

THE HARROVIAN

VOL. CXXXVI NO. 11

December 2, 2023

CONTIO LATINA

Andrew Stratton, *Newlands*, Speech Room,
25 November

This year, Andrew Stratton, *Newlands*, delivered a remarkable Contio amidst the hustle and bustle of Trials, before an audience of boys, beaks and Governors. His presentation, marked by exceptional poise and clarity, was centred around the Chinese concepts of "wei" and "ji" ("danger" and "opportunity"). He underscored the nuanced understanding that every crisis embodies potential opportunities. This theme resonated with the current global context. Stratton interwove some personal anecdotes in the Contio, which added a layer of authenticity. He spoke of challenges faced by the School community and the wider world, highlighting how these challenges could be transformed into opportunities for growth and learning.



The most striking aspect of Stratton's delivery was his calm poise. Even while tackling complex topics and intricate cultural references in Latin, he maintained a composed demeanour. His confidence was evident in his firm stance, and he did not waver throughout his speech. Stratton covered the ongoing wars in Europe and the Middle East and tried to give the audience some hope that from these disasters, like past wars, there is always an opportunity to forge a lasting peace. He also recounted this year's coronation and the opportunity that King Charles has to bring about a better England during his reign. In his final pages, he praised all the hard work done by the boys and beaks on stage and on the sports pitch; there were some kind remarks about the strengths of the rugby this past year, and the huge success of Gles and XIs, the Commemoration Concert, and our recent drama productions like *All the World's a Stage*.

Andrew's Contio was enthusiastically received by Speech Room, and his speech struck a chord with the listeners, as shown by their warm applause. The Contio was a resounding success that combined some timely themes, and Andrew managed to embody the ethos of the School.

RATTIGAN SOCIETY *JOURNEY'S END*

Between 14 and 16 November, the Rattigan Society staged a production of R C Sherriff's *Journey's End*, in a poignant memorial to Remembrance. The solemn experience began on entering the Ryan's auditorium, where a semi-translucent screen concealed shadows of trench life, punctuated by a low, rumbling soundtrack of gunfire. Among this, lights flickered with hope.

A lone soldier appeared in the background, stood still as 'Journey's End' was projected on the screen with the date: Monday 18th March, 1918. Swiftly, the screen opened, revealing a set intimate yet expansive, wide yet claustrophobic. A sense of period was echoed by the clip-on moustaches worn throughout. Within seconds, a dynamic sense of pace and dialogue was firmly established between Lieutenant Osbourne (Rory Grant, *Moretons*) and Captain Stanhope (Maxi Farah, *The Park*); a looming doom was also prevalent, with references to an unknown offensive. (the Ludendorff Offensive, for those historically minded.) This brutal contrast of lone humanity and its humours set within the framework of merciless, misanthropic war remained intense throughout, reminding the audiences of sympathy and tolerance within a crumbling world.



2nd Lieutenant Rayleigh (Tom Leonard, *Lyon's*) then arrived, with a brilliant capturing of the fanatical and extreme energy of a young, impressionable hero worshipper. His conversations with Lieutenant Osbourne projected a portrayal of war as a changer of men, able to destroy and deconstruct the human soul. Those in the trenches were tired, feeble, joking to forget; Rayleigh was young, impressionable and naïve. Such was this contrast that it inevitably took a toll on Captain Stanhope, who was revealed to be in love with Rayleigh's sister. This complication, far from detracting from the war, localised emotion and devotion into

the framework of battle, conflating opposing emotions, sending the mind into limbo.

Captain Stanhope's distaste for Rayleigh, despite appreciating him deep down, was profoundly acted by Farah, who balanced a sense of longing for simpler times with an intense need to forget life outside the dirge of machine-gunfire, often achieved through alcohol. When Stanhope declared "Kiss me, Uncle" (in an iconic line amongst theatre lore), it felt like hope and hopelessness twisted into one, a testament to the evils of combat.

The date changed to Tuesday 19th March, 1918. In the morning, the silence was eerie, a dangerous promise of life in expectation of death. 2nd Lieutenant Trotter (Jasper Smallwood-Martin, *The Knoll*) marked out 144 hours and began to blacken one out for every hour that passed. It was a small gesture, yet one that affected deeply. Captain Stanhope swiftly took control of the scene, exemplifying a sort of terrified tyranny as he seized Rayleigh's letter from his hands, in an act of enforced censorship, just to realise his efforts were all in vain. Perhaps acting as a wider metaphor of the follies of war, this moment was performed with intensity and profundity.



The scene then shifted to the afternoon on the same day. The Colonel (Arthur Porter, *Druries*) descended into the trench, with uncomfortable news. The German offensive was to come on 21st March, while the C Company we have been familiarised with was still positioned on the front line. The orders were "to stick here"; a sense of entrapment permeated the moment. Within instants, the distance between commanding officers and the standard soldier was set, from the 'safe' directors to the cannon fodder. Immediately following was a scene tough to swallow: 2nd Lieutenant Hibbert (Aaryan Dassaur, *Moretons*) was feigning illness to be sent off the front line. Captain Stanhope's reaction was to fight, grappling and dragging him away from the exit. Stanhope then brought out his revolver threatening to shoot if Hibbert attempted to leave, in an 'accidental' firing. These core moments were portrayed with such gravitas and a melange of emotions, ranging from rage and desperation to an all-pervading numbness about war. Hibbert was tamed; he was not a "coward"; he was calmed with whiskey. Death was a salvation not offered; life hinged on fleeting chances.

The scene was then set for the second half of the show, as the Colonel and Captain Stanhope picked the officers and men for an intelligence mission; Lieutenant Osbourne and 2nd Lieutenant Rayleigh were chosen.

After the interval, the date was Wednesday 20th March, 1918, sunset. The men drank coffee, not tea. They were to run "only 10 yards"; enemy guns would only be "firing into black fog." The Colonel said "I'd give anything to cancel this beastly affair"; yet, he gave nothing. Perhaps he could not, for what did he have to give but his life? A heavy sense of looming doom settled upon the auditorium: Lieutenant Osbourne requested that Captain Stanhope look after his wedding ring in case he

failed to return. Somehow, his dignity would outlive him, if only in memory.

Upon return from the mission (which comprised a loud soundtrack of gunshots and grenade explosions), a German soldier was dragged in, staggering, pleading for mercy. He was searched, with letters torn from his hands despite his protests; Sheriff's ability to portray the German 'enemy' as human was incredibly profound, awakening the mind to a perhaps lesser-told story of life behind enemy lines. There was uncomfortable laughter before the confirmation of what was most feared: men were lost in this mission. Specifically, Lieutenant Osbourne, the "Uncle" of the company, had lost his own life for war, for King and country.

Reactions to this passing were acute: Rayleigh stumbled into the trenches a changed man, muted, struggling to balance. Captain Stanhope responded first with sarcasm: "All's well if the brigadier's pleased." Swiftly, however, this morphed into a drunken fury, as he screamed at Rayleigh for daring to sit on Lieutenant Osbourne's bed. Behind all of this, there was a deep message of tortured sadness conveyed to the audience, voices hoarse from screaming and no one knew what they were screaming for.

The finale was gut-wrenching. Lieutenant Rayleigh began to eat rations with the soldiers, attempting to revitalise himself by keeping as close to the action as possible; Captain Stanhope drank to forget the action. Just as the two opposites merged in climatic fury, Stanhope broke down, his emotional walls collapsing, reduced to fear, to tears. A stunning examination of historicity and masculinity began, exploring the stigma of sadness, of feeling in a world which desensitised men to death.

