

THE
HARLOVIAN



The Magazine of
Harlow College,
Essex.

Vol. 8. No. 70.

MAY, 1936.

PRICE - ONE SHILLING.

SCHOOL OFFICERS: Spring Term.

Prefects : M. P. DONNELLY.

J. MURPHY.

L. BARNES.

C. LAWRENCE.

R. G. WILSON.

E. H. FRIEND.

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 : E. H. FRIEND.

THE HARLOVIAN.

VIII.]

MAY, 1936.

[No. 70.]

EDITORIAL.

This term the School has to say good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. Miller, its good friends and guides during the past three years. In the College their camaraderie will not soon be forgotten, and we are sure that both Mr. and Mrs. Miller will miss the ready response to their kindnesses which they experienced among the boys.

And here it would seem most suitable to contemplate briefly what the School owes to Mr. Miller's motivations. During his régime another building, Form Three Room, has been added to the premises, supplying a long felt need. Significant changes have taken place in the curriculum, and consequently in the teaching staff, so that the efficiency of the School has been secured and brought into line in accordance with the requirements laid down by the Board of Education. The number of the pupils has increased and the Scout Movement has been revived. For the latter a roomy hut has been built and all encouragement offered. The library has been expanded and re-housed. The Sports' Day has resumed its former importance and become a social as well as scholastic event; while in school, boys have been encouraged to pursue their studies beyond the mere goal of the Senior Oxford.

Elsewhere we print further details of the School's debt to its retiring Head, who has been offered the Headmastership of the English School in Lisbon, Portugal. Mr. Miller, however, will continue his study of educational systems, at least for the immediate future, at various schools both in England and in America.

To our new Headmaster, Mr. Kenneth L. Dames, and to Mrs. Dames we offer our sincere welcome and trust that they will find in their hearts some special niche for what we call "The School." From what we gather of Mr. and Mrs. Dames' experience in boarding school life, we are sure that they are bringing to their task a prescience and consequent sympathy in the ways of the schoolboy which will go far towards our mutual understanding.

Mr. Dames was educated at Magdalen College School, Oxford, and later at Magdalen College, after a period of four years commissioned service with the Sherwood Foresters, serving with the Forces in France.

At Magdalen College he took an Honours Degree in Litteræ Humaniores. In athletics he represented his School at all games, later playing for his College at hockey, and for Bedfordshire. Since graduating, Mr. Dames has served two years in a large Preparatory School in Bedfordshire, and for the past thirteen years has been Classical Master at Herne Bay College, holding also a House-mastership for the last ten years.

Mrs. Dames also has had long experience of boys' boarding schools, having had teaching and domestic experience in two other schools before supervising her household at Herne Bay; and on the domestic side, in conjunction with Mrs. Dames, will assist a fully trained nursing sister in the capacity of Head Matron.

We are therefore convinced that there will be no inadequacy in the future lead of the School, and must pledge our faith to follow the leaders with the assurance that such will be for our lasting and certain gain; and we hope that Mr. and Mrs. Dames will find us comparing not too unfavourably with the school they have just relinquished.

We are glad, too, to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Castle amongst us. Mr. Castle, who has experience of boarding schools as well as three years' experience of coaching sports and athletics in an American university, will be Housemaster, while Mrs. Castle will assist Miss Jessie in the manifold tasks which devolve upon the study or office. They will occupy the "private wing," so long the home of Miss Jessie, and will always be at hand to direct the affairs of the House.

Though our appeal for literary contributions has not yet met with that ready response which might be expected of those bred in the Harlow tradition, we have pleasure in printing verse by present pupils, which, if it betray immaturity either in thought or expression, must yet be accepted as an earnest of what may yet be, since the "Harlovian" should properly be the vehicle of the School and express its colour by an aggregate of individual record emanating from its scholars. We would therefore further urge our present pupils to contribute to their Magazine's success.

We have likewise pleasure and pride in printing a story, "The Criminal," by our former pupil, Mr. Lionel Ofengenden, who, arriving in Harlow with little or no English, took, after one year's study, the first place in English Composition in the Oxford Exam., and subsequently at the end of his second year here, credits in the Senior Oxford. We understand that he has now embarked on a course of journalistic training, and trust that when he has won a place in the sun, we shall have the honour of printing more of his creative work.

At the same time we are glad to welcome to our pages once again the facile pens of Mr. Lecren and Mr. Brierley, remembering the many articles of paramount interest contributed to the "Harlovian" during their stay in Harlow.

During the Old Boys' Dinner we had the pleasure of conversing some little time with Miss Margaret Horsey and touched on our ardent wish to foster further amongst our household a love for and a wider acquaintance with what is best in music. We had occasion to mention that a library of gramophone records (a long cherished wish of the writer) was indispensable for this purpose, and Miss Horsey graciously offered to initiate the scheme by presenting to the School some records of classical pieces, for which we would here offer her our most grateful thanks. Simultaneously we would beg from our subscribers and old boys such gramophone discs as they care to abandon, to swell our number and create a cabinet of musical reference which will yet bring delight and understanding to those who love the poetry of sound and familiarise them with what is fine and abiding in the work of the great composers, while yet at school and in sufficient leisure.

SCHOOL NOTES.

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

Form V.1.—T. Rudduck; D. P. Rundle; H. M. Davies.

Form V.2.—W. Walker; J. E. Bradbury; S. M. Browne.

Form IV.—M. S. Owers; A. F. W. Vallé-Jones; A. Watts.

Form Upper Remove.—G. Hercock; A. J. Ward; H. M. Hartrey.

Form Lower Remove.—J. M. S. Jackson; G. M. Phillips; A. J. Ritchie.

Form III.—R. Spicer; K. Muir; D. Willmott.

Form II.—A. Elwell; D. Valder; R. Spicer.

The Ali Asghar Bakhtiar Cup for Excellence in French Studies was awarded to J. Murphy, of the Upper Fifth Form.

The "Star Prizes" were won by Biss in Form Two and Cocks in Form One.

Local Excavations at Pishiobury.—Towards the end of term the whole School made at various times excited expeditions to the site of the new houses on the Stortford road, opposite Pishiobury Park, to view the work of the Herts Archæological Society in uncovering the remains of a Romano-British cemetery. Of this work some account is given elsewhere in this number, but we must record here our thanks to Mr. Andrews, who wrote the included article, and to Captain Musgrave, of Oxford University, for the patient way in which they received so many visitors and for their kindness in explaining and exhibiting the finds. To see the bones of the past actually laid bare instead of merely viewing them as part of a text-book in picture form, cannot have failed to make a lasting impression on all who saw them, no less than the care with which the excavators worked an object lesson in the reward of taking pains. The whole was a definite enriching of our experience.

Essex County Badges.—The School has been honoured again by the choice of two members of the 1st XI. to play for Essex Schools against a county XI. This match was between a team of boys chosen from the whole of Essex and not as last time just one section, and a men's county team. It is remarkable that a school of 180 boys should provide two members of such a team. Many thanks are due to Mr. White, the Essex F.A. coach, whose help and advice have been invaluable to them.

The game was played at Chelmsford, and although the County XI. won by five goals to one, the boys put up an excellent display. To Murphy and Ripley we offer our hearty congratulations. The latter received his county badge and the former a star to the one already obtained. Murphy scored the only goal obtained by the boys. Stout work.

Reprinted from "The Loughton Independent."—"Three regular Harlow Town footballers, playing for the Essex Junior Eleven which defeated the London Juniors at the Walthamstow Avenue ground on Thursday afternoon, contributed to a large extent to their side's 3-0 victory.

"N. C. Cable and C. F. Harknett, playing respectively in the right back and left half back positions, were each powerful defenders. Both played for this Junior County team on previous occasions.

E. A. Robertson, on playing outside right and making his first appearance with the team, was one of the fastest forwards and probably the greatest schemer. At least one of the Essex goals was directly attributable to his opportunist tactics."

Mr. Robertson has now been awarded his county colours.

Mr. Dyer and Decoration.—It is only fitting that we should here make some public recognition of the unremitting labours of Mr. Dyer in adorning the class-rooms with interesting and beautiful pictures and posters. As our walls and, indeed, the walls of any class-room, are dull if unaided by art, and as it is generally recognised that we learn more through the eye than through the ear (sad fate, oh music!), we are particularly grateful to Mr. Dyer and trust that this appreciation will serve to reward him, however slightly, for the efforts he has expended in the cause of culture and the æsthetic. To the pupils who have followed this admirable lead we would likewise extend our delight and hope that they will continue to take such a gratifying pride in the rooms where they spend so much of their school time. A class-room is and can always be a pleasant place with the co-operation of the pupils. We shall watch carefully for a further manifestation of this refinement.

Before going to press we feel that we must record what has already been accomplished by Mr. and Mrs. Dames during the Easter vacation. The sanatorium has been removed to the Headmaster's house, and with its white lacquered beds and lockers, its pretty coverlets with the School monogram, and generally cheerful air, it almost invites one to be ill. The old sick-room has now become the long-coveted quiet room or library.

