

# THE HARLOVIAN.

VIII.]

SEPTEMBER, 1935.

[No. 68.



MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL, PRESENTING PRIZES ON SPORTS DAY  
(Reprinted by kind permission of the "West Essex Gazette")

## EXAMINATION RESULTS.

### OXFORD HIGHER CERTIFICATE.

H. E. Minett : Subsidiary Subjects Latin, Credit in French and German.

### OXFORD SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

G. G. A. Barkham : Credit in English, French, Art.  
E. H. Friend : Credit in French, Mathematics, Geography.  
G. S. Hill : Credit in French.  
E. P. Larter : Credit in Latin, French, German, Mathematics.  
P. W. Madden : Credit in English, Latin, French, German, Art.  
L. Ofengenden : Distinction in German, Credit in French, Mathematics, Art.  
G. Richardson : Credit in French, Geography.  
J. L. Seed : Credit in French, German, Mathematics.  
R. G. Wilson : Honours and Credit in English, Latin, French, German, Mathematics. Exemption from London Matriculation Examination.  
E. W. R. Wood : Credit in Latin, French, German, Mathematics.  
J. H. Wood : Honours and Credit in English, Latin, French, German, Mathematics. Exemption from London Matriculation Examination.

### OXFORD JUNIOR CERTIFICATE.

Honours :	B. R. Browne.	K. C. Constable.	J. A. Norris.
		T. Rudduck.	
Pass :	W. J. Avery.	G. Bartlott.	C. L. Bennett.
	F. T. Grieve.	C. E. Lawrence.	J. W. Murphy.
	D. R. Malbert.	D. O. Ranson.	D. P. Rundle.
	W. R. Skeet.	R. Tebble.	

In view of Mr. Horsey's retirement, it is very gratifying that the candidates did so well in his own particular subjects. They could have given him no send-off more pleasing.

French is a four years' course of only two lessons a week for three years, and three lessons a week for one year. Mr. Horsey laid the foundation, and Mr. Cairns, by Mr. Horsey's method, built the superstructure, and built it extraordinarily well. Of the 15 candidates, none failed, 13 got credits, that is 86.6%, against the All England average of 53.7%. Moreover, six of the credits were classed as "Very good" and six as "Good."

Thus, while Mr. Horsey had charge of the languages, we taught two modern languages in less time than most schools took for one, as their French and German courses are almost invariably four or five years of at least four lessons a week, and, what is more, we got a considerably higher percentage of credits in each language than they did.

In Latin, of which he had entire charge, only one of the 10 candidates failed—a boy who joined the College late and was not grounded here. Five candidates obtained credits, that is 50%, as against 35.3% which is the All England average. Three of the five credits were not minimum ones, but were classed as good.

German, entirely undertaken by Mr. Horsey, is a three years' course of only two lessons a week for two years, and three lessons a week for one year. Of the 12 candidates, only one failed. Seven obtained credits, that is 58.3%, against the All England average for 45.6%. Two of the seven credits were classed "Very good," and three of the seven credits were classed "Good."

The most striking results in the Junior were the French, in which every one of the 18 candidates got credit. 11 of these 18 credits were classed as "Very good," and six of the 18 as "Good."

In English, 17 out of 18 candidates got credits; in Mathematics, 16 out of 18; and in German, 11 out of 18.

D.H.M.

**Seabrook Memorial Mathematics Prizes.**—These prizes, which are given to the candidates who do best in Mathematics in the annual Examinations, are gained this year by J. H. Wood and E. P. Larter in the School Certificate Examination, and by G. Bartlett in the Oxford Junior.

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

Form V.—H. M. Davies; G. Barkham; J. Wood.

Lower V.—K. Constable; G. Bartlett; D. R. Malbert.

Form IV.—P. K. Goozee; E. A. J. Healey; S. F. Browne.

Upper Remove.—F. E. Harris; G. Valentine; G. B. Buist.

Lower Remove.—E. E. Emery; H. N. Hartrey; P. D. Page.

Form III.—R. A. Webb; F. M. D. Barrow; G. M. Phillips.

Form II.—J. B. R. Brazier; T. D. Murphy; J. M. Heeley.

### RETIREMENT OF MR. HORSEY.

Below is given a report of the speech which Mr. Horsey intended to make at the breaking up assembly at the end of the term, but which, when it came to the point, he found himself too deeply moved to deliver:—

"Next term I shall be an Old Harlovian, for this is the last occasion on which I shall appear as a member of the Staff. When Mr. Miller joined us, I agreed to stay with him for one year in order to help him to settle down; I have actually stayed more than two years, but there is no getting away from the fact that these are the days of young Headmasters, and that I am almost 67 years old—that is two years above the age at which I should have been forced to retire had this been a State school. Moreover, the operation I had to undergo a year ago, though it has cured the pain in my face, has made me liable to attacks of inflammation of the tongue. Teaching for the whole morning during these is not only a great strain, but I fear it makes them more frequent. So, taking all things into consideration, I very reluctantly came to the conclusion that I had better not begin another school year.

"There is no denying that retirement will be a great wrench. I have dearly loved my work, and whatever my shortcomings may be, I can honestly say I have tried very hard to further the best and the highest interests of my boys. I shall miss the boys sadly. Though I often complain that some are lazy and careless, I know that in their hearts they are nearly all good fellows, and I am truly fond of them. And I love the old School, which seems a part of my very life. During the 48 years I have been at its head I have seen it grow from the four boys who were present when I first started it, with hardly any capital, in a little room at Acton, till it has become one of the recognised Secondary Schools of the county. What cheers me much at this time is that the great progress the School has made since Mr. Miller joined us shows that I am leaving it in good hands. It will, I feel confident, go on from strength to strength and have a great future. I need say little more. I hope you will all have very jolly holidays,

and excellent exam. results, and a happy and prosperous New School Year. One other wish I must add, which for me is not without an element of sadness—and that is "Goodbye."

Mr. Miller then said how much they regretted Mr. Horsey's departure. He enlarged upon all that Mr. Horsey had done for the School, and wished him every possible happiness in his retired life, which he was quite sure would not be an idle one.

Mr. Cairns spoke similarly on behalf of the Staff, and then, after three lusty cheers, the School broke up in rather a subdued mood, and with some boys in tears.

C.J.A.E.

Very general regret is felt at the retirement of Mr. E. P. Horsey from the headmastership of Harlow College, a position which he has filled with outstanding ability for so many years. Mr. Horsey has given himself wholeheartedly to his educational work and has striven to mould on right lines the character of the boys passing through his hands, as well as adequately to furnish their upper storeys. He has, moreover, actively identified himself with the life of the little town in which he has so long resided, and is an honoured and useful member of the Parish Council. His many friends will wish him much happiness in his retirement. That he will not be idle, those who know Mr. Horsey are well assured; he will stretch out to reach larger opportunities for giving service to his fellows.—*Herts and Essex Observer*.

### EDITORIAL.

Few parts of my work have given me greater pleasure or caused me more pride than editing the "Harlovian," but with my retirement from teaching, my editorship comes to an end, and this number—the 68th that I have supervised—will also be the last. I make my farewell bow, and give way to my successor, younger than myself certainly, abler very probably, but not, I am sure, more deeply attached to the School, or more keenly interested in the success of the "Harlovian."

In the first number I said that a magazine was a visible sign of the bond which united all who had been educated at the same School, that it helped to keep us in touch with Old Boys and developed *esprit de corps*. That has turned out to be literally true. In maintaining and strengthening the bond between Old Harlovians and the School, and in developing *esprit de corps* in the present pupils, the magazine has more than exceeded my most optimistic hopes.

I think too, that it has not been without success in other ways. Many people have told me that it was not quite as other school magazines, that it had, in fact, a distinct personality of its own.

That, I believe, is due mainly to two facts. The first is the lucky idea I had of publishing letters from Old Harlovians. I cannot even now understand why these letters arouse so much interest, but they undoubtedly do so. The very small boys first turn over the leaves of the Magazine to see if they can find their own names, but other readers, present boys, old boys, parents, and even strangers, seem always to turn first to the letters. The other distinctive feature of our Magazine has been the inimitable verses which have been regularly contributed for so many years by my eldest brother, Mr. Frank Horsey. He has now reached the age of 76, and has developed the bad habit of saying, and perhaps even of thinking, that his writing days are over. But he is in splendid health, and his mind is as bright and keen as ever; if he could only be persuaded to take the trouble, he would go on charming our readers for years to come.

I do hope most sincerely that my ceasing to be Headmaster and Editor will not weaken the connection between Old Boys and myself. Letters will be as welcome as ever, and now that I have more leisure and no plausible excuses for neglecting correspondence, I will not only always answer them, but answer them promptly. Needless to say, they will be duly sent on to the new Editor.

Whoever the new Editor may be—at the time of writing I do not know—I wish him every success. He will find that his task entails a great deal of work, but that it also, unless I am much surprised, gives him great pleasure.

When I send this Magazine to the printers, the last of my School work will be done, and I shall be really an Old Harlovian. Before making the final plunge, I take the opportunity of thanking staff and boys for the kindly and friendly spirit they have always shown me, and of wishing the School and every Harlovian, present and past, all possible happiness and success:

E. PERCIVAL HORSEY.

*Salvete.*

Bower, N. J., Collins, R. A., Cory-Wright, G. W., Cullum, T. F. H., Forbes, E. J., Greengrass, G. V., Graham, D. W., Soper, A. J.

*Valete.*

Allan, A. A., Dicksee, F. R., Emlyn, F. A., Fletcher, F. W., Foulds, J. B., Griffiths, P. T. C., Hone, R. A., Isaacson, J. W., Maynard, G. E. C., Merrell, R. M., Merrell, G. R., Mitchell, R., Parker, J. A., Stapleton, F. H., Wells, E. H.

**Miss Ward.**—It was with deep regret that the School learned of Miss Ward's intention of retiring. We can hardly imagine the School without this dear, bustling little lady. For fifteen years she has given devoted service to the School, raising Form II. to a high standard educationally, and helping all of us in endless ways out of school hours. If we decided to have a dramatic performance, Miss Ward was the inspiring spirit, keeping all up to scratch during rehearsals, and acting like a film star on the night. When we wanted books from the Library, it was Miss Ward who gave them out. If anyone wished to do leather work, netting or various other forms of handicraft, it was Miss Ward who would always put him on the right path and find the necessary tools and materials. Did any small boy want to learn to swim, Miss Ward played the part of mother duck.

Perhaps it was as the Tuck Shop Queen that Miss Ward most keenly touched the heart or the tummy of us all. There never seemed to be a free hour when she was not standing behind the counter doling out delicacies. It was, in fact, mainly owing to her that the tuck shop was able to make sufficient profit to pay for the materials required to build our splendid Scout Hut.

Luckily, she is not going to live far from us. She is spending her retirement in a charming little cottage at Hatfield Heath, where she receives innumerable visits from Harlovians, past and present. We wish her every possible happiness and we hope that when she looks at the wristlet watch we gave her on her last day here, she will often think of the boys she served so well, and who are sincerely grateful for all she did for them.

