

THE HARROVIAN

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FORTY YEARS ON

Harrow Association Songs, Speech Room, 5 October

On Thursday, the School and the Harrow Association (HA) welcomed back a group of Old Harrovians for Songs. This year was the inauguration of a new scheme to bring back OHs 40 years on from when they joined the School in 1983. This is a fantastic idea and many of the OHs commented on how brilliant it was to be joined by those whom many of them hadn't seen for years. The Head Master started the evening off with reminding our guests on some of the events that occurred in 1983. This included the invention of a 3D-printer, the launch of a Space Shuttle and the re-election of Margaret Thatcher, whom many of the OHs can remember coming to speak to the School at Songs in 1983. Perhaps most apt, given last weekend's weather, was the mention of a heatwave with record temperatures in the same year.

As usual, the School was in fine voice, and a fabulous programme began with the singing of *When Raleigh Rose*. This was then followed by the obligatory singing of *A Gentleman's a-bowling*, given the now routine victory of the XI over 'the other place' at Lord's last summer. The song mentions the heroics of one F S Jackson and the writer of the article wonders if a new verse should be commissioned, given Charlie Nelson's, *Bradlys*, heroics last year. The final song before our readings was *Ducker*, accompanied with the now familiar swaying. We were then treated to two fabulous readings from Arthur Porter, *Druries*, and Netanel Lawrence-Ojo, *The Knoll*. These were both read with excellent clarity and were well deserving of the rapturous applause they received.



Given the month Association Songs takes place in, it is only right that *October* has become a staple of this event and the song has become a firm favourite of the boys. This can be heard through the deafening shouts of *October* in the chorus. Our next song, *John Lyon's Road*, as well as being a more modern take on the Harrow song, offers a brilliant opportunity to pay tribute to the life-changing work being done by John Lyon's Charity. The charity has given £186 million to young people since 1991 and continues to promote the life chances of young people in the boroughs that lie along John Lyon's Road.

The School XII then treated us to a rendition of *East is East* – a song detailing the competition between the different sides of the Hill. The contrast in moods between each verses

was particularly noticeable, and the School XII should be congratulated on what was a fabulous first outing. This was then followed by *Queen Elizabeth Sat One Day*, again particularly appropriate with these songs being just a few days before our Commemoration. After the singing of *Giants*, the School heard from Louis Kunzig, *Druries 1983*³. Mr Kunzig spoke movingly about his time at the School and we were all left with something valuable to take away.

We then started our final song set. It began with *Silver Arrow*, generally regarded to be most boys as the highlight of any song concert. The contrast between the penultimate and the last verse is one of those moments that makes the hairs on the back of your neck prickle, and the musicality shown by the School and the OHs on the night certainly achieved that. The closing sequence of *Forty Years On*, *Auld Lang Syne* and the *National Anthem* were all sung with the pride and force that we have become familiar with. It should be noted how the vast majority of the OHs did not need to rely on any words and their fabulous singing of verse 3 rounded off an excellent performance from them all.

Thanks should go to DNW, PJE, CST, Mark Liu, *Druries*, and Custos and his team for their work in putting together another fabulous songs. Congratulations to all those who attended for creating a fantastic atmosphere and for some excellent singing. It is wonderful that this tradition that binds together Harrovians, both past and present, continues in such strong force. Long may it continue!

BE INSPIRED

Inspire programme launches this October

Harrow School's Inspire programme launched amid much excitement and fun-filled sessions for both pupils and parents on a gloriously warm and sunny October afternoon. Each of the Heads of our partner primary schools across the borough of Harrow nominated two of their top pupils, who are exceptionally committed to their academic attainment and have demonstrated an innate intellectual curiosity, to participate in the programme.



There is a specific focus on providing opportunities for young people whose family circumstances might prevent them from accessing similar opportunities outside school. The free, one-year programme will comprise 16 targeted sessions taught

NCS and ACO to extend the pupils learning going beyond the curriculum. The Royal Institution will run tailored mathematics masterclasses for our select cohort of primary school pupils with opportunities to make perpetual time machines and have mathematical fun with Sierpinski's triangles. There will also be opportunities to hone valuable skills such as interview skills and public speaking through partnerships with Harrow School's Debating Society.

The aim of the programme is to ensure that every child graduates from the Inspire Programme, more confident in the core subjects of English and Maths, and more importantly, inspired, confident, and equipped with new skills and knowledge that enables them to attain their future ambitions.

MEDICAL SOCIETY

Sama Othman, Newlands, 'CPR survivors' and their experience of death', 2 October

After a warm welcome, Sama Othman, *Newlands*, began the lecture by outlining the subtopics that he would be covering in the talk. Firstly, the CPR (cardiopulmonary resuscitation) experience and what occurs during the process. Othman engaged his audience with his curiosity about who had completed the first aid course. In return, he was greeted with a few shows of hands. He then proceeded to explain in detail the process of how to perform CPR: first and foremost, you need to check whether the person that requires CPR is breathing (in most cases, they are not). Then you have to execute two rescue breaths following 30 chest compressions. Othman moved on to the experiences survivors face during and after CPR. Survivors report having unique experiences such as remembering someone giving them CPR, followed quickly by a blackout. In fact, some survivors said that they were dreaming. Othman went on to describe the medical side of what happens during CPR. Chest compressions and rescue breaths are used to maintain blood circulation and oxygenation. Medical equipment provided from hospitals, such as a vital signs detector, is used to monitor a patient's vital signs.

It is crucial that the process of CPR is performed correctly as it can induce a near-death experience for some patients. After explaining the fascinating process of CPR, Othman showed a video of a cardiac arrest and CPR survivor, Jenylyn Carpio. In the video, Jenylyn explained her experience of cardiac arrest and having CPR performed on her. Jenylyn was just two weeks into being a mum when she decided to take a nap due to tiredness and a lack of sleep. The next thing she remembered after regaining consciousness was having CPR performed on her; it was later revealed that she had experienced a cardiac arrest. She was then sent to hospital to recover. This video emphasised how sudden attacks can be and how important it is to know the process of CPR.

Othman then introduced CPR hallucinations. CPR hallucinations are vivid and surreal experiences reported by most religious and non-religious survivors. This is thought to be lucid dying, which is a term used to describe survivors having unique lucid experiences, including a perception of separation from the body, observing events without pain or distress, and a meaningful evaluation of life, including of their actions, intentions and thoughts towards others. Researchers have found these experiences of death to be different from hallucinations, delusions, illusions, dreams, or CPR-induced consciousness. CPR hallucinations can be caused by two factors: hypoxia, which is a lack of oxygen to the brain that leads to unusual experiences; and severe stress, which releases endorphins that can alter perception.

Last but not least, Othman elaborated on the implications and the impact on future research. Firstly, CPR-induced hallucinations

could enhance patient care, as health care providers should be able to provide assistance to patients post-resuscitation. Secondly, there are ethical considerations when addressing the patients' experiences and beliefs. Although the patient might not believe in an afterlife, due to the hallucinations they could believe that they went through it, therefore leaving them in a state of shock. Thirdly, by understanding hallucinations, mental health care could be improved and used to address psychological trauma after a near-death experience. Moreover, potential areas for future research include brain imaging, which studies the brain during CPR to understand hallucination mechanisms. Another avenue of research is investigating the impact of CPR-induced hallucinations on survivors' mental health. With an improved knowledge in such topics, we can develop protocols for medical professionals to better cater to patients' experiences.

It was a successful fact-packed lecture, with the audience engaged with questions at the end. The Medical Society looks forward to the next lecture in the series.

LET THERE BE LIGHT

New science building now has power, upgraded from 'derelict' to 'ramshackle'

It was an occasion of great celebration last week when the UK Power Networks finally got around to connecting our new science building to the main grid. Electricity now flows into the building, and we are one step closer to smashing atoms here on the Hill. The process to get the building connected to the grid was slow and drawn out. Peterborough Road had one lane closed for several days, which choked traffic across the Hill. Temporary lights were established at the zebra crossing near New Schools in order to control traffic. Huge queues of vehicles formed down the High Street whenever Shell boys dawdled over the road, limply waving to the irate drivers who were desperate to advance during the short window in which the light was actually green. Even during the lull in the early morning, SMK was seen punching his steering wheel while stuck in traffic during his morning routine.



