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FOUNDER'S DAY

The Hill welcomed back all the Old Harrovians last Saturday to celebrate its Founder, John Lyon, by meeting up with old friends, shaking hands with House Masters and old beaks, and by the following the hallowed of traditions, a good old game of footer on the Hemstalls. For a full set of reports from all the Houses, turn to the Sports section. Follow up!

TREVELYAN SOCIETY

*'The Fragility of Freedom', Gillian Walnes Perry MBE,
27 January*

The Trevelyan Society invited Gillian Walnes Perry from the Anne Frank Trust UK to commemorate Holocaust Memorial Day.

Walnes Perry started this moving talk by telling the audience about the history and recent achievements of the Anne Frank Trust UK. She started the organisation from her home with family and friends of Otto Frank (Anne's father). Perry retired from the Trust in 2016, and at that time there were 35 members of staff. She has done some incredible things, some of which include bringing together Protestant and Catholic children in Northern Ireland during the Troubles to learn about Anne Frank. Most recently, Queen Camilla became a Royal Patron of the Anne Frank Trust.

Walnes Perry described to us the incredible story of Anne Frank and her family and friends. Otto Frank's father owned a bank in Germany. Kaiser Wilhelm was a customer. Otto studied in America where his roommate was Nathan Strauss Jr. Nathan's family owned the successful department store Macy's, where Otto undertook work experience. Otto loved America and would have probably stayed there if it had not been for his father's death in 1909, when Otto was called back from America to take over the bank. Despite his enthusiasm for entrepreneurship, Otto fought as a proud German in WWI and even received the Iron Cross for his bravery.



On 16 February 1926, Margot Frank, Anne's sister was born, and on 12 June 1929, Anne was born. Walnes Perry showed a touching picture of Anne sleeping peacefully, unaware of what was to come. In the summer of 1933, Otto felt that there was no future in Germany due to the rise of the Nazis. Otto looked to move to America, but, like the UK, it was not accepting any immigrants at that time. Otto decided to move to Amsterdam. In a photo of Anne's tenth birthday, there was a mix of Jewish and non-Jewish people, showing how, before Hitler, Jewish people were treated normally.



But, on 10 May 1940, Germany invaded. Soon Jews had to wear a star highlighting their Jewish identity. They also had to turn in their bikes. They weren't allowed to use trams or ride in cars, even their own. They were not allowed to go to the theatre or cinema; they were not allowed to go to pools, or tennis courts, or hockey courts or any sports venues. They weren't allowed in any gardens after 8pm even if those gardens were private. They also had to attend Jewish schools. This meant that Anne had to leave all her non-Jewish friends. In 1942, Otto Frank had to hand his business over to a non-Jew. Germans also said that all Jews aged 16 to 42 had to report to go to labour camps.

On 12 June 1942, her 13th birthday, Anne received her diary. Anne's accounts showed how she was just a normal teenage girl, gossiping about her friends and teachers. But Anne also showed her intelligence and optimistic views on

life: when talking about the prejudice against Jewish people she wrote, 'Life goes on.'

When she reached the age of 16, Anne's sister Margot, was due to be sent to a labour camp, so Otto decided that it was time for the family to go into hiding. With the help of the people, he had been forced to hand his business to, Victor Kugler and Johannes Kleiman, they converted the upstairs of the business premises into an annex, using a bookcase as a hidden door. Soon the Frank family and friends had transported their belongings in secret to the annex.

On the radio that they had in hiding, Anne heard the Dutch Education Minister say that he hoped it would be possible for an account of what it was like to live under Nazi rule to be published at the end of the war. Anne decided to keep such an account, hoping to fulfil her dream of being a published author. On 4 August 1944, a few months before liberation, the Nazi's received a tip-off about where the Franks were hiding. The Gestapo arrested the Franks and interrogated them for two days before putting them on the last-ever train to Auschwitz. Otto was separated from the rest of the family and they never saw him again. Anne and Margot were taken to Bergen-Belsen where they died from typhus just two weeks before liberation.

Otto was liberated and searched tirelessly for Margot and Anne. He eventually returned to Amsterdam where he met Miep Gies, with whom he used to work with. Miep had saved Anne's diary and had been planning on returning it to her. After reading it, Otto decided to publish it and fulfil Anne's dream of becoming a published author. It became a huge success across the world. Otto then had the idea of creating a museum in the annexe where they had hidden for all those years. It proved so popular that they decided to create the Anne Frank Travelling Museum. The great thing about the travelling museums is that teenagers are trained as guides. The influence of Anne's diary was incredible. Nelson Mandela revealed that he read it on Robben Island and that prisoners would copy down the pages so that they could read it at night.

The travelling museums have done great things. Teenagers in townships in South Africa were taught to be guides. There are many exhibitions around the world including in Japan, Kazakhstan, Sri Lanka and India.

Walnes Perry's passion started when she went to an Anne Frank exhibition in Bournemouth. When Perry was auditioning to share Anne's story on a cruise ship, one of the interviewers explained that they had been to an exhibition at the age of nine and the experience had never left her.

Walnes Perry and Miep have become great friends and have even been on a Hollywood red carpet together! When the film that they were involved in won an Oscar, Miep went up to get the award and received a standing ovation from the audience when they realised who she was. Walnes Perry also showed Prince Edward around the museum in Amsterdam. On Anne's wall were a lot of pictures of celebrities, just like any teenage girl, including one of the Prince's mother, Queen Elizabeth II!

JUNIOR LABORDE SOCIETY

*'Poland – the future European superpower',
Alex Gethin, Rendalls, and Barnaby Myres, Rendalls,
30 January*

Alex Gethin, Rendalls, and Barnaby Myres, Rendalls, blessed the Junior Laborde Society with a brief and insightful talk about Poland's rise to becoming a future European superpower.

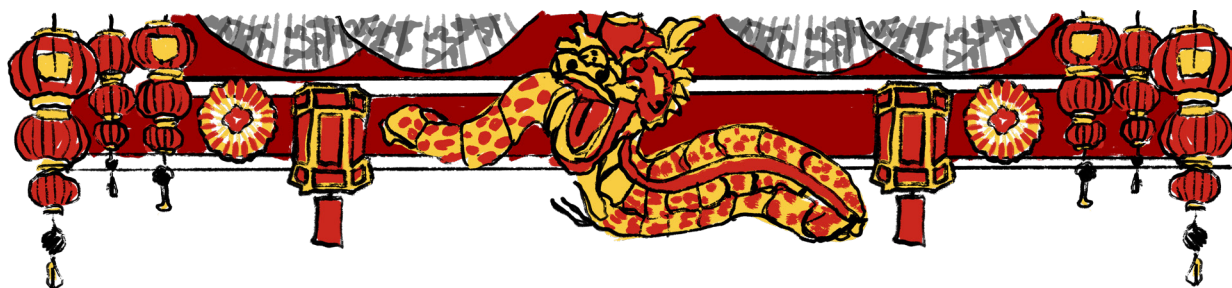
They started by talking about Poland's difficult position in the period from the 1950s to the 1980s. Having first been invaded by Germany, Poland was then controlled Soviet Union, which used the Polish people as a source of income.

Myres then introduced the ways in which Poland began its development into 'European superpower'. They started this process by joining the EU, from which they have received over \$200 billion. Gethin then, through the use of graphs, showed that by employing hard-working, young people who were paid minimum wage, businesses set up factories. This greatly helped Poland grow its economy. The two speakers then discussed the increase in the military capability of Poland and how it already has more tanks than Germany and is striking deals with countries to obtain further technology and even nuclear weapons.

VIDEO GAME SOCIETY

*'FIFA: how buttons and a joystick became larger than just a game', Judah Amankrah, The Knoll,
5 February*

Judah Amankrah, The Knoll, gave an interesting talk entitled 'FIFA: How buttons and joysticks became larger than just a game', covering a little of the history of the legacy that is FIFA football. In the Christmas of 1993, EA released the football game FIFA '94, the first football game to be titled with the world-renowned 'FIFA', or, in its full glory, the *Fédération internationale de football association* (for those who don't do French, this stands for the International Federation of the Football Association). It was played on the Sega Mega Drive, the mainstream console at the time. Among the various other competitors in the footballing game market such as Kick Off or Player Manager, FIFA '94 was praised for its slick art and smooth gameplay. The game soon became the mainstream football game. Suddenly, people were all talking about the newly added players and new games plans and set ups, or tips on managing your digital football club. The game was a dream come true for many and a great way to connect with family and friends. The popularity of the brand continues to grow in the 2000s as fewer football games can compete with the influence and reputation of the FIFA games that continued to be released. Now, a game of FIFA can settle an argument between two young kids, can be a moment to relax after a hard day of work, or a chance to develop teamwork and strategic skills to support the actual sport. FIFA has truly become inseparable with the everyday lives of many, something more than just the cold buttons and joysticks. However, it is a sad realisation FIFA games will soon become history, or at least the name. There has been a disagreement between FIFA and EA concerning the price of the licence to use the name FIFA in these games. After three decades of collaboration, the two associations have finally parted, with the next generation entitled EA Sports FC 2024, and FIFA announcing the development of their very own football game. There has been a lot of controversy regarding FIFA now, and its future seems shaky and uncertain. Yet no matter if FIFA games come to an end, or fall from public interest, FIFA will live on in the memories of those who remember, and those who cherish a time when FIFA, and friendship, had no borders.



YEAR OF THE DRAGON

As yet another lunar calendar approaches with the start of half-term, many around the world are preparing to celebrate this Chinese New Year. Chinese New Year marks the start of the lunar calendar and is celebrated by many countries in the Confucian cultural circle, including Korea, Vietnam, Singapore and, of course, China itself. It has, as many ancient celebrations do, numerous highly stylised cultural traditions; here I will give a brief introduction to some of these.

The Dates

The traditional Chinese New Year period (much like Advent) starts on the eighth day of the 12th month according to the lunar calendar. This day itself is a festival known as *Laba*. People eat Laba congee, which comprises various beans, nuts and rice. The period ends on the 15th day of the first month of the lunar calendar, known as *Yuanxiao* or *Shangyuan*, which sees the first full moon of the year. The day is named after the rice balls, or *yuanxiao* which are eaten on this day; people also hang up lanterns. However, the vast majority of the celebrations take place from the last day of the year to the seventh day of the new year. Depending on where you are, the practices are different, but, generally speaking, different activities are carried out on each day, including the worship of the god of the stoves (usually on the fourth day) or the worship of the god of wealth (date varies from place to place).

