

THE HARROVIAN

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HARROW ASSOCIATION SONGS

1970³ to 1975², Speech Room, 5 March

Last Thursday, the School joined Old Harrovians from 1970–75 for this term's Harrow Association Songs in Speech Room. The Head Master reminded us of the significance of the early 1970s in history – as the optimism of the swinging '60s gave way to the harsh realities of social disaffection and economic decline. It was, however, a time of great progress, with the invention of the mobile phone, the founding of Microsoft and the creation of the first genetically engineered organisms.

The first song of the evening was *When Raleigh Rose*, which recalls the greatness of the Elizabethan era in which the School was founded. As always, the School and guests were brilliantly accompanied by Joshua Harris, *West Acre*, on the piano and PJE on the organ, with an animated DNW conducting. The next song was *Giants*, a song about mighty cricketers and scholars of the past to whom we will always come short. The Head Master identified some these giants of old – the Walker brothers, Lang and Wenn (or Webbe?) who all played for the XI – though the School was left captivated as to what Mr Blayds' extreme 'non-compliant athletic antics' might have been... Then, following a spirited rendition of *Play Up!*, we enjoyed a humorous extract from a Harrovian article written in reply to a piece claiming that Harrow Songs was an outdated and unnecessary tradition, read by Harry Lempriere-Johnston, *Druries*, who performed with energy and wit. After this, the School and Old Harrovians joined together in *Queen Elizabeth Sat One Day*, with its unusual cast of Queen Elizabeth, John Lyon, William Shakespeare and Francis Drake, and then one of our newest songs, *Home to the Hill*, written by Tom Wickson and H R Walker. *Home to the Hill* evokes the Harrow of today with its international presence – 'One family spread world-wide' – and was perhaps an encouraging sign to the Old Harrovians that the School continues to uphold its strong sense of community though these 'sterner days'.



We then enjoyed a performance by the School XII of *Plump a Lump*, a lesser-known and rather silly love song about Harrow football, sung with the XII's characteristic enthusiasm and sparkle. After the soldiers' salute of *Io Triumphe* and Harrow footer favourite *Three Yards* (before which the Head Master commended the XI on their unbeaten season) the school enjoyed an entertaining reading from Jonny Kajoba, *Lyon's*, before

singing the wonderfully uplifting *Silver Arrow*. Finally, to bring the concert to a close, everyone joined together for the closing sequence of *Forty Years On*, *Auld Lang Syne* and the National Anthem. The School and OHs were in particularly fine voice, bringing warmth and fellowship to a cold and rainy night.

HOUSE ART COMPETITION

Pasmore Gallery, 3 March

Harrow School prides itself on the diverse range of talents. One of the most dazzling symbols of which is the School's art: in its nature, it is a form of self-expression. All this was celebrated last week in the Pasmore Gallery, at the annual House Art Competition, with ten works from every House, representing each year group.

Art is a vital part of the community. For instance, when it was proposed, during the Second World War, to cut spending on the arts, Churchill posed the question, "then what are we fighting for?"



With over 200 people at the event, the inter-House competition was a forum to unite people and create conversations around the visual arts, as well as for artists to show off their skills.

Following the likes of artists Jenny Saville and Chris Orr, and Mr Ian Burke (Head of Art at Eton College), this year's adjudicator was Mr Michael Bruzon (Head of Art at Winchester College). Notably, it is always a difficult job judging artworks; every piece has a different appeal in the eyes of each individual viewer. The adjudicator this year considered a plethora of factors when evaluating the output of each House: the criteria (having artwork from each year group not exceeding ten works), the technical skills demonstrated, the range of media presented, and the curation of the exhibition space.

The Best Shell Prize, this was awarded to Rei Ishikawa, *Elmfield*, for his work, *Pimped Pumps*. Best Remove Prize was given to Nikolai Hanbury, *Rendalls*, for his exceptional small landscape painting showing marvellous technical skill. Best Fifth Former was awarded to Charlie de Labilliere, *The Grove*, for two detailed still life drawings. The Best Lower Sixth Award was given to Caspar Bird, *West Acre*, for his painting, *Charred Australia*. And for the Best Upper Sixth Prize, Will Dutton, *Newlands*, was awarded for his wonderful double portrait in oils. In terms of the two specialised awards, the Prize for Drawing was given to George Phillips, *The Head*

Master's, for his incredible graphite still life, and the Prize for Innovation was given to Raef Yanner, *Bradlys*, for his fantastically executed piece.

As art is incredibly subjective, I would like to mention some works (some of which were not brought up by the adjudicator) which I believe were exceptional and received much acclaim by viewers. Representing Photography, Aidan Wood, *Druries*, created a lightbox diptych showing enlarged photographs of burned film; this was executed with astonishing quality, both in terms of the pictures themselves and the construction and presentation. Ben Walsh and Max Gu, both *Rendalls*, produced an intriguing short film, exploring issues of identity and perspective. In terms of sculpture, Leo Cho, *Rendalls*, assembled powerful black towers which were imbued with dystopian connotations in their sharp-edges. As for drawings, Francis Bamford, *Bradlys*, and Jack Chen, *Rendalls*, created immensely sized charcoal sketches; the former shocked viewers with excellent depictions of depth, whilst the latter commemorated the Rattigan Society's Shakespeare play at the Globe last March. This year's abstract pieces were also very strong, with Archie Rowllins', *West Acre*, energetic, mixed-media painting prominently displayed as the first work viewers saw entering the exhibition.



Ultimately, the House Art Competition is a celebration of visual practices at Harrow; the concept of winning and losing makes the event more exciting, but in the end it is the contributions to the art scene as a whole that gives this forum value. House Art is a place where the best works from each year group are shown to the school, stimulating debates and conversation.

We must give a massive thank you to LWH, DRJB, SLF and NEP not only for guiding and supporting the boys in curating the exhibition, but also for promoting art at Harrow through the excellence of this event. We must also thank Mr Michael Bruzon for his time and effort in judging our works and making this competition possible. Similarly, we must extend our gratitude to Terry, Pam, Tanisha, and Ed for being so brilliant in their dedication to bringing all our ideas into fruition. Finally, thank you to all the House Captains who endeavoured to present their Houses in the strongest artistic light. To those who've won, congratulations, and to those who haven't, remember that art is indeed subjective, and that there is always next year.

ORIENTAL SOCIETY

George Ho, Ryan Nasskau and Marcus Tung,
MLS 17, 3 March

This week, the Oriental Society was treated to two exhilarating talks: 'National Myth: How a national identity was created' by George Ho, *Elmfield*, and 'Japanese Urban Legends' by Ryan Nasskau and Marcus Tung, both *West Acre*.

After the sounds of crimpling crisp packets and ravenous boys munching on Cadbury's chocolate fingers had subsided, Ho's talk finally began. He started out by talking about the Qing dynasty, China's last dynasty, and how they were weak

and unable to prevent foreign incursions, which forced them to sign unfavourable treaties. As a result, China in the final years of the Qing dynasty, suffered several humiliations. During these years, Sun Yat Sen, who was inspired by the Japanese Meiji Restoration, favoured a similar sort of revolution for China and, in 1911, the Xinhai Revolution took place. The rebels demanded a provisional government with Sun as the president and, although they succeeded for a while, it was Yuan Shikai who forced the Qing emperor to step down and so he became president.

Then, Ho explained, came the 'Warlord Era' as high-ranking officials in Yuan's army split off and took control of various provinces in China. Due to the vast cultural difference from region to region in China, no warlord attempted complete unification. However, Sun Yat Sen, who had returned to the Canton region, established the Whampoa Military Army with Chiang Kai-Shek with the intention of unifying China. After a few years, Chiang successfully subdued the warlords and eventually captured Beijing. He then made Nanjing the capital of China and this marked the beginning of the Nanjing Decade. This was a time of relative stability and Southern cities like Shanghai prospered during this period as a new Chinese culture and identity was formed.

