



CHURCHILL SONGS

Speech Room, 14 November

Live Aid was a concert of epic proportions, creating an atmosphere some said would never be witnessed again. Few think that such camaraderie can be replicated, those few increase in number by around 160 each November, before sadly decreasing across the year. Indeed, Harrovians know, and were reminded this cold winter, of inseparable togetherness forged in the warmth of songs. Just 800 boys, 200 beaks, and a collection of impressive Old Harrovians, re-define awe each year.



Freddie Williams, *Moretons*, (Head of School, Head of the CCF, and overall nicest guy) greeted a full Speech Room – which, in my view, is a better venue than the Royal Albert Hall for its equal majesty and greater historical significance. He particularly welcomed the principal guest Tom Dannatt (*Bradby's 1992*³) who, in his time never got Custos, stood as the moral backbone of the House, and persuaded 12% of the School to vote for the Liberal Democrats during a mock election,

placing him third. Mr Dannatt has since founded the charity Street Child. Williams also mentioned Lord Dannatt (Tom's father), former Chief of the General Staff. His lordship and Nicholas Witchell, both in attendance, were the prime movers in the Winston Churchill Centre for Education and Learning at the British Normandy Memorial, inaugurated by His Majesty the King and the President of France this summer.



Xander Jones, *West Acre*, (Deputy Head of School) introduced the theme of Churchill Songs this year: philanthropy. He explained how the School was born from John Lyon's initial charity and that the School has continued with philanthropy on the very land which he left. Indeed, each building was erected by generous donors, whose kindness is multiplied with projects such as Long Ducker and our Shaftesbury Enterprise at large.

The Head Master told the classic tale of Churchill's love of School songs and recited his immortal words: "never give in, never give in, never, never, never, never-in nothing, great or small, large or petty – never give in except to convictions of honour and good sense. Never yield to force; never yield to the

apparently overwhelming might of the enemy.” Like the poetry on Burns night or the Lord’s Prayer on Monday mornings, Harrovians hear the origins of each song before singing it. Every time the immortal tales are told, they invoke thought and reverence. For these stories in print, read any other Churchill Songs write up in the archives.

We began with *Stet Fortuna Domus*, which had particular relevance to our theme of philanthropy as the ‘Ashley’ referenced in verse three is Anthony Ashley Cooper, the 7th Earl of Shaftesbury. It is after this “poor man’s earl” that we name our charitable enterprise. Furthermore, he served in government with Harrow’s first prime minister, the Earl of Aberdeen, whose OH descendent, the Marquis of Aberdeen, was in attendance.

The truly charming song *Here Sir!* was sung next, containing the words we say each year at School Bill and thrice a day in Houses. Indeed, everyone knows these words, which explains the shock as the sixth ‘Here Sir’ in the first verse was missing. The Boy who followed in OH William Everall’s footsteps seemingly forgot the words ‘Here Sir’ in the identically named song.

Martin Dancer, *The Grove*, a young man aged just 13, justified the lions of Harrow and The Grove with his courage, as he sang the solos of *Five Hundred Faces*. The words that told of a timid, unsure boy at Harrow contrasted entirely with the surely magnificent singer who sang them.

After hearing about and singing *St Joles*, *Songs* (by the School XII), *Song of the Forwards* and *John Lyon’s Road*, the Head Master introduced Tom Dannatt – our guest of honour.

Mr Dannatt’s address on the importance of philanthropy filled Speech Room with an endearing and enduring air of inspiration. In the true spirit of Harrovian fellowship, Mr. Dannatt began by recollecting his love of the Hill, his admiration of TMD’s sporting stardom, and his fondness for Flambards – from which his philanthropy has flourished. The School was then treated with a sweet and sour sprinkling of anecdotes from his extraordinary life. Despite giving up his job in the city to live with rats and lizards in a hotel room in Sierra Leone, Mr Dannatt emphasised that the emotional and spiritual joy of charity and philanthropy cannot be exchanged for money.

Then, Mr Dannatt introduced the dire global situation beyond our warm greenhouse atop the Hill: almost 10% of the global population survive on less than £2 each day – the price of a single bus ticket in England (before the Budget hit). Turning to a more positive note to match the glorious evening, he shared the experience of managing his own charity, Street Child. Despite it being the same age as boys in the Fifth Form, it has already benefited the lives of over 1 million children. Through this example, Mr Dannatt extolled the power of giving, reminding Harrovians that “charity does not end at home” and that philanthropy benefits the giver as much as the receiver. For those still wondering how to change the world, he offered a mantra: “start by starting”.

Most memorably, Dannatt recounted a story about luck – or, more specifically, pizza. While in West Africa, he set up a pizza restaurant to cater to expatriates. By a twist of fate, the British Embassy booked it for an event. Impressed by his entrepreneurial flair, the ambassador called the next day to discuss Street Child’s work. From kneading dough to making dough, a single fortuitous moment resulted in a pivotal partnership with the UK Government. Although we cannot produce luck, Mr Dannatt reminded us to catalyse it through hard work, so we can “increase our surface area for luck”.

Mr. Dannatt’s speech concluded with a Churchillian challenge: “Where there is great power, there is a great responsibility.” The question is: how will you use it?”

The School sang *Home to The Hill*, celebrating diversity, before celebrating its military might with *Left! Right!*. As we sang, Henry Porter, *Moretons*, and Henry Barker, *The Park*, marched from above to the stage, wielding colours. They handed the colours to Lord Dannatt, who planted them with dignity. Each step was perfectly timed and executed. Boys do

it better than beaks. The School XII sang *Goodnight* and the whole School sang the most moving of any song, *Silver Arrow*.

Thus commenced the closing sequence. Harrovians perfectly recited *40 Years On*, including the Churchill verse, without help from any written text. Then we joined together for *Auld Lang Syne* and the *National Anthem*. Had His Majesty been there, it would have outdone Happy Birthday, whoever sang it. Thanks must go to Anson Ching, *The Grove*, with such modesty that his equally immense talent goes un-noticed, and also to WJC, and PJE (both of whom need no introduction) for accompanying the evening. The Twelve, the Orchestra, and the School at large were on excellent form, thanks to the collective effort led by DNW.

RATTIGAN SOCIETY

*The Madness of George III by Alan Bennett,
12–14 November*

The Madness of King George III was certainly a tantalising theatrical treat in among the growing darkness and winter chill on the Hill. In many ways, it felt like a production straight out of *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* – the show had everything, from start to finish. It pulled at heartstrings, while braving the complexities of the malady of madness, family rivalries, the cut-throat underbelly of King’s court, the misguided practice of physicians, and a triumphant return to golden age. In short, the show was a performance fit for a king!