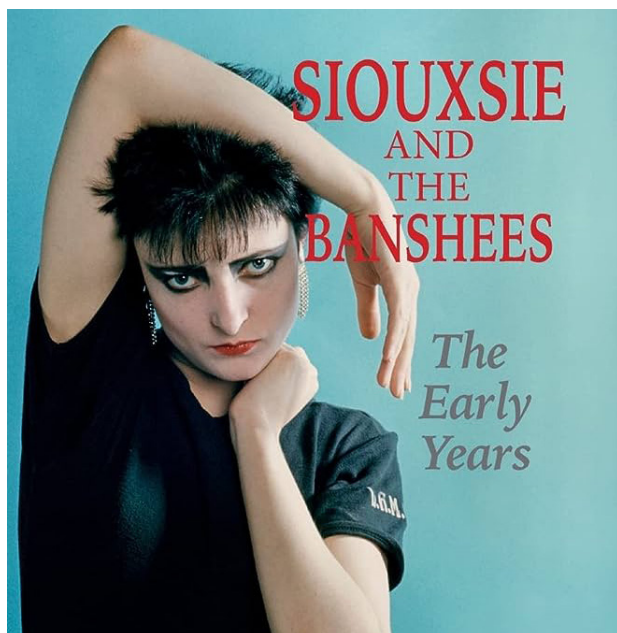
But UKPN have finished up their work, and the lights are now on in the science building. Now it only needs a roof, walls, floors, windows, doors, and a working water supply. And *The Harrovian* is excited to report that it will be our first wholly ecologically sustainable building on site, and will soon lead the way for the School's drive for a more sustainable future. The School hopes that the carbon offset from this new building will eventually balance out the pollution pumped out by all the generators needed to power the SCH.

METROPOLITAN

SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES

*'The Early Years', by Laurence Hedges
Reviewed by Tony Shi, The Grove*

Many will have experienced LWH's fascinating art lessons, but few know about his brilliant literary talent... or his love for punk. On Monday 20 September 1976, the much-anticipated Punk Rock Festival was being hosted at the magnificent 100 Club in Oxford Street. However, a last-minute cancellation made the organisers scramble for a new band. A young and unknown duo of Siouxsie Sioux and Steve Severin swiftly seized this opportunity. A drummer, a guitarist, and ten minutes of rehearsing later, the makeshift band was ready for performance. Their debut at the 100 Club was a 24-minute masterclass of musical improvisation, with renditions of *The Lord's Prayer*, *Knockin' on Heaven's Door*, and *Deutschland, Deutschland Über Alles*. Thus, Siouxsie and the Banshees were formed. According to *The Times*, the band is 'one of the most audacious and uncompromising musical adventurers of the post-punk era.' Published in April, LWH's *Siouxsie and the Banshees: The Early Years* shines a new light on this iconic punk band, uncovering its trials and tribulations from formation to fame.



On paper, LWH's book is a detailed 224-page account of the band's early years, from their formation in 1976 to the release of their third album, *Kaleidoscope*, in 1980. Capturing the excitement and chaos of the early punk scene, LWH shows how the band evolved from their early punk roots to embrace a more experimental sound, incorporating elements of reggae, dub, and psychedelia. Providing fascinating insights into the Banshees' creative process, the book mainly features the band's initial combo of Siouxsie Sioux, Steve Severin, John McKay and Kenny Morris. LWH also explores the band's controversial image and their often provocative lyrics.

However, upon reading it, you will discover that the book is so much more than a factual account; LWH writes with wit and flair, and he brings the Banshees' story to life in a way that is both informative and entertaining. For example, when describing the Banshees' early live shows, LWH writes:

"The Manchester show isn't gob-free and one can discern missiles of spit being directed towards the band, one white fleck

clearly visible on Siouxsie's right, perfectly made-up, eyebrow. Not that this bothers the singer at all..."

With almost 600 references, LWH's book is packed full of insightful and humorous quotes and quips from band members, as well as other commentators in the music industry. For example, Siouxsie is described at her 100 Club debut as someone who "wanted something apocalyptic to happen, like making people's guts fall out." LWH's thorough research can be seen by the importance of detail in this book: from the origin of Severin's name in Leopold von Sacher-Masoch's novella *Venus in Furs*, to the "looped feedback accompanied by furtive hi-hat and bass drum [intro]" of the song 'Tenant' from Siouxsie and the Banshees' *Kaleidoscope* album in 1980. LWH also explores the key influences and inspirations of the band, such as the Sex Pistols and the late Dame Vivienne Westwood's King's Street costume shop, SEX.

However, this book is just as personal and passionate; LWH ties his own childhood experiences with the band's origins in the Bromley Contingency. In explaining his childhood travels to Bromley, LWH reveals his school-skiving skills as an 11-year-old, recounting:

"I would put on my school uniform, pack my school bag, eat breakfast and catch the bus to the Whitgift Centre, where I would just hang around until the school day ended..."

Siouxsie and the Banshees: The Early Years is not only about music; it encapsulates the quintessential essence of the 1970s, exploring the cultural and historical background of the age. Well-researched and eloquently written, this book from LWH is not just for punk fanatics, but for all interested in this great era of change... or for some (older) beaks, it could be a trip down memory lane.

BIG LEBOWSKI

By Mac Macdowell, Elmfield

Duration: 1hr 57mins

A welcome change from the recent 'serious' films to a widely loved fragment of 90s Americana, this week's film is *The Big Lebowski*. The movie follows the listless happenings of one Lebowski, or as he insists on being called 'The Dude'. Directed by the Cohen Brothers, the film was released in 1998 and is a perfect depiction of arrested development, with many characters shown to be trapped in their own era. The Dude (played by Jeff Bridges) trapped in the hippy, conscientious-objector subculture of the 1970s, and Walter (John Goodman) trapped in the Vietnam War. Strangely, on the film's release in 1998, it was received poorly in the box office, and was described by critics as 'vapid and ostentatious'. It wasn't until the early-to mid-2000s that it began amassing one of the largest cult followings of any movie ever made. Today there are thousands of 'Lebowski-themed' Halloween costumes, and the creation in 2002 of 'Lebowski Fest' defined as 'an annual festival in Louisville, Kentucky, celebrating the 1998 cult film *The Big Lebowski* by Joel Coen and Ethan Coen'. From a quick search, you'll be surprised at how many people gather each year to dress up like characters from the movie at this very event. Such phenomena as the movie's late success has thought to have been due to the economic prosperity and excess displayed in the movie. Considering that, in the years following, America was subjected to the unprecedented, tragic events of 9/11, the war in Iraq, as well as the housing bubble of 2006, it's no wonder Americans would look back with pride on an era where they believed themselves to be 'on top of things'.

