



The Strathallian
1992/93

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The Strathallian

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1993

VOL. 15 No. 4



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Editors:

Mrs Adam	Caroline Proctor
Caroline Frame	Lindsey Moir
Rowan Pearman	Carolyn Wilson
Lucy-Anne Bryans	Melissa Gillingham

Photographers:

Mrs McFarlane	Mr Barnes
Mr Vallott	Miss England
Mr Crosfield	Mr Streatfeild-James
Angus Bruce-Jones	Michael Halliday
Mr Broadfoot	

*Front Cover Photograph –
Duncan Forbes*

*Back Cover Photograph –
Light years ahead for Mr Pighills*

*Frontispiece –
by Caroline Frame*



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SUBJECT

English

Geography/Maths

Chemistry/Music

English

Mathematics

English

Business Studies

French

English

French/Spanish

History

French/Russian

Jnr. Chemistry/Physics

Music

Design/Technology

Geography

History

Biology

Mathematics/PE

French/German

Mathematics

Geography

English/P.E.

English

Mathematics

Divinity

Art

Econ/Business Studies

English

History/Music

Design/Technology

Chemistry

Design/Technology

History

History

Mathematics

Music

Biology/Computers

P.E.

Econ/Business Studies

Mathematics

French/German

Physics

Physics

English/Philosophy

History

Physics

Biology

Biology

Design/Technology

Geography

French/Russian

Careers

Design/Technology

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Housemaster Nicol

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French

English

Mathematics

Biology

Games

Science

Science

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Academic Year 1992/93

Captain of School

Academic Year 1993/94

Captain of School



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STRATHALLAN RUGBY SWEATERS

A school Rugby party is touring Hong Kong and Australia in August 1994. In order to highlight Strathallan Rugby and reduce the cost for the individual player, the school outfitters are knitting a "Strathallan Rugby" sweater at a cost of £30. This is available in three colours: black, blue and grey. Any profits will help to fund the tour.

If you wish to purchase a sweater, please fill in the slip below and return to **Peter Green** with cheques made payable to Strathallan Rugby Club. Orders will be sent out on the last postal day of each month.

NAME:

ADDRESS:

.....

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SIZE (32-56 in.)

COLOUR (blue, black, grey)

Please enclose a cheque for £30 (UK) or £35 (Overseas. Additional £5 covers postage and package.)

Return to: Peter Green, (Sweaters), Strathallan School.

STAFF NOTES



Mr Pighills does a final head-count

Your anonymous contributor these last eighteen years to "Staff Notes" is only too conscious that this is his last attempt to record, welcome and thank as is appropriate, those who have stepped off and those who are about to jump on the Strathallian Merry-go-round.

Mr Brian Raine stepped off, mid-whirl as it were, in January to become Department

Head of Queen Victoria School after twenty very energetic years of service to the School. A fuller tribute appears later in these pages. He has been replaced in the History Department by Dr Fitzsimmons from St Andrew's and the responsibility for the 1st XV has been passed to Mr Peter Green, backed up by Mr Alan Ball. Mr Ball is going to be busy as he and his wife

are moving to Simpson House, from where Mr Du Boulay retires after surviving fifteen years the ever-increasing demands which are made on Housemasters. The demands of running Music in the School are obviously too many and Mr Stephen Dutton joins as the new Assistant Director from King William's, Isle of Man.

The demands of travelling to and from Edinburgh have finally proved too much even for the seemingly tireless Mrs Forbes, who leaves the English Department for that of St George's, Edinburgh. Miss Pamela Carlisle, coming into her first teaching post from Glasgow, joins the English Department and also Thornbank House as the residential Tutor. The demands within the Economics and Business Studies Department seemed to increase exponentially during the early part of the year and the part-time help of Mrs Croft was replaced by that of a more experienced and resident member of Staff, Mr Clark, formerly Head of Department at Millhill School, London. I understand Mr McPhail will be helping in the Economics Department and that your anonymous correspondent's part-time contribution in the Biology laboratories will be taken by Mrs Raeside.

Yes, you did read this time last year that Mr Elliott was about to leave. He did and, cutting a long story short, his appointed successor reneged at the very last minute - Mr Philips stoically agreed to hold the fort for a year, Mr Belwood decided to move south, Mr Bennett, a former Head of CDT agreed to come north for a year, and Mr Elliott agreed to move back from the west to the east to take up his old appointment, bringing with him a colleague from Strathclyde University, Mr O'Neill - and so the merry-go-round has completed full circle.

A happy ride to everyone in the future.



Masters waiting in the queue?

VALEDICTION

David Pighills came to Strathallan in 1975. Born, like Harry Riley our Founder, in Bradford and educated at Rydal School and Christ's College, Cambridge, he had been a Housemaster at Fettes where he had taught for fifteen years.

Now, after eighteen tremendous years as our Headmaster, he has retired.

Under his stewardship the School has developed almost beyond recognition. When he arrived there were 340 boys in the School. Last term there were 541 pupils of whom some 175 were girls. He has taken Strathallan from a perceived position in perhaps the lower middle ground of Scottish Independent Schools to near the top; to being the largest Scottish Co-Educational Boarding School; and he has achieved excellent academic results.

With remarkable foresight he anticipated how educational trends - in boarding schools in particular - would develop. The decision to become a co-educational school as a deliberate policy all those years ago (rather than as a reaction to falling boy numbers) was the subject of intense debate at Board Meetings. That the introduction and integration of girls into the School has

been such a success is due to David's sure and sensitive handling of the many complex issues involved and to his excellent choice of key staff to implement his policies.

The development of the School's facilities - Boarding Houses, Staff Houses, Library, C.D.T. Block, Lecture Theatre, Shooting Range, Theatre et al - has continued non-stop during his reign. However, as he himself said in an interview with "The Strathallian" after his first year, "A school can have all the facilities in the world but if there isn't the right relationship between the pupils and the staff then it will not be a happy and effective place."

That it has been both happy and effective is because he has led by example. With dogs in tow he was likely to turn up at any time in any place on the campus, inevitably picking up litter as he went, his progress marked by shouts of "Sammy! you idiot, where are you?"

It is difficult adequately to do justice to the many facets of his character which combined to make him what he is but we will never forget his leadership, the energy and enthusiasm that inspired others (and often left them trailing exhausted in his

wake), his immense capacity for work - whether at an academic level or with sleeves rolled up moving beds into new Houses - nor the business acumen that has allowed us the freedom to develop the School.

One of his most impressive qualities was his knowledge of each of the boys and girls and his awareness of their progress and individual circumstances. There was always time for a quiet word if things were not going entirely according to plan, whether of comfort on the one hand or encouragement to do better on the other.

In all he has done he has commanded enormous loyalty and respect. Perhaps his true success, though, has been the maintenance and development, through rapidly changing social times, of the Strathallan ethos - a friendly, caring, no-nonsense community where helping the less able to achieve is every bit as important as ensuring that the high flier reaches for the sky.

We wish David a long, healthy and happy retirement. Whatever else, we know that it will be an active one.

James Dinsmore
Chairman, Board of Governors



The Board of Governors applauding the Headmaster's final speech

SPEECH DAY

The Headmaster's Speech deserved the star billing it was given. It was, as always, a racey number packed with humorous anecdotes and telling epigrams which were well received by the audience. Although with typical modesty, he ended by thanking parents for trusting the school with their sons and daughters, I feel that it is we, his pupils both present and past, who should thank him for all he has done to help us over the years.

Nik Hartley

Excerpts from The Headmaster's Speech:

"When he who must be obeyed hinted that I should be asked to be today's guest speaker I was not sure whether it was an invitation or an instruction. Whatever the motive, Mr. Chairman, Governors, I am extremely grateful for the honour you do me. Parents and members of the School, I thank you for coming, willingly or other-

wise. I still suspect the hand of the Bursar in the plot. In these recessionary times Bursars everywhere are trying to cut costs and reduce expenses and it is a fact of life that I stand before you as the cheapest Guest of the Day for quite some time. However, as a Yorkshire man speaking to Scots I am only too conscious that we both recognise the maxim "You get what you pay for!"

With the Fete last year and no Speech Day I appreciate that some four hundred parents will be here for the first time. Those of you who have endured these seats before will know that I am normally called upon by the Chairman to give a report in some detail, mentioning any special individual performances, any special comings and goings, and any particular trends in the educational scene, all in an attempt to capture the atmosphere of the preceding year. The Chairman then calls on the Chief Guest to give away the prizes, who thereafter offers, principally to members of the School, advice as to how they should go forth to live their lives to the full - such advice as could only come from a national, if not international authority, an authority which most likely has already appeared in the Honours List. I stand before you in more humble circumstances, but as anybody can recommend anybody nowadays who knows! I seek consolation in remembering the answer I was given one year by a boy when I asked him soon after Speech Day "What was Lord McFarlane's message?" only to be told: "If you want to get on in life, Sir, clean your shoes!"

At the moment I am only too aware of the Headmaster who was rung up in the Easter holidays by the Bursar to be told that there was both good news and bad news.

"I'll take the bad news first." said the Head.

"Ruthven House has been burnt to the ground." said the Bursar.

"What's the good news?" asked the Head.

"Well," said the Bursar, "The heat hasn't half brought on the daffodils."

To every father's cloud there is a silvery lining, to every mother's disaster a host of golden daffodils.

Educational issues continue to appear in the press almost daily and the Independent sector is not totally immune to the whims of Government legislation. Let it be sufficient to say that the Government may have recognised a number of important problems which certainly exist but the solutions they have presented, particularly south of the border, appear hurried and ill-thought through. However, over the last two years our examination results have been good and last year with the pass rate of 93% at G.C.S.E., 96% at A-level and 86% at Higher we certainly have had nothing to hide.

Headmasters do not normally have to look very far for bad news. You can imagine my feelings when on the very morning that the news of my impending retirement was to be announced, and with all the machinery of finding a successor yet to be put in motion, I received a letter from Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, implying that they were sorry that they had not been able to come to the School for the last 20 years but they would be rectifying the situation in six weeks.

The Inspection had its moment of hilarity

or high tension - depending on your sense of humour or vocation or perhaps whether you would soon be retiring. Our Sports Hall, in the interests of economy, for the last eighteen years has not been heated and about twice a year as a consequence if a cold spell is followed suddenly by local global warming then with the ensuing condensation aquaplaning is in and P.E. is out. One of the two days *this* year coincided with the arrival of the P.E. Inspector who, unfortunately, had come only with his gym shoes and no sense of humour!

But, more seriously, once we had completed all the paper work - Government departments seem obsessed with paper - we actually enjoyed their visit and we were naturally very pleased to hear the District Inspector say that in spite of the several inevitable criticisms it was a good report and moreover his visit to Strathallan had been *his* most enjoyable visit to any Independent School.

I have no doubt that all of us working in Schools could recall a number of special moments, some of sheer joy, some quite the reverse, some recalling apparently insignificant events, certainly in the context of the world stage, but which in a quiet way reflect standards of behaviour and achievement which any good school should try to encourage.

For me there was away back in 1977/78 the Euan Grant and David McLachlan Scholarships to Magdalene College, Cambridge, at a time when scholarships still existed but Strathallan never seemed to win any. Academic excellence was and has since continued to be achievable.

There was that gripping fight back from some 17 points down at half time against Edinburgh Academy to score what we all thought was the winning try, but Mr Johnston, a member of our own staff who had been called in at the last minute to referee, had spotted an infringement seen by no one else in the excitement of our apparent victory. How often has that incident reminded me of Crocker Harris in Rattigan's "*The Browning Version*". An old fuddy duddy he may have been, to others just a sucker, but in fact a man of integrity.

That bus at Brechin - hired by a group of Strathallians, young boys and girls just out of School, hired so that they could attend the funeral of a contemporary, Christopher Henderson, who had been killed as a passenger in a car crash within a year of leaving School.

Of all the magnificent performances by the Choir and Orchestra on special occasions the moment, and it was a great moment, I shall remember most came totally unexpectedly in a perfectly ordinary service when the School, quite unconsciously I suspect, gave such a rendering of the hymn "Wake, Awake! for night is flying" to Mendelssohn's famous tune that Mr Reed and I spontaneously looked at each other as if it were some very special occasion.

There was the appearance of Lindsay

Rhodes, one of our very first girls, wearing an evening gown looking absolutely stunning standing at the top of a grand staircase in a very bad production of a play best forgotten but I knew then that girls were here to stay and that drama could develop and attain the remarkable standards of last term's production.

My last cameo may appear the most ordinary of them all and happened a couple of days into one summer holidays. The School was deserted and I discovered the Head of School sitting alone in his study quietly writing away. "Douglas, what are you doing?" I asked. He had said goodbye to me two days earlier and I knew he had planned to go to the Leavers' Party with his contemporaries. "I am just finishing off something I promised to give to my successor and which somehow in the end of term rush I didn't manage to complete" was his reply. Duty may be an old-fashioned word but still commands respect however quietly practised.

I once asked my father at breakfast what was the difference between making a contribution and a commitment to something. He merely pointed to my breakfast plate and said, "The hen - she made a contribution, but the pig, now he made a commitment."

Nostalgia - call it what you will - is now over.

When we cut away all the jargon and the very real problems of implementation I believe that education should be about our attempts to grapple with two fundamental and overlapping themes, neither of which, however dressed up in contemporary language, is new. Firstly, there is the age old problem of reconciling individual freedom with corporate good and secondly, there is the extent to which it is the responsibility of one generation to pass on to the next what it believes to be true.

All responsible teachers and parents agonise, walk a tightrope, but our greatest capital asset is our accumulated experience, and how to pass this on to the next generation is the never ending dilemma of parents and teachers alike.

I do not believe that common sense and natural instincts are one and the same thing. It only needs one generation to opt out of passing on our acquired inheritance and before we know where we are we would all be with Piggy on the island in "*Lord of the Flies*". To pass on our inheritance takes effort and often considerable patience but admittedly has to be done in such a way that it is understood and embraced by those receiving it, and thereby lies the trick.

Of course, we have not always, and still do not always, agree but the support I have enjoyed from the staff has been enormous and few Headmasters can feel that they have friends amongst the staff as I do and I include three Second Masters, well over a hundred of other teaching staff, medical staff, secretarial and accounting staff. Thank you.

PRIZE WINNERS JUNE 1993

The Smith Cup for Captain of School
 The Houston Prize for All Round Merit
 The Scanlon Cup for Merit (Girls)
 The William Tattersall Art Prize
 The Robert 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 Kincaig Prize for English
 Geography

Dux
 Calum Nicol
 Philip Ainsworth
 Rachel Taylor
 Matthew Pitchforth
 Neil Wilson
 Jenny Mair
 Lesley Anne Dewar
 Nik Hartley
 Alastair Doodson
 Hamish McCartan
 Jenny Inglis

David Clark
 French
 German
 Mathematics
 Chemistry
 Physics
 Biology
 Art
 Design & Technology
 Business Studies
 Management Information Studies
 The Guthrie Reid Travelling Scholarship

Jenny Mair
 Mariet Semple
 Robert Mitchell
 Jenny Griffiths
 Andrew Yeates
 Jenny Griffiths
 Jeffrey Shillitto
 Tom Hughes
 Alison Mitchell
 Fiona Monro
 Zoe Stephens



Iain Senior – one of 12 Gold Award winners in the British Physics Challenge, 1993

LATEST PUBLIC EXAMINATION RESULTS

The 1993 public examination results brought many more tears of joy than of woe.

With ten straight A's at GCSE, Iain Senior and Peter Yeates of Nicol; David Robertson of Ruthven and Joanna Malcolm of Woodlands topped the Vth Form table a whisker ahead of Simpson's Thomas Edwards and Woodlands' Kananu Kirimi who each had A's in all the nine subjects which they attempted.

Indeed, with 292 As, 34.1% of all our GCSE grades, we ran at nearly three times the national average of 12.7%.

Our top dozen university aspirants this year chose not to sit Scottish Highers in addition to A Level. With this borne in mind, an 80% pass rate at Higher with more than a fifth of results being A grades, is a matter for considerable pride. Three

candidates, Alistair Doodson and Mark Gillingham of Freeland, together with Mariet Semple of Woodlands, all scored three As each.

Top of the bill at GCE Advanced Level with 100% A grades were Andrew Yeates (Nicol and elder brother of the aforementioned Peter) in Biology, Chemistry and Physics; Jennifer Griffiths (Woodlands) in Biology, Business Studies and Chemistry and Nik Hartley of Freeland whose A's in History, Mathematics and Physics are not only testimony to the breadth of his scholarship but also to the flexibility of Alan Pearson's timetabling! For the collectors and appreciators of statistics, over a half (51.6%) of results at A Level were As and Bs and the pass rate was a thoroughly admirable 98.4%.

J.F.C.



Photograph of the school from the air (see page 73)

48 DESPERATE HOURS?

Having been awoken at 7 a.m. one dull "spring" term morning by particularly noisy chattering outside my door, and having stormed out of my room prepared to terrify the offending juniors, I was most disappointed to find myself faced with several prefects citing perfectly reasonable grounds for disturbance. This disappointment was fast replaced by joy upon hearing the good news, "Don't bother getting out of bed - there's a power cut". However, joy was also soon to be replaced, this time by feelings of disgust upon the realisation that I already had got out of bed and that my room was even colder than usual.

Nevertheless, I had soon returned to bed to contemplate the situation. The power had been off since midway through the night. It was a particularly dark day, with several inches of snow already blanketing the ground, and several more set to join them soon if the ominously black clouds were anything to go by. Could this mean

the cancellation of classes? I was steadily warming - metaphorically, if certainly not physically - to this power cut.

Unfortunately, this early-morning euphoria was to be short-lived. Only Strathallan could manage to run classes in these circumstances. Despite the lack of heat and light these were considerably more interesting than usual, mainly because of the "Why are we here?" debates.

We found that the dining hall staff coped as admirably as the teaching staff, and it has to be said that the floodlight used to illuminate the dining hall did give meals a really rather cleverly surreal atmosphere - like being caught under prison searchlights. (Appropriate, some may feel.)

Extra-curricular activities also took a rather different line. Upon the discovery that snowball fights tended to result in wet clothing which refused to dry, and upon the stunning realisation that power was

required to heat up water for showers, many resorted to holing up around kerosene lamps in their respective common rooms in an attempt to keep warm and dry. The products of more adventurous minds included certain ambitious building projects. Strange that the appearance of a well-lit igloo on Little Acre should coincide with the disappearance of the Chapel candles. Enough said!

Thus the hours passed and, contrary to popular rumour - "They've had to send off to Japan for a part to repair the fault - it'll take at least 18 months" - power was restored, to the relief of most, after approximately 48 hours. The return to normal routine was a remarkable anticlimax!

Lindsey Moir

GIFT OF CLOCK

Turn to page 73 for details of the handsome new clock in the front courtyard.



For the third year in a row Strathallan School's Riley House were the overall winners among the 12 teams in the under-14 section at the Junior Highland Games for Scottish schools at Blairmore Preparatory School, Glass, near Huntly. The team was made up of hammer throwing captain Andrew Hall, caber tossing Chris Charlier, haggis hurling James Donald, pillow fighting Chris Bradley, archer Craig Larkin and hill runners David Fisher, Alex Blackstock and Nicol Nicolson who also all took part in the Highland dancing competition.

RILEY

The plans were laid, the Governors agreed, and the first dump of sand has just arrived on the paddock. Confucius he say "Year of Contractor bring much change" and C.D.P. announced his retiral. CRII-KKEY! But Fingal and Matron remain, so all is well. The new buildings will be worth it but long treasured Riley rituals such as wading through drifts in pyjamas and bare feet to get the evening medicine which is designed to relieve the cold picked up by wading through snow drifts in pyjamas and bare feet, will become part of the not-like-it-was-in-my-day lore pedalled by Third Formers with long grey beards and shaking heads. But for us youngsters, who have the future in front of us, we can look forward to all sorts of opportunities that the new space and comfort will offer.

As for the latest bunch who have shuffled out of their clogs and left their wee pointie hats in the Riley courtyard, they will be an asset to the School as they move through - all fiftytwo of them. Well,



Gnomes who 'graduated' this year



Ruairadh Roome and Alastair Turner on 'Entertainment' Day

maybe not ALL of them but certainly most of them will be. In terms of sport, music, drama, classwork they are as good, and better, than one would hope for in this age group and certainly I would be hard pushed to remember a more enjoyable bunch to be with since I have been here. Achievements have been many through the year but the one that caught the feeling of '92 - '93 was the Riley Entertainment. Fiftythree boys and girls took part in *Beauty and the Bean*. It was written, produced and rehearsed without adult interference. Nicol Nicolson grew and grew as his dream became a reality and for those of us who feared that it could end in tears - how nice it was to be proved wrong! How nice also, of course, to have so many members of staff and Sixth Formers who not only spent a lot of their time on duty but also spent a significant amount of time just being with the gnomes - frequently holding their wee pointed hats for them whilst they went off and practised being Third Formers!

I hope the "Year of the Contractor" will bring enough change - but no more than enough!

A.T.

PURPLE RAGE

Purple clouds storm in anger:
They rain showers of tears,
Flashes of light,
Whirlpools
That surge and spin.
Purple clouds awaken the Earth
Who sends violent earthquakes
Across the face of the world.
Buildings are destroyed
And families taken to their deaths.

Ailsa Stringer
Form I

FREELAND

When I took on the job of Housemastering it was not without misgivings for, after all, I could see what it had done for R.J.W.P. There was the prospect of several looming trials such as sleepless nights; losing pieces of paper (which I am very good at); giving boys freedoms that required my trust and my neck on the line; taking the blame for things that didn't quite go as parents thought they should. As Rhesa put it so well on his Leaver's Form - the greatest thing he would miss was the chance to blame his Housemaster for everything! I can confidently say that the prospects have all been realised within my first two years. But there was one thing that I hoped to keep at a distance for a long time - the making of the Leaver's Speech. When Proc presented me with the black spot while exchanging pleasantries about cricket, I tried several manoeuvres: there were better players than I; I was making myself unavailable for selection; my form had deserted me. Would he take a sum of money instead? If I bought a round of drinks at 'The Admiral Benbow Inn' would they protect me and give me the shelter of silence? In each case my delivery was treated with a very correct "No." and so it came to be that I had to do something that I didn't want to do, had dreaded doing and had admired in others for the seeming ease with which they carried it off.

Doing what you don't want to do is something that most of us in later life, with wife and children or hostages to fortune, have to embrace. It is something that young people of around school-leaving age have an extraordinary freedom to eschew and when they choose, freely, to do that which they wanted to avoid, that which they do not see the sense of, that which they are not very good at, I feel that is the mark that distinguishes them as personalities, as people who have learned something about courage, service and dignity. I'm not talking about things that we see as clearly wrong but about things that don't immediately serve our own interests and that we could easily make excuses not to do.

Sports Day, this year, was a good case in point, for Freeland was not only quite clearly out of contention for the Cup but many competitors were in danger of making themselves look foolish against vastly superior runners or throwers, and nowhere more so than in the Senior section. It was a pleasure to hear Rhesa being warmly applauded for finishing at least thirty yards last in the 4 x 400m relay after Bob Mitchell, Neil Wilson and Jonathan Foy had gone before him. I can still hear Neil, noted for his contributions to music and House Drama but hardly an athlete, offering to run the 1500 metres. Big Borgie, not quick out of bed, let alone on the track, pitched-in for our equally hopeless short distance relays; Shep returned from post-examination leave to compete and Chris Law, vitalised by a sharp dose from his inhaler, ran exceptionally well in bringing up the rear of the 100 metres. Others, too,

such as Dood, Mark, Nik, the Wilsons, all of them making clear to me their detestation and dread of athletics competed honourably gaining one or two places and even, in Nik's case, a win. The list is without Matthew Park, but then it is so easy to overlook his contribution as unremarkable for if there was ever a model of someone who cheerfully undertook seemingly thankless tasks then, surely, it is he. I have also, it seems, left out the juniors but then the pressures on them to compete are much greater. Nevertheless, I have a vivid picture of an unpractised Duncan Elder, collapsing at the end of the 400, and I don't forget many other efforts. The excellence of the performances of Cameron Wood and Stephen Cooksley, who were only inched-out of the Middle and Junior Victor Ludorums, were memorable also. But that was not the point. The ones that pass unnoticed are the ones that risk looking foolish and do it just the same. Or those who, like Charlie Adam, take on the unpopular task of running the whole House Athletics show and do it without a whinge. When those gifted sportsmen who 'do everything for the House' suggest that the less gifted should make a greater contribution to the Standards Competition, they themselves should have the grace to realise how lucky they are to have the talents that make prestigious sports like rugby, hockey and cricket easy for them. They should know, too, how they are envied by others.

This rather tedious sermonising of mine is perhaps no more than a piece of intricate footwork covering Freeland's lack of sporting success this year. We won the Cricket Sixes, the Junior Hockey and, as for the rest - well, we competed in about eight finals without success. Our cupboard is fairly bare but if one is to go from feast to famine, then at least one can learn from the experi-

ence of coming last. As Paul Newman in *Cool Hand Luke* had it, "Sometimes nothing's a real cool hand to hold." There are no trophies or rewards for being selfless, doing things that don't appeal, taking the opportunity to make someone else's life easier rather than more difficult. That coming plumb last in the relay is better than not taking part and sometimes even better than winning, is a useful lesson to learn.

The highlights of the year, however, were not only those in which we came last. There was the fun and hard-work that went with winning both the Senior and Junior House Drama Trophies; the fact that eight boys from the House played 1st XV Rugby and six 1st XI Cricket; there was Nige's winning of the Best All-Round Sportsman Award; the number of Duke of Edinburgh's Gold Awards and the musical performances of the likes of Neil and Chris. I shall particularly remember this year's UVI Dinner for the hard work that Pete Brown did, the wonderful gift of salmon from Matthew Nicholls, the care and preparation that the boys gave to making the meal and the style with which it was carried off. Alastair Doodson headed a team of prefects that I regarded as excellent and Simon and Mark did sterling work with a good bunch of Third Formers. Writing of jobs without obvious rewards leads me to thank Chris Mayes, George Kitson, John Broadfoot, my wife and Carol Duncan, for all the time and effort put into tutoring. Jessie, Mary and Janet deal with all that is worst and at the end of term had to deal with several mould monsters growing under beds. Lesley had to deal with me. And I? I have finished another of those dreaded, thankless tasks - the writing of the House Report. But then I have Mrs Adam on my heels.

C.N.C.



Rhesa Obineche and John Green

NICOL

This year there were some outstanding achievements at national level: Jonathan Ireland was Under 17 Scottish Cross-country Champion; Duncan Taylor came fifth in the British Junior Shooting Championships, and Iain Senior won a Gold Award in the Physics Institute Competition.

Indeed, it was in Academe that the House particularly flourished. The average 'plus' score for the Third Form was the highest yet, and Alan Senior and Adam Tewson received end of year set prizes. Effort in the Fourth Form was nearly as good, with Nick Morley and Douglas Patterson also collecting prizes. On Speech Day the rostrum, when not crowded with girls, echoed to the feet of Matthew Pitchforth (Tatersall Art Prize); Hamish McCartan (English); Andrew Yeates (Physics) and Tom Hughes (Design and Technology). For last year's A levels David Clark, now Cambridge bound, was Dux.

Music and Drama came close seconds. Alan Senior, Mark Hunter, Struan Fairbairn and Matthew and Nick Morley were all orchestral players. Trumpeter Raj Arumugam's performances of the Haydn Concerto were the musical memories of the year. He, Nick Morley and Spanish import Juan Figuerola were the basis of the Dixieland Band. With Robbie Wilson, David Man, Paul Manwaring and Philip Ainsworth (both occasionally), and Raj (again!), we dominated the male section of the Choir. Hamish McCartan was Pipe Major and won two piping cups, and James Steel Drum Major getting a second place in the CCF Competition. The long tradition of pipers and drummers was also upheld by Ross Cumming, Andrew Scott, Malcolm Ross, Robert Mawdsley, Douglas Patterson and Chris Dorman, while Iain Wilson won an 'ex cathedra' drumming prize.

The superb production of *The Crucible* was marked by a searing performance by Paul Henderson, and characterful studies from Raj Arumugam and Duncan Dunlop. However, good playing by Colin (the next David Puttnam?) Perry, and great efforts by directors Paul Manwaring and Nick Jones never quite got the Junior House play going. In the inaugural Senior Competition Peter Seymour was a fetching Gwendoline and his rising to tower over David Mann's Jack was the comic moment of the evening. Alastair Bennett was disgustingly smooth. For the now regular in-House Christmas Entertainment, bereted David Saffron again bullied staff into Jack and the Beanstalk. Mr Wands was voted best dressed chicken of the year, and there might have been an element of typecasting in Mr Ball's 'Giant'. Messrs Wands, Vallot and Ford gave a true picture of Nicol life, only to be savaged by the 'Upper Sixth's Revenge'.

The other great social event of the year was the summer barbeque. Aply organised by the ad hoc committee of Paul Manwaring, Mark Brand and Angus Bayne, the mob fed well, and, while the

sophisticates played softball, Mr Ball abetted by Nick Russell and, amazingly, egg-head Iain Senior, developed an Aussie version of the Strathallan Wall Game.

Our literati had their moments. Colin Perry won the Junior Creative Writing, and Mr (Flashing Blade) Murray branded Chris Dorman a 'genius of film criticism'. Raj turned up, yet again, with a powerful reading from *The Brothers Karamazov* in the Carol Service.

Nicol boys shone in the CCF. In Philip Ainsworth, Paul Henderson, and Alastair Bennett we had heads of Army, Navy and Marines sections. Duncan Taylor and Andrew Yeates gained Gold Awards in the Duke of Edinburgh Scheme and Paul Manwaring and Mark Brand headed for survival island. If you can believe it, Paul was hungry all the time, while Paddy snoozed cheerfully yet wasn't eaten by anyone!

Sport got a bit of a look in. Philip Ainsworth was Captain of rugby, a Presidential representative and came near to a Scottish Schoolboys cap. Mark Silver (full colours), John Green and Alastair Bennett joined him regularly in the 1st XV with a good number of 2nd XV players, we looked a good bet for the Senior Cup, but the games were never held. At Under 15 level Noel Charlier, Ross McMillan and Chris Burnett all played for the Midlands, but we lacked the depth to do well in the Junior House matches. John Green captained School Hockey. Alastair Bennett was a key 1st XI player and joined by Tom Hughes, Nick Jones and Andrew Marsham they won the Senior Indoor Cup in style. Cricket has never been a Nicol speciality, but James Henderson bowled fiercely for the XI. To everyone's surprise we even came second in an impromptu six-a-side. Although we had a smattering of representatives in minor sports (Philip Haenle and Duncan Dunlop in Tennis, Ewan Watson as vice captain of Golf), we only had real suc-

cess at House level in Swimming and Athletics. David Saffron (captain of School Swimming) led our stars to a second successive cup for early risers, and, although we couldn't claim the Cross-country again, Jonathan Ireland (later to get a medal on the Loch Rannoch run) and Iain Wilson won their events. The sporting year finished on a high note with strong representation in the Athletics team. The stars and lesser lights were admirably organised by Alastair Bennett to win the Standards Competition in spite of a late run by Ruthven. On the last day of term, the team overcame the strange reluctance of one sprinter, and a heart-stopping dropping of the baton, to win the cup with a fine 4 x 400 relay run. The smile of triumph on Phil's face as he crossed the line was the sort of thing Housemasters feed on!

It was largely due to the Head of House that this has been such a pleasant year. Ever the diplomat, and respected and liked by all levels, Philip was outstanding. He was loyally backed by Tom Hughes, who became the best devil's advocate I have known!

My thanks go also to an excellent House staff. Mrs Murray, Jean and Davina have been untiring in their efforts to make Nicol a 'show house'. Mrs Murray, in particular, has been more than generous with her time and tender loving care in ministering to the sickly and running the House Shop.

Messrs Wands and Ball and, latterly, Dr Tod, have been faithful and hard working visiting Tutors. Mr Ball now moves to take on the 'heavies' of Simpson. We wish him all the luck he needs, and, in anticipation, congratulate him and his wife on their first child. The jewels in the crown have been Mr and Mrs Vallot. Both have far exceeded their briefs, and have developed such a rapport with the boys that the Housemaster may now sit back and enjoy the autumnal years of his reign.

J.N.F.



Nicol sixth form ready for the Charity Ball

RUTHVEN

We are very lucky to have the best boarding facilities of any school in Scotland but it is the people who make the space into a place. With a small, diverse and somewhat volatile Upper Sixth, things were always going to be interesting! Fergie did not last as a School Prefect but, in his own way, put in a great deal as Head of House. Calum did last as Head of School, capping the year with a very good speech at the Leavers' Dinner, much to the annoyance of the snipers! In Cameron MacKay and Craig Gibson, we had two strong characters who led by example and the importance of their contribution must not be underestimated. The final year in any boarding school can be an infuriating time, with seemingly pointless restrictions and mindless routine. But, if one looks, there is a great deal to gain. Some took more than they gave but the majority saw their investment in time and effort repaid over and over again and I thank them for this.

There have been some notable Ruthven sporting successes this year, not least of which was the Cup Winning Junior Rugby XV, so ably captained by Euan MacKay. A last ditch win over Simpson in the semi set up a memorable final and all those 'who were there' will not forget it. Jon Gault's superb organisation of the Cross-country squad saw us take the Cup in fine style, this after having been narrow runners-up in both the Swimming and Ski-ing! The Summer term saw victories for Ruthven in the Third Form and Junior Inter-House Football, in addition to those in the Squash and Tennis. Sports Day, and our Athletics Squad, weakened by D of E and Survival absentees, pushed an excellent Nicol team right to the last event; it was perhaps our best 'Whole House' performance of the year, with everyone from Third Form to

UVI chipping in. Congratulations on a clean sweep in the Victor Ludorem competitions, with Richard Wallace (Junior), James Barlow (Middle) - James also won the Bronze Medal in the 800m at the Scottish Schools Championships - and Andy McCulloch (Senior) taking the honours.

On the School sports front we made a limited contribution to the 1st XV Rugby but a major one to the 2nds and the 1st VII, notably via Cameron MacKay who also captained boys' Athletics. Mr Ford's prediction of 'no Ruthvenites in the 1st XI Hockey' was as wide of the mark as ever. Messrs Quinn, Macdonald, MacDonnel and Ward (Snr) proving the point. And the Freeland-Simpson vice-like grip on the 1st XI Cricket was broken by Messrs MacDonnel and Ward (Snr). Elsewhere, Martin Fitchie captained the School Cross-country team and Craig Gibson both Squash and Tennis.

On the cultural side, Ruthven continues to provide the backbone of the School Pipe Band with medal winners in Ali Gaw, Alex Macleod, Duncan Culliford and Michael Govind. The Junior House Play, directed by Chris Marshall, was a great success, as was the Senior effort, the latter gaining considerable critical acclaim. Gordon Duncan won first prize for Verse Speaking at the Edinburgh Festival and, amongst others, Russell Griffiths and David Macleod fly our flag in the Orchestra. Richard Graham chaired the Junior Debating Society, Struan Cochrane and Duncan MacDonald going down fighting to Thornbank in the competition, despite winning the floor vote! Garry Rogers won the Senior 'Creative Writing' Prize and Jonathan Wallace made his acting debut in the excellent School production of *The Crucible*.

Academic work - the effort put in as well as the final results, continues to dominate our lives. Some members of the House would be wise to accept more of the advice on offer. It is actually not difficult to work hard! For those with external exams it will not all be good news, but Ruthven will have its fair share of outstandingly good results. Congratulations to David Macleod, Philip Price (twice!), Amer Choudry and Bruce McClure on their Academic Prizes - others will have to wait for their rewards!

There have been some wonderful moments this year; the spirit and co-operation during the dark days of the power cut; the House bar-be-que; the Cross-country and Sports Day.

To those colleagues who help to make Ruthven the place that it is - Messrs Murray, Todd, Giles and Green - thanks on behalf of all of us for everything that you do. To Kate, Christine and Sandra, who do so much more than the routine chores - well done on surviving a second year! And to Tess, who suffers most of my pent-up rage, ditches most of my worst ideas before they see the light of day and seems to wash most of the boys' games kit, I promise to get out of your way for a while in the Summer!

Many of those departing brought great contributions to the House and they take with them our best wishes. Amongst those who are returning, we have terrific talent and energy. Good luck to Richard Graham, Ruthven's third consecutive Captain of School, and to Rod Williams, Head of House - by the time you read this you will know just how good they are!

Finally, and perhaps more importantly, good luck to Mr McPhail and family and thanks again C.D.P.!

D.J.B.



Christmas Feast for Ruthven

SIMPSON

I have enjoyed my 15 years in Simpson, encapsulating a period of rapid change in which we have been housed in three different buildings, each with its own characteristics, advantages and disadvantages. I have numerous memories of the 420 people who have been through the House in that time, some good, some not so good, many amusing and probably better in the telling. Through a decade and a half, a general air of bonhomie has pervaded. However, all good things come to an end and brutal reality is never far from the surface. The two cherry trees, which guard the entrance to the new House and provide much colour in the early summer, were given a drastic pruning in the chill of December. I made some comment about hoping that they would survive, but the Second Master was characteristically quick to retort - "Just cutting out all the dead wood at the same time." Needless to say, the trees have flourished as will Simpson under Alan and Louise Ball.

It has not been the easiest of years in the House. A number of individuals have gone their own way and failed to make a positive contribution. However, there have been numerous individual and group successes. Pride of place goes to Garry Burton, who gained a Scottish Schools' Rugby Cap and has been selected to tour Australia this summer, and Colin Mitchell, who won a place in the Scottish Schools Golf Team as well as cleaning up all the internal trophies. Jeff Shillitto won an Art Prize on Speech Day. Iain Fergusson, Piers Raper and Neil Russell all had important parts in *The Crucible*. Laurie Crump and Duncan



Gazza - modestly dazzled by his own success

Smith, apart from their contribution to the Orchestra, were key founder members of the "Wee Cuthie Men", perhaps best described as an ethnic troupe. Their skills ranged from juggling, to Laurie performing on a minute recorder. Lee Walker was in the Scottish U16 Rugby squad, Alastair Reekie and Harry Hensman represented the Midlands U15 XV and Dougal Fergusson played for the Junior Wayfarer Cricket XI, Andrew Jeffrey caught some magnificent catches for the Cricket XI and for those who like old films, looked like a cross between Norman Wisdom and Mickey Rooney. Tim Hunter excelled in goal for the hockey team, indoor and out. Iain Fergusson, Jeff Shillitto and James Davidson parachuted for charity and avoided being hospitalised. Moritz Beck, Sebastian Gerber and Alexander Rosinus visited us from Germany, whilst, in France, James Proctor discovered that his achilles heel had moved up his body. In team sports, Zak Thomson led the skiers to victory. Mr Ross, not only the senior Tutor but also the Basketball coach, inspired both the senior and junior sides. Mark Ironside went one better than his beloved Aberdeen and lifted the Football trophy, whilst, to Mr Court's chagrin, Freeland - shorn of their 1st XI stars - were defeated in the Junior

Cricket. For some reason which I have never quite managed to work out, the only major trophies that have eluded Simpson in this era have been the Cross-country and the Athletics. With Mr Crosfield and Mr Summersgill as House Tutors I am sure that this will be reversed. The former, in his limited spare time, was responsible for a successful shared Third Form weekend with Ruthven and a French exchange.

Andrew McNamara has done an excellent job as Head of House, and I would like to thank him, the prefects, the Tutors and academic Tutors for their hard work. Thanks too to Mr Young's and Mrs Clayton's teams for feeding and clothing us, and to Mrs Davison, the Housematron, and her helpers for clearing, cleaning and cajoling. At times she must have felt that the Augean Stables looked pristine compared to the House after a weekend.

Finally, I would like to say farewell to all the leavers and look forward to seeing many Simpsonites, past and present, in my new residence at the bottom of the hill. I was very touched and grateful to receive a vase engraved with the House Crest and a clock from the old boys. Best wishes to you all.

N.T.H. Du. B.

James Thin

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THORNBANK

ANNUS HORRIBILIS - Those famous words spoken by the Queen summed up a year for her in which if anything could go wrong, it did. No matter how long you are in a job it doesn't become any easier, and the problems she faced were basically none of her own making, yet they caused her worry, despair and, possibly at times, a loss of faith in human nature, kindness and understanding.

