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Inside: Shelter, Squash, and Sanders

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The Indy welcomes parents!

Cover design by
Audrey Effenberger '19.

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As Harvard College's weekly undergraduate newsmagazine, the Harvard Independent provides in-depth, critical coverage of issues and events of interest to the Harvard College community. The Independent has no political affiliation, instead offering diverse commentary on news, arts, sports, and student life.

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INDY FORUM

It's Junior Parents Weekend and your family is on its way. It seems so easy during winter break to keep your room clean and hide the fact that you've ever drank from your parents, but now they are almost to campus and your room is starting to feel like a crime scene. This is one of those weekends that makes you stronger and can really build character. If your friendships can stand up to moms gossiping about how neither of you are calling home often enough or whether you've been going to class, you have a solid foundation.

Get ready to explain why you're still single. Again.

Your mom doesn't understand why you haven't found yourself a nice Jewish boy/good Catholic girl/smart Martian blob/whatever they've been hounding you for since birth. It gets a bit harder to explain that you're just really busy with classes and extracurriculars once they realize that you have not been to a single office hours and there are plenty of decent fish in the sea (aka that kid on your floor who always smiles at you in the dining hall).

Show your parents around.

Your mom follows the Harvard social media more closely than how you've helped your roommate stalk that cute guy you have section with. Take some time to actually show her the places she's heard about. Giving your parents a tour of your house is a great way to reassure them that you're not living in squalor. Show them the gym that you've only swiped into once during finals sophomore year because all the other places to cry were taken. Check out your house library that you didn't even know existed until your dining hall had an event forcing you to find another place to finish that pset. Walk through your house's junior common room where you got wasted on wine during a Tuesday night Stein Club because you were losing control. Steer clear of the statue because, even if you haven't personally crossed that off your bucket list, you know at least 5 people from your freshman entryway made a night out of contributing to the problem.

Clean your room.

It is hard enough to promise your parents that you've been busy studying for the MCAT when your floor is literally vibrating from the

rager happening downstairs. Don't add to that by failing to hide all the contraband: condoms, drugs, junk food (your mom still thinks you eat vegetables), alcohol, TV (they can't know you have any free time or they'll wonder why you don't call more often), etc. If you are one of the Harvard students who still does not have a single even though you are a junior (look at you, River Houses), try sprucing the place up a bit so that you're parents don't start mentioning that your cousin at [insert home state] University has her own apartment and a dog.

Define the relationship you have with Canvas.

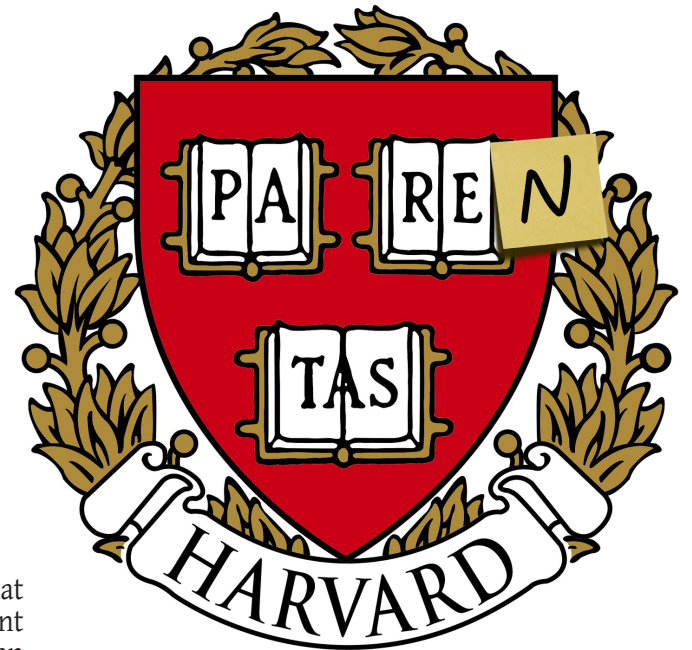
Your parents will probably notice that Canvas hits you up regularly to the point that you are feeling more harassed than your student loan debt collectors are going to in the next few years. There is something about waking up to those "Good morning!" texts from Canvas reminding you that your lab report is still due this Thursday and that office hours are again canceled.

