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A HISTORY OF HISTORY

Trevelyan Society, Garrick Tan OH, 30 April

The Trevelyan Society welcomed Garrick Tan, *Rendalls*, to discuss the topic of 'historiography'. Garrick opened with defining clearly what history actually is, that being 'history is that certainty produced at the point where the imperfections of memory meet the inadequacies of documentation' (Julian Barnes). However, this can often be distorted by three key effects: nostalgia, a belief in progress, and cultural bias. Garrick demonstrated how history can often be flawed by implicit bias, altering the narrative description of past events; evident in Napoleon's famous assertion that 'history is written by the victors'. This school of thought is explored in the idea of historiography, which questions why history is written in a certain way, which, over time, has developed into a variety of forms including premodernism, modernism and postmodernism.

Firstly, one must examine the background of history itself. Herodotus is seen to be the 'father of history'. During the 5th century BC, information about events was passed down by word of mouth. However, Herodotus sought to preserve history in text, most notably in his detailed account of the Greco-Persian Wars, which is considered to be the founding work in Western historiography. It systematically investigated historical events, holding it to a scientific rigour beyond anything else at the time. Before the Persian crisis, history had been represented among the Greeks only by local or family traditions. The Wars of Liberation had given Herodotus the first genuinely historical inspiration felt by a Greek. These wars showed him that there was a corporate life, higher than that of the city, of which the story might be told. Alongside his documentation of events, Herodotus would often give oral recitations to a public crowd. This would lead to criticism surrounding his inclusion of legends and fanciful accounts in his work. His work was sometimes seen as melodramatic and naïve, and was criticised by Dionysius of Halicarnassus. This led contemporaries to brand him as the 'father of lies', due to his many strange stories and folk tales. Though Herodotus is generally considered a reliable source of ancient history, many present-day historians believe that his accounts are at least partially inaccurate, attributing the observed inconsistencies in the Histories to exaggeration.

During this period, Thucydides emerged as the 'father of scientific history'. Thucydides, who had been trained in rhetoric, became the model for subsequent prose writers as an author who seeks to appear firmly in control of his material. Thucydides developed a historical topic more in keeping with the Greek world view: focused on the context of the polis or city state. The interplay of civilisations was more relevant to Greeks living in Anatolia, such as Herodotus himself, for whom life within a foreign civilisation was a recent memory. Thucydides believed that the Peloponnesian War represented an event of unmatched importance, perhaps due to his own participation in it. As such, he began to write the History at the onset of the war in 431 BC. He declared his intention was to write an account which would serve as 'a possession for all time'. Thucydides is generally regarded as one of the first true historians. Like his predecessor Herodotus, Thucydides placed a high value on eyewitness testimony and wrote about events

in which he probably took part. He also assiduously consulted written documents and interviewed participants about the events that he recorded. Unlike Herodotus, whose stories often teach that hubris invites the wrath of the deities, Thucydides did not acknowledge divine intervention in human affairs. Thucydides omitted discussion of the arts, literature, or the social milieu in which the events in his book took place and in which he grew up. He saw himself as recording an event, not a period, and went to considerable lengths to exclude what he deemed frivolous or extraneous. He is credited by J B Bury, who states that Thucydides 'marks the longest and most decisive step that has even been taken by a single man towards making history what it is today'.

Due to the loss of the ability to read Greek, Thucydides and Herodotus were largely forgotten during the Middle Ages in Western Europe, although their influence continued in the Byzantine world.

In the East, Sima Quian broke new ground by using more sources in his writing, such as interviewing witnesses, visiting places where historical occurrences had happened, and examining documents from different regions. Quian had to tread carefully and often expressed his judgements in a circuitous way designed to fool the censor, especially when he implicitly criticised the emperor for his harsh treatment of the Xiongnu barbarians, disagreeing with the emperor's foreign policy. Sima went beyond the androcentric, nobility-focused histories by dealing with the lives of women and men such as poets, bureaucrats, merchants, comedians/jesters, assassins and philosophers.

The period was seemingly devoid from historical difference. Scientific thinkers began to inspire historians, such as Edward Gibbon in his *The History of Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. This work set a standard due to his use of sources; he used primary sources whenever possible, instead of relying on secondary sources, and set to explain history by sociological factors rather than just attributing it to God – making history more of an academic discipline. A surprising fact is that Churchill himself credited Gibbon's literary style, stating that he 'devoured Gibbon'. Similarly, Leopold Von Ranke, seen as the 'father of modernism' used history to prove that there was one singular grand narrative that was created by God, in order to prove God's existence, and did it as factually as possible (using the theory of evolution and literary criticism of the Bible). Modernism aimed to set standards for level of rigour current historians would need to use. Historians should not offer any interpretation and only state the fact. They should try to be as unbiased as possible and remove themselves from the facts. This has shaped contemporary thinking of how historians should try to be objective. He rejects the idea of moral relativism and that one should see history how history actually was, rather than through a modern-day lens. E H Carr rejects the idea of Ranke that there is a grand narrative, but agrees that when a historian looks at a pool of facts, they are more likely to have an implicit bias to manipulate facts to agree with their view.

By the Industrial Revolution, Marxist class conflict was becoming the engine of history, with the central conflict of history being the struggle between classes and the challenges rooted in this. Thus it sought to understand history through the lens of class. This led to analysing history through the lens of culture, leading to a rise in multiculturalism. Alongside this,

there seemed to be an analytical shift, which gained cultural studies more respect as an academic discipline.

However, after the failure of modernism, evident in the monstrosity of World War II, history did not seem to have a purpose anymore. If we did not learn from the past, then the modernist view of history had failed. History seemed to be split into four classified types: romance, comedy, satire and tragedy. The conviction that history has a purpose is fundamental to modernity, which is why modernism is criticised for its teleological view, seeing the purpose of history from its outcome. We often see history as something we can learn from due to encountering a similar event, and portray history as a learning opportunity.

Thus, Tan came to the present. There is now a sense of post-post-modernism, a combination of the scientific rigour of modernism while exploring more ideas.

The talk was then opened to the floor for questions. Garrick highlighted that he believes Von Ranke is the most influential thinker around the thought of producing history, as he emphasises that history should always be objective. Tan was asked for his opinion on counterfactual history, and if there were there much use to it? Tan showed that ‘what ifs?’ remind us how to explore history. Although pre-modern thinkers would reject the idea of counterfactual history, post-modernists would respect it. Overall, while it may be enjoyable, it prompts reflection on the hierarchy of factors. Tan produced an excellent talk and should be credited for his great delivery and discussion.

TEAM MATHS CHALLENGE

Team Maths Challenge final, Headington School, 2 May

Two Shells, Hayden Pan, *The Grove*, and Charlie Cao, *The Knoll*, and two Year 8 boys from Orley Farm School travelled to Headington School in Oxfordshire to compete in the UK Maths Trust’s Team Maths Challenge final. The boys wisely used the minibus journey to get some extra sleep. On arrival, it quickly transpired that one of the biggest challenges of the day was to find somewhere to park the bus. Fortunately, JPBH found a pub car park within walking distance of the venue.

Once inside and settled (there were some “warm-up” questions that were dispatched and discussed), Harrow made a strong start, scoring a perfect 60/60 in the first round (comprising ten ‘team’ questions). The ‘cross number’ round followed, and with a single missed mark, the Harrow team’s score kept them in contention at the top of the field at the halfway stage.

In the third round – the ‘shuttle’ – each question uses the answer from the previous question. This round is regarded as the trickiest of the four, as mistakes can be very costly! Despite not managing to read the first question correctly (passing on 2024 instead of $2+0+2+4$), the boys noticed their slip early enough to fix it and still secure the marks. With one subsequent error and missing out on one of the speed bonuses, they knew they were near the top of the pack – but how near?

The fourth and final round is a relay and total chaos to the unfamiliar observer, with a hall full of mathematicians running between tables to pass questions on to their teammates. Again the Harrow/OFS team made rapid progress through the questions, but with so much movement going on it was impossible to judge how they had done compared with the other teams. They knew they had done well, but there had also been a couple of wrong answers; it would all depend on the opposition.

As the results were announced, nerves jangled, but to their delight the team had done well enough to secure the top spot in the standings.