Our sincere and lasting thanks also are owing to Mr. Horsey for his latest gifts to the College. Besides presenting 40 books to the library, he has made a donation of £25 to the tuck-shop funds, which money will be expended on a cricket practice tunnel net now under construction. The site chosen is the piece of waste ground behind the Scout Hut. The tunnel will be 72 yards long, with netting either side and roofed in. The concrete part will be 5½ yards long, and covered with coconut matting. Besides eliminating the waste ground, which was an eyesore, the new tunnel will be an inestimable boon to cricketers, so often delayed in practice by uncertain weather and resulting bad pitches, especially at the beginning of the cricket term.

In this connection, too, attention is drawn to the fact that it is important for all our boys to realise that all profits and proceeds accruing from boys' money spent in our tuck-shop will be expended only and entirely on more and better equipment for their use in the School, especially for sports. It is therefore the duty of every boy to buy as exclusively as possible from our own tuck-shop. Suggestions for stock will be welcomed, and every effort made to supply what is desired; and we hear that if this support is loyally maintained the School will possess for next winter a cinema of its own.

Salvete.

Barkham, D. W. ; Congdon, J. R. ; Davison, J. A. ; Davison, D. ; Eagles, J. H. ; Landsell, R. S. ; Pain, R. E. ; Poole, R. S. ; Priest, A. ; Rees, D. N. ; Thomas, A. H. ; Valder, D. J. ; Wilson, D.

Valete.

Barkham, G. G. ; Booker, B. N. ; Bennet, C. L. ; Brettell, W. D. ; Camp, J. D. ; Dean, J. P. ; Harris, F. E. ; Hill, G. S. ; Healey, E. A. ; Madden, P. W. ; Minett, H. E. ; Moore, A. ; Parker, J. W. ; Seed, J. L. ; Wood, E. W. ; Wood, J. H.

HARLOW COLLEGE LIBRARY.

Perhaps the most shocking diatribe against human ignorance is the story of two women shoppers counselling each other over Christmas gifts for their husbands.

"My dear, what shall I give Alfred for his Christmas?"

"Oh, give him a book. A book is always welcome."

"A book did you say? But darling—he has a book already."

Such is the story, and though it may appear fantastic to our enlightened readers who are one and all, we are sure, book addicts, it is unfortunately possible that such a state of things may arise with us, and it is to avoid one-book men that we beg for more and more books.

In daring to speak of our Library of some 400 volumes (some are very sorry to look upon!), we defy the dictum of Augustine Birrell:—

"Pride is still out of the question. To be proud of having two thousand books would be absurd. You might as well be proud of having two top-coats. After your first two thousand difficulty begins, but until you have ten thousand volumes the less you say about your Library the better. *Then* you may begin to speak."

We defy the learned gentleman, because we are proud of our Library, though not so overweening in our vanity that we shall cease to build further. His would be easy advice to follow if we could allow ourselves to imitate the collector in the anecdote. He had, over dinner, been earnestly advising his guest never to lend his books, for invariably they are never returned (to some extent we suffer also!), and at the conclusion of the meal invited his friend to view his library. On the way he reiterated his warnings and clinched the argument by throwing open his library door and declaiming: "Look! Four thousand volumes and every one of 'em borrowed!"

But we shall not steal, despite our readings in Lucas and elsewhere amid the subversive moderns. We shall rather continue to ask honestly for honest gifts, cheered by the reflection that up till now our appeals have not fallen entirely on deaf ears, unwilling purses, and unlettered Philistines. We create for ourselves a picture of well-lined walls where the hierarchies of intelligent creation and the finest legacy of man's struggle upward towards the light shall await the respectful and loving touch of our future scholars; and to that end we seek to enlist your aid, kind readers.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

We offer our deep gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Dames for so arranging their household that the library is now housed in the dignity befitting books, the true gateway to learning and culture; and for the interest which they are manifesting in the furtherance of this very vital activity.

Gratefully we record gifts of books from:—Mr. Horsey, Mr. Rudduck, Miss Wright, Hercock, Browne iii, Brazier i, Watts, Vallé-Jones i, Payne i, Murphy i, Walker, Crozier, Ransom, Constable, M. P. G. Rolph.

From a generous Old Harlovian who desires to remain nameless we have received one pound; and from a School friend of Mr. Dames, who viewed the Library the other day, one guinea. To the Old Harlovian and Mr. Millard our best thanks.

Finally, to the anonymous and secretive giver who left two fine new books for the Library on the staff-room table, we send our sincere thanks and wish we could tender them in person.

THE SOCIETY OF AMATEUR ACTORS.

Once again is the School proud of and beholden to the organising flair of Henfrey, whose amateur actors entertained it on the last Saturday of term with a new effort.

To approach a consideration of this amateur theatre in a spirit of niggling criticism and assent with civil leer to its praises, would be altogether unworthy and in especial with those who never at any time make any effort to advance the social well-being or cultural interests of the house. All that is done by Henfrey is good, because goodness is a relative thing, and since there are no others against whom to measure him, he is the paragon.

Also, were criticism of the destructive genre to be allowed, it might be riposted in large extenuation, that his difficulties are almost gargantuan. This term he has experienced personal sickness, been repeatedly delayed in production by illness in his cast, by demands on his time by examination studies, by drilling of new material, and by the lack of a really permanent stage-set and of the multitude of impediments relative to a good production, plus all the other paraphernalia known only to the actor, which Henfrey, by nature of his dominating obsession—the play—has been successful in collecting from the four corners.

All these troubles were, however, combatted, and the Society of Amateur Actors finished the term well.

The innovations in the auditorium were striking, and though I viewed with some trepidation Browne iii. and Ward slung aloft in tea-chests and armed with powerful torches, I could not but admire the persistent search after correct artistic effect. And the patience of these two "spot-lights," who waited all evening in these crow's-nests, operating for not more than fifteen minutes during the whole performance, was truly impressive. (And it is not often that one finds two spot-lights focussing on each other between scenes! That was the comedy of it.)

"The Monkey's Paw"—a difficult piece to attempt—if it did not always convey the implied gravity, was yet not without interest. Buist amply fulfilled his promise of last term and played Mr. White with a fine reserve, receiving the nagging sallies of his wife (Desprez) with the accumulated nonchalance of a man inured to matrimony. Desprez, as usual, was too amusing. If, at the most tragic of moments, he dared to settle more comfortable on his person the padding intended to give him the maturity of middle age, it was justified against the major tragedy of losing it altogether. Radford doubled the parts of Mr. Sampson and Sergeant-Major Morris—chiefly by the addition of a silk topper—but was none the less integrally important; while Henfrey, with clearer vision than heretofore, reserved for himself the lesser part of Herbert White. By now he begins to realise that his forte is the fostering of the whole and not merely starring in the play.

More important still, however, was the undoubted fact that, despite the inadequate facilities for the staging of this piece, there came sharply at the close, through all the welter of unintentional comedy, a sense of true drama, a momentary catch of the breath, a certain if fleeting sorrow for the bereaved, and a sure relief in the dénouement of Mr. White's last wish. I would very much rather have seen this play than not.

The variety show, if less prolonged than before and less cluttered with extraneous effects, had more appeal. In the glare of the spot-lights and before an admirable back-cloth resplendent with stars and moons unscientific enough to satisfy even Coleridge or the astronomical absurdities of the badge of Islam, appeared the "Blue Belles"—Desprez, Hercock, Wykes and Phillips i. Advantageously garbed in blue shirts and shorts, attractively rouged, and with shoes whiter than many a cricket match has seen, they indulged in all the peripatetic gyrations and terpsichorean concatenations of modern music-hall. And if they flapped where they ought to have tapped, it was only because the applause somewhat drowned the piano and troubled their rhythm. Not the least part of my pleasure was to hear them assiduously count their steps, from my vantage point of a front stall. Russell, as their exquisitely gowned cantatrice, delivered his solo purely, and its imperfect though laudably ambitious top note was blissfully lost in the empyrean of redoubled hand-clapping.

The rendering of "The Charge of the Light Brigade" in the styles of England (Radford), Parsonic (Watts), Irish (Desprez), Scotch (Wilson ii—quite a discovery), America (Desprez) and Schoolboy (Hercock, a very important discovery) was all vastly diverting and effective; and though the third piece in the variety was unworthy of study or the talent there employed, much amusement resulted.

The second play, "The Dear Departed," fulfilled its comic intention. Henfrey wisely rejecting Desprez from a female lead this time, avoided impressing a sameness on the latter's previous performance. He

played himself the role of Mrs. Slater, and continuously prompting his minions, he shepherded a stageful of actors in masterly fashion. The short but entirely satisfying performance of Hercock as the cheeky East End Victoria Slater proved highly entertaining. Hercock is an actor worthy of being exploited. Watts as Ben Jordan displayed all the necessary discomfiture of a hen-pecked husband and withered suitably under the dynamic impulse of his belligerent Wife (Russell), who poked and pried in commendable vivacity. Radford played in a subdued but telling way the troubled Mr. Slater, and the grunts of Buist as the exasperating Grandpa Abel Merryweather were exhilarating.

Mention, too, must be made of the little army of workers who, behind the scenes, did noble service in expediting the scene-shifting and thereby abolishing the tediousness of the waits which only too often mar the efforts of the amateur.