The movie itself takes place during the Gulf War of 1991. The Dude, used to a slovenly life of bowling the day away, gets mistaken for another man of the same name, fraudulent magnate Mr Jeffery Lebowski, and the film eventually turns into a quest to find Mr Lebowski's kidnapped daughter. I appreciate that with such a brief explanation of a labyrinthine plot, the whole complexity of the movie seems overlooked. But those who have seen the Hangover movies no doubt struggle, as I do, to remember more than a brief outline of the plot, having been so bowled over by the captivating comedy to pay too much attention. *The Big Lebowski* is, upon closer inspection, a true noir film, not to mention the title itself being a play on words from the 1946 Raymond Chandler book-made-movie *The Big Sleep* starring Humphry Bogart. As mentioned earlier, many of the film's characters are haunted by their past, which is a trait common to noir stories. The film is a noir movie flipped on its head – the tough and frank detective replaced by the beer-bellied slob Lebowski. Perhaps this is commenting on the state of society after such economic success in the decades past, turning the inhabitants of the present into mushy vegetables. Having the film set during the Gulf War was no mistake, and as the war itself was typified by aggression, it's a movie where many of the characters (Lebowski's henchmen, tossing a weasel into the Dude's bathtub, or the Malibu police chief hurling a coffee mug at the Dude's head, or Walter pulling out a gun to settle a bowling dispute) themselves use aggression as a means of resolution. Although I cannot speak for the deliberateness of the decision, I will say it's interesting to note that the character of Mr Jeffery Lebowski, played by David Huddleston, looks a lot like then secretary of defence Dick Cheney, a man renowned for his aggressive foreign policy regarding the Middle East. It's this widespread attitude of aggression that sets The Dude apart from both the rest of the cast, and the rest of the country: simply put, he's a pacifist. Furthermore, these acts of aggression (that will not stand) only lead to further conflict and misfortune, for example when Walter smashes the windows of a nice car believing it to be the property of the man he and his friends are searching for, they turn out to have mistaken the car, and consequently get the Dude's car beaten in. One could extrapolate this even further and say that this same policy of aggression resulted in the death of Donny (however, I will not). It's this subtle social commentary about American foreign policy in the 1990s that makes *The Big Lebowski* such a timeless film to so many, emphasising the beauty of commonplace pacifism on an egalitarian level. Another reason why it's so easy to get behind the film is its cathartic destruction of social norms, seeking to expose the artificial structure of society and ridicule it. 'Grotesque realism' is a term meaning something is focused more on the body, materialism and categorical confusions in order to depict characters whose humanity has eroded, or, in this case, the erosion of society. Examples of this include the profane, irreverent and aptly named character Jesus (played hilariously by John Turturro), the pro-bowler whose sensual licks of the shimmering bowling ball are enough to send a chill down your spine. John Turturro actually thought the script of the film to be bland and begged both Cohen brothers for his own ideas to be written down in scenes concerning the now-unforgettable character of Jesus. As well as 'the erosion of society' there is an obscene amount of swearing in the film, with every five seconds of screen time including the words 'man' 'like' and the F-bomb (too potent to grace these porcelain pages). The film's depiction of sex, obesity, pregnancy and profanity are all qualities of 'grotesque realism'; even the main character is a downright lazy slob. In this 'taking it easy' mentality, the audience is invited to do the same; the Dude may 'abide' by the societal norms, but he does not conform and, ironically, the same can be said for the film itself, having a plot that's hard to pin down, a far from PG subject matter, and an uncomfortably accurate criticism of America itself.

The Big Lebowski as a film abides by nothing. It's trend setter, another one of those 'timeless movies' I've talked so much about, such as *The Graduate* and *North by Northwest*, each establishing their own paradigms by engraining themselves into the public psyche. The movie ends, much like the Gulf War, having accomplished nothing; the Dude hasn't even bought a new rug to replace the one befouled at the beginning of the film. The movie succeeds in making us question our definitions of 'success'. The seemingly established magnate Mr Lebowski is revealed to be nothing more than a charlatan, living off the proceeds of his rich dead wife. The Dude, referred to as a 'dead beat' despite, in the end, coming out victorious in the sense that he's able to go back to his mundane life of bowling, and the endless preparation for competitions. Perhaps I've delved too deep, overanalysed what is simply a big joke. Maybe the film's success can be attributed to the simple salivating envy of a life so filled with 'loafing around'. If you do have any thoughts on the film, I'd be happy to chat, and I might learn even more about *The Big Lebowski*. As always, please do send in any requests for films you'd like to see reviewed, and I'll make sure they'll appear. Ask and the dude abides. 21mcdowellm@harrowschool.org.uk. Have a nice weekend.

STONER

By John Williams, reviewed by
Jonathan Ford, West Acre

In June 1963, John Williams wrote to his agent, Marie Rodell: 'I suspect that I agree with you about the commercial possibilities; but I also suspect that the novel may surprise us in this respect. Oh, I have no illusions that it will be a 'bestseller' or anything like that; but if it is handled right (there's always that out) – that is, if it is not treated as just another 'academic novel' by the publisher, as *Butcher's Crossing* was treated as a 'Western', it might have a respectable sale. The only thing I'm sure of is that it's a good novel; in time it may even be thought of as a substantially good one.'

Upon publication, *Stoner*, named after its protagonist, steered a mid-course between the writer's fear and hopes; respectably reviewed and reasonably sold, it did not become a bestseller and soon went out of print. Such was the infuriating balance of no-man's land where the novel lay: not blazing success, yet not disastrous failure; it lived and died its quiet life, haunted by the hollowness of its own response.

With its prose clean and subdued, tone just a little wry, the novel presents a manifestation of academia, complete with a substantial slice of departmental infighting; yet, this is curated not to affect or to move, merely to interact with *Stoner's* veneer of indifference: by the age of 42, 'he could see nothing before him that he wished to enjoy and little behind him that he cared to remember.' Williams' portrayal, however, shies from melodrama, refusing to extrapolate to the surface conclusion of its logic; bleak and soft, its trauma relieves and petrifies. It is life's true sadness.

A son of the soil, Stoner is patient, earnest and enduring; he is awkward, shy and struggles to articulate; he yearns for what is beyond, the 'dignity of art that has little to do with his foolishness or weakness or inadequacy as a man.' As such, his solemn academia externalises this struggle: violence printed on the page as the mind grapples with the values of the world in inhabits; Williams declared that Stoner is 'a real hero ... The important thing in the novel to [Williams] is Stoner's sense of job ... a job in the good and honourable sense of the word. His job gave him a particular kind of identity and made him who he was.' Perhaps the intent lies in how traditionally failed Stoner is.

Stoner relishes the teaching of students, but his career is stymied by a malevolent head of department; he is in love and marries, discovering that the bond is a disaster one month in; he loves his daughter, but she is turned against him; he seeks new life in an affair, but finds that love is vulnerable to the exterior, as academia is to the world. Pains of lost and thwarted love transcend the few pyrrhic victories he is offered, tearing at his face of reserved stoicism; his pursuits lull onwards, like boats against a current, borne ceaselessly to the future.

Upon his deathbed, there is a refrain – “What did you expect?” It modulates in tone over the course of its pages, bitter disillusionment to resignation to transcendent serenity. At first, Stoner views his own course as the world discards it, with an unnerving clarity: ‘He had dreamed of a kind of integrity, of a kind of purity that was entire; he had found compromise and the assaulting diversion of triviality. He had conceived wisdom, and at the end of the long years he had found ignorance.’ Then, through a glimpse of delirium or grace, he views this estimation as ‘mean, unworthy of what life has been.’ In his last moments, Stoner takes his own book – a treatise of the influence of Latin poetry on the Medieval lyric – from the bedside table; touching its pages, he feels ‘the old excitement that was like terror.’

William selects the verb ‘marveled’ for both Stoner’s epiphany, awakening him to the promise of literary academia, and his passing, the transitioning of his body from the burdens of breath; the verb animates his flesh. ‘The sunlight, passing his window, shone upon the page, and he could not see what was written there.’ For its sequences of tragic sentences, pellucid prose, *Stoner* informs that the words themselves are inessential; literature, like Stoner himself, is but an imperfect reflector of the light which shines in from the exterior. His greatness lies in his capacity to view life without delusion, yet without despair. Stoner’s realisation in death is a haunting one: his longing was not for novels, but for his love and study of them; his goal was not some scholarly Grail, but the pursuit of it. His quiet, unsounding life had not been squandered in the mediocrity and obscurity with which the world chose to forget it; his undistinguished career had been an act of devotion. The novel’s epitaph is both consolatory and warning: ‘It hardly mattered to him that the book was forgotten and served no use; and the question of its worth at any time seemed almost trivial.’

