

The Chanter

Nottingham Scottish Association
Newsletter



William Booth,
Founder of the Salvation Army

SEPTEMBER 2017

From the President

I am writing this mid August and would like to confirm that summer is very nearly over. How do I know that, well Chris Evans on his radio show yesterday mentioned **CHRISTMAS**. Is it me or does it get earlier each year. I remember a few years ago whilst on holiday in Dartmouth buying my first mince pie of the year in the first week in September. I think they had probably moved the last of the Easter eggs off the shelves to make room.

On the Social side we have held a few functions since the last Chanter, but sadly support has been sparse with the exception of Andrew's Garden dance when we were able to welcome members of Beeston U3A dance group that Andrew and Sue, together with other members of the NSA, have been supporting.

I have also written to you separately advising you of the problems and changes that have occurred over the last few months in the NSA and only time will reveal how the Association in one shape or another weathers the storm.

Speaking of which, what about the weather, glorious sunshine with temperatures up into the 30's and then tremendous downpours all over the country. Chris Evans, (you may gather I am a fan), declared on the 10th August that over the period of the 8th and 9th it had poured continuously in Derbyshire. I visited the Longshaw Estate near Hathersage on the Thursday expecting the worst and found that the sun was shining, the heather was magnificent and some would say the scenery was nearly as good as Scotland!

I have also recently joined a small group dealing with health issues and one of the questions was "what exercise do you get". The majority of people in the group are 50-80 years of age and one of the things they said was that they get a lot of exercise in the summer looking after grandchildren, particularly during the summer holidays! After this revelation I started to look round and yes it's true, on the park there were numerous older people running round playing football with their grandchildren, on the swings, pushing prams, and doing the shopping. Even at the cinema numerous silver haired people with youngsters in tow going off to see the latest release of Minions.

If small children are the secret to exercise then perhaps they ought to be available on prescription. Free of course for the over 60's.

Anyone want to put pen to paper with an interesting story on what you have had to do whilst looking after grandchildren? If so please send to Christine.

Well must go, look forward to seeing you at some event in the future.

David

Spy Mission



24 would-be James Bonds (and Jane Bonds to promote equality) reported for duty in West Bridgford on a fine sunny day in June.

The mission, should we choose to accept it was: **“Trent Bridge Cricket Club Stumped!”**

It had been reported that Mo Greengrass who had been the chief Groundsman at Trent Bridge Cricket Club all his working life was being forced to leave his beloved job. Most disgruntled he had gone crazy and had planted a dye in the sprinkler system which, when activated would make the grass go bright pink!

"The grass is not always greener", he shouted as he left. Our mission was to find the clues he had left and work out the de-activation code.

Armed with nothing more than a series of clues, a pen and our keen inquisitive minds we set off in small groups, determined to turn West Bridgford upside down and solve the mystery.

Down the High Street we went, peering up at buildings and looking over walls. St Giles Churchyard provided no sanctuary for the missing information and at one point 12 people could be seen peering up, over and around the gravestones.

Off we ventured towards the river, there's clues on the other side someone shouted! Faced with the fear of swimming the dangerous River Trent, we were relieved to find that the suspension Bridge was open.

Over we crossed in two's and three's and safely made it to the other side. More clues were found in the Jesse Boot memorial garden and on we went. Time was a constant factor as we only had three hours in the car park and a heavy fine would be enforced.

Back over Trent Bridge, past The Forest football ground and County Hall and on to the cricket ground, only a few clues left to find.

Finally we had made it, all 20 clues collected, now to fill in the Mission answer grid and reveal the de-activation code. D.U.C.K (how original), we had got it right and saved the day.

Our final task was to safely return to Mission Control at Lyndsey and Graham Lys's house, report in and then enjoy the cakes and refreshments that were on offer.

Well, 24 of us left on this dangerous task and 24 returned. A successful mission completed. The winning team, who had obtained the code and got all the clues correct, comprised of Una and Alan Ratcliffe together with Mick and Gill Horrocks.

Our thanks go to Lyndsey and Graham for the use of their home and Dave and Kate for organising the day.

Walk and BBQ

On the 20th July, 14 Association members and friends met at the home of Don and Sue Pringle for a walk around Trowell and the adjoining area, followed by a BBQ.

