

THE HARROVIAN

Vol. LXX No. 18

March 14th, 1957

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK

MARCH

- 17 S 2ND SUNDAY IN LENT
Holy Communion 8.15 a.m.
Morning Prayer 10.30 a.m.
Evensong 6 p.m.
Preacher: Mr. Gorse
- 19 Tu Rackets v. Charterhouse (away)
Boxing v. Mill Hill (away)
- 20 W Holy Communion 7.30 a.m.
- 21 Th Rackets v. Rugby (away)
Fencing v. Emanuel
4.45 p.m. Lecture by Mr. Guy Butler (O.H.)
"Olympic Champions"
- 22 F 8.30 p.m. Lenten Address
- 23 S FOUNDER'S DAY
11 a.m. Rackets v. Old Harrovians
Football v. Old Harrovians
Shooting v. Old Harrovians
Fencing v. Old Harrovians
5.30 p.m. Commemoration Service
Preacher: The Reverend E. K. Cross (O.H.)
6.30 p.m. Organ Recital in Speech Room

HERE AND THERE

Beatrice Alice, widow of the Right Reverend E. H. Kempson, a Master at Harrow from 1888 to 1899, died on March 3, aged 92.

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Venables on the birth of a son.

On Thursday, March 7, I. D. Wade, *Sch., Rendalls*, read a paper to the Essay Club on "The Problem of Time."

On Saturday, March 9, by courtesy of the Manager of the Dominion Cinema, the School were able to see the Pathé News Reel which contained episodes from the Queen's Visit.

On Saturday, March 9, Mr. W. H. Dowdeswell spoke to the Scientific Society on "The Experimental Study of Evolution."

J. G. S. Hobson, *The Grove* (1926²), has been elected Member of Parliament for Warwick and Leamington.

R. G. Cooke, *The Head Master's and Bradbys* (1944¹), has been elected Member of Parliament for West Bristol.

R. M. P. Malpas, *Bradbys* (1946³), has been awarded a half share in the John Locke Scholarship in Mental Philosophy at Oxford University.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT

On Tuesday, March 5, Her Majesty The Queen and His Royal Highness The Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, visited the School. In attendance were the Countess of Leicester, Major Edward Ford, son of a former Head Master, and Squadron Leader Christopher Blount, *Elmfield* (1938⁹).

Needless to say this important occasion had loomed large over the previous weeks of the term. There was much thoughtful consideration of how we could best show our loyalty and our School to the Royal Visitors. As the day drew nearer no stone was left unturned, in case some errant toffee-paper might be lurking there, no avenue was left unexplored, in the hope that it might afford pleasant passage for a Queen. Neither the climate of Middlesex nor the geography of the School make the planning of a Progress an easy problem; fortunately, as we think, the School is set hugger-mugger with a bustling civic community and its activities are diffused widely over an area which stretches from the Farm to the Phil. Ground, from the Sanatorium to Upper Reding Two. There is, also fortunately, no imposing quadrangle nor semi-sacred enclosure where youth can loaf on ferial, preen itself on festal days; and there are no Main Gates behind which we can lock ourselves and our visitors out of the public eye.

In the end it seemed best to authority to prepare a Wet-Day Programme and a Fine-Day Programme. The weather was, in the event, fine. This was, no doubt, welcome to the two or three thousand who thronged the High Street, but it also robbed the Royal Party of the chance to see some of the most interesting aspects of our many-sided life, and it must have been a disappointment to those whose work or play happened to keep them indoors on that particular afternoon.

In fine, almost sultry, weather, therefore, the Queen was able to see a cross-section of Harrow on a half-

holiday. After a reception by the whole School in the School Yard, she visited the Church and Churchyard; thence, by car, the Royal Party was conveyed to the Farm and Football Park. The Chapel and Vaughan Library were inspected on the way back to tea with the Head Master and Mrs. James. The great day ended, as all great Harrovian days end, in the enthusiastic decorum of Songs. Except for the moments which centred on the High Street, when it seemed as though ourselves and our very buildings would be submerged by the billowing flood of townsfolk, we offered our School to the Royal pair very much as it ordinarily is. Buildings and precincts were, of course, looking as fit as human effort could make them; faces were brighter, hair neater and hats cleaner than usual: but it was essentially as ourselves that we appeared. From our "bluer" or uniform we changed into "eccer" clothes appropriate to the afternoon's activity, and emerged roseate from our "tosh" into the sobriety of Sunday Dress and the glaring limelight of Speech Room.

THE ARRIVAL

Already before luncheon the forerunners of hordes of women and children had begun to squat on the newly levelled pavement outside The Head Master's. Across the road, by the gateway to Druries, stood the awning—"the dazie o'er the head"—with a red carpet spread; the entrance was flanked with clusters of daffodil and laurel, and beyond it the stone paving stretched its gleaming white path towards the Memorial Steps and the entrance to the School Yard.

Shortly before half past two we began to take our posts. On each side of the path were the Royal Guard; it was composed of N.C.O.'s well practised in their arms-drill—sixteen from the Royal Naval Section, fifty from the Army Section and ten from the Royal Air

Force Section. They had been patiently cheerful in their rehearsals and they looked stern but confident. Behind them, on one of the plots of grass, a bevy of those masters who were not employed elsewhere stood at expectant and conversational ease; their academic hoods made a patch of polychrome gaiety in the sunlight which filtered through the misty air. Up in the Yard the bulk of the School faced inwards to the gap in their massed ranks through which the Queen would walk.

A respectful buzz came, first whispering then roaring, down the High Street, and punctually, while the School clock struck the quarter, the Royal car drew up outside Druries. As the Queen alighted, preceded by the Duke, the Lord Lieutenant of Middlesex stepped forward to receive her. He presented the dignitaries lined up beneath the awning—the Mayor of Harrow and Mrs. Brown, the Town Clerk and Mrs. Pritchard, the Member for Harrow Central Parliamentary Constituency and Mrs. Bishop, the Chairman of the Governors, the Head Master and Mrs. James. The general hush, occasioned by these preliminaries, was broken by the command "Present Arms," the Royal Standard was broken in the School Yard, and our Queen walked out from under the awning to meet us. Accompanied by the Head Master and followed by the Duke of Edinburgh with Mr. Rivington, she advanced slowly through the Guard of Honour, up the steps and into the Yard. There the Royal Party took its stand on the steps to the Fourth Form Room and the Senior Master, Mr. Baldwin, asked permission to take Bill. As we filed past, answering to our names, she studied our faces intently or checked our identities in the Bill Card which the Head Master held ready for her. So we left the School Yard, struggled through the masses of mothers and children which blocked every route, and withdrew to our houses to change for games.