Prove to your parents you are eating enough.

I'm not saying bring your parents to your dining hall, but walking them through the place and showing them your new main lets your mom know that she can't be replaced but at least you're kind of happy. No matter what you look like, your parents are going to swear you're losing too much weight while pushing more home-cooked food towards you at every opportunity while you're home. Just because they are the ones visiting you this time doesn't mean you get a break from them worrying about you being healthy enough.

Keep your parents social, but not too social.

Junior Parents Weekend is a great opportunity for your family to connect with other parents to bond over how they raised their children for 18 years and made all these sacrifices to get their kids into the Ivy League only for them to never call home or write back to the holiday cards. Chances are you already have your parents blocked on Facebook so they never have to see those red solo cups you've been ruining the environment (and



Welcome Junior Parents!

By HUNTER RICHARDS

your liver) with, so this is the first time they are actually seeing what you have been up to in college. It sounds great in theory because planning play dates for your parents also minimizes any time they can criticize you and ensures they have a better time visiting, but it is a fine line between being friendly and gossiping about you. Your mom had no problem telling your aunt when you got your first period even after you begged her to take that secret to the grave, so who knows what she's willing to divulge to complete strangers who also want to complain about or, worse, share in the accomplishments of their kids.

Obviously Junior Parents Weekend is meant to be a great opportunity to share your college experience with your family, but we would be lying if we said that your parents finding out too much about your college experience isn't stressful. Take advantage of the chance to show your family around campus and introduce them to your friends because by Monday you'll be back to sleeping in through your 10 am and not folding your laundry.

Hunter Richards (hrichards@college.harvard.edu) is looking forward to showing her mom around campus and pretending she loves it here.

Small deeds during the small hours at Y2Y.

It is almost 10 PM when I ring the wrong doorbell at Zero Church Street. This winter night is a mild one, not below 40 degrees Fahrenheit, but First Parish is silent; this is not where I am meant to be. I realize my mistake and shuffle sheepishly down the block until I reach One Church. I can see damp footprints made by shoes tracking in fresh snowmelt. Through the window is the stairwell. Through the

Overnight

By AUDREY EFFENBERGER

quiet murmur of the street, I hear voices and shuffling below. Two floors down, work has just begun. It's time for the Y2Y overnight shift.

A bag search and a few swipes of a metal detector later, and I'm in the shelter proper. It's past 10 now, and guests are browsing the internet, chatting on the phone, or eating a late dinner. I head into the kitchen to help where help is needed, but it is hard to discern. People are hovering around the sink. There are food scraps to be composted, empty trays of burritos from Anna's Taqueria to be tossed, dishes to sanitize, counters to be wiped, guest requests to be fielded, and a shortage of direction. I don plastic gloves and start soaping up dishes. Very quickly, there are no more dishes. I am not sure what to do.

More people filter in as the hour-long overlap between evening and overnight shifts wears thin. A few get to work on tuna melts and grilled cheeses. I venture into the pantry and start taking stock – what's good, what's expired, what needs to be put in a new plastic bag.

We run out of canned tuna. A tuna melt becomes a grilled cheese.

Meanwhile, I keep searching for six-digit expiration dates. I re-label boxes with masking tape and permanent marker. I throw out a broken bag of flour. Behind tins of diced tomatoes, I find another can of tuna.

After one hour, Y2Y has 34 neatly stacked cans of garbanzo beans.

This I learn.

This is not exactly a glowing portrait of Y2Y. Not yet, at least – but this is a piece of the reality. Y2Y, Harvard Square's student-run homeless shelter for young adults, is a little bit of a mess on Saturday nights.

I am telling this story because for at least two hours, I absorbed myself in absolutely mindless work. I am telling this story because when I thought about it, in between wiping and stacking and sweeping, I was doing absolutely nothing "remarkable" with my time or my Harvard education. (My parents would probably laugh and cry if I told

them that.) I did not have soul-searching conversations with guests. I did laundry. I measured detergent. I cleaned pots and pans and clothes.

