



The Strathallian
1987/88

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The Strathallian



1988	
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 I. A. Headrick, BL.
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 (University of Edinburgh)

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 (University of Aberdeen)
 R. S. Peters, MA.
 Professor R. A. Rankin, MA. ScD.
 (University of Glasgow)
 Mrs K. M. Walker
 Dr A. P. D. Wilkinson.
Bursar and Clerk to the Governors
 W. A. Bullard, ACIS. MBIM

HEADMASTER

C. D. Pighills, MA (Cantab)

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 P. A. Barker, MA (Cantab)
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 M. C. Coombs, MSc (Newcastle)
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 Mr S. M. Cullen, MA (Oxon)
N. T. H. Du Boulay, BA (Warwick)
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 M. Gray, BSc (Durham)
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 A. C. W. Streatfield-James, MA (Oxon)
A. Thomson, BA (Aberystwyth)
 P. M. Vallot, BA (Napier)
 C. N. Walker, BSc (Aberdeen)
 R. N. Wallace, BSc (Brunel)
 A. J. H. Wands, MA (St Andrews)
 Mrs J. Watson, BA (Leeds)
 D. A. R. Williams, MA (Cantab)
 M. Wilson, RN

SUBJECT

Physics
 Chemistry
 Geography
 English
 Mathematics
 French/German
 French
 Geography
 English
 Economics/Politics
 History
 Jnr. Chemistry/Physics
 Design/Technology
 Geography
 French
 Biology
 English
 Mathematics
 French/German
 Mathematics
 Physics
 English P.E.
 English
 Mathematics
 Chaplain
 Art
 English
 Chemistry
 History
 History
 History
 Mathematics
 Music
 Biology/Computers
 C.D.T.
 P.E.
 Mathematics
 Physics
 French/German
 English/History
 Chemistry/Biology
 Biology
 Design/Technology
 Geography
 French/Russian
 Careers
 C.D.T.

Housemaster Leburn
 Head of Department

Head of Department

Head of Department
Housemaster Simpson

Head of Department

Second Master
Housemaster Nicol
Housemaster Woodlands

Head of Department
 Head of Department

Head of Department
 Head of Department

Head of Department
Housemaster Freeland
Housemaster Ruthven

Head of Department

Housemaster Riley

Head of Department

Head of Department
 Head of Department

PART-TIME TEACHING STAFF

Mrs E. Adam, BA (Dublin)	English	Mrs D. Hunter, DA (Dundee)	Art
Mrs D. J. Balnaves, MA (Edinburgh)	Geography/English	Mrs L. J. Innes, BSc (Aberdeen)	Science
Mrs E. D. Buchan, (Jordanhill)	Games	Mrs S. Lamont, (Dunfermline)	Games
Mrs J. Forbes, BA (Aberdeen)	English	Mrs F. N. Ninham, BA (St Andrews)	Mathematics/French
Mrs C. M. Grant, BSc (Glasgow)	Biology	Mrs S. Paterson, BA (Open University)	Mathematics
Mrs E. Hamilton, MA (Aberdeen)	Chemistry/Biology	G. West, BSc (Dublin)	Mathematics
C. P. Hewson, MA (Edinburgh)	Latin/Library		

Medical Officer

A. Forsyth, MB, ChB, D.Obst., MRCGP, RCOG.

School Authority

Captain of School

K. J. Russell

Head of Freeland

Head of Leburn

Head of Nicol

Head of Ruthven

Head of Simpson

Head of Woodlands

C. J. Logan

M. G. Adam

S. M. Smith

S. Neish

J. B. Harris

K. S. Cook

School Prefects

L. W. Clark

E. Cuthbertson

E. J. Grant

SALVETE

RILEY HOUSE

E. Aitken, G. A. McD. Aldridge, W. A. J. Bark, R. S. Bevan, L. Bryans, N. A. Buchanan, M. J. Burns, M. S. Burns, S. L. Burrell, D. M. A. Camilleri, A. S. Clark, S. G. Cooksley, G. D. Crockatt, L. A. Doodson, M. K. I. Drummond, D. M. A. Dunlop, M. R. Fitchie, D. Forbes, V. J. Forster, C. Frame, J. Gammack-Clark, R. T. Gardner, A. J. Gaw, R. A. D. Graham, D. S. Heslop, M. Khazaka, G. Kitson, H. Kranenburg, I. Macdonald, L. C. Mackenzie, W. McLelland, A. J. Milne, J. L. Moncur, D. Morrison, D. R. Murray, R. A. Nicholls, J. P. Pettig, M. Price, J. R. Proctor, I. Robertson, B. Rodger, J. A. B. Steel, C. Stephen, S. W. Stephen, J. C. Y. Suen, R. J. E. Taylor, J. S. Wanless, M. A. M. Wickham, P. J. A. Yeates.

FREELAND HOUSE

G. A. Aristegui, P. G. Brown, J. M. Gillingham, R. Mitchell, H. L. Park, A. G. Shepherd.

LEBURN HOUSE

N. P. Buckley, N. N. Cockburn, D. E. Collier, R. S. Davies, L. S. Gage, C. A. Moore, Z. Mustafa, R. C. Obineche, P. Raper, D. C. Saffron, G. S. Wilson.

NICOL HOUSE

G. Addison, P. G. Ainsworth, A. D. Bayne, H. J. Beveridge, D. A. Bradbury, M. P. Brand, M. D. Cohen, D. J. Downes, J. B. Ducat, J. Gibbs, T. M. Hughes, N. P. F. Jones, G. S. W. Leask, S. McGinlay, P. S. Manwaring, D. Robertson, M. N. S. Silver, D. R. Taylor, A. Wallace, E. Watson, J. R. L. Wilson.

RUTHVEN HOUSE

D. da Costa, P. J. Ferguson, C. S. Gibson, C. R. Mackay, D. A. R. McCulloch, S. Miller, G. D. Rogers.

SIMPSON HOUSE

N. J. Barclay, J. J. Davidson, R. Dodds, I. A. O. Fergusson, I. J. Ford, D. M. Hamilton, N. W. Russell, J. J. Shillito, R. J. Wilson.

WOODLANDS HOUSE

D. L. Anderson, S. Arnott, P. Carruthers, J. H. Clark, J. E. Cust, J. E. Duncan, Y. E. Gilchrist, K. L. Hansson-Bolt, J. E. Johnstone, P. M. Lockhart, M. C. C. Low, J. McGarrie, A. McMaster, L. A. Marshall, J. E. B. Marsham, C. E. Russell, M. M. Rustad, S. A. Sneddon, C. M. V. Valentine.

EDITORIAL

Your average editorial will be a fairly mundane list of scholastic current affairs, and thank-yous to all the usual gang. Hardly worth a glance really. If you're looking for a slightly different editorial, however . . . I'm afraid this is no exception! Under pressure of deadline, we really cannot think of any side-splitting comments on events, and console ourselves with the fact that the editorial is, after all, a summary.

One thing we feel must be said. Behind the "front page" news — the World Tour, the Fete, the visit of the Lord High Commissioner, the exten-

sive accommodation increases — lie a wealth of equally commendable efforts in what are always the less recognised branches of a school's life. Life at Strathallan is a broad variety of opportunity, and if any one of these opportunities can develop and inspire individuals — this being what Education is all about — then it should never be played down. The degree of credit attached to mainstream activities must apply to every aspect of school life. Effort and/or excellence is no less noteworthy because it appears off the beaten track. We hope to have established a fair equilibrium in the follow-

ing pages . . .

So to the credits: firstly to all the report-writers, who responded bravely to the annual editorial assault and set aside precious time and effort for us; the artists and photographers no less; us; and our editor Mrs Adam who managed to incorporate into a hundred other deadlines that of finding chocolate biscuits before Thursday break.

Editorial Team: L. MacKenzie
K. Haines C. Burns K. Dinsmore
E. Reekie A. Marshall C. Cook

STAFF NOTES

This year's Staff Notes take up much less space than those of last year. Not, I hasten to add, because the contribution of those leaving has been any less than that of their predecessors, but simply because there are fewer of them, and in spite of there being yet another addition to the permanent staff, now forty nine, the shuffling within departments has been more restricted than last year.

Mr Pedgrift after twenty-one years is retiring and has special mention elsewhere. Miss Elizabeth England, who is coming directly from Oxford, replaces Mr Pedgrift in the Geography department. Miss England also replaces Mr Colley who taught Geography and Economics and who after five years suddenly

began to feel the effects of the Scottish winters and the incessant demands of the Riley young deciding that the only antidote was to build his own house in a quiet spot in sunny Spain, which he is currently doing. Mr Williams is relinquishing responsibility for Economics and taking over Mr Pedgrift's Careers which has recently become much more demanding and almost a full time position in itself. Mr Cullen from Oxford, and more recently Merchant Taylors Crosby, takes over the Economics department.

Mr Forshaw led by his two dogs and family, a familiar sight at the bottom of Thorny Shades, leaves the English department after four years and is

replaced for this coming academic year by Miss Linda Mair who has recently returned from working abroad. Mrs Reid after five years retires for a second time and will be greatly missed by those few whose English under her careful personal tuition became both legible and readable.

Mr Clelland's clogs will make a different noise on the Edinburgh cobbles and the Fettes gravel to where he returns after three years as Head of our Language department. Mrs Watson, his successor, returns to the mainland from Portree High School on the Isle of Skye. Mr Streatfield-James via Oxford and Marlborough also joins modern languages and Mrs McCabe who has helped us out since Christmas makes room by moving to our neighbours Kilgraston.

If all this seems relatively simple it is not to underestimate the willing and cheerful contribution made to the School by those leaving nor to cut short the warmth of our welcome to those joining it. Thank you and welcome.



Mr Cullen.



Miss England.



Miss Mair



Mrs Watson.



Mr Streatfield-James.

SCHOOL DEVELOPMENTS

The Governors' ambitious programme to provide study bedrooms for all boys after their first year is so far proceeding according to plan. The first of the new Houses is due to be taken over temporarily as a study block for Freeland and Simpson in early November. It is hoped to demolish their old block before Christmas and start the second of the new Houses by January. The building of a fourth wing of Woodlands should start in August and be completed by September '89 and thus enable us to reduce the size of Woodlands with the formation of two girls' Houses.

By the start of this academic year the new organ should be installed in a specially created gallery, which at the same time will provide a few more seats in the School chapel.



The Lord High Commissioner inspects the pipes and drums.

VISIT OF THE LORD HIGH COMMISSIONER

The Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, Sir Iain Tennant, K.T., paid an official visit to the school on Thursday, 26 May, 1988. As Sir Iain is Her Majesty The Queen's representative, this was accorded the status of a Royal Visit. It was a memorable occasion with some of that pomp and ceremony which most of us enjoy, although we may find the preparations a little tedious.

At 3.15, the Lord Lieutenant, Major D. H. Butter, swept down the drive in his Bentley — some even thought that it was the Lord High Commissioner himself arriving early, but this was all part of the ceremony. The Queen, or her representative, is always received by the Lord Lieutenant of the County in which she is carrying out her official duties. However, we were not to be disappointed; at precisely 3.30 p.m. the 'Royal' limousine, the Lion Rampant of Scotland flying from the roof, drove to the front of the school escorted by a motorcycle escort provided by Strathallan School CCF. Another limousine, following, carried all the official entourage. The Lord High Commissioner took the Royal Salute and then inspected the Guard of Honour drawn from the Royal Navy, Royal Marines, Army and Royal Air Force Sections of the CCF. He then inspected the Pipes and Drums before moving into the main building where the Headmaster presented the School Captain, the Head Girl and Prefects from each House to their Graces. A group of

Riley pupils then had the chance of talking to all the official party on the lawn, where the 1st XI were playing the Scottish Wayfarers.

Meanwhile, pupils, teaching staff, official guests and visitors were moving into the Chapel for the prize-giving.

At 4 p.m. the Lord High Commissioner's Party processed into Chapel to the glorious and appropriate singing of 'Zadok the Priest' by the School Choir.

Order of Chapel Procession

Chapel Prefect: C. J. Logan	
Chairman of Governors	His Grace
Headmaster	Lord Lieutenant
Second Master	Her Grace
Purse Bearer: Mr C. A. Fraser	Mrs Butter
The Countess of Dunmore	Rev. David Lunan
Lady in Waiting:	ADC. R.N.
ADC. R.A.F.	School Chaplain
School Captain	Head Girl

The Chairman of the Governors, Mr J. Dinsmore, introduced Sir Iain who then presented the prizes. In a short but appropriate address, Sir Iain congratulated the prize winners, gave a few words of encouragement to the majority who did not receive a prize and advice to all about negotiating some of the hazards of journeying through life. After a short concert, the 'Royal' Party and everybody else present in the chapel processed out to the singing of the Hallelujah Chorus by the Choir. Thereafter the Lord High Commissioner visited Woodlands House to meet some of the pupils at an informal

tea party and Lady Tennant was shown round the North Wing. They then departed for another engagement at Holyrood Palace.

I am sure that everybody enjoyed the visit and I believe, from his remarks, that Sir Iain did too.

P.A.B.

PRIZES MAY 1988

The Smith Cup For Captain Of School
Kevin Russell.

The Houston Prize For All Round Merit
Max G. Adam.

Dux
Michael J. Edie.

The William Tattersall Art Prize
Andrew Dow.

The Robert Barr Memorial Prize For Music
Nicholas Sargent.

The Patrick Grandison Prize For Strings
Rachel Smith.

The Wilfred Hoare Senior Reading Prize
Dirk P. Paterson.

The David Bogie Prize For Economics
Mark D. L. Paterson.

The Lord Kincaig Prize For English
Nicola de Iongh.

Geography
Euan Grant.

French
Nicola de Iongh.

Mathematics
John Sloan.

Chemistry
Sharon A. C. Bowring.

Physics
Matthew Stringer.

Biology
Sharon A. C. Bowring.

Art
Matthew Stringer.

Craft Design Technology
Christopher Main.

THE FÊTE (28.6.88)

I would like to use this article mainly to thank all Parents, Friends, Old Boys and Girls for their incredible generosity before and on the 28th May. Without the number and variety of gifts we could not have begun to think of organising an event on such a scale. There was even a wide range of goods provided from abroad! A tremendous quantity of bottles, plants, cakes and local produce, made the stalls, auction and tombola undoubtedly the main attractions.

The tombola was a great success and my thanks must go to Gilian Dinsmore, Cosmo and Annabel Fairbairn and all their helpers for organising the collection of goods and selling on the day. Another major feature was the auction and our thanks are extended to Lindsay and Elspeth Burns who willingly took part on the day and entered into the spirit of things. Unfortunately, Lindsay's porter, (i.e. me!) got lumbered with one or two items as a result, as I gather did some others in the crowd. An auctioneer is a dangerous man — beware! Despite this, one of the highlights of the day for me was the sale of the star item — the original white elephant. That will take a lot of beating next time!

It was a good job that Lindsay was an experienced man because my attention was constantly being drawn to the Wheel of Fortune tent where the newly decorated wheel was doing its marvellous gyrations, deftly manoeuvred by Pete Keir, most ably assisted by Jonathan Forster and Alistair Thomson who seemed to be in fine voice.

Certainly the weather was kind to us and, therefore, helped to create the right conditions. I felt that the atmosphere was just right: the mixture of pupils, Old Boys and Girls, parents and friends provided for a very relaxed and friendly atmosphere. My only regret is that I did not have the time to spend on all the friends with whom I came into contact. However, I do feel that the friendly atmosphere created was at least as important as the fund-raising side: a day such as the Fête should be enjoyed by all!

Yet there were those that were too busy to really relax and enjoy the day to the full. In this context I must thank Simon Pengelley and his bar staff who were under siege throughout the day; Craig and Carmel Young for their handling of the food side in general, and Carmel and Julia Wands for their magnificent stint on teas. There are, of course, too many staff and wives to be able to mention all by name but they were all heroes on the day, as well as before!

I was also most impressed by the way in which the pupils responded. Paul Vallott and Dave Giles are to be congratulated for motivating the 3rd and

4th forms to produce some excellent side-shows, despite the fact that 'Splat the Rat' seemed to steal the show. There were many other helpers amongst staff and pupils both before, during and after the day: erecting tents, selling raffle tickets, moving furniture, clearing up — a lot of hard and mundane work! Yet without their help the event could not have taken place.

There are many memories of the day and each will have his or her own favourite. Some may well choose Laurie Crump and Karen Jones busking in their jester outfits, but I'm sure that most would agree that the Combined Pipe Bands towards the end were a great feature. It was a tremendous effort by the Old Boys to raise so many pipers and drummers, and I'm sure that everyone appreciated their effort and expertise. (Incidentally, if you missed Bert Barron's display of piping regalia you really did miss something!)

Many may not have realised that, apart from having to put up with myself occupying her office from time to time for months before the Fête, Margrit Innes did a lot of work behind the scenes. My thanks go to her and to Helen Clynes, the Bursar's Secretary, who provided such a decorative corner next to the Headmaster's steps, to balance with the equally attractive tour tent on the other side. I hope many were tempted to buy the organ stops!

I suppose I could go on for ever, but I would be castigated even more by my colleagues for my verbosity. One or two

final reminiscences must suffice. Firstly, my most pleasant task of the day — to help Jane Franchi to deal with the raffle draw. How well she coped with the obstacle course involved in making the draw and how elegantly she carried out her task. Secondly, after the official close when most people had drifted away as tents were being dismantled everywhere and the bar was demolished, the bottle stall, under the very capable management of Robert Proctor and John Ford, was still auctioning bottles of Champagne and running a small bar of its own. No doubt it was characters such as these, with their spirit and fortitude, who built the Empire.

I am delighted to be able to tell you that we reached the magnificent total of £14,000 and that the raffle, in addition, made £7,000. We expect the new Chapel organ to be installed for Sept 1988 and we look forward not only to hearing the new one, but also to doing without hearing the various off-stage, additional noises that have become such a feature of the old organ. (Will we miss its little idiosyncrasies?)

Once again, for all of you, wherever you are in the world, I would like to extend my own and the school's warmest thanks for your tremendous support. It is good to know that we can count on such wonderful backing and that when asked to do so pupils, staff, parents, Old Boys and Girls rally round and contribute to such a magnificent day as the 28th May, 1988.

B.R.



"Last bid for the giant thermometer!" Special guest Jane Franchi with Mr Raine.

AROUND THE WORLD IN 31 DAYS RUGBY TOUR

Did July 06 to August 05 *really* happen? Sitting here trying to write this Report, memories are a bit hazy and sometimes difficult to believe; but I shall endeavour to tell all those who have not toured around the world in a rugby squad what it is like, and to bring a few smiles to the faces of those who have.

Preparation began before half term with weekly training sessions at which there was hardly 100% commitment. True, that with so many boys in the squad not everyone was available at any one time; but one look at the names on the squad list and I'm sure most people who know anything of the boys there could pick out the offenders. This was annoying (to say the least) for the masters concerned and equally annoying for the lads who were seriously interested in going on a rugby tour, not just a holiday. In the end, everyone lost out as we endeavoured to show the Aussies how to play the game. It is true that the last week of training-every-night went a bit better, but by then the damage had been done.

We all assembled on Monday 04 and Tuesday 05 July at the school; there was an air of excitement during our final day of hard training in the UK which was slightly damaging to concentration but the squad spirit was extremely high, which was a good way to start the tour. Thanks to the masters and wives/girlfriends/sisters for giving us the drizzle-soaked barbeque!

Not much worth noting happened until we arrived in London in our Qantas 747 where waiting around for 1½ hours would have been extremely boring, had it not been for Stanley McSporrán (alias K. Dinsmore Esq.). There, for the first time he pulled out his pipes and entertained the economy class of flight QF2 for a few minutes, and a stirring show it was too!

Singapore's Changi Airport was an awesome sight with its marble hangar-sized halls. We had realised that quite a few people knew of our tour — unfortunately the Singapore police had heard too and were out in force, machine guns and all! The humidity of the place was quite alarming; stepping out of an air conditioned airport into 100% humidity gave everyone a shock. Even at nine thirty at night, we were all dripping in five minutes. I think everyone liked Singapore — although all there is to do is spend money on fake Rolex, Cartier and Dior watches and cheap Ray-Ban sunglasses. We were staying in a nice hotel with big rooms (beetle free at 13 storeys above the ground!) and personal safes! We trained twice in Singapore, at the Cricket Club; once at 4 p.m. and once at 7 a.m., but each time in the same humid

heat. It seemed as if the humidity caused us to have fully irrigated the pitch with our sweat by the end of two hours.

I doubt if any of the Singaporeans will forget that night in the Hill Street café with Stanley piping and us doing the country dancing; nor any of us forget Albert becoming the Reverend Albert Kirkland to marry Ulna the Scandinavian lady to her boyfriend! At the same time Hamish, Glenn and I managed to kill all the Russians on the walkway with our GPMGs so it was an extremely successful evening's work!

At this point thanks must go to the Singapore Cricket Club; Vereda (who will always be on first name terms with BR); the Medicine Man; Burger King (for vast quantities of grease) the masters and embassies for Spanner's escapades with his passport and Harry for giving us all a laugh with his men. Thanks to Raffles for allowing BR to buy his precious umbrella, and to everyone who was at the pool after the 7 a.m. session for giving me the classic photographs!

We flew to Australia and were made to feel most welcome, being sprayed by various anti-bug aerosols as we cleaned the mud off our rugby boots before being allowed through immigration at Cairns. Whilst we were there we stayed with members of the Cairns and District Rugby Union who were probably the nicest Australian people we met — they

were all really relaxed (they wore shorts and t-shirts for office jobs!) and really made us feel at home. We liked Cairns as a place and found the intense heat was just manageable if we often went into the shade and took liquid on board to cool down. By our second day in Oz the first Akubra hats had been bought and Gavin had already met his first female target!

Before our first matches we had to learn the Australian Rules, which were unfortunately different to the conventional rules in UK. This caused problems on the tour and a certain amount of confusion in all matches. Another of the problems in Australia was the quality of refereeing we met, which was (in my opinion) rather poor. Not only is there a revised rulebook, but the referees clearly have vastly differing interpretations of the laws — which annoyed everyone.

Our first matches were in the evening, under floodlights, both because of the heat and because our opposition were select sides and so could not take time off school on Tuesday. The 'B' XV certainly gave an admirable account of Scottish Schoolboy Rugby, with nothing short of an explosive start. They controlled 85% of the game and did everything but score points and win. The result was 10-4 after they had led until the last ten minutes. Stanley McSporrán once more pulled out his pipes to pipe the 'A' XV onto the pitch after our (what was to become) customary singing of "Flower of Scotland" to get us into the correct frame of mind. We started with an even more explosive quarter than the 'B' XV. It was without any doubt the most exciting rugby match I have played in and I felt privileged to be part of it. The spectators couldn't quite believe the strength of this force from Scotland! Max Gordon captained us in his first game for 2 years, Fraser Dalrymple had an admirable first game, Bruce Tilley a somewhat nervous one and Colin Logan made his debut. Dave MacKay scored our only points — a field goal; we without doubt deserved more but could not quite get over their line (a problem which re-occurred in all but one of our matches). I can even go as far as to say we should have won, but just did not get the points; the result being 13-3, but a few good things did come out of the game to build on. Congratulations to Robs Moffat and Mike Logan for being men of their matches; and to Muchty thanks for the attempt at highland dancing! I should also mention the names "Backpackers" and "Scandals" so that those of you who can say "I was there" will remember a great night.

Our boat out to Fitzroy Island the next morning had a few green faces on board,





although Max's was black from the oil dripping from the car under which he slept! The island will be remembered for Womba the Roo, snakes, cockatoos and man-eating spiders, Paddy's 18th, being close to the Barrier Reef but not getting there(!), tropical rain, McSporrán losing his traveller's cheques, the lighthouse run (run?!), PK's dancing with a parrot down his breeks, and of course our delightful hostess. Enough said!

After last-chance bargains at Shark Attack in Cairns, we flew to Brisbane where we were staying with St Joseph's school, Gregory Terrace. We arrived to be told our matches against them had been cancelled and it turned out that Rugby Travel had failed to notify us. The schools in Brisbane had a big week of matches whilst we were there and did not want to risk injury against us — after all, we had only come half way round the world. Let's say we were all rather peeved after hearing that news. The World Expo was in Brisbane, so we visited in kilts — with tremendous success! We got asked questions like "Where's Scotland?" and "How come you speak such good English, coming from Scotland?" The Australians loved us and our kilts, in fact we were sick of the amount of attention we were getting by the end of the day!

Training in Brisbane was not good, it was hot and commitment and concentration were basically not there. BR will agree — he had to leave the backs for a while to go and "cool off"! St Joseph's itself had tremendous facilities as far as sport was concerned; I should think most people remember going swimming with the polo-caps, that was quite something! It was in Brisbane that Gus (the green frog) our tour mascot departed from us over to the other side of the pearly gates. Tired from his escapades of fire-walking, swimming and spin-drying, he passed away quietly in a Brisbane bin, although it took him two attempts!

Our plane to Sydney was delayed but we forgave Qantas after the announcement: "Welcome to the touring party from Strathallan School, for sons and

daughters of the gentlefolk in Scotland."

It was from the plane that we got our first sight of the Opera House, Harbour Bridge and Darling Harbour, and the bicentennial celebrations which seemed to happen in Sydney; nobody else was bothered about them! We were staying in Pittwater House School, which was part of a large group of schools half an hour north of the city centre. Whilst in Sydney we had a bus tour of the northern beaches, which we all slept on(!) and a day in the city centre sightseeing. The 'B' XV lost 11-3 and had their chances again, but unfortunately did not capitalise. The 'A' XV game saw the introduction on tour of Mike James and Eddie Parker, to try and strengthen the team. We played well again but could not get the points; apart from Dave MacKay scoring 2 enormous field goals from around half-way, the score sheet for Strathallan was non-existent. During the game Max suffered some concussion, Spanner made a somewhat tentative debut, and Dave MacKay picked up an ankle injury which caused him problems for the rest of the tour. Bruce Tilley handled his opposite man well (a 15 stone Tongan) but the score ended at 25-6, although it does not reflect the true shape of the game. Topo Rodriguez was at our reception afterwards (ex-Puma and Wallaby), which made us feel quite important; Robert Jones and McSporrán did their stuff on the pipes and drums once more and it was another show to be proud of.

At this stage, Messrs Blanche, Clark, Webster, Smart and I would like to thank Graham Gordon, a Strathallian in Sydney (who will hopefully read this), for a great day in the city and at the Royal Sydney Golf Club. I'm sure everyone remembers Kings Cross that night; I, personally, am not going back!

The Scots School in Bathurst was our next port of call. It is a similar sort of school to Strathallan; a large boarding school in the countryside where it rains! They have visited us in the past, so this time it was our turn. At this stage we had only 30 fit players, and the decision was

made to play an 'A' XV match and the 'B' squad would participate in a Sevens tournament. This turned out to be a bad idea, as it caused a hectic afternoon and a disrupted warm up for the 'A' XV. We were missing Nigel Howes (our captain in Sydney) and Dave MacKay with his ankle injury, so Alan Pearson took over as captain. Hamish Blanche and Mike Logan made their debuts and I played at fly-half. It was, to be fair, a poor performance. There was a general lack of organisation, responsibility and confidence from each individual, although certainly not a lack of skilled players. Scots School beat us and deserved to — they were a well organised side. The 'B' VII won the plate of the seven-a-side competition and scored the squad's first tries! Well done!

We went by a coach to Canberra where we stayed for two days with the Canberra Boys' Grammar School. The capital is a rich city which is full of government buildings and embassies. Our stay included a coach tour on which we saw the new Parliament and all of Canberra from the Telecom Tower. The Grammar School were just back from a tour of New Zealand, where apparently schoolboy rugby is played 'dirty', hence they played dirty too. This was not our kind of rugby. We had numerous chances again but never capitalised on a very wet day on a pitch that resembled a mud bath. We should not have lost but did again, 18-3; it was yet another frustrating game in which Dave Smart made an impressive debut on the wing, tackling everything — basically what he had been told to do. The 'B' XV lost 14-6 and we were now a very depressed squad which was, to say the least, doubting its own ability, and we needed something to cheer us up and spur us on to better things. Harry Whitley was injured in the 'B' XV match and was taken off to hospital in an ambulance, to be told that he had a bruised rib and was not to play again on tour.

Our coach to Melbourne was far from luxurious (even Earnside's better!). After stopping at the place where Ned Kelly

was killed, we arrived at Scotch College, Melbourne at around 7.30 p.m. My sister and I were totally embarrassed by the supposedly emotional reunion with our long lost relatives in Melbourne(!) and we dispersed for the night. Melbourne was quite an old-fashioned place — in that they still had trams running there. The fifth match saw the return to fitness of Max Gordon after his concussion in Sydney, and he was granted his wish of playing in the centre! This allowed some extra penetration but on a muddy pitch and cold day when we had even more classic chances, the points simply did not appear. In my view, this was the worst match for bad refereeing as our OAP endeavoured to keep up with play and remember the rules of 1920 when you got 3 points for a try and 4 for a field goal . . .

I shall not blame him for the result, as they did actually get over our line by whatever means necessary and won 8-0; but if only! We need to learn from the tour to take our chances when they are there and win 50/50 balls to prevent the other side from scoring every time — it's what the game is about after all.

In Melbourne we also went to a nature sanctuary and met koalas, 'roos and wombats, while Gavin got stuck in the boot of the coach! The 'B' XV won our only match the day after the 'A's lost! WAHAY!!! On a day like a Scottish mid-winter, in torrential rain and on a waterlogged mudpit(ch), they stuck in for 70 minutes and thoroughly deserved to win. They simply refused to lose and so won 7-4 and all came off in kit so filthy that we could not tell who was who! Our last night in Australia was tremendous (the "Tok H" being the name we shall all remember), and we were all sad to leave Australia and the Australian people — they were good to us.

If I could return to anywhere we went on tour then our next port of call would be the first place on my list. The Regent Hotel in Fiji was, without any kind of doubt, paradise. I shall remember it for the balmy heat, bright sunshine, swaying palm trees and rolled beaches; living in luxury, being waited on hand and foot; playing rugby with a coconut; the jungle cruise; mastering boomerang throwing; meeting Dave MacKay's hair stylist; trying his beloved pina colodas and watching Stan and Robert on the pipes and drums for the last time. Our match in Fiji I would not have missed for the world. It was preceded by a weird ceremony in which we were welcomed by chanting and a muddy, wattery drink out of half a coconut. It was 'way-out'; I shall remember it forever. The match itself was on a barren, rock-hard pitch with a piece of string for one cross bar and not much grass. The Fijians themselves were about 25 years old and played a style of rugby not seen anywhere else. They invariably ran with the ball in their "22" and kicked for touch inside our "22"! It was over 30°C and the dehydration effect was quite shattering, but it was extremely

enjoyable to play in a game so totally unorthodox. They kicked their boots off in the second half and played in bare feet; you had to see it to believe it! The 'A' XV got their only try of the tour, by Nigel Howes our captain, towards the end of the second half. We lost again, but came very close to winning, even though the score was 18-6. Our 'B' XV lost again, although they also had enough chances to win. The heat took it out of all of us, in the end.

We send thanks to the singer in the band at the hotel for singing to us and dancing with Neal Dods (as the only other girl that would was under ten years old; we have photographic evidence!). Thanks too to "the lads" for buying DJB a double Flaming Lamborghini, it melted him out a little and gave us all a laugh! Finally, thanks to the Regent for being probably the best place in the world!

On the way to Los Angeles, we went into transit in Honolulu, in Hawaii, and this is a warning to everyone — if possible — avoid it! Ask any one there — it was not fun! Landing in LA through thick grey smog clouds was not very nice either; although LA was hot and pleasant. The Americans laughed at our kilts in Disneyland (their loss), but meeting Mickey and going on rollercoasters was fun; Miss Smith in her Goofy hat was even more fun! At Universal Film Studios in Hollywood, Rich Cornish met his match in Frankenstein and Harry met his match in King Kong! Most sincere thanks must go to Max, Nigel and Muchty for attacking BR with their "Conan the Barbarian" axes — that brought smiles to quite a few faces!

Our last flight with British Airways was fun but the bus back to Forgardenny was quiet (even Albert!). It was nice to see R. Reah and R. McAlister, Tess and the Logan parents on our return; some Brits at last!

In my last paragraph, I must apologise to the 'B' XV for not knowing much about their games because I was not in them, and to the girls, as I am afraid I did not know much about their escapades either. They did do better than us, though, so well done! My sincere thanks go to all schools, families and the hotels we visited; to the extremely friendly Qantas stewards and to Keith Dinsmore, especially, for bringing his pipes and entertaining the people of the world — he's a good man! Thanks to everyone's kilts; they lasted the pace well, put in a great deal of mileage and survived with flying colours (in most cases!). An extremely hearty thanks to all masters (especially BR) who organised and looked after us; to the captains, who did their job so well (especially Max for heading our pre-match "Flower of Scotland"), and to everyone that was on the tour — you all did your bit and it would not have been the same without any of you. A very special thanks to all our parents who paid for us (we've got to be the luckiest people in the world) and to everyone who sponsored us or donated money. Finally, I would like to say I won't care if I never see a man-eating spider or beetle again, but why is there an umbrella on the tour programme and whatever happened to the tour sock???

A. C. Cook



David MacKay, Cameron Cook and Edmund Parker in Disneyland.

GIRLS' HOCKEY TOUR

The whole venture looked doubtful when our pool of players was cut, and at Easter, decisions were seriously being made as to the feasibility of the girls travelling. However, two girls due to join the Lower VI the following session, stepped in and by the start of the summer term, the squad was formed and training began.

It would not be an exaggeration to say that from Day One training, there seemed to be a togetherness amongst the girls. Admittedly there was the odd occasion when some were unable to attend the Sunday training sessions which, on the whole, were accompanied by glorious weather (anticipation of the heat we were to experience). The squad was a mixture of 1st XI to 3rd XI players, thus expectations of success had to be realistic but we had all decided we were going to do as well as we could with who we had. New aertex tops were ordered and Dita sticks and bags purchased. The tour uniform was extremely smart, so we looked the part.

In our pre-tour tournament at the Glasgow Garden Festival, on July 2nd, our results were mixed, but we came away, soaked, and with the satisfaction of being the only team not to be beaten by the eventual winners.

It all seemed so much in the future when the tour was first mentioned, but here we were packing our gear onto the coach (and minibus!).

47 pupils, 5 staff, 1 frog (Gus, the boys' mascot) and 1 pig (Priscilla, the girls' mascot) were on their way ... in the first Round The World Tour by a Scottish school! It was going to take a month, many take-offs and hopefully landings, a boat trip and numerous coach journeys. Manchester — Heathrow — Bahrain — Singapore — Darwin — Cairns — Fitzroy Island — Brisbane — Sydney — Bathurst — Canberra — Melbourne — Fiji — Honolulu — Los Angeles — Gatwick!

Thinking back on it now, we did have some wonderful experiences. We have been to interesting places and we have made lots of new friends both abroad and amongst our own group.

On the Hockey front, we made a fair attempt. B.R. complimented the girls on being the best team on tour with a win and a draw. The team to their credit, scored in all games bar one, and should have come out on top in Bathurst and Canberra. Mr Keir, our Assistant Coach/Manager and Miss Smith often had to resort to stern talking at half-time, but those "words of comfort" in Cairns and Singapore especially proved helpful and from 7-1 and 7-0 down, we lost only 2 goals in the second 35 minutes.

Both these matches were not the start we hoped for. The heat in Singapore and playing an experienced ladies' side was

definitely a body blow (and a hand blow for Nicky Max). Cairns produced their U-18 District side, so again we were up against it. Some hard training was done on Fitzroy Island (well there wasn't much else to do). Mountain tracks were used for Fartlek runs. Other forms of exercise included bending down to collect clothes from the floor — would you believe there were no coat hangers on this exotic Barrier Reef hideaway.

Brisbane provided a great success — our only win and against a school with a roll in excess of 800 girls. The game had the magnificent setting of the Queen Elizabeth II Stadium where the Commonwealth Games were held. Perhaps this inspired us. The scoreline was completely reversed in Sydney. We played in the New South Wales Stadium, again a great setting. If Australia host the Commonwealth Games or the Olympics in the future, it will be in this stadium. Our game did not rise to the occasion.

In Bathurst we broke out the quarters, leggings, tracksuits and anything else to keep the cold out. From being in an early lead we suddenly found ourselves 3-1 down. We literally seemed frozen to the spot. Two good bursts and a few "heated" words from the side line brought us the goals to make the game a draw.

Moving south to Canberra, brought better weather, but still not a winning touch and by Melbourne even the dry weather deserted us and we *went down* on a flooded pitch.

Singapore Cricket Club 1-9, Cairns Hockey Club 0-9, Brisbane Girls' Grammar 5-1, Methodist Ladies Coll. Sydney 1-5, All Saints Bathurst 3-3, Canberra Girls' Grammar 1-3, Methodist Ladies Coll. Melbourne 2-4.

Everyone learned a great deal from all

these matches and worked hard on tour to improve play (even those who started with a playing ability above others), while remaining cheerful and co-operative. Our hosts were excellent and the schools we visited took a great interest in us and our tour. Our thanks go to all those involved abroad.

