

THE  
**HARLOVIAN**



The Magazine of  
Harlow College,  
Essex.

Vol. 8. No. 59.

SEPTEMBER, 1932.

PRICE - ONE SHILLING.

## SCHOOL OFFICERS: Summer Term.

*Prefects:* P. COMPTON,  
R. RIPLEY,  
K. HODGES,  
G. H. FLETCHER.

*Sub-Prefects:* S. MEE,  
J. CHATER,  
P. TUTHILL,  
E. JUDD,  
G. LAMPARD,  
C. STANSBURY,  
O. B. PARKER,  
R. SIMPSON.

*Cricket Captain:* R. RIPLEY.

„ *Vice-Captain:* K. HODGES.

*Captain of Beatty House:* R. RIPLEY.

*Captain of Nelson House:* K. HODGES.

*Captain of Rodney House:* M. ROLPH.

# THE HARLOVIAN.

VIII.]

SEPTEMBER, 1932.

[No. 58.]

## SCHOOL NOTES.

**Examination Results.**—The results of the School Certificate and Oxford Junior Local Examinations held in July are as follows:—  
*School Certificate (Oxford).*

O. B. Parker: Honours with Exemption from London Matriculation, Oxford Responsions and Cambridge Previous.

A. B. Durston: Pass.  
L. G. Payne: Pass.  
R. J. Ripley: Pass.

*Oxford Local Junior.*

F. R. Dicksee: Honours.  
G. G. Harris: Honours (Distinction in History).  
R. W. Simpson: Honours.  
C. B. Stansbury: Honours (Distinction in History).  
K. V. Stock: Honours.  
A. A. Allan: Pass.  
J. W. Chater: Pass.  
K. A. Collins: Pass.  
H. J. Gatford: Pass.  
J. D. Hale: Pass.  
E. Judd: Pass.  
H. W. Paddick: Pass.  
G. C. Pearce: Pass.  
D. L. Stock: Pass.  
P. F. Villiers-Tuthill: Pass.  
E. H. Wells: Pass.

**Highgate School Open Scholarship.**—G. G. Harris has gained an open scholarship of £62 a year at Highgate School. There were 40 candidates for seven vacancies. The Headmaster of Highgate School reported that Harris did very good work all round, and was placed first of the forty in Mathematics.



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

Form V.—(1) O. B. Parker; (2) and (3), not awarded.

Lower V.—(1) A. A. Allan; (2) H. W. Paddick; (3) F. R. Dicksee.

Form IV.—(1) R. Cakebread; (2) H. Kitchener and L. F. Crisp.

Form III.—(1) G. G. Jefferys; (2) S. F. Browne; (3) L. W. Ripley.

Form II.—(1) D. Chater; (2) R. E. Wells; (3) J. Owen.

**Special Prizes.**—The Seabrook Memorial Prizes established in memory of an old Master, the late Lieutenant H. S. Seabrook, and awarded to the pupils who do best in Mathematics in the annual School Certificate and Oxford Junior Local Examinations respectively, were gained by O. B. Parker, G. G. Harris, F. R. Dicksee, and K. V. Stock. The prize given annually by Monsieur H. Renauleaud to the best pupil of the year in French was won by A. B. Durston.

**Royal Drawing Society Examination.**—There were 128 papers sent in this year. Of these 16 passed with Honours, 48 reached Honours standard, but were over age for certificate, and 47 gained a pass. The winners of Honours Certificates were:—

*Preparatory.*—S. Browne, R. Browne, G. Jefferys, F. Warriner.

*Division I.*—J. A. Parker, A. Radford, J. W. Parker, B. Browne, S. Browne, W. Avery, D. Gray, S. Neale.

*Division II.*—B. Browne, W. Avery, D. Gray.

*Division III.*—S. Neale.

**Harlow College Scholarship Examination.**—There were this year 12 candidates for the free scholarship given annually at Harlow College. The examination was a written intelligence test devised by the National Institute of Industrial Psychology. The winning candidate was Jones, a pupil of Churchgate School.

**Our Bazaar.**—An account of the Bazaar reprinted from the "Herts and Essex Observer" is given in another page, but we should like to add a few comments here. First, we must thank all concerned for the devoted labour, without which the Bazaar could never have been such a conspicuous success.

It was a great achievement to clear such a large sum as £70, the more so as the vile weather conditions must have greatly reduced the attendance. The sky was sullen and threatening, a bitterly cold wind was blowing, and the temperature was lower than on the previous Christmas Day.

General admiration was expressed for the manual work done by our boys, and most of the things found a ready sale. The play, "The Merchant of Bagdad," was very well patronised, and had a most flattering reception. The concert, too, went well. Words fail us in reference to Mr. Gray's amazing conjuring feat. Maskeleyne and Devant in their best days never showed anything equal to it.

Thanks to our contribution of £70, the Harlow Children's Recreation Ground has now been provided with a useful and handsome shelter, a giant stride, a horizontal bar, parallel bars, and an extra seat (the latter kindly presented by the firm which supplied the apparatus). Miss Edith Beard, the sister of an old boy, kindly did the plans and specification of the shelter gratis, and the shelter was built by R. Winch, also an old boy. These additions are much appreciated by the Harlow children, a number of whom seem to spend a great part of the day in the ground. One evening we counted 70 there, in great contrast to previous years, when the ground was practically unused. Our staff and boys should feel very gratified at having conferred a real benefit on the town. A good deal, however, still remains to be done.

**The Modern Boy.**—For the past two years the standard of work in the upper school has not been as good as we could wish. There is no need, however, for us to follow the example of the Headmaster of Lancing and say that the modern boy is a despicable creature, a coward, a liar, a thief, and a mollycoddle. There is a much simpler and more cheerful explanation. Every Schoolmaster knows that the boys born between 1914 and 1918 are not as other school generations. But there is no need for pessimism. To quote the "Morning Post":—"The Headmaster of Lancing has only to wait. Soon he will once more be dealing with boys whose fathers were not dodging bullets and whose mothers were not under nourished and a prey to constant anxieties. Then, perhaps, his faith will revive."

The outlook is quite promising here. The boys in the School Certificate Form, though rather puny, are most of them keen and



above the average in ability. The Lower Fifth boys are good average, and the Fourth Form contains some of the best material we have had in the School for years.

The sports outlook is equally good. No-one who saw our football and cricket teams this year would have detected any signs of decadence. Rather would he have been impressed by the pluck with which a team of boys, distinctly on the light side, stood up to teams of hefty men and frequently beat them. We don't think there is much ground for worrying about modern Harlovians, in spite of the Head of Lancing.

**Departure of Mr. T. B. Le Cren.**—Mr. Le Cren has brought his career here as a student teacher to a brilliant end by taking an Honours degree in German—2nd Class, 1st Division—at London University, and by securing an appointment as German master at Archbishop Holgate's School, York. His many friends among Harlovians past and present are of course delighted at his good fortune, which was so well deserved, but his departure will leave a gap hard to fill, for he had a very warm place in our hearts. In school, in the cricket and football teams, in the dramatic society, and as a contributor to the Magazine he has been invaluable. We wish him all possible success and happiness in his new sphere of work.

Mr. Le Cren came to the School first at six years old. He worked his way up to the top of the School and gained an Oxford School Certificate, with 1st Class Honours and Exemption from London Matriculation, Oxford Responsions, and Cambridge Previous. After two years in the City, he returned to his old School as student teacher, with the result mentioned above.

**A Visit to the Hendon Air Display.**—We were this year enabled, through the generosity of the Air Ministry, to be amongst the many spectators who watched the final grand rehearsal for the R.A.F. Display.

At about half-past eleven, loaded up with necessary refreshment, we set off amidst great excitement in an Acme. We arrived amidst greater excitement still, and took up our position as aeroplanes roared past us at dizzy speeds.

