

THE HARVARD
independent
11.16.17 THE STUDENT WEEKLY SINCE 1969



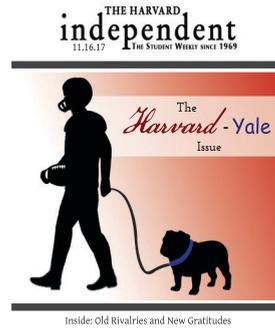
The
Harvard - Yale
Issue

Inside: Old Rivalries and New Gratitudes

11.15.2017

Vol. XLVIV, No. 11

CONTENTS



The Indy is thankful for Harvard's superiority over Yale.

Cover design by Isabelle Blair '21 and Audrey Effenberger '19.

- 3 Breaking, Thanksgiving
- 4 Doodle SWUG
- 5 Thanksgiving Meaning
- 6 Ask ANA
- 7 UC Election Guide
- 8 Spectacles
- 9 Lost
- 10 Football & the Mission
- 11 The Game

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.

For publication information, email subscriptions, and general inquiries, contact President Daniel Um (president@harvardindependent.com). Letters to the Editor and comments regarding the content of the publication should be addressed to Editor-in-Chief Caroline Cronin (editorinchief@harvardindependent.com).

The Harvard Independent is published weekly during the academic year, except during vacations, by The Harvard Independent, Inc., Student Organization Center at Hilles, Box 201, 59 Shepard Street, Cambridge, MA 02138.

Copyright © 2017 by The Harvard Independent.
All rights reserved.

President
Editor-in-Chief
Vice-President,
Publishing

Daniel Um '19
Caroline Cronin '18
Hunter Richards '18

News Editor
Forum Editor
Arts Editor
Sports Editor
Podcast Editor

Pulkit Agarwal '19
Megan Sims '18
Hunter Richards '19
Tushar Dwivedi '20
Kelsey O'Connor '18

Design Editor
Staff Photographer

Audrey Effenberger '19
Francesca Cornero '19

Staff Writers

Alaya Ayala '21
Jilly Cronin '21
Marissa Garcia '21
Emily Hall '18
Segan Helle '20
Jessica Jin '18
Hannah Kates '18
Abigail Koerner '21
Hunter Richards '18
Sally Yi '18

Find us online!



@HarvardIndy



soundcloud.com/harvardindy

BREAKING with *Thanksgiving*

Watching friends rush from their classes to make it on time for their flights home on Tuesday can be stressful for many students who aren't able to travel during school breaks like their peers. The cost of a ticket home for many may be much more than they make in a month of work study, to which they are already limited.

It can be isolating to stay on campus for school holidays. If you have no nearby friends to go home with for Thanksgiving dinner or don't know any others staying on campus, it's easy to feel alone. For these students, I can only say I hope you've found a community during this break that leaves you feeling accepted. As a freshman, finding someone who you trust enough to travel to their homes and feel comfortable opening up to about a potentially sensitive topic within the first couple of months upon reaching campus is the least of your immediate concerns.

Even for those students unable to go home for the break that have been invited to a friend's nearby house, this can often feel uncomfortable as a freshman. Although you know your new friends fairly well on-campus, as soon as you step outside of Cambridge you're likely to realize you don't know all that much about who they were before college and what exactly is awaiting you back at their home.

Students in these situations often have their own insecurities about how their backgrounds might compare to their peers on campus. No matter how many Harvard classes I've sat through or academic papers I've reviewed or advanced design presentations I've given, I don't foresee a time that I won't have anxiety about saying the wrong thing and reveal that I'm from a rural, low-income, Midwestern area, only to become a long-running joke through dinner.

As a sophomore, I was incredibly lucky to go home to upstate New York with a close friend whose parents are some of the kindest individuals I've ever met. Spending a weekend catching up on rest and relaxing in my friend's hometown that felt vaguely familiar to my own home was exactly what I needed sophomore year. Unfortunately, the one thing I couldn't ever manage to recreate no matter how hard I tried or how many people who have fostered me on holidays that I stayed on campus, was that feeling of hugging my mom again after a hard semester.