The auditorium was buzzing with anticipation and excitement as the audience entered the Ryan Theatre on the play’s final night. The stage was simple yet beautiful with amber lighting and teal revolving the stage, offering hints of classical Greek architecture through a pearl-white curtain hung at the back. Acclaim and congratulations are due to all members of the Ryan Theatre’s creative team for the stunning, artistic elements used throughout the play. From the set design and the intricate period costumes to the encompassing music of baroque and classical string quartets and perfect pen-drawings of castles and palaces projected. The production was artistic and stylistic, giving the audience the ideas from which our collective imagination could envisage the world of the play, making the world-building of the production incredibly believable and enjoyable.



The show started swiftly, and the audience was immediately transported to 18th-century England, beckoned by the sound of regal trumpets triumphantly announcing ‘Mr and Mrs King’s’ arrival centre-stage. The dynamic and brilliant duo of Mad King George (Rory Grant, *Moretons*) and Queen Charlotte

(Charlie McDowell, *The Knoll*) provided one of the keystones for the production, aside from being immensely entertaining. The playful and cheeky romance between the two humanised these great monarchs as an ordinary couple of sorts. Together, Grant and McDowell captured an old couple's tender and loving moments, coupled with their petty grievances and private, intimate interaction. Both characters, though old of body, were certainly young of spirit!

Grant's performance as George III was phenomenal. Like any good king, Grant was able to captivate and hold the stage, his fellow thespians and the audience. Grant thoughtfully presented the King's progressive decline excellently, demonstrated by the gradual degradation of the King's charisma, clothing and speech each time he returned on stage. By the end of the first half, the King was certainly quite mad! Grant's moments of comedy and fun were brilliant throughout, as Grant captured the King's raucous sense of humour right from the start, when he belittled the blunt and relatively harmless 'dessert knife' used by the assassin during the play's opening minutes. With time, this wicked sense of humour became foul-mouthed and bolder. Indeed, the comedic timing throughout the play was on the nose, with moments of sadistic humour sprinkled here and there. At times, the audience found themselves guilty laughing at the expense of the characters. Queen Charlotte was a very well-developed character, with McDowell being exceptionally funny and providing great comic relief during the play's playful opening. Yet McDowell was also able to demonstrate moments of great poise and character. A particularly memorable moment was the conversation she shared with Jonathan Ford's, *West Acre*, wonderfully played character, Lady Pembroke. McDowell captured the intimate moment between the two ladies as they spoke, woman to woman, delving into the adulterous fancies of the King, which burden a Queen's conscience. Yet McDowell showed how the queen remained desperately loyal to the King, even towards the end. During the King's darkest moments, she would comfort and cajole him, appealing to his better nature. These moments, between husband and wife were particularly touching, especially as the queen would often plead to her ever-weakening husband, crying with despair, only to find him distant and bewildered.



For us, the audience, it felt as if we had obtained a privileged view into the private workings of the royal family, as we witnessed moments of madness and the King's demise from all perspectives. Whether it be the plotting of physicians, politicians and the Prince Regent (Aaryan Dassaur, *Moretons*) to make the King permanently redundant, or servants gossiping about the suspicious-looking stools, the audience found themselves passing judgement on the King, once ordained by God and now ordained to mental torment and physical torture. Throughout the show, we watched the King slip down into a dark spiral of destruction and derangement. It serves as a reminder of the toil and damage mental illness afflicts, not only on the ill, but also on the loved ones who surround them: friends, family and

allies alike. On this note, Jasper Brockwell, *Druries*, gave a refined performance as Mr Pitt, a loyal and diligent character, always putting King and country before himself, even if it were against his better judgement. Pitt remained a true loyalist, right to the end, even when faced by pressure from the opposition. As leader of the opposition Charles Fox, Hugo Evans, *The Park*, excellently portrayed the scheming nature of the character as he waited for just the right moment to capitalise on the failing government. Evans had a great deal of energy as he portrayed a character pulsating with ambition and hunger for power, the perfect combination for one of the play's villains. Moreover, Lord Thurlow (Feo Mishin, *Elmfield*) proved a deceptive and almost Judas-like character, who came to his sense at precisely the right moment to prevent the upcoming vote of no confidence in the House of Commons.



The doctors were certainly one of the most ridiculous and baffling group of characters, despite being self-acclaimed men of science. At the head was Sir George Baker – the King's physician (played by Nick Arnison, *Moretons*, who perfectly captured this stuck-up, bubbling, buffoon). Arnison's presentation and action were flawless and hysterically entertaining for the audience. Dr Warren (Max Rugge-Price, *The Park*), however, was a great contrast to the clueless and rambling Dr Baker. Rugge-Price was cold in his intent, ruthless and all the more cunning, silently planning his next move as he acted as the King's judge, jury and executioner. To finish off this trio of clueless doctors, Mr Pepys (Arturo Saville Mascioni, *Rendalls*) was immensely funny, given his ridiculous obsession with the King's stools, and he proved to be a very entertaining character. Yet leading the helm of this ludicrousness was the Prince of Wales (Aaryan Dassaur, *Moretons*). Dassaur presented the prince as a person ravenous to seize the crown and claim his birthright. Yet, at times, the Prince Regent became driven by frustration and desperation, with his subsequent meltdowns akin to a toddler's tantrum. The scheming and insecure prince, concerned more about 'fashion' and 'style' than his people or abolishing slavery, was brilliantly performed by Dassaur. After all, 'being the prince of Wales is no occupation'. Having said this, however, none of these characters had an iota of common sense between them. For it was Dr Willis (Tom Leonard, *Lyon's*) who proved pivotal in restoring the King to his sense through his perhaps unconventional yet practical methods.

Leonard was evidently on form with his spectacular performance. Dr Willis was the person who finally broke the King and rebuilt him again into something greater than he was before. His transition from a quiet character to a 'benevolent dictator' who orders the King's restraint emerged throughout the play. A particularly tragic moment was the restraining of the King to his chair, drowned in white light as Handel's iconic Coronation theme *Zadok the Priest* reverberated across the stage. Whoever controls the king certainly controls the kingdom. Dr Willis was performed powerfully and professionally with both refinement and nuance.

When all seemed lost, the King made a miraculous recovery. This was signified by return of the King's lemonade urine, which was greet by the sound of Handel's triumphant *Hallelujah!*

The final moment of the show demonstrated the classical character arc of Joseph Campbell's hero's journey, as the King, having regained his sense and sense of self, and dismissed his physicians and regained his rightful place back on the throne.

The complex and difficult relationship between father and son was certainly highlighted, and was resolved somewhat amicably. With the King's crown restored, his marriage rekindled, and his mind repaired, the King had indeed returned. Many congratulations to all who members of the crew and cast of the production, who have poured blood, sweat and tears into bringing this show to its full glory. This could only have been possible of course to all members of the Ryan Theatre, and finally, the brilliant guidance and directorship of APC, the very rock upon which the show was built on.