Wycombe Abbey School Maths Competition, 23 April

On the afternoon of 23 April, the entire Harrow Maths team set out to Wycombe Abbey School for the Maths Competition. Four schools took part – Harrow School, Wycombe Abbey School, Eton College and Oxford International College. Our seniors included Oscar Wickham, *The Head Master’s*, Larry Cao, *Bradlys*, Jason He, *The Head Master’s*, Alex Huang, *Bradlys*, Yuk-Chiu Lai, *Newlands*, Andy Law, *West Acre*, Hayden Leung, *Rendalls*, and Wilfred Leung, *Druries*. The juniors consisted of Charlie Cao, *The Knoll*, Tony Hu, *West Acre*, Michael Lee, *Lyon’s*, Andy Li, *Moretons*, Hayden Pan, *The Grove*, Joaquin Sabherwal, *The Grove*, Tony Shi, *The Grove*, Jonathan Song, *The Grove*, Eugene Sorokoumov, *Elmfield*, Nate Wei, *Rendalls*, Rex Wickham, *The Head Master’s*, John Ye, *Elmfield*, Jerry Zhang, *The Knoll*, Joseph Zhao, *Lyon’s*, Richard Zhao, *Rendalls*, and Kevin Zhu, *Bradlys*.

After the one-hour bus drive, we found ourselves standing in freezing conditions for around 15 minutes. Our brains momentarily numbed by the cold, we experienced an Antarctic huddle and finally understood why penguins never overheat!

The competition started with a group round, where groups of four solved a set of ten questions together in 45 minutes. Most teams immediately distributed the questions among the team members, and the hush of rapid calculation descended upon the room. The group round was done very well by most teams. After speeding through the group-stage questions, we worked on the bonus questions, which could be completed during the entire length of the competition. Thanks must go to JPBH who devised many of the bonus questions (members of FI-MA1 are all too familiar with his last-minute preps!).

Next was the shuttle round, where each group was split into two pairs. There were four sets of four questions. One pair takes questions 1 and 3 of each set and the other takes questions 2 and 4. The answer to Q1 is required to solve Q2, and Q3 is dependent on Q2, and so on. We were allowed five minutes to complete each set of four questions. Although this was new to many of us, we managed the time very well – we worked on the next question while waiting for the other pair’s answer.

The last and the most entertaining round was cross-number. This is similar to crossword but with numbers. The twist, however, was that we were again split into pairs. One pair only does ‘across’ and the other does ‘down’. The only form of communication allowed between the two pairs was to write down the answers on the answer sheet and pass it back and forth. As most answers are dependent on others, we had to strategise by doing questions that are independent of others first, then work through the rest.

Time flies when we are having fun. It was already 8pm by the time we had finished. The results were announced. The junior team came 3rd, and the senior team came 2nd, marginally losing by two points to Eton. (Unfortunately, Wycombe Abbey’s propaganda posters of ‘Let’s get Eton Beaten’ were not fulfilled.) Most importantly, all of us enjoyed the experience, thanks to SCL and JPBH for organising the competition, and we headed back to Harrow as stronger mathematicians.

ORIENTAL SOCIETY

The Evolution of Chinese Calligraphy, Kevin Cao, The Grove, 2 May

On an exhausted Thursday afternoon before exam, Kevin Cao, *The Grove*, treated us with an even more exhaustive lecture on the evolution of Chinese calligraphy, a complex and archaic art. Cao started by introducing the idea of Chinese calligraphy as writing characters in a fancy and artistic way. It originated around 2000 BC, first as ideographic and pictographic characters

on pieces of bone and tortoise shells, which record oracles and divination results, obtained from studying the cracks on the bone after heating over a fire. They were written using red cinnabar paint and then carved with a knife. Over time, these logograms perfected in form and evolved into the seal script (*zhuan*), a system of writing popularised by Emperor Qin to establish the political unity of his rule. These were characterised by strokes of equal widths and rounded heads and tails, usually in curved and symmetrical shapes. However, this script is extremely tedious and slow when written in practice, and was soon replaced.

The successor is known as the official script (*li*), so called because it was first used by government clerks to speed up their writing. These are more squared and rectangular, usually quite wide, and features a wider use of right-angled bends rather than curves. This eventually evolved into the model script (*kai* or *zhen*), which is still commonly in use today. Cao outlined the artistic advantages of this script, such as its ability to be manipulated according to the taste of the artist, and its more abstract, symbolic nature, making it easier to understand.

Cao then introduced the tools of calligraphy: a cylindrical brush made from animal hair attached to a wooden or bamboo shaft; paper made from straw and bark; inksticks made from fine soot powder and animal glue; and a finely polished inkstone to grind the inkstick into liquid ink. After some intense interrogation, this incredibly interesting and well-researched lecture came to an end. Many thanks should be given to Cao and RMT for organising and preparing this lecture.

BO GUAGUA

The Story of Harrow's First Chinese Citizen

In September 2001, Bo Guagua, the first Chinese citizen to ever attend Harrow, arrived at the Hill, beholding the faces so strange and shy, and joined *Rendalls*. His father, Bo Xilai, had just been promoted to the governor of the industrial northern province of Liaoning, and was previously the mayor of its capital city Dalian. Bo Xilai's father was Bo Yibo, a very senior Communist Party member, and one of the most influential Communist Party elders under the rule of Deng Xiaoping in the 1980s and 1990s. Bo Guagua's mother was Gu Kailai, a lawyer, daughter of communist general Gu Jisheng, political commissar of the People's Liberation Army in Xinjiang, and his wife Fan Chengxiu, also a senior communist member who participated in the Long March.

So how did a third-generation descendent of important Communist Party members, a so-called 'Red aristocrat', end up at Harrow, the heart of British colonialism and Western capitalism?

The crucial link comes from Neil Heywood, (*West Acre 1989*), a British businessman who had acquainted himself with the Bo Xilai when he was mayor of Dalian, during which time he helped introduce British foreign investments into China. At that time, many Chinese people had started to realise the possibility of going to school abroad, and Heywood first helped Bo Guagua to attend the prep school Papplewick and then Harrow. His academic career seemed to be successful, obtaining 11 A* or As in his GCSEs, and three As in his A Levels. He was also, ironically, a founder of the Harrow Democratic Club and was elected Censor. During his time at Harrow, his father became the Minister of Commerce and then, in 2007, he was made Governor of Chongqing.

After Harrow, he went on to Balliol College, Oxford, to study PPE, did a Master's degree at Harvard and then attended Columbia Law School to become a lawyer. He was known for driving Lamborghinis and throwing lavish parties, and was suspended for a year due to bad academic results. This resulted

in three Chinese diplomats asking this suspension to be rebuked, with little success. He eventually made it through to graduation.

Meanwhile, Bo's mother worked with Heywood. Heywood would introduce British businesses to China, but, without the delegation of Gu's law firm for a ridiculous price, they would be denied the essential documents. However, the two suffered a major financial dispute in 2011, and Heywood arrived in Chongqing to discuss the matter in person in November. Less than two days later he was found dead in his room. His body was cremated without autopsy and his death was attributed to alcohol poisoning.

However the police investigation found that Gu and Bo had asked their bodyguard to murder Heywood with cyanide. The police commissioner of Chongqing, Wang Lijun, was personally threatened by Bo and had his post suspended after reporting the findings. Fearing further persecution, he fled to the US consulate in February 2012 and reported his findings, as well as evidence for Bo's corruption, having worked for him for more than ten years. The Chongqing authorities quickly reacted by claiming that Wang was over-worked, indisposed, and undergoing 'vacation-style' treatment, which gave rise to a popular internet meme. However, this affair inevitably evoked the attention of Beijing, and Bo was suspended for investigation. He was widely regarded as an emerging political power, almost certainly going to be elected to the Politburo and a likely candidate for a senior post in the party centre in the upcoming 'elections' that year. However, he was found guilty of corruption and imprisoned for life. His wife was initially given a death sentence, but after two years this was changed to life imprisonment.

Bo Guagua has since worked as a law consultant for several North-American companies and enjoys a successful career in the US and Canada.

HARROW SCHOOL FARM

Last spring, three beekeepers from Harrow Beekeepers' Association moved some hives onto a new apiary at Harrow School Farm. This was an exciting project for us, with the prospect of our bees enjoying the open fields and excellent forage of the area. Together with our apiary managers and with help from staff from the farm, a fence was put up for security and paving slabs put down so that our hives could have a stable and level surface. We then moved in five colonies of honey bees in wooden hives, opened their entrances and let them experience a new environment.



Honey bees are social insects that live together in colonies consisting of a single queen, many female workers and some male drones. In summer, there can be up to 60,000 workers and a few hundred drones in a hive. In winter, the bees cluster together for warmth, and numbers reduce to about 10,000 workers

surrounding the queen. Drones are ejected in the autumn, with new ones being produced in the spring. In summer, a worker bee lives for about six weeks, with new bees continually being produced. In winter, the queen's egg production reduces, and stops completely in the coldest part of the winter. The worker bees going into winter survive for several months as they spend most of their time in the hive.

