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1993/94

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The Strathallian

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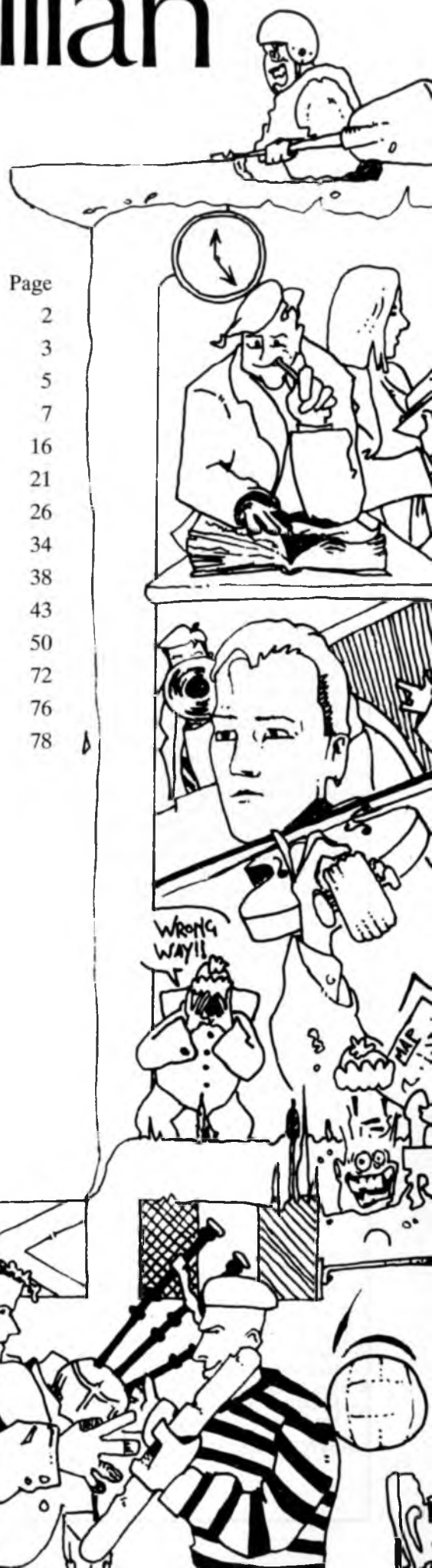
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English

Geography/Maths

Chemistry/Music

English

Mathematics

English

Business Studies

Geography/Economics

English

French/Spanish

History

French/Russian

Chemistry/Physics

Music

Design & Technology

Geography

History

Biology

Mathematics/PE

French/German

Mathematics

Geography

Art

Piping

English/P.E.

English

Mathematics

Divinity

Econ/Business Studies

Art

English

History/Music

Design & Technology

Chemistry

Design & Technology

History

Mathematics

Music

Biology/Computers

P.E.

P.E.

Econ/Business Studies

Mathematics

French/German

Physics

Physics

English/Philosophy

History

Biology

Biology

Geography

French/Russian

Careers

Design & Technology

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Housemaster Ruthven

Head of Department

Director of Studies

Housemaster Freeland

Head of Department

Chaplain

Head of Department

Head of Department

Director of Studies

Senior Master

Head of Department

Housemistress Thornbank

Head of Department

Housemaster Woodlands

Head of Department

Housemaster Riley

Head of Department

Housemaster Nicol

Head of Department

Head of Department

Head of Department

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English

Mathematics

Biology

Science

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Head of Freeland
Head of Nicol
Head of Ruthven
Head of Simpson
Head of Thornbank
Head of Woodlands

S.E. Harrod
D.A.M. Dunlop
R.A.D. Williams
R.J. Morris
R.N. Milne
R.H. Mackay

School Prefects

M. Barker, A.J.B. Bennett, G.D. Burton, S.A. Cust,
V.J. Forster, J.G. Green, L.F. MacLennan, J.F. Meiklejohn,
K.J. Turner, J.P. Wallace.

Academic Year 1994/95

Captain of School
A.H. Scott

Head of Freeland
Head of Nicol
Head of Ruthven
Head of Simpson
Head of Thornbank
Head of Woodlands

G.J. McKendry
I.A. Macdonald
D.M. Robertson
D.G.O. Fergusson
K.L. Fowler
S.F. McPherson

School Prefects

D.B. Clement, E.O. Dooley, D.G. Forbes, C.A. Jones,
C.M. Lochore, J.C. Malcolm, L.C. MacKenzie, D. Man,
E.O. Sutherland, B.S. Ward

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RILEY

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J.D. Coull, L.V. Court, R. Crawford,
F.J. Crosthwaite, S.E. Currie, B.P. Dalley,
N.C. Edwards, L.M.W. Ferguson, A.P.J. Harington,
S. Harvey, R. Hastings, A.P. Hay, J.A. Hayward,
T. Higgins, K. Hoffmann, R.L. Hunter, G.S. Hutton,
S.P.M. King, A.C. Laing, S.E.J. Laycock,
S.M. MacFarlane, F.L. Mackie, G. Manson,
I. Manson, C.F. Marshall, R.A. Marshall,
S.A. McDonald, J. McDougall, A.R. Moodie,
L.R. Morley, R.J. Pringle, S.A.R. Readman,
G.M. Seddon, G.M.C. Sim, N.O. Sinclair,
K.A. Singer, R. Stevenson, F.M.S. Stewart,
J. Stone, C.A. Thwaites, G.I. Whyte, H.D. Whyte,
R.C. Whytock, E.J.D. Willing.

FREELAND

R.J.G. Lee, A.B. Constable, C.H. Eadie,
D.A.S. Walker.

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J.B.R. Greenhalgh, G.McK. Menzies,
B.K. Smith, A.J. Turner, P.T.E. Wilkinson,
A. Wilson.

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J.-P.S. Fishback, A.G. Peattie, P.L.S. Silver,
I.M. Smith.

SIMPSON

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C.C. Millar, A. Bell, I.J. Gove, A.E. Rackley,
A.O. Reed, A.R. Sheal, G.P.H. Trayner,
B. Tveit, R.D. Wallace.

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N.M.C. Soave, J.M. Watson, L. Adam,
R. Booth, F.E. Elder, R.P. Halliday,
D.A. Hansson-Bolt, A. Lafayeedney,
A.E. Lanni, R.M. Robbins, L.G.I. Sproat.

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E.F. Anderson, S. Balfour, P.M.K. Blair,
Oliphant, T.E.J. Coombe, A.C.B. Dundas,
M.-J. Heslop, L. Johnston, A.C. Little,
K.E. Martin, R.H. Perrett.

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Mr D. Armitage, BSc
Mr W.A. Colley, BA
Miss J.S.R. Hutcheon, Dip PE
Mr A.E.C. McMorrine, DA
Mr P. Shore, APTC

EDITORIAL

Writing the editorial, not in the mind-jangling months of May and June, but instead in September, I must plead forgiveness for the extra reflective bite this will add to an already pompous tradition. The question of why Strathallan should command the degree of loyalty and affection that it does perhaps appears redundant when one considers that many leave the School, only then to realise that it represents, at least in retrospect, one of the most secure periods in their lives. Of

course it is this "security" that those not in the know smirkingly comment upon, condemning Strath as "comprehensive". Perhaps, however, those semantically inclined may notice the inherent truth behind the "insult". According to Collins, "comprehensive" can mean "of broad scope or content ... having the ability to understand." Certainly, Strathallan's scope is impressive, with national-level recorder, violin, shooting, rugby, cricket, tennis and physics, as well as magnificent drama and con-

siderable Oxbridge representation. The School's "ability to understand" is perhaps more impressive. The pastoral side of Strathallan life, spearheaded by Housemasters and Mistress, is astounding. It is the "security" so provided that is, in its broadest sense, the School's greatest asset. It allows for energetic, positive response in all fields which, outside the sphere of "labor omnia vincit", would be suffocated by cynicism and "realism".

Jonathan Wallace

STAFF NOTES

People come and people go, but the feature of this year is that more people will be coming than going!

You will find a tribute to Torquil Macleod and his collection of paintings elsewhere; he leaves after 29 years of dedicated service and we all wish him well in a happy retirement.

Paul Todd, who has made such a full contribution in Ruthven, on the hills and in front of an electric bass amp, leaves to become Head of Physics at Tonbridge, and the only other departure is that of John and Anne Ford, who leave Nicol after 15 years of selfless care and concern. They hand over the House to Paul and Clare Vallot, and will be living in The Whins. John Broadfoot has become Director of Studies (Arts) and Andrew Murray has taken over as Head of English.

During the year, Marie-Laure Crane joined the Modern Languages Department, replacing Morag Rogers, and in September four new members of staff arrive: Alasdair and Sheila McMorrine join us from Cranleigh, where he was Head of Art – he will take over from Torquil, and they are both clearly looking forward to returning to their roots; Bill and Ann Colley return to Strathallan, with Bill appointed as Assistant Housemaster in Riley House. Bill and Ann were at Strathallan in the 1980s, and after three years in Spain, have been teaching at Rannoch; David Armitage takes over from Paul Todd in the Physics Department and as Tutor in Ruthven, having moved up from Lancaster RGS, and Philip and Josephine Shore join us, with Philip teaching PE and acting as SSI to the CCF. Philip left the Army in 1993 and has been teaching in Kent for the past year. Finally, Jennifer Hutcheon arrives as Pipe Major, having run the renowned Craigmount High School Band



Mr McMorrine and Mr Colley



Mr Armitage, Miss Hutcheon and Mr Shore

for many years.

The McMorrines, Colleys and Shores bring with them seven more young children to boost a booming population. The

arrival of Caitlin Ball, Ben Giles, Paul-Joseph Green and Molly Barnes means that things are already completely out of control!

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SPEECH DAY



Six Governors: Good Men and True

Smooth jazz accompanied the morning as dozens of smartly-hatted women, suited men and kilted children entered the huge white marquee that billowed in the Scottish summer breeze. Unusually, the sun shone, there was absolutely no indication of rain and although sceptical eyes were cast upwards to the sky – expecting the water to fall at any moment – they remained disappointed.

Under the massive canopy, gowned masters patrolled the rows of fidgeting white-shirted children straining necks to catch glimpses of parents and band players.

The chatting hushed and the crowd rose as the Governors took their places on the platform. The speeches were

opened by Mr Dinsmore who gave a lively introduction reporting on the year's progress. Most memorable was his tribute to Mr Macleod, who is retiring from teaching Art here since 1965.

Mr McPhail's speech was most enjoyable and a good length. Next up was Mr Michael Beale, the Headmaster of Craigclowan, a prep school in Perth. His first task was to award the multitude of prizes, followed by an amusing speech delivered excellently, considering the sporadic squeaks and echoes which could not be erased from the microphone, despite desperate attempts by Mr Fairbairn.

Following the speeches there was a musical performance that relieved our

tired ears. The most entertaining of the recitals were the jazzy pieces, which received rapturous applause.

Hilary Moore's harp piece enchanted parents and astounded pupils by the sheer number of harp strings involved in a tune as complicated as spaghetti.

By twelve, starched ironed shirts were showing signs of wilting, but the Dixieland Band refreshed the audience with another smooth number, and with that "phase one" of Speech Day was over. All that was left was to sing the National Anthem. The crowd rose once more and a chorus of confident voices sang together "God Save the Queen".

Catherine Jones



Mr Michael Beale

PRIZES 1994

THE SMITH CUP FOR CAPTAIN OF SCHOOL
 THE HOUSTON PRIZE FOR ALL ROUND MERIT
 THE SCANLON CUP FOR MERIT (GIRLS)
 DUX
 THE WILLIAM TATTERSALL ART PRIZE
 THE ROBT BARR MEMORIAL PRIZE FOR MUSIC
 THE PATRICK GRANDISON PRIZE FOR STRINGS
 THE WILFRED HOARE SENIOR READING PRIZE
 THE RICHARD MOFFAT PRIZE FOR HISTORY
 THE DAVID BOGIE PRIZE FOR ECONOMICS
 THE LORD KINCRAIG PRIZE FOR ENGLISH
 THE ROBERT RANKIN PRIZE FOR MATHS
 ELLIOTT TROPHY - DESIGN & TECHNOLOGY
 GEOGRAPHY
 FRENCH
 GERMAN
 MATHEMATICS
 CHEMISTRY
 PHYSICS
 BIOLOGY
 ART
 DESIGN AND TECHNOLOGY
 BUSINESS STUDIES
 MANAGEMENT & INFORMATION STUDIES

RICHARD GRAHAM
 JUAN FIGUEROLA-FERRETTI
 LESLEY-ANNE DEWAR
 NICHOLAS HARTLEY
 EILIDH CURRIE
 RAJ ARUMUGAM
 HILARY MOORE
 LESLEY-ANNE DEWAR
 CAROLINE PROCTOR
 KATE TURNER
 ALEXANDER MACLEOD
 TIMOTHY GOODY
 HELEN SWINBANKS
 RICHARD GRAHAM
 LINDSEY MOIR
 JONATHAN WALLACE
 HILARY MOORE
 PAUL HENDERSON
 HILARY MOORE
 PAUL HENDERSON
 LUCY QUARRY
 GEORGE KITSON
 RICHARD GRAHAM
 PAUL JOHNSTON

EXTRACT FROM THE HEADMASTER'S SPEECH

At my last school, I quickly discovered that anyone playing in the cricket match on Speech Day would be able to miss the speeches. First staff applications for places in the side were received by the Master in charge of cricket in the previous September; umpiring was also very popular and if there was a danger that the match would finish early, both sides conspired to keep things going until they were safe. Some years it rained, but the game was never cancelled.

Speeches on Speech Day are, therefore, a new experience for me, another first in a year of firsts; just last week I experienced another first when after nearly 30 years of keeping wicket I had a tooth knocked out for the first time and for this unique experience I am indebted to the artificial wicket at Kinross, my failing eyesight and Duncan Camilleri. I would thank him personally, but he seems to have been avoiding me.

Faced with the novelty of speeches on Speech Day the danger is that I won't know the form on this sort of occasion, but on this, as on so much else, I have been well briefed. I have not lacked advice since my arrival last July and for that I have been very grateful. Parents have told me what they like and do not like about the School and how it should develop in future and I look forward to the findings of our latest market research survey. Many thanks to parents, pupils and staff for their prompt response. I don't know whether it is a good sign, but the company conducting the survey say the response is the best they have ever had.

Several members of staff have given me books on how to run a school, or even how to run a business; the Captain of School has explained how things have always been done. Indeed, I should have read the signs when, early on in my first term, I received a letter from one Prep School Headmaster addressed to Mr McPhail c/o Mrs Innes - those of you who have met my Secretary will know the sense of that!

All new Headmasters are, I suspect, prone to paranoia which stems from the fact that they are either greeted with the statement, "You've got a job on your hands!" or "That's a tough act to follow." Both suggest daunting tasks but I am very grateful that I fall into the latter camp and it has been a great delight for Liz and myself to take over such a happy and successful school. Thanks also to all those pupils, staff, parents and governors who have made our children so welcome and helped them to settle in. That they have adjusted so easily to life here is a tribute to the friendly and open atmosphere that characterises the School.....



Mr McPhail

Finally, I would like to embarrass some of you sitting out there. The arrival of a new Headmaster is a shock for all concerned but I have enjoyed tremendous help and support from the School Prefects. They tell me what they think, they have run the day to day routine of the School diligently and they have earned the respect of their peers. In today's times, when the old-fashioned school hierarchies have, I am pleased to say, largely disappeared, the Prefects' job has become increasingly difficult. Respect has to be earned. Richard Graham and his team have responded to the challenge with courage and commitment and I am sure the experience will

stand them in good stead - certainly girls and boys face more and more pressures and the experience of taking responsibility that can be gained in the Sixth Form here is invaluable.

And what of the future? Her Majesty's Inspectors re-visit the School in a few weeks' time and I look forward to outlining our responses to their recommendations. Perhaps the most significant of these is that next year will see the introduction of two extra periods in the week - I have bowed to pressure from pupils - which will allow the development of a programme for the Expressive Arts and personal and social education; the activities timetable is being revamped and will offer more alternatives to boys and girls throughout the School. As the Chairman has outlined, improved facilities will enhance both teaching and extra-curricular activities. Our rugby side will return fresh from a tour of Australia and the girls will have been toiling on the sands of Barbados.

Yet there is a temptation to believe that in what are usually described as troubled times for independent boarding schools, Strathallan has been LUCKY to flourish. The American humorist, Stephen Leacock, had the answer to that when he said, "I am a great believer in luck and I find the harder I work the more I have of it".

To those pupils for whom this is their last Speech Day until they return as parents, or dare I say it, TEACHERS, I would say work hard, be lucky and enjoy the years ahead.



Members of the school in the marquee.

RILEY

In October '93 the contractors arrived. They were a close second 'on site' to a brave sentry box which guarded the entrance to the 'cage' which delineated the area under construction. On closer inspection, this sentry box advertised on its door "OWEN PUGH, THE PORTALOO". A lesson in priorities! The great movement of earth which followed over the next days demonstrated the sense of purpose of the contractors and added to the air of expectancy of the Riley inmates. "Will it be finished by half term, sir?" One year later the answer is, "We'll see. Probably."

There was a fair amount of to-ing and fro-ing over the year. The boys moved across with Mr Keith to the old Ruthven accommodation in the Main Building, the girls moved into the boys' dormitories and the contractors moved into the girls' dormitory. Complicated - but it worked. Sadly, for many of the children whose routines were disrupted, the benefit of the new building and of the refurbishment was not to be theirs and they have been horrified on return visits to discover that the class of '94 - the softies - not only have hot water but they have basins to put it in! They have also been highly impressed by the electric windows which top the barrel-shaped roof of the entrance/social hall. Should these be left open when rain is about, they whirl back down to the closed position. The new Riley Matron is not called Miss Money Penny but Freda Stewart. Welcome. Meanwhile the 'old' Matron, Muriel Skinner, has kindly agreed to stay on until Christmas to see us all through the move.

Bill and Anne Colley have made a very welcome return after seven years and this time they have brought with them their pups, son Calum and twins Euan and Lucy. They are living in a converted version of what was the Housemaster's accommodation in the paddock courtyard. They are surrounded by girls: above them, along the length of the building and downstairs in what was Hamilton dormitory. The girls also have their own "sitting room" in what used to be the loos and basins for Hamilton/Moncreiffe and the boot room. If nothing else has, this raised a wry smile on the faces of some ex-Gnome males. The Housemaster's accommodation has moved to a 'wigwam' attached to the quarry end of the new building.

The boys, too, have sitting rooms in Islay and Drummfinn, one for the First Forms and one for the Second. Sadly, not a lot of "sitting" seems to have been done in them yet! Everybody can mix in the Social Hall - somebody please think of a better name - and "everybody" will include, hopefully, children, visiting relatives, staff and so on.

There is not a bunk to be seen - yet! The boys are in dorms of ten-ish - a



number they seemed to favour. The girls, however, are in threes, fours and fives, yet the amount of rubbish in each dorm seems to weigh about the same - I wonder why, girls?

Do come and have a look - at the House, that is, not the rubbish. You would be most welcome - particularly if you bring your own screw driver!

A.T.

*Above:
Construction
under way*

*Right: Speaks for
itself*

*Below: The new
wing on the first
day of term*



This page is brought to you by members of the editorial panel of the Gnominal News. This is an A4 newsletter which has been sent out to parents twice per term during the past year. The idea is that some parents would get some news, some times. It has been welcomed by parents - at least those who have received it! - and we have enjoyed doing it. Sadly, the last issue has come and gone but hopefully this will be replaced by a new paper and a new news team next year.

As this year has drawn to an end so also has the life of the Old Riley Buildings. Although the outside of the buildings will remain, the insides will be remade and there is a large extension which is looking more and more as if it is going to be a great bonus for the newcomers into Riley House next year (Softies!). How come we did not get all this insulation, double glazing, doors that close and non-stop hot water? Anyhow we are shedding our Riley skins and setting off on an exciting future in the Senior School.



The Old Order Changeth

RILEY MUSIC

This year the music has been of a very high standard and most people have had a go at some instrument over the year. For the first time we have had our own Jazz Band which is called the Metrognomes!

The band played in St Mary's Church, Broughty Ferry, St John's Kirk, Perth, on Speech day and, of course, during Riley's own mini concerts. These were very successful - after a lot of hard practice - and we reckon we received the loudest applause on Speech Day!

We would like to express our gratitude to the new Music Master, Mr Dutton, for giving everybody an incentive to prove their musical ability and to get out there and have a go.

RILEY ENTERTAINMENT

This year Sets 1 and 2 wrote the Entertainment throughout the Autumn and Spring Terms. The play was adapted from the novel *Smith* by Leon Garfield. We changed the name to *Jones* and set to work. With eight scenes and seven songs we can safely say it was a musical. It was a great success because everyone put 100% effort into it, from the least person in the crowd scene to the biggest part in the play. Many thanks are due to Mr Murray for directing, Mr Dutton for the music and Nicol Nicolson (again) for some of the words. Because of Senior School exams, Mr Macleod and Mr O'Neill did the set in three hours the night before we performed. It was definitely one of the best.

GNOMES ON THE LOOSE

We were very fortunate to get enough tickets for everyone to go to the Playhouse to see *Les Miserables*. Everybody also wanted to see Walt Disney's *Aladdin* on the big screen in Dundee and shortly after we were back in Dundee for an afternoon's bowling. The Second Form went on their Science trip to the Scottish Deer Centre and 2J were taken into Perth to watch the play *Little Shop of Horrors*. The Jiving Lindy Hoppers and TAG Theatre Group came to give us workshops and then put on performances for us. We also went to the Zap Zone which was great fun. Mr T ended up with a total of minus one thousand two hundred points. We wonder why!



Assorted entertainers



Jonathan Dalley



Gambolling Gnomes



Ruth advises Harry ... again



Louise, Ruth, Gemma and Tara after lights out!



Gnomes put a smile on the snow

BOYS' SPORT

So that the Contractors could get on with their work we had fewer boys in Riley this year and most of us - apart from big Brian - were quite small so although we played rugby quite well we were caught and squashed when we broke through. Still, we enjoyed it and we won our last match of the season 32-5 against Madras College. The weather was so bad, the season ended much earlier than it should have done. In the cricket and the hockey size did not matter so much and we got on much better. We won most of our hockey matches during the term and reached the quarter finals of the Sixes Competition. The highlight of the cricket season was the nail-biter against Fettes. Eleven runs to score in the last over. We won off the last ball. Well done Euan Matheson.

(Mr Murray says the U12s are going to win next year!)

GIRLS' SPORT

The hockey got off to a great start in September but then seemed to dwindle a little whereas the netball which was not so strong to begin with got better and better and by the end of the season we had only lost two of our matches. Lacrosse in the Spring Term went well although the weather conditions left a little to be desired. At the St Margaret's tournament we won four of our games. Not bad for beginners! The Summer Term was best of all with the tennis and the rounders. The tennis team did extremely well, only losing one match. At the Kilgraston tournament, Miranda Harington and Ruth Sharp managed to get to the final and again at the New Park tournament. On this occasion they knocked out Christina Breaden and Anneke Laux in the semi's.

CAMPING AT THE ABERLOUR GAMES

On Friday, 10 June, all the Second Form Boys set off for their campsite just south of Banff. We arrived in the early evening and by 7.00 we had headed for the beach and the North Sea. Nearly everyone went in, including Mr Keith - and that gave the whales a shock. In the morning, we cooked our own breakfast and then we were off to the games at Aberlour School. Big Brian Sneddon hurled the haggis 50 metres and didn't win! He came second by 3 cms! Anyhow, after the hill race, tossing the caber, the archery, the dancing, the obstacle race and the tug-o'-war, we came back with the trophy for the fourth time in four years. Thanks to Mr Keith and Mr Bolton for a great weekend.

These pages have been compiled by the Editors of the 'Gnominal News'

FREELAND

First of all I would like to thank all those who bring some kind of life to the empty island of bricks and mortar that lies beyond my study door, now that the summer holidays have arrived. Jessie, Janet and Mary have battled with the flotsam, jetsam and just plain chaos of boys' ways; Chris Mayes, Richard Fitzsimmons, Robert Proctor and Carol Duncan have given greatly of their energy and time in providing those in Freeland with a choice of strong and very different characters with whom to relate. Lesley has done a huge amount of food-providing, water-carrying and advice-planting to ensure the Third Formers settle in and that the most wayward member of the community, myself, is kept in touch with the reality of day-to-day administration and a practical view of what can and cannot be achieved. A Housemaster has no secret book of knowledge, no magic wand to set the world right and anyone who pushes him out of his study and into the world of nature that will not be taught to perform a circus of civilised tricks ought to be thanked. So thanks too, to all the boys who make my life so interestingly uncomfortable.

When the Freeland Players staged their excerpt from *The Tempest* I couldn't help being struck by Art's imitation of Life: Freeland had once again come second in a House Competition. Moreover it seemed to me how appropriate the metaphor of the island is, not only for the individual in whom savage vices and civilised virtues war, but also for the kingdom in which Love and Law seek balance and, furthermore, for the boarding house in which the civilised can become vicious and the savage discover a happy innocence. Late August or early September sees a storm of activity that brings the mellow holiday season to a close and throws a full ship's company upon the shores of Freeland, amidst a wreckage of trunks and the spilled cargo of over-loaded cars. For some it is a maiden voyage and the island holds both infinite promise and unimaginable terrors. For them there is Stephano's resolve: "This will be a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing." Perhaps they will come to know that nothing comes of nothing and that which is to be enjoyed has to be worked and played for. For others, old hands, knowledge of such islands is, in varying degrees, well-seasoned. Knowledge alone, however, does not preclude the journey through 'picking grass and thorns' to 'the filthy-mantled pool', nor secure the path to happy liberty. Some of the Leavers

have found that liberty and all of them have disappeared. Now others will inhabit their studies, exercise their duties, call their lines down the corridors, make entrances and exits through doors where they once made theirs. The fact that you knew it was coming doesn't make the absence easier, doesn't make any less vivid the sense of the swift passage of time and the insubstantiality of our lives and the connections thereof:

"These our actors

As I foretold you, were all spirits and

Are melted into air, into thin air."

I suppose, like some kind of producer, I should acknowledge the cast and the production team at the end of the performance. But things break down when deciding to try to give the role of Caliban (a savage and deformed slave) to Chris Ninham for his decorating, or Steve Harrod for his rugby courtesy, to J.J. for his love of ballet or to Hugh Dodd pure and simple. Paul certainly provided us with some excellently loud sound effects, but what about Andrew Hodgson as Ariel (an airy Spirit)? That post should surely go to Shane for his mischievousness or George (though he was possessed of a Caliban-like fishiness on Loch Fitty) for his delicate music or Tim for his ability to disappear into thin air. Stephano (a drunken butler) could have some connection with Chaz in a gas mask or Jimmy in free-fall after the final MIS paper. As special-effects man Jonathan certainly rendered the smoke-machine superfluous. The part of Prospero would have to go to Henry for the wisdom of his racing tips and B.J. would have a dual role as stunt man and adviser on ballistics.

None of it will really do, for Shakespeare's *Dramatis Personae* in *The Tempest* are not so much characters as different aspects of humanity and what echoes around the empty auditorium is the applause: applause for the academic prizes won - the School Dux, the CDT, Mathematics and MIS prizes - the various Duke of Edinburgh golds, selection for representative sides in various sports. What I shall remember this last year for is the way examinations were focused on, while the life of the House was conducted with honesty, integrity and a sense of humour and proportion.

In the central section of *The Tempest* there is a scene of some considerable disorder. Stephano and Trinculo are at war with each other, Caliban is plotting the murder of Prospero and the duo cannot recall the melody of the song they would

sing. When Ariel, invisible, plays it for them they think the isle possessed of malevolent spirits. But Caliban reassures them that all is well and will be well:

"Be not afraid: the isle is full of noises

Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not."

I started my report with the notion of loss, of how insubstantial our school days are, how one bunch of actors is replaced by another and how all that seems so real dissolves and becomes as indistinct as water is in water. I don't really think that's quite the case. The alarms and excursions become the stuff of memories and anecdotes but the isle remains full of noises and spirits that do not hurt. Why? Because, shipwrecked on islands, if you want to keep yourself company and your company is worthwhile, you'd rather sing a song than make guttural noises at the jungle back-drop.

Duncan, Peter and Ewan picked up the challenge of the Senior House Drama and created something of fun and value. Lots of boys accepted challenges in sport, in activities, in pastimes and in work and while they continue to do so, living on desert islands is always going to be interesting for there will be lots of tunes to listen to.

C.N.C.



David Nesbitt

NICOL

This is the fifteenth and last of these notes I shall write, and, even after some 12,000 words, I'm still not sure what a House report is meant to be. Is it a eulogy of the 'all my geese are swans' type so favoured by vibrant young Housemasters, or is it the objective truth? (none of us could stand up to that!) Perhaps it should be a 'state of the nation' review of the social and moral progress in the year. (Even cynical old Housemasters might feel there has been a bit of this!) Ought it to be an exhortation to do better next time? (This is someone else's problem!) Or should it be one of those incredibly witty articles dropping lots of nicknames and 'in' jokes just to show how in touch the Housemaster really is? (A style I've reserved for Christmas entertainments!)

In the event most reports come down to a pot pourri of these notions, and this is what follows.

One thing I'm sure would be included is thanks. The support I have received since Nicol finally moved into its new house has been magnificent. The 'girls' (Davina and Jean) battled, usually successfully, to keep brewing rooms, common rooms and corridors spotless. Despite Phil's, Cami's, Jim's and even the illustrious Skeg's inability to understand the function of wardrobes, studies have been tidy. Mrs Murray has kept cool under fire, and dispensed sheets, fines, tuck and Sudafed with good humour and efficiency, while still finding time to keep the Nicol tartan immaculate. Out visiting tutors, Mr Wands and Dr Tod, have been equal stalwarts. Each in his inimitable way has done much to add to that indefinable Nicol atmosphere.

As I hand on the mantle to Paul Vallot I cannot thank him and Clare enough for all they have done to make recent years so enjoyable for Anne and me. The next generation of Nicolites are in safe hands, and I wish them all the luck in the world as they embark on their 'life sentence'.

Although it was not a good year for cups (we collected only one for team sport, Nick's swimmers again proving Nicol ownership), there were a number of outstanding sporting, musical and academic personalities. James Henderson received national press coverage for his remarkable recovery from his awful road accident in Chile to play rugby for Scottish Schools. John Green popped up everywhere, like a bad joke, to play President's rugby, captain hockey again and win the coveted Campbell Award. Big Jim reappeared briefly in the cricket XI, only to be overtaken by the viciously spinning Duncan Camilleri. Ali Bennett captained athletics, and let few right wingers past in the hockey team. There was the usual heavy presence in shooting with Jeremy Turner, David Taylor and Neil Melville all in the team. Alastair Wanless captained squash with typical efficiency, and Duncan Dunlop, Phil

Haenle and Struan Fairbairn represented school tennis.

The ubiquitous Raj Arumugam was again a star in his own jazz band and the orchestra, and made a fine Peter Quince in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. He was joined there by Paul Henderson as Theseus, and a fetching King of the Fairies from Noel Charlier. As a musician Juan Figuerola lost nothing in luminosity to Raj, playing wonderful solos at several concerts. Working in his second language, Juan achieved so much in his two years with us that he merited the Houston Prize. Paul Henderson picked up two academic prizes, and he, James Steel and Ali Bennett led the CCF. As usual, Nicolites figured strongly in the Pipe Band. In spite of his customary 'wobble', James Steel was second in the inter-school drumming, and Andrew Scott was the smartest piper. Ross Cumming grasped an internal piping award.

The Junior House Play was conceived, written and almost entirely performed by Colin (Puttnam) Perry, who gallantly arose from his 'flu bed only to be committed to an appendectomy ward the next day! In a strong senior competition Nick Morley, Peter Yeates and producer David Man paced their menacing performances immaculately.

These were the heroes of 93/94, but there have been few who have not contributed to the positive feeling abroad. Most occupied their time gainfully, behaviour was sensible and there were mercifully few frictions. All this can be put down to excellent leadership from Prefects. Duncan Dunlop was a sympathetic, well-organised and utterly committed Head of House. He goes off to a New Zealand school to do a not dissimilar job - our loss, their gain. He was enthusiastically supported in the sty by Ali Bennett and, when not out canvassing for the Tory party, John Green. An interesting bunch of House Prefects usually got things right. The next litter of piglets look equally promising, and we congratulate Andrew Scott in breaking Ruthven's stranglehold on Head of School.

To all who leave and all who remain I wish the best of futures. Anne and I will always be glad to see you at The Whins (particularly if you fancy a spot of gardening!)

I expect my fans (if there are any left reading) will want a few final sagacious words, so here goes.

What are my reflections after fifteen years of Housemastering? When I first came to Strathallan conditions were barbarous. The dorms were intolerably scruffy and cold, the showers glistened with green algae, and, worst of all (pace Miss Smith) there were no girls! Nevertheless, the old guard had their merits. People were straightforward, hard working, proud of the School, and, if caught doing wrong, accepted punishment gracefully. The huge improvement

in facilities, academic standards and co-education have brought more sophisticated and caring attitudes and Strathallan is undoubtedly a far better place to spend the formative years. But with the 'softening of the edges' has come a worrying side to individualism which is too often concerned with rights rather than duties. What has not changed is the friendliness of staff and pupils which marks Strathallan, and I can look back on many smiling faces.

So goodbye and, oh yes, thanks for all the fish!

J.N.F.



Mr Ford - on the run?

At the end of the Summer Term we are to lose our Housemaster. Having served his sentence as the Nicol Housemaster for the past 15 years, the Fordist penance comes to an end.

Just as we shall no longer be woken by his mellifluous tones at absurdly early times in the morning, neither shall he be overwhelmed by the multitude of sonorous stereotypes at all hours throughout the day. However, he will not be able to entirely escape many lively (if not exuberant) Nicol pupils, as he will be remaining in the Biology Department.

Having been party to only three years of his reign, I cannot reflect completely on Mr Ford, but I believe that I can safely say that he has been an ebullient, stalwart, forbearing and at the same time guileful pedagogue and Housemaster. Although we are to relinquish him, perhaps all is not lost, as Mr Vallot will be taking over as the Nicol autocrat. As soon as Winter Term 1994 starts, it will be a challenge for the Upper Sixth to get him under control, or should I say on side! The changes do not end here: we shall see Mr Fitzsimmons moving into the flat, and into the position of House Tutor. Another new presence will be seen in the guise of Mr Ross. We shall, of course, be retaining the services of Dr Tod (one d as in God!) and Mr Wands.

Finally, we all extend a wholehearted thank you to the omnipotent Mr Ford and wish him all the best.

Christopher Dorman

RUTHVEN

That this year was such a success is a great credit to the Senior members of the House, the often remarkable efforts of the Juniors and the dedication of all those involved in the guidance, teaching and care of everyone in Ruthven.

In Richard Graham we had an outstanding Head of School, one who contributed in all areas of School life, showed remarkable resilience when times were hard and one who received a standing ovation from his peers both before and after an excellent speech at the Leavers' Dinner. We wish him luck in his bid to read Law at Cambridge. Rod Williams, despite being Welsh, proved to be an excellent Head of House and, supported by a talented and idiosyncratic body of Prefects, we managed to negotiate the many tricky moments without permanent damage! Good luck to Jonathan Wallace, reading History and German at St John's College, Oxford; to Alex Macleod, teaching in Africa next year and to Martin Fitchie, working for Operation Raleigh in Malaysia.

It was a very successful year on the sports front – Ruthven winning 12 trophies in all! The efforts of the seniors helped to inspire the younger brethren, the Juniors completing a unique "Grand Slam" by capturing the Rugby, Indoor Hockey, Basketball, Cricket and Football trophies. The Senior XV played with great spirit in the Rugby, the 1st VI

entertained in style to reach the final of the Cricket and the Middles and the Seniors led the way in our retaining the Inter-House Cross Country, Squash and Tennis Cups. As for the Juniors, they showed terrific spirit and skill throughout the year, converting the pressure of being favourites into some top class performances. Perhaps we saved the best for last, winning the Sports Day Inter-House Athletics with many memorable contributions throughout the age groups, points being won by "athletes" of all shapes and sizes. Collecting the Rowan Cup for Standards was indicative of the spirit and commitment shown by the members of the House.

Academically, the '93-'94 Ruthvenites covered a broad range of abilities. We had four Oxbridge candidates amongst the leavers, and others who will have found the Highers a real challenge! This diversity provides many and varied opportunities – the large majority rise to the occasion. It was encouraging to find that most of those who find the work more difficult were sticking to the task, whilst those at "the top end" set appropriately high goals.

On the cultural front, we produced two excellent and critically acclaimed performances in the Inter-House Drama competitions. Gordon Duncan and Nicol Nicolson won prizes at the Edinburgh and Perth Festivals, and Finn Syme

"starred" in the outstanding School production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Ali Gaw (Pipe Major) and Alex Macleod set the standards in the Pipe Band, Ruthven having representation from every year group in the Band – Third Formers Timothy Elliott and Robbie Gemmill making their debuts. Russell Griffiths and David Macleod flew the flag in the Orchestra, Robert Ionides in the Jazz Band, and it was encouraging to see so many Ruthven-ites in the Choral Society.

On a personal note, three things. Many thanks to all those who have helped in whatever way to make the arrival of and first few months with our daughter, Molly, so enjoyable. Secondly, to the Tutors and Staff of Ruthven – sincere thanks for all your support, encouragement and dedicated hard work. To Paul Todd – we will all miss you – good luck as Head of Physics at Tonbridge School, Kent. To my wife and daughter, an extra special thanks! Finally, to the Leavers, thanks for a great five years. It was a pleasure to be involved with you all and thanks for sharing so much with us. Good luck, keep in touch and I hope things are going well as you read this.

Let us hope that we can continue to harness the positive aspects that were to the fore this year and build upon what we have already worked hard to achieve.

D.J.B.



James Macdonald and Michael Halliday

SIMPSON

When I accepted the job as Housemaster of Simpson, I had a fair idea of what lay ahead. Certainly, any grey areas were, as the year progressed, well and truly clarified by some of our more colourful coves. Simpson has been a source of much enjoyment for me ... things happen here!

New ideas are not always welcome, but they do soon become de rigueur, and I am grateful for the tolerance shown by Simpsonites to the changes that needs must accompany a new Housemaster. Mr Du Boulay's greatest legacy to me has been the fierce loyalty to the House, and ultimately to one another, that is evinced by the young men of Simpson. It has given me a very secure base upon which to work.

Simpson has taken its fair share of glory this year. When all were fit, no fewer than seven players in the 1st XV came from Simpson. Garry Burton (our pensioner) had an outstanding year as Captain of Rugby. Lee Walker won a Scottish Schools' Rugby Cap, and the Senior XV won the Inter-House Competition. For the second year, Mark Ironside's men won the Senior Football competition. Dougal Fergusson's presence was significant in that victory, and that augers well for next year's matches. Zak Thomson led Simpson to a successful defence of the skiing trophy, and the return of Phil Hodgson, Clark Cooper and Scott Mitchell should ensure a fiercely contested event next February. Nev's Globetrotters retained the Senior Basketball trophy – no doubt, Gilbert Stevenson will be keen to carry Nev's mantle into next year's competition. As the year progressed, Simpson were able to retain two other trophies – Senior Cricket and Golf. Congratulations also to our Curlers – Tom Edwards, Logie Mackenzie and Allan Clark – who won the Miller-Drummond Trophy in March. Special mention must go to Colin Mitchell, whose outstanding golfing performances earned him another Scottish Schools' Cap.

Reporting these sporting successes is a pleasant task, but it suggests that the men of Simpson have only a limited sphere of ability. Nothing could be further from the truth. A cultural potpourri flourishes in the House, and this was evinced by some excellent performances during the year. Led by "Mr Culture" himself (Laurie Crump), Simpsonites were at the fore at numerous musical performances, including Headmaster's Music and Speech Day. Laurie has assumed the limelight often in recent years, and it was very pleasing to see Duncan Smith perform on the horn at the second Headmaster's Music evening. Exciting too, is the fact that the younger Crump, Harry, will join Simpson in September. Congratulations must go to Laurie on his offer of a place at St Anne's, Oxford,

where he will go to read Music.

None who saw the School Play could have failed to be impressed by the performance of Alistair Duncan as "Bottom". In an outstanding production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Ali performed superbly and, for me, stole the show. Laurie Crump and Jamie Stirling also represented the House in the play. With such talent being unearthed in the School production, we were eagerly awaiting the Senior Drama production, which ultimately fell foul of the examinations. Our juniors showed that they too have much to offer the dramatic world. Alasdair Grieve starred in a production that saw Tom Forster impersonating Schwarzenegger, and Mark Sutcliffe impersonating Carmen Miranda. Well done, Thespians.

Although there were notable successes throughout the year, it is wrong to think that only our "wins" can be defined as successes. Some really outstanding performances that saw us come second, or indeed second last, were as important to the House as anything else in which the boys competed. The mass participation of the seniors in the House Cross Country was one such occasion. Although they resembled a flock of swamp parrots as they descended upon Little Acre, their efforts managed to lift Simpson off last place. It was good clean fun, and that is as important as any win. Similarly, the junior Rugby XV lost to Ruthven in the final of their competition, but did so in a manner that can only be described as "a gutsy effort". Performances in the Senior Indoor Hockey, Junior Cricket and Football were all worthy of praise, as of course was the Tennis team's effort in the final of their competition. The Junior 4,400-metre relay win by Andrew and

Graeme Kettle, Roderick Murray and Scott Mitchell on the abbreviated Sports Day at the end of the Summer Term was a fitting end to a year of excellent sporting performances.