The Colours

The colours of gold and, particularly, red are in prominent use during the New Year period. Gold and yellow were the totem colours of the ancient Xia tribe (an important ancestor of Chinese civilisation), and have since been exclusively used for the emperor only. Red, however, was probably picked because it is the colour of fire, as well as being an arousing and attention-grabbing colour. Red lanterns, red scrolls of couplets and *Fu* (luck) characters are hung up, people wear red clothes, and, in some areas, even red underwear!

Food

The most famous food of this period is definitely *jiaozi*, a type of dumpling with a minced meat and vegetable filling wrapped in a thin piece of dough, which is usually boiled or steamed. Apparently invented by a first-century doctor who made them into the shape of ears to cure frostbitten ears, they are definitely the centrepiece in northern China.

In the south, however, rice is often preferred, being the more popular crop. Along the eastern coast, people mash up steamed rice into *niangao*, or 'New Year's cake', which is cooked alongside a large variety of ingredients. In the southwest, cured and smoked meat appears to be very popular. Ham, sausages and salted and smoked pork are the basics. Along the coast and also along the Yangtze, people use dried fish and, in the southwestern regions anything from cured chicken to rabbit is not unusual. In many areas there is also tradition to preserve vegetables: in the southwest there are fermented pickles, in the north soured cabbages, and in the east cured and salted vegetables. In fact, the last month of the lunar calendar is called 'La', which in Chinese means cured or smoked food.

Another famous example of food is the spring roll, which consists of a minced filling wrapped in thin sheets of dough and then deep fried (quite unlike what the SCH serves). Fish, because its Chinese name sounds the same as 'excess', is frequently served on dinner tables on New Year's Eve, and should be left untouched until the next day in hope for a plentiful year.

Dance and Music

Chinese New Year has a tradition of dance, which includes dancers manipulating large models of dragons and lions, as well as several different dances celebrating harvests, usually accompanied by various types of percussion music.

Chuxi

Chuxi, literally 'riding evening', is the Chinese name for the last day of the year. Legend has it that a beast used to eat people on this day, and to chase it away people used fireworks (and other explosives made from gunpowder) and hung up red lanterns because it was afraid of the colour red. Children are given money in red pockets in order to scare away the monster. Couplets wishing for luck and prosperity are a key feature of the night, written on red paper and stuck on doors as the new year begins. In many parts, pig-slaughtering is an important part of the day (to obtain meat for the cured products and dinner), and friends and neighbours will be invited for a meal afterwards with the very-much fresh pork.

TALES FROM THE OSRG

Prologue

*Once Speech Room stood tall atop Harrow Hill
Overlooking those who passed during Bill.
Now something different can we hear and see –
Treasures and tales of the OSRG!*

Dear Reader,

Harrow is so full of wonder and excitement that we are often spoilt for choice. What instrument will you practise this morning? What sport will you play this afternoon? Which lecture will you attend tonight? Harrow is literally inundated with culture and tradition (while Eton may be flooded with other things...) And at the heart of "Harrowness" lies the OSRG, a testament to the School's long and illustrious history. From locks of Byron's hair to mummified crocodiles and the furniture of a Chinese Emperor, the OSRG has it all.

However, how often have you set foot in the OSRG (apart from during the Remove Elective)? One only has to look at Mrs Walton's (almost) pristine register to see. But as Harrovian-reading Harrovians, we are already too busy to raise a finger. And so, I have done all the hard work for you: I have gone to the OSRG, chosen some fascinating objects, and shared them with you (my dear readers). I hope you enjoy a few of my "Tales from the OSRG"!

In the first edition, we will celebrate the upcoming Chinese New Year with two tales based on last term's exhibition of

Chinese porcelain. I was pleasantly surprised to find the imperial tableware of Emperor Kangxi of the Qing Dynasty (the longest-reigning Emperor of Imperial China) in the collection. I also adored the pair of porcelain figurines of *Kylin* (a chimera-esque monster), which bring wisdom and good luck in Chinese culture. My tale is loosely based on my visit to the Forbidden City many summers ago, and the Chinese creation myth of the Giant Pangu.

Yours inquisitively,
Tony Shi, *The Grove*



The Dragon's Palace

(Above: A double dragon dish with the mark of Emperor Kangxi)

"Let the poor lady in. Her words shall be heard."

With a flourish of his embroidered sleeves, the Emperor takes his seat. As the golden sun peers over the horizon, the Hall of Supreme Harmony rises from the darkness. Beams of sunlight fill the gilded hall with sprightly dance. There, the Emperor and his peers sit in Council. In his 60 years on the Dragon Throne, Emperor Kangxi had seen countless craftsman and sages and warriors.

However, this visitor is shrouded in a cloak of mystery. Dirty rags are draped over her cadaverous shoulders. Eroded by the years, deep ravines have navigated through the barren landscape of sunburns and scars. However, there is a fresh green vigour in her dark, shrivelled face. Two shining lodestars protrude from their sunken sockets, radiating hope and wisdom. Yet, the brightness of her eyes cannot compare to the glistening object in her hands.

The dish is wrapped simply. A sole layer of linen cloth veils its magnificence. Its beauty lies in elegance and simplicity. Through the thin cloth, a kaleidoscopic spectrum of colours rushes forth. Unveiling her dazzling dish, the old woman thus speaks:

"O Emperor, O Son of Heaven, I am the seer of the Yunnan Mountains. Past vales and dales, paths and trails, I have come to visit you. I hold a holy offering, a dish crafted by the Mountain Saints themselves. It is fired from snowy clay and glazed with most precious ores. The emblem of the double dragon shall grant heavenly power to you and everlasting peace to your lands."

Suddenly, the old sage uncovers her magical dish. A sparkle of light glints across the great hall. Picking up her silver staff, the seer strides up to the Dragon Throne and leaves her offering there. A thousand pairs of eyes track her every step, entranced by the prized object. Then, as calm as the summer sea, she ambles out of the Hall of Supreme Harmony and disappears into the bright dawn.

Filled with curiosity and delight, Emperor Kangxi jumps down from his throne and wraps his fingers around the splendid dish. The tip of his finger touches it. A thunderous roar fills the entire hall. Darkness descends upon the Earth. Menacing clouds smother the rising sun. Two bolts of lightning flash across the sky. Then, they strike the ground, transfiguring into

two colossal dragons. Armed with claws of steel and scales of bronze, these primordial beasts strike fear even in the Emperor's heart. However, holding splendid pearls in their mouths, they speak thus with gentle words...



The Dragons' Tale

(Above: A pair of porcelain Kyilins from the Kangxi Period)

Addressing the Emperor with noble words,
Thus began the Dragons' glorious tale:
"We are the lords of all the seven seas:
Who else can command the wind and the waves?
We sing of the creation, and the birth
Of Pangu, whose mighty axe need only
One blow to sever the heavens from earth.
Yet the firmament would not stand, and he,
With gargantuan strength and adamantine
Will, held up the heavens until the end.

O Li Bai, Saint of poetry and verse
Divine! Sing of our bygone age, and our
Creation from the primordial egg!
In the beginning, chaos held his throne
Until this giant of yore, with power
Immeasurable, the yin and yang did
Separate. And with each coming dawn,
Ten whole feet higher did the heavens grow
And ten feet thicker did the earth become.
He the primordial mover, standing
Between them and lifting the soft aether,
Eighteen thousand years did boldly endure.

But the dreadful shade of death like a net
Is cast upon all the world, and neither
Giant nor man nor beast can escape from
Its soft and invisible grasp, subtle
As a python ambushing its poor prey.
Suddenly it strikes, swifter than senses
And faster than thoughts; there is no hiding
From the ever-tightening grip of death.
And thus, great Pangu did perish and fall
Onto the earth which he had created.
And he so loved the world that he gave it
His life and soul, and after his death
The rivers, lakes and boundless seas were formed
From his holy blood, and mountains reaching
To the zenith's height arose from his head,
And his last breath became the gentle breeze
Which blows forevermore 'cross land and sea
Filling our minds with freshness and vigour.
'I am the emperor,' you may say with pride,
'Ruler of the land and son of heaven.
Whence have you come, and whither will you go?
And wherefore do you sing of Pangu's praise?'

To conclude our song and quench your desire,
 We shall tell the tale of us brothers four.
 When Pangu rose from that primordial egg
 So did we four brothers, turtle, phoenix,
 Kylin and dragon: two of every kind
 And eight beasts in all. We were the comrades
 Of Pangu the brave. Each in different ways
 We held the yin from the yang: the turtles
 With their strength and endeavour did compliment
 Our wisdom and power, and the phoenixes
 Channelled hope and rebirth, while the kylins
 Showed us the ways of gentleness and joy.
 A pair of porcelain Kylins from the Kangxi Period
 O, those were the great days when our powers
 Were unbound, when all the earth listened to
 Our command! Aye! 'Tis gone! Aye! No longer
 Are we free to roam the earthly realms,
 For man and woman have conquered the land.
 Appointed by heaven, an emperor
 Now rules over all things, undisputed
 In might or moral or magnificence.

Thus we have come this day, with our spirits
 Encased in this magical dish, to bring
 Heavenly blessing to the Dragon Throne:
 May fortune favour you forevermore!"

NEW YEAR'S DAY

A Translation by Jonathan Ford, West Acre

Yuan Ri (meaning New Year's Day) is a masterpiece by the Song Dynasty poet Wang An Shi. In it, he presents visions of celebration and the arrival of a new spring. This translation seeks to honour, as far as possible, the rhyme scheme and intricacies of the original text, which is presented here in Traditional Chinese.

元日
 王安石

爆竹聲中一歲除，春風送暖入屠蘇。
 千門萬戶曠曠日，總把新桃換舊符。

New Year's Day
Wang An Shi

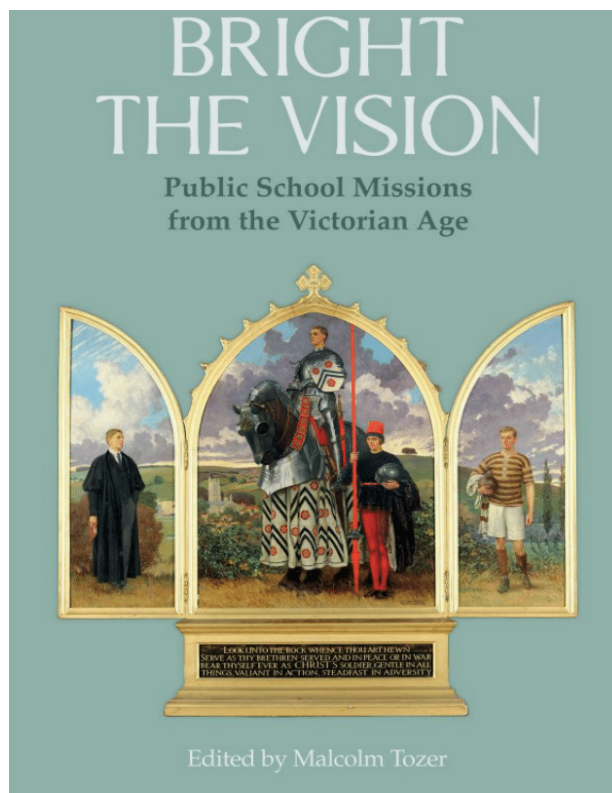
*Amidst firecracker-boom a year slips from time,
 Spring wind breathes wafis of warmth into Tusu wine.
 A thousand doors and ten thousand homes under shining sun,
 With new they always replace the old peach-wood totem sign.*

METROPOLITAN

BRIGHT THE VISION

A review of 'Public School Missions from the Victorian Age', edited by Malcolm Tozer

Dale Vargas is a name that should be familiar to Harrovians: his book 'Football: The Harrow Game' is a Hill Shop mainstay, while his literary and academic presence looms over many School



publications. It is unsurprising, therefore, to see his masterful pen at work, this time as a contributor to Malcolm Tozer's *Bright the Vision: Public School Missions from the Victorian Age*, providing key insight to an otherwise overlooked aspect of Harrow's long history.