She ended her teaching career with a distinct personal triumph, as the Board of Education Inspectors, whom we had the pleasure (?) of seeing during the term, spoke most highly in their report of her and of her work.

O.B.

**Retirement of Matron Arthur.**—In this term of many changes, the School loses a valuable friend by the retirement of Matron Arthur, who, Mr. Horsey said at breaking-up, was the most efficient matron he had ever seen in his long school career. After fourteen years'

service at Harlow, she felt she needed a less strenuous post, and has found one in a preparatory school at Cobham, where we wish her every possible happiness. As a small token of their appreciation of all she had done for them, the boys presented her with a beautiful suit case before she left.

J.H.

**Married Housemaster for the College.**—For numerous reasons, Mr. Miller has decided to appoint a married Housemaster to live at the College. He has been fortunate in securing the service of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Ragg. Mr. Ragg was educated at St. John's School, Leatherhead, and Durham University, where he took an honours degree in classics and rowed in his College boat.

Mrs. Ragg has had much school experience. She is, too, a fully trained hospital nurse, and will therefore be able to relieve Miss Jessie of much very responsible work. We shall, in fact, in future have, as it were, two Miss Jessies, for though our present Miss Jessie will no longer sleep at the College, she will be here daily and go on with her work as before.

Mr. and Mrs. Ragg have a charming little son eighteen months old, who will, no doubt, be a great pet in the School. The last School baby we had was Margaret Horsey, who was popularly supposed to have been the School mascot, and to have broken the spell of ill-fortune that had clung so long to Harlow College. We hope the new baby will keep up the tradition and continue its predecessor's good work.

D.H.M.

**The Annual Athletic Sports.**—A reprint of the account which appeared in the *Herts and Essex Observer* is given on another page. I add here a few of the impressions most clearly remembered by a spectator.

First I must mention the glorious weather. If we had had the arranging of it ourselves, we should not have had it otherwise. It was just one long spell of brilliant sunshine, tempered by a light, refreshing breeze; it was warm enough to allow the lady visitors, gaily clad in light summer costumes, to watch the sports in comfort, and yet not so hot that it troubled even the competitors in the mile race. It showed off the grounds to perfection. They always look beautiful in the summer, but on this day they excelled themselves.

The next thing that impressed me very strongly was the excellent way in which the sports themselves were organised. Sports can be deadly dull to all except competitors and their relatives. But these were so managed that even complete strangers were interested in them and parents and friends thoroughly enjoyed them. There were no preliminary heats—these had been run off beforehand—and no dreary waits. Every race was keenly contested and many had very close and exciting finishes. The item which impressed me most was the splendid high jump of Murphy, who, after a desperate struggle, managed to beat competitors much taller than himself.

Then there was the display of physical drill, quite a novelty at our sports. The display was greatly admired, and rightly so. It was really a remarkable feat. A varied and complicated series of movements were gone through without the slightest hitch. Mr. Rhodes, the instructor, stood before the troop, uttering not a word, and giving no direction except an occasional blow on a whistle. When at the end, after most intricate movement, the troop all fell on the ground forming the letters H.C., there was a general burst of applause from the spectators such as I have never heard before at athletic sports.

Finally there was the delightful distributor of prizes, Mrs. Winston Churchill, welcome wherever she goes, partly because she is her own charming self and partly because she is the wife of one of our greatest Statesmen. I felt proud indeed to think she had graced and honoured our School by giving away our prizes, and I could not help wishing that I was one of the lucky competitors to receive a prize from such hands. How I should have valued it! Truly the Sports Day of 1935 will live long in our memories.

C.J.A.E.

**The Harlovian Abroad.**—In the letters from Old Harlovians published in this number, we find interesting instances of the influence a School Magazine can have on some of its readers abroad. A letter from S. W. Edwards, Sydney, Australia, and still more interesting are the letters from K. Killerby and E. H. Wells. From these we learn that E. H. Wells's father, in Singapore, was so much struck by a letter written by K. Killerby, in Perth, West Australia, that he decided to look him up during a long voyage home to England that he was making *via* Australia. But Killerby, with that open hospitality which is one of the most pleasing features of

Englishmen abroad, would hear of no passing visit. He insisted on entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Wells for a fortnight, and, as they told me when I saw them recently, he gave them a royal time and displayed to them far more of the resources and possibilities of that wonderful country, West Australia, than they could possibly have seen without his help. This sort of thing truly rejoices the heart of the Editor.

O.B.

**Fives Cup.**—Miss Ward's name has been associated with the College for quite a number of years. We are pleased to say that it will remain so for many years to come. She has very kindly presented a Cup for Fives, to be held by the House obtaining the most points each term. May I take this opportunity of thanking her on behalf of the boys?

E. ROBERTSON.

**Harlow College Library.**—I have recently viewed with a little shame and no small concern the rapidly diminishing stock of our School Library, impoverished by losses, wear and tear, and lack of funds—for books, alas, remain expensive.

I am ashamed, for in these days, when human knowledge is so vast that it cannot all be remembered, but simply stored on shelves for reference when needful, education is rapidly resolving itself into a training in the use of books more than the absolute apprehension of mere fact. A man now must know how to get knowledge for himself from his shelves and those of the public libraries, and this is no easy task if there has been no early training. Hence also my concern, since we cannot claim to be a thorough-going school and up-to-date unless we accumulate an extensive library of reference books as well as fiction.

A beginning has been made, I am glad to report, and donations have already nerved me sufficiently to appeal to your goodness of heart. Tucked away somewhere in your house, I am sure, is some book or other, which you have read and have no further use for (I do not beg your favourites—your "midnight darlings") which would give pleasure and instruction to perhaps some budding genius or even just to a bored child during a winter evening. Do you think you could let me have it for our library? Or perhaps you might like to send a gift in cash (which is really more useful, since the right and needful book can then be purchased). I appeal to you in the name of your old School or your son's School, and as an earnest of our intentions I append a list of donations to date:—

Mr. Dyer and the Upper Remove .. ..	£1 7 1
Ali Khan Bakhtiar .. ..	2 6

Books from Wood i, Ross, Humphrey.

All monies and books should be sent to me here, marked "Library," and will be duly acknowledged in the "Harlovian." I pray you, remember the library.

PETER W. CAIRNS.

Recent gifts from:—Mrs. V. Coxon, £1 Os. Od.; Miss Wastie, The "Pooh" Books; Browne iii, 2 Books; Lawrence, 40 Books; Murphy ii, 2 Books; Henfrey, 5 Books; Compton, 6 Books; Ransom, 2 Books; Stock i and Stock ii, Book; Miss Ward, 15 Books.

#### Discovery of an Old Roman Coin in Harlow College.—

Great was the excitement in the College when it was announced that the gardener, whilst planting dahlias, had discovered an old coin. It was obviously of great age for, at first sight, the inscription had been completely worn off. However, after a minute scrutiny of its surface, we found an inscription.

The Staff, after examining the inscription, conjectured that it must be of Hadrian's reign (117—138). If so it would be about 1,800 years old. To make sure, the coin was sent to the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, and our theory proved to be correct.

Mr. Wenham, our History Master, was greatly interested in the discovery, and at once set forth with a band of enthusiasts to make a further search of the flower-bed. Rapid excavations, on a small scale, took place, but we regret to say no further discoveries were made. Evidently the coin had been thrown there with other soil to fill up the flower-bed. If we could find out from where that soil came we might in all probability find some more Roman remains.

The coin that was found was of no great value except for educational purposes. It is made of bronze and one side has a plain surface, perhaps once bearing an inscription, but now badly mutilated.

If only that coin could speak, it would be able to reveal a great many secrets to our historians. Excavations have revealed the remains of an old Roman Temple at a very short distance from the College. Perhaps our very College is situated on the site of an old Roman town. Who knows?

F. E. HARRIS (Upper Remove).

**The Harlow College Dance Band.**—Half-way through last term the band had the unique experience of making a gramophone record. A recording session at a firm in London was booked for Whit-Saturday, so we immediately began to rehearse "Tiger Rag" in earnest, as this was the number we had chosen for the record.

In the recording studio we were all rather nervous, because if any of us made a mistake over the "mike" it would go on to the "master record" and therefore on to every further copy of it. Of course, we had several "try-outs" beforehand in order that the number could be timed and the instruments balanced. Before the actual record we made an aluminium disc of the number, and a few seconds afterwards it was played back to us on a radio-gramophone in the studio, thus we were able to correct any mistakes, and to make improvements where necessary. The "master record" was then made, and in spite of our nervousness while waiting for the red light to appear, which was to tell us when to start, went off without a hitch.

Making a record is all very well, but I think the whole band breathed a sigh of relief when we were out in the street once again.

H. E. MINETT.

#### SCOUT TREKS.

Always a go-ahead troop, the Tenth Harlow Scouts decided to go, on Whit-Monday, for a mystery trek i.e., only the A.S.M. knew the route. As in so many other school activities, the chief thing about this trek was the *menu*, which, when all the collecting parties had paid their dues, assumed Gargantuan proportions. However, there were other activities besides mastication. First, there was the march, conducted in a very Scout-like manner, with a party of "heavies" pulling the cart, in which was a huge pile of articles, deemed by the A.S.M. necessary for our existence.

Our journey took us to a near-by farm, belonging to one of the parents of a junior boy at the College. These kind people gave us every imaginable help in making our stay a happy one. Finding that a neighbouring field was occupied by some goats, the Scouts rushed with one accord to the attack and spent an enjoyable half-hour "bull" fighting the goats. Dinner being such a pronounced success, a much-needed rest was allowed, after which the Scouts played scouting games until the time came all too soon to return home.

And as a weary Scout pulled the bed-clothes up to his chin that night, he thought that if he had not done his share to foster the movement in Essex, his name wasn't

J.H.

**Hand-Fives Tournaments.**—For the last two weeks of this term a new form of amusement made itself prominent. This was an arrangement of hand-fives tournaments. Mr. Wenham and Mr. Rhodes both contributed some of their time to making out the lists of entrants. Mr. Rhodes supervised the masters' and seniors' games, while Mr. Wenham devoted himself to the all round events.

Many good games were seen, and Murphy shone brilliantly in the senior competitions. Rivalry ran high and never were seen such battles of giants. Every game had its comedy, and Mr. Cairns afforded much laughter as he capered round the court, doing his best for Murphy, his indomitable partner. Although the senior games were good, those including Juniors, Seniors and Masters were better. In these tests most of the School's talent, young and old, is discovered.

Finally, a cup has been awarded by Miss Ward for Fives-playing; this will doubtless inspire all would-be players to great efforts, and the popularity of Fives will vastly increase, while many others will gain advantage and amusement in watching the play. There is a great future for Fives.

GEORGE VALENTINE.

**Gramophone Recitals.**—In the past term a new idea has sprung up, that of giving gramophone recitals. Mr. Cairns furnished all the necessaries and 20 to 30 boys formed the audience.

It was a common sight to see boys rushing about telling all that there was a recital about to begin. The audience was mainly composed of top-form boys, with a sprinkling of middle school enthusiasts. Why should boys want to listen to classical music? I think it is because they wish to repay Mr. Cairns for all he has done.

