

THE HARROVIAN

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JUNIOR RATTIGAN SOCIETY

*Emil and the Detectives, 20–21 June,
Ryan Theatre and around*

Last term's Junior Rattigan production was Carl Miller's adaptation of *Emil and the Detectives*, an uplifting children's book written by Erich Kästner and first published in 1929. Last year's Junior Rattigan had been a great success, so hopes were high for this year's production. The road to the final product, however, was bumpy at times. For one, it was announced that the production would be a promenade piece, which brought dread to the actors and the technicians, both being worried that they would be denied the familiar comfort of the auditorium. And as is standard practice among Harrovians, tensions started to rise when deadlines slowly but surely crept nearer and nearer and lines were still not learnt – an issue which was exacerbated by the approaching Trials that would gobble up time in the week just before the performance nights. However, there was a tool to fix these problems – block rehearsals, hours long but necessary. The boys did a tremendous job mastering the piece, and soon the problems with lines and sequences had been carefully and assiduously ironed out – but these were not the only bumps in the road.



The production was to be an outdoor promenade piece: the audience led by enthusiastic in-character actors from the Ryan Theatre, up to the Hill Café area, then to Bill Yard and the War Memorial and finally back to the Ryan Theatre. Unfortunately, however, it became more and more likely that the weather as not going to agree with ASM's master plan, so the production was adapted to take place entirely within the Ryan Theatre while retaining its promenade elements. The benefits of this were, obviously, that the audience would not get completely drenched, but also that there would be less of the necessary transit interval between scenes (although this was double-edged to an extent; without this transit time there was the possibility that the play would feel too short). The downside, of course, was that the entire production had been adapted to completely different surroundings. Scenes suddenly needed background lighting, soundscapes and sound effects; actors had to familiarise themselves to these new sets; and more backdrops and set pieces would have to be created to complement the new setting. In short, a lot of time had to be put in to adapt the play to the Ryan, but, in the end, it worked, and it worked well.

Now, at this point, it seemed that the promenade element might cause some significant, though inadvertent, problems.

Was it worth it? Well, for one, yes – it was something new: a refreshing break from the traditional, static form of audience and actors penned in in the auditorium. Not to say that movement should be the primary focus of a promenade piece. It is, after all, a theatrical production. Well then, is *Emil* appropriate as a promenade piece? In my opinion, the answer again would be yes. Certain plays would not suit being staged in this way, but *Emil and the Detectives* suits both Kästner's writing and Miller's adaptation. The promenade element of the production allowed the boundless, spontaneous energy and excitement from the novel's child sleuths to transfer cleanly onto the stage. It is in moments like the frantic chase scene through the streets of Berlin, where actors race between the auditorium's seats, that the enthusiasm and vitality contained in the novel shines on the stage.

That being said, the production also effectively retains other key elements of Kästner's novel on the stage. One thing that was well portrayed in the production was his choice of setting. Kästner's children's story takes place not in an airbrushed fantasy land or in the then traditional pastoral setting, like many of his contemporaries (such as Montgomery's *Emily of New Moon* or Milne's *Winnie-the-Pooh*), but in busy Weimar Berlin, where he can best pit Emil and his friends against the book's bank-robbing antagonist Mr Snow. Their success in Berlin, a sprawling metropolis serving as a microcosm of the adult-dominated world, lends further credibility to the moral of the story: that children can be braver and smarter than adults, and that no-one is infallible, neither children nor adults. This living, breathing, bustling city is recognisable in scenes like Emil's struggle in the hectic mass of people in Berlin station, but also in the distinct lack of a set stage, allowing the audience to crowd around the action and take the place of the separate but still existing bystanders that are present in the book.



Another is the lack of a forced moral to the story. The book can be about the capacity and bravery of children, but it can also be about other things. *Emil and the Detectives* is also a story about change, about new surroundings and having the courage to keep going. Initially, Berlin is uncomfortable and unfamiliar to Emil. He arrives in Berlin to find his money stolen and no-one cares as he shouts after Mr Snow. However, he perseveres, makes new friends and eventually proves Mr Snow to be the criminal he is and wins back his money. The only possible moral that is implicit in the book is to 'never send cash – always use postal service'. Kästner does not force his readers to adhere to his interpretation of the story, and neither

does the theatrical version, both decide to focus on Emil and the other children's struggle and let the story speak for itself.

There were some fantastic performances from the boys – we had two Maxes take charge of the main men: Max Wilson, *The Park*, played a superb Emil, and Max Morgan, *Moretons*, was an excellent foil as ever-anxious Ida Tischbein. Max Paton-Smith, *Elmfild*, a natural on stage, lent a good deal of his talent to the portrayal of Pony (the creator of the great ideas and great help during the detective pursuit), and Johnny Blake McGrath, *Rendalls*, was an excellent Petzold, a boy who puts his curiosity before the interests of the whole detective venture. Baba Obatoyinbo, *The Knoll*, was the professor with great aplomb; George Townshend, *Lyon's*, played the



street-smart Toots, and recognised Kästner's choice of Berlin slang to voice the character in the original novel – a choice which defied the contemporary association of street slang with stupidity. The villain of the story was brought to life through Reuben Ackermann's, *The Head Master's*, rendition of a cold and condescending Mr Snow, which effectively contrasted the young detectives' warmth and open-mindedness. Alongside the main roles were a wide variety of interesting characters, like the patronising bank-teller Mrs Schlesinger, played by Ben Leonar, *The Grove*. There were many others involved in the production – a fantastic cast of sixteen boys, along with an accompanying ensemble of twelve other Shells, made the production boisterous, and yet there always remained the hero's sense of responsibility towards his mother and his family – not surprising given the genre *als ich ein kleiner Junge war*. It was a fabulous production by our resident dramatic guru ASM. Many congratulations to all involved in the production!

