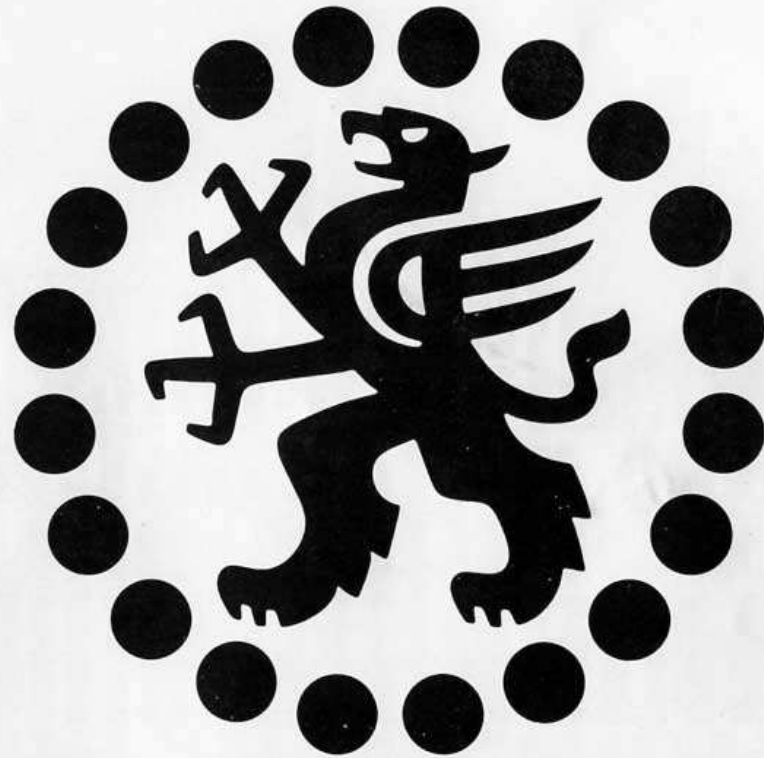


PIERREPONT

SCHOOL MAGAZINE 1981



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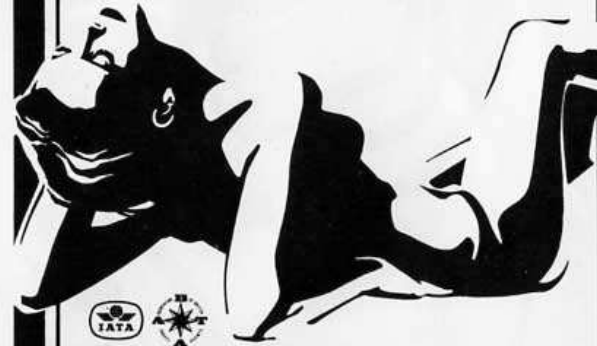
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metaphor for what we feel Pierrepont represents as a school. We care about the fine tradition of English education and the craft of good teaching which we inherit; the educating of young men is necessarily building for the future.

However, while sound theory and practice in education are important, indeed essential, real bricks and mortar are necessary too! Not only do we work here, we live here; not only do we study, but we eat, sleep and play here. The sports pages in the magazine record the present organised, more formal aspects of Pierrepont's recreation. What they do not record is the inventive, if haphazard, fashion in which the Great Hall of Pierrepont House is used for badminton, for drama rehearsals, for fencing, for orchestra practice. How much better could such activities be furthered in a purpose-built Sports Hall, and



EDITORIAL

Scattered throughout the pages of this year's magazine are photographs of the south face of Pierrepont House in scaffolding, photographs taken during the summer as some small reminder of the continuous and arduous task of maintaining a Norman Shaw building. Equally, the discerning and established reader will realise that where last year's magazine gave prominence to the newly completed Armoury Court, this year's devotes attention to the appeal for funds for the projected Sports Hall.

Both Pierrepont House and the Sports Hall embody a linked concept — the cherishing of a tradition of craftsmanship inherited, while recognising the need to continue to build for the future. That is perhaps an all too neat



how much more pleasing would it be for the Great Hall to be reserved as a fit and proper place for certain of the community's social functions rather than as a multi-purpose space!

In contacting Old Boys over the appeal, there has been a heartening reminder of how much has been achieved in the past. For each and every one of them Pierrepont will mean something quite specific — a Pierrepont as they knew it. This magazine annually publishes a view of the school which is significant to its present members, but which will inevitably be different from that of past members, if only because the school itself has changed. But both Old Boys and present pupils (and their parents) must be able to see how Pierrepont is, and must remain, a dynamic institution.

PIERREPONT Community

THE CHAIRMAN'S REPORT TO THE GOVERNORS – MARCH 1980

Yet another season has passed since I presented an Annual report. This will be my seventh – time flies! On each occasion I have tried to present a school theme and have presented to you the ramifications of different sections that make up Pierrepont which together, provide a whole education and experience for our students.

May I therefore start my report as I ended my last one – "May I thank each and everyone of you for the excellent team spirit which we have developed over the years."

I have previously mentioned the devoted work of our Bursar, domestic staff, secretaries and teachers. On many occasions, I have thanked my fellow governors for all the work they have put in behind the scenes and the willing support they have given to the present Chairman.

Between us I believe we have stoically kept our fees as low as we prudently can, maintaining the policy of an inclusive fee without those hidden extras which many schools now charge for – items such as books and laundry. We have tried to make it as easy as possible for parents to budget ahead when they send their sons to the school.

May I congratulate the Governors for their foresight in building Armoury Court, and I also give thanks for their wisdom in agreeing to proceed with the Sports Centre.

The School pledges itself to provide a complete education, and I have often thought as I walk round the grounds that a covered area for indoor games was the major item missing. Achieving this great endeavour of building a sports hall will demand every effort that we can muster, and we must always remember the constraints placed on us by our fee structure. I call for the co-operation of all staff whatever task they perform in our community



to make what savings they can, whether it is switching off lights or postponing for a year or two that vital piece of equipment. We look also for the co-operation of the Old Pierrepontians Association who in a very real sense have lost out by not having indoor sports facilities where they could continue to play games on a wet day. We shall need all the enthusiasm of the Friends of Pierrepont in an appeal for capital funds. Alas, I see existing parents contributing to the cost in large measure, and for this reason, the building must be built as quickly as possible so that their boys can enjoy the facilities whilst still at school.

The Headmaster has reported to us at some length of the progress of the school. The examination results at 'O' Level more than met the good level of previous years and, although the 'A' Level results faltered, we sent nine boys and one girl for degree courses at universities and polytechnics. Music and theatre continue to thrive and the excellent school orchestra has made a name for itself. When we read the new magazine, it is astonishing what a wealth of activity emanates from this small community.

Before we proceed to further business, I must register my regret at the resignation of Mr. Iain McLaren from the Board as our representative from the University of Surrey, and also the retirement of our Governor, Mr. K.H. Whitaker. He has been generous in terms of gifts to the school and generous in giving advice on finance and has always been interested in its progress. I am sure we are all pleased that he has consented to remain as a Member of the Trust.

Fellow Members, there is much to be done. I am sure we shall achieve it successfully in true Pierrepont style.

David Innes Hadfield



PIERREPONT SCHOOL SPORTS HALL AND AUDITORIUM APPEAL

It is the intention of the Governors to build a hall for indoor sports. In addition, it is to provide an auditorium for school functions and to have a stage for drama and concerts, as well as projection facilities. To help finance this venture an Appeal was launched in May 1981. The school engaged the firm of Craigmyle & Company Limited and Mr Dennis Norrie was appointed as Appeal Director by the company.



During the summer term parents and old boys were invited to attend meetings held at the school and the House of Commons. At the earlier meetings, Mr. Smitheram, Second Master, gave a resumé of the development of the school and how monies from previous appeals had been spent in improving the teaching facilities. The meetings were chaired by Mr Hadfield (Chairman of the Governors), Mr. Baxter (Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Governors) and Dr. Jaggs (School Governor and Old Boy).

The Headmaster addressed the meetings held on Open Day at the school and at the House of Commons. Old Boys may be interested to know that Mr. Dromgoole, a former Headmaster of the school, was the chairman at the latter meeting.

Following the initial speeches, Mr. Norrie explained the techniques of fund raising which his company used and how he hoped to raise £125,000 for the school through donations and covenants. Each member attending was given a brochure giving full details of the Sports Hall and a covenant form.

At the time of going to press the sum raised is just over £40,000 with many promises still to be fulfilled.

If anyone reading this article would like to contribute to the appeal, the Headmaster would be delighted to hear from him. If the gift is to be in the form of a covenant, details can be found at the back of the magazine.

Edmund Smitheram
Acting Chairman of the Appeal

REPORT ON THE APPEAL MEETING HELD IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, WEDNESDAY, 1st JULY 1981

Under the sponsorship of our local member of parliament, Mr. Maurice Macmillan, the fourth appeal meeting was held in the House of Commons. Mr. Nicholas Dromgoole, formerly Headmaster of Pierrepont from 1956 to 1961, now Head of Humanities at Sir John Cass College, University of London, took the chair.

The principal speaker was the present Headmaster who explained to parents and friends something of the background to the present appeal and later answered questions.

The text of his speech was as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I would first of all like to thank Mr. Maurice Macmillan for his kindness in sponsoring this meeting in such august surroundings. May I also say how delighted I am to see my old friend, Nicholas Dromgoole, once again and express the gratitude of all of us for his chairmanship of this meeting.

I would like to tell you something about the background of our present appeal for a sports hall. We had an early appeal in 1969 at a time when we had just over 170 pupils compared with our present numbers of 270. If anyone can remember as far back as the 1960's, may I remind you that in 1967 inflation was two per cent a year, the following year it was five per cent, and by the time we came to launch our appeal in 1969 the outlook appeared bleak — nine per cent inflation and petrol nearly eight shillings a gallon.

Could we possibly start our appeal under these circumstances? Was it fair to appeal to parents for capital funds? We went ahead and the results you now see at Pierrepont. You may also remember that it was the time of the white hot technological revolution in Britain so there was no need to follow outlandish educational fashion — we built laboratories, we built Mathematics classrooms.

Those new buildings in the old orchard by the south lawn were soon barely coping with the increase in numbers until we finished Armoury Court in 1980. It was the Arts subjects which had to be content for a number of years with the dour classrooms in the old courtyard, but they at last came into their own in the modern and spacious surroundings at the Armoury.



Throughout the time of building the school we have had the constant problem of refurbishing our changing rooms, showers and locker accommodation, and in appealing for funds for a sports hall we have decided to combine our need for a covered area for games with the rebuilding of these facilities.

Boys can be very destructive (headmistresses tell me that girls are even worse). I do not blame them entirely but we have come to the point where we must refurbish a little faster than we have done so far.

So we are appealing to you for capital funds for a covered hall in which indoor games can be played throughout the year and in all weathers. We shall also find from our own funds, these being the capital element from fees, the cost of rebuilding changing rooms and showers which will be built integral with the hall.

How then do we expect to achieve the finance for this project? Firstly, £125,000 through a capital appeal, the remaining sum from fees and investment income. We shall have to borrow. We therefore have to be realistic. Last time we appealed inflation was five per cent, now it is 12.5 per cent with a bank lending rate much higher than that. We have, however, stronger nerves than twelve years ago and are far more used to inflationary arithmetic. But we should not expect more than a roof overhead from our present appeal. The embellishment of theatre provision will come later.

When we first asked our school architect to provide some outline plans he asked what we needed. The answer to this for any headmaster is an irresistible temptation. Obviously I placed on the list badminton, indoor tennis, fencing, theatre staging and lighting, a climbing wall, provision for indoor cricket practice. The result was a cost of nearly half a million pounds. We have now recovered from that shock and have forgiven him, and I must stress that we are now looking more realistically at a level where we can expect a roof over our facilities but only the basic provision for indoor games.

Finally, I would like to introduce to you Mr. Norrie from Craigmyle. He joined us at the beginning of the term but we have only got to know each other recently. Our views are identical. I am very glad to welcome him, and we shall all be rather sad to see him go at the end of term. The real purpose of this meeting, as our chairman has pointed out, is the nuts and bolts of raising money. This is not my job — thank goodness!

Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr. Norrie from Craigmyle."

FRIENDS OF PIERREPONT

We are all friends of Pierrepont; we must be friends of Pierrepont — times of extreme stress and most unusual circumstances excepted — so why do we want an official, authorised organisation? It could be the sort of thing that would stultify individual initiative at best and at worst prevent anything at all being done, outside and beyond the regular channels; whatever this may mean.

The answer is very simple, and it is that a body or organisation, however loose, in the nicest possible way, on the outside looking in, in part, can be of tremendous formulating assistance to the official side of the school's activities, which have to be conducted with a degree of rigidity governed by those in authority, and by the economic circumstances at the particular time.

For this purpose, The Friends of Pierrepont School were set into being after a considerable period of contemplative inertia, coupled later with constructive thought, in The Great Hall of the school on Open Day, June 30th 1979. Officers and a committee were elected, representing the governing body of the school, The Old Pierrepontian Association, the Staff, and Parents, both with overseas interests especially, and nearer at home with a closer interest in the school's community.

It is a body which had, and still has, an establishment bias and this was perhaps almost inevitable in the formulative stages of something new, such as this association, getting on its feet while recognising the need to recruit members and a committee on the widest possible basis.

Spelling out the objects of the Association, simple though they may appear to be, can only help those who have read so far and have the fortitude and interest to continue, — which of course, is all of you:

"To advance the education of the pupils of the School by providing and assisting in the provision of facilities



for education at the School and as ancillary thereto and in furtherance of this object the Association may:

- a) foster more extended relationships between the Governors, Staff, Parents, Guardians and Pupils and others associated with the School, and
- b) engage in activities which support the School and advance the education of the pupils attending it."

It would be difficult to fault these official and nearly all embracing words, which have the blessing of the Charity Commissioners, and in consequence, certain tax concessions apply to your Covenanted Subscriptions and to our other income, but there must be something more intangible beyond for the Friends to aim at, and achieve.

So what we have managed so far is the continuance of The Christmas Bazaar in November, most successful in fund raising, the proceeds of which will be detailed later, and our main source of assistance to the special projects and needs of the school directed towards us, through the staff representative on the committee. The responsibility for the School Clothing Shop has been assumed and provides a useful and economical service to parents, and income to The Friends also.

Another event which is on-going and largely organised from within in the past, is the most successful Summer Ball and while not being a fund raising exercise primarily, has contributed in money terms in addition to its primary purpose of being a happy social occasion. We need more of these events, to create a greater involvement by The Friends in the social life of Pierrepont, but what is equally, probably more important, is the need for a personal and understanding link in very human terms, between parents and every aspect of the School's life and those who direct its destiny. "What goes on here?" is a question that should never be heard to be asked. Certainly not without a ready answer which a Friend might be instrumental in providing!

Contributions in money terms, after the presentation of the facts and the need to the Committee, have been made to the School's Meteorological Society, and a sum for the provision of agility mats for gymnastics, amongst other extras. The need for a safety boat at Frensham Great Pond for the Sailing Club has the blessing of the Friends and a considerable sum has been earmarked towards this very necessary item. The C.C.F. is pioneering a hovercraft project and the direct enthusiasm of those directing the matter is being assisted by just the sort of backing that the Friends can supply.

These examples indicate what is being done now, and a little imagination will show what else could be done, while stressing that The Friends are a support group to the School's larger activities: an autonomous body to

provide extra impetus, and financial help when it is available, treating the suggested need on what the Committee think are its merits. The School's main appeal at the present time is of course, the provision of the new Sports Hall, and while making a sizeable sum available for this project we are not concerned with the main fund raising, and it is thought, wisely so.

The Friends of Pierrepont School have over one hundred official members (we think "paid up" is the term) so far, and many more are needed from all quarters, but particularly parents, to provide something extra: to give encouragement to those who work within the School and make possible the support which gives the School part of its individual and special character. "A Posse ad Esse" — if it were not the School's own motto would be very suitable for The Friends in their own right. "The possibility of The Friends contribution will be brought to actuality by the enthusiastic involvement of everyone".

Our membership Secretary:

Mr. Philip D. Lucas, Beacon House, Churt Road, Hindhead, Surrey. (Tel. (963) 4277).

or our General Secretary:

Mrs. M.J. Tugwell, 70 Tilford Road, Farnham, Surrey. (Tel. Farnham (0252) 713798).

will be delighted to hear from you personally about membership, or if you can suggest a way of being a special Friend of Pierrepont.

There is no limit to recruitment and the Committee would welcome the exercise of its power to co-opt anyone with special gifts.

Come and join us!

Maurice Elphick



HOUSE NEWS 1980

Agincourt House

Agincourt stood still while the rest of the school played musical chairs last summer. The only change in our accommodation was the acquisition of the three studies rejoicing in the name of Rotten Row for our exceptionally large fifth-year group. We believe they made good use of them. Our house-captain elect, Tony Meyers, was unable to return in September, so it was to two house-captains, Tony and Duncan Mark, that we said farewell in July: we wish them both the best of luck. Our best wishes too to all the others who have left us over the year.

Every two years the school holds an inter-house play competition and this year we entered with a short comedy written by a senior member of the house, Alistair McLean, entitled 'The Dental Syndrome'. This revealed all sorts of talent which had previously been unknown, but we did not win, and the cup which we had held was passed on to Trafalgar, with our congratulations to Sean Pertwee and Jon Payne who worked so hard on their military comedy, 'It's a long way to Canelloni'. Alistair, however, did win the newly awarded individual drama cup for his contribution to both the house play and the school opera.

Our success in sports has been a touch and go affair this year, just losing the rugby fifteens to Waterloo in what I have been told was the most exciting final for many years: but in return we won the rugby sevens. Agincourt has an age mixture which gives us a large number of seniors but no first-years and only one second-year: so we could scarcely compete in most of the junior competitions. However, this did not affect the standards competitions and we were pleased to wrest the athletics standards cup from Waterloo.

House traditions were maintained in the swimming and cross-country competitions: we trailed at all age levels.

In riding, however, we again excelled. Azam Noon followed in his brother's footsteps (stirrups?) to win both the inter-house and individual riding cups, the former in partnership with Clement Chow. During the year Bernard Chiu retired as sports captain and John Hubner became his successor. We are grateful to both of them for their efforts in this most difficult job.

On October 10th the house joined Mr. & Mrs. Brooks in celebrating their daughter's first birthday. Elizabeth has taken on the role of our house mascot, spectating at most of the house's sporting events and usually wearing an appropriate house colour. Could we be in better hands?

Brian A. McCauley



Combe House

It is with a certain sadness that I prepare this report knowing it to be my last as House Captain. I have been extremely fortunate in having the backing of a fine team of House Officers and the support of members of the House.

The appearance of our common room has been enhanced by the addition of two framed house photographs, a carpet, a number of easy chairs and a television set.

We had a most enjoyable Christmas party: thanks are due to Matron again for the super festive buffet. Our thanks are due too to Mr. Kirk for arranging many enjoyable trips, particularly the visits to bowling, ice-skating, the zoo and the air tattoo.

On the sporting front the House was fortunate to count among its members Andrew Meek and Mark Piper who won the Victor Ludorum trophies for their age groups in the athletics, where we achieved overall second place. Our cricket team, led by Andrew Tompkins, were also placed second. After losing the swimming last year by one point it was particularly gratifying to win the event this year: credit there goes to Simon Vickers, James Bicker-Caarten and Emmett Borcik. Yet another second place was attained in the C.C.F. competition, where our team showed much enthusiasm.

As foretold last year, our overall results have improved enormously, due largely to our fine house spirit. I am confident that under the leadership of the new House Captain and his officers some of the many second places will be turned into firsts next year.

R. Andrew Goodall

Shaw House

Since the introduction of a new common room last year the house has bought two extra items to improve our facilities, a kettle and a toasted-sandwich maker. These have proved invaluable to members of the house and have been a salvation at many break-times.

In sport the house has had limited success. Perhaps the most outstanding effort was by the junior cricket team in beating Combe in the final and so regaining the cricket cup. Praise here must go to Andrew Dutton for a truly sparkling innings! Good effort was shown by both junior and senior rugby teams and also in the football, where the senior team was unlucky to lose by an early goal in the final against Waterloo.

Sports Day involved a large proportion of the house and all participants are to be congratulated on their efforts and, more important, their enthusiasm. Andy Vanrenen was our outstanding athlete, winning both the senior discus and shot events.

In other inter-house competitions the house again tried hard. We came third in the C.C.F. competition and presented a very amusing and complicated house play. Special thanks must go to David Utting for his work producing the play and to the other members of the cast and stage-hands.

I would like to thank all the house officers for their support in running the house, particularly Christian Etzel, John Comben and David King who have helped tremendously over the past year and showed great patience.

At the end of the last academic year Shaw sadly had to say goodbye to our House Tutor, Mr. Rabbetts, who has moved on to pastures new, where we wish him well. We have welcomed Mr. N.K. James to take his place.

Jeremy Jobling



Trafalgar House

Though disturbed by that most creeping of ills, change, Trafalgar has, by reliance on the traditional virtues, survived a prosperous and happy year. The senior part of the house settled into new accommodation in September and a word of thanks to the Bursar and his staff for solving assorted problems would not go amiss here.

Having said goodbye to several old stagers on the home front notably Joe Martin, departed to minister to the catering needs of north Hampshire – we were left with a small, yet dedicated, band of House Officers. Duties seemed to come up with less than welcome regularity but we survived to run a happy and efficient house.

Each term has had its highlight during this year. At Christmas, Steve Winyard led a band of seniors into the dog-fight of organising a party which entertained juniors of all ages, and even two little boys called Upton and Wickson were seen on hands and knees on the Art Room floor chasing paper fishes. In February the house play competition brought forth an avalanche of talent. Our entry, 'It's a Long Way to Canelloni' was written by Jon Payne and Sean Pertwee, starred those two gentlemen and a host of others, and won the brand new shield. To those two thespians in particular, and all who worked on that show, a special thank you from the house. The summer term has found its climax in hard-fought competition with the gods of exams for academic success, and an equally grudging battle with the other houses in sporting competition. While the latter endeavours were more dogged than successful, the former, for the G.C.E. candidates at least, are yet of an uncertain outcome. Nevertheless, let's hope that The Nelson Touch which has seen us through this year of endeavour will guide us through the twelve months to come.

Peter Newell

Waterloo House

At the beginning of the September term Waterloo welcomed a great many changes within the house. Amongst the most important were the new common room built in what were once the old bathrooms, and the acquisition of two new rooms in the staff corridor enabling Waterloo to move completely from the Rotten Row studies into study-dormitories, thus becoming a more compact unit on the top floor of the main school building. A large number of new boys were posted into Waterloo, seventeen in all, and they have all settled down and become integrated members of the house.

Waterloo has seen many awards come its way this year. The house has managed to win the senior rugby, football, cross-country, volley-ball and tennis tournaments. In addition to these a commendable team effort, especially on the junior side of the house, won us the athletics cup. The junior and senior relays were amongst our successes on sports day.

One of the most enjoyable of all competitions was the drama cup. The performances all round were of high standard. Simon London was one of the most outstanding actors in the competition: he played Ernie in 'Ernie's Incredible Hallucinations' for Waterloo.

A year of so much house success closed with the swimming sports, which proved to be a great finish. Waterloo and Combe shared all the major cups, Waterloo winning the standards cup.

Within the house, Angus Hunter took the Waterloo Bell, Mark Harrison the John Edward Cup and James Denham the Martin Black Trophy for best swimmer of the year in Waterloo House.

We are again grateful to Mrs. Seth-Smith who catered for our Christmas party in a most generous and professional fashion. Waterloo also offers a special thank you to our

members in sixth-form house who remained loyal to Waterloo during the year, assisting us greatly in all our activities.

Finally a warm welcome is extended to Mr. Francis who joined us as House Tutor in January.

Ian Perry

Sixth Form House

Sixth Form House is the place where Pierrepont collects its senior brethren. It is an institution which, in putting under one roof most of the school prefects and those following 'A' Level courses, might find itself becoming divorced from the reality of the rest of the school. This is a danger appreciated by those of us who live in what should be an academic ivory tower but never a social one. It has therefore been a pleasure to observe members of the House being so much to the fore in the school events of the last twelve months. On the sports field Sixth Form House Members have not been slow to respond to old House loyalties and take up banners victorious, (as well as those less so), in athletics, rugby, soccer and indeed wherever the clarion call has sounded.

In more cerebral fields Sixth Form House provided the majority of the producers for the House Plays — and in some cases the authors too. This is always an event to call forth the old house spirit and this year some of us found out just how much hard work and organisational skill can go into promoting that spirit and producing a show which will, in fact, be all right on the night. Mr. Pike's opera also gave some of us the chance to show musical talent: a goodly proportion of the leading parts being filled by members of the House, while those without such evident finesse happily found employment as gaolers, servants, or whatever other parts the First XV could realistically fill.