Being a low-income, first generation student at Harvard puts physical distance between my family and me. There is also a large gap in the understanding of what life is like for the other any more. My family's inability to relate to my experiences in college has led to the phone calls home coming less and less frequent, until the point that I realize I'm not able to easily dial my mom from the long list of recent calls I have piled up anymore. It didn't take long to realize I couldn't call home and expect to quickly complain about a TF offhandedly because my family didn't understand what a teaching fellow did, or why I had class on the weekend, or why I had meetings with my professor after dinner hours regularly. I could barely explain that I didn't need a car on campus, let alone that I had a dining hall, classrooms, a library, a gym, and multiple kitchens right within my own dorm.

It's hard to go home during breaks from school to find that everything you remembered is different. It's frustrating to struggle to make conversation with the people you grew up with. You dread explaining to your family what the next few years is going to look like for you (especially when you're not even sure of that yourself yet). I don't want to say that staying on campus was better for me, but it did keep me focused. Every time I came back to campus from home, I immediately wanted

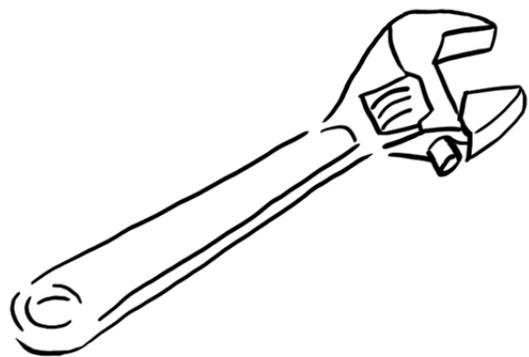
Sharing more
burden than turkey
and gravy this
holiday season.

By HUNTER RICHARDS

to turn around again. It was *because* I was so homesick that I couldn't handle going home as often anymore.

I miss Michigan often, but I also know that surviving, let alone succeeding, at Harvard has required putting more than just the 800 miles of distance between myself and home.

Hunter Richards (hrichards@college.harvard.edu) wishes all the best for low-income, first gens still looking for their place between Harvard and home.

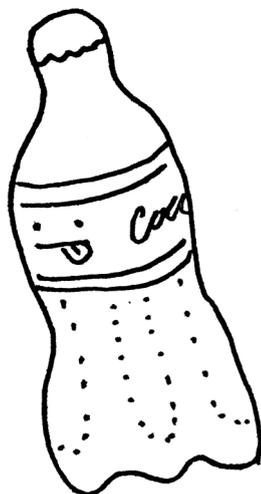


Engi queer ing: doodleSWUG

By JESSICA JIN
& HUNTER RICHARDS

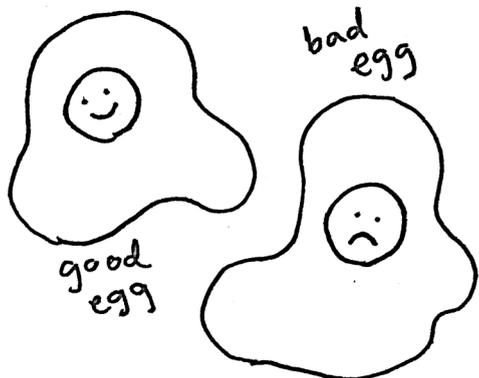
1.

Midterm exam.
Open book.
Never bought.



2.

If water
Tasted like Cherry Coke
Maybe I would drink it
Until then
No
Thank
You



3.

Title: Home on the Mange
The only time
My phone
Is blowing up
Is after
My grill order
Is ready
Eggs again?
Eggs again.



4.

I would rather set myself on fire
To keep warm
Than spend that much money
On a Canada Goose jacket.
They fly south for the winter
Within 4 Friday nights
At the nearest final club,
No matter how hard
You beg the Class of 20XX Facebook page
That adventurous fowl
Is free once more.

5.

Three stray turkeys
Strolling along the quad lawn.

Guess I was not the only one
Who missed
The shuttle.

Perchance HUDS
Ordered delivery
For Thanksgiving dinner this year.



6.

Remember when
We thought 9 am was a late start
But haven't seen the right side of 8 am in
years?

"Ohshit"
I missed 11:11
And also my 11:30 lecture.
Again.
Oops.



What Thanksgiving Meant

Then and now...