There was no time to dwell on this. Thursday 21st March, 1918 arrived. It was before dawn. The Ludendorff Offensive was about to begin. As officers left the trench (in a symbolic movements), waves of fire were conveyed through officer reports to Captain Stanhope. With firing from behind and in front, the inevitable was clear: someone would die. Lieutenant Rayleigh was hit by a shell, piercing his back, breaking his spine; he could not even move his legs. Carried down by officers to Captain Stanhope, we were faced with a uniting of souls, of old friends, school chums in the final, flickering flames of life. "It's not your fault, Jimmy." Words of reassurance bled to nothing, as Rayleigh passed in peace. Stanhope felt his pulse; he placed his right hand on his heart. As he gazed forwards, there was struggle in the Captain's eyes, a fear, a desperation; yet, there was peace in moments of humanity, a fleeting interlude of love in war.



The play concluded with a single candle, shining bright, and the Last Post in solemn silence. The screen closed for the final time: projected upon it were gruesome numbers: 1,100,000 shells fired in five hours, 7,512 British soldiers dead in a day. The calamity of war loomed heavy as the cast bowed for the curtain call, as rapturous applause deservedly

fell on an acting company so nuanced and sensitive, respectful and dedicated to portraying the darkness of war. There were perhaps two artistic reactions to the First World War: the modernist deconstructions of Surrealism and Cubism (*The Cabinet of Dr Caligari* being a prime example); and the ultra-realism of Sheriff's work, a piece so near, so intimate, so real and yet so cruel. The Rattigan Society truly exemplified this artistic manifesto, extending it beyond art and drama to a point of greater humanity, of love and war, a poignant memorial to men of honour and of dignity. It is touching then, that donations were received for the Royal British Legion, whose crucial work continues to support those who fight so that we may be free.

Lest we forget. In the going down of the sun and in the morning, we will remember them.

CHRISTMAS ASKEW

Is it just me, or is the Christmas tree wonky? Every year, on that windy yard, a Christmas tree is erected in shining glory, always perfectly, proportionally and perpendicularly positioned. Yet when looking from the SCH I cannot help but notice that it looks a little bit... off? It isn't entirely leaning on one side, but it snakes upwards as opposed to standing directly up. I'm sure my fellow Harrovians, both boy and beak alike, have noticed this too.



One chilly evening, after dinner, I ventured up to Bill Yard to do a spot of investigative journalism and I discovered that I was not going insane, the star of the tree is inexplicably floating off the side of the tree, and the tree does look like a snake. I have included a photo so that you lazy readers can also see the problem from the comfort of your warm rooms. But overall, I think it is quite endearing, even if it's on the wonk.

VISIT TO TERLING PLACE

On 5 June last term, accompanied by JAPB, two boys embarked on a visit to Terling Place in Essex – the ancestral home of Lord Rayleigh (OH), who was one of the earliest Nobel Laureates in Physics and one of the last great scientific polymaths.

The journey commenced with a brief train ride from Harrow, arriving in Witham. Subsequently, we rendezvoused at a local pub with our hosts, who graciously arranged the excursion. Transported by car along a winding country lane, we entered

Terling Place through what was originally the rear entrance, now transformed after the building's reorientation. Welcomed by friendly guides, we were ushered through the garden into the house and convened in a reception room. Here, we were enlightened about the predecessors of the present Lord Rayleigh, who himself addressed our gathering, followed by an overview of the 3rd Baron Rayleigh's scientific work given by Prof. Edward Davis of Cambridge University.

Following this introduction, we were led down a narrow passage and into one of the many cellars of Terling Place. It was a fantastic sight – everything had been preserved and was laid out almost exactly how one would imagine an old cellar to look like. Advancing through the various devices and experimental apparatus, we went into the room where the 3rd Baron Rayleigh had discovered Argon, the third-most abundant gas in the atmosphere. It was quite small and cluttered with all kinds of equipment. The walls were painted black – the paint a concoction that the Lord Rayleigh had to create himself, considering there was a lack of industrially made paint in the late 19th century. Most importantly, the colour enabled him to control the conditions inside the room to ensure that his experiment was accurate. In the corner, there was a small cabinet with mass balances in the middle. It was these that he had used to prove that the nitrogen produced from chemical reactions did not have the same mass as a sample of 'nitrogen' extracted from the air around us, the latter therefore also containing an additional new element, which was named argon.

After viewing the dark room and various other bits of apparatus, we were taken into one of the wings of Terling Place. Firstly, we toured the reading room which, as the same suggests, was Rayleigh's personal library. There were also many experimental 'toys' one could say. These included a hand boiler – a liquid in a specially shaped glass flask (of which I do not know the name), which would boil upon heating from the palm. There were also various other scientific demonstrations – one of which was an oval-shaped piece of plastic pivoted in the middle of a see-through glass box. There were ends that would allow water to flow through, and we were asked what would happen if water did flow through. Unfortunately, it was clear that revision needed to be done for we were reminded that the oval would present the longer face to the flow of water, due to the larger torque from the ends where the oval was longest and therefore being in this orientation at equilibrium.

Next, we saw the preparation room, which featured a wall of chemicals of all hues as well as numerous tools. The experimental equipment was completely untouched and various apparatus filled the corner of the room. Most notably, we saw the apparatus that the fourth Baron Rayleigh had used to discover airglow – the phenomenon that causes the night sky to never be completely dark. Our guide casually remarked that some of the wires dangling from the ceiling had been in fact responsible for carrying 10,000 volts. Thankfully, however, we were assured that they were no longer in use, although some of the equipment had worked quite convincingly in a demonstration carried out just minutes before. Nearby was the window through which the third Baron Rayleigh had carried out observations to confirm the reasons for the blue colour of the daytime sky, phenomena now known as Rayleigh scattering.

Upon exiting the lab, we were given a tour of the surrounding gardens, which consisted of some wonderfully manicured hedges and a squash court that was two metres too long. Upon discovery, Dr Bedford challenged the current Lord Rayleigh to a game, an event we were eager to witness! Unfortunately, however, this didn't materialise, so we went back to the front of the house where we thanked our guides and departed back to School. Overall, the trip was a resounding success, leaving us with a deeper understanding of the achievements of one of Harrow's most distinguished alumni. We extend our appreciation to JAPB for organising this insightful visit and hope Harrovians will return to Terling Place over the years to come!

ARTICULATION

Following the scientific flavour of last's year ARTiculation, the competition this year returned to what might be considered its more natural bedfellows, the Art and Drama Departments, with NEP, OTW and GLJ adjudicating the School heats. As ever, they faced the arduous task of sifting through 24 presentations of a very high calibre in order to select the seven best presentations to meet in the final. This year the final was adjudicated by Jennifer Schipf, the Global Underwriting Officer for Fine Art at AXA on Tuesday 14 November in the OSRG.

