The Chronicles of the Caledonian Society of London

1938-1945

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Published at
THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY OF LONDON
Scots Corporation Hall
Fleur-de-lis Court, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4

Printed in Great Britain

Foreword

THE volume of the *Chronicles of the Caledonian Society of London* for 1931-38 closed on a cheerful note. Our Society had celebrated its centenary twelve months previously; the international political clouds had passed and few people could have believed that in twelve months we in this country would be fighting for our existence, and engaged in the most devilish war that ever disgraced civilisation.

The volume now presented covers the whole war period, and shows a society that refused to capitulate to the threats of invasion by the Huns, or to be intimidated by the bombs and fire that the enemy rained upon our capital.

On the contrary, as will be seen in these records, the world-shaking events of 1939 to 1945 stimulated the Society and its members to activities in keeping with the serious task to which the country had consecrated itself.

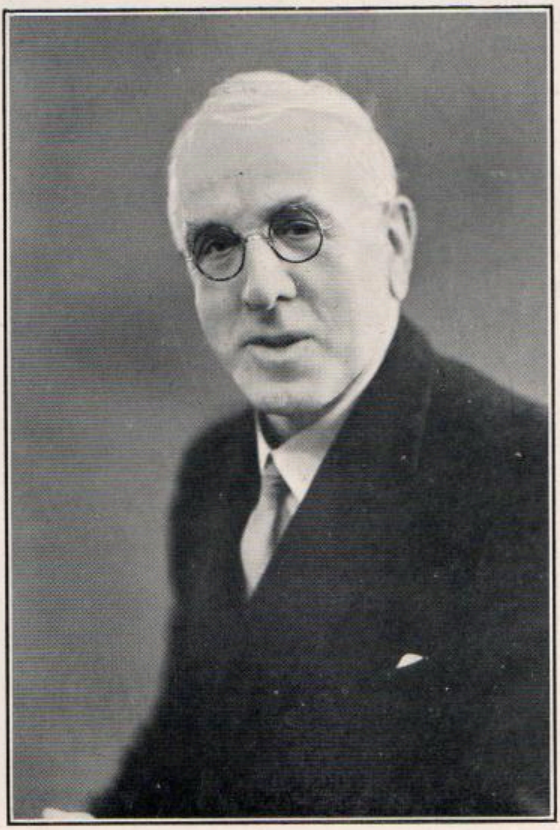
It was meet that the Caledonian Society of London should be the first London society to turn its thoughts to ministering to the needs of Scottish sailors, soldiers, and airmen, for it was members of our Society who, in the war of 1914-1918, formed the Council of Scottish Associations, which sent great supplies of comforts to our prisoners of war in German camps, and visited the wounded in hospitals in London and the neighbourhood.

In 1939, immediately the war came, the call for help was renewed, and later, with the assistance of large sums of money raised by the Rt. Hon. Sir Andrew Duncan, M.P., and his friends, came "Caledonia," a hostel for the use of Scottish service men passing through London, and for which His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, K.T., kindly granted the use of his town house. Our war President, the Rt. Hon. Lord

Alness, P.C., was president of "Caledonia" from its inception to its disbandment on St Andrew's Day, 1945; and its principal office-bearers were members of the Caledonian Society.

The direct war work of the Society and its members and their families is the subject of a section in the volume which should be of permanent value, for it gives an eloquent and enthusiastic answer to the question: What did the Caledonian Society of London do in the World War of 1939-1945?

W. W.



JOHN McLAREN, M.I.M.E.

President 1938-1939

The Chronicles of the Caledonian Society of London

CHAPTER I.

1938-1939: Mr John McLaren, M.I.M.E., M.I.Nav.A., *President.*

A Highland President: Sentiments—"Scotland on the March," by J. Henderson Stewart, M.P.; "Burns and Nationalism," by Rev. Dr R. S. Birch; "Scottish Territorials," by Colonel Henderson, C.B.E., M.C., T.D.; "Scotland Yet," by W. S. Douglas, C.B.; "A Fifeshire Fellowship," by Major W. E. Watson, T.D.; Melbourne Scots apply for Affiliation; a Legacy to the Society; Gift of a Snuff Mull; A Caledonian Society Pension; The Festival; Death of Mr John A. Brown.

THE Member of Parliament for Inverness-shire, Sir Murdoch MacDonald, a native of the county town, was succeeded by another Invernessian.

The new President, Mr John McLaren, M.I.Mech.E., F.M.C.S., M.I.Nav.A., is the son of a Highlander, and was educated in Glasgow. He served his apprenticeship in marine engineering and shipbuilding with the Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Company, and in those early years he continued his studies at Glasgow University and the Andersonian College. Later he joined Messrs F. Leyland & Co., Liverpool, and after serving this firm for a number of years, he came to London and started business on his own account as a consulting engineer and naval architect. He speedily

established himself in a large practice at home and overseas. His expert advice is often asked for by the legal profession. He is an assessor to the Home Office in wreck enquiries, and is a commissioner to the Board of Trade under the Boiler Explosion Act.

During the 1914-1918 war he assisted to organise and reconstruct the Merchant Navy. His many suggestions to frustrate submarine attacks created great interest in naval circles.

Mr McLaren is the author of several papers read before the technical societies of which he is a distinguished member, and some years ago he received the Denny gold medal for his paper on " Wireless Telegraphy for Vessels."

He was a pioneer and advocate of the use of electricity on vessels, and at the White City Exhibition he read a paper on the subject.

Among the many learned institutes and societies of which Mr McLaren is a member are the Institute of Naval Architects, the Institute of Marine Engineers, on the council of which he served for seven years, and was a vice-president ; the Institute of Technical Engineers ; the British Marine Engineering Design and Construction Committee ; and Fellow of the Society of Consulting Engineers and Ship Surveyors. He is a member of the Worshipful Company of Shipwrights, is a freeman of London, and is a past chief of the Clans Association.

Mr McLaren has had a strenuous life ; but in spite of all his activities and duties he found time to devote to the raising of a kilted company of the National Guard during the 1914-1918 war.

The President joined the Society in 1923, and having served as a Member of Council for several years, two of them as auditor, he was elected Vice-President for session 1937-1938, and succeeded to the chair in the following session.

The New Office-bearers.

With the new President, there were elected at the opening meeting of Session 1938-1939, held on 10th November, 1938, Mr James Thomson, Vice-President; Mr John M. Swan, Hon. Treasurer (re-elected); Mr P. N. McFarlane, Hon. Secretary (re-elected); Mr J. L. Stewart, Hon. Auditor (re-elected); and Mr William Will, Hon. Historian (re-elected). New members of the Council were: Messrs Foster Brown, W. S. Cobb, Thomas Hay, M.V.O., Ian C. M. Hill, and W. M. Miller.

One of the first matters to be considered at the Council meeting was an application by the Melbourne Scots Society for affiliation if possible with the Caledonian Society of London. It was decided that any member of the Melbourne Scots accredited by that society would be made an honorary member of our Society during that member's presence in London.

The annual votes of £25 each were passed to the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools.

Sympathetic references were made to the deaths of Mr G. C. Robertson and Mr Newlands.

The thanks of the members were conveyed to the Honorary Historian for his work in producing the Chronicles of the Society for 1931-1938.

At the Little Dinner which followed the Council and General meetings, a large company met under the chairmanship of Mr John McLaren, the new President, who after the loyal toasts, introduced Mr J. Henderson Stewart, M.P., who gave a Sentiment, "Scotland on the March," a study of contemporary Scotland.

Mr Henderson Stewart asked: "What is wrong with Scotland?" He spoke first of the terribly serious depopulation of the Highlands; how a considerable part of the country where crofters had cultivated their land and

reared their families had been evacuated for the towns. The distress in the coast towns and villages, due to the decay of the fishing industry, was very great; and the decline in agriculture was also causing much anxiety among those who took serious interest in the welfare of their native land.

Then let them take the Industrial Belt. They found acute depression in Dundee, which was mainly dependent upon the jute industry; in Lanarkshire the unused coalfields were a reflection upon us; and, apart from the recent spurt in shipbuilding and engineering on the Clyde, the workers there were in a parlous condition.

In Glasgow—in Lanarkshire generally—at the worst period of depression there were 250,000 people unemployed. Now there were half that number; 75,000 were subject to the means test; and 20,000 of those unemployed were under thirty years of age—and the half of these married—a truly deplorable state of matters.

The trouble arose largely from the fact that there was a lack of balance in our industries, which was not apparent until after the war (1914–1918). It had not been realised that whole populations were dependent on single groups of industries—that Dundee relied almost completely on Calcutta; and that the West of Scotland relied (1) upon the state of our internal trade, and (2) upon the expansion of naval rearmament.

We had heard a great deal about the drift south, and this was an important factor in the situation. Men saw the decay of our native industries, and the collecting of new industries round London; but there was a lethargy, a complacency, that got a shock when the crisis of 1931 burst upon us. That crisis very nearly became a catastrophe; shipyards were deserted and foundries were silent.

Only the level-headedness of the people prevented something worse from happening; but one thing it did provoke: that was thought. Men started questioning: Why was Scotland brought to this pass? Opinion was stirred, a determined investigation was decided upon; criticisms were heard; complaints were uttered; and on all hands it was felt that the industrialists of our country had neglected opportunities.

The stirring of consciences resulted in the creation of various bodies who examined the situation, chief among them being the Scottish Development Council. The appointment of a commissioner to the special areas gave a further fillip to the discussions and investigations.

Out of all this welter of opinion certain conclusions were reached. The first was that nothing could save Scotland but a bold intensification of her industries. It would not be correct to say that there was no variety in the industrial enterprises of Scotland; but it was a most dangerous fact that the whole of urban Scotland was living on nineteenth-century trades.

Scotland had almost entirely failed to sense the rapidly expanding industries of the twentieth century. What we had missed was the fact that new industries eminently suited to our people had grown up, mostly south of the Tweed. There were, for example, the artificial silk industry, the manufacture of light electrical apparatus, wireless sets, motor cars, aeroplanes, and other goods; but, somehow, the development of these articles which had become almost household requirements had escaped the notice of our manufacturers.

The second thing that had emerged from a discovery of the plight of our country was the tremendous new enthusiasm and the new endeavours to catch up what we had lost. It was all to the credit of Scotland that, having

seen the light, we set about to reach it. There was an air of activity under new leadership that became infective. There emerged from the Scottish Development Council a trading estate, a credit company, a building centre, the whole effort culminating in the great display of Scottish grit and enterprise, the wonderful Empire Exhibition at Bellahouston Park, Glasgow, that had just closed its doors after its great success. (Applause.)

This was how Scotland had answered the charge of lethargy which had, not without some reason, been levelled against her. It was a stirring thought that out of her stagnation Scotland had raised her head triumphantly.

Mr Walter Elliot said " Scotland is on the march." This is true, but the army on the march is a somewhat ragged army. It is not yet in step, nor is it marching with any clear objective or under any preconceived plan. There is still a huge crowd of camp followers lounging in the rear. And what is worse, there are many divisions, neither marching nor lounging. They are still asleep.

Out of the disorderliness and lack of direction occasioned by the material and mental position of Scotland, there have arisen various demands, among them Home Rule for Scotland, the development of the Parliamentary Scottish Committee, the proposal that Scottish members of Parliament should meet in Edinburgh at regular intervals, and the formation of an industrial parliament.

Whether or no any one of these things be effected, Mr Henderson Stewart said he had no fear for the future of Scotland. Twice before she had been stricken. In the eighteenth century the decay of the tobacco trade, due to the cession of the American colonies, hit her hardly, but that blow gave birth to the great textile industry which saved Scotland. Then in the nineteenth century, when Scotland was in distress, there was the spectacular development of the shipbuilding industry and the attendant engineering works.

In conclusion, Mr Henderson Stewart said he had no doubt that the dour resilience of Scotsmen, their enterprise, combined with the hard work for which they were proverbial, would beat down all the handicaps which would be encountered. (Loud applause.)

Major Watson asked the company to give their thanks to Mr Henderson Stewart, who had painted a picture not over rosy-hued about Scotland, but which would do, what he had no doubt the author desired, make them think seriously of the problems which faced those whom we had left behind to keep the Scottish flag flying.

Mr Foster Brown proposed " The Guests," and the Rt. Hon. Sir George Rankin, in replying, said this was his second visit to the Caledonian Society's gatherings, and he found what Sir Henry Irving found over forty years ago when, after a performance of *Waterloo*, he was cheered again and again. Sir Henry, taking the curtain, said the return to the stage was always the most

difficult part of all. That was how he (the speaker) felt at that moment. When Lord Jeffrey came back from Oxford to Edinburgh he had " a tremendous ovation " before the Court of Session. When he sat down, one of the old judges said to the other : " Can ye tell me what the young laddie's wantin' ? " Sir George said he wanted nothing except, as representing guests of a hundred years of hospitality, to thank the Society for their hospitality.

In giving the toast " Past-Presidents," Mr James Thomson, Vice-President, said :

This toast is rightly honoured every session, for we should ever be prepared to spare a moment for a thought for those Caledonians of the past without whose patriotic enthusiasm there would have been no Society to-day.

While his main concern was naturally with those members who had been Presidents during the years when he (the proposer) had been a member, he was glad to think of those stalwarts like Sir George Paton, John Douglas, and T. R. Moncrieff, the type of men who by their example kindled devotion for the traditions of the Society in those who came after them.

My first President (continued the Vice-President) was Dr Cameron Stewart, who had the doubtful distinction of bidding me welcome to the Society. We all remember his handsome presence, his geniality, and the ardour with which he delved into anything Scottish. Like Dr Cameron Stewart, William Blane was a man of great charm—a poet among his other accomplishments—and poor Bain Irvine, who has passed over, was a man of great gifts, taken before his time.

Dr Fleming, whose advancing years have made him pause in his activities, has an enduring monument in what he has done for the Church of Scotland in London. He was a distinguished President, and we hope he will long be spared to attend our meetings. (Applause.)

There were also J. F. McLeod, now retired happily in Scotland ; R. S. Kennedy, who had the great distinction of being a son of a former President ; Alexander MacDonald, who carries on the Douglas tradition ; and John Macmillan, a great Highlander, a lover of Highland music, and a dominating personality in the shipping world of London, a man who stands four square to every wind that blows. (Hear, hear.)

Peter Neil McFarlane was a model President and guide, philosopher, and friend to all succeeding Presidents. He has a happy knack of telling you where you come on, and can tell you with disconcerting candour just where you get off ! He is one of those men—and we have many of them—steeped in the lore of Scotland. He belongs to the Caledonian Society, but sometimes the Society belongs to him ! (Laughter and applause.)

William Miln, to whom I shall be ever grateful for opening the door of the Society to me, is a great organiser, a staunch friend, a good sportsman, and a sound Scot if ever there was one. (Hear, hear.)

John Rintoul is my friend of forty years' standing, a polished and ready

speaker, and one whose waking hours are devoted to Scottish objects. A bond of affinity between him and me is that at the beginning of the century we were both secretaries of Scottish associations. (Hear, hear.)

The Society was fortunate in having T. M. Stephen as President during the centenary year, for he made it a great year; and last, but not least, Sir Murdoch MacDonald, M.P., our outgoing President, a great Highlander, an eminent engineer, whose year of office was a most happy one, due to his delightful courtesy, his great friendliness, which inspired, I am sure, the warm regard of every one who came in contact with him. (Hear, hear.)

I should not like, nor would it be right, to leave out of this toast one who was through the chair before my time, and who might be said belongs to what I call the old brigade of whom I have already spoken—William Will, a great Aberdonian, and a literary man. The Society owes him—and has done so for many years and will I hope do so in the future—a great debt of gratitude for his volumes of the Chronicles of the Caledonian Society where everything will be found to this day.

There is just one more thing I should like to say about our Past-Presidents. They are not known by their gold badges, but by their works for the two great London Scottish charities, the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools. A remarkable fact is that instead of their interest in the Society waning, as it does in many other societies, when a man goes through the chair, his interest waxes stronger and his loyalty seems to become greater. This goes to prove that there is a strong community of affection for the men we have known for years, even if sometimes one disagrees with them, that binds them body and soul to the Society. (Applause.)

Past-President P. N. McFarlane, in his usual breezy manner, replied. He thanked the Vice-President for his generous and somewhat caustic remarks. As they all knew, he was heart and soul with the Society, and as long as life lasted the Caledonian Society of London would be part of his being. In present-day parlance, he was a " fan " of the Society.

Pipe-Major Murdo Mackenzie's bagpipe selections and the vigorous bass songs of Mr Edward Dykes—" Border Ballad " and " Bonnie George Campbell "—made up an attractive musical programme.

The gathering closed with " Auld Lang Syne."

Mrs Thomson's Legacy.

A legacy of £200 was left to the Society by Mrs Eliza Thomson, and at the Council meeting on 8th December, 1938, the President, Mr John McLaren, in the chair, it was decided to pass the £200 to the Royal Scottish Corporation for investment, the interest to form part each year of the Society's contributions on St Andrew's Day.

At the Little Dinner on 8th December, Past-President J. B. Rintoul, said that he had been asked to pay " a tribute to the Hon. Historian." He said :

It is not my province to-night, Mr Will, to speak of your position as a Scot in London, or of your work and interests in so many directions. In this Society we recognise in you a true Caledonian, " stern and wild," but also the " meet nurse for a poetic child," We Scotsmen have the reputation, I don't think it is altogether justified, that we are reluctant, that we are gey sweer, to pass compliments, or to express our appreciation too generously, in case we may expose our emotions, but to-night, Mr President, we ignore such tradition, if it really exists, and we want to express our whole-hearted admiration for the wonderful book which Past-President and Honorary Historian William Will has compiled and passed on to us ; and, remember, we get it for nothing.

At this moment we recall your immediate predecessor, John Douglas, whose name will ever be remembered in this Society as a man who lived for service to his fellows, and who regarded the claims of Scotland and of Scots folk as a primary charge upon his leisure and resources. He gave freely, and so have you, and you have presented us with a record of our activities, grave and gay, with a faithfulness and accuracy, all in such taste, beyond any praise which I can utter.

It is no easy task to chronicle the happenings of our frequent meetings, preserving the atmosphere, and storing up the records for a period of years, when they may be collected and edited, finally emerging as this handsome volume.

A task indeed ! A task for a leisured man, but, as we all know our Hon. Historian has as busy a life as any in this great metropolis, with heavy responsibilities.

When I took my copy home, I very naturally turned to the years 1935–6, and after carefully and closely reading every word relative to that period, I passed the book to my wife, not, I may say, without feelings of pride. She, too, read it through, and passed it back to me, with the simple remark that it was very nicely got up. Not a word about my blameless life as recorded in the " Chronicles," or of the choice men with whom I consort, at least once a

month. (Laughter.) Scots wives don't as a rule spoil their husbands. I am reminded of an old story: A Scots woman had lost her husband, and on the day of the funeral quite a number of the deceased's cronies had assembled at the graveside. The minister, with that divine grace which invariably possesses them on such occasions, generously dealt upon the few highlights in the otherwise rather variegated character of the departed, when he was suddenly stopped by the widow, who remarked, "Ye'd better bide a wee; there maun be some mistake; this canna be my maun." I think my wife must have met the widow. (Laughter.)

I am sure I can speak on behalf of seven out of the eight Presidents whose periods of office you have so skilfully portrayed—dear old Bain Irvine has passed to his rest—and for those who have held other offices, as well as for all the members, when I offer you their warm thanks and sincere congratulations on the successful completion of what we know has been to you a real labour of love. Mind! "A chiel's amon' ye takin' notes, and faith he'll prent them." May you long be with us to occupy the chair which you fill so worthily, and in a' the years to come happy may ye be. (Applause.)

Mr Will feelingly replied. He said he had been greatly touched by what his friend Past-President Rintoul had said. There was a good deal of work attached to the "Chronicles," but a labour of love is no task, and as long as he was able to render the service of preserving the Society's doings and the speakers' sayings, he would feel it an honour to be permitted to do the work.

The President then introduced the Rev. Dr R. S. Birch as one of the most perfervid Burns admirers, and invited him to submit the Sentiment "Burns and Nationalism."

In giving the Sentiment the Rev. Dr Birch said:

I remember hearing of an artist who conceived the idea of painting a picture of "Elijah at Carmel." After it was finished and before it was shown to the public he asked a friend, a skilled art critic, to have a look at it. It was quite an imposing canvas. The altar; the priests of Baal; the crowd; the fire from Heaven, all were there; but he could not see the prophet. After close scrutiny he saw a small figure who was evidently the great Elijah. He turned with astonishment to the artist and said, "Why have you hidden the prophet? Is he not the centre and inspiration of the picture?" The artist replied, "The prophet is not, nor did he himself desire to be, the centre of the picture. He is simply a voice speaking from the heart, to the heart of the people. True he is the inspiration of it all, but he points beyond himself."

It is in some such way that I shall treat the first name in my Sentiment. Like Elijah in the picture, Burns will hardly appear at all, and yet he will

be behind and in it all. He is like the prophet, the voice, and I hope you will hear the echo of his thrilling notes in what I have to say.

I was here last month as a guest and heard the Sentiment proposed by Mr Henderson Stewart. I say quite frankly that he was much more informative than I shall be. We need the eyes of our understanding opened to the facts as they are in our land. None who heard him tell of the distressed areas could gainsay the need for a great revival in our practical love for oor ain folk. He gave us a picture grim, grave, and tragic. I cannot add or detract from it; but my purpose is quite different though not unrelated. I shall seek, if I am able, to provide the motive power which shall make the facts something that live and burn in our very souls. Information in itself is not enough. As Herbert Spencer says, "There is not political alchemy by which we can get golden conduct from leaden motives," and it is just possible that our motives are a little bit too metallic in these days. Our thoughts are too often in bondage to our economics. We deal too often in the abstract and not sufficiently with concrete human beings—men and women. I want, therefore, to light up the facts with the fire of a real love without which no Sentiment can ever be formed or exist.

After all, what is a Sentiment? I hope my definition is not too academic. It is a constellation of our emotions round a central thought and affection. Patriotism is a sentiment the centre of which is love for our country. We fear for her; we will fight for her; we will sorrow for her; we feel tenderness for her; we will suffer for her. "Who dies if England lives?" The old school tie is something more than a joke or a decoration. It can be the flag of a crusade. Sentiment is really determinative of character. That is the meaning of my title and with that explanation I proceed.

Carlyle, a great and worthy Scot, who like many here to-night found his home in this hospitable city, said that the history of the world is the history of great men. He did not mean that what we term the one-talent man—and such are many of us—do not count. What he did mean was this: that there arose in the history of every country men who made articulate the passionate spirit and thoughts of all; men who epitomised in their persons and works the spirit of their people. That is true of our land. If we remember their names it is not because of any desire to boast; it is only that we may recognise the truth, and because they express the passionate love for Scotland that lives in every Scottish heart. It is not a narrow affection that limits its vision of others or indulges in a narrow and tyrannical nationalism which is the very antithesis of all true patriotism. It is something which has in it the larger liberties of men. If we hate tyranny it is because we have been nurtured in freedom. You and I know, with a fierce and immediate experience, that even patriotism may be pushed beyond the mark and become in the words of Tennyson, "Procuress to the Lords of Hell." It is possible for that noble and enriching passion to be in the words of Dr Johnson, "the last refuge of a scoundrel." But if there is no virtue in love for one's own land, then this Caledonian Society, through which so much good is done, is either an impertinence or an anachronism.

But enough of what seems abstract and commonplace. Let me give you by way of illustration what I think will set the two terms of my Sentiment in their proper relation. We think in pictures, and I want you all to see my meaning. I come from a part of Scotland which at the time of my boyhood was famous for two worthy products, coal and lamp-posts, warmth and light, without which this world would be a cold and dark place. Like all mining

districts in those days, almost every village boasted its brass band. Ours had, I know, and I still love brass bands. I heard of one village not far away which felt its incompleteness without one, and a committee was formed and cards were sent out to a number of men asking if they would join, and what instrument they would like to play. All the cards came back, and all, except one, said the drum was the chosen instrument. (Laughter.) The other said he would prefer the drum. (Renewed laughter.) Of course there could be no band. You cannot have a band all drums. The whole secret and beauty of a band or, let me say, an orchestra, lies in the variety of the instruments. The very difference makes for harmony and unity. I believe that even in the orchestra or the band every man loves his own instrument best, but he thrills to the larger harmony. His love for that does not diminish, but rather deepens, his passion for his own part.

You understand what I mean. You see the picture I am trying to paint. Love for one's own country is not inconsistent with, but is, in the end, the very foundation on which can be built the orchestra of a real universe of men and nations. The larger vision does not destroy but should rather make more real the love for one's own land. Much of our modern nationalism in its narrow and, shall I say, more destructive form would have the band all drums. It somehow or other confuses patriotism with prejudice and tyranny. Patriotism which is a true nationalism would have humanity an orchestra.

You and I are right to love our own country. It has given us, through those who have gone before, an inheritance even greater than we know. Its life is our life ; its well-being our privilege and our responsibility. I am right in saying we are not all Scots here to-night ; not even by adoption. Many of you may have ambitions ! (Laughter.) But wherever you were born and whatever country has nursed you, you owe more than you can calculate to that land. By birth and tradition we have all different instruments to play, but there is in a very final sense, no reason, under heaven, why we cannot all play the same tune in the orchestra of human kind. (Applause.)

This point of view, then, gives an intensely practical turn to our affections and thoughts. Here let me give a brief quotation from Burns that will at least justify associating his name with this Sentiment. He never thought simply in terms of numbers or generalities. He thought in terms of men and women, living flesh and blood, face to face with the stern realities of human experience. His values were never metallic. His nationalism was never a mere prejudice or a vague emotion. Behind all the differences which make our life he saw gleaming the one common likeness which marks us all.

A Prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa' that.
For a' that and a' that,
Their dignities and a' that,
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
Are higher rank than a' that.

A child, or a man or woman, could never be to him, or to any in whom a real love for homeland burns in the soul, a mere decimal in the population. The statistics which give the numbers of those who, in the distressed areas of which we heard last month, are by him set in the context of men and women

who are our own kith and kin, and of homes where the children are undernourished and fighting an unequal battle against conditions beyond their control. He takes us out of the text-book or the paper and brings us into the very homesteads of the poor. To him and surely to us in the deeper soundings of our souls a true nationalism never hungers merely for power or prestige, but for the well-being of those nurtured by the same mother and bred in the same nursery. It is, shall we say, in preserving my figure of the orchestra, the equality of that type of which he speaks. However humble the instrument, its place cannot be taken by any other. Its absence threatens the integrity of the whole and mars the greater music. From the humble triangle to the first violin or the cornet, each is necessary, and its value lies not only in itself, but in its relation to the whole. That is the true vision of life, both national and international. Do not let our familiarity with the sentiment deteriorate into a mere sentimentality. The honest man tho' e'er sae puir is king o' men for a' that.

Unity abroad can never be achieved without harmony at home. We must see men and women, not in the setting that makes them an end to any scheme of man, but members together with us who, whatever their rank or colour or culture, have an equal right to the table on which a bountiful nature has spread a feast sufficient for all. It is in that sense I judge this Sentiment, and it is with that vision before our eyes I give it here to-night. (Applause.) It is said that in the days of Greece there were two orators whose eloquence could move the multitudes ; Aeschines and Demosthenes. The first charmed his hearers with his flow of language and his magnificent diction. They sat entranced. But when the other spoke the audience rose as one man and said, " Let us go and fight the Spartans." Surely the end of all such Sentiments as we propose to-night is action. I would close with another quotation from Burns himself, and I would make it in the spirit in which he lived and sang—one that, finding its inspiration in the love for his own land and people, rose above the limitations of time and territory and embraced finally every land.

O, Scotia, my dear, my native soil,
For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent ;
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health and peace and sweet content.
And, oh, my heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion weak and vile ;
Then, however crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while
And stand a wall of fire around our much-loved Isle.

(Loud applause.)

Mr Duncan Campbell asked Dr Birch to accept the thanks of the Caledonians and their guests for what he described as one of the most brilliant addresses on Burns that he had ever heard. " It was Dr Birch who made me a Burns enthusiast," said Mr Campbell. He referred to Rev. Dr Fleming's Sentiment reported in the " Chronicles " for 1926, and advised all Caledonians to

read and re-read it. Dr Birch's eloquent address would be long remembered. (Applause.)

Dr Birch in reply, thanked the Society for inviting him, and Mr Campbell for his generous references to his Sentiment.

Mr John McLaren proposed the toast "Our Guests," and gave a hearty welcome to the new minister of St Columba's, the Rev. R. F. V. Scott, who wasmaking for himself a great name for vigorous, eloquent preaching, and for his great human qualities. (Applause.)

Rev. Mr Scott, who had a rousing welcome, said he had listened to Dr Birch for the first time, and he was thrilled by his magnificent Sentiment. He gave us charity, not statistics.

The President thanked Caledonians for responding so wholeheartedly to his appeal for the Royal Scottish Corporation. The response was £882. As that was the last meeting in 1938, he would wish them all a happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

Three new members, Messrs W. Ramsay, J. L. McCowan, and J. Currie Thomson, were welcomed by the President.

The musical part of the programme was contributed by Mr William Davidson, who sang "The Star o' Robbie Burns," "Gae Bring to me," "The March of the Cameron Men," "The Bonnie Rowan Bush," and "Sons of the Mountains," a musical treat that was heartily acclaimed by the audience.

Pipe-Major Murdo Mackenzie gave the usual piper's selection and toast.

"Auld Lang Syne," four verses of which were sung by four clergymen—Rev. Messrs Mitchell, Harrow; Mackenzie, Dulwich; R. F. V. Scott, St Columba's; and Joseph Moffett, Crown Court—closed a most successful meeting.

An Interesting Snuff Mull.

At the Council meeting on Thursday, 12th January, 1939, over which the President, Mr John McLaren, presided, Mr Drummond Smith presented to the Society a snuff mull made by Mr D. Craig, Helensburgh, with a lid inlaid with pieces of wood, all labelled, from the following interesting trees and places famed in song and story :

In the centre is a slip from Queen Mary's yew, planted by the Scottish Queen. Surrounding this are pieces from the Birks of Aberfeldy, the Bush aboon Traquair, the Ellerslie Yew, the Oak of Torwood, the Birk of Invermay, the Trysting Tree, the Broom of the Cowdenknowes, oak from Alloway Kirk and Culloden House.

On the bottom of the mull is printed in the space of one inch by three-quarter inch, the first verse of " Auld Lang Syne," with music.

The President heartily thanked Mr Drummond Smith for his interesting gift, with its poetic and historical associations.

At the Little Dinner which followed the Council and General meetings, the President took the chair. The Royal Family having been toasted with Caledonian honours, Mr John M. Swan sang with feeling the New Year tribute, " Here's to the year that's awa'."

The President introduced Colonel L. D. Henderson, C.B.E., M.C., T.D., colonel of the London Scottish, as the giver of the Sentiment which was titled " Scottish Territorials."

Colonel Henderson in his remarks recounted some of his experiences in the regiments in which he served. He began his soldiering in the London Scottish, as a volunteer of course, and besides learning his work as a

citizen soldier, made many friendships which he had retained all his life. He gave many intimate details of his soldiering with the London Scottish, the 4th Seaforths —" a magnificent crowd " he called them—the 6th Black Watch, and the 4th Gordons. Colonel Henderson was greatly impressed by the soldierly bearing of those battalions, equal, he said, to any regular troops.

It was an exhilarating Sentiment, and in thanking the Colonel for his informative entertainment, Mr W. A. Russell said :

I regard it as an honour and a privilege to be invited to express on behalf of the gathering our thanks to Colonel Henderson for the vivid and graphic account he has given of the Scottish Territorials and the spirit they evinced during the years of the Great War. I think we may believe that that spirit is not dead, and that the same qualities would still be shown in case of need. (Hear, hear.)

I must say that to some extent Colonel Henderson has spiked my guns—some of them, but not all of them. I intended to tell you of what he has been and done, but naturally, speaking of events in which he has taken part, he has had to say something of himself. But he has not told us all. He has not said, for instance, that he was one of the first of the London Scottish to obtain his commission as an officer, being gazetted to the 4th Seaforths in November, 1914, nor that within a year he was the sole survivor of the original officers of that battalion. (Applause.) He has not said, either, that early in 1916 he had been awarded the Military Cross, or that two years later he was awarded a bar to that cross : the official statement being that it was given " for conspicuous gallantry and good leadership." (Loud applause.)

Throughout the war he served with the 4th Seaforths, the 6th Black Watch, and the 4th Gordons—all units of the 51st Division of immortal memory. If I mention some of the battles in which he was engaged—Neuve Chapelle, Loos, Vimy Ridge, Ypres, Passchendaele—you will realise the strenuous and arduous nature of his experiences. It is noteworthy also that he came out of the war as commanding officer of the battalion which he had joined as a subaltern. (Applause.)

It is for what he has done in connection with the London Scottish Regiment that Colonel Henderson is especially welcome at a gathering of the Caledonian Society. Eighty years ago the regiment was founded, largely at the instance of members of the Caledonian Society. We, through our connection with the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Caledonian Schools, have always been interested in the old and the infirm, the needy, and the helpless young. But our ancestors of those days went a step further, and had an interest in those young ambitious Scots of good character who come up to our banks and insurance offices, our shipping offices, our chartered accountants, and to the many and varied opportunities which London offers. They had no doubt in view that, in an association like the London Scottish, these young men could meet others like minded with themselves, and, under

discipline, could exercise those manly qualities which we would desire them to attain and maintain. (Hear, hear.)

In 1930 Colonel Henderson took over the command of the London Scottish. It was a difficult time, just about the beginning of a severe financial depression which brought about the curtailment of the services and reduction of the money available for associations such as the Territorials. It is greatly to the credit, therefore, of Colonel Henderson that he was able at the end of 1937 to hand over to his successor, Colonel Bennett, a regiment in the highest state of efficiency, not only at full strength, but one hundred over strength. (Hear, hear.)

It was a very fitting culmination of his career with the London Scottish that, in October, 1937, the regiment should have been commanded to Buckingham Palace and there passed in review before Her Majesty the Queen, the honorary colonel of the regiment. I believe that a film has been taken of the proceedings, and I wish we could see it. It shows the honorary colonel and the commanding officer laughing and chatting together—no doubt swapping stories, like good brothers-in-arms. (Laughter.) I am sorry it is not a " talkie " film, for it would be interesting to hear if the Queen, as all his other friends do, addressed the Colonel as " Jock." (Laughter and applause.)

The toast was heartily drunk, with Caledonian honours.

Colonel Henderson thanked Mr Russell for his too flattering speech. His (Colonel Henderson's) career had been a lucky one ; and he had never deluded himself into believing that it was his personality that brought the London Scottish back to strength again. The happy memories of the battalion would remain prominent in his life.

In giving the toast " Our Guests," Dr Stewart Hunter said it was interesting to reflect that for over one hundred years that toast had been proposed and honoured by Caledonians in London. Their principal guest that evening was Colonel Henderson, who modestly said that his life had been a lucky one. Had he substituted " hard work and imagination " for " lucky " he would have given a real clue to the success that had attended his soldiering. (Applause.) They had with them several members of the London Scottish, and he coupled with the toast the names of Captain R. B. Goepel and Colonel Sir Hugh Turnbull, Chief of the City of London Police.

Captain Goepel, who, Dr Stewart Hunter mentioned, is the editor of the *London Scottish Gazette*, referred to the successful handling of the regiment by Colonel Henderson. The men of the Scottish were all proud to serve under Colonel Henderson. (Applause.) As the editor of the *London Scottish Gazette*, he had special opportunities for knowing the Colonel, who he was privileged to serve with when he was Piper Henderson. His first love was the "Scottish." When the regiment did their last march in Scotland, Colonel Henderson and his wife were in Dingwall Station when the troops were being entrained. The "Scottish" was ever in his thoughts. (Applause.)

Sir Hugh Turnbull had a hearty reception. He spoke of his admiration for the London Scottish, and said his son had joined the regiment, had finished his training, and was now an officer.

Mr R. G. Grant and W. G. Gray entertained the company with Scottish songs, and Pipe-Major Murdo Mackenzie gave his customary selection and toast.

"Auld Lang Syne" closed an inspiriting meeting.

A Caledonian Society Pension.

At the business meetings on Thursday, 9th February, 1939, the President, Mr John McLaren, in the chair, a letter was submitted from the Royal Scottish Corporation, thanking the Society for the gift of £200. Because of the large amount of money subscribed by the Society and its members to the Royal Scottish Corporation, it was agreed to ask the Corporation to found a pension for an aged and infirm Scot, to be named the Caledonian Society of London Pension. (By resolution on 12th April, 1939, the Committee

of Management of the Corporation established the pension.)

Mr T. W. M. Whitson was admitted to the membership.

The loyal toasts having been honoured, the President called upon Major W. E. Watson, T.D., a native of Greenock, to give the Sentiment, entitled, "A Fifeshire Fellowship."

Major Watson said :

When the Very Rev. Dr Charles Warr gave a Sentiment on St Giles, Edinburgh, in May, 1937, he said it was good that we should read papers on the history of Scotland, because there is a tendency to be impatient of tradition, and those who have not studied the past cannot with confidence look to the future.

In 1931 Past-President William Jeffrey gave a Sentiment on the Kingdom of Fife. He said the individuality of the people is its greatest feature, probably because until comparatively recently they were geographically isolated from the rest of the country, and the old sayings : "Guid-bye Scotland ; I'm awa' to Fife," on the one hand, and on the other, "It tak's a lang spuin to sup wi' a Fifer," shows that this isolation was a very real thing.

The society of which I am about to tell you might be described as a Caledonian Society within Scotland (as distinct from one furth Scotland) some two hundred years ago.

A few years ago among some title deeds to property in the Kingdom of Fife were found two little books similar to the exercise books which we used as children, but of an earlier date, of hand-made paper, bound in home-cured sheep-skin. They came into my hands, and I will endeavour to give you on this slender evidence a glimpse into the past to illustrate some of the serious amusements of a few of our forebears in rural Scotland of two hundred years ago.

The Scottish fight for liberty of conscience lasted throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and gave rise during this period to many bonds or covenants. Some were essentially religious in their nature, others dealt with politics, prelacy, and popery. They were in many cases made by men who sacrificed all rather than be unfaithful to their convictions, and the last words of the martyred Guthrie, "The covenants shall yet be Scotland's reviving," have been justified by history.

In 1505, in Haddington, was born one who played an important part in those far-off days by expressing with great vigour that which his conscience approved. His name was John Knox. Coming from a middle stratum of society, he doubtless owed duty to his inferiors as well as fealty to his feudal superiors. He was so highly esteemed in his fifty-seventh year that where the Privy Council had been baffled in a dispute between two famous earls, Bothwell and Arran, Knox was invited to mediate between them. After his death in 1572 the Earl of Morton said he was one "who never feared the face of man," and we know that even the fair Mary of Scotland was not free from the conscientious though brutal frankness of his tongue.

On the 12th March, 1546, George Wishart was publicly burned without benefit of Kirk at St Andrews by order of Cardinal Beaton, and two brothers who had been his close friends protested against the crime. Their names were John and Norman Leslie. On Saturday, 29th May, 1546, only eleven weeks later they murdered the cardinal and thereby sealed their interest in the uprising against the power of the Romish Church which we will presently see was an interest carried on by their children and children's children for several generations.

John Knox was a teacher of philosophy at the College of St Andrews; he had every opportunity to disseminate his growing contempt for the Romish doctrine and was, in consequence, degraded from the priesthood. Hamilton, the successor to Cardinal Beaton, sought his destruction, and he took refuge with the murderers of the cardinal in the castle of St Andrews. In June, 1547, the castle was besieged by a French fleet, and all its garrison were made prisoners and taken to France.

Ten years later public-spirited nobles and others entered into the godly bond of "Dun," a covenant whereby the signatories pledged their power, substance, and their very lives to establish a freedom from the exactions of Rome, its superstitions, abominations, and idolatry. John Knox, returned from the galleys in France, was its champion. He exhorted the faithful to make a daily advancement in religious knowledge: "Let no day slip over without some comfort received from the mouth of God." He also exhorted them to hold weekly assemblies in addition to their family services, to open and close by prayer, to read plainly and distinctly a portion of Scripture. If any brother have exhortation, interpretation, or doubt, let him not fear to speak and move the same so that he do it with moderation either to edify or be edified. He counselled them to avoid multiplication of words, perplexed interpretation, or wilfulness in reasoning, and in their readings to join some books of the Old and New Testaments together, and to commit to writing their difficulties for submission to the more learned as occasion should arise.

The Kirk in Scotland, as you are well aware, has been from the earliest times the social centre of the community; many societies, not necessarily religious, met within its curtilage; for instance the Schaw Statutes of 1599 for Masons states that its officers shall be elected annually within the Kirk at Kilwinning. But at the time of which we are now speaking the Kirks were in sad disrepair, their clergy scattered, and it seems that the most convenient place of meeting was the house of one of the new faithful.

The purpose and aim of those who attended those small and secret meetings was no doubt to make a daily advancement in matters of conscience; but the suspicions of the times saw in such assemblies much more sinister motives, and the members were persecuted even to death.

When Knox advocated such societies he had probably in his mind the warrant of Scripture, and they were many in number; it was a natural development that neighbouring societies should occasionally meet together for the expounding or discussion of some or other more important subject.

These larger joint meetings or correspondences as they were styled cannot be entirely isolated from the revival of learning which at this time roused Europe from the lethargy in which for so many ages it had been sunk. The human mind, feeling its own strength, having broken the fetters of authority by which it had for so long been restrained, pushed its enquiry into many subjects with great boldness and surprising success. So soon as men began to exercise a higher reasoning power, and after the publication of the Scriptures

in the vulgar tongue, it was only to be expected that matters of conscience were among the first objects of research and analysis.

One of these societies existed at St Andrews; and part of the correspondence of the East of Fife and its records show that its members were skilled controversialists. The other societies of this Correspondence were Cameron, Denino, Carnbee, Ceres, and Kilconquhar. Their constitution denounces popery and prelacy and other things inconsistent with the solemn and national agreements. In order to preserve unity among the members, and to keep free from being pestered by persons unworthy, it was declared that none shall be admitted until after open proposal, examination, tryal, and sufficient evidence of sincerity and worthiness, and each shall condescend to the written articles whether with relation to religion or to order. And if any be known to be vicious or scandalous in life or conversation they shall not share in the privilege of being members of the fellowship notwithstanding any fair promises they may make. Whosoever they be that wilfully slight and contemn the fellowship shall forfeit their benefit of being members and reputed being members, "ay and while" they give satisfaction for their fault. "And lastly we all conjunctly declare and every one in particular for ourselves that we shall labour to the uttermost of our power, our God assisting, by all lawful endeavours to preserve, maintain and keep up the said fellowship so long as we may stay together and while conveniency may serve."

Not only were the constitutions of this society set out in writing, but minutes going back to 1680 were kept of their conventicles or meetings, and a record of the questions which were put to the fellows for discussion. There are 570 in one book.

Question 75 was, "May a Believer wish himself damned if it could tend to the Glory of God?" No. 108, "What is the difference between Faith and Pride in the heart under sufferings?" Subjects both very deep and good ground for prolonged argument.

Many of the questions put bear on subjects wherein reference to Scripture can be quoted, but some bear on the Scottish catechisms, a book commonly found in families at a time when books were extremely rare.

The laws to be observed carefully by all members provided that they meet every week and attend the Correspondence every month on the first Monday; that none absent himself without lawful excuse; that they abstain from profanity, cursing, Sabbath breaking, and everything tending to disorder or contention; that nothing done in the society shall be divulged; that edifying questions shall be given out to some to be answered at the next meeting, and the answerers shall propose another against the next meeting; that answers shall be the subject of censure of the society, the censure being always to edification.

Members of the fellowship were to attend meetings if "within six miles" at the time. In 1711 that meant a twelve-mile journey when roads and means of conveyance were primitive, and it surely shows how zealous those ancient worthies were in their desire for cultural studies.

Then fellowships were purposed for and no doubt did cultivate that brotherly affection desirable in all communities, and they also made for that freedom and independence of thought among the various sects. The Kingdom of Fife, particularly near the University town of St Andrews, was cultural in all shades of thought and opinion, freely expressed and often very tersely.

One Auld Licht, on his death-bed, anxious for the future, said, " Behead the King, smeek oot the Hun, O Lord ; burn the books, and begin wi' a clean sheet," and no doubt his successors expressed themselves in equally simple words.

The Cameron Correspondence of the East of Fife met monthly at the Duckhall farm of Robert Leslie at Radirnie, and four generations in succession of Leslies wrote up the minute books of these meetings extending to a period of well over one hundred years.

Secret societies were at this time anathema to Kirk authorities ; the Mason's oath was referred to kirk sessions for disciplinary action, adherence to the oath connoted denial of benefit of Kirk, and such ban made heavy weather for the fellowships. Only five stalwarts evidently dared to be present at the May, 1758, meeting.

They, finding themselves under a heavy cloud, determined to publish a remonstrance " lest the world should mistake or reproach us, as they have often done the godly, both on account of their principles and practice, calling them erroneous and disloyal and their meetings scandalous."

They owned and adhered to the sound fundamentals of religion, to the Covenants, National and Solemn League, sealed by the blood of many worthies, and binding to all posterity. They accepted the Westminster Confession and the two Catechisms, and they adhered to the Presbytery in doctrine and discipline, and to the magistracy. Their chief end of meeting was the glory of God ; their work when met was (1) to confess our own and the land's sin and beg pardon ; (2) that the ordinances of the Gospel may be continued to the blessing of Jew and Gentile ; (3) that God may fill King's rulers, ministers, and people of all rank with zeal for His glory ; (4) that God would send forth faithful labourers into His vineyard and purge His house of hirelings and time servers ; (5) that he would be pleased to build up the Covenanted work of Reformation, and that the fellows would preserve a savoury remembrance of the martyrs and hand it on to the rising generation ; (6) to frustrate, disappoint, and break the designs of Papists and malignants against Church and King ; to thank God for freeing us from wicked persecuting and tyrannous rulers, and disappointing the Pretender and his confederates so often ; (7) to ask for good seedtime and harvest and keeping back of sword, famine, and pestilence.

It is interesting to study for a moment the necessary qualifications in candidates for membership. They are to have a competent measure of sound knowledge, worship God publicly and in the home, be upright in their dealings with all men, reprovers of sin as time, place, and occasion arises, not to frequent or haunt ale houses, especially in graceless and profane company, frequent not stage plays, play not at dice or cards, or be given to dancing. Be not swearers, cursers, liars, dissemblers, tale bearers, mockers or taunters of any, and, lastly, that they do not reveal abroad words or acts said or done at the meetings to strangers or enemies.

The meetings were opened by prayer and the person that began was called in all humility to seek the Lord's blessing and assistance, not tediously or with vain repetitions or impertinent words. The day's work shall be closed with singing. The liberty to lead in prayer was one which was jealously guarded, and on an examination of the minutes it will be seen that it was usually reserved to the more senior members of the fraternity ; such opening by prayer was common among the ancient and mediæval guilds, such as those of London, and bidding prayer was made at all their meetings, thus

preserving the religious foundation of the guilds even so far as attending special services in the city churches.

These peculiar societies had " power of censure " of their erring brethren, and the disjoining of a member meant something akin to outcasting, or as it was in older days putting to the horn.

(1) If any person of the meeting shall wilfully or wittingly neglect any of the written duties, or shall fall into extravagance inconsistent with his profession though his offence should be very private, yet any member hath power to tell his offending brother his fault betwixt him and them alone, and if he hear and amend it is well, but if he do not then that person is to lay the matter before a meeting and that said is to rebuke or exhort as they find cause even to the denying of the offender the freedom to pray in their society.

(2) Either the offender or any member or all the meeting hath a power to bring the matter before (the Correspondence) who is to censure any thereto belonging, even to the height of laying them aside from being members of any meeting when they judge such to be for the honour of God, credit of religion, terror of others, or for the good of the offender.

(3) Before any one be disjoined (the Correspondence) is to cause one of their number to pray for light and direction from God, the Master of Assemblies.

The hours of meeting were ten o'clock in winter and noon in summer; not more than six miles there and six miles home again. Quarterly communications or correspondences were held to ensure uniting of the whole body each to all others and all to each, and so that every application for membership could be closely scrutinised, the minute books of each fellowship were submitted for scrutiny.

One minute records that the question put was, " Wherein did the love of God in giving His Son excel that of Abraham in offering his son ? " It also records that " for a long time before this we had omitted questions, we being so much taken up about necessary things and whiles we spent time about not very necessary things."

In Radirnie, during the New Light controversy, a new kirk had been built in 1790; the local society had no doubt much to do with it. The minute for February 10th records: " All met but we were so taken up about our new kirk and we four being newly disjoined from St Andrews, that we spent our time talking about these things; there was no time for prayer, and but one of us, Robert Smart, prayed. In so doing we acted like laddies and fools and bairns and Athenians fond of new things."

Until this time there was evidently no kirk in the immediate districts, and the faithful obtained supply of sermons from the Associate Burgher Presbytery of Perth; a member of the Established Church permitted a meeting in her farmyard barn for which generous act her minister, Mr Mair, a well-known name in those troubled days, denied her the recognised Kirk benefits, and he similarly extended this penalty to all who in the least manner countenanced the fellowship.

In 1795 a question was put, " What grief bad ministers and their ill ways are to Zion's children ? " and at a later meeting, " What instruction may we get from the faults and falls of ministers ? " On a further day the question was, " What joy it is to have godly, prudent, zealous, diligent, and useful ministers, and what uses Zion's children should make of such great mercies ? "

In the autumn of 1795 great storms prevented the zealous from travelling their six miles to the fellowship meeting; the harvest was a difficult season. It is recorded that " meal became very dear, two shillings a peck, and it pleased

God to give a very great take of herring bewest Burnt Island, and we talking of it fell a-speaking about the Gospel net, our Lord, and His servants, the evidences and peculiarities of being taken in the Gospel net, and the miseries of those that are in the devil's net." On another occasion the question put was, " The good things about the State notwithstanding the ill things about it."

On 15th February, 1797, James Prid and William Mephan prayed. " These two times we spak aboot God's deferring His anger from us, we being at war with France and they had a fleet to invade Ireland which was scattered with a storm."

On 2nd April, 1800, the minutes were written, although no meeting of the fellowship was held. They record that " non cam, sometimes one cam and sometimes non, it being very hard times, oatmeal being four shillings and fourpence the peck, bear meal (barley) and peasmeal half a croon ; poor folk had little time to spare ; meal was very ill to get for money, it being a very ill croap ; one tenant on Lathoans ground had 30 bols of oats of which he had but 3 bols of oatmeal."

On 17th June, 1802, the minutes record, " Was a thanksgiving by order of the King for peace and plenty after a long and bloody and expensive war and two years very dearth. The day was very indifferently kept by many ; oatmeal now a shilling a peck."

These frail memorials cease in the middle of a page and leave one in doubt as to whether the fellowship then terminated ; in the middle of the eighteenth century the Seceder Judicatures had pronounced against secret societies and particularly the Mason oath ; in 1820 the seventy years' dissension over the Burgus oath had been happily terminated, but in the warning against practical evils, soon thereafter published by the united associate synod, the seventh article castigates Mason assemblies as giving offence, because on the continent they had been subservient to licentious and dangerous purposes, and because the taking of an oath, the forms, terms, and objects of which are not previously known, is hazardous and not consistent with safety of conscience.

Major Watson's Sentiment was listened to with great interest, and the photographs of pages of the quaintly-worded minute books were carefully examined by members and their guests.