By JASPER FU

The most vivid Thanksgiving I can remember rose over a sunny November evening, some time in my fifth grade. Daylight savings had come and gone, giving us an hour of much-needed sleep at the cost of an hour of much-needed sunlight; but even so, this was California, which meant that for all the efforts of the United States Government we still had at least some sunlight. It meant that we did not feel the biting chill of the oncoming winter so much as we felt a prompting nibble; it meant that soon, we would have to swap flip flops and shorts for sneakers and jeans and perhaps – God forbid – a windbreaker.

Not for us any autumnal splendor, no sense of an august August except basketball courts abandoned a half an hour earlier as stormclouds hovered pregnant and ominous overhead, as the sun set just a little bit too soon for the comfort of worried parents. There was nothing to declare a Fall in flight or a Winter in hot pursuit, only the grim march of shorter days towards longer nights.

The innocent glory of lazy summer days, of time wasted for the sake of wasted time was only just beginning to fade as the harsh specter of unending academia arose. And that meant days dominated by the harsh but unfortunately less spectral Ms. Preston, handing out with malicious glee two-paragraph book reports and two-page papers, double spaced, Times New Roman, twelve-point font, one-inch margins, and *not thirteen-point font with one-point-two-five margins, because I can tell; I've been teaching here for twenty years, so don't think you can try any trick I haven't seen a hundred times before.*

But of course, that didn't matter now. Thanksgiving was here, and that meant Thanksgiving break, a short but welcome reprieve from the controlled chaos of Ms. Preston's fifth grade class. It meant a tumultuous trip in a packed car over winding roads of Fremont mountains to reach my grandparent's house, an old and rickety construction that somehow managed to feel at the same time a place of wild adventure and yet cozily comfortable from its popcorn ceiling to its as-of-yet untamed basement, where be dragons and, perhaps more likely, forbidden cans of Coke nestled among unpronounceably mysterious candies that likely predated the Vietnam War.

It meant the flourished reveal of the old, leatherette table that folded out in a way that always succeeded in *almost* avoiding my shin, that creaked and shuddered under its own weight, to say nothing of the cornucopia that would soon straddle it. It meant a glimpse into the gleaming steel pot into which my father had poured a literal ton of brine and turkey and the last three days of his life, salted with the mysterious spices of a carefully-guarded recipe. It meant a kitchen crowded to twice its capacity, some cooking, some trying to help, and me, its air filled with mixing scents and shouts and song and – occasionally – screams, as I inevitably managed to injure myself.

It meant resigned admonishments to stay out of the kitchen, and free reign of the house and yard watched only by my grandmother, my A-Ma, who for all her carefree kindness was firmly of the belief that children were better served by freedom than by restraint. It meant

a failed attempt to climb an orange-tree-topped hill that failed again, and spectacularly when I decided that the only thing that was missing was a running start. It meant, with the assistance of my A-Ma, the discovery of a rusty ladder that could, if properly braced and planted, lift me to the top of the hill where I could just about reach the lowest fruit, if I stretched just a *little* and grabbed it and looked down and *could you please help me down now I don't think I can get down by myself can you just make the ladder shorter really quickly if you can.*

Thanksgiving meant, when I finally found my way back to the dining room, bruised and exhausted but triumphantly clutching an admittedly stunted orange, as I took my seat next to a mother that wondered (for neither the first nor the last time) how I had managed to endanger myself so severely and so quickly, as contented conversation arose over a veritable feast of food both home-made and Safeway-made, that Fall in its dying breaths of pumpkin pie and fresh-out-of-the-box stuffing shielded me once more from the ills of the greater world in general and Ms. Preston in its more pressing particular.

Jasper Fu (jasperfu@college.harvard.edu) is very thankful.

INDY FORUM

I feel like I haven't made a solid group of friends here and I worry that I'm wasting opportunities to build strong relationships.

– Overthinker

Dear Overthinker,

For starters, you're definitely not alone. I think quite a few people would agree that it can be tough to find a niche on a campus that is highly diverse and competitive. My first week here I don't think I remembered a single person's name, it was that overwhelming. That, combined with the way Harvard likes to spam our emails with dozens upon dozens of opportunities to "branch out" and have "transformative experiences," can really make you feel like you're missing out if you aren't trying to take advantage of all of them. It's important to bear in mind that everyone experiences college differently, and some people find their cliques faster than others do.