It has been a different place this year – Caitlin instead of Toddy, barbecues in the snow, Sky instead of Paul Heslop's videos! Things have gone very well. This is only possible with good help. Simpson owes much to the efforts of a few people over the past twelve months. Rich Morris was an excellent Head of House – always willing to help and offer suggestions. The House Prefects were equally able, and helped make things run smoothly within. Special thanks must go to Mr Crosfield, the Senior Tutor, for his unending loyalty and devotion to duty. His efforts this year have been a tremendous help to this fledgling Housemaster. And where would we have been without the smiling face of Mr Clark? Ever cheerful, his efforts with the Fifth Form boys were appreciated by all. Mr Summersgill continues to carry the mantle of sanity, and his thoroughness and good humour are one of our special assets. Thanks, too, to Mr Ross, whose long association with Simpson ended this year. We hope he enjoys Nicol. To Grace, Ella and Maree, a special thank you. Your task is immense and you do it with a humour I could never maintain under the circumstances.

To the boys in the House – a personal thank you. You accepted us warmly and have been a delight to work with. Louise and I are especially thrilled by the way you accepted Caitlin. She is certainly fond of her big brothers! Thanks for a great year.

A.R.B.



Mr Ball has taken on the House

THORNBANK

As I write this report in the relaxing setting of Cultybraggan Army Training Camp, a former prisoner of war camp, Thornbank House and its inmates takes on a completely new complexion! Nevertheless, I can be positive this year, as most of the girls made a very pleasing contribution to both the House and the School.

An excellent Junior House Drama Competition play, *The Butler Did It*, written by Angela Higgins, produced a Best Actress prize for Sarah Drury as cook and Best Supporting Actress for Polly Sutherland as Geraldine. Our next theatrical contribution was in the School Play, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, starring Kirsty Palmer, Lesley-Anne Dewar, Rowan Pearman, Abigail Barlow, Camilla MacDonell, Marijke Hansson-Bolt, Angela Higgins, Sally Burrell and Olivia Wands. Helping backstage were Lucy-Anne Bryans, Hanna Kranenburg, Emma Dooley, Kim Fowler, Catherine Cochran and Tui Sang. The backstage crew were so obviously inspired by stepping on to the boards to help with props that they volunteered their services for the Senior House Drama Competition as actresses – and not a bad job they made of it. Rowan transformed from Puck to Margrit; Hanna moved to front of stage with a very convincing monologue; Lucy-Anne, we knew, had backache, but as Mrs C she had us all in pain; Eilidh Currie played a most sympathetic Doreen; Marijke shed her Fairy outfit to be a music-crazed visitor to the laundry with Kirstine Lawson lugging baskets of washing around. A good back-up team of Sally, Vicky Henderson and Kim Fowler, together with Caroline Frame's well designed programme, all contributed to Thornbank winning a Drama Competition for the first time. Just rewards for Lesley-Anne as Director who has been involved in every form of drama within the House and School. Well done on the Drama front, girls.

More to be positive about – the sporting success this year. I am loathe to say "again" as Woodlands gave us a run for our money all through the year. The Hockey produced a close match between the Seniors with the Juniors having to hold their own which they did with several goals. The roles were reversed in the netball when our Juniors were convincingly beaten and the trophy depended on our Seniors. Woodlands insisted the match be played on a date which did not please some in the House and this obviously inspired them to the narrowest of victories. The Cross-Country team, who always love to see their names posted on the team list came out on top as did the Athletics team which contained a large number of individually sound performances, including good efforts from those who normally play tennis. Woodlands were ahead in the Senior

Tennis competition but like in the Hockey Competition the Juniors won the day. However, sadly we have a space on our shelf where the Badminton trophy could sit

Two thirds of the House have now either been mentioned by name or have contributed in these sporting team successes. There is some overlap in drama and sport, with the remainder of the House contributing on the musical front. The Winter Headmaster's Music, as it should be called now, saw wonderful performances from those in the String Orchestra and the Orchestra and there were solos from Agnes Bradley on violin, Camilla MacDonell on clarsach, Kristine Burr on clarinet and Kirsty Buchanan on cello. Many sang in the Highland Suite or in the Choral Society's first public appearance. Others sang or entertained in a most memorable Christmas House Party, at least that was what Thomas McPhail said at the end of the evening despite sleeping through most of it. The same group of talented musicians took part in the St Andrew's Night celebrations. The additional Headmaster's Music at the end of the Summer term featured a solo from Agnes on violin, a piece from Camilla which Lucy Webster accompanied by voice, Rosie Clegg in a recorder group and the Orchestra members again.

Still on the cultural side, many in the House found time to take part in festivals. November saw Burns celebrated by Catherine Gdula, Claire Ketcher, Natalie Young and Lesley-Anne Dewar. At the Perthshire Festival Verse Speaking Classes Helen Nesbitt was awarded a distinction for her Shakespeare piece; at the Edinburgh Festival Verse Speaking Competition Emma Dilger, Claire Halliday and Claire Ketcher gained Standard Awards for dramatic scenes; followed by Claire Ketcher and Kristine Burr being first equal and awarded Merits in Prose-Reading.

Despite C.J., Hanna and Tui gaining credits and Kim, Clare Lochore and Rowan being awarded passes in the Young Enterprise Examination, we came last in the Stocks and Shares Competition – a mere £80,000 odd behind Woodlands. Numerous Art Distinctions were shared by girls in the Senior years. Marijke won a Drumming Cup, Louise Duncan won an effort prize. Eilidh Currie the William Tattersall Art Prize and Lesley-Anne the Reading Prize along with the coveted Scanlan cup for all round Merit – Girls.

How the girls managed to fit all this in and visit Molly Barnes for hours on end I don't know. How did the Upper Sixth find the time to put together their outrageous dress for their Bad Taste Dinner let alone cook a most splendid meal enjoyed by several members of the Masters' Common Room and several non-members?

So, all in all, it has been a good year although a few in the House have taken up much of my time – time which cannot be devoted to others. Even more time would have been lost had the Upper Sixth not been working away quietly in the background to solve problems before they reached me. This Upper Sixth leave as the first Third Formers in the House. They were the ones who started with the House motto of:

Coming together is a beginning

Keeping together is progress

Working together is success.

They have certainly been a wonderful bunch. They, too, have had their 'words of comfort' from me in the past – they are not all angels – but they had that instinct when to draw the line and they never stepped over it. Working together with them has been a success and I wish them well in the future.

Working with my tutorial team of Mr Smith (no relation before rumours spread), Miss Carlisle, Mrs Summersgill and Mrs Watson has been most successful also as they really all pull together and are eager to help the girls in any way they can. Mrs Barnes has been leading a quiet life away from us since Christmas and we thank her for her work till then and more recently for the entertainment her daughter is now providing the girls with on a regular basis. Morag took over as Matron in January and, strangely enough, seems keen to carry on after June. Liz and Moira battle away each day lifting the same games kit off floors, clearing the same sinks and trying to Hoover Tui's floor at least once every month – well done.

In Thornbank life goes on and I only hope the few fighting against the system will now channel their efforts in a positive way as many of them have their names listed above and can make a great contribution to House and School life in the future.

L.J.S.



Marijke Hansson-Bolt

WOODLANDS

There can be no doubt that those who take on the most challenging workload and the most additional activities are eventually the most successful and not infrequently the happiest people in the House, and the House tutorial staff have made efforts over the year to ensure that adequate opportunities for quiet personal study have been available and have been used to advantage. It may seem to the casual observer that there is too much emphasis on work and insufficient time for television, discos and social life; experience shows that those who leave their exam preparation later than they should are also those who make the most fuss later on about the amount of work they have and how everyone else is disturbing them and preventing them from doing it! At any rate, the award of eight academic prizes to members of the outgoing Upper Sixth shows that all that repression had some effect. Hilary Moore won the Physics, Maths and String Prizes; Lindsey Moir the French (she also has an offer from Magdalene College, Cambridge); Lucy Quarry won the Art Prize; Caroline Proctor the History; Helen Swinbanks the Elliott Memorial Design Technology Prize and Kate Turner the Economics Prize. There have been good performances from all years in exams and orders this session, and so this aspect of House life can be said to be in good health pending the dread dates of August.

Woodlands has never had a high reputation for sports, something which is perhaps a reflection of the diversity of talent in the House rather than any deep truth, yet the Swimming Team scored a convincing win over Thornbank while the Inter-House Ski Race saw a remarkable performance in which Louisa Graham-Campbell won the Duncan Trophy with the fastest individual time, closely followed by Melissa Gillingham and Abi Carswell, and ably supported by the Rankins and Heather Scott; this placed us second to Simpson by about four seconds. We fared less well in the Hockey, despite a strong performance from the senior team, spurred on by the promise of a trip to Paco's if they won, and a very spirited effort from a mixed side of juniors, not all of them Hockey players, which certainly allowed us to hold our heads up. In the Netball context, usually as much of a formality for us as the Hockey is for Thornbank, the juniors had a convincing win but the seniors elected with a team which was under-strength and paid heavily for their presumption, losing not only the game but also the competition and the cup on the aggregate score of both matches. The Shooting Cup came our way for the third year in a row, and on behalf of the Club and the School I would like to thank Laurence Blair Oliphant for donating the Ardblair Cup for the Inter-House Shooting Competition. Our Badminton players had their moment of glory, win-

ning against Thornbank. The Cross Country runners did particularly well, with Lucy Quarry coming second in the Girls' Senior event, Melissa Gillingham winning the Intermediate and Alison Hunter the Junior. In the Tennis, the seniors did well to win their half of the competition whilst the juniors, despite a good win from Elise Rankin and Kirsty Glimm, went under with just too few points to gain the trophy. Perhaps we shall do even better in the year ahead, but by any standards the House has done well on the games field, and this reflects the effort of the participants as well as the able organisation of the individual games captains.

On the other hand, Woodlanders have always been in the forefront of the cultural scene at Strathallan, and this year has been no exception. An excellent entry for the House Drama Competition swept away the opposition to win the coveted "Best Production" prize, a tribute to all those who wrote, acted and directed it. There have been too many musical achievements to list them all, but as usual Hilary Moore had a high profile and the Choir and Orchestra members made memorable contributions to St Andrew's Night and the two evenings of Headmaster's Music, the latter containing fine ensemble and solo playing from Abigail Carswell and Kate Miller, among others. Even Lindsey Moir was tempted back to play in the String Orchestra, and Lucy Quarry reminded us that she really does play the violin. Anne Wilson took on the Riley Orchestra as well as her GCSEs and other musical commitments, while the capable team of Kananu Kirimi and Catriona Maclean were honing the gnomes' thespian skills. Although Kananu and Karen (the new Woodlands' secret weapon) shared in and made major contributions to the School production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Lucy Kitson and Karen Wilson thrived on the Verse Speaking scene, and the Third Year dramatists performed their pieces with success at the Festival in Edinburgh.

The measure of any community is the degree to which it collectively thinks of other people, and painful though it is I want to record the collective response to the tragic deaths of Jeremy and Anne Gillingham earlier this year and the positive way in which the whole House and, of course, the community at large did its best to help in a situation which no one knew how to help.

It is entirely in keeping with those efforts to see all the members of the House, all the tutors and even the cleaners participating in the Non-Uniform Day, contributing over £160 to UNICEF; at the Christmas Party the raffle raised a further £50, while the Hunger Day for Famine Relief, originally suggested by Eleanor Wiseman, raised £160 and the House contribution to the Inyathi Appeal, standing at over £300, was the highest total in the

School. These charitable efforts are not unusual, but they are very much worth recording and congratulating.

There are doubtless other worthy events and personal achievements which time and space (and perhaps memory) will exclude from this report. One which should be mentioned, because it has a direct bearing upon the success of girls in the School, was the participation for the first time of a Strathallan Girls' Team in the Highland Cadet Tactical Competition, a testing two-day event in September. The remarkable aspect of this competition was not that they ended as second-placed girls' team and beat several teams of boys, but the enjoyment and confidence which they gained from the whole process.

What else? Well, of course, there was the Ball – though reports have been exaggerated, – there was the epidemic, and there was Mrs Ninham's wig at the Christmas Party.

Many thanks to the Prefects – it can be hard work to keep a House running smoothly, but it does offer you the most important leadership training you will get in your school days – provided that you take it seriously. Many thanks, too, to the Tutors, without whose help we would both have collapsed well before the end of the year, to Ruth Mackay, who led the House with integrity, and lastly to Betty and Vicky.

Here are the farewell prizes awarded this year:

Karen Bishop	The Dutton Chemistry Prize
Alison Bruce	The Gray Memorial Hacksaw
Sally Cust	The Quarry Quaich for Shooting
Marie Hamilton	The Wooden Spoon for Canoe Racing
Katy Haslam	The Pipe Band Cup
Lisa Haslam	The Bullard Bowl for Bursar's Chits
Vicky McMahon	The Doc Marten's Award for Sartorial Elegance
Lindsey Moir	The Teetotallers' Tankard
Hilary Moore	The Final Solution Prize for Discipline
Rachel Nicholls	The Tonsil Trophy
Tizi Nicholson	The Burton Bowl
Caroline Proctor	The Pimms Poultry Prize
Lucy Quarry	The Lee Harvey Oswald Sniping Cup
Stephanie Ralston	The Blarney Prize
Cari Silver	The Avon Art Prize
Julie Simpson	The ERM Prize for MIS
Helen Swinbanks	The Telly Addicts' Trophy
Kate Turner	The Matthews Memorial Milk Crate
Gillian Barr	The Mary Poppins Prize

A.C.W. S-J.

“In Quires and Places where they sing



Juan Figuerola-Ferretti and Nick Morley

The year began with the arrival of two of the most influential people in the running of a department - a new Headmaster and a new Assistant Director of Music. It ended with the departure of some musicians who seem to have been a mainstay of music-making since time began, so household have their names become.

Stephen Dutton joined us from King William's School, Isle of Man. He soon discovered the pattern of life on the mainland, where both ends of the pool are deep ends! His primary role is to bring another pair of hands to the music-making in Riley and the junior part of the School. To say he has thrown himself

into the task with great determination and enthusiasm is to understate the situation considerably, as has been demonstrated by the performances of various junior groups already this year. I look forward greatly to further new initiatives and successes.

The Headmaster, it is known, has “many strings to his bow”, and one of these he demonstrated publicly at his first Headmaster's Music, when he performed with three other violinists the most demanding *Concerto for Four Violins* by Vivaldi. His prowess on the guitar, both electric and acoustic, has been discovered, and we all await further appearances

with eager anticipation, whilst his singing voice has been exercised frequently, both in a solo capacity at the Summer Headmaster's Music and daily in Chapel. He is in the “rare breeds” league, along with Viola players, as a real Tenor. Consequently, from my eyrie in the organ-loft, the now complete and audible blend of four-part singing during services wafts upwards as a pleasure indeed. The School has demonstrated its willingness and ability to sing in harmony on a number of occasions, and the strong soprano and alto line makes a really splendid contribution to hymn-singing.

Four-part singing was no better heard than in the contributions made by the Choral Society in its Lent Term programme. The *Fauré Requiem* seldom fails to make its impact on either listener or performer, and together with the excellent orchestra “fixed” and led by Bill Baxter and the uplifting music of *Mozart's Coronation Mass in C*, the Lent Term ended on a real high. The programme for the new season, which will include the *Psalmus Hungaricus* of Kodaly and the *Gloria* by Poulenc will test those parts where Mozart failed to reach. Any reader who can pitch the “A”, three octaves beneath “Middle C” is urgently requested to get in touch with me, and a car will be sent to collect the prodigy. Perhaps it takes a cross-curricular request to a biologist to explain how a Hungarian can reach such unexplored areas of the vocal range!

The year has again seen music taught in the timetable at all levels - namely GCSE, Highers & A Level. Laurie Crump has convinced the musical worthies at Oxford to include him in their thinking and is set to take his place in October at St Anne's College to read Music. Their initial holiday reading list came rather as a shock to his system, but it will be as nothing compared to the real one later! These are the shocks of arrival in the real world after the cossetted comforts of our green and pleasant lands in Forgandenny.

Music should reach everybody somewhere along the line, and it is a great pleasure and constant source of delight to try new musical tricks each year with new groups. The range of music-making at Strathallan is often commented on, and perhaps the full menu should be listed.

The Orchestra, reliant totally on the number of strings in the School at any one time, although unable to boast a full complement of brass, has played Haydn's *Symphony No 99*, Albinoni's *Adagio for Organ and Strings*, Boyce, and Marcello and more. The String Orchestra under the direction of Bill Baxter, our violin teacher, has performed and rehearsed throughout the year with a range of

demanding styles including Mozart's *Divertimenti* and Rossini *String Symphonies*. From within the strings, a most convincing string quartet has rehearsed under the direction of Martyn Bennett, and although their performance in the Edinburgh Competitive festival was thwarted by a conflicting concert engagement, their standards were not. Chamber music groups meet to perform a range of styles - Grade 8 and upwards, to GCSE groups, and brass bands. Scottish folk music is played on whistle, fiddle, clarsach and harp, and it is sung in Gaelic (with difficulty). Ragtime is whistled by a consort of recorders, and *Cats* by the wind-band: in short, a good start!

Choral styles are represented by large groups such as the Choral Society, drawing members of the School in for its rehearsals and performance, and augmented by members of staff, parents and friends. The Chapel Choir continues to explore the riches of the repertoire, even if performances are often jeopardised by 'leave-outs' of crucial members. Gaelic singing tests the ingenuity of most, and the memories of all, and through the understated power of these hauntingly beautiful songs has resulted in some of the most sensitive choral singing. The Headmaster's Choir, formed for the summer HM Music, offered a choice of Renaissance to Reggae, in the form of a Caribbean Calypso.

To suggest that the same pattern of music-making is offered by Riley would seem to be a touch fanciful, but their performances have confirmed this claim. They have given us lunchtime "Mini-concerts", ushered, programmed and performed with style and enthusiasm. Even a house-staff jazz-band showed willing. They sent in a representative group of players to the Prep Schools' Orchestra Day in May. Their musical high points this season have been the formation of a real rival to Raj Arumugam's "All Stars Dixieland Jazz Band". The composition of, and their rehearsal and performance in a record-breaking six weeks from commission date of a musical for the Summer Parents' Meeting is a tribute to their abilities. Stephen Dutton's two-week familiarisation period with his new Korg M-1 keyboard completed the West-End spectacular minutes before curtain up. Watch out Lloyd-Webber, your days are numbered!

Agnes Bradley, Raj Arumugam and Laurie Crump competed in the Edinburgh Competitive Festival Concerto Class with Mozart's *Piano Concerto in D Minor, K466*, Haydn's *Trumpet Concerto* and Summaritini's *F Major Recorder Concerto* respectively. Surrounded by some stunning playing in the opposition, Laurie Crump returned to play in the Final "play-in" against Dvorak's *Violin Concerto*, Crusell's *Clarinet Concerto* and Liszt's *Piano Concerto No 1*. His performance in the evening's final round, accompanied by a most excellent orchestra, along with others, gave the audience a rare package of pleasure. The selection

of a "winner" by that stage seemed a rather needless task, and although Laurie gave us a beautifully finished and a more carefully presented "real" performance, inevitably there were seen to be more notes in the Liszt!

Hilary Moore, a fleet-fingered pianist as well as harpist, was selected by the Perth Youth Orchestra to play Shostakovich's *2nd Piano Concerto* with them. She performed this with piano accompaniment in a Concert she gave at School with her harp teacher Eluned Pierce, aptly entitled "Harp-to-Harp". Included also were her sparring partners in the "Cuthie-men" folk music group and the Dixiemens. To be able to flit between piano and harp quite so deftly, and to play such differing styles on both instruments bodes well for her as she departs to take up a place to study Harp at the Royal College of Music in London.

Raj Arumugam's trumpet-playing has become a legend already. Whether it was the Last Post on Remembrance Sunday, concerto movements or wild improvisations in Dixieland Jazz, he has made converts. The Law Society will have a most talented practitioner of both line and Law in future days. Likewise, Juan Figuerola-Ferretti has not only shown us all what a soprano saxophone is, and what it can do, but has shown exactly what can be done with hard practice and a determination to enjoy his and others' music-making.

With this wealth of music just waiting to be played, it was not difficult to select enough music and players to fill the ten engagements in the Summer Term alone, from the Ladies' Guild of Dunbog and Abbie three days into the Summer Term, to the Headmaster's Music three days before the end. The Lunchtime Concert in the Perth festival of Arts and our now customary performance on Speech Day in the "Tent" had the feel of the professional band on tour! albeit not quite as much as the day we packed up our stands, music, "best bibs and tuckers" plus the two dogs, for our away match on Mull!

The preparation required for three days on a Hebridean Island for 15 filled me with greater admiration for the military men who stage march-pasts on Horse-Guards Parade and "Desert Storm" than I

could have dreamt of. Imagine the panic stations when with only one boat destined for the island before our evening concert, I watched the personnel coach head eastwards for Oban! Cross-curricular challenges, I thought! However, they were only taking the scenic route to the western metropolis, and we made the boat with time for the busking party to wet their whistles on the quay-side. Thanks are due to trusting Caledonian MacBrayne for permitting an unknown party to take over the main space on the passenger deck and play to the travellers. Harry Crump (who during the Easter holidays had tried his hands at busking on the pavements of York, only to return home almost able to pay his next term's fees) together with his elder brother set the party going, and drummed up an audience for the evening's concert at Glengorm Castle. The concert party's antics are more fully exposed elsewhere, as was the Director of Music on emerging from the cool northern waters of Loch Mingary, only to be caught on film by the "Page 4" team. But suffice it to say that the point of the visit was made, money was raised for worthy island charities, much fun was had by all, and productivity on returning was doubled! No doubt future planning of events will bear this in mind.

Thanks are due to all the patient members of the visiting staff who have taught the players their skills and tricks, and in particular to two leavers, Andrew Dickie who goes to London for a spell of Post Graduate study, and also to Stephen James under whose guidance the Dixielanders first learnt to weave their brand of magic. The year has seen some very fine performances and, better still, despite the departure of some apparently irreplaceable talent, visions of what is to come in the future. To all those members of the team, my thanks and sincerest congratulations, and all good wishes to the leavers for their futures.

F.N.R.

The Robert Barr Memorial Prize for Music-Raj Arumugam

The Patrick Grandison Prize for Strings-Hilary Moore



Hilary Moore and Anne Wilson

CHORISTERS

Practices began at the start of the Spring Term and were held in the Chapel every Wednesday evening between six and seven thirty. An impressive number of people appeared on the first Wednesday - most enthusiastic and ready to start singing. After some amusing 'warm-up' exercises Mr Reed introduced Mozart's *Coronation Mass in C* which was followed by a lot of stopping and starting as many of us had to learn how to sing certain difficult passages and how to pronounce some of the unfamiliar Latin.

The soprano group was without doubt the largest of the four and had nearly all the female members of the choir; thus it was not too evident when people like myself made mistakes. However, unfortunately for the tenors (who were the minority with just five people) it could often be rather obvious when they made only minimal errors; therefore continuous correction proved to make them the most accurate section. Once we had fin-

ished practising the turbulent forte notes of Mozart's *Coronation Mass*, it was a pleasant change to proceed with the harmonious placidity of Fauré's *Requiem* (with which we usually finished the evening); apparently people have been known to have seen Angels when singing or listening to 'In Paradisium'.

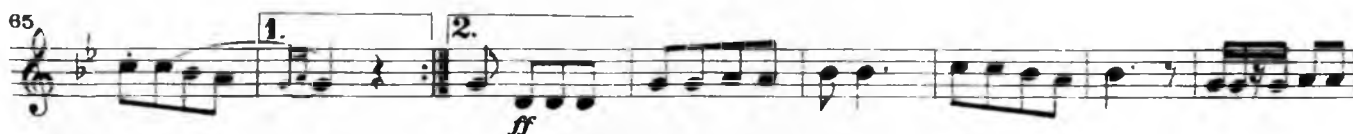
The Sunday of the performance eventually came and it was time to have the final rehearsal with the hired orchestra and soloists - both were exceptionally good. With just one break in the last three hour rehearsal, those with sore throats were recommended to take a trip to the San to see Sister before taking their places for the actual performance at 7.30 pm.

Even though there was hardly any room behind the orchestra, the choristers managed to position themselves in an agreeable space where they were not likely to over-balance or be crushed by fellow singers. The concert began with *The Coronation Mass* which easily satis-

fied the audience's anticipation as it sounded even louder and more impressive than any Wednesday practice. After this dramatic first half of the performance a responsive audience could unwind in the second half to the tranquillity and grace of *Requiem*. Throughout the two pieces the singers received encouraging glances from the expert and accurate conductor, Mr Reed, and no-one made any noticeable slips. Hamish Forbes and Mr O'Neill were particularly good in their arduous solos.

The tremendous success of these two pieces would not have been possible without the patience and dedication of Mr Reed who taught and guided us through these difficult classics. Thank you, also, to Mr Dutton who accompanied us with the piano at every Wednesday practice and played the Organ at the actual performance. Well done to everyone who took part!

Katherine High



MULL

Mull in the month of May for the uninitiated would probably mean mud, midges and moorland - but musicians? It was with slight apprehension, countless mistakes, quickly re-arranged (or started?) practice schedules and some serious "note bashing" that we began, or, rather, Mr Reed got us sorted out.

From Marcello to Mozart, sleeping bags to swim suits, barbecues to beer and musicians of differing sizes with instruments of equally varying proportions, the date crept - no, cantered - towards us. Mr Crosfield was "bagged" as our "Roadie Extraordinaire". He did a très bien job and even managed to get through many miles without complaining about our dire renderings of off-key "variations" on Beatles melodies (?).

The 'natives' were very hospitable and friendships were quickly formed - I thank them all for being so kind. It was great to see genuine pleasure on the faces of those who came to our concerts in what couldn't have been a nicer setting - we had glorious weather all week-end.

From a private castle to Chateau Reed (complete with its newly-shaven owner) and Salem Kirk, the diversity of the venues matched that of the music - and magic as the Master of juggling balls and 'floating' £10 notes held our attention while the adventure ran smoothly except for a certain forgotten piano lead



Whistling for seals?

It was a credit to Mr Reed and his team that the die-hard swimmers, hill-side jazz, buskers and concertos sat comfortably

side-by-side as we were all too quickly back at School. Thanks.

Duncan Forbes

PIPES AND DRUMS

In many senses this was a year of mixed fortunes. We were fortunate enough to have two Piping Instructors, Pipe Major Barron and Mr Claude Miller, but were aware of the fact that Pipe Major Barron's health was in question. It came as no surprise, therefore, when, acting under medical instructions, *Pipie* reluctantly tendered his resignation after some 15 years of selfless and generous involvement with the School. There are many pupils, past and present, who treasure the silvery medals personally awarded by Pipe Major Barron. There are many pupils, also, who treasure the many stories told to them.

When Bert came to the School, piping was at an all-time "low". The Band consisted of a mere 7 pipers and even fewer drummers. Through his enthusiasm and his contacts, the number of pupils under instruction grew and grew. When the Band took part in engagements outwith the School, 15 playing pipers became the norm. His ability to provide each piper with a magnificent set of antique pipes at almost "knock-down" prices will be missed.

Starting off the Group Band Tuition on two evenings a week, latterly Bert was teaching in School for three and a half days, often not leaving on Wednesday evenings until 9.00pm. His crowning glory was undoubtedly the two successive wins by our Band at the Scottish Schools' CCF Competition 7 and 8 years ago. Many schools have commented to me that the overall improvement in Piping in the Scottish Independent Schools was due to Bert Barron who set the highest possible standards and spurred our competitors on.

We wish Bert and his wife, Winnie, improved health and a long and happy retirement.

We also said goodbye to Claude Miller who succeeded Bert at very short notice. His style of teaching was radically different but equally successful. He instituted a small ensemble group of novice pipers who joined the Band on Speech Day and practised every Monday evening. He chased - with vigour - the "slackers" and "non-practisers" - and to his credit and our unexpected joy our fortunes at the CCF Competition this year were much better than we dared hope.

By the time *The Strathallian* is published our new and full-time Piping Instructor will have taken up the reins. Again, Strathallan will have set new goals for our competitors in that we are the first Independent Scottish School (other than Queen Victoria School with its Army involvement) to have on its staff a full-time Piping Instructor.

Jennifer Hutcheon is no stranger to

either the Piping world or to the academic world. A champion solo piper in her own right, a Bandsman (*sic*) playing with a Grade 1 Band, she has instructed at Craigmount High School, Edinburgh, where her several Bands have become world-famous. She joins the established team of David Clarke and George Braid and thus Strathallan's Pipes and Drums can look forward to the future with great confidence.

We had some 40 pupils undergoing piping instruction this year and some 15 drummers. Inevitably our first engagement was at Dewar's Rinks, Perth for an International Curling Championship. Our Band tunes and appearances at Dewar's and on the television screen have become regular features.

The Pipe Major and Pipe Sergeant played at HMS Scotia's "Burns' Supper" before a distinguished audience of Naval personnel. Again, in March, they played at the Scottish Inter-Divisional Dinner at Pitreavie before an even more distinguished audience.

In the Summer Term we were deprived of playing at Alyth Agricultural Show (where we were drowned and mud-spattered last year) because of an administrative hiccup by the Show's organisers and found ourselves instead at Auchterarder Gala Day where, to everyone's horror, we found that we had to lead the procession from one end of "the lang toon's" High Street to the other end. This was, without question, the longest performance the Band has ever endured. Closer to home, we, of course, were the star performers at the Forgandenny Village Day, marching and playing from the School gates to the Village Park.



Pipe Band on Speech Day

Our internal Piping Competition was judged by Roderick Barron, a regular face at these occasions.

Junior March:

1st	Ewen McMaster
2nd	Tim Elliott

Senior March, Strathspey & Reel:

1st	Ross Cumming
2nd	Alex Macleod
3rd	Andrew Scott
4th	Duncan Culliford

Senior Hornpipe & Jig:

1st	Alex Macleod
2nd	Ross Cumming
3rd	Andrew Scott

Drumming Competition:

Bass Section:

1st	Jennie Perry
2nd	Robbie Gemmill

Side-Drumming:

1st	Marijke Hansson-Bolt
2nd	David Smith
3rd	Chris Dorman

Pipe Band ties were awarded to: Ewen McMaster, Jennie Perry and Chris Dorman.

SCOTTISH SCHOOLS' CCF PIPES & DRUMS COMPETITION 1994 (held at Glenalmond)

Pipe Band Competition (out of 9 competing Schools)
Strathallan: 3rd

Drum Majors' Competition (out of 6 competing)
James Steele: 2nd

Band Dress and Drill (out of 9 competing Schools)
Strathallan: 1st

Individual Dress and Deportment (out of 42 competitors)

Andrew Scott: 1st
- becoming the first winner of the new Scots' Guards Trophy which was presented to him by Brigadier Kim Ross, CO the Scots' Guards.

Congratulations go to the boys and girls and their Instructors. It just goes to show that with a little more practice and commitment from one or two senior pupils we could well have gained a 1st in the Band Competition.

T.G.L.

ST ANDREW'S NIGHT

Had it not been for the ubiquity of tartan that evening those present may have thought themselves in a Parisian Bistro: the soft candlelight, the small, intimate tables, the gay laughter, the wine - and the French department in particular revelling in all of these.

As ever, Mr Broadfoot cooked up a splendid Bill a' faire on the poetry front - with various injections of prose. The Wee Cuthie Men (who I've heard have an almost cult-like following within the School) set the mood for the evening - in this case the Crump brothers, Laurie and Harry, on both occasions allowing us to marvel at their speed and proficiency on the fiddles - both of them excellent. Then Riley's verse speakers - Lucy Green, Duncan Broadfoot and Katherine Charlier - displayed their mastery of Scots colloquialisms to amusing effect.

"The Battle of the Braes" followed - a light-hearted piece showing the defiance of the women during the Highland Clearances - starring Clair Ketcher and Lucy Kitson who sang the closing duet very nicely. "Mhairi's Wedding" couldn't fail to be every step correct with Mrs Nureyev-Hamilton as coach. "Gin I was God" by Charles Murray, read by Gordon Duncan, was particularly memorable and entertaining.

The guest of honour for the evening was the multi-talented Martyn Bennet who, though having confessed to being "no speed merchant" went on to prove otherwise on the pipes. Mr Young was not only responsible for co-ordinating a delicious hot buffet but, as now is the Strathallan St Andrew's Night tradition, sang admirably. Sadly, Mr Macleod's rendition "O Rowan Tree" may not be such a regular occurrence after the end of this year when he leaves the Art Department. But, who knows, perhaps his people can talk to our people and, agent allowing, he might perform for us again in the future.

So, as ever, it was a variety pack of Scots culture which we enjoyed. Not just the more traditional but a true cross section of poetry from Burns to Liz Lochhead.

Mr Broadfoot will already be starting to conjure up another such feast for '94 - what a daunting task.

Catriona Maclean



Prizewinners at the Perthshire (Competition) Festival

SHYLOCK IN A KILT?!

Once again the verse speakers have excelled themselves in performances and competitions, gaining a large number of merit and distinction certificates, and this year, also 2 silver trophies (for recitations of poems by Robert Burns).

For a vivid rendering of "Address to a Louse" Lesley-Anne Dewar was the overall winner of the senior class in the Perth Burns' Club's annual festival in November, and won the coveted trophy. (This success led to an invitation for Lesley-Anne to perform the poem at the Burns' Club's annual dinner in January). Lucy Kitson won the under-15 section with a mouthwatering "Address to the Haggis" and Duncan Broadfoot was the P6 and P7 winner with "The Boy in the Train". All three performed their poems at the School's St Andrew's Night.

At the Perthshire (Competition) Festival in March, The Burns' Club Rosebowl was won by Nicol Nicolson who chilled the spines of the audience with the description of the haunted Alloway Kirk in "Tam o'Shanter". Lucy Kitson came a close second and received a distinction certificate (over 85%). Other distinctions at Perth went to Ruth Sharp, Nicol Nicolson, Katherine Charlier and Lucy Green, for poems by Perth poet, William Soutar. Gordon Duncan was placed first and achieved distinction in the Burns (Senior) Competition. Distinctions also went to

John Butler (Bible Reading, 13-14), Duncan Broadfoot (Burns, 10-12), Duncan McCredie (in both English poems, 12-14 and speech from Shakespeare, (12-14), and Helen Nesbit (speech from Shakespeare, (12-14).

The Shakespearean speech which the boys had to perform was by Shylock, in *The Merchant of Venice*. The adjudicator remarked that she had never before seen Shylock played in a kilt. It certainly gave new meaning to "and spit upon my Jewish garbardine".

At the Edinburgh (Competition) Festival in May, merit certificates (over 85%) were awarded to Claire Ketcher and Kristine Burr, who were first equal in the prose reading class, for which Nicol Nicolson and Gordon Duncan received standard certificates. Standard certificates were awarded to Ruth Sharp, Tara Laing, Katherine Charlier and Fiona Macfarlane in the Scots poem under 14 section. Merit and standard certificates went to Lucy Kitson and Gordon Duncan respectively, for recitations of a Scots poem "Winter Time" by Marion Angus. But pride of place went to the ubiquitous Nicol Nicolson who, in that class, gained a splendid Honours for "an outstanding performance". In commending the performance the adjudicator commented on Nicol's "excellent long vowels" and the lad didn't even know he had them!

I.McF.

OBITUARY: GARRY ROGERS

Garry had a rare love of life that was reflected in everything he did. His tragically premature death was indeed due to his refusal to settle for half: Garry always insisted in draining the last drop of enjoyment from life through pushing things to the limit. "Life is not a rehearsal" would have been a suitable epitaph for him.

Garry's life was full of fun and he did his best to ensure that others got their fair share of the same. So much did he enjoy his first Strath Ball that he had an overwhelming urge to share his feelings of pleasure with his House tutor in the small hours of the morning. Further evidence of his ironic sense of humour was enjoyed by all in *The Strathallian* last year: *Tyrpanophobia*, which won the

senior Creative Writing Prize, was a serious achievement which surprised him as much as everyone else.

Furthermore, his attitude on the rugby field was revealing - he would not so much tackle as throw himself head first at the opposition like some maniacal human sacrifice. He also had a remarkable ability to dress down so that on the occasion of House photographs one would look at Garry in disbelief: most of the garments he wore were borrowed and all of them produced an incongruous effect.

Garry's sense of interior decor was similarly individual. The Headmaster discovered this to his cost when he asked Garry to leave his room decorated over the summer holidays so that he could have an exemplar of the typical

Strathallian's study. Bewildered parents were consequently led into a study bedroom of impossible garishness. As they opened the door they were met by a surreal conjunction of bright orange and lime green.

This final memory has a moral. Garry was not an exemplary Strathallian. Indeed, he was not "an example" of anything. He was a wholly individual mixture of youthful vigour and kindness who will be greatly missed by all those who had the pleasure of knowing him.

It is a touching tribute to his creativity that he will be remembered here in the future by his parents' generous endowment of an annual cash prize: £100 for the senior winner of the School Creative Writing Competition.

CREATIVE WRITING COMPETITION

WINNERS

Forms I and II	Ella Bird Tara Laing	: :	First Runner-up
Form III and IV	James Henderson Colin Perry	: :	First Runner-up
Form VI	Catriona Maclean Joanna Malcolm	: :	The Garry Rogers Prize Runner-up

CRESSIDA'S PARCEL

(From the painting *The Woman in the Green Jacket* - August Macke)

The morning was a cold one. Although the sun shone kindly through the maples, the cruel October air bit savagely at the fingers and toes of those who ventured outside.

"It's one of those mornings," thought Cressida, "where everything is in immaculately sharp focus. Were I to paint this, a deceiving canvas would portray a warmer day." Pleased by her power of perception she skipped down the steps leading from her aunt's house. Elated by the dazzling beauty of the colours of Autumn and sparkling frost she forgot the subject of her errand.

"Cressida!" A small, stout woman appeared at the door she had only just closed. The figure was of her aunt. Being the youngest of Cressida's relations it was Aunt Hannah who was lumbered with Cressida after the loss of the rest of her family. A burden was exactly what Cressida was - affectionate, yet clumsy, slow and

immature - were the kindest words said of her. She rushed up the cold grey steps and bumbled over to the pale, worn face of her aunt.

"Cressida," Hannah began, "you forgot something."

"Yeah, I know," she let her Boston drawl seep casually into conversation. She eagerly held out her arms like a forklift truck with her eyes tightly shut to receive the package she was to carry.

"Open your eyes," Aunt Hannah sighed. She had no time for games. Obediently Cressida opened her eyes - she didn't mean to aggravate her aunt. By her stance Cressida could see her aunt held the package behind her back. She reached forward.

"Uh-uh. Cressida, what have I told you about that vulgar jacket?" The fervour and excitement leapt from her eyes as her aunt prodded the green felt lapel of her best loved and most comfortable item of clothing.

"I-I'm not to wear it out of the house." Her aunt sighed yet again making Cressida fell less comfortable. Her mouth quivered and a ringlet of rusty copper hair sprang out of her crimson imitation velvet hat.

"Cressida, why do you do these things? It's not as though you forget, I mean you do some pretty dumb things, but you're not" Cressida could no longer hold her tongue.

"Not that dumb?" she questioned angrily. "You complain that I never grow up, but you treat me like a little kid!" Aunt Hannah forced the package into Cressida's arms and shouted, "Keep your goddam coat!"

Exhilarated by the heat of the argument Cressida ran down the steps, through the gate and kept sprinting until the row of identical houses where she lived merged into the collage-like colour scheme of the area. Her eyes danced in amusement. She breathed in the air as though it were

some exquisite perfume, letting her lungs blaze in the fiery coolness of it. Gradually the glitter like frost was melting - the satisfying crunch underfoot was replaced by the gentle squeaking of the liquid frost against her old leather boots. She sighed in the sheer beauty of it all. Surrounded by the brilliance of the coppers, rusts and auburns of Autumn, she found herself wandering as if transfixed, across sidewalks and through open expanses of grass. Cressida never tired of that which surrounded. Being allowed out so infrequently she could remember each trip she took alone individually.

The stabbing cold of the air had lessened somewhat. Yet a gentle breeze caused the bees to rustle and Cressida pulled her jacket tighter around her waist. She wore a long black skirt, at her Aunt's insistence, and a pair of heavy black boots which caused her feet to tire quicker than they should have done.

It was only now, as she rested on a newly painted green wooden bench that she became curious about the contents of the parcel. She fumbled about in her pocket until she felt the warm, crumpled piece of paper her Aunt had written her instructions on. Cressida read them slowly and out loud, "Deliver wrapped to the following address ..." To her surprise, Cressida didn't recognise the address and tried to guess the contents of the parcel. It was heavy. Brown paper which had been used before surrounded the shoe-box sized package. String secured it and was knotted several times. Her aunt used shoe boxes for everything - so that was no clue. There were hardly any people about - it was well past time to be at work, yet the loneliness was no longer a pleasurable feeling. It had become almost worrying. So Cressida ventured on. She hadn't lost her way, she had simply meandered about the usual route. She had money for a savoury snack. She always went to Ernie's Diner. She knew the prices there.

"I'd better do Aunt Hannah's errand first," she thought generously.

"This can't be it," she said doubtfully as she stood beneath a dirty looking stone building with 'Boston Ladies' Auxiliary' engraved in the blocks of granite. A large piece of card swung vigorously in the wind - "Jumble Sale Today!" A bustling confusion surrounded the unappealing entrance. The chipping brown paint of the door was being 'coaxed' off by tired children. The railings were being leant upon by gossiping housewives. Cressida, in an attempt to plough through the swell of chattering women was swallowed up by the hungry tribe and engaged in recipes and embroidery hints. She

felt insanely frustrated - as though she would be brainwashed into becoming one of them. She managed to giggle though. She imagined their idea of an initiation test being to remove beetroot from deep-pile carpets.

Gradually the surge moved forward.