TALL SHIPS EXPEDITION

Sailing in the Channel, Summer 2019

At the start of the summer holidays, a group of particularly adventurous Lower Sixth boys, working with local young carers and young offenders, and under the guidance of NJM and EWS, embarked (no pun intended) on a week-long adventure to the Channel Islands by boat – some doing so with only a three-day respite after a gruelling, five-day-long qualifying expedition to the Scottish Highlands to attain their Duke of Edinburgh's Gold Certificate. The Harrovians were split into groups; one would sail in a Challenger (a tall ship) with the young carers (which the writer of this article was in), and the other group sailed in the other Challenger with the young offenders. The two Challengers would sail independently of each other during the day and would moor in the same harbour in the evenings. As a result, the writer of this article will focus on his experiences

on his ship only because that is the extent of his knowledge, not because the experience was 'better' on one ship than on the other in any way.

The group gathered at Portsmouth at around 3pm on 8 July under a brilliant afternoon sun. The members were shown their respective ships and had the opportunity of choosing the berth where they would be sleeping for the coming week. Our group was joined by Ed, a recently graduated OH who would be leading us as a volunteer watch leader, having enjoyed his experience at Tall Ships a few years ago. After a brief tour of the ship by our skipper (captain) Gary and his first mate Paul, along with a few ice-breaker activities and a division of labour, we set off at around 6pm. With no wind in sight, we had to motor our way out of the harbour, with each of us taking turns at the helm, before spending the evening in a tranquil bay off the Isle of Wight.

The second day was dominated by a long motoring journey across the English Channel to the island of Alderney – a distance of some 60 nautical miles. Along the way, the watch leaders took the opportunity for us to get some practice in running the ship, from hoisting the sails – done through a particularly tiresome manoeuvre known as 'sweating', where groups tugged at an increasingly stiff cable in shifts until the sail was fully hoisted – to simple ropework such as tying various kinds of knots to suit different needs. With the ship's motor being able to manage little more than 8 knots, the rest of the day was fairly relaxing, with us chatting and sunbathing on deck, and tea and biscuits (of which there was plentiful supply) providing much-needed succour. We arrived at Alderney in the late afternoon, when the group was able to use the ship's dinghy to go ashore and (to the delight of all) have a shower.



The third day started with a second visit ashore, when most of us climbed the hill to the island's main village and purchased provisions to supplement our diet for the next few days. We then motored to the nearby island of Sark, where we were able to have an excellent beach barbecue, complete with assorted (non-alcoholic!) drinks, but not before the motor of the expedition's only dinghy decided to give up mid-way and the crew had to paddle (much to the delight of EWS, who took immense pride in his rowing for Oxford during his university days) to the other Challenger, where a replacement part was fortunately found. Time at the barbecue seemed to slow down as we enjoyed a magnificent sunset over hot-dogs and burgers, while others played football or skipped stones into the bay.

The fourth day, much like the day before, began with a visit to the island, where we climbed a (much more) substantial hill to visit the local village and were astounded to find no means of transport other than bicycle and horse-drawn carriage. Nevertheless, a few of us managed to have a full English breakfast at a local café while one of us, with impressive foresight, remarked that this place was where he wanted to retire. We then sailed to the much more densely populated island of Guernsey, where we again went ashore to visit the local shops and had a joint pizza supper with the other Challenger. We then spent the evening below deck doing some mapwork in preparation for the long journey home.

The fifth day was the most challenging one of them all – we were to sail from Guernsey back to England, a distance covering some 90 nautical miles. To compound the situation, we would be unable to sail out of Guernsey until 1pm due to tidal conditions; had we travelled any time before that, we would be sailing against a strong tide and would be at best



be getting nowhere, if not moving backwards. Consequently, we went ashore once more until the early afternoon, when we were able to sail (without motor power at all) out of Guernsey and, assisted by the strong currents in the 'Rush of Alderney', we reached speeds of up to 12 knots as the ship leaned at a 30-degree angle to one side. Nevertheless, as we left the strait and re-entered the English Channel, the tides died down appreciably and we were back down to a more paltry six miles as were then powered by the wind alone. Supper that evening proved challenging because of the difficulty of cooking on an inclined plane (only the stoves were mounted on gyroscope-like devices), and the chefs of the day, who were feeling particularly ambitious, decided to bake bread – it was an amusing sight to watch them wrestle with the dough, which was sliding up and down the table as the ship rolled. Nevertheless, their hard work culminated in an excellent curry supper. This was accompanied by the singing of the *Pirates of the Caribbean* theme as we braved the increasingly turbulent waves, with no light to illuminate our meal other than the full moon. After crossing paths with colossal container ships (which were sailing southwards down the Channel), we finally reached Studland bay at 12.30am the following day, in completely pitch-black conditions.