And yet every person who encountered me seemed to thank me – “you are so great for doing this!” “You are the best!” “Thank you, we really needed this!” I was in the most disconcertingly affirming space on campus.

“You’ve done more than enough,” the shift supervisor said to me as I lingered in the morning. I just wanted to finish mopping.

I am not telling this story because I want you to thank me, too.

I might be telling it because I hope it makes you uncomfortable. There is a certain feeling that I have gathered from a great many well-meaning and oft-well-off people. It is a mixture of love and anxiety; of misplaced guilt, maybe, or desire and repulsion in equal parts, locking them into an awkward orbit. I can see it in a lot of future Harvard graduates who want to do good and try their best to do it in a theoretical way.

But there are concrete things that need doing. They are not complicated. They need the presence of people. Little things like keeping a building clean, making sandwiches, and chatting about sports – these are the small acts that underpin a community and make it a place of love. These are the small acts that create a space meaning family unbounded by blood. There is nothing terribly profound about what I do on odd Saturday nights when the shelter is low on volunteers. The tuna melts will not cure youth homelessness; the laundry alone will not repair families, fill stomachs, create jobs, or change the world. But in the meantime, they help.

They shove away the bystander effect that permeates so much of our interactions. They stop waiting. When we graduate from Harvard College, we just might change the world. In the meantime, we cannot neglect the people around us. When we have small morsels of energy and wherewithal to help others, I cannot see why we should not.

I am telling this story in defense of the small acts. The small things must get done.



When I run up the stairs to deliver a blanket to someone on the street, in the middle of my middle-of-the-night shift, the supervisor hands me his keycard and says: “Be safe.” In the few moments between the basement shelter and the street-level landing, my heart slows – what does he mean to be safe? When I open the door, that thin glass skin between the Cambridge night and this shelter we are instructed to call home, should I steel myself for an encounter?

Am I supposed to be brave? I bound up the last few steps clutching the rainbow patchwork quilt in my hands. Should I be afraid?

I open the door and hand it to the guy. He says “thanks.” I say, “you’re welcome.” He leaves. I leave.

Y2Y is not a perfect place by any means. It could always be cleaner, and it could always use a few more staff members, but it’s so desperately needed. When a snow emergency was not declared on the Sunday before last, Feb 12th, guests staged a “sit-in” until midday instead of leaving by 9 AM to face the weather. It is a small luxury to watch the snowfall from an armchair in some junior common room. Cambridge is *cold*.

I am not telling this story to shame you. I don’t think that asceticism is the cure to anything, nor should guilt be the driving force behind any act. What I think is true is that the whole of a problem is hard, but every small piece is simple. Hard feelings can be reserved for the intractable. For every wishful thought,

guilt can be replaced with woolen socks to hand out and hands to hold instead. In simple work, there is no regret. Whether through caring for a close friend or packing lunch for someone experiencing homelessness, we are all capable.

This is the argument I have to make: there is no shame in small good deeds. There is no burnished glory, either: it is what is. That is the beauty. We help each other because we all know how to do it, in different, small ways.

I return to the shelter.

2 AM is quiet. Things are simple: they need to be done. I toast a man’s sandwich by putting it in a waffle iron, and he tells me we should pour syrup on it. We both laugh.

I am not brave, or self-sacrificing, or noble, or good any more than anyone else. I just do.

Audrey Effenberger (effenberger@college.harvard.edu) helps when she can. You can join the Y2Y substitute volunteering mailing list by visiting <http://eepurl.com/bDmiMH>. You can learn more about volunteering at HSHS, the Harvard Square Homeless Shelter, by emailing hshs.volunteer@gmail.com.

To Preserve, Protect, and Defend

Thoughts on the office of the President.

By EMILY HALL

This Presidents' Day, I've thought a lot about the institution of the presidency itself. The attitudes that people have adopted toward our current POTUS have ranged from vitriolic to idolatrous, for a variety of reasons. However, the presidency transcends the individual who holds the post at any given time. It has persisted even when individual presidents have been assassinated; it has persisted through resignations.