Now the casual atmosphere dispersed. These women were now hunters. Whether it meant elbow jabbing or shin-kicking each of them was a predator ... for bargains. Had they known that Cressida was no competition perhaps her parcel wouldn't have been flung powerfully from her hands. But none knew she was an innocent bystander. It landed amongst a group of schoolboys - no doubt playing truant, and was received with a "Wow, how neat!" She pushed her way forcibly through the stampede of women and gazed down at something she wished she hadn't seen. The brown paper was ripped and muddled by trampling feet and the string was nowhere to be seen. The shoe box was ripped and out of shape, but there amongst the murky puddles and wrinkled stockings was something more dear to her than life itself. As if she were whisking up her child after an injury she scooped up her beloved ice skates and clutched them to her chest. Her vision was blurred with scalding tears, her face distraught with unrestrainable cries. She tore away from the crowd and ran in her gawky, clumsy fashion through the sidewalks and streets. Only semi-conscious was she of where she was going. Something drove her on. She felt bitter, angry, betrayed, hurt - all these feelings. It wasn't just a pair of ice-skates. It was what was connected with them. Aunt Hannah knew all this. There was no explanation for such a wrong doing.

Exhaustion calmed her hysteria. She made her way towards the park she hadn't been emotionally capable of facing for years. 'August Park'. The name had puzzled her on previous occasions - "Was it the month or simply a person it was named after?" Yet today she had no room for her usual irrelevant thoughts inside her confused and troubled mind. The trees in 'August Park' were always the last to lose their copper leaves. Their vibrant colours would always give Cressida a warm feeling inside. The man-made lake looked as deceptively natural as ever. Stray leaves littered its opaque blue surface. The plush, fresh greenery of the well-kempt grasses had splashes of colour generously donated by the shapely trees above.

Instead of sitting on one of the conveniently placed benches, Cressida chose to sit on the grass by the lake. She was not in the mood to be polite

or make pleasant, superficial conversation, only to be alone - perhaps to recover, definitely to despise.

The ice skates were old and outdated. They lay comfortably in her lap. Her legs were crossed, her back was hunched over them protectively. Cressida had never, throughout her entire life, possessed an air of grace or femininity - yet she was attractive - not physically. Her face was full of expression. It wasn't the type of face you tired of. Her features were interesting. Her hair was now almost completely out of her crimson, floppy 20's style hat. It spread across her shoulders on her green felt jacket - as the copper leaves spread across the green of the grass.

Cressida didn't need to be told she was out of place there - there in 'August Park'. All the people walking about were either couples, or businessmen finishing their sandwiches whilst reading the financial section of the 'Boston Times'.

"I don't care," she said aloud. Her voice sounded so decisive, so final - it almost scared her. A stray cygnet paddled up to her expectantly. She looked into the eyes of her companion.

"I ain't gonna do nothin' dumb," she began, but even the cygnet bore no interest in the matter and moved on to a group of children a little further on. Cressida felt comforted by the sound of her voice, as though someone cared. Her voice wavered, "I mean, what sort of a person takes somethin' away that's all someone's got left of someone. Know what I mean? Oh, I don't even know what I mean" She mumbled feeling her efforts were wasted.

Cressida had been one of three - three girls. The eldest - Imogen, the youngest - Sophie. Cressida was a freak. She was a red head, tall and clumsy, whereas the other two had green eyes and straight sandy hair - they looked delicate and moved with elegance.

She slipped her hand under the insole of her left skate. A smile of relief spread across her face, still stained with red blotches from crying. She withdrew a grubby piece of paper. She could recite it word for word - and did so.

"Dear Cressida - at last you are sixteen, almost an adult! But Cressy, childhood is sacred, never lose the child in you ... all my love, Imogen." Sophie's name was also written beneath, but in younger handwriting, with squint kisses. She couldn't restrain her tears, they rolled unashamedly down her smooth, freckled cheeks, then some down her long neck and most onto her green felt collar. Like globules of dew they lay at first and were then smothered into the material.

Her family - her parents and two

sisters were travelling up to see her at school. The weekend had been planned for months down to the very last detail. Her sixteenth birthday, what a terrible time to look there, "The impact would have meant they felt no pain," the doctor had whispered comfortingly to her. "I wish it had hit me, too," she whimpered pathetically. The parcel - her skates was the only contents of the car left undamaged. It was retrieved and given to Cressida when she was as emotionally stable as it was thought she'd get.

Cressida looked out towards the lake. It was the lake she had skated upon arm in arm with Imogen. She'd had to borrow Imogen's old ones then. She'd never worn these, not the ones which lay upon her lap. How could she? The pain was still as fiery and intense as all those years ago, she probably couldn't even skate any more.

"...Never lose the child in you, Cressy..." and she hadn't lost the child in her. As though pain had preserved her, as though time had stood still for her to grieve, she had ceased to grow and develop. She got up and walked on, forgetting to brush the grass from her skirt. Her figure, still visible at a great distance partly because of her bright green jacket, mainly because - even for a thirty-seven year old - she was terribly tall.

Catriona Maclean

TOWN KEEPERS

They stand
Upon a sea of grass.
Silver shadows crown them,
A deadly silence cloaks them:
Ragged, untouched.

Too quiet,
Not one sleeps-
All turned to where the sun
Will rise,
Reaching for the sky.

Friends of morning;
Worshippers of sun:
In the dead of night
They shiver,

Dominating all.
Life giants,
Watching,
Invincible,
For ever there.

Ella Bird



PORTRAIT OF AN ASSASSIN

Briskly, he walks, head bowed,
In fear of recognition
His gait is nervous, his footstep loud,
His mind focused on his mission.
His incoherent thinking
Loosely follows his instructions
But between ideas there's little linking
Save the similar deduction.

Always he arrives at a new location
Always quiet, always secluded,
Reflecting his vocation.
Upstairs he lays his suitcase down
and against the wall he sits
Waiting patiently, relaxing, gathering
his wits.
His time draws near; he stands to his
feet
And delicately he opens his case.
His apparatus, he assembles, careful
and neat,
With a frown of intensity upon his
face.

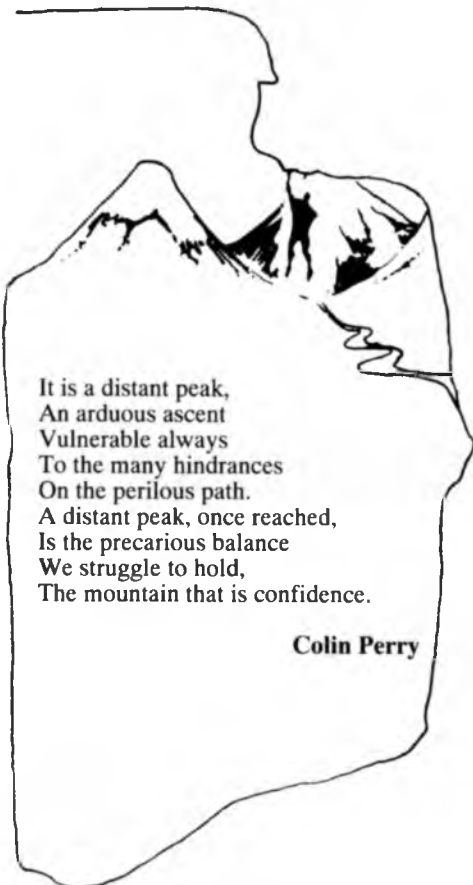
He puts rifle to shoulder and shifts to
be steady,
But readjusts his hold for his weapon
is heavy.
With a glance at this target and a cau-
tious aim,
And a final movement the assassin is
ready.

In an opposite building, a man pre-
pares to leave home:
The assassin's victim, unknowing yet
unknown.
Across the road, death waits
In the form of a hitman: an ugly fate,
For his bullet is betrayal and coward-
ly hate.

The door opens; finger to trigger.
A gentle squeeze can release the
vigour
To shatter complacency and so much
more:
To end a life, and leave others to
mourn.

A flood of apprehension and a frenzy
of fear,
A reckless dismantling and a hurried
departure.
Quickly, he trots, handkerchief to
face,
Fearing suspicion because of his
haste.
His nerves are shot and he must get
away,
But for his security the assassin must
pay,
And the currency of isolation is the
only way.

Colin Perry



ROOF-TOPS

The street was damp from the last rain. Puddles glittered and clear rain-drops fell on my head from the roofs towering above. A lone pigeon scuffed its feet and looked around beadily, its black eyes popping out of its small head. Gulls wheeled in the clear blue sky above the roof-tops of London, squawking their strange cry of "Tero, tero".

There was a strong contrast between this grey place, damp and dripping, and the merry bustle of the main street on the other side of the houses onto which I had once dared to look from a far off roof-top. A bit like my life, I thought. Always something blocking me from going into that world where exciting things happen, where people can love and laugh. The thought of my mother, ill and sad at home, almost changed by mind about what I was going to do.

"No, you are going to do this, you have to see what it's like, if they remember," I told myself. I turned the corner

into the last alleyway before I came to the main street. My footsteps echoed eerily in the alley and I looked round nervously. As I came to the end of the cobbled path, light seeped in from the street and I squinted out onto "the other side".

Cars tooted and braked, shouts and laughter wafted round and the pigeons in the park opposite cooed.

I had known it would be like this: colourful signs; music filtering from the open doors of trendy shops, but there had always been something holding me back. My mum, pleading with me not to, saying I would be ridiculed and talked about.

"Look, there's that young Strutt girl, ooh, her mum was right wild once back in the sixties, look where it got her."

"That young lady's Eliza Strutt's child. I remember her!"

My mum was ashamed of her past, of what she had done and of how she had behaved and she didn't want me to be

mocked for those things.

I stepped onto the pavement tentatively and looked around.

An old skeleton of a man in a brown duffle coat sat hunched on a bench, his eyes staring unseeingly at the grey stone beneath his feet. A sharp-looking woman in a blazer and matching skirt hurried past, her high heels clicking rhythmically. Children played in the park and a punk whose hair stuck up in different colours leant against a wall nonchalantly.

Everything went on as normal, no one stared or pointed at me and my heart began to ease a little. Maybe they had forgotten.

I walked up the street heading for a little paper shop I could see in the distance. I would buy a magazine and then, as always, I would disappear into an alleyway like a cat, into the gloomy shadows on the other side of the roof-tops.

Tara Laing

ACCIDENT

It was dark, and there was a chill in the air but I liked being out in the dark: it meant being up past bedtime and that meant a treat. We were going to McDonald's because Mum and Dad had gone out last night and left me with a babysitter, so they said they would take me somewhere to make up.

I snuggled in between them. Mum smiled at me and squeezed my hand tighter. The bright lights of the shops stood out in the dark as shadowy people bustled past. We rounded the corner and the first thing I noticed was the fire engine. It was outside McDonald's, the red, glossy paint catching the light and the blue sirens lazily swinging round. There was an ambulance there as well and I could hear people talking and the occasional shout. I didn't notice the street lamp was at an irregular angle. As we got closer the fire engine blocked the view. I

didn't really notice the person wrapped in a blanket crying, I was just trying to catch glimpses of what was happening behind the engine.

"Looks nasty ..." my Mum said.

We sat down in McDonald's. It was warm and bright and jolly but we could see outside, into the dark. The fire engine looked bigger from in there.

"I'll go and see if I can find out what happened when I get our food," said my Dad as he went to the counter.

When he came back I was looking at the small menu on the table, looking for words I knew, especially sausage. I had just learnt that at school and I was very proud because it was a long word. I started listening to my parents, and I don't think they knew I was listening.

"They think it was a taxi."

"Was it out of control?"

"Yes, three teenagers were standing

by the lamp-post, two got away the other was"

"What happened?" I said.

"Oh, nothing," said my Mum, "Here, have some chips. Look, you got a free toy."

"Was anyone hurt?" I asked.

"No, you shouldn't worry about it!"

"Come on," smiled my Mum, "Eat up — and not just the chips!"

So I picked up a chicken nugget and chewed on it thoughtfully.

The next day the headlines said "Teenager Crushed in Taxi Accident", but I was too young to read it. I only noticed the picture of the engine and McDonalds.

"We were there last night, Dad!"

"Yes, we were," he replied. He didn't sound very interested.

James Henderson

BATTLEDOWN BED AND BREAKFAST

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CHAPLAIN'S THOUGHTS

This was a momentous year.

The questions:

Firstly, a new Headmaster. How did he view the prospect of 8 or 9 Services a week? Would he be a traditionalist, espousing the comfortable words of "The Authorized Version" of the Bible? Was he a "trendy" hoping that guitars, long hair and kaftans would decorate the Chancel steps? Might "Chapel" become a tiresome part of "School Routine"? And what of his view of the role of his Chaplain in the School? - Clown? Converter? Conservator? Comforter? Confuser? Communicator?

Secondly, a new Chapel Prefect whose own role had become that of Vice-Captain of School. Would he warmly welcome visiting preachers in the Chaplain's absence? Could he be trusted to organise his team to ensure that discipline was maintained in the Chapel? Would Orders of Service be available for every pupil? Would the correct hymn numbers be on the boards?

Thirdly, a new Captain of School. Would the position of Chapel Prefect jeopardise his position? Would he be alert to the necessity that when called upon, he could deputise as Chapel Prefect, read a lesson audibly and convincingly with five minutes' notice? And would he be open to the Chaplain's promptings about "blips", "hiccups" and "earthquakes" which might assault pupils and the School?

Fourthly, could Mrs Wylie and her team manage to curb the Chaplain's gross lack of knowledge of what it means to be tidy? In other words, would the Vestry resume its tranquil and spacious outlook after the depredations of Sunday?

The resolutions:

Firstly, within the opening minutes of the Academic Year, it was made perfectly clear that the Headmaster was not only relishing the prospect of worship in Chapel but was also willing to support and encourage the free-spirited work of Chaplaincy. No flags were flown: if "Authorized" it were to be: acceptance. If "long hair" and kaftans were to be an occasional part of Chapel worship: acceptance. However, it was also obvious from the start that "Chapel" was anything but routine. What the Headmaster's expectations of the Chaplaincy were I have yet to discover.

Secondly, Alistair Bennett's confident and efficient management of me, the Chapel, and the Captain of School along with his team of Rod Williams and Tory Forster, was magnificent. Visiting preachers extolled his friendliness, efficiency and welcoming manner as he "talked them through" the ritual. Rod Williams' excellent training as an altar-boy

ensured that the preparations for and tidying up after Communion Services were efficiently dealt with.

Thirdly, Richard Graham was scrupulous in his attendance at Chapel, quietly overseeing Alistair's team, and ever willing and ready to read lessons.

Fourthly, every time I went in to the Vestry or the Chapel, I discovered that both areas were immaculate - a difficult task to maintain at the best of times. I am very grateful to the Chapel cleaning team.

So, the Autumn Term progressed quietly and efficiently.

Come January, the School was devastated to learn of the deaths of Drs Anne and Jeremy Gillingham, parents of Melissa and Mark and GPs in Perth, in the avalanche in Val d'Isere which robbed the medical world in England of other doctors. I had the solemn and moving experience of arranging and conducting their service in St John's Kirk in Perth. There were delicate negotiations between not only the press but also TV and radio, to ensure maximum privacy both at St John's Kirk and afterwards. It was moving to see former pupils occupying the Choir Stalls of St John's, and other pupils and former members of staff as well as present members of staff in that congregation of over 1,000.

A further note of strength which became most apparent not just in the long days before the service but also in the days and weeks afterwards, was the sense of community and sharing shown by pupils and staff to those most closely involved. Mark and Melissa's home was constantly filled with Strathallians, past as well as present.

A trying and fraught Lent Term was beginning to draw towards its end when a second piece of devastating news broke. Garry Rogers who was on a GAP year at Healdsburg High School, California, had been killed in a skiing accident. Yet again, the School was called upon to draw on its spiritual and physical reserves and eventually we gathered in West Kilbride (many who had been at St John's Kirk) for Garry's service. Two pipers from Ruthven played at his graveside Committal. For me, the loneliness of conducting another young person's service - particularly since he had been such a lively character with us on the School Trip to Chamonix in Easter 1993 - was somewhat eased by the presence and visible support of so many of the young.

Another strengthening moment was the very last Sunday Service of the Year. The Valedictory Service and Commemoration of the Founder,

Harry Riley. After the main school service was over, five young people along with an intimate congregation of family and friends, gathered at the Chancel Steps for a quiet and sincere act of commitment in participation in a Service of Confirmation, presided over by The Revd Charles Robertson, Minister of the Canongate Kirk, Edinburgh and a Chaplain to HM the Queen. Alison Bruce, Joanna Malcolm, Tizi Nicholson, Julie Simpson and Kate Turner, confessed their faith in Jesus Christ as Lord according to the ritual of the newly published book of *Common Order*, were confirmed and received Communion. Their quiet dignity in the peace and simplicity of the candlelight Service were a fitting end to this year.

Autumn Term Preachers: The Revd W U Macdonald JP (Perth). The Revd Maxwell Craig, Chaplain to HM The Queen, ACTS (Scotland). The Revd Gavin Elliott, Minister, Daliburgh and Howmore, South Uist. The Very Revd Dr David Steel (Moderator of the General Assembly, 1974). The Very Revd Dr David Smith (Moderator of the General Assembly, 1985). The Revd Bob Fyffe, Rector of St John's Episcopal Church, Perth: Hon Episcopal Chaplain. The Very Revd Dr Fraser McLuskey, MC (Moderator of the General Assembly, 1983) Minister of St Columba's, Pont Street, London. The Very Revd Dr Andrew Herron (Moderator of the General Assembly, 1972) former Clerk to Glasgow Presbytery. The Revd Mary Levison (Minister of St Andrew's and St George's, Edinburgh (Chaplain to HM The Queen).

Spring Term Preachers: The Revd D D Ogston, St John's Kirk, Perth. Mr Christopher Syers-Gibson, Headmaster, Butterstone. Canon P Crosfield (formerly Provost, St Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh). The Very Revd Professor Sir R A S Barbour, MC DD (former Dean of the Chapel Royal). The Revd Charles Robertson (Canongate Kirk, Edinburgh, Chaplain to HM The Queen). The Very Revd Dr Andrew Herron (Glasgow).

Summer Term Preachers: The Revd P J Allen, St Ninian's Episcopal Church, Edinburgh. The Revd Andrew MacLellan, St Andrews and St George's Church, Edinburgh. The Revd Dr J Miller Scott (formerly Minister of Jerusalem). The Revd R Fyffe (Rector, St John's Episcopal Church, Perth). The Very Revd Professor R A S Barbour KCVO (Moderator of the General Assembly, 1979). The Revd Charles Robertson.

T.G.L.

A DREAM OF A "DREAM"

Packed houses welcomed the first major production in the new Theatre, with a sparkling and innovative *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

It was directed by Mr. Murray and Mr. Broadfoot. The *Dream* is popularly thought to be about fantasy and love, but a closer reading of the play uncovers deeper, more threatening layers of power and control. The dream, for many of the characters, can almost be seen as a nightmare where they are under the power of forces both human and supernatural. Where there is seeming harmony, there is actually disharmony.

To highlight this interpretation, the play was set in the period of uneasy peace between the First and Second World Wars. Dramatically, at the start, soldiers clambered over the bank at the rear of the woodland set, evoking the trenches in the Great War. This was done to martial music by Holst which gradually faded into the gentler strains of Butterworth. The uneasy peace had begun and Theseus arrived on stage with Hippolyta, whose hand he had 'won', having defeated her in the recent battle. At the end of the play, Puck, standing like a puppeteer over the other characters, reminded us that we are constantly under the power of forces beyond our control and this was reinforced by the closing music by Shostakovitz, giving hints of other

major conflicts ahead.

The woodland set, designed by Greg Ross, and constructed by Leslie O'Neill with a team of pupils, was masterly - enabling maximum use of all the available space. From a high branch a regal Oberon (Noel Charlier) observed the proceedings and could descend to the stage by swinging down on a rope. A nimble and energetic Puck (Rowan Pearman) exited the stage by diving through a 'rabbit hole' in the bank and Titania (Kananu Kirimi) could rest and entertain Bottom in a magical leafy bower, into which her fairy attendants could secretly come and go. Skilful use of lighting (designed by Mr. Goody) highlighted the subtle mood changes in the play.

There were particularly fine performances from the female characters. Kananu Kirimi's Titania was serenely poised and intensely moving. Catriona Maclean and Lesley-Anne Dewar gave highly believable portrayals of the confused Helena and Hermia. Their particularly intelligent handling of the verse in the "argument scene" allowed the audience to appreciate fully the changes in mood. Their performances were well complemented by Finn Syme and Peter Watson as Lysander and Demetrius.

The military theme was continued in the costumes designed by Mrs. Hunter, while social class differences

were highlighted by dressing the "upper class" characters in officer uniforms. A parallel was made here in the fairy world by dressing Oberon in martial boots. The mechanicals, on the other hand, were depicted as scruffy "demob" private soldiers, who all had distinctly different characters. Angela Higgins made a lumbering, stuttering Snug, Karen Wilson a vacant-faced, shell-shocked Snout and Duncan Forbes a nervy Flute. Laurie Crump was a slow, gawky Starveling and Raj Arumugam a well meaning, frustrated Quince.

But rightly, the "king" of the mechanicals, and very popular with the audience, was Bottom (Alistair Duncan), played as a loud, overbearing, bawdy Scottish ex-private soldier who contrasted superbly with the beautiful, gracious Titania.

Paul Henderson's Theseus was staid and upright and Kirsty Palmer's Hippolyta, sulky and resentful.

Live music of the inter-war period was provided by the Strathallan Jazz Dance Band and choreography was by Perth Theatre's Tony Ellis.

The high standard of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* places it firmly with our recent dramatic successes such as *Tartuffe*, which was performed in the Edinburgh Festival Fringe.

I.McF.



It was a hot stuffy night backstage, stale smoke floating up on the ceiling from the night before. Then suddenly the Stage Manager came through. "Can I have Wafter 1 and Wafter 2?" he hissed in a whisper. David and I got up from the carpet where we were lying exhausted from nights of practice and nervousness and tiptoed over to the vile brown table with dry paint marks splatted all over it. I lifted two pieces of torn off white card and moved quickly and quietly over to the edge of the camouflage netting behind the wrinkled old tree.

Puck suddenly jumped up on to the wooden platform which was meant to be a hill, and ran up it to the top. Then, swaying her hands backwards and forwards she said "Up and down and Up and down" That was our cue.

"Take a deep breath lads," the Manager said "or you will be zapped by the deadly smoke invaders." Ahhhhh

We took a last gulp of air and then

pressed the red button to end the world. The 'smoke' spurted out at high speed and David and I started moving the cards up and down to get the 'fog' out into the audience to make them cough. It worked! They gasped and puffed and were flapping their hands to get rid of the suffocation. We used it to make the audience a part of the stage, and in the dream, whilst Lysander and Demetrius were chasing after each other. Meanwhile, Puck was leading Lysander and Demetrius on (thinking that Puck was Helena) to chase him around the auditorium.

After wafting for five minutes we quietly moved away and went back into the workshop. "Why did you put it on for so long tonight?" I asked the Stage Manager. He told me that the Director wanted more. "But that's the last time," he said. "They nearly smothered out there. From now on we stick to the book."

Crazy job, wafting!

Jonathan Goody



... BY W. SHAKESPEARE

Since my knowledge of that writer (Shakespeare) is but scant ("For God's sake let us visit upon the carpet ...", "A horse ...", "O horrible, mostly horrible ...", "Now is the autumn ..." etc.) I must proclaim (in all modesty, of course) myself and hereby find myself imbued with most excellent credentials as well equipped for the undertaking of such a task you here see evidence of.

The play was, I believe, set in the 1920s - forests haven't changed so much since Shakespeare's time - apart from the odd picnic table or "No Litter" sign - although apparently all fairies now wear (and this is compulsory) Doc Martin boots!

I feel obliged at this point (with all due respect to the author) to modify and imbue with a certain poetic quality the opening of our play - we hear music which was thunderous and rapturous - and behold! Great spears and arrows flew all asunder - the sky was that red-dish tone (they do call orange) - that will suffice to say: It was war.

Being no stranger to the theatre I quickly felt dramatic tension, the language was never short of ironic and was laced with beautiful and most lovely, nice and good rhetoric.

Left: Bottom and Puck (Rowan Pearman)

Below: Karen Wilson as Wall

Right: Kananu (left) and Catherine Jones entertain Bottom



It wasn't without theatrical apprehension that I entered the all new, technologically advanced, lighted 'Exit' sign Strathallan School Theatre. It certainly made a change from wall bars, ropes and medicine balls although the play was not short of gymnastical feats (thank goodness the fairies didn't have access to spring boards - thinking mainly of the floorboards!). At first I felt some confusion - not with the plot - the storyline remained lucid throughout but what with people disappearing and reappearing the play (magical as Shakespeare intended) was full of theatrical delusions*. The special effects were amazing and the set cleverly constructed with the addition of Mr Broadfoot's symbolics of a metaphorical nature: that tree (how shall I put it?), its salient branches and a squirrel. The moving sky was especially interesting and contributed to a great deal of visual expectancy* though I found the Marks and Spencer pot plant less convincing.

I feel anxious at this point to exaggerate and imbue with a certain epic quality an incident in our play - we slowly became aware of it. That strange hissing. It hissed. Hiss.sss. And gradually there arose a strange and terrible mist - a treacherous fog and poisonous vapour, horrible, dreadful, awful, terrible, bad (excuse me while I reach for my thesaurus) I became dramatically tense and cinematically eluded** (found it), abhorrent, heinous.

Turning now to those who, on finding themselves on stage, were able, with utmost clarity of speech and movement, to convey the sentiments of this play: the actors.

There were excellent performances all round - perhaps most notable Catriona Maclean as Helena, Kananu Kirimi as Titania and who could forget the expressions of Rab C (sorry that's Alistair

Duncan) who managed to be amusing even when wearing a kilt and string vest! Lesley-Anne Dewar (who was wearing T-bar shoes) gave a soulful performance while prize for the two bricks short of a load must go to Karen Wilson. Others did well in challenging roles - the walking carpet was particularly convincing and so, too, was Tarzan (in Shakespeare's time he was known as Oberon). Angela Higgins evoked a degree of terror as ... a lion (watch out Oberon), Raj Arumugam wore a floppy hat and sported a cockney accent while Laurie Crump played his penny whistle. Well done to everyone.

On the subject of whistles, this year's production definitely had something of the Lloyd-Weber tone - with jazz, dance and, best of all, a sudden, unexpected rendition of ... I feel a song coming on ... "Birds do it, bees do it ... I really don't think trees do it" etc. (I hear there are sweatshirts available, Mr Broadfoot might be interested.)

All round the production was a great success and I might just mention that they are bringing it out on video. Special thanks must go to all those backstage and, of course, to Andrew Murray and John Broadfoot.

At this point (before must farewell bid thee..I) I feel it necessary to imbue with a certain Shakespearian quality the closing of our play - we heard music that was jovial, jovial the music was - the sort these English country folk called: Morris. The movement was of that frivolous kind (clapping) and there was much rejoicing about. Or, as Shakespeare might have put it -

"Mortals, what fools these be."

Lucy Quarry

*apologies to those who are not familiar with the language of the theatre.

**further apologies



BACKSTAGE MANAGED

Thursday, 2.00 pm: 12 naive pupils walked jauntily into a bare room that was full of endless opportunities for constructively avoiding the damp, dreary games pitches, little knowing the enormity of the task yet to face them

Perhaps it was because I was a teacher in Design Technology that someone thought I would be "quite good" at building a set for the next production. However, I soon discovered that there was a group of willing, if somewhat apprehensive, pupils who were keen to get involved in the full range of backstage requirements, including the building of the set. All I had to do really was help them along a little bit, look after the health and safety aspects, teach them about shearing factors, load-bearing ratios, etc. etc. Well, that was the theory anyway.

Three months later twelve haggard and slumping figures stumbled out of the room over the Hoover, leaving behind them a stage exhibiting creations fated to destruction not half an hour after their last appearance. The motley gang of inexperienced craftsmen (and women) were whipped into shape by Mr O'Neill, an old-hand at stage management.

Our first priority was, of course, translating the design concept for the set into a workable reality. The construction of the set model on our dining room table, however, caused my wife great concern over our dietary intake: balsa wood lay strewn everywhere despite my unskilled efforts with the Hoover!

The endless opportunities for constructively avoiding games had turned into manual tasks previously unheard of and unanticipated by the mostly female crew.

The reaction of the stage crew to the finished set model was, to say the least, interesting. The normally articulate and self-possessed group of willing hands suddenly disintegrated into a collection of doubting individuals who gasped in alarm. (It was at this stage that I discovered a rapid upsurge in the number of senior pupils who just had to take driving lessons or go running around the famous "Pilgie" route – for the sake of their health of course!) Having seen this reaction before, I knew that once the shock had faded the complications and difficulties would become yet more challenges to be overcome and that they would simply roll up their sleeves and get on with it.

After the initial showing of the set plan, there was nearly good cause for a 999 alarm as shock grasped even the most experienced of our



Mr O'Neill showed them the ropes!

crew. It was not queries of "When?" and "Where?" but of "What?" and "How?" that filled the minds of the usually chatty gaggle of girls and the alarming delivery of a truckful of wood caused great consternation amongst the group who had so far managed to escape the serious work through surprisingly numerous driving lessons and "Pilgies".

The greatest challenge was that someone had decided he wanted a solid-looking wall that wasn't solid at all – because Puck had to dive head first through it! Piece of cake, really! The amount of chicken wire we used to produce the "bootiful" Athenian columns would have bankrupted Bernard Matthews, but my request to the local hospital's orthopaedic department for Plaster of Paris was met with a great deal of polite scepticism. "Honestly," I explained, "it's for Bottom to sit on in the Fairy Bower while Titania strokes his furry ears!" "Ah, I see and what school did you say you were from" Thankfully, a generous parent in the medical profession donated a supply.

Amongst the effort of construction and creation there were a number of those moments which, in retrospect, can be looked on with laughter – such as the time when great pleasure was gained by the crew in watching the masters in charge explain to the Headmaster that the shoal of half-

naked swimmers wandering the halls of the main building was simply "one of those things" experienced in the world of artistic creation when, by technical fault only, the clouds of smoke, used as a dramatic effect, had choked not only us but the fire alarm.

As is often the case, those members of the stage crew who were unsure and confused at the start of the process, became both confident and self-critical as they began to see the end in sight. What had begun as an interesting diversion from study and other less appealing activities for some became a challenge to be overcome, and a job at which to excel. With the advantage of overview, I could clearly see what the crew had managed to achieve in a relatively short time and there is no doubt that what they did achieve was superb. The finished set would have been a credit to a professional theatre company, and the backstage organisation during the performances was smooth and efficient.

Admittedly, amid this chaos there was some sense of order. It seems amazing to us how the professional-looking set emerged from the "gaggle of girls" of three months before. We had completed a task which had seemed impossible to us at the start and were, needless to say, chuffed. The funny thing is that when all is said and done, the hassles and stresses of constantly meeting time limits are forgotten as the better moments shine through. It is a pity that life can't always follow these tracks.

Next year we intend to involve the pupils in more of the stage management function, from organising set design to construction, from props to production meetings, from performance organisation to running times, and I, as an on the spot Consultant, look forward to a few knocks on my door from crew members wanting to check shearing factors and load ratios, and all of those things that make a safe and effective production. I can't wait for the first desperate cry of "Don't touch the blacks!" to waft through to my office where I will be sitting supremely confident that things will be all right on the night. As someone called Shakespeare once wrote, "To show our simple skill, that is the true beginning of our end".

My thanks to the various pupils and staff, especially to my colleague Roy Sneddon, who has promised to give the crew a hand next year!

L.A.O'N.

(with help from Kim Fowler and Vicky McMahon)

HOUSE PLAYS



Andrew Forbes as *The Woman in Red*

attempts to put most bosoms (effectively) and most bottles (predictably) on stage at the same time. Pace and timing let them down, despite some fine performances – notably from the Woman in Red and the snappily synchronised Wands twins.

Woodlands, therefore, won the Best Production Prize for *Blame it on the Janitor* – a tightly scripted school farce which sometimes reflected the real characters of the pupil-actresses quite hilariously, if outrageously. The controlled hysteria of the Headmistress, the prim and proper teacher, the antics of the Jannie and the good girl's smirks were most effective. Not only the energy that went into the leading parts, but also the excellent acting in the minor parts made this the outstanding production of the evening.

Best Actor Prizes: Andrew Forbes; Karen Wilson, Sarah Drury.

Special mention must be made of: Fiona Hamilton, Gerry Kerr, Lyndsey Allison and Neil Hutton.

E.M.A.

The Winter Term came and went without any sign of the much-awaited **Senior House Plays**. Were they, or were they not, to be? As the term progressed the question grew in importance for the closet actors and actresses who were eagerly anticipating the chance to reveal their hidden talents which modesty and previous lack of such events had kept at bay. However, just as all hope of this competition ever existing again was beginning to dwindle away, news of the event began to reach us and it looked as if it was indeed to take place. But when? With both the Autumn and Winter terms behind us, it didn't take much brain power to figure out that they would simply have to take place in the Summer Term; an idea which many simply could not fathom. How could this be? Summer Term is the exam term. And this is how it came about that the Senior House Plays took place amidst much complaining by those examinees who were also would-be actors.

The weeks building up to the Plays were a recipe for disaster. Time was of the essence and fast running out and yet still it was difficult to assemble all actors and directors for the much-needed rehearsals. Moaning and griping, most Houses managed to get together something, although Woodlands must have felt defeated for their absence was felt from the very beginning. (Not that any of the other Houses were complaining about that, as this simply meant one House less to compete with. Hence, for those mathematically minded, the probability of winning was higher.)

With just a few days left, the groaning decreased as excitement began to take its

Mrs McPhail and Mrs Adam were very nearly bamboozled by their job of adjudicating this year's **Junior House Plays** – with so much fun and talent and effort how does one judge merit? Five out of six Houses produced plays written entirely by third and Fourth Formers. Congratulations to Colin Perry, Mike Burrell, Angela Higgins, Jemma Hepworth and Alison Hunter but the Best Script Prize went to Simpson's *Captain Tadpole* by Alastair Grieve and Jonathan Hepworth.

Although this play lacked pace on stage and they had some trouble coming to a satisfactory resolution of their plot after it had taken unscripted directions, a huge cast enjoyed themselves mightily: Captain Berk managed his mindless datemen, the constipated Mentor's voice-control was memorable and Captain Tadpole himself kept the heroism more or less under control until the Terminator zapped them all out with really sinister sound effects.

Nicol's play *What a Great Guy* opened well. A delightful secretary with a feminist approach to hairdressing (bathing cap?) but traditional housewifely footwear (fluffy slippers!) conveyed character through well-modulated tones of

voice and carefully sculpted facial expressions. Indeed, this "treasure" coped admirably with an increasingly confusing office drama. In the end, the boss got promotion and his wife returned to him but this play lacked consistently clear delivery and the staging was somewhat static.

The same could not be said of Ruthven's *Scooby Doo and the Gang*, which appeared to have so many stories running concurrently that there was no discernible plot! What *did* Reagan and Gorbachev, well-characterised as they were, have to do with Daphne and Shayne? Bizarre, but fun.

Thornbanks's Poirot-parody *The Butler Did It* was well-scripted and produced a runner-up in each category. The casting was good and a wide variety of scenes were presented by using off – as well as on – stage areas. Although it was hard to hear some of the minor characters, there were others such as the vindictive daughter, the cook and the gardener, who produced some of the finest characterisations of the evening.

Freeland's *Tintin With a Twist* should have been excellent, but they suffered from last-minute actor substitutions because of illness as well as ambitious

place. A fiercely competitive air settled over those involved and although some complaining could still be heard, it was more for pride's sake than anything else. However, soon not a murmur of discontent was discernible for the night of the performances had arrived. Everyone had forgotten their qualms and were pulled into the excitement of it all – or was it nervous tension? These feelings increased as word found us that Simpson too were pulling out – although credit must be given to them for at least trying.

It was now curtain time and a hush fell over the audience as Nicol opened up the evening with an extract from Harold Pinter's *The Homecoming*, which turned out to be rather long, consisting of many tense silences which often grew to be tedious. However, hard as the extract was, Nicol House acted it out as best as they could, uncovering a group of very good actors, the performance of Dave Man being notably of very high quality. Well done, to the actors, director and their lighting man who certainly managed to shed light on a few areas of the play!

The next play was a very ambitious, if not controversial, version of an extract from *The Tempest* by Shakespeare. It was put on by Freeland House with much help from Mr Court. This extract was extremely amusing and at times embarrassing to watch (I am referring to a certain incident between Pete Watson and Euan Harrison which I am sure everybody has heard about by now). The acting here was extremely good and the production was certainly inventive and very entertaining.

This left Thornbank which was next, with a lot to live up to, and I'm sure every single nail was bitten down to the quick before the curtains finally opened and they came on with the modern day version of *The Steamie*, a Glasgow comedy. Apart from my Walkman flying across the stage at the beginning, all went smoothly and the Glaswegian accents were memorable – especially that of Lucy-Anne Bryans, who played the old woman with back problems amazingly well. Lesley-Ann Dewar, once again, did a wonderful job as a director and Rowan Pearman and Hanna Kranenburg fitted

perfectly into the role of Glaswegian busybody washer-women.

The last play of the evening was Ruthven's version of *The Homecoming*, which produced two excellent performances from Russell Griffiths and Chris Marshall. Although it was the same extract as done by Nicol, it was very interesting to see the different ways in which they tackled it. Ruthven's play was of very high standard and they too, handled a difficult extract extremely well.

In the end, however, Thornbank won the competition. Of course, it is not the winning that counts – it's the taking part; but well done to Thornbank !!!

I can safely say that, after all that moaning and groaning prior to the event, the Second Senior House Drama of Strathallan School was a success, and I hope it will be equally successful for many years to come. Thank you to the directors, actors and all those who came to watch – all I can finally say is that I'm never wearing a shell suit again.

Eilidh Currie

CURTAINS

During the summer of 1992, the School held a fête to try and raise enough money to build a greatly-needed new theatre. Well this year, after two long years of waiting, it was opened with a wonderful performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. But this article is not to pay tribute to hi-tech lighting and sound systems, the TV transmission screens and intercoms between the stage and the dressing rooms, the comfy fold-down chairs for the audience or even the "celebrity lights" that surround the mirrors in the make-up room. It is to remember the Old Stage and some of the great performances that took place on it.

In 1987 Mr Broadfoot directed his first Strathallan School Play and, with

a lot of help from his wife, Mr Reed and many other members of staff, a memorable performance of *Oliver* was enacted to a responsive and, dare I say, "faithful" audience, many of whom are still attending plays today. Since then the School has watched remarkable performances of *Macbeth*, *The Boyfriend*, *Tartuffe*, *The Happiest Days of Your Life* and *The Crucible* (to name but a few), and no matter how hard those plastic chairs were, the audience showed nothing but great enjoyment as they sat through hours of entertainment each year.

I will always have fond memories of that Old Stage, as I'm sure everyone who has been involved with plays at one time or another will. Whether

it be claustrophobic memories of the whole cast crammed into that little make-up room screaming that Mrs Hunter was doing *their* make-up next, or more placid memories of "crashing out" on the old sofa backstage during a performance, waiting for "your call".

I cannot tell you what life was like on the Old Stage before *Oliver*, but I have no doubt that it was as much fun and as successful as it has been ever since. But, as they say, "The old must make way for the new", and I'm sure that, in the years to come, the plays will continue to get even better. Good luck to all those who plan on getting involved!

Lesley Dewar



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HISTORY TALKS

Strathallan was fortunate enough this session to welcome a number of outside speakers who came either to talk about topics of general interest and significance to the Sixth Form or to deliver more specialist papers to those interested in history.

Our programme began with a fascinating talk by Sue Arnold, the distinguished *Observer* columnist who, in addition to the numerous insights she provided to the workings of the "fourth estate", selected Burma as an example of an issue involving human rights conveniently forgotten by the media in the more developed West. This led on to an examination of the issues involved in the Northern Ireland question, which were examined by the next guest speaker, Owen Dudley Edwards from the University of Edinburgh; his thought-provoking survey certainly helped many of his audience to a greater comprehension of all that has occurred there this past year.

Professor Trevor Salmond from St Andrews gave us a guided tour round the intricacies and implications of the Maastricht Treaty; a team from Perth Prison led by John Kelly introduced most of the audience for the first time to current developments in their world where headlines tend to feature bad rather than good news; and our autumn programme ended on a civilised note when Professor Peter Branscombe

(Professor of Austrian Studies – indeed the only one in the U.K., at St Andrews) – entertained an appreciative audience to his thoughts on "Mozart and Vienna".

There were three talks in the Spring Term and they, too, generated a healthy interest in their varied audiences. Professor Bonny McDougall (recently appointed to the Chair of Far Eastern Studies at the University of Edinburgh) provided an authoritative guide to the issues involved in the opening up of China to the West in the aftermath of the Tiananmen Square massacre. Professor Busuttil, who holds the Chair of Forensic Medicine at Edinburgh, fascinated us with some of the details of his grisly craft but left no doubt at all of the vital role his branch of medicine plays in modern society.

One talk, which was geared to the more specialised interest of those studying modern literature, was given by the Northern Irish novelist, long resident here, Bernard McLaverty; much of what his excellent talk singled out for emphasis complemented the earlier speaker on the province's troubles. Finally, the Rt Hon. Iain Sproat MP returned to Scotland to describe in intriguing detail his life and work as a government minister; two of his current briefs involve Sport and the National Lottery, so there was a certain amount of informed questioning from both staff and pupils.

In addition to these talks designed for the entertainment, interest and occasionally instruction of the Sixth Form, the School was host to three history lecturers in each of the winter terms:-

Dr Iain Scott (Edinburgh)
"How close was Britain to Revolution 1790-1830?"

Prof. Bruce Lenman (St Andrews)
"The Jacobite Enigma"

Dr Rory Watson (Stirling)
"Robert Louis Stevenson"

Dr Mark Ellis (Strathclyde)
"Harriet Beecher Stowe and the Civil War"

Prof. Hew Strachan (Glasgow)
"Blitzkrieg"

Dr Andrew Pettegree (St Andrews)
"Calvin: Saint or Sinner?"