In the play, we enter a world turned upside down yet this phrase feels to be a very periodic, and one which can be used to describe our world today, given that humanity's destruction is growing increasing imminent with each passing day. To quote the King George III from Lin-Manuel Miranda's *Hamilton*, 'Oceans rise, empires fall. We've seen each other through it all!' In the aftermath of the US election, certain parallels can be drawn from the underlying themes that were so vividly brought to life by the entire Rattigan cast and team. The role of the media, questions about mental fitness and capability, the impact of misinformation and disinformation on public opinion have all surrounded and perhaps overshadowed the human beings at the crux of things.

LONDON'S COMMUNITY KITCHEN INITIATIVE

A great way to give back to the community.

Harrow is one of London's most diverse boroughs, in a multitude of different ways. From the Hill, we experience the ethnic diversity of the borough, revelling in the splendour of this month's Diwali fireworks for instance, but the borough is also one of London's most economically diverse. The area of Harrow on the Hill is one of the most affluent in outer London, but just a few minutes' drive from our little island are some of London's most deprived areas. According to last year's Harrow Poverty and Inequality report, collated by the non-profit agency Trust for London, 19.6% percent of working residents earn below the living wage. In addition to this, one in seven of Harrow children, among which we may count ourselves, live in poverty, 1,996 of whom were below the age of four. Harrow has an unusually high percentage of residents below the age of 16 (around 40%), so many of those earning below living wage support large families, exacerbating the figures above. And, on tight budgets, for many low-income families, paying for food can be the greatest day-to-day strain. While the council provides some families with free school meals and limited monetary support, it is evident that many families still struggle to get by. In the words of Lyn Perry MBE, a spokesman for Bernado's Children charity:

"Living in poverty means children miss out on opportunities and the activities that make childhood fun and support their development."

One of the best ways in which Harrovians, in a small way, can give back is London's Community Kitchen initiative.

London's Community Kitchen (LCK) is a foodbank and charitable social centre, a ten-minute drive from Harrow School. One of three in Greater London, LCK provides food for hundreds of local families on a daily basis. Just under a tonne of food enters through their doors every morning from local supermarkets, bakeries and cafés. Usually, the food was not sellable on their shelves and would otherwise have been thrown away. LCK takes this food and distributes it to the local community. The bank supports nearly 15,000 individuals. This means that 17% of the population of Harrow have relied on the bank for food at some point: a testament to the centre's work.



The School sends two groups of six boys twice a week, once on Tuesday and once on Thursday, to volunteer for two hours during the first eecer slot. The work involves sorting and stacking crates of food, and occasionally helping at the food bank dispensary, meeting face to face the people whom the bank helps. We work with a fantastic team of volunteers at the centre, who help the boys with the work, creating a relaxing and enjoyable atmosphere. The work is light, enjoyable and fulfilling, and a great thing for any university application.

If you are interested in getting involved in following terms, please contact RMT for further information. We hope to see you there!

CLASSICS TRIP TO GREECE — SUMMER 2024

Part 4: Olympia

Olympia

'But if, my heart, you wish to sing of contests, look no further for any star warmer than the sun, shining by day through the lonely sky, and let us not proclaim any contest greater than Olympia.' – Pindar, Olympian 1

The year is 776BC. It is a glorious summer afternoon. Imagine you are walking through this gate. Today, you might think nothing much about a half-battered stone gate. But 2,800 years ago, you would have found yourself entering a colossal stadium packed with 40,000 spectators from all across the Hellenic realms. The gate led to the Stadium of the Sanctuary of Olympia, the cradle of the ancient Olympic Games.

Over this summer, most of us witnessed the epitome of sporting endeavour in the 2024 Paris Olympics. You would have seen

the spectacular lighting of the Olympic Caudron, shaped like a hot air balloon (and burning biofuel). But did you know that the Olympic Torch is always ignited by the high priestess at the Sanctuary of Olympia? The Olympic Flame is a symbol of the original Olympic Truce (ἐκεχειρία), a quadrennial peace dating back to 776BC, which allowed athletes and spectators from all city-states to travel safely to and from the games.



When we arrived at Olympia, the entire stadium was empty. Clouds of dust swirled up around us, driven by a temperate breeze. The liquid sun perched upon the zenith, watching over us. Standing in the stadium where stout-hearted Heracles and swift-footed Achilles raced, we recreated the unique 192-metre stadion foot race to crown the fastest Harrovian Olympian. Spurred on by a Pindaric Ode (and perhaps more so by EMH's promise of gelato), not a single Shell was feeble of foot or rheumatic of shoulder. If only we could fly over to Olympia for Long Ducker!

A brief visit to the nearby Archaeological Museum of Olympia yielded the fabled Helmet of Miltiades – a renowned Olympic charioteer and hero at the Battle of Marathon in 490BC. Supposedly, Miltiades dedicated this helmet as a gift to the Temple of Zeus at Olympia. The inscription on the helmet reads: 'ΜΙΛΤΙΑΔΕΣ ΑΝΕ[Θ]ΕΚΕΝ [Τ]ΟΙ ΔΙ' (Miltiades offers this helmet to Zeus.) Author's note: unfortunately, I took the photo from the wrong side of the helmet, with Miltiades' inscription being on the right side.



Just as Miltiades prayed to Zeus for success (even though he was later charged with treason by the Athenians and sentenced to death), the Greeks believed in piety towards the gods for good fortune. Thus, there are magnificent temples dedicated to Zeus and Hera outside the Olympic Stadium. Closer to home, plans for Peel House to be demolished to make way for a staircase

from Ducker to Chapel have been floating around, perhaps in EWH's bid to imbue the Yearling's Academy with supernatural and spiritual powers.

Yet, not even the mounds of leftover offerings on the SCH burger bar could match the 6m high bagel of sacrificial bones that once enveloped the altar of the Temple of Hera. During each day of the games, hecatombs of a hundred purified oxen would be sacrificed. The finest parts of the animals (especially the sebaceous thigh bones) were burnt as offerings to the gods. The Greeks believed the smoke and aroma would rise up to Mount Olympus, where the gods could smell their sacrifices. Considering that each ox weighs around one tonne, the Ancient Greeks were certainly *meating* divine standards.

However, piety towards the gods alone cannot guarantee victory in war. So next time, we'll take a bus to Sparta and find out what remains of Greece's toughest nuts.

[Eds – Due to budget cuts to *The Harrovian* and the severe drought of pâtisserie et éclairs au chocolat to fuel Editors' meetings, it has taken a few weeks to process this instalment. As for when the next instalment will be published, ὁ Ζεὺς μόνος οἶδεν...]

CROSS-CURRICULAR LECTURE

'Metamorphoses triptych', Jamie Jevons, Lyon's, Rohan Ragoowansi, Elmfield, and BJDS, 4 November

Have you ever been turned into a dolphin? Maybe not. However, you may have felt the wrath of a teacher or parent when correcting them mid-rant, or perhaps, for those more romantically inclined, have wished for the flawless perception of your lover to become a reality. To that population of Harrovians, I hope your fate is similar to that of Pygmalion.