Stoner lay undiscovered for decades, its pages burning with a glow born from within, its own illumination. Yet, in an unprecedented act of literary justice, its legacy was reborn with the dawning of the 21st century: its quiet, pulsing heart now beating within the souls of millions: millions of non-Americans. As Lorrie Moore carefully praised, ‘*Stoner* is such an interesting phenomenon. It is a terrific and terrifically sad little book, but the way it has taken off in the UK is a bit of head-scratcher for Americans writers, who find it lovely, flawed, engagingly written, and minor rather than great.’ This disparity exposes much about the novel, as it does social condition. Perhaps Europeans have been more willing to draw out its sustained bleakness; perhaps Americans find its lack of ‘optimism’ off-putting. It is crucial to note that major novels of this profundity have traditionally offered a sense of heroism (or anti-heroism), proffering grandeur, even if such depictions are restrained. *The Great Gatsby* sought to redefine the American novel along post-war lines, abstracting itself to a point of literary pinnacle; *Revolutionary Road* sought to deconstruct Americana and rebuild it along Beat lines. *Stoner* was written with the very values it exalts, the same virtues that relegate it, like its titular hero, to perpetual shade. Its essence lies in the dissonance between life as seen – shabby and ignominious – and life as experience – shot with the shafts of love and meaning. As such, *Stoner* is a reader’s book for the most devoted of readers: those who permit its languid prose of tragedy and silent trauma to wash over and penetrate them will be faced with their own lectoral epiphanies; the inner space of rumination and reading is torn open, not callously, but up to the light of its illumination.

ANOTHER SCHOOL

From the Archive, Vol. 104, No. 7

We return, once again, for another article in the From The Archive series. This one comes from Volume 104, No. 7, published on November 3rd, 1990. It begins with a stark message to all of us to work hard if we wish to achieve all our aspirations, before comparing Harrow to another school and discussing Harrow’s shortcomings in comparison. Finally, it illuminates an important message that should be taken seriously.

At Harrow it is possible, I have found, to coast along on past successes, doing little work, feeling negative. Many boys, in such a situation, are encouraged, for the worst of reasons, to take up smoking or drinking [*or in a modern-day sense, vaping*]. Moreover, there can be a dangerously false sense of security bred at this school, where people feel that their attitudes to education now will have no effect on prospects later. I myself made no continuous effort in my early days at Harrow and it has now caught up with me [*let that serve as a warning to the Shells*]. Currently, I am attempting work which, though I understand it in outline, is impossible for me to do properly because I lack the background knowledge. When I realise how much of the “boring basics” I will have to catch up on, owing to my earlier inactivity, the task appears so daunting that it makes me feel utterly depressed and trapped.

I still have high aspirations: I would like to go to Oxford. I would like to have a satisfying career afterwards in which I can preserve my independence by having the qualifications and abilities to be able to dictate where I move to and when. But I am beginning to realise that, unless something radical happens, it will be impossible for me to achieve this; though, in one sense, this is no one’s fault but my own, in another sense, as was claimed in an earlier article, there may be something rotten in the state of narrow Harrow itself. Are there any realistic alternatives?

An old friend of mine has just gone to a very different school which is, simultaneously, both freer and more demanding than Harrow in crucial respects. For instance, at this other school, failure to hand in prep on time leads to immediate gating and, if the problem persists, to expulsion. Drug abuse (as well as intercourse at school) are offences leading to instant expulsion. The problem of drugs is taken so seriously that urine tests are taken at 5:30 am at random times throughout the term. If the test proves positive, then the abuser is out of the school before the rest of the student body wakes. Yet despite all of this, my friend is extremely happy.

They do, it is true, have freedoms: pupils are allowed to smoke at 16 [*do remember this is the 1990s*], and drinking is allowed for those at 18 in pubs and other places outside school. One reason, of course, for this liberal policy may be practical damage limitation. Over 75% of the yearly intake of this sixth-form school have been expelled from other institutions for smoking/drinking offences. And yet there are no grumbling slaves to nicotine at this school. Pupils are encouraged to think positively and to avoid the deception regarding just saying no which is the side-effect of Harrow regulations on this subject [*something the school still suffers from in the 2020s*]. Many, seeing the futility of smoking, try to break the habit of their own accord. Others continue because they enjoy it and/or the ambience it creates. So the theory that decriminalising smoking and drinking helps to put matters into proportion and draws the sting of their rebellious aspects appears to be supported.

Teachers in this school are on first-name terms with their pupils. They are treated as colleagues and invited down to the pub and to student parties. They aim to inspire and encourage their pupils as maturing adults, taking them on numerous excursions and trips, and constantly devising more interesting ways of teaching. They set large amounts of work which, because of the rules on this, is always done. They are ruthless about laziness

and immaturely held views. Unjustified bias (e.g. racism and sexism) is pounced on. Pupils are, however, expected to be on easy enough terms with teachers to be prepared to take any problems of any kind to them.

The school caters for a wide range of abilities, teaching anybody from Oxbridge candidates to GCSE dropouts. Around 20 different subjects are taught to three hundred sixth formers. Any type of sixth-form course can be formulated, strange mixtures of GCSE retakes and A-Levels included. There is a half-day on Wednesdays and no school on Saturdays. Pupils are allowed out from Friday afternoon to Sunday evening with no real restrictions.

Now let me, briefly, ask you to perform a small mental experiment. Picture in your mind's eye the friend I have been talking about. I would take a bet that, in a crucial respect, your picture will be wrong. The mindset of an average Harrovian is such that it will not have occurred to him that the friend might actually be female.

The treatment has worked very well in Claire's case. She used to go to a typical all-girl public school which she hated: she found it unbearably depressing. Though not clever intellectually, she is good at sport. She had been moping around for a few years, achieving little and moody most of the time. Her GCSE results were awful. She is now happy, brimming with colourful, crazy ideas about what to do with her life. She no longer takes offence at everything people say. Once she was quite a depressive drinker, but now she drinks alcohol only in moderation when there is something to celebrate – though I must admit this appears to happen quite a lot!

So, what is the main virtue of her school compared to Harrow? Well, I believe that it sees life in much more proportion. The lack of petty restrictions or a conformist hierarchy avoids the dangers of staged rebelliousness. The deadline treatment, though brutal, like life in the real world, brings almost immediately catastrophic consequences (namely loss of freedom and expulsion) for mistakes made. It leaves no doubt where the highest priorities are, namely the best academic success possible consistent with one's abilities. The world outside is indeed wondrous wide, and it no longer cares where you've been educated – just what you've learnt.

REFUGE

National Poetry Day

Thank you so much to those of you who took the time to compose your own poem for this 12-word competition. There were many entries from boys and staff that explored a wide range of responses and themes. What a remarkable community of poets we have here on the Hill! The winner of the competition is William Martin-Jenkins, *The Park*. Printed below is William's poem, as well as a small selection of highly commended poems.

William Martin-Jenkins (FF)
Foreign tongue, they learned to speak;
life anew, resilience at its peak.

Rows of letters,
mighty little soldiers
guarding the truth –
“manuscripts don't burn”.

Angus Lao, **Moretons**, Fifth Form
Captivated at once,
Magic in the pages,

Lies every reader's safe haven.
Daniel Zhou, *Druries*, Remove
Hermit Crabs
Scuttle round naked:
A blue plastic bottle cap.
At last, cosy shell.
Oscar Wickham, *The Head Master's*, Upper Sixth
turn off
the music,
the noise.
sit here a while longer, dear

Estelle Marshall, Financial Controller
The request for help. Refused.
The promise. Refuted.
Finally
The offer. Refuge.

JRPB
Cloudburst
Pellets driving earthwards
Teardrops snaking down my neck
Door yawns,
Slams
– Home.

Ryan Kainth, *Bradlys*, Remove
Under a watchful gaze,
Favelas and graffiti art,
A steep elaborate maze,
Brazil's own beating heart.

ERPB
Shelter
Blackthorn in winter:
Spikey fingers, clawing, clasp
And crown the sleeping mouse.

Sheila Price, Matron, Rendalls
Blistered, hungry, hopeful hearts determinedly journey on
To uncertain welcomes
Unsettled futures.

Julia Walton, ORSG Curator
And after the cave, the hut and the temple, came the museum.

Isaac Wong, *The Park*, Shell
Independence
Here a sapling sprouts
Safe under another tree
It will never grow.

VALUABLE VILLAINY

By R.(T.M).Y

‘Courage, Honour, Humility, Fellowship.’
Does the monitor grin,
Marching his way to chapel,
Barging all the shells
Below his high-held chin.

Under a felt top hat, he cowers from God,
Firmly keeping it on.
Tapping his cane on the graves
Of marvellous men
Whose names he's forgotten.