Ho then told us that this 'golden' period was soon over, following the Chinese Civil War, which resulted in Chiang's government retreating to Taiwan and the Communist party taking control of Mainland China. However, there were some significant flaws in Maoist ideologies and when Deng Xiaoping took over and began modernising the country, Western values became more prominent in Chinese society. The government thought that this would cause disunity in China and so promoted patriotism and national pride instead. This was the beginning of the creation of a modern Chinese identity and, although there are 56 ethnic groups in China with immeasurable differences, inter-migration and the implementation of Mandarin as a common language has smoothed out these differences somewhat.

The second talk of the evening was given by Ryan Nasskau and Marcus Tung and was entitled 'Japanese Urban Legends'. They spoke about various spine-tingling legends which used to be popular in Japan, followed by some pleasant, light-hearted ones. The first legend was about a woman called Kuchizake Onna which translates to Slit-Mouthed Woman. This woman would wear a medical mask and asked children who passed by, 'Am I pretty?' If the children replied with a 'no', she would kill them with scissors. If the children responded instead with a 'yes', she would proceed to remove her mask to reveal a mouth slit from ear to ear and ask, 'Even like this?', before killing them with scissors anyway. The second legend was about Tenome, which roughly means 'hand eyes'. The legend's origin is in Japanese folk lore: an old blind man was beaten to death by hoodlums and came back as a ghost with eyes on his hands with which he could kill whoever he 'looked' at.

The next legend was rather disturbing considering how much we use our computers these days, and was named 'The Red Room Curse'. The story goes that if you get a pop-up on your computer asking, 'Do you like red rooms?', you will be unable to close it and you will be doomed to die the next night with the room you died in completely covered in blood; hence the 'red room'. Teke Teke was the next legend-in-question. Teke Teke is a girl who was hit by a train on her way home from school. She was cut in half and, angry and vengeful, she now chases those who wait around in train stations for too long and cuts them in half to be like her. Not nice. The last scary urban legend was a toilet-haunting spirit called Aka Manto, which translates to 'Red Cloak'. Aka Manto is said to sometimes visit the last cubicle of the women's toilets, whose occupant will be offered a choice of red or blue paper. If they choose red, they will be flayed and if they choose blue, blood will be drained from their bodies. Choosing yellow gets your head pushed into the toilet, while any other colour will get you dragged through

hell. However, if you ignore the spirit, by rejecting the options or leaving the toilets, you will be able to survive. Apparently.

Now onto some non-scary urban legends. The first one was about a brand of cookies called 'Koala's March' which has koalas painted on every cookie. It is said that if you get a koala with eyebrows, you will have a lucky day. How nice. The second one was called the 'Curse of the Colonel' and is suffered by the Hanshin Tigers baseball team. Many people believe that this is the cause of their poor performance in the Japan Championship Series. In 1985, fans of the Hanshin Tigers celebrated their team's first and only victory of the series and, in their excitement, threw a statue of Colonel Sanders (the founder and mascot of KFC) into the Dōtonbori River. Since the incident, the team has yet to win the championship again, and some fans believed the team would never do so again until the statue was recovered.

Finally, Nasskau and Tung explained that these stories spread widely in Japan due to cram schools. These are essentially schools for extra tuition with students from different schools who would share these stories. This urban legend boom did not last very long, however, with their popularity peaking in the 1990s before cooling off in 1995. This was the year that Kobe suffered a massive earthquake and there were sarin attacks on the Tokyo subway, which meant it was no longer the right atmosphere for talking about legendary monsters.

SCIENCE SOCIETY

Nicholas Syms, Bradbys, Physics Schools, 27 February

This week, the Science Society was delighted to have Nicholas Syms deliver a lecture on 'Acquired Savant's Syndrome: The Accidental Geniuses'. He discussed how the rare condition causes the 70 known cases of patients to possess super-human abilities in performing a specific task. He also refuses to call the disease by its acronym.

Syms began by exploring the effects of Acquired Savant Syndrome. It's not as simple or beneficial as you think it may be as it is common for people who do have this syndrome to have learning and mental health difficulties. The severity of this ranges from OCD to the inability to feed and care for yourself. Another trait of Acquired Savant Syndrome is synaesthesia – a topic later covered in the talk.

He continued to provide a few examples of Acquired Savants. The first one was a student named Jason Padgett who, after being beaten outside a bar, developed an incredible sense for motion and shapes. However, his story did not come without its difficulties. As a result of the concussion and damaged kidneys, Padgett developed OCD and depression. He remained isolated for months, even placing his mattress over his windows to block the sunlight. It wasn't until he stood outside and was exposed to the many shapes in nature that he found his incredible sense for shapes and motion. Now, he channels his energy into drawing advanced geometrical images, all of which are significantly related to particular mathematical equations. Other examples of such Acquired Savants include Orland Serrell, Jon Sarkin and Alonzo Clemens, all of whom displayed incredible talents after a trauma to the head.

Syms concluded from this that the brain is an incredible organ which still has lots of dormant potential. Acquired Savant Syndrome seems only to be a shallow insight into what our brain is capable of. However, the knock-on effects are equally as confusing for scientists. Alonzo Clemens' case is a prime example: he only possesses an IQ of 40–50. Still, Alonzo discovered an ability to create complex clay and brass models of animals, all made with vivid detail. This leads to some people believing that a part of the brain "shuts down" in a way so that another part can receive more attention, but this is only speculation.

As mentioned before, synaesthesia is common among people with Acquired Savants Syndrome. Syms best described synaesthesia as two of our senses being used at once, but at the same time, being mixed together. A good example of this is when somebody with synaesthesia sees the colour pink, he may also involuntarily think of a viola or a violin, as if a link was previously established between the colour and item. This trait may be a factor in acquiring these superhuman abilities.

In hopes of uncovering the mystery of Acquired Savant Syndrome, experiments have been conducted to help us have a deeper look at how the brain functions. FMRI (functional magnetic resonance imaging) scans on the brain show us that when stimulated to think about a specific activity, large amounts of oxygenated blood flow towards the part of the brain designated for that specific task – whether it be maths or sports. Still, current technology is unable to use this to explain Acquired Savant Syndrome. FMRI scans do tell us, however, that we certainly don't have access to most of the parts of the brain – just like how a Harrow student cannot make full use of a Surface Book.

He concluded his talk with some insight into the future, discussing the possibility of Transcranial Magnetic Stimulation (TMS) – stimulating the brain as an entirety, not just a single part of it. Doing so may help us unlock its full potential without hindering other abilities. This technique would involve an implant in the scalp releasing magnetic waves to help activate all parts of the brain. However, until this technology has been perfected, there is no way to unlock our brains without suffering head trauma – neither of which is to be tried at home.

LO LECTURE

*Dr Timothy Bowman, University of Kent,
"Carson's Army: The Ulster Volunteer Force 1910–22",
OH Room, 27 February*

This year, the School was fortunate to welcome Dr Timothy Bowman from the University of Kent for the annual Lo Lecture, in which he talked about 'The Partition of Ireland, 1912–25'. The Lo Lecture exists due to an endowment left to the School by the Lo family in 2016. The purpose of this was to allow the School to invite a leading academic to come the Hill and deliver a lecture and a number of seminars on a topic of political or historical interest.

Dr Bowman began talking about the present issues concerning the Irish Border and how Brexit will affect it in 2021. Dr Bowman explained how, before Brexit, no one had ever imagined that the solution to the Irish question was to have not one but two borders. With that in mind, Dr. Bowman examined the reasons for the partition of Ireland and how it was carried into effect.