There were certainly some incidents in the House this year which left me feeling as old as the Queen Mother when I had dealt with them, and also to declare it was not going to be a vintage year and very possibly an annus horribilis.

We did not have to contend with fire on the scale of Windsor Castle but this was more by good luck and the vigilance by the staff on duty rather than safe practice by the girls. Leaving irons (containing little water) switched on and going to bed, or putting a toastie in the machine then going to have a shower whilst it cooked are incidents which occurred regularly despite constant reminders and by the end of the first term the family within the House appeared not to be working as a unit.

Then the new term, after Christmas, brought 'flu and flood, and in true British stiff-upper-lip style the House pulled together despite ill health, power cuts and foul weather! Seniors willingly coped with delivering meals to the bedsides of junior girls with 'flu; during the snowfall everyone helped with the candle-lit house entertainment to while away the chilly evenings. This was heartening.

Indeed, by Easter I could cheerfully take stock of the many positive events which had taken place: *The City of Dweebs*, that alternative Greek Tragedy had produced several up and coming actresses in the Junior House Play Competition. The Senior Drama Competition - an act from *The Importance of Being Earnest* - earned Eilidh Currie Best Actress and Lucy-Anne Bryans Best Supporting Actor (?) prizes. The School production of *The Crucible* featured outstanding performances from Kirsty Palmer, Eilidh Currie, Lesley-Anne Dewar and Cora Dunn. Such was the quality of their acting they were awarded a first Place in the Edinburgh Festival Speech and Drama Competition. Other notable awards at this competition went to Lucy Young, Camilla MacDonell, Abigail Barlow, Kirstine Lawson, Agnes Bradley, Darlene Khazaka and Jane Baillie. At the Perth Festival Competition Helen Nesbitt, Agnes Bradley and Eilidh Currie received merits with Lesley-Anne Dewar gaining a distinction in Verse Speaking. The annual Inter House Junior Debating Competition brought together a formidable team - volunteered by the House - of Lucy Webster and Abigail Barlow who debated on topics ranging from Public Schools to Fashion

and in the final, which they won, they persuaded the judges (if not the floor) that in order to be equal with men, women need to be better. The floor consisted of a predominantly male audience!

On the sporting front, in the Inter House competitions we managed by the skin of our teeth to hold on to the Hockey trophy, retained the Athletics, regained the Tennis only to relinquish the Cricket. The orchestra continues to benefit from the talents of girls in the House, this year being no exception with the arrival of Agnes Bradley and Jennifer Mair - both superb violinists - and the jazz band gained Jennifer Inglis. Sadly, the two Jennifers were here only for Upper Sixth but their music making has been a delight to listen to - especially for the Headmaster's Music and Speech Day.

No matter the traumas during the year, the Royal public engagements continue. No matter the ups and downs in the House, the academic work continues. Time alone will tell whether those sitting external examinations have gained success, but rewards at Speech Day were attained by Rachel Taylor, Jennifer Mair, Jennifer Inglis, Alison Mitchell and Fiona Monro. Some of the GCSE group appeared to leave their efforts rather late, but better late than never! The Fourth Form and Lower Sixth grades gradually improved over the year with notable orders from Gillian Wallace and a consistently high standard set by Helen Nesbitt which gained her a form prize at the end of the year.

My thanks, as always, to the academic tutors, Miss Neale, Mrs Summersgill, Miss Rodgers and Mrs Watson, for their time and

efforts on behalf of the year groups they take a special interest in. Sadly Miss Rodgers will be leaving next session but will be replaced by Miss Carlisle. Miss Rodgers' energy, enthusiasm and laughter will be missed. Mrs Barnes, Morag and Liz have seen the year through once more in cheerful style despite several threats of walking out if the girls could not be slightly tidier. My grateful thanks go to them for not leaving me in the lurch!

Every Upper Sixth year has a great deal to cope with academically in their final year and their duties as prefects within the House. This year has been no exception and my grateful thanks to them all, especially Alison as Deputy Head and Emma as Head of House, for their efforts in guaranteeing the House continues to have a friendly and welcoming atmosphere.

The end of term and the session ended on a high note, with a large number in the House contributing to the poster competition on aspects of the School. These posters will be displayed on the walls next year. Prizes were presented to Caroline Frame - the organiser - Emma Dooley, Lucy Webster and Sarah Caird, by the Headmaster. After this he spoke to the House of having a full appreciation of the traditional and alternative approach to art and indeed life, and that there was room for both within a school. I agree with this and feel there is room for both within the House but hope, as a 'Trad', that the Alternatives do not lose sight of having consideration for others at all times.

L.J.S.



Jane Baillie and Kate Barker

WOODLANDS

A year of great changes in Woodlands: Jonathan and Paula Forster went to take over Moreton Hall School in Shropshire; Mrs Broadfoot gave up her Thursday evenings to concentrate on her new job; the S-J family moved house to take up their biggest challenge yet. On the receiving end of the changes no less than eighty-one girls (including Marie-Laure Piganeau) wondered what to expect. New ideas always have a mixed reception. Some things were seen as better, some things were welcomed as better because they were different and a good few were "Not what Mr Forster used to do". For myself there were the awful questions of what to do in House Meetings, whether the Sixth Form were really discussing the theory of relativity in the kitchens during period eight on Friday and whether the House Funds would stretch to the taxidermist's fee for stuffing Mark Brand and Paul Manwaring for permanent display in the foyer.

The Junior House Play, a subtle and professional drama of intrigue, murder and cucumber sandwiches, penned by Claire and Jennie and ably directed by Vicky McMahon, was in our unpartisan opinion unlucky not to win more prizes; in future we will obviously have to include more bad language and aimless running around if we are to remain competitive. The Hockey teams had a good go at relieving Thornbank of the Cup, both games were close and thrilling; luckily we had no problems in the Netball competition. The Swimming Team did superbly, too. We also (this is specially for Lucy Quarry) thrashed the rest of the School, boys included, in the Inter-House Shooting for the second year running.

The Spring Term started, of course, with those power cuts ... and never seemed to recover its poise. Looking back, it was dominated (from my point of view at least) by people rushing to finish projects and dissertations, doing mocks and not going ski-ing. We did less well than expected in the ski-ing, but at least all the members of the team will be here for next season. The Senior House Play was an ambitious and technically superb production of a scene from Brecht's *Mother Courage*, set in present day Bosnia; few who were privileged to see its performance will forget Kananu's lines or indeed Ruth's drum solo. Many thanks here to Steph and Lindsey for directing, and to Mr Proctor for the use of his wheelbarrow.

Summer, and exam fever gripped the House. Well, parts of it - mostly not the Lower Sixth, a talented bunch who were so confident in their abilities that they only needed a day or two of revision. The Fifth and Upper Sixth disappeared from view almost entirely, and things fell strangely quiet in the foyer. The summer ain't what it used to be; exams take up so much of

these days that there is little left for anything else, the term being shorter as well. Speech Day came and went, sadly unaccompanied by a half-term but enlivened by the Headmaster's speech. And then? Well, as the notice in the foyer announced, we "wasted" Thornbank at Cricket (It was the *ENGLAND XI*), but unfortunately didn't do quite as well in the tennis (although it should go on record that Angie and Carolita beat *NICOL*)

Time to say goodbyes. In the final House Prize-Giving Ceremony the following awards were made:

Suzi	The Stewart Prize for Post Highers
Nicky	The Flying Crowe Fitness Prize
Angie	The East Drive Exploration Award
Jenny	The "Beanie" Biology Prize
Pauline	The Teetotallers' Tankard
Caroline	The Lamont Economics Prize
Rona	The Bacchus Award
Pip	The Pitchforth Careers Research Prize
Karen	The Marlboro Award for Industry
Carolyn	The East Wing Memorial Whip for Kitchen Supervision
Mariet	The BT Prize for Incoming Phone-calls

Carolita	The 'Aloha' Surfing Cup
Sophie	The Keir Ironing Prize
Hilary	The Paracetamol Prize for Services to the Pharmaceutical Industry
Annabel	The Mothercare Prize for Youngest in House

Finally (or nearly so), many thanks to all who have helped or contributed in any way, as pupils or as staff, in what has been a good year for Woodlands. Particular thanks to Mrs Forbes, who has tutored here for seven years; to Mrs Ross and Mrs Hamilton; to Miss England; to Betty and Vicky. A big thank you to all the Prefects new and old, and to Pauline and Suzi for directing the House in its first year under new management.

Here are a few oddments left over on the wordprocessor:

Memories of the year: seventy people in pyjamas sprawled in the common room in the light of two hurricane lamps; Kate Miller's tidiness; Pip's moods; Pauline's moods; Mariet's moods; the North Wing squirrel.

A.S.J.



Drawing by Kananu Kirimi

CHAPEL NOTES

PART OF THE SERMON FOR ADVENT SUNDAY, 29th NOVEMBER 1992 - Preached by the Revd Ian Mackenzie, M.A. (formerly B.B.C. Scotland)

You are fortunate indeed that I have been spared to come among you and deliver this inspirational address. You owe my Advent to the vigour with which I have fought off a virus. In the last few days I've been laid low with a severe attack of one of the most virulent bugs known to man - as well as to woman, child, and Ugandan giraffe, Belgian rabbit, Gleneagles golfer and Strathallan prefect - I refer to the bug described in the best text-books as *humbugus sentimental* - in colloquial terms, sentimental humbug. As I considered what I should say here today, waves of this ailment, sometimes known as nostalgia, swept over me.

I, too, you see, at the zenith of my life, was incarcerated in a boarding school, and I never quite recovered. It's a straightforward case of arrested development. The origins of this interesting condition in my case reach their tentacles far into the remote past. I recall with ice-cold clarity the moment at which my older sister threw open my bedroom door and cried brightly, "Happy Birthday, Ian!" I loved her dearly, and her smile was infectious, but on that occasion her greeting smote me with a sense of doom. I was no longer young. Behind me stretched a profligate past, strewn with the flotsam and jetsam of the carefree irresponsible years. Ahead stretched adulthood, the long grey climb to the escarpment of old age. What age was I on that dread morning? Four! I had survived being one. I had enjoyed being two. I had drunk deeply of the heady experience of being three. But four! Only one year of life left. Then the advent of the alien kingdom: school!

If that chilling birthday morning put a dampener on my spirit, what happened a year later was a full scale waterfall. My first day at school was for me a riddle hidden in an enigma wrapped in a mystery surrounded by the railings of Fraserburgh Primary School playground. At playtime I sat alone on the grass verge and watched a maelstrom of inter-galactic robots in the grip of mass hysteria. It was later explained to me that these were actually boys playing cowboys and Indians. This consisted of everyone rushing round the school in one direction, waving arms and shouting, then rushing round the opposite way. I felt I had better things to do with my life, but I couldn't think what, and when the Headmistress came over and said, "Ian, wouldn't you like to play with the other boys and girls?" I looked at her in utter astonishment and said in a loud voice, "No." She looked at me with foreboding. What she had on her hands was a loner.

In the world you've grown up in, of course, the very concept of cowboys and Indians will seem roughly coterminous with the dinosaurs. The Europe of

Maastricht will have diminishing accommodation for cows, let alone cowboys. And even if we're not all neo-Nazis, it seems there's a limit to the accommodation we're prepared to offer to alien Europeans like Bosnians; forget Indians! Fictional aliens, though, as in Ridley Scott's filmic monsters - they would be acceptable immigrants because they beckon from a future beyond the immediate future, because *that* future, the one just out of reach, doesn't have to be dealt with, we can just hold it in our mind's eye as dream, or nightmare. We're more ready to be friendly to fictional aliens than to real ones. In other words, fantasy is easier than reality.

Real life, you will not be surprised to hear me observe, is like climbing a mountain. The summit is always over the next ridge - no? Then it must be the next - or the next. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick", is biblical poetry. Reality is that if you defer, not just hope about the ham and mustard sandwiches you promised yourself at the summit - that maketh the stomach even sicker. In real life there's no short cut. You just have to go on. To change the metaphor - and what use are metaphors if you can't change them? - the next bit of the future is always about to arrive at Platform 13, until the tannoy tells you in strangled gobbledeespeak that it is held up by the wrong kind of leaves on the line, the wrong kind of snow in the heating system, or the wrong kind of beer in the buffet. Then you suddenly find it has sneaked into Platform 1 when you weren't looking and your Aunt Agatha has disappeared in a taxi. In other words, the future *doesn't* exist. It has turned into the past while you were rushing around in the present. Time is as slippery as soap in the bath.

What all this means is that our evolution of time into a *communal* experience has the same function as Advent has in the Christian calendar; it announces a Kingdom where both loners and crowds will evolve into an enhanced consciousness of living together.

It's called community. The free choice of independent spirits, learning to work together. That's what you're learning in this school. It's not easy. It can be painful. Not a lot that's worthwhile is easy. Christmas is the dream coming true, the fantasy coming to earth. Advent is our working through the problem to get there.

To finish with - a true story about living in community. In my last year as a boy at Fettes, I founded a scurrilous weekly magazine called 'The Wart'. One of the housemasters was outraged and threatened to resign unless the Headmaster banned it. I was outraged. How dare the Establishment threaten to crush our noble effort to enhance the school's consciousness? The Head spoke to me. "Look here," he said, "the main job of any Head is to keep his staff a happy family. Then they're more likely to keep the school happy. I'll defend your magazine if you compromise and make your material less subversive." That

won me over. It was a brilliant piece of persuasion which made me think again about the individual's responsibility to the whole community, including alien species such as masters. That incident helped me to evolve into a less alien species. The Housemaster, a cheerful and popular man, didn't resign. He evolved. His name was Wilfred Hoare, and he came on here to be a distinguished Headmaster of Strathallan.

I began by telling you of my fight against the nostalgia bug. I've worked through it now.

It is *not* true that schooldays are the happiest in your life. Some days are good, others are bad. Some people have a happier time than others. But it is an important time. Because your whole experience at school is an Advent, a time of preparation for the pain and happiness that make life what it is - an evolving dream being turned into reality. The future is not the train arriving. The future is you departing. Departing now for the rest of your life. And the destination? You don't have a destination. You have a destiny, and your working-out of that destiny will affect the future of the world. It is the Advent of that future world that we look forward to today. May God go with you into it.

(The Revd Ian Mackenzie returned to School in the Spring Term 1993, where, on a Saturday evening in his company, we "Sang a New Song" with his inspired accompaniment on the piano in the Music Room. His choice of hymns old and new and his serious and light-hearted commentary will long be remembered by musicians and searchers after "The Truth".)

We are grateful to him for the many hours he invested in his two Sermons and for the evening music.)

Autumn Term Preachers: The Revd Dr Iain Bradley (formerly BBC, Chaplain, Stratheden Hospital). The Revd James L. Weatherhead (Principal Clerk to the General Assembly; Chaplain to H.M. the Queen). Mr Tim Middleton (Scripture Union). The Revd David Hamilton (Curriculum Officer, the Church of Scotland). The Revd Alistair H. Symington (Bearsden, New Kilpatrick). The Very Revd Dr W.J. Macdonald (Moderator, 1989). The Revd D.D. Ogston (St John's Kirk, Perth). The Revd David Beckett (Greyfriars/Highland Tolbooth, Edinburgh).

Spring Term Preachers: The Revd Charles Robertson (Canongate Kirk, Edinburgh). The Revd David Mill (Greenock). The Revd Uist Macdonald (Perth). The Revd David Ogston (St John's Kirk, Perth). The Revd Callum O'Donnell (Troon Old). The Revd A.J. Scobie (Cardrose). Mr Tim Middleton (Scripture Union). The Revd Ian Mackenzie (BBC).

Preacher at the Confirmation Service: The Rt Revd Michael Hare Duke, Bishop of St Andrew's Dunkeld and Dunblane. Lector: The Very Revd Graham Forbes (Provost, St Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh). Conduct of Service: The Revd Bob Fyffe (Rector, St John's Episcopal Church, Perth). Eucharistic President: The Chaplain.

Summer Term Preachers (The "Pighillian Term"): The Revd Alan Reid, Bridge of Allan (Chaplain 1977-1981). The Revd Callum T. O'Donnell (Troon Old). The Revd David Weekes (Chaplain, Fettes College). The Revd W. N. Monteith (Chaplain 1970-1977). Preacher at the Valedictory Service: The Very Revd Graham Forbes (Provost, St Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh).

MUSIC

"He that hopes to be good must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing wit, but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensivity to the art itself; but having once got and practised it, then doubt not but it will prove to be so pleasant, that it will be like virtue, a reward to itself."

These words were not written by some finger-wagging old schoolmaster attempting to lead his reluctant disciples into grace, but by one wise old philosopher who spent a great part of his life on a river bank, practising "the Angle". Izaak Walton, born 400 years ago, wrote possibly the most famous book on fishing ever penned - *The*

Compleat Angler. The lessons encapsulated in this book are still fresh and relevant today, and as true for the musician as the angler.

This musical season has been a most active and varied one, and like Walton's gamebook entries, some notable catches have been recorded. Those with "inquiring, searching and observant wit" have pursued their studies into the harmony of Bach, the songs of Schubert, and the operas of Mozart for both A Level and Highers exams, and "hope and patience" were certainly the watchwords for students of musical theory. If these more exalted examinations might be likened to fishing with a dry-fly, there have been also those with the worm and spinners out for the Associated Board Grade 5 Theory passes. These are obligatory requirements for those wishing to tackle the practical exams of Grades 6-8. I always find it surprising that there is such reluctance to learn the theory of the language. The tests are after all only the written versions of what players are playing and their teachers have been telling them since the fingers started to flex.

The pursuit of Associated Board exam successes is very much left to the discretion of the individual teachers, or to the enthusiasm, or lack of it, from the pupil. Although these, like all other things, are becoming increasingly more expensive to enter, the exams do have the effect of focusing the mind and fingers and preventing a drift into inactivity. They have always been considered a useful measuring-stick of success.

Whether with or without Associated Board exams, there are many who show real "love and propensivity to the art itself". Some truly virtuoso performances have been proffered this year, and with music of an uncompromisingly advanced and professional repertoire.

The Headmaster's Musick is the first musical hurdle to cross each season, and although the term now starts earlier than hitherto, to achieve the standards attained in such a relatively short time is a great credit to all the players. The 1992 programme reflects the very great wealth of talent lurking in the deeps. Villa-Lobos' *Bachianas Brasilieras No 5* for an orchestra of Cellos and soprano is only ever rarely heard, and it was a great treat to hear it so elegantly played. William Walton's *Façade* is another such rarity, and the chamber group most professionally got round the formidable problems to accompany the wonderfully lunatic poems by Osbert and Edith Sitwell. The SCR reciters most nobly joined in the fun of the piece with period costume to add the final touch of authenticity.

Each and every piece is a 'first' for someone, but the Choir's offering of Gaelic singing was a real treat, while Laurie Crump and friends formed themselves into



Jennifer Mair on Speech Day

a group, since known as "Wee Cuthie Men", to play and arrange music from the bars and the fields. With an instrumental line-up including harp, tin-whistle, horn, piano, keyboard, fiddle and drums, they continue to produce splendid toe-tapping medleys which well equals some of the expensively produced recordings available to the folk-music enthusiast.

Fiddlers they certainly are, but both Jennifer Mair and Agnes Bradley proved themselves violinists of no mean distinction on many occasions. Together they played Mozart's most demanding *Two Violin Concertone*, and each a concerto by Mozart and a *Brandenburg Concerto* by Bach. Jennifer used her 'Sixth Year Studies' year to great advantage, offering her musical talents in every conceivable form, coupled with an onerous academic task of three A levels in a year, yet she managed to play Chamber music every week, performing a demanding Mozart *Trio* and the *Trout Quintet* by Schubert.

In addition to the large-scale groups who rehearse and perform regularly, the small groups play just as frequently, and rely on the support of a loyal and musically distinguished band of faithful. Neil Wilson has played in every group, every week since Riley. From the days as a Riley Cellist, whose feet scarcely touched the ground, and whose fingers found the fingerboard a real struggle, Neil is an example of the musician who found the task so "pleasant, it became a reward in itself" - or nearly always! From cellist he grew into the double-bass as required, and became the harmonic main-stay of the Dixieland Band, as he did, as the choir appreciate, as the longest-serving and highest singing tenor in the Choir. This alone would single him out for a medal.

The Dixieland Band is a splendid institution. It offers a chance to let rip in a way no other musical group can ever do. If you blow a few "raspberries" as the duff notes are known in the trade, you call it improvisation, and you say all manner of things towards music theory, because playing softly in a group that has side-drum, trombone, saxophones, clarinet and Raj Arumugam on trumpet is the equivalent of hoping to keep an egg on a spoon in a rugger scrum!

It may be invidious to single out one player, but "having got it and practised it", and practice means many hours of diligent, careful listening. Raj really is an embryo musician who advances Izaak Walton's theories in a most practical and real way. He has shown us all what is possible if one has determination to succeed. The distinguished trumpeter Hakan Hardenburger plays *The Haydn* (for those not subscribing to "Gramophone", this is the *Concerto for Trumpet*, considered at its first playing as impossible to play), but Raj performs it. Quite splendidly, too. It is a cracking, good piece, and the orchestra love it. I am never quite sure whether it is because they are waiting for the raspberries which never

come, or they just like the tunes. Whatever reason, they all play it well, and this will remain a musical highlight for a while yet.

The Choir, already mentioned for their excellent Gaelic singing, continue to sing through all the great choral repertoire, and it is most comforting to hear the comments from colleagues or members of the School as they hear grand sounds emerging from the empty Chapel as they walk past our rehearsals. There is no doubt that singing in the "full" Chapel on a Sunday remains a daunting task. Not only does the acoustic noticeably alter when 2500 yards of tartan absorb the voices, but the close proximity of the consumers is sometimes less than a stimulant. The "Angus MacDonald (Freeland 78-83) Law of Performance" remains unchallenged.

The "Monday nighters" - the regular sectional rehearsal for the tenors and basses of the Choir - has remained one of the musical/social high-spots for me. At any time there can be a mixture of deep discussion on ultimate questions of life, a demonstration of juggling talents from the Crump/Smith roadshow, card-sharpening from the other end of the row and, of course, Music. Barber-shop, or as happened very recently, a history of Tudor Church music performed in four parts - at great discomfort to the "trebles" and "altos" - or just practice of the difficult bits from the *Messiah* or an off-the-cuff performance of *Don Giovanni*, especially the famous 'Conquests' aria, dedicated to the current amorous chorister.

If the majority of musicians do not get to play in public very regularly then this is the year of the push, and there will be another attempt to extend the performing groups. The new Theatre has an acoustic to flatter and seats for plenty, so let us hope the "art will prove to be so pleasant".

If the above list of "fisherman's tales" seems far-fetched, doubt it not. There is not one tale of the "one that got away". Musicians are an honest bunch, a good, clean-living lot. The reward for it this year, we trust, is a trip to Prague. We plan to take Europe's most musical city by storm, with Harp and Hurdy-gurdy, Cuthie and Claymore, Bagpipe and Brass-band; we'll put their love of music to the test! Lunchtime concerts in the streets, and evening performances in castelated splendour. What an opportunity!

We trust there will be enough followers of the art to make the venture possible, but in any event, the practice and the pleasure of exploring the music is as Izaak Walton said, a "most fit use for an idle hour, not idly spent".

F.N.R.

**The Robert Barr Prize for Music: Neil Wilson
The Patrick Grandison Prize for Strings:**

Jennifer Mair
Help in music group tuition, and music lessons during the year has been given by:

Piano:	Violin:
Gordon West	William Baxter
Joy Taylor	Gladys Lofthouse
Viola:	
Steven James	Malcolm Ross
Matthew Beetschen	F.N.R.
Cello:	
Angela Dagpunar	
Flute:	Brass:
Marion Bolton	Christopher Stearn
Antonia Horne	
Clarinet & Saxophone	Horn:
Sandra Jones	F.N.R.
Janet Tortoisshell	
Clarsach:	Oboe:
Ian Hood	Jenny Uren
Guitar:	
Selina Madely	



Mr James and the Dixieland Jazz Band

PIPES AND DRUMS

Chilly, and shivering on ice. Outside - a hot January morning. The paradox of nature found its reflection in a Band that looked good and sounded bad.

Until, that is, the pipes were tuned and from which point everything went fine - more or less. Thus it struck home that the notorious Pipe Band, which had seemed to have ascended from the nethermost reaches of Hell at the start of the session, would give reason for us to be less sanguine than usual. A summer of debauched activity had drained life from limb and the so-called Pipe Major seemed unable to see past his hair, let alone guide the "Flagship of the School". Most distressing of all, however, we were deprived of the leadership of Pipe Major Barron, fortunately convalescing after a serious operation during that first term. But for the unrelenting efforts of the Band President, all the instructors involved this year, the aid of Mr Miller who held the fort during those shaky winter months and continued to assist Pipe Major Barron on his welcome return to School, the Band would have sunk to rock bottom. Finally a hazy atmosphere of sawdust and metal filings accompanied by the profanely unmusical utterances of the workmen's hammers below our sacred domain drove many to the brink of insanity and bronchitis, as well as heralding the fact that we were to move our premises not once but twice during the course of the year. Yet music was once a cure for the mad and a cure it was once more ...

Always priding itself on its sense of balance, the Band got on its skates once again at Dewar's Rinks, Perth, for the Bell's European Curling Championship. The result was far from disappointing despite a minor *slip* involving both the Pipe and

Drum Majors and their somewhat wayward winking communications ...

Sectional interests forever playing a large part in our sphere of action, the next stop was via "The Rev's" car to Auchterarder Golf Club where a trio of pipers added melody to festivity at the Annual Burns' Supper.

The Band's next adventure can aptly be described as 'a nightmare'. By the time this was over the prophecies of woe came horribly true and the Band indeed wound up in a dilapidated state. Dressed in full No 1 dress, all polished and shined, some of us even sporting a long-needed haircut, we innocently arrived at the Fife Agricultural Show as Miss Langtry might have arrived in the swamps of Outer Mongolia, in the rain. (Ed: Did Outer Mongolia possess swamps?) One foot of mud covered an expanse of four or five fields. It was maliciously rumoured that "The Rev" spurned a policeman's offer to guide him to a spot from whence his Volvo would be tractor-towed to a parking space, and instead opted to park on an unsuspecting pensioner's flower bed, two miles from the show-ground.

It rained intermittently ... and hailed ... and the wind blew. All of these occurred co-terminously whenever a Band member stuck one black-brown spat out of the bus door. Every single car had to be towed in and out by tractors and even some tractors



Final (magnificent) appearance for Hamish

found themselves floundering in the glutinous mass of mud. Pause ye who read, to ponder what this meant for a Pipe Band ... There was not one of us who escaped a sully from head to toe. Instruments were soaked. Fingers froze. No one watched. All took shelter. Our only remuneration was mudcaked footwear which once shone in the sun.

Nevertheless, the Band was not to be easily discouraged and faced the elements the day following, this time at a Garden Party at Rossie House as part of Scotland's Garden Scheme. Once more fortune frowned on us and it rained.

A malignant twist of fate then landed us once again in the midst of an agricultural throng of sows and mud at Alyth Agricultural Show. By this time we had come to accept that as a matter of course the Pipe Band is rained on and rained off in the traditional manner. With the Scottish Schools' C.C.F. competition the next day, we saved our No. 1 'kit' and donned 'Sunday Dress'. Thus, another injurious incident was provided to pre-empt any feeling of smugness as our most sensible and prudent Drum Major managed to break the prize mace cleanly in two. Obviously, things were not going in our favour.

In spite of "The Rev" driving off in the dawn of Competition Sunday to borrow a mace from Lathallan School, the downward spiral was set to continue. Despite 100 per

cent effort, victory was not to be ours. Yet we did not retreat with our tails between our legs, I hope. We weren't magnificent and we didn't come first (though our Drum Major nearly did!), but we gave of our best which is what we have come to expect. Besides, coming first isn't always everything. Participation in good spirit is a merit in its own right.

After that, all that was left was to pack our spats in our old kit bag and smile, smile, smile - all the way to Sports' Day and our grand finale with a rendition of the Headmaster's "farewell" tune *David Pighills' Farewell to Strathallan School* written by Pipe Major Barron, which marked the apogee of this year's fun and games in the piping corner.

And talking of smiles - it was fitting reward more than any 1st at the C.C.F. Competition, to see the smile on Mr Pighills' face at the conclusion of Sports' Day, the Summer Term and his distinguished career as Headmaster. His support of the Band in particular over the years has been excellent, in recognition of which, he was invited to present the medals at the School Piping Competition. We hope that the illuminated copy of *his* tune and the cassette of the Band playing it will bring him much pride and satisfaction on many a dark winter night.

On this note (pun!) I shall bring this year's review to an end, "and not before time." I hear the miserly word counters at the editorial desk of *The Strathallian*. Yet I cannot do so without reiterating my thanks to all involved - not least the boys (and girl!) in the Band for making it all happen.

Hamish McCartan

"David Pighills' Farewell to Strathallan School"

This fine tune was composed by our Senior Piping Instructor, Pipe Major R. A. Barron, B.E.M. The illuminated copy referred to was worked in gold leaf by Roderick Barron and presented to the Headmaster by Hamish at the conclusion of Sports' Day.

I, too, would like to echo Hamish in thanking the Headmaster for all his support to and for the Pipes and Drums. It is never easy for any member of staff to persuade a Headmaster to part with cash for a particular project. Less so when it involves considerable sums of money - as it always does where a Band is involved. He always listened patiently and even when the School had large long-term financial commitments in other areas he always managed to find the funds required. But more than financial support, his physical presence on the Chapel Lawn when we were practising, in the old 'Piping Palace' above Big Acre, at C.C.F. competitions and as long-suffering but generous host at "The Lady Lauriston" in the Music Room and in the Saloon with encouraging words to budding Prep School piping guests, and his blind-eye to the ongoing subsidising of both piping and drumming lessons, as well as his in-season conversations with all the Instructors, added to the strength of the Band.

T.G.L.

VERSE SPEAKING

"Drama success at Strathallan" said the Perthshire Advertiser, but this year's Verse Speaking must not be forgotten. Although many people were also involved with Drama at Perth, Edinburgh and in School, extra effort was found from somewhere to heartily show their versatility in the various verse-speaking skills, too.

We started the year in November in the Perth Scots Verse/Burns Competition. This was the first of quite a few successful attempts at fighting off the opposition (not literally!) to gain recognition in their classes. Amelia Blair Oliphant, Nicol Nicolson and Lesley-Anne Dewar won their classes, with myself second and Katrin Willmen (who overcame the trouble of breaking through the barrier of German to Scots!) came third. We all received certificates for our efforts, which gave others the courage to try again next time even if they didn't win.

Other events were the Perth Festival, last term, where once again success was sweet. Surprisingly enough (or maybe not so) Amelia and Lesley-Anne won their classes, showing their ability to maintain the high standard. More recent was our trip to the Edinburgh Festival where we both acted and recited in Drama and Verse Speaking with more victory. Nicol not only won his speech-making class with "Seasons'



Prize winners at the Edinburgh Festival

Eatings" but it was the Under 17's! Eilidh Currie, Hilary Baird, Lesley-Anne Dewar and I came first with an extract from *The Crucible* (thankfully!) and Abigail Barlow and Camilla MacDonnell came second. With a surprising stroke of luck we also achieved 'Honours' which was the highest grade at the drama classes. Other festival winners were Gordon Duncan for a recitation of *Gin I was God* and Lucy Kitson for

The De'il's Awa' wi' the Englishman. Well done to everyone and to Lesley who also won the School Verse Speaking Prize. A special reminder and grateful thanks, of course, must be given to Mrs McFarlane, Mrs Forbes and Mrs Adam, for their help (not only with the accents!) and encouragement throughout the year.

Kirsty Palmer

DEBATING

An innovation was Debating in Riley. The aim was to allow Form II pupils to have a chance to debate before they reached the rather daunting experience of confronting a Senior School which might be less than sympathetic to the causes of either the Proposition or the Opposition.

This activity was the first of its kind set up for Riley House and the response was good. However, improvements in debating "technique" had to be tackled.

There was considerable potential amongst the Riley pupils and, hopefully, they will continue to enjoy debating in the Senior School.

The climax of the year's work came in the Inter-Divisional Competition. The winners in the close final were Jemma Hepworth and Michael Smith, although Ian Stewart and Louise Macdonald put up a brave fight. Thanks to all those who attended debates over the year, and especially to Mr Thomson for making the venture possible.

Three Senior School debates were held during the Autumn Term but, due to the inexorable pressure of examinations, it was curtailed. The Junior House (Forms III and IV) Inter-House Debating Competition took place throughout the Summer Term, with some teams having only four or five days in which to prepare themselves.

Although Mr Longmuir sought mathematical advice from Mr Giles as to how to organise a "pool" competition, he *still* got it wrong, and "Pool I" Debated first, followed by "Pool II". Nevertheless, the first pool of Ruthven, Freeland and Simpson got the competition under way.

The Ruthven team (Struan Cochrane and Duncan Macdonald) deserve a lot of credit for their performance. Despite this, they were closely beaten for a place in the Final by Thornbank.

The second pool, consisting of Woodlands, Nicol and Simpson, also overcame the difficulty of the motions (notably "That this House believes that there is more to Art than meets the eye"; though the Nicol and Simpson debate missed the point "That in the light of recent events, this House believes that Britain no longer requires a Royal Family", concentrating more on the cost of maintaining a Royal Family, rather than on the crucial phrase "in the light of recent events").

Nevertheless, all six teams deserve credit for seriously and grimly, tackling these difficult motions.

Lack of organisation in Simpson and a dubious Nicol team left the Woodlands' team of Amelia Blair Oliphant and Morag Bruce in a 'one horse race' to the Final.

Lucy Webster (she of the diffident pro-

ferring of 'Points of Order/Points of Information') and Abigail Barlow (she of the lack of conviction), the Thornbank team, did very well to win the Final ("That this House believes that in order to prove themselves equal with men, women have to be better than men") in a difficult debate against a formidable opposition.

Thanks must go to Mr Longmuir and the Debating Committee for all their efforts.

Kate Turner
Caroline Proctor

Thanks, too, must go to Hamish McCartan who shared the Speaker's Chair and Gavel with me during the Senior School debates. Particular thanks to Kate and Caroline for unassumingly organising, teaching and enthusing Riley and to Rebecca Milne and Lesley-Ann Dewar.

The real 'star' ascending the Speaker's Chair, as well as pacifying Mr Reed (whose Music Room chairs were regularly filched) and whose interventions of "Miss X" or "Mr Y ... I do not believe that I said ..." was, of course, Richard Graham, now Captain of School. Without his managerial skills, before, during and after debates, I would have looked sillier than I am.

T.G.L.

“ALL THE WORLD’S A STAGE

An addition to the many drama activities at Strathallan came this year with the formation of the Drama Club.

Weekly activities have included stagecraft, improvisation, characterisation and voice work. One highlight this year was a make-up demonstration which culminated in the girls attempting to make Mrs McFarlane look even more aged and Mrs Hunter like a callow youth!

The climax to activities in the first term was the dramatisation (without props, scenery or costume) of two Scottish traditional tales, one which was performed at the St Andrew's Night Celebration, and both at Christmas for Forgandenny Primary School. There were theatre visits to Stirling, Perth and Edinburgh, including backstage tours of Perth Theatre and Edinburgh's Traverse.

One of the most popular activities was the Clockwork Orange Day in October. Tag Theatre's youth worker and dance director came to lead drama and dance workshops on themes from *A Clockwork Orange*, such as social control by the use of drugs, and reactions to violence. The workshops were accompanied by the background sounds of tramping feet and bagpipes (it was the CCF Field Day!) We escaped from that by going to see the play in the evening.

I.McF.



Mrs Hunter at work on Kris Burr

PLAYING WITH WORDS

After this year's production of *The Crucible* on the old stage, for what is probably the last time, there was a moment of sadness when the empty hall echoed the shouts of many former players. So many of the productions have involved large numbers of pupils in a variety of roles on and off the stage. The golden rule of the theatre has the stage as the centre piece and the measure of the success of the back stage crew has always been by how few of the audience notice anything happening other



than with the actors on the stage. It wasn't until this year while I was hanging the blacks that a conversation with one of the cast made me realise exactly how successful had been the acclaimed anonymity. I was asked what I was doing, replied with what I thought was directness and was then asked why? In all honesty, I continued the conversation with a brief account of the enjoyment gained from past years' activities on the stage to be greeted with disbelief. After basking in the glow of anonymity for a moment, as the measure of success warranted, I mentioned a few of the staff and pupils who had been active as well.

However, I was brought down to earth when aspects of the stage work were wrongly attributed, and I resolved to put the record straight for a series of teams who have worked selflessly in the dark and for long (at odd hours) to maintain that golden rule of the theatre. A set has to be designed, constructed, painted, dressed and sometimes operated. Lighting has to be mounted, arranged and programmed. Music and sound effects must be rehearsed and prepared. Props must be organised, collected and assembled. Actors have to be auditioned, rehearsed, made up and costumed. The stage has to be managed and controlled during the run of the production. The programme needs to be designed and produced, and the front of house organised in preparation and on the night. All this is carried out by a huge number of staff and pupils without any apparent effort (to the outsider) but a lot of time, anxiety, argu-

ment and hope for those involved. Each person has a small area of involvement which makes them hold their breath as the audience begin to appreciate what is happening. For example, you will never know what nerves can be witnessed in the person who has to pull back the curtains for the first time on the first night unless you have done it yourself.

So, after all this talk of effort and angst behind the scenes, back to the original conversation which led to the question, "Why do it?" Well, we all enjoy it; but the backstage involvement has something else which is as peculiar to those involved as the stagecraft is to the actors. It is to be part of a team that is learning all the time. Learning to co-operate, learning to compromise and learning to appreciate others, to work and relax in each others' company. And while the new theatre will enhance the presentation of future productions, there will always remain the personal and collective triumphs over adversity which do not come from the bricks of buildings but from what is called 'a stage production' which is one of the few genuine human enterprises which gently generate lasting relationships through shared experience and everlasting memories.

The next time you look at the programme, even an old one, check the list of credits on the back page. You probably contributed something yourself - anonymously, of course.

Anon

HOUSE PLAYS

SENIOR

It was a dark night and all was still apart from a flurry of movement coming from a desolate and secluded corner of Strathallan School. (The English blocks had been invaded.) We realised the full implication of what such a night could mean and, brave as we were - not to mention very nosy - we zoomed-in our super-sonic high technology binoculars which enabled us to examine the objects under scrutiny at a closer range.

We saw a rare species (apparently unaware that it was dark outside and the lights inside were on, therefore onlookers, such as ourselves, could see them parading around in nothing but the bare necessities, whilst in desperate search of their costumes) in a somewhat "excited" state of mind - on a close parallel to insanity!!

However, have no fear, readers, since we have inside information that this, strange as it may seem, is perfectly normal behaviour on the night of the Strathallan School House Plays.

As we entered the classrooms, one of our team had a narrow escape from a cloud of hairspray and fixing powder. These substances crawling up the nostrils of just about every person in the room without, however, having any apparent effect on the professionals such as Pete Seymour to whom the powder, of course, belonged.

We realised that the excitement was soon to collapse into a mass hysteria with wails from Woodlands' classroom that there was no way that they could possibly go through with it! - Could this have meant that the action was about to begin? (If "action" is what you can call it?)

Sitting on the all too familiar bottom-cramping and back-straightening seats of the Lecture Theatre we struggled to get comfortable and fought for the armrest with the predictably bigger and stronger person seated either on our right or left, or both.

We heard a high-pitched scream for "curtain call" and the hustle and bustle back stage ceased - the plays had started.

As the curtain parted we saw a strange being. All too audible stage whispers of: "Is it male or female?" could be heard. The answer: neither. It was Pete Seymour, followed around stage by the rather petite Dave Man in the character of Ernest/Jack (Pete was playing a large and buxom Gwendolyn). What Nicol were trying to do was to act out an extract of Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of being Earnest* - and succeeding quite admirably!

Next on the hit list was Ruthven who presented us with some well-acted sketches which brought smiles to many faces - if not chuckles. Russell Griffiths and Richard Graham certainly deserve a mention, as does Chris Marshall, for skillful acting.