The display was marvellous, for almost every kind of aircraft was to be seen. Giant Bombers, Junkers, All-Steel Passenger 'Planes,

Bristol Bulldogs, Pterodactyls, and Autogyros were only a few of the machines on show.

Amidst great laughter, weird looking machines from Mars were brought to the ground by Flt.-Lieut. Stainforth, who piloted a Pterodactyl with consummate skill.

At last it was all over, and with aching necks and eyes we departed, after a thoroughly enjoyable day, thanks to the hard-working Royal Air Force pilots and mechanics.

R. J. RIPLEY.

**The Tuck Shop.**—The accounts for the Summer Term are as follows:—

<i>Receipts.</i>		<i>Expenditure.</i>	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Balance from last Term	1 3 10	Garden Hoes ..	0 4 2
Profit on Sweets ..	2 13 11	Ping-Pong Balls ..	0 1 6
Profit on Biscuits ..	0 2 6	Clock Golf ..	0 7 0
Fines .. ..	0 1 0	Cycle Club ..	1 10 6
		Wastage ..	0 3 8
		Stock in Hand ..	0 13 6
		Cash in Hand ..	1 0 11
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	£4 1 3		£4 1 3

**The School Library.**—We gratefully acknowledge the following gifts to the Library this Term:—

From P. Stansbury: Allan Quartermain, by R. Haggard; The Hostages and Huntingtower, by J. Buchan; Temple Towers, by Sapper; Mr. Britling Sees It Through, by H. G. Wells.

From P. Coleman: The Wars of the Wireless Waves, by Westerman; The Nine Bears, and The Square Emerald, by E. Wallace; Young Jack, by Strang.

From G. H. Fletcher: The League of Discontent, and The Hidden Kingdom, by F. Beeding; The Secret Sanctuary, by W. Deeping; The Price of a Throne, by Hocking; A Monk of Cruta, by Oppenheim; Wings of Death, by Gurdon.

From L. Linton: Naval Cadet, by Staples; Play up the Blues, by Haynes; Chums of North Patrol, by Keag.



**OLD HARLOVIANS.**

The Past v. Present Football Match will be played on Saturday, November 5th, when we hope to see a good muster of Old Harlovians and a well-fought game. The last two autumn gatherings were notable ones, that of 1930 for the excellence of the music after supper, and that of 1931 for the fact that every year of the School's history from January, 1888, to November, 1931, had its representative present. May this term's gathering be equally successful. Will those wishing to play please send in their names as early as possible to S. Speake, Old Road, Harlow.

We are very sorry to say good-bye to F. Dutton, who for several years has acted as Old Harlovians Sports Secretary. For some years he was Headmaster of Churchgate School, Harlow; he was also organist and lay reader of St. Mary's Church. He has now been appointed Head of a much larger school at Rottingdean, where we wish him every success.

Hearty congratulations to:—

*R. G. Alexander* on passing the Intermediate Legal Examination of the Australasian Corporation of Public Accountants.

*F. B. Horsey* on his passing with honours the final examination of Theological Associate of King's College, London, and on his marriage to Miss Marie de Montezuma.

*J. F. Bond* on his marriage to Miss Marion Alleson.

*Eric Ward* on his marriage to Miss Eileen Sweet.

*W. Rintoul* on his engagement.

*John Elin* on his marriage.

We were very pleased to receive a visit—the first since 1905—from Gray Croly. He has not changed much in 27 years, and still retains some of his old ability as a bowler, among his victims in the Past v. Present match being the "Boss."

Rex Firkin, who paid us a welcome visit recently, has taken a house and large garden at Nazeing, only a few miles from Harlow, and is settling down there with his wife and two young children. We hope to see him frequently now.

It is with great regret that we learnt from Firkin of the death, about three years ago, of E. Sheaves. He was notable, both as a deadly bowler and a highly gifted musician. On leaving School he

continued his musical training and held various important appointments as organist. It is sad, in the extreme, to think of so promising a life being cut short in its prime.

We were delighted to see W. Greene again. He is retiring from the Eastern Telegraph Company and settling down in England.

Another most welcome visitor was Captain J. R. (Alec) Whyte, who has been transferred from India to Ulster. Few people have more friends among Old Harlovians. He spent many years with us at Waltham Cross and Harlow, both as pupil and master. He enlisted in the Army and shortly before the outbreak of war gained a commission. Wounded and captured in the Retreat from Mons, he spent four wretched years in Germany as a prisoner.

A. Cannon has found the political trouble in Japan so disastrous in their effect on trade that he has decided to leave that country and try his fortune in England once more. We wish him luck.

R. Bradley, after taking his degree, obtained a post in the Field Surveying Staff of the Rhokana Company in Northern Rhodesia. He is married and flourishing.

The following Old Harlovians have visited the School since our last issue:—B. Alexander, J. Anderson, A. Cantor, G. Clark, R. Capel-Cure, Gray Croly, R. Cunningham, L. Dorey, F. Dutton, G. E. A. Davies, R. Firkin, H. Green, W. Greene, W. Horley, R. Larking, H. Langman, R. Leith, A. Le Cren, E. Pipe, E. Ripley, W. Roles, H. S. Speake, E. Whittleton, Alec Whyte, Miss York.

**GARDEN FETE AT HARLOW.**

HELPING YOUNG PEOPLE'S SPORTS ASSOCIATION.

£70 RAISED.

With the object of raising money for the funds of the recently formed Harlow Young People's Sports Association, a Garden Fête and Bazaar was held at Harlow College on Saturday. The purpose of the Association is to equip and maintain as a playing field for elementary school children the recreation ground which was given to the parish by Captain G. de M. G. Hoare.



Mr. S. W. Webb, chairman of the Harlow Parish Council, who presided at the opening, said he had a few remarks to make on behalf of the Young People's Sports Association, of which he was provisional chairman. Firstly, he had to thank Mrs. G. B. Hoare for being present and supporting the cause which they had so much at heart.

The thanks of the Association were also due to Mr. and Mrs. Horsey for lending their buildings and grounds for the purposes of the bazaar, and to the members of the staff and the boys of the College, who, by producing such a fine exhibition of work, had made the sale possible.

"We are very grateful indeed for what has been done towards raising funds for providing the young people of Harlow with a really attractive playing field," Mr. Webb said.

At present, the young people's playing field was not much more than a simple plot of grass land, he added, although it was true there were one or two seats, some swings and a rather crude sandpit.

#### ASSISTANCE NEEDED.

The Association could do with all the assistance it could obtain to improve and equip the ground properly, in order to attract the children there and discourage the dangerous practice of playing in the streets.

"Mainly through the generosity of Captain Hoare in conserving Marigolds as a sports ground, we have a fine cricket pitch, bowls green, tennis courts and hockey field," said Mr. Webb, "and why should we not have a decent playing field for the young people as well?"

The reason why the Parish Council had not given more financial support was that they were very loath to take money from the rates for the purpose at this time of economic stress. Thanks, however, to the initiative of Mr. Horsey, who was being strongly supported by the Parish Council, they hoped the time was not far distant when there would be a playing field worthy of the name for the children of Harlow.

Mr. E. P. Horsey, headmaster of Harlow College, thanked Mr. Webb for his kindly reference to those at the College. As far as the staff and the boys were concerned, he said, he thought one could see at work something of that spirit of service for which the Prince of Wales recently appealed to our young people. "For myself," Mr. Horsey added, "anything I have done in organising this bazaar has been a labour of love."

He was pleased to have the opportunity of encouraging the boys to practise arts, handicrafts and hobbies, and hoped appreciation of their efforts would be shown by liberal purchases.

#### AN INFLUENCE FOR GOOD.

Mr. Horsey said he did not know whether the Duke of Wellington had actually said that Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, but no-one who had been in close contact with boys for over forty years, as he had been, could fail to realise what a great influence for good games and sports, with a proper field to play them on, exercised on general all-round development. He hoped that as a result of what the National Playing Fields Association and similar organisations were doing, the time would come when the children of elementary schools would have the same facilities for games as the more fortunate children in secondary schools.