He broke this down into six sections: the Irish Question before 1912, the Third Home Rule Crisis, the First World War, the Government of Ireland Act, the Anglo-Irish Treaty and the Boundary Commission. He opened with the Home Rule Party, which had been formed in 1870 and campaigned for what we now describe as a devolved power within the United Kingdom and non-sectarian, peaceful, constitutional methods of change. The Irish Parliamentary Party (IPP) swept the polls in 1885, gaining 86 seats in the English House of Commons. Dr Bowman explained how this led to Gladstone, the Liberal prime minister, converting to Home Rule and introducing the First Home Rule Bill in 1886, leaving behind a fractured Liberal party. In 1893, the Second Home Rule Bill received enough Liberal and IPP support to pass the Commons but failed to muster support in the Lords, which was dominated by Conservatives. However, Dr Bowman explained how this idea of Home Rule was not shared in north-eastern Ulster. He believed the political composition of Ulster was different from that of the rest of Ireland due to plantations of Ulster, which started in 1609. In a process which

some have seen as similar to British settlement in North America. Ulster, in the aftermath of the Nine Years' War, was settled with families from England and Scotland. Duly, Ulster in 1911 had a population that was religiously and ethnically heterogeneous. Economically, north-east Ulster varied greatly from the rest of Ireland. The major industries in Ulster – shipbuilding, textiles and heavy engineering – all looked to worldwide markets; many industrialists worried that a future Dublin government would also bring tariffs on international trade.

Dr Bowman's second topic was the Third Home Rule Crisis from 1912–14. When the Bill was introduced into the House of Commons in May 1912, a Liberal MP suggested that Unionist concerns could be addressed by allowing a four county (Antrim, Down, Armagh and Londonderry) partition. However, whilst being a valid idea, the Liberal prime minister preferred a 'wait and see' policy. Dr Bowman explained that this ushered in the movement of Ulster Unionists from parliamentary opposition to popular to paramilitary – evident in the creation the UVF in January 1913. In January 1913, Edward Carson, the Irish Unionist leader, introduced the concept of Nine County Partition (the historical province of Ulster). From February through to March 1914, the government discussed this plan with Carson; they, however, stated that excluded counties would only stay outside the Home Rule settlement for six years. This was ultimately dismissed by Carson.

Dr Bowman continued with his third issue – the First World War. Dr Bowman stated that both Redmond, leader of the IPP, and Carson had supported the British war effort and about one-third of the UVF enlisted in the British army. The British Government hoped the war would 'park' Home Rule; however, nationalism became more radical. Dr Bowman confirmed the change with the Easter Rising in Dublin 1916 and in 1918 when Sinn Féin won the majority of the Irish parliamentary seats, suggesting that the Irish population's political mood had moved away from Home Rule and more towards gaining independence or even a republic.

Dr Bowman further enhanced this idea with the Government of Ireland Act in 1920. Sinn Féin had won almost 50% of the popular vote, yet the MPs refused to take their seats in Westminster. A Fourth Home Rule Bill was created soon after. Lloyd George, the British prime minister at the time, pushed the concept of two devolved parliaments; one in Belfast and the other in Dublin, which would establish a joint Council of Ireland. Dr Bowman explained how George hoped this would eventually lead to one devolved region within the UK. While this Act was passed in January 1920, history would once again see Sinn Féin MPs refuse to take their seats in either of the parliaments.

While this political disputation was going on, the Irish War of Independence had begun in 1919. So, while the government of Northern Ireland was established from June 1921, it was by no means secure, but Lloyd George seemed to have his eyes set on ending the Irish war of Independence rather than security for the north. In July 1921, the Anglo-Irish Treaty was signed, which effectively aimed to create peace in both the North and the South of Ireland. However, Lloyd George was duplicitous over his promises made to the different controlling parties: promising the North security and promising the South an eventual reduction of the North's power.

Dr Bowman concluded with the remit of the Boundary Commission, under the 1921 Treaty, which was to conform the boundary to the wishes of the population. This new border was effectively recognised in 1923 when the Irish Free State, established in 1921 under the Anglo-Irish Treaty, placed custom posts along it. Dr Bowman finished his talk with a light-hearted look at the absurdities of this border, which were made abundantly clear when a survey of Northern Ireland in 1938 defined the border to be splitting up many roads and houses.

This talk was followed by some excellent questions, including that of Morgan Majdalany, *Moretons*, who asked the exact

essay title that the Lower Sixth had to write that week. We once again thank Dr Bowman for coming to give an insightful and interesting talk.

HANS WOYDA COMPETITION

Channing School, 2 March

On Monday last week, the Maths team, comprising Oscar Wickham, *The Head Master's*, Brandon Chang, *Druries*, James Yuen, *Lyon's*, and Captain Sam Shi, *Bradlys*, travelled to Channing School for the final of the Hans Woyda Plate competition. The School was pitted against our traditional arch-rivals, City of London School, so the team was expecting a competitive and exciting match. After JPBH finally managed to find somewhere to park, the boys arrived to find one member of the opposing team was not yet there (he was coming straight from a mock exam), so there was an opportunity to get settled and comfortable before the business of the afternoon began.

After an interesting introduction to the competition and its history by its founder (Peter Collins, a former Head Master of Sutton Grammar School), both teams were keen to get on with some maths as round 1 commenced. Both teams were full of confidence after scoring an almost-perfect round 1, but the question setters had their revenge in round 2 (the geometry round), in which neither team was able to score at all! Harrow's mental mathematics proved slightly stronger in the third round as we edged ahead for the first time.

The teams traded blows in the following three rounds but Harrow managed to hang on to their slender lead going into the last round – in which all the points go to the first competitor to reach the right answer. With two points available per question, leads can be established and disappear very quickly, so it was very much all to play for. The boys in blue held their nerve, however, and eventually outscored their opponents, running out winners by 49 points to 34 and winning the plate for the first time.

HOUSE INSTRUMENTAL COMPETITION

Adjudicator Mr Guy Hopkins (Registrar, Westminster School), 9–10 February

Large Ensemble

We started off the night with The Knoll, playing *The Lord of the Rings* by Howard Shore. In this group, mainly filled with strings, they managed to convey a warm and exciting atmosphere throughout the piece. A more joyful mid-section was played with great tone and contrasted well with the main theme.

Then we had The Grove (second place), playing a medley of themes from John Williams arranged by Joseph Wragg. This piece had a great range of dynamic contrast between the pieces, utilising a strong brass section. The build up in the second theme had an exciting and dramatic finish leading onto the final theme of *Indiana Jones*, which was played with a great balance between the players.

The Head Master's was next, playing *Final Countdown* arranged by Robert Buckley. Right off the bat, this piece was filled with excitement as a wall of sound hit the audience from the large number of musicians on stage. The drummer in particular created a lively performance and continued to throughout the performance.

West Acre played *A Million Dreams* by Benj Passek and Justin Paul arranged by Michael Brown. It was a truly elegant piece played that day with good tone. Passing the tune from instrument to instrument gave this piece extra texture as well

as a sense of movement. They conveyed a really dream-like atmosphere at the start then went on to an exciting climax near to the end (with a fun bass solo just to add a little flair).

Elmfield then played *Pirates of the Caribbean* by Klaus Badelt. This piece was full of eagerness and drama, but the musicians struggled to keep in time. A strong brass section with a bass trombone part helped to portray a powerful feel.

Halfway through, we had The Park playing *Spain Chick Corea* arranged by Humza Qureshi. This piece started with high anticipation and suspense with a cello and piano duet. The funky, syncopated rhythms later in the piece gave it a fun and upbeat atmosphere. When playing *a tutti*, they were able to convey a calm and well-blended theme throughout. A well-rounded piece with the tune jumping from one person to another.

Moretons then played *Feeling Good* by Anthony and Lelsie Bricusse: a fabulous arrangement with a great control over dynamic contrast and yet another example of wonderful balance between the players. The flautist set in a strong start to the piece with truly lovely and beautiful playing. A very enjoyable piece to listen to.

Druries presented us with *Pacific Railroad on a Thursday Afternoon* by Peter Peganov and Adam Ait El Caid. A jazzy beat was laid down at the start of the piece and continued throughout, providing a strong bass line for the soloists. Very impressive improvisations were provided by the saxophonist and bassist.

