

THE  
**HARLOVIAN**



The Magazine of  
Harlow College,  
Essex.

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# THE HARLOVIAN.

VIII.]

JANUARY, 1936.

[No. 69.]

## SCHOOL OFFICERS: Autumn Term.

*Prefects* : M. P. DONNELLY.

J. MURPHY.

L. BARNES.

G. BARKHAM.

C. LAWRENCE.

G. HILL.

*School Captain* : M. P. DONNELLY.

*Football Captain* : M. P. DONNELLY.

„ *Vice-Captain* : J. MURPHY.

*Captain of Beatty House* : M. P. DONNELLY.

*Captain of Nelson House* : J. MURPHY.

*Captain of Rodney House* : R. G. WILSON.

*Captain of Keyes House* : H. E. MINETT.

## EDITORIAL.

It is with a very profound regret that we have seen Mr. Horsey relinquish his editorial activities, and with considerable misgiving and timidity that we face the task of continuing the success which the "Harlovian" undoubtedly owes to his initiative and scholarly ways. Our only consolation in offering this number as a weak link in the chain of associations so strongly forged during these many past years is that continuity will be preserved against the advent of some more worthy Editor than the present, and in the reflection that the immediate form of this journal approximates as closely as we can attain to that moulded by the late Editor.

It is incumbent on us, therefore, when we view the achievement of the past, to beg at first and last the kind indulgence of our readers, to serve whom it shall be our pleasurable duty, resting as we do under the still kindly ægis of Mr. Horsey, and relying with faith implicit on the riches of his experience.

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We would, further, beg of the present scholars to foster the aims of the Magazine by contributing voluntarily and freely to its pages, so that the paper may be truly a School Magazine and reflect without adult bias the corporate life and activities of our little state. And to achieve this, such contributions should be written and handed to the Editor before the ensuing vacation, when there will be enough time for their consideration and arrangement before we go to press. Nor will any contribution from past scholars, whether in prose or verse, be without welcome. Indeed, they will be greeted warmly and gratefully as visible tokens of the abiding interest which, we feel, all Old Harlovians manifest in their old School.

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To all subscribers, in School, at home and in the Dominions over the seas, we would, finally, convey our hearty greeting and pray for them during the year now begun a great happiness and prosperity.

PETER WESTWATER CAIRNS.

**SCHOOL NOTES.**

**War Memorial Prizes.**—The War Memorial English Literature Prizes awarded on the result of the Oxford (July) Exams. were won by H. M. Davies and R. G. Wilson in the Senior, and G. Bartlett and C. E. Lawrence in the Junior. The Seabrook Memorial Prizes for Mathematics were won by J. H. Wood and E. P. Larter in the Senior and G. Bartlett and K. C. Constable in the Junior.

The prizes awarded during the Autumn Term went to the following :—

Form V.—H. M. Davies, T. Rudduck, J. W. Murphy.  
 Lower V.—P. Goozee, E. A. Healey, J. H. Jones.  
 Form IV.—G. C. Valentine, F. E. Harris, A. F. Vallé-Jones.  
 Upper Remove.—J. R. Foster, A. Moore, E. K. Dimond.  
 Lower Remove.—G. M. Phillips, J. R. Gillespie, A. J. Ritchie.  
 Form III.—K. Muir, T. D. Murphy, R. W. Payne.  
 Form II.—R. Spicer, D. C. Rose.

**Hobby Prizes.**—These prizes this Term were presented by Mr. Miller and were awarded to the following boys :—

Henfrey—Amateur Dramatics.  
 Skeet i—Wireless.  
 Walker—Wireless.  
 Elwell i and Elwell ii—Model Making.  
 Goozee—Model of the "Santa Maria."  
 Camp—Canoe building.

**Poster Competition.**—In connection with the production of the School Plays this Term, Miss Horsey organised in her Art-room the designing and execution in colour of posters advertising the concert. These efforts, entirely original, not only served their immediate purpose, but afforded excellent practice in drawing and colouring, and actually developed into a competition, for which several prizes were awarded. The finalists were Barnes i, Barnes ii, Payne and Bradbury. Eventually, after some difficult debate, Barnes ii. was hailed the winner par excellence.

It is gratifying that we can now boast of applied art to those who are scornful of art for art's sake.

**Fives Tournaments.**—The hand fives tournaments which were held early in the term provided great excitement amongst the boys. Mr. Wenham, who has recently left us, was very pleased to note that over a score of boys had learnt since his arrival. There were many competitors, but the luck held to J. Murphy and R. Phillips, who passed through the tournaments without dropping a point. They showed

a resourceful line of play and though some good games were seen, the "unvanquishables" were rarely put to the test. Even Mr. Wenham's efforts were fruitless. We hope that other masters will keep such tournaments going.

D.H.B.

**Shove-Ha'penny.**—A new-old sport has recently captivated the School. From a shove-ha'penny board kindly lent by Mr. Ragg, and through the beneficent offices of Mr. Miller, who supplied the wood, and Mr. Dyer, who fashioned the boards, half-a-dozen of these are now available for the boys. And they do not lie idle, for, whenever class finishes there is a raid on the staff-room for boards and discs. The standard of skill achieved in one term, especially in the top form, is almost uncanny. But, best of all, the introduction of this game keeps us at the fireside in the foul weather and fosters man's greatest attribute, social compatibility.

**Art Prize.**—In the recent competition organised by the Stortford Art Society, two of our younger boys, Forbes and Elwell ii, had the distinction of seeing their contributions hung for the public view, while the latter actually carried off one of the prizes. It says much for Miss Horsey's training and guidance of inherent artistic ability that Elwell ii should be so successful in a competition held over a wide area, and we are proud that the College has not been found wanting in this department.

**HARLOW COLLEGE LIBRARY.**

This most important, if not yet fully appreciated, motivation of the College cultural life, has evinced during the term some real symptoms of returning to pristine health, and that through the efforts of old boys and those still at school.

The books are now housed in glass-fronted cases in Form Three building, where their presence can be more fully realised. We owe these cases to Mr. Miller's interest and are equally grateful to Taylor and Jack, who worked hard during the summer holidays, not only in re-modelling them to receive the books, but in placing them ready in position.

But this is not enough. It is not nearly enough.

In the recently issued "The Book World," Mr. Stanley Unwin, the publisher says "a new reading public" has arisen; that ever increasing numbers of people have got into the habit of reading books; and that "an ever-increasing number of children leave school with a love of reading and an appreciation of the joys it affords." He

continues that "the man or woman who has once learnt to appreciate the best, whether it be in art, music or literature, is not going to be put off indefinitely with second-rate, let alone fifth-rate stuff." Again, Mr. J. G. Wilson the Managing Director of Messrs. Bumpus, declares "there is no doubt that the reading public is here. It is very noticeable that the young people of to-day are reading hard; the amount that has been swallowed by a young fellow of nineteen or twenty is often staggering; and they are not reading rubbish, but first-rate literature."

Here, then, is outside confirmation of what the young world is doing with books, and if merely to ensure that our scholars at Harlow shall have read enough before leaving school to place them on equality with those of their own age from other colleges (though surely our aim is wider and more idealistic), I feel it incumbent on me to beg more loudly and insistently for more books, "not rubbish, but first-rate literature." When we have these, we shall be able to weed out what is not first-rate, but which in default of better, I feel it my duty to retain. And I have unqualified faith that somewhere, sometime, somehow, with the help of those who realise this pressing need and who have in their hearts any moral obligation towards their old school, we shall achieve the necessary.

Joyfully and gratefully I record these recent gifts:—Mrs. D. H. Miller, £2 0s. 0d.; Miss Wastie, 5s.; books from Mrs. John Elwell, C. Manley, F. Dewhurst, F. Deards, R. Prior, S. Mee, C. Hodges, Mr. Dyer, Brown iv., Valentine, Vyse, Madden, Greene, Wilmott ii., Wells, Page, Henfrey, Linton i.

From the raffle of a hand-knitted School scarf, 11s. 6d. was realised, which, invested in further needlework, increased to 26s. And here I might mention that old boys who contemplate ordering old boys' scarves would benefit the library by having them made in the College. Orders can be addressed to me here, and will be executed as punctually as possible.

I pray you, remember the library.

PETER WESTWATER CAIRNS.

### HARLOW COLLEGE DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

In a term so rich with individual enterprise in the realm of theatricals, this year's essay in histrionics did not loom so large as has been its wont. But, while it was merely one of several concerts for a School audience it served to maintain our public tradition for another year.

At the outset, we were disappointed at having to drop two of our experienced actors, Barkham (who left to begin work), and Donnelly (who had an exam. to face). The gap in the company thus created was, however, ably filled by younger actors, who, if lacking in

experience of the public stage, amply justified themselves in verve and willingness during rehearsals and worked hard before the public. Even at the last moment, when the lorry failed to arrive to transport the scenery and props to the Victoria Hall, the undermentioned boys set to work and in less than an hour had whisked everything by hand and trek-cart to its destination, evincing once more their spirit and ability.

The first play presented was least well received, doubtless from an initial lack of appreciation in the audience of sixteenth century Italian history and a penchant of the British public for what is merely bourgeois. But it was redeemed from failure by the purposeful acting of Miss Joan Horsey as Gianetta Caffarelli and Mr. Dyer as Cæsare Borgia. By common consent the latter carried off the honours for controlled interpretation and delivery of his lines, but Miss Horsey, playing skilfully to Mr. Dyer's "Cæsare," must share with him the praise for creating the tenseness of atmosphere necessary for the completion of the tragedy, effected by the third character and murderess, Beatrice of Orsini (Mr. Cairns).

"A Collection will be made," an old and tried favourite, again proved eminently actable and "got over" better than the others. Once more Miss Joan Horsey scored a hit as the over-dressed, romance-seeking and ultimately conscience-stricken wife of a Riviera-wintering Colonel Anstruther. Here Murphy i (a happy discovery of this year) covered himself in glory. His portrayal of all that is traditional in the peppery stage colonel was more than creditably done. Goozee filled gracefully the part of a gigolo-French count, and with Minett, his brother crook, has been justly complimented on the assumed French accent, which lent the necessary local colour. The hotel proprietor's role was played by Parker with flowery gesture from behind the reception-desk, which he and his fellows cleverly created with little wood and much hard work, while Henfrey (page) and Humphrey (waiter) saw to the machinery of the play and arranged the details which contributed so largely to its success. The parson was played by Mr. Cairns.

