The Chronicles of the Caledonian Society of London

1967-1976

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1967–1976

EDITED BY

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Honorary Historian of the Society from 2005

INCLUDING MATERIAL COLLECTED BY THE LATE

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INTRODUCTION

It must be stressed that although the Chronicles of the Caledonian Society of London contain much historic information, they are not rigorous histories. They were, and are, written to entertain and inevitably tend to accentuate the positive, deal only lightly, if at all, with less happy episodes and avoid much routine material. Any who seek greater detail should consult the more formal histories or archived documents.

Earlier volumes of the Chronicles covered the period from the Society's formation in the late 1830s until the end of session 1966-1967, and were published in hard copy. This procedure ceased at a time of high inflation when the cash reserves set aside for such purposes lost their real value rapidly thus making production unaffordable. There was a reluctance to abandon the tradition of the Chronicles and periodic attempts were made over the next few years to identify a practicable way of resuming publication, but to no avail.

During the period of this volume, encompassing sessions 1967-1968 to 1975-1976 inclusive, it was still hoped that the traditional practice might be resumed and the Honorary Historians of the day continued to tape-record speeches and, in many cases, either transcribed them or obtained copies of speaker's texts. Fortunately much of this material survives and text records are now held for almost half of the Sentiments together with a smaller number of those for other speeches. For this reason it has been possible to draft the volume in a manner similar to that of its predecessors in which speeches were quoted verbatim when material permitted. The archive material used is now lodged in the London Metropolitan Archives.

In preparing this volume, all available archive material was gathered, sorted and summarised and this has allowed the benefit of historical hindsight to be applied during editing. Inevitably, when writing in 2016, the passage of time has removed the author's personal knowledge of events and some of the intimacy, seen in earlier volumes, is lacking although occasional light has been available from contemporary notes.

During these years, the Society sought to maintain the post-1919 annual programme of five Little Dinners and a Ladies' Festival. The session ran between successive Annual General Meetings, usually held in June. The all-male (even the entertainers were gentlemen) Little Dinners were generally held November to March inclusive although, as an experiment, the December dinner was moved to October for two sessions before reverting to the traditional arrangement. The final session saw an, ultimately unsuccessful, attempt to boost numbers at individual Little Dinners by reducing their number from five to four. The Festival came at the end of the dinner season.

The various membership initiatives of the 1960s seem to have led to a Society that was larger and more diverse than previously but this may have been at the price of somewhat lower individual commitment. It also seems likely that a significant part of dinner attendances were generated by corporate entertainment, and these changes may have made attendance numbers even more sensitive to the occasional financial downturns of the time. Members seem to have become less willing to attend business meetings and to volunteer for Society offices.

A significant change in governance was the gradual emergence of a dinner secretariat. At the start of the period, the Honorary Secretary fulfilled the function assisted by the Society's Officer (piper) whose duties included collecting dinner fees at table. By its end, an Honorary

Dinner Secretary had been added to the honorary office bearers. The post of Society's Officer was discontinued during session 1973-1974.

Dinner routines remained traditional. At the start of the period, the Society's Officer was the default piper and sat at a table on his own. The Selkirk Grace preceded the four course dinner and seems to have been said by the President even when a clergyman was present. The two loyal toasts - 'The Queen' and 'Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, the Prince Philip the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Rothesay and the other Members of the Royal Family' respectively – followed the meal and preceded the first set of songs and the Sentiment which was, in its turn, followed by the interval. The second half of the evening comprised the pipe set, the toast to the guests, the reply on behalf of the guests, the second set of songs, any introduction of new members and the close of the evening. The sequence for the latter was the Society's Strathspey, four verses of 'Auld Lang Syne' sung according to the Society's custom, one verse of the National Anthem and the President's farewell. Any Society notices were given by the President at a suitable point in the evening. Variations inserted appeals on behalf of the charities and, usually in March, the toast to the Honorary Office Bearers and its response. Apart from piping, musical entertainment at Little Dinners was generally restricted to a single male singer. A Brother Caledonian (Robert Eadie until the end of session 1968-1969 and then Fraser McLuskey) was usually 'at the piano' to accompany the singer, although some preferred their own accompanist, and also to lead 'Auld Lang Syne'. Arrangements for the Festival were more flexible while following the same general pattern but with the inclusion of a toast to the President and sometimes also a toast to the Society, the Past Presidents' salute to the President and the presentation of the Gold Badge to the latter. The presence of guests at all dinners continued to be greatly prized and their numbers were still a major part of total attendances.

A particular challenge in preparing this text was in deciding how to handle the names of new members introduced at Little Dinners. Study made it clear that not all those listed for a given night were able to be present and also that some who joined the Society were never included in any such list. Nevertheless, the information did seem to be sufficiently accurate to be of interest and best available data has been quoted but using an appropriate degree of ambivalence in its wording.

Total membership was in the 130s during the first seven years but then fell away by about ten for the last two sessions; the number of ordinary members varied between the mid-80s and low-90s, against the constitutional limit of one hundred. Average attendance of members and guests for a dinner varied between 113 and 142, comparing quite well with previous years despite occasional expressions of disappointment.

The first two years of the period were the last for which the minutes record the results of the Society's lists for the Royal Scottish Corporation, and sometimes also the Royal Caledonian Schools, annual appeals, thus ending a very old custom. The reason for this cessation is unknown but may have been connected to a switch to more tax efficient giving using deeds of covenant. Donations from annual surpluses in Society funds continued. Apart from financial support, five out of the nine Presidents from this time are known to have held office in one or both charities.

A similar casualty to the published Chronicles was the Year Book that last appeared in session 1969-1970. Thereafter the constitution and rules and membership lists were provided separately.

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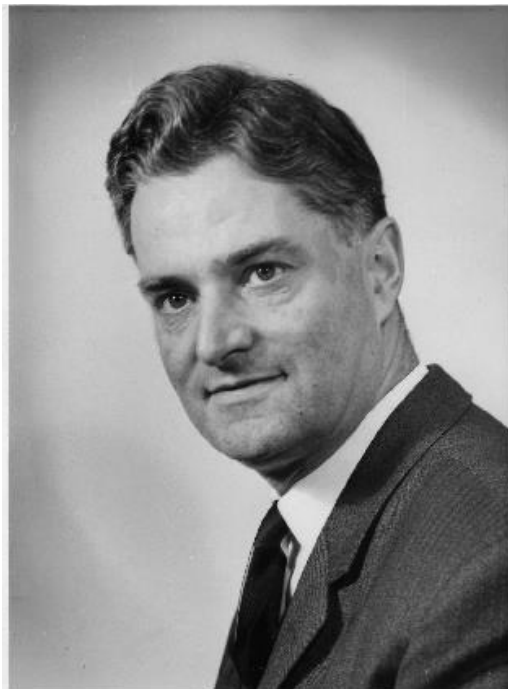
SESSION 1967-1968



President RY Kennedy

Office Bearers

President	RY Kennedy CA FCWA AIT
Vice President	Vernon J Eddie MA BCom
Honorary Secretary	George Deans
Honorary Treasurer	John AD Paton CA
Honorary Auditor	James H Robertson MM CA
Honorary Historian	Robert Leitch FIAS
Society's Officer	Pipe Major JB Robertson MBE

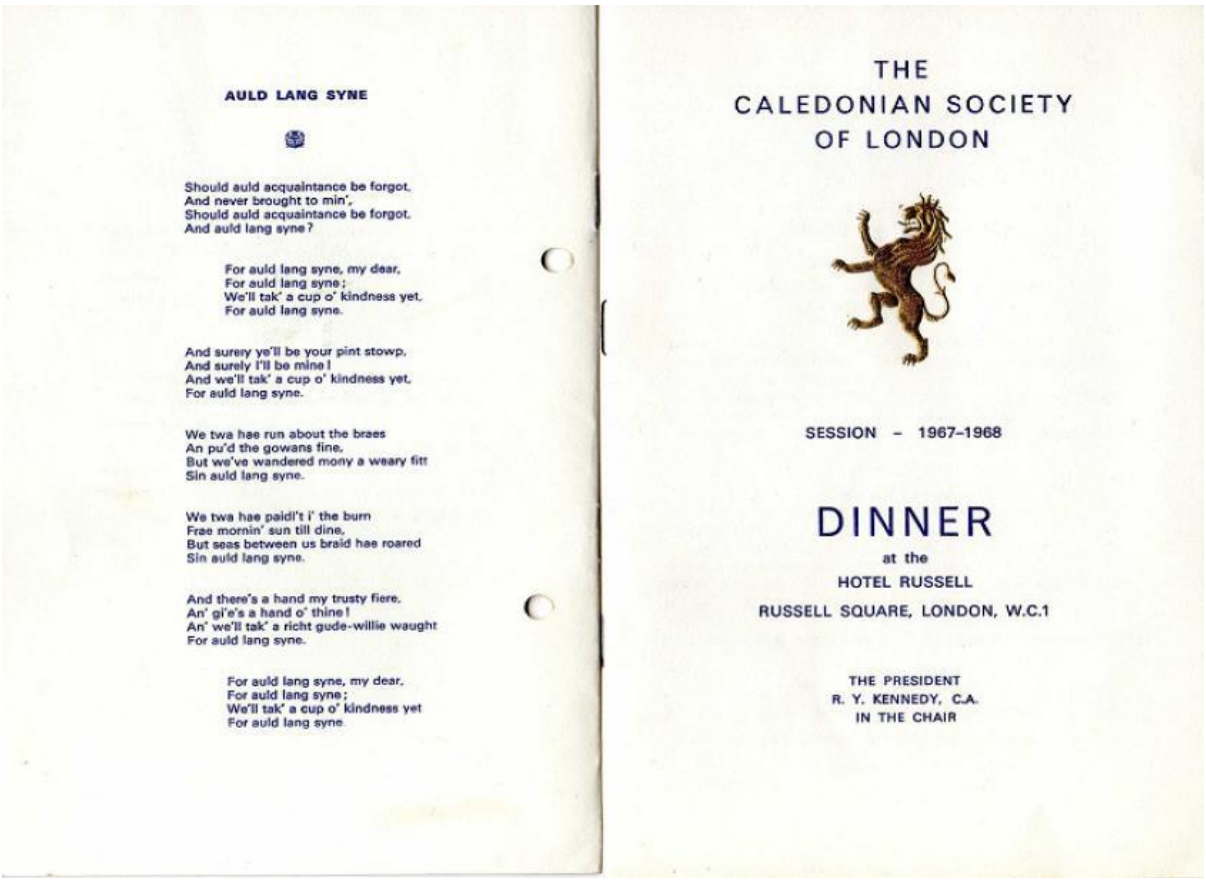
The President. In common with many other members over the years Bob Kennedy was an Ayrshire man, having been born in Ayr. He was a chartered accountant by profession and also one of the small band of Presidents to have served in the Royal Navy.

After leaving Ayr Academy, he undertook his accountancy training in Glasgow, qualifying in 1938. In 1939, he joined Peat, Marwick, Mitchell and Company in London. War service, as a paymaster officer in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, was spent mainly in the Mediterranean. Subsequently he worked for Winsor and Newton, manufacturers of fine art products, becoming a director in 1960 and Company Secretary in 1966. He gave his recreations as gardening and holiday golf. He joined the Society in 1944-1945 and later, as Past President, served as Honorary Auditor from 1974-1975 until 1979-1980. Bob Kennedy retired to Ayr where he died in December 1991, a little over a year after having been made an Honorary Member.

Social Programme. Dinners followed the traditional pattern; five Little Dinners took place in the months November to March with the Festival in April. All dinners were held at

the Hotel Russell in Russell Square, the first session that this venue had been used, and all except the April Festival dinner were on third Thursdays. The Honorary Historian continued the practice of using reel-to-reel tape to record speeches.

Dinners were paid for at table (probably collected by the Society's Officer) at £1-10s (£1.5) per head for four courses (five in January when there was an additional haggis course), excluding wines. Total attendance for the year was about 747 members and guests. Little Dinner numbers held up quite well but the Festival was poorly attended, the lowest known figure before the 1990s, a little over half of the previous year's total and less than half of the session before that, with seating plans revealing that a number of usual parties were missing. The reason is unexplained – almost no correspondence has survived from the year.



AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min',
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint stowp,
And surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes
An pu'd the gowans fine,
But we've wandered mony a weary fitt
Sin auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn
Frae mornin' sun till dine,
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin auld lang syne.

And there's a hand my trusty fiere,
An' gi'e's a hand o' thine!
An' we'll tak' a richt gude-willie waught
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

THE
CALEDONIAN SOCIETY
OF LONDON

SESSION – 1967–1968

DINNER

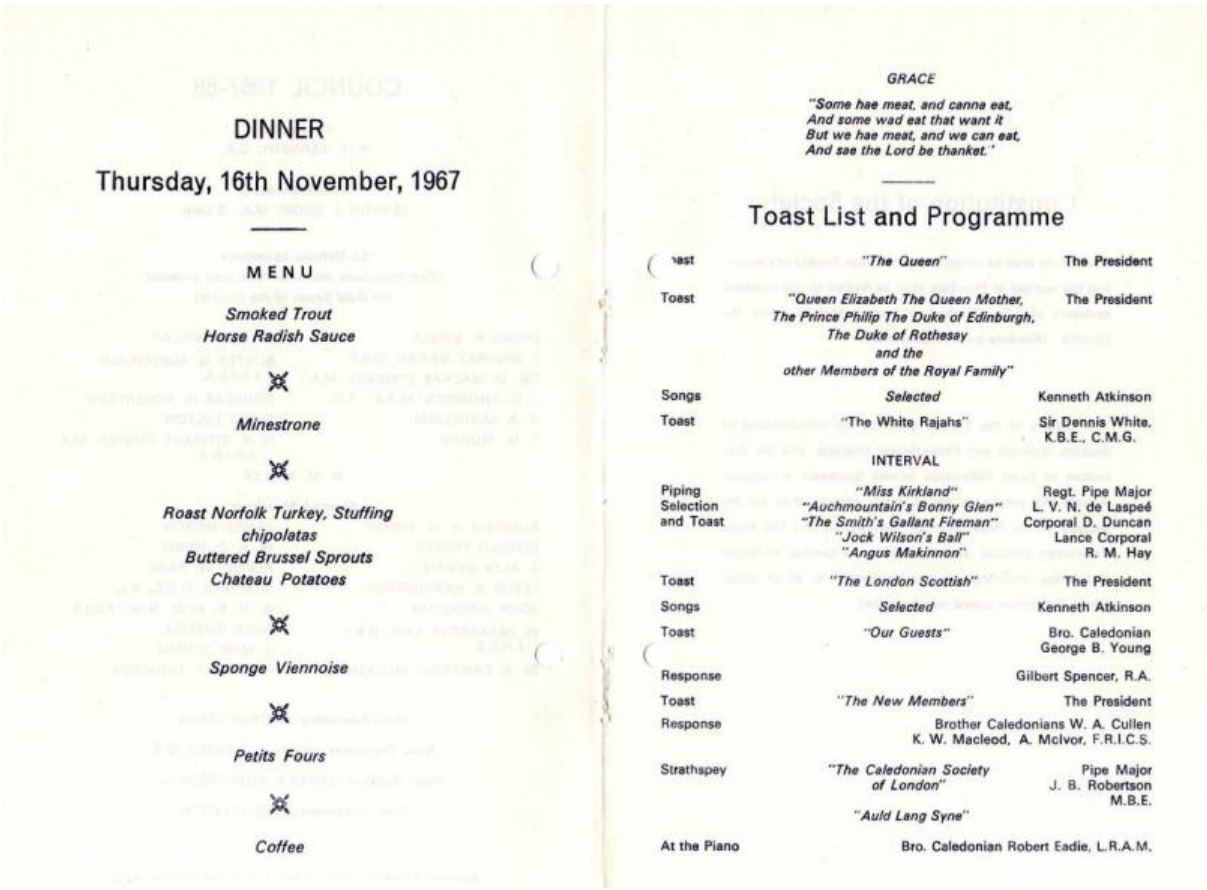
at the

HOTEL RUSSELL

RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1

THE PRESIDENT
R. Y. KENNEDY, C.A.
IN THE CHAIR

Menu Card Cover Session 1967-1968



DINNER

Thursday, 16th November, 1967

MENU

Smoked Trout
Horse Radish Sauce

Minestrone

Roast Norfolk Turkey, Stuffing
chipolatas
Buttered Brussel Sprouts
Chateau Potatoes

Sponge Viennoise

Petits Fours

Coffee

GRACE

"Some hae meat, and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thanket."

Toast List and Programme

Toast	*"The Queen"*	The President
Toast	*"Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother, The Prince Philip The Duke of Edinburgh, The Duke of Rothesay and the other Members of the Royal Family"*	The President
Songs	*Selected*	Kenneth Atkinson
Toast	"The White Rajahs"	Sir Dennis White, K.B.E., C.M.G.
	INTERVAL	
Piping Selection and Toast	*"Miss Kirkland"* *"Auchmountain's Bonny Glen"* *"The Smith's Gallant Fireman"* *"Jock Wilson's Ball"* *"Angus Makinnon"*	Regt. Pipe Major L. V. N. de Laspeé Corporal D. Duncan Lance Corporal R. M. Hay
Toast	*"The London Scottish"*	The President
Songs	*Selected*	Kenneth Atkinson
Toast	*"Our Guests"*	Bro. Caledonian George B. Young
Response		Gilbert Spencer, R.A.
Toast	*"The New Members"*	The President
Response		Brother Caledonians W. A. Cullen K. W. Macleod, A. McIvor, F.R.I.C.S.
Strathspey	*"The Caledonian Society of London"*	Pipe Major J. B. Robertson M.B.E.
	"Auld Lang Syne"	
At the Piano		Bro. Caledonian Robert Eadie, L.R.A.M.

Menu Card Insert Thursday 16th November 1967

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As was traditional, the opening dinner of the session in November was the London Scottish evening and was enjoyed by some 115 members and guests. After dinner and the loyal toasts, 'The Queen' and 'Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, the Prince Philip the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Rothesay and the other Members of the Royal Family' respectively, the President introduced Sir Dennis White KBE CMG who drew on his experiences of service to the Brooke family, and subsequently in the Colonial Service, in giving his Sentiment on 'The White Rajahs'. The latter title referred to the members of that family who ruled Sarawak as a private fiefdom from the 1840s until the Japanese invasion a century later and the account gave a fascinating glimpse into a bygone age. The account started:

Mr President, gentlemen, first of all I think in fairness to myself I should explain how I got lumbered with this job. Alister MacDonald, who for a good many years now I had regarded as a personal friend, rang me up and told me that your speaker had cried off and he had put me down in his stead. I argued and said, and it's perfectly true, that I'm absolutely useless at this sort of job and didn't want to do it anyway, and then the pips went. Well I don't really speak the language, and he reverted to that broad Scots which I interpreted vaguely as 'never mind the pips, it's me who's paying'. When you are in it as far as that, you couldn't really do anything else but spare him any further misery and agree.

But my main objection to after dinner speaking, is one that is no doubt is now shared in high places – it is restrictive. I'm told that there's absolutely no truth in the report that the Minister of Transport delights in going around with her beastly little bag testing her fellow members of the Cabinet after dinner! However, that's got nothing to do with the White Rajahs and in these days when both our politicians and the Press combine to make colonialism a thoroughly dirty word, I personally am proud to have had the privilege of serving the Brookes in Sarawak, and subsequently in the Colonial Service, and I'm not the least ashamed of what was achieved (Hear, hear).

The story of the Brookes starts with a young subaltern in the army of the East India Company. He was shot in a local skirmish. Rather, he was shot during a local skirmish, and he was shot in a position or place where, according to tradition, and to some romantic writers, it would put an end to his matrimonial prospects. If that is true, and it may be, paradoxically it led to the founding of his dynasty. Because he resigned his commission, bought a yacht and went out to Singapore, where Raffles was then at his peak, and took letters from Raffles over to Sarawak where there was rebellion going on, stopped it, and became Rajah. He took his nephew out of the Navy as a midshipman to train up to succeed him.

The first two Rajahs were men of considerable bearing and in many ways before their time, because they regarded themselves as trustees for the people they were governing. They ran the country without any exploitation. Their second theory was that administration and the law should be as simple as possible. For eighty years (and I hope I'm not treading on any corns) they successfully managed to run the country without a single lawyer (Laughter). *When you have laws as simple as we did, you didn't really need to be a lawyer. One classic law was drafted after a disastrous fire when the entire shopping centre was burned to the ground. They were all wooden shop houses so the Rajah issued a decree which merely stated that, in future, all shop houses should be made of brick,* (Laughter) *which made our task of interpretation very simple.*

The whole of the Brooke system of government was based on the closest personal contact. Even in my time, he used to visit every District Officer once a year, sit in court and listen to anybody who came along with any request or complaint – and you got the oddest complaints. An old woman coming up and asking if the Rajah would give her a cow. The Rajah would look and say 'Harrumph, I've seen her before somewhere' – and he probably had, and she usually got her cow.

Like everywhere else after the First World War, you got the sudden boom and the sudden slump. By the beginning of the thirties, there were signs that things were changing – particularly with the fall in prices of the basic commodities such as rubber and pepper upon which Sarawak almost entirely depended. We again had outbreaks of what Sarawak occasionally suffered from – and that was head hunting. It all sounds a most horrible habit, and it is really, but to them it was rather like the overenthusiastic stamp collector (Laughter) *who really didn't mind very much whose head he got as long as it was one that nobody else had* (Laughter). *Although the Rajah and his officers had to take a very firm attitude, there was always a sneaking sympathy for the chaps. I remember one of my earliest jobs was to execute one of the head hunters. It was a primitive country and you did it in a fairly primitive way. No one ever believed that anyone really had been executed unless it was pretty well on their doorstep. It was useless taking them down to the capital and doing it in complete secrecy, so we used to take them as nearly as possible to the scene of the crime, while it*

meant that the important chap very often had the long walk, and so did we. I can remember I'd only been out about a year or so when I was sent out to do one of these jobs. We got the prisoner there, tied him up, put a bandage over his eyes, got the firing squad ready and I said to him, in Dyak, which I'd just learnt, have you any final request before we shoot – and he said 'Yes, the bandage is too tight, it's hurting my nose' (Laughter). *That was thirty-five years ago – I've never thought of the correct answer – if any of you can, please tell me afterwards.*

It was a great life. You really were entirely on your own; you could travel whenever and wherever you liked and in fact you had to travel at least six months in the year for you had to visit each village in your area. And odd things happened. I remember once coming back from a tour up country and being met on the on the wharf by the corporal and by the senior native officer 'Nothing to report sir but there's a very peculiar case'. There was a Dyak woman who said that the spirits had visited her in the middle of the night and fitted her out with all the male appendages, and told her that her role in future was that of a very successful witch doctor. So she changed sex. It wasn't very long before the witch doctors' 'union' were up in arms because she'd got all the custom – so the Chief brought her down to headquarters and told the native officer, in charge during my absence, what had happened and what she'd said. So they asked her 'Are you a man or are you a woman?' and she answered 'I'm a man now'. So they put her in the jail with all the men. There she remained and the male prisoners had a whale of a time and there was a waiting list! When I came back, they said 'We didn't know what to do with her; we're not quite certain which sex she is'. I asked where she was, to be told she was in the male jail. At that moment there was a riot – the curse was upon her, she'd stopped business and the unsatisfied prisoners who had already paid up were extremely indignant and bashed the door down. We let her out and asked her what had happened and she said, well the spirits were very offended by the way she had been treated and she had reverted back to her previous status. She went home with a dollar or two and honour was satisfied – more or less – except for the prisoners who had paid in advance (Laughter).

The President proposed the toast to the Regiment. George Young welcomed the guests and Gilbert Spenser RA responded. New members William Cullen, KW MacLeod and Andrew McIvor are believed to have been introduced to the President and welcomed into the Society.

Brother Caledonian Robert Eadie was at the piano. Mr Kenneth Atkinson sang 'Border Ballad', 'Joy of my Heart', 'Oh gin I was a Barron's Heir' and 'Peat Fire Flame'. The pipe set was provided by the Pipe Major and two other pipers of the London Scottish who played 'Miss Kirkland', 'Auchmountain's Bonny Glen', 'The Smith's Gallant Fireman', 'Jock Wilson's Ball' and 'Angus Mackinnon'. The evening closed with the Society's Officer playing 'The Caledonian Society of London' and the singing of four verses of 'Auld Lang Syne' and the National Anthem.

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In December, about 113 members and guests heard JK Thompson CMG speak on the Brain Loan. At this time, much publicity was being given to the loss of many outstanding young people who sought challenges that their own country was unable to provide by pursuing careers overseas. The author of the Sentiment contrasted this perception by using the term Brain Loan to describe how, every year, under various British aid programmes, or following recruitment by the United Nations or foreign governments, more than ten thousand qualified

men and women were going overseas for set periods, thus enabling them to contribute to their host communities before returning developed by their experiences. He gave many examples.

I owe my good friend Tom Munroe the great honour of being asked to deliver the Sentiment at the Caledonian Society of London tonight. It is a double honour in that I have a 'p' in my name which shows that I was born on this side of the border. I have married from the other side, so that at least our children are only half defective. I'm not saying which half.

My subject is a serious one. But the proximity to Christmas suggests that you will not wish it to be treated too seriously. I notice that ten years ago tonight, the Sentiment was sung in Gaelic ---- I cannot emulate that.

You are probably not familiar with the term 'Brain Loan'. The 'Brain Drain' or the 'Brain Gain' refers to emigration from these islands to developed countries, particularly North America. Unlike the Bight of Benin, many go out but few come in. The 'Brain Loan' refers to service in the developing countries to help the development of resources, both material and human. It is for short periods only. People who engage in this service return to resume their careers in Britain.

Every year, under the British aid programme, we send out more than five thousand men and women to do this work. Leaving aside the seventeen hundred young volunteers who are recruited by private agencies, over three thousand three hundred men and women from these islands are recruited every year for periods of service under the United Nations; or for employment by the governments of the countries concerned; or under one of our regional programmes of technical assistance. I'm off duty tonight, so I won't try to recruit you. But if anyone would like to see me afterwards ----.

In what capacity do they serve? If with the United Nations, it is in an advisory capacity. And thereby hangs a tail – the tale of a bull. A country in South East Asia was suffering from malnutrition. The milk yield of its cows was distressingly low. The Food and Agriculture Organisation (FAO) expert spotted the solution. 'I will send you a bull', said he. In due course, the bull arrived. It sniffed the air, it ate the grass. After several days, the local people realised this would not do at all. They sent for the local magic man who could talk bull. 'Go and tell the bull what he is here for'. They watched while he talked to the bull, who was clearly annoyed. He tossed his head and stamped his foot. 'What did the bull say?' they enquired. 'He was very indignant at your suggestion' said the magic man. He said 'Don't you know I'm an FAO bull? I serve in an advisory capacity only'.

From country after country the cry goes up 'Send us operational staff, not just advisory'. We heard it loud and clear in 1956 from the lips of a beautiful Filipino at the UNESCO General Conference in Delhi. When we reached the chapters of the agenda on under-developed areas and the place of women, she asked for the floor and said 'We women in the under-developed areas are sick and tired of lip-service from men. We demand more fertile action'. The Jamaican delegate beside me could hardly contain himself in his efforts to catch Madame Myrdal – the Chairman's – eye. 'We Jamaicans are expert in the development of the under-developed areas of women. I demand, Madam Chairman that my name be put down as an expert to be sent to the Philippines'.

Seventy percent of our recruits are what are known as operational staff – sent to do a job, not just to write a report. In what countries do they serve? Here, misunderstandings can

occur. In 1948, a young recruit was selected for the Gold Coast. He had just become engaged and was anxious about his fiancée. I arranged for them both to meet a colleague on leave from West Africa. The girl cross questioned him about the house they would live in. What was it made of? Would there be a bathroom? Has it got a grass roof? 'Why' said my colleague, 'are you so concerned about the house?' 'Well you see' said the girl, 'they warned Bill that if he accepted we might have to live in Ashanti'. To test your geography further, I will say that we have just appointed a man to Ulan Bator and several to Lesotho. The answer is wherever British skills are needed, there is a development job to do and the government asks for British staff.

I must stop teasing you by answering questions with stories. Perhaps the best way to answer them is to take the following selection from the month's recruits. It is a random selection; yet by curious coincidence all the recruits happen to come from one part of the British Isles.

Mr Wallace Dennison, Barclay Lecturer in Surgery of Infancy and Childhood, Senior Surgeon, Royal Hospital for Sick Children and Paediatric Surgeon, Royal Maternity Hospital, Glasgow – this is all the same man – left for Saigon on Friday, December 1st. He was recruited by the Ministry of Overseas Development (ODM) under the Technical Co-operation Scheme of the Colombo Plan. He will be on loan to the Government of Vietnam for six months, as Consultant Paediatric Surgeon in the British Paediatric Unit in the Children's Hospital, Saigon. He has been granted leave of absence by the University and Western Regional Hospital Board.

A night sister in the Medical Unit of the Royal Infirmary, Glasgow, Miss Beatrice Scott, is to fly to Mauritius to take up a post as clinical instructor. Miss Scott has been recruited by the ODM under the Special Commonwealth African Assistance Plan and is expected to be in Mauritius for a period of eighteen to twenty-four months. Miss Scott comes from Cumbernauld, near Glasgow. In Mauritius she will act as assistant to the nurse tutor in the organisation of a series of preparatory courses for ward sisters.

An assistant teacher of liberal studies at Coatbridge Technical College is to take up a post in Tanzania. He is Mr Gerard John Gill of Glasgow who has been recruited by the ODM on behalf of the Government of Tanzania as an education officer. Mr Gill, who is due to leave at the beginning of January, will be posted to Shinyanga Commercial Institute.

Off to Uganda at the beginning of January is Mr Glen Stewart Adam Ross of Aberdeenshire who has been recruited by the ODM on behalf of the Uganda Government as an education officer. Mr Ross will be posted to Lango College to teach mathematics and physics for an initial tour of twenty-one to twenty-seven months.

An organisation officer in the Scottish Branch of the Treasury at Edinburgh, Mr William Anthony Smith is to leave for San Jose, Costa Rica on January 1st, where he has been appointed an expert on organisation and methods at the Central American Institute of Public Administration for a period of one year, with possible extension.

The senior lecturer in charge of the production engineering section of Paisley College of Technology, Mr Gervase Peter Kearney, has been recruited by the ODM, on behalf of UNESCO, as a lecturer and adviser at the Ceylon College of Technology in Colombo. Mr Kearney, who left for his new post on December 12th, will be a member of an international

team of experts and is required to lecture on machine tools technology and assist in any revision and development of the curriculum in his field.

Leaving Perthshire this month to take up a post in Gibraltar will be Miss Margaret Marin Valentine of Crief who has been recruited by the ODM as a mistress in the Education Department, Gibraltar.

The son of a Lanarkshire farmer, Mr David Hamilton Black of Symington has been appointed to the service of the government of Tanzania. He has been recruited by the ODM as a research officer and is due to leave for his new post in mid- January. He will be posted to one of the four livestock breeding stations at Mpwapwa, Tanga, Malya or West Kilimanjaro. His duties will include general farm management, the development and multiplication of improved breeds of cattle and the maintenance of records and statistics.

An agricultural economist of the North of Scotland College of Agriculture, Mr Norman Smith Hartley of Aberdeen has been recruited by the ODM on behalf of the government of Zambia. He is due to leave for his new post with his wife and young daughter on January 3rd. Mr Hartley is to assist in the conduct of economic appraisals, the formulation of advice, the publication of information and the carrying out of economic surveys in the field of agricultural production and marketing, including development planning.

Off to Uganda, as soon as formalities are complete, will be Mr James McKenna of Angus who has been recruited by the ODM on behalf of the Government of Uganda as an executive engineer. Mr McKenna will be posted to the Ministry of Works, Communications and Housing and will work on roads, bridges, design work in a drawing office, or take charge of a Ministry of Works divisional office.

I apologise for this catalogue, Mr President, but at least it shows the destinations of present day recruits and the types of work they will do. It also confirms that Scotland is making its contribution.

Do they achieve anything? There is, I know, some disenchantment with Africa and Asia. 'Is that OXFAM baby still starving?' 'What about the Cadillacs and golden bedsteads?' In this field, good news is not news; bad news is headlines. The fact is that development works. These men are like vitamins. You would soon see the difference if they were not there.

When I told my 'bull' story at a Birmingham 'teach in' lately, it was capped by the next speaker. He said that thirty years ago an MP for Cambridge put on his tweeds and tried to look like a farmer. The farmers were nevertheless pretty resistant to his suggestions so that he said 'I'm not so foolish as to think that if I brought a bull down here today, I should see a crop of fine calves next week'. 'No' said one of the farmers 'but you would see an air of contentment and get a feeling that something was happening'. Exactly. That is how development works. Where it exists, you can tell that something is happening.

The trouble is that we are too impatient. At a Japanese productivity meeting, the Personnel Manager of the Tata Steel Works in India, Mr Rao, told the story of a productivity expert who returned from work one day to find his little daughter inconsolable. He asked her mother why she was crying so bitterly. 'All her friends have baby brothers or sisters'. 'Well' said the father 'we must see what we can do about it'. 'Do you mean that I can have a baby brother?' asked the little girl. 'Can I have him today?' 'I am afraid it takes a little longer than that'.

'Can I have him next week?' 'No I am afraid it takes even longer than that'. 'But daddy if it takes such a long time why not put more men on the job?' We cannot always expect to see results at once; some things take longer than others.

There is nothing new about young people going overseas. They have been doing it for centuries. The motives are various. When the first opera house in Sydney, Australia was opened in 1791 the all-male chorus sang the justly famous lines:

'True patriots we; for be it understood
We left our country for our country's good'

As all were convicts, the words were pregnant with meaning. Australia, I would point out, speaks with a cockney accent, not a Scottish accent; perhaps for this reason. Scots went to Mexico in such numbers and indulged their habit singing 'green grow the rushes oh' to such good effect that the European has been called a 'Gringo' ever since.

Others went overseas frankly to 'work as hard as ever to mak sixpence o' a groat' and this is still true. I am not pretending that all who go overseas do so under government auspices. In training as well as in profitable enterprise, the private sector does much for development. Even Robert Burns was offered a post overseas (in Jamaica in 1786). It was his efforts to raise the passage fare that gave us the Kilmarnock edition of his early poems. The publicity made him famous and took him to Edinburgh, and not to Jamaica.

I would like to pay tribute to the Scots who carved out what are now the tea estates in the mountains of Ceylon. It was coffee they planted, not tea. After all their heroic efforts, Hemileia Vastatrix (un-affectionately known as Devastating Emily or Dismal Emma) killed all the plants. With typical Scots tenacity they planted tea instead. The subsequent history, we know.

If some left for their county's good or to make good, others left to do good. The works of David Livingston and Mary Slessor are an eternal tribute to Scotland. The memory of them lives on. Only recently I was in Munali Secondary School in Zambia. When that great institution was founded not so many years ago, it was proposed to call it Lusaka School after the new city that would grow up alongside it. 'No' said a group of young pupils including a boy called Kenneth Kaunda, 'Let us call it Munali'. Munali is what the Africans affectionately called David Livingston. A recognition of what the more backward peoples of the world owe to Scottish missionaries for the early beginnings of their education. Chief Mark Pepple Jaja of Opobo is by no means the only dignitary who speaks the softer, purer vowels of north of the border. And not only education. Health, too. In Uganda, to this day, the highest tribute that can be paid to a kindly, skilful doctor is that 'He is a proper McKenzie' – a tribute to the first one.

What are the motives today? Clearly there is no one motive for five thousand people varying from expensive professional engineers to young school leaver volunteers. But this country still has a conscience and a sense of adventure. The 'Brain Drain' loses our young people, perhaps forever. The 'Brain Loan' makes available our skills and then brings them back again – with interest; the interest of a new self-confidence acquired from dealing with new situations and increased responsibilities. 'Interest' in the other sense also, of wider horizons and a stake in something outside the rut of our everyday lives in these little islands.

But now, Mr President, I begin to grow tedious. I must sit down before you pass on to me the verdict of the old sow who sleepily opened her eyes, surveyed her litter of seventeen and said 'What a boar'.

The Reverend Fraser McLuskey proposed the toast to the guests and GA Herring replied.

Harold Blackburn, accompanied by William Spershott, sang 'Craigieburn Wood', 'Westering Home', 'My Ain Folk' and 'Maggie Lauder'. The Society's Officer played 'The Barren Rocks of Aden', 'Struan Robertson', 'The Ale is Dear', 'Morag of Dunvegan' and 'The Caledonian Society of London'. Brother Caledonian Robert Eadie was at the piano for 'Auld Lang Syne'.

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In accordance with custom, the January little Dinner celebrated Robert Burns. About 152 members and guests were present. The Reverend James Currie spoke of the Bard. Scottie Law led the greeting of the guests with TF Macrae OBE responding.

Andrew Downie, accompanied by Alexander Kelly, sang 'Whistle o'er the Lavrock', 'Oh lay thy Leif in mine Lass', 'Oh Gin my Love were your Red Rose', 'Corn Riggs', 'Of a' the Airts' and 'My Love is like a Red, Red Rose'. The Society's Officer played 'The Battle of Killiecrankie', 'Dorator Bridge', 'Lord MacDonald', 'The Garb of Old Gaul' and 'The Caledonian Society of London'. Brother Caledonian Robert Eadie was at the piano for 'Auld Lang Syne'.

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The February Little Dinner Sentiment witnessed Sir Iain Moncrieffe of that Ilk, a prominent member of the Scottish Lyon Court and Chief of Clan Moncrieffe, speaking on the Highland Clans to a company of around 126 members and guests. W Mackenzie Sproat spoke in greeting the guests and O Ghaleb AIL acknowledged. The menu card tells us that new member George MM Miller was welcomed.

Musical entertainment was entirely a Society affair. Brother Caledonian Robert Eadie was at the piano and Brother Caledonian Donald Fraser sang 'Mary Morrison', 'Of a' the Airts', 'Ay fond Kiss' and 'Annie Laurie'. Piping was provided by the Society's Officer who played 'The Dornoch Links', 'The Devil in the Kitchen', 'De'il among the Tailors', 'Bonnie Strathyre' and 'The Caledonian Society of London'.

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At the March dinner, William J Smith's Sentiment filled a gap in the Society's deliberations by addressing the life and works of William McGonagall as we recognised, perhaps, that while Robert Burns is indisputably our greatest bard, McGonagall is arguably our most notorious. A gathering in the order of 130 members and guests heard an account that spared its audience nothing in the painful details of his work and life, the former well illustrated by the extract from the Tay Bridge disaster poetic account:

Your central girders would not have given way,
At least many sensible men do say,
Had they been supported on each side with buttresses,
At least many sensible men confesses,
For the stronger we our houses do build,
The less chance we have of being killed.

The full text was:

As provost of a small Scottish burgh in the Kingdom of Fife, I feel slightly apprehensive in your company this evening. Indeed, I have felt rather like my Sentiment tonight in being the odd man out. Here I am in the heart of London, surrounded by Caledonians with such resounding Scots surnames, as contained in your list of members, but alas, there is no Smith. However, I hope that my Dundee, Fife accent will at least swing the balance slightly in my favour.

I haven't had the pleasure of reading all the Chronicles that have been printed on behalf of your Society. The Sentiments of the past, I am sure, have made reference to many famous Scotsmen and, no doubt, you have heard many versions of the Immortal Memory of Robert Burns. To mention my Sentiment, William McGonagall, in the same breath as Robert Burns, may be, to some of you, sacrilege, but the great McGonagall, Poet and Tragedian, Shakespearean dramatist, from the City of Dundee, has also written himself into the history books as a great writer and poetic genius. According to 'Punch', there is only one great McGonagall, the greatest bad verse writer of his age and, you well may add, of any other age.

Mr President, I can detect some note of doubt among your members and I can imagine them saying to themselves, who on earth is he talking about, who was William McGonagall? How can I stand in your midst and claim fame for this self-styled poet who wrote this Requisition to Queen Victoria:

Most August Empress of India, and of Great Britain the Queen,
I most humbly beg your pardon, hoping you will not think it mean,
That a poor poet living in Dundee,
Would be so presumptuous to write unto Thee.

Most lovely Empress of India, and England's generous Queen,
I send you an address, I have written on Scotland's Bard,
Hoping that you will accept it, and not be with me too hard,
Nor fly into a rage, but be as kind and condescending,
As to give me your patronage.

Beautiful Empress, of India, and England's Gracious Queen,
I send you a Shakespearean address written by me,
And I think if Your Majesty reads it, right pleased you will be,
And my heart it will leap with joy, if it is patronised by Thee.

Most mighty Empress, of India, and England's Gracious Queen,
Most handsome to be seen
I wish you every success
And that heaven may you bless
For your kindness to the poor while they are in distress,
I hope the Lord will protect you while living,
And hereafter when your majesty is dead,
I hope the Lord will above will place an eternal crown upon your head,
I am your Gracious Majesty ever faithful to Thee,
William McGonagall, the Poor Poet,
That lives in Dundee.

William McGonagall was born in Edinburgh in March 1830 and, after living most of his life in Dundee, went back to Edinburgh to die a pauper in September 1902. His father was a weaver and, after less than two years at school, Wee Willie was compelled to leave, as his parents were unable to pay for schooling and, at seven years of age, he was sent to work in a jute factory. His father taught him the trade of weaving and as a teenager he became an expert handloom weaver. Despite his lack of education, he began to take a delight in reading books and also in improving his handwriting. The books he liked best to read were Shakespeare's Penny Plays, particularly Macbeth, Richard III, Hamlet and Othello and, according to his own words, he gave himself no rest until he gained complete mastery over these four characters.

Like the immortal Shakespeare, McGonagall, from his boyhood, was an admirer of everything that is considered beautiful, such as beautiful rivers and mountain scenery and beautiful landscapes. He was also a great admirer of such poets as Burns, Tannahill and Campbell, and he had a leaning towards the theatre and longed to appear on stage. And, like every famous actor, his one ambition was to play Hamlet.

A description of the poet's appearance is interesting. He was not very tall and had a slouching gait, suggestive of a broken down actor. He wore his hair long, as becomes a poet, a large brimmed hat and a frock coat, which bore evidence of being past its youth. He wore this coat at the height of summer and also in the cold of winter.

To try and understand McGonagall, we must also appreciate his background. Dundee, in the late nineteenth century, was an extremely poor city. These were the days of the factory children and of hunger and extreme poverty. Dundee, of course, is famous for jute, jam and journalism and it has always been noted for its exclusive type of humour. The fact is that McGonagall lived in Dundee, which was then, and still is, the great home and fostering centre of the cheapest popular literature in Scotland, and huge fortunes have been built up on precisely the chief ingredients of McGonagall's art. DC Thomson's publications, such as 'Oor Wullie' and 'The Broons' are exported to England in their thousands and their weekly exploits are widely read in the Sunday Post.

According to his own description, poetic inspiration came to William McGonagall much in the same way as most people discover that they are suffering from 'flu. All of a sudden, he wrote, my body got inflamed and instantly I was seized with a strong desire to write poetry. And he goes to tell that during the Dundee holiday week, in the bright and balmy month of June, when the trees were in full bloom, 'While lonely and sad in my room, I sat thinking about the thousands of people who were away on holiday by rail and steamboat', and it

seemed as though a strange kind of feeling came over him. A flame, as Lord Byron has said, seemed to kindle up his entire frame. The result of his romantic feelings was his ode to the Reverend George Gilfillan which, he believed, was composed while under divine inspiration:

All hail to the Reverend George Gilfillan of Dundee,
He is the greatest preacher I ever did hear or see,
He preaches in a plain, straightforward way,
And people flock to hear him night and day,
Because he is the greatest preacher of the present day,
The first time I heard him was in the Kinnaird Hall,
Lecturing on Garibaldi as loud as he could bawl.

The poet, without signing his name, put the first production in the letter box at the office of the Weekly News and it was re-produced in the paper the following Saturday, with the editorial remark 'This contribution to literature of the nineteenth century was evidently the work of a modest genius unwarrantably hiding his light under a bushel'. The Reverend George Gilfillan befriended McGonagall during his lifetime and flattered the poet by saying 'Shakespeare never wrote anything like this'.

Ideas came thick and fast after that stirring beginning. Encouraged by his initial poetic success, McGonagall laid pen to paper at the slightest provocation and, perhaps his greatest success in his early days, was the poem 'The Railway Bridge of the Silvery Tay' which caused a great sensation in Dundee and far away.

His fame, or notoriety, had spread abroad and McGonagall felt himself sufficiently important to pay a visit to Her Majesty Queen Victoria at Balmoral. While he purported to possess Her Majesty's Royal Letter of Patronage for his poetic abilities, he tramped wearily through difficult country and the Spittal of Glenshee to Balmoral. He tells of this famous journey to see, 'the bonnie highland flora and her Gracious Majesty, who was living in Balmoral Castle, nearby the River Dee'. He was refused permission by the lodge keeper at the Castle although he informed him that he was the poet McGonagall, and how he had been patronised by Her Majesty. McGonagall was obliged to trudge home without seeing the Queen, but his journey caused another sensation and he, himself, said it was the only thing that made him famous; that, and his Tay Bridge poem.

Topicality was the watchword of his poems and newspaper stories were one of his favourite sources of inspiration. The same strain in the poet that drew him to the tragedies of Shakespeare was responsible for his vibrant handling of both natural and man-made disasters. He had a subject worthy of him on his doorstep in the Tay Bridge disaster and he coped with it in memorable fashion:

Your central girders would not have given way,
At least many sensible men do say,
Had they been supported on each side with buttresses,
At least many sensible men confesses,
For the stronger we our houses do build,
The less chance we have of being killed.

Although McGonagall, in his poverty, made some of his money entertaining in pubs, he had an almost divine belief in the cause of temperance, shown in his poem 'The Destroying

Angel', an aptly named tale in which a female angel wakes the poet in the middle of the night to take him on a conducted tour of all the public houses in Dundee, setting fire to each as they passed. McGonagall was a kindly and sincere man. There is no doubt he was, like most writers, very conceited, and he wrote his own autobiography dedicating it to himself, knowing none greater.

In the face of adversity, while most of his contemporary Dundonians mocked and ridiculed him, McGonagall's belief in his own talents was immense. But I think we should give him credit when we consider his brief formal education. He was able to accomplish what many of our pressurised, comprehensively educated, intellectual school children of today find difficult, to memorise and read Shakespeare widely and to be able to act, with some ability, scenes from his various plays. He occasionally appeared on the stage in Dundee but was never appreciated by his audience who, on occasions, pelted him with fruit and bags of flour.

His courage and tenacity were never in doubt and this is emphasised in his determination to visit the theatres in London. His great ambition was to see and meet Sir Henry Irving. In his moving story, on his arrival in London he made his way to Fetter Lane and secured lodgings for the week in the White Horse Inn at four (old) pence per night. The following day he resolved to call at the Lyceum Theatre to meet his idol, Henry Irving. However, he was rebuked by the janitor. McGonagall, indignant, replied that he considered himself to be as great a man as the famous actor, and came away without delay. He returned to Dundee saddened but delighted to be home again and to see his beloved Silvery Tay.

His luckless visit to London did not deter him from writing a poem called 'Jottings of London':

As I stood upon London Bridge
And viewed the mighty throng
Of thousands of people in cabs and 'buses
Rapidly whirling along
And driving to and fro
Up one street and down another
As quick as they could go.
And as for the Tower of London
It is most gloomy to behold
And within it lies the Crown of England
Be gemmed with precious stones and gold.
King Henry the Sixth was murdered there
By the Duke of Gloucester
And when he killed him with his sword
He called him an imposter.

St Paul's Cathedral is the finest building
That ever I did see
There's nothing can surpass it
In the town of Dundee
For it is most magnificent to behold
With its beautiful dome and lofty spire glittering like gold.

Our poet journeyed further afield in the following year and a public subscription was raised to enable him to visit the United States of America and in March 1887 he set sail for New York. On arrival there he found it impossible to obtain work on Broadway as broken down actors, he found, were ten a penny. He then resorted to trying to sell his poems, but in Times Square, the Americans were in no mood to listen to his particular type of verse. He was forced to accept a Dundee business-man's offer of passage home and to return, as he says, to a more civilised community.

My sentiment has consisted of a heart rending story of a really great Scotsman with tremendous strength of character based on gentleness. He was a man who, with today's education, would probably have become a straightforward actor, as he undoubtedly had tremendous talent. He may even have become a minister as he was obviously most tolerant and kindly and certainly would have been a violent preacher. He was a man of great purity of mind and he would have been very much for the Establishment, a Royalist and, probably, a Tory. The only difference between him and the masses was that he was articulate. He was a long suffering, hardworking idealist and got nothing but the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

His verses have been recited in every town and city in the country, in schools and colleges all over England, and the largest sale of his books still is in the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. James Bridie wrote his famous play 'Gog and Magog' based entirely on the poet's life. In the play, the well-known actor Alec Clunes played the part of McGonagall at the Arts Theatre, Great Newport Street, where it was first performed. Peter Sellers is anxious to make a film on the poet's life, and Sir Alec Guinness is another McGonagall fan.

There are McGonagall clubs in many parts of the world. In Auckland, New Zealand, the University has inaugurated a McGonagall Society and in Johannesburg they are anxious to erect a monument in his honour. Author and TV personality Cliff Hanley recently wrote a play on McGonagall and called it 'Hero o' a Hundred Fights'. It had its premiere at the Perth Theatre in January this year; well-known Scots actor John Laurie played the leading role. Another Scots actor, Nicoll Williamson, is also anxious to portray the life of McGonagall.

His work lives on and it has helped numerous poets like Dorothy Parker, Ogden Nash and Paul Jennings, all of whom have shown their appreciation of the real McGonagall. His poems have, as he would have wanted, gone down through the years, reflecting his introduction to the first volume of 'Poetic Gems', in which he wrote:

> *I earnestly hope the inhabitants of the beautiful city of Dundee*
> *Will appreciate this volume got up by me*
> *And when they read its pages, I hope it will fill their hearts with delight*
> *While seated around the fireside on a cold winters night*
> *And some of them, no doubt, will let a silent tear fall*
> *In dear remembrance of WILLIAM McGONAGALL*

The tears may be of laughter, but his works live on when those of real poets are forgotten.

EJ Gordon Henry called on Brothers Caledonian to rise and toast the guests and R Glendinning replied. As was then usual, this March dinner also included the President's toast

to the Honorary Office Bearers, the Honorary Secretary responding. New members Sir Douglas Bell, James Gulliver and James Park are listed as being formally welcomed.

Harold Blackburn, accompanied by William Spershott, sang 'Westering Home', The Bonnie Earl o' Moray', 'Ye Banks and Braes', 'The Foggy, Foggy Dew', 'Drinking' and 'Old Man River'. The Society's Officer played 'The 79th's Farewell to Gibraltar', 'Highland Whisky', 'The Reverend Alan Davidson', 'Craigmillar Castle' and 'The Caledonian Society of London'. Brother Caledonian Robert Eadie was at the piano for 'Auld Lang Syne'.

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The annual (ladies') Festival in April was celebrated by a rather disappointing 111 members and guests. The evening followed the old pattern of the President's toast to the Society, the Vice President's (Vernon J Eddie) toast to the guests, the reply to that toast (by Lady Tait Douglas Mackay), the toast to the President proposed by a Past President (Alister G MacDonald deputising for Immediate Past President HR Stewart Hunter to whom the duty properly belonged), the Past Presidents' Salute to the President (when the Ceremony of the Dirks, as described in pages 28 and 29 of the Chronicles for 1921-1930, may have been performed although this is unconfirmed) and the presentation of the Gold Badge to the President.

The London Scottish Choir sang 'Oh God of Bethel', 'Dance tae yer Daddy', 'Oh can ye Sew Cushions?', 'The Deil's Awa', 'All in the April Evening', 'Belmont', 'Gretna Green', 'Bonnie Banks o' Bonnie Doon', 'Afton Water', 'Mice and Men', 'In the Forest', 'Bonnie Dundee' and 'Get on Board'. The Society's Officer played 'The Highland Brigade at Margersfontein', 'O'er the Braes to Ballindalloch', 'The Kilt is my Delight', '25th KOSB' and 'The Caledonian Society of London'. Brother Caledonian Robert Eadie was at the piano for 'Auld Lang Syne'.

Society Business. A Year Book was published early in the session and had the standard contents of photographs of the President and chain of office, a copy of the Rules and lists of Council and members for the session.

There were six Council meetings and the same number of General meetings. Council and General meetings immediately preceded all Little Dinners with a further Council meeting and the AGM in June at the end of the session. All meetings were held at the Hotel Russell. The reason for ceasing the custom of holding the June Council meeting and AGM at the Royal Scottish Corporation is not stated but may have been due to the introduction of charges for such use at this time. To permit members more time to discuss matters, it was decided to add non-dinner night Council and General meetings in October in future sessions.

For the first time since 1947, no annual check was carried out on the Society's property, an omission that was to continue over much of the next forty years and must have contributed to a number of the losses that occurred. This change may have been related to the move of the June business meetings away from the Royal Scottish Corporation where some items had been kept.

It was noted that the Society's list had contributed over £1305 towards the Royal Scottish Corporation's November 1967 annual appeal, £900 was raised for the Royal Caledonian Schools in May 1968 and a further £75 was donated to each charity from Society funds.

However, concern was expressed that some members did not support both charities as individuals.

In a departure from practice since 1920, it was decided that a Sentiment should be added to the programme of the Ladies' Festival in future years; this would first happen in session 1969-1970. The change was less radical than it may appear as, prior to World War One, Robert Burns had been commemorated, with a suitable address, at the Festival that was then held in January and, more recently, some speeches in response to the toast to Our Guests had been Sentiments in all but name.

The AGM in June witnessed the elections of Vernon J Eddie as President and of Alastair AM Fisher as Vice President. The Honorary Office Bearers remained unchanged.

Membership. The membership total was 136, with 91 Ordinary members, at the start of the session and had fallen to 130 and 85 respectively by its end. The death of James McWilliam Simmie (member since 1937-1938) was noted with regret. There were ten resignations and five new members joined.

SESSION 1968-1969

President Vernon J Eddie

Office Bearers

President	Vernon J Eddie MA BCom
Vice President	Alastair AM Fisher
Honorary Secretary	George Deans
Honorary Treasurer	John AD Paton CA
Honorary Auditor	James H Robertson MM CA
Honorary Historian	Robert Leitch FIAS
Society's Officer	Pipe Major JB Robertson MBE

The President. Very sadly, and at the time of writing in 2016 uniquely, Vernon Eddie was to die in office as President. He was an Aberdeen man where he attended Robert Gordon's College. At university, he was president of both the Students' Representative Council and the Students Union, graduating MA and B Com. War service was spent in the Royal Army Ordnance Corps with Anti-aircraft Command in the United Kingdom, latterly in the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. His business life was in the wine and sprit trade, being with United Rum Merchants from 1936 until he retired in 1967. Other activities included chairmanship of the Wine and Spirit Trades Benevolent Society, a member of the Caledonian Club, a director of the Caledonian Christian Club, a director of the Royal Caledonian Schools, and an elder of Crown Court Church in addition to membership of our own Society which he joined in 1955-1956. He died very suddenly in March 1969.

Social Programme. The usual five Little Dinners were held November to March at the Hotel Russell. Following the death of the President, Vice President Alastair Fisher took the chair in March but the Festival in April was cancelled as it was considered to be,

traditionally, very much the President's evening. Total attendance for the Little Dinners was about 576, a sharp decline from the previous half-decade.

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The November dinner was the London Scottish evening and was attended by about 115 members and guests. The Sentiment 'The Scot in Sport' was delivered by a well-known Englishman, Sir Stanley Rous then president of FIFA (Federation International de Football Associations). He started by saying:

When your President invited me to be your guest tonight, I accepted with alacrity; when he asked me to be a speaker I was less enthusiastic, and when he suggested the title of my talk, I felt speechless, because I was sure that you would know more than I do about your own county's sporting activities.

And then to cause real dismay, he lent me a book in which are recorded the addresses made by previous speakers since 1956. Brilliant oratory including all the Scottish jokes, humour which has been told through the ages. I couldn't stop reading them – and added a few to my repertoire, especially for overseas listeners. They love to hear them because there are always people they know - never themselves – whom the point of the story fits – whether it is caution, scoring points over adversaries, thrift, or domestic strife.

and went to give a wide ranging review, lightened by humour, based on his experience and knowledge of Scots sport, finishing with:

But real leader must believe that the goal he strives for is attainable – if not in his life time, then by his successors for whom he paved the way; creating good will and a sense of partnership. True in sport as in other spheres. Sport is important in daily lives, but it is not all important, as Scots in top places have shown.

Mr President, there is never a golden age. Now and again at functions like this – where fellowship, comradeship are expressed and felt as in sport - one gets a glimpse of it. Random remarks, but I assure you the Scot is very much in sport throughout the world. May sport in Scotland continue to flourish and may your Society continue to prosper, root and branch!

The President led the toast to the Regiment. Alan Niekirk, a previous Commanding Officer of the Regiment, proposed the toast to the guests and Denzil S Batchelor spoke in reply. New members The Captain of Clanranald, Peter Floyd, Allan Farquhar Johnston and Alfred Spence seem to have been introduced.