In Sixth Form House we always try to foster good social relations, and as well as our visits to gatherings at other schools, the highlight of our own social year, the Sixth Form House Party, held in the summer, was by common consent a great success. While this was organised as far as possible on a self-help basis, special thanks must go to Mr. Melbourne for his help. Since he no longer lives on the premises, he cannot perhaps be so closely involved with the day to day running of the house as previously, but his help and advice are always appreciated. Finally an appreciation of Mr. Treeby's guidance through the year must be recorded. We have had a busy and successful year — long may it continue!

Robert Smith



CHRISTMAS BAZAAR, 1980

Pierrepont School's 1980 Christmas Bazaar proved most successful on two counts: despite recession and inflation, £950 was raised for the Friends of Pierrepont, who also enrolled many new members during the course of the morning. The Friends of Pierrepont is an organisation open to all who have an interest in the school, and is concerned with the support and development of extra-curricular activities. In recent years funds have been used for the improvement of the library, the purchase of musical instruments and implements for the Gardening Club and the Meteorology Society.

The Bazaar had many of its by now customary attractions, both old and new — Father Christmas (alias Mr. Denne) on the side of tradition, and a computer display organised by the School Captain (Arian Wildschut) on the side of more recent tradition! As in previous years, record amounts were again made on the Tombola and Cake stalls, organised by Margaret Comben and Jean Jobling respectively.

A feature special to this year, however, was the Christmas Star lights adorning the Great Hall. These were specially designed by Mr. Sherlow, a Parent, and were presented by him as a gift to the Bazaar Committee for future use in the school.

Mrs. Hill on behalf of the Friends of Pierrepont would like to thank all those who gave so generously and who supported the Bazaar during the course of the morning, included the many helpers outside the Committee. Chaired by Mrs. Hill, the organising Committee of Parents and Friends comprised: Mesdames Jobling, Hubner, Comben, Shakespeare, Curry, Tompkins, James, Huber, Henderson, Dyer and Barker; Treasurers: Mr. Tompkins assisted by Messrs. Henderson, Cunningham and Hubner.

Reprinted from 'The Farnham Herald'

CONFIRMATION: MAY 10th, 1981

15 boys considering confirmation began to attend classes at the beginning of the Spring term. 14 of us, from the 1st to the 6th Form, eventually decided to commit ourselves to adult membership of the Christian faith.

Classes were held every Thursday afternoon, which gave some of us a legitimate excuse to escape from junior detention — and offered us a free drink "on Rev's Caf", hot chocolate being the most popular. A copy of a confirmation booklet, "Go, Know, Live", was given to each of us, so that by answering the questions in it we could find out more about Christianity, as well as compete for a prize for the best achievement. Confirmation Classes otherwise consisted of a series of discussions on Christian beliefs and practices and Church membership.

Final preparation was given to us the day before Confirmation Sunday in an all-day outing at the Chaplain's house. Discussions and prayer times with the Rev. Graham Theobald, vicar of Wrecchlesham, were interspersed by our enjoyment of various games facilities in- and out-doors, ranging from a giant "greasy pole" to a snooker table constructed by Mr. Webster himself. After a good lunch, provided by the school and served by Mrs. Webster, we were kindly invited by Mr. Parry to swim in his pool before going on to Frensham Parish Church for a rehearsal of the ceremony along with the parish candidates who were being presented by the Vicar. Finally a short baptism service for Patrick O'Brien ended the outing.

The next day the Confirmation Service began promptly with the hymn, "O worship the King". It was attended by an unusually large congregation — our parents and guests, our teachers and fellow-schoolboys swelling the normal congregation.

After the renewal of our vows, Bishop St. John Pike (who has now retired, having served the Lord for many years in West Africa) laid his hands upon us as,

one after another, we were confirmed. He also gave an extraordinary and powerful sermon, which revealed his grand character. Copies of the 3 poems on which his sermon was based were presented to us after the service.

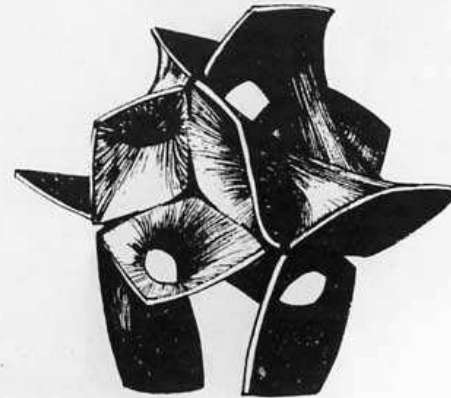
I would like to take this opportunity to thank the Rev. Webster and his family, on behalf of this year's candidates, for the effort they put into helping us to receive Christ.

Fanton Chuck

Names of those confirmed:

Christopher Allan, Mark Allan, David Bamford, Fanton Chuck, Gregory Dann, Simon Dawes, Anthony Filmer, Brock Horton, Stephen Lane, Edward Ling, Patrick O'Brien, Edward Macqueen, Michael Smith, Philip Weeks.

Next year's Confirmation: Sunday, May 9th, 1982 at 10.30 a.m.



OPEN DAY 1981

Pierrepoint Open Day on Saturday June 27th was as well supported as ever, with large crowds of parents and friends enjoying the opportunity to look round the school on a fine summer afternoon.

The school seemed keen to entertain as well as

inform its visitors with a wide variety of indoor and outdoor displays and demonstrations. In the science labs., for instance, great interest was generated by an experiment of considerable complexity to determine the levels of caffeine present in various types of tea and ground coffee. Arian Wildschut and Fanton Chuck controlled a labyrinth of glassware here, and produced for those present some surprising results, having analysed well-known

brand names.

For those preferring a quiet life away from the noxious smells of the chemistry lab., the school's first form had set up a series of nature trails around the extensive school grounds. The intrepid backyard naturalists were conducted around fine examples of Surrey Heath habitats, as well as those of river bank and water meadow.

Scientific progress was also evident in the computer department where a varied and changing programme was presented on the school's six new PET micro-computers. Whilst those with a serious desire for knowledge of our new masters inspected projects written by members of form four, and two instruction programmes which ran all afternoon, those more intent on fun entertained themselves with the ever-popular 'Space Invaders', 'Star Trek' and 'Breakout' computer games.

These are only examples, though, for members of every academic department had put on displays which reflected their everyday work.

The open air demonstrations were more varied than ever. The Priory School of Equitation hosted the Inter House Show Jumping Competition, won by Agincourt. Ray Denne had coached a team of junior boys who presented a sparkingly precise and enthusiastic gymnastic display. The school Scouts generated such a spirit of competition with their tug-of-war teams that an ad hoc collection of old boys was moved to offer a challenge to the winning team. Their superior weight told in the end, but not before their fitness had been questioned by the Scouts' heavies.

A particularly enterprising display of the Martial Art 'Aikido' was put on by a team organised by Jonathan Payne of Form Six. He showed not only the self-defence applications of the art, but also how security forces might use Aikido to disarm and arrest violent demonstrators. Commentary on the display was given by one of the

The caffeine analysis experiment



smallest first formers, Chris Davis, who was in turn able to show his Judo skill by executing a perfect throw on his team leader, a figure about twice his size.

The Army section of the Combined Cadet Force made a large contribution to the proceedings, demonstrating its newly enlarged assault course, its new REME section's work (including an elderly Austin 1100 which will one day actually run!) and its characteristically noisy display of battlecraft, involving sections of men attacking a defended position across the school playing fields.



During the afternoon a meeting was held in the library in connection with the appeal to raise capital funds to see that Pierrepont can continue to expand as successfully as it has in the past. It was a well-attended and friendly meeting which gave a chance for the Appeal Director to outline the projects in view for the future, particularly of course the planned Sports Hall.

During the latter part of the afternoon friends and visitors were invited to tea in the school dining room, an event which proved a popular social meeting place as well as a refreshing way to end a busy and entertaining day.

Tom Wickson



Left: A physics experiment

Above: Battlecraft

Right: Akalido demonstration

The R.A.F. too, showed off its work. Cpl. David Diaper had various members of the public prepared as for a fancy dress party whilst demonstrating flight safety equipment, and Flt. Sgt. Chris Etzel proved that the Air Force really is the service which best understands discipline and order by producing an impeccable display of foot and arms drill.

Open Day 1981 also gave visitors their first chance to see the Armoury Court classroom development now that it is complete and in full use. Every room was used to give an idea of the work of the departments resident in these first-rate new classrooms. An interesting adjunct to Armoury Court was the new Meteorological Station which members of the Meteorological Society have constructed. There is such a full range of instruments that Pierrepont hopes soon to be providing information to the Met. Office at Bracknell.





Left: Scouts' tug-of-war



Right: Junior gymnastics display

THE LIBRARY

Taking over the job of School Librarian from Patrick Longton was a challenging task, but to help me during the first term, Jon Comben kindly volunteered to stay on as senior librarian. Between us the new house librarians were quickly shown the ropes, so that they were all competent by the time Jon retired. They had to be, as it turned out, for the library has had a fairly hectic year. On top of the normal routine and the annual task of disillusioning an excitable new first-form group about what the library is really for, 'our patch' has been used for a number of less orthodox roles.

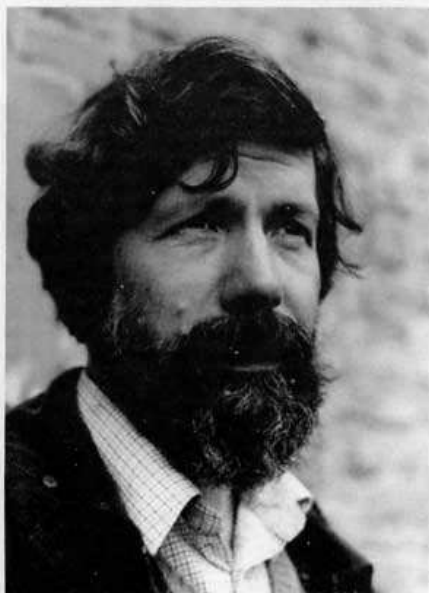
In addition to the carol service we have hosted or been used for parent-teacher meetings, School Appeal meetings, Friends of Pierrepoint meetings, new boy teas and a summer ball — not to mention four seasons of examinations. Round these we have tried to maintain a normal service as far as possible, and the library has functioned more as its name would suggest.

Our allocation of funds from the Governors has again bought many new books (around 500), building up in particular an enviable collection of non-fiction books which we hope will be attractive to all levels in the school. The library has been used regularly, and to a large extent considerably, by many students (and even some members of staff). The careful and interested use of the books and rooms by most of those using them are appreciated by all the librarians: it is a pity that a minority seems always to 'rock the boat.' Our regular magazine collection seems particularly vulnerable to abuse and may have to be discontinued.

We look forward next year to working with a new group of house librarians and are grateful to Simon Brand who has agreed to stay on for a while as Jon Comben did.

Jon Payne

PIERREPONT Features



PETER UPTON

Peter Upton is a man of many parts. Most of us see him merely as our Art master or the Housemaster of Trafalgar House. He might say that painting and looking after 45 school boys are fair representatives of his many talents, but as usual he would merely be displaying modesty and a rather dry sense of humour. Hiding behind his Rasputin looks is a horseman, falconer, artist, countryman and author, even sometimes singer, whose name is familiar in more countries of the world than the average Pierrepointian may suspect.

Born a Wiltshire Moonraker, Peter Upton claims to have been riding horses since the age of four. An abiding interest, once may say, developed at an early age, for he still rides and says he introduced riding into the Pierrepoint curriculum mainly because of an in-born hatred of Rugby football. Certainly he is an accomplished horseman, even being skilled in fighting with a sabre on horseback — a skill taught him while a-serving of Her Majesty the Queen in The Royal Horse Guards, that and other handy pastimes such as "guarding a gateway to nowhere in London".

Of more recent, and he would say more pleasurable, activities, Peter Upton breeds Dartmoor ponies. He now has four generations of the same family line, the youngest of which has just won him the 1980 Junior Male Championship for the breed. He also shows Welsh Cobs and Arabs, and indeed it is the Arab horse that is one of his keenest interests. He is a member of the Council of the British Arab Horse Society and an international judge of Arab horses, judging at major British shows, as well as at the National Swedish Show.

Arab horses, too, form the basis for much of his work, outside teaching, as an artist. He describes himself as a landscape artist by temperament, but one who is much employed as a painter of horse portraits. This he explains by claiming that horses don't complain if the likeness is bad, but it is only fair to say that the humans don't complain either since he has mounted exhibitions in several galleries in London and Sweden including at the World Arab Horse Organisation. His work is in private collections in every European and Scandinavian country, in Canada, the United States, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and, of course, Arabia. The Upton talent also extends to sculpting. "I produce bronzes when I get fed up with working in two dimensions," he says, and it is a characteristically throw-away line. Horse again form the subject of a large proportion of his work, but he is also the sculptor of a widely-praised and popular series of works depicting other animals; working dogs, sheep and deer, as well as human subjects.

Peter Upton is also an exponent of the ancient art of falconry. He makes yearly visits to Scotland for the grouse hawking season in Caithness and Sutherland. He has also kept peregrins, goshawks and kestrels at Pierrepoint in a converted potting shed. This mews (to use the word properly) attracted some interest in its day, but one Trafalgar House Captain lived to regret a kind offer to help out during his housemaster's illness. He was somewhat daunted at being asked to feed birds of prey, including a giant goshawk with a three feet wingspan!. Peter Upton has also managed to combine this interest with his life-long concern for wildlife in general, and its conservation. Whilst always keen to preserve the outstanding and characteristic aspects of the British landscape, his major achievement in this field has been a scheme to re-introduce goshawks to Dumfries-shire by importing birds from Sweden. This plan has helped to make a successful re-establishment of an important part of the traditional country scene.

Peter Upton's latest endeavours have been into the field of authorship. Published in April 1980 by Skilton and Shaw was his first book "Desert Heritage". In this volume he combined the talents of artist and painstaking researcher, as the sub-title of the volume will suggest. "An Artist's Collection of Blunt's Original Arab Horses" is an assembly of the stud records, together with illustrations, of Wilfrid Scawen Blunt's pure Arab stable. These horses were collected just over 100 years ago from the desert tribes and the renowned stud of Ali Pasha Sherif in Egypt. Since the majority of the world Arab stock is descended from these animals, the importance of this document is clear. It has been a particular pleasure of the author to see specially bound copies of this volume despatched to the Middle East to remind the present-day Skeikhs of what their ancestors gave to the world of thoroughbred horses.

Future projects which Peter Upton has in view are two books in collaboration with his brother, Roger. The first of these is an as yet unnamed work on field sports, and the second is a volume entitled "Rhyme Intrinseca" containing poems by both brothers and illustrations by Peter. Both books are to be published by Debretts.

Most riding instructors enjoy a joke.....



But don't go too far -

Peter Upton would explain his plethora of talents as being largely controlled by his upbringing, and inherited through his family. Artistic talent certainly runs rich in the present generations of Uptons and Peter's uncle, Charles W. Cain, was the first to combine interests in art with interests in The Middle East, being a renowned etcher of scenes in the Mesopotamia of the 1920's.

When confronted with the suggestion that he must

be well known in many different circles, this naturally self-effacing character, who has carved himself out an international reputation in such differing fields, will merely comment, "It's not so, I'm afraid. I'm more usually embarrassed to be taken for my famous twin brother". Such is the characteristic response of a man who can claim to be one of Pierrepont's outstanding personalities.

Tom Wickson

MWANGI NJERI

Approximately 18 months ago the school decided to sponsor a child through the Save the Children Fund. We had a vote on which country the child should come from, and the country chosen was Kenya. We were rapidly sent the case history of Mwangi Njeri, a 13-year old boy who goes to Starehe Boys' centre in Nairobi. The school agreed to sponsor Mwangi and soon we had begun to send letters to Mwangi and receive replies from him. We raise money to sponsor Mwangi in three ways: one is by carol singing in and around Frensham each December; another is the profit from "Rev's Caf"; the third is from individual donations.

Mwangi is an illegitimate child with no father. His family, which includes two other children, lives in a small room in Mathare Valley (one of the worst slums of the city), and depends on a very small income which his mother earns by working in a factory.

Mwangi has recently taken his C.P.E. to determine whether he goes to the "grammar" or "technical" section of his school: he scored 35 marks out of a possible 36, and has embarked on a syllabus leading to 'O' Levels in four years' time.

During last Christmas holidays I visited Starehe to take some gifts of stamps, a school magazine and pocket money for Mwangi. (The pocket money the school sent him provided him with ten shillings a month, the equivalent of 50p). Unfortunately it also being his holiday month, Mwangi was not at school, but I met the headmaster and was given a tour of the buildings and grounds of Starehe. I went through the dormitories and was told all about Starehe's band, their fire brigade and other of the school's activities.

Overall it was a very interesting visit, and has helped to make our link with Mwangi more personal. This summer we hope to take him a school photograph which he asked us for.

Grant Boshier



PIERREPONT SCHOOL RECEIVES VISIT FROM HELICOPTER FLIGHT OF H.M.S. NORFOLK

An unusual visitor to Pierrepont School in November 1980 was the Wessex 3 helicopter of the Royal Navy's guided missile destroyer, H.M.S. Norfolk. The helicopter dropped in to the school's rugby pitch as part of a Fleet Air Arm visit to the school's Combined Cadet Force.

Cadets were given a presentation lecture with slides of the role played by the Fleet Air Arm in the nation's defence effort and then enjoyed the unique opportunity of examining the aircraft and its equipment for themselves. The navy pilots demonstrated an air-sea rescue and the aircraft's normal operational role as an enemy submarine hunter, manoeuvring the great machine with spectacular precision on a field hemmed in by tall trees.

The Royal Navy clearly appreciated an afternoon's duties far removed from the serious business of national defence while the school's cadet force thoroughly enjoyed its visit from the most glamorous member of the armed services.

Re-printed from The Farnham Herald

JON HILLIER

I took up flying early in 1976. I suppose my interest in aircraft started a long while ago when I lived in the vicinity of Heathrow Airport and watched Comets, Vanguards and VC10's rolling down the approach. At the

moment I have 111 hours recorded in my log book, though I only need 40 hours to go solo. The reason I have not yet gone solo is my age, as no one is allowed to fly alone in a powered aircraft in this country until their seventeenth birthday.

The aircraft on which I have learned to fly is the Piper Cherokee Cruiser, a two seat, fixed undercarriage light trainer and utility aircraft. The machine I now fly is another Cherokee, a Warrior, with a bit more power, better handling and more space for radio navigation aids. Because of this and its two extra seats, the Warrior makes a better touring aircraft.

By the time you read this I should have gone solo from Fairoaks, where I have done most of my training so far.

During the Easter of 1981 I was lucky enough to go on an R.A.F. gliding course and after a very enjoyable five days I gained my gliding wings for completing one solo circuit of the airfield at West Malling in Kent. (The minimum age for gliding solo is 16).

I have completed a number of cross-country flights: to Sandown on the Isle of Wight, Headcorn in Kent, Kidlington near Oxford, Ford in Sussex and, most recently, to Duxford airfield, where a flying display and fly-in was held. It was at Duxford that I was privileged to look on board my favourite aircraft, a DC3 Dakota which took part in the display. I had flown on a Dakota to Jersey and back in 1975. Instead of flying from Gatwick in a Viscount or BAC 1-11, my family and I had to go all the way to Cambridge to make the trip in one of the last scheduled DC3 passenger services in Britain. I was allowed on to the flight deck to watch at first hand the trip back to Cambridge.

My aim is to become a professional civil pilot. After gaining my private pilot's licence, I shall have to obtain my commercial licence and instrument rating.



MIDSHIPMAN MICHAEL TUPPER

Michael Tupper who left Pierrepont in 1980 is now undergoing training as a Midshipman at Dartmouth, prior to commissioning as a Naval Officer. Michael was a member of the R.A.F. Section of the Combined Cadet Force and became the contingent's senior N.C.O. During his time with the C.C.F. he took full advantage of its training facilities including annual camps, a gliding course and an advanced physical training instructor's course.

He hopes to become a diving officer on completion of his preliminary training.

ARMY SCHOLARSHIP 1981

In December Peter Shakespeare was awarded an Army Scholarship. This highly coveted award is only gained after a series of very rigorous interviews. The candidate is required to attend three different interview boards during the autumn months. If the candidate is successful, he will be called to Sandhurst for the final

board which consists of five separate interviews, one being with the board as a whole. Well over three hundred candidates initially apply, and at each Scholarship competition a maximum of forty five scholarships may be awarded.

The Scholarship means acceptance for the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst at the age of sixteen, entry after 'A' levels and financial assistance with sixth form education.

Peter is at present in his last year of 'A' levels, and, depending on successful completion of these, will go to R.M.A., Sandhurst in September 1982. He hopes to join the Royal Anglian Regiment, who at present sponsor him. Peter's interest in the Army was developed after joining the School Cadet Force. He takes a great interest in this and has reached the rank of Staff Sergeant.

SAFARI OF NOSTALGIA IN KENYA

Holiday of a Lifetime

Those who have survived 3rd form R.E. lessons at Pierrepont have all made the acquaintance, by repute, of "Blind Daudi" — a 90-year-old Kenyan who was the first member of the Boran tribe to become a Christian when my father, a pioneer missionary, founded a Christian church in Marsabit in 1931. (To the uninitiated, Marsabit was — and remains, to some degree, a very isolated centre in the arid northern region of Kenya, 180 miles from the next petrol pump or tarmac road. It is also where I was teaching immediately prior to coming to Pierrepont in 1975.)

This holiday really all started with Daudi (David) as, because of his blindness, my parents paid the school fees of his son, Luka (Luke), who in turn became the first Boran person to go to secondary school and get his 'O'

Levels. In the holiday periods my brother and I became inseparable friends with Luka — and then, a generation on, two of Luka's children lived with my family for a year or two and attended school with them. Luka is our youngest son's Godfather.

Now — after 20 years of wide experience in administration — Luka has risen to the senior ranks of government and is currently Provincial Commissioner of Kenya's Coast Province. It was he, on a surprise visit to Farnham this spring, who for old times' sake twisted our arms (they needed little twisting) into spending a holiday as his guests in the haunts of our childhoods and later spheres of work. We found ourselves treated as VIPs wherever we went, and warmly welcomed by complete strangers to whom Luka had introduced us as his own kith and kin.

After 5 days' rest in a beach cottage on Kenya's dream shore (white sands, palm trees, coral reef and all — with the sea at temperatures even we could not fault) we then spent a week with Luka's family in the much publicised sea-side resorts of Malindi and Lamu: all the best the Coast Province has to offer the tourist, with its abundant tropical fruit, fish, meat and prawns. We went in glass-bottomed boats to view the colourful sea life of the coral pools, and by small Arab dhows to sail and fish; we saw ancient city ruins (such as Gedi) as well as Portuguese cannon and fortress from Vasco da Gama's days (such as Fort Jesus), and we surf-boarded (by trial and, mostly, error) on the huge waves of the Indian Ocean.

Then Luka sent us by train and by landrover on a two-thousand mile tour — in just 14 days — to see all the old places and meet all our old friends, as well as to stop over here and there in some of Africa's best wild game reserves. Our children in particular were able to renew their long-faded memories by seeing the schools they'd attended, the houses we'd lived in, and the hospital where our youngest was born. My wife and I were glad to get an opportunity to refresh and brush up our rather rusty Swahili and Boran vocabulary and syntax.

When in Nairobi we tried to look up Samuel Mwangi, the 13 year old boy whose schooling we at Pierrepont sponsor through Save the Children Fund. We were shown his dormitory, classroom and workshop by his house captain — but ironically he was at the coast on a school camp just when we were not! We left him some pocket money and a Pierrepont school photograph. (Grant Boshier of 3L succeeded in meeting him on his second visit to Starehe Boys' Centre the following week.)

The high spot of our nostalgic safari was when we bumped our way to Marsabit to live in Luka's home as the guests of "Blind Daudi" — one of the few remaining survivors of that first band of Christians of the 1930's. We celebrated our visit with a "goat and coke" party, and by drinking "ititu" (a Boran delicacy of rancid yoghurt) — even if our more delicate digestions did protest for a day or two afterwards! It was very appropriate that I should speak in the church in its 50th anniversary year on a day when the African vicar had travelled 100 miles to the north for the baptism of the mother of the first Boran clergyman who now works there. The 2½ hour service in 2, and sometimes 3, languages made our Pierrepont Chapel services mere child's play even at their lengthiest!

The Galgalo and Webster families



We had taken two suitcases of clothing, originally destined for Farnham jumble sales, which were accepted with pitiful gratitude by our old home-helps, who had clubbed together to present to us on our arrival 9 small eggs which they had bought, their own hens having died. One of them, like most of us, had given up sugar in her tea since our leaving Marsabit — but she is not weight-watching: she just can't afford it. It would seem that milk and tea-leaves may be the next to go once her family has used up the money we secretly gave her (lest her husband purloin and waste it.)