Led by Sue we set off along the disused railway line and then a disused Canal towpath and into the countryside. We were shocked to see how close the proposed HS2 line was to Trowell and found it difficult to envisage 200mph trains travelling alongside the M1.

It was pleasant to walk in the countryside but still within sight and sound of the city until we eventually emerged alongside Trowell garden centre. Off into the fields at Stapleford and Sandiacre and then back alongside the river and railway until after 3.5 miles we emerged back near to the Church at Trowell and Don and Sue's home.

Don was waiting for us with the BBQ's going and we were enticed by the smells of meats cooking away.

The weather was very kind to us and we enjoyed the evening until it was time to go but not before we had a chance to sing "Happy Birthday" to our President David.

We were so good he suggested forming an NSA choir. Gareth Malone eat your heart out.

Heartfelt thanks to Don and Sue for making it a very successful evening with lots of good food and good company.

Afternoon tea at Colwick Hall

The weather forecast was dreadful, heavy rain at 12.00 followed by thunder and lightening at 1.00. What a day for a walk around the Colwick country park.

Well at least there was afternoon tea to look forward too.

14 of us met up in the car park at 11.30. Where was the rain and the black clouds, the sky was blue and the sun was shining. Had the weathermen got it wrong again.

Armed with raincoats for the oncoming storms we set off through the woods to Colwick Lake and down towards the river. Is there an ice cream van asked Bob, hopefully. But none were to be seen.

Plenty of ducks swimming in the lake and even a few Cormorants standing on buoys in the water with wings outstretched, drying in the sun.



After nearly three miles we arrived back at Colwick Hall where some of the party had booked the afternoon tea.

We entered into the Byron tea room and were treated to a lovely feast of sandwiches, cakes and scones with jam and cream. Best of all was limitless tea and coffee.



When all the food was eaten and conversations finished we eventually decided it was time to go. It still looked sunny outside but as we left the tea room guess what, a loud crack of thunder and it started to rain.

Weathermen, they got us in the end!

Tam O'Shanter

...and finally

In hell they will roast you like a herring!
 In vain your Kate awaits your coming !
 Kate soon will be a woeful woman!
 Now, do your speedy utmost, Meg,



And beat them to the key-stone of the bridge;
 There, you may toss your tale at them,
 A running stream they dare not cross!
 But before the key-stone she could make,

 She had to shake a tail at the fiend;
 For Nannie, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie pressed,
 And flew at Tam with furious aim;
 But little knew she Maggie's mettle!
 One spring brought off her master whole,
 But left behind her own grey tail:

The witch caught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.
Now, who this tale of truth shall read,
Each man, and mother's son, take heed:
Whenever to drink you are inclined,
Or short skirts run in your mind,
Think! you may buy joys over dear:
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

Derbyshire Walk 12th August.



Saturday the 12th August saw 8 of us meet up at the National Trust Car park north of Grindleford, for a walk around the Longshaw Estate.

Longshaw estate is a National Trust property which has been with the Trust since 1931 and consists of a large house with meeting rooms and an attached tea room and shop. The Estate was originally a grouse shooting estate and comprises of many acres of woodland and moorland. It is the setting for many activities organised by the National Trust aimed mainly at children but with vast acres for walking.

We were pleased to see that Sue Morrison could join us, recovering well after her accident at the dancing in May.

The weather initially was cool, where had all the warm weather gone we asked ourselves. Showers were forecast for later in the morning. But, typical of the weather forecasting at the moment, the sun soon came out, and yes, there was no rain!

Our first stop was at the Longshaw tea rooms where we enjoyed drinks sitting outside with beautiful views over the heather and on towards the moors and with Hathersage in the distance. Sue had baked two whole boxes of brownies which were very welcome. After refreshments we continued with our walk (and chatting) and, as we headed for lunch at the Grouse Inn we were fortunate enough to see deer very close by.

After a very enjoyable lunch, Andrew, Sue, Rosie and Hugh carried on to walk along White Edge and Froggett edge.

A lovely day out in Derbyshire. Thanks to Andrew and Sue for organising it.

David

Happy Birthday to Joan Lamb our resident artist!

Over the last few editions we have featured the illustrations of Joan Lamb, NSA member, and so I thought it was time to give her a write up.



Joan Lamb



Joan, 90 this September, has been a member of the NSA for 16 years. She has been Scottish dancing for around 54 years, which is amazing.