The office has persisted, and the Constitution has persisted.

Our country holds the record for the longest running peaceful transition of power in modern history, and our presidential system is what has kept that alive. Thus, the office is perhaps more important than the individual who holds it. The White House will exist long after Donald Trump is gone from the face of this earth. As such, I believe that as Americans, we owe respect to the office of the President of the United States, regardless of who holds it.

Too many of my fellow students—and far too many celebrities—have taken to the streets, chanting and holding signs bearing slogans like “Not My President.” This statement is inappropriate and untrue.

President Donald Trump may not espouse the values that you hold dear. He may not claim to protect your identity. He may have said vitriolic, offensive, and hurtful things that have affected you deeply. I have certainly been angered and profoundly troubled by many of his words and actions.

Candidate Donald Trump did not win the popular vote, despite what he may claim. He did not receive as many votes as Hillary Clinton. But on December 19, the first Monday after the second Wednesday of December,

based on the rules by which they were commissioned, the Electors of each state and of the District of Columbia met, formed the Electoral College, and elected Donald J. Trump to be the President of the United States.

As a result, regardless of all of these things, and whether you like it or not, if you are an American citizen, Donald Trump is *your* president.

As such, the American citizenry should harbor a basic respect for the office that he holds, the office that Barack Obama held before him and that Hillary Clinton would have held if the election had gone differently. The presidency is the same office that it was before, the same office that it will be after Donald Trump, barring any constitutional amendments during his time in office.

This office is limited. It is limited by the Constitution's allocation and separation of powers. It is limited by the Congress and by the judiciary, and it is limited by the American people.

Donald Trump must respect these limits. He must walk within the bounds our nation has created for him. He, too, must respect the office he holds. If he doesn't, he faces a number of consequences.

President Trump's demonstrated preoccupation with winning suggests that his legacy will be very important to him. If he wants to preserve a legacy of being an effective holder of his office, he must operate within its constraints. His counterparts in government—Republicans and Democrats, the legislature and the judiciary—must hold him accountable to these constraints.

Principled leaders in the Republican Party must respect his office and fulfill their responsibility to maintain the Constitution's separation of powers. They must challenge executive orders that overreach the executive

branch's powers. They must pass laws to overrule executive orders that go against prudent, reasoned judgment.

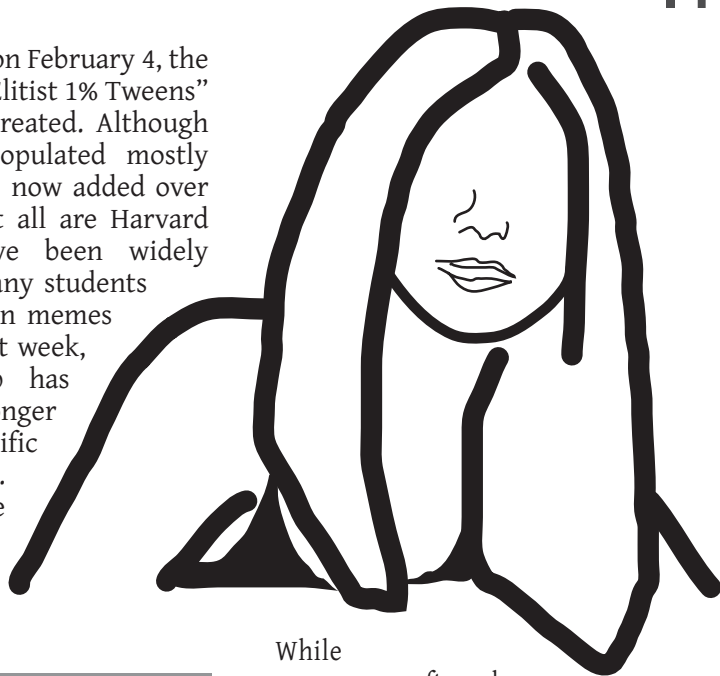
The judiciary must respect the office of the presidency and hold President Trump's actions to the standards set forth in our Constitution. Partisanship should not supersede the Supreme Court's (and lower courts') obligation to uphold the law of the land.