Of course we looked at the sites of my parents' first houses, and visited the secondary school where I taught until 1975 — renewing our friendship with both the grounds and teaching staff. Another family we were particularly glad to spend time with was that of another childhood friend, Solomon. His parents were the very first entries in the register of Christian marriages, a service conducted by my father in 1933. Solomon went with Luka to first and middle school, then trained as a primary teacher, and is now deputy to the Provincial Basic Education Officer of Eastern Province.

Progress in Marsabit since 1975 was most evident in the advent of electricity and the telephone — but, as in our time, there had been no water in the taps for two months, due not to drought this time but to mechanical failure of the 'new' water pumps.

Wild game, with the unlucky exception of rhino and cheetah, we saw in abundance:— flamingoes, water-buck, leopard and hippos in the Rift Valley's Lake Nakuru; elephant, buffalo, wart-and giant-hog at the Aberdare Forest's "Ark" (a worthy rival to the better known "Tree-tops"); lion, giraffe, ostrich, gnu and zebra in Amboseli Game Reserve; to say nothing of the lesser game and bird life of every description wherever we went.

On three early mornings, when the cloud lifted briefly from the mountain tops, we had the excitement



The Webster family

of seeing snow on the equator — Mount Kenya at 17,000 ft. — and the Christmas pudding effect of Africa's highest mountain, Kilimanjaro on the Tanzania border, a mere 19,000 ft. above sea level.

Our last 5 days were spent back at the beach cottage north of Mombasa, before travelling up to Nairobi with Luka and family for his children's new school term and our return flight (more trouble-free than the outward journey.) Awaiting us at home were the first of the 350 slides we took between us, with which both we and our children can bore, for days on end, any unwitting future grandchildren and unsuspecting friends who may be trapped into hearing the reminiscences of our "holiday of a lifetime".

Whether we shall ever meet up again with our Kenyan friends we cannot know — but we hope at least, in these days of jet travel, that our friend and brother, Luka, may one day bring his family to see us and Pierrepont again, and stay for more than the 3 hours he had with us this spring. Our closeness to them, and this holiday, is practical proof that barriers of language and colour fade away in the light of living friendships that can span 40 years and 4,000 miles.

Dennis Webster

FIRST FORM HISTORICAL EXCURSION TO FISHBOURNE ROMAN PALACE AND PORTCHESTER CASTLE

One fine day at the end of the Summer Term we were foolhardy enough to teleport — with the co-operation of Farnham Coaches — the eager young historians of Form I back through time first to the once sumptuous Roman Palace at Fishbourne near Chichester and then to the late Roman and Medieval castle at Portchester near Portsmouth. This venture, long overdue it must be admitted, was intended to enliven work done during the year, and in an endeavour to stimulate the imagination and appreciation of our latter-day barbarians to the advanced culture and civilisation of the Romans and to give them an insight into what high society was like in the stable southern part of Britain during the first two centuries of the Roman occupation, and at Portchester to show how in the years when the Empire was in decline the once proud Romans had to defend their southern British shores against attack from fourth century 'mods and rockers' — our English ancestors! Portchester also demonstrated the solidity and permanence of medieval English fortification.

On our morning arrival at Fishbourne we were first shown into the lecture theatre where we watched an imaginative and informative film about the history of the Palace and how twenty years ago its grandeur was accidentally unearthed by workmen digging a trench for a water main. After the film we issued the party with various questionnaires and after some slight delay while pens and pencils were found, an assault was launched on the excellent little Palace museum of antiquities where answers had to be extracted from the exhibits. This seemingly straightforward task caused unexpected difficulties for some members of the First Cohort but finally we emerged exhausted but still in control of our contingent despite the fact that a few had decided that the visit was merely a Roman holiday! Then with question sheets tightly clutched in hot little hands we investigated the

one surviving and fully excavated wing of the Palace observing the famous 'Boy on a Dolphin' mosaic floor, work in progress on the restoration of another mosaic and the visible remains of the eighteen hundred year old under-floor central heating system: what price twentieth century technology in the West Wing of Armoury Court where the hot air — the boiler's not ours — is made to fall from above on the already over-heated brains of those below! Outside the North Wing the gardens had been attractively and painstakingly restored on latin lines, and the full extent of the Palace, the South Wing of which now lies a few hundred yards away beneath and beyond the busy A27 road, could more easily be appreciated. But by this time hunger was becoming more important than history and to avoid the messiness of a mutiny we withdrew via the inevitable gift shop to our transporter and handed out the somewhat anachronistic packed lunches.

Half an hour and several sandwich-squabbles later we climbed aboard the Farnham Coaches replica of the Tardis and left Fishbourne hopefully unvandalised by our time travellers and headed on impulse for Portchester. Here because of our unexpected descent we were forced to lay siege to the inner gatehouse and whiled away the wait by sitting on the grass of the bailey, rolling down the side of the dry moat, visiting the fine Romanesque church in the corner of the castle campus, the only surviving part of a medieval priory or examining the cricket square where perhaps Richard II met his Bolingbroke?! We detected a certain rebelliousness during this period and several would-be wall-scalers had to be disciplined before casualties became unacceptable. At last the lady in the ticket office hoisted a white flag and we entered the inner bailey in triumph and toured the keep and the remains of Richard II's palace from which a fine view could be had of the surrounding area. The castle has seen much history, notably Henry V's visit in 1415 on his way to the historic victory over the French at Agincourt — it was during this visit that a conspiracy to dethrone him was unmasked, and three centuries later its occupation by French prisoners of war whose graffiti can be seen on several walls

and whose bone carvings are still found on the site.

But all good things come to an end and before we were driven to incarcerate some more hapless souls within its grim grey walls we decided to leave. It was an enjoyable but tiring day but we felt it had been a worthwhile exercise in alfresco education, and although the by now ragged questionnaires revealed very little evidence of youthful self-help, we hoped that for some at least, history had been made to live again.

Lawrence Treeby
Neil James





ANOTHER SCHOOL RESIDENT — THE KINGFISHER

The school is lucky to play host to one of England's most brightly coloured birds, the kingfisher. As its bright, metallic colours would suggest, the kingfisher is primarily of tropical origin. Both sexes are alike in plumage colour, the only distinguishing feature being that the male has a completely black bill whereas the female has an orange flush at the base of the lower mandible; the young or juvenile bird is distinguished by the dark colour of its feet, blackish brown instead of the reddish orange of the adults.

The bird is usually seen in flight, appearing as a brilliant sapphire streak from the feathers on the back, while the wing feathers above the tail are a darker blue. These sightings are usually made by looking down on the bird from a high bank over the river. They tend to be brief but are always exhilarating to even a remotely interested watcher. The brevity of the sighting results from the bird's high flight speed as it follows the river's course. It remains at a level height above the water, often with the wing-tips skimming the surface as the wings beat vigorously in the air leaving two parallel rows of spiralling eddies. If you are at low level and the bird is engaging a bend in the river the sighting is more often of the bright orange under-parts and chest.

In any view, the characteristic profile is of a medium length body, short stubby tail, short elliptical wings, and an over-sized bill and head with a very short muscular neck. This is to support relatively large fish such as stickleback and bullhead which it beats insensible on branches before swallowing them head first: often the dangerously protruding fins and spines of the fish will only lie flush when the fish is dead. The kingfisher usually fishes from a perch above the river or from a hovering position.

The male and female birds each have separate territories during the winter and autumn months. In spring the birds pair during low flying aerial movements and on a common fishing perch the male may offer fish to the female. The male holds the fish by the tail so that the female can swallow it without choking on opening gills, fins and scales. Fish are always swallowed head first. The birds have other food sources as well: large insects also feature in the kingfisher's diet.

The nest is dug into any available steep bank either on the river-side or a short distance from it. The hole may be bored into the bank as much as three feet. The digging of this hole is started off by the pair flying gingerly but with sufficient force at a fixed point on the bank wall. Once a sufficient depression has been made, one of the pair goes to work inside while the other keeps watch outside. The eggs, which are almost completely spherical, rest on the bare earth surface of the nest. Both parents share the incubation of the eggs: while one bird is at the nest the other catches food for itself and its sitting partner. When they have hatched the young are fed regularly but no attempt is made to clean the nest and in the later stages of rearing the nest becomes so filthy as to necessitate the adults washing after every visit. Eventually the young are persuaded to leave the nest and are fed for a while outside it until they can catch their own food and are at greater ease with their wings. It is at this time that young birds occasionally die by drowning because their feathers become waterlogged after excessive diving practice. A breeding pair will attempt to raise two clutches during the breeding season of four or possibly five months.

I have taken much pleasure from watching these birds in the grounds at Pierrepont.

Timothy Jones

THE NEW TUCK SHOP



During the Spring Term of this year I found myself trying to answer an endless string of questions concerning the new tuck shop. When will it open? What will it be like? Unfortunately I knew as little as the questioners and my answers were based on peering through the windows of the prospective shop. The old shop was large and well spaced, but was cold and damp. It had the added disadvantage of having the queues disappearing around the

corners, so that queue-jumping could not be prevented and riots sometimes ensued! The customers had the misfortune of having to stand in the rain while queueing, for there was no shelter outside the shop.

The new shop has, on the whole, overcome these disadvantages by having the waiting area in the same room as the serving area and in full view from the latter. The upper and lower parts of the school have separate hatches from which to be served, so that queue jumping and 'pushing-in' are to some extent prevented. The shop is better heated and so more comfortable to serve from. Although the serving area is small, the shelves are well laid out and the customers have a clear view of all the goods. The 'fridge still buzzes away in the corner, containing all the frozen goods for sale on hot days which, sadly, seem to be becoming fewer and fewer. The new premises have also had the effect of increasing sales, which is a most encouraging fact.

All in all, I feel that the new tuck shop is a great success.

Nick Robinshaw



THE BURSAR REMEMBERS . . .

At the end of the summer term, the Editor asked if it was true that I had once been covered in paint. I agreed that I had and I was then asked if I would write about it and other amusing incidents for the School Magazine. I agreed, but did wonder who it was amusing for. In the incident referred to I had not found it amusing as it was a new suit.

Now, as you have decided to stay with me, I had better give you a few details of our maintenance.

One morning when we were painting the front of the School, I climbed the scaffold to see how the plumber was getting on with the guttering. The gutter was very long and the request that I should hold one end whilst the plumber got his spanner did not seem strange; even when he disappeared down the ladder, I was not worried. I know things drop. After a quarter of an hour, I had a mixed feeling of tiredness, anxiety and annoyance. Five minutes later our plumber returned with the excuse that the spanner he wanted had been in the workshops and when he arrived there, it was tea time and he had forgotten that I was helping him. This plumber, of course, is no longer with us.

I have often wondered how long a job should take and fortunately I am inclined to under-estimate the time. On one occasion we were having a chimney re-pointed and our bricklayer put up a ladder to the roof and then walked up the tiles with his bits and pieces. Another man looking for a ladder saw the bricklayer's ladder and no one in sight, so he took it away. After my lunch, I went out to see if the job was finished and was met with shouts of who's taken my "???" ladder? After about a week there were no more threats of murder but I did notice that everyone from then on tied the tops of all long ladders.

Fifteen years ago when we were painting the Great Hall we used twenty-two gallons of paint instead of the

normal twenty-one. I only went to see how the work was progressing and so had our Italian chef. During my chat with him, I heard a shout from aloft and, on looking up, I saw a white wall descending. It looked so thin and I was sure it was going to fall on chef and was going to warn him, but as he was just standing there with a broad grin on his face I did nothing but put a grin on my own face. But this was a case of the "Biter Bit". In the next split second, I was covered in paint and he burst out laughing. The chef's wife, who was nearby, was the quickest off the mark. She was a dear motherly woman, quite used to dealing with emergencies, and in a flash, my jacket and trousers had been whisked away, and along with a burst of Italian she disappeared into the School laundry room with me in hot pursuit, plus chef bringing up the rear with a gallon of white spirit. I later gathered that the burst of Italian had been a reprimand for husband to take that stupid grin off his face and bring some turpentine, the fool! Thank goodness, I had had my back to her and that she had not seen my face.

One of the really dramatic incidents occurred when the present Sixth Form House was being built. The walls were up to roof height and the plate was being cemented on (plate = wood that fits on the top of the wall). Suddenly, the scaffold on the north side of the building started to fall outwards. Two men were on the scaffold at the time, one trying to hold the scaffold up and the other turning a plank through 90 degrees and shouting - "leave it go and ride her down". Ride her down did just that and stayed with his board for a nice landing on the rugger field. The other younger man was not so lucky, he fell and finished sitting on a tree stump below. He immediately got up, walked down to the workshop, got on his motor bike and dashed off. I ran to the front of the school, got into my M.G. 'A' and raced after our motor bike friend and caught up with him as he entered his drive at Hindhead, where, after putting his bike on a stand, he collapsed. I was able to help with getting the man to bed and in calling the Doctor. He was off work for about two weeks.



The school maintenance staff do have the weekends off - if not caught! One Saturday morning I was walking round the school and found that we had a blocked drain. The man with keys and 'know how' was not at home but the neighbours told me he was shopping with his wife in Farnham. So, off I go in hot pursuit. I found him holding a shopping basket outside a shop. On telling him the problem he said he would come with me straight away. He dashed into the shop and came back within seconds without the basket, saying O.K. On the way back to the school in my car, I asked him what was wrong with his car, thinking that he had gone to Farnham by bus. He had been so anxious to get out of the shopping that he had forgotten that he had gone by car and it then turned out that he had

not told his wife where he was going. Later I heard that wife, after standing by a locked car for nearly an hour, had made her own way home and that life had been a trifle fraught for the following week despite my assurances that it had been my fault. After all, how can a husband be in the right?

As the years have gone by rules and regulations are produced and Health and Safety Rules passed so that no longer will scaffolds fall, so they say, nor can one go up a ladder without tying it up, but still there are problems.



This last summer we had scaffolding put up for renovations to the South side of the school. It was excellent for the painters and carpenters, not bad for the plumbers but then they were all between 5'9" and 6'. Now it was the turn of the tiler, — problem. He was only 5'. A few years ago the problem would have been quickly solved. One or two wooden boxes and a pair of steps put on the top lift. Now we were not so lucky. More scaffolding, with what we had as a top lift lowered. Result, one happy tiler, one Bursar with a cut and bruised head.



Tree felling became a mighty task for us in the days of Dutch elm disease and, in the main, the felling was quite successful. There was one tree, however, that did cause us some anxiety. This one was at the side of the drive opposite the lodge and with a lean towards it. There was a clear way between other trees and parallel with the road for a drop and to overcome the lean we tied a rope from the tree to the Land Rover in the field by the river and took up the slack. On the morning of the day we were to drop the tree, one of the English staff had had trouble coming to school with his new Rover 2000 and had been pushed by some day boys off the road and into the lodge pull-in. That afternoon Mr. Edwards, the Head Gardener, cut out a notch and stationed a boy just in the field to give me a shout when it was time for me to go forward with the Land Rover. The final cut was then started. I was anxious as I saw through the wing mirror the boy

walking towards the road, still no order to drive on. I opened the door to ask the boy what was going on when I heard the tree crash. I dashed back to Mr Edwards and, horror of horrors, the tree had fallen at right angles to the way we had wanted and the nice new Rover was nowhere in sight as it was covered by branches. But again we were in luck, the main trunk had hit the bank that forms the pull-in and had stopped the branches from reaching the car. When we removed the branches the only damage was a two inch scratch on the bonnet. Then I started my enquiry as to why I had not received my call to drive forward. Yes, again Pierrepont boys had their right priorities.

"Well, sir, I saw these two girls on horses and I thought..."

Tom Parry

PIERREPONT Activities



ADVENTURE TRAINING 1981

As usual, we set out on a hot sunny day for our Easter time Adventure Training. We had left the school by about half past nine. Most of the cadets went in the

four tonner but four of us went in the Landrover with the food. It took us about four hours to get there.

By the time we had reached Durdle Door Camp, in Dorset, we were very hot and fairly tired. We then had the awful job of erecting the tents. At last, meal time: bangers, beans and mash followed by numerous helpings of custard, if I remember rightly, cooked by a couple of the older cadets with us. We had a washing up rota which seemed to turn out more bother than it was worth.

After tea we could do what we wanted; those that weren't doing the washing up that is. Some of us went exploring the surroundings. We were situated on a camp site very near to the coast. Leading down to the beach were, in many places, very steep cliffs but in one part we were able to get into the shore and make each other fairly wet.

The next day we went out in the four tonner to a remote region about eight miles away from the camp and we had to walk back to the camp again. Well, at least most of us walked it, rather than finding other ways of travelling that were not so tiring.

Most people succeeded in losing themselves but everybody managed to be back in time for tea, which as you can guess was bangers, beans and mash followed by even more custard! Most people slept very well that night; at least I did.

We were woken next morning at what seemed like five o'clock, but I am sure it was slightly later than that, by someone banging two saucepans together, this being followed by a lot of movement from both tents. I smelt the aroma of bangers and mash; not again, I thought. The previous night it had been raining and the end of the tent by the door, where I lay, was one large puddle.

Well, after everybody had made their marmalade

and cheese sandwiches for lunch we set off again for another walk, this time along the cliff path for about six miles to a pick up point.

After a few more days of walking, people's feet began to wear down, or at least their boots did, and the pace of walking generally slackened a bit.

After several days of rain, mist, fog and whatever else the weather did to us, the sun shone. Excellent we thought, sun at last, but it soon turned to rain. That day we went to the gunnery school at Lulworth to see Chieftain Tanks being fired and driven. We all had a go on one of the smaller tanks as well, not driving of course.

On the last day the weather was kind to us – there was only a slight mist and drizzle. First we put away all the tents and then put them in the trailer on the Landrover. This was easier said than done in the freezing cold and slippery wet grass, not an enjoyable exercise. Then we went to the nearby tank museum at Bovington, which was, of course, full of tanks, mostly from the Second World War, and other weapons such as rifles and swords.

After a week of living out, walking miles and miles, eating bangers, beans and mash, and of course, lots of custard, we all found that we were very tired but fit and feeling better for it.

Mark Allan

ARMY CAMP 1981

This year's Summer Camp was held at Folkestone, Kent. Thirty five cadets departed on the Saturday morning by coach to be met by Staff Shakespeare's advance party. The Contingent quickly settled in and that evening we spent on the Junior Leaders' Regiment assault course. The next morning, after an excellent breakfast, the platoon was split into its three sections which then spent the day

training under regular Army N.C.O.'s in such skills as section battle drills, ambushes and night movement techniques. Although section commanders and the senior cadets within the unit had undergone such training before, it proved extremely helpful for the younger cadets.

That evening we were taken to the miniature range where cadets who had never fired the .303 No. 4 rifle were given dry training on the .22 No. 8 rifle. The N.A.A.F.I. was then available for cadets to relax in a club-like atmosphere.

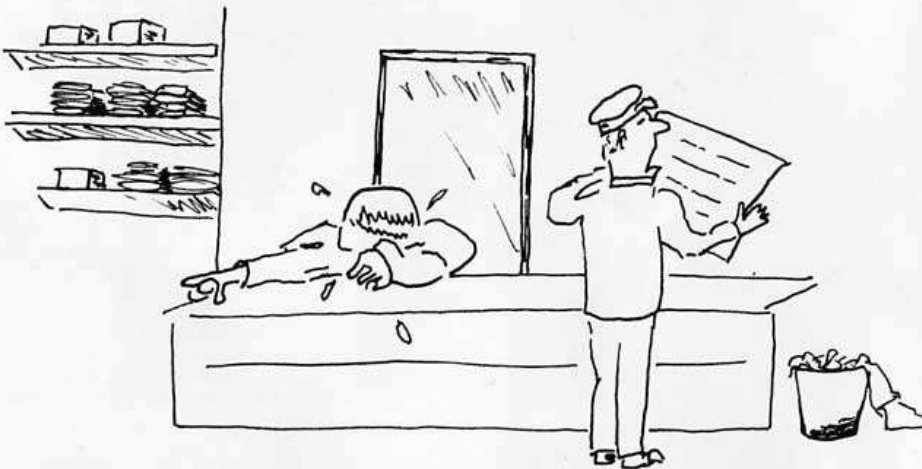
The next day was spent on the ranges at Hythe. We fired on the Electric Target Range and each cadet was given the opportunity to fire thirty rounds at falling targets. Cadets were allowed to fire in the standing position which is most unusual and proved to some the difficulty of hitting targets from this pose. L/Cpl. Tom Petersen proved himself a competent shot when he won the platoon's own open competition. While the cadets were not firing they were given dry training on the Light Machine Gun by L/Cpl. Hawthorne and Sgt. Comben.

Modern weapon firing took up most of the following day when cadets could fire the submachine gun, the 9mm Browning pistol, the self-loading rifle and the general purpose machine gun. This gave the younger cadets their first experience with the British Army's personal weapons, Cadets Goss and Welvaert proving particularly adept with the hand gun.

That afternoon we were taken down to the local gravel pits where a regular Army canoeing team instructed us in the art of staying afloat in such vessels. This proved too much for our most senior N.C.O.'s who soon found themselves 'in the drink'.

The following day the platoon put into practice all it had learned two days previously. Platoon battle drills were the order of the day and despite the scorching heat the platoon excelled itself. We did have a few casualties

C.C.F. Stores Computerised -



*It's no good pointing at it, boy -
I've got to find the NATO stock number.*

due to heat exhaustion, but they were quickly revived with the aid of a friendly water bottle. That evening a warning order was issued to the platoon commander of forthcoming hostilities by invading forces. During the next thirty six hours we were to play a vital role in dealing with the insurgents. That evening the platoon prepared itself for battle and in dark corners section commanders could be seen briefing their troops.

The following morning saw the issuing of rations, the drawing of weapons and the final preparations for battle. Photographs were taken and the morale of the platoon was at its highest. The platoon sergeant, Peter Shakespeare, hurried the troops aboard the trucks and off we went. We debussed one kilometre from our platoon base and quickly moved into a position from which we could make a recce of the area. The section commanders

soon had their men in position and while the platoon sergeant checked the patrol base, the platoon commander, Staff Sergeant Brett, received his orders.

L/Cpl. Hawthorne and Sgt. Payne were sent out on reces and the former, upon his return, informed us, "It's like a furnace out there." Sgt. Payne located the enemy and the platoon quickly prepared for combat. The platoon advanced across the open plains encountering pockets of enemy resistance on its way until finally all traces of the enemy had been eradicated.

The evening meal, cooked under the ever-watchful eye of the platoon sergeant, was the first objective on our return to camp. This brief respite was not to last long, however, for soon we were off again. This time the platoon arranged itself into a very well concealed position for an ambush along a known enemy route. After two and a half hours waiting, a well armed enemy patrol walked into the ambush area. We waited until they were within the killing zone before subjecting them to heavy automatic fire. We searched the bodies and then "bugged out" and returned quickly to the platoon position. The remainder of the night was spent sleeping and guarding likely enemy approaches.

The next morning we breakfasted and executed wood clearing drills. We returned to camp and after a debriefing session, we cleaned our weapons and rested.

The following day was spent map reading and orienteering and that evening we packed and prepared for our return journey. A vote of thanks is extended to Major Morgan, Captain James and the other officers for arranging such a successful camp. At the end of the camp we participated in two inter-school C.C.F. assault course competitions where we came first and second respectively. It was disclosed to us recently that we were placed within the top three platoons present at camp — thirty five schools attended the Folkestone Camp.

James Brett
Peter Shakespeare



C.C.F. — R.A.F. SECTION

The R.A.F. Section currently has about 50 members. The section is split into three flights: Jaguar, Harrier and Lightning. These flights compete in the inter-flight competition and a cup is awarded to the winning flight, which this year is Harrier flight under the command of Sergeant David Utting. The flights competed in various exercises on Frensham Common, a shooting as well as a drill competition and several inspections throughout the year.

In addition to this contest, cadets took part in many activities too numerous to mention here, and good progress was made in the proficiency training, although results were not always as good as hoped for by the instructors.

On Open Day the R.A.F. Section performed the by now traditional drill display under the Flight Sergeant, Etzel. An R.A.F. team also raced against an Army team on the assault course but failed to win despite desperate attempts by the team leader, Corporal Peter Barker, to shout the Army into submission.

Summer Camp this year was at R.A.F. Waddington in Lincolnshire and sixteen cadets attended. The days were filled with many (too many according to some people!) exhausting activities, including shooting, swimming, a football competition, drill, a night exercise, orienteering exercises and gym work. Visits to R.A.F. Cranwell, the Officer Training Squadron and Donna Nook bombing ranges were also enjoyed. Unfortunately we failed to win the Camp Trophy due to strong Northern opposition, but the camp was still very enjoyable.

Five of the Section's N.C.O's attended gliding courses at West Malling 618 Gliding School in Kent, two in the Easter holidays and three in the Summer. They received gliding instruction in the Cadet Mk. 3 glider and four were able to qualify for their gliding proficiency, which involved doing one solo flight followed by the most difficult part — a satisfactory landing (getting down in one piece). Corporal Henderson, Sergeant Hillier, Corporal Coates and Sergeant Wildschut were awarded their gliding wings.

