What follows you'll perhaps consider most outrageous cheek,  
Especially from one who is undoubtedly antique.  
A pedagogue's displeasure, though, has ceased to make me shrink,  
And so I mean to tell you just exactly what I think.

Head Masters have a moral duty which they can't escape,  
They take the raw material and lick it into shape,  
Ament this moulding process I'd remind you, if I may,  
Electors of to-morrow are the school-boys of to-day!

You teach a boy to earn his living, so far well and good,  
You teach him to be straight and decent, as of course you should,  
You train him for his part in life's adventure, but I note  
There's not a blessed one of you who's taught him how to vote.

The Vote! A deadly weapon in a craven dastard's hand,  
One vote might change the destiny of our beloved land,  
And yet you turn prospective voters loose and trust the Fates  
To show them how to war against the foe within our gates.

You Masters are aware that after schooling days are done  
Boys lose your guiding influence. You know at twenty-one  
Each callow youth whose welfare you have striven to promote  
Will find himself, though ignorant, entitled to a Vote.

The time you spend on teaching what has happened long ago  
I do not count as wasted. But your pupils ought to know  
The trend of modern politics,—the wild extremist's view,  
To warn them of approaching danger,—that is up to you!

'Tis yours to mould their growing minds, to open youthful eyes  
To ills that lurk in fallacies, to teach them to despise  
The specious rant of demagogues who rail at God and Throne  
And bleat unwholesome love for every country but their own.

I think that's all I've got to say, I therefore will conclude,  
Perhaps I've been presumptuous, I hope I've not been rude,  
You said you wanted further rhymes, so you've yourself to thank  
For what you've now received from me,

Your rhyming brother,  
FRANK.

Ivy View,  
Stokesley,  
North Yorkshire.

10/9/31.

DEAR MISS JESSIE,

'Tis little excuse I can offer for not replying earlier to your nice long letter, beyond the fact that the more time I have for freedom, the lazier I become.

By the above you will see I am in my dear old county once more, enjoying the air in my native town, whilst Mrs. Huthwaite is spending a few weeks with my son in the extreme opposite part of Yorkshire.

I hope you found Harris and family all well and that you enjoyed your visit, and have returned fit and well in readiness for the coming next term's work.

I shall be pleased to have the report of the results of the Oxford Exam., especially in Arithmetic and Geography, if you can persuade someone to write out a list for me.

We have had a terrible flood here; the whole town has been just a big pond, many houses being several feet under water. This, however, was one of the fortunate ones and escaped, but we could only reach the next four or five houses by walking knee deep in the water. Now the water has assumed normal proportions, and I have spent a few hours fishing in the Leven.

I hope Mr. and Mrs. Horsey, yourself and Margaret are all well, and have not suffered from this miserable summer weather.

Wilson and Barkham have not quite forgotten me since I came this way.

It speaks well for the college that Drane, after winning a scholarship, prefers to remain with you, and I am glad to hear that numbers are maintained.

The old approach to the Coll. was such a round-about and awkward one, that I quite agree with you that the present newly-made drive will be a great improvement. This, and other alterations, will make the place an almost unknown abode to me.

My sight is just a trifle worse, and I now read as little as possible; just a glance at the "D.M." every morning, and an occasional large type printed book are what I have to put up with.

Give my kindest regards to all at the College and believe me,

Yours very sincerely,  
J. G. HUTHWAITE.

c/o Matron,  
Philanthropic Society's School,  
Redhill,  
Surrey.

July 10th, 1931.

DEAR SIR,

I have been racking my brains to find a suitable excuse for not having written to you ere this; but as my brain is rather conscience-stricken it will not function, so I must ask you to overlook my gross inconstancy, and forgive me just once more for not writing.

It is only since we have had Miss York here have I realised what a terrible loss she must be to you! I have really never known such a woman for work! She came back from Harlow very happy, and told me that you are interested in the School and would like very much to know all about its running, &c. I told her that as a letter from me to you was long overdue that it would give me something to write about.



We have now in the School 120 boys, aged from 12 to 19. Every boy has, before he came to us, been through a Police-court, and usually has been convicted on more than one count. Many cases we receive are for breach of probation. The School is run by a Private Committee, which form the Society, and from Private Subscription and Government Grants the School is able to carry on. The School grounds extend round the central building for a radius of one mile, which is all farm land. The boys are divided into three Houses, namely, Galdstone's, Waterland's, and Gurney's. About thirty boys occupy each House, and Gurney's House is kept especially for boys who are below the average height. We find it impossible to separate the boys according to age as many—roughly 80 per cent.—of the boys are very under nourished when they arrive. One boy who arrived yesterday is only 3ft. 11ins. in height and is 14½ years old—not very much taller—if as tall—as a Dorm. vii. boy aged about 8. Again, the mental age of the boys is far below par. For example, a lad of sixteen, when tested, might not have a brain as developed as a child of eight. Under nourishment is the cause of this low mentality in 50 per cent. of the cases, although in many cases the lack of mental power is purely hereditary. The boys here, 95 per cent. of them, have very poor homes—fathers on dole, ten in family, living in one or two rooms—no home life, therefore you can see the idea of the separate Houses. Each House is about half-a-mile from the other, and is looked after by a House Master and his wife, who acts as House Matron. The boys in this manner get a little of that home life which in their childhood was denied them.