The mere recording of actors is easy, but to sing their praises less so. And if, as a race, we are undemonstrative towards the salient services afforded us by our fellows, we are none the less grateful. Then must our little actors, and especially this society, accept these pages as an earnest of our intent, and believe in our true appreciation of their vast work for our delight and continue triumphant on their way.

The play's the thing.

HOUSE REPORTS.

RODNEY HOUSE.

Bad luck dogged our heels again this term. Although our running had attained a much higher standard than last year, Beatty managed to defeat us by 19 points in the Junior Cross Country. Snawdon and Negri, both Rodney boys, gained 1st and 2nd places. It came as a great surprise to all that the little Negri should beat such excellent runners as Hart, Wykes and Vallé-Jones ii, and it is hoped that he will, in future, be a great asset to his House. Although Rodney had five runners who finished among the first twelve, the other three came in 24th, 32nd and 34th. And so, as Beatty's packing was much better than ours, they succeeded in beating us.

We were unable to raise a team in the Senior Cross Country, as some of the bigger boys were suffering (?) from imaginary ailments and would not run.

In the Rodney—Nelson Junior House Match we did far better than was expected, the score being 5—2. Owers and Wright scored Rodney's goals, and some good defence work was done by Snawdon.

After the second goal had been scored, Rodney tried hard to rally, but the lead which Nelson had over them was too great.

Over the Easter holidays we must hang up the lucky horseshoes and hope for better luck next term.

R. G. WILSON (House Captain)

BEATTY HOUSE.

This has been one of the most successful terms for Beatty. The running in both the Junior and Senior Cross Country Races was excellent, and so gained for us top points. Hart, who last year came in first in the Junior Race, this time gained only tenth place. But it must be remembered that Hart's time for last year's race beat Snawdon's (this year's successful competitor) by 10 seconds. However, what prestige was lost by Hart in the Junior was regained in the Senior Cross Country. Out of the Beatty entrants, Hart came 1st, and in the race itself he secured 4th place. Davies must be thanked for the coaching he supervised during the term. Desprez, Curnock and Hartrey must be congratulated on their packing, which helped a great deal towards the winning of both races.

A great surprise to all of us was the magnificent running of the diminutive Biss, who secured 6th place in the Junior. He will become in the future, I think, a great runner, like his father.

We had bad luck, as usual, in the Football. Last term we lost the Senior Football Cup to Nelson, and again this term the Junior Cup for the second time remains with Nelson. After beating Keyes 5—*nil* (a very poor game), Nelson defeated us, but not easily, the score at the close of the game being 2—1.

In the game itself Nelson made many openings, but the grand playing of Henfrey in goal, and the formidable backs, Desprez and Douglas, kept the Nelson forwards at bay. Although losing 2—*nil* in the second half, Beatty did not give up hope, and it was nearing the conclusion of the match that Barter scored a goal from a penalty. But it was Curnock, playing at centre-half, that kept the side together. Not once during the whole game did he stand still, and even after being badly hacked on the knee-cap he carried on well. A truly great performance. Nor must we forget Hercock and Green, who both played good games.

In the Beatty-Keyes match, the new boy, Barter, again scored two of the five goals, and became the hero of the match.

I hope that Beatty will in future be as lucky as she was this term.

MAURICE DONNELLY (House Captain).

KEYES HOUSE.

Keyes has yet to win a cup. This term has proved more successful than the previous one. In the Cross Country Races we came out very badly. In the Junior, our first man home came sixteenth in the

individual race, and we came last in the team placings. We came out a bit better, however, in the Senior, thanks to the brilliant performance of Brown i, who secured first place for us in the individual race, but in spite of this we came third in the team placings.

In the Junior Football Cup we were well and truly beaten 6—0 by Beatty, but we played with only ten men throughout the game, and illness prevented one or two of our more prominent reserves from participating.

All we can hope for is better luck next term. Let us try to win one cup.

E. H. FRIEND (House Captain).

NELSON HOUSE.

Nelson House, with the help of its Junior School, has continued its run of good luck by retaining the Junior Football Cup, due no doubt to the team spirit that exists in this House at present. One instance of this spirit came to light when plucky little Thomas ran for over two miles with one bare foot, over fields, roads and fences, to arrive just behind the winner of the four-mile cross-country. Thanks and congratulations are due to Norris i and Radford for the large part they played in the match against Beatty, a much heavier team.

Next term we hope to gain the Sports Cup, the only one not in our possession, and many expectant glances are being cast on Thomas, Tree, Barnes i, Ripley and Ross, all of whom are expected to do well in the ensuing events.

J. W. MURPHY (House Captain).

HOUSE FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

The draw for the Junior Football was as open a one as possible. The final could have been between the day-boy Houses, the boarder Houses, or a mixture of day-boys-cum-boarders. However, the day-boys soon decided as to what the final game should be. Rodney lost to Nelson by five goals to two, although the score rather flattered Nelson; and Beatty easily won their game against Keyes. This left Beatty to play Nelson, a game which has occurred far too frequently when the day-boy Houses have not been drawn together. What about it, day-boys? Let us hope that the cricket season will see an all day-boys House final.

The game itself was very even. Nelson had the help of Norris i, who was last term a day-boy, and this should have greatly strengthened their team. In spite of this, however, Beatty put up a good show, and the final score of 2—1 for Nelson just about indicates the run of the play.

Nelson thus have the Senior and Junior Cups—a very good performance indeed.

It is a long time since either of these cups have been festooned with green or yellow ribbon, and until the House Captains get a little more enthusiastic themselves, it will be a long time before they are. Enthusiasm in one is communicated to others, and so the whole House may become keen. Let hope not spring in vain—House Captain!

THE FOOTBALL SEASON.

As the football season draws to a close we can look back upon two terms of real enjoyment. We have not always won, but, with perhaps one or two exceptions, it can be said honestly that our football has been better than that of our opponents. In friendly games it is not the score that counts, but the feeling that the team has played in a really constructive manner, as a team, and not as a collection of brilliant individuals. It is a pleasure to look back over the games and to say that everybody played well and gave of his best.

As usual, the Spring Term saw to it that there was a depleted fixture list, not in the way of actual fixtures (for Miss Jessie had arranged an excellent programme), but in the way of cancelling them through illness. One boy suffering from an infectious disease is enough to make us cancel all school games. Such was the case, as, I suppose, on the average, there were $1\frac{1}{2}$ boys per week in the sick-room with an infectious disease—to wit, chicken-pox. Thus our only matches were against men's teams, with the one exception of Newport Grammar School at the beginning of the season.

Of the six matches played, one was won, two drawn, and three lost. The following is the fixture list:—

| | | | | | |
|--------------------------------------|----|----|----|----------|-----|
| v. Newport Grammar School | .. | .. | .. | L. | 3—4 |
| v. Southgate Wanderers | .. | .. | .. | D. | 2—2 |
| v. Dental and Charing Cross Hospital | .. | .. | .. | L. | 3—5 |
| v. Harlow Wednesday | .. | .. | .. | L. | 1—3 |
| v. Old Chelmsfordians | .. | .. | .. | D. | 2—2 |
| v. Harlow Wednesday | .. | .. | .. | W. | 6—4 |
| Goals for | .. | .. | .. | .. | 17 |
| Goals against | .. | .. | .. | .. | 20 |
| | | | | E.A.E.R. | |

SOCCER SIXES.

As is customary, the Soccer Sixes were held this term, and in spite of the fact that substitutes had to be played in many of the teams, enjoyable games resulted.

Ransom's team was a rather unexpected winner. The following are the results:—

| 1st Round | 2nd Round | Semi-finals | Final |
|-----------|-----------|-------------|-------|
| Browne i | bye | Murphy i | 7 |
| Murphy i | bye | v. | |
| Ripley | 12 | Murphy i | 6 |
| v. | | Ripley | 14 |
| Wilson | 5 | v. | |
| Lawrence | 6 | Lawrence | 0 |
| v. | | Barnes i | 7 |
| Constable | 0 | v. | |
| Friend | 1 | Akhurst | 0 |
| v. | | Donnelly | 13 |
| Barnes i | 22 | v. | |
| Akhurst | 12 | Ransom | 4 |
| v. | | | |
| Chivers | 5 | | |
| Donnelly | bye | | |
| Ransom | bye | | |

Note.—Four points are awarded for a goal and one for a corner.

TEAM CRITICISM.

- Donnelly: (Captain).
 Murphy i: (Vice-Captain).
 Barnes i: (O.R.). Has been playing with much more vim and power this term, and his shooting has been good.
 Ripley i: (I.R.). As usual, works the ball well and is an untiring forager.
 Ransom: (C.F.). Has yet to learn to control a ball coming to him. Will be better when he has put on weight.
 Akhurst: (O.L.). Rather a disappointment. Must not turn back with the ball.
 Browne i: (L.H.). Has improved in ball control and never tires. If he learns to use his right foot will make a great player.
 Friend: (L.B.). A half last term, but has settled down very well. Has a good kick with either foot and is getting a good sense of positioning.
 Chivers: (Goal). Nervous—jumps too soon at high shots, but positions himself much better than at the beginning of the season.
 Wilson and Dellow have assisted the team, but have not played regularly.

E.A.E.R.

THE SENIOR CROSS COUNTRY.