Honey bees forage on pollen from flowering plants as their protein source, and this is used to produce food for the larvae in the nest. Nectar is also foraged, which is mainly sugar and is the energy source for the bees. This is stored in the hive, and its water content reduced to produce honey. It is very important that there is a wide variety of forage for the bees, and the suburban environment makes an excellent source because of the wide range of plants grown in people's gardens.

METROPOLITAN

JONATHAN HEAD BARROW SHORT STORY WRITING COMPETITION

Remove Winner, Lawrence Baker, The Park
FUTILITY

In the scorched rubble of Central Bristol nature was absent. Stagnant air laced with toxins pooled in the subways and craters. A dark virulent snow blanketed the husks that once were apartments and offices now crumbling and rotting. The mighty river Avon was lured into bottomless manmade chasms, glittering water now a black sludge.

Further, in Somerset, the mightiest oaks who had outlived generations were petrified into lumps of charcoal and splinters. Old playground swings became gallows of steel.

It took many years, for nature to make a small victory. A small, insignificant seedling, coerced by wind and fate. Glided onto the blackened earth. Unlike its predecessors, the seed sprouted. All the humans left and sought refuge at the time of the disaster, but this seed didn't have the privilege to run from someone else's mistake. It had to survive, endure, grow. The nutrients inside the small shell didn't last, and the plant had to rely on its shallow roots to unearth the rare minerals in the sterile ground.

Mottled grey leaves emerged from the throbbing scarred crust. For many days the seedling balanced on the edge of failure and success. Yet still it powered on, its roots weaving through rock, brick and rebar till it drilled deep enough into the ground, past the layers of destruction into untapped soil, saved by the sacrificial layers above. There was little rain, but the seedling grew.

On the outskirts of Bristol, a group of people dressed in layered plastic with insectoid gas masks scouted for something, methodically looking in every crevice and overturing every stone, taking tests and samples as they went.

Standing a few inches tall, a small bud emerged from the seedling, which has grown significantly over the past weeks. Despite riddled with the lack of nutrients, the flower bloomed, with wrinkled off-white petals, however it was still an impressive feat. It waited for a bee. Of course, none came.

As the weeks passed by the plant's root system had developed further and it was now an intricate system of tunnels and subterranean factories, keeping the plant alive. With recent

rains, like from lead to gold, leaves turned from brown to green. Still, it had flowers, still no bees came.

Wandering through the forests of concrete a researcher was looking for something. He wasn't too sure himself. As a field scientist, half the job was not knowing what you would find. However, nothing interesting had happened in weeks. And he had to wear this dammed hazmat gear. The thick shielding was clunky and made it hard to move, and sweat would pool in the lower regions of the mask. It made it hard to see. But despite this, through his visor he saw a tint of green. He was not immediately excited. He had come to expect the minimum from this boring landscape. However, upon closer inspection, he realized that it was a plant. As fast as he was able under the weight of his gear, he ran to the crater in which the plant resided. Fumbling in his pockets he took out a Ziplock bag. Carefully, he dug a bit around the plant and unearthed it. It had surprisingly deep roots, so it took a while. It did not really fit in the bag, but that was fine.

If the plant could scream it might have. Its fruitless struggle had ended.

Remove runner-up, Auberon Dragten, Rendalls
INDIAN OCEAN-1587

A pitiless gale hurled huge swathes of spume in the night's murk. Our hull, weakening by the second, was pounded relentlessly by the hungry sea; the sails -torn by the torrent which bore down from the heavens- whipped the bitter winter's air.

'We're lost!' Judas wailed in muffled Portuguese 'Oh heavenly father, save us!'

I could not tell whether it was tears that emerged from the yellowy swollen holes of his sunken eyes, or simply the rain which had become one with the howling wind. Nonetheless, his legs gave way as he collapsed to his knees. And then the decisive wave arrived. The whole sea seemed to shudder as the deep blue gripped the ship and dragged it inexorably to its demise.

Darkness consumed me. A silence which ravaged my ears so that they might bleed rang out, and I was swept away into the blackness.

When I awoke, I could feel every sinew shifting in my muscles, weakened by the months at sea. Although internally writhing in pain, I forced myself to my feet, trying to focus; my vision reeled uncooperatively, my eyes in intolerable agony. Eventually they came to, and I looked up, wanting to verify the sand which I felt shifting between my toes. Sure enough, I was ashore. Not dead but close to it.

As far as my blurry vision could decipher, I saw sand, elegant dunes mingling in the orangey red light of sunrise. In comparison, Portugal was made to look like a lifeless mass of mud and concrete. The Portugal I once viewed as the pinnacle of all human achievement and beauty stood quivering under this single rising of the sun.

Just a few feet to my right I made out a lifeless corpse, then another, three more following. Judas amongst them; he was dead. I remembered vaguely the excitement with which we anticipated our first voyage, since we were young it is all we had ever dreamed of together. How we longed to be rid of the firm ground and to meet the more secure swaying of the ocean, to look out into the vast and wonderful unknown. We were headed for China, a journey to conduct trade and bring home the spoils of our endeavours. I had heard of Arabia as everyone had, since its almost miraculous discovery some decade prior. But I had never intended to arrive here. I tried to recall the horrific events of the night before but to no avail, I could hardly breathe under the stifling weight of this hot, heavy air which forced itself down on me. I longed for the release from this painful existence to-

Judas moved.

I saw it, I was certain of it. Judas had moved and I was flushed with a surge of hope. All agony seemed to dissipate

as I lunged toward him. He sputtered and wheezed, coughing up heaps of water and sand.

A few hours had passed since we awoke. The heavy smog of despair had washed back over me with the reality of our circumstance. Everyone else was dead, we had no crew and barely any rations, a single flask of water which might last us two days. Death encroached us. Satan's hand loomed over my head as God looked down in disgust. Even He wouldn't be able to save us now.

It was a typhoon. I had heard of the great monsters from the east. We had seen glimpses of their destructive capabilities in Portugal, none of which could be compared to the vigorous potency of what I had experienced. How the waves had climbed to the heavens only to come crashing down once more, how the wind had wailed in pain as it was battered by the salty rain, how my eyes had been blinded, my senses numbed, and legs weakened. We had been swallowed by the treacherous sea. Now we would be swallowed by the sands of Arabia.

*Fifth Form and Sixth Form Winner,
Max Walton, West Acre*

SNOW FALL

Dawn. With a strong stride, the sun came into view flooding the valley with light. As we climbed siloed from the rest of the townspeople, our bodies strained from the half-completed journey, the snow grew thicker, more tiring, and thicker still. What began as a light climb before, was now a deep drive through unforgiving, crunchingly cold – barely withholding our skis from the inches of helpless – snow. We continued; this wasn't the hardest climb we had attempted. My friend stopped clumsily collapsing his way to the cushioned pillow of the snow and, in his slow-fatigued body, rested before continuing. We laughed. The thought of being on top of the world is something we both cherished with pride. But still the journey continued...

The barely-holding snow of the mountain, only just managing our weight caught our nerves – which was the only thing that stopped us from making this journey before. It sat soft and sinister at the top of the shoulder, maliciously staring at us climb, one section broke away on the previous day much to our dismay. Once we were at the top I looked back at our tracks glimmering with the orange hues of the falling sun.

Sunset. We were preparing for our final descent, analysing our pre-planned route once more, checking the fitting of our boots and skis. We approached the edge:

'What an experience!' my friend proclaimed.

I smiled nodding.

'Let's see how this goes!' I muttered while dropping down first.

Now on my journey, delicately driving my skis into each carving run. Reaching the mountain's high shoulder which held the threatening snow. Having overcome the small vertical drop to a steady shallow decline, I felt the snow shifting beneath me. As I continued, looking down to see the tearing apart of snow from the mountain, forming clouds of thick powder around me, each turn becoming harder, more blind, and harder still. The outstretched grasp of nature overwhelmed me, entrapping my helpless body. There is nothing worse than the cold imprisonment, miles from aid, beneath unknown depths of snow and ice. The avalanche claimed both myself and my skis as the next victim of the mountain, slowly layering above to steal the glimmer of light in my eyes.

What used to be the light therapeutic skiing underneath the blood-red wispy clouds, was now a silent struggle between man and nature. I reminisced of the beginning, the constant persuading of my defiantly adamant friend against such a risk. Alongside my mum's silent plea to withhold me. However, I stayed fixed on that which my father had not the chance to so many years ago, after his accident.