Joan started her artistic career at Nottingham School of Art in 1944. After this she worked in the lace trade designing the famous Nottingham Lace. However, despite its fame, designing lace was not for Joan!

Her next job was as a picture restorer for Boots the chemist. People would bring their faded and damaged pictures in for Joan and her team to restore. To do this they would have to make copious notes to restore the correct colours on the picture. The days before the camera, how did we manage!

It was during her time with Boots that Joan met and married her husband Larry the lamb (his nickname as his real name was Joseph). However she left Boots when she had her children which was more usual in the 1950's. Joan kept herself busy outside the home by volunteering at the newly built Cheshire Home where she taught crafts to the residents for many years.

In recent years Joan has concentrated on her own love of the arts and her cosy flat is a show case to her pen and ink drawings and embroidery. She has also passed on her love of arts and crafts to her family, as her flat also displays paintings by her daughter and the wood craft work of her son.

Although Joan must spend a great time at home doing her craft work she also finds time to help a disabled friend DIG HER ALLOTMENT!

As well as continuing to Scottish dance she is also a member of their local Church discussion group and loves to speak up for women's rights!

Go Joan Go!!

PS if you ever find yourself in a hockey match with Joanget out of her way!

Educating Archie

For those of us old enough to remember ***"Educating Archie"***, a radio show broadcast in the 1950's, where the main character was a ventriloquist dummy...bizarre when you think about it being on the radio.

At the B.B.C. recording studio the case along with Archie was stolen. A distraught Brough reported the theft to the police and then carried on with rehearsals and a call went out all over London to return the national treasure.

Later that day a note to say "sorry governor, I did not realise it was Archie" came from someone who said he had Archie and wanted to return him, but did not want to get into trouble so he would leave him at the lost property at the station, enclosing the ticket.

Peter Brough told the producer that he was going to fetch Archie.

"You can't, we go on in an hour". the producer yelled.

"But I cannot go on without him" said Brough as he dashed off.

When he arrived at the station, He picked up the case.

As he did so someone grabbed him.

It was the long arm of the law. The policeman said "give me that case sir the whole of London is looking for it".

"Yes I know they are but I am Peter Brough, it belongs to me".

"Have you got any i.d. sir" said the copper.

"Er well no, I dashed out in a rush leaving all my documents behind" replied Brough. But wait a minute I know someone who can identify me". With that, he took Archie out of the case and inserted his hand inside the puppet's back.

"Now Archie can you tell this police man who I am" he asked the puppet.

"Never seen him before in my life" replied Archie!

Scottish Cricket? A response to the President's questions in the last Chanter...

"Cricket in Scotland has a long history, which can be traced back to the 18th century. However, it has been afflicted by Anglocentrism, with many notable Scottish players joining the English national team, instead of their own, and with the Scottish national team playing as an English county side."
[Wikipedia]

As a teenager, I remember sitting with my father, in our Edinburgh flat, on a Saturday afternoon, watching the cricket on our tiny black and white television set. Mum would usually be "up town", mostly window-shopping, so it was a peaceful time. None of the endless replays and superfluous commentary that you get nowadays. Excellent for dozing in front of.

But I obviously absorbed some of the magic. It was, of course, English cricket and when, in my early thirties, I met and married John, he was somewhat surprised that I knew a bit about his beloved game. Inevitably, the osmosis continued and although I couldn't ever see myself watching any match for a whole day, I picked up a fair bit of knowledge. And I remember, in particular, how John would berate Mike Denness, the only cricketer born in Scotland to have captained the England team. He could only do this because Scotland did not then have its own national team.

Things are different now. Scotland has a number of different amateur leagues throughout the country and, in 2016, it was estimated that 17000 people in Scotland played cricket. In 1999, a Scottish National team competed in its first World Cup and Scotland now plays in the ODI (One-Day International) tournament). It's best not to dwell for too long on the results of most of Scotland's matches or on the fact that more than a few of their players have qualified by residence rather than birth. However, it was gratifying to hear that they beat Zimbabwe at The Grange in the middle of June this year – their first win in an official ODI match against a 'Full Member' nation (ie a test playing nation).

