

THE HARROVIAN

VOL. CXXXVI NO.22

April 27, 2024

BORNEO EXPEDITION

Under the dimming skies of a typical English evening, twenty eager Harrovians, accompanied by their beaks MJG and KOJA convened at Heathrow Airport. Their destination: the jungle island of Borneo. The journey commenced at 5pm, marking the beginning of what would become an extraordinary two-week adventure.

Upon touching down at Kuala Lumpur airport, the boys made the most of their layover by indulging in brief respites on the airport's famed massage chairs. Their travels continued with a short domestic flight to Kota Kinabalu airport, where, upon arrival, they eagerly equipped themselves with sim cards to navigate the new environment. The baking air of Borneo welcomed them the moment they stepped out of the air-conditioned airport, as they transferred their gear onto a coach and delved into the night towards a centrally located hostel in Kota Kinabalu.



The following dawn heralded our departure to a hotel ensconced within the lush flora of the rainforest. However, an unexpected twist occurred when our bus faltered, prompting an unplanned yet delightful lunch at a traditional food market. Here, the boys savored their first taste of authentic Malay cuisine – fried squid, chicken, salads, pho-style soups – an experience that enriched their understanding of the local culture. Post-repair, the journey resumed through landscapes dominated by palm oil plantations and dense rainforests, a vivid backdrop that culminated in an evening of Malay karaoke and more scrumptious food at our rainforest hotel.

Our cultural immersion deepened the following day with a visit to an orangutan and sun bear preserve. Here, we were privileged to meet Dr Siew Te Wong, the world's pre-eminent expert on Borneo sun bears. Amidst the backdrop of these magnificent creatures, Dr Wong educated us on the sun bear's habitat, characteristics, and the challenges they face. We observed the orangutans' playful behaviour and their surprising interactions, which, while shocking and unspeakable, underscored the complex dynamics of wildlife behaviour.

The journey continued as we ventured towards the 'homestays' – an integral part of our expedition where we integrated into local households, assisting with chores and engaging in community life. This segment was highlighted by personal connections with the villagers, especially a spirited 12-year-old boy named Baboi, whose extraordinary and unique personality was both endearing and entertaining. These days were interspersed with

boat trips that unveiled sightings of elephants and playful monkeys, enhancing our appreciation for Borneo's biodiversity.

Our physical and mental fortitude was tested as we embarked on a trek starting from a British Army memorial dedicated to the Southeast Asia campaign of WW2. The trek challenged us through both road and rugged terrain, with stunning vistas of the enveloping jungle. The experience was made authentic with nights spent in hammocks, set to the natural lullabies of the forest (interspersed with some fairly infuriating cicadas) and a memorable, albeit startling, encounter with a leech during our natural spring showers.



As we concluded our trek, the group was taught essential bushcraft skills by our local guides, enriching our survival knowledge and deepening our connection to the jungle environment. Exhausted but fulfilled, we welcomed the sight of our coach, which signified our return to civilisation.

Our final days were spent in Kota Kinabalu. Here, the Harrovians explored the rich mangrove forests at the Kota Kinabalu Wetland Centre, a vital ecosystem covering 24 hectares that supports a myriad species including resident birds and migratory flocks from Northern Asia. The Centre, a remnant of the extensive mangroves that once lined the coast, provided us with invaluable lessons on environmental conservation and the crucial role of wetlands in ecological balance.

This expedition not only challenged the boys physically but also offered profound insights into environmental stewardship and cultural exchange. A heartfelt thanks to MJG, KOJA, our heroic local guide Ben, the homestay families, and everyone involved in crafting this once-in-a-lifetime experience.

A FLYING BUTTRESS

*Churchill & God, Father Mark Vickers, Gore,
Palmerston & Trevelyan Societies Joint Lecture
23 April*

30 November marks the 150th anniversary of birth of the most famous Harrovian of them all. Winston Churchill was a man of many parts: statesman and parliamentarian, soldier and war leader, journalist and historian, racehorse owner, artist,

gambler, heavy drinker, and bricklayer. He spoke and wrote with conviction and wit on every conceivable subject. What were his religious beliefs and practice? Churchill is one of the 19 Prime Ministers of the 20th century whose personal faith I covered in my book, *God in Number 10*.

Ten years ago, I was travelling between Minneapolis and Denver. I took a book from a friend's shelves. It contained a chapter on Arthur Balfour, Prime Minister from 1902 to 1905. I thought I knew my modern British Prime Ministers. I had no idea, however, that Balfour wrote and lectured extensively on philosophy and natural theology. He attended and organised séances, including in Downing Street. If I didn't know this about Balfour, what didn't I know about the religious faith of other Prime Ministers? The answer was a huge amount.

Telling a friend I was researching the religious faith of the 20th-century Prime Ministers, he quipped it was bound to be a very short book. I thought he was possibly right. Political biographies tend to ignore religion. Perhaps there was nothing to say. Perhaps the Prime Ministers were all sceptics or practical atheists. I could not have been more wrong. The book is 500 pages. It could easily have been twice the length. The Prime Ministers were raised in strongly Christian homes. They attended church, chapel, or Sunday school. Family and friends were ordained ministers. By and large, they were theologically literate. Anglican or not, they were involved in the appointment of Church of England bishops. Christianity was still a major influence in national life.

The fact most political biographers ignore religion isn't because religion wasn't important to the Prime Minister; rather it wasn't important to the biographer. You can find nothing on the fact that Ramsay Macdonald, the first Labour Prime Minister, was a lay preacher. Nor the fact Stanley Baldwin, another Harrovian, was experiencing mystical visions. It is seldom mentioned that various Prime Ministers dabbled in the occult. There are passing references to Harold Macmillan almost becoming a Catholic during the First World War, but little on his deep adult faith. Nothing is made of the fact three Prime Ministers considered ordained ministry themselves. When religion is mentioned, the biographies often get it wrong.

Churchill differs to the extent that at least three books claim to give an account of his personal faith – unsurprisingly perhaps, given there are an estimated 1,000 biographies. Various claims have been made that Churchill was a man of faith. Much nonsense has been written. American Evangelicals are the worst offenders, arguing that Churchill, himself half-American, shared their religious stance. Others conclude he was an atheist. What is the truth about Churchill and God?

'Faith of the Fatherless'

During the 20th century, Britain became a much less Christian country. Religious practice held up well until the 1960s. From then on there was gradual decline, going into freefall from the 1990s. One would expect the Prime Ministers to mirror that trend. Quite the reverse. The Prime Ministers became much more Christian as the century progressed. Of the 11 Prime Ministers in the first 50 years, only Baldwin was an orthodox Christian. The rest were sceptics or bonkers. Then from the mid-1950s, with the possible exception of Jim Callaghan, all described themselves as believing Christians. Most followed through in terms of practice.

Various factors account for the scepticism of the early Prime Ministers. One thesis has particular application to Churchill. Freud argued religion is a human invention: God is simply the projection of the need for a father figure; religious belief declines as the authority of the human father is rejected. The American psychologist Paul Vitz has turned Freud's theory on its head. Vitz contends that psychology explains atheism: in most instances atheism is the result of 'a deficient father', by which he means a father who died or was otherwise absent during a person's formative years or with whom they had a bad

relationship. A child finds it hard to experience and trust in the existence and goodness of God when the presence and love of the parent, especially the father, are lacking. He illustrates his claim by reference to the bad relationships prominent atheists had with their fathers.

My book supports Vitz's hypothesis. Of the 19 Prime Ministers, only Attlee enjoyed a good relationship with his father while remaining a nonbeliever. The nine Prime Ministers who lost their fathers during childhood or were physically or emotionally distanced from them were atheists, agnostics or lacked a strong faith. Baldwin, Douglas-Home and Thatcher enjoyed good relationships with their fathers and strongly identified as Christians.

Born and baptised at Blenheim Palace, grandson of the Duke of Marlborough, Churchill grew up in a world of privilege and power. It did not, however, give him the one thing he craved, the affection and attention of his parents. His father, Lord Randolph Churchill, was a brilliant politician but unstable and self-destructive. His mother, Jenny Jerome, was a society beauty whose behaviour was often no better than it ought to have been. Both fulfil Vitz's definition of a 'deficient' parent. Neither parent showed any interest in religion.

Nanny Everest

However, we are not determinists. Many things in early life, including religion, are influenced by our parents, but we can't be blame them for everything that follows. We have free choice, we can adopt different ideas and practices.

Deprived of parental affection, Churchill doted upon his nanny, Elizabeth Everest. Nanny Everest was responsible for Churchill's real introduction to Christianity. She was a Low Church Protestantism, with a real hatred for the Pope of Rome. He adopted her distrust of religious ritual, refusing at his prep school to face east for the Apostles' Creed, believing this smacked of popish superstition. Churchill was not fortunate in his experience of clergy during his early years. The headmaster at his other prep school was an unpleasant sadist, the Revd. H. W. Sneyd-Kynnersley, who beat the boys mercilessly.

The Hill

Baldwin, Prime Minister in the 1920s and 1930s, left Harrow in 1888, the year Churchill arrived. Baldwin came from an intensely religious home where prayer, Scripture and church attendance underpinned family life. His parents, Methodists turned High Church Anglicans, built their own church. Baldwin felt he gained little spiritually from his time at Harrow; he found the services in the School Chapel deeply uninspiring.

Churchill was more charitable, writing of his 'pleasant memories of Harrow Chapel'. It was impossible to escape religious practice during Churchill's time here: Chapel three times on a Sunday, morning and evening prayers every day. Churchill's House Master was the Head Master, the Rev. James Welldon, who became Bishop of Calcutta. Churchill approved of Welldon, but his reasons are telling – the Head Master, in his opinion, was 'an able man and a great scholar and not only this but also a man of the world, and no foolish priest – narrow minded and dogmatical'.

Surprisingly, Churchill experienced a moment of religious awakening, even enthusiasm, at Harrow. Aged 16 he wrote: 'I feel less keen about the Army every day. I think the church would suit me much better.' Was he sincere? He mused later that, had he failed his Army exams, 'I might have gone into the Church.' His son, Randolph, gave free rein to his imagination, speculating what might have happened had his father been ordained. He envisaged him converting to Catholicism, becoming a Cardinal and returning to Anglicanism before reconciling Rome and Canterbury. Randolph had Cardinal Churchill being elected Pope in 1940, restoring the Papal States, and ensuring the political union of Europe 'under the double leadership of Britain and the Church of Rome'. Amusing, but utter fantasy.

Nanny Everett was delighted when Churchill asked to be confirmed at Harrow. His mother was cynical. She assumed Winston only wanted to be confirmed because the classes excused him from more onerous duties elsewhere. Churchill's religious fervour did not survive. He only received Holy Communion once in his life – presumably at the time of his Confirmation.

The only person at Harrow who interested himself in Churchill's spiritual welfare was the Assistant House Master, another clergyman. Troubled by Churchill's preoccupation with pleasure and adventure, he made a pitch for his soul:

You must once for all realize that to please God must be the ground work of your life. Up to this time you have not set this before you. You have been content to take the world as you find it, getting out of it as much so-called amusement as you could. Such a life is not a happy one – it has no worthy aim and can give no lasting satisfaction. Then, my dear Churchill, do turn and decide once for all that you will set the pleasing of God and the service of other men before you as the object of life.