My first bit of advice is to stop thinking of making friends here as a sign that you're doing college "right." Not everyone makes friends from the get-go and that's fine. I'm sure there's a cliché out there about not needing to live life at anyone's pace but your own, and if there isn't, then whatever, that's still what I'm saying. You will find your people eventually. It's kind of hard not to on a campus like this.

My second bit of advice is to start carving out your own place here. If waiting for the perfect friend group to come to you isn't your speed, try taking the initiative to form one of your own. Have a bunch of people you like but they aren't friends? Invite them all over to watch a movie or listen to music. Form a group to go into Boston and explore. People bond over shared experiences. Make the space for those experiences to happen, and you might just find yourself making inside jokes with the people you've brought together next time you see them. The world has a funny way of moving when you push for something to happen sometimes. Give it a shot.

Just remember that a lot of the people here are nerds who are feeling just as awkward as you are, and if nothing else you can bond with people over shared nerdiness.

Hoping you find your group of friends, ANA

Last summer I found out that one of my friends from high school got into some dark stuff. I'm really concerned for him, as I feel he's on a destructive path and wasting so much potential. That's right, he's attending Yale. What can I do to help him?

– Ryan

Dear Ryan,

I commend you for caring so deeply about your friend. The path he has chosen is vastly different from our own and has many difficulties that we Harvard students simply cannot fathom. There are a few things that you can do that I think will help him a lot.

First, be supportive. It can be hard to maintain a strong friendship with this person, being that he's all the way in New Haven. Try to be there for him as much as you can in his troubled times. Send him uplifting memes and gifs at least twice a day. Ask him how his day has been and try not to assume that it was awful, sometimes it might have only been "meh," and you assuming that every day is gloomy for him might make him more sensitive. Try your best not to talk about how great we have it here either, all the talk of the construction and expensive food in the Square could make things worse for him.

When you do get the chance to visit your friend at Yale, make sure to dote on him with lots of praise and treats. Bulldogs are good boys too. If you happen to see him at the Harvard-Yale game this weekend, ask him to show you where the best pizza place in New Haven is. In my experience Yale students are generally proud of New Haven pizza, so showing you where the best food is could make your friend cheer up a bit.

In all seriousness, just remember that just even though Yale isn't Harvard, it's still a pretty rad place to be for its own reasons. Also, try your best not to let the game this weekend ruin your friendship.

Wishing you and your Yale friend the best,
ANA



Advice for **struggling**
undergrads from a
struggling undergrad.

ANA (forum@harvardindependent.com) hopes everyone has survived midterms/awkward social interactions thus far and will have a blast at Harvard-Yale this weekend.



A Platform Roadmap

Coalition to release new voter guide for UC election.

By MALCOLM REID

For the first time in recent memory, a coalition of 28 activist and identity-based student groups released a voter guide for the Undergraduate Council (UC) election that deals with a sweeping selection of issues, and shows the candidates' positions on these issues. Among these student groups are such recognizable names as Native Americans at Harvard College, the First Generation Student Union, and the Harvard Islamic Society – clearly a diverse set of groups.

For the reader's reference, a few of the issues in the guide were wheelchair accessible buildings, gender-neutral housing, institutionally-supported cultural centers on campus, reproductive health services, and the establishment of a formal ethnic studies concentration/department. Interestingly, the candidates all agreed on every issue – but one. Of course, that issue was the implementation of sanctions on USGO members, with Cat encouraging sanctions, and Conor and Vic opposing sanctions or penalties for USGO members.

Now, there is something quite reassuring in so many varying groups of the Harvard community coming together to support each other; it's especially remarkable that the voting guide seems to be focused more on the creation of resources to accommodate students than the advancement of each specific group's mission. And it really is surprising to think that all of our candidates are in such agreement, no doubt Yale and

its denizens would look to the Harvard community as beacon of hope for what could be.