Very little enthusiasm was shown amongst the Houses for this event, and only one House Captain (M. P. Donnelly) ran. If sport is to be encouraged, the leadership must come from the House and

Vice-Captains. Rodney, through illness and lack of eagerness, were unable to raise a team, and it was left to the boarder Houses to raise the majority of the runners.

A strong wind, which met the runners on the return journey, was blowing. At the water jump the leading runners were Chivers, Davies, Browne, Browne i and Bradbury, in that order, with Tree well within striking distance. Browne i was running particularly well at this stage.

Half-a-mile after the bathing pool and nearly half-way round the course Browne i had taken the lead, and Tree had come up to second place, with Davies third, Akhurst fourth, and Chivers fifth. At Redrick's Lane, Davies had moved up to second place, but Tree and Thomas i overtook him before the railway bridge, as did Hart and Ransom. Browne i maintained his lead and was never troubled from the bathing pool onwards.

The final order of the first ten was:—

1, Browne i; 2, Tree and Thomas i; 3, Hart; 5, Ransom; 6, Davies; 7, Dellow; 8, Akhurst; 9, Halls; 10, Norris 1.

The House placings were:—

1, Beatty: 4, 6, 8, 11, 12, 13—54 points.

2, Nelson: 2, 3, 5, 10, 21, 22—63 points.

3, Keyes: 1, 7, 9, 15, 18, 19—69 points.

Rodney unplaced.

E. A. E. ROBERTSON.

THE JUNIOR CROSS COUNTRY.

Run on Thursday, March 19th. A field of fifty-three set off from the School at 4 p.m. At the end of the first slope Snawdon, Vallé-Jones and Wykes were leading, with Hart close behind. Shortly after this Hart took the lead and maintained it until the bathing pool was reached. The order here was Hart, Desprez, Wykes, Willmott i, Vallé-Jones, Fells, Biss, Watts, Wells and Phillips i.

There was very little water out on the course, so a fast time was expected, and when the first runner was glimpsed in the valley, little over ten minutes had elapsed since the start. The first ten to cross the finishing line were well packed together, and only just over a minute had elapsed between the time of the first and the tenth home.

The first five were:—1, Snawdon (time, 13 mins. 25 secs.); 2, Negri (time, 13 mins. 50 secs.); 3, Hartrey and Desprez (time, 14 mins. 5 secs.); 5, Willmott i (time, 14 mins. 9 secs.).

Through good packing Beatty obtained the House points, Rodney being second and Nelson third.

House points:—

Beatty: 3, 4, 6, 9, 10, 11, 22, 27—92 points.

Rodney: 1, 2, 5, 8, 12, 24, 32, 34—118 points.

Nelson: 7, 13, 14, 15, 17, 18, 19, 23—126 points.

Keyes: 16, 20, 21, 26, 31, 43, 46, 49—252 points.

E. A. E. ROBERTSON.

YE CHRONICLES OF HARLOWE.

When thatte ye olde year hadde past awaye, ye Knights, Squyres and Yeomenne retourned onto ye castel. Ande though ther hadde beene muche feastinge at Yuletide yit were theye not caste downe at theyre retourne, but didde grete each othre righte murily.

Now men doe calle thise saison ye Springe Terme, but in trouth ye name doth ill befytte it. For there is little sun, warmthe ande pleasauntness. Ande even ye ice didde com and cover ye wattres. Which ice, when ye Knights and Squyres didde beholde it, didde saye to ye odre, "Now shall we be righte joyous and sporte in ye ancient wyse," but ye ice himself did melt speedilie awaye. Whereat theye were much downcast and soughte consolation in odre sportes.

Ande there wasse much murmuringe among ye Knightes and Squyres concerninge ye Sokker Sikzes and much joustinge and layinge low of rivals in ye grete foote-bawle plaine by ye Kinges highwaye.

Thenne, too, didde sally forth to ye Essezk Skooles Tournament Sir Ymrupe and Sir Leyrip, and in ye mighty onslaughte didde theye beare awaye ye coloures for a signe toe menne of theyre mightnesse in ye sporte. Ande ye overlorde of ye gayme ande playe of foote-bawle, Sir Dubbere anon, didde bear ye helpe to ye Harlowe Towne Foote-bawle crusade ayainst ye Citye of Londone, and retourne from ye attaque withe ye Comtye Coloures and muche glorie.

Ye smalle frye did also revive ye auncient playe of marbilles so thatte ye courtes and halles of ye castel resounded to ye rolynge of lytel spheres and ye shoutes of ye chafferers in ye sellynge ande swoppynge. Thanne dide ye Squyres and Knightes soccombe to ye gayme ande evenne ye overlordes didde bende to ye delighte.

But bifel, when ye merriment of ye wintry dayes waxed myghtyle, didde come a grete pestilence and smite downe ye Knightes and Squyres in little tyme. Thenne didde the ladyes make moane ande tende ye sicke lordes with vitaille most delicate whilom ye leeches of ye hamlette didde com and goe righte bysilye. Ande ye coughinge and ye garglynge wasse mighty and ye drynkinge of drogges withouten ende. Butte ye Dragonne of ye drededde Pykkenchoxe reared uppe hise grisely hedde and roghte grete havok in ye ranks of ye onderlinges. Yette ye unremittynge lovingenesse of ye ladyes handes didde sothe ye tired pillowes and ye enemye wasse at laste drivenne to his denne ande quyte vanquishedd.

Then was itte proclaymed abrode thatte ye liege-lorde of ye castel was departynge onto odre desmesnes and wolde entruste them to ye care of an odre at whiche among ye Knightes, Squyres ande smalle-frye a mightye lamentacioun and grete talkynges.

Anon didde King Solle breke forthe to ye grete ese and comferte of alle. Ye floures did sprynge and ye lytel insectes and briddes be bisye. Ye villeynes didde thenne attaq with ye sheres ye litel pleyne and crophe itte righte clos for ye cominge of ye Krikette. Ye smalle-frye, too, in ye castel ledde bye ye righte valient overlorde Sir Ryed didde nowe sette to and bestrewe ye walles of ye Firde Thorne ande ye Rowere Lemove withh tapesteres of vayried hue ande designe to ye grete esemente of ye eye and delyghtte of ye mynde.

Thenne too didde ye warriors battel in ye halles for ye honoures in ye wryttinge of ye paperes on ye grete redynges of ye terme and didde hope to beare offe ye grete tomes in rewarde; whilom ye whole meynee didde contemplate ye approachinge holydayes of ye Easter-tyde.

For doe ye Overlordes intende, whenne that ye Eastertyde is overpast to arrayne their hordes for ye grete final battle with ye Ogre Oxforde Locale ande ye playe wille be at an ende.

Thenne wille beginne ye revision of alle ye worke thatte was done so thatte shame myght notte fal on ye auncient warriours, whose deeds of valour be inscribed in gilded script on ye Boardes of Honour.

Ande the reste of ye doughty deeds of ye Knightes, Squyres and Yeomenne, are they not writtene in ye Booke of ye Harlovianne?

YE SCRYBE.

OLD HARLOVIANS.

Obituary.—We are grieved to hear of the death, following an operation, of an Old Harlovian, Brian Conway Dunham, on the 6th of January last. For the last three years Mr. Dunham had been employed as a buyer by the Shell-Mex Company, and then, in the same capacity, by Sir Alan Cobham's Air Display, with which he travelled over all the British Isles. Despite physical handicap, he was always bright and enthusiastic, and we join in the sorrow of his mother, sister and brother, now resident at 19, Harborough Road, Streatham, S.W.16. Mr. Dunham was only 25 years of age.

OLD HARLOVIANS' DINNER.

(As printed by the *Herts and Essex Observer*.)

On Saturday, February 29th, the Annual Dinner of the former pupils of Harlow College was held in the Palace Hotel, Bloomsbury, London, and was attended by nearly one hundred guests, the gathering being very representative of many years in the history of the College.

The chair was occupied by Mr. Donald H. Miller, the retiring Headmaster, who called on Mr. J. Walford to propose the toast of "The School."

Mr. Walford dwelt on the love and admiration which ever centred round Mr. and Mrs. Horsey and Miss Jessie; and his gratitude towards Mr. and Mrs. Miller for the very worthy manner in which they had succeeded in fusing harmoniously new and vital ideas with the old traditions of the School. In particular, he remarked, he was gratified to see that his own son, a present pupil, was still able, despite Mr. Horsey's retirement, to visit the study and benefit from that "personal touch" of the acting Headmaster, which had been such a lively impulse in his own school days towards learning. (Laughter.) He was sure the traditions had been maintained. Mr. Walford then asked the company to drink deep to the prosperity of the School, coupled with the names of Mr. and Mrs. Horsey, Mr. and Mrs. Miller, and Miss Jessie Edwards.

Mr. Miller, replying to the toast, returned thanks for the Old Harlovians' appreciation of what he had done for the School during his headship of three years. He remarked on the definite increase in numbers and the development of the School which he had been able to effect with the help of Mrs. Miller. In football, during the last year, it was remarkable that from a school of 180 boys, no fewer than four had gained County Badges, and that the Games Master, Mr. E. A. E. Robertson, had been awarded his County Colours, a very gratifying proof of the College's attainment in sport. No less in scholastics had the School been successful, a high percentage of pupils having creditably left the School with their Oxford Certificates. Some pupils had taken even further qualifications in the Higher School Certificate and a number of scholarships had been won. In conclusion, Mr. Miller, in announcing his retirement at the end of the present term, wished, like Mr. Walford, to witness to the esteem with which he and Mrs. Miller had come to view Mr. Horsey, and acknowledged a deep debt to his ever ready guidance. He then called on his successor in the Headship, Mr. Kenneth L. Dames, to address the company.