The slap-stick farce, Ian Hay's "The Crimson Cocoanut," though designed ultimately by the producer for the College's smaller fry, was noisily successful. Here Goozee was the star, dominating the stage from rise of curtain to fall in the part of an elderly Soho waiter. To Ian Hay's quips he added individual point by his elasticity of countenance, his gait, and the curious break in his voice as it scaled the gamut of various emotions. A natural comedian, he took the role to his heart, and fused with his own originality it became a vehicle of laughter. Close seconds were Murphy i. as the anarchist Nitro Gliserinski, and Parker, very *chic* and finely foreign for the second time in one evening, as Madame of that ilk. This pair, on whom much depended, acted with remarkable animation from their mysterious

entrances to their clamorous and dashing exit. As the youthful detective Pincher, with detachable proboscis, Humphrey was very good, particularly in his love scene with the flower-like Nancy (Henfrey). The latter carried off well a not too exciting or noticeable part, while the role of Mr. Jabstick was filled by Mr. Cairns.

The entertainment was sustained and the intervals between plays finely filled by the Swing-Fisher Dance Band, always a great favourite since its inception within the College walls two years ago. We were happy and grateful to have Stock i and Stock ii to help us out by giving up one of their busy evenings for the old School, and are equally indebted to Minett and Glegg, who completed the band. Their "hot numbers" added the modern spice to the programme, and without them we should have felt rather lost.

Lastly thanks are due to Mr. and Mrs. Miller, Mrs. E. P. Horsey, Miss Jessie, Mrs. Frank Horsey, Miss Wastie, Miss Wright, and Mrs. Coxon, who helped out with costumes and effects; to the Scouts, who sold the programmes; to the art students, who painted the posters; to Lawrence, who prompted the plays; to Linton i and Mr. Heward, who managed curtains and small props; and finally, to our steadfast friend Miss Ward, who gave up her overdue leisure in the audience to superintend the make-up and stage décor.

GREASEPAINT.

### THE SCOUTS' CONCERTS.

The Scouts had the first and last word in the Term's theatricals. Their first concert, held in St. John's Room, was nearly impromptu, but struck the note and set the pace for what followed later in this genre. Each patrol presented a sketch, the outstanding one concerning the antics of one Oscar the Flea (and of its owners, Buist and Seed ii).

An original and overpowering drama—overpowering in every sense, called "East of Istanbul" (another work of that fertile play-maker, Henfrey), was the pièce de résistance. Practically unrehearsed, it necessitated the unremitting ministrations of the prompter, so that it was possible for the audience—at least those in the "stalls"—to know what the actor would say before he gave it tongue, and to gust the full savour of the utterance when it came while concentrating simultaneously on the weird ensemble of coloured cloths, purloined blankets and confiscated counterpanes of some well-nigh denuded dorm. The "chain-gang" of slaves in the market-place was particularly popular, and if the camp fire in the desert was extinguished under the careless tread of some swarthy sheik, the wailing of the beggars for backsheesh, the demure though veiled charms of the priceless maiden rapt into captivity and the wicked gleam of the curved knife were ample recompense.

There followed other sketches and pantomime, amongst which Goozee's imitations of the various ways of sewing on a button cannot be too highly praised. Honourable mention should also be made of Humphrey and Goozee's musical interlude in the "Ten Sixty-Six" mode; Humphrey's restaurant episode; and of Buist and Humphrey in the invalid cum doctor cum umbrella scene.

The whole concert was laughter from start to finish, and as stimulating as wine. The whole School hopes that talent will no longer be content to bide under its bushel.

Carry on Tenth Harlow.

P.C.

Not content with one effort in the dramatic line, the Scouts gave the School another effort in the last week of the Term.

The concert consisted of sketches, songs and acrobatics, although the latter was included in one of the plays when Desprez, disguised as Mephistopheles, swung on to the stage by means of a trapeze, effects "off" being a crescendo on the piano. The skit on "Romeo and Juliet" was admirably done, the stage well, or rather Goozee's descent of same, being particularly good. Buist made an efficient quack doctor in the hair tonic episode.

The best bit of scenery was undoubtedly Henfrey's ship, and the crew pulled aboard an amazing length of rope when they up-anchored. The class-room scene with Buist as master, Seed i, Seed ii, Desprez, Watts, &c., all with appropriate names, was perhaps too reminiscent of real life to be appreciated by the School.

But altogether I think Parker was the favourite in his various and manifold parts, and his singing, if not perfect, was much enjoyed by the people in the back rows.

The show was put on by the Scouts absolutely unaided and reflects great credit on the four principals, Goozee, Parker, Henfrey and Humphrey.

E.A.E.R.

### THE SOCIETY OF AMATEUR ACTORS.

There has been nothing in the social life of the College during the last six years which has so delighted me as the recent success of the Society of Amateur Actors. On Henfrey's first effort in play-making and producing in Mr. Miller's tiny bicycle-shed, and his subsequent migration to the bijou summer-house, round which his audience grouped themselves in relays to hearken his words as he acted four or five parts in one play, supported by his "leading lady" (Paul Coxon), Emlyn and Linton i, a tremendous advance has been made.

The company has now taken possession of the Remove Stage, where the green baize curtains hang in permanence as a symbol that

our theatre is alive. The long-cherished dream has wonderfully materialised, and now I can survey the flowering of native æsthetic impulse without the intrusion of any adult element.

Privileged to attend the dress rehearsal of this term's venture, I returned with heightened interest and expectation to the matinee for lower Forms on the following Wednesday, and again to the Gala performance on the same evening, when the theatre atmosphere was increased and honoured by the attendance of Mr. and Mrs. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Horsey, Miss Jessie, Mr. and Mrs. Ragg, and several members of the staff.

But it was the latent poetry of the event which most appealed to me. The curtains, I remarked, had been carefully and heavily weighted with bundles of "Don Quixotes" and "The Water Babies." Under what happier ægis could our players have trod the boards? And it seemed to me all evening that Kingsley and Cervantes smiled benignly on the room. And there was poetry in the choice of plays.

The programme opened with music played by Forbes, who iike a true artist, laboured unseen for the delight of the many and the ultimate success of his fellows. Followed this music, "The Bishop's Candlesticks," with Humphrey superbly and quietly serene in the title rôle; Desprez, a fund of unconscious humour and gaucherie as Persomé, his sister; Parker, lymphatic and bovine, as the maid; Radford (whose part was later doubled by Parker owing to the former's illness), briskly military as the Sergeant; and the producer, Henfrey, bitter and disillusioned as the voracious convict.

Objectively considered, the play had an amateur quality which, at times, became grotesque and certainly vastly amusing, especially with Desprez, who is a comedian, whether he likes it or not, but I found myself rapt away imperceptibly into the true beauty of the piece, and when I heard Humphrey reprove the blasphemous sergeant for taking in vain the name of the Virgin, the simple words, "Remember, my son, that She is holy," brought a queer catch into my throat. And so at the close, when the final sacrifice of the Bishop's last remaining temporal possession was completed, and he knelt before the old school desk, where two candles flared smokily, for me the stage was transfigured. I saw not the desk, but an altar; not a boy-actor, but a priest of God; not a school-room, but a sanctuary; and not a play, but a golden deed. And if I shed a silent tear it was the greatest tribute I could pay to the lovely creation of a schoolboy's hands and mind.

Immediately with almost Shakespearian insight, came comic relief in the shape of "variety," where amidst a farrago of bicycles, Belisha beacons, top-hats and weird vocalisms, Desprez of all the company stood pre-eminent to recite original verses, which, if at times they rivalled Middle Scots satire for scurrility, were none the less successful in popular appeal.

The evening ended on a note of pathos and sweet beauty once more. The second play, "Master Wayfarer," reflected, like the first one, a happily nascent taste in the school for what is fine in literature and drama. Henfrey, playing lead and carrying, it seemed to me, every line of the play in his head, prompted, guided and acted with overwhelming earnestness. Buist was revealing and very satisfying as the few-worded but faithful Yorkshire dalesman, while his lover and maid of the inn, Russell, was a delight both to hear and to see. His gesture was perfect and his singing so charming that

"The music in my heart I bore

Long after it was heard no more."

Parker was sweeping as the false and villainous milord, and when the window in the back stage opened for his summary ejection into the black night (and Mr. Taylor's flower-bed), I felt poetic justice had been achieved.

If there are those who, having attended the performance, did not find all that I did to feed the spirit, they must try acting themselves and realise the difficulties attending the interpretation of an artist's work: or if not so learn to obey the injunction of the greatest dramatist and "piece out our imperfections with your thoughts."

But even if great art is to remain for us few only, on, on, you "boy eyes" The play's the thing!

FANTAISISTE.

## JUVENILIA.

Examinations are bothersome things, and are only made tolerable by the fact that occasionally, in the hundreds of papers to be marked, an original contribution is made to the advancement of knowledge. Then the member of the staff concerned with the teaching of the subject feels a glow of pride for one boy who can make two and two equal five is better than a dozen who can make it four.

The remarkable discoveries made since the summer include the following, and to those who scoff we say: "Go thou and do likewise."

\* \* \* \* \*

A gasometer is a thing you put money in when the light goes out. We can just imagine somebody looking for the slot by the light of a match.

\* \* \* \* \*

A soprano is a fat and proud thing. True in nine cases out of ten, this is hardly the right definition.

\* \* \* \* \*

Draw a figure of A sides and produce each of these to infinity. Then, if you have any time left, do it again.

Abraham had a bad wife named Sahara.  
Who treated him according to his deserts, we suppose.

\* \* \* \* \*

A colander is a thing you get for a Christmas present.

Now, now, you really shouldn't pick holes in the taste of your aunts and uncles.

\* \* \* \* \*

A chisel is a cheat.

But only at Harlow College.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Russians do not export their vodka; they use it all internally.  
And if they didn't, somebody else would.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is nothing like finding a large water-melon in the middle of the desert.

Except, perhaps, a soda-fountain in the Amazon forest.

\* \* \* \* \*

He came to a dead stop in a little corpse.