It should be recorded here that even hardened press-reporters were moved by the simple dignity of this ceremony of welcome. The informal formality, partly civic and partly military, of entering into a School without an entrance had been enacted with a smoothness and beauty which caused the heart to turn over. We dare to say that never before has our best architectural feature been ennobled by such graciously becoming ceremonial.

THE FOURTH FORM ROOM

While the last of the Lower School twinkled through Bill, the Queen withdrew to the Fourth Form Room where Custos and the Head of the School summarised to her the glories, and some of the disadvantages, of the Good Old Days. The tinted engraving from Ackermann's *History* was used to populate the Room with an imaginary crowd of ushers and scholars. The Queen had just been reading the names of present Harrovians on the Bill Card, and she now saw the more famous roll of our predecessors. Churchill, Peel, Temple, Byron and Sheridan were seen to have left their deep impression upon Harrow's panelling long before they had signed their names upon the walls of a National Hall of Fame. The Queen left for the School Yard with the Head Master, but the Duke of Edinburgh lingered a little behind with the Head of the School. Any man who can remember his boyhood will recall every detail of that wonderful moment when he received his first dangerous implement—a pen-knife; what marvellous gashes we made with the grain as we started on our initial letter! What a mess we made of it when we came to the curves and how we bled when the knife folded up on us! The Duke was able to relish the

sad fate of WARDE whose carving cost him, letter by letter, two birchings, an expulsion and two house-breakings. He asked whether there were not neophytes to chip-carving even to-day, and the Head of the School had to confess ignorance of such intimate matters; he explained that the padlock on the door was intended to be more functional than ornamental.

And so the Royal Party gathered once more in the Yard, and then walked slowly up Church Hill.

VISIT TO THE CHURCH

The Churchyard on Tuesday was almost literally up in the clouds. It was peaceful and calm, compared with the High Street, and the Vicar and the Parochial Council were waiting there for the Queen. Conducted by the Vicar and followed by the Churchwardens, who escorted the Duke, the Queen entered the Church and found evidences of the long association which has existed between Church and School:—the clerestory window depicting the presentation of a charter to John Lyon, the Brasses from the tomb of our Founder and his wife, and a picture of the old gallery which provided accommodation for us in the Church before the Chapel was built. Leaving by the North Door, the Royal Party circled the ancient Tower, glanced at the Peachey Stone, and returned to the Lych Gate and the care of the Head Master.

The next ports of call were Speech Room and the War Memorial Building. In Speech Room, empty of boys, the Queen was able to see the various symbols by which Harrow honours her famous sons and she heard of the annual transformation of the platform which recreates a setting for the bravest sparkle of the jewels of Shakespeare, the glory of the First Elizabethan Age. Both she and the Duke were obviously well aware of the many problems that bristle in the path of School Theatre. In the War Memorial the Chairman of the Governors presented his fellow Governors and Keepers. From this grave and "most ornate" body the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh passed out to the forecourt where the Royal cars were waiting for the drive down Peterborough Hill, through cheering swarms of school-girls, and a visit to the Farm.

THE FARM

On the way to the Farm there was a brief halt at Ducker. A walk as far as the diving-stage revealed the sizable potentialities of this sinuous expanse of water, and a few questions discovered the liberal opportunities for frolicking which are offered by the time-table of the Summer Term. The next halt was at the Farm, where the cars stopped by the recently unveiled memorial to Colonel Warren. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh are experienced and accomplished farmers. The Master in charge of the Farm, who accompanied the Queen, and the two boy members of the Farm Committee with the Duke, had no need to explain the significance of the farming projects; they found themselves the recipients of much worth-while comment and in the position of watching experts in action. In the deep-litter houses, which came first, for example, the Queen observed that the cross of Brown Leghorn and Light Sussex—the present practice at Harrow—was the cross which she had found to be most satisfactory, and the Duke, partly in the interests of the hens, declared in favour of deep-litter as against batteries. Both of them, of course, realised that the fact that the eggs are distributed direct to Houses means that the Farm is sacrificing the very considerable subsidy which is paid for eggs which are sent to the packing station and the general market.

At the other end of the hen-house, a gang of boys were seen to be combining industry with loyal curiosity as they mixed concrete to lay the new road to the Dutch Barn. Meanwhile the Royal Party had passed the bull-pens and was entering the large cow-house. The Queen was informed that the name-cards over each cow's stall had been specially printed for the occasion, by a member of the Farm, in the School Printing House.

The production of milk is the basic occupation of the Farm and, as the last winners of the county's Clean Milk Competition, Harrovians are naturally proud of their dairy record. It was therefore peculiarly gratifying to the Master in charge to be able to inform the Queen that the milking-machine which she saw in action in the Milking Parlour had been chosen after an inspection of the same type of machine, and its excellent performance, in Her Majesty's own farm in Windsor Great Park. After the Dairy there was a rapid tour of the loose-boxes and then a final review of our farming achievement in the Office.

The scrutiny of the Queen and the Duke, experts that they are, was naturally not directed mainly at the routine processes of up-to-date farming with which they are so familiar. The great interest which they evinced in our Farm clearly derived from the wish to find out how we fitted farmwork into the normal life of a Public School. It may seem ordinary to us in Harrow, but it is in fact an extraordinary sign of adaptability that half the School should voluntarily combine labour on the Farm, including rising at half past five of a winter's morning, with such regular disciplines as declining "*agricola-ae m.*" and kicking a football. The Queen was quick to take the point that the Farm at Harrow is a part of the School and not an adjunct to it, that the farming masters teach academic subjects in the form-room, that the Farm is not a commercial enterprise, nor even solely concerned with the production of wholesome food, but an integral part, with concerts, cricket and Cicero, of that vague educational entity which is usually labelled "school." Questions about the kind of boy who did farming, whether he was usually a product of the country or of the town, how much time was spent and by how many, these and others showed that the Royal visitors were acutely conscious of the important fundamentals which have caused the development of a School Farm.