It will take a long time to relate all the tales and to look through Miss Smith's 403 (!) slides, but we all have memories of Freda, the wonderful tour guide in Singapore; of us making it in and out of Cairns which does not have radar at the airport — only men with binoculars. I wonder if they are as good as NTIDuB or do they remember to take off the lens caps? of P.K.'s night out in Cairns — for an ice cream; of the win at QEII stadium; of getting a train, bus and taxi to watch the boys' rugby; of cold Bathurst; of clinical Canberra; or torrential Melbourne; of fantastic Fiji; of 2 men in Surus (D.J.B. + P.K.), with a pink pig with a balloon tied to its hand at Disneyland, and of being amongst the stars at Universal Studios.

Thanks go to all the staff, pupils and parents as well as anyone else involved in fund-raising for the tour, for giving us the opportunity to share such experiences. Two things will always stay in my mind — seeing the Southern Cross and keeping an eye on it as we travelled south in Australia. It was this which helped remind us we were on the other side of the world. Secondly, waking up in the early hours of the morning, between L.A. and G.B., looking out and seeing miles of ice glistening in the sun as we flew over the North Pole. This was a magnificent sight. It would be lovely to think we might return again to the Southern Hemisphere, only could we take it at a slower pace next time?



SURVIVAL

The Strathallan Survival Club this year camped on the uninhabited island of Lunga, one of the Treshnish Isles. We were welcomed by rain and our first member ashore, the unfortunate David Heal, was confronted with an accurate present from a passing cormorant.

We set up a shelter using ponchos in the remains of "Number One Seaview" (as Mr Wands called it). The butcher's was situated in "Number three" and the public lavatories in "Number four."

When our "Keith" Robinson shelter was finished we spent our evening making acquaintances among the local rabbit population. During the week we developed close relationships with about 12 of their number. Many of these must be credited to the "machete wielding marauders" (Craig Glimm and David Pitchers).

The cooking of these innocent bunnies along with the bracken for our beds and the odour of the unclean, combined to make the devastating "Lunga smell": the smell that "Lingers Longer." In fact, the unclean were few and far between as personal hygiene among the majority was high. The washing party trip took up at least two hours every morning. Admittedly half an hour of this was spent resting at our half-way rock or checking the lobster pot (which to the dismay of Jan and Ian who carried it up a 100 foot gorge, caught only two crabs).

Other fishing activities were also unproductive (except for a few tiddlers and a bass) and very time consuming.



Jon Minihane looks healthy after a week on Lunga.

Time was one thing we did have and Davie Pitchers showed us how to use it to the full by taking "four" hours to collect an armful of bracken from a hundred yards away (he fell asleep on the way there). We also spent a lot of time having tea breaks. These tea breaks occurred every few hours and lasted for a couple more.

Such tea breaks and candle-lit evenings in the shelter contributed greatly towards a good atmosphere. Our star comedian was definitely Lorne, with his cutting humour which was especially quick after he had taken his antihistamine tablets in the evening.

The tourists who visited the island were not good for morale. Can you imagine turning down ham sandwiches, chicken legs and chocolate biscuits or accepting oranges, when all you have eaten for days is a few bits of rabbit, some fish bones and sorrel? So to keep them away Mr Glimm developed a ploy of telling them we were on a punishment exercise from a Borstal, since he had tactfully sent Davie Pitchers to run around waving a machete in pursuit of rabbits, or David Heal to catch some seagulls for lobster-pot bait.

Besides the "Lunga smell," the two things I will always remember are the puffins with their innocent faces and naive eyes (and the way they would pop out of the hole a rabbit had just fled down!) and Toby Christie's departure: when we were leaving, he leaned forward to get on the boat but to his dismay found

it eight feet away. Just as he was falling into the bracing Atlantic, he made a supernatural leap and managed to get his fingers on the rail . . .

Survivalists: Mr Glimm, Mr Wands, Craig Glimm, Toby Christie, David Heal, Tim Lawrence, Jan Minihane, Ian Bamber and Michael Martin. Davie Pitchers and Lorne Graham also came along.

T. Lawrence



'Dr' Toby Christie prepares to operate: "Don't worry, you won't feel a thing."



"A lovely hotel with excellent cuisine, only a stone's throw from the beach."

EUROPEAN CANOE TOUR

White water canoeing has been enjoyed by many groups here at Strathallan, as they can be introduced to the sport in a series of gradual steps because there is such a variety of water available on the Tay.

Rivers are graded from 1 to 6 with the former being a gentle meandering river, and the latter being described as "threatening certain danger to life and limb". It was the attraction of numerous rivers of continual grades 3 to 4, together with the description of breathtaking scenery, that prompted the idea of a trip to the Alps, which gradually developed into a tour of many countries (if you have got to pass through then you might as well have a look while you are there!).

With this in mind, it was with a great deal of excitement and anticipation that thirteen intrepid canoeists travelled down to Hull to board the North Sea Ferry for its overnight journey to Rotterdam.

The party consisted of Mr Elliott, and Mr Wallace, together with two of his brothers, Richard and Joe, Matthew Raitt, an 'old boy' who left last year; and eight pupils: R. Harrison, N. De Jongh, K. Hatrick, S. Peters, R. Grieve, J. Simm, A. Gowers and J. Shepherd.

The first stage across to Holland proved to be excellent with the new ferry offering comfortable cabins, excellent food and drink, and a variety of entertainment, not least being the manoeuvring that was necessary to fit the members and very full canoe trailer into the car deck.

We pulled into Rotterdam and here we picked up Matthew who lives in the Hague; and then started the long drive down towards S.W. Germany.

The roads are superb and after a few hours we were crossing the German Border at Arnhem, and soon moving on towards Köln and then Koblenz on the Rhine, eventually deciding to camp at Berge, which is directly opposite Rhuderheim on the banks of the Rhine.

Everyone was hot and ready for some exercise and so we canoed on the Rhine for several hours until the tales that one hears about the Rhine being the most polluted river in Europe were proved to be accurate; a hasty withdrawal was in order, and cool drink in hand, we watched the sun set while familiar pipe music provided by Simon drifted over the water — wonderful!

Friday morning was sunny and we rose early to leave for our first major stop at Augsburg, where the World Championship Artificial Slalom course is based and offers superb water at any time of the year.

Once we were established at the camp site, we hurried down to the canoe course to discover that the world cup final was planned for the weekend — which

promised us the opportunity to see the World's best competing, but sadly denied us the use of the main slalom course!

After an interesting paddle on the training river, we swam down the entire main slalom course — great fun — before returning to the camp site for our meal.

Camping is great, particularly when the sun shines, and we were yet again treated to a scrumptious meal, with Mr Wallace demonstrating his obvious culinary expertise; and we were rapidly reducing the mountain of food that we had transported all the way from Perth!

Saturday was wet! We watched a very exciting competition — cheering on the British contingent at every opportunity and noting that on many occasions even the best in the world got it wrong (there is hope for us yet).

The next day we left the site as early as possible so as to provide time to go back to watch some more canoeing before setting off for Austria.

Driving towards the Alps is quite an experience after the relatively flat Dutch and German terrain; and the mountains rise in the distance with awesome splendour. Once amongst them, our vehicle felt the full weight of its massive load and journey times were extended, but we reached Landeck, at the confluence of the Sanna and the Inn, before tea. Both these rivers were in flood, proving to be far too fast and dangerous for any large-group river trips, but allowing several quick runs down one section, where everybody got a first taste (in more ways than one) of the speed and power of Alpine canoeing.

Because of the river states, we decided to move on to Switzerland and spent the next day driving in some of Europe's most beautiful mountain passes, eventually deciding to camp at Interlaken, where everyone spent the remaining daylight hours canoeing on strikingly turquoise-green water.

The next stage of the journey proved to be the most memorable of the entire trip, as far as the scenery was concerned, as we travelled via the Mt Blanc tunnel

and Italy to the French Alps. Everyone was quite speechless as we rose through some of Europe's most dramatic mountains, seeing glaciers in their full splendour and enjoying the beautiful blend of architecture, passes and greenery. It was superb.

A brief stop in Italy prompted the quote of the week from Russell: "Excuse me Sir, but which country are we sleeping in tonight?"!

We reached Borg St Maurice, on the River Isère, by mid afternoon, and found the International Canoe Centre base. It was an excellent site with permanent access to one of Europe's best canoeing rivers.

We spent an exhilarating four days here, tackling the trips in small, easily-contained groups, and the benefits were fantastic, particularly for the more competent, whose skills developed rapidly; the thrills, and the spills, will be remembered by all of us for a long, long time.

We decided to travel to Paris overnight and spend a couple of days of sight-seeing. The Hostel provided the first real bed for 10 days and was indeed comfortable and very friendly. We all enjoyed touring the sights of Paris, meeting on the last evening at a good restaurant where we had negotiated a very acceptable price for what turned out to be a really excellent meal.

The final day on the continent included a whistle stop tour of Belgium (lunch stop at Brussels) before backing into the ferry terminal at Rotterdam.

After saying farewell to Matthew, we boarded the boat for an equally good return journey to Hull, and thence to Strathallan, ready for a return to lessons the next morning!

Having had time to regain some sleep and to reflect upon what was a truly memorable journey, we were very pleased with the way that everything went and our thoughts are now turning to another for next summer; we are always open to suggestions!

P.J.E. and R.N.W.



Matthew Raitt at Augsburg.

CANDID CAMERA



Mr Elliot's skills developing rapidly . . .



Mr Proctor at the Fête



Mr Clayton benz zee neez

NICOL HOUSE

It was a memorable year, mainly for the wrong reasons! A group of seniors tried to lead an 'alternative' lifestyle and 'beat the system'. Inevitably they failed and paid the penalty. Inevitably, too, they created an 'atmosphere' which was not dispelled until the sunshine of the summer term cheered everyone up. Fortunately the juniors were unimpressed by these activities and their enthusiasm was never dented. This was despite poor treatment by a few seniors who apparently believe in the common ownership of property. Set against this is concern for others' personal problems such as home sickness. Here we have improved, and several were helped by others' sympathy.

What ex-Nicolites really want to know is 'how many cups?'. The answer is 'not a lot', but not for want of trying. With Kris Boon as vice-captain of rugby and a Scottish Schools player and no less than seven in the 2nd XV we looked to have a good chance in the rare House rugby. But we carried too many injuries on the day and went out in an entertaining game to Freeland. Senior Leagues were forgotten and Junior Leagues best forgotten! There was not the usual depth of hockey talent and, despite Colin Churchill's skill, we again went out to Freeland early in the indoor competition. In cross-country we had some experts: Riki Sang won the Junior race (and later the Junior Tennis Cup) and the middles, led by John Maxwell (2nd) and Andrew Dow (4th), did us proud, but we were let down by some seniors (it was the time of the 'crisis') and could not find enough runners to get placed. Good relay results and fine swims from Keith Arnott, Chris Lawrence and Charlie Simmers were not quite supported and we managed only

4th in the swimming competition.

However the skiers, ably led by Doug Browne, surpassed expectations and came second to the winning team (Freeland again). The end of the summer term sees a glut of House matches and at last we won a cup — the new croquet trophy. But I'm told you have to be really nasty to win at this game! The nearest we came to another success was in the Junior football, where we narrowly lost in the final. Our sailing stars were David Smith and Duncan Kennedy, but a 3rd was all we got. Martin Muir led us to another in golf, a mere 90 shots behind the winners and, despite PG Lagerborg's enthusiasm, we went out early in Junior cricket. The senior competition was not played, but Rinnes Brown got full colours due to some match winning bowling for the 1st XI. With some outstanding athletes we seemed well placed in the finals. Roger Bond (who also produced the performance of the year in breaking the 1500m middle record in coming 4th in the Scottish Schools), Kris Boon (Senior Victor Ludorum), Keith Hutcheson (1st in High Jump and Javelin), Riki Sang (also two firsts), Chris Lawrence (similar success in 800m and 1500m) and Keith Arnott won us points, but we hadn't the depth to clinch the cup.

An individual trophy did come from Duncan Kennedy's piping, and Andrew Marshall, James Whitmee and Alistair Nicoll also contributed to the success of the Band. The Orchestra was well supported by Sebastian Head, John Maxwell and Colin Gregory. Strangely, our most successful corporate venture was House chapel. Inspired by Paul Hely and dramatically advised by Ian Clark, we kept the crowds rolling in. Unfortunately Ian's expertise and Doug Browne's enthusiasm

could not rescue a rather pedestrian House play and we surrendered another piece of silverware.

All these activities are fun but not the primary purpose of the school, which, believe it or not, is academic work. Here we were not sluggards. David Clark, Andrew Buchan and Andrew Dow won prizes, but more importantly, there were more 'S pluses' and 'BSs' than I ever remember. An academic tutor system began this year and the two are surely not unconnected. The third and upper sixth form pupils should be very grateful to Messrs. Giles and Ross who gave so freely of their advice and time. House Tutors Burgess and Wands were also involved in the scheme and my thanks go to them not only for that but for all the support they have given. The Burgess family continues to expand in spite of John's absences on the hill and in the House!

My thanks also go to Stu Smith and his motley band of prefects. The mantle now passes to Andrew Dow, supported by Head of School Keith Arnott (congratulations), and I wish him luck. I hope the leavers, many of whom have excellent college offers and sponsorships, achieve all their aims and look back on time well spent in the 'Spanish hotel'.

Head of House: S. M. Smith
House Prefects: F. G. Crocker
S. A. Currie
A. H. Duff
P. W. Hely
C. M. Main
A. Stewart
K. Arnott
A. H. Dow
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RUTHVEN HOUSE

The end of the summer term came round all too quickly this year. With the new G.C.S.E. exams and A levels continuing right up to Sports Day it has been a very busy term and a lot of boys have been under considerable pressure. Despite that the atmosphere in the House has been good and friendly which is no small tribute to the Head of House, Steve Neish.

Taking the year chronologically, there was an interesting innovation in the first term with an inter-house cross-country relay. Our lower sixth won their group and the House came second overall. We were well outclassed and outweighed in the Junior House Rugby but I was impressed by the very gritty and spirited performance of our juniors. The Headmaster's Musik evening seemed to reach even greater heights and Kerr Hatrick contributed hugely to the success of the evening by his performance on the cello.

The spring term proved to be very successful with House victories in the Cross Country, Senior Rugby, Rugby 7s and Basketball. The Cross-Country team, led by Euan Grant, illustrated the strength of commitment in the House at all levels, with Dave Mackay winning the Middle competition. The Senior House Rugby Team, captained by Steve Neish, defeated Freeland (8-0) in the final. The Basketball Team led by Dave Mackay had a very tough semi-final against

Leburn and beat Freeland in a very close final. On the musical side the high point of this term was the excellent performances of Euan Grant, Kerr Hatrick, Edward Wall and in 'Oliver'.

Although we did not win the Rowan Cup we had a good turn out and that's important. Nor did we win the House Sailing but at least we finished and that's what is important. But the summer term was successful in other ways. We have a large number of the House now involved in the Pipe Band with Sam Pate, Simon Peters and Robert Jones in the competition band. They are to be congratulated for winning the Scottish Schools competition and Robert and Simon, in particular, for winning the Scottish Schools solo drumming and the School Pibroch and Strathspey competitions respectively.

Another very successful area was the golf! The House and the School team which were synonymous won the Perthshire League, were unbeaten throughout the season for the first time and won the House Competition. Bruce Guy was selected to play for the district and Grant Anderson won the School individual stroke-play. Jonathan Frame and Iain Steel were the remaining members of the team.

On the athletics side, several members of the House took part in the Cumbrian and Loch Rannoch Half-Marathons. Tim Lawrence and Dave Mackay did extre-

mely well in both. Simon Peters and John Minihane surprised everyone with their times and Edmund Parker won the under 20 competition at Loch Rannoch. Finally, on Sports Day we won the Athletics Cup — congratulations to Dave Mackay for winning the Middle Victor Ludorum, to the Middle and Senior relay teams and all those who did so well in the individual events.

I would like to thank Steve Neish and Euan Grant who as Head of House and Deputy respectively took the responsibility of organising the other prefects and the rest of the House. Dave Barnes continues to be a tower of strength in the House and my thanks are also due to John Broadfoot, Rob Wallace and Paul Elliot who helped as academic tutors. Many thanks also to Greg Ross and Mike Allingham who helped out on an informal basis.

A very special thankyou is due to Mrs Howie our cleaner who manages against the odds to keep Ruthven in good order. I do know the boys appreciate her efforts and I certainly do.

Prefects: S. Neish, Head of House; E. Grant, Deputy; R. Gibb; S. Hamilton; K. Hatrick; M. James; M. Paterson; G. Piper; A. Young.

U VI Appointments: B. Guy; D. Mackay; E. Parker; R. Batchelor; R. Jones; A. Millar; M. Wilkinson.

B.R.



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FREELAND HOUSE

It is not easy to collect one's thoughts in the middle of a building site (how the Addison's have survived I shall never know). It is not easy to recover one's temper after seeing the mess left behind, only partly by Freeland, in the House at the end of term. Nor is it easy to condense in a few lines recollections of a year in which so many things have happened. I'm going to try because if I don't I shall be 'Boadicead' by the editor.

We won quite a lot of cups. Well done the actors, the skiers, the hockey players, the squash players, etc. We lost, alas, fluffy and foot ball. Most of the cups have disappeared from the shelf, no doubt to be re-awarded for darts, snooker, synchronized swimming or mixed mud wrestling. It does not matter. I have no doubt that the bursar will remove the shelf along with the rest of the furniture. However one must not be bitter. We can always borrow a few packing cases or move into the corps palace.

We must count our blessings. We must be thankful. We must be grateful to Noddy for reserving his hair spectacular

and eye make-up for the the post-term leavers' party. We must thank C.J. for his services to house croquet. We must thank Harry for . . . well, let's think about something else.

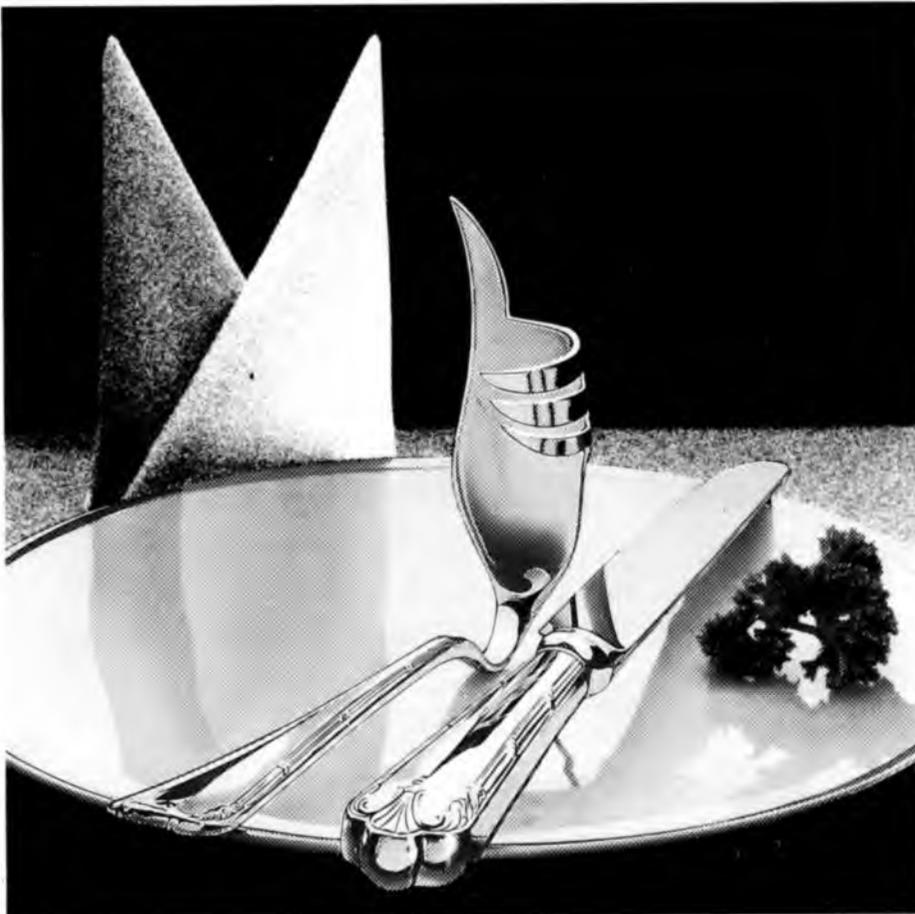
On a more serious note, it has not been an easy year. There were always going to be problems amongst this generation of leavers, not because of anything intrinsically evil but because of some sort of odd group chemistry. I would like to thank (seriously this time) our House leavers for surviving so well. There were difficult incidents and there was certainly an element of luck but, on the whole, they managed themselves pretty well. Given the enormous freedoms allowed to the young in the outside world, the restrictions of a boarding school seem increasingly onerous. To overcome this feeling involves a positive approach — a willingness to use all the facilities and opportunities provided rather than to sit gloomily and grumble about the 'rules' or the 'system'.

There are things which are wrong in the House. The 'borrowing' continues.

The messiness has reached an all-time high (low?). On the other hand there are some good things. On a social level there is a much greater consideration for others. We have a great number of real enthusiasts. On the whole the atmosphere is as friendly as I can remember. Much of the credit for this must go to the leavers who, for all their faults, have always been very good with those below them; much also to Charles Court who, in a unique way, communicates with the potentially difficult; much to the academic tutors (particularly to Simon Pengeley and Roy Sneddon who have contributed far beyond their given responsibilities).

Next year will bring its own problems, not least 'the move.' I think we are in good shape to deal with them, providing we abandon 'gripe' and 'winge'. Here ends the House report. I apologise for its brevity and lack of entertainment. My sense of humour has run out. I shall kick the dog, beat the children or, better still, write your reports.

R.J.W.P.



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LEBURN HOUSE REPORT

There was more wide-ranging talent in the House this year than for quite some time. A lot of this was located at senior level and had there been a cup for the house with the most games captains we would surely have won it with something to spare — Max Adam (1st XV, 1st XI Cricket), Bob Hatfield (1st XI Hockey) and Kevin Russell, Neal Dods, Jason Rea, Nyall Thompson (2nd, 4th, 5th, 6th XVs).

Kevin, a hardworking and worthy School Captain, was a cup winner of course and he along with Matthew Stringer (Physics), Nicholas Sargent (Music) and Max Adam (All-Round Merit) received their prizes from the hand of the Lord High Commissioner of Scotland on the occasion of this dignitary's first-ever visit to Strathallan.

A few words about some of our talented people: Rhett Harrison, Nicholas Sargent and Matthew Stringer all received conditional offers from Cambridge Colleges following December interviews, and these are notable achievements bearing in mind how fierce the competition is for places at Cambridge. Nicholas packed a great deal into his A-Level year at Strathallan. We will remember particularly his exceptional musicianship and his three major works of the year which delighted so many people — the synthesised composition, the carol for which he wrote both words and music, and the music for the Riley Entertainment. Still on the music theme, it is nice to report that we have again been well represented in the Pipe Band, Orchestra and Choir. Tony Hill came a good second to Robert Jones (Ruthven) in the senior drumming section of the East of Scotland Pipe Band Competition. On the games front, Max Adam played for the Midlands Schools XV and, after being called into the Scottish Schoolboy squad in the summer, was selected to tour New Zealand in July/August. Kris Boon of Nicol was selected also and we wish both of them the best of luck. Our other representative rugby player was Glenn Jones who played for the Midlands U15 XV. At hockey, Bob Hatfield was selected to play for the Scottish Schools XI in the matches against the other Home Countries. This followed the 1st XI tour to Holland which by all accounts was quite an experience in all sorts of ways! Finally, let us not forget the 'top corridor' A-Level Art quartet of Craig Benton, R.D.H., H.S., and M.S. who did so well in the exam (we think!). Along with the other Strathallan candidates, their 'papers' were photographed and exhibited in the front hall. A signed painting or drawing for the House would be appreciated gentlemen!

Old Leburnites invariably ask about the games cups we currently hold and

sometimes it is difficult to remember them all! This year however there was no such problem and it was only thanks to our tennis stalwarts that the cupboard was not entirely bare at the end of the summer term! However, in spite of a minimum of total successes we had our usual crop of 'near misses' — the notable one being in the indoor hockey final which we lost to Freeland. The basketball team were runners-up to Ruthven — a good effort, particularly as Max played throughout the whole competition without knowing the rules! Although we didn't win the Cross-Country overall, the seniors did well to win their division, and this completed a treble for those in the team who had previously won the junior and middle divisions.

For most of the year we have been living next door to a building site — the first of the new boys' boarding houses — and it hasn't been all that much fun. When the foundations were being laid in November, the site was a total mass of mud and was known simply as 'the

battlefield'. As time progressed the mud level decreased only to be superseded by a gradual build-up of dust and noise. This, together with the inconvenience of having to pick one's way round / over / under a variety of machines which parked on the 'drive', made life rather trying at times. However, being a resilient and uncomplaining lot, we have all survived.

I would like to thank my wife, Mr Coombs and Mr Glimm for all their help over the year and particularly during the time when I was on sick leave. I am very grateful as well to the Headmaster for all his help at this time and to Max Adam, Kevin Russell and the rest of the prefects for their support. Mrs Wylie battled against frightening odds to keep the studyblock in good order and we thank her for all her hard work.

The time has come to close the book on another year and say goodbye to the leavers. They go with our very best wishes and I hope that happiness and success will be theirs in the future.

H.C.A.



Drawing by Fraser Rea.

SIMPSON HOUSE

When I was a small boy, one of the great joys of going to school in England and living in Scotland was the double dose of strawberries and raspberries. The summer term ended near the end of July and invariably one could enjoy at least a month of decent weather at home. Now everything has changed. Examining boards with their infinite wisdom have laid on interminable exams from April until the end of June. Is this a political plot to ensure that no-one learns to enjoy the summer before becoming submerged in an office? Perhaps it is G.C.S.E. to blame. No, not even this stands up, as that much-maligned exam encourages practical and relevant subject experience and what could be more pleasurable than a geography field trip held in February? Please let us return to the halcyon days of a decent summer term. Why not move public exams to November. Revision does not have to compete with the pleasures of acquiring a suntan, hay fever sufferers would not sneeze their way through their final practical, and universities could choose their undergraduates on results rather than picking from optimistic guesses. Politicians take note.

What has this got to do with Simpson? — not a lot, except that it is my favourite hobby horse and we are still in June. The Summer Term ended several days ago, and I am watching Gareth Thorburn and Richard Eason trying to win a place in the Scottish U16 Team.

Now to the year gone. As the magazine

comes out, the bulldozers should be knocking down the Studyblock and I would like to make a plea as we move into the new house, that its members show respect for property and fittings. The old studyblock has been a nightmare for those who have had to clean it, mend it and keep it standing.

There have been many fine individual and collective performances in the house this year. John Sloan received a prize from the Lord High Commissioner and Dirk Paterson not only won the reading prize, but has played the flute with considerable skill in many concerts during the course of the year. At a representative level, Michael Clement was in the Scottish U16 Hockey Squad, while Grant Cowie was possible unlucky not to be selected as a senior goalkeeper. Robert Moffat, Thorburn and Eason represented the Wayfarers in their respective age groups and Richard may well yet win an U16 Cap. Numerous fine individual performances brought us victories in the Junior Rugby Competitions, the swimming and the Junior Cricket. John Harris masterminded success in the sailing cup at last, while by hook or by crook, Max Gordon engineered a victory in the Rowan Cup for standards. Fraser Small organised a soccer competition so well that Simpson won it. It was encouraging to do better in the skiing and tennis while Ky Kay and Jonathan Brooks shared the Junior Victor Ludorum. Lastly, Roderick Tether chose one of the few cold and windy days to attempt his swimming

marathon. Unfortunately, but not surprisingly, he failed to complete it, but it was a gallant effort. My apologies and congratulations go to the many who have competed and played without being mentioned by name. It is also good to see an increased interest in Piping and drumming in the House.

It was nice to welcome Paul Vallot as a House Tutor, and Ken Dutton, Mike Allingham and George Kitson in the new role of Academic Tutors. However, it is sad to see Harry and Sandra Clelland return to Fettes. I am very grateful for all Harry's calm, sensible, and interested help in the house. He will be much missed.

Lastly, my thanks to all those who have tutored, cleaned, fed, clothed and repaired the House, plus of course the Prefects, without whose work no House can run.

Farewell and all the best to the leavers.

School Prefect and Head of House: J. B. Harris.

Prefects: M. A. Bargon, G. R. Cowie, M. R. M. Gordon, D. M. Robb, J. Sloan, K. J. S. Twiggs, M. R. Logan, F. D. Dalrymple, F. M. Fyfe, C. T. McLay, R. M. Tether.

House Colours: M. R. M. Gordon, J. B. Harris, K. J. S. Twiggs, M. R. Logan, C. T. McLay, R. M. Tether, D. M. Robb, M. A. Bargon.

N.T.H. du B

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WOODLANDS

Searching for inspiration, I combed back-numbers of the "Strathallian" to see what others wrote in their house reports. Some begin with lists of sporting achievements, others are humorous ("Got up early, just too late for chapel") a few are very serious. I shall confine my comments to all those 'events', happenings/things that won't get a mention in any other part of the school magazine.

So, no sport — thanks, Miss Smith.

No music — ditto Mr Reed & Co.

No Drama — "Oliver" reviewer, thank you.

No academic/intellectual comments — hold it, who praises, reviews academic endeavour? No-one, as far as I can recall. And so, I shall have to say something about *Work in Woodlands*.

Work in Woodlands: By the end of the Autumn term there were six shopping days to Christmas and 55 working days to when Higher examinations begin. This shocked a few people into revising physics over Hogmanay. By the middle of January, there were 45 working days to Highers, and 65 working days to GCSE. Several people were even working during prep. The weather was far too bad for ski-ing — there wasn't any snow — and most of the fifth form were very nervous about not working. And yet, as spring and the snows came to Glenshee, great rustlings of text books began, and that great yearly ritual began: Woodlands was at Work!

Since April 26, there has not been a day when someone, somewhere in Woodlands hasn't had an examination, and metaphorical mountains of work have been scaled. Everests of academic endeavour conquered, new worlds of intellectual insight discovered. We have, in short, all worked exceptionally hard, and parents have reports to prove it: well done.

There is, in my view, only one thing more important than achieving one's academic potential, and that is learning the art of living sensibly with others. 1987-1988 has been a good year. Prefects have learnt (not without some hard lessons) how to take responsibility, others have learnt that they too have responsibilities to be tolerant, to be quiet when others need quiet, to be helpful to those who need help.

Katie, Lynn and Liz, have been excellent in their important roles, and others in a less obvious way have made outstanding contributions to the humane and efficient running of Woodlands House in the last year. All the staff in Woodlands are grateful for the help that you all offered in many ways, on many days — with games organisation, music, drama, in house tidying and in smiling so cheerfully when visitors appeared in the house.

This has been a good year and I have a feeling that 1988-1989 will be even better: so thank you, well done, good luck to those leaving, and to those about to come: and now I am going on holiday!

J.F.

Head of House: Katie Cook.

Deputies: Elizabeth Cuthbertson.

Lynn Clark.

The Swan

A body of steel, but how gentle she looks,

As she glides, gracefully, guarding her territory.

Her magnificent, shimmering coat,
Turns specks of water into tiny diamonds.

Eyes glistening like the dark of night,
A pod of nothing-ness, a quivering reflection.

Her sleek long neck, is of a dragon boat.

As she stoops for a sip of water.

Her image, so regal,

As her feet paddle silently,

She leaves the shimmering water.

To meet the white arrow,

Sending a trail of diamond spray.

Fiona Clayton, Form II Prize

Coincidence

When I see him across the park,
Chasing his dog through the leaves,
Like myself.

It is just a coincidence.

When I crossed with him at the green
man

My feet aware of their every step,

This too, was a coincidence.

The next day, coincidentally,

He was there to

Pick up my spilled shopping.

It was coincidence, surely,

That we used the same bus,

The same seat, my stomach knowing he
Was there beside me.

And chance that we always
Found something to talk about.

I pick his name out on lists,

Know his timetable better than my own,

Notice where he goes, and

Work out why.

When we walked on Sunday,

His arm on my waist,

My small self shrinking into his

Sturdiness.

The comfort of the afternoon was a
coincidence.

Catherine Burns, Form V Prize



"We often drop in here for tea." Third form girls on a Bronze Duke of Edinburgh Award expedition.

RILEY HOUSE

"Get back into bed!" roared Mr Keir. "One more peep out of you lot and you'll be in severe bother!" The door slammed, posters fell off walls and gnomes shook with fear. A new school year had just begun . . .

The sporting year opened with an excellent show of vigour and determination: the under 13s Rugby side sailed through the season until two defeats near the end of the term took some of their wind away; the under 12s lost every game but one, which, to tell the truth, made a better season than last year! The tan on the girls' legs and their sharp nails must have helped somewhat during their hockey season because they lost only once — so Mr Thomson had to run many Pilgies and he looked much thinner by the end of term.

The Spring term began earlier this year and as a result people were still half way up a Christmas tree and therefore in high spirits ready to ski and to play hockey. Their ski days, though threatened by lack of snow, were excellently organised by Mr J. F. Clayton. The hockey involved many shin bone rattles, many curses and truck loads of broken hockey sticks but in the end it was a great success with Riley for the first time ever winning the Scottish Prep Schools 6-a-side tournament, beating Loretto in the final. The remainder of the fixtures showed Riley holding on to this unbeaten record.

The Summer term was again a very good term for sport with the under 13s having an unbeaten cricket season. The under 12s proved that they had talent, which helped them win a couple of testing games and the girls' tennis team did well too.

The exams during the middle of the term were all well done and just about everyone had something nice said about them at the parent/teacher meeting after the Riley entertainment. The entertainment this year had words and music written by Nick Sargent, a sixth-former, and was an excellent production. Mr Keith, the chief organiser, did a lot of sterling work before the performance — in finding costumes, musicians and scripts. Many thanks to Mr Harris for arranging the musical side of things and to Mr Ross for backstage help which made the 'Pied Piper of Hamelin' a great success.

All in all this year has been very successful — another brilliant year for Riley.

Assorted Gnomes

(Yes, indeed some of the girls were tanned. Sadly some of the boys who should have been were not! And if nobody else is going to mention Karen Miller winning a scholarship and the Hartleys winning bursaries and Rachel Taylor winning the girls' 12½ mile Rannoch run, I shall! A.T.).



Eight members of the Riley 6-a-side hockey team.

'THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN'

(Story adapted and music written by Nicholas Sargent)

Question: How do you fit 80 people into a play on the school stage, give them all something to do, and make it last no more than 20 minutes?

Answer: Call for Nicholas Sargent and Mr Keith. The idea behind "The Pied Piper" was brilliantly simple (in fact, simply brilliant) and went something like this: take the story of "The Pied Piper," ask 30 Riley boys and girls to dress up as rats, select eight pupils to play their musical instruments, and award parts to play out the story to the remainder.

Laurie Crump was an excellent Pied Piper, not only because of his musicianship, but also because of his clear speaking voice and stage presence. Christopher Hartley sang excellently as the Mayor with the rodent infestation problem, and Karen Jones' Jester was as lively as could be. Interspersed into the Rat's Tale were musical interludes by Tanja Lannen, Karen Millar, Euan Ovenstone, Emma Smart, Neil Wilson, Andrew Yeates, Lindsay Moir and Claire Ninham. These were well played, if a trifle long, but gave the musicians an opportunity to show off their considerable skills in public.

The quality of dialogue was first rate, colloquial and natural, but never inappropriate. The songs were tuneful, rhythmic and excellently played on the electronic organ by Nick Sargent. This was a high-class show that certainly deserves another performance, and Mr Keith, musically aided by Mr Harris, deserves credit for the slick production.

J.F.



Chris Hartley, Mayor.

CHAPEL NOTES

At the centre of the School stands the Chapel. Loathed by some because of the compulsory nature of corporate worship, it is tolerated by others since it is part of the "School Routine" — like haircuts and litter-picking. Yet it is respected by those who see beyond the roll-calls and insistent chiming of the bell: they glimpse something of the intangible nature of its physical existence, a reason for its being there. A few go there in the evening to be alone, as it affords privacy and quiet. There are extremes of opinion about its function and it's good that there should be.

It is a gathering-place, a place of contact and communication. It is also a place of celebration of community life. Now that it cannot hold the whole School, the point of that celebration was taken up in the Riley House Sunday Services, where, throughout Eastertide and Pentecost, two orders of Service were used, one for each season, in an attempt to instil the notion of what it means to worship, by actually doing it. There is no doubt that both the Taize music and the small choir helped as two steps along the way. The Senior School readily took to the singing of "Alleluias" after the reading of the Gospel and the repertoire has been extended. We now look forward to the enhancement of worship with the installation of the new organ.

There were six occasions in Chapel which deserve singling out. The first was the lighting of the "Hostages' Candle" which stands on the Communion Table during every act of worship. It was first lit on the anniversary of the seizing of Terry Waite, the Archbishop of Canterbury's special envoy, and will remain alight until the last hostage is released. The second, third and fourth relate to weekday Chapel Services. It will be difficult to forget Kerr Hatrick's exploration of the concept of "Authority", especially the concluding prayer so reminiscent of the thunderings of some of the Old Testament prophets and so startling in its imagery. Nor will we forget the quiet emotion of Stuart Smith and Nicol House's meditation on the theme of "Apartheid" and the death of Steve Biko with the haunting music from the film "Cry Freedom". A simple but equally sincere and telling Morning Service was conducted by the Senior Master, Mr Fairbairn who, in the context of some of the much-loved words of the "Book of Common Prayer" highlighted the contribution made to the life of the School by its musicians, along with his apology for the fact that neither the size nor the acoustics of the Chapel could allow the Pipes and Drums to share in this act of worship.