The Pipe Major and Pipe Sergeant of the London Scottish played 'Morag of Dunvegan', 'Angus Mackinnon', 'Louden's Bonnie Woods and Braes', 'Braes of Mar', 'Piper of Drummond', 'The Kilt is my Delight' and 'Back of Benachie' and Brother Caledonian Donald Fraser sang 'Gae bring tae me a Pint o' Wine', 'Ca the Yowes', 'I win Ye tae Me, and 'Annie Laurie'. The day closed with the Society's Strathspey, played by the Society's Officer, Auld Lang Syne and the National Anthem. Brother Caledonian Robert Eadie was at the piano.

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The title of the December Sentiment, delivered to an audience of 67 members and 68 guests, was the 'Romance of Scotch Whisky' and Tom Scott was its author. His text makes it clear that the content was essentially a description of the production process – apparently a little dry, despite the subject, but it may have been lightened by its delivery! It may also have been more usefully informative in a time before the proliferation of distillery visitor centres.

Mr President and Caledonians, I deem it a great privilege to address you this evening, particularly because of your long history and because of the high standard of the Sentiments which have been given to you in the past. As you will already have gathered from my accent, I belong to Glasgow, but unlike the comedian on a Saturday night, Glasgow does not belong to me!

The title of my Sentiment is 'The Romance of Scotch Whisky'. It was suggested to me by your President, my old friend, or should I say friend of long standing, Mr Vernon Eddie. Romance, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder and it may well be that I cannot see my wood of romance for the trees of commerce, and, of course, what to me seem to be romantic about the Scotch whisky industry may not appeal to those outside, or vice versa!

I think you would agree that by whisky the vast majority mean the article of commerce which is the standard bottle of well-known propriety whisky, of which there are many kinds. As you know there are no bad Scotch whiskies; some are better than others! And, of course, I must say there are some excellent whiskies of small manufacturers which are not well known. Good quality proprietary whiskies are blends of malt and grain whiskies, approximately sixty per cent grain and forty per cent malt. The malt whiskies are the most important since they give most of the flavour to the blend. Almost all proprietary whiskies use a considerable number of malts in each blend. They use small percentages from each of thirty or forty, or even fifty, distilleries. Each of the over one hundred malt distilleries in Scotland produces its own kind of malt whisky with its own particular flavour. I often think of a blend of malt whiskies as being similar to a symphony orchestra. Some of the sounds produced by individual instruments are a little odd, sometimes downright peculiar, and would not be very pleasant if listened to alone for more than a short time. However, the symphony orchestra could not do without these. Likewise, there are some malts which are valuable to the blender although not pleasant solo.

Malt whisky is made in pot stills, like kettles; at least a pair is needed. The cereal used in Scotland is always barley which may be bought from anywhere. Indeed, while my company uses Fife barley almost exclusively, there is excellent malting barley produced in Yorkshire, Norfolk and elsewhere. The barley is harvested, partially dried and is then taken to a malting where the procedure is to simulate springtime. The barley kernel, which almost wholly starch, is induced, by moisture and warmth, to burst into life and to send out a root and a shoot, and at the same time the bulk of the starch turns, like magic, into sugars of various kinds. At a given point in time, usually about four to five days after the barley kernel has started growing, it is 'kilned' in a kiln by application of heat. The root and shoot wither and we are now left with kernel almost wholly comprised of sugars instead of starch. When convenient, these are ground to grist in a mill and infused in a vessel like someone making tea. The vessel containing the grist has water added about four times, the water temperature increasing each time, the idea being to extract almost all the soluble sugars. What is left is worthless except as cattle food. The liquid containing the sugars, which is sweet and pleasant

to taste, is called wort. It is cooled then put in another vessel called a wash-back or fermentor and a suitable quantity of yeast is added. The yeast animal has the property of ingesting sugar and excreting alcohol. When there is no sugar left in the wort then the yeast animals die and we are left with a beer containing about ten per cent alcohol. Very conveniently, the boiling point of alcohol is appreciably lower than that of water.

The beer is taken to the wash still where a fairly rough distillation takes place and then a considerable amount of water, or beer without alcohol, is discarded. The wash containing the alcohol, now in much higher proportion, is taken to the spirit still where a run can be as much as seven hours. The outlet of this still is fed into one or other of two vessels via a Government controlled contraption called a spirit safe. For the first hour or so what comes off the spirit still is a mixture of alcohol and various substances including fusel oil which would not be suitable for maturation. However, at given point in the run, which the stillman feels appropriate, that is when the spirit reaches a certain strength and when it does not immediately turn cloudy when water is added in the spirit safe, the collection of the whisky proper begins by the swinging of a lever so that what has hitherto been flowing into the feints receiver for re-distillation later now flows into the spirit receiver. The flow of whisky may last two or three hours, the strength declining the whole time. Again, it is left to the stillman to determine when he should cut off and switch over from the still back to the feints receiver. Obviously, a careless distiller or one lacking in knowledge might start running whisky too soon and spoil the product, or he might run too long and introduce some odd flavours at the bottom end of the run.

Each pair of stills varies and it is very interesting how they can be coaxed to give of their best by someone who is enthusiastic and interested. Malt distilleries vary greatly in size, some produce only one hundred and fifty or two hundred thousand proof gallons per annum, and there are several which now produce over one million. It is a strange phenomenon that the flavour of each malt seems locked to location irrespective of from what source the raw material comes. In other words, a distillery will turn out the same whisky, or at least with only trivial differences, no matter whether the barley comes from Fife, Yorkshire, Australia or Canada, and likewise we believe that the yeasts make very little difference to the flavour, although there are those who disagree with this point of view.

The public at large always seems to attribute a great deal to the water used. A few years ago my company researched into the water and other factors pertaining to a number of distilleries in Scotland. While we found that the majority of these distilleries were in the north east area, roughly within twenty to thirty miles of the River Spey, there was no other common denominator such as altitude, nearness to the sea, nor anything particular in regard to the water. In fact there was considerable diversity in the waters. The whole thing is a mystery. There is no doubt that many companies would pay substantial sums to be able to upgrade the quality of the malt whisky they produce to the level of, say, Glen Grant and Glenlivet but it seems that the quality is locked to the location. I think this is one of the mysteries of Scotch whisky.

Wood plays an important part in maturation. The timber exclusively used by the Scotch Whisky trade is American White Oak most of which is brought from America to Scotland in the form of barrels which have been filled once in that country. These are very good containers, made with precision, and they are of a handy size. While many firms bring them into Scotland knocked down in shook form, my company and a few others believe in retaining the original cask. We import them standing, despite additional freight, and we recoup this

extra cost by sustaining lower losses through the years and, of course, from much lower coopering costs since we do not have to re-assemble them on arrival. There are also many thousands of sherry casks filled every year but the percentage is a very small part of the total used.

Malt distilling is a fairly coarse form of distilling and thus the period required for maturation is considerable. There are very few malts that would take less than six years and the majority would take seven or eight years, and some of the heaviest and best malts in my view take eight to ten years.

Grain whiskies are made from cereals, almost wholly barley and maize, the latter preponderating. While there are over a hundred malt distilleries in Scotland, there are only nine grain distilleries, some of which can make up to ten million proof gallons per annum. Grain whisky differs from malt whisky in the respect that it is not made wholly from barley and that the beer, once made, is not put in pot stills with the alcohol boiled off but is instead fed into columns in which the descending beer meets ascending steam and the alcohol is collected on plates which are suitably positioned in the columns. Thus the grain whisky is more refined than malt whisky and, while it has the flavour of whisky, this flavour is much less intense. Grain whiskies mature in about four to five years.

Now to get back to the original bottle of whisky which I mentioned at the outset of my address. A blender selling a good quality propriety whisky would take approximately sixty per cent of grain whisky of one or two makes, and somewhere between thirty and fifty different malt whiskies of varying ages, say, from six to nine years, and would use these malts in the proportions he felt would give the best results. He would carefully avoid using too much of the one kind of whisky lest the flavour of that particular malt whisky might obtrude. This blend would be made up to a fixed recipe, and provided he employed someone competent to smell a sample of each cask before it was put into vat, each blend should be substantially the same year after year. The smeller might find the odd cask which had turned foul, giving the whisky a woody flavour, or he might notice that the batch of whisky from one of the distilleries was hard, or had some defect, in which case he would quickly call on some reserve whisky which he might have in his warehouse. I mention this point about blending because there seems to be an impression abroad that each whisky firm has a little man in a remote building somewhere who spends all day matching blends. I should say this is incorrect. To go back over the ground, recipes are carefully devised, should be rigidly adhered to and each cask should be smelled before being emptied and then the resultant blend carefully compared with preceding blends.

An important part of producing good Scotch whiskies is the marrying, which simply comprises letting the blend lie for anything between three and six months in sound casks, not vats. Usually, the appropriate amount of colouring is added before marrying. The colouring used in the Scotch whisky industry is, almost without exception, caramelised sugar. The natural colour of good Scotch whisky after the addition of water is approximately that of champagne, straw coloured, but occasionally the blend is darker or sometimes lighter, according to the wood in which it has been matured. Thus, to attain uniformity and also to gratify the wishes of those who think they are being cheated unless the whisky is a good robust colour, almost all Scotch whisky has colour added.

When we make up a bottling vat of, say, ten thousand gallons, we take approximately equal parts of five different blends in order to iron out any slight differences between blends.

One aspect of maturing Scotch whisky which I have not mentioned is that of evaporation. This is generally about four to five per cent in the first year and two per cent per annum thereafter. Thus, a cask of malt whisky matured for eight years would lose nearly twenty per cent of its contents. This is a costly loss which cannot be avoided since it is part of the process of maturation for the cask to breathe and enable the changes in the whisky to take place.

There is a lighter side to the Scotch whisky industry and sometimes we come across quite amusing anecdotes. For example, I have a label here which is called 'Monster's Choice' which shows Loch Ness and an animal with a head, three humps and a tail. To move from Loch Ness to Japan, for many years I have had an empty bottle of one which had been made in Japan and carrying the name of a distillery there. The whisky was called 'Queen Victoria' and while there was nothing particularly funny about the front label, the back label said 'Bottled in Buckingham Palace, under the personal supervision of His Majesty King George V'!

So far, I have not dealt with romance as such, in regard to Scotch whisky, but I hope you agree that there is some in what I have told you. I never cease to wonder about the remarkable fact that Scotch whisky, whose flavour derives in many cases from distilleries in the depths of the country particularly in the beautiful north east of Scotland, should find such universal appeal. I cannot think of any article of international commerce, the product of one country, which is found over so much of the globe. There is certainly no other spirit which enjoys this worldwide trade.

The growth in the past thirty years has been remarkable. For example, Europe now purchases seven and a quarter million cases whereas before the war this was in the order of three hundred thousand cases. The United States now purchases around sixteen million cases whereas before the war their purchases were in the order of three million cases. The same story applies to other markets. Last year the value of Scotch whisky exports was £128 million; this year they may well reach £145 million.

The duty on whisky in Britain is quite shameful. Let us suppose that four went for a drink, one selected to have sherry, another half a pint of beer, another three ounces of English bottled Beaujolais and the last one an ounce of Scotch, then the contribution made by each of the four would be six pence, eight pence, fifteen pence and twenty two pence, before the very recent ten per cent regulator increase. Now you will see that this ten per cent has the effect of raising the duty on Scotch by almost two pence, whereas on beer it is only one penny, although each of the four drinks contains the same amount of alcohol. What is forgotten in Whitehall is that, to a much greater extent than in England, whisky is Scotland's national drink. However, this is not the time or place to get political but I could not resist the temptation to demonstrate, to you gentlemen who are interested in Scotland, how unfairly we are being treated.

I am afraid that our Scotch whisky has many imitators and Scotch type whiskies are on sale in many parts of the world. The Scotch Whisky Association spends many thousands of pounds per annum in suing people abroad who make up whiskies whose labels carry Scotch insignia such as balmorals, kilts, bagpipes and Scotch names. Some of these are scandalous imitations. There are also large selling Scotch type whiskies that do not make any reference

at all to Scotland on the labels. I refer mainly to Japanese whiskies; these use a small percentage of genuine Scotch malt in order to acquire some of the flavour of genuine Scotch.

I am sorry I have not been able to find many romantic aspects of Scotch whisky, possibly because I am too deeply immersed in the subject. However, I am proud, and I am sure you are too, of the fine quality of Scotch and of the fact that this is such a splendid drink on which the sun never sets; there is always someone somewhere in the world having a 'nip'. I am proud of the skills, much of which is unwritten, of our maltsters and malt and grain distilleries in Scotland. I am sure we are all proud of the great part that Scotch is playing, reducing the imbalance of trade, for which the government's gratitude takes the form of punitive increases in duty every few months!

Thank you very much indeed for your warm reception. I have enjoyed being here, Mr President. I now wish the Caledonian Society continued success. Merry Christmas and a good New Year, fellow Scots.

Albert Park accepted the challenge of welcoming the guests and Bruce Dehn responded. New member David Smart is shown as having been welcomed.

Harold Blackburn, accompanied by William Spershott, sang 'Eriskay Love Lilt', 'Bonnie Earl o' Moray', 'Ole Man River', 'Drinking', 'My Ain Folk' and 'Maggie Lauder'. The Society's Officer played the pipe set 'South Hall', 'The Islay Ball', 'Lumsden Rant' and 'Bertie Gass' and also played 'The Caledonian Society of London' as a prelude to the company's rendition of Auld Lang Syne and the Queen when Brother Caledonian Robert Eadie took over at the piano.

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The Burns flavour of the January little Dinner was well maintained in the Sentiment by John Marshall, Headmaster of Robert Gordon's College. Around 126 members and guests heard him address the nature of Burn's character and work from the point of view of a school master, starting with the observation that throughout his adult life Robert Burns was a bit obsessed with questions such as the connection between learning and genius; between books and life; schooling and a man's place in society; between happiness and education; and above all, the connection between education and fame as a poet. He went on to illustrate this by events from the Bard's life and extracts from his writings and concluded there had been a struggle that went on in Burns' inmost being for years with a conflict between the tastes of a Scottish poetic genius and the deplorable effects of an educational apprenticeship to English poetic models, and that had Robert Burns gone to a university, the weight of the English mode might have tipped too far for even the genius of a Burns to win through. In doing this, he said:

Every man to his trade. It may not surprise you that to a schoolmaster the key questions about Burns concern his education – and his pre-occupations with education. For throughout his adult life Robert Burns was a bit obsessed with questions such as the connection between learning and genius; between books and life; schooling and a man's place in society; between happiness and education; and above all, the connection between education and fame as a poet.

You remember, gentlemen, the list of subjects debated by the Tarbolton Bachelors' Club? Among them: 'Whether is a young man of the lower ranks of life likeliest to be happy who has got a good education, and his mind well-informed, or he who has just the education and information of those around him'. Little doubt exists in our minds as to which Tarbolton bachelor put up that question and gave most thought to it. The same bachelor as has left in his poems so many variations of this question – or of answers to it. Even as I speak some examples will have come to your minds:

> *It's no in makin' muckle mair*
> *It's no in books; it's no in lear*
> *To make us truly blest.*

Or, again, another variant:

> *This while my notion's ta'en asklent*
> *To try my fate in guid black prent;*
> *But still, the mir I'm that way bent,*
> *Something cries 'Hoolie!'*
> *I red you, honest man, tak tent!*
> *Ye'll shaw your folly.*
>
> *There's ither poets much your betters,*
> *Far seen in Greek, deep men o'letters,*
> *Ha'e thought they had ensured their debtors*
> *A' future ages*
> *Now moths deform in shapeless tatters*
> *Their unknown pages.*

Or, perhaps the most illuminating two verses of all:

> *A set o'dull, conceited hashes,*
> *Confuse their brains in college classes,*
> *Plain truth to speak*
> *An' syne they think to climb Parnassus*
> *By dint o' Greek.*
>
> *Gi'e me a spark o' Nature's fire*
> *That's a' the learning I desire;*
> *Then though I drudge through dub and mire*
> *At plough or cart,*
> *My muse, though hamely in attire,*
> *May touch the heart.*

These extracts certainly seem to convey the message that this particular 'lad o' parts' had not much time for what we think of as the traditional Scots virtue of eagerness for learning – as a means of 'getting on', if for nothing else. And herein lays surely a paradox. For we know from his biographers, his correspondents and his own notebooks, this man showed a voracious appetite for learning. It has been fairly said of him that before he was a grown man 'he was acquainted with a store house of literature such as few students of today entering a University could lay equal claim'.

Granted Burns was a complex and self-contradictory character, my main question is: why did a man so avid for learning profess to reject or seem to reject the relevance of learning? I honestly think that question is cardinal to an understanding of the poet's life and work.

There is another question: How did it come about that Burns who wrote immortal verses like 'Tam o' Shanter', 'Holy Willie's Prayer', 'The Holy Fair', 'To a Mouse', also wrote a good deal of very inferior stuff. Not only wrote it, but had it published, as though he himself didn't know the difference between bad and good. You know the sort of stuff I mean:

> *To Miss Logan*
>
> *Again the silent wheels of time*
> *Their annual round have driven*
> *And you, though scarce in maiden prime,*
> *Are so nearer heaven.*

Does it shock you a bit to hear it quoted at a Burns toast? I think it would show a lack of moral courage on the part of us who love and admire Burn's great work if we fail to face up to the fact that he also wrote a good deal of other stuff. Another example, the famous verses to Edinburgh:

> *Edina, Scotia's darling seat!*
> *All hail thy palaces and towers,*
> *Where once beneath a monarch's feet*
> *Sat legislative's sovereign power!*

Some of you may recall the comments of one of Burn's finest and most understanding modern expositors, Dr David Daiches, about the 'Address to Edinburgh':

> *It is a frigid, artificial poem in stilted neoclassic English. Edinburgh is hailed as 'Edina! Scotia's darling seat', and as the firm of Edinburgh plumbers and sanitary engineers who in a later generation adopted the name Edina for their version of a necessary, but hardly a poetic, kind of seat were demonstrating, is somewhat crudely, real critical insight.'*

My two questions, of course, are in my opinion linked with one another.

To answer the first, we have to take a look at Burn's education. What kind of education had he? I don't think anyone today accepts the older legend that Burns was an untutored peasant who uttered verses as spontaneously and artlessly as a lark or a lintie sings its song. Mind you, Burns himself at times seemed to encourage this view – in certain Edinburgh circles, for instance – when it suited his purpose. Carlisle seemed to accept it. Didn't he say:

> *'Had this William Burn's small seven acres of nursery ground anywise prospered, the boy Robert had been sent to school; had struggled forward, as so many weaker men do, to some university; come forth not as a rustic wonder, but as a regular, well trained intellectual workman, and changed the whole course of British literature, for it lay in him to have done this.'*

The established facts, of course, remove Carlisle's assumption from under him. The boy Robert did go to school, and he had the services of a very good example of the old-time Scottish dominie – a young dominie at that. And he followed up the magnificent drilling he received from Murdoch with a voracious course of private reading. In some ways it's fair to say he was largely self-educated. And of how many of the great names among our countrymen that can truly be said: Burns, the poet; Hugh Miller, the geologist; Rennie, the engineer. (I realise what a dangerous word to use is 'self-educated'. After all, in the last resort all well-educated men are self-educated. You will recall the old saying, a common place in the remarks of schoolmasters, that you can lead a horse to water, but ----! However, when we use the word self-educated in the general sense, what we are getting at is this: that those who are educated systematically in institutions at least have people to guide them – or at least to discuss with them – the sources they may read and the lines they may pursue, thus saving them immense loss of effort and time. The self-educated have often had to hammer out their own paths, and to make use of what sources lay to hand. If you didnae ask naething, ye will nae learn anything.)

However that may be, the more recent view is that Burns, even if largely self-educated, was more extensively read in literature than the average university candidate today of the same age – and that this pabulum nourished his genius. Personally I am not happy about this view either. I think it needs to be modified – rather drastically.

Burns had so thorough an education, so extensive a course of reading in the literary models of his day that this very education was in some respects the gravest obstacle in the way of his poetic genius; it was the source of conflicts that plagued him for most of his creative days. It is perhaps the greatest achievement of his genius that it surmounted the handicap of this all too thorough education, self-education.

How calamitous for Burns that he happened to be growing up at a time when the literary models of the day, the models he was taught to admire and to try to imitate, were those of the formal, rhetorical, genteel, sentimental neo-classic English school; and, what may be even worse, those Scottish writers of the post-Union era who slavishly followed the English models and wrote in their idiom – a genteel, artificial idiom that has perished. Which of you today tries to read Shenstone, Thomson, Beattie, Home, Blacklock or Blair?

Burn's diaries show he had a burning ambition to make something of himself, to win a name for himself; and, more specifically, to make a name for himself as a poet. And he set about his job by studying other practitioners – mostly the models I've mentioned. And they had a profound influence upon him. The next time you have a complete Kilmarnock Edition in your hands, instead of picking out your old favourites, take a look at some of those modelled on the English writers.

You will then see that the great miracle about Burn's genius is surely this: that with his ambition, his intelligence, his single-minded application, the miracle is that his genius survived the influences of the models he so admired. And particularly when his first, almost unlooked for, success with the Kilmarnock volume brought him to Edinburgh – at that time the Scottish branch headquarters of the emasculating English literary fashion we've been discussing.

What rescued him?

For one thing, the living tradition of verse making in vernacular Scots that existed in the Ayrshire communities – and other parts of Scotland. Apart from the traditional folk songs, the local rhymes too had a special place in the life of country side and market town. Burns was influenced by many of those humble rhymers who practiced versifying in Scots; the country laird's son whose song to a lass stung the young Robert to emulate by penning his first verses to Nelly Kilpatrick; David Sillar, Saunders Tait and Lapraik were among his early local rhymester friends. There is no clear documentary evidence but it seems probable that for many years Burns was torn in two directions – stimulated to emulate and far surpass his local friends in dialect verse, while also aiming to emulate the more genteel English models – apparently more highly thought of by the educated world.

Secondly, he discovered models in the great predecessors of a cultured and highly literate tradition of vernacular Scots poetry, especially Allan Ramsay and Robert Fergusson, of a slightly earlier generation.

In Burn's time, in the era after the Union and after the '45, Scottish culture suffered a split personality. Politically, Scotland had become thoroughly integrated with her larger partner in the United Kingdom. Most of Scotland's great thinkers, teachers and writers sought international recognition by friendly emulation and competition with their English counterparts by using standard English language, English diction and English idiom and styles. A small band, on the other hand, clearly thought that the best way to make a contribution to European culture was by preserving a typically and traditionally Scottish viewpoint in a highly developed literary Scottish vernacular. Ramsay and Fergusson were largely ignored by polite Edinburgh society of Burn's day.

To judge by the entries in Burn's Common Place Book, he had been modelling himself on the neo-classic English poets for years before he became seized by the significance of Ramsay and Fergusson and started, with enthusiasm, to analyse and imitate their techniques and their craftsmanship in literary forms which used the spoken language of his own community. That was the real turning point for Burns, when he looked up from the modest village lamps of Sillar and Lapraik – and became aware that there were brilliant stars in the Scottish sky. The realisation burst upon him – in verse.

> *My senses wad be in a creel*
> *Should I but dare to hope to speel*
> *Wi Allan or wi Gilbertfield*
> *The braes o fame*
> *Or Fergusson, the writer chiel*
> - *A deathless name*

Mind you, even after this realisation, the conflict of purpose still went on – for years. And particularly during the Edinburgh period, Burns wrote many pieces in the artificial English idiom to charm, flatter and please those for whom he felt obliged to write some genteel propriety. One gets the impression that he was sweirt to give up this facility – for he had a great facility for it – so long as it could be an influence in getting him into print, getting him recognition as a poet.

These then were the background influencers. In the final resort, of course, it was the sound instinct of his genius that was the determining factor. It was that sound instinct that prompted in him so many of those questionings (to which I referred in the beginning), questionings

about the relevance of "book-lear" (that is the formal education in the polite, artificial literature of his day) to the life of an Ayrshire poet. That sound instinct which provoked the rebellious and exaggerated response of:

Gie me a spark o' Nature's fire
That's a' the learning I desire

Was that his admission that the formal literary model that had been the main content of his education had let him down? I think so.

And now perhaps I ought to make it clear that I have not been discussing merely difference in Language or diction, English models on the one hand, Scots models on the other. There is much more to it than that. It's not just the language that's different in the two idioms, it's the content.

There have been critics who have said that Burns, whether writing in English or Scots, was no genius because his works contained no deep original thought. Burn's genius certainly did not lie in the direction of original thought. His genius lay in the direction of expression. Let me put it this way. There is one kind of genius with words that compels our admiration in terms like 'I would never have thought of that. But how true and right'.

There is another kind of genius that compels our admiration in different terms. 'I have always thought that or felt that way; but I could never have put it into words so tellingly'. Therein lay much of the genius of Burns. He could put things into words, deceptively simple words, colourful words; (and he had an acute ear for rhythms and could make words sing) and what he most often put into these words were observations about people, observations of human nature and folk's behaviour.

And of course it's in this respect too as well as in his language that the genius of Burns led him to reject the contemporary literary models. For them poetry was a vehicle for abstraction. Burns had a tremendous gift, on the contrary, for conveying a great deal through a concrete picture. When he wants to bring home to us a complex mood, or a frame of mind, he uses not psychological abstractions or generalisations but a crystal clear picture in homely words:

We twa hae paidled in the burn
Frae morning sun till dine
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin auld lang syne

It's a dangerous error to imagine that he who uses homely, simple pictures and phrases so tellingly is himself either homely or simple. Simplicity and economy of effect is often the final product of the most consummate craftsmanship and skill. The skill that lies in making it look simple.

'Holy Willie's Prayer' is the marvellous example of that. I'm among those who think that poem is perhaps his greatest. One can appreciate it at so many levels. At one level it makes a laughable picture of man's behaviour. At another it satirises the hypocrisy of the man. At a third level, without using any jargon or philosophical jargon, it uses these concrete pictures and a man's own words to reduce to absurdity a tenaciously established theological doctrine.

How many long winded essays, sermons, treatises have been written in English, in French, in Dutch and in German against the Calvinist doctrine of election? Thousands, tens of thousands, more probably. Yet it remained for two Scottish geniuses to illuminate it by the searchlight of an individual concrete case which reduces it to absurdity; the harsh teaching that people are pre-destined, some to salvation, some to damnation, regardless of their conduct. In prose the 'Confessions of a Justified Sinner'. In verse, 'Holy Willie's Prayer'. In fact it can almost be said that Burns, with breath-taking simplicity, goes a long way to demolishing the doctrine in just six lines simply by stating in plain Scots:

O thou that in heaven does dwell
Wha, as it pleases best thyself
Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell
A' for thy glory!
And no' for ony gude or ill
They've done before thee

In any other language, any other satirist is there anything to compare with Holly Willie's calm suggestion that his carnal appetites are to be regarded as trials sent upon him by God's will to save him from the sin of pride!

Maybe thou lets this fleshy thorn
Beset thy servant e'en and morn
Lest he owre high and proud should turn
Cause he's sae gifted

And finally the bargain so confidently proposed to the Almighty with such humble effrontery at the end of the poem:

But Lord; remember me and mine
Wi mercies temporal and divine
That I for grace and gear may shine
Excelled by nane
And a' the glory shall be thine
Amen! Amen!

In the same season as he wrote that masterpiece, Burns wrote many lines like the following:

What is a lordling's pomp? A cumbrous load
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

These doggerel lines come from one of the poems to which most lip service of praise is shown – 'The Cottars Saturday Night'. I do wish more people would read 'The Cottars Saturday Night' the whole way through, not merely picking out the bits they fancy – but the whole. And in that poem, reading with your own eyes – or better, listening with your own ears – you can find the perfect illustration of the struggle that went on in Burns' very inmost being for years. You'd almost think the poem had been put together by two different people. The conflict between the sure and sound tastes of a Scottish poetic genius and the deplorable effects of an

unfortunate educational apprenticeship to English models of insipidity, insincerity and artificiality.

I am whiles a bit ashamed of my Scottish countrymen – and especially those in membership of Burns Clubs – that in the past one hundred and seventy years so many words of sympathy have been spoken and written about Burns's struggles with his love problems, about his financial problems; and so few thoughts of understanding given to what, in the case of a poet, was the greatest struggle; with the intellectual problem of integrity of purpose and aim for this poetic ambition. The German critic Hans Hecht summed it up in these kindly words: His poetry resembles his life in that it often strayed from the right path.

I have had the privilege tonight of trying to indicate what part education played in his going astray. I quoted Carlisle earlier. You will not be surprised to hear that it is my conviction that Carlisle could not have been more wrong. If William Burns had prospered better; had Robert Burns gone to a university, I fear the weight of false educational models would have tipped too far for even the genius of a Burns to win through.

As a representative of institutional education, then in a way, may I make a gesture of amends – nostra culpa, nostra maxima culpa – by asking you to toast with me this man whose memory will be Immortal in despite of what education nearly did to him.

Later in the evening, AT Young proposed the health of the guests and Sir Michael Fraser spoke on their behalf. There were no fewer than six new members listed for introduction that night – H Graham Bower, David Martin Cowan, JK McCallum, James A Scott, David A Thom and David McLean Watt.

The menu card had Jamie Phillips down to sing but contemporary notes indicate that Daniel McCoshan stood in for him late in the day, in what seems to have been the first of his many welcome visits, and sang 'My Love is like a Red, Red Rose', 'Ca' the Yowes', 'When the Kye come Home', 'A Silver Moon' and 'Bonnie We Thing'. The Society's Officer played 'The Back o' Benachie', 'The Marquess of Huntly', 'The Piper o' Drummond' and 'Bonnie Strathyre' as well as the Society's strathspey. Brother Caledonian Robert Eadie was at the piano and the members and guests closed the evening with their own voices in the usual way.

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In February, with a company of some 89 members and guests, a Brother Caledonian was tasked with the Sentiment when the Reverend John Miller Scott, minister of Crown Court, spoke on 'Scots Kings and Kirks in London'; starting with the dawn of Christianity in Scotland, tracing Scottish royal visits from early times until the Union of the Crowns and telling of the rising of specifically Scottish kirks in London that followed that event.

History, they say, repeats itself and historians and clergymen repeat one another! I hope you will not judge this Sentiment by the criteria of Dr Johnson who said of a manuscript that 'The part that was good was unoriginal and the part that was not good was original' (Laughter).

I have a tale to tell which really requires no adorning and it is a privilege to present this Sentiment to you. I question whether I'll be able to do justice to the theme and I must ask you to forgive me if I do not pursue the subject through its entire length. This Sentiment is, by its

nature, a lot more serious than many and you will pardon me if I do not do what is so often expected by regaling you with a selection of anecdotes and the like which one may describe as jokes ministerial or clerical.

I take courage from the fact that I am by no means the first Scots minister to give a Sentiment. I feel that that it is perhaps more difficult to speak as one of yourselves – the family, I find, are always far more critical - but it's also true to say that one can speak to a family with a certain degree of candour, of frankness and of honesty. In this context, I am reminded of a colleague of mine speaking of a friendly undertaker who always finished his correspondence 'eventually yours' (Laughter). *The sobering thought may lend some clarity to your reception of what I am going to say.*

Indeed history reminds us that life is passing, but it also fills us with interest as its pages unfold. Scotland's history never fails to thrill me and no doubt it is appropriate that on this 250th Anniversary year of Crown Court Church on the Covent Garden site, the theme of this Sentiment by its minister should be 'Scots Kings and Kirks in London'.

It all started a long time ago when a young princeling, on the southern banks of the Solway, was baptised. His father, a Romano-British chief or prince, allowed him to travel to Rome, there to take instruction in the Christian faith. He was appointed a missionary bishop and, in travelling back following a land route via Milan in northern Italy, and Tours on the Loire in France, the great centre of international learning in that country. He arrived home at last, crossed the Solway and there St Ninian founded the Candida Casa at Whithorn in Galloway. At Tours he had studied the methods and admired the spirit of the great St Martin and to him he dedicated his community. Here the first British university was, to all intents and purposes, set up and to this place, two or three years later, came Finian who, after studying, returned to his native Ireland and founded the famous university of Movilla. To this centre came Columba. Columba was so impressed with what he learned from Finian that eventually he came to Scotland and there, amongst his missionary labours, laid holy hands on Aidan who was anointed as the king from whom our own Royal Family are descended.

So my Sentiment really starts with a British prince, an Irish saint and a Scottish king. How significant that the two principle Scottish churches in London both have this connection. The old Crown Court Church has, from its earliest days, been in the parish of St Martin. But for a fortunate accident of fate - because St Columba's Church was almost dedicated to the patron saint St Andrew but by a happy occurrence it was in fact dedicated to the name of St Columba - the name of Columba is celebrated in the annals of that famous church today. Both churches go back to the old Embassy church - and so you have, in the present day in London, the link right back to Ninian. You have the Martin connection, the Columba connection and the royal connection in the Scots kirks in London – to me, a matter that is very significant and very interesting.

The story really has its origin with the Romans in Britain. Following their departure the political situation was extremely fluid for between four hundred and five hundred years. Small kingdoms came and small kingdoms went until there eventually emerged a principal king in the north and a principal king in the south. In those far off days, the Vikings landed on the coast of Ireland and also in that kingdom of Columba up in the northwest, which included the south west of Scotland and the northwest of England. The English King Edmund succeeded in throwing out those Vikings from this northern territory. There was no M1 or Heathrow in those days and he found that he couldn't defend this area and keep the Vikings

out himself, so he came to an understanding with the King of Scotland that he would cede this part of the land to the Scottish king providing the latter would police the area to keep out the Vikings and avoid them crossing over to the east coast which was held by England, in Northumberland. In order that that this would be understood, the Scottish king promised loyalty to Edmund and it was agreed that he would travel south once a year and swear that this would be done. To show hospitality, the English king gifted to the Scottish Royal House an area of land, near the Charing Cross end of Whitehall, which is Scotland Yard. So, in time and throughout the years, this became the centre and place of residence of the many Scots who travelled south either from the Royal Family or as ambassadors from the Scottish Nation.

Inevitably, of course, questions arose later on as to why the Scottish king travelled south. The English said the king came to pay obeisance to the English king but the Scots maintained that they did so as a matter of respect because they were doing a job of work for the English - and you can take it either way.

In time, buildings were set up on this land and, if one knows anything about those days, one knows that the ambassadors included Malcolm Canmore who was the first one to come south. From your knowledge of Macbeth you will know that when Duncan was murdered, his son Malcolm sought and found refuge in England. Later came Edgar, David and others; and not one of them could write! The first example we have of a Scottish king being able to write is James I many years later and, curiously enough, he learned to write in London. This is not good for Scottish literary reputation, but it is true! (Laughter)

The point is that the only people who could write were the ecclesiastics – the ambassadors, the bishops and the domestic chaplains, some of whose names we know. In pre-reformation days, and by canonical law, it was obligatory for a churchman to celebrate the Sacrament and to say his daily offices. You will realise that it was therefore necessary that there should be some place in which the domestic chaplain could perform these duties. This is why we had a Royal Scottish Chapel in Scotland Yard but what people don't realise is why they had to build a special chapel.

The reason which I advance is this. We know that when Margaret Queen of Scotland brought her reforming movement to the Catholic Church in Scotland – at the time of Malcolm Canmore – she discovered that the Scots were worshipping, in some parts, in the vernacular and not in Latin. It appears very likely that the only kind of worship there could be in the Scottish community would probably be in the vernacular – and this was distinctly not so in the Church in England. This is, in my submission, the reason for the setting up of a special Scottish Embassy chapel. When Margaret came and brought her reforms, the buildings were going up and all worship in Scotland was now in Latin. But surely the tradition of worship was already there. We also know, from palaces and the like all over Europe, that it was by now the tradition that there should be a Chapel Royal, and such a practice was inevitably continued in Scotland Yard.

At one time there were three Scottish princes in London including David I, King of Scots, and the friendship was such between the Scottish Royal Family and the English Royal Family that the sister of one of the princes married Henry I, King of England. This tradition continued, the friendship. The picture we have of a tremendous degree of antipathy is not borne out by the history of our nations. The thistle and the rose, despite their occasional rivalries, have for many centuries lived in a great deal of amicable relationship. This is my opinion still, and I

think the existence of the Society bears out this kind of thing as being continuous. For example, in 1363 Alderman Sir Henry Picard, Lord Mayor of London, as Master of the Vintner company, entertained five kings at a banquet, a problem I should think which would tax the ingenuity of even our worthy Secretary, Mr President. They were Edward III of England, David II of Scotland, John King of France (who was a prisoner as a matter of fact), Waldemar III King of Denmark and Amadeus King of Cyprus. To this day, I understand, the toast of 'The Vintners' is drunk to a cheer remembering this royal occasion.

David I, one of Scotland's greatest kings, spent many years in the south, and as husband of yet another Matilda, the daughter of Waltheof, the Earl of Northumbria, David became Earl of Huntingdon, and for this and other English lands held by the Scottish kings, he had to pay allegiance in feudal style to the Lord Paramount, the English king. Again, this would be facilitated by his owning a residence, a pied-a-terre, in Whitehall. Alas, this obeisance also caused misunderstanding and the English could not distinguish between a Scottish king paying obeisance as an English noble and as doing so as King of Scots. The first, the Scots king did, the latter all Scots would have repudiated. It is interesting, however, to speculate that the famous Robin Hood of English tale and fable may well have been descended from the Scottish line by the Earldom of Huntingdon granted to King David I of Scotland (Laughter).

We know of one famous visit to London by a Scottish embassy, in James IV's time. It went to act as marriage broker to arrange James's marriage to Henry VII's elder daughter, Margaret Tudor. It consisted of three ambassadors, the Archbishop of Glasgow, the Earl of Bothwell and the Bishop Elect of Moray, with a hundred accompanying footmen and other officers. Apparently, they lodged at Smithfield but, once again, here was a group of churchmen and worship there must have been. Was it a strange irony, however, that brought them within a stone's throw of where it is thought that Wallace had, two centuries earlier, lost his life on the scaffold as a Scottish patriot? I had the privilege of passing that famous memorial at St Bartholomew's in the company of the Moderator of the General Assembly during the recent St Andrew's tide visit to the City. There we were in the official moderatorial car, with the Scottish Saltire flag before us. The car was stopped and for a moment we paused for a silent tribute before that place where the great Wallace had given his life for Scottish freedom. Perhaps the early Archbishop of Glasgow must also have spared a thought for that great Scottish patriot these many centuries ago, and smiled a quiet smile, for by their work at that time they sealed the possibility of a Scottish king on the English throne. Little wonder that William Dunbar, a clerk in Holy Orders and a great poet, rose at the banquet and with perhaps a certain quiet satisfaction, recited his poem to the Lord Mayor of London on that Christmas week 1501, with its constant refrain 'London, thou art the flower of cities all'.

Eventually, the embassy had its results; James VI came on his famous journey down to Whitehall and the Scottish Embassy was no longer required and fell into other hands, which as they say, is another story. Some believe that the Scottish Presbyterians, who accompanied James, at first worshipped in the chapel at Scotland Yard. Certainly, earlier the Scottish refugee protestant ministers had not been permitted to set up a chapel on their own and here there is a good deal of uncertainty, which is probably due, in part, to the different dates of the English and Scottish Reformations. One tradition favours the Royal Chapel being used by the Scots, whilst another suggests that a new chapel was built specially for his retinue by James VI. At any rate, when we begin to know clearly what is happening, there are apparently two Scottish congregations, one in the City of London about 1670 under a Scots minister, Carmichael, and, following a fire of 1698 which destroyed the Chapel of Scotland Yard, a

new congregation appears in 1700 just across Trafalgar Square in St Martin's Lane. This had two Scots ministers, George Gordon and Patrick Russell. Both these congregations claimed connections with the Scottish congregation in Scotland Yard. Could it be that the two groups did in fact worship in that area? We do not know for all the records perished in the fire of 1698. However, the City congregation has gone but, from the St Martin's Lane congregation the two principal Scots churches in London have taken their origin. There can also be no reasonable doubt that Scots have worshipped together in Westminster since before the Norman Conquest.

Although its actual earliest records are slightly younger than Foundation Hall, Crown Court finds its earliest reference in about 1700 when it was under the joint ministry of Gordon and Russell. It proudly styled itself, even then, as the Scottish National Church and so claimed its direct heritage from the ancient chapel of the Scottish kings and nation in Scotland Yard. It seems more than coincidence that the church first appears so relatively near Scotland Yard, in fact in St Martin's Lane on the other side of Trafalgar Square, and only two years after the fire had decimated the Yard. No doubt the church was strongly supported, for by 1707 the parliaments were united and more Scots than ever would come to Westminster, as can well be seen in the recent history of Drummond's Bank, and many would associate themselves with the Scottish kirk nearby. It was very much a Scottish church governed according to the Scottish Assembly pattern.

Patrick Russell had a great influence with the Scottish nobility and they contributed to build the new church in Covent Garden, for a little over six hundred pounds, in 1719. Amongst his successors was the Rev Thomas Oswald who helped the non-conformists by personally presenting a petition to King George III who received him in a most kindly manner. Another minister was William Cruden, the writer of the famous concordance. Yet another was WM Steven to whom Burns makes reference, if in a somewhat jocular manner, in one of his poems. Perhaps the most outstanding of all was Dr John Cumming whose ability prevented the Scots kirk of Crown Court from leaving the Establishment in 1843, and so preserving its peculiarly Scottish connection to this day. He was a man of outstanding power and brilliant intellect who, on several occasions, preached before Queen Victoria. Far ahead of his time, he organised a Scottish school, prepared an order of service for Holy Baptism, and frequently Cumming's Sunday words were heard in the corridors of power in Parliament the following week. Alas, old age reduced his influence and his successor inherited a church which once was great but had now become weak and small. Sic transit gloria mundi. Those who went out at the Disruption eventually coalesced into the Presbyterian Church of England, joining with other churches not of Scottish origin.

I should perhaps mention the meteoric figure of Edward Irving of Regent Square, that great Scot who but for the folly of his spirit, might have saved Scotland from the Disruption, whose ecstasy brought with it fearful suffering in its wake. Yet sitting as a member in the Regent Square church, under Irving's ministry, John Cumming caught the spark of light and power. He, however, retained his intellectual balance and so was able to carry the Scottish church forward to fulfil its present role.

A new minister was called to Crown Court from Jedburgh, one of the famous MacLeod family, the Rev Donald MacLeod, and once more the Scots Kirk rose from its ashes, phoenix like. A new site had been procured and so the St Columba's church began there its great and distinguished career. The two churches separated. Crown Court continued with a small remnant and St Columba's developed in its own manner.

Among the more recent Scottish ministers at Crown Court I should mention Mr McCrae and very specially the much loved, gifted Dr Joseph Moffett, who many of you must personally recall. Perhaps, however, the principal architect of the Scottish Church presence in London in the first half of the twentieth century was that eminent Scottish ecclesiastic Dr Archibald Fleming of St Columba's, President of this Society in 1926-1927. In his eloquence, who could not but admire that joyful and friendly figure of Dr RFV Scott, President 1950-1951. I will leave in silence the present Scottish churches in the metropolis. Suffice it to say that new occasions teach new duties. The fearful destruction of St Columba's during the last war was followed by, and required, an imaginative new creation. The new circumstances at Crown Court, with the future redevelopment of Covent Garden, will likewise call for renewed vision and enterprise; exciting new opportunities as the London Scottish community moves into the fourth quarter of the twentieth century.

The Church in the world is in a small minority but our history suggests that throughout the centuries it has been sustained by its faith and has shown remarkable adaptability to changing circumstances. We Scots must cherish our great and honourable tradition, as in Crown Court we are seeking to do in the coming 250th anniversary year of our site in Covent Garden. Nationalism may come and go, but it is our national role to be the kirk of the Scottish Nation in this great city and ever to hold together in fair harmony the thistle and the rose. Certainly, we Scots, whatever our denomination, and thank God relations between us all grow even more cordial, will rejoice that in this memorable year of 1969, which sees the 250th anniversary of the raising of the Scots kirk once more, this time in Covent Garden, that our Sovereign Lady will attend in full session the meeting of our General Assembly in May. Certainly, the Kirk of the Crown of Scotland will rejoice in this and every other Scot who cherishes tradition and religious good, and what true Scot worthy of the name does not.

Gentlemen, I have pleasure and the greatest privilege in bringing to you, and speaking to you in, this Sentiment tonight, Scots Kings and Kirks in London.

During the evening, an appeal to members and guests on behalf of the Royal Caledonian Schools was made by Philip S Henman, Chairman of the Directors of the Schools. He said:

Mr President, Vice President, gentlemen of Scotland and fellow guests, I would first say that I regard it as an honour to be invited here as the guest of your President, to enjoy the wonderful meal and the entertainment and, not least, the remarkable Sentiment to which I've greatly enjoyed. I'm all the more honoured when I did as I was required to do by the implacable George Deans and read the two books he gave me because, as he said, I should make myself acquainted with the Society and its history before speaking tonight. I underlined a sentence on Page 4 of your history. It reads like this:

> *'Today, we always welcome with great heartiness our English friends but thus far and no further'.*

To have come thus far against that banner is no mean distinction and to be here at all tonight, thus far and no further even in England, seems to me to be a very great honour. I'm even greater honoured that you of Scotland should choose me, an Englishman, to be the Chairman of one of your ancient and very wonderful charitable foundations, the Royal Caledonian Schools. Not only can I come to your feast but I can chair one of your charities. Finally, and this is quite unbelievable, you really asked me tonight to come and try, as an

Englishman, to pick the pockets of Scots (Laughter). *Now this is difficult, but it's a worthy cause and I'm happy to make am appeal on its behalf.*

Old people deserve our interests; those who fall by the way deserve our help but I always feel a tremendous attraction to children. They are the future generation and if ever you get the chance to come down to Bushey and see the wonderful family of boys and girls we've got there, I am sure you'll feel that what you've done so magnificently in the past has been a magnificent investment, on your part, into the realm of child care and a rising generation for the good name of Scotland.

We, of the Royal Caledonian Schools, have spent this morning trying to think of the next twenty-five years, so we've been somewhat in mind of the Sentiment, particularly those moving closing phrases which Mr Miller Scott brought to the conclusion of his remarkable oration. We are feeling quite sure tonight, those of us who were together this morning, that the Schools have a role to play in these days that lie ahead. It is true the role is very different to that what it was in 1808 when the Schools were founded. Then, the streets of London were littered with boys and girls, waifs and strays, children of Scottish servicemen, who'd fallen in battle for whom there was no provision of pension for wives and families. And these young people were not only on the streets but they were also a prey to people who would misuse them, mishandle them and sometimes injure them. It was these children in their plight that moved the founders of the Royal Caledonian Schools to provide an asylum, as they called it in those days, for those sorts of children. Thank God the welfare state has long since removed the conditions that appertained in 1808. But today I'm going to suggest to you that we have a society where children are just as much a prey to evil forces as they were in the days of 1808. For although we no longer have poverty, in the realm of a national welfare state, we have other evils and we have a dark debit side to a white credit side. We have divorce, we have broken homes, we have disturbed minds, we have drugs, we have suicides and we have all sorts of problems that are arising amongst us, somewhat to our horror and often to our shame, which we all fondly thought that, if we did away the evils that existed in the 1800s, would be replaced by utopia where there was no sin and no evil and every child had a happy life. This is not so. Today we have these problems and we feel that the Royal Caledonian Schools must continue to open its doors and open its hospitality, its friendship and its love to children of Scottish parents; in these days particularly where their happiness and their welfare is affected by the conditions which I've mentioned..

So the Schools continue, and the problem we've got is this; that the Schools are an ever increasing cost. Probably in the year 1808 or 1809 as the case may be, it cost us about £25 per child per year. It costs us today nearly £500 per child per year for three terms only, and this is a tremendous increase. Our problem is to make our income and expenditure match. In the past two years, in order to pay off bank overdrafts and meet deficits, we have had to sell no less than £43 000 of our slender reserves. Now we're trying to put our house in order and we're determined to do it. We've found ways and means of doing it – already we've had a contribution, we've never had before, from the parents, some £15 000 in the current year. But there is still a £15 000 gap between income and expenditure. What I'm going to ask you to do if you can, and I'd like to pay the highest possible tribute to the magnificent effort that you've already made with the £900 that you raised last year and was a tremendous help to the Schools, is another two more such in the next two or three years while we put our house in order, and attempt to balance the budget and face the future on a viable basis. This will be a tremendous help. It will ensure that the work goes on and that these boys and girls, a hundred and forty or hundred and fifty of them now entrusted to our care, have the happiness

and the joy and the love that we had in our days; and something which I suggest would be worthy of the same thanks from the Royal Caledonian Schools as was made for the results of this year's appeal (Applause).

Donald Fraser greeted the guests and was thanked by WS Risk who quoted anecdotes of Scots travellers in his speech, part of which was:

The story is told by the Reverend George McLeod, now Lord McLeod of Iona, who was giving a lecture tour in the States. He was always very fulsomely introduced and one of his friends said 'Doesn't this go to your head'. 'Well', he said, 'it's a bit like cigarettes, it's very pleasant while it lasts and, as long as you don't inhale, it doesn't do you any harm!' I'm trying very hard not to inhale. Perhaps I could restore the perspective a bit by explaining how I happen to be here. When the President this evening phoned my office I was out and my secretary gave me the message that a Mr Vernon Eddie wished me to come to dinner with him and he also wished me to make a speech. The first part was very pleasant but the second part made me think of the story of the small boy who was asked what the difference was between a king and a president and he gave the somewhat startling, but none the less true, reply that the king was always the son of his father and the president was not. It's a good thing I was born a boy, and not a girl, because I have never been able to say no.

Apropos tolerance of English to Scots in their midst - as Dr Johnson did express some slight indication of their (the Englishmen's) failings when he said 'It's not only to be regretted that old England is lost, but that the Scots have found her', and, according to the Reverend John Miller Scott, they've been here for a very long time, long before Dr Johnson. However, there is some truth in the dictum that the English are only happy when they're miserable and the Irish only at peace when they're fighting and the Scots are only at home when they're abroad.

It is said that a speaker should be like a gun barrel, clean, bright and slightly oiled. Well I will be clean, I've no time to be bright as your President has warned me tonight that what he wants from is brevity – and he didn't want too much of that either. I'm certainly well qualified in the third of the criteria.

There's a story told of the Scots who were climbing in the Alps in winter time and one of them fell and injured himself and was in quite a bad shape. His friend, with great difficulty, got him on his shoulder and carried him for as bit and with great good fortune came across a hut in the mountains and, having got into this hut, they remained for a day or two. Search parties were out looking for them and eventually one of them came across this hut and knocked at the door and, after a pause, a voice said 'Who's there?'- And they said, rather proudly, 'The Red Cross'. There was a longer pause then a voice said 'We've already given'!

Back to Dr Johnson re the brightest prospect. A certain Scotsman was looking at it from the other end and he was going back to Scotland – at least he was going in that direction. The point of the story is that he was not going to Scotland. He was going to Carlisle and he was on a Glasgow sleeper and he got hold of the attendant and said 'Now look, I'm going to Carlisle where I have a most important meeting.' And he said 'At 5:30 in the morning when we're due at Carlisle I will not be in the best of tempers but pay no attention, get me off that train at Carlisle and I'll see that you're suitably rewarded'. Well, the attendant assured him that all would be well and that he would certainly see to it, and with that assurance, the traveller went soundly to sleep. He was more than somewhat annoyed when he woke up and

looked out to find he was at Glasgow Central. Having got hold of the attendant he was very rude to him without pause for a few minutes and, when he did pause, the old attendant scratched the back of his head and said 'Man, man y're a bonnie swearer but y're no a patch on the chap I pit aff at Carlisle!'

There is a story told of two old chaps in Cornwall, somewhere where they had very high hedges, and they were working their tractor in this field. They were just pulling out of the field with a trailer when a gentleman came round the corner travelling much too fast in a Jaguar car. He couldn't possibly stop and did the only possible thing he could and turned slap through the hedge into the field whence the trailer had come. As the two old chaps watched his giddy career across the field endeavouring to retain control, one turned to the other and said 'George, I reckon we just about got out of that field in time!'

William Charles Dewar was welcomed as a new member.

Brother Caledonian Robert Eadie was at the piano. Mr W McAlpine sang 'McGregors Gathering', 'Ye Banks and Braes', 'My Nancie's Awa', 'Afton Water', 'Westering Home' and 'Ca' the Yowes' and the Society's Officer's set comprised 'Invercauld', 'The Duke of Gordon', 'General Stewart of Garth' and ''Loch Leven Castle'.

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The temper of the March dinner must have reflected the very recent death of the President but a full programme was still achieved in the presence of 111 members and guests. The Sentiment 'The Unchanging Role of the Scottish Adventurer' was given by the Right Honourable Lord Tweedsmuir, whose own background included the roles of naturalist, soldier, explorer and colonial administrator. T Robertson called for the toast to the guests and Rear Admiral MG Stirling gave the response. The Vice President thanked the Honorary Office Bearers for their services and the Honorary Secretary replied.

Brother Caledonian Robert Eadie was at the piano for what was to be the last occasion, although this may not have been appreciated at the time. Robert Brown sang 'My Lord', 'Bonnie Strathyre', 'Song o' the Clyde', 'Border Ballad', 'Skye Boat Song' and 'Westering Home'. Pipe Major John McNicol deputised for the Society's Officer and gave the piping set 'The Siege of Delhi', 'The Standard on the Braes o' Mar', 'The Ale is Dear' and 'The Pibroch of Donald Dhu' and the evening closed in the traditional manner.

Society Business. A Year Book was published early in the session and had the standard contents of photographs of the President and chain of office, the Rules and lists of Council and members for the session.

Seven Council meetings and the same number of General meetings are recorded but the traditional pattern changed to allow more time for discussion. There was a Council and a General meeting in October and a further Council meeting in mid-November, all before the dinner season. Thereafter, Council meetings were held prior to the November Little Dinner, on a non-dinner evening in mid-December, prior to the February and March Little Dinners and prior to the AGM in early July. In addition to the AGM, General meetings immediately preceded all Little Dinners. All meetings were held at the Hotel Russell. One result was to break the tradition of preceding all Little Dinners with business meetings – ironic when it is

remembered that it was originally the business meetings that provided the opportunity for the informal suppers that eventually developed into the dinners.

It was noted that the Society's list had contributed over £1250 towards the Royal Scottish Corporation's November 1967 annual appeal but there was no detail for the corresponding figure for the Royal Caledonian Schools. £75 was donated to each charity from Society funds.

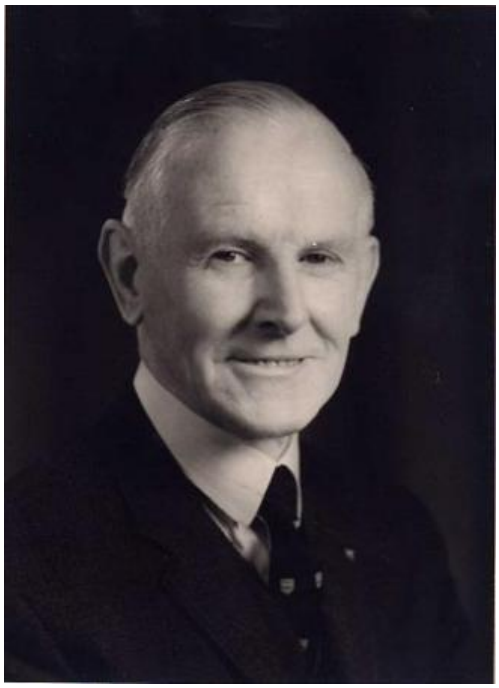
It was decided that a specially bound edition of the volume of Chronicles for 1961-1967, then in preparation, should be presented to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother. The cost of this was subsequently donated by Brother Caledonian J Alexander Gemmell.

A case for the President's chain of office, the gift of Past President Douglas Robertson, was received with gratitude.

At the AGM in June, Alastair AM Fisher and Donald Fraser were elected President and Vice President respectively. The Honorary Office Bearers remained unchanged. One elected Council post was left vacant.

Membership. The membership total was 130, with 85 Ordinary members, at the start of the session and had risen slightly to 132 and 88 respectively by its end. In addition to the death of the President, twelve members resigned or seem to have left for unknown reasons. Fifteen new members joined.

SESSION 1969-1970



President Alastair Fisher

Office Bearers

President	Alastair AM Fisher
Vice President	Donald Fraser
Honorary Secretary	George Deans
Honorary Treasurer	John AD Paton CA
Honorary Auditor	James H Robertson MM CA
Honorary Historian	Robert Leitch FIAS
Society's Officer	Pipe Major JB Robertson MBE

The President. Alastair Fisher was born in Edinburgh and educated at George Heriot's School and the East of Scotland Agricultural College. His early career was with a dairy organisation in Edinburgh before he moved to London in 1943 as personal assistant to the Managing Director of United Dairies. He remained with the firm until retirement in 1967, latterly as the director responsible for egg packing and marketing. He was a member of a number of Scottish organisations in London and active as a Rotarian, member of his local United Free Church, Scout leader and official of the Pinner Association and was a keen bowler being a President of the London Scottish Bowling Association. He joined the Society in 1955-1956 and his support for the Society's charities included serving as a Director and committee member for the Royal Caledonian Schools. Later, he moved to Fife where he died in February 1991, shortly after being made an Honorary Member.