During the Summer holidays Cadet Simon Vickers attended a sub-aqua course in Plymouth, which he completed successfully — to his great credit since this was a tough course designed for, and attended by, would-be professional divers intending to work in the North Sea oil fields.

Members of the R.A.F. Section, especially the new recruits, are now looking forward to many challenging Thursday afternoons over the coming year.

Gregory Coates
Christian Etzel



THE 1981 CADSAM SHOOTING COMPETITION

This annual meeting for cadets in South East England took place at Ash ranges over the last weekend in September. Over 300 cadets took part in a series of competitions using .303 service rifles and light machine guns.

Pierrepoint School C.C.F. entered two teams, on a service basis. In the premier rifle shooting competition Sergeant P. Barker took the bronze medals in both the Open and the C.C.F. match. The Electric Target Range rifle competition produced a four-way tie in an unusually high-scoring match. Staff Sergeant J. Davidson-Brett was in the shake-up with a maximum score of 100 but in the 'sudden death' re-shoot was relegated to fourth position.

The open machine gun trophy was competed for in appalling conditions, driving rain making it difficult to pick out the figure targets in the grey murk. Warrant Officer C. Etzel, however, seemed to relish the conditions and took the trophy with a score that no other cadet could approach.

In the Champion Shot Competition, decided by aggregating the scores of the leading cadets in all matches, Staff Sergeant Brett took second place, the winner being a cadet from the Hampshire and Isle of Wight A.C.F. This effectively gave Brett the distinction of being the most successful C.C.F. cadet at the meeting.



In the Philip Young Trophy for schools in South East England, Pierrepoint C.C.F. took bronze medal position.

Clearly the School's C.C.F. enjoyed a highly successful meeting, competing not only with the major public schools in the region, but also with A.C.F.'s from the home counties. It was the first time since the school began shooting at this meeting that our cadets have been in contention for medal positions. Since, in terms of numbers competing, this is almost certainly the second most popular meeting after Bisley in the shooting calendar, this bodes well for the future.

R.A.F. Team:

W.O. C. Etzel (Shaw)
Sgt. J. Hillier (Shaw)
Sgt. P. Barker (Shaw)
Sgt. P. Wickert (Traf.)

Army Team:

S/Sgt. J.D. Brett (Agin.)
S/Sgt. P. Shakespeare (Shaw)
Cpl. T. Petersen (Agin.)
Cdt. D. Kellick (Agin.)

Reserve: Cdt. D. Bamford (Agin.)



SCOUTS — PIERREPONT STYLE

Scouts at Pierrepont has traditionally had pupils believing it was an easy option from the two C.C.F. branches, but this is not so. For instead of finding themselves doing battlecraft and marching in freezing cold weather, they find themselves shivering in goal during one of our frequent inter-patrol football matches. Here they learn about the importance of being a member of a team, even if they get shouted at for letting in the last 9 goals. So what if the defence forgot to change round at half time, and what difference does it make that Mr. Francis insists on scoring? Despite all these problems, Pierrepont Scouts won the Scouts District Football Cup in a thrilling Final 7-1.

However, football isn't the only pastime prospective Pierrepont Scouts can look forward to. For example there's orienteering — and if anybody finds the marker boards and scouts lost on the Common, can they kindly return them? Then, after orienteering, there are lots of other games and pastimes we indulge in, too numerous to mention. And every Thursday selected volunteers go onto the Common to help the wardens preserve the heathland, and the habitat of the famous, rare sand lizard; and to right the damage caused by our notorious bunch as they attempt stealthily to carry out a mission in one of our games.

Then, further to entice new boys, or old, to the scouts, there's all the fun outside scouts. Generally speaking this is when, after getting lost on the Common, whilst aiding the army, who bungled another military exercise, you turn up thirty minutes late for a lesson to a very 'warm' welcome from the master taking it.

All in all, the scouts under Mr. James and Mr. Francis have enjoyed another typical year. And as we say goodbye to one of these helpers, Paul Harris, who has been with the scouts for six years since he came in the second form, we also look forward to another exciting year.

Peter Newell

FRENESHAM FAYRE 1981

Pierrepont School was once again represented at the Fayre by a gymnastic display by the juniors and this year also by an Aikido display by members of the school C.C.F. Both were very well received.

The gymnastic display under the direction of Mr. R. Denne and ably led by Simon Dawes, was a vaulting and tableaux display, the team being: S. Dawes, M. Arnold, J. Hunt, B. Masson, H. Taylor, T. Jackson, J. King, S. Steinberg and J. Wallis.

The C.C.F. display was managed and compered by Jon Payne and consisted of many holds and releases that are used by the Security Forces. The team consisted of J. Payne, M. Hawthorne, G. Hughes, J. Reed, H. Mathews, A. Hunter, R. Cory, E. Morris, with mascot C. Davis who, thanks to his Judo knowledge brought the display to a close by throwing his much older and heavier instructor, Jon Payne with a very presentable shoulder throw.

The C.C.F. display team also made a valuable contribution towards the end of the afternoon, by rigging and managing a mini obstacle course. This was very popular with the local children and also the children of a Pierrepont historian!

Ray Denne



FIRST AID

This year the C.C.F.'s Army Section continued, for the third year, its three term first aid course. The course covers bandaging, asphyxia and emergency resuscitation, also how to treat shock, fractures, poisoning, burns and scalds, not forgetting how to make a stretcher out of sticks, string and two shirts or jumpers.

To help the cadets in their course, the Army has provided us with a resuscitation model, known as Resuci Anne. Resuci Anne is kept under lock and key by Matron, since it is such an expensive and delicate piece of equipment. The model's insides are fully fitted with a mechanism so that resuscitation can be tested. This shows, by coloured lights, if the first aider is giving either mouth to mouth or mouth to nose resuscitation properly, and also tests external heart compression of the sternum. The model shows how difficult it actually is to give resuscitation in the proper way, especially since I couldn't do it the first time I tried!

The group has been instructed by the School Matron, John Hubner and myself, and we frequently set short answer tests, and practice things like the recovery position, which, by the way, is the position into which a first aider would put an unconscious patient.

Then at the end of the course, the group is given a two part test by Dr. Austin, the school doctor. The first part of the test is a practical, and the second part is an oral exam, followed by a written paper with both short and long answers, all of which are marked by the doctor.

Brian McCauley.

FARNHAM ROTARY CLUB SCHOOLS' PUBLIC SPEAKING COMPETITIONS 1979/80

In the summer of 1979 the Rotary Club of Farnham decided to revive the Public Speaking Competition for Schools and in October of that year Pierrepont entered a team consisting of Paul Kell, Jonathan Payne and Joe Martin and these three musketeers, though inexperienced in the arts of public speaking, spoke enthusiastically on the science of Wargaming and in a strong field they finished very creditably fourth equal. The revival of this competition was felt to be a great success and our team and its supporters left the debating hall determined that we should be represented in 1980 and confident that with the experience gained a stronger challenge could be made in twelve months' time.

The months passed and at the beginning of the Christmas term 1980 three intrepid volunteers stepped forward – or were they pushed? – to prepare for the forthcoming ordeal: Simon Rapkin, Andrew Pinner and Jeremy Crosby – brave lads! They freely chose a subject with which they were all acquainted – fishing – and under the watchful and critical eye of their agent, Mr Treeby, they put together an introduction, a main speech and a vote of thanks on the 'Pleasures and the Pains of Fishing'. Pinner as chairman was to introduce Rapkin as the main speaker, and Crosby was to propose the customary vote of thanks. The end product was informative, imaginative and amusing yet clearly much would depend for this relatively young team on their "cool" on the night and on their delivery.

At last after countless rehearsals and many strained nerves though with slowly increasing confidence, the day of reckoning dawned – October 14th, a day of disaster for the Saxons but not it was felt for their descendants. After a final breathless 'dress' rehearsal, the team, accompanied by their trainer and with Mr Webster and some enthusiastic supporters to cheer them on to glory, arrived at the latter-day battle ground – St Joan's Hall, Waverley

Lane. Hardly had we time to settle down before the contest was in progress to the signal of bells and flashing lights – Rotary's own electronic miracle. Collingwood School went into speech first and after hearing them the team realised that they would really have to excel themselves to stand any chance of victory for clearly the competition was going to be rugged, and the other teams from Weydon and Yeoman's Bridge appeared somewhat older and seemed likely to be more experienced in the arts of public speaking.

Suddenly it was our turn to speak; Andrew Pinner introduced the subject and the main speaker; Simon Rapkin, complete with fly-stuck hat, waders and rod, launched enthusiastically into his topic for the night, convincingly illustrating his points and keeping the adjudicators and the audience amused and interested. Finally, Jeremy Crosby confidently and humorously proposed a vote of thanks giving the team's endeavours an appropriate final flourish. The ordeal was over; the die was cast; the team had performed well under the pressure of the occasion and had now to sit back and listen to the efforts of Yeoman's Bridge and Weydon. Confidence ebbed a little as both teams did extremely well and the coffee break before the last judgement was a welcome opportunity to unwind.



The intermission over, the assembled teams and their camp followers eagerly waited for the results. Our spirits rose a little when we saw that the Chairman of the Adjudicators' Panel was Mr George Baxter, one of Pierrepont's governors, but alas he was, of course, a sea-green incorruptible and totally impartial, and any hopes we had cherished of favouritism or even of surreptitious bribery were soon forlorn. The panel placed us a very creditable 3rd, behind Weydon and the clear winners, Yeoman's Bridge.

Everyone who took part in the competition agreed that it had all been worth every drop of blood and sweat and the Pierrepont motto had been honoured. We had all learned from the experience and though beaten we were still unbowed.

Lawrence Treeby, with thanks to the team.

MODEL CLUB

The aim of this club, which was started a year ago, is to give boys an opportunity to construct model kits with the help available at the difficult points. The emphasis has been on the construction of flying models but a variety of other models has also been tried.

In this first year the club sessions have been at a time when many boys had classes, so numbers have never been large. The younger boys who could attend have often been better at starting a model than continuing it until it is finished. One contributory reason has been the purchase of unsuitably complicated kits for boys who sometimes have never made anything before. Once boys have successfully made a simple model, however, they usually have the confidence to see through a more difficult one to its completion.

Michael Huber

ELECTRONICS CLUB

The club is now in its second year, after re-founding in a more structured form. At present club meetings take place once a week during Junior Club's time but membership is not restricted to the younger boys. Electronics has proved a popular activity and certain boys in particular seem to have gained a great deal from membership. A small display of work by members was on view at Open Day.

The circuits boys have constructed include simple light detectors, lamp flashers, moisture detectors, fire alarms, various sound makers, radios and a host of other simple projects. Some of the circuits use the new silicon chips, larger versions of which we are told will soon change our lives. All the circuits are constructed by soldering, since not only is this a satisfactory way of making connections, but the skill needed is a useful one to learn. The club possesses some soldering irons and other tools but boys are encouraged to provide their own tools.

Michael Huber

FISHING CLUB

Because of some pretty appalling weather, the Fishing Club has been somewhat dormant this year. So has yours truly after breaking a leg early in May whilst doing estate work by the river! However, in between rain and high water, the boys have been fishing the beat with some success. Several good size trout have been taken, mainly on spinner but occasionally on fly, and perch and dace have also been in evidence. Fortunately, I have had no report of any pike catches, so we appear to have their population under control at long last.

Happily club membership is again at maximum and it is encouraging to see many boys spending their spare time this term by the river. It is, after all, a beautiful spot to be.

Not so happily there is evidence once more of illegal fishing, especially with worm, although whether this is by club members or outsiders is impossible to say as patrolling of the river at all times is impractical. Also on the negative side we are still suffering from mindless vandalism in the form of knocking bricks from the remains of the Boat House walls and throwing them into the Weir Pool. I fail to see any pleasurable benefit in this stupidity and it is frustrating in the extreme to those of us who try to keep the banks and surrounds in good order. It is hoped that those responsible will see sense and get rid of their pent-up emotions on the playing fields rather than the riverside.

Finally, and on a brighter note, funds are such that we will be able to re-stock this year with a number of fairly large trout and, with a bit of luck, keep them in our stretch for some time.

Malcolm Pike

GARDENING CLUB

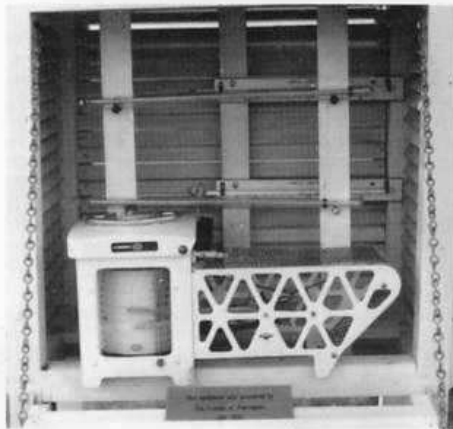
For a second, consecutive year we have had a bad season. Those who study Biology will appreciate that for seeds to germinate three conditions are necessary. They are air, water and warmth. When we had the warmth, and we waited a very long time for it, we did not have the water, and when we had lots of water we were without warmth, and only the grass grew and there was no stopping that — it was soon out of control. Embryonic gardeners like quick results. It was little wonder they became dispirited and disappointed and apathy set in. The summer term was short and there was no time for recovery later.

In the Autumn the Estate workers kindly erected our new shed in the Ornamental Garden and it has proved a great boon. It has been wonderful having tools on site at long last and the shed has proved useful for storage and as a refuge from sudden rainstorms.

This year the gardens have been judged twice instead of only once as was the practice formerly. Mr Upton officiated in January and awarded points for winter digging and tidiness. Mrs. Hill, Chairman of the Frensham Horticultural and Produce Society, did the judging in late June. The Highfield Cup was again won by the holder, David Diaper, with 17 points. Robert Ward was the runner-up and scored 15 points.

Richard Burgess





Interior of the Stevenson's Screen showing wet and dry bulb hygrometer (rear), maximum and minimum thermometers (middle), and thermohygrograph (front)

METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY

Thanks to the financial support of the Friends of Pierrepont, Meteorological Society now boasts a full set of recording instruments and has started to maintain weather records at Pierrepont on a daily basis. In addition, liaison with a number of R.A.F. stations has allowed us to compare our own readings with those obtained elsewhere in the United Kingdom. Sadly the Government cuts have seen the end of the Meteorological Office's Daily Weather Reports but a similar report is now obtained from Germany, albeit some forty eight hours later than the British Report.

Again, members of the society attempted the Associated Examining Board's 'O' level in Meteorology and it is gratifying to be able to report that some twenty six people were successful.

This year the society has conducted a number of detailed observations on the microclimate of the Pierrepont Estate with some interesting results, the Government's 'Save it Campaign' being amply illustrated by measurements of heat loss from school buildings.

The school society has now affiliated itself to the Royal Meteorological Society and as such has a valuable source of expertise and a pool of visiting speakers to add a new dimension to our activities. Finally, if any parent has any unwanted weather instruments; barograph, barometer etc., they will find a good and appreciative home here at Pierrepont. They would certainly help us in our observations.

Colin Brooks

THE 1981 BIOLOGY FIELD COURSE

Thanks to a flash of inspiration from our tutor, Mr. Melbourne, we were spared the usual wet, cold and dreary field course that Pierrepont sixth formers have learned to dread over the years. Instead we were used as guinea pigs for a new field centre in South Wales.

Subsequently our manageable-sized Biology class (Peter Newell, Peter Shakespeare, Paul Wickert and myself) set off from school on the morning of 2nd September in the school mini-bus, and arrived at Dale Fort Field Centre in Pembrokeshire at about 4 p.m.

Our first impressions probably inclined us to emotions such as shock, horror and dismay, and these feelings

were reinforced when we were shown to our room, which was down a dark corridor behind the kitchen. Pierrepont was the first school to arrive and so we patrolled the Centre for the rest of the afternoon and found out, to our joy, that of the students coming on our course, 27 were supposed to be girls and the remaining ten or so were boys! Of course, someone had not passed their 'O' level maths, because 19 of the 'girls' were in fact male!

Every school has to serve a day's meals and since we were the first to arrive, we had to serve on the first night. The job wasn't too bad and after being briefed by the resident staff we could soon whip plates from under people's noses and throw the washing up into the kitchen. The good thing about serving on the first day is that you only have to serve one meal — so we were laughing.

The very next day our work started and the first let-down was that we only had three girls in our class! The work was piled on right from the start and we often found ourselves working through to 11.30 p.m. A typical day on the course would consist of the following:

- 7.30 — Rising Bell
- 8.00 — Breakfast
- 9.00 — Lecture
- 11.00 — Tea Break
- 12.00 — Lecture and preparation for field-work
- 12.50 — Lunch
- 1.30 — Field-work
- 4.30 — Tea
- 5.00 — Writing up field-work
- 6.30 — Supper
- 7.30 onwards — Work

Over the week we studied various habitats in our field-work, and these included: Exposed Rocky Shore, Sheltered Rocky Shore, Salt marshes, Woods, and Strand-line on the beach, and the sea. Our study of plankton in the sea did not produce accurate results because we were unable to collect enough samples. I think it would be

unfair to blame Mr. Melbourne totally for this, but he did puncture the inflatable dinghy from which we were obtaining samples.

Our work kept us hard at it right up to the last day when we managed to finish at the amazingly early time of 9 p.m. So after this everyone went down to the beach near the field centre and we had a small celebration in the form of a massive bonfire and a few soft drinks. The celebration was highlighted by the Pierrepont crew deciding to throw their tutor into the sea – a ploy given practical support by a fair number of other people. The time was a long way out, though, so Mr. Melbourne managed to stay dry.

Looking back on the course a lot of work was done and (hopefully) a lot of ecology was understood and taken in. But for all the work done we had a good time and we would like to go so far as to say thank you to Mr. Melbourne for taking us. The weather was good all week, the situation was pleasant and the staff were helpful. So don't worry, VIB, – it's not that bad!

Robert Smith



LOG OF THE SEVENTEENTH PIERREPONT CRUISE – 1981

Arrangements for this cruise started in the autumn of 1980 when we faced our annual administrative problem of obtaining suitable vessels and the officers and crews to man them. It is important that each yacht is checked for seaworthiness and safety, and that there are two or three crew members who have some previous experience of this type of cruising. Catering economically and satisfactorily is becoming an increasing problem each year and stores must be purchased and packed well in advance so that in the summer term boys concerned with these matters can work on their exams and not on holiday arrangements. This year we have to thank Simon Rapkin and Robert Barron for the excellent supplies situation which developed later.

Our Charter Agent acquired for us the 41 ft Rival Cutter Picador which we took last year and a Coronet-38 sloop, Roaring Forties, which was new to us and which the designers claimed was both fast and stable.

Our first cruise embarked at Lymington on Saturday 4th July and that afternoon the ebb tide took us westward along the Needles Channel. Once we cleared the Isle of Wight the wind freshened from the south and we made a fast passage to Studland Bay where we anchored for the night.

We had planned to leave for Alderney next day but the weather was threatening and a S.W. Force 7 wind put paid to our hopes of a Channel crossing. Later that Sunday we left for Weymouth but heavy overfalls off Anvil Point turned us back and we returned and tied up at Poole Quay in the evening. While we were here we discovered a split in the diesel-oil tank and decided to return to Lymington to have it replaced. Monday evening saw us tied up in Lymington while a number of shipwrights pulled our craft apart in an effort to take the damaged tank out.

We spent the next three days of our cruise day-sailing out of Lymington in the Coronet-38 with visits to various harbours and anchorages in the Solent and a 60-mile voyage round the Island.

Mr Denne shipped with us for this week and we all learned much from him concerning seamanship and his adventures in the Royal Navy.

By Friday Picador was fitted with a new tank and we took her out for a short trial before our cruise came to an end on Saturday morning.

Our new crew for the second cruise began to arrive on Friday and Mr Hill arrived on Saturday and took over the Coronet – Roaring Forties. Mr. Burgess took charge of our stores and packed them carefully and methodically away in their proper places on Picador. No sooner was this completed than he received bad news over the telephone and had to return to Farnham. Picador sailed with an officer short and his place was taken by Andrew Walker.

That Saturday afternoon the wind was westerly and too strong for comfort in the flood tide which ran all afternoon. We went for a shake-down sail to Yarmouth and as the harbour was full up returned to Lymington that evening.

Next day there were reports of fog-banks in the Channel but as the wind was south west force 4 and the morning tide was fair, we left for Alderney in company. We lost sight of each other in the fog but managed to maintain contact by radio. By 1800 hours land was in sight – this was not Alderney as we at first thought, but the French coast at Cap de La Hague. As the tide was running fiercely to the east we carried on, and tacked off Omonville in the evening. By then the tide had turned and carried us westward to enter Braye Harbour after dark. A long and tiresome crossing for a first sail, several of us were seasick and all had had enough by the time we moored.



We spent Monday exploring Alderney, visiting another yacht owned by Tony Blake the well-known Old Pierrepontian, and a hospitable Dutch training ship. Next day we sailed south down The Swinge. It was a spring tide and even though it was slack water at the time of our passage we could see how hazardous this channel can be if traversed at the wrong state of the tide. We anchored for lunch off North Sark and later Picador moved round the Island to Creux Harbour where we landed to explore the old harbour and tunnel through the cliff leading to the interior of the island. We had an excellent Channel Island Pilot book on board Picador and used it to take an inshore passage between Little Sark and L'Etac on our route to St. Peter Port where we found that Roaring Forties had already arrived by way of a passage round north Sark and the island of Herm.

That evening we moored in St. Peter Port and decided to remain there next day as there was risk of fog in the evening off the French coast and an inhospitable Notice to Mariners from St. Helier, Jersey to say that the marina there was full up.

On Thursday we left St. Peter Port at 9 o'clock on the long run to St. Malo. Navigation here is relatively easy if the visibility is good as some mark is always in sight. As the day went on we left St. Martin's Point to starboard, then in succession Desormes Light, La Corbiere Light House, the N.W. Minquiers buoy and the S.W. Minquiers buoy to port. Here the course is changed for St. Malo and presently the high cliffs of Cap Frehel can be seen far away to the south, followed by the Ile de Cezembre and the Grand Jardin Lighthouse which mark the approach to St. Malo.

We rounded the harbour wall at the same time as the Normandy Ferry and had to wait only a short time before the lock gates opened and allowed us to enter the Vaubin Basin and tie up below the walls of the city in the same place as we did last year.

We stayed in St. Malo for two days and left as soon as the lock opened on Saturday morning. As the visibility was rather poor we arranged to sail together to a rendezvous off the N.W. Minquiers buoy and decide here whether to head for Guernsey or divert into St. Helier, Jersey. Picador reached the rendezvous first and hove-to to await Roaring Forties which presently appeared out of the mist and headed for us. At this point Greg Coates reported that Picador would not answer to the helm and could not be got under way. We realized also that we were drifting onto the Minquiers rocks and had about half an hour in which to get the vessel moving again. We signalled to Roaring Forties to stand by in case we needed help and Simon David crawled into the aft locker and under the cockpit floor to investigate. Presently he emerged and reported that the steering linkage had fallen apart. He had managed to clear the trouble and the rudder was now free but not connected to the wheel. We found and rigged an emergency tiller and that evening Roaring Forties piloted us into the Marina at Jersey and we thankfully tied up at 16.30 hours.

After tea we set about assessing the damage. Simon was again pushed into the very restricted space under the cockpit with a torch whence he emerged having found a missing shaft key under the fuel tank. We persuaded him to go back again and refit the steering arm with its key. This he did quickly and reliably and we were again seaworthy.

Jersey Marina is crowded and unpleasant and all of us were glad to leave next morning for St. Peter Port.

We spent Monday in Guernsey as both vessels needed fuel and water and tidal conditions were unsuitable for a voyage northwards to Alderney. Next day we sailed and were glad to moor in Braye Harbour again as the weather was deteriorating rapidly. By dusk the spray was breaking over the harbour wall and there was a heavy swell in the anchorage.

On Wednesday and Thursday the weather remained

unsettled with a slow moving depression over East Anglia and gale strength winds in the Channel. While delayed here, we took the opportunity of having an electrical fault which had occurred in Roaring Forties repaired.

We were beginning to be concerned that the poor weather would cause us to be late in getting back to Lymington. However the forecast at midnight on Thursday gave an indication of an improvement and the 06.00 forecast on Friday was for N.W. Force 5 with good visibility and a slowly rising barometer. We left Braye at 06.45 that day and after a very fast and exciting passage had the Needles abeam at 15.45. Wind and tide took us from here and we moored in Lymington Yacht Haven less than an hour later.

So ended our Seventeenth Cruise with what was for us a record run from Alderney to The Needles.

Special thanks are due to Andrew Walker and John Griffith for taking over as First Officers of our vessels.

School Cruising Colours are awarded to Gregory Coates, John Comben and Simon Buesnel for their high standard of seamanship.