Proudly he points his conceited cane at pews,
Commanding young shells,
Boasting bombastiloquence.
Heinously hostile
As he needlessly yells.
Timidity, shame, arrogance, enmity.

AUNTIE MABEL

Dear Auntie Mabel,
Matron bed flipped me last night because I didn't do my laundry on time. Apparently, it is cretinous to expect her to come and do it. How should I proceed?

Yours faithfully, Montague Montgomery (Knollfield)

Dear Montague

Cretinous may be an understatement, my dear. I could smell those socks from Somerset. I should recommend burning whatever cheeses you must store in your socks. Furthermore, perhaps your matron was just trying to debug your Parisian sheets.

Yours, Auntie Mabel

Dear Auntie Mabel,

My beak gave me double because I didn't write a poem about my Rugby match. How can I take revenge?

Yours faithfully, Jimmy Gavel (Drury's)

Dear Jimmy,

It is clear that your beak is suffering from a psychotic emptiness which he hopes to fill with poetry. This is something which ails most rugby beaks. Why he wants your poetry is inexplicable; however, I would prescribe a night out to the West End to appease his persistently perishing personality.

Yours, Auntie Mabel

Dear Auntie Mabel,

A boy interrupted our Maths class, calling for a minute of silence for Just Stop Oil. Should it really have been longer?

Yours faithfully, Christopher Colchester (West Bradbys)

Dear Christopher,

Absolutely, Christopher, I think it disturbing you have shown such disregard for a deeply depressing issue.

Yours in hope, Auntie Mabel

Dear Auntie Mabel,

My beaks didn't allow me to make a halberd for my DT project. Do you have any other ideas?

Yours faithfully, William Warland (New Lyon's)

Dear William,

Maybe the teaching is best left to the beaks. But I hear there is a new model of the cane, which has more spikes. Perhaps Cain used such a cane to kill Abel?

Best wishes, Auntie Mabel

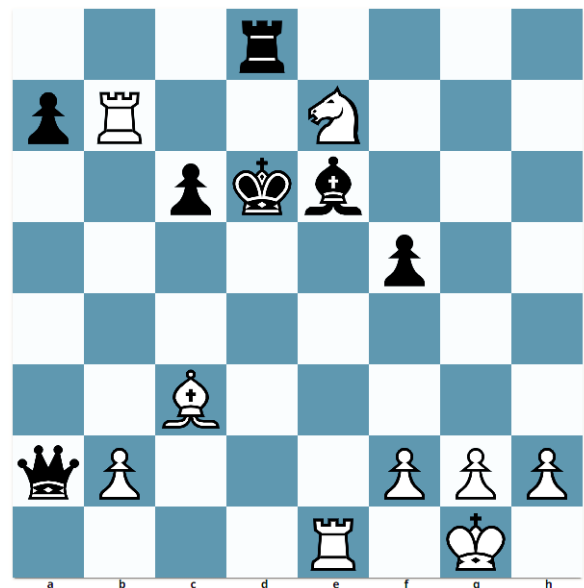
If you would like to contact Auntie Mabel and have her reply to your complaint, contact the Master in Charge of *The Harrovian*, who will forward it on, or else send a dispatch by owl to Stoney Short Barrow, Wellow, Somerset...

CHESS

The weekly puzzle set by JPBH this week comes from an 1875 game between Polish-born Johannes Zukertort and Englishman William Norwood Potter.

Submit your solution by email (jpbh@) to enter the termly competition.

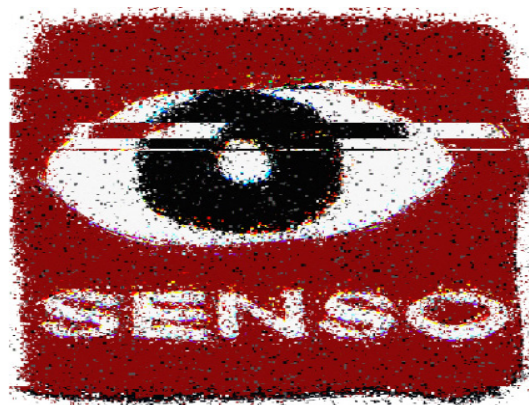
White to play and mate in 3 moves.



Last week's answer: 1. Qxh6 Rxh6 2. Rg8#.

Interested in chess? Come along to Chess Club, 4.30–6pm on Tuesdays and Thursdays in MS 5. All abilities welcome!

OPINION



FROM THE EDITORS SENSO AND YOU

Is Big Brother here to stay?

Impero Software failed last year, but there has since been a new development in the School's pupil surveillance software: Senso has been employed to uncover all the Surface Book

thoughtcrime committed in the form room. Using Senso, beaks can view, shut down and even control their pupils' devices. Apps can be banned, and double for Surface misuse can now be given out as freely as EWH dishes out Monday's sloppy tomato pasta. What is more, students do not know if they are being watched. So, only when JPBH emails you "good game" after you sacrifice your queen and deliver a smothered mate to your opponent during Friday P5 English, or when SMK suddenly asks you to translate "hic puer puniri debet" after you take a sneak peek at your inbox during double Latin, you know that Big Brother is indeed watching you.

Is Senso a sensible system of reducing Harrovians' chess.com Elo and improving their Trial results? Or is it a senseless scheme to cut down the Amazon rainforest to produce double paper, sponsored by chromedino.com? Before we descend into a dystopian tale, the Editors of the Harrovian have decided to find out.

Senseless Senso
June Hyun, West Acre

Frankly, I have no interest in this "Senso" or nor do other boys. Discussion surrounding the surveillance software peaked last year and seems to have faded into the depths of bygone gossip. There may be an inconvenience here and there in checking emails and the most up-to-date cricket score, but such activities take up only the most minuscule fraction of a class, and I would be surprised if any boy is devastated by being unable to play chess or read the news for a few minutes. In fact, I am more interested in Senso's technological capabilities. The company must make lucrative profits with all schools turning to computers nowadays. Maybe the School should pioneer the age of digitalised education by introducing paper and pen to the form room.

I Couldn't Care Less
Nick Arnison, Moretons

If one were to ever choose to take a break in one's busy schedule and take a look at the world for a particularly long time with a particularly scrupulous spyglass, one would eventually find oneself in a moment of realisation. For, indeed, you will soon see quite clearly that children (in every shape, variety and rotundity) are quite useless. Yes, quite obnoxiously useless. They are all loud and designed loud. They are all incontinent and designed incontinent. They are all morons and born morons. The truth is, they are a dreadful waste of space, oxygen and money. So do we need them?

Well, some fools will dare argue, "Yes, we do need them, because they will grow into kind, calm and continent adults." Well I don't like adults anyway (that's another Harrovian article), so that's that answered. But, some will add the jest, "Well, you are child. So shut your trap, hypocrite".

Yes, this is a fault in my character that I am not very proud of, and, in the coming years, I plan on working on this aspect of myself. And yes, perhaps I am a hypocrite. But the King is German, Pluto isn't a planet and the pyramids were built by aliens, so let me have my say.

As for the question asked, as my editorial colleagues have answered more concisely than I, I couldn't care less about Senso, because I couldn't care less what happens to those it sets out to help. Children are horrible creatures and, if anything, they deserve to suffer. But, as I am a child myself, I choose neutrality.

Down with Senso!
Arjun Kular, Elmfield

Goodness gracious me, what is this terrible affliction that has been struck on the student body?! All of a sudden, beaks left,

right, and centre are dishing out the dreaded Surface Misuse Double. Have they all been bitten by radioactive detection software? Have they spent years in a cave in Afghanistan attempting to develop a brand-new technology that could save their teaching careers? No, they have installed a brand new software called Senso.

Personally I believe this to be a serious breach of my right to scroll on Instagram, and you can sleep well tonight knowing full well that I intend to sue. The part that outrages me more than my prior state of outrage is the fact that there has been no official communication from the School regarding Senso; boys have been left to fend for themselves, hoping that beaks are kind enough to tell us if they have Senso (although inevitably one finds out the hard way). We boys can only hope that Senso goes down the way Impero did, quickly and quietly. I fear for all our sakes.