And so, with the myth of Pygmalion, the cross-examination of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* began. Rohan Ragoowansi, *Elmfield*, first detailed the myth: in essence, a man disgusted by his sighting of prostitution becomes violently chaste. However, he is a sculptor and employs his skill to create Galatea, her name meaning milky white, just like the marble she was born from.

However, Pygmalion obsesses over his zenith of sculpture, and soon this 'blur' as referenced by Ragoowansi begins to make the divide between the reality of her inanimation and his perception of her being his lover imperceptible. Bestowing gifts and prayers to Venus, his supplication to her proved successful as she was soon brought to life and to be wife, fulfilling his wishes. Pygmalion's immaturity is highlighted in his idealisation of women and his obsession with Galatea. Yet this obsession harbours a darker tone in Ovid's Latin, with her 'yielding' to his touch. There's much to learn from this myth: one could hail the gods, criticise Pygmalion for his obsession with the very thing he sought to abstain from, or, my personal belief, Pygmalion's reality blurred to such an extent that Galatea's life was just in his mind, as all of it was. It could be that he really went mad, or it could have just 'all been a dream...'

This tale of love and hallucinations was followed aptly by Jamie Jevons, *Lyon's*, with his assessment of the myth of Arachne. Detailing the story of a girl from a humble background, who rises by her unprecedented skill on the loom, grows too proud and refuses to honour the gods, culminating in her challenging Athena to a "weave off" and insulting her with a tapestry exalting the heinous crimes of the gods. This ultimately leaves her as a spider, spinning webs for eternity, befitting for a girl of her name.

The story's plot is succinct, yet it encompasses many transformations – topical to the theme of this year's Cross-Curricular Lecture Series. Some of these are the sheer beauty of transforming yarn into artful tapestry and the simultaneous transformation of Arachne into a spider, while the god's image is perverted into one of punitive and unjust power (often morphing into various forms to take advantage of or trick mankind). Yet the greatest transformation in the story is Arachne's, from a humble worker to a revered weaver, to a pitiful martyr, she's been through many stages, and her journey serves to warn against the destructive power of hubris.



The evening closed by delving into a great work of hexameter. BJDS epitomised the transformation of the whole of the epic genre in his comparison of Ovid with Virgil. From Ovid's deviation from a linear plot to one that can barely be mapped at all, and his lack of a central hero, in contrast to Aeneas, and his lack of reverence to the gods in stark opposition to Virgil's piety, he truly revolutionises the meter and in this is the greatest transformation.

To quickly address the dolphin reference: in the myth, Arion sees pirates who capture Bacchus quickly transformed and frolicking in the sea as happy dolphins, paying for their actions unbeknownst. But on a more serious note, these transformations often hide deeper meanings, ones you should look into further, as introduced by this triumvirate of classicists. And if literature isn't your passion, much art has been made from these myths, one of which is Salvador Dali's *Metamorphoses of Narcissus*, which promises to be a 'painting you can get lost in front of'. However, if you do find yourself disoriented after taking a look, take it up with BJDS and not me.

ORIENTAL SOCIETY

*'Qing Shi Huang: the Emperor who unified China',
Steven Shen, The Grove, 12 November*

On 12 November, the Oriental Society gathered in MLS to hear from Steven Shen, *The Grove*, on the topic of Qin Shi Huang, the first emperor of China.

Shen began with the emperor's early life during the Warring States period. Born Ying Zheng (嬴政) in 259BC, he ascended the throne as ruler of the Qin state at just 13 years old, younger

than many of us today. Despite facing numerous assassination attempts, Ying Zheng transformed Qin into a formidable war machine, embarking on a nine-year campaign to conquer the six other states. In 221BC, he completed the unification of China with the fall of the last remaining state, Qi, bringing an end to centuries of conflict.

To provide more context on Ying Zheng's rule, Shen introduced two schools of thought: Confucianism, which holds that the state should serve the people, and Legalism, which places the state above the individual. While Confucianism advocates for moral and ethical leadership, the Qin government adopted Legalism, emphasising strict laws and a merit-based system where the successful are rewarded, and the disobedient are punished. Legalists at the time despised Confucianists, dismissing them as unnecessary in a society geared towards war and control.

Ying Zheng's reforms aimed to centralise power, with a governance model similar to European feudalism. He divided the country into provinces, granting each some autonomy while keeping ultimate control. In line with Legalist philosophy, he eliminated corruption, stripped nobility of inherited titles, and placed his own appointed officials in positions of power. He unified language, currency, measurements and education, and abolished hereditary political power to reinforce the meritocratic system. However, his regime was brutally repressive: his meritocracy favoured those with military backgrounds over education, limiting opportunities for many to improve their lives. To maintain control, he initiated multiple border campaigns, which depleted the nation's resources and manpower. Most infamously, he feared intellectual dissent and ordered the burning of Confucianist texts, even burying hundreds of Confucian scholars alive.

Another defining feature of his reign was his ambitious infrastructure projects, most famously the Great Wall of China. Built under horrific conditions, the project led to the deaths of approximately one in seven workers from exhaustion or starvation. Later, assignment to work on the wall became a form of imperial punishment.

Ying Zheng died in 210BC, possibly from mercury poisoning in his quest for immortality. Buried with him was a terracotta army, intended to aid him in his conquest of the afterlife. Yet, his dynasty collapsed just four years after his death due to revolts by the oppressed population. Perhaps his greatest flaw was his obsession with power, suppressing his people and intellectuals out of fear of rebellion, only for his dynasty to fall in exactly the way he had feared. As one Chinese historian poignantly noted, 'The ruler lacked humaneness and righteousness; for preserving power is fundamentally different from seizing power.'

Qin Shi Huang is remembered by some as a hero and by others as a tyrant, but his lasting influence is undeniable. His legacy endures in China's provincial divisions, unified language, and single time zone. The modern educational system, with its standardised curriculum and rigorous college entrance exams (高考), also reflects his reforms. Most importantly, the unity of the Chinese state remains a testament to his vision.

SUMMERSON SOCIETY AND CAREERS LECTURE

'Behind the scenes of the art market', Lord Poltimore, former Sotheby's Deputy Chairman, and Alina Davey, Head of Sotheby's Collectors Group, 5 November

On 5 November, the Summerson Society hosted a talk by Lord Mark Poltimore, former Sotheby's Deputy Chairman,

and Alina Davey, head of Sotheby's Collector's Group, on 'Behind the Scenes of the Art Market'. Lord Poltimore, a renowned figure in the art world and former Antiques Roadshow guest, spent over 30 years specializing in Impressionist and 19th-century art. Alina Davey, a key member of Sotheby's London Private Client Group since 2007, advises collectors and has launched masterclasses and exhibitions in Moscow, St Petersburg, and Kiev.