With a strained push powered by emotions, my feeble attempt to shift the snow failed. As I gave up, admitting defeat in such a

cramped place, a call echoed through the mountain only barely making it to my airless cell. Calling back. Desperately shouting, I felt the pressure above me. I heard digging. Light-headedness almost overcoming me I saw a steady glow through the snow above me. I called again, but to no avail as my shortness of breath overwhelmed me. I slowly faded as I felt the sharp edge of a spade on my knee...

*Fifth Form and Sixth Form runner-up
Wesley Leong, The Knoll*

THE RESCUE

The sinking outline of the Laker, the deck already deep under and punctured deeply by an iceberg like a piece of scrap metal embedded in a car wheel, was the last thing I saw before falling into the cold, cold Arctic Sea. What began as a trip to rescue the endangered polar bears from certain extinction had now become a matter of life and death.

It was a warm Spring morning in early May, a perfect day to start my excursion into the unexplored depths of the North. At the ripe age of eighteen, still naive to the complexities of life, but with a strong self-belief and a reliable team of friends from work. I carried a small lighter, some canned sardines, clothes, and a life detector made by my company to aid me in this mission. As I left for the airport lightly packed, it suddenly occurred to me that I would not see my family for a long time. And now I was heading off to the great tundra of the north, in a thickly padded coat and with a navy-blue beanie on my head. Many hours later, I was on the Laker headed to the North.

The journey was strenuous, not a single trace of life in the vicinity, only ice, ice, and more ice. The life detectors stayed dead, we were barely surviving on the rations our company left us, but we all knew we had to do this for the conservation of the dying race of polar bears. Adam, my good friend, who was peering into the distance with a thick, heavy pair of binoculars, had seen something in the distance. The vast, frozen over plain was in view at last.

Dusk. With a deep breath, I started the languorous trek down into the vast Arctic, cheeks flushed as if I had been performing in front of a large crowd. As I came down the ramp, hands and feet wrapped in thick layers of socks and gloves, breath clearly visible in the open air, the snow came harder, and more violent, and harder. My coat took the brunt of the snow and hail, slightly shifting my balance to the opposite direction as I slowly made my way across the snow. The snowstorm was blinding; my mind was clear. Robbie emerged from behind the snow screen, swearing repeatedly through the pain and cold. Ambling through the heavy and thick snow, we found a small cave where we set up camp in.

The days went by, food slowly running out, without any luck in finding the polar bear. The surveying continued for another week and my fears surfaced to the front of my mind: What if it has already died? Will we survive or another week? But I ignored them and buried them far away in the back of my mind and focused on my duties. We continued exploring the parts further away until we stumbled upon another cave. Suddenly, the life detector exploded into life, heating up and started making a small humming noise, and the further we went into the cave, the louder the humming became. The stalactites of ice dangled from the ceiling, fearfully trembling in the presence of a group of humans, some crashed to the ground and shattered, while some stayed strong. And at the end of the cave, curled up and asleep, was the polar bear cub. We carefully picked it up in our arms and took it out the cave, moving slowly to avoid the ceiling collapsing on us.

Two more weeks later, we were boarding the Laker once again, bidding farewell to the wretched place after a stressful and painful month of searching and tough survival. As we departed from the North, my mind filled with relief as we were returning to sweet, old England. As I laid on deck during my

turn on watch, looking to the sky, and Arctic lights draped over the dark sky and fell into a deep sleep...

Crash. Suddenly the ship shook, and I was startled awake, immediately looking overboard to see what happened: The ship had hit an iceberg. The cub was safely swaddled in soft cloth with the rest of them, part of me was relieved as it was safe, but part of me did not care anymore. I wanted to live. Suddenly I heard the screams of my friends as they clambered onto the little tender, rocking it lightly as the waves lapped onto it. I called out to them, but in their panic, they couldn't hear me. My cries fell on deaf ears as I watched them row away. Clinging onto nothing but hope, I was plunged into the cold depths, the last thing I saw was the sinking view of the Laker as I fell. The polar bear was safe; I needed to be rescued.

MUMTAZ HABIB ESSAY PRIZE

Mumtaz Habib Essay Prize, awarded on Speech Day in both junior and senior categories, for an extended piece of critical writing presenting research or raising awareness on any aspect of equity, diversity and inclusion. The prize is named after Mumtaz Habib, an Old Harrovian who was born in Kabul before arriving in England as a refugee after suffering attempts from the Taliban to recruit him by force. He won a cricket scholarship to Harrow in the Sixth Form, and has since made contributions to the world through the British Foreign Office, which he is currently serving as a diplomat in Washington DC. By attaching his name to the prize we hope to take his inspiration and put it towards a good cause.

*The Wolfenden Report & Homosexuality in Britain
Winner; Jonathan Ford, West Acre*

History's perception of legal attitudes towards homosexuality tends to focus on Stonewall as a universal turning point in the West, a beacon of Gay Liberation and confrontation. Yet, the Sexual Offences Act 1967 decriminalised homosexuality two years before that fateful night at the Stonewall Inn. Consequentially, attitudes and events peculiar to Britain must also be considered to evaluate the sudden and seismic shift in legislative action on sexual identity. The Wolfenden Report acted as such a culmination of societal changes, sociology, and radical new legal attitudes.

World War II presented a crucial shift in queer mentality: many homosexual service members encountered others with similar inclinations for the first time, whilst the all-male (and claustrophobic) environment led to both sexual realisations and acts of gross indecency for the sole purpose of sexual relief. Nevertheless, military attitudes towards 'sexual deviation' remained strict and oppressive; if suspected of misconduct, there were "examinations" of both "the passive partner" and the "active agent", noting "feminine gestures", "use of cosmetics", examination of "the anus for size and elasticity" and of "the penis for evidence of friction (and) for the tearing of the phrenum." Yet, whilst systematic prosecution ruled with an iron over homosexuals' careers in the armed forces, a unique sense of camaraderie was created which would translate to wider social changes in peacetime Britain.

Britain was a changed nation post-war; driven by economic and psychological devastation, the nation rapidly developed a new, postmodern identity. Arising from a greater academic movement towards social sciences, sociology and psycho-analysis rose to the forefront of academic strife. To be clear, social investigations had had a long history in Britain, stretching as far back as Edwin Chadwick's *Report on the Sanitary Condition of the Labouring Population of Great Britain* (1842), and

Charles Booth's mammoth *Life and Labour of the People of London* (1889-1903). Yet, the formal discipline of sociology predominantly arrived post-war: whilst a chair of sociology had been established at the London School of Economics in 1907, there were no academic positions for sociology at Oxford until 1955 and Cambridge until 1962. Mike Savage notes "the remarkable new role for social scientific research" in the 1950s, exploring the ways in which new investigative practices "mined down to reveal the mundane, ordinary life, in miniature," practices central to "a broader process of building a modern, rational, post-imperial nation." It was in this framework that the homosexual emerged from an academic and legal perspective, as a social being, capable of broader interaction with society.

Whilst the male homosexual had a rich social existence prior to 1945, this was often relegated to the private sphere, as demonstrated by the importance of interior décor (often bric à brac) to the queer identity. John Potvin argue that prior to 1945, the interior was the "landscape in which the battles over masculine identity and male sexuality were waged." Post-war, however, homosexual circles branched out of private enclaves, with discreet, underground clubs morphing into public-lavatory 'cruising'. Leading to an immediate increase in arrests, the social movement of explicit homosexuality onto the streets of London brought about a new, direct confrontation with the law, coupled with scientific interest in studying the social movement of this substratum of humanity. The homosexual was no longer invisible; he was a known 'social problem'.

Despite homosexuality becoming a more public issue, the public typically encountered 'queer' identities only through tabloid reports of sensationalised legal trials. Through increasingly-investigative reportage post-war, the popular press presented the homosexual as a morally-corrupt social being, as in, a social problem in sociological terms. Indeed, the tabloids mapped the social realms of the homosexual, albeit within a different set of cultural referents from those that were central to social sciences. Many saw the up-and-coming social sciences as a humane and progressive method to understand homosexuality with the aim of curing it. John Bowlby, author of the 1953 study *Child Care and the Growth of Love*, wrote eagerly in 1946, calling for new psychology that would address social ills: "the hope for the future lies in a far more profound understanding of the emotional forces," along with the "development of scientific social techniques for modifying them." This is self-evident in one of the Wolfenden Report's main class of witnesses: medical practitioners and scientists, as well as the Committee's pre-occupation with ascertaining whether medical methods were capable of treating homosexuality. Findings on the latter varied remarkably, though some consensus was realised upon the fact that treatments appeared to lack success amongst "constitutional homosexuals".