Churchill paid no attention and was commissioned in a fashionable calvary regiment.

'A violent and aggressive anti-religious phase'

Churchill left for India in 1896, a conventional Anglican, attending church every Sunday. In terms of faith, he 'accepted everything [he] had been told'. In India, religion was the subject of debate in the officers' mess: 'Whether we should live again in another world when this was over?' 'Whether we have ever lived before?' 'Whether we remember and meet each other after death or merely start again like the Buddhists?' and 'Whether some higher intelligence is looking after the world or whether things are just drifting along anyhow?' Churchill agreed religion was a good thing for women and 'the lower orders', but should never be pursued to excess. It didn't matter what one believed provided one did one's duty, was faithful to one's friends and kind to the less fortunate.

In these debates, Churchill was disconcerted to discover himself at a disadvantage to his contemporaries who had been to university. So, he set out to educate himself, reading extensively. He was captivated by the cynicism of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, which, with little evidence, held Christianity largely responsible for the fall of the Roman Empire.

We may think the belief of the early Prime Ministers was damaged by Darwin's theory of evolution and the other scientific advances of the 19th century. Yes, these were problematic for those whose faith was based on the Bible alone, with science apparently disproving a literal interpretation of the Book of Genesis. Yet, when Churchill was a young man, the heat had gone out of those debates.

I have not discovered a single Prime Minister whose faith was destroyed or substantially weakened by modern scientific discoveries. Science was not the problem. Far more damaging to orthodox Christian faith was the modern biblical criticism that dismissed the historical accuracy of the Scriptures. Claims that Jesus was anything more than a reforming rabbi were held to be the subsequent invention of the Church. Churchill read much of this. There is a great deal of theology on his bookshelves at Chequers.

This sceptical biblical criticism originated in Germany. However, as far as the Prime Ministers were concerned, it was largely the fault of the French. Few people today have heard of Ernest Renan. In the late 19th century, all the Prime Ministers read him, including Churchill. Renan had studied to be a priest, before losing his faith. His anti-Catholicism and anti-clericalism resonated in Protestant Victorian England. His *Vie de Jésus*, published in 1863, ran through dozens of editions. Renan claimed impartiality, he wrote with first-hand knowledge of the Holy Land, his style was compelling. Yet, he systematically gutted the Gospel of any supernatural content. No miracles, no Resurrection, no divinity of Christ. Jesus was

only a moral example, just a good man. Christianity, he argued, was the invention of that villain St Paul.

Years later, as Prime Minister, Churchill interviewed Geoffrey Fisher for the position of Archbishop of Canterbury. Churchill asked if Fisher had read Renan. Fisher replied he had not. Churchill was astonished, finding it 'quite unthinkable' that a senior churchman was unacquainted with one of Christianity's greatest critics. It's a damning admission. The Church's failure to provide convincing intellectual answers to modern questions accounts for much of the scepticism of those Prime Ministers.

Churchill also read a homegrown critic of Christianity. William Winwood Reade was a Scot who wrote a book called *The Martyrdom of Man*. It's a highly contentious account of history, dismissive of revealed religion. He too claimed St Paul and Platonic philosophers invented Christianity. It was 'the creed of the uneducated people', 'never the religion of a scholar and a gentleman'. He despised the thought simple folk might inherit the kingdom of heaven, with the learned excluded. He concluded: 'Supernatural Christianity is false. God-worship is idolatry. Prayer is useless. The soul is not immortal. There are no rewards and there are no punishments in a future state ... [Christianity] ought to be destroyed.'

Churchill lacked the Christian friends and formation to rebut Winwood Reade. His response, therefore, was anger. He 'was indignant at having been told so many untruths ... by the schoolmasters and clergy who had guided my youth ... I passed through a violent and aggressive anti-religious phase.' He told his mother: 'I expect annihilation at death. I am a materialist – to the tips of my fingers.' 'I do not accept the Christian or any other form of religious belief.' Churchill's atheism proved to be a passing phase. His attention turned from religion and philosophy to military campaigns, journalism and politics. He continued, however, to take a dim view of organised religion: 'The fear of God produces bigotry and superstition. There appears no exception to this mournful rule.' His attitude was changed by exposure to danger.

'My prayer ... was ... answered'

In 1899, Churchill went to South Africa as the war correspondent for the Morning Post. Captured by the Boers, he had no intention of remaining a prisoner of war. Hopping over the fence one night, however, he discovered his difficulties had only just begun. Deep in enemy territory, he lacked supplies, assistance or a plan. Only one option was open to him:

'I realized with awful force that no exercise of my own feeble wit and strength could save me from my enemies, and that without the assistance of that High Power which interferes in the eternal sequence of causes and effects more often than we are prone to admit, I could never succeed. I prayed long and earnestly for help and guidance. My prayer, as it seems to me, was swiftly and wonderfully answered.'

Churchill stumbled on the one friendly house in the whole neighbourhood, that of a British mining engineer, and made good his escape to freedom.

'Lacking in the religious sense'

If his 'miraculous' deliverance failed to persuade Churchill of the benefit of regular prayer, it confirmed his belief he was protected by some form of destiny, without that being defined. Narrowly avoiding death in the trenches of the First World War, he wrote to his wife:

'It is all chance or destiny and our wayward footsteps are best planted without too much calculation. One must yield oneself simply and naturally to the mood of the game: and trust in God which is another way of saying the same thing.'

Appointed Prime Minister in May 1940, Churchill concluded: 'I felt as if I was walking with Destiny, and that all my past life had been but a preparation for this hour and for this trial.' Evangelicals argue Churchill understood Destiny not as an impersonal force, but as the guiding hand of God.

There is no basis for such a claim. Churchill had no sense of a personal relationship with God, still less of the Christian God of Jesus Christ.

As a young politician, Churchill's contemporaries noted his lack of interest in spiritual matters. Churchill was not unlike Boris Johnson. As a result of his education, he had a good working knowledge of Christian doctrine and vocabulary, but no sense this might apply to himself or that Christ's teaching was something to be lived by. When one rejects the Christian understanding of the dignity of every human being created in the image and likeness of God, some very unpleasant theories can take its place. Churchill was an early supporter of the eugenics movement, arguing for the forced sterilisation of the feeble-minded.

He conceded: 'I came to the conclusion that I was lacking in the religious sense.' He later offended his private secretary, alleging religion was a manmade affair, that 'every nation creates God in its own image'.

Churchill's astrologer

G. K. Chesterton said when we stop believing in God, we believe in anything. That is true of the early 20th-century Prime Ministers. Having lost faith in Christ and the Resurrection, several turned to spiritualism for the assurance of personal survival for their deceased loved ones.

With so many books written on Churchill, there was very little I discovered that was new. I did, however, uncover his correspondence with an astrologer in Norwich called R. G. Hickling. In the years leading up to the First World War, Hickling offered advice on industrial and foreign policy. Churchill circulated those letters to his Cabinet colleagues, who made gentle fun of him. The Prime Minister queried whether the negotiating stance of the striking coal miners was really determined by the planets. Churchill persevered. He made his travel plans in accordance with Hickling's advice. 'He has been right every time so far,' Churchill argued. Having rejected Christianity, it is extraordinary that Churchill felt he should organise his life according to the movement of the stars.

A God 'of pity, self-sacrifice, and ineffable love'

Religion did not feature large in married and family life. Churchill married Clementine Hozier in 1908. She took faith more seriously than her husband. Throughout their marriage, however, she attended church only occasionally, reverting to a more regular practice only after Winston's death. When his wife complained about Churchill's failure to attend church, he replied: 'Ah you, my dear Clemmy, are like a great pillar, you support the Church from the inside! But I am like a flying buttress; I support the Church from the outside!'

In his biography Andrew Roberts notes that in the five million words of Churchill's speeches, the word 'Christ' is only mentioned once, the name 'Jesus' never. The results would have differed, however, had Roberts searched instead for 'God', 'the Almighty', 'Jehovah', 'Supreme Being' and 'Higher Power'. Churchill's choice of vocabulary demonstrates that, while religion was not absent from his thought, he did not subscribe to Christian doctrine.

In 1931, he published a couple of essays. 'Fifty Years Hence' speculated on future scientific advances. With remarkable accuracy, he foresaw aerial and germ warfare, nuclear energy, genetically modified food, test tube babies and AI. Yet Churchill pleaded for scientific progress to be controlled by 'the laws of a Christian civilization' and 'moral philosophy'. The purpose of our existence, he concluded, was to 'answer simple questions which man has asked since the earliest dawn of reason – "Why are we here? What is the purpose of life? Whither are we going?"' No material progress ... can bring comfort to his soul.'

His essay on Moses was contradictory. He dismissed the Old Testament miracles, but continued to argue in favour of religion:

All these purely rationalistic and scientific explanations only prove the truth of the Bible story.' Individual 'miraculous' events are irrelevant, when set beside the truly miraculous fact that the Jewish people alone in the ancient world were monotheists. They alone believed in the one God, a universal God, a God of all nations, a just God, a God who would punish in another world a wicked man dying rich and prosperous; a God from whose service the good of the humble and of the weak and poor was inseparable.

He looked beyond the Jewish religion to Christ when God would be revealed as the God not only of Israel, but the God of all mankind who wished to serve Him; a God not only of justice, but of mercy; a God not only of self-preservation and survival, but of pity, self-sacrifice, and ineffable love.

The battle for Christian civilization

Some Evangelicals claim Churchill viewed the Second World War as a Christian crusade:

For Churchill, the primary issue of the war was faith. He firmly believed that World War II was a battle between Christendom and the sinister paganism of Adolf Hitler, and throughout the War he replenished his unusual moral courage in worship and prayer.

The reference to regular prayer and worship is pure fantasy. Churchill's wartime speeches contained much religious imagery. He was not being hypocritical. In 1940 he told the House of Commons: 'I expect that the Battle of Britain is about to begin. Upon this battle depends the survival of Christian civilization.' As a historian, Churchill appreciated that Western civilisation is founded upon and formed by Christianity. He reminded the Americans:

'Since the dawn of the Christian era a certain way of life has slowly been shaping itself among the Western peoples, and certain standards of conduct and government have come to be esteemed. After many miseries and prolonged confusion, there arose into the broad light of day the conception of the right of the individual; his right to be consulted in the government of his country; his right to invoke the law even against the State itself.'

Churchill delivered a similar message to Parliament: 'There can never be friendship between the British democracy and the Nazi power, that power which spurns Christian ethics.'

Churchill himself accepted Christian ethics, even when he rejected the underlying doctrine. He repeated his conviction during the Cold War: 'The flame of Christian ethics is still our highest guide. To guard and cherish it is our first interest, both spiritually and materially. The fulfilment of spiritual duty in our daily life is vital to our survival.'