Because Donald Trump is the President of the United States, his administration's success is our success. We can certainly hope that he fails in certain policy objectives with which we do not agree. We may aim to defeat him in the next election. We should not, however, long for our president to fail, for his impeachment, or for his death. Even congressional Democrats have recently called for grassroots liberals and some of their counterparts in Congress to stop calling for the president's impeachment without sufficient cause. I have overheard too many individuals joking (or not joking) about the assassination or “accidental” death of the President of the United States. Enough is enough.

If we want our country to move forward after his presidency, we must respect the office that Donald Trump now holds. We must hope that he upholds the oath of office that he took on January 20, to “faithfully execute the Office of President of the United States” and to “preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution” of our great nation.

Emily Hall (emilyhall@college.harvard.edu) wishes there were more limits on the office of a certain university president.

Less than 3 weeks ago on February 4, the “Harvard Memes for Elitist 1% Tweens” Facebook page was created. Although created and originally populated mostly by freshmen, the page has now added over 2,200 members. While not all are Harvard students, the posts have been widely received positively and many students have contributed their own memes to the group. Over the past week, the group’s membership has increased rapidly and no longer is dominated by any specific class year or demographic. “Everyone can join, we value inclusivity above everything else,” says the page’s creator, Rebecca Chen ’20.



Crimson Cash Me Ousside, How Bow Dah?

Harvard memes!
By HUNTER RICHARDS

While memes may often be discounted, they act as a medium of expression that allows people to share their experiences and relate to one another about commonalities. The word “meme” was actually coined by British scientist Richard Dawkins in 1976, and, according to Merriam Webster, he defined as a “unit of cultural transmission.” Memetic is the adjective.

At many other colleges, similar pages to the Harvard Memes have sprung up and become popular amongst undergraduate students. The idea for the Harvard group was inspired by meme groups of other colleges. “I felt that Harvard needed one too, so I took the step for all of us,” says Chen. Using a title that “is definitely a stereotype of Harvard students. The joke is that we aren’t actually elitist or 1%,” explains Chen. Initially, with the support of her friends Kristie Colton and Georgia Seidel, Chen added every Harvard friend she had but the group remained at barely 100 members until fans of the page began inviting friends to join.

When asked what she thought of over 2,000 people joining the group so soon, Chen said, “I think this is the modern cultural revolution that we need. I’m really glad that we can all connect through these memes and I’m even happier to learn that my humor is appreciated.” Chen loves the original content (OC) memes and highly encourages all members to post.

Chen has already begun moderating the group, which is a common practice for similar meme pages on Facebook. Any discriminatory, reposts,

or hateful content will be deleted and all memes should relate to Harvard in some way. Within a Harvard-specific meme page, students can blend the popular humor templates currently trending with figures from the college to express the unique Ivy League culture at the college. Memes referencing Lamont, Dean Rakesh Khurana, comping, career plans, and classes have gained considerable popularity.

Whereas students once shared their feelings of stress or frustration about aspects of their college only within their close friend groups, now there’s an outlet amongst hundreds of others who can relate. While not all images being posted are solely directed at Harvard, the experiences being shared are broadly understood by college students.

Although another group meant for Harvard-specific memes was already created, “Harvard Memes for Elitist 1% Tweens” became popular very fast. The previous group, “Harvard Meme Crew,” has a ‘closed’ privacy setting that prevented the growth of the page and has less than 200 members. However, both pages have been active and featured many contributing memes from members beyond admins.

“Harvard Memes for Elitist 1% Tweens” has sparked unity and created an outlet for students. Although many of the images featured are at the expense of Harvard and even, at times, its students, the overall reception has been positive and the group continues to grow.

Hunter Richards (hrichards@college.harvard.edu) is officially meme trash. Feel Old Yet?

The “I care about the exploited labor of the working class” starter pack



Examples of original content (OC) created & posted by Rebecca Chen ’20 in the Harvard Memes for Elitist 1% Teens Facebook group.

