

HILL HOUSE

INTERNATIONAL JUNIOR SCHOOL

FOUNDED 1949 IN SWITZERLAND
1951 IN LONDON

BY COLONEL & MRS H STUART TOWNEND

Proprietors

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Dear Parents,

This week marked an important moment in the history of Hill House. It is fifty years since the opening of the chalet in Glion. Although Hill House actually started with courses in Switzerland in 1949 and in London in 1951 with the opening of Hans Place, it was not until 1966 that we finally had our own building after my father convinced the owner of the house we were renting to sell him half the garden to build a house. Going to Switzerland and the way in which we do it is unique to Hill House and an experience that lives long in the memory of any pupil who has been fortunate enough to go. During Assembly this week three boys shared their memories of their time spent in Glion. They are copied below. This coming week the first of this year's Common Entrance Geography courses will be flying out.

This week I am afraid that I need to pass on a complaint from some members of the public about the behaviour of Hill House pupils in Duke of York Square. This was after their school day had finished and children were under the supervision of parents. The behaviour reported to me fell well below the standards we expect of anyone wearing the Hill House uniform. Our uniform is distinctive and well known in this part of London and further afield. Whenever a pupil is wearing the uniform they are representing the school and what it stands for. We have a strong reputation for good manners of which we are rightly proud. Indeed, we are regularly complimented by members of the public and visitors to the school on the politeness and generosity of our pupils. Please help us to maintain this valuable tradition.

All our buildings are in highly residential areas and we rely on having good relationships with our neighbours. I would ask that you are sympathetic to those who live around us particularly when dropping off in the morning and collecting in the evening. Please never leave your car unless it is parked legally. We have had complaints from residents via the council with regard to the issue of blocking driveways and parking spaces, which is a legitimate irritation to residents. If the situation does not improve they will deploy more traffic wardens and that is something that I think we would all prefer not to be necessary. Do park a little further away and enjoy a short walk to and from school.

On a happier note, this week we had two very successful and well attended, if extremely hot, Social Evenings for Small and Lower Schools. It was a pleasure to meet so many of you there. This coming Tuesday (20 September) it is the turn of Middle School. As ever it is in Founders' Hall between 6.30pm and 8.00pm. These are evenings for you to meet your child's tutors informally over a glass of wine and so your children are not expected to accompany you. We look forward to meeting many of you there. If you have not yet replied to your invitation we would be grateful if you would.

Do check the school website for details of forthcoming events and please note that Music Ensembles will begin during this week.

Richard Townend

The Snow Paradise

The clickety-clack of the ancient train, to the smiley faced rock in the mountainside, the rattling of the T-bar to the nervous wait to ski down to the jumps. These are just a few things I love about the snow paradise.

The first day the whole class had their feet measured so we could receive our skis and boots. We all put on our skiing clothes, helmets, boots, and gloves, skis in hand and strode past the wooden verandah overlooking the decorative flower arrangement. As we walked to the train station the only sounds you could hear were the clumsy clanks of our heavy boots and skis. On the left was the spectacular mountain range towering over the dead still lake.

We boarded the deserted train and set off. I looked out of the window at the beautiful cottages and little children gaping at the funicular. We finally entered a tunnel and when we emerged from it a single slope with jumps, 1 T-bar and a small cafeteria stood before us. We organized our skis, put them on and started to ski down. The wind rustled the ends of my long hair and the straps of my poles flapped about. The snow was perfect and smoothly curved around the edges of my skis. I reached the bottom, mounted the rickety old T-bar with a friend and was hoisted up to the top. This was repeated all day, much to my pleasure.

The wind became a lot fiercer now, but it had a certain buzz to it. We all looked up and straight away we spotted the bright red helicopter with a yellow rotor spinning vigorously above. We could see the passengers inside fussing around with their walkie-talkies and wired headphones. The rescue helicopter then floated over the mountains through the clouds, as if it were the great Argo home to Jason and the Argonauts.