'Priestly rule and ascendancy'

Churchill's reaction to the Catholic Church was complex. He never entirely discarded Nanny Everest's Protestant prejudice. He remained suspicious of what he saw as the Vatican's tendency to interfere in politics.

'... priestly rule and ascendancy will always I trust encounter staunch resistance from free and enlightened men ... the Catholic Church has ruined every country in which it has been supreme, and worked the downfall of every dynasty that ruled in its name.'

An Englishman raised on the Whig interpretation of history, he associated Catholicism with 'foreign influence', 'the fires of Smithfield, the Massacre of St Bartholomew's Day, the Spanish Armada, and the Gunpowder Plot'.

Yet Churchill was essentially fair. He acknowledged that the Catholic Church sought to alleviate the condition of the poor. He sympathised with working men for their 'aching longing for something not infected by the general squalor and something to gratify their love of the mystic, something a little nearer to the 'all-beautiful' – and I find it hard to rob their lives of this one ennobling aspiration – even though it finds expression in the burning of incense, the wearing of certain robes and other superstitious practices.'

He conceded that Catholicism brought comfort, but at the expense of economic growth and industry.

He admired the sheer antiquity of Catholicism. 'He felt that there must be something in a faith which could survive so many centuries and had held captive so many men.' He praised John Fisher and Thomas More as defenders of 'all that was finest in the medieval outlook' against the tyranny of Henry VIII. He welcomed Catholicism as an ally against the dictators. On his visits to the Vatican, Churchill made common cause with the Pope, sharing their concerns on the threat posed by Communism.

'The most precious possession of mankind'

At a time when anti-Semitism was socially acceptable, Churchill was vociferous in his support for the Jewish people, including a national homeland in Palestine. From the outset, he denounced Nazi persecution of the Jews.

Churchill respected the intellectual and artistic achievements of the Jewish people, their business sense, their success in the face of adversity. He also recognised, however, they were defined by religion. In Jerusalem in 1921 he declared:

'We owe to the Jews a system of ethics which, even if it were entirely separated from the supernatural, would be incomparably the most precious possession of mankind ... On that system and by that faith there has been built out of the wreck of the Roman Empire the whole of our existing civilization'.

He recognised that faith and ethics could not be separated. 'This wandering tribe, in many respects indistinguishable from numberless nomadic communities, grasped and proclaimed an idea of which all the genius of Greece and all the power of Rome were incapable.' The Judaeo-Christian concept of a universal God with its moral code, rewarding men in eternity according to their conduct in this world, underpinned Western civilisation.

'A militant and proselytizing faith'

In 2014, the press carried a sensationalist headline, claiming Churchill almost became a Muslim. There is no substance to the story save for a letter from Churchill's sister-in-law, pleading: 'Please don't become converted to Islam; I have noticed in your disposition a tendency towards orientalism, pasha-like tendencies.' Like other members of the ruling class who revelled in the trappings of Empire, Churchill occasionally affected the dress and manners of Britain's Eastern subjects, but he was never attracted to the religious beliefs of Islam.

He encountered Islam first-hand in India, Sudan and the Middle East, and was not impressed. He wrote:

... the Mahommedan religion increases, instead of lessening, the fury of intolerance. It was originally propagated by the sword, and ever since its votaries have been subject, above the peoples of all other creeds, to this form of madness ... civilization is confronted with militant Mahommedanism. The forces of progress clash with those of reaction. The religion of blood and war is face to face with that of peace. Luckily the religion of peace is usually the better armed'.

Having fought in Sudan, he acknowledged that 'individual Moslems may show splendid qualities ... but the influence of the religion paralyses the social development of those who follow it. No stronger retrograde force exists in the world. Far from being moribund Mohammedism is a militant and proselytizing faith'.

Not a very progressive, inter-faith position.

'Not a Christian'

On his 75th birthday 'asked if he feared death, Churchill replied, "I am ready to meet my Maker. Whether my Maker is prepared for the great ordeal of meeting me is another matter"'. He could make fun of religion, but he was never dishonest. He never pretended to a faith he did not possess.

Yet Churchill had an intellectual curiosity about philosophy and religion lacking in other Prime Ministers.

[He] frequently speculated on the mysteries of the universe – why we were here, what we were supposed to be doing and where we were going. Frequently ... [he said] the reason why we were here was to find out why; but that when we did find out, the world would come to an end, as we would have achieved our objective.

In late night conversations Churchill questioned his companions about their religious faith. His doctor remembered being interrogated:

'At length he said: "I suppose that you believe in another life when we die?" When I did not answer he pressed me: "You have been trained in logic. Tell me why you believe such things." I had a feeling that he, too, wanted desperately to believe in something, but from what he said he did not find it easy.'

Desmond Morton was a soldier and friend. He summarised Churchill's beliefs:

'I know that he used to claim with sincerity that although he was not a Christian, since to name himself such would be dishonest, he firmly believed in the existence of God. A sort of Unitarian outlook. He said he was not a Christian since he could not believe that Christ was God, though he recognized him as the finest character that ever lived.'

Asked to read the Lesson in St Paul's Cathedral in 1953, Churchill rejected the proposed text because it contained too many references to Jesus. He was unwilling to articulate doctrine he did not believe. A less dogmatic passage of Scripture was substituted.

'Is there nothing beyond?'

Did Churchill believe in life after death? His comments were inconsistent. He wrote to his wife in 1915: 'Death is only an incident, and not the most important which happens to us in this state of being ... If there is anywhere else I shall be on the lookout for you.'

His private secretary recorded how in the early days of the Second World War Churchill thought often of death, not 'that I believe much in personal survival after death, at least not of the memory'. He thought, however, Churchill's beliefs changed:

As regards religion he was an agnostic who, as the years went by, and I think more particularly as a result of the Battle of Britain, slowly began to conceive that there was some overriding power which had a conscious influence on our destinies ... he unquestionably developed in his later years a conviction that this life was not the end.

After suffering a stroke in 1953, uncertainty turned to despair, or at least acceptance of oblivion. 'Winston spoke of death. He did not believe in another world; only in "black velvet" – eternal sleep.'

'A religion of the Englishman'

Churchill was not a typical politician. He infuriated many by his lack of party loyalty, defecting from the Conservatives to the Liberals, and back again. He combined extreme reaction with surprising radicalism. This led some to classify him as an 18th-century Whig. Like his politics, his religion owed much to the 18th century. One friend wrote:

'Winston did believe in God, though he was not Christian ... His God was akin to 'the Lord of the Jews', but further away and completely incomprehensible to Man. It was the Theistic belief common to the [18th century] ... A God who did create the world and all that is, but who is so detached therefrom that no access is possible.'

That rather depressing position best summarises Churchill's religious belief.

One of the strangest meetings to have taken place in No 10 Downing Street occurred in May 1954 between the elderly Prime Minister and a Kansan farm boy. The evangelist Billy Graham led a revivalist Crusade in London which attracted hundreds of thousands. Towards the end, Graham received an invitation to Downing Street.

Churchill was curious. He wanted to know how the American filled the arena night after night. Graham replied: 'I think it's the Gospel of Christ. People are hungry to hear a word straight from the Bible.' Churchill referred to the state of world affairs and his own sense of hopelessness. Graham asked: 'Are you without hope for your own soul's salvation?' Churchill replied: 'Frankly, I think about that a great deal.' Graham delivered a brief sermon on salvation through Jesus Christ. Churchill was 'receptive, if not enthusiastic'. Graham asked if they might pray. Churchill agreed. 'Most certainly. I'd appreciate it.' Evangelicals later claimed Churchill said: 'I do not see much hope for the future unless it is the hope you are talking about young man. We must have a return to God.' Graham's autobiography contains no such statement. The overwhelming impression is one of sadness, Churchill's inability to share Graham's faith.

After his death at the age of 90 in January 1965, Churchill's funeral in St Paul's Cathedral was rich in military pageantry, accompanied by the rousing hymns he so enjoyed. On the radio, Michael Ramsey, Archbishop of Canterbury, sidestepped the question of Churchill's faith. He asked people to thank God for the gift of Churchill's life: 'What a gift it was of our good God, and what a gift it is ... Thank God for him tonight, and let your heart go out to God ... For Winston Churchill there is the sure Christian hope of life after death.' His predecessor, Geoffrey Fisher, preached a less tactful, but more honest, sermon. Churchill, he said, had his religion: 'but it was a religion of the Englishman. He had a very real belief in Providence; but it was God as the God with a very special care for the values of the British people. There was nothing obscure about this; it was utterly sincere, but not really linked to the particular beliefs which constitute the Christian faith and the life which rests on it.'

Did it matter, given that Churchill was such a towering figure of the 20th century, that he achieved so much without a personal faith? I think the answer is yes, profoundly. Churchill suffered bouts of deep depression which often incapacitated him. Think how much more he might have achieved with the solace and equilibrium which comes from a sense of being loved by God, of life having meaning and purpose. At a purely personal level, he could have been a much happier person.

Towards the end of his life, Churchill invited Lord Hailsham to dinner, asking him: 'Do you believe in the afterlife?'. A committed Christian, Hailsham replied he did. Churchill was silent, and Hailsham sensed he was troubled. He reminded Churchill how his prayers had been answered in South Africa when he escaped from that Boer prison. In old age, Churchill lacked any form of spiritual solace. Hailsham wept as he went home. Churchill's soul, he sensed was 'clad with dust and ashes'. This lack of personal faith left him bereft of spiritual comfort and strength when he stood most in need of it.

And, there, basically, you have the religious beliefs of Winston Churchill. Someone with a vague belief in God or some higher power, but in no real sense a Christian believer.

SHERIDAN SOCIETY

'Byronic Heroes, Isaac Wong, The Park, 18 April

As soon as we entered the room for Isaac Wong's, *The Park*, talk, we knew he had much enthusiasm about the subject he was speaking about, and this carried on right through the 40 minutes in which he explained the principle of Byronic heroes and how these differed from your normal "superman" as he put it. The imagery in this talk was intriguing, with Wong showing examples of these Byronic heroes and how they create a good story or movie. This, he said, is, in essence, Byron himself; internal conflict, mystery and manipulation are all characteristics we associate with Byron, but they are also key

parts of the Byronic heroes we see in books and movies in the modern-day world. Wong also showed us how a Byronic hero is more humane and relatable, struggling on the inside while creating a good image on the outside. He posed a question to the audience: what is a better story: man against himself, or against aliens? Clear man v self. Wong then explained that this is because man v self has so many more dimensions, making a better story as you have the physical and mental battles of the Byronic hero. This talk took us in all directions and explored every avenue for a Byronic hero, with the view there is always another layer of depth to them.

Wong gave such a intellectual and interesting talk, what we should be asking is, when is there another one?

MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY

Larry Cao, Bradbys, and Yuk-Chiu Lai, Newlands, 'Ada Lovelace and her contributions to mathematics and computers', 16 April

The Mathematical Society welcomed Larry Cao, *Bradbys*, and Yuk-Chiu Lai, *Newlands*, to talk about Ada Lovelace, one of Lord Byron's two daughters and a pioneer in early computers, in honour of the 200th anniversary of Lord Byron's death.