The fifth occasion became a symbol of all that the fabric of the Chapel represents: it was more than appropriate that the building should host the visit of Her Majesty's Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

The sixth and last occasion, barring the solemnity and celebration of the Joint Confirmation Service shared by The Bishop of St Andrews, Dunkeld and Dunblane and The Very Revd Dr Ronald Selby Wright, requires an introduction: To plant a seed is to live in hope. We plant a seed and we lose it. The chances are that if we went to dig it up again, we wouldn't be able to find it. It has gone. We'll never see it again. But the planting of a seed is a moment when we commit ourselves and the seed to the future. We don't know that the seed will produce anything but we plant it because we believe in the possibility of something better than the seed itself. Whether it be the inexperienced beginner planting a single seed or the farmer planting acres of wheat, there must always be doubt as well as hope. Perhaps, in the spring and through the summer, the glory we hope for won't materialise. Even so, if there is to be any hope of glory, the seed must be planted, must be lost in the earth. So, the moment of glory for the seed is when we lose it, and the moment of glory for men and women is when they are prepared to risk the loss of everything they have and are for the sake of the future.

On the very last Sunday of the Academic Year (as the Church of Scotland magazine, "Life and Work" reported) history was made in the School Chapel with the Episcopal Visit of The Right Revd Vincent Logan, Roman Catholic Bishop of Dunkeld. Before the School Service, the Bishop celebrated Mass in the School Chapel for an ecumenical congregation of pupils, members of Staff and their families, with the Chaplain acting as his deacon. This was in the aftermath of the "Haddington Pilgrimage" controversy. The School Choir sang the Byrd 3-part Mass as quietly and movingly the Bishop led us to the historic moment of Communion, according to the tradition of The Roman Catholic Church. It didn't seem to matter that amongst those who received communion at the Bishop's hands were members of the Scottish Episcopal Church and the Church of Scotland. The "moment" transcended denominational boundaries.

If we had to find words to express our hopes crystallised not only during that Service but during all that occurs in the Chapel then I would offer these words by Alan Gaunt:

*We look for a time when every day
will be a celebration,
When solemnity will effervesce and
piety will swing;
When death will be celebrated like
birth,
And people will know that they are
loved and wanted and beautiful;
When they will see you in each other,
And use each other's eyes as mirrors.

Then there will be joy at sunrise and
peace at sunset,
And all will be free as you are free,
Now that death is past and only life
remains.*

*Some day, Lord,
These things shall be,
And we will praise you as we ought*

T.G.L.

Chapel Register:

Sacrament of Holy Baptism was administered to Ky Kay, John Learmonth, Kristian Lannen, Greig Gardner, Alexander Jones, by the Chaplain.

Marriage: On Sunday, May 22nd, Jane Lindsay Jarvis to John Miller Ritchie, by the Chaplain.

Confirmation of Baptismal Vows: During the Celebration of the Eucharist on Sunday, June 5th, 1988 the following pupils were confirmed by The Rt Revd Michael Hare Duke as members of the Scottish Episcopal Church: Ky Kay, Greig Gardner, Alexander Jones, Kristian Lannen, John Learmonth, Kirsty Reynolds; and at the same service by the Very Revd Dr Ronald Selby Wright, CVO, as members of the Church of Scotland: Graham MacIennan, Robin Stewart, Emma Wardhaugh, Angus Johnston, Marc MacBey, Cameron Philip, George David Young, Caroline Bamford, Jane Paterson, Amanda Robertson, Keith Dinsmore, Andrew Dow, David Niven, Michael Niven, Simon Peters, Marc Wilkinson, Lynn Clark, Robin Batchelor, John Harris.

Preachers: The Headmaster, the Chaplain, The Rt Revd Vincent Logan (Roman Catholic Bishop of Dunkeld), The Revd David Weekes (Fettes College), The Revd Robert Sloan (Perth, North Kirk), The Rt Revd Derek Rawcliffe (Bishop of Glasgow & Galloway), The Revd Alan P. Horner (Chairman, Methodist Synod in Scotland), The Revd Bruce Thomson (Scone Old, Perth). The Revd Tom Gordon (Viewpark, Edinburgh), The Revd Dr W. J. Morris (Glasgow Cathedral), The Revd Gerald Jones (Kirkmichael with Straiton), The Very Revd Dr P. P. Brodie (Stirling), The Rt Revd Michael Hare Duke (Bishop of St Andrews, Dunkeld and Dunblane).

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

Only recently, the R.C. Bishop of Dunkeld was urging us to give a few thoughts to our contribution in life, and he made a connection with the catalytic effect of salt, and its uses. Its culinary use is the most obvious, and the ability of a grain or two to transform a mediocre flavour into something altogether rather special is too well-practised to be other than a statement of the obvious. However, musically-speaking, the analogy of salt is a valid one, and indeed is the tangible equivalent of the power of music to transform what otherwise could be a humdrum and routine existence. There have been few periods of history where so much music has been played and it has been so integral a part of life. The reasons may well be complex, and whether modern mass-produced, then massively re-produced, music is anything more than an audible and comforting assurance of the presence of fellow-men, or proof of the sophistication of man's musical ear, is a puzzle which must be debated another time.

However, musical life at Strathallan has been much enlivened and enriched by the contribution of two newcomers, one in the U VI, and the other in Riley. Nicholas Sargent, whose now-distant relative, Sir Malcolm, may well have had more than a little to do with the musicality of his great-nephew, has packed more into his one year than most do in five! If his performances on electric keyboards alone had not caused sufficient flurry of excitement in the musical firmament, his most accomplished playing of the oboe would have been the envy of most. Nicholas however, enjoys composing, and at each major concert we have given during the year, he has written a piece especially for the event: Headmaster's Musick; the Carol Services; an entire musical (words and music) for Riley, and the Perth Festival concert — all have benefited.

The other catalyst in our musical cauldron has been Laurie Crump (Riley), whose boundless enthusiasm for music, both choral and instrumental, pales into insignificance compared to his totally captivating manner of performance on the recorder family. This primitive whistle is widely regarded as a most tiresome but necessary evil in class music-making the length and breadth of the country, but this oft out-of-tune and sexless, second generation dog-whistle becomes a most heavenly and quite charming instrument in the hands of a musician. We have been so fortunate to hear it played properly, and whether the school audiences appreciate the difficulty of achieving this, or the accomplishment of the performer, Laurie is determined to follow in the footsteps of Michala Petri, the world's most renowned performer on



the recorder. Again, Laurie has played at every concert we have given this year, and quite stolen the show, from Dowagers at Holyrood to doubting Thomases on our own doorstep.

These quite transforming influences have shaped the year's programme, and in a real way brought together the otherwise disparate groups of musicians.

The Headmaster's Musick was the first musical offering of the year to benefit from the new-look programme building, and programme layout in the form of a record and record-sleeve, both designed and produced internally. The musical celebration of Christmas, although a traditional and familiar pattern, always appears fresh and cheerful, such is the quality of the old music. Although the musicians were fast approaching the point of no return after a seemingly endless term, the standard of their performances at Carol Services, End-of-term concert and an 'away match' for the Aucherarder Rotarians was consistently high, and always came across extremely confidently and convincingly as far as the audiences were concerned.

The prospect of a programme for the End-of-Term concert at school always rather daunts me. To put together a menu for a very enthusiastic "demob" happy school audience just a few weeks after the most gruelling and carefully rehearsed Headmaster's Musick, with about two hours of rehearsal, is a tall order! Especial mention should be made at this point of the spirited live actions accompanying a most cheerful rendering from the audience of the "12 Days of Christmas" given by Craig Glimm. His quite unrehearsed and totally convincing illustrations set the concert off on a course from which it never faltered, and success was assured. I recall a similar impromptu performance of the "Dance of the Seven Veils" he once gave at a Choir Supper to the music of the "Stripper", accompanied by Paul Auster's spirited rendering. The lights failed at the

critical moment! I just wonder what Craig will get up to for his last appearance in December 1988?

The Lent Term was dominated musically by the performance of "Oliver" which is reviewed elsewhere. Suffice it to say that despite initial anxieties over a demanding schedule of orchestral rehearsals, the end result more than justified the hard-work put into this most demanding score. The immensely valuable lesson of maintaining high standards over an extended period of work, compared to a single concert, is well worth the learning, and the whole venture must be counted a terrific success.

Traditionally, after the spring term is over, the musical obstacles, apart from a concert now given each year in the Perth Festival of the Arts, are of a lesser order, and normally easily accommodated into a term of exams and academic obligations. Not so 1988!

The Summer Term has in fact this year yielded more opportunities to play than ever before, and the list is impressive. Firstly, the Riley musicians rehearsed Nicholas Sargent's musical, "The Pied Piper" and performed it to an audience of parents and enthusiastic well-wishers. The musical was scored for electric keyboards, piano, flute and drums, along with obligato recorder interjections from the stage, soloists and chorus. The 35 minute piece contains music of great charm, poignancy, and opportunities for lusty chorus singing, if one may be permitted the word with a Riley Chorus of Trebles and "not-so-treble" voices. Nicholas has a real flair for a tune, an extremely rare gift these days in both pop and classical music. We shall, I am sure, recognise the name on TV credits in years to come, and muse happily on the composer's formative years!

The Fête allowed us opportunities to perform in more congenial surroundings than normal, and through the great generosity of all concerned on the day and subsequently, the opportunities that there will be with the new organ are manifold.

We have enjoyed the chance to display, musically speaking, a little "Pomp and Circumstance", to use the Elgarian description of royal ceremonies. The first of these came with the invitation to provide music for a Banquet to be held at the Palace of Holyroodhouse for the 60 guests of the Lord High Commissioner. The privilege of seeing a royal household actually at work and taking a real part in its operations was something to be remembered for a long time. (A report of the impact of this on one of our seven performers appears below). Two days later, the Lord High Commissioner was visiting us, and in our own Chapel we sang and played somewhat heartier music

than the courtly carousing we had offered earlier in the week.

Meanwhile, on a slightly less exalted level, Associated Board examinations were taxing a few, and tantalising others with scales and technical tricks that seem customarily left until the night before to master! The results of our recent entrants will be more widely spaced than normal, reflecting the lack of serious work given to the task by many of them.

This is not from want of encouragement from our full-time and part-time staff, who dutifully commute many miles at sunrise to be ready and waiting at 9 a.m. For their hard work and cheerful contribution, I am most grateful.

After five very successful years managing the brass teaching, Peter Harrap has left us to take on the challenge of Orchestral Manager of the newly reformed D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, whose first most stylish performances of "Iolanthe" and the "Yeomen of the Guard" have recently been given in Edinburgh. We wish him well in his new appointment, and thank him most sincerely for all his time and efforts in creating and continuing a most healthy, if small, brass section. His place is taken by Christopher Stearn, who plays the trombone freelance, and regularly, with the Scottish Opera orchestra. His cheerful company is much appreciated both by the musicians and by the Series One Land-rover Owner's Club which seems to have a regional headquarters at Strathallan at present!

Mrs Joy Watson has likewise joined our staff to teach recorder, viola and violin in addition to Bill Baxter, and we extend greetings as she becomes more heavily committed in our music-making. She is Principal Viola in the Scottish Ballet orchestra, and freelances widely. Welcome has been offered to Nicholas Smith and John Irvine who teach flute

and guitar respectively. Their presence along with Fred Parry on a Friday keeps the pupils on their toes right to the end of the week. Fred plays the Cello with all of the major orchestras in Scotland. Finally, Jean Murray, who has worked valiantly to produce ever more beautiful sounds from her Flute pupils leaves us to consolidate her teaching at Napier College, Edinburgh, and we wish her all good fortune in her teaching there. Her place is taken by Alison Mitchell, whose musical training and successes at International competitions have brought her all the way round the world from Australia. She is currently Principal Flute with Scottish Opera. I am delighted to welcome her to our group of highly talented musicians, who, if we could find a day when they could meet together, would produce a formidable Chamber Orchestra.

So Shakespeare's "Food of Love", with all its high flavours found in our year's efforts, flourishes as never before. I trust this is only a beginning, for the year has brought more fine potential musicians setting music and words to the doors of the school than ever before. Provided the seams of headmagisterial generosity don't run dry, their inspirational contributions may yet lift us to altogether undreamt-of heights.

I would like to take this chance to thank and congratulate all musicians, young, old and over 21 alike for a really splendid year, and one can only look forward eagerly to what another year, another intake and a new organ can bring forth.

N.R.

PRIZES

Robert Barr Memorial Prize for Music . .
. Nicholas Sargent
Patrick Grandison Prize for Strings . . .
Nicola Smith

BY APPOINTMENT?

An incongruous minibus carrying eight drew up at the gates. The policeman seemed to know it was Strathallan School, and we were allowed into the courtyard. He was, of course, correct and the merry band disassembled and prepared for an experience of a lifetime: "court musicians" for the Lord High Commissioner's banquet. We had been asked (?) to provide some entertainment at Holyrood House, and in keeping with the period of the building we were playing a two-hour selection of early Renaissance music using virginal, violin, cello, recorders, oboe, crumhorn and tambour.

To us humble musicians unacquainted with the interior of palaces, the vast size, the "help I'm lost" maze of corridors and walkways, and the sheer overwhelming splendour of architecture was awe inspiring enough in itself. Coupled with the seemingly gigantic banquet hall and volume of the dinner-chat, it served to provide one of the most intense concert settings yet known to Strathallians; and yet the sheer relaxed enjoyment of the performance in such warm, open company quickly made us leave thoughts of the formality far behind.

The performance was highly successful; harmonies celestially drifted down the great candle-lit table. Then, after our role as 'background' music, we gave a fifteen-minute recital which was received enthusiastically by the diners.

For the players it was a pleasurable evening of light, buoyant music played crisply in its perfect setting — an appointment that was well worth keeping.

Nik Sargent

Below: Chorus of villagers in "The Pied Piper of Hamelin."

Andrew Yeates





PIPES AND DRUMS

A grey and rainy day met the Pipe Band at Stirling Castle. (What else *could* meet you at Stirling Castle?). It was our first outing of the year and the band played to the few mad dogs and Americans who braved the mid-day rain. This was the initiation ceremony for our first-ever Drum Major, Ewan Grant, who led the Band in a fairly mediocre performance but one which was pleasing enough after the Summer holidays. We were very kindly given a tour of the home of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders (with whom we are affiliated) and where the obvious emphasis lay on war honours and weaponry.

November 5th brought with it an invitation for the Band to play at the Round Table's Guy Fawkes' celebrations in Perth. It involved the whole Band parading up and down beside the huge unlit bonfire. Rehearsals were impossible as we discovered that the ground was uneven to say the least and that lengths of wire were carefully placed to catch out any unsuspecting piper or drummer. It was therefore very much a case of "follow my leader", but when the Drum Major went down it was every man for himself. Despite the crowds' giggles the quality of playing was not bad at all, and "It's all experience, you know!" (How many times we heard that one!)

Our next engagement was one of the highlights of the year and took place at one of the "lowlights" of the year — the Scottish Curling Championships at the start of the Spring Term. The venue was Perth Ice Rink and the Band had been invited to play at both the opening and closing ceremonies of the competition. The Rev ("Piping's the name, P.R.'s the game") Longmuir saw this as an excellent opportunity for comprehensive television coverage. However, both days went past and it appeared to be the classic case of "Pipe Bands should be heard, yet not seen" as only muffled "Scotland the Brave" could be heard over the shoulder of Arthur Montford. Nevertheless, the crowd on the final day were given a lot of enjoyment from the sight of a Pipe Band slithering on the ice to "Highland Laddie". It was just as well we didn't play a jig or we would all have been flat on our faces.

The news from Pipe Major Barron of a solo piping competition in Pitlochry sponsored by one of the most prestigious Pipe Bands in the world, The Vale of Atholl, received an unprecedented number of volunteers. Was there a genuine competitive spirit in the Band or was it that a barrage of maths and physics teachers on the day of the competition? The pipers who competed were Simon Peters, Charles Dunbar, Keith Dinsmore, Duncan Kennedy and James Whitmee. James

was the only one to be placed, with a 4th in "Novice Piping". However, it was a very enjoyable experience to compete against such a high standard of piping.

A very kind invitation for a few of the more senior pipers to attend The Royal Scottish Pipers' Society "Schoolboy Evening" in Edinburgh was gratefully accepted. It has been a regular occurrence these past few years for this to happen and it is a chance to meet various pipers from other schools as well as from the Society itself. Mr Barker and Mr Longmuir were in attendance to protect Pipe Major Barron from over-indulging himself amongst the pies! A quintet of Strathallan pipers (John Harris, Simon Peters, Charles Dunbar, Craig Glimm and Keith Dinsmore) played a selection of tunes for the gathered guests. All told, it was a very enjoyable evening and a most welcome break from school.

Competition time shot like a rocket towards us and before we knew it, the West of Scotland Schools' Piping Competition was on us. It took place at the High School of Glasgow and involved both soloists as well as a Band event. Charles Dunbar did very well to get a 3rd placing in the Senior March, Strathspey and Reel, whilst the Band fared not so well, coming 4th despite a good, robust performance. Glory was obtained when our Drum Major was in charge of all the Bands at the conclusion of the competition. Slightly disappointed, we approached the T.A.V.R. Pipe Band Competition held at The Queen's Barracks, Perth with not a little trepidation. Indeed, contrary to all advice given from the instructors, Leading Drummer Jones and The Rev bullied us into entering. The competing bands were all Army or University men and so the standard was very high. We thought a placing in the top 8 would have been good going. The result (4th) was almost unbelievable for the youngest Band present: Strathallan. Another encouraging aspect of that competition was that our Band came 2nd in "Drill and Deportment". All boded well for "the big one!"

The Scottish Schools' C.C.F. Pipe Band Championship was held at George Heriot's this year and it was not a venue for weak hearts that day in June. The Solo competitions began the afternoon's proceedings and we found ourselves well placed in these. Robert Jones, for the second year in succession, won "Senior Drumming", with Tony Hill, another of our drumming cohorts, gaining second place. Simon Peters was unlucky to make a mistake in his "March", otherwise he may have been placed in the top 3 in "Senior Piping". Both Duncan Kennedy and Keith Dinsmore played well but not up to anything like the standard of some, like the Dollar pupil who scored a

maximum of 65 points in the Senior Piping event. The Bass Section competition, an innovation, was won by our young Strathallan trio of Ky Kay, Robin Johnston and Andrew Wood who look set to dominate that competition for many years to come. The Band Competition itself was quite a scenario. Duncan Kennedy's bag burst before we went on. We played our Set, but not a few of us had an inkling that something was seriously wrong. After having finished, our worst fears were confirmed — Craig Glimm hadn't played a single note — his chanter had twisted round.

Whether the whisky had taken its toll on the Judges' hearing or whether Craig should receive an Oscar for his tremendous miming, I do not know. Suffice it to say that we won the Competition and that if there is anything such as ecstatic surprise, then we experienced it on the bus home as well as throughout the remainder of the evening at School and in Forgandenny village.

The visit of the Lord High Commissioner to the School meant that the Band was on show once more alongside the Guard of Honour. Everything went very smoothly, apart from the odd "Sir" instead of "Your Grace". From Her Majesty's representative to the Fife Agricultural Show seems like a big step down. However, farmers of Fife, hear this! You are just as important, and we certainly enjoyed ourselves just as much. The only thing that came off the worse for wear were our brogues which picked up unmentionable gifts from the sheep, cattle and goats.

An invitation to play at Crathes Castle, on Royal Deeside, could not be refused, though it was a long journey to make just to play the pipes. Nevertheless, a castle, a pipe band and a blistering hot day, and what more could the tourists ask for? Our last engagement took place at Falkland Palace where the band did their "bit" for the Falkland Gala Week celebrations. By this time people were weary of School and, dare I say it, the Pipe Band too, however everyone did very well to endure the whole year and remain in such good spirits.

This past year has been a very long one for the Band. We would never have had either the success or the enjoyment without the help of the effervescent P/M Barron, D/Ms Clark and Braid. Thanks must also go to Mr Longmuir for organising the events and pulling them off so smoothly. A memorable feature of the whole year was the ensemble of "Strathallan" v "The Old Boys / Fathers / Uncles / Cousins" at the Fete!

Here's hoping for success next year and that some other even more naive piper than me will volunteer to write the report.

K. C. Dinsmore

'OLIVER'

In an age of press-button entertainment, there is nothing quite like the experience of live theatre for cast and audience alike, to bring about that special excitement and 'magic' — something no amount of listening to recorded highlights of a West End Musical can ever do. *Oliver* was a production full of sparkle and energy.

The pace was slick from the beginning, with always something to catch the eye: from the effective "creepy" opening sequence of paupers clutching candles, to those same boys rolling along benches (and worse-tables, as we held our breath) to the grim death of Sykes. The stage was always used in a versatile manner — none too easy in those scenes demanding a large cast — and Cecilia Broadfoot's adroitly timed and innovative choreography was greatly to be admired.

Sensitive scene changes created changes of mood from the rumbustuous to the poignant. Such were the changes from the Workhouse to Fagin's Den or that evocative Streetcriers' scene or the final haunting one over London Bridge. Those who designed, painted, erected, lit or changed the sets and brought the scenes alive in a most powerful way are to be congratulated.

The acting was confident and strong throughout and most importantly was clearly enjoyed. Admirable and memorable performances were given by too many to mention individually but I particularly enjoyed the imperious Dirk Paterson's Bumble and his bossy wife Nicola De Iongh; Sandy Milroy's stooping, sinister Mr Sowerberry partnered by Wendy Fleming (her make-up was particularly commendable). Who can forget



Sandy Milroy, a convincing undertaker.

Ian Clark's totally convincing Fagin with his excellent use of facial and body movement and first class interpretation of the part? We were all moved by Elizabeth Reekie's Nancy — her love for Sykes and her own brave spirit were sensitively captured, and rendered in her vocal solo. Kevin Meikle's Bill Sykes depicted his ruthlessness admirably. Smaller parts played by Anahita Tait, Richard Haslam and Corrie Melver were also most convincing. The group of workhouse paupers and Fagin's gang led by Chris Hartley's spirited Dodger showed a very real energy and enthusiasm which remarkably didn't flag as the production week went on. Oliver is the part every young budding actor would love to call his own and Paul Johnston excelled. John Broadfoot and Louisa Mackenzie rehearsed these talented performers to a very high standard.

That the songs from *Oliver* have never fully faded from our minds must be due to the magnificent success of the musicians and their director Nicholas Reed. A very large orchestra accompanied the players and their spirited and perfectly timed accompaniments were greatly appreciated. Any musical production takes hours of rehearsal and this was evident from start to finish.

Our thanks go to all who made this a production of excellence, vitality and colour from the superb costumes to tiny details such as Fagin's line of handkerchiefs. The 'Broadfeet' are to be complimented on their energy and dedication in what is hopefully only the first of future productions. Definitely an 'A' at G.C.S.E.

J.T.F.



Above: Paul Johnston sang the part of Oliver.

Right: Nancy (Elizabeth Reekie) mops the floor with assorted urchins.



DICKENS BECOMES LIFE

If, as has been observed, "All the world's a stage," then I would hate to see rehearsals: backstage would have disappeared in a nuclear mushroom years ago: orchestra recitals would clash with inter-planetary rugby matches and stage crews would constantly be cursed for bad weather . . . nice idea, Shakespeare, but "Oliver" gave us more than enough to think about.

The smiles of exhilaration at the final curtain-call were not, I promise, masks or wound up on winches, but sprung from a very real sense of achievement. A conquest! Dial-a-Cliche would no doubt offer us something about "braving the weather" or "victorious against all odds" — slightly over the top, yes I know, but I would like to expand on the general idea. "Oliver" was hard, hard work, necessitating an entire reorientation of priorities. Sport, social life, family weekends and academic work were all sacrificed, with varying degrees of willingness, to this exacting tyrant Oliver. A touchy subject, no doubt, in the staff room!

Of course, being an Important Person in a show is not too bad. Your efforts are noticed, you may be mentioned in the magazine report, you may even be asked to write the magazine report . . . but such base cynicism seemed to be almost entirely absent. From individual to chorus parts, a touching level of commitment prevailed, typified by Dirk Pater-son and Ian Clark dragging themselves up from a state of semi-consciousness in the san every afternoon for a week: the Masters of All Things Bright and Technical mending fuses until all hours; the set shifters discovering hitherto unknown altitudes and fungi above the wings and Mr Reed bringing together an orchestra playing prestississimo in square flat minor . . . the examples are far too many to quote. There is never time or space to credit every individual, but the success of the group as a whole must go some way towards measuring it.

And the personal relationships? Often patchy, but that's no surprise when people who are by no means all friends are bound together under pressure.

There were the usual minor jealousies, resentments and hassles, but we all still had our standard eight pints of blood in our veins at the end and, in most cases, several new friends. An enterprise such as a play, if it comes off, has an amazing capacity to unite absolutely everyone for a few magic hours afterwards and also to create several very close bonds. After all, two Italian mafia chaps busily stabbing each other will shake hands and go for a beer if a film camera comes along, records the fight and calls it Rocky 74!

There is no time to think about a play until after it. Having seen so many people excelling themselves and helping with other aspects of drama or music as well as working hard at their own, having been part of this team, and having had plenty of time to think because this report is miles overdue, I would suggest a sandwich principle to drama — the more you put in, the more you get out.

L. MacKenzie



Above: *Widow Corney gets a shock (Nicky de Longh).*

Left: *Anahita Tait as the lovely Bet.*

Below: *Bill Sykes (Kevin Meikle).*



HOUSE DRAMA COMPETITION

After a few false starts, the House Drama Competition finally took place in the midst of the Autumn Term. Designed to interest the 3rd and 4th years in writing, acting and presenting plays, the standard was again high, and as several performers (and past-performers) appeared in the school's production of "Oliver!", it appears to be fulfilling its function as a promoter of dramatic interest.

Controversy as usual stalked the stage in the shape of Simpson's "School Tour", which perhaps did not qualify as a play, but rather as a show-case for Robert McMahon's staff impressions. Though amusing in places and with a fine performance by John Kruuk, as a myopic new boy, the judges felt it was not really a "play" in the spirit of the competition — the best play needs a strong plot as well as good acting to make it successful.

In this respect Freeland's vampire extravaganza showed up well, as well as making us realise just how well the government's health warning on AIDS had done its work. Dramatically it was effective — even down to Harry's disco lights! The opening scene of the ghouls rising from their coffins (read trunks) was worthy of a scene from "Thriller".

Strange how so many looked at home in their role as the living dead — no offence to Steele and Sim.

Leburn, though not presenting an original script, performed "There's a Ghost in the Basement M'Lud" extremely effectively, especially as they had little in the way of special effects, and relied on an enthusiastic cast to make the play work. Keith Dinsmore did a good job in getting this one together, while Lannen as "Bones" was brilliantly funny with a hilarious French accent and thoroughly deserved his plaudits as best actor of the evening.

Woodlands again paid a lot of attention to detail in their scenario of a distraught lady being inundated by a mass of unwanted visitors, perhaps at times they needed to get away from the "whodunnit" plot and develop some themes to complement their acute social observations.

Ruthven produced a very slick and novel idea of a new "girl" who is in fact a boy but needs the disguise to get reduced rates at a smart boarding school. John Minihane, especially, worked very hard on this production and earned himself a special award from the judges. Though the Dudes were impressive and the idea

was perhaps original, it rather lost itself towards the end and one was not convinced the final answer had been found to the plotting side of things.

Sad to say, Nicol could not repeat their triumph of last year — mind you, it would have had to be superb to do so. Their play had much the same knockabout feel as the previous one but lacked the central actor and theme to pull it together. Individually, the Doctor and several other characters were extremely amusing, but overall it lacked direction.

Judging, as always, was a difficult business and at the end of the day there never seem enough prizes to go around for the entertainment provided, but the impartiality of Mr Keith and Mrs Adam was never in question. Many people received praise on the night for their great efforts.

The awards were as follows:

Best Play — Freeland.

Best Performance — Kristian Lannen (Leburn).

Best Supporting Role — John Kruuk (Simpson).

Best Script — Nicky Robb (Woodlands).

Special Award — John Minihane (Ruthven).

J.R.F.



Nicky Robb, Clodagh Meiklejohn, Sarah MacDougall and Kirsty Wood — "I promise, they're my granny's clothes . . ."

LONDON FOR THE STRONG-MINDED

"London", said Benjamin Disraeli, "is a modern Babylon" (since this was an English educational excursion, I feel I should begin on an intellectual note). He was right: on our visit to London we witnessed murder, suicide, treachery, crime, gluttony and drunkenness, not to mention lust and passionate desire. Luckily (almost), all of this sex and violence was confined to the stage, and we returned to Strathallan unscathed apart from a few cases of 'Shakespeare's knee', caused by sitting in cramped seats for four hours of "Antony and Cleopatra."

After leaving Strathallan in the morning, and spending much of the day sampling the famous culinary delights of the British Rail canteen, we arrived in London in the early evening. A nerve-racking journey on the tube, in which we managed to get completely lost, followed, but we finally reached the youth hostel, and, after several quarrels over who was to get the top bunk, most of us left to get something to eat before going to the theatre.

Everybody managed to find the way there in time, and we took our seats for the play: Arthur Miller's "A View from the Bridge" with Michael Gambon (of "Singing Detective" fame) in the leading role. It was excellently performed, although some of us felt that it was more effective to read than to see: "Better on the page than on the stage", as Mr Broadfoot so eloquently put it! Nevertheless, we all enjoyed the performance, and it was interesting to be able to watch the play after having studied it.

Having spent some time exploring London after the play, we returned to the youth hostel for some sleep to refresh us after our intellectual evening. Unfortunately, sleep in the male dorm was



interrupted by the chiming of a nearby clock, the snoring of a certain master (who shall remain nameless), and a group of workmen who began drilling up the road outside at 7 a.m. However, our morale was kept up by the fact that we would have the whole of the next day to ourselves in London, instead of suffering the usual Saturday morning school routine.

Thus, while the rest of Strathallan were toiling away in double physics or being flung around the rugby field, we were enjoying ourselves in London. Some people braved the pre-Christmas crowds to visit Harrods, while others went to Oxford Street, or Carnaby Street, or found their way to the famous "Hard Rock Cafe". We all met in the evening at the National Theatre for the performance of "Antony and Cleopatra," which was thoroughly enjoyable, despite its length. The set was very simple but effective, with adventurous lighting being used to create some interesting effects. Judy Dench and Anthony Hopkins were excellent as the tragic couple, and we all hobbled out of the theatre after a riveting four hours.

The journey back to school was a rather dismal affair, as we realised that the dreaded school exams were only a few days away, and we spent the long train journey just grumbling or reading the same magazines over and over again. Nevertheless, this did not dampen our enjoyment of the trip, and our enthusiasm to go again next year. Our thanks go to Mr and Mrs Forster, Mr and Mrs Broadfoot, Mr Court and Mrs Adam for making it possible and putting up with us all. We had a most enjoyable few days, and London has so much to offer that we never had a boring moment. In the words of Johnson (just to finish as I began, on an intellectual note): "When a man is tired of London he is tired of life." What more can I say?

A. M. Marshall

"The Stability of Solitude": Othello

How carelessly we men do give our hearts
to such fair and gentle warriors.
Paired, we laugh in the face of wild Turks
whose spears like gauze do shower us.

Our trust can n'er be shaken
even by a tempest's fury that
may blow till it hath waked our dead
like all our past fears that rain upon us.

As blind puppies, we dare to enter
the sanctimony of marriage, which
in time will enslave and enmesh us,
till death do make us part.

So, take heed you trembling lovers,
those who love not wisely but too well.
Let not your brother who has long
served your ends, slyly
make you share your thoughts and shape
them
for his own ends.

Elizabeth Reekie, Form V

SCHOOL READING COMPETITION

Held on Sunday, 15th May, the Reading Competition had to compete with the counter-attraction of leave-outs and the glorious weather. All the more credit therefore must go to the resolute few who honoured their commitments to the competition and produced a good standard of performance, if not perhaps reaching the sustained heights of previous years.

In the middle section Tarrant Steele repeated his previous year's success and read the set passage from Dickens' "Oliver Twist" with clarity and a good feeling for the piece, though Callum Drummond contested strongly in this part of the competition. It was again Tarrant's personal choice of John Stal-

worthy's "No Ordinary Sunday" that clinched his first place with Callum in second place. Others to be commended for their efforts were Philip Aitken and Andrew Miller.

The Senior Section produced its usual range of interesting personal choices from Ian Clark's sensitive reading of a Hazel O'Connor song lyric to Zairul Zaid's self-penned poem "Wheel of Life." The competition is not simply about inspired choice, however, and the set passage of Seamus Heaney's "Small Townlands" proved to be a testing piece. In the end Dirk Paterson won the day with a good reading of the set passage and two contrasting poems in Owen's "Futility" and Larkin's "Toads Revi-

sited." Much to everyone's surprise, including his own, it was Zairul Zaid who was made runner-up. Others who should also be commended are Kerr Hatrick and Gillian Riddoch.

As usual the School is indebted to the Burnets for their interest and kindness in coming to judge this competition. Perhaps next year a few more entrants could come forward to maintain what has been a stimulating and exceptional competition in recent years. Certainly the winners this year maintained that standard but good public reading does not flourish in a vacuum.

J.R.F.

DEBATING NOT DEAD!

The debates this year have almost been wonderful; we have had good speakers, interesting (!) subjects to debate, heated argument and, most of all, an excuse to miss prep for a whole evening. Getting bored in the lecture theatre is far more comfortable than getting bored in a study. So I would like to thank Mr Longmuir whose "Questions from above" did so much to enhance the electric atmosphere at many debates. There are other names on my "Thank-you" list: credit must go to Mark Patterson's valiantly heroic but doomed attempt to make his speech interesting and my deepest sympathies to relatives of James Lewis who was, unfortunately, thrown out of a balloon somewhere between Lyons and Berne over the

French Alps for being — well — let his fate be an example!

Other memories of the year: lipstick-wielding Rhett Harrison facing the omniscient wisdom of Duncan Riddoch which ultimately helped Sharon Bowring to victory; Quasimodo's hunch and Kevin Meikle's sock. I'm sorry if I've missed you out.

There was also a master/pupil debate in which Mr Proctor and Mr Barnes pulled out guns and threatened to shoot anybody who disagreed with their point of view. Most people found this dark logic convincing enough. The debate was on whether "Life destroys fools"; we, the proposers were stumped by the question "What about teachers?" (S.

Hamilton pulled through after intensive treatment at P.R.I. after asking the question; 5 bullets were removed).

I said at the beginning of my summary that the debates were almost wonderful. This year I've had a lot of stick from people about the subjects of some of the debates so I thought I'd suggest a few of my own: "How are school prefects chosen?", "Why Sack has a beard", "Uses of the headmaster's dogs" and, on a more serious note, "Discrimination on the basis of weight; schools are for the very fat".

But I enjoyed myself thoroughly and so did everybody else — even the losers. I'll recommend debating to anyone.

K. Hatrick

CENSORSHIP KILLS

PARIS PER SE!

We dodged the pigeons in Victoria station and jumped onto our train to Dover where we were delayed for 1½ hours. Most chose to write their postcards then! After a short trip across the Channel and a quick train journey, we were finally there — Crazy Paris! The excitement at last began and Paris sighed, as twenty more young foreigners charged onto the Metro.

At Faidherbe Chaligny we alighted and put on our hiking boots to begin the trek to the Youth Hostel. Nicky Maxwell managed to secure the key for the best room — two floors above the masters! We unlocked the doors and stared gloomily at the home comforts of the "famous" Faidherbe Youth Hostel. Then, dumping our bags, we went to the "salle de bain" to freshen up. To our surprise, and Stan's, we discovered that the bathrooms were communal!

That evening, totally refreshed, we looked forward to the French cuisine offered by the very patient and generous staff of "Aux Assassins". After a superb (and happily unviolent) meal, we were free to roam around Paris.

Next day we did not visit everywhere in

a group (some, indeed, chose not to visit anywhere at all) and the majority ignored the groans from their feet and walked to all the possible sites of interest which Paris had to offer. To go to Paris is to go to the Louvre and we did! After giving Mona a puzzled smile, we moved on to Notre Dame Cathedral where nearby we found a most moving monument dedicated to the Jews who suffered in World War Two; pearly white beads, one for each Jew killed, embedded in the walls of a long dark tunnel.

The Pompidou Cultural Centre is a huge, ugly, modern building which looks remarkably out of place in its surroundings but still manages to attract thousands of visitors every day. Inside were the latest designs from Porsche and many famous modern paintings. We were forced to hold Jennie Smith back from touching them — each one priceless. Some of us who were not very interested in art murmured "Is this one not upside down?" or "They call this art? I could do better with my eyes shut!"

