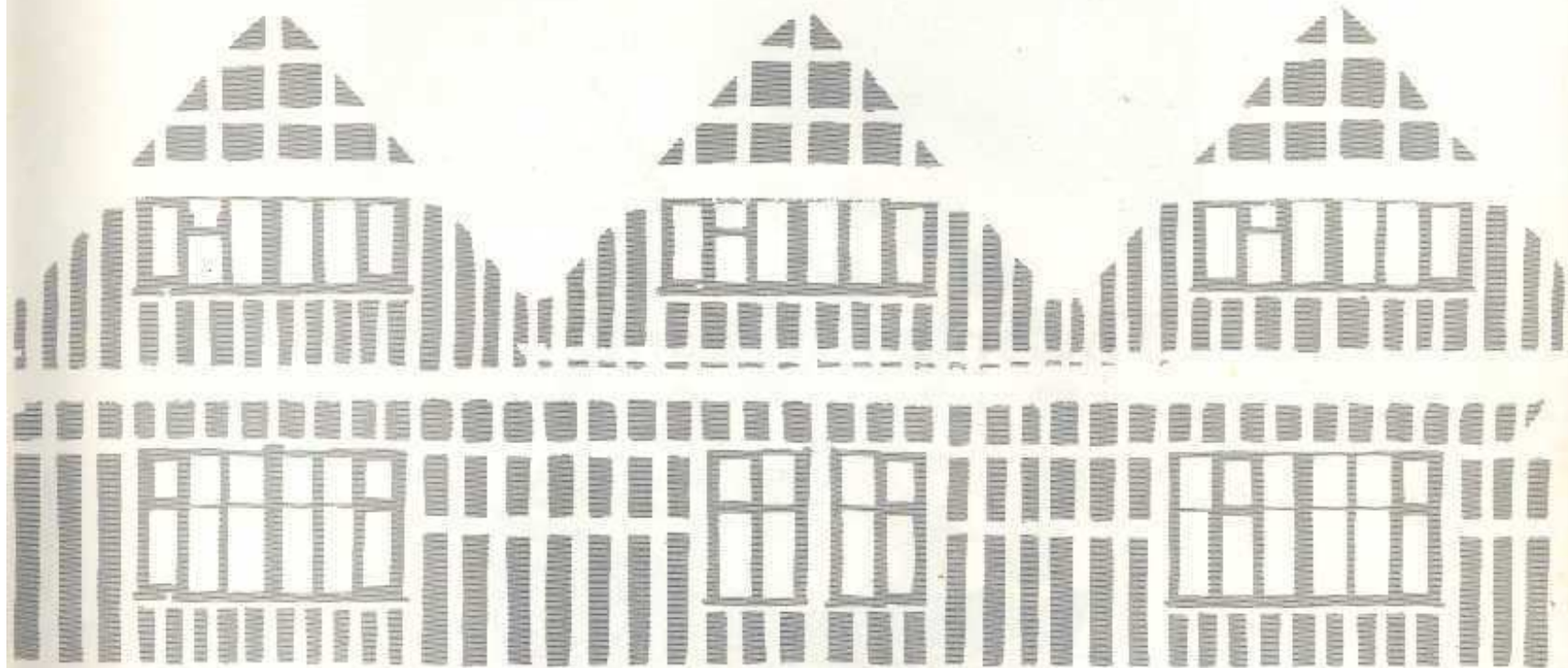


JAMES BIRCH



PIERREPONT

SCHOOL MAGAZINE 1982

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PIERREPONT Community

HEADMASTER'S ADDRESS TO PARENTS:
OPEN DAY, SATURDAY, 3 JULY 1982.

PIERREPONT IN 1990

I thought I would provide a subtitle to this talk – "an entertainment for a summer's afternoon".

Futurology is a popular pastime. Up until now it has largely concerned itself with what society would be like after a nuclear war. One thing common to all post nuclear forecasts has been the absence of any educational system. We spend our time on more important tasks such as growing food and fighting our neighbours with bows and arrows. Considering the small number of hours in the last 40 years which have been spent in Cabinet discussing educational policies, that part, at least, of our future has already arrived.

Trying to discover what the future holds is an obsessive pastime for many people. Some do not make major decisions for themselves before consulting their daily horoscope. I am told the "Daily Mirror" is particularly good. Great historical figures such as Napoleon and Hitler went to war on the whims of astrologers. Sales of the prophecies of Nostradamus have reached new heights this year. Even offers of marriage are not accepted without crossing a gypsy's palm with silver. Here at Pierrepont we have a new weather station whose forecasts are inspired guesses of what happens next. The forecast on Thursday was that today would have a beautiful afternoon. Someone with second sight (like myself) is a very valuable member of the community.

What, more innocent, delightful a pastime, therefore, than to spend a few minutes lifting the curtain on the future at Pierrepont. There are many signs in the sky clearly sending messages. Stars are twinkling. Galaxies explode. We



even have our own Black Holes. I think we can say that three things have ensured the survival of the independent sector in the face of widespread political criticism.

Firstly, during the permissive 60s and early 70s we have stood firm against the temptation to relax good academic and personal standards.

Secondly, we still consider it our supreme duty to exercise good pastoral care of young people and to treat them as individuals who matter.

But above all else, we have been able to preserve our independence, specifically in matters of finance, which has given schools a flexibility to react to changing

circumstances quickly.

One such change is presenting itself now.

The secondary school population as a whole is declining in this country and will continue to do so until 1991. There was an all-time high three years ago of 4½ million boys and girls in secondary schools. In ten years' time there will be only 3 million, although this level is not as low as that in 1965. The Independent Sector has been careful enough not to over-expand since that time.

Although the school population in this part of the world will not drop at the same rate as the rest of the country – the main effects are being felt in the old

EDITORIAL

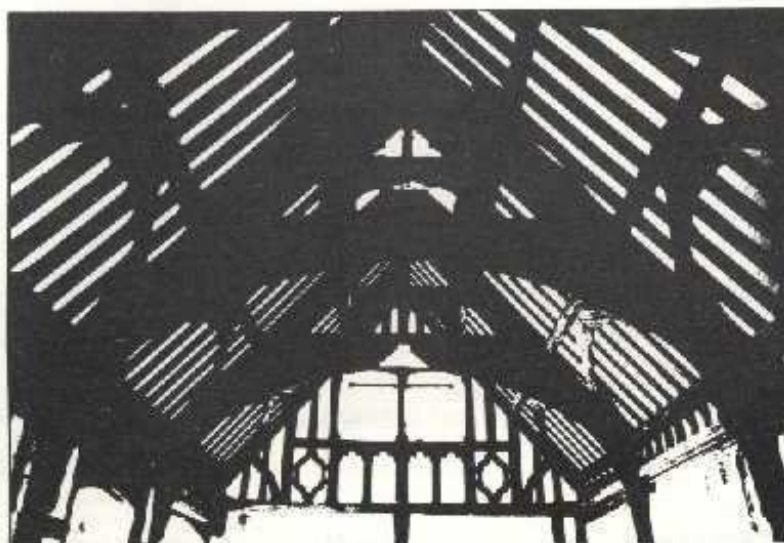
Parent-Teacher meetings, Governors' meetings, Staff meetings, Friends of Pierrepont meetings, D.P.A. meetings, Departmental meetings, House meetings, Committee meetings, House Committee meetings, Team meetings . . . the list doubtless could go on, and perhaps, some of us would say, on and on.

Yet all the people who so commendably devote time to participate in these various aspects of Pierrepont life probably never actually all meet at once in a body — except in the pages of the School Magazine.

Each year's magazine is a record of what Pierrepont School has been doing for the preceding academic year. As editor, I try to be objective, to present as balanced a view of School life as possible from the material submitted. Nevertheless, I am only too well aware that the end-product is inevitably subjective — a different editor would produce a different magazine.

The record, of course, is accurate (it is not, I assure you, in any way fictitious!), and yet it cannot be comprehensive. The first magazine I produced was 44 pages long; last year's bumper edition was 72 pages long. But whatever the length, however much time is spent writing and compiling, we simply cannot include accounts of all that happens, or publish every story and poem submitted.

Indeed, we can never show what takes up by far the most time, attention and effort — the work done in the classroom. We do publish examination successes; we do publish a small sample of the results of English lessons and Art lessons; we do publish a report of Open Day which reflects some aspects of academic work, but we cannot, and probably should not, show the real professional academic work of the School. Most of the magazine is there-



fore concerned with extra-curricular activities.

The magazine does, however, do other things perhaps less obvious than simply providing a record of these activities. The boys' main interest lies in spotting who has "made it" into print, and they are, quite rightly proud (if a trifle embarrassed) when their name appears, or they can find their face in a photograph. Indirectly, the School can say to them, well done — here is one (or more) of your achievements, for all to see, and we are proud of you. Their parents and families can share this pride.

Even so, cold print does not do justice to the sheer hard work and dedication of the staff, nor the endless curiosity to "try things out", the persistent willingness

to "do things", on the part of the boys. The School magazine may record the attempts and the achievements; it cannot, and undoubtedly should not, reflect the hours, the days, the weeks and months of co-operative activity that produce these.

With some wryness, I would add that the magazine itself is an example of just such co-operative activity. To the Headmaster, my colleagues and the boys (and also all those patient meeting-supporters), I should like to say thank you for your support and all your efforts. I only hope this magazine has done you justice. The file for 1983 is open: contributions will be gratefully received.

Patricia Sanger

I am not the stuff of which martyrs are made. Communications with France by sea, air and, hopefully, by tunnel are already good. There will be a sugar or chocolate baron who will lease his Chateau or estate in the Loire Valley and like so many British exiles before us, we would continue to run British schools to standards we see as the right ones until the arrival of happier days. Somehow, I don't think the "great exile" would last long: certainly not the Biblical 40 years in the wilderness.

The abolition of charity status is the most likely line of attack because, as you are well aware, we really do not act as charities in the accepted sense of the word, although this is our legal status. We have been ready for this move for over ten years and ways of minimising fee increases over and above any caused by inflation are already used.

If parents want to help, may I recommend to you membership of the Independent Schools' Information Service Association, ISIS Association for short, which has specifically been formed by parents for parents nationally to preserve the special character and virtues of independent education.

Having prophesied we shall still be here in 1990, what changes are we likely to see?

Firstly, in terms of bricks and mortar, a Sports Hall. The Appeal is creeping forward slowly. Now at £50,000 we are looking for a minimum target of £95,000 before it is financially safe to start building.

We are running a special exhibition for you in the Armoury Court, where you will be able to see a model and look out of the window on the site we have selected. This building is essential as a refuge against inclement weather if nothing else, but we need a new home for our

theatre. If it grows any more the electric of a Victorian house will blow up for the last time. Table-tennis in the corridor, cricket practice round the roots of trees, are things I would like to say goodbye to.

In any case, we must replace our changing facilities, toilets and showers. Our present arrangements will never last until 1990.

We shall need Design and Technology workshops. This subject should be available to everyone in schools as a matter of national necessity, never mind fulfilling a genuine need in every boy's (and girl's) education.

Those who have argued that in this country we too often regarded careers in industry and engineering as somehow inferior in social status to the learned and caring professions, (rather in the way Victorians looked down on those engaged in trade) have not seen the Public schools in recent years. The engineers and applied scientists represent the largest single group of professions for which our leavers train.

We are already forging links with industry and I am most grateful for the efforts of parents and friends who have already helped in this. But we still need more help: not just visits to factories and super-stores, but the opportunity for work-familiarisation, which can make a genuine contribution to the school curriculum and link the remoteness of industry to the remoteness of the classroom.

I hope you do not think that everybody who leaves Pierrapont is now destined to be a Captain or at least a Lance Corporal of industry. Let me assure you that with the inherent checks and balances in our curriculum, the over-riding needs of a boy as an individual and as a private person will not be pushed aside to train some industrial drudge. Both aesthetic and moral education will still be



very visible in our daily life at school. But British Leyland cars should be well designed, our architects capable of creating buildings pleasing to live and work in. We still need our artists, our musicians, our landscape gardeners to embellish our lives, particularly now as television standards need to be dramatically improved. In 1990 there will still be some very familiar landmarks, English and Mathematics will still be the twin pillars of the curriculum. Admittedly there will be new aids for the teacher: video recorders, visual display units, computers, to make learning more attractive and, hopefully, a more thorough process. The microprocessor in counting machines, in control machines, in rapid communications, is already revolu-

tioning the adult work place, your kitchen and the living room. However, I am not sure of the place in our new life for video games. It has always been one of the secret truths of education, particularly in Mathematics, that the study of games of chance, dice, cards and chess, provided the best way forward to people attracted to Mathematical theory. Mozart, whilst playing billiards, often thought up some of his catchiest tunes. But when I look for a future educational use for Space Invaders, the sky is dark, except perhaps that it provides a much needed revolt and a chance to argue back to the television screen. I suspect that these video games are still in their most primitive stage.

The old virtues of good spelling, accurate counting and pleasant presentation will still be there. Add to this now the accurate programming of computers and school will likely be less of a drudgery to the unwilling. But as parents you should still be aware of the concepts of care, the avuncular authority of the Housemaster and the continuous exposure of young minds to excellence. Again hopefully we shall still be amusing you with Gilbert and Sullivan, Oscar Wilde. Some of our modern 'heavies' will have passed into our repertoire, and into respectability.

Boys, of course, will be as mischievous as ever, believing that their latest prank has all the hallmarks of originality, and that no one has yet detected their latest stratagem to avoid work.

I have made the gross error of appearing too confident and of preaching too long, so back to our star gazing.

There are two uncertain smudges of light in the sky. Will parents continue to be willing to pay fees? I would venture a guess that sooner rather than later everyone, whether choosing the Independent or State sector, will be required to pay some form of fee in the none too distant future. Almost everyone did until 1944. Educational



resources are very expensive and have risen in cost at a far greater rate than the retail price index. If we provide a family service, the quality of which you value, then I think parents will, in varying degrees of willingness, continue to pay fees. For our part we shall continue to review and improve the quality of what we provide. "We never forget you have a choice" says British Caledonian: a very good slogan for the business end of independent education, but please do not let it happen that, through apathy, we get to the stage where you have no choice at all.

Shall we go co-educational?

It is popular at the moment to quote the aphorism: "Inevitable is the idea whose time has come". Historically of course, this is rubbish. But one day the high cost of travel to two or three schools each day, the absurdity of our present system of educational apartheid, will become too much for our tolerance, if not our pockets. The scales will fall from our eyes and we shall hear girlish giggles in the corridor along with bass guffaws. On the other hand, we might become nostalgic about the good old days of 1982, and echo the cry of those new arrivals in Hell, "Lord, Lord, we didna ken, we didna ken", and the Lord in his infinite mercy made reply, "Weell, ya ken noo."

FRIENDS OF PIERREPONT

We would hope that everyone reading this item is already well aware of who the 'Friends of Pierrepont' are, and the functions we perform.

To recap briefly, for the benefit of those who may have escaped the net, the Friends are made up from a very wide cross-section of the Pierrepont Community, including Parents, Governors, Old Boys (and one or two Old Girls!), Staff and, indeed, anyone connected with, or interested in, the School. In possessing such a broad base of members, the Friends provide a unique opportunity for social contact to be made between those who are, or have been, connected with Pierrepont School.

Now that you have been reminded who we are, you are no doubt wondering what we do. The technical answer, to quote an extract of our objectives from the constitution, is that we "engage in activities which support the school and advance the education of the pupils attending it". What that really means is that we raise money through various functions, principally the Christmas Bazaar, for what may be termed 'Special Projects' within the school. So it may be seen that we have a very practical, as well as a social, function.

The Friends have provided or contributed funds for many such projects within the school. These include instruments for the Meteorological Society, the financing of the Hovercraft Project and, for the benefit of both the experienced 'Yachts' and the novice crews still mastering the art of dinghy sailing, all of whom are bound at some stage to end up in the drink, the Friends have contributed towards the purchase of a new safety boat for the school sailing club.

More recently, we have contributed towards the cost of certain structural work in the Armoury to expand storage facilities. We have also assisted in the purchase of a P.E.T. computer for use in Computer Studies, and provided funds for the setting up of a school observatory under

the direction of the Head of Science.

Thanks to the many hours of hard work put in by its organisers, the previously mentioned Christmas Bazaar is one of our main sources of revenue. This year, the proceeds will be going towards the provision of new video equipment for the school, including a camera and recorder. We therefore look forward to the Bazaar being once again well supported this year.

From the above you will have realised that we are always prepared to look at any project that falls within our stated objectives. Suggestions usually come via the school representative on the Committee, James Morgan; however, all members of the committee are very approachable and are prepared to 'lend an ear' to any suggestions.

As a relatively young organisation, the 'Friends of Pierrepont' need as many members as it is possible to attract. Subscription is by means of a seven year covenant, which, as we are a registered charity, allows us to reclaim the tax on your payments.

If you would like to join, then please contact our Membership Secretary: Mrs Jo Goss, 68 Echo Barn Lane, Wrecclesham, Farnham, Surrey. Tel: Farnham 713997 or our General Secretary Mrs M J Tugwell, 70 Tilford Road, Farnham, Surrey. Tel: Farnham 713798

Phillip D. Lucas

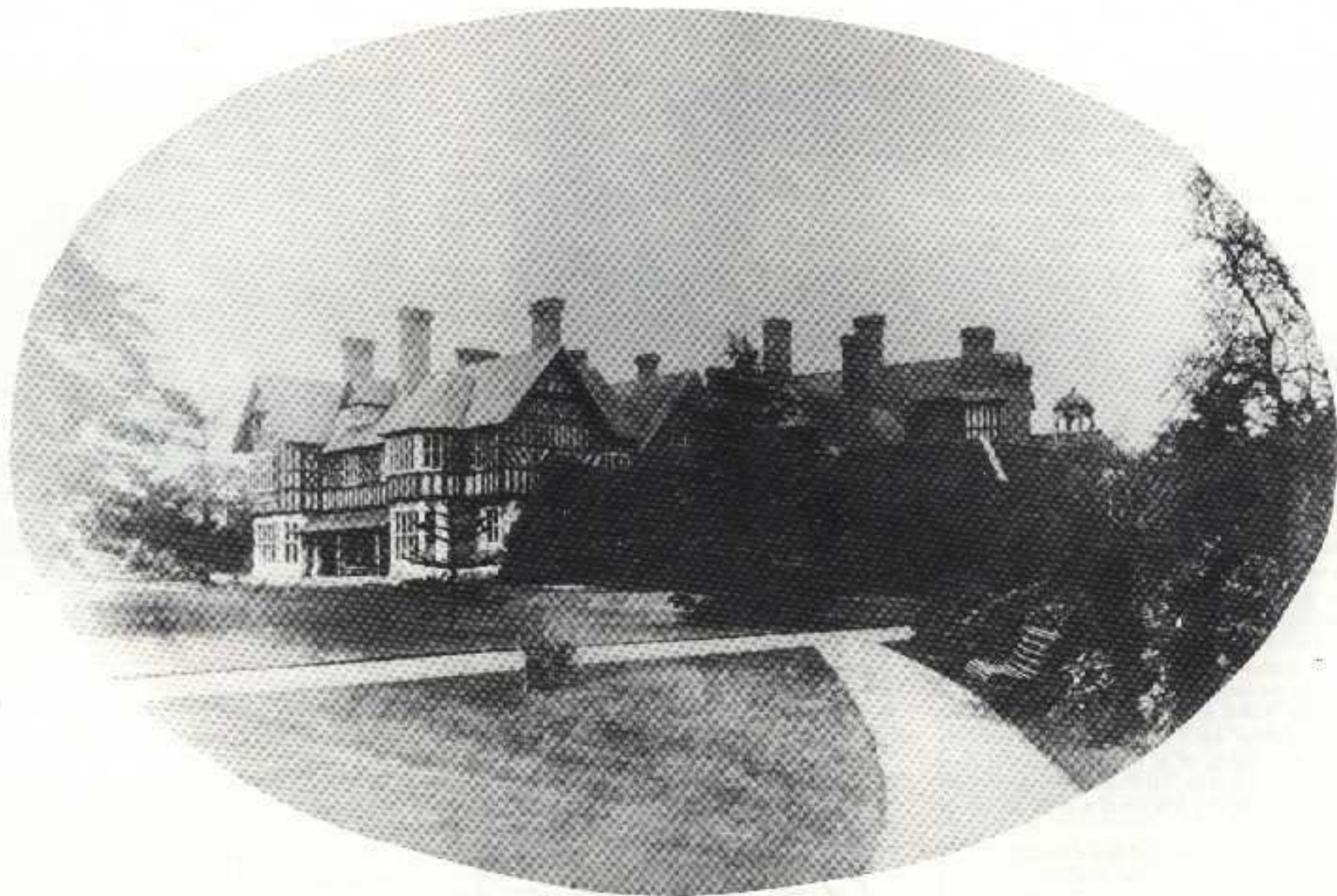


NEW VIDEO EQUIPMENT

Thanks to the kind generosity of The Friends of Pierrepont, the School is to purchase a Sony F1 portable video recorder and camera, which, together with associated lighting and software, will cost in the region of £1,500. This equipment will be used to augment and improve the School's existing video facilities, and will give us, for the first time, the opportunity to produce visual records of many of the school's activities.



Pierrepont - North front abt 1890



Pierrepoint · South front abt 1890

HOUSE NEWS

Agincourt House

The year for Agincourt has involved a great deal of change, as, from being a house top-heavy with fifth-formers, we gained a new first-form group who, over the year, have contributed to the house with great enthusiasm and spirit. All the juniors this year have put a lot into the house's activities, although often swamped in competitions by other houses' greater age and numbers.

We started the year with John Hubnar as house captain and Andrew Mortimore as his deputy, but at the end of the spring term, John took over as school captain and Andrew was promoted to house captain, with Simon Crowder coming back from Sixth Form House to take his place. We were sorry to lose John but at least we know we have friends in high places. Many thanks, too, to the other former residents who have continued to do house officer duties from Sixth Form House, supporting the newer house officers and remaining part of the family.

Agincourt has had a very successful sporting year. Early in the spring term we took the senior rugby cup and defended the rugby sevens cup — just! The second half of term produced a win in the senior football, with a second place for the intermediate team. In the cross-country, too, Agincourt lived up to expectations and came last in both competitions, although our first-formers made a determined effort not to be outclassed by much older competitors.

The summer term brought further success as we won the athletics standards cup, complemented on sports day by fine efforts from our senior members. The second half of term produced a victory in the tennis and two more surprising results as we won the senior cricket and even broke our duck at swimming by taking the senior freestyle relay cup.



Agincourt moves strongly into the new year, knowing that it has high standards in both sporting and academic fields, and determined to maintain them.

Andrew Mortimore

Combe House

This year the house has fulfilled most of the promise shown last year, with a tremendous enthusiasm from all members, especially the lead given by a fine team of house officers.

The common room has been further furnished with the addition of an old silverware cabinet from the library and a wooden roll of honour kindly donated by Andy Goodall, last year's house captain.

On Halloween night some rather ghoulish apparitions were spotted milling around in what was thought to be the art room — a secret witches' coven perhaps? This was followed up by a most enjoyable Christmas party, with Matron arranging a fantastic buffet which was greatly appreciated by all. Thanks are also due to Mr Kirk for arranging many enjoyable visits to ice-skating, ten-pin bowling and to see 'Evita' and the Harlem Globetrotters.

The house has been very successful in sports this year, winning athletics sports day — congratulations to Graham Long on winning the Intermediate Victor Ludorum. The swimming sports were also successful, with credit due to Emmett Borcik for his organisation and great swimming. The water-polo and junior tennis competitions were also won. Additional silverware came earlier in the year with the seniors winning the annual torture competition (the inter-house cross-country). The house rugby teams battled hard throughout the season, the junior sevens teams finishing a very close second under the organisation of Martyn Russell.

Mr Ford, the house tutor, announced the birth of a son earlier in the year to the delight of the house — perhaps a new pupil in eleven years' time?

Andrew Meek

Shaw House

This year has been a relatively successful one for Shaw under its new leadership of Peter Shakespeare and his band of house officers. There were many 'O' level candidates. This follows the strong Shaw tradition of academic success. Our old fifth-form study was exchanged for the old tuckshop, which has suited our purpose much better.

