

The Chanter



Newsletter

December 2018



The Nottingham Scottish Association

From the Editor

Since this is the final newsletter of 2018 it would seem to be an appropriate time to express my appreciation to those who have ensured that each of the three issues I have edited so far, has carried on the tradition of being packed full of 'good reads'. Without their input, this newsletter would not exist. Thanks are also due to all those whose photographs I have used to illustrate the text. I hope that their support continues and that others may feel moved to contribute in the future.



If you have anything you wish to be included in the next issue, just e-mail it to: chanter@nottinghamscottish.org or send it by post, by mid-February, to The Chanter, 13 Haileybury Crescent, West Bridgford, NG27BH.

And please note that this web version also carries a couple of 'Extras' – more good reads!

Christine Oldfield

New Members

During 2018, those named below have joined the Association. They are very welcome and it is hoped that they will participate in some, if not all, of the activities on offer.

Mary & Dominic O'Keefe

Jan & David Chapman

Stephen Stagg

You are viewing this on the website so you can blow it up to whatever size you wish, to give a bigger and better view of both text and photographs.

<https://nottinghamscottish.org/news>



under The Nottingham Scottish Association

President's Piece

October - a sad month for our association. I, with some of our members, attended the funeral of Dr Richard (Dick) Hutchinson, one of our senior members and an Honorary Life Trustee. Sadly, his wife Jean was unable to attend as she also was unwell. Bernice very kindly kept her company at the hospital during the funeral. The following day brought the further news that Jean had passed away early in the morning. Our thoughts are with their son and family at this very difficult time.



Further into this edition you will read about the many events that have taken place during the last quarter. My thanks go out to all the organisers; a lot of time is spent coming up with an idea, selecting a venue and organising the attendance and lunches, if required. How each event has benefited from such good weather I don't know? If anyone has an idea for an event and is not sure, or needs help, to organise, please do not hesitate to contact a member of Council. We would be glad to help.

At the time of writing, the annual St Andrew's Night Dinner is our next major event. This year, like last, the numbers attending are a touch on the low side. Although we have no wish to do so, we may have to change its format in future years if this function continues to be under subscribed, This would be a pity, as it has been a long standing fixture on our social calendar.

Looking forward, we have a busy calendar of events at which I look forward to meeting many of you. It seems to be bit early to say it, but if we do not meet before the Christmas break, Sue and I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Gach dùrachd

Don

Walk in aid of the Motor Neurone Disease Association

My brother in law, David Shore, has recently been diagnosed with Motor Neurone Disease (go to www.mndassociation.org for information on this disease). His father (also David Shore) was President in the 1970s and David himself has been associated with the NSA for more than fifty years.

Although not living locally, he has managed to attend our Burns Supper for many years. He, his wife Doreen, daughter Fiona and best friend Roger have entertained us with speeches at some recent Burns Suppers whilst I was President. We would like to raise funds to support the work of the MNDA by making our Nottingham Scottish walk, at Gedling Country Park on the 9th March, a sponsored event. Please contact me for further information. Many thanks,

David Potter

Vale Dr Dick

I am sorry to report that, on the 14th October, Dick Hutchinson died of a heart attack. His funeral took place on 31st October and, sadly, his wife Jean died the following day. They had been together for sixty-five years. Dick was a well-loved and respected GP in Beeston, serving that area for most of his working life. He was also involved with the Beeston Civic Society and lately took up Spanish lessons. They travelled to most of the world's continents, but they loved going back to Scotland. In retirement, Dick and Jean would spend most summers up in their holiday home in Selkirk. It was in 1961 that they applied for membership of The Nottingham Scottish Association – (and were accepted!) They served as our President and President's Lady in 1974-1975 and Dick was also a Life Member and Life Trustee. Until last year, they attended all our major functions. At this time, our thoughts and prayers go out to Tom, their son, and his wife Judith.