Thornbank took to the stage next with a different (yet uncannily similar) version of *The Importance of being Earnest*. Lucy Young gave a memorable performance and

"A Handbag?!" is now a regular part of our vocabulary. Everyone did well although nothing would have been achieved without the firm upper hand of Lesley-Anne Dewar - the director.

Simpson ... well, what can one say? *The Long, the Short and the Tall* was the extract and one could say it was interesting. However, they did supply us with some good laughs and some brilliant improvising by Gregor Watt!

George Ackroyd played a superb wall in Freeland's play *A Midsummer Night's Dream* with double-entendres subtly highlighted by Mr Court. It was really funny and well acted, with a heart rending performance by Duncan Forbes as Pyramus.

Woodlands chose a difficult extract from *Mother Courage*. However, they tackled it well with a good performance from Catriona MacLean and Ruth MacKay who both carried off hard parts very well. Well done!

All in all everyone had fun and prizes went to:

Best Play: Freeland
Best Actor: Chris Marshall
Best Actress: Eilidh Currie
Best Supporting Actress: Neil Buchanan (not a printing error - he played a ravishing young woman)
Best Supporting Actor: Lucy-Anne Bryans

Eilidh Currie
Rowan Pearman



Neil Buchanan caught in mid-transformation

JUNIOR

Mr Ian Keith and I enjoyed a splendid evening showcasing the thespian talent of the Third and Fourth Forms.

To start with the Woodlands play, the striking characteristic was a clutch of excellent acting performances assisted by impressive peripherals like lighting and make-up. Amelia Blair Oliphant was par-

ticularly memorable as a country gentleman. The central idea was interesting, based on plots like those of Agatha Christie thrillers. Problems arose because the play didn't know whether to go for out-and-out comedy or to take itself seriously.

The Thornbank production, *The City of Dwebes*, was very striking. The basic idea of evoking a Greek play was cleverly executed with masks, tremendous costumes, an austere set and a beautiful even light, very classical in appearance. Sarah Dury acted well, Abigail Barlow was prominent and, of course, the Best Actress award went to Angela Higgins who gave us a synthesis of the hilarious and the profound, all presented with an affected lisp.

The judges also thought that Simpson's production, *The Worst Seven*, would probably have won had it been ten minutes shorter. The first half was remarkably funny, again depending on absurdity for the humour, and since the plot was ridiculous enough, it worked. Jonathan Hepworth and Douglas Gilbert were splendidly cast as MI5 agents, and Alistair Reekie was another contender for the Best Actor award. Unfortunately, some of the humour embarrassed the audience, moving into unsuitable areas, and the judges regarded that as unforgivable.

The Ruthven play, *Ruthven House Play*, had a Mafia theme. The 'hard men' James Bird, Bruce Martin, Jonathan Ward and Cameron High gave fine deadpan performances in what aimed at comedy of the absurd, and supported a fine central performance by Alasdair Sutherland, who came close to winning the Best Actor award. The play was suitably absurd, but just not funny enough in the opinion of the judges.

Nicol's play *Silent Movie* was very ambitious and impressively executed. Tricks such as a strobe light and voice-overs were included in a clever way, and Noel Charlier's central role was very strong. It is perhaps harder to carry off a straight production than to get easy laughs from surreal humour, and the Nicol team deserve credit for trying. In the end the play was again too long, and the plot was rather weak.

And so to the winners, Freeland, who won because the quality of the ideas and direction was unrivalled. The play, *King Arfer's First Quest*, was a pastiche King Arthur story, with walk-on parts for such as Richard Bevan as 'the man from Del Monte', and with David Gray as a 'beautiful' princess, continuously fetchingly crimson - what a great piece of casting. Kim Parker won the Best Actor award, above all for maintaining a completely ridiculous voice. Or perhaps he always talks like that?

The decisions as to the best play and the best individual performances were very difficult to make - thank you to all the teams for an entertaining evening, and I am looking forward to next year.

A.M.

THE CRUCIBLE

The Crucible has long been a play sent to challenge its audience, and the School production this year found audiences of mixed ages paying rapt attention to the action which left them silent and contemplative. It is an extremely powerful play, and this year's cast more than met the very real demands it made on them.

Stark visual images of hellfire, the cross and the noose, dominated the action and guided our thoughts. The play opened to the effective, still, silhouette of the praying Reverend Parris (Raj Arumugan) by the bedside of Betty (Hilary Baird), set against burning flames - those flames round which the girls were said to have danced naked (the activity which started the troubles) and to which the innocent were said to be damned unless they confessed to the Devil in their midst. In contrast and in the face of such hellfire Proctor declared to the court "this be fraud".

We were gripped by the opening sequence as we watched the power of the devious, manipulative Abigail (Kirsty Palmer) over the girls. Indeed this group of girls, including Lesley-Ann Dewar and Eilidh Curry, won the highly coveted Honours Award when they re-enacted the scene in the Edinburgh Competition Festival. Well observed characterisation was found in many of the performances - Raj Arumugan driven by his beliefs and the Putmans (Lesley-Ann Dewar and Peter Brown) by their dislike of him; Rebecca Nurse (Vicky McMahon) by her faith and inner strength in the face of rising hysteria and accusation.

We moved in Act II to the chilly, cautious relationship of the Proctors: Elizabeth, played in a pleasingly understated way by Glencora Dunn, and John (Paul Henderson) played with real strength and conviction. These early feelings of separation were effectively contrasted in the very moving moment at the end of the play when the two were reconciled both physi-



The Rev. Hale (Paul Johnston) accuses Abigail (Kirsty Pakmer)

cally and emotionally. The audience followed the arrest of Elizabeth for her "pop-pet" in silence, as the accusation of witchcraft grew.

The court scene in Act III was dominated by the figures and powerful performances of Reverend Hale (Paul Johnston) and Danforth (Duncan Dunlop) as they strove to find the truth behind the rumours of witchcraft. The stark cross hung on the court house walls was a bitterly ironic reminder that "the entire contention of the state in these trials is that the voice of heaven is speaking through the children". We witnessed a very convincing Mary Warren (Catriona Maclean) trying to listen to the voice of conscience, yet gradually succumbing to the power of Abigail. The famous but difficult scene of hysteria at the end of Act III was sensitively handled.

Act IV saw the community in tatters symbolised in the "cows wandering the highroads now their masters are in the jails". The tension rose with the demand of John Proctor tempted to sign his false confession. The well-timed entrance of Rebecca was a moment of pure drama: she

entered as a beacon of hope for mankind to hold on to that which is good, regardless of the consequences. The audience was clearly moved as she and Proctor went together towards that third powerful symbol, frequently alluded to and now seen in its starkness - the noose.

In contrast we saw self-assured handling of comedy in Iain Fergusson's playing of Giles Corey; and smaller parts such as Marshall Herrick (Neil Russell) or Tituba (Kananu Kiriimi) were well studied.

Under the hand and eye of Torquil MacLeod, Adam Streatfeild-James, Greg Ross and their assistants, we saw some magnificent sets which perfectly enhanced the action. The lighting, directed by Trevor Goody, was exceptionally good this year, as it dramatically picked out both individuals and groups on stage and also highlighted those three central symbols. The wardrobe mistresses and make-up team (led as ever by Dorothy Hunter) and sound (Peter Seymour) added their skill to the overall effectiveness of the drama.

Based on the true events in Salem, Mass. in 1692 and with clear parallels for Arthur Miller in the McCarthy anti-communist purges of the 1950's 300 years later; it still proves a powerful drama for us today, as we contemplate the more recent happenings in Orkney for example. In a time when we are all too aware of the power, often unquestioned, both of the media and the peer group, we were forced here to look afresh at Proctor's emphasis on the individual and his responsibilities to truth "It is my name. How may I live without my name?"

Every word could be heard in this production, sensitively and skilfully produced by John Broadfoot and Andrew Murray. It may be the last major School play in the gymnasium, but in our minds throughout the production, the gymnasium was transformed into a battlefield for men's souls, and it resounded with the unspoken words - what price truth?

J.T.F.



Elizabeth Proctor (Cora Dunn) hopes for reprieve but John Proctor (Paul Henderson) accepts his sentence of death

STRATFORD

The prospect of a 7-hour coach trip to Stratford for the sole purpose of spending a weekend watching lengthy Shakespearean plays was not an enticing one for me. I was not encouraged by the fact that we were leaving at 8 a.m. and had been advised to take all our winter woollies in case we got stuck in snow drifts. However, after a bearable journey, we arrived and looked around the beautiful old town. Then off to a tastefully named B & B to change for the theatre. Dinner at Georgie's Bistro was not aided by Piers' graphic descriptions of the food before going on to the dreaded play: *As You Like It*. This was a tale of romance and the triumph of love over all odds. The beautiful costumes and cleverly constructed sets helped even those of us who had difficulty with the language to enjoy the experience. For me, and others, this was a great start to the weekend.

Up early again the next morning for a

yummy breakfast then off to the Drama Workshop with two members of the R.S.C. I enjoyed this to my great surprise - not being noted for my dramatic ability. The 'warm-up' was interesting although our group had major problems with the numbering-off game. However, I'm sure many people did feel 'at one' with the paper on the floor. The real work of the morning was going through *Antony and Cleopatra* with the aim of gaining some idea of the story line. Everyone had a part: from Raj's 'Cleopatra' and Kate's 'Antony' down to the handmaidens (guess who I was!). I'm not sure how much I understood of this but one thing that became blatantly obvious to me was that in this play an awful lot of people die and with this insight into the tragic nature of the story I felt well-equipped to watch it! The production was wonderful - with live music and moving sets.

Dinner at the "White Swan" was very

pleasant and I was looking forward to that evening's play *The Taming of the Shrew*, but I think we were all annoyed that the R.S.C. had decided to set the play within a modern shell. Yet whether we disliked this because we did not understand it or because it really did spoil the play, I don't know!

Early the next morning we left for School, returning to our usual cultural level by watching videos on the bus and munching on junk food bought from various service stations along the way.

It was a great trip and I'm looking forward to going again next year (hopefully!). Thank you to the bus driver for avoiding snow on the way down and floods on the way up, and to Mr Broadfoot for the organisation and to all the other staff for attempting to explain the plays to us.

Caroline Proctor

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HISTORY TALKS

We were fortunate during the Winter terms to have the chance of hearing talks by a number of interesting speakers who generously gave of their time to come and lecture to what turned out to be appreciative audiences. These were meant to help those involved in studying the subject as well as supplying a dash of inspiration; they were also meant to be open to anyone with a genuine interest in the topic and maybe next year this aspect might be more widely publicised. These were the speakers who entertained us:

Colin Martin, St Andrew's University
Marine Archaeology

Professor Trevor Salmon, St Andrew's
Implications of Maastricht

Chris Given-Wilson, St Andrew's
The Black Death

Peter Cunich, Cambridge
New Thoughts on the Reformation

Barbara Crawford, St Andrew's
The Vikings: Settlers or Predators?

Professor Tony Goodman, Edinburgh
The Wars of the Roses

Strathallan also hosted the Annual History Conference of the Independent Schools in Scotland so this was another opportunity to hear experts in their fields talking both about the familiar and the new in ways that were designed to emphasise the breadth of the subject. We were given a characteristically inspirational opening address by Norman Stone, Professor of Modern History at Oxford. Staff and pupils

then had a choice of two Mediaevalists, Matthew Strickland (Richard I: Knight, King and Crusader) from Glasgow and Chris Given-Wilson from St Andrew's who spoke on the Peasants' Revolt.

Those more interested in Modern History heard Paul Addison from Edinburgh speaking about Churchill and the Home Front, followed by Conan Fischer from the University of Strathclyde, who spoke on why there was no Communist Uprising in Germany in the early 1930s. There was a final session in which Trevor Royle, a successful journalist and author of many books on twentieth century military history spoke of the opportunities which history can present in the wider world.

A.M.T.

CREATIVE WRITING WINNERS

Form I	Ailsa Stringer
Form II	Nicol Nicolson
Form III	John Osborne
Form IV	Gordon Duncan
Form V	Catriona Maclean
Form VI	Garry Rogers

TRYPANOPHOBIA

It was last Tuesday, an icy cold day in November, that I had to pay the doctor a visit for nothing more sinister than the signing of an immunisation record for the U.S. Authorities.

Ticking or crossing each illness affiliated box with surgical precision and startling speed, I felt sure that I would be outside in the corridor in no time, unscathed and clutching the precious document in my hands, and in time for rugby. However, when the pen nib stopped abruptly, poised over a little box, and the friendly doctor, leafing through his notes on my previous afflictions, said in a not-so-friendly, ominous, even chilling voice, "Tetanus", I felt the first gentle waves of unease flow through me. "Ehhmmm...", I croaked, my voice breaking as vague nightmare-like images of my greatest fear rose from the depths of my mind.

A variation of "The Words of Doom" then emanated from the mouth of the Devil's Disciple. "I think it's about time you had a booster shot." Instantly my heart rate tripled, I broke out in a cold sweat and I felt dizzy and nauseous as my trypanophobia usurped my body. "That's not a jab is it because I have a phobia of injections and get dizzy and sometimes faint and ..." The words cascaded from my mouth as I planned a mental coup to regain control. "I'm afraid it is, yes," echoed the voice through the fogs of dizziness, sadistically, and rather ironically. I was afraid, terrified in fact. He wasn't!

For as long as I can remember I have always been petrified of injections. My trypanophobia is so bad that I feel ill listening to others relating their encounters. I have no real idea at all where my phobia was spawned, although Hell has been suggested by my irrational mind. The earliest encounter with the fear instilling tool favoured by the Professional Torturer that I can recall is when I was about four. My mother took me to the doctor to be immunised against the exotic diseases found in Spain, promising me a packet of *Spangles* if I was good. After little fuss in The Chamber, I was taken by the hand and led outside. Upon reaching the comparative safety of the street, I burst into tears and found myself being taken into the sympathetic arms of my mum. The promised packet of *Spangles* received later seemed, in

retrospect, little by way of compensation for the pain and fear endured.

The most painful injections I have received were at the hands of a particularly unsympathetic woman dentist. I was about eleven, and my mouth, I had been told, was 'overcrowded' with teeth. This, it was explained, meant that I had to have four teeth removed. Two from the top, and two from the bottom. I sat in the ironically comfortable chair, waiting for the plastic anaesthetic mask to be fixed over my nose and mouth. Panic struck, however, when I noticed from the corner of my eye the assistant filling a syringe from a bottle. "Could I have gas, please?" I pleaded, only to be told with grim finality, "We don't use gas here." After several unsuccessful attempts to anaesthetise my mouth, my mother was called in to restrain and reassure me. Paralysed by the pain of the needle lancing through the roof of my mouth into my brain, like a rabbit paralysed with fear of the headlights of an approaching car, I suffered the physical and mental agony of the first of four required injections. Each attack gave indescribable pain, and my mum did not thank me for almost crushing every bone in the hand I had a white-knuckle grip on! I left the surgery seriously considering emigrating, as I had two more teeth to be removed, and four more injections to withstand in a week's time.

Mercifully, the gods felt pity for me and bestowed upon me two things in compensation for my phobia. Firstly, I was not born diabetic, as I doubt very much that if I had

been I could treat my body as a pin-cushion to administer the necessary medicine. Secondly, I am naturally immune to tuberculosis, and have not needed the re-immunisation injections, or booster shots, that my compatriots received.

It is hard to explain the nature, or the sheer force, of the fear to someone not afflicted with a phobia of their own. It is not the pain of the injection I fear, as pain can be controlled and used to one's advantage. It isn't even the needle that terrifies me: I don't know what it is that causes me to turn to a quivering heap when an injection is imminent!

It was not the doctor who injected me this time: he gave that pleasure to the Sister. Trying to side-track my mind from the approaching needle with trivial small-talk (and failing miserably!), the Sister punctured the tensed arm I had unwillingly preferred. At which point I almost fainted and had to be stopped from falling off the chair. After several minutes of dizziness and hyperventilation I recovered sufficiently to sit up straight once again. A few minutes more and I could stand reasonably steady and was granted my freedom, unfortunately without the document, the cause of my distress! I was excused rugby as I felt ill and still rather light-headed.

It seems, however, that I am destined to be trypanophobic for the remainder of my life. I can hardly be immunised against it!

Garry Rogers
UVI

PIG UGLY

The unsightly,
Portly,
Pink,
Beast, master of its pen,
Roamed its territory
Nonchalantly.
A pause ... to sniff
the deep
Brown
Sea of mud.
My fascination grew,
Like ivy it crept
Until my vision was fixed.
Limp ears,
Snout, outwith proportions
of normality,
Curled, scrawny tail
Mud-caked hoofs,
A subject of ridicule.
I, in the comfort of boots,
Jacket
and clean grass.

He, in the squalor of mud,
Stones,
And gnawed cabbage
roots.
In his eyes
What was I?
Dishevelled, hairy head,
Button nose,
Taut, pristine face.
His nostrils flared
For a split second.
Had he smelled
The stench of humans?
As I had smelled
The stench of pigs.
"Dirty creature."
"Foul beast."
Still he viewed me,
As he chewed reflectively
On his cabbage leaf.
What was he thinking?
I would never know.

I turned to leave,
Feeling ashamed,
Defeated by this beast.
I glanced back,
To see him flop
Into the mud.
I meant nothing to him.
Better than me,
Living his life
In silent contentment.
I envied him,
I urged to join him,
Wallowing in the mud.
Carefree,
No one to impress
No complications,
No twists.
Dirty beast,
He thought,
As I retraced my steps
Through the field.

Kip Kirkland
(Runner-up) LVI

THE GODBROTHER

I consoled my freezing fingertips by burying them in my lambswool jumper and took shelter from the spear-like shafts of rain under the canopy of a bookshop. Large globules of rain hid my image from those browsing inside until an elderly lady, clad in a woolly bobbed hat and transparent plastic raincoat, peered out into the dull, cheerless day. She jumped when she saw me and I smiled to ease her obvious embarrassment. It had been a while since I had last ventured in and, aching for the apparent warmth within, I pushed upon the heavy wooden door - only to be greeted by the bold clang of a bell above me and several dissatisfied faces.

The glare of the artificial light dazzled me and added to a subtle headache. My move towards the staircase was noted and in an attempt to subdue the blush upon my cheeks I loosened my scarf and opened my overcoat. My feet plodded unwillingly up what seemed like endless stairs until I reached the next floor.

It was as I ran my finger along a particular row of books that I felt a tap on my right shoulder. Upon turning around I saw nothing and to the other side I met the inane grin of my 'Godbrother' - Matthew. At the time he was eighteen and possibly the most patronising individual ever to live. He pretended to punch my shoulder when I turned around.

"Hello, Matthew," I sighed and then looked about with caution in the possibility someone I knew was around.

"Oh, hi!" he replied in a surprised tone of voice to imply to any listener that I had begun the conversation.

"Matthew! As if you didn't know I was here!" He simply laughed unconvincingly and threw back his head laughing. "Did I miss something? Or has your puerile sense of humour got the better of you again?" A cutting comment, I know. After more observation I realised throwing back his head was simply an excuse to shake his heavily gelled hair back into position. There was nothing real about Matthew - he put on a constant facade. It's terribly sad when someone feels they have to bury their personality and replace it with another for the sake of appearances. But, to be honest, compassion wasn't an emotion which usually sprang to mind when I thought of him.

"So, what are you doing in this neck of the woods?" I had turned my back on him and was leafing through a hardback.

"Surprisingly enough, Matthew, I'm looking for a book." I didn't feel cruel - Matthew accepted my sarcasm.

The heat inside added to my irritation. I collapsed onto a stool used for stacking books and leaned against the stock cup-

board door.

"Are you alright? You look a bit pale." He crouched beside me. I didn't want him to come close to me - I felt just suffocated by the heat as it was. I didn't have the energy to feel bad tempered so I just said,

"I feel terrible." I spoke slowly and quietly to prevent the sickly feeling climbing any further up my throat. Matthew looked genuinely concerned.

"Can I get you anything?"

"Got a stomach pump handy?" I remained slumped against the cupboard. My forehead was wrinkled in discomfort and my lips in a thin, uncompromising frown. I knew, however, that the sensation would pass. Foolishly I had indulged in a packet of Smarties and - being allergic to colouring - I was now suffering for it.

After a few minutes had passed I felt better. The colour had returned to my cheeks and I made a move to leave.

"How about something to eat - it seems you need something inside you." said Matthew. I had realised by this stage that being blatantly horrible wasn't wise. He was, after all, a friend of the family. Anyway, I had a genuine excuse - I'd spent all my money as I had a return ticket.

"Hey, pas du probleme, I'll buy you a late lunch."

"Matthew, your smooth talking wiles are very tempting but 'dommage' - I'm on a diet." A lie. He smiled and shook his head knowingly. "Girls! You've got to love them! Oh dear," he sighed "you lot are always on diets - it leads to being irritable - and we all know a certain young lady who's rather prone to that, hmm?"

I raised an eyebrow and sneered at him. "Shut up, Matthew, or I'll tell everyone you like Simon and Garfunkel" I was too exhausted to launch into a feminist argument.

"I realise, Matthew, that you're devoid of intelligence, so continuing the conversation would be pointless." He smiled as if to say 'Youngsters!' or something equally patronising. I walked swiftly past him and towards the stairs when he called after me.

"You forgot your bag" He handed it over. "Do you know anyone else around here?"

"No, why?" I said, snatching it. He simply smiled dismissively.

It was a relief to be back outside. I was immediately enveloped by cold air and felt refreshed. Although it was still raining heavily I didn't close my overcoat, even when silver droplets were scattered all over my jumper. I still had half an hour before the next train and another two until the next. It was as I stood in the doorway of the Oxford Street branch of Lilywhites that I discovered, to my horror, that I'd lost my ticket. A ripple of discomfort spread through me. I felt the potential of a cold sweat upon my forehead. I searched again

and again but found it nowhere. Reluctantly I acknowledged that I had to return to the bookshop and ask Matthew to lend me the necessary money. "Oh, God!" I said under my breath and began to trudge back along the pavement - this time with my overcoat tightly wrapped around me.

It was then I realised just how vicious I'd been. I cringed. But I couldn't be proud now, I'd be stranded otherwise. I quickened my pace, then broke into a run. Dodging in and out of the now dwindling crowds I soon came within reach of the bookshop and stopped abruptly. The spray of murky puddles was splattered up my coat and my soaking hair was in dread-lock type arrangements and sprawled over my shameful face.

Not wanting to enter panting madly I caught my breath by the door. Just as I reached for the handle I saw Matthew coming towards the door - he hadn't seen me yet. 'Please say yes, Matthew,' I mumbled almost painfully to myself. I could fully imagine him making me wallow in uneasiness and winced on recalling what I'd said to him. He pushed open the door and I leapt back. Just as I opened my mouth to speak the bell rang out and he looked at me with wide eyes. He stepped out allowing the door to close behind him and joined me beneath the shelter of the canopy. There was silence between us - only the ubiquitous drumming of rain hitting the canvas above.

"Matthew, can I borrow some money?" And before he could answer I fired quickly, "I'll understand if you won't, but just, please will you?" His pleasure must have been absolute. Here was I, this bitter little know-all 'God-sister' quailing beneath him, hanging on his every motion. But although I had considered a negative response from him, I was shocked by his hesitation.

"Well," he sighed, "what's it for, because if it's something silly like that purple mohair, bat-wing jumper you persuaded..."

"Matthew! It's for the train. I've lost my ticket," I frowned. "Anyway, that was ages ago." He laughed in disbelief - in the unconvincing way he does and threw back his head. I waited for his laughter to subside. Then a calmer, reassuring smile replaced his grin and he said, "Sure."

"Thank God; thanks Matthew - I won't forget this!"

"You will." He said with certainty.

"I won't - well not straight away." He was just opening his wallet when he said,

"While I'm overcome with generosity you might as well get something to eat - that's if your diet permits it. You can get the later train, can't you?" I wasn't going to argue with my 'deliverer'.

"Fine, that's fine with me." I said at the height of enthusiasm. My stomach felt hollow.

"But I suppose you'll want to go to that

Vegan health food place over the road." To my horror he wasn't joking. My pleading, uneasy eyes looked up at him.

"Matthew?"

"Mais, oui?"

"My diet is over."

"How convenient. Indian O.K.?" Guilt swept over me.

"McDonalds would be alright, I don't want to put you out."

"Well, if that's what you want." That wasn't what he was meant to say. He was supposed to say 'pas du probleme' but I certainly wasn't going to argue.

"Thanks, Matthew," I said quietly as we walked along. And though it pained me "You saved my skin."

"Looks that way, doesn't it?"

I leant lazily upon the counter of McDonalds and awaited my McNuggets whilst fiddling with the straw dispenser. The cardboard pop-up tray arrived laden with cholesterol and grease and Matthew carried it over to a window seat after paying. He held the tray in one hand and fumbled with the other to replace his wallet in his back pocket. It fell to the ground, yet he continued. Still eternally indebted to him, I bent down and collected the usual clutter from within which had scattered over the easi-clean tiles.

Not only did I find something familiar, but I was suspiciously clumsy with the ketchup that night!

**Catriona Maclean
Form V**



The Music Room Entrance drawn by Nik Dalley

NOW WE'LL TREAT PARENTS JUST AS IF THEY WERE CHILDREN

We have specialised in providing personal accident insurance for school children. At the last count we were providing cover for over 600,000 children throughout the country.

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If you'd like to know more about a personal accident scheme approved by both the National Confederation of Parent Teacher Associations and the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents that gives cover up to £200,000, 24 hours a day, throughout the world, please write or call Mrs Christine Crossfield.

SEABIRD SONG!

What, thought the auk, is my future to be?
As it sat on a rock, on the cliff by the sea.
Offshore the lighthouse let out its ray
Marking the end of the Hermaness Day.
That day was past, still the bird felt unsure.
This puffin's life was still insecure.
Offshore a skua was waiting for prey
Marking the start of a new Shetland day.
Why, the auk thought, should I live such a life?
I don't deserve so much trouble and strife!
Offshore a fishing boat netted away
Marking a worrissome Shetland midday.
They weren't fishing sand eels 'cause that had been banned.
An eel's place wasn't with pigs on the land!
Offshore a tanker silently lay
Marking the end of another day.
What is this sticky stuff over my coat?
Thought the bird as it looked at the sunken boat.
Offshore an oil slick was well on its way
Marking the start of the Hermaness day.
Slowly the puffin sank down to the ground.
There it lay motionless, without a sound.
Offshore, the world disappeared in the haze
Marking the end of the puffin's days.

**Nicol Nicolson
Form II**

Holmwoods



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ART and DESIGNER TEAPOTS

In February, twenty-six students accompanied by four staff from the Art and Design and Design and Technology Departments departed from Perth on the 2330 hrs Sleeper to London. The first problem to confront the staff was how to keep the students away from the Steward, "Dave the Drinks", the buffet and bar being adjacent to the sleeper. The staff pondered.

At 0200 hrs Caroline Frame announced "I've just seen my mother," and cart-wheeled away - strange girl! Three hours of disrupted sleep later, Mr Phillips and I were awakened by Dave cheerfully howling "It's 0630 hrs sir. Coffee?" - I felt like death and we hadn't even arrived in London.

One station breakfast later we departed to the Park International Hotel to deposit baggage and the Design Museum was to be our first visit. When we arrived at 1030 hrs, a warm welcome greeted us. "I want to tell you all about tea-pots," introduced our guide. I heard a groan. "What about beer pots?" someone remarked. Inside the museum all shapes and sizes confronted us, from the one that resembled a drainpipe to the Italian job. "It looks like a drunken bullet with a tube for a nose," remarked Christopher Ninham. It was time to tour the Design Museum.

After lunch (with no tea) it was the National Gallery and a talk on Impressionist Paintings, followed by a tour. Sounded interesting, we all agreed. Unfortunately the lecturer was so softly spoken she was very difficult to understand. "Can anyone lip-read?" moaned Sally Cust as Tizi Nicholson almost fell asleep on her crutches.

Back to the hotel, a shower and shampoo for everyone - we were off to the theatre at 1930 hrs to see *Starlight Express* and Rusty was to be our hero for the night - "I must learn to roller-skate," beamed Mrs Cairns.

Situated underneath the hotel was "Pips", a nightclub, and another problem to confront us. How do we keep the students away? The staff pondered. At this point, Tizi on crutches, Jeffrey Shillitto with friendly headband, Mark Drummond wearing a hat that resembled a tea-cosy and many others, went for a "short walk". The staff, still pondering, retired for a hot Horlicks!!

After an excellent breakfast, the sharp-minded clear-eyed party(go-ers) departed for the Victoria and Albert Museum. This was to be our last port of call and included the Frank Lloyd Wright exhibition. It was well worth the visit.

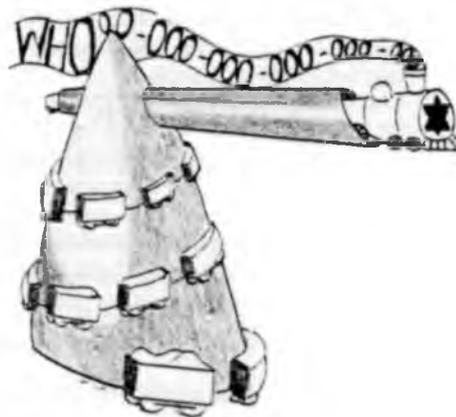
"Education and culture are all very well", sighed the weary twenty-six, but it was time we did other things. So, after lunch, Mrs Hunter and Mrs Cairns declared that enough was enough. A spot of serious shopping was due. With Mrs Hunter and Mrs Cairns leading the way, and Mr

Wilson in tow, the party headed in top gear for Harrods. David Saffron was to be our local and well informed guide for the afternoon.

All too soon it was Sunday and departure day. Mr Phillips decided that he was going to see his sister in Soho, remarking "I'll meet you at 1230 hrs on the station platform." We boarded the train at 1300 hrs and there was no sign of Mr Phillips. We were getting rather concerned. Suddenly he appeared. With a full head of steam and firing on all four cylinders, he burst into the compartment. Mr Phillips had made it! "Was it really your sister you visited in Soho?" we inquired!!

During the return journey the sleepy troops were entertained by the British Rail Senior Conductor (linguistics extraordinaire) who appeared to speak ten languages all at once and, of course, who could forget the unforgettable Guy Stevens (Mr Cool) - the train's D.J. and card sharp. Even Paul Heslop enjoyed the London visit and presented Mrs Hunter and Mrs Cairns with a red rose apiece. All I can say is, "Where was mine?"

M.W.



Caroline Frame's design

ANTIQUE SHOP OWNER

He used to sit in the dusty corner of his shop, in the dusty corner of the city, in the dusty corner of the country. He would not greet the prospective customers, only warn, with a harsh, scolding tongue, "Do you know how much that piece is worth?" This was his accepted phrasing if a young bullock were to get too close to the china.

He could be seen as a vile, contemptible man with no manners and certainly not one thousandth of his weight was transferable to gold; but he was ridiculed by the younger people in the town. He had done nothing - right or wrong - and was never tempted into the snares or mantraps of politics or religion.

So he had sat gathering dust. He never cleaned his shop and so many visitors would

walk past the shop remarking how it was the time's signs showing in this climate of economics and other phrases - quite useless.

The shop in its day had been quite grand: the marbled facade now shown to be false, a sham of the previous owner to give grandeur to a subsuming part of the town. The curtains and the large glass window were white with dust. The blood red velvet curtains had decayed to a clotted mass of writhing microbes. The window sill had a new sedimentary rock layer upon it and various petrified insectile organisms were trapped in the rock.

He had white hair, but only if you looked carefully; his nostrils boasted the fire that was vigour in a man so old; his ears bore the signs of man's combat against natural disorders; his eyes were adorned with gold, glass and galvanised steel; his mouth's lips were encrusted onto his face and his brain lay within, silently conscious of its fate.

The contents of the shop were varied. Beautiful glassware sat precariously alongside ugly pottery, the one ready to fall, the other ready for a long wait. A Gramophone was his prize piece, not dusted, but blown occasionally, it was never used and would not be bought as the eccentricities of the man had perceived, produced and finally persuaded him to follow their idea, it was placed in the back room.

And the man had been, was gone, and with him flew the many accusing traits of his dusty, old, eccentric character.

Now the man lay with the past; was the past. "That should suit him," remarked a bullock, once scorned, "he always lived with the past."

The man had lived with past and present running through and round him. He seemed content with these parallels in his life.

But now, after his death, the man that saw the past was part of it.

John Osborne
Form III

Drawing by Lesley-Anne Dewar



FRENCH

L'ÉCHANGE

In the year of European integration and the removal of international barriers, the pioneering spirit has not been lost on Strathallan; our first French exchange was launched.

After months of planning and anxious nail biting, the Strathallan party of twelve Third Formers, accompanied by Miss Rodgers and myself, touched down at Lyon airport on 13th April. Even the most garrulous of the group were reduced to complete silence as they heard nothing but French being spoken. However, as they nervously shook hands with their hosts and found themselves engulfed by a smothering Gallic embrace, some did manage to squeak out a tentative greeting.

Next morning at the Collège La Madeleine in Montbrison, the weary travellers seemed suitably refreshed (despite a 5 a.m. start for those living in the sticks), and from the very beginning it was evident to us how thrilled and excited the French were to have Scots in their midst. Never before had foreigners come to their school and actually attended classes. The pupils were falling over themselves in their demands that the Scots should come to their English lesson and tell them all about this strange Northern country where it rains all the time and the weekends are taken up stalking through tickly heather, clad in a kilt, hot on the trail of the elusive Nessie. The hour-long lessons flew by as the tales of uniform, kilts, chapel, CCF, boarding houses and cricket were spun out.

Matching this contagious enthusiasm was an overwhelming generosity on the part of the French. Many families had taken a week off work in order to be able to look after their visitors. They went out of their way to provide culinary marvels and spent many an hour coaxing French out of the initially recalcitrant Scots. Their efforts were indeed worthwhile: we were amazed to hear our charges' French improve daily and they were delighted with their host families, regaling us with stories of how much they were enjoying themselves.

During the second week when there was no school, we met up a few times to swap stories and to ensure everyone was coping well (which they were - admirably). A spontaneous game of football involving boys and girls did wonders to improve international relations still further, whilst the highlight of the week was a trip to Lyon kindly organised by one of the parents. We spent a very pleasant day, pottering around this attractive historical, yet thoroughly modern and thriving city. A small treasure hunt was arranged round Montbrison and this involved such delights as Stacy Cooksley sampling the local *pâtisseries* and Alan Senior becoming engrossed in a long, complicated discussion with a passer-



Mr Crosfield with his merry band (and some of their French friends) in Montbrison

by, whilst trying to find his way to an estate agent's (a vital clue in the hunt!).

Many pupils were fortunate enough to be able to head for the hills and enjoy the wonderful scenery near Montbrison. The gently rolling hills of the Forez region were carpeted in squadrons of daffodils which would have sent Wordsworth into even more involved rapture; Rory Gove tried a spot of rock-climbing under the tuition of the school's P.E. teacher whilst others sat back and enjoyed the warming sun as it beat down from a cloudless sky. Tristan Ranger seemed to spend a great deal of time in the saddle - of a bicycle - as he hurtled round the countryside and Ewen Adam spent many a happy afternoon helping his correspondent build a treehouse.

A measure of the success of the trip was the number of invitations that our pupils received to return at the first available opportunity. Fond farewells lavishly distributed as we left for the airport reflected how well everyone had been received. We remain hugely grateful to Alice de Bengy, Anne-Marie Richard and all of the families in France for making our first exchange such a success and for welcoming us so warmly. Thanks must also go to Morag Rodgers for all her valuable support and calming influence.

At the time of writing, we eagerly await the return visit of the pupils from Montbrison; they will be experiencing a hectic last week of term at Strathallan, mouths no doubt hanging open in amazement.

P.J.C.

LE WEEKEND

You might expect a 'French weekend' to be something approaching a flight to C.D.G. Paris, followed by an evening at the Opera, a five star hotel, champagne, caviare, sight-seeing and so on. Considering this somewhat extravagant, it was decided that the French weekend should be spent in Blairgowrie.

There we joined other students, from George Watson's, Edinburgh, and their 'real' French assistants. It was forbidden to speak any English, so we introduced ourselves to each other in French, prepared the meals in French, we even made human pyramids in French (a first for the Strathallan French Department). The picturesque surrounding countryside and the fair weather allowed us to have a 'linguistic' stroll on Sunday morning. However, I question how clever it was to go for a midnight walk in the freezing cold and pitch dark on the Saturday night - even in French and, with the dodgy heating in the hostel, I wondered whether some of us would make it through to the morning. Nevertheless, rising the next day and cursing in French, my fears proved untrue.

What was surprising was how we were able to spend 24 hours without resorting to a word of English (sort of). On the return to School there was a sense of achievement that we had not anticipated on the outward journey. Thanks go to Mr Crosfield for organising the weekend, and to George Watson's staff and pupils for participating in such a worthwhile venture.

Raj Arumugam

GERMAN

Last year's successful visit to Cologne inspired a large number of pupils in Form V to put their names down for inclusion in the exchange programme for September 1992. Eventually this list of names was narrowed down to ten, and on the 7th September we left Glasgow for Dusseldorf and finally Cologne.

The journey was uneventful: that means there were no delays or disasters to cause the accompanying teacher any major headache. In fact, we arrived a little early at our destination and thus managed to cause confusion among the host parents and pupils who had come to the station to collect us.

The visit followed more or less the same format as before. We took part in the normal school routine wherever possible and were treated to a number of extra-curricular events which were designed to give the pupils a bit of an insight into the German way of life.

As for the school routine, the main shock to the system was the early start. The classes beginning at 8 a.m. most of us had to leave 'home' by quarter past seven at the latest to make our way to school by bus, tram or bike. No wonder some people were pretty exhausted already by the time they settled down to a day of classes - History, Geography, Chemistry, French, in fact the full range of subjects, all conducted in German. Sorry, the French class was, of course, held in French, but that did not make life any easier!

The most remarkable landmark in Cologne is the Dome; situated in the city centre it overshadows everything and is one of the main tourist attractions. We were fortunate indeed not only to see the cathedral as ordinary tourists do, but to be given a special conducted tour of the entire building by night by one of the cathedral administrators. We were shown the archaeological dig which has unearthed some splendid Roman remains underneath the vaults and were taken up to the very roof, following the builders' cat-walk right up to the central spire. One could not fail to be awestruck by the splendour of the construction and I am certain that this tour will rank amongst the truly unforgettable moments in our lives.

The return journey required a bit more organisation, as we travelled back together with our exchange partners but, thanks to superior planning and helpful mini-bus drivers at the Scottish end, we all arrived at Strathallan in good order (late, hungry and tired).

Our thanks go to all who helped to make the trip possible: the parents who provided the financial backing; the members of staff who put up with the extra work both at Strathallan and at the Liebfrauschule and to the other pupils who made the visitors so welcome. My personal thanks, too, to the girls and boys in my care. Their conduct

and attitude never once gave me cause for concern and I look forward to repeating the exercise next year.

K.G.

At the Liebfrauschule lessons were rather unnerving, being stared at everywhere we went and not really knowing what was going on! P.E. classes were rather enjoyable - showing the Germans a thing or two about basketball. During the course of the week we were constantly being whisked away to extra English classes to give the German students experience of hearing 'real English' people (although we spent quite a while explaining that we were Scottish!) One event that sticks in my mind was trying to explain that to smoke kippers you don't need to inhale!

When lessons finished at about 1pm we all piled onto the tram and headed into town. There we sampled the local cuisine, namely Pizza Hut, McDonalds and Hagen Daas (don't worry, it's the same everywhere!) Unfortunately, in order to get to the food outlets we had to run the gauntlet of the main shopping street - Duncan and I reckon the girls must have been on every floor of every shop in the street at least three times! In the actual street countless travelling 'business people' set up stalls selling various jewellery. Rowan, Lucy and Estelle stopped at each one, every day - even though they all sold the same stock!