The following day, Mrs Proctor accompanied a few of us to Sacre-Cour Cathedral. Once again we climbed thousands of

steps for a further breath-taking view of Paris. Mrs Proctor recommended a visit to Mont-Martre saying "It will be right up your street." She said it was famous for its night life, so, taking this advice, we followed her directions and found ourselves, innocently, in Paris' famous red-light district. It was not *quite* "up our street", but it was — shall we say — educational.

On the last day we visited the expensive shops along the Champs-Elysées and climbed the Eiffel Tower. By now our feet were dead and our purses empty. We longed for home!

There were only a few hitches: two "decided" to have an early night; one went hungry as he lost himself in the Metro and Lorne 'Loads of Money' Graham was forced to spend his last cash on Hazel Niven's roses.

We must thank the brave trio who accompanied us: Mr Court, who was ahead of Paris fashions and turned all heads in his duffle-coat and cords; Mrs Proctor who guided us to places that amuse and finally Mr Clelland, who organised everything so superbly.

J. A. Smith and S. L. R. Gordon

ODYSSEY

I

Azure blankets
The earth
From above
The searing
Rays of more
Than violet
Transforms
The keratin
To bronze,
Adonising
The Narcissus
And taking
Pale beauty
For dark passion
Amongst the
Lowest lines
Of projected
Paper in
Spherical shape,
Adorned with
Directing colours
For directed
People; such
Being the
Case would make
One wonder
Who designed
The all of it?
Where beauty wins,
And talent dies,
Where 'fun' is
Kicking in a Jew,
Where hate is reserved,
Just for you,
Just for the tone of
Your skin or voice,
Where strife Divides
Brother against brother,
Where scheming
Malefactors juggle
With petty thieving
In corners of
The ancient, timeless
Watching world
That we call Home.



“THE DRIP”
BY DIRK PATTERSON

II

'Home', for many,
In our age of
'PROGRESS'
Still consists
Of paper maché,
Cementing the
Ridiculously thick
Cardboard walls
Together in tattered
Mosaics of prehistoric
Works of modern
Art-forms a social
Comment in affluent
Society, and a survival means
In poor.
Relief we see
Amongst the dole queues
But no, not on their faces,
But in their hands —
That beer money
The wife will never see,
Nor the bairns or the

Taxman, coming in the
Dawn of a new age,
An age of sweat, toil
And tears.
Sweating in fear of the dark,
Toiling for the pennies in your hand,
Tears for the children,
Caught in an adult world,
Where fantasy is the
Ruling voice.
“Suffer the little children
To come unto me”
One voice in the torrid
Outpouring of hate —
Isandlwhana, Pozieres
Auschwitz
— Man's love for man
Finds it's climactic
Culmination
In war;
Any killing is for love
To protect those
Near to one's self,

To destroy those who
Strive to protect
Their loved ones.

III

Looking into the swirling, wriggling
mass
One has named humanity,
A shape takes form, slowly
At first, and then with greater urgency,
Until the ordered chaos
Clears, and one sees deep into
The cruel forests of our souls;
Cowering in the dampest, vilest corners,
Subdued by our most primeval urges
Are the things that 'civilisation' did away
with —
Still existent, in parts untouched
By the progressive man,
Where beauty fails,
And talent wins.

D. Spinner L VI
May-June 1988

G.C.S.E. FROM THE SHOP FLOOR

The advent of G.C.S.E. is probably the second most traumatic event that teachers of my generation have encountered in their professional careers. It probably quite eclipses those first teaching practices when there was always the safety-net of the "regular" teacher and it runs second to my first term in full employment when I was discovering just how little I knew about teaching and was too embarrassed to reveal my shortcomings to my Head of Department who himself was so overworked that he would have had difficulty offering assistance even had he known of my distress.

To claim that G.C.S.E. is traumatic is to suggest that some kind of profound change has taken place and it is difficult from the outside to see just how great and what the nature of that change is. In essence the trial by examination has been replaced by more emphasis on a process of continuous assessment which now provides a part of the means by which pupils can gain educational certificates.

What has disappeared is the sense of the teacher and pupil working together against the common enemy: the examiner. Furthermore there used to be the knowledge that the able but lazy pupil would, given last-minute revision and native wit, succeed come the day and, hand-in-hand with that, that the less able but hard-working performer would

almost certainly fail to do himself justice on that same day. For the able and hard-working it was good to know that the examination was the toughest and most precise means of measuring their ability but it was disconcerting to feel that those for whom examinations made impossible demands were defeated before you entered them upon a course you both felt was doomed to failure.

What has appeared is the necessity to be not only teacher but examiner on every piece of course work. Not only must one give as much help as possible but one must not give away too much and this position often leads to a kind of schizophrenic anxiety. Every piece of work must not only have the scope that offers space for learning and discovery but also have precise boundaries so as to be at the same time a means of measuring what has already been achieved. The blurring of the boundaries between learning and teaching on the one hand and assessing on the other, has been hard to cope with and there is not much scope for unsuccessful experimenting.

In endeavouring to increase both the numbers of those engaging in further education and those who hold qualifications that testify to an education, the government has presented us with G.C.S.E. and there is no doubt that much of the burden has fallen upon

teachers to elicit maximum performance from those who probably would have "failed" the old G.C.E. system. It has meant more work for both teacher and pupil and while it involves a dilution of the acid test of a timed examination it has also created opportunities to give more scope to the processes of learning in place of cramming.

One hopes that the excellence for which British education is renowned will not suffer. It is a hope that teachers, among others, must strive to fulfil. It seems to me that public schools, such as Strathallan (where the attitudes and opportunities for study and continuous assessment can be readily fostered) will almost certainly benefit. What will happen in the public sector, where many children do not seem to perceive the educational system as offering readily attainable access to "success," remains to be seen. Until things are done to enrich the lives of many more children and to lead them to perceive the pinnacles of education as attainable and worth attaining, then any tinkering with the examination system in an attempt to increase the numbers of those educated is only going to benefit those who have the predispositions and opportunities to succeed.

C.N.C.

MARKING OF FOLDERS

Today we have marking of folders.
Yesterday
We had assessments. And tomorrow
morning
We shall have what to do after GCSE.
But today
Today we have marking of folders.
Daffodils
Dance in their jocund glee around my
garden,
And today we have marking of folders.

This is the replacement mark-scheme.
And this
Is the official mark sheet, whose use you
will see,
When you have read the grade descrip-
tions. And this is the green book,
Which in your case you have not got. The
tulips
Hold in the garden their silent, eloquent
gestures,
Which in our case we often also make.

These are the objectives, which are
always to be observed
In setting all the assignments. And please
do not let me



See anyone fiddling his marks. You can
do it quite easy
If you have any brains in your head. The
flowers
Are fragile and motionless, never letting
anyone see
Any of them fiddling their marks.

And these you can see are the grade
divisions. The purpose of these
Is to sort out the candidates. We can slide
these
Rapidly backwards and forwards; we call
this
Marking the units. And rapidly back-
wards and forwards
The early bees are assaulting and fumb-
ling the flowers;
They call it marking the work.

They call it marking the work: it is
perfectly easy
If you have any brains in your head; like
the scheme
And the sheets and the syllabus and the
new green book,
Which in our case we have not got: and
the cherry blossom
Silent in all of the gardens and the bees
going backwards and forwards,
For today we have marking of folders.

Anne Anderton
(With apologies to Henry Reed).
Published in The Times Educational
Supplement 13.5.88.

G.C.S.E. A WORM'S EYE VIEW

When first asked to write this article, my heart sank. What is there to write about the much-maligned exams that has not already been said, time after time?

First one complains to the teacher, then to classmates, then to parents, and friends. One falls into a pre-programmed list of grouses, so that eventually the subject is receiving no thought at all. We all know exactly why we detest the new system. In most cases the answer boils down simply to fear. Fear, that is, of the unknown.

We of the fifth form have feared primarily for our results. It is unsurprising that our greatest worries lie with the question of our own qualifications. Students, we know, have worried since tests and examinations were conceived. But there was a genuine concern on our part that the results would not reflect the ability of the candidates. The previously condemned 'O' -level system suddenly became a trusted point of reference to pupils asking increasingly repetitive questions as to the value of their grades.

We can only guess at the frustration felt by teachers after hours of fruitless scrutiny of complex and unyielding syllabuses. Pleas for help had to be ignored by teachers unable to commit themselves to the 'Why?', 'What?' and 'How?' of desperate examinees. Watching their struggle with contradicting and seemingly lunatic syllabus content did little to inspire the students, demanding to know the format of the exams, the pass marks, the weighting of the questions — queries which simply could not be answered.

The consequent distrust of the examination boards led the more able pupils to despair over the seemingly meaningless tasks which they feared they would be asked to complete. Vanity, perhaps, led us to believe that "Examinations are formidable even to the best prepared, for the greatest fool may ask more than the wisest man can answer." (C. Colton 1780-1832)

Meanwhile, those taking the basic papers only were revising hard — working at a level that did not begin to be approached by the papers when we eventually sat them. A certain frustration prevailed amongst those who felt they had not been given the opportunity to show all that they had learnt. Whether rightly or wrongly, this is not a healthy way for the examinations to eventually end — with a sense of anti-climax.

The exams, in fact, started that way too. They were preceded by a build up which included a lot of "I don't like it either, but this is what I have to teach you", from teachers. By the time the first, amazingly easy, papers were past, the examinations were treated with a

slight disdain. By the time the papers with the mistakes in them had appeared, they were being regarded with something approaching scorn. Not the best reputation for the GCSEs to have amongst pupils, if the boards are to seriously state that the new system will stretch those of all abilities. It has certainly stretched the credibility of some.

Much as I would love to broach here the subject of the ideas behind the new system, and indeed tackle the educational theory as a whole, it is regrettably rather out of my depth. The system has been devised by those infinitely superior to, and infinitely removed from, us. We must simply make the most of it for as long as it strikes their fancy to keep it. Again, I shall not complain about the principle of the thing, merely suggest that the execution could have been neater.

C. Burns

Incompletesilence

Silence.

The regular ticking of the clock,
The chatter of insects
And the song of birds
Combine to create that most
Beautiful moment,
Called silence.
A dog barks,
A mother calls.
The bees hum gently by
On streams of dust
In golden rays
Of life-bearing sun.
A voice drifts
Across the speckled river,
Drowning in the gurgling rush
On polished stones.

D. Spinner



"The Card Players" by Mathew Stringer.

RUGBY REPORT

There was no pre-season tour this year and so this was, therefore, the first season for some time that the Old Boys game was also our first real game. The side which took the field was as follows: S. Neish, C. Cook, K. Boon, B. Guy, R. Gray, D. Mackay, R. Moffat, H. Whitley, M. Whitmee, A. Millar, J. van Beusekom, C. Churchill, N. Howes, A. Pearson and M. Adam (captain). This was a relatively young and inexperienced side with a lot of talent especially in the backs and the back row.

An early missed penalty by David Mackay (fly half) was to be costly at a time when points on the board were crucial. Subsequent domination in the scrum led to a score from a 5 metre scrum. Another two missed penalties by Mackay left the score at 0-4 at half-time. A sustained attack, spearheaded by Kris Boon, developed at the beginning of the second half but the Old Boys' defence held strong. Another missed penalty, followed by the loss of Boon through injury did not help and the final 0-14 score to the Old Boys was a well deserved victory to a good all-round side. As was to be proved with subsequent games, the 1st XV missed chances and did not make the best use of the pressure applied.

Our first school game against Perth Academy brought a feast of 10 tries with the backs in particular taking advantage of the forward dominance. Alan Pearson and Max Adam, looked very strong and the centre pairing of Bruce Guy and Kris Boon created plenty of opportunities for the wings and full-back. Consequently, Robin Gray (wing) and Steve Neish (full-back) scored two tries each; Cameron Cook (wing), Kris Boon, Dave Mackay and Mike Whitmee (hooker) one each. Dave Mackay added five conversions.

A similarly resounding victory was achieved against Rannoch (36-0) with six tries scored by Cameron Cook (2), Robin Gray (3) and Kris Boon (1). It was extremely gratifying to see our wings scoring so many tries this early in the season. It was evident that if this back division could get enough ball there was enough talent to be able to create scoring opportunities.

Sadly, we lost Kris Boon and Nigel Howes through injury for the Stewarts-Melville game; there is no doubt that their respective presence was missed in the middle of the field and in the back row, because both players had already shown their ability, especially in defensive situations. Cameron Cook moved to centre to fill the gap and Bruce Addison came in on the wing; Craig McLay took up the back row position. It had also been decided that our second row needed strengthening so John Harris replaced James van Beusekom; John was to

remain in that position for subsequent matches.

Early pressure led to two enforced penalties, one of which Dave Mackay converted. Incredible indecision with the ball in defence led to their first try but the score was levelled at 6-6 at half-time with another penalty by Mackay. Unfortunately, we allowed the second half to drift away from us: concentration was lacking both on the fringes of ruck and maul and in defence in the backs. This led to 2 further tries due at least as much to our weak defence as to their strength in attack. Although Stewarts-Melville deserved to win 14-6 it was a disappointing game in that we got a lot wrong and our inexperience was definitely exposed.

Kris and Nigel returned for the Fettes game, each making a significant contribution to a good 25-7 victory. Fettes started strongly and were 3-0 ahead in no time. Shortly afterwards a crunching tackle by Bruce Guy led to a loose ball situation: Kris Boon kicked ahead and Dave Mackay followed through to score. Some slack tackling led to a Fettes try, leaving the score 6-7 at half-time. A penalty goal restored the lead in the second half and with the forwards gaining more predominance. (Alan Pearson, Nigel Howes, Craig McLay and Max Adam all illustrating tremendous driving, rucking and support-play), second and third phase possession led to 3 good tries. The best came from Robin Gray after the ball had been switched to the blind side off second-phase ball. Kris Boon and Dave Mackay scored the other tries.

Injuries to Cameron Cook and Mike Whitmee led to their being replaced by Bruce Addison and Alan Stewart for the Glenalmond game. Craig McLay had also played himself into the side and the combination of John Harris and Nigel Howes was felt to be the best. Although we lost 3-7 the game could have gone either way: had for example, Bruce Addison been more aware of his bearings he could have scored when the score was still 3-3 and another scoring pass was knocked on. But it was not to be!

Max Adam's decision to face the wind in the first half against Loretto proved to be a wise choice as the 1st XV did not get going at all in the first half. The forwards worked as individuals and won no quality ball; the backs were slack in defence. Fortunately Loretto were only able to score one penalty which was equalled in the second half. Thereafter, the opposition came back very strongly and, at this stage, good defensive work did keep them out.

Merchiston (with 7 in the President's XV) were to prove a very different proposition the following week, partly because they were a big, powerful and talented side who on the day played well

and partly because we were unable to stem the opposition driving at source and therefore found them impossible to contain. It has to be said that we did not make the best of situations we created. We were well beaten at 3-34.

Edinburgh Academy was indeed one of those matches that "got away". We failed to take the right options on a number of occasions and two relatively easy scores by their fly-half put the Academy into the driving seat. In the second half we began to play some rugby, the forwards won better quality ball and from a blind side break by Alan Pearson, good support play led to a score by Nigel Howes which was unconverted. However, we had to wait some time before Dave Mackay, who had had to retire for some time to have a facial wound tended, picked up a long ball at the back of the line-out to weave his way through to score; this was converted leaving the final result 10-12.

With Max Adam having been injured in the Presidents XV game versus the Midlands, Kris Boon took over the captaincy against Morrisons. This proved to be an excellent victory at 29-9. The first score was due to a powerful drive by the forwards, the try being claimed by Archie Millar (prop) and John Harris. The second try resulted from an excellent dummy scissors between Dave Mackay and Bruce Guy with Kris Boon crashing over under the posts. At this stage we allowed Morrisons to get back into the game and the score was 12-9 at half-time. Thereafter, it was quite some time before we scored: this was a prodigious penalty by Dave Mackay. Subsequently, a powerful break by Kris Boon created an opportunity for Gavin Webster to score well on the wing (Gavin had replaced Robin Gray in the Edinburgh Academy game, the latter suffering from concussion). The penultimate try came as the result of very good support play including, in particular Alan Pearson, Alan Stewart, Nigel Howes and Craig McLay with the latter scoring. The final try, a tremendously powerful solo effort by Kris Boon, sealed the match.

Sadly, Bruce Guy was injured for the Dollar game and with a shortage of wingers Steve Neish moved there to allow Gordon Piper to come in at full back. Our defence was tremendous in the first half with Cameron Cook and Kris Boon doing some sterling work against Russell Adam, Dollar's international centre. However, stupid penalties gave the opposition a 6-0 lead at half-time. Kris Boon redressed the balance with a sparkling try in the corner and having exerted considerable pressure at this stage of the game we should have gone from strength to strength. Unfortunately, once again silly penalties gave Dollar

further chances to stretch their lead and at 4-9 it seemed that we lost heart and a grip on the game. Conversely, Dollar increased the pressure and a combination of good team work and the individual talent of Russell Adam made the difference (4-19). The opposition were undoubtedly a more disciplined side, giving away far fewer penalties, but the loss of Kris Boon through injury in the second half did not help.

For the Kelvinside game it was decided to blood Charlie Simmers at prop and to give Chris Lawrence a chance. The latter had had a succession of good games for the 2nd XV and Charlie had been outstanding in the 4th XV. Neither change worked well and, in fact, we struggled up front. Kris Boon had been moved to the wing where eventually he was to play for Scottish Schoolboys and with Cameron Cook as an excellent timer and feeder of the ball, Kris was able to pick up 2 tries and gained substantial 'yardage' in addition. His last try was another typically powerful and aggressive run from our own 22. The last try of the game was a tremendous combined effort with the forwards driving and supporting well.

Although the season had ended on a good note the balance sheet overall was not favourable. In crucial situations and matches the inexperience of the side was exposed and the combined level of concentration was never high enough to maintain the sort of disciplined rugby which is necessary in the modern era. Sadly, without this and the correct platform from which to build, the undoubted talent of the side was seen all too rarely.

This season we played in 3 seven-a-side tournaments, but having beaten Portobello 27-4 in the first round at Merchiston we lost to the beaten finalists, Glenalmond 0-18 in the second round, this pattern was repeated at Glasgow High winning against Paisley G.S. 20-0 in the first round and unluckily losing 6-10 to Stewarts Melville after extra time in the second round. The Perth Academy Sevens was the real nadir of the season,

losing 12-15 in an uncontested match against Trinity Academy in the first round. This was an ignominious end to the season!

1st XV colours were awarded to: Max Adam, Kris Boon and Alan Pearson; Half-colours were awarded to Nigel Howes, Steve Neish and Dave Mackay.

Representative honours: Max Adam, Kris Boon and Nigel Howes played for the Presidents XV; Max Adam was a Scottish Schools trialist and Kris Boon represented Scottish Schools against the Scottish Youth, Ireland & England. We wish Kris and Max all the best of luck on their tour of New Zealand with the Scottish Schools.

None of the senior sides had an outstanding season although good wins were achieved by the 2nd XV led by Kevin Russell against Q.V.S. 1st XV, by the 3rd XV in early matches against Perth Academy and Rannoch 2nd XV's and by the 4th XV against Q.V.S. 2nd XV, Howe of Fife Colts, Stewarts Melville, Fettes and Merchiston. The 5th XV started and finished well but lost 3 crucial matches in the middle and the 7th XV almost had an unbeaten season.

The Junior Colts, captained by David Smart, according to Mr Du Boulay, "was a side of limited talent who worked to their strengths and by the end of the season were playing good support rugby." The outstanding players were Glen Jones (Midlands), Tim Lawrence and David Smart. Jason Sim also played for the Midlands.

The Minor Colts had a very good season losing only to Loretto and Dollar. They scored a lot of points and with good defence, conceded few. Their success was built on a powerful pack with the main strength being up front with Ky Kay; they dominated all sides except Dollar. The man of the season according to the coaches Mr Keir and Mr Clelland was Robin Johnston, captain and full back; closely followed by Eddie Anderson, scrum half. Peter Sochart and Jason Low are also two players to look out for in the future.

It is also worth noting the very good

results achieved by both the Minor Colts B and C XV's, losing only one match each.

The U.13s, captained by Christopher Hartley in the back row, also had a powerful pack and a very mobile and effective back row. There was some strong running against the weaker opposition but on occasions they proved to be vulnerable in defence against strong runners. However, the matches won and the points totals for and against fairly reflect the willingness to run and use loose ball with some explosive play by Alan Keddie in the centre.

With less than 20 to choose from in the age group and no players with previous experience the U.12s showed great determination and skill. Undoubtedly, they will form the nucleus of very useful teams in the future as was shown in their particularly creditable performance against Stewarts Melville and by players such as Paul Johnston, (scrum half and captain), and John Green (prop).

I would like to thank all the coaches for their tremendous efforts throughout the season when as non-P.E. specialists we have all had the G.C.S.E. albatross hanging round our necks. I am all too aware of the time and effort given so willingly by the coaches and I'm sure that their efforts are appreciated by the boys. I would like to thank in particular Dave Barnes who so ably assists me and organises the games programme. We have already lost Bill Colley, who is now farming in Andalucia; but my thanks go to Bill for all his effort and enthusiasm with the U.12s. We will also be losing Harry Clelland and James Forshaw in the summer and on behalf of the rugby club I thank them for their contribution and wish them well in their new posts.

Finally my thanks and those of the boys and the rugby club are due to Mrs Clayton and the sewing room who have an extremely difficult job and to Mr Young and his staff for all their hard work on the catering side.

B.R.



RUGBY RESULTS 1987/88

1st XV

v. Perth Academy	Won	52- 0
v. Rannoch	Won	36- 0
v. Stewarts Melville	Lost	6-14
v. Fettes	Won	25- 7
v. Glenalmond	Lost	3- 7
v. Loretto	Drawn	3- 3
v. Merchiston	Lost	3-34
v. Edinburgh Academy	Lost	10-12
v. Morrison's Academy	Won	29- 9
v. Dollar Academy	Lost	4-19
v. Kelvinside Academy	Won	20- 9

Club Match

v. Old Boys	Lost	0-14
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Schools

Played 11, Won 5, Drawn 1, Lost 5
Points for 189
Points against 114

All matches

Played 12, Won 5, Drawn 1, Lost 6
Points for 189
Points against 128

2nd XV

v. Q.V.S. 1st XV	Won	18- 4
v. Stewarts Melville	Lost	4-16
v. Fettes	Drawn	10-10
v. Glenalmond	Lost	0-24
v. Loretto	Lost	0-32
v. Merchiston	Lost	0-42
v. Edinburgh Academy	Lost	10-36
v. Morrisons Academy	Won	16- 0
v. Dollar Academy	Won	12- 6
v. Kelvinside Academy	Lost	0- 8

Played 10, Won 3, Drawn 1, Lost 6
Points For 70
Points Against 178

3rd XV

v. Perth Academy 2nd XV	Won	66- 3
v. Rannoch 2nd XV	Won	16- 6
v. Stewarts Melville	Lost	3-14
v. Fettes	Lost	0-12
v. Glenalmond	Won	12- 6
v. Loretto	Lost	0-38
v. Merchiston	Lost	0-18
v. Edinburgh Academy	Lost	0-10

Played 8, Won 3, Lost 5
Points for 97
Against 107

4th XV

v. Q.V.S. 2nd XV	Won	18- 0
v. Stewarts Melville	Won	37- 6
v. Fettes	Won	26- 6
v. Glenalmond	Lost	4-10
v. Loretto	Lost	9-12
v. Merchiston	Won	7- 3
v. Edinburgh Academy	Drawn	3- 3
v. Morrisons Academy	Won	24- 4
v. Kelvinside Academy	Lost	4-20
v. Howe of Fife Colts	Won	12- 4

Played 10, Won 6, Drawn 1, Lost 3
Points for 144
Points against 68

5th XV

v. Rannoch 3rd XV	Won	14- 4
v. Stewarts/Melville	Won	28- 6
v. Fettes	Won	10- 0
v. Glenalmond	Lost	0-38
v. Loretto	Lost	3-14
v. Merchiston	Lost	0-48
v. Edinburgh Academy	Won	18- 0
v. Kelvinside Academy	Won	40- 0

Played 8, Won 5, Lost 3
Points for 113
Points against 110

6th XV

v. Q.V.S. 3rd XV	Lost	0-34
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v. Fettes	Lost	0-12
v. Glenalmond	Lost	0-22
v. Loretto	Lost	0-12
v. Merchiston	Lost	0-30
v. Edinburgh Academy	Won	36-0

Played 6, Won 1, Lost 5
Points for 36
Points against 110

7th XV

v. Glenalmond	Won	18- 4
v. Merchiston	Lost	6-14
v. Edinburgh Academy	Won	86- 0
v. Fettes	Won	42-0

Played 4, Won 3, Lost 1
Points for 152
Points against 18

JUNIOR COLTS (U.15 'A' XV)

v. Perth Academy	Won	38- 0
v. Q.V.S.	Lost	0-12
v. Rannoch	Won	14- 4
v. Fettes	Won	8-4
v. Glenalmond	Lost	0-10
v. Loretto	Lost	0-18
v. Merchiston	Won	14-10
v. Edinburgh Academy	Lost	0- 6
v. Morrisons Academy	Won	52-0
v. Dollar Academy	Won	28-4

Played 10, Won 6, Lost 4
Points for 154
Points against 68

Junior Colts (U.15 'B' XV)

v. Fettes	Drawn	10-10
v. Glenalmond	Lost	0-22
v. Loretto	Lost	18-20
v. Merchiston	Lost	10-12
v. Edinburgh Academy	Lost	4-22
v. Glenalmond	Lost	0-28

Played 6, Drawn 1, Lost 5
Points for 42
Points against 114

JUNIOR COLTS (U.15 'C' XV)

v. Glenalmond	Lost	14- 8
v. Merchiston	Drawn	14-14
v. Glenalmond	Drawn	8-8

Played 3, Drawn 2, Lost 1
Points for 36
Points against 30

MINOR COLTS (U.14 'A' XV)

v. Perth Academy	Won	56-0
v. Q.V.S.	Won	44- 4
v. Rannoch	Won	38- 0
v. Fettes	Won	18- 4
v. Glenalmond	Won	32- 0
v. Loretto	Lost	4-14
v. Merchiston	Won	18- 0
v. Edinburgh Academy	Won	24- 4
v. Morrisons Academy	Won	62- 0
v. Dollar Academy	Lost	6-11
v. Glenalmond	Won	6- 0
v. Howe of Fife	Won	48- 0

Played 12, Won 10, Lost 2
Points for 356
Points against 37

Minor Colts (U.14 'B' XV)

v. Glenalmond	Won	32- 0
v. Loretto	Lost	4-20
v. Merchiston	Won	20- 4
v. Edinburgh Academy	Won	4- 0
v. Glenalmond	Won	20- 4
v. Wasps	Won	9-8

Played 6, Won 5, Lost 1
Points for 89
Points against 36

MINOR COLTS (U.14 'C' XV)

v. Glenalmond	Won	20- 0
v. Loretto	Lost	10-12
v. Merchiston	Won	34- 0
v. Glenalmond	Won	42-0

Played 4, Won 3, Lost 1
Points for 106
Points against 12

U.13 XV

v. Q.V.S.	Won	64- 0
v. Rannoch	Won	60- 0
v. Fettes	Won	48- 8
v. Merchiston	Won	33- 3
v. Edinburgh Academy	Lost	0-32
v. Morrisons Academy	Won	32-0
v. Dollar Academy	Lost	12-32

Played 7, Won 5, Lost 2
Points for 249
Points against 75

U.12 XV

v. Craigclowan	Lost	0-16
v. Arovreck	Won	16-12
v. Stewarts/Melville	Lost	8-24
v. Edinburgh Academy	Lost	6-38

Played 4, Won 1, Lost 3
Points for 30
Against 90

THE YEAR IN COLOUR



Fated to take stock? (Mr Wallace at the School Fête).



Above: Ian Clark as Fagin in 'Oliver'.



Left: Strathallan line out against Scotch College, Melbourne.



Bob Hatfield bowls 'em out.



David Heal and Sarah Irvin in the Osprey at Lochore.



Well, we told you so!



Canoeists (off course) in the Alps.



Laurie Crump plays for the rats.



The Lord High Commissioner inspecting the Guard of Honour.



Edward Anderson and Hugh Lochore 'messing' on a D of E expedition.



Tadpole fishing in Knoydart during a Duke of Edinburgh Award Expedition.



Left: In the nets at Riley.

Right: Drum Major Euan Grant and the Pipe Band at the Fête.



Below: 'Who' and 'what' at the fund-raising Bounce.



Nicol House reflects on its future.



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HOCKEY



With the prospect of a tournament in the Spring term (arranged by Glenalmond in Perth) there was keen competition for places in the indoor squad. 1st, 2nd, Under 16 and Under 15 matches were arranged with varying degrees of success. A strong 1st team emerged and began well with away wins at Stewarts Melville and Rannoch. An over-vigorous match in Glenalmond's small hall showed us that all would not be easy at the Bells tournament. Eight schools came and we dominated our pool with comfortable wins over George Watsons, Loretto and Perth High, Hatfield scoring regularly and Cowie impressive in goal. Good short corners put paid to Rannoch in the semi-final and we then faced Glenalmond for the trophy. They played a fast, aggressive game but we looked well in control with a half time lead of two goals. With three minutes to go we were still 2-1 up, but a bad error let them in and they snatched the cup with a last-second score. It was a game which we had won until concentration, so vital in indoor hockey, slipped.

The mild winter allowed a prompt start outdoors and almost every game was played in pleasant conditions. The overall playing record was again good. The teams from Senior Colts down to Riley lost only one match in 25, so the future looks secure. Only the 2nd XI disappointed; their squad seemed strong but their fixture list now includes many school 1st XIs.

Throughout the winter we hosted the Under 16 and 15 National training pools. The Strathallian representatives were Michael Clement, Hans McKenzie-Wilson and James Winchester — the first two coming very near to caps. Meanwhile Bob Hatfield was with the Under 18 group and added to his success at Under 16 level two years ago by selection to the Scottish team for the Home Countries Tournament.

The national junior squads played against us to open our season. The Seconds and Colts drew, and, with good

short corner drill and goals from Hatfield, the Firsts had a fine 6-2 victory. The balance looked right and the forwards played freely. Until they tired, the Old Boys put us under more pressure in the next game, but Cowie played excellently in his first game and we were easy winners. Fettes were dealt with by the same score, but the game was poor. Many chances were missed and the stopping and hitting lacked the earlier crispness. The Morgan Academy game ended early in darkness and by then we had scored eight. Although the opposition had skill they lacked our speed and drive. Such an easy game was poor preparation for our northern mini-tour to the grass of Gordonstoun and Aberdeen. Both games were won by a single goal. Against Gordonstoun only Dalrymple's firm clearing and Philip's work-rate kept us on top. The Aberdeen Grammar School pitch was very wet and the game suffered. We looked jaded, missed chances, but were never really threatened. A quick goal in the next home match was deceptive. Monifieth has five international players and they soon showed their superior skills. Cowie had to make some fine saves and, although we had the odd opportunity, our forwards were too often isolated. This defeat was only the second on the hard pitch, but there was no disgrace in losing to such a good side. The final game at Loretto was hard fought but despite the fine surface, the play was scrappy. Hatfield was only half-fit and we struggled to keep control. A penalty from Clement put us in front, but Loretto deserved their equaliser and could have won but for some brave keeping from a concussed Cowie.

It was a good domestic season which began magnificently but petered out when the net became elusive. The find of the year was Cowie whose speed and determination saved many dangerous situations. He was a great "chivvier" of the defence and kept his concentration even when not under pressure. The backs

came from the brothers Clement, Dalrymple and, latterly, Benton. The regulars were all a bit slow but hit and tackled cleanly, Michael Clement being particularly strong on reverse side. Benton had speed but was apt to commit himself too far upfield. The Clements also played as halves. Here James's experienced distribution was useful but he never fully controlled the left side. Logan was all determination at right half but he could be cumbersome. Usually Jones and Philip combined well in midfield but each had bad patches. Russell was a constant threat on the right wing, with his speed if not his finesse, while on the other flank Gray had the same qualities but missed too many chances. It was left to Hatfield and Moffat to score goals. Moffat is not a natural hockey player but his ball skills saw him through until he stopped scoring. Hatfield is a fine player with tremendous speed and directness. He was also an excellent captain, popular with his team and always setting the right example. I am grateful to him and Secretary James Clement for making the season so enjoyable.

In the holidays a slightly weakened party went to Holland. Joris Francken, who was here with his junior team two years ago, kindly arranged for us to be hosted by the under 18 group at Hockey Club Klein Zwitserland in The Hague. We took our own coach and after a hectic drive joined the long-suffering Hatfield at Hull. We floated, and briefly slept, in a luxury hotel to Rotterdam and spent the next day stretching our imagination gazing at non-flowering bulbs in the rain. Our hosts met us in the evening to begin three days of traumatising social life. Amsterdam was visited but the only imagination needed here was to believe that everyone saw the Van Gogh exhibition. Our hosts were magnificent — humorous and impossibly generous. Dutch hockey is a different world. The club has 800 members, 37 teams and coaching begins at seven years old! Until the last day we were matched against B under 18 sides and, although we could not win, this proved our level. "KZ" beat us twice but in Leiden we had a good draw. In a soaking Rotterdam we could only play indoors and acquitted ourselves honourably against the local champions. The real eye-opener came on the last day when we, unwisely, played the KZ A side. With hockey of a quality seldom seen in the UK they destroyed us and even the valiant Cowie retired moaning! Despite our good reputation in Scotland, we have a lot to learn.

My thanks to Robert Proctor for controlling our socialising so inefficiently on the tour, to all the other coaches for putting so much time into the teams and the ground staff for keeping the pitches playable.

J.N.F.

SUMMER HOCKEY

Results and Teams

1st XI

SYHB U16 XI	Won	6-2
Old Strathallians	Won	4-1
Fettes	Won	4-1
Morgan Academy	Won	8-1
Gordonstoun	Won	1-0
Aberdeen G.S.	Won	1-0
Monifieth H.S.	Lost	1-2
Loretto	Drew	1-1

R. Hatfield (captain), J. Clement (secretary), G. Cowie, F. Dalrymple, C. Logan, R. Jones, S. Philip, M. Clement, R. Gray, R. Moffat, K. Russell. Also played: C. Benton, A. Lochore, H. McKenzie-Wilson, M. Adam.

2nd XI

SYHB U16 XI	Drew	2-2
Stewarts Melville	Lost	0-1
Glenalmond	Lost	1-2
Fettes	Lost	0-5
Rannoch	Lost	1-6
Dundee H.S.	Lost	0-2
Loretto	Drew	1-1

D. Clark (captain), D. Spinner, J. Harris, C. Main, G. Wallace, C. Clark, M. Adam, A. Lochore, R. Brown, S. Neish, F. Fyfe, R. Harrison.

3rd XI

Glenalmond	Won	3-1
Fettes	Lost	2-4
Rannoch	Won	4-2
Dundee H.S.	Lost	0-4
Loretto	Lost	0-3

4th XI

Fettes	Lost	0-2
Morrison's	Won	5-1
Morrison's	Drew	1-1

Senior Colts A XI

SYHB U15 XI	Drew	2-2
Forfar H.S.	Won	3-0
Fettes	Won	2-0
Gordonstoun	Won	3-1
Aberdeen G.S.	Won	11-0
Monifieth H.S.	Won	5-1
Loretto	Won	3-0

H. Blanche (captain), N. Dempsey, J. Whitmee, D. Smart, C. Forster, M. Clement, C. Simmers, H. McKenzie-Wilson, P. G. Lagerborg, D. Ismail, C. Cook, F. Small.

Senior Colts B XI

Watsons	Drew	0-0
Stewarts Melville	Won	4-1
Fettes	Won	3-0
Forfar H.S.	Won	1-0
Loretto	Won	3-1

Junior Colts A XI

Stewarts Melville	Won	7-0
Fettes	Won	5-1
Morgan Academy	Won	4-0
Monifieth H.S.	Drew	1-1
Loretto	Won	3-0

M. Vance (captain), K. Lannen, J. Ford, G. MacLennan, D. Goldberg, M. Dippie, J. Fraser, E. Anderson, K. Salters, R. Johnston, J. Low, H. Lochore.

Junior Colts B XI

Fettes	Won	1-0
Lathallan	Won	4-0
Loretto	Lost	0-6

Riley

Cargilfield	Won	6-0
Ardvreck	Drew	1-1
Fettes	Won	7-0
Clifton Hall	Won	5-1
Monifieth H.S.	Won	1-0

P. Heslop, N. Gray, J. Wallace, A. Wood, S. Nicoll, H. Brown, A. Hooper, C. Nicol, A. Keddie, C. MacPherson, A. Quinn, A. Doodson, C. Hartley, S. Lokko, P. Johnston, I. Wilson.

The Riley six also won the Prep Schools Tournament, beating Loretto 4-0 in the final.

Overall record:

Played 48, Won 29, Drawn 8, Lost 11, Cancelled 7, Goals for 128, Goals against 61.