Our main social event, the house party at Christmas, was a great success and many thanks must be extended to all parents and senior students without whom it would not have succeeded.

On the sporting side Shaw has had a comparatively good year, although it does not hold a reputation for excelling at sports. The juniors have done particularly well, winning both the soccer, captained by Snook, and the cricket, captained by Pearce. The seniors however, have not been so successful, although they put up sterling performances in both the rugby 15's, especially Marcus Warren, and in the cricket where we lost to Agincourt by just three runs. Andrew Vanreken won the Victor Ludorum for athletics.

The house also did well to win the inter-house C.C.F. competition. Special thanks for this must be extended to Sergeant-Major Shakespeare and Under Officer Etzel.

Congratulations to Marcus Catlin and Peter Barker who were made up to prefect during the course of the year. We also wish all our leavers good fortune in their new pastures, especially Natalya Ferguson who has endured a whole year as one of only two girls in our sixth form.

Nicholas Robinshaw



Trafalgar House

The winter term kicked off with a small band of senior citizens ready to face the hazards of being house officers. Suffice it to say that they coped and helped to run a happy and spirited house.

In sporting activities Trafalgar has enjoyed a strange consistency which was at times frustrating, finishing second place in most of the house competitions. I would like to thank all the house for their efforts in and out of the sporting arena.

Our house party, in December, also proved to be a sporting arena for our two veteran gladiators, Mr Upton and Mr Wickson, who, joined by Mr Pike, were found tearing round the art room floor again chasing paper fish. It has even been rumoured that they have secretly gone into training for next year's race!

By comparison the next term seemed to be a lull before the storm of the summer term, which proved as eventful as ever. Again, all credit to the house for coming second in everything. However, other battles were fought: for those taking exams it was with their revision. For others it was how best to avoid the freezing water of the school swimming pool. No-one out-did the ingenuity shown by Martin Hawthorne and Hamish Mathews on these fronts by finding a comfortable niche in hospital for half the term. We wish them a speedy recovery.

It can be said then that the spirit of Trafalgar provided by a boisterous house, and coupled with the Nelson Touch, has guided us through another year. No doubt it will do so again.

Peter Newell

Waterloo House

This year on the sporting front, because of our limited number of senior members, we had great difficulty in forming our teams throughout the year. It was only due to the enthusiasm and effort of all concerned that we were able to field any teams at all. The only team we could not manage was a senior cricket team, but that was because of academic commitments. Unfortunately, our endeavours were not reflected in the results.

However, three cheers for our juniors! They must be congratulated for their many achievements over the year. Particular mention must be given to Angus Hunter for the time he gave in coaching our victorious junior cross-country team.

It was decided on July 18th (Waterloo Day) to change the house emblem from a thistle to a poppy. It was felt that the poppy was more significant in colour for the house than the thistle. This year the John Edward Cup was awarded to Andrew McFarlane, the Waterloo Bell to Jehangir Potit and the Martin Black Swimming Trophy to Mark Allan. We managed to retain the swimming standards cup along with the 100 yards free-style and junior relay cups.

Once again we were grateful to Mrs Seth-Smith for catering for the Waterloo House party. She has done this for many years now and each year comes up 'trumps'. Our thanks, too, to Mr G. Ward for his welcome contribution.

I should like to take this opportunity to thank my house officers for the support they have given me throughout the year. Although few in numbers they carried out their duties in a most professional manner. It only remains for me to wish Waterloo continued success in the future.

Robert Ward

Sixth Form House

The house has had a hectic year, basically because of several people concentrating on changing things. Alterations have been made to the recreation rooms on the ground floor, as well as the tiny studies on the middle floor, which were modified to make everyone a bit more comfortable. All our new members have settled down into the house and have started to make contributions of their own, especially in ideas for the house.

Thanks to the Bursar, we now have our own laundry system and so far everything is running smoothly and keeping everyone happy. We would like to thank the Bursar also for the facelift of the interior of the house at the beginning of the year and for the help we were given in changing the television room.

I think I must mention the fortitude shown by those students involved with the girls from Wispers School who had a car accident. Luckily the casualties did not suffer any really serious injuries but it has been a trying time for us.

The major event of the year, as it is every year, was the house party. This year we nearly had too much to cope with because we had organised an ambitious event including a barbecue, lighthearted games on the south lawn, and the usual disco. The success of the day relied heavily on the weather, which fortunately favoured us, and by the end of the party everyone was convinced of its huge success this year.

A house report is never complete without saying thank you. Of course we would like to thank Mr Treeby for his patience and time over the year. Also our house tutor, Mr Melbourne, has been very helpful throughout the year. I have already mentioned the Bursar's help. All

that remains to be said is a big thank you to the house for treating me to a wonderful time both as a new boy in VIB and as their house captain this year. We share a wonderful spirit and I have no fear of it fading!

Robert Smith





Pierrepoint . North front abt 1890



Mr Maurice Macmillan with Dame Katherine accompanied by Sarah and Mark Thomas

OPEN DAY, 1982

The Rt Hon Maurice Macmillan MP was guest of honour at Pierrepoint School's open day at Frensham.

Welcomed by the Headmaster and his wife, Mr and Mrs A.G. Hill, he and Dame Katherine were then conducted on a tour of the school by Mark and Sarah Thomas, twin A level students at Pierrepoint.

Of the many visitors, those unfamiliar with Pierrepoint could also avail themselves of a guided tour of the school and its grounds, visiting the Great Hall and libraries as well as classrooms and laboratories, where there were numerous and varied displays specially mounted for the occasion.

Of great interest was an anti-smoking campaign exhibition set up by the biology department with the co-operation of Dr A.J. Austin, which included a vitalogram on which visitors could measure their own lung efficiency, a display of X-rays showing lung cancer development, the demonstration of an ECG machine and experimental tar collection from tipped and untipped cigarettes.

The same department also showed ongoing studies by the Pierrepoint observation group, in liaison with Surrey University, set up to monitor apparent threatening factors that could adversely impinge on the future condition of the River Wey. The group has established two sites on the school's section of the river, and is observing and recording data relating to biology, ecology, geology, geography and meteorology.

Another display that attracted much interest was the part-completed hull of a small two seater hovercraft being built by some of the senior boys, who have been adventurous enough not to use a kit, but have made good

progress in acquiring the necessary skills to construct the hovercraft to a well-ried and successful design.

Amongst the many chemistry, biology and physics demonstrations and exhibitions were some that held a very basic appeal to visitors of all ages — a display of laboratory animals bred by Form One this year, including locusts, frogs and stick insects, and a display of simple light experiments set up by the boys of IIIB. Elsewhere, Pierrepoint's "Computer Studies" room was on view with its PET micro-processors.



Dr Austin with the Vitalogram



In the recently-built arts complex situated in the Armoury Court, the history department was host to the local Historical Society, which kindly mounted a fascinating exhibition on the history of Frensham, Dockenfield and Pierrepoint. This was supported by separate displays on the Falklands Conflict and Maritime Heritage Year.

An impressive display of audio visual resources using video and remote control slide and projector facilities could be viewed in the geography department, where there was also a particularly interesting exhibition of all the geography projects (submitted by Pierrepoint's A-level geographers over the past five years) of original research, covering such diverse topics as the micro-climate of the Pierrepoint estate and the impact of multi-national companies on Northern Spain. The Meteorological Society produced a display of some of its work during the year together with the instruments made for the recent TV programme on their work. The professional weather station was, of course, in full operation, and the afternoon produced almost all of the fair weather promised!

Audio-visual aids were prominent, too, in the Modern Languages department, along with the Language laboratory units. Parents and boys were interested to see an exhibition and film of a recent day trip to France. Elsewhere, another film highlighted the delights of skiing as sampled by some Pierrepoint boys and staff in Italy at Christmas time. The supporting static display included evidence that amongst their numbers must have been at least one prolific photographer as well as some of the best dressed skiers of the season.

In addition to a photographic record of the rehearsals and production of Oscar Wilde's "An Ideal Husband", performed earlier this year, and a display of academic work and books (common to all departments), the English department enabled visitors to sample the delights of Second Year classroom drama. Three groups of boys performed plays which they had written and produced themselves, and their particular brand of humour provided some light-hearted amusement for their appreciative audience.

During the course of the afternoon, the school

orchestra gave performances in the Great Hall, of a Divertimento by Haydn, and arrangements of "Hello Dolly" and "Mame". Adjacent to the hall, both libraries were open for inspection. The creative arts were further represented in the Art department, where exhibitions of painting and drawing were supplemented by samples from pottery and woodwork classes.



For those preferring noisier and more spectacular events, the Army section of Pierrepoint CCF provided its ever-popular battlecraft display on the west playing field. In full battle order, the boys carried out a platoon attack, laying down a smoke screen to disguise their movements in clearing the enemy position. In the water meadows, the assault course competition between the Army and RAF sections, and between the Army and the newly-formed Navy section, resulted in an overall win for the Army. A team of senior boys had toiled in mud for most of the week to construct this course, but had nevertheless enjoyed the challenge.

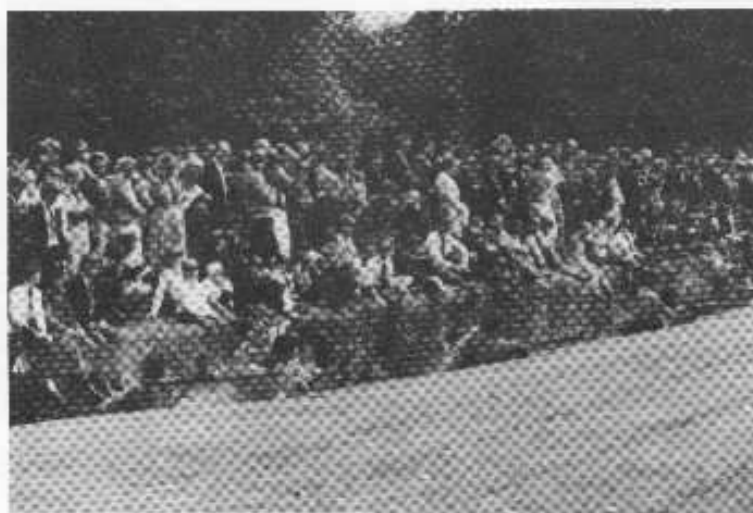
The RAF section contributed to the day's activities with a drill display devised by a Senior NCO, in which the squad performed an advanced drill of 88 movements, including arms drill, without word of command.

The CCF also held a First Aid display, including instruction in mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, using the life-size model Resusci-Annie.

Just as active and disciplined was the gymnastic display mounted by the Junior boys, again on the west playing field. Their programme included team vaulting and tableaux.

The highlight of the afternoon was the Headmaster's address on "Independent Schools in 1990", a thought-provoking analysis of some national trends in independent boarding school education and their relevance to Pierrepoint's future.

Tea was served in the main dining hall during the afternoon; this was very welcome, for all seemed to agree that this was Pierrepoint's busiest and most successful open day yet. We look forward to the next.



PIERREPONT CHAPEL LIFE

The round of chapel services has followed its traditional pattern of morning service on two Sundays out of three, morning prayers daily during the week (supported by the choir and orchestra), lunchtime communions for major feast days and our annual carol service.

This year we have welcomed to our Sunday services a different visitor each term – the vicar of Frensham, the Rural Dean of Farnham and the new vicar of the Bourne – and we have also twice attended St Mary's church to share the parish communion, the first time being the harvest festival. Other features of Sunday chapel have been the Sixth Form "take-over" on St Valentine's Day and the "not so boring" sermons (presumably as the chaplain's!) of various members of staff – not to mention the way-out films on the first Sunday of each term.

Daily assemblies were again taken by a rota of staff and students, along with the chaplain. It was the turn this year for the Sixth Form, Waterloo and Shaw Houses each to lead a week's prayers. In addition a dozen staff and a dozen representatives of each academic year took their turn by the week.

The CAROL SERVICE was the highlight of the winter term – combining, as always, the skill of the orchestra, the melody of the junior and senior choirs, and the voices of lesson-reader representatives from the First to the Sixth Forms, with the religious celebration by the whole school of the Christmas season. Usually the orchestra provides accompaniment for the congregational singing but this year it also joined for the first time with the choir alone in a setting of Gounod's 'Shepherds' Nativity Hymn'. The service started enthusiastically with 'O Come all ye Faithful' and came to a close with a modern devotional meditation sung by the choir – the 'Virgin's Cradle

Hymn' – followed by a rousing congregational finale, 'God rest you merry, gentlemen', and a cheerful postlude, 'Now Joyful Bells are Ringing'. Soloists were: Michael Over (in 'O come all ye faithful'), Sydney Over (in 'Love came down at Christmas') and Mr Smitheram (in 'A Gallery Carol'). Philip Doyle, Michael Gaudern and Martin Preston also sang as a trio one verse of 'A Gallery Carol'. Lesson readers were: Form One – Ian Wickes, Form Two – Gavin Watt, Form Three – Jonathan Castle, Form Four – Jeremy Pateman, Form Five – Anthony Flimer, and Form Six – Jonathan Payne. The retiring collection – used to buy Christmas hampers for elderly people associated over the years with the school and its social services group – amounted to £144.



Highlight of the summer term was our CONFIRMATION SERVICE, which again took place in the Parish Church on the second Sunday of May (as it will next year). However, this year there was less of a crush and no restriction on the number of guests as the parish candidates were presented for confirmation on a separate occasion – and the church was kindly turned over to us for our own big day. The orchestra led the musical accompaniment. 11 people were confirmed by Bishop St John Pike – they were: Mark Arnold, James Ashby, Ian Bayly, Gary Brown, Iwan Collins, Jeremy Crosby, Thomas Jackson, Adam Page, James Pitt, Filip Soetens and Glen Stuart.

We have – through 'Save the Children' – continued to sponsor Samuel Mwangi at the Starehe Boys' Centre in Nairobi, and have exchanged letters with him each term. Our local carol singing (which normally raises much of the £65 we pay) was snowed off this year – so the lunch-time sale of hot drinks at "Rev's Caf" has had to stand in as the sole source of revenue. Having grown out of much of his clothing – which he has passed on to younger brothers – Samuel is in need of extra help this year, so we are hoping for sufficiently good weather to permit a profitable session of carol singing next time round!

The annual summer 'camp' taken by the chaplain at Burtle in Somerset seemed no less enjoyable than usual. Some boys were there for the fourth year running – and advance requests have already been made for next year. We now have cine film of six years of Somerset sorties – and, at last, this year the chaplain has taken colour snapshots which can be seen (or ordered) in Room 7.

Dennis Webster

SUMMER BALL

The annual summer ball was held in the Great Hall on a balmy Saturday evening in May. Revellers were greeted with a welcoming sherry to get the evening off on the right foot which, as all dancers will know, is the correct way to start. Before long, the tranquil air of Pierrepont was stirred by the constant chatter of Friends, old and not so old, exchanging tales of yesteryear and experiences new.

At the appointed time, the multitude retired to the dining tables to sample the excellent fare prepared this year by the catering manager, Mr Chris Walshe. All agreed that the food far surpassed that of previous years and connoisseurs commented that the selection of wines was very good. The ladies, dressed in all their splendour, added colour and spectacle to a delightful evening which continued into the wee small hours to the accompaniment of The Harlequins. Teachers, parents, old boys and guests wined, dined, danced and conversed by candlelight in a relaxing and congenial atmosphere which did justice to the tranquil surroundings of academia. As the evening unfolded, the dance floor came into its own and conversation gave way to convulsion with an enthusiasm which would have impressed any "Peeping Tom" boarders. The variety of music added to the enjoyment of the occasion with waltzes waltzing, rockers rocking and romantics smooching; something for everyone. At the witching hour, the last waltz was played, but a few whispered words and unrevealed promises encouraged the players to play on for a further half hour, a clear indication that a good time was being had by all.

Eventually the final curtain dropped, and players and participants dispersed into the night with a glow of satisfaction and a resolve to return again next year for another taste of summer wine.

Jo Goss

THE LIBRARY

Some people never use the library. True or false?

I know this must be true because some people never sign out any books. True or false?

I cannot understand why we did not think of it before, but we have tried this year to keep a pen beside each signing out book. I say 'tried' because others have tried to remove or dismantle them: amazing – what are such people doing in the library anyway? (Or at Pierrepont?) The pens and their replacements must be a Good Idea, however. Many more books have been signed out since we installed them and borrowing habits have not changed that much. On the other hand, during the last few weeks of the summer term some 150 books were returned or found which had not been signed out, so we still have a long way to go. My thanks to all those, house librarians, domestic staff and others, who find stray books and return them to me.

There is another reason why I know that some people never use the library: they say so. When students are getting clearance to leave at the end of their time with us they are always asked whether they have returned all their library books. Some are quite happy to say that they never borrowed any. Are we failing in our responsibilities here? I think not, for several reasons.

Firstly, there is nothing to prevent anyone from using the library, either physically or socially: the cross-section of library users demonstrates that. Secondly, non-users are usually short-stay students, and include few who either arrive in the first form or leave from the sixth form. Pierrepont works its benefits less easily on those who are with us for just three years to O Level. Thirdly, it can hardly be said that reading choice in the

library is too limited: I offer that as a challenge. I should be only too pleased to receive specific suggestions for improvements.

So, to those who never darken the library portals I must say: you don't know what you are missing. To those who abuse the system I say: it's your duty to sign out what you take out. No more is asked of you. Then we all know what we are missing.

Finally, a word of public praise for Jon Payne who has been shifting furniture, chasing books and losing keys for two years: as library prefect he has left me little to worry about. My thanks too to Sarah Thomas and Simon David who have been helping with book repairs for almost as long: an invaluable service.

Philip Mighell



PIERREPONT Features



RAY DENNE

"What's this – not *another* tea party?"

"Hello sailor, you *are* a naughty gallywog!"

Most of us know Ray Denne by explosively good-humoured lines such as these which announce that he has just struggled in from the playing fields of Pierrepont. His origins – for he is a Frensham man – and what strange turns his career has taken to bring him back to his native heath,

are less well known, though, and add up to a fascinating story of service around the world which has provided him with his deep fund of philosophy.

Ray Denne was born, at what he records was an early age, in Rookery Cottages near Frensham Church. Perhaps his and his brother's naval careers were predestined at that early age, since his father devoted his life to the sea and was serving at that time aboard His Majesty's Yacht 'Victoria and Albert', predecessor to Her Majesty's Yacht 'Britannia'. Before the navy claimed him, Ray attended Frensham Junior School which then, as now, stood by the village green, looking across the River Wey towards Pierrepont, which was still at that time a private house. Like all other small boys of the village, and many of the adults, Ray Denne had to regard Pierrepont, home of Lady Constance and Mr Richard Combe, as a kind of heaven set far above the world they knew. The Combes owned the only car in the village, to the occupants of which the people had to doff their caps as it drove by – failure to do this by any youngster could lead to a severe reprimand for the unfortunate parents. Ray certainly remembers groups of small boys peering through the gates by the lodge, which we now pass through so often, wondering what it might be like at the top of the drive.

At the age of eleven Ray Denne moved to the Royal Hospital School at Holbrook, near Ipswich. This is a naval school, and it was over 33 years before Ray severed his connections with the Lords of the Admiralty. At the R.H.S. he showed sporting skills, winning colours for boxing and shooting, but was there only four and a half years before joining the Navy proper (the Second World War being by then in progress) as a Boy, Second Class. This was starting as near the bottom of the ladder as possible; pay – eight shillings and ninspence per week, or 44 pence in decimal money, and 35 pence of this was deducted for clothing and soap!

After training at a converted holiday camp on the Isle of Man, Ray Denne served most of the rest of the war at sea in cruisers. As a gunnery rating, his services were employed in all manner of missions from the Arctic Circle convoys to the Far East. To give a flavour of this period of his life, Ray Denne will recall with particular relief and some amusement the period just after D-Day in 1944 when his ship, H.M.S. Frobisher, was engaging land batteries along the coast of France. As a "gun director layer" he usually occupied a seat in the mast superstructure of the ship, and where his head had rested during the long night watches of the previous two years, a greasy mark had appeared. During this action, however, he had occupied a different place on the bridge and upon returning to his rightful seat, he found the greasy mark obliterated by a nasty shrapnel hole. Not long after this incident, Frobisher struck a mine, and, in danger of sinking, had to struggle back to the English coast. On Saturday, June 10th the ship was, in very poor visibility, off Dungeness when the sound of approaching engines was detected. The noise was at first thought to be that of E-Boats approaching and Ray was directing the ship's guns, as well as possible in the conditions, towards the enemy. As the source of sound drew closer, it appeared to rise and very rapidly flew over the ship. Since the crew doubted the existence of flying E-Boats, they were much mystified as to what it could really have been. They discovered later that they had been charting the progress of the first V-1 flying bomb to fall on London.

The war over, the service had less use for gunnery experts, so Ray Denne qualified as a Physical and Recreational Training Instructor. The Cyprus and Suez campaigns found him at sea again plying his old trade, but these were only interruptions to a career which eventually found him as Chief Staff Instructor at the Royal Navy School of P.T., Portsmouth. This work gave him the opportunities to officiate at two Olympic Games Trials, as well as many

CADET CHALKS UP A FIRST FOR PIERREPONT SCHOOL

Sergeant Jon Payne of Pierrepont School Cadet Force has become the first C.C.F. Cadet in the country ever to be fully qualified as a battle fitness training instructor. The week-long course, which began on the 1st November, 1981, was attended by seventeen paratroopers and Sgt. Payne.

"I was glad that they treated me as one of them," commented Jon, "and not as a school-boy; it helped me to relax a little."

But, although he was mentally relaxed, physically Sgt. Payne was to get little rest. The course turned out to be 90% hard physical training, whilst a mere 10% was put aside for lectures and training films. Each student was given a chance to teach the rest of the class in a basic P.E. lesson; by doing this, the instructors could assess the potential of the students.

Not only were the students assessed on their ability to teach, but also on their physical fitness. The Pierrepont student passed all three tests which included the Military Swimming Test and the Battle Fitness Test. In the final test, which was the Physical Assessment Test, Sgt. Payne scored maximum marks and achieved an 'A' grade — only four other members of the group equalled that achievement.

The course not only taught Sgt. Payne how to construct a P.T. lesson, but also covered every aspect of Military P.T.

Jon was invited back to Bulford Camp — home of the Army's southern School of P.T. and where this course took place — after a successful Akaido course at Easter. "I decided that this course could be of value before



attending a commissioning board, and I would advise this type of course to any cadet who is interested in sport and the Army," concluded Jon. Jon is in the process of obtaining a commission in the Gurkha Rifles since he finished 'A' levels at Pierrepont this summer.

FIRST FORM VISIT TO THE OLD KILN AGRICULTURAL MUSEUM, TILFORD

I think we all enjoyed the visit to The Old Kiln Agricultural Museum with all its old and rusty machines for ploughing, shearing, cutting, trapping and transporting. The thing I liked most was the railway with its wrecked carriages and an engine in a hut.

We were also impressed by the smithy. Our guide was a good blacksmith and showed us how to bend a piece of iron into a scroll by heating.

There was a dairy, as well, with milk churns. I only had a quick look, but what I saw was good, a bit dusty — but good.

Our guide showed us how to make a cartwheel out of timber and iron. He showed us some of the tools necessary, but said it would take all day to show them all.

Rupert Brown

On the 6th July 1982, at 9.30 a.m., Forms IX and IY set off to the Agricultural Museum at Tilford. The day was hot, and we were on foot and soon arrived.

We were split up into two groups and one was taken to the blacksmith's, but my group was taken to the farming equipment. We looked at ploughs, cultivators and a gipsy cart. Then we were taken to the blacksmith's, which I found very interesting, after which we went to the wheelwright's and learnt all about wheel hubs, spokes and iron tyres.

The best part of our tour was the shop where we bought tons of souvenirs, after which we made our way back to school.

Jason Hone



Ray Denne photographed in 1942 in Mombasa

Inter-Service athletics fixtures and a G.B. versus The Rest match. He has refereed and judged at the Singapore National Boxing Championships. He has also refereed many Amateur Football Association matches including an A.F.A. International. He has also taken part in many gymnastic displays, including that in the Royal Albert Hall on Remembrance Day in front of H.M. The Queen.