When the formation of the Young People's Sports Association in Harlow was contemplated, Mr. Horsey said, he had heard that another appeal ought not to be launched in these times of financial difficulty. During the twenty-nine years he had been in Harlow, however, he had learned that the people there never refused to listen to an appeal for a good cause. He felt confident that a parish which had raised £1,000 in one year for its churches would provide the relatively small amount needed to allow the children of Harlow to have the fullest use of the ground which had been generously provided by Captain Hoare.

Mrs. Hoare, declaring the bazaar open, said how much she sympathised with the object for which it was being held.

#### STALLS AND SIDE-SHOWS.

There were a number of interesting stalls and side-shows, of which members of the College staff, boys and other helpers were in charge. A wonderful variety of articles made by the boys were sold, their workmanship and artistic merit being much admired.

A most intriguing display was provided by Mr. W. Gray, of Waltham Abbey, who, after being chained and handcuffed, mysteriously released himself from a large box. Handcuffs were locked round his wrists and ankles, and a chain round his neck locked to the box. When he was placed inside, the box was bound round with rope. A screen was placed in front of the box for a moment, and when it was removed, Mr. Gray had freed his handcuffs and chains and released himself from the box.

A play, entitled "The Merchant of Bagdad," written by Mr. D. Brierley, a master at the College, and founded on one of the Arabian Nights stories, was performed by the boys, the leading parts being taken by:—G. Barkham, G. Harris and J. Gatford, who were ably supported by J. Chater, C. Stansbury, D. Gray, J. Smart, F. Dicksee, F. Emlyn and others. The play was well acted and was watched by a large audience.



A concert, under the direction of Mr. P. Cairns (a member of the staff) was given by Miss Douglas (violinist), Miss Joan Parry (songs), and Mr. B. Eady (songs). Master Wells, a pupil at the College, and formerly a choirboy at Salisbury Cathedral, delighted the audience by his singing.

A pedigree Cocker Spaniel puppy, given by Captain F. J. Maynard, was raffled, and realised £6 15s.

Those in charge of side-shows were:—Spinning-wheel, Mr. Amos and Mr. Speake; bowling, Mr. Le Cren; buried coin, Mr. Brierley and Mr. Manley, sen.; electric nail, Master D. Chater; ping-pong ball, Master Lee and Mr. Manley, jun.; rolling penny, Mr. F. L. Blydon and Mr. Pearce; billiard ball, Mr. B. Eady; bran-tub, Miss J. Edwards; coin in pail, Miss H. Attlesey.

Teas were served by Mrs. Horsey and helpers.

The amount realised was £70.

[Reprinted from "Herts and Essex Observer."]

### YE CHRONICLES OF HARLOWE.

Wherefore it came to passe thatte after ye Knightes, Squyres and Yeomenne hade retourned from theyre perilous sojournes to ye outpostes of ye kingdom, whither theye hadde passed ye feaste of Eggs, yclept Eastertide, 'neath ye portals of theyre worthie parentes, thatte ye Overlorde didde summon themme togethre and bid them girde up theyre loynes ande prepare fore ye "Noble Cause," "Ye Bazaare"!!

Whereat ye "small-fry" didde inquire of ye anciente warriors an explaining of ye profounde mysterie of ye worde Bazaare.

Thenne up spake a certaine Knight who by reason of hys wyde knowledge of affaires of ye outer worlde gleaned from ye bookes of learning yclept "Sexton Blake," "Ye Champion," and the lyke, didde undertake the taske of theyre enlightening. Quoth he, "Ye Bazaarges are likened unto ye battails, save thatte ye sallie-forth ande attacke ye pockets of friends ande allies insteade of ye throates of ye foe."

Then didde ye knightes, squyres ande yeomenne (nay, even ye overlordes burning much midnighte oile) take up theyre swordes ande axes to carve and scribble ande create ye myghtie workes of Arte, and greate were theye in nombre.

Ere many moons ye Tectum begat ye appearance like to ye Bee-hive. Ye hammeres tapped, ye ladders stepped and ye tubs thumped, till at laste all was prepared! Ye arteful spyders hadde prepared theyre webbe ande nowe didde lay waite for theyre vycetims.

Then wasse there hearde sounds of ye chariottes passing over ye drawbridge, where Bill, ye faythful serf, did demande ye passeworde.

Anon ye bartering ande ye games-of-chance didde starte righte merrilie. Ye flowe of precieuse metalle didde not cease till the setting of King Sol, and sore oppressed were ye knights and yeomenne under the weichte of theyre pockets.

And much was ye rejoycing of ye future warriors of Harlowe, beyonde ye Castel walles, whenne theyre eyes behelde thatte frome out of this bargainyng a wondrous newe playne wasse theyres on whiche to besporte themselves ande make merrie on "Ye Giante Stride," Ye Swinges and Ye Pits of Sande.

And now as ye terme wanes with ye ogre "Oxforde Localle" overcome ande vanquished, manie of ye knightes and squyres, yea! even one of ye overlordes, must sallie forthe from out of ye castel to distante landes to fyghte theyre battails unaided ande perchance win fame and honoure to upholde ye glorious name of Harlowe.

Alas! ye knyghtes, squyres and yeomenne did mourne the departing of Sir Crelenba, a mightie warrior, who, from ye ranke of "small-fry" didde raise himselfe to thatte of overlorde ande beget himselfe much praise bothe in ye playnes of Sporte and in ye realmes of Learning.

In ye manner of Dick Turpin does he ryde to Yorke, to instruct ye lesser yeomenne in ye speakyngs of foreigne tongues—Auf Wieder-schen.

Ande the reste of ye doughty deeds of ye knightes, squyres ande yeomenne, are theye not written in ye booke of ye Harlovian?

EORJ YE SCRIBE.

### THE CRICKET SEASON.

Two little conversations rise in my memory as I think of this year's cricket. The first is on the Hockerill Athletic Ground, and I am talking with an Old Boy, who is well-known in local circles where cricket is played and discussed. We are watching the School's batsmen numbers five and six, and he turns to me and says "I'm sure, you know, the batting in our day was nothing like as good as this."

The second is on Old Boys' Day, and I am with a little knot of Old Boys during the tea interval, listening to their comments on the School side: "These batsmen take a lot of shifting"; "Wonderfully sound cricket"; "A fine variety of strokes," are among the remarks I hear.

They are right, these Old Boys. The general standard of the School's batting has undoubtedly improved. True, there is no Alexander, no "Sleepy" among them. True, too, the new ground is



smaller and makes for higher scoring, yet many of our best performances have been away from home. A comparison of the first seven or eight of this year's batting averages with those of past years is perhaps the best proof of all of this improvement, the credit for which is due mainly to the much better wickets we have been able to make in the small field.

Next summer we shall miss particularly our Captain, Ripley, and our most polished all-rounder, Hodges, but when we think of the improvement which this year's eleven has made, and of the promising material we have in Pearce, Gatford, Richardson and Porter, there seems no reason why these boys, together with Lampard, Hale and Stansbury, should not have a successful, if not a brilliant season.

T. LE CREN.

#### TEAM CRITICISM.

R. J. RIPLEY: Captain.

C. K. HODGES: Vice-Captain. A pretty bat and has bowled with success in all matches.

J. D. HALE: Has kept wicket and batted well, but is inclined to nibble at off balls.

M. P. G. ROLPH: An excellent run-getter on several occasions, and a useful change bowler.

C. B. STANSBURY: Has great possibilities, but has had a rather disappointing season.

O. B. PARKER: His great staying powers have been of great use in many matches. First change bowler, and good.

J. G. E. LAMPARD: Unable to play for the first half of the season, but has scored fairly freely since. A little nervous of the fast ones. Improved in the field.