The talk began with a brief description of Ada Lovelace's troubled childhood. She was brought up by a single mother, Lady Byron, having been abandoned by Lord Byron when she was a baby. Ada Lovelace did not even see a portrait of her father until she was 20 years old. Her relationship with Lady Byron was also strained, as her mother was controlling and focused more on her own societal status than on her daughter.

The speakers moved on to talk about Ada Lovelace's advancements in both mathematics and computer science. Lai began by introducing her work on a sequence of numbers known as the Bernoulli numbers. While the origin and full nature of this set of numbers was out of the scope of this lecture, they are extremely common in mathematics, appearing in sums of powers and combinatorics. There are many ways to define the Bernoulli numbers; however, Ada Lovelace decided to define them with a recursive equation. A recursive equation uses a recursive function, which is a function that calls itself in its calculation. In other words, for a sequence, like the Bernoulli numbers, the next term is calculated using previous terms.

As recursive functions use previous terms, a way to store previous calculations would be required to use this method for the Bernoulli numbers, which, at that time, was a rather complex computing process. Ada Lovelace wanted to make use of a new concept at the time known as an analytical engine. Therefore, while translating a paper on the analytical engine by a man named Luigi Menabrea, she added a series of notes, labelled from A to G. In note G, Lovelace created an algorithm for calculating the Bernoulli numbers with her recursive equation. This is recognised as the first-ever algorithm designed specifically for a computer, thereby making her possibly the first computer programmer. However, the algorithm was later tested with modern technology and it did not work due to a minor typing error which renders the algorithm useless.

Lai proceeded to elaborate on the analytical engine. It was designed in the 1830s by the English mathematician Charles Babbage, who is often referred to as the father of computers. An analytical engine was never actually built, but much of the theory behind it is documented in drawings. Analytical engines consist of arithmetic logic units, which carry out binary calculations, control flows, which handle conditional branching, such as if statements and loops, and an integrated memory for storing data. Data is inputted using punch cards, which use holes to represent binary values. Three different

kinds of punch card are used, each with their own reader. There are cards for arithmetic operations, numerical constants, and 'load and store' operations.

Cao continued by highlighting Ada Lovelace's impact on the analytical engine through her translation of Luigi Menabrea's paper. His paper was the first to explain the analytical engine and the intricacies behind its design. Much of the theory is still pivotal for modern computers. At first, this paper did not gain much traction; however, by translating it, Ada Lovelace made it more accessible, thus allowing it to spread to a wider audience. She also added poetic language, perhaps inspired by her father, making it more appealing to read.

Lastly, Lai focused on aspects of modern computers which Ada Lovelace foresaw. For example, she predicted aspects of artificial intelligence. She saw a connection between art and mathematics that she believed would allow computers to generate creative outputs. This has been realised with the developing world of AI art and music. She also speculated that, given the right instructions, an analytical engine would be able to mimic human behaviour, and even generate written text. With AI such as ChatGPT becoming harder to distinguish from human writing, it is easy to see that Ada Lovelace's ideas were ahead of her time.

METROPOLITAN

AUGUSTUS FLEET POETRY COMPETITION

Results and Winning Poems

Shell

The Shell prize was hotly contested, with some truly excellent poetry from flowering Byronicals, especially in terms of imagery, the catching Byron's voice and the complexity of poetic forms. The runner-up in the Shells was Theodore Cheuk, *The Grove*, whose telling of the labours of Heracles not only paid homage to Byron's classicism, but also – through its presentation of the hero as arrogant and hungry for power – to his way of looking at classical and biblical stories from a different angle. Of particular note was Cheuk's delectable interpretation of *ottava rima*:

HERACLES

'Tis growling, lay within the lion's lair
For all its strength and bite, is not a fight
For the Herculean might. A steel-like glare
And iron fists had grasped its throat. Held tight,
It died, was skinned, its golden hide he wears,
And march'd the hills of Greece in people's sight.
However all the haughty show and flair,
Does not prepare for what the future bears.

In Lerna was the Hydra. 'Tis a beast
With countless heads, and spits, and chops without
Relent to serve the hero's earned defeat.
With sword and torch he ended it, no doubt!
It fiercely thrashed and fought till it ceased
To breathe. "I wished my jobs were done" he shout'd,
A ruthless murder'r, and was forced to pay
for terr'ble deeds, or else he would be slain.

And thus he painf'ly suffer'd through his chores.
To capture vicious hinds and boars, to clean
The stables, slay the birds, and various more,
He did the labours, but his arr'gant mien
Just earned him even more! And sil'ntly swore
To slay the king. What then, you asked to me?
Betrayed by his own wife, without a cure,
He died from poison, got what he deserved.

With a poem that would have competed at every age category this year, the Shell winner was Kevin Li, *Lyon's*. 'Unrequited' is written in free verse, in an archaic style that gestures as much towards Shakespeare's sonnets as it does Byron's fraught love. It speaks, as the title suggests, of an unrequited love, a love that breathes life softly into the delicate flowers of summer. And yet, as the poem develops, those flowers become more dangerous, more laden with prickly symbolism, until we see the poetic voice gnashing his jaws, consumed by a love he cannot express. Li's imagery is as sharp as the 'roses [...] too briary [...] to pick', while he builds the frantic thoughts of the obsessed lover – or stalker – into a climax of anaphoric aporia: 'Does she notice me? Does she think of me? Does she even care [...]'. The final couplet of the piece is chilling in its simplicity, the Petrarchan lover turned incel killer.

UNREQUITED

I saw her on some occasional, temperate Summer's day
When the blackbird's didst sing, and the fuchsia bushes
whispered their hushed lullaby,
And the snow-white dandelions didst sway
Gently like her; soft and fair.
Such perfect form, and features pulchritudinous! It hardly
seems it came from mortal birth.
And she laughs with such liveliness! Even in reckless mirth.

My Nepenthe, my Clematis: with skin like silk,
O her brilliance in faculty; and God-like splendour!
Alluring roses bloom salmon-pink on her cheeks, but such
roses are too briary for me to pick.
My teeth grind and crumble, cracking across my bitter smile,
And I'll clench my jaws rigid and cry dry tears, as though
I was a liquid, drained by my very own burning desires!

Even when I sleep or dream, her whispers flood my mind
and ears.
My path of light is paved by her, though when I see her I fear:
Does she notice me? Does she think of me? Does she ever
even care,
That the man who so impenitently loves her is so ineffably
near?

But alas, she desires a man greater than I.
So I'll choke her – smother her – with love she shan't deny.

Remove

The runner-up in the Remove year was Lawrence Baker, *The Park*, whose 'Arise' playfully depicts the legend of Byron's rebellion against the appointment of George Butler as Head Master of Harrow over Henry Drury (son of Joseph Drury of Druries fame) in 1805. It also happens to employ the Spenserian stanza (almost) perfectly. I particularly enjoyed his use of the word 'glaive'.

ARISE

Atop Harrow, pondered a boy, reserved
spirits beamed from o'er their dull grave,
Heard echoes, poetry, from arches curved,

With pen, with paper, with every word, his glaive,
Sitting upon the rock next to the nave,
Musing, of a model world free from hurt,
To stop the headmaster, you must be brave,
David defeated Goliath, the zealot,
Byron will follow, felling the grim tyrant.

Despite a lame foot he led every boy,
With a valour and courage, standing firm,
Marking those beaks guilty, teachers to annoy,
For once it was pupil who sees them squirm,
Despite their past greatness now an infirm,
Harrow School, where the justice stood tall,
Byron rights wrongs, crafted by phantasms,
To his side, every student he enthral,
He, at Harrow gleans the ungodly teaching troll.

The winner in the Removes was Rio Odofin, *The Knoll*, whose 'Love's Unravelling', written in heroic couplets, depicts another sinister lover, this time an abusive husband. What is most unsettling about this poem is the way in which the cruel man's wife maintains her love for him despite the violence he inflicts in sight of their child. Odofin turns the Byronic hero into a villain. Where the Byronic hero might have flashes of violence, but would be ultimately admirable and noble, Odofin tells another story. Perhaps he is acknowledging that, seen from a different perspective, heroes whose faults we forgive might not so be heroic after all.

LOVE'S UNRAVELLING

A heinous hand that strikes her in cold blood
Her tears stream down her cheeks in waves and floods
The crash of glass across her yearning face,
Yet still she dotes for him in bitter faith,
His callous grasp across her throat resides
Yet still her gaze sits firmly on his eyes,
He spake his vows with words vacant and void,
His cunning callous merely to exploit,
With all that charming fake allure of love,
He cares not for the wrath of God above,
A shirt and tie a seeming outer shield,
For a dreary heart stuffed behind concealed.
His child frozen in disbelief and fright,
His mum keel'd o' er yet still in awe despite,
In office halls, his mien commands respect,
Yet inside home's walls his marriage has been wrecked.

JONATHAN HEAD BARROW

Short Story Writing Competition 2024

Shell Winner

Moroti Akinsanya, *Newlands*, '2337' – A dystopian world depicted by a daring narrator.

Shell runner up

Kieran Leung, *Lyons*, 'A Tale of Two Bears' – a poignant and tragic tale about a family of bears being torn apart

Remove Winner

Lawrence Baker, *The Park*, 'Futility' – an artfully crafted tale which focuses on something small and seemingly inconsequential.

Remove Runner up

Auberon Dragten, *Rendalls*, 'Unknown' – a terrifying narrative of sea and sand stifling a lost crew.

Fifth and Sixth Form winner

Max Walton, *West Acre*, 'Snow Fall' – a claustrophobic story of a skiing trip gone wrong.

Runner up

Wesley Leong, *The Knoll*, 'The Rescue' – a desperate journey to save a baby polar bear.

2337

The dark grey clouds draped the sky like a curtain, preventing a glimmer of sunlight from touching the faces of those below. The dismal weather of early morning was reflected onto them, perfectly complementing the bland backdrop of meticulous urban planning. There was an eerie lack of liveliness. Not a single bit of greenery was to be seen, and the citizens of Freetown moved around in such a listless apathy as though nothing was less enjoyable than existence.

Walking in this city was a man whose measured movements emulated that of the masses. His steps slow and consistent, head below a pair of drooped shoulders, paying no attention to anybody or to anything. To both the trained and untrained eye he was one of the empty shells that inhabited the earth, organisms driven purely by biological processes. Such was the depth of the illusion that Olamide had created that the soldiers clad in white observing the commonality paid no attention to him. If his head were to rise, his restless eyes would make him stand out immediately. He was about to commit a grave crime worthy of execution. He was about to step outside the realms of necessity; he was about to engage in a deliberate and conscious pursuit of pleasure.

What lay beyond the walls that surrounded this isolated territory was a mystery to most. The official description of what people were protected from was a treacherous, toxic and barren land completely devoid of life, and covered to its full extent in human waste. The tallest mountains of debris were visible from inside the walls. To many, this was reality and being provided such a place to live in, something to be infinitely grateful for. Olamide was one the rarest humans in the world; he had seen what was outside the wall. He had walked across the barren land, observed the polluted seas and had certainly pondered what to make of what was, in a way, his own secluded world.