These are only the high points of the experience which he brought to the teaching profession. Immediately after leaving the service, he went to teach at Eton College – an experience he did not find fulfilling – and then at its prep school, Hawtreys, near Marlborough. It was while he was at Hawtreys that his brother sent him a cutting from the Farnham Herald which announced that Pierrepoint was looking for a new sports master. Ray Denne was quick to apply and was soon discovering just what it was at the top of the drive he had wondered at in his early years.

He has never lost contact with the Navy completely. Since returning to Surrey, he has served with the Sea Cadets at T.S. Swiftsure in Badshot Lea, and now that the Pierrepoint C.C.F. boasts an B.N. Section, he is to bring his vast Naval experience to help guide this new venture through its formation and into life.

Ray has also forged links with the local area where his mother, now 81, and his brother still live. Each year he trains a gymnastic display team for the Frensham Fayre and he is an active member of the Farnham Schools Athletic Association. Being a qualified athletics and swimming starter, his services are often in demand at meetings organised by the association.

He has been with us now for seven years at Pierrepoint, and he and his team have continued to produce the winning ball game sides and enthusiastic athletics, swimming and indoor games teams of which Pierrepoint can so often be proud. Ray Denne would be an asset to any school – a man who can bring authority to his work and great good humour to all with whom he comes into contact. We are lucky to count him among our number.

Tom Wickson

THE RIVER WEY ENVIRONMENTAL GROUP

During the last year, a number of interested parties got together to set up a group to study in some depth (forgive the pun) the River Wey, or, more specifically, the half-mile section of the river that runs through the Pierrepoint grounds, and its immediate environment. The work is not intended to be entirely parochial, but to provide information relating to the whole river. The suggestion to form the group first came from Mr Geoffrey Lee, a long-time member of Frensham Flyfishers, who over the years has noticed changes, usually adverse, that have taken place to affect the river. Mr Lee and I sought the help and advice of Mr Melbourne, Mr Brooks and Dr Maurice Moss of Surrey University, who is an expert on diatoms (little things in the water!).

We meet and report on our respective departmental interests. Dr Moss, with Mr Melbourne, has involved the Sixth Form biologists in the work of recording and analysing the river so that we will slowly build up a thorough, detailed and perhaps unique record of the river over the years. It is still too early to report anything exciting from this work except to say that in the summer the river's temperature was so high that it had reached the point of maximum for trout. This no doubt is reflected in the reduced number of fish, and is a worrying aspect.

We would hope that in future issues it will be possible to report on further results of our studies.

Peter Upton

SKI TRIP TO RAVASCLETTO

Very early on the morning of January 6th, a party of boys and staff set off for the snowy slopes of North Italy. For most of the party it was the first time on a skiing holiday, though some preparation had been done using the dry skiing facilities at Aldershot.

The departure from Luton airport at 8.30 a.m. meant leaving the school at 5.00 a.m., and a diversion from Verona airport to Milan resulted in a long coach journey Ravascletto. The last leg of our journey was a scramble up an ice-covered road with our heavy suitcases and when we eventually fell into bed, tired out by the long day, we wondered whether it was all going to be worth the effort. We need not have worried. In the morning we found ourselves in a most attractive resort with snow all around the hotel. The nursery slopes were nearby and immediately after breakfast, equipped with our boots and skis, we joined the ski school for our first lessons. We were fortunate to have very good instructors, one of whom was Luciano de Crignis, a famous skier and mountaineer. Under their tuition, progress was rapid and, after the first few sessions on the lower slopes, we sought to try our now-found skills on the more exciting runs.

A feature of the resort was the large, high-speed cable car which whisked skiers 2,400 feet above the village to fascinating slopes on Monte Zoncolan, which provided good skiing for every grade from black runs to beginners' slopes. Some of our more experienced skiers had already tackled the green and blue runs and had returned to tell us of their exploits and daring. Those of us who attempted the green run for the first time will never forget it. The slopes which seemed steep at the time became littered with fallen skiers, and it seemed miraculous that no-one was injured. Yet we were left with a great sense of achievement when we reached the bottom of the run. As the



days passed, we became more adventurous and some more skilful, and there were some who even went on the notorious 'black run', though at least one was heard to say he wished he had not. However, the instructors always seemed to know the capabilities of their pupils, and although at times they seemed to be asking the impossible, most managed to negotiate the slopes without too many mishaps. On the last day, everyone took a ski test and in the evening was presented with a bronze, silver, or gold medal, according to his (or her) standard.

The hotel, "La Perla", was very comfortable, with all rooms having private facilities. We were fortunate to have a party of girls also staying at the same hotel and they gave the apres-ski activities an added attraction! In the evening the tour operator's representative organised a social event. The entertainment included discos, a fancy dress evening, bingo, and a birthday party for Mr Smithers the party leader. Members of the party excelled themselves in their ingenuity in the fancy dress evening and Sim Angel won first prize as a priest.

With so much to do, the days passed rapidly and all too soon we were saying our farewells to those who had made our stay so enjoyable. The hotel proprietor and his staff had made us feel very welcome, and the Hourmont representative have seen to it that everything had gone smoothly.

My grateful thanks to Mr Francis and Mr Melbourne who did so much to make the trip so successful, and to my wife for looking after the injured and dealing with medical matters. Also to Mr Harris, a parent, for his help, a great sense of humour, and for recording the highlights of the holiday on film.

The school is returning to Favaschetto again this year; it is a tribute to our venture that over half the party is going again. We are all looking forward to it very much.

Edmund Smitheram



THE TREE FELLER

I wandered carefree as a lord,
 Who skis on high and slopes below,
 When all at once I spied a crowd,
 A host of Pierrepoint Boys, Hello?
 Beside the piste, beneath the trees,
 Scattered and splattered in the breeze.
 My agile brain, long trained, rare shocked,
 Soon realised my ski path blocked.
 I should have stuck to a straight black run,
 Quite obvious now, this one, no fun,
 I turned to the Ski-Instructor, beseeching,
 "We must turn off to continue teaching."
 You see, Messrs. Francis, Melbourne, myself and Co.,
 Were telling the Instructor where to go.
 He was of course a skier of fame,
 But the Pierrepoint pros showed him the game.
 Off Piste, we turned, to coin a phrase,
 In search of new routes – other ways
 Of coming down the mountain side
 We usually take such in our stride.
 So to the left a track one sees,
 Bedecked with foliage, shrubs and trees:
 The track was icy and overgrown,
 But true professionals never moan.
 The Pierrepoint team and one brave Parent,
 Pressed on skiing with little care and
 Soon reached speeds of a ton and more;
 Breaking slalom records by the score,
 I followed these masters of the arts,
 Proud of such comrades and their many parts,
 When all at once a tree appeared
 Across my path, most strange, most weird.
 Now, it's somewhat difficult to turn round
 When skiing at the speed of sound,
 I therefore decided, and I'm not lying,
 To change right over to low flying.



I bent my knees, I don't know how
 And managed to execute a perfect plough.
 The tree however, moved my way too.
 It didn't want to let me through!
 To cut the story short I've decided
 To admit that the tree and I collided,
 My skis broke free and off they flew.
 The language turned the air quite blue.
 I called out to the Instructor Chappy,
 "This whole thing makes me most unhappy",
 What did he think of an Italian tree,
 Having the audacity to attack poor me?
 Quite moved he was, most plain to see
 But alas, he felt sorry for the tree!
 In truth he knew my own head could
 Take far more knocking than the wood.
 So ends the tale and I'm the teller
 But from now on I'll be "THAT TREE FELLER".

One Brave Parent

The 1st XV Time Table

Tuesday	9.00 am	1st XV team has been decided (same as usual)
Tuesday	11.00 am	Team sheet is still not up on the notice board, Maybe Mr Pike cannot spell Cornrumff
Tuesday	2.00 pm	Still no team sheet
Tuesday	7.00 pm	Everyone in team gathers in 6th form house for a mass boot-cleaning session (to music). Work is abandoned for at least one day before a match to psyche up, and one day after to recuperate.
Tuesday	8.00 pm	Second coat of polish is applied.
Wednesday	1.30 am	Players get an early night.
Wednesday	10.55 am	Players emerge from hibernation.
Wednesday	11.00 am	Team meeting.
Wednesday	11.15 am	Mr Pike turns up.
Wednesday	11.20 am	Pre-selected team member turns up to represent the team (a different member each week).
Wednesday	11.40 am	Most members physically in lessons, mentally non-existent. The same answer is used for every question:- "We'll take the scrum, please sir," (Practice makes perfect!).
Wednesday	12.50 pm	Players congregate outside the linen room to collect shirts . . . safety in numbers!
Wednesday	12.55 pm	Players emerge from the linen room (sigh!). Hardest part of the day is over. Players can now relax for the match.
Wednesday	1.00 pm	Lunch?!?
Wednesday	2.00 pm	15 mins. until kick-off. Players assemble in the changing rooms. Mass exit of all other people. The Pierrepoint shirt brings out the animal in all of us.
Wednesday	2.15 pm	Players proudly march out to the roar of Mr Pike . . . the support!
Wednesday	2.17 pm	The Oggie. Famous war cry. Some team members hum because they don't know the words.
Wednesday	2.18 pm	Match starts (late as usual)
Wednesday	2.19 pm	Already in the lead 20-0. First injury. (1 down, 14 to go).
Wednesday	2.55 pm	Half time. Team sheet goes up! Mr Pike gives team talk (again). Nobody listens, more interested in the oranges.

Wednesday	3.30 pm	End of the match (won again!). Everyone makes a tunne smiles, claps and shakes the muddy hand of their opposite number even though ten minutes ago they were prepared to stamp on the guy's head!
Wednesday	5.50 pm	Tea. Mr Pike comes in to tea (He doesn't eat anything because he has already had an offer for the Michelin man's job! Mr Francis soon joins and together they do their best to tear us apart. Nobody listens.
Wednesday	10.00 pm	Celebration?
Thursday	11.00 am	Scrum players practise scrum rush. Line players practise quick dashing run. Both of these exercises are carried out better than the previous day . . . On the whole, most of the shirts are handed in.

Anonymous 1st XV player



UNE PROMENADE AUTOUR A BOULOGNE

With beaucoup de sandwiches and une grosse boisson d'orange, we set off for Dover by coach at sept heures et demi. The journey was un peu ennuyeux, punctuated only by une pause café en route. As we entered the Dover terminal the coach, being un peu en panne, decided to go no further, but at last we reached the ferry. Some boys rushed to the bureau de change while others found sundry ways to amuse themselves; every part of the boat was explored except by one unhappy individual who, suffering from mal de mer, had to hang over the side.

About deux heures et demi, French time, we docked and made straight for La Haute Ville. There we explored les vieilles rues, la cathédrale de Notre Dame, le Château, and walked around the ramparts on whose wall is a plaque commemorating the ascent in 1785 of the balloonists de Rozier and Romain.

It then being quatre heures, we set the boys free to do some shopping dans la ville moderne, having previously issued them with une carte de Boulogne and arranging to meet à la Place Dalton in an hour. The shops were plein de gens. La charcuterie had a tempting display so that was well patronised and many ventured into la boulangerie to buy, "Une baguette, s'il vous plaît." A Breton band wound its way through the crowded streets adding colour to the scene.

On arrival à la Place Dalton we were surprised to see Stoodley and Webster sitting in the car of un agent de police. "Qu'est-ce qui se passe?" we asked. These intrepid travellers had been set upon and robbed by des voyous français. They, with the help of un dictionnaire, recounted the unfortunate happening to the police who, unlike the Boulonnais shopkeepers, ne parlent pas anglais. Justice could not be done as bientôt we had to prendre le bateau.



In the remaining hour, those who were not still eating their way through un bon pique-nique, dispersed to find un restaurant. All too soon it was time to say au revoir to Boulogne and to journey chez-nous. Laden with baguettes and une variété de bonnes choses, we arrived at Pierrepont about minuit et quart, fatigués mais contents.

Penny Treeby

Sports Centre Disabled Persons Lift Fund

In September, seven boys from Pierrepont took part in a sponsored swim at Farnham Sports Centre organised by Duncan Goodhew Swimorama to raise money to go towards the cost of a lift for disabled persons at the Sports Centre. All did exceptionally well and raised a considerable amount of money. Well gone M. Allan, I. Collins, M. Frost, A. Page, S. London, J. Saldon and M. Whibley,



'WEATHER' STUDENTS EARN TV STUDIO DATE

Students from Pierrepoint School, Frensham, and Wispers School, Haslemere, took part in the Thames Television programme "Freetime" last June, to demonstrate their interest in meteorology.

The idea for the programme came from the Royal Meteorological Society who wished to record Pierrepoint's second year with a one hundred per cent pass rate in meteorology G.C.E. 'O' level examinations.

The students, pictured above, demonstrated how easily and cheaply weather instruments could be constructed and have also produced simple instructions for

circulation to viewers on how to make their own weather station.

The instruments demonstrated on the programme included a hygrometer for measuring humidity, a rain gauge, a barometer for the measurement of changes in atmospheric pressure, a wind vane to indicate wind direction and anemometers to record wind speed.

Pierrepoint School's Meteorology Society has its own professional weather station and regularly monitors the local weather scene. As a result of the "Freetime" programme they hope to establish contact with other young weather watchers throughout the country and build up a network for the regular exchange of readings.

Reprinted from The Farnham Herald

METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY

It is pleasing to be able to report yet another year of interesting and successful society activities. Once again a goodly number of members obtained 'O' level passes in the G.C.E. examination in Meteorology and some 34 people are now in preparation for an attempt in June 1983.

One highlight of this year's activities was our participation in the Thames Television programme 'Freetime'. Four members of the society were asked to build and demonstrate the use of simple meteorological instruments for measuring air pressure, humidity, wind speed and direction. It was generally agreed that they put up an excellent performance and received considerable acclaim for their bearing and confidence — typical Pierrepoint products.

The society has now purchased a remote sensing anemometer and wind vane and is now fully equipped to professional standards. That is, except for a sunshine recorder... any offers?

Our membership of the Royal Meteorological Society has also given us access to a large number of lectures and we have now been adopted by a real-life professional weather forecaster who will come to Pierrepoint to advise and help with our work. Fortunately the forecaster, a lady, is rather more attractive than Michael Fish on television.

Colin Brooks

PIERREPONT Activities

Contingent Commander's Report on the Formation of a Royal Naval Section

It is with great pleasure that I am able to report that the C.C.F. has officially opened a Royal Naval section. For some years now I have been aware of a considerable and growing interest in the Royal Navy amongst cadets in the school, an interest clearly fostered by the activities of the school's sailing club and the cruising holidays that take place at the end of summer terms.

Records reveal, too, that a steady trickle of sixth form pupils seriously consider a career in the Royal Navy and the Britannia Royal Naval College has accepted applicants from Pierrepont almost every year in recent times.

It has always seemed to me entirely appropriate that if the C.C.F. is to offer introductory service in two of the armed services, the Army and the Royal Air Force, then the opportunity to offer initial experience in the Royal Navy should not be missed.

During the second half of the last decade it was Ministry of Defence policy not to allow schools lacking a naval section to open one. Those were the days when defence cuts bit particularly severely into funding for cadet forces. The situation now, however, is more favourable and we were able to convince our military masters that the establishment of such a section at Pierrepont would be a valuable addition to activities already on offer to pupils.

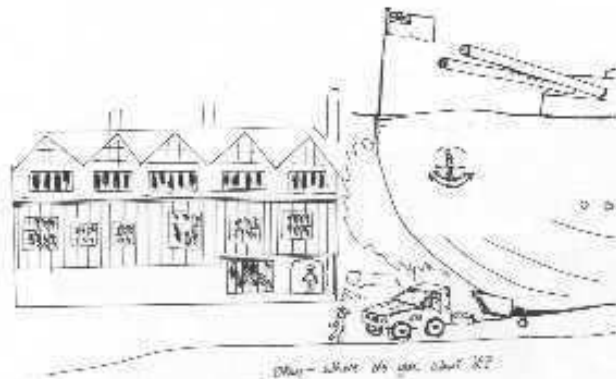
It is one thing, however, to propose such an addition but quite another to deal with the actual problems of putting the show on the road. The Friends of Pierrepont provided most generous assistance in financing necessary alterations to the Armoury to accommodate the section. Captain Michael James, until recently the Army section commander, has now become Lieutenant Michael James,



R.N.R. He has long been closely associated with the school's sailing club and during these last summer holidays has successfully completed an arduous training course at B.R.N.C, Dartmouth. It is worth noting in passing that Michael James now enjoys the distinction of having seen service in all three major arms of the reserve forces, the Army, the Royal Air Force and the Royal Navy. I know of no other C.C.F. officer with this achievement to his name. He has been appointed naval section commander.

The school is singularly fortunate in having as its head of the P.E. department Mr Ray Denne, who became a schoolmaster after thirty-three years of distinguished service in the Royal Navy. In recent years, as Lieutenant Denne R.N.R., he has been serving with T.S. Swiftsure, the Sea Cadet unit at Badshot Lea. His enthusiasm and vast experience will be an invaluable asset to the new section in which he is to serve as executive officer.

Founder members of the Naval Section



Andrew Melbourne, previously second-in-command of the army section, has been promoted to captain and taken command of the section.

Elsewhere in this magazine, you may read of an annual naval camp attended last holidays by a small number of the school's senior cadets destined to join the naval section. I regard it as an indication of the enthusiastic support of the Royal Navy that they offered us such training facilities before the section was officially established.

It is the practice of C.C.F. sections to be sponsored by appropriate establishments of H.M. forces. Our naval section's parent unit is H.M.S. Sultan, Portsmouth. Additionally, naval sections are sometimes fortunate enough to be granted affiliation to one of H.M. warships. We are to enjoy the privilege of such an affiliation, I regret, however, that I cannot at this time name the warship.

During the period from 1966 to 1974, the Chairman of the Board of Governors of the school was a very distin-

guished retired senior Royal Naval officer, Vice Admiral Sir Norman Denning, K.B.E., C.B. A few months ago his widow, Lady Denning, approached the Headmaster to express her wish to present a cup to the naval section on its establishment. She made clear her delight at the news and stated that Sir Norman would have been particularly pleased to hear that Pierrepoint School was to introduce a naval section in the C.C.F. I would like here to thank Lady Denning for her touching generosity and I promise her we shall endeavour mightily to live up to the traditions of a service in which her late husband enjoyed such an illustrious career. The cup will be presented annually to the naval cadet who makes the most distinguished contribution to the section.

Seeing the Royal Navy cadets for the first time this term in their smart new uniforms gave me a great deal of satisfaction. I am confident this venture will prove worthwhile and be popular with both cadets and parents. It is now our duty to make this new section as successful as the Army and Royal Air Force sections continue to be.

J.G. Morgan, Major,
Officer Commanding,
Pierrepoint School C.C.F.

C.C.F. - R.A.F. SECTION

The R.A.F. section currently has about 35 members forming three flights: Harrier, Lightning and Jaguar. The inter-flight cup was won by Harrier flight yet again, under the command of Sergeant Peter Barker. In order to win the cup, Harrier had to compete with the two other flights in several competitions including drill, shooting and field exercises on Frensham Common. The flights were also marked on inspections, a good standard maintained all round. Proficiency training continued with cadets making

valuable progress. Here aspects of flying, navigation and meteorology are taught.

On Open Day the R.A.F. section showed off its skill at arms drill under the command of Cadet Under Officer Christian Etzel. The R.A.F. also fielded an assault course team to challenge the Army and Navy teams but unfortunately failed to win. An Airfield model showing the layout and operation of an R.A.F. airfield was also exhibited.

Summer camp this year was at R.A.F. Manston in Kent and fifteen members attended. The early part of the week was spent doing exhausting ground navigation and orienteering exercises, one of which was aptly named "Flogger". The station's main interest was the fire training school which gave a number of fire fighting demonstrations, some of which we were invited to join in. The aircraft we saw were mainly civil types, a Boeing 707, a DC-6B and an assortment of un-airworthy Bristol Britannias. We also visited the crew room of 22 squadron Air Sea-Rescue unit and at the end of the week a few privileged cadets were allowed a flight in its Westland Wessex helicopter. Also



there was a Sea King helicopter which had been borrowed while the Wessex had an engine refit.

The other main attraction was the flying which I think I am right in saying all of the Pierrepoint section participated in, some for the first time. During the flight the cadet is allowed to "feel" the controls and perform limited manoeuvres. The trip could be livened up by aerobatics if one wished but this was not recommended for "first timers". The aircraft flown were De Havilland Chipmunks of No. 1 Air Experience Flight.

Off station visits included one to Richborough power station and one to Canterbury. Additional activities were shooting, raft construction exercises and visits to the control tower. To finish the camp off we had the camp photograph taken in front of a Mark 16 Spitfire. All in all a very enjoyable camp.

Jonathan Gillett

JOINT SERVICES CAMP – GIBRALTAR – EASTER 1982

The one week camp in Gibraltar was to be attended by four NCO's from the Royal Air Force Section. Unfortunately the total number of people on the camp had to be reduced due to the Falklands campaign. Because of this two people had to 'drop out' and only myself and Flight Sergeant John Hillier (now Warrant Officer) went. John and I drove up to Luton Airport, on the morning of April 13th, where we met Sqn. Ldr. Brooks (from Pierrepoint), who was to be the Camp Commandant, and the cadets from other schools, 45 in all.

The flights out and back were Britannia Airways Air Trooping flights that lasted about two hours. On

arrival at Gibraltar we were taken by bus to our accommodation, right next the runway. It seemed ironic that with all the aircraft coming and going there was no way out for a week! We were briefed, after a five minute settling in period, in the community services building, and as usual were told the do's and don'ts and were split into groups or 'flights'. As is common on camps the flights were formed in a competitive spirit, the winning flight being given a 'mystery tour' at the end of the week. The activities and competitions during the week included an obstacle course, various leadership exercises and sports – notably the beach games held during the barbecue!

There were various visits arranged during the camp including a visit to the Rock's museum and the meteorological station at the airport. We were also taken to Lathbury Barracks on the south part of the Rock, where the 1st Battalion of the Staffordshire Regiment is garrisoned. Here we were shown a variety of equipment and armament including radios, one of which was long range and with it we were able to talk clearly to service members on Salisbury Plain. We were also shown mortars and anti-tank weapons. While there we were taken into some of the 30 miles of tunnels in the rock. Here we were given a taste of the street patrol training the regulars are put through before being posted to Northern Ireland. John and I were also lucky enough to get a separate flight each in the flight deck 'jump' seat on Gibraltar Air's only aircraft – a Viscount, affectionately known as Yogi.

The day before we left, the winning flight, of which I was a member, was given its 'mystery tour'. The tour was to be the two highest points on the rock, one of which was restricted Ministry of Defence property overlooking the airport with an incredible view of the border and Spain. We did also manage to see the Rock's famous apes in our travels.

On the last day before leaving, everyone was taken around the rock on a Royal Air Force launch. Most of us were also given a chance to terrorise the waters around Gibraltar by controlling the vessel.

In all everyone had a very enjoyable and energetic week that was very well planned and filled particularly considering the Gibraltar Base's heavy commitment in preparation to support the South Atlantic Task Force, evidence of which was clear to us all.

Guy Henderson



ADVENTURE TRAINING 1982

The day was already sunny when we set out for our Easter time Adventure Training in the four ton lorry and Landrover. The journey to Cwmpenmachno in North Wales took us six hours and we were all thankful that we were not living in tents and consequently did not have to erect them after the tiring journey. We were staying in a converted chapel.

The first day was eventful and memorable, as one of the boys fell and had to be rescued by a helicopter, because he was unable to walk and the terrain was in places too harsh for him to be carried. Thankfully, we learned later the boy was not seriously hurt, rather suffering from shock.

For the duration of the week we had the company of two regular army instructors, who taught us basic survival and map reading which stopped us getting lost, although we did take a few short cuts, to the horror of some sheep.

The most memorable walk we did was up to the top of Snowdon, where in some places we were climbing on all fours up hazardous ice-covered rock. Once at the top, the view was breath-taking as, although there was snow on the peak, the visibility was superb.

During one night the fire alarm bell went off due to a malfunction, so everybody was standing outside in their pyjamas at three o'clock in the cold, until an officer gave us the all clear. The fault was later mended, but not until a few unorthodox methods of repair were tried.