These proved to be a stimulating and worthwhile series of talks, but perhaps the most memorable occasion this session was the visit by the History Department to hear Professor Linda Colley (of "Britons" fame) lecturing in Edinburgh. It is hoped that a similar blend that will interest staff and pupils will continue to be a feature of the Strathallan year.

THE GLENISLA COTTAGES



Lying in the heart of the Angus countryside is a row of cottages, converted to accommodate up to 35 pupils and leased by George Watson's College in Edinburgh. They very kindly allow us to use the cottages on various weekends through the year and the popularity of this delightful spot next door to a farm has grown steadily with staff and pupils here. Third Formers from Simpson and Ruthven have enjoyed a number of sun- and fun-filled weekends there (to which the report below bears testimony), whilst a group of Lower Sixth A level pupils spent a study weekend there in June. This proved to be a huge success; the programme covered many aspects of English and French literature as well as leaving plenty of time to enjoy the peace of the countryside, to relax by the fire or join in a frenetic game of football on the front lawn.

The cottages offer an ideal and very inexpensive way of escaping the rigours of School life for 24 hours. A change is as good as a holiday.

P.J.C.

THE FRENCH SPIRIT

As if by some curse, the first glorious sunshine of the Easter holidays appeared over Scotland's eastern horizon on the morning of April 15th, the very day we were to board the plane, heading for sunny France. Despite the gloomy forecasts for rain across the Channel, everyone in our group seemed suitably excited about the fortnight ahead of us.

At first we really weren't sure what to expect of our destination, Montbrison, or, indeed, of the people whose houses we were about to invade. They were sure to be pleasant; we knew this, but we were dreadfully concerned about their customs and whether or not we would fit in easily.

We tingled with tension on stepping off the plane at Lyon, knowing that our first impressions of Montbrison stood just beyond customs, in the arrival hall. These impressions came in the shape of teachers, parents and children, the majority of whom would play a major role in our lives over the next two weeks.

What a surprise their welcome was! I had certainly not known anyone previously to be so friendly on a first meeting. How strange it was, too, to have embraces flying at you from every direction. They certainly knew how to make people feel appreciated and we were soon to discover that our airport meeting was not a one-off. Every morning for fourteen days, there were kisses and hugs from people we had never seen before in our lives. It was all very cheery, to say the least.

Another nice surprise was awaiting us in our hosts' homes. We knew, of course, that they would all be doing a lot to make us feel at home, but none of us thought for a second that we would be waited on hand and foot. There was nothing we could do to stop it, and it was great. We could only hope that it would be possible to repay them on their visit to Scotland.

I cannot write an article on a

French exchange without mentioning the language. It may seem to you that what I am about to say is merely there to please our teachers, but it must be said that everyone's understanding of French improved vastly during the stay. It was pretty intimidating, living with people who did not speak our language but it was easier to get used to than we had supposed and once we had picked up everyday expressions, we were going just fine.

I hate to admit it, but I suspect our visit to France will perhaps be remembered, not so much for the improvements we all made in French, as for the brilliant outings and amusing occurrences we all enjoyed during the trip. Memories will be made of those small aspects of the trip that made it such a good one. Our group visits to the mountains, the zoo and Lyons were certainly the highlights.

The crazy crane, the pedalo boats and the locals' passion for poodles are likely to stick in our minds, as will our dramatic change in dress sense when the sun finally made an appearance. What a thrill it was to wear shorts and a T-shirt in April!

The pancake party, the disco and, unforgettably, French school were all great fun, too. The whole time we seemed to be out and about, doing enjoyable things and, at the same time, improving our French. The constant jokes from the heart of the group kept us chirpy and looking forward to each new day. Everything was so much better than any of us had imagined. We can only thank Mr Crosfield, Mrs Crane and everyone in Montbrison very much. Who would ever have thought that learning could be such fun? Fancy taking us again next year, Mr C.?

Nicol Nicolson



Jennifer Maxwell and Nicol Nicolson

PARIS

The Paris trip began for me with the discovery that our hotel was delightfully named the Hotel Frot ("Or would it turn out to be the Hotel Grot?" asked Mrs Duncan optimistically.) It was a grey March morning when the gang assembled at Queen Street Station. The first mishap was, of course, Tim Hunter's – he had forgotten his passport.

But we were destined for no mere public transport on British Rail (as it was known then). Our "luxury" coach awaited

us outside the Station. Never have I had to spend so long on a coach and never have I been on such a cramped one. Furthermore, the heating didn't work. I think Mrs D. and Mrs Maltman had made the right move when they chose their clothing, and how I wished I possessed a sleeping-bag style coat or a Jackson's hat. Luckily someone had the sense to bring along the video of *The Terminator 2* to cheer us all up.

After many miserable hours we finally

arrived at the ferry. It was nice to be able to uncrick our necks and walk about a little bit although efforts to do so were hampered somewhat by the gale-force winds raging round the boat, but as the chill light of early morning grew stronger we realised that we had made it to France.

Actually getting to the hotel was rather difficult. Our coach driver had never been to Paris and, perhaps inevitably, we got trapped on the périphérique and had to do

a complete tour of the city. However, we made it eventually and the hotel was friendly, if not luxurious.

It was time to take a proper look at Paris. After a quick snack for lunch we headed for the Eiffel Tower. The view towards it from the Place Joffre was breathtaking – one of the most spectacular things about Paris is its architecture. This impression was reinforced by our trip down the Seine on the Bateau-Mouche (Mrs D. used her winning smile to get us a discount). However, the impact of this trip was reduced for most of us by our fatigue combined with the heat and the gentle rocking motion of the boat. In other words, we fell asleep.

Once back on land the bracing wind soon woke us up and we headed up to the Latin Quarter for dinner. This area of the city contrasts starkly with the formal layout around the Eiffel Tower. Opting for a safe French restaurant near the edge of the ramble of meandering streets, we ate fairly well as a group. (On the next two nights we were to be let loose on the Quarter, and Lucy and I did amazingly well for food, while others were unlucky.) However, our intrepid searches for menus of excellence caused us to fail to make it back to the bus – despite the help of two very suspicious-looking young men – and we caused Mrs D. to have one of her legendary panics. Lucy and I were consistent in managing to get

separated from the group, though not by design (although Mrs D. thought we were doing it deliberately).

The first night was meant to be an early night and we headed back to the hotel. Somehow, though, various people got their room numbers muddled and the Germans arrived at about three o'clock in the morning. It was an eventful night! We greeted the next morning, therefore, less than our usual selves. Then we had to go to our all-day conference, where we were confined in a massively expensive shopping centre/cinema/nightclub/hotel/office block/conference centre, having to listen to various failed or would-be politicians.

The next day was devoted to major sightseeing. We hit Sacré-Coeur first. I was startled by its vaguely middle-eastern appearance from a distance and also by the massive number of steps one needed to climb. Moving round to Montmartre, Lucy and I were accosted by two pushy "artists". Finally we managed to escape them and their unduly flattering portraits. We visited the Arc de Triomphe, from the top of which Vicky was pleased to find a Rue McMahon, and we observed the interesting Parisian interpretation of the highway code. For the first time during our stay the sun was shining, and we glowed in the rays while strolling down the Champs Elysées. The Musée d'Orsay was the next stop, and

though the officials seemed determined not to let us in, we eventually made it – Mrs D. gained a few new children – and I think everyone enjoyed it.

Dinner was paid for with reduced means. Some of us opted for McDonalds; Lucy and I told a waiter we were Scottish, and as a result got a bowl of hot mussels free. We then went to the cinema to watch *The Three Musketeers*, which turned out to be really quite a funny film though I have to admit it was in English – mind you we put our fingers in our ears and only read the French subtitles! Dominic and Phil preferred to buy their own video recording – how boring!

Our last day began with a guided tour from the most sexist guide I have ever had the displeasure of listening to. We visited Notre-Dame, and then "unfortunately" our guide had to leave us just as we had a collision with a car. We all leapt off the bus and went shopping in Galleries Lafayette. The few hours remaining were left to our own discretion. Lucy and I went to the Gallery of Modern Art, which was fascinating. This experience alone would have justified the agony of travel.

Paris deserves much more than a three-day visit, and I think all of us fell in love with it. Thanks must go to Mrs Maltman for keeping us sane and Mrs Duncan for keeping us amused, but safe.

Caroline Proctor

COLOGNE AT LAST

After waiting for five months, we were finally there. Armed with German dictionaries we were let loose in Cologne for ten days. We arrived on Sunday (looking a tad conspicuous in our kilts!) to finally see the faces behind the letters we had been writing. Nick certainly had no trouble finding his hosts, as the huge yellow sign made it blatantly obvious.

The first afternoon was spent on introductions to families and brief tours of Cologne and after letting us struggle painstakingly through our personal details, we were relieved to find that at least one family member spoke good English. Doug soon decided that he might be able to cope with the four-storey, five-star mansion, fully equipped with indoor jacuzzi, sauna, pool and multi-gym, that he had been landed with for the next ten days. Poor soul!

The next morning we woke early, some earlier than others. Jo was the first to start the Cologne stage of the Tour de Germany to the Leibfrauen-schule, and others joined her within half an hour. It was definitely a change from our two minute walk across the causeway, but don't worry, we made up for the exercise at Häagen-Das.

Camouflaged in kilts, our first organised trip was to the cathedral. The trip up the workmen's lift, followed by a cruise across the scaffolding 150ft above the ground, proved too much for Emma. We'll never know whether she really does suffer from vertigo or whether she just wanted a head start at the shops.

Then we set off on a boat trip down the Rhine. Our destination – Rodenkirchen. On the trip we were to pose and take photos to match the despondent stories we had written a day previously and yes, we did enjoy pretending to be love-sick, half-drowned damsels-in-distress.

The next day we went to the "Germanish-Romanish" museum that showed us objects made centuries ago when the Normans lived there.

Sunday morning was spent with the families, but then in the early evening we assembled at a disused club that it took Fiona and Kirstine an hour to find. Still angry at the fact that they had passed the club at least twice, they were able to unwind by joining us for a dance Scottish style! Robed in our kilts, which never seemed to be off us, many were heard enquiring "What's *The Dashing White Sergeant* again?" Food was

prepared by each "mum", and we enjoyed demolishing each platter that was laid on for us, and we were each allowed a small beer.

We spent a relaxing Monday (recovering from Sunday) matching the photos we had taken on the Rhine to the stories of doom, gloom and despondency we had written. The photos caused many to shriek, "Rip that up now!"

Tuesday arrived all too quickly for all of us – it had seemed as though we had only arrived a day ago. Then the reality of it all fell on us like a brick. We were leaving. Mr Glimm literally dragged us from the arms of our hosts (if he hadn't we would have missed the train). The journey to Düsseldorf was spent checking that our eyes weren't too puffy, each of us trying to put on a brave face. Some were better at it than others (yes, well, Emma was never too ashamed to show her emotions!)

This trip will never be forgotten. It was a 10/10 visit to Cologne, and we will probably never have such a carefully planned and arranged trip ever again. Thank you very much, Mr Glimm, from us all.

Heather Swinn & Emma Dilger

DESIGN & TECHNOLOGY

This has been a year of considerable change for the subject of Design & Technology, with the introduction of both National Curriculum Technology courses and a new member of the team of staff, Mr Leslie O'Neill, who I met on my "year out". I certainly found the experience of working on the "national scene" within the University system extremely refreshing. The opportunity to step outside the school situation can be extremely helpful and informative.

This subject has probably seen more changes over the last five years than any other. Within this sea of change, it is vital that we maintain both the excellence and the sensible direction for which Strathallan is renowned. We have had to take on board a large amount of Information Technology work as an integral part of both of the new courses. To this end we have redesigned the layout of the design studio, built computer benching and installed an extension to the school-wide network system. This provides immediate hands-on experience for all aspects of computing; particularly for robotics, design, graphics and data recording. Yet the nature of the subject remains fundamentally the same, and our philosophy is still one of providing an active learning environment for all aspects of Design & Technology. To this end, pupils are increasingly involved with outside bodies, as visits to industry and commercial institutions become compulsory parts of all courses.

Having looked at the end-product of these courses "from the other side" of the school-leaving hurdle has re-emphasised for me the benefits that are to be gained from such stretching experiences, whatever the chosen course of study thereafter. It is with a great deal of enthusiasm and expectation that I look forward to the success of our new courses, which promise to be particularly suited to the style of learning being introduced to all Colleges and Universities.

I would like to thank the team of staff for all their very hard work throughout what has been a very busy and interesting year.

P.J.E.

SIXTH FORM DESIGN VISIT TO LONDON

(Combined Design & Technology and Art)

This has now become a well established, indeed essential part of the Sixth Form Courses for both departments. The schedule this year included a workshop with a designer in the Design Museum, a workshop at the V & A 20C Room, a visit to the famous Fleming Collection of Scottish Art, a

visit to the Picasso Exhibition and a visit to the Science Museum.

As light relief we were able to see two musicals: *Miss Saigon* and *Buddy*. The whole visit, lasting four days, provided a tremendous opportunity to expand work started at School and served as a platform for a great deal more. It is made all the more enjoyable by having superb accommodation and great company.

P.J.E.



Guy Stephens completing his boat trailer

GEOGSMILES.....

The original site of Quantoxhead was probably 20-30 miles out to sea. The reason for this is longshore drift and heavy swells.

.... windmills are out. A new form of wind is now used – called Netherlands.

.... latitude mostly affects people in

Northern Scotland – and some of them suffer badly.

The coastline of Bangladesh is much nearer the sea than any other country.

SUGAR AND SPICE AND A 40% DIVIDEND

Back in September a group of keen Lower Sixers looked forward to doing Young Enterprise! We were to set up a company, sell our product to the public and make a fat profit in the process – sounded perfect. But it wasn't to be. After one meeting we were to learn that it was all off for this year as no advisers were available. Before you could say "stocks and shares" there was no longer a company, a product, a profit That was, until a couple of us had the bright idea of writing to Y.E.S. (that's Young Enterprise, Scotland) asking them to do something.

After a great deal of to-ing and fro-ing we were finally able to set up, thanks to three members of the Perth Rotary Club who were to be our advisers: Mr Sime, Mr Thompson and Dr Wood. By this time it was late October and we would have to get our skates on so as to catch the Christmas market – a pretty essential time of the year for selling.

Our company was christened "Spice" – catchy monosyllabic words can be quite good, we thought. Our shares were all sold at 25p each, which gave us more than enough money to buy the material

for our product – Christmas decorations for the tree. Although we approached many shops in Perth, none were willing to take our product which, after their extortionate mark-up, would cost too much, "and besides," they would tell us, "we've already got all our stock in for Christmas".

Now what could we do? We resorted to a Toy Fair in Perth, not very successfully, and the parents after our Carol Service at the end of the Autumn Term. Here, to our great relief, we managed to sell them all and we made a total of £97!

On returning in the Spring, we had to think up a new product. We came up with the idea of designing mobiles for nursery ceilings – very easy to make, if a little time-consuming. All of the Young Enterprise members busied themselves with manufacture towards the end of term. We began to sell. Each mobile was £12.50 – rather expensive for your average pupil who, we thought, might not be terribly interested in a baby's mobile. Fortunately, a huge increase in the population of Staff families created a demand and, in the end, it was mostly Staff who bought the mobiles and have, we hope,

been pleased with them. I have heard that the two McPhail boys liked the mobile so much that Flora, for whom it was intended, has been forced to give it up. It is now hanging in their room!

Over £100 was made from mobile sales, more than enough to cover material costs and taxes, which were a massive 17.5% VAT followed by an even greater 25% sales tax.

Our unconfident shareholders were happy, too – wouldn't you be if you had a 40% dividend?! A share that cost 25p in October was now worth 35p – "Enough for a can of Coke!" a shareholder ex-claimed, delighted.

Each member of the board received a huge executive salary of £3 and our remaining money has been given to charity via the Chapel collection.

We succeeded financially despite starting very late, thanks to our combined business talents and teamwork, and the invaluable help of the advisers, particularly Mr Sime (to whom the "financial" team should be extremely grateful), "Spice" was a success all round – albeit a vast task to take on.

Catherine Jones

STOCKS AND SHARES

At the beginning of the year, under the auspices of Messrs Mayes and Vallot, the Inter-House Stocks and Shares Competition took form. On the first Wednesday of each month, each team had their "decision day" to buy, sell or hold on to their stocks. With the initial sum of £100,000 to invest, each of the teams met with varied success.

On 24th May – the last decision day – the final standings were, in reverse order:

6	Thornbank	£ 79,828
5	Simpson	£112,236
4	Freeland	£116,950
3	Nicol	£135,149
2	Ruthven	£161,096
1	Woodlands	£161,915

Hopefully the competition will be as successful next year, under the supervision of the Business Studies Department, as it was this year (N.B. Thornbank!)

Right: Joanna Malcolm at the Imperial College of Science, Technology and Medicine, where she attended a course on "Women into Science and Engineering".



CAREERS

The opening of the new Careers and Computing Centre in September has put the Careers Department literally at the heart of the School. This move from the periphery, together with an increase in the number of facilities, has led to a noticeable increase in the use being made of the material available.

We have introduced two major national computer programs: ECC-TIS 2000 and microDOORS.

ECCTIS 2000 has details of all higher and further education courses in the UK, offering a rapid search through about 100,000 courses.

microDOORS is for careers what ECCTIS is for courses, and the program contains extensive information on about 1400 different careers.

Both programs are networked, and the information is updated several times a year.

The provision of a TV/VCR has led to much more use of the growing number career and institutional videos we have available.

The visits of speakers on topics of general interest are reported elsewhere, but two talks of immediate relevance to seniors have now become almost a tradition: two Old Strath-allians, Mr David Biggart and Mr Ronald McNaught, have given excellent financial advice to those in their final year, and Mr Bill Baird, Schools' Liaison Officer at Dundee University, has again given a most useful overview of the university scene to those about to apply.

Once again there have been group visits to Higher Education conventions in Dundee and at St Leonard's School, and to the Dundee University Open Day.

However, everyone has different hopes and aspirations, and the most useful advice is, in my view, that acquired on an individual basis. Senior pupils and their parents are now familiar with the Guidance Report, and they will appreciate it is tailored to the individual. But this is only a start, and while there will always be those who make little effort to widen their knowledge of careers and institutions – at least until the last minute – it is pleasing that there are many more who seize the opportunity.

Thirty-six members of the Lower Sixth have again been put through the mock interview mill by members of the Perth Kinnoull Rotary Club, about forty volunteered for the COURSE FINDER 2000 exercise, designed to help with selecting university courses, and a similar number have discussed Service careers with Liaison Officers. In this last group several have visited service bases,

including RMA Sandhurst, RAF Cranwell and BRNC Dartmouth. Twenty-three pupils have taken the opportunity to have an individual interview with the ISCO Director for Scotland, Miss A.C. Ritchie, who visits the School at least once a term.

Over half the Lower Sixth have taken advantage of the experience courses arranged through this office, and institutions visited – several on residential courses – include:

Andersen Consulting, London
BP Chemicals, Grangemouth
British Airways, Heathrow
Cameron Markby Hewitt, London
City of London (various financial institutions)
Coventry University (Geography course)
Crieff Hydro
Edinburgh School of Agriculture
ESSO Petroleum, Abingdon
European Business Management School, London
Gleneagles Hotel
Institute of Chartered Accountants, Edinburgh

Law Society and Bar Association, London

Law Society of Scotland, Edinburgh

Loughborough University (Engineering course)

Nottingham University (Medical course)

Nottingham University (Psychology course)

Ove Arup Partnership, London

Procter & Gamble, Durham

Radio Workshops, London

Royal Institute of Architects, Edinburgh

Royal Institute of Chartered Surveying, Edinburgh

Wimpey Construction, London

A number of pupils, certainly more than a handful, have of course used their initiative and made their own arrangements to visit universities and colleges or acquire work experience.

There is a lot available for the individual, and I hope that by drawing attention to specific areas, the general level of awareness will rise, and that each year a greater number will make profitable use of what is on offer.

D.A.R.W.

Below: The new Careers and Computing Centre in what was originally the main dining room of the house, later a Nicol dorm.



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SO WHAT HAS THE AFRICAN ELEPHANT GOT TO DO WITH OPENING A BANK ACCOUNT?

Did you know the African elephant is the only animal in the world with four knees? That it makes a pillow for itself before it goes to sleep? Or that it's hard to insult one because it's so thick skinned? (One and a half inches thick to be precise.)

The African elephant is very proud of its skin actually, massaging it, powdering it with dust, and bathing as often as possible. (Is this why it's so wrinkly?)

Maybe the bath water it uses isn't hot enough, because the African elephant also gets a lot of colds. (So if you ever see one with an elephant size tissue, duck. Its sneeze is so powerful it's been likened to an exploding boiler.)

Here's a tip, never bet on an elephant to win gold in a high jump competition.



(They're the only animal on earth that can't get off the ground.)

Now, this could be useful. Never find yourself stranded and thirsty in the

Sahara if you haven't brought along an elephant. It can use its trunk to sniff out water from 3 miles away. Clever thing an elephant's trunk, it can pick up pins, pull up trees, even uncork bottles of wine. (And you thought your labrador was clever)

Anyway, what has all this got to do with banking? Well this multi-talented pachyderm also has a phenomenal memory. And that's the point. When the time comes for you to open a bank account we'd like you to be a bit of an African elephant and remember this name.

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GIRLS' GAMES

The Midlands' Hockey Championship winners trophy; the Independent Schools' Hockey and Netball trophies; several girls selected for Midlands' Hockey squads, (one making the pool of 40 for Scotland), and Netballers gaining Scottish trials plus good swimming and badminton performances kept us all busy! This is evidence, once more, despite a season of mixed weather and health, of the commitment by both pupils and staff. My thanks to all concerned. The Summer Term saw better weather and many enjoying success in tennis – Runners-Up at U14, 16 and U18 in the Kilgraston Tournament, Runners-Up at U14 in the New Park Tournament, and very pleasing results for all teams in their fixtures. The athletes worked very hard, as usual, and are to be praised for their regular attendance and match performances. Canoeing, sailing, rounders, riding, swimming and golf also saw girl participants. Many girls who leave us this year from Upper Sixth have represented the School in teams in all sports throughout their school career. They have been an excellent example to others and I trust they will continue to play in the years to come.

L.J.S.

ATHLETICS

The Athletics season was "christened" on the first day, when the heavens opened. This proved to be an omen. Our season was not a complete wash-out, but running times were certainly below average.

The bus journeys to and from matches were the most memorable aspects of this year: they were always eventful to say the least! Tilli would quietly (!?) munch away on her cheese and noodle sandwiches and Kirsty would practise her sprinting up and down the bus aisle, exchanging tapes each time, (none of the girls appreciated the boys' taste in "Rave" music).

Hanna made a guest appearance for one match, and she sat on the bus with Lesley waving at "good-looking" passers-by, while Eilidh Currie and "sprint coach" Lindsey could always be found sitting among the lads at the back. Eilidh Nicolson, however, was always found happily sitting next to Lee Walker, whose coaching enabled her to qualify for the Scottish Schools' Competition in Glasgow.

Well done to Jo, Lyndsey and Kirstine for surviving middle distance!! Some of the other Juniors will be well worth watching next year. Hopefully Hanna will join in next year and put Rachel's spikes to some good use. Next year will hopefully bring better weather and with some luck new high-jump mattresses will appear!

Ashley Smith

NETBALL

I must say that I am proud of the 1st Netball Team's success this season. We continued the Perth Ladies' League and improved so much that we won a trophy for the most improved team, ending the season on a high note by almost reaching the semi-final in the league tournament.

For the third time the Independent Schools' Tournament was played and we won it for the second time at Dundee. Our group had a clear run – through beating Albion 19-3, Gordonstoun 11-8 and Kilgraston 12-4. We reached the semi-finals against Rannoch and beat them by 16-9. Playing Fettes in the Final, we won 17-6. We came back to School full of contentment – and with the trophy.

Throughout the Autumn Term we had a very successful season as we were unbeaten, playing the usual matches. Our over-all scores against other schools was 130 goals to 33, remembering that it is one point per goal.

During the season we lent our two shooters, Amelia Blair Oliphant and Hilary Ross, to play for the U16 Fife County Team. The standard of Netball has improved greatly as we have 1st, 2nd, Junior and Riley teams, thanks to our coaches Miss England and Mrs Dorwood. Also thanks to three other members of the 1st Team who have dedicated five years to the sport putting in so much effort and giving me a lot of support: Tory Forster (my vice-captain), Caroline Healy and Rachael Tilford. These people helped produce a very good set of results throughout the season. Thanks to all the reserves who helped, too.

I'd like to wish next year's team the best of luck and hope you keep up the undefeated trend.

Half Colours:

Vikki Henderson

Full Colours:

Sally Cust, Tory Forster, Caroline Healy, Rachael Tilford and Vikki Henderson.

Sally Cust

TENNIS

I feel that Girls' Tennis has reached a high and very pleasing standard this year. The overall results were good, the team finishing the season with the knowledge of a high percentage of good wins behind them. These victories are even more significant when it is recalled that the teams, both Senior and Junior, varied from match to match because of examinations.

Our victories in matches were encouraging. The seniors played 12 matches, winning 8 of them, losing 3 and they drew 1. The Juniors won all 6 of their matches. Riley played 5 matches, winning 4 of them and losing 1. This year our participation in tournaments was even more encouraging: the Kilgraston tournament showed great skill and deter-

mination from all competitors, and Riley reached the final in the Junior Section (and again in the New Park Tournament). Gillian Anderson and Kirsty Walker reached the final in the U16 Section. Diane Meldrum and Carolyn Wilson reached the semi-finals in the Senior Section to be drawn against fellow Strathallians, Melissa Gillingham and Tizi Nicholson, who went through to the final but unfortunately did not triumph. However, team spirits were high and there was contentment with the results obtained.

I have enjoyed playing in the team this year and for the past four years and I hope this enjoyment continues for others. I would like to thank all of those who participated in the matches and I would like to thank Miss Smith for her organisation and support.

Good luck in the years to come.

Diane Meldrum

HOCKEY

Seven fixtures in all had to be cancelled due to poor weather this season but those played went well. Riley seemed to be worst hit but this did not dampen their enthusiasm. The Third Form had a stormer of a season – UNBEATEN: just a shame they did not get more fixtures but, nevertheless, they look like a strong team moving up the School for future seasons. Well done Kim Finlay for successfully reaching the U16 Midlands' team – keep up the good effort.

Fourth Form had the fixtures and those not drawn were good wins such as 3-0 over St Columba's and getting 1-0 up against Dundee High School, our friendly rivals.

The 3rd XI did well on those games played but their fixture list is always light. As for the triumphant 2nd XI – GOOD EFFORT! Captained by our illustrious Lesley-Anne Dewar who, during the season, had to play every position on the field, they did extremely well, as we kept poaching, borrowing or stealing her players due to various illnesses and injuries in our own team. Their most excellent win must be that memorable 5-0 victory over Loretto, not to mention the well-battled 3-2 win over the Glenalmond 1st XI.

Before moving on to the 1st XI season, congratulations go to Kate Hodgson and Lizzie Outlaw for gaining places in the Midlands U16 team with Kim and to Hanna Kranenburg (alias or code-named Helen Kronenberg), Ali Bruce and Lynn MacLennan for playing at Midlands' U18 level. Further tributes go to our goalie, Ali, who moved on even further getting selected for the Scottish pool, though (to their great loss) unfortunately missing the final cut.

Many full and half colours were awarded and re-awarded this season:

Half colours went to Hanna, Kate Turner and Caroline Proctor and were re-awarded to Catherine Low. Full colours went to Ali, Lindsey Moir and Kate Turner (equally well deserved), and were re-awarded to Lynn, Rebecca Milne and Diane Meldrum.

Top goal scorers were Tamsin Stevens, Sally Burrell (when we nabbed her from the 2nds), Hanna and Lindsey – resulting in a fairly triumphant season for the 1st XI with quite a few 4- and 5-nil wins against Rannoch, Gondonstoun and Kilgraston, not to mention in the cup matches leading to our beating Monifeith in a very close match to win the Midlands trophy and go on to the Scottish Championships. This match was definitely the most enjoyable in the season and many thanks to those cheering for us on the side lines, including Miss Carlisle who nearly lost her voice! It all helped immensely – thanks.

As for the Scottish Championships – well – we all have our off days, and some things are better left unsaid. The Independent Trophy stays yet again at Strathallan, but the battle was most certainly harder this year.

Last but not least, many thanks are due to Miss Smith and all the other ladies and to Mr Giles for helping with their respective teams throughout the season – arranging and getting us to and from fixtures. It was greatly appreciated: so many thanks and all the best for many triumphant seasons to come.

Lynn MacLennan

BARBADOS 1994

In true Judith Chalmers style, this report has been put together in an effort to let readers understand why the staff took little persuasion from the girls to arrange a return tour to Barbados – that singular island, the gem of the Caribbean Sea, paradise!

Booked through Ramsay Travel, Perth, and Airtours, as there are no flights direct from Scotland, the inevitable bus journey to and from Manchester had to be endured, so having left Perth at 7 a.m. on Sunday the 3rd of July, we duly arrived at the Coconut Court Hotel to shouts of approval at midnight UK time.

The Coconut Court is a friendly, family-run apart-hotel in an idyllic setting by a sandy beach within minutes of a good selection of supermarkets and restaurants. Accommodation for us was in studios which have private bathroom and balcony plus kitchenette with fridge and cooker. As pre-arranged, the rooms were all on one floor with interconnecting doors. Relaxation was the order of the day. Simply stretch out on the soft golden sand and soak up the sun, or enjoy a cooling cocktail in the shade of a palm. If too exhausted to make it to the beach, especially after one of P.K.'s training runs along the coast in approximately 88 degrees, then relax on the sun beds – if you can get hold of one – then in the warmth of the Caribbean sun enjoy a cooling dip in the freshwater pool.

Cannibals and convicts, pirates and

planters and social reformers – a fascinating cast of characters has shaped the destiny of the tiny coral island of Barbados. On our tour of the island, we were fascinated by the contract between the chattel houses of St Lucy and the platinum coastal area of St James, famous for its wealth – its hotels hosting in their time Princess Margaret, Jaqueline Kennedy Onassis and Mick Jagger. The tourists found out what sugar cane looked like, the whole tour party sat on a lion while R.C. Tours "gofer", Julian, and I took pictures. We left the Chalky Mount Potteries with many a souvenir and a good idea of how to throw a pot should we ever appear on the Generation Game. Standing in Scotland District, we could see the similarities, apart from the lack of rain and the 20 degrees increase in warmth. The small town of Bathsbeba on the east coast with the Atlantic rollers sweeping in, reminded one of the Fife coast on a really good day, and then it was time to drink coconut water. Down Harrison's caves we looked very chic sporting our building-site helmets. Did anyone's pictures come out?

The tour of the Mount Gay Rum Distillery is memorable for its free samples and waiting for the bus to return for us. Normally one would become impatient, but we were well into Bajan mood now and we were smiling happily, not a worry in our minds. The fun continued with a day out on a catamaran, cruising on the Caribbean up the west coast with



water sports and hobie-cat sailing, jet skiing, banana-boat riding and pedal boating. This acted as an extra training day, as many took advantage of much activity plus beach volleyball with the locals. The Jolly Roger outing provided another opportunity to sail on the Caribbean with entertainment on and off the ship – some splendid diving off the plank and more training in the form of deck aerobics.

Despite the comments of “have a good holiday” and “the boys will take part in a rugby tour of Australia whilst the girls will visit the beaches of Barbados”, the staff and the 18 girls were well aware they were representatives of Strathallan School and Scotland, and they did us proud. It is always a danger when “going on holiday” to somewhere you have been before that it doesn’t live up to your expectations. If anything it was better second time round. The hotel staff were delighted to see us again, and from day one we were on first name terms, so much so that when they required assistance at reception with French-speaking residents they called on our party to help with anything from booking families in to trying to get nuns to leave!

The hockey was better second time round, too – theirs, not ours. They had been practising since 1990, and their Association has really got its act together now. Teams turned up on time and with 11 or more players. Having only lost to their full International side on our last visit, we were certainly given much stiffer opposition on this trip on less well prepared pitches. After a terrific display

in our first game, coming away pleased with a 1-2 score against the top women’s team in Division 1, we felt the games would get easier but, alas, they produced their U19 team, who wanted a warm-up game before leaving that weekend for a national tournament in Trinidad. Score 0-2. What was coming next? The best women’s team from all the clubs! 0-5, followed by a women’s club side who scored 3 goals in the first half and then were held for the whole of the second half. The squad of 18 worked hard on the pitch and those not selected to play in a game were a great back up team on the side line. All had the chance to play in our final match as the opposition were still in Trinidad. A P.K. select side played against an L.J.S. select side on what must have been the worst pitch ever seen, including a raised cricket wicket right in the middle of it, making Thorney Shades look like the Lawn – now there’s an idea, now we know how to play on a wicket! P.K.’s team won 2-1. They did have the goalkeeper, and my team was hampered by the fact I play hockey the way I wish to see it being played, the way I hope we shall play it in the future!

And so, this ends our not “Wish-You-Were-Here”, but “Sorry-You-Were-Not-There” report on paradise island. As the sun set on the water lapping on to the shore on the last night, one could reflect that the tour party had enjoyed their “holiday”. The hotel management, who asked us for a signed hockey stick and our Lion Rampant flag, had enjoyed our company; other residents came to see our matches and to see us off, and complimented the

staff on several occasions on a super bunch of girls; we were asked to take part in the International Schools’ Tournament to be held next Easter; the local press came to take photographs and a reporter did an article on our tour for the local Sunseeker magazine. We worked hard on our holiday both for School and Scotland. Barbados has a place in every tourist’s heart now, and I know for a fact that some tourists have a place in Bajan hearts.

L.J.S., P.K., S.K.



Lucy-Ann Bryans!

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Melissa Gillingham and Tizi Nicholson



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Bridge over troubled waters for the Highers' candidates.

THE YEAR IN COLOUR



Form III: Determination and Talent.



Take-off time!



A day out for the ferrets.



... while father wondered why they'd gone away!



Michal Govind beats it out.



Six little swans stopped swimming one day...



The inscrutable Raj.



British Hot-Air Ballooning Championships in Big Acre.



David Fisher waits for a victim.



James Henderson rises in the line-out. He played No. 8/B.S.F. for the S.S.R.U. against France, Wales, England and Ireland.



Garry Burton (middle) was capped against Ireland and went on tour to Australia with the successful S.S.R.U.

SCOTTISH SCHOOLBOYS



Steven Harrod (Hooker) in the front row. Steve was a S.S.R.U. reserve against France.



Lee Walker played for the S.S.R.U. against England but was injured: an incredible feat to play T.H.P. for the national side in his fifth year.

RUGBY

Overall the Strathallan Rugby Club had a very successful season but it is clear that in the future we must emphasise the basic lateral pass and a fifteen-man running game. This is the only way forward.

1st XV

The season started in August with a week of pre-season training at the School. Thirty five boys returned with various degrees of fitness but by the end of the week the 1st XV and 2nd XV started to take shape. We played Selkirk Youth Club and held a pre-season tournament involving Madras College, Morrison's Academy and Marr College. These games helped us focus on the weakness and strength of the team: very strong committed forwards and small backs with moderate pace. Garry Burton, returning from the successful S.S.R.U. tour to Australia, captained the side and with his lead the boys approached training with vigour and pace. This set the tone for the rest of the season.

The first game was played at home against Rannoch – no easy way to start the season. Our forwards rucked superbly and denied the ball to the very useful Rannoch backs which included five Midlands U18 District players. Paul Johnston kicked superbly and Lee Walker drove over from a short penalty. The final score was 19 - 0 against the finest Rannoch side I have seen during my five years at Strathallan.

We then travelled to Glasgow to play Glasgow Academy, always a tricky proposition. The boys started slowly but a finely worked try by the backs sent Douglas Clement in for a score. This calmed nerves, the forwards showed their verve for rucking but also started to control the ball in maul and from there they created some fine driving play. Alan Hall and Guy Stephens (both second rows) went over for scores in the second half. This was followed up by a fine score for winger Henry Horsfall. We ran out winners by 28 to 7.

The next match on the agenda was against Loretto, a game our boys always want to win. The forwards were outstanding and outplayed the Loretto forwards in all facets of play. Sadly, the backs, despite the odd good break, did not reward them and they were comprehensively outplayed by the Loretto backs.

The only change in the team for the St Aloysius match was the absence of Garry Burton who had been injured in the closing stages of the Loretto game. John Green moved to open side and James Meiklejohn came in from the wing to inside centre. Harry Hensman played his first game on the right wing. This was a game in which we dominated both backs and forwards. A good strike against the head by Steve Harrod meant Paul Johnston broke to the blind side and linked with James Meiklejohn who drove over for a score. The team were then held

up over the St Aloysius line five times but were unable to score. The final result flattered the visitors 11 - 0. This was a good performance by the side and, despite the score, the signs were positive that the forwards were capable of matching anyone and the backs, with Meiklejohn moving to centre, started to create space and many more scoring opportunities.

On a very wet, windy day we travelled to Fettes College. This was a below-par performance, mainly due to over confidence. Nick Russell (who replaced Kip Kirkland after he broke his collar-bone in the previous game) and Lee Walker scored good tries from close range and James Meiklejohn and Henry Horsfall from distance. Fettes rucked well, but could not match our powerful forwards. Nick Russell started to show signs that he was going to make the Loose Head Prop's position his own. The final score was 28 - 9.

It was a fine day for the Glenalmond match, and a fantastic performance by the side gave Glenalmond few scoring chances. Henry Horsfall marked the Scottish Schools' winger James Gemmell out of the game, while our back row trio of Garry Burton, John Green and James Henderson dominated the strong Glenalmond break-away forwards. If the game had been played under the old laws I am sure the score would have been higher. A good back row move provided a try for Garry Burton and James Meiklejohn went over for an opportunist try. The highlight was the look of delight on Garry Burton's face after tasting victory for the first time against Glenalmond. The final score was 24 - 8.

Phil Ainsworth, last season's Captain, once said about the next game against the North and Midlands U18 "Why do we play for the McCaffer trophy? We will never beat a district side." This was backed up by Garry Burton and James Henderson. Well, Phil, you were wrong! The forwards were outstanding with James Henderson and Garry Burton playing out of their skins. Paul Johnston had his kicking boots on and the midfield tackled very well against much stronger opponents. The rucking and mauling were out of the top drawer and, as a consequence, we dominated the second half. Henry Horsfall went over for a well-worked score and we ran out eventual winners 23 - 19.

The second half of the season started with our game against Merchiston Castle. For the first time for many seasons we had a set of players who had all experienced, at some stage, victory over Merchiston so we had nothing to fear. The game started badly. Within four minutes we were down 11 - 0. In the past we would have folded but this team were made of stronger stuff and had a great self-belief. From the kick-off, after Merchiston scored their try, they took a clean catch but with some outstanding

tackling and rucking we stole the ball back. This set the pattern for the rest of the half. The fringe defence was outstanding, closing down the Scottish Schools' scrum half, James Weston. The bigger Merchiston centres found life difficult against the small but big-hearted Meiklejohn and MacDonald. Garry Burton and James Henderson were again outstanding – although to single them out from the pack would be unfair. One great moment was when tight head prop, Lee Walker, covering deep, retrieved the ball and sent it flying into touch. "Bally" and myself also believe we witnessed one of the best schoolboy tries we have seen: after softening up by the Merchiston forwards, involving about nine phases of play, the ball was spun wide for James MacDonald who looped to score in the corner. This brought the score back to 11 - 11 at half time. The second half saw the game swing back and forth. Merchiston scored a good breakaway try late on in the half to bring the score to 11 - 16. Again, the forwards came back and we were rewarded with a penalty to make the score 14 - 16. We ended the game putting real pressure on the Merchiston line but were unable to score. Although we lost the game, this was a good performance by the team and showed the other boys in the School that we can be beaten. It is always a delight to watch Merchiston play because they are committed to 15 man rugby and they execute the basic skills well. This must be the way forward for Strathallan.

The following Saturday produced an adequate performance against Edinburgh Academy. There were good scores by Burton, Hall, Johnston, Barker and MacDonald. Despite a poorish performance we ran out comfortable winners.

The next three weeks we were frost-bound, thus our fixtures against Morrison's and Dollar Academy were cancelled and we were also unable to train as often as we wished.

At the start of December we played against Kelvinside Academy. Because of the enforced lay-off we were very sluggish against a committed side. We drifted in and out of the game and only increased gears occasionally. The final result was 46 - 5 with good scores from James Meiklejohn (2), Burton, MacDonald, Henderson and Walker. It was a satisfying end to the Christmas Term.

Our final matches were played in January. We were very rusty against Robert Gordon's but won comfortably 27 - 0. This game was essential before we played against Lindisfarne College, New Zealand, a team which contained ten leavers and nine boys with a six-month age advantage. They were a very powerful side who had beaten Napier Boys' High School back home in New Zealand. (They also produced John Timu of All Black fame). Their captain and fly-half was over 6ft 4ins and 15 stone – and he

was not the tallest! Yet, here, our forwards were outstanding, and during many phases of play dominated the New Zealanders. James Henderson was everywhere and he was ably supported by Garry Burton. Sadly, however, by the end of the game the powerful New Zealand backs had knocked the stuffing out of our backs. In the last two minutes they scored two tries giving them a flattering score of 9 - 25. I feel it was more a lesson in "feeding" than technique. The 1st XV season ended in a dinner with the New Zealanders and their parents – an occasion which was enjoyed by all.

The overall results this season were outstanding. By the end, the naïveté shown against Loretto would never be repeated and many of the boys matured into good rugby players. It is my hope that many of these talented boys will be picked up by Scottish clubs. It was a season dominated by forwards but the Backs, despite being small, contributed immensely to the team effort. Garry Burton was an excellent captain and this was illustrated by his approach to training: everything was done at pace and with aggression, which was a great lead for all the boys in the side.

The following boys were selected to play for Scottish Schools: Garry Burton – S.S.R.U. tour to Australia, James Henderson, Lee Walker and Steven Harrod.