The sixth day was done in a much more relaxed manner, with a full day to go and only little more than 20 miles to cover. After being treated to a relative lie-in, we practised our tacking skills – a complicated manoeuvre that required the simultaneous precision of multiple teams. Tacking is a method for a ship to travel upwind by 'zig-zagging' up the wind in paths at a right angle to one another, and adjusting the sail at every leg. We were soon comforted by the reassuring silhouette of the Spinnaker Tower that watched over the home of the Royal Navy, and more than a few people cheered upon sighting our final destination. We pulled in safely to Portsmouth at around 6pm and spent the evening tidying up the ship (to 'encouragingly' loud music), sleeping in our berths one last time to the familiar gentle roll of the ship.

The last day marked the end of our expedition. While initially we were strangers, we had grown to know our young carer counterparts much better, and no doubt enduring friendships have been formed through this experience. After a sad farewell to our crewmates and, of course, our illustrious skipper, first mate and watch leaders, we gathered for a final group photo and the awarding of certificates (including one for crew competence) before going off for a well-deserved summer holiday. Thanks must be given to the Tall Ships charity, including the amazing volunteers who were instrumental to this trip's success, Harrow Carers and the youth offenders, and our Harrow beaks NCS, NJM and EWS for their meticulous planning and devotion throughout the academic year to make this trip the resounding success it has been.

INTER-HOUSE DEBATING

Junior Finals, Elmfield v The Knoll

The Debating Society welcomed Dr Bratten, Head of English at St Paul's School for Girls and former Head of English at Harrow, to adjudicate its junior finals. Elmfield proposed the motion 'If it ain't broke, don't fix it'.

Paddy Breeze, *Elmfield*, began by defining 'broke' as not working or unsatisfactory, essentially stating that if something works fine, it should not be interfered with. He shared a brief history of the term: although it is impossible to discern where the phrase came from, it was popularised in 1977 by a businessman called Bert Lance. Breeze argued that attempting to fix something that clearly works only hurts productivity, and that such disruption is not worth the minimal gains one would attain. He also talked about smartphones, opposing the choice to upgrade them roughly every two years. Breeze argued that minimal improvements were made between successive models, and that products were unnecessarily adapting, wasting the Earth's finite resources as old phones stacked up. Breeze cited anorexia, showing how unnecessarily trying to fix something that is not broken (one's body) can have grave consequences.



Mr Hayward, *The Knoll*, was quick to rebut Breeze's suggestion that something must not be working in order to be classified as 'broke'. He reasoned that something need only be working 'adequately well' to need improvements. Hayward cited a Harvard study – the veracity of which is disputable – stating that 86% of good relationships require constant improvements. The proposition reasoned that if a relationship required improving it had to be broken, but the opposition's definition (whereby something adequate is broken) begged to differ. Long-time attendees of the Debating Society will find it no surprise that Hayward began sharing an epic tale of his past. As it goes, he received a text from his girlfriend three months ago, who broke up with him on the premise that he simply was not committed enough. Much to the audience's amusement, he reasoned that this was because he had not tried hard enough to constantly fix the non-broke relationship, and not because he had three girlfriends at once. His story then involved him taking to the gym to improve his non-broke muscular system, showing how certain things are not broken, but can certainly do with improvement.

Mr Vayl, *Elmfield*, stated he had nothing to rebut from Mr Hayward's speech, claiming that Hayward made no actual points in the first place. However, he later returned to Hayward's speech, stating that his girlfriend fixed the broken relationship by ending it. Vayl took an environmental stance on the topic, stating that had the industrial revolution never occurred in an unnecessary attempt to innovate, climate change would not be threatening the existence of life. He echoed his partner's stance on iPhones, giving a short list of negligible changes that new models implemented. Vayl argued that many people regret plastic surgery, and yet only underwent it in order to fix their non-broke body, and he argued that resources spent trying to improve things could be better diverted towards other issues.

Lastly, Mr Wauchope, *The Knoll*, rebutted Mr Vayl's point that innovation accelerated climate change. Instead, Wauchope argued that innovation is the only way to minimise its effects, and that holding off on doing so could be catastrophic. He then took an economic view on the motion, arguing that innovation from fixing 'what ain't broke' is crucial for economic growth. He talked about the kaizen strategy of constant improvement, even if only by tiny increments, in order to ensure that innovation is constantly occurring. He argued that this has a noticeable impact on our lives, with innovation being the reason why we work fewer hours. He concluded by warning the audience not to stray on the path of Blockbuster Video, a video-rental store that has died out due to a refusal to embrace modern video streaming.