Surely you mean a dead storp?

\* \* \* \* \*

A ballad is a man who makes up poetry without writing it down.  
And, presumably, the result is a bard.

\* \* \* \* \*

A flying buttress is an aeroplane.

We always thought they were called "Flying Fleas."

\* \* \* \* \*

C.I.D. means Convicts in Dungeon.

No—that's only what they hope it will mean.

\* \* \* \* \*

P.S.—But don't do it too much likewise, as the compilers of this addendum to human learning feel that they are unable to accept responsibility for any unpleasant results which may be incurred by following this advice.

C.O.D.

*Salvete.*

Cole, W. A.; Camp, E. H.; Ellcock, T. H.; Emery, R. J.; Ebsworth, R. C.; Fells, R. F.; Grove, K. G.; Hercock, G.; Hicks, P. A.; Holt, L. J.; Jefferys, G. G.; Mayfield, P.; Negri, L.; Payne, R. W.; Payne, A. F.; Smith, J. B.; Seabrook, T. W.; Smith, D. J.; Waite, H. R.; Willis, J. B.; Vyse, R. E.

*Valete.*

Bakhtiar, Y.; Bakhtiar, A.; Samsam, B.; Bartlett, G.; Comley, B.; Dowson, G.; Johnson, T.; Lofts, R.; Langer, J.; Manley, W.; Ofengenden, L.; Pryor, H.; Prior, R.; Richardson, G.; Strouville, F.; Trueb, B.

## THE FOOTBALL SEASON.

Matches played, 12; won, 8; lost, 4; drawn, 0.

The effects of the F.A. coaching scheme are making themselves very apparent in this year's football. Not only are we winning more games, but the style of the football has improved out of all recognition. There is little aimless kicking, and each member of the team knows his job in the field. It has taken us some time to settle down to the "back marking the winger" system, but it now seems the natural thing to do. Of course, this means that the centre half's position is not very exciting, if a strenuous one. As regards School matches, it has been an excellent season. We have lost only one School game, and that, astonishingly enough, on our own ground.

Our losses in the Club games were due to the greater speed and weight of our opponents. After years of trying, however, we managed to beat our old friends, Southgate Wanderers, on their ground—a very good performance. The team has been the same throughout the Term, except in the right back position, where Minett replaced Camp (injured ankle). The former has been "improving with every game played."

The School, and particularly the Soccer team, will, I am sure, congratulate Barnes i and Murphy i on obtaining County Badges. From a School the size of Harlow it is indeed remarkable to have two boys playing in a county side,

The following are the results :—

Club.	Home.	Away.
Earl's Colne .. .. .	Won 4—0	
Dental and Charing Cross Hospital	Lost 2—7	
S.W.F.S. .. .. .	Won 6—5	Won 4—1
Epping Wednesday .. .. .	Lost 1—5	
Old Chelmsfordians .. .. .		Lost 1—4
Newport Grammar School .. .. .	Lost 2—5	Won 6—2
Old Harlovians .. .. .	Won 5—3	
Epping Galian's .. .. .	Won 10—4	
Southgate Wanderers .. .. .		Won 6—3
Loughton School .. .. .	Won 7—4	

Goals for, 54; Goals against, 43.

Chief goal scorers were :—Akhurst, 10; Mr. Wenham, 9; Ripley, 8; Ransome, 7; Barnes, 5; Brown i, 3; Murphy i, 3.

#### SECOND ELEVEN GAMES.

The Second and Under Fourteen XI's have not been beaten this Term. True, they have played only four games, but those have been won in a decisive manner. This augurs well for next year's First XI.

Results :—

Oxford House School (H.) .. .. .	Won 5—2
Woodford College (A.) .. .. .	Won 6—3
Woodford College (H.) .. .. .	Won 6—0
Loughton 2nd XI. (A.) .. .. .	Won 9—0

Goals for, 26; Goals against, 5.

#### TEAM CRITICISM.

Donnelly (Captain).

Murphy i (Vice-Captain).

Ripley (I.R.) : Has had an excellent season; if not scoring goals himself, has given them to others. Works hard all the game. A County Badge next season?

Barnes i (O.R.) : More than useful, but must learn not to stop with the ball whilst defence gets into position.

Ransome (C.F.) : Light, but a trier. Good shot with either foot, but can only turn one way. Must let the ball run more and *must* learn to trap.

Akhurst (O.L.) : Light, but tough. An awkward action, but good ball control, and is top goal scorer this Term. Uses either foot well.

Browne i (L.H.) : Rather light for a half, but stands up to any tackling. Right foot needs practice, but can dribble and pass well to the left.

Friend (R.H.) : Very good ball control. Rather languid action made up for by length of stride. Useful with his head. Passing very accurate.

Healey (L.B.) : Kicking fairly good, but improving with every game. Tackling and positioning, however, exceptional. Puts head to anything.

Camp (R.B.) : Good until crocked.

Minett (R.B.) : Called on in an emergency, but played quite well once he had settled to marking the wing man. Good right foot kick, but left rather weak.

We should like to thank the following members of the staff for their help in their various sections of Soccer :—Miss Jessie, Mr. Ragg, Mr. Dyer, Mr. Hogg and Mr. Wenham. We also extend our thanks to those responsible for the teas.

#### HOUSE COMPETITION.

The first game in the House Competition was that between Beatty and Nelson. What, on paper, looked to be a good match turned out a fiasco. Beatty, with their goalkeeper injured and another player with a cut lip in the first half, lost grip of the game, and it was merely shooting practice for Nelson, who won by thirteen goals to one.

In the second game, Keyes played Rodney, and after a game in which good football was the exception, Keyes ran out by five to *nil*.

Nelson were expected to win the final game against Keyes rather easily, but they had to fight very hard to win, and at one stage it looked as though Keyes would gain the cup.

Just before half-time the score was 4—0 for Keyes. Then Nelson obtained their first goal. In the second half Nelson worked really hard, and a quarter of an hour from time were level at 4—4. With ten minutes to go Ransome scored the winning goal for Nelson.

Congratulations, Nelson.

E.A.E.R.

#### THE SCOUTS.

With the departure of A.S.M. Compton to another sphere of work, there was left in the Scout Troop an immense blank. Such was his enthusiasm for the troop that it has been rather hard for his successor to fill the breach.

However, the Scouts have been active, not only among themselves, but in providing for the School and Staff two very good concerts. These concerts, by the way, were engineered by themselves entirely unaided, and reflect great credit on the organisers, Goozee, Humphrey, Henfrey and Parker; and on all those who took part therein. A report of the concerts will be found elsewhere.



The first thing to keep the troop busy on their afternoon per week was an inter-patrol Soccer Six competition. These were played on the small field with goal posts of an infinite height. It says much for the morale of the troop that decisions as to goals, &c. were never questioned. The games, if lacking in skill, and this is a moot point, did not lack vigour. For the whole twenty minutes played everyone was on his toes, and nearly all the games were very close indeed. In the end the Kangaroos won, who perhaps played a team better than the others, and the Cuckoos were second.

But while the Soccer Sixes had been in progress the troop had not been idle. A new roadway had been made at the back of the hut to enable the trek-cart to be brought in and fencing had been put up round one side of the hut. Message carrying and a treasure hunt occupied two other afternoons, and I am pleased to say that the last two meetings were run very successfully by the P.L.'s. According to reports, they were the best meetings ever. There will doubtless be more of them.

A.S.M. Compton visited the troop on the occasion of the Old Boys' Match, and was entertained to a spread and some very noisy singing. Again report says that he enjoyed both.

The Skingley Scout Cup goes this term to the Kangaroos, who in troop competitions have amassed 129 points. The other placings are:—Woodpigeons, 118 points; Owls, 112½ points; and Cuckoos, 109 points. Thus the Kangaroos have held the cup twice in three Terms, a stout performance. Now, next Term, it is up to the other patrols to show them a thing or two. By the time this is in print, Christmas will be gone, but the Tenth Harlow Troop wish that one and all have had a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

S.M.

### OLD BOYS' DAY.

On November 9th, in favourable weather, our old boys assembled from the four airts for the annual Soccer match against the present School, and for the feast of Guy Fawkes, delayed that they might, like the eagle, "renew their mighty youth."

After the match, in which the School was victorious by five goals to three, the school-rooms and dining-hall hummed with the merry din of renewed fellowship, continuing after tea during the firework selling (in which old and now presumably responsible boys lent a hand). In the small field, too, joviality reigned, where the bonfire, despite its soaking of the previous day, fulfilled the expectations of the preceding weeks' lavish care, and swallowed up the guy, Miss Jessie's once more faithful contribution to the festivity.

During the supper which followed Mr. and Mrs. Miller presided. Present also were Mr. Horsey (Mrs. Horsey being still convalescent

from a recent operation), Miss M. Horsey, Miss Jessie, Mr. and Mrs. Ragg and the Staff.

In rising to welcome the guests, Mr. Miller, after intimating an apology for absence from the Vicar, who was indisposed, observed that it afforded Mrs. Miller and himself sincere pleasure to see so many old boys return to visit the School, and that they were heartily welcome. He was particularly glad to notice so many of a younger generation present, a gratifying proof that school was not so distasteful as generally supposed.

Mr. P. A. Compton then ably and amusingly replied on behalf of the old boys, and assured Mr. and Mrs. Miller of the pleasure they all experienced in partaking of their lavish hospitality. Then Mr. Horsey, on the loud insistence of the company, was obliged to speak. He observed that it was his first supper in the full capacity of an old boy, and that, though he appreciated his leisure for its wider freedoms, he still had a hankering after the old School. He was cheered, he remarked, to look down the dining-hall and see so many of his boys again, and that, though he could not expect to do so always, he was pleased to think that his portrait would. In referring to the magnificent photo-portrait (presented to the School and unveiled that morning by Mr. Dick Leith), Mr. Horsey remarked in his inimitable way that it was not much of a face, but the only one he had, and that he liked to think it would go on overlooking other generations of scholars long after he was gone.

On the call of Mr. Miller, several of the guests entertained the company. Mr. C. Manley and friend played some delightful pieces for pianoforte and violin and pianoforte and mandoline. Mr. Manley's friend also played some spirited pianoforte solos, Mr. Deans and Mr. Compton sang, and Mr. Cairns recited.