P. A. COMPTON: One of the few members of the team to drive consistently; has made runs usually when most needed.

G. H. FLETCHER: Very good in the field. Inclined to slog.

R. W. SIMPSON: A good slip fielder; brilliant on occasions. His run-getting depends on force rather than skill.

G. G. HARRIS: Good fielder and very keen; he plays a straight if rather strained bat.

Mr. LE CREN and Mr. ROBERTSON have played very well in all but School matches.

Mr. ROE and Mr. BRIERLEY have never failed to umpire when needed.

R. J. RIPLEY.

#### AVERAGES (BATTING).

Player.	Innings.	Not out.	Runs.	Highest Score.	Average.
C. K. Hodges	.... 16	0	255	48	15.94
R. J. Ripley	..... 15	1	185	49	13.21
J. D. Hale	..... 16	1	132	27	8.88
M. P. G. Rolph	.... 14	2	104	25*	8.66
P. A. Compton	..... 15	2	111	19	8.54
Mr. Le Cren	..... 8	0	68	14	7.87
Mr. Robertson	..... 9	0	64	23	7.11
J. G. Lampard	..... 10	0	68	17	6.80
O. B. Parker	..... 12	4	44	10	5.55
G. H. Fletcher	..... 13	4	30	9*	3.33
C. B. Stansbury	..... 13	1	38	10*	3.17
R. W. Simpson	..... 10	1	22	7	2.44

\*Signifies not out.

Matches played	..... 16	Matches won	..... 9
Matches lost	..... 6	Matches drawn	..... 1

#### AVERAGES (BOWLING).

Player.	Overs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Runs.	Average.
C. K. Hodges	..... 194	55	78	437	5.60
M. P. G. Rolph	..... 36	10	14	82	5.85
R. J. Ripley	..... 141	39	42	333	7.93
O. B. Parker	..... 50	14	16	142	8.88

#### CATCHES.

Hale	..... 15	Mr. Robertson	..... } 3
Ripley	..... 7	Compton	..... }
Hodges	..... 6	Simpson	..... }
Fletcher	..... 5	Lampard	..... }
Rolph	..... } 4	Parker	..... }
Stansbury	..... }	Mr. Le Cren	..... 1

Runs for 1,251, for 142 wickets.

Runs against 1,082, for 160 wickets.

P. A. COMPTON.

#### THE HOUSE COMPETITION.

Once again the Cup has gone to Beatty, and again Rodney finish up third. Indeed they could only produce 5 points to Nelson's 72 and Beatty's 105.

In the Senior Cricket, Beatty won both their matches, and Nelson beat Rodney. In the Nelson v. Rodney match Nelson piled up 145 for 4, 68 of which were scored by their Captain, Hodges. Amongst the juniors Nelson were victorious also, and Beatty managed to beat Rodney fairly easily.



In the Fives again Beatty was only beaten in one game, and that by only one point, and in both sections of the game Rodney managed to scrape up only three points.

Why this should be so we are at a loss to understand. Of the three Houses they are numerically the largest, and, as in last term's tugs-of-war, have shown their superiority in size and weight.

## HOUSE TEAMS.

## BEATTY.

1st.	2nd.
Ripley i (Capt.).	Chater i (Capt.).
Hale.	Lampard.
Stansbury.	Driver.
Fletcher.	Healey.
Compton.	Mee.
Harris i.	Gray.
Judd.	Constable.
Donnelly.	Case.
Stock ii.	Allan.
Smart.	Hart.
Crisp.	Carnall.

## NELSON.

1st.	2nd.
Hodges (Capt.).	Tuthill i. (Capt.).
Parker i.	Neale.
Simpson.	Barnes i.
Meek ii.	Hill.
Gatford.	Webster.
Stock i.	Tree.
Mawhood.	Radford.
Ripley ii.	Warriner.
Tuthill ii.	Thomas.
Richardson.	Parker ii.
Wells i.	Westell.

## RODNEY.

1st.	2nd.
Rolph (Capt.).	Maynard i (Capt.).
Pearce.	Payne ii.
Porter.	Browne i.
Drane.	Stapleton.
Paddick ii.	Larter.
Collins.	Wilson.
Cakebread.	Maskell.
Durston.	Wood ii.
Wood i.	Minett.
Friend.	Madden.
Copas.	Chivers.

EVENT.	RESULT.	POINTS.		
		Beatty.	Nelson.	Rodney.
<i>Senior Cricket...</i>	Beatty beat Nelson, 59—38 ...	12	0	—
	Beatty beat Rodney, 49—40...	12	—	0
	Nelson beat Rodney, 145 for 4—44.....	—	12	0
<i>Junior Cricket</i>	Beatty beat Rodney, 81 for 3—25.....	9	—	0
	Nelson beat Rodney, 41 for 8—40.....	—	9	0
	Nelson beat Beatty, 30—25 ...	0	9	—
<i>Footer Fives.</i>				
1st Singles ...	Ripley i (B.) beat Paddick ii (R.)	3	—	0
	Parker i (N.) beat Ripley i (B.)	0	3	—
1st Doubles ...	Parker i (N.) beat Paddick ii (R.)	—	3	0
	Ripley i and John (B.) beat Parker i and Gatford (N.)	5	0	—
	Ripley i and John (B.) beat Drane and Collins (R.) ...	5	—	0
2nd Singles ...	Parker i and Gatford (N.) beat Drane and Collins (R.) ...	—	5	0
	Hale (B.) beat Rolph (R.) ...	3	—	0
	Hale (B.) beat Simpson (N.) ...	3	0	—
2nd Doubles ...	Rolph (R.) beat Simpson (N.)	—	0	3
	Hale and Compton (B.) beat Simpson and Meek (N.) ...	5	0	—
	Hale and Compton (B.) beat Rolph and Paddick ii (R.)	5	—	0
<i>Hand Fives.</i>	Simpson and Meek (N.) beat Rolph and Paddick ii (R.)	—	5	0
	Ripley i (B.) beat Hodges (N.)	3	0	—
	Ripley i (B.) beat Rolph (R.) ...	3	—	0
1st Singles ...	Hodges (N.) beat Rolph (R.) ...	—	3	0
	Ripley i and John (B.) beat Parker i and Hodges (N.)	5	0	—
	Ripley i and John (B.) beat Rolph and Paddick ii (R.)	5	—	0
1st Doubles ...	Parker i and Hodges (N.) beat Ripley i and John (B.)	5	—	0
	Rolph and Paddick ii (R.)	—	5	0
	Simpson and Meek (N.) beat Rolph and Paddick ii (R.)	—	5	0
<i>Swimming Sports</i>	For details see separate table ...	27	18	2
Total		105	72	5

## A WATER POLO MATCH.

An old custom was revived, when one Saturday last term, failing a cricket match, although only two boys had ever played before, a water-polo match was suggested and decided upon.

There was great excitement, when it became known that even though you could not throw the ball in the proper manner, you could play. When the bathing pool was reached, however, and the water announced to be freezing, the ardour was quite naturally a little damped.



Quite an exciting match ensued, however, and it is to be hoped that next swimming season water-polo will be taken up in earnest.

OBSERVER.

### THE SWIMMING SPORTS.

An outside chance, that if they did sufficiently well in the Swimming Sports, Nelson might win the cup, made this year's water sports quite exciting, although only three Rodney entries were received.

A new feature this year was a 200 yards race, which Stock i., who seemed liable to go on swimming for ever, won for Nelson.

Most of the other features were dominated by Ripley i., who swam and dived very well. In fact everybody was astonished, when, in the diving, which was judged by R. Smith, an Old Harlovian, Ripley i. was not given the first place, which he seemed to have easily deserved.

Much amusement was caused during the plate-diving by Richardson, who is so big that he can hardly get his whole body under the water, at the same time, thus giving us momentary glimpses of his legs splashing at top speed.