The following boys were selected to play for the President's XV: Douglas Clement, Garry Burton, James Henderson, Kip Kirkland, John Green, Steve Harrod, Lee Walker.

The following boys were awarded Full Colours: Steve Harrod, Garry Burton, James Meiklejohn, Paul Johnston, Douglas Clement, Lee Walker, John Green, Matthew Barker, James Henderson.

The following were awarded Half Colours: Guy Stephens, Alan Hall, Kip Kirkland, Gregor Watt, Nicholas Russell.

K Kirkland was also selected to play in the Scottish Schools' U 18 trial.

Well done to all: it was a thoroughly enjoyable season.

2nd XV

The 2nd XV played some very good rugby and they won all their games except the first of the season. The highlights were wins against Merchiston away (Euan Ovenstone's face was a delight), and a hard-fought win against Loretto. Many thanks must go to C.N.C. and P.K. who played a major part in this success. It was a good breeding ground for the 1st XV and it always meant that they were looking over their shoulders and were unable to slack at any moment. There were notable contributions from the following players: Juan Figuerola Ferretti, Mark Drummond, Duncan Dunlop and Euan Ovenstone. Many youngsters were given a chance and this will be good for the future.

3rd XV

There were very good results in the 3rd XV despite the fact they had to use a

huge number of players. There were good victories against Loretto, Fettes and Glenalmond. The side was made up with boys from V and LVI, many of whom will feature in the tour to Australia. P.M.V. and R.C.S.C. were very committed to the cause, despite the number of players who passed through their hands. Many thanks.

4th XV

A very good season, despite the large number of boys used, mostly from the Fifth Form as U16s. They had very good results against Merchiston 8 - 3 and Glenalmond 11 - 10. The Backs and the Forwards complemented one another so that on many occasions they played some exciting 15-man rugby.

The coaches did a great job with their team. Thanks to G.R.M.R., C.M. and R.M.F. The boys who passed through their hands will play a major role in the 1st/2nd XVs next year.

5th XV

Victories against Loretto and Edinburgh Academy were contrasted with performances which could have gone either way, losing to Merchiston 11 - 15 and Glenalmond 0 - 9.

G.C.K. and A.J.H.W. felt the team had talent which was not realised on many of the match days.

6th XV and 7th XV

A great return victory by the 6th XV against Merchiston was the highlight of the season. By the end they were playing some great rugby – illustrated by a 20 - 10 victory against Gordonstoun. The 7th XV fared less well, but were able to keep the interest of the boys, and they did record an excellent 55 - 5 victory against Gordonstoun.

Well done R.J.W.P., A.T. and G.A.B.

U15s

The U15s were very ably coached by D.J.B., A.M. and J.L.B. They had a small pack but rucked well and had a powerful runner in Richard Wallace on the wing.

U14s

N.T.H. DuB.'s nightmare happened after three seasons: only one loss. This was the season where they managed only two wins! However, size was the biggest problem and there were many signs that the boys could handle and ruck very well. The final two games resulted in a draw and a win, signs perhaps that the future will be better.

Finally, many, many thanks must go to Helen Clayton and the Sewing Room, Isobel and the San, Craig and the rest of the catering staff. We are indebted as a club to all those who help to organise at whatever level.

P.G.



The 2nd XV in action

AUSTRALIA REVISITED

Taking a large party abroad is fraught with hazards. A party of 40 boys and four staff met at 9.00 a.m. in Forgardenny in early July (well, two staff! The other two had flown to Heathrow several days previously). Not that they were opting out of the responsibility of an eight-hour bus trip, but ... So we left the beautiful country, closed the windows and headed for Heathrow. On this venture abroad we took Leavers – unlike our tour to South America. We felt the likes of James Henderson, Garry Burton and Steve Harrod (all Scottish Schoolboys) would bolster the side and give valuable experience to the younger boys. With 40 boys taking part, this was a big undertaking and great credit must be given to staff, parents and boys that it was possible at all.

We left Heathrow at 22.30 Thursday, 30th June. Next stop Singapore! After 14 hours we arrived, said goodbye to Mrs Ball and Caitlin and ventured over the Equator towards the Northern Territories and Crocodile Dundee country. Arriving at 4.40 a.m. Darwin time, we were met by Bruce Kennon and our hosts. The idiosyncrasies of the Northern Territory were to greet us. Woolly jumpers, claims that winter had set in – all this from a temperature of 21°C! – heaven to a blue-skinned Scotsman. The rest of the week-end the boys had with their hosts. (I am sure Garry Burton enjoyed his stay with an eight-year-old.) So the squad went their separate ways to sightsee in Darwin.

On Sunday most of the group were entertained at a Beer Can Regatta. The Northern Territories drink the highest quantity of beer in the world and they do not know what to do with the leftover cans. They came up with the obvious answer – build boats with them, run along the beach and win prizes. An Australian Cultural attraction!

We next met as a whole group on Monday morning, 4th July for a fruitful session at Marrara Park (Scotland played the Northern Territories here in 1991) and the teams were selected for the next two days. We then visited the Northern Territories Wildlife Park, where we hoped the salties were not the sign of things to come on the rugby field.

The following day the Junior XV played a Darwin U18 side. Despite the age difference, our youngsters put up a great show, although eventually down 17 to 8. A good try by Ross Cumming and strong performances from Euan McKay, Simon Chown and Ali Duncan gave a great deal of hope for the future.

The next day we visited Casuarina again and enjoyed the delights of an extensive shopping complex and swimming pool. The Senior XV were to play under lights in the evening but this was preceded by a Golden Oldies game. Mr Clark and Mr Barnes were excellent.

One ended up in stocks and the other received a two foot by two foot medal-ion to wear for the evening. A.R.B. and P.G. are still far too young to be involved in Golden Oldie matches!!

The 1st XV played a Darwin U19 team who were very physical and committed to the cause. It took fine performances from Burton, Henderson, Green and Meikle-john to subdue them. We ran out eventual victors by 23 points to 8.

We departed the next morning at 4.00. R.C.B.C. and his hat were delighted. Cairns was our next stop and the Barrier Reef beckoned. We were met by the same people who greeted Strathallan on their previous visit with a game which we lost. Despite the early start we trained in the afternoon on a local park. Euan McKay was introduced to fly-half which was/is novel for a 16-stone prop.

The 1st XV played the next day at Trinity Bay High School against a Cairns U19 select side. The side made amends for the defeat in 1988 with a convincing 36 - 5 victory. Good forward play led to tries for Guy Stephens and good back play to tries for Clement and Meiklejohn. The evening saw the Junior side play a Cairns U16 select, and they won 19 - 9, with good tries from Ross Cumming, Ali Duncan and Peter Seymour. In the last 15 minutes of the first half they played very good continuous running rugby, but during the second half display they went down to the level of the opposition. That evening the staff were entertained by the Australian National Bank in the Hilton Hotel.

The next morning we were up bright and early to visit the Barrier Reef. Ninety minutes by "cat" away from Cairns. This was an unforgettable experience, enjoyed by the whole tour party – even Logie McKenzie, despite his green face throughout the trip. A goat herder he is, but not a sailor.

Sunday, 10th July, we had another very early morning. R.C.B.C. and his hat were openly enthusiastic about the rise. Maybe one or two words were exchanged between Cairns and Brisbane, certainly no smiles. We arrived in Brisbane at 8.00 a.m. First stop St Joseph's College – the first of our hosts during the week-long stay. Mr Ball made his first return to his old school and his old coaching partner, Michael Broad. Despite being built on a postage stamp, St Joseph's facilities were as impressive as we had been led to believe by A.R.B.

Training commenced in the afternoon but it was very sluggish; tour weariness was setting in. The boys returned to the training field the next morning. After a good night's rest, spirits were high, and they looked forward to the task against St Joseph's in the evening.

The Junior XV played first, going down 29 - 0 to a very powerful Terrace 2nd XV. It was obvious the boys from

Terrace were going to run the ball from everywhere. The 1st XV took to the field and played under floodlights. Our worst nightmare occurred within 30 seconds, Terrace had scored a try. A simple but well-executed back move carved up the defence and they scored in the corner. For the rest of the half it was backs to the wall. Tackle after tackle had to be made. Lee Walker, despite being ill, was outstanding. During the half we broke out once and a try for Logie McKenzie resulted. We turned round at half time 7 - 5 down. Our forwards then started to take control, but only after Terrace had increased the lead to 10 - 5. We clawed back to make the score 10 - 8, but it was too late! Despite the loss, the result was encouraging. St Joseph's had only lost one G.P.S. game and in their Upper and Lower Sixth they have more boys than we have pupils. St Joseph's obviously run the ball all the time and their support play was excellent. A good learning experience for our boys.

Tuesday was a day of rest but the tour party got bigger, with Paul-Joseph and Brenda arriving to join Caitlin and Louise. That evening the staff were "treated" to an existential Japanese meal where the service could have been a little quicker. This received a score of minus 20 from D.J.B.

On Wednesday we took one of A.R.B.'s five-minute walks and one hour later we arrived at Ballymore, home of Queensland Rugby. The forwards were coached by D. Hall, a former Wallaby captain, and the backs were given a session by M. Braid, the Australian schools' coach. This was beneficial to coaches and boys alike. The speed and attention to detail was an eye-opener for everyone concerned.

The next day we visited the Sunshine Coast and Maroochydore where "Boogie" boarding was the order of the day. That afternoon we returned to Brisbane to be met by our new hosts – Marist College, Ashgrove. Peter Tuckwell and David Robertson were excellent hosts. The school site and facilities were absolutely magnificent. The Wallabies train at Marist during their stay in Brisbane. You could see why!

On Sunday, after a good few days' rest, we played Marist College. It is another huge school – even bigger than Terrace – and the school rugby is built in the Barry Horan traditions. They play ten-man rugby, using their back row and seven backs to great effect. Our Junior XV were downed by their second XV 19 - 0, but there were good performances from Chris Burnett and James Barlow, whose covering tackles were excellent – he will be a good prospect if he learns to come up on his man quicker and not hang back.

The 1st XV from Marist then gave a great show of running rugby. The score

was 13 - 13 with 10 minutes to go, but then very slack defence allowed them to score two very quick tries. We lost Meiklejohn and Burton and we reached the point of no return. The final score was 39 - 19. Although a hard lesson to learn, the inventiveness of the Marist backs with their "fancy" moves and linking with the back row were a joy to behold. To run with the ball is a question not only of skill but a question of philosophy. This was by far the best side we played on tour.

R.C.B.C. and his hat were dreading the next day - another departure at 4.30 a.m. We moved on to Sydney and a cruise round Sydney Harbour awaited us. Fantastic! Manly Beach was a welcome break in the afternoon before we moved on to Barker College (another school which was having a great season), to be met by Ian Moyes. A much improved performance was needed. Ian Moyes helped with training the next morning, which again was very informative. He had spent his sabbatical year coaching rugby with Haileybury and Sherbourne College, England.

On Wednesday we played Barker, our Junior XV going down 8 - 5 to a controversial try in the last few minutes. Ali Reekie and Simon Chown played very well, and Robert Barr started to show his undoubted ability.

The 1st XV played much better, with James Henderson and Garry Burton dominating aspects of the game. Euan MacKay played exceptionally well at fly half and Doug Clement played a superb game. A cruel injury to Meiklejohn left gaps in our defence and Barker managed to sneak a 15 - 11 win. This, however, was a good performance by the team, who played with great heart and spirit. By this stage of the tour we had managed to introduce many more returnees, so the

1st XV prospects looked good. Sadly, three days in Sydney were not enough to capture the delights of the place. I am sure many of us will return.

Next stop Canberra and Daramarlon College. On arriving in Canberra we were greeted by a huge drop in temperature and ground frost. Our hosts were excellent and we renewed friendships when Anthony Coles and Sam Haddad came to support the team. We knew we would be up against it because Daramalan had beaten St Joseph's in a Gold Coast tournament.

Our Junior XV took up the challenge and won 27 - 0 - a very poor performance where the team went down to the level of the opposition, but a win is a win.

The 1st XV then took the field with no less than 12 boys who would be returning to school. Again, they started slowly and Daramalan, with their Australian Schoolboys and A.C.T. representatives, stretched our defence and went into a 13 - 0 lead. The team fought back and, with our forwards outstanding, we narrowed the lead to 13 - 12. Again missed tackles and individuals failing to hold up the team resulted in Daramalan breaking loose - a position they scarcely deserved. The team fought back to 27 - 19 - a disappointing end to the tour.

Put in perspective, however, the result and tour can be viewed positively. We now have a very strong foundation for the coming year. We played teams which, on the whole, were way stronger than our usual opposition. Some of the Australian schools run 20 plus teams in their open age group (this is only the Upper and Lower Sixth). Our boys were a credit to the School and a credit to Scottish Rugby. At no stage were we outgunned.

After Canberra we returned to Sydney

for our flight to Hong Kong. Sadly, we left R.C.B.C. and his hat behind; early morning starts had become too much for him. David McLeod almost joined him, but why he was late for the flight remains a mystery.

In Sydney we left Garry Burton, James Henderson, Steve Harrod, James Meiklejohn, Andrew Stevens and Nick Russell. Tears were shed when they realised they were now on their own and would not return home for a year. I am sure these young men will be a credit to the School during their Gap Year as student teachers.

The trip to Hong Kong became eventful and there were a few worried faces when the plane started to drop dramatically during our descent into the city.

However Hong Kong provided us with welcome R and R. The variety of visual experiences was dazzling and the contrast to Australia could not be more marked. A vibrant place. The boys attended a function for past, current and future Strathallan students and parents. This was an excellent evening. The view from the function room was stunning.

On Wednesday 27th July we returned home. Everywhere we went we were met with kindness and made long-lasting friendships. Everyone will have their own special memories of what was an unforgettable tour. I am sure we will return.

Lastly, I would like to thank A.R.B. for organising the tour, R.C.B.C. for his money management, D.J.B. for his medical expertise and enthusiasm. (He even ran a half marathon on the Gold Coast.) A special thanks must also be given to all the groups who sponsored us, raised money and supported us in whatever way. Many, many thanks.

P.G.



SOCCER



Soccer 1st XI

SENIOR TEAMS

This year it was decided that all senior soccer games should take place during the second half of the Spring Term. In the past, we have usually only fielded one team and it was expected that there would be a few games. In fact, there were 10 matches arranged to take place in a period of just over three weeks! If one team had played all the matches there would have been a very exhausted group of pupils. Because of this, and also to give all those who opted for soccer from Forms IV and VI an opportunity to play in some matches, it was decided to field both 1st and 2nd XIs whenever possible. This became a daunting task as many other schools could only field one team. This meant that the 2nd XI sometimes had to face the best team from another school, in view of which, these results were not bad.

Results:

1st XI		
v Glenalmond	3 - 2	Won
v Merchiston (indoors)	1 - 3	Lost
v Merchiston	5 - 2	Won
v Stewart Melville	3 - 1	Won
v St Serfs	Match cancelled	
v QVS	1 - 6	Lost

2nd XI		
v QVS	1 - 3	Lost
v St Serfs	5 - 2	Won
v Stewart Melville 1st XI	0 - 5	

Form III Soccer

A Third Form team training on Wednesday afternoons and coached by P. Watson and G. McKendry (Freeland LVI) provided a number of boys with an opportunity to learn and enjoy soccer. Unfortunately, this year it was not possible to arrange many matches. The team joined the 1st XI for the indoor competition against Merchiston. They did very well, drawing one game and winning the other three (the last 8 - 2!). In the Summer Term there was an opportunity to play Merchiston again, but outdoors, and the result here was a well-deserved draw.

Riley

There was one match this year – against Pringle House (Merchiston) – and this resulted in a 2 - 0 win, although the Riley Team dominated for most of the game and would have scored more goals if their finishing had been a bit stronger.

Senior Inter-House Soccer

This took place early in the Summer

Term, and as usual resulted in some exciting matches, with Simpson finally winning.

School v MCR

This match had not taken place for a number of years (is that how long the staff take to recover?), but proved to be a most enjoyable occasion, with plenty of exciting play from both sides and a total of six goals. In the end the result was a draw (3 - 3), which brought calls of "extra time", "penalty shoot-out" and "re-match", all of which might have proved something, but none proved to be possible, so that at least both sides can claim something from the contest.

My thanks to all those who have helped with Soccer this year, in particular C. Mayes, N. Smith and R. Fitzsimmons for their work in coaching teams and refereeing matches. Without their efforts, it would not have been possible to achieve as much as we certainly did this year. My thanks, also, to Michael Halliday (Ruthven UVI), whose help as Captain of Soccer has been much appreciated.

G.A.B.

HOCKEY

Indoor Hockey

The lead up to the Glenalmond challenge went very smoothly with wins over Rannoch and Glenalmond. In the tournament itself we won our group relatively easily, and after easing past Glenalmond in the semi-final we faced Watsons in the final. A fine team performance and a Duncan Elder hat-trick saw us with the trophy for the first, and hopefully not the last, time.

Outdoor Hockey

With nine of last year's 1st XI available this season there was an air of confidence about the squad. The season began with our half term visit to Campbell College, Belfast for their Centenary Tournament. An under-strength and under-prepared team improved as the weekend progressed, the highlight being our 0 - 0 draw with King's School, Macclesfield in our final game.

The season proper began with a tough fixture against the Scottish Under 16 squad. Although a more skilful side, they seemed to lose heart when they failed to capitalize on their early pressure and we ran out comfortable 3 - 1 winners. Against a weak Fettes side who rarely troubled our goal we ran out 5 - 0 winners. The first leg of our "Northern Tour" brought us up against a young and talented Robert Gordon's side. After a tough first half we managed to get on top and power to a 4 - 1 victory. With a goal from a penalty corner by Douglas Clement we overcame a strong Gordonstoun side. The final game of the "Northern Tour" came against Aberdeen Grammar School, and with a fine exhibition of one/two touch hockey we ran out 2 - 1 winners. The following day saw us defeat Gordonstoun in the final of the Glenalmond Outdoor Sixes, a fine performance considering this was our fourth lot of matches in as many days.

The one black mark of the season came in the 3 - 1 defeat at the hands of Loretto. Playing on grass did not suit us and with Ben Ward injured we seemed to lose our way in midfield. We soon picked ourselves up to defeat East District Champions Watsons 2 - 1, coming back from a goal behind. Our next encounter saw us pitted against touring side Barnard Castle where fine goalkeeping from Tim Hunter and a good passing performance led us to a 3 - 0 victory - probably our best of the season. Against the Old Boys we fell to our second defeat. Fine goalkeeping from Rabs in the Old Boys' goal kept them in the hunt and a fine solo goal from former Scottish Internationalist Donnie Hay saw the Old Boys snatch a 2 - 1 win. Against Monifieth HS both sides were fairly evenly matched and a competitive game ended one all.

In our final game we played our second touring side - Sedbergh. Having

seen them defeated by Glenalmond we were confident of victory. Six goals from Clement led us to an 11 - 1 victory which should have been more but for a lack of passing mid-way through the match.

Throughout the season the team gelled together very well, showing a real determination to succeed and in the process playing attractive and positive hockey. Tim Hunter had a superb season in goal, gaining representative honours with the Midlands U18 and U21 squads. At sweeper, Logie Mackenzie played out of his socks or should I say "shoes", and opposition centre forwards were made well aware of his presence. Alistair Bennett, at left back, rarely found a right wing to trouble him. In midfield, Ben Ward controlled most games and he rarely wasted an opportunity to set the attack moving. Up front, Douglas Clement was an inspiration. He caused problems for all defences and 24 goals in 12 games speaks for itself. Euan Ovenstone adapted to his new role at centre back very well, and on the wings James Macdonald and James Meiklejohn provided Clement with plenty of ammunition. Of the newcomers, Robert Barr, the baby of the side, made the right back position his own, Duncan Elder looked a natural at left midfield (finishing the season as second top scorer), and Alasdair MacDonell proved himself to be a more than useful utility player. Jack Finlay, Graham McKendry, Robert Horsfall and Jonathan Ward all made appearances and should all have a part to play next year. A final mention must go to the Captain, John Green. He has led by example and has helped my first season in charge run as smoothly as possible.

For the rest of the teams the weather

was the real winner, 29 games being lost owing, in the main, to adverse weather conditions. A 2nd XI with a mixture of youth and experience played with enthusiasm - being unbeaten up North. The 3rd XI never really got started: playing only two games - winning one, losing the other. The Senior Colts never really settled and lack of a goal scorer led to a disappointing season. The Junior Colts A finished the season unbeaten; they have obvious talent and credit must go to their ever-youthful coach, John Ford. The other junior teams were hardest hit weatherwise.

In what has been a hectic and disjointed, but nonetheless enjoyable, first season in charge I must thank the many staff for their time and dedication - especially RJWP for his many hours umpiring in the most adverse of weather conditions; PMV for putting up with losing players and fixtures at the last minute; JNF for his support and guidance and the ground staff for ensuring at least some hockey got played.

With the laying of an Astro-turf pitch planned for next season, exciting times are ahead for Hockey at Strathallan.

Full Colours:

J. Green, A. Bennett, E. Ovenstone, J. Macdonald, B. Ward, T. Hunter.

Half Colours:

L. Mackenzie, J. Meiklejohn, D. Elder, D. Clement.

Scottish Chameleons:

U 18:

T. Hunter, J. Green, A. Bennet, B. Ward.

U 16:

D. Horsfall, S. Mitchell, R. Barr (Capt).

D.R.G.



Richard Wallace at McDiarmid Park

CRICKET



Alasdair MacDonell

After last year it was bliss to have a season almost free from the ravages of the weather. This produced wickets much more favourable to the scoring of runs and most of the School teams benefited from this. In fact, the First XI was only bowled out on one occasion and very rarely failed to have a good start provided by openers Dougal Fergusson (570 runs – average 47.50) and Duncan Forbes (362 – 30.17). Congratulations are due to Dougal for his excellent performance for Kent Club and Ground and his selection for Scotland Under-19. The other main scorers were Robert Barr, Ben Ward, Graham McKendry and the Captain, Andrew Jeffrey, whose own unselfishness provided a great example, considerable entertainment and almost total disregard for the coaching manual. Others scored runs and showed determination when it mattered. The loss of

James Henderson for most of the season deprived the side of the main potential strike bowler. Peter Watson (27 wickets at 19.33) and Duncan Elder (16 at 22.38) bowled very well on occasions, but rarely broke through good sides (Peter's 7 - 60 against the Old Strathallians being a notable exception).

The support medium-pacers lacked penetration and consistency (Robert Barr "lost it" – hopefully just for the season). All the spinners used produced some good performances and towards the end of the season Duncan Camilleri looked very promising indeed. Alastair Duncan headed the bowling averages, with 16 wickets averaging 11.38, but for various reasons was only able to bowl 57 overs in the season. The fielding performances varied considerably with, once again, the captain setting an excellent example. His enthusiasm and

humour contributed much.

The balance sheet of played 15, won 5, lost 2 and drawn 8 looks perfectly respectable, but just a bit more bowling penetration would have turned it into a really good season. On four occasions 9 opposition wickets were taken. Weaker opposition batting was destroyed with some impressive-looking statistics but stronger sides, through no lack of determination, were rarely bowled out.

The two losses of the season were at the hands of Loretto, who thoroughly deserved to win in a run chase following a challenging declaration, and Merchiston, following the one team batting collapse in conditions where the toss was all-important. The best performances were a great run chase following rain at Dollar, impressive team batting at Stewart's Melville and Edinburgh Academy, and an excellent M.C.C. match in which the School reached 226-8, chasing 244.

There is every reason for optimism regarding 1995 with 10 of the final 11 players returning. Those who played for most of the matches were Andrew Jeffery (Captain), Dougal Fergusson, Duncan Forbes, Ben Ward, Robert Barr, Peter Watson, Duncan Elder, Douglas Clement, Alasdair MacDonell and Graham McKendry. Several appearances came from Alastair Duncan, James Bird, Jonathan Ward, James Henderson and Duncan Camilleri.

The Second XI, captained well by Paul Johnston and managed by the ageless J.N.F., performed consistently well. The batting showed both skill and determination. The bowling, particularly that of the spinners (several of whom appeared for the First XI) could be devastating. The blend of experience and youth worked very well, although there is little doubt in my mind that an Under-16 circuit would be of great benefit to all schools. Once again the Third XI round by C.N.C., with Machiavellian cunning, was enormously successful, although I regard with great suspicion C.N.C.'s request for "a kit bag of our own".

At the junior level things were also very pleasing. Both Senior and Junior Colts showed character as well as ability and brought off some very good wins. There is a good stock of young talent and a number of promising players emerging from B and even C levels.

We are very lucky to have so many staff willing to help out and to put in an enormous amount of evening as well as afternoon time. Now that we have a bowling machine, together with increased and improved indoor net facilities, there is no reason why the future should not look good. My thanks go to all those who have helped including the ground staff, the kitchens and the ever-helpful Earnside Coaches.

R.J.W.P.

TENNIS

The season was off to an excellent start even before term had begun, with Richard Wallace winning the Waverley Junior singles titles in Edinburgh at U16 and U18 levels. With elder brother Jonathan, the Wallace brothers once again formed a formidable first pair and few won more than a single game against them. This laid the basis of a very successful season, with the team unbeaten in any of our traditional fixtures. In particular a rare victory over Stewart's Melville was most welcome. It depended on our second pair, Hall and Haenle, winning the deciding set – a nail-biting set, as

they tend to lose concentration on critical points!

Newcomers to the team, Laurie Crump, Duncan Dunlop, Alan Hall and Struan Fairbairn, all improved splendidly through the season in range and strength of shot, but particularly in court-craft.

Fixtures during this frantic, short, summer term are very difficult to arrange and two of our usual opponents were unable to meet us this season. It was particularly welcome therefore to renew our fixture with Fettes, after a three-year gap, on their splendid new astro-turf courts.

The low point of the season was

our exit in the second round of the Scottish Schools' Cup to Dunblane High, where their extra experience of singles play proved decisive. There was some consolation to learn that Dunblane went on to finish third overall, losing only to Heriot Watt in the semi-final.

Special mention must be made of captain Jonathan Wallace, in his fifth season with the team, playing in the first pair for the fourth time.

New colours were awarded to Laurie Crump and Duncan Dunlop and colours confirmed for Jonathan Wallace and Richard Wallace.

D.J.R.

ATHLETICS

There's no point in trying to use the excuse of it being a wet season this year to explain why we seemed to fare rather badly against all five schools we competed against. So why bother? It was not all doom and gloom – there was some light at the end of the tunnel.

Indeed, the "throwers" became the main pillars of our team as they were the only people to consistently win, whereas the runners consistently lost, although there were some very commendable performances: James Barlow came fifth in the Scottish Schools' Pentathlon, missing a medal by a mere 23 points and also managed fifth place in the 800m Scottish Schools – five must be his lucky number! – and Dalton Hamilton, who, after overcoming his aversion to training, went on to win all of his 400m races.

This year's Athletics team seemed to be prone to injuries, bad attitudes and a symptom known as "fear-of-long-bus-journeys", which was peculiarly rife when I was trying to raise a team to travel to Rannoch. This may have accounted for our heavy defeat at their hands.

Yet although we lost all five matches this year, we lost them with pride and I'm sure all concerned found this season a character-building experience.

I would like to end this report by saying the traditional thank you to all members of staff who put in the time and effort necessary to hone the skills of our exceptionally talented Athletics team.

A.J.B. Bennett



David Robertson hands over to Cameron Wood

SPORTS DAY

The clash with A level and GCSE examinations meant a much-reduced Sports Day. It was decided to run a Junior House Cup with no Victor Ludorum because of the lack of seniors competing. There were some fine individual performances by the athletes but it was a disappointing end to the season. Ruthven ran out clear winners in the Boys' Junior Cup and Thornbank triumphed in the Junior Girls' competition.

The Rowan Cup for Standards was, once again, part of the Monday Calendar. The competition this year saw the introduction of a Girls' Trophy. The boys from Ruthven won the Rowan Cup and the girls from Thornbank won the Girls' Trophy.

Next year will see a return to normal competition.

P.G.

CROSS-COUNTRY



RAD, the Running Man

This year witnessed the biggest turnout yet, with over 30 runners opting for cross-country as their games option. Being lucky enough to captain the team for two years running, I had the chance to spend one year begging for a cross-country team T-shirt and then to wear it the next year!

The team looked very smart in the new strip with its individual image. Indeed, as far as image was concerned, newcomers this year included the Captain of School and Head of Ruthven! Rich Graham definitely proved his running talent by giving some pretty impressive performances. We also managed to steal some talent from 3rd Form, 4th Form and even Riley. These included Stephen Scales, Ewen Adam, Alastair Christie and David Fisher, with his expensive running spikes and trainers that have to be pumped up by a computer!

I won't bore everyone with the inter-house cross-country statistics. Instead I will just tell you that Thornbank won the girls' race (Ashley probably beat most of the boys, too) and that Ruthven won overall, thrashing Freeland by over 50 points (hard luck, Mr Court!). Special mention should go to Christopher Wands who got a new course record in the junior race and to Rich Graham and Ben Ward who didn't let any "Marines" beat them!

Our first race was at Merchiston, where the senior team brought us our first victory in a long time. The second race was at Sedbergh. We were doing okay until we reached the Fell where the Sedbergh runners pulled away due to the advantage of having one leg shorter than the other. I was second out of Strathallan and St Aloysius, yet I didn't beat even the slowest Sedbergh runner! Most of us found it worthwhile going just for the after-match meal. Drew, however, especially enjoyed the communal bath and is bringing his rubber duck next time! I realised the journey had affected Mawdsley in a bad way when he mistook Stirling Castle for Edinburgh Castle.

As with most of our runs, the senior team for the Merchiston Relays consisted entirely of "Ruthven Runners". On the bus we argued over who was running on their last legs – oops, I meant to say "who was running the last leg"! At Rannoch we had notable performances from Nick and Stephen Scales who have demonstrated a lot of potential. Ashley and Melissa also deserve a mention.

The girls had a good turnout for the Scottish Schools this year and achieved a respectable team result. Ratty and I checked out the course on arrival. It had a pleasant sea breeze, probably Force Ten, at -5 degrees C! On the way back Ashley was in tears (but only from watching *Beauty and*

the Beast).

We returned to Sedbergh for their 10-miler. It was brilliant fun. Highlights included a snow blizzard 5 miles into the fell and a vertical climb appropriately named "muddy slide". Everyone truly enjoyed the "experience", even myself who almost collapsed from dehydration with two miles to go. I wanted to let you know what it feels like to beat me, Fish!

Thanks for taking us, Headmaster, and for putting up with the smell of cheese 'n' onion crisps.

Everyone who participated this term had loads of fun. All credit goes to Mr Crosfield (or is it Mr Cross-country?) and to Mr Summersgill.

Cross country colours were awarded to Richard Graham, James Gammack-Clark and Ashley Smith.

We finished off the term perfectly with a *Chariots of Fire* run on St Andrew's beach, followed by a small party, courtesy of Mr and Mrs Summersgill and Mr Crosfield. Those who were old enough got beers. Maybe next year, Drew!

Good luck to next year's runners, stay fit and go crazy on the cross-country.

Martin Fitchie



BADMINTON

The Autumn Term started with the arrival of new shuttlecocks – an occasion worth mentioning – possibly rarer than the arrival of a new Headmaster.

The numbers taking Badminton as a games option were as high as ever with players often having to wait for courts. The juniors were especially enthusiastic despite the lack of formal coaching.

With the approach of a match, it became necessary to select a team. Choosing who to play was difficult, but deciding on couples seemed impossible. Despite our complicated selection process, we were beaten 9 - 0 by St George's. Some of the games were very close, though, and everyone played well. Subsequent matches were more successful, the team beating both Loretto and Fettes 9 - 0 and 8 - 1 respectively.

A 2nd VI match v Loretto was cancelled because of rain and the Hockey

Teams calling off. Unfortunately this means that next year hardly any of the team will have had match practice, as this was to be their one outing. I hope this does not discourage them and I wish them the best of luck.

The facilities will be improved next year, and I trust the players will be inspired by their new surroundings. I would like to thank my Team for their continued support, and also Mrs Duncan and Miss Neale for supervising so many chilly practices.

Emma Procter

As well as badminton being chosen as a games option in the Spring Term, the Badminton Club runs for both Winter and Spring Terms with three sessions per week: one for 3rd years, one for 4th and 5th years and one for 6th Form. We cater for 16 players each session, and it proves to be a popular and enjoyable activity.

The loyalty medal has to go to

Alexis MacGregor, who turned up on the coldest, wettest and windiest of nights, and also made great progress with the racket as a result. In fact, it was pleasing to see the progress everybody made over the season, from humble beginnings to a promising standard.

The boys only played one match this year against Glenalmond and, although we lost 11 - 4, Duncan Dunlop performed extremely well and Robert Dundas showed great promise for the future.

The House tournament produced an excellent standard in general, with Freeland's top pair, George Kitson and Duncan Forbes, proving a formidable partnership, although it was Nicol who took the trophy with a stronger team overall. Woodlands came a creditable third.

We look forward to welcoming new members to the club next year.

G.K.

CANOEING

Once again we have had a superb term of canoeing with approximately forty pupils enjoying the thrills and the spills of the white water.

It is all too easy to underestimate the enormous benefits of this type of pursuit. Some are immediately obvious – physical fitness, excitement, working together – while others are impossible to state or to quantify. It is certainly worth a chat to any of those who have excelled themselves in one way or another, about the power of the water and all that it can offer. The rivers and the coastline of Scotland are quite simply a canoeist's dream, and we are particularly fortunate in having one of the best rivers, the Tay, so near at hand.

Most of the groups work toward, and gain, qualifications from the Scottish Canoe Association Award Scheme, which is carefully built around personal experience and ability. We are also very fortunate to have a group of enthusiastic staff who are carefully working their way through the S.C.A. Coaching Scheme. At this point we have Mr Burgess almost ready for Senior Instructor, Mr Taylor for Instructor and Miss England for Trainee Instructor. These qualifications representing many years of experience, achievement and hard work are invaluable for the safe conduct of the sport.

It is most of all great fun!!

P.J.E.



STRATHSKI



After three dreadful years, this season could hardly have been better or more of a contrast: the snow came early, in time for Christmas, reached impressive depths and left late. The skiing went on well into April in Glenshee and, as we write at the end of May, the latest news is that they have just dug out the top lift at Glencoe! It is rumoured that the Rev. has forsaken his fishing rod and keeps on sneaking off to Cairngorm with B-J.

Weather conditions at weekends were indifferent, but midweek days, with blue skies and hardly a snow fence to be seen, were fit for a Warren Miller video. The School was very fortunate to travel to Glenshee on three of the planned four Thursday Ski Days; on the fourth, Glenshee was storm-bound. Most Sundays saw a small band of enthusiasts profiting from the widespread snow which kept queues to manageable por-

tions.

As usual we participated in a full range of races both on dry slopes and snow. Neil McKenzie-Blatherwick was an ex-celent Captain of Skiing, a competent and enthusiastic organiser. It was by no means his fault that the Boys' Team were rather short of racing talent. It was left this year to the girls to keep the Strathallan flag flying on both surfaces and at both Senior and Minor levels. It was the Girls' Team that qualified for the British events at Hillend and Aonach Mhor, and it was the impressive performances of Louisa Graham-Campbell and young Abigail Carswell that brought us close to the medals; none closer than the Girls' Minors Team, who secured a fourth place in their event, with Abigail mounting the rostrum for an individual silver. It was a meritorious eighth place for the Senior Girls' Team

at the Scottish event in Glenshee which qualified them for the British snow event.

Louisa made a clean sweep of the Strathallan trophies, winning the House race – the first victory for a girl – and easily winning the Butchart Tankard for the best Strathallian performance at Scottish and British levels, before finishing off the season nicely as part of our mixed CCF team at the Army in Scotland Champion-ships, where she did a "Boris" by thrashing out of sight all the women soldiers and most of the men. With Melissa back next year as well, and the promising Kimberley Cooper moving up to the Senior Team, the boys are going to have their work cut out.

The House race was run in perfect conditions on the "Ski Sunday" Cairnwell GS course as a curtain raiser to the postponed Scottish Schools' event. We even had a British Paralympian along to close the course as part of his training for Lillehammer.

Ronald "Boris" Duncan having retired, married and produced a son, all at a brisk downhill pace, it has been left to J.F.C. to keep the Strathallan flag flying internationally, both with the International Schoolsport Federation and as Chief of Championships for the British Seniors in Tignes for the last two years.

A parting thought: What, we ask, happened to the planned Strathallian Club Ski Day? Could it be, Hamish, that the club are frightened of taking us on? See you next year.

Neil McKenzie-Blatherwick and J.F.C.

A crazy notion, to begin with, skiing on the Summer Solstice in Scotland. But it was done, and bravely done, by 8 Strathallan pupils, and the photograph on the back page of *The Guardian* proved it. We set off from School in a chauffeur-driven mini-bus, heading for Nevis Range. Low cloud greeted our arrival at the resort. For those who had to, skis were hired and we joined the other 36 intrepid skiers in the bubbles and on the chairlift to the Snowgoose Bowl. Apart from the photographers from the National Press and the TV cameras, what awaited us was still shrouded Then came the blood-chilling truth. We had to walk up if we were to ski down!

And walk most of us did – right to the top of the piste – in boots – carrying our skis – stopping frequently "to admire the view", said one of the party. Our Leader was assisted up the hill by Louisa Graham-Campbell, and thereafter the fun began.

We made history, or claim to have done so, by challenging Old Strathallians to disprove the fact that we were the first pupils to ski Scotland on the Longest Day.

GOLF

The 1994 season proved even busier than the previous one as some additional fixtures gave more pupils the chance to play outwith the School.

The four-man "league" team finished runners-up to a very strong Glenalmond side, who went on to win the Perth and Kinross League. Colin Mitchell was his usual steady self and won four out of five games. He received good support from Alex Macleod, Jamie Stirling and Andrew Milne.

After finishing second and third in previous years in the Perth and Kinross Individual Championships, Colin Mitchell this year managed to win the Trophy over the King James VI Course. This victory gained him automatic entry into the County Schools' side to play in the Scottish Schools' final, which, this year, took place at Troon. Despite a very steady round of golf, he narrowly failed by one place to gain automatic entry to the Scottish Schools' Team (he is first reserve and may yet get an opportunity), finishing 13th. We wish Colin well as he leaves the School and who knows he may follow in the footsteps of previous winners of the County individual trophy, namely Brian Marchbank and William Guy, who are currently earning their living as professional golfers.

In addition to the league matches, we had a number of six and eight man

games against other schools and it is pleasing to report on the return of the Fettes fixture where we managed an emphatic 5 - 1 victory at Bruntsfield Links. The one dark side to the year was the heavy defeat received at Blairgowrie, where a weakened Strathallan side were put to the sword by a competitive Blairgowrie team. I would, though, commend the fighting spirit of the No. 8 player who, despite being three down with five holes to play, managed to show sufficient fighting spirit to draw his match and gain the team's only consolation on the day. Some of the more senior players in the team could benefit from showing some of this spirit.

The 36-hole St Columba's Trophy was won this year by Bruce Martin, who shows a great deal of promise as a golfer. Indeed there are a clutch of golfers in the fifth Year (at the time of writing) who could make an impression on the golf team, if they can do some work on their handicaps (please note Messrs Martin, Mackay, Milne and McClure).

We also held a Juniors Competition at Strathallan over a revamped version of the School course, which was won by James Donald with a very respectable 71. The School has a number of promising young golfers who have been coached by our regular visiting profes-

sional, Frank Smith from Craigie Hill. He is a first class teaching professional and all golfers would do well to heed his advice. Even the top professionals have lessons - no one should feel embarrassed about coming to these sessions and asking for help and advice. It could make all the difference!

The Inter-House Golf Trophy was won, once again, by a strong Simpson team (Mitchell, Clement and Milne), with Colin winning the individual competition with a score of 70. The competition was played, as is usual, over the Auchterarder Course.

Much earlier in the season the School played the Old Strathallians at Panmure Golf Club. On a very difficult day for golf with strong winds coming in off the sea and heavy showers, the School lost a very competitive match by 4 - 3. Doug Clement won both his matches (the only player to do so), and we all enjoyed an excellent meal in the clubhouse afterwards. We plan to return to Panmure for the 94/95 fixture and hope for the weather to be a little kinder.

It would be remiss of me not to mention the help I have received in running the golf this year, especially from GCK. Without his help we would not have been able to offer as much and School golf would be the poorer for it.

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SHOOTING



Amelia Blair-Oliphant

In the Summer of 1993 the five teams entered in the Perthshire Summer League achieved respectively 2nd position in Division 2, last in Division 3 (this is the team I was shooting in) and 1st in division 5 (Dundas, Melville, Taylor and Turner). However, in the summer holidays a select team attended the Scottish Open at Blairgowrie, hosted this year by the Blair Oliphants. Amelia went on to shoot in the British Open at Bisley, where she broke the Junior Women's record for Prone Rifle with a score of 589 out of 600 at 50 metres.

The Winter Term saw the usual flood of new faces, and a selection procedure which had been considerably streamlined since the previous year. Eventually we ended up with a total of sixty shooters who had either shot last year or had trialed this year. The drop-out rate thereafter was quite appalling. However, those who did shoot tended to do well, and the most consistent new recruits may read their names with pride: Lesley Crow, Nichola Malcolm, Edward Phillips, Andrew Bishop, Alison Hunter, David Man, William Constable, Ian Crooks (sort of), David Corrie (occasionally) and Jennie Perry (once her various illnesses were dealt with).

The highlight of the winter was the achievement predicted in the last report: The "A" Team (Sally Cust, Amelia Blair Oliphant, Jenny Littleford, Alastair Dundas and David Taylor) won the NSRA Junior Winter competition, making them the Under 18 champions for the UK. This was a great achievement, but the cause of much nail-biting. The 'flu epidemic played havoc with most competitions undertaken between September and January, and since the Perthshire Winter League runs continuously from October to March, the performances in all teams (bar one) on the results sheet look much worse than the recorded

scores suggest. Lose one shooter in one round, and you lose the round: lose one round, and you have little hope of winning the division – and we had people who were ill for several weeks!