Mr. Dames expressed first and foremost his own and Mrs. Dames' thanks for the kind way in which they had been welcomed by Mr. Miller, Mr. Horsey and the Old Harlovians that evening. It was inevitable, he remarked, that he should be regarded by Old Harlovians suspiciously at first as an interloper who would infallibly alter the School and its traditions beyond recognition, but that was not so. In the case of the larger public schools, tradition had often cut so deep, that enlightened progress along modern lines was well-nigh impossible, whereas Harlow College, though it had gathered traditions (and these, he recognised, were basically of Mr. Horsey's building), was not yet sunk into so deep a debility that it could not profit by infusions of new blood. He believed that schools of the type of

Harlow College had a great future before them, since the pupils were not so numerous as in the big public schools where the timid boy often went to the wall, but could receive enough individual attention to ensure the natural development of their individuality and profit from a prolonged personal contact with their masters out of school. In conclusion, he expressed his gratification at being able to retain the services of Miss Jessie, and he relied with confidence on Mr. Horsey's experience as a weighty guide in the new régime.

Mr. E. P. Horsey was received with prolonged cheering. He was, he said, for the first time an Old Harlovian, and it was with very heartfelt gratitude he had listened to the warm appreciation and esteem extended to him and his family by the speakers and Old Harlovians. He was continuously receiving wishes for his happiness in his retirement, but these he accepted with mixed feelings, since his work had always been his supreme pleasure and hobby, so that it was now difficult to reconcile himself to a comparatively inactive life. However, though the exigencies of modern educational requirements had necessitated his relinquishing his active role in the School's life, his love and ambition for it was such that it remained his primary interest, and he was thankful that Mr. Miller had so gallantly upheld the tradition and that such an eminently qualified scholar as Mr. Dames should now take up the reins. He had faith, as had Mr. Dames, that the School had a long and prosperous future ahead of it, and this, coupled with the honour accorded him by his successors and old pupils, were a strong mitigation of the wrench he had felt in finally retiring.

Mr. Horsey was again cheered by the company, which broke up only at midnight, after an enjoyable evening of dancing and renewed fellowship.

The following Old Harlovians visited the College during the term:—J. Gilling, J. Cook, J. Langer, D. Stock, K. Stock, D. Simons, G. Barkham, H. Minett, L. P. James, D. Channon, J. Walford, T. Leeren, J. Simmonds, B. Larking.

O. H. NEWS REEL.

Cantor, at the R.A.F. Depot at Henlow, Beds., has passed his first grade test and has been promoted. He tries his second test in a short time from now.

* * * * *

P. Case has been studying the science of hotel-keeping and all its adjuncts for the last year in London, after having experience in a hotel, and has one more year to do before completing his course.

H. Minett has recently begun work in the City, and in his spare time still makes music in company with the Stock twins, all three now profiting in a tangible way from their assiduous practice in our music-room. Green shirts and ties are *de rigueur* in their orchestra. Carry on, twins.

* * * * *

J. Cook has now finished his training and been appointed third officer aboard a vessel plying between Bombay and Eastern waters.

* * * * *

J. Gilling has finished his training at Woolwich and is now studying manœuvres with the Royal Artillery.

* * * * *

J. M. Fennings, though not yet twenty-one, has been placed on the permanent staff of Messrs. Glyn Mills' Bank. Well done, Benny!

* * * * *

A. W. Gregory (i) has been transferred from Hitchin to Stowmarket.

* * * * *

F. A. Emlyn is now attending the Regent St. Polytechnic as a student of building.

* * * * *

Seed i, on joining the R.A.F., was admitted to the Wireless Section, option of department being afforded him by reason of holding his School Certificate. He informs us that he has never so enjoyed himself before as he does now. Good luck, Seed!

* * * * *

On Sunday, December 22nd, Basil George Michael Alexander was ordained Deacon by His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury in his Cathedral Church, for service in the Parish of St. Stephen, Norbury.

From the "Sunday Express" we reprint the following account of a very interesting and adventurous Old Harlovian.

"Captain Horsey, Herbert John Horsey, is well-known to the travellers on the London-Paris run, and is a popular figure with the nervous. His bluff charm shakes fear away.

"He, too, looks more like a sea captain than the traditional blue-eyed air pilot. Age—thirty-nine. He lives in Beckenham, and recently married a young, attractive wife. She likes being married to an airman.

"The nearest thing to an adventure that he's had for some time was last November. He was flying back to Croydon from Paris on the night mail.

"Soon after he crossed the coast he saw what looked like a great fire raging. But as he flew over it, leaping fountains of fire, scarlet tipped, shrieked up towards the machine.

"He banked over and they went past, harmlessly. They were rockets. It was Guy Fawkes night. Passengers felt the machine swerve slightly, nothing more, and they had an amusing incident to talk about. Guy Fawkes night from the air! But if Horsey hadn't removed his machine from the rocket's path few survivors might have told a different tale.

"He learned to fly many years ago—his "ticket" is No. 99. During the war he flew for the R.A.F., and flew flying boats for them afterwards."

WHAT THE SCHOOLROOM WANTS TO KNOW.

If the "Hen" has taken to brooding over his lessons in the woodwork shop.

* * * * *

Who thought that young ladies were so strong-minded that they can carry a marquee on the ear?

* * * * *

If a mile round the playground seems to boarders longer at 12.30 than at any other time.

* * * * *

Who called the College a "blessed" place and "blest" his "sum" of knowledge throughout the "blesséd" years?

* * * * *

What Humpty-Dumpty made the hero of the French novel climb up an egg-shell to rescue his heroine?

* * * * *

If a certain gentleman is satisfied that Cheshunt does really exist and is now prepared to devote his attentions to his studies.

* * * * *

Who prefers to succumb to the vapours rather than to the megrims?

* * * * *

Who has managed to cut down his time-record for the delivery of the magic formula "j'ai."?

* * * * *

If, when a certain pupil referred to a colonel as a fungus, he was labouring under the belief that mummies are merely parasitic growths on the pyramids.

* * * * *

Who so commercialised the heavenly Paradise that the entrance thereto may be reckoned in the coinage of America?

* * * * *

Who takes such an ironical view of ecclesiastical calendars that he must needs invent a new feast for the Church and dub it "Sarcasm Day"?

Who has now turned his attention from fillets of fish to studying the habits of the dead. Or is it merely that our library is to blame? Or is it that his Latin is as weak as his French and that he never heard of "De Mortuis"?

A SCHOOLBOY ALPHABET.

A is for atlas, our masters' delight.
We study its pages from morning till night.

* * * * *

B is for billy-can, scouting's joy.
Christopher uses it oft for a toy.

* * * * *

C is consulting in matron's room,
When chilblains and colds and cuts are in boom.

* * * * *

D is for dog, one Titus by name,
In Roman, I wonder, is it the same?

* * * * *

E is for easel in Lower Fifth class.
Old as the hills and brittle as glass.

* * * * *

F is for forms enduring and hard,
Whose discomfort no padding will ever retard.

* * * * *

G is for gossip on rainy nights,
Of ghouls and graves and ghostly lights.

* * * * *

H is for hubbub in Upper Remove
When the partition slips out of its groove.

* * * * *

I's for impertinence—not so grand,
When on the form you have to stand.

* * * * *

J is for jam and jolly jokes,
And japes and jeers of a joyous hoax.

* * * * *

K is for kitchen where meals are prepared,
Apples are pipped and taties pared.

* * * * *

L is for lazybones, big and small,
The masters detest them one and all.

M is for music that floats on high,
From piano-accordion, drum or Pye.

* * * * *

N is for nonsense, it's all the same,
If you do prep. or not, you get the blame.

* * * * *

O is for opening the sardine tins,
And oleaginous oils for aching shins.

* * * * *

P is pennies on Wed-nes-day,
They come with a rush, but not to stay.

* * * * *

Q is for quibbles and quarrelling queues,
Questing the tuck-shop's saccharine brews.

* * * * *

R is for river in which we swim,
Apt as the frogs, the friends of Kim.

* * * * *

S is for saps, there are many of these.
Kick them we can with the greatest of ease.

* * * * *

T is for trains that shunt all night
Beyond the school building with all their might.

* * * * *

U is for usurers, upstarts and us,
Untiring upsets and useless fuss.

* * * * *

V is for vim with which we should work.
Cane is the cure for those who shirk.

* * * * *

W 's wind that moans so loud,
Making the playground mere dust-cloud.

* * * * *

X is the unknown that pesters the mind,
In revealing itself so often unkind.

* * * * *

Y is its twin in algebraic doubt,
And Z is the puzzle that never comes out.

HUMPHREY.

ANTIPATHIES.

Some scientific writer, not so very long ago
Produced a monumental work in which he sought to show
By maps and coloured diagrams that every man on earth
Inherited antipathies, all ready made at birth.