Bob Logan



***Dick, 2nd from left, with other Past Presidents
at the Burns' Night celebration in January 2018***

Ed. At last year's Christmas dinner I had the pleasure of meeting and chatting to Dick for the first time. Having been an NSA member for so long, he had plenty of good stories to tell about 'the olden days'. This website version of The Chanter carries below, a transcript of his profile which appeared in The Chanter shortly after he had taken up the office of President.

Profile of the President

Dr Richard Hutchinson

[This profile is taken from the Newsletter of August 1974]

“Dr Hutchinson was born in Edinburgh in 1928, was educated at George Heriot’s School and Edinburgh University where he graduated M.B., Ch.B. in 1950. Two serious illnesses during his schooldays had changed his interest in chemistry to the study of medicine.

Keen on swimming while at school and university he was a member of the Heart of Midlothian and Portobello Swimming Clubs. Between medical studies he was a keen member of the Territorials and reached (in his own words) the giddy height of Lance Corporal in the Royal Corps of Signals. He also had a regular holiday job in the income tax office!

After graduating as a doctor Dick never worked in Scotland apart from a short spell as locum tenens in Kirkcaldy. Hospital work in Blackburn was followed by two years’ service in Malaya as medical officer to the Malay Regiment. It was while on embarkation leave that he got married to Jean.

On demob he returned to hospital work in Lancashire, followed by general practice in Blackpool, Cheshire and London, where he and Jean spent two years. He put up his plate in Beeston in September 1955 and waited for the patients (at 15/- a head per annum) to arrive – which they did (100 of them by Christmas). Now he has two partners and still can’t cope with the demand.

His special medical interest is dermatology and he assisted Dr McCallum at the Children’s Hospital for several years. Medical research work has been on treatment of warts by viral interference. He is the treasurer of Nottingham Medico-Chirurgical Society.

He is an enthusiastic golfer and reputed to have the fastest swing in Beeston Fields Golf Club.”

Ed. That year, 1974, that Dick became President, there was also a mention in the Newsletter that he and Jean set a good example by regularly attending the fortnightly Dancing Class.

And the report of the St Andrew’s Dinner dance in November said “Early on, a strong rumour swept the hall that Prince Charlie himself had arrived. This was soon dispelled when it was revealed that the person in question was none other than our own President, fully resplendent in the kilt.”

Crazy Golf

Monday 10th September

The big day had arrived. All over the city, competitors woke from nervous sleep and looked out of the window. Would there be fierce crosswinds that would affect the balls in flight? Would there be heavy rain to slow the balls down on the fairway and, as it was early autumn, would there be fog that would prevent them seeing the flags on the green? But no, the weather was perfect, a light breeze and the sun peeping out through the clouds.

On the trams and by car we made our way, from all over the city and even from neighbouring Derbyshire, to Highfields golf course. Yes, even in the seat of learning that is Nottingham University, the powers-that-be had decided that rowing was not sufficient challenge for the populace and had designed a golf course; and what a golf course! The Bobbin Run and the Literature Loop were just two of the eighteen intimidating holes that stretched out before the sixteen of us competing. Facing the daunting proposition of numerous sand bunkers and obstacles, like the River Trent meandering through the course, we all resorted to that never-failing pre-tournament preparation and went for coffee.



Registration was carried out, playing partners picked, and at 11.10 the players exited the clubhouse (sorry, cafe), and ambled apprehensively to the course. Only one fearless team of Graham, Lyndsey, Hugh and our



President Don (you could tell he was ex-military) decided to tackle all 18 holes, whilst the remainder accepted that the back 9 were still enough to challenge their abilities. Piles of books, oversize Cricket Stumps and a Maze of Mortar Boards were just three of the obstacles that succumbed to the expertly crafted shots of the NSA competitors. At one point a

gasp was uttered from the gallery as Isobel managed a hole in one!

Eventually, after all the competitors had returned safely to the clubhouse (sorry - cafe) we tucked into refreshments and awaited the presentations.

It would not be sportsmanlike to name the person who had come last with a score of 49 (you know who you are), but I can say that the winners, with 24 shots, were Graham and myself (well, I did organise the day) and certificates for the 2018 Tournament were presented. Thank you all for coming and hopefully next year we can have a re-match.