Lyon's (who won first place) then played *I want you back* by Berry Gordy, Freddie Perren, Alphonso Mizell and Deke Richards. With a wide range of percussion, they were able to set out a rich beat, followed by strong solos from a range of instruments. The trumpet part was played with a perfect jazzy sound along with a good manipulation of dynamics. The bassist then took over an improvised solo leading up to an exciting *a tutti* to finish off.

Newlands then presented us with *Mamma Mia* by Benny Andersson and Bjorn Ulvaeus. This arrangement utilised two trumpets which managed to convey a joyful feel, playing along with a drum kit they managed to keep the performance lively and jubilant. The saxophonist paired with the bassist also gave this performance another texture.



(Above: Kajoba collects the trophy for Lyon's.)

Finally, we had Bradbys playing the theme from *Cinema Paradiso* by Ennio Morricone arranged by Bob Krogstad. This group consisted of a piano and strings. The piano laid down a beautiful tune for the stringed instruments to accompany with pizzicato emphasising light and love felt atmosphere. A calm and elegant ending concluded the whole night's music performance in a graceful manner.

Small Ensemble

The competition opened with a slow movement from Mendelssohn's *First Piano Trio*, creating a calm and serene atmosphere with the soaring melodies of the violin and cello and the resonant accompaniment of the piano. A beautiful movement played very well. We were then greeted with an

entirely different atmosphere. The upbeat and jazzy *Libertango* by Piazzolla from Lyon's. The relaxed themes of the clarinetist and the trumpeter depicted very well the feeling and persona of the piece before the main chorus appeared and we were greeted with the famous melody that we all know so well.

After Lyon's, The Knoll gave us their piece. A Prelude by Shostakovich, this arrangement for clarinet, violin and piano captured the melodious yet mournful piece well with the clarinet adding a more orchestral feel than the traditional piano trio formation. After a previous period of calm and melancholy, we were then greeted by the *Philharmonic Fanfare* by Ewazen from Elmfield. The brass trio performed well, creating an atmosphere of grandeur and majesty with the piercing melodies of the trumpet, the underlying harmony of the horn and finally the powerful bass of the trombone. Elmfield went on to come third in the competition, very much deserving this high placing.



Afterwards came The Head Master's who played a movement from *Faure's Piano Trio in D minor*. The ensemble played this piece very well, stressing to the audience the agitated mood of the piece yet keeping an air of calm that is so common with Faure. The Head Master's came second with this piece. Next came Moretons playing another piece by a French composer, this time Farrenc. Played very expressively, the Andante removed us to the high airs with this calm yet tumultuous piece. Here the flute masterfully captured the melodies while the accompaniment from the cello and piano created the bass that kept the piece grounded in its fickle moods.

Next came Druries, playing an extremely brave piece, a movement from Brahms' *First Piano Trio*. Despite the piece being extremely challenging for all players involved, the ensemble made a courageous effort, showing us Brahms' ingenuity in composing through the wonderful melodies of the piece. Afterwards came The Grove playing Halvorsen's *Passacaglia*. A tremendously dramatic and romantic piece, The Grove masterfully kept the Theme and Variations style interesting, always alternating the dynamics, articulation and mood. Despite the piece being exceedingly technically difficult, The Grove went on to win the Small Ensemble competition with the Halvorsen.

After that was Rendalls playing two movements from Saint-Saens' *Carnival of the Animals*. The musicians involved conveyed the spritely yet wild aspect of the two movements, achieving a serene finish of the piece with the clarinet singing the voice of the Cuckoo. Next came Bradbys, also playing a piece by Halvorsen, but one much more calm and tranquil than the previous rendition, bringing us back to the melodious pieces heard earlier, deftly managing the interlocking counterpoint.

The penultimate House was Newlands, playing an arrangement of Monti's *Czardas* for clarinet, piano and marimba. Despite the slightly unusual formation of instruments, the musicians skilfully created the atmosphere of the Hungarian gypsy dance which is the namesake of Czardas. Finally came The Park, playing a movement from Haydn's *41st Piano Trio*. The violinist achieved the technically demanding passages very well alongside the accompaniment of the cello and piano. The three people involved conveyed the style of the classical era very well.

METROPOLITAN

WORLD BOOK DAY

To celebrate the joy of reading, the English Department invited all staff and boys to enter this 24-hour competition. The task was, in no more than 200 words, to write a creative description of a dinner party encounter with your favourite character from a novel. Below is a selection of some of the best entries to appear over the next few issues.

We eat in silence. I watch her as she elegantly carves up her turbot filet – “emerald” eyes fixed upon the little bones that she removes with her fish knife. I do not touch my plate. Instead, I am spellbound by the mystique of beatific visions that seem to whisper from her shadow.

Answers feel sewn into the very fabric of the white dress she is wearing. I cannot help but think that it is hope that makes it white: for purity, for her to cleanse my sin with her presence like the hold of the River Jordan.

I woke up in this dining room, at the table, seated across from Beatrice. And she is silent, and Dante is absent. She has no voice without the poet. Only 25 and sentenced to an eternity of silence. There is an eternity of silence sitting at the dinner table.

Does she regret what she has become, regret how Dante has remembered her? I suppose she must. We must regret how we turn out. Always, the infinite space of potential and imagination always shrinks into a stuffy room. A dining room. When Beatrice finishes her fish, I feel shrunken.

Then, we leave in silence.

GARETH TAN, MORETONS

THE FINAL TOAST

The buzz of the room was indisputable, an exuberant, bright atmosphere etched out in laughter and good spirits- further fuelled by the plentiful supply of champagne. This was the party of La Belle D’amore, the patroness of the new theatre and rumoured to be responsible for a series of high-profile killings on multiple aristocrats across Europe. This, without a doubt, was not a party to be missed, especially for a journalist like myself. The Parisian would love any inevitable drama which sparked from this. Champagne in hand, I ventured across the room and took my place alongside a well-dressed man- presumably a count, whom I hoped could bring some flavour to the evening. Despite conversing in a jovial manner, I acknowledged that the man’s eyes were cold and frosty, as if hiding a cut so deep it broke his soul. As La Belle took the floor and began a toast, I saw the Count’s eyes flash, as he advanced towards her, I noticed something glimmering under his cloak, a long metal sword. La Belle had barely turned when the sword had made its way through her heart. ‘This is for Haydee,’ uttered the count before turning his sword upon himself.

ALEXANDER NEWMAN, DRURIES

Would you pass the pickled asparagus please Jeeves.

Certainly and good evening to you sir.

Jeeves, I’m in a slight pickle myself and your guidance is needed.

Sir, my ears are open to the elements, please continue.

I’ve been asked to write about a dinner conversation with a character from literature. I know nothing of speech marks and suchlike, to name just one shortcoming.

Sir, may I interject with all due haste and reassure you, that from my observing your appearance and speaking voice, you fly too high a flag to be concerned by such trifles. What I imagine is an ability to just make it happen, will leave anyone fortunate

enough to cast eyes upon your story, fully understanding of your narrative. May I also add sir, that I suspect that were there to be a prize or a trophy of some kind, then that would be the least you could expect to receive in the way of adulation. Thinking more deeply for a moment if I may sir, perhaps a street party and yes sir, this occasion does indeed merit the mention of a possible knighthood.

Jeeves you are a sensation.

Very good sir.

NEIL PORTER

THE WIT OF THE LANNISTER

As the Imp enters, the muffled din in the room is strangled. The dwarf smiles sarcastically as he waddles aimlessly into the room, swaying from side to side with a fine bottle of Dornish Red in his right hand. Unsurprisingly for a prince, he is surrounded by a group of guards not only shrouded in the ferocious colour of Lannister red, but proudly hovering their hands over their glimmering swords which sit comfortably in their scabbards, as if as a warning.

Dwarf, Imp, Half-Man. All of these he has been called before. The man (if he can be called that) has emerald green eyes and a scar which runs menacingly down the front of his face. His mismatched eyes, brutish face and dust white hair makes him unappealing. He has a stare which most find uncomfortable, but something that he likes to use to his advantage. What he lacks for in looks he makes up for in intellect. Most of all however, his wit is unparalleled. As is his frequent visitation of brothels, and his persistent drinking.