But scientists are tricky lads. While positive to-day
That something must be so-and-so, to-morrow they will say
It's very evident to us and ought to be to you
That just the very opposite is demonstrably true.

Suppose by chance this scientist should happen to be right,
It's not the least bit likely, but one never knows, he might.
Now as to these antipathies which we shall now discuss,
It's pretty clear our ancestors take liberties with us.

This scientific theory leaves much to be desire.
In fact, if our antipathies can never be acquired,
Our long-forgotten ancestors now very much deceased,
Deserve a thorough talking to, to say the very least.

It isn't fair that ancestors who haven't been alive
For centuries, should be allowed in 1935
To influence our juveniles and give the little dears
Inherited antipathy to wash behind their ears.

Let's offer them this sound advice, they need it very much
Remember that you're ancestors and do behave as such.
To foist your stale antipathies on us is—so to speak—
Just nothing but a specimen of cool ancestral cheek.

Inherited antipathies. We'll drop them when we choose,
Antipathy to spiders, to the truth and to the Jews.
We're apt to state to-day, and almost everybody has
Antipathy to rhubarb jam, to crooners and to jazz.

The surest way to let them know we think their conduct vile
Would be to do without them altogether for a while,
Then ancestors who thought that they were worthy of the name
Might discontinue playing this disreputable game.

Now here is one antipathy which all descendants share,
The thought of being ancestors is one they cannot bear.
Of all depressing occupations this must be the worst,
Because before appointment one must kick the bucket first.

F.S.H., 1935.

SPRING.

Oh blissful season filled with life so new,
 When beauty wakes again from deeps of earth,
 And burgeons forth in many a simple hue,
 While clouds race gaily past with fleecy mirth.

Many a daffodil sways gently, too,
 Tossing and nodding each a saffron head,
 Greeting th' elusive harbinger—Cuckoo—
 That summons all the summer from its bed.

The air is busy with noisy, cawing rooks,
 Building afresh at many a lofty height.
 The cheeky, chirping sparrows nest in nooks
 And crannies safe—remote from casual sight.

The maybuds blossom forth most lovely-fair,
 In mingled pinks and whites beset with green;
 The trees wherein the owl constructs his lair
 Are decked with tender leaves of silky sheen.

The frisking lambs new-blest with life so young
 Now gambol and frolic in the freshened wealds,
 While high aloft the sky the lark has sung,
 And now drops down to nestlings in the fields.

All symbols of a life renewed again
 After a sleep in spell of frozen days
 In fields, in gardens and the country lane,
 Obeying the timeless sun's so glorious rays.

HENFREY.

WINTER.

Listen, listen to the wind
 Blowing through the gnarled boughs of trees.
 Look at the fleecy snows
 Carried about one by one on the breeze,
 Gelid and churlish as it blows.

Watch the fury of the waves
 Fret in anger as they sweep on the shore.
 Listen to their incensed action
 Against their rocky barrier as they roar;
 A profound cry of passion.

Watch the stormy wintry night,
 And the drifting of the clouds as they pass.
 Watch the pale lingering moon,
 Retired and timid is the message of her smile
 As she disappears in the gloom.

Watch the shadows of the birds
 Blown away by the ruffles of the wind.
 Listen to their ghostly voices
 Doomed in a night they cannot rescind;
 Swarthy and wild o'er them Death now rejoices.

BRADBURY.

THE ROMANO-BRITISH CEMETERY AT PISHIOBURY.

I have been asked by your Editor to give a short account of the excavation which took place at the end of the Lent term and the commencement of the Easter holidays, and in which the Masters and boys of Harlow College gave great assistance.

The district of Harlow, judging from the many Romano-British objects which are continually turning up here, must in the early centuries A.D. have had a considerable population. In 1927 Mr. Miller Christy discovered the foundations of a small temple of Romano-Gallic type and of 3rd century date on Harlow Mount, which was further evidence of a populous centre.

In December last still further evidence came to light, when Messrs. Streather, who are building a row of houses alongside the Harlow to Bishop's Stortford Road, on the edge of Rowney Farm Estate, and opposite to the entrance to Pishiobury, opened a small sandpit behind the houses. In doing this they unearthed six skeletons with pottery, and thus disclosed an ancient burial ground.

As soon as the weather and season permitted, the East Herts Archæological Society, with the kind permission of the builders, decided that the site ought to be investigated before it was enclosed in the back gardens of the houses. Operations commence on Wednesday afternoon, April 25th, when Captain C. Musgrave, of the Department of Anatomy, University Museum, Oxford, and I arrived to find that in digging a drain trench two more burials had just been disturbed, and broken pottery found.

Extending this trench we at once found two more burials on the same line, with fragments of pottery. One of these burials cut into the edge of a small rubbish pit with bones of oxen and boars; and the other into the edge of a cooking hearth, which was therefore evidently of an earlier date. Thereafter the investigation was carried out by running parallel trenches about six feet apart and two feet

deep down to the undisturbed sand, parallel to the houses; and these disclosed not only other burials, but also evidences of earlier occupation. A shallow ditch of about 4 feet wide and 1 foot deep, which ran from north-west to south-east, was traced from the edge of the ploughed land to the back of the houses. We were told that it had been noticed extending further south-east across the road into Pishiobury Park, and there apparently turned north-east under the line of new houses in the avenue of the Park. This ditch may have marked the limits of a Bronze Age settlement. A few fragments of Bronze Age pottery were also found. In this ditch about half-way from the back of the houses to the ploughed land we opened up a second cooking hearth, above the silt in the bottom of the ditch. This contained fragments of pottery similar to those found in the first cooking hearth, with the important addition of an iron nail, which definitely dated both hearths as of late Iron Age.

At least fourteen burials were found which, from the objects associated with them, were of Romano-British date of the 3rd and 4th centuries A.D. Most of these lay with feet to the north-west, but a few lay with feet to the north-east. One burial lay across and well above the filled-in ditch. Most of the burials were of women, in one instance with a child, and in another with a very small, perhaps premature, baby. One burial was of a child of about eleven years old. Very soon after the burial of the women and child two other interments took place partly across it, one above the other, the topmost one being only just below the turf. In another pit we found evidence of disturbance of an earlier grave, with a mixture of bones and pots of perhaps three burials. In one case the body had been decapitated and the head placed above the shins. The bodies appear to have been laid in the ground without coffins, but at the feet of several were found iron studs, the hobnails of their sandals. Only in two instances was there any evidence of a funeral bier in the form of iron nails.

In opening the sandpit five pottery vessels had been found, and in the course of our investigations we found nine others. These occurred usually in pairs at the side of the shins of the skeletons, but in the case of one of the bier burials, at the head outside the bier. They were intended to contain corn and wine for the use of the departed in the next world.

Other interesting finds included a green glass bead with a fragment of bronze wire, which may have been part of a lady's earring, bone awls, a deer's antler used as a pick, flint implements, including some very fine flint saws, and flint flakes.

After the excavations closed down, on Good Friday eve, the skeletons, which had all been carefully lifted, were taken by Captain

Musgrave to the Department of Anatomy, of the University Museum, Oxford, to be examined, measured, and reported on; and the associate objects to the Hertford Museum, where they are on exhibition.

H. C. ANDREWS, F.S.A.

REMLINGEN.

If an inhabitant of Remlingen were to pick up this copy of the "Harlovian," he would probably be as startled as an inhabitant of Potter Street would be to find his village in thick type in a German magazine. For Remlingen is neither famous nor beautiful. It lies on a main road just south of Frankfurt, but no-one even stops there, for there is nothing about it to tempt the traveller. There is no magic in the name, none of the charm of Dinkelsbühl or Rothenburg, none of the majesty of Ulm and Aachen. Yet of the hundreds of towns and villages through which we passed on a two thousand mile tour of Germany, it is the one which springs most readily to my mind.

Perhaps it was that our evening in the hot, smoke-laden, friendly atmosphere of Remlingen's only inn was a miniature of twenty other such evenings, and our conversation a summing-up of all the conversations we had had with innkeepers, shop-assistants, storm-troopers and fellow-travellers in the past three weeks. Even before we reached "The Golden Eagle" we met the MAN with IMPLICIT FAITH in NEWSPAPERS. He told us where to park the car, in return for the privilege of telling us how things were going in England and what strides Fascism was making in our native land. He told us of the rising feeling in all classes of English society against the Jews, of the certainty that we should have a black-shirted Government in the near future. In vain to protest that this was not a true picture of England, that surely we know our own country better than he did. This man, we knew, from experience, had to be repaid in his own coin; so we retorted by telling him of the growing discontent of the German people with the Hitler régime, of the constant strife between Catholics and Nazis, and of the persecution of innocent men of which our own newspapers had been writing at considerable length for some weeks. The falsity of this less than half-truth and the justice of the retort seemed to strike him simultaneously, and he left us with a very puzzled expression.