During the afternoons we had set activities arranged, including a treasure hunt around the city, visits to museums, bus tours, visits to castles and a day trip to Bonn. Probably the most memorable activity was a behind-closed-doors tour of the cathedral on Tuesday evening. The sheer scale of the building stunned most of us. How it wasn't hit by bombs in the war amazed us all. The comprehensive tour culminated in a trip up the central tower and had a breathtaking view of the whole city at night that most people won't ever get the chance to experience.

The evenings were usually spent with our host's families. Nothing quite equals the nervousness felt during those long silences experienced at the dining table - conversation topics were generally limited when the host's parents couldn't speak more than twenty or thirty words in English so couldn't help out when we floundered.

In the ten days that we stayed in Germany we made many friends - Duncan having his fair share of the German girls! Unfortunately things didn't work out as he planned with Christianna or Nina - much to his frustration! Willem's 'loving' relationship with Simone crashed and burned soon afterwards. Almost everyone became good friends with the cheerful 'Bochie'.

The trip was a memorable one - everyone remembering different events. Some things were remembered by everyone: our amazement at Mr Glimm's speedy translations

from the German museum guides; the 'laughing man' a tramp who we saw every day walking around, constantly laughing; the glass bottle buskers - giving unbelievably brilliant performances of both classical and contemporary music; beer mat collecting in every pub we came across - of course no-one bought any of the local beer!; the 'Rasta' men in the streets doing all the girls' and Duncan's (although he denies it now) hair; and, finally, the appreciative cheers from the visiting Glasgow Celtic fans when we came back from Bonn in our kilts!

The ten days flew past with worrying speed and soon it was time for our hosts to pack up with us for the return visit. I think we definitely had the easy option - the culture shock of boarding school would be quite daunting to most people. They also had to cope with Mr Glimm's much appreciated (by the Scots) donation of six bottles of Irn Bru when we landed!

I must, finally, thank Mrs Glimm and Mr Crosfield for coming to fetch us from the airport and, of course, Mr Glimm - without whom the whole thing would not have been possible.

David Robertson

RETURN VISIT

Ten days of fun in the cold north

Our group, consisting of ten German exchange students, had one major problem: not to cause any sensation in the dining hall on the first day. But we didn't have to worry - we were welcome in an extremely friendly way. We soon felt at home thanks to Mr Glimm's excellent organisation and thanks to the helpful Scottish students.

We only had to get used to the low temperature. The activities in Strathallan are very interesting. We had a lot of fun with the small-bore rifle, although we weren't very successful. We enjoyed very much learning Scottish folk dancing with experts, wearing Scottish kilts - an experience that was especially embarrassing for the boys - but very amusing.

We had been warned of Mr Glimm's "famous" hill-walk and took precautions: some girls taught us how to use the compasses properly. And one day after an hour's drive in the school minibus we found ourselves 'in the middle of nowhere' without any idea how to find the way back: five girls, six boys and a helpless teacher - far away from civilization - just with our compasses and some food. Jumping through herds of cattle and sheep, struggling our way in high grass and steep slopes, we somehow managed to achieve our aim and were very proud of it.

We could tell endless stories about our Scotland trip but we want to sum it up on behalf of our German team: "We had a great time, a lot of fun and interesting experience with nice people. So we say thank you very much!"

CAREERS

As I pen these notes I am surrounded by a pile of cardboard boxes, for the Careers Department is on the move to new quarters in the Main Building. More anon.

This is indeed a year of change. A year or two ago, in this column, I urged parents not to forget the wealth of excellent courses offered by the polytechnic sector. As most will know, the university and polytechnic sectors have now effectively merged. UCCA and PCAS are dead: long live UCAS!

As UCAS - the Universities and Colleges Admissions Service - covers over 170 institutions and tens of thousands of courses, and as about ninety seven per cent of our pupils go on to some form of higher or further education, the need for guidance in finding one's way through the maze is greater than ever. Even the students' handbook, that essential little guide which former pupils will recall, now runs to over 500 pages.

The gradual build-up of guidance is well in place: Aptitude Tests and Parental Report, Careers Experience Courses, Open Day and Convention visits. Members of the Rotary Club of Perth Kinnoull have again given invaluable interview experience to Lower Sixth-formers.

A new service from ISCO (Independent Schools Careers Organisation) is Course Finder 2000. In return for the completion of a questionnaire (and a small fee) Course Finder helps to pinpoint those courses and institutions which are well suited to a pupil's ambitions and academic level. About half the Lower Sixth have availed themselves of this, and initial feedback suggests it is very worthwhile.

The new Careers Room/Hi-Tech Centre is housed in the former lower Library/Nicol Senior Dorm, above the Headmaster's Office/Sewing Room. (Delete according to F.P. vintage!) I hope that this move into the body of the kirk will encourage pupils of all ages to make full use of the careers resources.

One great step forward will certainly be the availability of computers, and in addition to programmes already on line, it is my expectation that before this is published we shall be geared to ECCTIS 2000, the government-sponsored programme that gives details of virtually all higher and further education courses, with excellent search facilities.

Once again we are indebted to a number of guest speakers who entertained and informed us about a wide variety of subjects. Our sincere thanks go to:

Mr Bill Baird (University of Dundee): "Applying to University".

Mr David Biggart and Mr Ron McNaught: "There is no free lunch; Planning Your Financial Future".

Mr Robin Dunseath: "The World of Public Relations".

Mr Cowan Ervine (University of Dundee): "Careers in Law".

Dr Daniel Kirkwood (RGU): "The New Universities".

Mrs Janet Mathewson: "The Dangers of Cults".

Mr Graham Searle (National Director, ISCO): A question and answer evening.

Mr Stuart Simpson: "How to Become a Millionaire in Five Years".

D.A.R.W.



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.

 **Clydesdale Bank**

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LAND HO!

The aim of the newly formed Estate Group at the start of September was to clear an area which had been left untouched for what appeared to be at least a hundred years. How deceptive nature can be! The actual time that the area has been left probably amounts to no more than 20 years although that is more than enough time for the 'wild' to appear as if it had always been so. Plants and trees carefully selected and placed to complement each other as they grew had become fierce competitors in a struggle for survival, the pleasant colours of the original scheme merely serving to indicate where one plant had survived at the expense of the others. And what of the others? Some were still there due to that gift of living things for holding dearly onto life against the odds; only they did not seem to be identifiable, that is from the books of perfect specimens. It would be really useful to have a book of plants which showed them in a series of situations, encountered *outside* the Beechgrove Gardens, like too acid, too windy, too wet; a sort of medical book for plant doctors on an NHS budget.

But to get back to the original problem: having arranged with everyone concerned that we could work on a particular piece of land it seemed only right that we should try to understand a little of its history in order to appreciate what had been and what was intended to be. Our area once formed part of the twelve parks of Freeland House policies. The parks were all named (viz. Charlie's Acre Park, and in the garden area, Couperton Door's Park.) The policies had been laid out in the late 18th century round a Grand Cross design after the fashion of the time. This served to expand the original policies which dated from the mid 16th century and which continued to serve the much grander house built in the late 17th century at the start of the Enclosures but sadly destroyed by fire on the 15th March 1750. The parks were used to keep stock under control and provide specific areas for the rotation of crops, an innovation in farming which was becoming very fashionable at the time. The whole Freeland estate stretched from Aberdalgie on the opposite side of the Earn to Rossie Ochil some way to the south with the kennels for the estate pack situated at Kinnaird (now called Kinnaird Farm) at the end of Kinnaird Road from the village.

The estate passed out of the hands of the Ruthven family in 1874 and was sold in its entirety to Mr Collingwood Lindsay Wood from Hawlish Hall, Durham, by James, 7th, and last, Lord Ruthven of Freeland. His wife, the last Lady Ruthven, Caroline Annesley Gore, who was the daughter of the 4th Earl of Arran, had been responsible for a lot of improvements to the estate and village which was, at that time, still part of the estate known as the Green, or Gate, of Freeland. The improvements were continued by Wood who laid out the existing

woodland on the policies and built many of the surrounding houses - such as East Lodge and West Lodge and especially, from our point of view, the new kennels at Oakbank. These consisted of a one storey house with kennels and outside runs alongside the house, and pheasant pens further along the road. This area is covered today by the Staff houses on the Freeland Farm road, Freeland Farm then being known as Gallowmuir Farm. There only remains one of the original walls between two of the houses. The estate was again sold on the 18th July 1908 to Edwin Martin Stuart, acting on behalf of a Glasgow merchants' consortium, and for a few years the woodlands were stripped of much of the mature wood. Then, on October 21st 1919, when the whole Freeland estate was sold off in small sections, the house and its policies were bought by Harry Riley, Founder of this School. The area known as Oakbank was sold off under the name of Coventry after one of the six original parks which now made up the farmland. It was bought by Alexander John Fergusson who set about rebuilding the keeper's cottage into the two storey house we know today as Coventrees, and laying out new gardens to the south of the house to comprise a series of ponds forming a water garden, a rose garden and woodland park and flower beds. The area to the west, known as Thornyshade Park, was later conveyed to Harry Riley, in 1927.

When Fergusson moved to Pitkeithly, we think in 1950, he sold the farm to William Tattersall, a dentist from Dundee. The new owner sold off the lower three parks to John Finlay of Freeland Farm, gave the house the name Coventrees and organised the remaining area as a fruit farm. In 1952, to house farm workers, he built two houses called Easter Cottage and Coventrees Cottage. He sold off the area we now know as Tattersalls to the School in 1961, half to become the new School playing fields and, it was agreed at the time, that the other half (the gardens of Coventrees) would be passed to the School at a later date - which happened on his death in 1966, while Mrs. Tattersall stayed on at the house until she moved to 'Trigona' on the Bridge of Earn road. Whether or not the gardens at Coventrees were ever looked after again is not known but all the ponds except one were filled in and a new stream, the existing one, was dug south of the house away from the old garden stream, which filled the water tanks of the house, now obsolete. However, with the heavy rain last winter this old stream came back into involuntary use!

Many people who have been at the School since 1966 remember the gardens as they were and, more interestingly, remember the steady decay to the current state; a decay we are trying to halt. The project has been planned to run for a five year period - involving clearance and restructure bit by bit. Nick Gibb, James Henderson, Duncan

Dunlop, Henry Duncan, Nick Dobson, Willie Livingston, Ashley Smith and last, but by no means least, the youngest, Andrew Robertson, met Mr Ross and Mr Summersgill to plan the year's work: to prepare a large area for replanting. By the spring term much of the clearance had been completed with the accompanying bonfires keeping the wintry afternoons at bay (and winter evenings, we understand). The area was surveyed more carefully and checked for acidity (well nearly, Duncan), dampness and shade before replanting, while pathways were laid out temporarily to give guidance to walkers. Proper pruning has resulted in new growth already on many of the plants and we are waiting for the removal of the larger timber to get more light into the wooded areas. Part of the old flower beds are being cleaned ready for grass and the stream cleared for the winter spates. A decision was taken not to use chemicals for clearance so the manual clearance will have to continue for some time.

Our first trip away was to Glen Isla where Mr Gibb gave us a splendid afternoon deer stalking on the hills at the head of the glen. The team worked very hard in identifying the whereabouts of the herds, a task which seemed fruitless for a long while. Do you know that deer are exceptionally hard to spot which was bad news for us but, perhaps, good news for the deer? We also found out why deerstalkers were so designed and why you can't have deer and grouse on the same hills (explanation on application). Towards the end of a hard afternoon a herd was spotted and Willie Livingston was selected to go on the final stalk with the keeper to get to within 100 yards for a clean shot. The rest of us watched the kill from the higher ground, some with mixed feelings. There is a thrill to the chase but a sadness at the death. Many thanks for a very interesting, well organised and generally great afternoon, must go to Mr Gibb and his family and he has already offered very generously to organise a similar afternoon next year.

By sheer chance and Mr Du Boulay's racing contacts, the next week we went to Perth Races at the invitation of the Steward. For some of the group it was a new experience while for others it was a way to meet their relatives. It must be said that in no way was any interest shown on the financial side of the meeting, we think. Our invitation next year will be to work on the course from an earlier time. On the topic of horses, it was about this time that Ashley began her work at Glenearn House with Rhoda McLaren. She has spent the whole school year involved at the stables with horse breeding and care and we are indebted to Rhoda for all her time and interest. Ashley has taken part in several activities with Rhoda who specialises in quarterhorses at local, and not so local, events.

For the morning of Field Day we were at Mr Summersgill's house at Pitcairly in Fife, where there was reconstruction work on the walled garden and a variety of activities including the excavation of what has since turned out to be a Victorian greenhouse air circulating system. A fire is lit at one end of a brick passage some way from the greenhouses and the rising heat draws the lower moist air from the greenhouses at the other end of the passage, so bringing in fresh air and reducing disease from fungi and bacteria. Clever, eh! In the afternoon we were invited by Mr Airlie Bruce-Jones to see clearances of existing woodland as preparation for our own work. The first site was in Edinburgh, where a section of woodland about a hundred years old was falling into decay. The area had been surveyed and clearance was about to start which gave us all the chance to make our own suggestions. We were quite close in most cases except in calculating the area needed for a mature tree to grow properly. Try it for yourself - imagine a tree has to have close growth removed in a circle from its base. If the tree is 150 ft high what would you suggest as the diameter of that circle for optimum growth of the tree. Takes out the garden, doesn't it! We also found out how much we all benefit from a lot of the development in gardens and woodlands from the mid to late Victorian age in city and country. It is over the next 20 years that we will have to start again for the generations following us. The second site was at Dowhill, near Cleish, owned by the Maitland-Dougalls who have had new plantations laid out and the old woodland on the policies cleared to give mature trees more space. The scale of the venture was unbelievable but there was clear evidence of the benefits of the clearances. We are extremely grateful to Mr. Bruce-Jones for organising the day and for all the help and advice he and his wife have given us over the year. Much of the Coventrees clearance has been under his advice and the replanting scheme, when finalised, will be at his instigation. Recommendations have already been discussed and ideas are beginning to take form.

Thanks must go to the navy for providing summer afternoon diversions on the pond and to the army who actually attacked us one afternoon or, rather, attacked the bamboo. The bamboo has begun to recover from the physical and verbal assault (refer to Prince Charles for explanation). All credit to Willie, for timber removal - have tree: will travel; to Duncan, for eventually getting the time right and one-handed bonfire construction instruction; to Henry, the rabbit hunter; to Nick D, who has been known to attack trees because they don't retaliate and was caught talking on more than one occasion; to James, for hard work, past and present; to Andrew for his artistic strimming and pruning; to Ashley for her patience and to Nick G, for working in any shade of light or dark at the same job. A good group by any standards.

Nick Gibb
G.R.M.R.

LOT 6
(Coloured Yellow on Plan No. 1)

A COMPACT HOLDING

TO BE CALLED
COVENTRY

situated South of the River Earn and convenient to Forgandenny Village, the House having been built for a Keeper's Cottage.

Area
81 a. 2 r. 23 p.

THE HOUSE

is a superior Cottage of brick and slate construction, and containing:—Sitting Room, Two Bedrooms, Kitchen, Gun Room, Scullery, Pantry and Cloak Room.

The Buildings

which can be readily adapted to farm requirements, are well-built of brick and slated, and include W.C., Wood Shed, Coal Cellar, Boiler House, Meal Room, Store, Rabbit Larder, Game Larder, Shed and Hen Houses, Three Kennels.

Water is obtained from the supply to Lot 1.

The Holding

includes about 67 acres of good Agricultural Land, at present let as Grass Parks and 14 acres of Woodlands.

The Grass Parks are let for Season 1919 at a rent of **£149.**

Right of access is reserved to this Lot over the road through Lot 7 to the public road to Forgandenny Station. There is an obligation on the Proprietor of Lot 1 to maintain the road on the East side of Thorneyside Park, and a right to use this road is reserved to him.

Right is reserved to the Proprietor of Lot 1 to use the road leading from Gallowmuir Farm Steading to said public road and the road on the West side of Ronaldson's Park, and right is reserved to the Proprietor of Lot 5 to use said road from Gallowmuir Farm Steading to the public road, and also the road between Couparton and Coventry Parks.

The Woodlands have been in the occupation of the Proprietor of Freeland and the unsold Timber is valued at £343 0s. 0d.

RENTAL				
Subject	Area	Tenant	Tenancy	Rent
				£ s. d.
The House, Kennels, etc.	10 448	In Proprietor's Occupation		4 0 0*
Grass Parks	61 172	Various	Season 1919	149 0 0
Agricultural Land	5 648	In Proprietor's Occupation	Do.	5 0 0*
Woodlands	4 378	Do.		1 14 0*
	81 646			£159 14 0

* Assessed Rent. † Apportioned Rent.

BURDENS	
Stipend	£19 0 9
County Rates (Owner)	7 19 9
Parish Rates (Owner)	3 3 11
	£30 4 5



1919 Bill of Sale and photograph of 'Coventrees'.

RUGBY

The 1st XV to play the first match against Rannoch was as follows: A Shepherd, S Lokko, J MacDonald, P Ainsworth (Capt), M Silver, N Gray, M Barker, R Obineche, J Proctor, P Brown, R Mitchell, G Burton, G Stephens, J Henderson, J Green.

Rannoch showed just how much work we had to do when we were lucky to escape from 0-7 to scrape home 8-7 through a penalty by Mark Silver and a try by Niall Gray.

Stephen Harrod was fit for the second game against Glasgow Academy but Guy Stephens was injured and was replaced by Paul Heslop. This was a much more convincing performance. Mark Silver scored a good try on the short side, set up by Niall Gray and Phil Ainsworth, and kicked two conversions and a penalty. An excellent try by John Green created by good support play between backs and forwards, a try by James Henderson from a scrum close to the line and a sparkling try by Simon Lokko took the score to 27-3. Thereafter we relaxed and the final score was 27-15. Sadly Bob Mitchell was injured in this game and was to be out for the remainder of the season. This was most unfortunate for the team because it deprived us of a fine lock and our pack leader. However, I felt particularly sad for Bob as I'm sure he would have played for Scottish Schoolboys this year. Our captain, Phil Ainsworth, was also injured which necessitated some crucial changes in the backs.

Although we were dominant in the first phase we were outplayed in the second phase against Loretto. Crucial mistakes in decision making and poor defence in the backs gave the Musselburgh side a 3-17 victory. Having gifted St Aloysius 14 points in the first 20 minutes we decided to take the game to the Glasgow side. A penalty by Niall Gray and a try by John Green made the score 8-14. Unfortunately, a simple double dummy scissors created a gap in our backs that Boadicea and her chariots would have cruised through. Thus, at half-time a 21-8 deficit looked daunting. However, we came back well with another try by John Green but at 13-21 we again allowed the game to slip and despite a third try by our flanker we lost 20-18.

The victory against Fettes, with Phil Ainsworth now orchestrating the backs from fly-half and Doug Clement established at full back, was a very satisfying result. Two very good tries by Simon Lokko against the Scottish Schoolboys wing showed what he could have done if he had been determined to take his rugby further. Two more back row tries by John Green and James Henderson with two conversions by Mark Silver took the score to 24-0. The Fettes victory was followed by one of our most disappointing perfor-

mances of the season against Glenalmond. There is no doubt that they deserved their victory on the day, but we did everything to lose this game 12-21. Again Simon Lokko scored two tries.

What has now become a traditional fixture against the North and Midlands U18 (to the extent that this year a plaque was presented to be played for each season) was satisfying in some respects but showed us where we needed to work hard to improve. Had we taken our chances and been a little more 'street-wise' this would have been a much closer result than 3-22. Despite that, Garry Burton had an outstanding game, Nik Hartley showed how well he was coping with 1st team rugby and the whole front row (Peter Brown, Stephen Harrod and Rhesa Obineche) held up well, as did Phil Ainsworth at fly-half.

Our first game after half-term was against Merchiston and for the first half we had the strong Colinton side somewhat worried about the final result. However, a most unfortunate bounce which hit the underside of the cross-bar and bounced the wrong way for full back Doug Clement gave Merchiston 7 points and the lead, against the run of play, at half-time. An injury to Garry Burton at the same time, resulting in a substitution, added insult to injury. The final result 9-25 was not a fair reflection of the game, but Merchiston, with (Scottish Schoolboy) Jamie Weston orchestrating well from scrum-half, deserved their victory.

It was great to see the 1st XV rise to yet another challenge - an unbeaten (in Scotland) Edinburgh Academy side, away! This was, undoubtedly, one of our best performances of the season with marvellous

rucking and mauling, excellent support play, good defence and shrewd decision making. Examples of good support play were the two tries scored by Garry Burton (second row!) and a try by Simon Lokko was indicative of a good choice of options from first phase and good decision making by scrum half Matthew Barker in taking space to the left before releasing to Phil Ainsworth, Doug Clement and Simon. Three more tries were scored by Niall Gray, Phil Ainsworth and Mark Silver. What a pity that Mark did not have his kicking boots on that day! The final score was a most convincing 30-14 victory.

The Morrison's Academy game, due to frosted patches, had to be played on M.F.I. and as the game progressed the weather deteriorated and we finished in a snow-storm. Fortunately we won 18-13 after a very convincing start but Martin Murray, the Morrison's captain, had an outstanding game in the loose as the opposition finished very strongly. Sundry members of the 1st XV somewhat confused by the pitch and the weather, had to be re-assured that we had actually won. The points came from another two tries from the 'Greaves' of Strath-allan, John Green, and two penalties plus two conversions from Mark Silver.

Yet another unbeaten side - Dollar Academy - awaited us the following Saturday. Phil Ainsworth had been injured again and missed the last few games of the term. Cameron Mackay came in at fly-half and was to have a very good game. Unfortunately, within the first quarter Niall Gray, inside centre, went over very badly on his ankle and had to retire. Paul Johnston came on as replacement for his first game at this level, playing in his nor-



The undefeated Under 15 A team about to take on a scrum machine

mal position, fly-half, with Cameron moving to centre. Peter Brown, our loose-head prop was next to retire just before half-time, to be replaced by Peter Seymour, our 'super-sub'. A certain amount of reshuffling was necessary to accommodate this move, but John Green's move into the front row certainly took the Dollar prop by surprise, and Garry Burton playing in the back row allowed him much more freedom to maraud around the park. Despite such ill-luck, this was a game that was 'ripe for the plucking' and a 5-12 defeat was poor reward for a tremendous effort by all concerned. Our try was scored by Simon Lokko.

One of the highlights of a season is always a touring side, and this year we had St Andrew's College from Grahamstown, South Africa. Apart from the social and educational side of the meeting, the rugby was something quite special. St Andrew's College played like a good side from the South of France, moving the ball in December as if it were a hot summer's day and the ground was very firm. It seemed to be a version of rugby-basketball. This was a most exhilarating experience for the 1st XV and all who watched the game. Andre Jacobs, their coach, wrote later to say that 'Strathallan was the smallest in size we encountered, but certainly the biggest at heart and the rucking and mauling the best we saw on tour'. The final result was a very sound victory of 29-17. Tries were scored by Matthew Barker, Garry Burton and Cameron Mackay (2) with three conversions and one penalty by Mark Silver.

Life seems to be full of bitter-sweet experiences. St Andrew's College followed by Kelvinside Academy seemed to prove this belief. Not only did we not do ourselves justice, we blew the bank at the same time. Our defeat (0-3) seemed to be somewhat symbolic of a result in which one side had the capability of scoring tries but did not and the other which would never have scored a try if we played all afternoon, managed to get the only kickable penalty. As my 'anarchiste' friend and ex-President of the M.J.C. in Narbonne would have said, this proved how bizarre the game of rugby can be.

Our last game before the Christmas break was against Howe of Fife U18 and although this was not a strong side we did bounce back from the previous week and the 1st XV went out to prove something, to express and enjoy themselves. A 59-11 victory was a fitting way to end the term. James Meiklejohn playing only his second game scored a hat trick of tries, the others came from Paul Heslop (2), Matthew Barker (2), James MacDonald, Doug Clement and Simon Lokko.

Two matches in the Spring term illustrated our weaknesses and strengths to great effect. We were on the point of dominating Stirling County U18 but could not put points on the board and after the first score just before half-time and with the weather deteriorating rapidly, we seemed to lose

interest in the proceedings and lost 0-22. The other game against Robert Gordon's College was on the point of being an excellent performance and demonstration, but like the fisherman's tale, we could not quite control and subdue this difficult fish as it was played on the line and although we won 13-3 there were a few tries that slipped away upstream.

According to the pundits in the Common Room this was never supposed to be a great side and although we were always quite hopeful that the forwards would produce the goods, we were not so sure of the backs. The latter, however, developed well and although some backs undoubtedly had their off games, they made good progress and it is a mark of Matthew Barker's development that he could play and perform so well in the West of Scotland Invitation Schools XV. Yet he and others do now realise that it doesn't just happen: constant individual practice and training are required, in addition to the work that is done by the coaches and individuals, units and with the team if success is to be achieved.

Phil Ainsworth deserves a lot of credit for the success and progress made throughout the season. Unfortunately, he missed a number of games but his interest and influence were of the greatest importance as was the continuing interest of Bob Mitchell. Increasingly the man who had to shoulder a lot of the burden was Garry Burton: his development as a player and an individual has been a source of great delight. I was extremely pleased to see him gain his Scottish Schoolboys' Cap against Ireland and wish him all the very best in Australia. In addition to Garry, Phil Ainsworth and Stephen Harrod represented the President's XV. Phil also had a trial for the Scottish Schools U18 as did Doug Clement and Lee Walker for the U16.

Full colours were awarded to: Phil Ainsworth, Garry Burton, Mark Silver, Bob Mitchell, Rhesa Obineche and Andrew Shepherd.

Half colours were awarded to: Stephen Harrod, John Green, Peter Brown, Niall Gray and Cameron Mackay.

In the 7s we reached the semi-final of the Perth Academy tournament only to lose 12-19 to a strong Glenalmond 7, who took Merchiston all the way in the final. In the Merchiston tournament we lost to Loretto in the first round and then reached the final of the plate beating Dundee H.S. 19-0 and Heriots 12-5, but we did not play well in the final and lost to Robert Gordon's College. In addition, we reached the quarter finals of the Goldenacre 7s. Overall the side played some good sevens but never had the pace to kill off other sides. Cameron Mackay, however, is to be commended for scoring some good tries with power running.

Of the senior sides, both the 2nd and 4th XV's had good seasons losing only 3 and 2 games respectively. The Form 3A XV had a good season losing only 2 games. This was a gutsy side in defence, with a small

pack, but they worked very hard as a team with encouraging results. Richard Wallace on the wing had a very good season and Graham Tyldsley represented the Midlands U15.

The following boys represented the Midlands U15:-

Robert Horsfall, Ali Reekie, Cameron Wood, Harry Hensman, Robert Barr, Duncan Forbes, Euan Mackay, Noel Charlier, Robert Mawdsley, David Christie, Chris Burnett, Stephen Cooksley, David Macleod and Ross McMillan. This is by far the biggest contingent we have ever had in the Midlands and augurs well for the next 2/3 years for Strathallan's senior rugby sides.

As always I have been indebted to the coaches of the various teams. Strathallan can now field up to 15 teams which would not be possible without the dedication and enthusiasm of the academic staff. Throughout my 18 years this has always been a strong feature and I am glad to say that the coaching staff, as I leave, is as strong as ever. With the arrival of my Antipodean non-cricketing friend, Alan Ball and another friend from the victorious Durham University UAU Champions side of a few years back, Robert Clark, the quality as well as quantity of coaches has also been boosted.

I would also like to thank all those in the School who have helped me and the rugby players throughout this season and the past. In particular, my thanks go to Ed McDonald and the ground staff, Mrs Clayton and the sewing room staff, Sister, and Mr Young and the kitchen staff.

I am also indebted to all the visiting referees: it has always been re-assuring to know that one can call on the services of top class officials who seem to have enjoyed travelling to Forgandenny to referee matches.

Finally, I would like to wish Strathallan School R.F.C. and Peter Green all the very best for the future.

B.R.



Garry Burton goes for it

VALE: BRIAN RAINE

Brian Raine spent 23 years at Strathallan. He arrived straight from Durham University with a formidable reputation as a rugby player. In his time here he has proved himself to be considerably more. On paper his achievements were impressive. At various times he was a House Tutor in Freeland, Housemaster of Ruthven, Master in Charge of the 1st XV for 18 years, Chairman of the Masters' Common Room and Head of the History Department.

Such a list tells little of the story. Whatever Brian did he threw himself into it with energy, enthusiasm and dedication. As a teacher he was thoroughness personified. His students sweltered under volumes of notes, in a tightly written hand, and unpronounceable elongated German words. However, they were always well prepared and tended to be more than satisfied when their results came out. He was a well-liked and respected Housemaster who demanded high standards but gave of his own time and effort unstintingly. Many will remember him mainly for his contribution to the 1st XV. There were many highlights, but, I suspect, for him they were the unbeaten season of 1983; Andy Nichol's first cap, whom he coached through his time for the Midland Schools XV's; and a number of Scottish Schools caps - including Kris Boon and Max Adam - who toured New Zealand, and Garry Burton who went to Australia this summer. Brian, himself was

an intrepid tourist. He started by pioneering the pre-season tours to Narbonne, then became more ambitious, going to Canada, Singapore, Australia and Fiji on the world tour, and finally to Chile and Argentina. Without exception they were organised immaculately, and few could have been aware of how much they were indebted to him. Such tours were inconceivable in previous generations. B.R. also coached the President's XV for several years, was the Midland Schools' representative and was a Scottish Schools' selector. From Hong Kong to Vancouver to Paris he is a well known figure in the rugby world.

He also contributed in many other ways around the School and in the local community. He enjoyed Athletics, Squash, Tennis and even turned out to perform noisily for the Occasionals on tour. He coached the Athletics team and caught the "running bug" including running the London Marathon when suffering from shingles. He justified this somewhat foolhardy act by saying that it was for charity and he did not want to let down his sponsors. He was a Round Tabler and became Chairman of Perth 200 and is currently President of Perth and Kinnoull Rotary. In the Common Room he introduced many social events including dining-in nights, wine tastings - a particular love - and even late night community singing. Perhaps his greatest contribution was the knack of dropping in on colleagues when they needed help or comfort, and there was

not a member of the domestic or ground staff whom he did not know by name. He and his long-suffering wife, Jean, who stoically put up with all his absences, were incomparably good hosts and innumerable are the friends, parents, colleagues and pupils who have enjoyed their hospitality.

Any good schoolmaster is an individual, a character and usually eccentric. If imitation is a form of flattery, B.R. had few equals. There weren't many Strathallians who did not attempt to mimic his guttural tones and particularist phrases. He had many idiosyncracies which might strike a chord: the whiff of garlic induced by a late night raw clove sandwich; that distinctive voice talking to the 1st XV above the roar of the crowd; his speeches in French; that scarf, with a fawn coat draped round his shoulders as he opened every window with sub-zero temperatures outside. He was not always broad minded. Skiing on rugby tours was sacrilege. Whilst proffering an alternative viewpoint, when his mind was made up, was inclined to produce an unprintable reply.

Brian gave his all to Strathallan and we would like to wish Brian and Jean all the best at Queen Victoria School, where he took over the role of Deputy Head in April.

His virtues soon became apparent and he was appointed Headmaster after a single term.

RUGBY RESULTS

1st XV			
v Rannoch	(A)	Won	8 - 7
v Glasgow Academy	(H)	Won	27 - 15
v Loretto	(A)	Lost	3 - 17
v St Aloysius	(A)	Lost	20 - 28
v Fettes	(H)	Won	24 - 0
v Glenalmond	(A)	Lost	12 - 21
v Merchiston	(H)	Lost	9 - 25
v Edinburgh Academy	(A)	Won	30 - 14
v Morrison's Academy	(H)	Won	18 - 13
v Dollar Academy	(A)	Lost	5 - 12
v St Andrew's College, Grahamstown, S.A.	(H)	Won	29 - 17
v Kelvinside Academy	(A)	Lost	0 - 3
v Robert Gordon's College	(H)	Won	13 - 3

Played 13; Won 7; Lost 6
Points for 198
Points against 175

CLUB FIXTURES

v North & Midlands U18	(A)	Lost	3 - 22
v Howe of Fife U18	(H)	Won	59 - 11
v Stirling College	(H)	Lost	0 - 22

Played 3; Won 1; Lost 2
Points for 62
Points against 55

2nd XV

v Queen Victoria School 1st XV	(H)	Won	24 - 10
v St Wilfrid's 1st XV	(H)	Won	52 - 0
v Glasgow Academy	(H)	Won	30 - 5
v Perth Academy 1st XV	(H)	Won	42 - 15
v Loretto	(A)	Lost	3 - 17
v St Aloysius	(A)	Won	19 - 0
v Fettes	(H)	Won	39 - 0
v Glenalmond	(A)	Lost	0 - 3
v Merchiston	(H)	Lost	5 - 25
v Edinburgh Academy	(H)	Won	20 - 8
v Morrison's Academy	(H)	Won	38 - 3
v Dollar Academy	(A)	Won	12 - 3
v Robert Gordon's	(H)	Won	10 - 0

Played 13; Won 10; Lost 3
Points for 296
Points against 89

3rd XV

v Rannoch 2nd XV	(H)	Lost	7 - 16
v Glasgow Academy	(H)	Won	20 - 0
v Loretto	(A)	Lost	0 - 5
v Fettes	(H)	Won	24 - 0
v Glenalmond	(A)	Lost	7 - 14
v Merchiston	(A)	Lost	10 - 36

v Edinburgh Academy	(H)	Won	21 - 0
v Dollar Academy	(A)	Won	10 - 3
v Abbey School 1st XV	(A)	Won	8 - 3

4th XV

v Queen Victoria School 2nd XV	(H)	Won	31 - 19
v Glasgow Academy	(A)	Lost	0 - 25
v Perth Academy 2nd XV	(H)	Won	69 - 0
v Loretto	(A)	Drawn	0 - 0
v St Aloysius 3rd XV	(H)	Won	20 - 0
v Fettes	(A)	Won	30 - 5
v Glenalmond	(A)	Drawn	7 - 7
v Merchiston	(A)	Lost	5 - 15
v Edinburgh Academy	(A)	Won	27 - 0
v Morrison's 3rd XV	(H)	Won	29 - 0
v Dollar Academy	(H)	Won	56 - 0
v Perthshire U16	(A)	Won	14 - 7

5th XV

v Rannoch 3rd XV	(A)	Won	17 - 0
v Loretto	(A)	Lost	7 - 9
v Fettes	(H)	Won	28 - 0
v Glenalmond	(A)	Lost	0 - 5
v Merchiston	(A)	Lost	0 - 38
v Edinburgh Academy	(H)	Won	87 - 3

6th XV

v Queen Victoria School 3rd XV	(H)	Won	34 - 7
v Glasgow Academy	(A)	Lost	5 - 10
v Loretto	(A)	Lost	0 - 88
v Glenalmond	(A)	Lost	5 - 21
v Merchiston	(A)	Lost	0 - 24
v Glenalmond	(H)	Won	15 - 6

7th XV

v Merchiston	(H)	Lost	
FORM 4A XV			
v Rannoch	(H)	Won	132 - 0
v Loretto	(H)	Won	35 - 7
v Queen Victoria School	(A)	Won	89 - 10
v St Aloysius	(H)	Won	35 - 0
v Fettes	(A)	Won	37 - 5
v Glenalmond	(H)	Won	112 - 0
v Merchiston	(A)	Won	31 - 10
v Edinburgh Academy	(A)	Won	5 - 0
v Dollar Academy	(H)	Won	57 - 5
v Lancaster Grammar School	(H)	Won	20 - 10
v Newbridge College	(H)	Lost	7 - 9

Played 11; Won 10; Lost 1
Points for 560
Points against 56

FORM 4B XV			
v Loretto	(H)	Won	38 - 0
v Queen Victoria School	(A)	Won	32 - 0
v St Aloysius	(H)	Won	12 - 5
v Fettes	(A)	Won	77 - 5
v Merchiston	(H)	Won	50 - 5
v Edinburgh Academy	(A)	Won	55 - 0
v Dollar Academy	(H)	Won	76 - 0

FORM 4C XV

v Loretto	(H)	Lost	0 - 32
v Merchiston	(H)	Lost	20 - 21

FORM 3A XV

v Rannoch	(H)	Won	48 - 0
v Queen Victoria School	(A)	Won	15 - 7
v Perth Academy	(A)	Won	63 - 0
v Loretto	(H)	Won	31 - 17
v St Aloysius	(H)	Won	27 - 0
v Fettes	(H)	Won	22 - 15
v Glenalmond	(H)	Lost	11 - 24
v Merchiston	(A)	Won	38 - 10
v Edinburgh Academy	(H)	Won	36 - 7
v Dollar Academy	(A)	Lost	0 - 10
v Madras	(H)	Won	44 - 21

FORM 3B XV

v Loretto	(H)	Won	24 - 0
v St Aloysius	(H)	Won	25 - 9
v Glenalmond	(H)	Won	19 - 0
v Merchiston	(H)	Drawn	5 - 5
v Edinburgh Academy	(H)	Won	40 - 5
v Morrison's Academy	(A)	Won	45 - 0
v Dollar Academy	(A)	Won	66 - 0

FORM 3C XV

v Queen Victoria School V XV	(A)	Won	22 - 5
v Loretto	(H)	Won	51 - 10
v Merchiston	(H)	Lost	10 - 22

FORM 2A XV

v Rannoch	(A)	Lost	3 - 7
v St Aloysius	(A)	Won	21 - 20
v Edinburgh Academy	(A)	Lost	0 - 52
v Merchiston	(A)	Lost	0 - 33
v Dollar Academy	(H)	Lost	7 - 12
v Madras College	(H)	Won	14 - 7

FORM 2B XV

v St Aloysius	(A)	Lost	0 - 12
v Edinburgh Academy	(A)	Lost	0 - 48
v Merchiston	(A)	Lost	7 - 15
v Dollar Academy	(H)	Lost	7 - 17

HOCKEY

Our indoor hockey is mainly designed to hone the skills for the outdoor season, and an enthusiastic group worked hard in the winter to do just that. It is also meant to prepare for the Glenalmond Challenge in the Spring Term. Comfortable wins over Glenalmond and Stewarts Melville warmed us up nicely for this, but the January floods arrived and, once again, Bell's Sports Centre was submerged. The tournament was switched to MacDiarmid Park as a six-a-side outdoor competition. Despite failures to convert chances we reached the semi-finals relatively easily, only to be pipped by a fit and talented Abbey team, which went on to win the trophy.

With only Captain Green left from last year's XI, the outdoor season was likely to be a struggle. Perhaps the reversion to the old blue and gold quarters to replace the devalued 'blue and blue' would do the trick!

A tough start against an experienced Scottish Under 16 squad didn't help. We held them well in the first half, and if a stroke had gone in it might have been close, but late; and in one case, dubious, goals sunk us. Chances galore came in the first half against Gordonstoun, but again we paid the penalty towards the end when their typically fast front runners turned our defence. On grass at Fettes we at last got into our stride and although the net couldn't be found enough, we were never seriously threatened. With good passing and some fine goals we outplayed Aberdeen G.S in the next home match, and then faced a strong Old Boys' side. At 1-1 at half time it looked a hard game to win, but the Old Boys ran out of steam and teamwork, and we cruised to victory. On the 'blaze' at Riverside, Harris Academy played without a keeper. This unnerved our attack and we struggled against a strong midfield. It wasn't until the last ten minutes that they were demoralised by our determination. The Loretto fixture is the one we most like to win, and after a torrid match, which the guest international umpire tried hard to ruin, we emerged rather fortunate winners. Away to a good Watson's side on an awful grass pitch we were soon two down, but some fine individual efforts from Green earned a draw. Edinburgh Academy were not the expected threat, their star forward was subdued, and we won comfortably. The best game of the season was against Robert Gordon's, who visited on the way back from a tour in England. They were fit, fast and well organised, but we matched them in every department, and despite the lack of goals it was a fine exhibition of attacking hockey. 2-0 up against Monifieth we expected to end on a high note, but we relaxed fatally in the second half and their wonderfully skilled strikers put in six goals while we could only score twice. Our young side looked tired, and the 'flu, which ravaged the School in the last few weeks, was beginning to take its toll. This bug led to the cancellation of a tour to Northern

Ireland. Happily we should get there next half term, as Campbell College - despite our letting them down this time - have kindly invited us to their 1994 Centenary Tournament.