Every boy, after he has completed a scholastic course, is sent to a trade, which is taught by a master man—engineering, farming, carpentry, painting, gardening, bricklaying, baking (we bake our own bread), and housework.

Miss York wishes me to tell you how much she thanks you for giving her such an excellent time on Old Boys' Day, also for putting her up for the night.

I was sorry I could not put in an appearance, but I was away in Cornwall on holiday.

Kindly remember me to Miss Jessie, Mrs. Horsey, Miss Ward, Mr. Roe, and any of the boys that I knew.

Believe me to remain,

Your old boy,  
BASIL G. M. ALEXANDER.

77, Chancery Lane,  
London, W.C.2.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

It has occurred to me that the Royal Geographical Society's monthly journal may be of interest to you, and possibly be appreciated by some of the elder boys.

If this is so, I shall be very happy to send it on each month, and I can also send on some tickets for any particularly interesting lecture, if you wish it.

You probably know I am a Fellow of this Society, and any particularly interesting feat in the way of exploration is first of all reported (by lecture) at Headquarters.

I feel that I have missed a great deal by not visiting you for so long, and if I may, I should like to run over one Saturday or Sunday during the next term.

I hope you are all fit and well and have enjoyed your holidays.

With best wishes to you all,

Yours sincerely,  
J. C. P. HOWIS.

Alexander House,  
Imperial Service College,  
Windsor, 14/11/31.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

I don't know what you must be thinking of me for not writing before.

I am now quite used to this place. I have just finished fagging, so I now have more freedom in mornings and after preparation.

Thanks for the "Harlovians." How much do I owe for the Magazines?

I have been doing a little more for my House than I did while at the College.

My first term I was in the Junior House Rugger team, and last term I was in House IV.'s; this term I am to be in the Junior Rugger team again.

In the summer we are given the option of doing boating, cricket, or shooting. I chose boating.

I have managed to get up to the Upper IV. since I left you.

On leaving here I hope to enter Woolwich to train for the R.A.

Am sorry I have not had the opportunity to visit you, but hope to do so when staying with my uncle, Mr. Leith, during the summer.

Please remember me to Mrs. Horsey and Miss Jessie.

Yours sincerely,

G. J. GILPIN.

1A, Regent's Court,  
Park Road,  
N.W.1., 2nd Nov., '31.

DEAR MISS JESSIE,

Many thanks for the "Old Harlovian Magazine." In reading it I am as much interested as in a really good novel.

However, I am very glad to say that I have been able to get a place in the Old Boys' team for November 7th, and also have the pleasure of seeing you all again.

I have just returned from Bournemouth, where I was staying with poor Assad to keep him company.

He had a very bad operation; in fact, a very serious one, but I am very glad to say that he has recovered very favourably now. He was very sorry that he could not come down for the Old Boys' Day, as he has to stay on another fortnight for his convalescence.

Please give my kindest regards and very best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Horsey.

Am looking forward to seeing you all on Saturday.

Yours very sincerely,

"JOEY" KEIGH.

22, Queen's Walk,  
Wealdstone,  
Harrow, 7/1/32.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

I have to apologise for what for me is an unusually long absence, but I was unable to be present on the last Old Boys' Day owing to a previous engagement. However, I am writing to you to ask you if you could help me with regard to branching out in a new career. Some years ago Captain John Horsey came down to Harlow and gave a lecture on the Imperial Airways as a career for boys. Being very interested in aviation, the desire has come upon me to become more intimately connected with it.

In September, 1930, I joined the Auxiliary Air Force, a Territorial Unit of the Air Force, and have since passed three examinations, so you see I am not entirely without experience where aeroplanes are concerned.



If you could put me in touch with Captain Horsey I should be extremely obliged to you, Sir. Of course I know nothing at all about the Imperial Airways and its prospects, but I am prepared to take on almost any kind of job so long as I become connected with aviation in some way, as obviously it is the thing of the future. It may interest you to know that Donald, who used to live at Harlow, lives near me now, and we both belong to the same Club. He is in a Stockbroker's office, and has, I believe, quite a good job.