Scientific debates about "vice" reached a post-war peak in London, where renowned doctor Fraser Mackenzie wrote, "the problem presented by recent changes in moral standards exceeds, in its possible effects on the well-being of the nation, that of any other problem awaiting solution", positing "a lowering of the standards of honesty, an increase in juvenile delinquency, the loosening of family ties (and) greater promiscuity" as the causes of rampant homosexuality. As such, a problematic collision of childhood traumas, Oedipus-complexes, and feminine identities were presented as the origins of the "social" problem of homosexuality. This was evident in Dr. W. F. Roper's note in the Wolfenden Report, classifying homosexuals into groups including the "maternalistic paederast", whilst calling for "the prevention of homosexuality" by "the avoidance in childhood of persistent maternal identification and feminisation", as well as "the appreciation of fathers (...) that they ought not to treat cissies and inadequates (sic) with contempt or disregard." Indeed, Lord Hailsham wrote in regard to homosexuality that "In so far as active homosexuality is a problem (...), it is a problem of social environment and not of congenital makeup."

In accordance with this view, the Wolfenden Report declared that “the case for a genetic basis is not acceptable to all observers.” Despite the immediate vindication of homosexuality within a sociological context, continued academic debate provided the setting for an arrival of two radical, new attitudes: one being a focus on whether the law had any bearing on acts committed in private; the other on how the homosexual ought to be classed as a social group, as in, a minority.

The progression of scientific and legal views to perceive the homosexual more as a social group than a social problem sought to break from the social problem paradigm insofar as extending the investigative potential of homosexuality to that of any minority group. Gerrit Theodore Kempe first broke out with this attitude, with a landmark 1954 essay inspiring the creation of the *International Journal of Sexology and One*, the American homophile magazine. This transatlantic influence led to Donald Webster Cory’s exploration of social and cultural structures of what he called the “homosexual minority” in *The Homosexual in America*, a work which would have profound impact on Antony Grey, later secretary of the Homosexual Law Reform Society.

Whilst doctors, psychiatrists and criminologists had all called for investigations into the social aspects of homosexuality at the 1947 Royal Medical Society Conference, it was Kempe who offered a radical framework in which such sociology could be conducted on the newly-defined homosexual “minority group.” As he stated, “Though the homophiles do not form a community as is often supposed, they are a *group*, the members of which feel themselves strongly and *permanently* linked together by the circumstances that they are all predominantly attracted to the same sex.” As such, Kempe called for a position not dissimilar from strategies deployed by British students of race relations, positing the homosexual minority group as one in constant tension with the heterosexual majority. Both for race relation writers and for Kempe, the aim of sociology was to understand the logic of these groups, and hence bring about social cohesion through mutual understanding.

Kempe’s radical position was shared by a new wave of reformist psychologists, who called for value-neutral studies, even recognising that the personal problems homosexuals faced were often a result of social marginalisation and that the so-called “social problem” of homosexuality was one of social attitudes and dysfunctional group relations. Leading sociologist A. H. Halsey later reflected: “My contemporaries and I were activists, full of enthusiasm for the reform of British society.” Tabloid newspapers, still feared as the exposé of sodomy trials, began to publish radical essays calling for empathy. In 1954, *The Sunday Times* published Antony Grey’s letter arguing that if society were to frown less on homosexuality, the marginalisation experienced by the homosexual would decline, reducing “his incidence as a social problem.” Whether one agrees with the functionalist moral ethics, this was the radical new state of sociology which would accompany the seismic change in the homosexual’s position in academia, society, and law.

It was in this burning tide for societal and academic change that the Wolfenden Report was created and eventually published in 1957. Mere decades before, a government-initiated report suggesting the decriminalisation of homosexuality for two consenting males over the age of 21 would have been incomprehensible. Amongst its radical additions was an entire segment featuring homosexuals as witnesses, a move unprecedented and directly taken from modern sociology. Developing along the newfound premise of the homosexual as “social minority”, major arguments were made in favour of decriminalisation, citing how legislature ought not “invade the individual conscience” of a minority. The very beginnings of a ‘Gay is Good’ argument were also being cultivated in sociological in the Report through discussions of homosexuality within Ancient Greece and Sparta, demonstrating that “there is little or no historical justification for the view (...) that homosexuality

causes the society in which it is practised to become decadent.” Indeed, it was noted that “In Sparta, (homosexuality) was thought to promote courage in battle.” A greater acceptance of case study, as pioneered by Magnus Hirschfeld in Germany and Alfred Kinsey in America was also prominent, with the Report citing the ground-breaking Kinsey Report, stating that “37% of American males have had at least one homosexuality-induced orgasm and 25% of the male population have had ‘continued and distinct’ homosexual experience over periods of three years and more.” This transatlantic psycho-sexology called indirectly for a greater homophile movement domestically in Britain. The Report succeeded immediately at convincing the General Assembly of the Church of England to pass a resolution “(t) hat this Assembly generally approves the principles on which the criminal law concerned with sexual behaviour should be based as stated by the Wolfenden Committee, and also its recommendations to homosexuality.” A decade later, the Sexual Offences Act 1967 would be passed, forever changing sexual identity in the United Kingdom. A post-war sense of new science and radical social attitudes was beginning to take hold on both academia and law; Britain still had a long way to go, but it was finally on the right tracks.

GREAT MASTER OF FATES

This poem, titled ‘The Great Master of Fates’, depicts the deity of fate, life and death, addressing the Young Prophet, the deity of childbirth and family. The poem concerns itself with the themes of the inevitability of fate, and forms a pair with its sequel, which addresses the joys of new life and ceremonies celebrating birth.

O heavenly gates oh! open wide,
On darkened clouds oh! I shall ride.
I order floating winds oh! gallop ahead,
And command scattering rains oh! let dust be tread.

You soar high oh! to descend,
Ove the Great Tree oh! I approach, my friend!
The scattered people oh! of the many lands,
Their ages and deaths oh! are in my hands.

Soaring in peace oh! we fly up high,
Commanding light oh! and clear winds of the sky.
With devotion oh! we take swift strides,
And lead to the Hills oh! where our Lord abides.

Our misty robes float oh! high in the nimble wind,
Our jade pendants shine oh! of light in every kind.
Of the first of yang oh! and first of yin,
Men know not oh! that it was my doing.

I shall pick the flax’s bloom oh! in golden light,
And gift it to gentle men oh! who went away to hide.
Old age approaches oh! in wavering steps slowly,
Men distance themselves oh! and no longer follow me.

The dragon-cart oh! creaks and rattles,
I charge upwards oh! as if in battle.
I weave laurel twigs oh! and extend my sight,
The more my thoughts oh! the more my plight.

How shall I mend oh! anxiety’s trace,
I hope he, like today oh! suffer no disgrace.
For fates have oh! their proper course,
Can man ever change oh! life’s joy and remorse?

BOOK REVIEW

William S. Burroughs: Junky

In an interview with the *Paris Review*, William S. Burroughs likened the writing process of *Junky* to boredom: “I didn’t feel compelled. I had nothing else to do. Writing gave me something to do every day. I don’t feel the results were at all spectacular. *Junky* is not much of a book, actually. I knew very little about writing at the time.” His numb, dispassionate disregard for the novel that established him reeks of a typical irony: Burroughs descended into a world of cocaine and junk for the exact same reasons. “You become a narcotics addict because you do not have strong motivations in any other direction. Junk wins by default. I tried it as a matter of curiosity.”

Yet, Burroughs overlooks the blade-sharp observations of *Junky*: its morphing, unsettling depictions of time, places, and humanity appear increasingly fascinating the further they recede into the rear-view mirror. His Beat-influenced, hard-boiled prose and clipped, plosive sentences have aged with the intellectual grace of film noir, biting and scathing:

The cat screamed and clawed me, then started spraying piss all over my pants. I went on hitting the cat, my hands bloody from scratches. The animal twisted loose and ran into the closet, where I could hear it groaning and whimpering with fright.

“Now I’ll finish the bastard off,” I said, picking up a heavy painted cane ...

Reading superficially as humorous, it burns with a horrific essence; through walking tightropes of emotional chasms, Burroughs evokes a detached yet manic disintegration. In his 1977 introduction, Allen Ginsberg praised the novel as ‘a notable accomplishment; there is no sentimentality here, no attempt at self-exculpation but the most candid, no romanticisation of the circumstances, the dreariness, the horror, the mechanical beatness and evil of the junk life as lived.’