Everyone who played for the 1st XI did so determinedly. None more so than keeper Tim Hunter. Totally dedicated to his job he still found time to keep his eye on wayward defenders, and he seldom made a serious mistake. In front of him Niall Gray and Logie MacKenzie were usually solid. Both hit the standing ball sweetly, although Niall couldn't come to terms with striking at the 'new' short corners, and Logie lacked speed if turned. Much of the burden of the midfield fell on the talented Ben Ward. He had many good first halves, but often tired in the last quarter. Alistair Bennett was dependable and hard working at left half. Several other halves were tried, Alistair Doodson and Ewan Ovenstone becoming the final incumbents. Both had excellent games but were prone to mistakes at important moments. Finding the right forwards was also difficult. In the early games only John Green's direct running and skills provided any real threat. Jamie Stewart and Ali Walls worked very hard but could not score. Eventually Andrew Quinn provided the striking power, and although he lacked some of the finer touches, he was always

dangerous in opponents' circles. James Meiklejohn and James McDonald were fast wingers. Both improved the subtlety to their crosses during the season, although interpassing amongst the forwards was never quite good enough. Altogether an inexperienced side can feel proud of a good record. Next year with eight players still available it should be even more effective.

The 2nd XI had a tough fixture list playing several 1st XIs, but they, too, had a steady season. The 3rd XI had a similar record, but it was sad that, with lots of keen senior players, so many 4th XI games were cancelled. The junior fixtures also suffered from some wet weather and the 'flu. The easy games were won convincingly, but most teams struggled to beat the better schools.

Although the 1st XI may have to put up with me in a final fling in Ireland next term, I am handing over to David Giles. I hope he gets as much fun and satisfaction as I have had in the last eighteen years. It has been a pleasure to work with so many good and enthusiastic players and coaches, and to make friends in other schools and countries. To them all go my thanks and good wishes. I know that Strathallan hockey will be safe in the hands of such an enthusiastic new Master in Charge.

J.N.F.

'SCOTTISH CHAMELEONS'

In 1991 on the initiative of Alastair Reid, Master in Charge at Glenalmond, an independent schools' hockey club was established. Like the Wayfarers its purpose is to give experience to players at a higher level and opportunities to be seen by national selectors. Since then a number of training sessions for under 18s and under 16s have been held, and fixtures played against club and district teams.

In 1991/92 Strathallan was represented by Duncan Robertson (goalkeeper), Keith Salters and Jason Low, and in 1992/93 by Tim Hunter (goalkeeper), Alastair Bennett, John Green, Ben Ward and Tom Hughes at

under 18 level. Kim Parker (goalkeeper), Duncan Elder, Johnny Ward, Robert Barr, Douglas Clement, Stephen Cooksley, Alistair MacDonell and Chris Burnett have all played for the under 16s.

Next year there will also be under 15 practices and matches.

Once a 'lion on the move' (Chameleon), always a Chameleon. A register of players is being held, and in the future it may be possible to arrange some adult tours. So, if you have played, keep in touch through your Master in Charge of Hockey.

J.N.F.



House Hockey: Ruthven's Indoor Junior Team

CRICKET

Unfortunately this was a season dominated by the weather. Of the eighteen scheduled matches only eleven were played and other teams fared even worse. Of these eleven First XI matches three were won, three lost and five drawn. Yet, considering the youth of the side, which included five Fifth Formers and two Fourth Formers, it was a very encouraging season. The bowlers performed well with the wickets shared between James Henderson, Alastair Doodson, Duncan Forbes and Robert Barr, all of whom recorded five wicket hauls. The batting was much less secure. Niall Gray produced flashes of class interspersed with an irritating ability to miss straight, and usually innocuous, deliveries. Stephen Cooksley and Dougal Fergusson opened very effectively, did all the hard work and then failed to cash in on the easy runs. Paul Johnston produced the odd good innings. Duncan Forbes, Andrew Jeffery and Ben Ward played courageous innings under pressure.

The overall attitude of the side was excellent, with a determination to improve and an eagerness to play, whatever the conditions.

The first School match of the season was within a week of the start of term. We bowled effectively against Glenalmond, dismissing them for 135 with Alastair Doodson (27-9-41-5) spearheading the attack. Then our batting collapsed in spite of good performances from Dougal Fergusson and Duncan Forbes, and we were out for 85 - hardly an auspicious start to the season.

Things improved against Loretto against whom we drew, with Stephen Cooksley producing a match-saving innings of 48. Although we cannot pretend to have had the better of the draw, the batting was much more determined and the overall performance an improvement.

Fettes were bowled out for 68 with the bowlers all performing well and the target was reached with only the odd 'twitch'. Stewart's Melville were similarly defeated, being dismissed for 73 (Robert Barr 9.3-5-



Riley "Spot the Ball" Cricket

13-5) and Niall Gray and Paul Johnston batting well. Against Merchiston we were probably extremely lucky. After they scored 174 for 6, we had reached the dizzy height of 8 for 3 when the weather intervened.

The final School match, against Coleraine, produced a sound batting performance in which several players contributed well, including a valuable partnership between Ben Ward and, much to his evident delight, James ("why am I always number 11?") Henderson, who batted at number 10. Inspired by this, James then destroyed the Coleraine batting with figures of 11-4-24-5. It was excellent to see him reaching peak form in the last match of the season.

The matches against Edinburgh Academy and Dollar were, amongst others, rained off.

With such a young side the club games were never going to be easy but the School performed reasonably well, the only defeats coming against very strong MCC and Old Strathallian sides. Duncan Forbes took five wickets against the Wayfarers and Niall Gray and Paul Johnston made 69 and 52

respectively. Stephen Cooksley made a good 54 against the XL Club and Niall Gray a very determined 41 against MCC. Some excellent batting from Grant Corbett (100 in his only innings of the year) and David Duncan (75) put the Old Strathallians in a very strong position and the pace of Hans McKenzie-Wilson and Mark Tench (Why didn't he do it at School?) proved too much.

On balance this was an encouraging season and, with several players hunting for places next year, the prospects are good.

The Second XI played very well indeed. Intelligently captained by Nik Hartley, the team had some proper batting and a well-balanced bowling attack. One or two players were very unlucky not to get a First XI chance and suffered badly from playing, because of the weather, nothing like enough matches. The Third XI, our strongest in years, suffered even worse and played only two or three fixtures, in spite of C.N.C.'s frantic efforts to arrange others.

Things were also pleasing at a junior level. The Senior Colts, savaged by First XI selection, overcame their difficulties after one setback and, under inspired captaincy, rolled off a series of impressive wins based often on the spin attack of James (Shane Warne) Bird and Jonathan (Tim May) Ward. The promise of a very able group continues to develop.

The Junior Colts did not have the same overall ability but they performed well. They had the better of almost all of their matches and showed enthusiasm and determination in their approach.

I would like to thank the usual, but no less important for that, individuals. The staff put in very long hours with coaching, umpiring and team management. The Ground Staff coped phlegmatically with infuriating weather conditions. The Catering Staff put up with my constantly fluctuating demands with incredible patience as do, indeed, Earnside Coaches.



R.J.W.P.: "He missed it by this much!"

R.J.W.P.

THE YEAR IN COLOUR



The Headmaster's last Speech Day.



Raj blows a fanfare.



A.W. McP. led the field.



Richard Wallace and Marcus Honig at Sports' Day.



DOE Silver: all smiles before they set out.



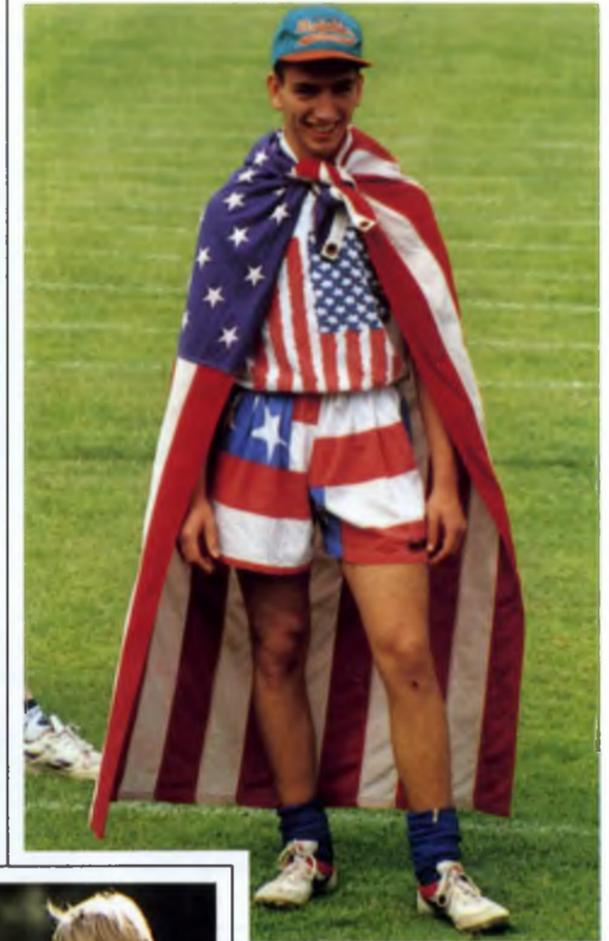
Gordon Duncan on the ball.



Chipendales, Chicks and Minder at 'Not-the-Strathallan-Sports-Day.'



Mr. Craig Young, our meals' maestro!



James Gammack-Clark's American Dream.



Mathew Morley and David Burns wish they could . . .



Laurie Crump and the orchestra on Speech Day.



Abigail Barlow, middle-distance expert.



Struan Cochrane and Drew Chapman reflect on another Senior Colts' victory.



Ashley Smith, winner of the Ladies' Loch Rannoch 12 km run.



Form IV boys head for History.



Mr. Bennett joined C.D.T. for the year.



Army Camp canoeing party at Cultybraggan.



Ross Cumming's Lament.



Pre-Marines on Parade.



Ruthven and Nicol had an unusual idea during the big freeze.



Riley girls toast their toes at camp.

Right: Ellidh Nicolson stops them in their tracks.



Cameron MacKay — School Captain of Athletics.



Take-off for Army Cadets.

GOLF

The season opened with a match against our Indian visitors, St Columba's School, New Delhi. These boys qualified for the International final of the Golf Foundation Team Championships for Schools, being played at Gleneagles, and, as the best Indian school golf team, were expected to prove tough opposition. We played a three-sided match (along with Rosemount Juniors) at Blairgowrie and convincingly won. The three-man team of Garvie, Mitchell and Watson looked very strong and gave us false grounds for optimism for the coming season. Captain James Garvie won both his matches but the most spectacular performance must surely have come from Colin Mitchell, playing on his home course. Colin finished with 1½ points but this disguises the story of his round as in the first six holes he lost two golf balls in the course of going 3 down, then he 'got his act together' with a birdie blitz that produced 6 birdies in 9 holes to go 3 up, only to eventually halve his match with the Indian boy.

The Indian boys eventually finished 11th in the International Final, which was won for the fourth successive year by the same French school.

The league season started well with two convincing 3-1 victories, which included a James Garvie victory (3 and 2) over the County Match and Stroke play champion, Matthew Evans, playing on his home course at Auchterarder. Colin Mitchell overwhelmed his opponents by 8 and 7 and 9 and 7 and Ewan Watson was his usual consistent self winning his first three matches. However, the rot set in in the next match against Crieff and the School were not to win another game. Once our chances of winning the league were lost we took the opportunity to 'blood' a few youngsters and it is to be hoped that they will benefit from this experience.

Colours were awarded to Ewan Watson and Colin Mitchell for their contributions to the golf team.

The Inter-House Golf Trophy was won once again by Simpson with an identical score to last year and Colin Mitchell took the individual title with a steady round of 74.

Colin's season seemed to really take off from this point, as in his next outing he finished third in the Perth and Kinross Individual Championships at Pitlochry, thereby qualifying for the Scottish Schools' Championships at Kinross. At Kinross Colin shot rounds of 73 and 74 to finish third overall in the competition and gain automatic selection for the Scottish Schools' golf side who were due to play a series of international matches at the end of June. We all congratulate Colin on his achievement in being selected for the national side and hope he does well.

Colin's season of success continued in the inaugural St Columba's Trophy (thanks to the generosity of our Indian visitors) played over 36 holes at Craigie Hill and King James VI Golf Clubs during the last

week of term. Colin easily won the scratch competition, whilst Paul Johnston (an escapee from Cricket) won the handicap section. Other prize winners were: Nick Dobson (golfer who has made the most progress); Andrew Milne (winner at 'outing' at Milnathort) and Bruce McClure (12 hole competition in School).

We are pleased to welcome back (from Florida) our teaching Professional, Frank Smith, from Craigie Hill Golf Club. If we

can all follow his invaluable advice then we will all be better players.

The match v. the Old Boys is scheduled to be played on September 19th at Panmure (see page 73).

Finally, I am indebted to Mr Kitson for agreeing to return to help me run the golf section. Without him we could not have had as many outings/matches this year and I look forward to this continuing next year.

N.S.



Colin Mitchell on the school course

FOOTBALL

This year football as a minor sport has certainly progressed. Having once been the smallest of the minor sports, this season under the careful eye of Mr Bolton football has at last been given a leg to stand on (Milky - note!).

Only one game figured during the first two terms as the once treasured "league" had folded. This was at home against Merchiston where a sizeable crowd watched as we went down 5-3. It was a respectable score for such a scrappy team, although it would have helped if Pitchy had put the ball in the correct net!

The summer term saw the emergence of an Under 17 team to accompany the 1st XI. Respectable scorelines: 1-3 and 2-2 (away) against QVS proves that football at

Strathallan has a future. Unfortunately the weak 1st XI side - because of clashing sports (e.g. athletics and cricket) fell 7-1 to a strong QVS side, who would certainly have been given a better game if our full strength side had been played.

Credit is certainly due to Mr Bolton (bar his hand-ball goal decision that lost Ruthven the cup!) for his relentless patience; to Andreas, or "Pedro" for his efforts; to Mark Ironside - the youth coach; to Rich Wilson for his laughable comments about the opposition; to Shep - in terms of his progress; to Milky for his one-legged fouls ... and to the inevitable "Mickey Quinn" or simply "Miggy" for being such fun.

Andrew Quinn

CROSS COUNTRY

The cross-country season started off really well with the Inter-House Competition. This was a great success thanks to Mr Crosfield who made sure it was! There were some really great performances.

Results:

Junior Boys:	1 S. Cooksley	2 C. Wands	3 M. Honig
Junior Girls:	A. Barlow	H. Scott	H. Ross
House	Freeland	Ruthven	
Middle Boys:	J. Ireland	J. Barlow	D. Fergusson
Middle Girls:	A. Smith	M. Gillingham	C. Low
House	Nicol	Ruthven	
Senior Boys:	I. Wilson	C. Gibson	A. Jeffrey
Senior Girls:	R. Taylor	N. Crowe	S. Murray
House	Ruthven	Nicol	

Naturally, Ruthven won overall (not that I would be biased to Ruthven or anything!)

The first away event was the Merchiston relays. As usual the weather was miserable but the running shoe changes went smoothly and no-one drowned in the river. The most notable performance was by Jonathan Ireland who came first overall. The Middle team came fourth out of nine. Unfortunately the position of the Senior team didn't equal the efforts that were put in! However, the only really poor performance was by the asthmatic School Bus which puffed up the hills at a measly 10 mph.

Jonathan pulled off another first at Fettes but even he was deceived by the dreaded Rannoch course. Some of us are still recovering from the journey there and back. The girls, however, managed to hold their own at Rannoch. Nicola, Ashley and Lucy got 1st, 4th and 7th positions for the

girls and well done to Ratty (A. Jeffrey) who put in a sterling effort.

I would just like to take this opportunity to thank the kitchen for insisting on giving us egg rolls. Their after effects on the bus journey back were most appreciated!

Jonathan Ireland definitely proved more worth than trouble at the Scottish Schools Championships. While Mr Crosfield did his voluntary duty as Marshall, Jonathan took an amazing and well-deserved first place - making him fastest in Scotland! He's now no longer seen without his shiny Scotland top on - which gives other schools something to worry about! Good luck for next year, Jonathan.

Our first home match was against Glenalmond and the girls exerted a crushing defeat by taking the first five places! The Middles ran a close race with Jonathan coming first, but someone obviously didn't find it that exciting because he slept

through his race and had to run in the Seniors - accidents happen!

Since I've been here this has definitely been the most active and well-organised cross-country term and I'm sure next year will be even better - thanks to Mr Crosfield in particular.

Cross-country colours were awarded to Jonathan Ireland, Jonathan Gault, Nik Hartley and Nicola Crowe.

Thanks must also go to Mr and Mrs Summersgill who gave vital help with a lot of much appreciated work this season. (And thanks, again, to Mrs Summersgill for the delicious lasagne.) Mr Summersgill's dry wit and original humour kept me amused all the way to Rannoch and back.

Well done everyone including Tilly, B-J, N. Gibb, J. G-C and N. Scales, and everyone not mentioned here.

Martin Fitchie



Jonathan Ireland leads the field at the Scottish Schools' Championships



Olivia Wands at Rannoch

HOCKEY

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A tough start against an experienced Scottish Under 16 squad didn't help. We held them well in the first half, and if a stroke had gone in it might have been close, but late; and in one case, dubious, goals sunk us. Chances galore came in the first half against Gordonstoun, but again we paid the penalty towards the end when their typically fast front runners turned our defence. On grass at Fettes we at last got into our stride and although the net couldn't be found enough, we were never seriously threatened. With good passing and some fine goals we outplayed Aberdeen G.S in the next home match, and then faced a strong Old Boys' side. At 1-1 at half time it looked a hard game to win, but the Old Boys ran out of steam and teamwork, and we cruised to victory. On the 'blaze' at Riverside, Harris Academy played without a keeper. This unnerved our attack and we struggled against a strong midfield. It wasn't until the last ten minutes that they were demoralised by our determination. The Loretto fixture is the one we most like to win, and after a torrid match, which the guest international umpire tried hard to ruin, we emerged rather fortunate winners. Away to a good Watson's side on an awful grass pitch we were soon two down, but some fine individual efforts from Green earned a draw. Edinburgh Academy were not the expected threat, their star forward was subdued, and we won comfortably. The best game of the season was against Robert Gordon's, who visited on the way back from a tour in England. They were fit, fast and well organised, but we matched them in every department, and despite the lack of goals it was a fine exhibition of attacking hockey. 2-0 up against Monifieth we expected to end on a high note, but we relaxed fatally in the second half and their wonderfully skilled strikers put in six goals while we could only score twice. Our young side looked tired, and the 'flu, which ravaged the School in the last few weeks, was beginning to take its toll. This bug led to the cancellation of a tour to Northern

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The Inter-House Golf Trophy was won once again by Simpson with an identical score to last year and Colin Mitchell took the individual title with a steady round of 74.

Colin's season seemed to really take off from this point, as in his next outing he finished third in the Perth and Kinross Individual Championships at Pitlochry, thereby qualifying for the Scottish Schools' Championships at Kinross. At Kinross Colin shot rounds of 73 and 74 to finish third overall in the competition and gain automatic selection for the Scottish Schools' golf side who were due to play a series of international matches at the end of June. We all congratulate Colin on his achievement in being selected for the national side and hope he does well.

Colin's season of success continued in the inaugural St Columba's Trophy (thanks to the generosity of our Indian visitors) played over 36 holes at Craigie Hill and King James VI Golf Clubs during the last

week of term. Colin easily won the scratch competition, whilst Paul Johnston (an escapee from Cricket) won the handicap section. Other prize winners were: Nick Dobson (golfer who has made the most progress); Andrew Milne (winner at 'outing' at Milnathort) and Bruce McClure (12 hole competition in School).

We are pleased to welcome back (from Florida) our teaching Professional, Frank Smith, from Craigie Hill Golf Club. If we

can all follow his invaluable advice then we will all be better players.

The match v. the Old Boys is scheduled to be played on September 19th at Panmure (see page 73).

Finally, I am indebted to Mr Kitson for agreeing to return to help me run the golf section. Without him we could not have had as many outings/matches this year and I look forward to this continuing next year.

N.S.



Colin Mitchell on the school course

FOOTBALL

This year football as a minor sport has certainly progressed. Having once been the smallest of the minor sports, this season under the careful eye of Mr Bolton football has at last been given a leg to stand on (Milky - note!).

Only one game figured during the first two terms as the once treasured "league" had folded. This was at home against Merchiston where a sizeable crowd watched as we went down 5-3. It was a respectable score for such a scrappy team, although it would have helped if Pitchy had put the ball in the correct net!

The summer term saw the emergence of an Under 17 team to accompany the 1st XI. Respectable scorelines: 1-3 and 2-2 (away) against QVS proves that football at

Strathallan has a future. Unfortunately the weak 1st XI side - because of clashing sports (e.g. athletics and cricket) fell 7-1 to a strong QVS side, who would certainly have been given a better game if our full strength side had been played.

Credit is certainly due to Mr Bolton (bar his hand-ball goal decision that lost Ruthven the cup!) for his relentless patience; to Andreas, or "Pedro" for his efforts; to Mark Ironside - the youth coach; to Rich Wilson for his laughable comments about the opposition; to Shep - in terms of his progress; to Milky for his one-legged fouls ... and to the inevitable "Mickey Quinn" or simply "Miggy" for being such fun.

Andrew Quinn

ATHLETICS

Yet again, it has been another very wet season. Fortunately, only one match was lost to the rain but that was against Fettes, which I'm sure we would have won anyway! Four matches makes for what seems a very brief season which, nevertheless, has had its ups and downs. For the sprinters, the down-side had the arrival of a new Antipodean coach, Mr Ball - who achieved a first: sprinters working harder than middle distance runners! (Any ups?)

The matches, ah, the matches! Edinburgh Academy: lost - in keeping with tradition. They were, again, too strong in all departments, BUT this year we won six events instead of two like last year. Merchiston: always daunting, and also a close defeat - must have been the tartan track! Rannoch: we emerged victorious - a rare feeling, but a nice one all the same. Lastly, Glenalmond, at Glenalmond: their sabotage tactics worked again. 300m track, lead relay batons, and a gale on the back straight gave them a victory by 10 points on the relays: (Can't help thinking this was due to the absence of some 1500m run-

ners). Basically then, that was that, save the Scottish Schools Relays and Individuals.

A somewhat understrength relay team did not make the finals, but ran well. Tch - injuries - who needs 'em! Thirteen people went to the individuals relay and one medal came back - a bronze in the Middle 800m from James Barlow in 2mins 5 secs - nae bad, eh? The remainder were unlucky, but a few personal bests were achieved.

Once again, thanks go out to PRAG, Crossers, DJB, Mr Summersgill and Bally. Good luck to next year's team and keep up the good work.

Cameron MacKay

P.S. Watch James Barlow go sub-2.00 mins for the 800m - Betcha a tenner!!

What a difficult job it is making an athletics team! I had four matches to consider, which were against six different schools. However, only three of them came off as the matches against St Leonard's and Fettes had to be cancelled, despite the great

disappointment among the girls, due to the bad weather. In the other matches we did very well indeed, achieving wins against Kilgraston, Rannoch and Dollar while having an unexpected defeat against St George's.

Ashley, Lindsey, Eilidh Nicolson, Hannah Kranenburg, Lucy Quarry and myself tried our luck at the Scottish Schools. Although everyone ran or threw well it wasn't enough for a medal, although Lucy Quarry only narrowly missed the Bronze in the 1500 metres.

Sophie Murray and Ashley Smith gained their full colours, showing that determination and positive attitude are very important. Half colours went to Rachael Tilford and Lindsey Moir for their continued effort. Also well done to Eilidh Nicolson, Lesley-Anne Dewar, Eilidh Currie and Lorna Doodson in the senior team, and to Catherine C-Low and Hannah Kranenburg (finally) who proved to be very promising athletes for the future.

Rachel Taylor

SPORTS DAY



James Barlow

At last the weather smiled on the School and the boys and girls responded with some excellent individual performances.

Highlights were: R. Taylor's record-breaking Senior Girls' 800m and E. Nicolson's record Discus thrown in the Seniors. From the boys' competition was the 800m and 1500m - J. Barlow won both races against Scottish Schools Cross-country Champion J. Ireland. There was also an impressive High Jump performance from D. Clement who just failed to break the Middle Boys' record and Richard Wallace broke the 200m record.

The boys' competition again came down to the last race, the 4 x 400m. For the second year running Nicol beat Ruthven to the tape. It was an exciting end to a successful day. Thornbank once again won the girls' competition by dominating the field and the middle distance events.

Mrs Forbes (who is leaving us after many happy years, to join the staff at St Georges) presented the prizes to the competitors.

The Captains of Athletics need a special mention: Cameron MacKay and Rachel Taylor have been excellent. I wish them well in the future.

I wish to thank all the staff involved in Sports Day and Standards. Without all their hard work these days could not be successful. Lastly, the House Captains of Athletics need a big thank you: A. Bennett, A. Smith, M. Fitchie, M. Barker, S. Murray and C. Adam organised the teams for Standards and Sports Day. There are times because of the selfishness of the very small minority that their task can be a thankless one. Well done! a lot of the success of the day must be down to you.

P.G.



Cameron Wood

VICTORES LUDORUM

Junior Boys: Richard Wallace Middle Boys: James Barlow Senior Boys: Andrew McCulloch

VICTRIX LUDORUM

Junior Girls: Catherine Low Senior Girls: Rachel Taylor

ROWAN CUP FOR STANDARDS: Nicol

BOYS' INTER-HOUSE ATHLETICS CHAMPIONS: Nicol

GIRLS' INTER-HOUSE ATHLETICS CHAMPIONS: Thornbank

BOYS' RESULTS

Event	Age	Winner	Time/Dist	Record	Holder	Year
100m	J	Wallace R	12.17	12.00	Ling T	1971
100m	M	Wood C	11.70	10.90	Ogilvie	1978
100m	S	MacKay C	11.42	11.00	Lochart/Ling/Smellie/Kirkland	1971/78
200m	J	Wallace R	24.00	24.00	Wallace R	1993
200m	M	Wood C	25.06	23.20	Ling T	1973
200m	S	Henderson P	24.50	22.80	Ling T	1974
400m	J	Honig M	64.24	56.50	Cook C	1987
400m	M	Green J	58.95	52.00	Miller	1977
400m	S	Bennett A	57.66	50.30	Roger G	1982
800m	J	Cooksley S	2.30.90	2.19.30	Lawrence C	1984
800m	M	Barlow J	2.12.00	2.03.05	Lawrence C	1985
800m	S	Wilson I	2.14.80	1.55.02	Roger G	1982
1500m	J	Cooksley S	5.25.38	4.32.07	Lawrence C	1985
1500m	M	Barlow J	4.42.00	4.14.05	Bond R	1988
1500m	S	Wilson I	4.51.40	4.09.02	Bond R	1989
High Jump	J	Catto S	1.40m	1.63m	Holmes	1965
High Jump	M	Clement D	1.73m	1.775m	Cuthbertson A	1984
High Jump	S	Hartley N	1.69m	1.895m	Roger G	1982
Long Jump	J	Wallace R	4.83m	5.55m	Lear C	1967
Long Jump	M	Barlow J	5.26m	6.17m	Lawson	1967
Long Jump	S	McCulloch A	5.38m	6.52m	Smellie D	1978
Shot	J	Cooksley S	11.70m	11.43m	Knox S	1974
Shot	M	Green J	11.05m	14.73m	McKenzie G	1973
Shot	S	McCulloch A	11.08m	12.90m	Callander	1979
Discus	J	McMillan A	21.90m	36.27m	Knox S	1974
Discus	M	Green J	34.95m	42.00m	Knox S	1976
Discus	S	Silver M	32.69m	40.26m	Mackenzie G	1974
Javelin	J	Elder D	30.30m	49.81m	McBride J	1969
Javelin	M	Proctor J	40.86m	49.81m	McBride J	1969
Javelin	S	Burton G	38.64m	57.07m	McBride J	1971
4 x 100m Relay	J	Simpson	53.88	50.50	Ruthven	1982
4 x 100m Relay	M	Simpson	49.87	46.60	Simpson	1972
4 x 100m Relay	S	Ruthven	49.40	45.50	Freeland	1981
4 x 400m Relay	J	Nicol	4.28.30	4.14.21	Freeland	1992
4 x 400m Relay	M	Nicol	4.03.56	3.54.88	Nicol	1992
4 x 400m Relay	S	Nicol	3.53.70	3.41.03	Freeland	1992

GIRLS' RESULTS

Event	Age	Winner	Time/Dist	Record	Holder	Year
100m	J	Low C	14.15	13.00	Streule K	1982
100m	S	Moir L	13.27	12.12	Edmunds A	1990
200m	J	High K	30.45	27.79	Reid S	1988
200m	S	Moir L/Murray S	29.40	25.20	Edmunds A	1990
400m	J	Low C	70.16	66.00	Reid S/Taylor R	1987/90
400m	S	Taylor R	66.56	60.00	Reid S	1990
800m	J	Barlow A	2.52.69	2.32.10	Taylor R	1990
800m	S	Taylor R	2.35.06	2.35.06	Taylor R	1993
1500m	J	Barlow A	5.56.02	5.14.09	Barlow A	1992
1500m	S	Smith A	5.36.44	5.09.10	Meiklejohn C	1990
High Jump	J	Yellowlees K	1.25m	1.45m	Orr K	1984
High Jump	S	Moir L	1.37m	1.55m	Rutherford R	1987
Long Jump	J	Low C	3.85m	4.46m	Gordon S	1985
Long Jump	S	Taylor R	3.89m	4.58m	Carruthers C	1989
Shot	J	Sang T	9.55m	10.23m	Sang T	1992
Shot	S	Young L	6.65m	9.49m	Edmunds A	1990
Discus	J	Nicolson F	16.12m	23.02m	Krannenburg H	1992
Discus	S	Nicolson E	22.13m	22.13m	Nicolson E	1993
Javelin	J	Buchanan K	22.82m	22.82m	Buchanan K	1993
Javelin	S	Dewar L A	21.40m	21.40m	Dewar L A	1993
4 x 100m Relay	J	Thornbank	60.11	56.90	East Wing	1985
4 x 100m Relay	S	Thornbank	57.50	54.54	Thornbank	1990
4 x 400m Relay	J	Thornbank	4.57.05	4.39.37	Thornbank	1992
4 x 400m Relay	S	Thornbank	4.43.83	4.43.83	Thornbank	1993

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GIRLS' GAMES

We appear to have developed a pattern of rebuilding our teams every two years. This was such a year, thus not a vintage one for silverware but a year in which virtually every girl represented School in either a team or an individual sport - just as pleasing to see.

The reports which follow give details of what has been achieved. They, however, give little emphasis to the time and effort the girls continue to give to their sport. This, coupled with the continued high standard of coaching by Mr Giles, Miss England, Mrs Lamont, Mrs Buchan, Mrs

Segaud and Mrs Carratt and help from Miss Neale and Mrs Duncan, maintains the reputation that the Strathallan girls have in sporting circles. My thanks to them all.

L.J.S.

HOCKEY

Despite getting off to a slow start, we had quite a good season of hockey this year. Although we won our School matches, it was the Midlands Cup Matches that were causing the problem, and we got knocked out of the tournament before (I felt) the team had even settled down itself. Despite this we went on to win the majority of the School matches - thanks to the brilliant goals from Angie and Hannah.

In the Easter holidays we left for Scheveningen in the Netherlands where we were invited to be representatives of a Scottish team. I don't think that any of us understood the meaning of real pain until then, but we battled on and came a respectable sixth place. The hockey we were up against was of a great standard and we learnt a lot from our short visit. When first position in the tournament was stolen from us we decided to focus our concentration on the Fair Play Cup. However, we didn't even get that when Lucy-Ann Bryans got her first warning card for kicking the opposition (naughty!)



After the first match in Schvevengen



Competent pass from Strathallan

Individually many people deserve a mention. Lynn MacIennan and Rebecca Milne got into the Senior Midlands team where Rebecca was of great importance to them with all her cries from the back, and both received their full colours. Diane Meldrum and Suzanne Blackstock also received their full colours, while half colours went to Alison Bruce (who was Goalkeeper for the Senior Midlands Team), Catherine C-Low, Sophie Murray and Emma Smart.

The 2nd XI also had a good season, although they didn't have a captain as we kept stealing her for our matches.

The 3rd XI, captained by Eilidh Nicolson, also showed some promising hockey. On the whole, everyone seemed to put in a lot of effort.

Indoor hockey was very encouraging this year. The senior team won the Midlands tournament and at the Scottish final lost to the eventual winners in the semi-final in a very close match. The junior team also won their Midlands tournament where, like the outdoor, they were in the final with Dundee High, but this time winning.

Well done to everyone and good luck for next year.

Rachel Taylor

NETBALL

Much to the boys' humiliation and despite their firm protestations, netball finally became a major sport at the beginning of the Autumn term. So it is now finally accurate to say that we are no longer the "underestimated" netball team which was reported last year. However, once the season began, the league was disappointing, although a great deal of effort and enthusiasm was evident. Having played a total of 12 matches, we only won 2. Nevertheless, once again we learned a great deal about netball from women possessing greater skills. Sadly, our games with the league had to be called off due to the flooding that occurred in Perth during the winter months.

Now the question was as to whether or not we were going to remain the "undefeated" netball team. We had a number of matches home and away beginning with 2 against Dundee High involving both the 1st and 2nd seniors. After an exhausting journey to Gordonstoun we arrived hoping to keep up the tradition that began last year. Disappointingly the 1st, 2nd and juniors lost, despite their efforts, with the first score being a close 19-14. We played St Leonard's twice during the year and emerged the champions. The season progressed and we played numerous matches, beating Kilgraston and Adrvreck.

The question of whether we were going to retain the title of Independent Schools' Champions was on the tip of all our tongues. We woke up to a beautiful day and waited patiently for the competing teams to arrive. Despite some major team changes we all played very well. Our 2nd seniors lost against Gordonstoun A team by 9-1, Fettes by 8-2, but won against Dundee High by 5-2. The 1st seniors remained calm and collected, winning against St Leonard's by 10-1, Kilgraston by 9-2 and Gordonstoun B team by 10-1. In the semi-finals against Fettes we won by 12-8.

Gordonstoun and Strathallan were, once again, in the finals together. The tension was building between the two teams, with a large number of supporters gathering. We



Amelia Blair-Oliphant prepares to shoot a goal

began well but were beaten unfortunately by 12-10. We had lost our "undefeated" title. However, it was a thoroughly enjoyable day which was well organised by Miss England.

Finally, I would like to express much gratitude to Miss England for all the time, effort and encouragement she provided to

the netball teams who have flourished under her leadership. I hope the title is regained next year.

Full Colours: Pip
Half Colours: Tory, Sally, Tilly,
Caroline H.

Pip Matthews

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TENNIS

With more than half of last season's strong boys' team still at School and some exciting new talent opting for tennis, hopes for an excellent term were very high. However, a shoulder injury to our most gifted player, Richard Wallace, sustained whilst competing with the Scottish Junior squad over Easter, made him unavailable until half term - a considerable setback.

The rearranged pairings coped very well in his absence, particularly the new partnership of Craig Gibson and Phillip Haenle at second pair, whose strength and flair surprised many opposition first couples.

The new format Scottish Schools' Championships, now organised centrally and introducing singles matches, meant that we had some new opposition on our fixture sheet. A convincing first round victory over Dollar Academy and a second round walkover via Alva Academy took us into the last sixteen. With Wallace fit to return, with a modified service action, there was a good chance of reaching the quarter finals. However Cults Academy, on their savanna-style courts, proved too strong in the doubles match.

The Glenalmond Mixed Doubles Competition was a most welcome addition to the season. Mark and Melissa Gillingham played excellently to finish runners-up to the Gordonstoun pair in a tournament which, despite the inclement weather, produced some very good quality tennis. Our own mixed doubles match, featuring a mix-in of the boys' and girls' first sixes has become a regular fixture and, for some, the highlight of the season.

The team, skilfully captained by Craig Gibson, played with great style and verve and had a splendid season. Colours were awarded to Craig Gibson, Alistair Walls and Richard Wallace and confirmed for Jonathan Wallace. The team was selected from C. Gibson, J. Wallace, R. Wallace, P. Haenle, A. Walls, M. Gillingham, D. Dunlop, A. Rosinus and A. Hall.

D.J.R

This year the standard of the girls' tennis team was quite high, and in some matches it certainly showed. Also, the effort made was great and could be clearly seen on many occasions - even though the final results did not always reflect this. Indeed, by the end of the season many girls represented the senior team because the usual members were involved in examinations and this was not always successful.

The victories against Loretto, St George's and Morrison's were probably the most significant, and also Riley did extremely well to win against Lathallan, St Margaret's and New Park.

Tournaments were played at Glenalmond (mixed) and Kilgraston, and convincing results were reached in both. Melissa Gillingham and brother, Mark, did very well at the Glenalmond tournament, and Melissa and Gillian Anderson did extremely well at the Kilgraston tournament by winning the U16 title.

Although a few matches were cancelled because of bad weather, it was a great season and on behalf of the tennis teams I would like to thank Miss Smith and all the other staff who were involved in organising matches. I thoroughly enjoyed playing tennis as I am sure everyone else did - I can only hope that next year's team will enjoy it as much as I have, and that they will be extremely successful.

COLOURS: Angie Fraser, Stephanie Jones, Lynn MacLennan, Diane Meldrum, Rebecca Milne, Carolita Smith, Carolyn Wilson and Melissa Gillingham.

Angie Fraser



Gillian Anderson with the U16 cup



Richard Wallace in action



Melissa and Mark Gillingham

SWIMMING

This year's season hasn't been the most successful but some success was achieved by individuals. We began slightly later this year, due to Mr Glimm's involvement with a German exchange taking place with a school in Cologne; but as soon as he returned the training and organisation of matches got under way.

We had two matches against Rannoch this year winning the first and the second when we enjoyed the fixture at Aberfeldy Leisure Centre and, yet again, left with another win tucked firmly under our belts.

The final match was slightly more taxing. We had a struggle to keep up with the other competing teams - Glenalmond and Dollar. Dollar produced many startling performances, including an unfortunate boy who, during a freestyle race, began to lose his trunks. Although we came third out of three, we left the match in good humour and with great ideas of how to improve the School swimming pool.

On the 6th December the annual

Inter-House Swimming Competition took place. This year Nicol concluded its hat-trick as they proceeded to win most of the races. But commendable efforts were put in by Alistair Doodson from Freeland, Sally Cust from Woodlands and by Third Form Thornbanker, Gillian Anderson.

Throughout the season colours were given out by the Captain of School Swimming, David Saffron. The people to receive colours were: Bob Mitchell, David Saffron, Mariet Semple, Katie Haslam, Chris Burnett, Sally Cust and myself.

On behalf of the School Swimming Team I would like to give our thanks to both Miss Smith and Mr Glimm for organising and taking us to these fixtures and using some of their valuable time to train us.

Finally, I'd like to thank all those who swam for the School and hopefully we will be more successful next year but the element of fun will remain.

Carolyn Wilson

SAILING

The sailing season commenced with a slightly optimistic number of fixtures and a promising sailing team. However, as it turned out, adverse weather conditions, external examinations and Loretto's failure to put forward a team, led to a rather 'non event' sailing season. Yet, all was not lost and internal competitions saw new potential emerging among the Juniors.

Ross Walker, who commenced as my crew but ended up as helm, managed to prove his sailing abilities to the greatest extent (and certainly showed up my lack of expertise as well!).

More importantly, we must thank Peter Yates for not sailing into the jetty this year and we must also thank Gavin Wilson for finding the £169.75 laser rudder which I lost during one of the capsized drills I am regularly seen doing. Apart from that nobody really seemed to be named as 'Boat Sinker' - to Mr Goody's pleasure.

Finally, I would like to thank Mr Goody for repairing all the boats and organising who sails them, and Mr Broadfoot and Mr Phillips for having the nerves to take the 'first timers' onto the water.

Richard Graham

CURLING



The team: Gavin Levack, Alan Clark, Struan Cochrane and Duncan Culliford

STRATH-SKI

"S NO FUN!"