First up was the joyous performance of Charlie McDowell, *The Knoll*, talking about the Great Pyramids of Giza. He was an incredibly charismatic speaker who managed to breathe life into what could be perceived as a rather dry subject (pun fully intended) with some mind-blowing facts and by considering their continued relevance today. Next up was Jamie Jevons, *Lyon's*, with a powerful discussion of Yayoi Kusama's *Infinity Net* series. Jevons spoke with conviction on the myriad, often challenging, themes that imbue the work, demonstrating excellent research skills and command of vocabulary. Next, the reigning champion James Amihyia-Marsden, *West Acre*, took to the stage to present on current art world darling, Njideka Akunyili Crosby, and her artwork *I Still Face You*. The only boy to present without notes, Amihyia-Marsden was able to fully engage with his audience with sincerity and passion and to unlock the many nuanced layers of a complex work of art. Charlie Hope, *Rendalls*, then presented on Lucien Freud's *Interior at Paddington* with a unique charm and irreverence. Not only did he manage to examine Freud within the context of post-war Britain, he also situated him within the wider canon of Western art, showcasing his natural ability as an art historian. Up next, Oliver Campbell, *Newlands*, quick to acknowledge the absence of his own artistic background, shared his passion for the very visceral work *Daddy's Lap* by Bongani Njalo. While his delivery remained cool, calm and collected, he nonetheless conveyed the full spectrum of emotions that the artwork evokes. Oscar Bearman, *Moretons*, followed to talk about one of David Hockney's iconic photographic artworks, *Pearblossom Highway*, demonstrating his shared love of both Art and Photography. Bearman was hugely articulate, balancing well the factual context and techniques with his own personal response to the work. Last, Nathan Karri, *Rendalls*, talked about Edvard Munch's *The Scream*. His presentation contextualised the artwork within the artist's career and maintained a harrowing sense of foreboding throughout.

Working between the art and finance worlds, Ms Schipf was, needless to say, extremely knowledgeable and incisive in her analysis of the presentations. While she was blown away by the quality and variety of the presentations, she ultimately selected Amihyia-Marsden. Unprecedentedly, this is the second year that he will represent the School in the competition and we wish him every success in the Regional Heat at Dartmouth House in London on 15 January 2024.

MICHAELMAS CONCERT

Speech Room, 25 November

This year's Michaelmas Concert was, as with every Michaelmas Concert, placed in the midst of Trials, meaning that the performers, so preoccupied with scholarly pursuits, somehow managed to pull off a performance that was utterly wonderful.

We began with the First movement of Mahler's *1st Symphony*, a less existential piece when compared to, for instance, his second ('Resurrection'). However, in fairness, No1 was composed when he was only 28. I found it difficult to connect with the piece at first, which begins with a hushed

mix of Sibelian sweeps, Wagnerian muted trumpets and an almost classical, semi-symmetrical refrain that bobs its head up every now and again. The first four and a bit minutes were fairly slow and cumbersome, and it was clear that the brass section struggled to warm up in the same concise manner that most members of the string ensemble had managed to do (thus leading to a slight imbalance). However, at the five-minute mark, everything began to pick up: the brass was in time, the entirety of the string section was excellent, and the timpani really pushed things along. There was this wonderful sudden energy, which felt like something out of Tchaikovsky's *Swan Lake*, as everything came together in cotton-candy glory. The piece continued in this excellent manner, adjusting appropriately to the tender, quieter moments around the ten-minute mark with sensitivity and maturity (commendations to the wind section). The orchestra then majestically trotted on to the very loud climax and conclusion (props to trombones and trumpets, which both redeemed themselves after earlier mistiming) like a royal carriage sweeping through the gates of Buckingham Palace.



Secondly, the Harrow Sinfonia performed the last two of Dvorak's five *Serenades for Strings* (Larghetto and Allegro vivace). The piece was the perfect example of European Idealism: one could simply picture the sweeping valleys, dove-speckled birch forests and lamp-lit, romantic medieval towns that dot that continent. Dvorak's pieces are filled with an infectious pre-war positivity: his famous *New World Symphony*, on his travels in America, is the prime example of this. Dvorak was a proponent of hopeful optimism: a kind of optimism that, following the various horrors of the 20th century (in his own country of modern Czechia, thousands were massacred by both the USSR and the Nazis during WW2, not to mention the cruel occupation under the USSR, which culminated in various violent protests right up to the 1990s) could never be reclaimed. While listening to that jocund music, which was so wonderfully and tightly choreographed by DNB, I took to thinking: what would Dvorak (a man of hope, joy and pride) make about this especially musicless, generally pessimistic and miserable modern world? Whatever he may have said, I thought that the piece was overwhelmingly brilliant and performed to a standard that certainly would have made him proud.

It was followed by the Byron Consort with a repertoire of Latin ecclesiastical music, which went right over my head: woosh! It was very majestic, holy and, dare I say, spooky? But I really struggled to follow what was being said. The piece by Todd (not ADT, I presume?) was probably the best, with more passionate harmonies than the others, all of which did seem directionless. Of course, they were all perfect, a testament to PJE.

The Big Band, like builders closing a motorway, then muscled their way in, hastily setting up their bandstand. They performed four jazz standards under the direction of SM, two

by the Duke and two by other miscellaneous jazz composers. A highlight, for me, was Bob Zhu's, *West Acre*, excellent sax solo in *Pink Panther* by Mancini. The "Da-dun, da-dun, da-dun-da-dun-da-dun, da-dun-da-DUUUUUN" is still with me (although I realise that the format that I have chosen to represent it with is far inferior to, say, MP5). The *Work Song* was also excellent.

We finished with four pieces from the Brass and Wind Ensemble, which had cut out the hesitant sounds of violins, dithering cellos, and pompous double basses, and focused purely on manly, beefy, sweaty BRASS! The pieces were fine, although I may have found some of them a little too boisterous (particularly the *Battle of Britain March*, which I found was far too civilian). However, I did thoroughly enjoy *España Cañi*, which encapsulated the feel of Spanish toreadors, Mediterranean heat and the vast expanses of Hispanic deserts that one often passes on those dreadfully built Spanish motorways when on one's way, lets say, to a dreadfully built Spanish regional airport when on holiday.

Overall, a tip-top performance that thoroughly met and exceeded my standards. Congratulations to DNW, DNB, PJE, SM and all others involved in the concert for creating a brilliant racket!

METROPOLITAN

GRINCH STEALS CHRISTMAS DINNER

For much of this half-term, Harrovians have been trudging through the miry marshes of darkness, dankness and despair that have plagued the Hill, whether in the form of Long Ducker or Winter Trials. For those who have not yet perished from exhaustion, there is one thought in mind, a shining beacon of light at the end of the tunnel: Christmas.

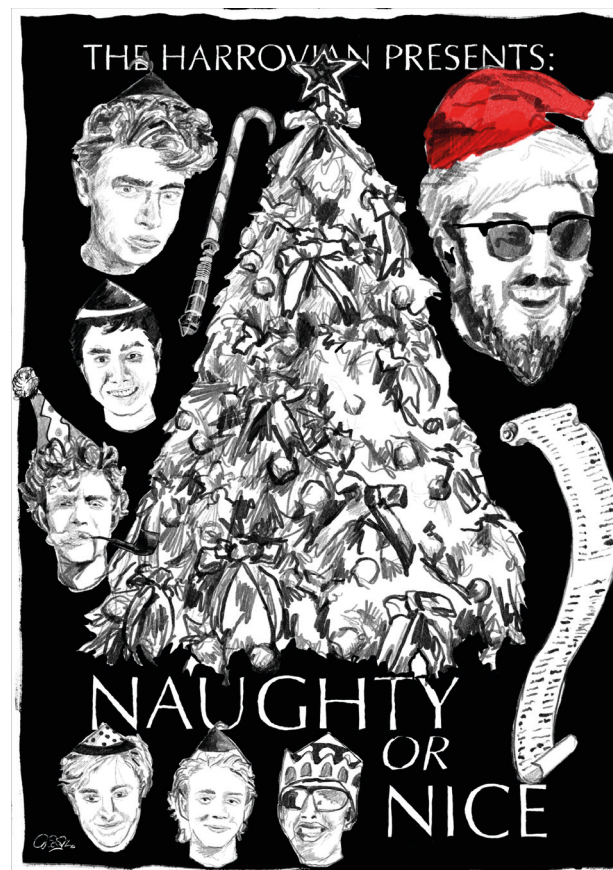
With House Songs and JPBH's impressive red suit in prospect, Christmas at Harrow has long served as the warm respite from the tortures of Winter Timetable and CCF. The ghost of Christmas past arises alongside the wonky Christmas tree in Bill Yard and floats down the Hill, instilling a quiet sense of glee across the School; small and vaguely "Christmassy" decorations appear in various different departments, and IH gives slightly less double (he may even smile), while games of Bloocket, Nubble and Kahoot propel you from lesson to lesson.