Dave Potter

West Hallam & the Nutbrook Trail

Wednesday 10th October

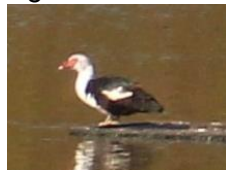


***The whole group
enjoying the
sunshine at the
Straw's Bridge -
photographer
included***

'Golden' is the word that best sums up the impressions left by our October walk on the outskirts of Ilkeston with fifteen friends from the NSA. On a radiantly sunny morning we set out from West Hallam and passed through woodland and across fields to the Straw's Bridge wetlands, where we joined the Nutbrook Trail, a cycle/walking path. Thanks to Andrew and Sue, who had already reconnoitred the 4-mile route, we were introduced to a wonderfully varied, natural landscape, just a mile or so from Ilkeston town.



All along the way we were admiring the vivid autumn colours, transparent views of distant hills and the freshwater birdlife. For long stretches we walked close to blue lakes, poetically named Manor Floods, that reflected a perfectly cloudless sky. Little birds flew in and out of the reed beds and, amongst the swans on the lakes, were coots, pochard and flocks of gulls – and an unidentified, probably feral, goose.



Sometimes we were strolling among trees dappled in sunlight which highlighted the red and purple berries hanging from their branches. Elsewhere long lines of silver birches shone out – a sight that would make a Russian feel homesick.

As newcomers to the NSA, we felt warmly welcomed. Chatting in such friendly, interesting company was another feature of the day for us. It was a lovely opportunity to reminisce about past stays in Scotland and share conversations about common interests with friends who know the Scots music and dancing so well.

The last golden touch to the outing was added at the end of the walk. Back



at the Newdigate Arms in West Hallam we enjoyed having lunch while sitting outside in the warm (21°) sunshine. The bargain 'Golden Menu' gave us some tasty options of main course plus dessert, which was supplemented by some of us with a glass of golden ale – Cheers!

**David and Janet
Chapman**

Snippets from the Association's Archives

On November 2nd, 1915, it was "unanimously agreed that all meetings for the season be abandoned". It wasn't until January 1921 that the advisability of reviving the association was discussed – and agreed.

According to a news cutting, over 500 attended the 1926 Caledonian Ball at the Palais de Danse for a "jolly evening", the "biggest of its kind yet held by the society". And "after supper, Glengarry caps were in evidence".

Tam o'Shanter

In 2017, The Chanter featured the lengthy Robert Burns classic poem of this name; a poem written in 1790 and so popular that it gave its name to an everyday style of headgear - the Scottish cap.



Flat bonnets, often with 'lappets', had been common throughout north western Europe for three centuries or so. By 1599 there was a bonnet-makers guild in each of the main cities in Scotland (Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Stirling

and Perth) and the 'bunnet' was normal wear for men and servants. Later, the Scottish version was distinguished by the woollen ball or toorie decorating the centre of the crown.



The name, Tam o'Shanter (or ToS) was first coined by Scottish military regiments. At the start of the first world war the Scottish troops wore the



Glengarry (pictured left) with their khaki field dress, but it was deemed unsuitable for wear in the trenches for those serving on the Western Front.



And so, in 1915, the Balmoral was introduced and came to be known as the Tam o'Shanter. This bonnet was originally made of wool, hand-knitted in one piece, with the crown about twice the diameter of the head. Initially, only natural dyes like woad and indigo were available but from the mid-19th century, the bonnets were made in a broader range of fabrics and colours.

From the early 1920s, following the trend for borrowing men's fashion, women began to wear the tam cap. Some of you may have worn one. I well remember wearing my navy blue uniform 'tammie' to school in Edinburgh in the 50s and 60s!



As the popularity of the Tam o'Shanter grew, it was almost inevitable that they would start to be made in tartan, for both men and women.



Nowadays, those Scots (mainly men) who wish to flaunt their Scottish identity, often sport a tartan 'Jimmy' cap. This is their headgear of choice for certain occasions and comes with or without hair.



Ed.