The highlight of this year's Adventure Training was the rock climbing and abseiling, which we did during the last two days, under the watchful eyes of the two army instructors. The abseiling was particularly exhilarating, if not at first tremendously frightening, as we had to walk out over the fifty foot high cliff face, and sail down the rope to the bottom.

Something we had all appreciated on this particular Adventure Training were the facilities the converted chapel offered, as we could after a long walk have a shower, change into something more comfortable, have a decent cooked meal, and before retiring to our relatively com-

fortable beds, read and toast marshmallows around the open log fire, which was in the common room.

The last day was spent tidying and cleaning up the old chapel to ensure future users would have as much fun as we did. We packed the four tonner, said good-bye to the army instructors and reluctantly left for Piarrepont, although we were glad to hear that as the camp was so successful there is a possibility of us returning some time.

Finally, a vote of thanks must be extended to Major Morgan, Captain James and the other officers for arranging such an enjoyable and successful camp.

Marcus Catlin

C.C.F. ARMY SECTION SUMMER CAMP 1982

In 1982, the Army section camp was held at Sennelager in Germany with the 7th Tank Transporter Regiment R.C.T. We found them to be an enthusiastic host to us and it was one of the most interesting summer camps we had had for many years.

The journey to Sennelager was by ferry and coach and the trip lasted all night. Little sleep was achieved either mode of transport, and all cadets arrived at Sennelager a little weary. However, inspection of the accommodation and facilities at the camp soon cheered everybody up and spirits were as high as ever after a good night's sleep. The twenty cadets shared four rooms.

At the East German border



with plenty of space and privacy for everybody. Facilities at the camp included a gymnasium, an open-air swimming pool, a football field and running track, a NAAFI, a cinema, and last but not least, a bar. Although most cadets were too tired to use many of the more physical facilities during most of the camp, the less demanding facilities were utilised to the full.

On arrival we discovered that a full and demanding timetable had already been arranged for us by our hosts; including many visits and an adventurous training exercise. The visits were to a Field Ambulance, where we were shown how the army intended to cope with its wounded if a war situation arose (the visit was very encouraging); a regiment of the Royal Hussars, where we were shown the nitty gritty of the smaller fighting vehicles in the Scorpion range and were driven around in them; a Chieftain regiment of the Royal Armoured Corps, where we learned much about that particular task; R.A.F. Gutersloh which is a major R.A.F. base in W. Germany from which Harriers and many other aircraft operate and are repaired; a R.E.M.E. workshop where we were shown how engines and gear-boxes of a variety of military vehicles were replaced and repaired; and a visit to the German 'Democratic' Republic border, where a member of the British border guard explained to us how the East Germans guarded their border.

As well as these many visits, our hosts also laid on their own activities for us. We were allowed to drive the A.N.T.A.R. tank transporting vehicle used to carry Chieftains, around the parade square, coming perilously close to innocent bystanders on occasions. A lecture was also given on the operation and procedures involved with N.B.C. suits (Nuclear, Biological and Chemical), and how to react in a gaseous situation. We were also taught how to use a Sterling sub-machine gun and were allowed to shoot it on the range.



*Presentations by Colonel McCartney,
Officer Commanding our host regiment*

The adventurous training exercise proved to be the most arduous part of the camp, particularly due to the heat-wave experienced throughout our visit to Germany. Accommodation was in two-man tents, and catering was provided by a group of regular soldiers operating a canteen tent. The assault course was, perhaps, the most arduous test of all. It was up a steep-sided valley and inside a ravine within the valley. Obstacles included a single rope across the ravine, a tunnel containing running water which had to be crawled through, large logs which had to be carried up, and heavy sand bags which had to be carried down. We were helped on our way by one or two particularly mean-looking physical training instructors who were attached to us for the trip. Another part of the exercise was an orienteering exercise covering approximately thirty kilometres in roughly six hours at night from map reference to map reference using faulty compasses and extremely badly illustrated maps. Only one out of four teams actually completed the course properly, and one other came close by only missing one marker. Several runs on the assault course, the orienteering exercise, and numerous games of volleyball occupied this trip.

All in all, therefore, the contingent's ten days in W. Germany were well spent and well worth while. Thanks must be extended to our hosts at 7 Task Transporter Regiment, R.C.T. in Sennelager and also to all our own officers and N.C.O's especially Staff Sergeant Meek who was senior N.C.O. of our contingent. Congratulations go also to Cadet Whibley, who won the best cadet award for his efforts during the camp.

Nicholas Robinshaw

SUMMER NAVY CAMP GARELOHEAD, SCOTLAND

During the summer holidays, four Pierrepont cadets went to Scotland to take part in a naval camp. They were representing the new Pierrepont naval section, which officially started in the Autumn term. The four cadets were: N. Carey, M. Russell, R. Cawsey and J. Anastasi.

At 8 o'clock in the morning, the four of us caught the train from Farnham to Waterloo. We crossed over to Euston, and caught the train to Glasgow, where we were taken by truck to Garelochhead. After 7 hours of journey we clambered out of the truck, and inspected our accommodation for the next 8 days – Nissen huts with concrete floors! Needless to say, our spirits were not particularly high as we sat on our beds and listened to the rain drumming on the tin roof.

The next morning, we were shaken out of our beds at 6.30 a.m. and went off for our morning's activity, sailing. As we had yet to do any navy training, none of us knew how to dail dinghies, let alone the 32 foot cutters we were presented with. Luckily we had an understanding officer, who showed us how to rig and sail the cutters step by step. After lunch, we prepared ourselves for the afternoon, orienteering. The orienteering was to prepare us for our 2 day expedition which was to come later in the week. As we had all done army training before, we were used to the sort of exercise we were presented with. We were told to find a number of landmarks. We were not, however, prepared for the Scottish countryside, and after falling into countless marshes, we eventually ended an extremely tiring day.

The next day, we were on board a 70-foot fleet tender (a trawler), doing sea training. We set off down Loch Long, each of us taking turns at the helm, navigating,

and watching the radar. There was chaos at first, as no-one really knew what to do. Eventually, however, we were navigating and steering the boat by ourselves. We passed by many naval bases during the day, the most impressive, being a dry dock, containing an American Polaris submarine.

We were woken up at 8 o'clock the next day: it was our duty day. In the morning, we stayed at camp,



and cleaned everything from the ablutions (toilets in naval terms!) to the galleys. In the afternoon, we went down to the naval base, HMS Neptune, and used their swimming pool. In the evening, we were once again at HMS Neptune, for a unique trip. We were taken round two nuclear submarines, HMS Valiant and HMS Conqueror. HMS Conqueror was the most interesting, being the first nuclear submarine in history to sink a ship, the Argentinian cruiser, the Belgrano.

The next two days, we were hiking through the hills of Scotland. After trekking through the rain, we reached our campsite. Our shelter for the night was a polythene bag, and we all crawled into our sleeping bags which were inside the polythene bags. A cloud of midges over our heads ensured we didn't stay in "bed" very long in the morning. We set off on our way back to the pick-up point, and after about an hour of easy walking, our officer decided that we should see what the view was like from the top of the highest mountain. Once we struggled to the top, however, we could hardly see our hands in front of our faces because of the cloud. We made our way down – or tried to! After reaching a vertical drop, we decided the only way down was through river ravines. The rest of the trip was rather hair-raising, slipping and sliding over waterfalls and rocks! We eventually made it back, and the beds we had originally thought hard, seemed unbelievably comfortable.

We crawled out of our beds the next morning, and spent an entire day sailing on the cutters. Unfortunately, the weather set in for the afternoon, and we returned to camp rather wet and cold.

Canoeing and rock climbing were our activities for the following day. We were taken by motorboat across Loch Long, and were faced with a seemingly impossible rock to climb. After watching the instructor effortlessly climb up, we made our way up cautiously, thankful for the safety rope. We all found it amazing how much balance you could get from a small crack when you needed to. Once at the top, we had to get down again. The instructor called it abailing, but the method for most of us was to close our eyes and jump!

In the afternoon, we took to the canoes. The choppy waters and high winds of Loch Long proved difficult for everyone, and two of us ended up in the icy water.

That evening, our last, the assault course was run. After a close competition, we ended up the winners. We won the hut competition, too, (for the neatest hut throughout the week). Thus ended an extremely exhilarating and successful week. Next year, however, we can return as a fully-operative navy section, and hopefully, other schools will begin to reckon Pierrapont Naval Section as one of the best.

Nigel Caray

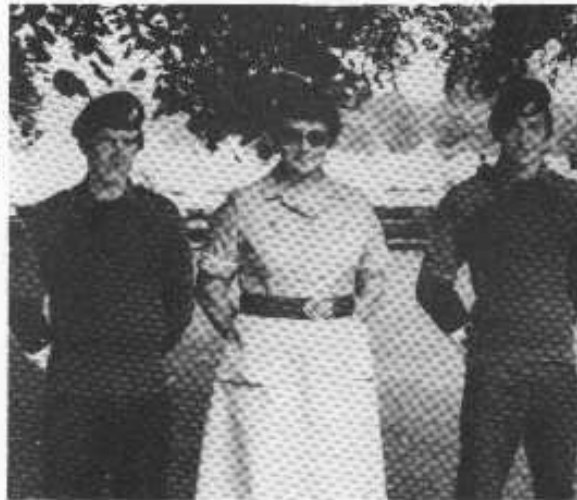
FIRST AID

This is the fourth year that the C.C.F.'s Army section has continued its three-term First Aid course. The course covers bandaging, asphyxia and emergency resuscitation, and 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.

A resuscitation model has been provided by the Army to help the cadets with their training. The model is called Resusci Anne; it is designed to indicate, with its lights, whether or not the first-aider is giving mouth to mouth, or mouth to nose, and external heart compressions correctly. The model shows how difficult it actually is to give resuscitation in the proper way.

On Open Day this year Charles Fordham, Steven Dyer and Antony Filmer volunteered as a first-aid group to patrol the school to help any people that were injured during the day (for example, cadets on the assault course!). Fortunately there proved to be no casualties.

The group has been instructed by the school Matron, John Hubner, Charles Fordham and myself. We frequently set short answer tests and practise things like the recovery position and emergency resuscitation.



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.

Andrew Pinner

COMMUNITY SERVICE

The academic year started on a sad note because Mrs Daisy Gabby, our oldest pensioner, was one September day suddenly whisked away from her Peakfield flat and taken to an Old Peoples' Home in Guildford run by the council as she was considered unfit to look after herself any longer. She subsequently died at the grand old age

of 97 years, sometime between January 6th and 18th during the second arctic spell of the winter.

Mrs Gabby was a great character. Community Service had helped her along for seventeen years and Peter Shakespeare had regularly visited her for the last three of them. She never retired to bed until the last TV station closed down and right up to her late eighties used to visit the cinema in Farnham weekly. She was an accomplished singer and had a tremendous sense of humour. In her late eighties she used to sit weekly as a model for a local night school Art group. We had been eagerly looking forward to organising her Centenary party.

The usual Christmas hampers for old people in the district were organised, and distribution took place on December 14th. The retiring collection at the Carol Service realised £144.50 and this sum will be used to finance these hampers again in 1982. We are most grateful to Parents, Friends, Staff and Boys for their generosity.

Football at Frensham First School has continued on Monday afternoons throughout the year but it is Football with a difference, because, due to shortage of boys, we went "co-ed" and were joined by girls.

After some initial opposition from the boys, and a few teething troubles, it has now become accepted fact and it is all progressing famously. We have several most promising footballing young ladies. In June we had a most enjoyable morning match with Pierrapont's first year, which somehow resulted in yet another draw!

Mark Thomas, Elliott Morris, Jeremy Crosby and Emmett Borcik (football) have all been very involved in the project and have given invaluable service.

Richard Burgess

FISHING CLUB

It has been a rather uneventful year for the fishing club, although we have once again been at our full membership strength. High water was once again a problem at the beginning of the season, but many perch and dace were caught as well as a good few trout from the Weir Pool. Then, in the new year, all the trout farms around were struck by 'whirling disease' and so no fish were available for restocking. This has meant that the dace have been able to flourish, and so at present the river is holding an extremely good head. There has, therefore, been plenty of sport for the fly-fisher, but the catches have been small and not very rewarding. Nevertheless many boys have enjoyed their spare time by the river — what better place to be! — and, glad to report, no pike have been taken from our stretch for the second year running, so this problem is now well under control.

We have, unfortunately, again been troubled by poachers but hopefully they will have been discouraged by the lack of trout in the stretch this year. I am equally sad to report that the Weir Pool stretch had to be put out of bounds at the end of last term because of more mindless vandalism to the Boat House. It is annoying because those responsible were probably not members of the club!

But, to end on a brighter note, the hard work which the faithful few have been doing to the banks and grounds is beginning to pay dividends. The club funds are at present in a very healthy state, so, all being well and diseases permitting, a much-needed restocking should be possible this coming season.

Malcolm Pike



RIDING

During the last school year Mr and Mrs Turner of the Priory School of Equitation sold the property where we have ridden for the last ten years. Fortunately they only moved three miles away, to the Headley Equitation Centre, beyond the Great Pond. Here they are concentrating on junior riding and holiday courses and they have superb facilities. The junior and intermediate students still ride with the Turners as they can be transported to and from the stables by Landrover. It is good to know that new boys starting to ride are still being taught by the grey part-bred Arab, Sooty, the bay Welshman, Playboy and many of the well-known characters that many boys, and old boys, will remember taking their first lessons on in the past. Naturally a number of new pony faces have appeared on the scene and there are new places to hack in the surrounding countryside of Hampshire.

Senior boys are still riding at The Priory, now under new management. They have some good quality horses and the facilities are, of course, excellent. The main activity of The Priory will be the organisation of shows for jumping and dressage competitions.

We hope that the new arrangements will work satisfactorily and that many students will continue to take up the art of equitation.

Peter Upton

GARDENING CLUB

The club had an injection of new members in the late spring and some hard work was put in, clearing the plots of weeds and tiresome couch grass which present us with ceaseless problems.

Once again the season was not on our side as we were short of water during germination time. The plots did not begin really to look like gardens until half-way through the summer holidays when things suddenly started to happen following a period of rain. Runner beans were particularly successful.

This year, advance notice was given of the judging of the gardens and most members made a real effort to smarten up their plots. Some novice gardeners, in an enthusiastic attempt to improve the appearance of their somewhat scanty crops, dug up Foxgloves, Rosebay Willow-herbs and Alstroemeria from the surrounding fields and planted them on the day prior to the judging, but inevitably they all drooped and had the opposite effect to what was desired.

One keen junior even planted two rows of herbs bearing small succulent black berries which he discovered on adjacent land. Little did he know that he had planted Black Nightshade — a very poisonous plant — and the Judge, though touched and amused, was not impressed!

Judging took place on the evening of July 4th and we are most grateful to Mrs A.G. Hill, recently retired Chairman of Fransham Horticultural Society, for all the care and time she gave in the carrying out of this difficult task, the end result of which was that the Highfield Cup was awarded to Antony Crowder and Brock Horton as joint winners.

Richard Burgess

Diibert by Jamie Kellick



HOBBIES CLUBS

The electronic club continues to attract mainly the younger members of the school, who are able to gain "hands-on" experience in building simple circuits as well as skill in the art of soldering. Possibly because the club takes place when many older boys have lessons, there tends to be a high turnover in membership with few boys staying beyond the second year. The club, therefore, while having a useful function, has not really developed in the way it could with a more balanced membership. However, there has developed recently some interest in Citizens Band radio, but this is mostly on the operational side rather than on the electronics.

The model club caters mostly for the building of flying models and some of these have been impressive. Unfortunately, not many boys so far have persevered with these to the flying stage. Rather more have succeeded in assembling a plastic model kit but the interest in these waxes and wanes very rapidly. A number of boys are more interested in making and operating model railways, and now that some progress has been made towards acquiring a suitable site for a layout, it should be possible soon to start a club for this interest.

Many parents will have seen the part-built hovercraft last Open Day. Work continues on this project by a small group, mainly of sixth formers. At the time of writing, the hull was being glued together. There is still a great deal of work to do but by next Open Day we expect to be demonstrating the finished machine.

Finally, the school will soon be acquiring an astronomical telescope and forming an astronomical society. If there is sufficient support for this activity, it is hoped eventually to have a school observatory.

Michael Huber

PIERREPONT SAILING CLUB 1982

Sailing at Pierrepont continues to be very popular, with any vacancies soon filled. The six dinghies we have at Fransham Pond's Sailing Club continue to serve well the 40 or so members of the Pierrepont Sailing Club.

Each member of the club gets one afternoon or morning a week sailing, either as helmsman or crew. In addition, several members have been certified as competent helmsmen and are allowed to use the boats during weekends unsupervised, as long as they don't disrupt the racing too much!

Beginners in the club have been taught to sail by their more experienced friends, and by the supervising masters, and the very light winds we have had most of this year have made it a much easier task as things don't happen so quickly.

This year we have managed to keep the dinghies going most of the time to make sure everyone gets a full afternoon's sailing, despite the inevitable damage they receive, usually due to rough handling on land rather than bad sailing. However, they will probably need quite a lot of work done on them when they come back to school at the end of the season.

We have recently purchased an Avon rubber dinghy for use as a rescue boat on the pond and we have found it to be a good alternative to the club's boat, being unsinkable and easier to row — although it does move downwind quite quickly in a breeze!

Greg Coates
(Sailing Captain)

THE 18th PIERREPONT SAILING CRUISE — 1982 (17-30 JULY)

The crew for the two week cruise arrived in Lyminster on the Saturday morning to begin the usual battle for bunks and lockers on the Rival 41 "Picador".

By 1400 hours everyone had arrived and we had loaded all the stores for the 2 weeks on board — a surprisingly large amount — and we were ready to leave.

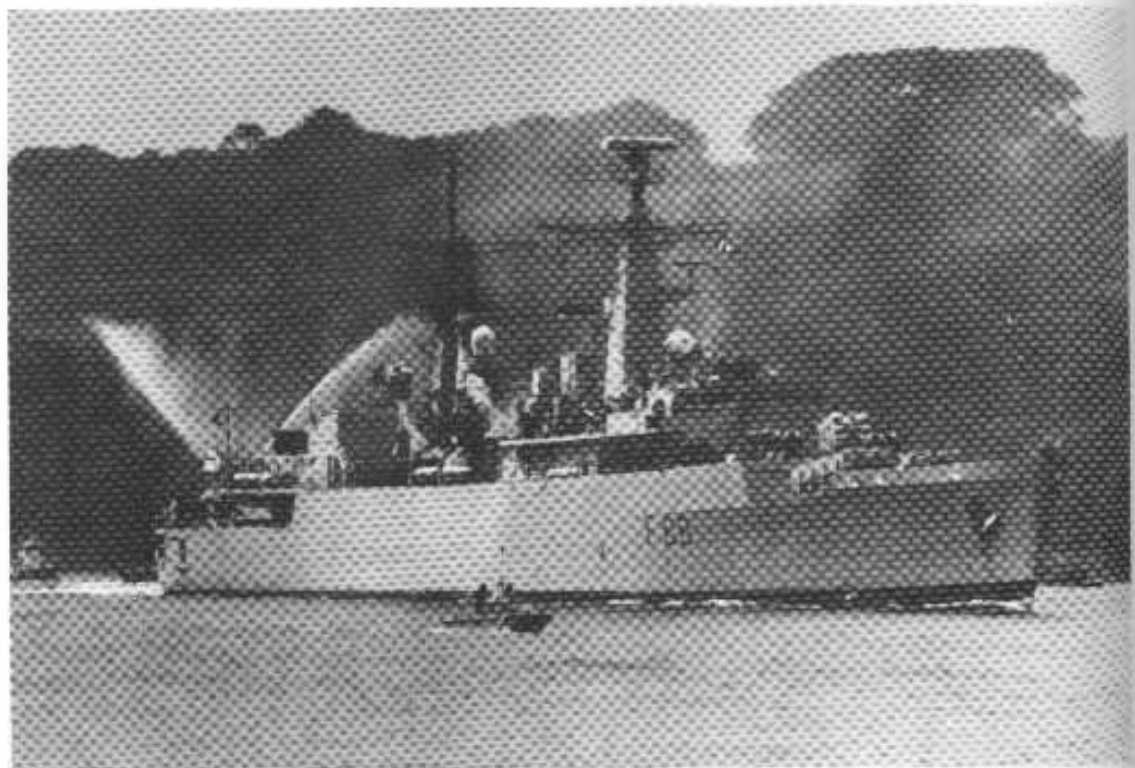
Our small farewell party waved enthusiastically as we slipped our moorings and motored out of the marina and into the Solent, dodging the Sealink ferries as we went. We had a fairly rough sail past Bournemouth and Poole to Studland Bay where "Picador" had dragged her anchor the previous week. But this time we had no problem and we spent a quiet evening on board.

At 03.45 the next morning, we weighed anchor and motored out towards Alderney. There was hardly any wind so we motored across the Channel, seeing only 3 or 4 other vessels all morning. We arrived in Braye Harbour, Alderney about 14.00 on a lovely sunny day.

After a late lunch some of the crew went for a swim — or was it a bath? — and we spent the rest of the day either on the boat sunbathing, or visiting Alderney.

The next morning, Monday, we left Braye and sailed down the Swinge with the tide. It was a good sail, but there was quite a strong breeze when we reached Havre Gosselin, Sark, which made anchoring difficult.

We anchored with two anchors, and then all of us, except the Admiral, went ashore up 155 steps — not 300 as the pilot leads you to believe — to explore the smallest of the Channel Islands. To give you an idea of its size,



H.M.S. Broadsword

we walked from one side to the other in ten minutes. We returned to find the Admiral had spent the afternoon relaying our two anchors as they had both dragged.

Due to the poor forecast, we left Sark after supper at 19.45 and had a fast few hours sailing over to St. Peter Port, Guernsey.

We spent Tuesday and Wednesday in Guernsey planning our next move. Eventually we decided that to go to St. Malo or Lézardrieux in France with the persistent north-easterly wind would mean a hard sail back to Lyminster with the possibility of being late. Thus, we set off early on Thursday morning for the West Country. The wind was about force six with a rough sea, but we

made good progress and sighted Start Point at 15.00 though as there wasn't any rain we weren't sure it was England. We set course for Plymouth then and moored in the Mayflower Marina at 20.00.

The next morning we saw H.M.S. Broadsword return from the Falklands War to a magnificent welcome. We motored up river to the naval docks at Devonport before turning out to sea and westwards to Falmouth.

There wasn't a breath of wind that day so we motored along the coast. We entered Falmouth harbour about 19.00 to be greeted by the incredible sight of the tall ships fleet which was gathering for the first leg of the Cutty Sark Tall Ships Races to Lisbon, Vigo and back to Southampton.

We spent Saturday 24th in Falmouth visiting the ships and the town, which was packed with foreign crews, and in the evening we watched the firework display from "Picador", although most of the dead fireworks seemed to land on us!

On Sunday we watched the tall ships start from Falmouth Bay amid an armada of spectator boats of all shapes and sizes. After the square riggers had drifted off into the mist, we set sail for Fowey. It was a good sail once the wind got up. We moored in the early evening in a quiet river opposite the town.

By popular request (by at least one member of the crew) we set sail for Dartmouth from Fowey early on Monday.

We arrived in Dartmouth Marina about 17.30 after a fairly routine sail — except for narrowly missing the floating bridge at Dartmouth — I mean the ferry, not the pub.

In the evening, the 3 watch-leaders took the Admiral out for supper to a hotel as a thank you from the crew.

On Tuesday morning, we left the River Dart for the long journey across Lyme Bay, round Portland Bill to Weymouth. However, we didn't sail as fast as expected and we arrived too late to round Portland Bill in comfort with the tide. Therefore we anchored for a few hours in Chesil Cove, on the west side of the Bill.

Just as it was getting dark, we raised the anchor and motored round Portland Bill. It was quite exciting, and just a little worrying, sailing past the lighthouse about a hundred yards out, with lobster pots and unmarked naval buoys all round. The Admiral didn't help when he told us to leave the sails clipped on — "just in case". However, nothing untoward happened, and we were safely tied up in Weymouth drinking hot chocolate by 00.30.

We sailed along the coast by the cliffs of Dorset to Poole on Wednesday. We stopped for lunch in Chapman's Pool where a couple of people went swimming, before rounding St. Alban's head.