But above all and beyond everything, the annual Christmas dinner is the highlight of these celebrations – a true symbol that Trials are over and the term is complete. The dinner has been a memorable event of the Christmas term for many boys. With its silly traditions of tying your House Master's shoelaces together (among other things) and genuinely delicious food, this year's Shells (the ones that are not rusticated by SAH) are robbed now not only of Shell Projects, but a wonderful chance to grow closer as a group, and embrace some of the stranger aspects of Harrow.

Rather, this year, the ghost of Christmas present awakes to a dark smog over the Hill – not from the SCH's diesel generators but instead from the sly thievery of Christmas from our very hands. The dinner this year is to be replaced with a "Staggered Christmas Lunch", which will never be able to feed the Christmas spirit within us. Will there even be Christmas crackers? And more importantly, if there are, will anyone still have the spirit to open them? SPS will have to do a lot of penitence on behalf of the School for such a feeble celebration.

Wisps of green hair have been found at the door of No 3 High Street by the Harrovian investigative team since the decision to steal Christmas was taken, and with no clear reason provided, one is simply left to wonder 'why?' We were under the impression that CCF alone was enough to satisfy the masochistic needs of the SMT, so now with Christmas dinner cancelled, one wonders whether this decision was guided by the spirit of Krampus himself (presumably summoned by JEPB in an attempt to gain more funding for the new sports centre), or whether the Grinch truly has made his second home on the High Street of Harrow.

So, once again, I call on you – boys and beaks, whose proper sense of morality (or religious veniality) is a strong enough motivator for you to speak out against this injustice and save our Christmas dinners!



Nice

EWB

We nominate Mr Higgins to this year's Nice List for taking on his new SMT role (as commander of the Shepherd Churchill) with such great gusto. Our esteemed maître d' demonstrated incredible courage in defending our menu this year. We look forward to seeing him as lollipop man at the Speech Room zebra crossing next year.

DRW

Dr Wendelken is, at heart, an honourable man, one could say he brings the "Wendelkenery". He cares deeply for the safety of the boys at the School. This *wendelken's* job is safeguarding. For those who have had the wonderful opportunity to be taught by him, you will know one thing. Every lesson, every time something bad might have happened, Dr Wendelken will

always come to the rescue with the urgent question, “Are you safe?” (or its more threatening variation, “Do you *feel* safe?”). In this way, Dr Wendelken has and continues to ensure that safeguarding at Harrow School is of the highest standard. For his services and sacrifices, we thank him and place him upon this prestigious Nice List.

NT

Fr Tivey has been nominated to the Nice List for his important and groundbreaking continual successes at resolving conflict in the Middle East and globally. We thank him for his efforts.

MR DEVINE

Mr Devine, or should we say ‘MR Divine,’ has made Glee and Twelves great again, with the most memorable mic tests in Harrow history. Memorable statements such as 2021’s ‘*it’s good to be back*’ have propelled this staff member to our nice list.

Naughty

SAH

Dr Harrison has joined this year’s naughty list by no fault of his own. But in the tearful eyes of SMK (Santa Kennedy) and all the Editorial elves, the ‘Grinch of No 3’ has been forced to cancel Christmas dinner. As many of us already know, there will be no Christmas dinner this year due to the renovation of the Shepherd Churchill Hall. And despite EWS’ best efforts, our dining hall is under immense pressure and cannot carry out the sacred duty of our festive meal. This is perfectly reasonable, as much of the kitchen is unoperational due to the latest Harrow 451 demolition project. However, by association, straight to the naughty list.

JRP & JM

Ah, the season of jovialities has returned – well, for the “nice” boys, that is. Those two beaks who have never learned the concept of a mailing list, Mr Pinsent and Mr Marsden have bombarded our inboxes for too long and will surely be on Santa’s naughty list. Their emails terrorise the tired and faint-hearted: is it yet another skew? Have I finally received a UCAS offer? The wave of demoralising disappointment at the bold “INDOOR WINTER...” or “GOLF COURSE CLOSED” produces anguished faces that even the Grinch would marvel at. They may defend their actions with a “*no one has to read it*” or “*It’s for cricketers only!*” but Harrovians do not deserve additional torture when the shorter days and freezing temperatures make us wonder what there is to celebrate in such a dreary month of the year. Santa Kennedy, please protect our Christmas and ensure the two naughty beaks do not receive their clubs and bats.

CNHS

Mr Hayes-Smith has been nominated to the Naughty List for his audacious use of the bow tie, for his “suits”, and for his dubious level of intemperance during Saturday 2a.

ADJT

Mr Turner, the latest Rendalls House Master, has been under fire lately for enforcing Existing Customs. The Assistant House Master of West Acre was shocked to hear that School rules actually do not apply at Rendalls. One boy in the House was visibly distressed, stating that “*this isn’t the way we do things here.*” Mr Turner declined to comment on the matter. Mr Turner has been nominated for the Naughty List for attempting to control Rendalls, a task that cannot and should not be attempted.

CHRISTMAS IN THE HOUSES

In anticipation of Christmas, the Editors invited boys from several Houses to comment on the festivities in their humble abode. Their responses form a mesmerising collage of post-Trials culture and Harrow life as never revealed before, complete with the Editors’ commentaries.

Elmfield

Mismatched tinsel of varying colour and quality runs down the bannisters from Matron’s flat to the basement. You can see where Matron’s flat begins and the boys’ floors end because the tinsel suddenly becomes tasteful and purposefully placed. A green tree stands tall in the corner of Callover, complete with a hotdog impaled by a star. All the baubles of similar colours are placed directly next to each other in a simultaneously satisfying and dissatisfying fashion. More tinsel has been thrown on the tree, and lights are strung around it haphazardly. I suppose that is what you get when you make the Shells do the decorations every year.

Commentary: An exemplar piece of descriptive writing. 23/25.

The Park – Pt I

Anonymous source: “We’d love to write something for this, but we don’t think we’d be able to. Normally, we don’t start Christmas in The Park until after Trials are over (we consider it a bad omen). However, Fred is the House Xmas monitor and may be able to tell you what the plans are.”

Commentary: Humbug

Bradlys

Bradlys have started their Christmas decorations already, setting up a Christmas tree and several lights around the House. They had a wonderful Christmas-themed hot chocolate night where they had turkey sandwiches and put on a Christmas movie in Bill Hall: *The Grinch*!

Commentary: Considering the number of boys who take photography in Bradlys, I have a great photo to prove it all.

The Head Master’s

After exeat every Autumn term, mothers come in to decorate The Head Master’s, lining Bill Hall, lobbies, and stairways with lights, baubles, and ivy. Atop the piano in Bill Hall, warm flickers of light emanate from the candles, reflecting off the Christmas tree into the spacious hall. The tree is a real pine; the crush of a leaf reveals its fresh and distinctive scent. On the windowsill in Old Side Lobby, a tiny tree guards five Christmas stockings, one for each year group — all emptied the second Bill ends, of course. With the smell of dried oranges and mince pies in the air, two weeks of Trials roll by and the procession begins towards Christmas with House Songs.