Mr W. McClymont proposed thanks and a toast to the author of the Sentiment. He said :

The giver of the Sentiment has disclosed a most interesting phase of the religious life of Scotland. He has shown the dourness of the Scottish Reformers, and has painted a not altogether pretty picture of our Fife compatriots two hundred or so years ago.

But, continued Mr McClymont, Major Watson had dealt with only one side of the Fifer's character. There was another, for the natives of the Kingdom were a pawky lot, although at the same time seriously minded. He could give many examples of this, but time prevented him. In Glasgow he once met a man named John Knox, a Worcester builder in a big way, and in the course of conversation it turned out that this man was a direct descendant

of the eminent Scottish Reformer. So proud was he of the connection that he had the great divine's arms painted on his motor-car, a form of fame of which the Scottish Queen's tormentor never dreamt. Mr McClymont said his wife was a native of Culross, and he used to banter her by telling her that the best thing that ever happened to her was that he took her out of Fife! He asked the company to thank Major Watson for introducing us to a phase of Scottish life, perhaps not uncommon, but rarely so faithfully recorded and reproduced.

The toast was heartily drunk and Major Watson briefly replied.

Mr William Harvie offered the toast "Our Guests." He said:

"Some men are born for great things,
Some men are born for small,
Some men, it is not recorded,
Why they were born at all."

I hope that in proposing the toast of "Our Guests" I am doing something to justify my existence.

We who are members of the Caledonian Society consider it a great privilege and a great honour. We do so, not on account of its exclusiveness, but because it brings us into close association with representative fellow countrymen from different parts of our native land. We are a democracy in the best sense of that word, a fellowship and a brotherhood.

Membership is strictly limited, and I understand that the roll is now about complete. Competition for the few remaining vacancies is sure to be keen, but it is to be hoped that it will not result in a display of feeling such as took place between William Walker and Jacob Trotter, two Fifeshire grocers who occupied shops opposite each other.

One day Walker had an announcement in his window, which read: "Our Sausages are 8d. a pound. If you pay more you're being robbed." Next day Trotter had one in his window: "Our Sausages are 10d. a pound. If you pay less you're being poisoned." Walker immediately prepared a fresh intimation which read: "Our Sausages are still 8d. a pound, as supplied to the King." To this the following rejoinder appeared in Trotter's window the next morning: "Our Sausages are still 10d. a pound. God Save the King." (Loud laughter.)

It is sometimes said that we Scots are a peculiar people. This is not so: we are a distinctive people, and we pride ourselves on this fact. This does not mean that we consider ourselves superior to, or better than, others, only that we wish to retain those qualities of mind and character which are our distinguishing characteristics.

We recognise in you guests who are not our countrymen, qualities no less distinctive and no less admirable, and we welcome you not for your nationality —I had almost said in spite of your nationality—but because you are friends of our friends. (Hear, hear.)

"Sweet is the scene where genial friendship plays the pleasing game of interchanging praise," wrote Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Some time ago a lady friend told me of the wife of a member of this Society who had complained of a pain in the neck, that one night when she visited her she asked where the pain in the neck was. " Oh," she replied, " he's away at a meeting of the Caledonian Society." (Laughter.) Few husbands are heroes to their wives : they know us too well.

As usual we are honoured by the presence of many distinguished guests. Time does not permit of me mentioning all of them, but I am sure members and other guests will be interested to learn that we have with us to-night Alderman Smith, Bradford ; Inspector Fraser, Kensington Police ; Mr Alister Macdonald, architect, son of the late Mr Ramsay Macdonald ; Mr Will Fyffe, Scotland's supreme actor-comedian, whose recent film appearances have added many thousands to his already host of admirers ; and Mr A. F. Ferguson, who will respond to this toast.

Dr Samuel Johnson, when invited to dinner, always expected a good one. On one occasion, being disappointed, he remarked on leaving, " It was a good enough dinner, but not a dinner to ask one to." I trust honoured guests will not leave with an opinion of this sort, and I hope they will consider that we Caledonians are not a bad lot on the whole. At any rate

> May we always mingle in the friendly bowl
> The feast of reason and the flow of soul.

The proposer of a toast at a certain society, which shall be nameless, occupied rather a long time with a speech, which was exceedingly dull. One of the company who had left the room and returned after a lengthy absence found to his amazement that the speaker was still talking. Turning to his neighbour he remarked : " Is not the speaker taking up a great deal of time ? " " Time ? " said the person addressed. " He long ago exhausted time, and has now encroached upon eternity." (Laughter.) As I have no intention of incurring censure of this nature I will now ask members to join me in toasting " Our Guests " with Caledonian honours. (Applause.)

Mr A. F. Ferguson, who admitted that he was a native of Glasgow and, consequently, not quite a Scotsman, replied, and thanked and congratulated Mr Harvie on his clever and amusing speech. He said there might be a feeling of depression at that time, but if we remained as stubborn in defence of our liberties as our forebears were in their devotion to their religion and their king, we had nothing to fear. Any feeling of depression would give way before the optimism engendered at such social gatherings as they had that night. (Hear, hear.) May those sentiments of friendliness and confidence, co-operation and charity—those imperishable ideals — entertained by your Society still go on. (Applause.)

The President mentioned that Past-President John Macmillan was about to visit New Zealand on important national business, and they wished him God speed on his mission.

Past-President Macmillan thanked the President and the members for their good wishes.

The President in welcoming four new members, Sir George Rankin, Messrs A. J. Webb, D. M. S. Mowat, and G. M. Campbell, spoke of the great work of members of the Society for the two great Scottish charities in London—the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools ; and in his reply Sir George Rankin said they were privileged to be allowed to become members of so ancient and so distinguished, and so friendly a society.

The musical part of the programme was contributed to by Will Fyffe, who sang " I'm a daddy noo," and Mr J. R. Crawford, whose contributions included " Hail, Caledonia," " The Wee Cooper o' Fife," " The lum hat," " The Cameron men," and " The de'il cam' fiddlin' through the toon." Pipe-Major Murdo Mackenzie gave his selection and toast.

" Auld Lang Syne " closed the successful gathering.

Death of Mr John A. Brown.

At the Council and General meetings, held at the Waldorf Hotel, on Thursday, 9th March, 1939, the President, Mr John McLaren, referred to the sad loss they had suffered by the death of their late Secretary, John A. Brown. At the Council meeting he called upon Past-President William Will to move a resolution.

Past-President Will said that he could say a great deal about the life and work of their departed friend, but it would all be summed up in the reflection that he

was a fine Christian gentleman, who practised in charity, spiritual and material, what he preached. His generosity was quiet and undemonstrative, and valued the more highly on that account. The resolution, which he would ask Past-President J. B. Rintoul to second, was :

" The members of the Caledonian Society of London having heard of the death of their brother Caledonian, John A. Brown, places on record their regret at the loss of a loyal member, a great servant of the Scottish community of London, a man of wide sympathy with—and a generous benefactor of—the poor of his native land, and offers Mrs Brown the members' deepest sympathy in her great and irreparable loss."

Past-President Rintoul said that he, personally, had lost a great and true friend and the Scottish community one whose life reflected some of the finest traits of the Scottish character. An upright God-fearing man, John Brown in his life set us all an example.

The resolution was adopted in silence, the members standing as a mark of respect for our departed brother.

The Little Dinner followed the business meetings, and after the loyal toasts had been honoured, the President, who occupied the chair, spoke further of the passing of their late Honorary Secretary, and called upon Past-President P. N. McFarlane, who said :

It was my privilege some years ago to propose the toast, " John Brown," at a Burns Club gathering. I said then that in the portion from Ezekiel which I had read that morning the words occurred, " His feet ran straight." On these words I based my tribute. This morning I read about Joshua where he said, " As for me and my house we will serve the Lord." Brother Caledonians, I submit that no words could be more suitable than these in referring to our old friend. (Hear, hear.) He served the Lord seven days a week. His religion was his life and his life his religion, and yet he was not by any means a " pi-man," for nobody enjoyed social life more than he did ; and I am quite certain it would be his wish that we should not abate one iota of our enjoyment to-night as brother Caledonians, although he has left us. (Hear, hear.)

As a young man he was a noted athlete, and I believe once represented Scotland as a runner. On coming to London he threw himself into social,

philanthropic, and religious activities, and was prominent as an official of the City Glee Club, the Burns Club, and our own Society. He was surely the kindest man we have ever known. I shall never forget his sending his car and chauffeur to my office after my illness, with a message that I was to use them any afternoon. That, truly, was the act of a friend. On another occasion he was asked for a loan of £300 to save a man's business; he gave the money, and it was years afterwards before he got the first £100 back. I believe the balance was never paid. When I spoke to him about it he just said, "It's all right." Because of the tenderness of his nature he was often "wounded in the house of his friends," but never have I heard him utter an unkind word about a living soul. It is one of the mysteries of Providence that such a man should have been called on to suffer such bodily anguish and pain these past years. The mystery of pain is beyond all understanding, and where we cannot understand we can only believe, as I do, that God doesn't make mistakes. John knows all about that mystery, for he has now received the "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Mr McFarlane's beautiful tribute was received with generous acknowledgments of praise.

The President introduced Mr W. S. Douglas, C.B., who gave the Sentiment for the evening—"Scotland Yet."

Mr Douglas, received with applause, said:

You have paid me a great compliment by asking me to give you your monthly Sentiment, for I come before you not as an inspector of schools, but as one of yourselves—as one of H.M. Inspectors explained at a mental defectives' school. On second thoughts I am not sure that this sounds quite complimentary. Without more ado I had perhaps better just say that I was born and brought up in Scotland, fared forth for a while, had the good luck to return to it. It may interest you, therefore, to revisit Scotland with me to-night, and I will try to give you a few fleeting impressions. I should have made "Scotland revisited" the title of the Sentiment, but your Secretary did not think it was Scottish enough, so between us we made it "Scotland Yet," a fine, optimistic, challenging Sentiment, fit for any Scottish gathering.

I should explain that I can only give my impressions as I see them. I cannot expect you to share them, but I do hope we may find something in common, although, being a bureaucrat, I am bound to see things out of scale: to see things that are not there; not to see things that are there. But that is typical of Dilly or Dally looking at life!

Economically in the last forty or fifty years the dependence of Scotland on two or three heavy industries—coal, iron, and steel and shipbuilding—seems to have become more marked, and the post-war unemployment records bear tragic testimony to a position which is far from sound. There has been nothing comparable in Scotland, either in bulk or variety, with the growth of new and higher industries in the south of England. During the same period there has been a pronounced and appalling drift of population from the country to the towns—from green fields and healthy work to mean streets and unemployment. Some land has gone out of cultivation, labour-saving methods have

been introduced, and there has been a swing over from arable to pastoral farming. Arable land has declined by over 18 per cent. in the last fifty years. Whereas in 1891 the people engaged in agriculture numbered 147,000, in 1938 they had fallen to 104,000, a fall of almost 30 per cent. Between 1891 and 1931 the population of Glasgow rose from 660,000 to just over 1,000,000, or over 60 per cent. in forty years, a staggering thought, especially to an Edinburgh citizen!

Emigration abroad has stopped, but we still export about 10,000 every year to England; 80 per cent. of our population is now urban and only 20 per cent. rural; and you remember what Goldsmith said about that sort of thing:

> Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay.
> Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
> A breath can make them as a breath has made,
> But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
> When once destroyed can never be supplied.

But the picture is not all dark. New industries are springing up in Scotland, some in the new Government industrial estates, and some as a result of old-fashioned private enterprise. Do you know, for example, that the rails of the London tubes are welded into long lengths to reduce noise by new processes and new machines made in Inverness, work formerly given to a German firm?

The fine linen trade of Dunfermline is also far from what it was, but a new and flourishing artificial silk industry is taking its place. Those are but two examples. North, south, east, and west, Scottish brains and Scottish industry are setting up new trades and improving old ones out of recognition. But the cry is still for more.

On the land the whirr of the reaper is not yet silent, and the lambs still gambol on the hill-sides. Bored cattle, with red, white, and blue tickets of prize-winning excellence are still at summer shows, led round by self-conscious grooms in their Sunday best. The market towns are still thronged on a Saturday night by the country folk laying in a modest provision, solid or liquid, for the week to come. But there are fewer than ever at the hiring fairs.

I am afraid our fisher-folk have fallen on evil days. We can have nothing but respect for their hardiness, their courage, and their character, and we all know their importance to the State in time of war. I wish I could have heard more often the Newhaven fish-wife crying her wares through streets broad and narrow, and see again the brown sails coming back with the catch in the morning sun. But the breed is not yet gone. I crossed the Sound of Harris a twelve-month ago. The fisherman with brown face and broad shoulders, whose only English was, "Och yes," might have stepped from the "Man of Aran" film. The ferryman was a character who knew every rock in the Sound and the private life of every human, and I daresay every animal within one hundred miles. The third member of the crew was the ferryman's son, with whom he talked in Gaelic. When I asked if his son spoke English he answered, with a look of peculiar cunning, "Yess, I think so. At least he has just passed M.A. at Glasgow University." Although I did manage to retort that that was hardly a place to learn English, I think he had the better of the exchange.

The horse has gone from the streets, and the horse cab and the cabby with the top hat and the generous whiskers. Bicycles have free wheels and dropped handlebars. They are light and alluring, and their riders equally so! The new cinema has not driven out the old legitimate drama, but has killed Punch and Judy. The radio does not keep the young from the dance hall or skating rink. With so many motor-cars it is no longer safe not to look before you cross the street, except of course in Edinburgh, where the pedestrian is always right! Some of the picturesqueness and some of the squalor have gone from the streets, and the fringes of the city where once were field paths and burns to jump across, and martins' nests to rob are covered by modern and desirable villa residences and bungalows, which in their turn will in time and some of them in less than no time, give place to something else. Good though it is to spread the people out and give them air and light and gardens it is possible to wish that much of it had been more carefully planned. Slums and overcrowding still remain, and Scotland is much behind England. Although the State has contributed since 1919 some £28,000,000 to housing in Scotland, we still need urgently a quarter of a million houses, say another city the size of Glasgow.

ABOUT SCOTLAND'S HEALTH.

We have much to be thankful for and much to deplore. The average age at death in Scotland is fifty-three, whereas in China, I am told, it is ten. What a ghastly light this Chinese figure throws on twentieth-century civilisation, and how fortunate we are. And yet Scotland lags behind England. It might be put down dramatically thus: there are relatively more Scots than English births, but the Scottish mother is more likely to die in childbirth. The Scottish baby is more likely to die in infancy. As a growing child the Scot will be on the average less well-nourished and more subject to disease and ill-health; and as an adult the Scot will be more often on the sick list and the dole.

I am concerned to see so much poor and thriftless baking and cooking. Porridge and milk and bannocks and broth and herring have given place to tea and white bread and tinned foods and sweet biscuits. No wonder that our teeth and our stomachs revolt. Yet there is the other side. One hardly sees a rickety child now; nor a barefoot one. Milk drinking is encouraged at schools. The open-air life, camping, and the provision of clinic and welfare facilities are making the youth health conscious, and sport is still to the fore. It is no decadent race that cheers a Scottish goal at Wembley or a score at Murrayfield! It is true that "red biddy" and methylated spirits claim their pitiful wrecks, but drunkenness is much less common and much less fashionable.

I feel that we are on the eve of a more intense reaching out for health. The elements for success are so simple: First, there is better housing. How long must we support—how long can we afford to support—five, seven, nine, eleven, and more persons in one room? Second, old-fashioned feeding; the schools and the women can help us here. Third, fresh air and water and exercise; club leaders for boys and girls are wanted in thousands.

EDUCATION.

I wonder whether our education is still as good as we were wont to think it was. Is there too much bookwork and too little disputation? Are we still

ahead of England ? Our system at any rate makes it possible for the lad o' pairts to make his mark. My doubt is whether there are still as many of them as when we were young.

CRIME.

I think it is fair to say that our citizens are much better behaved than they were. This is not, I feel, wholly due to the increased price of whisky. There has been an awakening of social conscience, and more particularly during the past fifty years a series of enactments for the better protection of the young. The law is no longer repressive : it has become personal and even benevolent—at least in intention and outlook—a policy of appeasement in fact !

CULTURE.

There is at the moment a definite upwelling in Scotland of artistic life. Young Scottish artists in music, painting, sculpture, the drama, and the films are making their marks, not only in Scotland, but before a wider public. The Scottish War Memorial has drawn reverent admirers from all over the world. The plays of James Bridie have made the West-end of London chuckle, and the films of John Grierson and his colleagues have struck a new and typically Scottish note in documentaries. The films of Scotland, " The Wealth of a Nation," " The face of Scotland," and " They made the Land," are now famous. I know, also, how active are our architects. Some of their new work and their modernisations of old historic buildings are in perfect harmony with our traditions. Think of Huntly House, in the Canongate of Edinburgh, or the new housing scheme of West Quarter in Stirlingshire ; and much of the work of the Glasgow Exhibition was worthy. Craft work is undergoing a revival—furniture, fabrics, pottery, are attracting more and more attention. The Scottish Orchestra has been playing Scottish airs and traditional music with brilliance and verve ; and in the field of literature Eric Linklater, Compton Mackenzie, and others have raised violent reactions, favourable and otherwise.

GOVERNMENT.

What about government in Scotland—local and central ? As in England government has been infinitely more complicated, mirroring life. The local authorities, whether in the cities, the counties, or the burghs, royal, large and small, which have obtained a progressively increasing freedom, have had a vast accretion of duties, and are now literally groaning under the weight and cost of administration. The central Scottish departments have increased tremendously. On the constitution of the Local Government Board in Scotland in 1895 the staff was nineteen. The staff of the Department of Health, its lineal descendant, is to-day over one thousand, and other departments will tell a similar, if not such a spectacular sensational story. And with respect, the blame does not lie with the Civil Servant, or even with successive Governments. The public has demanded and has come to expect more and more. Some of you may remember the old Hebridean toast which was deliberately designed to include everything : " Here's a good health ; here's a big health—a health from wall to wall, from the roof to the floor ; here's a health from the baby in the cradle to the old man by the grave." Well, to-day there is hardly an aspect of life, from the cradle to the grave, that does

not call for some form of governmental activity. And who will the end will the means. We have drifted far indeed from the *laissez-faire* liberalism of our fathers. In fact, there is so much detail in government now that it is not surprising to find decentralisation becoming more and more necessary, and fortunately this has become tinged or dyed with a rising Scottish sentiment. Wild horses would not drag from me what I really think of the merits of this political Scottish nationalism ; but I will, greatly daring, say that I do not find the man in the crowd has violent views about it. He is not like the schoolboy in the Philippines shortly after America had taken these islands and given the natives freedom, and talked a good deal about it in the process. This boy was asked to write an essay on the cow, and he said : " The cow's a noble animal, and gives us milk, but as for me, give me liberty or death." The Scot, I fear, is less concerned than he was with those lofty thoughts, being much more anxious about " 3 homes " and " 2 aways."

We could possibly do with more of this divine fervour. Are we sinking into vacuity or wishy-washiness of thought and conviction ? Are we losing all belief in our old faith ? We certainly do not go to the kirk so much, and we do not keep the Sabbath so austerely. But my young friends tell me they do occasionally think of higher things. They show less respect for their elders, but they say they are much more friendly with them. The youth to-day has a freedom of movement we had not. Father no longer waits up for them at nights. They talk openly of things we only used to think about, and they tell me they are infinitely more moral than we were. We must not judge, for we are hopelessly prejudiced. One thing, I fear, is true. The young Scot to-day has a growing fear of the inevitability of war, and a growing sense that sooner or later he will once again have to march " to preserve the jewel of liberty, the framework of freedom."

What, then, of our great natural gift of character. The billy boys and gangsters of no mean city have it not, yet how near they are to it. The old lady of eighty-four who flies regularly from Orkney to the mainland has it. The young boy from the Western Isles who was a telephone operator by night and a University student by day has it. We are still in Scotland a race of individualists, and our manners are horrid. The cities are different from the counties, and both from the burghs. The townsman and the countryman are distinctive types, and the Border chiel and the Highland laddie would still as soon measure each other than embrace. In this sense there is no one Scotland. Yet, come we to leave her and not one but would sigh with Mary Queen of Scots as she sailed away from France :

> The ship which parts our love bears but a part of me,
> One part remains. It is thine.

My pleasant task is over. I have tried to bring to you a picture of Scottish life rather than of Scottish scene. It is but a second best, for it cannot make up to the exile for " the changing but familiar beauty without," on which the eye was wont to feed, but it may have brought back old memories and new tenderness. And yet, as Goethe said, that is a clumsy way of expressing it.

When we have met with something great or beautiful or significant, we are not to ask it back from without or summon it, as it were, to appear before us. No ! It must have woven itself into our being from the start, must become one with us, and live on in us to work in the creation of a new and better " I." There is no past to which we may look back with regret, only an eternally new shaping itself out of the expanded elements of the past.

I give you, therefore, the Sentiment of our ever-present, ever-loving Scotland :

Auld Scotland's howes and Scotland's knowes,
And Scotland's hills for me ;
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi' a' the honours three.

The Sentiment was greeted with loud applause.

Sir Alexander MacKenzie Livingstone proposed the toast, " The author of the Sentiment," and in doing so, said :

About two hundred years ago a young man, Alexander Douglas, left his Highland home on the Perth hill-sides and went to Edinburgh, where he was apprenticed to a candlemaker. After a time he went to London to see whether he could learn more of his craft. While there he met the beautiful daughter of a French Huguenot refugee, with whom he fell in love, and she fell in love with him. He proposed. She accepted. He lost no time in arranging a marriage. He was a Douglas ! He left at once for Edinburgh, by road, and she by sea. One summer evening he met her on the Pier o' Leith and the next morning they were promptly and properly married. Had that auld alliance not been consummated there would have been no W. S. Douglas here to-night. If any Douglas were in his place, he would be an entirely different man, and we would all hate that. He set up business, eventually, in the Edinburgh High Street, as a candlemaker. It is not on record that he petitioned the King to give him protection against his great competitor, the sun. It is not known whether he asked the Government to have all blinds drawn early in the afternoon, so that more candles might be used ; but we know he went to London frequently and he was a Douglas !

What of his descendant, the author of the Sentiment ? Let me speak frankly. Within the wide and ever-widening bounds of our public service I know no one more typical of these fine qualities which make the Scotsman the man he is—independent, modest, adventurous, and, above all, a lover of his country—and no purer passion animates the human heart than love of country. (Applause.)

Wherever you find him—whether at the Ministry of Labour, where others are urged to work, at least by precept, or at the Scottish Office, where the interests of England are never overlooked, or at the Treasury, " where the harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few," you will see him pursuing the supreme mission of every good Scot—helping his country and helping his fellow-men, but never, of course, entirely forgetting himself ! (Laughter.)

Mr Douglas brings the homeland very near to us to-night, and Scotland seemed to grow beautiful beneath his touch. We are grateful to him for his sweet-smelling, Scottish Sentiment and we all know that the nation without sentiment is on the way to cease to be a nation at all. (Applause.)

The toast was drunk with great heartiness and with Caledonian honours.

Mr John Menzies proposed the toast " Our Guests," and said he had to reiterate what every Caledonian who proposed this toast said—that without their guests it would not be a Caledonian Society dinner.

Mr C. H. Middleton and Mr W. B. Robertson replied. Mr Middleton said the Scots probably because of their own self-depression and their ingenuity in manufacturing Scots jokes, had the reputation of being close-fisted, but his experience was a complete denial of the charge.

Mr Robertson, in his reply, told the story of the young man, who, in his anxiety to get into the London Scottish during the Great War, declared that not only was he a Scot—he was a super Scot : he cam' frae Fife !

The President gave the toast " The Officers," and described Treasurer John Swan as a canny holder of the purse strings and the Honorary Secretary, P. N. McFarlane, as one who had every detail of the Society's work at his finger tips.

The Hon. Treasurer thanked the President, and the Hon. Secretary said there were two things which they expected from their members, constant attendance and work for one or both of the great London charities, the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools.

Two new members, Mr J. MacNish and Mr J. W. M. Whitson, were introduced to the President, and their healths toasted.

Mr William Sim's fine tenor voice was heard in rousing songs, " The Macgregors' Gathering," and " A man's a man," and love songs, " Ae fond kiss " and " My love's she's but a lassie yet."

Pipe-Major Murdo Mackenzie gave his usual selection and toast.

" Auld Lang Syne," heartily rendered, ended an inspiriting gathering.

The Annual Festival.

The Festival of 1939 was held on 20th April, in the Holborn Restaurant. The President, Mr John McLaren, presided over a large and distinguished gathering of members and their friends.

After dinner the President gave the loyal toasts, which were drunk with Caledonian honours.

The President then asked the company to drink to the continued prosperity of the Caledonian Society of London. He said :

The Caledonian Society of London has its roots deep in the past. Founded in 1837, the year in which good Queen Victoria ascended the throne, the Society held its first dinner at Beattie's Hotel in the Borough. Twelve members sat down. No ladies were present ; but the Society mended its ways in later years, and so to-day we have our Ladies' Banquet once a year. We take credit for having been the first society of our kind to invite ladies to join the gentlemen at their dinners. Some of those annual gatherings took the form of balls.

Success attended the Society's work, and rules were drawn up, one important rule being to limit the membership to 100, with about 30 office-bearers. Its principal object was the advancement of Scottish national sentiment, philanthropic work, and good fellowship among Scotsmen resident in London. In this Society rank and riches count for little. We foster the feeling that " the rank is but the guinea stamp, the man's the gowd for of that."

Throughout the years the members have been closely allied to the two great Scottish charities, the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools, two institutions of which Scots in London have reason to be proud.

The Royal Scottish Corporation has been in existence for over 300 years. It does noble work in helping the aged and the infirm Scots in London. It renders help to those who have been unfortunate through sickness and want of work. We are proud of the fact that our Society and its members subscribe handsomely to the funds, and I understand that we have, during the last twenty years, subscribed no less than £30,000. No deserving London Scotsman or Scotswoman ever really needs to suffer from want.

The Royal Caledonian Schools were established for the express purpose of taking care of the children whose fathers have given their lives for their country and for other children of Scottish parents who lived in London. The Society gives every support morally and financially to bring a little sunshine into the lives of these unfortunate children. They get a good education and upbringing to fit them to take useful places in the world.

The social work of the Society you see in action to-night. At our usual monthly meetings we have Sentiments on some aspects of Scottish life read by members or friends. These Sentiments or addresses are of general historical or social interest, and are greatly appreciated by members and their guests.

I believe that the high motives of the Caledonian Society of London have done much to enhance the reputation of Scotsmen in London. (Applause.)

Vice-President James Thomson gave the toast, "Our Guests," and in doing so said :

In this ancient Society we seldom depart from tradition, and the tradition is that the Vice-President should propose this important toast, all the more important when we have so many visitors. For myself I should have had as the proposer one who had a ready wit, a sparkling humour, and a charming way with the ladies. Failing such a break from tradition, I am here as a poor substitute and appreciate the honour of proposing this toast, and it is a privilege to offer on behalf of the Society a warm welcome to our guests whom we are so glad to see and delighted to entertain.

We like to think that our friends, particularly our English friends, enjoy these occasions ; we like them to see Scottish people taking their pleasures not too sadly ; we like them to experience Scottish friendliness ; we like them to listen to our Scottish songs ; we like them to try some of our Scottish fare, and I hope they all understand our Scottish accents.

In this green and pleasant land the Scot is warmly welcomed, although there was a time, centuries ago, when the Englishman was not so pleased to see him. Many of you may have read Mr Logan Mack's book on the History of the Border Line. Therein he tells of an early English historian, who, writing up his account of a Border foray in language as free from restraint as that used by a European dictator, wrote about "foul hordes." No doubt our English historian was prejudiced, as I am quite sure those early Scots were in the fashion so far as they knew it, and looking round me to-night, I see no difference between the fashionable and elegant attire of the Scot and his guests.

"Foul hordes of Picts and Scots—differing in manners but all sharing the same thirst for blood, and more eager to shroud their villainous faces with beards than to cover with decent clothing those parts of their bodies which required it."

It is an interesting fact that many of our members have married English women. Therefore, I am sure that they are just as pleased to see Scots as Englishmen are ; and may I be allowed to point out the advantages of the Englishwoman who marries a Scot ? By doing so she acquires the nationality of her husband, although I say this with all diffidence and hesitancy in the presence of so many able and brilliant lawyers, if our English girl marries her Scot she inherits as her own the most romantic history in the world. (Hear, hear.) She is somewhat in the position of the Frenchman who intimated to his friends that he intended to take up British nationality. He was asked whereby he expected to be advantaged. Well to begin with, he said, I win ze battle of Waterloo. (Laughter.) The English girl who becomes a Scotswoman wins right away the battle of Bannockburn, and strikes in retrospect a blow for freedom. (Laughter and applause.)

Among the distinguished people with us to-night whom I desire to mention is our principal guest, the Right Hon. Lord Blanesburgh, the type of Scot of whom all Scotsmen are proud. (Hear, hear.) His honours and achievements are many. He is an LL.D. of Edinburgh University and an LL.D. of St Andrews University. He was a judge of the High Court. He was a Lord Justice of Appeal, he was a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary. He was the principal

British delegate on the Reparations Commission in Paris from 1925–31. Last but not least, he is chairman of the directors of the Royal Caledonian Schools. (Applause.) We are particularly pleased to have him with us.

Also, we are delighted to have with us Sir Percival Sharp, LL.D. Sir Percival Sharp is one of our leading authorities on all educational matters, and has been chairman of the Educational Committee for England, Wales, and Northern Ireland since 1925. He is president of the Association of Directors and Secretaries for Education. He has had a distinguished scholastic career as headmaster in various schools and as mathematical master in the School of Science, Hull. He has even done better than that: he has written school books on English and arithmetic. When I was a boy I never thought much of the man who wrote school books, especially arithmetic books, but I can forgive him now. Sir Percival Sharp has also served on many Government committees, and being a Yorkshireman gets things done. (Applause.)

I now give you the toast "Our Guests," with which I couple the names of the Right Hon. Lord Blanesburgh and Sir Percival Sharp. (Applause.)

The toast was heartily honoured, and Lord Blanesburgh responded.

He explained that he looked upon the Caledonian Society of London as the embodiment of all that was best in Scottish life and character—a Society in London representing the best principles of our nation. He paid a warm tribute to the President who did such excellent work for the Royal Caledonian Schools, of which he was a champion. He referred to the loyalty and love of Scots for their own country which, he felt, they applied in a practical way to the affairs of other nations no matter where they might reside. That spirit of loyalty was at the present time more necessary than it had ever been, and if others would remember Robert Burns's "Man to man the world o'er shall brothers be for a' that," the international situation would not be so depressing and acute as it was to-day. (Hear, hear.) Lord Blanesburgh expressed regret that a lady had not been selected to reply to this toast, for he gathered from the President's observations earlier in the evening that the ladies' fight to attend the banquet of the Caledonian Society of London had been almost as fierce as that for the vote. (Laughter.) On behalf of the ladies, and for the other guests present, he expressed his appreciation of a most enjoyable and entertaining evening. (Applause.)

Sir Percival Sharp, who followed Lord Blanesburgh, said:

"On an occasion of this nature I always feel the pronounced inadequacy of Englishmen in the presence of Scots." It was true (he continued), as the Vice-President had remarked, that he, Sir Percival, had been responsible for writing a number of books on English, but he admitted that he had never been able to master the subtle differences between Scotch and Scot, Scotsmen and Scottish. He did know, however, that if any of those present ordered a Scotch and a Scot were produced they would not fail to voice their disappointment. (Laughter.) Lord Blanesburgh's remarks made him feel like the

bishop who had been invited to spend a long week-end with the local squire who, owing to the illness of the vicar, invited the bishop to preach on Sunday. The bishop agreed and delivered two excellent sermons. After the service one of the churchwardens, in thanking the bishop, said they could really have done with a much poorer preacher, but, unfortunately, they could not find one. Sir Percival indicated that there were always two dangers present in the mind of any one responding to the toast of " The Guests." If he were too brief he was considered ungracious, and if he were too wordy he was regarded as an intolerable bore. As an illustration of these two dangers Sir Percival told two stories, the first as follows : Two Yorkshire farmers who were not great conversationalists were leaning over a fence one day contemplating a field of cows. " George," said one of them, " what was it you gave that cow of yours which was ill ? " " Turpentine," was the reply. The following Sunday the two farmers again met at the same field. " George," said the first, " what did you say you gave that cow of yours which was ill ? " " Turpentine," was the reply. " Well," said the first farmer, " I gave my cow turpentine and she died." " Aye," replied the other farmer, " so did mine." (Laughter.) That was an illustration, Sir Percival suggested, of the dangers of saying too little.

As an example of saying too much, Sir Percival told this story : George was walking along the lane one bright moonlight night with his best girl, looking into her eyes, very love-sick—all present knew what he meant—when suddenly he said to her, " Mary, will you marry me ? " " Yes," she replied. They walked on and on, and then Mary said to George, " Have you nothing else to say, George ? " " No," he replied, " I have already said too much." (Laughter.)

" I hope," continued Sir Percival, " that I have been able to avoid both these dangers in thanking you for the delightful evening you have given to me and to the other guests. On their behalf and on my own I express my appreciation of the material comforts which you have furnished, of the comradeship and friendship, and of the splendid entertainment you have provided. (Applause.)

Past-President J. B. Rintoul proposed the toast, " The President." He said :

It must always be a pleasure, as well as a privilege, to any one who is entrusted with the task of thanking the President for his services to the Society during his term of office ; and to-night my cup of happiness is full, for the President and I are old cronies, both having reached the same number of years of discretion, and both having joined the Caledonian Society within a year of each other.

Our President comes of a very ancient clan—one chronicler cites the McLarens as the " wicked thieves and lymmaris of the clans " ; I don't see how there can be any appeal from this opinion as I have found it recorded in two books. Information about them is very scanty, but I am told that feuds were frequent with the Buchanans, the Campbells, and the Macgregors. They fought at Bannockburn, Flodden, and Pinkie. They fought for Prince Charlie at Culloden. One McLaren served in the American War under General Howe, and another was a sergeant in the Dumbarton Highlanders. Yet the article

from which I have quoted sums up in a spirit of sweet reasonableness by remarking that " their name is better known in peace than in war."

This harmonious blend of peacefulness and bellicosity reminds me of the mother of Sir David Baird who, when informed that her son had been taken a prisoner of war and that the prisoners were chained together, remarked, " God help the man that's chined tae oor Davie." (Laughter.)

Many years ago, well over forty, one of my sisters and I were going to spend a holiday in Fife. My father casually said, " When you are down there you might look up my cousin, old John McLaren at Markinch." A wish from one's father in those days became a command, so on the appointed day we both started off from the village of Thornton to walk up to the town, which, in those days at any rate, was famous for most things abnormal, such as white blackbirds, giant cabbages, and, of course, it still rears its head proudly as the home of John Haig. Well we had never met this Mr McLaren, and we quite overlooked the desirability of getting his address before leaving London. But we knew two things about him : one that he was the precentor at the Parish Church, and the other that he was the town postman. We had been exploring the streets of this modest little town for a while without success, when we spied in the distance a stoutish little man in uniform, so when we came up level I described to him the personality whom we were seeking. All I could remember was that he was the precentor at the Auld Kirk. He cogitated for a while and then as if by a sudden inspiration, invited us to join him, remarking, " I think I ken wha ye mean." We had a very pleasant walk for about ten minutes when we suddenly stopped. A knock at the door revealed a sweet old lady in a mutch standing in the porch. We were introduced, " Ma, here's twa o' John's bairns down fra London." We had forgotten he was the postman.

I have shown you how the McLarens can be bellicose or peaceful in turn as occasion demands, just like ither folk. We know, too, because we know our President, that they can also be Scotland's gentlemen, men of the highest integrity, not only achieving success, but deserving it, giving as well as getting, generous to a fault.

I give you the toast of " The President, John McLaren," the man we know, coupling with his the name of Mrs McLaren, the lady who has made him what he is. (Applause.)

In his reply, the President thanked Past-President Rintoul for his kind remarks and expressed the pleasure which his year in office had given him. He paid a warm tribute to the great help he had received from the office-bearers and members, and particularly from the Honorary Secretary.

The musical programme was contributed by Madame Stiles Allan who sang " Ye Banks and Braes " and " Comin' through the Rye," and by Mr Raymond Newell, who sang " The Border Ballad " and " Sing a song of London." Mr Walter Newman contributed an

amusing sketch, and Mr Howard Spencer entertained with conjuring tricks. As a final item Dr Stewart Hunter contributed two whistling solos.

" Auld Lang Syne " ended a pleasant evening.

Obituary

MR JOHN A. BROWN, *late Hon. Secretary.*

As has been mentioned in these pages, John A. Brown's death was mourned deeply by the membership, and many expressions of sympathy reached Mrs Brown.

Mr Brown died at his home at Westcliff-on-Sea, on 7th March, 1939, after a long and trying illness. He was born in London of Scottish parents and was brought up and educated in and near Edinburgh ; first at the St James Episcopal School, Leith, and later at one of the Edinburgh public schools.

Forty years ago Mr Brown made his home in London and soon began a close interest in the Scottish charities in London that lasted throughout his life.

In Ilford, where he long resided, he entered into the religious, social, and philanthropic life of the district, and was an elder in the Ilford Presbyterian Church. He also took an active part in the work of the Ilford Scottish Association.

Mr Brown's personal charitable gifts were numerous, and his work for the Royal Scottish Corporation, of which he was a life managing governor, and for the Royal Caledonian Schools, of which he was a life director, were greatly valued.

In Session 1930-1931 he became Hon. Secretary of our Society, a post which he held until illness necessitated his resignation in 1934-1935. For his long and faithful service he was awarded the Society's gold badge. He was the President of the Burns Club of London, and until his death he was the honorary secretary. He was

a past-president of the old-established City Glee Club. As a Freemason he was the first initiate of the Freedom and Courtesy Lodge.

In business Mr Brown was for twenty years a director of the firm of Munday & Son, and for sixteen years he was the works director of John Mowlem & Sons, and for this firm he had charge of the maintenance of all Port of London Authority works.

Mr Brown was interested in literary matters. He knew and admired and walked on the Braids with R. L. Stevenson, and he was a descendant of the late Dr Brown, the author of " Rab and his friends."

Tributes to our late Secretary.

At the monthly meeting of the Management Committee of the Royal Scottish Corporation, on Wednesday, 8th March, 1939, Mr William Will, vice-president, chairman, said he had the melancholy duty to inform the members of the death of Mr John A. Brown, a life managing governor of the Corporation. He moved a resolution which declared that Mr Brown's interest in the promotion of the Corporation's objects has proved an inspiration to all charitable Scots, and his unfailing practical sympathy for his countrymen who had suffered misfortune had endeared him to all associated with Scottish beneficent activities in London.

In presenting the resolution, the chairman said :

" Mr John Brown's private charities never will be known, but many a time the late Mr Moncrieff, our secretary, told me of the quiet support which Mr Brown gave to many cases within Mr Moncrieff's knowledge. By his benefactions he took the edge off the misery—even off the hunger—of many Scots and English poor deserving people. It is those quiet, unostentatious kindnesses that endeared him to us all. There was no pretentiousness, no humbug, no guile, about John

Brown. His life was that of a God-fearing, pious Scot, and to all of us an example and an inspiration."

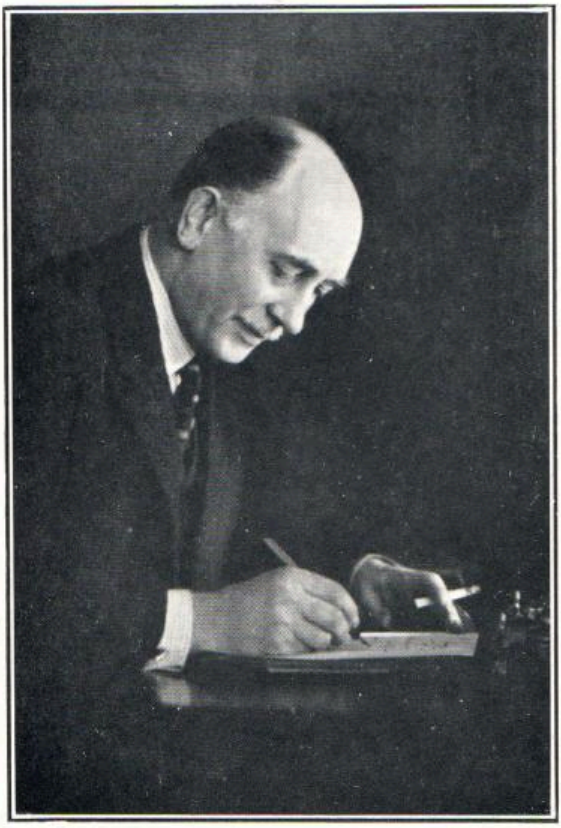
During the Session the following other members of the Society died :

George J. Alison, a life member who joined the Society in 1899.

J. Proctor Atkinson, a chemist from Edinburgh, who became a member in 1916. He took an active part in London Scottish life.

W. G. Buchanan, a South American merchant, who on returning to this country took an active interest in all progressive Scottish movements, among them the Royal Scottish Corporation. He became a member in 1935.

Sir Henry Japp, who joined the membership in 1934, was a partner in the firm of John Mowlem, and a business colleague of Mr John A. Brown.



JAMES THOMSON
President 1939-1940

CHAPTER II.

1939-1940 : JAMES THOMSON, *President.*

The new President a native of Leith ; Lord Alness elected Vice-President ; Federated Council of Scottish Associations re-formed ; Colonel Bennett, London Scottish, congratulated ; a war-disturbed Session ; Financial help for Scottish organisations ; Scotland in London ; Sentiments—"Five minutes an M.P." by David Robertson, M.P. ; "A Seaman's Memories," by Commander Shankland ; "Living Memorials to the Scots," by Mr Roy E. Hay ; gold badges to President and "father" ; death of Mr L. G. Sloan.

MR James Thomson, our new President, was born in Leith, and in this neighbour of the Scottish capital, several generations of his seafaring forebears lived and died, and where he has been in business during the greater part of his life. He was educated at George Watson's College, and the famous old school has ever been in his thoughts. In many ways he has kept up his connection with the College, and in 1920, he was president of the London Club.

Mr Thomson entered on a business career early in life, for when only fifteen years of age he joined the Leith firm of Chas. Mackinlay & Co., distillers, blenders and exporters of Scotch whisky. He became a director of the firm, and later senior partner. He is also a director

of the firm Mackinlays & Birnie, Ltd., Inverness, where they are the proprietors of the well-known Glenmohr and Glen Albyn distilleries.

Our new President has been for many years deputy chairman of the Whisky Association, which interests itself in the affairs of the Trade.

In the furtherance of his firm's business he has travelled in many parts of the world, and is, consequently, one of the best-known men in the industry.

Although he has spent the greater part of his life in Scotland, he has many business and social ties with London, and among his interests here are the Royal Scottish Corporation of which he is a life managing governor, and the Royal Caledonian Schools.

His elder son, Mr James Currie Thomson, a member of the London Scottish, was mobilised when war broke out in September, 1939, and at the time of his father's accession to the presidency of our Society, he was adjutant of the " Scottish."*

The fact that our new President has led an active business life has not prevented him from enjoying the social amenities of Leith, Edinburgh, and London ; and while his friends in the Trade meet him mainly as a keen business man, we, his brother Caledonians, know him as a big open-hearted social friend and companion, a loyal Caledonian ready to help every deserving Scottish cause.

On 2nd November, 1939, at the Waldorf Hotel, the Members of Council met under the war cloud which threatened to interrupt all their work.

The retiring President, Mr John McLaren, thanked the members for the loyal support which they had given him. He had done his best to maintain the traditions of the Society, and he felt that when the " Chronicles " were published it would be found that the proceedings

* Before this volume went to press, James Thomson, junior, had become Lieutenant-Colonel, and was in command of the 2nd Battalion Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders.

during the past session had not been without their value. He was delighted that so worthy a Caledonian and so able a man had been chosen to succeed him in the chair.

The new President, Mr James Thomson, expressed his gratitude for the confidence that the members had placed in him, and he pledged himself to maintain the dignity and the traditions of the Society. He congratulated Mr John McLaren on his successful year of office ; he had filled the office with great efficiency. They had admired his independence and his upright character. They all hoped that their immediate Past-President would be long spared to come among them, as the experience of one who had occupied the chair was of great value to the Society.

Past-President McLaren thanked the President and the members. He had made many friends, and he wished to keep them.

Past-President P. N. McFarlane proposed that Lord Alness be elected Vice-President. They were glad that his lordship had consented to be nominated for the vice-presidency, which meant that in due course, he would become their President.

Lord Alness thanked the members for their confidence in him, and assured them that he would do his best to maintain the dignity of the office and of the Society.

The Society's thanks for his valuable services were conveyed to Mr John Reid on his resignation.

Mr R. R. Wilson and Mr John M. Swan were appointed to represent the Society on the Federated Council* which was being reformed to look after the Scottish service men in our midst.

On the recommendation of the President, it was agreed that a letter of congratulation and good wishes be sent to Lieutenant-Colonel L. D. Bennett, who will lead the 1st Battalion London Scottish in the war.

* Renamed the Association of Scottish Societies in London.

The confidence of the members in Lieutenant-Colonel Bennett was emphasised.

Because of the difficulties created by the war, a postal ballot for the election of office-bearers for Session 1939-1940 was taken and the following were confirmed in their offices :

President, James Thomson ; Vice-President, The Rt. Hon. Lord Alness, P.C. ; Hon. Secretary, Past-President P. N. McFarlane ; Hon. Treasurer, Mr John M. Swan ; Hon. Auditor, Mr. J. L. Stewart ; Hon. Historian, Past-President William Will.

At the luncheon at which the new President took the chair, the loyal toasts having been pledged, Past-President P. N. McFarlane proposed the toast, " The President."

He said he was sure the results of Mr Thomson's year of office would well justify their selection, for he was a true and loyal Caledonian. He had been a regular attender at the meetings, and he was a loyal supporter of our great charities. Our President was a good mixer, and with his *bonhomie* the conduct of their proceedings was in safe hands. In these trying times for parents, they did not forget Mrs Thomson in her anxiety for her two boys, and they prayed that God would cover them in the days of battle and bring them back safely.

Addressing the President, Mr McFarlane said : " You have promised although you will be resident in Leith, to preside over our business and social meetings. We hope the fates will be kind to us and that you will have to preside over a good number of gatherings during your session of office. In these troublous times you will be entitled to the utmost consideration of the members, and we have no doubt that you will emerge from the Session's work with a reputation for loyalty to our Scottish traditions enhanced, great though your reputation is to-day." (Applause.)

The President in reply, said :

It is at such a moment as this that one feels how difficult it is to live up to the expectations of one's friends, particularly to the kind things that have been said this afternoon. If you will keep a blind eye to my shortcomings I may be able to satisfy my fellow-members, even if I cannot satisfy myself. (Applause.)

During the afternoon four new members were introduced : David Robertson, Andrew C. McFarlane, William Dalgarno, and D. M. McLennan.

" Auld Lang Syne " closed the meeting.

Gifts by the Society.

At the Council meeting, held at the Waldorf Hotel, Aldwych, on Thursday, 7th December, 1939, the President, Mr James Thomson, was in the chair.

It was unanimously agreed to contribute to the Association of Scottish Societies in London, £100, to provide comforts for Scottish sailors, soldiers, and airmen. Hearty commendation was given to the objects of the federated societies, and " God speed " was the spirit of the remarks accompanying the vote.

The position of the *Scottish Year Book* was considered. It was pointed out that the outbreak of the war had checked the sales of the annual publication, and that the proprietor, Mr T. Atholl Robertson, who was one of the life members, might have a large number of copies left unsold. The value of the *Year Book* to the Scottish community was stressed and it was decided to purchase £10 worth of copies.

The annual contributions of £25 to the Royal Scottish Corporation and £25 to the Royal Caledonian Schools were unanimously voted.

At the luncheon, after the Council and General meetings, the President welcomed the members and their guests.

He said that as the first luncheon was a distinct success from the point of view of numbers, it was decided to continue the series. It was evident that the confidence of the Council in relying upon the support of the members had been justified. In order to curtail the time spent at these lunches it had been necessary to cut down the menu. It seemed almost sacrilege to touch with fell intent such national and ambrosial dishes as the Scotch broth or the haggis, but it was obvious that one or the other, or perhaps both, would have to go. After deep thought, it was concluded that no self-respecting Caledonian could survive without one such dish, and as all Caledonians and all potential Caledonians, who came from that place where it used to be said they " cultivated literature on a little oatmeal," are nurtured on haggis, we decided that the Scotch broth would cause less disturbance if it disappeared than would the haggis. (Laughter.)

Apart from the fact, hardly worth mentioning in a gathering of Scotsmen,

that there is a slight reduction in the cost of the meal, a lighter repast would better serve the multifarious interests of our members after lunch, when a clear head is better than a full stomach.

I do hope you will give us credit for acting in your best interests. I must admit that the last menu savoured more of our dinner, at which one found that atmosphere which engendered a feast of reason and flow of soul, a state of beatitude not to be reached to the fullest extent at a luncheon, when instead of going to bed, you return to business—at least some of you do. Luncheons sometimes are inconvenient functions, but it is the best we can do in these times, when a stout heart is wanted for a stey brae, and I am sure you will all agree that it does us good, re-inforces our confidence as it were, to meet now and then old friends, if only for a short chat and exchange of views. (Applause.)

Lord Alness, Vice-President, submitted the toast, "Past-Presidents." He spoke of the service which the Past-Presidents had rendered to the Society, and said that there was not a Past-President who was not proud of the honour which the members had conferred upon him by appointing him to the presidency. The success of the Society depended upon the men who were called upon to lead it, and the long procession of devoted men who had filled the chair since 1837 were responsible largely for the respect in which the Society was held.

Lord Alness coupled the toast with the name of Past-President William Will, who, he said, had rendered splendid service to the Society as editor of the "Chronicles."

The toast having been honoured, Past-President Will thanked Lord Alness for his generous references to the Past-Presidents, who had to the best of their various abilities, maintained the traditions of the Society. Lord Alness, he said, was the pride of those who listened to him, and the despair of those who had to follow him.

The speaker congratulated the President on his selection for the high office, and commiserated with him in the fact that his year of office marched with the war of liberation, which gave him both business and domestic anxieties. The speaker expressed the hope of the members that the end of the war would leave him and his family unscathed. Notwithstanding the troublous time, the members knew that in the hands of the President and the Vice-President, the fortunes, the dignity, and the honour of the Society were in safe keeping.

Mr Will said that in his spare moments he was writing a chapter for a book, his task being "The Scot in London," and when writing he was struck by the

amazingly romantic story which the Scot in London disclosed. He never passed through Westminster Hall without seeing the majestic figure of William Wallace declaring in the face of his accusers, " I am no traitor, for I never owned allegiance to the King of England."

Many Scots had made their homes in London since that day, between 500 and 600 years ago, and he often wondered—and his wonder increased every month when the new cases at the Royal Scottish Corporation were considered—why certain types of men and women ever did come to London.

But it was not so difficult to understand why others came south. He had read recently certain statistics showing that the people of Scotland drank twice as much water per head as did the people of England. Well, Caledonians, of what use is a country like that to a man like our President who sells whisky ? (Laughter.)

Probably for the first time in the history of the Society, the proceedings closed without the singing of " Auld Lang Syne," for it had been decided that at the present stage of the war the austerity of the time should be observed.

Death of Mr L. G. Sloan.

The death of a great London Scot, Mr Laurence Gunn Sloan, was reported by the Hon. Secretary, at the Council meeting on Thursday, 11th January, 1940. Mr McFarlane said a fine Caledonian and a great Christian gentleman had gone to his rest.