We spent a quiet night in Poole Harbour next to a Dutch yacht. Before leaving on Thursday, we went ashore for stores — especially margarine which was disappearing at a phenomenal rate. We slipped at 10.00 and sailed into the Solent with a fresh breeze on the nose, and got into Yarmouth I.O.W. in the early afternoon.

Yarmouth Marina became the scene of a splendid meal of steak and chips, prepared by our cook to signify our last night.

We left the Isle of Wight after cleaning the boat, planning to sail around the Solent until returning to Lymington. But then we found the steering was very

loose and might break any minute, so we motored straight to Lymington Marina. We arrived there about 14.00 and had the traditional last meal — a combination of everything we had left over — and quite horrible.

Then it was time to leave "Picador" and readjust to living on land, and I think there were very few members of the crew glad to see the back of her. The weather as we left was how the cruise had begun — hot sun and a perfect cruising wind.

Greg Coates
Robert Northover



**BIOLOGY FIELD COURSE 1982
DALE FORT, PEMBROKESHIRE**



We departed from Pierrepoint in the remains of the school minibus on the morning of September 1st. The journey was broken at midday to have lunch and exercise the fingers on video games at Aust, just before the Severn Bridge, and nearly into Wales.

On arrival at Dale Fort, we were shown our accommodation for the week, which was a five-man dormitory overlooking the sea, which was known as "Ankle Biters".

That evening we were shown down to the kitchens, where we ate "decont" food, after which we were briefed by the warden on the "do's and don'ts" of Dale Fort, such as not trying to dive into the sea while the tide is out!

Later that evening we were given a lecture on the following day's work by our two tutors of the week (Juliet and Teresa). From the Thursday of that week to the Tuesday of the following week, the same schedule was practised every day - namely, we had breakfast at 7.30, a lecture until 11.00, then went out in the "field" until 4.30; we returned to the lab for another lecture until supper, and after supper work was resumed, with another lecture followed by a discussion and writing-up of the day's work. At 11.00 every evening the lights in the lab would be turned out and some people retired to bed. Those who didn't retire would either socialise or go for a swim in the sea.

Topics of weekly courses at Dale Fort vary depending on when you choose to go. While we were there the course studied was marine ecology, covering the study of salt-marshes, sheltered and exposed rocky shorelines, populations, man and the environment, plankton and our own chosen project.

Although there was a lot of hard work involved, there was also a very friendly atmosphere which created many laughs and smiles on faces, especially at such times as when cowpats were mistaken for rocks and curious "things" were found in rock crevasses!

The trip to Dale Fort was a greatly enjoyable experience, at the end of which we all completed the course successfully, after we'd put in many hours of work. Many new friends were made with whom we had a pleasant evening out of the laboratory on our last night in Dale.

David Walter



PIERREPONT Music & Drama



OSCAR WILDE: AN IDEAL HUSBAND

In March 1981, the school presented the Oscar Wilde play, 'An Ideal Husband', with all the wit, sparkle, and intrigue that was its due.

With the commencement of the play, the audience was transported into a web of blackmail and deceit, spun by the elegant Mrs Cheveley, and enjoyed the boyish spirits and philosophies of Lord Goring, the do-nothing London society dandy with a heart of gold. Interwoven through the plot were Sir Robert Chiltern, a prominent politician with a terrible secret, and his ever-perfect wife, Lady Chiltern, whose saintly attitudes raise the ire of Mrs Cheveley. Present too, were the delightful Miss Mabel Chiltern, Robert Chiltern's single sister, and the crusty Earl of Caversham, KG, Lord Goring's astute father, who

harbours high, if rather vain, ambitions for his son. With these, and a glitter of sparkling guests, representing London Society at its finest (and most notorious), the picture is completed. As a play of light comedy and suspense, 'An Ideal Husband' was thoroughly successful, and the acting, backed by the Beardsley set design, provided a theatrical treat for all concerned.

Behind the scenes, and largely responsible for the play's success, was its producer, Patricia Sanger, and assistant producer, Tom Wickson, primarily in charge of lighting and sound. The combined efforts of both resulted in a delightfully creative layout, with music from William Walton's 'Facade' adding an appropriately superficial tone. Designer Peter Upton produced a stage set of flowing lines and pastel colours with Beardsley art influence, successfully portraying the meticulous, arty elegance of the Edwardian period. Costuming by Haslemere Wardrobe, enhanced the feeling of upper-crust lavishness, with the ladies attired in the opulent velvet and lace of Edwardian dress, complete with plumes, and the gentlemen in white tie and tails.

The actors and actresses from both Pierrapont and Wispers Schools deserve much credit. Hours of work were dedicated to each individual's performance, and everyone strove to perfect their personal characters. In this they were highly successful, as each individual was easily recognisable by the personal idiosyncrasies incorporated. Alistair McLean, as Lord Goring, captured well the lovable affability of his good-for-nothing playboy character, and at the same time managed to display a remarkable amount of philosophical insight into life. His ardent pursuit of Mabel Chiltern was particularly amusing, as he was at the same time doing his best to soothe the ruffled feathers of his demanding father as well as keep up social appearances by ascertaining that his buttonholes were appropriately trivial.

Mandy Milner, as Mrs Cheveley, captured well the elegant hauteur that was necessary for the high class black-mailer and society dragon, and although her character could collect little sympathy, she had a decided presence on stage. Robert Smith, as Sir Robert Chiltern, played a difficult part, having to appear honourable while inwardly being tormented by guilt over his past actions. In this he proved highly successful, playing the straight man role capably, and presenting his sheen of overall honour to the end, with the support of his wife, Lady Chiltern, played by Elizabeth Higgins. Lady Chiltern was a shallow role by comparison to others which sparked more on stage, and therefore she tended to be overshadowed by the actions of others, as she spent much of her time exclaiming about the merits of being honourable and the evils of being a cheat.



Elizabeth Higgins, however, captured the essence of her character, and played the pale English lady well. An interesting, more captivating character was portrayed by Maryam Erfan as Miss Mabel Chiltern, the adored sweetheart of Lord Goring. She spent much of her time flitting across stage leaving light-hearted charm in her wake. The character was convincingly effervescent, leaving the audience in no doubt as to why she was the only one in London society who had managed to capture Lord Goring's fickle heart. Another one enraptured by her charms was the Earl of Caversham, the crusty but still delightful aristocrat, convincingly played by Christopher White, who ingeniously captured the flavour of the era in his style of walk and speech.

To the prominent figures on stage, the extras added a colourful touch, taking their role of party guests seriously, and completing the picture of Edwardian charm. The end of the play was greeted with loud applause, and on the final night bouquets were received by the female members of the cast. 'An Ideal Husband' was a great success, and Pierrepont once again proved itself gifted in the drama department.

Natalya Ferguson



THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY



The Earl of Caversham, K.G.	Christopher White
Viscount Goring, his son	Alistair Molten
Sir Robert Chiltern, Bart,	
Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs	Robert Smith
Vicomte de Nanjac, Attaché at the	
French Embassy in London	Thomas Petersen
Mason, Butler to Sir Robert Chiltern	Richard Cory
Phipps, Lord Goring's servant	Simon Brand
Lady Chiltern	Elizabeth Higgins
Lady Markby	Sarah Thomas
Miss Mabel Chiltern,	
Sir Robert Chiltern's sister	Maryam Erfan
Mrs Cheveley	Mandy Milner
Guests	Peter Shakespeare, Andrew Varinien, Marcus Warren, Christine Burgess, Natalya Ferguson, Gayle Stead

Producer	Patricia Sanger
Assistant Producer	Tom Wickson
Business Manager	Edmund Smitheram
Designer	Peter Upton
Wardrobe	Anne Smitheram, Margaret Dalman, Margaret Brooks, Margaret Leslie-Ellis
Make-up	Anne Thurston
Lighting and Sound	Peter Nowell, Tom Wickson
Music	Malcolm Pike
Prompters	Mark Thomas, Christian Etzel
Stage Manager	John Hubner
Stage Crew	Craig Horton, Jason Messery, Andrew Pinner

Acknowledgements	Wispers School, Halesmere Wardrobe, Something Else, Hindhead, Nick Massey, Racial Research
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THEATRE VISITS

KING LEAR

As part of the 'A' level English course, the students went to the Orange Tree Theatre, Richmond, last February, to see a production of "King Lear". No one knew what to expect but what we did find was both surprising and interesting.

The "theatre" itself was, to the pleasure of those who could foresee the need for liquid sustenance during the interval of a three-hour production, over a pub. The stage was a space, squared off by rows of church pews, which created an air of a Sunday School production of the Nativity.

However, despite the primitive surroundings, the production was very well executed by the small company of actors. It appeared that the simplicity of unaccommodated man, a notable theme in the play, was adopted by the producer and cast, who used no props or distinguishing costumes. The success of the production depended entirely on convincing delivery and the sheer force of Shakespeare's words. Indeed, unless one knew one's way around the plot and sub-plot, and listened very carefully, a slight lapse in concentration could have led to complete confusion.

The uncomfortable nature of the pews and the distinct lack of heating did not, however, allow this to happen. The actors portrayed each character with persuasive individuality, and the playing of Cordelia and the Fool by the same actress was singularly successful.

After the interval, the play reached its climax, and we saw the pitiful and touching reunion of the mad Lear with his banished daughter, Cordelia, after their defeat

by the armies of Goneril and Albany, Regan and Edmund. We felt indeed that "the last act ends with a gloomy hecatomb in which good and evil are mingled in death . . . Art triumphs" (Andre Gide).

"King Lear" is among Shakespeare's greatest plays, and the cast gave a well-interpreted and imaginative performance of the play, well enjoyed by all who saw it.

Mark Thomas



*"I am glad you have called. I am going to give you some good advice."
"Oh! Pray don't. One should never give a woman anything that she can't wear in the swimming."*



"Yes, my wife is as perfect as all that."

"You are fearless, sir, very fearless!"



"FAIR IS FOUL AND FOUL IS FAIR . . . "

It was the end of another school day, but, for once, the whole of the fifth form was eagerly awaiting tea: we were going to see "Macbeth", the Shakespearean tragedy at which we had worked so hard in our eagerly awaited English lessons.

For many, the most exciting part of the evening was the coach journey through Greater London, where we saw the slightly modified version of English Society!

The Shaw Theatre in Euston Road was our destination where we eventually, and I stress eventually, arrived.

Representing Pierrepont School in our attire, we decided we would look smarter than King Duncan himself. As we were to discover, we underestimated ourselves.

Once we had sat down (in the pitch dark), the stage was lit up, to reveal itself as totally bare save a few upright posts at the rear, which we decided were not for rugby!

The drums rolled (from the one man band) and on to the stage walked two men dressed in jeans, C.C.F. jerseys and cowboy boots. We assumed they were stage hands but, to our horror, they introduced themselves as Macbeth and Macduff, two of the play's leading characters.

They then proceeded to explain that the play was a work shop production, which explanation, when summarised, meant no costumes or scenery. Because someone had put his foot through the stage floor, the acting was to be performed at the back of the stage. We decided this must have been due to our saying the play's name inside the theatre - a symbol of bad luck.

When we realised that our teachers had blocked the exit doors, we decided to watch the play.

The opening scene was dramatic and effective, just as Shakespeare had intended it to be with the screaming of the witches combined with their chanting of "fair is foul and foul is fair, hover through the fog, and filthy air" leaving an eerie silence over the audience.

The acting, in my opinion, was very well executed and Lady Macbeth in particular managed to contrast very well her determined, evil streak with her own fears which she could only express subconsciously.

Macbeth, too, was striking, and clever usage of the lighting allowed the now well-learned speech, "Is this a dagger that I see before me . . ." to enter our imagination and form a clear picture for any future examination.

All the words which had just seemed words suddenly made more sense and slotted into place.

The play lasted for two hours, but, mainly due to the lack of scenery and costumes (which would have helped promote a more lasting visual impression rather than a vaguer one full of words), it seemed a lot longer and for some, the fish and chips on the return journey were of better quality. For these, "Macbeth" was more foul than fair but for others, myself included, the opposite was true.

Certainly, it was something few regretted having experienced, especially when the more fair than foul O level slips passed through our letter boxes and into our lives.



Timothy Webster



SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

At the end of another busy musical year we bade farewell to five more of our members at the Informal Concert in July. Andy Meek, our bassoonist and Orchestra Leader, and Filip Soetens, our euphonium player, have been with us for many years and will be a great loss, not only because of their example to younger players, but also

because they made up most of our bass section! At the other end of the scale (!!!) Sammy Kwok and Paul Wickert leave our violin section rather decimated after having 'put it back on the map' over the last few years. They, too, will be sorely missed. Finally, and sadly, we lost Lawrence Littell, one of our first clarinets, who left school to move abroad. We thank them all for their support and wish them well in the future.

The Orchestra continues to play for Morning Assembly the Carol Service and in concerts, and the high standard of playing is being maintained.

Apart from the invaluable experience the players gain from ensemble work, they give great pleasure to those who listen to them.

Malcolm Pike

SPRING CONCERT: SONGS OF THE SEA

"A musical collation with a flavour of the sea" was successfully presented by the choir and orchestra of Pierrepont School to an appreciative audience of governors, parents and friends at the end of the Spring term.

John Ireland's setting of Masfield's "Sea Fever", the opening number, was well performed by soloist Alan Kirk to orchestral accompaniment.

There followed Walter de la Mare's "Sea and Shore Song", set to music by Liss composer Michael Hurd, the sea songs reflecting a gentle rather haunting mood, the shore songs being altogether livelier and more sparkling.

"The Silver Panny" was sung by all the trebles. "The Old Sailor" by a group of six: Michael Gaudern, Philip Doyle, Michael and Sidney Over, Michael Preston and Graham Free, their lighter, higher voices contrasting well with the tenor and bass rendering of "Araby", a song as beguiling as the legendary Araby itself.

A particularly attractive tenor solo followed — "The Picture" notably sung by Edmund Smitheram, whose pleasing voice is well known to all familiar with

Pierrepoint music. "London River" sung in two parts closed the Sea Songs.

Of the shore songs, "Tillie" was sung by the same group of six trebles, the whole choir joining in "Mr Punch", a gay rhythmical number.

"The Guy", wistfully sung by the sopranos was followed by "King David", another tenor solo by Alan Kirk who demonstrated both good phrasing and richness of tone. Throughout these suites Philip Mighell provided a faultless and sympathetic piano accompaniment.

On Friday evenings, a group of staff, friends and senior boys meet simply to sing. This "Friday Group" presented five part songs, beginning with Haly-Hutchinson's version of "Old Mother Hubbard", in the style of Handel. This deliciously florid and ornate setting of one of the sparsest, most meagre of nursery rhymes was musical humour to be savoured. But who, pray performed the bark?

Favourite of all, however, was the "Prayer of the Cat", gently irreverent of God and greatly reverent of Cat. This and the subsequent "Prayer of the Mouse" were modal settings by Davies of poems translated by Rumer Godden.

Some lovely nonsense came next: Edward Lear's "The Owl and the Pussycat" set to music by Pierrepoint's Malcolm Pike. The sopranos sang of the Owl; the Pussycat was tenor; the Piggy, of course, was bass; and there was much suspicious querrying of that strange commodity, the runcible spoon. A rousing version by Cashmore of "The Drunken Sailor" brought to a close this section and the first half of the programme.

The second part was devoted to Eric Thiman's

"Songs of Sailors and of the Sea" for chorus and orchestra, a suite presenting a contrasting sequence of styles and moods.

"You Gentlemen of England", expressing patriotic sentiments proper to a traditionally sea-faring nation was rendered "con spirito", while the haunting sadness of "Homeward" with its refrain of "Goodbye, fare ye well" showed an attractive exchange between strings and woodwind.

The lively swaggering singing of "The Old Navy" had its boast of "Victory!" well reinforced by the muffled roll of drums; "The Arethusa", sung with much enthusiasm had an appropriate blend of brass, timpani and pizzicato



strings; the final number "Blow the Wind Wester", with lilting hemiolic rhythm provided a serene, reassuring finale, "How steady she goes".

Congratulations are in order to all concerned, both singers and players, but particularly to music director Malcolm Pike and accompanist Philip Mighell.

Patricia Sanger

SUMMER CONCERT

On 1st July this year, in the Great Hall, the school produced a very large-scale informal concert, consisting of more than twenty five items.

The parents and friends who attended were entertained by a vast array of instrumental solos; ensembles such as clarinet duets and guitar quartets, as well as arrangements for the full orchestra of the Jerry Herman numbers "Hello Dolly" and "Mama". Very popular was a competent and enjoyable rendering of several jazz numbers given by a newly-formed jazz group consisting of John Hubner (clarinet), Jonathan Hunt (trumpet), Adam Page (alto saxophone), Filip Soetens (euphonium) and Robert Zimmermann (guitar). Also new to our concerts and well received was an ensemble of electric guitar, two classical guitars and piano.

It is pleasing to see so many pupils keen and interested to perform, and also to hear the whole range of orchestral instruments being played. The concert was rather long, but how could one refuse any of these enthusiastic young musicians! Much valuable concert experience was gained by the players and a good time was had by all.

Malcolm Pike

PIERREPONT Contributions

SNOW

The skies darkened and tiny white blobs fell,
a few second passed and a lot more fell –
faster and faster they became bigger and bigger,
until they parachuted down with elegance
laying a white blanket on the ground.
Here and there tiny green blades of grass
poked out of the snow.

The snow settled everywhere
making the landscape bleached of colour,
Fir tree branches drooped
with the weight of the snow.
The atmosphere was damp and cold
and the snow merged with the gray sky
making a very unexciting outlook
on the world that day.

Robert Ling
Form III

THE BOY IN THE WHEEL-CHAIR

Sitting in his wheelchair,
Waiting to order his meal,
Along comes the waitress,
And, just as he is about to order,
She says to his companion,
"Does he eat gravy?"

Before his companion can answer,
He says, "Yes, I do!"
She blushes and he
Wishes that he had remained silent –
The boy in the wheel-chair,
Unable to rule his own life,

Timothy Austin
Form III



FASTER THAN THOUGHT

A large room completely filled with a monster of a computer, churning out information at a very fast speed, is, perhaps, the way most of us imagine a computer installation. There is a certain amount of truth in the idea; although computers are no longer the gigantic machines of our past, certainly they are still extremely fast — perhaps even more so than most of us realise. It is this speed which always fascinates me when I think about computers and thus, it is what I wish to write about.

Now, we must think of very big numbers in relation to computers. It is not the number of mini-computers the canned food industry used last year, or the expected growth in profits of IBM in the period 1982 to 1983, or the total number of cheques processed automatically by the big five British banks which I mean. Certainly these are big numbers, but they are of only secondary significance for computers. The numbers I shall be writing about are very large indeed, but they relate to a very small word — time.

Most people reckon a second to be a rather short period of time, just enough to blink an eye or speak a short word. The idea of an electro-mechanical relay flickering back and forth twenty times a second sets up an image of a blurring, clattering bit of metal, and when you get to valves operating thousands of times a second, you move into a scale of time with which you have no touch-points. But what about millions of times a second? Are we not losing contact with the concept already? But then this is only the beginning and if you have not thought much about these things, you had better steel yourself for a shock, for computers are already here that have switching potentials in the nanosecond range — billions of times in each tick of the clock. Here I use the term 'billion' in the American sense, a thousand million; but since the term is often used in terms of money, let us use a context which

is both monetary and temporal.

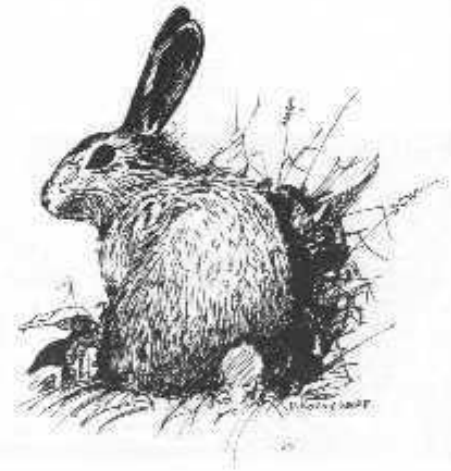
Imagine a billionaire who decides he is going to hand out a pound note to everyone who comes to him, just one pound each. A long line forms and the billionaire starts handing out his pounds at the rate of one every ten seconds. However, being human, he can only keep this up for eight hours a day, five days a week. How long ago would he have had to start handing out pound notes to finish handing out the last one at our present day? Most people would take a jump into the dark and come up with an answer between ten and fifty years in the past. Once in a while someone will give you an answer in the nineteenth century. Does that seem plausible or might it be even earlier? Does it seem conceivable, for example, that the billionaire could have started as far back as the Battle of Waterloo? Well, in fact, he would have had to start before that. The Great Fire of London? No, further still, he would have been counting away while Old Saint Paul's blazed away. Agincourt? No. The Battle of Hastings? No, still further. To cut a long story short, you would have to start somewhere around the year 640 A.D. or thereabouts before you would see the billionaire handing out his first pound note. But this is just a taste of the cake. A billion times a second is no longer considered to be anything like the upper limits of computer processing speeds. Some recent observations indicate that on the surfaces of our latest semi-conductor materials, tiny magnetic elements can be seen switching — admittedly, in an uncontrolled manner — at rates approaching a trillion a second!

Carry the analogy to a trillionaire who wants to get rid of his money and you'd live back in time beyond Christ, Rome, Greece, Stonehenge, Egypt and the Pyramids, before architecture, literature and language, and back to the age when Europe was encrusted with ice and the mammoth and woolly rhinoceros were kings. There is no

other word for it — such switching speeds are fantastic and yet they are real: computers can operate at such high speeds, and Man will find a way of using them.

Hence, we can conclude that the day when man first entered the computer revolution — so quietly — by scratching tally marks on a bone, when he moved the first abacus bead across a string, when the first electronic valve was manufactured or when the first silicon "chip" was made, he was on his way to producing what is to become the most common piece of technology in the world — and the most useful.

Cheong Wing Hong
Form V



TWO INCHES TALL

After drinking the weird potion, I felt quite queasy, I had to sit down on the carpet for a while.

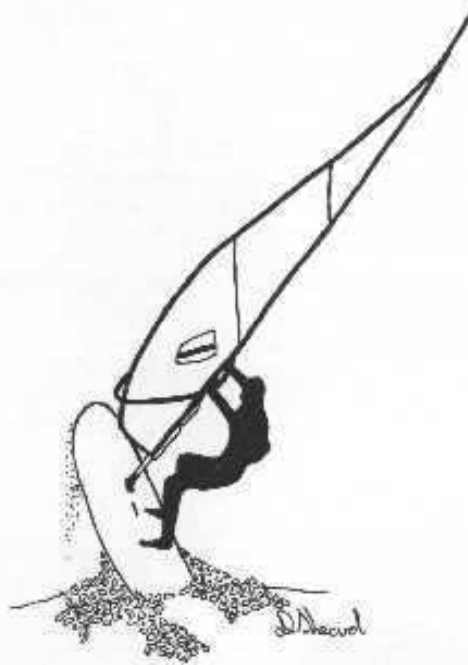
When I had recovered from this feeling, I got up and crawled under the door into the back garden. I suddenly felt a waft of air and turned around. It was the next door neighbour's cat!

I shouted for help, but of course, nobody heard me.

I saw a ladybird nearby and ran to it in terror. I climbed upon its back and started shouting to it to fly off somewhere. I kicked it like you do a horse and at last it spread its wings and flew into the sky. It was a dizzy climb but I managed to cling onto its back. We started to descend, and I was glad of this. We landed in a haystack some way off from my house. While I was sitting there, bewildered, the ladybird flew off, and I was left there dazed.

I tried to make my way home but it was very tiring. I walked beside a house, and was so sleepy that I leaned against a milk bottle on its side and fell in. I fell asleep abruptly.

I was woken up later by the clanking of bottles. I opened my eyes and realized I was being driven away in an electric milk float. It made a terrible whining noise and I was sick because of the swaying milk bottle. I decided to get out of the milk bottle if it were the last thing I did. The sticky milk in the bottle made it easy to climb up the side of it and I was soon peeping out of the top of the milk bottle. I jumped onto another bottle, and another, and another, until I had come to the edge of the float. I closed my eyes and jumped off the float and onto a patch of grass.



I landed on my backside and it really hurt, I gritted my teeth and stood up. All my bones were intact, and I only had a few bruises.