INDY ARTS

At Sanders with
Leslie Jones.

By HUNTER
RICHARDS

FRIDAY NIGHT LIVE

On February 17, Leslie Jones of “Saturday Night Live” acclaim graced the stage of Sanders Theater for an hour and a half of stand-up. The appearance, presented by the College Events Board and the Office of Student Life, had free tickets lotteried via survey completion for undergraduates. Live @ Sanders Theater with Jones included both personal reflections on her own life along with plenty of mockery at the expense of Harvard students for their intense studying and absence of sexual activity.

Immediately upon taking the stage, the Ghostbusters’ star began to comment on how it felt being on Harvard’s campus to provide this appearance. Sauntering over to the statues on either side of the stage of Josiah Quincy and James Otis, Jones’s voice bellowed as she asked, “Who is this?” to the audience. The comments of Jones of these ridiculous statues and their

positioning reminded Harvard students of their own first impressions of Sanders Theater that have now become the norm. Even at the end of the show, Jones again asked, “Is this a church?” To her credit, not many Harvard students know Sanders Theater for more than a select few performances they may see a year or the large lectures of popular fall semester classes.

For an hour and a half, Jones shared personal stories and what it is like to become famous. While Jones addressed the invasion of her privacy this past summer, she did so with humor. The 49-year-old comedian reflected on her own college years, joking about what



she would do if she was currently a Harvard student. While Jones spent the first half of the appearance reflecting on her experiences when she was younger, she went on to talk about her current perspective. “I am out of ‘give a fucks’...I don’t know what it is, I just don’t give a fuck,” explained Jones.

Throughout the appearance, Jones was sex-positive amongst her raunchy jokes. “You didn’t just get to say you were a ho, you had to prove that you were a ho,” said Jones before going into a story of how she attempted to strategize her way into sleeping with Prince in the early ‘90s.

Later into the set, Jones asked if Harvard students, who she repeatedly reminded are meant to be very smart, if they had any idea who invented texting. Launching into a 10-minute rant on how texting has revealed how “crazy” women are with the ease of instantly sending our angry responses, Jones emphasized that women are so because of men. The brazen attitude of the comedian about her own sex life and experiences not only brought the room plenty of laughter but also was a variation of empowerment. The self-confidence that Jones showed was



refreshing and inspiring, even if her words were often aimed at elaborating on her sexual exploration.

Near the end of her routine, Leslie stepped off the stage to walk around the main floor of Sanders and began commenting on those in the audience. After stopping in front of a boy wearing bright shorts and tall socks, Jones laughed to herself while outlining what his thought process must have been preparing for the night. "You didn't give a fuck about my show," Jones joked about the boy's outfit before moving on to other students sitting near the stage.

After moving onto a girl taking notes in the audience, Jones summed up much of the Harvard undergraduate population when she mimicked the students, saying, "I don't got time for dick, I want to be a doctor." While many of Jones's jokes were sexually pointed, her honest impressions of Memorial Hall and Harvard students was refreshing and brought students many laughs.

Leslie Jones captured the outsider perception of Harvard students and her commentary brought the room much laughter at their own expense. While Harvard provides students with many opportunities to meet with speakers with international renown for a variety of achievements, the student body still appreciates performances such as Leslie Jones's. Perhaps the college will respond to the popularity of such events by providing more resources to supporting them to happen more frequently.

Hunter Richards (hrichards@college.harvard.edu) wasn't ready to witness Harvard students getting dragged so much.



Ep. 2: Natalie Nogueira

The second episode of Tell Me More comes out on Monday! This week Kelsey sits down with Natalie Nogueira, a sophomore in Currier, to talk about her mom, the UN, and a German guy named Flo. From ignoring social hierarchies to gaining control of the self, Natalie has great stories to tell about the people who inspire her.

"[My mother] was just so happy living life and not being attached to anything that definitely fostered a positive mentality in me to just live. It doesn't matter where I am or what language I speak, [I] just kind of assume the situation, make yourself part of your surroundings, you don't need the surrounding to welcome you, just seize it."