Upon entering the OSRG I couldn't help but notice an audience made up of equal parts Harrovian and civilian. JESB later explained that the Summerson Society expected most Harrovians to flock to the OH Room to hear Ian Stewart on all things economic, and so opened up the Art History lecture to the public. The talk was formed like a dialogue, with the speakers sitting in chairs facing each other, and with questions coming chiefly from Miss Davey. They began by discussing the nature of the art market and its goal of preserving the heritage and history of art. Like 12th-century monks dutifully transcribing ecclesiastic excerpts, so too does the Sotheby's Art Historian (in the early stages of employment) document the many works that pass through the auction house's halls. Just recently, I took a trip into London and spoke to an OH who currently works at Christie's. He informed me that in one month of working at Christie's he'd learned more about the art world than he had in an entire A Level Art History course. I employ this anecdote only to illustrate the level of saturation in the arts to which a boy who dreams of a career in the commercial art world must be subjected. Lord Poltimore exuded a passion for the arts, clearly a *sine qua non* for a successful auction house consultant.

Where his role as an art investment advisor was concerned, Lord Poltimore divulged that he very rarely gave his own opinion on the art in question, opting instead to sniff out the preferences of the client and help guide them in that direction. Furthermore, on the topic of investment in art, Poltimore stressed the point that an investor should always buy what they like, and not what they believe will sell for more in the future. With so much at stake in the art market, there are countless external factors that manipulate the price of a painting and to invest in a certain style of art for posterity alone is to gamble, and in many cases lose money.

Though public auctions are what come to mind when one hears 'Sotheby's', the primary focus of the company is on the private art collector. It is in this capacity that both Miss Davey and Lord Poltimore work, Lord Poltimore later confessing to me that much of the business boils down to socialising with clients over cocktails. He equated the vibe of an auction house to that of a theatre. The spittle of the auctioneer, the passionate exchanges of prices, the slam of the gavel, these are all part of the act that help to, as he put it, "drive up the price". To create the perfect atmosphere for an auction, the organiser must first choose the art on display; what 'genre', whether that be a sale of Old Masters or designer shoes. Depending on the value of the art, the sale might include 30 other pieces on auction, though, if the flagship piece is worth upwards of £70 million (trophy price), the sale is more likely to include fewer items, aggrandising the importance of the works.

The talk was full of entertaining tales of eccentric clients and incredible scenarios. Both speakers have been present during historic moments in the art world: in Miss Davey's case, missing out on a cameo in the famous photograph taken of the half-shredded Banksy, by only a few inches.

The lecture concluded with an exciting mock auction where boys could raise their paddles and bid on certain items on display. This was followed by a brief Q&A session in which the curiosities of many Harrovians were quenched. In classic Summerson form – an informative and entertaining lecture.

METRO

HOW DO WE SLEEP?

Why infants cry and why the elderly nap: circadian rhythm and its evolution, Aidan Au, Moretons

You're heavily jet-lagged; the curtains only let in light through from the motel next door; you haven't slept in 32 hours and yet... you can't sleep. A common experience for all overseas boys at Harrow. The first day of school will always remind readers of the vision of a graveyard, with everyone stumbling mindlessly around the Shepherd Churchill, complaining about their two hours of sleep last night. As a recurrent sufferer of HWI (Harrovians with insomnia), desperate not to graduate to WWII (Harrovians with insane insomnia), I decided to do some digging, and, apart from melatonin pills or lavender remedies, my research came to nothing, so I dug deeper into the rhythm that dictates our wellbeing.

Our body, like every other living being, has four rhythms in which authorises the release of hormones in a 24-hour period. Of the four, arguably the most important would be the one that allows us to have our slumber at night and our good night's sleep before Churchill Songs: the circadian rhythm. Named after the Latin for 'one day', it dictates our melatonin (sleepy hormone), cortisol (energy hormone), leptin (makes you ignore hunger at night) and growth hormones (pretty self-explanatory), all of which serve to control how 'sleepy' one is. Apart from control of sleep, the rhythm also controls appetite, digestion and temperature, essentially acting as a multi-purpose clock.

So, what is the circadian rhythm and how does it work? Your body, like many other things, responds to light stimuli in the environment. Our sleep behaviour has been adapting for eons to form an endogenous yet functional system to quickly let us adapt. Grown to be produced through transcription and translation in protein synthesis, there are genes that act as a messenger to the brain in response to light levels outside.

During daytime, the body sends signal from the optic nerve to activate the SCN, which inhibits activity in different pathways, stopping the release of melatonin. Paradoxically, when it's dark, the retinal cells produce signals that do the opposite, stimulating melatonin release by stimulating the sympathetic nervous system, triggering the pineal gland. Essentially, when it's bright outside, squeeze less melatonin in, and when it's dark, send in more. The opposite happens with cortisol, which peaks during the early mornings and decreases at night, keeping you healthy and energetic.

Now to answer the question I posed in the introduction, why does jetlag exist? Like all physiobiological rhythms, the timings of sleep, meals and work are adapted to a certain timing, or range. Any cues that affect the 24 rhythms, such as a long-haul flight, or staying up until 3am on a random Saturday night (hmmm...), can cause an imbalance of hormones. When your body is expecting a dark room and a good night's sleep, a blur of colours on a monitor will surprise it, causing the balance of melatonin and cortisol to shift uncontrollably, resulting in a stage where you don't really know if you're tired or not. To adapt to the rhythm will take some time, and, in some instances your body will not fully adapt to the new circadian rhythm.

A huge problem posed would be for people working night shifts, who have been proved to have an unstable circadian rhythm, as the misaligned light exposure causes the naturally high rising-at-night melatonin to be suppressed, and cortisol, which conflicts with a night worker's active hours. There are several ways to grasp control of your body's sleep rhythm, and although complete adaptation is rare, there are some ways, used by nightshift workers and soldiers, who often have to wake up at midnight for battle training, to trick the body's release of melatonin, such as immense light therapy and many more.

The growth of the circadian cycle as we progress through our life is defined by a few stages; it shifts with age, and usually is most unpredictable during adolescence. Humans develop their circadian rhythm during the first three months or so of infancy, hence the peculiar waking times of infants. From ages 1–12, the circadian rhythm is the most stable, with the highest amount of growth hormones being released during sleep.

As one goes through adolescence, one will experience a circadian phase delay, meaning that night starts later and ends earlier, causing a night-owl tendency, hence the different sleep schedules for different years. From ages 20–60 the rhythm is stable, but, in older adults the circadian rhythms decline with age, advancing the entire rhythm so they sleep earlier and wake earlier. The body also produces melatonin at peculiar times, hence older people tending to take naps more often.