Lastly, Mr. Whittleton, as the oldest boy present, reiterated thanks for the evening's entertainment, and the company dispersed after "Auld Lang Syne."

REPORTER.

### OLD HARLOVIANS.

Mr. and Mrs. Horsey and Miss Jessie gratefully acknowledge Christmas cards and greetings from the following Old Harlovians:—R. F. S. Abbot, L. Abbott, G. Aratoon, S. Assad, A. Allan, C. H. Barker, R. Bloore, L. Bloore, D. Baker, L. Baker, G. Cole, E. S. Curtis, W. Cheesman, J. W. Cook, P. A. Compton, P. Case, J. A. Chivers, A. B. Durston, E. J. Dutton, F. Dutton, F. R. Dewhurst, A. Deans, D. De Lisle, F. A. Emllyn, Pauline Frank, W. E. Greengrass, W. Greene, G. W. Green, H. Green, T. Gatto, G. G. Harris, R. O. Heath, K. Jones, E. Judd, R. Kimpton, K. Killerby, H. Lobb, O. Livermore, T. Le Cren, F. Le Cren, R. Leith, L. Langer, H. Lillywhite, G. Lampard, H. Meek,

D. Meek, C. W. Manley, W. T. Malbert, Moreno, R. Prior, E. C. Perris, E. R. Pipe, E. Peel Yates, C. Pullin, J. Pullin, H. C. Randall, R. J. Ripley, E. S. Ripley, L. G. Ramos, T. P. W. Rogers, G. Richardson, M. Rolph, W. Rintoul, D. Rintoul, J. Smart, N. Smith, B. Smith, H. Smith, C. H. Sweney, H. B. Sercombe, F. Scammell, C. B. Stansbury, N. Shearer, A. C. Thwaites, A. H. White, J. H. Whyte, C. Whyte, J. Wood, A. Wright, J. C. Whittall, J. Wilson, D. Wilson, E. H. Whittleton, J. Walford, E. Wells.

Also from the following members of the School Staff and Secretarial Staff:—Miss Allen, Miss Arthur, Mrs. Booth (Miss Barker), Mr. D. Brierley, Mr. W. H. S. Curryer, Mr. P. A. Compton, Miss Dabell, Miss Douglas, Miss Eaton, Miss Gibson, Mrs. R. H. Green (Miss Rendall), Mr. H. F. P. Harris, Major H. T. Hendin, Miss Kerans, Mr. Rhodes, Mr. J. Roe, Miss Salmon, Mrs. D. E. Tomkinson (Miss Saunders), Mr. W. E. Taylor, Mrs. W. E. Taylor (Miss Hockley).

The Annual Dinner and Dance will be held on Saturday, February 29th, at the Palace Hotel, Bloomsbury Street. As this is the one occasion in the year when those of us still resident in Harlow have a chance of renewing the acquaintance of Old Harlovians who have little time to leave their work other than at week-ends, and as the tickets for such a good dinner and dance are extremely modest in price, we are hoping for a very fair representation of past scholars. If any Old Harlovian has not received an invitation, will he communicate with the Hon. Secretary, Miss Phyllis Edwards, Abbots Hotel, Brighton. (Telephone: Brighton 3000.)

We were pleased to hear of the marriage of Mr. Roe to the charming Miss Winifred Beach, whom we saw sometimes at the Annual Dinner. The marriage was celebrated towards the end of August last, and all Mr. Roe's friends and former pupils will join, we are sure, in wishing Mrs. Roe and himself all happiness and prosperity.

This Term we have had to part with Mr. Wenham, who was the first history specialist employed in the College. There is no doubt that he brought to the teaching of this subject a freshness which was compounded of rigorous training in the modern method and of his own vigorous personality. Outside class, too, he was stimulating in his love of sport, and had not a few followers when he decided on cross-country runs, which he did much to foster. Lastly, he will be remembered by the present generation of boys for the wild enthusiasm of Roman Archæology, which carried the school for happy hours of healthful digging on the Roman Mound in the vicinity. We shall miss Mr. Wenham.

Term Visitors:—Miss Eaton, Mrs. Green, Miss Ward, Miss Kerans. G. Bartlett (1933-35), C. Bacon (1906), G. Barkham (1929-35), P. Compton (1925-35), E. Copas (1929-34), L. Crisp (1928-32), J. Chater (1927-33), A. Deans (1924-30), G. Drane (1928-33), F. Dicksee (1928-35), J. Fennings (1924-31), A. Gregory (1923-30), G. Greenwood (1927-28), J. Hale (1926-33), J. Howis (1902-1907), E. Judd (1930-33), D. Leith (1891-1903), H. Langman (1921-24), J. Langer (1933-35), C. Manley (1929-31), C. Maynard (1928-35), R. Mitchell (1932-35), J. Newman (1908-13), L. Ofengenden (1933-35), R. Prior (1933-35), M. Rolph (1928-34), G. Richardson (1931-35), R. Smith (1921-31), D. Simons (1926-32) F. Simmonds (1920-26) J. Sanderson 1931-34, K. Stock (1927-34), D. Stock (1927-34), E. Wells (1932-35), E. Whittleton (1922-18), Yahya (1934-35).

### THE VOICE OF ENGLAND.

The voice of England is whispering.  
The stars are bright. The nightingales  
Amongst the dark trees are whistling;  
The voice of England was whispering  
Till the crescent of the moon grew pale

The voice of England is shouting;  
The children play. The wind is cold,  
And between the trees is rushing.  
The voice of England was shouting  
Till the hour of the evening grew old.

The voice of England is silent.  
The soldiers pass. Tears have fallen,  
But not a murmur was hearkened.  
The voice of England was silent  
Till the clamour of the bells had roven.

The voice of England is alarmed.  
People are scared. They have no will,  
Offering empire because they're qualmed.  
The voice of England was alarmed  
Till the voice of England grew still.

BRADBURY.

### TARRADIDDLES.

We justly pour contempt and scorn on anyone who lies,  
But please don't think this admirable sentiment implies  
That scrupulous exactitude amounting to a craze  
Presents a very noticeable feature of our days.

By some philosopher of old a lie was said to be  
 A very present help in trouble. Let us try to see  
 If we can estimate the debt which everybody owes  
 To harmless little tarradiddles. More than you suppose.

Our modern truth is popular because it stretches well.  
 For truth that is unstretchable is difficult to tell :  
 We love to find it growing more elastic every day ;  
 A little truth attenuated goes a good long way.

A lover swears " No woman is more beautiful than you."  
 He likes to tell this pretty lie, she loves to hear it, too.  
 Each knows full well it isn't true, yet maid and lovesick youth  
 Are happy through the blessed elasticity of truth.

You're asked for a subscription to some cause that you detest,  
 A tarradiddle helps you to evade the cool request.  
 You're saved by giving smooth excuses, carefully rehearsed,  
 Which only mean, when simplified, " I'll see you jiggered first."

In one sense we may say that truth is not unlike advice ;  
 We rarely find recipients enquiring for it twice.  
 " Home truths " are never welcomed with extravagant delight  
 By those who have experienced this form of petty spite.

The politician yelps for truth. But here we ought to note  
 He wants it from electors with the opposition vote.  
 Yet though these show a lack of truth for which there's no excuse,  
 His own side's not conspicuously lavish in its use.

We all admire veracity though many, so it seems,  
 Consider it a nuisance when it's carried to extremes ;  
 They like it when diluted with some amiable deceit,  
 For truth can be unpalatable when it's taken neat.

F.S.H.

### A HERMIT'S DEVOTION.

Few English counties can boast of such a wealth of historic associations as Northumberland. Every town within its borders can show some battle-scar, every hill-top is studded with tower or encampment, and every plain and valley is the arena of some long-forgotten battle . . . Flodden, Otterburn, Halidon Hill, Hedgeley Moor . . . they are legion.

Of all the Northumbrian towns, the little town of Warkworth is the most picturesque and one of the most historic. It was the

Rome of Harry Hotspur, and is mentioned by Shakespeare in his " Henry IV." The market cross marks the place where the Old Pretender was first proclaimed as King James III. in 1715. It also boasts a hermit's chapel, which must be unique in England. This chapel was hewn out of solid rock more than eight hundred years ago by one man. A sad story tells of how this came to pass.

A young knight named Betram loved and was beloved of Isabel, a fair maiden, who lived in a neighbouring castle. Isabel was proud and vain, and in order to prove her lover, she bade him don his armour and seek fame in war against the Scots. Betram assisted Earl Percy to defeat the Scottish Earl Douglas in a border skirmish, and was highly praised for his prowess by his leader. But he was so badly wounded in the fight that a week passed ere he could visit the fair Isabel, and when he arrived at her castle sad news awaited him. Isabel, hearing that he had been badly wounded and regretting the foolishness which had made her lover leave her side, had been ensnared into the castle of a Scottish Earl, where she was assured Betram lay dying. It was the Scottish Earl's intention to entrap her into marrying him while the rival lay ill.

For months Betram wandered from castle to castle in Scotland trying to locate Isabel. At last, after many adventures, he found where the maiden was held prisoner, but would not enter the castle to rescue her. Every night he prowled round the castle hoping that he might see a way through these grim walls. One night he was amazed to see a rope-ladder flung down from the summit of the walls, and Isabel, together with a youth in tartan plaid, descend and disappear rapidly into the darkening forest. Goaded by jealousy and rage, Betram followed. Coming up with the pair he immediately challenged Isabel's rescuer to mortal combat. A fierce battle ensued, but Betram's superior strength told, and he bore down his adversary to his knees. " Die, traitor, die," he cried, and drew back his sword for the fatal blow. Isabel, recognising him by his voice for the first time and horror-stricken at what was passing, flung herself between the two and cried : " Betram, it is your own brother you slay."

Too late, Betram's sword thrust could not be stayed. Down it plunged, piercing both Isabel and his brother. . . .

Only afterwards did Betram learn that unbeknown to him his own brother had set out to search for Isabel, desiring only to return her safe to him. The brother had been effecting a rescue when Betram had so rudely intervened.

Horrified at the awful thing which he had done, Betram vowed that never again would he touch the sword, and dedicated himself to God. He returned to Warkworth, cut himself off from his fellow-men, living the life of a hermit.