The meeting was held at the Waldorf Hotel, the President, Mr James Thomson, in the chair.

Mr A. G. C. Robertson, was admitted to the membership.

The President again took the chair at the luncheon in the Waldorf Hotel, and after the loyal toasts had been given and honoured, Mr Thomson said :

If not too late, I should like to wish you as happy a New Year as you can possibly have, and I hope with you all that the end of the year will be more tranquil than the beginning, and that by January, 1941, we shall be able to return to our normal activities.

It is a great pleasure to me to be able to come from Scotland to preside over these luncheons. I am not convinced that it is good for a Caledonian to reside

on the other side of the Border. No doubt there are more Caledonians in Scotland than anywhere else, but the real thing blossoms only furth of Scotland. I was disturbed to find that those who have their feet planted firmly and permanently on their native heath know not the men of solid worth who form the Society and keep the flag of Scotland flying, at any rate in London. (Hear, hear.)

You are all anxious to hear Brother Caledonian David Robertson, M.P., give the Sentiment, " Five minutes an M.P.," and I now call upon him to unburden himself and entertain us.

Mr Robertson said he was sorry that on the first occasion on which he had the privilege of addressing his brother Caledonians the subject was such a personal one, for he had no love for the personal pronoun. He continued:

Some years ago I was golfing at Gleneagles with my good friend and relative, Mr William McGill, who is sitting on my left to-day, and he sank a long curly putt on the 18th green to win the match. We adjourned to the 19th hole, and I was getting my own back by inveighing against the current political crisis and generally setting the world to rights, when my friend quietly said : " Would you like to be an M.P. ? " I replied that I would, but the question sobered me a lot and McGill managed to make his escape.

In the subsequent months, the thought passed from my mind, until an occasion arose when one of the companies I am associated with was opposing a City of London Corporation Bill before a House of Lords Committee. My evidence took some time, both during examination and cross-examination, and I noticed my friend McGill, together with Councillor Carr, who is sitting on my right to-day, coming in and out of the committee room in a lurking and furtive manner. I was somewhat puzzled at their manœuvres, and I did not realise then that I was on trial as a potential Parliamentary candidate. This realisation came when Councillor Carr telephoned me about 18 months ago, intimating that a vacancy would shortly occur in the Streatham Division of Wandsworth, and that he was on the selection committee ; and he suggested putting my name on the list of possible candidates. I agreed. I felt honoured and thrilled at the prospect, although I did not then hope that I would be the fellow ultimately selected. While the committee was making up its mind about a candidate I gave the matter a good deal of thought. Firstly, I had to make up my mind whether I would prove an efficient member of Parliament. I have not solved that problem yet. Secondly, I consulted my wife, enquiring somewhat diffidently her views on my absence from home which the job would entail. I am under no illusions as to who is the boss in our household—(laughter)—and I am glad to say that my wife enthusiastically approved my candidature. (Hear, hear.) The family did likewise. Finally, I had to consider whether I could afford the time and the cash involved in such an enterprise, and, when I decided that that could be done, I had to break the news to my business associates, who gave me their enthusiastic support. (Applause.)

The next move was an invitation by Councillor Carr to meet the president of the Streatham Conservative Association at lunch. Thanks to the strenuous efforts of my host, I got through the interview without putting my " fit " too

deeply in the mire. A day or two later, I was invited to meet the selection committee. They were a very friendly lot of people. They gave me an easy journey, and to my joy, decided to recommend me to the executive of the association for adoption as prospective candidate. I did not have such an easy journey before the executive. A member from the wrong side of the Border, and with a very rasping voice, suspected Bolshevism as soon as he ascertained that I was born in the proud city of Glasgow. I indignantly repudiated the idea, and admitted that, although Gorbals, Govan, Camlachie, Bridgeton, and Springburn had departed from the true blue, my native Kelvingrove still returned a Tory in the Right Hon. Walter Elliot, but only just, his majority at the last election being exceedingly slender.

Sir Bertram Galer, who is sitting on the right of our President to-day, is the treasurer of the Streatham Conservative Association, and is, therefore, of considerable importance to the candidate. I am so pleased that he is here, so that I can pay my tribute to his unfailing kindness and helpfulness at all times.

A little later, a full meeting of the association was called, and I was formally adopted, and immediately embarked on a lengthy programme of public meetings. One of my earliest was a bazaar. It was the first bazaar I had ever opened and I think I must have felt like a barrister getting his first brief. I put everything I had into the opening speech. I think I astonished the minister and the platform party by the vehemence and eloquence of my appeal, and I certainly astonished myself by my prodigal generosity when I visited the stalls ! (Laughter.) Since then I have left bazaar-opening to my wife. She does it much better and more economically. (Laughter.)

The outstanding high spot of the season was the autumn social of the party, when over 300 members attended. They were entertained to tea and refreshments. The candidate paid ! I realised this was a most important meeting for me. I applied to the party for guidance, but I discarded their advice. I thought it was too hackneyed, and boldly decided to make my main plank an attack on the balance of power policy. I outlined in detail the wars in Europe for the past 125 years, pointing out that at Waterloo, in alliance with the Germans, we defeated the French ; at the Crimea, in alliance with the French, we defeated the Russians ; in 1914, we fought our Waterloo allies, the Germans, in alliance with the Russians and French, and so on. I suggested that these alliances cause wars instead of preventing them, and wound up with an impassioned appeal for European brotherly love that even Hitler would have subscribed to. I think that speech would make pretty sorry reading to-day. I hope my constituents have forgotten it. I wish I could. (Laughter.)

Thereafter, I embarked on a series of meetings at social clubs, smoking concerts, and the like, winding up with meetings at the homes of each of the polling district chairmen, about sixteen in number. This was done on sixteen successive week-nights, and was rather a strain. In all those suburban homes I received the kindliest of welcomes, and I could not help thinking how incongruous it was having to stand up at a dining-table in the closest proximity to the audience, and making a speech about the critical state of foreign affairs. It was a strange atmosphere to bring to a peaceful fireside, among all the intimate articles and comforts of family life.

The day came for my predecessor to retire from Parliament ; nomination forms had to be filled in ; a deposit of £150 paid to the town clerk ; the association was dissolved for the time being ; adoption meetings were held, and I was duly nominated for the vacancy. The Liberal and Labour Associations

decided to respect the party truce prevailing in war time, but within a day or two of the nomination day, I was threatened with opposition from a Peace Pledge crank and also a Communist. On the eve of nomination, Brother Caledonian Dr Charles Stewart Hunter telephoned, hissing into my ear that he had dealt with my political opponents. I could hear the rattle of his hypodermic as he spoke. (Laughter.)

I was, therefore, returned unopposed, and took my seat. But first I had to be sponsored by two members, who accompanied me up the floor of the House, making three bows to the Speaker on the way ; took the oath ; signed the roll ; was introduced to the Speaker and then passed out at the exit behind the Chair. I was a member of Parliament. I suppose all men who have gone through the same ceremony will carry a vivid recollection of it to the end of their days. I certainly will. I was conscious all the time of the great men who had played their part in that House ; of the stirring events and speeches that had been made, and of the great laws that had been passed in that Chamber.

I have no illusions in regard to what can be done by a brand-new and amateurish politician like myself in the House of Commons. Also, I feel that affairs are well conducted in this old democracy of ours, and that they are on the whole, in good shape. I am, however, not satisfied with the social and economic condition of affairs in Scotland. I think we have been guilty of committing race suicide by exporting far too many of our fine sons and daughters, and while the world may have benefited, Scotland and her people have suffered. (Hear, hear.)

I remember some years ago, motoring with my family from the Pentland Firth, southward along the Valley of the Naver, and at a point on the road in the parish of Syre, I noticed a cairn standing between the road and the river. It was not a very striking cairn, but something impelled me to get out and have a look at it, and the inscription recorded that the cairn was built to commemorate the spot where, on a day in 1805, the Sutherland Highlanders were raised—the old 93rd. Fourteen hundred odd men responded to the call on one day. I looked around, north, south, east and west, and I can assure you it would be impossible to raise forty men to-day in the same area. All along the roadside one could see heaps of stones where little crofts and cottages had stood.

The depopulation of Scotland is not confined to Sutherland. Unhappily, it is the common lot of the entire countryside ; and while I have no desire to prevent the venturesome young men and women pushing out to the south and to the dominions and colonies, I do bitterly resent the economic state of affairs which compels those who do not want to, to migrate from their homes. (Hear, hear.)

I was born the son of an exile, and I think some of the bitterness of my exiled father must have been born in me. I realised at an early age how he loathed the hard pavements and tenement houses of Glasgow. I recollect spending Saturday afternoons with him in the country districts outside Glasgow, looking for birds' nests. We never touched a nest, we just loved looking at the wonderful workmanship of the mating birds that built the nest, and the fledglings when they arrived on the scene. Maybe your fathers felt as mine did in their exile, or maybe you yourselves have felt the pangs in similar fashion.

Many of you will have read the report recently published by the committee which investigated conditions in the Highlands and Islands. I did, and I feel that the committee's recommendations, unhappily postponed on account of the war, must be carried out immediately the war is over ; and if I can play any part in bringing that about I will be well satisfied. I realise, of course, that

my main duty is to serve the electorate in this fine London town of Streatham that I have the honour to represent. I will find it difficult to repay the kindness that I have met with from every one in Streatham, and my aim will be to serve them in the House of Commons and in the constituency to the very best of my ability. (Applause.)

Past-President William Miln proposed thanks and a toast to " The author of the Sentiment." He said they had listened with great interest to his " Five minutes an M.P." Few men were better equipped than he to serve as a member of Parliament. His service during the last Great War, combined with his vast commercial experience, must prove valuable assets to the nation in whatever work he would undertake.

In 1915 (continued Mr Miln) Mr Robertson joined the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders as an officer; he was speedily promoted to be captain. In 1917 he was wounded and invalided home. In 1918, after convalescence he joined the Ministry of Food as sectional accountant to the Fish, Game and Poultry Department; he was soon promoted to be Assistant Director of Finance. When the armistice took place he was appointed chief accountant to the Ministry in Paris during the Peace Conference in Versailles.

Since 1920 Mr Robertson has been actively associated with the fishing and cold storage industries. He is a joint managing director of the London Ice & Cold Storage Co. Ltd. He is also joint managing director of Messrs J. Bennett (Wholesale) Ltd. and Messrs J. Bennett (Billingsgate) Ltd. He is a director of Associated Fisheries, Northern Trawlers, Shire Trawlers and several other companies which form one of the most important fishing organisations in this country.

And now let us thank you, Mr Robertson, for your Sentiment, and to wish for you the success to which your further efforts will entitle you. (Applause.)

Mr J. R. Crawford proposed the toast, " Our Guests." He said every guest was distinguished, but that afternoon their guest who would reply to the toast, was particularly distinguished. Sir Bertram Galer was a great public servant. He represented Streatham on the L.C.C.; he was a member of the Port of London Authority; and among several other bodies which had done great service, and on which he acted, was the London and Home Counties Traffic Advisory Committee. He is a member of Lloyds and is associated with many business concerns.

But perhaps what lay nearest his heart was the Territorial Volunteer movement. In the early part of the century he joined the 24th Queen's London Regiment ; and he became adjutant in 1915.

The toast was enthusiastically received.

Sir Bertram Galer thanked the proposer of the toast for his encomiums. He was glad to find himself among " you wild and untamed Caledonians." He said the Scot was careful and was almost parsimonious in his pleasures, except on New Year's Eve. An Englishman, after an outburst such as that would find himself before the " beak " in the morning, but not the Scot. He took his pleasures so carefully that nothing happened after he had brought in the New Year in a hilarious fashion. (Laughter.)

Sir Bertram said it had given him and his fellow-guests great pleasure to know the Caledonian, stern and wild, in this English hotel, which, for that afternoon, had been turned into a bit of Scotland.

" Auld Lang Syne " closed the meeting.

The President, Mr James Thomson, took the chair at the Council and General meetings held at the Waldorf Hotel, on Thursday, 15th February, 1940.

Alastair George Charles Robertson was admitted a member of the Society.

Following the Council and General meetings, a large company sat down to lunch, under the chairmanship of the President, who, having given the loyal toasts, called upon his old friend, Commander Shankland, to give the Sentiment, which although without a title, was on a seafaring subject.

Commander Shankland, who had a hearty reception said :

When my old schoolfellow, your President, honoured me with the invitation to address you on some subject of Scottish sentiment akin to navigation, he set me a course for which there is no compass, and one which is without limits measured in any dimensional manner. It is one which has not been traversed before, either in speech-making or in literature, so far as I am aware, this story of Scottish service and Scottish sentiment in navigation. It is perhaps appropriate that under the presidency of Mr Thomson the Sentiment should be of travel ; of men who voyaged to far places as their business or as merchants in quest of business, because the motto of our old school was *Terraque mareque*, and the emblem a ship under full sail ; and his father was also a sea captain of Leith.

It was Louis Stevenson, in his *Inland Voyage*, who set limits to the interest of a journey, by saying that it is better to travel than to arrive, and so long as life is accompanied by a movement towards some definite object of interest then just so long will men enjoy the voyage rather than its termination. But there is this about the seamen and the merchant venturers—and Scotland has supplied a liberal quota of both—they can live their voyages, accomplishments, aspirations, disappointments, and travels over again as few other men can do because of the impress incident gives to memory.

Scottish dialect and Scottish song have not contributed so much to nautical metaphor or nautical phrase as the English language appears to have done. We speak, for instance, in times of national stress of " steering the ship of state." Then there are allusions of a lighter nature such as, of extreme vigilance in " keeping one's weather eye open," of being " three sheets in the wind," and even " half seas over," a condition which to-day, no gentleman holding a position of responsibility desires to be identified with, whether he be English or Scots. Rather should we wish, in so far as Scotsmen in London are concerned, that so many being accountants they are more identified with keeping the City of London on an even keel ; and having brought you back to London, as a port of call, so to speak, in this address, let me remind you that there were other times when we were distinctly *non persona grata*. I give you the singular in the Latin as the plural in my hands might produce difficulties ; and I refer to the Charter which Henry VIII granted to the Trinity House of London which now has some connection with the Trinity Houses of Leith, Newcastle, and Hull, and in that charter laid upon the Elder Brethren of the Corporation a duty to see to the manning of the Navy by Englishmen owing to the undesirable influx of Scots and Flemings then in the King's ships.

When speaking of the Navy I need hardly remind you that few of our admirals have been Scotsmen, and Louis Stevenson in his essay on the English admirals must have thrown the patriotic folds of the flag somewhat carelessly over the origin and nationality of Admiral Duncan when he avoided the use of British.

You may remember that there was unrest and even mutiny in the service in 1797, so that only two ships could be detailed to bottle up De Winter with a large fleet sheltering in the Texel. The preceding paragraphs of the author's story are not without that light touch of humour of which R. L. S. was such a delightful exponent. He says : " To suppose yourself endowed with natural parts for the sea because you are the countryman of Blake and the mighty

Nelson is perhaps just as unwarrantable as to imagine Scotch extraction a sufficient guarantee that you will look well in a kilt."

But returning to Admiral Duncan, R. L. S. says : Lying off the Texel with only one other vessel he heard that the whole Dutch fleet was putting to sea. He told Captain Hotham to anchor alongside of him in the narrowest part of the channel and fight his vessel till she sank. " I have taken the depth of the water," he added, " and when the *Venerable* goes down my flag will still fly." " And observe," says R. L. S., " this is no naked Viking in a prehistoric period, but a Scots M.P., with a smattering of the classics, a telescope, a cocked hat of great size, and flannel underclothing."

In general, however, the characteristics of Scottish seamen have been rather of the small ship and the wee harbours—the type produced by the whalers of Dundee and Peterhead, wooden ships and iron men, who learned navigation from the Scots dominies of pre-School Board days in the equivalent of the sixth standard.

Aberdeen, Dundee, Arbroath, Montrose, and Elie, have the principal claims to this phase of maritime history, while Leith played a prominent part in an endeavour to build up a Royal-cum-Merchant Navy in the days of the Stuarts.

Then came a period in maritime enterprise which had some Scottish associations : the rise and fall of the famous East India Company, many of whose administrators and captains came from Scotland.

When Daniel Defoe wrote his incomparable sea story *Robinson Crusoe*, he chose for his subject the adventures of Alexander Selkirk, a Fifeshire seaman.

The east coast of Scotland appears to have produced a fine type of navigator and overseas merchant, and from the Montrose and Arbroath districts proceeded some of the Scots congregation of Gothenburg, whose descendants to-day are among the elite of commercial activity in Sweden.

But when we turn to the west coast, the traditions, in the language of modern diplomacy, appears to have deteriorated. Courage was there in plenty, but character in the person of John Paul, a Kirkcudbrightshire youth, who went to sea, changed his name to Paul Jones, and whose principal claim to posterity is a modern dance in which one constantly changes one's partner, was a travesty of trustworthiness. His real name covered the fact that his mother was a Macduff and his father a Paul. For thirty hectic years he blazed his maritime trail across the seas. A ship's boy, midshipman in the Royal Navy, third to first mate on a slaver ; at twenty-one master of his own ship which he left after killing a mutinous seaman ; then in the U.S. Navy, captain of *Bonne Homme Richard* defeating H.M.S. *Serapis* off Scarborough ; then in the service of Catherine the Great ; later to die in Paris at forty-five—a forgotten adventurer until in recent years officers of the U.S. Navy revived the subject of a suitable memorial.

In the present days, when we are being reminded of our one-time piratical descent by German propaganda, let me say something of the honest Scots merchants, soldiers and sailors of fortune, who left their homes, families, estates, to fight in the foreign legions of other countries so as to get a living. Here we had a peculiar cross section of life—Hamiltons in the service of Gustavus Adolphus during the Thirty Years' War. Setons and others, one hundred years later, in the service of Catherine the Great ; such men as Field-Marshal Keith, Barclay de Tolly, in the days of Napoleon ; the Scots of Danzig, of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, who consisted of Douglas, Stuart, Crawfurd,

Tomson, Murray, Rentoun, Gourlay, and Anstruther; also a Rev. Patrick Greig, a chaplain.

They fought against the famous Stephen of Poland for Prussia. The Douglas Gate is a memorial to them. Then in later times came the neat sailing ship and merchant venturers era of which so much has been written.

This period produced some great ship designers, builders, and ship masters who were Scots.

In the clipper ship era, Scotland's contribution to the design and command of the vessels was conspicuous. Those that were American, in the genius of Donald Mackay, the designer of several crack clippers, placed Scotland well to the front in the States.

The zenith of the sea clipper period lay between 1859 and 1872. By this time the American competition was in retreat, and British designers and builders were fighting out the battle for supremacy among themselves. Steele and Connel of the Clyde, the former the designers and builders of the *Taeping, Ariel, Serica, Sir Lancelot, Titania,* and *Lahloo.* Connel's *Taitsing, Spindrift, Windover*; and Hall's (of Aberdeen) *Flying Spar, Black Prince, Yangstse.* As Miss Fox Smith describes them: "Their masts were like a forest and their names were like a song." It is probable that no other race that ever sailed on the blue water, created so much excitement as the great tea clipper race of 1866. Of the several vessels leaving the China coast in that year, the principals were *Fiery Cross, Ariel, Taeping, Serica,* and *Taitsing.* Leaving the Min River on the same tide, *Taeping, Ariel,* and *Serica* docked in London on the same tide.

Basil Lubbock, in his book on the China clippers, says: "It was a proud day for Scotland, for all three captains, Keay of *Ariel,* M. C. McKinnion of *Taeping,* and Innes of *Serica,* hailed from the Land of Cakes."

In future years great tribute will be paid to the energy and business resources which found expression in the founding of the P. and O. by Mr Anderson and his successor, Sir Thomas Sutherland, of Messrs McKinnion Mackenzie of B.I. fame, Shaw Savill's, MacGregor Gow of the Glen Line, Gellatly of Gellatly, Hankey, and Sewell, which are all London shipping companies of considerable importance, and by some curious factor, which remains persistent and inexplicable, we have in the Port of London, in 1940, some Scots in the higher places, namely, Lord Ritchie, the chairman; Mr J. B. Ritchie (no relation), the general manager; and a man of Ayrshire extraction, born in Angus, as chief harbour master. It seems all a subject which merits the closest investigation.

Commander Shankland's Sentiment was received with many evidences of the company's appreciation.

Captain A. A. Cameron asked the members and their guests to thank Commander Shankland for his Sentiment, which had given them all great pleasure.

Scotsmen (said Captain Cameron) have long been famed for their success as pioneers in commerce; in overseas ventures; and in colonisation. As soldiers they are second to none. But the achievements of our early seamen are well-nigh forgotten. They seem to have been overlooked in literature, and perhaps to some extent overshadowed by the more spectacular voyages of the

English seamen of the Elizabethan period. Nevertheless Scotland had daring sailors for centuries before the Union of the Crowns, and at one period of our history actually had a Navy that was stronger than the English one.

Since the days of which Commander Shankland has spoken, the world has changed indeed, but one thing has not changed—the spirit of our seamen. Still they go down to the sea in ships, bringing to our island kingdom food and other necessaries, and taking overseas our manufactures to pay for them, undaunted by the hellish devices of a savage and ruthless enemy.

We thank you, Commander Shankland, for your Sentiment, and for reminding us, incidentally, of our sailors—Scottish and English—to whom we owe so much to-day. (Applause.)

The toast was heartily drunk with Caledonian honours.

Mr W. S. Cobb proposed " Our Guests."

He referred to the refreshing Sentiment from Commander Shankland ; and as an old seaman—he could not claim to be an old sailor, and there was a great difference—he was pleased to welcome their guests ; and " it will not be any the less acceptable for having been warmed up in the engine room." I have sailed as an engineer in several Scottish tramps (said Mr Cobb), and one of the companies I joined was known as Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, while another company was known in shipping circles as Hunger and Starvation ; and when one of their ships docked in a foreign port the rails of the ship were lined. It was surprising that the men had sufficient strength left to bring their vessel safely to port. The reputation of these two companies was nothing to be proud of. Some of our guests have travelled far and wide, and they have received hospitality in different parts of the world, but none has been more heartily extended than has ours this day. (Applause.)

The guests included Sir Bertram Galer, Rev. Dr Bryant, Sir Frederick Martin, Alderman Cummings, and Mr Robert Rainie, a vice-president of the Institute of Marine Engineers, and the general manager of one of the largest shipbuilding firms in Britain, who replied to the toast.

Mr Rainie said he treated the toast in the generous spirit in which it had been presented. The personal element in it was apparent, for he, like all sea-faring folk, and the engineers and others, dependent on them, belonged to a fraternity damned at birth. At that meeting they felt not so much guests as prodigal sons returning to the paternal fold. They had at that gathering of the clans, gathered something of the background

of the Scots. Their English friends did not understand the part that sentiment played in the lives of Scots; but Scots knew, and the guests that evening appreciated greatly being brought nearer to the heart of Scotland. Their national struggles, spiritual and temporal, made a great part of their history. They recalled their heroes, those heroic figures that flashed across the national stage, and they gloried in the memories. (Applause.)

Mr A. G. C. Robertson, a new member, was introduced to the President.

The meeting closed with " Auld Lang Syne."

Gold Badges Awarded.

On Thursday, 14th March, 1940, the President, Mr James Thomson, took the chair at a Council meeting held at the Waldorf Hotel.

The gold badge of the Society was unanimously voted to Mr Thomson, whose year of office was ending, " as a mark of affection and of appreciation of his work as President."

The gold badge was also given to Mr David Boyd, the " father " of the Society. His loyalty to the Society, which he joined in 1899, was thus acknowledged.

The President took the chair at the luncheon which followed, and after the loyal toasts, he said : " When in October we arranged to hold these luncheons, I am sure most of us secretly feared that interruptions would come and upset them, but so far nothing has occurred, and the gatherings have been held with monthly regularity. The time has not flown, as one would have expected, on leaden wings, but with lightning-like rapidity ; and now at the close of his term the President has to sing his

swan song. And in doing so, I must say that the presidency of the Caledonian Society of London and the presiding over these luncheons, have been to me a wonderful experience, and one for which I have to thank you, my brother Caledonians. I looked forward to my session as being possibly an ordeal, but the way in which members have supported me, their kindly tolerance, the large attendances at our gatherings, have turned what might have been an ordeal into an undiluted pleasure. If I may mention my successor, it is to hope that he will have the good fortune to lead the Society to normal times." (Applause.)

The Sentiment, "Living Memorials to the Scot," was given by Mr Roy E. Hay, who is the author of many articles and books on horticulture. Mr Hay said:

When I first received from your Secretary the invitation to give the Sentiment at one of your meetings, I must admit that I felt a little overcome by the compliment and also by the knowledge of the very high standard of eloquence that you expect from those who have the temerity to address you. As you will readily imagine, my greatest difficulty was to choose a Sentiment that had not already been given far more skilfully than I could give it.

As a horticulturist, my first thoughts on the difficult question of choosing a subject toyed with the idea of increased food production, which, of course, looms large upon the horizon at the moment. However, I felt that, surrounded as we are by the talk and outward signs of war, you would prefer at this meeting to dwell on pleasanter things. After all we have nine Scotsmen in the Cabinet, so for one hour at least we may have no fear about the successful prosecution of the war. These nine Scotsmen, of course, are just doing their bit in the same quiet, determined way that many thousands more of them are serving and have served the British Empire and mankind.

I think we may be forgiven if we spare a few moments to-day to take a look at one or two of the Scotsmen whose history is probably unfamiliar to most of you, but whose names can never pass from mind because each one of them has a living memorial that will keep its memory green as long as the human race inhabits the earth. There are many ways in which we can perpetuate the memory of a man or woman who has deserved well of mankind. We may erect a statue to his memory, name a ship or a street after him, but all these memorials are prone to suffer from temporary or permanent eclipse, for, as you know, at the moment most of our statues are very much out of sight and out of mind beneath their layers of sandbags; sooner or later the ship goes to the breakers' yard, and what is Adolf Hitler Strasse to-day may very well be Neville Chamberlain Street to-morrow. How much better the men of science, the botanists, the horticulturists, and even the ordinary amateur gardeners arrange these things. Their highest form of compliment is to name a new plant in honour of any one whose work or name

they wish to commemorate. How much more lasting is this method. As long as man depends upon the plants of the earth, these names will exist to remind him of his indebtedness to those who bore them.

In the year 168 B.C., King Gentius of the Illyrians discovered the medicinal properties of the plant which every one here must know and which was named in his honour—the Gentian. Thus he was the first man who we know definitely was given a living memorial, and it has remained effective for more than two thousand years already.

Any day now, as you walk through London squares or parks you may see the golden blossoms of the Forsythia, and you may spare a moment to wonder what manner of man was this Scot whose memory is perpetuated in such a beautiful fashion. William Forsyth was born in Old Meldrum in 1737. He came, after a period of training in Scotland, to be curator of the Apothecaries' Garden at Chelsea, and later superintendent of the Royal Gardens of St James's and Kensington Palace. Horticulture owes William Forsyth a good many things. Meanwhile we appreciate his work on the pruning and training of fruit and forest trees, and it is interesting that he invented what he claimed to be a plaster to bring back to life dead and diseased portions of trees. This plaster, which unfortunately later science has shown was of really very little use, was so much thought of that Forsyth was given a vote of thanks from both Houses of Parliament and a financial reward—which only goes to show that since that time the initiative has changed hands, and it is usually the Government which gets the money, even if it does not get the vote of thanks. William Forsyth, too, was one of the small band of enthusiasts who in 1804 founded what is now the Royal Horticultural Society, and I like to think that I can trace the hand of that fine old Scot in the early workings of the society.

For instance, of the list of plant explorers that the society dispatched to China, North and South America, Africa, Mexico, and India, nearly all are Scotsmen and their names are immortalised in some plant that they or their admirers discovered. Round such guid Scots names as Don, Douglas, McRae, Fortune, Weir, and Forbes is the history of horticulture written, and I think there must have been some other reason than mere chance that so many of the successful plant explorers that have gone out from these islands were born north of the Tweed.

Robert Fortune, a Scot from Berwickshire, born early in the nineteenth century, who later occupied the post of curator at Chelsea Physic Garden, is a man of whose work you have a constant reminder every time you drink a cup of Indian tea. For in 1848 he was commissioned by the East India Company to travel from China to India with mature specimens and young seedlings of the tea plant. This task he executed successfully, and the tea you drink each morning was in all probability prepared from descendants of the plants that Fortune took with him from China. The rest of his travels abroad in search of plants read like the most colourful tale of adventure that any novelist could imagine: how he was shipwrecked, attacked by pirates, stricken with fever in wild and desolate country, and how he evaded hostile natives, and, most daring of all his exploits, how he entered the forbidden city of Loo Chow disguised as a Chinaman, make Fortune's name an unforgettable one for horticulturists. But lest time should dull our memories we may assure ourselves that he will not be forgotten as many plants bear his name—Daphne Fortunei, Skimmia Fortunei, and an interesting link with Forsyth, *Forsythia suspensa* variety Fortunei. Although we draw a glamorous and colourful

picture of Fortune's life, contemporary writers tell us that he was a dour, unapproachable, hard-headed Scot, who carried on his work with a prosaic grimness that one associates more with an income-tax assessor than an explorer.

Perhaps I should not stress too much the connection of Scots with that ubiquitous article of diet, tea, as it has not yet become recognised as the national drink of Scotland, but it is an interesting fact that the first person to describe the tea plant in English was a famous Scot, James Cunningham, who travelled widely in the East in search of plants. Incidentally he was the first person to send home botanical specimens from China, and so we can lay claim that the pioneer work of the botanical exploration of that country was done, and well done, by one of our own countrymen. He too is commemorated in Cunninghamia a member of the Madder family.

Those of you who know Perthshire know the Douglas fir, and you will surely agree with me that no man could desire a nobler or more beautiful memorial. The Douglas fir, *Pseudotsuga Douglasii*, was discovered in western North America over a hundred years ago by one famous Scotsman, Menzies, and introduced over thirty years later by another, David Douglas. He was born at Scone, the second son of a stonemason, who, as the Dictionary of National Biography puts it, was " a man of much general information and great moral worth." Douglas, in his extensive travels in the Rockies, in Columbia, Vancouver, and elsewhere, introduced over fifty trees, a hundred herbaceous plants, and many birds and animals to this country. But like so many of our best explorers, he met an early and tragic death in the Sandwich Islands, where he fell into a wild animal pit and was gored to death by a wild bull. A monument stands to his memory in Scone churchyard, but its inscription can never be so eloquent for us as the tall, waving branches of his own majestic fir trees.

Archibald Menzies, who I mentioned in passing a moment ago, lived in the latter half of the eighteenth century, and worked at the Edinburgh Royal Botanic Garden. While he was there he studied surgery and eventually became surgeon on board the *Discovery* when she set sail on her famous voyages under Vancouver. An amusing tale is told of Menzies. When he was dining with the Viceroy in Chile he was attracted by some peculiar nuts on the table and quietly put a few in his pocket. These he started on to growth in a frame on the ship's quarter-deck and thus introduced to England the monkey puzzle tree. Of course there are many that consider he deserves more censure than praise for that, but the fact remains that the monkey puzzle is a remarkable tree. Like so many other Scots, he finally settled in London and became a famous and fashionable surgeon. Menzies is commemorated very fittingly as a genus of plants belonging to the heather family bears the name Menziesia, and no lime-free garden is really complete without some species at least.

There have been many famous plant explorers during the past two or three hundred years, but the greatest of all the modern explorers is undoubtedly George Forrest, whose death in 1932 at a comparatively early age was a sad blow to British horticulture. Forrest began his career in a chemist's shop in Kilmarnock, and a fortunate legacy enabled him to indulge in his desire to travel. After a few years in the Australian goldfields and on sheep farms, he returned to Scotland and by a happy chance obtained a post at Edinburgh Botanic Garden. There he was encouraged in his schemes for expeditions to the East in search of plants, and in about twenty-five years' collecting he sent home over thirty-one thousand specimens of plants. Forrest's story, too, is

one of hardship and perseverance in the face of great difficulties and dangers. On one occasion he was attacked by hostile tribes and practically all his companions were killed. He himself was tracked and hunted by dogs like a wild beast, and only escaped through friendly natives taking pity on him and hiding him until the danger was past.

Many plants bear his name, notably Clematis Forrestii and Primula Forrestii.

As with most things, this bestowal of eternal remembrance is sometimes carried to extraordinary lengths. I do not think it often happens that a German outshines a Scotsman in ingenuity, but it did happen once. There was a certain desire on the part of some botanists to coin a name for a plant which would ensure that in every index or alphabetical list of plants it should be the very first entry. One botanist held the field for a long time with Aama, but then the eccentric German Reichenbach named an orchid plain Aa and this is always the first plant to appear in any big botanical index. Now it only remains for someone with the effrontery to christen a plant " A " to go one better.

Well, we have looked briefly into the past. What of the present ? Among us to-day are two gentlemen who may rest assured that even if successive gatherings of Caledonians think of them no more, at least their names will remain imperishably connected with plants they have introduced to cultivation. I refer to my chief, Lt.-Col. Durham, secretary of the Royal Horticultural Society, who some years ago addressed you as the author of the Sentiment. The other notable act of his career was the discovery of a species of Astragalus in Gallipoli Peninsula, which bears his name. And my father whose enthusiasm for plants of every kind has given me the interest in life that I value above everything, has the honour of seeing his name attached to a Nepalese Cyananthus and an Arctotis from South Africa.

I have mentioned to-day only a very few of the Scots who have worked with quiet determination to introduce new plants for the service or enjoyment of mankind, or who have carried on the quest for knowledge of their habits and the conquest of their diseases and pests. But most of all I think of the debt we owe to the Scots explorers who have faced the dangers and privations of long journeys in all parts of the world to add their quota to our gardens. Their work has been done in accordance with the finest traditions of those Scotsmen whose mark is to be found in every civilised part of the world. We have every reason to be proud of the contributions they have made to human knowledge, and although their reward has seldom equalled their achievements they have at least the satisfaction that their names will live for ever.

Now, as the boundaries of civilisation are widening every day, as the motor-car and the aeroplane narrow still more the unexplored parts of the world, the opportunities for discovering new plants decrease every year. But there are still many more to come and I suggest to your Secretary, who has an enviable reputation for getting his own way, that he approaches the King's botanist, Sir William Wright Smith, at the Edinburgh Royal Botanic Garden with the request that he names one new species every year in honour of your retiring President.

Mr Hay's Sentiment was loudly applauded.

Lord Alness, called upon in the absence of Mr W. K. Chalmers, to propose a vote of thanks and a toast to the

author of the Sentiment, said the Caledonian Society was always fortunate in arranging for Sentiments on subjects of great interest by speakers of great authority. To-day was no exception, for Mr Roy Hay was undoubtedly an authority on the subject of gardening. He came of good gardening stock—he was a chip of the old block—for his father was Brother Caledonian Tom Hay, the superintendent of Buckingham Palace Gardens, Hyde Park, and other Royal parks. Mr Roy Hay held an important position in horticultural journalism : he was the associate editor of the Royal Horticultural Society's publications. So, if not following in his father's footsteps exactly, he had shown us that day, and as the principal speaker at Foyle's gardening lunch, that he was worthily carrying on the family traditions. (Applause.) It was true that " One is nearer God's heart in a garden than anywhere else on earth." Lord Alness concluded by expressing to Mr Hay the Society's members' and their guests' gratitude and pleasure for the intellectual treat which he had given them.

Mr Hay thanked Lord Alness for his eloquent tribute and the Society for having invited him to give the Sentiment.

Mr William Dalgarno proposed " Our Guests," and in doing so referred to the soldier who was to respond, Colonel Ian M. Campbell, C.B.E., T.D., as not now one of the fourth line of defence, but as the Territorials were now constituted, one in line with our great fighting army of professional and civilian soldiers who were helping to free the world from the tyranny with which Hitler was threatening civilised peoples. We Scots knew what fights for freedom meant, for our independence was won by the determination and fighting qualities of our ancestors. Mr Dalgarno asked Caledonians when drinking to the health and happiness of our guests, to think of the Territorials, represented by Colonel Campbell, who were fighting our battles. (Applause.)

Colonel Campbell thanked Mr Dalgarno for his reference to the Volunteer movement, with which he had been connected for many years. If he was to judge by that cheerful chattering company to-night, our reputation as a dour and silent race would have to go by the board. At Scottish gatherings such as these the true spirit of our people—the friendly, social spirit—became evident. But we could be reticent when the occasion prompted us. There was the great and imagination-inspiring spectacle of the magnificent Clyde-built ship, the *Queen Elizabeth*, on her way down the western river to the sea. The banks of the Clyde were crowded with Scots as the majestic ship passed. Did they cheer? No, not a murmur was heard, as the *Queen Elizabeth*, bearing a name dear to Scotland, moved slowly and gracefully on her way. The occasion, for Scots, was too great for cheers. The silence of the people was eloquent. This was a striking example of the Scottish virtue, reticence. (Applause.)

Colonel Campbell commented on the egregious mistake of the military authorities in clothing the kilted regiments in ordinary field dress. In their zeal for economy they had over-reached themselves. When the war was over the Scots should see that the kilt was reissued to the erstwhile kilted regiments. (Applause.)

The President, in giving the toast, " The Officers," said :

This is the only opportunity that members have of giving voice to their appreciation of those gentlemen who do the hard work of the Society, and, therefore, enable it to function smoothly and without seeming effort. This, then, is no formal toast, but one that is always given sincerely and warmly accepted.

I question if any society is better served by or more fortunate in its officers than the Caledonian Society of London. In their order in the list there is John Swan, our Honorary Treasurer, who has the thankless job of seeing that we pay our just dues, but he does not find it a thankless task. John Stewart, our Auditor, with his pleasing dignity and infectious smile, is fittingly complementary to our Honorary Treasurer. To Past-President William Will, our Honorary Historian, we are indebted for recording the activities of the Society, and thereby building up a tradition that will be cherished. I think it must have been a William Will in some previous incarnation of whom Burns

was thinking when he wrote, " A chiel's amang ye takin' notes, and faith he'll prent them." Then there is our Honorary Secretary, Past-President P. N. McFarlane. As our Secretary he brings a tremendous personality to our deliberations. In the interests of the Society he does not spare himself. He has been for many years an officer, and between times he took the presidency from which position he made many memorable utterances. He never fails to say something when he speaks, and what is the greatest thing of all, he holds like the others the affection of every member. (Applause.)

The toast was heartily drunk with Caledonian honours.

Past-President P. N. McFarlane, replied for the officers. He said he had a deal of responsibility thrust upon him by being charged with the reply for all the office-bearers other than the President and Vice-President. However, they had all done their parts in maintaining the traditions of the Society. He paid a fine tribute to the presidency of Mr Thomson, who, he said, had discharged the duties of his office with great dignity.

" Auld Lang Syne " closed a cheerful gathering.

A large company of members and their friends sat down at a war-time ladies' luncheon, on Saturday, 30th April, 1940. It took the place of the peace-time festival.

The President, Mr James Thomson, F.R.S.E., was accompanied by Mrs Thomson and a distinguished company. After lunch, and the enthusiastic reception of the loyal toasts, the President said his first duty was to propose the time-honoured toast, " The Caledonian Society of London." He said that the Sentiment had been presented by many distinguished men during the past hundred odd years, but it had not been worn threadbare, because, while for six months in every year they lived the Caledonian Society, this toast, honoured every twelve months, reminded them of their obligations as representatives in London of their native land, and it

had become a means of their renewing their vows to honour the precepts of the Society. If men throughout the world meet to follow the brotherliness of the members of the Society, there would be little the matter with the world ; but, alas, surveying the struggle that had engulfed Europe, we could see that there was still a great deal of missionary work for men of goodwill to do. It was with confidence that he asked them to carry on the good work. (Applause.)

Lord Alness, Vice-President, gave the toast, " Our Guests." He said that hospitality, one of the great virtues, was part of the Caledonian creed, but their hospitality was by no means indiscriminate. They did not go out to the highways and byways and bring in their guests. They selected them with great care, so that our invitations to guests were naturally compliments to them, worthy of the recipients. His lordship continued :

The perfect guest has four qualities : (1) He answers promptly ; (2) he arrives punctually ; (3) he seeks to show how much he appreciates the invitation ; (4) he never outstays his welcome. But for you, our guests this afternoon, the longer you stay the more you are welcome.

Ours is an ancient Society ; we are now on the way to our second century. When that time arrives, and the officers are greeting the guests, who will be the guests ? Well, whoever they may be, the hospitality and the welcome extended to them will not be greater than the welcome we give our guests to-day.

I am linking this toast with two of our guests, Lord Sandhurst and Sir Allan Powell.

We gladly welcome Lord Sandhurst. He and I first met in the House of Lords. He bears an honoured name. He is a soldier and a business man. He enlisted in the Signals Service of the Royal Engineers in 1914 and received his commission and was mentioned in despatches. His social service includes work for the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. There may be some idlers in the House of Lords, but Lord Sandhurst is certainly not one of them.

What shall I say about the many-sided Sir Allan Powell ? First, that he stands as the representative of the B.B.C., for Sir Allan is Chairman of the Corporation. What would we now do without the B.B.C., which had brought into the lives of so many millions of people, news and comments on current affairs, literature, the drama, music, religious worship, and all those things that elevate the mind and touch the human emotions ? Sir Allan's activities are and have been so numerous and important that it is impossible in my short remarks to name them. Being a barrister-at-law, a whole host of important official positions—committees and conferences—have been offered

to him ; and his work on these has been highly valued. However, those of us who know Sir Allan know that he is a warm-hearted friend, who is never weary in doing good. (Applause.)

Although only two of our many guests have been named, we welcome all you ladies and gentlemen who grace our gathering to-day.

Lord Sandhurst said that although he was in his own land, he felt shy in the presence of a lot of foreigners who seemed to have taken possession of the country. When in that hospitable capital of Scotland, Edinburgh, a few weeks ago he met his good friend James Thomson, who had invited him to that gathering. He thought he knew something about Scottish hospitality, but it was brought home to him that afternoon that it is a hospitality that does not know when to stop. He thanked his friend Lord Alness for his kind references to him.

Sir Allan Powell, K.B.E., followed Lord Sandhurst, and wittily suggested that as the respondent had done so well, why bring in a co-respondent ! He said, " You Scots " made a great success of St Andrew's Day, but " we English " made a poor show of St George's Day. " We English ! " Why, we English are half Scots. In my case the better half is Scotch. Sir Allan said he had a feeling of great pride on seeing his old and valued friend James Thomson, the President of that old Society. The Scottish race was an extraordinary mixture of romanticism and commercialism. Through Neil Munro they admired the romance of the glens, and at the same time they had to admire the spirit of commercialism that enabled Scotsmen to lead in every part of the world. Scotland was a fine example for every small nation fighting for its independence. (Applause.) The guests felt honoured by being invited, but that feeling was enhanced by Lord Alness's description and appreciation of the guests.

The Past-Presidents and holders of the gold badge at this point saluted the President.

Past-President J. B. Rintoul, in giving the toast, "The President," said:

This is the occasion when we drink the health of our President, and express to him our thanks for his conduct in the chair, and for the good fare with which he has provided us during his year of office.

The days in which we live are difficult days, and it might well have been that our meetings were suspended for the duration. The decision to carry on has been fully justified. The President's task has not been made any easier by his evacuation to Edinburgh, but he has turned up regularly at our meetings, and has played his part just as if he had lived round the corner, and I am sure he has enjoyed it as much as we have. If I may be excused the levity—in this topsy-turvy world to-day he is not the only president in exile.

Then I think our President has found it a very happy circumstance that Lord Alness has been associated with him as Vice-President. (Hear, hear.) The noble lord frequently addresses the Woolsack, and in the course of his distinguished career has on many occasions addressed his remarks to the bar, and also to the dock, but the President has been let off with nothing but compliments from his lordship, and he is still a very good judge.

It is a great honour to be President of the Caledonian Society of London. May I say as one who has had that honour, that I look back upon my term of office as one of the highlights in an otherwise somewhat drab and uneventful career; but the memory of it will remain with me for the rest of my life. So, I venture to think, the recollection of these happy months just passed will at odd moments bring a glow of satisfaction to the present occupant of the chair.

It is always dangerous to particularise, but to-day I see as in fancy some of the giants of the past who presided over us, and who left their impress both upon the morale and the activities of the Society. Let me mention only three, no longer with us, but their name liveth. Doesn't the name of Moncrieff bring to our minds the memory of a rich personality, honoured and beloved by all who were privileged even to know him, but to have enjoyed his friendship was something very much worth while. (Hear, hear.) If Moncrieff were to revisit this planet, what I think would please him would be the knowledge that the work to which he consecrated his life was being carried on so efficiently by his successor—also a brother Caledonian. (Applause.)

Then there was Bain Irvine. How the very presence of this big-muscled manly man animated and impressed any company, and whose sympathy and generosity were not bounded by narrow or sectarian limits. A successful business man, a perfervid Scot, he left a blank in many walks of life. (Hear, hear.)

Words somehow seem to fail me when I come to John Douglas. He *was* a giant! To repeat words which I used on a former occasion, "Is it my enthusiasm or do you share it? Judged by every standard he was a great man. I regard John Douglas as the biggest all-round man that the London Scottish world has produced in my time." A great Caledonian and a great President. (Applause.)

But having conjured up these memories, I recall the words of the old prophet to this effect, "Say not the former days were better than these," but it is, I think, well to be reminded, and to keep always before us the great

heritage which is ours, and the memory of the men whose deeds and words have inspired us. (Hear, hear.)

Now let me turn for a few moments from the general to the personal, and, if I may, to the familiar. James Thomson and I have known each other for something like forty years. We both served our apprenticeship in Scottish activities in London about the same period. He was secretary of the London Lothians Association, while I filled the same office in the London Fife Association, and he has continued his interest and usefulness to the Scottish community consistently, until to-day we proudly toast him as our President.

He is a Leith man; his father and his forebears were all seafaring folk. I have often wondered why our President didn't follow them, but I suppose he thought that his family had seen enough of water, so he turned to another commodity. (Laughter.)

While we do not measure our brother Caledonians by their gear, or by their social position, we do appreciate and applaud merit. Our President entered his firm when a lad as a junior apprentice, and to-day he is the senior partner, while one of his sons is also a partner. (Applause.)

An old Watsonian, in the course of time he became president of the London Watsonian Club, a position subsequently filled by such distinguished Scots as the late Lord Strathcarron, Sir John Anderson, and Sir Auckland Geddes.

He is an old member of the London Scottish, and his two sons at one time were both in that regiment; we are proud to-day, as his father and mother too, are proud, to have with us Brother Caledonian James Thomson, junior, who is adjutant of the 1st Battalion of the Scottish; and his brother, Billy, who is also with us, has just received his commission in the Royal Artillery. (Applause.)

Our President has travelled almost "a' the airts the wind can blaw." He is rather proud of the fact that the first journey he made across the Atlantic was in 1880, just sixty years ago. Can you believe it? I think this wants explaining. He tells me he has travelled extensively in North and South America, and even to Iceland on business.

I don't know much about Iceland, but I should think it was a happy hunting ground for the distiller! What I do know is that during our recent cold spell in this country a judicious—I have carefully chosen the word—"drap o' the crater" on more than one occasion saved my life.

The toast was enthusiastically drunk with Caledonian honours.

The President thanked Mr Rintoul for the flattering picture he had painted. He would confess that he felt it a great honour to have been allowed to occupy the chair of their old and honoured Society. Before demitting office he thanked his brother Caledonians for the support they had given him in what might have been a most difficult year of office.

The musical part of the programme was contributed to by Madame Stiles Allen and Miss May Devitt, the

latter from Stanley Lupino's company *Funny Side Up*, at His Majesty's Theatre. Mr Cyril Weller was at the piano.

" Auld Lang Syne " closed the meeting.

Obituary.

MR W. B. ESSON, M.INST.C.E.

Mr W. B. Esson, M.Inst.C.E., an Aberdeen man, became a member of the Society in 1912, and in 1918-1919 was elected to the committee and remained on the managing body until 1938-1939.

MR JOHN REID.

Mr John Reid was closely associated with Scottish work in Harrow and in London. He was an active member of the committee of the London, Aberdeen, Banff, and Kincardine Association. Mr Reid joined the Caledonian Society in 1929, and in 1931-1932 became a member of the committee on which he served for three sessions. He was a man greatly loved by all who came in contact with him in business or social life.

MR R. R. WILSON.

Mr R. R. Wilson, who had for some years prior to his death retired from his work in the insurance world, devoted his days of retirement to Scottish affairs in London. He became a member of the Society in 1910, was appointed to the executive committee in Session 1923-1924, was elected Treasurer in 1932-1933, and served in that position up to and including Session 1936-1937. He was an efficient, sensitive, and retiring man, and declined many invitations to become President.

Mr Wilson's death on 28th May, 1940, was lamented by the Royal Scottish Corporation, to the work of which

he devoted a great deal of his time. He was a life managing governor and a member of the Committee of Management. At the Committee of Management meeting on 12th June, 1940, Mr William Will, chairman, paid a warm tribute to Mr Wilson's memory and his work for the Corporation. It was unanimously resolved :

(1) That the Committee record with profound regret the loss which the Corporation has sustained by the death of their colleague and friend, a member of the Committee of Management for sixteen years, whose unfailing interest in the Corporation's activities and in the promotion of its objects had inspired all associated with the Corporation's beneficent work.

(2) That the Committee's deep sympathy be conveyed to the Misses Harper in their sad and irreparable loss.

Rev. Joseph Moffett, in seconding, moved that in recognition of Mr Wilson's services, a pension in his name should be created and maintained for all time. This was unanimously agreed to.

Mr Laurence Gunn Sloan.

Mr Laurence Gunn Sloan, who joined the Society in 1919, died on 13th December, 1939, aged 80, and with his passing went one of the finest and most open-handed and good-hearted Scotsmen who ever trod the streets of London.

Mr Sloan was a native of Edinburgh and was educated at George Watson's College. He came to London in the 80's of the last century, and was engaged first with Collins of Glasgow, then with Walker & Co., and later as the head and moving spirit of L. G. Sloan, Ltd., Kingsway, the distributor of the world-famed Waterman fountain pen.

Mr Sloan had a multitude of business interests—he stood for all that was best in business life—and his

philanthropy had outlets in many directions. In the Scottish community of London he held a firm and revered place. He was a life governor of the Royal Scottish Corporation, a life director of the Royal Caledonian Schools, and a past-president of the Burns Club of London.

The Rev. Dr Joseph Johnston, at Mr Sloan's funeral service, summed up our deceased friend's life thus :

" Mr Sloan was a Great-Heart, who concealed his stern courage under a cheerful exterior . . . he had faced life, its best and its worst, and was undefeated, undismayed by the changes of fortune. . . . So we leave him resting now, with folded hands, that were so active in helpful service, and ever stretched out to bless, a very gentle and valiant knight, who wielded the sword of the spirit, and kept the shield of his honour bright. He fought a grand fight. He has finished his course. He kept the faith."

CHAPTER III.