The floor debate ensued, with both teams being criticised. Elmfield was attacked for its stance on medical innovation; for ignoring many changes new smartphones make; and for seemingly opposing the industrial revolution, which has clearly made people's lives easier. Breeze asked the audience which of them knew what an 'SoC' is to highlight the fact that people do not notice smartphone improvements, and observed that all of them were sitting in the opposition's benches, accusing them of perhaps only raising their hand to spite the proposition. Another member of the audience formally apologised for being a member of a more informed house.

The Knoll was criticised for citing Nestlé, who are known for several unethical business practices. An economic debate broke out about share prices and company values because of a technicality in Wauchope's speech, but was interrupted and ended by the chair, MPS.

After each side gave a brief sum-up of their points, MPS called a formal vote from the house, insisting that the vote had no impact on the final result. The motion was upheld 17-15, with two abstentions. Dr Bratten shared her adjudication. She commended Elmfield for their numerous points, and The Knoll for the practicality and humour of their arguments. Despite awarding Mr Wauchope Best Speaker, she recommended The Knoll make more concrete arguments, and thus awarded Elmfield the victory.

MPS then adjourned the house, which eagerly awaits next year's Inter-House Debating competition.

JUNIOR HOUSE SPELLING BEE

As the sky opened and a deluge threatened to annihilate the competitors en route to the pitch, there was some specious speculation that the weather would leave LSA, a great spelling aficionado, no choice but to call the match. There is, however, a resilience and fortitude, a wildebeest-like quality found among the spellers of Harrow and, despite sodden blurs and soggy shoes boding a less than auspicious start to the event, the insouciant boys insisted the competition proceed.

In teams of three, each House faced the seemingly Sisyphean task of spelling 30 words conjured by ERB to stymie those merely bourgeois spellers in the mix. Over three rounds of ten words, each House offered up their best and brightest in the fight for Empyrean glory. Which House would prove the ultimate guardian of the written word?

The leaders were clear from the start, with Elmfield, Lyon's, and the Grove taking an early and commanding lead with 6/10. Round two proved a real quandary for Lyon's who only managed 1/10 bringing their total to 7, with Elmfield and the Grove both moving to 9, while The Head Master's scored an impressive 4 bringing them to a total of 8.

With the dawn of the final inning, the board appeared set with Elmfield, The Grove and The Head Master's all within striking distance. The other Houses, like a Xebecs becalmed by a benign wind, could make no progress towards catching the leaders.

As the final round began, not even the genteel and mellifluous Canadian intonation of SWB's reading of the barely writable words could alleviate the rising tension.

With the minuscule hint of a grin, Aum Amin, *Elmfield*, swooped in like a pterodactyl, his smaragdine-green pen slashing and dashing with acerbic poise, scoring a remarkable five points for Elmfield. Alas for The Grove, who demonstrated an impressive haemorrhage of spelling acumen in this final round, losing their tied lead to Elmfield and falling behind the steady advance of The Head Master's. The round was decisive, as Elmfield devoured the competition as if they were a salad covered in fine vinaigrette, finishing with an impressive 14/30.

At the other end of the spectrum, the vicissitude of fate was not at play as Bradbys and The Knoll demonstrated a profound Laodiceanism towards correct spelling, leaving them with a total of 4/30. No doubt they will be examining their training regimes under laboratory conditions in advance of next year's competition.

Without so much as a Yarmulke to protect them from rain, the boys departed filled with apocryphal stories of how they had actually spelled 'proscenium' and 'baccalaureate' correctly, before changing their minds at the last minute.

Final results out of 30, for the half of Houses were:

Elmfield: 14

The Head Master's: 11

The Grove: 10

Druries: 9

Lyon's: 9

Rendalls: 9

TALES FROM THE OSRG

Boys who regularly come on OSRG Arts Society visits to the London museums and galleries with Mrs Walton are sometimes amused by her instruction to 'check the weather forecast and wear suitable clothing'. What we didn't realise is that there are two OSRG-related stories that give cause for such prudent behaviour.

For those who are not familiar with how Lord Byron (*Druries and Mr Evans 1801*²) met his untimely end at the age of just 36, the account will seem shocking. On 19 April 1824, while working in Missolonghi, Greece, in support of the cause for Greek independence Byron died from a fever resulting from a weakened constitution brought about two months earlier by his devil-may-care attitude and getting soaked while unloading vital supplies from a ship. Whereas the Greek labourers had called a halt on the task – they refused to work in a rainstorm – Byron kept on working in the adverse conditions and fell ill as a result. One of his last letters¹, written on 5 February, refers to the incident: 'I caught cold yesterday with swearing too much in the rain at the Greeks – who would not bear a hand in landing the stores'. He added, with unconscious irony: '.... if we are not taken off with the sword – we are like to march off with an ague in this mud-basket'. In less than three months, that same ague [fever], accompanied by rheumatic pains brought on by further exposure to heavy rains acted on his fragile constitution to bring about his death.

The second story took place nearly a century later. Son of OH, Spencer William Gore (the first tennis player to win the Wimbledon tournament in 1877 as well as being a first-class cricketer who played for Surrey County Cricket Club), Spencer Frederick Gore (*Small Houses and The Head Master's 1892*²) became one of the foremost British artists in the early years of the 20th century. He is associated with the group of artists that included Walter Sickert (from whom Churchill received painting lessons), Lucien Pissaro and Harold Gilman. In 1911

he co-founded and became first president of the Camden Town Group. It is recorded that Gore's early death from pneumonia, just two months before his 36th birthday, was brought on by his 'painting outdoors in Richmond Park in the cold and wet winter months'.