The relay races, however, really decided this section of the Inter-House Competition, these being won by Beatty, whose motto seems to be "Nulli secundus," and who thus gained major points.

P. A. COMPTON.

EVENT.	RESULT.	POINTS.		
		Beatty.	Nelson.	Rodney.
200 Yards (Open)	1, Stock i (N.)	...	5	—
	2, Tuthill i (N.)	...	3	—
80 Yards (Open)	1, Ripley i (B.)	...	3	—
	2, Parker i (N.)	...	2	—
High Diving (Open)	1, Simpson (N.)	...	2	—
	2, Ripley i (B.)	...	1	—
40 Yards Breast- stroke (Open)	1, Parker (N.)	...	2	—
	2, Stansbury (B.)	...	1	—
40 Yards Back- stroke (Open)	1, Ripley i (B.)	...	2	—
	2, Sanderson (N.)	...	1	—
Plate Diving (Open)	1, Fletcher i (B.)	...	2	—
	2, Richardson (N.)	...	1	—
Senior Relay	Ripley i, Compton, Stansbury, Lampard (B.)	...	5	—
Junior Relay	Harris i, Constable, Healey, Stock ii (B.)	...	5	—
40 Yards (under 14)	1, Constable (B.)	...	2	—
	2, Stock i (N.)	...	1	—
Junior Diving	1, Harris i (B.)	...	2	—
	2, Gray (B.)	...	1	—
Learners' Race	1, Healey (B.)	...	3	—
	2, Copas (R.)	...	—	2
	3, Hill (N.)	...	1	—
	Total	...	27	18 2

### A PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.

A deplorable accident to Harlovians was narrowly averted on the morning of 31st June last. It is thought that their deliverance was largely due to the fortunate circumstance that at the time of the occurrence—10.15 a.m.—they were all engaged in class-rooms and consequently were not in any way exposed to its dangers. So far as can be gathered from conflicting reports, the facts appear to be as follows:—On the morning in question a heavy steam-lorry laden with bricks was coming up the hill from the Station to Harlow at a leisurely pace. It was computed by our Mathematics Master, an excellent judge of speed—who has worked out his calculations to four places of decimals—that if the speed of the vehicle had been 57 miles per hour and the Harlow boys had been crossing the road in its pathway, those who failed to notice its approach might have suffered severe or even extremely fatal injuries. It is a matter for congratulation that the boys were elsewhere at the moment this might have happened. It speaks volumes for the discipline and coolness of Harlovians that none of them gave way to panic in face of what might have been a most distressing experience. Much relief was felt by all concerned when it was found that the boys were unscathed, and we are glad to report that the health and spirits of all the inmates of the College are unimpaired by this extraordinary incident.

F.S.H.

### "THIS SCIENTIFIC AGE."

The word science is frequently met with nowadays—but what does it convey to the average adult. Perhaps dim visions of work in the school lab., or in the museum at South Kensington, or even home-made wireless sets. Yet although all these are connected with or included by the word science the true meaning of this word of seven letters is little realised.

If a dictionary is consulted it is found that the definition is "systematized knowledge," and that is exactly what science is. Nothing remains to chance. A theory only remains so as long as it is not disproved.

Let us suppose for argument's sake that the cricket season is just commencing, and that a person shall we call him A, is going in to bat and that as he approaches the crease a black cat crosses his path. A is not superstitious (who is in this age?), but, nevertheless, after he has been bowled with his score 57 he laughingly remarks in the pavilion "It must have been that black cat."



Next time when A went out to bat the cat crossed his path and he got, shall we say, 75 runs. A now begins to associate the cat with his score at cricket, and if in succeeding games he scores runs freely when the cat is present and fails to score when the cat is not there, A really begins to think that the cat, after all, must have something to do with his score. He has connected an observed fact with a result obtained. And so this principle holds in science, in fact is science. Connection of things observed, with results obtained, is the basic principle of all the sciences.

If an experiment is performed and such and such a result is obtained which conforms with our pre-conceived theory, that theory may be correct. If on repetition of the experiment the same result is obtained, the chances that our theory is correct are increased one hundred fold. But if the same experiment gives the same result on five or six consecutive occasions we may take it for granted that our practical work has proved that our theoretical work is correct in every detail.

In schools that is what we try to aim at, not the learning of laws and hypotheses, because we shall use them in our past school life, but because by learning these laws and applying them we are learning the principles of observation, care, and method which will be of use to us whatever our sphere of life or whatever career we choose to follow.

E.R.

### FAIR ROSAMUND.

Some tender-hearted folk there be who let their feelings go  
When contemplating details of another person's woe.  
They view the victim's anguish through imagination's eye,  
Then seize a pocket handkerchief and rush upstairs and cry.

In them the very thought of some poor damsel in distress  
Produces sudden hic-coughs they're unable to repress.  
Recital of her troubles makes their eyes and noses drip  
And brings about what certain people designate "the pip."

Emotional subscribers to the Harlow Magazine  
Are cautioned that this story is about a wicked Queen  
Who killed a pretty governess in circumstance so foul,  
That readers with this complex very possibly may howl.

This narrative has been compiled, regardless of expense,  
To suit the taste of those whose nerves are overwrought and tense.  
Its horrors are omitted. They will find, to their relief,  
It calls for sympathetic tears, not overwhelming grief.

It happened in the reign of Henry, second of that name,  
And Eleanor, his consort, was the one who was to blame.  
We know, to-day, it's impolite at ugliness to mock  
Contemporaries, though, declared her face would stop a clock.

Now, like most ugly women, she was jealous as could be,  
And hated maidens comelier and younger than was she.  
If Henry shed a wink at one while passing on his way  
With Eleanor he found there was the very deuce to pay.

Her little children's governess, she noted with concern,  
Was lovely as a fashion plate. She had a jealous turn  
On hearing this sweet creature say "Well, when it comes to Kings  
"I think our dear old Harry is the dinkiest of things!"

That night while Henry lay asleep, a-snoring in his bed,  
The Queen went through his pockets "Ha! I've got it now!" she said.  
And with a look of evil glee a letter she withdrew  
Addressed to Fair Miss Rosamund, The Bower, E.C.2.

Next morning bad Queen Eleanor, with set determined face,  
Packed poison and a dagger in a small attaché case,  
And went to see fair Rosamund. Right gaily did she start  
With powder on her ugly nose and murder in her heart.

Said Rosamund "To what fair chance this pleasure do I owe?"  
The Queen replied "When I've unpacked my little bag you'll know.  
"Your fault lies in your beauty" snarled the Queen, with vicious leer,  
"Then you, forsooth, are innocent," said Rosamund "that's clear."

The Queen broke in "I will not bandy words. It's waste of breath.  
"I've called on you to tell you I'm determined on your death.  
"The poison bowl or dagger, wench? Say, which is it to be?  
"I have no preference myself, it's all the same to me."



In vain poor Rosamund declared that poison made her sick,  
While as for daggers they were things no decent girl could stick.  
She told the Queen to make a choice of either . . . she was loth.  
Said Eleanor "Then in that case I'd better give you both!"

\* \* \* \* \*

The printer here a little row of stars will please insert  
Lest sympathetic readers should by any chance feel hurt.  
In place of words these asterisks will serve to indicate  
That poor unhappy Rosamund has met a dismal fate.

F.S.H.

### THINGS SEEN AND HEARD.

We are indebted to Chater i for pointing out to us an early connection between seaside landladies and the nobility. "Earl Douglas was a Scottish nobleman who lived on the boarder."

\* \* \* \* \*

A recent English test supplied some illuminating sidelights on apparent disturbances in the natural kingdom. To quote a few:—"The feminine of stallion is dog." "The feminine of stallion is deer." "The feminine of cock is chicken," and "The feminine of cock is cockrel." Perhaps this is not to be wondered at, however, in view of the state of things in the realm of the most intelligent of creatures, for "The feminine of lad is lady," while "The plural of baby is sucklings."