This was what he was going to do today. He was going to leave the city through a weak section of the wall and travel many kilometres to the nearest plastic mountain. There he would climb it, and on its peak, he would sit and admire the world in all its wonder and allure.

As he strolled through, he would often stick his hands into the ground. If he dug deep enough his fingers would feel a substance like dry sugar stick to his fingers and upon inspection, resemble something close to human excrement. It was incredible. It was something out of this world, an alien sensation.

What brought him out of deep thought was a recognisable sound that came with an inescapable feeling of dread. He had only encountered an airship a few times; they transported soldiers very quickly across the city. They almost seemed to appear out of nothing, silent and invisible until suddenly a great shadow passed over. The deep rumble emitted by the ship's huge engines would cause visible shaking – or perhaps that was the feeling of pure terror. The ship that approached him now seemed to lack its characteristic low profile and that gave him time to hide beneath the layers of plastic. The search lights swept back of forth, and when they fell on him, remained there for an eternity. His body screamed to move, his mind foreseeing all possible outcomes; none of which

ended in his wellbeing. And yet he remained still, even after the light had passed over him. By the time he rose up rays of sunshine had begun to penetrate the clouds, and with his resolve restored he continued to walk.

Upon reaching the summit of the mountain the view of the world still astounded him. Truly as far as the eye could see the entire surface of earth was covered in plastic. He stared into the horizon, feeling the warmth of the rising sun creep up his face. He took comfort knowing that this recurrence was inevitable and beautiful.

A TALE OF TWO BEARS

In the fluffy mountains of Newer Lyons, South Haxenburg, life roamed free. Jumping and leaping and prancing, rabbits burrowed themselves in the blankets of snow while shadowy figures raced down the mountain, far into the mist. Gatherings of laughter and joy escalated, over the thriving tree, over the nursing nests of the chirping birds, in shiny lifts of metal. While the wind whistled, the Sun sang. Life has very been more free. But, that was five years ago.

Thud. A toppling tree narrowly dragged a father bear into its inevitable fate. More trees and more trees collapsed with resignation as the bear pounded through the withering forest: deforestation was a menace. Silently, the air watched as whirling machines flicked the trees down like dominoes, like it was just a game. The hunks of metal clambered over its fallen foes, shining its teeth with satisfaction; its cousins in the sky swung lifeless. They were once full of laughter, but now they were forgotten, buried in people's deepest trenches. Forgotten. The running bear understood that. The whole forest understood.

Panting huffing and sweating, the bear stopped. Cubs leapt out of a cave into their dad's arms: home. Home was the place where father and mother bear would rest after a long day of hunting while home was, to the cubs, their childhood, with each moment filed with joy and security. Father bear was willing to protect this sacred site, but first, he had to find his wife to warn her about the upcoming danger.

No bear would be more willing to protect their cubs like mother bear and she knew that food was a vital source for her beloved cubs to grow: honey, butts or fruits are perfect, but something seemed uncanny. Rain started to pour down, trickling down the bear's face and getting her beautiful, brown fur soaked. She looked up. With the occasional flash of lightning or the crackle of thunder, the sky looked grim with a very faint breath of light from the sun. Mother bear sighed with resignation as she knew it would be hard to get food with this type of weather. She had to go back to her family after two hours of hunting, without food, without water.

Suddenly, mother bear's ears picked up something. Was it food? Without hesitation, she chased after the sound. "Mother bear, where are you?" came a shout from her husband.

"I'm over hear. I think I found."

A cry pierced father bear's heart. His loved one was in danger; the nightmare of him losing another one had been threatening to enter reality. NO. "Mother bear could have just tripped," thought father bear as he smashed through the forest, his paws gripping the moist grass of summer. Then, he saw it: the nightmare. In the eternal mist, driving away, was another metal monster, but this time, mother bear, with her scared round eyes, grasped bars of iron, pleading for liberty, pleading to see her beloved cubs one last time. Then, a figure came out from the monster, that contained mother bear like a salmon in a hungry bear's paw. How can this puny, small figure control this metal monster? What is it called? Why us? The metal wasn't the monster; this was the monster. Then, darkness fell.

Humans.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT AND DARKNESS AGAIN

Anonymously by "Publius Vergilius Maro"

darkness into light and darkness again.

only in darkness can meaning be found, from depression the value of joy discovered, from stress the euphoria of relaxation.

the moments of darkness are of the greatest treasures, but their value is never appreciated in the transition, in the mundane. only in the depths of sadness or peaks of contention do we realise the feeling of emotion and appreciate it for what it is.

throughout the rest of time, through the mundane and disinteresting, through days brushed aside as unimportant in meaning, these beauties are forgotten, locked away in a part of the mind only accessible during brief moments of extremity.

from darkness to light and darkness again.

from low to high to low.

but we cannot constantly shift between these two options, our lives are rarely a binary at all. So then what is to be found in the mundane, in the dull?

life.

in the peaks and troughs of life is found euphoria and deadly sadness, but never life; never the call of the bird as it searches for its family, calls for dinner, or seeks a partner; noticing the patterns formed in the shadows cast by the trees filled with leaves; feel the bitter cold or embracing warmth as it reaches your skin.

in the mundane is where we find the beauty, where we marvel at our existence, where we wonder of how we reached this moment.

grey saturdays are for existential escapes. rainy mondays are for freedom. boring wednesdays are dedicated to impassioned writing or painting or singing.

for we have been blessed with these powerful gifts that can change moods, hearts, and minds and to squander such a gift is a waste and a gross injustice against those who bestowed these talents upon us.

from darkness to light and darkness again.

the in-betweens are in regard to our existences. failure to recognise that we cannot constantly have ourselves jumping from high to low leads to a life unfulfilled, focusing only on chasing extremes.

instead embrace the mediums.

for in them we can appreciate all that is around us instead of only the next goal, for these goals are important and only by taking the time to appreciate life can we return to our work with a new sense of purpose, instead of working for the sake of work.

from darkness to light and darkness again.

EASTER PHOTOGRAPHY CHALLENGE

'Nature — From the Adjudicator

Dear photographers,

I hope you have all enjoyed a great Easter holiday. In this first photography challenge of the term, I would like to announce some changes. Previously, there were no prizes, but that changes from this challenge onwards. The first-place entry will, from now on, receive a Send-Up. Admittedly, that is not a hefty reward, but I hope it is an incentive for more photographers to submit their work. On top of this, there will be a mystery prize for the person that wins or places the most in all the photography challenges each term. Good luck!

I have also noticed some confusion over the rules. Each person may submit as many photos as they wish via email attachments, not by OneDrive or any other cloud file uploading service. If the email is too large, multiple emails should be sent. I will look at all the submissions, even if I do not reply!

1st Place: Tony Shi, The Grove

This photo is truly exceptional. It gives the atmosphere of a 1930s' movie, with a spotlight on the sole cloud in the sky, placed perfectly on top of the peak of the mountain in the centre. The cloud is positioned in the centre of the frame, supported by the mountains and the buildings in the foreground. What really stood out to me is the creativity in the editing. Shi decided to spotlight the cloud, presenting a theatrical feeling. The photograph is also converted into black and white, removing any excess colour. The foreground is kept nearly completely black, shifting our attention away towards the spotlighted subject in the centre. Great photo, and I hope Shi continues to send in photos after this first-ever submission.



2nd Place: Steven Chen, West Acre

Chen's photo shows a wave crashing onto a black sand beach. What I like about this photo is the colour: the gradient of shades from the beach to the sea and the sea to the sky, divided by the subject, the white crashing wave. The dull colours of the photo work well with the content, and the movement of the wave is captured perfectly, with the mist coming over the peak of the wave as it looms in mountainous stature. Brilliant.



3rd Place: Loarn Lawson, Elmfield

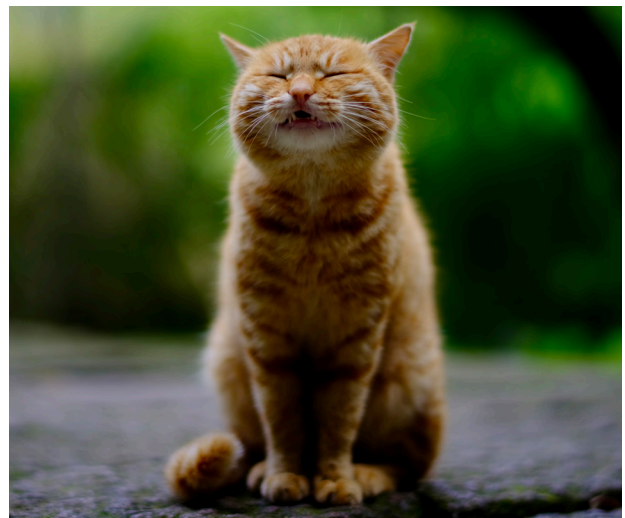
Lawson's photo here is taken with a phone. The subject is a crack in some rock. This macro photo has a very interesting perspective. From far away, it looks like a cave, but if you look closer, all the sizes become confusing again and you realise it is just a crack. Being able to find this angle and take it with a phone is impressive, since a phone is fairly bulky compared to the size of the scene. The reflection in the water creates a brilliant composition. For

improvement, I would make the background less exposed and saturated, as it takes attention away from the subject of the photo – the rocks.



Honourable Mention: Joey Yu, The Knoll

Yu's photo is very vibrant and colourful, showing a ginger cat sitting in front of a background of plants. The reason this photo deserves honourable mention is because of how the expression of the cat is captured. It is really confusing! I personally believe the cat is about to sneeze. But the photo may equally have been taken before a yawn, or just after a smile. The possibilities here are endless and presents an interesting shot. I would, however, slightly reduce the aperture. It is adjusted so high that only the nose and eyes of the cat are in focus. This would have been ideal if the photo were a portrait of the cat without the body, but, in this case, a clearer image showing the position of the cat could work better. Well done.



OPINION

CORRESPONDENCE

Letters to the Editors

DEAR SIRs,

In your last edition, you voiced huge concern about excessive smartphone use by Harrovians. The English Department beaks are also involved in this crusade; they long to destroy all smartphones and restore the power of the written word.

But I fear that an abrupt switch to proper English might freak out our screen-mad pupils. So to break them in gently, I enclose a summary of a few literary masterpieces.

Lord of the Rings, by J R R Tolkien. Little guys go to a lot of trouble to get rid of stolen jewellery.

Three Sisters by Anton Chekhov. Three Russian sisters want to go to Moscow. They don't go.

The Bible. Good unattributed opening chapter. Main character arrives halfway through but gets killed. Cracking ending.

The Iliad by Homer. A Trojan prince steals Helen, the most beautiful woman in the world. The Greeks are thoroughly cheesed off and sack Troy.

Watership Down, by Richard Adams. Funny bunnies leave home due to a psychic premonition, join cult, find new home, steal lady bunnies from farm.

Pride and Prejudice, by Jane Austen. Principled woman is not taken in by wealth and good looks but chooses the handsome, sexy, rich chap anyway.