Social Programme. A new departure this year was the introduction of an informal social gathering, for members only, prior to the October business meetings. Otherwise the session restored the pattern of five Little Dinners and the Festival, all at the Hotel Russell. Total attendance was about 733, still a little lower than in some then recent years. Two alterations

wrought mainly by time, rather than by any wish for change, saw Brother Caledonian Robert Eadie leave his post at the piano and Pipe Major Robertson demit office as Society's Officer.

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At the November London Scottish evening, the President welcomed the company of around 127 members and guests to the new season but had to announce that Brother Caledonian Robert Eadie, who had for many years accompanied a great many singers, and by his skill had ensured as far as possible that 'Auld Lang Syne' was sung in tune, was no longer able to accept the role of the Society's pianist. The President's remarks were received with much regret as was the knowledge that Robert Eadie would not be attending the Society's functions as regularly as members had come to expect over the years.

The Sentiment 'The Scot in Law' was delivered by Norman Sloan QC in an anecdotal and light hearted style saying:

Mr President, my lords and gentlemen, I'm surprised to hear that as a lawyer I am held in awe because I have always found that a lawyer deals with your estate carefully, and keeps it to himself.

Your Society has, I'm sure, in its long history had many distinguished speakers. I think I may claim a first tonight because I doubt very much if any previous speaker has claimed, as I do, that his remarks were prepared, at least in part, while flying over a country at war. I may also claim a last for it could be that you may decide that no future speaker shall have prepared his remarks while flying over such an area.

It is a long time since I was invited, by your President, to speak; such long notice that I was unable to claim any prior engagement! Being much travelled in business – and I enjoy travelling to distant parts at my employer's expense – it is only comparatively recently that I had to propose a title for this Sentiment and such are the pressures in business these days that more in desperation than otherwise, the title 'The Scot in Law' emerged.

Although I had given thought to my address, I thought that a fortnight before the event would give me adequate time but such was not to be, for on both weekends I found myself flying, first to Bangkok and secondly over Vietnam, in fact over Da Nang which has appeared so much in newspapers recently. Perhaps that wasn't the best place or time to be preparing a speech. I felt that I might build my remarks round the initial letters of the Society – CS of L. I could talk to you about the Law of Contracts, the Law of Slander and the Law of License.

I remembered about an American invited to address the students at Yale University and he chose such a form of address. He started talking to the students about 'Y' for youth and he addressed then for fifteen minutes on just that subject. Then on to 'A' for ability for another fifteen minutes, the same for 'L' for learning finishing with a few brief remarks on 'E' for erudition. A voice from the back was heard to remark 'Thank god this isn't the Massachusetts College of Technology!'

Needless to say, I didn't think that to be the best approach and the more I looked at the title, 'The Scot in Law', particularly when flying at thirty thousand feet over Viet Nam, the more I wished I'd suggested a different title such as a 'Lawyers First Visit to the Far East and Japanese Night Clubs'. However, I was reminded of the man speaking at a debating club one

evening at an open night when he could speak on any subject. He chose shipping which was all right until, to his dismay, he spotted in the front row one of the country's foremost ship owners, so a change of subject was urgently needed in the presence of a specialist. His alternative subject, by a flash of inspiration, was sex and he spoke for some ten minutes on the subject. On returning home, his wife enquired as to how his talk on shipping had gone down and again he was in rather a spot – he could hardly tell his wife the subject he had actually chosen so he merely said that he had talked of flying and it appeared to have gone over alright. Unfortunately that day his wife met a friend who said 'I heard your husband gave a wonderful address to the Club last night'. His wife was somewhat surprised and replied, 'I don't know how he could have spoken so for he's only done it twice in his life. The first time he was ill and the second time so much so he was in bed for three days'. I had better stick to my subject!

To be serious just for a moment, particularly in the presence of Mr Mackie who has such a distinguished part to play in Parliament, I would like to remind our legislators, without any political inclination, that as long ago as 1707 an act was passed which guaranteed Scotland its own legal system, and its own judicial system, in perpetuity. I'm afraid this act has been overlooked for some twenty or thirty years because far too often Acts of Parliament are framed for England, and apply to Britain, being passed in a form in which, at the very end, there is a short section titled 'Application to Scotland': 'For High Court of Justice read Court of Session, for County Court read Sherriff Court'. And so, bit by bit, our Scottish Law is being eroded and we are having English terminology, which doesn't really mean very much in our Scots Law, applied to Scottish practices.

The two systems of law are so fundamentally different. Scots Law is based largely on Roman law whereas English law is based mainly on common law. The two are poles apart on many subjects and it's very difficult to apply English law jargon to Scottish practices – with their legal jargon. As a completely unbiased observer, (Laughter) *I think ours is a much better system* (Laughter).

To quote a few examples, some four hundred years ago, we had divorce for desertion in Scotland – in England, about the late 1930s. For centuries we've had majority verdicts by juries – in England, very recently. Private prosecutions were abolished in Scotland centuries ago and England has now followed us and so I could go on, possibly boring you in the process, to illustrate how English law has gradually accepted much better practices which we've had in Scotland. It is all the more unfortunate to find our law being assimilated with English law not, as I regard it, in a logical way but just by the back door through the medium of a small clause tacked on to the back of a sheet to say what is to happen in Scotland.

After such serious comments, I assure you that the law is not as dry and dusty as many imagine. We used to have a Sherriff in Glasgow – Walter J Robertson – a man who dealt largely with small debt cases, limited to twenty pounds in those days, and dealt with the contested ones in the back room somewhat irregularly. One such disputed case which comes to mind was when one woman was suing another for damages for defamation of character because her neighbour had said of her that she was the best ride in the street. Sherriff Robertson pondered, then pronounced 'Dear, dear – I can't hear evidence in this case, it must be a remit to a man of skill'!

A pupil at an English university studying law had a long explanation from his tutor on some obscure point. At the end, the tutor said 'Well, I hope the position is now quite clear to you'.

The student replied 'Well no sir, but I feel confused on a higher level than I was before' (Laughter).

I am, as I'm sure all your guests are, most appreciative of your hospitality this evening which I may illustrate by a short anecdote of Mr Teacher and Mr Bell en route for a wedding who decided to fortify themselves at a local hostelry before the ceremony. Mr Bell ordered first and ordered two whiskies, Bell's of course. Mr Teacher said 'Well Mr Bell, you must have the other half' and went up to the bar and ordered two whiskies, Bell's again. Mr Bell was most impressed and said 'That was an extraordinarily kind gesture Mr Teacher'. 'Not at all' Mr Bell said 'you wouldn't want me to go into church smelling of whisky' (Laughter).

After the Pipe Major and two other pipers of the Regiment had played a rousing set, the President remarked that the toast to 'Our Regiment' was always honoured at the Society's November meeting and went on to say that:

We take a special pleasure in so doing because of our very close association with the Regiment. We recall with pride that this Society, in conjunction with the Highland Society of London, was instrumental in raising the London Scottish in 1859. Many changes have taken place since that date and it was as recently as 1967, as a result of re-organisation, that the Scottish ceased to be a battalion in the Territorial Army. But they provide a company in the new Reserve Army battalion called the 51st Highland Volunteers. It also provided one company of a new battalion of what was then called the Army Volunteer Reserve III but this was disbanded leaving the Regiment with only its company in the 51st Highland Volunteers. This company, ever since its formation, has been commanded by our own Brother Caledonian JAD Anderson (applause). *Lieutenant Colonel Gordon Maxwell, Regimental Colonel, sends his apologies this evening and is very sorry not to be here. It is a delight that one of our own members, Major Anderson, is here representing in an official capacity the Regiment. I mentioned also AVR III. It's my pleasure to say that the Government came under considerable pressure to replace that reserve by one hundred cadres each of eight men commanded by an officer of the rank of major. The London Scottish was fortunate in being given one of these cadres which is now commanded by Major WD Campbell who is with us this evening and it is a very special pleasure for me to welcome my friend of some twenty-five years standing. I do give all London Scottish here this evening a very warm welcome. Although this toast is very short, it is very sincere and, as of old, the London Scottish is always prepared to play its role and at all times to equit itself with great distinction.*

James Mason welcomed the guests with the words:

Mr President, Vice President, Brothers Caledonian and most welcome guests, I was reading Max Beerbohm the other night (and that dates me if nothing else does) and there I was enthused by this statement that in fifteenth century Rome, citizens could be heard proclaiming aloud that they were to dine that night with the Borgias. Nothing, however, was heard afterwards that they had dined with the Borgias (Laughter).

Surveying this company, you each appear to be as fit as a fiddle – dare I hope that our guests tonight will be boasting tomorrow morning that they dined with the Caledonians this evening. Addressing the guests at this late stage in the proceedings is a daft bit of timing, I think, because if the guests don't know by now that they are welcome, the damage has been done (Laughter) *and there is nothing much you can do about it other than use a stomach pump* (Laughter).

There is more to hospitality than just food and drink. It may not be generally known but on a recent American Moon shot, they missed the target by a million miles or so and landed on Mars and the two astronauts went out and, good heavens they were astounded to find a most inviting pub only a hundred yards away. When they went in, they found a Scotsman at the bar (Laughter) *imbibing whisky on draft at six pence per pint* (Laughter), *smoking Havana cigars at three pence a dozen and looking thoroughly miserable, and they asked him why he was looking so miserable. And he said that 'It's a' right but there's nae atmosphere'* (Laughter). *All that distance and these prices tae find there's nae atmosphere!* (More laughter).

It's not altogether enough to choose me to propose this toast tonight because the author of this evening's Sentiment is the sole director of the Ship Builders and Repairers National Association which had the dubious honour, until very recently, of having me on its staff. When I left, Mr Sloan, with a very kindly valedictory address, somehow left the impression that the Association had got rid of one of its problems (Laughter). *I can I think say that Mr Sloan's work is beginning to show results for, in spite of what you may think, the labour in the ship yards these days can be compared favourably with that of any other industry and we are proud that this is the case. At one time Mr Sloan did some missionary work but after graduating at Glasgow University he was really doing very well* (Laughter). *As may be expected, his contacts are really international - if not all over the place. Earlier this year he was with a party of Russians to whom he was trying to sell ships and they were outside a Clyde shipyard. The hooter had just gone and the men were back into their work as workers usually do – smiling happily* (Laughter). *So far as I understand it, he didn't manage to sell the Russians any ships but they went away with three dozen hooters* (Laughter).

Our guests tonight include – well although we have many guests, I'm permitted to mention only three but all of you are of course equally welcome, provided the member beside you has paid the bill (Laughter). *Our guests include Dr Gilbert L Park, President of the London Ayrshire Society* (Applause). *We're always glad to have someone from Ayrshire. My wife went into a grocer's shop near Troon last year – one of those shops that is half shop and half house, and ben the hoose there's a grand big fire – and they go through and he stands with his back to the very big fire, and she made some purchases and then she says 'As that y'r Ayrshire bacon?' and he says 'Naw, I'm just heating ma hams'* (Laughter).

We have Mr David Graham, President of the London Scottish Bowling Association – welcome. I should say that our President is President Elect of the LSB Association but then he's a great j'ner – he joins everything! (Laughter). *I learned, after a great deal of research, of a modern organisation of which he's not a member; it's the Tobermory branch of Alcoholics Anonymous! It's rather like a man who was drowned recently at Tenant's Brewery in a big vat of beer – he got out three times to go to the gents* (Laughter).

We also have Mr More, the Principal of the Royal Caledonian Schools and are glad to have him with us. Mr More comes from Barrhead which reminds me of the English traveller who was shown to his bedroom in Perth by a rather lovely girl who promised to bring him up his cup of tea in the morning and when the time came in the morning it was brought by an aged male servant and he was very disappointed and he said 'Excuse me, but where is the pretty chambermaid?' and the servant said 'Shanks of Barrhead' (Laughter).

John Mackie MP, welcome. Comes from the Buchan country - educated at Aberdeen Grammar School and at the Scottish Agricultural College. He is a farmer in Kincardineshire

and Under Secretary of the beloved Ministry of Ag & Fish; the department is run by this Scotsman. Mr Mackie's department has done a lot for agricultural research which reminds me of the Aberdeen farmer who went in quite a lot for artificial insemination; he was doing very well except that the cows weren't reacting very peaceably until someone suggested that he put a TV in the byre. This didn't improve matters for a while and then suddenly there was a glorious sound coming from the byre and we went down to see what was happening and what was on TV – there was a notice that said 'Normal Service will be resumed as soon as possible' (Laughter).

I'll finish by telling you of the greatest non-happening on the Clyde. The good ship Duchess of Breadalbane was crossing Loch Long the other day about its peaceful mission when one of her majesty's submarines let off a torpedo and the captain of the ferry, four of a crew and three passengers were off the track of the torpedo by just a yard or so having taken evasive action. When they put in at Gourock, the first mate was interviewed by a newspaper man who asked him 'And what did you think of the near disaster?' the mate replied 'Near disaster be damned, a glass o' whisky was coupit' (Laughter).

I hope for our guests that nane o' other glasses have been coupit! I assure them of our welcome.

John Mackie MP, Joint Under-Secretary, the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries and, as a conservative minister from a Scottish seat, a member of what would later become an extinct species, spoke in reply. His comments were not recorded for, as the Honorary Historian of the day passed judgement - most of Mr Mackie's speech was on the subject of politics which, as members are aware, is outwith our traditions and is not therefore recorded in the Chronicles. One neat quotation made by Mr Mackie related to the shortest response he had heard; the quotation from Sir Walter Scott (when asked to respond late of an evening) 'The stag at e'en has drunk its fill'.

Towards the close of the evening, in an item not included in the menu card, Honorary Secretary George Deans, in his capacity as Secretary of the Royal Caledonian Schools, made an appeal on behalf of the Schools and its building modernisation project. He started by saying:

The Caledonian Society of London has as one of its objects the promotion of good fellowship and the advancement of Scottish National and Philanthropic Interests and as a means to secure these objects shall be the support of the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools. Each year an annual appeal is made on behalf of these two charities in that order. This year by mutual consent, I have the privilege of making an appeal on behalf of the Royal Caledonian Schools because this dinner, the first of the session, coincides with the launching of a special appeal by which we hope to raise sufficient funds to carry out a major reconstruction of the Schools.

The Directors have decided on a progressive policy of child care but this is completely useless when you have a building which dates back to 1904 with long stone corridors, large rooms and inadequate accommodation for the children and staff alike. Therefore this appeal is being made to all Scots wherever they may be at home and overseas. Briefly, the appeal is this. That we are inviting Scots, and their friends of all nationalities, to contribute one pound or more to the Schools and thereby becoming a Friend of the Schools.

The scheme is this. We are inviting people to make this contribution to the Schools, and let me say this – in case of any misunderstanding – that this contribution goes to the Friends of the Schools and is in no way affected by the Phase II mail order business which we are also trying to promote. If you become a Friend of the Schools, you have then an opportunity of taking part in the trading scheme and, should you take part in it, the Schools will again benefit but not only the Schools but yourselves; because we are promoting Scottish goods and offering those to you at very favourable prices. This I think is an answer to one of Mr Mackie's questions. We don't want to go back to Scotland because there's not room for us, but there is room for Scots overseas to help Scotland, not only by linking to other Scots throughout the world, but also by helping those at home by purchasing their goods.

You may wonder why I should decide to speak, first of all, to the Caledonian Society of London. Well I think I can say that this is a Society for which I have very strong affection and the fact that I have been the Secretary for seven or eight years and worked hard to promote its objects is, I think, evidence of my loyalty and sincerity (Applause). *I would very much like to think that I can count (in spite of the sometimes rather drastic speeches I have to make to you) that I am in fact speaking to my friends and I hope that every one of you will support this scheme and give it that send-off which it needs at this time.*

Now this is not only a contribution from you or from your guests but I'm also asking you to help me in promoting this scheme throughout the world. Because I am convinced that the only way that this scheme can be successful is by the snowball effect. There is no point – in fact it is an uneconomic proposition – to mail an appeal to twenty-two million Scots throughout the world, but we can still get at them, and I am quite sure that many of you must have connections.

New members DM Anderson, AC Wilson Boyle, Lord Drumalbyn and William Macpherson of Cluny are believed to have been introduced that night.

The pipe set comprised 'Loch Etive Side', 'Hills of Perth', 'Dorotor Bridge', 'Over the Isles to America' and '25th KOSB**'.** Brother Caledonian Fraser McLuskey was a new face at the piano. Mr Kenneth Atkinson sang 'Border Ballad', 'Far away o'er the Moor', 'Bonnie Strathyre', 'Sheep Shearing Song' and 'Westering Home' and the evening closed in the traditional manner.

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In December some 98 members and guests listened to the explorer, traveller and professor of international relations the Right Honourable Lord Ritchie-Calder present his Sentiment 'The Scot in international Affairs' in which he recounted some of his many and varied experiences as a Scot travelling mainly in the more remote areas of the world.

In the last twenty years I have travelled over two and a half million miles, mainly on missions for the United Nations, and have been most places, and invariably I have found a Scotsman to get me out of awkward situations. Indeed before I go off on a mission, I take a rasp to my burr to get rid of that BBC refainment, that microphone Kailvinside. I have found that my Scots' accent is more use to me than a UN laissez-passer. Sometimes, mark you, they are Scots by proxy.

There was the occasion on my desert mission for UNESCO when I had made a perilous ascent of the Jebel, the precipitous mountain range in Libya, and on the crest was a red mud-built town, swarming with camels and goats and Berbers. And in the middle of the hubbub there was a piping voice with an unmistakeable accent. It was a small boy, red haired, freckled, on a donkey, swearing volubly in Berber, Italian and Coocaddens, clearing himself a way through the crowd. He was the son of the Scottish political agent, who found his son's kitchen argot very useful in cowing awkward tribesmen.

On one occasion my Scots accent certainly saved my life. It was in Israel, north of Galilee, in that oxter where Lebanon, Syria and Jordan meet and enclose Israeli territory. There are no borders in the sense of the Berlin Wall or barbed wire fences; just markers. I was heading for Kfar Hannassi, a border settlement which was really a garrison point. We had miscalculated the distance and were overtaken by darkness. So my driver and I had to abandon our jeep and start crawling over the Galilean countryside. All around us were picket-fires and trigger happy sentinels – of four uneasy countries. So we had to crawl stealthily in what we thought was the direction of the Israeli post. It was pitch dark and hard going. Then, like in one of those crumby television westerns, my foot slipped and sent a boulder crashing down the hillside. Out of the darkness came a nervous challenge 'Who goes there?' So I chanced my invariable password 'Whit pairt o' Scotland d'ye come from?' There was a relieved laugh 'Glasga. Come oot and be recognised'. It was a Jewish kibutchik from Anderston Cross.

On one of my visits to Borneo, I went to speech day at a teachers' training college on the Equator. The students came from the tribes of the interior, the Dyaks, the Kayans, the Muruts, the Melabits -- and for the occasion they were wearing their tribal costumes. The head-boy had his ears pierced to hold the teeth of the Cloudy Tiger, and the lobes were dragged down the by the heavy earrings. His head was shaven except for a pony-tail top knot. He was naked except for an elaborate loin-cloth, gathered up in bustle at the back. He wore a pleasant smile – and a nasty-looking head-hunter's sword. He sang the school-song in Dyak. Now, my wife will tell you that I am so tone deaf that I don't know the difference between 'God Save the Weasel' and 'Pop goes the Queen'. But I recognised that tune: It was 'Loch Lomond'. The principal of the college was, of course, a Scotsman! Then they played their pagan instruments and danced their pagan dances. When I replied to the speech of welcome, I said that the Principal and I should have been wearing our tribal costume, and then we had a fascinating discussion, in which the Bornean students joined, on when did war-dances become ballet and the bagpipes become music!

I went to Alavik, at the mouth of the Mackenzie River, a hundred and twenty miles north of the Arctic Circle. We had a ceilidh. The piper, Harry Madder, was a Negro – appropriately enough from the Canadian Black Watch. Four girls, in tartan, danced the reels. One girl was from Wick; another from Paisley; another was a second generation Scot from Grand Prairie and the fourth, just to complicate the geography, had been born in Japan, the daughter of a Scottish missionary. The soloist, singing Scottish songs in Eskimo, was Charlie Gordon, leader of the Huskie Eskimos in that part of the snow barrens.

Naturally, I was intrigued and investigated Charlie's pedigree. His father was a Scottish whaler out of Peterhead. He had decamped from his ship on Barter Island in the Beaufort Sea. Barter was a happy hunting ground and he became a fur-trapper, so successfully that he became what is known as a 'free trader' operating in competition with the almighty Hudson Bay Company. He married an Eskimo – we marry them! – and having made a sizeable fortune and produced a sizeable family, he, like every successful Scot, decided to go home

and boast about it. Because he was such a prominent citizen, a friend of mine, Scotty Alexander of the Mounties, was detailed to escort him to the boat. As he went up the gangway at Montreal, he – a canny Scot – turned round to count his brood. He took one look at his Eskimo wife and his noticeably Eskimo children, and turned to Scotty and said 'Whit'll the neebors say?' And he was so shattered that he took them all off the boat and back to the Arctic where he registered them as Eskimos. And Charlie needless to say became the 'heed o' depairtment'.

On that same Arctic mission, I went to Reindeer Lake in the Northwest Territories. That is where the great migration of the caribou starts, when their deer instinct drives them north to the Arctic Sea. It is also the reservation of the Cree Indians. I was introduced to the Chief of the Crees. His name was Harry Linklater. I said to him 'Now how would a full blooded Cree come to have a guid Scot's name like Linklater?' And, cross my heart, his answer was 'Hoo sh'd ah ken!' At the next Hudson Bay post, I sent a postcard to Eric Linklater: 'I met a relative of yours yesterday. Now I know what 'Juan in America' really meant.'

In South America, in Chile and Peru, I have had the disconcerting experience of being introduced to someone with a glorious tartan tie, a tartan waistcoat or, more often, a tartan cummerbund, rejoicing in the name of, say, Dugald McPherson, and using my familiar gambit 'Whit pairt of Scotland d'ye come frae?', then I'd find he only spoke Spanish. It happened to me many times, in political and academic circles. In business, of course, they are more likely to learn English to cash in on their Scots connections, and form Burns clubs with the Scottish expatriates. I did have tinned haggis once in Santiago. These Spanish-Scots of course go back a long way – to Admiral Cochran, Earl of Dundonald, who had a pretty sticky career in the British Navy but is a Latin-American hero because he helped San Martin and Bolivar in the Wars of Liberation. The Scots have been popular ever since, especially with the senoritas. And, as I said before, we always marry them.

Apart from fathering a significant part of the world's population, the Scots, of course, settled considerable areas of the world's geography. They did not always do so from choice. There were drastic ways of dealing with recalcitrant minorities or obdurate dissenters. We think of the deportations. When I was lecturing in the Southern States of the USA – and a surprising number of colleges were founded by Scots – I drove through North and South Carolina and village after village had Scottish names and most of the names over the shops were Scottish. This was a reminder of the Scots who were shipped off as bondsmen to the plantations. If it had not been for powerful friends at court, Robert Burns would have been transported to Australia, to Botany Bay, for writing 'Scots Wha Hae'. And there was the time when he nearly immigrated to Jamaica ----

> *Go fetch to me a pint o' wine*
> *And fill it in a sliver tassie*
> *That I may drink before I go*
> *A service to my bonnie lassie!*
> *The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith*
> *Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry*
> *The ship rides at the Berwick Law*
> *And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.*

We had the Highland Clearances, aye, and the Border Clearances, when we remember the desperate story of the Red Rover. The Border Scots went in through Hudson's Bay to the mid-

western prairies round Winnipeg. And you should read that pawky book the Scotch of Ontario, written by Professor JK Galbraith, that Scots-Canadian who became President Kennedy's Ambassador to India. Or of Simon Fraser opening up British Columbia. Or all those Scots whom the Hudson Bay Company enlisted as post factors to open up the Arctic. The Scots, and the French of Quebec, made Canada, and they made New Zealand.

My encounter with another small boy, in the Congo, in the heart of Africa, still makes me shudder in retrospect. I was driving through the swamp forest in a United Nations car, when a boy, birth naked, came out from behind a tree with a bow and arrow. He fired, but I flicked up the side screen and the arrow hit it and fell on the mudguard. The boy grinned. I grinned and waved – boys will be boys! But when I showed it to Jimmy, the Scottish doctor from the World Health Organisation, one of my colleagues on the UN Mission, he wiped the grin off my face. The arrow had a black tip, and when he scraped off the black and analysed it, he found it was a deadly poison, compounded by witch-doctors from an assortment of vegetable and animal poisons, so that the antidote to one was no good against the others. David Livingstone, in his days in that part of the world, described one of those arrows dropping a charging elephant. Jimmy said helpfully 'If you ever get one of those between the shoulder blades and can pull it out before you can count five, you might survive'. Imagine! One-two-three-four-Five!

Jimmy never underestimated witch-doctors. He had a lot to do with them. He told me there, in a wattle-hut in the Congo, about his experience in the Pacific. Just after the war he was posted as medical officer and civil administrator to a group of islands. One of his jobs was to organise a campaign to get rid of yaws, a horrible disease which cripples and corrupts the body but which nowadays can be effectively treated with penicillin. The campaign was going very well except on one island. So Jimmy decided to go and investigate. He put on that sarong of northern climes -- the kilt -- and in a catamaran set off for the island. What no-one had told him was that one of his predecessors had been eaten on the island. But Jimmy, in his kilt, got a friendly reception. The islanders prepared a banquet at which he was the chief guest and not the main course. And a good time was had by all, until he raised the question of yaws.

He was hooted and derided, and his interpreter pointed out that the trouble was coming from the witch-doctor. So, after the feast, Jimmy tackled the witch-doctor, and suggested that they should have a communication with their ancestral spirits. So Jimmy produced a bottle of Scotch and the witch-doctor produced his special brew of rice-toddy. They exchanged – Jimmy, with the incantations of his native Ayrshire and his national poet, initiated the witch-doctor as his 'ancient, trusty, drouthy crony'. Presently, the witch-doctor was prepared to accept Jimmy as a guild brother, as a fellow member of the Magic Circle of Medicine. And they exchanged case notes. As others, including myself, have found, it was obvious that whatever garb the witch-doctor might use to enhance his bedside manner or whatever hocus-pocus might surround his prescriptions, there was shrewd observation of symptoms and skill in diagnosis. 'Ah' said Jimmy, 'that brings us to yaws. Tell me, brother doctor, how you would treat a case of yaws.'

The witch-doctor was now amenable. He produced certain leaves and barks to which he, with professional reticence, gave ritual names. He mixed them on a chafing-dish and reduced them to ash, and showed how this powder was applied to the pustules of yaws and, unless the patient had offended the gods, it would work.

Jimmy said 'Now wasn't that strange? That was almost the way medicine men of his country did it. They used a mould.' And he scouted around and found a piece of bark with mould on it – not Penicillin Notatum it is true - to show that White Man's Magic used pretty crude materials too. He expounded the magic; how they fed the mould until it grew; how it exuded a substance the way a tree exudes rubber, and how this liquid was put in tiny bottles. He produced a case of phials of penicillin. Now came the crunch. He made a great ritual of sterilising the hypodermic needle with flame, because, he explained, if you did not the gods would be angry and would put fire into the patient's body and consume him with fever. Then to show how sure he was of his own magic, Jimmy stuck the needle into his own arm, pressed the plunger and – hey presto – the liquid vanished into his body. That was how he treated yaws. Within the passage of seven suns, the signs of disease would disappear, and the sores would heal.

The witch-doctor was obviously impressed by the ritual, as one conjuror admiring another conjuror's 'business', but he obviously did not accept the miracle-healing. All right said Jimmy, two magics were better than one. Why didn't they go into partnership and use both methods? The witch-doctor agreed. And the omens were distinctly favourable. The spirits of the night had been benevolent. He woke without a hangover – which was more than Jimmy could say because he, beyond the call of duty, had been drinking rice-toddy.

The witch-doctor rounded up the islanders for a medical durbar. He prepared the ashes and used his own and others spittle to smear them over the pustules while Jimmy, remembering all he had been taught about asepsis at Glasgow University, kept his fingers crossed. Then the patients were handed over to Jimmy who performed the rite of inoculation. And with the passing of the seventh sun, the islanders re-assembled again and the claw-footed cripples who had crawled to the first ceremony, came skipping and laughing, and the sores which the witch-doctor had smeared were certainly healing.

The islands got rid of yaws. The witch-doctor became a great man among his people. The terms of the partnership still remain – not with Jimmy, who took his kilt to the refugee camps in the Middle East, to the Congo and to Latin America – but with his successors. The witch-doctor still uses the arts of his craft – or the craft of his arts – but he promotes the use of antibiotics, insecticides and, nowadays, the Pill. Even in witchcraft, you can always call in a second opinion. I have told Jimmy's story at some length not just to show that Glasgow produces good doctors, but that Scotland provides them with something else – nous or gumption. It is something you can't get out of text books.

All over the world one meets Scottish doctors and Scottish professional men, and women. It is traditional, like the story that on any ship on the seven seas, if you shout 'Jock' a Scottish engineer would pop out of the engine room. Have you ever thought why the Scots provided most of the medical officers of the British Empire, just as, between the wars, they provided three-quarters of all the public health doctors of England?

It all goes back to John Knox. You remember how in 1560 in 'The Book of Discipline' he proposed to set up schools in every parish in Scotland where the poor could be educated. The Estates did not vote the money at that time – showing that a Scottish Parliament can be just as mean as a Westminster one. But a quarter of a century later it was made incumbent on every landlord to provide a roomy house and a dominie's stipend for the teaching of children.

John Knox wanted to break the priestly monopoly of the Bible but education, which he founded on religion, became itself a religion. Three hundred years ahead of England and well ahead of the rest of the world, Scotland had a universal education of a sort. My 'of a sort' qualifies not the 'education' but the 'universal' because while the schools might be there families could not afford to give every child a full education; they were needed in the fields or in the weaving sheds, but it became the ambition of every family to have a 'lad o' pairts' or one to 'wag his pow i' the poopit' – usually the Benjamin, supported through college with the help of the elder children. And he could, as John Knox intended, go right through to the university. We still have in the Scottish universities 'Meal Monday' when the cottar's son would go home mid-term to refill his meal-poke for porridge. Nowadays, of course, they go as far as the post-office to cash their grants!

John Knox had the right ideas about education. His schools were parochial but not his outlook. We think of him as the stern aggressive militant of the Scottish Reformation, but we know that the happiest days of his life were as a teacher in the University of Geneva, a truly international university with students and teachers from all parts of Europe. He came back to Scotland with great reluctance. His attitude was reflected in the nature of the University of Edinburgh. It was the first university founded after the Reformation, and it was a university run for students and not for dons. It belonged to the tradition of Bologna, Padua, Sorbonne, Leiden – and Edinburgh, the goals of the wandering students seeking out the teachers of their choice. I mention this because this international traffic in students, which some would restrict to give more places to Scottish students, is one of the greatest contributions Scotland has made to international relations. That and sending out our educated young people. All through our history we have done that because we are a poor country. The cadets of our gentry had to go abroad, like Quentin Durward. Those of warrior mood became soldiers of fortune, hiring their swords, but also founding families of naturalised warriors. One recalls how in the Napoleonic Wars the Russian-born Barclay was Marshall of the Russian armies and Alexander MacDonald, Flora MacDonald's relative, was Marshall of the French Armies. But the most fascinating case was that of Kirkcudbrightshire mariner, Paul Jones. He was born in 1747, as John Paul, the son of a gardener. He went to sea, qualified as an officer in the British Navy, got into trouble in the West Indies, changed his name to Paul Jones; joined the American Revolutionary Navy; joined the French Navy; joined the Russian Navy and reverted to the American Navy. That must account for the flirtation dance, 'Paul Jones'. He was given a hero's burial in the naval cemetery at Annapolis as the American who had successfully invaded Britain. He had brought his American warship up the St George's Channel and the Irish Sea. He landed at Whitehaven and spiked the guns of the fort. He crossed the Solway and invaded Kirkcudbright. His intention was to carry off Lord Selkirk but he was not at home. His crew carried off the family silver as spoils of war but Paul Jones bought them back out of his own pocket and restored them, with his apologies to Lady Selkirk. A colourful character!

But, coming back to doctors, a poor man's son could be helped all the way through medical school to a good medical degree but, when practices were bought and sold, he could not buy a practice. He could, however, go into the colonial medical service or into public health. Scotland anticipated the World Health Organisation.

The Scots were bankers. William Patterson founded the Bank of England. He also helped engineer the Union. And he was responsible for the Darien Scheme, Scotland's disastrous attempt to finance its own colonial development and which we are now told was wrecked by William of Orange, English politicians, and English financiers. That was not the version I

was taught at school. The Darien Scheme was presented as a solemn warning against gambling and put me off speculation for the rest of my life. John Law, another Scotsman, founded the first central bank of France. He got power to issue bank notes. He too, was a solemn warning at Forfar Academy: he combined his bank with the Louisiana Company and lost the lot in the Mississippi Bubble. But we covered the world with sound bankers too.

The Scots were always traders. We had a common market before the Union of the Crowns. It dated back to the Auld Alliance, to our Reformation links with the Netherlands and our close compact with the Hanseatic League. We are talking now of regenerating the Moray Firth but before Culloden five ships a week maintained passenger and cargo services with the Continent.

Behind all this was Scottish education, which enabled poor boys to become successful traders and bank directors. I have often pointed out that in the Nineteenth Century, in the great days of Empire, when Thomas Arnold was turning the English public schools into the intellectual gymnasia of the privileged elite, the Scottish public schools, the real public schools, were educating (which is something different from training) ploughmen's sons to stand four square with Arnold's gentry. With the self-confidence of a sound education, the Scots could become the proconsuls of the Empire, the world's doctors, the world's bankers and the diplomats.

I am in a very different league altogether. I left Forfar Academy to become a police-court reporter in Dundee at the age of fifteen and that was the end of my formal education. But it was an education which made me a student for the rest of my life. When, without any qualifications in science, I took up science-writing, I could cope, because my schooling had made me the ever-lasting inquisitor. I could always find out what scientists were doing and if they could explain it to me I could explain to others.

And then a funny thing happened. Edinburgh University asked me to become Professor of International Relations – not international affairs, not international politics, but relations of peoples with peoples. The idea was to look at international problems in terms of the forces which were changing the world – mainly of course the scientific and technological advances which are the social and economic dynamics of our times. When I had been appointed it was realised that I had never been to a university, which was awkward because no Edinburgh professor can appear academically naked before his students. Not to worry! An old institution can always find a precedent and Edinburgh found that in the Eighteenth Century it had taken powers to make any professor of its appointment an MA 'as by examination'. So they made me a graduate 'as by examination'. When the Vice-chancellor capped and gowned me, he said 'And now, professor, you will tell everyone that you are a genuine MA not an honorary MA'. I said 'Thank you Vice-chancellor. I now know the title of my autobiography – Forty Years an Undergraduate'.

In the last twenty years, I have travelled, as I have said, nearly two and a half million miles for the United Nations and its specialised agencies, trying to see how science and technology, and human ingenuity, can be applied for the benefit of mankind. My inspiration and my mentor has been that Scot-of-Scots, Lord Boyd-Orr, Nobel Peace Prize-winner. He is the embodiment of all I am talking about, the adaptable, visionary, practical Scot. He was meant to be a Free Kirk minister but he took his Glasgow MA into school-teaching to earn himself enough to go back to the University to qualify as a doctor. He became the most distinguished medical graduate of his year, but when he turned to medical practice, he found that there were diseases for which his medical training had provided no answers – the diseases of

poverty and malnutrition. So he went back to the University and took his doctorate to become a research-scientist in nutrition to find the answers. He built up the Rowett Research Institute in Aberdeen into a world-centre of nutrition. He became Director-General of the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organisation (FAO). He is the good physician who put three and a half billion people on his register. He is a scientist who made the whole world his laboratory. He is a practical farmer who extended the dry-stane dykes of his Grampian farm to encompass the earth.

The world has changed. The age of empires has passed. In 1946, when John Boyd-Orr asked me to become his temporary adviser when he became Director-General of FAO and called the Famine Conference, he insisted that I take the international oath by which, while I was in the service of the Organisation, I renounced my nationality and pledged myself as citizen of the world. He administered that oath in front of fifty-two flags of the United Nations. Now there are a hundred and twenty-five flags and those new flags are those of the nations who were, in 1946, the subject-peoples of empires.

So you see why I am so fervently an international Scot. I devoutly hope that Scotland will never close the windows and pull down the blinds and turn in upon itself. I want to see Scotland attracting more and more internationalist interests to Scotland – Edinburgh becoming an international capital. I want to see us fulfil our traditional role and historic destiny of spreading our knowledge and skills and our compassion throughout the world. We must not get narrow and selfish or limit our horizons.

'Teachers Bottled for Export in Scotland'. The role of the international Scot has changed. We no longer go out to rule other people's lives, knowing what is best for them; we go out to advise them in their own interests. We go out as a new kind of missionary, to improve the lot of mankind. And the Scot is peculiarly well-equipped to do so, again because of our education and because, like Jimmy in his handling of the witch-doctor, we have nous, a native sense of 'getting along'. Our role is not restricted by the contracting of imperial authority; it is expanded; it is a new kind of challenge.

Years ago I claimed Robert Burns as the patron saint of International Relations. He exemplified in his poetry what I mean. He didn't 'girn'. He was the pet of common humanity. And common humanity recognises it. His poems, even in translation, provide an inspiration, a solace and a bond. He has even been translated into Maori and, as we all know, one of the greatest authorities on Burns was a Marshal of the Soviet Union and one of the greatest sales of his works is in Russia. At a freezing point of the Cold War a Russian professor of international relations, a woman Shebarina, came to see me in Edinburgh. She quoted Burns to me in the original.

> *It's Coming yet for a' that*
> *That man to man the world o'er*
> *Shall brithers be for a' that.*

DW Imrie Brown invited the members to toast the guests and the Reverend Howard Shapland responded. New member James Ogilvie was introduced.

Pipe Major John McNicol was a late replacement for the Society's Officer and the content of the pipe set is uncertain. Brother Caledonian Fraser McLuskey was at the piano and Daniel

McCoshan sang ‘Mari’s Wedding’, ‘Think o’ Me’, ‘I’ll a’wa in by Yon Toon’, ‘Ca’ the Yowes’, ‘Road to the Isles’ and ‘Bonnie Wee Thing’. The gathering closed in the usual way.

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January had SK Gaw, a past president of the Irvine Burns Club, speaking on Robert Burns and proposing the toast ‘The Immortal Memory’. WAD Neish led the welcome to the guests for whom Logan Smith replied. January continued to be a popular dinner at which to welcome new members with a list of Robert Allan Collet, William B Campbell, GL Edwards, R Glendinning, David Graham and Alastair Watson. About 141 members and guests were present.

Burns’ work was also reflected among the songs of the musical set when Mr James Phillips sang ‘Bonnie Lass o’ Ballochmyle’, ‘My Love is but a Lassie Yet’, ‘Ye Banks and Braes’, ‘Bonnie Wee Thing’, ‘My Love is like a Red, Red Rose’, ‘Uist Tramping Song’ and ‘Bonnie Mary of Argyll’ with Brother Caledonian Fraser McLuskey at the piano. Pipe Major J Caution played in place of the Society’s Officer, again at what seems to have been short notice, and the contents of the set are unconfirmed.

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In February, the leader of the Liberal Party, the Right Honourable Jeremy Thorpe PC MP spoke to a company of 108 members and guests on ‘A Few People’. EJ Gordon Henry proposed the toast to the guests to which Desmond Banks spoke in response. Fraser McLuskey was at the piano, Daniel McCoshan sang ‘My Heart’s in the Highlands’, ‘Kelvin Grove’, ‘Skye Boat Song’, ‘The Silver Moon’, ‘When the Kye come Hame’ and ‘Westering Home’ and the Society’s Officer Pipe Major Robertson, returned, for what would be the last time, and played ‘Ballochmyle’, ‘The Caledonian Canal’, ‘The Blackbird’ and ‘Loch Etive Side’.

*****

March had a musical flavour with the Sentiment on the Glasgow Orpheus Choir given by Kenneth Roberton the musical publisher. The choir had been founded in 1906 and for almost fifty years, until it disbanded in 1951, was considered to have had no equal in Britain. Duncan McIntyre welcomed the guests and Mr Charles Key replied. The President thanked the Honorary Office Bearers for their work during session and the Honorary Historian responded. New members Eoin Mekie and Ronald Gourdie are believed to have been welcomed towards the end of the evening which was enjoyed by some 89 members and guests.

Fraser McLuskey was at his now usual place at the piano and Ian McFadyen sang ‘Lewis Bridal Song’, ‘Highland Herd Maid’, ‘Bonnie Wee Thing’, ‘Westering Home’ and ‘Song o’ the Sea’. Pipe Major John McNicol provided the piping and the set comprised ‘Millbank Cottage’, ‘Lady Louden’, ‘The Sheep Wife’ and ‘Loch Duich’.

*****

The Festival returned to its traditional slot in April and featured a Sentiment for the first time. This innovation was reinforced by its delivery by a lady – Miss Elizabeth Seton who spoke

on ‘Scotland’s Airs and Graces’. Although this was the first Sentiment given by a member of the fair sex, it was not necessarily the first such significant speech as the Duchess of Athol had responded on behalf of the guests as long ago as the 1927 Festival. The other customs of this special evening continued. The President proposed the toast to the Society and the Vice President welcomed the guests for whom the Scottish Nationalist Party MP Mrs Winifred Ewing replied. The President then presented the Gold Badge to Robert Eadie. In the lack of an immediate Past President, Past President Douglas Robertson proposed the toast to the President and this was followed by the Salute to the President by all the Past Presidents present that night after which the President received his Gold Badge. Fraser McLuskey was at the piano and David Reed sang ‘Ae Fond Kiss’, ‘Swing Low Sweet Chariot’, ‘My Love She’s but a Lassie Yet’, ‘The Diel’s Awa’, ‘Policeman’s Song’ (from Pirates of Penzance) and ‘Scots Wha Hae’. Pipe Major Gordon Speirs played ‘John MacFadyen of Melfort’, ‘Susan MacLeod’ and ‘Sandy Cameron’ in addition to the Society’s strathspey. About 170 members and lady and gentlemen guests were attracted to this traditional event.

Society Business. A Year Book was published early in the session and had the standard contents of photographs of the President and chain of office, the Rules and lists of Council and members for the session. This was to be the last time that a Year Book would be produced.

Council met six times during the year, in October, December, January, February, March and June. The March and June meetings saw a return to the Royal Scottish Corporation and the other meetings were held at the Hotel Russell. In addition to the June AGM at the Corporation, there were General meetings at the Hotel Russell, in October and, prior to Little Dinners, in December, January, February and March.

There is no record of the amounts raised by the Society’s lists for the Corporation and Schools. However, £100 was donated to each charity from Society funds.

A special sub-committee of Council was set up to consider the Society’s costs and charges at a time of high inflation and hence rapidly rising prices.

It was decided that members should be levied £3 (a little less than the cost of two dinners) as a contribution towards the cost of publishing the Chronicles for 1961-1967 and that new members should receive a free copy of an earlier edition.

It was noted that it had not been possible to carry out the annual check of the Society’s property and agreed that the London Scottish Regiment should be approached to see whether it could assist in safe storage.

The Gold Badge was awarded to Robert Eadie. The criteria for such non-Presidential awards had varied over time but this was only the second case in thirty years and seems to have been thoroughly deserved. Eadie had been a member for twenty-five years and had provided musical accompaniment at the piano for many sessions, first recorded in 1948, and at most dinners for seventeen years from the autumn of 1952.

It was decided, with reluctance, to terminate the appointment of Pipe Major JB Robertson MBE as Society’s Officer. His health, a move to Sussex and weather dependent travel arrangements had made his attendance unreliable and had led to difficulties when

replacements had to be found at short notice. Robertson was well known and respected in piping circles and had been in post since 1945; he subsequently died in 1988.

At the AGM, Donald Fraser was elected President and W Alexander (Scottie) Law Vice President. The Honorary Office Bearers remained unchanged. Past President Douglas Robertson undertook to assist the Honorary Secretary in arranging functions pending the latter's recovery from illness; this was the genesis of what would later become the Dinner Secretariat.

Membership. The membership total was 132, with 88 Ordinary members, at the start of the session and had risen to 136 and 90 respectively by its end. The death of Alfred Spence, a member who had only joined in 1968-1969, was noted with regret. Seven members resigned and one was deleted for reason unstated. Thirteen new members joined.

SESSION 1970-1971

Office Bearers

President	Donald Fraser
Vice President	W Alexander Law OBE FRCS
Honorary Secretary	George Deans
Honorary Treasurer	John AD Paton CA
Honorary Auditor	James H Robertson MM CA
Honorary Historian	Robert Leitch FIAS
Society's Officer	Vacant

Past President Douglas Robertson assisted in arranging social functions.

The President. James Donald Fraser was brought up in Aberdeen and, as a young man, spent some time in the United States before returning to set up in business as an interior decorator. War service was spent in Royal Engineers bomb disposal where he reached the rank of lieutenant colonel. Post war, he formed a company in the building industry that was to be most successful. Away from work, he was a local Councillor and freely applied his business knowledge in support of a wide range of good causes, being an active supporter of both the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools. He was also a member at St Columba's and was a fine singer and an accomplished artist. He joined the Society in 1958-1959, having previously performed as a singer on a number of occasions, and he continued to entertain occasionally as a member. Donald Fraser died during November 1973 less than two and a half years after demitting office, being a recently elected Vice President of the Royal Scottish Corporation at the time of his death.

Social Programme. An informal social gathering, for members only, was again held prior to the October business meetings, this year in the Caledonian Club, apparently the first time the Society had used the Club premises. The February little Dinner was cancelled due to difficulties caused by a postal strike. Other dinners were held as usual, all at the Hotel Russell. A total of 618 attended the five dinners held, a continuing moderate decline relative to recent comparable figures.

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In November the London Scottish evening was given a more military flavour than recently. The President welcomed the company of 68 members and 71 guests on this the first dinner of the season and took the opportunity to remind members of their obligations both socially and in support of the two charities. He then introduced Major John Clemence, Officer Commanding G Company, 51st Highland Volunteers (as the serving company of the London Scottish was then titled), and shortly to became a Brother Caledonian, who provided the Sentiment in which he gave an update on Regimental matters. The President thanked Major Clemence and led the toast to the Regiment, saying:

Mr Vice President and Brother Caledonians, I am sure you will join me in thanking Major Clemence for giving us this Sentiment, but before giving our traditional toast to the Regiment, I have something to say. Brother Caledonian Colonel Alan Niekirk TD, who commanded the London Scottish when it was last at Battalion strength, has received a great honour.

The Honourable Society of Knights of the Round Table, and its Knight President the Right Honourable the Earl of Dalhousie, paid tribute to the London Scottish Regiment by selecting the Regiment to receive the honour of a seat at the Table, and appointed one of its members to be one of the Brother Knights to represent the 'Spirit and Tradition of the whole of the Territorial Army, past and present'. This distinction has fallen on Colonel Niekirk and the London Scottish Regiment.

Gentlemen: I give you the Toast 'The London Scottish', with Caledonian Honours.

JA Scott welcomed the guests and Major General Sir Gerald Duke, a Royal Engineer, responded. The programme shows new members David Atherton and William More being introduced.

Daniel McCoshan sang 'When the Kye come Home', 'The Silver Moon', 'I Dream o' Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair', 'Road to the Isles', 'Bonnie Wee Thing' and 'Westering Home' with Brother Caledonian Fraser McLuskey at the piano. Pipe Major Duncan and two pipers of the Regiment played a set in the customary manner – 'Mist Covered Mountain', 'Dundee Military Tattoo', 'Braes o' Mar', 'Jock Wilson's Ball' and 'McNeil of Ugadale'.

*****

The December dinner was attended by 57 members and 46 guests and enjoyed a Sentiment on the City of London by Alderman H Murray Fox. Ronald Baird had the task of proposing the toast to the Guests to which McGregor Craig replied. New member Archibald Murray is shown as being welcomed.

With Brother Caledonian Fraser McLuskey at the piano, Charlton Wright sang 'Afton Water', 'Ho Ro my Nut Brown Maiden', 'Bonnie Mary of Argyll', 'Wee Cooper of Fife' and 'Eriskay Love Lilt'. Pipe Major Gordon Speirs played 'Callin Mo Rhunsa', 'John McFadyen of Melfort', 'Hammer on the Anvil' and 'Land of my Youth'.

*****

Robert Burns was the traditional January theme but the Sentiment took a novel form in which the President spoke on the impact of Robert Burns on Scottish music illustrated by musical examples in which he was assisted by Derek Rangecroft and Leon Fontayne. The Reverend Fraser McLuskey led the toast to the guests for whom Sir Martin Flett spoke. Sir James Howie is on the menu card as being introduced as a new member. 57 members and 66 guests were present.

Songs included 'Scots Wha Hae', 'Ye Banks and Brays', 'My Love is like a Red, Red Rose', 'Green Grow the Rashes' and 'Duncan Gray' by Derek Rangecroft and 'Aye Fond Kiss' by the President. The pipe set was played by Pipe Major David Milner and comprised 'The Waters of Kylesku', 'Scotland is my ain Hame', 'My Love she's but a Lassie Yet', 'Thick lies the Mist on Yonder Hill', 'Piper of Drummond' and 'Glendaruel Highlanders'. Fraser McLuskey was at the piano for 'Auld Lang Syne'.

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Following the cancellation of the February dinner, its planned Sentiment was moved to March when Andrew Renton and Brigadier Michael Biggs presented 'New Towns and the Environment'. Robert Cassels invited the members to toast the guests and Norman Hamilton countered. New members Major John Clemence and Kenneth Roberton were welcomed into the Society. The President proposed the toast to the Honorary Office Bearers and the Honorary Secretary replied. Attendance was 59 members and 49 guests.

Mr William Spershott was at the piano in the absence of Fraser McLuskey and Harold Blackburn sang 'The Smugglers' Song', 'Trees', 'Bonnie Earl o' Moray', 'Foggy, Foggy Dew', 'Sentry's Song' (Iolanthe) and 'Maggie Lauder'. Pipe Major Gordon Speirs' set was 'Leaving Lismore', 'Kantara to El Arish', 'Maggie Cameron', 'Loch Carron' and 'Colin's Cattle'.

*****

The Festival took place in April and the Sentiment 'Scotland's Second Export' was given by Mrs Anne Blyth Munro to an assembly of 38 members and 107 guests. The President proposed the toast to the Society and the Vice President welcomed the guests for whom the President's wife, Mrs Donald Fraser, replied. After the Past Presidents had saluted the President and congratulated him on his session, Past President HR Stewart Hunter called the toast to the President and the latter was presented with the Gold Badge by Mrs Stewart Hunter.

Jean Baker, accompanied by William Spershott, sang 'Caller Herring', 'Loch Lomond', 'Villia', 'My Ain Folk', 'Oh Whistle: will ye come to me', 'Shine these my Dreams' and 'Coming thro' the Rye' and Pipe Major Gordon Speirs played 'The Wandering Piper', 'Highland Wedding', 'Captain Campbell', 'The Sheepwife' and 'Battle of the Somme'. Fraser McLuskey returned to the piano for 'Auld Lang Syne'.

Society Business. The Council met four times during the year (October, December, January and June). The October and June meetings were at the Caledonian Club and December and January at the Hotel Russell. In addition to the AGM at the Caledonian Club in June, three general meetings were held during the session, in October at the Caledonian Club and at the Hotel Russell in December and January.

As part of the review of Society finances launched the previous session, it was decided to discontinue publication of the Year Book. The Constitution and Rules, which changed relatively infrequently, would be printed separately and the offer by a member to print 200 to 300 copies free of charge was accepted gratefully.

£100 was donated to each charity from Society funds.

The search for a solution to safe custody of the Society's property continued and it was decided that the valuable possessions, other than those items in regular use at functions, should be deposited at the Royal Bank of Scotland, Burlington Gardens. However, this does not seem to have happened as it was noted later in the session that most items were held at the Royal Caledonian Schools.

Consideration was given to using the Caledonian Club for dinners. However, the move would not take place eventually until session 1997-1998 although occasional use had been made in the few years leading up to that session.

The Rules were amended to allow the subsequent re-election of Council members retired automatically due to poor attendance, thus recognising that the Society might otherwise lose the valuable services of busy members.

At the AGM, Scottie Law was appointed to the Chair as President and the Reverend Fraser McLuskey succeeded as Vice President. WUB Reid was elected Honorary Treasurer vice John Paton and Pipe Major Gordon Speirs was appointed into the vacant post of Society's Officer.

Membership. The membership total was 136, with 90 Ordinary members, at the start of the session and rose marginally to 138 and 89 respectively by its end.

In December 1970 the Society lost Past President Dr D Macrae Stewart. A Gaelic speaker from Lochcarron, in Western Ross-shire, he graduated from Aberdeen University, as Bachelor of Medicine and Bachelor of Surgery, in 1922. Deciding to work in General Practice, he moved south, building up a large practice in Barking, Dagenham and Ilford. He was particularly interested in maternity and the treatment of children and was a member of the local division of the British Medical Association. During World War Two, he held medical appointments in the Civil Defence and, with the rank of major, in the Home Guard. In London Scottish activities, he held office in the Aberdeen, Banff and Kincardine Association and the Ilford Scottish Association and was also active in the Scottish Clans' Association, the Burns Club of London and the Aberdeen University Club. He was a Life Managing Governor of the Royal Scottish Corporation and a Director of the Royal Caledonian Schools. He joined the Society in 1936-1937, first served on Council in 1950-1951 and seems to have had a thoroughly successful year as President in 1956-1957.

The death of Albert Park, a member since 1954-1955 who had served on Council, was also noted with regret. Three members resigned and seven new members joined.

SESSION 1971-1972

Office Bearers

President	W Alexander Law OBE FRCS
Vice President	The Rev Dr J Fraser McLuskey MC DD
Honorary Secretary	George Deans
Honorary Treasurer	WUB Reid BSc FCIS
Honorary Auditor	James H Robertson MM CA
Honorary Historian	Robert Leitch FIAS
Society's Officer	Pipe Major Gordon Speirs

Past President Douglas Robertson assisted in arranging social functions.

The President. William Alexander (Scottie) Law was an eminent orthopaedic surgeon and followed a distinguished line of medical men into the Chair. Born in Edinburgh, he moved to Yorkshire with his parents at an early age but retained his Scottish links (he is recorded has having worn the kilt at his English prep school). He graduated at Cambridge and trained at the London Hospital, mixing his studies with rugby and playing for Cambridge, Eastern Counties, London Scottish and the London Hospital. Joining the Royal Army Medical Corps in the Territorial Army pre-World War 2, he was Regimental Medical Officer to the 1st Battalion London Scottish on mobilisation but soon left on promotion and completed his war service in specialist surgical posts, finishing in the rank of lieutenant colonel with a military OBE. He returned to civilian surgery post-war where his career flourished, latterly as head of orthopaedics at the London Hospital where he had been a student. He gave the Sentiment, as a new member, in November 1949, having been brought into the Society by fellow military London Scots. He was for many years on the committees of the London Scottish Football Club and of the Caledonian Club and was also a warmly remembered Honorary Surgeon of the Royal Scottish Corporation. Scottie Law died late in 1989.

Social Programme. The informal social gathering, for members only, was held prior to the October business meetings, in the Caledonian Club. Dinners were held as usual, all at the Hotel Russell. The total session dinner attendance was 675, a continuing decline and the lowest figure for a six dinner season for more than ten years. The newly appointed Society's Officer seems to have been notable by his absence during the session and only played in April.

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Not surprisingly with a former London Scottish officer in the chair, the November dinner retained a strong military essence. The Sentiment, 'The Highland Division' was given by Major General FCC Graham CB DSO DL, a former General Officer Commanding of the Division, to a gathering of 65 members and 60 guests. Pipe Major Duncan and two regimental pipers played a set in the traditional manner after which the President proposed the toast to the Regiment. The responsibility of welcoming the guests fell to another Brother Caledonian who was also a London Scottish officer, Jock Anderson, and the speech of reply was delivered by a further former Regimental Medical Officer, and rugby personality and

manager of the 1971 Lions' tour, Dr Doug Smith. The menu card lists the presentation as new members of Dr GL Park and John Seagrave.

With Fraser McLuskey at the piano, John Clifford sang 'Bonnie Mary o' Argyll', 'Bonnie Lass o' Ballochmyle', 'Oh my Love is like a Red, Red Rose', 'Bonnie Wee Thing' and 'Westering Home'. The pipe set was 'Skye Boat Song', 'Hills of Perth', 'Dorrator Bridge' and 'O'er the Isles to America'.

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In December the leading portrait painter Leonard Boden, a Scot and a friend of the President since prep school days, spoke on 'The Scot as an Artist'. Alastair Watson proposed the toast to the guests and the Earl of Courtown responded. 42 members and 36 guests enjoyed the evening.

With the support of Fraser McLuskey as pianist, Grahame McIntosh sang 'Gae bring tae me a Pint o' Wine', 'My Love is like a Red, Red Rose', 'Border Ballad', 'Ae Fond Kiss' and 'Bonnie Earl o' Moray'. Pipe Sergeant Robert Murphy deputised for the Society's Officer and played 'Craigie Burn', 'Millbank Cottage', 'Shepherd's Crook' and 'Grey Bob'.