Walk from Strelley Hall

Friday 2nd November

The weather forecast had not been promising; “rain all day” it proclaimed. However, we woke up to beautiful sunshine and thirteen of us gathered at



All 13 including the photographer

Strelley Hall ready for a circular walk in local countryside. After we had crossed the very noisy M1 (it was on a bridge, I must hasten to add), we soon left the town behind and traversed along some country lanes and up towards the water tower that sits on the top of the hill at Kimberley.

During the walk we at times heard screeching above us and saw several buzzards circling on the air currents looking for prey.

The views were excellent as the day was so clear, and we looked over the Trent Valley and westwards to Ilkeston and Cossall.

At one point we were stopped by a lady, dressed from head to toe in red, who got out of her car and asked who we were. She appeared amazed to find it was a walking group from The Nottingham Scottish Association!

All too soon we were back at Strelley Hall and retired to the Mulberry Tree Café, where we were joined by Bill and Jeanne for lunch. The cafe is housed in the converted stables of the Hall and has become so popular that all fifteen of us had to squeeze into just one of the stalls that previously would have housed a horse. Fortunately, we had something better to eat than hay!

Yet another DRY walk successfully completed, with good company and good food.

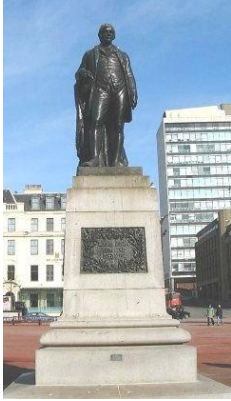
Dave Potter

[Ed. And I'm sure Dave proved to be a good leader too!]



Robert Burns

Did you know that there are more statues dedicated to Robert Burns than to any other non-religious figure except Queen Victoria and Christopher Columbus? They're dotted around Scotland, France, Canada, USA, New Zealand, USA and Australia.



[Ed: This statue, sculpted by George Edwin Ewing, 1828-1884, stands in George Square, Glasgow.]

Robert Burns was born in Alloway, Ayrshire, on 25th January 1759. His father was keen that his children learned to read and write, so Robert was well read. He showed talent from an early age, penning his first poems when only fifteen, and became an overnight



celebrity after the publication of his collection "Poems, Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect".

He became a popular guest at Society events but, despite his fame, Burns never forgot his roots, and his passion for the social issues among the poorer classes remained key topics in his works. We all know his reputation with the lassies (he fathered a dozen children) and he wrote many romantic poems. His sharp talent for expressing human emotion has ensured that, more than two centuries on, his works have lost none of their power. Being very proud of his Scottish identity, he spent many years preserving traditional ballads for future generations.

He died in 1796 at the early age of just 37, but his memory lives on. His works are celebrated every year at Burns Suppers and other events all over the world. But how, you might ask, did the tradition of Burns Suppers start?



One night, in July 1801, nine of Burns' close friends gathered together to mark the fifth anniversary of his death. They ate haggis, neeps and tatties, read his poems aloud and ended the evening with a speech, which has become known as The Immortal Memory. The occasion proved so successful that it became an annual event and one that is now marked around the world on or around

his birthday on 25th January. Even William Shakespeare lovers don't do that for their bard!

If you have never been to a Nottingham Scottish Burns Night Dinner Dance, give it a try. I am sure you will find it an interesting (and fun) experience. We even have our resident Burns enthusiast (AKA Bob Logan), who gives 'The Address to the Haggis' with great gusto and without notes.

*His knife see rustic Labour dight,
An' cut ye up wi' ready slight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright,
Like onie ditch;
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm-reekin', rich!*

The Immortal Memory is given by a different speaker each year and most have been informative, amusing and enjoyable. However, I do remember one year when the subject was Burns' week-long tour of the Highlands. Most of us were very thankful he did not go for a fortnight!