The day had its ups and downs but all in all it was the best day at Glion, the snow paradise.

by James Morgan, Zeta 5

Glion

We stand in front of it, the big figure of the chalet looming over us. We walk on the path, which is like stepping-stones over a sea of green grass, on to the balcony. The view looks out over the lake so that you can see for miles. The great Swiss mountains, towering over the bright blue lake. It sparkles in the warm light of the sun, which seems so much closer from up here, as if you could reach out and grab it from the cloudless sky.

Upstairs we fiddle delicately with the strings on our guitars, tuning them until they are perfect. The guitars all come together, making one musical body, singing out softly to the world.

That night it is quiet. Everyone lost in their own thoughts, pondering that day and the next, when we will play in the church. The only sound is the gentle wind, whistling softly through the grass. I close my eyes, falling into a deep, dreamless sleep.

The next evening comes quickly. We all sit down, fidgeting nervously as people pour in. One by one we play our songs, plucking the strings gently so that the music fills the whole church. Then, the last song, everybody plays together, a steady beat and then, the final strum, and the end of our trip.

by Oliver Ritchie, Zeta 5

Glion Trip

"Crrr..." The mountain train hiked up the steep mountainside and the winter oaks cuddled my nose while the distant honking of cars shrank to a silence. I concentrated on going to bed, but we weren't there yet.

We finally arrived at the top of the mountain train tracks and what caught my eyes were the snowy mountains.

They towered over the placid, blue lake, which the moon shone upon and lit up. The houses were scattered on the mountains like marbles. The mountain train whistled past us like an eagle while the trees wrapped around each other like teddy bears, which made us cozy. We had to go but I couldn't resist looking at the view.

Then we had reached a rather large chalet. Everybody sat down. "We've arrived" exclaimed the teacher. We all cheered for a moment but we glared at the door, waiting for it to open.

We entered and rushed to the dormitory and the smell of wood livened me up. The beds were placed in the room like books on a shelf. They were so neat. I'd picked the second red one but the layout was different. It was the one they'd used in the army and we were going to learn how to lay them! I was very excited.

Now I wasn't tired anymore but I was as giddy as a goat. We had dinner and the food was delicious and immediately after I had my first job with my friend, Alex. It was dining room duty and we got six out of ten for points, but in the end what mattered was that we'd enjoyed ourselves throughout the day.

by Giuseppe Aprile Borriello, Zeta 5

Glion

CREAK!!! And the mountain train came to a stop. As we all filed out of the train there was a bumping noise whenever the guitars hit each other. Once on the platform the teacher told us to be quiet and our voices fell silent as she counted us and lead us down the gravel road. As we passed by we all took in the amazing view and leaned over the banister to soak in the shining lake and the mountains, towering above.

Once at the chalet we unpacked our bags, had dinner, then had showers. After this we watched a movie and had sweets and hot chocolate before all flopping on our beds and falling asleep, dreaming of what might happen tomorrow.

The next day was practice day. We all clambered out of bed, brushed our teeth and had delicious porridge with bread and tea. We then sat on our beds tuning the guitars and practicing our pieces. It was a long and hard day with many painful blisters and painful fingers but after we finished we all played football on the pitch and watched another movie.

On Saturday we first went to the indoor pool and went off of the spring board and through the brightly coloured slide that was lit up with lights that seemed to dance around you. We then went to swim in the lake there was one huge ten metre high dive that I didn't go off but there was also a smaller five metre one which I did go off. When we got back to the chalet we played games and relaxed on our beds until we had to go to sleep. Nobody said a thing that night as we

were all thinking of the concert tomorrow.

When the day finally came we went through the last pieces and headed for the church. When the people started to arrive we got ready to play, tuned the guitars and sat down where our seats were. As the pieces passed by one by one we were nearing the end of the concert. Then came the final piece, a fun, unpredictable, loud piece. We played it with huge smiles on our faces then played the final chord then slumped back on our chairs. The next day we found ourselves back on the plane, heading home with memories we would never forget.

by Paul Kaan Coffin, Zeta 5