Commentary: No Shells harmed in this production; all the more merry.

The Park – Pt II

According to The Park’s House Xmas monitor Fred, Christmas celebrations vary yearly. Some standing traditions include the Shells decorating the Christmas tree and party games at the weekend. Modern traditions are pioneered by their new Matron, such as a Christmas-themed toast morning at break (one can only imagine what that means) and Christmas karaoke. They also take part in carols with parents, all washed down with innumerable mince pies.

Commentary: Who is your Easter Monitor? What about Ramadan? Expect a letter from the EDI promptly.

Lyon’s

Several boys learnt some Christmas music with Mrs Marchant — The Shells set up a beautiful Christmas tree with Matron —

That turned out amazing, and they had some mince pies to celebrate.

Commentary: A bit too long for a haiku.

Rendalls

Christmas in Rendalls is a rare full-House activity, with genuine effort put into the decorations inside and outside the House. It is a Shell night activity to decorate the Christmas tree in Bill Hall, which involves the shortest Shell placing the star on top of the tree and many other games provided by Matron. On top of this, there is a decoration of Christmas spirit inside the House, with Rendallians taking the opportunity to relax after a hard week of work during Trials. Most notably, the Christmas wreath was placed on the front door of Rendalls on our return from exeat for all to see on the High Street, featuring a perfectly placed branch of holly to prick your hand whenever you attempt to input the code.

Commentary: Always good to hear about genuine effort from Rendalls.

The Grove

As the frost infects The Grove Gardening Club's precious plantations, one anticipates the season's wintry winds to wind into The Grove's icy interior. However, this year (despite CST's fierce orders), it is as if festive joy permeates The Grove's bad-tempered buttress. The Shells have been ordered to decorate a tree and pretend to be happy in the few days before their next rustication. Indeed, other decorations have been erected, such as high-hung lights – putting the poor boys who hung them at great risk.

These physical displays of joy have spread warmth into the House, which we otherwise lack. It would seem that CST has his 'heart' (two sizes too small) set on winning the House electricity competition. Either that or CST's hatred for the song 'Shine Jesus Shine' has led to banning all lights and power. At least there is light from the glow of the ghosts visiting CST each night – hoping to change his cruel ways. When escaping his hibernation, the wild Remove can be spotted this season sniffing mince pies before falling back to the kettle for some pot noodles.

The most musical House, of course, shall soon begin its rehearsals for the concert (concert?!) that is House Songs. However, the most anticipated event is the, soon to be annual, 'Shrek-athon' led by Master R.T.M.Y. In other words, this Sunday, The Grove shall host a Shrek marathon, appreciating the four fantastic films before the fifth comes out.

So, in the cold wasteland of The Grove, CST's worst enemy seems to be growing like our 'herbs'. Happiness appears.

Commentary: Zzz.

West Acre

We decorated Bill Room and the foyer a week earlier this year to enjoy the festivities for longer. After a shortened Sunday prep, the House went about hauling surprisingly heavy candy canes to the front door and hanging colourful orbs on the Christmas tree. They had their fair share of mince pies (some flying across the room) and treats to fuel them through Trials. We must thank Matron, HAH, and his family for setting up a lovely evening.

Commentary: Did HAH write this?

The Knoll

Christmas in The Knoll has always been a spectacle to behold. Although their House team seems to take it more seriously than some of the boys themselves, the splendid lights around the Callover Room and the festive wreath on their front door have been a hit! The House team have done a fantastic job, and Knollites will undoubtedly cherish the prospect of a silent night this Christmas, following the noise pollution they've had with the car park drillings this term.

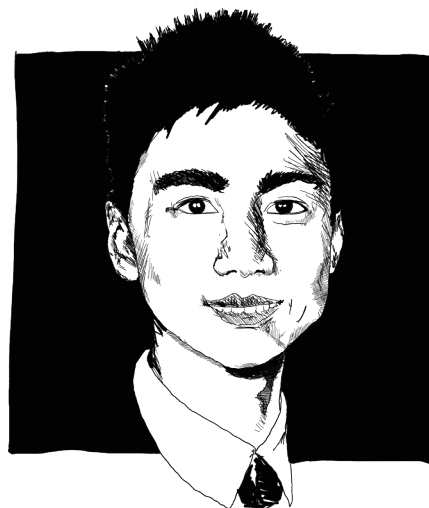
Commentary: A spectacle indeed!

Newlands

Newlands doesn't do much for Christmas. There are some decorations. On top of the Christmas tree, they put a little angel with Higgins' face.

Commentary: He is missed by all.

OUR FAVOURITE CHRISTMAS SONGS (BY THE SONGS)



'Silent Night'

Vincent Song, The Head Master's

This carol is one of the first pieces of music I learnt on my flute, and the first I heard live on a guitar. It's among those melodies that recall the tender and mild warmth of childhood, or perhaps the uniquely Christmas feeling of putting another year to sleep. It reminds me of a time when all is calm and all is bright, when a silent night is the only thing on my mind.

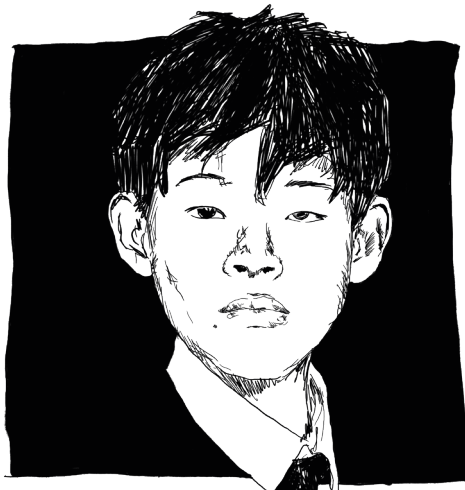
'It's Beginning to Look a Lot Like Christmas'
by Michael Bublé



Jonathan Song, The Grove

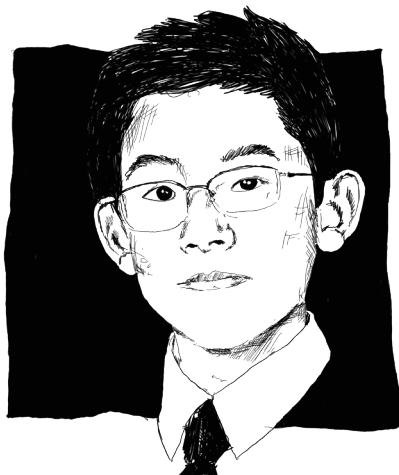
Since everyone has been talking about their favourite songs, I'll change things up and talk about my least favourite song.

My *least* favourite song is 'It's Beginning to Look a Lot Like Christmas' by Michael Bublé. I haven't got much against the song itself, whose easy-going tones and words match very well with Bublé's silky voice and the spirit of Christmas, but rather how it represents Bublé. He is a singer who takes songs with deep cultural context like 'Feeling Good', and does covers for them, popularising them by stripping from them the deep emotions and history, turning them into sell-out songs, and all this overly pitch-corrected song (perhaps to cover for his bland, boring, indistinct, singing) does is push his fame further.



'All I Want For Christmas' by Mariah Carey
Ethan Soong, The Grove

My favourite Christmas song is what some may argue is a 21st-century carol (if you disregard its release date of 1994), seeing prolific use for the past two decades, and one that sends chills down the spine of almost every retail worker, that being 'All I Want For Christmas' by Mariah Carey. It is a fact, an immutable law, that you have heard this being broadcast everywhere you go, a festive hallmark that lives in everyone's memories. Some love it, some hate it, but what makes it my favourite song or modern carol is the persistence and relevance that it has had for the past two decades. The cementing of its existence within pop culture and media have made it inseparable from Christmas itself. And so, if you love Christmas, love all things festive, you should love Mariah Carey too.