It is difficult to say which was the most popular record. However, I should say that the Chinese and Persian records, while selections from Wagner's "Rhinégold" came a near second. These recitals passed away an hour or more, in which everyone present maintained silence and civility.

Owing to the popularity of the gramophone recitals, Mr. Cairns, we hope, will organise many more.

GEORGE VALENTINE.

### THE UPPER REMOVE GAZETTE.

A really remarkable feat was accomplished by the Upper Remove during the term. This Form, consisting of boys about 12 years old, actually composed, printed, bound and sold a magazine of its own in order to raise funds for the Library. The magazine consisted of 16 pages of interesting matter, including articles on school and other subjects, poems, stories, limericks, and jokes. The mere printing of it with the cyclostyle must have entailed a tremendous amount of work, but it was all done clearly, neatly and without a single mistake. For this, the "Printing Sub-Editors," G. Valentine and Company, deserve the highest praise. We must, too, most heartily congratulate F. E.

Harris, both for his own contributions and the able way in which he acted as Editor.

The magazine proves that there is a good deal of literary talent latent in the School, which should be encouraged. I hope very much that these Form magazines will continue. They give our budding journalists the opportunity of practising composition, and the charm of seeing themselves in print, which they can hardly yet expect from the "Harlovian." Our readers will, I think, hear much more of the "Upper Remove Gazette" contributors, especially F. E. Harris, G. C. Valentine, D. H. Barns and Donald Desprez, who show great promise. We reprint below one article as a specimen of their work.

O.B.

### ABOUT OUR FORM ROOM.

We are greatly indebted, especially in this Form, to Mr. Cairns. He, with a great deal of difficulty, and no mean labour, procured for us over a score of foreign posters. All of these are gaily coloured, and, for the most part, are of great cities on the Continent. They not only give us an idea of what these far-off wonders are like, but they also give us a pride in our Form Room, which no other Form surpasses.

Mr. Cairns did not stop here, however, but took as his motto: "What is worth doing is worth doing well." He pasted on the walls large strips of paper, on which we might place pictures pertaining to history, science, architecture and many other subjects of interest. All these strips are well covered already, showing Mr. Cairns that we regard his attempt to make our Form Room a better one, as an excellent idea.

Besides these advantages, we have a History Time Chart, given by Mr. Wenham, and a letter from Boz, framed and given to the Form by Mr. Cairns. All these aids to a wider education have been given to us by our Masters, and we take this opportunity of thanking them, not forgetting Mr. Dyer, who has directed this Magazine.

D. H. BARNES.

### THE TENTH HARLOW MAGAZINE.

What has been said about the Upper Remove "Gazette" applies also *mutatis mutandis* to the magazine produced by the Scout Troop. That, too, is a remarkable feat, perhaps more remarkable even than the "Gazette," as it includes several very clever illustrations, and is written in a racy vein of humour which is very attractive. The leading spirit is the invaluable Assistant Scout Master, P. Compton, who is ably and enthusiastically assisted by many of the Troop, whose names I cannot quote, as they are *noms de plume*. So favourably was this Magazine received that the Troop actually produced a second number before the end of the term. Heartiest congratulations to all who helped with it, especially its Editor. May it long go on and prosper. As with the "Gazette," we give below a specimen of its contents.

O.B.

## LES POMMES De TERRE.

(For the benefit of the less clever readers—Potatoes.—ED.)

It was about half-way through last term that a brainy would-be farmer suggested the incarceration of potatoes beside the lofty pile of the Scout Hut. Accordingly a number of earth apples were ceremoniously embalmed, and, to the accompaniment of wailings and other impressive rites, were interred in the bosom of Mrs. Earth. A proclamation was then issued as follows:—"Ye who walk on these sacred patches and spuds do so at your peril." Whereupon everybody for miles around, so it seemed, converged upon the spot, with but one purpose in mind, to make our potato crop come up a mashed one. Owing to the long drought we planted also onions, to make their eyes water. After months of long and weary waiting, a solitary plant appeared above the surface, and soon dominated the surrounding country side. Thus ends our epic story. (We need not refer to these crops for at least five years, as we are firm believers in the "rotation of crops.")

## THE SCOUT.

This term has again been a most enjoyable and interesting one for the Scouts, and the standard of achievements has been very satisfactory. (notably that eight out of the first nine Mile Swimming Certificates went to Scouts). Although several Scouts left the School last term, with six new recruits we are now only one under the full complement of thirty-two. The new recruits passed their first tests by half-term, and were duly enrolled, and there are now about a dozen Second-Class Scouts, all working hard for the coveted First-Class badge.

The Patrol Competition, instituted last term, has again provided a most interesting struggle; so close was it indeed, that only a week before the end of term one point alone decided the first, second and third places. At the finish the order was as follows:—

	<i>Points.</i>
1 Woodpigeon Patrol (P.L. Radford) .. .. .	123
2 Kangaroo Patrol (P.L. Houfrey) .. .. .	121
3 Owl Patrol (P.L. Seed, J.) .. .. .	110
4 Cuckoo Patrol (P.L. Goozee) .. .. .	96

To describe all the activities the troop has enjoyed this term would take up more space than the writer is allowed, but some of the more noteworthy must be remarked upon.

In the first place "the Scout Bridge." When on one Friday near the beginning of the term, Scouts were seen wrestling, or so it seemed, with scaffolding poles and coils of rope, there was a great deal of amazement, and no little laughter, which only abated when the safety of the slight-looking structure had been proved by the safe journey of a long procession of Scouts across it. After the Scouts, quite a few other boys achieved the same feat, and on Sports Day,

when the bridge was again on view, Mary Winston Churchill, herself a keen Guide, crossed it in no uncertain fashion.

Secondly comes the Scout Trek. This was participated in by some fifteen of the Troop, who for divers reasons had been unable to return home for the long week-end. At eleven o'clock the cheery party moved off, with a rousing send-off from the rest of the School, and although none of the boys knew their destination, they set off at a cracking pace, with light hearts and a heavy cart.

After a journey of about four miles, we arrived at our destination—Simons' Farm—and here, despite the attacks of goats, dinner was cooked and eaten. The *menu*, which consisted of fried sausages, mashed potatoes, baked beans and peas, followed by fruit salad and cream, was polished off very soon, and our hosts, who sampled it, said that it was excellent. After dinner came tracking, followed by tea and a camp fire, and then, after three hearty cheers of thanks for our hosts, home, where we arrived punctually at nine o'clock.

The third notable event of the term has been the Troop Magazine. As was stated in the Editorial, the aim of it was not to make a profit, but rather to encourage originality and to foster a Troop spirit. This was undoubtedly achieved, and the first number of one hundred and twenty copies sold like hot cakes, the number of orders for the End of Term Edition amply justifying our claims as to its being a fine penny-worth.

Fourthly comes the Model Camp on Sports Day. Besides directing cars and presenting programmes, the Scouts had fashioned a model camp, and ran it on that date. Gadgets were numerous, and at a moderate estimate two hundred guests were shown over the camp and hut, and sampled the home-made bread, which was a very great success, and was pronounced excellent by a great number of the spectators, including Mrs. Winston Churchill, her daughter, and the Vicar.

And so I might go on writing, for the term has indeed been an eventful one for the Scouts. A second visit to Simons' Farm, a tea-party in the Hut, a camp-fire to which all and sundry were invited, the making of plaster casts, and an enjoyable afternoon making a raft. These and many others make up the number of this term's achievements.

In closing, I would like to thank all those who have in any way contributed to the good times we have had this term, and everybody for the kind things done and said.

And so once more come thoughts of holidays. May they be pleasant, and let the Scouts come back next term ready for more fun and plenty of hard work.

P. A. COMPTON, A.S.M.



**SWIMMING SPORTS.**

The College Swimming Sports were held on Friday, July 12th, at the Latton Pool. Conditions were ideally warm and some exciting contests were seen.

The results were as follows:—

*Open Events.*

Plate Diving.—1, Richardson and Brown ii; 3, Barkham.

Swimming under water.—1, Barkham; 2, Browne ii; 3, Davies.

*Senior Events.*

1 Length (breast stroke).—1, Brown iv; 2, Barkham; 3, Tebble.

1 Length.—1, Ripley; 2, Richardson; 3, Healey.

1 Length (back stroke).—1, Bartlett; 2, Langer; 3, Richardson.

2 Lengths.—1, Barnes; 2, Murphy; 3, Ripley.

5 Lengths.—1, Browne i; 2, Barnes; 3, Murphy.

Diving.—1, Browne i; 2, Ripley; 3, Barnes.

*Junior Events.*

1 Length (breast stroke).—1, Comley; 2, Brazier; 3, Thomas.

1 Length.—1, Browne ii and Ross; 3, Vallé Jones ii.

1 Length (back stroke).—1, Browne ii; 2, Comley; 3, Browne iii.

2 Lengths.—1, Buist and Ross; 3, Hodges.

Diving.—1, Browne iii; 2, Hodges; 3, Ross.

The Senior Relay was won by Nelson House, with Beatty second and Keyes third. Winning team: Richardson, Murphy, Ripley, Barnes.

In the Junior Relay the order was as follows:—1, Keyes; 2, Nelson; 3, Beatty. Winning team: Browne ii, Field, Crozier, Browne iii.

The winner of the House Cup was Nelson House with 52½ points. Keyes were second with 38½ points. Beatty obtained 23 and Rodney 4 points.

**OLD HARLOVIANS.**

The Past v. Present Football Match will be played on Saturday, November 9th. As, owing to the inspection and other reasons, the Past v. Present Cricket Match had to be abandoned this year, we hope there will be an extra large muster of Old Harlovians. Will those wishing to play send in their names *as early as possible* to Mr. Horsey, Baythorn House, Harlow, and please don't forget to bring songs.

Heartiest congratulations to G. French on passing the difficult Banker's Institute examination with Honours and gaining the prize of £10 given by Lloyds to the best candidate of the year.

Also to E. Pipe on his marriage and to W. Greengrass on the birth of a son.

Also to F. Vasey on his appointment as Master of a Poor-law Institution in Gloucestershire. Something of a record for a man of twenty-four.

Also to John Baker in New Zealand on his approaching marriage.

Also to R. O. Heath on passing the final Chartered Accountant's examination.

Also to Colin Bond and his wife (*nee* Molly Pryke) on the birth of a daughter.

Also to J. D. Hale on obtaining a clerkship in the Midland Bank.

Also to Basil G. M. Alexander on his passing the A.K.C. examination and appointment as curate at St. Stephen's Church, Norbury.

Also to Bob Alexander (Sydney, Australia) on passing the final Chartered Accountants' Examination.

The following Old Harlovians have visited the College since our last number appeared:—H. Collins, F. Dicksee, J. Forbes, A. Gregory, G. Gregory, L. Greengrass, H. Langman, J. Livermore, R. Leith, H. Meek, D. Meek, E. Ripley, R. Ripley, G. Rowe, B. Smith, D. Simons, D. Stock, K. Stock.