Dick Hornidge

THE SAILING CLUB, 1981

The six dinghies — three Mirrors and three Enterprises — we have at Frensham Pond continue to do valiant service, despite the inevitable damage they suffer due to juniors learning to sail in them and seniors not sailing them properly, but this can soon be rectified.

Competitive sailing continues to be difficult to arrange, mainly due to drastically shortened sailing time within the new time-table, but we hope for more luck next year.

The weather has been fairly unpredictable this year with strong winds for much of the summer term, leading to the inevitable capsizes and subsequent soakings, but there were in contrast some days when the boats refused to move at all, due to a complete lack of wind.

However, sailing was, and still is, enjoyed by the thirty odd members of the sailing club, who sail for one afternoon a week, ignoring the occasional discomfort of getting wet or being hit by various moving parts of the boat.

I would also like to take this opportunity to thank Mr Burgess, who has now retired from being Director of Activities, for arranging sailing over many years.

Gregory Coates (Sailing Captain)



SOMERSET SORTIE — DIARY OF A WEEK

Our school Chaplain each year takes two eight day trips to Somerset at the end of the summer term. We stay at 'Grail House', Burtle, with the Rev. Jonathan Robinson, who used to be a curate in the Bourne, Farnham.

Sunday

On our way down we stopped at Stonehenge just to stretch our legs. We then went on to Longleat.

That evening we met Jonathan — a bit of an experience to those who have never been before! Now a charitable trust, 'Grail House' has taken Jonathan a long time to build up, and it has grown considerably since Pierrepont first descended on it five summers ago. Amongst other things Jonathan aims to foster a good community spirit — often trying to overcome racial prejudice as he regularly has parties of Ugandan Asians, Vietnamese orphans and Boat People there.

Monday

We began the day with 'Jonathan's Half-Hour' — a semi-serious ¼-hour devoted to different aspects of what may loosely be called religion. In the event it was a good source of fun! Once Jonathan blindfolded us by turns, and we had to point out the person of whom we were thinking (thought transference?) — when Jonathan's turn came we quickly disappeared, and he was left there pointing at no-one!

After the 'Half-Hour' we went to Cheddar Gorge. Then on to Wookey Hole Caves, Museum and Paper Mill, which was even more interesting than in previous years as a new part of the museum has now been opened and the paper mill is even more productive. Later — yes, still the same day — we went swimming at Strode.

Tuesday

As the weather was good we went, via Exmoor and Porlock Hill to Lynton and Lynmouth in North Devon. Porlock Hill is a little steep — a 1 in 4 gradient (25%?) — and the minibus usually has a problem getting up; however this year we had hired a good bus and it was easy!

Lynmouth is a picturesque harbour in the sunshine, though now somewhat of a tourist trap. We were able to buy postcards. The cliff railway up to Lynton is interesting as it is powered by water. Like a cable car, one carriage goes up as the other (now full of water) goes down.

Next we went, via the Valley of the Rocks and the coast road, to Lee Bay. After clambering on the rocks at Lee Bay (taking due note of the mis-spelt notice warning about the tide), we drove on to Watersmeet where, turning a blind eye to the beautiful scenery, our main object was to see who would be thrown in the river first. An actually free Rev's Caf on the journey home finished an eventful day.

Wednesday

This was the day of the sponsored cycle ride, one group in the morning, the other in the afternoon. (It must be said that Jonathan's assortment of odd bikes is not in its first flush of youth — pedals hardly turn, gears are stuck in third, punctures abound!)

Meanwhile the other half of the group cut up logs for the winter — Melvyn knew an easy way: he had brought his chain-saw. Jit, however, an avid bottle collector and used to digging, actually volunteered to dig an extension to the cess pit.

The day ended with a barbeque in the old fireplace (rebuilt by past Pierrepontians) in the garden, and this was followed by a vicious game of 'hockey' with upturned walking sticks and a football.

Thursday

On to Bristol, where we walked over the Clifton Suspension Bridge (and threw coins at seabirds resting on the river hundreds of feet below — of course we didn't hit any), picnic on the downs, and then ice-skating at Bristol Ice Rink (of Robin Cousins fame).

In the evening we went to a local cinema to see the film 'Silver Dream Racer' — it was good; so were the chips afterwards!

Friday

Despite uncertain weather we climbed Glastonbury Tor. Jonathan talked to us up there about the 'vibes' that radiate from the top of the Tor to all the major hills in the country — 'ley' lines?! (We call the tower up there the Tardis, as a result).

In the evening we had a session of 'meditation' with Jonathan in the 'Sanctuary' (a garden chapel made of railway sleepers). We had to be very quiet and think peaceful thoughts (both activities we find difficult).

Then there was the midnight hike, when the Old Vic got out of the minibus straight into 6 ft of water in a concealed ditch — we had to go back for him to change, then started all over again in a different direction.

Saturday

We traditionally spend our last day, and the last of our money, at Weston-Super-Mare — this week was no exception, but a new item on the menu was 10-pin bowling. Melvyn claimed to have won this — but we still think it was a fix, as he gave himself a handicap (?) from his score in the previous week's party. However, on the Pier we managed to gang up on him in the dodgem cars!

Sunday

At a nostalgic (?) farewell get-together we presented gifts to Jonathan, Melvyn and Gina (who did the cooking) — after all, the week would have been quite different without them — and we christened Grail House's new sitting room with a bottle of Jonathan's home made wine. (Another of these had woken us when it exploded in a caravan cupboard one night!). Jonathan then auctioned a bottle for charity — typically it was 'Doe', the youngest in our party, who bid the highest ("a present for Dad"?). His buying it saved the eyesight of two children in India.

We finally said goodbye, and headed for home armed with yet more presents, particularly Somerset Scrumpy and two pet hedgehogs.

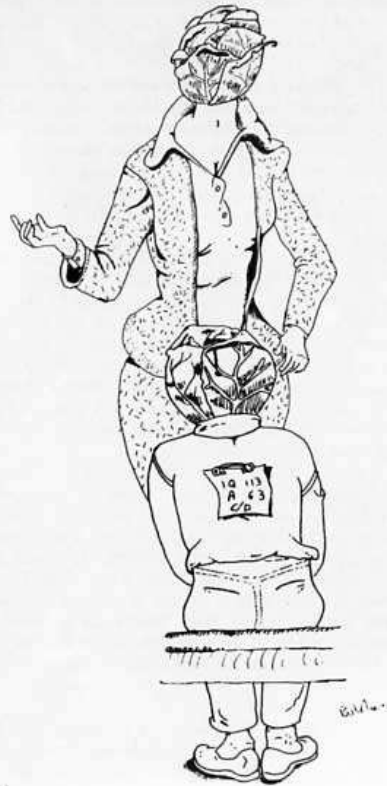
Guy Harrington

PIERREPONT Contributions

THE MORNING AWAKENS

The dawn breaks,
The cockerel talks in a polite manner,
The birds sing,
The cats scream,
We, the human beings, get up
With droopy, decrepit faces,
and make revolting yawns,
As we hobble up on our two feet,
And slide our toes along the cold, stone-cobbled floor.

Graham Hughes
Form IV



FIRE

My motto is
"Burn and destroy".
I rage through the woods like a
Drunken man,
But I am not living,
Nor am I dead:
I am energy,
I am fire.

Timothy Austin
Form II

WINTER SILENCE

Cold is the snow,
Red noses glow.
Cold hands are clapped,
People well-wrapped.
Sun stays in bed,
Old sleepy-head.
Ice on the ground,
Snow in a mound.

Timothy Austin
Form II

MY WIFE

Myself, standing in a fish and chip queue,
Quietly thinking, as the vinegar runs through,
What shall I do for dinner for two?

I think I'll have a stroll around,
Perhaps it's best to stay,
I think I'll have a little drink –
I can't this time of day!

I think I'll have a little smoke,
Then throw away the key,
The house is just an awful mess,
and my wife's just hating me!

Graham Hughes
Form IV

THE DARE

It was the first day of the summer holidays, and I had arranged to meet some of my friends at the corner shop on Westfield Street at eleven o'clock. They arrived a little after eleven, and we set off, not really knowing what to do. We decided to go over to the building site, about half a mile down the road, just next to the Woking Civic Halls. There were large wooden boards all around the site, about seven feet high, so Andy (the tallest of all my mates) gave me a bunk up over the boards. I reached up and grabbed the top of a wooden board. I just about managed to haul myself up over it and jumped over the other side.

"It's all right," I shouted over. "There's no-one about." It was lucky it was a bank holiday, because I might have been caught and possibly taken to the police for trespassing.

We all eventually clambered over, and into the building site, still not really knowing what we were there for. "I dare anyone for a fiver to climb up into the crane over there and right along the metal arm," exclaimed Ben, not really expecting anyone to take up his dare.

"You'll do it, won't'cha Matt? I mean you *are* the most brave, aren't you? I mean for a fiver, eh?" "O.K., but let's see the fiver first!" With that Ben got a five pound note from his pocket and showed it to Matt. "I wouldn't, Matt. I mean, what'll happen if you slip and fall? You'd almost certainly kill yourself," I said, trying to caution him. "Oh that's simple," he said. "I won't fall." So with that he ran up to the crane and started climbing. "He *is* too," Ben said in surprise.

Ten minutes later, he was at the top of the crane and he started to clamber along the long steel framework of the arm of the crane. "We'd better stop him, before it's too late!" I said, trying to persuade Ben to give up his fiver. "Not likely," he replied. "I ain't gonna let him have the fiver yet; any old fool could climb to where he's got

to." There seemed no stopping him now, as Matt crawled along hanging on for grim death. Finally he'd reached the end of the arm and sat up. Suddenly, a quick gust of wind forced him to grab hold of the arm of the crane again. I could feel how scared he must be now.

Then the wind settled again and the arm which Matt was now holding stopped swaying. He sat up again and said, "Look, no hands!" and with that he at once slipped through one of the holes in the steel arm and just managed to grab hold of a piece of one of the steel rungs. "Blimey!" I exclaimed, "He's in for it now." We all shouted to him to come back down, but he didn't reply at all.

"Go ring the fire brigade," said Ben to me, and I rushed off to the 'phone box around the corner. 999 I rang. "Which service do you require, please?" the voice asked. "Er ... er the fire brigade, quickly. My friend's in trouble!" "Where is he in trouble, please?" replied the female voice. "The building site ... he's stuck on top of a crane, next to the Woking Civic Halls. Hurry!" I replied and ran back to the crane. Matt was still there, hanging. I wondered how long he could stay hanging. The sirens sounded loud and the firemen arrived.

"Right, where is he, Son?" one of them asked. "Over there, on the crane arm," I answered. "Hold on up there, we're coming!" shouted the chief fireman. They smashed down one of the wooden boards and drove the fire engine into the site. When it was directly under the crane the long ladder started to elevate. Up and up it went, finally reaching Matt. "Right, let go son," the fireman at the end of the hydraulic ladder said to Matt. Matt did so and clung to him as the ladder went down again.

As it reached the ground we could see that Matt looked as white as a ghost, not surprisingly, though, having been stuck up there for more than ten minutes. The firemen gave us all a lecture on never daring anyone again and told us that we would all have to tell our parents.

We thanked them and promised that we'd never do anything stupid like that again.

As they drove off, Matt regained his normal colour and nonchalantly said, "So where's this fiver, Ben?"

Blue Leach
Form III

THE INDUSTRIAL CITY

What city can be fair,
Cramp and dirty with polluted air,
Dark bleak buildings,
Many people mingling.

Whizz of the hammer,
Thud of the steel,
Scream of the iron
Under the wheel.

Rosy red sulphur,
And drifts of smoke,
Conical brick chimneys,
Belching black smoke.

P. Jason French
Form IV

FOR A CRIME I HAVE COMMITTED

Quick! Quick! Run!
The police are coming . . .
For a crime I have committed
What should I do? What should I do?

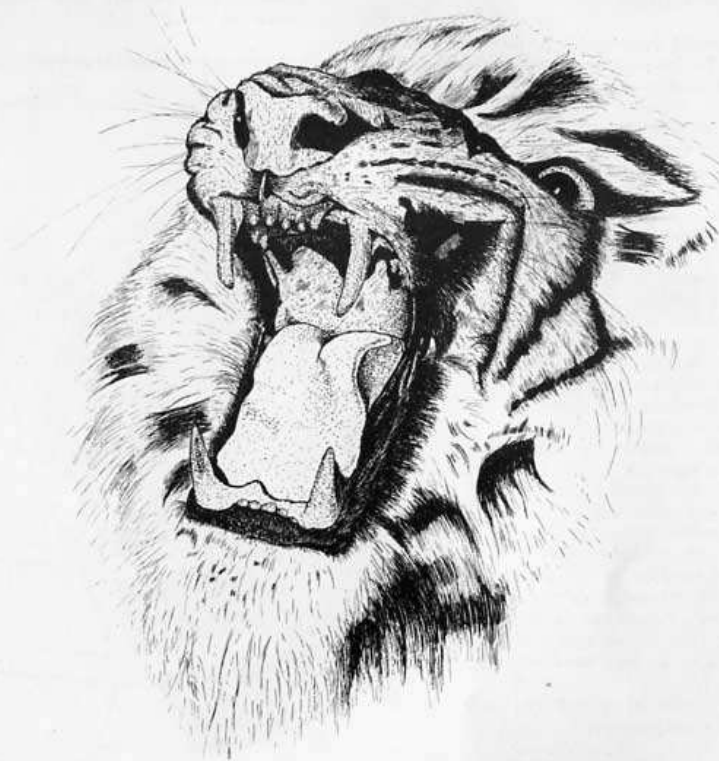
Flee! Flee! I thought —
The only way to escape . . .
From the inescapable Law.
What should I do? What should I do?

No! No! Don't flee,
My conscience said . . .
For there is no escape from the Law,
What should I do?
What should I do?

Surrender! Surrender! I thought —
And put in prison for life?
For there is no other way.
What should I do? What should I do?

Right! Wrong! Right!
My mind is so confused . . .
For I know not what to do —
What should I do? What should I do?

Jeffery Tan
Form IV



A. TANG '81

AN EERIE EXPERIENCE

The lid banged down for the last time, the preacher said his words. The brown oak coffin was lowered into the grave and it was filled in.

I walked away head down, tear in eye, to the car. The dog, a small black Jack Russell, whined all the way home in expectance of his master's coming.

The car door banged shut; my shoes made a grinding sound on the ground. The dog would not come without the master back, but I coaxed him in with his dinner. That night I stayed in the spare room, after my nightcap of brandy. The house was still, no movement at all. I tossed and turned all night. I suddenly seemed to awake sweating. I was lying in a dark tunnel, the ground was wet with condensation. I stood but I found that I was nude, no part of my skin was covered. I looked around for a sign of where I was, but no sign was there. The tunnel wasn't in total blackness but the blackness of a negative photo. Suddenly, a blinding light and a shuffling of feet, another blinding light and a gnarled hand landed on my shoulder. I kicked, I jabbed, I punched myself free, flinging myself away; I landed and groped and then I ran and ran through tunnel after tunnel; I could not stop, I would not stop. My body suddenly smashed into the wall. My badly crumpled body fell to the ground. My head spinning, I looked up and saw an old man with gnarled hands and a gnarled body. I could not see his head, it was draped in a tatty black habit. He was holding a withered old stick with jutting pieces of dead wood where his hand was.

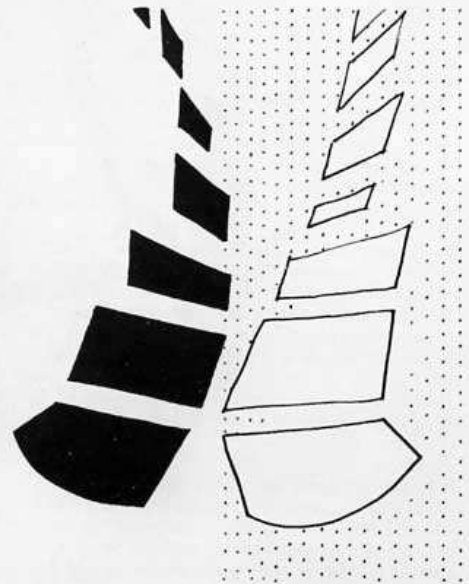
Suddenly I, the crying man on the ground, acknowledged who the old man was . . .

The next day, my body was staightened out, so it would fit in the coffin. My face showed fear. My mouth was still fitted with the grimace of my last word, "Help!"

The lid banged down for the last time, the preacher said his words, the brown oak coffin was lowered into the grave and it was filled in.

The young boy walked away head . . .

James Bicker-Caarten
Form II



POLITICAL PRISONER

The flashing of the lights,
The whiteness of the walls,
All combine in his confused mind
To blind or frighten him,
Alienate and Disorientate.
Then, with frightening suddenness
The scene changes.
The softness of the bed,
and food at his side.
The comfort, which, in other circumstances,
Would have been exultant,
Becomes more nightmarish
Than all the brutal beatings
By the green-jacketed torturers.
The drugs and instruments,
The noise and torturing,
Serve only to draw his mind
Deeper into its protective shell.
Three weeks have passed,
or were they years.
The crime is forgotten,
There are only the questions.
Who was your contact?
What did you give him?
But his maddened mind
still clings to one thought
Left over from his sanity,
They'll never get it out of me.

Paul M. Utting
Form IV

THE SNIPER

The grim column wound its way through the mountains,
The soldiers, drawn with fatigue, plodding behind the car.
In the car sat a gaunt, nervous officer,
Who cursed and urged his dust-ridden troops to move faster.
For a battalion of Afghans were giving chase.

A man had been watching them.
He had been peering cautiously over the ledge at them,
Since they were a speck in the distance.
Now he could clearly distinguish the leading figures.
The sniper's cold eye squinted through his sights,
Focused from blur to sudden sharp image,
He studied his enemy

He tensed his muscles, his face a mask of sweat,
Slowly, with expertise and with care, he squeezed off
his shot.

A ricochet of sounds from the mountain walls:
The officer slumped back in his seat, with a red hole in
his forehead.
The reply – a thick hail of bullets, that whipped harmlessly
into the ground

Where the sniper should have been;
He had vanished into the undergrowth, to strike again.

Jehangir Petit
Form IV



BEING EVACUATED

The sound of exploding shells grew louder and louder, the air was thick with smoke and the small village of San Yen was in a state of confusion.

San Yen was a small village a few miles away from Johore, in Malaya. It was now being attacked by the invading Japanese Imperial Forces and the villagers were being evacuated.

In one of the larger streets stood a man and his three servants. He was Ahmand, a wealthy business man of the area, who was trying to get his valuables loaded upon a cart in time.

Ahmand moved quickly in and out of his two-storey house, shouting all the time at his servants. As he came out of the house, he noticed that half of the houses on the street had been destroyed and that the shells were slowly advancing up the street towards his house. He knew that if he stayed any longer, he might not be able to get out of the village in time. Besides, he saw that some more of those troublesome British troops were running towards him to tell him to leave the village. But how could he? His life time's work was in that building; land deeds, jewellery, valuable antiques and a great sum of cash would all be lost.

Suddenly a bomb exploded only a few hundred yards away. One of his servants screamed and was flung through the air to land at his feet. The sight of the smashed body turned his blood to ice. Quickly getting onto the cart he whipped the two horses and started out of the street at breakneck speed. 'At least I'll be able to save something', he thought. Behind him he saw the other two servants running after him as they realised he was taking the only chance they had to get out of the village in time. The two servants were killed seconds later as a shell exploded between them.

Ahmand was shocked at what he had done, but as he knew that there was nothing he could do, he hardened his heart and went on.

The streets were lined with the injured and dead. Only a few able-bodied people remained. They were the Red Cross nurses. One of them ran up to him, crying out to him to let them use his cart to transport the injured. Ahmand tried to ignore her but she pulled on the reins of his horses stopping him. Enraged he struck her with his horse whip. The next moment a bullet struck his shoulder. Dropping the whip he looked at the British Captain with the smoking pistol. With a swift movement the captain had pulled him off the cart which was already being unloaded. Within minutes the injured were being loaded in their place, while Ahmand could do nothing but scream with rage.

The cart started off again and Ahmand looked back at the pile of goods now lying on the ground. His eyes focused on a small box of jewels. 'I must have at least that', he thought and jumped off the cart before anyone could stop him. The captain shouted but did not stop as he saw the approaching danger.

It was only when Ahmand reached the pile of goods that he heard the sound of rushing footsteps and saw a line of Japanese soldiers charging forward. It was too late for him as he realised his mistake of considering goods more valuable than life, even his own.

Cheong Wing Hong
Form IV



THE VICTIM

The big town hall clock was striking midnight when Jan began to cross the bridge. The night air was cold and damp. A low mist hung over the river and the street lamps gave little light.

Jan was anxious to get home and his footsteps rang loudly on the pavement. When he reached the middle of the bridge he thought he could hear someone behind him. He looked back but could see no one. However, the sound continued and Jan began walking faster. Then he slowed down again, ashamed of himself for acting so foolishly. There was nothing to fear in a town as quiet as this.

The short, quick steps grew louder until they seemed very near. Jan found it impossible not to turn around. As he did so, he caught sight of a figure coming towards him.

After reaching the other side of the bridge, Jan stopped and pretended to look down at the water. From the corner of his eye he could now see that the man was wearing a large black overcoat. His hat was pulled over his eyes and very little of his face could be seen.

As the man came near, Jan turned towards him and said something about the weather in an effort to be kind. The man did not answer but asked gruffly where Oakfield Lane was. Jan pointed to a narrow lane about a hundred yards away. Then Jan turned his back on the stranger and continued on his way. Before he got away he heard the man running after him.

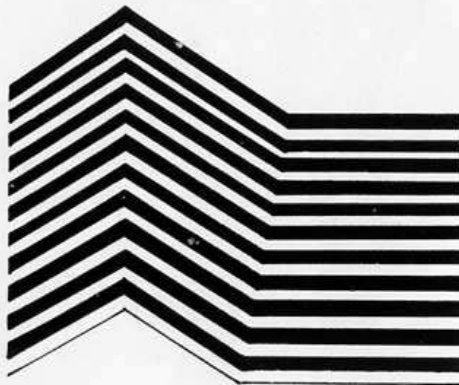
Jan turned around; he felt a biting pain shoot through his stomach, and a sharp shiny instrument being withdrawn from his body. Amazed and confused, he curled up and rolled down the hill leaving a trail of blood on the damp green grass.

He faintly heard the short, quick footsteps continue their deadly way into the darkness beyond the bridge. A tense silence covered the bridge being disturbed by the occasional groaning of the dying man.

Jan felt he was being watched but he did not have the strength to shout for help.

Jan looked up at the sky, the mist had largely gone, the big town hall clock struck one and Jan closed his eyes forever.

Richard Steijger
Form III



THE FUTILITY OF WAR

A year since school,
and now Flanders Fields.
Britain's youth lies prostrate in foreign mud.
A supreme sacrifice made in vain.
The sun's soft rays calm my grazed cheeks
Yet I can only see my thoughts and dreams.
I traded my sight to German gasses.
Footsteps on the tinged Autumn leaves
make my senses cringe,
I traded my nerves to a German bomb.
And all for King and Country.
On the other side of hell,
through the mud of no-man's land
My German foe sits forlorn —
The same as I
He lost his limbs to English guns.

A mother's tears on either side:
No-one wins,
Every one loses

That's the futility of war.

Timothy Whittle
Form IV

THE PRISON CELL

The dark, forbidding cell,
Stares you in the face.
"Come in and make yourself at home," it says,
"Get to know the place."

The walls are grey and dirty,
The floor is hard and raw,
The bed is hard, with lumps and dents,
Here, a rich man is more than poor.

Timothy Webster
Form IV

CRIME

My hand slowly
Reaches towards the counter,
Eager to go to work.
I look around me
Calmly,
Cautiously.
None
Has seen me.
My hand
Continues its long journey.
I hear a noise.
My hand
Jerks back
To my side.
All is quiet again.
I have to go
Through the process again.
This time
My hand
Reaches
Its objective.
I feel
The long
Fat
Bar of Galaxy.
My fingers
Grasp it.
My hand
Is sweaty.
I bring my prize
Back
To my thigh
And then
To my pocket.



A shout!
I turn
To face my accuser.
I stand
Still.
What do I do?
My accuser
is walking
Towards me,
Talking to me,
Soothing me,
I run,
I push past my eye-witness,
I run,
Through the door,
Out onto the street,
I do not look behind me,
I carry on,
And run,
And run,
And run.

Emmett Borcik
Form IV

EMBARRASSMENT

Embarrassment is when you walk into the wrong classroom.
Embarrassment is when you are caught eating in chapel.
Embarrassment is when your friends laugh at your new haircut.
Embarrassment is when you haven't done your zipper up.
Embarrassment is when you lose the hundred metres with your girlfriend watching.
Embarrassment is when you show your girlfriend to your mum and she doesn't like her.

Philip Ting
Form IV

THE GUY

Mum's old coat,
Dad's old hat,
Bits and pieces,
This and that.

Stuffed with rags,
Paper and straw,
Old gloves and trousers,
That is all.