*****

Robert Burns was remembered at the January dinner in a Sentiment delivered by the Rev Stanley D Mair, a wartime Chindit, minister of Netherlee Church and moderator of the Presbytery of Glasgow. LIM Primrose led the welcome to the guests and Sir William Ramsay replied. J McLaren Anderson and JB Morrison were on the programme to be inducted as new members. The attendance was 65 members and 77 guests.

Daniel McCoshan sang 'Lea Rig', 'My Heart's in the Highlands', 'My Love is like a Red, Red Rose', 'Bonnie Wee Thing' and 'Ca' the Yowes'. Brother Caledonian Fraser McLuskey was at the piano. Pipe Sergeant Murphy was again on duty with the pipes and played 'Highland Cradle Song', 'Pipe Major Willie Gray', 'Maggie Cameron', 'Duntroon' and 'Glendaruel Highlanders'.

*****

February had a gathering of 62 members and 48 guests. The Sentiment addressed the age old theme of the problems with youth when Professor HD Ritchie, of the London Hospital, spoke of 'Thoughts on Students' in which he outlined some historic opinions, largely unfavourable, before concluding more happily by suggesting that the modern student was perhaps not so bad after all.

In this short talk I shall try to review a few of the many thoughts – some worthy and others less so – which people have had throughout the ages, on that charismatic group – the student body.

Your distinguished President mentioned to me, in his terse way, that it might take the form of a Sentiment. It will be interesting to see just how sentimental we are prepared to become this evening, about these young people. I have from time to time heard some of the opinions your President holds of students but feel that this is perhaps not the place to reveal them.

I think Socrates was amongst the first to be condemned to death for 'corrupting the youth'. You may recall how he was made to drink hemlock, the LSD of the time. When the executioner brought him the goblet, Socrates poured a libation from it to the Gods, in true Harvey Smith style, and drank the cup, observing that this was his reward for having attempted to teach justice and moderation to the Athenian youth.

Five hundred years later we find Juvenal writing in much the same vein. He says students refuse to pay their fees and lay blame for their own stupidity upon their teachers. A rich man must have his splendid house, with its bath and covered walk, he must have his expensive cook but the payment of his son's teachers is the most trifling item in his expenditure. It is true, he continues, that some men have made a fortune as professors but that is exceptional. For most, the way of life is a bitter disappointment. In former times a teacher was feared and respected by his pupils. Now, they take the rod to him. Thus it was a hundred years after Christ. Yet still, today, we read of Vice Chancellors 'cringing' before students, perhaps the most monumental piece of current academic masochism being the co-opting of new students to sit on curriculum committees which are to decide what they themselves will be taught. One sometimes wonders to what further territorial demands we may next be subjected to?

But what of Scottish students? Surely he is not like this? The traditional picture of him, toiling up Gilmore Hill for his nine o'clock lecturer, his pockets stuffed with oatcakes, remains a nostalgic fantasy. Surely it was the Scots who first gave true expression to the zest and exhilaration of student life. Where else could Daft Friday, perhaps James Birdie's greatest contribution to our culture, have been conceived? Those of you, who have taken part in this at the University of Glasgow, will know what I mean. Here is a whole afternoon, devoted by the student body to the solemn rendering of such traditional works as the 'Ball of Kirriemuir' and 'The Tinker'. What better send off for the freshman at the end of his first term's hard work?

As David Daiches puts it in his book on Robert Burns, 'There has always been a lyrical obscenity among the Scottish --- the old medieval goliardic tradition – the songs of drinking and love-making that have been handed down not by the peasantry, but through the universities. A student who proceeds today from a Scottish to an English university will find in the latter a much sparser repertoire of bawdy songs and many of those that are known will be Scots. He adds 'Anybody who has heard a hundred and fifty-six verses of the Ball of Kirriemuir sung at Balliol will appreciate the point'. I found the situation at Cambridge to be similar. There was plenty of obscenity but not much of it was lyrical.

Where do they all come from? As far as medical students are concerned this seems to be more or less settled. David Gilman, writing in the 1860s, observes that he is likely to be the one of a family

> *Too weak to labour on a farm*
>
> *Too stupid for the bar, and*
>
> *Too immoral for the pulpit.*

Do they have the same thirst for knowledge that we had? We read that the increase in shop-lifting of books in university towns – particularly Oxford and Cambridge – is causing alarm to book-sellers. Mr Thomas, Secretary of the Oxford branch of the Booksellers Association,

says 'The college authorities here seem very cool towards telling off students in any way. Ten or fifteen years ago, a student would be suspended, or even sent down, if he was caught stealing. Nowadays, someone from the college will come into court and say what a clever chap the student is, and that a brilliant career will be ruined if he is convicted'. Mr Heffer of Heffer's Bookshop in Cambridge says 'We like to think the situation isn't as bad here as in Oxford, but shoplifting in general has increased considerably over the past few years.' Clearly there is no evidence of a reduction in the thirst for knowledge amongst our students of today.

But do students still retain the respect we felt for our teachers? On a recent visit to a Scottish university, it seemed clear to me that they did, at least they had accepted that the best-looking girl graduate should get the job of being House Surgeon to the Professor. It is not always the undergraduates you know who behave in peculiar ways, in the modern university. Take the case of a distinguished Scottish head of department, who had fallen ill. On his sick bed he received the following telegram – 'Your staff wished you a speedy recovery by eleven votes to nine'. One lecturer was recently seen sticking a 'Visitor to Britain' label on his professor's car.

Besides, if you had five hundred thousand students to look after, as does the National Union of Students, and only received a hundred and thirty thousand pounds per annum from the perishers to do it, don't you think you would need more than the nine thousand odd which their executive spends each year on 'personal expenses'?

How then are we to improve our students? More moral tutors; that is the cry of the educationalist. I find it difficult to believe, in our day, that we should have warmed to such appointments. One wonders what now is to be the fate of the immoral ones? Clearly our problem with unemployment is not over yet.

More advisers of studies, this would rationalise everything we are told. My experience of these gentlemen is that they seem to spend most of their time strong-arming students to take courses in which they have little or no interest, in order to fill gaps in their class lists. I well remember my first visit to one. I went in to see him at the start of my first term in the Faculty of Arts, determined to begin Spanish, but came out signed up for a class of moral philosophy! One is tempted to wonder which side some of these people are on. Surely industry and the professions must have more say in what they require from the universities. But, having got it, it will behove them to try to fulfil their obligations. It is not good enough to clamour for more graduates one year then drastically to reduce your intake the next. Such practice comes near to turning university education into a luxury, which the country and most individuals cannot afford. If they continue, it could become a joke.

What happens to them all? Or, as the nice old lady put it, 'Where do all these dreadful medical students go and where do all these nice young doctors come from?' At present the answer seems to be India.

Still they remain idealists, our students. In true Parkinsonian fashion, one group of ours, who strongly objected to paying thirty pence each per annum to become members of the National Union of Students, had given sixty pounds of their own money for an old folks party in the hospital at Christmas, which they ran themselves and very successfully too. To my mind they are still a pretty impressive group and it is a privilege to work with them. They still have a great deal to offer to our thinking, our standards and our practices. Perhaps that is why we

get so irritated with some of them when they let themselves down and us too, because few of us, who have been students, will willingly admit to ourselves that we have ever become anything else.

Dr Archie McDonald called for the toast to the guests and this was replied to by Lieutenant General Sir Alexander Drummond, a former Director General Army Medical Services. New members DS Black, J Halley, William Lyall, William Spicer and RF Wilkie-Long were listed for welcoming into the Society.

With the accompaniment of Brother Caledonian Fraser McLuskey, George Macpherson sang 'Sound the Pibroch', 'Bonnie Marie o' Argyll', 'Corn Riggs', 'Skye Boat Song' and 'Westering Home' and Pipe Sergeant Robert Murphy played 'Mist Covered Mountain', 'Balmoral Highlanders', 'Bob of Fettercairn' and 'The Rejected Suitor'.

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March witnessed a Brother Caledonian charged with the Sentiment when William Macpherson of Cluny, a barrister and Territorial Army officer of the Special Air Service Regiment, spoke to 44 members and 21 guests of his cousin six times removed in 'James Macpherson, Ossianic Poems'. The earlier Macpherson is best known as the collector, or possibly author, of much well known Gaelic poetry, including that which he attributed to the mythical poet Ossian. The author of the Sentiment explored James' story and used it as an illustration of life in his times.

It is an exceptional honour for a member of the Society to be allowed to give the 'Sentiment', and I thank you, Mr President, for this privilege. When you asked me to speak, I wondered what would be the best topic, and I decided to use James (Ossian) Macpherson as the theme and to deviate sometimes into a few other side roads which would give some picture of the life of late eighteenth century clansmen with a bias towards James and his first son Allan. Apart from any other reason, it is always easier to talk about one's own relations, and James Macpherson is in fact my own first cousin six times removed. His life was much more fully documented as his activities were more widely discussed and disputed than were those of any Macpherson from 1745 onwards (apart from Euan of the Forty Five himself) and his literary achievements continue to provide a degree of mystery and considerable interest today. I believe him to be the only Macpherson to be buried in Westminster Abbey. His memorial is near Poet's corner; although I am told that the reason for burial there is that he lived very close to the Abbey for much of his life and was buried as a parishioner rather than as a poet. I have in my possession a considerable number of letters written by James Macpherson, to my own direct ancestor from about 1770 onwards, and there is a peculiar fascination in re-reading them today and catching some of the atmosphere of the time.

James Macpherson was born in 1736 in Badenoch and he was brought up near the village of Ruthven, which is now gone and has been superseded by the larger township of Kingussie. He was nine years old when he would have seen about sixty men go to join Euan Macpherson of Cluny who, together with a body of about six hundred Macpherson men, fought and experienced the campaigns and the vicissitudes of 1745-1746. Those years and the years that followed were hard and dramatic times for the clansmen; and the story of Cluny's protection of Prince Charles and of Cluny's own life thereafter, when her spent nine years in the hills of Badenoch with a price on his head, form a separate and well known chapter in Clan history.

In 1755 Cluny left for France, where he died in 1764, and a petition to the King of France asking for Royal bounty relates that on 27 April 1746:

> *'After the unfortunate day of Culloden which was so fatal to the just hopes of the Prince, the Baron of Cluny retired to his mountains of Badenoch, from the top of which he soon had the displeasure to see his country cruelly ravaged, the houses of his kindred and vassals reduced to ashes, their effects and their cattle plundered and carried off, the castle of his predecessors totally committed to the flames. He is personally outlawed – and having entirely lost all the lands and possessions that he had of his ancestors he has no other resources but in his Majesty's bounty, his salary as a lieutenant colonel being too small and insufficient to subsist him and his family'.*

James Macpherson's first cousin, Allan, and his brother John, lived with James in these years because Allan's father, the Purser of the Clan, had been killed in battle at Falkirk. The earliest memories of each (recorded in correspondence) were of the Redcoats and of the years of suppression; and they say in letters that they recall throwing stones at the soldiers who burned down Cluny Castle and pillaged the Macpherson country. From these years there was a close connection between the cousins. This was the background of James Macpherson's life, and a hard time it must have been in Scotland.

James' early ambition was apparently to be a poet; and he published some poems in his early twenties. He went to school at Inverness Grammar School and thereafter attended to study the classics at Aberdeen and Edinburgh universities. In 1756, when Cluny left Badenoch, James Macpherson returned as schoolmaster at Ruthven, and from there he travelled about acting as tutor in private houses for a period of some years. Among others, he tutored Thomas Graham of Balgowan, who was born in the house in which I now live in Scotland, and who became Lord Lynedoch, one of Wellington's successful generals at Waterloo. This life did not for long suit the strong and somewhat reckless JM.

In 1755-1756 interest in Scotland in Gaelic poems developed and the Scots Magazine published a translation by James Stone of Dunkeld of an old Gaelic piece. This interest was perhaps partly a contrast to the English wish to suppress the Scots way of life and its legacy from the past, and partly a reaction against the Church's antagonism to such poems which ministers considered pagan and unedifying. Perhaps these feelings appealed to JM and others in the Edinburgh of 1760 which was a place full of fertile minds. For example, Home, the author of Douglas, is said to have been instrumental in persuading JM to produce his own first translation of Gaelic fragments; and Dr Blair (later professor of Rhetoric at Edinburgh University) was the person who after what he dismisses as 'much repeated importuning' persuaded JM to complete the translation of sixteen pieces of Gaelic poetry which were published in June 1760 as 'Fragments of Ancient Poetry Collected in the Highlands of Scotland and Translated from the Gaelic or Erse Language. Genuine Pieces of Ancient Scottish Poetry – Fingal – His son Ossian'. The poems are translated with measured order- 'Any loss is a son of the hill – He pursues the flying deer – His grey dogs are patrolling around him; his bow-string sounds in the wind' – sombre and sometimes heavy stuff! But they carry an atmosphere of the early centuries from which JM claimed they came.

The book attracted attention at once, and thereafter JM was eventually persuaded to go ahead with further collection and translation. He was reluctant to do so. Partly, it is said, because his own Gaelic was conversational and not perfect – and also because he himself

saw difficulties in transcription. Partly perhaps because he did not want to be known as a translator alone. Go ahead he did, and in following years he travelled widely, continuously in company of Macpherson friends and others, and he collected a very large amount of material, both manuscript and spoken words which he recorded. Mostly, it is thought, from Highland mainland, but he went to the islands as well. JM took his material to Edinburgh, and within a matter of months he was ready to go to London with the manuscript, which was published in consecutive years as 'Fingal' and 'Temora'; the first in six books – and the second in eight. A massive amount of material – tabulated and accumulated by JM – and all said by him to have been taken down by word of mouth from generation to generation. These books undoubtedly made literary history, and their impact in Europe was probably even greater than it was in Britain. They were translated into German, Italian, Spanish – indeed virtually all European languages and according to commentators were received 'with rapture'. They are in essence epic poems, translated by JM into measured prose, relating the deeds of Fingal, Ossian, Cuchulainn and describing it all to a background of the wild scenery and hectic tales of ancient Scotland.

What of the great controversy? This soon developed – and the milder criticism was that JM had taken liberties with the texts he had translated and collected. The stronger was that he had written it himself. Dr Johnson was a leading stirrer of the pot, and he pronounced that there were no Gaelic manuscripts more than a hundred years old and he violently attacked the authenticity of the books. The atmosphere between England and Scotland was of course still one of hostility and although it had little effect on the success of the publications (apart from advertising them successfully) it gave many critics and others the opportunity to sneer and deride. JM himself did not do a great deal personally to confound his critics, and was offended when Hume suggested that he should provide evidence of the original sources of the poems. The work was attacked by some as vehemently as it was praised by others. Dr Blair in Edinburgh accepted the work as that of the early bards while in London the literary circles openly ridiculed it. Dr Johnson called them unmitigated rubbish. Asked if he thought that any man of a modern age could have written such poems he replied: 'Yes sir, many men, many women and many children'. The very savageness and melancholy of the poems was probably contrary to Dr Johnson's nature; and it was to remain a source of indignation in his mind for many years to come. Twelve years later a furious correspondence took place between Dr Johnson and JM – example – 20th January 1775 ---- 'I thought your book an imposture – I think it an imposture still --- Your rage I defy. Your abilities --- are not so formidable; and what I hear of your morals inclines me to pay regard not to what you shall say but to what you shall prove. You may print this if you will'. As good a piece of bile and invective as one could wish. The quarrel and the controversy are of course too extensive to deal with today; but I hope this gives the flavour of them. Since then there have been numerous investigations and surveys of the case, including that of the Highland Society in 1805 (which largely accepted that the poems were from original and genuine material).

JM meanwhile wholly changed his style of life, and in 1764 he was in Florida as secretary to George Johnstone, who had been made Governor of the Western Prairies – one of several Scotsmen who were at this time American governors. He was Surveyor General there, and returned to London after a visit to the West Indies in 1766. JM became then a pamphleteer for the Government, and wrote two historical books and did a translation of the Iliad. He was almost entirely in London at this time, and his social life oscillated between Putney and his Westminster house, on the site of the present underground station. He was painted by Ramsey and Reynolds. In 1774-1775 came Johnson's resumed attack (after his journey to the Hebrides). After this he was in close contact with John Macpherson, who later became a

Governor-General of India, and became legal agent to the Nabob of Arcot in London. In 1780 he became MP for Camelford, a seat in the nomination of the government, and he remained a member for many years, although it is recorded that he never attempted to address the House, and he received a secret pension of five hundred pounds per annum. JM prospered considerably and in 1784 he was actually offered the forfeit estates of Cluny Macpherson, which he loyally rejected.

During these years JM was also acting as agent for Allan his cousin, Quartermaster General of the East India Company in Bengal – and who had taken a different route in life. JM in fact received from Allan very considerable sums of money- mostly actually remitted in diamonds – in order to enable Allan to purchase an estate in Scotland. Allan had fought in Canada at Ticonderoga, in the 42nd Regiment, and in United States. In 1816 a letter sets out his account of the battle, in 1758, and recounts his arrival at Bristol '--- dressed in the uniform of the 42nd Regiment or Royal Highlanders ---- A great crowd of people came around me and a respectable looking man asked me 'Please forgive me for asking whether you be with us or against us - for I never saw such a dress before'. This account was prompted by another account given to Allan Macpherson of the arrival in Sicily of Duncan Macpherson, and of the astonishment of the Sicilians at his highland dress! One can imagine that it was certainly unusual in Bristol and even more so in the Mediterranean – to see a Scotsman in highland garb in those years.

Allan Macpherson's service was all spent in India after 1764, and it is interesting to realise the extent and the nature their travels and of the history of the East India Company at this time – the era of Warren Hastings. No question then of travelling light! You furnished your own cabin with mahogany furnishings, and carried with you, even as a bachelor, enough linen to furnish a hotel! In 1781, as a bachelor Allan Macpherson took with him one hundred new shirts for the voyage, thirty-six white wine coats, twelve dozen candles, twelve packs of cards and (among other supplies) twelve dozen of Madeira. As a married man he had to stock up more fully – one hundred and eighty-three shirts and stocks, sixty-five pairs of stockings – and for his son (aged two and a half) one hundred and twenty-four new frocks – and for Harriot (seven months) one hundred and eighty-three new frocks. Also 'portable soup', seventy-seven gallons of rum and large quantities of port and claret.

There are gaps in the correspondence dealing with the transmission home of the moneys earned or won, but before 1787 there are letters stating that Allan Macpherson had the same strong wish to return eventually to Scotland. In fact JM probably bought his own land for Allan Macpherson and later took it over himself and helped to arrange for his cousin the purchase of land and a house in Blairgowrie. Sadly, this led to a long battle after JM's death and a lawsuit in which Allan Macpherson claimed an account of JM's dealings in the Indian moneys.

After the 1780s, both cousins built houses, and JM's is a fine example of a Scottish Adam house of the time. He was a generous employer and it is recorded that he employed none but local men, and paid them double the going rate. Later he paid one shilling a day for agricultural labour (over the eight or nine pence previously ruling). He wrote by day and his habit was to ride out and (according to one writer) bring back troops of friends, and with wine and jest continue festivities 'far into the deep dark night of the mountains'. There in Badenoch he died in 1796, and his body was taken, in a journey lasting a fortnight, to Westminster Abbey.

Throughout all that period Badenoch must have been slowly recovering from the '45 and its aftermath. It was mainly a poor area agriculturally, and for diverse reasons there were many departures – men of the district spreading themselves then and afterwards all over the world. In 1784 the Cluny estates were restored and there was rejoicing, but times were still hard, and there was much poverty. In 1744 there had been many landless gangs of cattle thieves at large, and documents show that it was the Chief who organised a watch to reduce their incursions. The Clan Chief and the Church in this area as in many others, dominated the lives of those who lived in Badenoch.

I have purposely avoided any sort of attempt to summarise the merits of the work of JM, or the rights and wrongs of the controversy. All I hoped to do was to give a short account of the sort of men who emerged from the highlands of Scotland in the last half of the eighteenth century, and to give a glimpse of the lives they led. A time of great enterprise on part of some and great suffering for many. What never changed, substantially, was the country from which they came. The clan system had survived for centuries, because to survive, you had to remain closely-knit, and because communications were very poor, you had to be prepared to join together against neighbours or invaders. Strong family bonds existed and these bonds (and their love of their country) drew men like JM and AM back eventually.

London was days away but, but JM and AM made frequent visits here. Indeed JM must have been a very early member of the Highland Society of London, which was formed in the late 1770s. By 1790 AM was a visitor to the Society, and he writes to his wife – 'Dined last night with the Highland Society. But drank little and was in bed by 10. Am I not a good boy?' I can only feel that on that occasion the company was not as good as it is two hundred years later at the Caledonian Society of London.

After these two men had established themselves back in Scotland their families continued to base themselves there, but again travelled and lived abroad, as did so many nineteenth century Scotsmen. I sometimes feel my decision to be a lawyer and to make my living from other peoples' litigation is a protest against the failure of my own family's excursions to the courts. Allan's family against James – sold half his farms to raise the costs. His grandson in about 1850 became a member of parliament in New South Wales, was insulted, went out and brought a horsewhip and horsewhipped his opponent on floor of the house! He was in the Privy Council – but again reduced what was left of his lands by his expensive lawsuit!

I hope we are allowed as part of our own sentiment in life to take a look at people like James Macpherson and his contemporaries and to feel, at several removes, the forces which linked late eighteenth century Scotsmen. I have, I fear, dealt with the subject too much as a lecture and too little as an imaginative exercise, but I hope it will have at least been an introduction to an interesting man.

Sir James Miller asked members to toast the guests and the Consultant Orthopaedic Surgeon Sir Henry Osmand Clarke responded on their behalf. The President toasted the office bearers and the Honorary Historian replied.

With Brother Caledonian Fraser McLuskey at the piano, David Young sang 'Bonnie Wee Thing', 'Road to the Isles', 'My love is like a Red, Red Rose', 'Bonnie Mary of Argyll' and the 'Road to Dundee'. Pipe Sergeant Robert Murphy played the set 'Herring Song', 'March Conundrum', 'Blair Drummond' and 'Ca' the Ewes'.

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The Festival in April was attended by 41 members and 114 guests when Miss PM Friend, Matron of the London Hospital, gave the Sentiment 'Why a Nurse'. The President led the toast to the Society and the Vice President proposed the toast to the guests to which the President's wife, Mrs CM Law, replied. The Past Presidents saluted the President, immediate Past President Donald Fraser asked the company to rise and toast President Scottie Law and Mrs Donald Fraser pinned the Gold Badge onto the President's jacket.

With Brother Caledonian Fraser McLuskey at his customary place at the piano, Evelyn Campbell entertained in song with a repertoire that included 'The Auld Scotch Songs', 'Eriskay Love Lilt', 'My Ain Folk', 'Kishmull's Galley', 'Joy of my Heart' and 'If I can help Somebody'. The Society's Officer made a welcome return this month and played the set 'Skye Boat song', 'Highland Wedding', 'Maggie Cameron', 'Sandy Cameron' and 'Land of my Youth'.

Society Business. The Council met six times during the year (October, December, January, February, March and June). The October and June meetings were held at the Caledonian Club and the others at the Hotel Russell. In addition to the AGM at the Caledonian Club in June, five general meetings were held during the session; the October meeting was at the Caledonian Club and the others at the Hotel Russell.

£125 was donated to each charity from Society funds.

The presentation to Her Majesty the Queen Mother of a copy of the 1961-1967 Chronicles, agreed during session 1968-1969 and funded by Brother Caledonian J Alexander Gemmell, is believed to have taken place during the year thus completing the initial distribution of that volume of the Chronicles.

The Rules were amended at the AGM in order to streamline Society business, particularly in the approval of new members, and no doubt influenced by the recent poor attendances at General meetings. New members would now be admitted by Council, reverting to very early Society practice, there would no longer be a need for a General meeting to approve all Council business but, to keep the general membership informed, the previous practice of submitting a Council's annual report to the AGM would be re-instated.

At the AGM, Fraser McLuskey and Robert Leitch were elected President and Vice President respectively. Archibald Robertson was confirmed as Honorary Auditor vice James Robertson, having been co-opted earlier in the session, and Robert (Robin) Walker Thomson took over from Robert Leitch as Honorary Historian.

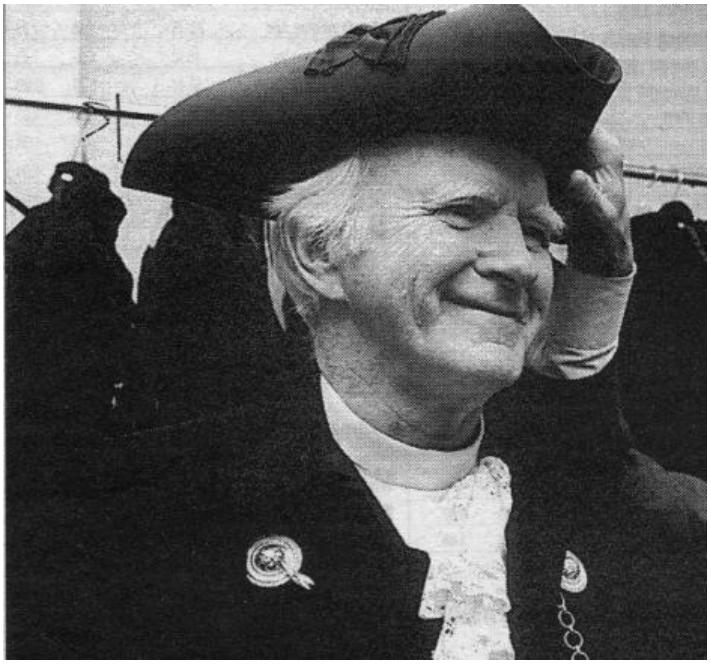
Membership. The membership total was 138, with 89 Ordinary members, at the start of the session and fell slightly to 133 and 90 respectively by its end.

The Society lost a notable member with the death of Gold Badge holder William M Miller. He had been Secretary of the Royal Scottish Corporation from 1935 until about 1961. He joined the Society in 1935-1936, was for five years Honorary Treasurer when he also covered for the Honorary Secretary, with the latter absent due to World War circumstances, was then elected Honorary Secretary for a further fourteen years and was also Honorary Historian for

eight years, while resisting all invitations to take the Chair. Well known as a forthright commentator, he had jealously guarded the institutions of the Society for many years.

Further deaths were those of GJ Anderson, TH Muir and JA Scott, members since 1968-1969, 1955-1956 and 1968-1969 respectively. Ten members resigned and two were deleted for non-payment of subscriptions. Of the latter, GFB Hill was a member of nearly fifty years standing whom the Society seems to have lost contact with since his death was noted with much regret less than a year later. Eleven new members joined.

SESSION 1972-1973



President Fraser McLuskey

Office Bearers

President	The Rev Dr J Fraser McLuskey MC DD
Vice President	Robert Leitch FIAS
Honorary Secretary	George Deans
Honorary Treasurer	WUB Reid BSc FCIS
Honorary Auditor	AF Robertson CA
Honorary Historian	R Walker Thomson
Society's Officer	Pipe Major Gordon Speirs

Past President Douglas Robertson assisted in arranging social functions.

The President. Fraser McLuskey was the third clergyman to take the Chair and also the third from the pulpit of St Columba's. He was born in Edinburgh in 1914 but his family moved to Aberdeen where he attended Aberdeen Grammar School before returning to Edinburgh and its University, graduating in arts and divinity. He was ordained into the Church of Scotland in 1938 and his first appointment was as Sub-warden in the New College Settlement in Edinburgh, working in the Pleasance, then one of the most overcrowded housing areas in Europe. Later he was Secretary to the Student Christian Union before becoming Chaplain to the University of Glasgow. He was given leave of absence to minister in the Army during World War 2, and served as chaplain to the 1st Special Air Service Regiment including operations behind enemy lines in occupied France. Later he was awarded the Military Cross for rescuing a wounded soldier under heavy fire. After the War, he continued to serve in the Army and, from 1947 until 1950, was on the staff of the then new training centre for chaplains. He received parish calls to Broughty Ferry, followed by Bearsden, in Glasgow and finally to St Columba's. He joined the Society in 1960-1961 and was, for a time, Honorary Regimental Chaplain to the London Scottish. Apart from Society

duties on Council and as President, he frequently provided musical support on the piano. After his presidency, he was Moderator of the General Assembly in 1983-1984 (when the photograph was taken) and retired to Edinburgh in 1989. Fraser McLuskey was elected an Honorary Member in 1991 and died in Edinburgh in July 2005.

Social Programme. Little Dinners were held in October, November, January, February and March and the Ladies' Festival took place in April, the October dinner replacing that traditionally held in December. The reason for the change is not recorded but seems to have followed a suggestion at the AGM; it was not an immediate success as attendance in October was relatively poor in what was otherwise a most successful season. All dinners were held at the Hotel Russell in Russell Square. The dinners resulted in a session attendance of 397 members and 457 guests for a total of 854. This was the third highest ever recorded and the best for seven years.

The practice of using reel-to-reel tape recorders to record speeches ceased with the new Honorary Historian and henceforward a portable tape recorder and cassettes were used.

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The task of providing the Sentiment at the first Little Dinner to be held in the month of October had been accepted by Penry Jones, Departmental Head of Programme Services at the Independent Broadcasting Authority, whose title was 'A Producer's Lot' in which he shared his thoughts on the broadcasting media in the modern world with a company of 46 members and 22 guests.

Mr President, Mr Vice President, honoured guests and members of the Caledonian Society. I am both honoured and delighted to have been invited to come and speak to you for a certain length of time. I have said I am delighted to be here, but on second thoughts, I wonder why I am here. Dr McLuskey has given part of our mutual background in Scotland, in religious work of one kind or another, but of course as my name implies, I was born and brought up a Welshman. The Welsh are, as you probably know, nothing if not talkative, give the Welshman any subject on earth, but particularly one dear to his own heart - and I have eaten, drunk and slept broadcasting for the last fifteen years, and especially television as my wife will tell you - and he could go on forever. You know what is said about the Welsh, that the Welsh pray upon their knees and then upon their neighbours (Laughter) *and it is not in the sense that Taffy will steal your material goods, although some people will have it so. It is that he will really take your time. However my ten years living in Glasgow, and travelling widely around Scotland, taught me a thing or two. I gathered that that the East Coast Scot was ca' canny, cautious, never let you know with his face what was going on in his mind, if anything* (Laughter), *or never given anything away by glib words as do the Welsh. You know it is said of the Scots - I forget which part of the scriptures, Dr McLuskey, I think it may be Ecclesiastes - that the Scots cast their bread upon the waters but only when the tide is coming in* (Laughter).

And what I propose to do, I hope in a limited time, and my watch is here as a sign of warning to me, and I hope to you, is to say some rambling things about the Producers Lot, thinking of the producer in two different roles. First of all those of us who, in the BBC and the Independent Broadcasting Authority and the independent television companies, provide the total schedule of all the programmes you see, and secondly, the producer who works for the individual play or programme who is the really creative person, together with the writer, behind most of the programmes you see. But first of all, it is mainly about television, if you

will forgive me. When I think of the medium of mass communication I think of technical inventions; the printing press, especially the rotary press, starting all the way back with Blutenburg and others; in the last century the movie, the motion picture camera, which of course is a very important ingredient of television, the microphone and the coming of radio, and lastly, in this very rapid thumb nail sketch, the cathode tube, the electronic camera and the advent of television; and the way television has grown more rapidly than any of them, when you think back, is quite remarkable. The average viewing in this country is about two and a half hours per head of the population of people, over four years of age that is. You may not view very much but other people make up for you. The set in the average home is on for over four hours a day, whether there is any one worshipping at the shrine or not. And people get worried, they dislike switching off the set because they think it may affect the cathode tube (Laughter). *If you can, think back to those medieval days prior to 1954-1955 and think what you did with your leisure time. And now within six years, say by the early 1960s, the British public spent the major part of their leisure time watching television, and still do. That is a social phenomenon almost without parallel in the history of mankind, whether for better or worse. There is of course the great question, the public ask themselves and the House of Commons are debating at the moment at this very hour, whether they want to be televised. It is being debated by Sir Hugh Green and Mrs Mary Whitehouse and will come up in commissions and select committees of Parliament and everywhere in the Press, because television is part of everyday life and has some impact on everyone's life.*

I think I first realised that television had come home when my daughter, in about 1958 when I was working as a producer, came home from her primary school in London and said 'Daddy, why did the blind chicken cross the road?' Being quick, as I had heard that one many years ago when I was at school, I said rapidly 'To get to the other side, dear'. She said 'Oh no!' I said 'Alright, why does the blind chicken cross the road?' She said 'To get to the Bird's Eye shop' (Laughter). *'Another one, daddy. There was a waiter and he was serving in a cafe and he had on his tray meat, potatoes, gravy and a bottle of OK Sauce and he knocked over the bottle of OK Sauce. What was left on his tray?' and daddy, being a nit said, 'Meat, potatoes and gravy'. She said 'Oh no!' I said 'Very well. What was left on his tray?' She replied 'Nothing, because everything goes with OK Sauce'* (Laughter).

Well, in a sense, this is the language of television – I wish it was not just commercials. But when the language of television has, one way or another, entered the folk law of our primary schools - that type of medium has arrived. It is having some sort of affect.

Let me just talk about the two producing roles. Corporately, those of us in the BBC and the IBA and the companies who provide the schedule week by week and day by day, are duty bound, in the BBC case under charter and in the Independent Television case under a television act, to be 'public service', that is to provide easily accessible entertainment, information and education; that is what we are there for. We have another problem that makes the corporate producers lot very difficult indeed; we have to suit every taste. Now the big question is not what we want to do with the medium, but what the viewer wants us to do with it, and there are some viewers who only want it for entertainment, for passing the time and who get slightly disgruntled when they have to look at current affairs or too much news or too much education. There are others who cannot stand light entertainment, especially some of the light entertainment we do, which is not all good by any means. Tastes in humour change and tastes are very wide indeed. There is another group of viewers who are appalled at having to sit through some light entertainment before they get to the real stuff that television is for; that is news, information, education and current affairs; and in that case the

producer cannot win. He has to try to accommodate himself to every taste. There are others who climb the walls because we have to try to accommodate ourselves to party political broadcasts. These broadcasts; the producer does not necessarily want to do them, the public does not want to view them but the politician insists upon having them. If I may break for a moment, and say this is our problem. The reason we can't win is because most people feel that because they pay their license money and watch in their homes, that they are entitled to have a television service which is tailor-made for themselves.

The only Glasgow Rangers story I know, is one I heard many years ago when I was taken along to Ibrox on one occasion, round about the early part of January. I said there might be some trouble if went to the away goal-mouth or whatever it is. My friend, coming from the Gorbals, said 'Na, na don't you worry. I'll tell you a story.' I can't imitate a Scots accent, even after ten years in Glasgow, but you will get the drift of it. There was a chap like you, never been to this famous old firm match of Rangers and Celtic and Sam took him along to the match and after they got back Sam said to him 'Well, how did you like it?' and Tom said 'It was alright but I was no keen on a' they bottles that was flying around'. Sam said 'I never move my head, because I believe if a bottle's going to hit you it is going to have your name on it'. 'That may be alright, but my name is McEwan!'

The trouble with most viewers is they think that every programme has their name on it, one way or another, and they are black affronted if they have to sit through a programme which they find boring or which they find offensive. So that by nature the Producer knows that television is bound to reflect him quite simply because there are only three channels, because people expect to have what they want, because they are bound to look at things they don't like and to hear views they don't normally have to hear, or didn't have to hear prior to television. The Reverend Ian Paisley may not like a mass but if they want religious broadcasting, because there are only two channels doing it, he is bound to find, every few weeks, the Roman Catholic mass, the Presbyterian service, an Anglican communion, a Congregational service and occasionally the Society of Friends meeting. So inevitably you have views against all these things and you are going to have the services confronted, challenged. So our job is to try to suit everybody, which is impossible. Therefore we are bound to be giving offence to some part of the population some part of the time. Our other jobs are to try our best, in news and current affairs, to be as accurate and fair and as impartial as possible, and here again we are in trouble. I hope we are in trouble with every government, because if we are in trouble with every government, we are doing a reasonable job, and if we are not, then we are being biased in one way or another. By and large, we do pretty well; we get into trouble with almost every government.

Secondly, we have to see that nothing is broadcast which is offensive to good taste or decency. Now whose taste for heaven's sake? The complaints that come in from various groups and people are about sex, violence and bad language, of which bad language is by far the thing that gets the most complaints. Now when I was up in Scotland, I learned that, as you probably know, what a crèche is in Kelvinside or in Morningside. A crèche in Morningside is a bomb going off (Laughter). *You know what sex is in Kelvinside – sex is what you carry the coal in* (Laughter). *So, we see, other people take different views of this. We have to say to ourselves, 'Alright, perhaps, or is it serious?' Is that like it? Is it dragged in to get the customers, is it dragged in to con the viewers, or is it there because it is essential to the authenticity of the plot. It would be inconceivable, for instance, in the row going on at the moment about 'Death do us Part' to have the leading character, played by Warren Mitchell as, you all know, Alf Garnett, if he were to hit his finger and say 'Tut, tut'. I assume; he*

would be an unbelievable character. On the other hand, television goes into the home. It goes into homes where swearing is never heard. It goes into homes where the man swears at work, but not at home. It goes into homes where they swear all the time, so that one is dealing with peoples' styles in life through this one medium with the three channels only. Therefore our judgement is that you cannot exclude all swearing, if you are to have plays with any seriousness at all. You cannot exclude all reference to love, but how does it happen, and whether it is appropriate is the important question, which the poor producers try to answer. I can give you one example of that in a religious series. We had Sir Bernard Miles doing a radio series which was his story of the life of Christ. Now he was very keen on it, a very devoted actor and he did his best to get this absolutely right. And you came to a scene where Jesus is standing before Pilate and being accused. And Pilate says 'They say you are King of the Jews' and Jesus says 'Thou has said'. Now the roman soldier alongside him is taken aback by this effrontery, and the cheek of it and so the script says the Roman soldier backs away saying 'You cheeky bugger'. Now it turns on Sir Bernard Miles' acting, and if you want to get the real rottenness of the situation in which Jesus was placed, that is the right attitude, the right kind of reaction. In terms of broadcasting, and in religious broadcasts, it would be offensive. And the question is do you keep it in for the real authenticity, to get the real quality of roughness, or do you take it out because some people will be offended, or do you take it out because some people will fasten on that word and miss the rest of it. And these are the kind of fine judgements which you have to make. We get them wrong so often, but we always get them wrong (in the eyes of some) inevitably, so a producer cannot win.

Finally, Sir, may I come quickly to a 'Producer's Own Lot'? One of the problems of course is the techniques of broadcasting. Television is visual, radio is largely verbal. They are both pretty good and the verbal type was that which I used to have to produce, as a Producer. 'Epilogue': people speaking – 'Late Calls' in Scotland - this is very difficult. If you sat and watched 'Epilogue', like I did as a producer, and you did not know the man who was broadcasting, you would say to yourself 'Interesting, never realised he had so many lines round his eyes.' Is it not fascinating how a camera can make an ugly mug attractive? If I didn't know him, I say to myself, because he is talking about Christian joy or something – you know, they always talk about joy - I say to myself, how is that he has elected to talk about joy when nature has blessed him with the sad jowls of a St Bernard dog? (Laughter). *I suddenly realise that three minutes have gone and I haven't heard a word the chap has said. He may have the words of eternal life, may be very striking but it is possible, with television more than radio, to hear and not hear, and the machines get in the way. I need to produce preachers in selected broadcasts and, coming from a Welsh family of preachers, I knew something about it. I thought, well up to a point it is alright until we get to television. In Wales we have these preachers, as in parts of Scotland; you know, pulpits that stretch out like the bridge of a ship on either side, and in order to emphasise a point, a preacher will very often gesticulate and his fingers will then be nearer the lens than his face and they will look like a bunch of bananas* (Laughter) *and from the viewers' point of view that is far more dramatic on a small screen and more fascinating, more than anything he has to say!* (Laughter). *People will say – what is happening? In radio you had great preachers. What is happening, in television? Where are these men who really get through the screen into the home and convince people of their sins and their diabolical ways of life and so on? Well, in life it is easy and if you take a big hall and put a man up there and, if you know anything at all about preaching or public speaking, he can project to the back of the room and convince them. He can convince them of sin any time if he knows what he is doing, and they love it! But in broadcasting and in television, the rules are quite different. Because what you have got is mum, dad and wee Willie, life size, on a Sunday morning. And sometimes just wee Willie,*

with the News of the World, the carpet slippers, the coffee cup, and it is ludicrous to expect any little manikin, fourteen and a half inches high, and not distorted if he is lucky, to get through. It will do that to anybody.

And so the Producer has to say 'How can I help?' The producer is not there to produce his own ideas, he is there to try to produce other peoples' ideas. How can I help these chaps, despite the medium, to say what they have to say? How can I find people of real calibre to communicate in television? There are certain people who are naturals for it. There are certain people with no experience - I think of Mother Theresa of Calcutta who has an extraordinary faith - who communicate somehow. We had an interview with her, with Malcolm Muggeridge. Now for many people, the thought of having Malcolm Muggeridge there would mean a decline in the viewing population. In fact, from an interview that was not an appeal, ten thousand pounds came in, purely because of the kind of charismatic quality of this woman. So, all the time, the producer is trying to find ways, not just to help you pass the time, but to try to make judgements with a medium that goes into the home, unlike the cinema or the theatre where you can choose to go, and pay your money to go. Judgements that try to maintain it as a good medium, much or part of the time, providing adult plays, good current affairs, strong documentaries, as well as educational matter, while at the same time trying to keep his nose clean with all the public and, in that sense, the producer's lot is not a happy one. But producers love it. I doubt whether I would go on working in a medium, apart from the money which is not bad, if I didn't believe it was more than just passing the time for the viewers. If I didn't believe that occasionally it helped a man to be more truly a man. Swished him on a bit more, made him more aware, gave him more information about another part of the world, made him more aware, one way or another, in what the medium is making a very small world in some respects, with the satellites and the electronic works mapped around the world. And I think the majority of producers would want to entertain generally, and also believe that their broadcasting was of value and take it very responsibly – trying to make their judgements wisely, there are exceptions to every rule – and they, in a sense, see that television opens your window on the world. As Panorama says, a little more for all sorts of conditions for human beings.

But I have probably said enough on my subject. They say, in the southern states of the USA, that if don't strike oil in about twenty three minutes, you ought to stop boring (Laughter). *I hope I have struck a little oil. I am grateful to you for listening to me, thank you very much.*

In a witty speech, the actor and broadcaster Brother Caledonian Duncan McIntyre proposed the toast of 'Our Guests' in which he said:

Normally, we mention only one or two guests, although they are all equally welcome. Obviously, it would take much too long to go through the whole list, and tonight let me mention just a few.

Of course, we must start with Mr Penry Jones, the author of our Sentiment tonight and as you have already heard, Departmental Head of Programming Services with the Independent Broadcasting Authority. You have already heard him, and indeed our President has already officially thanked Mr Jones for his address, but may I personally, as someone who has had a certain amount of broadcasting experience over more years than I care to remember, thank you most sincerely, sir, for that not only interesting, fascinating address, but illuminating too. I am sure we will all go away with a new idea of some of the problems that face the producer, in providing not only the entertainment but the religious broadcasting, the education and all

the other things that radio and television do for us in this country. Thank you, sir, you are most welcome.

At the top table we have with us tonight, as guest of Brother Caledonian Paul Moran, Lord Adeane who, as Sir Michael Adeane, was for some considerable time Private Secretary to Her Majesty the Queen and keeper of the Queen's Archives. His glittering talents, in both military and diplomatic fields, brought him to an eminence that few could hope to reach. My Lord, we take it as a very real complement that one whose background is so obviously the very upper strata of society in this land should condescend to come slumming with us here tonight in the Hotel Russell.

The other guest who must sing for his supper tonight is no less than Sir Thomas Robson MBE FCA and I feel it almost an impertinence for me to seek to introduce one who is already so well known to so many of us here. One of the most eminent authorities in the world of accountancy, Sir Thomas is very nearly a Scot, hailing as he does - he will correct me if I am wrong - from just the wrong side of Hadrian's Wall. Anyway, we Scots in the South, with an eye to the main chance, have long laid claim to Sir Thomas and he is now very much one of ourselves. Many of us know him best, of course, through his, and her, association with St Columba's Church where he is a very senior and much loved elder and where his wisdom and financial experience and council have been of inestimable value to the Session and to the congregation as a whole. I hope Sir Thomas feels at home here tonight with so many weel kent St Columba's faces around him, particularly that of our new President Dr McLuskey whom we are delighted to have in the Chair tonight. Hail to the Chief! Sir Thomas showed most excellent good taste when he married a daughter of the former minister of St Columba's, Dr Archibald Fleming of hallowed memory. I think we can truly say of Sir Thomas that no one has the links with the Church more firmly cemented into place. In a more than busy life, Sir Thomas has travelled far and wide, for his eminence is acknowledged not only in this country but in many parts of the world. He has chaired National committees, he is the author of learned publications on accountancy but he still has found time to show an active, lively interest in the Scout movement as his vice presidency of the Greater London Scout Council shows. Sir Thomas, it is a very great joy to us to have you in our company tonight and we eagerly look forward to your reply to this toast.

Sir Thomas Robson MBE FCA responded on behalf of the guests as follow:

I don't have to tell you how greatly your guests appreciate the privilege of being here this evening. It is always good to get a free meal, anybody with Scottish links, like some, will know that. Especially so when being in the company of such kindly people as you, Mr McIntyre.

It is no easy task to present this reply, for if I err, I may find myself subject to public rebuke by mine own host in his sermon next Sunday, or reproof by Mr McIntyre at the next Session meeting, which is not so far ahead. I must take the risk and hope for the best but I want to thank you, Mr President and all our hosts, for the generous entertainment this evening.

Some of the guests, like myself, must have been around the world a good deal and, wherever they have gone, except perhaps in areas such as Uganda, which is now sadly changed by General Amin, they will have found a St Andrew's or a Caledonian Society, for wherever a Scotsman goes, almost his first action on meeting one other Scot is to form such a society, to have periodic meetings like this, on great occasions - and the stories of Scottish humour flow

freely, perhaps with lubrication from a certain product which is claimed to be the main export of Scotland, other than exports in the shape of Scotsmen themselves.

That joy in meeting fellow Scots and in entertaining their guests and one another with stories about other Scots never ends. Many of these tales are invented in a certain granite city of north east Scotland well known to you, Mr President, and are designed to emphasise some alleged facet of Scottish character.

Like the one about the drifter which was about to sail and whose cook was sent to buy provisions. On his return, the skipper asked him what he had got. 'Half a loaf and a bottle of whisky' was the reply. 'And what in the world are we going to do with all that bread?' asked the skipper.

Or those never-ending stories of Scottish superiority, thrift and meanness. You've all heard, or invented, hundreds of them and I'm not going to add to your repertoire. Your guests don't want to imitate the Englishman on a visit to Scotland who was bold and foolish enough to criticise everything Scottish and at last to indulge in the statement that nobody who had ever seen England would think of coming to Scotland and remaining in Scotland. In the freezing silence, which ensued, the quiet Scot in the corner looked him up and down and said 'Och aye, Tastes differ. But there's a place near Stirling where hundreds of your countrymen have been for six hundred years and they have never shown any sign of leaving yet.' It is good for us who are your guests to know that for nearly four hundred years a reverse process has occurred in England and that our kind hosts have not felt moved to Stirling, or elsewhere in Scotland, before entertaining us tonight.

My intention expressed earlier was to refrain from inflicting old stories upon you but you may forgive me if I repeat one which I heard first about fifty years ago. It's of a Scottish pitman whose affection for his bottle and glass became so intense that it told upon his health. This, of course, was long before the advent of present prices and his consumption was great. His wife persuaded him to go to their doctor and on his return cross-examined her husband about the interview. She received a graphic but detailed account of conversations with other patients in the waiting room, of how after admission to the consulting room he was ordered to remove every bit of clothing, how the doctor sounded this, felt that and questioned him. 'Yes, yes' said the impatient wife 'but what does he say is the matter with you?' 'Oh wife, he says I've got a syncopated heart'. 'Syncopated! What's that?' They both got out their son's dictionary and found the word - 'Syncopated – moving swiftly from bar to bar.'

I expect some of you have heard this before and will be muttering, as that well known fellow Scot AJ Balfour was heard to mutter about a speaker on boring occasion, 'Who is this man who looks like a horse and talks like an ass?' But, if so, I offer humble apologies for my asinine meandering. You must at least give me credit for trying, as indeed I have tried, to express for myself and my fellow guests our great gratitude to you all for our most enjoyable experience this evening.

Thank you, Mr McIntyre, for your kind words, and you Mr President and other Caledonians for your generous hospitality to us all.

Two new members, Bro Cal Thomas A Muir and Allan Munro were received by the President.

Mr Daniel McCoshan, who possesses a delightful tenor voice, sang 'When the Kye come Home', 'Jeanie wi' the Light Brown Hair', 'Rowan Tree', 'Marie's Wedding' and 'Bonnie Wee Thing'. Duncan Johnstone was at the piano. The selections of Pipe Major Gordon Speirs were 'Cradle Song', 'Highland Wedding', 'Piper's Bonnet', 'Sheep Wife' and 'Murdo's Wedding'.

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November was now the second Little Dinner of the session but retained its London Scottish regimental element. The gathering of 85 members and 75 guests should have heard a Sentiment given by the notable soldier and politician Sir Fitzroy Maclean whose wartime exploits had included a leading role in fighting and liaising with the Partisans in what was then Yugoslavia. However he was unable to attend owing to Parliamentary duties and the President took his place and seems to have extemporised in a humorous vein that included the following thoughts:

Had Sir Fitzroy been here, he would of course have spoken to us as a very distinguished politician. It occurred to me, when I heard he was not able to come, that I suppose that any one in my profession has got to be a bit of a politician too. Politics, they say, is the art of the possible and we read in the scriptures that with God all things are possible but, of course politics, one might say, is only one of our problems in the life of the Church. We have, in the Church of Scotland, to deal with a General Assembly which has been called the only parliament Scotland is allowed to have, in which I suppose the Moderator may be regarded as the Speaker. It is not significant whether you sit on his right or his left, and of course there is no House of Lords, so we just have to keep people as long as they are around and until merciful providence takes them from us. We can't kick them upstairs, there's nowhere in which we may promote them. Of course, there is no House of Bishops either, we believe in the equality of ministers, so we have got all, so as to speak, ecclesiastical chiefs and no ecclesiastical Indians (Laughter). *We have of course our backbenchers who, I have noticed from my infrequent visits to the General Assembly, like to sit as near the front as possible so they can watch the proceedings.*

But the General Assembly only happens once a year, and the minister has to try his best to be a bit of a politician in his own congregation, I suppose pretty well all the time. There is Mrs 'X' who has an inspiration as to how the entire life of the Church and the congregation can be revolutionised and transformed, and it is important to agree with her most sincerely and completely, and also, at the same time, to explain why, for some technical reason, the whole idea is completely impossible. There is the Sunday-school teacher whom you have to congratulate on his untiring zeal for the Lord and the Sunday-school and at the same time to inveigle him into attending some training class so that he has a dim idea of what he is talking about (Laughter). *There are, of course, the pupils in the Bible Class, at an awful and interesting stage of their growth, and you have to persuade them that while you love them all individually, and corporately, very dearly, if they don't stop making that infernal noise, we are quite capable of breaking every bone in their body* (Laughter). *And then, of course, there is the matter of taxes; I'm sorry, I meant the collection. This is a very important matter in which you have to do something; you have got to try your best to persuade the mixed bag in the congregation that if they persist in putting into practice the givers frieze here and now, hereafter they will find themselves in a position where such a chilly procedure is clearly out of the question. I am sorry you haven't a real politician tonight, only the next best thing.*

Had Sir Fitzroy come along tonight, he confided in me that he would have spoken a bit about the Common Market which, no doubt, he would say has a good deal to commend it. I imagine he might have difficulty in saying anything else. But of course, it will not be without its difficulties because there are very sharply marked differences and divergences between the different countries and indeed within the individual countries themselves. It is well known, for example, if you go visiting as a minister in Scotland, that even in Scotland itself, there are marked divergences. They say that when you are visiting some homes, say for example in Edinburgh, the house holder will immediately say 'Come in and have your tea'. In Glasgow they will say 'Oh, you will have had your tea' (Laughter). *That shows you the divergences are so acute* (Laughter). *I was trying, in an unbelievably tedious fashion, to make my way north to Aberdeen. It doesn't matter in the least that if you are unfortunate enough to get there, they will say 'You will of course have had your tea'. Then of course between countries there are differences; you will find the English who think they are the cat's pyjamas, and the Scots who are always absolutely certain that they are.*

Sir Fitzroy has the idea that we as Scots certainly don't need to fear any of the resulting competition which may be the result of a closer federation of the countries of Europe. It may be that the Scots will find, although they have no difficulty in taking over the other countries like they have already taken over the southern neighbours in England, that their natural suspicion of foreigners is a bit of a problem.

In my last few minutes, I wish to say something about the Services. I know that Sir Fitzroy had in mind to say something about the Armed Services had he been able to be with us tonight. He has recently, I know, been visiting the Unites States to make a study of the methods of training in that country. I am sorry that such a distinguished soldier cannot be speaking about the Armed Services to night but, of course, it is a great pleasure and privilege for me to express our warm admiration and great gratitude for those who serve in the forces of our Queen. We think especially tonight of the London Scottish Regiment and we are so proud and happy that at this table distinguished representatives of that regiment are seated. We think of the wonderful loyalty of the 'old boys' of the London Scottish, how amazingly they hold, together year by year, the re-union for the 'Italians' of the last World War which those of us at the table here normally attend. They are very moving and wonderful occasions. I have a great admiration, as you have, for the younger boys in the serving company and I would like to pay tribute to their toughness; in the course of some twelve years of church parades over which I have presided, not one of them has collapsed during the course of the sermon! How proud we are of our Armed Forces, particularly at this moment, and I am sure that on occasions like this, at a time like this, we would wish humbly and proudly to salute the young men who are serving at this moment in the dreadful risks and suffering of Northern Ireland. I am sure that no country could be served by more gallant or more patient or more chivalrous men than those who we are proud to call 'The Soldiers of the Queen' in that country at this moment and how much they have to teach us, and how they challenge us, whether we be in the Armed Services ourselves or in civilian life –and they certainly help us to say, as we think of them, 'Here's tae Us, Wha's like Us'.

There is of course a great deal to make us proud in this Society. I refer to the traditions in its earlier days, of drinking fifteen toasts, standing with one foot on the chair and the other on the table; and times change, you may think fortunately in that regard!

But what has not changed is our concern in this Society to have some true fellowship and comradeship one with another, and our equal concern to be of some use to our fellow men, whether it be the young at the Royal Caledonian Schools or whether they are older or infirm, some of the senior citizens of this country. Perhaps I can finish what I have tried to say tonight, my friends, by sharing with you my sense of proud privilege of being one of this company of the Caledonian Society of London and expressing the hope that you and I, to whom is entrusted the proud tradition of service of this Society, may be found worthy of our trust. I suppose, in a way, that trust is the essence of Christianity. I give you the toast – 'Here's tae Us, Wha's like Us'.

Later in the evening, after the traditional pipe set, the President invited the company to toast the London Scottish Regiment by saying:

We greatly enjoyed that selection of piping tunes and we are most grateful to our friends from the London Scottish who came to provide it. It is appropriate now that I should ask you in a moment to honour this special toast to the Regiment tonight. Some of you who are here as our guests may not know that that in the year 1859, this Caledonian Society, along with the Highland Society of London of which we are so happy to have the reigning President in Lord Drumalbyn here tonight, united to found this distinguished regiment. It's highly appropriate that on this occasion each year, we should remember and rejoice in the close association between us, and honour this toast which I now invite you to do.

The toast of the Guests was entrusted to Brother Caledonian Lord Drumalbyn PC who in the course of his remarks said:

When I say welcome guests, I assure you that does mean all of you! I have been tempted, in the past, to wonder who the unwelcome guests are, but you will know by now how very welcomed you are, and I hope you will have felt at home. I think that tonight we have just listened to a very remarkable performance on the part of our President. It shows a great compassion, apart from anything else, that when the principle speaker has fallen out, he has taken on the job himself, rather than switch it on to anybody else. I think we can say, with all due humility, to him that this is about the best 'do it yourself' job we have seen for a long time.

We have tonight a great event in that it is the London Scottish evening. Now of course it is not possible for me to mention all the guests but here we have arrayed at this table quite a number and I want to pay tribute to them one by one if I may. First of all, let us take one who is not one of the London Scottish. We have with us tonight Angus Sinclair who is one of those people who is quite remarkable in the World, because he specialises in disseminating good news. He is a civil servant in the Central Office of Information and he does a very great deal for this country in spreading friendship around; he acts as host to people who come to this country and he sees that they go away happy. This is what we want you to do tonight and I think, with the programme we have before you, you will be doing that. I am very glad to have a fellow clansman sitting here tonight. If I may say so, Angus, we are delighted also to see you as the son of your father, the last Liberal Secretary of State for Scotland that we have had. I may say I have a particular affection for him because he is the only person who has invited me to breakfast at his Club in London!