He spent the remainder of his life hewing out a chapel in the sandstone cliff which overhangs the river. Here he lived and prayed.

He carved a figure of Isabel in the rock near the altar to remind him of the tragedy which had brought him there, and here he died.

His chapel, his living-room and his figure of Isabel remain to this day—monuments to patience, contrition and devotion.

L. P. WENHAM.

### NOCTURNE.

Bright, against the sky, the moon rises slowly, slowly and seems to hang above the apex of the tower. The ambiguous shadow of the monastery prostrates itself, swarthy against the dark. No breeze stirs the unseen leaves of the trees to make them murmur on their branches. The silence which rules over the night is not even broken by the cracked voice of a nocturnal bird, and the crumbling walls, undisturbed in their concealed reverie, dream in the perfect solitude of the place where they have slept for so many centuries.

Through the broken stained-glass windows of the chapel the moon filters to make a bright splash on the worn stones and through the limpid beams of yellow light, a dreamer might see an indistinct form pass, like a speck of dusty grey, only to disappear and lose itself in the gloomy darkness beyond.

Suddenly, in the dark corridors, he might hear the celestial notes of an organ, played by the skilful and unseen fingers of an immortal hand, mystic and wonderful in the darkness, and yet sorrowful, plaintive.

The silence of the place becomes deeper still, and it seems as if the unseen shadows of the cloister have paused to listen, charmed alike by the melancholy. Only the mystic notes peal on, high above the understanding of his mind, like an angel beckoning from the beauty of his paradise. Even nature seems to have stopped in its course to hearken, and better to understand. The languishing murmur floats on the air and the dreaming poet might hear it like the burden of a forgotten rhapsody recalling long effaced memories.

As the music fades, an insistent clamour reaches him, like the scream of stormy birds fleeing before the tempest. Its moaning echoes on itself vague and shadowy through the gloom. The speechless walls take up the sound and the rays of the moon seem to darken and almost fade from being. The distant uproar swells nearer and nearer still, louder and louder, till the crepuscular horror of the dark and the whimpering of the ruin restores the dreamer to conscious mind again.

Low, over the monastery, a bird sweeps anon, its shadow reflected sombre against the earth and a slow breeze troubles the silence in the van of the oncoming storm, while the moon pales in the sky beyond the swart silhouette of the monastery.

BRADBURY.

### BEAUTY AND BROWN SHIRTS IN BAVARIA.

I have just returned from a holiday in Bavaria, amongst the lovely hills and lakes of South Germany, and only 60 miles from Munich, Hitler's political headquarters.

Our journey took us first to Ostend, then right across Belgium through agricultural Bruges and industrial Liège to Aix-la-Chapelle on the frontier. Then we went to Cologne on the Rhine—famous for its beautiful Cathedral and perfumes. All night long we travelled by train up the Rhine as far as Stuttgart, and then we cut across country. At Ulm, which has the tallest Cathedral spire in Europe, we crossed the River Danube. It is only small here, and not at all blue either.

A few hours later we reached our destination, Immenstadt.

The town was not very foreign-looking, though, of course, there were some ways in which it looked different from an English town. Everywhere is clean, and nearly all the houses and many of the shops have window boxes containing geraniums and other bright blooms. The windows are fitted, too, with shutters, and when the winter winds and snows come, no doubt the good people inside are glad of this extra protection. Many of the public buildings, such as the Church and Town Hall, have tall spires with queer-shaped domes at the top. They are really something like the Eastern minarets, but they reminded us most of onions perched on the top of tall poles.

There were so many banners and flags about that at first we thought there must be some special festival or celebration going on. But this is typical of Germany now. Most of the flags are big red ones, long and narrow, with a white circle in the middle and the famous black swastika in the centre of that. This flag has just been adopted as the national flag of Germany.

The Bavarians wear a most attractive national costume, and what is more, they wear it regularly, not just on special occasions. The men wear shorts, generally of leather or corduroy, and laced and embroidered at the side of the leg. These are held up by braces which have a cross-piece, also embroidered, across the chest. These shorts are expensive, costing anything from £1 to £3. The men favour an open-necked shirt, no jacket, and a soft felt hat with feathers in, or sometimes even the brush of a fox.

The women generally wear a blouse and skirt, the blouse, which is white, being partly covered with a black laced corslet or coatee made of velvet. An unusual feature is that they also wear aprons of bright colours, reds and greens and blues. They rarely wear a hat over their fair hair, and the standard of good looks is very high.

Many national dances are popular in Bavaria, and these, performed in national costume, are most picturesque. There is much stamping of feet and clapping of hands, while the men frequently beat time

by slapping their thighs or the soles of their shoes. It is all very gay and lively.

The men are wonderfully bronzed and fit and strong. They swim a lot in the fresh-water lakes and there is usually some gymnastic apparatus by their swimming places.

They are a fine race, these Bavarians, delightfully friendly and hospitable. Herr Hitler has said that he wishes to be regarded as the host of every foreign visitor, and the Bavarians certainly try to carry out his wishes. A very useful favour conferred on tourists is that the rate of exchange is altered for visitors from abroad. We obtained 20 marks for a pound note instead of the usual 12, so things seemed very cheap.

There seems to be scores of different uniforms in Germany, and it is very difficult to tell just what everyone is supposed to be, but certainly the Brown Shirts are in the majority. They are everywhere. The young Nazis, dressed in khaki shirt and shorts, were surprised to see us looking exactly the same as themselves in our holiday attire. Indeed, the only difference in our dress was the red armband with the swastika badge that the Nazis wore. They are in strict training. Twice a week they meet for parade and drill, and they certainly look impressive. Yet somehow one does not expect them to do anything quite so headstrong as peoples in Southern Europe seem capable of doing under similar conditions of government.

They ought to be happy enough, these Bavarians. Their country is one of the most beautiful parts of Germany. Some of its mountains rise almost to 10,000 feet, and when the snow comes there is plenty of opportunity for winter sports. Up on the hills, on the Alpine pastures among the scented pine trees, graze many cattle, each with its musical bell on its neck. Thousands of wild flowers carpet the hillsides and form a bright contrast to the sombre darkness of the pine forests. Occasionally wild mountain goats can be seen scampering over the rocks, or a buzzard hovering in the air, waiting for an unsuspecting mouse.

Bavaria, like the rest of Germany, is full of interest and attraction for the visitor. One comes back with a feeling of certainty that, if only we could travel more, friendship among the nations must undoubtedly increase, and wars and threats of wars would pass for ever into the background of our national mind.

R. B. RHODES.

## GOING BACK.

BY

E. H. DYER.

James and I were in our last year at the University, and we were both approaching the time when we should have to say farewell to

all that had been so pleasant for the past four years. The day had been an energetic one. James had spent the time on the river cementing a friendship which has now ended in matrimony, while I had played my last game of cricket in which I scored an ominous 13. Settled in my room in easy chairs we chatted over what was to become of us, and, in between whiles, cursed the Government that had given us expensive educations and then carefully forgotten all about us. Eventually the conversation came round to the subject of Walter Samuel Kelso Taylor, which was the rather long drawn-out name of a mutual friend who had gone down the previous year. Nothing had been heard of him or from him since his departure, which was rather peculiar, as he had given promise at the University of having a brilliant career before him.

Taylor, in spite of his many abilities, had not been the sort of fellow to make many friends, and James and I were as friendly with him as most people. In spite of this, we knew very little of him. My first acquaintance with him had been while I was a "fresher," when he asked me to his room under the impression that I was going to take Philosophy, which was his particular bent. I was very impressed by this rather forbidding-looking fellow, smoking his filthy pipe and talking easily and with authority on every subject that came up. He had mentioned all the books I should need, and given me a caustic summary of the varying intelligence of the lecturers before I was able to make the important point that I was going to take Science and not Philosophy. The interview terminated shortly after this, but not before he had made some pretty hard remarks concerning the people who use live animals as the subject for experimentation. The memory of his room still sticks in my mind. Hundreds of books were littered all over it—books on the shelves, books on the floor, on the tables and chairs, books all over the place. The mantel-shelf was decorated with a human skull, which served as an ash tray and spill holder. In the corner near the heavily curtained windows was an ancient chest, beautifully carved and preserved. But really the point that struck me most was the heavy and dank smell which permeated the room. This odour no doubt originated the rumour that Taylor had never been known to take a bath. The whole effect of the room upon me was oppressive, and after I had closed the door behind me I shivered.

Even in those days when he had only been up a year Taylor was talked about a lot. He was a good, if nervous debater. His arguments were original and well thought out. Beyond debating he took little interest in University affairs. His spare time seemed to be occupied in preparing the works of some obscure poet for the press. He would go off for a day by himself and on his return he would show us a crumpled exercise book and say: "See—six more of them," and promptly retire to his room to scan his new discovery.

For some days after one of these expeditions he would be strangely happy and even consent to get up at a normal time. Usually, however, his "hours of work," as he called them, were from midnight until the early morning, when he would go to bed until lunch time, or even later. In our second years, when James and I knew him better, we used to have some regard for his health, which never seemed to be good, and attempt to make him follow something like a fixed routine. Both verbal and physical argument failed. Tipping him out of bed in time for breakfast only caused him to continue his reading until we had gone, when he would retire to bed in safety. In this manner he worked from midnight until nine o'clock on some occasions, year in, year out and in spite of his apparent lack of sleep, gained a high reputation in cricket and soccer.

Personally, I never expected to find such ability both in work and sport in one person, but Taylor was one of those fortunate few who could play games to his heart's content without fear of pipping his degree. A tight corner saw him at his best. He always seemed to be the one person in the side who could be relied upon to pull the game out of the fire. Taylor was the real hero of any schoolboy yarn, who could hit a terrific century and then skittle the opposing side out on a plumb wicket. Above all, he was as modest as you could wish. The game over, he would return to his room to read and smoke in peace. He never came out with the rest of the side when we wished to celebrate an enjoyable victory. He preferred his unknown poet to our company, and so after a while we let him go his own way. During the soccer season when Taylor performed miracles in the simple guise of an inside forward, he behaved just the same. The very fact that he refused to take any part in our team "binges" caused him to be rather a lonely fellow. Some people took offence at his self-isolation, and as he was one of a few in Philosophy, Philosophers not being very sociable people to my knowledge, he had rather a bad time. Yarns went round concerning his room with its devastating odour, and his mysterious day trips also took on a new significance. Where did he go and why? James and I always affirmed that he spent the time grubbing round museums for the fragments of verses that he was collecting, and I know now that it was true. Little by little he was dropped by most people, and finally James and I were the only people who visited him.