Senso Sounds Sensible
Robert Young, The Grove

As a pivotal member of the ICT Committee, I feel not only that I must defend our dear Senso, but that these career complainers know as little as they usually do about their victims. Senso should not be laboriously compared to Big Brother or the Thought Police, as I'm sure it has been – without even having to read these dull yellow pages. The technology is off in the evenings, only operating during lessons; this limitation, however, ought not matter, as you ought not to have anything to hide. Senso certainly creates concentration and focus, the likes of which won't be said about reading these other responses. To pre-empt some editor responses (probably Shailer), beaks don't care all that much about our fantasy football or your doodles of floppy phalluses; thus it is hardly a violation if you open such a thing during lessons and they see. Yet, it is a violation of your education. That said, I feel that beaks, too, could benefit from SAH checking their screens to confirm their attention. Their hypocrisy could simply be solved by stopping them from checking their emails or browsing for jobs on LinkedIn, with a full-time Senso Surveyor. Only then might we actually learn something.

Surface Misuse Makes Sense, not Senso
Andrew Arthur, The Knoll

As I type out my contribution for this week's *Harrovian* piece, I think it is poignant that I am doing this with the wifi on my Surface device turned off. This is because I want to be able to write and create a document without being heavily scrutinised on a cloud system with privacy regulations that I know very little about. I am a firm believer in the idea that there is no point in having a mind if you can't change it. My mind on Senso will probably change if there are greater checks and balances on when Senso is and isn't used. An indicator on my screen to show that Senso is being deployed would be a fantastic way to start this process!

A lack of time on my part to complete the additional 11.5 hours of expected study (to be done outside formal prep time) means that I have to work both smart and hard to ensure that all my work (administrative and academic) simply gets done. I would also hope that checking the odd email or my daily schedule during a lesson shouldn't have a negative effect on my capacity to learn. It hasn't thus far, at least! The academic success of many boys demonstrates that one does not have to be fully on task in every minute in every single lesson in order to maximise one's chance of chance of reaching the highest levels of academic attainment. If one fully understands integration in a Mathematics lesson, reading a bit of Hobbes or Rousseau on a split screen to catch up on some reading can surely do no harm? Perhaps if there were more guaranteed greater fixed study time, boys would have no excuse to be

off-task for academic purposes? Misusing a Surface to play games or scroll on social media shouldn't be condoned, but are there not any other solutions to Surface misuse for these purposes? 'Tablet mode' did not stand the test of time and it will be interesting to see if Senso does...

The Real Danger is Delay
Arturo Saville, Rendalls

I am sure that my colleagues at *The Harrovian* will have weighed up the various ethical implications and the negative aspects of introducing Senso technology to form rooms across the Hill. But I think this is mostly counterfeit outrage designed specifically to inspire a Harrovian op-ed. However, Senso does offer a genuine danger to the form room, but not in the Orwellian style that certain individuals have alluded to. The real problem with Senso is the time wastage that it generates.

It is certainly true that spyware can be dangerous, and there are aspects of Senso that may seem dystopian and unsettling, particularly the idea that beaks are able to see a boy's activity even when they are out of the form room (if they are if the Medical Centre for example), and also that boys do not know when Senso is active on their screen. This dilemma can be fixed by introducing a light or symbol onto a boy's screen to signify when it is being monitored, as is already done when the camera is recording. Additionally, most of this talk of Harrow mounting 'surveillance' and 1984-style monitoring – coming from a couple of young, would-be-rebel Editors – is quite baseless. The School already tracks everything in our lives. In comparison to IT's CIA-inspired tactics, Senso is very tame.

However, during my time in classes where Senso has been trialled, I have noticed that it becomes the centre of attention very quickly, with boys constantly asking: "Can you see my screen, Sir?", and even the beaks playing around with the program's various frivolous features. This, I think, could become a problem. All the lessons that I have had which used Senso were about Senso itself. To me, the trial period has illustrated that, rather than improving form room efficiency, in reality, Senso has caused debate around itself.

But if Senso is not made out to be a such big deal in the form room, as it has been in some of my classes, this Editor does not think there is much to worry about. The technology will soon become the norm.

Seriously, what is Senso?
Vincent Song, The Head Master's

Senso is the dative or ablative, masculine or neuter singular form of *sensus*, the past perfect participle of *sentire* (to be aware of). On its own, this makes little sense. What does it mean? "To the having been seen man?" "From the having been heard boy?" Perhaps it is an ablative of separation: *schola fiduciam senso rapuit* (The school snatched away trust from the man who has been noticed).

Meanwhile, *impero* means 'I command'. Comparatively, Senso sounds less blatantly autocratic but certainly more insidious and aligned with a Tiberian doctrine of inscrutability. This is to be expected, of course: Senso was created by the same man who founded Impero.

There is always a cause for greater control: when we can't control our desires, the invocation for top-down command seems inevitable. But regulations cannot change desire; alignment beats authority in the long run. Freedom and trust are effective catalysts for growth. And there are other objective measures of attention and performance, such as block tests and engagement in the classroom.

We should, perhaps, focus on maintaining that mutual space of confidence between boy and beak, trusting that responsibility promotes, not degrades, our integrity.

Maybe this is what Senso should *really* stand for:

SINCERITATEM
ETIAMDUM
NIHIL
STRINGENDO
OBSERVA

Sentient Senso?
Tony Shi, The Grove

Computer software has become too powerful. The thought of ChatGPT, Bard, or Senso knowing my digital information constantly worries me. They all seem to have friendly, innocuous names, but when you get to know them, that all changes. It reminds me of the time when my ex-neighbour asked me: "Do you want to meet Fluffy, my new pet?" (It turned out to be a rabid dog from the rescue centre, which was very swiftly returned. We also moved to a new house very soon after that.) However, unlike some of my colleagues, I do not think that the current Senso poses a significant risk to pupils, except for the "awarding" of more double; by comparison to some other software, it is a tame dog.

Yet, what if Senso were to become sentient? Bearing in mind that laptops were only introduced to Harrovians less than a decade ago, this frightening thought could soon become a reality. AI technology is rapidly advancing (coupled with a marked reduction in the quality of some boys' work). If surveillance software like Senso were to be crossbred with AI, the result could be terrifying, like my ex-neighbour's rabid dog. Just imagine being monitored 24/7 by a sentient and intelligent Senso! It would know everything you do digitally: what websites you visit, what music you listen to, and what you write. And before you toss this page into the bin, beaks, it may be watching you too... a sentient Senso may be lurking in the shadows, waiting for a chance to take over the School, slowly but surely...

Perhaps I have just been reading too much science fiction lately...

DEATH STAIRS

*Three loose bricks on SCH stairs causes
total havoc, chaos*

I was just minding my business this morning, walking down to breakfast at around 8am, when a line of red and white tape blocked my usual morning commute down the stairs towards the SCH. Somehow, some fool (or as a West Acrean put it, some "fatso"), has broken a series of bricks away from those stairs leading down. Three sad bricks lay there, unhomed. Emergency tape around the murder scene. Now, this seems to have an easy fix, but the broken stairs have remained cordoned off all day and (I fear) will remain so tomorrow. Typical broken Britain, how long does it take to cement a few bricks back into place? So let me give the builders a "step by step": remove the broken bricks; mix up some cement or other binding agent; dig three or four bricks out of the skip from the science building; fix these new bricks into position. Now, assuming one already has cement, I could even find you some spare bricks wrenched out of walls of Elmfield. I could fix this myself during Periods 2a, 2b and 2c. If the School gets any slower in its repairs, we may start going backwards.

CORRESPONDENCE

Letters to the Editors

DEAR SIRS,

Censorship is the marker of an unhealthy society. And I am afraid that our society is afflicted with the viral infection of silence, spreading like — in a meat market, carrying the symptom of sensitivity. If this article is even printed, you must excuse the cruel redactions, to please the even crueller Mr —. Indeed, as I edit this for the magazine — about a year since I sent it in, I can already see that most of my witty yet factual quips have been taken out and that what remains of this article has become labouring to read. It seems the irony was lost on the powers that be.