These are salutary tales indeed, for which, in retrospect, perhaps we should give considered respect to the elements and pay heed to good advice on matters concerning our health.

(Byron's original letter to Charles Hanson is kept in the Archive; a facsimile is on permanent display in the OSRG. – Eds.)

FURTHER TALES FROM THE OSRG

The Chequered Skipper

At the end of June, the BBC reported the successful reintroduction to the UK of a small brown butterfly that had become extinct in England in 1976. The Chequered Skipper was the OSRG's Object of the Term in the summer of 2018 because of the conservation programme that year that was bringing adult Belgian Skippers to Rockingham Forest, Northamptonshire, in a programme to establish them once again in a British woodland habitat. Changes in woodland management in the 1970s – the decline in coppicing and a rise in conifer plantations – caused the demise of the species.

New offspring from Belgian adults were sighted in Rockingham Forest in June 2019. Dr Nigel Bourn of the charity Butterfly Conservation said spotting the insect was "an incredible moment".

This summer, another batch of 24 Belgian Chequered Skippers have been released in the Rockingham Forest site. It is the second year of the three-year project.

Another spokesman from Butterfly Conservation commented, "We'll know if it's a success in the long term when we pick up the butterfly in woodland where we didn't let it go."

Boys and staff are welcome to visit the OSRG to see an example of the Chequered Skipper in the Butterfly Cabinet. Our butterfly is over 100 years old.

HERE AND THERE

Ollly Harrison, *The Knoll*, competed against competitors from all over the world as part of the Great Britain Olympic Skeet Under-21 shooting team and won the bronze medal in the World Cup in Suhl, Germany. At 16 he is the youngest junior to have a world medal for very many years. The final was incredibly tight and he was ultimately beaten by shooters from the US and China Louis Malhamé, *The Head Master's*, was principal instrumentalist on accordion for the the National Youth Music Theatre and played in their evening and matinee performances of *Parade* for which, on the last night he received a standing ovation.

A number of Harrovians from all year groups took part in the UK Linguistics Olympiad. Six boys achieved bronze awards and seven boys silver, while Liron Chan, *The Grove*, and Edos Herwegh-Vonk, *Newlands*, were awarded gold at Foundation and Intermediate level respectively, placing them in the top 5% of entrants in this challenging competition.

Many congratulations to Eden Prime, *The Head Master's*, for being awarded second place in The Independent Schools Religious Studies Association Essay Competition. The adjudicator commented that Prime's excellent essay made very discerning observations about the similarities and differences between the Abrahamic religions.

In this year's C3L6 Cambridge Chemistry Challenge, the 34 Harrow entries were awarded a total of nine copper, 13 silver and 11 gold certificates. This is a significant achievement demonstrating a real commitment and ambition to tackle challenging extension questions, drawing on advanced understanding of chemistry and maths and requiring well-developed problem-solving skills. Specific mention should be made of Sam Shi, *Bradlys*, as the highest-scoring Harrovian, and Junesok Choi, *Newlands*, who now has a gold in both this competition and the Olympiad.

Five Harrow athletes represented Middlesex at the English Schools' Athletics Association Championships in July, Remi Jokosenumi, *Lyon's*, was part of the Under-17 team which won a silver medal in the 4x100m relay.

HELPING THE RED CROSS IN SRI LANKA

Boxing Day, Galle, 2004. An eager Harrow First XI cricket team was warming up in preparation for their match at the historic Galle International Cricket Stadium when tragedy struck. A 30ft wave crashed into the Galle Fort as the players took refuge in the roof of the stadium. The horrific tsunami scarred the country for years to come as it not only caused mass destruction but also lowered morale in an otherwise tranquil island nation. The pearl of the Indian Ocean was in dire need of help and this Harrow provided. A local school in the town of Galle, Vidyaloka College, suffered grave damage because of the tsunami but, through the effective fundraising carried out by Harrow, all this had changed.



(Above: Arvind Hirdaramani, *The Park*, and Rishi Wijeratne, *The Head Master's*, present the cheque to Dr Mahesh Gunasekera, Director General).

Ever since that solemn day, Harrow has kept a close relationship with Sri Lanka and looked out for the well being of all its people. There have been two cricket tours (2014 and 2016) as well as a charity trip in the summer of 2017 to different parts of the country. As a result, many Harrovians have experienced some form of gratitude when visiting Sri Lanka because of the history behind the relationship and how it has developed today.

Fast forward 15 years later and Sri Lanka once again endured suffering on Easter Sunday. Three churches, (St Anthony's Shrine, St Sebastian's Church and Zion Church) along with three five-star hotels were victims of violent acts of terrorism. Sri Lanka is no stranger to violence as it endured a harsh civil war for close to 30 years, but these attacks had an immediate effect on everyone. My generation in Sri Lanka did not experience the turmoil of the civil war so an attack of this scale was a complete shock to the system.