**ON SENSELESS PHRASES.**

Dear Reader, has it struck you that we folk of modern days are shockingly addicted to the use of senseless phrase? I ask you this, dear reader, though I'm more than half inclined to question whether such a thought has ever crossed your mind.

Though it has I'm sure you must be gratified to know that on its way across your mind it hadn't far to go, nor was there much to hinder it. Its passage would be clear, no tangled skein of other thoughts be there to interfere.

I'll give you some examples of the sort of phrase I mean,  
From which with little mental strain you possibly may glean  
My reasons for describing them as meaningless. If you  
Agree with me in thinking so, dear Reader, say so. Do!

Well, first there is that exquisitely irritating way  
In which some people greet you with a sickly smile and say:  
"I'm pleased to meet you." This to me, invites but one reply,  
And that is pretty obvious. I want to answer "Why?"

I simply cannot credit this. It savours of conceit,  
To hint that just the sight of me gives joy to all I meet.  
It seems unkind to grouse at those who strive to be polite,  
But yet these words excite in me no mutual delight.

This mode of salutation which is happily confined  
To certain types who seek thereby to prove that they're "refined,"  
Exposes them to ridicule. It grates upon the ear,  
Not only is it senseless, it is also insincere.

Turn now to an expression one occasionally hears,  
Which isn't half so innocent and sweet as it appears.  
Though "Pardon me" might well be thought a moderate request,  
Its' naked contradiction when you put it to the test.

To hint that one is lying would be terribly ill-bred,  
Some therefore use a suave and sceptic "Pardon me" instead.  
A subtle innuendo that your statement is untrue  
Should wring no empty pardon from a Reader such as you.

And lastly, let me Reader, dear, enquire outright of you,  
Could any phrase be more devoid of sense than "How d'you do" ?  
You meet a friend, he greets you with these silly words, and you  
Repeat the empty formula. What else is there to do?

As neither of you hopes to get a pertinent reply  
To such a pointless question,—well, of course, you do not try.  
Now I suggest the formula might be improved a lot  
By cutting out that stupid "how" and substituting "WHAT."

To ask a person what he does is rational, and then  
It sometimes might be varied by enquiring "WHY" and "WHEN."  
But Reader, dear, be circumspect, give ear to my advice,  
And never ask him "WHO" he does. You wouldn't care to twice!

F.S.H.

## RURITANIA.

Most folks who know me are aware that I have been in prison, but  
I doubt if they always remember why. That is my reason for clearing  
myself in your eyes.

It was not a very picturesque prison, but being a sensation hunter  
from my youth up, I was quite satisfied. I don't mean to say that  
I actually sought incarceration, but when it came (or, I should say  
when it was over) I was not altogether displeased. And it was this  
way:

There was one of my colleagues who dared me to go to Budapest  
without speaking Hungarian (a foolish challenge, you will say, and  
rightly so), and this added to a schoolboy dream of realising my old  
Geography books' description of "Buda on the high right bank and  
Pest on the low-lying left bank"—or *vice versa*—urged me to leave  
Vienna one summer's night on the Constantinople express. On my  
side of the compartment by the other window sat a man muffled to  
the ears in a greatcoat, despite the sultry weather, and I had half a  
hope he might be a Bolshevik. The other half was concerned with  
my personal safety, home, and the good things of life. Across the  
carriage, stretched the length of the seat, lay a woman, who informed  
me in Hungarian that she was going to Bucharest. That was the  
one word of her discourse that I understood. All the same I thought  
she was fortunate to go to Bucharest. My cash was low or I would  
have gone one better and paid a visit to Constantinople. By the blue  
light of the little lamp in the roof we slept until two in the morning,  
when I found myself being rudely shaken by two burly men, carrying  
each a sheaf of papers. Gathering that they wanted to inspect my  
passport, I, in the lordly and detached way I had acquired through  
the respect which had hitherto in nearly all the principal cities of Europe  
been accorded to my British passport, drew the latter from my breast  
pocket and proffered it. In a moment there was quite a storm of  
indignation from the two men, who forthwith set about me volubly  
in a very fluent, and I hope quite proper, vocabulary.

They waved my passport menacingly, and I gathered there was  
something wrong with it. The prestige of the British Empire in my  
eyes sank to zero. I, a Britisher, a Scot, to be so treated in front of  
a Hungarian peasant (she was no peasant, but I like to think she was)  
and a Bolshevik. My assailants beckoned me to leave the train.  
I tried all the tongues known to me, but they had only Hungarian.  
I had failed. I could not go to Budapest speaking no Hungarian.  
I felt I would not care to return to Harlow any more. I was  
ushered to the end of the corridor, my luggage forcibly abandoned  
to the peasant and the Bolshevik, and obliged to descend from the  
train. On the metals, which shimmered in the moonlight, one on

each side of the steps, stood two Ruritanian soldiers, clad in long dark blue cloaks, peaked hats, swords, and a mass of braids and cords all over their chests and shoulders. Hollywood could not have done better. They marched me in quite traditional manner across the rails to a little stone building and the door of a cell closed on me. I was in prison.

No, I did not beat on the door. I did not moan softly to myself. I was not terrified. I did not almost swoon with fear. I just listened to hear if that express went away taking with it my luggage. I had no mind to lose the silk pyjamas Miss Ward and I had contrived with so much care. They were unique and could not be repeated at any cost. But the engine chuffed on beyond the little barred window, and I stood still. Then I began to be a little afraid. Suddenly the door opened, and I was escorted by the same two soldiers to another room, where a man was sitting up in bed, his hair tousled and a dressing-gown thrown negligently round his shoulders. He, too, harangued in Hungarian. I replied in English, French, German and Italian, all in varying degrees of badness. He raged at me and understood not. Then I broke into Scotch, and said what I thought, but curiously enough even that failed. Then I smiled at him and that made him very angry. He veritably howled at me. I remarked, with my eyes shut, and in German, that I wanted to go to either Budapest or Vienna. He bawled. I tried money, Hungarian money, which I had provided against my arrival in the cursed Budapest. (That's how I felt then.) He refused it. Refused money—then, then truly, thought I, I am lost. In Scotland that never could have happened. Even the English like to drink a glass of beer, and the French only keep alive because of British tips. However, it turned out he had no change, and when this had been procured, and he had collared twelve-and-six of it, he stamped my passport and returned it to me with a smile that even I in my cunning babyhood could not have summoned up. A mercurial temperament I jaloused, like all foreigners. I had not known I could be so cool and so British. You never know what you can do till you try.

So we, the prisoner now discharged, the two soldiers still escorting me, and the two customs officers, who had now completed their survey of the train, traped back to the waiting express, from the windows of which many curious heads were sticking. I entered my compartment, noted my luggage had not yet been stolen by the peasant or the Bolshevik, and revelled in the fact that I, insignificant schoolmaster of Harlow, Essex, had held up the Constantinople express for no less than twenty minutes, and had been in prison. Sensation at last! But, I ruefully remembered, it cost twelve-and-six and I had no option.

P.W.C.

## ENCHANTED MORNING.

My bedroom in St. John's looks down a little lane towards the College, which is St. Mary's. On the left are three tiny almshouses and further on in line with them a tall hedge. On the right is the old Churchyard and the Church of St. John. Beyond the lane is the round lawn, spread like a green carpet by the feet of the mellowed red-touched building, which is St. Mary's. But, of course, if you have been to Harlow, you remember.

I arose from off my bed once and walked, in what kind of trance I scarcely know, to the window, as indeed I always do on getting up, to look at the weather. And I saw what I can hardly hope to glimpse again—the enchanted morning. My eye, from habit, caught the time recorded on the church clock, and I knew it was quarter to six. I remember being a little astonished, since I invariably woke at seven thirty, but what I further saw prevented my speculating on mere time. The college doors were wide open and Matron was descending the steps in brisk pursuit of some boy whose heels I discerned fleeing into the playground. A boy, clothed and running about at quarter to six! Astonishing! And there was noise in the air! The playground was alive with boys! Astounding! But I was not alarmed, curiously enough. The old people in the almshouses were reading on their doorsteps, when they should have been busy about their household duties. But most amazing of all was that the sun shone from the wrong side of the world! Out of the west came flooding the long shafts of warm amber light, casting long shadows from the trees on the western gable of the church. Such a soft morning I had not seen before. I allowed myself to sink into its seductive sunshine. I became a part of the enchanted morning.

And then the tea-bell rang and the glory fled away. It was quarter to six in the evening, and deluded, I hastened to table, though still clutching the inviolable shade. When, tired, I had lain down for a while after school on my bed, not intending to sleep, I had not dreamed of so delightful an awakening. Normally I awake with all my faculties functioning as well as they ever do, but in this single aberration I glimpsed the glory and the dream.

There are two ways of seeing everything, says Chesterton, and surely this is the other way to see the morning, unless you prefer that still other and more fantastic way we used so regularly in the morning of life, seeing the world upside down from between our legs. The Gaels glimpse the green island and search for it ever, but I shall nurse the unconquerable hope of the enchanted morning.

P.W.C.

### JUVENILIA.

A complaint has reached the Editorial sanctum that these articles are not funny. Dear, or maybe, dearest complainer, they are not meant to be. They merely consist of words of wit and wisdom culled from the fertile and imaginative minds of pupils in the lower school, with very occasional excerpts from the advanced research work of the members of the upper school. Now, how could these things be funny? Absolutely impossible.

In their ardent enthusiasm for scientific work, the Upper Remove have made some astounding discoveries. For example: "Heat is transmitted in three ways—Conduction, Radiation and CONFECTION." They thus bring themselves in line with the latest theory that sugar has a warming effect on the human body.

"The Master checked the boys for being NUDE to the old ladies." And, quite rightly, too.

"The 'dogs' is when people are dead." Hence, we suppose, the expression "hot-dogs."

"The Marathon race is a tribe of people coloured light brown." Coloured light pink at the end of the race.

"Berlin is the capital of the Irish Free State." No, surely it is Moscow.

"The Stratosphere is the place beyond gravity." It is certainly a *grave* question if you fell from it.

"A gongster is a highwayman." Rather a man of the highways.

Q.: "Who is Mr. Hore Belisha?"—A.: "A film actor." Such is fame.

"Athens is in America."

No. We simply cannot believe that. We know that many ancient houses and monuments have been transported there, but surely not a whole town.

"Mussolini is the ruler of Russia." And Abyssinia?

"Timber is cut by a cross-cut sore." A sorely tried saw, surely.

"Sardonic—sick with sardines." Hence, Ironic—sick with iron; and Byronic—sick with Byron.

"Sugar grows on a Maypole Tree." But butter is Home and Colonial.

The Editor has just glanced through this article. I am unable to write down all his remarks, but the gist of them was: "Well, they cannot call Juvenilia funny this time." I must thus sign myself a rebuffed and sat-upon.

MACONACHIE.