While Harvard has a certain responsibility for inspiring hope in those who dwell in hell on Earth (still Yale), we also have a responsibility to the entirety of our community to ensure that they have an environment where they are able to thrive and engage in discussion, to prepare them for the world beyond our gates. It certainly seems to this reporter that the manner in which this coalition went about preparing the questions and fleshing out the platforms of the candidates for students to be informed is a good step in the right direction. After all, it would be terribly ironic if this college, so renowned for its government concentration, had a mass of uniformed voters in the student government election, wouldn't it? And it shouldn't only be these student groups who are involved in keeping candidates transparent and accountable – as overwhelming as midterms and classes are, we should all take the time to be involved in shaping our future and influencing how the world views the merit of our education. Perhaps we will see this continue and grow as a norm with UC elections, as candidates are constantly pressed to show what their presidency would truly mean for the Harvard community, and why it is more than a glorified popularity contest.

This guide does signify one important departure this year: students believe in the power of Undergraduate Council offices. The

apathy and fun made of the student elections a few years past is a part of another trend – one that fits with a more light-hearted context. However, national political turmoil has seemed to call to attention the need for voter involvement at every stage of the democratic process. Therefore, the simple fact that there is demand for such an election guide indicates increased interest in the actual and highly relevant platforms of the candidates. In time, we might expect to see this student involvement continue in even more innovative and fascinating ways.

Lastly, of course, everyone knows President Faust's time as reigning University President is soon coming to an end. And one can only hope that similar, or even greater levels of student interest and involvement will be seen as Harvard chooses the successor for our current President as well. Ideally, the successor will be able to take into account all of the evidence for increased student awareness and involvement in order to address not only the multitude of issues affecting our campus but also those issues that our community has the power to affect as well.

As the coalition sets a new precedent in UC elections by releasing this guide, we look forward to its reception and influence over the results.

Malcolm Reid (mjreid@college.harvard.edu) applauds the dedication to student government and campus causes that motivated the creation of this guide.

Spectacles

Sir Elton John comes to Harvard to accept the Harvard Foundation's Humanitarian of the Year Award with a message of acceptance himself.

By MARISSA GARCIA

With Thanksgiving officially in the ten-day weather forecast, the Meal of the year no longer feels like a pilgrimage away. It will be a holiday spent at a dining table a decent distance from the dining tables of Annenberg Hall I have frequented over the past few months, at which recent conversations include predictions for The Game. It can be easy to forget that Annenberg's fine neighbor is Sanders Theatre, at which a recent conversation included Sir Elton John's accepting the Harvard Foundation's Humanitarian of the Year award. It was not just a speech but also an exhortation to us, to not just let this be us awarding exaltation to him but to also let this be us paving exaltation for others. v

Dean Khurana prefaced Sir Elton John with words from his Border Song: "Holy Moses let us live in peace, let us strive to find a way to make all hatred cease, there's a man over there, what's his color I don't care, he's my brother... let us live in peace."

Upon his assumption of the pedestal, Sir Elton John reminisced to his beginnings with music - playing the Skaters' Waltz by ear at the age of three. He pursued classical training

and went to school at the Royal Academy of Music for five years. Even when met with the disharmony of his parent's relationship, he noted that, "Music became my escape. It became my escape. It became my solace."

He recalled how the 1950s were a conservative time for music and, as soon as he heard the songs of Elvis Presley for the first time, he quickly realized that he was not dismayed at the fact that his hands were too small for classical music. After all, they were not meant to reperform the chords of tradition. Rather, they were meant to strike the chords of sonic change.

Though there was support, there was also dissent from his family, as he recalls, "A career in music at that time was considered outrageous and unacceptable by my father, but I stayed true to my heart." And so, in an act of defiance that would foreshadow the social change he would later spark, he began his journey to becoming the musician we know today, all despite this.

Yet, in a celebration of the man whom Harvard believes to embody humanity the most, he confessed, "Once I hit the pinnacle, happiness became elusive and darkness crept in... along the way, I lost my own humanity." Hindering him were his own demons of drugs, alcohol, disorders, and - perhaps the one less mentioned - self-absorption. Such a complex obsession with self was the most dangerous of them all, and the only satisfactory defense for battling this was a complete departure in character: altruism, as discovered in a doctor's office in New York.

It was here where he read in a magazine about the challenges of the White family, whose house knew the pain of bullets all too well. Ryan White had been a sufferer of AIDS but a spark for a movement; although his windows were shattered by bullets, his pain opened windows for other sufferers around the globe. Elton would go on to found the Elton John AIDS Foundation in 1992. He has

since generated \$385 million for the cause. It was his redemption for failing to march for the AIDS movement when he was deterred by alcohol, the saving grace to his shame felt when he became sober. This he lamented, and then he pleaded, "We live here on this Earth for God knows how long - everyone has their own allotted time - I'm saying to you, don't waste it."