FOOTBALL

The well-being of our sows at the Piggery received shrewd consideration and approval during a brief halt in the tour when the Queen had turned back towards the Hill; and then it was time for what we customarily reckon the more serious, because more boyish, matter of games. The Royal Party descended at the Watford Road gate and walked along the main track for a short distance. Every boy not required for the trivialities of work was devoting his best energies to chasing and kicking the Leathery Duke. It would have been nice if the Queen could have made an extensive circuit over our coarse clay acres of Football Park. It has always seemed to us that the bases guarded or beleaguered in the mud of Burma, of Flanders, of Sebastopol, even those in the dripping-wet cornfields below La Belle Alliance, find their true athletic prototype in the playing-mud of Harrow. However, Time waits for no man, not even for Queens; a shooting-brake was available at the gate, but the Queen had to confine her attentions to one game only.

This was the Sixth Form Game, transferred for the afternoon to Ducker Three. Rushes and rallies were plentiful. We noticed no routs, but there was one discomfiture which caused some momentary concern to all

except the rejoicing twenty-two men; one of the Colours' backs was temporarily knocked-out by a wavering knee: like the Lion Aspirant that he is, he soon recovered and returned where the battle raged hottest. Yards were freely given and taken, and the Royal Equerry—in his time a phenomenal giver and taker—must have regretted that circumstances and clothing prevented him from joining in the fray. One base, from yards, was attempted and rescued; another, off the ground, was appropriately won by a player in red-white-and-blue stockings. In spite of rather less than the usual amount of mud, there were some fierce scrimmages and the game, as a whole, was a fair sample of Footer at its best.

Meanwhile the Master in charge of Football, assisted by a representative "flannel" and a representative "fez", was explaining the simple principles of our game. Football is not really a woman's game; but the Queen had no difficulty in appreciating the resolute toughness of the players: she also divined the complications which must arise when friend and foe, however coloured their shirts, are rendered indistinguishable by a thick coating of mud. The Duke, for his part, had soon mastered the main outline of the game. An all-round sportsman, he immediately saw to the heart of our peculiar game, and commented on the great merit of a code of football which can be interpreted by the players themselves, not by the loud blast of a referee's whistle; we pause to reflect that Mr. Hammarskjöld, no less than the Rugby Union, might be glad if his adherents could learn something from the underlying *mystique* of the Harrow game. With his countenance clean and glossy—looking almost too good to be true—Plump-a-Lump was presented; not till the Cock House Match will the self-conscious smirk be kicked off him.

By this time the Fine-day Programme was running about ten minutes behind schedule and the cars had to be once more loaded to bring the Royal Party to the North Gate to the Terrace.

THE CHAPEL AND VAUGHAN LIBRARY

On the Terrace the five senior School Servants were drawn up to be presented to the Queen. The years of their service total two hundred and twenty-seven. This was a day on which a young Queen did honour to age, a token of acknowledgement of the many years in which their service has done honour to youth. Behind rope barricades the crowd of spectators watched the presentation; they had waited long in the mild air and there were few who did not reflect that it would have been nicer for the Queen in June: then there would have been a blaze of colour in the flower beds and some chance of the distant view of London.

Passing along the Terrace, the Queen entered the Chapel by the North-west Door. To the sound of quiet music on the organ, she walked up the Nave and down to the Crypt Chapel. The Chaplain was able to tell her something of the century which now lies behind the building, and she noticed the Memorial to "Boss-eye," the name by which Mr. Boissier was known to his old pupil, King George VI. In the Crypt Chapel she was interested in the curious tile which bears in ancient Aramaic characters the name of Jesus, and the Duke's eye sought out the ensign of *H.M.S. Harrow* which hangs dedicated there. From the North Door of the Crypt Chapel the Royal Party came once more to the High Street, and so to the Vaughan.

In the Vaughan Library, which looked unusually festive with its new carpet of daedalic splendour and a large bowl of tulips, the Queen was shown the original Charter granted by Queen Elizabeth I to John Lyon,

and the Orders, Statutes and Rules drawn up by our Founder to regulate in minutest detail the administration and curriculum of his new School. The Queen saw also the relics of the "Silver Arrow" Archery contest, the MSS. and relics of Lord Byron, exhibits relating to six of the seven Harrovian Prime Ministers (Viscount Goderich alone is unrepresented in the Library archives), and signed the Book in which all members of the Royal Family who have visited Harrow have signed their names, beginning with Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort in 1848. Mrs. P. C. Vellacott and Mrs. R. W. Moore were presented to Her Majesty: Mrs. Lionel Ford was unfortunately not well enough to attend. Finally, as the Queen was about to leave, she noticed the small bronze equestrian statue from Benin, and immediately recognised it as a specimen of the native art she had herself seen when touring Southern Nigeria last year.

THE HEAD MASTER'S

The two Monitors in The Head Master's were entrusted with the serious charge of exposing to inspection the ins and outs of the boys' side of a Harrow House—with all that that implies. They conveniently chose for their demonstration the Old Side, and we have reason to believe that little was concealed, except that there was, between the hours of 4.15 p.m. and 4.45 p.m., an awful absence of boy-calls throughout the whole House. Reader and Hall, with its house photos and faintly collegiate air, are lovely rooms to see at any time; the Queen noticed her cousin's name on the War Memorial and saw the group in which our most famous *enfant terrible* is pictured. Upstairs the rooms were open, some with the owners installed, and the intricacies of a Harrow bed, the friezes of "leavers," the snug homeliness of all, were the features which attracted attention. In fact they looked rather as our own room would look, if we spent some hours tidying it and had one of those jolly wall-papers for which The Head Master's is famous. The Duke of Edinburgh asked searching questions about the hierarchy of the House, descending through the Housemaster down to "three-yearers" and fags. He also asked to see the bathrooms. It became necessary to explain that the "New" and the "New-new" had separate ablutionary accommodation; there was room for all. And that brought the Royal tour of the School to a close. It must have been an exhausting afternoon for Her Majesty, His Royal Highness, and their lady and gentlemen in attendance. Such protracted programmes may be for them "all in the day's work," but that makes them no less tiring and makes us admire them all the more for the lively and human interest with which they execute them. The Royal Party proceeded through to the private side for tea with the Head Master and Mrs. James while the rest of us prepared for Songs.