I did say "bar one", because five of my colleagues, possibly more intrepid or more foolhardy than the rest, expressed an interest in learning to shoot. Within two weeks they found themselves as Strathallan "E" in the Perth Leagues, and five months later finished third in Division 5. Mrs Vallot will probably be shooting for the A Team next year

An intrepid bunch of bounty hunters gave up their Saturday morning lessons on the last weekend in November in order to compete in the Watsonians' RC Open Shoot; as last year they brought back a good deal of silver: Sally Cust won the Under 21 and the Ladies' Cups, Amelia the Under 18, David Taylor the Under 15. Everyone had something to be pleased with, even Nick Gibb who could hardly believe that he was placed 6th in Class D (medals were awarded down to 5th place – hard luck, Nick!)

The Spring Term's snow was good for skiers, but less so for us (probably because the shooters were all skiing); Mock exams, Netball and (again) illness and absenteeism took a toll. We failed to carry off the Strathcona Shield (a mythical trophy which we have won twice in a row but have never seen) by five points, but then the Captain of Shooting didn't quite shoot her card. The same happened to the Junior Spring Competition: through to the final with no trouble, but big problems getting people to turn up to shoot it. The cards were never submitted in the end. We did host a home match, versus Ardvreck and Dollar (funny how people always turn out for shoulder to shoulder matches – is it the orange squash and sandwiches?) and won by five points with 1556 ex 1600 to

Ardvreck's 1551 and Dollar's 1471. We also visited Kinross and Milnathort on a snowy night in February, and this time it was they who had problems turning out a full team (despite the full range of food provided by Robbie and Adrienne Taylor!)

A reduced team competed at the Perth Indoor competition: Fiona Hamilton, Mark Hunter and Ian Senior were first-timers, and the usual reprobates (Jenny, Jeremy, Alastair and David) came along for the ride. Robbie Taylor did his best to put us all off with his demonstrations of Positive Thinking Techniques (but was a point or two short at the end of the day); Jenny won the Junior Competition and was 3rd in the Ladies', Fiona was 3rd in the Junior ahead of Alastair and David – she was also 3rd overall in Class D.

Last results show that Jenny Littleford was placed third in the Junior Section of the Scottish Short Range Championship, with Fiona Hamilton fourth.

Social notes must include several visits: Amelia, Nicky, David (and Duncan Taylor, too) were bullied into driving for hours on end to a training weekend at Chesterfield under the aegis of the National U21 Squad; Amelia was selected to shoot for Great Britain in her first full International at the ISAS meeting in Dortmund, where she acquitted herself very well. The organisers of the National Squad, Liz Cowell and Brian Woodall, visited the School on the weekend of St Andrew's Night and gave a coaching session on the Sunday after impressing on Mr McPhail the desirability of setting up an air rifle facility.

That's about it for another year: success in its share and problems too. The average pupil on the street probably does not realise how much time and effort goes into shooting (since the range opened in January 1992, scarcely two years ago, we have won over twenty five cups, lost one match, sent three pupils to shoot for Great Britain and had over twelve shoot for Scotland or for Perthshire, and shot two hundred thousand rounds of ammunition), and if there is a message to those who want to shoot, then it should be as follows: **turn up on time**. There is nothing more irritating than organising something for pupils who forget, who don't read notices, who have other commitments and who expect to get better without effort or practice. Shooting is only 10% a physical sport; the other 90% is a mixture of psychology and of analysing performance. Some have a better start than others in their basic 10% of sporting ability, but they don't necessarily make the best shots in the long run.

Many thanks to Tom Colvin again for his coaching, to Sally Cust for her captaincy, and to all those who did their best.

A.C.W. S-J.

FISHING

A larger than usual number of pupils were engaged in fishing activities this year, beginning with Richard Philps' popular fly-tying classes in the Autumn and Spring Terms.

The Pond was again stocked with Loch Leven trout, though the algae growth, earlier than on previous years, conspired against us.

Outings were regular as well as varied: Ballo Loch and Sandyknowes being the most popular venues. Some pupils were also invited to accompany the Masters on their Tuesday evening outings. Others were regular sights on the banks of the River Earn.

T.G.L.



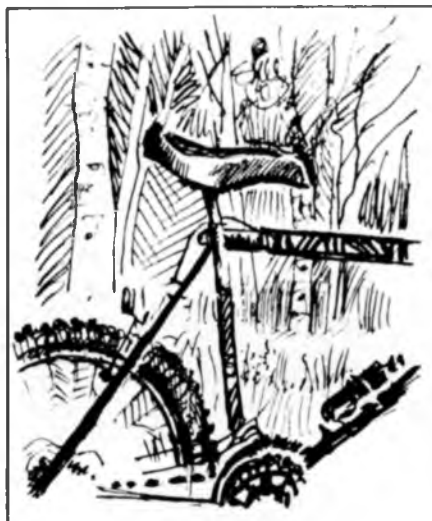
SWIMMING

Our first match was at home against Rannoch School. Despite the junior boys and senior girls both swimming well, we were beaten 183 to 155 points. The second match we had lined up was the Senior Girls' Team against Dollar Academy, but due to bad weather conditions the match had to be cancelled, as the School Bus literally could not leave the gates for heavy snow. Our third match was definitely the most demanding – the Glenalmond Challenge, where the Senior Team was competing against Glenalmond, Dollar and Loretto. Although we came fourth, there were many good individual efforts, and after the match I awarded colours to Nick Russell, Zak Thompson, Euan Sutherland, Julia Wanless and Rachael Tilford – well done!

The Inter-House Swimming also took place in February. Nicol House won again – for the fourth time in a row!

Rebecca Dover

CYCLING



Strathallan has been bitten by the cycling bug! Ten Sixth Formers have formed a small Cycling Club, master-minded by Peter Yeates, and they regularly head "off road" on their steeds of steel and 21 gears. Local forests have provided a wealth of dirt tracks and, by extension, great entertainment. An hour's cycle through the labyrinth of Pitmedden Forest has proved a popular and exhilarating Sunday afternoon pursuit. We even managed to institute it as a Summer games option one day a week.

It is hoped to develop the club still further next year, although for logistical and safety reasons, membership will only be open to those in the Sixth Form. As I write, boys are busy knocking a trailer together out of various bits of bizarre-shaped metal, so that we can trail bikes to further-flung destinations.

P.J.C.



FENCING

The graceful retirement of Julia Wanless from the Captaincy of Fencing saw her role pass to another Mistress-at-Arms, Cristina Burns.

Despite the introductory activities programme, which gave all the new Third Form a chance to sample Fencing, membership was low at the beginning of the Autumn Term. Interest grew, however, and at the end of term we were able to stage our own handicap foil competition. The Ladies' Event was won by Ella Bird just ahead of Cristina Burns. Iain Senior took the Men's prize, a mere hit or two in front of Jonathan Dalley.



In the Spring Term, two of our Fencers performed quite creditably in a public competition, considering their own lack of experience and the considerable experience of their opponents.

To Derek Titheradge, our coach, go our thanks not just for his coaching skills but also for his unstinting support, enthusiasm and advice.

Cristina Burns

RIDING

Riding started in September with a small disaster ... four people fell off in the second week! Other than this and a few other mishaps, everyone has seemed pleased with Perth Equine Centre, which is on the outskirts of town.

Fiona Hamilton, surprised all by cantering for the first time in her second lesson and jumping in her fourth. Well done! Mrs Vallot, however, twice got bucked off a very small pony called Kiwi who is used for the toddlers' group and, later, Katie Smith invented a new method of riding by doing a full length of the school lying across her pony's back while cantering!

Congratulations are due to her, Katherine Charlier, Karina Combe, Kirsty Glimm and Suzi McPherson who were the winning team.

Suzanne McPherson

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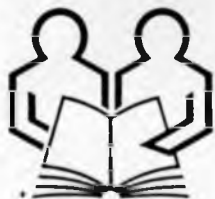
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LAND MANAGEMENT

It hardly seems a year since Nick Gibb and I were writing the first report for the group and so it has been really nice that Nick Gibb carried on into his second year in charge before passing on his role to Logie Mackenzie who has carried on in the same vigorous and innovative manner. As a result, we have moved on much faster than planned.

An enormous amount of time has been given to the project by all the group members and we have reached the point where the responsibility and enthusiasm of all the members have come together towards a single goal. I know that the original planners of the estate would have understood the feelings and emotions of the pupils if they could see the effect of the group's work over the season.

Meanwhile, we have been tracing further signs of early planning here: the estate was already enclosed in part by 1680 through the work of Thomas Ruthven, who was made First Lord of Freeland by Charles II. His daughter, Lady Jean, and her niece, Lady Isobel, were a formidable pairing in the area and saw the estate through the troubled years until the destruction of the old house in 1750. Isobel's grandson James, third Lord Freeland, had the new house and estate remodelled from 1783.

The original park was enclosed on four sides by avenues of trees and divided into 12 parks, all about 12 acres each, after the grand cross design of the fashion of the time. The 150 or so acres of the whole park probably relate to the original medieval "daroch". The beech tree on the field at the back of Nicol is the only remaining tree of the inner line of the vertical part of the cross. It lies near the top of the cross at the centre of the top four parks; Foul Steps and Lady Hill to the east, and West and East Parks, which contained the house and gardens, to the west. The remaining eight parks cover the land to the north of the beech tree, with the vertical driveway passing between them down to the Boatmill on the river. The original driveway consisted of two lines of beech trees with a further two lines of oaks on either side. One oak remains near the bottom of the playing fields near the last house on the Freeland Farm road. The horizontal park limits running east-west can be seen more clearly as the farm track up to Gallowmuir wood and the Freeland Farm road. Many of the original tree stumps can still be seen with a small search and the solitary surviving oak by the quarry has come back to life this year. Other oaks on mudflats clearly show the park limits.

Where four parks met on the estate the planners had created roundels with ash trees. The fork at the bottom of the hill by Coventrees is one side of such a roundel. In 1926, the sunken area inside

this roundel was used to build a curling pond. The parks were used for folding stock and planting basic crops. The house was served by a large garden area which ran from what is now the main drive to the houses at Eastfield along the main road. The estate manager lived at the original house at Eastfield, cleared but for the outhouses to make way for the machinery centre. The outhouses form the cottage on the other side of the road and the track by the cottage is the original road to Glencarn House on the then main road to Stirling and Glasgow from Fife. The lime trees of the drive are the back garden of the old house but, sadly, all the beeches that lined the old vegetable garden have gone. If you want to see what an 18th-century country road looked like, take a trip along Silver Walk at Pitkeathly Wells. I hope that we can all take part in protecting the trees that are all that's left from those days. Unfortunately, there are those who would like to get rid of even these.

One of the emotions felt by the original planners, and shared by this year's group, is to feel and see their activities as an investment for the future. Other emotions are for the creative changes which are already in evidence, especially at the Coventrees pond. This area has been transformed from a stagnant wilderness to a living and growing garden within a year. The pond has recovered and the dam has been rebuilt to complement the many new features. Further plans involve a second pond area and re-establishing the original stream as a winter floodwater. The work complet-

ed last year has given the group extra areas to keep up and the strimmers have been very busy. The old rose garden has been cleared for the first time and pruning has brought life back to most of the original roses. They will recover to their original splendour over the next few years.

The area cleared has been divided into twelve distinct areas now and the plans are for a nature trail to link these habitats. Unfortunately, there are still times when individuals are oblivious to their surroundings and have little appreciation of the effects they can have on the area. Such a trail will go a long way to redress this imbalance and bring back the woodpeckers and the red squirrels. Did you know that a vixen had raised a full family of three behind Woodlands by Easter?

As last year, we have to thank many people for all their help. Our thanks go to Mr Bruce-Jones for all his attention and guidance; to Mr and Mrs Gibb for arranging another wonderful day on the hills; to Mr du Boulay for seeing us to the races; to Mr White at the Scottish Agricultural Museum; to Mrs Ross for giving up her garage; to all those people who have been patient when tired and dishevelled pupils arrived late or have given them the time to follow their own interests.

And for the group themselves, this year has provided some immortality in Gibb's Field, Jonesbank, Clarkstone, Stewart's Linn, Mackenzie Bridge, Path o' Tom and Wilson Way. I can only look forward to next year when the strimming begins again.

G.M.R.

Below: the Land Management group after a successful day's stalking in the Perthshire hills





FALCONRY

Tom Hayward and Roy Duffy (two quiet and retiring types) nagged Robert Proctor and myself for so long and so loudly that something had to be done. They gave me the telephone number and asked me daily if I had managed to make contact. Eventually, contact with Philip at The Falconry Centre at Kinross was made. In exchange for some tidying-up and various pieces of gardening, they learned the names of different hunting birds, the nature of their habits and how to fly and handle them. They rehearsed the mysteries and intricacies of the various knots and pieces of equipment that were needed. They even learned not to gaze with quite such horrid fascination as hawks, falcons, eagles and owls ripped day-old chicks to pieces. I'm not quite sure but I suspect they

would have almost preferred them to be fed alive to the fearsome talons. That has changed a little and the 'macho' image of the sport has diminished for them, replaced to some extent by a sense of the power and grace of the birds themselves.

The boys were able to employ some of the skills they had learned during an excellent day's hunting provided by Mr Eadie and his team at Finnerlie. They handled birds and ferrets, made a kill, caught some trout and ate more in a day than I thought possible.

I hope that next year they will follow this up with more expeditions and some hard work and that we can add one or two other members to the club. Many thanks to Mr Proctor for his car on Wednesdays.

C.N.C.



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CCF

Much has occurred in the last twelve months in terms of studies into the Ministry of Defence funding and policy under the "Front Line First" and "Defence Cost Study", to name but two. None of these policy statements directly alter the way the CCF does its business in School, but outside School there are many knock-on effects which are finding their way down to us at present and will continue to do so into the future. The most obvious are the closures of Royal Naval and Royal Naval Reserve units in Scotland – as I write we have lost H.M.S. CAMPERDOWN, our parent unit in Dundee, and no replacement has been found, due to further RN closures in Rosyth. Our waterborne activities have to change direction, due to the closure of the RIB School in Port Edgar. The Army Cadet Training Teams were due to be cut severely in Scotland to only two teams, but a reprieve has just been announced with the same number of teams, each with slightly reduced manpower.

Pressure will be on establishments to provide space for camps and courses, yet all around it is harder for service personnel to assist us, as they are being asked to do more-with less personnel and funding.

All is not gloom, as I am sure you will see in the Section Reports. The people that did take part in courses and camps did well and seemed to enjoy themselves.

The great change that has occurred for me personally is that Mr Philip Shore has been appointed School Staff Instructor after a long gap in this billet here at Strathallan. Mr Shore comes to us with an Army Physical Training Corps background and knows this area well, having been responsible for various types of training relevant to ourselves within Scottish Command. We welcome him warmly and I am sure Recruits, and ultimately all NCOs, will benefit from his experience. All cadets will join a Recruits Platoon for two terms, and only on passing out from the Platoon will they join their chosen Section. All cadets will go through an NCO Cadre prior to being promoted. The CCF is now an optional activity for boys and girls above the Third Form, and this year we have, for the first time, an afternoon clear of classes which should allow more demanding training to be programmed.

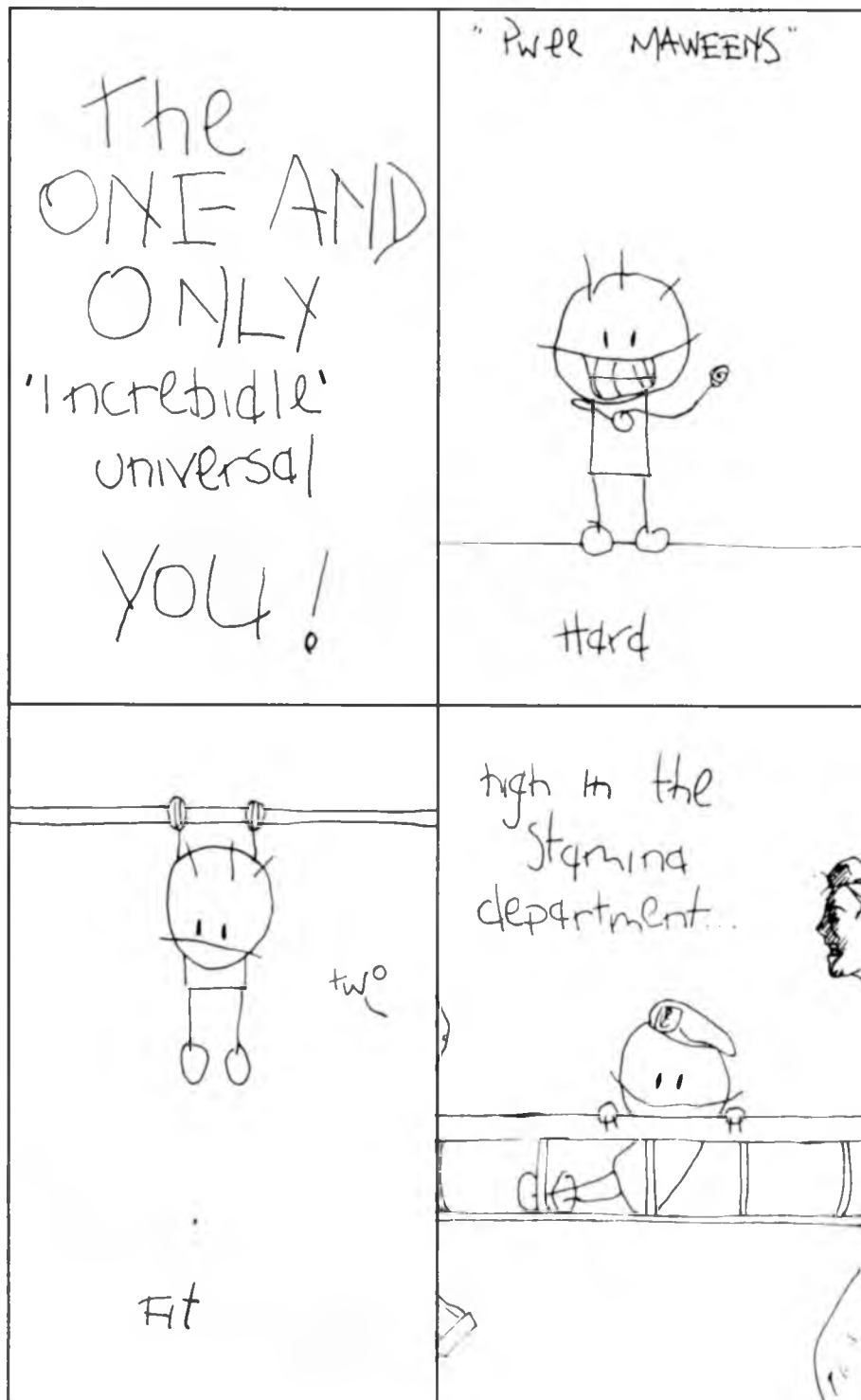
This year we have also said farewell to members of staff who have served the CCF well in the past. Firstly, Mr Goody moves on to devote more time to his Radio Group, and I wish to thank him for all his work in the past, especially on Fleet Tenders and navigation training.

Mr Macleod retires from School, and apart from one year at the very beginning, he has been involved as i/c Naval Section at Strathallan throughout his time here. Times have changed indeed during his tour of duty, but he has been a

loyal supporter of the CCF, and under his wing the only RM troop in Scotland has flourished. The whole Contingent was inspected by Lt Cdr Macleod on his handover to Mr Glimm. The cadets and officers with whom he has worked presented him with mementoes of his time with us and we all wish him a long and happy retirement near Stanley. I am sure I speak for all concerned with the CCF in the past and the present, when I simply say, "Thank you, Torquil, for your outstanding service".

By the time this is in print, the Contingent will have had its biennial review by Major General M.J.E. Scott, C.B.E., D.S.O., the General Officer Commanding the Army in Scotland. I am sure he will have seen cadets taking responsibility for various aspects of their training and learning a great deal about that elusive skill – LEADERSHIP. It remains for me to thank, on behalf of all cadets, the Officers of the CCF and Mr Eades for all their hard work.

C.N.W.



ROYAL NAVY

At a time when out there in the real world the Service is being shaken up by the so-called "Options for Change", it is not surprising that some of these changes eventually filter through the system, right down to the level of CCF Sections.

It was to be expected that the numbers in the Navy Section would drop with the introduction of voluntary CCF at Strathallan. Unfortunately, some of the volunteers appeared to join the Section for not quite the right reasons and, as the year went on, began to make work a bit difficult for those members of the Section who were trying to maintain the standards of the Navy in the time-honoured fashion. It is therefore with a certain relief that we can announce a further

slimming down of the Section, which leaves us with a core of cadets who are both able and willing to get back to business.

What then is this business and what is this Navy Section trying to achieve? For many years, under the enthusiastic leadership of Lt. Cdr. Torquil Macleod, the guiding principle had been to challenge Cadets in the development of individual skills and of leadership qualities. There are, of course, other agencies at a school that pursue similar aims, but none can offer a young person the same responsibilities, the same need to accept and carry out difficult and, at times, even hard tasks as the CCF. Thus the Corps contributes in a not insignificant way to the

shaping and making of the all-rounder, that person who can cope with the vicissitudes of life.

Many of you will have heard that Lt. Cdr. Macleod retired from Strathallan at the end of June of this year, and will join me in wishing him a long and happy retirement. You will also, I am sure, agree that Strathallan CCF, and the Navy Section in particular, owes him a debt of gratitude for all his work, his dedication and for the support which he has given every individual Cadet who ever joined his Section in all those many years. We shall have to try very hard to meet the exacting standards of training, turn-out and general attitude which he has set.

K.G.

ROYAL MARINES

The start of this year saw the introduction of ten new recruits to the troop. These Fifth Formers had been carefully selected the previous summer from the Pre-Marines Troop, the training squad for potential Marines.

Their first taste of training included an introduction to drill, campcraft, weaponry, patrolling, ambush skills and reaction to ambush techniques. The new Marines soon found out that these skills were not always as easy to master as they had first appeared. For instance, was your 'oppo' telling you to double-time, or insulting you?

This short training spell took us up to half term and a Winter Exercise on and around Ben Nevis, accompanied by Royal Naval Reserves. A surprise addition to our number was Lt Mann, the new officer in charge of RM CCF school detachments, and we were very glad to welcome him into our close-knit team.

The Exercise included 'doing' Ben

Nevis and an exercise based on a Helicopter Crash. Everybody gained from the experience and some of the Lower Sixth showed their potential to be NCOs.

The final exercise of the term, which was planned by the NCOs, was designed to test everything that the new recruits had learnt. The task involved a four man terrorist team hiding out in the Ochils - and culminated with one of the 'enemy' being massacred and the other three running amok amid the anti-terrorist force's bergens. We were joined on this exercise by WOII Bell from the RM CCF Training Team. He was very impressed by the level of professionalism from the whole troop.

After Christmas, the pressure of exams forced the Senior NCOs to take a 'back seat' role and hand over the running of the Troop to the Lower Sixth. David Robertson and Michael Greshon proved to be more than ready to take charge. Again this term consisted mainly of

training, but abseiling also featured. The highlight came at the end of the term when we were visited by Brigadier Taylor. For his benefit we arranged a demonstration involving the whole troop and we felt that he left impressed with the Royal Marine Section.

The Summer term was mainly taken up by restoring the School assault course to its former glory and the last thing left to do was the potential recruit's tests for the pre-Marine hopefuls. These were conducted by the Lower Sixth and we are sure they have made the right choices.

All that is left to say is thank-you to Mr Glimm who made all this possible and thanks to the RM Training Team for their invaluable advice.

Finally, mention should be made of Alec Burrell (1993) who has obtained his Green Beret and Jonathan Ireland who has been accepted into Royal Marine Recruit Training. Well done!

Alastair Bennett and Rod Williams

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ARMY

The year began with last minute training for the annual Highland Cadet Tactical Competition (HCTC). This year was different, however, because there was a small group of female cadets who were not going to be denied their chance of putting one over on their male counterparts. After numerous phone calls and an eleventh hour change of mind by the organisers (due to Glenalmond pulling out), the first Strathallan Girls' Team was entered. I was very pleased at the decision for two reasons. Firstly, I did really want the girls' team to go in, but equally important, Sgt MacLennan and Cpl Tilford et al decided that if they were not allowed to enter, it would have been my fault (being a mere man) and were going to throw me into the pond as a form of retribution for being so feeble!! May I just finish this section by saying that both teams performed extremely well. The boys, under WO1 Steel, finishing second in the CCF competition and fifth overall, with the girls' team finishing second in the girls' competition. An excellent effort overall. Well done!

Field day this year saw the whole section go down to Glencorse outside Edinburgh. Here we practised ambush drills as a section, with the help of the Training Team, on a cold October night on the Pentlands. We were well looked after by Major Colin Dunbar (Old Boy and Parent), who runs the camp, and I would like to thank him as well as the CTT for their organisation and support. The following day, after No 3 Platoon won the Inter-platoon Competition, we returned to School via Edinburgh Castle where we were shown round the new Jewel Room and many other recently renovated areas. Overall the exercises went well and the tired bodies of the section arrived back at School 36 hours after they had left, a little wiser and a little more experienced in the ways of the Army.

While we were surviving on 24hr Ration Packs the MT Section, under Mr Wilson and Mr Walker, we went to Redford Barracks to be trained by the Battalion in such things as axle changing, brake maintenance and other mechanical problem solving exercises.

All the Recruits, bar three, passed their weapons test first time round which was very pleasing. Their initial training was carried out well, as always, by the senior NCOs who deserve congratulations for their efforts and my thanks for their support. I was very pleased that James Steel was appointed Under Officer, the first time for a member of the LVI in a long time. He, along with



WO1 Man, Sergeants Shepherd, Marshall, MacLennan and Senior, as well as Corporals Tilford, Bryans, Seymour and Marsham, are all to be congratulated for their efforts.

In the Easter Term 23CTT sent us two sergeants to conduct Adventurous Training, in which cadets found themselves climbing, abseiling, canoeing and shooting on full bore ranges. This allowed the contingent to get a broad introduction to these skills and gave them a break from the military training of the first term. The range days proved very successful, with the majority of cadets gaining creditable scores and some showing marksmanship skills.

During the second half of term, the Recruits were taken on their Camp and Fieldcraft weekend. This was conducted at Mr Douglas Sinclair's farm at Rams Heugh; my thanks to Mr Sinclair for the use of the area again. There the Recruits camped out and practised their Night Navigation skills. The evening will be remembered for the Cordon Bleu kitchen set-up by Sergeant Hall from the Training Team! After very little sleep, the group returned to School at noon after a dawn attack on some of the seniors who were out playing the enemy.

Finally, we left for Cultybraggan Camp with twenty two cadets and three officers. This year seemed to be more fraught than ever with two (and soon to be three) Housemasters in the Section. Despite this, Miss Smith and

Mr Streatfeild-James coped well with the pressure of House Reports. Much of the reason for this was down to UO Steel, who took on the burden of responsibility for stores and general organisation with relish. I only hope that next year runs equally smoothly!

The activities at camp continue to improve every year. This year cadets were taught to survive, use radios, build bridges, carry out Section Attacks, canoe, rock climb, use power tools, shoot and many other activities. As well as this the cadets entered a girls' and boys' team into both the March & Shoot and Assault Course Competitions and acquitted themselves well. The most pleasing thing was watching individuals, who were not normally associated with such events, try so hard for the rest of the group and themselves.

Finally, I would like to take this opportunity to thank all the people who have helped in the running of the section this year. Along with the previously mentioned NCOs, I would like to thank the CTT and especially Sergeant Andy Hall. Mr Streatfeild-James and Miss Smith continue to support the section despite all their other commitments, while Mr Wilson now moves to power boating next year and Mr Streatfeild-James takes over the MT Section. Last, but by no means least, I would like to thank Mr Eades who continues to run the stores with efficiency and good humour.

P.M.V.

IN COMMAND

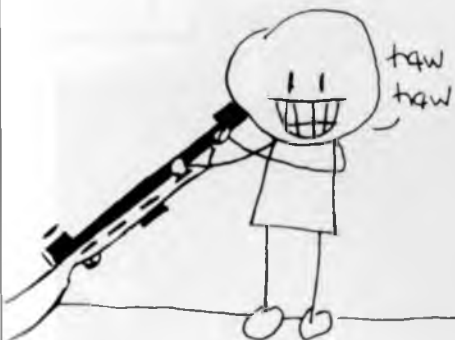
you musent be
afraid of guns

dakka
dakka



ZEX get
stranger
every
year!

but you musent
be silly with
them



Little boy, little boy
Why do you cry?
I'm crying because
My father has died.

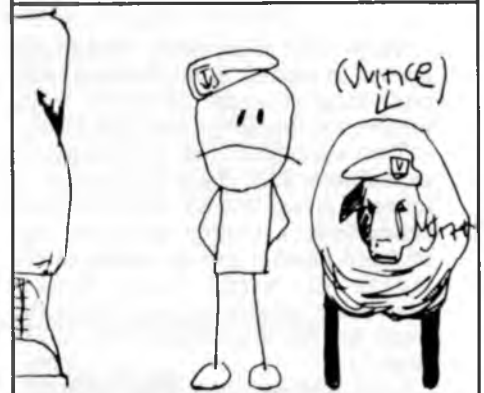
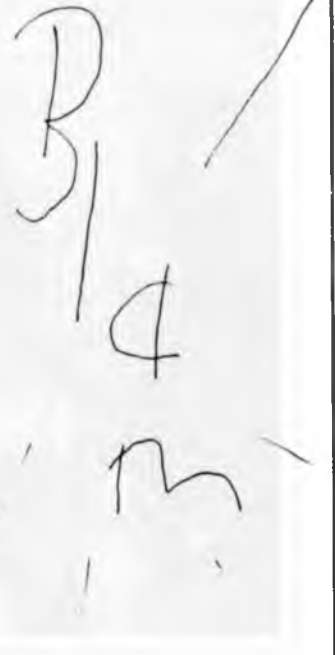
He fought in a war
In a far off land
A land of tigers, elephants, sand.
He showed me his gun
When he came home last.
He talked of the snakes
That crawled in the grass.
He spoke of the monkeys
That climbed in the tress.
He talked of the sky
And he talked of the sea.
He talked of the war,
And enemy lines.
Of food parcels, letters, thrupenny fines.
Fines for squint caps,
Fines for dropped food,
Fines for shooting the wrong coloured
suit.
Hard metal bullets
That could puncture a lung.
The despicable yellow
Of the enemy's tongue.
He spoke of the glory
That comes from a fight.
Of triumph and honour, power and
might.
Of dying for country
Of dying for kin
Of dying to thwart the enemy sin.
Of thousand strong armies
That marched in a line.
Of enemy violence
He couldn't define.

Little boy, What was the
Rank of your Pa?
Was he recruit
Or maybe major?
Who did he shoot?
How many died?
How did it make him feel inside?
Did he feel guilty
For ending a life?
Did he feel pain
At the terrible strife.

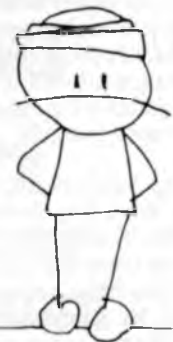
My Pa gave the orders
To men who would fight.
He looked at the maps.
He made the plans that were right.
If he said to charge
They did as he said.
My father fought
The war in his head.

He commanded great armies
With thousands of troops.
He told them to run.
He told them to shoot.
He made the decisions.
He had the last say.
But my father is dead
They shot him today.

Jo Malcolm



the consiquencis
may be
undisimble ...



DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARD



This year has seen continued growth in interest in the Scheme, with our largest-ever numbers now involved at the Silver and Gold levels.

Two successful Silver assessment expeditions took place. In October an intrepid group braved very low temperatures in Lochaber and at the end of April another group wandered the length of Arran (with Robert Mawdsley qualifying as chef of the week for his magnificent first night steak !)

Gold training took place over the leave-out weekend in the Summer term and the alternative Speech Day was held half way up Streap Comhlaidh (an unpronounceable but otherwise very fine mountain above Glenfinnan). Congratulations to Finn Syme on his receipt of the worst-dressed "being" of-the-week award. This expedition also took in Glen Pean, Sgurr Thuilm (a first Munro for some) and Sgurr nan Coireachan. The last day brought the now familiar sight of Mr Todd, accompanied by Alistair Dundas, heading off into the clouds in search of an elusive Corbett (a sort of post-graduate version of a Munro).

The Gold Assessment took place in the North West Highlands and sadly marked Mr Todd's last expedition with us. His contribution over the last two years has been enormous and our trips will be the poorer for his absence (for a start who will be telling the ghost stories round the camp fire from now on ?). Our thanks and best wishes go with him as he takes up his new post.

With Silver training and all the Bronze expeditions as well, this has proved a very busy year and we thank Miss England for her presence and support on virtually all the trips.

The Service Section has produced a range of activities with First Aid, Lifesaving and the Police Course figuring prominently. 32 people gained the St Andrew's Ambulance Junior First Aid Certificate, 8 the RLSS Bronze Medallion and 2 the RLSS Award of Merit.

Many activities were undertaken for the Skill and Physical Recreation Sections. My thanks to all those colleagues who run the games and activities used. Particular thanks go to Mr Taylor and Mr Sneddon for their help on Wednesday afternoons.

Finally, here is a list of those who have completed their awards this year:

BRONZE:

Gordon Duncan, Andrew Ketile, Rosie Clegg, Geoffrey Wheeldon, Alan Senior, Claire Bethune, Sarah Caird, David Taylor, Neil Grosset, Helen Miller, Kate Miller, Gillian Wallace, Lyndsey MacEachern, Jonathan Goody, Alasdair Grieve, Tom Forster, Fiona Hamilton, Jenny Littleford, Katie Butler, Louisa McLardy, Alan Gibson, Graeme Kettle, Roderick Murray.

SILVER:

Gordon Duncan, Katie Yellowlees, Euan Sutherland, Iain Senior, Michael Govind, Catherine Jones, Christina Gilliver, Katie Haslam, Katherine High, Kananu Kirimi, Jo Malcolm.

GOLD:

Angus Bruce-Jones, Andrew Hodgson, Caroline Healy.

J.S.B.



MY D OF E PURPOSE

The bus was shining.
The sun was bright.
This was the start of our D of E hike.
We all piled in
With rucksacks and tents.
Could we survive the coming torment?

The ride was long.
The road was rough.
Mr Todd's driving wasn't quite good
enough.
The bus kept swerving.
Euan felt sick.
How were we going to cope "in the sticks"?

We arrived at Fort William,
All hassled and hot.
All happy and cheery was what we were
not.
We put up the tents.
Then looked for the maps
Whilst fumbling with gloves, socks, mit-
tens and caps.

When morning arrived
As it frequently did.
Our fingers were frozen, of joy we were rid.
We'd not even started
To walk on the hills
We hadn't a notion,
Of the real feeling "chilled"!

The weather was varied.
With snow, rain and hail.
The steepness of one hill was right
beyond the pale.
The views were spectacular,
After reaching great heights.
Euan said "Not much further,"
And was right about twice.

After what seemed like ages,
The bothy arrived.
The sight of that building led our tired-
ness to dive.
We all tried to run
But our legs wouldn't go.
And that very instant, it started to snow.

That night was so chilly
We all sat round the fire.
Michael, we thought, should not join the
choir.
His voice is horrendous,
It's painful to hear.
I think he's tone deaf in both of his ears.

We played silly games
Whilst the fire burned away.
Dragon-breath Dave got his face blown
away.
Euan's socks burnt
From fire's awesome heat.
We decided at last, it was time for some
sleep.

The next morn was worse
Than the morning before.
It was so, so, so cold that it couldn't be sore:
Michael had blisters,
But didn't reveal
Till later that day when one burst on his
heel.

That day was the longest
I've ever endured.
Of that type of experience, we will never
be cured.
The valley got longer
The further we went.
The map didn't really make any sense.

We at length reached the bothy,
Much later than planned.
But we still had more walking,
(D of E should be banned.
Or rather strange maps
That make walks look so short.)
No wonder that evening we all were so
wrought.

Next morning was cold.
In fact worse than before.
Water would freeze on the count of just
four.
There was frost on the inside
Of every tent.
Now can you see why
We froze to that extent.

Someone said that the last day
Was simply a stroll,
But I swear that the last day
Took more than its toll.
The bogs were all frozen
(One positive thing.)
Bur morale was so low
It was thought best to sing.

When at length we arrived
At the end of our trek,
We all were so tired
We all were a wreck.
But we had a great time,
It was well worth the cold,
And we're doing our Gold
In the summer, I'm told!

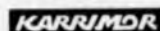
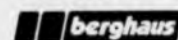
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COMMUNITY SERVICE

This year the School has again been serving the wider community in many different ways. Enthusiastic members of the Sixth Form have been faithfully visiting the elderly in our own village of Forgandenny every week, hearing many fascinating tales of village life in days of old and catching up on the local gossip as well, no doubt. Others have been helping out in the village Sunday School and the Youth Group, tirelessly going along in their free time to instil enthusiasm into their junior charges. Their work has been greatly appreciated by all; many thanks to Suzanne McPherson, Jo Malcolm and Michael Govind for their efforts over the year in this task - not an easy one by any criteria.

Still in the realm of education, Dunbarney Primary School has again kindly agreed to allow Sixth Form girls a valuable insight into classroom teaching from the other side of the fence. Marie Hamilton and Karen Bishop have given unstinting service to the school and now have a wide range of experience in keeping excitable seven year olds under control.

The charity shops in Perth have been the haunt of other dedicated

helpers, exercising their mental arithmetic skills behind the till, or helping solve the quandaries of customers rifling through the clothes racks. A group of willing volunteers spent an afternoon in April, helping to run a fund-raising event for the Marie Curie charity. They were positively showered with effusive thanks by the organiser of the event, who assured me that the pupils had been quite indispensable.

There have been concerts by our cheerful and highly skilled musicians, who twice put together a varied and highly entertaining programme: once to a delighted audience at the Ochil Nursing Home and once in the Music Room here at School to an audience drawn from the local villages and communities. Once again the Chapel was full at Christmas when the pensioners of the district came to hear the Carols.

But it is not just those directly involved in Community Service who have been doing good works this year. For the first time in a while, the whole School raised money for charity and had a hilarious time into the bargain on "Non-Uniform Day". Few will forget this day in February when

pupils paid £2 a head to turn up in anything they liked. The combined effect of dozens of imaginations running wild was little short of spectacular. The School was transformed into an extraordinary menagerie of chickens, penguins and bears padding around rather awkwardly, while a mysterious tribe of Arab sheiks seemed especially coy about revealing their true identity. Everyone joined in the fun of the occasion and it is certainly worth repeating. Nearly £1,000 for UNICEF was raised.

Raising money for charity was also the ultimate goal of the Assault Course which Riley took great delight in attempting back in October. They were rightly thrilled to have raised over £1,000 between them for the charity LEPRa, through generous sponsors. On a chilly afternoon, the pupils assembled in front of their newly acquired building site and launched themselves at the assault course (set upon the Paddock by the Army), scrambling over walls, crawling under nets and balancing precariously on rope bridges.

Many thanks to everyone who has so selflessly given of their time this year.

P.J.C.



Presentation of funds raised by the Riley Lepra Campaign

INYATHI LINK



When the Headmaster was approached by the Foreign Office to see if Strathallan would be prepared to enter into a twinning arrangement with the Inyathi Mission School in Zimbabwe, his response was an emphatic "Yes!"

The Mission School, situated in Matabeleland, is one of eight secondary schools in the area. Founded in 1951, this co-educational boarding school is home to approximately 600 pupils and 16 teachers. As well as studying a range of academic subjects, both boys and girls are introduced to the practicalities of building and agriculture, but the school is facing chronic under-funding, so much so that the bare necessities of school life – such as textbooks and stationery – are in short supply.

With this in mind, the Headmaster approached members of staff to see what could be done and the idea of supplying the school with a copier, as well as the necessary books and stationery, was born. Mr Mayes and Mr Kitson were given the task of co-ordinating the project.

Freeland House became a store for dis-

used text books, and copious quantities of pens, pencils, rubbers and rulers were collected from willing pupils.

Gestetner UK Limited came up trumps with a brand new "state of the art" copier at greatly reduced cost, and our thanks must go to Alisdair McCormick, Regional Sales Manager, Scotland, for organising its delivery to the Foreign Office in such an efficient manner.

Local businesses were also contacted with a view to sponsoring paper for the copier and, although the response was limited, our thanks must go to Sunprint, Bannerman Decorators and Pullman Foods for their generous donations.

Now how to transport all the books to the Foreign Office so that they could be flown to Harare on an H.M. Forces supply plane? Enter Mr Glimm with a Royal Marines four-tonner which he managed to commandeer for the trip to London. He and Mr Mayes set off loaded up with supplies, together with sleeping bags for an overnight stop in the back of the truck, and finally made the delivery on 2nd April without a hitch.

In all the excitement it was easy to forget that the copier still had to be paid for, but a generous donation from the Chapel collections, together with £800 from an "Occasionals" sponsored innings against the School 1st XI (many thanks R.J.W.P. for not only 49 exciting runs but also in engineering a masterly draw), has gone some way to clearing the debt.

Finally, many thanks to all our wonderfully supportive pupils who gave so generously to the appeal.

Mr Bebe, the Inyathi School Headmaster, was overwhelmed by the scale of the help Strathallan has given, and in his recent letter to the School has said that the Gestetner copier is already working overtime and Inyathi is only one of four schools in Zimbabwe to own one.

It is hoped that there may be opportunities in the future for some student exchanges to take place, but we are sure that this is just the start of a long and fruitful relationship with the Inyathi Mission School.

G.K.