I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw I was outside my own home. I hoped that the cat was not there otherwise I could see myself pushing up the daisies. I saw him walking off across the lawn proudly with a dead mouse. I ducked so as to stop him seeing me.

When he had gone, I stood up and started to walk up the lawn. The place seemed to be like a jungle because the lawn had not been cut for the last month. I stopped in my steps when I saw a stag beetle walk across it. I let it go by and started walking on. I almost walked straight into someone's shoe. It was the doctor's shoe, I looked up and saw he was talking to my mother.

"I'm afraid I gave your son some shrinking drug instead of some chicken pox killer," said the doctor.

"Good gracious!" said Mother.

I climbed up the doctor's trouser leg and up his jacket and pinched him on the chin. He looked down at me and put me in his hand and got out a minute syringe and dug it into my arm.

The next thing I knew I was back to size.

Richard Austin
Form 1

THE DEMONSTRATION

It was a quiet Monday morning. People in the square below were queuing for food at shops that were completely empty, but still they waited, hoping for a delivery that would not arrive.

In the distance there was the sound of people shouting. It drew nearer, until, in the square below, was a large number of people carrying black flags and shouting anti-government slogans. The crowd grew larger and larger as students and passers-by joined them. The demonstrators remained in the square until early evening, demanding food, but no-one in authority seemed concerned by their presence. The crowd was becoming restless. A small party broke away from the main body and began tearing down posters and placards of leading government figures and began to burn them. Following their example, the other demonstrators started not only to pull down posters, but also to smash windows and to block the roads into the square with cars and then set fire to them.

The situation was getting out of hand, and soon the riot police arrived, carrying batons, shields and wearing darkened visored helmets. First of all they proceeded to break down some of the smaller barricades, but came under heavy fire from demonstrators throwing stones and bottles. They were armed with metal bars. The police retreated and waited for the arrival of water cannons mounted on armoured cars. When they finally did arrive, one armoured car was positioned so as to put its water cannon to maximum use. With the cover of the water, the rest of the armoured cars smashed through the barrier with the police following. The crowd started to scatter but they were trapped, with the police holding the only exits. The police charged into the crowd, swinging their batons and throwing canisters of tear gas and using their shields for protection. People were singled out by two or

three policemen and dragged, kicked and carried to waiting cars just outside the square. Resistance seemed to dwindle, but more organised groups started fortifying houses and shops. This slowed the police down and their number of injured began to grow. Throughout the night the square was lit by fires from the burning cars, and flashes from rifles firing rubber bullets. Explosions drowned the shouts and screams from within the houses.

It was nine o'clock the next morning when the last demonstrators were carried out through the rubble and ashes of the square. Police were beginning the task of clearing the obstructions from the roads.

If you are wondering why I know so much in detail, well I should, I organised and watched the demonstration, from a safe distance, of course.

David Kellick
Form IV



THE VAGABOND

The old man,
Wandering round the store,
Awaits his opportunity.

He wears large wellingtons,
A dirty checkered cap,
And a large coat,

He looks around,
With his beady,
Old, grey, marble-like eyes.

His wrinkled skin is pale,
His fingers are arthritic and
He walks with a limp.

His hand picks up two pints;
One's put back, the other,
Is dropped into his pocket.

The man's face shows accomplishment and guilt,
He looks worried and happy,
He walks out, proud.

And I, who have been watching him,
Walk off, raising no alarm,
But muttering to myself,

Daniel Francis
Form IV



© KODAK SAFETY FILM

THE TRAFFIC JAM

It was a fine sunny morning when we set off in the car. We had planned weeks before to go to Donington to see the Band "Rainbow" in concert at Donington Castle. It was such a fine morning that my brother took off the roof of the car. He had decided it would be a beautiful day all day.

As soon as he had prepared the car for the journey, we set off, although the "F" registration car, an Alfa Romeo, could never be "prepared" for a two hundred mile journey. We had covered ten or more miles and everything was fine — in fact nothing could have been better. The car was running extremely well for a change and my brother had not lost his way. We were now approaching the slip road onto the motorway and were travelling at a fair speed.

Once on the motorway, my brother said, "Now we're going to cover some ground." At that very moment, even though he is not a very conscientious driver, he glanced in his rear view mirror, only to see two white and blue police cars travelling at a tremendous speed behind him. Immediately we slowed down (obviously because my brother was speeding), but, to his amazement, they went straight past. At the time we thought nothing of it.

We had travelled another three miles and in the distance a long line of cars could be seen. By the time we got within distance to see the cars were not moving, it was too late to try and turn round and get off the motorway via the slip road a mile or so back. We were now static in a blockade of cars. We had become part of the traffic jam.

It was now around midday and it was sweltering hot, in fact it was unbearable. We had not noticed the

heat whilst driving along because of the cool breeze with the roof off. Half an hour had passed and we had moved about two feet and the conditions had worsened.

It was now very humid and sticky, humid to the extent that people were taking their shirts off. We seemed to be surrounded by fat businessmen and screaming children. I can assure you, fat businessmen without their shirts on are not a very pretty sight.

An hour had passed and there was no hope of arriving in time to see the concert. By this time I had studied in great detail every person in every car I could see.

After a while the sun had gone although I did not notice it because it was so humid. It suddenly seemed to have become very dark and, as I peered up at the sky, I could see a great anvil-shaped cloud looming above us. Within a few minutes we were being pelted by a convectional rainstorm with all the little extras to go with it, such as lightning and thunder. Because we had no roof we were getting rather wet and so was the inside of the car – which made things very interesting. The old car was not quite used to being open to the elements, in fact after five minutes my brother announced we were not going anywhere because the electrics had become damp and the car would not start.

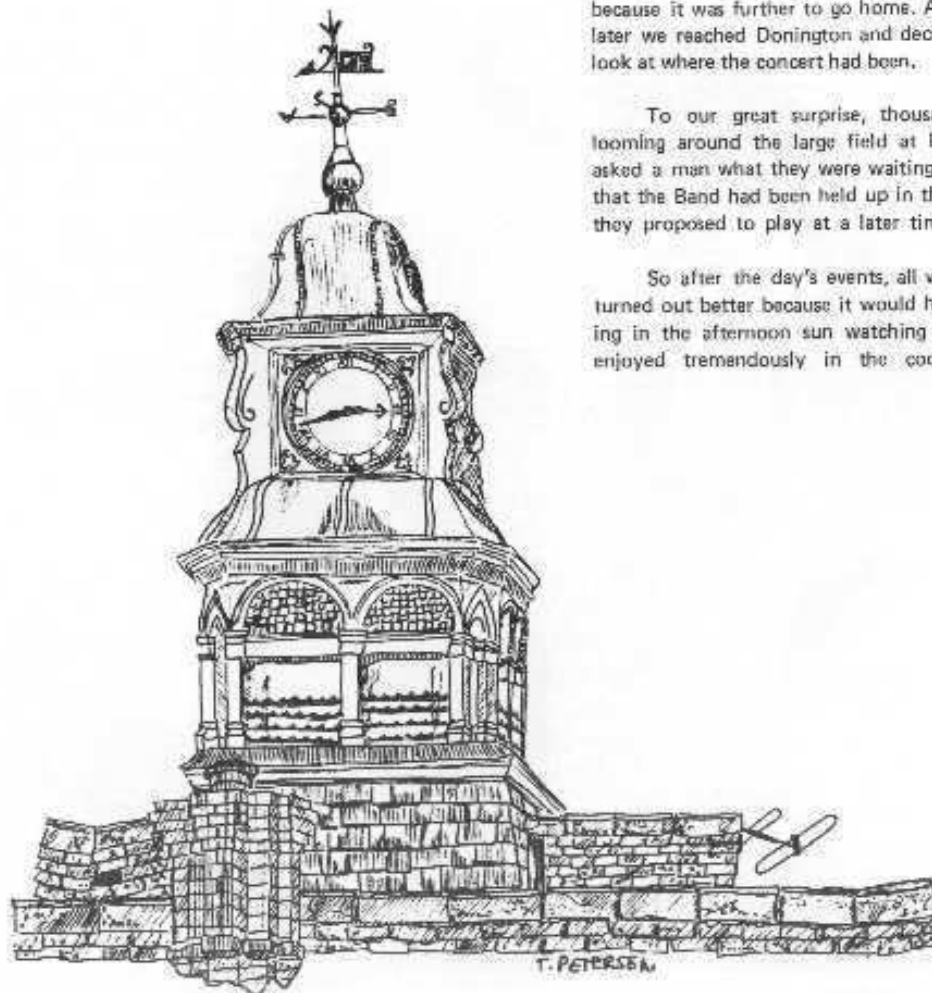
Engines began to start and the fat businessmen began slowly to drive away. It seemed quite lonely without all these fat people around us. The storm finally blew over, and once again the sun shone through the fluffy white clouds. We dismantled the electrical system and lay it over the side of the road to dry. Even though the sun was extremely hot, it took a good hour before the parts were thoroughly dry. Once it was re-assembled in the car and after a few adjustments, the car was working.

We decided to go on until we reached Donington because it was further to go home. About twenty minutes later we reached Donington and decided we would have a look at where the concert had been.

To our great surprise, thousands of people were looming around the large field at Donington Castle. We asked a man what they were waiting for and he explained that the Band had been held up in the traffic jam and that they proposed to play at a later time that same evening.

So after the day's events, all was not lost. In fact it turned out better because it would have been agony standing in the afternoon sun watching them. The Band was enjoyed tremendously in the cool summer's evening.

Jeremy Pateman
Form IV





EXHILARATION

It was February the 18th, 1990 and, as Jane Fonda cut the ribbon, the Turin Motor Show was officially opened.

First there was a walk around viewing the cars, the prices, the cars' statistics, then, what everyone had been waiting for, the demonstration. Being one of the top car critics, I had been invited to co-drive with Roger Clark (one of the great rally drivers of the past) in Enzo Ferrari's latest and greatest achievement, the 'Manza' with a five-speed, synchromesh gear box and a top speed of over two hundred miles per hour – and a price tag to match of £56,000.

Then over the loud speaker came a muffled voice saying, "Would the competitors for the demonstration race please go to the starting line with their cars?" When we reached it, we were told that the race was twenty miles long: ten miles through the country and ten on the Turin racing circuit. Then over came the mechanics to make a final check. When they gave us the "O.K.", we started our engine, which roared to life with the ferocity of a lion. The cars were to be set off at thirty second intervals and, as we were the fifth to go, we didn't have long to wait.

Soon our turn came, and we edged up to the starting line and revved the engine. Then as the flag went down,

the car, with a slight wheelspin, was off like the proverbial rocket. As the car increased in speed, Roger shifted through the gears, first, second, third, fourth and now fifth: we were cruising at a hundred and ninety five and still gaining speed. As the first corner came into sight, Roger changed down into fourth and took the corner wide, at a hundred and forty six miles per hour, I was rigid in my seat as I felt the car start to slide a bit, but then we were out on the open road again with the entrance to the forest straight ahead. As we sped through the gate, Roger, for the first time, applied the brakes, as we broadsided round the first corner. Then, as we picked up speed again, we felt great exhilaration as we saw the Fiat car ahead of us. Within seconds we were on its tail, and we could taste the fumes from the car's exhaust, and had to put our windscreen wipers on to try and clear the mud from our path of vision. Roger started to become impatient and blared the horn. The Fiat driver courteously moved over and we passed him effortlessly. Soon we had to brake violently in order to manipulate the car round the next corner. Then we were out onto the road again and we picked up speed until we were racing at over two hundred miles per hour. The car performed brilliantly as Roger hurled it round corners and other cars until we were back onto the Turin track, where we cruised round effortlessly at over two hundred and ten miles per hour. I just sat back and enjoyed the trip. It was a great feeling as we sped across the finishing line, and, through the glistening droplets on the windscreen, I could see excited faces staring at us as we drove into the pits.

By the end of the day Enzo Ferrari had had two hundred and sixty seven orders for the car, one of them was mine.

Clive Jaques
Form IV

DROUGHT

The drop of perspiration from the old man's head was greedily swallowed up by the hot, parched and dusty ground.

He was the only one who would survive but he didn't care. He had warned them and only he knew the outcome of that ancient battle between man and the sun.

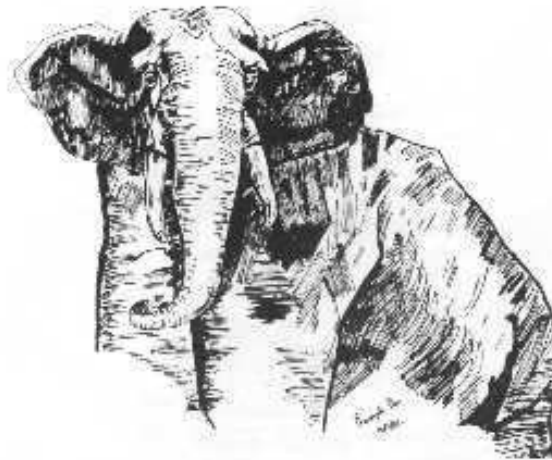
He was the only one old enough to remember the last time drought had come to Monkoto village. He was the only one old enough to remember the babies screaming for water when their mothers' milk was long gone and the water had just run out. He could still remember the crying, moaning and hatred of the one thing that even man can't conquer: the sun — the sun, which in one country people scream out for and in another swear at it to be gone.

Only he could remember the smell of death as people's bodies surrendered to the sun's grasp. Only he knew the same thing would happen again, and only he was ignored when suggestions were put forward to solve the problem.

He walked through the sand, staring at the paper-brown grass and the purple-brown mountains that loomed in the distance. All the plants had long ceased to exist and the only reminders were the coarse, rude, bare thorn bushes.

"It only happens when there have been four wet summers on the trot," he told himself. "I know. I warned them. Why didn't they listen to me?"

He remembered the lush green grass, the clusters of flowers, the deep green forests, and most of all the spring. It was the only supply of water the village had, the nearest



village being sixty miles away. He remembered the trickling of the water, glistening as it ran happily into the fast-flowing river which was the only thing, apart from him, old enough to remember the first time drought came.

"If only we'd rationed the water and sent someone for help earlier," he thought. "I thought I'd learnt from our mistake but they just wouldn't listen to me. They had to insist that the rains would come. Day after day they would stand gazing at the sky, full of expectancy and at the end of the day full of depression."

The old man started to climb the hill leading to his village.

"We left it too late to fetch help the first time," he told himself. "We'd run out of water, and sixty miles in the penetrating heat is beyond a human's endurance. I warned them the second time but oh no, they would have none of it. 'The rains will come soon,' they kept saying, but I knew they were wrong. The sun always waited until it could see no more survivors before it withdrew in favour of the rains."

The old man reached the top of the hill and looked over to his village.

Suddenly, he saw someone running towards him, pointing at the sky. He looked up. The clouds, instead of being light and fluffy were dense and dark, forcing their way past the sun.

"The rains have come at last, old man!" said the man running up to his listener.

The old man held out his hand and felt a wet drop melt into his hand.

"How many of you are there left?" he asked.

"Just me," the man replied.

"That's the third time that the sun has conquered," the old man said to himself. He walked down into the valley, heading in the direction of his village, enjoying the rain pelting down on his head. He knew that his, and any other, attempt to conquer the drought had failed and always would.

Timothy Webster
Form V

HOLIDAY ON EARTH

The blue marble slowly appeared in front of my antenna. I decreased the speed of my spaceship and informed Mars that I would shortly land on Earth – my destination.

The reason for spending my holiday on Earth was that I wanted to see the two contrasting 'faces' of the inhabitants of Earth – the rich and the poor.

I landed on a strip of field. The field was covered with plants called grass, forming a velvety ocean of green, decorated by dots of yellow dandelions.

I made myself invisible by pressing a button and travelled to the nearest city. The creatures were walking around at great speed. Some of them were in boxes on four wheels. They zoomed along streets making an awful curtain of smoke.



The temperature was quite low for those creatures. Some of the population wore coats made of skins of dead animals. They walked along the main shopping areas with their heads high. Other people would look at them with jealousy.

I hopped into a shop in which fuel for the creatures was sold. There were tables with white cloths and shiny metallic pieces of 'cutlery' on them. Most creatures in that shop had large abdomens and obviously they had a surplus of hydrocarbons, but they still took in more fuel.

After visiting this part of the world, I went to the other side. This place was totally different from the one I had just visited. The temperature was high and the creatures had hardly any clothing on. The bodies of these creatures were so compact that the general outline of their skeletons showed. They spent most of their time not taking in fuel but trying to find fuel. They had no pretty knives and forks: all they had were clay bowls. The fuel they consumed for a week was less than the creatures in the cities took in for a day.

The poor people did not have four-wheeled boxes. They travelled by means of their limbs. The creatures had to have a large number of offspring because most of them would be killed off by micro-organisms.

I returned to my spaceship wondering why there was this gap between creatures of the same kind. I was puzzled because I did not understand why creatures who had too much fuel did not give some to those who had none. I have never forgotten about this trip because I was unable to solve this mystery of selfishness.

Philip Ting
Form V



THE TROUBLE WITH MY HAIR

"The trouble with my hair is that it is green! It is not purple or orange or even blue, like everyone else's. Now this may make you think I'm funny, and I know lots of people do, (especially children) but then I'm not surprised, it's not every day you see someone gliding down the main tunnel with hair as green as the sky, and I'm not surprised by the number of circus agents and managers who try to sign me up as a star attraction. But what makes me Mad (with a capital 'M') is the fact that I have no job.

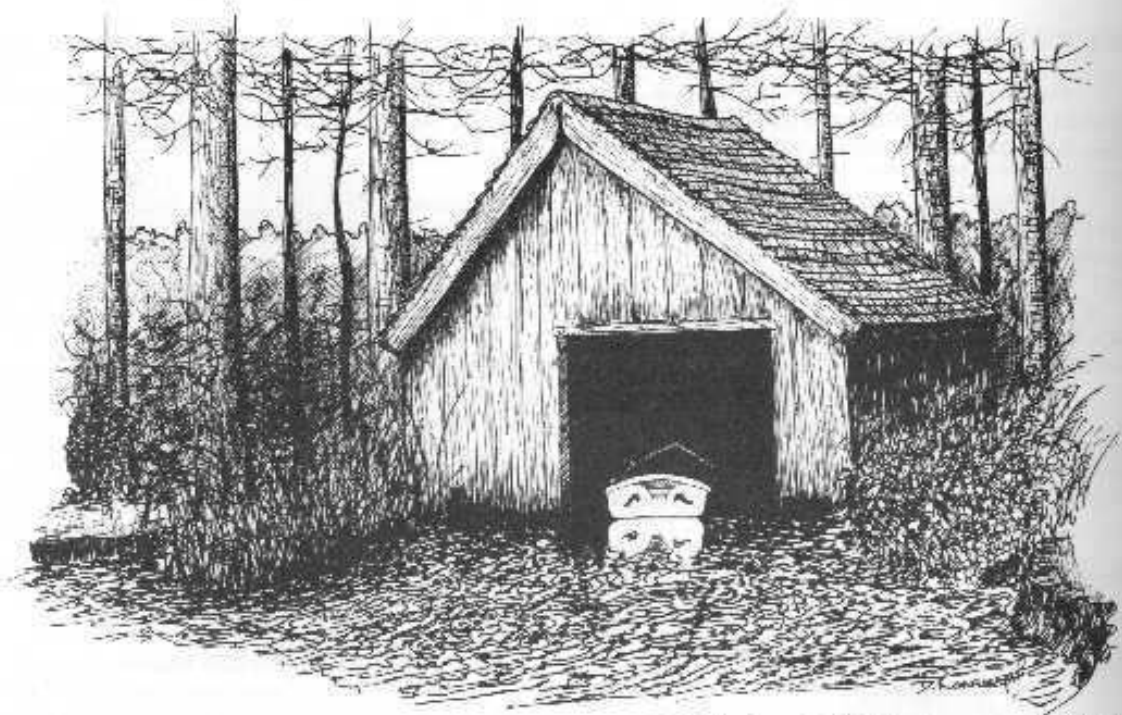
"I mean, you would have thought that somebody, somewhere in this, the biggest city in the whole union of stars (grade one), would have a job for an electro-maintenance engineer of seventh sector matter/anti-matter computers (Ilous programing technic). But nobody, not a single soul will give me a job, just because of the colour of my hair.

"I mean, it's got so bad that I have to depend on old friends, relations, Government unemployment officers and even, I regret to say, ex-work mates, just to buy a few things for my daily life.

"You would have thought that someone of 24 itvvos, who is fully qualified in a good skill would be able to get a job to earn a few basdessars to buy his daily gruntzle.

"It's terrible. Of course, it's all the fault of the young today. With the invention of the 1000Kr robot, there is just no punishment in schools today. It's the abolition of homework and the start of the two-day school week that's done it you know; there is nothing for them to do most of the time. They just take it out on Society.

"Bring back homework and the four day week is the answer, and all the troubles will be solved



"Hello? There is somebody there, isn't there?
Hello? Hello!"

"Hmm? What? What?"

"You've been sleeping through all I've been saying,
haven't you!"

"No, I heard every word of it."

"Don't lie to me, I can see right through you!"

"O.K., I dropped off just after you said 'Matter/
anti-matter computers'."

"Well! When one chats to one's psychiatrist one
expects him to stay awake, doesn't one? I will change my
psychiatrist immediately. Goodbye!"

Oh well, that's another one who fell asleep, and all
because of my green hair; it's discrimination!

Timothy Austin
Form III

PIERREPONT Sports

WINTER SPORTS – RUGBY

The results of the matches played in the 1981/82 season were:

	played	won	drawn	lost	for	against
1st XV	16	13	0	3	239	131
2nd XV and Under 18	3	1	0	2	17	84
Under 15	6	2	0	4	62	111
Under 14	8	4	0	4	108	61
Under 13	5	0	0	5	0	76
Under 12	2	1	0	1	46	10

The First XV

Pierrepont v. Shipley	(A)	Won	19-12
Sutton Manor	(H)	Won	10-9
George Abbott	(H)	Won	16-3
Churcher's College	(H)	Lost	4-19
Alton Sixth Form College	(A)	Won	18-10
Alton Sixth Form College	(H)	Won	25-12
Old Pierrepontians	(H)	Won	34-10
Reeds	(H)	Lost	6-11
Guildford Technical	(H)	Won	15-4
George Abbott	(A)	Won	12-4
Bembridge	(H)	Won	16-15
Bembridge	(A)	Won	4-0
Farnham Sixth Form College	(H)	Won	22-0
City of London Freemans	(A)	Lost	4-12
Farnham Sixth Form College	(A)	Won	19-4
Guildford Technical	(A)	Won	15-6

This has been a highly successful year for the First XV and, statistically, it has been the best team for the last fifteen seasons! However, the standard of rugby among the sides we have met has not been, in all honesty, as high as in previous years. Nevertheless many of the fixtures were hard and, as the results show, were very closely contested.

Our first game saw nine players making their First XV debut, four of these coming straight from Under 15 rugby, and, although we gained a rather scrappy victory, a team spirit was established which was to develop and strengthen throughout the season.



The First XV

Churcher's has for many seasons been our bogey side and this year proved no exception with tackles missed and poor all-round rugby. This was not our only poor performance but, despite the lack of understanding amongst the pack and backs, there was already an air of confidence which was to prove vital in many tight situations. The best examples of this were the two matches against Bembridge, both of which were decided by one score. Also noteworthy was the good spirit in which these, and indeed most of our matches were played, upholding the Pierrepont aim of playing hard but fair rugby.

The annual fixture with the Old Boys has become a highlight of the season and the school rose to the occasion with one of their best performances, showing good cohesion among the pack and some excellent flowing rugby from the backs. This was one of only a few games where the true potential of the team was evident.

The matches against Reeds and City of London were played with aggression and determination and although we were unlucky against Reeds, losing our hooker early on, we were efficiently beaten by a big, well-organised City of London side.

The final fixture was played at Guildford against the 'Tech' and was in many respects the most pleasing of the season. Guildford fielded an exceptionally large, old and experienced side but despite this the school held their own in the pack and produced the better

rugby in the backs, with some excellent and brave tackling. We were, therefore, able to bring our season to an end on a triumphal note.