SONGS

In Speech Room powerful lights were hanging overhead for the benefit of film-cameras. Everything bore a brighter, bluer, newer look; and we must admit we rather liked it. On the platform waited a row of empty chairs, the ornate Doria Chair from the Vaughan being conspicuous in the middle. The last arrivals in the body of the hall were the blushing monitors and other guests from the Head Master's house. Then the Queen entered, all standing and in silence. Without further preliminary the National Anthem was sung, strictly *a tempo*, as we have never sung it before. In the expectant silence which followed, the Head of the School stepped up to the platform and presented to the Queen a Song Book "as a small memento of her visit"; at the same time a

companion copy was offered to the Duke of Edinburgh. These two Song Books were specially bound by Zakusdorf in navy-blue morocco, the School crest being blocked in silver on the face; the presentation inscription is printed in silver on the inside of the cover.

Queen Elizabeth was, of course, the first song to be sung. Of itself it is a slight joke to a light tune, more suitable for House-Singing than for a grand occasion, and the School sounded a little like hippopotami on their Bank Holiday; however, there was no doubting the sincerity with which they roared out the rearranged slow verse with its welcome to "Queen Elizabeth, here to-day," and her "bold sea-rover." To be at the focal point of five hundred untrained voices—male at that—must be unnerving even for a Queen; but the Queen did not blench, and the other, and better, songs produced some really good unison singing. The first of these was *Raleigh*; this song has been improving steadily over the past few terms and it was sung in a way which it will be a pleasure to remember.

Songs are always an emotional moment (curious institution for a boys' school). With our Queen among us our hearts were exalted more than ever before. Into them two of the performances distilled that sublime extra drop which produces thoughts too deep for tears. The first of these was by R. H. F. Attwater. We do not mind telling him now, provided that he does not pass on the information to next term's new boy, that his desire to sink through the floor, his terrible fit of nerves, his pallor—in short, his what-it-feels-like-to-be-a-new-boy-about-to-sing-Five-Hundred-Faceishness—is just as necessary for his song as the fine ear, sense of time and clear enunciation which he has also got. We have heard some new boys sing worse than he did because they could not sing: we have heard several sing worse than he did because they could sing well—and knew it; but we have never heard a new boy sing *Five Hundred Faces* as well, as rightly, as he sang it to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II on the fifth of March in the year of Grace 1957. To his dying day he can remember that this was when he wrung every heart.

After Attwater came *Ducker*. We all danced further across Europe than ever before, liting down the Danube with happy echoes of Strauss. The School Twelve is traditionally composed of a variety of talents; it is right that a good cricketer or a good footballer should sing to the School. This term they include at least one very good voice, and they all combined to support the good in them with an understanding and restful interpretation of *Byron Lay*. The School, encouraged by this example, swung tunelessly into *The Silver Arrow*; we felt as if the Youth of to-day really had something to offer: they offered it with such manly fervour.

Up to this point we had enjoyed a *crescendo* of excellence in singing, and we were glad to be doing our best for our Queen. But there had crept into our minds a gnawing doubt. It all sounded very *vieux jeu*. Spenser and Raleigh, Peel and Byron, they have all been dead many a year; nobody, hardly, learns Virgil these days; even the last verse of Buck's great song does not quite redeem all that stuff about jenkins and cudgels. "Aren't we," the doubt insisted, "aren't we too ready to live with the dead past, to look too little to the future?" And so we came to *Forty Years On* and an end to doubt. The third verse was sung—unrehearsed but heartily—by a group of Governors and other distinguished Harrovians over on the left flank of Speech Room. And how they set us an example by their presence! Here were men who had gone out from Harrow singing our Songs: since then they had served the



BILL IN THE SCHOOL YARD

Photo by Observer, Harrow.



AT THE FARM

Photo by Central Press Photos.



PRESENTATION OF SENIOR SCHOOL SERVANTS

Photo by Observer, Harrow.



"QUEEN ELIZABETH SAT ONE DAY"

Photo by Central Press Photos.

Queen and her father and her grandfather, with honour, in Church and State, and now they were back with us, still singing, to tell us that it all made sense. In their verse and especially in their last "Follow Up!" we all felt the second great moment of these Royal Songs. There is very much more than football in Bowen's great anthem.

The Head Master then rose to make the only speech of the day. He said that the day would always be remembered as one of the few very great days in the history of the School, however long that history might be. "Queen Elizabeth the First gave us our Charter. Queen Elizabeth the Second has given us something no less precious, her own Royal Presence among us here for a whole afternoon, to find out how the Charter has worked. Whatever other impressions she may take away with her from Harrow, we would above all wish her to feel that, in this tiny corner of her realm, we are all her most devoted, loyal and grateful subjects." He added that it was the Queen's wish that four days extra holiday should be added to the end of the Easter Holiday.

After three cheers, led by the Head of the School, the Royal Party left Speech Room to a storm of clapping and went upstairs in the War Memorial to the Alex Fitch Room. In the Harrovians' Room some of the senior masters with their wives, and the senior house-matron, were presented. As she issued forth through the Shrine, the Queen was greeted by the massed cheers of the School, taking its last chance to shout its loudest and loyallest while she entered her car and drove slowly away.

RETROSPECT

So ended the Great Day. It was a very short three hours.

In the last burst of cheering it seemed as if we were calling two special messages after her; the first, "We hope that you have enjoyed to-day as much as we have"; and the second, "Please come back soon."

We also wonder what she thought of us. We cannot know that; we even find it impossible to express in words what we thought of her. She was so truly good and queenly that, as one member of the School put it, "When you see her, it just makes you want to cry." Yet she was friendly and human, too. Of all the boys and masters who saw or spoke to her and to the Duke of Edinburgh there cannot be one who does not feel that, if the Royal pair were ordinary folk like ourselves, they would still not be ordinary folk; they would be the most loved and liked of our visitors.

And so we hope that they will one day come again. There would still be much to see. In the Workshops, in the Small-ball Courts, in the Gymnasium, in the Art Schools and in the Science Schools, there were boys and masters ready and waiting to serve if the weather should break; in the last named place there was also a powerful porpoise, neatly laid out for the dissector's scalpel. Many of our guests found how attractive the Wet-day Programme would have been while they wandered round the School in the time between the Queen's departure for the Farm and Songs. Some of us had to be disappointed; but no matter. Those who represented their various departments to the Queen and the Duke did so as representatives of us all; when our School is on show to the Queen, all of us are separately and collectively honoured for our share in the School. To C. R. L. Guthrie, the Head of the School, for his tireless industry and administrative genius, go our warm thanks; he organised and arranged us so that we should not, in what we did that day, fall short of our best endeavour to offer homage to our Queen.