Yet, to describe *Junky* as ‘good’ would be to ignore the work’s challenging analysis of morality. On an aesthetic level, it suggests the compulsions of art and sex and pleasure as easily forgone within a life measured by needles and drugs; morally, it takes a position beyond conventional cities and limits. Cat torture is meagre. Perplexingly, this is overlaid with a sense of moral turpitude: it was subtitled ‘Confessions of an unredeemed drug addict’. Its editor, Carl Solomons, hurried a worried introduction: ‘From its very first lines, *Junky* strips down the addict without shame in all his nakedness ... There has never been a criminal confession better calculated to discourage imitation by thrill-hungry teens ... His own words tell him that he is a fugitive from the law; that he has been diagnosed as a schizophrenic, paranoid; that he is totally without moral values.’

Yet, Burroughs was not schizophrenic; neither was he writing *Junky* to discourage emulation. In a letter to Allen Ginsberg, he wrote: ‘I don’t mean it as justification or deterrent or anything but an accurate depiction of what I experienced while I was on the junk. You might say it was a travel book more than anything else. It starts where I first make contact with junk, and it ends where no more contact is possible.’ Perhaps Burroughs’ travels through the world of narcotics fittingly continues with *Queer*, originally intended to be published alongside *Junky*. Written “off the junk”, its explicit queering of the novel through theme and structure provides context to *Junky*’s pre-meditated madness.

Whilst the novel’s long, twisting passages may be understood as a form of self-excoriation or condemnation of Burroughs himself, this interpretation ignores that eventual revelations are irrelevant to Burroughs: broken, disjointed, deconstructed, *Junky* merely aims to destroy constructs of life, basking the reader in a world through the eye of a junky. ‘Kick is seeing things from a special angle’; *Junky* destroys visions and perception, realigning itself in a position of horror, complacency and humanity.

OPINION

CORRESPONDENCE

Letters to the Editors

DEAR SIRs,

Over the last seven years, you have kindly published 50 of my letters. They have been varied. Some, like Saint Paul’s letters to the Corinthians, give advice. Some provide potted biographies of such famous OHs as Lord Butler (11 May 2019). Some have described unexpected friends of Harrow, such as Screaming Lord Sutch (25 May 2019). Some are surreal – for example my letter on double vasectomies (12 February 2023). Some reveal sparkling benefits of Harrow songs (13 January 2024).

Some Harrovians like my letters, but even if only 1% like them, that’s eight souls – cool. But with Old Harrovians, and particularly Very Old Harrovians, it’s a very different story.



At a recent OH club dinner, an Old Newlandser chided me with, “They must be desperate, Mike, to publish your letters”. *They are, and I’m happy to help.* “Why don’t you write to The Times instead?” *Because I don’t do long words.* An Old Grovite sneered, “How can you be so provocative?” *What, have you no sense of humour?* An Old West Acrian alledged he could not find the page. An Old Elmfielder refused to email me again. An Old Parkite promised never to speak to me again because I had contrasted his brother’s success with later failure. The general theme of my critics is that it is improper for an OH to write to the School newspaper.

But I’m used to it. When I played Cleopatra in the School Shakespeare Play, in 1959, I was subject to a bit of teasing. You can see from the photo that I was irritatingly cute and very brainy. Since then I have staggered through life with its ups and downs and no-score draws, but never till now have I been so bullied as by these Very OHs. Dear Head Master, could you please have a word with them? You will need to speak loudly, however, for their average age is 85.

YOURS SINCERELY,
MIKE STONE (*MORETONS 1957*)

DEAR SIRs,

I am writing today to suggest that we stop sending the boys abroad to US universities. I have acquired this opinion after spending almost half a year at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. What I found there was most displeasing. There is certainly some sort of, what I’ll call, ruggish charm to the place. The institution was full of bustling students rushing from place to place, not unlike the Hill itself. However, my mood started to turn as I uncovered the grim truth, that being that

these students engage in regular practice of fiendish behaviour. Indeed, imagine my shock when I was addressed as “dude” by a local professor and was encountered by odd fashions of dress and accent. Perhaps it was to be expected, I was warned by those around me of what I would encounter, but I didn’t listen. How foolish I was! Worst of all, I fear that their standards are encroaching on my own. Just last week, I felt my own speech take on a certain ‘twang’ and my jeans seemed to almost be ripping themselves in an effort to fit in. In any case, I hope from this brief description that I have been able to make clear that US universities are institutions that we should not be encouraging good Harrow boys to attend.

Better yet, I am rapidly reaching the conclusion that universities as a whole are best avoided. All I have learned in the past two years of ‘higher’ education is that my time should be spent elsewhere. What is clear is that upon finishing A Levels, standards slip, respect retreats and conduct is compromised. Whilst I cannot, at this time, suggest where we should be sending the boys instead, I still hope that by identifying the problem, we will be able to begin brainstorming a solution. I know there are many fine minds on the Hill that could aid me in this.

YOURS TWANGINGLY,
BEN LEONARD (*THE GROVE 2017*³)

DEAR SIRs,

I read the article in *The Harrovian* (4 May, 2024) which dealt with the closure of the Hill Shop with great interest.

There were a few factual discrepancies within the piece, specifically in the interview between your editor and a senior member of HSEL. I am sure that there must have been misunderstandings or misinterpretation of information during the interview as many things that were stated were incorrect. In the interests of accuracy, I would like to point these out and provide you with the correct information. I will stick to the facts, as parts of the interview are the interviewee’s opinions and interpretations, and I will not comment about these.

Firstly, the Hill Shop was established in 2004, when it moved from its former premises at 7 High Street (next to The Bursary) to 34 High Street. The name was changed from The Harrow School Bookshop to The Hill Shop. The Hill Shop relocated to no. 32 High Street in 2017. The Hill Shop has been open for 20 years; the Bookshop was open for many years prior to this.

The Hill Shop staff comprises of one full time Manager (who works 40 hours/week), and two part time sales assistants who work 18 hours/week and 19 hours/week, respectively. There are not, nor have there ever been, four full time members of staff.

The Hill Shop has periods of the day which are extremely busy. Between 11.00am and 11.30am and 1.00pm and 2.00pm are our busiest times. Tuesday and Thursdays after sport activities are very busy too. To say that “there are only customers in the shop for 45 minutes of the day” is untrue and utterly ridiculous. As part of the transfer process to The Hill Café, I am conducting daily footfall counts of boys visiting the shop. Last Tuesday afternoon, I served 123 boys in the space of 60 minutes, which is more than 1 boy every 30 seconds. We are averaging 310 boys per day during the week and 150 boys on Saturdays.

There are very few periods when “most staff are forced to be idle”. Yes, there are quiet sales periods in the shop, but the shop staff are almost constantly busy with ordering new stock, taking in deliveries, entering new stock in the system, restocking shelves, fridges, and freezers, and tidying up while we await the next wave of customers.

The “fairly inexpensive sweets” sales amount to 45% of the shop’s turnover; merchandise sales, by comparison, make up 22.4% of total sales. The annual shop turnover is very far from “an inconsiderable sum”, and almost half of this is generated by the sales of confectionery.

According to a recent sales report, online merchandise sales amounted to less than a quarter (23%) of total merchandise sales,

and makes up less than 6% of total sales. Most merchandise sales (and subsequent profits) are generated by merchandise purchased in store at The Hill Shop and not by online purchases.

I have a small correction for your correspondent Mr Ethan Soong; the price of bag of Doritos is £1.10, not £3.00.

Finally, I would like to make a personal comment. I have read all the opinions about the shop, and I have listened to many people (boys, staff members and local members of the community) voice their opinions. I would like to remind you that my staff and I are carrying on as normal, and are acting very professionally, in spite of the fact that the shop is slowly closing around us. Between the three of us, we have worked at Harrow School for 80 years, 45 of those years working in the shop. We have created a friendly, vibrant and welcoming environment for all our customers, and we have made many friends in the process. We will all miss working at the shop. While everyone is trying work out why the shop has failed as a commercial enterprise and moaning about its closure, may I suggest that it might be more beneficial to come along to the shop and enjoy it while it is still here.