With the next person I want to mention, we come to the list of the London Scottish and we are very happy to have with us Major Holliday. I had the honour of being invited to the London

Scottish Halloween Party the other night. We didn't have 'dooking for apples' or anything like that; we had enjoyable fare and Major Holliday ought to be speaking tonight as he made a very good job reporting on what he is doing, and I can tell you, from what he said, that the general spirit there is 'There is nothing wrong with the London Scottish'. We have, on his right, Colonel Penman, who commanded several years back I think, served in Italy and was the chairman of the Lawn Tennis Association, so he obviously is a London Scot who is very much on the ball! On my right, is someone I know fairly well, my brother Phil. He is of course another of the London Scottish, having decided to come to London and reside in Knightsbridge. I think he was the first London Scot to be commissioned direct, without going through the ranks, or so I have been told, because he went straight into a captaincy. I may say, he finished up, in the War, as a brigadier.

Now we have as well Lieutenant Colonel F Gordon Maxwell CBE TD DL, a chap I have enormous respect for. In the first place, as a Cameron, I was attached for drill to the London Scottish before the War and he was a colonel and I was not commissioned at that time. Then we served together at the Staff College; he was the senior tutor and quite the outstanding man there, and we were both pleased to be associated with the London Scottish. I once heard him deliver absolutely copy book orders and thought he must have had a good battalion.

It is a very great pleasure indeed to have these guests and all of you with us tonight. I hope, as I said, that you will go away happy. I hope we will have the pleasure of having you here often, and I ask you to rise and the toast of 'The Guests' coupled with the name of Colonel Gordon Maxwell.

In his reply, Colonel Gordon Maxwell, a long-time London Scottish stalwart, said it was a pleasure to have the toast given by the only member of the Macpherson family who had not served in the London Scottish. He went on to say:

One's earliest recollections, I suppose of a party, are one's mother coming up and taking one by the hand and saying 'Now, come along up and thank Aunt Maggie for a lovely party' and everything that was bad in one mounted up to the fore and one said ' Shan't' or 'Won't' or 'I don't see why I should'. As one grew up, it did give one a good deal more pleasure to be able to say 'Thank you' for the lovely sort of treatment that your guests have had tonight. I do not refer only to the liquid treatment; I refer to the entertainment and also to the company and I have very great pleasure therefore in doing this. But may I say that, having had the privilege of dining with you and being entertained before, I am always extremely frightened by the Caledonian Society of London because of the enormous cross section of people one sees here that it contains. I know you all wear medals, if you are medallists, but it is extremely difficult to see who are members and who are not because one knows most of the people as 'chaps', and I'm not quite sure, if ever, on whose behalf I am replying. Some of the extremely distinguished ones are some of the chaps who pushed me around when I was small, or some of the chaps that I've pushed around because they were smaller than me. But if they will all accept what I am trying to do, doing the best that I can, I will try to do this job.

Now some of you have of course had the misfortune of having had parents who were not born on the right side of the border. My own parents were unwise enough to arrange that I should be born some seven thousand miles away in a country which is now independent and I only became a white man about three or four years ago with the help of one of the Government departments to whom I shall be very grateful. Nevertheless, my family still lives in Scotland.

Mr President, you have been so very kind in referring to the Regiment which is really the Regiment of the Caledonian Society of London and of the Highland Society. I think perhaps some of the members may like me to say just two or three words to finish up with on what is happening today, because those of you who have served with us, in the old days, will know that the make-up of the Regiment and its size is not what you, or we, have been accustomed to. This is a question of what the Army Council felt they needed by way of reserve forces and it is not for the most enthusiastic Territorial, or even for the Caledonian Society of London, to tell the Army Council what kind of reserve forces of what shape they want. What they have decided is that they want a company of bayonets and there is a small cadre, in addition, to represent the Regiment, on which other companies or battalions may be raised in the event of an emergency; but the deployment at the moment is for a company of a regiment known as the 51st Highland Volunteers – we are one company of the 1st Battalion 51st Highland Volunteers. That is the requirement which we were given and to those who say 'Why is it no longer called the London Scottish?' - it is now G London Scottish Company, 1st 51st.

I would say that when your Society raised the Regiment initially, it was known as the 7th Middlesex (London Scottish). Later it became 15th Middlesex. When I enlisted, it was known as the 14th London although we always used to pretend we didn't know who the 14th London were. When the name was called out at Bisley or Pirbright, we used to say 'Who is this regiment, it never turns up'. When called for details, we would say 'Oh, you mean the London Scottish'. Finally, we became Gordon Highlanders, so that anyone who is slightly confused about the 51st Highland Volunteers, I think, has only got to cast his mind back in history and see that the London Scottish has occurred under a great number of different titles in the past.

The Company is now 108 strong and it wants 59 more recruits to bring it up to establishment, and it would be allowed to recruit another 20 above that. But it is virtually up to establishment, it is well found, well-armed and has good morale. It needed a mobilisation role, which meant that for a time it was the missing company of the 1st Battalion Gordon Highlanders – the regular regiment being one company short. That has now been altered and the 1st Battalion 51st Highland Volunteers is newly organised so as to be able to take on active service in a full battalion role. On their last exercises, either with the regular Army or in their ordinary annual training, they were considered, by Scottish Command, to have acquitted themselves well. We are very proud of the connection with the Caledonian Society of London and what you did to get us going.

Thank you, Mr President, for our excellent entertainment and to you, Lord Drumalbyn, for your toast to the Guests and on behalf of them all, gentlemen, thank you very much (Applause).

Four new members, Bro Cal IC Stewart Hunter, G Lightbody, N Rutherford-Young and RJJ Wickham were welcomed into the Society.

Mr George Macpherson provided the musical programme, accompanied by Duncan Johnstone, and sang 'Aran Homing Song', 'Laird o' Cockpen', 'Ae fond Kiss', 'Marie's Wedding' and 'Braes o' Ballochmyle'. As is customary on this occasion, the pipe music was provided by Pipe Major Duncan, Corporal J Spoore and Piper J MacKenzie, all of the London Scottish; they played 'Fair Young Mary', 'Haughs of Cromdale', 'Rose among the Heather', 'Jock Wilson's Ball' and 'Jean Mauchlin'.

After Pipe Major Gordon Speirs had given the Caledonian Society of London Strathspey, a happy evening ended with 'Auld Lang Syne' (the solo verses being sung by four members of the London Scottish as was then usual in November) and the National Anthem.

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The dinner held on Thursday 18th January 1973 had present 76 members and 91 guests. The Address to the Haggis was given by Brother Caledonian R Walker Thomson, Honorary Historian.

After the loyal toasts had been honoured, the President introduced Brother Caledonian EJ Gordon Henry, spoke of the latter's wide knowledge of Burns and added that he came, like the haggis, hot footed from Scotland - and invited him to deliver the Sentiment. He was received with applause and said:

It is not often that that the manner of one's introduction makes one feel like a crazy haggis. It is greatly encouraging to stand here and to face so many of my fellow countrymen and to know that, to come here, they have to travel from the mountains and glens of furthest Watford and deepest East Sheen. Many of you, I know, might reasonably have expected that this particular moment of time would be given over to an interval. I can tell it from the way you are sitting. You will have to sit there with the ash wire-brushed from your waistcoats. I have no doubt you are hoping that this address will not take the fifty-five minutes scheduled. I am constantly asked how I find myself in situations such as this, being a speaker, if one might call oneself that, on a variety of occasions until I had to ask myself. And of course being involved in speaking is like drunkenness and gambling; you kind of drift into it. I just happened to say 'Here, here' at the Annual General Meeting, and that is the beginning. Next year, with a note of thanks to the Honorary Secretary and Treasurer, and you're booked (Laughter). *Poor Fraser McLuskey here. A couple of amens at the Bible Class and before he knew what had happened, he was a second year divinity student* (Laughter). *Believe me, if a band of Cruikshanks hammed Hamlet up a bit as the angel at his Sunday School nativity play, he might have had a decent practice in Harley Street instead of messing about with Barbara Miller in Tannochbrae* (Laughter). *This, of course, is not the first time that I have spoken at a Burns occasion. Indeed, only last February, in New York, I was honoured by being invited to participate in the St Patrick's Night Burns Supper* (Loud laughter) *of the Sixth Precinct Lady Garment Workers headquarters. Sister Angelina of the Sacred Heart Convent was to propose the Holy Memory and I was scheduled to address the Spaghetti Bolognaise* (Laughter). *I never, in fact, did hear Sister Angelina because just after I had finished plunging the pinking shears into the Pasta, they declared an interval, and do you know that in the headquarters of the Sixth Precinct Lady Garment Workers there is not a single gent's, which is how I came to be arrested* (Laughter). *Did not Burns really say 'Though they may gang a kenhin wrang, to nip outside is human'* (Laughter).

Brother Caledonians and welcome guests, in 1707 the Scottish Parliament dissolved itself, and abolished itself and, in the eyes of many, betrayed its people. A union abhorred by many was imposed by a minority for a variety of reasons, among them greed; greed for personal power and for advantage, and for privilege. There was anger, there was weeping, there was rioting, there was despair but for the most part the privileged and the powerful could not wait to jump on the bandwagon. One of the oldest independent countries in the world lost its independence finally, not on the battlefield but in the corridors of power, and a surprisingly

intelligent peasantry was helpless to influence its destiny, and the country whose modest culture was respected and honoured was at the beginning of a long dark night.

A frantic scramble amongst the upper and professional classes to Anglify themselves was both comic and tragic; the accent and language of the country which was so rich in imagery, and almost classless, was despised and rejected, and alien manners and alien morals were adopted by those who sought business advantages or social preferment, and brooding over the scene, a constant corrective to any restlessness in the peasantry, a cold reformed church projected God as a sort of labour master to a chain gang.

Thirty-eight years later, the Forty-five rebellion brought some people to believe that a Stuart victory might somehow change things and somehow might put the clock back, although at the most that could only be a foolish and a pious hope. In the event, the disaster of the Forty-five rebellion was nothing compared to its consequences. Certain sections of the community, Highland and Lowland, were concerned and occupied only with the protection of their fortunes and this meant coming to terms with the Establishment in Edinburgh and London. Those who resisted, in spirit or deed, paid dearly for their intransigence.

Scotland was a poor and dark and unhappy country. Ancient liberties and ancient rights melted away and decent people were broken to something very near to slavery. The rights of birth and privilege entrenched themselves, and year by year the old tongue became more scorned as being the mark of the lower orders. Anglified and dandified gentry lorded in every parish, marrying, if they could, into rich and horribly English families and squandering in dissolution what riches there were in the land and the resources of the people. The pride of Scotland was at its lowest possible ebb and there was a darkness and a despair about the land.

On the 25th of January 1759 in a cottage in Ayrshire a man was born who was to shine such a light into the darkness that things would never be the same again. In a short and agonising life, he was to challenge the accepted precepts of Church, State and Society and put heart and pride and unity back into the people of Scotland.

Not a courtly sprig of a noble family; nor the dilettante offspring of a rich merchant, not even a son of the manse, he threw out a challenge which I believe did as much to change Society as Das Kapital. Scornfully, he shouted to the people of Scotland, not in the accents of upper class refinement or of middle class affectation, but in the rich Doric of the soil that bore him, his contempt for their people's servility and their acceptance of the prevailing social structure –

> *A man's a man for a' that*
> *The rank is but the guinea's stamp*
> *The man's the gowd for a' that*

This was not 1926 or 1917; this was the second half of the eighteenth century when one accepted the social order and the superiority of one's betters; and here is an Ayrshire ploughman challenging the validity of privilege, with mockery and contempt and with hope in what was surely one of the great revolutionary song of all time. Listen to a little of it:

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord
Wha struts an' stares an' a 'that
Tho' hundreds worship at his word
He's but a coof for a' that
For a' that an' a' that
His ribband, star an' a' that
The man o' independent mind
He looks and laughs at a' that.

And finally, in that same poem he expresses his hope:

Then let us pray that come it may
As come it will for a' that
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth
Shall bear the gree' and a' that
For a' that and a' that
It's coming yet for a' that
That man to man, the world o'er
Shall brother be for a' that.

Many an immortal memory closes with these lines, but I have chosen to quote them first because although Robert Burns was a great romantic poet and a great comic genius, I believe that it was as a social – not socialist – poet that he contributed to the development of the Scottish character, and that it was his impact on the social thinking of Scotland which revived the pride and confidence and patriotism of the Scottish people and their affection for the Doric without which they could not hope to appreciate the beauty of his other works.

In the 'Twa Dogs' he illustrates the different lives of the rich and poor in the form of a dialogue between a gentleman's dog and the dog of a cottar and in this poem, as in the 'Cottar's Saturday Night', he fights to take the shame out of poverty and to emphasise the basic dignity, the basic decency and the basic goodness of the Scottish country folk. After this, forelock touching in Scotland was doomed. Pride of country, pride of race and pride in work were given back to the Scottish people and they faced the terrible years that were to follow with their heads held high; dispossessed, displaced and exploited, some held fast in Scotland and endured it, and some made for other lands, but not as refugees in flight; in good order and proudly, to pit their special skills and natural intelligence against the world.

They did not make for themselves ghettos in Brooklyn or Montreal or Sydney, or for that matter, London, where to weep together, yearn for the past and cling to each other for succour. They struck out and created a place for themselves in Society and history. They were assimilated more effectively than any other migrants, and yet preserved for themselves and for their descendants a pride in their race and an affection for their mother tongue. Had there been no Robert Burns, I believe that Scotland as an identifiable nation would have ceased to exist and that it would have had a greatly diminished influence in the world. Had there been no Robert Burns, I believe there would have been no Scottish societies, because he it was who gave to Scots the pride and community of purpose which brings them together in fellowship all over the world on occasions such as this.

Burns' greatest love affairs were with freedom, moral and spiritual honesty and equality.

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave
By nature's law desig'd
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?

How about this, from the 'Twa Dogs', for political comment; Caesar, the cottar's dog, has little time for Luath, the gentleman's dog, because of his praise for his master's service as a Member of Parliament, and measures party politicians with sublime contempt.

Haith Lad ye little ken about it
For Britain's guid! Guid faith! I doubt it
Say rather, gaun as Premiers lead him
An' saying aye or no's they bid him
At operas an' plays parading
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading
Or maybe in a frolic daft
To Hague or Calais take a waft
To make a tour and tak a whirl
To learn bon-ton and see the worl'
For Britain's guid! For her destruction
Wi' dissipation, fued an' faction.

Systematically, Burns attacked the establishments of his time, ministers, doctors, landowners from the aristocracy to the petty bourgeois. By satire, by pathos and by open contempt, he cut them down to size and broke their magic spell of superiority over the common people. I do not think that the office of kirk elder ever completely recovered from 'Holy Willie's Prayer' – remember the last verse:

But lord remember me and mine
Wi mercies temp'ral an' devine
That I for gear and grace may shine
Excell'd by name
An' a' the glory shall be thine
Amen, Amen

When he sent a copy of this poem to the Rev John McMath, he enclosed a covering letter, two verses of which illuminate Burns' religious feelings:

God knows I'm no the thing I should be
Nor am I even the thing I could be
But twenty times I rather would be
An atheist clean
Than under gospel colours hid be
Just for a screen

But listen!

All hail, Religion! Maid divine
Pardon a muse sae mean as mine
Who in her rough imperfect line
Thus daws to name thee
To stigmatise false friends of thine
Can n'er defame thee

Throughout his life, this brilliant humanitarian, philosopher, gifted as few have ever been with a superb artistry in words, continued his fight against injustice and hypocrisy. This great voice was stilled when he died in 1796, aged only 36 years. Carlyle wrote, 'And thus he passed not softly but speedily into that still country where hail storms and fire showers do not reach and the heaviest laden wayfarer at length lays down his load'.

The boost which Burns gave to the morale of a broken Scottish people can never be measured, but I believe it contributed greatly to the prestige and reputation which was carried throughout the world and reflected in skills, dignity and decency which were the badge of our people for more than a century after his death.

Alas, there is a kind of darkness descending again, not only in Scotland but in this great United Kingdom of ours.

Many of the means of communication are in the hands of intellectual converts to alien dogma who are devoted and dedicated to the destruction of the society we know and to the propagation of the thesis that decency is absurd, patriotism is obscene and diligence is to be despised. Posturing freaks of all ages occupy the cinema screen and the television screen, distorting reality and projecting corruption and erupting in fury their purposes of frustration. A popular press of unbelievable triviality projects footballers as heroes and the most modest of performers as artists.

On the shop floor, loud mouthed arrogance frequently replaces reason, and political agitators dedicated to destruction masquerade as representatives of the workers. In Parliament, it is sometimes increasingly difficult to identify those who care deeply, not for this interest or that interest, but for the nation.

Today the threat to our society comes not from yon Birkie ca'd a lord – but if Burns were alive today there would be other targets for his scorn and ridicule and different oppressors to identify. God knows all of us in these islands are in dire and tragic need for an inspiration such as his.

But he is gone and we must be content with his memory. But let us not settle for a once a year flicker of remembrance like some annual sacrament in the middle of the desert. Let us try to re-capture his fire and his passion and his challenge and try to pass some of it on to our children and to our children's children. For he made the Scots a better people, a prouder people, and yet a kindlier people. His sentimental influence went hand in hand with his social influence and throughout the world around this time of year we are joined in fellowship with other Scots – not I hope in chauvinistic arrogance, not I hope in aggressive self-assertion, not I hope even in maudlin nostalgia, but by a strange emotional link which most of us, wherever we are, just simply cannot break, a link which this one man did so much to forge.

Treasure his memory, honour his memory, and pray that you may serve Society, your Country and all of mankind as he.

Mr President, Brothers Caledonian and welcome guests, I ask you to stand and join with me in the toast of 'The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns'.

After the toast had been honoured, the audience, by their long and prolonged applause, indicated their appreciation of the Sentiment. The President then expressed to Brother Caledonian Gordon Henry the sincere thanks of the members for his enthralling and inspiring talk.

This toast to the guests was entrusted to Brother Caledonian Dr JAD Anderson who spoke of and welcomed all the guests including the Right Honourable Lord Coleraine, Rev William Fergusson (Assistant Minister of St Columba's), and Mr Andrew Cruikshank of Dr Findlay's Casebook fame who was responding to the toast. The latter did so in a humorous vein and expressed his appreciation of the honour paid to him in inviting him to reply to this important toast.

Later in the evening, Brother Caledonian GS Donn, a new member, was received by the President and welcomed by members.

Past President Donald Fraser, accompanied by Mr Duncan Johnstone, sang 'Sweet Afton', 'Mary Morison', 'My Love is like a Red, Red Rose', 'Ae fond Kiss' and 'Annie Laurie'. Pipe Major Gordon Speir's selection was 'Herding Song', 'Glencaladh Castle', 'Braes of Mellinish', 'Duntroon' and 'Ian MacPherson'.

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At the February Little Dinner the President intimated, with deep regret, the death on 9th February of the senior Past President James R Steele who had joined the Society in 1929 and had been President in session 1952-1953. After speaking of his long and valuable service to the Society, he invited the company, of 69 members and 56 guests, to stand in silence as a mark of respect and tribute to his memory.

After the honouring of the loyal toasts, the President introduced Mr John Junor, Editor of the Sunday Express, and invited him to deliver the Sentiment 'Reflections from Fleet Street' which he duly did.

Keith Robertson proposed the toast to the guests saying:

Mr President, Mr Vice President, Bother Caledonians and welcome guests, this evening I would like to take not so much as a text, but more as an observation, that the ways of the Lord are indeed wonderful, but He is apparently beaten hands down by some of his ministers, for instance, our President, who asked me to propose this toast. We were standing, at the time, in St Columba's in Pont Street and as he asked me I was beset by all the usual misgivings of inexperienced speech makers. Feeble excuses, backed up by half-truths, immediately sprang to mind and then, with a jolt, I realised that apart from anything else, I was being addressed by a man of the cloth, and in his own church. At that moment I was struck by what can only be described as the George Washington syndrome. There being no

trees in the church, the only alternative was not to tell a lie. It is therefore, my pleasant task to welcome our guests to our so called Little Dinner and, eventually, to propose their health.

We have about sixty guests with us here this evening of whom I have no doubt that a considerable are bankers and that a good few of the balance are financially connected, in some way or another. All, I am sure are a credit.

One of the nice things about being a member of the Caledonian Society of London, is the number of guests who attend these dinners. It is always pleasant to enjoy the company of one's own guests, but it is equally pleasant to enjoy the company of other peoples' guests, if you can get a word in edgeways. People who have half-an-hour to spend, usually spend it with someone who hasn't; but, this is not the case tonight, I can assure you. We are always keen to welcome our guests to the dinners of the Caledonian Society, for, without guests no society can truly flourish. I hope that you have enjoyed your evening with us so far.

We have this evening had a very interesting, thought provoking and funny Sentiment from Mr John Junor, Editor of the Sunday Express. The title of his Sentiment, for those who have not bought a programme, was 'Reflections from Fleet Street' which might aptly have been subtitled 'A wet night in Grub Street'. Have you noticed what a gentlemanly lot the Sunday papers are, with a few well known exceptions? I am actually referring not so much to their content, as to their method of marketing. The Sunday's arrive at a civilised hour in the morning or are laid out at your newsagent for collection after a leisurely stroll. Compare this with the salesmanship associated with evening papers. Where do they train their van drivers and their street sellers?

I suppose that some of the Sunday papers could also be described as gentlemanly in another way, or at least as suitable for men. I refer of course to those that contain, usually on the inside pages, an ornithological specimen in an advanced stage of being plucked.

I think that most people will know that the Sunday Express is, in a way, one of the last outposts of the British Empire, but now that we have entered, or been kicked, into the Common Market, with that institution's liking for classifying and regulating everything, we may all have to re-learn certain parts of our language, which is still English – at the moment. Do you know, for instance, that an Avocado Pear is no longer a fruit, but a children's nanny for a French lawyer? The dressing is different as well.

Mr Junor was born in Glasgow and first made the acquaintance of our President at Glasgow University as our President has already told us. Mr Junor served in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve during the war and then from 1951 until 1954 was with first the Daily Express and then the Evening Standard. In 1954 he became Editor of the Sunday Express, which position, as you realise, he has held until the present. Mr Junor became a director of Beaverbrook Newspapers in 1960 and in 1968 he was appointed Chairman of the Sunday Express. I understand that his recreations are golf, tennis, skiing and sailing, although where he finds time for all these activities I cannot guess. Sir, welcome and thank you for your Sentiment.

We also welcome Mr Greig who is a Director of the Cunard Shipping Company. It is nice to know that help is near at hand should the weather revert to its usual dampness.

Mr Hugh Neilson, who is a guest of our President, was Secretary for ten years of the Aberdeen Angus Cattle Society and, more recently, head of the Meat and Livestock Commission in Scotland. He is now working in London in connection with the financial aspects of the Common Agricultural Policy. I hope this policy will not milk the country dry.

The Reverend Alan Tanner is also welcome here this evening. Mr Tanner has, since 1966, been the vicar of the delightfully named St Nicholas Cole Abbey in Queen Victoria Street in the City.

I would be failing in my duty if I did not welcome particularly Mr Mothersill who is Managing Director of Eyre and Spottiswood Ltd, Her Majesty's printers, who has the dubious delight of replying to this toast. Mr Mothersill was born in Montreal, Canada. He has the proud distinction of having been head boy at Fettes. At Cambridge he read classics, as well as being a keen athlete whose particular sports were boxing and rugby and for which exploits he became a member of the Hawks Club. Mr Mothersill is an Elder of St Columba's. I believe that at the time of his appointment he was the youngest Elder ever, if you see what I mean. Distinguished though he is, I am sure that Mr Mothersill has no connection with the bookshop in a University city which is proclaimed by a sign hanging outside 'Books for all examinations – buy a Bible and prepare for your finals'.

Certain of our traditions, such as piping, the badges and Caledonian Honours, will, probably, have been noticed by the more observant of our guests this evening. One tradition that will not have been so obvious so far is that the toast to the Guests, this toast, must finish on the same evening on which it started. It is therefore with much regret that I am unable to mention each and every one of our guests individually. You are all nonetheless welcome and we hope that you will prevail upon your hosts to ensure that you will return to us another day.

Donald J Mothersill then spoke on behalf of the guests.

Daniel McCoshan delighted the company with his rendering of 'Love I gave you my Heart', 'Macusla', 'Ae Fond Kiss', 'Road to the Isles' and 'Bonnie Wee Thing', all accompanied by Mr Duncan Johnstone at the piano. Following the interval, Pipe Major Gordon Speirs' selection comprised 'Miss Kirkwood', 'Kilbowie Cottage', 'Maggie Cameron', 'The Rejected Suitor' and 'Colin's Castle'.

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The March Little Dinner enjoyed a meeting of 65 members and 68 guests. The President introduced the Right Honourable Sir John Megaw PC CBE TD, Lord Justice of Appeal, who had chosen as his Sentiment title 'The Unpopularity of Lawyers'. In doing so, Dr McLuskey said if there were any lawyers who were in fact unpopular, Sir John could not be one of them, with the attendance that evening. If the Society was honoured by the presence of such a speaker, he as President was very delighted to welcome someone whom he valued so tremendously as a friend and member of his flock and one of his most prized and trusted counsellors. Sir John's speech started as follows:

Mr President, Mr Vice President, Caledonians and those whom I believe I describe as welcome guests, and any others who may be here. Your President referred, in his typically very flattering remarks, which so far as I am concerned are fully underserved, to elevations;

and I thought, if one may mention that word at the present time, of the official of British Railways who was going up in the lift to his office on the fifth floor at Euston and remarked 'This is has taken me above my station' (Laughter). *Your very kind remarks, Mr President, have taken me above my station and I regret that when I have specially tried, by the title which I have chosen for this Sentiment, to show a more familiar face!*

I wonder Mr President whether I might probably reply in kind, but I come to the conclusion that it is nether the time nor the place. After all you, the very nice and distinguished men who are members of this ancient and honourable Society have shown your appreciation of Fraser McLuskey better than any words of mine can do by the fact that you have chosen him to be your President. If I had thought it right, to go out to try to pay tribute to him, I would certainly have avoided suggesting that he knows the Old Testament backwards, from the fourth chapter of Malachi back to the first chapter of Genesis, that is some showing off. To know the Old Testament backwards is just as valueless, as apparently as useless an accomplishment, as that which members of the London Scottish Football Club present, or some of them, my remember as having been the accomplishment of a distinguished member of that club, in the years before the war, he who was able, by means which I shall not now describe, to drink a pint of beer without it going down his throat (Laughter).

So you will be able to correct me if I am wrong when I say that my evening here tonight, and my timidity in standing up to address you as a non-Scot, or at any rate one who can't claim to have been a Scot unless one goes back for three to four hundred years, coming among all you Scots, is the most fool-hardy enterprise since the prophet Daniel arranged for a luncheon party in the lion's den. He did, what could be described in the modern jargon as, the 'lunchee'! (Laughter). *Well, at least the prophet Daniel had the excuse that he was going there under compulsion, compulsion I believe of King Nebuchadnezzar, whereas I come here as a volunteer, or at any rate as much a volunteer as anyone can be said to be who has been persuaded by the very utterly irresistible persuasion of your President. A volunteer, but a very confused volunteer like the soldier newly joined in the Army in the course of the last war who was faced with a medical examination. The cross examination by the Medical Officer went something like this. 'Are you constipated?' 'No' I'm a volunteer.' 'I mean, are your bowels working?' 'I aint been issued with none'. 'Don't you know the King's English?' 'Is he?'* (Loud laughter).

When, some months ago, Dr McLuskey invited me to nominate the title of my sentiment tonight, I thought that, knowing that lawyers were unpopular, that I might be able to say a few words to try to explain why it is so – the cause if not the excuse.

And went on to do so.

William Macpherson of Cluny welcomed the guests. He started by saying that he was very pleased to be allowed to welcome every guest, whether 'private' or 'public'. He hoped that Brother Caledonian Douglas Robertson would not mind if those present were told that in the letter giving the names of the chief guests Brother Caledonian Robertson said that there were 'many others with odd sounding names' who would be present. Mr Macpherson said that guests would have to decide whether they were in that category – but in any event all were most sincerely welcome. At his own table, Mr Macpherson said that there were three Munros, two Campbells, a Macpherson and half a Mackenzie, and he felt that it would be appropriate to welcome his own and all other private guests first of all, since often they are left to the end or forgotten.

Next Mr Macpherson welcomed the Right Honourable Sir John Megaw PC CBE TD, who was an old friend of many members in the legal and rugby worlds. When appointed as a High Court Judge, Sir John had said on the bench that he felt like a second row forward who had been removed from the scrum and given the referee's whistle. Since then, Sir John has been a most distinguished Judge as Lord Justice of Appeal. Mr Macpherson said that it was unusual for a lawyer to have the chance to have the last word over a Lord Justice, but since there might in future be other meetings, in court, he (Mr Macpherson) intended to be careful. The Society was honoured by Sir John's presence and delighted by his Sentiment.

Mr Macpherson went on to say that Scots hospitality was of course renowned, and he hoped that this evening had proved no exception. Hospitality had not always been so good in the north; for example it was unlikely that members of the Duncan line would have accepted readily an invitation from later Macbeths. And on another occasion in history it was said that a family of brothers on their fathers signal had each at dinner stabbed and killed the guest on his left hand – the guests being members of a neighbouring clan. Furthermore guests sometimes suffered terrific and embarrassing experiences, like the guest who during the night while feeling way along the wall towards his bedroom door overturned what he thought to be a container of water. When the guest woke he saw to his horror black ink hand-marks on the Thirteenth Century tapestry, and realised that he had overturned a large ink well filled with indelible ink. The guest stealthily left the house without delay. Later in life, his conscience troubling him, the guest returned to make a full and abject apology. He was shown into the drawing-room, and while waiting for his host, he sat down on a chair – and in so doing sat on his host's pet toy poodle and killed it! Again the guest crept horrified away! We hope, said Mr MacPherson, that none of our guests will be subject to any violence or embarrassment, and we promise that our only action towards them will be to drink their health.

Mr Macpherson then welcomed all our guests and in particular three named guests. First he spoke of Dr Hubert Dunn OBE TD MRCP BSc DPH, a friend of our President and a general practitioner in the West End of London. Dr Dun was, and indeed still is, an elder of St Columba's Church, and thus a supporter of Dr McLuskey in other spheres. We all, said Mr Macpherson, welcome Dr Dunn wholeheartedly. Next Mr Macpherson welcomed the Bishop of Barking, the Right Reverend William Frank Chadwick. The Bishop was educated at Wadham College and at Harvard, and he had worked for many years in the north of England and in London. He had been Bishop of Barking since 1959, and among other appointments he had been examining chaplain to the Bishop of Chelmsford in 1951 and pro-pro-locutor to the Lower House of Canterbury. Mr Macpherson did not know whether this meant that the Bishop of Chelmsford was himself examined or whether he did the examining. And who the pro-locutor or the locutor were Mr Macpherson did not know! But all would agree that the Bishop of Barking was a most distinguished man and a most welcome guest in the Society's more Presbyterian atmosphere.

Lastly Mr Macpherson welcomed our Guest of Honour, Dr Seymour Cochrane Shanks CBE MD FRCP FFR. The letters FFR after his name had no connection with French politics but signified that Dr Shanks was a Fellow of the Faculty of Radiologists, and an eminent doctor and radiologist of much distinction. Dr Shanks was Glasgow educated and trained, and was still Consultant Radiologist to University College Hospital. He was made CBE in 1958, and his hobbies are reported to be golf and motoring. Following his second activity perhaps Dr Shanks could collect the bishop of Barking, who also is recorded to be a golfer, and transport

him to a golf course for a round. Dr Shanks is the spokesman for all our guests and, said Mr Macpherson, we warmly welcome him.

Mr Macpherson then told two stories of guests who had suffered indignity, and hoped that in contrast all our guests had enjoyed their evening. He then asked Brothers Caledonian to join him in drinking to the health and prosperity of all our guests, coupled with the name of Dr Seymour Shanks.

Dr Seymour Shanks replied on behalf of the guests in a light hearted manner.

The President thanked the various Honorary Office Bearers for their work on behalf of the Society and invited the company to drink the appropriate toast. Honorary Secretary George Deans replied briefly in his inimitable style.

The menu card listed David Baird, Robert Wallace Bruce, Richard Holiday and James Hunter as being welcomed into the Society that night as new members.

Daniel McCoshan, accompanied by Duncan Johnstone, sang 'For You Alone', 'Silver Moon', 'Girls were made to Love and Kiss', 'The Old House' and 'Bonnie Wee Thing'. Pipe Sergeant Robert Murphy deputised for the Society's Officer and played the set 'Mist covered Mountains', 'Donald Maclean's Farewell to Oban', 'Struan Robertson', 'Loch Carron' and 'John D Burgess'.

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The Ladies' Festival followed its usual format with an excellent 56 members and 145 guests present. Miss Monica Sims delivered the Sentiment 'Television for Children. The President led the toast to the Society and, in accordance with tradition, the Vice President proposed that to the guests saying:

Mr President, Brothers Caledonian and welcome guests, on behalf of the Caledonian Society of London, I extend to you each of you - our most welcome guests – our thanks for joining us this evening. We are of course indulging our own pleasure. There is surely little joy in not sharing what we have to offer. Perhaps I can claim privilege for that last remark. It would be prudent to advise our guests that we have a preponderance of bankers in our midst – and come tomorrow, they will probably have little more to offer than sympathy. All Scotsmen are not really mean – though many have an impediment in their reach.

Please forgive these (putting on spectacles) *Only last month though I thought I had little need of them, I slipped during our evening hymn 'Frae rinnin' aboot the Braes – intae the Roarin' Seas' leaving our Hon Historian 'Wandrin' mony a weary fit after Paddlin' in the Burn'.*

Guests may be surprised to learn that to any member – it happens only once, this toast by the Vice President, and so it has been since our foundation in 1837! The prospect of attaining higher office the following year – possibly - keeps the Vice-President reasonably sober but I haven't noticed anyone slip under the table – so far. Before the introduction of a Sentiment on Ladies' night, this particular toast was virtually a wee Sentiment mainly on the history and traditions of the Society. Welcome guests, by your presence here tonight, you are aware of the nature, antiquity and objects of the Society and how the members strive to maintain its many traditions. I'm tickled to note the command in our notice for this function. 'Wives are

guests on this occasion and should be mentioned separately on the form'. I well know the reason for that phrase – but doesn't the mind 'gang tapsalteerie' at the opening for any speaker? Alas – I must be circumspect – tho' it's an awfu' temptation. I'm reminded of an old adage concerning wives; 'They never command until they have promised to obey'. It's a male failing, when speaking of ladies, to feel that we are indispensable. Gentlemen, let me remind you, 'Lament him Mauchline husbands a' – he often did assist ye; for had ye staid whole weeks awa'; Y'r wives they ne'er had miss'd ye'. You don't have to hail frae Mauchline or know Robert Burns to get the message.

Ladies – you do look lovely – this evening is special because of you. I'm not good at flowery phrases, so promptly retreat behind a profound quote by Henry Theodore Tuckerman, an American though probably an 'honorary Scot' – 'No man flatters the woman he truly loves'. Husbands all; beware the next time you flatter your own wives. Ladies, I hope you feel re-assured that your men belong to a Society of upright and worthy specimens of Scottish manhood. That even when he gets home in the wee sma' 'oors – on the five nights you let him out – he's in good company. I can't comment on the interval between Auld Lang Syne here and his arrival home. For that matter, I don't want to expand on that subject myself.

Whilst extending our welcome to all you ladies, I would make particular expression of our admiration to Miss Monica Sims who has entertained and enlightened us so brilliantly with her Sentiment tonight. What a pity that for the majority of us here tonight, our formative years were pre-television. Thanks to Miss Sims, I know a bit more about children's' TV and feel that there is considerable scope for her talent for older youngsters. When I do watch the goggle box, of course I goggle when the dolly-girls are gyrating but as for the sound, Brother Caledonian Duncan McIntyre's quip on a previous occasion is, to me, apt; a constipated cacophony.

Mr President, I doubt whether during the whole of your ministry, you ever thought you would empty your kirk, but that you have almost achieved this evening when all of your colleagues are gathered here together as your guests. If we add to that goodly number, the numerous elders and members of your kirk who belong to the Society – there'll be gae few left over.

One lady is most definitely in – Mrs McLuskey. I can only try, all too inadequately, to convey the affection in which you, madam, are held by the Society – Certainly as the gracious wife of our President but also very much as yourself. Mrs McLuskey has graced our gatherings many times and we trust will continue to do so in the future. In the very immediate future, we will all have the greatest pleasure when Mrs McLuskey responds to her husband's imminent proposal – on this occasion to respond on behalf of all our guests.

Gentlemen guests – equally welcome but not, I trust, hoping for as much attention as the ladies. You probably get too much at home, whether it be just palatable, indifferent or heavenly. Funny how we look up when the word heavenly is used; like the wee Scots lad who yelled to his father when he spotted a brilliant streak in the sky, 'Look feyther, a star that hasna got its tail cuttit aff yet'. Gentlemen, you provide a worthy backdrop to the ladies, even with so many of you wearin' breeks.

We have such a wealth of dignitaries with us this evening that to make individual mention would sound like reading a wee directory. You have each paid our Society a very high complement by joining us and, the mark of the perfect host – making the members feel at

home. Welcome guests, we welcome each of you - wi' a' the Honours Three – and haste ye back. Mr President and Brother Caledonians – I give you the toast Our Guests.

Mrs McLuskey then spoke for the guests.

Mr President, Mr Vice-President, Members of the Caledonian Society and fellow guests.

I have one qualification at least for replying to this toast, so ably and kindly proposed by the Vice President. I am the wife of a Brother Caledonian, and so may claim to be a sister to these ladies present who are in the same category. No Brother Caledonian wife can possibly be neutral. She is bound to have strong feelings of one kind or another, towards this ancient and honourable Society. Either she objects to it vigorously, because on one evening each month it robs her of the company of her husband. Or else, it earns her undying gratitude for the same reason. I leave it to you to guess to which group I belong.

If my feelings should be coloured by resentment, and if this is the case with other ladies present, I am quite sure that the hospitality extended to your guests this evening, has transformed the situation. The ladies will be the last to admit that the other meetings, for men only, can in any way compare with the excellence of the evening we are enjoying together now. But certainly the happiness and success of this Ladies' Festival will compel us to think kindly of the Caledonian Society ever after, even when the monthly Thursday evenings come along --- and our husbands fail to do the same.

I consider it a very great privilege to be allowed to make this reply on behalf of so many distinguished guests. I am sure, we are all united in the appreciation of all that has been arranged for our enjoyment. The quality of the dinner has only been surpassed by the excellence of the company, and the delight of listening to my dear friend Monica Sims. To fill our cup to overflowing, we have been entertained by the singing of Miss Constance Hanson, and the playing of Miss Aline Wilson; while the stirring strains of the pipes have warmed our hearts, and quickened their beat.

You have been extremely kind to us, and your guests, one and all, are deeply grateful. We should be poorer without such an opportunity of meeting with our fellow London Scots, and the many friends from England and further a-field, who make our life and work so agreeable. If the Caledonian Society did not exist, we should have to invent it. And so to you, Mr President, and your Brother Caledonians, your guests are most grateful for saving them the trouble.

I live my life in somewhat close proximity to the Church. Our home, if not above the shop, is certainly alongside it. And you will know, my husband is a minister. I have a guilty feeling that I should have started with a text, and developed my theme with a firstly, secondly and thirdly. Well, in this case, my text is obvious enough, ---- just two words – thank you. And even if I said it more often than three times, I would not be exaggerating the appreciation of all your guests, for an evening so wholly delightful.

The President was saluted, toasted and presented with the Gold Badge to complete a highly successful season of dinners.

Constance Hanson was accompanied by Aline Wilson and sang 'Ye Banks and Braes', 'Wee Cooper o' Fife', 'Can ye' sew cushions', 'A Heilan' Dad', 'Eriskay Love Lilt' and 'My Heart

is Sair'. The pipe set was played by the Society's Officer Pipe Major Gordon Speirs – 'The Dark Island', 'Black Watch Polka', 'Balmoral Castle', 'The Piper of Drummond' and 'The Mucking of the Byre'.

Society Business. The Council met six times during the year (October, November, December, January, March and June). Meetings were held at St Columba's Church (December, January and March), the Hotel Russell (October and November) and the Caledonian Club (June). In addition to the AGM held at the Caledonian Club in June, one special general meeting was held during the session.

£125 was donated to each charity from Society funds.

The Rule concerning minimum attendance by members was altered to refer to attendance at social functions rather than at general meetings.

It was agreed that a further volume of the Chronicles be published, possibly in a reduced and hence cheaper format, at a cost not exceeding £800 and that Vice President Robert Leitch be given authority to proceed on this basis. James Moxon would arrange printing and it was hoped to deliver during the following session (1973-1974). It was reported that speeches were already in précis form (Editor's note - No such précis have been found, only a limited range of speakers' texts and tape transcripts. The text for these years was finally completed in 2016 and then also included sessions until the end of 1975-1976).

At the AGM, Robert Leitch and George Deans were elected President and Vice President respectively. George Deans would also continue as Honorary Secretary.

Membership. The membership total was 133, with 90 Ordinary members, at the start of the session and rose slightly to 135 and 92 respectively by its end.

Past President James R Steel, who had been in the chair for session 1952-1953, died in February 1973. He had worked in the Assurance profession and was an Ayrshire man, with family roots there for many generations. He had been unable to enter the London Scottish Regiment in 1914, as their ranks were then full, but instead joined the Argylls where he was commissioned, subsequently serving in France with the Camerons. He maintained his county links and was also an active London Scot, in the London Ayrshire Society, the Scottish Clans Association and, for many years, an elder at St Columba's where he was honorary secretary of the re-building fund and, on several occasions, a Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Interested in politics with Conservative sympathies, he filled a number of offices but declined invitations to stand for parliament. He was also an active Free Mason. He joined the Society in 1928-1929 and first served on Council in 1935-1936.

Seven members seem to have resigned two were deleted for other reasons. Twelve new members joined.

SESSION 1973-1974

Office Bearers

President	Robert Leitch FIAS
Vice President	George Deans
Honorary Secretary	Vice President George Deans
Honorary Treasurer	WUB Reid BSc FCIS
Honorary Auditor	Archibald F Robertson CA
Honorary Historian	R Walker Thomson
Society's Officer	Pipe Major Gordon Speirs

Past President Douglas Robertson assisted in arranging social functions.

The President. Robert (Bob) Leitch was brought up in Paisley. A Quantity Surveyor by profession, he served in the Army during World War 2 (cap badge unknown but, given his profession, possibly Royal Engineers) and later lived in Kent, at Chislehurst then Sidcup. For many years a partner in a firm of Quantity Surveyors in London, he had a particularly wide range of expatriate connections. A strong supporter of the Royal Scottish Corporation and the Royal Caledonian Schools, he also held office in his local Caledonian Association in Sidcup, was a member of the Caledonian Club and for long belonged to the Burns Club of London. He joined the Society in 1954-1955 and was elected Honorary Historian at the June 1965 AGM; in this role, he enabled the production of the last volume of the Chronicles to be published, that covering the five sessions from 1961-1962 until 1966-1967. He continued as Historian until the end of session 1971-1972 and again filled the post, as a Past President. Bob Leitch remained an active Past President until his death in August 1988.

Social Programme. The experiment of a little dinner in October, replacing that in December, was repeated and was rather more successful this year although still showing the lowest attendance of the session. Other Little Dinners took place in November, January, February and March, and the Ladies' Festival was held in April. All dinners were held at the Hotel Russell in Russell Square. 360 members and 412 guests made a total of 772 for the six dinners, more than 80 down on the previous year but still a good total historically.

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A Brother Caledonian was welcomed as author of the Sentiment at the October dinner when Duncan McIntyre, well-known actor and broadcaster, spoke on 'The Colour of the Scottish Language' to a gathering of 63 members and 31 guests. In doing so, he said:

When a man is asked to deliver a Sentiment to the Caledonian Society of London, he naturally feels very flattered. When he is asked for a second time to perform this duty, his pride begins to assume alarming proportions. When he is asked for a third time, that pride can become rather obnoxious to his closer friends, when the early symptoms of swollen-head become all too obvious. When, however, he is invited to present the Sentiment for the fourth time – as I am tonight - a man just throws off all restraint. He admits that he can no longer get a hat to fit him – (I don't possess one now) – and he seeks out the phone number of the Guinness Book of Records. As well as bringing about this change in a man's way of life, a

fourth Sentiment raises all sorts of other problems and undoubtedly the biggest one is – what can he talk about now? Now, in delivering Sentiments, I have always worked on the principle that I should talk on a subject with which I am reasonably familiar, hoping that this familiarity plus a little rhetorical technique, might lend an air of authority to my remarks (I don't think I've been found out yet – or what am I doing here tonight?). For my talk tonight I have chosen the title of 'The Colour of the Scottish Language', a language with which I can honestly claim a close familiarity and for which I constantly declare an abiding love.

What do I mean by the 'colour' of a language? I mean that which gives a language character, warmth, variety and punch, or in other words, the various dialects that bring so much life to a literature. Now the true colour can only be appreciated if one hears a language spoken aloud; it's never enough just to accept the cold black and white of the printed word. That way lies a form of colour-blindness that makes for dullness and monotony in life. As a we read our Scottish literature we must listen with our minds ear to the various voices as they speak, we must listen for the colours of the many dialects, for they each have a colour of their own, from the raw, harsh tones of the Glasgow streets to the gentle pastel shades, the heather mixture of the Western Highlands.

Now I would like, with your permission, to offer you three examples of what I consider to be really colourful Scottish speech. The colours you find in these passages are entirely up to you but that you will find colour in abundance I am quite confident, and the inestimable value of that colour to the interest and characterisation of the passages must be obvious to all. Listen first of all to the remarkable tirade spoken by Lord Weir as he confronts his son, who has had the temerity to criticise his father at a college debating society. This, of course, from the great unfinished masterpiece 'Weir of Hermiston' by Robert Louis Stevenson.

> *What's this I hear of ye? ---- Eh? ---- I'll have to tell ye then. It seems ye've been skirling against the father that begat ye, and one of His Majesty's judges in this land, and that in the public street, and while an order o' the Court was being executit.*
> *Forbye which, it would appear that you've been airing your opinions in a college debating society, ---- ye damned eediot!*
>
> *I'm sorry that ye disapprove o' Capital Punishment! I hear that at the hangin' o' Duncan Japp, ye in the middle o' all the riff-raff o' the city, ye thought fit to cry out – 'This is a damned murder, an' my gorge rises at the man that hangit him.'*
>
> *So, you're a young gentleman that doesna approve o' Capital Punishment? Weel, I'm an auld man that does! I was glad tae get Japp hangit, and what for would I pretend I wasna? You're all for honestly it seems. You couldna even steek your mouth on the public street. What for should I steek mine's on the bench, the King's Officer, bearing the Sword, a dreid to evil-doers, as I was from the beginning, and as I will be to the end?*
>
> *You've been reading some o' my cases, ye say. Aye, but it was not for the law in them, it was to spy out your fathers nakedness, a fine employment in a son! It's impossible ye should think of coming to the Bar. You're no fit for it – no splairger is. And another thing; son o' mine or no son o' mine, you have flung fylement in public on one o' the Senators of the College o' Justice, and I would make it my business to see that ye were never admitted there yourself. There's a kind o' decency to be observit.*

Then comes the next o' it; what am I to do wi' ye next? What do ye' fancy ye'll be fit for? The Pulpit? Na! They could never get divinity into that blockhead. Him that the Law o' man whamles is no likely to do muckle better by y the Law o' God! What would ye make o' hell? Wouldna your gorge rise at that? Na! There's no room for splairgers under the fower quarters o' John Calvin.

What else is there? A sodger? Na, I would send no man to be a servant o' the King that has proved such a shauchlin' son to his own father. You a sodger? Ye auld wife, the sodgers would bray at ye like cuddies!

If ye had been younger, I would have wheepit ye for this ridiculous exhibition. The way it is, I have to grin an' bear it. But one thing is clearly understood. If I had been the Lord Advocate instead o' the Lord Justice Clerk, son or no son, Mr Erchibald Weir would have been in the jyle the night.

Weel by my way o' it – an' my way is best – there's just one thing ye might be wi' decency, and that's a laird. Ye'll be out o' harm's way at the least o' it. If ye have to rowt, ye can rowt amang the kye, and the maist feck o' Capital Punishment ye're like to come across will be guddlin' trouts. But if I set ye down at Hermiston, I'll have to see you work that place the way it has never been workit yet; ye must ken about the sheep like a herd; ye must be my grieve there, an' I'll see that I gain by ye. Is that understood? Weel then, I'll send Kirstie words the morn, and you can go yourself the day after.

And just try to be less o' a damned eediot!

Now, in a rather lighter vein and of much later vintage, may I offer you some verse – 'The Ballad of the Deluge' by WD Cocker.

The Lord took a staw at mankind
A righteous an' natural scunner
They were neither to hand nor to bind
They were frichtit nae mair wi' his thun'er.

They had broken ilk edic' an' law
Theyt had pitten his saints to the sword
They had worshipped fause idols o'stane
'I will thole it nae mair' saith the lord

'I am weary wi' flytin' at folk
I will dicht them clean oot frae my sicht
But Noah, douce man, I will spare
For his ettles, puir chiel, to dae richt.'

So he cried unto Noah a' day
When naebody else was aboot
Sayin' 'Harken, my servant, to me
An' these, my commands, cairry oot.'

‘A great, muckle boat ye maun build
An Ark that can float heich an’ dry
Wi’ room in’t for a’ yer ain folk
An’ a hantle o’ cattle forby’

Then tak’ ye the fowls o’ the air
Even the big bubbly jocks
An’ tak’ ye the beasts o’ the fields
Whittrocks, an’ foumarts, an’ brocks’

‘Wale ye twa guid anes o’each
Sae that nae cratur rebels
Dinna ye fash about fish
They can look efter theirsels’

‘Herd them a’ safely aboard
An’ once the blue Peter’s unfurled
I’ll send down a forty-day flood
An’ de’il tak’ the rest o’ the world’

Sae Noah wrocht hard at the job
An’ searched to the earth’s farthest boarders
An’ gathered the beasts an’ the birds
An’ tell’t them to stand by for orders.

An’ his sons, Ham an’ Joseph an’ Shem
Were throng a’ the time at the work
They had felled a wheen trees in the wood
An’ biggit a great, muckle Ark.

This wasna done just an the quate
An’ nee’bours would whiles gether roon’
Then Noah would drap them a hint
Like – ‘The weather is gaun to break down’

But the neebours wi’ evil were blin’
An’ little jaloused what was wrang
Sayin’ ‘That’ll be guid for the neeps’
Or – ‘The weather’s been drouthy ower lang’

Then Noah wi’ a’ his ain folk
An’ the beasts and the birds got aboard
An’ they steekit the door o’ the Ark
An’ they lippened theirsels to the Lord.

Then doon cam’ a lashin’ o’ rain
Like the wattest wat day in Lochaber
The hailstones like plunkers cam’ stot
An’ the fields turned to glaur an’ syne glabber.

An' the burns a' came doun in a spate
An' the rivers ran clean o'er the haughs
An' the brigs were a'soopit awa'
An' what had been dubs becam' lochs

Then the folk were sair pitten aboot
An' they cried as the weather got waur
'Oh lord, we ken fine we hae sinned
But a joke can be carried ower faur!'

Then they chapped at the Ark's muckle door
To speir gin douce Noah had room
But Noah ne'er heedit their cries
He said 'This'll learn ye to soom'.

An' the river roared loudly an' deep
An' the miller was droont in the mill
An' the watter spread ower a' the land
An' the shepherd was droont on the hill.

But Noah, an' a' his ain folk
Kept safe frae the fate o'ill men
Till the Ark, when the flood had gien ower
Cam' dunt an the tap o'a ben.

An' the watters row'd back to the seas
An' the seas settled down an' were calm
An' Noah replenished the Earth ------
But they're sayin' he took a guid dram!

I know there are probably some of our members – including our worthy President – who are wondering just when I'm going to break into the dialect of the West Highlands. Alright, I know it's expected of me and I've reserved it for my last example of the colourful language of our native land. No, it's not 'Para Handy' this time – it's a little concoction partly from 'Lachie's Letters' by my great uncle, John Whyte, and partly from some scribbling of my own.

Och, och – but there's been many changes here in Acha Beag since I was a boy. We've got the railway and the tallygraft and motor-cars and a hundred other things – and we have lost the grand old army pensioners that use to tell us at the ceilidhs about their battles long ago. Aye, it's then the ceilidhs use to be worth!

Speakin about ceilidhs, me and Rory was in Inverness two or three weeks since and we was asked if we would go to the Gaelic Ceilidh in the Caledonian Hotel. Me the day! The Inverness people must have forgot what the old Ceilidh used to be, for this thing was no' like it at all – all dressed to kill and hardly a word of Gaelic, the language we was born in.

In the middle of the evening we were all sent into another big room to get tea and a nice lady came to myself and she gave me a big lump of sweet cake and a cup of tea. I

was chewin'away at my cake as hard as I could when the only two teeth I Have that's above wan another came down on something hard. What was this but a lady's thimble; and the gentleman beside me nearly choke over a gold ring! 'Great Scot' says I 'this is as bad as the American tin meat. Surely, the lady that was bakin' this cake hadn't her thimble and her ring on when she was it!'

They all laughed at me, and they said the thimble meaned good luck, and I would maybe be married before the next ceilidh. 'Grace' says I 'if any lady will have me with only one wan teeth where I had twa half an hour since.'

While we was there a nice Inverness gentleman was asking me why I hadn't gone to the Volunteer Camp after them sending me an invitation. Says I 'I'm thinkin' it's a mercy I didn't went. Myself was only wan week in a Volunteer corpse in my life.' Says he 'Why did you left them? What was your rank?' 'The rear rank' says I and I left them because the dreel sergin could no' speak the English. When he would be dreelin' us he would roar and speak for five minutes without drawin' breath, and hardly nobody in the world could make out what he would be sayin', except maybe a word here and there, about puttin' the thoom o' the right feet to the heel o' the left before you would turn about. When he wanted us to stand the natural way he would roar out 'TEES' and when he wanted us to stand up straight and pull in our stomachs and put our hands down at our sides, he would shout 'SHON!'' I mind the first time he roared it, Shon McDonald near jump out of his shoes with the fright he got. He thought he was callin' his own name and says he 'What? Me the day!' The swearin' he gave Shon before all the men.

Man, but they gave us some queer things to eat at the Ceilidh, things I couldna' be doing with at all, at all. Fancy eating toast and water biscuits with wee bits o' fish on them you couldna' taste – and not a herring to be seen! Do ye know, I think I'm maybe like the Oban woman that sent her wee boy down to the quay with a basin just when the boats was comin' in an' she told him – 'Now mind you, if you canna' get herring, just get fish'.

There we are then – three examples of really colourful Scottish speech. Make no mistake, this is a great heritage that is ours in the language spoken by our forbearers – in the great literature they have produced, and that literature, be it poetry or prose, will only be fully appreciated if we can detect and enjoy the wide range of colours to be found there. This doesn't happen automatically without any effort on our part. I've already said that the colour is to be found in our dialects, so it's up to us to find the meaning of the many grand old Scottish words that have passed from everyday use. Let us resolve that, before the next Burns' Nicht comes round and we listen again to his unerring choice of word and phrase – let us resolve that we shall have mastered enough of his wonderful language to appreciate, really appreciate, the great pictures he paints – and let us remember, that it's the colour in those pictures created by Burns that turns them into the masterpieces we know them to be.

Poignantly, this was the fourth Sentiment that Duncan McIntyre had delivered but was also to be his last as he died less than a month later.

The lot of welcoming the guests fell to Robert Gibson which he did as follows:

Mr President, Mr Vice President, Brother Caledonians and welcome guests; It is of course very much an honour and a privilege to be entrusted with this toast which is one very dear to the hearts of members of this Society. We Scots have always taken hospitality very seriously and we would deem the evening a failure if we had not satisfied our guests with good food, good drink and companionship. We greet and welcome all guests here tonight.

Let me say at once that that this is the first time that I have been asked to speak at dinners of the Society. I hope that after I have sat down, you will not be moved to say that you know why. Some speakers say that they are unworthy to speak and then deliver a brilliant tour-de-force; others scorn this approach and inform the company that they are well equipped for the task and then bore the pants off everybody for half an hour (not of course in this Society where speakers are always brilliant - so far). As I see it, my best bet is to make no such opening gambit but to let nature take its course.

Whilst on the subject of speech making, I think it was Sir James Barrie who professed to think speechmaking the lowest of arts – a little more than a knack and considered its exercise a degradation. He took pains however to be degraded gracefully, and I for one disagree with his sentiments. I do, however, admire those who can make impromptu speeches – I cannot! It is an inflexible rule of mine not to make impromptu speeches – as Lord Goddard said 'They are not worth the paper they are written on'.

I said earlier that Scots take hospitality seriously. Sydney Smith, the celebrated English divine who spent five years in Edinburgh some hundred and seventy years ago and never stopped talking about it afterwards said 'When shall I see Scotland again? Never shall I forget the happy days I spent there amidst odious smells, barbarous sounds, bad suppers, excellent hearts and the most enlightened and cultivated understandings.' It came right in the end.