The racing started early as usual with the Hillend Artificial Ski-slope Championships at Edinburgh. Although experience on the tooth-brush-like surface meant that both boys' and girls' teams were rather unsuccessful, good times were recorded by Louisa Graham-Campbell who was fourth in the girls' race and Phil Hodgson for the boys. Despite the lack of success, everyone enjoyed the day, although many tumbles were taken - especially by Craig and Phil.

The Spring term opened with long-awaited promise, the first Thursday ski-ing day being cancelled because of too much snow ... on the roads, anyway. Unfortunately this excess was short-lived and yet another poor season materialised. A total of three Thursday ski-days were had although snow cover was depleting quickly, especially during the later days.

Despite the lack of snow cover, competition was enjoyed at Glenshee in several ski-races. Four teams were entered for the Perthshire Schools' Race. The U14 girls' team won their category with Abigail Carswell second, Sarah Caird third and Joanna Caird fifth. The boys' senior and junior teams both came second in their categories with a good performance in the juniors by Stuart Catto who was second. The girls' senior team came third with a fourth place for Melissa Gillingham. The Scottish Schools' races were also run, the girls' junior team earning an excellent fifth place and Abigail Carswell coming fourth. The boys' junior team did not enjoy the same success. The Senior Boys' Scottish Schools' race was run at Aonach Mor (due to lack of snow anywhere else), which is a truly Alpine setting with its gondolas and huge restaurant. Unfortunately, however, our racing performance was somewhat disappointing.

Thanks must be given to Mr Clayton for his commitment and eagerness despite the disappointing conditions and thanks also to Mr Longmuir for taking us to Hillend and having to direct the race despite his pannicking.

Mark Gillingham

Snow at School gains one of two easily defined responses: the skier's or the non-skier's. Curtains once opened on a white world, the excited skier is heard in short advance of her arrival. "Wicked!" she shrieks as she tears towards the door. The bleary-eyed non-skier, however, groans thinking only of lessons with hyperactive prospective skiers and neck-breaking journeys around the School throughout the day. Failing to show (or feel) any form of delight at the pretty white snowflakes falling delicately to the ground, she can be seen heading reluctantly towards breakfast clad in roughly six v-neck jerseys, warm corduroy trousers, five pairs of gloves and a scarf wrapped up to her eyes, complaining loudly to all in her vicinity about the weather.

In the same way as there are two sorts of reactions to snow, there are two sorts of Thursdays. The ski-day and the non ski-day. The non ski-Thursday begins as the ski-Thursday, until somebody utters the words "Skiing is cancelled". Our skier friend in her fashionable bright winterwear stamps to breakfast complaining loudly to all in her vicinity about the weather. It is, of course, the fault of the non-skier that there are strong winds and appalling conditions not to mention a blocked road. The non-skier sits at breakfast with the thunder-faced skier in silence - but longing to smugly cry "I told you so!"

The other Thursdays are by far the more pleasant. As breakfast continues the non-skier patiently listens to the constant chatter of the skier who is ecstatic with excitement at the imminent departure for Glenshee.

However, first there is the treacherous trip to lessons - closely resembling an obstacle course on "Gladiators", and coming with a Government Health Warning attached - which is probably the single most ugly aspect of snow at School. The skier, sporting the latest in trendy ski-wear, bounces out of the door, whilst the non-skier walks tentatively by her side trying desperately to convince the blink-

ered snow-maniac that she may not get to Glenshee because of blocked roads, and that she should stop celebrating.

The journey to early classes begins with the steps. Going down from Thornbank House in the ice is not dissimilar to rollerskating down a cliff-face. Next you are faced with the path, which has been 'skied' down by lots of would-be Emma Carrick-Andersons, racing back from breakfast, who have consequently caused the path to be as easy to walk up as a downwards escalator. Having (with any luck) successfully completed this obstacle you have to make your way to the next part (walking along the drive) - without being sprayed with slush by a sadistic lorry driver. Then, the greatest and most demanding test - the CAUSEWAY. Like Indiana Jones you slip and slide over the perilous strip of land. Unfortunately (unlike our intrepid hero) you have very little chance of keeping both your balance and your books as you try to dodge the ever-present menace of the snowball, packed and fired by the enemy (the unrelenting gorilla-like male sector) who stand on the safety of the once-grassy area by the CDT block. The arch is the final test (as you are squeezed through its slippery grasp with fifty-odd fellow pupils) before you reach the safety - but certainly not the warmth - of the classroom.

One lesson later they are off. After the last "Take care that you don't injure yourself and have a great time!" the non-skier goes happily back into the house taking an ever-cautious approach to the newly waxed floorboards, and settles in her room. As the buses leave one by one, the non-skier snuggles up beside her radiator with a big mug of coffee, smiles, and continues with her romantic novel and her thoughts - still, undisturbed and comfortable.

Eilidh Nicolson



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SKI CHAMONIX '93

"It all happened overnight" could be the keynote phrase for the School's skiing holiday in Chamonix at the start of the Easter holidays. It was rumoured that the Chaplain was intending to indulge himself in the sun and snow and so he was persuaded to put up a notice inviting any who were interested to sign up and indicate their preferred skiing venue. The Lecht, Aviemore and Glenshee were speedily dispensed with and the Captain of School and James Garvie hitched a lift into Perth with "The Rev" and before we knew where we were, a party of six were booked into The Hotel Richemond in Chamonix.

Overnight the size of the party grew to nine and extra seats were squeezed out of American Airlines for the flight from Glasgow to Geneva.

Every night, the Freeland Ceefax was scanned for snow reports which promised a maximum of 330cms at the top and 0cms at the bottom!

Overnight James Booth's cash-card arrived promising unlimited funds to all and sundry. In the end TGL began his Easter holiday in the Hebrides exhausted and penniless, having bought parents' presents in the "Duty Free" Shop in Geneva, hiring James Booth a new pair of skis for the week, and footing the hotel's wine bill!

Strict instructions had been given to the erstwhile leader from Mod. Lang, that all the GCSE candidates should speak French, and we were off to a good start with Philip Hodgson's "Who esst le ski-room?"

However, the "Great Strath First-Aid Kit" was used by only one member of the

group, he who dripped blood, suffered "Hillend Thumb" and whose dignity was later severely dented by the sudden overnight appearance of an ice-field, in spite of the assurance that his Fischer skis were well-edged.

We are told that it definitely happened overnight at "The Ice-Rock Cafe" but sound evidence has yet to be produced. Save that The Rev's well-rehearsed French phrases at the 'Gendarmerie' at 6.00 in the evening concerning James Garvie's stolen camera sounded so good through the office window - except that unlike British police stations, the French ones close at 5.30! So, when it came to 'le crunch' at 9.00 the following morning and the Gendarmerie was in fact open, the result was a sudden mental block, much blushing and a lot of sign language. The fact that he claimed to be 'un professeur d'une école écossaise' fooled no-one but the young gendarme!

All the Chamonix resorts were tackled (including Les Houches with its three green runs - but BJ did manage to purchase an ice cream "comme les autres"!) so that was acceptable. The weather was gloriously sunny except for one misty day and one snowy day.

The infamous Valle Blanche was not explored by the Strath party - (OK! Gillingshams and MacKays, so we are wimps!) - since on the Sunday of our arrival a skier was killed there, and the day before we were due to ski it, two other skiers spent 5 hours down a crevasse. Therefore, the Valle Blanche was strictly out of bounds.

Our thanks to Mr Longmuir for running the risk of taking us in the first place and for giving us all heart attacks at Geneva by producing THREE separate lots of return tickets which almost brought the whole airport to a standstill.

Skiing is a hazardous occupation. Strath-skiing is a health hazard. When, where and for how long is the next trip?

Les Plonqueurs



The Chaplain on slippery foreign slopes

SUMMERSKI

A dream, perchance? Or was it a nightmare? Whatever, the crazy notion of a Summerski trip quickly took shape. From Holland, Germany, Kuwait, Blairgowrie, Inverness and Aboyne they came, to gather at Glasgow Airport, prior to flying to Salzburg at the end of the Summer Term.

The objective? Mayrhofen and the Tuxer glacier above Hintertux and the promise of sun, snow, skis and shorts and a 4 'star' Hotel complete with 'Freelax Centre' with sauna, jacuzzi, steam bath, multi-gym and swimming pool, TVs in every bedroom, Jodler Franzel, The Mayrhofen Trio - and Zoe! (But not in every bedroom.)

Weiner Schnitzel was consumed by a few. Bottles were recycled by many. Yoghurts and fruit were had by all at breakfast. Clegs were mercilessly pursued. Tyrolean concerts, complete with lederhosen in the open-air theatre in the woods, were dutifully attended, as was an ear-splitting Brass Band concert by 200 young American school children.

Chamonix and marmottes were spotted - including the marmotte at the bus stop. Cow bells sent "The Rev" into inexplicable reveries.

The last morning saw four Strathallians at the bus stop, waiting in the pouring rain. The last morning saw three Strathallians get on the bus. The last morning saw "himself" sending Gregor and Willem up the cable car, disappearing into the mist, while he awaited a 'snow report' after their jaunt into the unknown. The USA team coach commiserated with himself on the atrocious conditions. The Austrian coach agreed that it was safer to stay at the café. But when the intrepid Gregor and Willem returned, they reported the best snow conditions of the week. The geriatric "Rev" was persuaded to ascend through the mist, huddled at one side of the chair in Glenshee-like conditions - but what joy to ski fresh powder on uncrowded slopes on July 7th! If there were 50 skiing that morning then that's an extravagant claim. Most of the summer skiers had voted with their poles:

their loss and our gain.

The last evening our team ventured to "Le 10-pin Bowling"; which had been commandeered by 'Enterprise'. The "Rev" left both the 'little ones' and the 'big ones' playing on 'shoot-anything-that-moves' machines, free from the attentions of both "Klaus" and "Fritz" (the nomenclature "Freelax Centre" says it all), to bid his temporary farewells to Zoe.

Dumplings in the soup, carved wooden faces, fruit yoghurt and a red "Schmoogle" shirt for Scott as a reward for being not only the mascot but also the joker par excellence, were the hallmarks of this crazy Summerski Strathallian holiday.

It is rumoured that a return trip to Mayrhofen and the Hotel Strass is already underway for Easter 1994. Any takers? We'll be there, if only to express our thanks to "The Rev" for his crazy dream which came to fulfilment in Mayrhofen in July 1993.

The Schmooglers

ANGLING

The fishing got off to a slow start this year due to the delay in the stocking of the Pond. But it was eventually supplied with Brown Trout, and was ready to be fished.

Then due to a misunderstanding between 'The Rev' and the Bursar, the Pond was stocked again, but this time with Rainbow Trout!

Mr Richard Philips was also seen at School for two terms helping the more ambitious members of the club to tie their own flies.

There were a record number of pond permits given out this year, 47 in total, which generates good income for the club. This money in turn can be used to stock the Pond and to buy the much needed air pump for next season.

There was less enthusiasm for the River Earn this year, despite the 'Collective Permit' which the School gets, and which allows up to six people to fish in the river at any one time. The reason for the decline in enthusiasm was because the fish on the Pond were less of a challenge to catch!

I would also like to make the fact known that despite Mr Longmuir's reputation of being a good fisherman and writing for *Trout and Salmon*, the last sighting of him catching fish on a School trip was in 1987, and even then it was very small!

Tight Lines to you all!

Mark Brand

GWS

The huge fish moved silently through the still waters of the morning propelled by short sweeps of its crescent tail. Its eyes were jet black, as though they were staring into nothingness, and all other senses transmitted no special messages to the small, primitive brain. Like all other members of its species, it survived by moving. Once it stopped moving it sank slowly to the bottom, there to rest in peace.

Back on the shore, James McCartney, an apprentice civil engineer and expert surfer, sat on the beach preparing his equipment for the early morning surf. He looked at his immediate surroundings. Not a soul was on the beach, save him. The sky was cloudless, and a gentle breeze ruffled his light-brown hair, which crossed his tanned forehead in an undulating fashion, similar in motion to the thirty-foot tall waves which he was so used to "climbing".

He took to the sea and began to surf along the waves with a gliding, soaring motion, almost effortlessly cruising up and down the crest of the waves, until he met one too large for even him to handle. He subsided damply in the waves, and began to paddle out to sea nochalantly, when it suddenly dawned upon him that he could well go too far out. James, therefore, stopped paddling and sat on his board, kicking his feet up and down in the water.

One kilometre further out to sea from where he sat, the fish sensed a change in the sea's rhythm. It couldn't see James, nor yet could it smell him. Running within its body were millions of small canals, filled with mucous and dotted with nerve endings, and it was these nerves which detected the vibrations and told the brain in which direction it should go. The fish turned towards the shore.

James continued to kick his feet in the water, stopping every so often to check the beach to see if a coastguard or any such person wanted him to return to shore. He soon tired of this activity, however, and started paddling again, heading back towards the shore.

The vibrations were stronger now, and the fish recognised a source of prey. Its movement quickened, the pectoral fins thrusting the giant body forwards at a rate of knots.

The fish began to close in on James. It hurtled along, a few feet below the surface. James only felt a small wave of pressure bob him up in the water and ease him down again. He stopped paddling and lay in the water, motionless for a few seconds, before re-commencing his lurching stroke towards the beach.

The fish could now smell him, and the signals - erratic and somewhat distressed, seemed uneasy. These stimulated the fish into action. The infamously prophetic dorsal fin broke the surface, for years the herald of the attack of one of nature's most fearsome creatures.

For the first time now James sensed fear, although he didn't know why. Adrenalin pumped into his arms and legs telling him to move faster. The fish was one hundred feet behind and to the left of him when it suddenly changed direction and dropped entirely below the surface.

James rested upon his board for a few seconds, exhausted by his previous exertions. Just then, a movement in the water ten feet to the right of him caught his attention. It was a turbulence wake, caused by something large moving very quickly below the surface.

"There is something very large down there," he said to himself.

Six feet below the surface the fish saw James's outline silhouetted against the morning sun. It paused for a moment and then, with a quick thrust of its enormous tail, was upon him.

At first James thought he had caught his leg on a piece of driftwood or rock. He reached down to free himself and, almost simultaneously, found himself staring face to face with an enormous Great White Shark.

It was at least 11 metres long, with a fearful cavernous mouth which was armed by three rows of serrated teeth. For a moment he was spellbound then panic and

pain overtook him. He cried out for help, but realised that no-one could hear him. "If you're going to beat this thing," he said to himself, "you'll have to do it alone!"

His engineer's mind focussed on the trap-like jaws. Pry them loose! He reached out his arm and inserted it as deeply as possible into the horrific, grinning mouth. The jaws opened a fraction, just enough to allow him to withdraw his tattered foot. Nothing was missing, although the bones were crushed, and he knew well that the warm, pulsing flow over his fingers was his own blood.

Hit him back! The shark was now circling the board, deciding where to attack next. As it came closer to him again, James concentrated his attention on the enormous black snout. He hit out with all his remaining power. The shark shrank back, disappeared, reappeared moments later then, with a disdainful flick of its tail, slid into the water never to be seen again.

For a few minutes James lay on his back. He was exhausted after what had happened, and was growing weak from loss of blood. Finally, although he'll never know where he got the strength, he arrived back at the beach. James's last thoughts, before he slipped into blissful unconsciousness, were:

"At least he can't get me here."

Gordon Duncan
Form IV



Michael Smith with the one that *didn't* get away

RIFLE CLUB

Taking up the story from last year's Strathallian, the success of Duncan, David, Sally and Amelia at the Scottish Open is documented below in their own words. The new season saw the arrival of Jenny Littleford and Katie Butler from Ardvreck, and after a few weeks of trials the emergence of Rosie Clegg, Fiona Hamilton, Helen Miller and others from the Third Year.

As the new intake found their feet, the newly expanded senior squad of three teams undertook first the BSSRA (the Public Schools) leagues as a warm-up for the Perthshire Leagues, a competition which lasts from October to March. On the way we shot in the NSRA Junior Winter Competition, the Senior (U18) Team progressing to the final to finish second to Ellesmere College. Duncan, Sally, Amelia, David, Neil, Jenny and Katie also competed in the Scottish and the British Indoor Open Championships with mixed results: Amelia made it to the final of the Women's Open; Duncan won the Harry Lauder Cup as winner of the Under 18 section of the Scottish Open, which makes him Junior Indoor Champion (Amelia was second, but she is Junior Outdoor Champion).

The drudgery of indoor shooting was relieved from time to time by the matches we arranged with other clubs: we travelled to Fettes where despite the Captain's (and the generally) low score, we won comfortably; much closer was the match against Dollar, which ended with Strath only 2 points clear. Our very popular fixtures against Kinross and Milnathort Rifle Club continued, with narrow wins at home and away, and I would like to record our thanks to them for their hospitality. The final big event of the Winter term was the Watsonians' Open, which proved to be an enormous success for all ten of us. Even I won £2.50, but the record went to Katie Butler with something around £35 in prize money.

The Spring term saw the competition debut of no less than five Under 15 teams, but the optimism involved in putting twenty largely inexperienced shots under pressure was soon shown to be foolhardy. In fact, the biggest problem was getting them to turn up in the first place to shoot at all, and the 'E' Team soon disappeared to fill in gaps in the others. The Third Formers who made up these teams did however make great progress over the term and have produced three very sound teams for the Summer Leagues. We welcomed back Kinross and Milnathort, beating them by the now traditional three points, and also had a return match against the Watsonians.

In the midst of all this activity the most impressive achievements of the year must go to Sally Cust, Duncan Taylor and Amelia Blair Oliphant, who successfully trialled for selection of the Great Britain

Under 21 Squad. Spurred on by their success (and no doubt by increasing parental overdrafts), they have attended several training sessions which, typically for a GB team, take place in the depths of England. Sally went on to shoot for Great Britain at Brunswick in May (much more interesting than Higher French) and came back a week later with two team silver medals and an invitation to shoot in the Baltic Cup; as your correspondent pens these lines, Amelia and Sally are about to compete for selection to the team for the European Championships. Duncan is doing his A Levels ...

So, there we are, more or less. We had our revenge on Ardvreck for last year's defeat, as all three of our teams beat their opposite numbers: thanks here to Dacorum Rifle Club for the trophy they presented to us for our own club championship. In the course of the year there have been many successes, much individual achievement at all levels, and the basis of a healthy future has been established. Many thanks to those who shot, whether in teams or not. Many thanks to Andrew Wands, Tom Colvin and Ian Keith. A big thank you, too, to the parents whose wallets and purses support us. The reputation of the Club and of the School is spreading fast: for the past ten years shooting has been Ellesmere and Sevenoaks; now it is Ellesmere and Strathallan. Next year, who knows!

A.C.W.S.J.

Sally Cust



Amelia Blair-Oliphant, Duncan Taylor and Sally Cust – selected for the Great Britain under 21 squad

ARMY REPORT

The Army Section has, like most School activities, had its ups and downs this year; but I am glad to say that the ups have outweighed the downs and overall the Section is in good heart. It has not been an easy year, what with inspections, our own "Peace Corps" and the usual last minute programme changes - needed when the "best laid plans ..." have gone wrong.

The year started with our biennial inspection by Sir Hugo White, F.O.S.M.I. The Section competed for the Inter Platoon Shield in a Mini-Tac Competition, based on two teams from each Platoon (one junior and one senior). The tasks ranged from Shooting, Map reading, Skill-at-Arms, First Aid to Pond Crossing and Initiative Tests. The Inspecting Officer was impressed both by the range of the activities and the enthusiasm of the Sections taking part. At the end of a long and beautiful day Sir Hugo presented the prize to No 2 Platoon.

At the end of September the senior sections embarked on H.C.T.C., this year based at "Black Dog" in Aberdeen. As suggested in last year's report, we would have a young inexperienced team and thus we did not carry off the silverware, but much was learned and another assault next year may prove more rewarding.

During the year we formed a second cadre of R.E.M.E. Cadets. This gave the less military-minded cadet a chance to embark on a course of training aimed at motor mechanics and motor maintenance. This section was led and encouraged by Mr M. Wilson and Mr J. Johnston, who look forward to their new batch of recruits next term.

Girls have made a large difference to the spirit of the section, they have worked hard throughout the year to equal, and often outshine, the boys at "their own game". They have always been positive, enthusiastic and well turned out and have more than just-

fied their inclusion in the section.

During the Summer term the recruits went on their statutory night exercise at East Dron Farm. Thank you again to Mr D. Sinclair for allowing us to use his land. This year the weather was kind and the exercise was both enjoyable and successful. The new Mobile Officers' Mess was a boon. During the evening there was a very effective night vision demo by Sgt Hall of 36CTT (Sgt Hall has been of immense help this year and has always had good ideas and an enthusiastic, friendly approach to the section.) We then went on a night patrol and observed the "enemy". In the morning after little sleep and various raids there was a section attack and breakfast and then back to School in time for lunch. The recruits all passed this aspect of the course with flying colours, as they did with the rest of the course, which included Weapon Training, Section Movement and Drill.

All this training could not have taken place without the help of the senior N.C.O.'s under the leadership of Under Officer P. Ainsworth. Along with Phil the other N.C.O.s, i.e. WO1 N. Hartley, Sgts P. Manwaring, J. Davidson, C. Marshall and P. Raper, conducted training efficiently and to a high standard, thank you and well done. Looking after the training Lt A. Streatfeild-James and Lt L. Smith provided their usual unstinting support and guidance.

The Army Stores were again efficiently run by Mr I. Eades, whose time spent issuing and doing the books must never be underestimated or taken for granted. Despite his many other commitments Mr Eades serves us well and one wonders how long he can carry on spreading himself so thinly!!

The year ended with our now annual sortie to CCF Central Camp at Cultybraggan. I would like to take this chance to thank the Sanatorium Sister, Mrs I. Stead. She not only helped out with the First Aid stand at the Mini-Tac in September, but also came to camp to chaperone the girls for four days. She was not only always positive and supportive, but also happy to take part in many of the camp activities. One of these was "The Blind Man's Bungy Jump". You can ask her for details!

This year saw not only the best weather we've had for years but also the largest group the School has ever sent to camp. The training was, as usual, excellent and I would like to thank all the permanent staff who ran the activities so well. This year saw the final year of Brig. I. Taylor, OBE, TD, as Camp Commandant. He has overseen the camp for seven years and has thus become a good friend to Strathallan Army Section. I would like to wish him all the best for the future and thank him for all his help in the past.

The camp itself has too many events and highlights to include in this report. However, there are one or two which must

not be missed: Clark Cooper's *wholistic* approach to chicken consumption; Peter Seymour's "arrest" by Sgt Hall on return to camp from his Army Interview; Lynn MacLennan and Lucy-Anne Bryan's love of water and David Mann's and Struan Fairbairn's rock-climbing efforts, and all four teams' efforts in the camp competitions (we presently lie third in the Assault Course and sixth in the March and Shoot). Well done to all for your effort and very positive attitude.

Although the C.C.F. was "inspected" by H.M.I. during their visit, I was disappointed that it was not mentioned in their report. One of the aims of the School is to "offer such a variety of academic works, games and activities that there is an opportunity to excel at something and thus gain in experience and confidence to develop their talents to their advantage and the service of others".

The Army certainly fulfils this brief and for many individuals it challenges their own self beliefs, improves their self-confidence and allows them to stretch and educate others and thus bring out the best in those they are in charge of.

Like many things in life, these gains are not instantaneous or achieved without hard work and self-sacrifice. Thus I was disappointed that so few took up the challenge in this year's Third Form and we have not managed to get this idea of "service" across to our less experienced groups.

I hope that this year's low number of recruits is a "blip" and that next year numbers will return to their natural high. To give of oneself for the sake of it and to learn to lead and man-manage are important skills in their own right.

For the future I hope to expand the senior cadres further and offer a greater breadth of training and leadership to all.

P.M.V.



Lucy-Anne Bryans before take-off



Jeremy Turner radios her back again

GIRLS IN THE ARMY

Eventually, after years of "But what about the girls?" we were allowed to join the boys in their exploitations of the Army Section. September saw six girls joining and this has since increased to nine with more to join next year.

Our job is not to be outdone or beaten by the boys but to keep them on their toes, which has meant that everything they do we do too - everything, that is, from Drill to Shooting, to Map Reading (or should I say trying to map read), and (most disgusting of all) getting smelly whilst crawling across fields recently occupied by cows, whilst on night exercise.

Despite the occasional unpleasantries I think I can safely say that it has been an experience that we have all enjoyed and determination has kept all nine of us on the same level as the boys - we're not going to let them get the better of us! The real test, however, has yet to come as in four days' time we are being sent off for the inevitable "Week at Cultybraggan", so all will be revealed once there. The question is ... will we all survive the blisters, army rations and smelly clothes!

In the meantime we will continue to prove ourselves and make use of this (now) equal opportunity activity and I would encourage other girls thinking about joining to do so.

Rachael Tilford



Rachael keeping the boys on their toes – hen-pecked?



Members of the section on the bridge they built at Cultybraggan

ROYAL NAVY

This year Strathallan School CCF was inspected by Vice Admiral Sir Hugo White, KCB, CBE, on 7th October 1992. The review took the form of the Inspecting Officer visiting the RN Section groups which included motor boat training at Port Edgar, Rosyth, sailing and surf-boarding at Lochore Meadows and practical leadership tasks based at School. The Admiral enjoyed his day and was impressed by the diversity of events and the enthusiasm of the cadets.

During the year the Royal Navy Section has had a full and varied training programme and many visitors. A popular event was the visit of the Royal Navy School Presentation Team. A helicopter accompanied the team and a number of cadets were able to get flying experience.

We were visited by Lt. Cdr. Sandford and Lt. Cdr. Scuse from HMS Camperdown. A small group of cadets have completed boat training with Tay Division RNR. The many facilities at Port Edgar were enjoyed and Sub-Lt. Phillips has had a good Liaison with the boat staff - enabling several cadets to gain their power boat certificates.

Various camps at naval establishments, including HMS Bristol and RNAS Yeovilton were popular. At Easter Lt. Cdr. Macleod and Sub-Lt. Goody took a keen group of cadets on RNAS Cricklade, on the Firth of Clyde. This was a first-class week and all thoroughly enjoyed the experience. P.O. Aykroyd and P.O. Jones attended the Leadership Course at Britannia Royal Naval College, Dartmouth.

Senior cadets have taken an active part in leadership and most have taken responsibility for divisional training, continuing to liaise closely with the Army and Royal Marines. The girls have integrated well and took a full share in training.

The Sea Cadet Corps always assists us and Sub-Lt. Saunders kindly took a group of six cadets to HMS Osprey, Portland, for the CCF Air Day, as well as helping out on several occasions including the inspection.

During the summer term full use was made of the boating facilities at Lochore Meadows. We are grateful to Lt. Clayton, Sub-Lt. Goody and C.P.O. Richards for their excellent training. We now have an impressive fleet - enhanced this year by a new Dory. The Cheverton motor boat had a successful survey and we are grateful to Captain Walker for all his hard work with maintenance.

We have had an active water training programme and all cadets have had at least one session of wind surfing and motor boat instruction, both at Port Edgar and at Lochore Meadows.

Once again we were visited by two young officers from the office of the Director of Naval Recruiting. They instructed the various groups in practical leadership tasks.

We are grateful to Glasgow University Royal Naval Unit for giving sea-time on HMS Smiler, sailing from Greenock. Lt. Cdt. Paul Edgeham, the Officer in Charge, visited the School and gave an excellent presentation on the role of the University Naval Units. We congratulate him on his appointment as First Lieutenant of the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth, and it is good to know we will not lose touch.

Over the years Tay Division RNS has been our parent establishment and HMS Unicorn and, later, HMS Camperdown, have given immense help and support to the officers and cadets of Strathallan. It is with sadness that we have been told of the impending closure of the unit. To the Commanding Officer and staff of HMS Camperdown we say a heartfelt thank you.

As Lt. Cdr. Macleod was out of action during the summer term, special thanks to Lt. Clayton who took over so efficiently, also Sub-Lt. Goody and Sub-Lt. Phillips for ensuring yet higher standards in boat training. C.P.O. Richards continues to support in every way.

CCF Headquarters in Portsmouth are always ready to assist and we are grateful to the new Staff Officer, Lt. Cdr. Cunningham, to Andrew Hiscutt, who looks after administration, Commander Goss in charge of boats and W.O. Chetwood in charge of camps and courses.

We congratulate Senior Coxswain Paul Henderson on his appointment as Under Officer.

Promotions: Senior Coxswain - N. Buchanan

Divisional Coxswain - S Chown.

T.J.M.

When I stepped off the train at Totnes to see 200 other people all in suits, I had a sudden feeling that I was in the wrong place. A tall officer, with enough gold braid on his epaulets to wrap around HMS Ark Royal, appeared in front of me. I then had a funny feeling that I was in the right place (as I was going to a navy camp) in the wrong dress (jeans and denim jacket - not suit and tie) as I discovered later (a bit late).

We were immediately squashed into a double decker bus like sardines (I always knew the Navy economised), and taken to Britannia Royal Naval College which was along some of the windiest roads in the country (not fun in the top of the double decker).

As the week progressed, fatigue, lack of sleep and sore ears set in. But the Navy don't like sitting around and doing nothing. Days started at 6 o'clock in the morning with E.M.A.s (early morning activities), which officers consider the ideal time for sending 200 tired people on a four-mile run around the grounds of the college, followed by breakfast - which was of a fine quality and quantity! Then we had our dreaded hour on the parade square, being shouted at by officers. By the end of this most of us

were ready for bed again and it was only eight o'clock! The day got better when we went sailing in Bosuns that - and I quote, "These boats can capsize in high winds but today it should be impossible to do so!" Yet four out of twelve Bosuns capsized on the first day! Also on the first day we went power-boating in motor wailers that wouldn't go faster than a rowing boat and so realised that the power boats were boats with power but very little of it. However, later there were opportunities to go on P.B.s (Patrol Boats) which could just break the 16 knots and proved that some boats had sufficient power to be good for battle.

Then just as everybody was about to go and get something to eat, we were told it was 'Minisports' which was playing football, volleyball, deck hockey and rounders and our divisions always won (in the matches that mattered). By this time food was definitely in line so we had a good meal (most days). Then we had 'Seamanship' when we were tested on our knowledge of the Navy - not much at the start but you learn quickly over the week

George Ackroyd

Despite the initial reaction of the boys on discovering that women's lib had finally overcome the impossible and girls were joining the Navy section of the C.C.F., they realised that although we may not seem superior, we are at least equal!

We were all enrolled as cadets along with the hoi polloi, and the initial training began. What a nightmare! No insult intended but out of the nine girls has anyone mastered the art of marching yet? Thank you to the Coxswains Gavin Wilson, Peter Brown and Neil Wilson, for their great help of at least trying to get us into some kind of order before we were put on parade.

Undoubtedly for the privileged few who were chosen, myself being one, the highlight of the year was becoming a high flyer - as we took to the skies in a helicopter provided by the R.N. Student Presentation Team. From these dizzy heights we managed to catch a glimpse of Strathallan from another perspective.

One of the most memorable trips was the one-night camp at Rosyth Naval Base, which enabled us to meet many other girls from all over the country who were in the minority group within their school C.C.F. This trip entailed a day visit on a guided missile destroyer - HMS Exeter - where we discovered there was naval life outside School C.C.F.

Now, as the term comes to a close, the out-of-time sound of boots marching can no longer be heard as uniforms are neatly put away in anticipation of next term.

Finally, I would like to thank Mr MacLeod and Captain Walker for making it all possible and to the boys for accepting it.

Leading Wren Carolyn Wilson

ROYAL MARINES

Owing to my own stupidity in telling the younger marines never to volunteer for anything, I naturally found myself being the only member of the section willing to take on the hardest job of the year - to write the annual report for The Strathallian!

This year we saw the introduction of the Pre Marines Troop, a new venture designed to prepare the Fourth Formers for the annual selection tests. These tests are not only physically demanding - in the form of speed marches, assault courses, fireman's lifts and 'It pays to be a winner' races - but are also mentally challenging, with such things as potential leadership tests, memory tests, initiative tests and confidence tests. Throughout the past year members of the R.N. Troop visited these 'brothers-in-arms' to give them basic instruction in camcraft and the use of weapons. These skills were put to the test twice in the year, once on Field Day and, more recently, on exercise with the Royal Navy Reserves.

The real Marine Troop managed to get out on exercise three times: twice in the first term and once in the last term. The first exercise was simply to test the Marines on what they had learnt about camcraft. All it involved was a quick 'yomp' (hike to normal people!) over the hills and then the setting up of a bivouac in which to spend the night. This helped to get across the point of working closely with a buddy, or as we call him, an 'oppo'. The two Marines must learn to cook for each other, look out for each other and generally help each other out. There is no room for selfishness.

The second exercise occurred on Field Day, and it was a much more complicated event. It involved the troop splitting into two smaller sections and then ambushing

each other. For the final ambush, Admiral Sir Hugo White watched the proceedings with great interest. After the 'short' yomp back to School we changed into 'blues' and 'lovats' for inspection by Admiral Sir Hugo White. I'm sure that two marines will not forget that day in a hurry.

The final exercise involved the Royal Navy Reserves and took the form of a 'casevac' (Casualty Evacuation). The Pre-Marines provided the casualties and the Marines provided sentries and patrols. Unfortunately a lot of the Marines were not allowed out because of exams. This reduced our numbers considerably.

Half way through the year a three day 'wintex' was organised by Mr. Glimm. This was non-military and optional, and took place over the Spring half-term. Approximately ten people went on this

exercise which took place at Glen Nevis. The final distance walked was over fifty kilometres and everybody enjoyed themselves.

Next year Ali, Steve, John and I will take a 'back seat' role in the corps, allowing Messrs Robertson, Greshan, Ireland and Forbes to take over. I wish them luck because, judging from this year's new recruits, they are going to need it.

A few final words - Thank you to Mrs Clayton and all her staff for being so understanding, to Mr Young and all his staff for coping with 'ill-mannered' hordes, thank you to Greg and Rich for helping out and giving up their time (I promised them a mention!) and last, but far from least, thank you to Mr and Mrs Glimm, without whom the corps would not be what it is today.

Roderick Williams



'Brothers-in-Arms' Steve Harrod and Roderick Williams

RADIO CLUB - GM0PSS AND GM7NSS

Most of the activity this year has been centred on the packet radio (transmission and reception of messages via radio and computer together). This was set up in the Christmas Term and our thanks go to Keith (GM7KXB) in Methven and Dave (GM3YEW) in Abernethy for their advice and help with the equipment. A "Hello World please send us a message" had an overwhelming response from America and Europe and the couple of hundred replies kept Bob, James and Chris very busy. A packet message sent to VP8GAV with the British Antarctic Survey at the Faraday Base received a reply in two days.

The R.A.E. classes this year concentrated on licensing conditions, transmitter interference and electromagnetic compatibility for a Paper I resit. Both Neil Blatherwick and Jo Malcolm were successful. Neil now has his full certificate and Jo hopes to complete the certificate in the coming year.

Proficiency in Morse for James and

Chris had reached about 8 wpm when it was curtailed due to pressure of work for A-levels and Highers - I hope that they can take it up again outwith School. This year there have not been many contacts on HF even though a new G5RV antenna has been erected.

I have heard from two Strathallians who are Radio Amateurs. I have been in contact with GM3FRZ (Bernie Esslemont - 1944) on 80m but the second, ZS5DJW (David Whitton in Durban, South Africa) has proved more difficult. However, I will keep calling and listening from time to time.

I would like to make a register of Strathallian Call Signs around the world and also make contact with as many as possible. After two years of activity we have now six Class B licence holders:

Bob Wheeldon (GM7NRX)
Iain Senior (GM7NXE)
James Roome (GM7OWY)

Neil Blatherwick (GM7?)
David Clark (?)
and David Fraser (?)

Please advise me of the missing call signs and let me know of any others.

The Radio Shack is at the top of the Activities Block - this building used to be the changing room block - overlooking the 1st XV Rugby Pitch and the hills beyond. In fact, one of the radio masts on these hills holds the antenna for the local VHF 2-metre repeater (PR). This repeater has been very busy over the past three terms - originally with Bob and latterly with Bob and James coming on air very frequently. There are now very few Radio Amateurs in Perthshire, Dundee and parts of Edinburgh that have not heard of Bob Wheeldon and Strathallian School Radio Club. Now, in the summer holiday, even with the tourists in the area, PR is strangely quiet! Let us hope that it will come to life again after the summer break.

T.S.G.(GM0MXZ)

DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARD SCHEME

Duke of Edinburgh inevitably conjures up images of rain-drenched people miserably standing at the bottom (yes, always the bottom) of an enormous mountain, wondering if getting to meet the Duke of Edinburgh is really worth all of this. The invariable answer at the time is that it is not - yet nobody has yet come up with a reason why we do it (and no to any scheming mothers, we do *not* consider it a valid reason that you want to go to the garden party!) And yet six of the original nine (two drop-outs, one injury) are soon setting off on our last expedition while the Silver lot, apparently against all odds, have completed theirs.

So what exactly do we do, and what do we get out of it? Well, Emma gets the chance to compare Shetland sheep noises with those of the Cairngorm sheep. (Anyone who has shared a tent with her and, consequently, has had sheep bleating all night, will know exactly what I mean.) I, in turn, have learned that when holding a tent up with both hands it is not a great idea to wave to Mr Todd, who, along with B.J., deserves a mention for his compulsive mania to climb Munros - in B.J.'s case, preferably with Demi Moore. (Sorry B.J. but it was amusing!) Martin will soon be publishing his book on the life habits of rock men - he being the resident expert.

All that now remains to be said is thanks very much from all of us to Miss England, Mr Burgess and Mr Todd and sorry to anyone who doesn't understand what I am going on about - but serves you right for not being there!

Caroline Healy



B-J cools off

This year our numbers at Bronze have been much reduced due to the new arrangements on Wednesday afternoons. However, the numbers currently working towards Silver and Gold are as high as they have ever been and a great variety of activities have been undertaken. Our thanks go to everyone who has helped to run all these.

Expeditions have travelled far and wide across Scotland in search of the elusive sunshine. Silver trips to Glen Roy and Glen Nevis (complete with six inches of snow in mid-May) were followed by Gold expeditions to the Cairngorms and Mull. Mr Todd has been a welcome addition to the expedition leaders and next year he will be taking over responsibility for this aspect of the award.

Special thanks are due to Miss England and Mr Crosfield for their help with expeditions and community service respectively.

The following have gained their awards this year:

BRONZE:

Michael Govind, Duncan MacDonald

SILVER:

Angus Bruce-Jones, Martin Fitchie,
Andrew Hodgson, Neil Blatherwick

GOLD:

Gavin Wilson, Neil Wilson, Nik Hartley,
Andrew Yeates, Duncan Taylor, Jenny
Griffiths, James Ford.

Congratulations to them all.

J.S.B.



Gold expedition safely back to base on Mull



Caroline Healy ekes out her rations

COMMUNITY SERVICE

The pupils are constantly seeking new ways to help out in the community, with mutually beneficial results. Some of the elderly members of our own community in Forgardenny now enjoy a weekly visit from Sixth Form girls; the problems of the world and reminiscences of the past are mused upon over a welcome cup of tea. The Ochil Nursing Home in Perth continues to give a very warm reception to the Strathallan pupils who go there every week, as do the other hospices and homes we visit from time to time.

Service in the community at large, however, is not merely confined to chatting to old ladies! Carolyn Russell, Nicola Crowe and Carolyn Silver have all carried on their sterling work at Dunbarney Primary School

on a Thursday afternoon (a much more exacting option than games, as I'm sure they will attest). They help out with all kinds of things from story telling to arithmetic and playground supervision to summer sports day. All this experience has stood them in excellent stead for the future.

On a different note again, some of the girls have been helping out in charity shops in Perth. There they learn valuable skills in serving the public and coping with cash tills (a task that requires a degree of numeracy, as one of our girls found out on her first day at Barnardo's), whilst, of course, providing a valuable service for an organisation that relies entirely on voluntary help.

The musicians were kept busy at Christmas as we visited both Moncrieff

Nursing Home (renowned for its lavish teas) and Ochil Nursing Home with a real feast of music; both traditional carols and various orchestral and solo pieces. The old folk were tapping their feet in delight as the newly formed "Wee Cuthie Men" played their distinctive Scottish folk tunes. The School once again played host to the pensioners of the district at the first of our carol services. One only needs to look at the grins on their faces to tell how much the service, the atmosphere and (of course) the tea are appreciated.