### JIMMY TO MOTHER.

DEAR MOTHER,

I have really nothing to say. I am quite happy at Harlow, only could you send some more Tuck. Smith had some home-made lemon cheese sent him, and it was scrumptious, but one spoonful does not go very far. And Mr. Cairns says could we please have any old bits of cloth, old curtains, table cloths, old clothing, hats and things you don't want. He says we should act a lot and have some things to wear, and that you must have lots of old things you don't want, and I know Auntie used to have a drawer full of rags at the old house. Could you ask her? And he says everybody just reads what he begs for and thinks everyone else is sending things and so they don't bother, and he does not get any answer to his appeal, and could we get our mothers to send something seeing we are going to use them. I would like some thing to be the same as the other boys. Please don't forget the Tuck.—Love from JIMMY.

P.W.C

### CRICKET SEASON.

A very wet first month of the term, which necessitated postponement or cancellation of matches led to an unsatisfactory start of the cricket season, from which we never quite recovered. Of the seven games against schools, we contrived to win one of the matches against our strongest rivals—Newport—and the two games against Saffron

Walden Friends' School and Loughton School respectively, but threw away the matches against Woodford School and Ongar Grammar School. We should have won both games against Ongar, but sheer bad batting and a large amount of funk lost both. A bright spot in the home game was the wicket-keeping of Browne i, who took the balls cleanly and safely. As it was only the third time he had kept wicket, he should prove very useful next season. Another bright spot was Akhurst's five wickets in six balls—a truly remarkable performance, but unfortunately for us, too late to enable us to win.

Our games with men's teams were lost, but, with the exception of that against Harlow Common, who beat us rather easily, we always gave the other side a good game. Below is the fixture list, with results:—

## CRICKET FIXTURES.

Opponents.	Ground.	Result.
Woodford College .. ..	.. Away	L. 36—71
Saffron Walden Friends' School ..	.. Home	W. 77—72
Harlow Common .. ..	.. Home	Postponed
Newport School .. ..	.. Away	L. 78—102
Harlow Common .. ..	.. Away	L. 36—104
Loughton School .. ..	.. Away	W. 19—28
Ongar School .. ..	.. Home	L. 62—93
Newport School .. ..	.. Home	W. 53—46
Woodford .. ..	.. Away	W. 76—27
Ongar School .. ..	.. Home	L. 20—49
Ongar Wednesday .. ..	.. Home	L. 101—121
Harlow Town 2nd .. ..	.. Away	L. 69—81

## TEAM CRITICISM.

**RICHARDSON** (Captain): Batting painful at times. Fielding fairly good.

**PRIOR** (Vice-Captain): Not a good season with the bat, but has bowled consistently well. Fields well.

**RIPLEY 1**: A good bat, has power and a number of good strokes. Fielding very good, and a more than useful bowler.

**WOOD 1**: Has improved beyond all recognition as a bat. Wicket-keeping not good—patchy.

**DON**: Should be our best bat, but according to the score book is not. He plays cricket on the right lines, however, and is certain to make high scores. Fielding fair. Keeps wicket; stops, but not too clean in his catching.

**LANGER**: Batting rather elementary. Fastish bowler. His good ball a bad one for the batsman.

**MURPHY 1**: Left-hand bat—can bowl, too. Inclined to be nervous, but makes runs if he survives the first over. Greatly improved. Fielding good.

**TREE**: A very useful slow bowler. Uses his brains. Can turn 'em either way. Fielding fair.

**BOOKER**: A good length bowler. Will bat well, too, with further practice. A safe pair of hands.

**FRIEND**: A sound opening bat. Bowling fairly good. Apt to get a bit short when he had worked up speed. Fielding very good.

## 2ND XI. SCORES.

A. v. Woodford (L.). Harlow, 36; Woodford, 61.

H. v. Woodford (W.). Harlow, 1st innings 76, 2nd innings 18 for 1; Woodford, 27 and 52.

H. v. Ongar (L.). Harlow 1st innings 10, 2nd innings 48; Ongar, 52 and 24 for 5.

A. v. Ongar (L.) Harlow, 1st innings 20, 2nd innings 57; Ongar, 49 and 9 for 2.

The 2nd XI. have had a poor season, lack of confidence being their chief failure. They must realise that every ball bowled cannot be hit out of the ground, and that a straight bat is essential.

Practice makes perfect, and it was obvious throughout the season that the greater number of the 2nd XI. had not put in sufficient time at the nets. Exams. and other attractions (?) possibly had something to do with this.

## HOUSE COMPETITION.

## 2ND XI. GAMES.

As is usual in the 2nd XI. House games, fortune fluctuated considerably. Runs were, as a rule, hard to get, but on two occasions quite big scores were made.

The first game, that between Keyes and Rodney, was sensational. Keyes batted first and were all out in about half-an-hour for 10 runs. Rodney then went in and flogged the Keyes bowling to the tune of 82 runs. Exit Keyes.

The match between Nelson and Beatty had an exactly similar result, Beatty obtaining 10 runs and Nelson 82.

In the final game, that between Rodney and Nelson, low scores resulted, although the wicket was quite fast, probably too fast for most of the batsmen. Rodney, batting first, made 15, whilst Nelson could only obtain eight more runs, that is 27. Nelson therefore hold the Junior House Cup for the year.

## RESULTS.

## 1st Round.

Keyes, 10; Rodney, 82 (Norris i 27, Maynard ii 16).

Beatty, 10 (Walford 5 for 2, Brazier 4 for 6); Nelson, 82 (Brazier 19, Wykes 19, Hart 6 for 30).

## Final.

Rodney, 15 (Walford 6 for 4, Brazier 3 for 10); Nelson, 27 (Norris i 3 for 8, V. Jones ii 3 for 8, Snawdon 3 for 0).

## 1st XI. HOUSE GAMES.

In the first of these games, Rodney were far too good for Keyes. Rodney obtained 71 runs, and then skittled Keyes out for 14. The Beatty v. Nelson game on paper looked as though either House might force a victory. On the actual play, however, Nelson gained an easy win. Beatty batted first, and against Murphy i fast bowling and Tree's spinners, the early batsmen, with the exception of Don, formed a procession. Donnelly, however, stopped the rot, and he, Curnock and Barkham took the total to 83. Nelson, thanks to good batting by Tree, passed this with three wickets down. Curnock fielded very well for Beatty, and Radford's wicket-keeping for Nelson was excellent, particularly on the leg side.

The Rodney and Nelson game was played on a hard wicket, and scoring was fairly fast. Nelson batted first and lost two wickets for no runs. However, Hill, Ripley and Ransom managed to stop the rot, and eventually Nelson obtained 74 runs, of which Hill got 19, Ripley 17, and Ransom 12.

Rodney, like Nelson, lost wickets early, but Rudduck kept his wicket intact for the whole innings, but very few of Rodney made any decisive stand, and the last wicket fell when the score was 59.

Nelson thus won both Junior and Senior Cups.

Nelson v. Beatty. Nelson, 53 (for 5); Beatty, 33.

Rodney v. Keyes. Rodney, 71; Keyes, 14.

Nelson v. Rodney. Nelson, 74; Rodney, 59.

## FIVES.

## HAND.

In the Hand Fives, Nelson carried all before them, winning all their Singles and Doubles matches. The other Houses shared the rest of the games, each winning two matches. The best game was that between Nelson and Rodney, which at one time stood at 18—18. Nelson, however, got two quick points, and won by 20—18. In the Single, Murphy i (Nelson) was in a class of his own. For Keyes, Minett played very well, losing only to Murphy i. Following are the results:

## Doubles.

Rodney bt. Beatty ..	20—17	Beatty bt. Rodney ..	15—10
Nelson bt. Beatty ..	20—9	Nelson bt. Beatty ..	15—10
Beatty bt. Keyes ..	20—9	Keyes bt. Beatty ..	15—10
Nelson bt. Keyes ..	20—11	Nelson bt. Keyes ..	15—8
Nelson bt. Rodney ..	20—18	Nelson bt. Rodney ..	15—7
Rodney bt. Keyes ..	20—16	Keyes bt. Rodney ..	15—10

## Singles.

Points: Possible, 105. Nelson, 105; Rodney, 85; Beatty, 81; Keyes, 74.

## FOOTER.

The Footer Fives ended in a win for Rodney. They won all their games with the exception of the Doubles against Nelson. Even then they only lost by 2 points. Owers playing in the Singles won all his matches—a very good performance for one only just over 14 years of age. Keyes did very badly in their games, not winning one, coming very close to doing so in one Singles match. Nelson won four games and thus become holders of the Fives Cup for this term. Below are the results:—

## Doubles.

Rodney bt. Beatty ..	20—18	Rodney bt. Beatty ..	15—14
Beatty bt. Nelson ..	20—16	Nelson bt. Beatty ..	15—10
Beatty bt. Keyes ..	20—8	Beatty bt. Keyes ..	15—13
Nelson bt. Keyes ..	20—5	Nelson bt. Keyes ..	15—9
Nelson bt. Rodney ..	20—18	Rodney bt. Nelson ..	15—13
Rodney bt. Keyes ..	20—16	Rodney bt. Keyes ..	15—10

## Singles.

Points: Possible, 105. Rodney, 103; Nelson, 97; Beatty, 97; Keyes, 61.

Total Points and Positions. Possible, 210.

			Games Won.	Lost.
1st, Nelson .. ..	204	Nelson .. ..	10	2
2nd, Rodney .. ..	188	Rodney .. ..	7	5
3rd, Beatty .. ..	178	Beatty .. ..	5	7
4th, Keyes .. ..	135	Keyes .. ..	2	10

## HOUSE NOTES.

Competition this term among the Houses has been somewhat one-sided, as Nelson won the Cricket, Swimming, Fives and House Cup. Beatty, however, distinguished themselves by winning the Sports Cup very easily, Langer and Hart being Senior Victor Ludorum and Junior Victor Ludorum respectively.

The College is deeply indebted to Miss Ward for very kindly presenting a Cup for Fives' Competition among the various Houses. The Cup will supply yet another incentive to what is one of the most fascinating and most popular games in the College.

#### BEATTY HOUSE.

This term Beatty were successful in the Athletic Sports, winning the Cup easily. Both the Victor Ludorum Cups were won by Beatty members—the Senior by Langer and the Junior by Hart. This is the second time that Langer has been Victor Ludorum.

Nelson beat us by rather a large margin in the Swimming Sports. We were also unsuccessful in the Cricket Competition, although Booker, Curmook and Don put in some very good work. Hart, too, bowled well in Junior House matches.

Next term we hope to win the Footer Cup, and are relying upon Booker, Healey and Browne iv to afford us a strong defence. Don, Hart, Curmook and Barnes i should give us a strong forward line. Among the Juniors, great things are hoped for from Desprez, Buist and Humphrey.

M. DONNELLY (*House Captain*).

#### KEYES HOUSE.

With the exception of Cricket, this term has not passed too badly for us, though in both our Junior and Senior Cricket matches we were unfortunately beaten by rather heavy margins.

In the Sports we held our own, and although we finished up last on the list, we were only  $1\frac{1}{2}$  points behind Rodney. In the Fives Competition also we did well.

Our best performance was in the Swimming Sports, when, chiefly owing to the admirable swimming of the three Brownes, we finished second with  $38\frac{1}{2}$  points.