Email podcast@harvardindependent.com for any questions, suggestions, or if you want to get involved!



Jones on the Sanders stage. *Francesca Cornero*



Casino Evil

The Hasty Pudding Theatricals' 169th Show!

By CAROLINE CRONIN

Every spring Harvard's campus is home to an interesting cast of characters dressed in outlandish outfits and garish makeup. They hum show tunes while they strut about and practice walking in high-heels. These characters, or rather, these Harvard undergraduates, are the staff and cast of The Hasty Pudding Theatricals. This spring brings the 169th show to stages in Cambridge, New York, and Bermuda.

From February 3rd to March 5th, Hasty Pudding Theatricals (HPT) will put on a show at Farkas Hall that the group has been working on all school year. Beginning in the fall, the leaders of HPT organized auditions, chose writers, and conducted musicians in the endeavor of creating a comedic and musical success. The show has a different theme

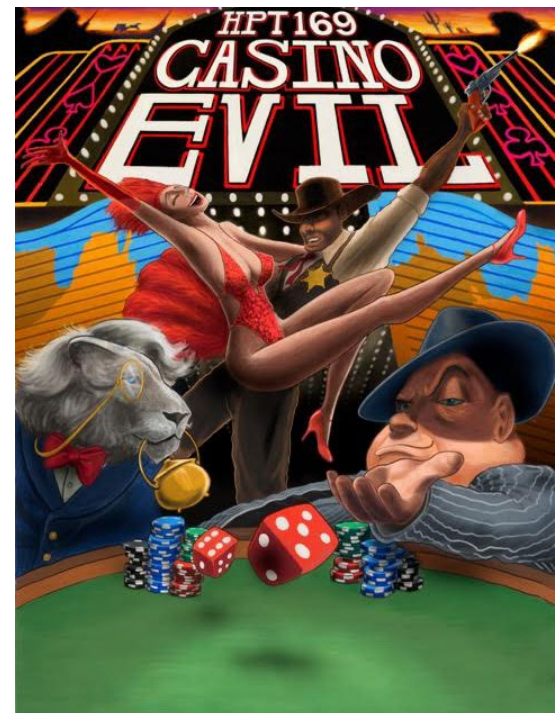
and specific plot every year, but clear tropes and themes are maintained annually that define the character of HPT that its audience members have come to love. A drag show with both ribald and satirical humor, it is a tradition to which fans keep coming back!

The title of this year's show is Casino Evil and it follows the adventures of a closely-knit group of small town folk as they attempt to take on the corrupt casino owners down the road. Written by David Shayne '19 and Jacob Roberts '19 and with music composed by Fraser Weist '18, the show nods to other culturally significant stories and music with its allusions to Prohibition-era mob bosses and 1970s top rock albums. The antics of Al Calzone and Bella Donna as they antagonize Hank Kupfs, Ruby Slippers, and Grannie Oakley unfold hilariously amidst well-timed musical and dance numbers. While sitting in the audience and keeping up with the ceaseless innuendo, it is easy to forget that the performers are also singers and dancers in addition to comedic actors - that is, until the big numbers of "Still Smoking," "More than a Feline," and others come and leave you singing along. The unforgettable end brought out a fun and psychedelic troupe of brides in lacey white minidresses dancing around stage and bestowing light blue garters generously upon the audience.

Even so, perhaps the most-loved feature of the show is its flexibility and dynamic relationship with the audience. While encouraging audience participation on any given night with older alumni, moms and dads, and Cambridge natives filling the red seats, the relationship is taken to a higher level on themed showings such as Ladies' Night. This year, Ladies Night took place on Wednesday evening, February 21st, and hordes of female undergraduates flocked to Farkas to laugh, cheer, catcall, and support their male counterparts. Certainly, it is a unique experience provided here at Harvard.

Producers Natalie Kim '18 and Adam Chiavacci '18 manage the show's financial success through the end of the on-campus performances and even through the longer tour. Over spring break, the Hasty Pudding company will travel to New York for three performances and then to Bermuda for three more. Ending there and beginning the process of turnover for next year's show, HPT will enjoy break at the beach and be content in an accomplished tour. Until then, Cantseeno Evil is a can't miss this February.