\* \* \* \* \*

The bandit of to-day appears to desire more than wealth and an adventurous, if precarious existence, for in an exam. paper we read of one "asking for homage." But perhaps we do wrong to question his judgment, for from Form III. comes the news that "A hostage is a kind of hotel."

\* \* \* \* \*

It is said that chivalry is dead. Yet some idea, even if rather confused, of the real thing, seems to have been inculcated into the Remove, as the reader may judge from the following:—

"A Galahad is a hermit who would almost give his life for a girl."

"A Quixote is a man who loves every girl he meets. He is also a knight."

Yet while the mind of the Remove is still occupied with visions of gentle knights pricking o'er plains, that of the Lower Fifth seems to have become imbued with thoughts of this debased world of to-day, with its hard-living, hard-drinking young women. How else to explain "He gave her some water and Nancy survived."

\* \* \* \* \*

We understand on unimpeachable authority that one of our Prefects has given up hair oil, all for love of a maiden. We ask again, "Can chivalry really be dead"?

\* \* \* \* \*

The praise for this term's pearl of wit, cast fortunately to appreciative swine, goes to a gentleman with a large moustache, who may frequently be seen in the grounds of the College with an empty coal scuttle over one arm. Seeing "Nipper" Hale playing tennis, the said gentleman gave a loud guffaw and exclaimed, "Go it, Austin Seven."

O.J.M.

### THE CULT OF THE YO-YO.

Oh! for the fellow who first invented the Yo-Yo. Let him keep out of my sight, for assuredly if I see him, he will die.

Can anyone imagine a more devastating craze than that of the Yo-Yo—two circular pieces of wood or metal suspended on a loop of string. I would not be at all surprised to hear of the Prime Minister Yo-Yoing in Parliament; indeed, I expect it has been done in the American senate, where Senators think nothing of haranguing their colleagues while cracking pea-nuts.

Everywhere one goes, you see them. Walking into a village shop the other day, I was astounded to see the oldest inhabitant, a worthy patriarch, Yo-Yoing with infinite glee. Go where you will, you cannot avoid them.

Nevertheless, there is *some* pleasure in going "Round the World," or "Over the Falls," or doing the "Kentucky Derby" on this amusing and fascinating little plaything. Perhaps I do rather like them after all.

OBSERVER.



## LETTERS FROM OLD HARLOVIANS.

"Glenfield,"  
Edenfield Estate,  
Hornsea,  
E. Yorks.  
5th May, 1932.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

I felt awfully proud, in fact, rather conceited, to think that you would consider a letter of mine to be of interest in the old School Mag. You ask me to write about my doings since I left School.

I was at the old School six years, from 1900 to 1906.

In those days the great thing on leaving School was to be apprenticed or trained in one of the professions; in these days apprenticeship is practically dead, and to be trained for a profession, without receiving some salary, would go against the grain during these hard times.

Well, through a friend who knew one of the directors on the old London and South-Western Railway, I became, on payment of £50, a premium apprentice on the Railway, under Mr. Dougal Drummond, chief mechanical engineer.

I started in the Running Shed (Loco. Shed) at Guildford, togged up with a blue flannel shirt, an old suit, and blue overalls. I was the only premium there, so was rather favoured. It was there I learned to use a hammer and chisel, the great art of which is to hit the chisel and not your finger. The great treat was to go on a breakdown where there had been a smash-up or engine off the line, or in mid-winter, when some of the engines were covered with icicles in the morning, to do a job in a fire-box, which was still warm. After a year at Guildford I was moved to London, Nine Elms, where the Main Loco. Works were, and where I had to start at 6 a.m. instead of 9 a.m., as I did at Guildford. At London I had "digs" at Richmond, which meant travelling by the 4.59 a.m. As I was then attending two morning classes and two evening classes at Battersea Polytechnic, the strain of this, combined with homework, started to tell on me, and I was allowed to come by a later train, which I believe arrived about 7.30 a.m., in time for me to get breakfast at one of the coffee shops outside the works. Whilst at Richmond I was staying with friends, and shared the bedroom with the younger son of the family, who has been one of my best pals, and was "best man" at my wedding.

About that time Brooklands was more or less just starting, and we used to go to Weybridge to see the wonders of speed. It was also at Richmond that I learned to row properly and handle a punt in the river. I was at this time about 2½ years in London, and we were not too flush with ready cash, so spent most of our week-ends either walking or on the river, occasionally a trip to the theatre, and most of the shows at Olympia. I also saw some very good Rugby matches, which I had always been interested in.

After about 2½ years, the Works moved to Eastleigh, near Southampton, so I left my old pal and went with them.

At Eastleigh, besides morning classes, I attended one class a week at Southampton University. It was here I first started "Rugger," the finest and most manly game, in my humble opinion, of all games. The team was socially a mixed affair; two Cambridge pupils (£130 a year for three years), one Blue Coat School boy, three or four Public Schools, about four labourers, and about four tradesmen. We were attired in red stockings, white jersey and shorts, with a black skull and cross-bones on the left breast; truly a terrifying sight for our opponents! But I don't think we won many

matches. We took on all comers; some of the teams we took on from Portsmouth; we played Sherborne School, also some Army teams.

Well, I went through the different shops at Eastleigh, Fitting, Erecting, Turning, Outside Department, etc., and finished up my five years apprenticeship. I then stayed on for six months as an improver, being then a fully-blown fitter. There was very little chance of getting into the drawing office, although I had had the technical training, as the pupils (£130 a year men) had chance, and there were only a limited number required. The drawing office was the next step, but the difficulty was to get in.

I was, however, fortunate in getting a start with Messrs. Glenfield & Kennedy, Kilmarnock, so I made a start in pastures new. Whilst here I started with classes at Glasgow Technical College.

I was also welcomed into Kilmarnock Rugby Club, some letters of which I still treasure.

If above is any use, I will write a further instalment if you so desire.

Yours very sincerely,

C. JORDAN.

"East Dene,"

King's Langley,

Herts.

10/5/32.

DEAR MISS JESSIE,

How is the good old School going along now? Well, I hope.

After a strangely fortunate misfortune (being knocked over by a motor-bike), I have been in bed for five weeks, and need two more yet at least. The fortunate position comes from the strange improvement in my memory (quite normal beforehand). I have thought of many things which had never occurred to me previously.

One is that I dreamed that my grandmother had once been to Cape Town and lost some silver spoons and forks, and on enquiry the following day, I discovered the truth of my dream, most unexpectedly. Now other important discoveries—or rather remembrances. Perhaps you remember the fact that I passed the Senior Oxford in my last term at the Coll. last year. That, of course, was very pleasing, and I have never since, most strangely, remembered that one wins a certificate, until my recovery from unconsciousness, which lasted for nearly a fortnight, when I immediately remembered it, and also the fact that I have never had it, unless it was given to my grandfather on the day of last summer when we came over. I also remember the fact that there is a certain age up to which boys are too young for the certificate, but receive them on the date that they arrive at the age. If I am too young, I am 16 years and 7 months now, of course it is all right entirely; but *vice versa*, I should be pleased to have it now, but there is no reason for a frantic hurry at all, and of course it is all right that way naturally.

The other lucky remembrance was the "Harlovian" payment, for which I enclose a 6s. P.O. If the "Harlovian" for last Easter term has not been sent to Stortford, would you kindly send it to this address? After a month or so I shall be at 3, Bedford Road, Harrow. I fear my writing is not what it should be, but the doctor says I am making excellent progress following most severe concussion, and having only written to one or two of my relations, I am not yet used to writing by any means. Please remember me to Mr. and Mrs. Horsey, who I hope are in excellent health, and I naturally hope you are also. Please remember me also to Mr. Cairns, and tell him I shall write to him when my writing is up to his standard. Well, I think that is all, hoping you are in the best of health.