It is important to note that these "missions" served social, moral, religious and educational purposes, designed to both benefit the poor and to instil moral discipline in boys. Vargas notes that this system was introduced to Harrow by one of the 'great' Head Masters, The Rev. Montagu Butler (who served from 1860 to 1885) as part of his development of 'Harrovianism', creating an umbilical cord between Old Boys and their alma mater. With the scene set in 1883, Butler informed Old Harrovians that a mission would be set up in North Kensington, in Latimer Road.

Throughout the text, Vargas offers a striking balance of lucid prose, emotional pathos and fun anecdote, presenting an inviting literary environment that remains simultaneously precise and biting. The Notting Dale district, which the Harrow Mission served, was 'a parish that rivalled the worst of East London for poverty', with awful shortages of basic necessities and an increasing alcohol problem. It is, therefore, as Vargas notes, remarkable what Harrow managed to achieve in this area, introducing higher education, penny dinners for children whose mothers worked in the laundries, and mission buildings designed by Norman Shaw (Shaw was amongst the most prominent architects at the turn of the century).

Indeed, the essay's brilliant weaving of sport, philanthropy and religion as part of the mission movement presents as an honest and reverent dedication to this fascinating side to Harrow's history. The inclusion of tales of Belgian refugees and Girl's Clubs further demonstrates Harrow's unbreakable tie with London's wider community and places an impetus on us to consider our positions in today's polarised world. What transmits the most from Vargas's text is an overarching sense of kindness and empathy throughout challenging times, and a continual desire to push against social injustices. Indeed, unlike some of the other missions described in the book, Harrow's mission has only continued to grow, developing the Harrow Club, John Lyon's Charity and, of course, the much-loved (or maligned!) Long Ducker.

Bright the Vision is essential reading because, like the missions it portrays, it encapsulates both a personal public-school tale and a universal compassion, providing both niche knowledge and a powerful call to action. We can only hope that Harrow boys continue to serve communities with the selfless attitude of Dr Butler both on and off the Hill; it truly is part of what makes us Harrovians.

MONASTERY

A poem

I am a monastery on fire. Within me, long fingered monks
Run about, moaning in the Gregorian manner,
Clinging to the beads and scrolls founded in the blazing
factories of faith and, worse,
Hope.
Crispy nuns pull at their peeling flesh, like a bashful roast
chicken
Before the adoring eyes of sticky-fingered children On
Christmas day.
Congregants hide under pews like whispers
Or hurl themselves at the Norman door which stands
At the foot of the aisle, locked from the inside.
The English flint lining the walls spits and steams under
infernal heat,
Engendering a horizontal haze (it's like quick lime on skin)
to perpetually hover as spirits from the crypt below
seep through the masonry cracks.
The grim gargoyles drop mockery from the gallery above,
pulling faces at the writhing churchgoers. But don't judge
them, please!
Being condemned to 5 million funerals can do that to a man.
They know death's numb.
Soon the church organ strikes up a tune that I have heard
before,
And the bells toll one.

I am a sack of wine, full of a sweet liquor
Sloshing gently on the side of a camel traversing the
Silk roads. Above me unfold the stars, which flicker
like the cars we watch at night
Sat on a litter pile on the side of the motorway.
Wisps flutter on the lip of the distant dunes,
which meet the speckled horizon like a baby
Clinging, peeing, sucking at a teat.
Metaphorically nice.
My load is flavoured by the hoarse moans
Of souls who fell into the desert bowl,
And couldn't crawl out again. See:
I am full of good wine, destined for the desert city.
When I get there, My little glinting sapphire
Will be gulped by lard-merchants and probably
Excreted within the hour.

I am a swamp. Passing warriors and warrior want-to-bes
Often throw their blood-thirsty swords Into my green waters:
to honour the dead heroes of past
(Or have a quick wee, to honour other deities).
Their gifts idly sink to the bottom,
Landing on the men with white vellum-skin
who writhe there in all-over pain,
Like blisters held down by stakes.
This is the poet's bog; where words are spawned and go to die.
Here, even vegetarian parasites
Learn the taste of humanity.
Where tethers of putrid flesh aimlessly float about
Like bums on London's streets, who hum melodies:

Of merry widows, and be-horned fat ladies,
and Kisses which aren't forgotten.
Their songs are the battle tunes of my nation:
My homeland, and yours. Have you forgotten?
The land of courtly love, of hallucinogenic reality,
Of operettas, and Übermensch,
Of a "wild-side" and nirvana,
Of social contracts and Aesthetica:
Of a rhyme to the tune of life.
That Elysium of beautiful lies:
made for and in the wandering tombs.
That which, being once born in the minds of man,
should crawl back as fast it can.

'ENJOY YOUR RABBIT'

by Suffjan Stevens, A Music Review

Suffjan Stevens is a name that awakens, in the music connoisseur, visions of indie-folk mastery: from the Bible-rock of *Seven Swans* and the soft reflections of Carrie and Lowell to the baroque-pop of State records *Michigan* and *Illinois*, his career has been indelibly marked by his mastery of the banjo and the acoustic guitar. It is, therefore, perhaps unfortunate that his electronic experimentations across the years have been relatively sidelined by audiences and critics. (*The Age of Adz*¹ and *Planetarium* contain some of his greatest songs). Yet, even amongst this melange of electronica, 2001's *Enjoy Your Rabbit* lies as a fascinating outlier, a glitching instrumental on Christianity and... the Chinese zodiac?

Enjoy Your Rabbit is a 14-track album, consisting of songs based on each animal of the Chinese zodiac in seemingly random order (entitled 'Year of the Monkey' etc...), alongside the intro, 'Year of the Asthmatic Cat', and the outro, 'Year of Our Lord'. 'Asthmatic Cat' serves as a 24-second ode to Stevens' beloved cat Sara, who had asthma. As a sweeping mission statement, unlike the world-folk of his debut *A Sun Came*, this album is schizophrenic, frantic and electrically charged. Stevens himself seemed to struggle with where to begin with this project; indeed, his elucidations on the songwriting process are incredibly revealing:

'It required tremendous patience and self-abnegation. I amassed hours (months, years) of raw material until I was left with the most minute sample of something ... which might somehow, in some abstract way, resemble an ox or a rooster, or a horse.'

This almost haphazard approach to recording may appear at first to result in an album that is imbalanced, perhaps even overwrought. It is certainly daunting and abstract, designed and petrified and to disgust. Yet, it is also designed to inspire. By eliminating all elements of familiarity through rejecting the songwriting medium and live instrumentation,² Stevens succeeded at creating an entirely holistic and hostile sonic environment, one which could compress, frighten and thrill. Indeed, critics were swift to view it as an intriguing collection, one which musically sustained the imagination of the listener. Stevens said of the instrumental nature of the work:

'Many people say the same thing: that they inevitably end up visualizing a place or a picture when listening (carefully) to the album. Maybe this is the purpose of instrumental music in the first place. There are no lyrics (or narrative) to encourage the listener. Therefore you are free to imagine what you like.'

While the power of *Enjoy Your Rabbit* indelibly owes to its wide scope of interpretation, acting almost as a canvas of sound, reversing the Warholian idea of artist/voyeur, to declare it "meaningless" (whether purposeful or not) would be to neglect its underlying pulse. This is an album steeped in Christianity and Chinese mythology, produced by a songwriting genius from Michigan; the improbable combination results in

a work that thrives on its clashing ideals, rising meteorically from the ashes of its own destruction. Its exploration is perhaps more of sound than music,³ rooted in an artistic experience of “put(ting) together argumentative essays, stanzas of free verse poetry, persuasive dissertations and assertions ... to prove the existence of God based on the 12-year lunar calendar.” The fact that these labours do not feature explicitly in the final work adds to its mystical appeal, framing it as an incomprehensible, distorted, yet tremendously impassioned work of *ars gratia artis*, and a dedication to the powers of soundscape and faith. Its eventual message is therefore, perhaps a testament to the power of humanity, a uniting force convened through sound.

Enjoy Your Rabbit is perhaps overly ambitious, or perhaps so niche as to alienate, yet it is precisely this high-art aspiration that secures its place as a fascinating work in a tremendous artist's oeuvre. Listening to it once more in the season of Chinese New Year, its power is again rejuvenated, prepared to thrill, bedazzle and betray... On a sticker haphazardly stuck to the 2014 re-release of the album, Asthmatic Kitty Records elucidated the work's greatness:

‘This may just be Sufjan Stevens’ Magnus Opus. Forget Michigan, Seven Swans, Illinois ... EYR is a masterclass in doing everything that logic tells you not to do.’

¹ The 25-minute opus on identity and sexuality *Impossible Soul* is worth a good listen and will provide some key background for his other works.

² Stevens would later regret this lack of live instrumentation and in 2009 released *Run Rabbit Run*, the ‘live’ version of *Enjoy Your Rabbit*. It remains just as fascinatingly odd.

³ This aligns with Madonna's vision for music in the New Millennium, declaring that her album *Music* was “the future of sound.”

CANCELLED OR ENLIGHTENED?

Exploring the Cancel Culture Phenomenon? We must cancel “Cancel Culture” – before it cancels our culture!, Churchill Essay by Tony Shi, The Grove

When you look back and forgetfully wonder about your happy and carefree childhood, all those cherished tales of wonder and adventure return with delightful nostalgia. Who does not remember Dr. Seuss' *The Cat in the Hat*, Roald Dahl's *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*, or J.K. Rowling's *Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone*? Though our fondness for these childhood tales remains, the days when literary creativity roamed free in England's green and pleasant land are long gone. In the past decade, the burning passion and creativity of all three authors have been mercilessly smothered by online sleuths rallying under the obnoxiously protrusive banner of “Cancel Culture”, a term which 49% of the UK public had “never even heard of” in 2020, according to a thorough study conducted by Ipsos and King's College Policy Institute.