SCRIPTURE UNION

Scripture Union "took off" during the year. We started with four members and ended up with nearly 30! Meeting twice a week on Fridays and Sundays, lively discussions took place on topical issues and world events, as well as Bible study and prayer. Life at Strathallan and problems encountered by pupils were frequently addressed, together with wider teenage issues.

On a lighter note, we held a summer barbecue at Mr Kitson's house at the end of term, and we were all thoroughly entertained by Raj Arumugam, Bob Ionides, Laurie Crump, Juan Figuerola-Ferretti and Lindsay Honeyman on their various musical instruments, as well as being well fed by Mrs Kitson.

Up until now San Sister, Isobel Stead, has kindly held all meetings in her flat,

but with growing numbers, a new venue may well have to be found. If numbers dictate, it is proposed that separate junior and senior meetings may have to be held. In the meantime, new members are always most welcome and anyone interested should contact either San Sister or Mr Kitson.

G.K.

POST-HIGHERS ADVENTURE

LOCH NEVIS - JUNE 1994

The week long adventure training week for those who have finished all of their examinations is ideally suited to sea canoeing and this year there were some 35 pupils involved in post-Highers week which is built around the Adventure Centre situated right in the heart of the remote west coast. Access to the centre is either by boat/canoe or by foot, with approximately 9 miles distance in both cases.

Each day we had a canoeing group, a sailing group and a walking group, ensuring that all those on the course were given a "fair spread of activities".

It was a great week and the most enjoyable parts were quite clearly the enthusiasm from the group, the staff spirit (in various forms !) and the location.

Well done, and many thanks to all concerned.

PJE

On a blustery June morning four vehicles dodged their way through Mallaig Carnival's Gala procession to gather at the quayside. They disgorged a large number of people, who set to loading an enormous quantity of personal gear, food, windsurfers and toppers on to an alarmingly small red launch called *Gipsy Rover*. Post-Highers '94 had begun.

A while later, 15 canoeists (described scornfully by Rod, who was walking, as those with the easy option) could be seen paddling round the calm, somewhat murky waters of Mallaig Harbour. Marie was cautiously going round in circles while A.D. asked question after question about what he should do if he capsized – something he clearly regarded to be a certainty.

The canoeists set off and immediately discovered that conditions were not ideal: in fact it was rather rough. The first two kilometres found many asking questions of themselves and not everyone was happy with the answers as they stopped for a snack. Assurances that they were half-way and that they would see the Centre around the next corner calmed the more mutinous individuals. Overall the group was slow and showed a wide range of abilities. There was, therefore, difficulty keeping everyone together so that should someone (usually Macho) capsize they could be saved quickly.

Finally, after many false alarms, the aforementioned corner was reached, and the Centre – Ardentigh – was visible as a tiny white blob in the distance. Clearly the odd "porky pie" had been told regarding the distance to be covered. But morale always improves when a goal can be seen, and the fact that the last four miles were in much calmer waters helped too. Even so, some members of the party required considerable cajoling before they finally staggered up the beach five-and-a-half hours after leaving Mallaig,

cold, hungry and with one question on their lips: "What time do we eat?"

The answer was not satisfactory. Tea preparation had not even started. There was a general outcry: were the walkers so incompetent? It would appear that they were not. The canoeists were not the only ones to have had an epic that afternoon. The walking party had become spread out and it had been feared that those at the back, not noted for their sense of direction, had become lost. A search party set out, a group whose tempers were probably not improved when, after a fruitless half hour, they returned to find the happy wanderers drinking coffee at the Centre. However, all these anxieties were forgotten when the launch, curiously absent on their arrival, finally appeared, being towed. A leak in one of the fuel pipes had meant that not only had the *Gipsy Rover* been out of action, but that a lot of equipment and food was coated in diesel. The walkers immediately organised themselves to unload and wash. They just completed this in time to form a welcoming party for the weary canoeists. By the time the evening meal was being consumed at half-past ten, each party was vying with the other as to who had had the worse afternoon. Things could only get better ...

Luckily they did just that. Although the weather could have been kinder, the activities of canoeing, expeditions and windsurfing, extended this year to include sailing, were carried out as usual. The party was divided into three groups which were rotated to ensure that while not everyone enjoyed everything, most at least enjoyed something.

Thus, although the start of Post-Highers week was far from ideal, all was not lost. In any case from such adversity much may be learnt. In many ways that first day illustrates what the trip is fundamentally about, and had everything gone

smoothly, the students might not have benefited anywhere near so much. Post-Highers is not a synonym for "a nice week away from School for pupils and staff", but rather an acronym for what we staff hope the students will get out of it:

P-Perseverance: canoeing when your "butt" hurts (Sally) or the skin on your thumb has worn away (Emma and Mac).

O-Originality: Rod's lavatorial water-skiing technique; Dougie's way of giving change.

S-Skills: to be learnt. Henry, according to Miss Neale, was better when he was faster; but P.J.E. needs to work at his water-skiing.

T-Teamwork: never better illustrated by the groups who took charge of the chores each day: well-cooked meals, scrubbed floors. We were impressed.

H-Humour: how not to lose this if, for example, the self-baler of your topper becomes a self-filler and you start to sink in the middle of the loch.

I-Initiative: What Mr Walker displayed to create a baler from a tomato sauce bottle. Pity the contents had to go in Mr Elliott's canoe. (But just what did happen to the marmalade?)

G-Grimacing and bearing it: even when you've just had two mugs of water poured down your trouser legs on the "challenge the staff" night. Back luck, Rod.

H-Helping others: thanks for the capsize drill demonstration, Katy: actions speak so much louder than words.

E-Enthusiasm: even to the extent of giving the staff a wake-up call to see if you can go sailing (Sally).

R-Relaxation: just how many jigsaw puzzles did Karen complete?

S-Sun (?), Singing (J.S.B. and J.L.B.), Sea, Sand, Sailing, Soaking, Surfing, Sinking, Swimming, Smiling.

Need I say more?

E.A.E.



SURVIVAL



What is wrong with warm beds, hot showers, dry clothes or even School food? Why do we, year after year, find volunteers who shun the joys of civilisation and exchange them for a layer of bracken, for cold rain, damp socks and the occasional morsel of grilled seagull?

Can it be that the organiser of the annual Survival Week writes such a fascinating account of the pleasures experienced by a privileged few? Does the attractive club tie with the eye-catching motif of crossed fish bones and crabs mesmerise the unsuspecting into signing on the dotted line? Or are so many people grossly overweight and think that a week on a desert island with its strict diet would improve the figure sufficiently to make the sacrifice worthwhile?

Whatever the reason, the fact remains that another party of would-be survivors set off again at the end of the summer term – everyone in high spirits and crammed full of high-calorie food to last them for a week. They had spoken to some of the old hands and had asked their advice on how best to prepare themselves for the possible hardships that lay ahead – and proceeded to ignore the advice (which basically says that you should reduce your food intake a few days beforehand in order to minimise the hunger pangs of the first thirty-six hours).

This year we had selected a new destination, the island of Cairn na Burgh Mhor in the Treshnish Group. Don't try to find it in your atlas, as it is no bigger than that irritating bit of dirt on the page. It is not much bigger in reality, only about 500 by 500 metres, and sticks out of the water like a rather uninviting lump of rock. In the old days it was used by the Lords of the Isles as a garrison, with a view to making life difficult for the

Vikings who raided this part of Scotland with persistent regularity.

This historical backdrop and the absence of fuel, food and human habitation made the island a naturally attractive target. The only thing we were pretty sure of (but we kept our fingers crossed, just in case) was that we would find enough water. As a matter of fact we did discover the place where the ancients had drawn their water, but the well was so silted up that we were rather glad when the rain came on and freshened up our supplies.

At the same time, of course, the rain tested the quality of our communal shelter, that homely construction of ponchos and string that had sprung up in the ruins of what was once the palace on the island. (Don't be fooled: a palace on those islands means that the house had two rooms instead of the customary one.) That same rain also tested the sense of humour of some members of the party who happened to have stretched out their sleeping bags directly under one of the many holes in the roof. I still remember laughing heartily at their antics in the middle of the night – mind you, I was dry!

No report of the Survival Week would be complete without the mention of food; it certainly was, once again, a topic of conversation raised more frequently than any others, including important ones like: should every member of the party be made to wash at least once during the week?

The most fascinating aspect of the food-talks is always the great variety of horrendous concoctions that people begin to yearn for and dream about – the pizza with Mars Bar topping is one of the more acceptable examples. When it came to actual eating, the choice was again a trifle

limited and we thanked our lucky stars for some crabs and some fish, which a passing boat threw over to us. "You can use them as bait!" the fishermen shouted. Needless to say, none of those fish ever saw a hook again – they went straight into the mess-tins and were eaten without any thought that this action might violate the spirit of the survival course. We are allowed to eat what we find, and those fish certainly rated as a find – as a very lucky one, in fact.

As always, different people get different things out of the island experience. Some might discover hidden talents as hunters and fishermen, others are suddenly capable of keeping up the flagging spirits with an endless string of funny stories. Some habitual loners become valuable members of a team for the first time in their lives, while others who are normally regarded as the life and soul of any party, seem to withdraw into themselves and wallow in self-pity.

One thing is sure, however, and that is that nobody is ever completely unaffected by the week on the island. Everybody learns something about himself and about other people – how we react to a stressful situation differs tremendously from one person to another: how much inner strength we can muster, how we maintain our sense of humour, what kind of a human being we really are, deep down, when the pressure is on.

In this respect the Survival Week is less of a physical challenge than a psychological one. It allows one to examine some aspects of one's own personality, it gives one an opportunity to see others, not as they would like to appear, but as they really are. And it answers the questions posed at the beginning.

K.G.

THE CHARITY BALL

Chaos.

Planned chaos.

One of life's little mysteries will always be that no matter how much effort is put into an event - like the Ball - as it looms closer into view, everything becomes chaotic. I don't mean the organisation - the organisation was incredibly efficient. Mr Todd and his team handled everything perfectly. I mean from our view. Even though we had planned exactly which necklace to wear and when exactly to wash our hair we still ran around like headless chickens on the night. Maybe it's one of these "things" about women - we can't do anything without making a fuss; mind you, I'm not sure what was happening in the boys' Houses - it could have been exactly the same scenario.

However, despite the fuss on our part, everyone arrived at the ball room (aka the dining room) on time looking perfectly primped and pretty, although all the effort that we put in to choosing and making our dresses and grooming ourselves seemed to be thrown to the winds as we walked in. The dining room had been transformed into the centre of the Forgardenny Rock Festival and it's not very easy to keep up intricate hair

styles while moseying to Guns and Roses.

Never before have three completely different bands appeared at the School Ball. All were superb including the visiting band which gave us the pleasure of flinging ourselves (or being flung) about to the tunes of three well known Scottish Country Dances (was it only three ?) The School Band, led by Mr Todd, impressed even the musically talented among us with the sweetly melodic voices of Finn Syme and Lucy Webster. It doesn't stop there, however - the united talents of the Perthshire Band and the voice of Tim Goody surprised us all. It was a pleasure to have such a variety of music to suit all tastes.

At the time I didn't realise exactly how much effort was being put into "The Ball"-it was only two weeks after the said event while letting my mind slip silently away from my intriguing trigonometry equations that I asked myself whether it was really necessary to choose in November what colour of nail varnish to wear for the Ball in February. I came to the conclusion that it probably wasn't, but what the heck -it was fun!

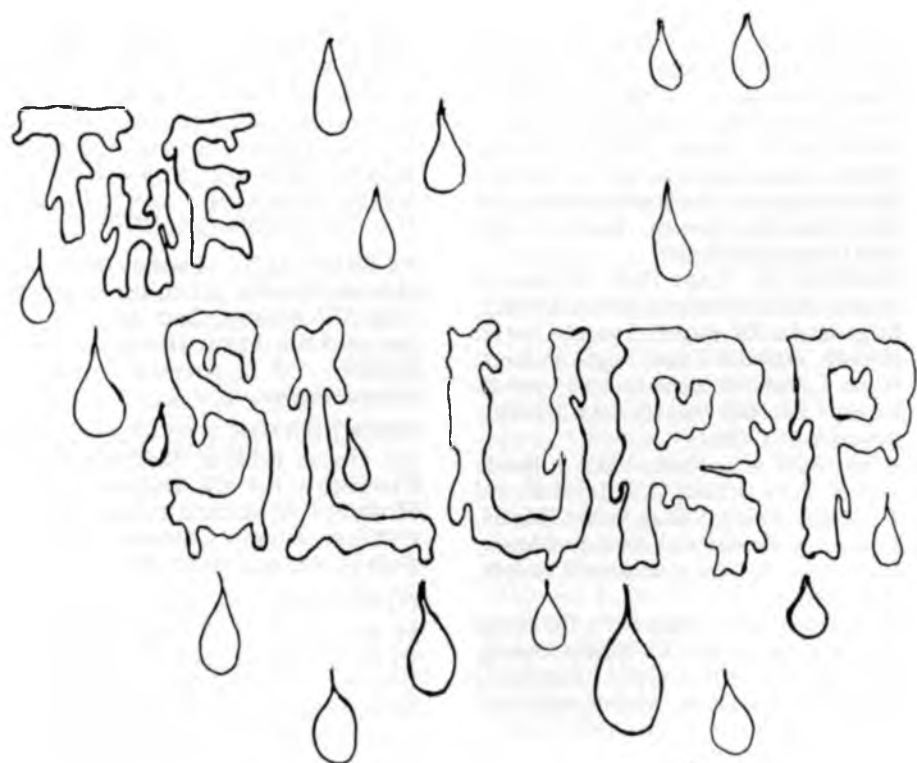
Kim Fowler



NON-UNIFORM DAY



WOW, WHAT A PARTY!



As advertised, the December disco – “The Slurp” – was held with DJs “Lost Boy” and “Mr Robbie”. The turn out was great – both Masters and dancers attended in droves.

Mr Clark, Mr Ball and Mr Barnes took charge of crowd control and handled it with great ease. After all, who would argue with them! Indeed, most prefects left their duties unattended and joined the crowd. The younger dancers were surprised to see so many OAP Sixth Formers taking to the floor. Even Richie G. and Markie I. managed a little waddle around, while many younger dancers stood on the stage in front of the lights, grooving enthusiastically and when one came down about five tried to get up. Chaos!

At eleven o'clock most dancers returned to their Houses dead beat after three solid hours of heavy bass and very energetic dancing. As couples were leaving I asked for their comments on the evening. David Heslop and Siobhan Lowe replied that it was great and they were looking forward to next term's.

Mr X

VALETE

TORQUIL MACLEOD



In spite of a determined final ambush staged by the notorious Art Department stairs, T.J.M. has survived to reach a well-deserved retirement. For almost thirty years this fine old warhorse has been an integral part of Strathallan and has made a major contribution in a wide range of fields. For generations of Strathallians the Art Department has been not just a place of successful education but a place of refuge and regeneration when required. There have been talented artists who have been helped on their way to Colleges and Universities and who have exhibited both within the School and outside, notably in the highly successful Foyle's showing. Just as importantly the less talented have been encouraged and enthused, though to someone of Torquil's artistic abilities some of their efforts must sometimes have caused acute pain. The numbers of pupils with work of 'distinction' to show the Headmaster have borne witness not only to real creativity but also to Torquil's generosity of spirit.

Li Commander Macleod has probably seen more of Dartmouth (note the unique pronunciation) than any senior member of the Admiralty. From the Dreadnought to the Cruise Missile he has given up countless holidays to look after naval cadets. It was only right that his long years of service should have been recognised by an RNR Decoration.

T.J.M.'s stage sets have been a vital part of every production. Somehow he

has always got it right - even if the last splash of paint has been administered while the audience has gathered. The unpromising Gym Stage has been transformed to Dickensian London, Castle Cawdor or Mozartian Vienna with a misleading impression of ease. The same touch he has extended to his imaginative and sometimes wicked 'sets' for the staff Christmas party (over the years guests have been given many an enlightening introduction to the charms of Amsterdam).

As an exhibiting artist himself (dismissively self-described as a 'dauber') Torquil has remained incredibly generous to his friends and to any fund-raising activity. From his colleagues he has had to absorb savage attacks on his one-man campaign to raise the seagull to a major art form. Good-humouredly he has taken all this whilst fully aware that their closest approximation to his artistic talent is to get a photocopier to work.

Strathallan will miss Torquil. He has done so many things and contributed in so many ways. St Andrew's Night will never be the same without his rendering of "O Rowan Tree". His self-deprecating approach has not been able to disguise a real talent. His slight tendency to have a 'wee stir' could not hide genuine unselfishness. His courteous manner; his concern for the problems of others whilst trivialising his own; his great loyalty to friends and to the School: all will be greatly missed. May a long and happy retirement on the banks of the Tay reward a fine Highland Gentleman.

FREELAND

UVI

ADAM C.S. Came 1989; III; House Prefect; Private; Bronze D. of E.; 1st XV Rugby; Athletics Team; House Colours. *Blair Adam, By Kelty, Fife, KY4 0JF.*

BRUCE-JONES A.D. Came 1989; III; House Prefect; Gold D. of E.; 3rd XV Rugby; Skiing Team; Sailing Team; Lifesaving Award of Merit. *Camsie House, Charlestown, Dunfermline, Fife, KY11 3EE.*

DODD H.E.L. Came 1989; III; House Prefect; Leading Seaman; 3rd XV Rugby; 2nd XI Cricket; House Colours; Skiing; Squash. *Douganhill, Castle Douglas, Kirkcudbrightshire, DG7 1QQ.*

DUNCAN H.A.B. Came 1989; III; 3rd XI Cricket; 6th XV Rugby; Land Management; Freeland Racing Correspondent. *Newlands, Kirkmahoe, Dumfries.*

FOY J.G.K. Came 1989; III; Leading Seaman; Under 14s and 15s C's Rugby; House Plays. *Crichton House, Pathead, Midlothian, EH37 5UX.*

GOODY T.D. Came 1989; III; Leading Seaman; U14 C's Rugby; Mathematics Prize; Lifesaving Bronze Medallion; House Plays. *Lambs Park, Forganenny, Perth.*

GRAY S.C.R. Came 1989; III; House Prefect; Lance Corporal; 2nd XI Hockey; 2nd XV Rugby; Cross Country; Skiing; 3rd XI Cricket. *East Fenton, North Berwick, East Lothian, EH39 5AH.*

HARROD S.E. Came 1989; III; Head of House; School Prefect; House Prefect; Sergeant; 1st XV Rugby (3 years); 2nd XI Hockey; Athletics Team; Rugby Colours; House Colours; Scotland Under 15 and 18 Rugby. *3 Kaims Hill, Letham Grange, Arbroath, D11 4RL.*

HODGSON A.J. Came 1987; I; House Prefect; Petty Officer; Gold D. of E.; 3rd XV Rugby; Skiing; Sailing; House Colours; Lifesaving Bronze and Award of Merit. *High Barn, Farlam, Brampton, Cumbria, CA8 1LA.*

JACOBSEN S.B. Came 1989; III; House Prefect; Corporal; 2nd XV Rugby; Curling; Squash; 3rd XI Hockey. *Mains of Catterline, Catterline, Near Stonehaven, Kincardineshire.*

JOHNSTON P.M. Came 1987; I; House Prefect; Cpl; Rugby 1st XV; Basketball 1st V; Football 1st XI; Cricket 1st XI; Hockey U16s A; M.I.S. Prize; House Colours; Rugby Colours; School Plays; Verse-Speaking. *29 Falcon Gardens, Edinburgh, EH9.*

KITSON G.T. Came 1988; II; House Prefect, Leading Seaman; 2nd XV Rugby; 2nd XI Cricket; 3rd and 4th Form Hockey; House Plays. *3 Rossie Place, Forganenny.*

MEIKLEJOHN J.F. Came 1989; III; House Prefect; School Prefect; Corporal; 1st XV Rugby; 1st XI Hockey; Athletics Team; House Colours; Rugby Colours. *Blervie, Forbes, Moray, IV36 0RH.*

NINHAM C.A. Came 1987; I; House Prefect; Library Prefect; Petty Officer Navy; 2nd XV Rugby; Golf Team; House Colours. *5 Earngrove, Kintillo, Bridge of Earn, Perth, PH2 9BL.*

NICOL

UVI

ARUMUGAM R.K. Came 1989; III; House Prefect; Cross-Country Team; Athletics Team; House Colours; Grade 8 Trumpet; Robert Barr Music Prize; Jazz Band; Orchestra; Choir; Brass Group; School Plays. *Ardrossan Road, Seamill, West Kilbride, Ayrshire, KA23 9LR.*

BENNETT A.J.B. Came 1989; III; School Prefect (Chapel Prefect); Deputy Head of House; Athletics Team (Captain) (Full Colours); Sergeant Major and Head of Marines; 1st XI Hockey (Full Colours); Indoor Hockey; Chameleons Hockey; 2nd XV Rugby; Midlands Rugby; House Colours. *5 Abbots Close, Winchester, Hants, SO23 7EX.*

BLATHERWICK N.A. Came 1989; III; House Prefect; Captain of Skiing (Full Colours); Librarian; Silver D. of E.; House Swimming; House Colours; 3rd Form Effort Prize; Radio Ham; Pipe Band; Lifesaving; Motorbike Core; Choir. *14 Lentlands Road, Forfar, Angus, DD8 1JW.*

DUNLOP D.A.M. Came 1988; II; School Prefect; Head of House; Basketball Team (Full Colours); Badminton Team; Tennis Team; 2nd XV Rugby; House Colours; School Play. *Ballinloan, Dunalistair, By Pitlochry, Perthshire, PH16 5PE.*

FIGUEROLA-FERRETTI J. Came 1992; LVI; House Prefect; Vice-Captain Basketball; 2nd XV Rugby; Victor Ludorum; Jazz Band; Choir; Wind Band. *Street Fortuny, No 14, Flat 7, 28010 Madrid, Spain.*

GREEN J.G. Came 1987; I; School Prefect; Corporal Marines; 1st XV Rugby (Full Colours); Midlands Rugby; President's XV; 1st XI Hockey (Full Colours); Indoor Hockey; Chameleons Hockey; Squash Team. *27 Acer Crescent, Balgonie Estate, Paisley, PA2 9LR.*

HAENLE P.G.T. Came 1992; LVI; House Prefect; 3rd XI Hockey; Tennis Team; 5th XV Rugby; House Colours. *Bruggspergersir 11, 81545 Munich, Germany.*

HENDERSON J.D. Came 1989; III; House Prefect; 1st XV Rugby (Full Colours); 1st XI Cricket (Half Colours); Swimming Team; 1st VII Rugby; Scottish Schools' U18 XV; Midlands Rugby; President's XV; House Colours. *Weirbank, St Mary's Road, Melrose, Roxburghshire, TD6 9LJ.*

HENDERSON P.R. Came 1989; III; House Prefect; Head of CCF; 2nd XV Rugby (Captain); Athletics Team; Chemistry, Biology Prizes; School Plays. *6 Stephenson Court, Wylam, Northumberland, NE41 8DZ.*

LIVINGSTON W.A. Came 1990; III; Corporal in Army; House Skiing; Third Form Work Prize. *Mains of Cargill, Meiklour, By Perth, PH2 6DU.*

RUSSELL N.J.R. Came 1989; III; House Prefect; Bronze D. of E.; 1st XV Rugby; 1st VII Rugby; Swimming Team (Colours); House Colours. *Box 43675, Nairobi, Kenya.*

SHEPHERD T.D. Came 1993; Sgt Major - Army; 5th XV Rugby; Fencing Team; Athletics Team; HCTC Team. *Dogs-hillock Farm, Aberchirder, By Huntly, Aberdeenshire, AB5 4PS.*

STEPHENS G.R. Came 1990; III; House Prefect; 1st XV Rugby; House Colours; House Golf, Cricket. *Kentallen Farm, Aros, Isle of Mull, PA72 6JS.*

WANLESS A.M. Came 1989; III; Captain of Squash; 5th XV Rugby. *22 Orchil Gardens, Dunning, Perthshire, PH2 0SR.*

V

WALKER R.D. Came 1990; III; Cadet-Marines; 4th XV Rugby; 3rd XI Hockey; Sailing Team; 3rd Form Effort Prize. *Graceland, Church Lane, Wilburton, Ely, Cambridgeshire.*

RUTHVEN

UVI

BLAIMER D.R. Came 1992; LVI. *Bozzan's Strasse 20, 81545 Munich, Germany.*

CHOWN S.J. Came 1989; III; 4th XV Rugby; 1st XI Football; Third Form B XI Cricket. *Wester Lumbernie, Newburgh, Fife, KY14 6EX.*

DOBSON N.C. Came 1989; III; House Prefect; Golf Team. *Links House, Kennedy Avenue, Dornoch, Sutherland, IV25 3LW.*

DOVER M.R. Came 1988; II; House Prefect; 2nd XI Football; Pipe Band (Full Colours). *c/o P.T. Jakarta Lane, P.O. Box 8426, Kbyimp, Jakarta, Indonesia.*

FITCHIE M.R. Came 1989; II; House Prefect; Athletics Team (Full Colours); Cross Country Team (Colours); Bronze, Silver and Gold D. of E.; Bronze Medallion and Award of Merit Lifesaving. *Saetra House, Inchmarco Road, Banchory, Kincardineshire, AB31 3RR.*

GAMMACK-CLARK J.P. Came 1988; II; House Prefect; Marine; Athletics Team; Cross Country Team (Colours); 1st XI Football; House Colours. *425 Crestwood Lane, Naples, Florida, 33962, U.S.A.*

GAW A.J. Came 1988; II; House Prefect; Pipe Major; House Colours. *Low Drumskeog, Port William, Newton Stewart, Wigtownshire, D98 9LS.*

GIBB N.J.H. Came 1990; IV; Shooting Team; Athletics Team; Cross Country Team. *Glenisla House, By Blairgowrie, Perthshire, PH11 8QL.*

GRAHAM R.A.D. Came 1988; II; Captain of School; School Prefect; House Prefect; Bronze D. of E.; 3rd XV Rugby; Athletics Team; Cross Country Team (Colours); Sailing Team (captain); Business Studies Prize; Geography Prize; Smith Cup; House Colours; School Plays; Debating Society. *31 Garngaber Avenue, Lenzie, Glasgow, G66 4LL.*

GRIFFITHS R.M. Came 1992; LVI; House Prefect. *17 St Mary's Drive, Perth, PH2 7BY.*

HALLIDAY M.W. Came 1989; III; House Prefect; Army Corporal; 3rd XV Rugby; 1st XI Football (Captain); 3rd XI Hockey; House Colours. *Bellevue, Keir, Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, D93 4DH.*

IONIDES R.J.C. Came 1989; III; U15C Rugby; Jazz Band; Orchestra; Choral Society; Cross Country Team. *Glenogle Farm, Lochearnhead, Perthshire, FK19 8PT.*

KLOUBERT T.G.K. Came 1992; LVI; Young Enterprise. *China World Trade Centre, 2930-32, No. 1 Jian Guo Men Wai Dajie, Beijing 100004, P.R. China.*

MACDONALD J.P.A. Came 1989; III; House Prefect; Marine; 1st XV Rugby; 1st XI Hockey; 1st XI Football; 1st VI Indoor Hockey; House Colours. *P.O. Box 594, Dubai, United Arab Emirate.*

MACLEOD A.M. Came 1989; III; House Prefect; Pipe Sergeant; Squash Team; Golf Team; Cross Country Team; English Prize; House Colours. *4 Ness Way, Fortrose, Ross-shire, IV10 8SR.*

MARSHALL C.I. Came 1987; I; House Prefect; Army Sergeant Major. *6 Cluny Cottages, Colliestown; Ellon; Aberdeen-shire, AB41 8RS.*

MOFFAT R.D. Came 1992; LVI; House Prefect; Bronze D. of E.; 1st XI Football; Curling team. *5 Pentland Avenue, Edinburgh, EH13 0HZ.*

WALLACE J.P. Came 1987; School Prefect; 1st VI Tennis (Captain); German Prize; School Plays. *Castlehill, Main Street, Longforgan, Dundee, DD2 5EU.*

WILLIAMS R.A.D. Came 1990; IV; Head of House; School Prefect; Royal Marines Corporal; Cross Country Team; 2nd XI Cricket; House Colours. *3 The Spinney, Maldon Road, Hatfield Peverel, Chelmsford, Essex, CM3 2JY.*

SIMPSON

UVI

AGNEW J.B. Came 1987; I; House Prefect; 2nd XI Cricket; 2nd VI Indoor Hockey; 2nd XI Hockey; 3rd XV, U16 As XV, U14 BXV Rugby; Skiing Team; Basketball Team; Cricket U16 Scottish Wayfarers; Able Seaman in C.C.F. *Apt. 66, Monte de la Torre, Los Barrios 11370, Prov. de Cadiz, Spain.*

BARKER M. Came 1989; III; School Prefect; Deputy Head of House; 2nd XI Hockey (Captain); 1st XV Rugby (Full Colours); 2nd XI Hockey; 1st XI Football; House Colours; M.T.B.; Squash; Windsurfing; Bronze D. of E.; Lance Corporal. *11 Kingseat Road, Dunfermline, Fife, KY12 0DE.*

BURTON G.D. Came 1986; I; School Prefect; House Prefect; Captain of Rugby (Full colours); Scottish Schools Rugby 1993 Tour of Australia; Midlands Rugby; President's XV Rugby; House Colours; Basketball; Athletics. *The Garth, Drum, Near Kinross, Tayside.*

CRUMP L. Came 1987; II; House Prefect; Tennis VI; Orchestra; String Orchestra; Choir; Folk Music; Chamber Music; School Play; Verse Speaking; Jazz Band. *Auchenstrom, Mondaive, Near Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, DG3 4JD.*

DRUMMOND M.K.I. Came 1989; II; House Prefect; House Basketball (Captain) (Half Colours); 2nd XV Rugby; Swimming Team; Athletics Team; House Colours; Cross Country; Hill Walking; Bronze D. of E.; Art Distinction; Private in CCF. 2 *Gallowhill Wynd, Kinross, Tayside, KY13 7RY.*

FROST M.F.B. Came 1989; III. *Edenside House, Kelso, Roxburghshire.*

HUNTER T.G. Came 1986; I; House Prefect; Secretary Hockey; Fishing (Captain); U13, U14, U15 4th XV Rugby; Riley 1st XI, J. Colt, S. Colt A Cricket; 2nd, 1st XI Hockey; Scottish Chameleon, Midlands, Perthshire (2nd Outdoor, 1st Indoor) Hockey; Art and History Distinction; Full Colours - Hockey; Community Sports Leader; Able Seaman in CCF. *Restenneth Priory, Forfar, Angus, DD8 2SZ.*

IRONSIDE M. Came 1987; I; House Prefect; U13 A, J. Colt A, S. Colt A, 3rd XI Cricket; 1st XI Football; U12C, U13C, U14C Rugby; U12C, U13C, U14C Hockey; Sports Leadership Award; House Colours; Head Librarian; Colours for Football; D. of E. Bronze; Private in CCF. *Greenbank of Phingask, Fraserburgh, Aberdeenshire, AB43 4AB.*

JEFFREY A. Came 1989; II; House Prefect; Captain of Cricket; 1st XI Cricket; Cross Country Team; 2nd XI Hockey; 3rd XV Rugby; Best Actor House Drama 4th Form; School Play; Able Seaman in CCF. 9 *Berrydale Road, Blairgowrie, Perthshire, PH10 6UA.*

KIRKLAND K.R. Came 1989; III; 1st XV Rugby (Half Colours); Midlands Rugby; President's XV Rugby; House Colours; Cricket 2nd XI. *Gateside Farm Cottage, Bridge of Earn, PH2 8QR.*

MORRIS R.J. Came 1989; III; Head of House; School Prefect; 2nd XV Rugby; 3rd XI Cricket; 1st XI Football; Athletics Team; 3rd and 4th Form Prizes; House Colours; Lance Corporal in Royal Marines. *Selkirk Arms Hotel, Kirkcudbright, Galloway, DG6 4JG.*

OVENSTONE E.J.N. Came 1986; I; House Prefect; 1st XI Hockey (Full Colours); 1st XI Football (Half Colours); 2nd Rugby; 3rd XI Cricket; Bronze Award in D. of E.; Lance Corporal in CCF. *Mayfield, Newton of Balcormo, Arncroach, By Pittenweem, Fife, KY10 2RE.*

STEVENS A.D. Came 1989; III; House Prefect; Marine; 2nd XV Rugby; 2nd XI Hockey; 3rd XI Cricket. *Old Railway Station, Walkerburn, Peeblesshire, EH43 6DD.*

STIRLING J.M.C. Came 1993; UVI; 3rd XV Rugby; Golf; House Skiing; School Play. *Belvedere, Kenilworth Road, Bridge of Allan, FK9 4DU.*

THOMSON Z.D.C. Came 1987; I; School Prefect; 3rd XV Rugby; Skiing; Corporal in CCF; MTB. *Cul-de-Zak, Barclay Park, Aboyne, Aberdeenshire.*

WATT G.S. Came 1987; I; 1st XV Rugby; 3rd XI Cricket; School Ski Team; Lance Corporal Marines. 27 *Quadrant Road, Newlands, Glasgow, G43 2QP.*

LVI

DRUMMOND J.A. Came 1987; I; Cadet in CCF; Pipe Band; Rugby; Cricket; Hockey; Indoor Football; Squash; Basketball. 15 *Beaconsfield Road, Kelvinside, Glasgow, G12 0PJ.*

V

FROST E.J.G. Came 1991; III. *Edenside House, Kelso, Roxburghshire, TD5 7BS.*

GRIFFIN L. Came 1993; V. *Blairtummoch, Campsie Glen, Glasgow, G65 7AR.*

HUSSAIN A. Came 1991; III. 24 *Muirend Avenue, Perth, PH1 1JL.*

MITCHELL C.F. Came 1991; III; Senior Golf Champion 1993 and 1994; Scottish Schoolboys' Golf 1993 and 1994; House Colours. *Royal Hotel, Allan Street, Blairgowrie, PH10 6AB.*

WATSON I.M. Came 1993; V. 10B, *Shiu Fai Terrace, Hong Kong.*

THORNBANK

UVI

CATHCART E.K. Came 1992; LVI; House Prefect; 3rd XI Hockey; Tennis Team; Badminton Team; Edinburgh Festival Drama Competition. *Culraven, Borgue, Kirkcudbright, Dumfries and Galloway, DG6 4SE.*

CURRIE E.M. Came 1987; I; House Prefect; Bronze D. of E.; Athletics Team; Swimming Team; William Tattersall Art Prize; Victrix Ludorums 2nd and 3rd Form; Scottish Schools' Athletics; Verse Speaking and Acting; House Colours. *In Den Reben, 27, CH-4108, Wittersuni.*

DEWAR L.A. Came 1987; I; House Prefect; Bronze D. of E.; 2nd XI Hockey; Cricket Team; Athletics Team; Wilfred Hoare Reading Prize; Scanlan Cup for Girls Merit; School Plays; Directed Riley Entertainment and Thornbank Senior House Plays. 25 *Halyburton Place, Cupar, Fife.*

FORSTER V.J. Came 1988; II; Deputy Head of House; School Prefect; Bronze D. of E.; 1st Netball Team; Tennis Team; Basketball; Rounders. *Thornbank House, Thornbank Road, Stranraer, Wigtownshire, DG9 0EY.*

FRAME C.S. Came 1988; II; House Prefect; Bronze D. of E.; Netball team; Shooting Team; Young Enterprise; Editor - Strathallian. 30 *Murrayfield Road, Edinburgh, EH12 6ER.*

HEALY C.C. Came 1989; III; House Prefect; Gold D. of E.; 1st Netball Team; House Cross Country; Grade VII Piano; Community Service. *Northfield, 11 Muirton Bank, Perth, PH1 5DN.*

MACLENNAN L.F. Came 1987; I; School Prefect; 1st XI Hockey (Captain); Head of Girls' Army; Corporal Army; Swimming Team; House Cross Country; Girls' Cricket; Community Service. 16c *Drummond Road, Inverness, Scotland.*

MELDRUM D. Came 1989; III; House Prefect; Bronze D. of E.; 1st XI Hockey (Vice-Captain); Swimming Team; 1st Tennis Team (Captain); Rounders; Community Service; Full Colours (Hockey and Tennis). *Rijswijk, Craichie, By Forfar, Angus, DD8 2LU.*

MILNE R.N. Came 1989; III; School Prefect; Head of House; 1st XI Hockey; Tennis Team; Athletics Team; Full Colours (Hockey and Tennis). *North Cookney, Croft, Muchalls, Near Stonehaven, Kincardineshire, AB3 2SL.*

NICOLSON E.M. Came 1989; II; House Prefect; Bronze D. of E.; 3rd XI Hockey Team; Lacrosse XII; Athletics Team; Girls' Cricket; Half Colours (Athletics); C.C.P.R. Sport Leadership Award. *Spindrift, Birch Drive, Bowmore, Isle of Islay, PA43 7JA.*

PALMER K. Came 1992; LVI; House Prefect; House Colours; 3rd XI Hockey; Athletics Team; Lacrosse Team; Edinburgh Festival Honours Certificate; School Plays; Riley Entertainment. *Greymount, Alyth, Blairgowrie, Perthshire, PH11 8NP.*

PROCTER E.N. Came 1989; III; House Prefect; Library Prefect; Bronze D. of E.; Badminton; Canoeing; Community Service. 14 *Wilson Road, Banchory, Kincardineshire, AB31 3UY.*

SMITH A.M. Came 1989; III; House Prefect; School Librarian; Athletics (Captain); Badminton Team; Cross Country; Full Colours (Athletics); House Colours; Minor Sport Colours (Cross Country); Community Sports Leadership Awards. 4 *Deans Park, Dunkeld, Perthshire, PH8 0JH.*

STEWART S.E. Came 1992; LVI; House Prefect; Badminton; Tennis Team; 2nd XI Hockey. *Wassenaarseweg 208, 2596 EC, The Hague, Holland.*

TILFORD R.E. Came 1989; III; House Prefect; Corporal Army; Bronze D. of E.; 1st Netball Team; Athletics Team; Squash Team; Swimming Team; Cross Country; Skiing; Rounders; Full Colours (Netball); Half Colours (Swimming and Athletics). *Druim Wood, Stratherrick Road, Inverness, IV2 4LQ.*

WILSON C.F. Came 1989; III; House Prefect; Leading Wren Navy; Bronze D. of E.; 3rd XI Hockey; Swimming Team; Tennis Team; Full Colours (Swimming and Tennis); First Aid Certificate; Grade I Canoeing. *Argyll Park, James Street, Helensburgh, Dunbartonshire, G84 8XM.*

YOUNG L.J.S. Came 1989; III; House Prefect; Bronze D. of E.; Netball; 3rd XI Hockey; Swimming Team; Athletics Team; House Colours; Swimming Colours; House Plays. *Manor Lea, Manor Street, Forfar, Angus, DD8 1BR.*

V

BARLOW A.L. Came 1991; III; Athletics Team; Netball Team; Badminton; Swimming Team; School Play; House Plays; Debating Team. *S.A.U., B.S.P., Seria, Brunei, Borneo, S.E. Asia.*

CLIFFORD G. Came 1991; III; Able Seaman; Bronze D. of E. *I.T.C., PMB 14, Banjul, The Gambia, West Africa.*

DILGER E.F. Came 1991; III; House Play; German Exchange; Edinburgh Festival. *Al Nassin Compound, Apartment 25D, c/o British Aerospace, P.O. Box 34, Khams Muscat, Saudi Arabia.*

HANSSON-BOLT M.S. Came 1991; III; Pipe Band; Athletics Team; Tennis Team; Netball Team; Drumming Cup; School Play; House Play; Music; Choir. *Craigvarrich, Strathay, By Pitlochry, Perthshire, PH9 0PY.*

OUTLAW E.J. Came 1989; I; Cadet Navy; Bronze D. of E.; 1st XI Hockey; Junior Tennis. *Newington House, Cupar, Fife, KY15 4NW.*

WEBSTER L.M.F. Came 1990; II; Bronze D. of E.; 3rd XI Hockey; Netball; Lacrosse; Debating; School Band; Choir; Orchestra. *6 Part Road, Cults, Aberdeen, AB1 9HR.*

WOODLANDS

UVI

BISHOP K.T. Came 1989; III; House Prefect; Bronze D. of E.; Community Services. *59 South Lawne, Rickley Lane, Blechley, Milton Keynes, Bucks, MK3 6BU.*

BRUCE A.E. Came 1987; I; House Prefect; 1st XI Hockey (Full Colours); Girls' Cricket Team (Captain); U16 and U18 Midlands Hockey Team; U16 Scotland Squad. *1 Cambridge Street, Edinburgh, EH1 2DY.*

CUST S.A. Came 1989; III; School Prefect; 1st VII Netball (Captain) (Full Colours); Shooting Team (Captain); Swimming Team (Colours); British Junior Small Bore Rifle Team and British Schools. *33 North Close, Medmenham, Marlow, Buckinghamshire.*

HAMILTON M. Came 1987; I; House Prefect; Badminton Team; Rounders Team; House Colours; Music, Community Services; Dancing. *33 Abbotsford Crescent, Perth, PH1 1SP.*

HASLAM C.S. Came 1989; III; House Prefect; Head Librarian; Silver D. of E.; Swimming Team (Full Colours); Badminton Team; Art Distinctions; House Colours. *19 East Preston Street, Newington, Edinburgh, EH8 9QG.*

HASLAM L.C. Came 1989; III; House Prefect; Badminton Team; Tennis Team; Art; Community Services. *19 East Preston Street, Newington, Edinburgh, EH8 9QG.*

MACKAY R.H. Came 1987; I; Head of House, School Prefect; Bronze D. of E.; Badminton Team; Girls' Cricket Team; Community Services. *3734 Beechglenn Drive, La Crescenta, CA 91214, U.S.A.*

McMAHON V.C. Came 1987; I; House Prefect; Bronze and Silver D. of E.; 3XI Hockey Team; House Colours; Senior Plays (Assistant Stage Manager 1994). *13 Snowdon Terrace, Seamill, West Kilbride, Ayrshire, KA23 9HN.*

MOIR L.A. Came 1987; I; House Prefect; 1st XI Hockey (Full Colours); Indoor Hockey; Hockey Sevens; Athletics Team (Half Colours); Junior Victrix Ludorum; Cross Country; G.C.S.E. Exam Prize; French Prize; String Orchestra. *Woodlea, Burnside Road, Fochabers, Moray, IV21 7EU.*

MOORE H.F. Came 1989; III; House Prefect; Physics Prize; Maths Prize; Strings Prize. *108 Dundee Road, Perth, PH2 7BA.*

NICHOLLS R.A. Came 1988; II; House Prefect; Bronze D. of E.; 3rd XI Hockey; Sailing; Lifesaving. *The Falconry, Morar, Near Mallaig, Inverness-shire, PH40 1AA.*

NICHOLSON E.A. Came 1989; III; House Prefect; 2nd XI Hockey Team; Tennis Team; Squash Team. *Torwood Cottage, Armadale, Rhu, Dunbartonshire, G84 8LG.*

PROCTOR C.V. Came 1989; III; House Prefect; Silver D. of E.; 1st XI Hockey (Half Colours); Girls' Cricket Team; History Prize; Philosophy; Orchestra and String Orchestra; Sailing. *Coventrees, Forgandenny, Perth, PH2 9HP.*

QUARRY L.A.L. Came 1989; III; House Prefect; Bronze and Silver D. of E.; Athletics Team; Cross Country Team; Hockey Team; Art Prize. *Cairnies Cottage, Glenalmond, Perthshire.*

RALSTON S.A.B. Came 1989; III; House Prefect; 2nd XI Hockey; Tennis Team; Community Services. *35 Warren Road, Donaghadee, County Down, Northern Ireland, BT21 0PD.*

SILVER C.M.S. Came 1989; III; House Prefect; 3rd XI Hockey; Tennis Team; Badminton Team; Girls' Cricket Team; Rounders Team; House Colours; Music; Community Services. *Leyden, Kirknew-ton, Midlothian, EH27 8DQ.*

SIMPSON J.E. Came 1989; III; House Prefect. *44 Colonsay Drive, Newton Mearns, Glasgow, G77 6TY.*

SWINBANKS H.L. Came 1987; I; House Prefect; Squash Team; Design and Technology Prize. *8 Main Street, Tobermory, Isle of Mull, PA75 6NU.*

TURNER K.J. Came 1989; School Prefect; 1st XI Hockey Team (Full Colours); Curling Team (Full Colours); Girls' Cricket Team; Economics Prize. *Blairessan, Station Road, Killearn, Glasgow, G63 9NS.*

LVI

BARR G.H. Came 1989; III; House Prefect; 2nd XI Hockey; Girls' Cricket Team; House Colours. *Two Oaks, 41 Station Road, Killearn, Glasgow, G63 9NZ.*

V

McLARDY L.J. Came 1991; III; Bronze D. of E.; Rounders. *11 Corse Hill Drive, West Kilbride, Ayrshire.*

IV

HENDERSON L.E.H. Came 1989; III; Hockey; Rounders; Netball. *6 Stephenson Court, Wyram, Northumberland, NE41 8DZ.*

LAST WORDS

"Of everything I've enjoyed at Strathallan, I'll miss my friends most."