Sir Elton John was followed by student speakers of Harvard College, one of which being Skylar Bree-Takyi '20. She recounted a memory from when she was nine years old, accompanying her mother in front of the television set. While her mother was watching a documentary on Princess Diana, Bree-Takyi instead watched her mother's eyes pool with tears. On the television screen was "a spectacled face sitting down at a grand piano and beginning to pour out words and music that [she] knew, even then, could only be described as heartsong."

And so, even though Sir Elton John indubitably has made strides with his Foundation, we cannot forget the humanity that is his music, the foundation of it all. It unites all across religions and regions and races and ranks.

It ceases our blindness.

And donned in his Signature Spectacles, seated on the stage, I cannot help but think that Sir Elton John's commitment to making vision correction a style is uncannily aligned with him correcting our visions, as we ourselves visualize and correct humanity.

Marissa Garcia (marissagarcia@college.harvard.edu) hopes to come back for Spring Term donning a new pair of spectacles.



All these people rushed past me like they had no idea where they were going and didn't even care. It seemed like they just followed each other blindly — one after the other. Like the rush of the ocean as it comes in to play with sand and out again to the deep sea. I wanted to go with them. Go with the crowd to a place where I was part of it. A small part of a huge thing moving like a wave.

The light turned red and they came to a halt. Some, of course, sneaked out into the road and weaved between cars that honked at them in outrage. Those people were lucky. Everyone else fanned out on the sidewalk. Arms and legs accidentally touched awkwardly. Time seemed to stand still when the light turned red and everyone crowded onto tiny blocks of cement that could crack under the weight of their anticipation. The other side of the road could have been miles away from here.

My people sea parted when the light changed again. It was hard to tell when people stopped standing still. People sometimes move like their legs aren't underneath them. They move like the

ground is on fire and their toes and heels can't stay planted on the ground. With eyes glazed over and shoulders squared ahead, they march forward. Towards what? The light was red before when some stood still, and others inched into the road. I suppose tip-toeing ahead was the dangerous choice. Yet, standing there on concrete, I was trapped with every other person who was too afraid to walk ahead.

A lull in the tide would make the ocean smooth and flat like a lake. At the perfect moment, you could catch your reflection in the cool water. Skip a stone to make a ripple but expect perfection if you chose to

stand still on the shore and look out over endlessness. And standing on the shore could bring about the end.

When the light turned green, people escaped the concrete and crossed the road. Strangers reached a perfect cadence of footsteps that resonated with each step. Step, swish, step. Stepping and crunching boots in leaves or snow or sloshing in rain. And I was lost among them.

Abigail Koerner (ajkoerner@college.harvard.edu) writes short fiction, but not always while stuck at a crosswalk.

Lost at sea

By ABIGAIL KOERNER

INDY SPORTS

Hurl that Spheroid Down the Field

Football and the mission of Harvard.

By CAROLINE CRONIN



The 2015 Game at Yale. Francesca Cornero '19.

In the festivities leading up to this weekend's 134th playing of The Game, I came across a column published in the Chicago Tribune by Steve Chapman on November 10th of this year. Titled "Harvard and Yale should stop playing football," the piece presents Chapman's argument that the increased risk of injury in college football today is too great a risk to the health of students and the mission of the colleges. He states, "It's the equivalent of the Mayo Clinic operating a tobacco shop on-site." Chapman is not alone in his condemnation of football as more dangerous than it is valuable for our country's collegiate minds. But while the evidence of danger is clear, the steps to prevent it are not quite so.

More and more popular research combined with the devastating examples of seriously injured players (including of The Crimson's own, to whom our hearts and prayers go out) present a case for the end of football that we are loathe to ignore. Harvard, other colleges, and youth leagues continually make updates to the procedures in order to prevent injuries as best they can. At some point, however, we must ask: is it enough? Chapman points

out that if Harvard and Yale take on the responsibility as leading institutions, more colleges will follow the example and stop playing football.