The following were awarded colours:

Full colours:

R. Hatfield
J. Clement
K. Russell
G. Cowie

Half colours:

S. Philip
C. Logan
R. Gray
F. Dalrymple

Once again the summer hockey option was open to both boys and girls, and approximately thirty chose to play more or less full-time. The balance of numbers meant that practice games were invariably 'mixed' — these seemed to be enjoyed by all and were always played in a good spirit, but were hardly ideal preparation for boys' XI fixtures against other school sides. Nevertheless, we did fare better in these matches than last year, starting with a rather flattering 3-1 victory over Fettes. We were brought down to earth with a bump by Glenalmond who, fielding what was effectively their winter first XI, scored four goals without reply and in so doing demonstrated the difference in speed of thought and action between the two sides. The journey to Rannoch seemed to disorientate our defence which conceded two early goals for no apparent reason — when we pressed forward to try to get on terms, a further two breakaway goals completed our discomfiture. It looked as though it was going to be another 'one of those seasons', but pride was restored in the final match against Edinburgh Academy. Perhaps we were given a bit more time than in some matches, but the defence was solid, the midfield used the ball constructively, the wingers got their crosses in, and the shooting was more accurate than previously. A 2-0 victory was certainly deserved.

The club fixture against Grange reappeared this year, for the first time being designated for 'mixed' XIs. Our ladies were certainly a match for theirs, but the Grange gentlemen, while longer in the tooth and shorter in the wind than on their many previous visits, had lost none of the wiles acquired from experience and just tilted the balance to give them a two goal win.

My thanks are due to all the players who, by their attitude and willingness to accept idiosyncratic umpiring decisions in practices where players' standards could be very variable, made taking the game a pleasure, and to Mr Williams for his cheerful support throughout the term.

The following played for the boys' XI: R. A. Jones (capt.), J. M. Clement (vice-capt.), M. J. Clement, F. G. Crocker, A. Deen, N. D. Dempsey, J. C. Fraser, F. M. Fyfe, A. G. C. Gowers, C. M. Main, S. M. Smith, J. J. Whitmee, G. D. Young.

Anna Beath, Katie Cook, Lynn Mel-drum, Tui Orr and Kirsty Reynolds played in the mixed XI.

A.M.P.



1st XI Hockey Team.

CRICKET

For various reasons the beginning of term prospects looked much bleaker than I expected at the end of last season. A lack of depth in the batting and of penetration in the bowling was not the ideal combination with which to start the season. In fact things turned out a great deal better than forecast.

The first two matches resulted in defeat. We neither batted nor bowled with conviction against Perth Northern and we failed in a run chase, in spite of good innings from Steven Neish and Max Adam, against Glenalmond (a ridiculously early fixture made necessary by the term dates). Drawn games against Crieff and a strong Old Strathallian XI were then followed by wins against Loretto and Fettes. Both sides were destroyed by the unexpectedly effective bowling of Rinnes Brown (5-20 and 6-29). An even more impressive victory against Stewarts Melville was made possible by a superb partnership between Richard Eason and Robert Moffat. The same two batsmen were responsible for achieving a respectable draw with Edinburgh Academy after a bad start. Dollar Academy, played with a weakened team due to exams, were defeated by ten wickets, due to the batting of Moffat and Jacobsen. A powerful Merchiston side failed to achieve the victory it deserved, although our bowling had put it under unexpected pressure. Unfortunately, the home season ended with a heavy defeat at the hands of a powerful MCC side in spite of an excellent bowling performance from Bob Hatfield. The Dulwich festival was wrecked by rain.

On balance the season was far better than most of us had dared to hope. Max Adam, Steven Neish and James Jacobsen had a disappointing season with the bat, but Robert Moffat and Richard Eason contributed a great deal. The bowling was much better than expected, led by Rinnes Brown, Bob Hatfield and, I must grudgingly admit, Max Adam. Very importantly, a number of players made vital but not statistically impressive contributions. George Wallace batted with great determination when it really mattered and Graham Reid had the knack of picking up the vital wickets. James Van Beusekom and Bruce Addison gave valuable support with the ball and the spin bowling of Gareth Thornburn and Keith Salters (third form) came on enormously. Generally the fielding was good, at times excellent, although the wicket-keeping of Andrew Logan suffered from apparent bouts of sleeping sickness — disappointing from one with such natural talent.

A great factor in the success of the season was the captaincy of Max Adam. His reading of the game was idiosyncratic



and, at times, verging on the insane. Nevertheless, such was his enthusiasm, his determination and his ability to motivate others that he was able to bring out the best in his side. The general friendliness, desire to do well and basic guts of the side made this possible.

Results: Played 13, Won 4, Drawn 6, Lost 3.

Main inter-school matches

Glenalmond 223-5 dec
Strathallan 156 (Neish 38, Adam 64)
Lost by 67 runs
Loretto 82 (Brown 5-20)
Strathallan 86-7
Won by 3 wickets
Fettes 112 (Brown 6-29, Adam 3-13)
Strathallan 113-6 (Adam 31)
Won by 4 wickets
Stewarts Melville 146 (Hatfield 3-24, Adam 4-32)
Strathallan 149-3 (Moffat 63, Eason 60*)
Won by 7 wickets
Edinburgh Academy 228-6 dec (Brown 3-77)
Strathallan 175-7 (Moffat 48, Eason 49)
Match drawn
Dollar Academy 98 (Hatfield 3-33, Salters 4-31)
Strathallan 102-0 (Jacobsen 55*, Moffat 41*)
Won by 10 wickets
Merchiston 162 (Brown 3-42)
Strathallan 112-9 (Eason 36)
Match drawn

Leading averages

Batting

Moffat	352 runs — ave. 35.20
Eason	314 runs — ave. 28.55
Jacobsen	256 runs — ave. 21.33
Adam	185 runs — ave. 20.56

Bowling

Hatfield	22 wkts — ave. 17.45
Brown	30 wkts — ave. 18.93
Adam	15 wkts — ave. 19.20
Van Beusekom	13 wkts — ave. 20.31
Reid	15 wkts — ave. 23.33
Thornburn	10 wkts — ave. 24.80

A great deal of promise was shown by other teams. The second XI achieved one or two notable victories. The Colts and Junior Colts contained players of exceptional ability, some of whom will be in the First XI next year. The Third XI performed in a unique manner and, encouragingly, a Senior Colt B XI and Junior Colt B and C XIs played well. My thanks go to all involved. At the end of term we had ten members of staff actively involved with senior cricket. Hearing the complaints of my opposite numbers in other schools, I can only be deeply grateful. With great talent coming through the school, I should be confident for the future. Unfortunately this confidence is slightly sapped by the apparent weakness of HMC in the face of the examination bodies and the resultant shrinking of the summer term. Last term there were only four weekdays without examinations; hardly the perfect situation for any summer activity.

R.J.W.P.

Occasionals

Results: Played 13, Won 4, Drawn 5, Lost 4

The term was spent in watching Mike Allingham bat!

The tour: The party arrived at Birtles Bowl to find that the now balding Robertson had been signed up for the opposition. Fortunately he was not allowed to bat due to the enthusiasm which Test player Azharuddin had for our bowling. Indeed it was a pleasure to watch 'baldilocks' waiting for over 200 runs in order not to bat. Unfortunately the Occasionals were unable to respond to the challenge and only the run-machine Allingham and the Aberdeenshire Leprechaun, Jacky Knight, put in any sort of a performance. Nevertheless the team was deeply grateful to Bob Hatfield for travelling sixty miles to play, bowling 5 overs for a mere 42 runs, dropping a vital catch and getting out first ball. There was a feeling of deep regret that he was unable to strengthen us for the rest of the tour.

The long day travelling on Monday obviously had a shattering effect on some players. Steven 'Ho Chi-Minh' Neish put

on a remarkable fielding performance (including eight attempts to pick up a stationary ball) while Bruce 'the twitch' Addison went walkabout in Bristol, ordered a hat and got lost. We generously allowed the Old Cliftonians their customary 280, due largely to the unselfish bowling of old man Tench. The batting was a lot better. Our borrowed digger, Geoff Folley looked a class better than anyone else but we had to settle for a draw because the Leprechaun went mad and started running everyone out (fortunately he turned suicidal before he had destroyed the entire batting line-up). The magnificent W. G. Proctor, employing midriff, pad and occasionally bat, saved the day.

On Wednesday there was a genuinely superb game against Frome. From the start the game was played competitively and a close draw (only two runs in it) was the right result. Sandy Hamilton was out first ball with a shot worthy of his father who spent the day sunbathing, unfortunately beneath the flight path of a flock of pigeons.

The rain then came to wash out

Thursday's game and ruin those of Friday and Saturday. Allingham and Robertson were able to boost their run totals and Tench actually got a wicket (a diving catch into a mud bath by Allingham). The party turned to skittles and performed magnificently, with the exception of Gilbert McClung who slept through the whole thing, having taken two days of his holiday to field for eight overs.

Sunday saw a return to Birtles and another hammering. Robertson kept wicket. Vallot batted. Neish bowled the final ball of the match (it has not been recovered). It is a tribute to the touring party that so much play lost to the weather did not dampen their spirits — indeed some did not even notice. Our thanks must go to our guest players — Geoff Folley, Jacky Knight and Graeme 'Spider' McLaren; to Jim and Maxi Hudson for two matches and innumerable Tequilas and, of course, to Alan, Judy and Mandy Hurst and their staff at the Mildmay for unmatched hospitality.

R.J.W.P.

ATHLETICS

Cumbrian Run

Injuries and unavailabilities (with so many commitments in such a short term) did not help our campaign this summer but we started with a strong performance against Edinburgh Academy at Newfield — which ended in a narrow defeat.

Undoubtedly our finest performance was against Fettes, in Edinburgh, when we swept aside the opposition to win every event at the senior level. This was to be our only team victory of the five-match season but there were some fine individual performances throughout the term — in particular from the middle-distance squad. Probably the best race of the summer was the senior 800m against Glenalmond when all four runners finished in under 2 mins. 6 seconds!

There are no easy wins on the Athletics circuit these days — the standard is very high and improving. This was clearly demonstrated by the performances of Roger Bond over the five matches — his work rate and mental strength were an inspiration to us all. He was rewarded at the Scottish Schools Championships by breaking all Strathallan records, running 1500m in 4 mins. 14.5 seconds — he missed a medal by inches! With two more seasons ahead of him, the 4 minute barrier could be in danger. **D.J.B.**

The following awards were made:—

Full Colours	Half Colours
Roger Bond	Keith Arnott
Keith Hutcheson	Marc Wilkinson
Alan Kirkland	Harry Whitley
	Robin Stewart

We arrived at a station in Cumbria, and found a small, innocent-looking cafe on which to descend to fill ourselves with last minute carbohydrates. At 10.00 a.m. we parked at "Finish" and got on a bus to go to the start of the mini-marathon for the "wee" uns and the half-marathon for the rest. We arrived at "Start" where we took off tracksuits, ordered newspapers for results, and bought our "Cumbrian Run" T shirts.

Then the brave, the disabled and the blind departed. We ran fast, slowly and indifferently, but in a tremendously friendly atmosphere. On our journey we passed many a strange thing on the road side — but we remembered we were in a foreign country so it was to be expected!

One hour 24 minutes later, the runners started to roll in — M. Allingham followed by C. Lawrence then . . . "I counted them out, and I counted them in," and we all got in, in under 2 hours . . . well, nearly all! The lesson to be learned from the day was to eat and drink enough food before embarking on such a form of suicide.

Rannoch

At 11.00 the half-marathoners kicked off — at this time the temperature was only about 72° but when at 12.30 the 12½

milers started it was 82° — wow that's hot!! The sun beat down relentlessly on the runners but still they soldiered on — some faster than others!!

At 12.30 Eddie marched in to be the fastest schoolboy and "under 20" in the half-marathon. Then at 2.00 Tim Lawrence strode in to be third in the mini-marathon. Then came the sensation of the day; Rachel Taylor, a small 12 year old Riley girl cruised in still looking fresh to be told she had smashed the old girls' record by a little over 10 minutes and she subsequently won the girls' title.

But the girls were not finished. A few moments later C. Hopper, S. Dow and S. Reid all cruised in to take the girls' team title — brilliant effort!

Also amongst the top were the best school boys' team: E. Parker, A. Park, S. Peters; and 2nd boys' team in mini marathon: T. Lawrence, D. Mackay, A. Lochore.

At the end of this long hot day, all 40 competitors who had run about 520 miles (Inverness → London) got on the bus to return to school and a Bar-B-Q which was enjoyed by everyone — I think!!

The competitors now take this opportunity to thank D.J.B. and P.K. and all the other organisers for taking us and putting up with us so well on those long Sundays.

A. D. Lochore

GIRLS' GAMES



1st XI v. Marr College: Scottish Schools finals.

Never before have so many hours been filled by so many doing so much!

This session has seen an increase in both the amount of time spent by girls doing games and a substantial development in the activities offered to them. Throughout the first and second terms there have been netball, swimming and basketball matches. Riley have played netball against Crawfordton House (20-0), Rannoch (9-19) and Craighclowan (11-5 and 10-4). Woodlands played Rannoch and just lost (6-7). In swimming the Junior girls' team certainly won the match for the school against Rannoch and proved so good on that occasion that they represented school at that age group against Glenalmond. Basketball was a first for the girls. A match against Kinross brought a victory (10-6), and inspired the Junior Woodlands team so much that they were finalists in the Inter House competition against Freeland, having beaten Ruthven and Nicol.

Hockey still remains the main girls' game in the Winter term. This season 7 teams were run but it has to be admitted that not many matches were played by the U15 B or U13 B teams.

1st XI

This year, Strathallan's girls were an exceptionally effective side including individual successes in Midlands and Scottish squads. Sheelagh Gordon (U18) and Rachael Adam (U16) both gained places in the Midlands teams again this year. Sheelagh then had a Scottish trial and coaching and only failed to make the Scottish team because of illness.

Thus the teams were stronger and far more successful than ever and long may it continue especially as training is still going on in preparation for the summer rugby/hockey tour headed on the girls' side by our new Games Mistress, Miss Smith.

It has to be said however, that the 1st XI was hounded by illness and injury. (We feared it was protein deficiency when a "blond" Sheelagh Gordon appeared on the scene!) Katie Cook broke her foot (training?) and Sarah Gibley played on with a broken wrist after colliding with a very solid Loretto girl and so, to the disgust of the 2nd XI headed by Wendy Fleming, we "stole" Kirsty Boyd and Lynne Meldrum who later proved invaluable.

Master Robert "cow" Hatfield, shy James Clement and goalie extraordinaire Duncan Spinner realised our potential and coached a joint 1st XI/2nd XI and U15 squad in actives, thus helping the girls while practising for themselves the skills required by their coaches. The strength of our defence was goalie Amanda Robertson and playing beside Scottish-coached Sheelagh, everyone learned and improved. Our only minor setback, much to the Headmaster's disgust, was Fettes. The climax of the year was winning the Midlands 1st XI Tournament which meant we represented "Midlands" in the Scottish School finals. In the finals we reached the semis and called upon a budding 3rd XI player, Karen Salters, to replace the injured. It's a rough game, just like rugby but with sticks!

Midlands Tournament — Section Games: Madras, Crieff, Waid.

R. Rutherford

Semis: Bell Baxter (1-0).

Final: Dundee High School (0-0) won on penalty strokes.

Scottish Schools Finals — Section Games: Dingwall Academy (2-0), George Watsons (1-0 P.F.), Dollar (0-0). Semis: Marr College (1-2).

(George Watsons won, beating Marr in the final 1.0.)

Full Colours: Sheelagh Gordon.

Half Colours: Tui Orr, Rosalie Ruther-

ford, Corrie McIver, Kirsty Reynolds, Nicola McAuley, Anna Beath.

Matches

v. Dundee High	Lost	1-2
v. Glasgow High	Lost	1-3
v. Old Girls	Won	4-1
v. St. Georges	Won	2-0
v. Fettes	Lost	0-1
v. Westbourne	Won	2-0
v. Morrisons	Lost	1-4
	Draw	0-0
v. Kilgraston	Won	1-0
	Draw	0-0
v. George Heriots	Won	1-0
	Lost	0-1
v. Carnoustie	Won	6-0
v. Perth Grammar	Won	4-0
v. Lomond	Won	1-0
v. Loretto	Won	3-0
	Won	1-0
v. Dollar	Lost	1-2
	Lost	0-2
v. Waid Academy	Won	6-1

The remaining 4 teams played a full fixture. The U15 B had no matches and the U13 B two (v. Carnoustie 1-1, v. Perth Grammar 1-0). As every 2nd XI knows, their results are dependent on how many changes there are in the team each week — 1st XI poaching — and despite many alterations this season the team won 5, lost 3, drew 2.

With ever increasing numbers in the girls' house it became possible to run a 3rd XI who through their hard work and enthusiasm achieved an honourable 5 wins in 6 matches. Not to detract from the 1st XI's cup win, it has to be said that the U15 As did it again! They had an unbeaten season till Christmas, amassing 61 goals (chief scorer S. Reid). They only lost twice in 14 matches. Dollar proved to be the only hurdle for the U13 A team who again had an unbeaten season and accumulated several very convincing wins.

The future is looking good!

Matches

	2ndXI	3rdXI	U15A	U13A
v. Dundee HS	2-0			
v. Glasgow HS	2-0		3-1	
v. St. Georges	0-1		5-0	
v. Fettes	1-0	3-0	2-0	
v. Westbourne	2-1			
v. Morrisons	0-0	1-0	3-0	3-1
v. v. Kilgraston	1-0	1-0	13-0	7-0
v. George Heriots	1-2	2-0		
v. Carnoustie			11-0	2-1
v. Rannoch			3-0	
v. Perth Grammar			12-0	6-0
v. Lomond	0-4		3-0	
v. Loretto		7-1		
v. Dollar	0-0		6-0	0-4
v. George Heriots	0-3		1-0	
v. Dollar	0-3		0-2	1-5
v. Morrisons	0-2	1-3	0-1	1-1
v. Kilgraston			1-0	2-0
v. Rannoch	1-1			

Play on the hard pitch naturally leads to good indoor stickwork and vice versa. For this reason there was a concentrated block of Indoor Hockey played after Christmas. Several girls were sent for Midlands' trials. Sheelagh Gordon and Carol Anderson made it to the coaching select where Carol gained invaluable experience. Sheelagh played in the U18 Midlands squad. Although we did not excell in the Midlands tournament, we did gain experience of the set pieces and moves involved in the game and put these to good use in matches against Forfar Academy, at the end of the season, which we won.

We played host to the Friends School, Co. Antrim and had an enjoyable match resulting in a goalless draw.

For those not wholly inclined towards hockey, dance remains a valuable option. Both Contemporary and Ballet classes are offered and we are extremely grateful to Tony Ellis for giving us his time and expertise.



Thus the first two terms seemed full, but all things are relative. The Summer term this year, apart from having glorious weather, was reduced in length while the Tennis and Athletic fixtures were increased. This made for an action-packed final term!

11 tennis fixtures were played, with 2 postponed: Midlands Cup Tennis match and the Independent Schools' Tournament; 4 Midland Bank Tennis matches; 2 Rounders matches; 3 Athletics matches and 2 Scottish Athletics meets were all sandwiched amongst standards, sports heats, Speech Day, the Fête, World Tour Hockey training and G.C.S.E.s!

The tennis results were mixed for both the Senior and Junior teams. An early exit in the Midlands competition, after meeting St Leonards 1st VI was followed by success at the Independent Schools' Tournament where we came out on top by beating Gordonstoun 6-3 and Fettes 5-4.

The U15 and U13 teams gained valuable experience in the Midland Bank competition, entered for the first time, where singles and doubles matches were played against Dollar, Albyn and, giving our only victory, Queen Anne High.

	Senior VI	Junior VI	Riley
v St Leonards		5-4	3-6
v Fettes		5-4	3-6
v St Georges		2-7	9-0

v Laurel Bank	2-1	2-1	3-0
v Albyn	1-2	2-1	
v St Margarets, Abd.			
where rain stoped play	2-0	2-0	0-2
v St Columbas		1-2	
v Dollar	3-6		
v Mary Erskine	2-7	0-3	
v Westbourne	0-3	2-1	
v Kilgraston	2-7	7-2	
v Lathallan			4-5
v Craigclowan			9-0

Half colours were awarded to:

Amanda Robertson.
Corrie McIver.
Nicky Maxwell.

Riley, as well as competing in Tennis, enjoyed 2 rounders matches this season. A close match with Rannoch resulted in a 7½-8 win for Rannoch. Craigclowan, later in the term, convinced us our fielding needed some attention when they scored a 3½-12 victory.

On the Athletics track, the girls fared well. Fettes proved too strong and fast in mid May and our team suffered a 151-91 defeat. Undaunted, the girls worked hard on their events and produced a 90-74 win over Rannoch and were narrowly beaten by Dollar in early June, 82-71. By the end of the season, at both the Scottish Relays and Individuals, best times for all were recorded.

So it has been a busy year with virtually every girl in the school representing us in one or more activity. It remains for me to say how much I appreciate the time and effort the girls have put into their games. I trust they have gained as much satisfaction in taking part as I have in noting their progress. I hope that they have all taken full advantage of the two months' rest over the summer, because, come September 1st, we start all over again!

L.J.S.



Left: 1st XI Girls' Hockey Team.

Below: Mrs Pedgrift presents Sonja Reid with the Junior Vitrix Ludorum trophy.



SPORTS DAY

The day came around faster than ever before but thanks to the co-operation of all competitors and, more particularly, to the efforts of James Green who masterminded the programme, everything seemed to go without a hitch. It was kind of Thelma Pedgrift to present the prizes and my thanks go to her along with all colleagues who helped with events on and before the day.

As you will see from the results, the day was Ladies' day!

D.J.B.

VICTORES LUDORUM

Riley: Simon Lokko
Junior Boys: Jonathan Brooks/Ky Kay
Middle Boys: David Mackay
Senior Boys: Kris Boon

VITRIX LUDORUM

Riley: Suzanne Blackstock
Junior: Sonya Reid
Senior: Sheelagh Gordon

Rowan Cup for Standards: Simpson
Inter-House Athletics Champions:
Ruthven
Girls Inter-Wing Athletics Champions:
West Wing

GIRLS' RESULTS

		Winner	Time/Dist	Record	Holder	Year
100m	Ri	Ninham C.	14.3	14.5	Fraser J.	1984
	J	Clark J.	14.57	13.0	Streule K.	1982
	S	Gordon S.	13.56	13.0	Streule K.	1983
200m	Ri	Blackstock S.	28.61	31.3	Fraser J.	1984
	J	Reid S.	27.79	28.37	Boyd K.	1985
	S	Gordon S.	27.60	27.3	Cornish V.	1987
400m	Ri	Blackstock S.	69.95	69.95	Blackstock S.	1988
	J	Reid S.	67.88	66.00	Reid S.	1987
	S	Martin C.	71.32	65.2	Crawford T. H.	1984
800m	Ri	Taylor R.	2.43.37	2.50.9	Brodie A.	1984
	J	Wardhaugh E.	2.51.63	2.34.9	Reid S.	1987
	S	Mackenzie L.	3.03.48	2.37.7	Cornish V.	1987
1500m	Ri	Hooper C.	5.39.0	5.59.3	Taylor R.	1988
	J	Meiklejohn C.	5.57.0	5.57.0	Meiklejohn C.	1988
	S	Mackenzie L.	6.04.09	5.37.4	McDonald A.	1984
High Jump	Pi	Blackstock S.	1m 31	1m 26	Reekie E.	1985
	J	Dow S.	1m 25	1m 45	Orr K.	1984
	S	Gordon S.	1m 48	1m 55	Rutherford R.	1987
Long Jump	Ri	Lannan T.	3m 59	4m 08	Brodie A.	1984
	J	Reid S.	3m 70	4m 46	Gordon S.	1985
	S	Rutherford R.	4m 18	4m 38	Rutherford R.	1986
Shot	Ri	Blackstock S.	8m 10	8m 20	Orr T.	1984
	J	Stephens Z.	5m 85	8m 55	Smith Jo	1987
	S	Carruthers C.	7m 45	8m 03	Orr T.	1987
Relay 4x100	J	West Wing	58.22	56.9	East Wing	1985
	S	East Wing	54.54	54.9	West Wing	1987

BOYS' RESULTS

		Winner	Time/Dist	Record	Holder	Year
100m	Ri	Nicol S.	12.87	12.14	Cook C.	1985
	J	Gritten D.	12.58	12.0	Ling T.	1971
	M	Cook C.	11.41	10.9	Ogilvie	1978
	S	Boon K.	11.52	11.0	Lockhart/Ling	1971
200m	Ri	Lokko/Wallace	29.15	25.34	Smellie/Kirkland	1978
	J	Stewart R.	26.14	24.5	Stewart R.	1987
	M	Gray R.	25.21	23.2	Cook C.	1987
	S	Boon K.	24.07	22.8	Ling T.	1973
400m	Ri	Nicol S.	61.21	59.3	Ling T.	1974
	J	Critten D.	59.85	56.5	Stewart R.	1987
	M	Mackay D.	56.75	52.5	Cook C.	1987
	S	Gordon M.	54.09	50.3	Millar	1977
800m	Ri	Lokko S.	2.28.6	2.24.4	Roger G.	1982
	J	Sang R.	2.26.62	2.12.9	Stewart R.	1987
	M	Mackay D.	2.10.37	2.03.6	Lawrence C.	1984
	S	Lawrence C.	2.04.40	1.55.2	Lawrence C.	1985
1500m	Ri	Lokeo S.	5.19.47	4.55.0	Roger G.	1982
	J	Sang R.	4.52.42	4.32.7	Lawrence C.	1984
	M	Bond R.	4.40.6	4.14.5	Lawrence C.	1985
	S	Lawrence C.	4.55.31	4.16.0	Bond R.	1988
					Parker	1977



Above: Senior Boys' Relay

Below: Boys' results continued

High Jump	Ri	Hartley C.	1m 43	1m 48	Tornos J.	1987
	J	Tornos J.	1m 49	1m 63	Holmes	1965
	M	Jones G.	1m 55	1m 775	Cuthbertson A.	1984
	S	Wilkinson M.	1m 68	1m 895	Roger G.	1982
Long Jump	Ri	Lokko S.	4m 00	5m 00	Tindall	1961
	J	Lannen K.	4m 36	5m 55	Lear C. P.	1967
	M	Cowie A.	4m 76	6m 17	Lawson	1967
	S	Neish S.	5m 52	6m 52	Smellie D.	1978
Shot	RI	Lokko S.	9m 77	11m 29	Kay K.	1987
	J	Philip C.	10m 29	11m 43	Knox S.	1974
	M	Parker E.	11m 43	14m 73	McKenzie G.	1973
	S	Boon. K.	11m 42	12m 90	Callander	1979
Javelin	J	McBey M.	30m 63	49m 81	McBride J.	1969
	M	Howes N.	33m 72	49m 81	McBride J.	1969
	S	Hutcheson K.	45m 85	57m 07	McBride J.	1971
Discus	J	Kay K.	31m 82	36m 29	Knox S. B.	1974
	M	Webster G.	29m 75	42m 00	Knox S. B.	1974
	S	Kirkland A.	34m 96	40.26	McKenzie G.	1974
Relay 4 x 100m	Ri	Duplin	56.6	56.7	Dron	1987
	J	Leburn	51.9	50.5	Ruthven	1987
	M	Ruthven	46.7	46.6	Simpson	1972
	S	Ruthven	47.2	45.5	Freeland	1981

CCF CONTINGENT COMMANDER'S REPORT

This year has seen a change of Contingent Commander, a fact that comes home to me all too clearly as I write this, my first report for the CCF.

May I, on behalf of past and present officers and cadets, thank Wing Commander Peter Barker for all his efforts which kept the CCF alive during a period of considerable change.

This year has been a busy and successful one. The great cloud of the 'Hume' report has come and gone and, although there are to be changes in the next few years, the general tenor of the report was that the CCF was worth keeping as a MOD funded organisation, with the inevitable warnings of possible financial cuts. Yet we must realise that we need to put our house in order from Head Office right down to the individual cadets if we are to survive.

This was an inspection year, perhaps our last formal inspection before continuous assessment, and my impression on the day was that while a great deal of effort had gone into the individual presentations and exercises, the enthusiasm definitely showed through the tiredness and discomfort.

Air Vice Marshall D. C. G. Brook, C.B.E., R.A.F., A.O.S.N.I. enjoyed his morning tour of the kingdom and County to see almost the whole C.C.F. doing their stuff. When a Senior Officer high-jacks his escorts' motor bike and has a burn up in front of school and then later in the day borrows a third former's golf club and ball, we can tell that he is enjoying himself and indeed those were his leaving remarks. Whilst I do not have a formal report at the moment, he said he

was impressed by the dedication and enthusiasm of both officers and cadets — Well done!

That ceremony over, we barely had time to catch breath before the visit of the Lord High Commissioner and once again the Pipes and Drums and Guard were on parade. That all turned out well on the day, was much to the credit of the G.I. from H.M.S. Cochrane — P.O. MacGuinness — who only had three visits in which to train the guard.

Sections that took the limelight during the year were as follows:

Pipes and Drums — Scottish C.C.F. School Champions for the second year running.

R.N. Section shooting team — Scottish R.N. C.C.F. Shooting Trophy.

Army H.C.T.C. Platoon — for their creditable performance at the H.C.T.C. in Inverness.

R.M. Troop — sentries during the Lord High Commissioner's visit.

Individuals that deserve mention are the three cadets who obtained above average marks in the U.K.C.F. leadership course — CSgt D. J. S. Browne, Cpl T. Christie, L/Cpl J. M. MacBain.

As always these are just some of the highlights and no section can survive without the unsung stalwarts.

The Signals Section has now become established and it is hoped to start a REME Section during next year. We still await delivery of our new SA80 Ensign rifles but at last have a new Magazine and Armoury to keep them in when they arrive.

Although we have achieved individual skills in many sections, it is the emphasis

on the individual's own interests that needs to be channelled in a different direction to try to produce better leadership qualities and to foster a greater care for others and their well-being. There will be changes in the next few years to enable us to meet more closely the prime aims of the C.C.F.

This year sees some changes in the officer complement and I welcome on your behalf S/Lt Ross who joins the R.N. Section, 2Lt Round as OIC Signals Section. No C.C.F. can run without stores and I welcome and say farewell to Mr Allingham who very ably kept that department running during the Easter and Summer terms. Lt Forshaw unfortunately leaves us for pastures new in Edinburgh and I would like to thank him for all his efforts with the army section during his time at Strathallan.

Finally, a word to the cadets. The C.C.F. is your own organisation. You get out of it what you put in and in most cases the success of a division, troop, platoon or flight is in direct proportion to your efforts. There is however one other part of the equation — your Officers — they take on normal C.C.F. duties voluntarily and, contrary to popular belief, are unpaid for 99% of C.C.F. activities (C.C.F. Officers are only paid when away from school and on duty for over 8 hours).

They are a dedicated group of people and I am sure all cadets would wish to join me in thanking them for their efforts — personally their support has made my task a great deal easier in these past two terms.

C.N.W.

RAF

The programme of activities this year has been as varied as ever — ranging from gliding and flying to orienteering and shooting. The Section remains small but now that the less-interested members have departed, fairly keen.

Several boys have attended camps and courses as part of their training — Jonathon Taylor being nominated best cadet at this year's Easter camp at RAF Boulmer. Three senior cadets are awaiting results of Flying Scholarship applications, two boys went on a seven day continuous gliding course in the summer and Sgt F. Fyfe attended a leadership week in the Welsh mountains in August.

Numbers will not be up much in September but they will at least be volunteers, not conscripts.

A.J.H.W.



ARMY

A career in the forces has become an increasingly attractive option in recent years and there is no doubt that the Strathallan Army Cadet Force has benefited from this. A measure of how much interest has been generated lies in the fact that Douglas Browne, Harry Whitley and John MacBain are leaving school and have already sought places in Territorial Army units while considering the possibility of careers in the Regular Army. Furthermore there are more and more boys, from all sections of the the C.C.F., looking for commissions and it is therefore not surprising that when training weekends are in the offing, the majority would like to engage in military activities rather than adventurous training. Things have changed a great deal since the '60s and '70s when an interest in things military tended to identify a boy as a worryingly institutionalised and blinkered adherent of the establishment that underwrote the Vietnam War.

While the trend develops in this way, it

is important that officers in the C.C.F. keep it very firmly in mind that our cadets are members of a youth organisation and that within a given framework we seek to develop in boys the qualities of self-reliance, self-respect and leadership which are firmly rooted in a respect for the needs of others. This is particularly the case because the corps is often an area of school life where those who do not shine at study or sport make their greatest contribution. When boys who are leaving offer their services to help with the training of next year's cadets I think much has been achieved. It is good to see our Highland Cadet Tactical Competition team, who achieved their best-ever result of 6th place in this year's event, develop friendships with other cadets from both C.C.F. and A.C.F. units and have so healthy an instinct to know where competing ends and fellowship begins. Our youth club saw Douglas Browne, Richard Cornish, Toby Christie and John MacBain doing well, extending

themselves and broadening their horizons in this year's U.K.L.F. Leadership Course. These cadets, together with Bruce Tilley, Nigel Howes, Alex Davidson, David Ismail and Colin Gregory, competed in various events with great determination and it was good to have the help of Alan Kirkland from the Navy and Neil Dods from the Marines.

Next year the majority of our Lower Sixth are staying in the section and the passing on of not only what they know but of their qualities of leadership is something that will be appreciated. I know how grateful I am to cadets such as Douglas Browne (who has helped both me and Lt. Paul Vallot such a great deal this year), Harry Whitley and John MacBain. It is with regret that we see them go and that we see James Forshaw leave to carry on his excellent work with young people in a school, and perhaps even a C.C.F., somewhere else.

C.N.C.

£1,500 Scholarship

How the Army can help further your offspring's education. And their careers.

The Army's Scholarships now carry a tax free grant of £750 a year. They are given to help boys of the highest quality, both academically and in character, to get their 'A' levels ('Highers' in Scotland) and obtain a Regular Commission.

They work like this. Provided your son or daughter expects to obtain the necessary GCSEs of high grades, they can apply for a scholarship of up to £1,500. Each term, we will contribute, without exception, £250 towards the cost of keeping them at school for 'A' level studies.

Once the 'A' levels have been achieved the Scholar is then given an automatic place at Sandhurst (the first step to a career as a Regular Commissioned Officer). Or if the Scholar can get a place

on a degree course he can compete for an Army Undergraduate Cadetship. Here we will pay over £18,600 during the three years plus fees of the degree course.

Selection for a Scholarship is by competition. Boys born between January 1st and July 1st 1971 and girls over 16 and under 17 on July 1st 1987 are eligible to apply.

Applications must be in by 1st June (Autumn Competition) 1989. Interviews will be held in October (Autumn) 1989.

Write for details to: Col (Retd) R. T. T. Gurdon, Schools Liaison Officer, Army HQ Scotland, Edinburgh EH1 2YX. Telephone: 031 336 1761 Ext 2190.

The Armed Forces are Equal Opportunity Employers under the terms of the Race Relations Act 1976

RN SECTION

This year the Royal Navy Section has gone from strength to strength. A good team of senior 'NCO's set the pace. The emphasis nationwide is now required to be on practical leadership and initiative training. Lt. Cdr. MacLeod was appointed to the RN CCF new Syllabus Committee and at the start of the autumn term Sub. Lt. Greg Ross was appointed to run the Strathallan Boat Section. Previously, disenchanted cadets in the Lower VIth, on completion of their proficiency syllabus, often had rather an unsatisfying time in the RN Section. The idea behind the Boat Section is that the senior boys take part in adventure training using boats. We have had full approval from the Joint Cadet Executive for this initial pilot scheme which is presently being evaluated. All the evidence is that it will be an unqualified success.

In September we again took part in the RN CCF Regatta. We are the only Scottish school to regularly attend this event and once again Lt. Clayton and his team gave a good account of themselves.

F.C.P.O. Curle retired in October and we welcomed his replacement C.P.O. Phil Richards. C.P.O. Richards was the sailing coach to the Royal Navy and we are benefiting from his expertise in that field and his undoubted enthusiasm. He has already instigated a postal shooting competition and is in the process of organising an inter schools competition.

'The Role of the Navy' lecture was again given by Captain John Evans RN, the Senior Schools' liaison officer. This was the first opportunity for new recruits to be inspected by a senior officer and all cadets did well.

The October Field Day was particularly successful. Lt. Clayton, Sub. Lt. Ross and the Boat Section went to HMS Neptune, Faslane, where they had an excellent programme which included a visit to HMS Churchill. Lt. Cdr. MacLeod and the Vth Form cadets stayed on board HMS Helmsdale in Dundee Harbour and took part in an interesting day's training which involved moving the ship.

We have a close liaison with HMS Camperdown, Tay Division R.N.R., our parent establishment. Commander Dickinson and Lt. Cdr. Bayliss give us continuing support.

Sub. Lt. Goody took the new entry cadets to Rosyth. This was one of our best days at the naval base and once again our thanks are due to C.P.O. Stokes, the Careers and Cadet Training Officer.

We have had close links with Perth Sea Cadets and are most grateful to T.S. Fair Maid for all help in looking after our

Cheverton motor boat. C.P.O. Donald Saunders has been tireless in his efforts in that direction and has assisted several times with training at school.

As I have mentioned before, camps and courses continue to play an important role in training; whether it is practical navigation on a fleet tender; gaining a sports boat qualification; attending an air acquaintance or range-firing course — all boys without exception have found camps both interesting and valuable.