"The first term was interminably long, the last impossibly short."

"I believe Strathallan has put me back on the straight and narrow at present."

"If this School taught me anything, it was how to cope with the feeling of impending doom."

"So much for the 'last meal'."

"Surf's up, dudes!"

"The end of the M.H.H.B.S., first founded by Piggy all those years ago."

"..... Zulu Zygote Zymo Zymotic Zymwgy"

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PUBLIC EXAMINATION RESULTS 1994

The performance at "A" Level may have been marginally down on 1993 with an A and B grade rate this time of 49.1% as against 51.6% and an overall pass rate of 95.7% (1993: 98.4%) but these are still figures of which we can be justifiably proud, as we are of no less than six individuals who scored three straight A's: Head of School, Richard Graham; celebrated musicians Raj Arumugam, Laurie Crump and Hilary Moore; mathematical linguist Lindsey Moir and historical linguist, "Jock" Wallace.

The 87% pass rate at Scottish Higher (1993: 80%) is most satisfying especially when taken, once again, in the context of our top 16 university aspirants choosing to sit only GCE "A" Level. Both Alisdair Gaw of Ruthven and Eilidh

Nicolson of Thornbank notched up four A Grades.

Our Fifth Form sat a combination of GCSE and Standard Grade exams achieving a pass rate of 84.6% to set against a national average of 53.1%. The English Boards introduced this year a starred "super-A" grade. 7.6% of our results came into this category, nearly thrice the national average. Stars of the show, if you'll forgive the quite deliberate pun, were undoubtedly Douglas Patterson of Nicol who logged six out of a possible seven A*'s and Kirstine Lawson and David Macleod with just one less. All three, together with seven others recorded straight, or starred, A Grades across the board.

Yet again our "mixed economy" of

Scottish and English examinations has worked very well for our candidates by offering considerably more breadth of opportunity than would be available under a single system. The system may not suit the army of statisticians and compilers of league tables, but the flexibility of our approach benefits pupils of varying abilities.

J.F.C.

OXBRIDGE

Raj Arumugam (N)	Magdalene, Cambridge	Law
Laurie Crump (S)	St Anne's, Oxford	Music
Richard Graham (R)	Trinity Hall, Cambridge	Law
Lindsay Moir (W)	Magdalene, Cambridge	Mod.Lang.
Jonathan Wallace (R)	Christ Church, Oxford	Law

"A LEAVER'S VIEW"

"Write an article for the School magazine about being a leaver."

Disheartened, I scanned the pages of the old *Strathallian* magazine. Then I noticed the small columns once printed alongside the little-read Valetes. Within were two short lists, one entitled "What they enjoyed most" and the other "What they will miss least". What better way to sum up the feelings of a "leaver" than by exemplifying one's typical memories. Here is an updated and revised version of those two lists. I must add that many have been mentioned in previous editions of the magazine yet their presence remains unquestionably —

"What we enjoyed most"

Mr Wands's ties - after all, who doesn't like a good laugh at our superiors. Unfortunately, Mr Streatfeild-James' name could not be added to this entry as his more recent role as Housemaster of Woodlands seems to have sobered his style somewhat!

Friends - What would we do without them?

Breaking the rules and not getting caught - or even breaking the rules and getting caught! There is no doubt that many of the VIth form enjoyed this year's attempts.

Laughing at people's haircuts (not to mention other - chiefly male - grooming habits. Indeed, it would come as no surprise to hear Mr Ball's baby's first words were, "Nev, have a shave!")

Perth Leave - This is one event that, even if those who partake of it do not enjoy then the rest of the UVith (or, indeed, the whole School) cannot fail to be amused by its outcomes. Moreover, I'm quite certain that many of the lower forms in Woodlands, strategically positioned overlooking "Big Acre" enjoyed

the Plastic Mattress Sledging Championship at ten to eleven one snowy evening this year.

Leburn Scandal Book - In the absence of Leburn House, the cumbersome task of maintaining a scandal book was taken up by Thornbank, whose seemingly intrusive enquiries into one's private life may be truthfully said to be "all in the name of research" and "for the good of the future School".

House Shop - double chocolate Clubs saved us!

Woodlands Quote Book - This book, undecipherable to anyone who is not a member of Woodlands House, carries with it inexhaustible stories and memories all of which will leave the Woodlands girls rolling on the floor with laughter and anyone else standing confused and unsmiling.

Long Boat - quickly followed by the "C + B" (Cock and Bull). The two UVI designated areas (designated by the UVI) where endless games of French Cricket with Fruity Jim's walking stick made this the ideal spot for locating the new Sixth Form Common Room.

The Girls - I found this entry in one of the most recent issues of *Strathallian* and, being one myself, can conclude quite unquestionably, that the girls have remained the greatest delight of the School (followed closely by the boys). Indeed, in the words of one David Pighills - "The boys wash more often now."

What we shall miss least

School skirts - no explanation needed.

Standards - a humiliation thankfully optional in the UVith but surely one of the most hated activities in a typical school career at Strathallan.

Saturday 8.30 am starts - and indeed Wednesday 8.30 am starts. No longer will two dawdling UVI on their way to an Economics class at 8.50 am on a Wednesday morning have to creep past their Housemaster's classroom in the French block.

Being gated - plus ça change

Masters' witty comments - they generally weren't.

Being responsible - I'm not sure that all of us Prefects were suited to this 'role model' concept. The good thing about School is that there is always someone else you can blame. Nevertheless, we're all looking forward to living up to a typical student's reputation.

When all is said and done, the "What we enjoyed most" column is longer and its memories more vivid and more numerous. Sentimentality about leaving has been my mother's job rather than my own, but there is no doubt that in the future I shall maintain my links with the School.

Vicky McMahon





Clockwise from top left:

- *The name's Murray ...
Mr Murray*
- *Mr Cross-country*
- *Woodlands "Girls"*
- *Maverick*
- *Why = $mx+c$?*

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G3 6AQ**

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Fax: 041 332 4967**

Contact: John Skinner

STRATHALLIAN CLUB



**MAX MCGILL – PRESIDENT
1993/1994**

J. Max McGill has been the major driving force in the Strathallian Club as Secretary and Treasurer for the past ten years, and we must pay tribute to the time and effort he has expended in furthering the ideals and aims of the Club and the School.

Max attended Strathallan from 1956 to 1961 and was a member of Freeland House. Despite “failing to excel” on the games field, academically Max was most precise, and after leaving Strathallan he attended Glasgow University where he gained a Degree in Law.

Completing his law training with the firm of Campbell Riddell & Co., Solicitors in Glasgow, and working thereafter with the late George Turner (former Governor of the School), Max returned to Campbell Riddell & Co. as a partner in the firm.

Max has been active in many other fields, amongst which he lists: past director of the Glasgow Eastern Merchants & Tradesmen's Society, a council member of the Royal Faculty of Procurators in Glasgow, a past director of Ranfurly Castle Golf Club Limited, where he served as Captain, and in the same year was Captain of Islay Golf Club. This year Max is Chairman of SEAL, the Solicitors Estate Agency in Glasgow.

Max is married to Fiona and they have two sons and a daughter, and live in Bridge of Weir. His main sporting interest is clearly golf, but he is now an enthusiastic curler.

STRATHALLIAN CLUB DINNER 1993

The 60th Annual Dinner was held in the Grampian Hotel, Perth. The President, Vice-President and seven ex-Presidents welcomed the Headmaster, guests and a large company of Strathallians and friends. Dr R.A.Houston (1937) and Mr J.H.Smith (1940) were among the Senior Strathallians, and it was good to see many 1992 and 1993 Leavers.

DATE FOR YOUR DIARY

The 62nd Annual Dinner of the Strathallian Club will be held on Saturday, 18th November 1995.

Allan Cook, President 1986/7, Max McGill 1993/4, Euan Fraser 1992/3 and Allan Johnston 1987/8 before the Dinner.



THE LONDON DINNER 1994

More than sixty Strathallians and friends gathered at the Caledonian Club on 18th March 1994 for the London dinner, and all present were delighted to welcome Angus McPhail, the Headmaster, to his first London Dinner, as well as Max McGill, President, and Wilf and Gracie Hoare, who were both in excellent form. Nick Du Boulay and Cosmo Fairbairn also represented the School, present and past!

David Anderson and Sarah Beaton-Brown, assisted by Gaile McMillan and Jane Paterson, had recruited a very representative group of Strathallians. The whole evening was a delight and a very happy occasion.

Amongst those who attended were the following - we apologise if there are any omissions: Mr and Mrs A. Bennie, Mr and Mrs A.A. Stuart, Mr and Mrs B.E. Marr, R.D. Linton, Mr and Mrs Stewart Ritchie, Innes Anderson, Lt. Col. R.L. Kirkland, Dr and Mrs Kenneth Hunter, Judge John McKee, Mr and Mrs David Pirrie, Don Sinclair, Bill MacPherson, David Anderson, D.M. Lawson, Alastair Pate, Brigadier David Cranston, Mr and Mrs G. Caldwell, Howard Elkins, Steven Watt, Peter McKee, Neil McKee, Rob Beckman, James Beckman, Celia Noblet (McClung), Gilbert McClung, P.G. Lagerborg, Axel Lagerborg, Mr and Mrs Gary McLean, Angus McDonald, Andrew Crawford, Fred Stroyan, Gavin Vernon, John Clarke, James McVittie, Russell Kilpatrick, Karen Skea, Suzanne Rhodes, Sally Manners (Binnie), Gaile McMillan, Sarah Beaton-Brown, Duncan Logan, Jane Paterson and their guests.

Any Strathallian who would like information about the 1995 Dinner, which will be held in the Caledonian Club on Friday, 3rd May 1995, should contact one of the Secretaries.

Douglas Thomas is organising Strathallian Teams for various Golf matches, and any Strathallian who would be interested in playing should contact him at 6 Dunsmore, The Hoe, Carpenders Park, Watford, WD1 5AU. Telephone: (Home) 081 428 0319; (Work) 081 863 0066; Fax 081 863 3193.

The London Section is very grateful for donations from: R. Cornish, Gillian Dewhurst (McDonald), T.C. Ashton, Trevor Cornish, Alan Fleming, Paul Laband, Ian Taylor, Alastair Doodson, D.M. Lawson, Ian Eastwood, John Geddes, A.D. Campbell, E.J. Inglis, T. Harrison, R. Elder, Mark Manson, Peter Hunter, J.G. Mortimer, Dr I.A. Campbell, G. Carrie, J.A. Davidson, J.T.M. Hart, Surgeon Captain R.R.B. Gjertson, Stewart McLennan, Robert Peacock and J.R.W. Wheatley.

As always, they owe a great deal to Helen Morgan, who keeps the address database.

Any Strathallian, particularly those who left School in the 60s and 70s, who would help with distributing information about London Dinners etc. to those who left



Mr and Mrs Stewart Ritchie



Mr and Mrs Hoare, Fred Stroyan and Sarah Beaton-Brown

School about the same time as themselves, should contact Sarah Beaton-Brown, who would be most grateful for their help.

Secretaries:

David Anderson, Clees Hall, Bures, Suffolk, CO8 5DZ

Work tel: 071 739 0336

Fax: 071 739 0796

Home tel: 0787 227271

Fax: 0787 227014

Michael Bucher, 193 Goldhurst Terrace, London, NW6 3ER

Work tel: 081 805 4848

Fax: 071 739 0796

Home tel: 071 624 0856

Sarah Beaton-Brown, CIA, 13 Grosvenor Place, London, SW1X 7HH

Work tel: 071 235 3550

Fax: 071 235 4397

Home tel: 071 385 8377

STRATHALLIAN CLUB NEWS

- ANDERSON J.W.B. (1966) He has now won outright the premier yachting event held in Scotland under three different sponsors – The Tomatin Trophy 1979 (128 boats), the McEwans Trophy 1986 (186 boats) and the Rover Series 1992 (240 boats). In 1993 he tried his hand at the Scottish Islands Race, where he won the mono-hull class, but he declined to run the 65 miles in the required 60 hours! He concentrated on sailing his boat *Suave Dancer*. His spare time is taken up running his importing and wholesaling business based in the Glasgow Fruit Market, and looking after his wife and two children.
- ARNOTT S. (1990) Susan has graduated M.A. with 2(1) Honours in Management from St Andrews University.
- BAILLIE C.A. (1980) He is teaching at the Art Center College of Design (Europe) connected to the College in Pasadena, U.S.A. His address is still in Vevey, Switzerland.
- BANNATYNE A.R. (1987) He is living and working in London for Touche Ross, Accountants. He took his Law degree in Durham and then had an exciting time teaching canoeing in America, skiing in France, taking safari trips down the Zambezi and then being a ski guide and rep. in Switzerland, before having to settle down to the serious job of earning his living!
- BAUR C.F. (1959) He is Editorial Director of *Scottish Business Insider*, with a regular column in *The Sunday Times*.
- BEALE N.J. (1989) Nicky has graduated in medicine from Southampton University, and she will spend her first year of work divided between Glasgow and Swindon.
- BELL K.A. (Scanlan) (1985) Kate has had a second son, James William.
- BLANCHE H.A.D. (1990) has graduated B.A. (Hons) in Business Studies. At the time of writing he is spending his days applying for various posts of interest - anywhere!
- BLANCHE M.W.D. (1987) has graduated B.Sc. (Hons) in Rural Surveying from Harper Adams in Shropshire, in addition to the B.A. (Hons) in English and History he has already gained from Lancaster. He spent the Summer of '94 going "round the World in 80 days", meeting several Strathallians along the way. Those included his father's cousin, Tom Murdoch (1957) and family in New Zealand, his uncle, Ronald Blanche (1950) in Hong Kong, and in Australia Chris Clark (1990) and Nick Quinn (1991). Michael is now a trainee Rural Surveyor with Davidson and Robertson in Edinburgh.
- BOND R.A. (1990) He endured Banking for as long as he could stand it! He has now enrolled at Tullyallan Police College, Stirling.
- BROWN D.S. (1988) He has left mother and father in The Green Hotel, Pitlochry and has moved to the Hong Kong Hilton.
- BRUCE-JONES A.D. (1994) left Oban in October to sail round the world. During his year afloat he intends to spend some time in Malaysia.
- BUDGE A.D.J. (1958) He has gone to live at and run his property at Margaret River, Western Australia. Previously he was a Field Officer with C.S.B.P., and he sent us this photograph of him at work in the field from an Australian magazine, *Our Land*, of July 1993.
- CALDWELL W.R. (1944) He has moved to 6 Drumbrae Walk, Edinburgh, and would like to contact Strathallian friends who live near.
- CARRUTHERS P.J. (1990) Penelope has graduated B.Sc. at Glasgow University.
- CASSILLIS, EARL OF (1973) He has inherited the title of The Marquess of Ailsa on the death of his father on 7th April 1994.
- CLARK D.A. (1989) Congratulations to David on being awarded a First in Part 1A of the Engineering Tripos at Queens College, Cambridge.
- CLARK N.F. (1958) A very learned and technical article, "Fertiliser Management and Nutrient Audits" by Neil Clark, was published in the Australian magazine *Our Land* of July 1993, kindly sent to us by Arthur Budge (see above).
- CLEMENT M.J. (1990) He has gained a 2(1) in his M.A. Honours at Aberdeen University.
- COCHRAN J.N. (1967) He has been appointed a Governor of Strathallan.
- COCKBURN N.N. (1990) *The Record*, the magazine of Keble College, Oxford, of 1993 noted the following in their Music Section: "Our very special thanks must go to Neil Cockburn whose musical verve and Scottish wit have enlivened us all. We will miss his virtuoso renditions of reverberant French organ music and wish him well for next year when he will be Organ Scholar at Chichester."
- COOK A.C. (1990) He has graduated B.Sc. with 2(1) Honours in Animal Biology from St Andrews University.
- CUTHBERTSON A.C. (1979) He is with the Police, and lives in Chelmsford with his wife Alison and their son, Oliver, aged two.
- CUTHBERTSON A.C. (1986) He graduated from Birmingham Polytechnic B.A. Hons. in Business Studies with German in 1992 and works for a European Market research company near Corby. His main hobby is mountain biking and he boasts of thighs like iron!
- CUTHBERTSON E. (1988) Elizabeth completed her B.Sc. in Dietetics at Queen Margaret College, Edinburgh, in 1992 and is working as a dietician at Derriford Hospital, Plymouth, having obtained her State Registration. Free nutritional advice available on request!
- CUTHBERTSON M.S. (1981) He is based near Berwick-upon-Tweed and is a consultant for a number of firms. He is engaged to Rama Moffat.
- DEWAR A.C. (1989) He was married in Edinburgh in August.
- DOWNS A.J. (1970) He is living in Queensland, Australia. He heard on local radio that Strathallan had been playing rugby in Brisbane, but when he tried to make contact, he learnt to his dismay that the touring team had just left for Sydney.
- DUNBAR C.A.B. (1990) Congratulations on his gaining First Class Honours in his degree of B.Eng. at Napier University. He is now taking a year out, teaching English in the Ukraine. He then hopes to have the winter season in the Alps.
- DUNBAR F.E.J. (1989) Fiona has spent three years as Matron and Cook at the Dragon School, Oxford, but has also had time to pass her Austrian Ski Instructor's Exam. She intends to come back to Edinburgh and continue her career in Interior Design.
- FAIRBAIRN J.N. (1983) He has been appointed as a Research Fellow in the Department of Geography at Aberdeen University.
- FAWCUS R.A. (1990) He has graduated B.Sc.Agr. at Aberdeen University.
- FINLAY R.E. He went to visit his brother-in-law Tommy Taylor (1961) in South Africa in November last year, but we haven't any news about the revelries that went on.
- FITCHIE M.R. (1994) has returned from "Operation Raleigh" where he worked in Malaysia installing (amongst other things) a water supply for a village. This entailed a trek up to Low's Valley, the site of the near fatal Marines' expedition. He is writing a report for a future edition of *The Strathallian*.
- FULTON D.J.M. (1986) He is shortly moving to Hong Kong. He works in the newspaper publishing business.
- FYFE F.M. (1989) He has graduated M.A. with Honours at Aberdeen University.
- GAULT D.R. (1990) He has graduated from Glasgow Caledonian University with a B.A. in Consumer Management Studies.
- GILCHRIST G.A.J. (1985) He lives in Mexico but visited Scotland last Summer for his grandparents' Golden Wedding, and made a nostalgic trip back to Strathallan. He would be glad to hear from Old Strathallians who knew him. Please contact him at Studio One, Avenue 25 #981, Island of Cozumel, Quinana Roo, Mexico. Andrew – nostalgic about Strathallan? Well, well!!
- GLIMM C.N.A. (1989) He has graduated B.A. in German from Newcastle University.
- GOODBURN B.M. (1981) He was married in the Seychelles to Leigh, and they are living in Harlow, Essex.
- GOODBURN M.G. (1981) He is a civil engineering consultant living near Warwick.

- GORDON S.L.R. (1990) She has graduated with an Honours B.A. in Accountancy and Computer Science at Heriot Watt University.
- GRAY J.B. (1960) He has been appointed a Governor of Strathallan.
- HALL I.D. (Mason) (1981) Irene is living in Edinburgh New Town with her husband David Hall and their daughter Kirsty, who was born in August 1993.
- HEDGES G.B. (1982) Although he took his degree at Heriot Watt University in Civil Engineering, he was then lucky enough to gain a place on a Commercial Pilot's Course at Oxford Air Training School, sponsored by British Midland, for whom he is now a pilot flying Boeing 737s out of Glasgow Airport. His wife Lucy is an Air Traffic Controller at the same airport.
- HEGGIE M.I. (1985) He was married in Summer 1993. Your address is not on our computer, Malcolm – please get it to us so you can hear all the Strathallan news!
- HEGGIE S.M. (1988) She obtained her degree from Ealing College, and is said to be working for Gulf Air in Bahrain. Again, unfortunately, we have no address for you, Sharon.
- HEGNEY T.A.M. (1981) Tara graduated from the Robert Gordon University, Aberdeen in Nutrition and Dietetics last year, and then went on to study for her Post-Graduate Certificate for State Registration in Dietetics.
- HENDERSON J.D. (1994) Congratulations on being featured in *Scottish Rugby* of March 1994. He has made a wonderful recovery after his accident while on the Rugby Tour in Chile in 1991, and is back in the game again, training with Melrose and playing for the Scottish Schools XV.
- HIGGINSON T.W. (1958) Tim Wylton is frequently to be seen on the small screen in television plays and dramas; during summer he was Franks, the pathologist in the Wycliffe series.
- HILL A.J. (1989) He has graduated BSc in Archaeological Sciences from the University of Bradford.
- HOLMES D.M. (1970) He is a Consultant Obstetrician and Gynaecologist in Cheltenham. He is married with three children.
- HOLST P.J. (1987) He got a 2(1) in Civil Engineering at Edinburgh University.
- JAMIESON R.E. (1990) He has graduated B.Sc at Aberdeen University.
- JOHNSON A.G. (1990) He has graduated from Balliol College, Oxford, and is taking a Masters Degree in Law at the University of Virginia, U.S.A.
- JONES G.H. (1990) He has graduated B.Eng. with 2(1) in Mechanical and Optical Engineering at Loughborough University of Technology.
- KILPATRICK N.D. (1985) He married Marian Kelley Mann on 15 October in New York.
- LAING H.R. (1979) He is married and lives in South Africa, where he is with Blue Circle, South Africa.
- LOCHORE A.D. (1990) Congratulations on being the top under-25 rider at the Burleigh Horse Trials.
- MacDONALD G.M.H. (1983) Gillian is now Mrs Dewhurst.
- MacFARLANE D.S. (1966) He has a posting at H..Q Southern District in Aldershot.
- MACKAY D.A. (1989) He has graduated M.A. at Aberdeen University.
- MACKIE J.G. (1937) He is living in Parksville, British Columbia, where his house overlooks the 13th fairway of Morningstar Golf Course, where deer roam at the side of the fairway.
- MacLAURIN B.A. (1981) Barbie is working as a Programme Researcher at the BBC Television Centre in London, and was recently visited by Patrick Russell.
- MacLEOD C.A. (1980) He is due to spend a year in the States after reading Theology at St Andrews University.
- MacMILLAN A.G. (1966) Amongst the programmes that he has directed and produced this year that we have particularly enjoyed were *Stedul – The Yugoslav Hitman* and *The Stonehouse Affair*, both in the Crime Story series on STV in December.
- MAHON I.J.C. (1970) He has been promoted to Associate Director of Robins McTear. He is married with three children and lives in Pitcairngreen.
- MARSHALL A.J.K. (1990) He has graduated B.L.E at Aberdeen University and is doing a further year's study at the University.
- MAXWELL J.W.M. (1990) He has graduated M.A. with 2(1) Honours in Art History from St Andrews University.
- McBRIDE D.J. (1971) He still lives in Florida, with a house in Arran as well. He is married with two children.
- McCAUSLAND I.H.M. (1981) He has been working as a commercial property negotiator with Brooke Hillier Parker in Hong Kong, living on Lamma Island, where he has been joined by his brother, Guy. He may be moving to Bangkok.
- McCLUNG C.J. (1985) Celia was married to Philip Noblet on 4th June 1993 and is living in London. She brought brother Gilbert (1983) to the London Dinner.
- McCLUNG T.F. (1981) His wife Nicola had a daughter, Lucy Alison, on 21st January 1993.
- McDONALD J.S.P. (1975) He runs his own PR consultancy in London and lives in New Malden with his wife and four children. Too old now for hockey – he plays off a 14 handicap.
- McKEE P.J. (1982) He has joined the Teaching Staff at Eton.
- McKENZIE-DONOVAN A. (nee Alison McKENZIE-WALKER) (1986) currently living in London with her husband John, gave birth to a baby girl, Harriet, on 28th March 1994, a sister for Elizabeth born 12th March 1992.
- McCLEAN G.C. (1980) He is now back in London after three years in Hong Kong. He and Louise had a son, Thomas Cameron, on 28th March 1993.
- MEADE E.G. (1975) He is married and has published poetry. He is the Writer in Residence at Dundee University. Many Strathallians will remember his sister Lesley who, as a Kilgraston girl, acted in several Strathallan plays (before the days of Strathallan girls!). She is married and lives near Scarborough.
- MENZIES N (1975) After completing his B.A. in Business Studies he went to the U.S.A., where he completed his Commercial Pilot's Licence. He then moved to Australia and thereafter to Papua New Guinea, where he was a bush pilot for four years. He married in 1984, in Papua New Guinea, then moved permanently back to Australia where he is a Captain with Ansett Airlines based in Perth, Western Australia. They have three daughters. They would be very glad to welcome Strathallians to 1B Hobbs Avenue, Como, WA 6152.
- MILLER H.G. (1955) He has been Professor and Departmental Head of Forestry at Aberdeen University for over ten years.
- MILLER I.M. (1960) He and his wife Dorothy live in Milngavie. He is an off-shore Yachtmaster and is in the Plastics industry. A keen yachtsman and windsurfer, he met his old Chemistry Master, Ron Hockey, on a local beach, and they sometimes sail together.
- MONTGOMERIE C.S. (1975) We all watch his golfing career with admiration! It was good to read in the Press that he was glad to be back breathing in good Perthshire air at the Open at Gleneagles, because he had been a boy at School not far away at Strathallan.
- MUIR A.A. (1979) He is still sailing professionally, skippering a rebuilt 1935 12-metre – racing and cruising in the Mediterranean and off the Portuguese and Spanish Atlantic coasts. Last year he found himself in a bar in St Martin (French West Indies) with two other Strathallians and an OG (Glenalmond)!
- MUIR D.M. (1990) Danielle has graduated M.A. with 2(1) Honours at Aberdeen University.
- NAYLOR L. (1981) Lindsay is now Mrs (or Dr) Macharg, and she and her husband both practise medicine in Invercargill, New Zealand. They have a baby, too.
- NIVEN G.M. (1984) Gillian is teaching Art at the High School of Dundee. She is engaged to Randall Wilson of Perthshire.
- PARK A.M. (1989) He has graduated M.A. with a 2(1) at Glasgow University.
- PARKER E.A.R. (1989) He gained a 2(1) in English Law at Dundee University and is now living in Swaffham Prior in Cambridgeshire.
- PARKER J.S. (1990) Congratulations on his award of first class Honours in his B.Sc. in Chemistry at the Imperial College of Science, Technology and Medicine, London.

PATERSON J.L. (1989) Jane gained her Montessori Teaching Diploma in London, and is now teaching at a Knightsbridge Nursery School.

PATERSON R.F. (1968) He emigrated to Australia in 1971 where he became an Operations Manager in Australian Commercial Radio in Queensland, having started as a Radio Announcer. He became an Australian citizen. However, he married a Swiss girl and they moved to Switzerland in 1989, where they live in Oberdorf. He works as a Regional Manager (Far East Product Support) for Pilatus Aircraft Limited, so he spends quite a lot of time back in Australia and the Far East.

PAWSON J.T. (1985) He is living in Albi in the South of France, playing first division Rugby and teaching at the Rascal College.

PAWSON M.D. (1987) He is still studying French, Politics and Law at Aberdeen University.

PICKETT I.W. (1981) He works for DBS Securities in Hong Kong. He and his wife Debbie now have three daughters.

PRATT A.J.H. (1983) He is living in Florida and is getting married – in fact he should be a married man by the time you read this!

PRATT J.M. (1986) He has been working as a solicitor in London, but he is emigrating to the U.S.A., where he is going to qualify in American Law. He is engaged to Anna, and they plan to marry next May.

REA J.W.S. (1988) He has graduated B.Sc. at Glasgow University.

ROBB N.J. (1991) Nicola has been reading Social Anthropology at Newnham College, Cambridge, which she has thoroughly enjoyed. She is hoping to get a teaching job in Japan for the next year or so.

ROBERTSON A.J. (1989) Amanda graduated in Physical Therapy from University in Vermont, U.S.A., in May 1993. She is now working as a Physical Therapist in a Hospital in New Orleans.

ROBERTSON R.G. (1986) He is living and working in Lincolnshire.

ROBERTSON S.K.M. (1983) Susan married Michael Robinson in 1993. They are living in Hong Kong. She is Head Designer for a Graphic Design Company.

ROSS I.C. (1964) He is living in Dhahran, Saudi Arabia, and is once again enjoying water sports.

ROSS J.B. (1930) He is enjoying retirement in Portugal.

RUSSELL M.A. (1978) He is working in Edinburgh for G.E.C. Marconi. He broke his leg a year ago on a skiing holiday – but, according to his brother Patrick, not while skiing!

RUSSELL P.D. (1981) He is Research Director for S.G. Warburg Securities in Singapore, and was recently rated as one of the top three investment analysts working in Singapore by *Asia Money*. His wife, Ilona, had a son, Maxwell, on 6th January 1994.

RUSSELL P.J. (1982) He gained 2(1) in Marketing and Engineering at the University of Huddersfield. He has been on trips to Australia and has been filling in time with stints at Disney Corporation in London.

SCOTT I.M. (1931) Now 81, he is living in Bishops Hull, Taunton, and visited the School recently. We are most grateful for his gift of three 1930/31 photographs and a silver Strathallan napkin ring.

SHANNON D. (1946) He is returning home from Kampala at the end of the year and will be living in Edinburgh.

SHANNON K.J. (1974) He is living in Victoria, Australia.

SHARPE A.R. (1966) His play, *The Last of the Lairds*, adapted from John Galt, is being presented at Perth Theatre from 25th November until 10th December 1994. Why not get a ticket?

SMART D.W.J. (1990) He has graduated M.A. with a 2(1) at Glasgow University.

SMITH C.A. (1990) He has graduated B.Sc. at Glasgow University.

STARK R.C. (1962) He is working in Nigeria and is planning to send his son and his daughter to Strathallan.

STRACHAN D.N. (1964) He is a vet at Rancho San Carlos Pet Clinic, Sand Diego.

THOMSON M.J.S. (1991) Melanie has graduated M.A. with Distinction at Glasgow University.

TRUTER G.W.A. (1984) He got a good review in *The Times* for his part as Toni Mancini in Stephen Plaice's play *Trunks*, which was at the Lyric Studio, Hammersmith, in July.

VERNON G.H.R. (1943) He is living in West Vancouver, British Columbia.

VON KOPP-COLOMB H.E.E. (1990) He is studying Law in Regensburg. He sends his kindest regards to all at Strathallan who knew him.

WATSON L.W. (1985) He married Fiona Beaton on the 9th April 1994 and they are living on a small farm near Rattray. Among those at the wedding were Tom Bowron (1985) and his wife and family.

WHEELDON R.A. (1993) He is taking an H.N.D. course in Marine Engineering at Southampton Institute of Higher Education, which includes one year at sea.

WHITMEE M.J.C. (1989) He is a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, at present studying for a B.A. in Naval Studies at the Royal Naval Engineering College, Manadon in Plymouth. He has been playing rugby for Manadon and Devonport Services Teams.

WILSON R.F. (1976) He sends his greetings from 20, Vanauley Street #209, Toronto.

WOOD J.W. (1987) He graduated from Cambridge back in 1991, then he spent a year lecturing and translating in Czechoslovakia, after which he won a Scholarship to Boston University to study under Nobel Prizewinner Derek Walcott. In 1993 he returned to the U.K. and was an editor on the "English Poetry Full-Test Database" in Cambridge. Now he is Communications Officer for the Community of European Management Schools in Paris.

Please send news of yourself and any other Strathallians for inclusion in the next magazine to: The Editor, *The Strathallian Magazine*, at the School.

Changes of address: Please send any changes of address to the Headmaster's Secretary at Strathallan.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK

Nigel joined Riley in 1978, where Michael Wareham saw to it that "we had the cleanest hands and knees in the land." He joined Simpson with his brother, and their father before them. Nick du Boulay had the unenviable task of guiding him through his teens. After School he worked in London for five years, and then left for the U.S.A., where he has lived for the last three years in New York City. He has had a spell of serious illness, but is now "feeling great", and he has just married Marian Kelley Mann.

Dear Old Strathallians,

Yet another year goes by when I am unable to attend an Old Strathallian Dinner. Leaving Strath. almost a decade ago, I thought that I must do something to communicate with you all. So I decided to fax a message. As you read this I am sitting by the pool, sipping (yes, times have changed, I no longer gulp!) a "Bud", while my lobster awaits the pot. Later, 18 holes at the Southampton Country Club, beckons. Enough of my stressful day ahead....

I am not sure how many of you reflect on what really makes you what you are, or stop to compare all the things you learnt as a child and a teenager with what you learn today. We all learned many things while we were at Strath. I learnt that I couldn't learn Maths and that Physics could actually be very funny, as long as you were in Form C. I learnt that having "half the class go to the right and half the class to the left and the rest in the middle of the gym" could never be done, no matter how many PE lessons we attended. I learnt that "Woodlands" had more meaning to it than just a bunch of trees.

Attending Strath. was a unique experience for us all, and plays a vital role in who we are today. I believe that what we all learned at Strath. gives that edge in life. I believe that, like no other school, we learnt true respect and we learnt the meaning of real responsibility, not only to others but, more importantly, to ourselves. I believe that we all learned how to be courageous when faced with adversity. I believe that we all learnt a commitment to social grace. We all learnt that there is more to education than books and boots. There is something special at Strath. that allowed us to learn all these things without ever being taught. That something special was being able to learn from each other.

As I sit at my desk in New York I pay personal tribute to you all. Whether I was at Strath. with you or not I thank you, each one of you, for teaching me something. I thank all of you who were at Strath. with me for teaching me how to be courageous and strong. I thank you all for building Strath. to become a foundation that we all greatly admire.

Yours,

Nigel Kilpatrick (1985)

STRATHALLIAN CLUB CONTACTS ABROAD

The following Strathallians have agreed to be representatives
of the Club abroad, and will happily help any
Strathallians planning to visit their part of the world

Australia:

Iain S. Gray (1961)
Eric W. Hamilton (1979)
John A. McArthur (1970)
Gordon Reynolds (1980)

Iona House, 20 Yarranabbe Road, Darling Point, 2027, Sydney.
1 Airdrie Corner, Kinross 6028, Perth, W. Australia.
10 Jenolan Close, Hornsby Heights, NSW 2077.
18 Letitia Street, Katoomba, 2780.

Botswana:

David J. Watson (1980)

P.O. Box 655, Gaborone.

Canada:

Ian D. Lewis (1970)
Stephen W. Geddes (1987)
Rahul Suri (1983)

420 Coach Light Bay SW, Calgary, Alberta T3H 1Z2. Tel: 403 246 6121.
100 Lamont Boulevard, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3P 0E6.
942 Logan Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, M4K 3E4.

Hong Kong:

Roderick A.D. Powrie (1974)

Merill Lynch (Asia Pacific), 15 Floor, St George's Bldgs, 2 Ice House Street.

New Zealand:

Iain S. Cree (1961)
Robin A Taylor (1965)

Omaha Flats Road, RD6, Warkworth, North Island.
35 Chambers Street, Havelock North.

Singapore:

Thomas A. Kerr (1952)
Patrick D. Russell (1981)

82 Grange Road, Les Colonnades, Singapore 1024.
24 Bukit Chernin Road, Singapore 0410. Tel: Work 2243001. Fax: 2250669.

South Africa:

Michael I. Dawson (1964)
William B. Melville (1966)
Tommy R. Taylor (1961)

459 Currie Road, Durban 4001.
72 Catherine Road, Fontainebleau, Randburg 2194.
9 Uve Road, Kloof, Natal.

U.S.A.:

John Brough (1956)
Michael J. Dobbie (1983)
Richard H. Lester (1978)
Walter G. McFarlane (1978)
David E. Uprichard (1984)
R. Gary Walker (1978)

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3203 Blackhawk Meadow Drive, Danville, CA 94506.

WHERE IS THE SCHOOL FLAG?

ON SPORTS DAY THE SCHOOL FLAG DISAPPEARED.
IF ANYONE KNOWS OF ITS WHEREABOUTS, PERHAPS
THEY COULD ARRANGE FOR IT TO BE SENT BACK.

MARIE AND JENNIFER IN THE SEWING ROOM
SPENT A WHOLE TERM MAKING IT!

OBITUARIES

AULD R. (1936): on 12th October 1993. He studied medicine at Glasgow University. After War Service with the R.A.M.C., he returned home to Kilmarnock to work in General Practice until his retirement in 1981. He was a keen golfer and rugby enthusiast. Two of his four children followed him into General Practice.

HOOD F.R. (1939) on 22nd September 1994. Dr Hood lived in Bridlington.

JOHNSTON G.R. (1956): in June 1994. He lived in Bridge of Weir.

McGILL J.A. (1932): on 20th July 1994. He lived in Kilmacoll. He last visited the School for the lunch in June 1993 with his son Max (1961).

RITCHIE G.F. (1937): on 7th November 1993. He lived in Broughty Ferry. He worked in the family business, George Ritchie & Sons Ltd, until his retirement in 1979. He was capped for Scotland for the Calcutta Cup Match in 1932, and

played regularly at District level. He was Hon. President of Dundee High School F.P. R.F.C. His last visit to Strathallan was for the Lunch in June 1993, which his son reports he enjoyed very much.

ROBERTSON T.A.G. (1923): on 5th August 1993. He lived in Newton Mearns.

ROGERS G.D. (1993): Tragically, Garry was killed in a skiing accident in California in March 1994, where he was spending his "GAP" year. Our deepest sympathy goes to his family.

SINCLAIR G.W. (1957): suddenly in May 1994 while he was visiting the U.S.A. George was one of many Sinclairs at Strathallan. He was a well-known businessman and farmer in Perth. Our deepest sympathy goes to all his family.

WATERSTON W.W. (1932): on 3rd April 1991. He was a doctor and lived in West Linton. He was a very keen sportsman while at School. His son married Anne Scott, whose

father, J.W. Scott, was also a Strathallian who left in 1930, but who died in 1964.

The tragic deaths of Drs Jeremy and Anne Gillingham in the Val d'Isère avalanche in January 1994 were widely reported in the local press, for they were both well-known and much loved doctors practising in Perth. May we add our heartfelt sympathy to Mark (1993) and Melissa (UVIth).

Lady Kincaid died in June 1994. She had a very long connection with Strathallan, being a gracious escort to Bobby Johnston, as he then was, when he was Chairman of Governors, and mother and grandmother of an increasing tribe of Strathallians. Our deepest sympathy goes to Lord Kincaid and to the Johnston and Wood families.

Dr David Farmer, who came to Strathallan as Head of History in 1958, died suddenly on 27th August 1994 in Canada, where he had been a university Professor of History for many years.



Challenge: does anyone recognise these boys from a photograph of 1962?



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where you, and your fees, are paid by the Army. Or as a Bursar and receive £1,500 a year while you study!

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Army Officer