I must close now. Please give my kind regards and best wishes for a happy New Year to Mrs. Horsey and Miss Jessie and accept the same yourself.

From yours sincerely,

R. J. ADAMSON.

Tudnor House,  
S. Woodford,  
10/10/31.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

I am sending you the orchestral score and parts of the "Harlovian School Song."

I don't know if you have heard the song with orchestral accompaniment, but if you should happen to have an orchestra at any of the Old Boys' gatherings, I think you would find that the various instruments would have a very telling effect, especially in the choruses.

I don't know what our friend Bradley will say at the liberty I have taken in scoring his work, but should he be offended, I apologise.

Thank you for sending on the "Harlovian." It is a pleasure to receive it. What changes have taken place since I was at Harlow.

Am exceedingly sorry to hear of the death of Dr. Hugh Towne. I remember him when he was over from S. Africa in 1906.

I must conclude with all good wishes.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN J. DALGLIESH.

Clamart (near to Paris),  
December 25th, 1931.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

As we are living Xmas time and the New Year is coming, I take this opportunity to send to you and, through you, to Mrs. and Miss Horsey, to Miss Jessie, and to the members of the staff, my best wishes.

May the year 1932 bring to you all a good health and happiness and quite successful results to your College at the exams. . . . But couldn't I write, too, that I hope the New Year will see the end of the great industrial crisis and the reduction of the very high English duties on the French goods crossing the Channel!

Since I have left England I've received lots of letters from my old boys, so, I think, I've known most of the news of Harlow College—School and field success! How many good references you can already write in the "Harlovian"!

This year I'm spending a very sad Xmas, far from home or even from friend's house. Three weeks ago I got a bad 'flu, with sore throat and fever. I've been taken to a military hospital near to Paris, and I'm still stretched down all the day long, very depressed. I'm recovering a little bit now, and when I'm very much better I'll go home to spend fortnight about—

Mr. Horsey, please excuse the shortness and the bad writing of this letter, I'm sitting in bed.

I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

JACQUES BARRAUD.

Golconda Estate,  
Haputale,  
Ceylon,  
November 12th, 1931.

DEAR HEAD,

Many thanks for the September "Harlovian" just received. Judging by results, it would appear that Harlow is scholastically streets ahead of another school with which I am connected—a place somewhat larger and, I suppose, considering itself rather more important. But we will mention no names——!

Since my last letter I have been in England on furlough. I arrived in the middle of April and faded out into the blue at the end of September. I was in Derbyshire for the Commemoration Week. A curious experience—how Time brings its own revenges! In six short years I had been forgotten; swamped by the tide of a new generation. In my haste I forgot that such an experience happens to everybody; but I was consoled by the Head, who remembered how easily St. Paul's had forgotten him.

I must apologise for not visiting Harlow, but I was so busy cramming into four-and-a-half months (eighteen weeks) the enjoyment and leisure that should have been spread over five years, that I really hadn't the spare time. Twice I came through Harlow in the train, and leaning out of the window was glad to see the old place standing where it stood of old. For a moment I was in two minds whether I should pull the communication cord and leap out, but that great, wonderful city called London was beckoning, and anyhow I had not a spare fiver with which to pay the fine. Perhaps I was just a little scared of repeating my Derbyshire experience—so I passed on, glad to have seen again the towers of Harlow black against the skyline.

Please give my best regards to Mrs. Horsey, Miss "Jessie," and (for I notice she is back again) "Margot."

Yours very sincerely,

E. J. PEEK PHILPOTT.

P.S.—I have now got the full charge of Golconda—which is a stroke of luck I do not deserve!

#### EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

*From W. H. Rintoul.*

My work in Amsterdam is awfully interesting. There is one other Englishman in the Lab., and we seem to spend most of our time in it, there being nothing more interesting to do. We are in the Lab. about ten hours a day on an average, except Sundays, and any more time over we spend reading periodicals or something to do with the work going on. The city itself is not so interesting as Vienna—it has not all the magnificent buildings and well-known historical associations that Vienna has. The language also is a bit difficult, because, as spoken by a Dutchman, it is just one long rumble in his throat, with no words and few sentences. However, I hope to learn it in time.

*From B. S. Horley, c/o A. Stewart, Box 48, Maclean, Clarence River, N.S.W.*

Since I came out here fortune has not favoured me any. I came out just at a bad time; everything was upside down, but still I have been in work, that is one consolation.

I have just come out of hospital after pericarditis, so have got to take six months' holiday. When I am fit again, I will be, with a bit of luck, going to New Guinea with the Police Force, provided, of course, that I can pass my medical test.