On one of the holiest days in the Christian calendar, violence was the main topic of the day in Sri Lanka. It was not just an attack on one religion but on a whole country because the tight-knit community in Sri Lanka beginning to fade. Several hours after the attacks, there were thousands of people queuing outside the hospitals to donate blood, even at the brink of chaos there was still compassion. Not only did this show the world that a little island nation was capable of such extraordinary feats but it was also a message to the attackers that their violent actions would not break its spirit.

Working closely with BJDS, JEP and the Harrow Development Trust, a project was organised to raise funds for the Sri Lanka Red Cross on Speech Day earlier this year. It truly was a community effort as multiple Park boys were scattered around the School in the hopes of raising funds for the victims of the attacks. As a result, £2,500 was raised by the boys on Speech Day, which was matched by the Harrow Development Trust to give us a total sum of £5,000.

With the funds collected, the Sri Lankan Red Cross is hopeful of starting several projects that Harrow boys can get involved in. Sri Lanka is and will continue to be grateful for the incredible work the School has done for them over the past decade or so. I urge every Harrow boy to take part in these opportunities when they come around because our small actions here on the Hill are more significant than we will ever know.

CORRESPONDENCE

Letters to the Editors of *The Harrovian*

DEAR SIRs,

Field Marshal Bernard Montgomery (1887–1976) attended St Paul's School, not Harrow. He later saw military service in WWI, and in WWII became commander of the British 8th Army in the Western Desert, winning the battle of El Alamein. He then commanded all ground forces during the Normandy invasion, working closely with Winston Churchill. On 7 May 1945, he took the German surrender at Luneberg Heath.

On 2 November 1961, Monty visited Harrow to give us a talk in Speech Room. As I walked from Moretons to Speech Room, I noticed Monty's limo, parked outside The Head Master's, with its metal plate with four military stars. Monty still liked to put on a show, just as he had in the Western Desert. Monty addressed the whole School in a dual capacity, he said, as a soldier and a politician. But he seemed out of place. He kept saying that he wouldn't go into the jungle with Mr Khrushchev, then ruler of Russia. I, like many Sixth Formers, was vaguely irritated. Monty kept banging on about Khrushchev, like a bumblebee, buzzing along with his views of world events. Eventually, he boomed, "Now, chaps, I don't want you to pull your punches with me. Certainly not! Ask me anything you like – anything at all – no holds barred, eh? Questions?!"

I got up from the well, and asked, "Field Marshal, why do you busy yourself with the politics of the world?"

Monty staggered. "Argh! Whar? What? Why do you ask that? Do you want another war?"

"No."

"Well my whole purpose is to prevent another war. Because war is a terrible thing!"

It occurred to me that slagging off Khrushchev wasn't exactly peaceful, but the victor of Alamein was too quick for me. "Gaagh!" he went, advancing. "What a question!", like artillery.

Some felt that I had been rude to a guest. But the Sixth Form Debating Society met on November 11th to discuss the motion that "This House deplores the influence of military men in politics." This motion was carried by a massive 12 votes to three, with five abstentions. Besides, if a speaker invites tough questions, surely one can fire away?

You can still see Monty being interviewed by Lord Taylor on YouTube. He has that dated, chopped style of speech typical of a dedicated WWI veteran. He keeps speaking of men, "handling men", "leading men", etc., ... men were his life. That Monty had become quirky was illustrated when in the House of Lords he declared that homosexuality was "the most abominable bestiality", and that "homosexuality should only be legal from the age of 80, because that way one has the old age pension for any blackmail that may come along."

Monty did marry, in 1927, but his adored wife died in his arms in 1937 from an infection following an insect bite. He stayed single thereafter. When he was dying of old age, in 1976, he asked his former generals, who were gathered round his bedside, if he had done the right thing in sending so many good men to their deaths in WWII. They assured him that he had, that it was a necessary cost.

Monty was perhaps a bit of a dear, who showed enormous courage in many battles in both World Wars. I now slightly regret testing the Field Marshal. But as a young man, I was right to do so. I believed that elders should always be held to account. I believe the Sixth Form will concur.

Yours sincerely,
MIKE STONE (MORETONS 1957²)

THIS TIME

A Short Story

'I'll bring him down.'

A young man entered the master bedroom, opened the curtains, and forcefully displaced Mr Jackson from his plush blanket. The ensuing flood of light awoke Mr Jackson, and caused the matte black wheelchair he was promptly stowed in to glisten. His wizened figure hardly suited walking anyway.

'Morning, dad,' the young man sighed, unexpected of a reply.

'Morning, Tim,' Mr Jackson thought, with an identically disconsolate tone. As a result of a recent stroke and its resultant dementia, he had lost practically all control of his body. As always, he tried to open his mouth to respond, and was simply met by his communication boundary.

Mr Jackson proceeded to endure a turbulent journey down the stairs, his time-ravaged body lurching with each step. Unable to wield his arms to steady himself, he simply looked on with brumous eyes. After withstanding a final thud, he had arrived on the ground floor. Tim manoeuvred his father into the living room, and placed him in the corner. Tim then picked up a newspaper, while his two sisters simply stared, uninterested.