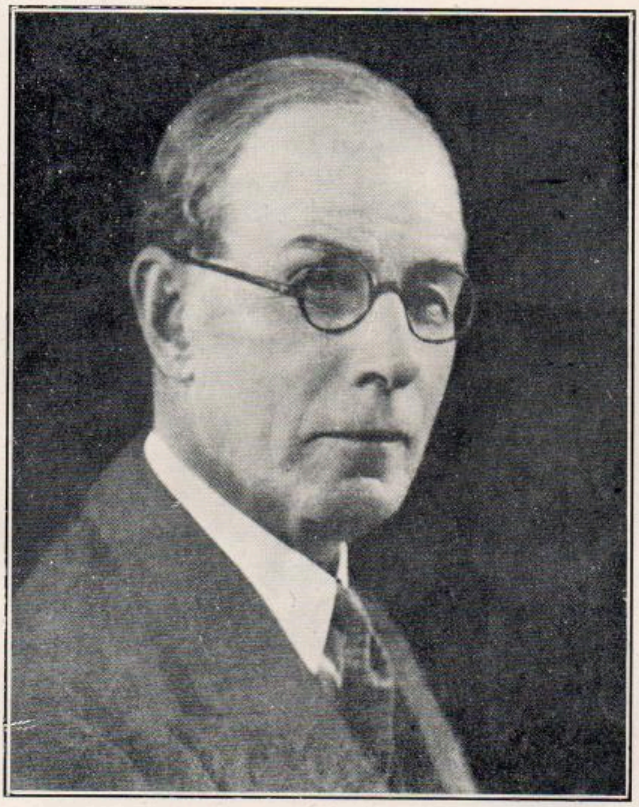
1940-1941 : The Rt. Hon. Lord Alness, P.C.* *President.*

Opening of a Record Presidency ; Grants to Scottish Charities ; Gold Badge to the President ; Death of Rev. Dr Fleming ; Rev. Dr Short on Scotland's Contribution ; Lord Alness on Our Unbroken Spirit ; Viscount Bennett on Scotland and the War ; Rev. R. F. V. Scott on Scotland's Struggle ; War-time Arrangements.

LORD ALNESS is the first peer of the realm to be President of the Caledonian Society of London. He is a native of Alness, Ross-shire, where his father was the Free Church minister. He was educated privately and at Aberdeen Grammar School, and Edinburgh University, of which he holds the degrees of M.A., LL.B., and LL.D., the last of which he received in 1919. St Andrews and Aberdeen Universities also conferred their LL.D. degree upon his lordship.

Our war-time President has held several leading forensic and judicial positions. He was counsel to the Inland Revenue, Advocate Depute, and Lord Advocate in 1913, Secretary for Scotland from 1916 to 1922, when

* The war was a year old when his lordship came to the chair, and for the four following years he acceded to the urgent requests of the members to remain in office in order to see the Society through the anxious war years.



THE RIGHT HON. LORD ALNESS, P.C.
President 1940-1945

he was appointed Lord Justice Clerk, a position which he held until 1933. He took the judicial title of Lord Alness, and in the following year, when he was created a peer of the realm, he retained the territorial title of Alness. He became a Privy Councillor in 1913, and was a Lord-in-waiting from 1940 to 1945.

Lord Alness has been chairman of many important committees, among others, of the Select Committee of the House of Lords on the Prevention of Road Accidents; the Chinese Bondholders' Committee, appointed by the Governor of the Bank of England; the Home Office Night Baking Committee; the Scottish Office Committee on Grants to the Scottish Universities; and the Departmental Committee on Nursing (Scotland).

The services of Lord Alness have been eagerly sought by men and women with varied interests. He was for two years president of the Grotius Society, and of the Magna Carta Society. He is chairman of the Council of International Law Associations, and he is a trustee of the Carnegie Trust, vice-president of the Building Societies Association, and of the National Safety First Association. He is also an Honorary Bencher of Lincoln's Inn.

His interest in Scottish institutions in London is as catholic as in the wider sphere of national social work. He has been, or is, president of the following London associations: Sons of the Manse Association; Aberdeen Grammar School Former Pupils; Burns Club of London; Association of Scottish Societies in London; and "Caledonia". He is Chief of the Scottish Clans Association, and has been Chief of the St Andrew Society, and the Ross-shire and Sutherland Association. He is a vice-president of the Royal Scottish Corporation and a governor of the Royal Caledonian Schools.

When he was Lord Justice Clerk, our President took a keen interest in the social and literary life of

Edinburgh, and during his later stay in the capital that interest was revived.

When in 1941 it was arranged to appoint a president and chairman of the Scottish Savings Committee, the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, the late Sir Kingsley Wood, had no difficulty in deciding on the right man for the post, and immediately invited Lord Alness to fill the position. How wise was the selection has been amply justified by the results of the Savings Movement in Scotland.

(This, and other, war work of Lord Alness is referred to at some length in the record of the members' war services on page 172.)

It was with a man of such wide and progressive interests that the Society tackled the delicate work of piloting its course through the remaining weary and difficult war years. The success of those efforts is demonstrated in the pages of the " Chronicles " which follow.

Gold Badge for Lord Alness

The President, the Right Hon. Lord Alness, P.C., took the chair at the meetings of the Council and the Members at the Waldorf Hotel, on Saturday, 10th May, 1941.

The annual grants of £25 each to the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools were approved.

The President congratulated Mr W. S. Cobb on his recovery from the serious injuries received in a motor accident.

Mr Duncan Campbell was elected to the Council.

The gold badge of the Society, with the grateful thanks of the members, was voted to Lord Alness on the completion of his year of office.

Lord Alness was persuaded to accept the presi-

dency for another session (1941-1942), and the other officers were re-elected, with the addition of Dr Stewart Hunter as a member of the Council.

The office-bearers for 1941-1942 were therefore: President, Lord Alness; Vice-President, Mr John M. Swan; Hon. Secretary, Past-President P. N. McFarlane; Hon. Treasurer, Mr W. M. Miller; Hon. Historian, Past-President William Will; Hon. Auditor, Mr J. L. Stewart.

The death of a life member, Mr James Elder, a member since 1913, was reported.

A Ladies' Luncheon.

A large company of members and their ladies and other guests sat down to luncheon at the Waldorf under the chairmanship of Lord Alness.

Having given the toasts of the King and the other members of the Royal Family, Lord Alness proposed the toast, "The Caledonian Society of London." His lordship said:

Brother Caledonians and welcome guests.—Believe me, it is a real pleasure to me to be able, in wartime, to meet you and to greet you, and to meet and to greet your honoured guests. We can thus retain the "feel" of our Society, and all that it stands for.

One of the tragedies of the war—I will not say one of the minor tragedies, for it is more than that—is that so many of our social and friendly organisations in London have been compelled to abridge and even to pretermit their normal activities, and that, for this and other reasons, we have lost touch with many of our friends. God knows where some of them are to-day, or what fate has befallen them.

It is all to the good, therefore, that we should have succeeded in holding our annual ladies' luncheon, and to all the ladies present I offer a warm welcome—that we should have an opportunity of meeting old friends, for we are all friends in the Caledonian Society, and of exchanging the story of our experiences with one another. Such a meeting cannot fail to inspire and to hearten us for the grave days which the uncharted future may hold for us.

Now, my toast is "The Caledonian Society of London." The Society, as you, my brother Caledonians well know, is no mushroom growth. Its roots are deep in the past. The acorn planted more than 100 years ago has to-day become a powerful and spreading oak tree. No hurricane that blows, in peace or war, can endanger the stability or impair the usefulness of the Caledonian Society. It will take a greater power than even Hitler can wield to

annihilate the Caledonian Society. I venture to predict that when Hitler and all his infamies have become a mere memory—a nightmare memory—the Caledonian Society will live and thrive and prosper. (Applause.)

Why do I say that ? I say that because the spirit of the Society is high and is right. Napoleon said many years ago, " In any conflict between the sword and the spirit, in the long run the spirit wins." The spirit of the Caledonian Society will win, for it is part of the warp and woof of our Scottish ancestry. If this is a war of endurance—as indeed it is—then, by God's help we shall endure to the end. And, as Dr Short knows, there is high authority for affirming that those who endure to the end shall be saved. (Applause.)

We rejoice to-day to think that the spirit of the Caledonian Society merely reflects the spirit of the whole nation. Nothing can quench it ; nothing can subdue it. That is something which the German people cannot emulate—something which Hitler can neither comprehend nor destroy. (Hear, hear.) " It is useless," said that great Prime Minister, Mr Menzies, " to break the things which man has made unless you can break the spirit with which he has made them." That Hitler cannot do. The spirit of the nation is unbroken and unbreakable—it is unconquered and unconquerable. That, to me, is the master fact of the war situation to-day. (Hear, hear.)

Brother Caledonians, I bid you to be of good cheer. Lift up your hearts. This is not a time for shallow optimism or for wishful thinking. None the less, it is not a time for pessimism or defeatism. (Hear, hear.) Let us maintain the balance of judgment and sanity of outlook which are our prerogative and inheritance. Let us display all the grit and sinew and fibre of our race. Let us go forward, with heads erect and with stout hearts—pledged to protect and preserve the freedom which has been won for us by the blood and tears of our forefathers. (Applause.) If sacrifice be our lot, then we are prepared for sacrifice. But one sacrifice we shall not make. We shall not sacrifice the blood that has been spilt, and the treasure that has been poured out, for an ignoble and dishonouring peace. Till victory has been won our thoughts are centred not on peace but on war. Till victory has been won the sword will not return to its scabbard. May God in his mercy hasten the inevitable day of final triumph and of abiding peace. (Loud applause.)

Vice-President John M. Swan, in proposing the toast, " Our Guests," spoke of the pride which the Society took in honouring its guests. This has been one of the most firmly held of the tenets of the Society—the honouring of Scots who had distinguished themselves in various fields. They had with them that afternoon one of the greatest Scottish preachers, not only of the day, but of all time. The Rev. Dr Short of Bournemouth had a reputation which to-day was world wide, and we might consider ourselves fortunate in having him with us that day. He asked the members to drink with great heartiness to the time-honoured toast, " Our Guests," with

which he had the privilege of coupling the name of the Rev. Dr Short (Applause.)

Dr Short, received with great heartiness, said :

Mr President, Caledonians, and fellow guests.—It is in no superficial sense of the phrase that I say I account it a high privilege to respond to the toast of " Our Guests," and I wish to thank the proposer for his gracious, kindly words of welcome. It was with unabashed delight that I received and accepted your President's invitation to be his guest for the occasion, both because of the pleasure of his company, and also because of the opportunity it gave me of mingling with my own kith and kin. With what pleasure to me the sound of so many Scottish voices fell on my ear, and how I thrilled to the music of the bagpipes as we made our way to this room. These are days in which we rediscover the values of things we commonly take for granted, and among these rediscoveries is the sense of reinforcement and support one receives just by being among men and women of his own country.

But you endanger yourselves by asking me to respond to this toast. I do not know whether or not my spiritual ancestry will get the better of me. Part of my fate, or my fortune, has been to stand in a place vacated by great men. I have recently succeeded as the minister of Richmond Hill Church in Bournemouth, the celebrated Dr J. D. Jones. Previously, I had the great privilege of succeeding the equally celebrated Dr R. F. Horton of Hampstead. He was a man of wide charity, and he welcomed the young Scot who succeeded him in a speech scintillating with humour, in which he eulogised the Scots. " They are a great people," he said, " and it does not materially alter the fact that they know it ! " (Laughter.) In Scotland itself I had the honour of being called to the first of my three pastorates, in Bathgate, where some of the older folk still remember the wonderful ministry of the famous Principal Fairbairn of Mansfield College, Oxford. It is said that in his great days the folk flocked from far and near to hear him. One day a West Lothian farmer who did not attend Fairbairn's church met one who did, and the following conversation took place : " Man, Jimmie, I wonder at ye goin' to hear that man, Fairbairn. Ye canna understan' a word that he says." " Maybe no," replied Jimmie. " Maybe no, but it's grand tae hear the blast o' it whustlin' past your lugs." (Laughter.) I hope of your charity, that if my long-winded Scottish Presbyterian ancestry gets the better of me, you will be kind enough to say something like that.

I spoke a minute or two ago of the sense of reinforcement and support that comes to us when we forgather with our own kith and kin. That, I take it, is one of the reasons for an association such as this. It represents and contains values that can be of real help to us in facing up to the demands of daily life, and at the present time to measure and meet the perils of our times. To begin with, an association such as this helps, in my view, to conserve all that is best in national life and tradition. (Hear, hear.) There are many things worth preserving in that tradition. I am not enamoured of the modern creed of internationalism, any more than I am hypnotised by the caricature of nationalism against which we are even now contending, a nationalism based on tyranny, on the persecution of minorities, and on the fantastic and preposterous doctrine that in the midst of the national life only one opinion shall be allowed. To such monstrous pretensions, even if they are fostered by a system of blood and steel, we can do no other than oppose the clenched heart

and the clenched fist. (Applause.) We have been nurtured in a greater faith, the faith that sets us free, free to go where we will, worship as we please, and think what we like. That is the very essence of the democracy which has been treasured in our country through long centuries. That is why we love every corrie and glen, every mountain and dell encompassed by its shores. Our national culture and tradition, our Scottish character and creed of freedom gives us our sense of mission in the world, and to-day we are backing our convictions with our lives. It is good that in the heart of the Empire the Caledonian Society of London should exist for the preservation of these things. (Applause.)

Again, I think we have our own special contribution to make to the national morale, and " morale " is one of the significant words of our time. Your honoured President in his speech quoted Napoleon, one of the greatest exponents of the doctrine of force. " In any conflict between the sword and the spirit," said Napoleon, " in the long run the spirit wins." How true that is. Nation after nation has gone down under the Nazi onslaught because those nations failed not only in the material realm, but also in that of morale. We have, I think, a distinctive contribution to make in that respect. (Hear, hear.)

Some time ago I had an interesting discussion with the headmaster of one of our local " Prep. " schools. He was extolling the virtues of the English public boarding school, and was contending that only in such schools could adequate character training take place. I challenged his theory, because I remembered that our Scottish day schools such as the great secondary schools, and merchant-company schools, have given a long and distinguished list of great-minded and public-spirited men to our nation and Empire. " Ah," he said, " only in Scottish day schools have I found that to happen." I asked him how he accounted for it, to which he replied that he set it down to our Calvinistic background. There is truth in it. Morale depends on *faith*. Calvinism at its best bids us believe in the sovereignty of moral and spiritual forces, in the supremacy of God. This is not the place or time for a philosophic or theological discussion. But I shall say this : In the final issue, faith will have a liberating voice. In a sense this war is a war of faiths. Hitler seeks cosmic backing for his enterprise. He talks vaguely about a nebulous providence. Stalin thinks that economic forces are working on his behalf. Mussolini bids his deluded people believe that the " Duce is always right." They will be given ere long good reason to doubt it ! We can find an inspiration in a stronger, more robust and better grounded faith than these. Ours is the inspiration, faith, and optimism that are based upon God. We who have been nurtured and strengthened in a Calvinist tradition can make a great contribution to the all-important morale of the nation. Let the Caledonian Society preserve these spiritual values. (Applause.)

To finish, in this association we can nurture the spirit that is prepared to offer service through sacrifice. Our faith will teach us how to do it. I had opportunity, whilst you were engaged with business matters, to walk down Holborn Viaduct. I wanted to see the ruins of the City Temple, that Mecca of Free Churchmen. It has been gutted by fire, but I understand that in the morning following the onslaught, the bust of Joseph Parker, that fearless English preacher who knew how to speak about the Sultan, and who would not have minced his words in dealing with Hitler, was standing upright in the porch. That was a symbol. I looked over the house-tops to where the dome of St Paul's Cathedral towered above the desolation in the midst of which it is now set. My eyes were caught, and held, by the cross which surmounts

that great dome. As I looked at it, it seemed to speak to me. It said, " I represent the spirit of sacrifice. I am the symbol of seeming weakness, but I am stronger than empires, stronger than hate, stronger than the forces of desolation, and death, and destruction. I have seen systems compacted of steel wax into terrifying strength and then pass away. I, the symbol of weakness, as men think, am stronger than they." That is the sober truth about this world in which we live. Let us set the seal of the cross upon our souls, and upon our service, and in that sign we shall conquer. (Applause.)

Mr President, long live our country, long live the Caledonian Society of London. May all its members be preserved to see the final destruction of tyranny, to see the triumph of righteousness and to enjoy the reign of a true and lasting peace. (Loud applause.)

Past-President William Will, proposing the toast " The President," said :

When asked to take this toast, I cast my mind back nearly a quarter of a century when Mr Robert Munro, then Secretary for Scotland, favoured me by addressing a gathering in answer to my request to him to do a service for Scotland ; and I learned in the years of friendship that followed that that was the keynote of Lord Alness's life—to do service to our native land unselfishly, unhesitatingly, without thought of reward, and without thinking what it would take out of himself.

At the time that I first met our President he had moved from the Wick Burghs and sat for Roxburgh and Selkirk, whose woods and rivers and lochs throw back echoes of Walter Scott. The late Lord Tweedsmuir, who campaigned in that quarter, used to tell of the intelligence and vivid imagination of the Border voters whom Lord Alness represented. At one of their meetings a South African was telling the audience of the value of South Africa as a fruit-producing country. " All that South Africa lacks," said the speaker, " is a better type of immigrant and a more abundant water supply ; " and the inevitable voice came from the back of the hall : " Ay, that's a' that's the maitter wi' hell." (Laughter.)

Our President became an M.P. in 1910, and in six years he was successively Advocate-Depute, Lord Advocate, Secretary for Scotland, and a Privy Councillor—a wonderful, if incomplete, record. (Hear, hear.)

Few will question my statement that Lord Alness was perhaps the hardest working, most conscientious, and most successful Secretary of State that Scotland has ever had ; and when in 1922 he became Lord Justice Clerk Scottish interests definitely suffered by his withdrawal from the Scottish Office and the House of Commons.

It would be impertinent of me to say anything about Lord Alness's administration of justice in Scotland, but it can be said that there was nothing timid or hesitating about his treatment of hardened criminals. His widely applauded sentences on Glasgow gangsters were such that one could wish that he might preside over a tribunal which will ultimately try those lying international gangsters, crooks, and criminals who have turned the small countries of Europe into human shambles. (Hear, hear.)

When I congratulated Lord Alness on being appointed a Lord-in-waiting to their Majesties, he confessed—always thinking of Scotland—that not the least of the pleasure that the appointment had given him was the fact that

the office carried with it the duty of piloting Scottish measures through the House of Lords.

To recount a tithe of what Lord Alness has done for Scotland would be impossible in one afternoon, but I must not omit to mention the high compliment paid to our President when Sir Kingsley Wood, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, asked him to organise the efforts for raising funds in Scotland for the prosecution of the war. How his lordship is tackling that job is characteristic of the man. Nothing has been left undone. Public meetings, drawing-room meetings, and other means of raising funds have been used. Although no special pleading is necessary to charm money out of the pockets of Aberdonians and northerners generally—(" Oh ")—it says much for the persuasive quality of our President's silver-tongued oratory that he has succeeded in detaching paper in large quantities from the pockets of southern Scots ! (Laughter.) Lord Alness has been fortunate in securing the services of my irrepressible and eloquent friend and loyal old colleague, Mr McFarlane. (Hear, hear.)

I have naturally dwelt on what Lord Alness has done for Scotland, but we must remember that his great gifts as a legal administrator have been called into service on behalf of England. He has controlled the work of several important committees—among them valuable inquiries into London's disgusting night bakeries, and the equally disgraceful death-roll of our roads—and he has been asked to undertake more of this sort of work than even he, with his tremendous capacity for work, feels he is able to tackle.

Among Lord Alness's other activities were the chairmanship of the Joint Exchequer Board, and Counsel to the Inland Revenue ; and, turning from London to Nanking, the Governor of the Bank of England appointed his lordship chairman of the Chinese Bondholders Committee.

This Scot—this ultra-Scot whom we hail as our President—has been a light to guide the faltering feet of Englishmen, so that we can truly sing, " There'll always be an England," as long as there is a Scottish regiment—like the London Scottish—or a Scottish lawyer statesman like Lord Alness to help this great country of England, greater to-day than ever in her history, among whose hospitable people we have had the good fortune to cast our lot. (Applause.)

When I read Burns's " Meeting with Lord Daer," I cannot help thinking how well Lord Alness fits into parts of the poem :

I watched the symptoms of the great,
The gentle pride, the lordly state,
The arrogant assuming ;
The fient a pride, nae pride had he,
Nor sauce, nor state, that I could see,
Mair than an honest ploughman.

Then from his Lordship I shall learn,
Henceforth to meet with unconcern
One rank as weel's another ;
Nae honest, worthy man need care
To meet with noble, youthful Daer,
For he but meets a brother.

Yes, in Lord Alness we but meet a brother.

Brother Caledonians and guests, I give you this toast—not Lord Alness the Privy Councillor, or the Lord Advocate, the Scottish Secretary, the Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland, or the Lord-in-waiting; not the erudite lawyer, the keen and discerning business man, or the silver-tongued orator, although we could toast him for each of these; but my toast is Lord Alness the Man, the Great Gentleman, the Christian Gentleman, our Brother—our President. (Applause.)

Lord Alness in a few sentences replied to the toast. He thanked Past-President Will for the kind things he had said about their President, but in the guise in which he had been clothed he hardly knew himself. He assured the members that the Society was very close to his heart, and the occupancy of the chair had given him a great deal of pleasure. He was glad that the war-time meetings were considered successful, but that, he felt, was due to the support which he had received, rather than in the merit of his presidency. ("No, no.")

The musical part of the programme was provided by Miss May Craven, who sang "Homing," "Angus Macdonald," and "Bless this House." "Auld Lang Syne" closed a profitable afternoon meeting.

The Death of the Rev. Dr Fleming.

Lord Alness, President, took the chair at the Council and General meetings, held at the Waldorf Hotel, Aldwych, on Saturday, 20th September, 1941.

Before taking the ordinary business, Lord Alness made feeling reference to the great loss that the Society had suffered by the death of Past-President the Rev. Archibald Fleming, D.D., who joined the Society in 1918, was Treasurer in 1924-25, and President, 1926-1927. The members stood in silence while a vote of sympathy with Mrs Fleming and her family was passed.

The Rev. Robert F. V. Scott, St Columba's, was admitted to membership of the Society.

Altering Our Arrangements.

The war-time arrangements for the Society's meetings were fully discussed, and, to quote from the minute book " it was agreed unanimously that, as far as practicable, the monthly luncheons should be resumed on the customary day, viz., the second Thursday (and another ladies' luncheon in January, 1942), that the President receive early intimation when a luncheon was suggested, and that the arrangements be left in the hands of Past-President William Will, the Vice-President, Mr J. M. Swan, and the Hon. Treasurer, Mr W. M. Miller, who had been good enough to do the Hon. Secretary's work during the past year.

Another Ladies' Luncheon.

A ladies' luncheon was held in the Waldorf after the business meetings. Lord Alness presided.

The loyal toasts having been drunk with Caledonian honours, Past-President P. N. McFarlane proposed the toast " Our Guests."

Mr McFarlane said the Caledonian Society, during its one hundred odd years, had honoured many great men, statesmen and scientists, and that day they joined with the toast the names of a great statesman, Viscount Bennett, P.C., who had served our Canadian brethren faithfully and well, and an eminent scientist, Mr R. A. Watson-Watt, C.B., B.Sc., F.R.S., a son of Angus, whose discoveries were helping the Allied Nations to beat the forces of darkness.

To give a brief outline of the work that Lord Bennett had done for his country would be impossible in the time at their disposal, but it might be said that his long life had been one of continuous progress. It would not be out of place here to mention that Lord

Bennett was the honorary colonel of the 10th Battalion Calgary Highlanders.

Of Mr Watson-Watt, Mr McFarlane said that they did not know what radio-location was, or how it worked ; but they did know that it was baffling the Huns. When the war was victoriously over they would learn much more of the scientific efforts made in this country, and among those whose praises would be sung, was their guest, Mr R. A. Watson-Watt, C.B., F.R.S.

Lord Bennett thanked the Caledonian Society and its President for their invitation and their hospitality, and Mr McFarlane for his generous remarks. He spoke of the eminent Scots who had helped to develop the great country where he (the speaker) was born. The work that Lords Strathcona and Mountstephen did for Canada will live for ever in the history of that country. Scotland had been prolific in the production of scientists.

They were honouring that day Watson-Watt, the inventor of radio-location, which reminded him that Scotland had given the world another Watt, he who had applied steam to the assistance of mankind. Science, said his lordship, does not make things ; it uses what has been discovered.

Like the rest of the civilised world, Scotland had sprung to arms to meet the menace to civilisation which they were opposing with all the resources of which they were possessed. Tough though the struggle would be, there could be only one end if they were not to sink to slavery. The hordes of barbarism, represented by Hitler and his Gestapo, must yield to the forces of liberty—that liberty dear to all the Anglo-Saxon peoples. (Applause.) Scotland had had to fight for her own independence, and she knew the value of national freedom.

Again he thanked Lord Alness for inviting him to be present at that inspiriting gathering.

Mr Watson-Watt also replied for the guests. He thanked the Society for their hospitality, and went on

to say that he had the honour of working with " blue angels," the name he gave to the women of the R.A.F. who had helped him in his work. His small band of helpers had been the means of placing some small armour into the hands of the men and women who are guarding these shores. His tribute to his women helpers was most cordial. Mr Watson-Watt went on to refer to certain idiosyncracies of our fellow-countrymen, and compared them, not unfavourably, with their brethren on the south side of the Border.

The Rev. R. F. V. Scott presented the toast, " The Caledonian Society of London." He said :

My toast is the Caledonian Society. You will not expect me to know more of it than is common knowledge, nor after the speeches that you have already heard will you expect me to deal afresh with its long and honoured history.

When your invitation to propose this toast came to me I was seated by the banks of the Tweed, engaged in the perusal of a very interesting history of Scotland. At the moment your letter came to me I had just reached that part of our history which tells of the Scottish War of Independence. And I could not help thinking how much a society like this must have done in the past, and is doing now, to keep alive, to foster, and to strengthen that spirit of independence and love of freedom that are so precious a part of the Scottish heritage. You will readily realise how important a function that is for your Society in these days. What a glorious thing it is that we, who claim Scotland as our native land, cannot only take heart but give heart from the very fact that our little country found freedom no indigenous possession, but won it by force of arms, by sheer dogged determination, against a much mightier foe. (Applause.)

Things must seem to-day to be grim for the peoples of Europe, for the folk of Poland, of Czechoslovakia, of Norway, of Holland, of Belgium, of France, with the iron might of the Reich pressing hard upon them, and with the dark shadow of its tyranny now lengthening out eastward over the Russian plains. Yet is their prospect any grimmer than must have been the prospect for the people of Scotland in the weary yet glorious War of Independence ? Is it any grimmer for them than it was for Scotland when Edward made his triumphal march from Berwick to Elgin, garrisoned every castle and stronghold with his soldiers, and placed his vassal king upon the throne ? Is it any grimmer for them than it was for Scotland when the flickering light of hope lit by Wallace and his dauntless comrades at Stirling Bridge was snuffed out in the twinkling of an eye at Falkirk, or when Wallace himself was captured, dragged to London, tried in Westminster Hall and convicted of treason, went the way of Tyburn to be hanged, drawn and quartered ? Is it any grimmer for these folk than it was for Scotland when Bruce, ex-communicated from the Church, was no better than a hunted fugitive from his own people ? Himself well-nigh despairing and the country's hopes running out like the last grains of sand in the hour-glass ? Yet here is the message sent to the Pope by the

Scottish Barons assembled at Arbroath, in the very midst of the struggle: "It is not for glory, riches, or honours that we are fighting, but for liberty alone, which no man loses but with his life." (Applause.) That is the message that we can take to our hearts to-day, as we look to the rock from whence we are hewn. It is the message, too, that we can pass on to the members of every nation under the heel of Hitler—and there is no such nation but has living representatives in our midst to-day. (Applause.) Let us tell them from our own Scottish story that, however strong the tyrant, however grim his grip, the forces of freedom must and will win through to victory. There have been many Falkirks in the battles of Europe, but the day of its Bannockburn will come. (Applause.)

There is one thing more I may be permitted to say. It is surely significant that the two peoples from whose bitter warfare we take hope to-day are now no longer two but one. It is no part of the activity of a society such as this to laud and magnify Scotland and the Scots at the expense of the kindly hosts amongst whom we dwell. (Hear, hear.) Whatever may have been the differences in the past, we stand united as one nation in the struggle for the freedom of all mankind. May not this fact give us hope that there will come a day when national hatreds and racial animosities on the continent of Europe and throughout the world will be assuaged and forgotten, or, if remembered, remembered only to inspire men of all the nations to love and revere freedom. (Applause.) Peace is no mere matter of the cessation of hostilities, but surely when we think of Scotland and England, as they were and as they are, we can look to a day, far, far distant it may be, yet sure to come, when in mutual respect, in kindly give and take, in harmonious co-operation, the nations of the world will dwell together in true peace. (Applause.)

Long, then, may the Caledonian Society live to welcome to its fellowship and to send forth therefrom into the world men to whom the story of Scotland brings in time of trouble and distress a courage and fortitude that nothing can break, and brings to life within their souls a faith for the future that will not falter. (Applause.)

In responding to the toast, Lord Alness said:

My first and most obvious duty, as the mouthpiece of our members, is to thank you, Mr Scott, for the insight and felicity with which you have proposed the toast of the Caledonian Society of London. And it may not be amiss if I add that we all sympathise sincerely with you in the difficult conditions under which you are carrying on your pastorate, and that with all our hearts wish you well in the valuable and valiant work which you are doing. (Hear, hear.)

Turning to the toast which Mr Scott has proposed, let me say at once that we are naturally and justly proud of our Society. It is, I venture to think, unique among the Scottish societies in London. What are its leading features? Let me mention but a few.

First its age. Our Society is of no mushroom growth. The ritual of the Society is hallowed by ancient tradition. Its observances have been handed down from father to son. They still persist, and they will endure. Even Hitler cannot destroy them. I firmly believe that the Society, a hundred years hence, will continue to evoke the loyalty and love of all those who are associated with it, just as it does to-day.

Second, its limited membership. We desiderate a hundred members—

no less, no more—for we are not promiscuous but selective in our choice. Each of those who aspire to join us must have a record which renders him worthy of inclusion in our ranks. And of course the limitation of numbers makes for an intimacy and domesticity which could not otherwise be attained.

Third, its record. Our transactions are not ephemeral but enduring, thanks to the good offices of our esteemed and loved Historian, Mr Will. Entirely due to him, future generations of men will be able to judge of the stature of the guests whom we have entertained, and will be able to assess the value of their utterances.

Fourth, its democracy. Like the House of Commons, the Caledonian Society is a levelling place. Social distinctions count for nothing. Snobbery is taboo. A man is taken for what he is, not for what he has, or what he has done, or what he may become. Opinion is frankly and freely expressed, but it is always kindly. Our Society, in short, bears the hall-mark of democracy. (Applause.)

Lastly, above and beyond all, we prize and cherish the atmosphere of the Society. Here I touch on something which is elusive, something which words, however carefully selected, must fail to express, something which is intangible and yet inescapable. Let me just say that there is a brotherhood and fellowship among our members which few if any other society can equal, and which none can surpass. In the best sense of the words, we are a society of friends. Indeed, the foundation of the Society is friendship. (Hear, hear.) That foundation is built not on quicksand, but on rock. Many staunch and abiding friendships have been formed in the Caledonian Society which will last while life lasts. We remember and we act up to the classic words :—

> Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
> Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.

Friendship, precious at all times, is—in a world which is rent and riven by the havoc of war, a world in which harsh and pitiless deeds everywhere abound—more precious to-day than rubies. That is what the Caledonian Society stands for. (Applause.)

Long may our Society flourish, true to its traditions, leal to its loyalties, an oasis in the desert of life, where the weary traveller can always find refreshment and rest. Our warm thanks are due to Mr Scott for his presence and his speech. (Applause.)

" Auld Lang Syne " sung by the company closed a successful gathering.

Obituary.

Past-President ARCHIBALD FLEMING, D.D.

One of the outstanding figures in the Scottish community in London and a Past-President of the Caledonian Society of London passed to his rest at his temporary home at Windsor on 2nd July, 1941. Dr Fleming was in his seventy-eighth year.

The death of Dr Fleming brought from the press and public tributes that disclosed a widespread interest in his life and work.

The *Scotsman*, in a long obituary notice, said : " For nearly forty years Dr Fleming had been minister of what has been described as ' the cathedral of Presbyterianism and the citadel of Scottish sentiment in London.' Two things qualified him for so important a charge, to which must probably be added a third—the attraction of a personality which appealed to rich and poor alike. But this personality was founded on the two qualities which he so pre-eminently possessed—a sense of ministerial dignity which was inherited from generations of Churchmen who were his forebears, and a cultivated mind, which was the result of sound, scholarly training, which graced his simple pulpit themes with unobtrusive erudition.

" His father was the Rev. Archibald Fleming, of Inchyra, who for over forty years was minister of St Paul's Parish Church, Perth, and whose father, the Rev. James F. Fleming, had been minister of Troon from 1824 to 1836, and whose maternal grandfather, the Rev. Andrew Hamilton, had been minister of the High Kirk, Kilmarnock, from 1804 to his death in 1839. Even in the Scottish Church such a continuity of ministerial service must be rare. After attending Perth Academy, where he was classical and mathematical medallist in the same year, he entered the University of Edinburgh, where he distinguished himself in several classes in the Arts course, was first in the Divinity Class in three successive years, and graduated in 1883. He had been one of Professor Blackie's favourite students, and in the years that followed he enriched his theological studies at various German seminaries, including Bonn.

" His stay at Bonn was a period in his life which he afterwards looked back to with immense pleasure. ' I managed,' he wrote, ' to see a good deal of German life—student and other—in these gay, irresponsible days. I made with my student and other friends solemn tramps through the Seven Mountains. I was at home in their societies—though not to the degree of their fluid capacity ; sang *Student-lieder* with them in the moonlight, boating on the Rhine ; benefited by their unfailing courtesy and forbearance. The garden of the family with whom I sojourned sloped pleasantly down to the edge of the great river. I have one vivid memory of it. Prince Wilhelm, as he then was—the Kaiser of later notoriety—had been a friend of the house when a student at Bonn a few years earlier. The first and last I ever saw of that turbulent Prince was when he sailed past us on the Rhine with his chosen friends—his young wife was for the moment at Coblenz. Balancing his peaked cap on the top of a walking-stick, or mop—I cannot say which—he trundled it to us in recognition.' "

In 1877 Dr Fleming went to St Cuthbert's as assistant to the famous Dr James MacGregor ; then to Newton, Midlothian, and ten years later to the Tron Church, Edinburgh. After four and a half years at the Tron came St Columba's, where his success is well known to all Caledonians.

He began his literary work by writing for Edinburgh newspapers, and was a contributor to W. E. Henley's *Scots Observer*, later the *National Observer*.

" He has recalled," continued the *Scotsman*, " the thrills of those days in Thistle Street, ' when something would come in, hot from the then new and reeking pens of Kipling, R. L. Stevenson, Barrie, and the rest of a brilliant coterie.' Of Henley he has said : ' He was a great, if a trifle too fastidious an editor. He had a way of rewriting the articles of his rank-and-file contributors ;

so that, with the addition of his mannerisms, the whole paper seemed as it were the product of one pen.'

"But Henley's example served Fleming well when he undertook the editorship of *Life and Work*, which he discharged with conspicuous tact and ability from 1899 to 1902—the year in which he was unanimously called to his great work in Pont Street, to follow in the footsteps of Dr John MacLeod."

The Times wrote :—

"During his ministry at St Columba's the church was generally so crowded that no one could hope for a seat in the building who was not present some time before the hour fixed for worship. As a preacher he was of the scholarly type. His sermons generally gave evidence of careful thought and intense preparation. They were the product of a reverent, earnest, devout, and well-stocked mind. His conduct of the service was in accordance with the simplicity and dignity of ancient Scottish tradition.

"Among the congregation attending St Columba's on a Sunday were to be found representatives of every rank and station of Scottish life, from Cabinet Ministers and peers to others in humbler walks of life, including a large number of young men who came to the capital and of young women who had come to London from remote parts of Scotland to engage in domestic service and other work such as the Post Office Savings Bank. The congregation was a sample of the true democratic spirit prevailing in the Church of Scotland. Many of them in their homes had been members of other branches of Presbyterianism and in London were drawn to the National Church. During the week Dr Fleming gave the greater part of his time to the care of Scots newly arrived in London, and at his home in Beaufort Gardens Dr and Mrs Fleming and their children would give a warm and homely welcome to those who had but recently arrived from the North.

"In the Church of Scotland itself Dr Fleming's place was very high. Indeed in latter days he came almost to have a standing of his own. More than once attempts were made to get him back to his native land. St Cuthbert's was anxious to have him as its minister, and the congregation of the Cathedral in Glasgow also tried to secure him, but Dr Fleming had become so closely attached and devoted to his work in London that he could not bring himself to leave."

The Royal Scottish Corporation.

At the monthly meeting of the Committee of Management, on Wednesday, 9th July, 1941, Mr William Will, Vice-President, moved a resolution, and in doing so said :

To-day we meet in the shadow of a great loss. To many of us the news of the death of our senior vice-president was not unexpected, and when the end did come we knew that a bright light had gone from the Scottish firmament, that Scotland had lost a great and loyal son, that Scottish life in London was much poorer by his passing, and that a pillar had gone from this Corporation.

In supporting the resolution which I have the privilege of submitting

to you, it is not necessary to say much about our departed colleague. He had many sides to his character. He touched life at many different points; he was no ascetic, and got much enjoyment from his contacts. To-day, however, I can refer only to one or two aspects of Dr Fleming's work that attracted me.

Had our late chairman been asked what he considered his greatest achievement, he would have said unhesitatingly that it was the building up of St Columba's, and without question that great organisation was due entirely to his persistent labour in the many branches of Church work, to his individuality as a preacher, to his personality in attracting serious men and women as helpers, and to the assistance given to him by his devoted wife and family.

While we all recognise that St Columba's as we knew it before his brilliant successor, Mr Scott, was appointed, was a visible monument of Dr Fleming's pastorate, I feel that equally valuable was the part played by our deceased friend, and men like him, in presenting the real, the true, Scotland to the people of England.

There is a type of our countryman of whom we are all too well aware, who presents a boastful, an arrogant, an almost unmannerly and a wholly objectionable Scotland to the people who have given us their generous hospitality. To this picture the record of the activities of the scholarly minister of St Columba's was an invaluable corrective. Dr Fleming was one of the most patriotic of Scots. He was the embodiment of his native land, and he presented Scotland to the world as a country not devoid of courtesy, of good manners, of scholarship, and of appreciation of our hosts, the great English people. This he did unconsciously and naturally, and consequently effectively.

Allied to this was his part in the binding of the scattered Scottish elements in London into a homogeneous whole. There was a time, and that not far distant, when a Scottish gathering in London was not complete without the presence of Dr Fleming, whose speeches on social occasions, always beautifully phrased, with clever and witty allusion, and apt quotation, were after-dinner oratory that few could equal. Dr Fleming made a unique position for himself in the life of Scotland in London. He took an important part in the work of several of the societies, and among other activities he was Treasurer and later President of the Caledonian Society of London, and, for many years, he was chaplain to the London Scottish Regiment. Of what he has done for the Royal Scottish Corporation, it is hardly necessary to say much to this Committee of Management. Within a few weeks of his arrival in London in 1902, Dr Fleming became associated with the charity, and with characteristic thoroughness he took a most active part in the work. He at once became a member of the Committee of Management, and one of our chaplains, an honorary position which he retained until the end. He was elected to be a vice-president in 1930 and, as you know, he filled the chair since 1936 with grace and ease. The happy phrase was his, and the clear decision was always gracefully conveyed. His broad-mindedness enabled him to succour both the saint and the sinner, so long as the pressing need was there. What Dr and Mrs Fleming did privately for poor Scots in London, no one will ever know, and it was characteristic of him that, when asked what form the testimonial to celebrate his fifty years in the ministry should take, he suggested the establishment of a fund for the succour of the needy. The great influence which Dr Fleming exercised on Scotland in London was his invisible monument.

When first I heard Dr Fleming in the pulpit, I was attracted by something in his preaching that made me think of him as having qualities borne by a successful literary journalist. In his sermons, always scholarly and dignified

and well reasoned, he never missed an opportunity of pointing a moral by means of reference to current events. He had begun his literary and journalistic life early, for when he was at Edinburgh University he contributed a weekly column of University notes to an evening newspaper, and he became one of Henley's contributors to the *Scots Observer*, later the *National Observer*, when Henley attracted to his staff of contributors Kipling, Stevenson, and Barrie among other literary men; Dr Fleming was thus well-equipped for the editorship of *Life and Work*, the Church of Scotland magazine, when he was asked to take that office, and his own St Columba's Church magazine was one of the finest examples of Church journalism that has ever been produced. Until quite recently he contributed articles to the leading Scottish and London newspapers, and his recent monthly sermonettes in the *Sunday Times* were a feature in that journal. Had he not been a great Churchman, he might have been a great journalist.

These are somewhat disjointed references to what, in my opinion, were the three outstanding matters in the life of Dr Fleming—St Columba's, his part in the life of Scotland in London, and his literary gifts.

While we lament the passing of an outstanding public figure, we think at the present time mainly of the bereaved widow and her family. Mrs Fleming was a helpmate in the truest sense of that hackneyed word. Her devotion to and support of her husband in his work and in his home are known to all who knew St Columba's and 12 Beaufort Gardens. It is to her that our thoughts turn to-day in her great sorrow; and it must lighten the present gloom for her to know of the testimony of all classes in the community to the work of her departed husband.

To Mrs Fleming and her family the Royal Scottish Corporation offers its deepest sympathy.

And now, gentlemen, I have the privilege of submitting to you the following resolution:

"The Committee of Management of the Royal Scottish Corporation record with profound regret their sense of the grevious loss which the Corporation has sustained by the death on 2nd July, 1941, of the Reverend Archibald Fleming, T.D., D.D., honorary chaplain and member of the Committee of Management since 1902, vice-president since 1930, and senior vice-president since 1936, whose devotion to the Corporation's welfare, prudent counsel in its direction, zealous advancement of its objects and understanding sympathy for those compelled to seek its aid, have proved an inspiring example to all engaged in the beneficent work of the Charity.

"The Committee express their sincere sympathy with Mrs Fleming and the members of her family in their sad and irreparable loss.

"The Committee also agree that a pension, to be named the 'Reverend Dr Archibald Fleming Pension' be created, and that one pensioner be maintained thereon for all time."

The Rev. Joseph Moffett, B.A., seconded the resolution. He said:

I am grateful for the privilege of seconding the resolution read by the chairman, expressing our sense of loss at the death of my good friend Dr Fleming, and I do so with the deepest feeling of respect and sorrow. It was my privilege to know him even more intimately than many others, first as

his assistant some thirty years ago, and later in close co-operation with him in the affairs of my Presbytery. Dr. Fleming came of clerical stock, and in his ministry he was imbued with the highest ideals of his profession. The outstanding human qualities with which he was gifted and his acute sense of duty made him a perfect minister. From personal knowledge I can confirm the views so eloquently expressed by our chairman about the great and untiring help given to Dr Fleming by his sorrowing widow and family. His happy family circle has lost his deep affection and his wise guidance, and we deeply sympathise with them in that loss. Here we are perhaps more concerned with Dr Fleming's service to the Royal Scottish Corporation. In that capacity the needs of the poor were his constant burden, receiving at all times practical sympathy and genuine interest. With deepest respect and admiration we recall his continuous activities for the relief of those in distress. He has left us an inspiring example which we shall find difficult to emulate.

CHAPTER IV.

1941-1942 : Lord Alness's Presidency—*Continued.*

Origin of the B.B.C. Brains Trust; A Scottish Brains Trust suggested; Tribute to the late Robert Stewart; Dr Davidson on the Pulpit and the War; Lord Alness accepts re-election and is thanked; £100 for "Caledonia"; the Society's losses; Mrs Winant's Illness; her Letter in praise of Scotland; Admiral Stark's Scottish connections; Lord Provost Darling on Andrew Carnegie.

A Members' Luncheon.

THE Council having decided that the members' monthly meetings and luncheons should be revived, the Committee, in whose hands the arrangements were left, arranged that the first war-time meetings and luncheon should be held on Thursday, 11th December, 1941, at the Waldorf Hotel, Aldwych.

The Council met before the luncheon, and in the absence of the President, Lord Alness, Mr John M. Swan, Vice-President, was voted to the chair. He said that Lord Alness regretted his inability to be present at the meetings. His lordship had many engagements in Scotland, due to the fact that the War Weapons Week of the capital had been fixed for the week beginning on

the 8th December. Lord Alness sent his good wishes for the success of the gatherings.

Mr Walter B. Morison was admitted to membership of the Society.

The Council and Members' meetings were followed by luncheon, at which a representative company sat down under the chairmanship of the Vice-President.

The loyal toasts having been drunk with Caledonian honours, the Chairman introduced Mr Donald McCullough, the well-known question-master of the B.B.C. Brains Trust. Mr Swan spoke of the wit and wisdom that characterised their guest's contributions to the Brains Trust programmes, and of Mr McCullough's sparkling summing-up of the various speakers' observations.

Mr McCullough wittily observed that from being a nonentity a year ago, he had blossomed, by way of the Brains Trust, to be a man of some notoriety, if not importance. After a year of war it was obvious that there were groups of friends who shrank from crooning and wished for some more intellectual pabulum ; so the reason for a Brains Trust was apparent. The inspiration of the Brains Trust programmes was American—there it was called " Information "—but the difference was in the remuneration of the broadcasters on this and the other side of the Atlantic. From the princely sums paid to the " Information " men in the United States there was a steep descent to those paid out to the Brains Trusters on this side.

Mr McCullough told with great good humour of how the first Brains Trust met. He was first on the scene on the opening day—and he waited for the brains ! Then there entered Commander Campbell, who had the same idea of professors as he (the speaker) had. Then came a small man jauntily. " Joad's the name ! " the newcomer announced ; and Mr McCullough told the professor that he had never heard of him. Following Professor Joad

came Julian Huxley, who expressed a detestation of jazz; and as an orchestra was in the same studio, Huxley asked to be counted out.

The party, who were unable to concentrate in a studio with an orchestra practising, drove round London, and ultimately found a meeting place. To discover what was the intelligence of the company, the problem was propounded: "What are the seven wonders of the world?" Nobody knew—and nobody cared! After the first sitting of the Brains Trust fifteen letters came in, and to show how the idea had caught on, last week two thousand letters had been received—"quite a lot at 2½*d.* a time!" Out of some 80,000 letters sent in, only four hundred had been used. "I have suggested a Scottish week," Mr McCullough said, "but who have you got? A number of names had been mentioned, and it was evident that out of the richness of intellect of our countrymen, many teams of Brains Trusters could be formed. (Applause.)

Mr Atholl Robertson thanked Mr McCullough for his brilliant speech. Mr McCullough was a native of Hawick; his father was a native of that part of Scotland in the North of Ireland; and his grandfather was a native of Argyll.

It was good to have with us a man who could order all those brains about! Of brains we in Scotland were specialists, so Mr McCullough had come to the right place. (Laughter.)

Mr McCullough, in reply, said that that afternoon a perfect mine of potential Brains Trusters had been disclosed to him.

Mr J. B. Rintoul, proposed "Our Guests," but before asking the company to accept the toast, he congratulated the Vice-President on his first and most successful appearance in the chair. These are anxious days for parents, and as the Vice-President had three sons in the forces, and a fourth going next week, Mr and

Mrs Swan's anxiety could be understood. All that they could do was to pray that they would emerge scathless from the war. He had pleasure in coupling with the toast the name of one of the Greater London members of Parliament, Mr Beverley Baxter, a Canadian with a Scottish name, who had as editor of the *Daily Express*, successfully supplied literary pabulum to millions of English and Scottish newspaper readers. They welcomed their guests, and he joined with the toast the names of Mr Beverley Baxter and Sir Thomas McAra, another denizen of Fleet Street, which had produced, or rather engulfed so many of our compatriots.

Mr Beverley Baxter, M.P., in thanking the Society for their hospitality said that to a Canadian, a Scottish gathering was just like being at hame, for at times it might seem as if the Scots and the French had taken possession of the whole of the North American continent.

Sir Thomas McAra also replied.

Pipe-Major Murdo Mackenzie supplied bagpipe music.

A Good New Year.

The third of the war-time ladies' luncheons was held at the Waldorf Hotel, on Saturday, 17th January, 1942.

Council and General meetings preceded the luncheon. At these the President, Lord Alness, presided, and asked the members to accept his best wishes for a happy and prosperous year in their social, business, and family undertakings.

His lordship also, on behalf of the members, offered congratulations to Mr McFarlane on his wedding, and wished our Honorary Secretary and Mrs McFarlane a long and happy life.

These felicitations were received with hearty applause, and Mr McFarlane feelingly thanked the President and the members.

The death of Mr Robert Stewart was notified, and feeling reference was made to this loyal Caledonian, who had served the Scottish community in London, in the Royal Scottish Corporation, the Clans Association, and other Scottish societies in the capital.

Mr Atholl Robertson was elected a member of the Council; and Mr John Forsyth Bremner was elected a member of the Society.

Congratulations to Lord Alness.

Past-President William Will said that he felt that it would be a grave omission if they did not offer to their President their thanks and congratulations on his great success as head of the War Savings Movement in Scotland. Lord Alness had made the movement an impressive success, his eloquence at War Savings Weeks meetings and on the wireless (which they had all heard) contributing largely to the wonderful result. They, for Scotland in London, thanked Lord Alness for his great work for Scotland and the nation in Scotland. (Applause.)

Lord Alness thanked the Council for this unexpected tribute for which he was most grateful. There was no doubt that the "Savings Weeks" in Scotland had been a great success. Although he made no claim for the results he was proud to be associated with the movement. The wonderful totals of money raised in Edinburgh (£15,500,000) and Glasgow (£13,500,000) made him very proud of Scotland. I thank you, brother Caledonians, said Lord Alness, for your kindly thought and good wishes. (Applause.)

A Successful Gathering.

A representative company of members and their guests greeted the President, who with Rev. Dr Donald Davidson, St Andrew's Church, Bournemouth, and Mr J. M. Erskine, D.L., manager of the Commercial Bank of Scotland, was piped into the luncheon room by Pipe-Major Murdo Mackenzie, the Society's officer and piper.

The loyal toasts having been honoured, Past-President James Thomson, F.R.S.E., in proposing the toast " Our Guests," said :

Over a long series of years the Caledonian Society of London has entertained many famous and brilliant men—men from the Church, medicine, the law, commerce, and industry ; indeed men from every walk of life. This afternoon we have as our two principal guests Dr Donald Davidson and Mr J. M. Erskine. I am pleased personally to welcome Dr Davidson, who for nine years was minister of South Leith Parish Church, for it was to that church that we as youngsters were taken every Sunday forenoon and sent every Sunday afternoon. That beautiful church dates from 1490, and I understand that it is or was the largest single charge in Scotland. When Dr Davidson was in South Leith he exercised a great influence not only in Leith but in Edinburgh. An eloquent speaker, a great preacher, a deep thinker, he was a compelling force. If Leith lost a man of outstanding ability it was Bournemouth's gain. Dr Davidson has earned fame as an author as well as a preacher. His books command a wide and admiring public, and thus his reputation and influence are extended. (Applause.)

From the Cloth I now turn to banking, for we have with us a prominent Scottish banker, Mr John M. Erskine, who was at one time a member of this Society. Eleven years ago he left London for Edinburgh, and in a short time became general manager of the Commercial Bank of Scotland, one of the youngest bank managers.

It is many years since I knew that there were " no flies " on bank managers. When in New York some thirty-five years ago I cabled home for money. To draw the money from the New York bank to which it had been credited, I called upon the manager who asked how he was to know that I was the person mentioned in the cable. Suddenly the banker made a grab at the inside pocket of my jacket, saw my name on the tab, was satisfied, and handed over the money. I was wearing an overcoat which bore the name of a friend through whom I purchased it ; and had the old banker examined it and not my jacket I might have been waiting there yet for the money. (Laughter.)