In February Lt. Cdr. MacLeod, Sub. Lt. Ross and ten senior cadets had an exciting day's sea training on board HMS Lindisfarne, our affiliated ship. In March four cadets attended the submarine day at HMS Dolphin, Gosport. This was highly successful and all thought the long journey worthwhile. Then in May Sub. Lt. Ross and six cadets were flown from Edinburgh to attend the air day at HMS Osprey, Portland.

During the Easter holidays Lt. Cdr. MacLeod, Sub. Lt. Goody and fifteen cadets joined the fleet tender Bembridge for a week's cruise off the south coast. The weather proved, to say the least, variable and by general consent it was decided to opt for a July cruise next year. Three cadets attended the air acquaintance course at R.N.A.S. Yeovilton. On this course Roger Jamieson was promoted leading seaman — well done.

In July Lt. Cdr. MacLeod and two boys were on the Royal Navy acquaintance course. HMS Kent, Portsmouth; three cadets are attending the power boat course at HMS Raleigh, Plymouth; Lt. Clayton is a sailing instructor on the HMS Kent camp and three senior cadets are continuing the tradition of attending Britannia Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, where once again Lt. Cdr. MacLeod is Senior River Officer and

Sub. Lt. Ross is on the initial officers course.

Towards the end of the holiday twelve cadets will join Lt. Clayton and Sub. Lt. Goody at HMS Neptune, Faslane, for a fleet tender cruise on the Firth of Clyde — a full and varied programme in which all officers and cadets will be actively involved.

Our strong team of senior 'NCO's was led by Under-Officer Russell. It was good to see so many senior boys not only opting to stay in the RN section during their final year, but effectively running most of the training. Proficiency navigation results were much improved thanks to Sub. Lt. Goody's teaching. Sailing and motor boating proved a popular option during the summer term. We are most grateful to Lt. Clayton, Sub. Lt. Goody and Sub. Lt. Ross for all their help with boats.

Probably the one thing no-one really wanted arrived on that inauspicious date, Friday, 13th May — General Inspection. Fortunately all went well and the Inspecting Officer, Air Vice Marshall Brooks, seemed well pleased with the training at Lochore Meadows, River Tay and at school. An interesting feature of the school training this year was the re-constructed assault course. CPO Burton and a team from HMS Camperdown spent several days at Easter revamping the course and completed a first-class job. Thanks are also due to Commander Rigby, R.N.A.W. Almondbank for kindly providing a crane for the motor boat; to Lt. Cdr. Bayliss, HMS Camperdown for continued assistance (and his interesting diving talks); to CPO Harrison and stores staff, HMS Camperdown and also to Commander Walker, HMS Scotia.

T.J.M.



P. O. Smith, A. B. Connell, A. B. Vance and A. B. Winchester attending the submarine day at H.M.S. Dolphin, Gosport.

ROYAL MARINES

When I look at this year's photo of the Detachment — all looking splendid in their blue Parade Uniform — I feel a certain sadness because some familiar faces are missing. Chaps who worked with us under often unpleasant circumstances and whom we had grown to like and appreciate for their qualities suddenly, in the middle of the year, gave in to various silly impulses and broke a number of rules, resulting in their removal from the School. For the Detachment their resignations had far-reaching consequences and I sincerely hope that I shall never again have to comment on people leaving our select little band in this fashion.

On the positive side of things one can look back on another year of good training and successful exercises, some aspects of which will be remembered for quite some time. There was, for instance, the Dambuster Exercise which involved a long, wet trek over the hills to Laird's Loch and a night raid (in collapsible canoes) on the dam which was defended by a party of volunteers from HMS Scotia. Since the opposition was led by Lt. Evans RM, our task was fairly difficult and the way in which everything eventually worked out was a credit to all who had worked so hard for it. It would have been nice if the next day had been dry and sunny, but since God is a pacifist, one can count on adverse weather conditions whenever one plans a military-style exercise.

A little later in the year we laid on a Leadership Training Exercise for some personnel from HMS Scotia — we are working with them on an increasingly regular basis — in which we took them on a Night Navigation march. When everybody had settled down in their bivouacs, the observing officers appeared and produced what is euphemistically known as an 'injected incident'. "Everybody up — the valley is flooding — you have four minutes to clear your campsite and to get your new positions!" And as if this would not have been enough, the accompanying Marines were briefed privately to simulate an accident during the change-over. There was some impressive play-acting and amidst bloodcurling screams the Marines went down with all kinds of pretended injuries. The first aid treatment given in the dark did, fortunately, not result in any real medical emergencies; for once, luck was on our side.

The next day brought fitness tests and interviews before a board of officers and although the participants were rather tired by the end of it all (getting people dog-tired is an invaluable part of any

training scheme), the general feeling was, that it had been a very worthwhile thing to do.

That reminds me of the night when a fairly routine exercise against, sorry, with the Army in the hills at the back of the School turned into a serious test of stamina and navigational skills. Driving snow created near white-out conditions and, for those of us to whom a map and a compass are not just a piece of extra kit to carry, it was comforting to know that we were really not all that far from home.

You may have heard that there are some members of the Navy Section who are under the impression that crawling around in the hills at night is good fun. This newly formed group of outdoor fanatics invited (or maybe challenged) us to a joint exercise. We were to try and penetrate a designated M area which would be closely patrolled and guarded by the Navy. They would be using the latest technology in radio communications (in fact, they did, but nobody told their operators that you don't have to shout your message into the throat microphone, which made it fairly easy for us to remain quite well informed of all their movements throughout the night) and would be luring us into an ambush in the morning. A brief exchange of blank fire at dawn is a good way to dispel the cobwebs, and both sides returned back to the School convinced that they had won.

The Summer Term Calendar listed General Inspection Day and a visit by the Lord High Commissioner. For the first of these two events we decided that the best way to stay out of trouble would be to disappear into the hills again. So while the other Sections produced the spit and polish for a fine Guard of Honour, we had another pleasant little night exercise.

I shall not forget this night in a hurry. The weather conditions were downright freaky and peculiarly low cloud during the wee small hours brought the visibility down to zero. It became virtually impossible to put one foot in front of the other without running the risk of twanging into an invisible fence or plunging down into some mud-filled hole. Eventually we simply had to sit it out and wait for the dawn. At first light, though, things began to move rapidly. The mad scientist was located and the escape-plan went into action. An ambush, provided by our friendly opposition from HMS Scotia, more or less backfired on them when our advance party located their position and in an improvised move by-passed it in order to mount a counter-attack from an unexpected direction.

Somewhere in the middle of all this we found time for a brief rendezvous with the Inspecting Officer, in order to give him a condensed account of our activities and to let him have a quick chat with the troops. We returned to base in time to get cleaned up and changed into the "Blues", looking relaxed and resplendent for the final address by the man himself. We are at this moment still waiting for the official report, but our well-known friend "Grapevine" assures us that everything went well and the report will turn out satisfactorily.

By the way, parading our best uniforms before the assembled Top Brass was maybe not such a clever idea after all. As a result of this, we were collared for the Guard of Honour and for Sentry Duties on the day of the visit by the Lord High Commissioner. The Guard was one of the best I have ever had the pleasure to watch, the Pipe Band played to their usual high standard (what else could one expect of a band that wins the C.C.F Pipe Band competition two years running) and the sentries performed their duties with admirable poise and enthusiasm.

To round off the year, we conducted our (by now traditional) Recruits Tests and selected half a dozen chaps from all three other sections to join us next year. Their arrival will bring the Detachment up to its operational strength again and we look forward to their company.

At this point I must turn to the leavers who have made such a tremendous contribution over the last two (and in one case even three) years. I am sure I speak for all who remain, when I say that it has been a pleasure knowing you and working with you. We thank you for what you have done for the Detachment and send you on your way with our very best wishes for the future.

Our thanks must also go to the officers of the other Sections, to our support team from down South, to Mr Evans and Mr Bell, and to the ladies in the sewing room for many a last-minute alteration. I should also like to thank Mr Barker, who relinquished his post as C.O. in December, for his enthusiastic support of the Marines Detachment over the last eight years. Without his help we would not be what we are today.

And finally, I should like to extend a welcome to our new C.O., Mr Walker, who, thanks to his close links with HMS Scotia, has been able to give us valuable assistance with our training in the past and will doubtlessly continue to do so.

K.G.

DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARD SCHEME

This year a wide variety of activities have been undertaken by the participants in the award and at the outset of the report it is only right to express thanks to all the members of staff who, while not directly involved with the scheme, run the sports, clubs, and activities on which the Skills and Physical Recreation sections of the award rely so heavily.

The service section has proved more difficult to arrange and we were most grateful to the instructors from St. Andrew's Ambulance in Perth who ran a junior first aid course for the Bronze candidates in the Easter term. We were also fortunate to have help from Perth RLSS leading to Mike Niven, Rhett Harrison, Duncan Riddoch, and Michael Clayton gaining their Bronze Medallions for lifesaving.

On Thursday evenings in the Winter term a group were to be found at Perth Police Station. At the end of six weeks they were detained for further questioning as a result of which they convinced their instructor that they had paid careful attention to the Police service course and qualified for their Silver service. Well done.

Meanwhile for Gold Service Rhett Harrison was working at a home for the mentally handicapped and Nicholas Moss at a day care centre for the elderly in Edinburgh. I hope that others might take their lead and engage in such satisfying and enjoyable forms of service.

More energetically, Roderick Tether was engaged in a sponsored swim and hoped to go from Perth to Dundee.

Regrettably wind and tide failed to co-operate and he managed 13 miles only: still an excellent achievement. A considerable amount of money was raised and thanks are due to Mr Glimm who did much to help with the organisation.

Roderick has also been active in our expeditions this year as we have ranged far, wide, and at times high, around the Highlands.

Bronze award trips have varied from hikes in the local hills to walks through the old forests of the Cairngorms near Braemar for training and Aviemore for assessment. Silver and Gold training also took us to the Cairngorms on a very wet weekend in October. No matter, the opportunity was taken to practise river crossing, with Derek Jones going for an unscheduled swim! Some of us even made it to the summit of Ben Macdui (2nd highest in Scotland), because it was there; in our way. No view was seen.

An overnight stay at a Bothy near Loch Laggan proved a success in February. The hardier souls walked in over the Fara from Dalwhinnie and arrived in the dark to find Neil McBride attempting to burn the bothy down; he muttered something about being given the wrong fuel for the stove . . .

During the Easter holidays a few of us spent a week in Knoydart which proved as varied meteorologically as it is scenically. The early spell of good weather saw the fine peaks of Ladhar Bheinn and Sgurr a Choire Bheidhe ascended but then came the fateful decision to move

our base to Lochan nam Breac. We camped in a lovely spot three feet above the Lochan which, overnight, decided to rise five feet — no prizes for guessing the end result; a 4 a.m. escape to higher ground. There was nothing for it but to mount an evacuation to Sourlies bothy where a roaring fire dried our gear. After that we wandered through the hills to Inverie and took the boat to Mallaig, which always makes a good end to an unforgettable week.

The Summer proved to be long and hot. Away with the thermal underwear and out with the shorts and T-shirts! Bronze expeditions were held in the forests near Aviemore. The silver expeditions through the valleys of Lochaber were successfully completed despite a three day grilling from the sun. The end of term saw Rhett Harrison, Kris Boon, Stewart Kennedy, and Roderick Tether in the Northern Highlands on their Gold expedition which, for Rhett and Stewart should mark the completion of their Gold awards — congratulations are offered in anticipation.

Congratulations also to two recent ex-Strathallians who have gained their Gold awards. Judith Gilchrist and Nicholas Moss were presented with these at Holyrood in late June. Very well done.

Finally a word of appreciation to the staff who have enthusiastically helped with the scheme this year: to Messrs. Sneddon, Broadfoot, Wallace, Elliot and Coombes, many thanks.

J.S.B.

CANOEING

Canoeing as a games option has flourished both in popularity and in the general level of acceptability throughout the rest of the school. "Minor" (I prefer "alternative") sports seem to be slowly rising out of obscurity. "I'm canoeing this afternoon" no longer has the ring of "I'm going cotton-picking with a gumboot over my head this afternoon." This is shown by the energy and enthusiasm behind the European Canoe Tour, conceived, recruited and organised in two weeks flat, taking place this summer and hopefully the precedent to many more. This term has also seen numerous Duke of Edinburgh-ing juniors gain a "one-star," Jeremy Parker and Rhett Harrison

gain a Proficiency. Nicky De Longh mellowing down Stanley Weir ("paddle! who needs to paddle?"), Louisa Mackenzie deciding to work towards a Junior Instructor Certificate without drowning her glasses, and advanced techniques and wetsuits from Chris Main, our expert.

Whatever you learn by joining the Strathallan canoeing group, it will not be a world-beating repertoire of jokes. Mr Elliott's in particular should carry a government health warning — May increase the risk of total sense-of-humour failure. "Don't drown. Think of all the paperwork." "Water's cold today. Even feels wet sometimes . . ." Yes, Mr Elliott. Even Kerr Hatrick's entertain-

ment value (his remarkable capacity to capsized quietly and float away upside-down when least expected) has declined — he's improved. And so have we all. Poor Mr Burgess's moans become more and more frequent — "No-one capsized today. WHY!" The desperation straining his voice shows a degree of sympathy remarkable in a master. But I digress. This is a school magazine, and therefore we would like to thank (sincerely) Mr Elliott, Mr Burgess and Mr Wallace for their instruction, time and patience, and the school minibus for providing a weekly bastion of total insanity. Good luck to them all on the Tour!

L.M.



Peter Allen, Dominic Schmidt-Reiche and Philip Aitken on an expedition.

STRATHSKI

The Strathski season started late, as the result of a surprising lack of January snow, yet eight buses were still required to move the bulk of Strathallan to Glenshee for the (too few) Thursdays before Half Term. These trips were welcomed from their inception and this year was definitely no exception. They also provided some valuable race training under the watchful eye of Gustav Fischnaller. We were, sadly, deprived of his services for some time as a result of a serious injury which Gustav sustained when trying his hand at parascending. Happily recovered, he has strengthened his training team with Duncan Riley a former international competitor in the technical disciplines and one of the very few current 100 mph British speed skiers.

After half term, afternoon sessions on Tuesdays and Thursdays continued for those members of the racing squad who could find the financial resources and temperamental resilience required for life in a Strathallan minibus on a diet of Chinese take-aways.

The racing season began, if not in great earnest, with the usual crusade to Hillend for the Scottish Schools' Artificial Slope Championships where our result was an unspectacular 8th place: but it was a worthwhile campaign all the same. Robert Moir headed the field in 14th place followed by Jamie Verden-Anderson in 18th, Robert 'Rambo' Hutchison in 38th and Nick Moss (who took the scenic route).

We fared slightly better in the British Schools' event on the same stage in November — 7th place, Jamie paving the way with a very favourable farewell performance to finish 6th ahead of Robert Moir (17th), Nick Moss (37th) and Peter Allen — our newest and youngest member — deputising for Rambo 'Fingers' Hutchison.

Lamenting the passing of Jamie V-A's celebrated slow humour and obscure family tales, the snow season finally started with a void which even Robert Moir could not fill. The team was even

further depleted by the loss of its Captain with a bad back injury which kept him out of action all season. Thus the prospect of defending our excellent 2nd place at the Scottish Schools' event in 1987 was not a certainty upon which one was tempted to risk one's shirt or the family silver.

In the event Robert Moir attacked the course all the way and was immediately followed out of the start hut by James 'Jimmy' Banks who had the run of his career to date to finish in an exceptional 8th place — nearly ½ second up on Robert. A steady effort from Rambo was all that was needed and to our surprise and delight we achieved second place again! This was the 25th running of the event. Strathallan has been involved in every one. Of this we are justifiably proud but JFC is wondering when we are going to win the Lawson Shield for him.

The girls, headed by the well-known Titch, alias Raffles (a.k.a Caroline Batchelor) made a brave and determined effort in their Scottish event, just missing qualifying for the British race with a nevertheless satisfying 5th place. Caroline, along with Amanda Robertson were the mainstays of our effort — finishing with 8th and 13th places respectively — and they were solidly supported by Fiona Dunbar (36th) and Claire Martin.

There then followed a period of training and recuperation in preparation for the British Schools' event and the defence of our illustrious title. There was to be no trophy this time but to the credit of our very young (and small) team, fourth place was no disgrace and brought with it the promise of greater things to come next year. Robert Moir slipped gracefully into 11th place, followed furiously by Jimmy Banks in 13th with Robert Hutchison giving a good account of himself in 23rd place and Jonathan Frame completing the team.

Featured in our battle honours this year was a return to the Army Championships (organised this year by OS Major Colin Dunbar — father of Fiona

— with stalwart assistance from Major Mike Cran) for the CCF race. With Robert and Jimmy on serious business at the East of Scotland race it was an inexperienced but willing team, including David Pitchers and Charles Dunbar, that lost narrowly to the full Glenshee team. It was sad not to be amongst the prize-winners, particularly in view of the monumental amount of silverware on offer. It was difficult to know, with all that Strathallan and family involvement in the organisation, how we failed to win!

The House races were again held on the last Friday of term with the Glenshee GS piste for once being less than kind and showing us its icy teeth. Competitors, and gate-keepers, did well to survive. Freeland emerged the winners, as their form had indicated, with Nicol and Ruthven 2nd and 3rd respectively. The individual Duncan Trophy went to Robert Moir who also shared the Butchart Tankard with James Banks.

Mention of the Duncan Trophy reminds us to congratulate Ronald Duncan who became the first Strathallan Olympian when, bravely carrying a painful hip injury, he nevertheless competed in the Downhill in Calgary.

In the summer term the season concluded when our under fourteen team of Calum Nicol, Jamie Smith, Malcolm Dippie and David Graham managed a 15th place at the Scottish Schools Minors' Race in Cairngorm.

In addition to the many schools' races, Strathallan maintained an individual presence throughout the season in club races and on the national circuits.

We would like to wish Jamie Verden-Anderson and Nick Moss the best of luck in their future careers and thank them for their contribution to Strathallan's ski-ing reputation. Our best wishes too go to Titch in her pursuit of a career as a 'drillie'. Finally, good luck to Rambo and Robin as they set off for summer training — particularly the latter in his quest for a return to full racing fitness.

R. J. H. Batchelor.

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19 Mill Street, Perth



James Banks "at the limit" in the Scottish National Schools' Race.

ICARUS AT GLENSHEE

Firstly, let me establish that I know next to nothing about skiing and am unlikely ever to learn. This, it may be assumed, disqualifies me from writing intelligibly about the sport. NOT SO — after all it did not disqualify me from taking to the slopes one ski-Thursday in the Spring Term. I stress, however, that I never actually skied.

Don't get me wrong; after I had wrestled the extraordinarily-shaped skis through the blattering snow, tipping dizzily in the odd boots, only to fall helpless in the car park, I had begun to see the attractions of the sport — it's such fun! The queues, fences, crowds, the impossibility of walking — even the uninitiated can sense the exhilarating sense of freedom.

Consultation with my diary entry for the 22nd January reveals little of my trepidation; a diary is a vain thing. I note in it the great comradeship exhibited by masters and pupils alike in the face of that threatening, goggled unknown, the ski-instructor. I note the exemplary skill showed by Mr Round in negotiating suspended ski-poles limbo-style, a skill

with which some of the more apparently agile of us were not blessed. I note also the elegantly-clad figure of Ian Clark, flitting off to tackle the thing his own way. I record in techni-coloured prose my first ever ski-run. This left me careering recklessly and cheerfully over landscape of all descriptions towards a frozen stream. That I learnt nothing about skiing the entire day, I attribute to the fact that I missed so much of the lesson due to trekking laboriously back over valleys (ditches) and mountains (tussocks) to the scene of our class. The "one - step - forward - two - back" syndrome was frustratingly illustrated by a cold wet Burns near to tears. I was fretting that no-one had congratulated me on what I had regarded as a spectacular jump as I rushed unchecked off a particularly high hill.

From this miserable position at the bottom of the slopes I had of course a wonderful, unbiased, view of what was going on at the top. As a learner skier I was keen to study the style of the greats above me. I watched Bruce Tilley ski with panache, Alan Pollock-Morris with

verve. Miss Smith with grace and Mary Mackinlay with frantic volume. From the panoply of moving figures on the mountainside the Strath-skier's style was easy to pick out. The seed of a trend, planted notably by Charles Dunbar, flourished, blossomed and, unsurprisingly, died as people realised quite what they looked like with faces covered in fluorescent pink smudges. The snap of joints under pressure gave me cause for concern on more than one occasion; both Katie Pattinson and Kevin Meikle joined the ranks of those patiently waiting for bones to knit themselves back together.

I spent no more Thursdays in this unique fashion — as I was forbidden so to do by the doctor after an examination of the very sore knee I produced the next day. I thought him over zealous at the time, but since I cannot yet comfortably cross my legs, he must have been right. Therefore this report covers the only opportunity I will ever have to come to what Fi. Dunbar assures me is "the nearest thing to flying". (Flying next?! — Ed.)

C. Burns

GOLF

At last there were no excuses this year for bad golf. No-one in the team had important exams, there were no injuries (not that there should be in golf) and, perhaps the most unbelievable and important-factor, the weather was always good on match days. All this proved to be crucial to our league team and provided us with the opportunity to play our best golf and look forward to a good season.

What an excellent season it turned out to be: an unbeaten one and the best on record! We won all our league matches in convincing style and then, two days before the end of the summer term, we beat Blairgowrie H.S. at Craigie Hill in the league final. This was the first time Strathallan had won the Perth and Kinross Team Championships, and the J.T. Douglas trophy, and it was a great thrill to do so.

The whole team played consistently well throughout the season and thoroughly deserved to achieve the success that they did. The captain, Bruce Guy, playing at number one, had a great season — winning all his matches — and his lead undoubtedly helped the confidence of the rest of the team. Grant Anderson, playing at number three, also had an unbeaten season and proved to be

a very good match player, a real 'streak' performer! Iain Steel, at number two, played well against some tough opposition and inevitably ended most of his games in dramatic fashion on the eighteenth green. His half against Morrisons Academy was a 'special' and it is doubtful if his opponent, who missed an eighteen inch putt for the match, has recovered yet! Jonathan Frame, after being beaten in the first match, bounced back well with four solid wins and showed himself to be a very steady player with an excellent temperament.

In the final, the four games were played to an eighteen hole finish and, just for the record, the results were as follows: Bruce, Iain and Grant won by margins of four, two, and five holes respectively and Jonathan finished all square. This triumphant team will all be back next year and we hope for another successful run.

The House golf was won again by the Ruthven team, all of whom play for the School team, and Grant Anderson snatched the Stroke-Play cup after a great inward half. Some of the lesser golfers struggled a bit over the Auchterarder course but nevertheless enjoyed the afternoon's entertainment. Max

Gordon and Kris Boon played their first game of golf ever and did not do too badly all things considered — Kris managed a sub 100 round whilst Max carded something in the region of 120!

We thank Mr Addison for all his help and support and Mr Kitson too for his help and the interest he has shown in our success. Thanks are also due to Frank Smith for his coaching and for showing our swings on video — a shocking revelation for some!

B. Guy

Captain: B. J. Guy
Team: B. J. Guy, I. A. Steel, G. A. Anderson, J. S. Frame (S. Philip, M. Muir)

Match Results:

League:	
v. Morrisons Acad.	Won 2½-1½
v. Glenalmond	Won 3-1
v. Crieff H.S.	Won 3-1
v. Kinross H.S.	Won 3½-½
v. Auchterarder H.S.	Won 4-0
v. Blairgowrie H.S. (Play-off final)	Won 3½-½
Friendlies:	
v. Merchiston	Won 3½-½
v. Blairgowrie Juniors	Won 2-1



Presentation of Perth and Kinross Schools' Championship Trophy.

SAILING

The Strathallan School boat convoy, reminiscent of a travelling circus, has once again left the M90 and the boats are back for facelifts, surgery or simply storage at the end of an incredibly hectic and short season. Boats, exams, weeks and days have flown past so quickly that the Captains' pen failed to make contact with the paper for this report.

We cannot complain about the strength of the winds this season and the frequent on-shore direction made difficult launching conditions but gave some marvellous spectator sport as boats attempted to round the end of the jetty. The rain kept away and most of the wettings were caused by accidental and/or deliberate capsizes. I understand that a certain member of staff took an involuntary ducking whilst on the trapeze . . . it's that circus again. This could be a suitable place to welcome to the club MCC and DMER and hope that they enjoyed their first frenetic season with us.

The eight absolute beginners were put through their paces by JFC and MCC and by the end of the season six of them could sail a Bosun with confidence and four of them enjoyed putting their new skills to the test in our Toppers. Although these Toppers were originally bought for Riley members they have been in great demand by some of the more experienced sailors . . . I hope to buy one or two more for next season.

The Osprey was back on, and in, the

water this season thanks to the repair work and training of DMER. It certainly seemed to "hook" many of the "h" helms. Rich Haslam and David Heal would appear to have taken it over, although the most frequent wire-hanger was Liz Reekie. At least six of this year's "h" helms have now progressed to the dizzy heights of "H" status.

There were not many days with strong winds but when they came it was good to see the more experienced helms like John Harris and Bob Williamson (congratulations on the award of Colours) mastering the art of holding a boat on an exhilarating plane.

We had eight races in which about six regulars took part. John Harris showed that he could win in virtually any of the school Enterprises although it would appear that Popeye with its new metal mast and boom turned out to be his favourite. It was not until the last race of the series that Bob Williamson managed to beat the Captain. John's skill and seamanship will be sadly missed next season.

Alex Davidson and Pauline McCracken attended the Regatta on Strathclyde Loch and Bob Williamson with Katie Haines in T-C was delighted to beat David Brown and Pauline McCracken in Wat's On and come fourth in the Loch Earn Races for the Brown Trophy. Unfortunately, because of exams, John Harris could not compete . . . it's about time that this trophy

(presented by David's grandfather) came back to Strathallan.

A short season and perpetual exams made inter-school competitions very difficult. However, the match against our long-standing rivals at Loretto was won very convincingly.

Race 1 Strath 1st, 2nd, 4th. Race 2. Strath 1st, 2nd, 3rd (6 boats used). The boats were helmed by J. Harris, R. Williamson and A. Davidson.

Some houses found it difficult to raise a team for the House Sailing Competition. Finally, it was sailed in ideal conditions with the usual thrills, spills and disappointments. Simpson were clear winners with Freeland 2nd and Nicol 3rd. But . . . watch out next year . . . if the number of members from Woodlands increases again it could be their chance for a Maiden win!

The season ended on a glorious afternoon and evening with the annual "Round The Islands Race" and barbecue. This year it was open to members of the 5th, L6 and U6. The race was won in light winds, and in some places heavy weed, by Alex Davidson (crewed by Catherine Burns) in T-C. After the barbecue there was a chance to see some slides, taken by JSB of club members in action.

Finally it was time to load up, tie down and once more move the circus up the M90.

T.S.G.

A STUDY OF THE SAILING SPECIES

The first thing we notice about the sailor is his friendliness and this is shown by the greeting call which often floats across the water "star . . . board!"

This incredible species often creates its own customs and cults. So when someone cries "give me water" (in technical terms meaning "get out of my way or I'll hit the buoy") it is quite common for them to be taken literally and end up with a bailer full of water thrown at them.

Another interesting characteristic of mainly the helm sect of the species is his unwillingness to take responsibility for his actions. "It was the crew's fault!" or "but we had a gear failure." We have to conclude that all helms are perfect but are dogged by an amazing amount of bad luck.

Sailors are quite at home actually IN the water, though some show more reluctance than others to get wet. These are the ones who are unlucky enough not to possess wetsuits, but all loyal sailors feel that it is their duty to share this

pleasure and are quite willing to help others into the water.



Unfortunately the species is not free of the dreaded curse of jealousy of female helms and we put comments about "women drivers" down to chauvinism.

Another prerequisite to becoming a fully fledged sailor is "mellowness" in appearance: a sailor is a scruff and totally uncolour co-ordinated. Their standard response to all emergencies and crises is "Don't panic; let's go to the cafe."

Unfortunately the "keenies" don't possess this quality and insist on going out in howling gales and getting soaked and exhausted.

On closer study, there is a point of confusion on who has right of way. We gather that the person that can say "starboard" most convincingly has right of way as the other boat then thinks that they're wrong and go about.

So what makes sailors tick? Is it their love of boats? The competitiveness and rivalry? The high level of perfection needed to succeed and win a coveted cup? Well actually, it is the constant supply of food at the cafe and the fact that you're back late on Tuesdays and miss half of orchestra . . .

K. Haines

BASKETBALL

At the start of the Autumn term the idea of starting up a Basketball club was put forward and, before anyone knew it, basketball had taken off again after a break of three years. Thanks must go to Mr Giles and Mr Ross for taking us on Monday nights and arranging matches for us. Without them basketball would have been a non-starter.

After getting a team organised and trained to game standard the games got under way. The first match was against the masters and the boys sneaked a victory. In the replay the winning margin was much greater, with the boys walking off with the stunning 'Slam-Dunk' Trophy.

After Christmas, we hosted the Strathallan Invitation Tournament, in which a Round Robin was played against Rannoch and Glenalmond. Strath lost both their games, with an unbeaten Rannoch side taking the trophy. There then followed a game against Kinross Basketball Club. Although we lost heavily, we gained much valued experience. The

season finished on a high note with a fine victory against Kinross High School.

One of the amusing events of the season was the Comic Relief game we played against the Junior Girls since the girls were dressed in pyjamas and we were wearing drag! Throughout the game we either played one handed or three legged, at times this proved suicidal as the girls literally ran rings around us. The game ended in a draw, and as a result we raised over £50 for Comic Relief.

The season has brought some good individual performances: notably from David Mackay and James Van Beusokom as well as Neal Dods with his flamboyant temper.

Looking ahead to next season the club are entering the Tayside Basketball League, meaning matches once a week, and we will be going all out to win the 2nd Strathallan Invitation.

Once again thanks to all those concerned in starting what promises to be a successful club.

B. Tilley

The team: B. Tilley (capt.),

D. Mackay (v. capt.),

N. Dods

N. Howes

A. Millar

R. Moffat

S. Peters

I. Steel.

M. Wilkinson

J. Van-Beusokom.

Results: (Strathallan Score first)

v M.C.R. 22-19

v M.C.R. 22-14

v Kinross Basketball Club, 19-66

v Kinross High School, 39-23.

STRATHALLAN INVITATION TOURNAMENT

Strathallan v Rannoch, 25-30

Glenalmond v Rannoch, 12-23

Strathallan v Glenalmond, 19-27

OTHER MATCHES

Strathallan Junior Girls v Kinross Junior Girls.

Strath won 14-6

Strathallan Junior Boys v Kinross Junior Boys

Strath lost 8-20.

SWIMMING

"Swimming can be fun"—that was part of the message that appeared to come across this year, and as a result of this a greater number of boys and girls took part in regular activities and training sessions. The state of the pool may have had something to do with it. For although the chlorine-levels still fluctuated and would occasionally catch out a swimmer who had forgotten his goggles, at least the temperature was kept at an acceptable minimum. Thanks to Atholl's supervision of the boiler, our regular ice-breaking exercises seem to be a thing of the past.

We managed to revive, at least in parts, the idea of competing against other schools. Our meetings with Glenalmond showed once again, however, that no amount of natural talent and raw enthusiasm can ever make up for regular training by all the members of the team. If it had not been for the splendid efforts of some of the girls in the middle and junior age group, the results might have looked even more disheartening. Talking of girls, it was exhilarating to watch the performance of the Woodland swimmers during the Inter-House competition which was, as always, a very close and exciting affair. The eventual winners,

Simpson, could not relax until the very end and the girls proved a force to be reckoned with throughout the entire contest.

On a more general note, it is worth mentioning that a fair number of comparatively weak swimmers made use of activities and games sessions in order to simply improve their basic skills. It should be remembered that developing your stroke and your general stamina can be just as rewarding, as swimming for the school in a major competition.

A lot of the credit for the renewed interest in swimming must go to Roderick Tether, who followed a family tradition by firstly taking on the task of Captain of Swimming and secondly, following in his brother Neil's footsteps (if I may use this metaphor in this context), by trying to swim the Tay from Perth to Dundee.

Many of you will remember Neil Tether's attempt three years ago, when he raised money for charity by swimming more than half the way to Dundee. Roderick came along to watch his big brother and what he saw did not put him off the idea for good but, on the contrary,

it inspired him this year to "have a go" himself.

With the help of several RNR officers and men from HMS Camperdown, who provided the safety boats, and with the assistance of a fair number of patient volunteers from the school the big event got underway on Saturday, June 11th. Roderick was greased up to the eye-balls and then, fortified with Dextrose and hot soup, proceeded along the cold, (and for the swimmer), lonely river to Dundee. After months of training and extensive preparations of various kinds, you can imagine Roderick's disappointment when a combination of cold, easterly winds and severe leg cramps forced him to give up after 14 miles. Most of us would consider two miles a respectable distance, and very few would ever seriously contemplate swimming ten miles along the Tay — so it is hard to understand how Roderick could have been disappointed with his performance. All of us who had the privilege of watching him in his attempt were full of admiration for his determination and stamina, and the Imperial Cancer Research Fund will be a few hundred pounds better off, thanks to his splendid effort.

K.G.

SQUASH

At first glance it doesn't look as though the season was a particularly successful one. However, the facts do warrant closer scrutiny.

The senior boys didn't lose a match against any of our rivals and beat Glenalmond (x2), Fettes, Rannoch and Edinburgh Sports Club. We also retained the Bennett Shield. The annual trip to Gordonstoun was unfortunately snowed off and Loretto couldn't raise a senior side this year!

Our junior boys, whom I feel hold a lot of promise for the future, won all their matches, beating Glenalmond (x2), Rannoch and Crieff. With the majority of our senior boys leaving this year, they will form the nucleus of next season's squad.

The girls are improving and, with the coaching they are now regularly receiving, I feel certain that they will soon win their first match. There are some good juniors now coming through.

The Dundee and District League matches were disappointing, so many matches being lost 2-3. Our cause wasn't helped when I had to miss the majority of the season through back injury, but too many chances were thrown away through poor concentration and temperament on court. I still firmly believe that it is invaluable experience for players, particularly for those wishing to go on and play some form of competitive squash when they leave school.

We had the floors sanded and sealed, which coupled with the heating and lighting installations of last year should, as I stated in my last report, have given us two of the best courts on the circuit. Unfortunately, this wasn't to be the case — there were not enough applications of

sealant, and what was put down has now nearly worn off. Hopefully, this is going to be looked into over the summer vacation. With the floors done *properly* and a promising junior squad coming through the '88-'89 season is an exciting prospect.

	P.K.
Senior Boys:	
School Matches —	Played 7 Won 5 Lost 2
Junior Boys:	Played 4 Won 4 Lost 0
Girls:	Played 3 Won 0 Lost 3
League Matches:	Played 18 Won 6 Lost 12

Captain's Report

This has been the most enjoyable season for three years. There has been a great deal of squash played both in the Dundee and District League and against other schools. Squash as a whole has benefited with the refurbishing of the courts and with the assistance of Mr Derbyshire on the coaching side. Unfortunately the former needs looking at again now, particularly the floors, but this is hopefully being done. It is a necessary expenditure with so many people now playing.

During the season there have been many inspired performances by the boys 1st V. However, there was little consistency within the team and thus matches

were lost that should have been won. This was particularly true of the Dundee and District. We were severely hampered in the league by Mr Keir damaging his lower back early on in the season and being unable to play again. It resulted in everybody having to move up one place, and so sometimes struggling against more experienced opponents.

In school matches, we were able to perform well and it gives me great pleasure to report that we retained the Bennet Shield.

I feel James Jacobson deserves a special mention as he has had a very good season and dedicated a vast amount of his time to squash. He thoroughly deserves his colours.

The girls team are still without a win and I feel they need to realise that some hard work has to be done to attain their true potential. They have a good squad but they must spend more time on court practising.

Looking back over the '87-'88 season; James Jacobson enthralled us all with his intellectual witticisms; Keith Hutcheson and Nigel Howes enjoyed the *après* squash to the full — Keith must also be noted for his sportsmanship — and Bruce Addison nearly woke up! Mike Allingham proved himself a navigator of great quality and we saw Mr Keir almost lose his temper.

I would like to thank Mr Keir and Mr Allingham for putting up with us, transporting us and for putting in a great deal of time and effort organising, playing and coaching.

Full colours: A. Pearson, J. Jacobson, K. Hutcheson.

A. Pearson

TENNIS

With a fine summer and a term two weeks shorter than usual, our nine courts took a considerable battering this year and it was rare to find a court free during activities time or weekends. Mr Derbyshire's tennis coaching evening on each Friday was once more extremely popular and more than fifty of the school benefited from this course. Indeed, there would have been more than seventy had there been time to slot everybody in.

The first six, captained by Colin Logan, had a heavy schedule of eleven fixtures and, with four of last year's team available, the outlook seemed promising. Certainly the individual level of skills was very sound but there was a tendency to

forget the strategies and courcraft needed in doubles and to clam-up on important points. There were excellent victories against Edinburgh Academy, Fettes and Morrisons (all on their courts) but our form at home is best forgotten!