Of course, hundreds of years ago the festivities did occasionally end in strife – Glencoe stands out as a supreme example of how guests can get out of hand – and my personal favourite of inhospitable hosts concerns the Black Dinner of the Douglas's back in the Fifteenth Century. As you may remember, the Regents of the young King James II of Scotland invited the Earl of Douglas, a youth of seventeen who they considered to be a threat to the throne, and his younger brother to dinner at Edinburgh Castle. After the Peach Melba they set down a Black Bull's head – the ancient Scottish symbol of the death doom. The Douglas's fought well but were dragged out to die thus missing the coffee and liqueurs. This happens but rarely at our dinners and the advent of VAT has rendered impracticable the serving of black bull's head. So, welcome guests, sit easy!

At some gatherings such as this, but of course in other societies, the proposer of this toast often requires the wit of Oscar Wilde and the fertile imagination of Hans Anderson to make anything of the material at his disposal. Fortunately for me and for you, that is not necessary tonight – we are a most distinguished gathering. There are over thirty guests tonight and it is obviously impracticable to mention them all – unless of course you are prepared to sit and listen to me for another hour – Ah, I thought not!

So I will mention only a few to represent them all. But, and I am sure that all the guests will understand, if my first mention is not strictly a guest. However as he performed a task tonight which normally falls to a guest I think that it is right and proper to talk of our own Duncan McIntyre – who entertained us so brilliantly tonight with his Sentiment. Duncan has been a

member of the Society for ten years and is well known to us all as a man of humour, charm and humanity. His Sentiment was pure gold and we all, members and guests, were privileged to hear it.

You may have noticed, if you have perused the table plan, that we have hidden away two peers of the realm on one of the tables in the body of the kirk. This is no accident! Brother Caledonian Lord Drumalbyn requested relative obscurity for himself and his guest. However, I feel I must shed some light on his guest who happens to be the Earl of Balfour, and is most welcome in this company. He is no doubt already known to some of you as a member of the Caledonian Club and among his many accomplishments I find the most interesting to be that he is a master mariner. We are delighted to be given the opportunity to entertain him.

We are always pleased to welcome visiting presidents from other societies, and I may be forgiven if I make mention of my own guest Chris Walker, who is President of my own Society – St Albans. Likewise we welcome representatives from the City – Alister McDonald's guest is Mr GJ Terry, Chairman of the Queen Hythe Ward Club and well known in City livery circles.

I come now to our guest who is to respond to this toast, the Reverend James Dey. Ministers are always welcome to our Society but Mr Dey is rather more than a minister. He came down to London earlier this year to take up a position a Head of BBC Television Religious Programmes. Quite obviously this is a position of great importance and we wish him well. He came from Glasgow where he was Producer of Religious Programmes and had a reputation as an original thinker. I have just established that he was also at Edinburgh University. As a Dundonian, I stand aside from all internecine strife between Glasgow and Edinburgh! I know that Dundee stands supreme for mutton pies and mealie puddings. Still Mr Dey is welcome here wherever he comes from, and we look forward to seeing continuing evidence of his influence on our television sets.

Mr President, Mr Vice President, Brother Caledonians, you are I am sure, in no doubt as to the quality of our guests tonight and you will need no urging to be upstanding and join with me in this toast to our welcome guests coupled with the name of the Rev James Dey.

The Reverend James Dey then replied for the guests.

David Young presented a programme of songs that included 'Afton Water', 'Ae Fond Kiss', 'Bonnie Strathyre', 'Down in the Glen' and 'Bonnie Mary of Argyll'. Piping was provided by Pipe Sergeant Robert Murphy and his selection was 'My Home', 'Highland Wedding', 'Maggie Cameron', 'The Rejected Suitor' and 'Archie Mckinley'. Past President Fraser McLuskey was at the piano

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64 members and 55 guests were present when the November London Scottish evening started on a somewhat sombre note as the President had to notify the untimely deaths of two notable members, Duncan McIntyre whose Sentiment had been so much appreciated only the previous month, and Past President Donald Fraser who had demitted office a little over two years before.

Before commencing our dinner this evening – it is my sad duty to record the deaths of Brother Caledonian Duncan McIntyre on the 8th and of Past President Donald Fraser on the 16th of this month. Memorial services will be at St Columba's on Tuesday 4th December at twelve noon for Brother Caledonian Duncan McIntyre and at a date to be arranged for Past President Donald Fraser. I know that our late Brothers Caledonian would endorse my sentiment that, having honoured their memory, we should proceed in the traditions of our Society to make this dinner an enjoyable occasion as the most tangible means of expressing our gratitude for all of their services to our Caledonian Society of London. Will you please join me in silent tribute.

The Sentiment had been entrusted to a London Scottish veteran, Colonel HJ Wilson. This was discharged in a mainly light hearted vein and was very well received, with much spontaneous and hearty applause, by an audience almost all of whom had served in the Armed Forces, the majority in the Army.

Gentlemen, you do me much honour in asking me to deliver a Sentiment tonight. I understand from Robert Leitch that that this particular dinner is a London Scottish occasion and it is under this aegis that I have the temerity to address you. You, sir, were kind enough to send me a copy of the Chronicles of the Caledonian Society of London which I read with great interest. I noted that in 1966 my old friend and brother officer Torrance Law – then the joint Honorary Colonel of the London Scottish Regiment - gave the Sentiment on that occasion. He quoted at the outset of his excellent speech 'That his own blethers and personal reminiscences would not be quite what you are expecting, nor perhaps quite in keeping with the occasion.' May I say at the outset this is exactly what I intend to do.

Colonel Law on that occasion gave a most erudite exposition of the history of the Regiment. He started in 1798 and referred to the forming of the Highland Armed Association, later to be called The Loyal North Britons. He then went on to give an excellent history of the Regiment from its earliest beginnings up to and including the Second World War in which he himself played a most gallant and conspicuous part. It would therefore be impertinent of me to cover the same ground and you will, I'm afraid, have to put up with my 'personal blethers'.

My father and my uncle had already been members of the Regiment and it was therefore with some trepidation that I presented myself for attestation at 59 Buckingham Gate. I was duly enlisted and, in 1922, joined the London Scottish 1st Battalion. Oddly enough two great characters were Willie Martin and Tommy Earle; Tommy Earle had been colour sergeant in my father's service.

The pattern of the Regiment had changed little from 1914. We still wore the same uniform that our predecessors had warn at Messines except that in field service order uniform we wore boots and short puttees, instead of spats and shoes. We had 1909 equipment, very comfortable it was too. We were armed with the Short Magazine Lee Enfield rifle – admittedly we also had quite a few Lewis Guns and we boasted a Vickers Machine Gun platoon. Our transport was horsed and our officers paraded in field order with a cross-hilt claymore underneath their haversack. We were still an infantry battalion, a marching infantry battalion for, apart from being taken long distances by train, we were still expected to march anything up to twenty miles to reach a bivouac area.

Despite Lloyd George's embodiment for ninety days in 1920, the Regiment was very much under strength. I vividly recall the sergeant majors of that era, all four of them be-medalled and at least two of them wearing the military cross. Now these sergeant majors set a tremendous example to green horns like myself and I can remember two instances of them being exemplary - attitude that impressed itself upon new recruits. One was the sergeant major of B Company, Gerald Reece, later to become Sir Gerald Reece, who was inspecting the quarter guard. He was a very precise chap, a very splendid looking sergeant major; he was marching up and down the quarter guard and looked at one soldier and said 'Your bayonet scabbard, your bayonet scabbard's dirty, you should polish it.' So the wretched soldier said to him 'Sergeant Major, where do I get polish?' 'From a polish merchant of course you bloody fool!' The other was another sergeant major, of my own company - and I was personally training when this happened – who gave a precise demonstration to green soldiers on how you should behave when overtaken with a very natural problem when on parade. Now in those days as you know Army food, as Scottie Law will tell you, consisted largely of tinned meat, potatoes and lots of dried peas. And after three or four days of camp, young soldiers coming from good homes got slightly constipated, and they didn't have sick parades where you were given Number Nine; we had a wartime MO used to dealing with soldiers in bulk. So we come to a remembrance parade on a very hot sort of day and most of us were able to cope with the exuberances which go with this with a ten minute pause. My sergeant major, a very splendid soldier, thought he could last the course but unfortunately he went doolally. And there was the battalion in column of companies on parade. The sergeant major, who was standing at ease on this very hot summer's day on the plain, had to do something about it. He sprang smartly to attention, crashed his rifle to the slope and marched up to the Company Commander, who of course was sitting on a horse, sword drawn and carried at the slope, and the sergeant major gave a tremendous butt salute and said 'Sir, leave to fall out for natural purposes?' The Company Commander was a little nonplussed by this for a moment – I don't suppose anyone had done this before, and he said 'Oh yes, Sergeant Major,' and he pivoted up to the Adjutant, and there was more saluting and the magic words were whispered into the Adjutant's ear who pivots up to the Commanding Officer and with more saluting and he came back and, with even more saluting, Colin Ward, the Company Commander, turned to Sergeant Major Stanbrook and said 'Yes, please'. Sergeant Major Stanbrook thereupon gave the most remarkable exhibition of how to trail arms from the slope, hurried off the parade ground and found the nearest gents and up went his kilt.

Sergeants in the main were tough old sweats who had managed to survive the war. Our training really consisted of being able to march, shoot, and on occasion to advance in 'artillery formation' and to practice fire and movement. Basically, the main requirement was to march and at the end of it to shoot accurately and fast.

Perhaps my most vivid memory of those far off days – half a century ago – were the marching songs we sang. Do soldiers still sing marching songs or do they listen to pop on their transistors? The tunes and some of the words were the same as when Marlborough's infantry marched to Blenheim or Malplaquet. The War, however, had changed the words of many songs. We didn't want to go to war – we objected strongly to a bayonet being shoved up our posterior, we also disliked our more intimate parts being shot away. Instead, there was a great longing to live in idleness and comfort off the immoral earnings of an aristocratic lady. We varied this with the reminiscences of an itinerant Scottish vagrant who interrupted a Highland lady at her toilet. He was deformed and had unpleasant personal habits, but his adventures over ten verses to a lilting tune carried many a tired soldier to the end of the

march. In more romantic mood, we cautioned country maids about roaming in the glades without being adequately chaperoned. And we even sang a song about our horses; I can't remember all the words but I know it starts with what they were to do with their stable mates when they got out of Buckingham Gate. Great tunes, bawdy words but the songs that were sung by marching infantry since Cromwell formed the New Model Army.

My sea daddy was a middle aged lance corporal called Tomlinson, an ex-cavalry trooper who enlisted for the ninety days and stayed on in the Regiment. He looked after his tent of rookies like an old hen and always got us on parade on time. He had a dry shave with the razor he was issued with in 1904 and, instead of gunfire tea, drank a pint bottle of India Pale Ale saved from the previous night's debauch. A kind and gentle NCO who taught me much about soldiering.

With the advent of the Thirties things changed. The old sweats began to disappear and their places were taken by a new breed. Young Scots in London for a year or two before joining the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank or Shell International. Hearty and keen – the songs changed a bit. We sang 'The Ball of Kirremuir' or what we would do if we were a rugby scrum half. Numbers increased under first the inspired leadership of Duggie Grant and after him, Jock Henderson. We reached our war establishment and exceeded it by thirty per cent. Territorial soldiering was the done thing, it was terribly 'U'. Most young men of military age in the City proudly wore regimental ties, London Scottish, Honourable Artillery Company, Artists Rifles, London Rifle Brigade, London Irish, Westminster Dragoons. We all began to realise that the last war, although not completely forgotten, was over-shadowed by the one we knew would come.

Events moved fast. We ceased to be marching infantry and became part of the 1st London Motorised Division. Motorised indeed! We hired our own old bangers to the government at exorbitant rates and the government hired an equally clapped out lot of lorries from contractors and, thus equipped, we set out from London to the New Forest to train in our new role.

We had a lot of fun, but what a travesty it was that with the Second World War only two years away, successive governments had so neglected the Armed Forces that it was not until 1941 that we had a G 1098 of modern equipment. However, what we lacked in equipment, we made up for in spirit and 'esprit de corps'.

At last properly equipped and at full strength the 1st Battalion went overseas in 1942. You have all read the Regimental History of the Second World War and so I don't intend to bore you by repetition.

If, having a quick shufty at the time, I may digress for a moment or two, and say a few words on generals I have known. The first general I met at close quarters was General Thwaites, then the Divisional Commander. We were on exercise at Aldershot and I was a forward scout of the leading platoon of D Company with instructions to watch my front and, on any sign of the enemy, to report back to my section. It was a very hot day and of the enemy I saw absolutely nothing. After four hours of fruitless vigil, I began to feel hungry and so I opened my haversack and produced a ration biscuit and an apple. The biscuits were hard and, having lost two front teeth playing rugger, I had a small denture. I carefully placed a handkerchief on the ground and put my teeth on it; with my back to the front I munched happily. My solitude was suddenly shattered by a cavalcade. The General and his glittering

staff with mounted orderlies carrying lances approached, and I scrambled to my feet, with my mouth full. He barked at me 'Who the devil are you?' I mumbled that I was Number 6665293 Wilson HJ of Number 4 Section, 15 platoon, D Company, The London Scottish and that I was a forward scout. This didn't seem to impress him. He was mesmerised by my teeth which he had just spotted. 'Do we enlist men into the TA who have false teeth?' He barked this to one of his staff who replied that they did. 'Good God!' he snorted. He then looked at me and said I would be a better sentry if I faced the right way and then proceeded to tell me that the exercise had been over three hours ago!

In 1923, the 47th London Infantry Division paraded as a division complete with horsed gunners, cavalry, divisional signals etc. The parade was at Shorncliffe when annual training was at Sandgate. The inspecting officer, for some peculiar reason, was an aged French general, mounted on an equally aged horse, who looked as though he was fast asleep. He certainly didn't look at the troops. The Division was drawn up in line of brigades, and in order to get the brigades into line we executed a brigade wheel. This meant that the right hand file of the leading company marked time for an interminable period whereas the left hand file had to trail arms and run like hares! The operation was controlled by the Brigade Major riding his horse at a smart canter!

He then broke off to share some anecdotes concerning generals Alexander, Montgomery and Wavell before returning to the London Scottish theme and continuing:

I can only conclude by saying that the in-between wars service in the Scottish was fun. We were permitted to develop our military ego in the nicest possible way, we enjoyed comradeship and an outstanding opportunity to demonstrate our Scottish ancestry, customs and habits to a somewhat bewildered but generally appreciative though alien audience. I would say that my generation were keen because we enjoyed the club spirit, we had the popular support of the majority of the British public and, towards the end of this period, we knew that another war was inevitable.

Today the situation is very different. Soldiering, whether professional or voluntary, does not get the same support from the general public, although the magnificent behaviour by the Army in Northern Ireland has gone some way to correct this attitude. I am therefore full of admiration for all those who serve in the TAVR, particularly those in the London Scottish company. They have to master sophisticated weapons, their training is tough and hard, and they have less opportunity to have the fun that we had in between the wars. One thing, however, is in common between us - the spirit of the Regiment. They are worthy successors to all who served before. Long may they continue and flourish.

The President proposed the toast to the Regiment, speaking briefly but sincerely.

The task of welcoming the guests had been accepted by Past President HR Stewart Hunter, himself a World War Two London Scot, and the response was by Colonel Derek V Penman OBE TD, Regimental Colonel the London Scottish, who spoke on the decision to move the headquarters of the Regiment away from Buckingham Gate and of the need for recruits for the Serving Company.

The programme for the evening lists Andrew Davidson, James Rae and Alastair Thomson as new members being introduced.

With Past President Fraser McLuskey at the piano, George MacPherson sang 'Sound the Pibroch', 'Bonnie Mary of Argyll', 'Wee Cooper o' Fife', 'Ae Fond Kiss' and 'Road to the Isles'. The programme shows that, unusually, there were two pipe sets, one by the pipe major and two pipers of the London Scottish; the second was to have been given by the Society's Officer Pipe Major Gordon Speirs but Pipe Sergeant Robert Murphy played instead.

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The Sentiment 'Robert Burns' was given in January by Sheriff J Irvine Smith, a well-known Glasgow lawyer and speaker on Burns, to a company of 64 members and 84 guests. A hilarious introduction led into a passionate address of the subject that was heard in almost total silence.

But my function tonight is, as best I may, to celebrate the memory of Robert Burns, and that I will not do in levity because the subject is not one that merits levity. Because he is, for Scotland, the one national hero. Here is a people, if ever there was one, racked with foreign history but neither princes nor monarchs nor leaders are the subjects that bring those Scots together. Instead it's the lad, a rantin' roving boy, born in a clay biggin and dying, rejected of men, at the age of thirty-seven. And the fact that he was poet won't explain it, gentlemen, because he was by no means one of the great poets. If you are looking for sustained excellence:

He then quoted a classic poet before continuing:

If you are looking for the sustained excellence of that, you'll find it not in Robert Burns. But there are no Shakespeare suppers, no Dante dinners and, thanks be to God, no Tennysonian teas. But there is the annual return celebration of Robert Burns. Gentlemen, clearly there's here more than the excuse for the excess, clearly there's more than habit, clearly, while there is ritual, there lies behind that ritual some substance. And I would suggest the reality that lies behind the pipes, and the book festivals and the timpani – the reality that lies behind these outward forms - comes under three headings. Among these, first ideas, because, in its whole, we are celebrating what Robert Burns the man was. What he spun out and copied by vernacular verse was and is; and what is believed his enthusiasm, his ideals, were aye and still are, and are yet to be. Each is complementary to the other – man, verse, philosophy. And all three is that summation that makes what, I'm suggesting to you, Robert Burns the man was. The place names, the chronology of this short life, a familiar man. But it's not the chronology, Gentlemen, that I'm concerned with but the characteristics. Here are humble beginnings, here is hard work, here is much disappointment. Here, and here in abundance, are hidden answers. Here is a man who walked more than once in the valley of the shadow of confine. Who could by turn be radical and reactionary, Jacobin and Jacobite, realist and romantic. Whose familiars were worry, want, disillusionment and pain but who, gentlemen, notwithstanding all this, continued to look on the world and his fellow men without rancour and without blame. Who if he was abject was never abject for long, whose brain from the blast of life, the rich red wines of experience, aye to the very great:

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear
I hae been merry drinking
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear
I hae been happy thinking
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw
Tho' three times doubl'd fairly
That happy night was worth them a'
Amang the rigs o' barley

Gentlemen, I am submitting to you that here's a man who is so startlingly human that it's hardly surprising he seems ready to stand representative of numberless generations of ordinary men and women, over whom oblivion has blindly scattered as poppies. And it is right into the memorial that he first uses the expression. And this does not turn, Gentlemen, on race or country or class. The passing of the generations bring but few changes to the fundamental emotion by which men and women live and have their being. It's been youth to youth since the world began and the ecstasy of man's love for women, the ribaldry of men one to another, the abiding riches of friendship, the bitter sweetness of parting, the serenity and the dignity of age. These, aye and many like them, are part of the flow and music of humanity. In this man's life, and in yours and mine, despite all the emotion, in this man's words you find them given the local attestation. And the name as rarely before or since has been e'en so given the caritation.

We are na fou, we're nae that fou
But just a drappie in our e'e
The cock may craw, the day may daw
And aye we'll taste the barley-bree!

And there he did it. And one with curses for the voting classes, that much miscalled sentiment of a patriot.

And there I left for witness
An arm and a limb
Yet let my country need me
With an Elliot to lead me
I'd clatter on my stumps
For the sound of a drum

And there's love:

Come to my arms my Katie, my Katie
Come to my arms and kiss me again
Drunken or sober, here's to thee Katie
And bless'd be the day I did it again

or

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha'
To thee my Fancy took its wing
I sat, but neither heard nor saw
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw
And yon the toast of a' the town
I sigh'd, and said among them a'
'Ye are na Mary Morison'

and

John Anderson, my jo, John
We clamb the hill thegither
And mony a cantie day, John
We've had wi' ane anither
Now we maun totter down, John
And hand in hand we'll go
And sleep thegither at the foot
John Anderson, my jo.

Gentlemen, in all these, and there are many more, the language is Scots, Lochlie, Mossgiel, Mauchline, Auld Deer, Dumfries, but the emotions there inscribed are universal. They've been the stuff of poetry as they've been the stuff of life. There poetry and life began. *Robert Burns the man, Robert Burns the verse, and I mean Scots verse because it's only there that you'll find the theme; his concerns with melody old, because he sensed it was never new. Where, not considering the problems of a havins got ploughman, blazing like a meteor from darkness into light and back to darkness – the analogy is rather the last wholesome bosoming of a great and ancient truth. No man is an island entire unto himself. Every verse, be it physical, artistic, intellectual that requires preparation before we instance to the long, silent processes of nature, before the harvest of sorrow and more want and toil, the ground prepared under him - and the lesson was carried in the womb of the middle ages, for centuries. In time he struggled - it is because I stand on the shoulders of giants; thus said Newton. And there's my point – Robert Burns is a culmination of Scotlandry, but he's only the culmination if we build on it, and draw from it. Once, I need not have told this country. Once, we had a language in Scotland, a language of literature, a language of intellectualism as swell as a language of emotion. Listen to this Gentlemen:*

And he quoted a fifteenth century Scots verse.

And there is poetry with the serenity of a full moon that comes from the machars of the fifteenth century. But in the two hundred years that followed, that language was underground, becomes menial, scruffy, the vulgar of the bothy. Many tried to revive it; Robert Burns succeeded. He created the great coven but he built, and this I emphasise, he built from the old foundations - the fit, and the fall, the rhymes, the themes, he borrowed.

Here followed a quotation from a poem by Allan Ramsay.

That's Allan Ramsay, a generation or so earlier, but can you not catch the echo of that in:

See the smoking bowl before us
Mark our jovial, ragged ring!
Round and round take up the Chorus
And in raptures let us sing

A fig for those by law protected
Liberty's a glorious feast!
Courts for Cowards were erected
Churches built to please the Priest

Heathenism is only one of the themes in all by which he reaches immortality. He is building where they built before. Permit me one other in this summation.

O, I'm wat, wat
O, I'm wat and weary
Yet fain would I rise and rin
If I thocht I would meet my dearie
Aye waukin' O!
Waukin' aye and weary
Sleep I can get nane
For thinking o' my dearie

Gentlemen, we will never know the author of these lines, but some broken man, some fugitive from the wars of the old bands, lying alone and wet, for as Scott tells us. But whoever was his begetter, he had no small share in the making of a gem finished by a later craftsman.

Ay waukin, Oh,
Waukin still and weary:
Sleep I can get nane,
For thinking on my Dearie.

When I sleep I dream,
When I wauk I'm irie;
Sleep can I get nane
For thinking on my Dearie.

Ay waulkin, Oh

The man, the verse, the democracy. Not a very difficult democracy, you see I took him as a Jacobite, a reactionary, a radical all by turn. But there's an under foundation to it all. Robert Burns was one of these men fortunate in the age and verse. It was the age of one of these seminal eras in history when optimism is unbounded, when I view the milk turned better in a man. And to him was given the God given capacity of drawing aspirations and giving them colour. But what these optimists of the eighteenth century thought, and Robert Burns was one, was not intolerance, of rank or letters. Not a pivotal degree to be obtained by clamour, terror or blackmail but a humanity broad and deep and glorious, to which politics were but co-incidental, and an independence with one dignity for mankind. He remembered the glorious privilege of being independent.

For thus the royal mandate ran
When first the human race began
The social, friendly honest man
Whate'er he be

Mark that, Whate'er he be

Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan
And none but he

Gentlemen, it's as far away as ever. Indeed one might say that justice is further away than ever because, at least when Burns phrased it, he had the right to be optimistic. But it ill becomes this generation to look down at the man who penned, and who meant, a man's a man for a' that when the fulfilment of that object is still beyond the far horizon.

Gentlemen, this is an ancient celebration. Some say it is shallow, some say insincere, but, gentlemen, I have no doubt that in the future as in the past this man will be celebrated, and will be celebrated long after those who today condemn this festival are themselves forgotten, aye will be celebrated long after you and I have gone. But it may be, gentlemen, but then you and I will return in the spirit to those nights we loved. Will return as Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnnie and Jean Armour and Jessie Lewars and Doctor Hornbook and Holy Willie and all that host of humble folk to whom he gave immortality. And that our children's' children will join our ghostly ways in 'Auld Lang Syne'.

Gentlemen, the man, the verse, the vision, in respect of these I am submitting that here surely was, and remains, a great Scotsman, a great poet and a great man. And for these reasons I am asking you once again, for a' that and a' that, to taste the cup o' kindness and pledge the memory of Robert Burns.

HG Rae welcomed the guests in a light hearted speech; the Right Honourable the Earl of Selkirk replied.

Ably supported by Past President Fraser McLuskey at the piano, Daniel McCoshan's selection of songs included 'O' a' the Airts', 'The Lea Rigg', 'My Love is like a Red, Red, Rose', 'Ae Fond Kiss' and 'Bonnie Wee Thing'. Pipe Sergeant Robert Murphy played 'The Slow Air', 'Westering Home', 'Leaving Glen Urquhart', 'Dorroter Bridge' and 'The Rejected Suitor'.

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February was to be a Kirk evening with the Sentiment 'Kirk and People' given by a former Moderator, the Very Reverend Andrew Herron to a congregation of 57 members and 46 guests. Past President Fraser McLuskey proposed the toast to the guests for whom Captain GG Wilson CBE RN replied.

In a change from the printed programme, Paschal Allen sang a selection of songs that included 'Scots Whae Hae', 'My Curly Hair Baby', 'Annie Laurie', 'Bachelor Mine' and 'A' Wearyin' for You'. Fraser McLuskey combined his role as a speaker with being at the piano

and Pipe Sergeant Robert Murphy's set was 'Loch Rannoch', 'Fields of Perth', 'Susan McLeod' and 'John McDonald of Glencoe'.

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In March, with 57 members and 45 guests present, the Sentiment took the form of a reminder of the work of the Royal Caledonian Schools delivered by Brother Caledonian James B Morrison, Chairman of that charity, and titled 'Inherited Traditions: Inherited Trusts'. In it, he said:

Children of Affliction; Children of Misfortune; Scottish Children. Mr President, Mr Vice President, Caledonians, Welcome guests! It is to help such children that the Royal Caledonian Schools exist.

When the Schools were brought into existence early in the nineteenth century there were many – very many – truly unfortunate children. Today, a hundred and fifty-nine years later, there are very many still. Then they were referred to as 'objects of charity' – now, 'Children in Need'. But 'objects of charity' of the nineteenth century were generally the children of the very poor, the destitute and the downtrodden. 'Children in Need' late in the twentieth century are mainly children from homes and backgrounds that have been disturbed, disrupted, disintegrated – by bereavement, by misfortune, by marital or mental instability. They are the children from where parents, or the remaining parent, are no longer able – or, in some cases, no longer willing – to care for and look after them. These homes and these parents are not necessarily very poor, but they are very distressful.

By the end of the Napoleonic Wars in 1815, the families living in England of the 'many Soldiers, Sailors and Marines, Natives of Scotland, who had died or been disabled in the Service of their Country' were in desperate straits. Although it was a time:

> *When wild war's deadly blast was blawn*
> *And gentle peace returning*

there were grievously

> *Monie a sweet babe fatherless*
> *And monie a widow mourning*

The desolate and forlorn state of the children of these men aroused in members of the Highland Society of London that deep compassion for the sufferings of their fellow countrymen that is latent in all true Scots. They decided to establish 'An Asylum or House for the Reception, Maintenance, Education and Employment' of such children, an asylum where they could be rescued 'from extreme poverty and its frequent concomitant, vice'.

With the backing of many of the Nobility of Scotland and many other prominent Scotsmen in London, the appeal made for this project was entirely successful. This was due, not only to the sympathetic atmosphere at that time for an appeal of this nature, but to the merit of the cause and to the large body of Scotsmen and Scotswomen, both at home and abroad, whose support was sought. But it was also due, no doubt, to the persuasiveness of the approach which deplored the fact that there was then no asylum for Scottish 'infant poor', notwithstanding the prosperity of many individual natives of Scotland and the rapid increase

in wealth which had taken place in that part of the United Kingdom, and was daily making further progress.

Nevertheless, it is eternally to the credit of these Scotsmen in London, and of Scottish communities everywhere who supported them, that they took the action that resulted in the setting up, by Special Act of Parliament in June 1815, of a Corporation styled 'The Caledonian Asylum', now 'The Royal Caledonian Schools', known more affectionately by present-day pupils and ex-pupils, as 'The Caley'.

These members of the Highland Society of London, who first felt a crying necessity to set up such an Asylum, may have been too close to the terrible tragedies of the wars to be able to judge clearly whether there would be a continuing need for it in the distant future, but they had the foresight to ensure, by the Act of Incorporation, that it could go on for as long as the need was there. The words they used were 'To continue forever'. The fact that it has gone on for a hundred and fifty-nine years highlights their humanity, justifies their foresight and shows that a need of the kind to meet which it was set up has been in existence all that time and is still with us today. These men were moved by a pitiful human problem, and they did something about it. What they did was twofold. They set up the Asylum and, they bequeathed it in trust to posterity! They bequeathed not just the corporate body, the going concern, the continuing entity; they made successive generations of Scotsmen heirs to their high ideals, to their deep sense of compassion, heirs to a tradition of generosity and service rendered, for the benefit of Scottish children in need, by Scotsmen in more fortunate circumstances. These, our predecessors, well deserve to be remembered on an occasion such as this. What they built, what they bequeathed, still lives today. They too, still live, for, as Hilaire Belloc wrote, 'No man dies who bequeaths something of the country he knows'.

The trusts they placed on their successors – on us – are to continue to look after, care for, and educate Scottish Servicemen's children who are in need. It is a privilege and a responsibility to fall heir to such trusts. A proud tradition and a worthy cause have been left in our keeping. It therefore behoves us, of the current generation of trustees, to discharge our obligations in a manner matching the example of our fore bearers and worthy of the commendation of our own successors.

What today is the role of this Corporation that all of us - all members of the Caledonian Society of London, all members of Scottish communities everywhere – have inherited from our great great grandfathers? Is there, indeed, still a role for the Schools to play? In what ways are we up holding the special traditions handed to us? In what ways are we fulfilling, discharging the trusts placed upon us?

The role of the Schools today is, basically, what it has always been since the Asylum was founded – to take in, care for, educate, and make fit to be good citizens, children of Scottish Servicemen who suffer misfortune. And the Schools do most definitely continue to have this role to play, even in an age when all citizens are supposed to enjoy the benefits of State welfare and State education. There are still in this present era, unfortunately but very certainly, children of Scottish Servicemen who are most definitely in need. To these needy Scottish children, the Schools can still offer something that the State cannot. The Schools can give them a stable home, a stable educational environment and an upbringing based on compassion, on understanding, on Scottish traditions in a way that is officially recognised as being unique in the world of so called 'Child Care'.

There still occur today, as throughout the long period since the Schools were founded, many cases where Scottish Servicemen are killed or disabled whilst in their Country's service, and have children whose mother, for one or other of several reasons, cannot take care of them properly. She may have to go out to work all day if she is to earn enough to keep the family, but she cannot do that and look after children of a very young age. Or she may be incapable of earning enough to maintain the family. Or she may even desert her family. It is in cases such as these that our Schools can help by taking in the children, housing them, feeding them and educating them.

The causes and circumstances of the needs to meet which the Schools exist have not altered fundamentally in more than a century and a half.

There was John Macdonald of the 71st Regiment who died of wounds received at the battle of Waterloo. One of his seven sons, James, aged seven years and eleven months, was among the first group of boys to be taken into the Caledonian Asylum.

Another boy of that group was Nathan Smith of about the same age. His father had served in the Duke of Hamilton's Regiment during the first American War, afterwards in the 39th Regiment, and lastly in the Dumbarton Fencibles. He had served twenty years, in America, at Gibraltar, in Holland and in Ireland. He had been present at two 'general engagements' and three sieges; he had received several wounds and had been discharged, 'being worn out'.

Truly 'In our halls is hung armoury of the invincible knights of old'.

Then about a hundred years later, in the First World War, there was a soldier from Glasgow who served with the Royal Scots Fusiliers. In the Second World War he served with the Seaforth Highlanders. He was discharged in 1941 with a war disability pension. He became nearly blind and unable to work and died two years ago. His son was taken into the Royal Caledonian Schools in 1967 and is still with us.

During the last War, a Portree, man served with the Seaforth Highlanders and also with the Border Regiment. He was wounded in Italy and discharged with a forty per cent disability pension. When his daughter was born, her mother refused to have any relationship with her and eventually deserted her husband. Because of his war disability, he was unable to work for any length of time and had to become an in-patient in a mental hospital. The daughter came to the Schools in 1966 when she was six years old and she is still with us.

Nowadays it is recognised that there are circumstances, other than the death or disablement of the father in service, under which the children of Scottish Servicemen can become children in need. The mother may die or become permanently incapacitated. The home may break up through desertion or divorce. The father may be posted abroad, with periodic changes of station involving frequent changes of schools that may have disastrous effect on the mental development of his children. In cases of these kinds, the need of the children can be a very real one, the need for a stable home and a stable educational environment.

In the publication 'Money Which' of December last there was a report entitled 'Giving to Charity' a passage of which read as follows: I quote: 'Twenty-five years ago, with the rapid growth of the welfare state, a lot of people felt that charities had had their day. But charities still flourish. For there clearly is a place for organisations which are more flexible than the

State finds it possible to be, which are willing to pioneer and which are able to enlist people's sympathies, energy and cash'.

I think that the Royal Caledonian Schools is one of the charities that is flexible in this way, is, and has been, willing to pioneer and has therefore a place to fill even in our present welfare state. I have just mentioned a second group of circumstances in which children of Scottish Servicemen can become children in need. We have been sufficiently flexible in our approach to enable us, some time ago, to decide that children in this group can be admitted to the Schools, although naturally this will never be done on such a scale as to exclude any children of the first group.

An example of this kind is that of a Serviceman from Perth. After serving in the RAF from 1950 to 1952, he joined the Army in 1959 and became a Corporal in 26 Regiment Royal Corps of Transport. He was serving overseas when his children were admitted to the Schools. Two years later, while serving with his regiment in Germany, he was killed in an accident. Happily, the mother re-married last year and the children have now gone to live with her and their step-father in Dundee. But when the family was most in need, the Royal Caledonian Schools were there to help.

The Schools are not equipped, nor are they intended, to cater for children needing specialist care, but some of our children who come from disturbed homes, or who have disturbed or disrupted backgrounds, do bring consequential behaviour problems with them and with these we have to cope. However, they are all basically ordinary, normal, healthy, loveable children and we set out to treat them and to bring them up as such. Indeed, by taking children from so many different and varied home backgrounds, we have built up a balanced community, which is of immense benefit to each one of them and is, indeed, one of the special features of our institution.

Up until the last War the children were educated in the Schools by our own teachers. But since then they have been having their education at State schools in the near neighbourhood. Evening preparation and, where necessary, remedial education, are, however, given at home under the supervision of our Principal and his staff. Attendance at these 'outside schools' brings problems arising from different standards of scholastic progress, of personal behaviour, of discipline differences that the children find some difficulty in reconciling; differences that make more difficult the task of our staff of helping the children to become good, useful citizens. A reversion to our doing our own teaching might overcome some of these difficulties but at the present time that is impracticable.

Our charter enjoins us, among other things, to procure that the children are instructed 'in such useful knowledge as may enable them to gain a livelihood and to become useful to Society'. The Schools do try to do this for them and it is encouraging that the efforts put in do result in many of the children becoming useful members of Society. Some, indeed, have made highly successful careers for themselves: for instance, the late Malcolm Donald McEachern, who became Lord Mayor of Melbourne, and John Angus MacConochie MBE, the eminent shipping magnate.

As a background to all we do to give the children as full a life as possible, the Scottish nature of the Schools and Scottish traditions are emphasised. The children wear the kilt as their number one dress, traditionally the Royal Stewart tartan; they are taught piping, drumming and Highland dancing; they are piped into meals by their own pipers. The Clan system has

recently been revived. The children are grouped, not in houses but in clans – four Clans – Atholl, Mar, Murray, and Ross. They sit by Clans at meals and there is inter-Clan competition.

This re-stirring of interest in the Clans in a Scottish institution located in the south of England is apparently in keeping with the times. Some people would have you believe that the Clans are fixed for all time, petrified among the sedimentary strata and igneous intrusions of the Scottish Highlands. But this appears not to be the case. Clans – new Clans – can be created at will by the geniuses of the present industrial age, not all of whom can be Scotsmen! One recently created Clan I came across the other day had its pedigree emblazoned on the wall of one of London's underground stations on an illustrated placard which announced the advent, the claimed virtues, of a Clan named Dow; and proclaimed it as, quote 'A fine blend of British wine and five year old Scotch malt whisky'. Recommended price – 85p the bottle! A dangerous Clan that, whose brew might kill a Scotsman's spirit just as readily as John Hume suggested Port would when in the eighteenth century he wrote:

> *Bold and erect the Caledonian stood*
> *Old was his mutton and his claret good*
> *'Let him drink Port' the English statesman cried*
> *He drank the poison and his spirit died*

Gentlemen, I believe that Scotsmen of the Nineteenth Century would approve of what the Schools are doing today. We may be doing it differently to the way they did it. The Asylum may have evolved in a way that was not envisaged when they founded it. But the differences are not fundamental; there has been adaptation to changing circumstances, but no artificial mutation of the objects of origin.

It must have been true in the past, as it is certainly true today, that the purposes and operations of this venerable charity could never be achieved without the devoted work and support of dedicated men and women. I am thinking, by way of illustration and in terms of the recent past and of the present, of men like the late Sir Edward Reid who as Chairman for twenty years devoted himself to the Schools, to the children, with the whole of his great heart. Men like Lord Kilmarnock who, as President, has given the Schools such wonderful help and support over a long and difficult period.

I am thinking of men in the service of the Schools like our own Vice President George Deans, who as Secretary for the last twenty-five years has been to many of us, and now as Chief Executive, still is, the very embodiment of the Schools. Men like our present Principal, Charles Cowley and his staff who work devotedly hard, long days and nights to look after, care for, mould the characters of, the children we put in their charge. There must have been many men like these in the more distant past. There will I am sure be many like them in the future, all of them men filled with compassion for children in need.

I am thinking, too, of the many, many men and women – too numerous to name – who not only have generously contributed so much financially, but who devote, and have devoted, so much of their time, given so much of their talents, to support the Schools, to further the work of the Schools in so many different ways – serving on committees, helping at bazaars and sales, entertaining the children and helping to look after them, making them special gifts, visiting them at Bushey, getting to know them, taking a real human interest in them.

It is in ways like these that we Scotsmen, and our womenfolk, wherever we are, can and indeed should, discharge the obligations which fall on us under the trusts we have inherited. It is by giving practical help to the Schools, in whatever of these ways is most appropriate for the individual, that members of the Caledonian Society of London can assist the Schools to achieve its objects.

Mr President, I have been much honoured tonight by the privilege you have accorded me, and the opportunity you have given me, to address the members of our Society and their welcome guests and to present to them this Sentiment on the subject of the Royal Caledonian Schools. I thank you sincerely, Sir.

Brother Caledonians and welcome guests, I hope that I have been able, in some measure, to show you that the Schools continue to meet a continuing need and are, and will, I am sure, go on being, well worthy of the support of the members of our Society. I hope I have been able to retain, or even attract, your interest in them; certainly at current rates we cannot afford to be without it!

Oh! By the way, Mr President that reminds me of one matter I nearly forgot to mention – a most important matter – money! The Schools need a great deal of money to do all that is done, and all that is needed to be done. They have always needed a great deal of money and always will. However, it is not part of my theme tonight to expand on the financial aspects of the Schools' work. All I need say for the moment, and I could hardly put it better, is what I think I can discern on the lines written on this piece of paper, which happens to be a one pound note of the Bank of Scotland. Lines written in the phraseology, if not in the actual calligraphy, of Robert Burns; they read:

> *I see the Children of Affliction*
> *Unaided, through thy cursed restriction*

Thank you, Mr President.

Colonel Allan Niekirk welcomed the guests and Air Marshall Sir William Coles KBE CB DSO DFC AFC spoke on their behalf.

After the President had thanked the honorary office bearers, the Honorary Treasurer replied by saying:

Mr President, Brother Caledonians, hitherto our worthy Secretary could always be relied upon to respond to this toast, and to deal with it in a most suitable and light-hearted manner. It appears, however, that in an alternative and superior role of Vice President, he is to present one of the principal toasts at our next dinner in April, and, as he says, 'the members wouldn't want to listen to him on two consecutive occasions'. He could be right; unfortunately no one apparently thought to disagree with him. My misfortune was to cross the President's path just when he was casting about for a substitute.

I suppose it would have been unreasonable to expect the Honorary Auditor to reply, particularly as he was drafted to his post in the first place. In any event, he is now bracing himself for the ordeal ahead of auditing the books. From experience, he knows all too well that by the time he has received the Treasurer's usual confused and complicated explanations, he will gladly certify not only the accounts but the Treasurer as well.

The Honorary Historian, too, it seems, has his problems, which stem from his failure to read the small print before accepting the job. Now he finds himself nursemaid to a new-fangled machine, with which he is expected to enter into continuous private recording sessions at each dinner. To his credit, he is determined to get the hang of it before the end of his term in office. As if that in its self was not enough to reduce anyone to complete silence, he also has the task of condensing an evening's oratory on tape into a brief paragraph in print for the benefit of posterity. Nor is he much impressed by the suggestion that he has a wonderful opportunity to improve upon the quality and content of the original recording.

Though not an Officer, I feel constrained to refer to another member of the society, Past President Douglas Robertson, who has responsibility for organising all our social functions. Normally a quiet, forbearing, tolerant and lucid person, he is liable to become incoherent when expressing himself on the shortcomings of those members who regularly send late notifications, or worse still, none at all, of their intentions in regard to attendance at dinners. I take this opportunity to appeal on his behalf for a greater measure of understanding and cooperation from members.

Whilst I am confident that you, Brother Caledonians, will agree that these officers who labour so conscientiously on your behalf are pearls above price, I am equally sure that those of you who have been lucky enough to receive one of his tactful letters, would deem the Treasurer a peril at any price. Nevertheless, I can assure you, I am grateful to the President for including me in his kindly remarks, and can assure him that all his officers have been very happy to serve him. We admire him, not least for the fact that he speaks his mind, and reject as unworthy any suggestion that that's why he only speaks for two minutes. Nor under his chairmanship have we had to cope with so extreme a case as the famous Oxford Chairman, who, after a division in which seventeen votes had been cast against a motion and only one, his own, in its favour, summed up by saying 'well, we seem to have reached an impasse'.

Naturally, we all hope that, in these inflationary times, our remunerations will be substantially advanced, always, of course, within the limits of Phase III of the Counter-inflation Legislation, and our social compact with the Trade Union Congress. We are resigned, however, to the likelihood that over-much attention will be paid to the exhortation of Ministers – Ministers of Religion, that is:

> *Work for the Lord; the pay isn't much, but*
> *Retirement is out of this world*

Mr President, Brother Caledonians and guests, on behalf of the Officers, thank you for the kindly way in which this toast has been proposed and received. To conclude, while still on religious matters and having just emerged from the traumatic experience of a general election, I am reminded of the vicar who before the election said that if the Conservatives won the first hymn on Sunday would be 'Now thank we all our God'; if Labour won 'Oh God, Our Help in Ages Past' and if Liberals 'The flocks that walked in darkness have seen a glorious light'. In the event, the vicar chose none of these. Instead, the congregation were asked to sing 'God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform'.

The programme indicates that new members JAD Thom and AT McLaren were formally welcomed into the Society.

Contrary to the menu card, songs were performed by Richard Robson, accompanied by Antony Saunders, the selection including 'The Road to Mandalay', 'Foggy, Foggy Dew', 'If I were a Rich Man', 'Footie agin the Wa' ', 'Dance tae yer Daddy' and 'Westering Home'. Pipe Sergeant Murphy played 'Tayside', 'Abercairney Highlanders', 'Lindsay Lassies' and 'Lindsay Laird' and Past President Fraser McLuskey was at the piano for 'Auld Lang Syne'.

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The Ladies' Festival witnessed another excellent attendance of 55 members and 151 guests and was given a novel format this year. Instead of a Sentiment, the 'Singing Doctors' – Dr WG Duncan Murray MD and Dr Norman M Grant MD ChB – made a very welcome return for a third visit to the Society and provided a musical tour of Scotland titled 'Kitcherin' Aman' Dubs an' Drink' in which a circuit of the country was marked by locally appropriate songs. There was no separate singer but there were two pipe sets rather than the usual one. Otherwise, the standard Festival features were present.

The first pipe set followed the Loyal Toasts when Pipe Sergeant Murphy played 'The Road to the Isles', 'Fiona's Polka' and 'The Dundee Military Tattoo'. The President then proposed the toast to the Society, after which he introduced the Sentiment.

After introductory comments, the Doctors embarked on the musical tour, from the South West clockwise to the South East.

But ladies and gentlemen it is difficult for a person to pull out from this large collection of song that has been left for us in Scotland; for one person to lay out the ideal for everyone here tonight. What I propose to do is to whistle up and around parts of Scotland in the hope that some of you will recall your own heritage and indeed once I have gone up the West Coast and down the East Coast' perhaps we can have a tour around, Mr President, and I can get everybody else then to join in some choruses. But come on Norman, we'd better start away down in a land that you know fairly well, away down in the South West by the Solway with 'Bonnie Gallowa':

Wha mang Scotia's Chiefs can shine
Heroes o' the Douglas line
Maxwells, Gordons, a' are thine
Bonnie Gallowa'
Land o' Birk an' Rowan Tree
Land o' fell and forest free
Land thet's aye sae dear to me
Bonnie Gallowa'

A little further north and we are into the land of Burns. Burns himself was a collector of songs around and about Scotland but let us use one of his songs, naturally enough a sexy one, to represent that part of Ayrshire where the corn riggs are bonny o'.

It was upon a lammas night
When corn riggs are bonnie o'
Beneath the clouds unclouded light
I held awa tae Annie o'

The time flew by wi' tentless heed
'Till t'ween the late an' early o'
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed
Tae see me through the barley o'

The sky was blue, the wind was still
The moon was shining clearly o'
I set her doon wi' right guid will
Among the rigs o' barley o'

I ken' her heart was a' my ain
I lo'ed her most sincerely o'
I kissed her ower an' ower again
Amang the rigs o' barley o'

A little further north through Paisley and Glasgow, we get up into the glens and into the Lowland hills to Strathyre and of course it's 'Bonnie Strathyre':

There are meadows in Lanark and mountains in Skye
And pastures in Heilans and Lowlands forbye
But there's nae greater luck that the he'rt could desire
Than tae herd the fine cattle in Bonnie Strathyre

Fir it's up in morn and awa' tae the hill
Whar' the lang simmer days are sae warm and sae still
Till the peak o' Ben Vorlich is covered in fire
And the evening fa's gently on Bonnie Strathyre

And 'The Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre':

At a little craft abune the hill
Roun' the neuk frae Sprottie's Mill
Teryin' a' his life the time tae kill
Lived Geordie McInture

He ha'd a wife as swears himself
And a dother as black as nick himself
We hid some time hud doon awa fae the smell
At the muckin' o' Geordie's Byre

Oh the grate was tint
The bisom was deen
The barra wadna' row it 'een
An sick an' a sotter them ner was seen

Last year I went wandering up through the West, round the lochs. I couldn't afford the Ballachullis ferry and they'll soon have a bridge there but you and I know well that the road to the Isles is broader and faster than ever it was and we have lost the glory of the days of steppin' out , marchin' over the 'Road to the Isles'.

A far croonin' is pullin' me away
As step I wi' my cromak to the road
The far Coolins are puttin' love on me
As step I wi' the sunlight for my load

Sure by Tummel and Lochaber I will go
By heather tracks wi' heaven in their wiles
If it's thinkin' in your inner heart the braggart's in my step
You've never smelt the tangle o' the Isles
Oh the far Coulins are puttin' love on me
As step I wi' my cromack to the Isles

It's the blue islands are pullin' me away
Their laughter puts the leap upon the lame
The blue islands from the skerries to the Lews
Wi' heather honey taste upon each name.

But we may reach Skye heading for the Isles for the land of peat, crofters and a heritage of song of their own – the songs of the Western Isles. May I cast your minds to one song to represent all that, 'The Eriskay Love Lilt':

Ver me o – o roran o
Ver me o – o roran ee
Ver me o – ru o – o
Sad am I without thee

When I'm Lonely dear white heart
Black the night and wild the sea
By love's light my foot finds
The old pathway to thee

But we must come back to the mainland. Go East young man they say across through Ross and Cromarty going towards Lairg and Dornoch and the land where Granny had her wee hoose.

Far away in the heilands, there stands a wee hoose
And it stands on the briest o' the brae
And there we as laddies there lang lang ago
And it seems it were just yesterday.

I can still see auld grannie, a smile on her face
Just as sweet as the heather dew
When I kissed her goodbye, wi' a tear in her eye
Said laddie may God bless you

Where the heather bells are bloomin
Just outside Grannie's door
Where as laddies there we played
In days of lang ago

Neath the shadow of Ben Vragie
And Golspie's lordly stane
How I wish I could see
My grannie's Heelan Hame.

One could be tempted to go north to Awk near Shetland but time is pressing Mr President and we must start our trip down the East. Let's move from Dornoch across the Moray Firth indeed to the land of Moray. The ballads relating history in verse and indeed in song, have been important in Scottish literature and I would use this link to sing 'Bonnie Earl o' Moray':

Ye Heilan's and ye Lowlands
O' whar hae ye been
They hae slain the Earl o' Moray
An' laid him on the Green

He was a braw gallant
An' he rode at the ring
An' the Bonnie Earl o' Moray
He might hae been a king

O' lang weel his ladye look
Frae the Castle Doune
Ere she see the Earl o' moray
Come soundin' thro' the toon

Now ware betide ye Huntly
And wherefore did ye sae
I bade ye bring him tae me
But forbade ye him to slay

He was a braw gallant
An' he played at the glove
An' the bonnie Earl o' moray
He was the Queen's true love.

But let's not get too sombre. Here I am coming to my own North East, the land o' corn, the land of fertile plain of Buchan, of Aberdeenshire, the land of cattle. And to represent this part, instead of using a folk song, I am singing one of George Thompson's songs. He has caught the idiom of the North East.

Afore that I be tyraneesed as I this while hae been
I'd raither rin frae here tae Birse, wi peas in baith my sheen
I'd raither dee for wint o breath than pine for wint o love
And it's aa because McFarlane married Susie.
Noo Susie's kankered faither and mine could never 'gree
And I fan I'd ging ower that gate, he'd hing his dog at me,
So I sent my friend McFarlane roond tae see fit he could dae,
McFarlane o the Sprots o Burnieboosie.

I dinna like McFarlane, I'm safe enough tae state
His lug would cast a shadow ower a sax fit gate
He's saft as ony goblin and sliddery as a skate
McFarlane o the Sprots o Burnieboosie.

McFarlane spak nae word for me but plenty for himsel
He reesed the lassie's barley scones, her kibbuk and her cail
Till her faither cried oot "Sprotty man, you should try yer luck yersel"
Tae McFarlane o the Sprots o Burnieboosie
Tho' McFarlane is the grimmest chiel for twenty mile aroon
Tho' they buy his photograph tae fleg the rottens frae the toon
He kittled up his spunk at this and spiered gin she'd come doon
Tae be mistress of the Sprots o Burnieboosie.

I dinna like McFarlane, I tell it's a fact
He's a nose for splittin hailstanes and humphy back
He's legs like gutteperka, ilka step his knees gang knack
McFarlane o the Sprots o Burnieboosie

He said he wis baith able, tae play at coup the ladle
Wi a ledder ower a treacle cask, and ca the churn forbye,
Anither o his winners wis sawdust mixed wi cinners
Was the spice for mettin hens at Burnieboosie
An educated ostrich frae the zoo at Timbuctoo
He had for scrattin up his neeps, and hidna them tae pu'
I never hear the like o that come oot o ony mou'
But McFarlane o the Sprots o Burnieboosie.

I dinna like McFarlane, it's awfu but it's true
A pewter speen was tint in Jock McFarlane's mou'
He couldna weel be grimmer, taks his porridge wi a skimmer
McFarlane o the Sprots o Burnieboosie.

Oh a dirl o the teethache's nae particularly sweet
But love's the only pain on earth that ever gart me greet
It's just like kittley chilblains roon yer heart instead o your feet
It was aggravated by the sicht of Susie
Noo friends and kind philosophers, ye've heard what me befell
Never lippen tae the middleman, but dae yer work yersel
Or I'll bet my hindmost sark ye're a day ahint the market
As was I when I sent McFarlane roon tae Susie.

I dinna like McFarlane, I'm fairly aff o Jock
I dinna like McFarlane nor McFarlane's folk
May Susie be nae turtle, but brings the tangs or spurtle
Doon ower the heid o Jock o Burnieboosie.

Now ladies and gentlemen we cross the dawn, we cross the Dee, we are on the road south and why not use the old pipe tune set to the words of 'The Road to Dundee'?

Cauld winter was howlin' o'er moor and o'er mountain
And wild was the surge of the dark rollin' sea
When I met, about daybreak, a bonnie young lassie
Wha asked me the road and the miles to Dundee.

Said I, My young lassie, I canna weel tell ye
The road and the distance I canna weel gie
But if you'll permit me to gang a wee bit I'll
I'll show you the road and the miles to Dundee.

She fairly consented and gave me her arm
Ne'er a word did is peer wha the lassie might be
She appeared like an angel in feature and form
As she walked by my side on the road to Dundee.

This ring and this purse take, to prove I am grateful
And some simple token I trust ye'll gie me
And in times to come I'll the laddie remember
That showed me the road and the miles to Dundee.

I took the gowd pin from the scarf in my bosom
And said, Keep ye this in remembrance of me
Then bravely I kissed the sweet lips o' the lassie
Ere I parted wi' her on the road to Dundee.

So here's to the lassie – I ne'er can forget her
And ilka young laddie that's listening to me
And never be sweer to convey a young lassie
Tho' it's only to show her the road to Dundee.

But Mr President, I nearly forgot we must nip a little bit Westward to catch one of the famous occasions in the history of Scotland, in the history of Scottish song anyway; around the world you remember 'The Ball' - but of course if you slow the melody up you find another more sentimental song slip out of the way lady, watchin' the fire begin castles in the air.

Let us now cross the Tay into the Kingdom of Fife. The song I associate with Fife is not the Wee Cooper but another important worker that was, of course, the Weaver.

Noo ther's some folk independent o' ither tradesman wark
For wimen need nae barber an' dykers need nae clerk
But ther's nene o' them but that need a coat or sark
Ther's smith an' ther's wrights ther's mason an' a'
Ther's doctors and dominies an' them that lives by La'
An' our friens that bide a'boun the Sea in St Andra

Oor sodgers an' oor sailors 'od we'd nair them a baul
For if they hadna claes faith they couldna' fecht for caul
The high an' low, the rich an' puir a'body young or auld

And for Edinburgh, 'The Bonnie Wells o' Wearie':

Come let us climb auld Arthur Seat
When summer flowr's are blooming
When golden broom and heather bells
Are a' the air perfuming
When sweet May gowans deck the braes
The hours flee past fu' cheerie
Where bonnie lassie's bleach their claes
Beside the Wells o' Wearie!

The Bonnie Wells o' Wearie
The Bonnie Wells o' Wearie
Come let us spend a summer day
Beside the Wells o' Wearie

O lang may bonnie lassies fair
Wi' nature's charms around them
Still bleach their claes on flow'ry braes
Wi' nae sad cares to wound them
Lang may her sons 'mid fairy scenes
Wi' hearts richt leal and cheerie
Still meet to sing their parriot sang
Beside the Wells o' Wearie!

There was then a geographic mixture with audience participation:

- I belong to Glasgow
- Westering home
- The Skye Boat Song
- Scotland the Brave

Followed by final comments on this heritage of song and exhorting the company to hand it on, and sing it!

The second pipe set gave us 'The Skye Boat Song', 'Australian Ladies', 'Shepherds Crook' and 'Duntroon' after which the Vice President filled his traditional role in proposing the toast to 'Our Guests', for whom WT Hunter responded by saying:

May I first of all thank Mr George Deans for his very nice remarks about all the guests (including my wife and myself) and the generous way all the members present have received them. It is nice to be regarded for one evening anyway as fairly human because as George has said I am a Chartered Accountant in public practice and our image is a little like that of the Law. This leads to statements like 'He has joined the ranks of the living dead' or 'I once spent a fortnight with a Chartered Accountant one afternoon'.

To give you an illustration there was a prominent Chartered Accountant walking along the road to his office when he was approached by a beggar who asked for sustenance on the grounds that he had had nothing to eat for a week. 'Really' said the Accountant 'and how does that compare with the corresponding period last year?'

I can't understand the laughter – it seems a perfectly normal question to me.

Now there are many distinguished people here tonight on whose behalf I am replying but as it is 'Ladies' Night' and the fair sex are here in quantity and quality I must endeavour to speak on their behalf principally. I must confess to certain trepidation at my responsibility for being spokesman for such a bevy of charm and beauty because in this day and age it's not often that a mere male gets any chance to have the last word anyway.

As an example there was a very aged lady who was on her deathbed surrounded by her sorrowing relatives. The dear old woman was making a few last remarks and then she gave her wishes about the funeral arrangements and she said 'I don't want the procession to go straight to the cemetery – I want to go down the lane across the main road and up the High Street. When you get to the Queen's Head, I want you all to go in and have a drink – and leave me out like you always blooming well do!