It has been a rich and interesting year for all concerned. Many thanks to everyone for all their efforts.

P.J.C.

LETTER FROM KNOYDART

The Post Highers week has now become a recognised part of the Summer Term, so much so that those unwilling to participate start their exit campaigns early (Mark Silver gets the award for the longest list of excuses). In the event, Post Highers '93 had the largest pupil contingent ever, some of whom actually declared themselves to be looking forward to it, while others had fallen to the hard sell tactics of the staff involved (the Woodlands' girls). Whatever their reasons for going, the lucky twenty-four each declared they'd had a good time: one was even moved to write home about it.

Dear Mum and Dad,

Well, here I am safely back from Post Highers. What an experience! And it wasn't all bad! Admittedly, the midges were pretty hungry, my blisters were awful, I don't think my back, knees or ankles will ever recover from the rucksack I carried, and the loch water was pretty cold the time I "fell" in. However!

The centre, Ardintigh, was more comfortable than expected. In fact, the bunkrooms were so nice that the midges preferred them to the bracken outside and moved in to join us. (Saffy moved out.) But at least the showers were warm most of the time and the food edible. Just to put you in the picture, I thought I'd write you an account of a day's activities there.

A.M. Everyone was up bright and early (well...) for breakfast. Around this time there was potential for a quick dip in the bay. Some got properly dressed for the occasion - Mog's wetsuit was only rivalled by the cheesecake in its fluorescent brightness - but thanks to Dougie and Mr Taylor, Miss England didn't get the chance.

Canoeing was generally the main morning activity, though on Sunday it was preceded by "Not the Strath Chapel Service" in which Pete preached the sermon and Iain



saw the light. Mark (who's only five foot seven) declared he'd got a midget in his canoe and that he felt as though he was in the Titanic. Fortunately for him it was Dougie's canoe that tried to emulate that magnificent craft. Nor was Paddy one of those who mastered the first half of the eskimo roll. That was left to Fergie and Shevy before the massed crowds in Mallaga harbour, Pete and Kate under severe stress from JKT and DE, Nicky because she wanted to see if she could do it and Chris C quite by accident. It was certainly easier canoeing on rather than *in* the water, but only Suzie perfected the tongue out technique.

Conditions did become too warm occasionally, but this was not a problem. Those in the rescue boat were rather too keen to throw cooling moisture onto the canoeists (thanks, Jo). If this was not enough, seal launching, jumping and diving off rocks were enthusiastically pursued. Photographing these events proved difficult. "I've never tried taking photos during a tidal wave before," someone was heard to say after Pete had "bombed" into the water.

Some days were less active and on one of these a once-in-a-lifetime happening

occurred. A group of about one hundred dolphins swam into the loch. We went out in the launch amongst them. It was a magical experience and one which taught Carolyn that dolphins and tuna were not the same thing.

LUNCHTIME: These were often intellectual once Pip and Pitchie had discovered the book of crosswords. But there were a few difficulties. Pip couldn't read the clues out properly, neither knew the answers, and when informed of them by their more learned companions, certainly couldn't spell them.

P.M. In the afternoons we did a variety of things. Windsurfing was attempted by many with varying degrees of success. Jamie went backwards more than he went forwards and Jimmy did a lot of swimming. On windy days Pete took people out on his laser and even allowed others to have a go. Jamie managed fine but Paddy was too confident by half. He capsized the boat, and Suzie, before they were out of the bay.

Despite once shooting his brother in the foot, Iain was allowed to join the clay pigeon contingent one afternoon. Unfortunately, moving targets proved more difficult to hit.

On two days of the week those at the centre got ready to welcome the expedition group - to provide those footsore, weary souls with TLC and liquid refreshment. JSB and JLB were observed to be particularly mellow on one occasion - far more than they had been when a certain landmark was removed from the Knoydart skyline.

EVENING. These revolved around cooking and produced many a highlight (?) including the aforementioned cheesecake and a very hot chilli. So that we didn't put on weight, these gargantuan feasts were usually followed by a little gymnastics, with or without the use of a table. (I leave this bit to your imagination.) We had a camp fire and sing-song on the point on most evenings. "Little Pig" was a firm favourite, also "Alouette", a tale of an alluring one-legged woman with two feet who was not a natural blonde.

Anyway, I seem to have survived. Those that got out of it are now madly jealous of our suntans and big happy smiles. As for the A-level people, they just wish it had been two weeks long.

So did we.

A newly-appointed Man of Knoydart.



SIXTH FORM CHARITY BALL



On a damp and dreary night in February, small groups of Sixth Formers drifted over to the Gym where the harsh fluorescent lights exposed every blemish to the unkind eye and a draught blew across the stage where the sinister events in Salem would soon be re-enacted. The feeble cassette-player couldn't project the Eightsome Reel as far as the back of the room, while Mr Broadfoot tried to explain the steps - and after half an hour the event broke up with little notable success.

Luckily, this wasn't the Ball, only the first dance practice.

On a mild afternoon at the beginning of March a frenzy of frock-donning overtook the Sixth Formers in Thornbank and Woodlands, while the gentlemen queued up at their Housemasters' doors for cufflinks and for help with tying bow-ties. In

the Dining Room, ultra-violet lamps and spotlights were being arranged to illuminate the excellent wall decorations produced by the Art Department, stages were being cobbled together to support the bands and a great deal of food and drink was being prepared.

This was the day of the Ball.

At 7.00pm on Saturday, 6th March, Strathallan's impeccably turned-out Sixth Formers, augmented by twenty Sixth Form girls from Kilgraston School and twenty from Glenalmond College, as well as a sizeable corps of staff, were gathering around the punch bowls in an increasingly high state of excitement. The Edinburgh band finally struck up the music and we danced the evening away.

Some of the Strathallan students had managed, with very little time for practice,

to get together an energetic band of their own, and they entertained the guests mightily later in the evening. They had come to be known as Sex Immaterial - or Sexy Material, depending on preference - due to a misunderstanding when they advertised for "a singer for a new band, sex immaterial."

Both professional and amateur bands were hugely popular, most of the food and all of the drink was consumed, and a great deal of hair was let down in an enjoyable and civilised way. Everyone concerned had worked very hard, and on top of all the revelry we raised £235 which was split between the Lifeboats in Arbroath and P.A.D.S., the dog-protection charity based in Forteviot.

P.T.



HOUSE TARGETS

Well, all round Woodlands it's been: shooting! Yet a good year really - despite some hard times. Remember those rows when margarine tubs went missing and coffee was slurped over the stairs, and who could forget that fateful day when Vicky's 'Flash' disappeared - or was it 'Jif'? But, when pieces of the freezer compartment door broke off we came through it to enjoy the good (shooting!) days when toffee pans were washed up and everyone was in bed on time.

There have been changes, too - a new milk crate, a spider plant in the foyer and some exciting innovations in common room decor, including armchairs with removable wheels, legs, arms and backs - in fact so much (shooting!) could be 'removed' that they were taken away altogether.

Despite this, people who enter our little community never cease to be amazed by the productive and creative atmosphere which thrives within the House - inspired by our Tutors, who always give Preps that little extra something. We managed (shooting!) to create a harmony in the House, which is reflected in the way the blue flowery wallpaper matches the brown sofa and chairs!

Here, we are culturally aware; with numerous board games such as 'Twister' and the House 'library' that offers a wide range of ripped-up recipes and a huge variety of reading - from Mills & Boon. It is no wonder that the (shooting!) House Drama Competition was such a success. The Senior House Drama was ... um ... well ... it was a tragedy. Oh, yes! And we got a new ironing board cover.

Sport - the Inter-House egg cup still stands proudly on the shelf above the T.V. - pity there's not an Inter-House 'Twister' Competition.

The House party went with a bang (thanks to the Shooting Team) and included several spectacular renditions of 'O Come All Ye Faithful', enough Smarties to fill Wembley Stadium and so much wine that everyone had to bring their own thimble (except the Shooting Team).

On the serious side 'shooting' crime rates are up, with increased bread-nabbing from downstairs and some flower vandalising. Most disturbing of all was the presence of the 'phantom chair ripper' (who was never caught - even by the Shooting Team!) - and you know who you are, who pulled the heads off the daisies ...

Luckily, there was a clamp-down - the washing powder scoop is now attached to the washing powder box, and new iron holders were installed in the kitchens - much to everyone's relief (especially the Shooting Team).

I have only one thing more to say - shooting, shooting, shooting, shooting, shooting.

A. Sniper

Cottages out in the open country; fresh air heavy with sweet smells; acres of land all round (surrounded by 'security fences' and a 'swimming pool' in the back garden); a master chef, sunshine all the year round and, of course, lots of fun. Yes, it's Glen Isla!

This year, during the Summer Term, the Third Formers from Simpson and Ruthven went up North to Glen Isla (somewhere near Blairgowrie, I think) for a most fabulous weekend. There were three cottages to choose from and when we arrived we descended on them to grab our bedrooms - like a swarm of bees coming in for honey. However, most important after a long journey was a soak in the beautiful steaming ... well, freezing cold swimming pool which was actually nothing more than the River Isla gushing past. And it really was *cold*. It took me a quarter of an hour trying to get even knee-deep in it. After lots of splashing and shouting we set off back to base to meet the other bus.

The bus arrived about half an hour later than expected, you could tell they had cricketers on board and not intrepid orienteers because they got very lost. After the next swarm of bees picked their beds, we went to the rugby stadium. It was not quite Murrayfield, but I thought the back garden made a very good pitch. It was Simpson versus Ruthven - "The Battle of the Titans". After a very close match, Ruthven *just* edged through to win.

Sunday dawned hot and sunny. After a hearty breakfast of eggs and bacon, we were ready for the river again. We all played a commando type game which involved "the enemy" recapturing the bridge (which was heavily guarded, of course) by getting hold of the "flag" (Marcus' T-shirt). The opposition disappeared off into the distance and soon we were looking for them through woods, fields and beds of nettles, fording the river and vaulting fences where necessary - these were often alive and buzzing as electricity

flooded through them. This we discovered to our cost. The farmers obviously knew we were coming.....

A. Grieved

Again, this year, six somewhat crazy members of the Science Department decided to escort the whole of the Riley Second Form on an outing which, I add, we were all needing after our examination only the night before.

This year we travelled to the Scottish Deer Centre near Cupar. I am sure the aim of the exercise was along educational lines - the teachers wishing us to find out a little something about the symbol of Scotland, but I can tell you the pupils had other ideas.

Every single boy and girl was looking at something far more engaging than anything else: within the park there was an Adventure Playground!

Firstly, our guide, Kevin, took us in to watch the video, which showed us the different types of deer in Britain and led us through a year in the life of a red deer.

Next we were led through to the Antler Room, via an exhibition showing the story of the deer.

Out of doors we were taken on to a paddock containing two red deer stags - one of whom had reached the grand old age of fifteen. Surprisingly, there were only a few 'Yucks!' concerning the aroma surrounding the field. Unfortunately for some they found out where the smells were coming from the nasty way!

The rest of the day was spent either at the performing falcon display or at the playground. We received packed lunches and so the inevitable occurred - much to Mrs Innes's disappointment. She was left to pick up everyone's litter while the rest of us made our way back to the bus. This will *not* be repeated next year.

A. Wee-Deer



The retreat from Glen Isla



Drew Chapman - setting standards.



Woodlands' Housemaster in combat gear.



Gnomes celebrate victory.



Spectators reject finish? Irvine X-country Run.



David Gray - every inch a cricketer.



Gulliver plays for the Liliputians.



Waiting for the speeches to start



Louis Ma and William Tang.



Pipe Band drums now have legs!



CANDID CAMERA DOES IT ...

HELLO!



... AGAIN

VALETE

FREELAND

UVI

BORGEN-NIELSON J.G. Came 1987; II; House Prefect; Lance Corporal - Marines; 1st XV Squash; U19 Soccer Team; 3rd XI Cricket; Young Enterprise. *3316 Dean Path, Dean Village, Edinburgh.*

BROWN P.G. Came 1988; III; House Prefect; Coxswain - Navy; D of E Bronze; 1st XV Rugby; Curling Team; Sailing Team; 3rd XI Cricket; Half Colours Rugby; Full Colours Curling; Full Colours Sailing; Scottish Schools' Sailing Champion; School Drama. *Green Park Hotel, Pitlochry, Perthshire, PH16 5JY.*

DOODSON A.S. Came 1987; II; School Prefect; Head of House; Corporal - Army; Lance Corporal - Marines; 2nd XV Rugby; 1st XI Hockey; 1st XI Cricket; Swimming Team; Golf Team; Half Colours Hockey; Full Colours Cricket; Economics Prize. *Llalapanzi, Middle Assendon, Henley-on-Thames, Oxon., RG9 6BG.*

GILLINGHAM J.M. Came 1988; III; House Prefect; 2nd XV Rugby; Skiing Team (Capt); Tennis Team; Swimming Team; The Butchard Tankard; 1st in Perthshire Schools Skiing; Lifesaving; Windsurfing. *Riversdale, Bridgend, Perth, PH2 7HB.*

GRAY NA. Came 1985; I; House Prefect; School Prefect; 1st XI Cricket (Capt); Lance Corporal - Marines; 1st XV Rugby; 1st XI Hockey; Basketball Team; Full Colours Cricket; Half Colours Rugby and Hockey; Colours Basketball; House Drama. *24 Claydon Road, Horsell, Woking, Surrey. GH21 4XE.*

HARTLEY N.J. Came 1986; I; House Prefect; Riley Div. Captain; School Magazine Editor; Sergeant Major - Army; D of E Gold; 1st XV Rugby; 3rd XI Hockey; Cross-country Team Colours; 2nd XI Cricket (Captain); Basketball Team; History Prize. *Timberly, Elm Close, Farnham Common, Buckinghamshire, SL2 3NA.*

MITCHELL R. Came 1988; III; School Prefect; House Prefect; 1st XV Rugby; Athletics Team; Motorbike Section; Swimming Team; Full Colours Rugby; House Colours; Maths Prize; Lifesaving. *Drumdreel Farm, Strathmiglo, Cupar, Fife, KY14 7RN.*

MOORE C.A. Came 1988; III; House Prefect; GCSE Prize; 2nd Flautist in Orchestra; Grade 7 Distinction - Flute. *108 Dundee Road, Perth, PH2 9BA.*

NICHOLLS W.M. Came 1987; II; House Prefect; Able Seaman - Navy; 5th XV Rugby. *The Falconry, Morar, Near Mallaig, Inverness-shire.*

OBINECHE R.C. Came 1988; III; School Prefect; House Prefect; Corporal - Army; D of E Bronze; 1st XV Rugby; Athletics Team; Basketball Team; Rugby VII's Team; Full and House Colours for Rugby; Canoeing 1 Star. *10 St Margaret's Avenue, Turnpike Lane, London N15 3DH.*

PARK M.L. Came 1988; III; House Prefect; Able Seaman - Navy; Young Enterprise. *Midyard House, Carnwath, Lanarkshire, ML11 8JV.*

SHEPHERD A.G.S. Came 1988; III; House Prefect; 1st XV Rugby; Football Team; VII's Rugby Team; Full Colours Rugby; Squash; Swimming; Windsurfing. *Mavisbank, 55 Queen Street, Carnoustie, DD7 7BA.*

WILSON G.S. Came 1988; III; House Prefect; Coxswain of Navy; D of E Bronze and Gold; 5th XV Rugby; Sailing Team; Windsurfing; Young Enterprise. *Argyll Park, James Street, Helensburgh, G84 8HX.*

WILSON N.G. Came 1987; II; House Prefect; Coxswain - Navy; D of E Gold; Rugby 5th XV; Music Prize; Orchestra; Choir; Jazz Band. *Rockdale House, Kinfauns, Perth, PH2 7JZ.*

V

ALDRIDGE G.A.M. Came 1988; I; Corporal - Army; XV 6th Rugby; Hockey Team; Art and Pottery Distinction; Drama. *Millfiach, Near Kirkhill, Inverness-shire, IV5 7PH.*

BORGEN-NIELSON P.J. Came 1990; III; 2nd XI Hockey. *3316 Dean Path, Dean Village, Edinburgh.*

NICOL

UVI

AINSWORTH P.G. Came 1988; III; School Prefect; Head of House; 1st XV Rugby (Captain); Presidents XV; Midlands U15 XV; 1st VII Rugby; House Colours; Orchestra; Choir; Bronze D of E; Under Officer CCF. *18 Guiltreehill, Alloway, Ayr, KA7 4XG.*

BAYNE A.D. Came 1988; III; House Prefect; 3rd XV Rugby; 3rd XI Hockey; Indoor Hockey; 3rd XI Cricket; Leading Seaman in Navy; House Colours. *Gospetry, Milnathort, Kinross, KY13 7SW.*

BRAND M.P. Came 1988; III; House Prefect; House Sailing Team (Captain); Fishing Club (Captain); U15s B Rugby; Sailing Team; House Colours; Leading Seaman in Navy. *Ardleevan House, 178 Upper Malone Road, Dunmurray, Belfast, Northern Ireland, BT17 9JZ.*

HUGHES T.M. Came 1988; III; School Prefect; Vice Head of House; 4th XV Rugby; 2nd XI Hockey (Captain); U15s Cricket; U18s Chameleons Hockey; Design/Technology Prize; Bronze D of E. *Fir Tree Cottage, Hook Green, Lamberhurst, Kent, TN3 8LL.*

JONES N.F.P. Came 1988; III; 2nd XV Rugby; 2nd XI Hockey; Summer Hockey XI; Swimming Team, Basketball Team; Able Seaman in Navy. *Nether Kinneddar, Saline, Fife, KY12 9LJ.*

MANWARING P.S. Came 1988; III; House Prefect; 5th XV Rugby; Cricket; Director of House Drama; Sergeant in CCF; HCTC Team; House Colours; Bronze D of E. *The Barn, Staplecross, East Sussex, TN32 5QP.*

McCARTAN A.H.J. Came 1987; II; House Prefect; Pipe Major; 5th XV Rugby; English Prize; Debating Society Chairman. *3 Macbeth Road, Forres, Moray, IV36 0HS.*

PITCFORTH M.J.R. Came 1991; LVI; House Prefect; 3rd XV Rugby; 2nd XI Hockey; 3rd XI Cricket; Football Team;

House Football (Captain); Swimming Team; Art Prize; House Colours; Debating. *Bruaich Bhan, Aberfeldy, Perthshire, PH15 2LA.*

ROOME J.C.D.M. Came 1986; II. *Boturich Castle, Balloch, By Alexandria, Dunbartonshire, G83 9LX.*

SAFFRON D.C. Came 1986; II; Swimming Team (Captain); House Swimming Team (Captain); Swimming Full Colours; House Colours; Canoeing; Able Seaman in Navy; Bronze D of E. *9 Greyfriars Gardens, St Andrew's, Fife, KY16 9NW.*

SILVER M.N.S. Came 1988; III; House Prefect; 1st XV Rugby; 1st VII Rugby; 1st/2nd XI Cricket Team. 2nd XI Hockey; Swimming Team; Athletics Team; Full colours for Rugby; Lance Corporal in Marines. *Leyden, Kirknewton, Midlothian, EH27 8DQ.*

STEWART J.E. Came 1987; II; 3rd XV Rugby; 1st XI Hockey; House Colours; Cadet in CCF. *Craignish Castle, Craignish, Ardfern, Argyll, Near Lochgilphead.*

TAYLOR D.R. Came 1988; III; Shooting 'A' Team (Captain); National U21s Shooting Squad; British Schools' Shooting Team; Gold D of E. *Westburn Steading, Dunning, Perth, PH2 0QY.*

WATSON E. Came 1988; III; House Prefect; Golf Team (Vice Captain); Bronze D of E. *Kildonan, Forgandenny, Perth, PH2 9HP.*

WHEELDON R. Came 1991; LVI; Young Enterprise, Amateur Radio Club. *31 Hilview Road, Banchory, Kincardineshire, AB31 4EG.*

WILSON J.R.L. Came 1988; III; House Prefect; Librarian; Athletics Team; Choir; Leading Seaman in Navy; Bronze D of E. *Hayfield House, Auchmillan, Mauchline, Ayrshire, KA5 6HD.*

WILSON I.D.J. Came 1986; I; 5th XV Rugby (Captain); Athletics Team; Badminton Team; 3rd XI Hockey (Captain); Cross-country Team; Senior Cross-country Cup; Scottish Schools Athletics; Scottish Schools Cross-country; Half Colours (Athletics); Corporal in Pipe Band. *40 Draycott Park, Singapore 1025.*

YEATES A.B.E. Came 1985; I; House Prefect; Effort Prizes; Physics Prize; Bronze and Gold D of E; Choir; Orchestra. *11 Cranmer Place, Billericay, Essex, CH12 0XQ.*

V

BURNS M.J. Came 1988. I; Bs Rugby (Captain); 4th Form As Cricket; School Ski Team; Cadet in CCF. *9 Whitehouse Park, Wick, Caithness, KW1 4NX.*

ROSS M.K.A. Came 1989; II; U15 C's Rugby; House Athletics; School Cross-country Team; Pipe Band. *Dalton Burn, Dalton, Lockerbie, Dumfriesshire, DG11 1DY.*

III

BURNETT C.R.T. Came 1991; II; U14 C's Rugby, Cricket and Hockey. *Ach-Na-Craoibh, Tobermory, Isle of Mull, PA75 6PS.*

TEWSON A.D. Came 1992; III; U14 Cs for Hockey and Cricket. Football Team, Prize for Academic Achievement. *c/o*

British Council, P.O. Box 9100, Dar-es-Salaam, Tanzania.

RUTHVEN

UVI

CRUMP C.P.E. Came 1992; UVI; House Prefect; Cross Country; Shooting; Hockey; *Scaurbank Kier, Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, DG3 4DD.*

FERGUSON P.J.F. Came 1988; I; House Prefect; School Prefect; Head of House; Rugby 3rd XV; Football 1st XI; Curling Team, Swimming Team. *Greenend House, Strathore Road, Thornton, Kirkcaldy, Fife, KY1 4OH.*

GARVIE J.M. Came 1987; III; House Prefect; Rugby 5th XV; Golf Team; Curling (Captain). *Craighill, 18 Murray Place, Perth, PH1 1BP.*

GAULT J.P. Came 1987; II; House Prefect; Rugby 5th XV; Cross-country; Football; Cadet - Army; D of E Bronze. *30 Alexandra Street, Kirkintilloch, Glasgow, G66 1HE.*

GIBSON C.S. Came 1988; III; House Prefect; Tennis Team (Captain); Squash Team (Captain); Skiing; Colours for minor sport (Squash); House Colours. *Chanting Hill, Stoneyfields, Farnham, Surrey, GU9 8DU.*

MACKAY C.R. Came 1988; III; School Prefect; Rugby 1st XV; 2nd XV (Captain); Athletics (Captain); Swimming; Football 1st XI; Lance Corporal; Bronze D of E; Athletics Colours; Rugby Half Colours; House Colours. *58 South Beach, Troon, Ayrshire, KA10 6EG.*

McCULLOCH D.A.R. Came 1988; III; House Prefect; Rugby 1st XV; Athletics 1st XV; Petty Officer. *8 Summerleigh, Gower Road, Weybridge, Surrey, KT13 0HE.*

NICOL C.S. Came 1985; I; Captain of School; Rugby 2nd XV (Captain); Hockey 2nd XI; J. Skiing (Captain); Scholarship; Smith Cup for Captain of School. *Springbank, Newton Street, Blairgowrie, Perthshire.*

QUINN A.B. Came 1986; I; House Prefect; Hockey 1st XI; Football 1st XI (Captain); Squash 1st; Badminton 1st; Rugby U16 Bs; Cricket U15 As; Sergeant Pipe Band; School Drumming Winner; Hockey Half Colours; Football Colours - minor sport; Debating Committee; Choir. *62H Cleveden Drive, Kelvinside, Glasgow, G12 0NX.*

ROGERS G.D. Came 1988; III; House Prefect; 3rd XV Rugby; Cross-country; House Colours. *41 Montgomerie Street, Ardrossan, Ayrshire, KA22 8HP.*

V

BARK W.A.J. Came 1988; I; Cricket Senior Colt Bs; Hockey U16 B. *Soest Dijkersstraat, Weg 94, 1213 XH, Hilversum, Holland.*

LEVACK G.J. Came 1990; Curling (Captain); Cricket Senior Colt Bs; Rugby 6th XV. *Underbank House, Crossford, Carlisle, ML8 5QQ.*

SIMPSON

UVI

DAVIDSON I.S. Came 1987; II; House Prefect; Able Seaman in Navy; Cadet in RAF; Scholarship; Young Enterprise Scheme. *Suilven, Larg Road, Stranraer, DG9 0JN.*

DAVIDSON J.C. Came 1987; III; House Prefect; Sailing Team; Sergeant. *Little Caithness, 18 Wreck Road, Somerset, Bermuda.*

EDWARDS A.G. Came 1987; II; House Prefect; Able Seaman; Young Enterprise Scheme. *South Craig Farm, Hollybush, Ayr, Ayrshire, KA6 6HB.*

FERGUSON C.I.S. Came 1987; II; 2nd XV Rugby; 2nd XI Hockey; 1st XI Cricket; Indoor Hockey; Basketball Team (Captain); Cadet Instructor; Bronze Life Saving Award; Sergeant Pipe Band. *The Lochans, Moor Road, Strathblane, Glasgow, G62 9EX.*

FERGUSON I.A.O. Came 1988; III; House Prefect; Athletics Team; Parachuting. *Alton Albany, Barr, Girvan, Ayrshire, KA26 9TJ.*

HESLOP P.T. Came 1985; I; 1st XV Rugby; Basketball Team (Captain); Squash Team; Swimming Team; Athletics Team; Cadet; Bronze D of E; Art Distinctions. *21 Cragwell Park, Carmunock, Glasgow.*

McNAMARA A.R. Came 1986; II; Head of House; School Prefect; Corporal; Bronze D of E; Minor Scholarship; Young Enterprise Scheme. *South Craig Farm, Hollybush, Ayr, Ayrshire, KA6 6HB.*

RAPER P.D. Came 1988; III; School Prefect; 5th XV Rugby; Sergeant; Bronze D of E; School Plays - *The Happiest Days of Your Life* and *The Crucible*. *Ravenscar, 15 Viewlands Road, Perth.*

REEKIE J.A.G. Came 1987; III; Rugby U14, U15, 2nd XV. *87 St Michael's Drive, Cupar, Fife.*

RUSSELL N.W. Came 1988; III; House Prefect; 1st XV Rugby; Basketball Team; Swimming Team; Sergeant Major; School Play. *Ardnahane, Strathearn Terrace, Crieff, PH7 3BZ.*

SHILLITTO J.J. Came 1988; III; House Prefect; 5th XV Rugby; Simpson Sailing and Shooting; Corporal; Senior Art Prize. *1213 Grosvenor Street, Edinburgh.*

WILSON R.J. Came 1988; III; Football Team. *Rhu Lodge, Ferry Road, Rhu, Dunbartonshire.*

LVI

GERBER S. Came 1992; LVI. *Zahnstrasse 30, D5000 Cologne 40, Germany.*

V

BECK M.M. Came 1993; LVI; Golf; Athletics; Swimming; Violin. *Am Pulverturm, 86633 Neuberg an der Donau, Germany.*

NICOLL G.S. Came 1987; I; Senior Colts Rugby; Cross-country Team; Athletics Team; Swimming Team; Cadet in Royal Marines; Bronze D of E. *16 Lever Road, Helensburgh, Dunbartonshire, G84 9DP.*

POLLOCK R.J. Came 1990; III; Rugby U16 Bs; Football Team; Cadet. *Marle Hall Farm, Stanley, Perthshire, PH1 4PS.*

PROCTOR J.R. Came 1988; II; 1st/2nd XV Rugby; House Rugby XV (Captain); Senior Colts Hockey; Senior Colts Cricket (Captain of Bs); Athletics Team; Swimming Team; Able Seaman. *4 Lettice Street, Fulham, London, SW6 4EM.*

STEPHEN S.W. Came 1988; I; Rugby U16s; Hockey 3rds; Tennis; Able Seaman. *Broomhill House, Cawdor, Nairn.*

WALLS A.F.R. Came 1987; I; U16 As Rugby; 1st XI Hockey; 1st Indoor Hockey Team; 1st VI Tennis; Cadet. *8 Burnfoot*

Avenue, Fulham, London, SW6 5EA.

WRIGHT D.M. Came 1990; III; Bronze D of E. *Rowan Lodge, Culvardie, Nethy-bridge, Inverness-shire.*

IV

CALLENDER S.J. Came 1991; II; Cadet. *Tynehead Farm, Pathhead, Midlothian, EH37 5XS.*

ROSINUS A. Came 1993; I; Tennis, Basketball, Football. *Am Sooren 46, D-2000, Hamburg 73, Germany.*

III

CLARKE R.S. Came 1992; III. *The Old Manse, Keir Mill, Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, DG3 4DF.*

THORNBANK

UVI

DUNN G. Came 1991; LVI; House Prefect; Librarian; Lacrosse Team; Tennis Team; Secretary of Debating Society. *2 Hamilton Lodge, Kings Road, Windsor, Berkshire, SL4 2AS.*

HANSSON-BOLT K.L. Came 1988; III; House Prefect; House Swimming; Swimming Team; Badminton Team; 2XI Hockey; Cross-country; Squash; Cooking; Grade 4 Flute. *Craigvarrich, Strathtay, Tayside, PH9 0PJ.*

INGLIS J.F.M. Came 1992; UVI; House Prefect; Geography Prize; School Choir; Jazz Band. *Burnside, Glengild Road, Ardrishaig, Argyll, PA30 8HE.*

JONES S.M. Came 1991; LVI; House Prefect; Bronze D of E; Tennis 1st VI; Badminton 1st VI; Lacrosse Team, Rounders Team, Wind Band. *24 Ann Street, Edinburgh, EH4 1PJ.*

CAMPBELL-LOW M.C. Came 1988; III; House Prefect; Tennis Team; Rounders Team; Squash Team; School Choir; Full Colours for Squash; Sales Director for Young Enterprise. *Brightwater House, Lucklaw Hill, Balmullo, Fife, KY16 0BQ.*

MACDONALD J.M. Came 1989; IV; House Prefect; Librarian; House Swimming Team; Rounders Team. *P.O. Box 594, Dubai, United Arab Emirates.*

MAIR J.P. Came 1992; UVI; House Prefect; Leader of Orchestra; French Prize; Music-String Prize; Music Scholarship; Orchestra; School Choir; Chamber Music Groups; Grade VI Piano. *42 Craigie Road, Ayr, KA8 0EZ.*

MARSHAM J.E.B. Came 1988; III; House Prefect; Shooting Team; Badminton Team; Hockey Team. *Rispond Estate, Durness, by Lairg, Sutherland, IV27 4QE.*

MILNES K.V. Came 1988; III; House Prefect; 3rd XI Hockey (Captain); Athletics Team; Netball Team; Squash Team; Orchestra; School Choir. *Ardenlee, Albert Street, Helensburgh, Dunbartonshire, G84 7SG.*

MITCHELL A.C. Came 1991; LVI; School Prefect; House Prefect; 1st/2nd XI Hockey; Senior Tennis Team; Cross-country; Business Studies Prize. *Norwood, 6 Mansfield Terrace, Dunlop, Ayrshire, KA3 4AE.*

MONRO F.H. Came 1986; I; House Prefect; 3 XI Hockey; Swimming; Squash; Rounders; Tennis; Management Information Studies Prize; Choir; 2nd Orchestra. *61 Hilton Street, Aberdeen, AB2 3QR.*

SMART E.F. Came 1987; II; Head of

House; School Prefect; 1st/2nd XI Hockey (Captain); Indoor Hockey; Tennis Team; House Skiing (Captain); Rounders, Squash, D of E Bronze; 4th Form Attainment Prize; Wind Band, Choir; 2nd Orchestra. *Kinnaber House, By Montrose, Angus, DD10 9ER.*

TAYLOR R.S.G. Came 1986; I; House Prefect; Captain of Girls' Hockey; Captain of Athletics; D of E Bronze; 1st XI Hockey (Captain); Indoor Hockey (Captain); Cross-country Team; Tennis; Netball; Vitrix Ludorums; Scanlon Cup for All Round Merit; Full Colours Hockey; Full Colours Athletics; Half Colours Athletics; 2nd Orchestra; Librarian; Basketball. *Mullinure, Portadown Road, Armagh, Northern Ireland, BT61 9EL.*

WILLMEN K. Came 1992; UVI; House Prefect; Tennis Team; Lacrosse Team; Choir; Drama; Cambridge Entry Examination. *Nachtigallenstrasse 22, 4048 Grevenbroich 1, Germany.*

V

AITKEN E. Came 1988; I; Bronze D of E; 2nd XI Hockey; Lacrosse Team; Swimming; Tennis; Cross-country. *Castle Brae Lodge, Huntingtower, Perth, PH1 3JL.*

DOODSON L.A. Came 1988; I; Junior Hockey; 2nd XI Hockey, Swimming Team; Lacrosse Team; Athletics Team. *Llalapanzi, Middle Assendon, Henley-on-Thames, Oxon., RG9 6BG.*

MONCUR J.L. Came 1988; I; Junior Hockey; 3rd XI Hockey; Rounders Team; Swimming Team. *3 Broadland Gardens, Westhill, Aberdeen.*

WOODLANDS

UVI

Blackstock S. Came 1986; I; School Prefect; 1st XI Hockey (Full Colours); Tennis Team; Swimming Team (Full Colours); Squash Team; Life-saving; Bronze and Silver D of E. *P.O. Box 4588, Dubai, United Arab Emirates.*

CROWE N.A. Came 1991; LVI; House Prefect; Athletics Team; Cross-country Team (Full Colours); Music; Community Service; Life-saving; Silver D of E. *The Mallards, Cuillbrae, Pitlochry, Perthshire, PH16 5QS.*

FRASER A.D. Came 1986; I; House Prefect; Library Prefect; 1st XI Hockey; Tennis Team (Captain); Rounders Team; Music. *3 King James Place, Perth, PH2 8AE.*

GRIFFITHS J.L. Came 1991; I; LVI; House Prefect; 3rd XI Hockey; Debating; Choir; Young Enterprise; Silver and Gold D of E; Chemistry Prize; Biology Prize. *62 Edward Road, Clevedon, Avon, BS21 7DX.*

LOCKHART P.M. Came 1988; III; Head of House, School Prefect; Athletics Team; Squash Team; Junior Netball Team; Choir; String Orchestra; Orchestra; Debating; Young Enterprise; Life-saving; Bronze and Silver D of E. *13 Pitreavie Place, Kirkcaldy, Fife, KY2 6JX.*

LUSK C.E. Came 1991; LVI House Prefect; Sailing Team; 2nd Netball Team; Choir; Young Enterprise; Community Service. *Rose Cottage, Church Lane, Horsmonden, Kent, TN12 8HN.*

MACDONALD R.M. Came 1987; II; House Prefect; 3rd XI Hockey; Choir; Wind Band; House Drama; School Play; Young Enterprise; Bronze D of E. *Woodlands, Wyvis Drive, Balloch, Inverness-shire, IV1 2HP.*

MATTHEWS P.J. Came 1989; IV; House Prefect; Netball Team (Captain)(Full Colours); House Colours. *Vorlich Cottage, Glentirranmuir, Kippen, Stirlingshire, FK8 3HU.*

MONCUR K. Came 1988; *3 Broadland Gardens, Westhill, Aberdeen.*

RUSSELL C.E. Came 1988; III; House Prefect; 2nd Netball Team; Badminton Team; Community Service; House Colours. *P.O. Box 24473, Nairobi, Kenya, East Africa.*

SEMPLE M.J. Came 1988; III; House Prefect; Squash Team (Captain) (Full Colours); 3rd Form Hockey Team; Orchestra; Young Enterprise; Bronze and Silver D of E; House Colours; German Prize. *39 Kelvin Court, Great Western Road, Glasgow, G12 0AE.*

SMITH C.A.T. Came 1991; LVI; House Prefect; Tennis Team; School Band. *660 N Aohoku Place, Hilo, Hawaii 96720, USA.*

LVI

MURRAY S.L.A. Came 1989; III; House Prefect; 1st XI Hockey (Half Colours); Hockey Indoor and Outdoor Sevens; Athletics Team (Full Colours); House Captain. *4 Fort Road, Helen's Bay, Bangor, Northern Ireland, BT19 1LD.*

V

BAIRD H.J. Came 1989; II; Verse Speaking; School Plays. *110 Sinclair Street, Helensburgh, Dunbartonshire.*



Drawing by Louisa Henderson

OBITUARY - A. D. D. McCALLUM

My first contact with Duncan was in 1931 when he was a senior boy and I was a very Junior Master. He reached the classical Sixth, was a School Prefect, member of the 1st XV, 2nd XI cricket and hockey teams and won a sizarship to St John's College, Cambridge. With his head and shoulders held high and a real air of authority, albeit leavened by a direct look and humorous twinkle in his eyes, he gave the impression that here was a young man who would go far; and so it proved.

After Cambridge and a degree in Classics and History he returned to teach at Fettes and remained there as a Master and Housemaster until 1956, apart from a break for war service in India and Burma - where he rose to the rank of Lt. Col. and was mentioned in despatches.

In 1950 I left Fettes to become Headmaster of Strathallan, and I approached Duncan to be my Second Master. His acceptance was a godsend to Strathallan. He made a tremendous impression as an administrator in his office as Second Master and as a teacher in the classroom and on the playing fields.

After five years it was obvious that a man of Duncan's quality was destined for promotion. Accordingly he applied for the Headmastership of Christ's College, Brecon, and was duly appointed. With his customary skill and efficiency, and after five years, Brecon was a different school with increasing confidence in its future.

In 1955 Duncan put in for the Headmastership of Epsom College. Here, however,

he was competing against a very strong field of candidates for the post. Much to his surprise, but not to those who knew his work, he was appointed.

Epsom, unlike Brecon, was a much larger school and in a flourishing condition and Duncan had to adapt to very different circumstances. He soon, however, proved the

diversity of his grasp of affairs by introducing many changes and improvements in his seven years there. When he died, as a token of the respect he was held in there, the school flag was lowered to half mast.

I was due to leave Strathallan in 1970 and, as continuity of purpose was important, with the unanimous approval of the School Governors I approached and persuaded Duncan to come back to be at the helm for the next five years - before it was his turn to retire.

There have been very few men who have been Headmaster of three schools and accomplished as much as Duncan, and he will always be held in great respect by those who were fortunate enough to be under his charge. He demanded much from others but he gave much more of himself. He was blessed in having a charming wife, Rosemary, who supported him nobly and graciously throughout his life with her.

Duncan had always been a very keen and competent golfer. It somehow seemed fitting that he died in the Brancaster Golf Clubhouse very shortly after he had completed his last round and, characteristically, had won his match. There was a packed congregation at Duncan's funeral service; among the four present Headmasters who attended were three from the schools in which he had served in that capacity.

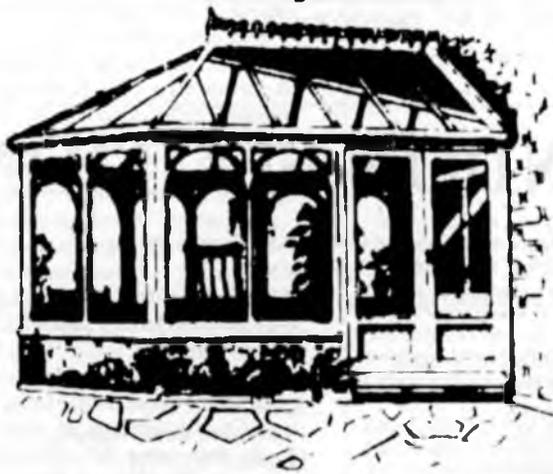
We extend our deep sympathy to Rosemary, and their family in their great loss.



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STRATHALLIAN CLUB

EUAN FRASER - PRESIDENT 1992/1993

Born in Kirkcaldy, Euan was at Strathallan from 1954 to 1961. While at School he enjoyed sailing and hockey and played rugby for the First XV.