Margaret Barnes

Haggis Downunder

Back in January, the 2018 Oceania Masters Athletics Championships took place in Dunedin, New Zealand. The organising committee advertised that *"Dunedin is known as the Edinburgh of the South and we will celebrate our Scottish Heritage during the week."* That week included Burns' Night, and



as a sponsor of the event, the Caledonian Society made sure the occasion was marked in style. Athletes marched in to the skirl of the pipes at the opening ceremony, and the president of

the OMAC said after the dinner that *"two very talented young ladies amazed us with the Scottish Sword Dance"* and *"the haggis was duly piped in and then tasted with crackers"*.

The committee's final report noted that this, and the *"comical Haggis ceremony"*, gave the evening a true Scottish flavour.

[Ed. I can think of no suitable comment]



St Andrew's Night Dinner and Ceilidh Dance

Ionic Suite-Masonic Hall, Goldsmith Street

Saturday 24th November

Just a wee bit lacking in the numbers this year, but that did not deter our forty-four guests from enjoying their evening.



*The President
and his Lady
Don & Sue Pringle*



Past Presidents

Following our three-course meal, praised by all, our Treasurer, Sylvia Hale delivered a fine 'Toast to Scotland' talking about some of the places she has visited. Her first trip was with her young boys and another family, beds were made up in the back of the van where the kids slept during the overnight journey. Several couples around the room smiled, nodding at each other, clearly having done the same in the past.

Sylvia's first trip took her to Perth and Scone Palace with all its historical Royal connections, then most appropriately to St Andrews in Fife, (our home county). St Andrews, Sylvia reminded us, is the home of golf and one of the oldest universities in the world. Parts of 'The Uni' and the sandy beach featured in the film, 'Chariots of Fire'. During this trip and subsequent trips, her visits included Falkland Palace, a Royal Palace in Fife visited by many Royals past and present. The Palace has a fantastic Royal Chapel and the only Royal Tennis Court in the country. Royal Tennis is very different to the game played by Andy Murray. The small town of Culross, on the north shore of the Forth, with great Royal connections in the past and today a popular film location for TV and movie dramas.

From her historical and light-hearted tour of Scotland, Sylvia ended by highlighting the most visited modern tourist attraction, The Falkirk Wheel. This modern feature replaces eleven locks that linked the Union Canal and the Forth and Clyde Canal and took the best part of a day to navigate. The Wheel can raise a boat about 100 feet in minutes, using less electric than boiling a kettle.

Before asking us to charge our glass and drink a Toast to Scotland, Sylvia reminded us that major parts of The Wheel were forged at Butterley Works a few miles from here, in Ripley, Derbyshire.



Sylvia

The next two hours of dancing led by Schuggie MacInnes helped us work off our meal. A great night, it is a pity if you missed it.

Well done Sylvia. (you can relax now)

Jeanne & Bill Dall



Did you hear about the thoughtful Scotsman who was heading out to the pub? He turned to his wee wife before leaving and said, 'Jackie - put your hat and coat on lassie.'

She replied, 'Awe Iain that's nice - are you taking me to the pub with you?'
'Nah, I'm just switching the central heating off while I'm oot.'

The Ladies Man

By Pat Batt

I'm a two-sex Scottish Dancer and may seem rather dim
But I never spend one evening as a full time her or him

I change my sex from dance to dance, my corners always alter-
It's really not surprising I occasionally falter.

The old and simple dances I can manage very nicely,
And I can learn a new dance, and do it most precisely-

But when the next week comes around, I don't know if I can,
For I learnt it as a woman and must dance it as a man.

And so, you men who have the luck to stay always the same,
When female gentlemen go wrong, be sparing with your blame.

I'll add a postscript to this tale - one comfort I have got -
When both the women change their sex, it doesn't show a lot.

[Many thanks to Rebecca Head, RSCDS Western Australian Branch, for supplying this poem. We ladies can empathise with these sentiments. Ed.]

Scotland February 2018



Snow ploughs were out



Schools were closed
....and



Glasgow City Council put out a photo featuring
one of their workers going back to his Eskimo roots
[Ed. Let's hope February 2019 turns out to be a little warmer]

Future Programme

NSA Activities

Monday 10th December **Christmas Walk** in Colwick Park, followed by **Lunch** at the Toby Inn. To book, **contact** Mick Horrocks on 0115 9874239

Thursday 13th December **Dancing Party Night.** 7.15pm for 7.30pm start. Bring & share supper.