WORM'S EYE VIEW

Tuesday, March 5, 1957. Pancake Day.

An eventful day. I actually got up quarter of an hour before the bell, feeling full of spirits. Morning school passed in a haze. My form-master skewed me for inattention, but let me off since the Queen is coming. First course for lunch was the same as usual, but there were pancakes afterwards. They were not very warm, but still pancakes. After lunch I polished my shoes, brushed my clothes, put on a stiff collar. The crowds were already streaming up past the House, and by Bill a fair number had collected.

I arrived at the School Yard at 2.20, and spent the time watching the crowd. All very colourful. For the first time in my life I saw a bearded policeman. Shades of the days of Grandpapa's Grandpapa. The masters' hoods added spice to the scene, and I was glad to see the Lords' flag again. At 2.25 punctually, we were herded in. While we were waiting, I discussed with friends all the worst things that could happen. Exactly at 2.45, the Royal car drew up. I could hear it coming from a long way off with the loud cheers. As the Queen came into the School Yard, everybody on the outside rushed forward to see her. She was very well dressed, as she always is. I did what I was meant to during Bill, but this was nothing compared with the ordeal of going back to the House afterwards. Rows and rows of staring faces. I felt like going bright red, and as soon as possible dodged behind them.

I had not been put down for Footer, so I got into half-change to cut wood. We had just come out of the House when we heard roars coming from further up the road. The Queen was going down to Ducker. Of course, we stopped and waved and cheered violently. After wood-cutting, we were lucky to see the Royal car again. We were standing in an isolated group. The Queen smiled at us and the Duke gave us a special wave.

A quick change. Time to grab some biscuits and tea, then up to Speech Room. The bright lights are reflected upon everybody's faces. The ceremony of presenting Song-Books was dignified, not like yesterday when I found it almost impossible to stop laughing. "Five Hundred Faces" was better than I had ever heard it before, as indeed were the Twelve, and the School singing generally. I only hope that the recording will be played publicly. The Queen seemed to enjoy Songs. Afterwards I stood on the steps and cheered. However, no one seemed to know what to cheer, and it went very much in waves. Some shouted "Hooray," some "Harrow." The Queen left. I went back to the House.

Did my prep. and had supper. Early to bed. Lent tomorrow.

DOGS

The canine inhabitants of Harrow seem to have multiplied to an alarming extent in latter years; to such an extent, indeed, that dogs now constitute an element in everyday life which cannot be ignored, even by those who might wish to do so. Dogs, as every Harrovian will agree, are a menace to pedestrians. With a range of vision restricted by his hat brim to ten yards or less, the Harrovian has little chance of avoiding dogs (unless single) and in Harrow "canis" seems to have reverted to the "lupus" in that dogs now travel largely in packs.

It is essential, however, to be broad-minded on such a subject; as this is so, it must be admitted that the straw-hatted humans are infamous in canine circles. Small dogs regard some Harrovians with as deep a suspicion as their housemasters, perhaps a deeper. Have you ever noticed dogs furtively slinking away as you approach? You have not? Perhaps the dogs saw you first. In fact

many on the Hill are dog-lovers and very much enjoy seeing dogs around the School.

It may be said that in the streets humans and other dogs have equal rights of existence. On the playing fields this may also be true, but nevertheless feeling is divided on the matter. Boys feel a very natural resentment when the only Harrow football is monopolised by a microscopic terrier; but who can resist a smile at the sight of a dog playing with a ball twice its size? In the rugger season dogs are a great attraction during House or Torpid Leagues when serious players, who might disapprove, are occupied elsewhere. During one House League game, the ball disappeared after a five-yard scrum near the touch-line and seconds later the attacking scrum half had touched down, not with the ball, but with a brown Pekinese which had rashly chosen that moment to explore the field.

Fifty years ago Harrow was surrounded by open countryside and the School, as other fortunate few are still able to do, kept a pack of beagles. Boys also were allowed their own dogs, though not in their houses, and many were the dogs lodging in West Street as, one hopes, popular P.G.'s. On half-holidays these would be collected by their masters and taken for long walks in the rabbit-infested fields. Indeed dogs were a subject for keen sporting competition as well as for company and pleasure. Each dog was in a sense the ambassador of his proud (or otherwise) possessor and the owner of a champion ratter was looked up to in his own sphere just as much as the cricket flannel in his. Now that, with the huge spreading of suburbs, Harrow is part of London and it is not possible for boys to have their own dogs, or for there to be a pack of beagles, it is, after all, a very pleasant and cheering thought that the dog population is on the increase in some parts of the Hill.

"HAVE A FACE, DO"

At the end of last term I wasted a great deal of precious time (time is always precious at the end of term) collecting together the *simulacra* left by various departed or departing friends of varying degrees of friendship, and put them all into a cardboard box. By the time I had finished, my vesture, if not muddy, was more than a little dusty. Dust, I discovered, piles up on picture rails. And it is surprising with what facility a small rectangle of stiffened paper can float out of your grasp, circle gently around the room, and suddenly dart with maddening perversity under the chest of drawers. Several, I left there: I can only hope they were not more than passing acquaintances. Since I cannot remember which ones I have lost, they probably were so. This term only eight faces peer from my mantel-piece, and the picture rails are empty. Their former inhabitants rest quiet at the bottom of a drawer, and at the end of this term I shall feel happier with the world than I did at the end of last.

With three weeks to go before the bulky envelopes appear, and with fewer to send them than before, this may be an opportune moment to discuss "leavers," without incurring too much wrath and indignation. It seems to me that far too many leaving photographs are handed out at the end of each term. There is a rule at another school I know of which prohibits the giving of more than six "leavers" by any one boy leaving. The last thing I would advocate is any formulative ruling on the subject: let us be saved from litigation. But I would advocate common sense. The eight "leavers" on my mantel-piece now are the photographs of particular friends made at Harrow, who have now left and whom I still see. I dare say that if I were to go through my cardboard box I would find many others

I should like to have on view somewhere. But the rot must somewhere be stopped. I value my "leavers" not for their numbers, but for their individual friendships. That is the only justification for them.