I am,

yours affectionately,

J. W. D. FENNINGS.



" Pembrey,"  
Nazing Road,  
Broxbourne.

DEAR SIR,

I do hope you are in a genial mood and are ready to forgive me for not having written to you before. I won't make any excuses, explaining my conduct, but will just admit that I am rather lazy.

Many thanks for your testimonial and for the Magazines. I understand I won a Literature Prize in the School Certificate Examination. I wonder if Mr. Cairns still thinks I am—I should say I was—the worst boy in the class at English? Could you please send it to me with the School Certificate, together with my bill for the " Harlovians " and postage.

I have been working since November last for Imperial Chemical Industries, Millbank, and I have rather a decent time. We are well provided for in the way of sports. We have two Football teams (I play for the Junior), our own Squash Racquet Courts, Badminton Courts, Rifle Range, Gymnasium, etc., and the subscription, inclusive of all branches of Imperial Chemical House Recreation Club, is only 2s 6d.

Cantor seems to be working near me; I have seen him several times in Victoria Street.

I hope to visit you one Saturday afternoon soon. Hoping you are yourself, as well as your family, the staff, and all the boys are in the best of health,

I am,  
your old pupil,  
RICHARD E. SELWYN.

Eversleigh,  
26, Wilmot Way,  
Banstead,  
Surrey.  
May 28th, 1932.

DEAR MISS JESSIE,

Thank you so much for your letter and also for enquiring about the state of my health, which, I am pleased to say, is as it should be, very fine. I have not felt anything at all since the operation except an unusual putting on of weight. This is due to the fact that I am not allowed to do any digging or heavy work in the garden, the only thing the doctor has forbidden, so I must bow to the inevitable.

A fortnight after I came out of the nursing home my wife and I went to Brighton for a week, and had a marvellous time; we danced every night, so that I think my cure must be complete.

I am so sorry not to be able to send Pete to Harlow this year. The depression has affected even us, and with cuts in salary and doctors' bills, I am afraid it will have to be postponed till some time next year. At present Peter is getting over a bout of measles. He did not have it badly. My wife has nursed him very carefully, and had the spots out and in in no time.

I trust the bazaar will be a success and that you will have a fine day for it, so that your arduous work may be rewarded.

Please give my kindest regards to Mr. and Mrs. Horsey. I hope they are both enjoying the best of health.

My wife joins me in best wishes to yourself.

Yours very sincerely,  
T. J. WALFORD.

Killarney Hotel,  
Karachi,  
June, 1932.

DEAR EVERYBODY,

Well! Here I am. I arrived in India yesterday afternoon, after flying from Cairo last Wednesday, *via* Tiberius, then the Desert, Baghdad, the Persian Gulf and Karachi. The whole affair seems a dream to me. I can't realise that ten days ago I was in England. Everything is so strange—the people, the climate, the scenery, all. Cairo is quite European compared with some of the places I have since been to.

After Cairo we spent the night at Galilee, overlooking the Lake. We slept on the flat roof of the Hebrew Hotel under the stars. Tiberius looks exactly like we expect it to look—the dress of the people, the curious houses, just as we see in the usual religious pictures. It evidently hasn't altered for thousands of years. I could quite easily picture the Disciples coming down the road. From Tiberius we took off and flew the next morning over the Indian Hills and then into the desert. For hundreds of miles I could see nothing but sand, sand, sand. No life at all, although there are tribes wandering about there. We landed in the middle of the desert, after having flown over the Jebel Druz country, which is a thorn in the flesh of the British, as the inhabitants are somewhat hostile and have nasty ways of dealing with anybody they find, if they feel that way inclined.

This centre desert landing place is just a fort stuck out in the blue. It is run by us and is a miniature town inside, guarded by the Iraq soldiers, who are the finest shots round here. They are commanded by British officers. We just stayed long enough for something to eat and then away again across trackless miles of desert (220 miles), until we saw the Euphrates and Tigris rivers. We then landed at Baghdad. Phew! The heat hit me like the blast of a furnace. 120 degrees in the shade! It literally scorched my eyes, and I couldn't bear to touch my sun glasses, the rims were so hot. Baghdad may be romantic—at times. This time it appeared just a lot of straggly houses and minarets, all the same colour as the sand. In fact, everything from Tiberius to Karachi is sand. Sandy coloured houses, very difficult to see; sandy air; we passed through two dust storms; and the inhabitants wear clothes the colour of sand. One thing is certain. I never want to see any sand in England again. I am fed up with sand. We left Baghdad 30 minutes later, and then more sand until we reached Basra, on the Persian Gulf, which was enjoying a cool spell; it was only 125 degrees in the shade! What it's like when they get a heat wave, heaven only knows! I was just a mass of wet rag by this time, and was glad to sleep out in the open for the second night, especially as there were two lizards (one baby one), one real tarantula, complete with hairy legs and beak like a bird (an airforce fellow captured mine, thank goodness), who remained perfectly still on the wall, and a white scorpion (which is fairly harmless). I tell you, when I saw my local zoo, I fairly let out a yell, much to the amusement of the other pilot and the manager, who pay no attention to these nocturnal visitors. I there and then decided that I would *not* sleep in my room. It was another beautiful night, but hot. We left the next morning and went out into the Persian Gulf, past the big oil fields belonging to the British. After two hours over the sea we saw land again, and landed in Persian territory, at Bushire. Here it was not quite so hot, only 112 degrees! A lovely cup of tea was waiting for us. There is one European manager in the aerodrome. The rest are Persians, in the most amazing garb!

We then took off from the desert aerodrome and made for Gwador. Just a hut where the petrol is kept, and another where tea was served again.



My family would feel quite at home, as from Cairo to Karachi (1,800 miles) it's tea, tea, tea every hour or so. Sensible people drink it all the time, and it's jolly well made. Stupid tourists, etc., drink beer, etc., which is dangerous, besides not being done in these parts. In Africa, perhaps, but in this part of the globe always tea—without milk for us Europeans, as the milk can't be trusted.

After Gwador, it's 180 miles across a bay, and across a strip of Arabia 9,000ft. high, and then another strip of water 120 miles, where we could see sharks below us and nothing much else. No ships, except occasionally a native boat. We then sighted the coast just off here, and arrived in the afternoon of Saturday.

Karachi is hot, very British, very pleasant, very snobby, and very dear! That's Karachi. Full of our soldiers and Air Force and clubs, and very "broke" junior officers and their wives. I understand, so typically India!

I have a wonderful "boy" who looks after me whilst I'm here. I say "boy," but he must be about 20. Anxious to give a good impression to his new "sahib," he follows me all the time. In my room here he gets my tea, folds my clothes, cuts my hair, fills my cigarette case incessantly, lays everything out that I want, calls me, runs all errands, and altogether spoils me. Of course, he's perfectly silent, as he wears nothing on his feet, and besides, it's a sign of gross inefficiency to make any noise in the "master's" presence. He washes my shirts, and as he evidently already worships me, I think he would die for me—and all for the munificent sum of £2 10s. od. per month.

Now more about India, little time that I have have been here as yet.

The men are very fine looking around here. Wonderful profiles—turbaned—and carefully "whiskered." They are mostly Hindus and Parsees. There is a Parsee burial ground here where the dead bodies are thrown and then picked to pieces by the vultures. The sun dries the bones, which fall down a funnel-shaped affair into a pit. The rim of this funnel has grids across it, on to which the bodies are thrown and exposed to the sun and air.

All this is strictly private and cannot be seen from the land. It's only by flying over the place that we could see this gruesome affair.

As it's considered very lucky for the "departed one" if his face is licked by dogs (why, goodness knows!), the face is smeared with cream after death, and of course, "luck's in," as the dogs like cream, and the "departed one" can rest in peace. One of our pilots saw one of these dogs (every Parsee keeps a dog) running like mad across the sand from the burial place, followed by four vultures, flopping along above him very angrily, because in the dog's mouth was a human hand, and the vultures objected to this poaching on their preserves! Isn't it perfectly horrible? But then, this is India, and another world from ours.