Coals for his eyes,
A carrot for a nose,
String round his legs,
Straw makes his toes.

Our Guy looks proud,
The bonfire is high,
The flames soar upwards --
Goodbye GUY!

Alan Hibberd
Form II



THE DOG AND THE FROG

There was a dog
Which caught a Frog
Which jumped on a log
Which fell on the dog
Which caught the frog
Which jumped on a log
Which fell on the dog
Which

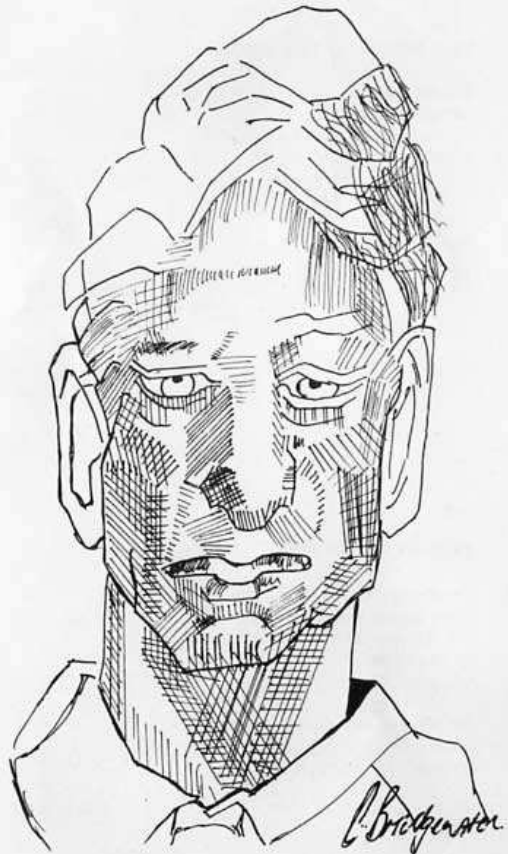
James Denham
Form I

THE MYSTERY CAT

The Mystery Cat wears a coat and hat
Three tattoos and a pair of shoes.
The Mystery Cat is a thief in that
He steals pints of milk
And coats made of silk

But why, oh why does he do that?
Because he's a mystery, a mystery, a mystery,
Because he's a mystery Cat.

Mark Elledge
Form 1



DAD'S PRIZE DAFFODILS

I pulled the starting cord and nothing happened. I did it again, and this time the engine roared into life. I revved the engine: you know, the same as the racing drivers do on the television. But really that was only a dream, because I was thinking of racing cars with huge engines, say perhaps a few hundred horse power with a turbo-charger, while the mower has only, well at the most, one horse power.

I used to cut the lawn every week – that is when it is not raining of course, but this week it was going to be torture cutting it, because it had been raining for the last few weeks and the grass had grown tremendously fast and thickly. It usually takes about half an hour to cut the lawn, but after half an hour I had only done half, because the grass-box on the front kept filling up and I had to trudge back and forth to the compost-heap nearly all the time.

I was doing this when I decided to have a rest, so I tried to turn the throttle off to stop it cutting, but it was stuck. So I went up to the engine and tried to stop it. To do this you must put a piece of metal over the spark-plug. But it was my luck to find ours had snapped off.

While I was trying to stop the mower, it was getting dangerously near Dad's prize daffodils, and eventually it went straight over them and came to a halt at the other end of the flower-bed, as if to say: "There, that will get you into trouble won't it, heh, heh, heh?"

When Dad came home he was furious with me. They were his prize possessions, those daffodils. He said it didn't matter, but he was as sure as daylight sorry, and really he was mad with me. The next day I rode into town and bought some bulbs, went home, planted them and waited. And sure enough they came up after a while and were now the same size as Dad's old ones. He was so delighted he just said, "They're gorgeous and beautiful!" This didn't make much sense to me because all daffodils are the same.

When we had our annual village fete we decided to enter our flowers for the flower competition. While the judges made up their minds who was going to win, I bought an ice-cream, walked around and looked at the stalls, but eventually ended back in the flower competition stall waiting for the results with Dad.

Then they announced the winners: "First: with a display of roses, is entrant number 5. He is the winner and receives £20. Second: with a display of daffodils, entrant number 12. He receives £10."

We'd won £10, all because of a mistake! Dad gave me half of it and thanked me for growing the flowers.

I had turned an accident into something good. I must try this again. I wonder what I'll do next?

Jonathan Harris
Form 1

ADVERTISING

What is Advertising?

Advertising is trying to sell your product.
Advertising is saying your product's best.
Advertising is making money.

Advertising is discrediting other companies,
Advertising is exaggerating the truth,
Advertising is making money.

Advertising is in papers and on television,
Advertising is relying on gullible people,
Advertising is big industry,
Advertising is only for making money.

Christopher Thorp
Form IV

FIREWORKS

The night was cold, so calm and still,
The moon shone down with an eerie chill,
Then all of a sudden, a flash of light —
The calm was shattered — it's firework night!

Whizz! went a rocket as it soared in the night.
Aaahh! went the crowd in admiring delight.
The sky turned red, then yellow, now green,
As more and more fireworks lit up the sky.

The night that was still is now full of fun,
Filled with millions of Sparks and reports from a gun
They flashed and banged to the crowd's delight
A tapestry of stars in the winter's night.

Alan Hibberd
Form II

"WE WERE ALL RATHER SQUASHED IN THE ARK"

"Here he comes," I said to the elephant as Noah walked through the hatch which led into the 'animal chamber'. "He has come to give us some of that disgusting porridge again," complained the chimpanzee, who was thoughtfully picking his nose. The giraffe, who was leaning over the side seasick, took one look at the food and his head once again disappeared over the side.

Noah filled up all the bowls and quickly and quietly slipped away.

The chimp picked up the bowl and started to drink it. Complaining that it was too cold, the ostrich threw it overboard, just missing the huge, long neck of the giraffe. The grizzly bear marched up to the nanny goat and swiped the bowl away and gulped it down within two seconds.

After it had gone, they all lay down in their pens and tried to go to sleep.

The grizzly bear started moaning with pains of indigestion, the elephant's tummy was rumbling, which sounded like a volcano erupting, and then the chimp burped consistently for about ten minutes accompanying the rocking of the Ark.

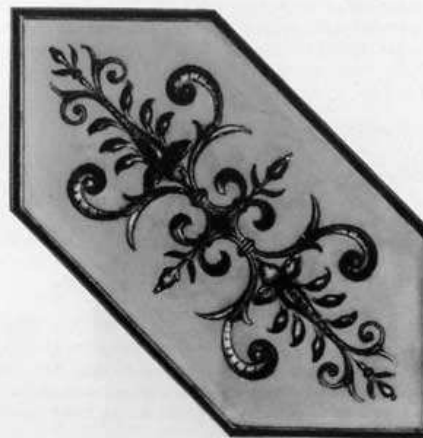
It was about twelve o'clock and it was dark. The chimp, who by then had stopped burping, decided that he had had enough of the rhino's coughing, the hippo's snoring and the persistent grunting of the gorilla; he walked outside onto the deck. He sat on the edge and looked at the stars, wondering if they would ever fall down. The spray of the water gently fell on his face as he listened to the quietness of the water, and the rhino coughing, the hippo snoring, and not forgetting the persistent grunting of the gorilla. He lay there contentedly until Noah picked him up and put him gently back in his pen.

He was awoken by the sudden shout of the lady gorilla.

Then the chimp ran over to the side to see where the water had gone, but all they could see was dry land. All of them looked over, and then they all ran for the hatch. They were held up for about half an hour waiting first for the hippo to clear the entrance, and then another half hour each for the rhino and elephant.

After they were all out they said their goodbyes. The elephant picked up the chimp with its trunk and kissed him, the gorilla hugged the ostrich, much to the disapproval of the female gorilla. After, they all went their separate ways and never saw each other again.

Richard Cory
Form III



SHIPWRECKED

I placed my horned cap on and stepped into the open longboat, taking my seat and clasping my oar. It was worn and dark — many a hand had laid upon it never to be seen again.

The leader climbed aboard. His furry cap, with ivory horns, white and brown with age, stood out upon his lavish red hair, plaited into thick ropes.

The signal was given 'To England' and the ropes snapped. Slowly the longboat urged away into the wilderness of sea, its bow glittering under the mid-day sun.

The weather was fine and the seagulls cried over the vast plain of water: the gulls and the splashing of the oars were all that could be heard.

The journey was long and tedious, with the occasional outbreak of hoarse song. The beat of the drums steadily echoed and the wind crept over our bodies, chilling our bones. Hours slowly passed, nothing being seen, apart from the never-ending sea and the occasional dolphin or shoal of fish.

Suddenly a dank mist seemed to clothe us — a Viking's wildest nightmare. Terror spread like fire and eventually the rowing ground to a halt.

Then the storm really worsened, starting with a screeching wind and the sound of waves lashing against the side of the wooden boat. Lightning whipped violently across the black sky and thunder bolted down in our ears.

The waves slowly grew bigger until the first trickle peered over the side of the varnished wood. Then, a massive mound of water sent us violently rocking. The next wave crashed over the side of the now-drenched boat, sending oars shattering. Shrieks could not be heard against the raging wind.

Suddenly, a fifty foot wave could be seen towering above us. It came thundering down upon me, drenching me from head to foot.

I stood up and raised my sword, just as a larger wave fell upon us. I shouted "Valhalla!" and then fell to the gods with my sword in my hand.

Peter Webster
Form II



THE BEAT

Every Wednesday my father and I used to go to a gamekeeper's house for a day of beating. We used to take our springer spaniel with us as she was being trained for shooting. A shoot goes on all day except for an hour's rest at lunch. The beaters have to walk in a long line all over the

estate, through fields and woods driving the pheasants to the guns.

After one shoot, Moses, the gamekeeper, asked my father and me to come back the following Sunday so that he could tell us what training our dog needed.

We arrived on Sunday with Lucy, our dog, for half an hour's training. The first part of the training consisted of making Lucy sit to the sound of the whistle. To make her sit after the whistle was blown he would push her down on the lower part of her back. When she was finally sitting my father would wait a little while and then tell her to come to heel and walk on. Having walked a little further around the field, my father would then blow the whistle to make her sit again. Next, the gamekeeper using his own springer spaniel, Puggles, to demonstrate, taught my father how to teach Lucy to search the ground in front of him. With a long lead about twenty metres long, my father walked from left to right and back again across the field with Lucy. Finally he taught my father to use the whistle to call in Lucy and make her sit next to him. When we had finished he invited us to his house for a mug of tea.

The house was an old school house. Round behind the house he kept chickens, a Muscovy duck and seven dogs. Inside the house there was a small kitchen and a small living room-cum-dining room which had a roaring fire in the grate. To the left of the room, underneath a table was a springer spaniel with eight pups. In one corner was a pile of "Shooting Times" magazines with a shotgun next to them. Moses, as a hobby in his spare time, made walking sticks and whistles out of deer horn.

We left his house reluctantly after two fascinating hours.

Martin Hawthorne
Form IV

PIERREPONT Music & Drama



SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

This year has again seen the orchestra involved in many aspects of school life, amongst them the annual Carol Service, Morning Assembly twice a week, and the Informal Concert reported elsewhere in this issue.

At the end of the summer we regretfully said goodbye to five of our members – Guy Harrington, our lead

clarinet, who set a fine example and standard for our younger players to follow; Mark Sherlow, our trombonist, who served us well for many years; Rod Macintosh, who ably held the second trumpets together; and sadly two of our more recent members, Hans Taylor (flute) and Alan Wheal (clarinet). We thank them all and wish them well in their futures.

Our two additions this year have been Grant Boshier in the flute section and Jonathan Hunt, who has joined the second trumpets. Hopefully next term will bring an influx of up and coming instrumentalists.

The standard of playing is again improving rapidly and the orchestra not only gives much pleasure to those who hear it, but also gives invaluable experience to the young musicians who play in it. Long may it continue!

Malcolm Pike

PIERREPONT SCHOOL'S CAROL SERVICE

Pierrepont School's annual Carol Service again drew a large congregation which packed the Great Hall, Library and Gallery. Proceeding without interruption, the traditional Christmas story was told by carols and readings. The service, however, had a rather less than traditional ending!

After the welcoming address by the Chaplain, the Rev. D. Webster, "Once in Royal David's City" was opened by Jonathon Ford's beautifully sung solo first verse, continued by the School Choir in the second verse and subsequently the congregation, the School Orchestra accompanying. The Bidding was followed by a Basque carol, "Gabriel's Message", in which Alan Kirk sang the solo tenor part to a choral background.

The Lessons were read by representatives of each year, beginning with Christopher Allan (Form One) – Christ's birth and kingdom are foretold (Isaiah 9, vv 2-7).

Franz Gruber's arrangement of "Silent Night" was sung by the choir, with a trio rendering of verse two by Jonathon Ford, John Wallis, and Philip Weeks. John Thrasher of Form Two read the Second Lesson – the birth of Jesus is announced (Matthew 1, vv 18-23), and following the congregational singing of "O Little Town of Bethlehem", Clive Buesnel read the Third Lesson – Jesus is born in Bethlehem (Luke 2, vv 1-7). Between this and Nigel Carey's reading of the fourth Lesson – Shepherds worship at the manger (Luke 2, vv 8-20), the choir sang "Rise up now, ye shepherds", a lively French carol arranged by Alan Bush. The congregation joined the choir and orchestra in "Good Christian Men, rejoice". Guy Harrington (Form Five) read the next lesson – Wise men are led by the star (Matthew 2, xx 1-14).

A French traditional carol, "Nowell, sing Nowell", was particularly well rendered. To a piano accompaniment by Philip Mighell, the first verse was sung by a trio of Richard Goss, Michael Gaudern and Peter Webster (trebles), followed by a tenor solo, Edmund Smitheram, in the second, with the choir joining in the remaining verses. The last lesson – the Word became Flesh and dwelt among us (John 1, vv 1-14) – was read by Christian Etzel of Form Six.

Prayers were led by the Chaplain, and interspersing the remaining congregational carols, "Shepherds left their flocks astraying" and "Hark! the herald angels sing", was the Bach chorale, "Break forth, O beauteous heavenly light!", sung by the whole choir. The Blessing was pronounced, but, to the congregation's surprise, did not end the service. So full of verve was the choir's rendition of "We wish you a Merry Christmas" (and so emphatic their demand for figgy pudding) that it drew spontaneous applause from those assembled, a tribute indeed to the entire Carol Service.

The Rev. D. Webster officiated; the conductor was Mr. Malcolm Pike; accompaniment was by Mr. Philip Mighell; voluntaries were played by Miss Mavis Bray.

Patricia Sanger

AN EVENING OF OPERETTA

Spring must have been in the air during Pierrepont's Operettas recently, for girls were pretty, witty and faithful, boys and young men were true and brave, and romances ended happily after all.

"The Ferryman's Daughter", an opera of the Thames Waterside by Alan and Nancy Bush, was a good choice for performance by eleven to thirteen year olds. Jennifer Cox as Jenny, the Ferryman's daughter, had a sweet, clear voice and a natural, unaffected stage presence which suited well the part she had to play. One wondered how anyone could resist her winsomeness as she pleaded for

customers for her mussels and winkles. Certainly not Nat, the most conceited of the young watermen, ambitious to win her hand and inherit her father's boat and trade. Chris Macintosh was convincingly over-confident, swaggering and aggressive, but the accolade must go to the hero, Simon Angel, as the quieter but determined young farmer, Tom Starling, who of course wins the challenge boat race and hence Jenny as his wife. His solo, "Man is made for solid earth" was not only beautifully sung, but his own pleasure in singing it was so self-evident that the audience could indulge in a double enjoyment.

Simon Bennetts and Richard Goss also sang well, though they were faced with the more difficult task of

acting the much older characters of Mr. Wilkins and Mrs. Patchett respectively. Comic relief was afforded by Jason Massey's delightfully laconic mime of the Strong Man, and enthusiastic support came from the chorus of Watermen, especially as they sang the "boat race commentary"!

Much of the visual strength of the staging came from Peter Upton's simple but bold set design, and from the use of bright reds, greens and blues in the watermen's costumes.

For the senior operetta, "Figaro and Susanna" (based on Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro") was a less happy choice. I hasten to add that the performers all coped well and their audience all enjoyed hearing some of the most familiar and popular of all operatic melodies — but this particular arrangement packed into the second act so much implausibility that I could not help feeling it would have been better played as melodrama or farce than "straight" as the trials and tribulations besetting the course of true love. Apart from that reservation, I must acknowledge a truly praiseworthy effort in which there were some quite splendid moments arising out of the curious alchemy of live performance.

No real village ever had maidens so pretty or so sweet-voiced bringing Susanna (Diane Perry) flowers as tokens of their love, while her singing of the lovely "Help me, Maidens to decide" was deliciously appealing in its femininity. The distraction of a jealous lover was most satisfyingly conveyed as Figaro (Alistair McLean) paced about and gesticulated despairingly during "Oh my sweetheart has driven me to madness". Further memorable sequences were provided by Count Almaviva (Paul Wickett) and Doctor Bartolo (Andrew Abbosh) particularly the latter's grovelling exit with his bag of gold after the plotting against Figaro. "An odious creature", comments Almaviva, yet the footman's dislike of their master — "mean and base though he is of noble race" — was equally effective. Operatic villains must be thoroughly villainous — no half-heartedness allowed. And yet Almaviva repents in the end, accepting



The chorus in 'The Ferryman's Daughter'



The soloists in 'The Ferryman's Daughter'



The soloists in 'Figaro and Susanna'

that though he has lost Susanna and his title, he has gained a mother. Marcellina was played by Lilly Moller and her duet with Almaviva "My heart with joy is overflowing" was a pleasure to hear.

Surely, I thought earlier, as I heard stamping thunder coming on-stage, that must be the First Fifteen? The gaolers, clad in black from head to foot, were a fearsome-looking body, menacing yet hilariously funny. By contrast, the minuet performed by the maidens and footmen, was stately and elegant, showing neat footwork in a relatively restricted space.

Which point brings me to the stage sets. Peter Upton's ingenuity and strong design sense were nowhere more evident than in the four-minute transformation from the hall in Almaviva's castle to the garden outside: a fireplace became an arbour; Italianate poplars appeared as doors disappeared; windows were arched with foliage befitting a pergola. It all added to the feeling not just of being entertained but temporarily bewitched. Congratulations to Malcolm Pike and Philip Mighell — encore!

Patricia Sanger

INFORMAL CONCERT

It was fortuitous that a concert had already been arranged for the Thursday before Pierrepont's Open Day when the school received the date for instrumental examinations for the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music. These examinations had been timetabled for the afternoon of Open Day, so the concert, given to an encouragingly full hall, included the orchestral works originally intended for Open Day and practice performances of a number of examination pieces. With some short pieces from players who have not been learning long, and some ingenious ensembles, such as two clarinets with oboe, or nine guitars, we had a most enjoyable evening.

Performance practice is a serious, nerve-wracking

and (eventually) rewarding business, as some of our strong second form contingent could testify. It's all too easy to think that weeks of practice have been nullified by a few unsolicited squeaks on the clarinet, or a flute which just won't produce bottom D for you, or a bar which somehow or other always has one extra beat to throw everything else out.

The most practised of these juniors must now be Adam Page who entertained with solo pieces on both the saxophone and the E flat horn, joined in a brass quartet and played in three orchestral pieces. We look forward to hearing much more from him and other second formers: Grant Boshier (flute), Jonathan Hunt (trumpet), Lawrence Littell (clarinet) and Peter Webster (piano).

Although it is hard to single out individual performances, those which gave me most pleasure included Timothy Webster's Berceuse by Duck (oboe), Guy Harrington's Sonata, first movement, by Vanhall (clarinet), Paul Wickert's performance of a Little Rhapsody by Szelenyi (violin), the guitar trio given by Richard Cory, Jeremy Pateman and Mrs. Webb, and the opening orchestral item, Mendelssohn's Wedding March, which set a fine tone for the rest of the evening.

Neil Colledge gave us Rachmaninov's C sharp minor Prelude in a highly individual manner, but one which nevertheless held the audience's attention. Mark Hatvany played well an arrangement for flute of a Haydn Serenade.

Others who contributed to our enjoyment in solo and ensemble pieces included Peter Barker, John Hubner, Angus Hunter, Sammy Kwok, Graham Long, Roderick Macintosh, Andrew Meek, Nicholas Payne, Filip Soetens and Hans Taylor — not to mention the nine guitarists who assembled for what must have been the first performance at Pierrepont of a guitar nonet, an anonymous piece called The Spinning Wheel. All the guitar items added an important and different dimension to the standard orchestral instruments.

Mr. Malcolm Pike conducted, rehearsed, provided the commentary during the evening, and even brought out his oboe for two items. The audience played its part too, warmly supporting nervous players in good spirit. Thus another evening maintained one of Pierrepont's better traditions, the informal concert.

Philip Mighell

HOUSE PLAYS

A Personal Recollection by Jon Payne, Co-author and Producer of the Winning Play.

There have often been great arguments about the merits of inter-house plays. Many people believe that a house cannot produce a professionally turned-out play as it has a limited pool of both actors and those who are



capable of directing or producing. Trafalgar House hit upon an idea, however, that would totally revolutionise house plays – they would write their own – a play written around existing house characters, so that auditions could be eliminated.

During the summer holidays I wrote the basis of two plays from ideas of Alan Coren, the "Punch" wit. Both these plays had plenty of room for expansion and that was the task that befell Sean Pertwee and me during the winter term of 1980. By half-term we had completed our work: "It's a Long Way to Cannelloni".

Rehearsals started after half-term and still more alterations to the script took place. At this stage, we must remember the age of the boys performing, many of whom were only eleven. They showed great character to stand up to our frustrations when they couldn't understand the direction or the humour. By the Christmas holidays the play was well on its way. Trafalgar *would* win; we were going to make them. When the mock G.C.E. exams had finished, the house went back to its task of preparing the play for the competition that took place just before half-term. To show how determined we were, it is interesting to note that the other houses were just beginning to prepare theirs. Many of our rehearsals lasted up to six hours, spending ages on one particular scene so it became perfected. Still our first formers slogged on without complaining, and, to our surprise, began to enjoy themselves!

Those who were not acting were drafted into making props, or working on the lighting or recordings. The other houses were now ready to put their efforts on the stage – but we were still not ready – panic set in among the juniors and it took several marathon rehearsals to calm them for – what was for many of them – their first time on stage. House spirit a week before the plays was at an all-time high; everybody was drawn together and old feuds were forgotten. The first formers were approaching the sixth form with such confidence in themselves, whilst we felt like big brothers to them.

The house for the first time wanted to win, not just enjoy themselves. Everybody was determined. Sean and I were still not happy, for despite knowing how capable our boys were, they still had not got one run-through perfect and we became nervous.

So came the big night, the first formers on top form, not one nervous person amongst them. But two people were nervous – Jon Payne and Sean Pertwee – we were so worried that everything else apart from the play was irrelevant. Combe performed – we knew that we were better, but still had to prove it.

The juniors were fantastic – nobody could have



asked more from them. For the first time in the play's history it went perfectly. Even my mistake of smashing a stick by accident brought laughter and fortunately everybody subdued their giggles and carried on, making the 'mistake' look deliberate.

Agincourt went on, but we felt we had them beaten – the same feeling about Shaw. Our great rivals, Waterloo, pulled themselves together, and put out a performance that made us admit defeat. It just wasn't fair. However the panel of judges disagreed and gave us the trophy by the smallest fraction!

Oh, the cider that Mr. Upton bought flowed free in Trafalgar and I remember helping many a first former find his way back to his dormitory.

But it was back to work. Fortunately our work picked up again, the strain over.

A second production of the play is taking place at my home theatre in Akrotiri, Cyprus. So, those of you who want to see it again, let me know and I'll arrange a bus service from Larnica airport! No matter how good the actors, nothing can top the production and atmosphere of the original performance.

HOUSE PLAYS:

A personal recollection by Simon London, First Form star of the running-up play.

When our House Captain told the House about the play, I was dying to get in it. I remember the day quite clearly – my piano lesson was interrupted and I was told that I would have to go to the common room as the House Captain and School Captain were holding a meeting. Apologising to my teacher, who didn't seem very happy, I ran upstairs and took my place in the common room. Lots of other boys sat there, scratching themselves and looking bored. I put down my music books and waited

for something to happen.

"London, Humphreys and Seldon," came a voice from Waterloo's adjoining television room. I got up and walked in with my other school-mates.

Perry, the House Captain, and Wildschut, the School Captain, stood there looking at us.

"Sit down," Perry said. Perry was one of those people who you couldn't tell whether he was angry with you or not.

"I hear, London," he continued, "I hear that you have done some acting."

"Yes," I said cautiously. He handed me a small open book and pointed to a paragraph of writing. "Read this," he said.