'Christmas Tree Farm' by Taylor Swift
Henry Song, The Grove

While some might say this Christmas song is hardly a carol, most of us would, correctly so, acknowledge the character

and personality shown through each lyric, waiving such formalities. Though the songwriter in this case happens to be from "a small town" in suburban Pennsylvania, none can disregard her talent and superiority over all others in the music industry, with each of over 231 songs written or co-written herself, each achieving often record breaking popularity... Anyway, as expected of such a timeless artist, this particular song was written in five days, but still manages to express an experience of Christmas and childhood. Her songs have achieved more recognition following her rightful growth as a singer; for example, this song from 2019 here. Truly, the only favourite of the Christmas song (carol) genre for any self-respecting character

WAYWARD WATTS

Truly terrible answers from boys on this year's Harry Watts General Knowledge Quiz

Hepatitis is the inflammation of which organ of the body often as a result of viral infection or excessive alcohol consumption?
Penis

What is the short-range wireless technology that is named after a tenth-century king of Denmark?
King Wifi

Queen Alexandra's Birdwing is the largest species of what kind of *insect*?
A bird

Nova Scotia (meaning 'New Scotland' in Latin) is one of the thirteen provinces and territories of which country?
Syria

Which *Hollywood* star co-wrote, produced and narrated 'The 11th Hour', a 2007 documentary about global warming?
David Attenborough

Which *three-letter* abbreviation is both a Harrow beak and one of the key ligaments that help stabilise the knee joint?
OS

What honour have Sir Winston Churchill and Sir Roger Bannister both been awarded by the London Borough of Harrow?
Gold Duke of Edinburgh's Award

The Pumas are the Rugby Union team of which *South American country*?
Alabama

Which *midlands city* is home to a championship football club and the National Space Centre?
Los Angeles

Apart from Winston Churchill, who is the only other Old Harrovian to have served as British Prime Minister in the twentieth century?
Roger Bannister

In which aquatic sport is the America's Cup (informally known as the Auld Mug) awarded?

Waterboarding

Which boy's name is also the name of the object ball in bowls?
Tyrone

Which Australian-born business magnate and media proprietor announced his retirement as Chairman of News Corp in September?

Ronaldo

Which sport does the Harlem Globetrotters play?

Gaelic Football

What is the name of the ninth month of the Islamic calendar, observed by Muslims as a period of fasting, prayer, reflection and community?

Mo Farah

Name one of the three African countries that begin with the letter T.

The Democratic Republic of Congo

The Marquess of Queensbury Rules are the code of generally accepted rules in which **combat** sport?

Golf

A horse racing metaphor, what does the acronym 'FPTP' stand for, when referring to the voting system used in UK General Elections?

First Party Tory Party

WORDS OF WISDOM

As Trials week picks up momentum in the season of shadow and darkness, here is some advice which the great sages of old would have offered us.

Plato: The innate wisdom of your soul is infinite and boundless. Ignorance is the only sin.

Aristotle: I love literature, I'll write a book about it. I love biology, I'll write a book about it. I love maths, I'll write a book about it. I love art, I'll write a book about it. I love physics etc.

Confucius: Practise kindness and filial duties first, then conduct your studies.

Lao Tzu: Do nothing.

The Buddha: Trials are like a falsifying dream of suffering and pain. Find the light of enlightenment within your heart and liberate yourself to the other shore.

Descartes: I invented the Cartesian axis. Also trust in God's infinite wisdom.

Spinoza: Your trial papers are God.

Leibniz: This trial is the best possible trial there could ever be.

Hume: But how do I prove it is true?

Kant: Your trial papers are a mere phenomenon of human sensibility that takes its metaphysical form in the transcendental ideal. Its nature of existence is unalterable by human force.

Hegel: The world is a dialectic struggle between the subject and his trials, which shall be united in the synthesis of God.

Schopenhauer: The world is absolutely terrible and there is no escape. Go and enjoy some music and art, maybe you'll feel better.

Nietzsche: Do not be slaves of the human condition in the struggle against your trials, enslave your trials and overcome the prison of the human condition.

Wittgenstein: The structure of language defines the metaphysical existence of your trials.

Sartre: The essential content of your trials is proceeded by its existential freedom, and so are you.

Albert Camus: Mother died today.

Hannah Arendt: I'm not a philosopher!

CHRISTMAS FROM THE ARCHIVES

In this especial Christmas edition of The Harrovian, I thought it only appropriate that we look back at a Christmas past—the third edition of The Portico, 1 Jan, 1958, to be precise. Whilst not exactly Christmas, it as is difficult to get an edition out over the holidays now as it is then. This piece is from the editors of The Portico themselves. They discuss the phrase "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!", as well expressing the hope and joy that Christmas truly means. This edition is, as ever these days, a rather full one, so I have kept my introduction brief. Have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

It is a time-honoured greeting, and we, who have still some respect for the much abused "wisdom of our ancestors", cannot but feel that there is in it more depth and appropriateness than may perhaps be thought those in whose mouths it is just now as "familiar as household words". They know little of our faith who deem it one of gloom; if there be one point in its history more than any other calculated, it is to exhibit in it its brightest and most joyous aspect, it is surely that first burst of the "glad tidings" announced with songs by the Heavenly Host, and received with "great joy" alike by the simple shepherds of Judea and the wise men of the distant East. A little while, and even the very next high feast of the Circumcision shows something of the dark cloud of suffering which shadows all of the rest of the great story. But here all is light. The very knowledge of the approaching change is as yet granted only to a chosen few, and to them it is the tidings of "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men."

And thus, we think, there is a peculiar fitness in the good old custom which makes Christmas a season, not only of special thanksgiving, but also of special rejoicing, hospitality, and general "goodwill towards men." We trust the time may never come to us, when Christmas fires cease to blaze, and Christmas tables be no longer laden with abundant cheer and surrounded by bright faces and joyous sounds. A merry Christmas and a happy New Year! we say once more—and at the words, a strange echo is wafted back from the old dark days. "Let us eat and drink," says the heathen, "for tomorrow we die."—"A merry Christmas," says the Christian, "and a happy New Year!" So be it—now and hereafter. A merry festal time to close the year which even now is passing away; a sober, quiet happiness to carry us through that which dawns upon us—"Peace on earth, goodwill towards men," through this passing life; "Glory to God in the Highest," through the eternity which lies beyond.

We have written something, and some, perhaps, of our readers may deem that we have outstepped the limits of our office; yet do we feel that in the hearts of those whom we aspire to represent, there are thoughts and feelings fully accordant with those we have feebly endeavoured to express, and so, with all humility, we offer our Christmas greeting to their acceptance, wishing them all, in all sincerity, "a merry Christmas and a happy New Year".

Long life to merry Christmas, then! Long life to football, and snowball, and hockey, and blindman's-buff, and every laughing, shouting, rattling game in-doors and out-of-doors! A merry Christmas holiday to us all. Soft open weather for the field; clear sharp frost for skaters and snow architects; roaring chimneys and blazing fires for ghost seers and story tellers; and fun and laughter and a good stout English heart for all!

TRIALS

by Isaac Wong, The Park

Seven hundred happy, smiling boys
 Turned to misery by the trials ahead
 "Come," said a beak, "I will show you the joys,
 Of sitting in a form room for hours on end!"