2019

Thursday 3rd January **Dancing resumes.** St Andrews with Castle Gate Church Hall. 7.15pm for a 7.30pm start.

Monday 7th January **Walk around Attenborough Nature Reserve.** Meet at the Visitor Centre at 10am for 10.30am start. Lunch at nearby pub. For further details contact Dave Potter on 0115 8490638.

Saturday 26th January **Burns Night Dinner**, incorporating a Ceilidh Dance. See flyer enclosed with the printed version for details.

Saturday 23rd February **Quiz Night** with pie and peas supper. 7pm for 7.30pm start at St Andrews with Castle Gate Church Hall. Details to follow

Saturday 9th March **Sponsored walk** in aid of Motor Neurone Disease. Gedling Country Park. Meet in the cafe at 10.00 for a 10.30 start, followed by lunch at a local pub. For more information see page 1 or contact Dave Potter on 0115 849038.

Wednesday 10th April **Walk.** Details to follow.

Saturday 11 May **ASCDS Festival**, Retford Oaks Academy, Retford.

Other Events

Monday 31st December **RSCDS Hogmanay Dance**, Lowdham. 8pm to midnight, £7, bring and share supper, recaps. Contact Elizabeth Gull on 0115 920 8071. Details at www.nottinghamrscds.org/events

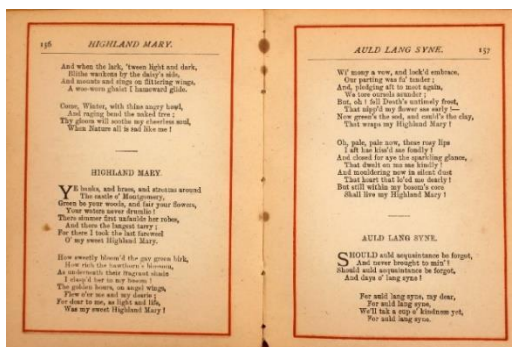
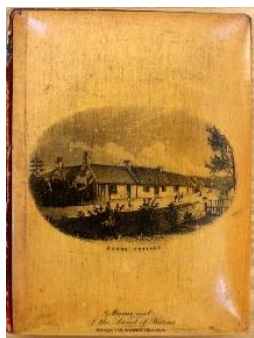
9th December, 20th January, 17th February and 17th March **Springy Reelers**, 10am – 12noon at the Scout Hall, St Michaels Square, Bramcote NG9 3HG. No experience required. Adults £2.00, kids free. Optional 12.30pm lunch at The Nurseryman. Contact Schuggie@Ceilidhcalling or on 07875718702.

11th January, 8th February and 8th March **Beeston Ceilidhs**, Boat and Horses, Beeston. Contact Schuggie as above.

1st March **North Sea Gas Folk Concert** at the Boat and Horses. £10 or £8 for NSA members. Pay by bank transfer or PayPal. Contact Schuggie.

Auld Lang Syne

From The Poetical Works of Robert Burns by Joseph Skipsey
Published in 1887, with a Mauchline Ware cover,
by Walter Scott of 24 Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row, London,



The New Year fast approaches, one of the times when revellers around the world celebrate with a rendering of this Burns' song.

Chorus:

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

*Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?*

*And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught
For auld lang syne.*

In fact, the song has five verses but the others are seldom heard. For anyone not familiar with the dialect:

'For auld lang syne' might be translated as 'for old time's sake', 'fiere' is a 'brother' or 'good friend', 'waught' is a 'draught' (drink) 'guid-willie' means cordial.

Many of the singers, not only get the words wrong, but also the actions. Notice that the word 'sake' does not appear anywhere - so don't sing 'For the sake of auld lang syne'. And don't cross your arms and take hands with your 'fiere' until you start the second verse! **Ed.**

Merry Christmas and a Guid New Year to everyone



Lang may yer lum reek!