YOURS SINCERELY,
JOHN LEE, SHOP MANAGER

CONTROVERSIAL NAMESAKE

*Our new Science Block will named after Joseph Banks.
But is he a true Old Harrovian?*

There is no disputing that Sir Joseph Banks went to Harrow. However, where the issue lies is with his association with the ‘other place’, Eton College. Banks attended Harrow from the ages of nine to thirteen before going to Windsor to continue his education until he attended Christ Church, Oxford. At Harrow, there have been numerous events over the years to celebrate the Banks’ achievements as a naturalist and explorer, and similar commemorative occasions have taken place at Eton College, with the College’s archive even stating that “his love of botany flowered in the meadows by the Thames”. In 2022, an Etonian wrote an article calling Banks “Eton’s most famous naturalist” and in all fairness to the writer ‘Alex’, the fact that Banks attended both schools was mentioned in the piece of writing. Given that Eton are so keen to emphasise their strong connection to Sir Joseph Banks, it seems as though Harrow is engaged in a tussle over the question of where he is truly ‘one of our own’, a Giant of Old. There is nothing wrong with revering a figure who went to two schools, but naming the lecture theatre in the new Biology and Chemistry Schools after a man who spent his core secondary school years at a rival institution comes across as slightly desperate. Is it time for a change or is it simply too late?

IN DEFENSE OF BANKS

A reply by WMAL

I am grateful to the writer above for opening the discussion about the naming of buildings and the appropriation which is at the centre of the vicarious glory of our Giants of Old. Three concise points if I may: Banks, other Giants and the future.

Sir Joseph Banks (the Lecture Theatre will bear his name, as opposed to the whole building) did indeed move to ‘the other place’ when he was thirteen. His mother moved him because Harrow’s Head Master of the day was obsessed with glamour and upset the boys by recruiting too many sons of dukes, earls and lords. *O tempora o mores!* Banks didn’t stay the course Thameside either, going up to Oxford early as a Fellow Commoner, and he only did two years there, never graduating,

with the second of his two years entirely under the instruction of the Cambridge professor of Botany – because the Oxford one was duff, having given one lecture in thirty five years.

Other Giants spent time at other schools, and it wasn't uncommon in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries to do this. Trollope for instance had his schooling in Harrow and at Winchester and was said to be miserable at both. Indeed Admirals Codrington and Rodney only spent two years or so on the Hill before entering the Royal Navy at fourteen and rising through (all) the ranks.

In the future it will be certain that an Harrovian Sixth Form entrant will be dubbed a Giant of Old having spent the majority of his time educated elsewhere – yet we will still be content to borrow his name and his attributes.

SPORT

MATTHEW RAYNHAM BIATHLON

28 April

The biathlon takes place in memory of Matthew Raynham who was in Druries and was Head of School 1991–92. After leaving Harrow, Matthew was tragically killed in a car accident. He had been due to come and judge the Drill competition and present the Sword of Honour with several other OHs later that term; instead they carried his coffin. Matthew's parents have visited Harrow to come and watch the biathlon every year. They are very appreciative of this event which honours their son and the evident enjoyment and enthusiasm with which it is raced. They were delighted to see the continued increase in rowing capacity that has encouraged more boys than ever to give either the 2000m row and 3km cross country run or the 20 length swim followed by the same 3km run a go. The usual chaos and mayhem of this multisport event was evidenced by several red-faced boys asking where the run was, grabbing a burger before crossing the finishing line and adopting the full body dry for five minutes in transition. However, after SS, NAF and Dan Rosies' team got soaked setting up the event, the weather turned out progressively better. The BBQ was in full swing and we had a field of approximately 425 boys (and a few beaks) competing in either the swim/run or row/run race this year. My thanks to a large team of beaks and support staff who assisted with the biathlon alongside 40 or so boys.

Congratulations to Otis Farrer-Brown, *Newlands*, who, yet again, won the event. He completed it in just 17 minutes 55 seconds – beating his own personal best as a Shell last year when he finished it in 18 mins 54 secs. Farrer-Brown is one of the best runners in the School, but his continuing success in the biathlon demonstrates just how talented a sportsman he is.

The individual row/run winner was also won by last year's winner, Henry Barker, *The Park*. A formidable competitor in the Fifth Form, Barker completed the biathlon in a time of 19 mins and 55 seconds. Like Farrer-Brown, Barker is no stranger to success in races. Regardless of his exam pressures, Barker pretty much matched his biathlon race time from last year. A fantastic performance from this impressive athlete.

The chip timing not only gave split times but also ranking for each year group. Congratulations to all the boys listed below who did incredibly well.



Fastest boys in row/run:

Shell: Murray Runacres, *Lyon's*

Remove: Toby Woolf, *Elmfield*

Fifth Form: Henry Barker, *The Park*

Lower Sixth: Xander Jones, *West Acre*

Upper Sixth: Melvin Ackah, *Newlands*

Fastest boys in swim/run:

Shell: Henry Gilbertson, *Newlands*

Remove: Otis Farrer-Brown, *Newlands*

Fifth Form: Letian Wang, *Bradlys*

Lower Sixth: Alex Moore, *Lyon's*

Upper Sixth: Cameron Elliott, *West Acre*

Ultimately, everyone who competed should be congratulated for the enthusiasm and competitiveness that was much in evidence from start to finish.

TENNIS

1st, Home v Westminster School, Won 5-4

A tremendous match full of excellent attacking tennis. Mostyn Fulford, *The Knoll*, and Hugo Maclean, *West Acre*, went unbeaten with some fine play. The crucial set was won by Jack Scott, *The Park*, and Adam Wong, *The Park*, who played at the top of their game to beat the opposing 1st Pair 7-5. The overall 5-4 scoreline showed the importance of this set to the overall outcome.

Junior Colts A, Home v Westminster School, Lost 4-5

Junior Colts A lost 5-4 in a charged encounter with a fired-up Westminster side. Shot of the day for a scorching backhand winner by Tom Anderson, *Druries*, and well done to him and Monty Harrison, *Moretons*, for regrouping after some tough losses to win their final match convincingly.

Junior Colts B, Home v Westminster School, Won 5-4

A narrow win for the Harrow Under-15Bs, consisting of a hybrid team of Removes and Shells. Special mention must go to the formidable B3 pair Tommy Chang, *Elmfield*, and Aidan Au, *Moretons*, who comfortably won their matches 6-2, 6-1 and 6-2. Tristan Lim, *The Head Master's*, and William Bearman, *Moretons*, likewise showed good teamwork, winning two of their three matches both 6-2. A fantastic opportunity for inter-year play!

Yearlings A, Home v Westminster School, Lost 3-6

A rough set of matches today saw the Yearlings A lose 3-6 to Westminster. Special mention must go to Aleks Tomczyk, *The Grove*, and Pablo Castellano-Burguera, *Rendalls*, who as a new A1 pairing showed promise, winning two of their three matches both 6-4. Unfortunately, while Harrow were definitely capable of more skilful play, silly mistakes crept in as games progressed, costing Harrow the win.

GOLF

Area Cup Final, 23 April, Swifts Regional Final v Haileybury, Northwood Golf Club, Lost 3-0

After what felt like an eternity, the boys were chomping at the bit to get back out there in the first match of the summer. It was set to be a humdinger of a battle against Haileybury in the Regional Final of the National Foursomes. Harrow came out on top in the same fixture two years ago, but they were up against a stronger side this time round.

Oliver Cheuk, *The Grove*, and Fred Hower, *The Park*, were out first at a windy Northwood Golf Club. Great driving from Cheuk on the first six holes had Harrow at 1 up. Haileybury stepped up and made many clutch pars and got their lead to 2 up through 12. An incredible recovery 6 iron from 180 yards from Hower on 14 led to a wonderful par. Although there was some great scrambling on the home stretch from Harrow, Haileybury managed to stiff a wedge shot to 8 feet on 17 to secure the win. It wasn't to be for Cheuk and Hower, but they will be back.

Kieran Wee, *Newlands*, and Thomas Tian, *Newlands*, took on the second pair of Haileybury. Despite a perfect opening tee shot from Wee, the Haileybury boys found their feet early on. Struggling to keep up with the momentum, the Harrow boys quickly found themselves 4 down and the Haileybury duo did not look like they were stopping. However, following a sublime iron shot from Wee and a stable putt from Tian, the pair started their fight back. After four more consistent holes in challenging wind, the boys found themselves all square heading to the 14th. Unfortunately, the Haileybury

boys found themselves up by 2 and sealed the deal with a birdie on the 16th. It was nevertheless a valiant effort from the pair and it must have been down to the extra spin Tian was experiencing from his clubs...