Actually owing to a misunderstanding between Taylor and the Warden of Hall, Taylor spent his last year in digs in the town, so we saw very little of him. He was at that time doing absolutely no work for his degree, but was now spending all his time preparing his book, which was shortly to go to press. The poet turned out to be John Howard, a poet in the Great War, and his biography was also to appear in this book. Taylor was full of enthusiasm for a job that he really enjoyed, and would brush aside all our hints concerning

the uses of a degree and the manner in which they were obtained. Once when I visited his dingy little rooms, something even worse than those he had in Hall, he seemed to be rather depressed. I did my best to cheer him up, but failed rather hopelessly. Apparently the book had been completed, and he was terribly afraid that it was not good enough. He spoke with even greater enthusiasm than ever before of Howard and his poetry. Conversations in which the poet had taken part were quoted so freely and naturally that it appeared to me that he had actually known the dead man. I dismissed the thought as impossible, as Taylor could hardly have been out of long clothes at the time when Howard received a bayonet in his middle, while hanging wounded over some barbed wire. Taylor became less and less talkative, and finally I made some excuse about having an important match in the morning and left him to his own thoughts. He had given up all sport in this last year and had become less and less careful over his personal appearance. The picture that he made leaning upon his hands gazing blankly before him was one of abject misery. As a last resort I went back and suggested that we should have some sort of party to celebrate the publication of his book. His eyes showed some interest and he agreed. On the last night of term we were to come to his digs and he would provide the fare. Having settled that point, he buried his hands in his untidy hair and promptly forgot my presence. I left quietly without disturbing him.

On the last night full of good spirits half-a-dozen of us made our way rather hazily to Taylor's digs. We had all made excellent preparations for the party, and we were sure that there would be no need for any "warmers" in order to make the fun start. As it happened, the party went flat. The atmosphere of the room was even more oppressive than usual. The fare provided was excellent, and as far as food and liquor was concerned we had no complaint to make. At first Taylor tried hard to be jolly, but I could see all the time that he was longing for the time when we should go, so that he could sit down and think in peace. Some of the other fellows felt this as much as I did, and after supper they disappeared in ones and twos, giving rather forced excuses for their early departure. Taylor took up a position in an easy chair by the window watching them make their way up the road, hardly realizing that I was the sole guest left, or, in fact, that I was there at all. As I was about to follow the rest, he suddenly became rather chatty again.

"Rather flat—wasn't it? Still can you blame them scuttling off like that? God! What a hole!"

He surveyed the contents of the room with utter contempt. I said nothing, and he turned to the window and forgot all about me again. I selected a comfortable chair and left him to his thoughts.

"To be leaving all this for where I came from, though." Something in the sound of his voice made me look up at him from the very

diverting pastime of counting my fingers accurately. I had a shock when I saw him. He was still gazing out of the window, but his eyes were nearly bolting out of his head, and one hand was grasping his long black hair so strongly that I almost expected some of it to come out. The whites of his eyes gleamed in the guttering candlelight, and large beads of sweat were trickling down his forehead. He looked to me to be on the verge of a fit, but I think I was trembling almost as much as he was, and I could do nothing. Over and over again he muttered to himself, "Going back—going back." After a while he suddenly pulled himself together and became more the W. S. K. Taylor that I knew so well. The recovery was complete.

"Sorry," he cried. "We must not be morbid. Good-night, good-bye and good luck. I'm off early to-morrow, so I shan't see you again before I go. I'll write when I have an address to write from." We crossed arm in arm to the door, which he opened with great ceremony. He shook my hand heartily and nodding happily to me, watched me pick my way with superb dignity past the policeman on the corner of the road.

I mentioned the facts of that evening to James, who seemed to have more interest in my liquid refreshment than my remarks. James spoke of the book of poems and asked me with a peculiar look on his face if I had not read it. As it happened, I had a copy, but I had not read it. James went to my bookshelves and took the book down.

"As you haven't read it yet, you might tell me what you think of these."

He rapidly underlined a few phrases and put some matches in to mark the pages.

James handed me the book and immediately helped himself to another drink. I glanced over the marked passages.

"'repaying a debt to a great friend'—works which otherwise would have been lost to the world owing to ignorance of their very existence.'" . . . Then, as I came to the last one, a cold shiver ran up and down my spine and I had that peculiar prickly feeling in my scalp, for the last one was a title to a poem:

"To W.S.K.T., killed in action July 4th, 1917."

The look in my face must have betrayed my thoughts, for James just said "Precisely," and drained the drink at a gulp.

### LETTERS FROM OLD HARLOVIANS.

2, Salisbury Crescent,  
Summertown,

Oxford,  
December, 1935.

MY DEAR MR. HORSEY,

Conscience at last. My wife has made me draw up a list of my shortcomings by way of correspondence, and it's so long as to be a nightmare.

I know I usually write to you when I want something, but this time I'm just writing to wish you all that is jolly for Christmas and all that is prosperous for 1936. More important than all that, may I add my wishes to all the hundreds you must have received for a long and delightful retirement. You will indeed have received many such wishes, but none, I vow, more sincere than mine. I, who worked by your side for four delightful years, know how richly you deserve a pleasurable rest. May it be all you and Mrs. Horsey have wished it to be. Books, roses, and all your old scholars—richness indeed.

I begin to feel old myself when young Alexander comes along a full Deacon and when my own "young limb" can open doors on his own. Still, I've got 25 more years, at least, as a schoolmaster.

I'm enjoying my work here very much indeed, especially as my "boss" is a most easy man to work with. He gives me *carte blanche* in my own departments and gives me every opportunity to train for a Principal's job. Actually I'm "in" for two at present, though I think I'll have to wait a bit longer for it yet.

You will be pleased to know that I am now a member of Oxford University, doing research work for a B.Litt. I expect to take two years, and then I think I've had my whack at degrees. It will mean no Summer vac. in 1936, but I think it's worth it.

Else, life is full of hard work, with lots of acting and gardening. My cauliflowers are such that we have one each to a meal. I can grow bigger roses. I have a demon of a helpmate in John, who is the perfect copyist—he only lacks my technical skill. We have long days together in our wee patch and we both love it.

I manage to get a little reading in over the week-end, and have just finished "The Stars look down," by A. J. Cronin. I am no longer the ardent politician I was. I have lost faith in the party machine, and this Italo-Abyssinian affair fills me with disgust. I'd love to hear Mr. Huthwaite on Mussolini. He'd have been typically great. I often think of the grand old chap he was at rock bottom—and couldn't he saw wood!

Our latest craze at home is a new piano—bought in a wealthy moment. We are just fiendish players, but hope to improve; the only thing to be said at the moment is that it is a good piano.

Looking back over this letter I find it a series of disjointed babblings—but perhaps you will not mind—I was ever such. Anyhow, I have said that we wish you all happiness in your retirement, not least this Christmas and New Year, and that is what this letter set out to do.

With affectionate regards,

H. F. P. HARRIS.

Ridge View,

Gt. Worth Road,

Brookman Park,

Nr. Hatfield.

27/10/35.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

On perusing the Magazine I learn that you have now to all intent and purpose severed your connection with the "Old Coll.," and become "one" of us. Don't forget, as such, you will still be very useful, and I picture you on your feet again at our Old Boys' Dinner telling us a few yarns of

your daily round. It must, of course, have been a terrible wrench, but we old boys will ever remember you for what we knew you to be—our Headmaster—and friend.

May you live many years yet to enjoy your well-earned rest and comfort is the wish of

Yours very sincerely,

HARRY BRISTOLL.

Box No. 125,  
Newberry, Ind.,  
U.S.A.,  
Oct. 28th, 1935.

MY DEAR MR. HORSEY,

I received the "Harlovian" to-day, and have been so impressed by some of the news contained therein that I am writing "per return," so to speak.

So you have retired. Well—that may be so, but, no matter how long I live, I shall think of you as the centre and soul of a place beloved and revered by all Harlovians—"The Old Coll."—and with you in the picture are your dear wife and the beloved—yes, very beloved Miss Jessie.

Thank you most sincerely for all your goodness and kindness to me, for all you did for The Old Coll. to make it so endeared and beloved to all Harlovians. Thank you for that something I can't describe, but which the thought of you conjures up in a fellow and makes him a better man again.

And now, my wishes for you. I pray that God will be pleased to return you to perfect health, give you unblemished happiness, many years to live in contentment and comfort, and above all, that you and yours will be spared to be together for many happy future years.

It must indeed be comforting to you to have obtained such striking results with your last batch of students. It will be something awfully nice to think about.

How vividly I remember your coming to Harlow. If you recollect, I was there in Mr. Towne's and Mr. Chandler's time. How I remember Pa Wallace, Charles Lister Bradley (who composed "The Harlovian"), A. W. Boughey (how I did like him). Then there were the "bad" men—Cobbett and the German master you "fired" on my account. There were Sister Mary, Rev. Raymond Roger Mead, the Rev. Towne and the Greek bogie.

I suppose you are anxious to know about me. Well, until two years ago I was Assistant Chief Engineer of a large ironworks, but things became so chaotic industrially that I decided I would retire and live here at Newberry in the heart of some lovely country and enjoy a 120-acre farm which my wife's father gave us.

Our home is on a piece of land about 8 acres on a small hillock overlooking the White River. There is a beautiful orchard, and we have all kinds of fruit-trees, peach, plum, apricot, apple, greengage, gooseberry, red and black raspberry, all kinds of nuts (I even grow "monkey nuts"—peanuts), grapes and tomatoes grow out of doors in profusion. Only this evening, Oct. 28th, I gathered  $\frac{1}{2}$  bushel of tomatoes. We have a nice garden, 60 feet wide by 500 feet long. We've three cows, 14 hogs, innumerable chickens, ducks, &c.