Before we uncover the dreadfully shocking effects of “Cancel Culture”, let us look at a few examples to mentally prepare for the horrors to come. In a hilariously horrifying article published in *The Telegraph* and *The West Australian*, the authors expose the devastating effect of “Cancel Culture” on many of Roald Dahl's most classic works. According to Puffin, the latest editions have been “reviewed” to align with modern sensitivities. In *The Twits*, a “weird African language” is suddenly no longer weird, and in *The Witches*, the “fat little brown mouse” becomes a “little brown mouse”. Who knew that mice also had diets?

Clearly, such preposterous “Cancel Culture” deserves no place on Earth, but where on earth did this absurdity come from? If you are bold enough to brace its horrors, read on. Otherwise, I suggest you rush to the local Waterstones and stockpile some

classic books for your children before they are gone for good.

Where did “Cancel Culture” come from?

Sometimes, life can be busy – inexorably busy. In China, some IT companies require their employees to follow a relentless “996” work schedule (9 am – 9 pm, 6 days a week). My cousin always complains about this to me, saying that all her holidays from work added together in a year was still shorter than my Easter break. At Harrow, we do a bit better, opting for a “966” work schedule (9 am – 6 pm, 6 days a week). Unsurprisingly, we find ourselves consumed by the ruthless “daily grind” of today's fast-paced society. However, no matter where we are or what we do, there is always time for a guilty pleasure – social media.

In the 14th Century, The Black Death killed around 25 million people in Europe. Now, in the 21st Century, Social Media-itis continually plagues 4.9 billion people around the globe, according to an insight from Forbes. On average, users spend a whopping 145 minutes a day on social media platforms. Assuming you live to the jolly old age of eighty, you will have spent six whole years of your life on social media! Statistically, you are more than likely to be one of such users. As Mark Twain famously quipped, “Denial ain't just a river in Egypt”. So, stop living with self-denial and cure your addiction to social media now. Or else, Tik... Tok... and your life will be gone!

In addition to reducing your lifetime, social media also accelerated the growth of “Cancel Culture”. However, an intriguing New York Times article traces the origins of “Cancel Culture” back to 1990's China, when renrou sousuo (“human flesh searching”) of internet wrongdoers was instigated by wangmin (“netizens”).[6] Though much is lost in translation, the phrase “human flesh searching” is rather unsettling if not deeply disturbing (accurately reflecting the digital battlefields whence the campaigns of “Cancel Culture” would soon be fought).

Why must we cancel “Cancel Culture”?

The recent growth of social media platforms has undoubtedly sparked a surge in “Cancel Culture” since they provided the perfect breeding grounds for senseless internet sleuths to proliferate. Resultantly, anyone whose comments are deemed to “violate social norms” is publicly shamed and subsequently “cancelled”. As Kimberly Foster, an influential actor and advocate against “Cancel Culture”, astutely observes, the repercussions affect everyone in society, from the most powerful politicians to the most worshipped celebrities to the most ordinary people. That smug smile better be wiped from your face: nobody is spared from the wrath of “Cancel Culture”. I warned you...

The consequences of being “cancelled” are far-ranging and distressing: in the case of the late Dr. Seuss, it was the boycotting of books; for J.K. Rowling, the *Harry Potter* franchise of games and TV shows were targeted. However, for others, the consequences of “Cancel Culture” are far more severe. For Adam Smith, a young American business executive, his job, livelihood, and even his life, were on the line. Smith remembers “contemplating that [suicide]” in a moving testimony for an insightful CBS News article.

In an exclusive interview with *Vogue*, Taylor Swift poignantly revealed that her experience of being “cancelled” in July 2016 was “very isolating” and a “mass public shaming... with millions of people hating you very loudly”. Indeed, “Cancel Culture” has taken its toll on one of the greatest singers of our generation, limiting her expressiveness and creativity; evidently, it can have profoundly negative impacts on its victims, as well as the vibrant cultural diversity of our world. And unless we want to be “cancelled” ourselves (perhaps with career-ending consequences), we need to cancel “Cancel Culture” first.

Moreover, LSE Professor Shakuntala Banaji perspicaciously points out that “social norms” are “far from fixed” and are constantly evolving. Whilst people should be held accountable for posting offensive comments on sensitive topics such as casteism, colonisation and slavery, the job of policing social media content should not be left to vexatious and vengeful

internet vigilantes. Many a time, they have distorted definitions of “social norms” and “political correctness” in their quest of “cancelling” more people and more culture.

Returning to Puffin’s “review” of Dahl’s work, we can observe the absurdity of this “cancel-mania” very clearly. Apparently, in James and the Giant Peach, Miss Sponge is no longer permitted to be “the fat one” (to avoid fat shaming), and Miss Spider’s head cannot be “black” (to evade racial prejudice). Even the poor tortoises in Esio Trot had to hail from “many different countries” instead of “mostly North Africa”. Any reasonable person would agree that Dahl certainly wrote his terrific tales with no such ill intent in mind. Therefore, “Cancel Culture” has only stifled literary creativity and imagination with illegitimate netizen censorship. We must act now to stop it in its tracks.

As the old saying goes, “Time and tide wait for no man”. Today, rapid technological and social advancements signify that “Society and social media wait for no person”. And while we struggle with the “daily grind” to catch up with modern society, “Cancel Culture” continually undermines the pillars of our illustrious culture: creativity, innovation, and freedom of expression. (Just like how ChatGPT may undermine the Winston Churchill Essay Competition). The glorification of “social norms” and the silencing of differing opinions stifle artistic creativity and literary imagination, the very threads of the rich, cultural tapestry carefully woven by our ancestors. While we strive towards a new world, our old culture is being eroded. We must cancel “Cancel Culture” before it cancels our culture. Why should we let it tarnish the treasures of our past? Bring back the real Roald Dahl! And long live the Oompa-Loompas!

FOUNDER’S DAY FROM THE ARCHIVE

Welcome, readers, to a very especial Founder’s Day edition of From The Archive. This week we travel far, far back to, interestingly, October 15th, 1859 – the oldest mention of Founder’s Day I could find. At this period in time, our School paper was *The Triumvirate*, run by three members of Harrow School (hence the name). I will endeavour to discover why Founder’s Day has seemingly moved from mid-autumn to late winter; however, in the meantime, there are some further interesting things to consider here. Founder’s Day, at least in the 1850s, does not seem to be an important matter. It supposedly is “passed over by most without the bestowal of a passing thought”. This is in great contrast to the way present-day Harrow School treats the day, with the list of events growing longer and longer each year. Is it possible that we revere this day too greatly? Or is it a proper mark of respect to our past and our humble beginnings?

Founder’s Day: The Triumvirate, No 2. October 15th, 1859.

We have no need to apologise to our readers for placing before them a short notice of a day which, itself an old institution, commemorates the foundation of our time-honoured school. Indeed we should consider that we were wanting to ourselves if we did not at least mention its occurrence. It seems to us that not half enough is thought or made of a day so interesting as this ought to be to us; nay, it is even passed over by most without the bestowal of a passing thought upon the matter, or looking deeper than the excuse of first school, and the substitution of chapel for the ordinary morning routine. It cannot therefore be amiss for us to give such a theme a place in our columns, while by doing so we have our own thoughts turned of necessity in that direction, and may possibly succeed in also turning thither the thoughts of our readers.

How very strange it is to us, if we endeavour to picture to ourselves the amusements of the first scholars of the old grammar

school with which they were accustomed to while away their leisure hours! How very strange if we fancy perhaps a small band of rustics indulging in the rude sports of the sixteenth century on the village green, and then turn and regard the fashionable, gentlemanly games of cricket or racquets in the nineteenth century; if we picture their scanty numbers and homely dress, and then look at our games of football, almost indeed overcrowded and illumined with such variegated colours. Nor need we to urge the comparison further, or to trace the Harrow sports through the contests for the silver arrow in the playing fields, down to hockey and hare and hounds, which have been only recently abolished. Enough for us to be proud of that position in games which we have attained in the annals of our public schools, not forgetting meanwhile that we have our duty to perform in keeping up at least our good fame, and letting our minds wander over the gradual steps through which our predecessors have passed, and the results of which have so much benefited us in these later days.

Perhaps some may charge us with levity for thus regarding only our progress in games and amusements without touching on more serious topics; to this we can with justice answer, that far heavier and far more merited a charge would be brought against us if we should venture out of our proper sphere, and write a lecture on our moral progress. It is true that we might have taken a middle course, and laid more stress upon the advance of intellect; upon the immense difference in point of attainments which would be evident between a scholar of the present day and one of the same standing in the school even last century. But, as it appears to us, this would be urging a truism even more than the point we first discussed, when we consider how much greater are the incitements to learning which we now possess, how much easier the path to knowledge; and when we add to these reflections that physical strength and skill are advantages in which one generation is most like another. Our object simply is to touch upon a subject which might be welcome to all, and might therefore draw especial attention to the present as compared with the past condition of this school; and such a subject, we trust, is that of our amusements; better to think well of that, than not to think at all; for though some will not admit that pre-eminence in physical strength is decidedly desirable, and though some again may consider it the only essentially desirable object of a public school; yet the majority, the wise majority, will give it its proper place, distinguished indeed from intellectual training, but still subservient to it; and both tending to the same end, viz., that of forming out of the boy a man, strong and upright alike in mind and body.

On such an occasion as Founder’s Day, all these thoughts naturally occur to every thinking mind. Are we in these points, or in any other point, better and stronger than when, a year ago, the church bells rang out the same anniversary day? Has the name of Harrow, in its competition with other schools, risen still higher, still more than ever prominent? It would not do for it to remain stationary, it would not do that we should remain satisfied with maintaining its abnormal state, or handing it on no better than when we received it; our predecessors thought not so, else we should never have been what we now proudly boast ourselves to be. No; we have a duty to perform, even in these lighter points of our life here, and that duty is to aid as much as we can ourselves individually, the common work of ennobling yet more the common name of Harrovians; and especially on the anniversary of our Foundation to let such thoughts predominate in our minds, and form themselves into resolutions for the year’s exertions.

Editor’s Note: As I enter exam season, being in the Fifth Form, I would appreciate any help or inspiration about what article to bring from the past to display in our present. If you have any ideas about what we could use next week, feel free to email 21kulara@harrowsschool.org.uk.

OPINION

CORRESPONDENCE

Letters to the Editors

DEAR SIRs,

They say that youth is wasted on the young, and that there's no fool like an old fool.