"If you ever want to feel ill," the words said, 'just go and spend a happy half-hour in a doctor's waiting room. If you're not' "That's great," Wildschut said. Perry didn't look so convinced. Then he said, "Mmm, yes, I suppose so." Then they started whispering to each other in words I couldn't hear. I waited in the room and listened to Seldon's effort. I thought he sounded a lot better than I had, and from what I could make out so did Perry. Humphreys had a go at being another character and then had a word with Perry and then went out of the room.

"Right," said Perry, "one of you is going to be Ernie, star of the play 'Ernie's Incredible Illucinations.' Now Seldon, we liked the way you read, but, London, we think you could be as good, if not better. It would be an impact on the audience, a coloured lad with white parents and this coloured lad is star of the show. Can't

you see it?" I had to admit it would look a little weird.

"So, Chaps," said Wildschut, "which one of you is it?"

"I played Ernie at my last school," piped up Seldon, "so I don't mind London having a go." I said it was very civil of him to say so but surely he would be better at it than I if he had played the part already.

"Well," said Perry, "we shall tell you who has got the part later on. Thank you."

We left, both of us looking hopeful, but trying not to let the other see.

I didn't think of the matter again until late that night when Perry walked into our dorm, threw a book on top of me and said, "Congratulations, you're Ernie!" After that I was congratulated by Seldon which I thought was good of him.

From then on rehearsals started. The other actors had been picked and Seldon had been given a good speaking part in compensation. Perry and Wildschut became ruthless and impatient in rehearsals, putting us down for tough acting and picking people out for larking around. By Christmas a lot of hard work had been done, but nobody thought it was nearly enough.

I took great pains over learning my lines, and I had a lot of support from home and also from my earlier rival for the part, Seldon. Angus Hunter played the part of my Aunt and I had a great time with him; on the other hand Nick Wright played my Dad and he was strict, but when I did anything right he was full of praise. Sometimes Perry and Wildschut would make us keep doing one thing until we got it right and they fairly tired us out, but when the dress rehearsal came everyone decided it was worth it.

The dress rehearsal went fine — everyone remembered their lines and all the special effects worked. Then we went back to normal rehearsals. Sometimes I thought, "Perry directs well and Wildschut produces well, but are we all acting well?" After the second dress rehearsal, a mere three days before the plays, I decided the answer was yes!

I sat biting my nails through Combe House's effort, then Trafalgar's effort, and Agincourt's. They were all so good I thought it would be difficult. That night I gave all the actors well done pats on the back, and went to bed worrying.

The next night Waterloo actors pulled on their costumes and gave the make-up people a hard time while waiting for Shaw to finish. As soon as they had got off the stage we all took our places on the stage, waiting for Wildschut to announce the play.

When the lights came on we all began to shake but then, picking ourselves up, we all gave the audience what we felt they deserved. I couldn't stay nervous for long, for as some of my friends might tell you, for a small boy I have very high spirits and soon I was in the swing of things. Nobody flunked their lines and the audience was roaring with laughter. In rehearsal that play had gone on for so long, but on the stage it was all over in half an hour. I think we all left the audience in a good mood, which was one of the aims.

"We all think," said Mr. James, the head adjudicator, "that the players were very good . . ." Then at last he said, "Waterloo are runners-up and Trafalgar first."

Amid the cheering I felt unhappy but then I thought, "Who cares — we can always win it next time?" and began to applaud Trafalgar — the victors.

PIERREPONT Sports

WINTER SPORTS – RUGBY

The results of the matches played in the 1980/81 season were:

| | played | won | drawn | lost | for | against |
|----------|--------|-----|-------|------|-----|---------|
| 1st XV | 18 | 11 | 0 | 7 | 221 | 204 |
| 2nd XV | 9 | 4 | 0 | 5 | 111 | 99 |
| Under 15 | 9 | 2 | 1 | 6 | 88 | 201 |
| Under 14 | 10 | 1 | 0 | 9 | 65 | 304 |
| Under 13 | 11 | 4 | 1 | 6 | 156 | 232 |
| Under 12 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 4 | 102 |

The First XV

| | | | |
|---------------|--------------------------|------|-------|
| Pierrepont v. | Farnham College | Won | 10-6 |
| | City of London | Lost | 3-21 |
| | Sutton Manor | Won | 27-0 |
| | George Abbott | Lost | 9-13 |
| | Reeds | Lost | 3-44 |
| | Churcher's College | Lost | 15-28 |
| | Beverley | Won | 13-0 |
| | Redrice | Lost | 6-10 |
| | Shiplake | Won | 17-7 |
| | Old Pierrepontians | Won | 16-4 |
| | Lord Wandsworth | Lost | 0-14 |
| | Guildford Technical | Won | 18-4 |
| | George Abbott | Lost | 4-12 |
| | Bembridge | Won | 12-6 |
| | Bembridge | Won | 24-14 |
| | Alton Sixth Form College | Won | 17-13 |
| | Farnham College | Won | 13-4 |
| | City of London | Won | 14-4 |

After a very indifferent start this year, the First XV gradually gained in experience and confidence, and finished the season as one of the most successful sides for many years.

A morale-boosting win against Farnham College was quickly followed by a lesson in technique from an ever-strong City of London side. Nevertheless the School was already showing signs of skill and determination, and this showed clearly in a good open game against Sutton Manor, in which we ran in four tries.

Then came a string of three defeats. A very poor performance at George Abbott's was followed by a mis-match against Reeds, who were in a totally different class, and finally the usual close and exciting game against Churcher's. Somehow we can never quite win that one! It was after this that the real turning point of the year came and the team lost only three of their re-



The First XV

maining twelve fixtures: and these losses were again substandard performances against Redrice, Lord Wandsworth and unfortunately the return with George Abbott.

However the victories were notable, one being at home to a strong Beverley side, in which a blend of attacking, open play was mingled with solid defence and determined forward dominance. The annual Old Boys match produced some hard and fluent rugby as normal and despite the Old Boys fielding a younger (and smaller) side than usual the School proved the fitter and ran out winners, 16-4.

At the end of the winter term came the always popular double fixture with Bembridge from the Isle of Wight. The first match was on the island and there, in very difficult conditions, the pack produced good aggressive play and the backs sound defence. The 12-6 victory added to a thoroughly enjoyable day out. The return, a week later, produced a much better game with plenty of points and open rugby. Both teams attacked well and gave their all in a competitive, high-spirited confrontation, in which we emerged victors by 24-14.

The spring term saw three matches and three wins, first against Alton Sixth Form College and then the return with Farnham

College. But the most satisfying and memorable game of the whole season was left till last and was the home match with City of London. The School has not beaten them for many years and they have always produced very strong sides. This game was no exception. The first half saw us very much on the defensive and we felt pleased to turn around at half-time only four points down. However the second half was a different story with our whole team playing hard, inspired rugby with an appetite not seen before and after scoring three magnificent tries the season ended with a triumphant 14-4 victory.

Congratulations must go to all the players on a very fine season and especially to full-back Andy Meek who scored 97 of our points, Pete Newell, voted player of the season, and Steve Winyard, who received the trophy for all-round contribution to school rugby. Also praise to Nick Wright, the captain, who efficiently led his side with exactly the right balance of encouragement, skill and rebuff!

Colours were awarded to Nick Wright, Andy Abbosh, Andy Goodall, Mark Jarman, Pete Newell, Ian Perry, Andy Vanrenen, Chris White and Steve Winyard.

Nicholas Wright
Malcolm Pike

The Second XV

The start of the season saw the second XV striving for a balance between players who had represented the school in younger age groups and completely new talent just joining the school. Mr. Francis, newly joining our sports staff, with new training techniques and encouragement brought the future team back to the reality of rugby training after the long summer break.

The first match against a strong Reeds XV (lost 19-0) showed the need for a more disciplined approach. After a lot of hard work with a slightly inexperienced pack they started to play as a well drilled unit. The improvement was immediately noticeable, firstly against Churcher's College (lost 14-12) and then against both Redrice (won 18-6) and Alton Sixth Form College (won 21-12). It was very encouraging to see good, open, flowing rugby being played. This good run of three successive wins was highlighted by a sparkling performance against Farnborough Sixth Form College, won 40-4. Special credit here should go to our hard-running backs, Martin, Hubner, Tang and Harris, who dictated play with a series of fine moves.

The second half of the season resulted in only one game being won. However, all of these games were against top-class opposition and the team, weakened by a number of players leaving and others being drafted into the First XV, still played with vigour and enthusiasm. Jan North, who succeeded Michael 'Jo' Martin as captain did a fine job in bolstering flagging confidence and this led to a good performance to defeat Redrice away by 14-0 in the last game of the season.

Jan North
David Francis

The Under 15 XV

The Under 15 team certainly seemed to have enjoyed their matches during the season, though results were far from favourable. The standard of rugby played was, for the most part, very encouraging and it improved considerably over the months. The basis of the team's game was built around the forwards, which proved to be a sound unit, but the backs lacked penetration in the early matches and took a long time to combine together. The greatest weakness was that the team lacked a natural kicker and many opportunities, both in open play and at set pieces, were missed.

The opening match of the season was played against City of London Freeman's, which resulted in an 18-18 draw, and prospects seemed reasonably bright. However, in our next fixture

against George Abbott, the shortcomings of the team were revealed and we were soundly beaten 18-0 by an efficient fifteen.

The match against Churcher's College proved to be a real cut-and-thrust game between two evenly matched sides. The result was in doubt until the end when victory was snatched from our grasp by a dropped goal in the dying moments of the game, giving our opponents a 13-12 victory.

Against Beverley the colts suffered their heaviest defeat, but bounced back against a Shiplake College team to win 28-14 and reverse the result of the previous season. The next three matches all resulted in defeats. Lord Wandsworth proved to be a most efficient side and on a big pitch used the ball well. In the return fixture against George Abbott we showed some improvement but not enough to avoid being beaten again, this time 14-0. Our next opponents, Gordon Boys, gave us a lesson in how to take opportunities, while we squandered several good chances. The 24-10 score-line flattered them somewhat.

The season closed, as it had begun, with City of London Freeman's as our opponents. After a close first half we powered our way through the next thirty minutes to gain a fine victory 20-6.

Colours were awarded to M. Hawthorne, P. Herbert, D. Kornrumpf and M. Russell.

Martin Hawthorne
Keith Rogers

Farnham Rugby Sevens

This popular competition was held on Saturday 21st March at All Hallows School, with 57 teams from 16 schools and clubs taking part, at ages ranging from under 8 to under 19. The weather was very wet and windy and the programme was very long, which meant some of the teams had long waits between matches, but in spite of this spirits were high and Pierrepoint did well.

In the under 13 group we beat All Hallows and Weydon B to become winners of league 1 but lost to a much heavier Heath End side in the final. Our under 14 team did less well, being beaten by Weydon A and Heath End in their league.

At under 15 level our team did very well in league 1, disposing of Robert Haining and Weydon B but drawing with Heath End. The Draw Rule was applied as Heath End had also beaten the same two teams, but they had amassed more points than Pierrepoint and so went through to the final. The non-appearance of two



*Just as well there's no rule to
say that players have to be
human.*

teams at under 16 level left only three teams in competition - Weydon A which we lost to, and Weydon B whom we beat.

A new competition was started this year for the under 19 (colts) teams. Four teams entered and we lost narrowly to Farnham Sixth Form College, costing us the championship, but won decisively against Salesian College and Farnham Rugby Club.

So we brought back no trophies this year but three teams were runners-up.

Ray Denne

Senior House Rugby

The competition started off on a wet and gloomy day with Agincourt and Trafalgar playing on pitch 1 and Waterloo playing Shaw on pitch 2. Agincourt ran up 22 points to Trafalgar's 3, their five tries winning them the right to play Combe in the next round. Waterloo beat Shaw comfortably by 26 points to nil and went straight into the final. The Agincourt-Combe match was played on a much finer day a week later. Agincourt won 18-4, setting the scene for an entertaining final between them and Waterloo.

The final was played on a cold December day and lived up to expectation. Waterloo opened the scoring with a try but failed to convert it. Another followed. Then Agincourt took over the lead after a penalty and a converted try. Waterloo hit back with two more converted tries to regain the lead. Agincourt fought back with six more points, but it was not enough to win the game. The score was 20-13 in Waterloo's favour as the final whistle was blown and Waterloo had won the senior rugby cup.

Michael Martin

Junior House Rugby

The first match was Combe v. Trafalgar and turned out to be the toughest match. It was a cold, bleak Friday when the two teams trotted out onto the rugby pitch to play the opening game. In a hard contest Combe soon got the upper hand and steadily increased their lead to 28-0 at the end. Meanwhile on this very muddy day Waterloo played Shaw. Waterloo were on top throughout the match, allowing Shaw only a consolation 3 points. By 12-3 Waterloo were in the final.

A week later, Combe took the field again, recovered and refreshed, this time to play Agincourt. Against Combe's very strong three-quarter line Agincourt stood little chance and scored only one unconverted try. The score was 28-4 and Combe were confidently through to face Waterloo.

The day for the final was cold but dry, with a strong wind. Combe were first on the pitch but were soon followed by a string of red Waterloo shirts. Again the strong Combe line proved decisive and in a fast, open match Waterloo were beaten 24-0. A great cry went up as the final whistle blew: Combe had won the junior rugby.

Nicholas Payne



House Rugby Sevens Competition

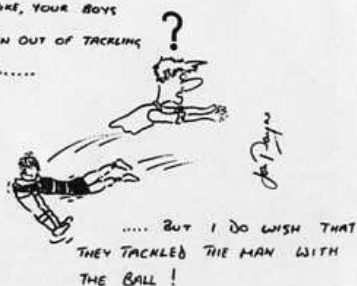
The results were as follows:

| SENIORS | | JUNIORS | |
|--------------|----------|--------------|----------|
| 1. Agincourt | 8 points | 1. Trafalgar | 8 points |
| 2. Combe | 6 | 2. Combe | 6 |
| 3. Trafalgar | 3 | 3. Shaw | 4 |
| 4. Waterloo | 3 | 4. Agincourt | 2 |
| 5. Shaw | 0 | 5. Waterloo | 0 |

I AM NOT AS FINE, YOUR BOYS

DON'T CHICKEN OUT OF TACKLING

BIG PLAYERS.....



CROSS-COUNTRY

District Schools Cross-Country

This event was held at Rodborough School in December. Pierrepont came third behind Glebelands and Broadwater in the under 14 competition and fourth in the under 15 event, which was won by Broadwater. Our leading runners were Page, who came 11th out of 44 runners in the under 14, and O'Brien, 19th out of 36 in the under 15. Adam Page was selected to represent Waverley District at the Surrey Schools Championships, where he came half-way down the field – a very commendable effort.

Ray Denne

House Cross-Country

The dreaded day had come again. The sports captains had selected their teams and all those who had avoided conscription breathed a sigh of relief. The Saturday morning was as sunny and as cold as last year, but despite the low temperatures a large number of boys and parents had turned out to give their support to the teams at the start and finish line.

The junior course was the usual 2½ mile run to the top of King's Ridge via the track running behind the Armoury and the bridlepath leading to the Pond. The fastest time was 18.34 minutes run by Borcik of Combe. Combe (36 points) took first place, followed by Trafalgar (74), Waterloo (103), Shaw (121) and Agincourt (183). Combe's six scoring runners all finished in the first thirteen overall.

The senior course was 3½ miles long and took the runners over both Snowball and King's Ridges. Sand, a steep climb to the top of Snowball, followed by more sand along the Frensham Little Pond to a long, hard run up King's Ridge make this a difficult course. Andrew Meek, also a member of Combe House, ran a good time of 21.21 minutes to make him first to cross the finishing line. A fall however prevented Combe from taking a better place than third with 100 points. Hard training proved its value for Waterloo, whose team won the senior event with a very good overall performance by their team (45 points). Trafalgar (80) again took second place, Agincourt took fourth (113) and Shaw fifth (144).

Organization was as perfect as always with no problems, despite the determined efforts of a four-legged spectator to wipe out the scores on the score-board (I told them they should put it on a stand!). All in all another successful cross-country competition in which all involved did their best.

Christian Etzel

SOCCKER

The First XI

In the shadow of the long successful rugby season, the soccer season started: the short break between the two might not have seemed sufficient preparation for a good hard campaign, especially as most of the footballers were accomplished rugby players. But it was to turn out to the contrary, with a hundred per cent record, achieved mainly by good team effort and spirit, blended in with a few skilful touches.

The first match at More House School was a scrappy affair but ended in a 4-3 away win (2 goals each by Fasihi and Harris). This was despite getting a team together at short notice. The next game was well prepared for and the full strength side soon overpowered the opposition with two goals in the first half (by White and Meek) practically securing the match. The school eased off after Wright had scored a third in the second half and allowed a silly consolation goal to the visitors, Frensham Heights, to finish with a 3-1 win.

The third game was the most difficult to win. Shaiegan broke the deadlock and a well-taken goal by Perry was enough to secure the match by a margin of one goal. Gordon Boys' reply came from an own goal by Harris. Good defensive play was a major factor here against a well organized opposing side.

The final match was a return fixture against Frensham Heights at their school, with two of our key players missing. Despite this disadvantage, Pierrepoint showed what team effort is all about with an excellent first half yielding four goals, Shaiegan and Perry netting two each. The second half, however, did not live up to this promise and three goals were conceded: but Perry went on to get his hat-trick, putting the game out of the reach of the home side.

Andrew Abbosh

Junior Soccer Results

| | | |
|----------------------------------|-------|------|
| Under 15 XI v. Frensham Heights | won | 3-2 |
| More House | won | 3-1 |
| Gordon Boys | lost | 4-0 |
| Under 14 XI v. More House (away) | won | 3-2 |
| More House (home) | won | 2-0 |
| Under 13 XI v. All Hallows | lost | 13-0 |
| Frensham First School | drawn | 2-2 |

House Matches

Senior and junior knock-out competitions were held during games afternoons. The results were:

| SENIOR | | JUNIOR | |
|-------------------------|-----|-------------------------|-----|
| Waterloo beat Trafalgar | 6-0 | Combe beat Trafalgar | 9-1 |
| Shaw beat Agincourt | 2-0 | Agincourt beat Waterloo | 1-0 |
| Waterloo beat Combe | 7-0 | Combe beat Shaw | 6-2 |
| Finals: | | | |
| Waterloo beat Shaw | 1-0 | Combe beat Agincourt | 1-0 |

Penalty Kicking Competition

This year's joint winners were A.D. Sear and R.N. Smith.



SUMMER SPORTS – ATHLETICS

Schools Athletics Championships

A new format was introduced this year to select boys to represent Waverley at the Surrey Schools Championships. Trials were held at King Edward's School, Wormley. The entries were governed by a severe time/distance qualification. Nevertheless, three Pierrepoint boys managed to qualify for Motspur Park: Angus Hunter (1500 metres), Peter Herbert (200 metres) and Mark Piper (400 metres). Unfortunately all failed to qualify for the finals.

The Farnham Schools athletics were held after these trials, surely the 'cart before the horse', at Millchase and Weydon Schools. We were represented by good performances from Brockdorff, Clewer, Herbert, Hubner, Hunter, Noon and Piper at under-17 level, and from McFarlane, O'Brien and Sear at under-15. The final positions were:

| Under-15 | Under-17 |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Heath End | 1. Millchase |
| 2. Millchase | 2. Pierrepoint |
| 3. Weydon | 3. Weydon |
| 4. Pierrepoint | 4. Heath End |
| 5. Frensham Heights | 5. Frensham Heights |

We also had an athletics meeting with Lord Wandsworth College under-15 and under-14 teams. We finished third.

Finally, congratulations to P.J. Herbert and A.M. Hunter on being awarded their full athletics colours.

Ray Denne



House Athletics Competition

Sports Day 1981 enjoyed fine weather and well prepared tracks, and a good company of supporters and spectators.

In the junior 100m, Denham (W) came first in a tight race with Ferrell (C) pushing close behind him all the way. In this way Waterloo took up the clear lead which was to set them on course for the cup at the end of the afternoon.

The intermediate 100m, was won by Piper (C), with Huber (A) second, a race almost identical to the later 400m. Newell came first for Trafalgar in the senior 100m.

Meanwhile in the field events the junior and senior high

jumps were won by Pateman (A) and Wright (W), the junior javelin by Cathcart (C), and the intermediate shot by Macintosh (A) narrowly beating Piper (C) by a few odd centimetres. Clewer (C) won the intermediate long jump.

The junior 800m, was a close race between Bennetts (W) and page (T). After the second lap they ran together, but when there was only a matter of fifty or so metres of the race left, Bennetts pulled ahead by a slight gap and gave Waterloo the five points they were hoping for. The intermediate 800m, was also a close race: Herbert (T) overtook Hunter (W) in the last 60m, of the race after place between Borcik (C) and White (A). Borcik kept his fast sprint for the end and beat White by a metre or so. The senior 800m, was a close finish between J. Payne (T) and Harris (W): Payne finally secured this one for Trafalgar.

In the junior 200m., O'Brien (T) just beat McFarlane (W) after a tight race. The intermediate and senior 200m, were very fast races and were won by Sherlow and A. Meek, both from Combe.

The Open 1500m, event focused everyone's attention in the middle of the afternoon. A hard race was won by Hunter (W), fifty metres ahead of Mathews (T). In the 400m, Denham again won his race, while the senior 400m, was won by Newell (T), with M. Jarman (C) in second place.

The last three events were the relays, probably the most exciting events of the afternoon. The score-board before the relays read as follows: Waterloo 76, Combe 73, Trafalgar 69, Agincourt 60, Shaw 41. The winner of the athletics cup depended on the relays. The winning relay teams were Waterloo (senior and junior) and Agincourt (intermediate). This meant that Waterloo had won the cup, with a total of 111 points. Second were Combe (96) and third Trafalgar (93). The standards cup was won by Agincourt who collected 536 points. Waterloo came second and Combe third.

The prizes at the end of the day were presented by Mrs. D. McCauley from Philadelphia. The McCauleys have had a long association with the school, with three of their sons educated here. After the individual event prizes the Victor Ludorum shield was awarded to Andrew Meek and intermediate Victor Ludorum to his Combe team mate, Mark Piper.

Robert Reina

House Swimming Competition

Waterloo did not win the Swimming Cup this year. By just 6 points they were beaten by Combe, with Trafalgar third. In the standards competition, however, Waterloo were well ahead of Trafalgar, with Combe third. Mrs. Wildschut kindly agreed to present the prizes at the end of the morning, and presented the senior and junior relay cups to Waterloo, the intermediate relay cup to Combe, the 100-yard free-style cup to Ian Perry (W), and the intermediate Victor Ludorum cup jointly to Emmett Borcik (C) and Cay Brockdorff (S).

In an innovation this year, a house water-polo competition was completed after the main swimming events. This proved very entertaining, although there seemed to be more interest at times in who was sent out of the pool for fouling than in the progress of play. Waterloo beat Combe 2-1, scoring the winning goal in the closing minutes. Was this rehearsed?

Cricket

The 1981 cricket season held only one arranged fixture for the first XI, this occurring very early in the season, with many players desperately lacking in practice. The school, put in to bat first, only managed to score 46 runs on a very lively wicket, with Tompkins showing most resistance. In reply City of London Freeman's lost four early wickets to Moss and Meek, but recovered to complete the required total with one over and two wickets remaining.

The lower half of the school however had a good season with some notable performances from Dutton, Barrett and Page, and wins over Freeman's, Slindon College and George Abbott.

This year the house cricket competition was won by Shaw after a very keenly contested final against Combe.

The Staff Match again produced the highlight of the season. The boys as usual 'chose' to bat and made a reasonable total of 79 runs, with Cay Brockdorff contributing a good 20. In reply, the staff never really got to grips with the pace and movement of their younger opponents and were bowled out for just 29 runs, with only Mr. Treeby and Mr. N. James staying long enough to show any confidence with the bat.

Finally we would like to thank Mr. Treeby and Mr. Denne for their help and encouragement throughout the season, and all those others who helped with umpiring and scoring the various matches.

Colts cricket colours were awarded to A.H. Dutton.

Andrew Meek

House Tennis Competition

The competition was based on a knock-out principle, with four six-game doubles matches played by two pairs from each house. In the first match Agincourt had an easy time against an under-strength Combe team. The Waterloo-Shaw match which followed was very exciting and Waterloo only just won by two games. Trafalgar had to play Agincourt for the right to meet Waterloo in the final but again everything went right for Agincourt. Waterloo began well in the final match and although for a time it seemed that Agincourt might catch them, they eventually won, again by the slender margin of two games.

Stephen Lane

MINOR SPORTS

Inter-house Show-jumping

Once again this year, on Open Day, our inter-house show-jumping took place at the Priory School of Equitation. There were two riders from each house, each riding twice, and each time on a different horse or pony. With a monopoly of senior riders in the school it was no surprise that Agincourt, represented by Noon and Chow, won the competition. Azam Noon, who had two remarkable, faultless rounds, also won the individual riding cup, which had been won by his elder brother, Nadeem, the previous year.