When he finally staggers into his seat, hoping to have a sophisticated conversation, I angrily ask him what he wants to achieve by always being in this foul state.

Chuckling delicately to himself, he smiles and replies, “why is it that when one man builds a wall the other needs to know what’s on the other side?”

I stare at his face, confused.

“What does that have to do with anything?” I ask

Tyrrion Lannister, brother of the Queen of the seven kingdoms and protector of the realm raises his glass and triumphantly reveals a sly smile etched grievously across his face,

“Drinking and lust, no man can match me in these things. I drink, and I know things”.

SASHA SEBAG-MONTEFIORE, THE KNOLL

DAME VAUGHAN

Agony Aunt

DEAR DAME VAUGHAN,

I deal with facts. I cut to the chase. You live in the Vaughan Library. None of this descriptive alliterative tricolon nonsense in this letter. I would like to raise a concern in relation to society at present: we live in an age where things spread faster than ever before: illness, viral videos, rumours, hate speech, ideas, technology, butter. One need only look at the latest video everyone’s seen on Tik Tok; the rapid expansion of Extinction Rebellion as a movement; the rumour we all heard about what you-know-who and you-know-who-too got up to at you-know-where (I’m still confused how three ducks and a Bishop got involved, but anyway); the Lurpak spreadable; or, at the forefront of a lot of people’s minds at the moment, the rapid spread of coronavirus, to see that the process of contagion is swift and easily disseminatable. PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT: on the subject of the coronavirus, please make sure you are continually washing hands properly and disinfecting with anti-bac gel, maintaining high hygiene standards, and alerting the relevant person should you notice you are experiencing any

of the symptoms. You know the drill. Anyway, what with the focus on the rapid spread of things such as this virus currently in the news, I have become intrigued with how things spread, what processes are undertaken, and what people can do to facilitate or prevent. What did I say: I deal with facts. I want to comprehend how the things I see happening, happen. You follow me? So, Dame Vaughan, any recommendations for me?

Yours in infectious intrigue,

A. RUMOUR

DEAR MY MARMALADE, JAM AND NUTELLA,

What an incredibly specific request, not that one can't understand why it's popped up. Furthermore, one lauds your eagerness to understand the social and biological mechanics of the process of contagion and infection, especially with the amount of ignorance and misinformation that's surrounding the current coronavirus outbreak, where wise caution is mixed with loud hysteria. It is named 'corona' virus, of course, because the virus is shaped like a crown (and 'corona' is crown in Latin, hence a coronation), yet recent data has shown that Google searches for Corona beer has increased by 1,100% in America since news of the virus hit, with the phrases 'beer virus' and 'corona beer virus' also seeing an alarming spike! Honestly, learn your etymology folks, what would Susie Dent say?! So, yes, things spread rather quickly, like verrucae through a swimming team. On that wonderful thought, I have the perfect recommendation for you: *The Rules of Contagion: Why Things Spread and Why They Stop* by Adam Kucharski. Hot off the press, as a 2020 release, Kucharski's fascinating read explores the hidden rules that govern the behaviour of outbreaks, whether they be of diseases, of news, or of ideas, and why they seemed to be spreading faster and further than ever before. By tracing the interconnectedness of a globalised society, and how our lives are shaped by outbreaks, Kucharski covers 'superspreaders', what brings down a financial system, the social dynamics that make loneliness catch on, and what links folk tales to computer viruses. A fascinating and relevant read, I'm sure this recommendation will spread throughout the School quicker than the rumour that Dame Vaughan once won Eurovision (oops, the rumour's out there).

Yours, spreading the joy,

DAME VAUGHAN

[If you have a book-themed predicament, and wish to seek advice from the omniscient Dame Vaughan, please email the editor or the Vaughan Library, who will pass it onto the Dame's people]

OPINION

HILL LIFE

I appreciated the concern at the absence of a Hill Life column last week. I can reassure you that I have not fallen victim to the coronavirus, nor have I mysteriously disappeared. Rather, I was as surprised as you, dear readers, to find that Hill Life was left on the cutting-room floor. Clearly, with a pandemic threatening to throw our economy to the wolves, cut our supply lines, close our schools, savage the nation's lorry supplies, curfew the entire country and kill thousands upon thousands, now is not the time for dramatic, controvert or heuristic writing. As such, this week, it is with grave solemnity that I ask: why do we mow our lawns?

It is often viewed as a source of great pride to have primly trimmed lawns. It shows discipline, skill, care and is aesthetically appealing. However, would Greta's Army approve? Should we not let these green pockets return to their natural state?

I can understand the need to keep our various pitches manicured – excluding footer obviously – after all, putting in a meadow, rather than on a trimmed green, would be extremely difficult. However, not all of our grass is used for sport. Take the Vaughan lawn and Chapel Terrace, for example: mown regularly (sometimes twice a week in the summer), these lawns are always cut low in pristine, straight stripes, often multi-directionally for maximum impact. The same is true of many of the Houses' lawns. But for what practical reason are these maintained to the same standard as a fairway or cricket square? Leaving aside the noisy, mechanical and toilsome task of maintaining them in such pristine order (and all the carbon emissions those various 2- and 4-stroke engines contribute to the melting of polar ice caps), as the School looks to become evermore environmentally responsible, should the obvious perks in not rigorously, systematically and continuously cutting back nature as it attempts to grow be realised?

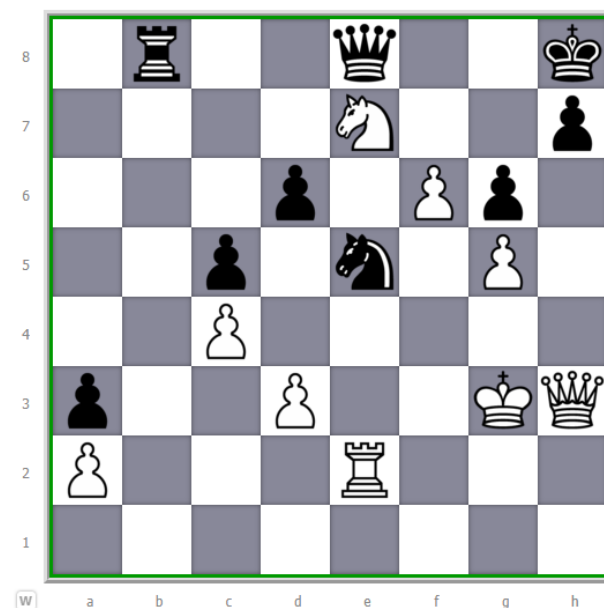
Imagine for a moment if we were to stop mowing the lawns; the grass could grow to its full height and sway merrily in the wind all day long. Similarly, all host of flowers and plants could grow amongst the blades, from dandelions, daisies, buttercups and poppies through to an array of nettles, thistles and others. Rather than squares of lawns, we could re-wild these areas creating little meadows boasting a variety of different species. Now there's a thought.

Perhaps like many things, they are better let be.

CHESS PUZZLE

The weekly Chess Puzzle set by JPBH. Email your solutions to him (jpbh@harrowschool.org.uk) to enter the termly competition. Answers are published with next week's puzzle.

This edition's puzzle: White to play and mate in 2 moves.



Last puzzle's answer: 1. Nh5+ Rxh5 2. Rxg6+ Kxg6 3. Re6#

Fancy playing chess? Drop in to Chess Club – Tuesdays and Thursdays 4.30–6pm in Maths Schools 5. All abilities (boy, beak or non-teaching staff) are welcome!

SUDOKU

Persevera per severa per se vera

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CORRESPONDENCE

Letters to the Editor

DEAR SIRs,

With all the current talk about loo roll, or the absence thereof on supermarket shelves, I'd like to reveal a secret. In the dark depths of 2018's winter, I was training for the annual masochism of Long Ducker. Early one Sunday morning, after a jog around the streets of North Wembley (which churned the night's Domino's in my stomach), I found myself at breakfast desperately in need of a pre-prandial loo visit.