My life supports both axioms.

When I was at Harrow, I read *Three Men In A Boat*, without realising that Montmorency was a dog, not a mysterious fourth man. In Reading, I infuriated a constable requesting my ID by sincerely offering him the name-tapes on my socks. At Royal Ascot, I was asked by a lady if I would like to meet her daughter – “No!” I cried, drunk. In the Stanley Hotel, Nairobi, I spent a day throwing knives into the floor – Kikuyu, not Stanley, knives.

At Oxford, my Economics tutor, Prof. Stout, told us to read a book “by me”; I asked him to spell that name for me. I also told producers auditioning for stand-up comedians that if they couldn't see I was funny, they should be retrained. And at St Moritz I yelled at the fool blocking my descent on the Cresta Run, only to find that he was trying to lug my slow skeleton up the last uphill bit.

I tried my luck as a tenor, but by singing *Esultate* from *Otello* at full volume, I injured my throat. When recently Sir Michael Savory (*Moretons 1956*³) asked me who was our most famous contemporary, I failed to realise that he was referring to himself. When SMK declined to let me attend a meeting of *The Harrovian* editors, even though I had adjudicated the Debating Society, I exploded.

I could perhaps apologise for these failings. But should I? And would it not be refreshing if *The Harrovian* published and approved the shambles and disasters that afflict Harrovians, rather than the extensive laudatory which it currently and relentlessly provides? Be nice to see the list of Harrovians who failed to get into Oxford or Cambridge? Or Harrovians who still use a Nokia? Or Harrovians who look in the mirror more often than not? Or who resemble a failed state in their endless demands for parental cash? Or have a crush on all the House matrons? And why shouldn't beaks demand extra pay after a particularly torrid lesson with the 6th? And isn't it time boring old Shakespeare was banned from the Hill?

O wily Editors, can we never celebrate our failures with fresh smashing washouts? They might occupy half our lives. What larks we could have.

YOURS SINCERELY,

MIKE STONE (*MORETONS 1957*²)

DEAR SIRs,

I am compelled to compliment the entire School. This week, there have been inexplicable improvements to everything from lessons to eccer. Indeed, from Tuesday, the standard of beaks' teaching in every lesson has upgraded to a level which hasn't seen since 2016. It is as if every beak had planned each lesson, rather than just showing up, still a little woozy from the night before, with a decade old PowerPoint and a strong pair of shades. In one lesson, I actually found a handout land upon prearranged desks. Beaks were mentioning something called 'British Values', whatever that is. Reherasals and society meetings have become better organised. While I'm not qualified to speak about sport, I'm assured that perfect practice prevails.

I wonder why there has been such a change in the School? Perhaps beaks energised by the gaze of a greater power. It's as if they have a new-found need to appear competent, reaching to some depths which, at most other times, go unplumbed. Did every beak wake up on Tuesday with a 'growth mindset' and the determination to gift us all with their expertise? Indeed,

maybe three ghosts went door to door, granting guilt to beaks as they mirror the sleep of their bored boys. Maybe, like boys, Senior Management is starting to offer rewards to those who can teach? Such a policy probably wouldn't usually cost much. The reason to all of this may be forever unknown, but it is certain that the spirit of education has finally visited the Hill. No matter my introspection, I can't find an explanation; I only hope that this spirit remains.

Yours curiously,

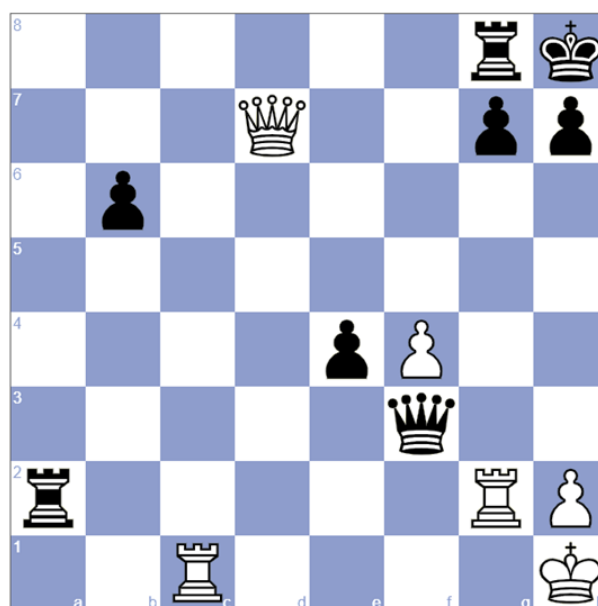
R T M YOUNG, *THE GROVE*

CHESS

This week's chess puzzle comes from a game between German players FM Thomas Bohn and Toni Sandmeier in a domestic tournament in 1987.

White to play and mate in three moves.

Submit your answers to JPBH by email to enter the termly competition.



Last week's answer: 1. ... Rb1+ 2. Qxb1 (or Qc1) Qd2#

Interested in chess? Come along to Chess Club, 4.30–6pm on Tuesdays and Thursdays in MS5. All abilities welcome!

SPORT

FOUNDER'S DAY FOOTER

Bradlys

The House 4 v 6 Old Boys

OHs: Danial Aspandiarov (2021³), David Liu (2018³), Ed McBarnett (2009³), Nick Feinberg (1988³), Alex Melnikoff (1953²).

A game played in a wonderful spirit with the Old Bradbeians, ably assisted by members of the Bradlys Upper Sixth. Such was the strength of the Old Bradbeian team that they played uphill in both halves and still managed to come away with the win. The boys were thrilled to see David Liu return to his



specialist sweeper role, but were disappointed that he now wears contact lenses rather than his famous goggles. Ed McBarnett was the other highlight in the Old Bradbeian team, and he was constantly in the thick of the action, taking and giving yards with aplomb. The best base of the game was scored by this combination, with Liu following up an excellent break from McBarnett, and taking a quickly taken yards from a flick-up to put the Old Bradbeians ahead. Other star turns included a man of the match performance by Chris Mutombo-Ramazani (for both teams), August de Lencquesaing launching bombs with his throws, Ethan Harrington-Myers making a constant nuisance of himself and Joshua Oliver-Willwong's conversion of yards. It was a highly enjoyable game.

Druries *The House 9 v 2 Old Boys*

OHS: Max Evans (Tovey 2014³), Hal O'Connor (2014³), Charlie Biddle-Porter (2011³), Aleks Predolac-Miller (2014³), Nick Peel (2014³), Louis Kunzig (1983³), Arthur Ludlam (2016³), Sam Hardy (2008³), Ed Hardy (2010¹), Adam Graham (2003³), Fred Everett (2010³).



The House team expected to play a very tough old Drurician side, with some famous names in the House returning. The match started off viciously with some questionable tackles and sibling rivalry from some of the OHS. Yet, despite missing some key men due to injury, the House XI managed to score seven bases in seven minutes, extracting revenge for the unlucky loss of last year's Founders Day. After realising that this could be the greatest score in the history of Harrow footer, BTM made the executive decision to transfer two key players, Oliver Rezek and Henry Dargan onto the old boys' team, giving them a slight advantage over the House and allowing them to take back another two bases, with scores from Adam Graham and Fred Everett. However, the old boys began to tire and, with no substitutes available for them, Patrick Keaveney and Edward Swanson were able to make a few breakthroughs down the wing and take yards in a key area in front of the posts, making the final score 9-2 to the House.

House team: Angus Ludlam, Arthur Porter, James Talamai, Ittetsu Hoshi, George Maia, Edward Swanson, Patrick Keaveney, Theo Stockmeier, Luke Smedley, Henry Dargan, William Riddick, Oliver Rezek, Arhan Maker.

Elmfield *The House v Old Boys*



The grey morning saw a battle for Harrow football glory, the likes of which Hempstall 2 had never seen before. Large crowds of generations of Elmfield families had turned up and the sides of pitch were packed. Old faces were reacquainted, and boots were dug out of the sheds. The Elmfield House team, on the whole, looked meagre, inexperienced and naïve, standing near the Old Elmfieldians. The team of Old Elmfieldians were broad-shouldered, organised and warmed up as a team (weary not to strain the wavering knee). Opting to take the downhill advantage first, former captain of Elmfield footer Jamie Ashton (2010) shook hands with current captain Rob McCorquodale to start the game.

The game began with an explosion of intensity lead by Old Elmfield titans Jasper Blackwood (2022) and Ned Armstrong (2010). With Armstrong finding inspiration in his David Beckham England top, he dribbled through the entirety of House team and even 'bending it' he scored a base. The House worked hard to slow the game down but the persistence of the Giants kept the ball in play. The Giants found themselves 5-1 up at half-time. The only base from House came from Harrison Dunne with some clever heads-up play.

The House, eager to take advantage of the downhill, kicked off the second half with haste. Two early bases from McCorquodale reignited the House team's spirits. To counter this, the Elmfield Giants sought to make the game a scrimmage. Successfully, they kept the score down to 6-4 with minutes left to go. However, in a strange turn of events, both teams agreed to a golden goal on the condition that the House returned to playing uphill. The never-ending final play saw the ball go from end to end with pace. In the dying moments of the game, a scrum had quickly formed and collapsed in the Giants half. In a moment of chaos, the Giants attempted to retrieve the ball from behind and 'box kick' yards. Once again Dunne took advantage of the confusion and ripped the ball out from under the bodies and turned to score the final base.

The match was a success and the Elmfield boys truly 'came up to the Giants of Old'. The match was followed by more catching up and reminiscing about past House traditions and events. Many thanks to those Giants for making the effort to return to the Hill and play. The House will forever remember this day as one of the finest shows of Elmfieldian athleticism, sportsmanship and camaraderie.

The Grove *The House 2 v 5 Old Boys*

OHS: Ire Ajibade (2015³), William Lintott (2014³), Alex Priestley (1994³), Jamie Baldwin (1994³), Ryan Tang (2012³), Leslie Cheng (2016³), Ryan Cullen (2016³), Kyle TC-Singh (2016³), Preston Chung (2016³), Ryan Lai (2016³), Brian Chiang (2015³), Charlie Ball (2017³), Archie Powell (2017³), Joseph Wragg (2017³), Will Landale (1978³), Mark Shemilt (ex West Acre, 1977³).



The Grove was in action on Hempstal 3 on Sunday against a team of excited OHs. We were lucky to have a full OH team to play against and they proved to be more than what we were expecting! The game started fairly tight until Archie Powell took yards and punted one through the posts. Then, the OHs fought back again for another powerful Powell base. Courageously, the boys managed to break the OH ranks as Viktor Van Den Berghe converted a soccer-style base (thanks to his amazing Astro night performances). After some see-sawing in the miry marsh, the OHs managed to score another, making it 3-1 at half time. The boys bought on some fresh Lower Sixth boys in an attempt to invigorate the team. Unfortunately, the OHs were simply too strong for these young Lower Sixth and they scored two more bases. Though the boys clawed one back, was not quite enough to take the win. A final score of 5-2 rounded off a fabulous day of fun, fellowship and footer (masterfully umpired by RRM)!