The roads are good, being ours, and, of course, it's the same side of the road for driving as in England. The railways look English, too.

It's the sights in the wide, tree-lined avenues (they can't be called streets) that interest me.

Camels, loaded with grass, being driven by a coolie—funny looking cows, grey coloured. Little kids playing around and little girls, looking about ten years old, nursing their own babies!

I personally got on very well with old man Persian; he's got a nice sense of humour, whatever his idea of the English are. Thirty more minutes and we were off again along the most marvellous coast its possible to imagine.

Huge towering mountains 8,000ft. high drop suddenly steeply to the sea. The valleys are just sandy desert, and we could see villages now and again down near the water's edge. What is behind these masses of mountains only Persia knows. One thing is curious. Every now and then a dark smudge would colour the water near the coast. That is oil, natural oil, from springs coming to the surface. Fancy, petrol and paraffin as abundant as that, and what a future Persia must have, with all that oil going free!

We then landed at Jask, also in Persia, and stayed Friday night there. I knew the manager, an Indian, as I had flown him last year from Alexandria to Corfu on the flying boat. After a good dinner we again slept out in the open under a perfectly impossible sky—full of stars and as black as velvet.

We had early morning tea in bed. My biscuits were stolen. Stolen by a local well-known inhabitant—a tame jackdaw. He looks upon it as his right to hobble up to the beds and pinch the biscuits.

The women are very pretty. They always wear gaudy shawls and all have the most beautiful eyes and teeth. No shoes, of course, but long wide trousers, caught in at the ankle with coloured braid. Their jewellery consists usually of a pearl in one nostril (not very attractive), a lot of bangles (attractive), and beautifully made bangles on their ankles (very attractive).

They've all got jet black hair and brown skin, and most attractive faces.

I remain here until Wednesday, then go back to Cairo with another pilot (and this letter). By that time I suppose I ought to know the route and might probably take the service the following Wednesday myself (in command of Hornibal) from Cairo back here.

Up to now I'm as fit as a fiddle and glory in the heat, providing the hot water tap is not turned on too full, as at Baghdad and Basra. That's all that has happened so far. I shall be back in Cairo next Saturday afternoon.

Tons of love,

from  
JOHN.  
(J. H. HORSEY).

S.S. Pembroke-shire,

Port Said,

23/5/32.

DEAR SIR,

Many thanks for your card and enquiry. I will endeavour to make amends for my slackness.

As you know, I am at sea in the Merchant Navy, cadet on the Glen Lane Steamer "Pembroke-shire."

This vessel is a medium-sized cargo steamer, carrying approximately 11,000 tons of cargo and having accommodation for twelve passengers. I will endeavour to give a brief résumé of a round trip, but some of my statements may not be precisely correct re ports, etc.

The trip commences at Middlesborough, where we load iron and sulphate of ammonia. Thence to Antwerp, where we load more iron, chiefly plates and rods for reinforcing concrete. Our London Dock is King George V., where we load general cargo, that is to say anything from motor-cars to cases of toffee.



Leaving London, our next stop is Port Said, eleven days afterwards. Here we discharge cargo and various hawkers with genuine Egyptian curios (made in Birmingham), come aboard to fleece the unwary.

The transit of the Suez Canal takes eleven hours, and during the night a searchlight suspended over the bow helps the pilot. Although the canal is not less than 200 feet in width, when two ships pass one of them ties up to the bank.

At Suez we drop the second pilot, having exchanged half-way through the Canal, and proceed on the "long hop" Suez to Penang, which takes nineteen days. A swimming bath 20ft. x 10ft. by 6ft. deep is put up, and this affords endless pleasure, and I might mention there is no shivering and hot tea attached to our swimming, for the temperature of the water is usually 85 degrees, and in the Red Sea 93 degrees is quite usual.

Penang is a small island; it possesses a railway station, but no railway, and after purchasing a ticket it is necessary to cross over to the mainland by ferry to catch the train.

170 miles S.E. of Penang lies Port Swollenham. This port is on a river, the banks of which are tropical jungle, and monkeys can be seen coming to the waters edge to drink. The heat is very unpleasant, and the mosquitoes great biters.

Singapore next—too well known to need description. Here hawkers come aboard selling bananas 25 for 2d, pineapples, and tropical clothing.

Hong Kong is yet another British Island. This rises almost sheer to the "Peak" 1,700 ft. above sea level. Houses and hotels are built up the side of the hill, and a funicular railway runs up to the top.

The houses at the top are usually covered in mist at daybreak, but the air is wonderful. Shanghai is a very fine city. It is here we usually find our amusements. Unfortunately, when we arrived at Shanghai all the actual fighting was finished. However, we visited the remains of Chin-kiang amongst which crowds of Chinese were searching for anything of the slightest value. The enclosed snaps will show that the Japs were not beaten anyway.

Shanghai to Kobe via the Inland sea takes two days. The sea is dotted with hundreds of little islands. Kobe is uninteresting. Four hours from Yokohama, Fuziyama, the sacred mountain, provided a glorious example of nature's beauty. The snow-covered top reflecting the sun's rays like a halo. Our next and final port of discharge is either Dairen or Vladivostock.

Dairen is uninteresting and Vladivostock unpleasant. Here we load 5,000 tons of Soya beans. These are loaded by forced labour, Russian farmers who refuse to work their farms for the Soviet being compelled, by armed guards, to work in this manner. One wretch attempting to escape was ruthlessly shot down. We had one stowaway a cargo superintendent, and he reached Shanghai in safety. Had he remained in Vladivostock two days longer he would have been shot, the police had summoned him to appear at Court, and that usually means death.

When one finally gets ashore, after being rigorously searched, the scene is most depressing. Everyone is sullen and shabbily clothed. In the Red Club, the Seaman's Home, papers reeking of propaganda may be obtained. The furniture, etc., is wonderful, being beautifully carved and padded. This, of course, came from the houses of the aristocrats. A conducted tour over a Russian ship, "to see the ideal conditions under which the sailors lived," as our guide put it, convinced me that we, in our ship, were living in the lap of luxury. We had two games of football against a picked team, and they

played very well; we won the first game and they the second. A brass band with the red flag and various banners played before the games.

Kiao-chow is one of the holiday resorts of N. China, and is a typical continental town. The Germans formerly owned it, but it has now been returned to the Chinese. There we loaded frozen eggs and peanuts. Then over to Manila in the Phillipine Islands where we load hemp; then to Cebu, also in the Isles. There we load more hemp and copra. This small town boasts the ruins of a Spanish fort, and it was here that Drake landed.

At Singapore and Penang we have rubber, tinned pineapples and tea.

Colombo is the next port, and here we usually fill up with tea. Through the Suez Canal again, and our next stop is Oran in N. Algeria. This is a French town, and part of the famous Foreign Legion is usually stationed there. The long breakwater was built by the prisoners and other miscreants of the Legion.

London a week later. We usually discharge pineapple and tea there.

At Rotterdam the peanuts go, and at Hamburg the copra, beans, and eggs.

That concludes a round trip of 4½ months' duration, covering over 25,000 miles. The ship burns 6,000 tons of coal, and uses 1,000 tons of fresh water. The Senior Cadet keeps watch with the Chief Officer. The two juniors painting, chipping, or scraping in the morning, and have the afternoon for swotting. Animals generally come under our care, and these include horses, pigs, dogs, chickens, and rabbits, sent from London to the Malay States.

I strongly advise fellows who are thinking of going to sea to abandon the idea forthwith, for the prospects of obtaining an officer's job are pretty hopeless.

I hope to visit Harlow some day. Please give my best wishes to Mrs. Horsey and Miss Jessie, and to any of the staff who remember me.

I am,

Yours very sincerely,

S. DEREK WHITE.