Full credit must go to our young and small pack who have consistently faced bigger and heavier opposition, yet still managed to provide a solid platform from which the backs could launch their attacks.

Mention must be made of Andy Vaininen, voted Player of the Season, who was always an inspiration to his pack; Andy Meek, whose 119 points meant so much to our tally of victories and our confidence; and our captain Pete Newell who led his side by example with exactly the right blend of admonishment and encouragement. Newell was awarded the Individual cup for his services to school rugby.

Congratulations to the whole team and all those involved with it who helped in making this a season to remember!

Colours were awarded to John Hubner, Dave Kornrumpf, Andy Meek, Jon Payne, Martyn Russell, Rob Smith and Dave Walter.

Peter Newell
Malcolm Pike

The Under 15 XV

For a variety of reasons the colts side this season has experienced more 'downs' than 'ups'. The fourth form, from whom this side is generally selected, failed to produce rugby players in quantity. The weather, combined with other external factors, reduced the number of matches played to only six. The results of the games show only two wins against four losses. In contrast to these problems, the team has generated a marvellous spirit. This has enabled those playing in unaccustomed roles together with some of the smaller, younger fifth-formers to appreciate the game of rugby and improve their standard.

The season began with a visit to Shipleke School where we were beaten 3-26. From this match, enough was learnt to enable us to go on and beat a George Abbott side 14-0. The third match was played against a competent Churcher's College team. At half-time, though our opponents held an 11-6 lead, we had played really well and were unfortunate to be five points down. However, any thoughts of a win were dashed as tiredness and injury overcame us and we conceded six tries without reply.

The next game was the return fixture against George Abbott. This proved to be a most vigorous encounter, with both sides attempting to run the ball at every opportunity, although only three tries were scored. The final result was a narrow 8-12 defeat. Certainly the best performance of the season came against Sutton Manor. Putting on such a great display of teamwork that our coach driver shouted himself almost hoarse with delight, we won 30-6. In what was to prove the final match of the season, a rather lacklustre performance against City of London Freemans saw the team defeated 3-23.

In spite of a somewhat indifferent season, a number of individual performances would suggest that they will prove useful acquisitions to future senior teams.

Colts colours were awarded to C. Horton, G. Long, J. Massey, P. O'Brien and S. Wickens.

Jason Massey
Keith Rogers



House Rugby

SENIORS		JUNIORS	
Agincourt bt Waterloo	34-3	Waterloo bt Shaw	44-0
Trafalgar bt Combe	4-3	Trafalgar drew with Combe	18-18
Final:		Replay: Trafalgar won	30-4
Agincourt bt Trafalgar	20-4	Waterloo bt Trafalgar	26-4

The house rugby competitions suffered doubly this season. Ice and snow caused the two finals to be postponed into the spring

term, with an inevitable loss of momentum, although luckily with few changes of personnel in the teams.

Secondly both competitions were played between only four houses because of age imbalances between the houses. This can only sap the vitality of the houses. Whether we like it or not, much of that elusive house spirit which binds the houses together depends on their competitive activities: and whether we like it or not, a majority of the school sees rugby as its chief competitive sport, certainly in the winter terms. It is to be hoped that steps can be taken to prevent the further devaluation of this competition.

House Rugby Sevens

Saturday 25th February was the date for the inter-house sevens, junior and senior, from 9.30 until lunch-time. Despite the cold weather there was much interest and excitement to reward the crowd on the touch-lines. These events provide an attractive day's sport, as many parents and friends are beginning to discover.

In the senior competition Combe and Agincourt (last year's top team) kicked off, but possession and tries gave Agincourt an 18-0 win this time. Shaw lost their early game against Trafalgar, and then managed to win a more even match against Combe. The key matches seemed to be between the boarding houses. Waterloo proved unable to hold Trafalgar but Trafalgar's high scoring victory over Shaw could not redeem their last match, a 4-4 draw with Agincourt. Agincourt won overall because they had scored more points in earlier matches.

The junior competition started with Waterloo the strong favourites against Combe but they emerged victors by a solitary, unconverted try. In the next match Shaw beat Trafalgar 18-0. After this Waterloo turned on the style winning their two remaining matches 22-0 and 38-0 against Shaw and Trafalgar respectively: so Waterloo were champions. The match to decide second and third places was between the day-houses; it could not have been closer. A 4-4 draw left Combe second and Shaw third. Trafalgar were close behind but could not quite manage to touch the ball down.

Chris Barrett
Craig Horton



Farnham Rugby Sevens

Although this competition, organised by the Farnham Rugby Club, hasn't the same ring to it as the Rosslyn Park sevens tournament, it still rouses a great deal of local rivalry. Pierrepont has a good track record over recent years, and, with sevens training taking place two weeks prior to this competition, hopes were high for continuing success.

It is rumoured that the organising body refuses to run the day's events without a forest ten gale or a monsoon being forecast. The weather, thankfully, only started to misbehave in the afternoon, when everybody was looking forward to the climax.

The morning's events were tightly scheduled, with the mini-rugby being the main attraction, though initially marred by the ill-disciplined approach of, of all teams, the host school's only team.

Pierrepont's interest started successfully as the Under 14's were left unopposed in their first match against All Hallows. The next game was against an old adversary, Heath End. Their team revolved round one boy, a prop of about thirteen stone whom we affectionately named 'Tree Trunk'. Pierrepont, by playing good sevens, took the lead with a good try by Denham. But 'Tree Trunk' soon stamped his mark on the game, running the full length of the pitch with six of our team draped from him, to score under the posts. The final score was 18-6.

The Under 15's played well in their opening game against Salesian College, taking an early lead after a fine scissors movement by O'Brien and McFarlane. Both sides maintained disciplined play as pressure increased. O'Brien had scored again but the opposition

levelled the scores in the final minute and sealed the result with a well taken conversion. The second game was an embarrassing victory against a depleted All Hallows side, following disciplinary action.

The Under 16 group was hotly contested but we performed with credit. The team seemed well balanced, with Hughes, Borcik and Hawthorne winning a lot of ball in set play and in the second phase, while Payne, Cawsey, and Herbert with extra pace on the wing caused problems for their opponents. We won against Heath End and Salesian but suffered a heavy defeat against Farnham Town, who played some excellent sevens. In the fourth game we outran and out-kicked a Robert Haining side, and since the competition rules do not permit Farnham Town to take trophies Graham Hughes was able to collect it for Pierrepont.

The Colts (Under 19) category looked a very close contest on paper. The Pierrepont team played the most attractive sevens of the day, gaining confidence from their initial victory over Farnham RUFC. The tactic of moving the ball quickly and making a fast break with plenty of support looked stylish against a rather cumbersome Farnham side. Our old rivals, Farnham Sixth Form, were next to be despatched. The final game, against Farnborough Sixth Form, was to decide the competition. Pierrepont started rather slowly and suffered the consequences, being ten points down at the interval. After some strong words from Mr Pike a determined school side quickly took the initiative and scored immediately after the restart: Newell made a good break to outrun the Farnborough defence and score under the posts. This was followed by another from Hubner after some excellent passing movements involving the whole team. Meek converted to put us into the lead. Hubner scored again to secure the game.

David Francis

CROSS-COUNTRY

District Schools Cross-Country

The Waverley Schools Championships were held at King Edward's School, Witley this year. The conditions were excellent for the three events. Pierrepont were prepared, too, for a fourth, over 17 race, but this was cancelled because there were so few entries (over half were ours!).

Our Under 14 team was placed 7th out of 8. Adam Page ran very well to finish 15th in a field of 65.

The Under 15 team was placed 3rd out of 5. James Denham finished 11th out of 46 competitors.

The Under 17 team came last out of 4 teams. This result would have been a lot better if Hunter had not been sent the wrong way, therefore finishing last, instead of with the leaders, where he had been. Our best placed runner was Emmett Brook who did very well to finish 5th out of 34.

Ray Dennis

House Cross-Country

Race conditions were good and the school was fortunate with the weather, which was sunny and mild. There had been little rain over the previous weeks, leaving the course reasonably dry and safe. Each house had been able to put in a good deal of preparation for the race, generally building up fitness. This sort of event is not simply a matter of running the fastest round the course, but of timing and planning when to run fastest and how to pace the course. On the morning of the race there seemed to be a full attendance and a good body of supporters too.

The first race, at 10.30, was the junior event. The winner here was Denham of Waterloo, with a time of 19 minutes. The times for the juniors were well spread and the last to arrive recorded 40 minutes. The order of the houses was Waterloo (49 points), Trefalgar (83), Shaw (91), Combe (117), Agincourt (144).

The senior race was rather longer, including two ridges on the Common but both runners and results turned out much closer in the event. The heat made the course hard work however, and the closely pecked field did begin to separate more in the last third of the race as some competitors began to lag. At the finish times ranged from 22 to 38 minutes. Hunter won, closely followed by Newell. The houses finished in the order: Combe (66), Shaw (95), Waterloo (107), Agincourt (110), Trefalgar (111). After the race cups of tea were available on the field for those in need - a thoughtful innovation.

Peter Barker

SOCCER

School Soccer Fixtures

Pierrepont's football season was short but successful: it got under way quickly after the long rugby season.

The First XI had quite a strong team this year and their first opponents were our neighbours, Frensham Heights. From the beginning of the match Pierrepont began strongly to dominate everything in midfield, with good and evenly distributed passing; as a result we had no difficulty sustaining a 3-1 lead at half-time. We again had most of the play in the second half and went on to win 8-1. The goal-scorers were Brand, Meek and Walter.

We played Frensham Heights again after Christmas and began this match playing badly, trying to make our opponents look stupid. The captain, Robert Smith, put out some good, harsh advice to correct this and we went on to win 5-1, goals being scored by Newell, Brand, Meek and White.

Our final match was an away match against Gordon Boys. This was a very difficult match, played on an almost impossible pitch and made worse by our bad form. Gordon Boys looked as if they had the game wrapped up and constantly took the lead, but we did not give up, constantly equalising. With some good touch-line support we got away with a 4-4 draw.

Our Under 16 team also played Gordon Boys (away) and drew 1-1. An Under 15 team beat Frensham Heights 2-0.

Staff versus Students Soccer Match, 24th March 1982.

Staff - 3

Students - 3

At about a quarter to two on a lovely spring day, the house captains and members of the school 1st XI assembled on the playing fields for an event which promised to compare with the World Cup and the Battle of the Somme at the same time.

A few minutes later, their opponents sneaked out, looking out of place in games kit and knowing it only too well themselves. The Reverend Webster, turned up wearing a crash helmet but soon discarded this - obviously deciding to trust to divine intervention rather than material aids. Last to arrive was Mr Brooks, the staff captain.

After a photo had been taken of the staff team with Mr Rogers in characteristic pose (lying down), the ref started the match, only about ten minutes late.

The Boys team started the attack quickly and, after about five minutes, S. Brand scored the first goal, supported by P.J. Newell and, apparently, Rev. Webster. But the staff then seemed to find their form and after a dispute in the goal area Mr Francis scored from a penalty (1-1).

The match was, however, dominated by the boys for the rest of the first half with much attacking play, in more senses than one, by Rob Smith and A. Meek, and just before the half time whistle, S. Brand scored again (1-2).

At half time several substitutes were brought on for the Boys' side, and Chris Walsh, the catering manager, who had brought on the half time refreshments, stayed to make up numbers on the staff side - they thought there were twelve in a soccer team.

When the second half whistle went, the masters went heavily into the attack with a lot of barging and pushing, obviously deciding not to give up easily. Fairly soon another penalty was given to the staff, though only the ref knew why, and Bob smashed the ball into the net round J. Payne (2-2).

The second half continued with both teams giving their all, though some players gave more "all" than others. About 15 minutes later, just after Mr Burgess had presented a nice little somersault assisted by one of the boys, Mr N. James stormed through the Boys' defence supported by several other masters - safety in numbers? - to score what looked like the winning goal (3-2).

But the boys weren't going to allow a much older team to beat them, even if they did have an extra player, and they went back into the attack stronger than ever. Their extra effort paid off and a few minutes before the end, Rob Smith scored the equaliser.

Greg COBURN



House Soccer

Agincourt were the victors of the senior football competition this year, but were unable to field a junior team for their lack of numbers in that part of the house. Shaw won both the junior and intermediate competitions but could field no senior team.

The results were:

SENIOR		INTERMEDIATE	
Trafalgar bt Waterloo	5-1	Agincourt bt Trafalgar	3-0
Agincourt bt Combe	6-2	Shaw bt Waterloo	3-2
Final:			
Agincourt bt Trafalgar	4-1	Shaw bt Agincourt	1-0

JUNIOR

Waterloo bt Trafalgar and Combe; Shaw bt Agincourt and Waterloo

Elliot Ewhart

Penalty Kicking Competition

The competition attracted a large number of entrants eager to pit their skills against the agility (?) of the goal-keeper. The format was changed slightly this year with a handicapping system to enable juniors and seniors an equal chance of winning the trophy. The aim is to incorporate three facets of the game: ability to keep close control while dribbling, accuracy of shooting, and speed in covering distance.

Last year's joint winner, Seay, again figured strongly, while from the junior section Jackson performed with skill and speed. The seniors then looked to have produced a winner in Brand, with the maximum of three goals in a very quick time. However, the overall competition was won by the best participant, Cathcart, again with three goals but one second faster than Brand.

David Francis

SUMMER SPORTS

Schools Athletics Meetings

Our first fixture was at Lord Wandsworth where a senior team competed against six others. Pierrepont finished second in the Under 19 and third in the Under 17 age-groups, with notable performances by Vanreenen (shot), Walter (javelin), Hunter (1500 metres) and Shaw (high jump).

The Waverley Schools trials, held at Redborough, were designed to select Under 17 and Under 15 boys for the Surrey Schools Championships at Mottspur Park. Herbert, Hunter, Long, McFarlane and O'Brien all gave individual performances good enough for selection. Three seniors were also selected on the basis of previous times and distances, and all three of our 4 x 100m relay teams were included.

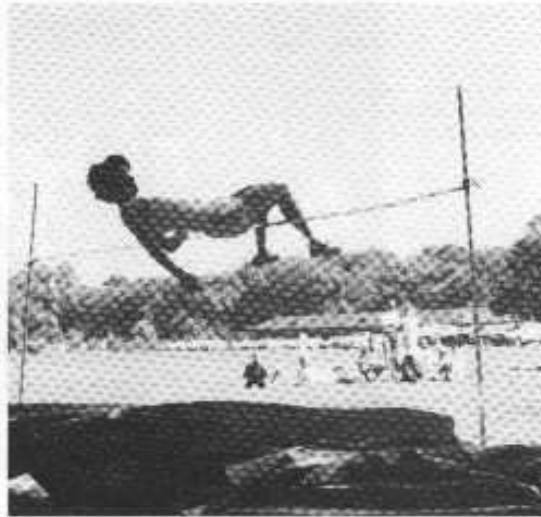
In often wet and windy conditions at Mottspur Park, Pierrepont did very well, considering that Surrey is one of the top athletics counties in England. From the juniors O'Brien (400m) went out in a preliminary round, McFarlane (100m) just failed to make his final, and Long (800m) finished 8th in the final after tripping when lying 3rd. The junior relay team finished 4th, having qualified with the fast time of 49.1 seconds.

Our intermediate team decided to scratch because of other commitments. Their only representative was MacQueen, who did not reach the final of his triple jump event. In the Under 19 group, Vanreenen finished 2nd in the discus, while Newell (100m) and Meek (200m) went out in qualifying heats. The relay team finished 5th.

The Farnham and District meeting was scheduled for late June, but the boggy of examinations at this time of year conspired with sour weather this time. In the field events our Under 15 and Under 17 teams were both beaten by Heath End. The track events were cancelled: a pity our track athletes had no chance to put us on top.

Colts' athletics colours were awarded to J.T.J. Hobley, G.J. Long, A.G. McFarlane and P.O'Brien.

Floy Dennis



House Tanning Competition

The senior part of the competition began with Combe and Shaw. Both teams played well but Shaw eventually proved the stronger. Then it was Trafalgar's turn to play the former champions, Waterloo. This time, though, Waterloo was unable to hold on to the cup. When Agincourt came to play Shaw it seemed that Shaw was going to win again, but Agincourt managed to pull back and win. The final between Agincourt and Trafalgar was a long march but Agincourt eventually won. The winning pairs were D. Walter and L. Rahmetallah, R. Zimmermann and J. Hubner.

In the junior part of the school Agincourt did not even play, giving a walk-over to Shaw. Combe found everything going right for them; they were victorious in all three matches they played and nobody could stop them from winning the competition.

Laith Rahmetallah

Cricket

Because of poor weather conditions, on every Saturday when a first XI fixture had been arranged and cancellations by other schools, the first team failed to turn out for a single external match this season.

The junior teams were also short of matches. The Under 15 side lost by 1 run in a very close game with Gordon Boys. The Under 16 team were beaten by the same school. Commendable performances came from Chris Barrett and Adam Page.

Both the senior and junior inter-house competitions resulted in keenly contested finals between Shaw and Agincourt, Shaw winning the junior cup and Agincourt the senior.

The staff match gave the first XI its first airing of the season. Following tradition the school batted first and after a shaky start progressed to a total of 75 for 6 from the allotted 25 overs, with Andrew Dutton and Paul Meek providing useful scores. After losing two wickets in the first two overs Messrs Treeby and Brooks held the staff innings together and the required total was reached with a few overs remaining.

Andrew Meek

House Swimming Competition

Combe retained the House Swimming Cup by a margin of 8 points from Trafalgar, with Waterloo third, after a well balanced competition. Combe also kept the intermediate relay cup while the standards competition was again won by Waterloo, well ahead of Trafalgar who have become specialists in coming second this year.

Mrs Meek, presenting the prizes, made a third award to Combe's swimming captain as his team won the final of the water-polo in a close game against Agincourt: Martyn Russell scored the only goal. Other trophies went to Robert Ward (W) for the 100 yards free-style event and to Simon Dawes (T) as intermediate Victor Ludorum. Waterloo took the junior relay and Agincourt the senior relay.

Sports Day 1982

The 29th of May dawned bright and sunny for the climax of this year's athletics season, and the weather fulfilled its promise to provide the ideal backdrop for the school to welcome so many parents, old boys and friends.

Earlier in the week we had seen some of the longer races and the discus events. Andy Varréren (S) made an early bid in both events for the Victor Ludorum which he went on to win. Andy also did well in the shot put. The intermediate Victor Ludorum was Graham Long (C), who won his races at 800 and 400 metres; while from the brave runners in the Open 1500m race Angus Hunter (W) emerged the cup-winner for the second year.

Sports Day itself often hinges on the relays at the end of the afternoon but this year the outcome was all but determined already. Nevertheless sound advice on relay tactics seemed to have permeated all the teams and there were scarcely any difficulties with change overs. In the senior relay the first two teams (Trafalgar and Agincourt) both finished inside the school record time: Trafalgar won. The intermediate relay was won by Combe, the junior by Waterloo.

The overall winning house this year was Combe, four points ahead of Trafalgar. The standards competition was an even closer finish: Waterloo collected 490 points, Trafalgar 482 and Agincourt 496 to retain the cup. The Standards Cup, unlike Sports Day, is won by the whole house rather than a few individuals, as everyone competes to add to the house totals.

The spirit of friendly competition was epitomised by a item of the more energetic members of the school staff who were courageous, not to say foolhardy, enough to compete in the senior relay race. While their position is not precisely recorded in the annals of the afternoon, they performed very creditably and perhaps persuaded some of the students that their teachers have some life in them yet!

The prizes were distributed by Mr and Mrs G.W. Whitmarsh of the Education Department at the University of Warwick.

At the completion of the formal part of the afternoon, a bouquet was presented to Mrs Whitmarsh by Emma Treeby, daughter of the Sixth Form house master.



The afternoon was completed, as has now become traditional, by each house playing host to its own guests for tea. Hours of work by Mr Walsh and his staff were devoured in minutes, lest any of half-term be missed.

Clive Joques

MINOR SPORTS

Fencing

We started our new school year with six new members compensating the loss of our captain, Louis Man, and other competitive fencers like Fanton Chuck and Dave Utting. This left six out of seven members beginners, so matches could not possibly be arranged in the first term. However everyone progressed well and we were invited to a match against Cranleigh School in the second term. We made up two teams of three but because of our lack of experience both teams lost: team A was beaten 3-6 and team B lost 2-7.

With the help of our coach, Mr Jones, we went to another match versus Guildford Fencing Club. Again we lost, facing extremely experienced and strong opponents. Nevertheless we are not discouraged because there are no other ways to gain experience than actual fighting, which may lead to defeat.

Many thanks to our new Director of Activities, Mr Rogers, who drove us to both matches. We are looking forward to more away matches in the coming year since our own hall is unsuitable for matches. We hope more people will join us, too, from the start of the winter term. Fencing is a very good sport and easy to pick up.

Four of our team members, who have only been fencing for three terms, have passed their bronze awards: W.H. Chong, E. Leung, J. Tan and P. Ting. C. Chow has passed his silver award. The other team member was I. Hall.

Finally we are very grateful to Mr Parry, who has agreed to buy us some more equipment.

Clement Chow

PIERREPONT Records

School Officers

SCHOOL CAPTAINS:

C. Ertzel, J. Hubner

SCHOOL VICE-CAPTAINS

A.J. Meek, R.N. Smith

HOUSE CAPTAINS:

Agincourt	J. Hubner, A.J. Mortimore
Combe	A.J. Meek
Shaw	P.H. Shikisporé
Trafalgar	P.J. Newell
Waterloo	R.G.J. Ward
Sixth Form	R.N. Smith

PREFECTS:

P.N. Barker, J.V.L. Brett, C. Brockdorff, M.J. Catlin, B.K.H. Chiu, J.M. Comben, S.M. Crowder, S.J. David, J.B. Hillier, S.P.Y. Kwok, J.M.L. Payne, S.M.G. Robinson, A.Y.S. Tang, M.J. Thomas, Sarah J. Thomas, A.J.D. Vanrenen, D.G. Waller, M.H. Warren, C.M. White.

CAPTAIN OF RUGBY:

P.J. Newell

CAPTAIN OF SOCCER:

R.N. Smith

CAPTAIN OF CRICKET:

A.J. Meek

CAPTAIN OF SAILING:

G.P. Coates

CAPTAIN OF FENCING:

C.K.S. Chow

LIBRARIAN:

J.M.L. Payne

House Officers

AGINCOURT

Vice-Captain: S.M. Crowder

House Officers: S.D.A. Brand, W.H. Choong, C.K.S. Chow, J.R. Crosby, A.C. Crowder, E.O. Ewars, I.D.M. Hall, D.E. Kornumof, A.C.P. McLenn, E.S. Morris, T.A. Petersen, A.K. Finner, S.A. Rapkin, F. Socrans, J.G. Tan, P. Zimmermann.

COMBE

Vice-Captain: M.J. Thomas

House Officers: E.P. Borcik, N.T. Carey, P.A. Cathcart, R.J. Cawsey, S.L. Dyer, C.E. Fordham, P.J. French, F.P. Millward, H. Holna, M.K. Ruggill, P.J. Sweetnam, P.M. Utting.

SHAW

Vice-Captain: J.M. Comben

House Officers: G.J.C. Handerson, G.P. Coates, A.H. Dutton, Natalya H. Ferguson, D.C. Ince, E.C. MacQueen, N.D.H. Robinson, T.D. Webster, T.J. Whittle.

TRAFALGAR

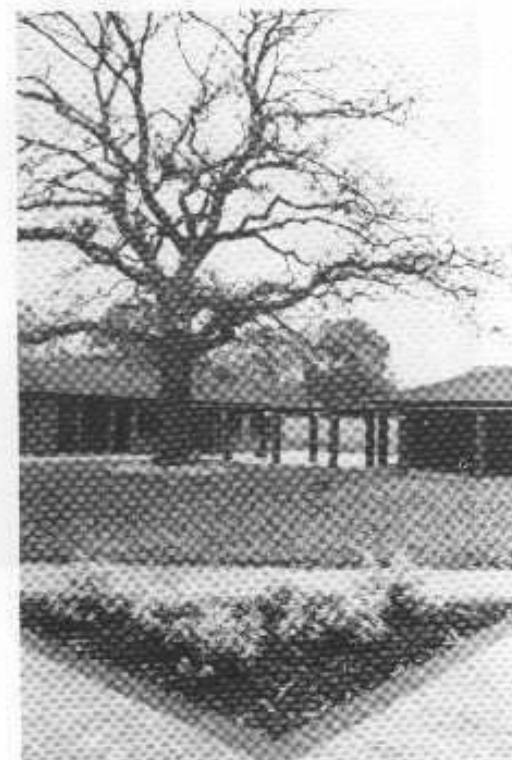
House Officers: S.T. Dawes, M. Hawthorne, P.J. Herbert, G.R. Hughes, S.F. Humphrey, H.C.J. Mathews, P. O'Brien, N.D.J. Payne.