Lately there has been growing up what may be called a "leaver-consciousness," a delight in being given "leavers" for their own sake. "Leavers for leavers' sake" is a dangerous doctrine, for it leads to "leaver-hunting," which in its turn becomes synonymous with "knowing the right people," whether the right people wish to be known or not. "I've got two Phil., three Lions and a monitor" is beaten by two Heads of the School, or an entire Cricket Eleven; twenty-four is beaten by twenty-five: common sense preserve us. Before long it will be like collecting stamps, but at least there is nothing socially vicious in collecting stamps, as there is in the boy who revels in the reflected glory of those "right people" who have given him "leavers," and who regards such "leavers" as social acquisitions.

There is, however, one consolation. This lack of common sense and perverted sense of values seems to go hand in hand with a remarkable lack of foresight, which means that enormous orders are placed for "leavers" too late to be executed. Certainly my requirements will not strain the system again.

THE LADY BOURCHIER READING COMPETITIONS

The finals of this year's competitions for the Lady Bouchier Reading Prizes took place in the Old Harrovians' Room on Saturday, March 9. This was a welcome departure from normal custom, for it was possible for the finalists to concentrate purely on reading their set pieces, without having the additional worry of being obliged to declaim them, as they had in Speech Room in previous years. The standard of reading of the eight contestants was high, though no-one was outstanding, and Mr. A. N. G. Richards, the adjudicator, had a difficult task, which he performed with great dignity and care.

The Juniors read first. Though last year's two prize-winners were again in action, the result was far from a foregone conclusion. Another innovation this year was that there was a choice of pieces, presumably more for the entertainment of the audience than a simplification of the judge's task. Last year's winner, J. D. R. Chambers, *The Grove*, took the bold course and read a difficult short poem by de la Mare. He made an imaginative and sensitive attempt, and though he failed to achieve the right lilt, he caught the mood of the poem well. H. J. Barclay, *Elmfield*, D. J. Pirie, *Moretons*, and J. A. N. Tregoning, *The Grove*, all chose an extract from Browning's "Pied Piper of Hamelin." Though this should have been easier to read, no-one thoroughly understood the shape of the piece. Barclay was too serious and flat, Pirie too dignified and Tregoning kept too much to the same tempo—like the others, he did not bring his reading to a climax.

The prose piece was taken from Stevenson's "Treasure Island." Here again there had to be an understanding of the mood before a good reading could be given. Barclay read with perfect enunciation, but lacked the necessary life and contrast; Tregoning, though he gave certain important words their full value, was too hasty and did not interest his listeners at the most exciting moment. Pirie showed a distinct improvement—chiefly because he had the right atmosphere and entered into the part of Jim Hawkins, recounting the adventure exactly as the cabin-boy himself would have done. Chambers provided expectancy, then drama and excitement at Long John Silver's arrival, and gained first place for two good pieces of reading which brought out the meaning and not only the facts of what was before him. The first prize was awarded to Pirie, and the second to Chambers, who was last year's winner.

A good batch of Seniors were faced, for their verse, with the retrospection of Tennyson's "In Memoriam" and the satire of Pope's "Epistle to Doctor Arbuthnot." M. L. Gordon, *Druries*, and S. J. C. Minoprio, *Moretons*, chose the former passage. Gordon's good voice was a little matter-of-fact, but Minoprio gave a more sensitive interpretation. A. J. Anderson, *Rendalls*, who was second in this competition two years ago, and A. D. Korner, *The Knoll*, both read the more amusing poem, and both with success. Anderson, restraining a desire to be histrionic, gave an intelligent and lively rendering, though it deteriorated somewhat towards the end, and Korner, possessing, Mr. Richards said, the best voice of the evening, seemed to have attained just

the right tongue-in-cheek mood, though it was criticised as not varying with the words he was reading.

Though there was an opportunity to read some Macaulay, all four competitors read a testing extract from "Earlham," by Percy Lubbock, as their prose piece. It began with a reminiscence of the familiar church-service of the author's youth, and continued with a loving passage describing his feelings towards his grandmother. Gordon was more successful with this, though his rhythmic phrases at the start became somewhat jerky as he went on. Minoprio read attractively, but failed over the grandmother passage, though Korner did the opposite—at first he merely told the story, but he interpreted it better and better as he went along. Anderson again read well, being relaxed and amusing, "first rate," it was described. He well deserved his first prize. Minoprio came second.

Mr. Richards must be thanked for his very careful and detailed summing-up of what is never an easy problem.

CHAMBER CONCERT CLUB

The recital given by Miss Valda Aveling on the clavichord on Sunday, March 3, was easy to enjoy and equally hard to criticise, since recitals of this kind are rarely heard at Harrow, and there is therefore little available for the critic from which he can make comparisons and from them a final opinion. The criticism must therefore rely upon the absolute impression given by this recital; and the impression received was that Miss Aveling is as near to being the supreme exponent of the clavichord as makes no matter.

The recital opened with Bach's French Suite no. 6 in E, in which Miss Aveling gave a fascinating display of "vibrato," which is produced by moving the actual key, which is in direct contact with the string; but she used it sparingly, much as less popular organists use the tremulant, and it never became tiring. Only one complaint can be made of this recital, and it is one which concerns all clavichord recitals, namely that it takes some minutes for the ear to become attuned to the faint tone of the instrument, and in this recital the Allemande was over before the listener could find the right wavelength. The whole suite was played stylishly, and the tone ranged between the tenderness of the Sarabande to the startling pizzicato effect of staccato single notes in the Bourrée.

Then followed five short pieces by English composers from the middle sixteenth to the early eighteenth centuries, of which the most interesting was a "Ground" by Croft, a contemporary of Bach, since it demonstrated how far Bach surpassed those of his own time in making music out of rigidly set patterns. This "Ground" was pleasant, but painfully crude when compared with the C minor Passacaglia of the master.

In three of the preludes and fugues from Bach's "48" Miss Aveling showed how well a fugal texture sounds on the clavichord, which produces none of the resonance of a piano but only clear, pure notes, and also how effective the "vibrato" is in bringing out a line of melody. The E minor prelude and fugue from the first book was the most enjoyable of the three, particularly the fugue, which is the only one of the "48" in two parts: that the G major and D minor from the second book were less interesting, was due to Bach and not to Miss Aveling.

After an Allemande, Sarabande and Gigue by Lully, which was less contrapuntal but more sophisticated, Miss Aveling played four sonatas by Domenico Scarlatti. This performance was notable for its dexterity and clean attack, and a new Scarlatti emerged, more alive than that dull, sleeping dog which, in our first years of learning the piano, many of us would rather have let lie.