Lays of Ancient Rome by Macaulay. Philathlete Horatius guards a bridge from Lars Porsena and the Etruscan army, defying huge odds. Everyone cheers, even the Etruscans.

A la Recherche du Temps Perdu, by Marcel Proust. Guy wakes up, eats cake, thinks about stuff, becomes a writer.

YOURS SINCERELY,
MIKE STONE (*MORETONS 1957*)

DEAR SIRs,

The blood of academia is interest, pumped between organic institutions with a heart that is lecturing. Parents and pupils across the world determine the success of a school or boy with solely their exam results; however, tests are games which show not strength, rather luck, effort, and needless suffering. Harrow finds a balance, giving boys the opportunity to both acquire A*s and gain true mental magnificence. Unfortunately, the passion of the average boy seems to be dead and decaying.

Nearly 4 years ago did I attend my first lecture. Since then, it is likely that I and my Theban band have attended hundreds. A lecture, when optional, is the coming together of boys, and possibly beaks, with a mutual fascination for someone or something. It is the height of academic exploration – academia in its purest and most integral form. Indeed, this school is a brilliant bastion of intellect, built before set syllabi blew the buttresses which once protected academia. Now our walls have been penetrated by the enemy of passion, killing interest with monotonous work. However, as long as lectures continue, so does a rebel-like force which upholds hope. Alas, interest is dying.

In my four years, lectures have never had high attendance. Thus, it is perhaps more accurate to say that interest is dead, and it has been for as long as any current Harrovian recalls. Maybe interest was never here to begin with. Yet, I reckon this not to be the case. On the 200th anniversary of Byron's death, the most moving lecture, discussing his life, was held in Speech Room. It would be wrong to say that there was low attendance, although, the demographics of attendees were telling. Only a few boys' heads broke the sea of shining grey that was created by the audience's

thinning hair. The vast majority of those who came in the name of interest were far above middle age. They are, of course, appreciated; yet, in a school of the world's greatest minds, it is worrying to see so few at lectures. Indeed, the Head Master exclaimed "actual Harrovians" as I and my allies walked in. This lecture, unrecorded, is of infinitely more value than whatever any other boy could have been gazing at on his phone. Two years ago, did I deliver a lecture to only three boys. My hope was to honour Harrow's most valiant – those who won Victoria Crosses. Many of my academic allies have delivered lectures to which no one showed. This is a shame for the boy, the beak, but more importantly interest and intellect.

As blameless angels, it would be any Harrovian's instinct to blame beaks for setting so much work. Yet, with the majority of the Sixth Form doing more girlfriends than A Levels, one must conclude that time is merely wasted rather than taken. Indeed, I ask a boy why he wasn't at a lecture, and his response is an animalistic grunt – the meaning of which is 'my phone is dulling my mind, stealing my focus, and rendering me a lazy sloth'. Even if Mr Sunak's advice is followed, boys can distract themselves with their laptops. The school, by forbidding websites, attempts to take away any activity other than academics; however, there shall always be something to do. The school must, instead, tackle the problem, which is the decaying interest. Then boys would happily attend lectures and explore the wondrous universe.

Unfortunately, the yellow pages of The Harrovian are dedicated only to negativity. Thus, I shan't offer any solutions. I shall only reflect on Socrates' words: 'It is a shame for a man to grow old without seeing the beauty and strength of which his body is capable.' Socrates spoke of the body because the mind was so obviously worth improving. The mind is capable of beauty and strength, but it remains unpractised and uninterested. Descartes remarked 'Cogito ergo sum'. Now, 'cogitamus non'.

SINCERELY,
R.T.M. YOUNG, *THE GROVE*

UNIVERSITY RESULTS

Harrovians have secured a super 77 offers to QS Top Ten ranked universities. Alongside eight Cambridge offers and six Oxford offers, this year sees 16 Ivy League offers. These offers are spread across seven of the eight Ivy League schools. Among the impressive 142 offers to North American universities (137 – US and 5 – Canada), it is worth noting that one boy has three Ivy League offers and one boy has two Ivy League offers and two boys have an offer from both Oxbridge and an Ivy League school. Other than Oxford and Cambridge, two UK universities are in the QS Top Ten: Imperial and UCL. With 19 Imperial offers and 40 UCL offers across a broad range of degree courses, Harrovians will be headed to the some of the most prestigious universities in the world. Looking at the QS Top 25 from a North American perspective, boys have secured a superb 20 offers from Harvard, UC Berkeley, UChicago, UPenn, Yale, Princeton, Toronto and Columbia. European successes include Delft University in the Netherlands, Bocconi in Milan, IE in Spain and Hamburg Medical School, indeed every medicine applicant this year has achieved offers.

SPORT

CRICKET

1st XI, Home v London Schools' Cricket Association Young Cricketers, Lost by 8 wickets, 18 April

The XI faced a tough test on the opening day of the regular season against a mature and strong London Schools' Cricket Association side. Jack Nelson's, *Bradbys*, 42 and Henry Snow, *Rendalls*, and Eesa Faheem's, *Bradbys*, batting partnership were the highlights as the XI lost to a skilful and talented group of students. They will look to bounce back as they return to School fixtures against Wellington College in the opening round of the Cowdrey Cup on Saturday.

2nd XI, Away v John Lyon School 1st, Lost by 1 wicket

Harrow School 2nd XI 98 all out (23 overs) (Archie Jones, *Lyon's*, 50*); John Lyon School 1st XI 102-9 (22.1 overs).

Conditions were better than expected for the time of year at John Lyon School's Sudbury Fields, and Arhan Maker, *Druries*, won the toss and elected to bat. Andrew Stratton, *Newlands*, was trapped LBW by a ball that barely bounced in the second over, but his teammates learned little about the surface from his dismissal. At 40-4 off ten overs, Harrow were in trouble. Only Archie Jones, *Lyon's*, was showing any sign of booking in at the crease, batting with awareness, patience and resolve as wickets tumbled around him. His 50 came off 79 balls. It was unsurprising that Jones would run out of partners because no other batter demonstrated the right technique or temperament for the conditions and format. After Jones, the next highest scorer in the team made just five runs. Were it not for John Lyon contributing 30 extras to the Harrow total, there would have been very few runs for Harrow to defend. Harrow were dismissed for 98 with two overs of their innings to spare.

Harrow's bowling started little better than its batting. Wayward deliveries meant that John Lyon raced to 47-0 off five overs through a combination of boundaries and extras. However, tight spells of bowling by Tom Campbell-Johnston, *Druries*, Henry Porter, *Moretons*, and Will Stab, *The Head Master's*, who took two wickets each, made the chase harder work for the home team than they might have expected in the middle of the innings, and the visitors slumped to 70-7 off 15 overs. Campbell-Johnston finished his spell with figures of 5-2-9-2, one of his wickets coming from the quickest of stumpings by Gus Stanhope, *Moretons*. Stanhope impressed with his agility and reactions, making the Harrow bowling look tidier than it was at times. Valentine Ballingal, *Moretons*, and Arhan Maker, *Druries*, both effected run outs through their efficiency in the field, and for a moment it looked like Harrow might just defend their first innings score. Alas, some dropped catches proved decisive, preventing Harrow from taking the final wicket.

Colts A, Away v Eton College, Lost by 9 wickets

A tough start for the Colts A. Harrow stumbled out the blocks with the bat falling to 25/5 before Freddie Bourne-Arton, *Elmfield*, and Ben Hufford Hall, *Moretons*, steadied the ship to help Harrow reach 105 off their 20 overs. Tight seam bowling from Neharen Inpan, *Bradbys*, Dario Holland, *The Park*, and Sudeep Miller, *Lyon's*, did well to restrict Eton's run-rate to make the game close but Harrow's total was too small and eclipsed by Eton with, + 3 overs to spare.

Colts B, away v Eton College, Lost by zero runs.

Eton beat Harrow by nine wickets, with George Epton's, *The Head Master's*, 37 from 38 balls the standout performance.

Junior Colts A, Home v London Schools' Cricket Association, Won by 135 runs.

A great start to the season. Louis Nicholson, *The Park*, 80, Rishya Rawal, *Rendalls*, 51* and Alf Beresford-Peirse, *Elmfield*, 104*. Lucian Spencer, *Elmfield*, taking two for 25.

A match full of runs. The Junior Colts A were met with sunshine for their first match of the season against London Schools' Cricket Association. Harrow won the toss and elected to bat. From the start Louis Nicholson set the tone with some smart attacking cricket, with Alf Beresford-Peirse playing a fine supporting role. London Schools were struggling in the hot weather as Nicholson mentioned his 50 and Beresford Peirse not soon after. The hundred-run opening stand was brought up in the 14th over and both batsmen looked set to be in for a big score. However, a mix up brought the first wicket after a 161-run partnership by the opening pair, and Nicholson was run out for an entertaining but classy eighty off 66 balls. This brought Rishya Rawal into the crease. He and Beresford Peirse batted extremely well, putting the pressure on the opposition. Rawal played an elegant innings of 51 off 32 balls before being retired. Beresford Peirse then kicked on and made a sensational 104* off 99 balls and this wrapped up the innings.

Harrow were confident going into the second innings with 276 runs on the board, but they knew they still needed to get the job done. The bowlers bowled well and restricted London Schools to 141/7. Special mention goes to Aditya Singh, *Moretons*, who bowled a scintillating opening spell and set the tone for the innings.

Yearlings A, Home v London Schools' Cricket Association, Won by 138 runs

The Yearlings A made a strong start to their cricket careers at Harrow with a convincing victory over London Schools. Harrow started well with the bat, posting a strong total of 233 runs off their 35 overs. Ritesh Patel, *Bradbys*, top scored with 68 and was ably supported by Matthew Hughes, *The Head Master's*, 48* and Aaryan Basu, *Druries*, 41. Harrow showed great energy in the field and immediately put the opposition under pressure. Despite some early-season rust for the bowlers leading to a few extras, Harrow dismissed London Schools for just 95 runs thanks to some excellent fielding, resulting in three run outs, and some strong bowling from Zuhair Malik, *The Knoll*, (3 overs- 1 for 4) and George Bamford, *The Head Master's*, (4 overs- 1 for 6).