While his adult children began to engage in discussion, Mr Jackson simply observed the familiar environment: the same pastel living room he had been in thousands of times before. His attention quickly wavered away from the conversation. He focused on the room, the cheerful, desaturated colours of which only served to further dampen his spirits.

He mustered up the strength in his nose to faintly scent an anomalous presence of dust. Although this initially perplexed him, he ruminated over it, and soon came to the conclusion that the fine particles had accumulated over his furniture as he had not cleaned the house recently.

Arriving at this answer filled the withered Mr Jackson with contentment. Reflexively, he tried to express his joy, but his classic vivacious smile failed to materialise. Although he had recently been struggling to think straight, he was now confident in his cerebral abilities. To confirm this, he tried to explore the topic further.

'The house. Think, the house!' he said to himself, internally. He recollected some facts about it. It had been renovated a few years ago with a more contemporary interior, hardly befitting of its otherwise Victorian architecture. It was the home he grew up in; the home his children grew up in; and the home where

those same children were getting threateningly loud.

'Look, we simply don't have the time or strength to care for him!' cried his eldest daughter. 'He's practically braindead anyway!'

'Nothing could be further from the truth,' Mr Jackson grumbled in his head.

Tim's grip on the newspaper tightened, and he began unconsciously coiling it into a tight roll. 'We're not putting him in an elderly home! And don't speak as if dad's not even in the room!' he roared right back.

A drop of sweat rolled down Mr Jackson's reddening face as his children began clamouring over each other. He *knew* he had to intervene – not only to break up the dispute, but to avoid the boredom and confines of a care home.

Mr Jackson stared directly at his howling children in an attempt to communicate, but they were all too preoccupied to notice him. 'I've got to say something,' he thought. It would be tough, given his condition, but he truthfully believed he could marshal the strength to speak.

He tried to operate his vocal chords, in the same way he successfully had for most of the past sixty years. Unsurprisingly, he failed. An abrupt surge of adrenaline blurred his vision of his yelling offspring, and caused him to channel all his focus into opening his mouth. Trying his best to tense the relevant muscles, he delivered another fruitless attempt at talking.

His stomach plunged. Despite the ambient conditions, his steaming face was drenched with sweat. He swiftly reassured himself: 'this time', he thought, 'this time. I'll do it this time.' Conducting his energy into his throat, he ignored his giddiness to feel a light vibration in his vocal chords. In a fever of excitement, he proceeded to direct his remaining vitality into manipulating his mouth.

Mr Jackson's head began to lighten. Feeling a tingle in his lips, he strained himself to open them. As tense as a plank, he wielded his mouth to deliver a silent gasp of exasperation, before falling into the back of his chair.

Through his whirling sight, Mr Jackson managed to make out his daughters storming out of the room. Tim then turned to his father, and gained a look of horror upon seeing a soaked, fainting Mr Jackson. He rushed to the chair, and held his father, relieved by his positive vital signs.

Mr Jackson stared into his son's spinning face, and shared a moment of understanding with him before promptly fainting.

JUDO

Tour to Japan 2019

In July, the School made its third judo tour of Japan, taking a team of 14 boys on a tour designed to promote cultural exchange and develop new skills in the birthplace of the sport. The boys were accompanied by MTG and MPS, together with judo coach Paul Ajala and 1964 Judo Olympian Tony Sweeney. The tour had five main stages as described below.

Katsuura: about 100km from Tokyo, Katsuura is located on the southeastern coast of the Kii Peninsula and is best known for its *onsen* (hot springs) and its fishing industry. Katsuura is also home to the International Budo University (IBU), a top-tier private sports school as well as one of the world's most important research institutions in the fields of Japanese martial arts studies and sports science. We were guests of living legend and former World Champion Katsuhiko Kashiwazaki, who thrilled boys with demonstrations of his signature sacrifice throws and his detailed explanations of *shime-waza* (strangulation techniques). During our two-day stay in Katsuura, boys enjoyed not only judo training with the students but also a special lesson in *naginata*, a traditional Japanese bladed pole.

Tokyo: During our three days in Tokyo, we reconnected with the impressive Matsumae Judo Juku. Specialising in the kindergarten and elementary ages, and both junior and senior

high school students, their dojo ethos places particular emphasis on the development of character and personality alongside the usual benefits of physical training. We also forged two new links, visiting top academic schools Kaisei Academy and Sugamo High School for judo training and lunch, facilitated by double-Olympic silver medallist and six-time all-Japan champion Dr Yoko Tanabe.



(Above: George Biles, Bradbys, in practice)

As any judoka touring Japan must, we visited the Kodokan, the headquarters of the worldwide judo community, which also has a museum of judo. The Kodokan was founded in 1882 by Jigoro Kano, the founder of judo itself, and is now located in an eight-story building in the Bunkyo district of Tokyo. We were honoured to receive a special tour of the Nippon Budokan, an indoor arena in central Tokyo built to host the judo competition at the 1964 Summer Olympics. Olympic judo will return to the Budokan at the 2020 Games.

Between these formal visits, we were able to enjoy much sightseeing, shopping and dining in the famous Ginza, Shinjuku, Asakusa and Roppongi districts of Tokyo.