There are several diseases related to a disruption in the circadian rhythm, apart from insomnia, and these detrimental effects can range from cardiovascular disease such as hypertension to mental health disorders such as depression and anxiety. An imbalance in hormonal traits will cause a weakened immune function and circadian irregularities will lead to mood swings and altered sleep cycles.

Many Harrovians underestimate the importance of sleep, with many prioritising their early gym sessions over a regular eight-hour night; it can actually wreak havoc on one's mental health, generating chronic and acute illnesses that many will not develop until later.

CHess PUZZLE

This week's puzzle is taken from a game between Latvian Mikhail Tal (who would later become world champion) and Hungarian Pal Benko from the 1959 candidates' tournament in Bled, Slovenia.

White to play and win in 2 moves

Email your solution to JPBH to enter the termly competition



Last week's answer: 1. Bxe3+ followed by either 1....Qxe3 2.Qg2# or 1....Kf1 2.Qh1#

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

OPINION

CORRESPONDENCE

Letters to the Editor

DEAR SIRs,

I was making my way through the War Memorial during the early afternoon of Wednesday, and, as I entered, I was greeted by a visiting school group. They were sitting on the stairs and their teacher was standing in front of them, giving some sort of briefing. As she saw me and my two companions, she turned round and quite abruptly told us to be quiet and walk through quickly. No please, no thank you, just imperatives. I find it quite stunning how a guest has the arrogance to tell off her host for simply getting on with their life. We were talking, but not boisterously, and definitely did not impede on whatever activity she was doing (as far as I can recall, she was talking about chickens). We were not lingering and being a distraction, but simply walking through the corridor as one does. To see such abrupt and unfounded rudeness from a visitor is truly quite disappointing.

Call me what you may – selfish, narrow-minded, elitist – but I'm quite sure that I should not be scolded by someone who is visiting the School. I have the right to walk through the War Memorial when I need; whoever this visiting group was, they do not have this to push us around in our own School, and certainly not the authority to tell me what to do. I don't even recall seeing them wear visitor's cards, so I very much could have just stopped, asked her identity, phoned Security, and told her to leave. I didn't, because I am polite and respectful, but she sure wasn't. I have nothing against visitors, and in fact I find those bus-fuls of Belgian school pupils quite agreeable. As one of the best schools in the world, it is quite right that others would want to come and learn, but they must do so whilst demonstrating respect for their hosts and adherence to the basic manners of civilised society.

Yours outraged,

ARTHUR YANG, WEST ACRE

DEAR SIRs,

I will be frank: this letter is a blatant, targeted advertisement for a Book Display put up some weeks ago for International Men's Day. After pouring my heart and soul into it, I realised that not one of the books had been taken out. Even though International Men's Day was the 19th, I find that the message of mental health it presents is suitable for any time of the year. Thus, I write to you, the keen readers of *The Harrovian*, as you are the only ones in the School who actually read anything. It is right next to the printer in the Vaughan, and, I promise, it will be worth your time.

With the zeal of an insurance salesman,

ISAAC WONG, THE PARK

DEAR SIRs,

My feeble hand shakes due to my age. My eyes struggle to read the words I have written. I am not an Old Harrovian, however, in fact, these are symptoms felt by my youthful generation. Few ever write on paper, resulting in a universal inability to write legibly, to read unclear fonts, and to wield the pen for more than mere minutes without arches.

Harrow's technological revolution may have stopped boys pretending to have lost work or forgotten folders; however, it has done little else for our education. Memorisation comes with handwritten work, which may explain why so little has been learned since glass replaced paper. Writing by hand also results in deeper consideration of each word, such that one writes with more meaning and concision. The education benefits

of working on paper are innumerable, but the most significant will be covered by RKB this winter in Budapest.

Boys and beaks can resolve this, without entirely abandoning laptops. Boys ought to write physically whenever they can. Beaks should insist that both prep and form work be handwritten. Even those who type in exams would benefit from handwriting in lessons. *The Harrovian* must play its part by refusing to accept letters unless they are handwritten – SMK and the Editors are surely capable of copying it into the paper, as has historically happened.

Sincerely yours,
R.T.M. YOUNG, THE GROVE
Handwritten on paper

RACHEL REEVES THIEVES AGAIN

*First Schools, now farms,
by Caspar Spencer-Churchill, The Park*

In light of the protests in London on Tuesday, I want to briefly address the issue of inheritance tax on farmers. The Labour government is out of touch! This disgraceful decision by the Labour government will have far-reaching consequences across the country.

On the surface, the image of farmers in tweed jackets and well-worn wellies might suggest a lack of financial struggle. However, this urban stereotype overlooks the significant economic challenges they face. The average income of a farmer is on par with that of a customer service manager, yet farmers work tirelessly, often through the night to ensure the wellbeing of their livestock and crops. With rising input costs, the margins for most farmers have become dangerously thin. The value of the assets needed to run a farm has soared, and now, the new “tractor tax” is akin to taxing the buses and tubes that people rely on every day. The same principle applies here: we rely on farmers even more. You need a farmer three times a day, every day, compared to a doctor who you might see once a month. You shouldn’t bite the hand that feeds you.

Currently, the UK imports 46% of its food, which is a troubling figure given the increasing global tensions. We cannot afford to weaken our primary sector; it is essential to our country’s resilience. If conflict were to escalate, we must have the ability to feed ourselves, and that begins with supporting British farmers.

The cultural impact of farming is being undermined. Starmer, the so-called “Family Farmer Harmer”, claims that the new policy won’t affect the majority of farmers. I can assure you that most farms are worth over the £3 million threshold. No one will be able to afford the hundreds of thousands of pounds in inheritance tax this policy imposes. Tragically, the stress of these financial pressures has already led three farmers to take their lives. The mental toll of this profession is immense, with 36 farmers dying by suicide last year. Becoming a farmer is increasingly difficult unless you are born and raised in the industry. Farming is a dying profession, and it is a vital part of Britain’s cultural fabric – one of the pillars that makes us unique.

The new tax will force many farmers to sell their land. Perhaps Labour Party donor Lord Ali has his eye on purchasing some of it. It’s also worth noting the irony that the current Secretary of State for Agriculture is Steve Reed – too close to “feed” for comfort! Remember where your food comes from. “If she (Rachel Reeves) would have wanted to take out the likes of James Dyson and investment bankers and so on, she would have used a sniper’s rifle, but she’s used a blunderbuss and she’s hit all this lot,” Clarkson said.

If you disagree with this stance, I dare you to share your thoughts in the next edition.

SPORTS

SWIMMING

*ESSA Secondary Schools’ Team Championships,
Sandwell Aquatic Centre, Birmingham, 16 November*

On Saturday 16 November 2024, Harrow School competed at the English Schools Swimming Association (ESSA) Secondary Schools’ National Final. The competition featured multiple British junior record holders, junior and senior international swimmers, and even Olympians, reflecting the high level of the event.