Until 2007 we lived in Edinburgh, scarcely more than a stone's throw from The Grange Cricket Club in Stockbridge. John, being a Beeston lad, always bought a Notts season ticket and made the long commute for many of their home matches. In 2003, the Scottish team was granted a place in the English national one day cricket league, according to Wikipedia *"in the hope that playing against professional cricketers on a regular basis would improve the performance level of the best Scottish players"*. So in July that year the first Scotland v Notts Div. 2 match was played at The Grange. A bit closer to home for John, and Notts won 224 to 222 and by 4 wickets.

Scottish Cricket Hall of Fame includes, at present, 24 players. They range from Leslie Balfour-Melville, from Edinburgh, who earned 18 caps in his playing career from 1874 to 1910, to Gavin Hamilton, from Broxburn, just outside Edinburgh, with 133 caps between 1993 and 2010.

With nineteen major cricket grounds in the country and six international teams (Men, Men's A and Development XI, Women, U19s, U17s and U15s) it certainly looks as though Scottish cricket is thriving and we can maybe look forward to some better results in the future.

Christine Oldfield



The Grange Cricket Club

Syllabus for the new season as follows:

7th September 2017 - Thursday night Social dances start - 7.30 p.m. at St. Andrew's with Castlegate Church Hall every Thursday up to and including the 14th December 2017 and then from 4th January until 25th May 2018

25th November 2017 - St. Andrew's Dinner Dance at the Belgrave rooms. Goldsmith Street Nottingham 7.00 for 7.30 p.m. Application form attached.

26th November 2017 - St Andrew's Church Service St Andrew's with Castle gate Church. 11.00am

12th December 2018 - Christmas walk and lunch - venue to be confirmed later.

20th January 2018 - Burns Dinner Dance at the Belgrave Rooms, Goldsmith Street, Nottingham Application form will be in the December Chanter

26th April 2018 - Provisional date for AGM. All other events will be advertised to members either by email, letter or included in subsequent Chanters.

There was an Englishman, an Irishman, a Welshman and a Scotsman...

An Englishman, Irishman, Welshman and a Scotsman were captured while fighting in a far off foreign land. The leader of the captors said "we're going to line you up in front of a firing squad and shoot you all in turn. But first, you each can make a final wish"

The Englishman responds, I'd like to hear "God save the Queen" just one more time to remind me of the old country, played by the London All Boys Choir with Morris dancers dancing to the tune.

The Irishman replies "I'd like to hear "Danny Boy" just one more time to remind me of the old country, sung in the style of Daniel O'Donnell, with Riverdance dancers skipping gaily to the tune"

The Welshman replies "I'd like to hear Men of Harlech just one more time, to remind me of Wales and sung by the Treorchy Male Voice choir.

The Scotsman says quickly, "I'd like to be shot first !!"

William Booth and the Freedom of Kirkcaldy

On the 16th April 1906 [Easter Monday] William Booth (pictured on the front cover) received the Freedom of the Royal and Ancient Borough of Kirkcaldy, Scotland, the Provost, H M Barnet, in the King's Theatre.

After an enthusiastic reception the Provost stated that "Honour to whom honour is due, and who is more deserving of honour than that great leader of men, General Booth, of the Salvation Army" The people of the "Lang Toon" of Kirkcaldy were not one whit behind their fellow-countrymen in their welcome to the veteran last night. Despite the heavy downpour of rain there was quite a throng of people waiting his arrival at the station, and his appearance was the signal for a hearty cheer. The visit, which was the General's third to Kirkcaldy, was of more than ordinary interest, and the General enrolled his name in the "lockit" book of the burgh alongside the names of several distinguished citizens.

The King's Theatre, in which the ceremony was held, was the scene of the greatest enthusiasm. Long before the advertised time the crowd was rolling in in their hundreds, and when the General stepped on to the platform he was greeted with rounds of applause from 3000 people.

The ceremony of presenting the freedom was of short duration. Provost Barnet referred in suitable terms to the great work of the Salvation Army and its founder.

Note:-

William Booth was born in Sneinton Nottingham in 1829 and was a British Methodist preacher who founded The Salvation Army and became its first General. The Christian movement with a quasi-military structure and government founded in 1865 has spread from London, England, to many parts of the world and is known for being one of the largest distributors of humanitarian aid. In 2002, Booth was named among the 100 Greatest Britons in a BBC poll.

If you would like anything to be included in the next Chanter then please send it to vincent.christine@ntlworld.com or

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Before the end of November 2017

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