Nagoya: From Tokyo, we travelled by *shinkansen* (bullet train) to Nagoya, to watch sumo at the July Tournament. Professional sumo wrestling in Japan dates from around 1600 and it is often referred to as the Japanese national sport. Six 'Grand Championships' are held annually in the odd months, attracting immense crowds, with several hundred wrestlers making their living at this sport.

After watching the competition, our boys had received a special dinner invitation from sport's 61st Yokozuna and Chairman of the Japan Sumo Association Mr Nobuyoshi Hoshi. Boys were able to meet and eat with sumo wrestlers at their training stable, providing an opportunity to sample the famous *chanko nabe* (sumo stew) and even to get grips the wrestlers in some friendly bouts!



(Above: Group photo in the streets of Tokyo.)

Tenri: Our base for the next three days was Tenri, located amid beautiful natural surroundings in the centre of Nara Prefecture, which is often described as the cradle of the ancient Japanese state.

Tenri University judo is famous for its spirit of fair play, good posture and aiming for *ippon* (victory in one move). The university's judo training sessions are led by Professor Shinji Hosokawa, who is himself a product of Tenri University and gold medallist at the 1984 Olympic Games in Los Angeles.

With over a hundred students on the mat, including several active world and Olympic champions, the scale and intensity of the judo training at Tenri is an unforgettable experience. Boys were not only able to watch current Olympic gold medallist Shohei Ono preparing for the world championships (at which he went on to win gold weeks later) but they were also able to practise with some of the students and enjoy a special lesson from 2010 world champion Professor Takamasa Anai. Our base in Tenri also allowed us to visit the ancient temples and rock gardens of Kyoto and Nara, as well as enjoy more modern Japanese activities such as karaoke and baseball.



(Above: Ostap Stefak, *Newlands*, practises his tea ceremony.)

As on previous tours, we greatly appreciated our visit to Tenri Kyoko Gakuen (KYG) High School. Of course, they provide quality judo training, and this time they had also invited a team from Tenri High School, one of the top school teams in Japan. Boys were also able to get a good taste of life at a Japanese school. We had demonstrations of *gagaku* (Japanese classical music) and received instruction in karate and the tea ceremony. The pupils also participated in lively icebreaker games and group discussions comparing their typical school days. Our Tour Captain, Ostap Stefak, *Newlands*, gave a fascinating insight into life at Harrow, which concluded with a group rendition of *Forty Years On*, which was very well received.

Kobe: The last leg of the tour was Kobe, hosted by Nada High School. Nada has an important judo connection: it was founded by Dr Jigoro Kano, a famous Japanese educationalist and the founder of modern judo. Dr Kano appointed the first head master in 1927 and set out to make Nada the best school in Japan. It is now one of the elite high schools in Japan and the school mottoes, written by Jigoro Kano, are familiar to judoka: *Seiryokuzenyo*, meaning 'Make the best of yourself'; and *Itakyoei*, which translates as 'Cultivate yourself by co-operating with others'. Nada has hosted the final leg of both our previous Japan tours and Nada staff and pupils visited Harrow as part of their UK tours in 2013 and 2017. As well as judo training, we were lucky to experience *kendo* ('way of the sword') and enjoy a range of cultural activities including Japanese calligraphy and cooking. We also found time for shopping and a cable car ride up Nunobiki Herb Garden.

In addition to providing ten challenging but inspiring judo sessions, the Japanese were excellent hosts who went to extraordinary lengths to support our tour, for which we are most grateful. Their hope was that the boys would learn something about Japanese culture as well as be inspired to continue with judo for life. In these and in many other respects this tour was a great success and we look forward to the additional boost it will undoubtedly give to Harrow judo at all levels.

SUDDENLY STORY

A group yarn

This story below is not yet finished and, from this week, onward, every member of the School is able to contribute to it. The Editors suggest that any boy who is willing can submit a maximum of five sentences as a continuation of what, at any given week, has been told of the story. Please submit your sentences to one of the Harrovian Editors, who will then determine whose sentences are the best. By Christmas, the story will have been written.

The story

"A gust of sometime summer air did not shake Little Barrington, but the church remained solemn, still. Within, Christ of beard and hair was looking down from stained glass, and there was chanting; children chanting – from earth-born passions set me free, through darkness and perplexity – muffled through the Norman walls. And across the field was a second figure, reaping that which had been sewn. She moved slowly, yet with purpose."

Send your submissions to one of the Editors below, or to Dr Kennedy, smk@harrowschool.org.uk.

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2019-2020

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All Harrow boys, from the Shells through to the Sixth Form, are encouraged submit humorous writing, satire, pen portraits and creative writing, poetry, essays, cartoons or serious articles of any length which touch upon the life here at Harrow. If you are interested in writing for *The Harrovian*, or have something that you would like to submit, please speak with or email any of the Editors.

Ways to contact *The Harrovian*

Articles, opinions and letters are always appreciated.

Email the Master-in-Charge smk@harrowschool.org.uk

Read the latest issues of The Harrovian online at harrowschool.org.uk/Harrovian