As I tried to push the door open, there was a locked door. Panic quickly set in. Go back to Rendalls? Too far. Try the Speech Room Tunnel? Probably locked. It quickly dawned on me that I was going to have to use the loo of last resort: the beaks' cloakroom. I edged towards the door, terrified by the prospect of meeting a beak coming out. This was it. Now or never. It is at times like these where we discover something about ourselves: man or mouse? Without further hesitation, I firmly swung the door opened and dashed for the loos.

I couldn't believe what I found inside; floor to ceiling doors, individual taps for hot and cold, paper towels resting atop the tasteful granite: there is no whine of an overpowered Dyson Rocketship disguised as a hand dryer. The real treat, however, was found inside the cubicles.

The loo paper was simply incredible. While we boys are resigned to our one- or two-ply, this was serious stuff; I'm talking 4-, 5-, maybe even 6-ply. It glided along with ease that I can only liken to walking on water. It was smooth. It transcended loo paper.

I didn't know what to do. Tell all my friends or keep the ply count a closely guarded secret as to avoid a revolution against the establishment? After many months of secrecy, I have decided that now is an apt time to launch the #6PLY4ALL initiative, the goal of which is bring 6-ply to us boys. Without such a levelling up, it is unlikely that we can ever say we are truly an equal community.

Your sincerely,
MICHAEL FITZGIBBON, RENDALLS

DEAR SIRs,

Last week in Speech Room we heard about the importance of fellowship. To illustrate the point we were reminded of Tolkien's epic, *The Lord of the Rings*. As a lover of all things Tolkien, and the third age of Middle Earth in particular, I was delighted to have the opportunity to reflect further with boys and Beaks alike over the course of the day on the significance and aptness of *The Lord of the Rings* as an example to us of fellowship. Alas, in lessons and over lunch I was deeply surprised to discover how cursory, and indeed lacking, was the familiarity of some colleagues and boys with this masterpiece.

The journey of the Fellowship in *The Lord of the Rings*, unlike that of Bilbo in the *Hobbit*, was not a quest for glory or gold, but a fool's errand, a suicide mission of hardship, of sacrifice, and of grief, willingly entered for the good of others at the expense of self. There was little hope, as four hobbits, two men, one dwarf, one elf, and an old wizard set out from Rivendell. Their hope, their only hope, the only hope of all the good free peoples of Middle earth, was to destroy a ring of such heady, seductive, consuming, and devastating power that all who came into its presence were tempted to lie, murder, steal and abase themselves to acquire it. Additionally, this ring, once possessed, slowly consumed and destroyed not only the bodies, but the minds and hearts of those who would carry it. Men did not possess the ring, rather it possessed them. Forged by a figure of ancient and demonic power with a desire to corrupt and enslave all that was good and gentle and peace loving, the ring itself was an existential threat to the survival of all those who loved peace and concord and freedom and goodness.

The fellowship was forged because great and dangerous tasks cannot be completed alone. The fellowship was not just about unity of purpose, but of unity in suffering and hardship and the pursuit of the seemingly impossible. Of those who set out from Rivendell, two would give their lives to defend the cause and their fellows, and all would be scarred and changed by the journey. And in the end, their quest complete, no riches or glory mattered. The journey ends sombrely. In defence of what was good, in pursuit of what was right, in sacrifice for others, and abandonment of self, our heroes, Frodo and Sam, find no peace in the world they have saved. This fellowship did not serve the good of its members, learning, leadership, service and personal fulfilment were not their ends. Learning happened, certainly; leadership was exhibited, undoubtedly; service was their purpose and cause. But personal fulfilment was their sacrifice. It was at the expense of self that the fellowship served.

There is no better example of fellowship than that found in Frodo and Sam and Merry and Pipin, and Aragorn, and Boromir, and Gimli, and Legolas, and Gandalf. Were we to look for an example of a diversity of backgrounds and abilities united in a common purpose to serve, there is no better witness than Frodo's Fellowship.

Their task was great, the cost high, the risk significant, the consequences severe. In-deed, this was Tolkien's point. He provided an example, a testimony, a tale, of what fellowship would be at its best in the face of the worst. It ought, in every respect to be an example and inspiration to us. And here is the rub. We will miss it if we do not read it. *The Lord of the Rings* is more than a fantasy novel with strange creatures in strange places on a strange quest. It is a treatise on the written and unwritten values we hold dear as a school: of friendships and fellowship, of service and sacrifice, of courage and honour, of integrity and humility in the face of temptation and pride. We would do well to read it more closely and hold it more dearly. So might I suggest, for the numerous Beaks and boys I have spoken to today who have not read them ever, that the next book in their Harrow prescribed reading period be Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings*.

Yours faithfully,
SWB

DEAR SIRs,

I am growing in concern with every passing day. Is the future Orwell predicted fast approaching?

Upon first reading *1984*, I passed it off as nothing but fantasy, but recent events have given me reason to reconsider my opinion. I speak of coronavirus and how different governments from around the world have reacted (namely China and South Korea). While I am not knocking the notion of quarantine or cancelling sporting events or international travel to help fight the spread, how these governments have been able to track and isolate those infected that should scare us all.

It is no secret that technology that Orwell once thought futuristic is now mainstream. You don't have to look any farther than our very School. Finger scanners greet us in every house; facial recognition on all of our phones and laptops; CCTV always watching us and Peel House able to track every key stroke is proof enough. It is not a telescreen that watches us, but the data we are all constantly beaming around the world. South Korea's ability to track the exact movements of infected citizens and then quarantine both those who came into contact with them and the areas they passed through is as staggering as it is worrying. Big Brother, it seems, is always watching...

My main concern in this is not just the monochrome lifestyle some authoritarian state may impose on us all, like China does through its social credit system, but also what this means for the culture of debate, innovation, creativity and history. Tiananmen Square is a prime example of a state's ability to erase events from the history books, but what if all governments and their propaganda machines acted in the same way as Winston does in *1984* – churning out a constantly edited and re-edited history?

What if they already do?

This very paper could be censoring content constantly and only releasing the opinions of boys that they approve of, silencing the rest. Was the Hill Life columnist 'vaporised' last week? What if the thought police 'vaporise' me? What if you never read this warning?

Yours anxiously,
HARRY CLEEVE, LYON'S

DEAR SIRs,

Moving into the second half of my second term here, the Hill still appears as wondrous wide as it did upon first arriving. As a Shell, the breadth and diversity of Harrow life seems like a bottomless pit: endless societies, endless talks, endless sports, endless streams of knowledge pouring in from lessons and the never ceasing machines of the Shepherd Churchill and this very publication. However, I did notice one significant gap in last week's edition, and it is why I write today. *Hill Life*.

I always deeply enjoy the weekly Hill Life. As I am constantly 'tossed on an ocean of shock and change', Hill Life has continued to be not only an engaging and amusing read, but also an educational guide to the various aspects of life around the Hill. I was surprised and upset that it did not make an appearance last week and I eagerly await its return.

Kind Regards,
DIGBY EMUS, RENDALLS

SPORTS

POLO

The School v Heathfield School Girls Under-18A

Senior A, Won 14-11

On a cold wet Thursday afternoon, Harrow A Team played Heathfield at Emsworth Old Ground. Harrow took an early

lead in the first chukka, being up 3 to 1. They won the second chukka 4 to 2, drew the 3rd 2 to 2 and lost the 4th chukka 6 to 5. Overall, the team won 14 to 11. The Heathfield team played fast and exciting polo challenging Harrow in every chukka.