Caroline Cronin (ccronin01@college.harvard.edu) loved her front row seat but honestly wasn't sure where to look during the skirted high kicks!



Images courtesy of HPT production staff.

Streaks and Losses

Harvard Squash
at National
Championship.

By TUSHAR DWIVEDI



Not this kind of squash.

Before attending Harvard, I knew very little about the sport of squash. I'd heard the name, knew that some people, somewhere played it, but had never really spent much thought on it; that was before I met Saad. We connected over a common dorm, Holworthy, and right in the middle of sharing more about his background from Egypt, he casually mentioned squash. Little did I know that Saadeldin Aish was one of the top squash players in the entire world and was soon to be Harvard's #1 court player. And thus, in my first week at Harvard, I came to know a bit more about the sport whose National Championships Harvard would later host.

Going into their match on February 8th, Harvard was undefeated, standing at 9-0; only Trinity stood in their way of 10-0. However, even after falling to Trinity for their first loss of the season, the Crimson rebounded well. They would go on to finish 13-2, foreshadowing the conclusion of their season, and ended the season with a perfect 7-0 record in the Ivy League. While this was more than

enough to earn the Ivy League title, another test lay present in the National Championships this past weekend at Harvard.

The setup was nearly perfect; Harvard was set to face Trinity in the Championship game, and created an opportunity to "avenge" their previous loss. Saad started the match strong, sweeping their number 1, and initially Harvard appeared to be in the driver's seat.

Harvard started off its journey with a dominant victory over Yale (8-1) in the semifinals at Murr Center. In consecutive matches, Harvard continued its journey with wins over Yale, and looked forward to Columbia for the quarterfinal match. This represented a strong rebound after their first loss of the season against Trinity. The matchup at Columbia was tougher, as the 2 seed and 3 seed battled for a chance to play in the National Title Game. This was their second matchup against Columbia, and for the second time, Harvard took the victory in a tight contest (5 - 4). This set the stage for Harvard's game against Trinity this past weekend.

The game seemed to be going Harvard's way; senior captain Devin McLaughlin remained undefeated at 13 - 0, and Sean Hughes also continued his winning streak to stay perfect (14 - 0). Trinity pushed back, however, took the lead and eventually won the match with a 5-4 victory. Saad is certain, regardless of the outcome, "The team has been amazing this year; they are a great bunch of guys and we get along very well. This helps give us the extra push in our matches."

The matchup between the two teams already came with a loaded history; of the past 20 championships, Trinity has qualified for 19 of them. In total, Trinity has won 15 national titles. On the other hand, Harvard has won 31 National Team titles, including a 9-0 victory over Trinity in 2014. Meanwhile, Trinity took the title in 2015. The

resulting matchup was one that almost seemed inevitable, as the Championship location returned to Harvard this year - in fact, Saad had alluded to this very possibility earlier this year. Although the end result wasn't perfect, the Crimson still finished with a tremendous season, and have one last event remaining to look forward to - the individual championships in Dartmouth over the first weekend of March.

There is still much to look forward to in the world of Harvard squash, however: the number 1 ranked Women's team will start the path to capture their third straight National Team Champion title this upcoming Friday (12PM, Squash TV). The upcoming match is against No. 8 ranked Columbia, who the Crimson recently defeated 9-0 earlier in February. For the second straight year, Harvard's women's squash won the Ivy League Championship (7-0 in conference), and is hoping to maintain several impressive streaks: (1) The team, along with 8 Crimson members are currently undefeated; (2) The team was ranked number 1 to start the year for the 7th straight year, and hopes to finish that way as well. We look forward to cheering the team on this weekend!

Tushar Dwivedi (tushar_dwivedi@college.harvard.edu) is glad to finally understand the game!

captured and shot

Harvard, Boston, and the winter weather all clean up for Junior Parents weekend.

By FRANCESCA CORNERO