WATERLOO

House Officers: A.M. Hunter, B.G.A. Jolly, S.M.W. Jolly, T.W. Jones, R.P. Nixon, J.D. Pedit, P.J. Shaw.

Salute 1981/82

J.C. Arnold, S.D. Arthur, R.D. Austin, C.J. Baker, I.J. Bayly, J.K. Bennetts, M.C. Boljil, M.T. Braband, G.J. Brown, R.M.A. Brown, J.F. Castle, A.N. Champion, C.K.C. Chow, I.J. Collins, A.J. Comben, M.B. Davies, P.J. Doyle, E.O. Ewars, D.D.C. Ferguson, Natalya H. Ferguson, J.A. Ford, G.W. Foster, G.R. Free, M.D. Frost, A.J. Galesworthy, P.A. Gooding, D.S. Gordon, N.T.D. Hall, J.T.J. Habley, J.C.G. Hone, D.J. Ingham, G.P. Jolliffe, C.M. Kaufmann, R.C. Ling, E.C.T. Liu, Asil Masood, Aamer Masood, R.J. Mathews, J.F. Miles, S.P. Monk, D.J.R. Morris, G. Moulton, R.P. Nixon, J.R. Pitt, M.G. Preston, R.M. Preston, N. Quddoos, A.W. Salmon, M. Sani, E.W-Y. Set, C.C. Sheard, D.J. Sheard, S.A. Snook, G.R. Stuart, H.H. Thomas, J.R. Tupper, D.P. Upton, J.L. Voller, M.A. Whibley, R.C. White, I.J. Wickes, R.J.M.M. Williams, P.E. Wright-Anderson.





Vale 1982

Bosher, G.P. (T) Under 14 XV, Cricket, Orchestra.
 Brett, J.V.L.D. (T,S,A) Prefect, Athletics, CCF CSM, 2 A Levels, 8 O Levels.
 Comben, J.M. (S) Prefect, 2nd XV, CCF Sgt., 8 O Levels.
 Crowder, S.M. (A) Prefect, House Vice-Captain, 5 O Levels.
 David, S.J. (S) Prefect, Shooting, 3 A Levels, 9 O Levels.
 Dawes, S.T. (T) House Officer, Under 15 XV, Swimming (Victor Ludorum), 1 O Level.
 Dyer, S.J. (C) House Officer, 7 O Levels.
 Etzel, C. (S) School Captain, RAF Under Officer, Cadet Cup, 3 A Levels, 5 O Levels.
 Ferguson, Natalya R. (S) House Officer, Drama.

Furste, R.W.L. (A) House Officer, 2nd XV, Football, Swimming, Tennis, 3 O Levels.
 Gaudern, M.R. (S) Under 13 XV, Cricket, Cross-Country.
 Hall, I.D.M. (A) House Officer, Fencing, 2 O Levels.
 Hetwary, M.B.W. (W) House Officer, 2nd XV, Swimming, Orchestra, 2 O Levels.
 Hughes, G.R. (T) House Officer, 1st XV, Athletics, Football, 1 O Level.
 Humphrey, S.F. (T) House Officer, Under 15 XV, Athletics, 3 O Levels.
 Jackson, T.P. (T) Under 13 XV Captain, Football.
 Kwok, S.P.-Y. (A) Prefect, House Vice-Captain, RAF Sgt., Orchestra, 3 A Levels, 10 O Levels.
 Leach, J.S.C. (C) Athletics, Swimming, 3 O Levels.

Ling, E.C.N. (C) Athletics, Cross-Country, 4 O Levels.
 Littell, L.E. (C) Under 14 XV, Cricket, Athletics, Orchestra.
 MacQueen, E.C. (S) House Officer, Athletics, 5 O Levels.
 Massey, J.S. (A) Under 15 XV Captain (Colts Colours), Swimming, Drama.
 Matsui, N. (W) Under 13 XV, Cross-Country.
 Meek, A.J. (C) School Vice-Captain, House Captain, 1st XV (Colours), Football, Cricket, Athletics (twice Victor Ludorum), Shooting, CCF Staff Sgt., Orchestra Leader, Curry Cup, 2 A Levels, 10 O Levels.
 Morris, E.S. (A) House Officer, 2 O Levels.
 Newell, P.J. (T) House Captain, 1st XV Captain (Colours, 2 individual cups), Football, Cricket, Athletics, Cross-Country, Tennis, Fencing, Scout Leader, 1 A Level, 8 O Levels.
 Orrell, N.P. (C) House Officer, 6 O Levels.
 Penn, J.R. (T) Cricket, 3 A Levels.
 Payne, J.M.L. (T) Prefect, Librarian, 1st XV (Colours), Football, Cricket, Athletics, CCF Staff Sgt., Drama, 1 A Level, 8 O Levels.
 Rapkin, S.A. (A) House Officer.
 Reina, R. (C) House Officer, 2nd XV, 4 O Levels.
 Robinson, S.P. (W) House Officer, 2nd XV.
 Shakespeare, P.H. (S) House Captain, Shooting, CCF CSM, Cadet Cup, 2 A Levels, 8 O Levels.
 Smith, R.N. (T) School Vice-Captain, Sixth Form House Captain, 1st XV (Colours), Football Captain, Drama, 1 A Level.
 Soeters, F. (A) House Officer, Orchestra, 5 O Levels.
 Tang, A.Y.S. (W) Prefect, 1st XV, Football, Badminton Captain, Athletics, Swimming, 4 O Levels.
 Thomas, Sarah J. (C) Prefect, Drama, 3 A Levels.
 Ting, P.Y.C. (T) Fencing, 9 O Levels.
 Vanrenen, A.J.D. (S) Prefect, 1st XV Vice-Captain (Colours, Player of Season Cup), Athletics (Victor Ludorum), Tennis, 1 A Level, 6 O Levels.
 Ward, R.G.J. (W) House Captain, 2nd XV, 3 O Levels.
 Warren, M.H. (S) Prefect, 2 A Levels, 6 O Levels.
 Whittle, T.J. (S) House Officer, 2nd XV, Cross-Country, Athletics, 7 O Levels.
 Wickert, P.W.M. (T) House Officer, Shooting, RAF Sgt., Opera, Orchestra, 7 O Levels.

K.N.H. Sherji (T), D.P. Bradley (C) (3), C. Bridgewater (T), P. Clark (T), A.J. Cox (C) (1), A.C. Crowder (A) (1), S.J. Day (C), M.S. Elledge (W), A.E. Filmer (T) (3), P.D. Gould (C) (4), C.M. Kaufmann (T), A.M. Kimber (S), S. Mitchell (W) (4), M. Saint (A), G.J. Smith (S) (7), S.L. Smith (W), C.R.J. Thorp (S) (6), A.J. Toland (W), P.M.J. Waaka (C)

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

Examination Successes in the G.C.E. in 1981/82
Key to Subjects

A	Art	Cm	Commerce	GS	General Science
aM	Additional Maths	CS	Computer Studies	H	History
B	Biology	du	Dutch	M	Mathematics
BS	Business Studies	EL	English Language	mal	Malay
		ELit	English Literature	Met	Meteorology
C	Chemistry	F	French	Mus	Music
ch	Chinese	G	Geography	P	Physics
		g-	German	sp	Spanish

(* indicates a pass at Grade A)

Advanced Level Passes

Brell, J.V.L. — BS, G. David, S.J. — C,M,P, Etzel, C. — E,H, Kwok, S.P.Y. — C,P, Mook, A.J. — C,P, Newell, P.J. — G, Patel, J.H. — C,M,P, Payne, J.M.L. — H, Robinshaw, S.M.G. — E, Shakespeare, P.H. — B,C, Smith, R.N. — G, Thomas, Sarah J. — BS,E,H, Vanrenen, A.J. — G, Weiran, M.H. — BS,G.

Ordinary Level Passes, Grade C or above

Anastasi, J.F.J. — F, Barker, P.N. — M, Barron, R.D. — Cm,ELit, Borcik, F.P. — EL,ELit,H, Bradley, D.P. — B,EL,P, Brand, S.D.A. — aM, Brockdorff, C. — aM,ELit, Carey, N.T. — Cm, CS, EL(*),ELit, G,M,Met(*),P, Cathcart, P.A. — B,EL,G,Met,P, Carlin, M.J. — EL, ELit,G,H,M, Cawsey, R.J. — f, Cheong, W.H. — C,Cm(*),CS,EL(*), ELit(*),M(*),P(*), Chiu, H. — ch,G, Chow, C.K.S. — aM,EL, Cowles, G.P. — aM(*),G, Colledge, N.H. — ELit,Mus, Cox, A.J. — EL, Crowder, S.M. — G,GS, David, S.J. — CS, Dawes, S.T. — Cm, Dyer, S.J. — B,Cm,EL,ELit,G,GS,M, Etzel, T.W. — g(*), Ewara, E.O. — B,P, Filmer, A.E. — EL, ELit,GS, Fordham, C.H. — Cm,ELit, French, P.J. — EL,ELit,f,G,M,Met,P, Gould, P.D. — Cm,ELit,M,P, Hell, I.D.M. — EL,ELit, Hatvany, M.B.W. — G,GS, Henderson, G.J.C. — M, Herberl, P.J. — f,sp(*), Hillier, J.B. — P, Hubner, J. — aM, Hughes, G.R. — ELit, Humphrey, S.F. — Cm,EL,ELit, Hunter, A.M. — ELit, Ince, D.C. — B,EL,ELit,M,P, Jolly, S.G.A. — B,Cm, ELit,G,H, Jones, T.H. — B(*),C,ELit,G,M,P, Kornrumpf, D.E. — A,ELit,G, Kwok, S.P.Y. — CS,EL, Leach, J.S.C. — Cm(*),M,P, Leung, L.H.E. — B,C,ch,Cm,EL,ELit,M(*),P(*), Ling, E.C.N. — C,ELit,M,P(*), Löw, W. — aM,B,ELit, McLean, A.C.P. — B,EL, MacQueen, E.C. — B,ELit,G,H,Mat, Mathews, H.C.J. — EL, Millward, F.P. — B(*),du(*),EL,M, Mitchell, S. — B,EL,ELit,GS, Morris, E.S. — B,P, Mortimore, A.J. — EL,ELit(*), Nixon, R.P. — G, O'Donnell, S.T.R. — B,EL,G,M,P, Orrell, N.P. — B,C,EL, Payne, J.M.L. — A, Payne, N.D.J. — B(*),C,EL,ELit,G(*),M,Mus,P,

Petersen, T.A. — G,GS, Patti, J.D. — B,ELit,GS, Pinner, A.K. — EL,ELit, Rahmatallah, L.S. — B,EL,G,M,Met,P, Reina, R. — EL, f,G,Mer, Russell, M.K. — C,EL(*),ELit,G(*),M,Met,P, Shaw, P.J. — EL(*), Smith, G.J. — C,Cm(*),CS,EL,ELit,M, Soetens, F. — EL, Mus, Steijger, R.P. — du, Sweetnam, P.J. — EL, Tan, J.G. — B,C, Cm,ELit,M,mat,P, Tang, A.Y.S. — ch(*), Thorp, C.R.J. — CS, EL,ELit,f,M,P, Ting, P.Y. — aM(*),B(*),C(*),ch(*),Cm(*),EL, ELit,M(*),P(*), Utting, P.M. — B(*),C,EL(*),ELit,G(*),M(*), Mer,P(*), Ward, H.G.J. — EL,G,GS, Watt, P.J. — Cm,EL(*),GS, Webster, T.D. — B,EL(*),ELit(*),G,M,Mat,Mus,P, White, C.M. — B,ELit,G, Whittle, T.J. — A,B,EL(*),ELit,G,H,Mat, Zimmermann, R. — B,EL,G,GS,M,Met.

Passes in First Certificate of English

C.K.C. Chow, C.M. Kautmann, K. Matsuno, E.W.Y. Sar, R. Zimmermann (*).

Driving

The following, through the school's links with a local school of motoring, have passed their driving test during this academic year:

R.N. Smith, A.J.D. Vanrenen, S.M. Crowder, P.N. Barker, C.M. White, C.K.S. Chow.



Prize Winners (1982)

Form I

R.D. Austin, M.C. Bolgil

Form II

M.G. Preston, G.C. Watt

Form III

St.J.D. Hoskyns, R.M. Preston, P.M. Webster

Form IV

C.S. Bucanol, P.E. Wright-Anderson

Form V

W.H. Cheong, E.C. MacQueen

Form VI B

G.P. Coates

William Morris Prize

S.A.B. London (for poetry and prose compositions)

Highly commended: B.G. Horton (history project and model)

J.H. Kellick (ceramics and history project)

B.A. Masson (paintings)

Curry Cup (for contribution to school life)

A.J. Meek

Frisham Cup (for social services)

J.R. Crosby

Cader Cup

C. Etzel, P.H. Shakespeare

Highfield Cup (for gardening)

A.C. Crowder, B.G. Horton

Individual Drama Cup

A.C.P. McLean

Open Day Prize (for work in laboratories and on R.A.F. drill and training displays)

G.J.C. Henderson

Headmaster's Prize

F.W.C. Chuck, J.A. Wilschur

Higher and Further Education — October 1982

Comben, J.R.	Guildford Technical College
David, S.J.	Guildford Technical College
Kwok, S.P.Y.	City University, London (Mechanical Engineering)
Meek, A.	Brooklands Technical College
Newell, P.	College in Canterbury
Payne, J.M.L.	Aldershot, Commissioning for the Gurkhas
Shakespeare, P.	Sandhurst Royal Military Academy
Smith, R.N.	North Gloucestershire College of Technology (Catering)
Tang, A.Y.S.	Tutorial College, London
Thomas, Sarah J.	University of Wales, Aberystwyth (Law)

News from Old Boys

Once again we have had the pleasure of visits from many old boys and from many parts of the world. There was a fine attendance on O.P.A. day and again on Sports Day last term. O.P.A. day in 1983 will be on Saturday, November 5th (but please leave your fireworks at home!).

Any one wishing to join the O.P.A. should contact the Membership Secretary, I.W. Perry, 95 Farnham Road, Guildford (tel. Guildford 504123). The Chairman is P.D. Lucas, Beacon Hill House, Hindhead (tel. Hindhead 4277). Weekends are the best time to contact these committee members. Please send a stamped addressed envelope with correspondence requiring a reply.

We are most grateful to those old boys who have supported the Sports Hall Appeal. In these difficult days their generosity is much appreciated.

Richard Burgess

Stefan Rowny has left Poland, just in time, and is studying drama at Seattle, but he has had to leave his parents at home. David Gotz is writing for a magazine in California and importing records. Also in the United States, Pervez Noon has completed his degree course. From Australia we have heard from James Birch, who left Trafalgar in 1973, and from Paul Vandenberg, now studying at Perth. In Melbourne, Malcolm Davey is an apprentice painter. Mark Robertson is in business in Hong Kong. Arian Wildschul has been picking grapefruit and avocado pears on an Israeli kibbutz before starting at university in Britain. Tony Blake is endeavouring to outdo any one else's exotic exploits by sailing round the world, and taking up to ten years to do it, according to his brother Hugh.

James Denning and Michael Tupper both served as R.N. officers in the Falklands Task Force. Simon Miller has been serving with the Parachute Regiment in Northern Ireland, as has William Carley.

At home, Mark Melville is managing director of a marketing firm in London and Martin Worby is one of the few old boys to join the teaching profession: he is teaching P.E. at a prep school. Ian North is feeding primary school children in South Wales on his catering course; Paul Harris and Simon Bull are both looking after other people's money. Grainger Skingle has left Imperial College, London, with a First Class Honours degree. Jeremy Davies is in Dartford, Kent, still looking for A levels but his brother Philip is back in Holland, in interior decorating.

Old Pierrepontians' Day: Saturday, 8th November 1981

Old Boys' Day is always an occasion to bring out a multitude of wily emotions. This year generations leaving between 1962 and 1981 were represented and of these some have been regular visitors, while some not quite so. Thus the various meetings and functions resounded to the murmur of new acquaintances being made, as well as the more boisterous calls of old friends meeting again and swapping anecdotes and remembrances, interspersed with the inevitable cries of, "Well, what on earth are you doing these days?" For many of course, seeing the School itself is as potent a reason for coming to Old Boys' Day as meeting the Staff, Governors and old friends themselves. Less frequent visitors had the opportunity of a clear, crisp November day to look around the new developments of the past few years, as well as their old stamping grounds, which to the general eye appeared to have lost none of their charm and style as a place of education. On this social level, then, we had a day as successful as ever, dominated by a feeling of great pleasure in the coming together of the community past and present.

The formal business of the day started in the afternoon with the traditional rugby match. The Old Boys' team published during the week previous looked particularly strong and was expected to provide the school First XV with tough opposition. In the event, though, Mr Pike's school side ran out easier winners than was foretold by the pundits. The 34-10 score was achieved by the inevitably superior team work the present boys could achieve over the scratch side of Old Boys, who nevertheless did not lack personal skill or, in some cases, fitness.



Following the match, tea — an excellent spread it must be recorded — was provided in The Great Hall. Here, liberated from the obligation of following the ebb and flow of the rugby over a tide of more than 200 heads, was the real meeting place, and it was fascinating to watch the assembling of the generations under Norman Shaw's lofty roof. Such was the number present and the volume of news and views to be discussed that the A.G.M. of the O.P.A. was scarcely able to start on time. However, when Philip Lucas called the meeting in the Music Room to order, a greater number of members was present than for several years past.

The day was brought to its formal close with a dance, held at Church House, Farnham. In fact this was, as ever, a less than totally formal affair, being the preserve of the more light-footed members of the Association without long journeys home to make. The function was at any rate popularly supported and provided an ending to the day at a little distance from the School, but still very much in a Pierrepont atmosphere.

O.P.A. Day was, then, as close, yet outgoing, an event as ever, and perhaps better attended than average. Whilst there seemed an effortless happiness in the air, a lot of work had in fact gone into making the day such a smooth-running occasion, and our thanks should go to the Committee in general, and Mr Burgess in particular, for guiding the day with such efficiency and good humour.

Staff News

Staff Valets: Mrs N. Ford, Miss S. Woodbury.

Staff Salveter: Mr G. Binstead, Mrs. E. Owen, Miss A. Barnett, Mr C. Waisha, Mrs P. Heather.

Marriage: Congratulations to Chris Walsh upon his marriage to Helen Parsons on 17th April, at St. Mary's Church, Elloughton.

Births: Congratulations to:
Norman and Linda Shepard on the birth of their son, Barnaby, on 27th April, 1982.
Fred and Carol Ford on the birth of their son, Alistair, on 16th March 1982.
Michael and Susan Huber on the birth of their daughter, Alice, on 5th May, 1982.
Malcolm and Jill Pike on the birth of their daughter, Nicola, on 7th July, 1982.

Mr. K. Rogers has been appointed Director of Activities, following Mr R.J.K. Burgess's retirement from the post which he had held since 1973.

OBITUARIES

Rear Admiral J.E.H. McBeath

We lost a loyal Pierrepont supporter and Governor when John McBeath died in the spring of 1982. Originally from South Africa, he made his reputation in destroyers during the Second World War, particularly at Dunkirk.

Having settled in Churt, he became the head of the Sea Cadet Corps and its firm champion during times of constant defence cuts. He joined the Board of Governors at Pierrepont in 1968 and was its very loyal supporter, particularly on fund raising occasions where he claimed the highest number of 'wins' in the school raffles. He was always very anxious that the students had the very best facilities and conditions that could be provided. He was a welcome enemy of cant, and dissolved with timely shafts of nautical wit both humor and weakness of purpose.

He was High Sheriff of Surrey, and had a distinguished career in local affairs after his retirement from the Royal Navy.

He would have been pleased to hear that, at long last, Pierrepont has its own Naval Section of the C.C.F. He considered its activities the finest training young men could receive.

He is sadly missed on the Board of Governors and leaves many friends and fond memories.

Brigadier D.T. Bastin

We record with great regret the death of our Vice Chairman of Governors, David Bastin, in July 1982 after a short illness. He was a founder member of the School Trust and was its Vice Chairman throughout its formative years. He was a great humanist with an acute sense of humour and expressed far more enthusiasm for the stories of schoolboy pranks he always wanted to hear, rather than for lists of academic successes. He was a loyal supporter of our school drama, particularly Gilbert and Sullivan, and, as a well known horseman, sustained more riding injuries than most. He was a Deputy Lieutenant of the County of Surrey and was, for two terms, Chairman of Surrey County Council - roles which he combined with considerable distinction.

He served in the Eighth Army during the Second World War under Montgomery in the Mediterranean and in Northern Europe. He lived life with considerable panache, and, when fixing his monocle in to administer a rebuke or judgement, it was always with a twinkle of good humour. His integrity and sense of fair play shone like bright stars.

We lost a great friend of Pierrepont. His style and old world courtesy were inimitable and a great inspiration to us all.

Rear Admiral Collett

It was with great sadness that we learned of the death of Admiral Collett, a member of the School Trust and of the Board of Governors for six years until his retirement in 1976.

Living in Churt, he became well known as a gardener, deliberately shunning the limelight of local affairs.

He had the distinction of making certain that all Pierrepont meetings started on time, and he brought his training as an engineer to influence a crispness of approach which everyone appreciated. He charmingly pretended to know nothing of education thereby highlighting what was inadvertently obscure or badly explained. He will be greatly missed for his no nonsense nautical approach and his keen interest in the future of the young people with whom he came into contact.

Barnaby Woods

Barnaby's tragic death in a road accident shocked all who knew him at Pierrepont. He was a bright young man with an incisive mind and a non-conformist spirit par excellence. Life to him was both challenging and exciting and he particularly enjoyed tilting at the injustices and the hypocrites that he found in his path. He was an eager young liberal who showed tolerance and compassion for his fellows and was a person who cared. He displayed a charming yet often maddening individualism and forced those of us who came into contact with him to choose our approach and our arguments very carefully, and even on occasions to re-examine our values and attitudes. Barnaby was lustful for life and he will be remembered here for his courageous eccentricity and for his stimulating influence on those around him. His death diminishes all of us because he was involved in mankind.

Stephen Robinslaw

At the time of going to press we learned with great sadness that Stephen Robinslaw died peacefully at home on the night of Saturday 6th November 1982.

Stephen led a very courageous life. Compared with the rest of us he was immobile, but he made up for this by driving with dash a number of electric cars around Armoury Court which was, for him, mercifully without stairs. He had a great sense of humour and his knowledge of the subjects he studied was encyclopaedic.

He gained his First Aid Certificate and a good set of 'O' levels, and last year he was made a Prefect with special responsibility for Roll Call. In June he passed his first 'A' level in English Literature and was about to take German when he died.

An interesting and brave character has passed from amongst us.

James Saunders

James Saunders joined Trafalgar House in September 1973. I remember him as a rather quiet little boy, though bright and independent. From the first he struck me as someone of a rather individual personality with a particular interest in art and literature. His paintings reflected his character, and were rather surrealistic in their content.

He made many good friends who were to stay close to him, and in time he became first a Trafalgar House officer then later a school prefect. He did well in his 'O' levels and then, having got the necessary grades at 'A' level, he had looked forward to going to university after a year of post school work.

During this year he was quite suddenly taken ill and we heard that he had been admitted to hospital for treatment. Soon we heard from his mother that although James was unaware of the situation, he had only a matter of months to live.

His old school friends were so good - they visited him regularly and always let us know how things were. James even visited us for Old Boys' Day, 1981, when he looked much better. But it was a false hope. He died quite shortly afterwards.

It was good to see so many of his old school friends, real friends, gather at his funeral where, at the wish of his father, the service ended with a poem.

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay,
Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you planned:
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray -
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.