Another instance of the remorseless tongue of the fair sex however is illustrated by the conversation between two beauty queens about a third one which went something like this: 'You know Maudie – do you know her vital statistic? Well they are 42–42–24. Goodness me, what does she do? Well, as a matter of fact, she keeps falling over.' How can we gentlemen win in such circumstances?

Now I can conclude by thanking all the members for their very fine hospitality and to remind everyone that the giving and receiving of such kindness is the very basis of true friendship and indeed civilisation. I have been searching the poets to find suitable quotations which set out these qualities and found the following couplet by Ben Johnson –

Friendship indeed was written – not in words
And with the heart – not pen

Thomas Gray had this to say –

He gave to misery all he had – a tear
He gained from heaven (twas all he wished) a friend

For the best example though I was driven back to our own national bard and in his song that is so world famous it is almost commonplace we find this in the fourth verse –

And there's a hand my trusty fiere
And gi'es a hand o' thine
An' we'll tak a right guide willie waught
For auld lang syne

Need I say more except to thank you George, you Mr President and all the members for your gracious and kindly hospitality which we have all thoroughly enjoyed – and above all; Please ask us again.

As the evening progressed, the time came to salute the President, propose his health and present him with the Gold Badge. As was traditional, the task of proposing the toast to the President fell to the immediate Past President Fraser McLuskey during which he paid a warm

tribute to all that the President had done for the Society throughout the past session. Mr Leitch, he said, had grown up in Paisley in a home closely associated with the Church of Scotland. We were reminded of this when the Very Reverend Andrew Herron came to address the Society so delightfully and recalled his friendship of so many years with the Leitch family. He went on to say:

Mr Leitch chose to enter the profession of Quantity Surveyor in which for so many years he has given faithful and acceptable service. His professional calling was interrupted by his service during the last Great War. His period in the Army, commenced when he was still under age for enlistment, stretched through five long year of faithful and courageous service. He was rewarded by meeting the lady now his gracious and charming wife.

Mr Leitch has shown deep concern for the welfare of the Scottish community in London. He has been actively associated with the Royal Caledonian Schools, and with the Scottish Corporation, having been a Director for over twelve years in the Schools and a Life Managing Governor for the same period in the Corporation. He has acted as Honorary Secretary for his local Caledonian Association, the Sidcup and District, in which he was elected President in 1955 and again in 1957. He is a popular and hard-working member of the Caledonian Club and has for long belonged to the Burns Club of London. Surely no London Scot could have done more to identify himself with the cause of the welfare of his fellow countrymen in this great city.

Mr Leitch has given outstanding service in the Caledonian Society to which he has belonged for almost twenty years. From 1965-1972 he was our Honorary Historian and it was a very natural evolution of events when he became our President last year. We are indebted to Mr Leitch for the arrangements he has made for our session's programme. These have been wholly admirable and have given the greatest pleasure to members of the Society and their Welcome Guests. He has presided over our gatherings with efficiency and with graciousness. Here is a son of whom Scotland must indeed be proud. In this Society and throughout London we share that pride and salute a President for whose leadership and friendship we are all deeply grateful. I give you the Toast: The President of the Caledonian Society of London.

The gathering closed, in the customary manner, with the Society's Strathspey, 'Auld Lang Syne' and the National Anthem.

Society Business. The Council met six times during the year (July, March (twice), April and June (twice)). Meetings were held at the Hotel Russell, if preceding dinners, or in the Caledonian Club. In addition to the AGM held at the Caledonian Club in June, one special general meeting was held during the session.

The Rules were amended to reflect the change in subscription rates agreed at the previous AGM.

A foolscap size duplicated membership list was produced during the session but it is uncertain how widely it was circulated. This seems to have been the first such list since the final year book was published in 1969-1970.

£125 was donated to each charity from Society funds.

Pipe Major Gordon Speirs ceased to be the Society's Officer during the session, apparently due to ill health. A successor was not appointed thus ending the appointment that had existed since at least 1906; in addition to piping, the incumbent had been responsible for collecting dinner fees at table and, at times, for announcing names as members and their guests were received by the President at Festivals and occasionally as toast master. Pipe Sergeant Robert Murphy seems to have become de-facto Society's Piper but without the other duties.

Unsuccessful attempts were made to identify a new Honorary Secretary. For 33 years, the duty had been carried out by a person who had also been the Secretary of either the Royal Scottish Corporation or the Royal Caledonian Schools but this was ceasing to be practicable.

The offer by Past President J Murray Napier (also Senior Vice President of the Royal Scottish Corporation) to arrange for the new Corporation premises in King Street to be the official headquarters of the Society was gratefully accepted. This re-activated an old tradition and practice.

It was noted that the £600 earmarked for the production of the next volume of the Chronicles was now inadequate – the latest estimate was £1000 and that was now two years out of date. Thus the brief window of opportunity for publication of a further volume of Chronicles seems to have closed firmly during the session due to the inability to produce copy sufficiently quickly before inflation overtook the limited funds available.

At the AGM, George Deans and James Moxon were elected President and Vice President respectively. Past President RY Kennedy was elected Honorary Auditor. In the absence of a volunteer to take over as Honorary Secretary, President George Deans would continue in the former role by default.

Membership. The membership total was 135, with 92 Ordinary members, at the start of the session but fell to 126 and 86 respectively by its end. The deaths of Past President Donald Fraser (joined 1958-1959, President 1970-1971), whose biographic details are given earlier in this volume, of the Glasgow born actor and broadcaster Duncan McIntyre (joined 1962-1963), Leslie A Harrington (joined 1942-1943 and a member of Council for nearly two decades) and WR Neil (joined 1965-1966) were all noted with regret.

There were eight resignations and, in an unusually low figure, only three new members joined.

SESSION 1974-1975

President George Deans

Office Bearers

President	George Deans
Vice President	James Moxon
Honorary Secretary	President George Deans
Honorary Treasurer	WUB Reid BSc FCIS
Honorary Auditor	Past President RY Kennedy CA
Honorary Historian	R Walker Thomson

Past President Douglas Robertson assisted in arranging social functions.
Pipe Sergeant Robert Murphy was de-facto Society Piper.

The President. George Deans was a Paisley man, educated at Paisley Grammar School, who served in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve during World War 2, ultimately in the rank of lieutenant commander. He moved to London after the War and became Secretary to the Royal Caledonian Schools in 1949 and played a major part in the Charity, and in associated Scottish affairs in London, for more than twenty-five years, remaining an active supporter of the Schools after he retired as Secretary in 1973. He joined the Society in 1953-1954 and first raised his head above the parapet when he proposed the toast to the guests in January 1957. He was elected Honorary Secretary in November 1960 and remained in that office, in which he was particularly pro-active and energetic with a very strong regard for the standards, traditions and welfare of the Society, until April 1978, being assisted in the role during his presidential year. An amateur artist and an enthusiastic golfer, he subsequently served as the Society's Honorary Golf Secretary from June 1979 until late 1981. George Deans was elected an Honorary Member in June 1989 and died during session 1989-1990.

Social Programme. The still recent practice of opening the season with a dinner in October, and leaving December without a function, continued but in other respects the social programme was entirely traditional, as was to be expected from a President with George Dean's background. Thus Little Dinners took place in October, November, January, February and March and the Ladies' Festival was in April. All dinners were held at the Hotel Russell in

Russell Square. 343 members and 357 guests attended for a total of 700 for the six dinners, another significant drop (72) on the previous year but still satisfactory when compared with past years overall.

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The October Sentiment, 'A Tale of Two Cities', was provided by Brother Caledonian Sir James Miller whose unique record included having held the offices of both Lord Provost of Edinburgh and Lord Mayor of London. He addressed the gathering of 55 members and 38 guests and started by describing the set-up and background of the City of London and the functions and activities of its Lord Mayor, went on to describe the nature of the City of Edinburgh and the role of its Lord Provost and then added some thoughts on how the future might affect the two capitals, all with appropriate anecdotes.

TA Muir welcomed the guests using the following words:

One of the stated objects of this ancient Society is the promotion of good fellowship among London Scots and their friends. I hope in some small measure we have succeeded tonight.

Hospitality, in a word, is a still highly prized attribute to the Scots to a point where there is great rivalry between geographic areas of our homeland. In Edinburgh, should you call on a friend about mid-afternoon you can expect to be warmly greeted with 'Come in, John, ye'll have had yer tea'. A chance visitor to Aberdeen however can certainly expect an equally warm welcome. 'Come in, John, would you like some tea?' and the table would be absolutely groaning with goodies and all very moderately priced! In Glasgow, on the other hand, where they have no reputation for ceremony, the welcome will be plain and simple – 'Come in, John, you'll have some tea'.

Gentlemen, all joking aside, hospitality affords an opportunity for conversation – thus communication – and none of us would deny the great need for communication and the understanding which hopefully this brings to our world today. To all our personal guests we bid you a cordial welcome with assurance that you add zest to the Society's life.

In the knowledge that our guests will understand, may I crave your indulgence for a few moments to say a word about a few special guests, particularly those you have had to, or will, 'sing for their supper'. In Sir James Miller, to whom we are indebted for the Sentiment this evening, we have someone rather unusual, a principal guest who is not a guest but a beloved and respected member of the Society. May I hasten to add that Sir James is no stranger to the unusual, indeed unique, for as many of you will know he has the distinction of having commanded our two major cities, first as Lord Provost of Edinburgh (1951-54) and then as Lord Mayor of London (1964-65). Trained as an architect, his name is known throughout the country in connection with building and civil engineering but this early background does not hint at the distinctions which he was to earn, Doctor of Law, Doctor of Science, Knighthood, Justice of the Peace, Deputy Lieutenant – thus reads the roll of personal achievements. With his many professional and civic duties, it is perhaps surprising that he finds time for recreation when he enjoys yachting and golf, and as a fellow devotee of the latter, dare I say that this ensures that his feet are firmly planted on the ground? Many youngsters have cause to be grateful to him, for through his generosity, a sail training schooner the 'Malcolm Miller' helps to enlarge their horizons. This gift was made in memory of a son killed in a motor accident.

Can one wonder that Sir James speaks so authoritively on our twin capitals, and we are deeply grateful for his glimpses into the civic lives of these great cities?

Seated at the top table, and a guest of our President, we welcome Donald McLeod. As the name suggests, Mr McLeod's family come from the Isle of Skye and he was born and educated in Scotland. I gather that he plays golf with our President but there is no hint as to who has the upper hand.

Tonight we have a liberal sprinkling of civic dignitaries, among them Ian Fulton, the Mayor of St Albans. We are delighted to have you with us tonight, Mr Fulton, the more so as the son of one of our Past Presidents, David Fulton. Where there is politics then inevitably we have the press and tonight is no exception. A warm non-partisan welcome to James Margach, Commander of the British Empire and well known newspaper correspondent. I am reliability informed that he is a Lobby Correspondent in the Houses of Parliament and as such will undoubtedly value the tranquillity of a Scottish night in town.

As a guest of Brother Caledonian Robert Cassels, we greet Rear Admiral John Scotland, Companion of the Bath and holder of the Distinguished Service Cross. Gunnery was Rear Admiral Scotland's first love in a long and distinguished career in the Royal Navy. Now retired from active service, he devotes his considerable energies to the Australia Society here in London and is Chairman of the Royal Naval Scholarship Fund.

The enjoyment of the evening has been greatly enhanced by the delightful singing of Tony Dalli and in asking you to all to signify your appreciation, may I mention that he sings to us tonight without a performance fee because of the charitable objects of our Society. Our sincere thanks to Tony Dalli.

Gentlemen, as I come to the last of our special guests, I realise that I have offended against the code of protocol, knights and commoners preceding a prince. This is intentional as Mr Leslie Prince has the dubious pleasure of responding to this toast. Researching our special guests has been for me a most interesting experience, and I must say we are fortunate to have someone of Mr Prince's calibre on our speakers' list. A chartered accountant by profession he has held, and still holds, many civil appointments of a bewildering variety ranging from hospital boards, through Jewish refugee committees to rates, coal and corn finance committees. A former Sheriff of the City of London and President of the City Livery Club, the holder of numerous foreign decorations and, more recently – and I suspect richly deserved – Her Majesty was pleased to confer on him Commander of the British Empire. He may be English through and through but I gather he knows something of Robert Burns and that in itself will endear him to the Scots here tonight. Mr Prince – thank you for joining us tonight and we look forward eagerly to your response.

To all guests may I say again how much we have enjoyed your company and we hope that your recollections of this evening will give you happiness and pleasure. Speaking of happiness it is perhaps appropriate to leave you with Robert Burns' view of that elusive treasure:

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 her breast
We may be wise, or rich, or great
But never can be blest!
Nae treasure nor pleasures
Could make us happy lang
The heart ay's the part ay
That makes us right or wrang

Mr President, Brother Caledonians, I invite you to join me in a toast to our guests.

Leslie Prince responded. In doing so, he mentioned his friendship with Sir James Miller, his appreciation of the aims of the Society in its charitable work and noted some of its other traditions before ending by expressing the thanks of all the guests for the hospitality received.

New members were formally welcomed into the Society and the programme for the evening indicates that they were Alan Reid, Tom Hodge and William Young.

Tony Dalli, accompanied by Past President Fraser McLuskey, sang 'Around the World', 'O Sol e Mio', 'If You Go Away' and 'My Ain Folk'. The pipe set played by Pipe Sergeant Robert Murphy was 'Mairi Bhan Og', 'The Atholl Highlanders march to Loch Katrine', 'Arniston Castle', 'The Blackbird' and 'Murdo Mackenzie of Torridon'.

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November was, as usual, the London Scottish evening and was attended by 64 members and 45 guests. However, the Sentiment provided variety by moving away from recent military themes and instead offering an account of the establishment of the Scottish expatriate population in London that arose following the union of the crowns in 1603 and which eventually led to the London Scottish community of today. The author was the well-known Scots historian, writer and broadcaster Nigel Tranter and the title 'London Scots – 1603 Variety'. He started by pointing out that 'Caledonians' were Picts and that Scots made up only a very small part of the blood line of the current Scottish population. He then provided an amusing account of the residence in London of James VI and I and his fellow Scots and of their attempts, with varying degrees of success, to gain access to English wealth, and how this was viewed by the English.

The President proposed the toast to the Regiment by saying:

Mr Vice President, Brother Caledonians and welcome guests, the late Brother Caledonian WM Miller, who was a member of the London Scottish and Honorary Secretary of this Society for many years, gave the Sentiment on the Regiment at one of our dinners some forty years ago. During his inspired address, he mentioned that the Caledonian Society of London and others had been responsible for the formation of the London Scottish Regiment, and had

done little else. It was due to his caustic comment, and his more satisfactory proposal that the November dinner became known as the London Scottish night, that the Regiment's toast is honoured.

I cannot claim to be a member of the London Scottish but, as a temporary, acting, hostilities only member of the Senior Service, I deem it a great honour to propose this toast. Perhaps I am more fortunate than other outsiders that, as Secretary of the Royal Caledonian Schools, I have been closely associated with the Regiment for a long, long time. I can remember taking up my appointment; there were already children of members of the London Scottish at the Schools, the London Scottish Benevolent Fund was already contributing to their upkeep. And the Schools cared for those children and reciprocated in other ways. In those days one looked at the London Scottish pipe band on parade and said, without any fear of contradiction, that apart from two or three, all the pipers were former pupils of the Schools. Today, the position is slightly different. There are two pipers and one side drummer, and one side drummer who has retired but can still be seen at 59 Buckingham Gate on a Monday night holding up the bar of the canteen. Is it not strange that at a time when the Schools are even more closely linked with the Armed Forces of the Crown, that there is this decline in the strong bond between the Schools and the Scottish in so far as piping is concerned. I first met this and wondered why. But this decline may well be due to the fact that the children are more scattered, they come from a more scattered area than before, and the lack of reasonably priced accommodation where those who wish to come back to London and work can reside.

What this strength means, for the London Scottish over the twenty five-years, is the comradeship which exists among all ranks. No friendly society or association on the Scottish circle can boast of such a brotherhood which has been nurtured in peaceful pursuits, rather than warlike clamour, and which has never forgotten those whose sacrifice has added lustre to the morals of the place or abandoned those on whom adversity has fallen.

It is the sincere wish of the members of the Caledonian Society of London that the future of the London Scottish will be no less brilliant than its past and that the Regiment will go on from strength to strength. Let us therefore honour the toast to the London Scottish and in doing so let us remember our charity friends.

RW Gourdie led the greeting of the guests and Lieutenant Colonel JD McGregor MC replied briefly and humorously. Colonel HJ Wilson was listed in the programme for introduction as a new member.

George MacPherson's selection of songs, for which he was accompanied by Past President Fraser McLuskey, was 'Westering Home', 'Bonnie Mary of Argyll', 'Massacre of Macpherson', 'Loch Lomond' and 'The Road to the Isles'. Pipe Sergeant J Spoore and Piper N McLeod of the London Scottish played the set 'Portree Men', 'Munlochy Bridge', 'Thick Lies the mist on Yonder Hill', 'The Ale is Dear' and 'Mrs Macleod of Rassey' and Pipe Major Cochrane played the Society's Strathspey.

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An outstanding 79 members and 103 guests assembled to participate in the customary celebration of Robert Burns in January. The Sentiment and singing were both provided by Mr David Scott. In the former, he opened with an amusing introduction and then went on to say:

I should tell you that in Argyllshire, where I come from, this has been the wettest, windiest winter that has been experienced in living memory. And the other evening, with the gale roaring in the chimney, and the rain and hail lashing on the window I sat snug at my ain fireside with the fire blazing up brightly and I thought of the lang Scots miles, mosses, waters, slaps and stiles that I would have to endure on this annual Burns foray and I was wondering what I would say about Robert Burns, what could I say that hadn't been said before. And, on the television, Richard Baker had just finished reading the news and he said we will go over to Jack Scott at the weather centre and Jack came on to tell us that there was more rain and more gales and another depression approaching the west of Scotland, and in one of these bright splashes of conversation that pass between a husband and wife after forty years (Laughter) *I said 'There's another depression coming' and my good lady said 'There always coming in'. End of conversation;* (Laughter) *she returned to her book.*

But I thought about another night when another depression came in over Bute and over Arran, sweeping across the Clyde estuary there. The gale driving the rain and the hale before it and howling round the old toun of Ayr down the streets and through the lines of the closes there and going over the twa brigs, while a few miles south in the little hamlet of Alloway, blowing as it would blow to the last, it tore off the gable end of an old clay biggin and threatened to strip off the turf roof. And inside that humble cottage a wood fire burned smokily filling the room with ghost provoking reek while a smelly tallow wick burnt dimly from an oil cruse. And a man and a woman sat either side of that fireplace whilst from the box bed in the corner there came the low moan of a woman in pain and the labour buddy, for such she was, rose and went over to tend to the woman and the husband rose up and went through a door there into the byer to quieten the animals restless because of the storm, and soon there was the cry of a child; that first heart-warming, heart-touching cry of a new life come to birth and the neighbour was saying 'Agnes, it's a boy, a boy' and the husband, coming through, 'Are you all right Agnes?' 'Yes William. I'm fine. It's a boy.' And he said 'God be praised! Our first born; it's a boy, I think we'll call him Robert, Robert Burns that's a fine name'.

The storm continued to roar round the little cottage to such effect that the roof tree was damaged and the mother and child had to be moved to the neighbour's house for safety, and years later when the boy had grown to a man, and a wife and bairns of his own, he looked back on that night and he sang:

> *Our monarch's hindmost year but ane*
> *Was five-and-twenty days begun*
> *Twas then a blast o' Janwar' wind*
> *Blew handsel in on Robin*

Blew handsel in Robin. The handsel, the first gift to the child of a January storm. And when you look back on Robert Burns, think that that was prophetic because in his all too short span of life he certainly had his share of the storms of poverty, and of toil, and of hardship and ill health. And the song 'There was a Lad' wasn't published until after his death; and as I thought about this song, about rantin' roarin' Robin, it seemed that in all this talking about Burns, and much of this writing too, too little attention has been paid to what Burns did for Scottish music and Scottish songs. The early biographers neglected this aspect of his genius, although ample evidence was there for all to see; and it is only in most recent biographies that due credit has been given.

In that poem the address 'To a Louse', seeing one crawl on a lady's beautiful Lunardi bonnet in church, the oft quoted lines 'O wad some power the giftie gie us, To see ourselves as ithers see us' - and it is significant that the ithers that go looking from outside have produced the best biographies of Burns; Hans Hess from Germany and Franklyn Bliss Snyder and Professor de Lancey Fergusson from America. Snyder says 'Words, the audible symbols of ideas, are the bricks and mortar with which the poet must build his temple of songs. And the size of Buns' vocabulary is interesting and an indication of his intellectual power, it almost certainly contained at least twelve and a half thousand words which compares significantly with Milton's thirteen thousand'.

Of course, a large and colourful vocabulary must be skilfully used in combining words into phrases and Burns did just that. You'll remember that glorious narrative poem 'Tam o' Shanter', the opening stanzas

Where sits our sulky, sullen dame
Gathering her brows like gathering storm
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm

And I am reminded of the two cronies who at a very late hour after a convivial Burns supper parted and went their several ways. And they met a few days later and said Jock 'How did you get on, Willie, after you left me the other night?' and Willie said 'Oh, terrible! You know this, I landed up in jail. What about you, Jock?' He said 'Oh, I was watchin' you, I got home' (Laughter). *And in these lines which describe the love of one inebriated gent for another*

Tam lo'ed him like a very brither
They had been fou for weeks thegither

You know the feeling, gentlemen. And he doesn't stop for long when he says

The clachan girl had made me canty
I wasni' fou, I just had plenty

And as another bard says – 'Aye, there's the rub, to know when you've just had plenty', for as an old friend of mine used to say 'Aye, it's the last dram that coups you' (Laughter). *And there's a great truth in that.*

But Burns' skill with words, with phrases, with rhyme and rhythm finds its greatest expression in his songs. Our bard has many claims to be remembered but above all else his claim rests most surely I think on what he did for Scottish folk music and for Scottish songs. And he knew more about the music of his country than any man of his day. He had in his possession copies of all the principal instrumental collections and his 'Caledonian Pocket Companion', the largest collection of Scottish music at that time, still exists and is marked in his own handwriting and shows him familiar with its contents. When he went to Edinburgh in 1787 he met James Johnston, an engraver who was collecting all the Scots songs with music he could find, intending to publish them in a series to be called the 'Scots Musical Museum'. Burns liked this man and was happy to work for him, happily by the rhythmic rant of the reel, and the stately measure of the Strathspey as intoxicating, he thought, as the whisky of the Speyside from which they came. And the task with which he set himself was to write songs to match the old Scots dance tunes and in this he is unique among poets that he wrote his songs for music already in existence; it is usually the other way round. He said there is a something

in the auld Scots sangs, a wild happiness of thought and expression; I have been absolutely crazed about collecting these old stanzas.

He tells us how he wrote songs. He would select a tune, he would try it out on his fiddle – he played the fiddle just a little - he would try it out on that and he says to 'sough' over, that is to hum over, the tune is the readiest way to catch the inspiration and, he said, until I had complete mastery of the tune in my own singing, I cannot write for it. So with the tune firmly in his mind, he would go out for a walk on his old mare Maggie and go out riding; and thinking of the tune he would get a feel and would start with a verse, it might be the middle verse, or the last verse, but he would build round it and then he would have a song. Sometimes it just wouldn't run and he would go home, he tells us, and sit in his arm chair, tilt back on the two back legs and swing back and forward to the rhythms of the tune, and the song would come to him. And this is how he wrote them.

It is interesting to think of Burns studying and writing songs when you remember the school master's report when he was six and his brother Gilbert five. 'Gilbert has a more lively wit and imagination than Robert and Robert's ear is remarkably dull and untuneable.' So much for the school reports, gentlemen!

The songs that Burns wrote to these Scottish dance tunes do present many difficulties for the singer. Many of the tunes have a range of an octave and a half and the general level of the tune can be very high and very difficult, easy on the violin when you only have to bring your finger up the string but a bit more difficult for the vocal chords of the singer. But I would agree however with Maurice Lindsay who, speaking of the songs in his biography of Burns, says at least we ought to have enough regard for the heritage that Burns played so large a part, and saving part, to condemn the be-tartanned Scotchery which kilted glamour boys threw out over footlights of Scottish and English music halls.

Writing to Mrs Jean Scott of Wauchope House, Burns writes

> *That I for dear auld Scotland's sake*
> *Some useless lang or book could make*
> *Or sing a sang*

And sing a sang he certainly did. And when you think of the astonishing sums that are paid for writing one popular song today, a song which is popular for a few weeks and is then forgotten, and you contrast this with the fact that Robert Burns gave away, yes gave away, to the Scots Musical Museum alone 235 songs, a priceless treasure. And besides writing these songs he reconstructed and revived old songs of which only a title or a few lines or a snatch of chorus was left. He refined many of the old songs which were more fit for the barrack room than the drawing room. For the sheer joy of the work, seeking no reward whatever, for the last nine years of his life he toiled to illustrate the airs of his beloved Scotland. And JC Dick, another banker, from Newcastle, who is the authority on his songs says 'His farming brought him no riches, his business as an excise-man only wearied him, his songs brought nothing at all in, but it is by his songs that we will longest remember him'.

His first song he wrote at the age of fifteen. It was the custom for two people to work together in the fields and Burns was paired with Nelly Kilpatrick, daughter of the Blacksmith at Mount Oliphant. And he fell in love with her; it was a calf love and he wrote this little song for her

Oh, once I loved a bonnie lass
And I do love her still
And while that beauty warms my breast
I love my handsome Nell

As bonnie lasses I hae seen,
And mony full as braw;
But, for a modest gracefu' mein,
The like I never saw.

She dresses aye sae clean and neat
Baith decent and genteel
And then there's something in her gait
Gars ony dress look weel

A fine song for a boy of fifteen and this tae gang it all he discovered he could write poetry. And so Handsome Nell was his first song and there is a Burns song for every occasion – love songs, humorous songs, bacchanalian songs, patriotic songs, political songs but of course, for a man like Burns, love songs were the great thing. The man who sang

But gie me a canny hour at e'en
My arms about my dearie O
An' wor'ly cares, an' wor'ly men
May a'gae tapsalteerie O

Green grow the rashes O
Green grow the rashes O
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
Are spent among the lasses, O

And I feel a bit like that too, gentlemen, I'm sorry, we're all gentlemen here tonight but there you are! Sometimes one speaks to a gathering of ladies and it's a great joy to sing that song. Incidentally, in the old version of that song the last two lines were

A feather bed is no sae saft
As the bosoms of the lassies O (Laughter)

But Burns' lots of admiration for the fair sex have never been matched. All woman-kind are in his debt. Well, of course time forbids to tell of all of his wonderful love songs. Corn Riggs - to the tune of the same name - the third verse, Burns said, was the best he ever wrote.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear
I hae been merry drinkin O
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear
I hae been happy thinkin'
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw
Tho' three times doubled fairly O
That happy night was worth them a'
Amang the rigs wi' Annie O

And Annie was Annie Rankine the daughter of John Rankine the farmer at Adamhill two miles away and, as it happens, Annie got married and her name was Mrs Merry when she got married. That may be; something to do with the corn rigs I know!

Bonnie Wee Thing – to Deborah Davies, who so small in stature, was very beautiful

> *Wit, and Grace, and Love and Beauty*
> *In ae constellation shine*
> *To adore three is my duty*
> *Goddess o' this soul o' mine*

What a wonderful thing to say, and he also wrote an epigram to Deborah

> *Ach why god made the gems so small*
> *And why so huge the granite*
> *Because God meant mankind to test*
> *That higher value on it*

A Strathspey tune by Neil Gow who was Scotland's greatest fiddler – it was called incidentally 'Caledonian Hunt Delight' that was the name of the tune – but it gave Burns the inspiration for one of his best known songs 'Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon'. And here Burns showed his skill; he halved the speed of the tune so that if you sing 'Ye Banks and Braes' at twice the speed of the song you'll get a Strathspey medley. 'Ca' the Yowes' is a lovely pastoral song with a simple melody to match.

Talking about the yowes, recalls my minister friend who was touring the borders on a walking holiday. He was in flannels and an open necked shirt and he met an old shepherd on the border hills there. They talked about the weather and about the crops, they talked about the sheep and the old shepherd said to the minister 'Would you be a shepherd too?' And the minister said 'Well, yes, you could say that' – 'Well, what sort of a flock have you'. He said 'Well I have about two thousand of a flock'. 'Oh, have you now' he says 'You'll have a busy time at the lambing then, won't you' (Laughter).

'Aye Fond Kiss', written for Clarinda. Clarinda was Mrs Maclehose an Edinburgh society lady, a ward of Lord Craig, whose husband was in the West Indies. And Burns forms an attachment to her; a strange kind of affair. A passionate correspondence ensued under pen names of 'Clarinda' and 'Sylvander'. She would never surrender wholly to her hot bloodied poet and this affair would produce songs which are not his best writing, but it was worth waiting for the final song when they parted company. A beautiful song:

> *Had we never loved sae kindly,*
> *Had we never loved sae blindly,*
> *Never met—or never parted,*
> *We had ne'er been broken-hearted.*

This time gentlemen was very much an affair of upstairs downstairs because when Burns left Nancie upstairs, his passion at fever heat but unsatisfied, he used to look in on Jenny Clow the serving made downstairs. And Jenny was only too keen to respond to his advances with, alas, the usual results.

And then there was a tune Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey written by the Strathspey king of Scotland Willie Marshall butler to the Duke of Gordon. And the song was 'Of a' the Airts the Wind can Blaw'.

It should be remembered that although the impulse to write a song comes from a temporal emotion, the finished song itself is not necessarily literal history. When William Douglas wrote that beautiful first verse of Annie Laurie, he had no intention whatever of laying himself down to dee for Annie Laurie. As a matter fact he married another girl altogether, and Annie Laurie married another man and they all lived happily ever after. This is an error that people fall into when in talking about the Burns songs. We speak as if Burns had an affair with every woman he wrote a song to. Now he was intimate with some, this is true. There were others he was an acquaintance of and there were many women he admired from a distance and that was all, he never even met them. Take Miss Alexander, sister of the proprietor of Ballochmyle Estate. Now Burns saw her. He was walking in the grounds, I think probably he was on a poaching expedition, but he saw her and so he wrote this song about her and you will remember he sings:

And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle

It was wishful thinking gentlemen. He wrote the song and he wrote to her and sent her the song, and she was annoyed and she was horrified and she snubbed him and she didn't answer the letter. But later on, when he was famous, she had the letter and the song framed and hung up in the hall (Laughter).

Gentlemen, you and I are no different from Burns. Who among us seeing a bonnie lassie, I think the modern term's a nice bit of crumpet (Laughter), *gain say it or at least nod at Rabbie and if there is any saint here who has not had such a thought I would be obliged if he would stand up and identify himself, and I will excuse any that are too old that they can't remember* (Laughter)*!*

'Mary Morison' is another fine song addressed to a lassie, Alison Begbie that Burns courted. But she would have nothing to do with him, she had another lad. But he wrote her one of the finest pieces of descriptive writing that he ever wrote.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw'
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
'Ye arena Mary Morison'.

'John Anderson my jo', this is an old border song which Burns transformed into one of the most beautiful songs about enduring love between man and a wife, recognising that although the days of wine and roses have gone, that life is still good and has much to offer.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now e maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

And I know of the poet that wrote that verse, who wrote so kindly of old age, would have keenly approved of the support that the Society gives to the work of the Royal Scottish Corporation who meet the needs of the old and the infirm. And the man who loved children and wrote

To make a happy fireside clime
For weans and wife,
That's the true pathos sublime
Of human life

He would have warmly applauded the work that you do for the children through the Royal Caledonian Schools. This poet who felt so keenly for any who were hurt and wrote to Mrs Dunlop 'Whatever mitigates the woes, or increase the happiness of others this is my criteria of goodness, and whatever injures society at large or any individual in it, this is my measure of iniquity'.

As an exciseman, Burns' house at Dumfries was the Globe Inn there and you can go in there and go to the upstairs room and you'll see his chair and you'll see written on the window pane the song 'O Lovely Polly Stewart', Polly being a young girl, a daughter of Willie Stewart the factor of Closeburn estate. And the tune to which he wrote the song was 'You're welcome Charlie Stewart' a Jacobite song. And in the Globe Tavern downstairs in the bar there was a blonde bomb shell called Anna Park and, of course, Burns was attracted to Anna and he was soon involved with her and he wrote the song

Yestreen I had a pint o' wine,
A place where body saw na;
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
The gowden locks of Anna.

And then he wrote a postscript to the song which set the tongues awagging

The Kirk an' State may join an' tell,
To do sic things I maunna:
The Kirk an' State may gae to hell,
And I'll gae to my Anna.
(Laughter)

And go to his Anna is something he certainly did and soon she was bearing him his child. But gentlemen, the finest, the noblest thing about this whole incident is that Jean Armour, Mrs Burns, took the child, raised her as one of her own family; she grew to be a woman who was happily married and lived to, in those days, the astonishing, age of eighty two. And too little

praise has been given to Jean Armour, this generous, loving, warm hearted, forgiving woman who was so patient with her wayward and wild genius of a husband.

'My love is like a red, red, rose'. Who wouldn't wish not to be the man who had first written these words; Rabbie said it all for we halting, tongue tied and inarticulate Scots. Of course, he wasn't always praising the lassies and he would say

O my love she's but a lassie yet,
My love she's but a lassie yet,
We'll let her stand a year or twa,
She'll no be half so saucy yet.
I rue the day I sought her, O;
I rue the day I sought her, O;
Wha gets her needs na say he's woo'd,
But he may say he's bought her, O!

Note how monosyllabic these lines are, and if you can say that word at the end of this evening, then you're fit to drive home! (Laughter). *But you see he matched the words to the measure, the urgency of it. Or he could say and he could laugh at love's hurt*

And Maggie was my care,
Heav'n, I thought, was in her air;
Now we're married, spier nae mair,
But whistle o'er the lave o't

And he understood the lassies so well and he put some wonderful songs into their mouths like 'I'm ower young tae marry yet' or 'O, whistle and I'll come tae ye, my lad' and 'Coming thro the rye' and so on.

And then 'The diel's awa wi' the exciseman' to a real tune. He wrote this while looking after a stranded lugger on the Solway coast. He knew that excisemen were unpopular and this song expresses it. And 'Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Mault', a wonderful drinking song that we might hear later tonight.

And what wonderful songs they all are and no wonder that that more famous, more worthy fellow townsman of mine Andrew Carnegie said 'I gloated over the gems of Burns like a prince hidden over his jewels'.

Burns was a great patriot and when he heard the composition the French drum tune Hey Tuttie Tatie, the tune to which the Scots marched into battle at Bannockburn, he said 'I was warmed into a fit of enthusiasm on the theme of liberty and independence' and so this great song 'Scots Wha Hae' came to be written. And in his letter sending it to Thomson, he says 'So may god ever defend the cause of truth and liberty as he did on that day'. Of his political songs, a verse of one seems to me appropriate at this time. It's a song called 'Awa wi' the Whigs' in which he says

our sad decay in Kirk and State
Surpasses my descrivin';
The Whigs cam' ower us for a curse,
An' we ha'e dune wi' thrivin'.

And if you look up your book, you can find out who the Whigs were!

Burns greatest song, perhaps, certainly his most well-known one I think is 'Auld Lang Syne'. 'Tak' a cup o' kindness yet for auld lang syne' – no happy occasion of good fellowship anywhere in the world will end without the singing of this great song.

One of the last of his songs was to Jessie Moor, a sister of a fellow exciseman who nursed him in his last illness. And he asked her for a favourite tune which she said was 'Lennox Love to Blantyre'. And he himself, who was in great weakness with pain and need of comfort, turned the whole situation round and gave us that beautiful verse

O wert thou in the cauld blast
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee;
Or did misfortune bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

And as the first handsel, the song was also the last. For the cauld blast of poverty, sickness and debt itself was blawin' round Robert Burns and Mayfield his shelter. But they gave him a great funeral, as good a funeral in Scotland, and thousands lined the streets of Dumfries. He was escorted to St Michael's church yard not only by the Dumfries Volunteers, of which he was a member, but by detachments from two regular regiments. And as Burns on his deathbed had said 'Don't let the awkward squad fire over me', so they picked the best squad to fire the volley.

And Scotland realised that she had lost its greatest son and she had more than a twinge of conscience that she had not done more to help him in his lifetime. And so when he was safely buried, the words that he had said to Jean began to come true 'They'll think mair of me a hundred years from now than they do today'. For it took the government, as governments will, twenty-one years to decide to give his widow an annuity of fifty pounds. And his elder son became a civil servant in the Stamp Office in London and his two other sons were cadets in the East India Company and rose to the rank colonel. And they prospered and the boys were good to their mother, and some years later Jean was able to say to the government 'Thank you very much I don't need your annuity'. And Rabbie in some Elysian field must have laughed his head off and rejoiced that Jeannie remembered the glorious privilege of being independent. And oh for more of that spirit today gentlemen.

And so the great song writer was dead but his songs live on. And Scotland's great debt to Robert Burns is that he rescued and preserved for all time our folk music by writing these wonderful songs to her tunes of glory; and that his poems and songs brightened Scotland and cheered the lives of her people at a dismal and dreary time in her history and set the whole nation laughing and singing again.

He kindled such a flame of love of country, love of liberty, of independence, of friendship, of kindness, of happiness and of brotherhood of man that has spread throughout the whole land. And oh for a Robert Burns today to serve our whole nation in this way. Not only to pray that come it may but to strive earnestly and to work that come it will for a' that:

That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
That Man to Man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

Robert Burns was no visionary in an ivory tower. He was no milk and water poet; he was a man whose veins surged with the whole-blooded tide of love, a man of pride and of passion, one who scaled the heights in music and poetry and in the joy of living and, alas, also at times plumbed the depths in word and deed and knew deep grief and remorse. It is in Burns' fierce spirit of independence and of love of country and hatred of tyranny and hypocrisy; he was a man with all the human failings but with a heart full of sympathy and understanding and gentleness. Above all, a singing heart full of glorious songs which have become our wonderful heritage. And every year when the January winds blaw around us we and millions others all over the world remember Robert Burns and, in doing so, we fulfil the prophetic words of that other verse of the handsel song in which he says:

He'll hae misfortunes great an' sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a',
He'll be a credit till us a' –
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

And so, proudly, gentlemen, I ask you to be upstanding and drink to Robert Burns.

The Lord Drumalbyn spoke of the guests and included mention of David Coughtrie who would join the Society a little over a decade later and go on to become President. John FW Hastings FCIOB responded in a short and light hearted speech during which he said:

Mr Chairman, Mr Vice Chairman, My Lord, Brother Caledonians, Brother Guests – as a Sassenach among this very distinguished gathering, I hope you will forgive me if I confess to feeling a little inadequate as the cow said as the milk tanker went by (Laughter). *There was an occasion in ancient Rome in the Coliseum as the early Christian, standing in the middle of the arena waiting, a little lonely probably. Also a little anxiously about dinner, of course he was dinner* (Laughter). *And the lion came out into the arena and the early Christian lent forward and said something and the lion went pale and went back to his cage with his tail between his legs. And all the Romans came down and said to the early Christian 'We'll offer you freedom if you will tell us what fantastic thing you did to produce this miracle' and the early Christian said 'Oh yes, no trouble at all, I just whispered in his ear - I suppose you realise that after dinner you will expected to say a few words'* (Laughter).

Mr Chairman, I feel it is my duty to draw your attention to an article that appeared in a paper about a fortnight ago and it's very short so I shall read it to you. 'President Idi Amin of Uganda has addressed a message to the leaders of the Soviet Union, China and several international organisations stating the case for Scotland's complete separation from England, Radio Uganda said yesterday. President Amin spoke of the formation of a Scottish provisional government'. I feel that the only comment that one can make is in the immortal words Amin, Amin to all that (Laughter).

I told my sister-law that I was coming to this occasion and it reminded her of an occasion during the War when she was in the Women's' Royal Naval Service and for a very short time had a Scottish boy-friend who showed her around the engine room in his ship (Laughter). *During the tour he spoke to her on several occasions about something that she could only describe as being 'rather dumb' and she couldn't make out whether this was some secret engineering discovery or whether it was a promise of something or rather for tea. Eventually she came to the conclusion that he was talking to her about his first love while describing his second love and that the birds, even when they were WRNS, came a very definite third. He had to get his priorities right.*

It is a fact, Mr Chairman, that if you ever have an Englishman talking to a Scotsman, after a minute or two the Englishman will be claiming some degree of Scottish ancestry (Laughter). *It has been statistically proven that the number of Scottish grandmothers south of the border could repopulate the Highlands many times over* (Laughter). *And the reason for this is completely simple that it is this Scottish very particular quality of good fellowship. We, your guests, have been enjoying this good fellowship to a not inconsiderable degree this evening and on my own behalf and on behalf of the rest of the guests, I thank you Mr Chairman from the heart of my bottom* (Laughter).

The menu card lists WDR Chalmers, JLL Imrie and J Kennedy as being introduced that night.

Having already sung briefly at several points during his Sentiment, David Scott later enjoyed the support of Past President Fraser McLuskey at the piano while he delighted the company with 'My Love is like a Red, Red, Rose', 'The Diels Awa', a suitably slurred rendition of 'O Willie brewed a peck o' Malt' and 'the Bonnie Lass o' Ballochmyle'. Pipe Sergeant Robert Murphy played the set 'Loch Etive Side', 'Miss Jeanie Carruthers', 'The Caledonian Canal' and 'Mrs MacPherson of Inveran'.

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The February Sentiment was an upbeat account of the prospects of Scotland from the perspective of 'new towns' and was delivered by Brother Caledonian George B Young, General Manager of the East Kilbride Development Corporation, to an audience of 57 members and 44 guests.

Mr President, Brother Caledonians, I am afraid I say 'Brother Caledonians' for tonight only, and very definitely for the last time, whatever you may think of my remarks! Alas, tonight's the night I turn in my badge and I may say it seems a very long time indeed, much longer than the seven years that in fact it is now, since I was with you regularly and enjoyed many, many memorable Sentiments. Tonight, however, my Sentiment is 'Scotland 1975' and I have sub-titled it 'Come home, all is forgiven' for I'm really on a recruiting drive for the good life back home.

I don't know how long it is since many of you lived and worked in Scotland, but no doubt, in most cases it has been a considerable time. In my case, I lived in the South for sixteen years before returning to Scotland and it is surprising that, although one regularly visits Scotland, and how readily one acknowledges changes in the area in which one lives, how difficult it is to concede that the same changes or even greater changes may be taking place in the North.

As a result of this, we Scots in exile tend to perpetuate myths about Scotland which no doubt were true when we last lived and worked there. Instead, we should be promoting and publicising the more positive aspects of the country which is now leading us towards the twenty-first century with more hope than at any time since we were in the van of British industrial development as we went into the twentieth century.

There are many misconceptions about life in Scotland, particularly in the minds of people here in the South. The old story is told of the fellow who came up to Glasgow for the first time and, as he flew into Abbotsinch Airport, all he knew of the Scots was that you couldn't tell them from their accent and therefore you should talk to anyone who was prepared to talk to you. He tried this out on the taxi-driver by asking him if he was married, to which the taxi-driver said 'Aye, I am.' He said 'And have you any children?' 'Yes' said the driver, 'three sons'. 'What do they do?' 'Oh' said the driver 'the first boy's in the bank'. 'Oh', said the Englishman 'a teller or something?' 'No' he said 'as a matter of fact he is Governor of the Bank of England'. This rocked the visitor who then said 'What about your second boy?' 'Oh', he replied 'He's politics'. 'Oh' he said, 'a local politician?' 'No, no' he said 'he's in the Cabinet, he's the Minister of Defence'. This surprised the Englishman even more so he then said cautiously 'What about your third boy?' 'Oh' said the taxi-driver 'he's in the Royal College of Surgeons in Edinburgh'. 'Oh said the Englishman, by this time learning by his mistakes, 'I suppose he is in the President's chair'. 'Oh no' he said 'he's in a glass bottle, he's got two heids'.

Gentlemen, we do trend to perpetuate the myths. Aberdeen isn't always deserted on flag days, the pavements in Glasgow are not always wet; it doesn't always rain all day in the West of Scotland; the cities on pay nights are not always littered with drunks, although it has to be admitted that drink is a major stimulant to life in Scotland; the louts no longer hold up every corner – perhaps only one in six nowadays; Billy Connolly's humour is more typical than Billy Connolly himself; and, despite television weather forecasting, the weather is not always worse in Scotland than it is here in the South, unless you are unfortunate enough to be living at the top of the Cairngorms (where now, of course, you have skiing and apres-ski).

The facts are that the industrial and economic face of Scotland has changed beyond all measure in recent years. A visitor stopped a Glaswegian in Sauchiehall Street the other day and asked 'Can I find Elmbank Street about here?' to which the reply was 'Aye, if you hurry!' Let's therefore have a look at the facts.

I referred earlier to the turn of the twentieth century and compared it to the approach of the twenty-first. Let me take the liberty of reminding you that, at the turn of the century, Scotland had had almost one hundred years of virtually untrammelled commercial progress and was ready to begin a century of industrial development. The essential raw materials for this development were available in abundance – coal and iron ore; and just as the raw materials were available, so were the trained minds as a result of the unique high standard of the Scottish education system which produced 'a school in every parish'.

So it was then that we were able to take advantage of all the opportunities. We had the three main essentials, the raw materials, the people and the ability. And as coal and iron led to steam and steel, we were able to begin to lead the world in heavy engineering, the building of locomotives, ships, general marine engineering, and other purpose built engineering products. Add to this the growth of a varied textile industry – wool in the Borders, jute in Dundee, lace in Darvel, chemicals in Ayrshire, floor covering in Fife, food and whisky, paper

and shale oil, and other localised industries as well as farming. Not surprisingly, therefore, that by 1914, we Scots felt our country to be in a flourishing state. We were in the forefront of many of the newest and most romantic sectors of industry. We had seen our population quadruple from one million to four million in a century. Glasgow, the Second City of the Empire, was a world centre and Scots were involved, up to the hilt, in every activity created by the expansion of the British Empire. It is sometimes difficult for us now to imagine ourselves back in that confident situation of being leading participants in the transformation of seemingly unending resources into unlimited opportunities in a world of peace and in one operating under the benign and enthusiastic influence of Great Britain.

Because of this blissful unawareness, the economic and social collapse which followed was all the more traumatic. The causes were numerous. In a situation of international recession, Scotland found itself with highly successful heavy engineering industries which had been stretched to the limit during the First World War and had grown far beyond the needs of any commercial market which could be created after the War. At the same time, many overseas countries had set up their own industries to make engineering products which had been Scottish industry's prerogatives and traditional exports. There had also been the slaughter of many of the younger men in families which traditionally ran Scottish industry, with the resulting failure of leadership at a time when leadership was never more important.

Finally, the kind of invention, on which Scottish industry had been built was that of the individual inventor who applied his imagination to the visible, tangible materials around him in order to create a new product for which he saw a market. The process if invention, however, was rapidly becoming technological where the individual was replaced by a team of men qualified to apply their imaginations to the harnessing of a vast new array of entities to create the products to meet the insatiable market needs of the World. At this time, in the depths of depression, in 1934 to be exact, we Scots decided to do something about our future and to broaden the base of our manufacturing industry.

As a result, some few years later, Scottish industrial estates were set up, offering inducements to light engineering companies – the ones we had missed, consumer durables, electronics, office equipment, watches, and similar – to come into Scotland, to employ Scots and to bring in the new technical knowledge and abilities which we had overlooked because of our earlier success in heavy industries.

It is worth bearing in mind just how successful this programme was. It started in Hillington, just before the War, and developed much more rapidly just after the War, with the result that today there are some a hundred and thirty-five industrial estates in Scotland and six new towns, in addition to many local authority developments. There are now well over one hundred individual American companies in Scotland, for instance, apart from companies from many other parts of the World and innumerable companies from England. They have located throughout the central industrial belt and, indeed, have spread throughout the rest of the country, and nowadays particularly in the North.

As an indication of the success of these industries, American firms alone are employing seventy-five thousand people in Scotland with an output well in excess of four hundred million pounds. The whole pattern on which so much of Scotland's traditional strength had relied – whisky, shipbuilding and marine engineering, and knitwear, as the three most important industries – has been replaced, in the same order, by chemicals and pharmaceuticals, by automotive engineering and by office equipment; and the economy of the

country and its future prospects has led the Hudson Institute in New York to say, only last year, that by the 1980s Scotland would be ahead not only of the rest of the United Kingdom but of almost every other country in the European Economic Community.

The industrial estates now have some twenty-three million square feet of factories throughout the length and breadth of Scotland, and the new towns alone have provided some sixty-four thousand new jobs since their inception in 1947 and are expanding at an unprecedented rate, even in these woefully gloomy economic times. East Kilbride, the first new town in Scotland, is now by far the most successful in Britain and indeed is returning a regular profit to the taxpayer which this year will amount to one and a half million pounds. So successful have we been in East Kilbride that the Government has given us the task of building another new town at Stonehouse which already looks like vying with East Kilbride, so far as success goes. East Kilbride, in last year's difficult circumstances, attracted no less than fifty-four new companies throughout the year, and twenty-nine companies within the town went in for major expansions. The net increase in employment was almost two and a half thousand. East Kilbride has built more than six million square feet of factory space and houses or has re-housed, in attractive garden suburb conditions, over seventy-two thousand people, which makes it the sixth largest town in Scotland, including the cities; and all this in just twenty-five years from a village of two thousand four hundred people.

Stonehouse, although only in the planning stages, has already received forty-eight serious enquiries from expanding industries who want to employ some eight thousand people, mainly men, from the surrounding contracting steel manufacturing areas such as Motherwell and Bellshill..

Cumbernauld, which has won more awards than any other new town or probably any other community in Britain (whatever you may think of it) attracted five hundred new jobs last year, making a total of eleven and a half thousand jobs for a population of just over forty thousand, and a further two thousand jobs are confidently anticipated for the coming year.

Emigration, which has plagued Scotland since the Clearances, was reversed this year for the first time since 1861. Unemployment, which normally runs at more than twice the level in the rest of the country has, this year, risen far less dramatically than elsewhere. Indeed, in my own town, male unemployment is 2.8 per cent compared with 3.7 per cent for the United Kingdom overall.

All this, and I haven't yet mentioned the wealth of oil beneath the North Sea and around the coastline.

What we are now benefitting from, by and large, is the success of a policy, initiated forty years ago, which has brought Scotland the kind of industries required to stabilise our employment and prepare a sound base for future expansion. Add to all of this the exciting new dimension created by our widely publicised oil reserves and you can readily see why there is a great new spirit abroad in Scotland. It's not so much the amount of oil under the North Sea that matters in the longer term, although I for one have no doubt that it will carry us through and make us self-sufficient, in United Kingdom terms, until other sources of power are developed - and this indeed is what we should now be concentrating on. What matters, in fact, has been that as a result of these discoveries, people, and in particular investors and industrialists, have now been encouraged, for the first time in decades, to consider all of Scotland as a growth point, instead of just some parts of it. The old images of

cloth caps and dole queues have been replaced by the new faces of sophisticated engineering production and expansion. Obviously, Scottish industry has had its recent setbacks and undoubtedly will have many more. Never-the-less, unless there is a catastrophic international depression, Scotland is capable of withstanding economic setbacks which, until recently, would not have been thought possible and, even in a desperate international depression, is better placed, by the breadth of her industry and the new sprit afoot in the land, to cope with problems which might arise.

Add to all of this the new proposals for a Scottish Development Company which, for the first time, offers Scotland the prospect of a single, all-embracing authority to facilitate a new national product. That is people with ability, space for development, the essential raw materials – not forgetting the good life. You can understand, perhaps, why confidence is on the increase and depression on the decline.

Gentlemen, come home. Scotland can now support your skills and your experience and offer, in return, a way of life and an ease of living which many of you may have forgotten.

Eoin Mekie welcomed the guests saying:

I was sitting in the office some three weeks ago, having one of those days when nothing seems to go right. I had just had four wrong number calls when the phone rang again. 'George' said the voice, I thought aye, aye someone else has got the wrong number, 'Thursday 20th?' the voice continued with a questioning tone. Panic seized me, perhaps he hadn't got the wrong number, reaching for my diary my mind raced – what had I forgotten? Alternatively, what had I done that I shouldn't have done? No, I had attended those two meetings, it couldn't be them. 'Scotland in 1975' - what's this got to do with me, yes, I'd love to be there, was this a free trip? 'The Sentiment is being given by George Young. Mr Richard Dring, the Editor of Hansard, will be replying to your proposal of the guests' health. I'll send you details, bye'.

On hearing the names George Young and Richard Dring I started to look forward to what promised to be an enjoyable evening. Now, what else did he say? Your toast to the guests! MY toast, my mind raced into top gear again. Had he perchance, after all, got a wrong number, did he mean to phone me, or did he mean to phone the other insurance broker? Perhaps he did. No, surely he couldn't have meant to phone Brother Caledonian Gordon Henry, or did he?

That, Mr Vice President, Brother Caledonians and welcome guests is how I happen to be standing here this evening, with the very pleasant and honourable task of proposing the health of our most welcome guests. And when I say most welcome guests, I mean just that, for you are all indeed most welcome.

The English have an international reputation for being very slow and diffident about talking to those to whom they have not been introduced, but we Scots, I am proud to say, have always been quick to extend the hand of friendship and hospitality to all persons from all over the world, even the English. It always puzzles me somewhat as to why the official welcome to guests should always be perilously close to the end of proceedings, for indeed as you can see, after Mr Dring has replied on behalf of the guests, it will not be long before our President will be wishing us goodnight and a safe journey home. Surely it should be the other way round. Should be not extend our welcome to the guests before we have our dinner, and then

perhaps any diffident Englishmen present wold feel free to converse with their neighbours! I know that the welcome appears late but nevertheless is most sincere and I trust that you have enjoyed the evening so far and will continue to do so for the remainder of the proceedings.

As our President has said, we have tonight heard a most excellent Sentiment, delivered in his characteristic and inimitable style by Mr George Young. Thank you, sir, for giving us such pleasure. As you have heard, if you had not already known, he is the General Manager of the East Kilbride Development Corporation. The East Kilbride Development Corporation are indeed fortunate to have as their General Manager, in Mr George Young, a person with such drive and enthusiasm and ability. Their gain is our loss. Mr George Young was the London Manager of the Scottish Council of Development and Industry before taking up his appointment at East Kilbride. During his years as a member of this Society he supported our two charities the Royal Caledonian Schools and the Royal Scottish Corporation and is to this day a director of the Royal Caledonian Schools. He is dedicated to putting Scotland on the map. Well, Mr Young I was brought up in the belief that Scotland was the map and the rest of the world was added afterwards. Sir, you are obviously succeeding, for I am reliably informed that Scotland is known throughout the world, or would it perhaps be more correct to say Scotch is known through the world, and I don't mean mist.

A joke concerning an Irish carpenter then followed after which Eoin Mekie continued:

We have this evening many guests and it is my regret that I cannot mention you all by name, and so would like to mention just one or two. We have, as the guest of Past President Macdonald, Mr DH Thornton who is chairman of Messrs Ashby and Horner who have recently completed the reconstruction work at the Royal Scottish Corporation, which I have mentioned is one of our charities, and a very fine job they made of it - at a very fine price. Welcome, sir.

We have also, as the guest of Past President Munro, the Reverend H Burns Jameson. The Reverend Burns Jameson has been minister of Trinity Church, Wimbledon for the past fifteen years and, in the course of his ministry, had the distinction of being the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of England. He is Honorary Chaplain of the Royal Scottish Corporation and of the St Andrew's Society of London. I am sure that many of us remember the excellent Sentiment, Ministerial Misadventures, which he gave in March 1962. He is retiring from the active ministry at the end of March and he and Mrs Jameson are retiring to Peebles. To you, sir, and Mrs Jameson we wish a long and happy retirement.

Our President has as his guest Mr Alan Simpson who is a native of Ballater and on 1st January this year was appointed Secretary of the Royal Caledonian Schools. To you, sir, welcome and may we wish you every success in your role at the Schools where you have our full support. Gentlemen, Mr Simpson is a golfer; an outstandingly successful gofer. He tells me he has no handicap, I have plenty – hooks, slices, a putter twitch ------.

Our principal guest tonight is Mr RP Dring. Mr Dring has the unique distinction of being the editor of 'Hansard'. Not for him the rat race of finding stories each day for he records history as it is made. There has been an official verbatim record of parliament since 1909. The name 'Hansard' has been associated with parliamentary reporting since 1812 when Mr TC Hansard took over 'Cobbit's Parliamentary Debates'. The business was sold in 1889 but the popular title 'Hansard' was not replaced on the cover of the official report of parliamentary debates until 1943. Having listened to many politicians in the past, and will in

the forthcoming months hear many more debates on Scottish affairs, I am sure that he would wish that many of them had the knowledge and presentation of Mr George Young. Mr Young is renowned for his fund of stories and if, Mr Dring, Mr Young were a member of parliament, you would have to exercise your powers as editor more than you do now. For, contrary to the belief of many that' Hansard' reports every word spoken, I have to inform you gentlemen that this is not so. Mr Dring is a keen supporter of censorship – he deletes expletives!