SQUASH

The School v Radley (away), 5 March

1st V Lost 2-3

WTC Sotir, *Druries*, Won 3-1

SWS Sebag-Montifiore, *The Knoll*, Lost 1-3

WA Orr Ewing, *Elmfield*, Lost 1-3

FAW Murley, *The Park*, Won 3-1

H Qureshi, *The Park*, Lost 1-3

Colts Drew 1-1

I Qureshi, *The Park*, Won 3-2

JT Nelson, *Bradlys*, Lost 0-3

Junior Colts Won 4-1

DJP Wauchope, *The Knoll*, Lost 1-3

AC Seely, *The Head Master's*, Won 3-2

HAM O'Shea, *Druries*, Won 3-1

DC Doros, *Elmfield*, Won 3-1

IWJ Doyle, *The Park*, Won 3-2

Yearlings Lost 1-4

TAA Mackay, *Newlands*, Lost 0-3

AM Stratton, *Newlands*, Lost 0-3

MA Fulford, *The Knoll*, Won 3-0

A Anderson, *Moretons*, Lost 1-3

V Plyushchenko, *The Grove*, Lost 2-3

B Leong, *The Knoll*, Lost 2-3

While the Psychiatric Unit (PU) have gone about their normal business of dogged mediocrity, a new group of patients have made their way down to the Airfix Dome that doubles as a Mental Health Clinic. A loose collection of waifs and strays with various conditions have rebranded themselves as a group known as the Junior Colts. This has helped to give them some kind of identity and a sense of belonging. Unlike the PU they have recently shown signs of responding to treatment and are in danger of raising their expectations.

Like many who suffer from a variety of conditions, they naturally gravitated towards the Airfix Dome. The worst cases tend to self-isolate themselves in the Ice Dome where there is very little chance of human interaction. These patients are slowly encouraged to re-engage with society by moving up to the Airfix Dome where they can make an appointment to see the specialist. This is exactly what happened to O'Shea and Doyle who were gently persuaded to expose themselves to mainstream society. For a while they wondered why they had been forced to exist outside of their comfort zone, but slowly they realised that it was because of an acute shortage of players.

O'Shea: Where are we?

Coach: We call this the Airfix Dome.

O'Shea: It's so bright and warm.

Doyle: And rather smelly.

Since that conversation all those months ago O'Shea and Doyle have discovered Strategies of Survival (SOS). For Doyle that has been to remain a Gibbering Wreck and so stay true to himself. He has always suffered from Gibbering Wreck Syndrome (GWS) but has learned to embrace the condition.

Coach: Match on Thursday

Doyle: I'd rather not play if you don't mind.

Coach: Why?

Doyle: I don't feel that I'm quite ready.

The delight on his face after this victory at Radley was a joy to behold and a great advert for the Mental Health Clinic.

O'Shea originally found himself cut off from society because he was sensible. This is Obsessive Sensible Disorder (OSD) and it obviously meant that he had difficulty fitting in at Harrow. He has found a bit of success by being relentlessly sensible on court and this has unnerved many opponents. Various medical experts have failed so far to get him to change his expression but this also unnerves opponents. It is almost as if he is AI, programmed to play a completely random set of shots, mostly off the frame of the racket, while all the time being frighteningly sensible and maintaining a rigidly vacant, almost glazed, expression. This is another example of embracing one's disabilities, another success for the Mental Health Clinic.

With Seely and Wauchope there were even bigger hurdles to overcome. When they were first spotted begging for food on the 100 Steps, it was clear that they had multiple disorders. It was Multiple Disorder Disorder (MDD). They were dragged into the Airfix Dome, given food and vaccinated. It was soon clear that the main issue was Obsessive Silliness Disorder (OSD). Seely was particularly silly; so silly in fact that he was kicked off court by the most pleasant person in the universe, the Outside Coach, Daniel. To be kicked off court by Daniel takes an extreme effort of willpower with extreme silliness being maintained over a long period of time. Both Seely and Wauchope also had Grinning Idiot Disorder (GID) and soon found themselves out on the street once more. However, the Airfix is nothing if not forgiving, and last term the two made a sheepish return to the scene of the crime, determined to give something back to the place and people that offered them refuge from probable oblivion. They have never looked back, making themselves into slightly less silly players of below average ability.

However, Wauchope, as part of his MDD, also suffered from Obsessive Forehand Disorder (OFD). He was hugely reluctant to play any sort of backhand, even a bad one, and at times seemed in complete denial of the backhand's existence. The first step was to convince him that the backhand existed and then intensive therapy was necessary to get him into the mental state of willing to actually risk playing one. The Wauchope we see today may lose on a regular basis but at least he has accepted and embraced the backhand as a friend. Another success story for the clinic.

And all the while, amid the chaos of the gradual repair of fragmented brains, there floats Doros. He seems oblivious to the carnage around him. He has no obvious disorder. With an angelic countenance and a slightly surprised expression he goes about the business of playing indifferent squash. There is a suspicion that he thinks a lot about what he should be doing, something we are not used to down at Airfix. He is living proof that if you are calm and in control of your thought process, it is possible to win quite often while playing some very ordinary squash.

As this group develop as a unit and begin to exorcise their demons it is of course vital to keep them away from the PU. Contact with the PU could put them back to Square One and ruin a year of steady therapy. The PU must play behind closed doors.

So the group that calls themselves the Junior Colts have shown early responses to treatment and have progressed from beginners with mental issues to below average players with slightly fewer issues. The exciting prospect is that in a couple of years we may have an average team on our hands who can also be released into mainstream society without fear of the insecurities that currently afflict them. They may even escape the clutches of the dreaded Cycle of Misery (COM). Add Tarquin to the mix and it may be worth keeping the Airfix Dome open for business. But Tarquin has been tainted by frequent contact with the PU. He may have to self-isolate for a period of time.

The Junior Colts won 4-1.

HARROW FOOTBALL

The Beaks 2 v 5 The Grove

The game started after the Beaks insisted on attacking down the hill and picked up an early base, but the House responded soon after. The first half proved to be very back and forth between the two sides, with both teams striking again, making the score 2-2. The House managed to sneak a last-minute base in just before the half, making the score 3-2 at half-time.



During the second half, the downhill went to the boys who used it to good effect and scored an additional two bases. They also managed to keep the ball out of their end, making the final score 5-2 to The Grove.

FOOTBALL

School v Dr Challoner's Grammar School. 3 March

Colts A, Draw 4-4

Colts B, Draw 3-3

Scorers: Hari Moondi, *The Park*, x2; Florian Hull, *Druries*.

Following the deluge that was last weekend, Dr Challoner's pitches did extremely well to be playable. The surface was a little soft and bumpy, however, leading to route one football becoming the tactic of choice for both teams. Harrow's nippy forwards had the beating of Challoner's last line of defence all afternoon. Sam Lussier, *The Knoll*, was given the first clear opportunity, only to find the post and give Hull an easy tap-in. The shell-shocked opposition fell silent and sat back for more Harrow attacks. Moondi capitalised, latching onto a Dimitry Samonas, *The Knoll*, through-ball to tuck home. Harrow asserted more dominance but couldn't add to their goal tally, leaving the door open for Challoner's to snatch one back. A mysterious hand greeted the ball in Harrow's box, which led the official to point to the spot. Challoner's converted and took with them a tide of momentum. A corner, again, would lead to Harrow's downfall. Mismatched marking gave a centre back an easy header to level the scores.

The second half gave Harrow the luxury of downhill football which seemed to only encourage the long ball football, or "playing the channels" as a tactician might say. The match became more of a dog fight as the surface tore up and both teams searched for a winner. Challoner's capitalised on a defensive lapse to tuck home a third, although Harrow equalled their tally with another Moondi goal.

I wouldn't be sending any tapes to La Masia following that performance; however, the boys did enough to earn a point in tricky away conditions.

Junior Colts A, Won 5-1

Junior Colts B, Won 2-1

Scorers: Casper Kingsley, *Elmfield*, and Charlie De Hemptinne, *Bradby's*

The boys arrived to some not brilliant weather but in good spirits to unfamiliar territory on Reddings 4. The match started

with ferocious intensity from both sides. About five minutes into the game, it was looking even when a poor clearance from the Dr Challoner's left-back fell to Kingsley, who proceeded to unleash a strike which had the force of the whole team behind him straight into the bottom left hand corner. Good start for the boys as we went 1-0 up. The rest of the half was tough. We lacked size in the midfield and struggled to keep the ball. However, some sturdy performances in defence by Antonio Da Silva Pinheiro, *The Park*, Bode Kolawole, *Newlands*, and Josh Owens, *Rendalls*, meant that we had kept the barrage of attacks at bay. A memorable moment of the first half was when Victor Grant, *Moretons*, sent an absolute missile in the direction of the goal from at least 35 yards out which unfortunately hit the bar.