There has been a marked improvement in the standard of sport in Keyes House, which augurs well for the future.

H. MINETT (*House Captain*).

#### NELSON HOUSE.

In our House Notes last term we intimated our hope of obtaining every possible cup. We almost succeeded, winning the Cricket, Swimming and Fives' Cup; only the Sports' Cup eluded us. This is a record we are proud of and one which we hope our successors will equal and perhaps even beat.

To all in Nelson House I say: "Well done and thanks."

G. RICHARDSON (*House Captain*).

#### RODNEY HOUSE.

Owing to the bad weather at the beginning of the term, cricket practise was very restricted. But in spite of this the standard of House Cricket has been fairly high. We did well to beat Keyes by 70—14, and were unfortunate to lose to Nelson in the final 75—59.

We put up a poor show in the Athletic and Swimming Sports, but hope for better things in the future.

We look forward to a more successful term when School re-assembles.

E. W. R. WOOD (*House Captain*).

### ATHLETIC SPORTS.

#### HARLOW COLLEGE SPORTS.

(Reprinted from *The West Essex Gazette*.)

Records were smashed in succession at the annual sports meeting of Harlow College on Saturday afternoon. For those watching the proceedings the weather left nothing to be desired (unless, perhaps, an ice cream), although from the point of view of the competitors the sun did not tend to better running conditions. However, taking the weather into consideration, the running was of a high standard, and aroused the enthusiasm of the spectators.

The Senior Victor Ludorum Cup was won by G. Langer with 20 points, beating his runners-up, Browne and Camp, by 14 points. G. B. Hart was the winner of the Junior with 14, against 7 by Snawdon. Langer broke the College record in the long jump by no less than nine inches; Hart, in the Junior half-mile, finished 11 secs. ahead on the record; Bartlett broke the Senior half-mile by 15 secs.; the Junior high jump record was broken by Macer-Wright by  $\frac{1}{4}$  in.; and, running in the Senior 100 yards, Langer finished  $\frac{1}{5}$ th sec. ahead of record time; the Senior 440 yards was broken by  $4\frac{2}{5}$ th secs. by Barnes; the Junior was also broken by Hart by  $3\frac{1}{5}$ th secs.; and Langer broke the Senior 220 yards by  $3\frac{1}{5}$ th secs.

During the afternoon an excellent display of physical training was given by a Middle School squad, under the direction of Mr. R. B. Rhodes, consisting of exercises, tumbling, &c., and concluding with the forming of the letters "H.C.," which proved very effective.

At the conclusion the prizes were presented by Mrs. Winston Churchill, Mr. D. H. Miller, Joint Headmaster, who presided, said they had hoped to have Mrs. Churchill present two years ago, but were unfortunately prevented from having her, and they therefore appreciated her presence there that afternoon all the more, having had to wait two years.

After presenting the awards, Mrs. Churchill was accorded a hearty vote of thanks on the proposition of Dr. Parry, who said he did so on behalf of, firstly, the Headmasters of the College; secondly, the boys; and thirdly, the guests present that afternoon. He was sure they were all delighted to see Mrs. Churchill, not perhaps so much as their Member's wife, but for that practical charm which she always displayed when she visited them as Mrs. Churchill, not Mrs. Winston. She had a very hard taskmaster, who worked her very hard, and she was his right-hand political agent, and in coming there that afternoon she had given up what little time she has in her beautiful garden. He called for three cheers, which were lustily given.

In reply, Mrs. Churchill thanked Dr. Parry for his kind words, and said she was very glad to be there that afternoon and present the prizes. Her husband was performing a similar job. He was Chancellor of Bristol Univer-

sity and was that afternoon presenting honorary degrees to various distinguished people. She told him that morning that she was going to do something much more interesting. He was going to give away degrees to distinguished men who had ended their careers, and she had the honour of giving prizes to young men who had theirs to make, and when they distinguished themselves she would say: "That was one of the boys to whom I gave a prize at Harlow College." And if they put a snapshot in the papers she bet she would remember them. Her husband did work frightfully hard, and she thought she should give a hand's turn now and then.

Mr. Miller thanked the organisers and all who had helped to make a success of the proceedings.

At the conclusion cries were raised for Mr. E. P. Horsey, in reply to which Mr. Horsey said he thought he had escaped it all and was one of the back numbers of whom Mrs. Churchill had spoken. The College was in young and good hands, and he had made no speech and hoped they would excuse him.

#### RESULTS.

Cross country, open, 3½ miles—1, Wells i (Nelson), time 25 mins. 45 secs.; 2, Camp (Keyes); 3, Maynard i (Rodney); 4, Hart (Beatty).

Cross country, Junior, 2½ miles—1, Hart (B.); 2, Norris i (R.); 3, Maynard ii (R.); 4, Dellow (K.).

Senior long jump—1, Langer, distance 19ft. 3ins. (School record); 2, Bradbury; 3, Ripley i.

Junior long jump—1, Buist, distance 14ft. 3ins.; 2, Hart; 3, Snawdon. Half-mile, Junior—1, Hart (B.), 2 mins. 33 3/10ths secs.; (School record); 2, Norris i (R.); 3, Curnock (B.).

Half-mile, Senior—1, Bartlett (B.), 2 mins. 11 3/10ths secs. (School record); 2, Bradbury (K.); 3, Chivers (K.).

High jump, Junior—1, Macer-Wright (R.), 4ft. 2½ins. (School record); 2, Snawdon (R.); 3, Walford (N.).

100 yards, Senior—1, Langer (B.), 11 secs. (School record); 2, Brown iv (B.); 3, Ripley i (N.).

100 yards, Junior—1, Snawdon (R.), 13 1/5ths secs.; 2, Curnock (B.); 3, Norris (R.).

440 yards, Senior—1, Barnes i (N.), 59½ secs. (School record); 2, Bartlett (B.); 3, Bradbury (K.).

440 yards, Junior—1, Hart (B.), 67 7/10ths secs. (School record); 2, Comley (B.); 3, Snawdon (R.).

High jump, Senior—1, Murphy i (N.), 4ft. 11½ins.; 2, Langer (B.); 3, Richardson (N.).

220 yards, Senior—1, Langer (B.), 25 9/10ths secs. (School record); 2, Barnes i (N.); 3, Ripley i (N.).

220 yards, Junior—1, Snawdon (R.), 31 secs.; 2, Ross (N.); 3, Curnock (B.).

75 yards, under 9—1, Cullum; 2, Clark; 3, Biss. Sack race—1, Browne; 2, Muir.

House relay race—1, Beatty; 2, Nelson; 3, Keyes. One mile, open—1, Camp (K.), 6 mins. 6 1/5ths secs.; 2, Davies (B.); 3, Halls (K.).

Girls' invitation race—1, Isabel Curnock; 2, Sylvia Page; 3, Lois Phillips.

Boys' invitation race—1, Tonkin; 2, G. Muir; 3, Harvey. Consolation race—1, Browne ii; 2, Ripley ii; 3, Murphy ii.

Old Harlovians' race—1, M. P. G. Rolph; 2, E. S. Ripley. House tug-of-war—1, Nelson; 2, Keyes; 3, Beatty.

The House championship was won by Beatty with 86 points; Nelson secured 43, Rodney 28½, and Keyes 25 points.

## \*LETTERS FROM OLD HARLOVIANS.

Busselton,

West Australia,

Saturday, April 6th, 1935.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

I was very pleased indeed to receive your letter of congratulation on the arrival of our little son, and my wife joins me in thanks for it.

Your remarks about your age are duly noted, but I feel sure that if you are able to play badminton at 67, you will still be "on deck" when my son is able to attend Harlow.

Barry (that is the little chap's name—Benjamin Barry) is really quite a fine little fellow, and each day seems to become more interesting, and I am sure now that until one has a child of one's own life is more or less of an empty husk.

In the last "Harlovian" received, I noticed that dear old Mr. Huthwaite had passed on. I had left Harlow some years before his arrival there, but I met him on my many visits during and after the war, and always thought that he was such a fine type of man.

Among the masters that were at Harlow during my time were Mr. Seabrook and Mons. Loridan, who were killed in the war; both fine, manly fellows. Messrs. Boughey, Evans and Bassford seem to have dropped out of the picture in recent years, and although I see that Mr. Hendin keeps in touch with you, I have not seen any mention of Mr. Mead for some time. Several French masters I hardly remember, as they paid us such fleeting visits. I think it was Mons. Pouchet who, when excited on one occasion, gave the whole class 1,000,000 squares each, and it was not until the "Boss" was appealed to that we were let off.

One of my pleasant recollections of an imposition was having to spend an afternoon helping you in the garden. I can remember getting some fruit to eat, and also your instructions when transplanting some trees near the carpentry shop "Not to let the roots touch the manure." I always think of that afternoon when planting out rose trees, &c. in my own garden now.

In spite of impositions, I think that every boy who left Harlow left it with regret. I know that I cried myself to sleep the first night or two that I went there, but it was only because I was bigger and had been taught that it wasn't manly to cry that I didn't shed tears when I was saying "Good-bye" to you all.

I am looking forward to some of the boys coming out here to join me in our business, and will do all I can to help them along if they decide to make the venture.

I am sending a small gift in the form of a serviette ring for Mrs. Horsey, Miss Jessie and yourself. These rings are made from West Australian native wood and have painted on each ring a West Australian flower. One is a gum blossom, the other (the blue one) is the Leschenaultia. The third ring is painted with a Kookaburra or Laughing Jackass.

Mr. and Mrs. Wells, who have been with us for a fortnight, while waiting for their connecting boat to England via South Africa, will be able to tell you all about the timber that these rings are made from. I have been able to take them for a motor tour of about 800 to 900 miles during their stay. My family and I were all delighted to have the opportunity of entertaining them, as they are such a nice couple.

Mr. Wells got my address from the "Harlovian" and thought he would like to meet us while over here.

\*Mr. Horsey's address is now Baythorn House, Harlow.



If any other visitors connected with Harlow care to let us know of their arrival in West Australia, we will be only too pleased to show them over as much of the country as possible.

Mr. and Mrs. Wells have endeared themselves to us to such an extent that we are indeed sorry that they cannot stay longer; they have both promised to tell you all about us and of West Australia when they meet you in July.

I am writing this letter on the *Ulysses* while waiting for its departure.

Kind regards to all at Harlow and wishing the dear old School the very best of everything.

Yours sincerely,  
K. KILLERBY.

Golconda Estate,  
Haputale,  
Ceylon.

May 8th, 1935.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

I have just received your card about the shortage of letters from your Old Boys, and am sorry that it is so long since I last sent news.

Have just got back from Colombo, having seen the Jubilee celebrations.

Considering what a small, unimportant little island we live in, I thought the celebrations very well done. It was terrifically hot—the hottest year in the memory of most residents, but little trifles like damp rags instead of collars are all in the day's work, if one is foolish enough (or sufficiently "broke"!) to live in the East.

The road back was crammed with cars, 'busses, lorries and all; a very tiring 112 miles.