The Commercial Bank has gone ahead under Mr Erskine, and we hope that it will go further ahead still. Mr Erskine is Chairman of the Edinburgh Chamber of Commerce, is a Deputy Lieutenant of Edinburgh, and a member of that select body the King's Bodyguard for Scotland, the Royal Company of Archers ; and last, but by no means least, he served in the Great War of 1914–1918.

We are proud to welcome two such distinguished men in their different spheres; and besides these and many of our English friends, who are always welcome, we have with us, and we give a hearty welcome to, Colonel Ogilvie, honorary colonel of the London Scottish. (Applause.)

The toast having been drunk with Caledonian honours, Rev. Dr Donald Davidson replied. He said:

May I first express my sympathy with you in the disappointment you have suffered through the Lord Provost of Edinburgh being prevented from attending this luncheon. With you I was eagerly looking forward to hearing Mr Will Y. Darling, whom I have heard described as one of the most witty and engaging of our public speakers. But while we realise that we have been robbed of a very great pleasure we must not under the circumstances feel aggrieved by our loss. We owe so much to our Russian allies that we cannot grudge them the privilege of being received and entertained by the present Lord Provost of Edinburgh. Let us hope that this visit of a Russian delegation to Scotland will help to further a spirit of mutual friendliness and understanding between our two countries. (Applause.) For you cannot deny that our two peoples, with their intense patriotism and appalling climate, have a great deal in common! I can imagine that if the weather in Edinburgh is as cold as it usually is at this time of year the Russian visitors will be glad to get back to their own country! But it is most satisfactory that in this war our Russian friends are being openly received by the City of Edinburgh. (Hear, hear.) You will remember how in the last war Russian soldiers were conducted through Edinburgh in troop trains in which the blinds had been carefully drawn down! But if it had not been for the presence of a witness at the Waverley Station at that time who saw the Russian snow on the boots of the mysterious soldiers we would never to this day have known anything about them! (Laughter.)

Now, let me thank you for inviting me to enjoy your hospitality which I can only describe as typically Scottish in its kindliness and warmth. I know that I owe the high privilege of being entertained by such a select and such a historic body as the London Caledonian Society to no distinction of my own, but entirely to the kindness of your President, Lord Alness, with whose friendship I have been honoured since he came to reside in Bournemouth.

That is, incidentally, one advantage of what we Scots chose to call "exile" in England. I might have lived in Scotland long enough without ever coming in contact with such a distinguished fellow-countryman as your President. But as members of the little Scots colony in Bournemouth it was inevitable that we should meet, and also inevitable that I should be attracted by his gracious friendliness and quite unassuming charm.

Bournemouth, I suppose, is usually regarded by those who don't know it as a sort of Bethesda, the home of a great multitude of impotent folk. One rather grim jest is that the people of Bournemouth don't bury their dead. They just let them walk about! (Laughter.) But when I went there I was delighted that not only could it claim to be the most beautiful seaside town in England, but that it was so full of Scots people that, to quote Sir Harry Lauder, it was "jist like bein' at hame!" It was quite understandable, of course, that people who have borne the burden and enjoyed very little of the

heat of the day in Scotland should have a natural longing to behold the light of the sun for a little while before they go home.

Lord Alness, however, as you might expect from such an eminent lawyer, has succeeded beyond most in making the best of both worlds; for while his home is in gay, sunny, self-indulgent Bournemouth, his work is in grim, grey, self-sacrificing, and self-denying Scotland. But I have no doubt that this is one reason why he has discharged his duties as Chairman of the Scottish Savings Committee with such remarkable success and distinction. (Applause.) We can always imagine him on returning north ready to preach with redoubled passion the virtues of thrift—that thrift which so many of his Scots friends in Bournemouth have to thank for being able in their latter days to enjoy a place in the sun!

Then I must also thank Mr Thomson for the kind way in which he has proposed the toast of the guests, and for all that he has said about myself. It is good to find that he and I have so much in common through our connection with Leith. I shall always regard my ministry in South Leith a very wonderful, even if it was a very wearing, experience. South Leith was—I think still is—the largest congregation in the Church of Scotland. The membership when I left it was close on five thousand. I think I can boast that during my nine years' ministry there I must have conducted more baptisms, funerals, and marriages than many a minister conducts in the course of a lifetime. The monthly baptismal service, at which anything up to 650 infants might be baptised, was only possible with the aid of a loud speaker. I am told that one humorist, after attending that service, said that what was wanted in South Leith Church was not a baptismal font, but a garden hose! (Laughter.)

I am, however, being continually surprised to find how few Scots people, and even Edinburgh people, know that in South Leith Church we have one of the oldest and most beautiful ecclesiastical buildings in Scotland. Its story goes back beyond the Reformation, though perhaps not so far back as one of the old ladies in the Kirkgate would have had me believe. Her name had been omitted from some benefaction, and when the omission was explained as being due to her name not appearing on the membership list, she was highly indignant. "Not a member of Leith?" she cried. "Why, I've been a member of South Leith all my life. But what's more, my father and grandfather and great-grandfather were members of South Leith. But hae ye never heard o' him? He focht wi' Nelson at the Battle o' Bannockburn!" (Laughter.)

It was my misfortune that all down the years of my ministry in South Leith the Port of Leith was a sadly distressed area, and that fact greatly added to the burden of the work. But it was a privilege of which I am proud to have had some little part in helping those brave people to weather those stormy years; and I hope that never again will they be called upon to face such poverty and unemployment as they endured through the criminal neglect of our seaborne trade, and the fatal blight that was allowed to fall upon our shipbuilding industry. (Hear, hear.)

Now, my friends, you have been very kind not only in giving me this opportunity to speak, but also in giving me perfect freedom as to what I should choose to speak about. Personally I would have preferred a little more definite guidance than the vague suggestion that I should speak about ten minutes. There is something to be said for the old Scots elder who was sent for, in the absence of the minister, to offer prayer for an ailing parishioner.

As he came into the sick-room and prepared by taking off his coat and getting down on his knees to intercede before the Lord, he explained : " Noo, I'm no' a minister ; I'm jist a workin' man, an' I like to hae a clear specification of the job ; so jist let me ken what's wanted ?—A speedy recovery or an abundant entrance ? " (Laughter.)

However, as the matter has been left entirely in my own hands I would ask you to allow me to speak to you for a few minutes about the war, for I feel there is no subject which more closely affects us all at the present time. Now, let me say that as a preacher I have never hesitated to preach what are commonly called " war sermons." I know, of course, that there are some people who think that the pulpit should be silent about the war ; not that they would like to have a minister who was a pacifist or a conscientious objector. But the attitude is particularly prevalent among English people that the pulpit should remain quite detached from current events. Not so, however, Scots people. In Scotland, I am glad to say, we have long been accustomed to look to the pulpit for a lead in all matters affecting the life of the community and the well-being of the nation ; but that is an attitude that you might very reasonably expect from a people whose greatest pulpit figure was John Knox. Politics and war undoubtedly loomed very large in John Knox's sermons. His pulpit eloquence was one of the principal factors in the liberation of his country from the bondage of a foreign yoke ; and don't forget he had as much as any man to do in the laying of the foundations of that Anglo-Scottish understanding which was ultimately to bind the two countries so closely together that to-day we can reply definitely that " There'll always be an England as long as Scotland stands ! "

But why should the preacher not speak from his pulpit about what is uppermost in the hearts and minds, what is in truth dominating the lives of those who to-day are listening to him ? Every day of the week we are treated to what journalists, politicians, broadcasting commentators, and a whole host of secular authorities have to say about the war. Have we not as Christian men and women the right to ask the preacher, " What has God to say about it ? " Surely we have every just title to look to the pulpit and declare, " Thus saith the Lord " in regard to the momentous strife that is shaking the world around us, and deciding inexorably the shape of things to come.

And of all wars, should not the preacher have a great deal to say about this war ? Surely we are all agreed that here is a war in which the most vital spiritual issues are involved. You have only to examine the writings and speeches of German leaders to realise that we speak simple truth when we say that we are wrestling not merely against flesh and blood, but against the powers of darkness, against the very spirit powers of evil. To-day Britain is fighting the good fight, not only against a cruel tyranny, but against a diabolic attempt to overthrow all those ideals that are most truly Christian. With our victory is bound up the highest well-being of mankind. For us, the King himself solemnly warned us in one of his broadcast messages : " If we are defeated it will mean the destruction of our world as we have known it, and the descent of darkness upon its ruins."

Now, my friends, I venture to remind you of that for I believe that it is only a clear recognition of the superlative importance of the spiritual issues involved in this war that will nerve our arm and strengthen our will to prosecute it to a meritorious conclusion. (Applause.)

For over two years now we have been busy sharpening our sword. But now that we have in our hands a weapon of incalculable striking power, and

are using it with all its devastating power, we find in some quarters a strange reluctance to use it. Influential people sign petitions to abolish night bombing! A spate of letters appears in the papers about the iniquity of retribution!

Now, we may well tremble as we think of the awful punishment that is being prepared for our enemies. I heard recently of a bomber pilot who was asked how many bombs he carried in his raids over Germany. After some chaffing he confessed that on his last journey he had carried only one bomb; but that one bomb which he had successfully planted right in the centre of the target area had weighed round about 5,000 lbs. Some bomb! as Mr Churchill would say.

Yes, ours is now a terrible, swift sword. Woe betide those against whom its point is set. But if our heart fails us to use it, I suggest that we fortify ourselves by studying the authentic records of the devilish cruelties that have been practised by our enemies upon the subject peoples of Europe. Such an exercise would help us to understand that our sword is none other than the sword of justice and of judgment! Truly it is no plaything! It has been sharpened that it may be handled. Let us, then, wield it with such a strong arm, such an avenging passion that once and for ever the awful cruelty and unutterable iniquity of war may be brought home to the hearts and minds of our enemies. (Applause.) For centuries they have shown themselves a people who have gloried impenitently in all the brutality and bestiality of war. Let them then learn, when the terrible sword of God's wrath flashes like lightning across their sky, that war is a curse, an abomination unto the Lord, and that they that take up the sword shall perish by the sword.

I know, of course, you will tell me that it is a great responsibility we preachers are taking upon ourselves in declaring that our nation is to-day the instrument in the hands of an avenging God. I quite agree. I am proud of my country; no man more so; but I am under no delusions about it. Spiritually we are not the men our fathers were. But this I do believe. I believe that when God chooses a people as he has chosen us to-day to be the instrument in His hands to execute His righteous judgment, He will endow us with the strength, the courage, yes, even with the fury that are needful for the performance of the task.

We are a people who naturally revolt from war. We instinctively repudiate its insensate cruelty, its heart-breaking Nemesis of blood and tears, but God can steel us to face and endure its horrors, and bring us unscathed even out of the furnace of its debasing passions.

We are a people little given to hating. Our weakness has always been that we are inclined to be just, even over-tolerant and too indulgent. But God can put iron into our blood. He can give us what we so much need to-day, an inspired, passionate, all-consuming hatred of those things that we are opposed to—cruelty, oppression, injustice, and aggression. For it is only the sincerity of our hatred of these things that will redeem the stern and terrible measures that we have deliberately set our hands to for the destruction of our enemies. (Applause.)

You see, then, my friends, that there is no body of men in our country to-day who are called upon to bear a heavier burden or to play a more responsible part in this momentous conflict than the preachers. So I thank you for the sympathy you have shown them in their task by inviting this representative of them to enjoy your friendship, and to have his spirit uplifted by your cordial hospitality.

May God bless us all! May we each play our part right worthily! And may it be given us to see our country emerge not only triumphant from its present trial, but with a new hold upon the things of the spirit, the things that, as we know from the history of our own brave little land of Scotland, are the secret of true greatness, wisdom, and peace. (Loud applause.)

Mr J. M. Erskine, D.L., in his reply said that as a business man he had been deeply touched by the remarks of Dr Davidson. They had touched a responsive chord. Until we got back to the things of the spirit there was no hope for us at all.

The President offered the toast, "The Officers." He said the Caledonian Society had been blessed with devoted men who had given their time and talents to the service of their fellow members. There was their unwearying Hon. Secretary, Past-President P. N. McFarlane, who had for so many years guided president after president, and made their duties less irksome than they would otherwise have been.

Then there was the Hon. Treasurer, Mr W. M. Miller, the capable secretary of the Royal Scottish Corporation, who had so unselfishly taken the burden of the secretarial duties off Mr McFarlane's shoulders, since his Savings Movement work took him to Scotland.

His lordship also mentioned the work of the Hon. Historian and the Hon. Auditor; and thanked all the officers for their voluntary services to the Society.

Mr W. M. Miller, Hon. Treasurer, replying to the toast said:

I have had a good lunch—so good that perhaps I may be forgiven if I say, as the bus-conductress said to her passengers the other day, "I am full up inside." (Laughter.) I have been thanked, indeed praised, by our President, and when I am complimented in public I always feel important and superior. And so for these reasons, I ought to be happy, but I am not—in fact, I am deeply perturbed. For it seems to me, after listening to some of the speeches delivered here to-day, that the Caledonian Society of London is in grave danger of being converted into the London Caledonian Society of Edinburgh. (Laughter.) Our President, our immediate Past-President, and our Honorary Secretary have all committed a sin for which there is no forgiveness—they have returned to Scotland, and from the fastness of Edinburgh,

they issue to the Society their edicts. They have deserted us, brother Caledonians, and left us to face alone the English hosts, or if you prefer it, our English hosts. (Laughter.) But we in London still possess one overwhelming advantage—our Honorary Historian remains true. He knows the lessons of history, he knows that infiltration must be continuous, he knows that repatriation means defeat. Under his knowledgable and inspiring leadership, believing in the justice of our cause—if any—we shall fight on. (Loud laughter and applause.)

Past-President P. N. McFarlane, Hon. Secretary, also replied. He thanked Mr Miller for so nobly undertaking the greater part of his (the speaker's) secretarial work, during his absence in Scotland.

" Auld Lang Syne " ended a happy gathering.

A Scoto-American Gathering.

At the Council meeting on Saturday, 19th September, 1942, at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, Lord Alness, the President, took the chair.

The principal business was the re-election of all the office-bearers for Session 1942-1943. These were: President, The Right Hon. Lord Alness, P.C.; Vice-President, John M. Swan; Hon. Secretary, Past-President P. N. McFarlane; Hon. Treasurer, W. M. Miller; Hon. Historian, Past-President William Will; Hon. Auditor, J. L. Stewart.

In moving the re-election of Lord Alness, Past-President William Will said they were fortunate in having his lordship as their President and greatly indebted to him for " holding the fort " during these trying war years.

Mrs Winant's Indisposition.

The President, after thanking the members for their renewed confidence in him, said they had had a

great disappointment that morning, as he had just been informed by the American Embassy that Mrs Winant had been obliged to go into a nursing home for a slight facial operation. Disappointment had followed disappointment, for he had also learned that Admiral Stark, who is in command of the U.S.A. Naval Forces in Europe, and who was to have been present, had been called from London on duty.

£100 TO "CALEDONIA."

On the motion of Past-President J. B. Rintoul, £100 was voted with great heartiness to "Caledonia," the home for Scottish servicemen passing through London. Mr Rintoul spoke of the splendid work being done by "Caledonia," which was being run so successfully under the chairmanship of Lord Alness, and into which several of their Caledonian Society brethren had put an enormous amount of hard work.

BEREAVEMENTS.

The Hon. Secretary reported the death of Mr R. S. Forsyth, C.M.G., an old member of the Society, and the death in action in Libya of Lieut.-Colonel Kennedy, D.S.O., son of Past-President R. S. Kennedy, and the Secretary was asked to convey to the relatives of the deceased, the sympathy of the members of the Society.

SYMPATHY WITH MRS WINANT.

At the well-attended luncheon at the Grosvenor, which followed the Council and General meetings, Lord Alness presided, and, after he had said the Selkirk Grace, he spoke of the regret, which he was sure they all shared, that Mrs Winant had been obliged to enter a nursing home for a slight facial operation. He was also sure that they would wish him to say to Mrs Winant how

grieved they were by her absence and the cause of it, and to express their hope for her speedy recovery.

The President also said that they had expected to have a short speech from Admiral Stark, but that (as he had already explained to the members of the Society) a duty call to the Admiral had prevented his presence.

Dr Stewart Hunter in proposing the first toast, that of "Our Guests," said the Caledonian Society peace-time dinners and war-time luncheons would lose a great deal of their interest were they deprived of their guests. He echoed the President's regrets that Mrs Winant's indisposition had robbed them of the presence of that gifted Scoto-American lady. He, like the President and their brother Caledonians, hoped that Mrs Winant's recovery would be speedy and complete, and that another day they might have her as their guest.

Regarding the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, he would just repeat what not only Edinburgh, but the whole of Scotland said, that in him they had an eloquent and sure mouthpiece for their native land. The Lord Provost had distinguished himself in the last world war, he won the Military Cross, the King had honoured him with the C.B.E., and the people of Edinburgh had honoured him by making him their civic head. (Applause.)

Lord Alness, before calling upon the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, again referred to the absence of Mrs Winant, and said that, before going into the nursing home the previous day, she had sent him notes of what she had intended to say had she been present. He would read what she wrote :

"It has given me the greatest pleasure to be invited to this meeting of the Caledonian Society, and to be asked to join with you in celebrating the ties that bind each of you to the homeland of Scotland and to each other.

"There are many delightful occasions here in Great Britain when I am made to feel at home by the great hospitality and kindliness of my friends and hosts. To-day my feeling of being at home would have been enhanced

by the fact that my ancestors, like yours, came from Scotland—from Jedburgh in Roxburgh, and from other parts of the country—and that I have made many happy visits which have taken me from one end of Scotland to the other. A few weeks ago I was invited to take part in a wireless programme, introducing a selection of Scottish songs, and, recalling my family's connections with Jedburgh and the Border country I chose as one of the pieces to be played the stirring Ettrick and Teviotdale March, whose words are those of Sir Walter Scott's Border ballad.

" In these troubled days of war I think it is more vitally necessary than ever that each of us should recognise, and value at their true worth, all those things in our past and present that go to make up our way of life. And that way of life springs directly—more directly, perhaps, than we realise in less searching times—from the villages and cities, the valleys and highlands, that our ancestors loved in their day as we do in ours ; and from the history, the tradition, and spirit that they have handed down to us. It is very good for us to come together whenever we can, as you are doing to-day, to remember these things and to renew our resolve that we shall preserve them—our homes, our customs, our heritage of freedom—and pass them on, safe as they came to us, to our children and our children's children."

The reading of Mrs Winant's observations was followed by loud applause.

Lord Alness also referred to the absence of Admiral Stark. He was to have been the guest of their Brother Caledonian Sir Alexander Mackenzie Livingstone, and had written to Sir Alexander the following letter :

" It was with great regret that, at the last moment, I had to decline your invitation for lunch to-morrow because of absence from the city.

" I know I would have felt greatly at home with Scottish blood, my own name having been originally Muirhead. Also, the latest addition to my little clan is a granddaughter, Sally Bruce Gillespie.

" We often say we are fighting for free men and a free world, and I take it that nowhere more than in Scotland does there exist the spirit of independence, individuality, and freedom.

" You know I come from the heart of the anthracite regions in the United States, and in our mining, and in our railroading, Scottish names are almost as common in what I might call your other home, as they are in Edinburgh or Aberdeen.

" With all good wishes and again my regrets for not being present at what I am sure will be a most enjoyable occasion.—Sincerely, Harold Raynsford Stark."

The letter was cordially received.

The President then called upon their principal guest, The Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Mr William Y. Darling, M.C., C.B.E.

The Lord Provost began by asking why it had taken the London Scots seven centuries to invite to one of their festivities a Lord Provost of Edinburgh, for he understood he was the first of his line to be so honoured.

The Lord Provost introduced a political note by suggesting that among the ninety or so Scottish societies in London was one for the furtherance of Scottish self-government. He hoped that the members of that impudent London Scottish society would leave Scotland alone and turn their attention to the better government of the London in which they lived. When many years ago the self-government of London was undertaken by the London County Council under the leadership of a Scotsman, Lord Rosebery, they had hopes that London would really co-ordinate its services; but there was no cohesion—there were separate services of cleansing, etc., from Poplar to Fulham and from Clapham to Hampstead. Let the London Scots who are thirsting to govern and reform Scotland make an effort to govern and reform London. (Laughter and applause.)

Scotland had for generations been a training ground for men bent on world colonisation; but it was as individuals that they had succeeded, not in the mass. There had been one fatal mass endeavour by Scots to colonise—the Darien scheme; but its ghastly lesson had taught us to go singly. The Jewish people offered the only comparison with Scots; but the Scots had been more successful. It may be because the Scots assimilate more readily the peculiarities of the people among whom they mingle. It was Sir Walter Scott who said that we were "soople in things immaterial."

This was emphatically so, and so in things immaterial we were adaptable. As an example the Lord Provost told the story of the Russian priest who, at a service, moved among his flock scattering incantations right and left in a language not understood by his people, but which on closer examination was, "If it does ye nae guid, it'll dae ye nae hairm." (Laughter.) We Scots are certainly not separatists; rather we are stimulators, co-operators with other races. The results of this mixing proclivity are that there are—as we have found in mixing with the refugees from lands at present suffering from the ferocity of the Hun—old Scottish families in Russia, Poland, Brazil, Holland, Belgium, and other lands; even in the lands of our enemies, Germany and Japan. The names of our kith in those lands will readily come to your mind.

And, said the Lord Provost, I cannot think of Scots in foreign lands without thinking of Andrew Carnegie, who made his home and his fortune in America, and whose success in the eyes of many of his contemporaries was almost a sin. As one who with Lord Alness had a good deal to do with the Carnegie Trust, he wanted to say that Andrew Carnegie was the most generous, the most original, eccentric occasionally, world's greatest giver. He was wise as a serpent and as gentle as a dove. He aimed to give away three hundred million dollars; he actually gave three hundred and eleven million dollars. The Carnegie Trusts distributed some three hundred and sixty-eight million dollars, but like the widow's cruse, the estate multiplied and the assets in 1941 were three hundred and nineteen million dollars.

From this the Lord Provost went on to say that there were too few Carnegies, and that the export of Scots should, like the export of diamonds from South Africa, be limited. Let us say to the world: What do you want?

If it be engineers, farmers, soldiers, sailors, airmen, you want, you will want the best. We have them. They may be few in number—our total population is under five millions—but the few are first class. (Applause.)

But we are not anxious to export our brains. We should have their use at home, and there is scope for them and for others. The Government of this country, in concentrating their principal seaports and military training grounds in the south of England have now discovered their mistake. There are room and facilities for the training of sailors, soldiers, and airmen in our north country ; and that would mean harbours, camps, and airfields, and a stimulus that would mean increased prosperity to our land. (Hear, hear.)

The Lord Provost ended with a fervid appeal to Scots furth Scotland not to forget the land of their birth. They should repay the homeland not with songs and Burns suppers, and not only with charitable endowments, generous though they had been, but they might when they finish their business careers return to the land of their birth, they might inter-marry with Scots, they might send their sons and daughters to be educated at their great educational establishments.

The English are a great people, said the Lord Provost, the men and the women of the United States are a wonderful race, the sons and daughters of the Dominions are dominant people, but they all, like the Scots, do not live for themselves alone. They all live, as Scotland lives, for the future of men of goodwill on earth. And so I cry, not for ourselves alone, but for the good of humanity as a whole, " Scotland for ever."

The Lord Provost's speech was followed by loud and long-continued applause.

Lord Alness said they had all been stimulated by the Lord Provost's thought-provoking speech. He hoped that seven centuries would not elapse before another visit of a Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and he also hoped that the present Lord Provost would be the visitor. He referred to the presence of their two American naval guests and he invited Commander MacManus, on behalf of himself and Flag-Lieutenant Williams, to say a few words.

Commander MacManus said it was a great privilege to be allowed to be present at that gathering. He was always at home with Scots people. He often wondered if the Hawaiian hoolah was a Southern Seas adaptation of the kilt, a fancy that was accentuated by the fact that the islanders spoke English with a Scots brogue. (Loud laughter.)

Incidentally it was mentioned that Lieutenant Williams's mother was a Scot.

Mr William Harvie, called upon by the Vice-President, gave the toast, " Our President." He said :

Lord Alness himself has said that a speech delivered in support of a toast at a Scottish dinner ought to be brief. The advice of so wise and experienced a counsellor, I assure you, shall not go unheeded by me, although the subject, I confess, is an attractive and tempting one.

I will not even try to enumerate the many important positions his lordship has occupied, for to do so would take up all the time allotted to me. Suffice it to say that in politics, in law, in literature, and in the capacity of unofficial orator on Scottish men and events he has earned an enviable reputation. (Applause.)

In the present war emergency Lord Alness, our President, is president and chairman of the Scottish Savings Committee, an organisation on somewhat similar lines to, but quite distinct from and independent of, the English Committee. As can be imagined, this job is no sinecure. Getting money from the Scot is not always easy. In the beginning he hesitates and hums and haws, but in the end of course he does subscribe. (Laughter.) This is proved by the figures which, by the courtesy of our dynamic Secretary and associate of Lord Alness, I am able to submit.

From the outbreak of the war and prior to Lord Alness's appointment the total sum subscribed in Scotland was 89 million pounds, that is equal to 6*s*. 6*d*. per head per week. Since his lordship took control the sum subscribed is 235 million pounds, equal to 11*s*. 1¾*d*. per head per week. (Applause.) This 235 million pounds, it has to be remembered, is, notwithstanding the increased income tax, and the fact that a good deal of the Scottish money is paid through London. The grand total subscribed to date is, therefore, 324 million pounds. (Applause.) These are colossal figures, and give the lie once again to those baseless aspersions as to the meanness and niggardliness of the Scot. (Hear, hear.) The result has added to Lord Alness's already highly creditable record, and from it our Society gains a reflected honour.

I have been told that a student at one of the Scottish Universities, when asked to point out the advantages of mother's milk as compared with other milks, gave the following reasons : (1) Mother's milk is always fresh ; (2) it keeps fresh over the week-end ; and (3) cats can't get at it. There is some analogy between the student's replies and Lord Alness's speeches, for, first, they are always fresh ; second, they remain fresh ; and third, the critical cats can't touch them. Some speakers electrify their audiences ; others only gas them. His lordship does neither. For no one in these days, to adapt the words of Ben Jonson, writes or speaks more neatly, more weightily, or suffers less emptiness, in what he pens or utters. (Applause.)

It may not be known to all of you that some of his lordship's speeches and articles in the press have been published in a volume entitled *Looking Back*. They are modestly described as " Fugitive writings and sayings." It is what I call a pastime book, the sort that one refers to when one wants to read something and cannot settle down to anything very serious. I have turned to it many times for its anecdotes and its pleasing descriptions of men and places and things, and I have never been disappointed. (Applause.)

As President of our Society Lord Alness's popularity has not been surpassed. His manner is always pleasant and friendly. He is distinctively modest and sober-minded, and he has what Lord Morley ascribed to Burke

" a certain inborn stateliness of nature." He is lord by title, but he is a lord beyond all titles, because a lord in mind and character, and as such he will continue to be honoured by all who admire worth and sincerity. (Applause.)

Were I to say all that I would like to say in appreciation of our President I am afraid it would sound like a funeral oration. I am, however, dealing with a very live and active subject. I will, therefore, simply conclude by asking you to be upstanding and toast a very worthy gentleman, " Our President." (Loud applause.)

Lord Alness, received with cheers, said :

I need hardly tell you that, as President of the Caledonian Society, I count it a high honour to reply to the toast which has been proposed by Brother Caledonian William Harvie. I thank him cordially for his generous words, and I thank you, brother Caledonians, for the manner in which you were pleased to endorse them.

I now turn from personal topics. Believe me that is not because I am ungrateful, but because I always find them embarrassing. To the eloquent words of Brother Caledonian Dr Stewart Hunter I would like to add a footnote regarding our guests present and absent. To-day we would have received with special warmth the wife of a great ambassador, who has recently been elected a freeman of the City of Edinburgh. To Mrs Winant, for her own sake, we would have offered a warm Scottish welcome, and I have not yet discovered a warmer welcome than that. (Hear, hear.)

I recently had the privilege of accompanying Mrs Winant to Jedburgh, where she opened a Warship Week, and where she won all Border hearts by avowing, " When I am in Scotland I regard Jedburgh as my home." Mrs Winant's Scottish ancestry is a sure passport to the goodwill of this Scottish society. (Applause.)

More recently I met Mrs Winant in Edinburgh, where she began a tour of Scotland, in the interests of the W.V.S., accompanied by her friend, Lady Reading, and in the course of which she visited cities and towns from Glasgow and Dumfries in the south to Fort William in the north. So her contacts with Scotland are many and her interest in it sincere. We would have welcomed Mrs Winant, not only as the gifted wife of a gifted diplomat, but also as one of " oor ain folk." (Applause.)

May I add this ? We in this land rejoice exceedingly that, at this crisis in the world's history, the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack float proudly side by side, and that our two peoples, one in race, in colour, and in speech, should stand shoulder to shoulder in defence of our heritage of Freedom—freedom of thought, freedom of speech, and freedom of action. (Applause.)

We have to-day warmly welcomed my friend the Lord Provost of Edinburgh. In him we have, if I may say so, a gallant soldier, a gifted author, and a great civic chief. (Hear, hear.) His forceful and colourful personality has already made a deep impression on the citizens of Edinburgh, and on many beyond its bounds ; and, though he succeeds in high office a long line of illustrious men, he need not fear to challenge comparison with any one of them. (Applause.)

We should also have given a cordial greeting to Admiral Stark, who is in command of the American Naval forces in Europe, but as you know he has

had to answer the urgent call of duty. I had the privilege of meeting the Admiral recently in Edinburgh at a luncheon given to him by the Lord Provost and of hearing him speak. I will only say that neither I nor any one of those who were privileged to hear that speech—simple, forthright, and moving—are likely soon to forget it.

The Society, always proud of its guests, is also proud of its record. The acorn planted more than a hundred years ago has to-day become a powerful and spreading oak tree. The Caledonian Society has weathered the storms and the stresses of over a century of time. Nay, more, the Society has also weathered the storms and the stresses of a devastating war, in which the world is shaken once again by the tramp of armed men. And why has it done so ? Surely because the Caledonian Society is welded together by the invisible and imponderable bonds of friendship. (Hear, hear.) We have our customs and our ritual, which are hallowed by the passing of the years, and we remain true and loyal to them. But I rejoice to think that we also remain true and loyal to one another. We are a Society of Friends, in the best sense of these words. (Applause.) There is not one of us, I like to think, who would not subserve his personal interest, if so be that he could thereby further the interests of a brother Caledonian. The alchemy of friendship has transmuted the baser metals, and has transformed them into pure gold. (Hear, hear.)

In a mad world, in which brutality and bloodshed hold sway, our Society, which stands for peace and goodwill towards men, is indeed a precious possession. We hoard and cherish that possession as in a casket, and we would fain hope that the atmosphere which pervades our Society may yet permeate this sorely stricken world. At any rate, we are resolved—are we not ?—that, as a society, and as individuals, we shall not abate our activities by one jot or tittle until Germany has been beaten to her knees, and until Hitler has made just retribution for the blood bath into which he has plunged this unhappy world. (Loud applause.)

The President said he had one other toast to propose which was not on the programme, viz., that of Brother Caledonian Peter McFarlane, their Honorary Secretary. Mr McFarlane had more than one claim to fame. He had recently been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and he wished to congratulate Mr McFarlane on that high distinction. Another recent and outstanding incident in his life was his marriage, at which he (Lord Alness) was best man. He was sure all Caledonians would wish Mr and Mrs McFarlane a long and happy married life. (Applause.) Lord Alness referred also to " the great national service which he (Mr McFarlane) is rendering to the war savings movement in Scotland." From Barra to the Orkneys, and in the shipyards on the Clyde, their Hon. Secretary was performing

a great work, and Lord Alness wished to make public acknowledgment of its value. (Applause.)

Past-President McFarlane returned thanks for the compliment done him. Lord Alness was his chief. Of this he was proud. Of his election to be a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh he was also proud. He was proud also of the fact that with that toast had been coupled his wife who he was glad to have here with him and to introduce her to his brother Caledonians. (Applause.)

During the afternoon two new members—Mr Walter B. Morison and Mr J. F. Bremner, were introduced to the President and returned thanks for their admission to the Society.

Past-Presidents and other holders of the gold badge also made their bow to the President.

The musical part of the programme was supplied by Miss Jean McNaught, who sang feelingly " Bonnie wee thing," and " Ye banks and braes."

" Auld Lang Syne " closed a most successful afternoon session.

Obituary.

ROBERT SUTHERLAND FORSYTH, C.M.G.

Robert Sutherland Forsyth, C.M.G., who became a member in 1934, died during the session. He was born in Dunedin, New Zealand, in 1880, and was educated there. He was the representative of New Zealand on the Empire Marketing Board and the Imperial Economic Committee. Mr Forsyth was also representative in the United Kingdom of the New Zealand Meat Producers' Board, and was Director of Imported Meat at the Ministry of Food from September, 1939. He was the New Zealand Government Adviser at the Imperial Economic Conference at Ottawa in 1932 ; and in 1934-1935 he was president of the British Association of

Refrigeration. Mr Forsyth was a most perfervid Scot, and took great pleasure from his association with his brother Caledonians.

ROBERT STEWART.

Robert Stewart, who died on 14th December, 1941, was well known in the rubber industry. He became a member of the Society in 1932, and was elected a member of the Council from 1935 to 1938. He took a leading part in the work of several other Scottish organisations, among them the Royal Scottish Corporation, on the Committee of Management of which he was an active member. He had been chief of the Clans Association and a member of the council of the Burns Club of London, and also took an active part in the work of the Royal Caledonian Schools.

WILLIAM LAURIE.

William Laurie, who joined the Society in 1921, died on 8th March, 1941. He was a managing governor and a member of the Committee of Management of the Royal Scottish Corporation.

CHAPTER V.

1942-1943 : Lord Alness, *President.*

The President re-elected ; A Welcome to Dr Jan Masaryk and Sir Harold Mackintosh ; Death of Dr David McNish ; the Immortal Memory ; Dr Jan Masaryk on Britain and America ; Sir Harold Mackintosh on Thrift ; Sir Kingsley Wood in humorous vein ; Brigadier-General Anderson on Anglo-American collaboration ; Dr Jan Masaryk " wants to go home."

A Welcome to Dr Jan Masaryk.

ON 30th January, 1943, the members met in Council and General meetings, under the chairmanship of the President, Lord Alness, and transacted the usual formal business.

The Hon. Secretary, Mr P. N. McFarlane, intimated the death of Dr David McNish, whose membership dated from 1915. The members stood when passing a resolution of sympathy with his relatives.

One new member, Leslie Arnold Harrington, was elected.

The President read a telegram from Past-President William Will regretting his absence due to illness. Mr Will said that Dr Jan Masaryk, their chief guest that day, " could take comfort from the fact that the Scots won the fight for the same freedom from

tyranny that the Czechs and others are winning to-day."

After the business meetings a large company of the members and their friends sat down to lunch, the President being in the chair.

The loyal toasts having been honoured, Lord Alness said :

Brother Caledonians and welcome guests—I conceive that I have two duties to discharge this afternoon. The first—and it is a privilege as well as a duty—is, as President of the Society, to offer a welcome to each one of you, members and guests alike. That welcome is a Scottish welcome, with all the warmth which these words connote. (Hear, hear.)

Our Society, I am glad to say, its roots deep in the past, has stubbornly and successfully resisted the impact of war. It has gone on its way unperturbed and undismayed ; it has carried on—though in abridged form, no doubt—its peace-time activities, and it has maintained its social life. We take great pride in our Society, its age, its traditions, its ritual, and, above all, in the atmosphere of friendship which pervades it and which is its leading characteristic. Nothing inside or outside Europe shall prevent us from preserving or perpetuating our great traditions. (Applause.)

Now, one of the most cherished of these traditions is to welcome from time to time eminent guests. That tradition, you will agree, is fully observed to-day. Without entrenching on the province of Brother Caledonian Crawford, I may be allowed to say that we rejoice exceedingly to have with us two eminent guests in the persons of Dr Jan Masaryk and Sir Harold Mackintosh. We proffer them our profound thanks for saying " Yes " to our invitation, and for thus ensuring that this shall be a memorable—a red-letter—day in the colourful annals of the Caledonian Society. (Applause.)

Now I pass to my second duty. It is of a different, even an unusual, character. We are met on the 30th January, five days after the anniversary of the birth of our great and beloved national bard, Robert Burns. As an ex-president of the Burns Club of London I hope you will regard it as fitting that I should ask you to drink a toast to his memory. (Applause.) Words on such a subject and on such an occasion would be otiose and superfluous ; so I do not multiply them. Without further parley I invite you, in reverent silence, to drink to the immortal memory of Robert Burns.

The toast was drunk in silence, and the President was heartily applauded for his introductory speech.

Mr J. R. Crawford, in proposing the toast of " Our Guests," said :

When Past-President Sir Murdoch MacDonald, whom we know not only as a brother Caledonian, but as a very famous engineer, returned from building

one of the great dams of the Nile, he was honoured at a luncheon by his fellow-engineers, at which many complimentary speeches were made. Sir Murdoch, in a very pawky reply, recited :

Some there be who by their arts
Can dam up river reaches,
But where's the man whose skill can dam(n)
After-dinner speeches !

I know that you came here to-day to listen to the speeches of our distinguished guests, but before I sit down I must tell you of another Caledonian brother who spoke here some years ago, and who opened his speech by saying, " There was yince a wee laddie an' there was an auld roosty nail an' there was a wee bittie o' string. An' that auld roosty nail an' that wee bittie o' string had a great responsibeelity, because they were holdin' up that wee laddie's troosers."

I know that I have a very great responsibility to-day, because my brother Caledonians are depending on me to express to our guests the very great pleasure with which we welcome them here. I am happy to do that and to add that the very fact that our President has seen fit to invite them to this luncheon confers at once distinction upon them and honour upon us.

True, our hospitality in this war time is curtailed, but our welcome is warm. Though our meal poke is not as full as in the past, when my brother Caledonians rise to honour this toast they will do so with warm hearts and full glasses and then we will expect to hear someone thank us for our hospitality. (Laughter.)

I always think that this is all wrong, but it is the custom. It has gone on for generations and we must abide by it.

Right down through the history of this Society, over 100 years now, our President has had, on his right and left hand, men distinguished in every walk of life—artists, writers, bankers, business men, doctors, divines, teachers and preachers, and Empire builders by the score. But I am quite sure you agree with me that the two representatives here to-day can take their place with the best of them. (Applause.)

The name of Masaryk has been headlines for two generations. The father of our guest to-day was the founder and the first president of Czechoslovakia ; a great politician, a great patriot and a great Christian. His son, our guest to-day, is carrying on his father's tradition. True to his memory and true to his traditions, Dr Masaryk, who has done a tremendous lot of work for his own country in the past generation, is now Foreign Minister of the Czechoslovak Government. But quite apart from what he has done for his own country, he has done a tremendous amount of work for Britain and America. He has spent time in America, travelling the country as a lecturer, and he has made us known to the Americans, and he has made the Americans known to us. He has explained the difference between us, or, as he himself said in an article a short time ago, the distinction without a difference. He went on to illustrate this point by referring to the national games of the two countries—England the slow-moving dignified game of cricket, and America, the rough-and-tumble, go-getting, survival-of-the-fittest game of baseball. If we, to-day, are grateful for anything, we are grateful to him for putting us in our true light to our wonderful allies the Americans. (Hear, hear.)

As Scots, whose beloved home is very dear to us, we think of Dr Masaryk as a great patriot. His country, to-day, is going through trials and tribulations. We, in Scotland, suffered too, six hundred years ago. But we gained our independence, our freedom, and so will he. To-day his country's sons and daughters are under servile chains, and I can think of no more fitting lines than the words of our own Scottish National Anthem :—

By oppression's woes and pains,
By our sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free.

(Applause.)

That, ladies and gentlemen, is the message which I will give to Dr Masaryk to-day from this Caledonian Society of London. (Applause.)

Sir Harold Mackintosh, our other guest who is to respond, could qualify as a member of this Society on a good many counts. He is a Scot of the fifth generation, with a good deal of Scots blood in his veins. I hope that after attending this lunch to-day he will do as a good many others have done and apply for membership.

Sir Harold, too, has many claims to distinction, but as he is the invited guest to-day of our President, I can only assume that he comes in his capacity as vice-president of the National Savings Movement in which he is very closely connected with Lord Alness. I always think it is Lord Alness for Scotland and Sir Harold Mackintosh for England. Which reminds me of a Cockney taxi-driver who said to me : " Blimey, guv'nor, it's St George for Merrie England, but it's St Pancras for Scotland ! " (Laughter.)

Sir Harold is known to many people through finance, insurance, banking and building societies, the Sunday School Union, charitable organisations, the cancer research campaign, and the Hospital Saturday Fund. I know him as my chief. I'm sure it is the first time in history that a Crawford has ever owed allegiance to a Mackintosh—but business is business ! (Laughter.)

In addition to these two representatives there are a number of other distinguished guests, Brigadier Harvie Watt, M.P., who is the Prime Minister's private secretary. We can all appreciate that he must be doing a terrific job of work these days. Then there are two representatives from our great American ally, Major Lee Gilstrap and Capt. Harrison of the U.S.A. forces. It must be many a long day since we had representatives of the American forces with us.

Then we have Major Howard Thomson, Sir Henry Steele, ex-Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Mr Mann Clark, Mr Swan, and Mr W. H. Allison. The last-named four gentlemen are all associated with one company which I won't mention because it sounds like advertising. We are very glad to see them all here.

Once again I would like to give you a very warm welcome :—

Come ease or come plenty, come pleasure or pain,
My first word is welcome, and welcome again.

(Applause.)

His Excellency Dr Jan Masaryk, Foreign Minister and Deputy Prime Minister of Czechoslovakia, had a great welcome when he rose to reply. He said :

My Lord Chairman, Mr Crawford and—I can't say brother Caledonians, so I say Caledonians and brothers, and brother Americans, indeed I am very proud to be here to-day. I don't quite know why you asked me, but here I am. Your President, I am told, chooses his speakers well. You will see whether he does or not in a few minutes. Anyway, I feel I was rather clever in choosing my hosts, because it is a distinct honour to be here.

But I must tell you a story. When I was in America I was asked to address representative assemblies on behalf of the Allied or United Nations. Once I was asked by Mrs Roosevelt to do so. I didn't know why they asked me, but I thought I must be quite a good fellow, and I was rather bucked. But when I arrived back I was in a state of rather less satisfaction, because I asked an English friend, " Why do you think they all asked me to speak ? " and he said : " Johnnie, I think it is maybe because you look something like George Robey ! " (Laughter.) Naturally, all my modesty and my humility came rushing up on me again.

Well, we are met on an anniversary, your anniversary, an anniversary of immortal memory ; and may I say—and it is time I said something of this war—that we are also met on another anniversary. There is your anniversary, the anniversary of Burns, an immortal anniversary ; and there is another anniversary, ten years of Shickelgruber—very mortal indeed.

Burns has made history, immortal history. This dreadful man started to make history, and he is ending with rather nauseating hysteria. (Hear, hear.)

It may be true that in Scotland you had trouble 600 years ago. In my country we are having our troubles to-day. The eastern portion of the country, where I come from, is very hilly. I have a little house there. I hope it is not destroyed yet, for I want to go back home there some day. We have sheep on our mountains, and when I walk up on the mountains I always feel that there is nothing between me and God.

When I came to this country many years ago—I am not much of a stranger now, and my mother, you know, had Scottish blood—I wanted to compliment you on your wonderful Scottish mountains. I wanted to say something nice. The nicest thing I could think of to say would be, I think your mountains are almost as nice as mine. (Applause.)

And now, about the war. We are in the middle of a terrible war, and I would like to say one word to you about Britain and America, because I see we have two gentlemen in uniform here, the uniform of the U.S.A. (Applause.)

I was at a dinner some time ago in Washington, and there was a very distinguished Britisher and a very distinguished American general there. I sat between them. The American general said he was inspired to praise the Royal Air Force, and he went off the deep end. He said, " They are God's own children ; they have saved our civilisation ; they have saved history." Finally, after ten minutes of this he thought that it was time the Britisher replied, and he said : " What do you say, sir ? " The Britisher looked at him in a most embarrassed way, and then he said : " They haven't been altogether inactive, have they ? " (Loud laughter.)

I must say, Caledonians, that the American was very bewildered. He

turned to me, and I was glad to echo his words of praise. I said what the Britisher wanted to say, and interpreted the feelings of that proud Britisher, who was so proud of the Royal Air Force that he was afraid to mention it in case people thought he was boasting. When I stopped for breath the Britisher said : " Thank you, you have said exactly what I wanted to say."

Often I have found myself being an interpreter between these two great nations which some very naïve and unknowledgable people think are the same. The English-speaking people to-day must get together and stick together. (Hear, hear.) That is our salvation, the salvation of them and of the little countries as well. I cannot go to my village without that happening. Please let me go to my village soon !

Sometimes people speak of the Anglo-Saxon countries, which is so funny, especially when it comes to America. I was on a platform once when Mrs Roosevelt and Mr La Guardia and some other European speakers besides myself were taking part in a meeting. One of the real Anglo-Saxons presided. He was one of those people whose ancestors swam ahead of the *Mayflower*, you remember ! (Laughter.) He quite forgot about us on the platform, and he said : " It is up to us, the Anglo-Saxons," and he waved at us, me, and Mr La Guardia and the other Europeans. (Laughter.)

When I say English-speaking, I mean people who read the Bible and who read Shakespeare and who read Robert Burns and enjoy them. You have to get used to Shakespeare when you first learn English, but I have learned it so I almost consider myself, sometimes, an English-speaking person. (Applause.) As a matter of fact, a little while ago, well, it was about twelve years ago, I went to Oxford and had to speak on a very learned subject about which I knew nothing. Well, I swotted it up in books and papers and got information from my friends. And I made a very good job of it ! (Laughter.) Afterwards an old lady, I think she was eighty-two, came up to me and said : " I am very disappointed. I was expecting a picturesque man in national costume, speaking through an interpreter. But you, sir, might almost be one of us ! " (Laughter.) That has been the highest compliment ever paid to me in my life. (Applause.)

It is good for people to understand each other. It was essential and necessary to have the meetings in the African " White House " ; very essential, very necessary. We will see what the results will be. I don't believe in prophets.

The thing is going in the right direction now, and may I say it, by the great help of the Russians. (Applause.) It so happens that I don't believe in their form of government ; I am not a Communist. I have had to work for my living all my life, and cannot divide anything, because I haven't got anything ! (Laughter.) I admire the Russians and am eternally grateful to them. While the English-speaking people are getting ready, the Russians are doing well. On one side there is Britain, and on the other side there is Russia, and I am in the middle. We are all fighting for the same things. (Hear, hear.)

And now, perhaps, I may say a word about Tripoli. This is a funny story. I was asked the other day what would be a good dinner to offer Mussolini, and I said I didn't know, perhaps " tripe á Tripoli ! " (Laughter.) A great many people thought that because Mussolini never washed his shirt and made all sorts of funny gestures with his arms that he was really doing a great job for civilisation. He was not. He was a sham always. I was in Rome once, and I was taken into his presence. He said to me : " Mr Masaryk, do you want

to ride ? " I said " No, I haven't brought my things with me, I didn't expect to have time to ride." He said : " Do you want to see me ride ? " I had to say—it was only diplomatic, you know—" Yes, I should love to see you ride ! " So I had to get up at seven o'clock in the morning—and I had had a very good night and very good wine and I didn't much want to get up at seven o'clock in the morning—and I saw him ride on a white horse and take a few jumps, and up to this day I have not been able to ascertain who was more frightened at the jumps—the white horse or the man on top. (Laughter.) The other man, in Germany, is infinitely more dangerous. He has a mania, a very dangerous mania. He has a one-track mind, a mad-dog mind.

Don't let us be too complacent, too optimistic. The better things go the more we should keep on. Only if we work day and night, at fighting, at war jobs, and at saving, can we win the war fairly soon. (Applause.)

Will you please make the war as short as possible ? Europe cannot stand a long war. Already in Poland, in Greece, in my country, the people are starving. Those saints—and I do right to call them saints—cannot hold out for ever. You know what is happening. The quicker the war ends the less of a mess, the smaller the graveyard you will find on the continent of Europe. I am stating a fact. These people have been at war for a long time. They have been at war in a country where they cannot say what they feel.

The other day I was in Hull and four thousand children came to greet me. It was in a big cinema there. Suddenly those four thousand children got up and sang the Czechoslovak national anthem, and I was supposed to speak immediately afterwards. How could I with my voice away right down in my boots ? I thought of the children in my country, where we are not allowed to sing our national anthem. In this wonderful island of yours you are not very far from Europe. Europe became dangerously near in the air raids. Even before the war I flew the Channel once in ten minutes in a new bomber you were trying out.

We, like you, belong to the same family, people who are convinced that their soul is their own business. They are ready to be regimented when it comes to serving their country. They are ready to get up early and stay up late for a great cause, but they let no man tamper with their souls ! (Applause.)

We are fighting for the eternal freedom of the human soul. It is not a matter of Empires—though, mind you, I believe that your British Empire is a very wonderful institution, and there is a great deal of miscellaneous talk being talked about it. But I think you have learned by your mistakes like everybody else. We all are in the same boat, you Caledonians and we who are not Caledonians. It is a sound boat, a boat that, if I may say so, does God's cause against the stinking vessel of the devil. (Applause.) Therefore, not for one minute do I doubt on which side the victory will be. (Applause.)

I went to America immediately after Dunkirk. Not that I was running away from this country. But my mother was an American ; yes, she even had some Scottish blood, and I thought that I would be able to tell Americans that this island was all right. I had no statistics except one ; I knew what you had in the form of armaments—you had nothing !

But not for one second did I doubt that you were going to come out on top. They asked me how did I know. I said I didn't know how I knew, but I just knew. I said in Madison Square Gardens, at a big meeting there : " Those funny people over there are going to be all right. They are going to

turn the corner!" To-day things are infinitely better, but we are not out of the wood.

But we have not assembled here to discuss the war. I am exceedingly proud to have been here, and I want you all, if at any time you find you have nothing to do, to say to yourselves: "There is a little country, somewhere on the map of Europe, very difficult to spell, Czechoslovakia, and they, too, are looking and fighting for human liberty." (Applause.)

I would like to end my incoherent remarks by repeating one of the sayings of Thucydides: "The greatest of cities are not walls and shapes, but the hearts of men." (Loud applause.)

Sir Harold Mackintosh, in his reply to the toast, said:

It is an honour to be the guest of the Caledonian Society of London, and it is a special honour to be associated with Dr Jan Masaryk as a fellow-guest. This is a society of exiles, and most of you are only five or six hundred miles frae yer ain folk. Dr Masaryk is separated from his homeland by the cruelest and bitterest of all wars; he is an exile indeed. Think of him and his people with great sadness, and with great hope. When talking of exiles I feel that I am a long way from my ancestral heath—at least five generations. I submit myself as a sort of hybrid Yorkshire-Scot.

I never wore a kilt; I have once eaten haggis; I talk with more flavour of the Yorkshire moors than of Scottish hills. Yes, I feel a superior sort of Yorkshireman; but to-day I am humbled. My connections with Scotland are remote; just a tradition of a brawny Highlander in a kilt visiting his grandmother. Once I had my pedigree got out, and found that in 1790 one of my forebears was a gardener in Inverness-shire. That is honest, anyhow. (Laughter.)

National characteristics are interesting as they display themselves in localities. A Yorkshireman is dour, brusque, rude, if you like, because the county of his origin is in the main grey, hard and stony. The West Riding folk are people of the hills and moors.