As the first encore, we heard an unidentified piece of rather a Spanish flavour, which revelled in repeated notes: Miss Aveling joined the revel, but her performance remained clear and sober. As the second encore, Miss Aveling played a short piece by Herbert Howells, "Hughes' Ballet," which was less complex than most of his music, and made attractive use of syncopation.

The audience surely learnt a lot from this recital, and enjoyed being taught; the clavichord's day is not over yet, nor is it an unsatisfactory medium for modern music, as the last encore proved. But the most fascinating part of the recital, even if unconnected with its musical worth, was the movements of Miss Aveling's hands: both in this respect, and in her mastery over her instrument, she is the Adler of the clavichord.

HARROVIANA

The following passage is taken from "A Wandering Student," by Sir Bernard Pares, The Head Master's (1880). It tells how a great Head Master dealt with the difficult problem of how far privileges should extend.

We had a strange House ceremony for one night in the year only, the first in examination week before Christmas. The Sixth Form took no part in it. The next senior boy in the

House invited three or four other senior "three years" boys to go round with him for "turning up." We had beds that went up into cupboards during the day; "turning up" consisted in lifting them up with the tenant in them about five a.m. and letting them drop with a bump. This made an awful noise, as the "turners" passed from room to room. On the authority of the Matron it had gone on for over 17 years, and it was a wonder that it had never been interfered with. It was regarded as a yearly event—tradition said, in order to wake up the sluggard to work, for we were a very hard-working House; and we had never heard that anyone was the worse for it. B. and I, as far as the House was concerned, now stood outside the Sixth Form [owing to insubordination, they had been deprived of their privileges by K., the Head of the House], and the leader T., a boy of unimpeachable character, invited us to join in, and in the same spirit of challenge, B. and I consented. Three years' boys were not turned up, but as K. had, in our opinion, abused his privileges [i.e., by depriving them of theirs], we proposed to include him. K., however, sprang from his bed with a cane; and as there were five of us, it seemed ridiculous to go further, and we retired in some shame.

Now it happened that on that particular night a new young policeman was on duty outside. Alarmed by the heavy thumps and the flashing lights of the candle as we passed from room to room, he rang the bell and informed the House butler, Mr. Ellis, that murder was going on. Mr. Ellis was a seasoned friend of all of us; "Go away," he said, "it's 'turning up' night." But this naturally failed to reassure the young policeman, and next morning he waylaid Dr. Butler on his way down from School and told the same story. Dr. B. summoned the matron, who, of course, knew of everything that went on. She gave only two names of the party, T. and H. She omitted B. and myself, for she knew that the next speck on our character would mean expulsion. T. and H. were in the next form to the Sixth, which was supposed to mean exemption from corporal punishment, but they were very vigorously flogged, as we could see when they showed their wounds to the House.

Dr. B. then set himself to trace the remaining members of the "turning up" party; but he was never told the number, and from T. and H. he could learn nothing. K. too was questioned but would not breathe a word. Dr. B. began sending for others on chance and asking them; to tell a direct lie, especially when so much was known, was not in our code.

Dr. B. had an imperfect knowledge of the rules of the ceremony. He began by sending for the lowest boy in the Sixth. This was a stout fellow named Grogan, the Father of the House, who had drifted into the Sixth in his last year, but had led the party the year before. If this went on, the Headmaster would inevitably come to B. and myself, as our names still stood high up in the Upper Sixth. Grogan was asked the question, and was able to say no. As he came down from the Headmaster's study he met, coming up, the next boy above him, also in the Sixth. This was a sturdy Yorkshireman named Bromet. "Bromet," said Grogan, "the Head is going to ask you if you turned up last night. Say very indignantly, 'No sir, I'm Sixth Form.'" Bromet did his job admirably. The Headmaster's inquiries now travelled down into the Fifth, and B. and I were saved.

The next event was a visit of protest from the fathers of T. and H. One was a Peer and the other a Railway Director. According to their sons, they demanded an apology for the flogging; the boys, they said, were only carrying out an old tradition. I don't think they got an apology. Dr. B. assembled the House and mentioned the visit. He only disclaimed any reflection on the characters of the two boys whom he had flogged. He then solemnly called for an impressive volume, the House Book, and there he entered in front of us his decision abolishing three-year privileges. I saw that entry some fifty years later. The abolished privileges were again in full working order; in fact, they were just the same as those which B. and I had defended in our time.

FOOTBALL

THE SCHOOL v. THE GROVE AND ELMFIELD OLD BOYS

On Saturday, March 9, the School found considerably more difficulty than usual in disposing of an Old Boys' side drawn from The Grove and Elmfield. It is a pity that a bigger crowd did not brave the threatening elements to watch such a fine game.

The Old Boys kicked off downhill with the wind behind them and, carrying the game immediately into the School's half, were soon rewarded with a fine yards base by Golby. Following this early reverse, the School centres played with more fire and cohesion, and a further ten minutes saw Peel equal the score after taking yards from Davis. The School gradually began to dominate the play and a spirited run down the left wing nearly proved disastrous for a sporting House Matron cutting a corner en route for a Torpid Match.

After half-time the Old Boys began to tire, and play for a time degenerated into a vulgar brawl in which Carter and Hoyer Millar used their strength well. The School were now pressing mercilessly and, but for very poor kicking, must have gained a commanding lead. Twice Carter relieved the pressure by furious charges but was poorly supported. Wells, Lotery and Davis all gave good yards and the last had his effort rewarded by a good kick by Maydon (2-1). Mr. Leaf, a pillar of strength and a tireless defender, spurred his side to further efforts but, despite noble response, these proved in vain and before the end Maydon scored again with another excellent kick.

The School deserved their win but by no means took all their chances. Peel and Phillipson played with great vigour in the centre, Lotery worked hard on the wing and all the backs played well. Only Maydon, however, seemed to have the power and accuracy to increase the score, the ball being generously coated with Harrow's notorious clay. For the opposition Mr. Leaf gave a practically faultless display, being always cool and safe in the face of sustained pressure. The match was ably officered, though one of the umpires seemed to be keeping a watchful eye on his neighbouring Torpids. Flannels have been awarded to Strover.