I have not yet got the sound of hooters out of my ears, or the smell of burnt petrol and boiling curry—it is a curiously horrible mixture by the way—out of my nostrils. As for my arms, they are nearly dropping off with the constant succession of efforts to avoid suicidal bus drivers (45 m.p.h. round the corners), diseased dogs and straying cattle, humanity and lunatics.

A merry little Island—nice little, tight little, &c.

This just to catch the mail. Will write again.

Yours sincerely,  
E. PEEK PHILPOTT.

c/o Mr. R. Parkes,  
"Punawai,"  
Wakefield,  
Nelson,  
N.Z.  
23—6—35.

DEAR MR. AND MRS. HORSEY,

Just a few lines to let you know how things are getting along out in New Zealand. We are now in the middle of winter, and we have only had two frosts so far. It has been a wonderful winter, in fact, the best we have had since I have been out here. Wonderful growth everywhere. As you see, I am still with my old boss. I don't seem to be able to leave him. He is a very fine man; you could not expect anybody better, and a job these days is a big thing and hard to get. I suppose you have heard from Brother Jack. He told me he had written to you. He is doing very well. I suppose he told you that he was engaged and hopes to be married at Christmas time,

that is if everything goes well. We are still quite close together, only a matter of a few miles away, so we see a good bit of one another. I have not heard any more of Herbert nor Brierley, but I expect that they are doing very well. The last I heard from Brierley was that he was in Wellington; what doing I cannot tell you, but he was working on the railway, which is a very good job.

Out here now they are very busy getting the All Blacks picked to tour Britain. I think they have got a good team together. I saw one of their games, and it was the best I have ever seen played out here, though I really think our football has gone off a good bit from what it was in 1924. We have not got the players we had then, but still I think you will see some real good football if you happen to go to a match. I suppose I must get off the subject of sport; but as you know, I am a great one with all kinds of games, though I do not get the time for them as I did at College.

Prospects out here are getting very much better; things are looking very much brighter for everybody, and about time, too! They were down to bed-rock two years ago, and as you know, when they get that far down, they take a long time to recover again. I am now becoming a real farmer with so much tramping behind a team of horses all day long; milking is not my long suit now. I have quite given that up. We only milk four cows, and the boss does that.

How are things at the College? I often think of the old College, and the times we used to have there, and how I would like to get back and see the building once again. I will never forget to visit Harlow if ever I do take a trip home. I hope you are both keeping in the best of health. Please give my kind regards to Miss Jessie, Margot, and all the old boys I know.

Yours truly,  
T. BAKER.

519224 G.D.C. Cantor, H.,  
Block 55 R.1, Bed 16,  
R.A.F. Depot,  
Henlow,  
Beds.

7/7/35.

DEAR MR. AND MRS. HORSEY AND MISS JESSIE,

I am now writing to you again after a long silence to let you know my new address. I have been here about three weeks, and have managed to settle down fairly reasonably.

The other day I heard from an Old Harlovian, one Alec Knight by name, who, unbeknown to me and a good many others, had been in the Service two years. He joined up as an apprentice, and is at present stationed at Halton, in Bucks. I am hoping he will come here to Henlow, as we have a large draft going abroad in a little less than two months time, and I should like to see him.

I am hoping to get 17 days leave in about a fortnight or three weeks time, so I am coming down to pay you a visit, which is now very much overdue to date. I will, however, let you know the date I am coming within the next ten days.

About a month ago I and three other fellows were sent up to Adastral House, Kingsway, to work on the officers' commissions, and one morning I had the pleasure of picking up Reg. Tarling's application. I believe in my last letter I mentioned that I had heard about Tarling making an application and I think this was rather a coincidence.

At the end of the coming week we have an A.O.C.'s inspection, and after that is over it will be still "quieter on the Western Front," now we have got the Royal Review and Jubilee day over.

After Uxbridge, the life here seems a little humdrum, but I know that it would suit a good many Harlovians who have a mind to join up.

I am afraid I must close now, as the bugle is just about to go for lunch.

With my kindest regards to all at Harlow, and my very best wishes for the future.

I remain,  
your affectionate pupil,  
H. A. CANTOR.

1, Sunny Hill,  
Hendon,  
N.W.4.  
23rd June, 1935.

DEAR MISS JESSIE,

Thank you very much indeed for the "Harlovian" and the invitation to the Sports.

Much as we would like to come, I am afraid we must decline.

In the first place, Mother is in the North of England enjoying a much-needed holiday, and secondly, Jim and I will both be working on Saturday.

However, we hope you will have a very enjoyable afternoon and a fine day for the occasion.

I should very much like to come and see you, and as soon as an opportunity occurs will do so. Unfortunately, it is very seldom possible for me to get away on a Saturday. During the past three years I have only managed it twice. We are always very busy on this day, as the majority of people choose the week-end to look for houses.

I am sure you will be glad to know that I have completely regained my health. It has been a slow process, but things have turned out better than I expected.

Jim, of course, is his usual self. He will soon be sitting for his examination for promotion to Sergeant.

Please give my regards to Mr. and Mrs. Horsey and also to Miss Ward and Mr. Cairns.

Yours sincerely,  
DOUGLAS WILSON.

c/c The Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Co., Ltd.,  
27/32, Poultry, E.C.2.

DEAR MR. MILLER,

I do not suppose that you will recognise the fact that I am an Old Harlovian, as I left before Mr. Horsey retired, but I should much appreciate it if you would let me know by return whether there is an "Old Harlovian" blazer, and if so, which firm it is who make them. I apologise for the urgency, but I am going away in a fortnight's time and would like to have a blazer then, and if the "Old Harlovians" do not have one, I must get one in the "Midland Bank" colours.

With kind regards to Mr. and Mrs. Horsey, Miss Jessie, and yourself,

I am,  
yours sincerely,  
KENNETH MORRIS.

21, Binden Road,  
W.12,  
25/6/35.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

I felt highly flattered to see my letter in the "Harlovian," especially as I left such a short while ago.

Since seriously starting accountancy, the word has lost much of its former dread, and I find the work both interesting and, in some cases, even amusing, though usually from an unprofessional point of view. I have not begun to pine for my school days yet, chiefly because evenings free from homework are still attractive, but I shall soon have to sigh dutifully for their return, especially when I hear schoolboys grumbling.

I hope to be able to come to the School Sports on Saturday, adorned, as I promised, in the "Old School tie."

Yours very sincerely,  
W. T. MALBERT.

78, Kingston Road,  
Ewell,  
Surrey.  
16/6/35.

DEAR MISS JESSIE,

At last I am writing you a few lines to thank you for the two "Harlovians" that you have so kindly sent. I am enclosing P.O. value 2/-.

I am pleased to tell you that Bertie and myself will be able to come and see you on Sports Day. We are both looking forward to seeing all again. It has been rather difficult for me to get a Saturday off, but I have managed it this time.

I am getting on nicely at work. I have had a five shilling rise. I will tell you all about it when I see you.

I hope you have had a good term, free from sickness. Please give my kind regards to all, and thanking you for the kind invitation for Saturday, June 29th,

I remain,  
yours affectionately,  
D. J. MEEK.

"Mardei,"  
Queen's Road,  
Tankerton,  
Kent.  
June 13th, 1935.

DEAR MR. AND MRS. HORSEY AND MISS JESSIE,

Just a short note enclosed with official answer. I hardly seem to get time for anything these days. Sports Day at Harlow I cannot attend as I have to go to a wedding. Something always seems to crop up. It is such a long time since I was with you all as a pupil, that it seems part of another life, owing to the war years, &c. I have paid you only two visits since 1913, I believe—1918 before demobilisation, and about four years ago with an Aunt.

I owe quids for Magazines. Still, let's start afresh. Herewith cheque for 3/-—it ought to be £3; never mind, forgive me, as I am very poor.

Salaams from your old worry,  
DENIS H. LEES.

The Poplars,  
Charlbury,  
Oxon.

June 12th.

MY DEAR MRS. HORSEY,

Please excuse this half-sheet of notepaper. Will you please thank Mr. Horsey very much for his kind invitation to the College Sports, which I am sorry not to be able to accept, as we are having a dance here on our lawn for funds for the Radcliffe Infirmary, and I am all behind with the garden. We have had an awful frost here, which was pretty general all over the country. One of our large Blenheim apple-trees blew down and no end of damage was done to all our fruit on the walls in our kitchen garden, as well as in our orchard, and it also spoilt a lot of my plants and boxes of young plants, which I had hardening off outside were all cut down in one night by the frost. Now I am handicapped with the wet weather, it seems to rain almost every day.

I hope you and Mr. Horsey and Miss Jessie are keeping well. Please excuse more, as I am very busy in getting the garden ready for our dance. With my love to you and very kindest wishes to Mr. Horsey and Miss Jessie.

I remain,

yours affectionately,

GRAY CROLY.

"The Lodge,"

Whitehill Close,  
Hitchin,

Herts.

24/6/35.

DEAR MISS JESSIE,

Thank you for sending Herbert and me the "Harlovian" so regularly. Here is £1, which should keep us in credit for a little time.

Kind regards to Mr. and Mrs. Horsey and to yourself.

Yours sincerely,

A. GREGORY.

75, Howard's Lane,

Putney, S.W.15.

Putney 3672.

June 12th, '35.

DEAR MISS JESSIE,

Thank you very much for your kind letter.

I have to-day asked Harrod's to send a tankard, and I hope it will meet with approval. Personally I should hate to have to run a mile for it, but there is no telling what young people will do.

I hope to come down on 29th, but this year I think I must refrain from entering for the Old Boys' Race, as last year Jean overheard a small boy remark to his parents: "Look at that old man running." It much amused her, but made me realise that a time comes when one has to give up these habits of years ago.

Kindest regards to all.

Yours sincerely,

DICK LEITH.

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

August 20th, 1935.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

Please forgive this long silence, and also my belated thanks for the very pleasant day I spent at Harlow with my sister on June 30th. Sports Day at Harlow was, I am sure, more than a "splendid success." We thought it was magnificent, especially the physical training. Has the little boy who so enthralled the guests by jumping through paper hoops joined a circus yet? I am sure that if Mr. Bertram Mills had been near he would have offered him a contract immediately—as a clown.

When I was at Harlow I was, I remember, anxiously awaiting examination results. You will, no doubt, be pleased to hear that I have passed my A.K.C. diploma, and also that I have obtained a title at St. Stephen's, Norbury, in the Diocese of Canterbury. I hope to be ordained in Advent. How I shall fill in the gap between then and now is uncertain. Maybe I shall go up to St. Stephen's Hall, Oxford, for a term.

What a wonderful summer we have had! Have you had your holiday yet?

I really have no more news, so I will close. Thanking you once again for the very pleasant day.

Yours very sincerely,

BASIL S. M. ALEXANDER.

28, Shaftesbury Avenue,  
Southampton.

8th June, 1935.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

Many thanks for the College Magazine and for your invitation to the Annual Sports Meeting.

I am sorry my wife and I will not be able to come along on the 29th June to add our cheers to the winners of the various events. You have made it doubly difficult for us to be there this year, two in years gone by.