For a thousand years or more Yorkshire was sparsely peopled, and they wrung a poor existence from the soil. It was a continual fight with climate and the ever encroaching moorland. If men eased off for a year in cultivating the land, back came the heather. Every penny counted. Every unnecessary word was a waste of effort. We had no time, no leisure for the niceties of life, the courtesies and frills. It is only during the last hundred years when coal mastered the elements of wind and water that prosperity came to Yorkshire, and then it came in a grim sort of way—grimy stone factories or darker coal mines. Why, this prosperity of the last century was even more damaging than the fight against the moors. Long hours in the factory for children, youths, and women were even worse taskmasters than the stone, soil, and moorland. No wonder Yorkshiremen have millstone grit in their make-up.

These are some of the reasons why sixpence is sixpence in Yorkshire; why we call a spade a spade; but it also accounts for our tenacity of purpose, our thrift, our independence—the backbone of character.

Speaking of thrift and savings we come naturally to war savings, and this brings me to your President, Lord Alness, who, like myself, is devoting

much time to the movement. After what I have said it is not surprising perhaps that the movement should have directed to itself a Scot and a Yorkshireman to help along. (Laughter and applause.) Through this movement we are teaching benefits of thrift to the less enlightened part of the country. (Hear, hear.) Although the immediate job of war savings is to help to win the war, it is scarcely less important to have taught millions of people for the first time the benefits of thrift. (Applause.) That is what is happening every day.

I asked myself the other night what particular message can Scotland bring to London at this time of war. I thought: *First*—For ever and anon in your history Scotland and Scottish people have stood for things of the spirit. They fought and suffered and died for the things of the conscience, heart and soul. They know that there are things beyond price and there does come a time when they are worth fighting and dying for. (Applause.) *Second*—You have taught us many times that the only way to get anywhere is by hard fighting and hard work, and there is no royal road, no substitute, no other way and how true this lesson is to-day. *Third*—You have shown that thrift, doing without, saving is the only way to progress and prosperity; indeed that mony a little mak's a muckle. *Fourth*—That education is the key to the future. How often the wee but-and-ben men have sacrificed for school and university. Education is the only way to build a better, safer, and happier world. *Last*—One other thought came to me as I sat imbibing the spirit of Scotland and smoking the product of America, namely British-American co-operation after the war. When I think of its importance and all that hangs on that I tremble and want to go on my knees for guidance, and this is the thought I had—In America a Scotsman is accepted at once without reserve, but an Englishman not so spontaneously, not so whole-heartedly. Why, God knows, but it is a fact.

Now, in this matter of understanding with our American cousins, Scotland and the Scottish people can play a great part. You can get your friends and members of your clans in America to work for our British-American understanding. There is no more important task. (Applause.)

The singing of "Auld Lang Syne" ended a most successful gathering.

Lord Alness re-elected President.

Lord Alness, President, took the chair at the Council and General meetings, at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, on Saturday, 11th September, 1943.

The Hon. Secretary (Mr P. N. McFarlane) reported that at Lord Alness's request he had informed the Vice-President that the President felt that he (the

Vice-President) "should now step up to the higher office." Mr Swan had suggested that because of personal reasons he was unable to accept office then. That being so the Hon. Secretary moved that Lord Alness be re-elected President.

Past-President William Will, in seconding the motion said he was sure that the Council would wish to convey to Lord Alness their deep appreciation of the work that he had done and was doing for the national war effort as president and chairman of the Scottish Savings Committee.

The President, accepting office, thanked the Council for the generous words with which his work was recognised.

The other office-bearers were re-elected as under: Vice-President, John M. Swan; Hon. Secretary, Past-President P. N. McFarlane; Hon. Treasurer, W. M. Miller; Hon. Historian, Past-President William Will; Hon. Auditor, J. L. Stewart.

The committee was also re-elected.

The Hon. Secretary said Mr Miller had kindly agreed to continue to discharge the duties of both Treasurer and Secretary, for which he (Mr McFarlane) desired to record his thanks.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer.

At the luncheon which followed the business meetings Lord Alness was in the chair. There were among the guests the Right Hon. Sir Kingsley Wood, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Brigadier-General F. Anderson, Silver Star, D.F.C., Air Medal, Commanding 8th Bomber Command, United States Army; and His Excellency Jan Masaryk, Foreign Minister and Deputy Prime Minister of Czechoslovakia.

After the loyal toasts had been drunk with

Caledonian honours, Mr A. R. McFarlane, in proposing the toast of " Our Guests," said :

The Caledonian Society has always regarded the toast of " Our Guests " as of great importance, and to-day, on behalf of the Society, I give you, our guests, a hearty welcome.

Our Society has always been most fortunate in the quality of its guests, and to-day is no exception, for amongst those who are honouring us are some who occupy the highest positions in public affairs—I might say in world affairs. One such bears a name which is well known to every one in this room. I refer, of course, to the Right Hon. Sir Kingsley Wood, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. (Applause.) Just imagine the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself, here in our very midst, alone and unarmed, in a camp of wild Scotsmen. (Laughter.) But I must make it quite clear at the outset ; there must be no violence ; he must not be molested. Remember he is our guest. And besides he might be glad of some new ideas for his next Budget. In any case I shall give him my suggestion now, which is total exemption from income tax for all those whose surnames begin with Mac. (Laughter.) Of course, it might not help much in raising revenue, but look at the uplift to spirits in the Highlands !

And talking about spirits, there is a story told about a vicar somewhere in the south who, when visiting in his parish, always called at one particular house where he was sure of a good glass of cherry brandy. The good man of the house, knowing the vicar's little weakness, offered to send a case of the cherry brandy round to the vicarage on one condition, that the vicar would acknowledge it in the parish magazine. The vicar agreed to the proposal, but having regard to the views of his teetotal parishioners had to be very discreet in the wording of the acknowledgment. This is what duly appeared in the magazine : " The vicar thanks Mr. So-and-so most heartily for the very welcome case of fruit, and especially the spirit in which it was sent." (Laughter.)

But I must return to our guest. Sir Kingsley Wood, during a very busy public life, has held many high offices, and all with distinction. As Postmaster-General he did a great work in helping to bring the telephone into our everyday life. He has been Chancellor of the Exchequer since 1940, and as Chancellor during these fateful years of war he has earned a very high place in the nation's esteem. (Hear, hear.) Sir Kingsley is really a remarkable man, for he raises fantastic amounts with the greatest of ease. There is a saying that " you canna tak' the breeks aff a Hielanman," but Sir Kingsley has come so near to succeeding that some of us are beginning to feel a decided draught ! (Laughter.) Among his many accomplishments he is a very successful author. One of his earlier publications bears a rather unexpected title. It is called *Relief for the Ratepayer*. (Laughter.) Rather a grim jest in view of his recent activities in the opposite direction.

However that may be it must be very gratifying to Sir Kingsley to know that the man in the street considers that he is doing a very thankless job with the utmost tact and consideration, and that, in spite of the burdens which in his official capacity he is obliged to impose, the man himself is held in the highest regard. (Hear, hear.) He has obtained our colossal revenue with the minimum of friction, and we all hope, and none more heartily than Sir Kingsley Wood himself, that never again shall such gigantic sums be required for the hateful purposes of war.

We have another guest to-day who has earned great distinction in a different field of service. I refer to Brigadier-General F. L. Anderson, Commanding 8th Bomber Command, United States Army. (Applause.) He holds the Silver Star, D.F.C., and Air Medal. These decorations speak for themselves, and we are proud to have such a gallant fighting man as our guest.

He is a most popular officer on both sides of the Atlantic, and to-day is working in close harmony with Sir Arthur Harris. They make a pair of bonnie fechters.

We welcome him not only because he is an American, and we want the bonds between the two countries cemented, but because he has Scottish blood in his veins, and we would like him to feel at hame wi' his ain folk. (Applause.)

Another very welcome guest is His Excellency Jan Masaryk, Foreign Minister and Deputy Prime Minister of Czechoslovakia. (Applause.) He so charmed us all on his last visit that we now regard him almost as ain o' oorsels. And I shouldn't be a bit surprised if he, too, has Scottish blood in his veins.

Dr Masaryk is so well known in both hemispheres that anything I might say about him would be quite superfluous, but I would like to assure him how delighted we are to have him with us again, and to express our admiration not only for the man himself but also for the dauntless country which he so ably represents and so deeply loves. (Applause.)

We have also with us Sir Claude James of the Tasmanian Government, and to him also we give a warm welcome. (Applause.)

The toast having been drunk with Caledonian honours, Lord Alness said that before calling upon the guests to reply he would like to follow Mr McFarlane in expressing his thanks to Sir Kingsley Wood, Brigadier-General Anderson, and Dr Jan Masaryk, for their presence. The Society had had many distinguished men as its guests, but never before had they the honour of entertaining a member of the War Cabinet. Sir Kingsley had assisted him (Lord Alness) in his work for war savings in Scotland, and had at his invitation addressed meetings in Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dundee, and Aberdeen. He (Lord Alness) was indebted to Sir Kingsley for many kindnesses which had left a deep and abiding impression on his mind and heart. (Applause.)

Of Brigadier-General Anderson Lord Alness said he welcomed him not only because of his Scottish ancestry but because he represented our great ally. (Applause.)

To his old friend Dr Jan Masaryk he gave a hearty welcome. Dr Masaryk had given great service in Scotland. (Applause.)

Sir Kingsley Wood was received with a burst of cheers. He said he was glad to be the guest of his friend and colleague, Lord Alness, and to be received by their famous Society. When he told his wife where he was going to lunch she expressed a doubt that anybody would give the Chancellor of the Exchequer a lunch. (Laughter.)

Reference had been made to the variety of offices of State which he had held, but he could assure them that he had no swelled head. In his constituency a perfervid supporter, in thanking Sir Kingsley for his services, said : " I beg to move a vote of thanks to our member. He is no ornament in the House of Commons, but he is a hard-working member." (Laughter and applause.) He looked back on some of the " more respectable " offices which he had held. When Postmaster-General he was glad indeed to be associated with the men and women of that splendid service. When he was at the Post Office he had endeavoured to still further improve the relations between the public and the service. He had impressed upon the staff that they should never have a controversy. Whatever the public said was right. A Scottish lady wrote an indignant letter in which she related how she had seen her husband off on an important business trip. She had received a letter from her husband with the Rothesay stamp on it. She demanded instant redress for the blunder. The Post Office apologised for the mistake in the postmark, and they received an acknowledgment from the lady who gratefully accepted the apology. A few days later they received a letter from the husband, who thanked and praised a considerate and tactful P.M.G. (Laughter.)

Sir Kingsley, referring to the shilling for a three minutes call after a certain hour, told of the Aberdonian who wrote asking that the arrangement should be amended to sixpence for a minute and a half. (Laughter.) Sir Kingsley said he had to leave the Post Office shortly after.

He had received great support from Scotsmen in the collection of money for the various schemes inaugurated during his office as Chancellor. Under the leadership of Lord Alness, Scotland has been wonderfully generous ; he had had wonderful support.

Sir Kingsley spoke of the lady who had saved £35, and was giving the money voluntarily. As the official was extolling the generosity of the action the lady could contain herself no longer and exclaimed : " Let there be no misapprehension ; I take no credit for the action ; and I do not want to give it under any false pretences. I have saved up the £35 to help towards getting a divorce ; but now that I hear about Hitler I feel he's worse than my husband and must be got rid of. (Laughter.)

Sir Kingsley then spoke of the serious times in which they were living. They welcomed the change in the military situation ; and they thought of overrun countries like that of their friend the ambassador and Deputy Prime Minister of Czechoslovakia. We think of his distressed country and of its gallant people whose liberation, thank God, was nearer to-day. (Applause.)

He was glad to meet General Anderson, and to tell him of the regard in which they held his great President, who had struggled so hard in the cause of freedom. He was confident that the tide had now turned. He counselled his hearers not to slacken their efforts. He was confident that Scotland would continue to play her part. (Loud applause.)

Brigadier-General Anderson was heartily received on rising to respond. He said he had seen with particular pleasure the growth of the understanding between the people of his and their countries. When they contemplated the havoc which the Eighth Bomber Command had wrought in Germany they saw how ridiculous was Goering's boast that not a bomb would fall in Germany. When his country entered the war, they (the British)

perhaps had a right to say, " How green is my ally." However, America had just one-third of the experience of Great Britain, but, thank God, they had a lot of tough blood in the United States, and they would overcome their greenness in a hard way. (Applause.) He referred to some of the great deeds of valour of their fliers, and said that when boys did things like that they were sensible of a responsibility beyond their years. He thanked the Society for their great hospitality.

Dr Jan Masaryk, heartily received, said he was the son of an American mother, and had Scots blood in his veins to reinforce the rest. When the tragedy of Pearl Harbour brought the Americans into the war, his mother exclaimed : " We're in ; it's all right ! " Anglo-American co-operation was important to his native Czechoslovakia. Referring to Sir Kingsley's great work as Chancellor of the Exchequer, Dr Masaryk said how infinitely more satisfactory it was to pay your taxes in your own country. He counselled his hearers to reinforce Sir Kingsley's work by working hard and saving hard. He would never forget his experience in this country during the war. He wouldn't give his experience of the Battle of Britain and the fight put up by the people of this country for a million pounds. " Don't forget, though," he concluded, " that although I love your country and you I want to go home, that Mrs Masaryk wants to go home, and that our young son, John, wants to go home ! " (Applause.)

Mr John Swan, Vice-President, gave the toast, " The President." He said :

For four years of war our President has filled the chair in a way that no other member of the Society could have filled it, and this notwithstanding the fact that from John o' Groats to the Borders his work for Scotland led him. With his great tact and ever readiness to help he had proved himself the right man for the great work that he had been called upon to do. (Hear, hear.)

But this was no new thing, for they knew Lord Alness when he was Secretary of State for Scotland, and they knew that but for his work and that of the late Duke of Atholl the great War Memorial in Edinburgh Castle would never have been placed there. (Applause.) He asked them to drink to the health—the good health and happiness—of their President. (Applause.)

Lord Alness thanked the Vice-President and the company for the generous words used, and said, "I would like to be the sort of person he says I am." "I need hardly tell you," he continued, "that I greatly prize my office as President of this Society. The office has been filled by many worthy men, but I yield to none of them in my loyalty and devotion to the Society and its traditions.

Lord Alness, in proposing "The Officers of the Society," said :

Brother Caledonians and welcome guests—The task which has been entrusted to me is an entirely agreeable one, but it is not altogether an easy one. It is always difficult on such an occasion as this to steer safely between the Scylla of undue restraint and the Charybdis of undue praise. None the less, the task is not impossible and I propose to essay it.

I am glad that this toast has been put down on our programme to-day for I am one of those who think that, as a race, we are too prone to reserve our encomiums for the tombstones of our friends. I am one of those who think that if men holding public positions have earned the approval of us and our fellows we should not hesitate to express our appreciation of their services while they are still with us. (Hear, hear.)

Well, holding these views, what am I to say of Peter McFarlane, Past-President of the Society and for years its indefatigable and indispensable Secretary ? He is a guide, philosopher, and, above all, a friend of each of us. He is forthright and he is downright, but there is never a barb in his wit. It never leaves a wound. We know him as a prince of organisers, as a high light among secretaries, and as a Jonathan among friends.

But there are two special reasons why I rejoice to have the opportunity of proposing the Hon. Secretary's health to-day. The first is that for over a year now I have been privileged to enjoy his co-operation in the Savings Movement in Scotland. There his industry and efficiency have been beyond all praise. His talks to the men engaged in the yards of Glasgow have been most fruitful ; while his missions to the Western Isles and then to the Shetlands have been undertaken and carried out with great courage and great success. I welcome this opportunity of publicly thanking him to-day for his services. (Applause.)

But the second reason is this—that last month Peter took to himself a

wife and I had the honour of being his best man. I rejoice to think that he now has a background of happy home life to stay and support him in his daily and exigent duties. I feel sure you will all join with me in wishing Mr and Mrs McFarlane long life and all possible happiness in the future. (Applause.)

In Mr Miller we count ourselves fortunate in having secured an ideal treasurer. (Hear, hear.) We have all had experience of his invariable courtesy, of his ready helpfulness, and of his complete adequacy. I have had a close-up view for years of Mr Miller's services in another capacity, namely, as secretary of the Royal Scottish Corporation. (Applause.) In that capacity his wise counsel, his unfailing tact, and his good temper have ironed out many a delicate and even difficult situation. Lord Macmillan once said to me that there are no difficult problems in this world, only difficult people. Now, I am far from saying there are difficult people in the Royal Scottish Corporation. Indeed there are not, but if there are such people in its neighbourhood—and I suspect that there must be—then Mr Miller can deal with them and deal with them effectively. (Hear, hear.) His loyal devotion to duty during the sad happenings to the Corporation building last year will long be remembered by us. His steadying influence as the Corporation faced and solved the difficult problems which thus arose will not soon be forgotten. We shall think of these things, as well as of our indebtedness to our Treasurer, when we drink this toast to-day. (Applause.)

There are two other officers of the Society whom it would be unpardonable to forget. First, our Honorary Historian, Past-President William Will, who has imparted a permanence to our sayings and doings which they would not otherwise have had. We wish to thank him.

Then there is our Hon. Auditor. A society without an auditor is an impossible thing. We have in Brother Caledonian J. L. Stewart an auditor for whose work the Society is grateful. (Applause.)

Past-President McFarlane feelingly replied, and thanked the President for the charming things he had said about him and for associating with his name that of his wife. He thanked the President on behalf of the other office-bearers for his appreciation of their work.

During the evening the Past-Presidents and other holders of the gold badge, piped by Pipe-Major Murdo Mackenzie, saluted the President.

" Auld Lang Syne " ended the proceedings.

CHAPTER VI.

1943-1944: Lord Alness's Presidency—*Continued.*

Donations to the Scottish charities in London: £100 to the London Scottish Benevolent Fund: Lord Alness again elected President: General and Mrs Wimberley and Count and Countess Zoltowski our guests: Lord Alness on the objects of the Society past and present: General Wimberley on racial peculiarities in the army: Count Zoltowski on Poland and Scotland.

ONE of the most successful of the Society's war-time reunions was held at the Waldorf Hotel, Aldwych, on Saturday, 30th September, 1944.

Prior to the ladies' luncheon, the Council and General meetings were held. The President, the Right Hon. Lord Alness, P.C., was in the chair, and in opening the meetings said he was pleased to see the splendid response to the appeal to hold the lunch.

The resignations of three members were intimated, two of them—Sir George Rankin and Mr J. Lambie—because of ill-health, and the third—Mr J. A. Morrison, M.C., because of his removal to Glasgow to be assistant general manager of the Union Bank of Scotland. Mr David Robertson, M.P., had previously tendered his resignation because pressure of Parliamentary duties prevented him from taking an active part in the work of the Society.

Votes of sympathy with Sir George and Mr Lambie, and of congratulations to Mr Morrison were passed.

Donations of £25 each to the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools were unanimously voted.

£100 to the London Scottish.

The appeal on behalf of the London Scottish Benevolent Fund was considered, and it was unanimously agreed that the Society's response should be £100. The Council was reminded that the London Scottish had a special claim to the consideration of the Caledonian Society of London, for it was the Society and the Highland Society of London which were responsible for the raising of the regiment.

The election of office-bearers was the principal work of the Council meeting.

Lord Alness re-elected.

Vice-President John Swan, in proposing the re-election of Lord Alness as President, paid a fine tribute to the work of his lordship in maintaining the Society's work during his years of office, and also for the great service he was rendering to our native land and to the country's war effort as head of the Savings Movement in Scotland.

Past-President William Will seconded the re-election, and in endorsing the Vice-President's tribute to the President said that in these troublous days the Society would be faced with many difficulties, and the leader who had carried them successfully through the five years of war was evidently the man to carry them into the peace.

The motion was carried unanimously.

In accepting office Lord Alness thanked the mem-

bers for their confidence and said that he appreciated greatly Mr Swan's remarks, because by moving his (Lord Alness's) re-election the Vice-President was standing aside from his legitimate position. He (Lord Alness) was quite willing, and anxious, to hand over the duties of the chair to the Vice-President, but he would accept the flattering and unanimous request to remain in office and do his best to discharge the duties.

The other office-bearers and the Council were re-elected as under: Vice-President, John Swan; Hon. Secretary, Past-President P. N. McFarlane; Hon. Treasurer, W. M. Miller; Hon. Auditor, J. R. Stewart; Hon. Historian, Past-President William Will.

General Wimberley's Address.

The ladies' luncheon which followed the business meetings was largely attended. The President occupied the chair. The principal guests were: Major-General Douglas Neil Wimberley, D.S.O., M.C., late Commanding the 51st (Highland) Division, and Mrs Wimberley, Professor Count A. Zoltowski and Countess Zoltowski, and Mrs Mackay, the President's sister.

After Lord Alness had given the Selkirk Grace and the loyal toasts, he asked the company to drink to the healths of the three great Allied leaders: Winston Churchill, Franklyn Roosevelt, and Joseph Stalin. The toast was drunk heartily.

The President then proposed "The Caledonian Society of London." He said:

It is now my privilege to submit for your acceptance the time-honoured toast of the Caledonian Society of London. Before I do so, however, I should like, in your name, to offer a warm Scottish welcome to all our guests, and in particular to General and Mrs Wimberley and Count Zoltowski and his Countess, who are our principal guests.

I rejoice exceedingly that, despite the shattering events of the years through which we have passed, it has been found possible for us to meet one another again in this pleasant fashion, and to look forward, as we all do, to the victorious

end of a catastrophic conflict. We have travelled, so to say, through a long and dark tunnel. But we can now see a gleam of light at the far end of it, and, in God's good time, we shall emerge from it into the full blaze of a new day. I know of no institution which has more stubbornly and successfully resisted the impact of war than the Caledonian Society. The hosts of hell have not prevailed against us. Our heads are bloody, but unbowed.

Now, if I were asked to describe the Caledonian Society I should apply to it three adjectives. The first is *venerable*. Though the spray of the Deluge may not be upon us nevertheless the Society is of quite respectable antiquity.

(*a*) It was founded in the year 1837—the year when Queen Victoria ascended the throne. Its objects were thus defined: "To promote good fellowship and brotherhood, and to combine efforts for benevolent and national objects connected with Scotland; also to preserve the picturesque garb of Old Gaul."

(*b*) These rules were so rigidly observed that a member who committed the solecism of attending a Caledonian function wearing Lowland attire was forthwith ejected from the membership of the Society.

(*c*) To-day humaner methods prevail, and the existing objects of the Society are thus stated: "The objects of the Society shall be the advancement of Scottish national and philanthropic interests and the promotion of good fellowship among Scotsmen in London."

How well the Society has translated these precepts into practice every London Scot knows. The atmosphere of the Society—friendly and fraternal—is just the same as when it was founded and fostered by our pious ancestors.

The Society is not only venerable. It is *virile*. That is my second adjective.

(*a*) Differing from human experience, the passing of the years seems rather to have strengthened than weakened the powers of the Society. It shows none of the decrepitude which we are apt to associate with old age.

(*b*) Even the frugality and austerity of war-time fare—of which we have had an illustration this afternoon—have not succeeded in sapping the vitality of the Society. We may perhaps look back with a sigh of envy on some of the festivals of the Society in by-gone days. For example, in 1866, I read in its records this: "Caledonians of to-day have to put up with the following fare." Then comes a list of twelve courses, of which the Caledonians of that day had a free choice. Again, in 1843, I read that, at one of the gatherings of the Society, fifteen toasts were honoured "without extras"—whatever that may mean—and with great enthusiasm.

The Society is not only venerable and virile. It is also *vigilant*—that is my last adjective—vigilant in the maintenance of past Scottish traditions, vigilant in the observation of Scottish interests, vigilant in the promotion of all those ideals which were set before them by our great forefathers. These ideals are being consistently observed to-day, as they were 107 years ago. Let me give you three simple illustrations of the vigilance of the Caledonian Society, and also of its generosity:

(*a*) In 1900 when the Duke of Atholl—then Lord Tullibardine—was raising the Scottish Horse, it came to the notice of the Society that a supply of field glasses for the regiment was urgently needed. The response to that appeal by the members of the Caledonian Society was immediate and magnificent.

(*b*) In 1859, in conjunction with the Highland Society of London, the Caledonian Society raised the London Scottish Regiment, which has played so gallant a part, not only in this war, but in the last war as well. Of that achievement we may well and justly be proud.

(*c*) Lastly, when the movement for the erection of the Scottish War Memorial on the Castle Rock in Edinburgh was initiated the Society not only contributed generously to the scheme, but lent, in order that he might serve on the general committee promoting it, one of its most loved and honoured members—the late John Douglas.

In conclusion I desire to leave with you some lines which were quoted by my friend, Dr John Short, whom all my brother Caledonians must well remember, in the course of his sermon at Bournemouth last Sunday. Dr Short was impressing on his congregation the necessity of learning the lessons of the war, even though they may have been sad and even tragic. He quoted the two stanzas to which I have referred. Here they are—listen :

" I walked a mile with *pleasure*,
She chattered all the way.
But left me none the wiser,
For all she had to say.

I walked a mile with *sorrow*,
And ne'er a word said she.
But oh ! the things I learned from her,
When sorrow walked with me."

Are these not simple words ? Are they not beautiful words ? Are they not true words ? Let us all profit by the lessons of the war. Let us hold aloft the flaming torch of freedom, and hand it on, with light undimmed, to those who come after us. In that great enterprise I feel sure that the Caledonian Society will have a full share. Thinking these thoughts, and without further parley, I give you the toast of the Caledonian Society of London. (Loud applause.)

In proposing the toast " Our Guests," Mr Walter B. Morison said that in default of the wit and gaiety that characterise many after-luncheon speakers, he would, on behalf of the Society, tell their guests how glad we are to see them and how beholden we are to them for accepting our invitations. They, our guests, are the herbs in the omelette, the flavour which adds spice and variety to the meal. Continuing, Mr Morison said :

During these last five grim and sombre years the grey shadow of cruelty and sorrow has crept like an obscene miasma over the face of the world, only relieved by the heroism and self-sacrifice of those who have fought against the evil things ; but as we meet here to-day we can catch sight of a gleam of sunshine, and with you, our honoured guests, we look forward to seeing, at no distant day, the sun of liberty sweep those mists away, and we wish you well now and in the future. (Hear, hear.)

By ourselves we would, perhaps, be rather too like the family joint—very wholesome, very sustaining ; but you provide that intangible something —perhaps I may be forgiven for relating General Wimberley to something

intangible—that something which turns the homeliest meal into a festive occasion.

On the material plane what we can set before you to-day may be somewhat austere, but in our welcome there is no austerity, no holding back, only a warm and grateful appreciation of your kindness in coming home with us to Scotland for an hour or so. Better a dinner of herbs where love is than the stalled ox and hatred therewith. We have many honoured guests with us to-day; but neither you nor they would wish me to speak of them all individually, other than to say that individually each one is as welcome as the other.

It will, I am sure, meet with your wishes and theirs if I couple this toast with the names of Major-General Wimberley, D.S.O., M.C., and Professor Count Zoltowski.

General Wimberley has had a long and distinguished career as a soldier—from the days when he was a subaltern in that famous regiment the Cameron Highlanders—in which his grandfather too had served—till to-day, when he is Commandant of the Staff College.

I have heard it said, and I do hope it is true, that when he commanded the 1st Camerons in this war he received an issue of battle dress for the battalion, and returned it with the comment that he had not the slightest idea what the curious contraption was, but if it was meant to be some kind of uniform the Cameron Highlanders had always fought in the kilt and would continue to do so—and they did. I wonder if I am right in thinking that perhaps the appointment which gave him the greatest satisfaction was when he was given command of the 51st Highland Division—a name that never fails to thrill a Scot. Those who should know say the division never had a finer leader. (Applause.)

I hope I shall not be accused of advocating the more extreme views about racial superiority if I say that only urgent necessity reconciles us to the inclusion in that famous division of those whose birth or descent is not of the territory where it was wont to be recruited.

For the benefit and solace of any guests who may not be Scottish I ought to say at once that I am far from regarding the English as sub-human; they have had for long enough the benefit of contact with the exiled Scot to merit any such aspersion. (Laughter.)

I do not doubt that the 51st Division—blended, shall I say? as it is to-day—will not yield pride of place to its forebears or to any division in the Imperial armies. (Hear, hear.)

General Wimberley is one of those happy men who have interests outside their professional life, and few things so widen a man's sympathies and understanding as that.

I can well imagine there have been many occasions in so occupied and strenuous a life when he has found relaxation and a renewal of strength by the river with his rod; in his library with his books, delving into family histories or, and—it is his greatest love—his lady will forgive the phrase, understanding its limitations—drawing from the pipes that music which sets our feet to dancing or moves our very hearts to tears. I wonder if he has brought his pipes with him to-day? But whether or no, General Wimberley, we are proud and glad to welcome you here.

It is most fitting that there should be with us a representative of Poland, and Professor Count Zoltowski is eminently qualified to occupy that position by reason of his political and academic knowledge, and his work on behalf of his country. (Hear, hear.) I don't know why it is, but there is between the Scots and the Poles a strong attraction to each other. Perhaps it is because we are,

both of us, strongly individualistic, not to say self-willed and argumentative. But whatever it may be, this mutual understanding and liking exist.

Scotland, like Poland, has a stormy history ; Scottish folk in the past have known exile for their beliefs and loyalties, and so can the more readily sympathise to-day with Poland's sons and daughters in the dreadful ordeal through which they are passing. We all earnestly hope that ordeal is near an end and that you, accompanied by the Countess, will soon be able to take up a task of reconstruction which certainly cannot be easy. (Hear, hear.)

I am sure that in that work men of Count Zoltowski's calibre will be able to bring to the solution of many difficult problems a wide knowledge and experience. His and his friends' sojourn in England may have allowed them to absorb some of that spirit of compromise for which the English are renowned, a characteristic which is not so evident in the Scottish make-up. Perhaps that is another trait we share in common with our Polish friends.

We wish you all, and the other oppressed countries, a speedy relief from your sufferings and, because we feel sure it is what you who are in exile must most desire—a safe return to your native country. (Applause.)

The toast was drunk enthusiastically with Caledonian honours.

General Wimberley was heartily received when he rose to reply to the toast. He said :

Both my wife and I feel greatly honoured at being asked to your luncheon to-day, and I know that one reason for this invitation is that I have had the great fortune to command in battle, in this war, one of Scotland's great territorial divisions, the 51st Highland—(applause)—and, therefore, in honouring me you are meaning also to show your appreciation of what your countrymen have done for Britain in this war, as in the last.

Now, I have been nearly thirty years in the army, and I have worked with both Scots and English troops, both in peace and in two great wars, and while I, like, I expect every one else with similar experiences, have found marked similarities between the soldiers of the two countries, so I have noted marked differences. It is on just one of those differences that I propose to touch to-day. That particular difference is the long historical memory of the Scot as compared with the Englishman, which, I suppose, is a relic of the Celtic as against the Saxon blood, which together flows in most of our veins. That constant unconscious stirring of old sentiment, which possibly makes so many Scotsmen perhaps too apt to harp on ancient provincial rivalries and grievances, aye and glories, rather than what really matters in 1944, is our national future for the morrow.

Now in point of fact as nations go I imagine that we are by now, as a generalisation, in our country of very mixed blood—mongrels certainly as compared with, say, Indian Rajputs, though no doubt almost inbred as compared with the newest races like the Canadians and the Americans. On the one hand as regards intermingling one has only to think of the constant influx of population into the Lowland central industrial belt of Scotland in the last century, decade after decade from both the Highland and Gaelic North and from the Scots border, of the Border shepherds who moved into Gaeldom when sheep took the place of Highland cattle, and now, in this war, of the

mixing done by the Ministry of Labour, to remind oneself of this fact. Indeed, I imagine there are few in this room, who, though they may call themselves pure Highland or pure Lowland Scots, if they took the trouble to trace the stock from which their eight great grandparents really came, would not find the frequent intermingling of the two bloods.

On the other hand as regards relative purity one has to remember that for many centuries, with the exception of a limited passing to and fro across the English border, and the recent Irish influx into the south-west, there has been no great immigration into our country, so we, by now, are really a well-knit-together race.

Now I am a soldier, and for that reason I feel only qualified to speak with some authority on military statistics, but it might interest you to know, to illustrate this fact, that in my regiment, the 79th Cameron Highlanders, which I saw described in a newspaper article the other day as traditionally the most purely Highland regiment in the army, that when it was fighting in Spain nearly 150 years ago, of the 2000 odd men that passed through its ranks in a decade in that war, though well over eighty per cent were Scotsmen, only some fifty per cent were Gaelic-speaking Highlanders, and the ranks contained men from Shetland to Galloway. So you will see how mixed up one Scots regiment was even then.

Again, of the division I took to Africa, though it was called " Highland," and carried with it all the glorious traditions of our very famous Highland regiments, it was in fact, though very predominantly Scots in every arm of the Service, nevertheless quite as much recruited from south of the Highland Line as north of it, and it counted good men from the Borders as well as from Caithness.

Yet, despite all this intermingling of blood, all this mixing up, this adoption of a south of Scotland poet, Burns, and of a Borderer, Sir Walter Scott, as national figures in the furthest north, this acceptance of what was yesterday's barbarous and hated clan pipe music as the national music of Scotland by the douce Whig Lothians, it seems to me sometimes, that this ingrained sentiment of ours, and this long historical memory of ours, has still its dangers—dangers greater than its virtues.

In the army everybody knows that in actual practice the smaller loyalties do not clash with the greater. Each in fact helps the other, if used properly, right up to the ceiling of the intellectual calibre of the type of man with which you are dealing. Thus it is well known that anything bigger than a division is generally too vast a thing for many a simple private to take to his heart, though as an exception we have the recent case in one small segregated army in the desert under a great commander, where a definite army *esprit de corps* was aroused. (Hear, hear.)

In a really great battalion full of *esprit de corps* the men will be found very proud of their platoons and of their companies, but proudest of their battalion. In the best divisions, divisions men are proud of—as they were in the 51st—they are equally proud of their different brigades and their different regiments, but of their division perhaps most of all.

It seems to me that in Scotland we sometimes tend to forget the greater loyalty for the smaller, and in doing so to miss the wood for the trees. Yesterday Clan Macdonald against Clan Campbell, Richard Cameron and his Covenanters against Bonnie Dundee and his Cavaliers, were live and burning issues of great and vital importance in a little world of our own, cut off in time and geography almost as Britain is cut off from Oceania to-day. Now they are just traditions

of our country, which, if used rightly, can still spur Scotland's sons, side by side, to fresh and gallant deeds to-day, but if used wrongly, in arousing sectionalism or too narrow nationalism, can do no good at all.

When one is young, as is right and natural, one has not quite the same sense of proportion or of responsibility. It happens that my Scottish blood and youthful environment is from the north and the clans, and I belong to a Highland regiment.

I remember well, therefore, many years ago, just after the last war, there was a Scottish pageant at the Royal Military Tournament at Olympia here in London, and certain Lowland Scots, I think with considerable justification, though again possibly showing our national tendencies and rivalries, protested in writing against the prominence which they considered was being given to the Highland as against the Lowland background.

Now the officer responsible for the pageant was an Englishman and such racial niceties were quite beyond his comprehension. He handed the letter accordingly to a certain young officer on his staff to draft the answer—Highland or Lowland, it was just all the same to him. It was *not* to the officer to whom he handed it. In due course the answer was produced—I cannot vouch if it was ever sent : it would make me blush now if it had been—but I can well imagine that the writers little thought that the answer to their grave letter would be drafted, not by an impartial Englishman but, after a hilarious mess dinner, by a gang of extremely bigoted and irresponsible young Highland officers with their tongues well in their cheeks. (Laughter.)

The fact just is that the world is getting very small, whether we like it or not, whether it is desirable or not, mere force of circumstances is making the little old village shop make way for the large store. So it seems to me to be with Scotland ; we need to treasure every bit of her romance and of her history ; we need to cherish the small loyalties and the traditional differences of clan, of regiment, of parish, of county, but, while using them as an aid to pride of race and patriotism, we need to live in the world of to-day and not in the pleasant dream world of yesterday. As we in the army owe loyalty to our platoon, our company, our battalion, our brigade, and our division, so will our Scots soldiers, as they return after victory to civil life, owe their loyalty not only to village, to county, to the Highlands, or to the Lowlands, but also to Scotland, to Britain and to the whole great British Commonwealth. (Loud applause.)

Professor Count Zoltowski also replied. He said :

At this time which is so very promising to the world at large, but perhaps somewhat more threatening to my country, it is not only a pleasure but really a comfort for a Pole to find himself in a Scottish gathering. Events of the past days and weeks have shown that it is in the north of this island that the greatest amount of comprehension and generosity and of noble intention to speak out in defence of a threatened friend have been shown. We shall certainly never forget that.

Mr Morison mentioned that very interesting moment when Polish troops landed and were taken to Scotland. It is striking to what extent the response was mutual, and how these two nations which had forgotten all about each other discovered how much they had in common in outlook and temperament. (Hear, hear.)

General Wimberley pointed out one thing which struck me very much.

He said that Scots were remarkable, and sometimes blamed, for their historical sense. In order to endure a country has above all things to love its past. I do not believe that a man who is not devoted to the past of his country can either fight or struggle for its future. (Applause.)

Scotland, where there is much sea and many mountains, is a place where legends are easily born. The long stay of Polish troops is a thing that will pass into legend both in the mountains and plains of Scotland.

I know what my countrymen owe in these past years for the extraordinary kindness and generosity with which they were received, how your people all over Scotland never seemed to feel that this great foreign garrison was a burden to them, how they made them feel at home in their country, and with what friendliness they welcomed them.

I had great pleasure in hearing that a detachment of many Poles that, with an armoured division, went over to France had sent in a complaint because Scottish newspapers were not coming in good time. (Laughter and applause.) The Poles are very anxious to have news of Scotland and cannot get enough of it.

We may have an explanation of the good feeling between the two races. If the Poles have met with so many benefactions at the hands of the Scots it appears that in the past Scots were rather well fed and helped in my native country.

A short time ago I acquired a book written by a Scot of the seventeenth century, William Lithgow.

Still, I don't say he was entirely representative of Scotland. He was an adventurer and had a very happy way of picking up money somehow or other.

In Cairo the German companions with whom he was travelling kindly drank themselves to death, and he was left £420. He picked up two " beardless barons " in Sicily who were light-hearted enough to kill each other in a duel. Lithgow somehow picked up a large sum of pistoles.

His book is called *The Total Discourse of the Rare Adventures and Painful Peregrinations of long Nineteen Years Travels from Scotland to the most famous Kingdoms in Europe, Asia, and Affrica.*

It seems that the government had doubts about whether Mr Lithgow was, shall we say, in order. It placed him on the rack, and Mr Lithgow rather resented it ever after.

He worked himself into Poland, coming through the south. He visited Cracow and travelled to Warsaw, going from town to town, amongst them Lublin, of which we hear so much to-day. We should prefer to hear it a little less mentioned.

In Lublin—this was in 1614—he finds " abundance of gallant, rich merchants, my countrymen, who were all very kind to me, and so were they by the way in every place where I came, the conclusion being ever sealed with deep draughts, and God be with you."

He was not very amiable about my countrymen. He described them as having " thick bodies, bull necks, great thighs, grim and broad faces." I cannot quite accept these as Polish characteristics.

Of Poland as a whole he wrote : " The soil is wonderful fruitful of corns so that this country is become the girnell of Western Europe for all sorts of grains, besides honey, wax, flax, iron and other commodities. And for auspiciousness I may rather term it to be mother and nurse for the youth and younglings of Scotland, who are yearly sent hither in great numbers, than a proper Dame for her own births, in cloathing, feeding and inriching them with the fatness of her

best things ; besides thirty thousand Scotts families that live incorporate in her bowels. And certainly Poland may be termed in this kind to be the mother of our commons and the first commencement of all our merchants' wealth, or at the least most part of them."

It appears then that my country behaved very well to Scotland in the past. (Laughter and applause.)

The tradition about 30,000 Scottish families in Poland is not current. I cannot remember very many families of Scottish descent in Poland at the present time, though there are Butlers, Taylors, and Douglases, who most likely had Scottish forefathers.

There have, however, been quite a number of young Poles in Scotland in the past few years, and I think that we can say that in the Poland of the future there *will* be Poles of Scottish descent. (Loud applause.)

Lord Alness said they had listened to two memorable speeches ; that of General Wimberley was a thought-provoking speech. He thanked both their guests and their ladies for their presence and their support.

Vice-President John M. Swan proposed the toast, " The President," and said that although nothing gave him greater pleasure than offering this toast, he could only repeat what he had said at their annual meeting when proposing that his lordship should remain President for another year. Their President, because of his work for the Savings Movement in Scotland, his Parliamentary and other State duties, and the many interests which he has outside those spheres, was one of the busiest men in the country, and he could assure his lordship that they greatly appreciated the interest which he took in the Caledonian Society and the work that he did for it. (Applause.) He asked the members and guests to drink heartily to the health of their President.

Lord Alness in replying thanked the Vice-President for his gracious words, and said that the support that his brother Caledonians had given him during his terms of office had touched him deeply. He had endeavoured to carry out loyally the tenets and traditions of the Society, and he was happy in their approval.

Mr Siddall Wood, tenor, contributed several Scots love songs. Mrs O. R. M. Hutchison was at the piano.

In the course of the meeting the President welcomed a new member, Mr Donald Munro.

"Auld Lang Syne" wound up a most successful gathering.

Obituary.

Dr David MacNish, M.A., M.B., C.M., J.P.

Dr David MacNish, M.A., M.B., C.M., J.P., was a life member when he passed away on 21st January, 1943. He became a member in 1915. Dr MacNish was a generous giver, and among other recipients of his bounty was the Royal Scottish Corporation of which he was a life managing governor. Because of his munificence a pension named after him had been established in 1938. The Committee of Management passed a resolution in which his generosity was remembered.

CHAPTER VII.

1944-1945: Lord Alness's Presidency—*Continued.*

"A Good New Year" from the President; Resignation of the Hon. Secretary; The Immortal Memory, by the Right Hon. Thomas Johnston, Secretary of State for Scotland; Lord Alness on a great Scottish Secretary; Mr Johnston on non-party reforms; Lord Alness ends a memorable presidency; Past-President McFarlane's Valedictory; Scots War Heroes; Sir John Anderson on Atomic Energy; Thanks to Lord Alness.

A Burns Celebration.

A MEMBERS' luncheon, one of the most successful since the outbreak of the war in 1939, was held at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, on Wednesday, 24th January, 1945.

Preceding the luncheon, Council and General meetings were held, over which the President, the Right Hon. Lord Alness, P.C., presided.

When the Council met, the President expressed the hope that the year on which they had entered would be a year of good health and prosperity for the members of the Society, and that 1945 would see the victory of Allied arms and the establishment of peace throughout the whole world.

Among the apologies for absence was one from

Past-President P. N. McFarlane, Hon. Secretary, who, in a letter read by the President, submitted his resignation from the secretaryship. Mr McFarlane explained that as he had been appointed to a permanent position in Scotland he would in future be resident in Edinburgh, and would be unable to perform his duties as Secretary.

Lord Alness said that, as the members knew, Mr McFarlane had been associated with him in the work of the Scottish Savings Committee, where he had been of great assistance ; but when the organising secretaryship of the Scottish Veterans' Garden City was offered to Mr. McFarlane he (the President) could not stand in his way, particularly as the end of the war might see an alteration of the personnel of the Savings Committee organisation. With regard to a successor, he hoped that they might prevail upon Mr Miller, the able secretary of the Royal Scottish Corporation, to act as Hon. Secretary. Mr Miller had done a good deal of the secretarial work in Mr McFarlane's absence.

The Hon. Treasurer, Mr W. M. Miller, presented the financial statement for the year ended 31st October, 1944. The statement, audited by Mr J. L. Stewart, was accepted, and the Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Auditor thanked for their services.

Owing to war-time food and labour conditions, the hoteliers were obliged to restrict to seventy the number of members and their guests at the luncheon; but slightly over that number sat down under the chairmanship of the President, Lord Alness. The President's guest was the Right Hon. Thomas Johnston, M.P., Secretary of State for Scotland, and as the meeting was on the day prior to the birthday of Robert Burns, Mr Johnston kindly undertook to propose " The Immortal Memory."

After lunch, Lord Alness welcomed the members and guests and expressed the hope that the year 1945 would see the fulfilment of their hopes of a complete victory over their enemies.

He then gave the loyal toasts, which were heartily pledged, with Caledonian honours.

The President in a word introduced the Secretary of State for Scotland, who, he said, had undertaken the pious duty of submitting the toast "The Immortal Memory."

Mr Johnston, received with hearty cheers, said :

Mr President, my Lords, and Brother Scots—I felt honoured when Lord Alness invited me to be the guest of the Caledonian Society of London this afternoon and to propose the time-honoured toast, "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns." The giving and honouring of this toast is a traditional duty of Scots, and I approach my task with pride and humility.

You will agree that an outstanding fact concerning Burns is that he produced so much work in the short years that were given to him. But youth throughout the world has done great things. Disraeli, if I remember aright, makes one of his characters declare that almost everything that is great in the world has been achieved by youth.

We are, of course, all familiar with the adage that wisdom is bought, albeit sometimes dearly, by experience ; but wisdom plays for safety and takes few risks, whereas youth and inexperience frequently go out on great adventures, and sometimes they reach great goals and have tremendous achievements.

I do not know if any historian-philosopher has ever speculated in detail over what amount of truth there is in Disraeli's assertion. If any such investigations have been made the results have never come my way. But I have often been struck by the number of geniuses who have died young, and by the amazing volume of magnificent effort and fulfilment that can be directly ascribed to men and women in their twenties and thirties.

William Wallace died at the age of thirty-three ; he was in command of the Scottish National Army of Liberation, was the victor of Stirling Bridge, and was the National Guardian of Scotland while still in his twenties. As Professor Murison, in his biography of Wallace, notes, "it is most remarkable that it was the second son of an obscure Scots knight who should have achieved such powers and leadership at so early an age."

Crockett wrote his *Stickit Minister* when he was thirty-three. Robert Louis Stevenson did most of his best work when still in his thirties. Walter Scott published his *Lay of the Last Minstrel* and *Marmion* and *The Lady of the Lake* in his thirties.

Napoleon was in command of the French Army in Italy at age twenty-seven. He died at fifty-two.

Mozart died at thirty-five, and Nelson died at forty-seven.

James Watt invented his steam engine process when he was twenty-nine, and it is interesting, and may not be wholly unprofitable, to remind ourselves that when he was twenty-one he sought to open a shop in Glasgow as a mathematical instrument maker, but was prevented by the Corporation of Hammermen on the ground that he had not served a proper apprenticeship.

Mohammed started out to convert the Eastern world at the age of forty.

Robert Burns died when he was thirty-seven years of age. The Kilmarnock edition of his poems had been published when he was twenty-seven, and

to-day, when more than a century and a half in time has passed, this young ploughman-exciseman from the south-west of Scotland, the most representative man of our race who ever lived, and who typified in his person the traditions and characteristics and continuity of our folk, their long strenuous struggle with a lean soil—this meteor who flashed across the firmament of history, here in this Kilmarnock edition of his poems speaks for us and carries on the torch for us.

Robert Burns : age thirty-seven ! What might he not have given us and given the world had his allotted span been another twenty or thirty years of life. When he was twenty-five he wrote his " Epistle to Davie " :

It's no in titles nor in rank,
It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank,
To purchase peace and rest ;
It's no in makin' muckle mair :
It's no in books, it's no in lear,
To make us truly blest :
If happiness hae not her seat
An centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest ;
Nae treasures nor pleasures
Could make us happy lang ;
The heart ay's the part ay
That makes us right or wrang.

And that came from a man of twenty-five !

Some of his great satires, for example, " Holy Willie's Prayer, were composed when he was twenty-six. So was " The Jolly Beggars." " The Cottar's Saturday Night " and " The Twa Dogs " were written when he was twenty-seven ; "Auld Lang Syne " when twenty-nine ; " Tam o' Shanter " when thirty-one ; " Scots Wha Hae " when thirty-four ; and " A man's a man for a' that " when he was thirty-six.

Re-read that magnificently-told story of " Tam o' Shanter " for the essential humour of it, and for the sheer artistry with which Burns handles his material—the deft beginning, in which the darkening of a winter's market day is pictured :

When chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neibors, neibors meet,
As market days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak' the gate.

And then how Tam is limned sitting boosing at the nappy, " an' getting fou and unco happy," and heedless of the lang Scots miles he has to go on his homeward journey ; heedless, too, of the advice he had received at home against his inebriate habits, and the inimitable way in which the narrative is interspersed with wise philosophy :

" Ah, gentle dames ! it gars me greet
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen'd, sage advices
The husband frae the wife despises."

But " nae man can tether time nor tide," and although wi' tippenny Tam

feared nae evil, when at length he did mount his auld mare Maggie and made for home, he was

> Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares
> Lest bogles catch him unawares.

And then, when he reached Alloway's auld haunted kirk, he recounts how he saw there the wild dance of the warlocks and the witches, and how they chased him and his frenzied auld mare to the Brig o' Doon, and in a last desperate bid to prevent Tam crossing the stream—since it is well known that warlocks and witches cannot cross running water!—they pulled the tail out of the mare. And so

> Think! Ye may buy the joys o'er dear—
> Remember Tam o' Shanter's meare.

We have a vast amount of information about Robert Burns, his letters, his friends—not only how he behaved himself before folk, but how he behaved himself in privacy too; and God knows how many of us would ever pass the same meticulous examination tests to which his life has been subjected. No Scotsman, surely, has ever been so microscopically inspected or his habits examined and commented upon; and the end is not yet. Fresh manuscripts by people who knew Burns are still coming to light, and there has been, indeed, published during the war, an edition of four interesting manuscripts relating intimately to Burns.

The volume to which I refer is published in North Carolina by Professor Robert Fitzhugh, the Professor of English at Maryland University, and of the four manuscripts which are published for the first time, three are in the possession of the University of Edinburgh—the Train MS., the Hope MS. and the Young MS. The fourth, the Grierson papers, are in the Public Record Office in Edinburgh.

Joseph Train was supervisor of Customs at Dumfries; Alexander Young, of Harburn, was a Writer to the Signet; and Hope was Charles Hope, later Lord Granton. They all knew Burns personally, and in their manuscripts they contribute something to our knowledge of the man Robert Burns, or his mother, or his Highland Mary, or his relations with Creech, the Edinburgh publisher.

But to me the most interesting of these recently discovered or rediscovered papers are the Grierson papers. James Grierson, Laird of Dalgoner in Dumfriess-shire, was an enthusiastic collector of anecdotage about Burns. He knew many of Burns's contemporaries, and the American professor has faithfully transcribed what was known of the Grierson collection when he visited the Public Record Office in Edinburgh in 1937. But even since 1937 new Grierson documents and memoranda have been discovered at the Record Office. I have seen some of them. Here, for instance, is a Grierson note on Burns:

> "His dress a flat blue bonnet, white plaid breeches and blue or striped jacket, with a short canvas apron, when he came into John Meikle's smithy with his plough irons about 1782."

And here is another note in the Grierson papers which may be regarded as evidence in an old controversy about the disputed authorship of "The Land of the Leal"—Lady Nairne or Burns. Although "The Land of the Leal" was first published anonymously after Burns's death, it was commonly attributed to him for some seventy years succeeding. The Grierson note, however, says:

> "The last of Burns' poems on death bed, 'I'm wearing away Jean like snow in a thaw Jean, to the land of the leal.' Mrs Burns says not his."