*The School v Wellington College, 20 April
1st XI, Away v Wellington College,
Won by 19 runs, Cowdrey Cup*

Harrow	R	B
Dylan Rawal†, ct Tom Pitts, b Eddie Champion	35	37
Jay Madan, ct Rory Nicholson, b Eddie Champion	50	76
Charlie Nelson*, ct James Mundy, b Rory Nicholson	40	61
Jack Nelson, b Luka Fearn	10	19
Casper Baker, b Luka Fearn	15	23
Henry Macdonald, ct Sam Smith, b Rory Nicholson	11	14
Eesa Faheem, ct James Mundy, b Rory Nicholson	11	21
Henry Snow, b Sam Smith	4	7
Kalan Niyarepola, lbw, b Eddie Champion	19	20
Charlie Hope, b Eddie Champion	2	6
Aditya Singh, not out	3	5
Extras	26	
Total	226	

Wellington College	O	M	R	W
Rory Nicholson	11	0	48	3
Tom Pitts	3	0	29	0
Sam Smith	6	0	28	1
James Mundy	8	0	38	0
Eddie Champion	8.3	1	23	4
Luka Fearn	6	0	33	2
Hugo South	5	0	22	0

Wellington College	R	B
Toby Barton†, lbw, b Charlie Hope	30	26
Hughie Lewis, lbw, b Charlie Nelson	19	55
Eddie Champion*, lbw, b Charlie Hope	0	4
Hugo South, ct Aditya Singh, b Charlie Nelson	32	39
Sam Strauss, ct Casper Baker, b Kalan Niyarepola	16	22
Ralf Beer, lbw, b Charlie Hope	36	77
Luka Fearn, b Charlie Nelson	7	10
Rory Nicholson, ct Jack Nelson, b Charlie Nelson	12	22
Sam Smith, ct Dylan Rawal, b Charlie Nelson	1	4
James Mundy, b Jay Madan	20	36
Tom Pitts, not out	0	0
Extras 34		
Total 207		

Harrow	O	M	R	W
Henry Snow	3	0	19	0
Eesa Faheem	5	1	23	0
Charlie Hope	11	2	39	3
Aditya Singh	3	0	19	0
Charlie Nelson	11	1	27	5
Kalan Niyarepola	11	0	39	1
Jack Nelson	4	0	27	0
Jay Madan	1.3	0	2	1

Harrow's Cowdrey Cup campaign started off with their fixture away at Wellington. After a rain-affected but strong pre-season and challenging match against LSCA, the team departed for Wellington with the aim of winning the Cowdrey Cup in mind. Despite the heavy rain throughout April, the pitch looked dry with plenty in it for the seamers when bowling in the right areas, as well as looking like it could turn for the spinners. Despite the mixed opinions on what to do at the toss, Harrow were put into bat by Wellington. Harrow's innings was opened up by Jay Madan, *The Park*, and Dylan Rawal, *Bradlys*. Both batsmen looked in great touch battling through the new ball. Once the early movement had disappeared, both Rawal and Madan began to score more freely, including two massive sixes from Dylan, though one was deemed a four for clipping the top of the tree which stood inside the boundary. The Wellington bowlers struggled to keep the boundaries from flowing and the pair raced to 89-0 before Rawal was caught on the boundary for a well-made 35 (37). In strode the captain Charlie Nelson, *Bradlys*, who carried on the scoring rate with hard running and strong, positive shots. Madan was the next to fall just after reaching a confident 50. Nelson was then met with his brother Jack Nelson, *Bradlys*. The Wellington captain bowled tightly, making it much more difficult to score as quickly and, just before lunch, Jack was bowled through the gate by a ball turning sharply back. This left Harrow 136-3 after 29 overs. The message from the batsmen at lunch was the pitch was good but was starting to turn more; one more big partnership was needed to set up a possibly big score in which to defend. After lunch, the Welly spinners kept bowling tight lines and lengths and the new man, Caspar Baker, *Moretons*, was bowled for 15 from a ball barely making it off the ground. From this point, it became obviously more difficult, with Wellington bowling well and using their bowlers effectively. An over later, the next man to go was Nelson, being dismissed with a good catch at backward point off the bowling of the Wellington quick for a battling 40. Harrow struggled after this to form the one big partnership we had spoken about at lunch, with Faheem, Macdonald, *The Park*, Henry Snow, *Rendalls*, and Charlie Hope, *Rendalls*, all falling in quick succession, leaving Harrow at 209-8. Kalan Niyarepola, *The Head Master's*, played a vital innings in dragging Harrow up to 226 before falling for an important 19.

Despite falling well beneath the score we had aimed for the last wicket stand spun the momentum back to Harrow.

Snow and Faheem were handed the new ball, looking to start the second innings well. Snow struggled to find rhythm up the hill but looked dangerous at points. Faheem from the top end bowled quickly, but the lack of lateral movement made it hard to pick up early wickets. With Wellington seemingly on top, Nelson handed the ball to Hope, who was trusted to turn the tide of the game and break the opening partnership. He did exactly that. The consistent hard lengths and challenging lines made it difficult for the batsmen. Hope eventually broke the partnership, trapping the opener in front of the stumps. The following over, Hope did the exact same thing, except this time to the Wellington captain and star batsman. Hope was supported by Aditya Singh, *Moretons*, in the Removes, making his debut for the XI, who bowled with pace and showed real promise in his opening spell. However, Hope battled through up the hill managing his full seven-over spell, which put Harrow well on top in the game. At this point, the captain decided enough of pace and brought spin on. Nelson himself and Niyarepola bowled well in tandem, making it tough to score with consistency and good field placement. With the pressure building, it led to Wellington batsmen forcing things and giving their wickets away, with the score 127-6 and Nelson picking up three wickets and Niyarepola with one, it seemed Harrow were well on their way to victory. Nelson claimed another two wickets to finish with impressive figures of 11-27-5. Niyarepola, soon after this, finished his spell, which left Wellington still requiring 50 runs with only two wickets left. The eighth wicket partnership for the opposition, however, kept growing. The Wellington number 6 batted with composure to get the score to 200-8. Harrow needed a wicket so Nelson threw the ball to Hope. Having already bowled seven overs up the hill, Hope forced himself through another four overs, and with his final ball trapped the Wellington number 6 in front of the stumps, a huge wicket. Hope finished with match winning figures of 11-39-3. Harrow still needed one more wicket. With spin seeming to be the best option Jay Madan came on to bowl and, with only his third ball, spun one back through the gate, bowling the batsman out. Harrow had won by 19 runs in their first Cowdrey Cup game in the tensest of finishes. Although disappointed with the bat, Harrow dug deep and provided with the ball when needed. The dream of winning the Cowdrey Cup remains very much on the cards...

2nd XI, Home v Wellington College, Draw

Wellington College 2nd XI 270-4 declared (51 overs) (Tom Campbell-Johnston, *Druries*, -4-41); Harrow School 2nd XI 198-6 (Harry Beresford-Peirse -51*, Gus Stanhope, *Moretons*, -31, St John Smith, *Newlands*, -26*, Archie Jones, *Lyon's*, 25)

The 2nd XI battled to a credible draw against an excellent Wellington College side. The visitors compiled an intimidating 270-4, before opting to declare at the end of the 51st over. Harrow started their reply poorly and were in serious trouble at 82/5. However, a patient sixth-wicket partnership between Harry Beresford-Peirse and Gus Stanhope made sure that the game could not be lost, with the former securing his maiden 50 with a boundary from the final ball of the match. A morale-boosting result for the 2nd XI with many positives. This is certainly a performance on which to build, starting with the fixture against Winchester.

3rd XI, Away v Wellington College, Lost by 89 runs,

In a thrilling cricket encounter between Harrow and Wellington, Harrow initially showed promise with three quick wickets but lost momentum, allowing Wellington to reach a competitive total of 149 while batting first. However, Harrow's batting performance faltered as they struggled to build partnerships, ultimately being bowled out for a mere 60 runs, resulting in an 89-run defeat to Wellington

Valentine Ballingal 6 overs 1 maiden 22 runs for 2 wickets
Andrew Stratton 17 runs

4th XI, Home v Cranleigh School, Lost by 5 runs

A clinical start from the opening bowlers was let down by some loose balls late in the innings that allowed Cranleigh to post an intimidating 158. Nevertheless, a terrific chase from Josh Ashley, *Moretons*, and Freddie Williams, *Moretons*, saw Harrow fall short by just five runs.

Josh Ashley 76, Freddie Williams 61

5th XI, Away v Cranleigh School, Won by 17 runs

A collaborative effort saw Harrow set a below-par target of 112, bolstered primarily by a mature batting display from Felix Boegh-Nielsen, *The Head Master's*. However, five wickets in the opening five overs put Harrow firmly in the driving seat and they never relinquished their grip on the fixture, bowling Cranleigh all out for 95.

Felix Boegh-Nielsen 32, 4-10

Colts A, Home v Wellington College, Won by 7 wickets, Wellington 175/5 off 35 overs, Harrow 179/4 off 25

An excellent win for the Colts A. A superb run chase led by an outstanding 89* from Freddie Bourne-Arton, *Elmfield*, supported by a strong half-century from Monty Morgan, *Rendalls*, was enough to overcome a good Wellington total.

Junior Colts A, Home v Wellington College, Won by 9 wickets

After losing the toss and being asked to field first, Rishya Rawal, *The Park*, bowled an excellent spell up top taking two wickets for nine runs in six overs, with Lucian Spencer, *Elmfield*, bowling beautifully and economically at the other end, but unfortunately did not pick up any wickets. Coming in at first change was Kavish Mehta, *The Grove*, who proved a real handful for the Wellington batsmen: in his six overs he bowled three maidens along with his two wickets, keeping the run rate down. After this superb start, the death bowlers of Neel Gupta, *Elmfield*, and Alex Storer, *West Acre*, bowled well to keep Wellington to a well-under-par score of 111-7 at the end of their 30 overs.

Harrow started the second innings well, staying well ahead of the run rate. Despite Alf Beresford-Peirse, *Elmfield*, falling for 31, Louis Nicholson, *The Park*, batted excellently to finish on 59* to secure a comfortably nine-wicket win in the 20th over. This leaves Harrow in a good position for Winchester, with the team excited to continue their great start to the season.

Junior Colts B, Home v Wellington College, Won by 6 wickets, 30 overs

JCB won against Wellington by six wickets in a very positive start to the season. Benji Thorp, *Druries*, took four wickets and Pasha Cambatta-Mistry, *Lyon's*, three as Harrow restricted Wellington to 122 runs, before chasing it down with particularly fine and careful batting by Rupert Macdonald, *The Park*, (37) and Alexander Long, *The Park*, (35*).

Junior Colts C, Home v Wellington College, Lost by 6 wickets

Despite losing the toss and being asked to bat first, the game got off to a strong start for Harrow. Hiro McLinden, *The Park*, and Arun Mattu, *The Head Master's*, opened the batting well with an 11-over partnership, scoring 42 runs. The partnership between McLinden and Lucas Rothwell, *The Head Master's*, lasted a further six overs, until McLinden was bowled by a skilful Wellington bowler. George Behan-Windeler, *The Head Master's*, made his appearance in the 17th over and he and Rothwell maintained their partnership for a further five overs, when Rothwell was run out by an

accurate throw from a Wellington fielder. Behan-Windeler held his end for the rest of the innings, partnering with Ryan Kainth, *Bradlys*, Zorawar Bhango, *The Grove*, and Sean Tiernan, *Newlands*. The JCC scored 105 runs in their batting innings. The performance was strong in terms of the boys looking after their wickets, but too many full tosses and balls on the leg side went unpunished.