Rufus Young, *Newlands*, and Zac Baines, *Druries*, put up a solid fight, but the match ended with a tough loss. After going 1 down after the first they needed to get back in the game. Young hit a monster drive over the bunker on the par 5 second, setting up for Baines's impressive 7 wood shot up to the green. Baines landed his 8-iron just 10 feet from the pin on the 6th, and Young sunk the put for them to go up in the match. With a promising lead of 2 up through the 7th, things were looking good, but some silly mistakes cost them crucial holes. It was a real back-and-forth game, but unfortunately, they lost one down after dropping the 17th hole and tying the last.

This was a tough lesson in foursomes matchplay. Leaving your partner in a good position is essential and the boys were just not consistent enough on the day. Many more fixtures to come this term!

1st v Charterhouse, Friendly, Match won 3-0

The golf team got back to winning ways, with a resounding 3-0 victory against Charterhouse at Northwood Golf Club. Particularly Hugo Evans, *The Park*, with a fine debut performance.

CRICKET

Development XI & Under-17 XI, Home v Hampton School, Lost by 7 wickets, National Cup, Round 2

Junior Colts A, Home v Avanti House, Won by 123 runs, ESCA T20, Regional Rd 1

After a disappointing washout in their first attempt to play this fixture, Harrow looked to set a platform for their cup run in the first round against Avanti House. After winning the toss and electing to bat, Rishya Rawal, *Rendalls*, sadly fell early, meaning it was up to Edward Stabb, *The Head Master's*, and Louis Nicholson, *The Park*, to rebuild. With a moving ball on a slow wicket, Harrow did extremely well to pick up the pieces. With an array of shots all around the ground, Harrow countered the conditions extremely well. Stabb managed to pick up his 50 quickly in the 10th over with Nicholson following shortly after, before being retired. This meant a third 50 of the season for Nicholson in just four games. An excellent second-wicket partnership of 124 put Harrow in a dominant position for the final few overs of the innings. In came Arjan Lai, *West Acre*, together he and Stabb put on a quickfire 64-run partnership and, in the final over of the innings, Stabb, who played an excellent role throughout the inning, brought up a very well-deserved 100, which capped off an excellent innings.

Chasing 190, a total well above par, Avanti House had to go out with all guns blazing. Rishya Rawal and Aaryan Basu, *Druries*, bowled an excellent opening spell but sadly didn't manage to pick up any wickets. Alfred Lawson-Brown, *The Park*, was very unlucky not to pick up a wicket, but his fast-paced bowling kept Avanti on the back foot. Lawson-Brown bowled a great three overs for seven runs and Niel Gupta, *Elmfield*, bowled four overs for eight runs including one wicket. With the game almost done and dusted, Alf Beresford-Peirce, *Elmfield*, was chosen to bowl the last over. A great finish included a superb hat-trick for Beresford-Peirce, capping off an outstanding team performance all-round, with Avanti House finishing on 65-7 in their 20 overs.

Junior Colts A, Away v Hampton School, Won by 123 runs
Rishya Rawal, *Rendalls*, with a superb unbeaten 156*, ably supported by James Hyatt, *Elmfield*, who scored 37. Alf Beresford-Peirce, *Elmfield*, was the pick of the bowlers, taking 3 for 5.

Junior Colts B, Away v Hampton School, 114 runs each.

Harrow batted first, lost some early wickets but consolidated to ensure we batted our overs. With Alexander Long, *The Park*, and Benji Thorp, *Druries*, batting long and others chipping in with boundaries. Daniel Kim, *Moretons*, was top scorer with 19 runs.

Hampton batted well and had us under pressure but we maintained faith and positivity. However, a spell from Thorp (who finished with figures of five wickets for 16 runs off five overs) meant we were back in the game. Hampton needed two runs to win with two wickets left. Then Hampton got a single and all seemed lost until Pasha Cambatta-Mistry, *Lyon's*, had other ideas. He took three wickets for 12 runs and competed an epic comeback to secure a tie in the match.

Junior Colts C, Away v Hampton School, Won by 2 wickets

Harrow won with two wickets to spare, scoring 149 with three overs remaining. They showed superb team spirit to turn the tide against a confident Hampton, who scored 148 for 6.

1st XI, Away v Hampton School, Won by 132 runs

The 1st XI produced another convincing 132-run win away at Hampton on Thursday. After finding themselves 83-5 it was the 157 run partnership between Henry Macdonald, *The Park*, and Caspar Baker, *Moretons*, that rescued back control for Harrow. Baker was dismissed for a well-made 60 but it was Macdonald's 138* that took the game away from Hampton on an average surface. Hampton required 300 to win and Charlie Hope, *Rendalls*, (2-19) helped build early pressure before Jack Nelson, *Bradlys*, (4-13) burgled out the Hampton tail to lead Harrow to a comfortable victory.

Harrow	R	B
Dylan Rawal†, lbw, b Harry Gregory	37	44
Jay Madan, lbw, b N Sharma	4	11
Charlie Nelson*, st Leo Fredanus Van Gelder, b Leo Hartley	12	29
Jack Nelson, lbw, b Navik Mendis	16	14
Henry Macdonald, not out	138	111
Kalan Niyarepola, b Harry Gregory	0	2
Caspar Baker, ct James Eggleton, b Hugo Knowles	60	81
James Felton, not out	13	10
Henry Snow, dnb		
Charlie Hope, dnb		
Gabriel Harrington-Myers, dnb		
Total 300		

Hampton School	O	M	R	W
N Sharma	10	0	37	1
Leo Hartley	10	0	66	1
Navik Mendis	3	0	24	1
Harry Gregory	7	0	28	2
Nat Taylor	9	0	63	0
Anuj Srivastav	4	0	24	0
Hugo Knowles	7	0	49	1
Total	50	0	300	6

Hampton School	R	B
Nat Taylor, ct Jack Nelson, b Henry Snow	4	4
James Eggleton, ct Charlie Nelson, b Charlie Hope	12	45
Anuj Srivastav, run out (Charlie Nelson)	22	39
N Sharma*, ct James Felton, b Charlie Hope	11	20
Joshua Vergunst, b Jack Nelson	21	49
Thomas Tabor, lbw, b James Felton	27	40
Hugo Knowles, b Jack Nelson	26	40
Leo Fredanus Van Gelder†, st Dylan Rawal, b Jack Nelson	0	1
Harry Gregory, ct & b Charlie Nelson	3	8
Leo Hartley, not out	7	10
Navik Mendis, b Jack Nelson	3	11
Extras 32		
Total 168		

Harrow	O	M	R	W
Henry Snow	6	0	27	1
Caspar Baker	4	0	21	0
Kalan Niyarepola	5	0	17	0
Charlie Hope	7	1	19	2
Jay Madan	1	0	1	0
Gabriel Harrington-Myers	8	1	25	0
James Felton	5	0	29	1
Charlie Nelson	4	0	15	1
Jack Nelson	3.5	0	13	4
Total	43.5	2	168	10

2nd XI, Home v Hampton School, Lost by 7 wickets

An under-strength Harrow 2nd XI lost the toss and were forced to bat in conditions that favoured the bowling side. After a slow start to the Harrow innings, Arhan Maker, *Druries*, and Aaron Patel, *The Knoll*, scored 41 and 21* respectively and put on a 40-run 6th-wicket partnership, making Harrow hopeful that they might have enough to defend. Although Ben Taylor, *The Knoll*, took a wicket on the first ball of Hampton's innings, from the outset the opposition motored along at well over the required rate of 3.8 per over. Will Stabb, *The Head Master's*, looked threatening at times and took two wickets, but Hampton's opener Stanworth steered the visitors to victory with a classy 59* off 58 balls.

Colts B, Home v John Lyon School Colts A, Lost by 1 run

Junior Colts A, Home v Dulwich College, Won by 8 wickets, ESCA Cup

Courageous young cricketers shone today. Aditya Singh, *Moretons*, took 3 for 43 and Alfred Lawson-Brown, *The Park*, 3 for 24, excelling in bowling. Despite Dulwich's strong bowling and the looming rain threat, Rishya Rawal, *Rendalls*, and Louis Nicholson, *The Park*, displayed resilience. They absorbed pressure, settled in, and efficiently chased the target. Rawal ended on 78* and Nicholson on 60*, securing their team's spot in the South East Region Semi-finals.

Junior Colts D, Home v John Lyon School Boys Under-15C, Won by 1 run

After a closely fought match, Harrow reached their target with just one over to spare.

Notable contributions: Almo Pang, *Gayton*,: 44 runs, Timur Mir, *Newlands*, 32 runs

Ways to contact *The Harrovian*

Articles, opinions and letters are always appreciated.

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

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