If one asks why these documents, stored in the Register House for the last one hundred years, are only now being examined, I would reply that, alas, our Scots National Records have been shamefully neglected. The cataloguing and indexing of our records is a national reproach and disgrace. While the records of the English High Court, for example, are completely indexed from the fourteenth century to the present day, the corresponding Scottish records are only indexed from 1810 onwards. England received in pre-war years exactly thirteen times the rate of Treasury grant Scotland received for publication of historical documents in their respective record offices. The historical staff in the English Public Record Office was forty-six. The historical staff in the Scots Public Record Office was, until 1930, only three, and I think it was at least partly as a result of my plaguing and worrying the Government on the matter in 1937 that the numbers of staff in Scotland were increased to six.

During the war, of course, it has been impossible to provide an extra cataloguing staff, but I leave to my successor, whoever he may be, this charge and testament, that he shall do everything he can to ensure parity of treatment between the respective National Record Offices, and I would respectfully draw the attention of the legal profession and the historical societies to the absence of any index of the vast accumulation over many centuries, of records of our High Court, or of private family collections of papers in the Register House. Great areas of valuable material for the social and economic history of our country lie unexplored in our national archives.

Nevertheless, whatever future research may yield us about our national bard and expositor, of him we already know so much that our estimates and judgments and the pride of place we give him in our national roll of honour are unlikely to be changed or modified.

Robert Burns, declares one of the most competent of his biographers, the late Dr Wallace, editor of the *Glasgow Herald*, was " a man of the most powerful, penetrating and original understanding," and again, he was " the first man of letters of his day." He was " a consummate artist." He is " the greatest genius in his country's literature."

Thomas Carlyle has said of Burns that " no other man was so well entitled to be at the head of public affairs of his day."

Throughout the world he is known as our national poet. He is above all others our representative man, the embodiment and personification of our race. In him we Scots are made manifest and articulate. So long as " Scots wha hae " is sung, Scotland will be no mere postal district, but a nation proud of our forebears, proud of our kith and kin, and with many great qualities we can contribute to the world. As Kipling puts it :

> God gave all men all earth to love,
> But since our hearts are small,
> Ordained for each one spot should prove
> Beloved over all.

The land where we were born, the language, the songs we learned at our mother's knee, the associations of our youth, the streams in which we fished or guddled, the hillsides we climbed, the traditions in which we were reared, the achievements of the leaders among the generations who have passed, and our aspirations to emulate them—the torch of race memory we would fain pass on to those who come after us, is no unworthy transmission and one that certainly tends not to selfishness but to good citizenship.

It was Burns's aspiration—

> That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
> Some useful plan or book could make
> Or sing a sang at least.

And one of the sangs he sang, " Scots wha hae," surely one of the noblest battle orders in any language, remains our national anthem and our common heritage.

So long as " Auld Lang Syne " is the universal toast of fond and cherished friendships, and men and women link hands over its melody and its memories, so long will our race have contributed something of permanence to the great sentiment of amity and remembrance in the world.

Robert Burns set the plough lads humming " A man's a man for a' that," and as they hummed, lo ! the notion grew that the words were true, and as the notion grew the pillars of feudalism racked and cracked, and there came the Reform Bill of 1832. Ay, and so long as that song is believed in the world, so long will Fascist regimes and herren folk, gestapo gangs and their like have no permanence. " A man's a man for a' that " is the eternal answer to Hitlerism. Burns laughed and mocked the devil out of Scotland. He put a new song into the mouths of the common people, and as they asked

> Wha wad be a traitor knave ?
> Wha sae base as be a slave ?

somehow Scotland ceased to be a mere appanage of England ; somehow what had been a poor, despised and dying dialect regained vigour and dignity ; somehow the poor toiling wight straightened his back and looked the whole world in the face, fearing not any man.

The name of Burns is interwoven with every fibre of every freedom we now possess ; every liberty we now enjoy. He is at once the heritage and the patron saint of our race. He is the prophet of our final deliverance in the great days in which many of us believe we shall yet all brothers be.

And so, gentlemen, I give you the toast of "The Immortal Memory of our great compatriot, our spokesman and interpreter to the world—Robert Burns."

The toast having been honoured in silence the members and guests heartily applauded the sentiments expressed by the Secretary of State.

Lord Alness, in proposing the toast " The Secretary of State for Scotland," said :

I feel quite certain that we would not wish to separate without pledging the health of our distinguished guest and expressing to him our indebtedness for his presence and his speech to-day. As regards his presence, we do warmly thank him for finding both time and inclination to be with us this afternoon, despite his many and important commitments. As regards his speech, well, it would be superfluous and indeed impertinent on my part to seek to appraise it in detail. I will only permit myself to say that the address to which we have just listened was worthy of the occasion, and that none of us privileged to hear it will readily forget a memorable utterance. (Hear, hear.)

The burdens of the Secretary of State are heavy even in peace time. In war they are heavier still : they are intensified and multiplied. I speak of what

I know ; for, during the last war, it was my lot to hold the office which to-day Mr Johnston adorns. But I am free to confess that the burdens borne by him are immeasurably heavier than any which I was called upon to bear.

Well, Mr Johnston has proved equal to his great task. His industry is a marvel to all of us, and a rebuke to some of us. It is at once a challenge and an inspiration. Just think for a moment. Mr Johnston does the journey between London and Edinburgh every week. He presides over eight or nine separate Departments of State, three of which—Health, Education and Agriculture—requires in England a separate Cabinet Minister for its direction and control. He holds the threads of innumerable committees, which he has appointed, in his hands. It is not too much to say that during Mr Johnston's reign at the Scottish Office he has definitely put Scotland on the map. His vision, his drive, and his tirelessness combine to make him the best Secretary of State whom I have known in my time. History, I am convinced, will acclaim him as a patriot and a statesman. (Applause.)

You may well ask me—How has he done all this ? Well I think that I know, and I will tell you. Mr Johnston will correct me if I am wrong. The key-note and watchword of his administration has been co-operation and unity—getting together, forgetting differences, and remembering agreement. That is a policy which combines the qualities of a visionary and a realist. And Scotland has responded to Mr Johnston's call for unity, and is getting things—great things—done there to-day. (Hear, hear.)

Well, our friend has given us yet another illustration of his devotion to the public service this afternoon, and we are grateful to him for his gracious gesture.

Brother Caledonians, I invite you to pledge his health, not in a conventional manner, but with sincerity, warmth and acclamation, as is our wont in this ancient Society. (Loud applause.)

Mr Johnston, received with renewed cheers, said :

Lord Alness's compliments were unjustified for this reason, that nothing had been done in the past few years without the co-operation of men of all views and parties. Since the war Scottish affairs had been lifted out of the realm of party. Scottish Secretaries in the past had always found their task distracted by party strife. Their measures had been subjected to partisan criticisms instead of being considered in the light of co-operation.

When he took over the Scottish Secretaryship, said Mr Johnston, he tried an entirely new way. He called together the former Secretaries of State to help him in his task. Lord Alness, Colonel Colville, Colonel Walter Elliot, Mr Ernest Brown and Sir Archibald Sinclair formed with him a council to consider Scotland's problems. By co-operation and argument they decided their course of action. They cast out all subjects upon which there was not agreement, and concentrated on all matters on which they did agree. With this support he could go to the Cabinet meetings at which he had two stout supporters where formerly there had only been one, himself.

It seemed that the " old Adam " in them might be too strong for them to carry on in the same way after the war, and that they might again be in the thick of old party conflicts. But surely there were some subjects which could be lifted above the realm of party strife : housing for example. He had never heard of Conservative houses, Liberal houses, or Socialist houses. (Hear, hear.) Everybody agreed that a man should have a decent house to live in. Similarly,

the right of a man to work was not a party issue. (Hear, hear.) Public health was similarly above the arena of party strife. Parliament would be so cluttered up with international and other issues after the war that Scottish affairs would need to be as free from distractions of party politics as possible. (Applause.)

Lord Westwood, who addressed the members and guests as " Brother Caledonians "—he is a native of Dundee—congratulated the Caledonian Society of London on their President, and on the address by Mr Johnston to which they had just listened.

" Auld Lang Syne " ended a happy and profitable gathering.

The last meetings of Lord Alness's presidency were held at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, and fittingly, they were held to celebrate the Allied Countries' victory in the devastating war that had lasted for six years—from September, 1939, to August, 1945.

At the Council and General meetings the war-time resolutions giving a committee power to arrange social gatherings, passed on 20th September and 13th November, 1941, were rescinded, as it was decided to end all war-time regulations and return to pre-war activities as early as possible.

The Honorary Historian was authorised to prepare the next volume of the " Chronicles " for publication.

Messrs C. M. Stirling, J. R. Denny, David Storrier, J. R. Aldridge, and R. Y. Kennedy were admitted to membership.

The deaths were announced, with deep regret, of Mr J. H. McLean, a life member who joined in 1902 and passed away in January, 1945 ; and Sir Walter Leitch, C.B.E., Vice-President in 1932-1933, who joined in 1929, and died in July, 1945.

Past-President P. N. McFarlane, in demitting his office of Honorary Secretary, thanked his brother

Caledonians who, by their support, had enabled him to be a record breaker in office. He had been a member for twenty-five years, and had been an officer for eighteen. He was the only Past-President who had had the honour of being appointed Honorary Secretary, which office he had held for sixteen years, a record of which he was proud.

I have had a grand time (continued Mr McFarlane) and that I have been of use to the Society and to you all is my deepest satisfaction. Those of you who saw the *Gold Rush* may remember the final curtain when Charlie Chaplin, a pathetic little figure with all the bright lights behind him, wandered out into the gray cold night, and ultimately was swallowed up in the darkness. Five years ago, almost to a day, I took such a journey out of the lights of London, into the bleak and dark unknown, having lost my wife, my home, my business, and, broken in health and spirit, I saw nothing before me in life ; but thanks to the kindness of Past-President James Thomson, the abounding goodness of our President Lord Alness, and a new personal interest which came into my life, the darkness lifted, and so to-day, as I leave the effulgent brightness—the company of my brother Caledonians over these twenty-five years—I go, not into the darkness, but into the equally bright light in the north, made possible for me, under the good hand of God, by James Thomson, Lord Alness, and the dear little lady who has linked her life with mine and given me the love, comfort, and happiness of a home.

Looking back over the Presidents of my day, I would say (I except our two war-time Presidents) : the greatest was William Will ; the happiest John MacMillan (who of us who were at his January meeting will ever forget it—forty-one items on the programme, and each one worse than the one before—I was No. 39 so you can guess what it was like—just uproarious fun, and John saying to me, " Are they happy, Peter ; we must make them happy.")

The most generous was T. Stephen ; the kindliest Sir Murdoch MacDonald (when he took office very few knew him, when he demitted it, he was every one's father or big brother) ; and the couthiest John McLaren.

Of the two war-time occupants of the President's chair James Thomson had a hard job indeed, for we were floundering, and it speaks volumes for him that he managed to inspire the luncheons which made his year, bereft of the evening meetings, first-rate in all Caledonian essentials.

And Lord Alness : we know perfectly well how splendidly he has led and guided the Society through the years since 1940. Without him our position might have been perilous indeed. I gladly pay tribute to the greatest friend of my life. In the dark days I mentioned he took me to his side in his War Savings work, and made me so well known throughout Scotland that I became as much a nuisance to my fellow-countrymen as I have been to you, my brother Caledonians. Not content with that, he secured for me the unanimous invitation of the executive of the Scottish Veterans Garden City Association to become their organising secretary in raising £500,000 to build cottages for Scottish disabled fighting men ; and in bidding good-bye to Scottish War Savings work, organised a presentation to me unique in Scottish Civil Service history. In addition to all this there has been and still is his great personal and intimate

friendship. As he once said to me about someone else, " Give me flowers now when I am alive, and can see their beauty and smell their fragrance "—so I say to you, Sir, " I give you my flowers of gratitude and thankfulness, hoping that in the days to come our time of close association in Edinburgh and in Caledonian Society affairs, may have as happy memories for you as your goodness has assured them for me—truly I can say :

Mony a cantie day, Sir,
We've had wi' ane anither,
Noo I maun toddle north, Sir
And southward you will go ;
Our friendship stands, staunch, leal and true,
My president—my jo !

The embodiment of all Caledonian virtues in my judgment was R. R. Wilson, one of the grandest men who ever walked this earth, who never sought anything for himself, but gave of himself to every brother Caledonian, freely, and without stint. I count it one of my most precious memories that I was privileged to be an intimate friend during his last years.

Finally, I must thank with great cordiality and sincerity, Brother Caledonian Miller who throughout the war years so unselfishly and so thoroughly did my work in London. To him I am very grateful. (Applause.)

Mr President and brother Caledonians, for all that it has been my good fortune to enjoy in association with you, I am indeed thankful, and in the words of the famous city toast, " The Caledonian Society of London. May it flourish, root and branch forever ! " (Loud applause.)

For the luncheon a large company of members and friends had assembled, and after the loyal toasts had been honoured, the President, Lord Alness, said :

I see from the programme that I am expected at this stage to make some introductory remarks. I shall at once allay any anxiety which you may have by assuring you that they shall be few.

First of all, I desire to offer a hearty welcome to each of you who has honoured us by your presence at this our first peace-time gathering.

I desire to stress the fact that this is a Victory Luncheon. Needless to say there is no boasting or vain glory about our attitude. Rather is it sober, thoughtful, and thankful. But I want to underline the tremendous contribution which Scotland has made in leadership in the victory which has been vouchsafed to us.

The naval headlines in the war include five names which are familiar to every one who is doing me the honour of listening to me now : Admiral of the Fleet, Lord Cunningham ; Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser ; Admiral Sir Robert Burnett ; Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsay ; and Admiral Roderick McGrigor. There are others. But let this galaxy of great names suffice.

Scotland has never lacked military leaders. Scotland has not lacked them in this war. The amazing dash through Mussolini's Italian armies in the early days of the campaign in Africa, was led by General Sir Alan Cunningham, brother of the Admiral. At a later stage in the North African struggle, General Anderson led the Second Army, which helped to drive the Germans out of Tunisia. Field Marshal Wavell is a product of the Black Watch. And so on.

To come a little nearer home, two of our own members have had the honour to command battalions of famous Scottish regiments. Colonel Bennett commanded the 1st Battalion of the London Scottish, and Colonel James Currie Thomson, son of our respected Past-President James Thomson, commands to-day the 2nd Battalion of the Cameron Highlanders. These citizen soldiers have conferred lustre and glory on our ancient Society.

To the Air Services we have given Air Marshal Dowding, Air Chief Marshal Sir Charles Burnett, brother of the Admiral, and Marshal of the Royal Air Force Tedder. Nor let us forget that a son of a Past-President of our Society was one of the noble few to fight in the Battle of Britain, when the tide of the war was turned and civilisation was saved.

In the non-combatant service Scottish names are so numerous that I dare not go into detail. I may just remind you that we have had as our guest in this Society, Sir Robert Watson-Watt, a pioneer of radio-location. And has not Scotland given to the nation the great war Chancellor of the Exchequer and scientist in the person of Sir John Anderson, who is one of our honoured guests to-day ?

I have, I think, established, beyond a peradventure or a doubt, the wonderful contribution which our native land has made to the victory which to-day we modestly acclaim. (Loud applause.)

Rev. Dr R. F. V. Scott, received with applause, proposed the toast "Our Guests." He said that the Caledonian Society had a reputation for the heartiness of the welcome which they gave to their guests, and he hoped his welcome lacked none of the traditional warmth.

To-day their guests included two distinguished Scotsmen—the Rt. Hon. Sir John Anderson and his (Dr Scott's) old friend Dr John Short, who had done and was doing great work in Bournemouth. Dr Short was a man beloved by all those who were fortunate to know him. (Applause.)

It was a great honour and privilege to be allowed to propose a toast to which two such men were to reply.

Of Sir John Anderson Dr Scott said :

It can be said without fear of contradiction that no Scotsman in modern times has rendered greater or more outstanding service to his country and to mankind than has Sir John. Alike in the realm of science and of administration and government he has made for himself a name and a reputation of which any man might well be proud. (Hear, hear.) But Sir John is not proud. Amid his many honours and in positions of power and authority he has always borne himself with true humility, but always also with strength and dignity. (Applause.)

He will ever be remembered with affection and gratitude for the staunch

and able part he played as Home Secretary in the desperate struggle against Nazi domination. His name will naturally be linked in most minds with that modest little erection known as the "Anderson Shelter." (Applause.) In one young life, I fear, that link may grow irksome. For I remember reading, in the early days of the blitz, that a fond and foolish mother had her baby daughter christened "Syren Anderson"! (Laughter.) I trust when this child cries it is never with the "warbling note" of warning, but with the steady howl of the "All Clear"! (Laughter.)

We may laugh at these things now. We may find it amusing to learn that many have difficulty in disposing of their Anderson shelters. That does not alter the fact that many are alive to-day and walk the earth sound in wind and limb, solely because they found Sir John's device a real shelter in the time of horror and destruction. They will bless the name of Anderson so long as they live. (Applause.)

It is perhaps the greatest tribute to Sir John that, in the welter of political life, he has by his integrity of character become a man above and beyond Party and trusted by all Parties. We see the finest of this in his recent appointment as chairman of the Advisory Committee on Atomic Energy. In this we have the assurance that the Commission will accomplish its all-important tasks with thoroughness and ability, and will be guided from the chair with true wisdom and understanding. (Applause.)

It does not lie in our power to add anything to the lustre that already adorns the name of Sir John, but we may assure him that here he is welcomed and honoured, with a warmth, a sincerity, and an affectionate admiration which cannot be surpassed in any other gathering of his countrymen. (Loud applause.)

Sir John Anderson, on rising to respond, had a hearty reception. He said :

I am grateful to you for your friendly reception and for Dr Scott's remarks. It has been a great pleasure to me to be able to accept Lord Alness's invitation as one of his guests. It is not the first time I have been privileged to be present at one of your gatherings. Many years ago I was here as a humble private guest. It was a dinner at which the very distinguished Scotsman, John Buchan, was the principal guest. I remember the occasion very well. The subject of John Buchan's speech was "The Scot as novelist." I remember the terms, characteristic of the man, with which he introduced the speech by way of getting us into good shape.

He drew a picture of a young man who had come south to follow a literary career. He had done, as he thought, fairly well, and he paid his first return visit to his native land, perhaps a little full of importance. After travelling overnight he arrived at the station in Glasgow. He got a porter to collect his simple luggage, and said in rather a lordly way, "Get me a taxi." The porter looked him up and down, took his measure in a minute, and asked him where he was going. He gave the necessary answer. The porter took him by the arm and said, "Look there : a yallow caur—tippence! You and yer taxis!" (Laughter.) He arrived at the country station which was his destination. There was no one on the platform except the old stationmaster-porter who greeted him, rather bleakly, with the remark : "Oh! you're back." He asked him what he was doing. He said he was doing a little writing. "Umphm," replied the stationmaster, "Oscar Wilde was a writer. They jiled him." (Laughter.)

That started a train of thought which I would like to pursue for a few moments. That young man had gone away from Scotland. He had seen life. He had broadened his mind, and when he came back he found he was a little out of place because nothing at home had changed. The barriers that had separated one region from another had not begun to break down.

I began to turn over in my mind the changes that have taken place within the span of my lifetime. I am not a frightfully old man. I venture to assert there are several people here older than I am. (Laughter.) The old flat gas jet, which was all we had, if we were lucky enough to have gas, gave place first to the incandescent mantle and then to electric light. The petrol engine had not been developed, leading to the motor car and ultimately to air travel by heavier than air machines. They all developed after I was a grown man. Wireless telegraphy began when I was already a student at Edinburgh University. I remember seeing the first experiment with apparatus called a coherer.

It is not only in the realm of natural science, physics and mechanics that profound changes have taken place. Sir John said they now had radio-activity. When he went to Germany as a research student in 1903, the work of radio-activity was only at the beginning. Men of science did not understand its nature. Radar had transformed military strategy, and navigation by air and sea. In medicine there had been development in bacteriological research, chemo-therapy, and radiology. Then there was the atomic theory, the conservation of energy and matter, radiology, and finally we had this extraordinary development by which atomic energy had for the first time, for good or for ill, become available to man. It was little wonder that people sometimes asked the question whether material progress had not outstripped our mental processes, the development of our ideas and the adjustment of our relations. That was a very important question. If the answer were in the affirmative, it might well be that our civilisation was in some danger of toppling over. Some people thought that there might even be a danger—he thought that was rather an extreme view—that the whole human race might pass into oblivion, as did the dinosaur, which, after attaining an enormous age and great numbers and spreading over the whole earth, suddenly, for reasons that were very imperfectly understood, vanished away. One of Newton's laws of motion was that to every action there was an equal and opposite reaction. He was sure that law applied also to human conduct, to the conduct of individuals, communities and nations. The question arose with particular significance at the end of a great and dislocating war—Could we human beings rely on the operation of that law to put things right? If we could not, it might be that there was something that we human beings ought to do about it. That law of equal and opposite reaction was subject to one very important qualification of which too little account was taken, and that was that it was subject to a time factor, and the equal and opposite reaction that might eventually produce balance might take time before it could exercise its full effect, and it was just in that time lag that the danger arose.

Dealing with the situation created by the atomic bomb and the discoveries which had placed atomic energy at the disposal of mankind, Sir John said: I am not concerned here with the impact, terrific though it was, terrible in its consequences, of the atomic bomb on certain physical objectives; I am very much concerned with the impact of the atomic bomb upon human society. That is a matter which must concern us and all peoples of the world. I think we have on the whole been rather slow to grasp the full implications of this momentous development that has come about. It was bound to come. The war has speeded up the development, but all the fundamental discoveries were made

before the war. It was only a question of time. What we have got to realise is that a world peopled by men who have atomic energy at their disposal is bound to be a quite different place from the old world with which we are so familiar. The development is one which calls for nothing less than a complete readjustment of all international relations and for the framing of a new order of society. I confess I find it rather disconcerting that this should be added to all the other problems that we as a nation have to face and shall face with the same cool courage and poise that carried us triumphantly through the late war. What is of vital importance—and this is the only point I am concerned to emphasise—is that the nations of the world must get down to this problem without delay. If there is delay, incalculable mischief may be done. There is, I believe, a real risk of blunders, disastrous and even fatal, being committed in the decisions at which the great nations of the world will have to arrive within the next few months. If such blunders unhappily are committed I do not believe this country will have any share in the responsibility. But we must all realise that the problem is there and that it is a problem that we must all face, that we should endeavour to understand, so that public opinion may be influenced in the right direction before it is too late. But on the other hand, what an opportunity is provided if only we have the courage and the wisdom to grasp it. I believe that the word ought to be preached in this matter at every opportunity. (Loud applause.)

The Rev. Dr John Short, Congregational Church, Bournemouth, also responded to the toast. He was received with hearty cheering. Dr Short said:

Mr President, Fellow-guests, and Brother Scots—I have a triple sense of privilege in being one of your guest speakers this afternoon. In the first instance, it is always a privilege and a pleasure to sit under the presidency of Lord Alness; again, I take it as a great compliment, which adds to my sense of privilege, that this is the second occasion on which you have invited me to be present both as guest and as speaker, especially when the other speaker is Sir John Anderson. Then again, it has been intensely interesting on personal grounds to renew my acquaintance, under these happy auspices, with Dr Scott. He and I first met, more years ago than I shall mention, as students in Edinburgh. Since then he has scaled the dizzy heights of Presbyterian eminence, and what can I do as a humble Congregationalist but look on with wonder, awe, and pleasure. I thank him for the kindly things he has said, in proposing the toast of the guests, about me, and I thank you for the generous way in which you received his remarks.

It has been exercising my mind for some time as to what the subject of my address should be. I know you will be tolerant enough to allow me to approach whatever I have to say from my own particular angle as a minister of the Christian gospel. Indeed, I have no apology to make, nor will you expect any, should I take that line, for we believe that Christianity is the truth about the kind of world in which we live, and the kind of lives we are meant to live in it. I found a title for my remarks in a book published some time ago, which doubtless you have read. It was written by an American of vision and insight, who had some pertinent things to say to his own country as well as to the English-speaking world, in view of world affairs and possibilities. I am referring to Mr Agar, who has published a book entitled *A Time for Greatness*. And that is the title of the address I want to deliver this afternoon. You may forget everything

that I shall try to say, but if you remember the title it will convey its own message.

Not only Mr Agar, but others who have a right to public attention, have said much the same thing in their own way. Our own indomitable war leader, Mr Winston Churchill, during the dark days of 1940, became the spokesman not only of our people but of common humanity, and the deeper aspirations and hopes of the human heart found expression in his historic utterances. One sentence remains steadily in my own mind : " Lift up your hearts. All will come right. Out of the depths of sorrow and sacrifice will be born again the glory of mankind." (Applause.) And Field-Marshal Smuts in a recent speech has also proclaimed this as a time for high endeavour and for great service on the part of the United Nations, and particularly of our own country so far as the future of the world is concerned.

Now these are difficult times in which we are living. A devastated continent has to be rebuilt, the political and economic life of the world has to be re-fashioned. It is a time of turbulent change. But I would draw your attention to one interesting fact, and that is that, in the main, the placid eras in history are not commonly those in which great things have been achieved. Placid eras move to the measure of a lullaby, whereas turbulent eras apply the spur. This is one of the turbulent eras in the history of mankind.

As I see it, there are at least three great tasks to which all who have their eyes on the future greatness of our world, and of mankind, must apply their thought, their energy, and their service. In the achievement of these great tasks each one of us can play an important part. It is not an unimportant thing as to the manner in which ordinary individuals, such as we may consider ourselves to be, comport themselves in days like these. No one need feel any sense of frustration. Everything depends on our personal reaction. The first task surely is to fulfil the hopes, not only of the men and women who have been directly concerned with the fighting services and their lines of supply, but also with the civilians who have borne the brunt at home, and that is to raise the level of the democratic life of our own country. One may say so without in any sense detracting from the achievements of the past. We are fighting for our way of life because we believe it to be good, and because we know it can be better. We are fighting for the right of every individual to have his own opinion, and the freedom to express it without let or hindrance. (Hear, hear.) That is of the essence of democracy. The dictatorships which are being overthrown take a different point of view. In the dictator countries only one opinion is permitted. Now I believe that all forward-looking men, whatever their political opinions may be, in the main, have their eyes set on the same objectives. They want to raise the level of democratic life and to secure the widest possible equality of opportunity according to individual ability for every man, woman, and child in our beloved land. But there is nothing inevitable about any of these things. They cannot be legislated into existence. To be sure, each of us is in favour of seeing great Acts with respect to education, to health and to economic security put upon the Statute books, but none the less, there is nothing inevitable about democracy. Carlyle once fondly remarked that, given the invention of the printing press, democracy was inevitable. In our day we have seen what can happen through the medium of the printing press, and through wireless broadcasting, when the means of propaganda get into the wrong hands. No ! Could we legislate a better order of life into existence by means of well-conceived Statutes, it would still be necessary for better men and women to maintain it in existence, and that is where you and I may play our part. Christian democracy,

which for me at any rate is democracy at its highest level, depends on the personal quality of individual men and women. It is fostered in our homes, in our schools, in our clubs, and in societies such as this. At its deepest and best it is maintained and spread by men and women whose spirits have been quickened by the impact of the living Christ upon their lives, and who seek to secure in all the ramifications of our national life that individuals, who are of infinite value in the eyes of God, should receive that justice which is due to them as such. (Applause.)

And the second great task is surely to achieve a measure of friendship and co-operative fellowship and service across international frontiers. There can be, as we know now, in a world which in terms of commercial development and scientific invention has become a much smaller place, no security for peace and prosperity at home unless the conditions exist for widespread peace, justice and prosperity among all the nations of the world. (Hear, hear.) Perhaps it is not too much to say that one of the greatest problems of the twentieth century is what Dr J. H. Oldham has called the problem of race. That problem can be expressed in very simple language. It can be put into the form of a question : How can the nations of the world learn to get on with one another ? I suppose that there are many causes of war ; certainly there is no one cause of the conflict which has been raging all over the world, but the gist of every reason that plunges nations into war is that they cannot get on with one another. How can this be changed for the better ? Once again, I believe in building up international organisations which have as their purpose the achievement of international peace, but these in themselves are not enough. Historians have said that since the days of the Plantagenets there have been between twenty and thirty attempts to secure some kind of international peace by means of international agreement. The latest of these was the League of Nations, and all of them have broken down. If the United Nations which is to take the place of the old League of Nations is to have a greater measure of success, then something more is required, and once again I remind you of what I have already said : it is not unimportant how ordinary individuals comport themselves in such circumstances. We can begin with our own homes. As a pastor—and no doubt Dr Scott has had a similar experience—there are people in our own country who don't have a home at all. They have a civil war ! There are divisions and strifes and tensions betweens groups and classes in our own country. How can one expect our people to get on with Frenchmen and Germans and Russians and Japs and our cousins across the sea if we cannot get on with one another ? (Applause.) Now, I pin my hopes to friendly men and women in the ordinary walks of life. Great consequences sometimes flow from small causes, as every student of Christian history understands, and I pin my faith to men and women who walk through life in a spirit of friendship, and who kindle the fires of friendship wherever they go. Surely you and I can play our part there. It is said that in a certain street in London there are two churches on the same side of the street, which are some distance apart. If one walks that street in a certain direction one's eye might fall upon a wayside pulpit on which is displayed the legend outside the first church, " Make your worst enemy your best friend." On the second wayside pulpit poster outside the second church along the road are these words, " Your worst enemy is strong drink." You smile. One can see there has been some lack of co-operation between these two Christian churches, but certainly the first sentiment is entirely right. There is only one way to cast out an evil spirit and keep it out, and that is to put a better spirit in its place. In one of His most vivid parables Jesus Christ spoke long years ago

of the cleansed house which was left empty, swept and garnished. That is precisely what we achieved by force of arms in 1918. We laid low the spirit of militarism. We cleansed the world of that day of the things that threatened it. But we omitted to put something better in place of the expelled militaristic spirit, and the parable has come to life in our own time with the advent of seven other devils worse than the first. For me, the essence of Christianity is a boundless spirit of friendship that stops short of no individual, of no nation, that recognises no obstacle or difficulty, and that manifests itself in all the common walks of daily life. You and I can pour our contribution of friendship into the vast international complex of personal relationships that cover the whole wide world. Who can tell how far the ripples will travel if we begin with ourselves !

In the last place, to my mind the third great task is that we should achieve common moral and spiritual objectives. I shall not take up much of your time by going into this point at length, although perhaps it is the greatest task of all. I see these common moral and spiritual objectives in the Christian religion. They are implied by the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of man ; the Spirit that was in Jesus Christ and His vast world-wide conception of a Kingdom of God, embracing every nation, every race under the sun. As I began by saying, Christianity for us is the truth about the world in which we live, and the kind of lives we should live in it. It seems to me that history is constantly emphasising one great truth, and that is that God's world will work only in God's way. The Radio Padre, in a broadcast talk some time ago, told the following story : After the last war, you will remember, there was an amalgamation of all the railways in our country into four great groups. It so happened some time after the amalgamation took place that two worthies found themselves sitting in the same carriage of the same train and they began to converse with one another. Said the one to the other, " This amalgamation is a great idea. I believe in it. Here we are, sitting in the same carriage of the same train ; you are going to London and I am going to Glasgow. Isn't that wonderful ! " (Laughter.) Yes, it was certainly wonderful, but someone must have got out at the wrong destination. To adapt the story as a parable of our times : here we are in the same railway carriage of a planet, swinging round the same great central sun, and all subject to the same great physical and spiritual laws of a physical and spiritual universe, but we are not all moving in the same direction. The hearts and minds of men and nations are not set on the same great common moral and spiritual objectives in life, and the result is that our world is in danger of being torn to bits. I plead for the great spiritual principles of the Christian faith. I believe that a Christian world filled with men and women animated by the spirit of Christ would be the best of all possible worlds, and as a political philosopher, Mr Lionel Curtis, has put it in a book which I can commend as worthy of your attention, *Civitis Dei*, Jesus Christ has demonstrated what a wonderfully divine thing human life can be when it is animated by a great faith.

May every success and blessing attend the London Caledonian Society. (Loud applause.)

Past-President James Thomson in proposing " The President " said :

I had hoped after serving for so many years as immediate Past-President of the Society, and more or less vanished into oblivion, that I might have been excused any further duties at these functions, but when I was asked to propose the health of the President, no matter how incompetent or inadequate I might

be to do justice to such an important subject, I decided that I could not refuse the honour.

To go back to 1940 when our President first took over, we were living, as we did for over five years, in anxious times, when a policy of *laissez faire* might have been excusable, but our President had made up his mind that his tenure of office, which was later extended for the duration, should be an active one, otherwise the Society to-day might have been moribund. Through his efforts and enthusiasm the Society has been kept alive, and we enter the peace, the thorny paths of peace, with a membership that has not been allowed to slumber, but has had every inducement to carry on and follow out its destiny in the tradition which has been handed down to us for over a hundred years.

It has been my good fortune to reside in Edinburgh at the same time, and for about the same period, as Lord Alness. It has been a joy to meet him on many occasions, and to partake of his charming and generous hospitality. Lord Alness has mentioned a number of Scotsmen who have done tremendous things during the war, which redounds to the credit of Scotland. There is one serious omission which his modesty demanded, and that is himself. He is, as you know, a distinguished president and chairman of the Scottish Savings Committee, and since the inception of the Committee in 1939, no less than 715 million pounds have been raised in Scotland—a gigantic sum, due largely to the untiring efforts of Lord Alness. (Applause.) If any man deserves well, not only of Scotland, but of the whole country, it is he. You have no idea how much work, constant work, was necessary to achieve such a result. I often wondered how he did it and kept fit, but there you are, he did it. Long tours were made over the length and breadth of Scotland at all seasons of the year, and every one knows the sort of weather one can get throughout the length and breadth of Scotland at all seasons of the year. He has spoken at hundreds of meetings. I read one morning in the *Scotsman* in the depth of winter that Lord Alness the night before, when a frightful blizzard had been raging, had been addressing some meeting in an out of the way village some fifteen or twenty miles from Edinburgh, either thanking the local committee for their valiant efforts, or exhorting them to greater sacrifices in the cause. I remember, the night before, I had been sitting comfortably by the fireside with a book and something in a tumbler, while our President was battling his way home through the storm, quite happy, I am sure, but looking forward to something in a tumbler. Such adventurous journeys were not infrequent, but he never seemed to tire ; no matter how hard the going, he kept going. He must be what our American friends would call " a tough guy." (Applause.)

Then as a Lord-in-Waiting, and as Minister in charge of Scottish business in the House of Lords, he had to make frequent journeys to London. While he was one of these fortunate people who came within the scope of that blessed word " priority," and always commanded a sleeper, these journeys were tiring. Lesser mortals like myself had to take our places in the queue, and suffer or enjoy all the discomforts of a day journey.

We all know how brilliant our President has been—his legal and Parliamentary career : Lord Advocate, Secretary for Scotland, and Lord Justice Clerk for ten years, after which he was raised to the peerage. He has shed lustre on every office he has held. No one stands higher in the regard of the people in Scotland. His reputation in England is just as great ; in fact, his reputation is international. As president of the International Law Association, he comes in contact with all the leading legal luminaries of all the countries in the world. In Edinburgh, no important function is complete without him.

Every one expects that when he speaks they will listen to an address that will give them an intellectual stimulus. I need not tell brother Caledonians that his listeners are never disappointed. (Applause.)

Now that he is retiring from the presidency of the Scottish Savings Committee we shall miss him in Edinburgh, and while I can hardly visualise Lord Alness taking things easily, not a man of his atomic energy, I understand he will still have plenty to do to keep himself actively employed. Alness and idleness are not synonymous, but whatever he does, we may be sure that he will live up to the high standard which he has set for himself, and we trust that his great abilities will be for many years at the service of the country. (Hear, hear.)

This Society will be ever grateful to him, and I am sure he will help us in the future, as he has done in the past, by his inspiring example and fidelity to a cause so near to his heart as the tenets of the Caledonian Society. Our Historian, Past-President William Will, C.B.E., will not fail to record Lord Alness's services to the Society, and while he may not be able to say that he is the greatest President we have ever had, he can truthfully say he is the greatest President we have had in our time. (Applause.)

Lord Alness, in replying to the toast, said :

I am greatly moved by the gracious and generous words of my friend and brother Caledonian, Past-President James Thomson, and by the manner in which you have been good enough to endorse what he has said. Although I have been a politician in my time I hope that I remain a modest man. You will, therefore, judge of my embarrassment as I listened to the far too kind things which my friend has said about me. He has painted a picture of me which I can scarcely recognise. It is rather a picture of the man I would like to be than the man I am. None the less I am deeply grateful to Mr Thomson and to you.

It has been a great honour to be elected President of the Caledonian Society of London for five years. It also involved a great responsibility. I am glad to know that the work has met with the approval of my fellow members. The position would have been insupportable without the indulgence and the goodwill with which I have been encompassed on all hands during my terms of office. I rejoice that there is one thing that Hitler, with all his power, has been unable to destroy, and that is the spirit of the Caledonian Society of London. (Applause.)

And now, may I make an obvious, if subtle, jest : This is my Swan song. (Laughter.) I am pleased to know that I am to hand over the presidency of this ancient Society to Vice-President John Swan, a tried and faithful comrade. (Applause.) I wish him well. I hope his term of office will be in happier times than mine.

Now, you must not think me ungrateful—and I feel sure I shall consult your convenience—if I content myself by saying, from the bottom of my heart, " Thank you." (Loud applause.)

Past-Presidents and other holders of the gold badge saluted the President during the meeting; a new member, Mr J. J. Campbell was received; Pipe-Major Murdo Mackenzie gave his selection; and " Auld Lang Syne," heartily sung, ended a memorable meeting.

Obituary.

Past-President LOUDON MACQUEEN DOUGLAS.

Mr Douglas, who died at his residence, New Park House, Mid Calder, on 27th January, 1944, joined the Society in 1904, and was President in 1912–13.

When in London he took an active interest in the work of the Society, and, among other services, he contributed a Sentiment on his experiences on the Cairngorms.

Mr Loudon Douglas, a brother of Past-President John Douglas, was one of the founders of William Douglas, Ltd., Engineers, of Putney, established in Edinburgh in 1888, and opened in London in 1890.

Among his other activities Mr Douglas took a great interest in pig rearing, and to encourage the breeding of pigs he travelled extensively, on one occasion heading a mission to the Chartered Company of Rhodesia, in order that the company might be encouraged to breed pigs and establish bacon factories and creameries in their territory.

During the 1914–18 war, Mr Douglas was attached to the Ministry of Food, and he visited the Argentine in order to help towards the flow of food to this country.

Mr Douglas, who was a Life Managing Governor of the Royal Scottish Corporation, was eighty years of age.

SIR DAVID MILNE-WATSON, BT., T.D., D.L., LL.D.

Sir David Milne-Watson, Bt., T.D., D.L., Hon. LL.D. (Leeds), who died at Ashley Chase, Abbotsbury, Dorset, on Wednesday, 3rd October, 1945, at the age of seventy-six, joined the Society in 1938.

A native of Edinburgh, he was educated at Merchiston Castle School and at Edinburgh University, where he gained two degrees. He went to Balliol College,

Oxford, and from there to Marburg. In 1895 he contested the South-Eastern Division of Essex, and the next year was called to the Bar by the Middle Temple. In 1897 he joined the Gas Light and Coke Company, of which he became general manager in 1903, managing director in 1916, and governor in 1918, a position he held until his retirement in April, 1945.

A man of advanced views, he encouraged research, and assisted with the education of employees of the company to which he devoted his life. As a leader in the industry he was appointed to national and international bodies to consider labour and trade union relations, industrial organisation, agricultural subjects.

He was closely associated with Territorial volunteering, and was hon. colonel of the Rangers, King's Royal Rifle Corps.

In the 1914-1918 war he held several important positions, and he was also chairman of the Hospital Supplies Committee which supplied and equipped two of the largest general hospitals in London.

A correspondent in *The Times*, on his death, wrote :

" Sir David Milne-Watson, as governor of the Gas Light and Coke Company saw that company grow from an undertaking confined to the densely populated area of central and north London, until at the present day it covers a region from Windsor to the North Sea. In the great corporation many saw him, as indeed he liked to see himself, as the father of a great family, especially when he moved among them at gatherings of employees and their relatives. He was gifted with shrewd and quick perception and a long memory ; he was forthright in utterance, and he had a keen and at times mischievous sense of humour. Those with whom he came into contact both respected and loved him."

SIR WALTER LEITCH, KT., C.B.E.

The death took place in Australia in July, 1945, of one of our Vice-Presidents, who was called to public service in the country of his adoption in the year before he would have been called to the chair.

Sir Walter joined the Society in 1929, and soon became an extremely popular member. His ready wit,

happy address, and always helpful advice endeared him to his fellows, and his popularity was demonstrated by him being made Vice-President in 1932–33.

Sir Walter was a Roxburghshire man, and to the end kept close contact with his native county, of whose vernacular he was a master. In Australia, where he made his home, he filled many important public positions. He was a Commissioner of the State Savings Bank of Victoria ; Director of Munitions for the Commonwealth, 1915–19 ; member of the Commonwealth Tariff Board, 1922–29 ; and Agent-General for Victoria, Australia, 1921–23.

In commercial life he was a director of the engineering firm of Baker, Perkins, Ltd., England and U.S.A.

Sir Walter, who had lived in Australia for about forty years, and in America for three years, had travelled extensively in North, South, and Central America, and in South Africa.

THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY AT WAR.

A Record of Patriotic Work.

GREAT BRITAIN'S declaration of war against Germany called for a considerable rearrangement of the Society's work. On 28th September, 1939, at a special meeting of the Council it was decided that all evening meetings be suspended; but so that the organisation would be maintained, it was further agreed that occasional luncheons for members and friends should be held when circumstances permitted.

At that meeting, when nominations of office-bearers for the 1939-1940 session were made, Rule VI was suspended. This rule calls for the retirement annually of the three members of the Council with the smallest number of attendances during the session. It was felt that probably many members would be engaged on war work, and, consequently, be unable to attend meetings. The Council at that meeting was re-elected *en bloc*, and this custom continued throughout the war. A corollary of this was the suspension of Rule XII in February, 1940. Rule XII provides for the removal from membership of those who fail to attend five of the Society's meetings in two sessions, without giving what the Council considers sufficient reason.

At the business meetings held on 2nd November, 1939, it was agreed unanimously " That for the duration of the war the Council be empowered to decide all matters which they consider will be in the best interests of the Society, taking care to safeguard the ancient usages and established customs of the Society."

By April, 1940, the austerity of the previous six months was so much relaxed that a ladies' luncheon was held, this luncheon taking the place of the annual Festival hitherto held about that time. It was well attended.

This notwithstanding, the members were not inclined to celebrate too vigorously, for at the general meeting in March, 1940, a letter was read from a member requesting that the Society's piper should play at every gathering, and that " Auld Lang Syne " should be sung regularly ; but the Council " agreed unanimously to adhere to the previous resolution of the Council to keep all functions as decorous and quiet as possible during the war." And it was further arranged (October, 1940) " that future meetings of the Society should be held as circumstances permit."

The air-raids on London necessitated care in the holding of meetings ; but the members felt that the Society should not be allowed to disintegrate, but should defy the Hun and all his hellish work. Consequently it was agreed on 20th September, 1941, after a full discussion, that as far as practicable, the monthly luncheons should be resumed on the customary day, namely, the second Thursday in each month, with another ladies' luncheon in January, that the arrangements be left in the hands of a small committee, and that the President receive early intimation when a lunch was suggested.

As the months passed, food and restaurant labour became scarce and bombs continued to fall on London. It was found impossible to hold monthly meetings and luncheons, and it became more and more difficult to keep

the members together; but Lord Alness, whose succession to the presidency coincided with the most difficult period that London experienced, persisted in holding as many business meetings, followed by luncheons, as the physical conditions—food, man power, and bombs—made possible. That he succeeded this record will show. These meetings were held on 10th May, 1941; 20th September, 1941; 11th December, 1941; 17th January, 1942; 19th September, 1942; 30th January, 1943; 11th September, 1943; 30th September, 1944; 24th January, 1945; 29th September, 1945.

More meetings would have been held had it been possible to secure facilities, but the food and man power questions restricted the restaurateurs, and the continuous dropping of bombs made gatherings dangerous and officially unpopular. (It was on the night of one of our gatherings—10th May, 1941—that a great part of the City of London was destroyed by incendiary and high-explosive bombs.)

Notwithstanding all the difficulties, the Society continued to flourish. Lord Alness's war years of the presidency will remain memorable in the annals of the Society, for he refused to be beaten by the Hun and brought the Caledonian Society triumphantly into the peace of 1945.

Benevolent Work.

The Society's war activities were not confined to ordinary business and modified social meetings where prominent men were given a platform from which the war effort was promoted—men such as the late Sir Kingsley Wood, the then Chancellor of the Exchequer; His Excellency Jan Masaryk; Sir Harold Mackintosh; Sir William Darling, Lord Provost of Edinburgh; and General Wimberley, leader of the 51st Highland Division. We found other and material war work.

At a meeting of the Council of the Society on 28th September, 1939, the month in which war came, the suggestion was made that the Society should take the lead in reviving the Association of Scottish Societies which did such valiant work in the 1914-1918 war ; and it was agreed that a meeting be convened " of representatives of all Scottish societies in London and Greater London, including in each case, if possible, the president and secretary, in order to consider the desirability of forming an emergency organisation, representative of all the Scottish societies, for the promotion of desirable and necessary war work."

On 12th October, 1939, the meeting was held at the Royal Scottish Corporation Rooms, and Lord Alness accepted the presidency of the projected organisation which it was agreed should be formed. At our Council meeting on 12th November, the matter was further discussed, and it was agreed unanimously that the Caledonian Society should become a member. Two delegates were appointed to represent the Society. At the December Council meeting £100 was voted to the funds of the Association of Scottish Societies for the war work.

Later, Sir Andrew Duncan, Minister of Supply, collected a large sum of money for a home or hostel for Scottish service men passing through London. For this, the Duke of Buccleuch generously lent his town house. The two organisations united under the name " Caledonia," with our President, Lord Alness, at its head ; Mr Wm. M. Miller, our Hon. Treasurer, as his deputy ; and Mr P. N. McFarlane, our Hon. Secretary, as secretary. To the appeal issued for " Caledonia " the Caledonian Society of London responded with £100.

In September, 1944, the Society subscribed £100 to the London Scottish Regimental Benevolent Fund.

During the six years of war the Society continued its annual grants of £25 each to the Royal Scottish

Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools. Consequently, during the war years the Society as a corporate body subscribed £600 to charity, the members individually made their separate contributions to the objects mentioned, and as our members were responsible for contributing £2,805 to the Corporation for the six war years, we raised in all, over £3,400.

This record of the work of the Society in the great war of 1939-1945 is one of which Scots in London may well be proud.

Active Work in War Organisations.

In addition to the war work mentioned, many of the members and their families took part in activities of various kinds during the six years of war. These, as far as has been found possible, are recorded here, beginning with the President :

President The Right Hon. LORD ALNESS, P.C. (1935).

The war work of our President is known to all Scots men and women, and his radio broadcasts on Scotland's efforts at "Saving for Victory" have reached the ears of people all over the world.

In 1940 the late Sir Kingsley Wood, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, invited Lord Alness to act as president and chairman of the Scottish Savings Committee, and, in January, 1941, his lordship began the work, which he continued until the war was won, and he resigned office in November, 1945.

One of the outstanding features of the Savings Committee's activities in England and Scotland and Wales, was the series of " Savings Weeks," in which counties, cities, burghs and district councils set themselves the task of raising the savings of the people to the highest possible level. These " Weeks " were spread over a period of approximately three months in each of the war years, each locality choosing their own week and fixing their own target. They were allied to each of the fighting services.

Another feature of the savings campaign was the setting up of groups for week to week savings in factories, workshops, offices, schools, villages, streets, and social organisations. This work was continuous throughout the war. During Lord Alness's term of office the number of these groups increased from about 4,000 to over 17,000. From the commencement of the campaign to November, 1945, it is estimated that, through these groups, a sum of £57,000,000, divisible in the following categories, was contributed in savings : Places of employment £24,000,000 ; streets, etc., £21,000,000 ; schools, £10,000,000 ; other organisations, £2,000,000. The membership of these groups rose from 350,000 to 1,250,000, or twenty-five per cent. of the population of Scotland.

Into all these efforts Lord Alness threw his whole strength, and his voice was heard at meetings throughout the country, from Wigtown to Wick, large audiences in the main cities—Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and Dundee—having been addressed on several occasions. Besides taking a leading part in this public work, Lord Alness presided at all the meetings of the Scottish Savings Committee, and at conferences of representatives of local committees, and other bodies. It was strenuous work, amply rewarded, for, from the opening of the campaign until 30th October, 1945, Scotland had raised no less a sum than £785,484,993, of which £365,871,157 were in small savings.

The responses to the various special appeals were :

	Small Savings	*Total*
War Weapons Week .	£15,029,063	£50,028,675
Warship Week . .	11,741,787	57,754,446
Wings for Victory .	15,531,434	62,712,176
Salute the Soldier .	15,004,883	62,883,257
Thanksgiving . .	10,502,964	59,285,223

Besides conducting this great campaign for just one month short of five years, Lord Alness discharged his duties as a lord-in-waiting on the Royal Household, and piloted Scottish bills through the House of Lords.

A further activity in which Lord Alness was actively engaged was as chairman of a committee set up by the Secretary of State for Scotland in February, 1944, "to enquire into the organisation, staffing, curricula, and external services of agricultural colleges in Scotland, and the relationship of the colleges to the universities and to the research institutes, and to make recommendations." The work of this committee involved a considerable call upon Lord Alness's time and service. In the course of their deliberations, thirty meetings were held, at several of which evidence of the interested parties was taken. The report of the committee was completed in November, 1945.

Lord Alness was also a member of the Secretary of State for Scotland's (Mr Thomas Johnston's) Council of State. This body consisted of Lord Alness, Sir Archibald Sinclair, Colonel Walter Elliot, Colonel John Colville, and Mr Ernest Brown, all ex-Secretaries for Scotland, and was for consultation in regard to Scottish affairs. By this means the Secretary of State for Scotland was enabled to present to the Cabinet bills which had the approval of all parties in Scotland.

The Right Hon. J. T. Falconer, LL.B., Lord Provost of Edinburgh, contributed to the December, 1945, number of the *Scottish War Savings Bulletin*, the following tribute :

I am very happy that I have been given the honour of writing a small tribute to Lord Alness on his retirement. I am sure he is already conscious of the very deep regret with which we all heard the news that we were to lose the services and the inspiration of our tried and valued leader. Lord Alness has, indeed, been more than a leader. His Scottish blood has enabled him to bring to his great task an intimate knowledge of what was required to attract from the people of Scotland their utmost efforts. The gifts of eloquence with which he is so strikingly endowed have been used with effect. In addition, he has brought to his task an untiring devotion which has been an example to us all. No city or town was too far distant for him to visit, nor was any meeting ever considered by him too small to attend, and he always rendered of his best. He gave strength in Scotland to the Savings Movement by invariably uniting it

with the call for that personal sacrifice which elevated it to the highest level of patriotism. That Scotland should have achieved under his guidance such magnificent results will be of itself a memorable tribute to his success, and will, I hope, ever be a satisfaction to him. He finishes his task with the knowledge that by his influence he has re-enforced and strengthened the bonds which bind all Scotsmen and Scotswomen in the service of the great country which they love. Our deep gratitude goes with him, and I hope also the assurance that he will remain in the hearts and affections of those to whom he has given such distinguished service and whom he has so often cheered and stimulated in the dark days of war.