This year’s Intermediate team consisted of Ollie Finch, *Newlands*, Henry Gilbertson, *Newlands*, Kieran Leung, *Lyon’s*, Stirling Smith, *Lyon’s*, and Darell Yeoh, *Lyon’s*, and they began the competition with the 4x50m medley relay. Harrow was ranked sixth after the regional qualifying event and competed in heat one, lane five. Finch led off with backstroke, swimming a lifetime best of 30.50 seconds, placing Harrow firmly in the lead. Leung followed, swimming an incredible personal best of 31.72 seconds, extending Harrow’s lead. Gilbertson then swam an outstanding 26.60 for 50m butterfly, surpassing all expectations and increasing the team’s advantage. Smith brought the team home with a lifetime best of 25.70 seconds, securing a school record time of 1 minute 54.74 seconds and placing Harrow fifth in the final. Finch again led the team out, swimming another lifetime best of 30.10 seconds for 50m backstroke. Harrow was clearly in contention for a medal. Leung followed with another stellar performance, just a fraction of his best time from the heat, but still the second-fastest time he had ever swum. The gap between the leading team and the rest of the field remained tight, but Harrow was making up ground. Gilbertson swam a personal best of 26.57 seconds for the butterfly leg, a full tenth faster than in the heat. Now the team was in a fight for the bronze. Smith, determined not to give up, swam an impressive 25.17 seconds, almost half a second quicker than in the heat. The team finished agonisingly fourth, just 0.17 seconds behind third place, and less than one second behind second. Harrow finished as the fourth-fastest school in England, only beaten by the national swimming academies. This performance was truly remarkable, with all members swimming lifetime bests.



Not to be outdone by the younger members of the team, the Senior boys also took to the stage, competing in the 4x50m medley relay heats. The team consisted of Eric Lesesne, *West Acre*, MJ Stafford-Davies, *Lyon’s*, Neal Timblo, *Moretons*, and Alex Moore, *Lyon’s*. The senior team was ranked seventh after the regional qualifying rounds. In the heats, Lesesne swam

first in the backstroke leg, recording a long-course lifetime best of 27.60 seconds, setting Harrow off to a strong start. Stafford-Davies swam the 50m breaststroke, a discipline he does not favour, but he placed the team's needs first, swimming 31.80 seconds and keeping Harrow in contention for a strong heat position. Timblo followed on butterfly, moving Harrow up two places with a lifetime best of 26.50 seconds. Finally, Moore, Harrow's captain, dove in for the freestyle leg. Knowing he had to swim the fastest he had ever done to secure a place in the final, Moore delivered, swimming an incredible 23.30 seconds. The team finished in a time of 1 minute 49.10 seconds, securing a seventh-place finish and qualification. With little time to recover, the team was back on the blocks for the final. Surrounded by British internationals, the boys were clearly nervous, but they knew they could rely on each other. The whistle blew, and they were off. Lesesne swam 27.90 seconds, placing Harrow well in the mix. Stafford-Davies battled hard against one of Europe's fastest junior breaststrokers. Although the medals had moved out in front, the remaining teams were close together. Timblo swam through the waves, posting a time of 26.70 seconds, his second-fastest long-course time. Finally, Moore swam a brilliant 23.50 seconds, bringing the team home in 8th place with a time of 1 minute 50.12 seconds. This concluded the first session of the competition.



Moving on to the second session, both teams competed in the 4x50m freestyle relay event. The Senior team of Moore, Kevin Cao, *The Grove*, Timblo, and Stafford-Davies was ranked sixth after the regional qualifying rounds. The team began in heat one, lane five. Moore led the team off with a best time of 24.20 seconds, followed by Stafford-Davies in 24.90 seconds. Timblo swam 24.70 seconds, and Cao anchored the team with 24.90 seconds. The total time of 1 minute 38.50 seconds placed the team as seventh seed in the final. Moore swam the race of his life, touching the wall in 23.90 seconds, placing him fourth in Harrow's all-time records. Notably, this would have qualified Moore for this year's Olympic trials. Harrow was now firmly in the mix. Timblo swam 25.08 seconds, followed by Cao with a strong third leg of 25.47 seconds. Stafford-Davies improved his time to 24.70 seconds, and the team finished with an overall time of 1 minute 39.22 seconds, securing a national ranking of 7th.

The afternoon concluded with the Intermediate 4x50m freestyle relay team of Gilbertson, Smith, Berkley Barnicoat, *Moretons*, and Yeoh. The team was up against the fastest under-15 teams in the country, including the national champions, and would need to pull together to make the final. Harrow was ranked fourth after the qualifying rounds, but the gap from fourth to eleventh was just one second, meaning any mistake in the heats could have resulted in missing out on the final. Harrow competed in heat three, lane five, alongside the favourites, Mount Kelly. Smith led

of with a lifetime best of 26.11 seconds, taking a narrow lead over our formidable neighbours. Yeoh swam a strong 27.90 seconds, followed by Barnicoat, who swam an impressive personal best of 27.10 seconds, bringing Harrow into second place. Gilbertson anchored the team with a massive lifetime best of 24.80 seconds, placing Harrow second in their heat and into the final in 5th place, improving on their qualifying time by nearly a second and breaking the School record. After another quick turnaround, the team was back on the blocks for the final. Smith swam an incredible 26.40 seconds, followed by Gilbertson, who swam another lifetime best of 24.20 seconds, moving Harrow into medal contention. Next up was Yeoh, who had a perfect takeover but unfortunately suffered a setback as his goggles slipped. Despite the difficulty, he persevered, swimming 28.50 seconds. Finally, Barnicoat swam another lifetime best of 26.90 seconds, bringing the team home in 4th place.

In summary, Harrow swimming is in a strong position, and the future looks very promising.

SWIMMING

1st, Away v Tonbridge School, Won

After a suprisingly quick jaunt around the M25, a team of 25 Harrovians arrived at Tonbridge School to swim against their improving swimming squad. There were a number of good swims by Harrovians and, although there were some close races, Harrow won the majority and took the win with relative ease. The event's novel format allowed a number of our boys to swim in strokes outside their comfort zone, which was good for their development. A fully deserved win and an enjoyable gala, and we look forward to welcoming Tonbridge to the Hill in January for a return fixture.

SQUASH

The School v St Paul's, 14 November

First V v St Paul's School, Won, National Cup – Round 1
The First V put on a very strong display to comfortably win their first round of the Nationals. Playing against St Paul's and Merchant Taylors', Sam Blumberg, *Newlands*, dropped only six points across six games, and Darren Chiu, *Newlands*, only 18. Rishaad Bhushan, *The Grove*, also won all his games. With strong performances from Filip Wiszniewski, *Druries*, and George Epton, *The Head Master's*, Harrow finished the afternoon strongly in the lead and well positioned for the next round.