The beak was lying, that much was true
 Even the gullible boys could easily construe
 Marching into a world of exam-fuelled despair
 What we are subjected to just doesn't seem fair!

The absolute void, the disappearance of fun!
 The realisation of revision not well done!
 The endless sitting around after completion!
 At the end, our energy levels are next to none.

And after the ordeal, waiting for results.
 The long tense wait in this duration.
 And our deep horrific realisation
 from within the core that...

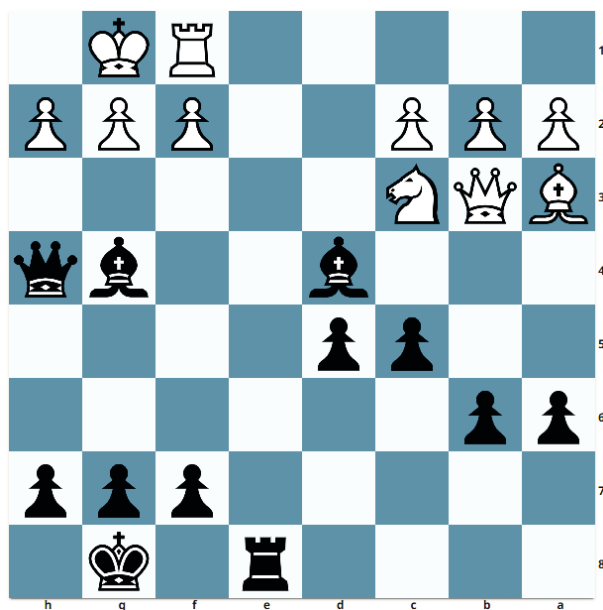
we'll have to do it again.

CHESS

This week's puzzle set by JPBH comes from a game between Botswanan WIM Boikhutso Mudongo and Czech WGM Karolina Olsarovahe at the 2014 Olympiad in Tromsø, Norway.

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

Black to play and mate in 2 moves.



Last week's answer: 1. Qa7+ Kc8 2. Qa8+ Bb8 3. Qa6#
 Interested in chess? Come along to Chess Club, 4:30 – 6pm
 on Tuesdays and Thursdays in MS 5. All abilities welcome!

OPINION

DEAR SIRS,

In my day at Harrow, in 1961, there was an Essay Prize Competition on the subject of 'The Causes of the Decline of Civilisations'. This gigantic subject was too much for me. I wrote a good opening page, Dr Harris told me, but the rest was waffle.

But it is interesting that in the end, the very end, civilisations do eventually decline, and before their death-rattle, their several organisations start to implode. The German army smashed itself to pieces invading Russia in 1942. The French Bastille fell to the plebs in 1789. And Dagenham Football club was dissolved in 1992. I fear the same fate threatens the Harrow Association, the OH club.

The decline started, as so often, with a trivial matter. In a recent edition of *Follow Up!*, the Harrow Association magazine, there was a beautiful photograph of all the Harrow ties. Billings & Edmonds arranged 37 specialist ties with great care, in serried ranks, each reflecting a part of Harrow life. There was a Triple Blood Tie, a Water Polo Tie, Old Ardanians, Holy Grail and Da Vinci Ties, Flambards, Clay Pigeon Shooting and Byron Consort Ties, and even a Classic War Tie, green with rainbow stripes, as if artillery were firing down the High Street.

But in the next meeting of the Harrow Association, members started to argue about the legitimacy of some of the ties. Drink was flowing and unforgivable things were said.

Caspar of *Rendalls* suggested that many aspects of Harrow life still did not have the Tie they deserved. Yorick of *Bradby's* agreed, and wanted a Carpet Bowls Tie. Oliver of *Druries* (scholar) wanted a Groise Tie, (for modern Harrovians, a groise is a swat, or Stakanovite). Torquil of *Newlands* wanted a Short Ducker Tie. And old Barnaby of the *Small Houses* suggested, in his familiar faint pipey tones, of all things, a Vasectomy Tie.

Many OHs and VOHs took exception to the idea of a Vasectomy Tie – they thought it frankly disgusting. Muffakam Shah of *West Acre* got so angry about it that he passed out on the Speech Room steps (which of course he frequently did in History, with unnecessary theatricality, in my opinion).

Nevertheless, a surprising cohort of the Harrow Association actually approved the idea of a Vasectomy Tie. But then Alphage St J Beige of *The Head Master's* stunned us all by proposing a Double Vasectomy Tie. St J explained that he had had a cheapo vasectomy in Holland, and it hadn't worked, Dutch staff reporting that lots of his tiddlers were still swimming around. A second excision in the relevant area was needed, requiring the skills of a top Harley Street surgeon, some doyen of the knife and fork brigade. Apparently this second vasectomy had worked a treat, so no more tiny St J Beiges were expected.

But this is too late. The floodgates are now open. OHs are even now quarrelling about a possible Bile Duct Tie, a Carpal Wrist Bypass Tie, an Alzheimers Tie and even a Posthumous Tie.

So I fear the Harrow Association is now going the same way as the Wehrmacht, the Bourbons and Dagenham FC. Would the Head Master like to meet me to discuss this worrying matter over Christmas?

YOURS SINCERELY,
 Mike Stone (*Moretons 1957*²)

SPORT

FIVES

London Fives Tournament, 25 November

On an almost sub-zero Saturday, while the School were still trying to make sense of “Buffalo buffalo Buffalo buffalo buffalo buffalo Buffalo buffalo” in the Harry Watts, dozens of eager and elite fives players from across the country convened on the Hill and descended down the Hundred Steps to contend for the prestigious London Fives Tournament trophy. Hosted in the historic courts of Harrow, this tournament has been a longstanding and long-awaited fixture for the fives community. This year, two talented Harrow pairs entered the main competition: Algie Anderson and Valentine Ballingal, both *Moretons*, as well as Captain Gus Stanhope, *Moretons*, paired with the legendary IJH. Drawn in a prickly group with the 1st seeds, the coach-and-captain combination played exceptionally well to win one of their games. Unfortunately, neither pair reached the quarter-final stages. The 1st seeds from Westminster, Rikki Holden and Hugo Young, went on to win the trophy.



After lunch, the rest of the Harrow fives team turned up, expecting training as usual. However, IJH swept them into the afternoon's Plate competition more swiftly than the autumn leaves off the courts. Contesting against battle-hardened adult pairs and braving the bitter cold, the Harrow boys played with great courage and honour. Despite their Herculean efforts, few points were won and many more lost as the opposition proved to be overwhelming in both technique and power. Nevertheless, Anderson and Ballingal recovered from their tough morning fixtures and played some fantastic fives to reach the quarter-finals of the Plate. Well done to everyone who played; it was a marvellous opportunity to gain some invaluable fives experience! The Harrow team will be training hard to bounce back from this tough tournament and secure a win against the “Other Place” next week.

FOOTBALL

25 November, Development A XI, Home, Mill Hill & Belmont Schools 1st, Won 5-1

The development As responded well to going down a goal early on. There were some encouraging signs with their passing play and some excellent goals from Max Baygual Nespatti, *Elmfield*,

Ralph Collier-Wright, *Rendalls*, Teddy Tarbotton, *West Acre*, Kitan Akindele, *Newlands*, and Arthur Porter, *Druries*.