Two highlights of the season came firstly at Fettes where Strathallan boys and girls were overall winners of the annual hexangular tournament for the second successive year, and secondly with our best performance in the Midland School's tournament, narrowly losing 5-4 to Madras College in the semi-final.

The team was selected from: C. J. Logan, C. Benton, B. Tilley, R. Sang, R.

Moir, N. Dods, K. Russell, A. Logan and F. Dalrymple. Colin Logan and Craig Benton were awarded half-colours.

Results:

v. Loretto	(A) lost	2-7
v. Edinburgh Academy	(A) won	6-1
v. Morrison's Academy	(A) won	6-3
v. Glenalmond	(H) lost	3-6
v. Fettes	(A) won	5-4
v. Gordonstoun	(A) lost	3-5
v. Madras College	(A) lost	4-5
v. Merchiston	(H) lost	3-6
v. Stewarts Melville	(A) lost	0-6
v. Morrison's Academy	(H) lost	1-8
v. Masters	(H) won	6-3

D.J.R.

RIDING

This year saw a change of venue from Lochore to Balbeggie. The easy days of plodding around the ring came to an end as within a couple of lessons we learnt that hard work was the order of the day.

There was a mixed bunch of would-be jockeys. Lorraine and Jill began their riding careers on a high note, but Lorraine was unable to sustain it and managed through a spectacular fall to break her wrist — however, top marks were awarded for style and entertain-

ment, if nothing else! The wide variety of horses was greatly appreciated — even Rosalie Rutherford's feet weren't trailing along the ground — while Miss Jennie Smith provided most of the vocal contribution, with her screams of anguish, as the horses' idea of fun was not quite the same as hers.

I must thank Miss Smith for arranging this year's riding and the mini-bus driver who kindly stopped at the sweet shop

each week for Sarah Gibley to get her three ice-creams!

Next riding season will see the absence of a number of riders, but I'm sure there will be many more up-and-coming hopefuls from Riley. I have been captain of riding for three years and willingly hand over the job to my successor — who will have to put up with the same moaning and groaning from people who don't get the horses they want!

J.E.H. McK-Smith

FISHING

Fishing began auspiciously in the Summer term when the School Pond was opened. To everyone's amazement (if not disbelief!) the "barbless hook" experiment of the previous year had worked and without a doubt there were fish in the Pond weighing 3lbs-5lbs. The Chaplain began an experiment in the Coventrees Pond with the introduction of Rainbow Trout there to supplement the Brown Trout population introduced in previous years and added to this season.

Due to lack of transport as well as Pipe Band commitments, there were fewer outings than usual this year, with one to Sandyknowes (where Alan Dickinson shinned up a tree to release a bat trapped by some careless fisherman leaving a cast with a team of flies stuck in a tree); one to Loch Bhack, a hill loch above Dunkeld (where the Rev astounded, if not alarmed, us by catching fish — albeit small ones!) and to a loch in a private estate beyond Crieff where, amazingly, again the Rev was the only member of the party to catch a fish — and on a Blue Zulu, much to his disgust!

Many fishermen purchased permits for the River Earn and were seldom away from its banks though Alan Kirkland maintained (and could be heard proclaiming it as he drove out of School for the last time as a pupil) that there were "quite definitely no fish in that river".

Friday evenings at the Pond were considerably enlivened by the appearance of four fisherwomen (or is it "fisherwives"?), from Kilgraston, who were receiving tuition from Alastair Dickson of "AD 87" Angling School. Quite suddenly there was an increase in piscatorial affairs of one kind or another. Alastair gave casting tuition to a number of pupils on Saturday afternoons, one of whom is hoping to qualify for his Duke of Edinburgh's Silver Award.

To everyone's delight, our pair of swans eventually hatched four cygnets on the morning of the Lord High Commissioner's Visit to the School. Sadly, only

"Commissioner", "Grace" and "Favour" survived. There were more deaths in the last fortnight of Term, which upset a great many of us. After weeks of brilliant sunshine and no rain, fish begin to show some signs of distress. Alan Kirkland ("Pass the clothes peg") was a true gentleman and retrieved and buried 27 dead fish, including some of the larger ones. Later that same week, another 30 were buried, and two dead ones removed from Coventrees Pond. All this despite the gallant weed-clearing and rush-removing voluntarily masterminded by "Elphie" and Michael Martin, and the enormous effort put in by all the Grounds' Staff to repair breaches in the Pond.

Interest in the Pond rapidly waned as many fishermen could not bear (or was it stomach?) the sight of the floating corpses. We understand that Mr Ford conducted autopsies on 2 corpses — perhaps the cause of the deaths will be known before long. One thing is certain: some safe and non-pollutant means of curbing the growth of Pond weed is vital if our fish are to survive or 'over-winter' as they did last year.

Two "Scouts" (*Were they potential poachers?*) reported in the closing days of the Summer term that at least one Rainbow Trout survived in the Coventrees Pond (maybe two) along with 6 or 7 of the smaller "brownies" so all is not lost — particularly if Richard William's suggestion is implemented: that we should allow the School Pond to be subject to the vagaries of farmers spraying the fields above it, the moorhen and the swans, and instead concentrate all our efforts on enlarging the Coventrees Pond where there is a never-dwindling supply of fresh water running in from The Valley and the Lady's Well Spring.

It only remains for this anonymous writer to wish all who continue their piscatorial education at Strathallan "Tight Lines!".



SHOOTING

Matches 20 Won 14, Lost 6

Shooting seems to increase in popularity every year and this year between 50 and 60 regularly turned up to shoot during the two winter terms.

A good foundation in basic technique and safety is given to Riley shooters by Mr Keith and a large proportion of his trainees carry the sport on higher up the school. It is encouraging to see several girls are keen on shooting and Catriona Barr is very promising. In addition to team and activity, shooting is increasingly being used as a skill in the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme.

The team continues to do well in the Perthshire League and in matches against other schools. This year we were strengthened by the arrival from Elgin of Toby Christie who is a previous Full Bore contender at Bisley, and as next year's captain will be passing on his considerable skills to the others.

David Brown, captain for the last two years, leaves us in June, 88 with a formidable list of achievements since the last magazine report. He is unbeaten in the school this year; he won the Brough Cup from a field of 64 Scottish school shooters, and in the International against Wales and England returned the second highest score in the Scottish team. Fellow colours holder David Robb also leaves this term and we wish them both well for the future — hopefully we will not miss them too much.

A.J.H.W.

THE CLIMATE OF FORGANDENNY, JANUARY 1968 to DECEMBER 1987

Twenty years of figures. That's a lot of data, and it took a lot of collecting to get it: 20 Christmas mornings, 20 Hogmanay mornings, 1040 Sunday mornings, plus the others.

However, 20 years is not really a long time in terms of climate for the British Isles. This is because we are in such a major junction, or convergence zone, for widely opposing airmasses: hence all those "fronts" which Messrs Fish, McGaskill and others show to us so frequently on our screens. Nonetheless, for what they are worth, here are those stats:

Temperatures

	Our first 10 years (1968-77)	Our second 10 years (1978-87)	Our 20 year averages	Perth 35 year averages
Dec.	4.2°C	3.6°C	3.9°C	3.0°C
Jan.	3.6	1.6	2.6	2.8
Feb.	3.1	2.2	2.7	3.1
Mar.	4.8	4.8	4.8	4.4
Apr.	7.2	7.3	7.3	6.9
May	9.7	10.3	10.0	9.9
Jun.	13.1	13.1	13.1	13.2
Jul.	14.9	15.1	15.0	14.6
Aug.	14.9	14.8	14.9	14.1
Sep.	12.1	12.3	12.2	11.8
Oct.	9.7	9.0	9.3	8.0
Nov.	4.8	5.9	5.3	5.0
Range	11.8°C	13.5°C	12.4°C	11.8°C

Taking "winter" to be Dec-Jan-Feb — and so on through spring, summer and autumn — winters have edged milder over the 20 years. The total temperature of 9.2°C for these 3 months at Strathallan compares well with the Perth average total of 8.9°C. You don't agree that they have been milder? — well, the stats say so! Hold on, though, look at our second 10 years' figures — a total there of 7.4°C. They were considerably colder!

Springs are milder — total 22.1 cf. Perth 21.2

Summers are warmer — total 43.0 cf. Perth 41.9

Autumns are warmer — total 26.8 cf. Perth 24.8

These differences really are quite significant. Remember that when an average monthly temperature is even just 0.5°C above the normal average, that is half a degree of extra warmth for every moment of that month.

Is this general increase in temperatures the "greenhouse" effect that we are hearing so much about? Could be. Beware though — remember that a 20 year spell is not really long enough to cover all of the variations that we can expect in this region of the world's atmosphere.

Now for the rainfall figures:

Rainfall	Our first 10 years	Our second 10 years	Our 20 year averages	Perth 35 year averages
Dec.	62.5mm	101.5mm	82.0mm	81.3mm
Jan.	90.1	82.4	86.3	63.5
Feb.	53.2	46.5	49.9	58.4
Mar.	38.0	82.1	60.1	63.5
Apr.	43.5	38.5	41.0	45.7
May	68.1	55.0	61.5	55.9
Jun.	44.8	69.6	57.2	48.3
Jul.	65.7	53.8	59.7	73.7
Aug.	58.1	60.2	59.1	86.4
Sep.	59.8	88.9	74.3	55.9
Oct.	68.4	75.5	71.9	73.7
Nov.	68.2	88.0	78.1	73.7
Total	720.4mm	842.0mm	781.1	780.0

Notice how close our 20 year average is to that of Perth — just 1mm different. However there are certain limited changes in the seasonal pattern.

Winters are wetter — total 218.2 cf. Perth 203.2

Springs are little different — 162.6 cf. Perth 165.1

Summers are much drier — 176.0 cf. Perth 208.4

Autumns are wetter — 224.3 cf. Perth 203.3.

That's the story of the twenty years. We are already six months into the 21st year, and so far 1988 has been fairly creditable: (i) All six months have been "warm" — all but 1°C above our 20 year average for the six months.

(ii) January to April were all on the wet side, in fact, Jan. was 50% up and April 100% up on the 20 year figures.

(iii) We all know how good June has been. As far as our own figures are concerned, it was the driest of our 21 years (19.2mm), and equalled the hottest (1976 — 14.7°C).

The readings will go on, for the Met Office assure us that they value the information that the station gives them. They are about to open a fully automatic station at Strathallan Airfield, and they want us to continue for at least 18 months for comparative purposes. After that we shall have to see. The station observer (me) has retired but intends making a comeback for those 18 months. If someone will take over the responsibility after that (but remember all those long-lie mornings you'll not have!), please let me know.

P.S. I wrote too soon about 1988! July was awful. More than double the 20 year average rainfall here (153.2mm), and cool as well (13.7°C). 1985 was similar — and then we had an extra wet August and September as well!

N.F.P.

Twilight Zone

As Jim trudged deeper into the woods he became aware of the rustle of the crisp leaves beneath him, the still night air and the misty atmosphere around him. Far behind him he could hear the savage cold-blooded howls of the wolves on the cold moor. He clenched his gun tightly, holding his breath as he did so. He blundered through the trees, every step having a deafening effect as he went. The trees seemed to be whispering from one to another conveying messages of anguish. Their gnarled trunks scratched him continuously and branches dug into his flesh, like blades of a knife. He cried out in pain as he fought his way through the dense undergrowth, scratched by thorns and prickles as he did so.

He began to feel tired and weary and stopped to get his breath back. Taking out a small hip-flask, he pondered, looked around and then raised the silvery container slowly to his blue-d lips. He was feeling cold and the warm viscous liquid brought life to his still body. As he drank he noticed a sense of silence in the wood. Everything was silent. Silence was listening to silence.

Suddenly the silence was broken by a loud mournful howl, which in turn was followed by others! To his alarm these creatures were near and were steadily approaching! He loathed the wolf with its sharp fanged teeth, its long red tongue and its cold neglected coat. It sent shivers down his spine. In the twilight he could see their leader emerging from the 'bush'. He began to run. The light was dim and it made visibility difficult. He felt the hungry brutes on his heel. His heart began to beat faster and faster and sweat began to pour desperately from his forehead. Falling, tripping and panting he ran. The thorns dug further into him and scratched his painful body. All too soon he tripped over an old tree stump, falling heavily on the mossy ground, striking his head heavily against a large grey rock. He felt dizzy and unable to stand. The trees above seemed to go round in circles, with the moonlight shining between them. The smokey clouds passed like thread over the moon and his eyes closed.

He awoke with a jump and gazed up from where he lay. The sun's warm bright fingers spread across his leaved ceiling as dawn shone brightly and the birds sung happily in the trees around him. His head ached but he was happy.

Peter Goody, Form III Prize

BABBAGE REVISTED

"It's like riding a bike." You've heard that expression used by people who know what they're doing because they've had the experience and you haven't. What has riding a bike to do with computing?

To the uninitiated, a computer provides the complete reflection of all the science fiction stories ever read as a child. It's the bit that provides all the answers but goes wrong in the end to reinforce mechanical fallibility and human superiority. Neil Armstrong didn't quite ride a bike but he did epitomise a peak of technological excellence in science fact. The trouble was that he went 'walkies' after I had left school (permanently) and so I missed the reflective musing open to school children as they try to become familiar with innovations. Anybody over forty will remain, to this day, as baffled and amazed by a computer as by that 'walk'. Like a song of the time — 'it's a little bit frightening'.

One recent comment from a colleague led me to understand that, after a short

computer course taken in good faith, he was still baffled and amazed that a computer seemed to communicate with him on a fairly acceptable level. This is 1988 and so HAL conversations and intentions can be ignored. However a sneaking respect was formed for the little, square fellow which remains to this day. In contrast, another colleague hopes to get through to the end without having to have anything to do with them. Is this respect through fear?

How can impersonal bits of metal provoke quite emotional responses in fact and fiction? The impersonal side of computing was spotted by advertisers years ago when they provided 'personal computers' or P.C.s. A success? No, because of the accompanying manual of impersonal instructions which usually weighed more than the computer and the programming, that foreign language tapped out like morse, never produced any results except 'error, error, error . . .' or 'syntax error' (I liked that one) and

'mistake'. It usually turns out to be a wrong comma and, to be honest, why is that important?

No, the P.C. has come a long way from the earlier attempts at electronics and it's those people who have had the opportunity, and the freedom from obscure technology, to sit and relax with a P.C. in front of a T.V. at the reflective age, who have seen the point.

The thing is that children have no fear of P.C. or T.V. as they are as commonplace as books and bikes. I remember both learning to ride a bike and to use a computer. In fact, my old bike was very like my old computer but modern bikes are easier and more, dare I say, 'user-friendly'. So if you really need to know about computing, nip along to Riley, find a bike rider and ask him — you'll get the clear facts about the modern world!

G.R.M.R.

(Charles Babbage was credited with inventing the computer but did not, as far as I know, meet Evelyn Waugh. Ed.)

SIXTH FORM BALL: "THE COUNTDOWN"

9th Jan. '88

Spring term starts.

T-21 days and counting

Kilgraston accept invitation. Much free time to be given up by both staff and pupils to practise Scottish Country Dancing, over next three weeks. Word on the street said that the special effort asked for concerning dress was being taken very much to heart.

T-14 days

Since the start of term the whispers from Woodlands had been getting louder, "would the gown be ready on time . . .?"

T-12 days

The Band, "Swing Time" was finally booked and the food arranged with much help from Mr Young.

T-10 days

A few boys find difficulty in hiring correct dress; staff come to the rescue.

T-5 days

Dancing lessons seem to take a major step backwards. I hope the old theatrical saying is correct. "It'll be alright on the night."

T-2 days

Final dance lesson is a slight improvement. Final hire dress picked up. Final good lucks passed round all concerned.

T-5 hours

Dining hall stripped and decorated. Lighting put up. Stage erected.

T-2 hours

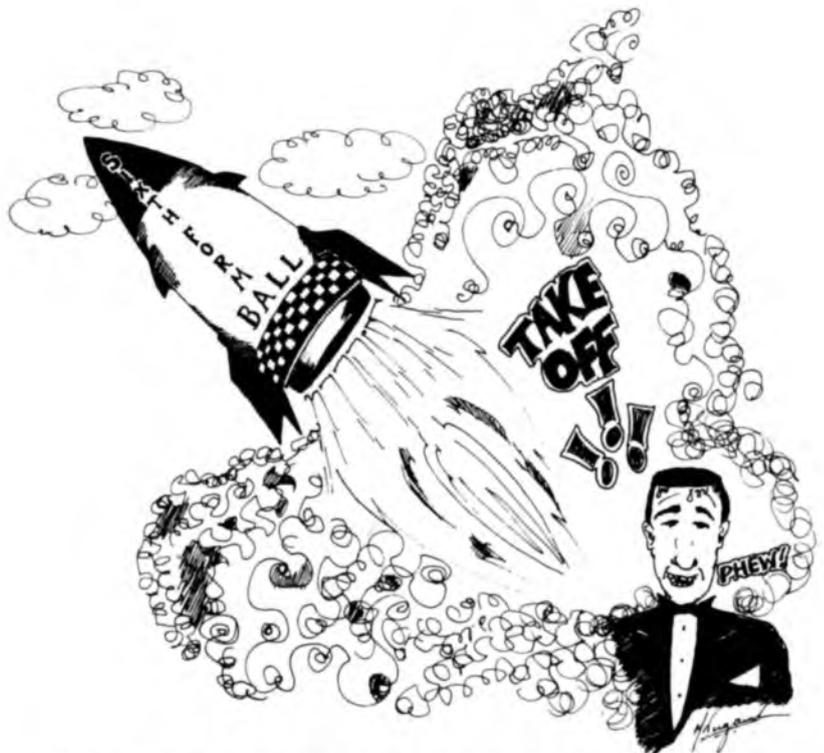
All washing and changing. The point of no return is upon us.

T-½ hour

Welcome Kilgraston.

The ball was enjoyed by all who attended. Both staff and pupils put a lot of hard work into the event directly and indirectly. We look forward to this being an annual event.

P.M.V.



Mr Vallot — a sigh of relief at the final "launching off" of the 6th Form Ball.

THE YEAR OFF — ONE YEAR ON

I am spending my year working in a small private school in Manhattan. I was fortunate enough to secure this placement through an organisation called GAP Activity Projects which is designed to provide work opportunities for the "gap" year between school and university. Accommodation is provided by the scheme and, like most, I live with a family — the best way, I suppose, to gain an insight into the real America. My wage is minimal — \$400 per month. It is definitely not enough to justify opening a Swiss Bank Account but it suffices and provides me with the opportunity for travel.

My job at "The Anglo-American International School" involves working closely with the lower school as a teacher's aide, teaching or assisting in the classroom whenever required. I also work in the school office and I have been able to initiate projects such as a school play and a field trip.

During the year I have gained a breadth of knowledge in the understand-

ing of others that I had scarcely thought was possible. Sadly, I have also learned that sometimes the main problem between Britain and America derives from the fact that we are separated by a common language.

I have been here so long now that I have completely adapted to the American way of life — I have become a resident rather than a tourist. In New York this is especially easy as you do not have to be born here to be a "New Yorker" — it's too cosmopolitan for that.

There is nowhere else in the world where there is so much going on. Fact. And it's deliberately designed for life at a 95 mph average. I have everything I could possibly want within five blocks of my home. Everyone in Manhattan does, and there is always something open. "The city that never sleeps"? No kidding! Much of life in New York and America involves overwhelming materialism and I have difficulty in trying to reconcile the homeless person raking through garbage with the ubiquitous

opulence visible elsewhere — but there is also the vitality and enthusiasm which, I feel, is uniquely American.

I do not believe this year has been academically disruptive — for as long as you're relatively adaptable, you can easily slip back into a routine and I don't feel that I have missed out by not going to University this year — I still have the same three years in which to enjoy myself!

I have no regrets. It has been such a positive experience. I do know I will never be a teacher (though I knew that anyway!) but I did do something completely different — that's the point.

Going home will be strange but I'm sure I'll readjust quickly (and hopefully get my accent back!)

Final words on the year off: the old clichés do apply — you mature significantly and you become more open-minded. So what's stopping you? Go ahead and do it!

J. David

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VALETE

Freeland

UVI

Addison, D. B. Came 1983³; III; House Prefect; Cricket 1st XI; Rugby 2nd/1st XV; Squash; Army. *clo Mr H. C. Addison, Strathallan School, Forgan-denny, Perthshire, PH2 9EG.*

Brown, D. S. Came 1983³; III; House Prefect; School Captain of Shooting; School Captain of Curling; Sailing; P.O. in Navy. *Green Park Hotel, Pitlochry, Tayside, PH16 5JY.*

Donnelly, A. W. Came 1981³; I; House Prefect; Rugby XV; Cross Country; Cricket 3rd XI. *38 Russell Drive, Bearsden, Glasgow.*

Logan, C. J. Came 1983³; III; School Prefect; Head of House; Rugby 2nd XV; Hockey 1st XI; Cricket 2nd XI; School Captain of Tennis; Stocks and

Shares Society; Dance Band; Orchestra; Senior Coxwain of Navy. *Dairsie Mains; Cupar, Fife, KY15 4RL.*

McMaster, A. D. Came 1981³; I; House Prefect; Rugby 3rd XV; Photography; Pipe Band. *Heron House, Toward Point, By Dunoon, Argyll.*

Mappin, M. G. Came 1985³; V. *The Manse, Watten, Caithness, KW1 5YJ.*

Meikle, K. Came 1984³; IV; House Prefect; Rugby 3rd/2nd XV; Football 1st XI; Cricket 3rd XI; Drama; Fishing; Corporal in Marines. *3c Macbeth Drive, Newfarm Loch, Kilmarnock.*

Pearson, A. Came 1984³; IV; School Prefect; Vice Head of House; Rugby 1st XV; School Captain of Squash; Football 1st XI; Athletics; Debating;

P.O. in Navy; Marines. *13 Dunchattan Grove, Troon, Ayrshire.*

Whitley, H. J. M. Came 1983³; III; House Prefect; Rugby 1st XV; Athletics; Head of Gym; CQM Sgt in Army; joint i/c Army. *Easter White House, Inveresk, Musselburgh, Edinburgh.*

Williamson, R. G. Came 1981³; I; House Prefect; Rugby 3rd XV; Hockey 3rd XV; Sailing Team; Survival; Coxwain in Navy. *8 Roscobie Park, Banchory, Kincardineshire, AB3 3RE.*

LVI

Elphinstone, J. A. Came 1982³; I; House Prefect; Cricket 3rd XI; Rugby 4th XV; Football 1st XI; P.O. in Navy. *Lynnford, Kingswells, Aberdeen, AB1 8PN.*

Leburn

UVI

Adam, G. M. Came 1983³; III; School Prefect; Head of House; Rugby 1st XV (Captain); Cricket 1st XI (Captain); Hockey 2nd XI (Captain); 1st XI; Houston Prize for All-Round Merit. *Harleyburn House, Darnick, Melrose.*

Benton, C. E. Came 1986³; LVI; House Prefect; Hockey 1st XI; Squash 1st V; Tennis 1st VI; Rugby 2nd XV; Army Corporal; Marines. *"Damonsara," Kingsfield Road, Kintore, Aberdeenshire, ABJ 0UD.*

Harrison, R. D. Came 1983³; III; House Prefect; Rugby 3rd XV; Hockey 2nd XI; Debating; Canoeing; D of E. *Traheuna, Ardgay, Sutherland, IV24 3BW.*

Hatfield, R. A. Came 1983³; III; House Prefect; Hockey 1st XI (Captain); Cricket 1st XI; A.B. in Navy. *Studley*

Close, Moorfield Road, Ben-Rhydding, Ilkley, West Yorkshire, LS29 8BL.

Kennedy, S. M. Came 1986³; LVI; House Prefect; Rugby 2nd XV; Social Services; Debating. *"Brentwood," 128 Bank Street, Irvine, Ayrshire, KA12 0NG.*

Rea, J. W. S. Came 1983³; III; House Prefect; Rugby 5th XV (Captain); Cricket 3rd XI; 2nd XI; Football U16 XI; Social Services. *The Drum, Duns-core, Dumfries, D62 0UF.*

Russell, K. J. Came 1983³; III; School Prefect; Captain of School; Rugby 1st XI; 2nd XI (Captain); Hockey 1st XI; Athletics; Tennis 1st VI; Navy; Under Officer for C.C.F. *27 Hill Street, Alloa, FK10 2BG.*

Sargent, N. Came 1987³; UVI; House Prefect; Academic Scholarship; Music

Scholarship; Music Prize; Choir; Orchestra; Early Music; Debating; Philosophy; Art. *"Cruach-Innse," Roy Bridge, Highland, PH31 4AE.*

Stringer, M. Came 1986³; LVI; House Prefect; Rugby 3rd XV; Academic Scholarship; Physics Prize; Art Prize; Debating; Philosophy; P.O. in Navy; i/c Armoury. *9 Robertson Crescent, Pitlochry, Perthshire, PH16 5HD.*

V

Crawford, S. M. Came 1982³; I; Rugby 5th XV; Hockey S. Colts 'B' XI; Cricket S. Colts 'A' XI; Athletics; R.A.F. *9 Seagate, Prestwick, Ayrshire.*

MacBain, J. M. Came 1983³; I; Army Corporal. *55 Drumlin Drive, Milngavie, Glasgow, G62 6NF.*

Nicol

UVI

Boon, K. D. Came 1986¹; LVI; House Prefect; Rugby 1st XV; Scottish Schools XV; British Coal Scholarship; Army (Pte). *8 Hillview Drive, Cults, Aberdeen, AB1 9HD.*

Clark, J. D. Came 1983¹; III; Rugby 3rds/2nds; Hockey 2nd XI; Football 1st XI. *George Hotel, Inveraray, Argyll.*

Crocker, F. G. Came 1981¹; I; House Prefect; Hockey 3rd XI; Summer Hockey 1st XI; Sailing; Shooting; Rugby 3rd XV; Army Colour Sgt i/c Section/Motorbikes.

Currie, S. A. Came 1984¹; IV; House Prefect; Basketball U16; Football 1st XV; Taylor Woodrow Construction Sponsorship; Stocks and Shares Society; Army (Pte); Social Services.

Hely, P. W. Came 1986¹; V; House Prefect; Rugby 5th XV. *37 Woodend Drive, Glasgow, G13 1QJ.*

Hutcheson, K. N. Came 1984¹; IV; Rugby 3rd XV; Athletics; Squash.

Main, C. N. Came 1984¹; IV; Rugby 3rd XV; Athletics; Squash.

Main, C. N. Came 1981¹; I; House Prefect; Rugby 2nd XV; Hockey 1st XI and 2nd XI; Indoor Hockey. *11 James Street, Pittenweem, Fife, KY10 2QW.*

Smith, S. M. Came 1981¹; I; Head of House; Rugby 3rd XV; Hockey 2nd XI and 3rd XI; Summer Hockey XI; Social Services. *Castlecraig, Carslogie Road, Cupar, Fife.*

LVI

Browne, D. J. S. Came 1982³; I; House

Prefect; Rugby U13A; U14A, U15B, 4ths, 2nds; Cricket U13A, U14B; Athletics; Cross Country; Drama; Army Colour Sgt. *120 Rose Street, South Lane, Edinburgh.*

Macintyre, R. C. Came 1982¹; I; Skiing; Athletics; Navy. *Lundin Links, Fife, K48 6NP.*

V

Lawman, F. M. Came 1982¹; I; RAF (Cdt). *6 Carron Hall, Stonehaven, AB3 2WF.*

Muir, D. P. M. Came 1985¹; III; Golf; Rugby V11th 3; Army Corporal. *5 Eglinton Drive, Giffnock, Glasgow, GL6 7NQ.*

Ruthven

UVI

- Gibb, R. J. Came 1982³; II; House Prefect; Football U16 XI (Captain); 1st XI; Rugby 3rd XV; Swimming; Social Services. *clo Officers Mess, RAF Gatow, West Berlin, BFPO 45.*
- Grant, E. J. Came 1981³; I; School Prefect; Rugby 1st XV; Cricket 2nd XI; Hockey S. Colts 'A' XI; Athletics; Cross Country; Swimming; Academic Scholarship; Geography Prize; Debating; Stocks and Shares Society; Choir; Early Music; Drama; Drum Major in Pipe Band. *2 Beamish Drive, Bushey Heath, Herts, WD2 1HQ.*
- Hamilton, A. R. Came 1983³; III; House Prefect; Cricket 2nd XI; Hockey S. Colts 'A' XI; Debating; Drama; Army; Motorbikes. *The Knowes, For-gandenny, Perth, PH2 9ES.*
- Hatrick, K. H. Came 1986³; LVI; House Prefect; Rugby 3rd XV; Chairman/Secretary of the Debating Society; Choir; Orchestra; Drama. "*More-*

lands," Duns, Berwickshire, TD11 32H.

- James, M. K. Came 1983³; III; House Prefect; Rugby 1st XV; Cricket 2nd XI; Football 1st XI; Summer Hockey; Photography; Stocks and Shares Society; Young Farmers; Social Services; Marines. *Ravenswood Hotel, St Johns Road, Annan, Dumfriesshire, DG12 6AW.*
- Neish, S. N. Came 1981³; I; School Prefect; Head of House; Rugby 1st XV; 1st VII; Cricket 1st XI; Hockey 2nd XI; Army. *1 Ben Ledi Road, Kirkcaldy, Fife.*
- Paterson, M. D. L. Came 1987³; UVI; House Prefect; Cross Country; Economics Prize; P.O. in Navy. *17 Birchgrove, Houston, Johnstone, Renfrewshire, PA6 YDF.*
- Piper, G. W. Came 1983²; II; House Prefect; Rugby 2nd XV; Hockey 3rd XI; Football 1st XI; Social Services; Army. *9 Roseburn Drive, Edinburgh.*

Young, A. J. Came 1981³; I; House Prefect; Football 1st XI; Cricket 3rd XI; Rugby 3rd XV; Cross Country; Social Services; Army. "*South Kin-rara," Fairmount Terrace, Perth, PH2 7AS.*

V

- Disbury, M. Came 1985³; III; A.B. in Navy. *1 Birkdale, Homefarm, Brack-nell, Berks.*
- Kirkland, A. J. Came 1982³; I; Rugby 1st XV; Athletics; Fishing; A.B. in Navy; Marines. *29 Fullerton Drive, Seamill, West Kilbride, Ayrshire, KA23 9HS.*
- Laird, M. C. Came 1985³; III; Rugby U15 'C' XV; A.B. in Navy. *West Memvs, By Forfar, Angus, Scotland, DD8 3TY.*
- Wardhaugh, G. D. C. Came 1986³; IV; J/Cpl in R.A.F. "*Coille-Righ," 62 Lour Road, Forfar, Angus, DO8 2BA.*

Simpson

UVI

- Bargon, M. A. Came 1981³; I; House Prefect; Cricket 1st XI; 2nd XI; 3rd XI (Captain); Rugby 5th XV; R.A.F. Corporal. *21 Strathalmond Park, Barnton, Edinburgh, EH4 8HP.*
- Cowie, G. R. Came 1982³; II; House Prefect; Hockey 1st XI; Rugby 2nd XV; Cricket 2nd XI; Football 1st XI. *3 Crollshillock Place, Newtonhill, AB3 2RF.*
- Gordon, M. R. M. Came 1983³; III; House Prefect; Rugby 1st XV; Football 1st XI; School Captain of Athletics; Sergeant in Marines. *12 Carrick Gardens, High Earnock, Hamilton, ML3 8XE*
- Harris, J. B. Came 1981³; I; School Prefect; Head of House; Rugby 1st

XV; Hockey 2nd XI; Sailing VI; Pipe Major in Pipe Band. *29 James Street, Cellardyke, Anstruther, Fife, KY10 3AZ.*

- Robb, D. M. Came 1981³; I; House Prefect; Rugby 5th XV; Hockey 3rd/4th XI; Sailing VI; Shooting Team; Divisional Coxswain in Navy. *Ordie Cottage, Stanley, Nr. Perth, PH1 4PR.*
- Sloan, J. Came 1981³; I; House Prefect; Maths Prize; Librarian; Choir; R.A.F. Corporal. *Yeskett Farm, Lockerbie, Dumfriesshire, D6L 1AQ.*
- Twiggs, K. J. S. Came 1981¹; I; House Prefect; Rugby 3rd XV; Cricket 3rd XI; R.A.F. Corporal. *2 Grasmere Avenue, Heworth, NE10 0XN, Tyne and Wear, England.*

LVI

Reid, G. N. Came 1985¹; III; Cricket 1st XI (Secretary); Rugby 4th XV; Curling; Lance Corporal in Army, Motorbikes. *Gourdie Farm, Caputh, Perthshire, PH1 4LF.*

V

- Finnie, S. Came 1985³; III; Orchestra; Jazz Band; Wind Band; Debating; D. of E.; R.A.F. *27 Rendelsham Gardens, Thornbury, Plymouth.*
- Forster, M. A. F. Came 1983³; II; Rugby 4th XV; Young Farmers; Army. *Thornbank House, Thornbank Road, Stranraer, Wigtownshire.*
- Wallace, G. J. Came 1983³; II; Rugby 5th XV; Cricket 1st XI; Hockey 2nd XI. *Enrick, Castle Douglas, DG7 2AZ.*

Woodlands

- Batchelor, C. M. McC. Came 1986¹; LVI; House Prefect; Hockey 2nd XI; Captain of Girls' Skiing. *Law of Craigo, Craigo, Montrose, Angus, DD10 9LD.*
- Bowring, S. A. C. Came 1986¹; LVI; House Prefect, Hockey 2nd XI; VI Form Scholarship; Chemistry and Biology Prizes; House Colours; Drama; Debating; Philosophy. *3 North Dean Park Avenue, Bothwell, Lanarkshire.*
- Calder, M. L. Came 1983¹; III; House Prefect; Tennis; Swimming; Hockey 2nd XV; Social Services. *19 Bon-Accord Crescent, Aberdeen.*
- Clark, L. W. Came 1986¹; LVI; School Prefect; Squash; House Colours. *Greenfields, Kirkgunzeon, Dumfries, DG2 8SR.*

Cook, K. S. Came 1986¹; LVI; Head of House; Hockey 2nd XI and 1st XI; House Colours; Social Services. *Hillcrest, Golfhill Drive, Helensburgh, Dunbartonshire, G8H 9JD.*

- Cuthbertson, E. M. Came 1984¹; IV; School Prefect; Hockey 2nd XI; Cross Country. *Hareshaw Lodge, Fenwick, Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, KA3 6JJ.*
- De Iongh, N. H. Came 1983¹; III; House Prefect; Tennis U16; Badminton; Scholarship 'O' Level Prize; English and French Prizes; House Colours; Choir; Philosophy; Debating; Drama; Creative Writing; School Magazine; Madrigals. *Lathallan, Montrose, Angus, DD10 0HN.*
- Fleming, W. A. Came 1983¹; III; Hockey U15A and 2nd XI (captain); Athletics; Cross Country; House Colours; Choir;

Drama; School Magazine; Madrigals; Social Services; Creative Writing. *Grantown-on-Spey, Caravan Park, Seafield Avenue, Grantown-on-Spey, Morayshire, PH26 3JQ.*

- Heggie, S. M. Came 1983¹; III; House Prefect; Hockey U15A and 1st XI; Swimming; Choir; Drama. *Dochart Crescent, Polmont, Stirlingshire, FK2 0RE.*
- Hegney, T. A. M. Came 1983¹; III; House Prefect; Hockey; 2nd XI and 3rd XI; Swimming; Orchestra; Drama. *9 Basil Mansions, Basil Street, Knightsbridge, London, SW3 1AP.*
- Keith, B. S. Came 1982¹; II; House Prefect; 3rd Form Set Prize; Drama. *Turlundit, Sandyhill Road, Banff, AB4 1BE.*

LEAVERS' COMMENTS

McKenzie-Smith, J. E. H. Came 1983¹; III; House Prefect; Hockey 3rd XI; House Colours; Social Services; Strathaid and C & B Committees. *Lindores Abbey House, Newburgh, Fife, KY14 6JP.*

Rutherford, R. M. Came 1986¹; V; House Prefect; Captain of Hockey 1st XV; Games; Squash; Athletics; Shooting. *East Camno, Meigle, Perthshire.*

Smith, R. M. Came 1986¹; V. House Prefect; Hockey 3rd XI; Patrick Granderson Prize for Strings (twice); Orchestra; Choir; Early Music Group; Madrigals; House Colours. *Helenslea, 39 London Road, Stranraer, Wigtownshire, DG9 8AF.*

LVI

Smith, J. A. Came 1984¹; III; Tennis; Hockey; U15 and 3rd XI; Social Services; Drama. *St. Catherine's, Links Road, Leven, Fife.*

V

Adam, R. C. Came 1985¹; III; Hockey U15A; Tennis U15; Debating (Jnr); Drama; Midlands Hockey U16. *Harleyburn House, Darnick, Melrose, Roxburghshire, TD6 9BA.*

Butler, G. C. B. Came 1984¹; II; Swimming; Athletics; Canoeing. *5 Ilys Cadnant, Dyserth Road, Rhyl, Clwyd, North Wales, LL18 4DS.*

Milne, A. A. M. Came 1985¹; III; Athletics; Cross Country; Hockey U15A and 2nd XI. *North Cookney Croft, Muchalls, Kincardineshire, AB3 2SL.*

Reid, N. A. Came 1985¹; III; Hockey U15 and 3rd XI; Tennis Team (Jnr); Orchestra; Choir. *Canterland, Marykirk, Kincardineshire, AB3 1XL.*

Taylor, J. R. W. Came 1983¹; I; Hockey U15B and 3rd XI; Choir; 2nd Orchestra; Drama.