In the first round, only two riders managed to clear all the eight fences and the number of faults from some riders was well over fifteen. The results for the second round, however, were a lot better, with more clear jumps.



There were a few involuntary dismountings, but fortunately nobody was hurt. Kelly proved to be the best pony, with the largest number of clear rounds. Playboy, on the other hand, was disappointing, with no clear rounds at all.

The final results were:

1. Agincourt
2. Trafalgar
3. Waterloo
4. Shaw
5. Combe

Clement Chow

Fencing

Fencing can be both an exciting and rewarding sport, but success can only be achieved by practice and hard work. Our fencing coach, Mr. Jones, has helped us to bring some style to the melees of a Monday afternoon. Each individual has his own style though the class can be split into two schools of fencing. There is the Chinese school, relatively traditional by Pierpont standards, with their fast, light movements. This formed the 'A' team in our last match and includes our captain, Louis Man. The other school is perhaps more imaginative, using aggression, surprise and unorthodox actions to win bouts. Clashes between these two schools lead to some of the most interesting bouts in the lessons.

Unfortunately fewer matches were arranged than we would have liked. Match practice is important when developing a fencer's style as it forces him to 'read' his opponent, to discover his strengths and weaknesses, and then use what he has learnt in lessons to take advantage of these characteristics. We continue to be handicapped by the school's lack of electric equipment, which other schools expect you to use. A few members of the class have their own equipment, which is very expensive for one person, especially if he is only going to fence for three years at school.

The Fencing Club looks forward eagerly to the promised new sports hall, which would provide a venue for home matches. Let us hope that we can raise the funds for new equipment too.

There were two matches this year, both against Cranleigh. In the winter term a four-man team lost 9-7. In the summer we put out two teams of three: the 'A' team lost 6-3 and the 'B' team lost 5-4. Teams have included: L. Man, C. Chow, F. Chuck, C. Etzel, S. Filkin, S. Lane, D. Utting.

David Utting

PIERREPONT Records

School Officers

SCHOOL CAPTAIN:
J.A. Wildschut

SCHOOL VICE-CAPTAIN:
R.A. Goodall

HOUSE CAPTAINS:
Agincourt B.A. McCauley
Combe R.A. Goodall
Shaw J.C. Jobling
Trafalgar P.J. Newell
Waterloo I.W. Perry
Sixth Form N.S. Wright

PREFECTS:
L.A.C. Abbosh, J.V.L. Brett, F.W.Chuck, D.A.J. Diaper,
D.E. Drey, C. Etzel, F.Fasahi, G.P. Harris, A.G. Hosegood,
M.L. Jarman, S.P.Y. Kwok, K.L. Man, A.J. Meek, J.D. North,
J.M.L. Payne, K.S. Petersen, I.J. Strong, M.J. Thomas, D.W. Utting.

CAPTAIN OF RUGBY:
N.S. Wright

CAPTAIN OF SOCCER:
L.A.C. Abbosh

CAPTAIN OF CRICKET:
A.J. Meek

CAPTAIN OF SAILING:
G.P. Coates

CAPTAIN OF FENCING:
K.L. Man

LIBRARIAN:
J.M.L. Payne

House Officers

AGINCOURT
Vice-Captain: S.P.Y. Kwok
House Officers: S.D.A. Brand, J.A. Bushell, B.K.H. Chiu,
C.K.S. Chow, S.M. Crowder, R.W.L. Furste, J. Hubner, S.J. Lane,
A.C.P. McLean, R.A. Macintosh, A.J. Mortimore, A.H. Noon,
T.A. Petersen, B.B. Walters, C.M. White.

COMBE
Vice-Captain: A.J. Meek
House Officers: S.J. Buesnel, M.P. Clewer, G.F. Harrington,
M.S. Piper, M.A. Sherlow, A.J. Tompkins, S.J. Vickers.

SHAW
Vice-Captain: C. Etzel
House Officers: J.M. Comben, P.N. Barker, C. Brockdorff, M.J. Catlin,
G.P. Coates, S.J. David, G.J.C. Henderson, J.B. Hillier, L.N. Jarman,
D.B. King, P.S.R. Lloyd, A.C.B. Moss, N.D.H. Robinshaw,
S.M.G. Robinshaw, P.H. Shakespeare, A. Vanrenen, M.H. Warren.

TRAFALGAR
House Officers: S.C.R. Pertwee, J. Reed, D.H. Sansome, R.N. Smith,
P.W.M. Wickert, S.D. Winyard.

WATERLOO
House Officers: S.R. Bull, E.A. Gardner, M.T.C. Hands-Heart,
M.B.W. Hatvany, S.M.W. Jolly, D.A. Matthews, B.D. Rollett,
A. Tang, S.J. Wallis, R.G.J. Ward.

Salvete 1980/81

C.A.S. Allan, M.C. Allan, M.J. Arnold, J.R.D. Ashby, T. Austin,
D.R.J. Bamford, D.C.C. Benjamin, K. Bhanji, J.P. Bicker-Caarten,
S.A. Brooks, R.O. Chambers, W.H. Cheong, M.A. Choudhury,
M.J. Coates, J.R. Crosby, I.R. Cunningham, B. Dancy,
J.P.D. Davenport, R.C.G. Davies, C.C. Davis, S.J. Day, J.B. Denham,
S.M. Dyball, R.A.J. Earll, J.D. Egington, M.S. Elledge, M.R. Farrell,
J.W. Ford, D. Francis, M.R. Gaudern, E.G. Harmon, J.R. Harris,
J.P.D. Home, B.G. Horton, W.D. Humphreys, T.P. Jackson,
C.H. Jaques, B.G.A. Jolly, S.M.W. Jolly, D.J. Kellick, J.R. Kellick,
K. Kharrazi, A.M. Kimber, J.J. King, L.H.E. Leung, S.A.B. London,
A.G. McFarlane, A.C.P. McLean, C.J. Martin, B.A. Masson, N. Matsui,
K. Matsuno, F.P. Millward, S. Mitchell, R.A.D. Northover,
R.J.H. Northover, M.W. Over, S.T. Over, A.C. Page, J.J. Pateman,
N.J. Pearce, S.P. Robinson, D.J. Rowan, D.A. Samson, J.E. Seldon,
R.N. Smith, R.C.C. Stevens, S. Sulaiman, J.G. Tan, Sarah Thomas,
P.Y. Ting, A.J. Toland, R.J.B. Turner, J.A.P. Wallis, N.A. Walters,
G.C. Watt, P.M.J. Weeks, M.W. Welvaert, A.W. White, R.M. Wilson,
S.W. Wong, M.K. Wright, R. Zimmermann.

Valete 1981

Abbosh, L.A.G. (T) Prefect, 1st XV (colours), Football, Drama,
3 A Levels, 9 O Levels

Bagge, G.E. (W) House Officer, 3 O Levels

Buesnel, S.J. (C) House Officer, Football, Cricket, 7 O Levels

Bull, S.R. (W) House Officer, 4 O Levels

Bushell, J.A. (A) House Officer, 2 O Levels

Chuck, F.W.C. (T) Prefect, Fencing (colours), Riding, CCF Sgt.,
3 A Levels, 11 O Levels

Clewer, M.P. (C) House Officer, Cricket, Athletics, 7 O Levels

Diaper, D.A.J. (W) Prefect, 8 O Levels

Drey, D.E. (W) Prefect, House Vice-Captain, 1st XV, CCF Sgt.,
Drama, 5 O Levels

Eige, T.G. (W) House Officer, 2nd XV

Fasahi, F. (T) Prefect, Football, Table-Tennis, 3 A Levels,
9 O Levels

Filkin, S. (W,C) Fencing

Fitton, D.G.A. (S) Football, Cricket, 5 O Levels

Gardner, E.A. (W) House Officer, 1 O Level

Goodall, R.A. (C) School Vice-Captain, House Captain, 1st XV
(colours), CCF CSM, Cadet Cup, 2 A Levels, 7 O Levels

Hands-Heart, M.T.C. (W) House Officer, 2nd XV, Football,
Frensham Cup

Harrington, G.F. (C) House Officer, Orchestra, 2 O Levels

Harris, G.P. (W) Prefect, 2nd XV, Football, Cricket, Swimming,
1 A Level, 10 O Levels

Herrington, R.E. (W) House Officer, 1st XV, Football, Cricket,
Athletics, 5 O Levels

Horner, S.M. (C) School Captain, House Captain, 3 A Levels,
8 O Levels

Hosegood, A.G. (S) Prefect, House Vice-Captain, CCF Sgt.,
6 O Levels

Jarman, L.N. (S) House Officer, Athletics, 4 O Levels

Jarman, M.L. (C) Prefect, 1st XV (colours), Football, Cricket,
Swimming, Shooting, CCF Sgt., Opera, 2 A Levels, 7 O Levels

Jobling, J.C. (S) House Captain, 2nd XV, Football, Cricket, Squash,
Athletics, Cross-Country, 8 O Levels

King, D.B. (A,S) House Officer, Football, Tennis, Swimming, Opera
Lane, S.J. (A) House Officer, Shooting, Fencing, Opera, 1 O Level

Li, L. (T) 1 A Level, 9 O Levels

Lloyd, P.S.R. (S) House Officer, 8 O Levels

McCauley, B.A. (A) House Captain, 1st XV, Athletics, 2 O Levels

Macintosh, C.M. (W) Under 14 XV Captain, Athletics, Opera
 Macintosh, R.A. (A) House Officer, 1st XV (Colts colours),
 Athletics, Swimming, Badminton, Orchestra, 6 O Levels
 Man, K.L. (W) Prefect, 1st XV, Fencing (Captain, colours),
 Swimming, Badminton, Table-Tennis, 3 A Levels, 8 O Levels
 Martin, M.H. (T) House Officer, 2nd XV, Football, Cricket,
 Athletics (colours), Cross-Country, 6 O Levels
 Matthews, D.A. (W) House Officer, 2nd XV, Cricket, CCF Sgt.,
 1 O Level
 Moss, A.C.B. (S) House Officer, Football, Cricket, 1 O Level
 Noon, A.H. (A) House Officer, 2nd XV, Athletics, Riding,
 4 O Levels
 North, J.D. (W) Prefect, 2nd XV Captain, Swimming, CCF Sgt.,
 2 A Levels, 8 O Levels
 Perry, I.W. (W) House Captain, 1st XV (colours), Football,
 1 A Level, 6 O Levels
 Pertwee, S.C.R. (T) House Officer, 1st XV, Drama, 1 O Level
 Petersen, K.S. (W) Prefect, Shooting, CCF Sgt., 2 A Levels,
 8 O Levels
 Piper, M.S. (C) House Officer, Under 16 XV, Athletics (colours),
 Intermediate Victor Ludorum, Swimming, 1 O Level
 Reed, J. (T) House Officer, 7 O Levels
 Rollett, B.D. (W) House Officer, 2nd XV, 2 O Levels
 Rollett, J.C. (W) Under 15 XV, Football, Cross-Country
 Rose, M.N. (S) 2nd XV (colts colours), 5 O Levels
 Sansome, D.H. (T) House Officer, 2nd XV, Athletics
 Shaiegan, H. (A) House Vice-Captain, 1st XV, CCF Sgt., 6 O Levels



Sherlow, M.A. (C), House Officer, Football, Cricket, Orchestra,
 3 O Levels
 Simpson, A.L. (W) House Officer, 2nd XV, Athletics
 Strong, I.J. (W) Prefect, 2nd XV, 1 A Level, 7 O Levels
 Tompkins, A.J. (C) House Officer, Cricket, 4 O Levels
 Utting, D.W. (S) Prefect, Fencing, CCF Sgt., Drama, 1 A Level,
 9 O Levels
 Vickers, S.J. (C) House Officer, Swimming, 1 O Level
 Wallis, S.J. (W) House Officer, 1 O Level
 Walters, B.B. (A) House Officer, 1 O Level
 Wildschut, J.A. (W) School Captain, CCF Sgt., Curry Cup,
 3 A Levels, 10 O Levels
 Winyard, S.D. (T) House Officer, 1st XV (colours), Rugby Cup,
 Drama
 Wright, N.S. (S,W) Sixth Form House Captain, 1st XV Captain,
 Football Captain, Swimming, Athletics, Shooting, Cross-
 Country, Cricket, 2 A Levels, 8 O Levels

D.A.C. Benjamin (W), P.J. Brighton (C) (3), S.A. Brooks (S),
 S.D. Bruce (T), R.O. Chambers (W), D.J. Foster (A) (10),
 C.J. Griffiths (S), E.G. Harmon (A), T.P. Harris (T) (4),
 A.J. Hibberd (C), J.R. Hives (S) (2), P. Homshaw (S) (6),
 R.R. James (S), K. Kharrazi (W), J.J. King (C), R.A. Maudesley
 (A,C), R.C.C. Stevens (C), S. Sulaiman (T), H-P. Taylor (T),
 A.J. Wheel (T), S-W. Wong (A)

(Figures in brackets indicate O levels at grade C or above.)

University and Polytechnic Entrants - October 1981

Chuck, F.W.C. Cambridge or Nottingham University (Natural
 Sciences or Engineering)
 Fasih, F. Nottingham University (Business Studies)
 Harris, G.P. Thames Polytechnic (Business Studies)
 Horner, S.M. Exeter University (Law)
 Li, L. The Polytechnic of Central London (Business
 Studies)
 Man, K.L. University of Wales Institute of Science and
 Technology (UWIST) (Civil Engineering and Building Technology)
 North, J.D. University of Wales, Cardiff (Institutional
 Management)
 Perry, I.W. The Polytechnic of the South Bank (Business
 Studies)
 Petersen, K.S. Utrecht University
 Strong, I.J. Guildford Technical College (Business Studies)
 Wildschut, J.A. Cambridge or Southampton University
 (Engineering)

Examination Successes in the G.C.E. in 1980/81

Key to Subjects

| | | | | | |
|----|------------|------|--------------------|-----|-----------------|
| A | Art | EL | English Language | g | German |
| aM | Additional | ELit | English Literature | GS | General Science |
| | | | Mathematics | H | History |
| B | Biology | f | French | M | Mathematics |
| BS | Business | fa | French at AO Level | Met | Meteorology |
| | | Stu | Studies G | Mus | Music |
| ch | Chinese | | | nor | Norwegian |
| Cm | Commerce | | | P | Physics |

(*) indicates a pass at Grade A

Advanced Level Passes

Abbosh, L.A.G. - C,M,P, Chuck, F.W.C. - C,M(*),P(*),
 Etzel, C. - ELit, Fasih, F. - BS,M(*),P(*), Goodall, R.A. - BS,G,
 Harris, G.P. - f, Jarman, M.L. - BS,G, Kwok, S.P.Y. - M, Li, L.C.S.
 - G, Man, K.L. - C,M,P, North, J.D. - B,G, Perry, I.W. - G,
 Petersen, K.S. - g, Strong, I.J. - G, Utting, D.W. - P, Wildschut,
 J.A. - C, M(*),P(*), Wright, N.S. - B,P.

Ordinary Level Passes, Grade C or above

Bagge, G.E. - G, Barker, P.N. - B,Cm,G,Met,P, Brand, S.D.A. -
 EL,ELit,f,G,M,Met,P, Brett, J.V.L. - M,Met, Brighton, P.J. - EL,
 M,P, Brockdorff, C. - B,C,EL,G,M(*),Met,P, Buesnel, S.J. - B,C,
 EL,G,M,Met,P, Bull, S.R. - B,EL,GS,M, Bushell, J.A. - EL,G,
 Catlin, M.J. - Cm, Chiu, B. - Cm,H,Met, Chow, C.K.S. - B,C,
 ch(*),ELit,G(*),M(*),Met,P(*), Chuck, F.W.C. - g, Glewer, M.P. -
 B,C,EL,G(*),M(*),Met,P(*), Coates, G.P. - B(*),C,EL,ELit,G(*),
 M(*),Met(*),P(*), Colledge, N.H. - f, Comben, J.M. - aM,
 Crowder, S.M. - EL,f,Met, David, S.J. - aM,EL, Diaper, D.A.J. -
 g,Met, Etzel, C. - M, Fitton, D.G. - B,EL,ELit,G,GS,Foster, D.J. -
 aM,fa, Furste, R.W.L. - f,g, Gardner, E.A. - G, Goodall, R.A. -
 Met, Harrington, G.F. - EL,ELit, Harris, G.P. - C, Harris, J.R. -
 nor(*), Harris, T.P. - EL, Henderson, G.J.C. - B,EL,ELit,G,Met,P,
 Hillier, J.H. - Cm,ELit,G, Hives, J.R. - G, Homshaw, P. - EL,
 H,P, Hosegood, A.G. - BS, Hubner, J. - B,EL,ELit,G,M,Met,Mus,P,
 Jarman, L.N. - ELit,G,Met,P, Jobling, J.C. - BS, Lane, S.J. - Met,
 Li, L. - BS, Lloyd, P.S.R. - B(*),C,EL,ELit,G(*),M,Met,P,
 Low, W. - C,M,P, McCauley, B.A. - ELit,Met, McLean, A.C.P. -
 GS, Macintosh, R.A. - B,C,EL,f,M,P, Man, K.L. - ch(*),
 Martin, M.H. - ELit,M,P, Meek, A.J. - aM,Mus, Millward, F.P. -
 g,GS, Mortimore, A.J. - B,G(*),M,Met, Newell, P.J. - EL,M,
 Noon, A.H. - G,M,Met,P, North J.D. - EL, Orrell, N.P. - Cm,
 M,P, Patel, J. - aM, Perry, I.W. - BS, Pertwee, S.C.R. - A,
 Petersen, K.S. - BS, Petersen, T.A. - f(*), Piper, M.S. - P,

Reed, J. — B,C,ELit,G,M,Met,P, Robinshaw, N.D. — B,EL,ELit, G,M,Met,P, Rollett, B.D. — fa, Rose, M.N. — ELit,G,GS,H,Met, Shakespeare, P.H. — Met, Sherlow, M.A. — B,Cm,P, Soetens, F. — f,g, Strong, I.J. — BS, Tang, A. — M, Thomas, M.J. — EL,H, Tompkins, A.J. — B,EL,G,P, Vanrenen, A. — H, Vickers, S.J. — P, Wallis, S.J. — Met, Walters, B.B. — G, Warren, M.H. — f, White, C.M. — Met,P, Wickert, P.W.M. — aM, Zimmermann, R. — g(*).

Passes in First Certificate of English

C.K.S. Chow (*), B.K.H. Chiu, L.H.E. Leung, W. Low, J.G. Tan(*), A. Tang, P.Y. Ting, S-W. Wong.

Prize Winners (1981)

Form I

J.B. Denham, G.C. Watt

Form II

J.P. Bicker-Caarten, St.J.D. Hoskyns, P.M. Webster

Form III

C.S. Buesnel, R.A. Leighton

Form IV

W.H. Cheong, P.Y. Ting, P.M. Utting

Form V

S.D.A. Brand, C.K.S. Chow, G.P. Coates

Form VIB

Sarah Thomas, S.P.Y. Kwok

William Morris Prize

P.R. Strong (for models and essay depicting the current conflict in Afghanistan)

Highly commended: S.A.B. London (essays)

Commended: D.H. Sansome (models), S.D. Winyard (sculpture)

Curry Cup (for contribution to school life)

J.A. Wildschut

Frensham Cup (for social services)

M.T.C. Hands-Heart

Cadet Cup

R.A. Goodall

Highfield Cup (for gardening)

D.A.J. Diaper

Individual Drama Cup

A.C.P. McLean

Open Day Prize (for work on R.A.F. display)

C. Etzel

Driving

The following boys have passed their Driving tests during the Academic Year 1980-81.

S.P.Y. Kwok — 20.10.80

G.P. Harris — 24.10.80

K.L. Man — 3.11.80

I.J. Strong — 7.11.80

I.W. Perry — 20.5.81

S. Winyard — 8.6.81

L. Li Chi — 23.6.81

D. Utting — 2.7.81

We are most grateful to Mr. and Mrs. R. Sherfield and the Maxi School of Motoring for their care and attention to our drivers, and especially for their schedules which are tailor made to suit the academic timetables of each individual boy.

Richard Burgess

Staff News

Staff Valete:

Mrs G. Allenby, Miss S. Carlile, Miss S. Gates.

Staff Salvete:

Mr. D.P. Francis, Mrs. P. Green.

Congratulations to Michael James upon his marriage to Euphemia Stephen Toms on February 21st, 1981 at Alton Registry Office.

Congratulations to Ian and Margaret Tribe upon the birth of a daughter, Gaynor Catherine, on July 20th, 1981.



NEWS FROM OLD BOYS

David Gaunt is in the property world and works for Edward Erdman, where he deals with residential management. He gives news of John Edward's sailing activities at West Wittering.

Garth Loughhead starts a three-year course at The University of Calgary Medical School in Canada in September 1981.

Douglas Loughhead is working for his Master's degree in Petroleum Engineering at Imperial College.

Chris Dixon lives at Littleton Panell, Wiltshire, is now married, and works for a firm specialising in wall cavity insulation.

Gavin Benson represented Surrey in the English Schools Cross Country Championships, held at Wigan, and came thirteenth.

John Griffith is to be congratulated on gaining his Master's degree in Petroleum Technology at Imperial College in June 1981.

Graham Cheslyn-Curtis is busy making clocks at Retford.

John Schofield is taking up a post as a trainee psychiatric nurse in Morecombe.

David Drey is employed as a sales representative for an estate agent in Roehampton.

Gerald Bagge is apprenticed as a salesman of Ford spares in Zurich and has just completed an intensive course in French. He has to get up at six every morning to be at work on time!

Lance van Anglen writes from Houston, Texas, that he has just been promoted and transferred to a new department. His accounting supervisor's job now makes him responsible for all tangible assets belonging to his company.

Adam Miller, also in the States, took on a new position on his return from the U.K., but this proved to be a career reversal and he has taken a year to extricate himself from it.

Markus Leinweber writes from Sauerlach in West Germany, where he has joined the village football team. He is now well settled at work and is much enjoying the night-life of Munich.

David Phillips, Lieut., R.N., is now in Nova Scotia on a two year secondment to the Royal Canadian Navy.

Recent visitors to Pierrepont have included:

Ian Baden, Paul Straker, Michael Hart-Dyke, Colin Streeter, John Leighton, Roger Palmer, Nicholas Dawe, Nicholas Davies, Lance van Anglen, Paul Vandenberg, Anton Murray, Patrick Higgins, Merrick Cockell, Mark Bellenie, Benjamin Dark, Geoff Pilkington, Roger Barham, Stephen and Graham Charman, Bill Carley, Eric Hubner, Stephen Wright, Robin White, Matthew Kennon, — and many others. It is always a real pleasure to see them all.



We record with pleasure the births of a daughter in January 1981 to David and Mimi Stebbings, and a daughter in May 1981 to David and Mrs. Brixey; also the marriages on March 22nd of Terry (Monty) Hunt to Nicole Molzan in Canada, and on May 9th of Beverley Forshaw to Richard Blatch at Frensham church.

R.J.K. Burgess

OBITUARIES

ALAN CROWTHER

Alan died suddenly on 7th April, 1980, aged 33.

He came to Pierrepont in September 1958 from Manor House School in Limasol, Cyprus, and joined Trafalgar House. He rose to be a House Officer, and during his final year, in VIA, he was awarded the Headmaster's Prize for academic achievement.

He was a quiet sort of boy and a great fisherman who spent most of his free time down at the weir happily practising his skill in the sport he loved so much. He left the school in July 1965 to study geology at Kingston College of Technology.

A letter of sympathy from everyone at Pierrepont has been sent to his mother.

R.J.K.B.

CHRISTOPHER WILLEN

Christopher was killed in France in May 1980. This sad information took a long time to reach us and the exact details are not known, although we suspect he may have been the victim of a road accident. He would have been only 24 years old at the time.

Christopher came to Pierrepont in September 1969 and joined Waterloo House. By the time he left, four years later, he had become a House Officer, and Lance Corporal in the C.C.F. and had represented the school at cross-country. On leaving school he served an apprenticeship as a chef in London's Savoy Hotel. He did well and left there to become chef in a hotel in Crondall. He became a very good chef and in his efforts to improve had decided to go to France to gain first-hand experience of real French cooking.

As a boy he was quiet and gentle but possessed a great sense of humour and a very definite mind of his own. He was a nice sort of person to have about the place. It is sad that his life, so full of promise, should have been cut short so tragically.

A letter expressing our sorrow and sympathy has been sent to Mr. and Mrs. Willen.

R.J.K.B.



Recently taken over and
now owner-managed



The Idyllic Country Retreat

Special Weekend rates which include one of the following activities:
Shooting Fishing Horse Riding Tennis Squash Theatre Visit

Extensive a la carte menu in our Restaurant overlooking Frensham Great Pond

We also cater for Private Meetings, Conferences, Banquets and Wedding Receptions in this tranquil lake-side setting where quality cuisine and professional service abound.



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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|-------------------|--|
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