I was sorry not to see you when I was at Harlow at Easter; I think you must have been away during that week. I wished afterwards I had looked in to see you on Easter Sunday morning, as I just caught sight of, I think, Mrs. Horsey waving from the window of your house as I passed on my way home from St. Mary's.

I hear you are looking much better since having your operation, and I hope that it has been in every way successful. I am glad to say I keep quite fit nowadays, and my wife's condition, too, is much improved.

With kindest regards from us both to Miss Jessie, Mrs. Horsey and yourself,

I am,

yours sincerely,

CLIFFORD H. BARKER.

Grand Hotel,

Khartoum Central,

Sudan.

Saturday, July 20th.

DEAR FAMILY,

I expect you're back again now after your cruise. I wonder if you got my telegram that I sent you from my aeroplane? The telegram was actually sent from my machine whilst I was flying—by wireless to Madeira!

Here, in Khartoum, we are only 100 miles from Abyssinia, and are getting first hand information of what is going on there.

One thing is certain—there will be war. But unless the Italians can destroy the morale of the Abyssinian by bombing their capital from the air *quickly*—then I'm afraid our little dark friends from Italy are going to get a dreadful beating.

The Abyssinian (I know him) is a fantastically fierce fighter—will do anything against an enemy—and is defending one of, if not the most difficult, the most different countries possible to invade.

I've flown over some of it and know. Aeroplane bombs will do nothing, in any place, except the capital, Addis Ababa. It will be like throwing eggs at a concrete wall for all the good Italian bombs will do anywhere else.

There's no water in most of the places—the only towns are in the Highlands, 6,000ft. above a particularly hot, waterless desert, inhabited by a tribe who have worked torture to a finesse unthinkable! Such as cutting one's eyelids off and leaving one to lie in the sun (that's true!), &c., &c.

The only water holes those natives (who are not the real Abyssinians, but have to be conquered first) know of that hasn't been poisoned by them by now, are wells so cunningly hidden that no Italian will find them!

Of course, this war *may* be over very quickly—victory for the Italians, which would be the triumph of machinery (aeroplanes) over man, but I don't fancy the Italians chances of having to fly 1,400 miles (700 there and 700 back) to Addis Ababa to drop their bombs, with the full knowledge that if they land anywhere between they will definitely be so mutilated as to be unrecognisable.

And if we (the English) are going to be so foolish as to let that hysterical, theatrical fool Mussolini fly through this Sudan, where I am now, in order to reach Italian Somaliland to hurl fiery speeches at his poor little Italian soldiers, then we're bigger fools than I thought we were!

Anyhow, there's another great power coming in to the fight which *may* win after all—that's *disease*!

Malaria, yellow fever, dysentery, &c., all are rife in Abyssinia, and though the Abyssinian may be immune from most of them, the European isn't, and dirt, bad organisation, lack of water, &c., are all rampant with the Italians at present, and an epidemic would rush through their ranks like wild fire!

Well! That's enough of that. Here I am on my way to Cairo. It is very warm here at present—116 degrees in the shade at 6.30 p.m. I'm off to-morrow to Nuxor, and Cairo on Monday.

Then I really *do* hope to be able to come back to England.

Much love from

JOHN (CAPTAIN J. H. HORSEY).

50, Blenheim Gardens,

Wallington,

Surrey.

21st June, 1935.

DEAR MISS JESSIE,

The pleasure I obtain from the receipt of the "Harlovian" is somewhat spoilt by the thought that I have not paid for the magazine for some time past, so, in order to clear my conscience, would you let me know how my account stands, and then I will settle up. If at the same time you would let me have an Old Boys' tie, and add it to the account, I should be extremely grateful.

Once again I have to refuse the invitation to the Sports. I should very much like to come, but the end of June is one of the periods of the year when I really do have to work hard and late, and there is no way of getting out of it.

Would it be possible in future years to change the day to a Saturday other than the last in June? There must be other Old Harlovians like myself who would like to be at the Sports, but are prevented from attending by the pressure of work over the half-year, whereas a week or two earlier or later would solve the difficulty.

I was very sorry to hear from Mrs. Huthwaite of the death of her husband. I consider myself fortunate in being at Harlow during Mr. Huthwaite's time and, like many other old boys, have much to thank him for.

My summer holidays for this year have now just come to a close. Keeping to my policy of "Go abroad if possible," I went on a ten days' cruise to Denmark and Norway. From London across the North Sea, through the Kiel Canal, and up to Copenhagen, where we stayed two days. Then on to Oslo, another two days stay, and a visit to Christiansand, for the best part of a day, on our way back. It was a most enjoyable holiday.

My kindest regards to Mr. and Mrs. Horsey and yourself, and any others who may know me, hoping you are all well, and the College prospering, and wishing the victims of exams. "Good luck."

Yours very sincerely,

ERIC G. PERRIS.

Royal Air Force,

Andover,

Hants.

30th June, '35.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

Very many thanks for the kind invitation to the School Sports. I'm very sorry I was unable to accept it, and I must apologise for the delay in reply.

I hope you had a successful meeting and that the heat was not too trying.

I have two tickets for the Officers' Enclosure for the Royal Review at Duxford on Saturday. I shall not be able to go, so if they would be of use to you, just drop me a card by return and I will forward them.

I would like to have gone myself, but it is rather too far for such a short time. It should be a magnificent sight.

I hope Mrs. Horsey, Margot, Miss Jessie and yourself are keeping well and enjoying life. My very kind regards to all. I certainly hope to see you all at the first opportunity, but life is very full down here with work and family life, that it's not easy to get away.

There's not very much news to report. Glad to say that we are all well and that life is very pleasant.

With very kind remembrances,

I remain,

yours sincerely,

HENRY T. HENDIN.

"Endion,"

56, The Avenue,  
West Wickham, Kent.  
26/6/35.

DEAR MISS JESSIE,

I'm sorry to say that I shall be unable to attend the School Sports on Saturday. However, I shall try to come and see you all later in the term.

After trying, since I left Harlow, I have at last succeeded in getting a position in the Westminster Bank. I start at their Machine Accountancy School in Threadneedle Street on Monday next, July 1st.

Will you remember me to Mr. Cairns and Mr. Robertson?

Kind regards to Mr. and Mrs. Horsey and Mr. and Mrs. Miller.

Hoping the Scouts are still as keen and flourishing as ever.

Yours sincerely,

JACK SANDERSON.

"Roslyn,"

6, Westwood Park,  
Forest Hill,  
S.E.23.  
June 9th, 1935.

DEAR MR. MILLER,

Having now been with Barclays Bank (Dominion, Colonial and Overseas), 29, Gracechurch Street, for over a month, I feel I must write and thank you most sincerely for all you did in helping me to secure this post.

I like the work very much, though naturally it is greatly different from "College" life, as one is bound to find.

I ran up against Chater and Drane the other day in the City, and I expect to meet several more "old boys" in the future.

Could you tell me with what Branch of Lloyds Allan is working, as I heard he was successful in his application.

Mr. Horsey will be interested to hear that my parents on their way home from the Malay States stayed for a week with Kemp Killerby (the old Harlow boy, who is working in the storekeeping business at Busselton, Western Australia). I know he wrote a letter which was in the "Harlovian" a term ago.

I wish you the best of successes in the School Certificates' and Junior Oxfords' results in July.

Please thank Miss Jessie for sending on my blazer and "the old School tie," and remember me to all at the College.

I remain,

yours sincerely,

E. H. WELLS.

No. 4 Company,  
Royal Military College,

Camberley,  
Surrey.  
10/6/35.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

I expect you have forgotten me by now, as it is so long since I last wrote.

I left the Imperial Service College just before last Christmas.

This is my junior term here. We have three terms here; at least, that is the length of the course, but if we do not get sufficient marks in the end of term exams., we drop the term. Should we drop more than one term we have to leave.

I am in the process of being turned into an efficient officer. This process consists of forgetting quite a lot of the things I learnt at school, and learning history of the Army and development of the Empire. In fact, all the work is from a military point of view, and mostly history, a subject I could not and still do not remember.

We start the day by "Reveille" being blown at 6.45, and there is a parade at 7.20 to see that we are properly dressed and shaved. Breakfast is at 7.30, and work begins at 8.30 and goes on to 12.30, with a 20 minutes' break from 10.20 to 10.40. The break is usually used for changing from Equitation kit into P.T. kit.

From 12.30 to 4.50 the time is our own and we can do as we like.

Saturdays and Sundays are free except for about 1½ hours' parade.

This term ends on July 9th. I am going down to Cornwall for a day or two. Afterwards spending a day or two in London, so I hope I will be able to visit Harlow, as I do not expect your Summer Term will have ended before the first three weeks of July.

I was sorry to learn of your illness, but hope you have completely recovered.

Wishing you and your wife and also Miss Jessie the best of health,

Yours sincerely,

G. J. GILPIN.

Officers' Mess,

Royal Air Force,

Cranwell,

Lincolnshire.

20/6/35.

DEAR MR. HORSEY,

Since last I wrote many things have happened, and perhaps the most important from my point of view is that I am now in the R.A.F.; but everything in order.

Last November I sat for my Final Chartered, and was fortunate in passing, and thus on February 12th this year I found myself a qualified Chartered Accountant, my Articles ended, and at that point of life when it becomes necessary to decide definitely on one's future. It is possible for a Chartered Accountant to follow many lines; for example, general auditing,

or specialisation in one of the many sections of the profession, or again, to find a future abroad, and a dozen other lines. In the end I decided to try for a commission in the Accountant Branch of the Royal Air Force. I am enclosing a small pamphlet dealing in a general way with the position; perhaps it will be of interest to some Harlovians. I would point out that it is not at all essential to be a Chartered or even Incorporated Accountant, though such qualifications help very considerably. For the past few years there have been three vacancies to be filled from the examinees at the March Competition. The past examination papers can be obtained from the Stationery Office, Adastral House, Kingsway, London.

Now for something about the life. I was instructed to report to Cranwell, Lincs., on June 12th, and I stay here for six weeks, to be trained generally, and to learn the methods of R.A.F. accounting, after which I will be posted to some station for a year or two, and then abroad for five years, though not at the same station the whole time, after which I return to England. The details of pay, pensions, and retiring ages will be found in the enclosed pamphlet.

We hold a commissioned rank, and have a batman, good quarters, and excellent facilities for all sports; in fact, it seems the ideal life, and one of the very few ways of combining an office life with an outdoor existence, and I am looking forward to a great time.

I am enclosing a cheque for £2/2/-, and would like it to be used to cover the cost of past "Harlovians," and any left over to be used for some useful purpose, such as to purchase one or two books for the Library, or to give buns round for tea one day, an event which was very popular in my days, I remember.

I'm very sorry indeed that I am unable to be present at the Sports Meeting, but I hope that the weather will be kind and contribute to a successful afternoon.

I trust that you, Mr. Horsey and Miss Jessie are keeping as well as ever.

Yours very sincerely,

RICHARD O. HEATH.

## Charles Baker & Co. Ltd.



*Now recognised as London's Premier Store  
for the Complete School and Vacation  
Outfitting of Boys.*

271, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.1.