LADY ALNESS.—Was an ambulance driver in the A.R.P. at Bournemouth for nearly five years; since A.R.P. closed down has worked in what is known as the National Services Canteen, which is run by all the churches in Bournemouth, in combination, and is still (November, 1945) serving a large number of meals every day.

JOHN R. ALDRIDGE (1945).

On Civil Defence, Kingston-on-Thames, from September, 1938, to June, 1945; Home Guard, 53rd and 64th Surrey, from June, 1941, to January, 1945.

MRS J. R. ALDRIDGE.—From October, 1939, served with W.V.S., Kingston-on-Thames, and is still (October, 1945) engaged on W.V.S. work.

IAN M. BAILEY (1933).

Was commissioned sub-lieutenant, R.N.V.R., January, 1939; called up August, 1939; appointed to H.M.S. *Norfolk*, Home Fleet cruiser, September, 1939; lieutenant, December, 1939; Royal Naval Air Station, Ford, April, 1940; Operations Division, Admiralty, May, 1940; acting lieutenant-commander, September, 1942; acting commander, August, 1943; demobilised 1st November, 1945.

R. GRAHAM BAILEY (1933).

Member of R.A.F.V.R.; pilot officer, R.A.F., Hawkinge, September, 1941; flying officer, October, 1941; flight lieutenant, February, 1942, and appointed to Air Ministry; subsequently in North Africa and on the Continent of Europe; returned to Air Ministry; demobilised October, 1945.

T. H. BANKIER (1920).

Served throughout the whole war with the Wimbledon Division of the British Red Cross, first as honorary secretary and later as deputy chairman.

L. DUNCAN BENNETT, O.B.E., M.C., T.D. (1938).

When Colonel Bennett was released from the active list in October, 1945, he had completed over thirty-one years' continuous service with the Territorial Army, having entered the London Scottish as a private in August, 1914; he served in the 1914-1918 war and emerged as captain, having won the Military Cross in 1918.

In 1937 as lieutenant-colonel he took charge of the London Scottish, and it was in command of the regiment that he entered the war in September, 1939.

On completing his tenure of command of the 1st Battalion he was promoted to the rank of full colonel and was appointed Commander Maidstone Sub-area, remaining an officer of the London Scottish on the General List.

In September, 1943, he was selected for command of 67 Garrison in B.N.A.F.; went to North Africa, and in March, 1944, was appointed commander of 209 Sub-Area in C.M.F. (Italy). During the last six weeks of his service he was appointed commander 54 Area in Naples, and held the acting rank of brigadier.

For services in Italy he was awarded a "Mention in Despatches," and was released from the active list in October, 1945. He was awarded the O.B.E.

JAMES GEORGE BLACKHALL (1934).

†HAROLD ANDERSON BLACKHALL, C.A. (only son).—Joined the Royal Navy in September, 1940, as an ordinary seaman, and among his early duties was a visit to Canada to take over one of the fifty American destroyers leased to Britain. Then followed twelve months' patrolling activity in the Atlantic. He was commissioned in December, 1941, and joined the destroyer *Vortigern*. In March, 1942, this ship, while engaged on escort duty in the North Sea, was sunk during an action against E-boats and Lieutenant Blackhall lost his life.

FOSTER BROWN (1930).

Engaged in postal and telegraph censorship in London and Liverpool from 4th September, 1939, to August, 1944; in the Royal Borough of Kensington Fire Guard from March, 1941, onwards; was party and street party leader.

MRS A. L. ALEXANDER (daughter).—Police headquarters, Trinidad; Red Cross work in Tobago, B.W.I.

J. J. CAMERON (1931).

In 1939 Captain Cameron was elected deputy chairman, Shipwrecked Mariners' Society, and acted as chairman throughout the war. (The society's war relief amounted to £513,142, largely voluntary contributions.) Captain Cameron was a member of the executive committee of the Indian Comforts Fund, which has cared for the welfare of Indian troops and seamen in this country, and provided Indian prisoners of war with food, clothing, etc.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL (1930).

Civil Defence officer (Ministry of Works) from outbreak of war to the stand down in 1945. Home Guard officer (Ministry of Works) from formation to stand down.

PRIVATE J. A. CAMPBELL (son).—Joined 2nd Battalion London Scottish in April, 1939; called up September; until July, 1942, on anti-invasion duties; then overseas with the 1st Battalion, served in Iraq, Palestine, Egypt; and with the 50th Division invaded Sicily; then in Italy with the 56th London Division; with R.E.M.E. in June, 1944; continued with 56th Division until defeat of Germany; demobilised November, 1945. Decorations: 1939-45 Star, Africa Star, Italy Star, T.A. Long Service.

JOHN J. CAMPBELL (1945).

Served with 6th Battalion, Hertfordshire, Home Guard from May, 1940, to the stand down in December, 1944.

GEORGE MIRRLEES CRAIG (1937).

GEORGE H. CRAIG (son).—When war broke out was an Essex Regiment Territorial officer; in 1939 promoted captain; in 1941 major A.A.R.A. H.Q.; in 1944 promoted to be lieutenant-colonel; serving with S.E.A.C. as A.A.Gen.

†Robert Craig (son).—In 1938 a sergeant in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders; in France 1939-1940; fought with the 51st Highland Division, and died in November, 1940, as a consequence of his active service.

Hugh Craig, O.B.E. (son).—A territorial (Essex Regiment) captain when war broke out; in 1940 promoted to be major in a Heavy A.A. Battery, R.A. In 1943 was promoted lieutenant-colonel; served in Germany; awarded Military O.B.E. in 1945.

Jean Craig (daughter).—M.T. driver W.R.N.S.; serving in H.M. Dockyard, Chatham, Kent.

JAMES R. CRAWFORD (1930).

Chief inspector and co-ordinating officer, Norwich City Special Constabulary, 1938-1942; deputy chairman, Eastern Zone Committee of Chocolate and Confectionary, W.T.A.; member of Scottish Zonal Committee; member of Central Distribution Committee, Chocolate and Confectionery, W.T.A., from 1940 to date (November, 1945).

J. O. DAVIDSON (1923).

Served at County of Roxburgh Red Cross Prisoners of War Parcels Packing Station at Hawick from May, 1943, to May, 1945, when depot was closed.

WILLIAM DALGARNO (1939).

Murray Dalgarno (son).—In July, 1941, became a cadet in R.A.F.; immediately began training in Cornwall as a pilot; completed training at Dallas, Texas, U.S.A.; crashed in U.S.A.; injuries grounded him for flying duties; transferred to Royal Marines in 1944; posted to Pacific flagship *Duke of York*; in action in Japanese waters; still serving (November, 1945).

JAMES R. DENNY (1945).

Served as warden, Civil Defence Service, from August, 1938, until November, 1944.

James Denny (son).—Has served in the Royal Navy since October, 1939, and later as engineer-lieutenant, stationed at H.M. Dockyard, Ceylon.

A. R. C. FLEMING (1936).

From June, 1940, to July, 1941, was at the Board of Trade as an assistant chief accountant; from July, 1941, to April, 1942, chief accountant; from April, 1942, to date (November, 1945) an assistant secretary; from November, 1940, to April, 1942, a squad leader, Fire Guard; from April, 1942, till stand down December, 1944, private in Home Guard.

Dr ROBERT FREW, M.B., Ch.B., B.Sc. (1924).

Medical officer in charge of the Wickford First Aid Post, from September, 1939, to June, 1945; captain and medical officer of the Wickford Company of the Home Guard from 1940 to 1945.

Mrs Frew.—Commandant of the Essex 152nd Detachment of the British Red Cross from 19th September, 1939, and still (November, 1945) holds this office; day superintendent of Wickford First Aid Post until June, 1945; British Red Cross representative of next-of-kin of prisoners of war.

Thomas Frew (son).—A member of the Cambridge University Home Guard; since August, 1945, he has been a surgeon-lieutenant in the R.N.V.R.

James Frew (son).—N.C.O. in the Cambridge University Home Guard.

JOHN A. GEMMELL (1934).

From September, 1940, to January, 1945, served in A.R.P. First Aid Post, North End, East Grinstead, Sussex.

SIR ALEXANDER GIBB, G.B.E., C.B., LL.D., F.R.S., F.R.S.E. (1929).

Sir Alexander Gibb is the senior partner of the great firm which bears his name. The firm are consulting engineers to the Admiralty, Ministry of Supply, Ministry of Works, Ministry of Aircraft Production, Ministry of War Transport, Board of Trade, Central Electricity Board, North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board, Government of Australia, Government of Turkey, Government of Persia, Government of Venezuela, Government of Colombia, and many industrial firms which have been engaged in war work.

Since the war came in September, 1939, the firm has designed and supervised work to the value of £70,000,000, with a staff which reached a peak of 1,700.

Sir Alexander has had many honours given him. He is a Brigadier-General R.M. retired ; Commander of the Order of the Crown of Belgium ; he wears the Distinguished Service Medal (Naval) American ; he is a Grand Officer of the Order of Boyaca (Colombia) ; and he had conferred upon him the Grand Cross Order of the Three Stars First Class (Latvia). But the honour which perhaps he values more than others is his membership of the King's Bodyguard for Scotland, The Royal Company of Archers.

ALISTAIR M. GIBB (son).—Joined the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry as a second-lieutenant in 1925, and by January, 1940, he had been promoted to major ; went overseas in 1940 at the beginning of the battle of El Alamein, where the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry were heavily engaged ; was promoted to lieutenant-colonel and placed in command of the regiment, a post he held 1942-1944, including action in Italy.

JOCELYN E. GIBB (son).—Also joined the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry in 1937, as second-lieutenant ; went overseas with his regiment in 1940, but was invalided home in 1941 ; transferred to the War Office, where he rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel and became G.S.O.1.

MICHAEL E. GIBB (son).—Became a trooper in September, 1939 ; later obtained a commission in the Inns of Court Regiment ; he was promoted to major in that regiment commanding a squadron, and is still (November, 1945) with them in Germany ; mentioned in despatches.

WILLIAM G. GRAY (1933).

——— GRAY (son).—Joined the Gordon Highlanders from Glasgow University, and after a year's training in this country went on draft to S.E.A.C., and was being sent to join the 2nd Dorsets in Burma when the Japs surrendered. Is with the Dorsets as part of the Army of Occupation of Japan (November, 1945).

WILLIAM HENRY HARRIES (1932).

Member of L.D.V. and Home Guard, section leader fire watcher, and train marshal.

WILLIAM BRUCE HARRIES (son).—Sergeant in R.A.F.V.R. ; saw service at Dunkirk and in India.

DONALD STUART HARRIES (son).—Officer in the City of London Special Police, and sergeant-major in the Home Guard.

LESLIE A. HARRINGTON (1943).

Throughout the war engaged on war work as metropolitan area branch manager of Messrs John I. Thorneycroft.

THOMAS HAY, M.V.O (1929).

Assisted to organise the Dig for Victory Campaign.

ROY E. HAY (son).—With Ministry of Agriculture Intelligence Division organising Dig for Victory campaign ; joined the army 1942, but seconded to be agricultural adviser to Malta Government from January, 1943, until August, 1945 ; in September, 1945, was appointed seed and horticultural adviser to the Control Commission for Germany.

IAN C. M. HILL (1929).

Joined the Thames Division of the Metropolitan Police as a War Reserve constable, and served in the first years of the war ; from July, 1940, to May, 1945, was in the Ministry of Aircraft Production ; at the latter date he was deputy Director-General of Materials Production.

DAVID HOUSTON (1936).

JOHN HOUSTON (son).—Joined 3rd Battalion London Scottish as gunner in April, 1939 ; in August was lance-bombardier ; in September, bombardier ; in October, 1940, sergeant ; transferred to R.A.O.C., September, 1941 ; to O.C.T.U., December, 1941 ; 2nd lieutenant, July, 1942 ; captain, October, 1943 ; was in London with the London Scottish A.A. defences during the London air raids, 1940-1941, thereafter with the R.A.O.C. at their Greenford Depot until April, 1945, when he was posted abroad, first to Italy and thereafter to Austria, from which latter he came home to be demobilised at end of October, 1945.

JAMES C. HOUSTON (son).—Entered R.A.M.C. and was commissioned as lieutenant in July, 1941, captain in October, 1941, and major in August, 1945 ; served in various hospitals in England and Scotland till April, 1942, when he went to India with the 60th British General Hospital ; graded as medical specialist January, 1944, and attached to 21st British General Hospital in India.

W. O. HUNTER (1935).

COLIN DOUGLAS HOPE HUNTER, M.C. (elder son).—Called up as Territorial when war broke out ; lieutenant 4th Battalion Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders ; in France as intelligence officer of his battalion ; was with the 51st (Highland) Division from January to June, 1940 ; won the Military Cross in the fierce fighting prior to the surrender of France, the citation in the *Gazette* reading : " Lieutenant Hunter displayed conspicuous daring and inspiring devotion to duty as battalion intelligence officer. In the course of his work he never spared himself or thought for an instant of his personal safety. After a telephone line had been cut he made several reconnaissances during an enemy attack and brought back information of great value." He was severely wounded at St Valery and with the 51st Division was taken prisoner ; escaped from hospital in August, 1940 ; was taken charge of and hidden in Paris by a brave Anglo-French lady, through whose ingenuity and daring, and the assistance of the Rev. Dr Caskie, Church of Scotland, Paris, he escaped to this country in January, 1941 ; mentioned in despatches ; (Incidentally when hiding in a Paris flat, to his great joy he heard a broadcast service from London by the Rev. Dr Scott, St Columba's.) He was posted to the 1st Battalion Camerons

two months later, promoted captain; went to India as commander of D Company; went to Burma; chief instructor at a battle school; promoted major early 1944; took part in the heavy jungle fighting at Kohima and Imphal; went to Quetta Staff College in January, 1945; appointed brigade major to own brigade, 5th Infantry.

IAN BRUCE HOPE HUNTER, M.B.E. (younger son).—Joined army October, 1939; posted to R.A.S.C., Aldershot, as private, assisted in training others; posted to O.C.T.U. and passed out first in class of fifty cadets; within a year promoted captain; with the 6th Armoured Division went to North Africa in October, 1942; from Tunis to Italy as a staff officer, 5th Corps, 8th Army, till end of campaign; in April, 1944, promoted major; for his work in North Africa and Italy awarded M.B.E. in June, 1945.

DOREEN ISABELLA CLOUDSLEY HUNTER (eldest daughter). — From September, 1939, until her marriage, an ambulance driver at Westminster Ambulance Station.

ENID BARBARA HUNTER (second daughter).—V.A.D. at St George's Hospital on outbreak of war; in October, 1941, liaison officer, Prisoner of War H.Q. for Hackney and Stoke Newington; officer in charge of whole London area to keep in touch with relatives of prisoners of war in German hands; in September, 1944, assistant county secretary with rank of major.

JEAN ELINOR PIM (youngest daughter).—Assisted at St George's Hospital, from beginning until end of war, as Red Cross nurse and occasionally helped the lady almoner.

ROBERT JARDINE (1934).

Served as A.R.P. warden from July, 1939 to 1945.

MARGARET JARDINE (daughter).—Nurse at Middlesex Hospital, London.

HELEN JARDINE (daughter).—Nurse at Middlesex Hospital, London.

Past-President R. S. KENNEDY (1918).

Engaged in Admiralty and merchant shipping work; sector air raid warden in Ferring, Sussex.

MRS R. S. KENNEDY.—W.V.S. organiser in Ferring; engaged in canteen work; was milk officer and was also in charge of blood transfusion.

†JOHN ROSS KENNEDY, D.S.O., O.B.E., A.M.Inst.C.E., A.M.I.C.E. (son).—Territorial soldier since 1925; was in France with the B.E.F. in 1939, as lieutenant-colonel in the 23rd Division Royal Engineers (T.A.); in June, 1940, he transferred to the 50th (N) Division, R.E., and was C.R.E.; later he served with our forces in the Middle East; he was killed in action in June, 1942, near Tobruk; the 50th Division got back to Egypt with heavy losses; he was promoted colonel just before he was killed. Colonel Kennedy had interesting and exciting experiences in the retreat to Dunkirk. Part of his work was the blowing up of bridges to retard the German tanks and infantry, and this he did, and was mentioned in despatches, "with complete disregard of personal safety." For these and other services Colonel Kennedy received the D.S.O. (11th June, 1940), and was mentioned for distinguished services in the field on 25th April, 1941.

ALEXANDER ROBERT KENNEDY (son).—Trained for the Royal Navy when at Oundle School in 1926; in 1937 was serving in H.M.S. *Vindictive* as a lieutenant-commander and navigation instructor; became navigator on H.M.S. *Fiji*; squadron navigator on H.M.S. *Birmingham*; has been for some time the commander of H.M.S. *Anson*, serving in the East.

WALTER SINCLAIR KENNEDY, D.F.C. (son).—Joined the R.A.F. as an aircraftsman in June, 1940, having been released by the Sudan Government with which he was serving; his first duties were in the R.A.F. Training Squadron, Iraq; in December, 1940, promoted pilot officer, and in September, 1941, flying officer, 47th Squadron, R.A.F., and later squadron leader; in the *London Gazette* of 29th April, 1941, the following appeared on the occasion of Pilot Officer Kennedy receiving the D.F.C.:

"One day in March, 1941, this officer was the pilot of an aircraft engaged on a bombing attack on a selected target in the Cheren area. At the conclusion of his run over the target he was attacked by two enemy fighters. Incendiary bullets caused petrol from the port main tank to catch fire. As his air-gunner was severely wounded he refused to abandon his aircraft and succeeded in extinguishing the flames, although a portion of the fittings of the main tank remained smouldering throughout the remainder of the flight. In order to obtain immediate medical assistance for his wounded air-gunner Pilot Officer Kennedy did not attempt to alight at an advanced landing ground but returned to base where he successfully accomplished a difficult landing."

SHEILA KENNEDY (daughter).—From January to July, 1939, was a probationer at Watford Memorial Hospital; in the latter year was a V.A.D. 2nd grade in the R.N. Hospital; in 1940 promoted to 1st grade in R.N. Sick Quarters, Great Yarmouth; has six years' service stripes in R.N., and ranked as an officer R.N.; for past two years V.A.D. (November, 1945.)

ROBERT Y. KENNEDY (1945).

Joined R.N.V.R. Supplementary Reserve in July, 1939; called on active service January, 1940, with temporary rank of paymaster sub-lieutenant, R.N.V.R.; on staff of flag officer-in-charge, Great Yarmouth; Alexandria April, 1941; sent to Crete to the staff of Rear Admiral Morse (then captain), naval officer-in-charge of island ports; evacuated to Alexandria in May, 1941, after the Germans attacked the island; then to Haifa; to Beirut in July, 1941, with the advance naval party; here he acted as secretary to the naval officer-in-charge during the exciting events leading to the battle of El Alamein; naval liaison officer with French Navy in Beirut during political friction between British, French, and Syrian authorities; left Beirut in February, 1945; after service leave was again sent overseas, and served for two months on the staff of the naval liaison officer at 21st Army Group H.Q.; in July, 1945, appointed to H.M.S. *Scotia* as secretary to the commanding officer; still serving there (November, 1945).

ROBERT TURNBULL LANG (1925).

ROBERT KENNETH LANG (son).—Joined R.A. as gunner 4th September, 1939; went to Africa with first batch under Lord Wavell, as sergeant-major; promoted lieutenant for services in the field; sent to Persia in 1942 in charge of depot handling stores on Persian Gulf; in 1944 promoted captain and became O.C./Orders at Persian G.H.Q. till end of war.

ROBERT TURNBULL LANG (grandson).—Joined R.A.F. in October, 1937; one of the first twelve over Dunkirk, where he was wounded; on operational work till, in 1942, brought down in North Sea, and rescued; continued till the raid on Duisburg, April, 1943, when he was brought down and only man in his plane saved. Spent the rest of his time as a prisoner-of-war in Germany under varying conditions (military control decent, S.S. control beastly) till he was in

the thirteen days' march from Poland to West Germany, without food, except what could be picked up from the hedgerows; on the last day he stumbled from faintness and had a bayonet thrust through his stomach; back home, recovered, and back on duty again (November, 1945).

FRANK ERIC LANG (grandson).—Joined Royal Navy as cadet in 1945 (age seventeen), now training for his commission as a permanent naval man.

SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE LIVINGSTONE (1937).

IAN MACKENZIE LIVINGSTONE (son).—In the Merchant Navy since the outbreak of war until his release in November, 1945.

DONALD MACKENZIE LIVINGSTONE (son).—Was on the continent when war broke out; commissioned in the R.A.O.C.; demobilised October, 1945.

AIDAN MACKENZIE LIVINGSTONE (son).—Joined the army (1944) when he was seventeen; was placed in a special unit and invalided out in 1945.

WILLIAM McCLYMONT (1937).

SHEILA McCLYMONT (Sheila Roy, actress, daughter).—Entertained troops under the British Council; director, Sir Lewis Casson.

MAY ISABELLA McCLYMONT (daughter).—Special work at Air Ministry, Whitehall.

MARJORY McCLYMONT (daughter).—Engaged on N.F.S. work.

JOHN LAIRD McCOWAN (1938).

Air Raid Warden, Civil Defence, Wood Green, from January, 1940, to May, 1945.

†JOHN ALEXANDER McCOWAN (twin son).—Warrant officer (pilot R.A.F., Rhodesia); killed in action, aged twenty-two.

JAMES ADAMS McCOWAN (twin son).—Second officer, Merchant Navy; on service from 1939 and still serving (November, 1945).

Past-President ALEXANDER MACDONALD (1913).

MRS MACDONALD.—Member of the W.V.S. with the Putney Division until the division ceased operations at the end of the war.

IAN D. MACDONALD (eldest son).—Joined the Emergency Medical Services on the outbreak of war, and served at various hospitals in this country; joined the R.A.M.C. in 1940 as a lieutenant; in November, 1945, still serving (with the rank of major) part of the time in a hospital ship in the Mediterranean.

†ALEXANDER W. L. MACDONALD (second son).—As an Inns of Court Territorial was mobilised shortly before the declaration of war; had a short course of training with the Scots Greys at Edinburgh; later joined the Notts Yeomanry, better known as the Sherwood Rangers; from the Rangers went as liaison officer to the Third Division in France, and served immediately under Field-Marshal Montgomery. This promising young soldier was killed at Bray les Dune, in June, 1940.

M. S. MACDONALD (youngest son).—Joined the Scots Guards O.C.T.U., from Cambridge University; served as a guardsman, was commissioned second-lieutenant, later being promoted lieutenant; wounded in Germany, returned to this country for demobilisation and returned to Cambridge.

JEAN MACDONALD (daughter).—Joined the V.A.D. at the outbreak of war and transferred to the W.R.N.S. in September, 1941; served at Dundee, Rosyth, Invergordon, and at Alexandria (Egypt); was at the last-named place for two and a half years and was demobilised in October, 1945.

Past-President SIR MURDOCH MACDONALD, K.C.M.G., C.B., M.P. (1924).

RODERICK HUGH MACDONALD (son).—Was a lieutenant in the Royal Marine Engineers when war broke out; promoted captain in 1941; major in 1945.

ALEXANDER MUNRO MACDONALD (son).—Was a lieutenant in the 126th Regiment, R.A., and in 1941 was promoted captain; demobilised 1945.

DR J. F. MACDONALD (1923).

Medical officer Civil Defence Casualty Service, Central Area, Essex, during the period of the war.

MRS J. F. MACDONALD.—W.V.S., Chelmsford, Essex, during the period of the war.

JOHN MORRISON MACDONALD (son).—At age of eighteen joined Reconnaissance Corps, September, 1944.

MRS HUGHINA DEWAR (daughter).—Canadian Red Cross, from April, 1942, until April, 1943; American Red Cross, May, 1943, to end of the war.

Past-President P. N. McFARLANE, F.R.S.E., F.S.A.(Scot.) (1920).

To assist him in his work as president and chairman of the Scottish Savings Committee, Lord Alness appointed Past-President McFarlane to be one of his assistants. As Savings Development Officer in Industry for Scotland Mr McFarlane joined the movement in January, 1941, and until he resigned in December, 1944, he visited all parts of Scotland, successfully advocating the value of saving for victory. Since January, 1945, has acted as organising secretary of the Scottish Veterans' Garden City Association, whose object is to raise £500,000 to provide cottages with gardens for permanently disabled men of the Navy, Army, Air Force, and Merchant Navy.

NEIL PETER MCFARLANE (son).—In the spring of 1941, was a member of O.C.T.U., Dunbar; later same year second-lieutenant 4th Battalion Black Watch; 1941 to 1943 at Gibraltar, promoted lieutenant, captain and adjutant; 1943 to 1944, staff-captain, Northern Sub-section, Scottish Command; 1944 to 1945, assistant town major, France and Belgium; town major, Germany; in summer, 1945, town major, Copenhagen, until demobilised in 1945.

Past-President J. F. McLEOD (1909).

NORMAN MCLEOD (son).—At outbreak of war serving as station adjutant at No. 8 Flying Training School, R.A.F.; went to Canada, January, 1940, on loan to R.C.A.F.; appointed senior administrative officer, Technical Training School, St Thomas, Ontario, with rank of wing commander; serving (1945) with a coastal command unit in Scotland as station administrative officer.

MARGARET A. MCLEOD (daughter).—Member of the W.V.S., 1939; member of Kinross-shire Food Control Committee; supervisor W.V.S. canteen for the forces at Milnathort; food and canteen assistant for Kinross-shire, 1942; member of East Scotland Canteen Trust Fund; collector of street savings (National Savings).

Past-President JOHN MACMILLAN (1921).

MRS JOHN MACMILLAN.—One of the chief organisers and workers throughout the whole war for the making of and collecting of comforts for the forces under the local headquarters of the Red Cross.

IAN ARCHIBALD MACMILLAN (son).—In 1939 rejected by London Scottish owing to injured arm; secured commission in 1940 in R.A.S.C. and went to Middle East, March, 1941; lieutenant with staff appointment; captain on staff in Persia and Iraq Force; major and lieutenant-colonel and inspector of petrol supplies to G.H.Q. staff, entailing liaison with Russia; twice mentioned in despatches; in 1945 sent to Berlin to become deputy-controller of transport.

EVIE MACMILLAN (elder daughter).—Joined A.R.P. 1938, served for a year; transferred to Y.M.C.A. Mobile Canteens; drove a mobile canteen throughout 1940 air raids; succoured blitzed people at "incidents" at docks and East End; is still driving a canteen (November, 1945).

ERIC DUNCAN MACMILLAN (1931).

Elder son of Past-President John Macmillan; joined Home Guard at its creation, May, 1940, and served until stand down; in charge of L.D.V. section; sergeant musketry instructor to 19th Middlesex Battalion, transferred to staff, with rank of lieutenant, as liaison officer; transferred in 1941 to S. sector, London district, with rank of captain, as staff officer in charge of liaison between Home Guard and regular army.

A. MACMURCHY (1927).

MRS MACMURCHY.—Joined W.V.S. and served from February, 1942, to date (November, 1945).

A. F. MACMURCHY (son).—From second-lieutenant 1st London Scottish won promotion to major; attached to Indian Army; served from 3rd September, 1939, to date (November, 1945).

M. MACMURCHY (daughter).—Served in F.A.N.Y. until November, 1939.

JOHN MACNISH (1939).

From February, 1940, to September, 1942, served with the R.A.S.C., and from October, 1942, to August, 1945, was with the R.A.O.C., retiring on the latter date with the rank of major.

DR IAN McPHERSON (1932).

Joined R.A.M.C. in May, 1942, and was attached to York Military Hospital until October of the same year; came to London and was attached to H.Q. London District; later he dealt with demobilisation problems at the London Dispersal Unit.

JOHN MENZIES (1904).

†JOHN WATHERSTON MENZIES, D.F.C. (son).—Joined the London Scottish as a private in 1939; served in Anti-Aircraft Battalion; transferred to the Royal Air Force as pilot officer; promoted flight lieutenant; won the D.F.C., reported missing July, 1944, while on a special mission, and subsequently presumed lost.

MONA MORRISON MENZIES (daughter).—Served as an officer in the W.A.A.F.

Hon. Treasurer WILLIAM M. MILLER (1935).

Joined Local Defence Volunteers on formation in June, 1940; was promoted captain B company, 13th Middlesex Battalion, after the L.D.V. was renamed Home Guard, until stand down in December, 1944; acted as vice-president of "Caledonia," the hostel for Scottish soldiers in London.

Past-President WILLIAM MILN (1920).

Was war emergency food controller for Chalfont St Giles for about two years.

MRS WILLIAM MILN.—From 1941 was nursing member of British Red Cross; from June, 1938, to end of hostilities, warden of A.R.P.; from July, 1942, to end of hostilities, chief salvage steward for Chalfont St Giles.

MURRAY VINEY MILN (son).—In 1939 enlisted in Grenadier Guards; 1940, second-lieutenant 1st Battalion Black Watch; 1941, lieutenant; 1942, in India with 2nd Battalion Royal Berkshire Regiment, captain; 1944-45 served in Burma with the Berkshires (19th Indian Division); 1945 to date (November, 1945), reposted to Black Watch, serving with 4th Selection and Training Battalion, 45th Division.

D. M. MITCHELL (1938).

53rd Kent Home Guard, May, 1940; corporal, September, 1940; sergeant April, 1941; lieutenant, September, 1941, to command platoon; awarded Card of Commendation by G.O.C., London District, for services in connection with bombing of Orpington Post Office, September, 1940; served until stand down in December, 1944.

SIR ALEXANDER R. MURRAY, K.C.I.E., C.B.E. (1935).

Was voluntary food organiser for the Hughenden parish, Bucks, and adjacent areas; and was engaged in other work of national importance.

†ALEXANDER GRANT MURRAY, B.A. (only son).—Joined the London Scottish as a private in April, 1939, commissioned in December, 1939, as second-lieutenant in the 5th (Caithness and Sutherland) Battalion Seaforth Highlanders; lieutenant in June, 1941; captain in August, 1942; landed in Egypt in August, 1942, with his regiment, in the 51st (Highland) Division, and was with the 8th Army during the victorious fighting from Egypt to Sicily; wounded at the battles of El Alamein and Wadi Akarit; returned with his regiment to England in November, 1943; in Normandy with the British Army of Liberation on D-day, 6th June, 1944; was engaged in the fighting east and south of Caen until August, 1944, when he was killed leading D company, of which he had just taken charge, in a successful attack on an objective that had been holding up the advance along the Falaise Road.

WALTER B. MORISON (1941).

With many other city men took part in munition making in spare time in the City of London.

HECTOR GORDON MORISON (son).—Joined the R.A.F. in March, 1940; commissioned March, 1941; posted to office of Assistant Chief of Air Staff (Intelligence) till D-Day, engaged gathering information from crashed German aircraft; after D-Day securing information from captured documents for the use of Allied research institutes and of industry; promoted to be squadron leader.

WALTER MCDONALD MORISON (son).—Joined the R.A.F. in September, 1939; from January to May, 1940, was in No. 1 Initial Training Wing, Cambridge; June-November, same year, with No. 7 Flying Training School, Peterborough; commissioned November, 1940; from December, 1940, to January, 1941, was at No. 1 School of Army Co-operation, Old Sarum; January and February, 1941, with No. 241 Army Co-operation Squadron, Inverness; from February, 1941, to May, 1942, instructor to No. 20 Officers' Training Unit,

Lossiemouth; May and June in same year with No. 103 Bomber Squadron; June, 1942, to April, 1945, prisoner-of-war in Germany—at Stalag Luft III, and at Stalag IVc to which he was sent after an attempt to escape was frustrated after being at liberty for ten days, and just as he had climbed into a German plane intending to attempt a flight to a neutral country.

J. M. NAPIER (1933).

From 1941 to 1945 on Fire Guard duty; from 1943 to 1945 was Party Leader, Hammersmith Civil Defence.

ALEXANDER ROBERTSON (1937).

LESLIE ALEXANDER ROBERTSON (son).—From March, 1938, to August, 1939, was in the London A.F.S., having been one of the first to join; September, 1939, to October, 1940, assisted in organising the Government's Education Scheme for London; November, 1940, to December, 1942, deputy rest centre officer (L.C.C. Rest Service); January, 1944, to July, 1945, rest centre officer; volunteered for military service, but rejected on medical grounds.

DOUGLAS GEORGE ROBERTSON (son).—From September, 1939, to May, 1942, deputy post warden Ealing Wardens' Service; March, 1940, to date (November, 1945), surveyor to Air Ministry on construction of aerodromes in Southern England.

A. G. C. ROBERTSON (1939).

Served in Metropolitan Police War Reserve since May, 1941, to date (November, 1945); attached to Chelsea Police Station, B Division.

ANGUS ROBERTSON (1931).

†WESTON JAMES ROBERTSON (son).—Joined the R.A.F.; flew over enemy country and was shot down over France in 1942.

ROBERTA ROBERTSON (daughter).—Served in the A.R.P., A.T.S., as inspector in aircraft factories, and latterly in the Deciphering and Decoding Department of the Admiralty.

JAMES HALDANE ROBERTSON (1933).

Major Robertson served in 11th Middlesex Battalion Home Guard from June, 1940, until stand down in December, 1944.

T. ATHOLL ROBERTSON, F.R.G.S., F.S.A.(Scot.) (1911).

Was chairman of the Court of Referees, Essential Work Order, S.E. Region; liaison officer paper licensing, Ministry of Supply and Greeting Card and Calender Association; hon. secretary "Caledonia," hostel for Scots men and women in the services passing through London.

IAIN ATHOLL ROBERTSON (son).—An observer in Air Observer Corps, 1939-1943; stationed on Ochil Hills, Perthshire.

DOUGLAS CAMPBELL ROBERTSON (son).—Was a private in 1st Battalion London Scottish when Territorials were mobilised in 1939; served with the 1st Battalion overseas; took part in the landings on Sicily and Italy; and was with the 8th Army in the conquest of Italy; promoted sergeant; later in charge of motor transport in the Pola and Trieste areas.

MYRA ELIZABETH LIDDELL (daughter).—In 1941 joined A.T.S., Royal Scots, Glencorse, as a private; commissioned the same year; resigned 1944.

MARJORY C. ROBERTSON (daughter).—Joined Red Cross and St John (Middlesex), as a nurse, and later transferred as nurse, P.R.I., Perth; now a sister in the service.

FLORA E. ERSKINE (daughter).—District leader W.V.S., Southgate, Borough; now disbanded.

THE REV. ROBERT F. V. SCOTT, D.D. (1941).

Chaplain on active service with 1st Battalion London Scottish from outbreak of war, 3rd September, 1939, until 30th April, 1940; was a private in the Home Guard from June to December, 1940; from 1944 has been (still serving November, 1945) officiating naval chaplain, Naval School.

FRANCES SCOTT (daughter).—Private No. 7 A.A. (A.T.S.) Kine Theodolite Detachment from March, 1943, and is still serving (November, 1945).

WILLIAM SCOTT (1928).

NORMAN SCOTT (son).—From November, 1939, to October, 1940, was with the 21st General Hospital, R.A.M.C., No. 4 Base Sub-Area, B.E.F.; was invalided home after evacuation of Boulogne, and was subsequently discharged.

J. McW. SIMMIE (1938).

Member of Beckenham Civil Defence from September, 1939, to April, 1945.

J. FORBES SOMERVILLE (1931).

JOHN SOMERVILLE (son).—In October, 1939, was gunner in 3rd Battalion London Scottish; commissioned September, 1940; captain, September, 1941; major, September, 1942.

JAMES RAMSAY SOMERVILLE (son).—In August, 1939, gunner in 3rd Battalion London Scottish; May, 1940, second-lieutenant, 1st Camerons; September, 1941, promoted captain; May, 1944, major; June, 1945, lieutenant-colonel.

Past-President T. M. STEPHEN (1926).

In 1940 he was chairman of the Aberdeen and Kincardine Counties Spitfire Fund which was instrumental in raising over £21,000; during the war period he was chairman of Ballater and District War Savings Association which raised over £200,000.

FRANCIS R. STEPHEN (son).—Joined the Ministry of Information in 1941; was engaged in the censor's department under Admiral Thomson, chief censor; in December, 1942, was one of two special censors sent to Algiers when the invasion of North Africa was in progress; after six months there he was appointed (in 1943) deputy chief information officer for East Africa, with headquarters at Nairobi; his territory embracing Kenya, Uganda, Tanganika, Nyassaland, and Northern Rhodesia—territory extending over one million square miles—which he visited periodically by plane.

HARBOURNE M. STEPHEN, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar (son).—H. M. Stephen began learning to fly in April, 1937, and in April, 1939, he joined the R.A.F. as a sergeant pilot on full-time duty. On the opening of hostilities he was with an operational unit; the principal duties at the outset were convoy patrols and young Stephen destroyed his first German plane near Scapa Flow in March, 1940. He was commissioned and posted to the crack 74 Squadron, then at Hornchurch. Dunkirk and the Battle of Britain followed and here he distinguished himself by bringing down five German planes one day before lunch. He was awarded the D.F.C. and Bar, and was mentioned in despatches, all within the late autumn of 1940. It was while he was a member of 74 Squadron that they brought down seventeen German planes in one day—four before breakfast, three before lunch, and ten later in the afternoon and evening.

On another occasion, with his inseparable friend, Flight Lieutenant John

Mungo Park, the last male descendant of the great Scottish explorer, he shared the prize offered for the shooting down of the 600th German aircraft by the squadrons and station on which he was serving at Biggin Hill. This was on 1st December, 1940. A few days later Stephen was awarded the first D.S.O. to be given to any fighter pilot during the defence of the British Isles. The Group Captain commanding the station recorded of this episode :

" Pilot Officer Stephen has always displayed exceptional courage and skill in face of the enemy. His devotion to his squadron, his station, and his service inspired him and his flight commander to take off and create a record to the station concerned. This I consider to be a spirit to be encouraged and admired in all fighter pilots."

The Air Vice-Marshal commanding the group added these words of praise :

" His exceptional courage and skill in the face of the enemy, his great devotion to duty and his magnificent spirit has been an encouragement to all ranks."

Later he was given command of his own squadron in August, 1941, No. 234 Squadron at Warmwell.

In January, 1942, after arriving in India, he was given command of R.A.F. station, Alipore, Calcutta, and promoted to wing commander ; was soon afterwards wing leader of the Dum Dum Fighter Wing responsible for the defence of Calcutta.

On formation of 224 Fighter Group in Calcutta he went there as wing commander in charge of Fighter Training and Tactics, but he wanted to remain with a unit in the field and had himself posted to be wing leader of the Jessore Fighter Wing, then being formed in July, 1942, and in October was appointed to command of this station.

The reorganisation of the India Air Command brought a further appointment, and Stephen at Jessore with the squadrons under his command, then just freshly out from U.K. became No. 166 Fighter Wing. This new wing was the first to recross the Brahmaputra after the withdrawal of the R.A.F. from Burma, and commenced to operate against the Japanese along the Arakan coast, giving support to the Army and against the Japanese Air Force in Central Burma.

At the close of the first Arakan campaign he was posted to No. 224 Group H.Q. in the Arakan as wing commander Fighter Operations from May, 1943, to July, 1944. July, 1944, saw him transferred to the H.Q. Air Command, South East Asia, in Delhi.

With the transfer of the H.Q. to Ceylon Stephen carried out a survey of the S.E.A.C. airstrip near Kandy, and in February, 1945, returned to Europe to study recent developments and new equipments being used by the R.A.F., and was attached to the Tactical Air Force in Europe for the crossing of the Rhine. On return to Ceylon he took up his old post as adviser and operations officer to the Tactical Air Forces in South East Asia.

In October, 1945, he was demobilised and went into business.

The number of enemy aircraft, German and Japanese, destroyed or probably destroyed by Stephen exceeds thirty.

DR D. MACRAE STEWART (1937).

Medical officer-in-charge Portens Avenue First Aid Post, Barking, from the outbreak of war to December, 1942 ; medical officer with the rank of major for 148 (102 C.O.L. H.G.) " Z " A.A. Battery R.A. from January, 1943, to the standing down of the Home Guard in December.

ALEXANDER BEGG STRACHAN (1934).

IAN ALEXANDER STRACHAN (son).—On 9th March, 1934, joined the 3rd County of London Yeomanry Sharpshooters, Royal Armoured Corps, as a trooper, and at Easter, 1939, was promoted lance-corporal. In September, 1939, embodied in the regular army ; on 20th September, became a mech.-sergeant ; in November, 1940, was released from the army to resume his civilian duties, but is still class W (T) T.A. Reserve.

NORMAN JAMES STRACHAN (son).—In August, 1940, joined the R.A.P.C. as a private ; in December, 1940, was transferred to the R.A. ; obtained his commission in June, 1941 ; early in 1942 went to the Middle East and was in the Desert campaign until the last victorious push from Alamein ; after a period of sickness transferred to the Intelligence Section where he still is (November, 1945) ; promoted lieutenant 1942, and captain in September, 1944.

WILLIAM RANKIN STRANG (1936).

JOHN BRAITHWAITE STRANG, M.A.(Cambridge) (son).—Resigned his post with Metropolitan Vickers, in August, 1939 ; was commissioned 3rd September, 1939, and did valuable work in organising and equipping R.E.M.E. After being at several centres in England he was stationed for two and a half years at Gibraltar on the same important work ; returned to the 6th Guards Tank Brigade ; transferred and formed a last R.E.M.E. Unit before D-day ; had serious accident in Holland, but after being discharged from Basingstoke Hospital in March, 1945, was posted to Germany, where he is now serving (November, 1945) at R.E.M.E. H.Q., to the Guards Division as liaison staff officer with the rank of major.

WILLIAM BRAITHWAITE STRANG (son).—At the outbreak of war was called to the Admiralty and served five years there, in the course of which he rose to the rank of constructor ; in March last was posted to Germany as constructor commander R.C.N.C., R.N. technical adviser to Admiralty in Western Germany.

Vice-President JOHN M. SWAN (1927).

From June, 1940, to May, 1945, Mr Swan was with the Harrow Fire Fighting Group. On the formation in 1939 of the Association of Scottish Societies in London, the object of which was to care for Scottish service men in and near London, he was appointed honorary treasurer. The work of the Association latterly included the work of carrying on " Caledonia " the Scottish Services hostel in London, and Mr Swan's duties continued until it closed down on St Andrew's Day, 1945.

ANDREW SWAN (oldest son).—Joined R.A.F. September, 1940 ; after serving in this country and North Africa was grounded owing to eyesight ; served in the Sudan until August, 1944 ; promoted to flight lieutenant.

JOHN SWAN (second son).—A farmer, not allowed to join forces ; joined Home Guard and served as a sergeant until stand down ; was manager of two farms during the war.

ROBERT SWAN (third son).—Joined 1940 ; posted to Dorsets ; in North Africa compaign ; to Malta August, 1940, and served throughout the whole siege of the island until 1943 ; thereafter the Sicily campaign ; and on through North Italy ; regiment recalled to prepare for invasion of Normandy ; he was in the earliest landings on D-day ; on to Arnheim, and escaped the fate of so many comrades ; returned to this country April, 1945 ; refused commission, remained sergeant.

HUGH SWAN (fourth son).—From school he joined the Fleet Air Arm in 1940; passed all examinations except blackout (eyesight) test; was transferred to the Navy; after six months in the Atlantic and Mediterranean, and having failed again in the eyesight test, continued to serve in the Navy; was in action off Azores, took part in the landings in North Africa, in Sicily, Italy, and was at the landing in Normandy on D-day; refused commission and served throughout the war as A.B.

NESSIE COCHRANE (daughter).—In the Red Cross up to 1939; duties in hospital and rest centres; engaged in nursing instruction.

MOIRA MUNRO (daughter).—Joined A.T.S. 1940; artillery radio service; demobilised June, 1945.

Past-President JAMES THOMSON (1926).

WILLIAM HUTT THOMSON (son).—Joined the London Scottish on 5th October, 1938; received a commission as second-lieutenant, R.A., on 13th April, 1940, and was posted to 129th Field Regiment. He was promoted lieutenant on 13th October of the same year, and in April, 1942, was promoted captain. In June, 1942, the 129th Field Regiment was sent to the Far East and saw considerable service in Burma. He was promoted major early in 1945, when he received command of his battery. He was mentioned in despatches in January, 1945.

JAMES CURRIE THOMSON, M.B.E. (1938).

Eldest son of Past-President James Thomson. Joined 1st Battalion London Scottish as a private in 1936, and was commissioned in September, 1938. Shortly after the war started he was made adjutant (March, 1940) and promoted captain the following month. In August, 1941, he was promoted major and a company commander (incidentally he had been the first Territorial adjutant of the London Scottish since the 1914-1918 war). He went to Iraq, via the Cape and Bombay, in August, 1942, with his regiment; was made D.A.A.G. of the 56th London Division in December, 1942, and with them was in action at Enfidaville, Tunisia. He was made brigade major (in June, 1943) of the 168th London Infantry Brigade, and was with them in action in Sicily. In September, 1943, he became chief instructor at No. 3 Corps Reinforcement Unit, and in June, 1944, was second in command of the 2nd Battalion Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. On the death from wounds of the then commanding officer, north of Arezzo, Italy, he took over command of the battalion until another regular officer was appointed, when he reverted to second in command. This was shortly after the battle in the Gothic Line. In November, 1944, the battalion went to Greece where it had an arduous and interesting time during the trouble, first at Patras and later at Salonika. At the latter place, in June, 1945, Major Thomson again assumed command of the battalion, being promoted lieutenant-colonel, and took the battalion by air to Austria where they formed part of the occupation forces. In September, 1945, they were moved to North Italy, where, during the middle of October, he handed over the command to his successor on release. Lieutenant-Colonel Thomson was wounded in June, 1944, mentioned in despatches, January, 1945, and awarded M.B.E. in June, 1945.

WILLIAM E. WATSON, T.D. (1937).

In September, 1939, resident engineer, Bomber Command, until end of war.

MRS EDITH M. WATSON.—Served throughout the war in the Military Massage Corps.

LESSLIE K. WATSON, T.D. (elder son).—When war broke out was a Territorial Army officer; he was then commanding the battery which his father commanded twelve years before; he was lieutenant-colonel, and commanded a Field Regiment in the Western Desert; was taken prisoner; escaped twice; recaptured and was prisoner in Italy until the surrender; after five months wandering reached the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders.

L. McL. WATSON (younger son).—A Territorial captain when war broke out; joined the Home Guard; received commission; served on rocket guns in Hyde Park; was seconded to the R.A.F., and served overseas for three years as a squadron leader.

ALEXANDER JOHN WEBB (1939).

A.R.P. officer, London Transport, still serving (November, 1945); captain 43rd Battalion County of London Home Guard, 1941-1944; president St John's Ambulance Brigade London Transport Corps) from 1939, still serving (November, 1945); admitted officer Order of St John, 1942.

MRS A. J. WEBB.—Voluntary blood donor, Red Cross; Street Fire Party 1940-1944; Red Cross Penny-a-week Fund collector.

IAN ALISTAIR WEBB (son).—C.D. messenger, Borough of Hendon 1940-1944; private 2nd Battalion Gordon Highlanders, August, 1944-1945; second-lieutenant Royal West Kent Regiment, September, 1945, still serving (November, 1945).

ARCHIBALD WHYTE (1935).

In June, 1940, in 53rd Kent Battalion Home Guard as a private; in December, 1941, sergeant; in March, 1942, sergeant master cook; served until stand down in December, 1944.

MRS WHYTE.—Joined Orpington Civil Defence Ambulance Service as driver, in July, 1940, until May, 1942; July, 1942, war work at Siemens Bros., Chislehurst, Kent.

Past-President WILLIAM WILL, C.B.E. (1918).

During the war he was chairman of the Newspaper and Periodical Emergency Council, liaison between newspapers and trade and technical press in Great Britain and Government departments; chairman of eight Press Deferment and Demobilisation Advisory Committees to the Ministry of Labour; represented the press on London Regional Advisory Committee and on the Admiralty, War Office, Air Ministry, and Press Committee.

DR ALEXANDER WILSON, O.B.E., M.D., D.L. (1936).

Honorary medical officer, Air Force Training Corps; joined Home Guard in July, 1940, as medical officer (major); in August, 1941, gazetted a deputy lieutenant, County of London; O.C. British Red Cross Unit attached Civil Affairs, B.L.A., September-October, 1944.

MARGARET MARY HAWKINGS, M.A.Oxon. (daughter).—Engaged in B.B.C. administration 1940-1944.

ALASTAIR ROBIN WILSON, B.A.Cantab. (son).—Joined army March, 1940, lieutenant, Royal Engineers; served in France, Holland, Belgium, and Germany, and is still serving (November, 1945).

With this record of war work we close a memorable chapter in the history of the Caledonian Society of London, which this year (1945) had rendered faithful service to Scotland in London for 108 years.

ABBREVIATIONS

A.A.R.A.—Anti-Aircraft Royal Artillery.
A.F.S.—Auxiliary Fire Service.
A.R.P.—Air Raid Precautions.
A.T.S.—Auxiliary Territorial Service.
B.E.F.—British Expeditionary Force.
B.L.A.—British Liberation Army.
B.N.A.F.—British North African Force.
C.M.F.—Central Mediterranean Force.
F.A.N.Y.—Field Ambulance Nursing Yeomanry.
G.S.O.1.—General Staff Officer, 1st Grade.
L.D.V.—Local Defence Volunteers.
N.F.S.—National Fire Service.
O.C.T.U.—Officer Cadet Training Unit.
R.A.F.V.R.—Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve.
R.A.P.C.—Royal Army Pay Corps.
R.C.A.F.—Royal Canadian Air Force.
R.C.N.C.—Royal Corps of Naval Contractors.
R.E.M.E.—Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers.
R.N.V.R.—Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.
S.E.A.C.—South-East Asia Command.
T.D.—Territorial decoration.
V.A.D.—Voluntary Aid Detachment.
W.A.A.F.—Women's Auxiliary Air Force.
W.R.N.S.—Women's Royal Naval Service.
W.V.S.—Women's Voluntary Service.

MEMBERS OF COUNCIL.

1938–39

President—JOHN MCLAREN, M.I.Mech.E., M.I.Nav.A.

Vice-President—JAMES THOMSON.

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L. MacQueen Douglas, F.R.S.E.
William Will.
J. F. MacLeod.
Rev. Archibald Fleming, D.D.
John Macmillan.
P. N. McFarlane.
R. S. Kennedy.
Sir Walter Leitch, K.B., C.B.E.
John A. Brown.
Alexander MacDonald.
William Miln.
J. B. Rintoul.
R. R. Wilson.
T. M. Stephen, J.P.
Sir Murdoch MacDonald, K.C.M.G., C.B., M.P.

Elected Members.

J. Abernethy.
David Boyd.
Foster Brown.
Captain J. J. Cameron.
W. S. Cobb.
J. O. Davidson.
W. B. Esson.
Thos. Hay, M.V.O.
Ian C. M. Hill.
W. O. Hunter.
Dr J. F. MacDonald
E. D. Macmillan.
A. Macmurchy.
W. M. Miller.
J. R. Steele.

Hon. Treasurer—JOHN M. SWAN.
Hon. Auditor—J. L. STEWART.
Hon. Historian—WILLIAM WILL.
Hon. Secretary—P. N. MCFARLANE.
Society's Officer—MURDO MACKENZIE.

1939–40

President—JAMES THOMSON.

Vice-President—RIGHT HON. LORD ALNESS, P.C.

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T. M. Stephen, J.P.
Sir Murdoch MacDonald, K.C.M.G., C.B., M.P.
John McLaren, M.I.Mech.E., M.I.Nav.A.

Elected Members.

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* *Mr. Loudon MacQueen Douglas died in Session* 1943–44.

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