The Head Master's The House 0 v 6 Old Boys

OHs: James Stabb (1986³), Cameron MacLeod (2015³), Amit Armon (2013³), Harison Saunders (2013³), Valentine Hutley (2013³), Nick Roy (1991³), Angus Labrum (2017³).



It was a brisk Sunday morning with The Head Master's boys eager to bounce back from last year's heavy defeat. However, fear settled in quickly when they saw the sheer size of Harrison Saunders. Even though Felix Boegh-Nielsen and Will Stabb tried to convince themselves that he might be there just to watch, this was not the case.

The game started with a long stalemate. Both sides put in large collisions. Then the deadlock broke and the old boys went 1-0 up. The dagger was further pushed into the heart when the chirpy voice of James Stabb could be heard mocking the boys for their poor defence. The physicality of Hutley, slicing runs from Casson, and CR7 stepovers from Smith proved too much for the HM boys to stop. The goals kept on coming from the old boys, with some late shots from MacLeod.

All in all it was a great day out. I know next year the boys will be eager to change the scoreline.

The Knoll The House v Old Boys, draw 6-6

The Old Boys: Sudershan Dadlani (1992³), Harry Syms (1996³), George Grassly (2013³), Rory Miller (2016³), Danny Alhakmi (2014³), Alex Jeong (2017³), Calum Butler (2015³), Archie Ross (2015³), Alex Walker (2015³), Seyon Santhamoorthy (2018³), Alex Banfield (2018³), Walid Nsouli (2019³), Baba Obatoyinbo (2018³), Tom Haworth (2018³).



A good turn out of 15 old boys meant a good game was to be expected. The old boys, playing downhill both halves, started off well with big hits coming from Bulter and Ross, setting the tone for the rest of the game. After a well caught yards, Grassly stepped up and put the old boys one base up. Butler followed soon after with a soccer base. Butler then went on to miss a base from right in front of the goal, but Syms managed to make amends and put the old boys 3-0 up. The first time the Knoll XI made it up the pitch Cox-Lang took a well caught yards and made the score 3-1. Once again, the pressure mounted on the Knoll XI, but Banfield managed to miss a base. The pressure continued and Butler scored his second making the score 4-1. Netanel Lawernce-Ojo then took the game into his own hands and ran the length of the field to score a wonder soccer base, making the score 4-2. Following this, Mubarak Tinubu employed his footballing skills and made the game 4-3. Half-time, a close and aggressive game, with a few old boys bowing out with sore limbs. Reggie Hammick, having only played a few games, then managed a tap in following an excellent yards from Mostyn Fulford, this made the score 4-4. Walker, having finally arrived, gave the old boys the advantage again. Reggie Hammick then went on to surprise everyone, scoring back-to-back goals, making the score 5-6 to The Knoll XI, and more importantly, giving himself the hat-trick. In the last play of the game, Santimorthy scored a base from distance to level the score at 6-6.

Lyon's The House v Old Boys

OHs: Playing: Harry Cleeve (2015³), William Cleeve (2014³), Alastair Llewellyn Palmer (2014³), Hamish O'Rourke (2014³), Freddy Gibson (2014³), Badley Morrison (2021³), Jack Gosden (2016³), Alex Leung (2015³), Harry Bell (2015³), Charlie Llewellyn Palmer (Elmfield, 1980³), Henry Farquhar (2016³), Tej Sheopuri (2016³), William Tallentire (2014³), Zack Morgan (2016³). Non playing: Finn Bertelsen (2014³), Toby Gould (2014³), Ed Rosson Jones (2014³), Alex Melp (2014³), Louis Martine (2010³).

Thirteen old boys returned to take to the field against the current Sixth Formers. Those returning to the Hill had the honour of choosing to play downhill in the first half and quickly scored their first base thanks to the skills of former captain of Harrow football, Henry Farquhar. A second soon followed and it looked as though this would be another triumphant victory for the

visitors. When Charlie Llewellyn Palmer tapped in a third base just before half-time the game still appeared to be tipped in the favour of the old boys.



With the House playing downhill in the second half, the game turned and bases were quickly scored by Ayotade Fasino and Saarvin Cambatta-Mistry. It took quite a while for them to draw level through Fikunmi Olutunbi. At full-time the scores were level but both sides were keen to play on until a final base was scored – even if the House had the distinct advantage of playing downhill. Nonetheless play on they did until the inevitable happened and a final base trickled through the legs of Jack Gosden to settle the score in favour of the House – the first time in many years.

Moretons *The House 4 v 5 Old Boys*

OHs: Andrew Ballingal (1974³), Harry Baker (Bradby's, 1989³), John Russell (2008³), Mirko Altana (2008³), Matt Brunault (2008³), Ollie Hald (2007³), Patrick Lehrell (2017³).



This year the OH team was made up of seven OHs and the rest were enthusiastic Lower Sixth Moretonians. Some members of this team claimed to have never lost a match, while at Harrow or since leaving. This seemed like it was going to be a tight fixture, but the House side was confident in the OHs' promising lack of fitness, only to have their hopes and dreams crushed. Before delving into any of the details of this game, I would like to let it be known that the House team are gentlemen and so would never dare to cheat or make excuses, but the OHs were clearly not, having influenced SMS in some underhand way, substantially worsening the prospects of our victory.

The game started with an impressive tempo which was not maintained by either side. The first base was against the House by "the imposter", Old Bradbeian Harry Baker, who put in none of the work up field. This writer has never seen a man fall so slowly yet get up even slower and still score a base. As he is not a Moretonian, the House refuses to recognise any contributions he made, however small. By half-time, the score had reached 2-2 with the House having bases scored by Aaron Sohal and Jonathan Brockwell. Judging by the heaving and complaints of back and knee pain from players of all ages, half an hour more seemed a daunting task. This task was exacerbated for

the House by the fact that they would once again be playing up the Everest like slopes of H1.

Our fitness was atrocious.

In the next half, the desire to stop running was so profound that the teams resorted to two "turtles" within ten minutes of each other just to get some time on the ground. With five minutes left to go, the score sat at 4-4 with bases from Harry Burt and Jonathan Brockwell for the House and with one impressive base from a very tricky angle from Freddie Williams (Lower Sixth) for the OH side. Thanks to SMS's creative interpretation of the offside rule, the OH were able to snag the final base, leaving the score at 5-4. One assumed that the House would be disheartened, though the thought of beers, curry and a seat in the SCH quickly lifted all spirits.

Many thanks to all the OHs who came back and to SMS for "umpiring".

P.S. The House recognises the official score to be 5-4 to the OHs, but in our minds the true score will always remain 4-3 to the House (due to unjust Bradbeian influence and a fundamental misunderstanding of the offside rule).

The Park *The House 3 v 5 Old Boys*

OHs: Alexander Henderson-Russell (2002³), Oliver Tippet (2012³), Sumer Singh (2015³), Fred Prickett (2016³), Kieran Leung (2018³), Maxi Farah, Henry Macdonald, Hugo Evans. Also on the Hill: Greg Chandler (1985²), Yumeng Chan (1997³).



After a run of bumper years, *The Park* could muster only seven OHs this time round, but that did not prevent us from enjoying an excellent, competitive match played in very much the right spirit. The OHs were bolstered by Maxi Farah, Henry Macdonald and Hugo Evans from the current crop. Playing downhill first half on a greasy-quick Sheepcote 5, and with soccer bases outlawed from the start to make the 8-a-side more interesting, Farah and Macdonald scored early bases, and when hellraiser-in-chief Oliver Tippet made it 3-0, things were looking bleak for the House. A breakaway just before half-time saw House Captain James Felton pull one back.

BJDS – to general disgruntlement – reversed his decision to allow the old boys to play both halves downhill, but though he says so himself, it did make for a more even contest. Leo Mazrani made it 3-2 before Fred Prickett and Hugo Evans pushed it to 5-2 in favour of the old boys. An immediate counterpunch came from an Own Base, scored via a touch straight from kick-off, to make it 5-3. The House pushed for the next base but ran out of time.

The game was excellent and enjoyable. Alexander Henderson-Russell (who performed a first-class turtle) and Oliver Tippet were the pick of the old boys, ably supported by Kieran Leung, Fred Prickett and Sumer Singh.

The Park: James Felton (c), Oliver Bailey, Fred Hower, Harry Jang, Leo Mazrani, Hugh Mercer Wong, Oliver Older Gut, Max Rugge-Price

*Rendalls
The House v Old Boys*

OHs: Rupert Wieloch (1972³), Hastings Wieloch (2005³), Jack Glover (2013³), Alex Peers (2007³), William Emus (1978³), Edward Beecham (2007³), James Mitchell (1982²), Oliver Taylor (2014³), Arnaut Orford (1994³), Ben Goddard (2011³), George Whitcombe (2011³), David Thomas (2011³), Dan Firoozan (2009³), Charles Stebbings (2007³), Marcus Peers (2009³), Andy Maxwell (1982³), David Maxwell (1976²).



Sunday 4 February and the Rendalls Sixth Form returned early from their Saturday-night floaters in mostly fighting condition. A House team confident in their size with men like Captain Ollie Chambers soon became worried when they saw an equally physical OH team. The OH started up the hill led by the military precision of Rupert Wieloch and scored an early base. The House soon replied with a soccer base scored by Conor Scott “the Enforcer”. Hemstall 6 lived true to its muddy name and the second half became a close-quarters battle of “turtling” and heavy barges. Archie Young, Johny Codrington and Monty Morgan were wiped out, and the ever-keen Widge Emus found himself on the floor more times than he would have wanted. The Emus-on-Emus battle was a particular highlight of the day. However, the deadlock broke as the OHs closed out the match with a final yards, leaving the score 2-1 to the old boys. The regular photographs and the famous mudslides followed. Both sides enjoyed a great day of footer and the chance to reconnect with old friends. The House now looks to 2025 with a stringent training plan to get the job done next year.

*West Acre
The House 4 v 7 Old Boys*

OHs: Archie Chatwin (2017³), Charlie Digges (2017³), Kit Chetwynd-Talbot (2017³), Pierre Ali-Noor (2001³), Maxwell Brooks (2017³), Matt Harrison (2016³), Jack He (2020³), Ben Falcon (2017³).