Mr Dring, apart from being editor of 'Hansard', is a keep fit fiend; he is Captain Elect of Richmond Golf Club. For to play at Richmond Golf Club you have to be fit if you play with me. Apart from hitting the ball, you have to be part explorer of dense undergrowth, part lumberjack, part seal to navigate the treacherous waterways; all these attributes are necessary for the many hazards that abound your course, for I have found them all. I should warn you, sir, several of us wish to discuss with you, after dinner, a reduction of about six strokes at least in our President's outrageously generous handicap. To you, sir, we bid welcome and I have great pleasure in asking you Mr President, Mr Vice President and Brother Caledonians to be upstanding and to drink the toast of our welcome guests coupled with the name of Mr Dring.

The guests' repost was delivered by Mr RP Dring, editor of 'Hansard'. New members AW Moon and Colin Paterson were scheduled for introduction to the President.

Daniel McCoshan, ably accompanied by Fraser McLuskey, sang 'A' the Airts', 'Come ye tae me', 'Mary Morison', 'My Love is like a Red, Red Rose', 'Ae Fond Kiss' and 'Bonnie Wee Thing'. Pipe Major W Cochrane took over from Pipe Sergeant Robert Murphy and played the set 'Waters of Kylesque', '79th's Farewell to Gibraltar', 'Caledonian Canal' and 'Kalabakan'.

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A modest 43 members and 32 guests were present in March to hear the Reverend Stanley Pritchard deliver his Sentiment on 'The Changing Face of Charity'. Mr Stanley was a Church of Scotland minister and also a broadcaster and producer of films who had a long involvement with charitable work having been coordinator of the BBC Week's Good Cause Appeal and chairman of Action for Disaster. He used the parable of the Good Samaritan to illustrate the philosophy of charity, described the main changes in the sector since the emergence of the modern welfare state and finished by making some personal suggestions on how central government might do more to help. In doing so, he said:

Mr President, Caledonians and other guests, there's always a catch in being invited to a very pleasant meal. There is the principle, live now – pay later, but later seems to arrive early on this occasion. I'm not very good at timing. I was told that I was to speak for twenty minutes; usually I'm timed not with a stop watch but with a calendar. If I get a bit out of hand, then you have your own methods of dealing with it. I'm told we have plenty of time. Tomorrow is as good as today; surely a reasonable Scottish sentiment. I once asked a Highland gentleman what the Gaelic was for manyana and he said, 'Well, in the Gaelic, we have no word denoting such urgency' (Laughter). *If I go on a little too long --- I was once at a dinner when someone did go on very much too long and I said to my neighbour 'What did you make of that?' and he replied 'Well, it will make for a short winter'* (Laughter). *If I go on, I can only hope that you will deal with me as Mr Bennet, in Pride and Prejudice, dealt with one of his*

daughters who insisted on playing the piano. He said to her 'My dear, you have delighted us, perhaps too long'. If I delight you too long, just let me know.

I'm here to speak about the changing face of charity. Let me begin with some history. I don't know very much about your Society, but I've learnt three things about it. First, that it began in 1837. That's something that George told me tonight, and it began, it is said, 'in a veil of mystery'. I'm not quite sure where that phrase means. I learned also that at an early stage one of the Committee was sacked, dismissed because he did not appear in Highland dress; and the third thing that I learnt was that on one momentous occasion, a distinguished guest made the toast with one foot on the chair and one foot on the table. That must have been quite an event! That's the kind of historical background to your Society that I've learned. History, I don't know very much about. All I know about history is that when the Angles settled in this country, the acute Angles went to the south and the obtuse Angles went to the north (Laughter). *A little while later, it was said that the Englishmen had the money and the Scots had the experience and a little later again, it was said that now the Scots had the money and the English had the experience* (Laughter).

Well now, we come to the changing face of charity. Let's go back a bit in time, and I'm quite serious, now, about this. The story is one you're all familiar with but let me tell you again. The story is about four men involved in an incident on a lonely mountain road. And afterwards, everyone has their own version of the incident and the versions differed. The first man was a minister of religion and he was on his way to attend a very important church council. He was so obsessed, thinking about his speech and what he was going do at the council, because he was the chairman that he almost stumbled over a dead body in the way. He looked at the dead body and he realised that if he got involved in this, if he halted on the way, it might hinder him from getting to the council on time and so and so would take his place, and you know what kind of a mess he would make of it. So, on he went. He didn't even bother to look to see if the man was really dead; afterwards it worried him a bit. The second man was a lawyer. He had just come from handling a very complicated deal and he, likewise, told this story, about a week later he remembered it at a dinner party. It was a hot night and they were eating in the open air. He took his napkin and brushed away the flies, the insects that were huddling round the food, and said 'That reminds me of something I saw last week when I was coming back from that deal about the orchard. I came across a man who had been attacked by some thugs on the road, on that sad stretch of the road you know. I had a look at him; there wasn't very much I could do and, in any case it might have been a trap – the people who attacked him might still be hiding there in the rocks so I got on my way as fast as I could. It doesn't do my reputation any good to get into a murder mystery at this kind of stage in my career'. The third man was a foreigner. He was a commercial traveller. He wasn't liked very much by the people of the country but he had the kind of goods that they needed so they worked with him and they bought his goods. He came on the spot. He had forgotten all about it, in fact. Forgot all about the incident. About two weeks later when he got back from a fairly long journey, he was making up his accounts and his wife was talking to him and said 'Look, you're five pounds short'. He said 'Five pounds, that's quite a lot of money, I can't think how I spent five pounds. Ah, I remember, I know now – yes it was that case on the roadway. There was a man there who had been knocked about by some thieves on the road and they roughed him up pretty badly. I was jolly glad you make me carry that first aid kit because I was able to clean him up a bit. And once I'd done that I took him along to the first house that I came to and asked the couple there to look after him. They said they would. Obviously, all his money had gone; so I left some money and said do what you can for him, and they did. And that's why I'm five pounds less.' And his wife said 'Well, that's

alright, don't you worry – I can manage without that coat for a little bit longer, you did the right thing. I hope he gets on his way alright.' And meanwhile, up in the city, the fourth man in the story was lying in bed. His wife was talking to him and he was saying 'You know, I don't know who he was, who saved my life but he came along just at the right moment and what a difference it made. I can only barely remember when he was cleaning me up, seeing his face. He was a stranger, a foreigner, I remember. It was a lucky chance that he came my way'. And his wife said 'No, it wasn't a lucky chance, it was God'.

Well, there you are, that was the story – four men and an incident on a mountain road. And later, Jesus of Nazareth remembered this story, or heard about it, and told it to other people. And it became the shining example of what one can do for other people. Four men; three men had the opportunity to help the fourth and only one did. And I wonder just how often we miss our opportunity. The strange thing is that we call that story 'The Story of the Good Samaritan'. And we match the word 'good' with the word 'Samaritan' as if that was synonymous. But in fact, when that story was told, it was meant to be a jolt; to jolt people into thinking of the contrast between the word 'good' and the word 'Samaritan'; it was the unexpected thing. He was the fellow from whom you whom you wouldn't expect any kind of help or concern or aid. The other side of that story was the lawyer and the priest, the people from whom you could expect concern.

And then there's the other side of those stories. There is another fascinating thing in this account; it was told in response to a lawyer who tried to put Jesus on the spot. He asked a silly question. He said 'What should I be doing if I want to live a full and satisfactory life?' But it was a silly question because, as a lawyer, he knew what he ought to be doing. The Law was quite clear, absolutely clear, as to what he ought to be doing. And Jesus said 'What does the Law say?' And the man said 'Well, the Law says love God will all your heart and mind and also your neighbour and your servants'. And Jesus said, 'Alright then, there you are, you've got your answer, you have answered yourself, so what's the next question?' And then the fascinating thing is – and I think there must have been laughter in the crowd, I think they were jolly glad to see this man being put in his place – that we read in the gospel record that 'He willing to justify himself said' – what a lovely phrase, 'willing to justify himself', what we all want to do all the time, we all want to justify ourselves when we are in a similar situation – and he said 'Well alright then, that's all very well but who is my neighbour?' That's the question he can't answer, you see; Jesus couldn't give a clever answer to that. He couldn't say 'It says in the Law' because the Law said nothing about who's my neighbour. But, Jesus told the story to answer it in another way and said 'Alright, you draw your own conclusions, who's your neighbour?' And the man again had to say 'Well, the one who showed practical concern'. And that's the answer, it's the only answer. When need is concerned, where need is, that is where your priorities lie – that's the whole business of charity.

That's the very beginning of charity, that's the very beginning of concern. And it's fascinating that in the earliest days, charity was the Church's concern. The early hospitals were the business of the Church because the Church was concerned with people. And yet, not very long ago, I was involved with a group of young people. We were sitting round discussing a situation – I was only an observer. There were twelve of them and they were talking of a very practical situation and about how they should help some other young people who were in various forms of trouble, one of them in prison and one girl who had become pregnant. They talked about all kinds of things that they might do. So the young girl who was pregnant, she could go to so and so or turn to so and so. Not a single one of those twelve people ever mentioned the Church, not a single one of them thought that she was the concern of the

Church. Now this is the modern parallel of the parable of the 'Good Samaritan'. Today it seems to me that so much of the concern and the help which people need comes from the outsiders, and the unexpected Samaritan. When you look at the word 'good', you don't expect it from him. And so little of the concern, so little of the help comes from the people from whom we most expect it.

Well, I am here to speak about this business of charity. I have been concerned for thirty years in charity in the BBC. I want to give you an historical note about this. Charity in the BBC goes back as far a broadcasting itself because, very early on Lord Reith, at that stage just Mr Reith, was particularly concerned with, as he said, the parable of the 'Good Samaritan' and he thought that there should be some way in which we could use this new medium of radio broadcasting to help people. And so on the seventeenth of February 1923 the very first broadcast appeal was made. It was made by Ian Hay and it was for a thing called the 'Winter Distress Fund'. But there was no regular pattern. There was no regular weekly appeal until 1926 when the British Broadcasting Corporation came into being and then Sir John Reith formed an organisation, a chairman and six members, who had some kind of charitable knowledge or concerns. And he formed them into an appeals advisory committee so that the whole field of charitable activity might be equitably covered, instead of depending on the initiators and organisers of individual charities. And appeals were restricted to the relief of distress, the preservation of life and health and the amelioration of social condition. These were the three criteria and it is an interesting thing that these criteria existed right up until 1961. These were the three things that we always considered in any application from a charitable organisation for an appeal. We have to remember that at this stage there was no National Health Service. Charities very largely depended on those who had money to give, the thing which our present government, and our present political climate believe is an unfortunate and unwise thing. Then, there were people who had money to give and who used their bounty wisely and well. The problems were not to reject the undeserving but to choose gently among the ever increasing numbers of the deserving. Now, in 1939 the War came and there was a suspension of appeals, but only for two months. And all through the War years, the weekly Week's Good Cause went on, and in those days it had to be done live. And even a busy man like Winston Churchill had to come to the studio on a Sunday night in order to make one of these broadcasts. Thus we had this idea in our minds that the person making the appeal had, himself or herself, to go to some effort, to some trouble, in order to speak for a particular cause. And so the appeals were live right up until 1949.

I got into appeals in 1948 and I've been involved with them ever since. And in those early days -1948, 1949, 1950 before Beveridge – one could be quite sure of a good result for two particular kinds of causes – animals and sailors, (Laughter) *I've never understood why! Then came Beveridge and the Welfare State, and an entirely new situation arose. I remember that in 1950, out of fifty-two appeals in that year, twenty-six were for cottage hospitals up and down the country. Well, when Beveridge came, the cottage hospitals ceased to become objects of charitable consideration. So you had this entirely new charity situation to consider. And we had to look in a quite new way at the charities. The charities had to fulfil certain new obligations. And from my point of view, there were three criteria. The charities ought to do three things. They ought to fill in the gaps, they ought to be the pioneers and they ought to be the conscience of the State. In an ideal welfare state there was aid for everyone. But governmental aid, responsible aid when you are using public money, has got to be on a straight line; if your need falls along that line, alright, you're passed but if you're above or below the line, then you are a special case and it is extremely difficult to use public money to meet your need. And so the charities continued to exist to meet the cases which were above or*

below the norm. They filled in the gap. The second thing that they did – which was quite new, quite unique – was to be the pioneers. They had to be a step ahead of government thinking and government planning, Health Service thinking and Health Service planning. They had to produce new ideas, they had to provide opportunities for reaching out where there wasn't money available at a particular stage. And the third thing was that they had to be the conscience of the State; they had to push the State into doing things that the State was often very reluctant to do. And I'll give you examples of these in a minute.

There were other things that happened just at this time. For the first time a charity - a particular charity, the Spastic Society, came into being and the Spastic Society, as one writer said, sold need like Cornflakes. That was something quite unusual. There had never been a commercial kind of approach to giving to charity. There had never been a public relations background and, for the first time, public relations entered into a charitable sphere. Three groups started this. The Spastic Society, the Church of England, strangely enough (which was in desperate straits and which suddenly engaged a very well-known American firm to put its finances in order) and the Salvation Army, of all people. The Salvation Army spent something like a hundred thousand pounds with vast posters up and down the country, huge posters which said 'For God's sake, give'. Now these three things, happening all at the one time, suddenly changed the face of charity. And we came to realise that charity had become a business. Now it is very easy to attack charity as a business and to say that it would be better to go on in the old fashioned way, where everyone was involved and you did your bit for charity and nobody was paid. Well a lot of charities stayed that way. I know charities which exist on a knife edge of poverty through their own mismanagement of the money that comes to them. And I think that charities are indeed a business. They have to be as well managed as any of your businesses, if they're going to do their work thoroughly and effectively. And there is a place, perhaps, for the public relations firm coming in, but certainly for the accountants coming in, and there is a place for the management efficiency experts coming in. We have to look at the whole range of needs with a new kind of mind, and a new understanding that money is desperately difficult to come by and it has to be used to the best possible advantage.

There were other new things that happened at this time. The first thing was that people were living longer. I think that the 1950s were the years when there were great breakthroughs in many of the diseases that had meant death at an early age for children, and at a reasonably early age for the old. Now-a-days, to reach sixty-five is just the beginning of life; we used to say that in the forties. I found that when I got to sixty, I'm sixty-five now, when I got to sixty, an entirely new kind of world opened up to me and the opportunities were quite endless. And there are many, many people who at sixty or sixty-five or seventy are still able to operate at the height of their abilities. There used to be a funny thing in the Church of Scotland, whereby if you had a church and your minister went away from you and you had to call a new minister, they used to put a great penalty on you by saying your congregations is not likely to be going for much longer, it's in a bad way - you may call a minister over fifty-five. I never regarded this as a great hardship. I don't believe any minister comes into his prime, his real ability, until he's fifty-five! His concern, his understanding of people, is only beginning to come to reality when he's that age. And this is true of many people; its true in the whole business world, as you must know, that people reach maturity much later.

Alright, people are living longer; children who might have died of many strange diseases that happen to them are surviving. And there is a need for all the new kinds of charities that reflect the concerns of individuals for individual kinds of cases – muscular dystrophy, multiple sclerosis, spinal bifida, cystic fibrosis – all these charities were completely unknown,

the names were completely unknown, ten or fifteen years ago. But now they are seen as any other need, and people are pouring money into these charities to provide the research which will make a future for these children. But there are also new hazards of living, of course. The pace of our modern society, the accidents of our modern society, make many more casualties than they made fifteen, twenty years ago. And so we have very, very many people who are in need of care and concern.

Let me look at just one charity, and I'm going to take the charity that I know best. I said that I am particularly concerned with Action for Disaster. Action for Disaster is a Scottish charity that hopes to become a national charity very soon. It began as the result of two big tragedies in Scotland, the Ibrox football disaster and the Clarkston housing community centre disaster where a great many people were killed on both occasions. And as a result of that, public money was raised to meet the needs of the bereaved and the maimed. But there was a feeling, about in Glasgow, that there was a need for much more than this; there was a need for a new look at the whole business of coping with accidents and disasters when they happened. People didn't do this in the past because you never knew when an accident was going to strike. Who expected a Moorgate, who expected a Flixborough? But nevertheless, there is a need for the bringing together of those most likely to be involved in any disaster situation; to study the conditions in one disaster and pass them on to another area. And that's what Action for Disaster tries to do, by conferences and by the dissemination of information about what happened in one area. It has become a new and very progressive view of the future; the saving of human life in disaster situations. We had our first conference which brought together the police, ambulance, fire and voluntary services at the end of 1973 and the papers from that conference were published under the title 'A guide to Disaster Management'. It's fascinating that now, in England, every borough has appointed a Disaster Planning Officer and every Disaster Planning Officer has written to ask for a copy of this book. After the Moorgate disaster we had a request, from those who had been involved in that disaster, for at least nine copies of the book.

So that's only one way but it goes well beyond that. To produce information is one thing but to be pioneers is another. Just being pioneers, going ahead. How did Action for Disaster become pioneers? We have at the moment two particular crisis in hand. The first is to produce the very first human skin bank in Scotland. In the case of severe burning injuries, human skin is obviously much better than the pig's skin that was the normal method of treatment. Human skin has had its fallibilities, previously it couldn't be preserved. But after experiments at East Grinstead it was found that it was possible to retain human skin indefinitely. So the first human skin bank in Scotland was produced by this organisation. The second thing is that the biggest death rate from disasters in Scotland related to hypothermia, to conditions of extreme cold. And so the second project of this organisation is to produce research grants at Aberdeen University, and in a high altitude laboratory in the Cairngorms, to study conditions of extreme cold.

The third thing that I said a charity should do is to be the conscience of the State. The conscience of the State in Scotland had been mighty slow in providing intensive care units in hospitals. The only one provided, in the Southern General Hospital in Glasgow, had been a very small one and another two were urgently required. By pressurising, through this organisation, two further ones were proposed and are now in being.

Let me go ahead quickly because I'm keeping you far too long. Three or four points about the future, and I think these are very valid things for all of you who are concerned with charity in

any form. We have seen at the moment a minister being appointed for the welfare of the disabled. Alf Morris is doing a quite remarkable job with organisations like the Deaf and like the Central Council for the Disabled. For the first time we have an approach right through to government level. I think that there is a need for pressure to produce a minister for the voluntary organisations. I think there is a very great danger that this obsessive government is likely, at some stage or other, to see in the voluntary organisations something that they could easily take over. The voluntary organisations have lots of roles; there is a great need for those. Alright, let's nationalise it. But when a role is nationalised, when it is taken over, when the Government takes control over what had been done in a voluntary way for children or for the elderly, the cost goes up by three times - what it costs to keep a child or an old person in any one of these homes.

The second thing that is needed for the future is a look at relief measures. Every charity is in a dire position now because of two things; the first is this drastic situation about the reduction in large grants, large donations being made. There are many people who give more than fifty thousand to a charity, or there were. Then there is the charity stamp. The charity stamp was a jolly good idea but it wasn't adequately handled in this country. It wasn't publicised. You go to Canada. Every single post office in Canada has one small special counter which is a philatelic counter where people who are interested in stamps go and buy them. All the charity stamps are there and of the entire amount that you pay for the charity stamp, the extra cost goes to the charity. It does not do so in this country. It's a penny halfpenny more at the moment but that penny halfpenny has got to be divided to pay for the cost of the additional service and nobody knows yet what any charity is going to get out of the charity stamp.

The third thing is that we have had a quite remarkable method of gaining money for charities; we called it Free Post. And any charity could apply to the Post Office and you got a number and you said on the air or in your newspaper advertising 'Send your donations Free Post'. Now, by Free Ppost it meant that you didn't need a stamp on your letter, you just sent a donation. It encouraged people to send freely. Now the charity had to pay on receipt of these letters. Originally, it had to pay the two pence plus a halfpenny, two pence halfpenny for every letter. Now it is going to have to pay seven pence plus a halfpenny, seven pence halfpenny for every letter – is that Free Post?

I think that sooner or later, if we're not going to kill the whole charitable organisation, the government must look at some method of giving relief to the charities. Giving them relief in the hope of the commitment of money that people send them, and that it comes with a real Free Post.

And two finallies. There is in this country an enormous amount of money tied up in trust funds. There are charities which received donations away back a hundred years ago, and they can't touch that money because it's tied to specific aid for tiny groups of people who no longer exist. I know, for instance, of a sum of one hundred thousand pounds in Kent which is tied to a tiny village in the county to provide aid for people with a specific level of income – they don't exist in that village any longer. But the hundred thousand pounds, and all its revenue, is tied to them. Sums of money are tied up by the Charities Act of 1942. There is charitable money in this country which can't be touched.

And the last thing is we need to stop trying to even out our society. We need to stop trying to take away the generosity that it is in hearts of people. Our legacies and our grants are the

responsibilities of those who have wide and deep sympathies, and they are the people who no longer can afford to give and support our charities.

I hope that these thoughts may help you to see something of the future of charity. I've spoken far too long. I remember one time long ago being at a Burn's supper and there was one of these things on the table (pointing to the gavel). *And the speaker went on just as long as I have and bored everyone to tears, and it began to annoy me. And the chairman had this little gavel and he banged as George has banged on this and it slipped out of his hand and hit a man just where you are and as he put it back on the table he said 'Hit me again Jimmy, I can hear him yet!'* (Laughter). *All I want to say, in the immortal words that went with them, 'Thanks for your company'* (Laughter).

The task of proposing the toast to the guests fell to AB Murray who discharged his duty in the as following words:

Mr President, Mr Vice President, Brothers Caledonian and welcome guests, may I first of all, on behalf of all the hosts, express, to all our guests, our great pleasure in having them with us tonight. You are one and all most welcome and I trust that, at least up to this point, you have enjoyed being with us.

When our worthy President extends the much sought after invitation, to a carefully selected Brother Caledonian to propose the health of the gusts, he does so, as befits his chain of office, in an authoritative and simple manner. The demand, as I recall, was 'Would you do the guests'. So be it.

I therefore trust that all the guests have been done to their entire satisfaction, whether it be under, medium or well. If it is high, that takes longer. Our sincere hope is that you enjoyed our hospitality without being embarrassed by it. I may say that I used the word 'embarrassed' advisedly so that I might follow now by saying that, in talking of being embarrassed, I am reminded of the story about a young lady.

This particular young lady was suffering from hay-fever and so she took two handkerchiefs with her to a dinner to which she had been invited. One of the handkerchiefs she tucked in her bosom. Wishing a fresh handkerchief during the dinner, she began rummaging in her bosom, first to the left and then to the right. Engrossed by her search, she suddenly realised that conversation around had died and, on looking up, she observed that her companions of the evening were watching her, fascinated. In great confusion, she murmured 'I am sure I had two when I arrived'.

The plight of the proposer of a toast to the guests is not dissimilar to that of the mosquito who came upon a nudist camp. Where does one begin? This list of guests is supplied but, as a rule, you are right out of witticisms that even with the wildest stretch of imagination could be considered appropriate to those attending.

For example, if there was a member of parliament present, it would be a grand opportunity to dwell on the fact that while their inadequacies were indeed quite apparent at times, it would never have occurred to us, until quite recently, that these stemmed in any measure from sex-starvation. If the MP had been from the opposition benches, surprise could have been registered that Mrs Thatcher, when shuffling her shadow cabinet recently, overlooked the name of that well known solicitor Colonel Brookes for the post of Chief Whip.

Assuming we had a practising solicitor in fact among the guests, I am sure you would all join me in wishing that he eventually attains the degree of competence he is seeking in his profession. I know, however, I am on safe ground in welcoming the bankers with us tonight. It is the only way you will get them out. As – I almost said – a practising banker myself, you would expect banking to be a subject dear to me. I am frequently told it is even dearer to customers.

So far, I have dealt in generalities. If have a strength, it is dealing with generalities. In fact, one of my colleagues has been known to comment of the drive, coupled with dynamic inertia, which I bring to the trivial. But then, if one avoids the specific, one reduces the possibility of being caught in that great hazard of being very reliability misinformed. In respect of two of our guests, I am prepared to run this risk.

The Reverend Stanley Pritchard I greet as a fellow former pupil of Ballahouston Academy.

> *'Oh' Bellahouston founders who in an earlier age*
> *Set up these walls and turrets to be our heritage*

I greet him also as a member of the Parish Church of Ballahouston during the spell as assistant minister there. Should it be that there are some present whose education has been neglected to the extent that they are unaware of the exact location of Ballahouston Church, let me say that strong competition is offered to it some few hundred yards away where another form of worship is practised, and at times with religious overtones. I refer to Ibrox Park, the home of Glasgow Rangers.

Since his Bellahouston days, Mr Pritchard in his many activities over the years, has not spared himself in his deep care for those who are less fortunate. An informed journalist takes the view that he has been responsible for raising some forty million pounds for charity. To his Bellahouston heritage, he has brought considerable distinction. For me, it is a great pleasure to see and hear him again.

In a lighter vein, I discovered, in my investigations that while Mr Pritchard claims to have been minister of the Stevenson Memorial church in Glasgow, since 1968, the charge has been shown, in the Glasgow Directory, as vacant throughout the 1970s. May I suggest that with his credentials, it seems a long probation period?

Mr Pritchard, thank you for joining us tonight and for the quality of your Sentiment which has indeed given us food for thought.

The response to the toast to the Guests is in the hands of Lord Salmon, a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary. For me, he falls into the category of a guest about whom I know nothing but about whom I must speak. I took my problem to the President. 'Don't worry', he said 'there is something in the post to you'. Next morning, I became aware of the astuteness of our President as the neatly typed extract enclosed evidence of his awareness of the fact that a major Scottish bank was going through hard times to the extent that they could not afford a print of the 126th annual edition of the standard, up to date source book of information on persons of distinction in all fields, in all parts of the world.

However, my information on Lord Salmon was then doubled, duplicated maybe, but never-the-less doubled. Subsequently, I found this to be not quite true as, in the typed extract, Lord

Salmon had not been credited with a father. I read no significance into this. From the facts I had, I set about to find a link between Lord Salmon and myself, and thus a theme for the introduction. This I quickly established – we were both male and living in the twentieth century. Considering this less than adequate, I looked again and it came to me that my brother, like lord Salmon, was a member of the St James' Club. Here indeed was a link, if somewhat tenuous. However, my brother is the success of our family and thinking about him brings on my inferiority complex rash.

I therefore, eventually, had to admit defeat and so there will be no introduction. This is probably just as well because I feel my performance is now at the stage that a voice at the far end should call 'Speak up, I can't hear you' and another, from this end, would respond 'I can! Let's change places'.

Lord Salmon, thank you for answering our appeal tonight. You are indeed welcome.

Turning again to all our guests, I repeat our pleasure in having you with us tonight. Haste ye back; thank you for your company.

The Right Honourable Lord Salmon PC, a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, responded and thanked the hosts on behalf of the guests in a suitably light hearted speech.

New member Allan G Simpson was introduced to the President and welcomed to the Society.

With Fraser McLuskey at his usual place at the piano, David Young sang 'Bonnie Wee Thing', 'Bonnie Mary o' Argyll', 'My ain Folk', 'Afton Water' and 'Bonnie Lass o' Ballochmyle'. Pipe Major Caution was shown on the menu card as piper but it seems that his place on the night was taken by Pipe Major W Cochrane.

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The Ladies' Festival was enjoyed by 45 members and 95 guests, a total of 140 diners. The President welcomed Brother Caledonian EW Gordon Henry as the author of the Sentiment 'Up my Hump' and, in doing so, explained that the speaker named in the dinner notice - Robert Coulter, Controller of BBC Scotland - had been admitted to hospital. Gordon Henry gave a short and very well received speech in which he mixed humour and national passion. In doing so, he said:

I didn't realise until I arrived here tonight that I came between the coffee and the loo (Laughter) *and it poses on me an obligation for your comfort and a discipline for mine* (Laughter)*; and if you're in trouble just put your hand up* (Laughter).

Mr President, Brother Caledonians and very welcome guests, this is, of course, a con job. You've probably realised that by now. Do you really believe for one moment that the head of the BBC in Scotland would come down here to speak to this lot (Laughter)*? It was a put up job to get you here. And if he had been willing to come down, you think that for one moment that George Deans would have contemplated the awful expense* (Laughter) *– two tickets on the overnight bus from Glasgow* (Laughter) *and a double room at the Church of Scotland Hostel* (Prolonged laughter) *and two free dinners. I tell you, he took damned good care to find out that my wife and I were coming anyway before he asked me* (Laughter). *There was none of this volunteering lark. It was a straight toss-up between the only two Brother*

Caledonians likely to be sober enough at this time in the evening (Laughter) – *and Fraser McLuskey won the toss* (Further prolonged laughter).

I am here at the total expense of the President; up 'til now on two sixths of a gill (Laughter) *of Japanese tartaric of milk and a couple of glasses of Sudanese claret* (Loud laughter). *I sent back the Babycham saying it was corked* (Continuing laughter); t*he only reason George Deans left any was because he couldn't get it in his suitcase.*

Those of you who are not Brother Caledonians, and it's quite obvious that some of you aren't, won't know that at the meetings of this Society, we don't have speeches or addresses, we have Sentiments. What a charming eccentricity it is to use the word in such a sense - and in a Society that is full of bankers and accountants what a bloody miracle that it's used at all (Laughter). *This is, of course, one of the most important nights in our calendar, Ladies' Nigh, and by tradition, the Sentiment on Ladies' Night should be light hearted. And that's why Mr Coulter was invited and why, in the original circular, you were promised a man of humour and wit full of full of happy jests and merry quips. Anybody who has ever seen the BBC Scottish programmes* (More laughter) *has only to believe such an expectation to be flying in the face of logic. You know what the BBC Scotland offering tonight is, what some of us are missing? 'Tomorrow's World', 'Top of the Pops', 'The Liver Birds', 'Are You Being Served', 'Jeremy Thorpe' - and there's no connection between these two items - 'Main Meal', 'A Plague Child of Hope' (about South Africa, not about bands), 'Mid-Week', 'Weatherman', 'Close Down' – now there's a tartan programme. By extreme coincidence, it's identical with the programme in English television except for one significant and meaningful difference. In the programme called 'Are You being Served?', the episode being shown in England is called the 'Think Tank' and the episode being shown in Scotland is – wait for it – 'Up Captain Peacock'* (Laughter). *This poses a very significant question. Are we in Scotland an episode in advance or an episode in arrears? If the former, the Nationalists will exult, if the latter they will be mortally offended. But it does perhaps prompt us to examine, if we are in arrears, what dramatic turn of events, what national drama, pushed 'Up Captain Peacock' from his rightful place and his rightful time on the Scottish screen? I bet you it was a programme about Daleks! And none of the viewers would notice the difference. Hic transit Gloria* (Further laughter).

And talking of Gloria, reminds me again that it is Ladies' Night and of the exhortations repeatedly given to me by George Deans to keep it light. In this year of grace 1975, how can anyone in the Insurance business be light hearted about anything? Have you seen the films that are on in London; 'Towering Inferno', 'Airport 74', 'Earthquake'. The Chairman of Lloyds himself told me that his stomach turns every time he walks past a poster on his way to see 'Schoolgirl Nymphomania' (Loud laughter). *I am, in fact as I said, in the insurance business and I do indeed travel the world. I never actually get any, but my professional chemist there says there's a living to be made from just having been seen around. And I do this in the firm belief that by the law of averages someday, somewhere I shall arrive to be told that I am just in time instead of just too late and somewhere, someday I shall meet someone who really wants to buy insurance and is not planning to burn down his warehouse or immolate his mother in law. And I keep hoping that someday I may meet someone who will say, when I offer a quotation, 'How remarkably cheap' and not 'You must be joking'* (Laughter). *I may have to wait a very long time.*

But in the meantime I shall continue to enjoy the golf and the sunshine and the slang and the drink, even if I am missing the regular meetings of the Caledonian Society, because I do

frequently, in myself, think of my Brothers Caledonian. Sometimes when I am sitting in my seat in the beach bar of the Royal Hawaii Hotel in Honolulu, or looking down in the moonlight in Sydney Harbour from a roof top restaurant; looking out at San Francisco from one of these little cable cars that go half way to the stars, I think 'This is the third Thursday of the month, its Caledonian Society night', and I laugh like a drain (Prolonged laughter). *But let me be away too long, my friends, and it takes only a tiny trigger mechanism to convert the laughter into tears. A shadow on a hill, a mist on a lake, a Scottish song, a Scottish voice and a nostalgia and longing which is programmed into our very genes takes over from reason and the heart thunders of old. Let us thank Scotland, wherever we are in the world, in Maryland or Manchester, in Hong Kong or Highgate Hill. May we boast of what we achieve, may we remember what we left behind. Until the day we die, we are prisoners of the emotion, the sentiment and the luck which is the make-up of our race and from which only the most clinical, most cynical and most unimaginative ever successfully escapes. Which is perhaps why we find our societies and our clubs that from time to time we can escape from the reality of expatriation and take comfort with a few others in a simulated homecoming. Scotland's people have been scattered throughout the world for many generations as they have retreated in the face of political, religious and economic recession. But many of us believe that the future is changing for Scotland and that retreat and escape is no longer going to be the lot of our people. The fluke of a geological discovery has announced to the world economic power, and for the first time, in its whole history, Scotland has become a lucky country. With a new natural asset, with space and the timeless, ageless asset of a beautiful and compelling country side, Scotland has the ability and talent in the crowded, polluted cities of the world of looking again and seeing opportunities and hope in the prospect of coming home. I hope that here in London the kind of stuff that make up the Caledonian Society will continue its kind of Caledonian philosophy to encourage not the patriotism of anarchy, not the patriotism of conceit or false pride but the patriotism of humility and loyalty and sense and that your sons and daughters, exposed to this, may someday find themselves forming a branch of this Society in Scotland where the adventure and the inward luck may someday call them back to the land of their fathers.*

Well, there you are, it hasn't been much of a Sentiment but it finished up just a wee bit sentimental. And I did what I said I would do, I said whatever came up my hump.

In thanking Brother Caledonian Gordon Henry, the President re-called a custom from past years and invited the company to rise and toast the Author of the Sentiment.

The President reflected on the characteristics of the Society in a short speech before proposing the toast to it and Vice President James Moxon welcomed the guests for whom Douglas Bunce replied.

Past President David Fulton proposed the health of the President, the Past Presidents gathered and saluted the President in congratulations and thanks for his year of office and Mrs Robert Leitch, the wife of the immediate Past President presented the President with the Gold Badge of the Society.

In the final speech of the evening, the President prosed the speech to the Honorary Office Bearers.

Fraser McLuskey was at the piano and provided accompaniment for Daniel McCoshan as he sang 'When the Kye comes Hame', 'Jeannie wi' the Light Brown Hair', 'Rowan Tree', 'I'll a

ca in Yon Toun' and 'Bonnie Wee Thing'. Pipe Sergeant Robert Murphy's set was 'Morag of Dunvegan', 'George Deans' (composed that year in honour of the President), 'Lindsay Lassies' and 'Kate Dalrymple'.

Society Business. The Council met six times during the year (September, November (twice), January, March and June). Meetings were held at the Hotel Russell, if preceding dinners, or in the Caledonian Club. In addition to the AGM held at the Caledonian Club in June, one other general meeting was held during the session.

A foolscap size duplicated membership list was produced during the session and circulated to all members.

£125 was donated to each charity from Society funds.

The charge for dinners was raised to £4.25 per person, exclusive of wines, but the annual subscription was held at £7.50. It was decided that the Society should meet charges arising from musician fees and for guest speaker travelling and incidental expenses and their dinners; Presidents should be responsible for the other costs of entertaining such speakers. Due to inflationary pressures, the number of dinners would be reduced to five each year, November to March (Ladies) inclusive. Thus the October dinner would revert to the traditional December date.

Attempts to secure a new Honorary Secretary remained unsuccessful; meanwhile the offer made by T Robertson to act as Assistant Secretary was accepted.

A sub-committee of Council had concluded that production of the Chronicles in the traditional format was no longer affordable and a cheaper alternative was being investigated.

At the AGM, James Moxon and WUB Reid were elected President and Vice President respectively. Past President Douglas Robertson's role in assisting in dinner arrangements was formalised when he was made Honorary Dinner Secretary, a new appointment.

Membership. The membership total was 126, with 86 Ordinary members, at the start of the session and rose slightly to 128 and 88 respectively by its end. No deaths were noted but there were eight resignations. Ten new members joined.

SESSION 1975-1976

Office Bearers

President	James Moxon
Vice President	WUB Reid BSc FCIS
Honorary Secretary	Past President George Deans
Honorary Treasurer	WUB Reid BSc FCIS
Honorary Auditor	Past President RY Kennedy CA
Honorary Historian	R Walker Thomson
Honorary Dinner Secretary	Past President Douglas Robertson

Pipe Sergeant Robert Murphy was de-facto Society Piper.

The President. James (Jimmy) Moxon was a President about whom we now know relatively little. Brought up in Glasgow, his business seems to have been connected with printing or publishing. He moved to London at the start of 1939 and almost immediately became a pre-War member of the London Scottish Regiment with which he later carried out War service. He joined the Society in 1956-1957 and first served on Council in 1967-1968. He applied his business knowledge in reducing the costs of producing the Society's menu cards and was active in the, ultimately unsuccessful, attempts to publish a further volume of the Chronicles. As a Past President, he took over as Honorary Dinner Secretary in 1977-1978 and died, while still in that office, in December 1979.

Social Programme. In accordance with the decision at the previous session's AGM, there were only four Little Dinners (in November, December, January and February) and the Ladies' Festival in March. There were no dinners in October and April. All dinners were held at the Hotel Russell in Russell Square.

Inflation during the nine years covered by this volume had caused the charge per head for the four course dinner excluding wine to increase gradually from £1.50 to £4.50. A total of 583 members and guests attended the five dinners this session. Figures for the first three Little Dinners were about 70 down on the corresponding events of the previous year and this raised concern; the decline was about 130 over the whole season, with the reduced number of dinners.

Sadly, the Honorary Historian died in the January of the session and this clearly affected the recording of speeches. The only tape held is that for November and the speaker's text is also held for that month. There is some evidence that at least the February dinner may also have been taped although no further recordings or texts survive.

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The November Little Dinner was restored to its traditional position as first dinner of the session and retained its traditional theme of the London Scottish evening. Hugh W Henry, Managing Director Scottish and Grampian television companies, delivered the Sentiment 'Television, Advertising and Scotland' to a good company of 60 members and 37 guests, his text reading:

It is obligatory for any speaker to thank his hosts for a good dinner and to say how pleased he is to be invited to speak and it is, therefore, difficult to make one's opening remarks sound even remotely sincere. But I am enjoying your hospitality, and it seemed to me to be flattering that a group of distinguished Scotsmen should apparently be prepared to give some twenty minutes of their time to hear what I have to say.

Flattered certainly, but a shade apprehensive as well, because as you will all be aware, the date is 20th November and it is, therefore, the precise anniversary of the occasion when you dismissed a member, and a committee member at that, for daring to appear without The Dress at a dinner on this day 133 years ago. It was something of a relief, therefore, to find tonight that more conventional clothing was 'de rigeur' and that it would probably not prove necessary for me to apologise for wearing what the history of your Society describes so dismissively as common breeks suspended by gallowses. Actually, I must admit that I am not at all sure what gallowses are but I am pretty certain that I don't wear them anyway.

The other cause of my apprehension was the manner in which you used to perform – and I use the word advisedly – your toasts. The spectacle of a group of Scotsmen some, perhaps, beyond the first flush of youth, and having looked upon the wine when it was red, standing on chairs and tables seemed to me rather more than flesh and blood could stand. It would certainly have rendered unnecessary any further entertainment for the evening.

By now you will be asking yourselves by what right has this fellow to criticise our traditions, and to be so generally provocative. I can promise you without a moment's hesitation that there is worse, far worse, to come.

Let me clear the ethnic aspects out of the way for a start. I am a Lancastrian by birth but my forbearers are Welsh and I have spent almost all my life living in England. So that I may forestall those scandalous and malevolent remarks, which you are about to whisper to your neighbours about the Welsh, let me be completely frank. It is, of course, generally accepted that the Welsh are small, sly and swarthy; they spend a great proportion of their lives under the ground hewing coal; their leisure hours are devoted to rugby football, singing hymns in incredibly ugly chapels and in attempting to gratify their apparently insatiable sexual appetite; they have a highly idiosyncratic view of what is generally regarded as honesty and they have a wicked way with words. Any spare time they might have is devoted to the fermenting of every kind of industrial unrest. In other words, they are as thoroughly misunderstood and misrepresented as the Scots.

In mitigation of what must be assumed to be my almost unforgivable carelessness in choosing my ancestors, I must plead that I have taken steps to recapture some semblance of respectability. I bank with a Scottish bank, who are only marginally more rapacious than their English counterparts. I have a more or less innocent liaison with Scottish Widows. I am married to a Scottish girl; am a member of the Caledonian Club and have worked for eighteen years for a Scottish company. Combined with a Celtic background, you might believe that this was sufficient to qualify me as an honorary Scot and thus ensure my acceptability for this evening.

But I promised you appalling revelations. Not only do I work in television, but also in advertising. This surely represents the absolute ultimate in degradation and it must be almost inconceivable to you that you have inadvertently invited, to share your board, someone who represents such twin bastions of corruption. I am reminded of the story – and I promise you it

is the only one I shall tell tonight – of two friends who meet after drifting apart for a couple of years. 'What are you doing now, Jeremy?' asks one. 'Well, as a matter of fact, I'm working in advertising' replies Jeremy, 'but for God's sake don't tell Mother – she thinks I'm playing the piano in a brothel'.

To be serious – and about time too, some of you will be thinking – may I spend a little time examining both television and advertising and reflect very briefly on my own impressions of Scotland and the Scots. The views I express are my own and not necessarily those of my Company.

To form an opinion of television, it is important to understand the system. You are all aware of the way in which the BBC is structured and that it is financed by the license fee. Some of you may be a little unsure about the Independent Television system.

There are fifteen independent television programme contractors each serving a single area of the United Kingdom. The only exception to this is in London where Thames and London Weekend share the franchise. ITV is in a somewhat bizarre commercial situation because the product is programmes which it does not sell (I know that this is not altogether true, but programmes are not a major source of income) and revenue is derived from selling airtime which it does not make. Independent television is the only medium controlled – and controlled very precisely – by statute, and one of the conditions of the Broadcasting Act is that advertisers should have no influence over programme content or programme schedules. My job is to sell airtime to advertisers for both Scottish and Grampian television. I happen to be a Director of Scottish Television and thus I work closely with the Director of Programmes and his colleagues in the Programme Department but I can promise you that it would be a breach of the law, entirely contrary to Company policy and utterly unacceptable to both of us, if I were to attempt to suggest a philosophy of programming aimed at pleasing the advertiser rather than the viewer. I am, therefore, not technically well equipped to pontificate about programme standards except that I have been involved with the medium since 1957 and am an avid viewer.

That the style of broadcasting has changed dramatically is beyond dispute. In the entrance hall of Broadcasting House there is an inscription – typically, in Latin. Translated, in reads (thunders, would be a better word):

> *'This temple of the arts and muses is dedicated to Almighty God by the first governors of broadcasting in the year 1931, Sir John Reith being director-general. It is their prayer that good seed sown may bring forth a good harvest, that all things hostile to peace or purity may be banished from this house, and that the people inclining their ears to whatsoever things are beautiful and honest and of good report, may tread the paths of wisdom and righteousness.'*

You may think that these words are almost unbelievable pretentious; you could argue that they attempt to set standards which are unrealistically high-flown and that listeners and viewers should be provided with 'a little bit of what they fancy' rather than what the Authorities think they ought to have. But you will almost certainly believe that the reaction against the creed of Reith has gone too far. Thousands of words have been written and spoken, by people far cleverer and better qualified than I, on standards in broadcasting but, as I have said, I am a viewer and entitled to take a view. The stern Reithian idiom is now an

unpalatable anachronism but the sophisticated freedom of Sir Hugh Greene is, in its way, equally unacceptable and a great deal less innocent.

I was reading the other day a speech made by a well-known peer at Speech Day at my old school. I regret to say that, in my view, it was, even for him, a poor effort. There is a great wealth of available banalities and mawkish clichés for speakers on these occasions and he saw fit to embrace almost all of them. If one wished to quote a few, the choice is almost limitless but one is apposite for tonight. He said 'I think that we as a country are in increasing danger of becoming spectators. I don't mean just in sport, though that's probably true as well; but I think it's true increasingly in all walks of life. I don't suppose that television has helped very much.'

Not a brilliant original thought, not a sparklingly fresh contribution to the general debate but a good example of how television becomes the easy scapegoat for contemporary evils. Of course, it would be puerile to attempt to defend, or even justify, all programmes – there is too much that is trite or trivial or tasteless but television is not, in my view, even one of the causes of present day problems. Is it altogether surprising that it sometimes presents a wayward face? We live in an age of violence and greed. We are faced with a situation where half the world starves when the other half worries about obesity. Our leaders – so aptly described by Harold Macmillan as transient phantoms – often seem unwilling to be discreet, and are incapable of being dignified.

We can see corruption in public life and cupidity in the professions. The bombers go about their loathsome work and we have become familiar with words of horrifying impact; napalm, bugging, overkill, hijack. The Americans, having massacred a large number of civilian peasants in Vietnam, referred to the exercise as 'reducing the enemies' population resource'.

Television did not invent all this. Perhaps, in order to form an impartial view, it is as well to look at a broadcasting service as a whole; as a total reflection of the broadcasters' ethic and purpose. In other words, I would suggest a generalised and empirical judgement, and we should, perhaps, be satisfied if the balance of worthwhile programmes outweighs the second-rate. The justice of this argument is indicated by examining opposite ends of the spectrum.

One extreme view is that television is rubbish – an opinion most often propounded by those who claim never to watch it, a would-be intelligentsia, and the cognoscenti who have dismissed Independent Television as having the mores of the super-market. The more earnest and thoughtful members of this group are concerned with violence and sex in programmes. This is understandable and the matter, I can assure you, is under the most careful and constant review. You will have heard the arguments and I hope you will agree that television simply does not corrupt the great majority of viewers who are far more discriminating and level-headed than they are often given credit for. But judgements are fine. Take, for instance, news programmes where the violence and tragedies portrayed are seldom simulated. I would argue that the greatest obscenities which appear on my screen are firmly in this category. Is it right to show the tragic aftermath of war, of disaster, of man's cruelty; public sorrow and private grief? It can be argued that the continual portrayal of scenes of this kind deaden the individual's sensitivity, and this is more corrupting in my view than, say, the scenes of love-making between two women shown in 'The Killing of Sister George'.

The other extreme view, at the opposite end of the spectrum to which I have referred, takes two forms. One is the indifferent; it argues that television is merely a reflection of

contemporary existence and acts as a mirror of life, good and bad. The other is active and seeks greater permissiveness and advocates the destruction of existing order and values. It is not difficult to observe what has happened in theatre, the cinema, the novel, in publishing and journalism. I personally regret this and believe that television should continue to resist the trend. Both the Governors of the BBC and the Independent Broadcasting Authority take their responsibilities, as custodians of standards in broadcasting, with great intelligence, considerable courage and, on the whole, supreme success. I am very glad to have seen 'Johnny Come Home', 'Country Matters', 'World in Action', 'Upstairs, Downstairs' and 'This Week'. After all, I don't need to watch 'Carry on Laughing', 'The Whackers' and 'Love thy Neighbour'. I am grateful for the good and can merely avoid the bad.

My final remarks about programmes must include a mention of Mary Whitehouse because everyone, however distantly concerned with broadcasting, must have a view about what she has to say. I admire her fervour, her crusading spirit, her eloquence and her courage. But looking at her objectives in the wider context when will she – and indeed all the supporters of the Festival of Light – accept one unassailable fact. Even if they succeed in bowdlerising every programme, closing every doubtful bookshop, destroying every blue film, shutting every torrid stage performance and cleansing the streets of London, so absurdly described as the latter day Babylon; their action will neither interest nor help any battered child, one homeless family or a single lonely old person in distress. Even with the doubtful help of Mervyn Stockwood, they may improve our morals but hundreds of thousands in the Third World will continue to perish because they have no food and no friends. My appeal is for a more proper sense of priorities.

The broadcaster has responsibilities, of course, because the media helps to from and shape public opinion and by the media I mean the whole business of communication including the arts. The majority of practitioners in television take this responsibility seriously and, on the whole, they discharge it well.

What I have said about the external controls on programmes applies equally – perhaps even more powerfully – to advertisements. If programmes are occasionally ahead of the public mood, advertisements are invariably some way behind it. We have, in independent television, the most comprehensive and efficient system of advertising control in the World, and it has been rightly said that the rules governing television advertising are the most powerful piece of consumer protection on the Statute book.

As it happens, you have, as one of your members, someone who has twice undertaken the difficult job of Chairman of the Advertising Authority, and he has done so with immense distinction. Lord Drumalbyn's encyclopaedic knowledge of the powers and influences which control advertising and his impeccable judgement have made an enormous contribution towards ensuring that standards of advertisement in Britain are second to none. His remit covers all media and I guess the least troublesome aspect of his work concerns television. This is because we are controlled by law, because the IBA is charged with total responsibility for everything which appears on the ITV screen and because every single advertisement is carefully considered, both at script and final film stages, by a large number of experienced people.

There is simply not time this evening to give anything other than the barest outline of how the copy control system works. Advertising agencies submit scripts - some ten thousand a year – and every script is carefully considered. A large number of fundamental rules apply. People,

especially children, must not be shown in potentially dangerous situations, well-known figures are not allowed to advertise certain categories of products, there must be no swearing or blasphemy, testimonials must be genuine and recent, there can be no question of taking advantage of the credulity of the young, and so on. Then technical claims are tested and must be confirmed; in certain product categories the companies are required to retain, and accept advice from, eminent physicians, dentists and other consultants. After an acceptable script has been negotiated, the advertising agency makes the film which must follow the agreed script precisely and, as I have said, every film is viewed by the IBA, the copy control experts who work in a centralised secretariat financed by the companies, and by the companies themselves.

You may or may not like the commercials but you can be satisfied that they are legal, truthful and honest. Of course, every advertiser is an advocate for his product and he must be allowed some freedom to show his product in as attractive a way as possible. Without this the advertising would not be particularly effective and it would also be unnecessarily dull. But we go to extreme trouble to prevent the viewer from being misled and, as I said earlier, all our experience persuades us that the public are discerning and shrewd when it comes to being parted from their money. To expand on these themes would be to explore philosophical arguments which, while fascinating, would take up the time between now and your next meeting.

So let me conclude with a few words about Scotland. They are no more than the rather random thoughts of someone who has spent almost all his business life working for and with Scotsmen. If there is a hint of criticism, it is a criticism founded in friendship and based on affection. There are those who would say that behind the Scots undoubted inferiority complex lies an impregnable self-esteem – besides being rather offensive I doubt is this is true, but I do worry sometimes about the apparent cynicism which exists in Scotland, a tendency to sell the place short.

I worry, too, that salesmanship is so poorly regarded – it is all part of the same syndrome I suppose- but why should it be rather base and ignoble to sell that which you have made? I worry about nationalism, with a small 'n', but I love and respect your patriotism – a virtue out-of-fashion today – and am startled by the divisions within your country. I have travelled fairly extensively and have learnt that Glasgow, Edinburgh and Aberdeen could never be credited with having an unswerving and all-consuming affection for one another. I am attracted by your reticence and admire, most of all, your integrity. I am moved by your love of home and touched by your warm hearts. A wise and good friend once advised me – if a man has a heart, forgive him anything. You are some of the best business men in the World, inventive, pioneering and brilliant. I wish I could say the same about gastronomic standards in Scottish hotels.

You here, of course, are the elite; the London Scots, or should I say the London Scottish. Combining the unique Scottish qualities of character with the mellowing effect of the Metropolis, you have the patina of one of the World's great cities. You, and your fellow Scots, make your immense contribution to the City, the services to business, to medicine, the law and other professions, so that London, and indeed all Britain, would be immeasurably poorer were you not here. You will all return home one day, of course, because every Scotsman always does. I might say I envy you, but I love my country too.

When you go, all I ask – and I ask it with deep sincerity because a divided Britain would be a tragedy for all mankind – is 'Haste ye back'.

The President proposed the health of the London Scottish Regiment in a quite long speech in which he reminisced on this own military experiences. James Currie Thomson, another wartime London Scot, welcomed the guests for whom a further such veteran, Lieutenant Colonel F Gordon Maxwell, responded.

John Clifford sang 'The Bonnie Lass o' Ballochmyle', 'Bonnie Wee Thing', 'My Love is like a Red, Red Rose' and 'Bonnie Mary of Argyll' and pipers W Cowie, Ian McDougal and W Duff of the Scottish played 'My Home', 'Atholl and Breadalbane Gathering', 'Marquis of Huntly', 'The Kilt is my Delight' and 'Torosay Castle'. Fraser McLuskey was at the piano.

*****

The December dinner, returned to the programme after a break of three years, was enjoyed by a modest gathering of 37 members and 30 guests. The Sentiment 'The Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen and the Cod War' was given by the Reverend Ian RN Miller, the 'Cod War' being the disagreement over the extent of Icelandic territorial waters and its impact on British trawler fishing that led to frequent confrontations between Icelandic coast guard ships and Royal Navy warships deployed to support the trawlers. The toast to the guests was called for by WB Campbell and JC Lewis replied.

George MacPherson, accompanied by Fraser McLuskey, sang 'Sound the Pibroch', 'Kirkconnel Lea', 'The Massacre of MacPherson' and 'The Road to the Isles'. Pipe Major James Caution's set comprised 'Highland Cradle Song', Farewell to the Creeks', 'Rose among the Heather', 'Mrs Macleod of Raasey' and 'Loch Maree'.

*****

In January 70 members and 81 guests assembled to celebrate the life and works of Robert Burns with the Sentiment delivered by MD McCall. Dr JAD Anderson welcomed the guests and the response was by James Mason. The menu card lists JG Glendinning as being introduced that night.

With Fraser McLuskey at the piano, David Young sang 'Mary Morrison', 'My Love is like a Red, Red Rose', 'Bonnie Wee Thing' and 'Afton Water'. Pipe Sergeant Robert Murphy played 'My Lodging is in the Cold Ground', 'Glen Caladh Castle', 'Susan McLeod' and 'Mason's Apron'.

*****

'The Work of the Scottish Development Agency' was the subject of the February Sentiment from Sir William Gray. EEC Mekie addressed the guests and the repost was by TS Corrigan. The attendance was 110 members and guests.

Accompanied by Fraser McLuskey, William Elvin provided vocal entertainment with 'Ae Fond Kiss', 'Duncan Gray', 'Oh Gin I were a Baron's Heir' and 'Gae bring tae me a Pint o'

Wine'. Pipe Sergeant Robert Murphy played the set 'Dark Island', 'Royal Scots', 'Struan Robertson' and 'Alex MacGregor'.

*****

The innovation of a Ladies' Night in March attracted a company of 158 members and guests. Apart from the date, details remained traditional. The Sentiment 'Doon the Water' was delivered by Lord Banks and concentrated on the history of the Clyde steamers. The President proposed the toast to the Society, the Vice President fulfilled that role for the guests and John Wagner spoke for the latter. The Past Presidents saluted the President and congratulated him on his year of office, Past President Fraser McLuskey spoke of the President before inviting the company to drink to his health and Immediate Past President presented President Moxon with the Gold Badge.

The menu card shows Daniel McCoshan and George MacPherson sharing the singing duties and the repertoire included 'Afton Water', 'Bonnie Wee Thing' and 'We'll Run em in'. Fraser McLuskey was in his accustomed position at the piano. Pipe Sergeant Robert Murphy was also on duty and his set was 'Over the Sea to Skye', 'Balmoral Highlanders', 'Shepherds Crook' and 'The Grey Bob'.

Society Business. The Council met four times during the year (November, January, February and June). Meetings were held at the Hotel Russell, if preceding dinners, or in the Caledonian Club. In addition to the AGM held at the Caledonian Club in June, two other general meetings were held during the session.

A foolscap size duplicated membership list was produced during the session.

£125 was donated to each charity from Society funds.

Two major issues were addressed. The decline in dinner attendances continued to cause concern. A special general meeting (described as a joint meeting of Council and members) was convened to consider the issue and it was decided that the programme for the following session should again be confined to November to March but that the February Little Dinner should be replaced by an informal social gathering of member; it was hoped that such a gathering would enable members to get to know each other better. Furthermore, a special sub-committee was to consider the future role of the Society in light of these challenges.

The second issue was the publication of the Chronicles. It was reluctantly accepted that production of further volumes of Chronicles in the traditional format was no longer affordable but it was decided that material should still be collected on a reduced scale; the sum of £800 set aside for publication was to be transferred to the Capital account.

At the AGM, WUB Reid and Dr AF McDonald were elected President and Vice President respectively. Appointments to other posts were less satisfactory. The search for a new Honorary Secretary remained fruitless and Past President George Deans continued in post. Past President Douglas Robertson took over as temporary Treasurer, apparently to cover WUB Reid's Presidential year, and thus combined this role with that of Dinner Secretary. Robin Walker Thomson had died in post as Honorary Historian midway through the session but no replacement had been found.

Membership. The membership total was 128, with 88 Ordinary members, at the start of the session and reduced to 123 and 83 respectively by its end.

Robin Walker Thomson, whose death has already been referred to, had joined the Society in 1954-1955 and hailed from the membership hot spot of Harrow. He had been a member of Council since 1964.

Seven members resigned or otherwise left and three new members joined.

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