I believe this to be a difficult scenario to imagine. As the granddaughter of a Notre Dame football player and self-described jock, I understand the role football plays in American culture today. As the granddaughter of a man weakened by brain damage, I also understand the serious consequences of this culture. But how can Harvard and Yale use their roles as elite institutions to change this? Chapman believes we can lead by example, but I also wonder if a re-examination of Harvard's mission as an institution is in order.

Another festive step in my pre-The Game ritual is the listening to Tom Lehrer's satirical fight song, "Fight Fiercely Harvard." Written while he was attending Harvard in 1945, the song contains such lyrics as, "Hurl that spheroid down the field!" alongside, "but don't be rough now!" The humor in the

stereotype of Harvard as a place for genteel individuals too civilized for savage play still finds a foothold today. But taken in light of Chapman's piece, I question whether the focus on Harvard and Yale in the football debate signifies an uncomfortable concept: do people believe Harvard minds are inherently more valuable than others, and therefore worthier of protection from the harm of football?

To answer this question, I wish to instead focus on the mission of Harvard College. Does the institution of Harvard exist to mold and encourage brilliant citizens of the world? Do harmful head injuries reduce this potential of students? If the answer to both questions is yes, I find it difficult to advocate for a 135th playing of The Game.

Caroline Cronin (ccronin01@college.harvard.edu) will, despite these misgivings, stand alongside The Crimson and wish all a fun and well-played game this weekend!



The 2016 Game at Harvard. *Francesca Cornero '19.*

Game Time

Oldest rivals line up for 134th playing of The Game.

By JILLY CRONIN
& TUSHAR DWIVEDI

This weekend marks the 134th playing of The Game and with all of the Spirit Week events, free t-shirts, treats, and “Game Safety Reminder” emails, it’s hard for students to think of anything else – much less get any work done. They have been, however, able to plan their weekends down to the minute.

So, tomorrow afternoon, hundreds of students will begin packing into cars, trains, and buses to head down to New Haven where they will meet up with mutual friends and old high school chums who have agreed to let us crash on their dirty dorm room floor.

Going back to 1875, Yale has a slight edge in record: 66-59-8; with Harvard winning 9 of the last 10. However, the next few years represent a chance to flip the historical record around, starting this weekend. Because of last year’s discouraging result – Yale winning 21-14, breaking Harvard’s nine-year win streak – Harvard players, students, and fans are eager to come out swinging this year and put Yale back in its place.

According to foxsports.com, Yale is ranked first in the Ivies, with a 5-1 wins-to-losses record. The teams tied for second, Columbia and Dartmouth, both have records of 4-2. Harvard, with a record of 3-3, is tied with Penn and Cornell for third. Yale is guaranteed to receive the Ivy League Title, but if Harvard beats Yale this weekend, and Columbia and Dartmouth beat Brown and Princeton, respectively, then there will be a three-way tie for the Ivy League Title.

Dartmouth and Princeton, both seated above their opponents, should be able to win their games easily, so the pressure is on Harvard to make sure that Yale is not the sole recipient of the Ivy League Title – an award that would make them far too annoying in years to come.

The Crimson are coming off of an up and down past few months, having won 3 of their past six games, and possess a 5-4 record overall. While the Crimson are going into Yale on the heels of a loss to Penn this past weekend, wins

over Dartmouth (25-22) and Columbia (21-14) in late October and early November have helped build confidence to continue a late season surge to an Ivy Title-tie.

From pranks such as kidnapping Yale’s Bulldog to the infamous “Harvard Sucks” sign, the history between the two teams has been locked in both competition and fun. Through The Game’s history, numerous events have helped us realize the quirky nature of the Ivy League. Harvard’s win over Yale in 2014 marked their 10th victory that season and a perfect record – which brought to the attention of many students that Harvard, Yale, and the rest of the Ivy League are banned from the FCS playoffs – because it would potentially interfere with finals and reading period. On the other hand, just a week ago, we were considering the possibilities of a 7-way tie for the All Ivy title, and now potentially face a three-way tie. Regardless of all the crazy possible outcomes, we all believe one thing is for certain: a Harvard victory this Saturday!

Jilly Cronin and Tushar Dwivedi (sports@harvardindependent.com) would have pitied Brown in the event of its exclusion from the 7-way tie.

captured and shot



Strategy meeting on Mass Ave.

By FRANCESCA CORNERO