I do not farm the 120 acres myself. I rent it to tenants on half crop basis. For instance, last year the whole was in wheat, which averaged 38 bushels per acre at threshing time. This meant about 2,250 bushels for me, and sold at 80 c. per bushel. This year it is hay, soya bean, wheat

and corn. I do my own milking and stock feeding; then in my other time follow up my printing and advertising business, which is a most pleasant and profitable occupation.

It is indeed nice to be my own master and do just as I like—especially after all these years as an engineer, which profession keeps one's nose fairly close to the grindstone.

You will be pleased to hear that my children, Peggy, Betty and David, are all extremely clever children. Peggy is truly brilliant. Although only 11, she is in the 7th grade—the youngest by 15 months, yet her last report carried A or A plus for every subject. A indicates 98—100 and A plus means 100. The Principal considers her the most outstanding pupil in his memory. Sure I'm proud—who wouldn't be?—and if I guess right you are pleased, too, that she's an Old Harlovian's child.

And now, Mr. Horsey, I must conclude, and in doing so want to send my sincerest and kindest thoughts and wishes to Miss Jessie and Mrs. Horsey, and to you, my most affectionate and sincerest wishes, hoping that days of very happy and well-earned rest and contentment, crowned with good health, will be yours in abundance.

Most sincerely and affectionately yours,

TOM D. B. THOMAS.

Busselton,  
Western Australia.  
Sept. 7th, 1935.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

Thank you very much for your letter, which I received last Wednesday. I am glad you liked the little gift I sent you by Mr. Wells.

I had received a letter from Miss Jessie the week before, telling me of your retirement, and for your sake I am glad you are able to take a well-earned rest while you are still able to enjoy it; so many people seem to hang on until they are too old to take advantage of their new phase in life.

I can understand the wrench it must be, breaking direct contact with the boys after so many years, and however efficient Mr. Miller may be, it will not be quite the same, more especially to some of the Old Boys.

Mr. Miller, I am sure, must be a fine type, or you would not have passed the control of the School over to him, and I wish him every success.

I note that you are thinking of making a trip round the Empire, and I do hope that you will be able to stay for a few months with us. October is about the best month so far as weather is concerned, and I would suggest that you make enquiries from your relations in N.S. Wales regarding the best months in the "Eastern States."

If you are able to stay with us, I shall feel greatly honoured, and will do all in my power to show you as much as possible of the country. Mr. Wells will have told you that our house is little more than a cottage, but I hope you will not mind that.

I will write more fully later, as I am late for the English mail.

Yours very sincerely,

KEMP KILLERBY.

29, Limerick Street,  
Palmerston North, N.Z.  
31st October, 1935.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

I am enclosing some prints taken from photographs of plans which I prepared for a local "boost-our-city" club, and which it seemed to me might be of interest to you at home, particularly in view of the movement



initiated (I think) by our late and very popular Governor-General, Lord Bledisloe, for organised emigration from England to the Colonies. Unfortunately, our Dominion Government has too narrow an outlook to see beyond their immediate troubles, and is not supporting the scheme with that larger view which could be expected of real statesmen. Personally, it is my hope that in this, as in many other things, our Government will eventually be forced by popular opinion at Home to do what is expected of it, like a good little boy. Maybe next year, or the year after. Anyway, we can do with all the immigrants we can induce to come here, provided they have a little capital. There are no lack of opportunities for chaps with a bit of "push" about them.

These plans will give some idea of how the country alternates between wide fertile valleys and high rugged mountains, and will give you, broadly, an idea of the importance and arrangement of our chief industry—farming. I have no doubt, too, that the idea of a "city" of a little over 20,000 souls (which is about one-tenth of the population one would expect in a decent-sized English Borough), will cause you to re-adjust your ideas a bit and will probably raise a smile. Still, the nucleus is there, all we need is more and ever more population, of the right sort, of course. There is scarcely any part of either island that is not already well served with electricity, from the three big National Hydro-Electric Stations, one near Shannon (just south of Palmerston North), one just north of Wairoa (Hawke's Bay), and one, not shown on the plans, north of Lake Taupo, these being the North Island stations; while the South Island has also three major power stations.

I think the last time I wrote to you was a couple of years back, when I was in Reefton. I remember this, because my writing must be so shocking that the reprint of my letter in the Mag. showed it as "Rufton." Not that the place was not rough enough, mind you, but still . . . we have to draw the line somewhere. So I hope the printer's devil will get on better with this type-written letter. I left Reefton a little over a year ago, and had nine months managing a hydraulic mine, but after I had got all experience out of it that I wanted, and as things were again starting to look up in the farming line, I shook the (gold-)dust from off my feet and finding that there was a decent opening here, decided to hang out the old shingle again, but this time in a more or less civilised spot. And so far, I am glad to say, the change seems to be justified.

Will conclude by wishing you, Mrs. Horsey and Miss Jessie a very merry Christmas and all the best for the New Year.

Yours sincerely,

COLIN A. GILLET.

39, Castleton Avenue,  
Wembley,  
Middx.

DEAR SIR,

At last I am writing to you, but first I must apologise for not saying "Good-bye" on Old Boys' Day (which I enjoyed immensely).

Well, now for the object of my letter. I have some news which I hope will please you as much as it does me. I have got a position in the "Anglo-Ceylon Exports" in Mauritius. I leave at the end of the month for a period of five years, of which, I think, I shall enjoy every moment. I know most of the English people out there, and have a number of relatives there, too. I only had the interview last Monday, and on Wednesday night I got a letter at 10 p.m. telling me to be at the office at 11.30. I was astounded

at the suddenness of it. I did not expect to be able to get in for at least another two years. My salary while I am out there is high, as living is fairly cheap.

While I was down at the College I thought the School was pulling very well under the new "Cox.," and I am sure that the College will continue to prosper as it has always done before. Before I end, I wish to thank you for all the things both you and Mrs. Horsey have done for me in the past, and you may be sure that I shall always have happy memories of the College and of the "Boss" who pulled me out of a deep rut. Again I thank you.

Trusting Mrs. Horsey is very well again, and completely recovered from her illness,

I remain,

your affectionate pupil,

GEORGE RICHARDSON.

29, Kingswood Avenue,  
High West Jesmond,  
Newcastle-on-Tyne.

27th October, 1935.

DEAR SIR,

It was with deep regret that I read of your retirement from the School.

Since I last wrote you nearly a year ago I have gained my School Leaving Certificate at last, and am about to commence studying for my Intermediate Examination for the Society of Incorporated Accountants and Auditors. Although the actual sitting does not take place for some four years, I think it is advisable to start immediately instead of having a mad rush when the exam. is near at hand.

I noticed in a letter from one of the Old Harlovians, Kenneth Morris by name, that he was enquiring about an "Old Harlovians" blazer. Don't you think the question could be gone into further, because I am sure most of the Old Harlovians would like a blazer in their own colours.

In the last number of "The Harlovian" I was very sorry to read of the death of Mr. Huthwaite. Although at School we used to get annoyed at him, there was no doubt that when he left he was a great loss, both to old and young.

At the beginning of this year I met an Old Harlovian, a Franklin Scott, and although he was before my time, it was pleasant to think that I was not alone in the North.

Well, Sir, I am afraid I must close now. Please remember me to Mrs. Horsey, and I sincerely hope you are both enjoying the best of health.

I remain,

yours sincerely,

C. K. HODGES.

Lancashire Constabulary Training Depot,  
The Castle,

Lancaster.

DEAR SIR,

I am not going to endeavour to make any excuse for not writing, because I must now speak the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

Before I begin my tale, I must wish you a very merry Christmas and the best of everything in the New Year,

My last letter dealt with my work as a Boy Clerk in the Lancashire County Police. Since then I have reached the ripe old age of twenty, and have been officially appointed to the strength of the Force. At present I am undergoing the usual three months training before going out on the streets.

You will see by the address that this is done in the ancient Castle of Lancaster. The Castle is in an extremely good condition, even the very ancient parts, which are situated in our part of the Castle, and cannot be visited by the public like the remaining parts. The Gate House, in which I am now seated (being on night duty), was built I think in the 14th century. Our recreation-room was originally the banqueting hall, and was built during William the Conqueror's reign. Then, the oldest part of all, a tower built by the Romans. At the bottom of this tower is "The Witches' Well," a well never dry, with the clearest water I have ever seen. It is like looking into an empty shaft. Next to this is a dungeon, in which the Lancashire witches were imprisoned and eventually disposed of. The part we eat and sleep in has been a prison; in fact, the cells are now our cubicles.

The life here is grand. We get up at seven a.m., when a bell is rung. It reminds me of Old Bill ringing the bell outside Dorm. IV. Breakfast from 8 till 8.30, then fatigues for an hour, followed by an inspection or gym. or ju-jitsu until 11 a.m. Then class till 12. Lunch, then from 1.30 till 3 parade drill and traffic signals. From 3 till 5, class again. During our three months we usually do four weeks of fixed duties, *i.e.*, work eight hours straight off. The duties consist of gate duty, one week of "nights" and one of "days," a week in the cookhouse (not eating all the time), and a week of street duty at Morecambe.

Enough of myself. I sincerely hope that you are having good health, also Mrs. Horsey and Miss Jessie. Will you please ask Miss Jessie how much I owe her for the School Magazines? Quite a bit I know, and to let me know.

I think I had better close and take a walk before I fall soundly asleep. Once again a merry Christmas.

Yours sincerely,

F. R. DEWHURST.

H.M.S. Barham,

c/o G.P.O.,

17th November, 1935.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

My efforts at trying to keep in touch with the School recently have been very poor I'm afraid. So much has happened during the past few weeks, and I have found myself sent all over the place, mostly due to the political situation. I now find myself in Alexandria in the above ship, and they tell me it will be a long time before I see my own company again. I was not called up. There is a mistaken idea amongst quite a lot of people that the Reserves have been called up, but this is not so. Actually I happened to be available when they chose to take a few people.

I wish I could give you an account of some of the things which are taking place, which are really interesting, and in a few instances quite comic; but one must be very guarded in what one says. A court-martial is a very unpleasant business.

At least I may say, that whatever we may hear, Britain is fully prepared out in this direction, in spite of the reductions of armaments that we have had to undergo during the last few years.