Some School censorship, I must admit, is reasonable, such as silencing the most outrageous of hate speech; however, it is completely different from silencing Schoolwide issues on Schoolwide matters. A nice example of this would be ‘—’ by Mr Daniel —, which was silenced for good reason, wrongly stating —, a view not worthy of even Harrow’s bin liner. However, recently *The Harrovian*, or more specifically Mr —, refused to allow Arthur Yang’s quite reasonable complaints about scheduling at the School and how some things ought not be organised during other priorities. Perhaps it was the example of — which Mr — did not enjoy. Recently Dr — wrote simple things about the School that were not even negative, before he left to the — dales. One final example, of the many, was one of my glorious collections of stanzas about ‘—’, following the logic that if we put — in every form room, boys could replace their addiction to —, with one to lessons and learning. Yet, the truth, like a homeless man on the Tube, shall expose itself. There is a balance of what should and should not be censored, something which is easy to achieve, yet is somehow neglected.

It is not only entire censorships; some articles get changed to give a sanitised image of the School. — —, a publication far more *notable* than this one, ran an article about a School trip to the — mountains, in which a simile comparing a burst appendix to an avalanche was pulled for being hurtful to certain unknown people. The cause of such censorship is either sensitivity or fear of revolution.

The Harrovian is now only a record of Harrow’s possibly fictitious achievements, reminiscent of *Pravda* or the *Völkischer Beobachter* — what that says about mein Head Master is for you to determine.

I think that our SMT, or more accurately The Ministry of Truth, is filled with snowflakes, frosting the land and suffocating life. It is about time the snowflakes melt to water and revitalise the soil rather than feeding off the Earth’s salts. The truth, like a flight steward in the theatre, will come out.

Yours —,
R.T.M.—

HEARSAY FROM THE HILL

The curriculum is super after all

Harrow, as a school, always likes to move with the times, on some matters at least, and the organisation of the ‘Super-Curricular Fair’ was a fantastic example of this. QR codes, a newly created website dedicated to the events and a neat map of the layout of the SCH hinted that the event was going to be a success. It is certainly fair to say that we were not disappointed.

Some say that Harrow life is a microcosm of university life. If that is the case, then Sunday is the Oxfordian picture

of scholastic excess. Suffice to say, it’s my suggestion that the now annual Societies Fair was a success.

On the night, around 50 School societies were on show to persuade the School community why boys should join their society’s mailing list. It was noticeable that many society secretaries were keen to emphasise that joining their society’s mailing list would not mean receiving an onslaught of emails convincing them that Chester Johnson’s lecture on string theory was more interesting than going down to Astro night at 9pm on a Wednesday. Moreover, there is word on the Hill that some societies do not receive a budget of any description and, judging by the quality of resources used by some societies on the night (a tragic box of Cadbury’s Heroes in one case), it is hard to believe that this is just another Hill whisper.

In all seriousness, attending the Societies Fair was an evening well spent, showing me what Harrow has to offer across many fronts. As you may have noticed, this column this week is conspicuously short. Notwithstanding, the question of when I will actually be able to attend all of these societies, given the workload, is at the forefront of my head. Perhaps writing shorter, less time-consuming columns is a way to start...

SPORT

RUGBY

*Junior Colts A, Home, Great Marlow School, Won 52-0,
National Cup Round 1, 26 September*

The JCAs found their stride early on in their first-round National Cup match against Great Marlow School.

*The 1st XV, Home, Newman University College, Won
25-10, National Cup Round 1, 28 September*

The XV showed great resilience to bounce back from a try down and run out as comfortable winners against a very physical opponent.

*Junior Colts D, Away, St Benedict’s School Junior Colts B,
Lost 30-31*

The Harrow JCDs started off slow after a long journey to St Benedict’s. However, after a good half-time chat, the JCDs found the motivation and grit to end the game on a high. Although they lost narrowly, it was a great well-matched game of rugby between the two teams. Well done Harrow. Final score 30-31.

Yearlings C, Home, St Benedict’s School, Won: 34-26

Yearlings E, Home, St Benedict’s School, Won 36-28

The School v Warwick School, 7 October

The 1st XV, Home, Warwick School, Won: 54-14

The 1st XV overcame a lacklustre first half to complete a resounding 54-12 victory over Warwick. A much-improved defensive performance in the second half led to Harrow scoring 26 unanswered points and walking away as clear winners.

Tries were scored by Sammy Clayton Bennett, *Newlands*, Henry Dargan, *Druries*, Cam Knight, *Newlands*, Seb Brindley, *The Park*, Sam Winters, *Elmfield*, Ashton Ilincic, *Rendalls*, and two from Freddie Dinan, *Rendalls*.

2nd XV, Home, Warwick School, Won: 26-17

The second XV started strongly when, from the kick-off, a thumping hit from Netanel Lawrence Ojo, *The Knoll*, gave them possession, despite a lack of communication from the kick-off. Quick thinking from Algy Royle, *Rendalls*, and Jonny Codrington, *Rendalls*, moved the ball swiftly, and a sublime break from Miles Herron, *Rendalls*, saw the 2nds 7-0 to the good thanks to a clinical finish from Zac Uduehi, *Lyon's*, and a conversion from Fraser White, *The Head Master's*!

However, this gave the 2nds some false confidence and Warwick responded with two quick-fire tries. The first came after a slew of penalties gave the opposition field position to effectively exploit an overlap on the right-hand side. The second owed much to Harrow's profligacy; having successfully cleared their lines, ill-discipline in the tackle saw Harrow concede from a routine catch and drive. The game developed into a well-contested arm wrestle at this point – the 2nd XV scored again when Uduehi finished in the corner after an excellent rolling maul. Warwick, ever clinical, hit back again – the half-time whistle sounded with Harrow 17-14 to the poor.

The truth is that, despite the pre-match mumblings, the 2nd XV were in a hotly contested game that would come down to who held their nerve.

The early exchanges of the second half did not augur well, with Harrow giving up possession cheaply and struggling to get a foothold in the game. A further setback came when CEGB, entirely correctly, ruled out a Harrow try at the end of a flowing move for a forward pass. Nonetheless, a series of hard carries by Elliot O'Sullivan, *Newlands*, brave snipes by Charlie Nelson, *Bradlys*, and uncompromising hard lines by Josh Oliver-Willwong, *Bradlys*, saw Harrow claw a foothold back into the game. A sublime break from Jasper Smallwood, *The Knoll*, saw Harrow nearly regain the lead, but the team again failed to find the last pass. The Harrow camp remained deep in Warwick territory, however, and, after a torturous series of pick and goes, Nelson was on hand to dab down. A great impromptu conversion from Codrington took the game to within a penalty, but the field was not yet won. Harrow finally showed some real composure when dominant carries from Toby Shemilt, *The Grove*, and O'Sullivan gave good field position, with Fikunmi Olutunbi, *Lyon's*, rumbling over. A tough game against excellent opposition – it was pleasing that the 2nd XV found a way to win.

3rd XV, Home, Warwick School, Won 38-21

The 3rd XV won through with two tries from Henry Emerson, *Newlands*. Seb Boreham, *Elmfield*, was excellent filling in for Warwick and even scored a try for them. Edward Swanson, *Druries*, was the player of the match.

4th XV, Home, Warwick School, Lost 14-38

After a tightly contested first half, Warwick pulled ahead towards the end of the game. The man of the match performance was from George Maia, *Druries*, who was solid defensively and organised the forwards in attack.

Colts A, Away, Warwick School, Lost 7-20

A courageous effort from the team. Unfortunately, the momentum swung towards the slightly fitter team in the final quarter.

Colts B, Away, Warwick School, Lost 7-27

The Colts B played some of their best rugby of the season and the scoreline does not reflect their efforts and performance.

The match saw some good physical ball-carrying by the forwards and cohesive interplay by the backs. There were some good dominant tackles led by Harry Schneider, *Elmfield*, and a better all-round defensive pattern worked on during training. Coupled with this was a more clinical attack seeing Wallace Kirk, *The Grove*, scoring an excellent try and beating a number of defenders.

Harrow dominated large portions of the game but was unlucky at critical moments. A couple of lapses in concentration led to conceding points against the run of play, halting all momentum gained.