THE GROVE AND ELMFIELD OLD BOYS: D. Craven, *The Grove* (1948⁷), J. F. Leaf, *Elmfield* (1939³) (capt.), R. E. Parslow, *The Grove* (1943³); R. B. Bloomfield, *Elmfield* (1949³), P. E. Reynard, *Elmfield* (1942³); G. C. Hoyer Millar, *Elmfield* (1943³), T. M. Carter, *The Grove* (1950³), D. H. Golby, *The Grove* (1951³), N. F. Nicholson, *Elmfield*; M. R. Dangerfield, *The Grove* (1949³), L. E. Peterken, *The Grove* (1945³).

THE SCHOOL: R. F. C. WEBSTER, *Rendalls*, M. L. MAYDON, *The Grove*, D. N. ROBERTSON, *Elmfield*; J. N. LOTERY, *West Acre*, J. Y. R. STROVER, *Rendalls*; C. R. L. GUTHRIE, *Newlands* (capt.), R. D. M. PEEL, *West Acre*, J. H. WELLS, *Newlands*, G. R. PHILLIPSON, *Moretons*; A. D. WARR, *The Knoll*, A. L. N. DAVIS, *Druries*.

HOUSE MATCHES

THIRD ROUND: Newlands v. The Park, 3-0; Moretons v. The Head Master's II, 9-0; West Acre v. Elmfield, 7-0; Druries v. Rendalls, 3-2.

TORPID MATCHES

FIFTH ROUND: Druries v. The Park, 7-0; West Acre v. Newlands, 2-1; Bradbys v. Rendalls, 2-0; Elmfield v. The Head Master's II, 7-0; Moretons v. The Grove, 6-0; The Head Master's I v. The Knoll, 0-0.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editors of "The Harrovian"

"SEEDING" IN HOUSE MATCHES

DEAR SIRs,—“Seeding” in House Matches was unknown at the remote period when the writer of this letter attended the School. It crept in in the wake of Rugby Football and has since been extended to both Harrow Football and Cricket.

It derives from the world outside where it is applied to many forms of sport (for instance Lawn Tennis) where the satisfaction of the spectators and the consequent receipt of gate-money is vital to the success of the competition involved. The object is not to give the stronger sides a better chance of getting further in the competition, but to provide for the spectators a series of contests of gradually mounting intensity. The “seeding” is carried out as objectively as possible on the results of a great number of matches.

At Harrow the “seeding” is arranged privately by the Phil-athletic Club. The fact that this term two of the “seeded” Houses failed to reach the semi-finals might perhaps be put down to one (or two) of those reversals of form which must nearly always prevent any attempt at “seeding” from being one hundred per cent successful; and indeed one need look back no further than last term to find the Cup in a drawn final being shared by a House that had not been “seeded” at all.

But there is a famous maxim which lays down that it is not only necessary for justice to be done but that it is also necessary for it to be seen to be done. When one reflects that this term the two “seeded” Houses which failed to reach the semi-final also failed to win a single House Match between them; and that one of them was beaten 7-0 by an “unseeded” House; then it is difficult to resist the impression that neither of the conditions laid down in the maxim quoted have been fully attained.

Is there not a strong case for abolishing “seeding”?

Yours faithfully,

H. J. L. GORSE.

The Grove.

To the Editors of "The Harrovian"

DEAR SIRs,—May we congratulate *The Harrovian* and its field reporters on two good reports of more interest and accuracy than hitherto noticed by your readers.

Yours faithfully,

FOOTER FANS.

ROYAL VISIT INTELLIGENCE

There were no excuses for boaters not properly brushed.

Daily Mail.

* * *

The Queen visited the fourth form-classroom, where she and the Prince saw the names carved by the boys who were to become famous. . . .

Daily Express.

* * *

There was a sing-song in the Speech Room.

News Chronicle.

* * *

The Queen and Prince Philip visited Harrow-on-the-Hill on Shrove Tuesday. They went to St. Marys' Church, and were also shown round Harrow School.

The Church Times.

THIS WEEK'S ILLUSTRATIONS

The following notes on the four reproductions of photographs of the Royal Visit, which we publish with this number, will perhaps be of interest to posterity and to some of our readers:—

1. BILL IN THE SCHOOL YARD: The Head Master holds a Bill Card for the Queen. With the Duke of Edinburgh is Mr. Rivington, Chairman of the Governors. Behind them (from right to left) stand Lady Leicester, Major Ford and Squadron Leader Blount. Mr. Baldwin, the Senior Master, is taking Bill. At the foot of the steps, to the right, are Custos and C. R. L. Guthrie, Head of the School, waiting to follow the Royal Party into the Fourth Form Room. The boy just answering to his name is at the head of last September's entry into the Sixth Form.

2. AT THE FARM: The Royal Party has just left the deep-litter house. Mr. Patterson, the Master in charge of the Farm, is with the Queen; two boys, members of the Farm Committee, are escorting the Duke. The boys in the foreground are mixing concrete for the new road to the Dutch Barn, which is behind and to the left of the photographer. In charge of the mixing is Mr. T. Loftus, whose head is just visible to the left. In the far distance can be seen the Piggeries.

3. PRESENTATION OF SENIOR SCHOOL SERVANTS: On the Terrace—the Science Schools being in the background—the Bursar is presenting to the Queen the five men who have served the School longest. From right to left they are: Mr. S. A. Haywood (who joined the School in January, 1907); Mr. J. E. Walker (April, 1909); Mr. A. E. Gardner (March, 1916); Mr. C. Pitcher (April, 1913); Mr. E. Holdaway (March, 1913).

4. "QUEEN ELIZABETH SAT ONE DAY": On the platform (from left to right) are: Squadron Leader Blount, Major Ford, Lady Leicester, Mr. Rivington, The Queen, The Head Master, The Duke of Edinburgh, Mrs. James. On the far side of Speech Room, behind the tympani, can be seen Mr. Siddons and Mr. Housden and, in the next row, Dr. Laborde and Mr. F. A. Leaf. Behind them sit the Governors and other distinguished visitors. The well of Speech Room has been cleared of chairs to make room for the orchestra, the organ console and a piano. Looking over the shoulders of the nearest boys we can see that the song to which the introduction is being played is actually "When Raleigh Rose."

ENVOI

Queen Elizabeth, here to-day,
Watches us still at our work and play,
Though now we farm in the modern way
On our meadows of grass and clover.
So, may it please Your Majesty,
Keep us our charter firm and free;
For this is Harrow and here are we,
And there is the bold sea-rover.