Development B XI, Away, Merchant Taylors' School, Northwood 1st, Drew 1-1

Don't bother with Match of the Day tonight. Instead, log onto Veo.com and watch Harrow Dev B v Merchant Taylor's 1st XI. In this game, you will witness a brilliant defence against a strong home team and one of the best-ever goalkeeping performances in school football from Seb Pesel, *Moretons*. Hugo Maclean, *West Acre*, made up for an earlier missed chance by coolly slotting home after being put through on goal. RHTN was glad he didn't have his Apple watch on as his blood pressure was through the roof as he watched on from the sidelines. Jack Young, *Newlands*, played another position for the Bs and was solid throughout, not afraid to put his body on the line for the team. Elliot Macleod, *Newlands*, showed his customary class and was pivotal in creating the Harrow goal. Pesel was clear MOTM after a string of incredible saves and a saved penalty.

Development C XI, Away, Merchant Taylors' School, Northwood 2nd, Won 5-2

The Dev Cs won convincingly in an entertaining contest, demonstrating excellent individual and team play moments. Harrow imposed their game from the start, confidently passing and keeping the ball in the opposition half. A strong midfield axis of Alex Edu and Eric Pan, both *Lyon's*, dominated centrally. With the impressive Harry Winward, *Lyon's*, dropping deep, they could maintain possession well.

Rocco Desai, *Elmfield*, and Oscar Bearman, *Moretons*, extended the lead after first-half goals from Joel Oturuoh, *Lyon's*, and AJ Anenih, *Rendalls*. Bearman drilled unerringly into the bottom corner after a fine team move, securing a player-of-the-match performance. Harrow maintained composure despite two late concessions and sealed the win with a stunning long-range goal from Zach Smith, *The Park*.

RUGBY UNION

23 November, Junior Colts D, Home, School of Hard Knocks, Drew 40-40

The Harrow Junior Colt Ds faced the School of Hard Knocks. After an intense game of rugby, the score was 40-40. Well done to all boys involved. A fantastic game of rugby with plenty of sunshine and tries!

Yearlings A, Home, Eltham College, Won 43-7, National Cup Round 3

A dominant Harrow performance built on a rock-solid defence. The second half saw Harrow find their attacking flair with Viktor Timchenko, *Lyon's*, scoring four tries off the bench.

1st XV, Home, Trinity School, Croydon, 25 November, Won 52-17

The 1st XV worked hard against a gritty Trinity side to avenge last year's National Cup quarter-final loss to win 52-17. Harrow got off to a fast start thanks to tries from Kepueli Tuipulotu, *Druries*, from a maul, Sam Winters, *Elmfield*, Andrew Stratton, *Newlands*, and Cam Knight, *Newlands*, to take Harrow into the half 26-7 up, despite Trinity's excellent tackling and strong breakdown work. An assured second-half display, led by hard work from the *Rendalls* sextet Freddie Dinan, Archie Young, Ollie Chambers, Ashton Ilincic, Johnny Codrington and Charlie Hope along with superb solo tries from Patrick Keaveney, *Druries*, Charlie Griffin, *The Head Master's*, and Cam Knight, *Newlands*, saw Harrow push away to a comfortable 52-17 win.

3rd XV, Home, Churcher's College 2nd, Won 49-0

Sofia Morgan cheered the side on with the full enthusiasm of a three year old after a cupcake and babychino from Miriam's Munchies. It's unclear whether she was spured on by the epic performance or whether the boys were bouyed to their superlative rugby by her cheering, or most likely a bit of both.

Harrison Dunne, *Elmfield*, played one of his best games of the season and found space on the blind side, slinging a beautiful pass to Edward Swanson, *Druries*, who sprinted down the wing and cut it and swan dived under the post to score, and somehow smashed his conversion from right in front of the sticks under the crossbar. Similarly, another dominant scrum (well done Samuel Howes, *The Grove*) led to Dunne breaking away and finding Henry Swanson, *Druries* in space to sprint down the wing and score in the left-hand corner. The theme of the week was being clinical in the red zone, which was essentially what led New Zealand to the World Cup final. The conversion rate in the previous week was close to 20%, whereas this week was closer to 80%. A turnover followed by a few quick phases including one of many powerful drives by Michel Quist, *The Grove*, led to a clinical finish by Adam Sameen, *The Knoll*. He was too much for the opposition winger terrorising him throughout the game and putting the mean in Sameen with his quick feet. Harry Duckworth, *The Head Master's*, back on eccer, showed his class throughout the game, ducking and diving and well worth his salt, hit his lineouts consistently including one to the superb Seb Boreham, *Elmfield*, who pulled in his pack for an aggressive 20m maul straight off the training ground. Toby Shmeltz Shemilt, *The Grove*, who has excelled since moving to the 2nd XV, ran a superb line through the middle before Swany pinged a perfectly measured KFC (cross field kick) to Adam Sameen, *The Knoll*, who caught cleanly to score again in the left corner. Weirdly the black swan was much closer with this kick from the touchline than from the one in front of the poles.

22-0 at half time.

The second half start with a good resurgence from Churcher's, who kindly accepted a last-minute fixture after Trinity pathetically dropped out. A great find from JLM.

However, the substitutes were equally as effective as the substitutes. Ulysses Hu, *The Head Master's*, who managed to a) turn up and b) not get yellow carded, executed a tidy Tina (back row scrum move), finding Henry Emerson, *Newlands*, who was once again brilliant. Harrow were on the front foot, leading to the natural scientist Michael (loves a Quizical question) Quist, *The Grove*, scoring a power drive over the line. Oscar Sutherland, *Lyon's*, was once again amazing, both commenting on the game loudly and carrying 24 times, dummying 27. He made a long break, showing both pace and fitness, stepping right and left and eventually tackling himself to save the opposition from having to try to tackle him (very kind). Churcher's, however, immediately infringed and the once-again-magnificent RRM awarded a penalty advantage and, while most players stopped in their tracks, Dunne seized the ball and sprinted more than half the pitch with pace that no one thought he had to score. Dunne scored a well-deserved try in his best game of the season and added his third conversion (another hit the post). This came

after the less savvy Churcher's tried to run the ball from deep into the absolute brick wall of the Harrow centre partnership of Cameron Elliot, *West Acre*, and Xander Jones, *West Acre*. Jones' tackle count was close to 76, at one point making three in a row just bouncing up after each tackle hungry for more. Seun Doherty, *The Head Master's*, on his injury return, chased down kicks with venom, putting fear into the opposition back field and chop-stepping into aggressive tackles. Rei Ishikawa, *Elmfield*, enjoyed a new position at 6, playing alongside experienced, fit and effective backrowers Guy Clark, *West Acre*, Hugo Evans, *The Park*, and Digby-the-digger- Emus, *Rendalls*.

Every game involves mistakes, the odd knock on, missed tackle, or bad decision, but this was as close to a faultless performance as it comes. Sofia described it as "perfect".

Colts A, Away, Trinity School, Croydon, Lost 26-27

Colts B, Home, Churcher's College Colts A, Lost 5-39

A tough battle against a strong A side, but we played really well as a team, made some great passes, and our communication improved throughout the match. They kept on coming, and our defence stopped several other try-scoring opportunities from going over the line.

Junior Colts A, Away, Trinity School, Croydon, Won 28-14

This was the best overall performance the JCAs have had this season. The boys worked hard for each other throughout the full duration of the match, at an impressive intensity. Support lines were excellent and the directness of play made it difficult for a strong Trinity side to compete.

Yearlings A, Home, Trinity School, Croydon, Lost 12-19

An excellent performance and spirited comeback full of courage came up just short. Player of the match Damola Alabi, *The Knoll*.

*This is the last edition of
The Harrovian for this Term*

Ways to contact *The Harrovian*

Articles, opinions and letters are always appreciated.

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

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