Then there was our host, the innkeeper himself, a very fine specimen of the "WE WANT NO WAR" type. His evening's work, so far as we could see, consisted of telling various members of his family to keep a constant supply of food on our table and of expounding the New Germany to us. He was most anxious to know what we thought about war. This was, I think, the most frequent question we met on our tour. This, and the immediate assurance that they, the Germans, had not the slightest desire for one. We did our best to

convince him that we felt the same as he did, and he seemed quite relieved. He was a butcher as well as an innkeeper, and had evidently just come from the slaughter-house, for he would emphasise his remarks by wiping a fleck of blood from his hands or arms on his once white apron. My most vivid recollection of him is as he stood up, wiped a large patch of blood from his wrist, and said, holding up his hand, that if ever we met on any future battlefield, we must stop and say: "Halt! We were friends in Remlingen."

His wife and daughter were less interested in our politics than in the collection of various currencies we had acquired, and particularly in English paper money. They handed it round to everyone in the room, and one and all exclaimed: "Ach, feines papier," and were full of admiration. They laughed loud and long when we said that we couldn't all afford a car, for our salaries evidently seemed enormous to them. Both the cost and the standard of living are lower in Germany, particularly in country districts, than in England, and we had already learned that the all-the-English-are-rich myth still persists in many parts.

When we left Remlingen we took with us no photographs of the little town or of our friends of one night. We left no promise to return again. It was not one of the visits we expected to remember, yet is one German evening which we shall not forget.

O.J.M. (THOMAS B. LECREN).

IT HAPPENED IN ESSEX.

BY

D. H. BRIERLEY.

The stone-paved highway runs like an arrow towards the newly-risen sun. On either side the dark green wall of the forest frowns threateningly down upon the grass verge, heavy with the dew and deep cut with the imprint of horses' hooves. As far as eye can reach there seems no break in the endless ramparts of oak thickets, until the road vanishes westwards into the light vapours which have yet to be dispersed by the growing warmth of a summer morning. Somewhere among the trees a blackbird is pouring forth his rich song. Then, of a sudden, he ceases, so that you can almost imagine something in your ear has snapped. A moment passes, and out of the mists there steals a new sound, the rhythmic beat of drums, and there is borne upon the air the far-off clip-clop of hooves.

The sunlight glints upon the points of spears, and there comes into view the glorious pageantry of an Emperor's bodyguard, helmets and breastplates agleam in the light, pikes twinkling and scarlet mantles a vivid splash against the sombre green of the forest background. But what follows? Twelve mighty forms—the imperial

elephants—advance with shambling gait along the paved way. Their great backs are draped with cloth of gold, and each has a turbanned mahout swaying skilfully upon his massive neck. Next come the dreaded slingers of Majorca, small, lithe, brown-skinned men. Theirs is indeed a proud place, for to-day they go before the emblazoned litter of the Emperor himself. The curtains swing aside for a moment, and there is a glimpse of a white hand, the hand that wields the sceptre of the known world. The curtains return to their place and the mightiest ruler on earth passes on towards Colchester, the capital of this, his latest addition to the authority of the Cæsars. Behind him march the flower of the legions, culled from the uttermost confines of the Roman sovereignty, and the woodland echoes to the tramp of disciplined feet; then silence returns again and there remains nothing save the forest and the road. . . .

* * * * *

A score or so of men at the foot of the hill lean wearily upon their weapons and gaze out over the darkening waters. A bowshot away the fearsome prow of the Danish raider swings slowly seaward, as the great sweeps give the ship way. The Northmen, their strength all but spent with the day's work of slaughter and destruction, crave the forgetfulness of sleep; bone and muscle alike almost cry aloud for it. But that also they must fight, there is no respite yet. There can be no safety until the winding channel falls astern, the red sail is unfurled, and a course shaped for the open sea. Meantime their departure is viewed in silence by the victors, who, with sword and axe, yes, and with scythe and cudgel, too, have given them blow for blow during the breathless hours since noon. There is no shouting—they have no strength to spare for that. For hours they have fought like men possessed, and the enemy has drawn off, like an ill-tempered cur, licking his wounds. Higher up the slope a dozen little huts are still smouldering redly, and as a beam periodically yields and falls headlong, the crackling of fire comes clearly through the crisp air. For the defenders have been taken unawares. The raider, a lone hunter, strayed from the dreaded "armies" which are ravaging the length and breadth of the land, has had everything in his favour. This morning the mist lay late upon the waters of the creek, and before the iron clangour of the bell in the church tower could summon the men from the fields, flames were licking upward from thatched roofs and the Northmen were already at their dreadful work. Now their ship has disappeared seawards, and the survivors on shore are beginning to notice aches and wounds which have passed unnoticed in the turmoil of the day. For this is an all too familiar story to them.

* * * * *

It is evening and a great concourse of people has assembled on the pier and along the waterfront of Harwich. Six and seven deep

they stand, civilians, soldiers and sailors. Here and there one glimpses the blue uniform of a wounded man. In each such place, the crowd, mindful of his hurts, has given ground a little, that he may view the proceedings free from the jostling of careless elbows. There is a chill breeze off the water, children move closer to parents or grown-up friends, and already the light is beginning to fade. All eyes are turned toward the harbour mouth, where a haze of smoke grows steadily thicker. A murmur spreads through the spectators as the ensign at the naval barracks across the water dips in salute, and a mighty cheer goes up as the leading destroyer of Admiral Tyrwhit's squadron rounds the bend in the river and comes into view. The roar of voices from the land echoes back from the long line of smashed and battered warships, fresh from the battle of the Dogger Bank, as they glide slowly past the pierhead towards their anchorages in the Harwich river. Plates are dented and holed, while funnels, crushed and shot almost out of recognition, lean drunkenly at unexpected angles. Speed has been reduced to that of the lamest vessel, limping slowly towards safety. Already the darkness has fallen, and from beyond Parkeston, masthead lights are twinkling out into the night, dots and dashes signalling the arrival of each war-worn destroyer at the berth where she may anchor and take stock of the losses she has sustained. Not everyone joins in the cheering—a large company of Harwich men put to sea with the Admiral and the destroyers have not yet told their tale. . . .

THE CRIMINAL.

"Oh, yes, I almost forgot. Here is the invoice for the pearls which we are expecting from Amsterdam. When they arrive please compare the description and the weights."

W. H. Manning, the head of Manning & Sons, Co., Ltd., a well-known firm of jewellers with a half-a-century long reputation, handed some papers to Twiddle, his chief clerk.

Back at his desk, Jeremiah Washington Twiddle looked at the invoice. Heavens! twelve thousand pounds for a string of pearls! Must be a real beauty. And in a few weeks time some idle woman would probably wear it round her neck, looking as proud as if she had discovered the Elixir of Life. Other people had to work hard for their living as long as they lived and yet would never possess twelve thousand pounds. Had he not himself been sitting at this desk for 30 years, putting down figures into the books of the firm and getting old and grey at his work? And what had he had from it? Just enough to eat and drink, some tobacco, and perhaps a glass of ale from time to time. Twelve thousand pounds! With that sum one could feel quite safe about the rest of one's life, one would be

able to travel, to Egypt, India, round the whole world. But, of course, those were but dreams which would never come true. At least not him, unless . . .

An idea came to him suddenly which almost left him gasping. If only he were able to get those pearls! There would certainly be an opportunity sooner or later, but he would have to be very careful so that no suspicion should fall upon him.

After all, when one has worked 30 years for one firm and enjoyed the complete trust of the owner, there must be some way or other . . .

There was no difficulty at all. When the pearls arrived a few days later, and after a short examination by Mr. Manning were given to Twiddle, the latter had in his desk another string of pearls ready, which looked exactly like the real ones. It had not been difficult to get them with the descriptions on the invoice, and they cost but a small sum. With a hand that trembled just a little Twiddle handed back an hour later the box containing the fakes. The moment had been well chosen, for Manning was busy and put them into the safe without even a glance.

The first step had been taken, and there was no going back. Twiddle could not have been a born criminal, for he sat at his desk trembling with fear. Never before had the afternoon seemed so long to him, and it was only when he was in the tube on his way home that he forgot his fears and even felt proud of his cleverness, of the way he carried out his plan.

After the supper he sat in his room before the fire admiring the string of pearls and thinking of the future. They would probably discover in a few days that the pearls in the safe were not real, and though the Boss would certainly vouch for his honesty, he would have to remain in the firm for some time. Then, perhaps in summer, he would take a holiday and sell the pearls at the same time.

Could anything throw any suspicion upon him? Had he not bought the unreal pearls one by one in different parts of the town? And if the worst came there would be still the bottle with the chlorine water which he had bought the day before. Even with the police at his door, he would still be able to let the pearls slip into the chlorine water, where they would dissolve at once, like sugar in the tea. Then the whole contents of the bottle down the sink and even the cleverest detective would not be able to find a trace.

Reassured, he went on dreaming of the future, of blue skies and smiling sunshine of the Tropics; he could already hear the monotonous sounds of the gongs of the Indian fakirs . . .

He woke up when the fire in the fireplace had gone out. He got up from the comfortable armchair and looked at his watch. "A quarter-past two." He was surprised. "It would be best to go to bed. I must not look tired in the morning."

He was just going to pull the blinds together, when he noticed two policemen walking on the other side of the road. "If they only knew that a thief is looking down at them, who has just stolen pearls worth twelve thousand pounds! How they would run across the street, ring the bell, and . . . and . . ."

The two policemen were just crossing the street and were coming straight towards the house in which he lived, and now . . . good God! . . . and now the bell rang downstairs in the hall!