Yearlings A v Epsom College, Won, National Cup – Round 1
The Yearlings squash team won comprehensively in the first round of the National Schools Cup. Drawn against the ever-present threat of Epsom College, as well as a strong junior side in KCS Wimbledon, they played brilliantly to beat those teams 5-0. Their play and attitude throughout the afternoon did both them and Harrow great credit.

RACKETS

The School v Cheltenham College, 14 November

1st, Home v Cheltenham College, Won

An extraordinary match jam-packed full of twists and turns. Jack Nelson, *Bradlys*, and Ben Hufford-Hall, *Moretons*, dominated the first game but lost a tight second game and were out of sorts in game three. A better fourth game was followed by a struggle at the start of the fifth. At 3-13 down, things looked very bleak. Hufford-Hall and Nelson then saved four match points to eventually come through 17-16 in the fifth and final game.

2nd, Home v Cheltenham College, Won

Colts A, Home v Cheltenham College, Won

offered, with Jack Young, *Newlands*, inhaling countless scones coupled with, as per, appalling chat.

Development B XI, Home v Wellington College 2nd, Won 4-1
A comfortable victory with goals from Aris Aldrich Blake Ouzounis, *West Acre*, Alex Edu, *Lyon's*, Joel Otaruoh, *Lyon's*, and Tochi Orji, *The Park*. This game marked the long-awaited return to competitive football of Ollie Campbell, *Newlands*. MOTM was Harry Winward, *Lyon's*, for his dominant midfield display.

Development C XI, Home v Wellington College 3rd, Draw 0-0
The Cs fell well below their best in this drab draw. [Harsh!-Eds] Harry Murton, *Newlands*, stood out with a tenacious, committed performance in centre midfield.

FOOTBALL

The School v Charterhouse, 14 November

1st XI, Away v Charterhouse, Won 2-1, ISFA Round 3, Won 2-1

The 1st XI set out to Charterhouse, 2023 winners of the prestigious ISFA Cup, missing key personnel, but still believing that they could cause a cup upset. The belief certainly showed as the boys started very strong, playing some wonderful football in the first half. The first ten minutes went to Harrow entirely. A delightful left side attack started by Paul Olusegun, *Druries*, and Josh Ashley, *Moretons*, allowed Akachi Anyanwu, *The Grove*, to shine delicately cutting inside rolling it through the legs of a Charterhouse defender to play through Jack Young, *Newlands*, who named himself player of the month. Young played the ball excellently to Rocco Addatti, *The Knoll*, to slot home an open goal. This rallied the boys with a very deserved goal and allowed the boys to push on. This is when we saw the entry of Peter Ballingal, *Moretons*, back from illness after a dodgy takeaway. The isolation did not hamper his technical ability delicately taking down a sublime cross from Man of the Match- Eli Dewotor, *The Head Master's*, to lob the keeper and finish nicely into another open goal.

The second half was a more even encounter as Harrow's dominance gave way to Charterhouse's. The game de-evolved into end-to-end football for a bit, but Harrow were grateful to the clearance of the season from Eli Dewotor, *The Head Master's*, which rattled the Harrow Crossbar with shouts from the boys that he meant to do that and that's he's so bov (whatever that means). Credit must be given to Isaac Humphries, *West Acre*, and Leo Polese, *The Head Master's*, whose defensive headers and work rate were decisive in midfield breaking up passages of play by the Charterhouse boys. Special mention must also go to Talal Nsouli, *The Knoll*, who was back from rugby and solidified the back line and made some key passes through the channels as instructed by NT.

The last 20 minutes the boys dug deep clearing when possible and holding on to a 2-0 lead. Charterhouse eventually got a deserved goal which made the last 5 minutes of the game quite nervy. Regardless, the boys came away victorious as now we look at Cheadle Hulme in the fourth round at the lake.

Mentions must go the pitch and post-match grub which were excellent and very memorable. Tea and sweet treats were

BADMINTON

The School v John Lyon School, 14 November

1st, Home v The John Lyon School, Won 8-0

On Thursday, the first badminton team secured a spectacular win in a home match against John Lyon, sweeping all games with an impressive 8-0 scoreline. The players displayed outstanding skill and teamwork, marking a resounding victory and a memorable fixture for everyone involved. Notably, the match highlighted standout performances from Max Shen He, *Bradlys*, and Tiger Zhao, *Rendalls*, both of whom were making their debut appearances. Their composure and skill on the court were immediately evident, earning them a well-deserved accolade for their contributions. Their success bodes well for the team's future, adding strength and talent to the squad.

The atmosphere throughout the match was particularly friendly, with team spirit visible across all courts. Players from both teams continued to play and socialise after the official games had concluded, enjoying a series of friendly exchanges. The fixture ended on a high note, with both teams in good spirits and eager for future encounters.

RUGBY UNION

Junior Colts A, Away v St Albans School, Lost 19-35

A slow start gave the opposition a 12-0 head start. Harrow scored tries through Luke Attfield, *Druries*, and Cayden Debrah, *Moretons*, but this show of skill and agility didn't do enough to turn things around. Exciting debuts from Alex Fang, *Bradlys*, Lucas Gray, *The Park*, and Timeyin Backhouse, *Druries*.

Colts A, Home v Ipswich School, Lost 7-17

CROSS-COUNTRY

1st Away v Dulwich College, Regional Cup, 7 November

Harrow's Senior and Intermediate teams competed in the regional round of the ESAA cross-country cup hosted at Dulwich College, with the chance to qualify for the national finals. It promised to be a fast race with a flat course and competitive field sure to deliver.

The Intermediates raced well placing 6th out of 19 teams. Individually, Harry Jodrell, *Elmfield*, Murray Runacres and Shiden Goitom, *West Acre*, raced in a measured and mature manner placing 9th, 12th and 17th respectively as they each picked runners off along the 4.5km course. Leo Byrne, *The Park*, and Alistair McLeod, *The Grove*, ran PBs, spurred on by the crowd.

The Seniors raced last and put in a fantastic performance to finish 2nd overall. We had three runners in the top 10, consistently jostling for position against some of London's finest over 5.3km. Michael Cattini, *Moretons*, placed 3rd, with Otis Farrer-Brown, *Newlands*, and Henry Barker, *The Park*, placing 7th and 9th. This was despite Farrer-Brown running half of the race with one shoe! Harrison Gray, *The Park*, put in a valiant effort and shook off his tired legs from the half-marathon to secure the final points, booking the Seniors a place in the national finals.

1st, Home v Abingdon School, 14 November

On Thursday, we hosted our annual Ten Schools Cross-Country match, with 27 schools attending and over 450 runners. The day belonged to Otis Farrer-Brown, *Newlands*, and Henry Barker, *The Park*, who crossed the finish line together to win the individual medals in the Intermediates and Seniors respectively.

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