The House ran into a very strong OH team with old first XI players consisting of Digges, Chetwynd-Talbot and Ali-Noor. The House got off to a slow start, conceding early, but replying just before the half, leaving it 1-1 with all to play for. The

second half was when the OHs took control, with six bases being conceded. In the dying minutes the House’s stamina allowed them to score three more, to put the game in reach. However it was too little too late, and the House lost 7-4. Bases were scored for the House by Masato Higuchi, James Lester and Guy Clark.

FOUNDER’S DAY GOLF

We were blessed to be joined by four Old Harrovians who gallantly made the trip it to the School golf course for Founder’s Day (and strategically managed to avoid any Harrow football!). The course is struggling for form (as the boys will attest to by my almost daily “Golf Course Closed” emails) and we struggled to even record a value on the stimpmeter, but nevertheless, the game would go ahead.



Out first for the School were Fred Hewer, *The Park*, and Oliver Cheuk, *The Grove* – an experienced pair who know the course like the back of their hands... Hewer put his driver in the rough on the left of the first and Cheuk managed to go OB.

Stepping out for the Old Harrovians was Hugh McKinney (*Rendalls 2004³*) who piped his drive up the right to leave him with a flick on with a wedge. Tom Tennant (*Rendalls 2004³*) has been hitting the sim hard over the winter months and feels ready to “go low” – he pleaded ignorance with regards to the OB down the right of the first and both Hewer and Cheuk showed sincere honour in allowing him to play the ball regardless.

Meanwhile, starting on the third were Thomas Tian, *Newlands*, and Kieran Wee, *Newlands*, up against Torkil and Oli Harrison (both *The Head Master’s 2007³*). Tian managed to top his 3-wood into the forward tees but Wee found the middle of the fairway. The Harrisons found their rhythm early and their game would remain tight throughout. The course was particularly unforgiving and the OHs were regularly reminded of the need for excellent short game. Oli Harrison produced a magical chip to half the fourth hole and Torkil struck a fine tee shot on the sixth. Wee was “unlucky” not to bag a hole in one on the fifth hole (despite the ball in all likelihood careering into the trees some 40 yards beyond the green). The match would go down the last and the OHs snuck it 1up.

The first group matched the quality of the golf course with the quality of their golf. Tennant struggled to contribute but McKinney was keeping the OHs in it against Hewer and Cheuk. Tennant managed a fine tee shot on the sixth and McKinney was superb with a wedge in hand on the ninth. This match would finish all square, despite two play-off holes on nine!

A fine day out played in wonderful spirit. Huge thanks to all the Old Harrovians for making the trip back to the Hill!

FOUNDER'S DAY WATER POLO

On Founder's Day, the water polo team welcomed the OHs in an epic game of quarters lasting eight minutes each. OHs present were: Sam McGoughan (*Bradlys 2017³*), Maxwell Brooks (*West Acre 2017³*), and Archie Hogben (*Newlands 2015³*). Adding muscle to the OH squad were Strength and Conditioning Coach Bilal Hassen, Paddy Mulqueen, *Bradlys*, and Harry Murton, *Newlands*, jumped in to show support.

The boys played 6v6, and there were no subs – talk about pushing the limits as by the third quarter, Harrow boys were cramping up! Surprisingly, the OHs didn't seem to have lost their water polo touch. In fact, they were like water polo wizards, making our boys levitate with a single arm while shooting in the goal with the other one.

Hogben stole the spotlight with jaw-dropping trick shots and a whopping six goals. Coach Bilal also joined the goal-scoring party, netting four times and pulling off some mind-bending fake shots that left Harrow scratching their heads. The Old Harrovians emerged victorious, proving that age is just a number, especially in the water.

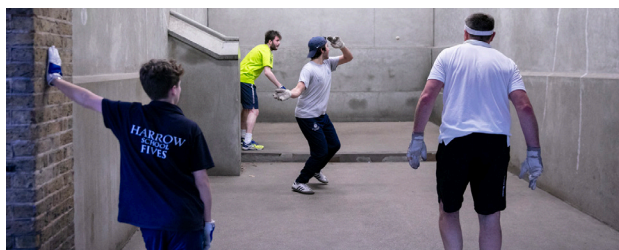
Harrow put up a decent fight, keeping up with the OHs' pace. Charlie Tack, *Newlands*, scored twice, and Zak Banton, *Newlands*, and Joe Storey, *Newlands*, each added a goal. But, hold on to your swim caps, because Sias Bruinette, *Newlands*, refused to go down without a splash. His determination churned out four additional goals, narrowing the gap in a nail-biting 10-8 showdown for the OHs.

Coach Will and Madame Andrieu couldn't have been prouder, as they welcomed the OHs back into the pool after all those years. The splashy reunion was a highlight of Founder's Day, proving that the spirit of water polo never truly drowns – even if you end up with cramps!

FIVES

1st VI v Old Harrovians, Draw, 4 February

The School were represented by the Moretons pairing of Charlie Allday and Harry Burt against the contrasting OH pair of Fred Prickett, *The Park*, and Ed Buxton, *Elmfield*.



The wise old heads managed to scrape the first set 13-10 but Harry and Charlie got going in the second and it was one-way traffic for the boys in a great set applauded by many. Unfortunately, there was no time to play another set, so all four players agreed on a draw. After all, in the spirit of Founder's Day, when hitting a ball against the wall, a draw is the best score!

HOCKEY

*1st Away v Forest School, Won 2-1,
National Cup – Round 2, 3 February*

Harrow started the first half strong against a good and unique pressing side. Harrow opened the game by enforcing the

improved zonal press, forcing the opposition wide, allowing our fullbacks to step up and intercept the ball to then jumpstart the transition. From moving the ball to the midfield and back around, Harrow was confident in the switch of play and adapted well to the opposition's unique press, resulting in multiple goal-scoring opportunities. Credit to Forest's resolute defence, two chances were unfortunately scrambled off the line. After this misfortune, Forest started finding their way into the game. Their attack was cancelled out by Harrow's defence and the first half ended at 0-0.

After a discussion on how to break open Forest's defence by pushing the two wide forwards higher up the pitch, Harrow entered the second half with anticipation, rareing to score a deserved goal. Both sides were strong but, for the Harrow boys, fatigue began to set in and concentration levels began to drop, leading to multiple short corners being given to the opposition. Their forward dispatched a skilful dribble into the corner, setting Harrow 0-1 down. The boys however didn't let their heads drop and continued to show their determination to progress in the cup. Though Forest began to maintain possession and dictate play, Harrow held on to the game, defending with what they could. Three minutes were left, and the Forest boys intelligently started to run down the clock. Harrow placed the Stabb brothers higher up the pitch and dropped another forward into midfield to heighten the third-quarter press. After intensifying the pressure in the centre of the pitch Harrow dispossessed the flustered Forest and played the ball down the right line to find Will Stabb, *The Head Master's*. The elder brother received and carried the ball down the baseline, skilfully finding his younger brother, Ed Stabb, *The Head Master's*, on the penalty spot to sweep it in for his debut goal. The boys picked the ball up from the goal and ran back to the halfway line, eagerly waiting for the opposition's push back. Harrow instantly pressed as a team forcing an error from the Forest playing, leading to a last-second goal-scoring scramble in which Jack Scott, *The Park*, had the finishing touch on the back post, cementing Harrow's comeback. A reward for a hard-fought game. Next round of the cup will be played at home next Thursday.

1st v Haberdashers' Elstree Schools, Won 2-0

Harrow were hoping to continue the momentum of Wednesday's cup game into the Saturday fixture against Habs. Starting the first half, the zonal press protecting the centre of the pitch was working and forcing the errors from the opposition to creep in, with most of the play being turned over in midfield. They were defending man to man, so the Harrovians had to make more leading runs and work hard to get free. Focusing on possession and outcomes in the D, the boys set up a few short corner opportunities. With one flick from the top, James Basslian, *Rendalls*, found the back of the net, so go into half-time 1-0 up.

Despite the boys having a lot of possession, they had to keep the tempo and pressure high to get the outcomes. A well-worked goal from Guy Manley, *West Acre*, pinching the ball and finding Will Stabb, *The Head Master's*, on the baseline to pass across the goal for Aaron Patel, *The Knoll*, to confidently sweep in and increase Harrow's lead to 2-0. As both teams' legs began to tire, and green cards given to both teams for dangerous play, Harrow held on to their 2-0 lead with an excellent diving save from Ulysses Hu, *The Head Master's*. An excellent team performance, building and building on tactics each week. Man of the match was Oliver Gisborne, *Lyons*, in the midfield, alongside Freddie Emery, *Moretons*, who also had a great match, both manipulating play and making excellent leads.

2nd Home, Haberdashers' Elstree Schools, Lost 1-7

Junior Colts A Away v Haberdashers' Elstree Schools, Lost 1-7

Yearlings A Away v Haberdashers' Elstree Schools, Lost 0-6

FOOTBALL

The School v Haileybury, 30 January

2nd XI Away v Haileybury, Lost 3-4, Southern Independents

After a few losses on the bounce, the 2nd team boys were ready for a bit of revenge to kickstart their league campaign away at Haileybury. After a quick warm up in the trenches of a pitch provided by Haileybury, the boys were ready.

Harrow started off a bit nervy after Haileybury netted a goal almost straight away, but our amazing coach and lino pulled them back for an obvious offside. Well played Pablo. This should have been a wake-up call for the boys, but it was quite the opposite. A ball was whipped into the box with our own Max Bloomfield, *Elmfield*, under it, and he somehow managed to put it past Macdonald, *The Park*, (our GK) for his first goal of the season. Harrow were still yet to wake up as Haileybury scored again to make it 2-0. However, heads did not drop as we managed to equalise through the main man up top, Tochi Orji, *The Park*. 2-1 down, with the comeback very much on, the boys started to pull some strings. Unfortunately, the story of our season hit us again. Against the run of play, Haileybury got another. Something about this 2s team is that we never give in, and the boys on the pitch were loving our new goal-scorer who netted his second, giving the boys in blue a bit of hope. We came so close with Jack Young, *Newlands*, hitting the post with a beautiful half volley. This gave us momentum, which led to Leon Mills, *Newlands*, scoring a beautifully worked tap in after a great bit of Fannon ball from the boys. Unfortunately, Haileybury then got the winner, and the boys were on the losing side again. Heartbreaking.

3rd XI Away v Haileybury, Lost 0-2, Southern Independents

The team worked well on a very short and narrow pitch. Space in the middle was hard to find and Haileybury did well to put a lot of pressure on the ball. They had two quick centre forwards who exploited the slope in the first half to put Haileybury 2-0 up. Harrow did well after half-time to turn the game around and have sustained periods of attacking play, unfortunately hitting the bar and post on a few occasions.