The bowling was more consistent from the Harrow side than the Wellington side. However, the 105 runs scored in the batting innings were clearly not enough. Notable bowling performances include Kush Kadyan, *The Knoll*, who took two wickets, and Timur Mir, *Newlands*, and Arun Mattu, *The Head Master's*, with a wicket each. Wellington chased down the 105 runs in 18.5 overs, with Harrow losing to Wellington by six wickets. The match was played with excellent sportsmanship and camaraderie. Overall, it was a strong captaincy performance from Lucas Rothwell, *The Head Master's*, followed by strong batting from Rothwell, Mattu, McLinden and Behan-Windeler, then a committed fielding performance (despite several dropped catches), which left Harrow in good spirits, despite the result. Other comiserations are offered to the Harrovian editor who had to fix this entire cricket report, which was riddled with countless errors.

Arun Mattu 20, Kush Kadyan 2-26

Yearlings A, Away v Wellington College, Won by 4 runs

Yearlings A (109 all out) beat Wellington (105 all out) by four runs. A fantastic all round bowling and fielding performance was led by Barnaby Winters, *Elmfield*, who took three key wickets.

Yearlings B, Away v Wellington College, Lost by 6 wickets

Harrow won the toss and elected to bat. After a confident start, a number of wickets fell toward the end of the innings and Wellington restricted us to 125/8 after our 25 overs with Ned Bloomfield, *Elmfield*, scoring 48. Harrow bowlers tried their best to limit Wellington's run rate but some sloppy fielding allowed the opposition to gather momentum and chase down the total with three balls to spare. Harrow lost by six wickets. Man of the match. Ned Bloomfield with his score of 48.

Yearlings C, Away v Wellington College, Lost by 186 runs

Yearlings Cs came up against a very strong Wellington side. After a tough time in the field, The Cs were required to score 229 in 25 just overs, but it was not to be, as we fell for just 42. A large defeat but the boys should hold their heads up high as the game was played in great spirit and is a great learning opportunity on how to play against some very decent opponents.

Yearlings D, Away v Wellington College, Lost by 4 wickets, Harrow 51 a.o. (10.0 overs), Wellington 54-6 (12.1 overs)

After a difficult innings, the Yearlings D played very well to defend their total for as long as they did and take six wickets in the process.

Arhaan Mehta, *Moretons*, 15

Rufus Hunnisett, *The Knoll*, 3-15

TENNIS

The School v Wellington, 20 April

1st, Home, Wellington College, Won 7-2

An excellent start to the season for Harrow's 1st team. Hugo Maclean, *West Acre*, and Mostyn Fulford, *The Knoll*, set the tone with a resounding 6-0 victory in their first match. They then

won their second 6-0 and then third 6-1 very impressively. Three sets with only one game dropped is an excellent achievement. Playing together for the first time, Freddie Harrison, *Moretons*, and Jack Scott, *The Park*, soon became familiar with each other's game and won a close tie break against Wellington's 1st pair. They went on to win two of their three sets. Charlie Hope, *Rendalls*, and Diego Castellano Burguera, *Rendalls*, made an impressive debut for the 1st team. Bearing in mind that they are only Colts, they also won two of their three sets. Overall, an outstanding start to the season by Harrow's 1st team.

2nd, Home v Wellington College, Won 7-2

An impressive start to the season by Harrow's 2nd team. Jaden Lim, *The Head Master's*, and Arthur Porter, *Druries*, led from the front and, despite only playing as a pair for the first time, they won all three of their matches in a brilliant performance. The other two pairs, William Riddick, *Druries*, and Louis Deshpande, *Moretons*, Elliot Chua, *The Knoll*, and Oliver Jones, *West Acre*, also played very well to win two of their three matches. An excellent start to the season.

3rd, Home v Wellington College, Won 9-0

A clear win for the 1st Cs, on Saturday afternoon. The games were entertaining to watch with rallies and good humour from the boys.

Boys Under-18D, Home v Wellington College, Won 9-0

Colts A, Home v Wellington College, Won 7-2

The Colts As got their season off to a flyer with a ruthless demolition of Wellington. The departures of Chambers and Castellano Burguera to the Seniors weren't noticed as Charlie Harrison, *Moretons*, and Michael Lourie, *Newlands*, delivered an outstanding performance to win all three matches. The other pairs of Harry Winward, *Lyon's*, and Rocco Desai, *Elmfield*, and that of Tosin Oyegade, *Moretons*, whose serve has become a real weapon, and Filip Wisniewski, *Druries*, also got the better of two of their three opponents to hand Harrow Colts A a comprehensive win.

Boys Under-16B, Home v Wellington College, Lost 1-8

A very tough day at the office for the Colts B. The talented Majumdar brothers, Raphael and Xavier, *The Knoll*, did not really get going in the way that they can. The same can be said of the third pair Seb Pesel, *Moretons*, and Richard Zhao, *Rendalls*. The partnership of Diedrick Brouwers, *The Head Master's*, and Christopher Squire, *Bradlys*, won their final match 6-0 and were very unlucky not to pick up another set from their other two matches.

Boys Under-16C, Home, Wellington College, Won 5-4

The C-team block, as well as the overall Colt block, came down to the final match of the day. Ethan McCullagh, *The Park*, and Lucian Tyacke, *The Head Master's*, (who recently committed his short-term sporting future to tennis) held their collective nerve to deliver overall victory in a tie break. Tyacke's delicious volley, which killed the ball stone dead, won the overall Colt block for Harrow. This pair won all three of their matches despite having not played before, with McCullagh's solid baseline game nicely complementing the serve-and-volley aggression of Tyacke. Alex Gethin, *Rendalls*, and Alex Edu, *Lyon's*, had a slightly tougher day but were unlucky not to win one of their fixtures. Xander Hunt, *The Knoll*, and Angus Lao, *Moretons*, won two of their three games with an exciting mix of strong baseline tennis and decisive volleying.

Junior Colts A, Home v Wellington College, Lost 4-5

The JCAs lost a tight first match of the season 5-4 to a strong Wellington A team. Our first pair of Alex Alexeev, *Bradlys*, and Arthur Brown, *Druries*, almost pulled out a tight deciding

set against a strong Wellington first pair, but ultimately lost 7-5 at the death. A promising start to the season for the JCAs.

Junior Colts B, Home v Wellington College, Won 7-2

Well done to the JCBs who ran out convincing 7-2 winners against the Wellington B team. Special mention to Aidan Au, *Moretons*, and Jeff Hu, *Elmfield*, who were the star pair, winning all three of their rubbers.

Boys Under-15C, Home v Wellington College, Won 9-0

Harrow won convincingly, with each pair winning all of their games. Yifan Wei, *The Grove*, and Mark Pecherskiy, *Moretons*, were the pair of the day showing consistency across their sets.

Boys Under-15D, Home v Wellington College, Won 8-1

Harrow played very well to win comfortably against Wellington. Louis Criddle, *Newlands*, and Caspar Spencer-Churchill, *The Park*, were the best pair of the day, winning both of their sets 6-0.

Yearlings A, Home v Wellington College, Won 7-2

The team did fantastically well on Saturday in their first fixture of the term. They won 7-2 overall with some superb tennis on display.

The A2 pair of Takuya Asakura, *The Park*, and Aleks Tomczyk, *The Grove*, were the standout pair of the day, winning all three of their matches. They gelled well as a team and showed they can really challenge the A1 pair. Max James, *Elmfield*, also had a great day on the courts, with some really big serving and winning two out of three matches. Overall, it was pleasing to see how the whole team showed great support for each other throughout the day. An exciting term ahead and great enthusiasm to see what level the boys can get to.

Boys Under-14B, Home v Wellington College, Lost 4-5

In their first match of the season, Harrow Yearlings B faced fierce competition, resulting in a narrow 4-5 loss against Wellington. Special mention must go to B3 pair Rehaan Sabir, *The Grove*, and John Li, *The Grove*, who won all three of their matches, demonstrating excellent teamwork and positioning on the court.

Boys Under-14C, Home v Wellington College, Lost 4-5

In their first match of the season, Harrow Yearlings C faced fierce competition, resulting in a narrow 4-5 loss against Wellington. Sparks of brilliance were there, and with more time working in their new doubles pairs, a better performance overall is on the horizon. Special mention must go to Antares Au, *Moretons*, and Evan Song, *Rendalls*, who won two of their three matches on the day.

Boys Under-14D, Home v Wellington College, Lost 1-2

Due to issues with numbers on the Wellington side, sadly the Harrow D team did not experience a typical match day this week, with each of the Harrow pairs playing only one competitive match rather than three. Despite losing overall, all boys in the Yearlings D showed unwavering spirit, staying until the very end to support their fellow Yearlings. Special mention must go to Rahul Gandhi, *The Grove*, and Derek Lee, *West Acre*, for winning their match 6-2.

ATHLETICS

On Saturday 20 April, we welcomed ASL, Bloxham School, Brighton College, Hampton School, Highgate School, St Edward's School and Whitgift School to a splendid afternoon of athletics, marking the exciting onset of the season. The competition was nothing short of thrilling, as every boy poured their heart and soul into their performances, resulting in an array of remarkable

feats. It marked a promising beginning to the season, filled with awe-inspiring displays of athleticism. However, as we look ahead to the prestigious Guy Butler Shield next week, we must prepare to elevate our game even further. Congratulations are in order for all the athletes, not only for their impressive skills but also for their exemplary sportsmanship, which truly shone throughout the event. Seventy-four athletes represented the School.

At the end of the afternoon, Harrow had secured victory in all three age groups with the final result as:

3rd Place: Whitgift School – 481 points
 2nd place: Brighton College – 530 points
 1st Harrow – 667 points

Particular congratulations to the following on winning their event: Moroti Akisanya, *Newlands*, Nate Wei, *Rendalls*, Murray Runacres, *Lyon's*, Ethan Francois, *Rendalls*, Henrik Willett, *Druries*, Cameron Macleod, *Newlands*, Evan Song, *Rendalls*, Luke Attfield, *Druries*, Cayden Debrah, *Moretons*, Henry Gilbertson, *Newlands*, Harrison Gray, *The Park*, Jesse Eledan, *Newlands*, William Stroud, *The Grove*, Toritseju Backhouse, *Druries*, Hugh Middle, *The Head Master's*, Auberon Dragten, *Rendalls*, Lase Akindede, *Newlands*, Tito Odunaike, *Elmfield*, Emile Majed, *Rendalls*, Dylan Gibbs, *Druries*, Harry Jodrell, *Elmfield*, Toby Woolf, *Elmfield*, Joel Balogun, *Newlands*, Charles Edu, *Lyon's*, Fikumni Olutunbi, *Lyon's*, Sammy Clayton-Bennett, *Newlands*, Max Morgan, *Lyon's*, and Tommy Mackay, *Newlands*.

FENCING

On Thursday 18 April, the Harrow fencing team engaged in their traditional annual match against the Lansdowne Club. Represented by Jonny Cullinane, *Newlands*, Nathan Goff, *Lyon's*, and Cyrus Chang, *Druries*, the team displayed admirable determination throughout the challenging encounter. Despite their valiant efforts, they narrowly succumbed to the formidable opposition, with a final score of 90-83.



Ways to contact *The Harrovian*

Articles, opinions and letters are always appreciated.

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

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