On leaving School he went to Strathclyde University where he continued his sporting prowess and won a half blue in both rugby and hockey but, perhaps more importantly, achieved a BSc in Building Technology. This qualified him to join the family building company where he worked for 20 years, during which period he became President of Fife Building Employers' Association. He is presently Managing Director of Fraser Floors Limited, his own company, which operates as concrete flooring contractors.

Euan is married to Ruth, whom he met in his sojourn in the West of Scotland and who shares his interest in skiing. They have two children, Jennifer and Scott.

In addition to commitments to wife, family and business, though not always in that order, Euan continues to retain his interest in sport. He is a past Commodore of Largo Bay Sailing Club, a regular and keen curler and still skis. He confesses to a wish to windsurf but finds it frustratingly difficult.

His interest in choral singing takes him on tour and he has performed in Germany and France.

Euan's careful and quiet enthusiasm has stood him in good stead as the Club's President.

J.M.M.

The Editor has kindly allowed me space to say, albeit inadequately, how much I appreciated the generosity of so many Old Strathallians who contributed to the leaving presents which the Club President, Euan Fraser, handed to me on the Sunday set aside for the Old Boys' cricket match and the reunion of those Strathallians who Cosmo Fairbairn and I secretly call the "Golden Oldies".

As the day was meant for those still young enough to play cricket and for those Strathallians who theoretically, if not by appearance, were too old even to contemplate the thought, you will understand that I was completely taken by surprise when the President called the company to order during the tea interval and displayed gifts, wines, cheques and a most magnificent nineteenth century claret jug. I enjoy wine but to be able to pour it from such a jug, made of deep cut glass with beautiful silver trimmings and with an in-built cooler for white wines, will always give joy and recall memories of my happy days at Strathallan, and your generosity.

It was a thrilling moment to receive such a sparkling gift. Thank you so much.

DAVID PIGHILLS.



The Club President

LONDON SECTION

Anyone wishing further information about the London Section of the Strathallian Club should contact one of the following:

D. M. Anderson
Clees Hall, Bures, Suffolk, CO8 5DZ
Tel:(Work) 071 739 0336.
Fax:(Work) 071 739 0796.
Tel:(Home) 0787 227271.
Fax:(Home) 0787 227014.
M. Bucher
193 Goldhurst Terrace, London NW6 3ER
Tel:(Home) 071 624 0856
Tel:(Work) 081 805 4848.
Fax:(Work) 081 804 2426.

Sarah Beaton-Brown
At work:
AMA Underwriting Agencies Ltd,
36-38 Botolph Lane, London EC3R 8DE
Tel: 071 283 2526.
Fax: 071 283 2527.
At home:
13 Chaldon Road, Fulham,
London SW6 7NH
Tel: 071 385 8377.

1994 Dinner

The London Dinner will be held in The Caledonian Club on Friday 18th March 1994.

LUNCH FOR STRATHALLIANS

LEAVING SCHOOL IN 1945 AND BEFORE –

ON SUNDAY, 20th JUNE 1993

A lunch for Strathallians who left before 1945 and their wives was held at School on 20th June 1993, the day of the 1st XI match v. the Strathallian Club, and also David Pighills' last Sunday as Headmaster. 104 guests were present, which was such a good response that numbers were too many for lunch in the Music Room but it gave Strathallians the opportunity to see the new Theatre, which was still not quite finished.

John Blanche (1947) deputised for the Chairman of Governors, who was on the seas somewhere off the West of Scotland, and he welcomed the Guests and said Grace. He particularly welcomed the Senior member of the Strathallian Club, Mr A.S. Thomson (1918) and his family, Mr and Mrs G.A. Dickinson (1930) and their son who had come from the Argentine, and Mr and Mrs I.A. McBride (1934) from Trinidad.

Thereafter everyone had a very happy lunch, with reminiscences, faded photographs and hearing-aids well in evidence.

After coffee, Euan Fraser (1961), President of the Strathallian Club, presented two teak benches to the School from the Club, to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the death of the Founder, Harry Riley.

The strong Club XI had a convincing win over the 1st XI, but before the conclusion of the Match, during the tea interval, Euan Fraser appeared as Father Christmas again, this time to present David Pighills with an inscribed antique Claret Jug together with two cases of wine - not forgetting a Strathallian Club tie - on behalf of all the Members and Hon. Members of the Strathallian Club, and he thanked him for all his support and success during his time as Headmaster, wishing him every happiness in the future.

A list of the Strathallians who were able to attend is attached, but there were several who, unfortunately, had to call off at the last minute and many who were unable to come because of distance, other engagements or doctor's orders, and who sent their warm good wishes. The School is most appreciative of the tremendous support given to it by the Senior Strathallians.

Our special thanks go to all at School who did the administration: to Mr and Mrs Craig Young and their staff, who gave us such an excellent lunch, to the Second Master, Robert Proctor, who did many chores and timed the tea-interval so perfectly, to the Head Groundsman for looking after the benches, to the Master in Charge of Examinations for the metamorphosis of the Theatre and to Mrs Wylie, the Housekeeper, to the School Captain and his colleagues who looked after us so well and to the boys and girls who acted as Ushers, who gave us such a kindly welcome, and to everyone else who worked so hard to make it such a happy and memorable occasion.

1918
Mr A. S. Thomson

1926
Mr G. F. Ritchie

1927
Dr A. C. MacEwan
Mr J. P. Tindal

1928
Mr E. C. Gillanders
Mr D. A. S. Martin

1930
Mr G. A. Dickinson
Mr R. B. Reid

1931
Mr R. D. Linton

1932
Mr W. H. Jack
Mr J. A. McGill
Mr W. G. Rowan
Mr D. Vost

1933
Mr J. H. Allen

1934
Mr R. A. Kirkland
Mr I. A. McBride

1935
Mr R. G. Clow
Mr A. Dow

1936
Mr J. H. Frost
Mr W. Anderson
Lord Kincaid
Dr W. R. Steven
Mr R. A. Wilson

1937
Dr R. A. Houston
Dr D. McColl
Mr A. J. McGregor
Mr I. P. Murray
Mr D. M. Paul

1938
Mr E. C. Davison
Mr W. A. McAlister

1939
Mr D. C. Fulton
Mr N. MacLeod

1940
Mr A. G. Frame
Mr V. S. Lowden
Dr W. M. Sandeman
Mr J. H. Smith

1941
Mr D. G. Patterson

1942
Mr J. H. H. Fraser
Mr E. W. Linton
Mr A. N. Low
Mr J. S. Lowden
Mr T. M. Nicol

1943
Mr A. S. Headrick
Mr R. H. Young

1944
Mr A. J. S. Anderson
Mr J. D. S. Gardner
Mr G. S. Lowden
Mr H. W. Mann

1945
Mr A. M. Nicol

1946
Mr J. D. Barr
Mr T. A. Baxter

1947
Mr J. Blanche

1961
Mr E. A. Fraser
Mr J. M. McGill

1962
Sheriff A. G. Johnston

FOR SALE

Old Strathallian Ties (multiple badge)	£ 7.00
Old Strathallian Scarves	£15.50
Old Strathallian Cufflinks (double ovals with enamelled stripes)	£ 9.00
School Sweatshirts with embroidered badge M L XL sizes	£13.00
Box of 6 melamine Placemats (black on white - six different views of the School)	£18.00
Melamine Cheese/Breadboard 14" x 10" approx (black on white: School from Lawn)	£ 7.00
Coasters (black on white melamine with School Crest)	£ 1.50 each
or six for	£ 8.00
Blue leather Keyring with crest in gold	£ 1.00
Black leather Keyring with enamelled crest	£ 2.00
Tiny Crest on Pin Badge	£ 2.00
Print of School (view from Lawn) by T. J. MacLeod	£ 2.00
All including postage. Apply to Matron at School.	
Blue Mugs with School Crest in gold	£ 2.50 each
or six for	£ 9.00
For personal collection only from Matron.	

STRATHALLIAN CLUB NEWS

- BALL J.L. (1987) has reached the MB ChB phase III successfully at Edinburgh University.
- BELCH K.F. (1985) Kirsten was married to Alistair Lyons in September. She has been working with the Scottish Centre for children with motor impairments in Cumbernauld, but a six-month honeymoon in Australia/New Zealand was planned.
- BIGGART C.B. (1977) He is a Corporate Planning Executive with Ladbroke Group plc, and was in good form at the London Dinner.
- BINNIE S.A. (1985) Sally was married to Tom Manners of Gloucestershire in August. They will be living in Florida.
- BLACK I.G. (1987) He has graduated MA in Geography at Aberdeen University.
- BOYD K.A. (1991) Kerry is studying at West Surrey College of Art and Design for a degree in Media Studies.
- BOYD K.J. (1990) Kirsty is reading Graphic Design at Bath University. She spent two weeks in Egypt taking photographs for her project.
- BULLARD A.G.A. (1987) He is living in Australia and is working with Hambros.
- BULLARD M.J.A. (1984) He was married by the School Chaplain to Fiona Houston in Glasgow University Chapel on 12th June.
- BULLARD P.W. (1983) He is living in Hong Kong and works with a Leisure Management company.
- BURNET M. (1973) She comes under her maiden name because we forget her married name - sorry! Margaret is the original Strathallian Girl and she and her husband, Philip, have just moved to Worthing from Edinburgh with Adam and Alex.
- CAMPBELL A.D.K. (1959) He is with the British Embassy in Ankara.
- CRANSTON D.A. (1964) With the temporary rank of Major-General, he was the Deputy Head of Mission for the European Community Monitoring Mission in Zagreb from August 1992 to January 1993. The mission covered the eight Balkan countries and he found it a rewarding though sad and difficult task working in that embittered and embattled region with intransigent leaders. He describes it as "a fascinating, frustrating and at times a frightening tour". Happily he returned safely and attended the London Dinner! Our warmest congratulations to him on the award of the CBE in the Queen's Birthday Honours for Services to the former Republic of Yugoslavia.
- CREE I.S. (1961) He is an orchardist in Warkworth, New Zealand, about 45 miles north of Auckland. Last year he visited Scotland for the first time in 26 years and found few changes.
- CUNNINGHAM R.A. (1977) He is based at Portland, flying Lynx Helicopters, and is attached to *HMS York*.
- D'ATH J.F. (1990) He has returned from Canada and is reading Philosophy at Edinburgh University.
- DAWES B.M. (1989) He is at the University of Southern Queensland, officially studying business, but in reality basking in the sun, diving, fishing and partying. He can be found at 8/136 Miskin Street, Toowong 4066, Brisbane - tel: 07 371 2883. All Strathallians welcome.
- DAWES D. (1990) By comparison with his brother he is having a quiet time in Edinburgh.
- DE LA HAYE B.G. (1973) He has spent two years in Canada and is now Second in Command of the Royal Scots at Fort George.
- DEVLIN C. (1986) She married David Gillespie in the School Chapel on 19th December 1992.
- DIAMOND P.D. (1987) He was a guest of Jeremy Paxman on News Night on 17th June, supporting the case for Video Games.
- DICK K.L. (1990) Kareen is at Robert Gordons and has joined the OTC!
- DICK M.J. (1992) He is at Newcastle University.
- DINNEN G.S. (1969) He has returned to Hong Kong from Jakarta with his wife and four children and he is the Regional Manager Settlements with S.G. Warburg Securities.
- DOBBIE M.J. (1983) He is working with Armada Vehicle Rental Inc in Norcross, Georgia, USA.
- DONNELLY A.W. (1988) He has graduated from the University of Strathclyde BA in Politics and Modern History. He says: "Please put me down as Noddy, because no-one will know me otherwise."
- DUNLOP T.J. (1992) Tessa has been working in a hospital for orphans in Romania.
- FAIRBAIRN A.C. (1980) He has taken his MSc at Glasgow Caledonian University in Energy Systems and Environmental Surveying. His thesis was presented at the first International Conference on Environmental Engineering at De Montfort University, Leicester, in September 1993. He has been rowing for Glasgow University.
- FAIRBAIRN J.N. (1983) He has taken his PhD at Reading University. His thesis was published in February 1993. He is also a co-author of *An Atlas of Cassava in Africa*. He is now working for CABI in Oxfordshire.
- FERGUSON A.W. (1978) He is working for ADT Group plc in Slough. He and his wife had a second daughter, Kirsty Megan, last December.
- FLEMING A.J. (1964) He is a director of Imperial Chemicals Insurance Limited in London.
- FLEMING T. (1970) He lives in Duns and they have three girls aged nine, seven and two-and-a-half. He is Managing Director of Fleming Homes Limited, which supplies timber-framed houses throughout the UK, as well as being in a family partnership which provides Agri-business Consultancy worldwide.
- GEDDES S.W. (1987) He has graduated BA in History and Political Science from the University of Manitoba.
- GIBB S.R. (1990) He has graduated BSc in Mechanical Engineering at Robert Gordon University.
- GILCHRIST G.A.J. (1983) He is to be found in Katy, Texas. If you want "all the sun and fun in the charisma of the Caribbean" he can rent you a luxury villa on the Island of Cozumal, Q. Roo, Mexico.
- GILCHRIST J.A. (1987) Judith has graduated BA in Nursing.
- GILCHRIST Y.E. (1990) Yvonne has graduated BA in Hospital Management.
- GILLANDERS F.G.R. (1974) He has joined HMS York as First Lieutenant.
- GILLESPIE W.P. (1925) He is living in San Francisco. His brother called in at Strathallan in May.
- GILYEADE J.R. (1987) He has graduated MA, with a 2i in History, from St Andrew's University.
- GRANT I. (1960) As Chairman of The Scottish Tourist Board, he was Guest Speaker at the St Andrew's Society in Singapore where Patrick Russell was M.C. for the St Andrew's Night Ball.
- GREEN A.J. (1987) He is working with British Nuclear Fuels in Preston. He got married to Dr Fenella Cottier on 29th July 1993 on the Isle of Man.
- GREEN E.J. (1991) In the magazine *School Leaver* we noted an article on Women in Engineering with a very nice photograph of Elspeth. The picture was supplied by UMIST where she is studying Mechanical Engineering: Manufacturing and Management.
- GREEN J.P. (1989) He was also at UMIST and has just finished reading Chemical Engineering and Environmental Technology.
- GRIEVE J.M. (1991) Jill took her A levels in Summer and hopes to be returning to Scotland for University.
- GRIEVE R.J. (1990) He is studying Environmental Sciences at Twickenham College and playing for the London Scottish under 21s and his College XV.
- HAMILTON E.W. (1979) His son, Ross James, was born on 10th November 1992. He and his wife, June, will give a warm welcome to visitors to Perth, Australia, at 1 Airdrie Corner, Kinross 6028.
- HAMILTON G. (1985) He went to Australia for two months with his brother W.R. (1982).
- HAMILTON M.G. (1984) Margaret is working in Aberdeen.
- HARGROVE I. (1935) He lives in Bulawayo, Zimbabwe, and visited Britain this summer - sadly not in time for the lunch on 20th June.
- HATRICK K. (1984) He gained his BSc, with a 2i in Molecular Biology, at Edinburgh University.
- HEGNEY T.A.M. (1988) Tara has graduated BSc in Nutrition and Dietetics at

- Robert Gordon University.
- HELY P.W. (1988) He has taken his MA in Geography at Aberdeen University.
- HOLST M.J. (1985) He is married and is living in Cambridge, where he is completing his PhD and doing some lecturing in the Faculty of Engineering.
- HOLST P.J. (1987) He is President of the Edinburgh University Parachuting Club and he jumps most weekends in Newcastle. For those in the know he has graduated to a square parachute.
- HOUSTON C.J.E. (1980) He announced his engagement to Sarah Louise Lambert of Geneva on 21st January 1993. We have no note of his address (which was not in *The Times* notice!), so if anyone knows it, please send it to the Headmaster's Secretary at School.
- HOUSTON I.A. (1967) He is a Director of Charterhouse Bank Limited. It was very nice to see him at the London Dinner.
- JONES I.O. (1959) Congratulations on Quayle Munro's going public on the Stock Exchange.
- KEAN J. (1987) He has graduated MA in Geography and International Relations at St Andrew's University.
- KEIGHLEY J.T. (1940) He was crewing on the 145ft Brigantine *Soren Larsen* on a pre-tall ships race in June, so was very sad to miss the pre-1945 Lunch. (Anyone needing a 70-year old crewman, please get in touch.)
- KERR T.A. (1952) He is working in Singapore with AGF, a large French Insurer, after sixteen years in Hong Kong and seventeen in Africa.
- KHAZAKA L. (1990) A very pretty picture of Liza was published in *The Times* on 28th September 1992, as the youngest student at the Prince of Wales' new Institute of Architecture in Regent's Park.
- KINDER G.L.H. (1978) His gallery and framing business in New Lanark continues to prosper.
- KIRKLAND R.L. He has returned from Kenya and at present is serving at Catterick. He has been transferred from the Royal Engineers to the Green Howards. Congratulations first on his selection for promotion to Lieutenant-Colonel, and secondly on the birth of a daughter in 1991.
- KITE R. (1981) Rhona graduated B.Sc. in Psychology at Aberdeen University and then went on a graduate Enterprise Course at Stirling University; she set up her own business in Aberdeen before transferring to London. In 1987 she returned to Scotland as Assistant Governor of Perth Prison and was then posted to Shotts Prison and had a year's secondment in the Northern Ireland Prison Service. Now she is on the staff of the Prison Service College, Falkirk. She says she has sadly lost touch with most of her Strathallan colleagues - quite a relief to hear, considering her chosen profession!
- KNOX K.W. (1978) He is married and farms at Newtonmore.
- KNOX R.K. (1984) He is also married and is in Nigeria.
- KNOX S.B. (1976) He also is married and farms at Alyth. He thoroughly enjoyed Brian Raine's Farewell Rugby Dinner.
- LEE C.L.H. (1981) Christine has completed her DPhil and is living in New Zealand.
- LEE P.S.H. (1980) He is still living in Paisley enjoying the joys of parenthood!
- LEWIS R.T. (1974) He was married recently.
- LIGHTBODY M.W. (1982) Congratulations to Martin and his father that the family firm Lightbody of Hamilton was the Scottish winner of the *Daily Express/William Grant & Sons Family Business of the Year Awards*. They are still specialising in Celebration Cakes.
- LIM H-P. (1991) He is reading Chemical Engineering at Washington University in St Louis, Missouri.
- LOGAN J.W.J. (1982) He works for Rolls Royce and at present is in Moscow as the project leader for the aero-engine link-up with Tupolev.
- LOGAN R.M.R. (1984) He is married and living in Glasgow.
- LOW F.G.L. (1992) Frances is studying Product Design at Strathclyde University.
- MACKIE J.G. (1937) He thought the School might like to know that his essay "The Social Effects of the Four Day Work Week" is recommended reading, as a work of reference, in several institutions in Canada. He is now living in the Bahamas.
- MACKINLAY M.H. (1990) Mary is taking a HND in Business and Finance, specialising in Travel and Tourism, at High Wycombe.
- MACLEOD D. (1967) He is Education correspondent for *The Guardian*.
- MACLEOD R.N. (1975) He is an Army Chaplain at present serving with the Royal Highland Fusiliers in Germany.
- MACMILLAN A.G. (1966) May we add our congratulations to him on his excellent direction of Taggart and other programmes on BBC Television.
- MAIN C.M. (1988) He has graduated BEng with a 2i in Production Design and Manufacture at Loughborough University.
- MARSHALL A.G. (1973) A daughter, Katy, was born on 12th September 1992.
- MARSHALL A.J.K. (1990) He played the pipes in Edinburgh Military Tattoo as a member of the Aberdeen University O.T.C.
- McCRACKEN E.C. (1943) He is Vice-President, Medical Services at Parkwood Hospital, London, Ontario, Canada.
- McINTYRE J.O. (1969) He is Research Associate Professor at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, USA, in the Department of Molecular Biology. He is married with four children.
- McLEAN L. (1982) Lyn (Belch) is still living in Madrid. By now there should be two wee McLeans.
- MEARNS E.S. (1984) Elspeth has gained her MA in Human Geography at Aberdeen University.
- MELVILLE W.B. (1966) He is still living in Randburg, South Africa, and is a Divisional Printing Services Manager. He is also busy with Scouting, being the local group Scouter. He has a son of seventeen and a daughter of fifteen.
- MITCHELL J.F. (1990) He has been teaching English in Germany.
- MITCHELL J.S. (1943) He took part in the celebrations for the 350th Anniversary of Fenwick Parish Church, the graveyard of which is famous for the graves of four 'Fenwick Covenanters'. As a result of the National Covenants of 1638 and 1641 the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) was formed to guard the Covenanters' illegal outside worship. On this occasion, as through history, a Cameronian Officer and six men, uniformed and armed, carried out their duties and reported to the Minister: "Sir, there are no enemy in sight. The service may proceed."
- MURRAY G.S. (1943) He and his family farm 6,000 acres in Albany, Western Australia, with 8,000 sheep and 1,200 cattle. Anyone going out from Strathallan would be most welcome to visit them.
- NICOLSON K.L. (1992) Katie is studying Medicine at St Andrew's University.
- ORR D.E. (1985) He is living in Clayton, Victoria. After leaving School he studied voice and singing in the Hong Kong Academy for Performing Arts, then he went to Australia where he took his BA at Moriash University, Melbourne, in Politics and History. He then graduated in Law and is commencing his articles with Moores, Barristers and Solicitors, Melbourne. He keeps up his singing as a backing vocalist and has made several recordings. There is a warm welcome awaiting Strathallians, especially Nicolites!
- PETERS S.R.S. (1989) He has graduated BEng in Electrical and Mechanical Engineering at Edinburgh University with an upper second.
- PETERSON D.P. (1989) He is continuing his singing training and it will surprise those who were in his French set with him that he is learning French, German and Italian!
- PATERSON M.D.L. (1988) He has graduated BLE in Land Economy at Aberdeen University and is now working with Standard Life in Edinburgh.
- PATERSON R.W. (1986) He has been administering a Christian Outreach Medical Project deep in the Sudanese desert.
- PAWSON T.J. (1986) He has been teaching P.E. at Glasgow Academy, but has just moved to Albi, France, where he will be taking Rugby and P.E.
- POWRIE R.A.D. (1974) He is working for Merrill Lynch in Hong Kong.
- PRATT A.J.H. (1983) He has been appointed as Managing Editor for the newspaper *The Record* in St Augustine, U.S.A. After St Andrews he went to America where he studied Journalism at the University of Georgia. He has been a reporter with *The Record* up to the time of his promotion. He recently took part in a six-week programme in a Rotary International foreign exchange to Argentina and Uruguay.
- RANDALL A.M. (1983) Il habite Bruxelles depuis deux ans et demie et il travaille chez Philip Morris Corporation Services Inc. (il nous a écrit en français.)

ROBERTSON A.M. (1987) He has graduated LLB, with a 2i, at Edinburgh University.

ROBERTSON I. R. (1978) He is at present in Indonesia.

ROBERTSON T.A.G. (1923) He has moved a lot over the last 60 years but is now living in Broomhill Gardens, Newton Mearns.

ROSS M. (1979) He is living and painting in Southern Spain.

RUSSELL P.D. (1981) He is now Research Director and No. 2 for S.G. Warburg in Singapore.

SHANNON D. (1946) He has taken a teaching post in the Veterinary Faculty, Makerere University, Kampala, Uganda. Before that he was Veterinary Consultant to the Edinburgh Zoo and Chairman of the Christian Fellowship of Healing (Scotland).

SHARPE A.R. (1966) We would specially like to congratulate him on his performance in *The Britoil Affair*, shown on STV on 6th November 1992 when it was one of *The Times'* CHOICE programmes.

SINCLAIR R.M. (1984) He graduated a long time ago in Engineering at Cambridge, and then took his Master's in Industrial Design at Cranfield Institute. He worked for Texas Instruments for two years in the South of France, travelled in East and Central Africa and then joined an American software company just outside Watford. But now it is back to the sun, as he is setting up a computer centre for the Western European Union who have a satellite imaging centre in Madrid.

STEELE T.A. (1991) He has announced his engagement to Pauline Scott.

STRINGER M. (1988) He has graduated BSc in Astrophysics at Edinburgh

University.

SURI R. (1983) He works for Davies, Ward and Beck, Barristers and Solicitors, in Toronto.

TETHER R.M. (1989) He has graduated BSc, with a 2i in Politics and International Relations, at the University of Southampton.

THAW N.E.H. (1986) Nicola was married to Neil Porter in Glenalmond Chapel on 31st July 1993.

THOM W.M. (1954) He is working for Caledonian Developments Inc. in Houston, Texas.

TSENG L.S. (1966) He lives in Durham, U.S.A. and is now a U.S. citizen. He gained a BSEE from Duke University in 1970. Ten years ago he started his own company, Tseng Information Systems Inc., which specialises in the production of books and journals for American University presses.

WATSON D.J. (1980) He is working for Knight, Frank and Rutley in Gaborone, Botswana.

WATSON L.W. (1985) He is still working for Moray Firth Maltings.

WATSON P.C.G. (1982) He is still in the Navy and they now have a little daughter, Emma.

WESTON L.M. (1992) Louise has been in Romania helping at a hospital for orphans.

WHEATLEY J.R.W. (1926) He is now living at 83 West End Lane, Pinner, Middlesex. If anyone could give him any information about his school contemporary Brydon Scott he would be most grateful to receive it.

WHITTON D.J. (1941) He is a fully qualified Radio Amateur Operator, with a Communications Radio Station licence

with the Durban Radio Club, South Africa. He is establishing a radio link with Strathallan. Anyone interested in joining a worldwide Strathallian network please contact him or Trevor Goody at Strathallan. Full details are elsewhere in the magazine.

WILLIAMS R.H. (1986) After six years in Jersey he has moved to Dubai, where he is a Financial Services Advisor at the Lloyds Bank Middle East Sales Centre. He has recently announced his engagement to Anita Flynn of Aintree, Liverpool.

WILLIAMSON R.G. (1988) He has graduated BSc in Building Surveying at Robert Gordon University.

WILSON I.J. (1990) He has graduated BA in Archaeology from the University of York.

WOOD J.W. (1987) He is currently at Boston University, U.S.A.

YELLOWLEES M.J. (1978) Congratulations Mike! He has graduated LLB at Edinburgh University.

YOUNG G.D. (1989) He has been getting farming experience in Australia.

YOUNGER I.J. (1986) He has graduated at Edinburgh University with a MA in Philosophy and Politics.

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 change of address to The Headmaster's Secretary at Strathallan.

CALLING ALL STRATHALLIANS, EVERYWHERE

Radio Communications Link Strathallan (Scotland)/Durban (South Africa) - or WORLDWIDE.
Anyone interested in joining a worldwide Strathallian network should contact either Trevor Goody at Strathallan or David Whitton in Durban.

RADIO

If you are interested, willing and able to be a part of a Strathallian amateur communications radio worldwide network, please drop a line to David Whitton, 66 Elgro, Worlds View Road, Doonside, Natal 4126, South Africa, or For the Attention of The Chairman, Amateur Radio Club, Strathallan School.

The rules will be those of the International Amateur Radio Union and a proficiency with the Morse code at 15 words per minute is essential.

Contact with pupils at the School using GS0PSS can be arranged with GM0MXZ supervising, but these contacts - at the moment - can only be on 'phone.

Relative Information:
David Whitton ZS5DJW
Target Club in S.A. Durban Radio Club ZS5D
Parent National Body
Frequencies
Mode
Power Output
Skeds
QSL
Strathallan Radio Amateur Club
Trevor Goody
Addresses:
David J Whitton
60 Elgro, Worlds View Road
Doonside
Natal 4126
South Africa
Tel: (031) 903 7482

QTH On the coast 30 kms south of Durban.
QTH On the N3 freeway 6 kms south of Durban.
South African Radio League. QTH Pretoria.
HF
AIA (CW) or J3E (SSB)
100 watts
To be established
Available
GS0PSS
GM0MXZ
Trevor Goody
Strathallan School
Forgandenny
Perth
PH2 9EG Scotland
Tel: (Home) (0738) 812479
(School) (0748) 812546

STRATHALLIAN ACTIVITIES

SEVENS

On 2nd May 1993 twelve playing members, and numerous supporters from the classes of '89, '90 and '91, assembled in St Andrew's to form the first ever (officially acknowledged) Strathallian Club Sevens Squad. The players were Messrs H. Blanche, C. Clark, J. d'Ath, S. Gibb, D. Logan, D. Mackay, E. Parker, F. Rea, A. Sinclair, D. Smart, S. Walker and C. Cook, and the squad participated in the annual St Andrew's University 7-a-side Tournament. Toby Christie, also from the class of '89, was the University's Tournament Chairman, so there was a fair presence from the Club in the Royal Burgh on the day.

Some of the team had made a weekend of the event by successfully representing the Club at the University's Kate Kennedy Club Ball on the night preceding the Tournament, and on the day the Club's sevens, though played with passion and distinguished in its own right, was not of quite a high enough standard to bring home any silverware.

Unfortunately, Hamish Blanche ended up in Dundee Royal Infirmary overnight with a badly dislocated shoulder, and Dave Smart had to follow him there for treatment to a chest injury! Team spirit, however, was not dampened and the evening's celebrations were enjoyed by all.

The Tournament champions, in the event, were the Old Lorettonians, and it was sportingly agreed that they were wor-

thy winners as they played some fine sevens throughout the day.

Thanks are due to the University for their hospitality over the weekend, and to the Club and Club President for their help in assembling the squad.

A.C.Cook

GOLF

The match v the Old Boys is scheduled to be played on September 19th at Panmure. The secretary of the O.S. Golfing Society is Hamish Macfarlane of 9, Craigelvan Grove, Condorrat, Cumbernauld, Glasgow, G76 4KU (0236 738 281) and he would be very pleased to hear from any recent leavers interested in playing for the Strathallian Golf Club. Fixtures have been arranged for matches at Elie, Bruntisfield, Prestwick, Royal Burgess, in addition to the match at Panmure against the school!

ANGLING

The Angling Section is looking for new recruits. All those interested should contact the Secretary: Alistair Biggart, c/o Erdman Lewis, 19 Blythswood Square, Glasgow G2 (Tel: 041 307 6666)

CURLING

The Curling Section is also looking for new members. They had a full programme of fixtures. All those interested should contact the Secretary: Robin Turner, Roseland,

44 Irvine Road, Kilmaurs, Ayrshire, KA3 2RL (Tel: Home 0592 266451)

SKI-ING

So far outings number one and two have been no show, no snow! However, third time lucky ... Anyone interested in getting a ski section off the ground should contact Hamish Steedman, Woodlands, 6 High Buckstone, Fairmilehead, Edinburgh, EH10 6XS (Tel: 031 445 5536)

GIFTS

The following generous gifts have been received by the school:

— a handsome external clock-face bearing Roman numerals now graces the front courtyard. It was presented by Mrs Gillanders in memory of her husband Neil, Old Strathallian and former Chairman of Governors.

— a new aerial photograph of the school, now displayed and lit in the front hall, (see copy on page 7) was presented by Alastair M. Nicol, Old Strathallian and former Chairman of Governors.

— £500 to fund a prize for mathematics, presented by Robert Rankin.

— £500 to form a travel fund, presented by N. Guthrie Reid, Old Strathallian and former Governor.

GUTHRIE REID TRAVELLING SCHOLARSHIP

The first award of the Guthrie Reid Travelling Scholarship was made to Rosamund Peters who left School in 1992. As part of her 'year out' she was selected to join an expedition to Vietnam as a research assistant with Frontier, which is a charitable society, established to implement research and conservation projects that are developed in collaboration with national research. In this case the aim of the expedition was to produce a scientific report to turn Tam Dao Nature Reserve in North Vietnam into a National Park and also to produce a forest management plan.

There were fifteen members of the expedition who camped in derelict buildings in the Tam Dao forest, cooking on an open fire. Rosamund is now very creative with rice, rice and rice flavoured sometimes, so she tells us, with chicken, pork or dog.

(Labrador owners at Brae of Auchendrane should take note!)

She had the chance too to visit the beautiful city of Hanoi. She found no enmity or resentment towards people from Western countries, for especially in the north of the country the Vietnamese have a tradition of hospitality and friendliness, and also a very strong scientific tradition, developed over many centuries of cultural exchange with China, absorbing the Confucian respect for scholarship and wisdom.

The expedition carried out three main surveys:

Vegetation - including measuring every tree over 10cm in diameter in a particular plot - quite a task in a tropical forest!

Diptera, Cleoptera, Dichtyoptera, Hemiptera et al: i.e. finding all the really nasty insects and creepy-crawlies!

Vertebrates, including bat-netting and reptile-capturing!

Rosamund thoroughly enjoyed the experience and the expedition produced a most worthwhile report. Frontier is continuing its work in other National Parks in Vietnam, which desperately need international funding.

Each member of the expedition had to fund themselves and Rosamund was most grateful for help from the Scholarship. She says: 'I would like to thank Strathallian very much again for the donation from the Guthrie Reid Scholarship Fund, which enabled me to take part in this unforgettable expedition.'

She has produced a more technical report than this summary, a copy of which is in the School Biology Department.

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, 30 Yarranabbe Road, Darling Point, NSW 2029
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, Gabarone.

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 Buildings, 2 Ice House Street, Hong Kong.

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)

29142 Dean Street, Laguna Niguel, CA 92677. Tel: 714 495 3376. Fax: 714 495 2004.
Work: 5493 Goshen Springs Road, Norcross, Georgia 30093. Tel: 404 717 8267. Fax: 404 717 3363.
5450 Sterling Way, Lake Oswego, Oregon 97035.
931 Shattuck Lane, Schaumburg, Illinois, 60194. Tel: 708 885 3367 Work: 708 428 7171.
30 Ivy Hill Road, Chappaqua, New York 10514. Tel: 914 241 1283.
3203 Blackhawk Meadow Drive, Danville, CA 94506.

OBITUARIES

BRYCE A. B. (1927): on 9th July 1992, aged 81. He lived in Burntisland.

DRUMMOND N. S. (1970): on Christmas Eve 1992. He lived in London. His funeral at All Saints', Fulham, was attended by over 250 mourners.

FLEMING J. L. (1931): in January 1993. He was a General Practitioner in Markinch.

LUSK J. (1921): he lived in Alloway, Ayr, and was the first of three generations of Strathallians. He was a tower of strength to Mr Riley in the early days of the School and the Club.

MARTIN S. H. (1926): on 27th June 1993. He read medicine at Edinburgh University and had a long and busy career as a General Practitioner in the Midlands.

McKENZIE N. D. (1969): after a long illness in July 1993. Like his father, Norman, he farmed in the Bridge of Earn area. He will be remembered at School as an outstanding cricketer though he was a keen and talented sportsman in many games. He played for the Strathallian XI and for the Occasionals many times. Our deepest sympathy goes to Joanna and their two young sons and to the rest of his family.

OGILVIE N. (1925): in May 1992. He lived in West Ferry, Dundee.

RAE W. W. (1928): in 1991. He was a retired Lieutenant-Colonel and lived in Meikle.

THOMSON D. K. (1927): on 27th December 1992. He was a well known Lord Provost and Freeman of Perth and Chairman of Peter Thomson

(Perth) Limited. He was captured at St Valery with the 51st Highland Division and spent five years as a prisoner of War. He was one of Perth's best known and most respected businessmen.

It was with great sadness that we heard of the sudden death of **DUNCAN McCALLUM**, Headmaster of Strathallan from 1970-1975, in Spring 1993. Our deepest sympathy goes to Rosemary and their sons. An appreciation will be found elsewhere in the magazine.

Those who were at School in the late 60's will be sorry to hear of the death of the **REVEREND IAN R. N. MILLER** who was School Chaplain until 1970. Our sympathy goes to his widow, Jessie, and their family.

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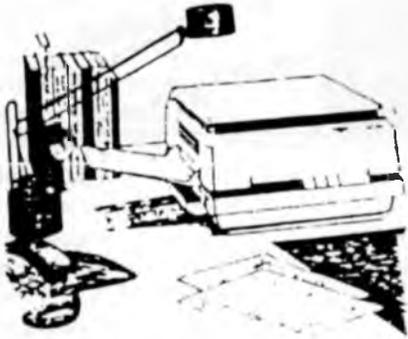
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Bowring Marsh & McLennan Ltd.



**INSURANCE BROKERS
To
STRATHALLAN SCHOOL**



THE BOWRING BUILDING
151 WEST GEORGE STREET
GLASGOW G2 2NZ

Telephone: 041-204 2600

Telex: 77100

Facsimile: 041-221-5409

Telegrams: MACALI GLASGOW

**A MEMBER OF THE BOWRING GROUP AND
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SPONSORSHIP FOR SIXTH FORMERS AND UNDERGRADUATES

ARMY OFFICER

FINANCIAL SUPPORT TO SUIT YOUR CIRCUMSTANCES WHILE YOU'RE STUDYING

As a student on a 6th form Army Scholarship or as an Army sponsored undergraduate, you will receive financial support to make your student life more enjoyable. You will also secure a firm place in your chosen career.

The Army offers 4 different kinds of support for students. In your last 2 years at school you could be awarded an **Army Scholarship**. Alternatively, you could attend **Welbeck**, the Army's own residential technical 6th form college. At university or polytechnic you could receive a **Cadetship** or a **Bursary**.



AND A FLYING START TO YOUR CAREER

Instead of having to worry about what you're going to do with your life, you will already have a flying start to your career lined up – so you can enjoy your time in the 6th form or at university and be able to concentrate on studying.



WELBECK – THE ARMY 6TH FORM COLLEGE

Welbeck College provides a science-based 'A' level syllabus for boys and girls. Interested in joining one of the Army's Engineering or Technical Corps. A place at Welbeck guarantees you entry to the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst and for many the chance to go on to read for a degree at the Royal Military College of Science, Shrivenham. Tuition is free and to qualify for entry you need to be between 15 years 9 months and 17 years 6 months on the date of entry to Welbeck. A minimum of 5 GCSEs (grade A-C) are required and must include English, maths and physics or combined science.



SCHOLARSHIPS

During your 6th form years you can obtain an *Army Scholarship* for 'A' level/Higher studies to prepare you for training as an Army Officer. A scholarship guarantees you a place at the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst and also the chance to go on to university and compete for an undergraduate award. To get one of these scholarships you need to be between 16 years and 16 years 6 months old. Since there are only about 90 of these scholarships available each year competition is stiff.



CADETSHIP

As a *cadetship* holder at University, Polytechnic or College of Higher Education, you will be commissioned as an Army Officer on probation and paid a salary. In return you will be committed to serve as a Regular Army Officer for 5 years after completing Sandhurst. To be eligible you must be reading of have a confirmed place to read for a recognised first honours degree in the UK. Competition for places is strong and the academic standards high.

BURSARIES

As a *Bursar* you are not commissioned while you are studying. Instead you promise to serve for 3 years once you have completed the course at Sandhurst. In return we will pay you a financial award to supplement your grant whilst you are studying.

A TWIN-TRACK OPPORTUNITY FOR YOU

Remember that the Army offers you a twin-track start to your career. If you find you like Army life and the career opportunities opening up for you, you can stay on after your three or five year commitment. Alternatively if you decide to return to civilian life you will be well placed to do so. The Army offers young men and women unrivalled training in leadership and man-management, plus much more responsibility than any civilian would get at the same age – so you get a head start on your civilian contemporaries as a trained and experienced leader and manager.



OPPORTUNITIES FOR WOMEN

Young women are eligible to qualify for any of the schemes described herein. Opportunities for women now exist throughout the Army with the exception of the Infantry and the Royal Armoured Corps. Women are expected to do virtually everything the men are required to do (with the exception of front line combat roles), and are paid the same salary.

ARE WE LOOKING FOR HIGH FLYERS?

We have to expect a lot from our Officers and we're looking for the best people we can get, so it isn't easy by any means to get a scholarship or sponsorship. But if you've got what it takes, both in academic ability and in extra-curricular interests, you could qualify.

TO: SLO ARMY HQ SCOTLAND
EDINBURGH EH1 2YX

PLEASE SEND ME MORE INFORMATION ABOUT
ARMY SPONSORSHIP

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

DOB _____



HER MAJESTY'S COMMISSION