Both my brothers are out here somewhere in the Mediterranean. Harry is Lieut. of Marines in H.M.S. "Courageous," the Aircraft Carrier, and John, the youngest is No. 2 in H.M.S. "Firedrake," one of our new destroyers. He has just got his second stripe.

It was with much regret that I received the last two copies of the "Harlovian," and which I wish to thank you for so much. The first one told me of Mr. Huthwaite's death. I can remember him so well. And then the second one telling me of your retirement. I do hope that one of these times I shall be able to visit you and Mrs. Horsey in your house. I was going to say new house, but of course you have been in it some time now.

This letter is scrappy and short, but I will write again soon. We leave this place shortly, but c/o G.P.O., London, will always find me. I should like the next Magazine when it is available. Please let me know what my subscription is. I'm afraid I owe a large sum for Magazines.

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

I remain,

Always your old pupil,

RAYMOND A. B. KIMPTON.

83, Durban Road West,

Watford,

Herts,

29th October, 1935.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

This will be my first letter to you since I left Harlow three years ago—and since I was a "Day Bug" you may find it difficult to remember me.

It seems apparent that the right and proper way of beginning an Old Harlovian's letter is to ask how much one owes for Magazines, and therefore, to keep up the old tradition, can Miss Jessie tell me "How much do I owe?"

Immediately after leaving school I began on a course at the Law School in London. Attendance at lectures became sometimes very monotonous, but eventually at the end of the School Year I was turned out as being a fit and proper person to take up that honourable profession.

And now I am articled here in Watford for a period of four years (six months of which have already elapsed), and am busy swotting for my "Inter" exam., which comes in November, 1936.

I had thought of taking up a degree course, but that would have necessitated "raking up" one of my pet aversions, Latin, and so I'm just a "budding solicitor" (but perhaps "budding" is not quite the adjective I should have chosen).

Thank Miss Jessie for the many and unfailing stream of invitations to Old Boys' Dinners, dances, Sports Days, and such-like—to which I have so far failed to reply. And now, Sir, to end, may I offer you my heartfelt thanks for so firmly placing my feet on the road to success.

Your dutiful scholar,

HUGH W. PADDICK (I.)

39, Castleton Avenue,  
Wembley,  
5/9/35.

DEAR MR. MILLER,

It was with the greatest of pleasure that I received the news of my having passed the Senior Oxford. When I look back and think of the horrible mess I had thought I had made of the papers, I begin to think that something must have been wrong with the examiners. At any rate I can only have "scraped through."

I am extremely sorry to see that Davies, Donnelly and Langer failed; but for the first two I believe there is a second chance, so I wish them the best of luck. I should be glad if you could let me know in what subjects I passed, as I would like to inform my uncle.

Sir Souchon, the gentleman with whom I am going to have an interview, is still abroad, but is expected back soon.

Well, Sir, I must close. Please give my kind regards to Mrs. Miller and also to Miss Jessie. I also wish you every success in the new scheme at the College, and hope that everything will carry on as smoothly as it has done before.

I remain,  
Your affectionate ex-pupil,  
GEORGE RICHARDSON.

"Mellor,"  
Harlow,  
Essex.

20/11/35.

DEAR MR. MILLER AND MISS JESSIE,

I am in receipt of the "Harlovian," and must thank you for remembering me. I would be pleased if you would send me a copy of the forthcoming numbers. I enclose a P.O. for the September issue.

No doubt you will be interested to know that I have been fortunate enough to obtain a post as junior clerk in the Commonwealth and Dominion Line, Ltd., Cunard House.

Yours sincerely,  
F. H. STAPLETON.

38, Creighton Avenue,  
Muswell Hill, N.10.  
29/9/35.

DEAR SIR,

You will no doubt be interested to know that I am continuing my Scout work here in Muswell Hill as A.S.M.

It is necessary for me to have a recommendation from my former G.S.M., and I should be much obliged if you would kindly send me this, as then I could be proposed at the Local Association Meeting on Friday.

I have missed the boys during the last fortnight, but I think I shall be quite happy in my new job.

With kindest regards to Mrs. Miller and yourself,

I remain,  
yours very sincerely,  
P. A. COMPTON.

18, Somerset Road,  
Southsea,  
Hants.  
6/11/35.

DEAR MR. MILLER,

I have ordered a wreath to be delivered at the College on Saturday. Will you kindly have it placed on the Memorial? I believe Miss Jessie takes charge of the Regimental badge.

My dear son was very happy during the eight years he was under Mr. Horsey's care and did well. I sincerely hope all your scholars will be the same with you and a credit to the School.

Wishing you every success,

I remain,  
Yours truly,  
(Mrs.) A. A. RODDY.

17, Fernhall Drive,  
Ilford,  
Essex.  
6/11/35.

DEAR MISS JESSIE,

Just a line (and a much overdue one) to thank you for the many "Harlovians" and to let you know that I hope to come down on November 9th, but am afraid I shall not be able to play, as it is very doubtful when I shall be able to get away.

You will no doubt be pleased to hear that I am progressing at my work and that I am now in charge of the Shipping and Customs Dept. This entails much hard work and a considerable amount of responsibility, when you consider that we very often sell as many as 24,000 packages of fruit in a week.

Well, enough of myself. How is everyone at Harlow? Yourself, Mr. Horsey, and Mr. and Mrs. Miller? I was very sorry to hear of the retirement of Mr. Horsey, because to me, and I suppose to many, it will never seem to be the same Harlow without him.

There is just one other thing, and that is my subscription for the "Harlovian." It must be very overdue, as I have made only one payment since I left. Anyway, I shall see you on Saturday and put my account in funds again.

Yours sincerely,  
E. JUDD.

Rosemary,  
Eastcote View,  
Pinner, Mx.  
5/11/35.

DEAR MISS JESSIE,

Thank you for your post-card and for the invitation for Saturday. Unfortunately I shall not be able to be with you, as I have a short holiday from the Bank and am going away for a few days.

I have not seen Tarling for some time, as I am now seldom in London, but the last address I have is 20, Montserrat Road, Putney, S.W.15.

I hope you have the usual enjoyment and you can be sure I shall think of the bonfire. Please remember me to Mr. and Mrs. Horsey.

With kindest regards.

Yours sincerely,  
LESLIE KEEP.

88, London Road,  
Forest Hill,  
London, S.E.23.

November 5th, 1935.

DEAR MISS JESSIE,

Thank you for the p.c. received this evening. I am sorry I cannot play for the Old Boys on Saturday, but I am trying to get down as early as I can get away. You know I never was much good at football when I was at school, because it is not my game. Rugby is my game, and I play for one of Barclay's Bank XI.'s now, so I have almost forgotten soccer.

I like my present work very much, and hope to gain a good pass in my Banker's exam. Please remember me to Mr. and Mrs. Horsey and everyone I know now at the College.

Trusting that you are keeping in good health,

Yours very sincerely,  
ERNEST WELLS.

St. Oswald's Vicarage,  
30, Blackhorse Road,  
E.17.

21st October, 1935.

DEAR MR. MILLER,

Many thanks for the "Harlovian." I fear I have been very remiss in not coming down, but it is not all my fault. Why did the School not challenge the Lame Ducks to a cricket match again, and avenge the previous defeat?

Frankly, I am too ancient for footer, but my fingers have not yet lost their spin. I was delighted to see that yet another Old Harlovian has passed through King's and taken Orders. We must be almost a team on our own now.

For the edification of "lay" readers, here is a true incident of my own life. Little boy, aged 7, seeing priest approaching him in the street: "Mummy, haven't we seen something like him at the pictures?" Collapse (in amusement) of the Thing.

Strange as it may seem—coming from one who actually left Harlow before Mr. Horsey came—it seems to me that the old School will not seem the same. (Of course, it never was.) But in a sense there will be a gap, which will make some of us feel old. Still, having seen you get into harness, we none of us are likely to feel that the old things have passed away. It will be merely that the old order changeth whilst the spirit matures.

Kind regards to Mrs. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Horsey and Miss Jessie.

Yours sincerely,  
(Rev.) G. W. M. LAURENCE.

2, Bartram Road,  
Crofton Park,  
S.E.4.

28/9/35.

MY DEAR MISS JESSIE,

I thank you for your letter and enclosure. It was very interesting to hear of the old School again, and it does not seem nineteen years since I

left you. I was glad to see that you have a large school of 180 boys now. I suppose some are of the second and possibly third generation of pupils.

I see by the Mag. that Mr. Horsey has undergone an operation recently, and trust that he has now fully recovered and that all of you are well.

As regards my son, Derek, will you be kind enough to let me have an inclusive fee? I am sure that you and Mr. and Mrs. Horsey must miss being at the School daily. I am hoping to come down and see you all one day.

Yours sincerely,  
DOUGLAS CHANNON.

15, Neeld Crescent,  
Hendon, N.W.4.

23/9/35.

DEAR MISS JESSIE,

Thank you very much for the card telling me that I passed the exam. I would be still more grateful to you if you could send me details of my results, that is, in what subjects I got credits, &c.

I have an interview at the London University on Wednesday, and it is very necessary that I should have the details.

I am still thinking with gratitude of the two years I spent at Harlow, and am sure that I will never forget it, especially the kindness and hospitality which I received in the first English institution I went to. I am hoping you are well and have had a pleasant holiday. Please give my kindest regards to Mr. and Mrs. Miller.

I thank you and remain,

Yours always gratefully,  
LIONEL OFENGENDEN.

91, Firwood Avenue,  
Stoneleigh,  
Ewell.

DEAR MR. MILLER,

I am writing this note for two reasons, and it should have been done long ago. But I feel sure you will excuse me, for, although I am not in a very busy branch, I always have enough to do.

Thank you so much for the help you gave me in my Maths., which enabled me to obtain the first position in our area. I feel that you helped me to increase my deductive powers. I am now taking a correspondence course, and it is very interesting work.

The second reason for the letter is a request. You told us when we left we could come and see you, and hinted we might be able to stay at the College. If this still holds good I should like to come down for Old Boys' night for the week-end. Will you please advise me on this?

I hope the School is progressing after all the changes. Please remember me to the Staff, Miss Jessie and Mrs. Miller.

Yours faithfully,  
GEOFFREY BARTLETT,