Twiddle was trembling. Mr. Manning must have found out the theft before leaving the office and notified the police! What should he do? The sound of the bell filled the house for the second time.

Yes, nothing but the chlorine water could save him now. He seized the bottle, let the pearls slip inside and ran into the kitchen. Another moment and the fluid was running down the sink together with the dissolved pearls.

Just as the bell rang for the third time, Jeremiah Washington Twiddle opened the front door and faced the law.

"Excuse me, sir," one of the officers began, "we saw a light in the hall, so we came over to see whether anything was wrong. You see, there have been many burglaries in this district lately, and as we have never before seen any light in this house at such a late hour, we thought that . . ."

Twiddle was slowly beginning to understand the meaning of the constable's words.

"Yes . . . of course . . . the charwoman . . . must have forgotten to put it out . . . everything is all right . . ."

"We are sorry to have disturbed you, then," answered the constable politely. "Good-night, sir."

"Good-night," replied Twiddle and slowly closed the door.

"A funny old boy," remarked one of the policemen, when a few seconds later the sound of a madman's hysterical laughter reached them from the house.

LIONEL OFENGENDEN.

LETTERS FROM OLD HARLOVIANS.

"Harlow,"

Fernhurst Gardens,
Barrack Lane,

Bognor Regis.

3rd Jan., 1936.

DEAR MISS JESSIE,

It's an awful long time since I wrote to you, and to be candid, if it wasn't for asking for something, I doubt if I should have been forced into the activity. Needless to say, it's not for the want of thinking that I haven't written, but somehow I never seem to have much time these days.

You'll be glad to hear that I've quite recovered from that operation, although the doctor has refused to allow me to play games this winter—a particularly hard rule, as I had been elected captain of the local hockey club. Still, I've taken up umpiring, which does give me an interest in the game still.

Another rather extraordinary incident happened this summer. I was associated with a Mr. G. B. Chapman in a business, and had occasion to write to him from the above address. Imagine my surprise when we met the next week to hear that he had been at the College. I believe his time was about 1904 or so, but he still remembers the Boss—particularly his attentions with the "cosh."

Is there going to be an O.H. Dinner this year? If so, I should be glad if you would send me details, as I never seem to get any news these days. Probably it is my own fault, as I never have sent you a subscription for the Mag. However, I'm enclosing it herewith, and shall be obliged if you will let me know when this is exhausted in order that I can renew it.

My wife and son are very fit. Of course, Peter is a great boy now, and runs round all over the place. Still, he's great fun.

To come to the point of this letter—my brother-in-law has a birthday to-morrow, and we thought it a good plan to send him an O.H. tie. Also my own tie is definitely worse for wear, so please, Miss Jessie, will you send one tie to him at "Alfriston," Old Road, Harlow, and another to me?

There is not very much more to tell you, I think. Business is not too bad, although generally Bognor is not doing too well—these seaside places always lag behind the industrial centres. Still, we manage to scrape along.

No more now, Miss Jessie. I trust you are well and please give my kind regards to Mr. and Mrs. Horsey and anyone else whom I knew.

Yours very truly,

EDWARD G. DUTTON.

"Harlow,"

Fernhurst Gardens,

Barrack Lane,

Bognor Regis.

16th Jan., 1936.

DEAR MISS JESSIE,

Thank you awfully for your letter and I trust you have had a good holiday.

I got the ties from Baker's, but I think in the circumstances it will be as well for me to have a credit balance on my magazine account—just for a change—so please use the cheque for that purpose.

One of these fine days when I feel particularly well off I must go through my "Harlovians" and when I do I will trouble you again, for I very much want to have a complete record from my school days. It ought to be very interesting in time, especially if Peter follows in my footsteps.

You'll be sorry to hear that Mr. Lillywhite has been ill again. He is better now and back at the office, but apparently is still far from well, as he says he is not fit to travel down here yet.

Many thanks for your good wishes, which my wife and I heartily reciprocate.

Yours very truly,
EDWARD G. DUTTON.

H.M.S. Conway,
Rock Ferry,
Cheshire.
Feb. 25th, 1936.

DEAR SIR,

Thank you very much for sending me the "Harlovian." It is very nice to keep in touch with the College.

This is my fourth term here (the beginning of my second year), and I am having an extremely fine time. I have just had a chat with Mr. Lane, our second officer, as to what company I shall go into, and I have settled on Shaw, Savill and Albion, which is a very good line to get into. To get into Shaw, Savill and Albion, I shall have to stay here until December, 1937, which seems a long time, but I have to stay until then, since there are no vacancies before that date.

Please remember me to the staff and give my kind regards to Mr. and Mrs. Horsey.

Yours very sincerely,
DEREK B. FROST.

17, Bryn-Acton,
Chester Road,
Wrexham.

MY DEAR HEADMASTER,

I still receive the "Harlovian," and from it I learn of your retirement. It is now very many years since I walked up from Harlow Station and began—a very callow youth—my career as a master under you. May I now thank you for your kindness and express the wish that your retirement will be long and enjoyable. Few men can look back as you can on so much good work done, and if you do not feel proud, it must be because you are not conscious how good a man you are. I am now more conscious of the fact that even from my short-lived knowledge of the School I learnt that the best form of schooling is that which turns out men.

May I now wish Mrs. Horsey and yourself a very enjoyable Christmas and the best possible of New Years. Margot is, of course, a young lady, and quite forgets the cheeky questions she asked when I vainly attempted to teach Geography—a subject I loathed and still regard as a mystery.

Sincerely yours,
D. ANDREW.

39, Castleton Ave.,
Wembley,
Middx.
22/1/36.

DEAR SIR,

I was extremely sorry not to have been able to see you on my last visit to Harlow. I had intended writing to you before, but what with packings and one thing and another, I have been unable to do so.

I hope that Mrs. Horsey is in much better health now, and that you yourself are still the "tough old boy" from the College.

I leave England on Friday on the "Windsor Castle" from Southampton, and hope to arrive in Mauritius towards the end of next month. I have already obtained a book on sugar to read on the voyage, and though it is complicated, it is interesting, so I am looking forward to five fruitful years. I shall close now, but shall write again soon.

Your affectionate pupil,
GEORGE RICHARDSON.

Staines Institution,
London Road,
Ashford,
Middlesex.
19th February, 1936.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

I am afraid it appears that I write to you only when I ask you for something. I trust you will excuse my worrying you on this occasion, because I have mislaid my Oxford Certificates, which I require for my application for a commission in the Supplementary Reserve of Officers.

Would you be kind enough to let me have a statement as required in Section II. (d) of my application form, which I am enclosing herewith?

I have no time at the moment to write more, but trust I shall have an opportunity of seeing you on the 29th.

My kindest regards to Mrs. Horsey and Miss Jessie and yourself.

Yours very sincerely,
BOBBY LARKING.

c/o Mrs. R. Parkes,
"Punawai,"
Wakefield,
Nelson.

DEAR MR. AND MRS. HORSEY,

Just a few lines to let you know how I am getting along. We have been getting some real rough weather. The last week has been terrible, and we have not been able to do anything. But we have not had it so bad as they have had it in Christchurch. They have been flooded out.

We have had a good season as far as sheep go. They all look well and wool is also going up. The only thing that does not look too good is the butter market, and that is down very low. It does not look as if it will rise very much, as everybody is giving up cows and getting back to sheep. Cropping is no good at all, and we have very little this year. Last year we had a hundred acres of barley. This year we have only 21, so you see, we have cut it nearly right out.

I suppose you have seen by the paper that the Labour Party has gone in with a flying jump out here. They have not got going yet, but I hope they do well. I think they will. There has never been a Labour Government out here before, but they have got in at the right time and can now show us what they are made of.

I have not heard anything of Jack Herbert for some time. I don't know where he is. Jack, my brother, is still very close to me, but we do not see very much of one another. We do not get very much time off at present, as such a lot of wet weather has to be made up.

The Cricket season is all over in our district. I went up to Senior Cricket this season, and have done well at bowling. I played in 10 matches and took 51 wickets. My highest score was 57 out of 84 runs made, playing against a Wellington touring team. Not so bad.

Thank you both very much for the Christmas card you sent me. Also thank Miss Jessie for her card. It was very kind of you all to remember me. Well, I must close now. Please remember me to all the staff I know. Kind regards to you both.

Yours sincerely,

T. BAKER.

P.S.—I enclose some of the photos of some of the flood damage down round about.

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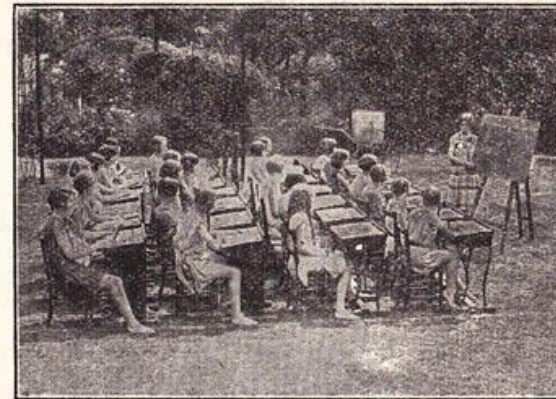
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