The boys then walked off to an inspiring team talk from the gaffer EWS and were invigorated to play a better second half with the wind and hill this time in our favour. The first half started with pressure being piled on by the opposite side as we started to struggle to keep them out. After countless goal line clearances our defence gave way and their striker hammered one home from six yards out. With our spirits dwindled we needed a win. Chances went begging as time ran out. Some good jinking runs were made down the right hand side by Paddy Elliot, *Druries*. We also got to see Inigo Doyle, *The Park*, let out some serious pace down the left. We started to accelerate, coming closer and closer with each move. Some good play from Jonty Williams, *Moretons*, meant that the game was on our side now. The ball was getting to our strikers. Kingsley let out some searing pace and whipped in a ball with some venom and De Hemptinne almost broke the deadlock. Finally, in the last five minutes, Jude Esposito, *Newlands*, found space on the left and whipped in a delightful ball towards the back post where an elusive De Hemptinne waited and finished with a brilliant stretching effort.

Man of the match: Tom Pollock, *Druries*, pulled the strings brilliantly on the sideline.

Yearlings A, Won 6-0

Yearlings B, Won 4-1

Score: Harrow won 4-1 (Amusan, *Moretons*, x2, Bloomfield, *Elmfield*, Yang, *The Grove*)

Conditions were slow on Redding 1, the width and slope making it challenging for both sides. The Bs tested out a new formation for the first time this season: 4-3-3. With the players getting used to their new roles, the game started tentatively. Harrow grew in confidence, passing the ball smartly in neat triangles, creating space down the wings. A lack of bodies in the box, however, kept the game at 0-0. After a few defensive scares off opposition through-balls, Harrow pounced on a goal-keeping error with birthday boy Amusan stealing the goal. Harrow survived a few corners before Dr Challoner's used their pace up-front to good effect. Fortunately, Stratton, *Newlands*, was in fine form between the sticks, saving low to his left. The opposition goal came from the resulting corner. 1-1 at the break.

A few substitutions injected life into the Bs, Hope, *Rendalls*, and Childs, *Newlands*, causing havoc down the right wing, linking nicely with Amusan and Mazrani, *The Park*, in the middle. The pressure started showing, with Childs taking a pot-shot from distance. Amusan the livewire got a toe on it to flick it past the keeper. 2-1 Harrow. From this point, the home team turned the screw. Banton, *Newlands*, running the show at CDM, helped open the play up intelligently. Harrow got their third off a corner, debutant Yang finding himself unmarked back-post to calmly slash home from inside the box. With the game stretching out and the opposition tiring, Bloomfield got the final goal with an impressive solo effort from within his own half, latching onto a through ball before beating the keeper with a cheeky finish.

The Bs go marching on. One final game against St Paul's to finish off the season.

BADMINTON

Pair 1: Kingston Lee, *Elmfield*, and Jake Forster, *The Knoll*

Pair 2: Lawrence Leekie, *West Acre*, and David Huang, *The Knoll*



The annual Harrow Cup was contested this year by Charterhouse, Coopers' Coborn, Eton and John Lyon. Harrow won 14 of their 16 games, ranking them first place with a point margin of 5 on the runners up, Eton. Our exceptionally talented captain, Kingston Lee, *Elmfield*, must be congratulated as he has been part of the winning team every year since the trophy's inception in 2016.

HOCKEY

The School v Eton College, 3 March

2nd XI Won 3-2

Yearlings A Won 3-2

A great win for Harrow, after going 1-0 up through Jack Scott, *The Park*, and in control of the game. Eton had two breakaways and scored with their first two shots. Harrow showed great patience to level through Will Wright, *West Acre*, who then scored the winner with a tap in from a superb five-man move starting in the Harrow 25.

RUGBY SEVENS

Middlesex U18 7s Cup, 4 March

In the group stages, Harrow combined several moments of sublime attacking play with a relentless defensive effort, beating Henley College, Skinner's School and Emanuel School.

Beechen Cliff were a well-organised and physical semi-final opponent but an explosive start from Harrow proved to be the difference, as more excellent defensive work frustrated their opponent's attack.

The final, against an experienced and ruthless Hampton side, set a benchmark. Harrow's aggression, pace and power shocked their opponents (and the Harrow coaches who'd worked with the same boys last term), and they took an early 19-0 lead. The second half was a more balanced affair, with Harrow picking up a yellow card, but once again the defence was resolute. Final score: 26-7.

Results:

1st VII v The Henley College Won 28-10

1st VII v Skinners' School Won 43-0

1st VII v Emanuel School Won 17-0

1st VII v Beechen Cliff School Cup Semi-Final, Won 19-0

1st VII v Hampton School Cup Final, Won 26-7

SWIMMING

Senior Gala v Coopers' Company & Coborn School
School won 161-93, , 5 March

The School welcomed one of our friendliest and yet fiercest competitors, Coopers' Company & Coborn, to a head-to-head home gala on Thursday. Once again, there was real determination and drive in evidence from all of the three age groups with eight personal best times swum overall. Harrow managed to win in all age groups; final scores were 161 to 93. Boys who made the greatest gains in their personal best times were Will Pattle, *Newlands*, in the 100m individual medley event, Andre Ma, *Moretons*, in the 100m freestyle event, Charlie Tack, *Newlands*, in the 50m freestyle event, and Tommy Nguyen, *The Grove*, in the 100m breaststroke event.

The lucky streak of this season, with at least one new School record in each and every gala, was not broken as Nick Finch, *Newlands*, bettered his own School Shell record once again in the 50m butterfly event, touching in a time of 27.15.

RACKETS

The School v Rugby School, 5 March

Senior 1st Pair, Won 3-1

Some excellent intelligent play from Rishi Wijeratne, *The Head Master's*, and Ben Hope, *Rendalls*, who dominated the first two games but then overcame a fight back from Rugby to win 3-1.

Senior 2nd Pair, Won 3-2

Johnny Connell, *Rendalls*, and Henry Wilson, *Elmfield*, showed character and determination to come from 1-2 down to win 3-2.

Senior 3rd Pair, Won 3-1

A spirited effort from the debutant Lucien Morrison, *Newlands*, was backed up by some strong hitting by Freddie Anton-Smith, *The Head Master's*, in a 3-1 win.

FENCING

Bouts v Winchester College, 5 March

Seniors Won 2-1

Foil Won 13-4

Epee Won 14-10

The School played very well against Winchester and brought home a resounding victory, winning both the Foil and Epee.

In a poole format, to prepare the boys for the upcoming Public Schools' Fencing Championships, Harrow took a commanding lead in the Foil which they never looked in danger of giving up. Some excellent fencing from Indi Abrams, *The Grove*, in particular meant Harrow ended up winning convincingly by 13 victories to 4.

Epee was a much closer fight with the teams drawn on victories as the poole neared its climax. However, some inspired fencing from the captain, Finn Deacon, *The Park*, drew Harrow ahead to clinch the match by 14 victories to 10. Mention must also go to June Hyun, *West Acre*, who fenced in his first School match and acquitted himself very honourably.

Well done to all involved. We now look forward to our final fixture versus Eton College.

ALAN SANKEY

We regret to announce the death of Alan Sankey who died on 25 February, aged 86. AWDS was a Harrow Master from 1962 to 1996 and House Master of Bradbys from 1976 to 1988. There will be a Memorial Service on Sunday 29 March at 12 noon at All Saints' Church, Bale, Norfolk.

Ways to contact *The Harrovian*

Articles, opinions and letters are always appreciated.

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