4th XI Away v Haileybury, Draw 2-2

Colts A Home v Haileybury, Lost 1-2

The Colts As arrived down at the Sunley, excited by the return of Cam Knight, *Newlands*, and the prospect of what promised to be an exciting game. Going into the game the main focus was on ball retention while in possession, and work rate out of possession. As the first half commenced, the Harrow boys set the tone early and looked the better side in possession for the majority of the first half, much thanks to Teddy Tarbotton, *West Acre*. However, despite this dominant 20-minute spell to start the half, the Harrow side were unable to capitalise and really work the Haileybury keeper. Lack of organisation and communication from a Haileybury free kick gifted the visitors a cheap goal. Morale did not drop, however, and Harrow again began to dictate proceedings through the midfield axis of Talal Nsouli, *The Knoll*, and Teddy Tarbotton, *West Acre*. However, again despite dominating the ball for the rest of the half, the Harrow side struggled to create clear-cut chances to test the Haileybury keeper and were lucky to find themselves only one goal down at the break, thanks to a string of fine saves from Seb Pessel, *Moretons*.

After an inspiring team talk from TMK and a piece of a tactical genius from EMK, which saw Elliot Macleod, *Newlands*, operate in the number 10 role, the Harrow side started to pose more of an attacking threat and were knocking on the door of the Haileybury defence. Finally, the deadlock was broken by Lase Akindele, *Newlands*, who got on the end of a Beckham-esque delivery from Teddy Tarbotton, *West Acre*, to convert and bring Harrow back level. However, despite this Harrow

equaliser, it was the visitors who looked hungrier for the win and I more likely the team to score for the remainder of the second half. With 15 minutes to go, the deadlock was again broken by the visitors, despite the best efforts of Seb Pessel, *Moretons*, and the Haileybury side found themselves with their noses in front. Harrow again threatened to score but would find that they had left it too late.

This was a tough loss to take for the Harrow side, despite an overall fine team performance, and they must remain focused on moving the ball quicker in the attacking and third, and capitalising on their chances in front of goal to look to bounce back against Hampton on the weekend.

Colts B Home v Haileybury, Draw 2-2

Colts C Home v Haileybury, Won 2-1

Colts D Home v Haileybury, Won 3-1

Yearlings A Away v London Oratory School, Won 4-0

Harrow ran out comfortable winners against London Oratory, thanks to goals from Pablo Castellano Burguera, *Rendalls*, Joshua Nwaokolo, *Newlands*, Barnaby Winters, *Elmfield*, and Jesse Aidoo, *Bradlys*. The team showed excellent composure and fellowship in this convincing victory.

Yearlings B Away v London Oratory School, Won 6-1

The Yearling B team dominated the game to win 6-1. Two goals from William Lee, *The Head Master's*, one from Jimi Adu, *The Park*, and a hat-trick from Aaryan Basu, *Druries*. Player of the match Woody Venville, *Lyon's*, for his domination in the midfield and his three assists.

The School v St Paul's, 1 February

2nd XI Away v St Paul's School, Lost 0-1, London IS Cup-2nd XI Cup Final 16

In anticipation of the Cup and League double, the 2s felt confident going into their first cup game. Teddy Barnett, *Rendalls*, started the game the off with an aggressive challenge, setting the tone and showing St Paul's that we weren't here to play around. Dominant runs from Akachi Anyanwu, *The Grove*, down the left and Arthur Porter, *Druries*, down the middle had the St Paul's back line trembling. However, after a few good efforts, the ball failed to find the back of the net. After a (debatable offside) run down the left, St Paul's put in a cross that was neatly put away. 1-0 down. This did not sway the 2s as they took this on the chin and fought harder.

Starting the second half, substitutions in Oliver Rezek, *Druries*, and Oliver Mitchell, *Rendalls*, provided fresh angles to the game, with Rezek making many impressive runs down the right. Mubarak Tinubu, *The Knoll*, from left back made a fantastic run that resulted in us gaining a freekick just outside the box. Porter stepped up confidently to take and would have had the ball cruise into the top right corner if not for a St Paul's defender's head. Unfortunate. The 2s had many other promising chances yet failed to actually put one away. Strong and combative defensive performances from Henry Macdonald, *The Park*, Leo Polese, *The Head Master's*, Cameron Childs, *Newlands*, and Oliver Campbell, *Newlands*, managed to keep the scoreboard the same, but this was not enough as the whistle went and Harrow were sent back to the Hill. Get 'em next year lads.

The School v Mill Hill, 3 February

1st XI Away v Mill Hill & Belmont Schools, Won 3-0

There were plenty of debuts for the 1st XI at this north-London derby in Mill Hill; a new formation, a set of new GPS trackers on the boy's backs and NT sporting a new set of glasses that gave him more than a passing resemblance to Mrs Doubtfire on the team bus. The other debutants, Josh Ashley, *Moretons*, and Leo Polese, *The Head Master's*, were

more poignant, with both back from significant and long-term injuries. The commitment and dedication shown by both of the lads to get to this stage of playing football has been nothing short of remarkable and should act as a true inspiration to those around the Hill recovering from any injury...as 'Euphegenia' Tivey recounted to the rest of the boys, "back in my day, you didn't play football again after one of those". So, after a great week of training and plenty of new things to be excited about, the 1st XI went into this friendly fixture against Mill Hill full of confidence and with a fresher feel, knowing that the result of this game wouldn't influence the league standings. It was a bit of a surprise, perhaps, that the 1st XI struggled at the outset, therefore; pinned back by several Mill Hill attacks as they managed to make the most of the space created behind the Harrow wing-backs. The boys needed some time to adapt to their new formation and had to rely on Polese, Talal Nsouli, *The Knoll*, and Zane Akbar Khan, *Moretons*, to be water-tight defensively so that Mill Hill didn't take the lead.

As the game wore on past the opening ten minutes, Harrow became more accustomed to their new shape and started to make better use of it. Mubarak Tinubu, *The Knoll*, was influential in some excellent passages of passing football down the left wing and Jonah Esposito, *Newlands*, displayed his trademark energy and lung-busting ability on the right. Teddy Tarbotton, *West Acre*, was typically neat and balletic in the middle of the park and Charles Edu, *Lyons*, provided plenty of class to help gain control of the midfield. Harrow opened the scoring when Ralph Collier-Wright, *Rendalls*, worked some of his magic to turn his man and drive down the right wing. An intelligent ball forwards released Arthur Porter, *Druries*, and his subsequent cross was poked home by top goalscorer and captain Kitan Akindele, *Newlands*, after a neat turn in the box. Harrow went further ahead as Mill Hill became camped in their own half; a goal kick being intercepted by Akindele who then did all the work himself as he rifled home from distance to delight the crowd. Harrow then dominated the game into half-time and should have really scored more but they lacked a bit of their clinical edge. Josh Ashley, *Moretons*, made his deserved appearance from the bench, a year to the day since tearing his ACL, making several interceptions and key passes.

Harrow changed shape to a 4-4-2 in the second half and looked threatening on the break while lacking continuity to their passing. Harrow managed to go 3-0 up when a terrific long throw from Zane Khan fed Akindele. Akindele raced clear of the two defenders as he surged into the left side of the box, cutting back intelligently to Peter Ballingal, *Moretons*, who was in the perfect position to score yet another 1st XI goal.

The game became a little fractured in terms of flow in the second half with neither side really dominating and chances coming at both ends of the pitch. Caspar Baker, *Moretons*, in goal had demanded a clean sheet at the start of the game and it was clear how much he really wanted this with several spectacular saves. I'm not quite how Mill Hill didn't score some of their chances but Baker did superbly well with a memorable double stop right at the end of the game. Baker has been in excellent form so far this season and has arguably been one of the 1st XI's best performers between the sticks,

richly deserving his Man of the Match award. Both he and the 1st XI will need to be on top of their game for Harrow's next fixture against league leaders Dulwich – it promises to be another big one.

2nd XI Away v Mill Hill & Belmont Schools, Lost 1-3

The 2nd XI started the game well with good team cohesion and a real fight to win against Mill Hill. Unfortunately, two quick-fire counterattack goals saw a disciplined opposition take control of the match. Captain Edward Swanson, *Druries*, steered the team back on course and it wasn't long before Hugo Maclean, *West Acre*, pulled one back after some neat link up play with Ollie Rezek, *Druries*, down the right flank. In the second half, Harrow dominated possession with Max Bloomfield, *Elmfield*, and Akachi Anyanwu, *The Grove*, running rings around defenders. Despite some stunning saves from Henry Macdonald, *The Park*, Harrow were unlucky to concede a third and had reason to feel aggrieved when Tochi Orji, *The Park*, was chopped down inside the penalty area, but the referee just shook his head. The 2nds will now use the break to rest and recuperate before going again in the second half of term.

3rd XI Away v Mill Hill & Belmont Schools, Draw 3-3

4th XI Away v Mill Hill & Belmont Schools, Won 6-2

5th XI Away v Mill Hill & Belmont Schools, Draw 4-4

Colts A Away v Hampton School, Lost 2-7

Harrow lost 7-2 to Hampton School, with five of Hampton's goals coming from corners. Rocco Addati, *The Knoll*, was Harrow's man of the match, setting up Jesse Eledan, *Newlands*, for a headed goal, before scoring himself with a 30 yard screamer.

Junior Colts A Home v Mill Hill & Belmont Schools, Won 6-0

The JCAs produced some fluent play to cruise to a convincing win. Paul Olusegun, *Druries*, scored the pick of the goals. Joel Otaruoh, *Lyons*, scored two, with Auberon Dragten, *Rendalls*, and Damon Chiu, *Newlands*, bagging one apiece. Mikail Magomedov, *Rendalls*, was player of the match with another composed display.

Junior Colts B Home v Mill Hill & Belmont Schools, Won 2-1

Junior Colts C Home v Mill Hill & Belmont Schools, Draw 1-1

Junior Colts C v Westminster School, Draw 1-1

Junior Colts D Home v Mill Hill & Belmont Schools, Won 4-3

Yearlings A Home v Mill Hill & Belmont Schools, Draw 3-3

Harrow drew 3-3 against a resilient Mill Hill side. Despite dominating possession and goals from Cheng Ku, *Bradlys*, Joshua Nwaokolo, *Newlands*, and Luke Attfield, *Druries*, they were unable to find a winner. MOTM was Jesse Aidoo, *Bradlys*, for a commanding defensive performance and excellent use of the ball.

Yearlings B Home v Mill Hill & Belmont Schools, Won 3-0

Yearlings C Home v Mill Hill & Belmont Schools, Won 8-0

Yearlings D Home v Mill Hill & Belmont Schools, Won 13-0

Yearlings E Home v Hampton School, Lost 0-2

Yearlings F Home v Hampton School, Won 3-2

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