What they Enjoyed

- 'Going to bed'
- 'Mr Wands' ties'
- 'Friends'
- 'Late night cuisine'
- 'Post Highers water sports'
- 'Beating the system'
- 'Fish and chips on Friday'
- 'The holidays'
- 'Invites to parties'
- 'The community spirit'
- 'Rob's scandal'
- 'Breaking rules and not getting caught'
- 'Being away from home'
- 'Outdoor activities'
- 'Laughing at people's haircuts'
- 'The Mission Fan Club'
- 'The RHFHLHBS'
- 'Perth leave'
- 'Computing'
- 'Security'
- 'Meeting other people'
- 'Gordon's verbal blunders'
- 'Ability of Housemaster to treat me as a person'

What they will miss least

- 'Getting up'
- 'The train home (think about it)'
- 'Cross country'
- 'The hierarchy'
- 'Pasta for lunch'
- 'Grant Cowie's socks'
- 'Being called a looney'
- 'Invigilated spares'
- 'Petty punishments'
- 'Standards'
- 'Bob Hatfield's singing'
- 'School authority'
- 'Exams'
- 'Orchestra rehearsals'
- 'Rick Astley records'

He came to teach Geography, and he was appointed Head of Department in 1975, which post he held until he became the School's first effectively full-time Careers Adviser in 1982.

His teaching was always cogent and immaculately prepared, but he will perhaps be best remembered in this field for literally putting Strathallan on the map, as a meteorological station. I am glad to say we need not miss that familiar figure pedalling in to take the morning readings, trying to determine whether we really had had a torrential downpour or whether the gremlins had been at it again, as he promises to keep up the good work for a year or two yet.

In his young days — and indeed not so young days — Norrie Pedgrift was a very accomplished sportsman, whose games were marked by a high level of skills. He coached the Senior Colts in cricket and hockey for some years, and he was a pivotal member of staff sides. For the Occasionals, the sight of that dapper figure patrolling the covers was always reassuring, and his spin bowling, like that

of Macdonell's rate collector, was full of infinite patience and guile.

But notwithstanding his teaching, his games, and his years as Simpson Tutor, Norrie's chief contribution must be in Careers. He began quietly to assume responsibilities in this area in the 70's, and slowly but very surely, and without treading on the toes of existing practitioners, he developed the Careers Department into an invaluable source of information and sound advice at all levels. His essentially low-key approach is the sort that can easily go unsung, but I know that very many pupils, parents and Housemasters have reason to thank him for the expertise and help he has always willingly given.

It comes as quite a shock to realise that Norrie has reached retirement age. However, we are all delighted (and his successor as Careers Adviser is greatly comforted) to know that he and Thelma will still be at South Hill, and we hope it will be many years before they find their superb garden too big.

D.A.R.W.

DOGITUARY

The school was sorry to hear of the loss of one of its long-time friends when they returned after the Easter holidays. He had been a member of our community for many years and the school does not seem the same in his absence. Kummel will be much missed.

VALETE

MR N. F. PEDGRIFT

N. F. P. came to Strathallan in January 1967. After ten years on the London Metal Exchange he had decided to 'give up working for a living and take up teaching'.

“GOODBYE SCHOOL”

The title is full of pitfalls. “Beware” I say to myself. It could become an “obituary”, albeit autobiographical. It could be a series of reflections on “ye olde days,” or a screed of carping comments . . . things aren’t what they were . . .” etc.

So I shall play safe and look to the future (even at my great age, there is a future!) It will probably become a more personal future, so it is up to me to guard against it becoming a self-centred one. It will probably become a more contented one, but should I not also guard against that? Contentment may not be far removed from self-satisfaction — certainly a condition to guard against. It may though, eventually become a less active one, but — always provided that the mind remains sound — will that matter? Hopefully the reduced activity I speak of may lead to an increased fulfilment — “things done better” perhaps. What I think that I wish for myself as much as anything is that self-respect and the belief that what I do, and how I do it, will continue to matter to me. We’ll see.

But (with apologies to you grammarians), you may wish to hear of the past? Here goes then! During my time Strathallan has grown from 350 to 500 odd, from 4 senior houses to 6, from a staff of under 30 to one of approaching 50. “But how do you find Strathallan School now compared with your early days here?” you could be thinking. Pitfalls await me again: it would be easy to say “it’s not what it was . . .”, certain truth though that is. It’s a more lively place — again, true, the pupils seem to enjoy themselves

more, they “do” more, there is greater variety, they live better — amenities have definitely increased. Yes, it’s all true. These improvements to creature comfort were needed. We do after all live in a



Mr Pedgrift and the Headmaster on Sports Day.

competitive world, and Strathallan has to compete with “the others” — I suppose.

Are we the better for all of these changes? Is what goes on in the classroom “improving” — the teaching environment, the content of the learning, the learning itself? Is the approach to this always what it could be? For it is here that things may not be what they could be, nor what they were. I doubt whether the individual pupil is always allowed by his peers to make his own choice of approach to work. For all the freedom from serious (worthwhile?) sanction now enjoyed, is there the individualism allowed by these peers?

Perhaps these comments are made because I have grown old and “touch” has been lost? That may well be the case. Nevertheless, if my suggestion from the previous paragraph is fact, it may not be important since “school” is but a passing phase. We all grow out of it, and the longer that we are away from it, the less what we did there matters relative to the new experiences that happen to us.

But doesn’t it matter? When I retire, it will have mattered what I did and how I did it at my own school, during my career in commerce, and then in teaching and I sincerely believe that it will continue to matter in my retirement — to me, at least.

I would that what you do and how you do it at ‘your’ school, in ‘your’ career(s), in ‘your’ family life, will also matter to you.

Farewell!

N. F. Pedgrift

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STRATHALLIAN CLUB



Alan Johnston our President was at Strathallian from 1956 until 1961. He was in Simpson House. He was a keen member of the Pipe Band and renewed his acquaintance with the bass drum at this year's school fete.

He married Jean in 1970 and has two sons, Kit and Oliver, and a daughter, Suzy. Kit is presently at Strathallian.

In business Alan has been involved in Steel Stockholding and Commercial Vehicle Franchising. He has been Managing Director of C.M.T. Transport Services introducing Iveco vehicles to Scotland and went into business on his own account in 1980. He is a member of the Incorporations of Masons, Wrights and Coopers of the city of Glasgow.

Alan, a member of the Royal Northern and Clyde Yacht Club is a keen yachtsman having competed in the I.O.D. World Championships as far afield as San Francisco and Boston as a member of the Scottish crew. When not on the water Alan can be found restoring classic cars to their former glory.

DINNER FOR STRATHALLIANS

Leaving School 1966-71

Saturday, March 26th, 1988 proved to be another happy and nostalgic evening for the gathering of some of the Strathallians who left School between 1966-71. We certainly were delighted to see all who managed to attend and it was a particular pleasure to entertain Wilf Hoare with those who were his final boys here. We have never had speeches at these dinners, but we appreciated Wilf's few words of encouragement and good wishes for the future of Strathallan.

The main thanks must go to those of you who attended and made it such a splendid evening, but I should also like to pass on your thanks to Lara Clayton (OS) and Jenny Ralfs for looking after the bar, to the Staff of Woodlands who prepared all the beds and rooms, (incidentally they commented on how extremely neatly all the rooms were left — yes, seriously), to Mrs Calder and her Staff for getting the Main House ready and decorated, to the Bursar's Staff for making drums, music-stands and so on vanish and reappear, and for heating us, and to Mr and Mrs Young and their Staff for our excellent dinner, not to forget the executive breakfast.

Jimmy Dinsmore, the Chairman, kept everyone in good control and Simon Peters piped in the port, though this year he was rivalled by ex-Pipe Majors Gordon Wallace and Ian McLean, each eager to earn a piper's dram!

We once again went over to the Lecture Theatre for the entertainment, and we are extremely grateful to those who interrupted their holidays to come back for the evening and entertain us with music and singing, snatches of 'Oliver' and fun. Our special thanks go to Mr David Harris and Mr Craig Young and to Ian Clark, Nicola de Jongh, Craig Glimm, Louisa Mackenzie, Elizabeth Reekie, Nicholas Sargent and Rachel Smith, all members of the School.

To conclude, may I quote from some of your kind letters of thanks?

"The week-end at Strathallan was almost 'unreal' in many ways, and I was waiting for the daydream to subside before writing to you. It was truly a feast of nostalgia. To meet all those Strathallians at one time having had no contact with any of them for twenty years was quite an experience."

"Physical changes were in the main very superficial and mostly involved hair, but once I had recovered from the shock of re-introductions it was almost as if twenty years had dissolved."

"My brain did a Dr Who and went back in time resurrecting a host of memories but I'm safely back in the present tense now."

"May I comment on how much the entertainment was appreciated."

"It was with some amusement that I recall the high-spirited 'Songs of Praise' in the Chapel at 4 a.m." (PS Thanks to the two professional organists).

"I had a dream the other night that has been troubling me. I dreamt that I was back at School sitting at Chapel at my place in the choir, drinking cold tea and singing hymns with my old school-friends. Do you think that this is normal?"

"The Masters of my day didn't appear any older."

"Pity the swimming pool wasn't a little warmer." (Ed: We do not understand this comment!)

"I haven't enjoyed myself so much for a long time. The chemistry was just right. Good food, good wine, good chums and a little improvised singing and sport!"

"The girls' accommodation is certainly luxurious but a visit round the Ruthven dorms showed that things have not really changed very much!" (Ed: Just you wait!)

"The occasion opened up nostalgic memories, some good, some bad, some happy, some sad."

"I cannot remember going to bed last night."

"No doubt like many amongst us I was a little apprehensive as to what sort of night it would be, however . . . it was one of the most enjoyable events I have been to for ages."

"I look forward to meeting everyone again in the year 2008, should you be willing to repeat the occasion."

"Everyone seemed to enjoy themselves so much — I only hope it was not too much for the hosts."

No, no, be sure it was not too much for the hosts, we thoroughly enjoyed it, after all we survived you when you were here as pupils.

T.C.G.F.

Strathallians attending were:

E. D. Aitchison
B. G. Allan
J. W. B. Anderson
P. J. Anderson
A. J. G. Armstrong
A. G. Balfour
G. W. Balfour
S. J. Barclay
D. R. Barns-Graham
A. W. Bethune
D. D. C. Biggart
D. M. Bogie
R. A. Broadwood
D. R. Brown
J. M. Burnett
A. A. Chalmers
M. W. H. Cran

B. J. F. Crawford
G. M. Crawford
A. N. Crowe
J. W. Dinsmore (Chairman)
N. S. Drummond
A. D. G. Duncan
A. W. S. Fea
A. G. Ferguson
T. Fleming
I. R. B. Forbes
I. W. Gordon
I. D. Houston
P. A. K. Laband
D. Latta
W. M. Lindsay
A. D. Lyburn
T. R. MacLeod
A. G. Macmillan
I. J. C. Mahon
J. M. Marshall
D. J. McBride
S. R. McGill
N. D. McKenzie
D. B. McLean
I. R. McLean
D. H. McNair
J. T. Moffat
J. B. Morton
A. J. Muirhead
G. L. H. Mure
A. C. Mutch
M. C. Ness
R. S. Peters (Governor)
G. Scott
J. M. Scott
A. C. Shedden
J. B. Sproat
R. W. Sproat
M. J. N. Steele
E. G. Targowski
J. S. Turner
R. M. Turner
A. T. A. Wallace
G. G. Wallace
R. M. Wallace
A. L. Wearmouth
R. I. Williamson
P. M. Wilson
B. C. Young

Guests were:

J. F. Clayton
T. C. G. Fairbairn
C. P. Hewson
W. N. S. Hoare
T. J. MacLeod
C. D. Pighills (Headmaster)
B. Raine
P. R. Spurgin
D. A. R. Williams
Unfortunately the following were unable to come, having accepted:
J.P.F.F. Davie
R. J. Elder
D. M. Ormerod
M. M. Norval
P. L. N. Walker

NEWS OF STRATHALLIANS

- AYANTUGA, B. O. (1985) has graduated in Economics at Sussex University. She plans to take a post-graduate course in Management at The Northwestern University, Illinois.
- BARCLAY, D. F. (1955) is a vet, and he has recently moved from Leicestershire to Bridge of Earn.
- BARNET, J. G. (1965) is living in Glasgow and would like to hear from contemporaries.
- BECKMAN, J. N. (1983) was awarded 1st Class Honours in his BA from Aberdeen University. Our best congratulations to him. He specialised in Medieval and Modern Russian History.
- BEECH, L. J. (1983) has graduated in History and is now taking a Diploma in Business Studies at Lancaster University. His home is in Hamburg.
- BETHUNE, A. (1971) lives and works in Aberdeen and was the assistant organist (3.0-4.0 a.m.) at the 65-71 dinner.
- BEVERIDGE, R. C. (1983) is engaged to Mr Kevin Norfolk of Hawera, New Zealand.
- BIRSS, Dr. I. R. (1983) is Head of Risley Laboratory, U.K. Atomic Energy Authority.
- BRUCE JONES, T. J. (1983) graduated LL.B. at Aberdeen. Well done Teresa!
- BUCHANAN, H. D. (1939) visited Britain from his home in British Columbia for a Fleet Air Arm Reunion in August 1987.
- CALDER, A. L. (1982) has graduated M.B., Ch.B. at Aberdeen. She joins Dr Naylor as another lady doctor trained at Aberdeen!
- CARTLEDGE, P. (1966) lives with his wife and two children near Andover, where they are restoring a 17th-century house. He works in London managing the Treasury and Market Training programme for Samuel Montagu Ltd. and Midland Bank. He would be happy to show Strathallians round a trading room in the City.
- CRACKNELL, C. J. (1981) has been promoted to Lieutenant in The Royal Greenjacket Regiment.
- CRAWFORD, A. J. M. (1983) has graduated B.Sc. in Agriculture and Food Marketing from Newcastle University and is now working with a C.A.'s firm in Reading.
- CRAWFORD, G. M. (1969) is the Assistant Director of Personnel and Training for Europe, Africa and W. Asia with Hilton International.
- CUNNINGHAM, C. M. (1978) is an associate of the R.I.C.S. and has been working as a quantity surveyor in Bahrain since 1983.
- CUTHBERTSON, Alistair C. (1979) married Alison Vale in February, 1987. He gained a HND (Transport) from Newcastle Polytechnic, and in February, 1988 passed out from Ashford Police Training College, now being attached to the Essex Constabulary in Harlow. He lives in Chelmsford.
- CUTHBERTSON, Angus C. (1986) was a junior master at Ardvreck 1986/87, then worked in the Lord Chamberlain's Department, Chelmsford Crown Court and with Keycamp in France. He now goes to Birmingham Polytechnic to read Business Studies.
- CUTHBERTSON, M. S. (1981) gained his B.Sc. in Industrial Studies from Trent Polytechnic and he is now Technical Services Manager with Allen Bros. part of the Hilldown Group, in Berwick-upon-Tweed.
- DAVIDSON, J. F. (1965) is living in Camberley. He recently saw the School video and gets full marks for reporting that Messrs. Barker and Fairbairn do not look a day older than in 1965!
- DAY, I. F. S. (1965) graduated in Geography at York University, Toronto, (years ago, of course!) and is now an environmental consultant there.
- DOBBIE, R. K. (1981) has been appointed as a Detective Constable with the C.I.D. from Baker St. N.W.1. Congratulations to him on being awarded the Royal Humane Society's Silver Medal for Courage when saving a Life, at a ceremony in November 1987.
- DRYSDALE, A. D. (1968) is a lecturer at the University of New Hampshire and is co-author of a book on the political geography in the Middle East. Get your copy quick!
- DRYSDALE, A. T. G. (1978) is a sales representative for Warner-Lambert Pharmaceuticals in the South-East.
- DRYSDALE, C. M. (1974) is working in London for the Foreign Office.
- DRYSDALE, R. C. G. (1965) is Head of Department teaching History at St. Peter's School, York, and is House-master of a day House. (Some people never learn!)
- DUNCAN, R. J. (1980) represented Great Britain in the Winter Olympics in Calgary, Canada. Congratulations, Ronnie, as our first Olympian.
- ELKINS, H. (1980) is Major Accounts manager for Images U.K. Ltd.
- GAMMACK-CLARK, J. (1956) lives near Dollar and has registered his son for 1988. Come on, follow this excellent example! (P.S. James is now here).
- GEDDES, S. (1987) was due to graduate at St. John's, Ravencourt in Canada in June 1988 and go on to the University of Manitoba to read Economics. We hope your exams went well!
- GILLANDERS, C. S. Y. (1968) sings with the Scottish National Orchestra Chorus and has visited America, Italy and Israel. He is a judge and breeder of Basset Hounds. Buy one now!
- GILLANDERS, D. M. N. (1977) is a very successful (well, his father says he is!) Industrial Photographer, living in Killearn.
- GILLANDERS, E. C. (1928) is very much enjoying making and restoring spinning wheels. Thank you very much for a magnificent one for auction at the Fête.
- GILLANDERS, F. G. R. (1974) has been in South Carolina on H.M.S. Rothesay. Next he is joining H.M.S. Liverpool.
- GRANT, C. S. (1971) and his family are enjoying a two-year contract in agricultural development with the United Nations in Ethiopia.
- HIBBS, G. (1952) visited Strathallan on holiday from Ontario.
- HARVEY-WALKER, A. (1963) We have not heard from him directly but he is still playing and coaching cricket as his name appears in the results of the cricket leagues in the Johannesburg newspapers.
- HEDGES, B. J. (1982) has graduated as a Civil Engineer but is presently training to become an airline pilot with British Midlands Airways.
- IRVINE-BROWN, G. (1968) (Did we have the hyphen, in those long-gone days?) is married with two children, and he lives in Ormeau, Queensland. He works for an industrial chemical company visiting gold and coal mines. Very nice to hear from you again, Greg.
- KING, K. B. (1968) is the Head of the Communication Section as a lecturer in a College of Further Education in Jersey, and enjoys a rather belated acting career.
- LABAND, A. E. M. (1969) is working with Price Waterhouse Associates in Taiwan.
- LAWRENCE, A. T. (1984) is the anti-poaching Officer for Parc des Volcans for the Mountain Gorilla Project, Rwanda. He would be very pleased to see any legitimate visitors.
- LECKIE, G. K. S. (1983) completed his degree in Catering at Napier College and is a Manager of the Queen's Moat House, a four-star hotel in Reading.
- LEE, C. L. H. (1981) is studying for her Ph.D. in microbiology at the university of Waikato, New Zealand.
- LEE, P. S. H. (1980) is a pharmacist with National Co-operative Chemists Ltd. in Ayrshire.
- LESTER, R. H. (1978) is a sales representative with Glaxo Pharmaceuticals.
- LOWDEN, G. S. (1944) has retired from managing Peat, Marwick, McLintock but is continuing to act as a consultant. Furthermore, congratulations on his appointment as Honorary Visiting Professor in the Department of Accountancy and Business Finance at Dundee University.
- MacEWAN, C. G. R. (1981) — Carla Gilmour, as we knew her, is married

- and is Senior Speech Therapist for the mentally handicapped with the Highland Health Board.
- MacFARLANE, T. (1938) lives in Argyll. He has many memories of Strathallan and particularly of the 1938 XI. One of his memories appears under the title "A Grand Tour" elsewhere in the magazine.
- MacKAY, E. P. (1965) lives and works in Hong Kong.
- MacKAY, N. J. (1978) Bim is working in London and reports that brothers Angus (1975) and Adj (1977) are doing "pretty well".
- MacKENZIE, G. F. G. (1981) married Miss Joan Williamson on 6th November, 1987.
- MACKIE, S. J. (1985) She has completed her second year of Law in Glasgow.
- MACKIE, D. II. (1985) is manager of a disco.
- MacLELLAN, A. R. (1986) has completed two years of his degree course in Sports Studies at St. John's College, York. He has represented the College in hockey, rugby and cricket, and gained the Howard Shield for service to the rugby Club as player/coach.
- MacLELLAN, D. C. (1982) is a graduate physiotherapist with a diploma in remedial gymnastics, and a special interest in Sports Medicine. He was on the Staff of Ashington Hospital for two years, and he added BASI 3 to his ASSI — (specialists may understand these complicated initials!) now he is off to New Zealand to combine ski instructing with physiotherapy.
- MARSLAND, C. J. (1958) is managing director of the British Shoe Co. He lives in the Vale of Belvoir with his wife and two children.
- MARTIN, R. L. (1983) was awarded B.Sc. with commendation in Quantity Surveying and the Dearle and Henderson Construction Cost Studies Prize from the Polytechnic of Central London. He is now working with Cyril Sweett and Partners and is studying for an LL.B. in his spare time!
- McCALL-SMITH, H. W. (1983) has gained his B.Sc. from Aberdeen University.
- McCALLUM, S. (1980) is a Lieutenant in the R.A.M.C., serving at the Cambridge Military Hospital, Aldershot. He got married this year and he and his wife are expecting a baby next year. (It's useful to be a doctor!)
- McGREGOR, I. C. (1976) married Miss Angela Buchanan in June.
- McGREGOR, R. (1974) has returned from working in Oman on a new hospital. He is now working on the new B.P. Headquarters at Hemel Hempstead for Mowlam Management. He and his wife have a son Rory Johnson, aged two.
- MELVILLE, J. B. (1963) and W. B. (1966) presented an etching of Strathallan in memory of their father H. B. Melville who was at School from 1928-33, and whose print it was. We are most grateful for the gift of the picture, which now hangs in the Saloon. Will is still in Johannesburg and extends an open invitation to any Strathallian visiting South Africa on business or pleasure. His number is in the Jo'burg directory!
- MOFFAT, S. A. (1973) is a Captain with Britannia Airlines.
- MONTGOMERIE, C. S. (1975) Though he was only in Riley for a year, we note with pleasure that he won the Scottish Amateur Golf Championship last year, and he has now turned professional. He toured Africa competing in the Nigerian, Ivory Coast, Kenya, Zimbabwe and Zambian Open Championships, sharing third place in the last mentioned.
- MUIR, D. S. (1978) is running his own business Scott Muir Insurance Brokers Ltd. in Derby specialising in all kinds of insurance. He would be delighted to hear from Strathallians (?clients) in his area.
- PANTON, C. J. (1981) is in Sydney, Australia working in a Security Printing Company.
- PATERSON, R. F. (1968) visited the School recently. He has lived in Australia for some years and is now going to try Switzerland. (Lucky for some!)
- PATTERSON, D. R. (1974) is in the family Insurance Broking business in Troon. His wife Marina gave birth to a son Rory on 25th May, 1988 — a brother for Carla.
- PATTERSON, M. I. (1973) is Deputy Managing Director of Millar and Bryce, Edinburgh. His wife Maureen had a son, Angus Robert on 16th July, 1987.
- PETRIE, S. S. W. (1984) is with International Paint (Gulf) Ltd. in Dubai.
- PICKARD, E. (1963) has moved to Edinburgh and is working for John Menzies.
- PICKETT, I. W. (1981) married Miss Debbie Woods on 14th March 1987 and is a securities trader with Chase Manhattan in Hong Kong.
- RANDELL, A. M. (1983) is a trainee C.A. with Deloitte, Haskins & Sells in Glasgow. He also skis, windsurfs and plays the pipes.
- REID, I. W. (1960) of Wm. Reid & Sons (Wire workers) Ltd. popped in for a visit during the year.
- REID, P. K. (1981) got married in Berwick on 30th April 1988.
- REYNOLDS, G. (1980) is a chef at the Cavendish Hotel, Jermyn Street. He got engaged in May to Judy Jackson of Papakura, New Zealand and they plan to go to Australia in September.
- RICHARDSON, J. S. (1979) married Karen Jean McGregor in the School Chapel on 26th September, 1987.
- ROGER, G. (1982) is a Lieutenant serving in Germany with the K.O.S.B., and has led the Nordic Ski-team all over Europe. He is engaged to Lt. Louise Brownbridge. (I wonder who stands to attention, to whom).
- ROSS, M. S. (1979) is an artist with a studio in London.
- RUSSELL, M. A. (1978) graduated B.Sc. from Middlesex Polytechnic, worked for British Rail Engineering and is now moving to Ferranti.
- RUSSELL, P. D. (1981) has deserted banking and is now a stockbroker in Kuala Lumpur.
- SCANLAN, K. A. (1985) married Mr Peter William Bell on 4th June, 1988 in the presence of her ex-Housemaster and Mrs Williams.
- SEDGWICK, G. (1983) lives in Dundee and is hoping soon to start up a recording business. Aspiring pop-stars please note.
- SHARPE, A. R. (1966) appeared as actor, writer and producer of the play "The Burgher's Tale", at the Perth Festival in May. He operates from Theatre Co-op in the Dean Village, Edinburgh. Please go and see one of his productions.
- SPROAT, J. B. (1968) is a vet in Methlick, Aberdeenshire and is married with two children.
- STEWART, L. A. (1974) is married to another artist and they have a son. They live half the time in London, and half in Plockton! Lackie says they design everything from buildings to jewellery.
- TAYLOR, D. N. (1981) has been promoted to Scientific Officer at the U.K. Atomic Energy Authority, Dounreay, where he is in charge of the Reports Library.
- THOM, R. D. (1968) Unconfirmed rumour tells us he is with Bon Venture Studios, London.
- VERDEN-ANDERSON, G. D. (1983) is thinking of going into the marine aquarium business. He lives in Fife.
- WALKER, R. G. (1978) is working with Chevron Petroleum (U.K.) in New Orleans. Any Strathallians nearby please contact him at P.O. Box 6056.
- WATT, G. A. (1978) is a C.A. and financial controller with First Software, Basingstoke.
- WATT, S. R. (1981) is working for Strutt & Parker in Battersea.

The following items are all available from Matron, at School. Just write. All prices include postage:

Club ties with multiple crests £5
 All-wool Old Strathallian Scarves £15
 Sweat-shirts with the School crest £10
 Please state size, XL, L, M.
 Blazer pockets can be embroidered in gold metallic thread and colour. Please send pocket. One or two are available on black material now.

DEATHS

- ANDERSON, W. A. L. (1926) of Drumbeg, Blair Atholl on 28th January, 1988.
- BALFOUR, Dr. G. W. (1934) of Jedburgh, peacefully at home at Christmas 1987. George was a popular doctor in the Borders and a great character. He kept wicket for the Strathallian XI v. the School for many years. He was a man of real charm. Our deepest sympathy goes to his son George (1968).
- CAMERON, M. (1924) in Spring 1987. He was Captain of Nicol and a great sportsman at School. He emigrated to New Zealand where he named his farm "Strathallan". He played for the Bay of Plenty XV. His widow and sons are still farming there.
- CHALMERS, G. K. (1932) of Wm. Chalmers & Son, Broughty Ferry, on 15th June, 1987.
- CUTHBERT, N. (1932) of Turnberry, on 20th March, 1986.
- DUNLOP, R. W. (1934) of Ayr, on 13th September 1986.
- FINDLAY, J. M. (1931) of Milngavie, on 30th April, 1988. He was a Commander in the R.N.V.R. and a long-standing member of the Strathallian Fishing Club. His grandchildren are at Strathallan now.
- FRASER, W. S. (c.1926) of Bushey, on 5th September, 1987, aged 79. The career of Bill Fraser, the robust comedy actor, spanned the boom years of British theatre and entertainment between the wars and after, the heyday of the British cinema and the growth of television. Perhaps he was recently best known as the spluttering Sergeant-Major Snudge in the television series "The Army Game" and its follow-ups. He once said: "I'm well known for playing pot-bellied, pompous old so-and-sos. Thank God there are plenty of them in England." During his career he acted in the West End, at the Chichester Festival and with the Royal Shakespeare Company at Stratford, and he appeared in many well-known films and in television shows like "Rumpole of the Bailey" and "The Secret Diary of Adrian Mole". When he left Strathallan he was first employed as a bank-clerk. His genius was rewarded when the Society of West End Theatres voted his the Best Comedy Performance of 1986.
- GILLIAN, R. D. (1921) of Ravelstone Dykes, Edinburgh.
- HASTINGS, Dr. D. (1945) of Stranraer, on 7th July, 1987 after a long illness, courageously borne.
- HENDERSON, Dr. I. D. (1930) of Houston, on 23rd May, 1988.
- HINSHAW, D. O. (1950) of The Victoria Hotel, Perth, on 30th October 1987. His son Douglas left in 1971.
- HOWIE, A. (1931) of Hayward's Heath on 30th October, 1987.
- MACKAY, A. A. (1933) of Greenock, on 9th January, 1987.

OBITUARY

DR. HERBERT MILLS

All Independent Schools in Scotland were saddened at the news of the death of Dr. Bertie Mills while on holiday in Cornwall in August 1987. After retiring as Rector of Edinburgh Academy he became the Scottish representative for I.S.C.O. and so visited the School frequently giving advice on careers. A gentle and caring man, he was on the point of retiring for the second time. He was a great mountaineer, he had parachuted into Normandy on the eve of D-Day and had been awarded the M.C., as well as winning two Rugby Blues at Cambridge, where he graduated in Economics and Modern Languages. His modest exterior did not hint at these achievements. He was always a welcome, helpful and courteous visitor, whose slightly tousled figure is greatly missed.

STRATHALLIAN CLUB PIPE BAND FOR THE FETE

Would the plot hatched at The Dinner for 1966-71 Leavers really come to anything, or was it just a pleasant dream thought up late in the evening?

The day of the Fete dawned and with it came Strathallians bearing their Pipes!! 12.30 Old Boys Pipe Band.

Congratulations to all concerned — you were wonderful!

Pipers:

Ross Peters 1962
Colin Dunbar 1962
Graham Johnston 1962
Peter Fisher 1963
Gordon Wallace 1966
Ian McLean 1971
Fergus Gillanders 1974
Robin Shedden 1975
Donald Gillanders 1977

OTHER NEWS — STAFF and FRIENDS

Congratulations to Charles Court on getting his M.Phil from Stirling University, on the Scottish Poet Douglas Dunn.

Bill and Anne Colley have settled in Granada, and have been constructing their house, gazing at almond blossom, growing vines and consulting goatherds!

Neil Colquhoun, now a Housemaster at Eton, was pictured in The Independent welcoming Yermolay Solzhenitsyn, son of the Soviet writer, to his House.

Kirsten Doig, sister of R. J. S. (1982), did her teaching practice in P.E. with us in November and December. Thanks for all her help.

Scott Macky ought to be back in New Zealand by now, after doing a course in German in Bremen. Will he ever get to University?

Richard Studholme and his wife Philippa visited the School in June, from Christchurch, New Zealand. Richard sends regards to all who were here between 1960-65.

Colin Caithness 1978
Blair McDougall 1979
Anthony Randell 1983
Duncan Biggart 1984
Ian Kelly 1986
Andrew Rodger 1987
Jonathan Ball 1987

Drummers:

Bass: Alan Johnston 1961
Tenor: Alan MacMillan 1966.
David Biggart 1968
Side: Bruce Robertson 1963
Richard Knox 1984
Kenneth Orr 1985
Bruce Kelly 1987

They even brought their tame Highland Dancer: Lindsay Mure 1966. We thoroughly enjoyed your impressive performance. Please come back again.

T.C.G.F.



A GRAND TOUR

At 0830 on Sunday, 7th August, 1938, we left Forgardenny.

"We" were the author of then some 18½ years, a fellow pupil of perhaps 17 and the Headmaster, Mr H. Riley. This was the start of what perhaps would prove to be one of his last continental trips, if not the last. H. R. indulged in these motoring tours usually in August, sometimes slipping in an extra run at Easter.

In that far off summer of 50 years past, the international outlook was bleak and the clouds of war were surely gathering.

We collected Miss May Riley, the Headmaster's sister, in Harrogate that afternoon, the three of us having meanwhile lunched spectacularly at the County Hotel, Carlisle, on the way down, for 70p — 14 shillings, as it was then.

Crossing the Channel from Folkestone to Ostende two days later "in a filthy boat" we reached Brussels p.m.

Up till now H.R. had driven all the way. Perhaps with good reason my long driving experience (1½ years) was suspect in his eyes. His Speed 17 Alvis, an open touring car in grey trim was a delight to drive. Notoriously he would omit to release the handbrake when starting off and would complain about the car's performance.

And so we headed east and south for the great unknown. Liege — typically Belgian, grey and with cobbled streets, Cologne — soon to be reduced to rubble, the Dom mercifully escaping the horror — and Coblenz, anent which both my notes and my memory afford not a clue. The Autobahnen were a revelation — white and more or less straight — and the Rhine, muddy and enigmatic rolled by on its way to the North Sea.

I suppose we did absorb Eine Kleine Kultur.

Of more pressing moment, Continental food was to my companion and me something new which generally speaking we enjoyed. This of course was of paramount interest to two schoolboys and food whether British or any other variety, preferably in large quantities, was very dear to our hearts.

We noticed the quality of German bread at that time to be very rough, but crossing into Switzerland it again resumed its familiar flavour and appearance.

In Munich we saw and wondered at the Black Guards — in retrospect aptly named — impressive figures of true Aryan descent, tall fair and menacing. Meanwhile all over the German countryside the brass bands played, oompah!

oompah! an agreeable sound. Not so agreeable was our first sight of swastikas on flags and buildings and the sinister letters "JUDE" here and there.

Friedenstadt and Donauschingen to Bergen via Lake Constance whence we climbed (sic) the Arlberg Pass, partly on foot. I recall panting up that road as the car was misbehaving at that point.

During the trip so far the weather had been dry and hot — summer lightning at night in the mountains — and was to remain so till Harrogate on the way back.

At this time, August, 1938, history was about to be made by the then Prime Minister, Mr Chamberlain, at Berchtesgaden, so H.R. re-routed his safari away from Czechoslovakia whence we were bound to Italy via St. Moritz (white dusty road) thence to Lake Como, a beautiful situation.

Here the engine overheated again and packed up. Help appeared, the offending radiator was removed and the bodily remains and spare parts of ten million winged insects flushed out.

On the road once more, via Bergamo and Brescia, to Venice, my diary records "toured Grand Canal and had tea". High noon of the British Empire!

Venice would be our furthest out point.

We crossed Italy on August 20th to Florence; very hot. Fruit only for lunch, unheard of. Florence is blessed by history and art; the leaning tower of Pisa really tilted at a noticeable angle, and the marvellous echoes in the Baptisterie alongside impressed us audibly.

At La Spezia we made our first sighting of the Italian Navy. 1940 was not far off. We would meet again.

Driving along the Italian Riviera via Arenzano and San Remo we soaked up the exceptionally beautiful land and seascapes.

By this time, some 2,000 miles from home, the Boss, having overcome his well-founded fears anent my driving ability (on the wrong side of the road, to boot) gave me more of the wheel and I

really enjoyed the long stretches we were covering. And so to Nice.

Please remember Dear Reader that British and Continental roads in 1938 were practically uninhabited compared with 1988.

Some hard driving was now required to cover the 1500 or so miles back to base. I clearly recall an exhilarating chase through the mountains — H.R. driving on the road between Digne and Grenoble in the gathering dusk. He vied more than creditably with a French and Dutch car on a winding, climbing road, gave them many a sight of our G.B. plates and really impressed us.

Geneva, Champigny, and so to Dijon. At this point in our trip, August 24th, entry reads, inter alia, "accounts going crazy". My duty was to record every penny spent on food and board for the party. Reading them again after an interval of 50 years I can hardly believe them.

Dijon to Troyes and Reims, thence to Arras "travelling fast all day" via the 1914-18 battlefields and Vimy to the Channel.

On Sunday, 28th August, we returned to Forgardenny.

My abiding impressions of the trip remembered after 50 years and prompted by the record I kept, are the good company I travelled in (G.S.W. in Trinidad, do you read?), an extremely windy horse which pulled our carriage up to Schloss Hohenschwangau, (keeping a straight face sitting opposite H.R. and his sister was painful) a fine car to tour in and the modesty of the cost.

Having experienced some authority at School in our last year 1937-38, one tended to become accustomed to a more relaxed attitude between master and boy.

This certainly applied in the case of H.R. whom we saw on the trip in a quite different light from the Headmaster who had drilled us firmly but fairly for the previous 6 years. He was very much the family man shepherding his sister and the two of us, affable, humorous on occasion and showed himself as a typical Englishman of his day. He was not above tut-tutting in our presence at the oddities of many Continentals.

Re-reading my diary then, albeit the figures had gone slightly potty, the cost per person including the car, all food and board — typically dinner bed and breakfast — was about £2.50 to £3 for 4 persons per day — and always including afternoon tea. The cost per person worked out at little over £30 each for a marvellous 3 week Grand Tour.

T. Macfarlane

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Please send all changes of address promptly to the Headmaster's Secretary, Strathallan School.

If you have news of yourself or other Strathallians for the next issue of the Strathallian, why not send it NOW to the editor at Strathallan?

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