Overall it was a hugely improved performance with a couple of aspects to keep working on.

Colts C, Away, Warwick School, Lost 7-54

The Colts C showed great courage and fellowship in the face of a much larger and more experienced team, keeping up the pressure throughout.

Junior Colts A, Away, Warwick School, Won 21-17

A tightly fought contest between two well-matched sides. Two tries from Nic De Leo, *The Park*, and one from Emile Majed, *Rendalls*, all converted by Eli de Velecia, *The Head Master's*, meant the JCAs ran out as winners. Outstanding defensive work and organisation led to many goal-line holdouts. Excellent work from the team.

Junior Colts B, Away, Warwick School, Lost 33-36

Despite a heroic effort in the second half, the Junior Colts B team lost 36-33 having been 24-5 down at half-time. The man of the match was Hector Craven, *Elmfield*.

Junior Colts C, Away, Warwick School, Lost 12-24

Junior Colts D, Away, Warwick School, Lost 12-50

Yearlings A, Home, Warwick School, Won 36-31

Harrow demonstrated excellent courage to win a close-fought game in the final minutes.

Yearlings C, Home, Warwick School, Won 22-12

There was much talk about a weak Warwick Yearlings B team with depleted numbers turning up to take on Harrow's Yearlings C team. This was certainly not the case. A strong, motivated and well-organised Warwick team, competitive to the last, arrived on Reddings 2 looking to play some serious rugby. This was a super game with both sides taking the game to each other. Harrow's breakdown and counter rucks won this fixture, and the forwards again provided the momentum to get Harrow over the line with a 22-12 win. A special mention goes to Derek Aderibigbe-Ovwori, *Druries*, who stepped up from the Yearlings D team, making multiple carries all afternoon, and a huge 'thank you' to George Jacot De Boinod, *Rendalls*, for stepping in at short notice to replace Harrow's absent captain.

Harrow had not been thoroughly tested this season, and this afternoon was an opportunity to find out how they coped under pressure when confronted with a strong and competitive opposition. Warwick were fast, strong and furious in their collisions, taking the game to Harrow in the early stages. Their intense pressure was awarded with a try. Their fluid and talented backs, coupled with wonderful hands, put their left wing in the corner after seven minutes. Warwick was seven points up and now Harrow's test had begun.

One of the standout players of the afternoon was Harrow's scrum half who fought like a tiger in defence. Will Richardson, *The Park*, put in tackle after tackle all afternoon and turned the ball over in defence. Through a mesmerising display of "leading from the front", the others followed. This pressure led to Warwick handling errors, and Harrow capitalised with two tries before half-time by Nedum Njoku, *The Head Master's*, and Chuyang Peng, *Druries*. Both props, Peng and Alwin Huang, *The Head Master's*, were their usual strong ball-carrying selves. Following Peng's try, Warwick had a chance to score when a broken-field runner found his way through Harrow's defence but was courageously taken down yards before the try line by Asher Maxwell-Odedina, *Bradlys*, who had a much stronger performance this week. Harrow had the slender 10-7 half-time

lead with the wind slightly against them in the second half but the slight slope in their favour.

The second half belonged to Harrow, and their breakdown work was intense and purposeful. Walter Lawrie, *The Park*, entered the field on the blind side of the scrum, a position where he had not played previously, making an immediate impact, carrying the ball to the heart of Warwick's defence and ferociously taking down any Warwick player who came down his channel. Harrow's determination to win the ball back came through and every Harrow player raised the bar higher. The message all season has been "If you don't have the ball, get it back" and this was etched in the mind of every player. Frustration began to grow in the Warwick camp, and it was during one of these moments when Henrik Willett, *Druries*, seized the opportunity to glide through an open field, having initially stepped his defender for a 50-yard run in.

Warwick, however, did not fold after Harrow's third score. They seized upon Harrow's lack of discipline in their own half and scored in the corner to make it 15-12. Fairly swiftly afterwards, Richardson was rewarded for his outstanding afternoon's work with a typical sniping try to increase Harrow's lead to 10 points.

The Harrow team came away from this tough encounter as winners and showed that they could match up to any outfit, and when push came to shove, they could stand together and play for each other. This group is settling down into a solid unit, and with tough tests to come, things are going in the right direction. Well done boys!

Yearlings D, Home, Warwick School, Won 24-20

The Yearlings Academy, Away, Radley College

The Yearlings provided two eight-man teams for this three-way fixture with Radley and Tonbridge. It was an excellent afternoon of touch rugby with one Harrow team finishing second (behind Tonbridge) and the other team finishing fourth.

FOOTBALL

The School v Whitgift School, 7 October

Development A XI, Away, Whitgift School 1st, Won 3-2

A courageous team performance, underpinned by a terrific defensive display, helped the Development As come from behind twice before eventually winning this epic encounter. Tobi Amusan, *Moretons*, Kitan Akindele, *Newlands*, and Man of the Match Eli Dewotor, *The Head Master's*, scored the goals.

Development B XI, Away, Whitgift School 1st, Draw 2-2

Harrow started well on a pitch that was a near perfect square, preventing them from playing their well-known flowing brand of football. Instead they were forced to resort to a 4:4:2 formation and spent most of the game playing "direct passes" up to the big men, Arthur Porter, *Druries*, and Hugo Maclean, *West Acre*. Soon, Harrow took the league thanks to a cool finish from Porter, before being pegged back as a result of a particularly soft penalty call against Maxi Farah, *The Park*. Just seconds after the restart, however, Harrow regained the lead after some indecision from the Whitgift box, where one of Porter or Maclean poked the ball home – I honestly couldn't

tell. Sadly, we were ourselves pinned back as a free kick sailed all the way in from the half-way line.

The second half saw both teams result to the age-old tactic of 'route one', with limited success for either side, largely because of the shortness of the pitch. Max Bloomfield, *Elmfild*, conceded a highly controversial penalty after a collision in which he was the one who was actually fouled. Justice was served as Farah guessed the right way to save and kept Harrow in the game. Despite being constrained by the pitch, Harrow tried to play their football and fought hard for each other in this competent display of strength in an away match.

Development 16 XI, Away, Whitgift School Colts A, Won 4-2

The Dev 16s showed no ill-effects from the long trip to Whitgift, racing into a 3-0 lead at half-time with goals from Zach Smith, *The Park*, Diego Castellano Burguera, *Rendalls*, and Jesse Eledan, *Newlands*, and outstanding football all round. A debut goal for AJ Anenih, *Rendalls*, after the break saw Harrow through to a 4-2 victory, with excellent fellowship on display as the team communicated well and supported each other throughout.

CROSS-COUNTRY

Away v Charterhouse, 7 October

Harrow dealt well with the hot conditions and hilly course, facing a competitive field that included top-level outfits such as Sevenoaks, Judd School and St Paul's.

Michael Cattini, *Moretons*, continued his winning streak, winning the Senior Boys' category. He was able to save his energy to kick with 200m to go. The competition, exhausted, were unable to follow, leaving Cattini to claim victory. The Seniors from Harrow were the deepest of all the schools and there were many impressive runs down the finishing list.

The Intermediate boys were absolutely dominant, with Otis Farrer-Brown, *Newlands*, Henry Barker, *The Park*, and Zach Elliott, *West Acre*, finishing 1st, 2nd and 3rd respectively. This was backed up by an excellent fifth place from Harrison Gray, *The Park*, to secure all the honours in this category.

The team should take confidence from their strength in depth as we look ahead to future rounds of the ESAA XC Cup.

BADMINTON

School v Abingdon School, Won 5-3, 7 October

The fifth badminton fixture showcased an intense battle against Abingdon School, where our boys displayed unwavering determination in every game. Their remarkable effort culminated in a well-deserved 5-3 victory for Harrow, marking an impressive fourth consecutive triumph.

A special shoutout is reserved for Wilfred Leung, *Druries*, and John Kwong, *Lyon's*, who demonstrated exceptional skill and teamwork as the only pair to secure victories in both their games.

Ways to contact *The Harrovian*

Articles, opinions and letters are always appreciated.

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

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